

RICHARD W.
WETHERILL

DICTIONARY
OF TYPICAL
COMMAND
PHRASES



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Contents

INTRODUCTION	3
A.....	11
B	30
C	49
D.....	66
E	82
F	91
G.....	103
H.....	111
I	126
J	138
K.....	140
L	141
M.....	149
N.....	162
O.....	169
P	174
Q	191
R	193
S	206
T	236
U.....	249
V	254
W	258
Y	266
ALPHABETICAL LIST OF CATEGORIES	268

Introduction

Unthink Your Way Out of Trouble

“Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.”

Those words are often quoted but seldom understood. What they mean is that we think our way into trouble. Most of us are proud of our brainpower, but we are not proud of our ability to get into trouble. That is something we do inadvertently until we understand.

The process by which we do it is extremely subtle.

Lust, for example, is an emotion that has the effect of driving a person in a wrong direction while reducing his intelligence. He is busy with consideration of what he wants. Therefore, he does not realize what he is doing to his mind. As everybody who understands the law of absolute right is aware, he is installing distortions of logic.

What is a distortion of logic? It is a wrong idea accepted as a right idea, an untruth accepted as a truth, an emotional command to self. Once installed, it operates as if by compulsion.

“If ever I get the chance,” a young person might say to himself, “I’ll certainly take advantage of it!”

He or she may suppose he is engaged in harmless but pleasant reverie; instead, he is moving into a mental trap. He may assert that by today’s standards sexuality is no sin, and he may argue that fantasizing about it has no really harmful effects, but such considerations are beside the point. The point is that he has deprived himself of volition on that topic.

When the chance for a sexual approach arrives and there are no stronger compulsions controlling him, he may engage in what is popularly known as sexual harassment—in the workplace or in social encounters. Or he may proposition a willing partner.

A single command is enough if it happens to fit the situation and does not happen to be contradicted effectively. The prevalence of sexual harassment and sexual promiscuity is testimony to the prevalence of such commands.

Sexual behavior is by no means the only kind of compulsive behavior. Command phrases of distortions of logic make compulsive smokers and drinkers who would like to stop smoking or drinking but know they can't. Their trouble may go back to childhood when they pretended to like smoking or drinking although they didn't, pretended their smoking or drinking was necessary to their enjoyment of life when it wasn't, and pretended they thus proved maturity when they didn't.

People have problems they cannot solve, and the condition is so general that it is considered normal. Every person suffers from an unending succession of preventable frustrations in addition to a wide variety of mental, emotional and physical illnesses and afflictions of various other kinds. Each person is able to detect flaws and faults in others, and because their flaws and faults are so obvious to him, he tends to criticize them freely. Because his own flaws and faults are nearly always concealed from him, he is puzzled by their criticism of him. Quite naturally he feels that he doesn't deserve it.

The result of that frustrating situation is just what we see in this world on all sides: unsolved human problems.

What we need is not the ability to see flaws and faults in others. We have that. We need the ability to see flaws and faults in ourselves. More important, we need to enable everybody to acquire that ability. Most important, we need to communicate the ability to persons who have assumed the tasks of leadership in every field of human betterment.

The story of humanetics offers that and more. It offers the remedy for afflictions of many kinds. It offers a totally new approach to family life, the conduct of business and meaningful personal relationships. Everybody who studies this book until he understands the information will realize that it does, in fact, offer all that has been stated.

The statement that understanding the information called humanetics enables a person to solve many kinds of problems can be justified in a few words: People think their way into trouble; therefore, they can think their way out. Anything that enables a person to think his way out of trouble is a technique of humanetics.

It used to be popular to say that people were honest. Now that various examples of widespread public and private scandal have been exposed and described in detail, people are at last able to face the fact that dishonesty is rather universally practiced. It is even more widespread than the public yet suspects; much dishonesty still remains hidden.

Exposing dishonesty in public activities may be rather easy, but consider the difficulty of exposing the dishonest thinking by which an outwardly virtuous person commits many wrongs in his heart.

Humanetics does not work by public exposure. It works instead by private exposure. It gives each person an aston-

ishing mental cleansing that enables his activities to make complete sense. It provides him with purpose in life.

Every distortion of logic is installed when the individual turns his mind in a wrong direction while his intelligence is reduced by emotion. He may invent the command phrase, or he may copy the phrase from someone else. He may adopt it merely because he somehow picks it up while he feels emotion that may have little or no relation to the words of the command phrase. His contribution may be direct or indirect, but it always includes rebellion against life.

By rebellious thinking a person forms his distortions of logic. Each distortion is described by its command phrase. Each command phrase contains a statement of the command that must be obeyed in various situations where it applies, and also either states or implies what situations call for obedience to the command. Both the statement of the command and the statement of the situation demanding obedience are obvious in the phrase, "If ever I get the chance, I'll certainly take advantage of it!" Sometimes the command and situation demanding obedience are less evident, but always they are either stated or somehow implied.

Consideration of the cause-and-effect sequence by which a person gets into trouble clearly shows that he does not need to do the wrong thinking consciously to get a wrong result. But he does need to be rebellious. When he is rebellious, all the thinking he does and all the concepts by which he is influenced tend to distort his thinking. If he is emotional, even a statement of truth becomes fixed, rigid and inflexible. It gets used in ways in which it does not apply.

For example, when the words "I have to be right" are installed as a distortion of logic, they force the individual to

be very unreasonable and under a compulsion to think he is right when, because of the distortion, he is not.

From the foregoing, an alert-minded reader can discern the basic fact that every command phrase of a distortion of logic holds the seed of a punishment that continues until the command phrase is released.

Persons who understand know that when the command phrase technique is used, a change occurs within the mind that causes a spontaneous change otherwise unexplainable. They know that anyone who makes the specific change from wrong to right thinking, whether he knows about humanetics or not, will get a release, just as he can use an electric switch without understanding electricity. They also know that the importance of this information is its ability to teach people how to induce needed corrections by direct intent.

Consider the compulsive person who tells himself, "If ever I get the chance, I'll certainly take advantage of it! " By forming a command containing those words, he gives himself a compulsion to obey the words in later situations where they would apply. Thus he thinks his way into trouble. He does it by one sudden flash of thinking, completed in an instant.

He can think his way out of the trouble, also in an instant, just by finding and reversing the precise thought that he used to get himself into the trouble. The words of the command are his key to escape from his mental jail. He uses the key by running the same words through his conscious mind once again, but this time seeing how they distort his thinking, realizing that they deceive him, or otherwise deciding that he is willing to drop them and stop acting in accord with them. One quick emotional decision is

enough to get him into trouble; one quick unemotional decision is enough to get him out of trouble.

By making the decision that gets him into trouble, he loses integrity and volition on the topic of the decision. By making the decision that gets him out of trouble, he gains integrity and volition on the topic of the decision. By progressively making the decisions needed to correct his distorted thinking, he progressively acquires integrity and volition and stops his trouble.

If you understand the foregoing explanation, you are aware of the process by which people think their way into trouble.

The act happens in a flash. Under emotion, every concept that is formed becomes the command phrase of another distortion. Almost at once, in most cases, the victim of a new command phrase promptly forgets he ever thought such words. Therefore, he quite unwittingly accumulates command phrases in profusion over the years. Many of them go back to childhood and even to infancy, a fact that persons who participated in our behavioral research discovered.

Everybody who investigates sees the evidence.

It is generally assumed that we live in the age of reason, and so we do. But it is a sad fact that often we reason from untruth instead of from truth, which is another way of saying we reason from the command phrases of our distortions of logic. That explains why there are such amazing examples of irrational behavior reported in the daily news.

The fact is that by people's widespread dishonesty they convict themselves of having ***relied on the power of the lie, rather than the power of truth.*** They may think they can avoid trouble by deviations from honesty, but the study of

humanetics shows that each piece of dishonesty carries a hidden price that dwarfs whatever seeming advantage the dishonesty might seem to gain.

Next the kernel of humanetics is going to be stated again for purposes of review.

People invite trouble by forming or adopting commands in their moments of emotion. Thus they distort their thinking by allowing a subtle influence to reach into their minds and make them illogical. But just as they have invited trouble by thinking, they can end it by unthinking exactly the same thoughts—merely giving them a quick flash of unemotional attention. The wording of each emotional thought is known in humanetics as the command phrase.

That is not the usual procedure for ending trouble. Usually a person would resist wrong behavior by resolution, as by saying to himself “I’ll control my urges” without realizing that he is merely giving himself another command phrase to contradict those already automating him. As part of the process of going from bad to worse, he might add “I’m hopelessly out of control” and thus give himself a tendency to become so. By positive thinking and also by negative thinking, he automates himself for increasing trouble. As soon as a person understands what he is doing, he starts to deprogram himself by application of the information of humanetics.

The conventional procedure is to “bring up” command phrases. That is a kind of mental recall occurring easily when a person honestly attempts to solve his problems. He can begin by using this book.

As he reads each command phrase, he can think his way through to recognition of the sort of trouble it can cause. He can try the command phrase on himself, so to

speak, to see if it fits his own pattern of thinking. When necessary, he can tailor it to make it fit. Every time a person finds or detects one of his command phrases and gives it the least unemotional attention, he corrects a distortion of logic. Often he may find his imagination providing command phrases very different from those given in this book. In each case he will be able to make an additional correction.

A thousand command phrases may contribute to a single compulsion, and this book is replete with examples in 1008 alphabetical categories. If you want a quick look at the kinds of trouble that can be caused by command phrases, riffle through some of the headings.

By reading the book repeatedly, a person develops the ability to apply the technique. Presently he finds himself bringing up command phrases easily, and he or she unthinks his way out of trouble and into a productive, new life.

A

Abhorrence: I abhor the thought of what might happen as I become older. I shrink away from every disagreeable task. I can't make myself think about anything that is abhorrent. If I give in, I'm sure the consequence will be too terrible to face. I can't stand facing facts. The whole idea of having to take care of a whining child fills me with horror. Work is abhorrent to me. I hate to think of what will happen if I don't get my problems solved. I abhor complainers.

Ability: My ability is so great that I needn't try. I haven't a bit of ability. I get bad marks in school, so I lack ability. I haven't the ability to manage my life successfully. Nobody would want a person with my abilities. I'm not one of the talented members of my family. I don't have the ability to learn anything new. I simply can't stay out of trouble. When I try to perform in public, I get excited and lose all my ability. I have abilities most people are too stupid to understand. My abilities make me superior to the rest of my family.

Abnormality: I'm not a bit like anybody around me. I'm going to have some kind of difference to set me apart. I am going to get attention whatever way I can. I have an abnormal appetite and it makes me abnormally fat. If I'm normal, I'll be sure to get lost in the crowd. I can capitalize on abnormalities. I demand much more than anyone else, and I get it. I've got to be different.

Abortion: When anything becomes a drag, I get rid of it. I never see anything through to its conclusion. I'll never carry anything around with me. Everything I really want, I lose. I can't go full term. I'll not let anything weigh me down. I'm going to lose all my excess baggage. All my

plans just die. Nothing ever works out for me. I have to get rid of what I don't want.

Abscess: Things always keep getting worse for me. Everything bad comes to a head. Every time I pick a pimple, I get an abscess. When something is wrong with me, I want to see it. When somebody picks on me, I give him something to pick on. I just go from bad to worse. I must bring all my problems to a head. My sins keep coming to the surface. My enthusiasm is infectious. My problems keep pushing out.

Absenteeism: I need a day off to catch up with my homework. If I don't get some rest, I won't get anything done anyhow. I have to change what I'm doing every day. No one misses me when I'm absent, so I may as well stay home. I'm a sucker to obey the rules. Any time I take a notion to stay out, I just do it. I can avoid doing what I hate if I'm not here. I need a couple days to myself.

Absentmindedness: I'll never be able to remember. Nothing stays with me. My mother has no brain for remembering, and that's my trouble too. I never remember a thing unless I write it down. I forget all the things I dislike. My brain is like a sieve. Every piece of information goes out of my mind the minute after I hear it. Someday I'll have the time to sit down and think, but not now. I'm going to postpone the inevitable somehow. I can't keep anything in mind.

Abuse: If I know I can get away with it, I'll abuse anybody who comes near me. The abuse I have suffered has permanently scarred my life. I can abuse my body as I see fit. I can't make progress around here without abusing my privileges. I have to accept abuse for the sake of my principles. When I know I'm in control, I'll be tough on anyone

who crosses me. Whenever somebody starts abusing me, I get away. I've been an object of abuse since childhood.

Abusiveness: I can take just so much abusiveness. If someone starts giving me a hard time, he'll get back more than he gives. I can't tolerate abusiveness. I'm always taking insults, arguments and back talk from my relatives. I won't stand for criticisms and unfair scoldings. People always pick on me. I'll make them wish I weren't here. I wouldn't touch him, but I'll find some tricky way of making him wish he were dead.

Acceleration: I have to accelerate my pace to keep up. I'm going to show my dad he can't keep ahead of me. When I have to go, I have to go fast. I've got to get going in a hurry to keep up. I'm going to keep things moving at a rapid pace. I can't resist stepping on the gas when I see a clear road ahead of me. Nobody is going to get going faster than I do. Unless I speed up, I'll never get anywhere at all. I keep trying to speed up.

Acceptance: I can't accept a new idea until everybody accepts it. I can't accept discipline except from my parents. I won't accept a fact just because it's true. I will accept as true everything I learn in church. I can't accept people of other races in my circle of friends. I'll accept any new idea if it will make my wife happy. My acceptance depends on what my friends do. I can't accept anything without first putting up a stiff battle.

Accidents: I never do a thing in a rational way. I can't have an accident because I'm always very careful. Every time I try to do something new, I get hurt. I can get through any tight place. If I must be careful to stay out of accidents, life isn't worth much to me. I'm going to do whatever I want to do, and I don't care about the consequences. I'll never get anywhere unless I take chances. I am an accident.

I'm safe no matter what I do. Every good thing is the result of luck and so is every bad thing. I never look where I'm going until it's too late.

Accuracy: The only thing I can be accurate about is my name. I never get right answers. It does not hurt anyone else if I elaborate on the truth. Nobody wants accurate details. I don't care to be accurate. When I'm accurate, it always makes someone mad at me. I hate to be pinned down to an exact answer. I'm tired of trying to be accurate. Accuracy never gets me anywhere.

Accusing: If I ever get in a bad spot, I'll blame the other kids. Somebody is always putting me on the spot. I get blamed for everything. I'm constantly being accused of acts I do not commit. If you accuse people, you keep them off your back. Accuse first and prove later. I can get away with most accusations. Someday I'll get back at the persons who have accused me. If I blame someone else, I avoid suspicion. I enjoy accusing others.

Aches: When I get sick, I ache in all my joints. My life is nothing but aches and pains. I am aching to speak my mind, but I'm afraid. Ever since my wife died, my life has been an aching void. My work is painfully dull. When you get older, you have to expect aches and pains. I'm aching to get into the sort of work I like. My troubles are the kind that don't show. I have everything worse than anyone else. My aching back gets me down.

Achievement: I won't stop trying until I achieve my ends. I can't rest until I achieve my ambition for my children. It takes competition to achieve results. My achievements are the most important things in my life. I never can achieve peace of mind. If my achievements are small, they will not be noticed, and neither will I. I must make sure my achievements are credited to me.

Acidosis: Everything I eat turns to acid in my stomach. I have to put myself to the acid test. All sour food gives me acidosis. I have an acid nature. Acid foods sour my stomach. I like to put people in their places with an acid remark. I am so acid I can't digest my food properly. Acidosis runs in my family. When I lose my temper, I always get acid indigestion. Acid food upsets me.

Acne: I've got to break out. I am going to have attention. The world is breaking out all around me. I'll make people look at me somehow. People are always very rough on me. As soon as I'm old enough to do it, I'll break out. I have to keep my badness just under the surface. Nothing can be hidden. Cleaning my face always makes me sore. I can't keep the badness in.

Acquiescence: I have to accept the inevitable. If I don't give in, I'll be in trouble. I'll do what they ask me to now, but when I grow up, I'll do what I please. I have to give in to others. I'm going to give in to him so I can keep him happy. There is no use having any desires of my own. I'll say what they want and I'll think what I please. If I don't give in to him, he won't give out to me. I always give up when I'm pushed.

Acrimony: I have a temper sharp as a razor's edge. When I criticize someone, I want to see him suffer. My tongue is as sharp as a two-edged sword. When I talk to her, I can't keep the bitterness out of my voice. I like to make stinging retorts. I cannot resist a caustic answer when I'm sure I'm getting overheard. Acid drips from my tongue. I'm bitter so I intend to let everyone know about it. I like to make people cringe.

Acting: I have to act a part all the time. No one would be interested in a dull person, so I'll ham it up. I hate to act like a lady. If I act like a boy, they'll let me play with them.

All the world is a stage, and I have to play my part. When I am acting, no one knows what I'm thinking. Girls make me act stupid. I don't know how to act if there are boys around. When I hear a disagreeable truth, I just act as if I didn't hear. An actress has to act up. I'll act as if I like it.

Action: I have to arouse plenty of action. I refuse to take action on any new idea unless it's endorsed by a church. Action is too much annoyance for me. When somebody wants action, I'll show it to him. Action calculated to change my thinking is out. I'll not take any action without long deliberation first. What action I take is my own business. I'll bring all action to a standstill unless I get what I demand. I'm an action person.

Addiction: I'm just addicted to trouble. Once I start something I can't stop. The only way I can relax is to take drugs. Everything gets a hold on me. I'm a dope addict. The only way I can forget is to get stoned. I'm not strong enough to give up the things that are bad for me. Dope keeps me full of excitement. I can't help myself when I have an addiction. I'm a workaholic and am addicted to expensive things.

Admiration: I admire the man who doesn't get caught. I admire a person who does what he pleases. I admire spunk in a person. I'm not happy unless I've somebody's admiration. I'll do anything he wants to make him admire me. I admire the person who can speak his mind. I admire a pretty face. Everyone admires a sexy body. Admiring the opposite sex is my big weakness. I resent it when I'm not admired.

Admitting: I can't admit it when I'm wrong. If I ever admit I am lying, no one will ever trust me again. Nobody is going to make me admit my mistakes even when it's true. I'll never admit my trouble is my own fault until it's

proved to me. I can't admit I'm sick. I will never admit I am having money trouble until I'm flat broke. No one is going to make me admit the error of my ways. I'll never admit to anything unless I'm cornered. I will admit nothing. If they beat me, I'll admit my guilt. I won't admit I was wrong even though it kills me. I have to admit I was wrong even though it isn't true. I will admit to anything, rather than be punished. It hurts to admit my mistakes. Nobody's going to make me admit the truth.

Adolescence: I sure hate the thought of growing up. When I start to grow up, I'll get out from under my mother's control. When I get in my teens, I'll assert myself. My parents just don't understand kids. Everybody has troubles when he gets into his teens. I can't stand changes all the time. New experiences make me nervous. As I get older, my troubles get more serious. My first twenty years are sure to be the hardest. I'm going to prove I'm grown up. All teenagers get pimples.

Adultery: I'm free to have anything I want. What someone else has always looks better to me. I am going to show her other women are attracted to me. All's fair in love and war. I like to try other people's merchandise. If my husband doesn't give me what I want, I'll find it elsewhere. I am entitled to take what I want. I find there is nothing more exciting than trying to seduce somebody who can't be seduced. I'll do what I please about sex after I'm married.

Advancement: As long as I keep pushing, I can advance myself. Real advancement comes only through scientific development. Advancement comes through political pull. If I don't advance, I'll go backward. Financial increases are advancement enough for me. I'm going to spurn all advances. My only advancement is to the door. I am

afraid to go forward. Advancement always means harder work, and I hate hard work.

Adversity: I'm always down on my luck. Nothing good ever happens to me. You can be sure if it's bad luck, I get it. I never get the breaks. Things keep getting worse. If things keep on the way they're going, I'll throw in the sponge. Adversity dogs my footsteps. The older I get, the more bad luck I have. The wolf is always at my door. Most people have a hard time at income tax time. Things have been going wrong for me ever since I was born.

Advice: I just can't control my affairs unless I get my father's advice. I need advice from a sympathetic woman. When someone tries to give me advice, I rebel. I always do the opposite to what they say. Free advice is worth exactly what it costs. It burns me up to be told what they think I should do. I can't take advice. When I see someone with a problem, I show my superiority by telling him what to do. I can't decide anything unless I get the advice of experts. I can't take advice from relatives. No grown-up can tell me anything. The worst advice I got was from my parents.

Affectation: Nobody likes me as I am. I have to act up. Everybody has to project an image. No one is going to know me as I am. I have to act like someone else. Actresses are in great demand. I will assume any personality I choose. I have to put on airs so they will accept me. I can't be natural around strangers. My affectations are part of me so that I can become someone else.

Affliction: I'm going to inflict my afflictions on everyone. Nobody pays any attention till I'm afflicted. As I get older my afflictions get worse. My afflictions get me down. I can't stand to think about my afflictions. I am a wretched soul. I'll be afflicted all my life. Calamity is my middle

name. I will torment them all my life. My afflictions are worse than anyone else's.

Aggravation: Children are an aggravation to me. I like to aggravate grown-ups. My wife is a great source of aggravation. I can aggravate any situation with a few well-chosen words. I can aggravate my symptoms, merely by discussing them. Waiting for someone is aggravating to me. I find hot weather aggravating. I am aggrieved when anyone exaggerates the facts.

Aggressiveness: I have to be aggressive to get ahead. I am entitled to what I want. I'm going to encroach where I please. Nobody can keep me from horning in. If I'm not aggressive, they take advantage of me. I have to keep pushing. The most aggressive person gets the most attention. If I'm not aggressive, they'll think I don't care. If I don't attack first, he'll win. I'll be first with the most. I always come in swinging.

Aging: Aging starts when you're born. Age demands respect. The older I get, the more my infirmity bothers me. When I get past forty, I'll grow flabby and old-looking. Burdens come with age. I want to be like Granddaddy. As I age, I'll run down. If I hurry and get old, I can do what I want sooner. No one can boss me when I have white hair. The aging process is accelerated in my family. I'm old before my time.

Agitation: Tension keeps me all worked up. Arguments agitate me. Children drive me wild when they act up. When someone yells at me, I go to pieces. I get all worked up when they pile responsibility on me. When I get agitated, my mind goes in circles. If I don't keep things stirred up, life gets too dull. When things go wrong, I blow my top. I'll get their attention any way I can. I keep itching at her till I get my way.

Agnosticism: Nobody has ever proved that God exists, so I'll wait. I must have everything proved if I am to accept it. For me, seeing is believing. All knowledge is relative. Nobody can convince me of anything against my wishes. I can be certain of nothing. Nobody knows how life started, and nobody knows how it will end. I refuse to believe anything. Belief in some divine plan is silly. I won't have a thing to do with anybody's doctrine.

Agony: I have to go through agony before I can come out on top. I always agonize over everything that is important to me. Work is agony. Making a decision is agony for me. I go through endless agony if I have to speak in public. The death struggle will be agonizing. I have to display my anguish. Going through agony is painful but it gets results. No one can appreciate the agony I'm suffering. Agony goes on and on in my life.

Alcoholism: I can't go to sleep until I've had my bottle. When no one will pay any attention to me, I can comfort myself with the bottle. A drink is the best way to relax. If I am working on a bottle, they won't disturb me. I have to wash down all the hurts. When I start something, I cannot stop myself. When I'm frustrated, I must have a drink. I am going to prove I can hold as much liquor as anyone. One drink does me more good than a box of pills. I can't give up what is helping me. A drink solves my problems. I can't say no.

Alibis: With a good alibi I can keep out of trouble. I'm always looking for a way out. I refuse to tell him the real truth. I'll alibi my way out of anything. I have to concoct a foolproof alibi. There's an alibi for everything. Nobody wants to listen to the truth. I always have a good alibi ready. I'm a good alibier. I have to think of an alibi so I won't be stuck with the work.

Allergy: I'm going to be different from the others. Strong food makes me sick. If I'm forced to eat what I hate, I will bring it up. If I eat anything that makes me sick, I'll never eat it again. I can't stand common food. I can get out of work by being sick. I am allergic to work. Nothing I do agrees with me. I'm sensitive to every little change. I can't eat slippery food. Animals irritate me. Dust clogs my nose.

Ambition: I am going to work my head off to get ahead. It takes ambition to succeed. I am ambitious to a fault. My ambitions will be the death of me. I have to keep up with my brothers. I'm going to keep driving myself until I have everything I want. No one is going to have more than I have. I have to keep going even if I drop in my tracks. I have an eagerness for superiority. My desire for power drives me on.

Amnesia: I'm going to leave everything behind and start fresh. The past is best forgotten. I'm just going to forget everything. I don't want to know who I am. I hardly ever know where I am. My mind is a blank. My past is too terrible to think about. I'm going to do everything in my power to forget the past. I'll pretend I don't know anything. I'm going to start all over again and pretend the past never happened.

Anemia: I am a blue blood. I'm thin blooded and weak, and nothing helps but shots. I want to get rid of this blood-line. I lose so much blood each month, I don't have enough left. Anemia runs in my family. There is bad blood between us. I never have enough of anything. I have to cut down on everything.

Angelic: I have an angel's personality. I look like an angel, but I'm not. By acting angelic, I can get what I want. By looking angelic, I can get away with anything. I'm actually too good to be true. I may look angelic, but I feel like

the devil. It's very hard to look angelic unless you're really that way. Anybody with an angel face is honest and good. My wife is an angel.

Anger: When anyone crosses me, I blow up. I can't take being contradicted. When I don't have my own way, it makes me mad. My anger is all consuming. I find it very provoking to be kept in the dark. I can't get any attention unless I lose my temper. I foam with anger. I see red if anyone criticizes my family. After I'm angry enough, people try to take me seriously. Blowing off steam relieves me. Everybody is angry now and then. Only stupid people can keep from getting angry. My anger increases my intelligence.

Anguish: I hate the way I live. Things bother me more than other people. Seeing others suffer is enough to make me suffer too. I get distressed about everything. If I show how much anguish comes from what they do, maybe they'll stop. I really suffer over each mistake I make. I have to prove I have sympathy by making a show of anguish. The stupid things I see people do give me real pain. Nobody suffers the way I do.

Animation: I'm going to develop a sparkling personality. I like animated people. I'll prove I'm really awake. I hate people who act like dead sticks. Nobody is livelier than I am. I feel like an animated cartoon. I get more attention when I'm active. I'll make quick motions, and the boys will notice me. I'm going to go everywhere and do everything before I die. I have to appear busy all the time. I don't have the time to move slowly.

Animosity: People who get in my road are going to be told. I'm not going to let anybody push me around. Children do nothing but earn my animosity. I'm angry at my boss for the way he treats me. I can't help disliking people I

consider beneath me. I hate the way my money is wasted. I'm mad at the whole world and I'll show it. If anybody tries to push me around, I'll tell him off. I hate people who insist on getting their own way. I can't stand my parents when they won't let me do things my way.

Anniversary: I hate anniversaries. Anniversaries are an excuse for a big sale. Anniversaries are very important to me. Anniversaries get me down. All anniversaries are a headache to me. I have to keep track of my anniversary. I always forget anniversaries. I feel old when I think of my anniversary. Anniversaries make me sad. I make it a point to remember the anniversaries of people who can help me.

Annoyance: I like to annoy them and then they give me their undivided attention. Loud noise is annoying. I'm going to annoy everyone I can. If I annoy them, they can't forget me. When I get annoyed, I just can't do anything right. I'm troublesome. I like to disturb the peace. I'm going to annoy her every chance I get. When I don't feel well, the least little thing annoys me. I can't stand annoyances when I'm trying to concentrate. I'm annoyed almost all the time.

Antagonism: When somebody goes against me, I'll give him what I think he deserves. Everything my father says antagonizes me. If anyone tries to change my thinking, I'll make him wish he hadn't tried. Everything I do antagonizes my boss. I'm antagonistic. I get antagonized easily. I get excited when somebody does something I don't like. I can't help being hostile toward people critical of my church. I resist everything I really dislike. If I dislike a thing, I show it.

Antipathy: I don't know why, but I detest cats. I can't stand to be around Jews. I loathe strange men. I have to avoid tall women. Having to work with a woman on a busi-

ness deal gets my goat. I'm hostile to foreigners. Sitting next to somebody of another race is repugnant. I hate cops. I just can't manage to get along with the people I dislike. When I take a dislike to someone, I can't get over it. I have an antipathy for work. I hate to work with Gentiles.

Anxiety: I keep expecting the worst. I have the feeling that something terrible may happen at any moment. Travel scares me. When the children are out of my sight, I can't rest easy. My anxiety is aroused in hospitals. I'm scared to death of going to the doctor. Thinking of cancer makes me very uneasy. I'm filled with anxiety. My heart beats fast when I think about my concerns. I have no idea what's bothering me, but something is. I'm scared of what the future holds.

Apathy: I'm not capable of deep feelings. Really I have nothing to live for. I never let myself become the least bit excited. If the world decides to go to hell, it's no concern of mine. I have no hope for the future. Nothing arouses my interest. I couldn't care less. I haven't the energy to drop dead. I just don't care what happens to me. I'd like to lay down and die.

Apologetic: I've got to say I'm sorry. If I apologize, I can get away with anything. I get tired of apologies. Apologetic people give me a pain. It's no sign of weakness to apologize. I have to apologize for living. I'm always apologizing for my actions. I'm safe as long as I apologize. I hate to apologize, but I have to or else I can't get along. I'll be polite and let them think I'm apologizing, but I'm just as mad as ever. I'll never apologize.

Appendicitis: I'm afraid my appendix is going to burst. Everyone has to have his appendix out sooner or later. I can't stand this pain in my side any longer. I don't need my appendix. I want to have a scar to show off. If I swallow

grape seeds, I'll get appendicitis. My appendix has no function, so I'll get rid of it. I always have my troubles on my right side. If I have an operation, I'll get a chance for a long rest. I want something to talk about. Things get lodged inside me.

Appetite: I have no appetite for work. When I get nervous, I always lose my appetite. I have no appetite to go on living. I have an appetite like a bird. Before noon I just have no appetite. If I'm worried, I can't eat a bite. Once I start eating, my appetite increases. I lose my appetite when I'm sick. My appetite for pleasure grows bigger every day. By dinnertime, I get hungry as a bear. I'm never satisfied with what they feed me.

Appreciation: It makes me mad if someone fails to thank me. It's bad enough to accept favors, but it's worse to show appreciation. I never thank anybody. The only thing I want from people is more work. Nobody appreciates me. I don't thank a person unless he can do me another favor. No scheming rascal can use flattery on me. When somebody thanks me, I know he wants another favor. I don't appreciate how I'm treated.

Apprehension: I'm afraid of the unknown. Talking about anything I don't understand scares me. I'm afraid we'll get into another war. Nothing I can do relieves my apprehension. I can't find any way through my problems. Reading newspapers arouses fears of the future. I feel jittery about what might happen. It scares me to think of always telling the truth. I'm afraid to be caught in a mistake. It frightens me to get scolded. The TV news makes me apprehensive.

Approval: I want to be accepted everywhere. I've got to have my mother's approval. I won't give my approval unless I have to. I can't get approval for any of my ideas.

I'm going to take everything on approval. I won't give my approval even though I'm sure they're right. I want everybody to remember me pleasantly. I'll do anything to get approval. If people don't approve of me, I won't get their aid. I'm dependent on people's approval to carry me through life.

Aptitude: I'm good at anything. I have no aptitude for work. I'm good for nothing. Nobody can do anything I can't do better. All I'm good for is bumming. I have trouble doing any job that makes me work with figures. I'm at my best in a crisis. I have a real aptitude for getting into trouble. Unless I like a thing, I'm absolutely no good at it. I don't really have a special aptitude for anything. I make friends easily.

Argumentativeness: I argue for the sake of arguing. I just won't take orders without an argument. If it's necessary, I argue until I'm blue in the face. Nobody is going to talk me down. I always take the opposite view. I never say yes without putting up a big argument. I don't like to agree with anybody. When I agree and don't argue, people think I have no mind of my own. Putting up a strong argument wins respect. When somebody disagrees with me, I have to justify my thinking until they drop their disagreement.

Arrogance: Any display of arrogance burns me up. I must prove my superiority. Important people are always arrogant. I have to be arrogant to reach the top. I am so smart everybody should do as I say. If I ever get to be a boss, I'll be arrogant too. I'm going to demand what I'm entitled to, and more. If I'm not overbearing, they won't mind me. I'll be as arrogant as I please. I'm the big shot around here so I have to act the part.

Arson: He fired me and I'll get back at him. I'm going to start a fire that everyone is going to remember. When

someone burns me up, I can't rest easy until I've burned him up. I'm going to set the world on fire. I'm going to burn out all my enemies. I like to see the fire engines running. I love to see a big fire. I get fun out of striking matches. If somebody makes me mad, I'll light into him. I can fire anybody if I want to. I'll light the way. Fire fascinates me.

Arthritis: Trouble is coming; I can feel it in my bones. If I'm forced to comply, I'll resist on the inside. Every time I have work to do, I become stiff enough to have a good excuse. I'm bored stiff with my life. I want people to feel sorry for me and help me. I won't get on my knees to anybody. Someday I'm going to have a disease people can see, and they'll be forced to take care of me. I spend my life suffering because of what people have done to me. I'm going to dominate every situation.

Aspiration: I'm always reaching for the moon. I have plans, and I'll stick to them. I've got to rise above my present situation. I'm going to get myself known by everybody. My children have to be more successful than I am. I'll reach my goal even if I die trying. I'm going to push ahead of everybody I know. Nothing is going to keep me fenced in. You have to aspire for the top.

Asthenia: I'm just not the person I used to be. I've lost everything I ever had including my strength to go on. I'm as weak as a cat. Sickness leaves me as limp as an old rag. I'll never be able to get around the way I did. I'm a lot too tired to work. No matter how I try, I can't do the job. Something inside me rebels over the life I lead. I have to do work I hate. I'd like a good excuse for a very long rest.

Asthma: I'll hold my breath and maybe they'll pay attention. If I get excited, I start wheezing. When I lie down, I'm not able to breathe. All foreign substances interfere

with my breathing. If I get excited, I swell up inside until I just gasp. Dust bothers me. Fur tickles the inside part of my nose. I can't make myself comfortable when I have to breathe the same air as my relatives. I wheeze with every breath I draw. I won't relax. When my father's around, I'm scared to breathe.

Astigmatism: Everything is out of focus. I have to have help to see anything through. I fail to see why everyone picks on me. I can't see how I can progress. I take a dim view of the way I get treated. I'm full of irregularities. I'm going to blind myself to my shortcomings. I refuse to see what I don't want to accept. I can't see any wrongs in what I do. My eyes just aren't right.

Atheism: I can't believe in any God. To me, God is the power of money. Nobody could be superior to me. I'm my own God. I won't limit myself. I put my trust in science. I refuse to believe in anything I can't see. Nobody is able to prove God. I can't make room for God in my life. I have to be self-sufficient. With all the troubles I see around me, it just isn't reasonable to believe in God. Any God responsible for this world must be a devil. I'd rather be godless than suffer the restrictions of religion. I think God was invented by man.

Atrocity: I don't care what I do to people. I'm going to be brutal. I have to act like a savage. The only way to get someone to do anything is to beat him. I won't stop beating on them until they drop. You have to beat most people to the floor to make them understand. I'm going to commit the worst crime of all time. I'm going to give back worse than he gives. The way people act toward me justifies anything. I enjoy reading about atrocities. Nothing I can do shames me.

Attachment: I have to attach myself to people. I need something to cling to. I refuse to let go of anything. Everybody needs to have someone to lean on. I have to stay with my friends. When I become attached to someone, it's for life. I hate attachments of any kind. I'm going to be fully independent. I hate to have any person attached to me. I really need to belong to somebody. I'm going to avoid all attachments.

Attention: I'm going to get all the attention I can. I am going to give special attention to important people. I'm a great attention-getter. The wheel that squeaks gets the grease. I have to show off to get attention. I'm going to raise a fuss until I get their attention. I won't let anyone ignore me. If I do something funny, they'll pay attention. I'll do anything to get attention.

Audacity: I haven't the gall to ask for it. The audacity of some people burns me up. I won't get ahead unless I take chances. I have more audacity than sense. I have no patience with impudence. In order to do what I'm supposed to do, I must have audacity. I'm going to impress everybody. If I'm bold enough, I'll attract attention. I can never fail. I'll try anything. I can't get into trouble. I'll prove I'm nervy.

Authority: I want to be a person with authority. If I get enough authority, no one will be able to order me around. I hate people in authority. They're always out to spoil my fun. I resent authority. Nobody is going to lord it over me. I refuse to obey. I'll get even with the authorities if it's the last thing I do. I'll never permit my authority to be questioned. When I'm in a place of authority, everybody is going to jump. Women in authority make me sick.

Autosuggestion: I can get ideas across to myself. I prefer to do things for myself. I believe all the things I tell my-

self. I can talk myself into sickness, and I can talk myself out again. I'll keep telling myself the things I think are good for me. I'm able to think my way to the results I want. I can do anything for myself. I do all my own thinking. I can make myself feel better by telling myself I do. I'll think positively and succeed.

Avarice: I'm going to get plenty of money and I don't care how. I love money and what it gets. I'm going to be greedy. I'm going to accumulate a million dollars before I die no matter what I have to do. I have to be miserly to get what I want. Wealthy people get all the breaks. Money is the most important thing in my life. Those that have, get. All my ambitions are tied up in my desire for wealth. I'm a money go-getter.

Awkwardness: I'm always falling over my own feet. I've got two left feet. I feel awkward in a crowd. If I'm big, I'm bound to be clumsy. I can't keep my feet on the ground. When anyone draws attention to me, I do some dumb thing. I'm a clumsy oaf. I like to get into awkward positions. I'm like a bull in a china shop. I fall for every good-looking girl. I'm as awkward as a young colt.

B

Babyishness: A baby gets everyone's attention. I can't do anything for myself. I want to keep my baby ways. Everyone forgives a baby. Babies can get away with murder. I'll never change. I'm a mama's baby. I want everyone to wait on me. Nobody blames a baby for anything. I will never grow up. Babies are cute and I always want to be cute. Baby days are happy days. I'm a big baby.

Bachelorhood: Nobody's going to catch and hog-tie me. I'll stay free to do all the things I want to do. I'm not

going to share my life with anyone. I can't leave my mother for another woman. I will live alone and like it. I'm foot-loose and fancy-free. I'll never be able to support a wife. I won't spend my life with just one female. I'd rather stay single than fight with a wife. I would rather have my mother than any other woman alive.

Backbone: I have no backbone. I will always have trouble with my backbone. I have a backbone like a jelly-fish. I have to bend over backwards to please people. When I'm tired, I sit on my backbone. The man is the backbone of the family. I have to sit up like a ramrod all the time. I have to have plenty of backbone. I am a spineless wretch. I have to show I have some backbone. It takes a strong backbone to be right. I don't have enough backbone to be honest all the time.

Back Trouble: I always back out of everything I can. I carry all my burdens on my back. I can't get rid of this pain in my back. My friends are stabbing me in my back. It hurts to back down. My back is so weak I can't hold up my head. I'm aching to go back where I came from. My back gives me the most trouble. No one will back up anything I do. I have to carry a back-breaking load. I'm always backing into things. When I try to get ahead, I get shoved back against the wall. I cripple myself bending over backwards to please people. My back gives me trouble when the weather is bad.

Backwardness: I can't face anything. I'm afraid to take more steps until I am sure it's safe. I cannot keep up with the people ahead of me. I started life coming out backwards. I'm backward about meeting new people. I am too backward to accept new ideas that make me think. When I get nervous, I get all turned around backwards. I'm a backward child. If I'm backward, they'll help me.

Badness: Her badness overshadows her goodness. There is a little badness in all of us. I'm a bad boy. I can't be bad without everybody knowing it. The badness keeps coming out in me. It's fun to be bad. The only way to survive is to be just as bad as the next guy. I'm full of badness. I can't keep on the straight path. I'm going to be bad if I want to and no one can stop me.

Balance: I'm always off balance. I can't balance anything including my budget. I lose my balance easily. I'm unsteady on my feet. Everything is out of balance. I can't balance myself. I cannot balance anything. Life is just one long balancing act. You have to keep your life in balance. If I stagger, they'll help me. Life isn't worth living unless everything is balanced.

Baldness: When I start to grow old, I'll lose everything. If I don't have hair, I won't need to comb it. A high forehead shows intelligence and I want all mine to show. My father lost his hair at an early age and I'll be just like him. I can't grow anything under cover. I'm going to save money every way I can. I have to keep a cool head to get along in this world. Grass never grows on a busy street. All the great lovers are bald. I want to be different. My head feels better without anything on it. I don't want any hair if it isn't like my mother's.

Balkiness: When someone tries to make me do anything I dislike, I dig in my heels. I'm as balky as the next person. I will be just the opposite from the way people want me to be. Nobody is going to be my master. I will show my mother I can be as stubborn as a mule. I refuse to be right. I get more attention when I do not do the things people expect. If I give in right away, I will not look smart. Nobody can make me do anything until I am ready.

Barbarism: I have to make people sit up and take notice. I'll get what I want any way I can. We're all a bunch of savages. Civilization is dead. I'm going to see all the rules broken. When I get excited, I just go wild. I can't appreciate the finer things in life. If I just take it, I can get more of what I want. I'll resist their efforts to civilize me. I will live the way I like and no one can stop me.

Bargains: I can't pass up a good bargain. You never get anything for nothing. When I make a deal, I have to stick to it. I have to save money every way I can. If it's a bargain, I will buy it. I always get more than I bargained for. I made a bad bargain, and I have to get out of it. Nobody gives me any bargains. I have to get my money's worth. You can't get me near one of those bargain counters anymore. I'll strike a bargain with God for my life.

Barrenness: Everything is drying up in me. I can't make something out of nothing. No matter how I try, I can't produce. I haven't got what it takes. I feel empty inside. I'm not able to sustain life. All my efforts are wasted. There is never anything left for me. When I try to produce something, it never materializes. All my life I have been a failure in every possible way. They've all squeezed the life out of me.

Bashfulness: I am afraid of my own shadow. Everybody will laugh at me. I can't face life. I have to shy away from people. I don't want to talk to anyone. If somebody looks at me, I get upset. I have to hide from people. People are always watching me. Nobody tolerates me. I am afraid to say what I think. Bashfulness runs in my family. I can't do a thing when I'm being watched.

Bathing: I am afraid of water. I'll never get clean. I have to try to wash my cares away. They can't get me out of the water. I don't care how dirty I get. Soap is hard on

my skin. I'll put it off as long as I can. It's too cold to take a bath. It's hard to keep clean. I'm too tired to bathe. If I am a dirty lovable kid, people will feel sorry for me. I'll be dirty and that will make her feel ashamed of me. If I am dirty, people will say she is not a good mother. Only sissies are clean. People let you alone if you are really very dirty.

Bathroom: I always have to go to the bathroom. The only place I know what I want to do is in the bathroom. The only place I can be alone is the bathroom. I hate to clean the bathroom. The only time I can relax is when I go to the bathroom. I always hate to take time out to go to the bathroom. Every time I think of the bathroom, I have to go. The only time I can think is when I go to the bathroom. I go to the bathroom to get away from my family. When I have my own private bathroom, I'll be happy.

Battle: The only way to get anything is to fight for it. I have to prove I can win every battle. You have to fight for your life. Everybody wants to fight. Nobody respects you unless you put up a good battle. If I stop fighting, I'm licked. I battle over every decision I have to make. Fighting for what's right is what you're expected to do. My life depends on fighting. It is fun to make up after a good fight.

Beauty: I'm going to be beautiful no matter what. A beautiful woman could make me do anything. I find God in beauty. Beauty is the most important thing. Truth is never beautiful. I'll do all in my power to stay as beautiful as I can. There's no time in my life for anything but beauty. I have only beautiful thoughts. A beautiful painting does more for me than a lecture on morals.

Bed: The only place I can have fun is in bed. The only place I can be comfortable is in bed. I have made my bed, but I will not lie in it. I always have to go to bed when I don't want to. I can't wait to go to bed. Bed is a place to

die. I hate to go to bed. Bed is the place I have to go when I get punished. Going to bed is torture. I can go to bed if I can't go anywhere else. The only place I'm safe is in bed.

Bedroom: This is the only room where I can have any fun. I'll never leave my bedroom. Bedrooms make me think of only one thing. I can do anything I please in my own bedroom. I can't sleep anywhere else except in my own bedroom. The bedroom is where all my trouble started. When people are nasty, I can always go to my room. I do my most creative work in the bedroom. When I grow up, I will have a bedroom to myself. If I don't keep my bedroom spotless, I'll be punished.

Bed Sores: I hurt where I touch. I'll get some alcohol one way or another. It makes me sore to lie in bed when I'd rather be up and about. If I have to lie here, I'm going to get all the attention I can. I have to have some reason to ask the nurse to rub me. I'm going to bring all my trouble to a head. It makes me sore to have to stay in bed while others are doing as they please. The more sores I have, the more attention I'll get. All my sores are coming to a head. I am just a big sorehead. The correct place for any sorehead is in his bed.

Bedtime: I just can't find time to go to bed. I never have sense enough to go to bed. I'm forced to keep late hours. I wish bedtime would never come. I'm going to delay my bedtime as long as I can. Bedtime always scares me. I hate to go to bed. Bedtime is the best time of all. Going to bed is a nuisance. I love bedtime. When bedtime comes I can't sleep. Bedtime is the only time of the day I like. Nobody likes to go to bed. Children should be sent to bed early to get them away from their parents.

Bed-Wetting: I'm always letting myself go in the bed. I'll show them; I'll wet the bed. Once I get in bed, I'm too

tired to get up again. I'm going to make all the work possible to bother her. I have to do what I know I ought not to do. I keep dreaming that I'm on the toilet. I'll never grow up. I can't control my bladder. I'll show them all that I can do as I please. I'm afraid to walk to the bathroom at night.

Beginning: Things are beginning to get me down. I'm not going to start anything I can't finish. I don't know where to begin. When anything goes wrong, I start all over again. If I have trouble at the beginning, I can't continue. I can't begin where someone else left off. It's too late to start now. I have always had trouble right from the beginning. When things begin to look bad, that's when I leave. Once you begin a job, you can never stop. The beginning is always the hardest.

Begrudge: If I can't have it, nobody else can. I can't stand to see someone else get something I deserve. I hate to admit they're right. I won't give in no matter what happens. If they want something from me, they will have to drag it away from me. This takes more than I want to give. I give only as much as I get. No one is going to have more than I. They cannot force me to part with it. They begrudge me every cent they give me. I'm a hard loser.

Bequilement: I can get anything out of my daddy by being nice to him. I'm going to use my charms to get ahead in my job. The more charming a person is, the more he is appreciated. I like to charm people because they'll do what I want them to do. If I'm beguiling, they'll never realize how I make them do what I want. I like to build up a person's ego first and then cut the ground out from under him. I'll use all my charm to get my own way. It is easy to fool people if you are charming.

Behavior: I am not responsible for what I do. If I don't behave myself, I'll get into trouble. I have to keep every-

body guessing. When I want attention, I can get it by misbehaving. Everything I do is wrong. I'm going to do as I please. I don't know what to do with myself. I can't behave when Mama's around. I won't behave unless they give me a gift. My behavior pattern is poor.

Behind: I am always behind the eight ball. I have to have something to hide behind. I'm always behind with my bills. I'm so far behind now, I'll never get caught up. I'll get lost if I fall behind the others. I have to let everyone else go first. I must put all my worries behind me. I have to get behind everybody and give them some help. People like that ought to be behind bars. I get nervous if someone walks directly behind me.

Belching: When I have something building up inside me, I have to get it out. I can't help what my insides do. The noisier I am, the more attention I'll get. I feel good after a good belch. If I get all the gas up, I'll feel a lot better. I don't want my insides full of gas. If I have to belch, I can't stop it from coming out. I have to prove to my host that I enjoyed his food. I must get up all the excess gas I accumulate. Strong foods always make me burp.

Belief: I can't believe anything I hear. It is easier to believe what you're taught than think it out for yourself. My beliefs are very strong in me. I'm afraid to believe anything nice about anybody. My belief in my church is unfaltering. I won't listen when somebody contradicts my beliefs. My beliefs are always shattered. I'll never believe anything that a grown-up tells me. Nothing I believe in gives me a feeling of confidence. I have to believe in my minister. If I believe a thing, it necessarily has to be true.

Belittle: Nothing measures up to my standards. I can't stand people who make me feel inferior. I have to knock the props out from under everyone. No one's as good as I

am. I have to tell a person off when I disagree. Anybody can make me feel inferior. I take it easy while others struggle. It's fun to watch others make idiotic decisions. It gives me a feeling of importance if I can belittle. I can make a fool out of anyone.

Belligerence: I can give anybody a good fight. I'll attack anyone who threatens me. I have to push the other fellow around in order to get ahead. Anyone looking for a fight will get it. There's nothing wrong in fighting for what is mine. I can't survive without getting mad. I can impress people by putting up a good battle. I have to be aggressive. Putting people on the defensive gives me advantages. I'm always ready for a good fight. I'm really tough.

Bereavement: I hate to part from anybody I love. This sadness is too much for me. I'll never get over my sorrow. Every time anybody dies, I want to die, too. I can't stand to be left alone. I can't live any longer. He had a nerve to die and leave me. If you lose someone you love, the world is never the same. I can't face being left alone. I have to die someday but I don't have to face it. I'll never adjust myself to the idea of living by myself.

Bickering: I like to pick flaws and I'm good at it. I enjoy the sufferings of people who hate to be picked on. I like to keep my relatives stirred up. They pick on me, so I'll pick on them. If I keep agitating, people let me have my way. I just itch and itch at them until they give up. I always have the last word. I have to keep chopping people down. In my family, bickering is the rule and never the exception.

Bigotry: My church is right, and I won't listen to a word against it. I can't accept any religious information unless it comes from my priest. Right or wrong, I always vote my party. My mind is closed to any new thinking about what's best for me. I will never be able to desert my

faith. I am unable to accept any information unless it is first recognized by the authorities. I'll defend my views when they're attacked, and I'll even use physical violence. My religion is the only one. I'm going to denounce all new ideas. If a person doesn't think the way I do, I won't deal with him.

Birth: I have no desire to know anything about birth. Birth was the start of all my troubles. I wish I had never been born. All birth is close to death. All my ailments started about the time I was born. Nobody wanted me to be born. I don't want to know a thing about my birth. I emerged the wrong way, so I've naturally done things wrong ever since. I want to go back to my mother and be safe. I suffered at my birth and I've suffered ever since. I had a hard birth and I'll have a hard death. Birth is dreadful.

Birthday: I hate to see another year pass by. This is one day I would like to forget. Birthdays make me ill. I'll never live to have another birthday. I always get attention on my birthday. I wish I had a birthday every day. Everyone enjoys his birthday but me. My birthday is just a day I get things I don't want. I have a habit of getting sick on every birthday. Every woman should be free to lie about her birthdays. I live for my birthdays.

Bitterness: Life has been a big dose for me to swallow. My past is a bitter disappointment. The way the children have treated me makes me bitter. I have to take the bitter with the sweet. Once I get really bitter over a thing, I stay that way. The truth is a bitter dose. All my experiences with people make me very bitter. I'm so bitter I can taste it. I get bitter over the way my relatives try to ruin my life. When someone takes advantage of me, it leaves a bitter taste that won't go away. Bitterness eats me up.

Bladder Trouble: I'm always left holding the bag. I can't let go of anything until it's too late. I lose control when I get excited. I can't stop what I'm doing. I have to hold back. Life has me in a squeeze. One way to get attention is to bring matters to a halt. I can fight pressure with pressure. I have to be forced to let go. I can't give anything up easily. I have to let go.

Blame: Sooner or later I'll be blamed for everything. I have to take the blame for everything. I blame myself for everything that goes wrong. I never accept the blame for anything. Nobody can stick me with the blame. I blame my mother for everything. Everything is my fault. If they put the blame on me, I'll make them wish they hadn't. I'll be blamed if I don't watch out. I'm not happy unless I'm blaming someone.

Bleeding: I bleed easily. When I start bleeding, I just keep on bleeding. The sight of blood in my stool makes me think I have cancer. My heart bleeds. Someday I'll bleed to death. My blood runs like water. If I cut myself, somebody will pay attention to me. If it doesn't bleed for a while, it won't heal properly. I won't stop until I'm all bruised and bloody. I just hate the idea that I have their blood in me. I'm a born bleeder. The blood of my father is my stigma.

Blindness: I'll close my eyes to all my troubles. I get blinding headaches trying to understand. If I once lose my sight, nothing can bring it back. I don't want to see them ruin their lives. I can't see a way through this awful mess. I can't see any future in anything. I'll blind myself to my faults. If I'm blind, it is up to others to take care of me. I won't look if I don't want to. I must stay in the dark. I don't want to see anything ever again.

Blood Pressure: The pressure of my job is killing me. I have to keep my pressure up if I want to make real pro-

gress. Life is one pressure after another. Someday I'll build up so much steam I'll blow my top. I can't reduce the pressure. When I feel low, I just avoid all circulating. I'm all run down. I'll get anything I want if I work up enough pressure. My blood pressure's never normal. When things build up in me, I feel as if I might burst. My job gets me down.

Blushing: I always get red when I get embarrassed. I can't stand to be in the limelight. A guilty person is red-faced. I feel like a fool when I make a mistake. My feelings boil up inside me. I'm flushed with my success. I can't help blushing when given praise. I look healthy when I have color in my cheeks. I get burned up at the least little thing. When I'm confused, I can't avoid flushing. I always give myself away. When somebody sees through my deceit, I blush. I was born red.

Boastfulness: I have to blow my own horn. Everyone likes a good story, even if it's not true. I can't sell myself to anyone if I don't do some boasting. I have to build up my ego by exaggerating my experiences. People are impressed by a big story. If I'm good, I might as well let everybody know it. Modesty won't get me anywhere. I have to boast of my achievements to make them all envious. My life is nothing to boast about, but I don't want to let anybody in on that secret.

Body Odor: When I work hard, I'm sure to stink. My perspiration has an offensive smell. I'm always afraid I may offend. I'm a little stinker. No matter how I try, I just can't avoid a smell. My whole body stinks. When I get nervous, I perspire. When people get old, they smell bad. It's difficult for me to smell clean. I stink like a pig. I have feet that smell all the time.

Body Parts: I've got a big load on my chest. My thumb hurts all the way to my shoulder. My nose is out of joint. I haven't guts enough to keep going. If I keep talking, somebody might pull out my tongue. When things go wrong, I get weak in the knees. I have too much cheek. I never take my shoulder from the wheel. I keep leading with my chin. I like to swing my hips. I'll try my hand at anything. I haven't a leg to stand on. I'd give my right arm to get what I want. I've got no head on my shoulders. My eye is polygamous. I have to stick out my neck. My ears are burning.

Boils: When I get mad enough, I just boil over. All the badness in me has to come out. When anyone takes away my privileges, it makes me boil. I want to show I am skilled at bringing things to a head. I get so boiling mad, I can't keep it inside. I'm a big sorehead. I have to boil things before I can use them. I have a low boiling point. Everything's a sore topic for me. The sooner things come to a head, the better I'll feel. All my hurts just go right on festering inside me.

Boldness: I have to be bold to show my bravery. It takes a lot of boldness to make a success of my job. I'm not going to be one of those poor timid souls. I'll stand up to anyone when I'm sure I'm right. Faint heart never won fair lady. If I don't take some bold action, they'll push me out in the cold. If I'm not bold in my approach, I'll be refused. I have to make a bold attempt once in a while. The prizes go to the bold, and I'm out for prizes. I am as bold as a brass monkey.

Bondage: I can't get away from people. I have to slave for the whole family. My life is nothing but work. I'm too weak to break these ties. I have to depend on them for my living. Wherever I'm needed, I'll go. Everybody needs

something to do. I have no place else to go. I have to have something to cling to. I have to pay everything back with interest. I gave my word, and I'll never get out of it. I'll be here for the rest of my life. I'm chained to this job, and I hate it.

Bones: I feel as though all my bones are broken. I feel sick in my bones. I can't work with my broken bone. When you get old, your bones get brittle. All my bones ache. I'm a softy. I always work my fingers to the bone for them. My bones do not mend easily. I feel everything right down to the bone. My bones quake when I'm scared, and I'm scared. I'm like a dog with a bone.

Bookworm: I have to read everything I can get my hands on. I have to live by the book. A good way to stay out of trouble is to stick to your reading. I have to worm my way through things. Nobody's going to know more than I do. I can't understand it unless I read it for myself. I want to stay home with a good book. All I ask for is a book with my pipe and slippers. I always feel good with a book in my hand. I have to read myself to sleep. They'll think I'm stupid if I don't read all the latest books.

Boorishness: I'm not a polished man. I just bull my way through. I'm going to be like my old man. I like to shock people. People are going to like me as I am or not at all. I like to be boorish so people will let me alone. I like to hear myself talk. I'm a diamond in the rough. It is too much trouble to be proper. I'll say anything I want to no matter how it sounds. Nobody is going to tell me what to do. I'm crude but I like myself that way.

Boredom: When I get bored, I'll do anything for excitement. Someday I'll die of boredom. Nothing ever happens around here. I can't stand this same dull routine day after day. There's nothing worse than being bored. I can't

help being bored. If things go too smoothly, life is dull. When I get bored, I can't stay awake. People who talk about themselves all the time bore me. I become bored if I'm not doing something every minute. I'm going to bore people as much as they bore me.

Borrowing: I have to get what I want from someone else. I'm always borrowing from everyone. I will build up a lot of credit by borrowing. I can get along with a lot less by borrowing whatever I need. People like me better if I'm indebted to them. They all have more than I do, so I am entitled to borrow from them. It's all right to borrow from my relatives. I will never be able to get enough together by myself. I am always borrowing trouble. It is better to borrow than to have to do without something.

Boss: I have forgotten more than my boss ever knew. Even if he is my boss, I still resent his telling me what to do. My boss is an ogre. I need a boss to tell me what to do. It takes pull to become a boss. I'll be the boss or nothing. Without a boss nothing would get done. A boss gets all the breaks. My boss gives me a pain when he starts throwing his weight around. I'm tired of being the boss.

Bossiness: You prove you're an executive by telling people what to do. I'll let them know who's boss. The bossier I am the more attention I get. If I don't tell them what to do, they'll never do it right. I have to be the boss or I'm not interested. Men are born bosses. You can't get a job done without a boss. I have to show them I'm boss around here. Women are too emotional to boss.

Bound: I'm tied to my job. My family ties are too strong to be broken. These situations tie me up in knots. My hands are tied, so I can't help. I'm always tied up in a meeting when I should be available for other things. The children tie me down, so I never get out. I'm bound up so

tight I'll never get free. I like to be held tight. I'm duty-bound to see this through. I'm still tied to my mother's apron strings. I am all bound up in my own interests. I'm fit to be tied.

Bowels: I'm all stopped up. I'm afraid to let go. I haven't room to move. I'm afraid to move. I'm holding on to everything. Everything stops moving at the end. I have to save something of everything I take in. My bowels are all clogged up. I can't move my bowels. There is so much bowel, no wonder it has a kink. I can't keep things moving. I'll handle things so nothing comes out. I'm going to keep everything for myself right to the end. I'm all clogged up. I'm full of kinks.

Boys: I hate boys because they are so mean. No boy is going to get to first base with me. Boys are the cause of all my trouble. Boys scare me. I have to be popular with the boys. Boys are always showing off. When I get to be a teenager, I'll think of nothing but boys. Boys are nothing but brats. I won't be satisfied until I have a boy of my own. A boy, to me, is something to wipe my feet on. Boys are easiest to raise. I wish I were a boy. My parents wanted a girl instead of me. Boys are all destructive.

Bragging: I have to tell people how good I am. If people knew I have no ability, nobody would be interested in me. Everyone must toot his own horn. I have to do plenty of talking to make myself seem acceptable. I want to keep talking about myself. People run me down, so I have to counteract what they say. If I build a big reputation, I'll have to live up to it. I'm good and I ought to let people know it. I must keep boosting myself to get ahead.

Brains: I have no brains. If I prove I can think, I'll get many problems to solve. I'll save my brains for emergencies. Nothing ever strains my intelligence. I hate people

who have brains. It pains my brain whenever I think. I put my brain to sleep when I was a child. I refuse to let anybody say that I think I'm a brain. I always make the best decisions because I have the most brains. I'm brainier than my relatives. I'm the brains behind our success.

Brain Tumor: I have more brains than I need. When things come to a head, I always have trouble. I like to lock things up inside my head. I have so much in my head it feels ready to burst. I can't get this off my mind. I'll keep everything under my hat. I need more brains to solve my many problems. When everything goes my way, I get a swelled head. I have to pressure myself into accepting new ideas. I've stuffed my head with so much nonsense, I'll never get it cleared out.

Bravado: No matter what I try, I won't fail. If I defy somebody, he'll back down. I'll never give anyone a chance to brand me as a coward. I'm a coward, but I'll bluff my way through. My job scares me to death, but I'll put up a brave front. When I show great confidence, no one can detect my fear. I am afraid to admit my fears so I'll cover up with bravado. If my thinking is wrong, I'll attempt to conceal it with bravado. My bravery is only skin deep. It takes bravado to win.

Bravery: Nobody likes a coward. I will have to show everyone how brave I am. I have to be a hero. If I am brave, I'll come through all right. Nothing can hurt me if I'm not afraid. Nobody's going to say I'm afraid of anyone. I have to brave every storm. If I'm brave, everyone will look up to me. My courage is dauntless. I'd rather die than admit I'm a coward.

Breakage: I break everything I get my hands on. Nobody gives me a break, so I have to get it for myself. Everybody's cracking up. I'm all broken up. I'm a broken man.

When I get mad, I have to smash things. I'm always broke. As soon as trouble clears up one place, it breaks out another. My whole world is breaking up. I'm going to break things wide open. I'll make a clean break. I have to break out of here somehow. I'll break her spirit.

Breathing: My breath is knocked out of me. I have to breathe too hard to stay alive. I can't get my breath. My breathing is bad when it's damp. Her beauty is so great it takes my breath away. I won't breathe a word. When you are born, you start breathing, and when you stop, you die. Every once in a while I can't catch my breath. I'm out of breath. I am a shallow breather. Breathing is just too much trouble. I cannot stand breathing stale air. When I take a deep breath, I choke.

Breathlessness: She just leaves me breathless. I've been in too much of a hurry. Getting scared knocks the breath out of me. The nerve of my relatives is breathtaking. I can scare them if I stop breathing. When I get excited, I can't breathe. Exercise makes me breathless. I can't breathe lying down. Excitement takes my breath away. Smoking cigarettes cuts down my wind. Emotion makes me gasp. I can't get my breath after I run. Shocks knock the breath out of me.

Bribery: People will do anything for money. If they want my help, they'll have to pay for it. Nobody can bribe me if I know it's a bribe. I'll promise anything if it will help me to get my own way. Everybody has a price. Nobody would ignore the chance to make something extra. There are things I won't do unless I'm under strong temptation. Anyone who takes a bribe proves he will do anything. Money means more to me than anything else.

Bronchitis: My chest is my weak spot. The harder I strain, the less I accomplish. Everyone expects me to cough

up. I have to carry all the burdens, and I can't get their weight taken off my chest. I'll keep going even if I choke. A really bad cough always gets me down. I can't let this mess come out, so I'll keep it deep down inside me. I have to cough up or shut up. Even if I try to get rid of my troubles, they just hang on. I have more troubles than anyone else, and I just can't get rid of them.

Brother: I hate my brother. My brother is not my keeper. We're all brothers under the skin. I can't stand my brother. I'd love to have a brother. I'm always helping my brother. My brother will do anything for me. I can't keep up with my brother. I need my brother to fight for me. If it weren't for my brother and his friends, I wouldn't dare go anywhere. My brother is my best love. I'll push ahead of my brothers someday.

Bruises: I bruise easily. Life is full of bumps. I have to let all my hurts show. I always get bruised. Everybody I meet gives me bruises. I'm always bumping things and bruising myself. I get banged around. Life has left me black and blue. Bruises and bumps are part of life. My dealings with people leave me bruised. I came into this world with a frail, bruised body. I am a very tender person. When I fall, I always get bruised. I bruise when I'm pressed.

Burns: I'm so clumsy around the kitchen I keep getting burned. Working burns me up. If I burn myself, I'll get myself out of this job. To get my way, I have to show I'm too hot to handle. I have a burning desire to come out on top. I'm going to make things hot for everybody. Cooking gives me a pain. I'm going to burn in hell. I've got to burn my bridges. Every time I buy anything, I get burned. I like to play with fire.

Bursitis: Tension gives me a pain in my shoulder. Entertaining is painful. It gives me a pain not to get ahead.

Working under pressure gives me a pain. When I do something, I put everything I have in it even if it hurts. I carry the cares of the world on my shoulders. It gives me a pain not to succeed. I've had my shoulder to the wheel so very long it hurts. I'm bursting with sharp hurts. It gives me a pain to think of my in-laws and their problems.

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Callousness: I won't be affected by another's troubles. I have to be hard on people. Nobody is going to get help from me. Nothing will ever ruffle me. I'll never lend a helping hand to anyone. I don't care to hear about someone else's troubles. I'm not touched by sadness shown by others. I'm going to get ahead no matter who I have to step on. I will never get involved in another person's problems. I don't care what kind of trouble goes on around me.

Calluses: I have to be callous in my dealings with others. Work rubs me the wrong way. I have to protect my vulnerable spots. I get worked up easily. I like to make things for myself. I need a tough hide to withstand abuse. I have to be thick-skinned about being insulted. Everything piles up on me. I have to build up a strong resistance to friction. I have become callous to truth. It is hard to bear this pressure. I need something firm to stand on. If I have calluses, they'll show how hard I work.

Cancer: Everything is going out of control. I'm wrong in so many ways, I could never get right. I can't control my growth no matter what I eat. My troubles keep eating away at me. I need plenty of attention, and I don't care how I get it. I am always wrong about everything. Mother died of cancer, and so will I. My growth is erratic. I've got to get my life over with as quickly as possible. I want more of

everything than anybody else. There's nothing left to live for.

Carelessness: I don't care what happens to my things. I refuse to be careful. I'm always losing things. I don't care what I do with their things. I don't have to care. Carelessness runs in my family. I hate careless people. There's no excuse for carelessness. It takes too much trouble to use caution. I always keep my mind on my important ambitions. Life's too short to waste being careful. I can't keep my mind on my work. I find it difficult to concentrate on anything for long. I could care less.

Cataracts: I'm going to shut my eyes to what ails me. Something always comes between me and what I'm trying to see. I can't look at the mess I'm in. I refuse to look any longer. I don't want to watch myself die. I can't bear to see so much suffering. I have to blind myself to the truth. I'll concentrate on my own cover-up and ignore what he does. I have to grope my way through the darkness. When you get old, your vision fails. I am headed for a fall, so I won't look.

Caution: I have to proceed with caution. If I use caution, I'll stay out of trouble. Caution is the better part of valor. If I'm cautious, I'll live longer. You can't be too careful in this world. I have to be careful of everything I say and do. I'd rather be safe than sorry. I'll absolutely never take a chance. I don't want to be a hero. Only a cautious approach is safe.

Challenge: I always take a dare. I never let anybody get ahead of me. Life is one big challenge. I do my best when challenged. It's a challenge to tackle a new job. I can't refuse a dare. I like to do the impossible. Everything is a challenge to me. I'll accept any challenge that's di-

rected at me. I'll give anyone who challenges me a hard time. I like to be given a stiff challenge.

Change: I find changes very unpleasant. I can't change even if I want to. You cannot teach old dogs new tricks. Once the die is cast, you can't change it. Every little change in the weather affects my health. I'd rather fail than have to change anything. I change my plans like I change my socks. I am always changing my mind. I'd do anything to have a change. I'll not change my ways.

Chapped Skin: Dry skin runs in my family. Cold weather is rough on me. Strong soap makes my skin chap. Women have a rough deal in life. Housework ruins my hands. I'm noted for my dryness. I've something on my hands I can't wash off. I like to make cracks. Anything harsh makes my skin sore. I can't stand to have my hands in water. I can't be bothered wearing gloves. Cold weather makes my skin chap.

Character: The more character I have, the more I'll be noticed. I have no character. My character is ruined. I have to build up a good character so I can coast on my reputation. If I have lots of character, I can get ahead in the world. I can't stand weak characters. People judge you by your character. Weak characters make me sick. I have to have a strong character to carry me along. I will never have enough character to do anything worthwhile.

Cheating: I'm going to get more from others than I give them. If I'm honest, I'll never get ahead. Cheating gains me advantages. I can't survive unless I cheat. No one is going to cheat me and get away with it. The way I cheat, I can get away with it. I'm going to cheat on my husband if he cheats on me. It's not cheating if you don't get caught. No amount of honesty will carry you as far as a little cheat-

ing. I have to cheat to get what I want for myself. I'm a cheat.

Childhood Diseases: I want to be like all the other kids. Nobody is going to get anything I don't get. I get sick and tired of going to bed so early every night. Daddy never plays with me unless I'm sick. I can make them stay home with me if I get sick. If I am sick, I can get attention and have what I want. I am going to have everything that my brothers and sisters have. If I am sick, I won't have to go to school. It makes me sick to see all her pretty dolls. I'm sick of being compared to them.

Children: I can't get any work done with kids underfoot all the time. Children drive me crazy. My children will be the death of me. Children annoy me so that I could scream. It'll kill me if I can't have children. When my children get into trouble, it is like a knife in my heart. If any of my children should die, I'd never be happy again. The children keep me young. No home is complete without children. I have to protect my children from the hardships of this world. My children don't appreciate me.

Choking: I can't listen to the truth about myself without choking on it. Anything distasteful sticks in my throat. Vinegar always goes down the wrong way. I can't tell a lie without choking on it. I'll choke the next person who crosses me. If I have to swallow any more of this crap, I'll choke. I can't take my medicine. If I try to talk too fast, I always start choking. I'd rather choke than confess the truth. I get choked up over my memories. Sad news makes me choke up.

Christening: If I give my child a proper christening, it'll give him a good start in life. If a child is not christened, God will not accept him. A christening is the big chance for a minister to get in with the family. If I'm not christened,

I'll never get to heaven. If I am christened, I am saved. Christening is a time for showing what you have. Christening is really a big show for the grown-ups. I'm under obligation to have my child christened. I want to show off my baby. I have to do what's expected of me.

Christmas: Christmas and all its work makes me sick. I never get what I want for Christmas. I'm always broke after Christmas. I get sick every Christmas. I hate Christmas. The best time of the year is Christmas. I have to be good before Christmas so I'll get what I want. Storekeepers are the only ones who really benefit from Christmas. Christmas makes me weepy. I dread the thought of Christmas. Family gatherings make me sick. Christmas is for kids.

Church: I have to go to church to save my soul. My church means more to me than anything. Anyone who does not go to church is not worth associating with. I'll defend my church from attacks of any kind. I can serve God only through my church. I cannot do anything to risk the disapproval of the church. If I give everything to my church, I'll be sure to go to heaven. When the whole family walks into church, everybody is impressed. I have to be dragged to church every Sunday.

Circulation: I never learned how to circulate. When I come to a stopping place, I can't go on. I can't get around the way I used to. I'm afraid to circulate too freely. I'm so slow that I keep getting stuck. My progress is always blocked somehow. My life never flows along smoothly. I'll never get around to doing all the things I should do. If I don't do something to check the flow of blood, I'll bleed to death. I don't have enough blood to go around. I'm out of action.

Claustrophobia: I can't stand to be shut up. I can't breathe in small spaces. I like everything out in the open. I

refuse to be penned in by conventions or anything else. I can never function on a restricted basis. The walls are closing in on me. If I ever get out of this tight squeeze, I will never get in another. They are trying to fence me in, but I can't let them do it. I'm afraid I'll suffocate if I have to stay here. I need plenty of room to move around. My pent-up emotion is smothering me. I'm afraid of small spaces.

Clenching: I can do an unpleasant task if I clench my teeth. I have to hang on tight to keep my sanity in this crazy world. I'm a tightfisted old goat. Once I get my teeth into a job, I can't let go until it's finished. I'll keep myself ready for a fight. I can control what I say if I keep my jaws shut. No one is going to catch me off guard. I am forced to hang on to the bitter end. I have to be prepared to swing into action. I'm not openhanded.

Closed Mind: My mind is made up. I won't consider any change. My mind is closed to new ideas. I'm going to stick to the old ways I know best. I won't let anybody change my mind. I have decided what to think. I won't let anyone influence me. My mind is set and nothing will change it. I'll never listen to anything that contradicts my ideas. I won't be influenced by anyone. Nobody can tell me anything. I'm stuck.

Coffee: Coffee keeps me awake. I cannot face the day until I have my coffee. Drinking hot coffee is the most relaxing part of my day. Coffee stimulates me. I have to have coffee with my cigarette. I think better when I drink coffee. I need a good excuse to relax. A hot drink makes me sleepy. When I don't know what to do with myself, I can have some coffee. I have to have my coffee while I'm reading. I'm entitled to indulge myself in innocent pleasures. I want to drink coffee like the grown-ups.

Cold: I can't stand being cold. When I'm out in the cold, I want to get indoors. Cold seems to penetrate my bones. Cold air goes right through me. I always get frozen stiff in winter. I'm coldblooded. When I get cold, I get cold all over. I don't want to be put out in the cold. This is a cold world. Everyone gives me the cold shoulder. I want to be calculating and cold. People all leave me absolutely cold.

Cold Feet: When I'm nervous, my feet grow cold. I get cold feet when anyone asks me to speak before an audience. Once my feet get cold, they never warm up. It's my nature to be cold. If I have cold feet, they won't ask me to perform. When I'm scared my feet get cold. I'd like to run away from the cold. Her defiance left me cold. I get cold feet if I have to take a chance.

Colds: Whenever there's a change in the weather, I catch cold. It makes me sick when someone gives me the cold shoulder. When I get my feet wet, I catch cold. I'm stuffed to the gills with interference from my in-laws. I need a good excuse to see my doctor—he's so sympathetic. I'm going to be like all the rest. It does not take much to get me running. My problems weigh me down and I'm unable to get them off my chest. I am a sharing person. My colds lead to worse things. Feed a fever and starve a cold.

Colitis: Once I get something, I never let go. Nothing I eat hits the spot. When I get nervous, my food doesn't digest. My troubles are all deep inside me. I cannot stomach my relatives. Everything stops in the middle for me. They have me in the middle, and I may get squeezed out. I cannot pass off my troubles the right way. I cannot digest any food properly as long as I live with her. Just looking at him while I eat gives me indigestion. I feel my hurts in my gut.

Color Blindness: I can't tell one color from another. All colors look the same to me. When it comes to colors, I'm no good.. It saves thinking to make everything the same color. The only color I can see is red. I'm not like anybody else in any way. I always get colors mixed up. I'm not interested in colors. Everything is in the gray area for me.

Comfort: There's nothing better than being comfortable. Everyone needs someone to give him comfort. I feel comforted when I have a few drinks under my belt. I need her to comfort me. I love to be comforted by a woman. A good way to get comfort is to feel sorry for yourself. I like to get comfortable in a nice warm bed. I'm not comfortable until I have all the things I want. I love comfort. Once I'm upset, nothing comforts me. I can't get comfortable, no matter how I try. I can be comforted only by a man.

Command Phrases: I wouldn't be able to do anything so weird. I can't figure things out. Nothing complicated makes sense to me. I can't bring up phrases. I never get anything I ask for. I can't ask for what I don't really want. I don't think I ever told myself lies. Nothing comes up when I want it to. I can't do something I don't understand. I can't be sure I'm getting command phrases. I hate to recall my mistakes.

Communication: Nobody listens to me. I can't express my ideas. I find it difficult to communicate with foreigners. I can't communicate with my family. It's hard to communicate successfully with anyone. I can't communicate when I want to. There's no communication between me and God. Around this house, I never get a chance to talk. I have difficulty getting somebody to listen. No one has any interest in what I say.

Comparisons: My father is always comparing me with someone else's child. I like to compare myself with other people. Everything is a comparison. If I didn't have something to compare my thinking with, I'd never get it right. I learn by comparisons. The only way to find out is to compare. I can't stand up to comparison. I don't like comparisons. I must have some standard to go by. I'm going to make sure I'm different from other people.

Competition: I have to prove I'm better than the next fellow. If I don't compete, I'll get pushed aside. Everyone keeps trying to get ahead of me. I push hardest when somebody's trying to get in ahead of me. I don't enjoy a reward unless I struggle against someone else to get it. When there's no competition, my interest fades. I won't take part in any rat race. Someone always beats me out at the finish. I'll take my sister's boyfriend away from her. I play only to win.

Complaining: I can't get what I want unless I complain. I have more complaints than others. I'd complain if God, Himself, were the President. I'm not happy unless I'm complaining about something. Nothing is ever accomplished unless I keep complaining. I turn a deaf ear when someone tries to complain to me. If I don't have one thing to complain about, I'll make another. They have to give me what I want to keep me quiet. Complaints are irritating to me. All I hear at work and at home is a series of complaints.

Compulsion: I'm the victim of my compulsions. When somebody gets on my nerves, I always give him a piece of my mind. I've got to do what my mother wants me to do. I am a compulsive liar. I can make people do things they don't want to do. I'm compelled to answer a bell whenever I hear one ring. I give her anything she wants if she cries. I

can't resist a person with a compelling manner. I'll act on my wants. I'm a slave to my urges.

Conceit: A person needs a feeling of being better. I'm an expert at everything. If I don't have a good opinion of myself, no one else will. Conceited people make me sick. I'll pretend I never make mistakes. I have to tell everyone how good I am. I feel superior to others. I have to impress my superiors. I'm going to make others think I'm better than they. I'm conceited and proud of it. I love myself.

Concentration: I'll pin my mind down to one thing at a time. My mind's too small to hold everything. I cannot concentrate unless I hear music. Concentration gives me a headache. I can't hold my attention on anything very long. I have to have silence to concentrate. When a lecture lasts more than thirty minutes, I can't concentrate any longer. If I don't concentrate when I listen, I'll lose the train of thought. My powers of concentration are terrific.

Confidence: I'm confident I can run my life. I've great confidence in my abilities. I have no confidence in truth as a way to rescue humanity. My confidence in my religion can never be shaken. My confidence in my education keeps me moving. I am confident that God will never desert me no matter what I say. I can put my confidence in men, but I can't trust women. If anyone lies to me, I won't put my confidence in him again. I have to confide in my mother or I may go insane. I have confidence in my party. I'm too confident.

Conflict: I have to disagree or I won't get them excited. He is always giving me a hard time. He never agrees with me on any subject. My conscience is always in conflict with my desires. I like to oppose others. Conflict keeps things lively. My ideas conflict with theirs. We'll never be able to eliminate conflicts. Conflict among nations will al-

ways exist. It is impossible to live without conflict. I'm always fighting for my rights.

Confusion: When people all talk at once, I get confused. When things go wrong, I get confused. My ideas are so mixed up I can't seem to organize my brain. I can't think straight. I never know whether I'm coming or going. Nothing ever works right for me. When somebody shouts at me, I get confused. Everybody is confused but me. I can't work when I'm confused. I'm easily confused. The political scene keeps me confused.

Congestion: I'm all stuffed up. I like to purr like a kitten. I can't get it up or down. I won't let go of anything until I must. I'm so full I feel ready to burst. No matter how I try, I can't get rid of the stuffiness. I'm all choked up. I have to hold everything in. I'm stuffed to the gills with enough junk to choke a horse. Life is closing down hard. I have so much trouble it would run out my nose if it could.

Conjunctivitis: My eyes turn to fire when I get mad. There's so much trouble around me I'm going to shut my eyes to it. It irritates me to see what is taking place around me. When I get run down, it affects my eyes. I get blood in my eye when someone hurts me. I see red whenever I'm crossed. It irritates me that she sees through me. My eyes are vulnerable to infection. I'll rub the scene from my eyes. He irritates me so I can't see what I'm doing. It burns me up to see him hurt her.

Conscience: I'll do what I like whether it's right or wrong. If I listen to my conscience, I may never have any fun. I get along nicely without worrying about my conscience. My conscience never guides me. If I don't listen to my conscience, it can't distress me. I don't believe in anything as silly as a conscience. If it hurts my conscience, I

know I'll enjoy it. I won't be deterred. I've shut up my conscience.

Constipation: I'm going to keep everything I can for myself. I'm all tied up in knots inside. If I sit too long in one place, I'm unable to start moving. I can't let go in a strange place. I've got to work hard all the time. I won't let go of anything until I get good and ready. I'm so bound up, I'm bound to be sick. I just keep holding on for dear life. I hate to drop anything unless I'm absolutely sure I've taken every bit of good out of it. I expect to keep using pills all my life. I can't make anything move. All my efforts are unproductive. If I succeed in the beginning, I'll fail in the end. I'm stuck with a mess I certainly don't want.

Contagion: If there's a germ in the air, I get it. They make me share everything. I like to see trouble develop. I catch everything that comes close to me. I don't dare overlook anything. I expect to get all the things the other children get. I always catch what's going around. When I go out in a crowd, I get sick. All I have to do is read about it and I catch it. I share everything with the kids in my class. I'm extremely jealous of what others have.

Contradicting: Nothing anybody else says seems proper to me. I can't agree with anyone. I won't let anyone push his ideas on me. I'm always right. I like to set people straight. I can't let him get away with smart remarks. This contradicts everything I believe in. I never let anyone finish a sentence. Everyone is wrong but me. One easy way to make people mad is to contradict them. One word is enough to stop the other fellow and to get me started.

Control: I can't control my behavior, so I won't try. If I play on people's sympathies, I can control them. I'll let anyone control my actions. If I lose control, I'll never get it back. I'm determined to control myself. I'm going to con-

trol the people I deal with. If I don't control people, I'll never get my way. My life controls me. My parents try to run my life. I control people with my emotional outbursts. If ever I lose control, I'm sunk.

Controversy: When anyone starts an argument, I depart. I refute every idea I hear that disagrees with my line of thinking. Every controversy teaches me something new. I have trouble finding anyone who agrees with me. I'll oppose people's ideas just to be sociable. I make it my practice to take the offensive. I always have to keep defending my ideas. Controversy is stimulating. I'm not going to pretend to agree if I don't. When you hear a really stupid argument, you have to oppose it to keep your pride.

Convulsion: I can't keep myself under control. I'll get my own way even if I have to scare the wits out of everyone. I'm going to go the limit. I feel I can't go to sleep for fear I'll never wake up. When my life gets too complicated, I duck out for a while. If I eat wrong foods, I get convulsions. Anytime I want to frighten them, I have a fit. The only way out is to throw a fit. I get so angry I lose all control. Every time I think of death, I shudder. If I throw a fit, they'll really have to pay attention. Everyone I live with gives me a fit.

Coordination: I'm always out of order. I get mixed up and can't do things right. I never really know what I'm doing. It doesn't pay to have your right hand know what your left hand is doing. I can't manage my fingers. When I get excited, I try to go in all directions. I can't make anything work out right. When I act clumsy, they don't make me do any work. I can't make anything work the way I want it to. I'm always going in the wrong direction. I keep getting mixed up.

Corns: I can't bear friction. I hate to be rubbed the wrong way. When something rubs me the wrong way, I feel hurt. When my feet hurt, I get sick all over. Shoes that don't fit give me corns and calluses. When I get squeezed, I have to build my resistance. All my troubles are piling up on me. I have to grow my own food. I'm corny. My feet are putting up a protest.

Cough: I'll feel better after I cough it all up. When my throat tickles, I have to cough. I have to cough up my sickness. Coughing covers an embarrassing pause in the conversation. A cold always settles in my chest. When I have to listen to something displeasing, it sticks in my craw. I have to get this off my chest. A deep cough gets me attention. If I cough, I won't have to talk. I can't get rid of my troubles until I cough up. A little cough helps to catch attention.

Cowardice: I'm afraid of my own shadow. I can't face up to life as it really is. I'll refuse to make a decision because it might get me into trouble. I'm afraid to do anything that might cause me to get hurt. I'd rather be a coward than to get in a fight. I can't face anything dangerous. I haven't enough guts to resist my family. I'm scared stiff when I think of getting an injury. I'm afraid to protect my rights. In a crisis I go to pieces and start to cry. I'm like the cowardly lion.

Craftiness: I have to be sneaky when I do things so that I won't be caught. I'm going to take advantage of everyone. I'm crafty when it comes to money. I'll be sneaky about things so nobody will know what I'm up to. I'm going to be smarter than the next person in such a way he'll never be aware of it. Everybody thinks I am cunning and so do I. The more crafty I get, the more I get for myself. I'm

dumb like a fox. I like to take advantage of people in ways they can't recognize. I have to be crafty to get along.

Cramps: Physical labor gives me a pain. It gives me a pain to be cramped. I keep trying to hold myself together. I have to keep a tight grasp. I am all cramped up. Cramps are a good way to get out of work. Everyone is always cramping my style. I am doubled up with cramps. I am so cramped up I could scream. Cramps get me down. They've got me cramped in such a small space I can't catch my breath. I have to suffer like all women. I get cramps at night.

Crankiness: When someone annoys me, I'm going to let him know it. If I'm cranky, children will be afraid of me. I'm cranky when I get hungry. When I'm tired, nothing is right. If I'm too nice, they'll take advantage of me. I always wanted to be a grouch. I get cranked up when things don't work out. Damp weather makes me cranky. A cranky baby gets more attention. I got up on the wrong side of my bed. I'm a crank.

Credit: No one gives me credit for what I do. I can't stand to give anyone credit. Unless I get credit for what I do, I won't try to do anything. I have to build up my credit. If your credit is no good, you can't go far. If I don't get credit for what I have accomplished, I'll quit. I hate people who won't give me credit. People had better admit that I'm good. I refuse to give credit to anybody. You can't live without credit. I want credit for everything. Nobody gives me credit.

Credulity: I have to believe all my parents tell me or there's no living with them. It's easier to accept than to argue. If I don't go along with what they tell me, I'm in trouble. I believe everything I hear. It must be true or they wouldn't dare print it. I'm very easy to convince. I accept

nothing unless I see it in black and white. I'd believe anything my friends tell me. What I see, I believe. If my mother tells me it's true, then it must be true.

Criminality: I'm a killer when I get mad. No one is going to stop me from doing what I want to do. I give people what they deserve. I have to take what I want, or I will never get anything. Nothing can stop me once my mind is made up. I'm going to get back at the people who hurt me. I just don't care about being sensible. I'm entitled to take what I want. I can always shoot my way out of a tight place. I could contrive a perfect crime. I think the life of a criminal would be exciting.

Criticism: I can't stand people who criticize. When anybody has the nerve to criticize me, I start criticizing him. I have to tear everyone to pieces. I must take a critical attitude. Every time I get a chance, I criticize my boss. If I criticize people, I can put them on the defensive. I'm a born critic. I can always prove my intelligence by talking about people's faults. I always find ways to criticize. I enjoy making people suffer and squirm.

Cross-eyes: Whenever I look too close at something, I get cross-eyed. This is a cockeyed world, and I'm part of it. I want to be funny to make people laugh. Someday I'll get cross-eyed from too much television. I get cockeyed when I work with figures. I can always worry them by crossing my eyes. I want to see my nose. I have to be different. These old eyes won't go where I send them. I always get crossed up. I keep trying to go two ways at once. I try to keep from looking ahead.

Cruelty: I must be cruel to get along. I'll make everybody fear me. I get a bang out of seeing cruelty. I have to cut everyone down to size. I hurt people, so they'll let me alone. I deserve a chance to hurt people because of the way

they hurt me. I just don't care what I do to anybody. I like to make people cry. If I can get the best of somebody, it makes me feel like God. I don't like to hurt people, but I must. If anybody gets in my way, he'll get hurt. Nobody can block me.

Crying: I won't ever let anyone see me cry. I can't keep myself from crying. If I cry, I always get my way. I'm so mad I should cry, but I'm too proud. I won't give way to my emotions. Only a weakling would ever cry. A good cry settles my nerves. It looks silly to see someone crying, but I just can't help it. Crying is good for the emotions. If I try to hold back the tears, they'll just try harder to make me cry.

Cupidity: I must keep trying to get what I want. I'm going to get everything I possibly can. I want everything just for me. The more I get, the more I want. The more I have, the happier I'll be. I have to have more than anybody else. I'm going to look out for my own welfare. I must always be first. The best way to get along is to think only of yourself. I will take everything there is to get, any way I can get it. I'll be a relentless go-getter.

Curiosity: I'm going to satisfy my curiosity. I have more curiosity than brains. I want to be informed about everything. I am going to see what makes them tick. I cannot rest until my curiosity is satisfied. I must know what's going on in people's minds. I'm just plain full of curiosity. Unless I'm curious, I won't learn anything. My insatiable curiosity gets me into trouble. Curiosity makes a well-rounded person.

Cuts: Every time I hurry, I cut myself. Somebody is always sticking knives into me. I'm all cut up. I feel all cut up inside. I like to make cutting remarks. My cuts always get infected. People are always cutting me. I can cut anyone to the quick. It cuts me like a knife to be insulted. If I get

cut deep enough, I'll bleed to death. I'm more likely to cut myself when I'm tired. I get cut up by people's unkind remarks. I'd rather be a cutup than a wet blanket. I can cut through to the cause if they let me.

Cyst: Everything collects in my body. Someday I'm just going to break out. I save things up for the future. I'll pocket all I'm able. I'm like a bump on a log. When I don't like it, I lump it. Everything in my body has to get out sooner or later. All of my hard bumps will turn to lumps. I can't get excited without having lumps come out on me. I'm going to make all my troubles visible. If I collect enough of the right things, I'll come out on top.

Cystitis: My bladder never seems to work right. I'm so full I'm unable to hold it. I'll secrete the amount I want to. My canals are all clogged up. I just burn when they make me run. The heat and pain are killing me. I have lost all my control. Everything burns me up and I can't take any more. If I don't keep running, I don't get relief. I get pain in my bladder whenever it gets full. By trying, I just cause a lot of unnecessary agony.

D

Dandruff: Every winter my skin dries out and flakes off. I have a crust. I'll try to come out on top. Washing dries out my scalp. My head gets all scaly. The skin is dead on top of my head. If I don't wash my head every day, I get dandruff. Everyone has scalp trouble when he's old enough. I like to scratch my head. My head is scaly just like a fish. If I wear a hat, I'll have scalp trouble. If I go hatless, I'll get dandruff. I'm the scum of the earth. I'm dead from the neck up.

Daring: I have to take chances. I'm willing to risk everything I have. I can never resist a dare. I have to be daring if I want to come out on top. I like to wear daring clothes. I'll do anything on a dare. I don't dare speak my mind. I'm always at my best when dared to action. The girls all like a daring boy. Daring people are admired. After I start something, I'm afraid to stop. When somebody dares me, I lose my head. I have to keep on trying to impress people.

Dark: I'm so afraid of the dark I can't go to sleep. Darkness is evil. My family is always trying to keep me in the dark. I always feel worse when it's dark. Satan lurks in dark corners. I cannot see in the dark. Everything goes wrong when it's dark. As soon as it gets dark, I have to go to bed. Dark corners scare me. I'm always in the dark. Darkness gives me the creeps.

Daydreaming: With my eyes wide open, I'm dreaming. People never tell me what to do in my dreams. I don't have to work if I'm busy in a dream. Tomorrow is another day, and it comes faster if I can dream my time away. Progress is made by dreamers. When I'm daydreaming, I'm not getting into trouble. Daydreaming will take me away from realities that destroy my peace of mind. I can't get my own way, but I can dream I can get it. All things come out my own way in my daydreams. I'm always happy in my daydreams.

Daze: I'm forever in a daze. I can't think right. Everything is vague. My mind wanders all over the place. I'm never alert. If I'm in a daze, I can't be blamed for anything. Details don't register with me. I just don't know what is going on. I can't get my thoughts in focus. Concentration is impossible for me. I guess I don't really want to know what's going on. I can't find any path through this maze of

activities. I can't put my mind on anything. Everything I do is wrong.

Deafness: I refuse to hear anything she says about money. They've criticized me so much I won't listen to them anymore. I can't hear more than one thing at a time. I don't want to take time to listen. I want it nice and quiet all the time. No one can make me listen to things I dislike. I'll turn a deaf ear to the whole world. I'll shut my ears so I can't hear what people are saying. I've trained myself not to hear chitchat. Nobody has anything to say that I want to hear.

Death: Seeing flowers makes me think of death. I can't stand to be near a dead body. Racial conflict scares me to death. I want to go out of this world in some really spectacular way. I'm a diehard. My responsibilities are killing me. Death is terrifying, and just thinking of it scares the life out of me. My father died young and so will I. Death would bring me welcome relief from my problems. I refuse to think about dying.

Deception: I'll make a dunce of anybody who tries to deceive me. I'll pretend I am what I am not. I like to see how much I can get away with. Nobody will catch me if I really act uninterested. I can fool anybody when I want to. It's easy to deceive my family because they always trust me. It proves I'm smart if I do something bad and nobody catches me. I like to delude people. I can get away with anything. It's too much trouble to be honest. I'll pretend to accept what they say so I can make trouble afterward. I'll look pleased even though I could kill him. I smile to hide my real disposition, and that way I get more. I pretend I'm honest at church but not at the office.

Defensiveness: When anyone criticizes me, I become defensive. As soon as I open my mouth, I go on the defen-

sive. Being on the defensive brings out the best in me. I'll defend my opinions even when I'm wrong. I have to defend myself when I'm criticized. I can't defend myself when everybody turns on me. A good defense is the best offense. If I don't defend my friends, they won't defend me. I am constantly on the defensive. I have to stand up for my rights. I love to put people on the defensive.

Defiance: I can always make the other fellow back down. I don't care who I defy. I'll defy anyone who tries to force me. Nobody's going to push me around. I like to defy people in authority. I can get my way by defying authority. I dare anyone to give me orders. Defiance comes easy to me. When I'm defiant, people stay away. I am a defiant little minx. Nobody can make me obey the laws. I can't be changed.

Delinquency: I have to keep on the move. I don't care what kind of trouble I get into as long as I'm having fun. I want to be in a tough gang. I refuse to let others get ahead of me. I'm not going to obey their orders. I defy anyone to get ahead of me. My defiance keeps me going. Delinquents seem to get all the attention. I'm beyond help. I have to show I can boss a gang. My parents don't care what I do so I'll raise hell. If I want something, I take it.

Delirium: It's easier to be out of my mind than conscious. Being delirious eliminates my need to face facts. Nagging people drive me out of my mind. It'll be a great relief to me if I can go out of my mind. I go off the beam when I run a fever. If I'm delirious, I'll get their attention. People will feel sorry for me if I'm delirious. It makes me deliriously happy when I get even with someone I hate. I get giddy when I win.

Delusion: If I believe a thing, it's true. I believe only what I want to believe. I know I'm always right. I can't

face facts. A smart person can sell himself on anything. The truth hurts me. I like to believe things are nicer than they are. When you are deluded, you don't have to face facts. I know I'm deluded, but I can't do anything about it. The only way I can have any real fun is to pretend things are not the way they are. I make it a habit to accept anything I like.

Denial: I deny whatever I don't like. I reject truth whenever I think I'll gain by it. I refuse to admit anything that I can get out of. I can escape punishment by denying the facts. I'll keep denying the facts, so they won't hurt me. He can't prove I'm not right. I'll try to deny everything and everybody. I can deny my part, and I won't be involved. If I deny hard enough, they'll believe me. If I refuse to admit what I know is correct, nobody can catch me at it.

Dentist: A visit to the dentist always gives me a pain. I don't want anything false in my mouth. I'm afraid of people who hurt me. Dentists enjoy hurting patients. The dentist never lets you escape until he fills at least one tooth. As soon as I get into the dentist's chair, I begin to suffer. My teeth stop hurting the instant I get in the dentist's chair.

Departing: I can't say good-by. I want to leave this place. I'll leave when I finish my work. I always have trouble departing. I like to stay put. Departing from this earth frightens me. I have to postpone departing as long as possible. If I have to depart, I won't do it graciously. I won't go. The longer I stay, the harder it is for me to depart. Parting is such sweet sorrow. I don't like to stay anywhere too long.

Dependency: I have to be attached to someone or I'll fail. Men love a clinging vine. My mother always takes care of me. When I get older, I'll have to depend on my children. I have to depend on my brain to get me through life. I need someone to do my work for me. I am so used to

depending on other people, I am unable to depend on myself for anything. It is necessary to depend on myself for what I need. My success depends on my intelligence. I cannot depend on anyone who has let me down. I require support.

Depression: It is depressing to think about religion. I get down in the dumps when things fail to work right. I'm always in a state of depression. When things don't go my way, I get depressed. Truth about myself almost always gets me down. People depress me when they aren't cheerful. When everyone leaves, I get depressed. Bad news always makes me feel bad. My mother is always pushing me down. Rainy weather always depresses me. I'm a gloomy Gus.

Dermatitis: Criticism gets under my skin. I like to see how much I can peel away. I have to keep my fingers busy all the time. I am determined to break out. I've got to scratch around whenever I can. I can't have a baby's skin all my life. My relatives give me an itch. Everything bad comes to the surface. When you scratch your head, it makes you look like an intelligent person. I itch.

Desire: I follow every impulse. I can't control my desires. When I want something, I get it. My desires rule my life. My desires come first. I have desires that must be gratified. I'll spend my years satisfying my desires. My desire is to do everything I see other people doing. I don't want anyone to come between me and my desires. I desire a rich, happy life. I'll go crazy if I don't get all I desire. I have to give in to all my desires.

Despair: I never succeed with a single one of my plans. Life is too much to bear. Everything is just a hopeless mess. There has never been anything except blank despair for me. I might as well just give up. Even the taste of suc-

cess would seem bitter to me. I'll never be able to make up to myself what I've lost. All hope is gone. I can't get started at anything worth doing. I'm sick with despair.

Despondency: I get blue whenever I think of Mother's death. Every hope is gone from me. I despair of ever regaining my sanity. I feel hopeless when I can't help others. There's nothing in life to look forward to. Everything looks hopeless to me. I see no reason even to try anymore. Nothing works out the way I want. Nothing in my life seems worthwhile. I get despondent when I think of getting old. It depresses me to look back at what I've done. Life is not worth living in this hell.

Determination: I'm determined to get what I want from my life. I have to get on the ball and stay there. When my mind is made up, no one can change it. I'm determined to keep moving ahead. When someone tries to push me aside, I hang on tooth and nail. No dope is going to get in the way of my progress. I have to keep my nose to the grindstone. I'll do what I want, come hell or high water. I always do what I set out to do no matter what I encounter. I'll keep on the way I'm going to the finish. I'll never give up.

Devil: The devil is mixed up in my affairs. I'm forever deviled by something. There is no devil. I have to work like the devil to keep things moving. I'm a devil with the ladies. I'm going to be the devil's advocate. It's fun to be devilish. The devil finds tasks for idle hands. The devil points the rosy path. I'm a little devil around my mother. The devil makes me do it.

Diabetes: Everything I eat turns to sugar. I need sweets to give me energy. Diabetes runs in our family, so I can't get away from it. The sweeter I get, the more attention I am given. I have to be different. My glands don't do what

they're supposed to do. If I'm very sweet I'll get my way. I have enough sweetness to give some to everybody. I always feel better when I have a box of sweets. My blood is turning into sugar syrup. I'm not allowed anything sweet.

Diarrhea: Everything is running away from me. I have to get rid of all my dirt. I can't hold on to anything that's mine. When I do something, I go all out. Life is running away. I have to keep on the run all the time. I can't keep anything to myself so there's no use trying. Nothing stays with me long enough to resolve my problem. I always have to be the one to give everything up. I have to run to the toilet all the time. Everything surely comes out at the very end.

Difference: I have to pay more to be exclusive. I have to show some originality. I have to be different. People will notice me if I'm different. I'm afraid to be like other people. Just a little change will make all the difference. I have to act different if it kills me. I don't want to be like anybody I know. I'll prove I'm original. It gives me satisfaction to be different. I can't stand sameness. If you are very original, people will come to you. Originals are worth more than copies.

Disagreeable: When someone says something I don't like, I get disagreeable. Trifles get me all stirred up. If anything goes wrong for me, I get hard to live with. I'm just an old sourpuss. I'm miserable to live with. Truth is always disagreeable. I can't agree with someone I don't like. I am always disagreeable when I'm tired. I can't be sweet and charming all the time. If I am knocked, I'll knock back. I get disagreeable headaches that never give me any peace.

Disappointment: People always let me down. I take disappointments in stride. If I have enough disappointments, I'll learn to try harder. Every time I let my hopes

raise, I get another disappointment. My life is a long series of upsets and disappointments. I hate to face any reversal. I know things will go wrong, even before I get started. If I always expect the worst, I can't be hurt. I disappoint myself.

Disapproval: I can't approve of a decision I've had no part in making. Unless I approve of what they do, they'll drop me. Disapproval annoys me. I'll say anything I please, especially if I think someone will disapprove. People disapprove of me. I have to voice my disapproval in front of everyone. Nobody approves of anything I do or say. I can get them to change if I show violent disapproval often enough. No one ever likes anything I do.

Discipline: I'm the boss, and I can prove it. I have to get the upper hand. I have to enforce my will. You have to let everybody know who's boss. You can't make children toe the mark unless you take a firm stand. I pride myself on having ability to keep order. If you order people around, they respect you. I never let anyone get away with a thing. When I speak, I expect obedience.

Discontentment: I can never get my way. I'll never be contented. I'm never satisfied. I'll never be happy here. Things always go the wrong way. I don't want to be happy. I have to keep things in an uproar. No matter what is done for me, I'm discontented. I try hardest to improve things if I'm discontented. I enjoy being unhappy. It shows I'm alive if I complain. Only stupid people are really contented. You'd have to be crazy to feel satisfied in a nation run the way this one is.

Discouragement: Everything I do seems to fail. If he can't succeed, then I can't either. I'm a failure. I get so discouraged I can't go on. There's no point in trying. I can't do anything. I get discouraged as soon as any little thing

goes wrong. Nobody ever gives me any help. Life is one long discouragement for me. If I can't have everything, then I don't want anything.

Discrimination: I'm going to be fussy about choosing my friends. If they're not like me, I'll try to avoid them. I'll hold people down if they get uppity. Nobody else is as good as I am. I have to get into the exclusive group. I'm one of the best people. You can't be too careful. I'm not willing to trust a person who is different from me. I can be just as uppity as anyone about choosing my friends. I'm a discriminating person.

Disc Trouble: My lower back is the weakest part of my body. I'm going to bow down for my parents but not for anyone else. I'm not going to bend over backwards for anyone. It hurts to be put back. Hard seats give me a pain. People keep trying to stab me in the back. I can't stand without support. I've stood with my back against the wall so long it hurts. If I make a sudden motion, something is sure to happen. My burdens are breaking my back.

Disgrace: I won't ever live down this disgrace. I can't hold my head up. I am going to disgrace my family. I'll never be able to face my friends. My family is a disgrace to me. I would rather be disgraced than ignored. I'll be a disgrace and get attention. My disgrace is killing me. I'll disgrace my family to get what I want. They pay no attention to me unless I disgrace them. They say I'm a black sheep, so I will really act like one.

Disgust: People disgust me. I'm disgusted with life. My disgust shows in my face. Everything is disgusting. People who cry disgust me. I'm disgusted with all I hear. I get disgusted easily. Everything I see fills me with a sense of disgust. It is disgusting to see the way people act. I think sex is disgusting. Men's obsession with sex disgusts me. Old

people are disgusting. I like to voice my disgust. I'm hard to live with when I'm disgusted. Whores disgust me.

Dishonesty: As long as I don't get caught, I can be as dishonest as I please. I cannot afford to tell the truth if I want to make money. When I get pushed into a corner, I'll lie my way out. I must cut corners to make profits in business. Honesty gets me nowhere in this rat race. There's no such thing as an honest man. God helps those who help themselves. It's easier to be dishonest. Nobody can honestly deal with a union. Managerial dishonesty is excused. Honesty gets me nothing but frustration and trouble.

Dislike: I can't abide anyone in dirty clothes. I dislike people who are unkempt. I hate women with heavy makeup. I dislike everything that rubs me the wrong way. I don't like anything I see. When I dislike someone, I let him know it. We all have our dislikes. Nobody suits me. I dislike everything that contradicts my religious beliefs. I have no time for people who act superior. I'm moved by my likes and dislikes. I dislike people who are friendly with my enemies.

Disobedience: The more he tells me what to do, the less I want to do it. I refuse to do a thing they say. Nobody can make me obey. I always do things the opposite way. They don't know what's right for me. I like to hear her scream. When they tell me what to do, that is when I won't. If I do what they say, they'll keep bossing me around. I do as I please and nobody can stop me. I won't let anyone bend me to his will. Only sissies obey.

Disorderliness: I can't be neat and tidy. This is one big mess. I never put anything away. It's more fun to look for things than to know where they are. I like a house to look lived in. I won't try to be careful. If things are disarranged, it's a challenge to find them. Dirty houses make me sick.

Life is disagreeable if I must be orderly. Imaginative people are inclined to be careless. People will assume I'm working if things are spread all over the place. My affairs are in disarray.

Dissent: I have to take opposite viewpoints. I'll pretend I don't understand. Nobody will change me. I can't go along with truth. I won't let anybody talk me into anything. I am different. If I don't listen, I won't understand. I don't want to go along with the crowd. I'll look smart if I take the opposite view. I'd rather say no. I hate to agree with anyone. I refuse to do what everybody else does. I'll prove I have a will of my own. I can't go along with anything. I'll go my own independent way.

Distortion: I can't get anything straight. Nothing I do comes out right. I can't understand things clearly. I don't like to look at truth. I somehow get everything twisted. It is easy for me to distort things. I like to put distortion into things. I regard things in the wrong way. Anything that is different looks distorted to me. I can twist a thing around so no one will understand it. I can't talk without distorting the real meaning. I have no distortions.

Distrust: I don't trust people, so I'll avoid them. I have no confidence in anybody I know. I distrust strangers. Every time I trust a woman, I get hurt. I can't trust God. The people I work with are a gang of thieves. I can't trust myself to handle a difficult situation. I won't be able to trust another man. When I put my trust in someone, he always betrays me. My relatives are out to get me.

Divine Guidance: I never listen to anybody who tells me what to do. With all He has to do, God wouldn't have time for me. I've been so wrong that God wouldn't talk to me. I get my divine guidance through a priest. If I let people hear me talking about divine guidance, they'll think I'm

nuts. I'm afraid God will make me give up the things I like. I'm sure God wants me to use my brain to make my decisions and not bother Him.

Divorce: I always look for the easy way out. I just want a divorce. I can always escape from a difficult situation. Divorce is my only way out. Once I've had something, it's mine forever. I'm willing to try anything once. I'm never able to finish anything. When a person starts ordering me around, I'll go my own way. When I fail, I can always try again. I'll be glad to buy my way out of this mess.

Divorcee: I can't stick at anything. Once you're marked as a failure, it's hard to get another chance. I feel I'm just a no-good. I can't hold on to a mate. I'm sorry I ever married. Most people look down on divorcees. I don't want to belong to anybody. People will think there is something wrong with me. It's not my fault we separated. Now I'll be considered any easy mark. I have to go my own way, whether I like it or not. A broken contract is a disgrace.

Dizziness: I'm a dizzy blonde. Things are happening so fast I'm spinning like a top. I've got to act dizzier than anyone. As soon as I start moving back and forth, I get dizzy. I've got so much to do I'm going around in circles. Whenever I get too excited, I get dizzy and faint. My equilibrium is all out of kilter. I have so many things to think about I am spinning like a top.

Doctor: I don't need a doctor to tell me there's nothing wrong. When I'm sick, only the doctor can help me. People can't survive without doctors. I hate doctors. I like to doctor myself. Doctors act like God. I'm not afraid of doctors. Doctors are highly overrated. If the doctor tells me, I know it's true. I suspect doctors bury their mistakes. I can't live without a doctor. Everybody needs a doctor sometimes. I

want to be a doctor so I'll make a lot of money. I'm the doctor.

Domination: I am going to make people do things my way. I must bear down on everyone. My mother was domineering and I'm like her. The desire to dominate was born in me. I won't knuckle down to anyone. Whenever I'm present, I have to dominate the scene. I won't relinquish control of anything or anybody. I must be a compelling force in their lives. I'll insist on complete control. If they won't do things my way, I'll make them wish they had.

Dope Addiction: I'm a dope and might as well play the part. I'm not happy unless I'm all doped up. I'll never let it go. Once I get started, I can't stop. When life gets dreary, I can fix it. I have to do some thing that gives me confidence. I will do anything that makes me forget my troubles. Once I find something that exhilarates me, I'll never let it go. I like the feeling I get from drugs, and I'll do anything to keep it. I'm not hurting anyone but myself.

Doubt: I'm always in doubt. To me, nothing is ever certain. If I take a positive stand, I always regret it. I'm never sure of my position. Just when I decide to be firm, things fall apart. All my doubts have always been fully justified. Once doubt enters my mind, I know I'll never succeed. I have to doubt my ability, or I might try something too hard and that would make me look ridiculous. I'm a doubting Thomas.

Dreaming: I'd never dream of changing my life to suit someone else. I can only enjoy my life in dreams. I have to dream before I can set my goals. Dreams are a lot of poppycock. I can't remember my dreams. I like to dream. Drifting and dreaming—that is my idea of living. Some of my dreams frighten me. I'm always dreaming about something. My dreams are my only inspiration.

Drinking: Drinking helps me forget. I won't let anyone take my bottle. A drink stimulates my circulation. Everybody expects me to drink. Drinking proves I'm of age. I need something to pick me up when I've had a hard time. A drink warms me up inside. Life wouldn't be worth living without a drink. I can't get through the day without a drink. It's smart to drink. Without a drink I'd be unable to forget my troubles. A good stiff drink braces me for a hard job. If I stopped drinking, I'd lose all my friends. I have to depend on something to get me started. I couldn't be funny on water. A bottle is my only real security. I'm a social drinker.

Driving: I have to drive myself all the time. I'll keep driving until I drive my points home. I have no drive. All this frustration is driving me to drink. If I don't have someone driving me, I won't get anywhere. My family is driving me crazy. All I need to succeed is drive. I am being carried along by a driving force I can't control. When I drive I want to go fast. The desires of the flesh drive me in all directions. I can't stop driving. I can get ahead of everybody else. Going fast gives me a thrill. I won't let anyone squeeze me out. I'm as good a driver as there is on the road. I'll never be in a crash. I have a guardian angel.

Dropsy: I'm swelling up like a balloon. People are flooding me with their troubles, and I can't get rid of them. I'm too full of water to move. I'm going to blow myself up somehow. I like to accumulate things. I'm about ready to burst. I'll get the doctor to give me constant attention. I've got to carry my own water. Every time I hear something sad, I fill up inside. Everything gets under my skin. A cushion of fluid under my skin protects me. If I can't hold on to things, they'll think I have dropsy.

Drowsiness: I get drowsy when I think of work. I need a nap after a big meal. Stale air makes me drowsy. If I go to

sleep, I don't have to listen. If I sit in one spot too long, I doze off. Lectures put me to sleep. Life is so disagreeable I'd rather sleep and forget it. Riding in a car makes me sleepy. When I listen to music, it makes me sleepy. I get drowsy after ten o'clock.

Drudgery: My life is nothing but work, work, work. This job is pure drudgery. Nothing interests me, but I have to keep going. Each day is like all the others. I can't stand drudgery without getting sick. If I don't get praise, my work turns into drudgery. I just keep on and never get anywhere. Housework is drudgery to me. This job is getting me down. I hate to begin a new day because it's going to be like all the others.

Duty: My duty is to the family. It's my duty to obey God. I feel no obligation to duty. I don't want anyone doing my duty. Duty comes first with me. My parents think I have a duty toward them. I'm duty bound to stick to my party. It's my duty to serve my church. My duties are getting me down. I have to do my duty as I see it. If duty calls, I'm bound to go. I refuse to consider duty that opposes my desires. Nobody knows what his duty is. It's my duty to be honest. I'm a dutiful child.

Dying: Dying puts an end to suffering. I want to die. If I don't die soon, I don't know how I can go on living. I'm willing to die to get what I want. If I died, they'd be sorry. Everyone has to die someday, so I'll have all the fun I can. I never have time to think about dying. When I'm dying, it'll be time enough to think about my sins. People all around me may die, but it won't happen to me. Nobody ever gets out of this world alive.

E

Eagerness: I have to suit people somehow. I keep ready for something new. I want to be involved in everything. I've got to be an eager beaver. I like to be in on the start of things. I throw myself wholeheartedly into things. I'll prove I'm on the job. I'll let them know I want to keep the activities moving. I have to do everything with emotion. I'll never get anywhere if I don't act eager for advancement. I have to be right out in front of anything that's new.

Earache: It gives me a pain to hear her scold. When I hear something I don't like, it gives me a pain. I'm aching to hear every bit they say about me. I can stay home from school if I'm sick. I'm a pain to everyone in my family. I can sleep in their bed if I have an earache. Her loud voice gives me an earache. I hate to hear the way they carry on. I don't like people to make fun of my ears. It pains me to hear all they say. It hurts to listen.

Eating: Eating is more fun than anything else. When I'm my own boss, I'm going to eat till I burst. Nobody's going to tell me when and what to eat when I grow up. When I get a job, I'm going to eat out. Every night before I go to bed, I'll have a snack. I'd better eat when I get the chance. Eating is what I can always do best. Eating in a hurry gives me indigestion. It makes me sick to eat what I don't want. I can eat like a horse and not gain an ounce. My mistakes keep me eating.

Eavesdropping: I must know what people are saying about me. I'm afraid I'll miss something. You hear the most interesting things by accident. It gives me a thrill when they don't think I'm listening. I like to get things for nothing. If they don't know I know it, I can take advantage. What they don't know can't hurt. I can't afford to miss out

on an opportunity. I should find some way to learn the things they try to keep from me. I like to eavesdrop. I'll secretly listen in.

Eccentricity: I like to be different. I have to act strange so I can get attention. I'll never be a run-of-the-mill person. I want to be like my queer uncle. I'm always offbeat. I feel odd. I do not want to be like the rest. I am going to be off center all my life. I'm going to show everyone how different I am. It's no fun to be conventional. I'm so much better than anyone in my family I want them to know it.

Eczema: I'm a very thin-skinned person. Everything he does irritates me. I can't help breaking out when things get intolerable. I'd rather be skinned alive than have to go on living with him. I can't stand this place another minute. I have very sensitive skin. I'm falling apart from the pressure of this job. I feel like weeping all over when someone frustrates me. I have to let people see I'm sensitive. I shed my skin every seven years. I'm just a big itch. I am itching from head to toe. I'll never stop scratching.

Education: With all my degrees, I must be smart. I can't get anywhere without an education. When you're educated, you can demand more money. It takes a college degree to get a good job. Education is the most important thing in anyone's life. An educated person can mingle with the best people. The more letters I have after my name, the more I can impress people. I'm always ready to learn. I must have an education even if I have to starve to earn it. Getting an education is more important than anything.

Efficiency: I don't dare waste a minute of my time. I can attract attention by doing a job more efficiently than anyone else. I have to do everything as effectively as I can. The more efficient I am, the more they expect of me. I'm never going to work with anybody unless he is efficient.

Everybody around me is more efficient than I am. Everything has to perform with clocklike precision to suit me. Every time I try to do anything, I just waste energy. If I had to be efficient, I'd never do anything. There is a place for everything, and everything should be in its place. You have to do more work when you try to be efficient. I'm very efficient at what I do.

Effort: Life is too much effort for me. It's too much effort to get out of bed. I can't do anything worth doing unless I use effort. To succeed, I have to put forth more effort than anyone else. My efforts leave me exhausted. Everything I'm called on to do seems like too much effort. I haven't the strength to go on living. No matter how much effort I exert, I don't accomplish much. I should get an A for effort. If I have to make an effort, I'll drop out. I won't make any effort while they're pushing me. I try too hard.

Egoism: Nothing could happen to destroy my faith in myself. I'm capable of handling anything, and no one can tell me I can't. I'm better than anybody I work with, and I'll prove it. I am pleased with myself, and I know God is too. I don't see any reason why I should change because I'm already perfect. I could never be wrong. I don't need anyone else to love me because I love me. I am so proud of myself I'm almost bursting with pride. I am so proud of my abilities, it doesn't matter what other people think. I like myself the way I am. The way I do things is the only right way. I'm right.

Egotism: I can't keep my thinking off myself. I'm so satisfied with myself. I'll never listen to criticisms. No one can do this job as well as I can. I can't succeed unless I've got implicit faith in myself. I like myself the way I am even if no one else does. Egotism in others makes me sick. Egotistical people drive me crazy. No one else has faith in my

ability, but I have. When I hear an egotist talking, I shut my ears and think about something else. I won't stay and listen to an egotistical person. Egotism's a cover-up for an inferiority complex.

Elation: I'm going to be really happy all the time. I'll act elated so people will think I've just put over a big deal. I have to be enthused even when I don't feel that way. I'm always riding in the clouds. I take my bad news as though it were good. I like to be elated. Everything works out for me. I'll prove to everyone that I like my life the way it is. I'll act as if everything is good news. I'm up in the air.

Embarrassment: It's embarrassing to be caught in a mistake. I get flustered when anyone compliments me. When anyone draws attention to me, it makes me blush. I'm embarrassed if I'm not dressed right. I can't think straight when I'm embarrassed. I can't stand any kind of attention. I am embarrassed to tears when I'm criticized in public. Meeting strangers is embarrassing. I giggle when I'm embarrassed. I'm embarrassed to show my fat tummy. My embarrassing moments take their toll.

Emotion: When anything goes haywire, I break down. I like to be emotional because it makes me an interesting person. If I didn't have any emotion, I'd be dead. I like to indulge myself in emotional binges. When anyone tells me a really spooky story, it makes me emotional. I can change things by getting stirred up. I can't control myself when someone criticizes me. My thinking runs away with me when I worry. I've got to show my emotions. I'm an emotional person. I'm going to portray emotions like an actress. I love to emote.

Endurance: I have no endurance. My endurance is so low I'm not able to stand much strain. I will keep working until I'm done no matter how tired I get. I'll stick at this

work until someone forces me out. I'll never give up until I'm dead. My endurance is greater than my resistance. I can't stick at any activity long enough to see it through. I can endure anything if I have to. I can't endure any more of his nastiness. I'll last until my endurance is gone. I cannot endure watching people suffer. I refuse to stand for this situation any longer.

Energy: I have no energy for work. I'm so full of energy, I'm unable to sit still. I need all my energy to play, and I can't waste any of it on working. If I don't get plenty of sleep, I don't have any energy. The more I work, the more energy I have. My energy is so great I can work 18 hours a day. By the end of the day, my energy is completely gone. I've plenty of energy to do what I like. I have lots of energy when things are going my way. I need lots of energy to do my work.

Enjoyment: I'll quit if I can't enjoy what I'm doing. I have no enjoyment in my routine. I don't enjoy hearing about my faults. I cannot enjoy anything that costs a pile of money. Food is my one enjoyment. I can't enjoy a gift unless I know it's expensive. I enjoy catching someone in a mistake. I can't enjoy having guests because I wear myself out getting ready for them. I enjoy putting people on the spot. I enjoy life. If you don't enjoy life, there's no use living. I'd have to be deaf, dumb and blind to enjoy life in the city.

Enthusiasm: I get carried away by my enthusiasm. I'm susceptible to enthusiasm in others. If I get too enthusiastic, they may make me stop. I have no enthusiasm for my job. When I believe in something, I get very enthusiastic about it. I can't get enthused by her plans. The only time I can show enthusiasm is when my orders are carried out. I'm going to pretend I'm enthusiastic whether I am or not.

Nothing I do makes me feel enthusiastic. I'm full of enthusiasm. Anybody who doesn't display enthusiasm is a dud.

Envy: When I see the cars other people drive, I get sick. I just hate to see her expensive clothes. Big people get everything, and I get nothing. I hate a big, muscular jerk. I get sick thinking of her and all her money. It burns me up to see her eat all that food and never gain a pound. Grown-ups can do whatever they like. My brother gets everything and I get nothing. My boss gets all the dough, and I do all the work. I'm green with envy. I despise people who get more than I have.

Epidemics: Nobody's going to get anything I don't have. I want to be like everyone around me. I've got to keep up with the gang. If everyone is going to be out, I'd like a few days off too. I'm one who never does things by halves. I get anything that is going around. Nothing escapes me. I like to follow the leader. I want what everyone else has. I'd hate to be left out of anything big. I'm sick of not getting what they have.

Epilepsy: When I get upset, I go out of my control. When I blank out, I don't have to face the truth. Too much bossing around gives me a fit. One way to get attention is to throw a fit. Whenever she makes me mad, I shake all over. I can't help it when I react. I'm the only one who is going to exert control of my body. If I don't get what I want, I'll throw a fit. I'll do anything to get attention. When I fall asleep, I have to wake up again right away to learn if I'm really asleep instead of dead.

Eroticism: I get excited by looking at voluptuous girls. Big, husky men turn me on. I love sexy books. Everything makes me think of sex. Unless I keep my eyes open, I might miss out on something. How I use my mind is my business. I like to think of all the things I'd do if I got the

chance. I can get aroused just by looking. I'm excited by what I can't quite see. I can't keep my eyes from straying, and I don't want to anyhow.

Estrangement: I want to get off by myself. I want to be alone. I am going to get as far away from her as I can. I'm a stranger in my own house. She's not the girl I married. After I'm gone, maybe I'll be missed. I have to stay apart from others. If they don't agree with me, I'll get out. If I could live my life on a desert island, I'd be happy. I'd like to be as a stranger to my family. I'm going as far away as I can get.

Ethics: When anything is legal, it's safe. I must stick with my own group. It's all right if you can get away with it. Ethics are for the other fellow. My ethics cannot be questioned. I have no ethics. You can't be ethical and get along in this world. It does not matter what you do if people think it's all right. I have to live by my own code of ethics. I don't care if it's ethical, just so it's legal. I've no time for ethics. I can't be ethical and continue to succeed in my business.

Evasiveness: I never let anyone pin me down to direct answers. I have to be evasive or get into a ruckus. I can evade an issue by changing the subject. When someone tries to pin me down, I wiggle loose. When someone backs me into a corner, I can evade by returning the attack. It's hard to evade trouble. I'll evade the truth whenever I can. I have to learn to be evasive. I won't do it now; I'll do it tomorrow. If I pretend I'm sick, I won't have to do it. I'll get out of it somehow.

Evil-Mindedness: If I think evil thoughts, I'll do evil things. I like to think about nasty things even if I can't do them. I don't believe in contemplating evil; it's too awful. No one knows what I think, so I can give way to some ex-

citing thoughts. This is a very evil world, and I can't prevent what I think. I know it's wrong, but I can't stop my evil thoughts. The problem of evil is driving me crazy. My mind is in the slime. I have an evil mind. I can't help seeing evil in everybody.

Exaggeration: I couldn't stand my life if I had to accept it as it really is. If I exaggerate, I can't be criticized for that. No one wants to listen to facts. I can't tell a story without exaggerating the details. I have to embellish the truth. I always exaggerate to shock my listeners. It is more interesting if it is exaggerated. I don't believe what he says to me because he always exaggerates. I take anything she says with a grain of salt. I am a born storyteller.

Examinations: I worry that I'm going to fail my exams. I get panicky every time I think of taking a test. I can't stand tests—they make me sick. No use studying; I know I'll flunk. I get petrified when I know an examination is to be taken. Examinations are worse than nightmares for me. I can't do anything right with every one of my movements being watched. I can't stand being examined. Before an examination, I stay awake half the night. Thinking of examinations makes me get cold and clammy.

Exasperation: It exasperates me to see the way my children waste money. I get exasperated when I think about how people loaf. My children are most exasperating when it comes to helping. I burn whenever I see anyone destroy my property. I'm easily exasperated when my good intentions are questioned. Teenagers try my patience. I've reached the point where everything exasperates me. I get exasperated when people ignore my advice.

Excitement: I get excited about traveling. Too much excitement is hard on my heart. I thrive on big thrills. Excitement frightens me, and I have to avoid it. I break out

when I get excited. I can't digest my food when I get upset. I can't love a man who doesn't excite me. I can't think right when I am excited. My blood pressure goes higher every time I get excited. I'm excited by every little thing.

Excuses: I have to make excuses for myself because I know inside I'm inferior. Good excuses are better than smart answers. I don't make excuses for myself, and I won't accept anyone else's. If I have a good enough excuse, I can get out of anything. If I get sick, I'll have a good excuse to get out of work. I make up such good excuses no one can blame me. Everybody offers excuses; so will I. I try to expose anybody who hides behind an excuse. You've got to have an excuse when you fail.

Exhaustion: I'm too tired to go on. The slightest exertion leaves me exhausted. I feel all gone. I'm always tired out. If I do anything at all, it is more than I have energy for. I can't refresh myself. I've never had enough energy to work for a living. I'm all in. It's just too much trouble to try. I get exhausted when I think about work. I was born exhausted.

Exhibitionism: I like to make a spectacle of myself. It pleases me to show off my new clothes. I enjoy a good exhibition. I'm not satisfied unless I show off my body. I have to show these dumb people how to act. The only way to get ahead is to attract attention to myself. I'll put on a good show. I'm nothing but a showoff. I've got to have something I can show off. I'll go to any extremes to get attention on me. People can't know what you've got unless you exhibit it. The only way to be noticed is to put on a spectacular show.

Extrasensory Perception: I have ability to receive ESP. I can see into the future better than anybody else. I can pick up information whenever the spirit moves me. I

have to have ESP proved to me. Someday I'll perceive everything. I don't believe in anything I can't see. I have knowledge beyond belief. I walk around in a trance listening to voices. I'm psychic. Anybody who takes ESP seriously is a nut. I can't use something I don't know anything about. I can be given special information, and that makes me a superior person.

Eyesight: Reading all the time has ruined my eyesight. My eyesight is terrible. I can get out of doing the things I hate if I can't see right. My eyesight is getting worse from the close work I do. I inherited my parents' bad eyesight. My eyesight worsens, the older I get. I can't see past the end of my nose. If I can't see, they'll have to take care of me. I'm afraid to look. What I can't see, I don't have to reason from. There are certain things I refuse to look at. I choose what I'm willing to see. I'm blinded to my faults.

F

Face: I'll do anything I can to save my face. My face tells all my secrets. Nobody can force me to face my past. I would rather die than face truth. I'm afraid to face my friends. My guilt is sure to show. Nobody will want to see my face again. My face is my fortune. I've proved I'm a two-faced hypocrite. I keep trying to hide my face. No face could be prettier than mine.

Failure: I don't dare fail. No matter what I do, I always fail. I'll get by even if I have to cheat and lie. If I fail, I'll bear the resulting stigma for life. Only stupid people fail. If I fail, I may as well bring my life to an end. I hope I fail, so I can quit. The only thing that keeps me working is what people will say if I fail. I always fail at games. I don't dare

fail to justify people's faith in me. I'd like to see him fall flat on his face.

Fainting: If I pass out, I won't have to face them. I can't face any more pain. If I faint, I'll get their attention for myself alone. I don't see any other way out of this situation. A sudden shock lays me low. Too much excitement floors me. If I faint, I won't feel anything. I'm just a light-headed blond. The sight of blood makes me lightheaded. If I'm going to be let down, I want it to be fast. If I faint, I won't remember it.

Faith: After all I've seen, I've lost my faith in everybody. I have to have faith. All the faith I have is in myself. I'll never trust God. Nobody has the faith in me I deserve. I can't believe in anything. My faith will make me whole. In God we trust. I have faith in a million dollars. I've lost my faith in my relatives. I have no faith in myself. I'll never take a chance on prayer to get me what I want. Never again will I depend on anything. When I depend on God, I always wish I hadn't. My faith sustains me. If I don't have faith, I'll become cynical.

Fallen Arches: I'll have to put my whole foot on the ground. I need something to support me below. If I have flat feet, I can get out of army life. My entire world is falling in. My body is in a state of collapse. My pins have been knocked from under me. If I stand all day, I'll be sure to get fallen arches. My foundations are crumbling. I have a very poor understanding. People keep trying to push me under the ground. I can't hold myself up.

Falling: I'm always falling over myself. I fall for every girl I see. I keep falling out of people's good graces. Life is a series of pitfalls. My hair is falling out. I have a fallen stomach. My arches are falling. My teeth are falling out. I don't dare walk alone. I'm top heavy. I'm always falling

flat. I keep falling in love with love. I keep tripping over my feet. The bottom has fallen out of everything for me. I'm falling apart. I keep having a falling-out with my spouse.

False Modesty: I've got to keep people fooled. If they knew how I really feel about myself, they'd say I'm conceited. I've decided I'm really good, but I'd better not let people know about that. I have to be modest. I'm going to act like a lady, so I can keep them fooled. I really do have something to feel modest about. I modestly cover my real ability. I like to hide my feelings under a false front.

False Teeth: I can have perfect teeth if I have them made. If I put something in my mouth that I don't like, it makes me sick. Anybody who wears false teeth has trouble with his gums. I'll never be satisfied with anything except my own teeth. Dentures are a sure sign of age. No matter what adjustments are made, false teeth don't feel right. If I pay a lot for my false teeth, I'm going to make him work for it. I can't wear dentures all day without hurting my gums.

Falsity: I don't care who I deceive if it gets me what I want. It's all right to lie as long as I don't hurt anyone. What people don't know won't hurt them. I'll lie if I think my security is threatened. I have to falsify the facts to get ahead in my job. I can't survive by being honest all the time. I'm afraid to let anybody see the real person under this shell. If I don't put up a false front, everybody will take advantage of me. I'm going to wear a look of unconcern to mask my real feelings.

Fame: Somehow I'll attract wide attention. I have to be well known. Everyone wants to be famous. I'm going to make a name for myself. Fame frightens me. I want to be the brightest star anybody ever saw. I like to have people

recognize me. One of these days I'm going to be famous. Everyone must know my name. I want to see my name in bright lights. When I'm famous, I'll be able to get away with anything. When I gain fame, I'll work hard to keep it.

Fanaticism: Unless I go all out, I won't be able to convince anybody. I must go overboard to be sure they comprehend. The best way to become famous is to be fanatical. I'm a fanatic on the subject of salvation. When someone claims he has new information, I know he's a fanatic. If I sound different, they'll notice me. I always get carried away when I discuss my beliefs. I'm going to show more religious zeal than anyone. I'm a frenetic fanatic. I'm out to save the world.

Farsightedness: My eyes are no good for close work. I must try to keep looking ahead. I'm just a stargazer. I despise my immediate surroundings. I can't see anything close at hand. The closer I get to something the worse it looks. If I can't see ahead, I go into a panic. I want to escape from my tight little world of misery. I can't see anything worth looking at in my job. I'm far out.

Father: I want my father. Someday I'll get back at him for his beatings. I'll never be the man father was. I am like my father in my ways. If my father dies, I'll go insane. My father makes my right decisions. I can't go home if my father's there. I won't be like my father. I'll teach my father who is boss. My father can get me out of trouble easily. My father loves me more than my brothers. Father always gets me excited. Someday I want to go far away from my father. My father causes my fingers to become useless thumbs.

Fatigue: Physical labor gets me down. I'm beaten up from trying to suit my relatives. Dealing with the public exhausts me. My work is wearing me out. Sitting around is more fatiguing to me than hard labor. The thought of a

tough job wears me out. If I'm on my feet all day, I get all dragged out. Tension is the most fatiguing thing in my life. Nervous strain fatigues me. I'm tired, and I was born tired. A heated argument leaves me exhausted.

Faultfinding: I'm going to pick him to pieces. Nobody suits me. I can always see ways to improve what others do. If I see faults in others, I can't keep my mouth shut. I'll reject anything less than perfection. I like to chop people down by calling attention to their faults. No detail ever escapes my critical eye. I show my superiority by exposing people's flaws. I can make anyone cringe by saying what's wrong with him. I can tell anybody how to improve. I take people apart in my mind.

Favoritism: The people I really like can take liberties. When I ask something from a friend, I'm likely to get it. It pays to be friendly. I can always take advantage of friendship. I refuse to let anybody play favorites in my presence. I do all my favors in such a way that I benefit. I hate a teacher's pet. If it benefits me to show favoritism, I show it. Nobody can put anybody else ahead of me. I'll never be anyone's favorite. I won't let anyone have my favors without repaying me.

Fear: I'm afraid to say yes and afraid to say no. My fears hold me in bondage. My fears help to keep me out of trouble. Fear is a ruling force in my life. Only fear holds me back. I can't get rid of my apprehension about the future. Fear keeps me awake at night and tired out all day. If any little thing goes wrong, I'm suddenly afraid everything will. I have absolutely no fear. I'll never admit my fears to anybody. I'm afraid of being afraid.

Fear of Animals: I cannot stand having an animal get near me. No one can convince me that pets are necessary. She knows I get frightened when an animal comes near me.

I shake all over when an animal runs toward me. I have to hurt animals before they hurt me. I can't begin to like animals. I know that someday I'll die from being frightened by an animal. I'll never have an animal in the house. Animal fur makes me cough.

Fear of Height: The higher I go, the farther I'll fall. Being up high makes me feel insecure. If I look down, I'm sure to lose my balance. I make it a rule to go no higher than the second floor. I keep wondering how I'd feel if I were to fall. I feel weak and dizzy when I'm up high. I'm not allowed to get off the floor because I might get hurt. I get an urge to jump. I'm really the lowliest person on this earth.

Fear of People: I need a dog to protect me from people. I can't find anyone who can help me. My dad hurts me. I want the right people to like me. People are always trying to hurt me. I never know what a person will do to me. Seeing people scares me. I'm afraid somebody will find me out. Everyone wants to cause me trouble. Crowds drive me crazy. People walk all over me. I never know what people are going to do to me. People scare me.

Fear of War: I dread the thought of another war. I can't stand the thought of getting all my arms and legs shot off. This world isn't safe. The very idea of another war is enough to make me tremble. If I went to war, I know I wouldn't come back. When the next war comes, everybody is going to get killed. I can't go to sleep for thinking about what the bombs can do. I want to declare war on war. I hate war. I can't be safe while people keep waging war.

Fear of Water: If I fall in the water, I'll sink. I'm going to a watery grave. I'm deathly afraid of water. If I get wet, I'll be sick. I want nothing to do with water in any form. A smart person refuses to get in over his head and

hands. Watching a waterfall scares me. I'm not allowed to get near the water. I'll keep my feet on dry land. I can't learn to swim. I'm sure to be scolded if I get wet. Once I almost drowned, and I'll never repeat that. When I'm big, I'll stay away from water.

Female Trouble: I can't ever be satisfied unless I do a thing to excess. Women have more ways to go bad than men. Women never do things right. When I get angry, I refuse to function. I'll show my husband how much trouble he's caused me. I'm always running on. Women suffer more than men. I need some excuse to take a rest now and then. I'm forced to do all the suffering for this family. Now the whole bottom is falling out of everything for me.

Fever: People burn me up. When I want to get ahead, I turn into a ball of fire. If things don't go right, I get hot and bothered. I get hot thinking about insults I've taken. When I don't get my way, I get all steamed up. I can worry them by getting hot. When I want attention, what I need is a high fever. Being sick in bed burns me up. The more I talk of my troubles, the hotter I get.

Fever Blister: It makes me sore to realize I've let myself catch another cold. Every time I want to look my best, something pops up to spoil it. I'm a sorehead. My troubles come to the surface. I'm blistered by the way people talk to me. I did something I should never have done; now it shows in my face. Evidence of whatever I do somehow comes to the surface. I'm blistered by the cold.

Fidgeting: I can't be quiet. I have to keep moving. My muscles are uncontrollable. I never sit still. I'm itching to get away. I want to be noticed. I'm a big itch. I can't stay in one place very long. My hands always need something to do. I feel happier when I'm on the move. I have to wiggle something or I won't be noticed. Sitting still makes me

nervous. I keep my legs in motion when I'm tense. Someone may come to my rescue if I fidget.

Fight: I like nothing more than a good fight. I have to fight for what is right. If I don't fight, people will walk all over me. I'm a fighter from way back. If I show I have spirit, people will respect me. When I get too old and tired to fight, I might as well die. I never stop to think that I might be killed. I'll fight for anything I really believe in. I'm forced to fight just to survive. I'd let anyone do anything rather than put up a fight. I'm afraid to be hurt if I fight back.

Fingernails: I haven't the time to take care of them. I have to chew my nails to the quick. When I break a nail, I have to even them by biting others. This is something they're not able to take from me. I'm a nail-biter. I'm so mad I could chew nails and spit tacks. I'll do all the things my mother says to stop. I can keep this up all the time under the covers where they can't see me. I'm going to fix things so she won't have to cut my nails again.

Finish: I never finish anything I start. I'm a hundred percent beginner and a ten percent finisher. A real disgrace would be my finish. I'm finished before I start. If I have to stop something before it's finished, I never start again. Leaving a task before it's finished makes me feel guilty and ashamed. I have to finish any job I start even if it kills me. I can't take a rough finish. I'm finished with trying to be honest. Family problems will finish me off.

Fire: I have to keep the home fires burning. Someday I'll burn up, and that'll finish me. In case of fire, I'll run away. If I'm caught in a fire, I won't get out alive. I'll have to fire up the crowd. People burn me up. My emotions are easily set afire. I like to see things burn. I'm fascinated with

fire. I keep a big fire burning inside. I am paralyzed by the thought of being trapped in a burning building.

Firing: I like to get fired so I can start out fresh. I'm always getting fired for nothing. Someday I'll go off like a gun. I'm always on the firing line. I can't stay long in any one job. Nobody should blame me for getting fired. If I cause enough trouble, I'll get fired. I'll be fired if I don't follow orders. The only way to get out of here is to get fired. Someday I'll be the boss, and then I'll fire him.

Flattery: I like to be told I'm good. I won't do what they say unless I know they like me. I exist on approval. I can get people to help by buttering them up. As soon as I hear flattery, I freeze up. I'm a sucker for a kind word. I let people know they can't woo me by feeding my ego. I thrive on flattery. I never look for a wrong motive. I was taught to see only good qualities in people. Nobody can flatter me because I don't respect their opinion.

Flexibility: I must be flexible and bend with every force. If I don't do things to suit people, I won't get anywhere. Unless I refuse to yield, I'll never be able to protect my rights. I'll have to adapt myself to people's wishes to get along with them. I don't dare take a rigid position. I keep blowing in the wind. I must be responsive to changed conditions in this crazy world. I'm always the person who has to back down.

Flirting: I have to make sure I haven't lost my touch. I'll try to find out how much further I could go. I promise a lot but never deliver. Women are a challenge I can't resist. Guys like flirty little girls. I'll go after the one I know I can't get. There's only one way to have fun. I'm a flirt. I have to flirt with everyone I meet. I'll be sure he gets the idea I'd be willing. I love to flirt with danger.

Followership: Falling into line gives me a chance to rest. I'll let somebody else take the bumps and hard knocks. I won't take a chance on being first. I always let people order me around. I'm going to lose myself in the crowd. I'd rather follow than lead. I'm going to do as I'm told. I hate the responsibility of a leader. I'm afraid to go anywhere alone.

Food Reactions: Nothing I cook tastes right. Everything she cooks makes me, sick. Fried foods give me indigestion. I'm not going to eat their food; I know they don't want me. When I get tired, I can't eat. Cukes and onions make me burp. My stomach can't take food. Chocolate gives me pimples. Coffee is too stimulating. Whatever I eat turns into fat. I'm allergic to leftovers. Foreign foods upset my stomach.

Foot Trouble: I can't stand any nonsense. If they don't listen, I'm going to put my foot down hard. When someone tricks me, I kick up a fuss. I'm always at the foot of the line. My feet get in everybody's way. My feet are killing me. I can't kick over the traces. I can't stand very long without collapsing my arches. I have to foot all the bills, and it gives me a pain.

Forbearance: I have to hold myself in no matter what. I think a lot of things I'm not at liberty to say. I have to be long-suffering with the demands of my relatives. If I'm patient long enough, I'll finally get my way. Forbearance is for weaklings. I always restrain my urges until I can safely indulge them. I have the patience of Job. I'm always under control. Suffering is my, lot so I'll endure it in silence. I can put up with a lot.

Forgetting: My memory is like a sieve. I'd forget my head if it weren't fastened on. Some days I can hardly remember my name or address. I'm willing to forgive and

forget. I cherish each insult I ever got from my husband, and someday I'll pay him back. I have a convenient memory. I forget everything I don't write down. I'll remember only the good parts and fantasize the rest.

Forgiveness: Everyone loves a forgiving person. Forgiveness is a sign of weakness. I can forgive my children, but I can't forgive myself. Forgiving is unknown in my family. I must forgive my enemies. Nobody ever shows any willingness to forgive me. I can't forgive because I can't forget. There is only one reason to forgive anyone: my faith demands it. If I forgive those who hurt me, God will then forgive me.

Freeloader: I refuse to pay my way. I'll take everything I can get free. The world owes me all I want. If it's free, I'll take it. I hate to spend any of what I've saved. People use me, so I'll use them. Nobody's going to keep me from getting what I want just because I'm poor. I hate to let go of my money. Because I'm smart, I get what I want without paying anything for it.

Fretfulness: I haven't patience enough to be polite. A fretting baby drives me wild. I can't be civil until I've had my coffee. I'm cranky before breakfast. I have a right to express my feelings. If I let off small amounts of steam, maybe I can keep from blowing up. I see no reason for holding back. Unless I let people know how I feel, they'll think I'm satisfied.

Friction: I won't disagree because I can't stand friction. If they rub me the wrong way, I'll make them sorry. It grates on me when things don't run smoothly. People throw grit at my ideas. Life is too dull with nothing to argue about. I can get more attention by taking the opposite viewpoint. I'll hold him back by disagreeing. I thrive on friction. I enjoy throwing sand into the gears of progress.

Fright: I look a fright. I get scared by depressing news. I'm afraid to be right. I frighten easily. A bad fright makes me tremble. I'm scared of people's opinions of me. I'm constantly afraid of losing my job. I'm afraid people will find out what I'm like and shun me. It shakes me up when I get a bad fright. I'm scared of the dark. Lawyers frighten me.

Frigidity: I'm not going to let anybody get close to me. I have to protect myself. Sex is wrong and I'll have nothing to do with it. I can't trust anyone who wants to get close. Sex is wrong or it wouldn't be so disgusting. I'll never give anybody a chance to hurt me. My mother told me I should never yield to a stranger. I'm a cold fish. I can't stand the idea of having a man put his hands on me. Nobody will ever get into a position to take advantage of me. I'll submit, but I won't cooperate. The whole idea of sex leaves me cold. I was born in a January blizzard.

Frostbite: If I stay out in the cold too long, my toes will drop off. I have to face a cold and hostile world. I can't stand freezing weather. Nothing keeps me from freezing when it's cold. If I freeze, I won't have to try anymore. My blood stops running when I get cold. I want to know how it feels to be numb. In this cold world I'd be better off if I had no feeling at all.

Frown: Lines in my forehead make me look mature. If I frown, people will know I'm absorbed in my work. Frowning helps to show how I feel. I can see better if I frown. I want people to know I take life seriously. Frowning makes people notice me. I can't stop frowning. I wear a frown when I concentrate. I frown when I don't even know why. I'll show people I'm not an easy-going pushover.

Frugality: Where I come from, a person has to be frugal to live. I'm a penny pincher. I may kill myself with fru-

gality, but I'll die in comfort. I won't let anything go to waste. I can do without expensive things. I'm the world's greatest saver. All my life I've been thrifty, and I see no reason to change. Nobody is going to spend money that belongs to me. I'm a tightwad. I hate to let go of a thing.

Frustration: Somebody is always blocking me. Just when things are going well, something happens to stop me dead. I face nothing but frustration. People keep trying to hold me down. If I try something new, I fail; if I try something old, I can't compete with the companies already established. Someone is waiting to trip me up, no matter what I try to do. Nothing I try succeeds. I got a bad start and I've been blocked ever since. I never get what I want. The trouble with me is that I wasn't loved in my childhood

Fussiness: I can't stand things out of order. I have to have my things just so. I like being in a fussy atmosphere. Things must all be exactly as I prefer. I'm entitled to be fussy in my own home. I can get my way by being fussy. I'm going to make them live up to my standards. I let people know I need special care. I like to fuss over everything I do. I hate fussiness in others.

Futility: The cards are stacked against me. Everything is hopeless. I never get the results I deserve. I may as well give up. I'm licked before I start. When I succeed, somebody else is sure to get the credit. Nothing I do ever bears fruit. If I did make a lot of money, I'd have to spend it on doctor bills. I never get what I want. The final result of everybody's efforts is death.

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Gall Bladder Trouble: The gall of everybody makes me sick. Because I have gall, I get in trouble. My gall sur-

passes my wisdom. My insides are all screwed up. If I eat too much fat, I'll have gall bladder trouble. People's dishonesty galls me. Everything is going bad inside. I feel like I'm caught between the devil and the deep. It's the little things that keep me riled up. I need lots of gall to get along in this world. Nobody is going to have anything that I can't have. I'm caught in the middle, and I find it painful. I suffer more than my parents did. I'm stuck in between.

Gambling: I'll take a chance on anything. I'll never get what I want by working for it. The easy way is the way for me. I like the thrill of a risk. If it's hard work, I stay away from it. Sooner or later I'm sure to win. I'll keep trying until I am ahead. Once I start something, I can't stop. The thrill of a win is worth all the risk. Sooner or later I'll learn how to beat the game. I'll stop next time I win enough to put me ahead. I know it's wrong, and I don't need to listen to anybody's advice on the subject. I can't afford to stop.

Gastritis: I get all swollen up when things go my way. I'm full of hot air. Everything gives me a pain. If I eat something I shouldn't, I suffer later. Stomach trouble runs in my family. Cold food gives me gas. Vinegar turns my stomach. Bad luck gets me in the pit of the stomach. I'm all churned up inside. Strong foods make me bloat inside. I love to pass my gas in church.

Generosity: I am generous to a fault. Nobody will be nice to me if I'm not generous. I am going to give away all that's mine. I was given my money, so I'll share to a fault. I'll be generous with my friends but not my family. It's my practice to be generous when I think it'll benefit me most. If I'm too generous, people take advantage. I think I am as generous as anyone. I am willing to be generous with my advice but not my money.

Getting Up: I can't get up when I should. I get my best sleep when it's time to get up. I'm not alert until after my second cup of coffee. I wake up, but I fall back to sleep. Getting up is the hardest thing I do. If I don't have somebody to get me up, I'm always late. Sleeping interests me most when I have to get up. I try to avoid talking until after I've had breakfast.

Getting Up Nights: I like to bother the people who are asleep. I don't have to have a reason for getting up. I'm going to do everything I want without waiting. If I don't empty my bladder, they'll be sorry. I begrudge all the hours I spend in bed until I get up and do something. I like to get up if I can go right back to bed. I just can't let myself rest.

Giddiness: Action makes my head spin. I become confused by my troubles. I'm so insecure it shows up in everything I do. I'm always in a turmoil. When I get confused, I get giddy. I get attention when I'm giddy. I have to act giddy to make them laugh. I've been giddy ever since I was little. My head's in a whirl. I get giddy around boys.

Giggling: Everything seems like a joke to me. Girls always giggle. I can hide my feelings with a laugh. It's smart to giggle at jokes. When you laugh, they think you agree. I have to let off steam. Everyone likes a person who's happy. If I didn't laugh, I'd cry. If I don't know what's expected of me, I giggle. I get tickled over everything. I cover my embarrassment with a nervous giggle.

Gingivitis: I'll argue until my teeth come loose. My mouth gets me into trouble. I can't manage to hold myself in. I'll withdraw till it hurts. Every time I chew, it hurts worse than before. I'm going to exchange my teeth for better ones. One of these days I'll stop chewing for good. Everything is coming loose. Foods leave me with a foul mouth. I silently attack myself.

Girls: I believe only half what the girls tell me. I'm a sucker for a pretty girl. My theory is love them then leave them. Girls are a mystery to me. No girl is going to make a fool of me. I'd do anything for the girl I love. I have no interest in girls. Girls are a big expense. I can't resist a girl when she cries. I wish I were a girl because they get the best. My boy should have been a girl. If I'd been a girl, my parents would be satisfied. I like to have the girls chase me. I don't want a girl I can have.

Glandular Disorders: As soon as I exert myself, I get sick. I'm all mixed up inside. My life depends on the help of others. I have to save myself from destruction. I can't get myself out of this mess because I can't bring it to the surface. When I catch cold, it settles in my glands. It takes everything I've got just to stay alive. I'm a gland case. When things go wrong, it throws me off balance. There is something wrong with my glands. I get swollen glands in the cold weather.

Glasses: Glasses make me look important. Educated people wear glasses. I want to have everything they have. I can't do anything without help. I want to keep something between me and the rest of the world. Glasses make me look older and wiser. My father wears glasses, and so will I when I get old enough. I'm afraid I might cut my eyes if I break my glasses. I want to look like the wise old owl. Glasses make me look dignified. If I'm wearing glasses, nobody will pick a fight with me. I want some of everything. I have to hide behind something.

Glaucoma: My sight will be lost if I don't look at what I'm supposed to see. I can't see any farther than my nose. It's hard for me to see the way I should. The things I want to see most are too hard to see. I like to see only what I want to see. I can't see why this pressure keeps building up

inside me. It's hard for me to see how I should act. I don't want to see things I don't like. I've seen enough for a lifetime. There's too much pressure on me.

Gloating: Gloating is a natural outlet for my feelings. I can't help gloating when I'm right. It disgusts me to see the way people gloat. There is no reason for me to gloat, but I just can't help it. I hate to have anyone gloat over me. I'll be like the others and gloat if I want to. Gloating releases my pent-up emotions. When I get my way, I love to gloat. I gloat over other people's troubles.

Gloominess: I'm just as doleful as I can be. Nobody loves me so I hope I die. I'm a gloomy Gus. Everybody goes places but me. I don't see how I'll survive. When everybody else is happy, I get sullen. Misery loves company. Every day is too long for me. Nothing ever turns out right for me. I don't see a thing in my life to make me happy. With so much trouble in the world, I can't keep my spirits up.

Gluttony: I never get enough to eat. I just can't resist eating the foods I like. I have to eat all I can while I can. Food fascinates me. If I get started on my favorite foods, I can't stop. I'm a glutton for punishment. I love my food. It takes a lot to satisfy me. I'm just a glutton and that is that. I have to stuff myself every time I get the chance because I might never get another. I'll try to be fat and prosperous. I won't let anyone make me stop.

God: No matter how bad I am if I ask God to forgive me, He will. I'm afraid of God. I'm not able to believe in something unless I can see it. God is too far away to hear my prayers. If there is a God, I think He'd stop all the misery in this world. It's difficult for me to believe in God. I doubt whether God is interested in me or my problems. I'm completely out of touch with God. I'm afraid I don't look

very good in God's eyes. Money is my God. God takes care of those who take care of themselves. God is a fiction.

Goiter: I'm fed up to the neck. I always have a weight around my neck. They are always trying to hang something on me. I want to be able to hold my head up. I'd be better off if I could get rid of the yoke around my neck. I like the comfortable feel of something around my neck. If I don't like it, I'll lump it. I get plenty of bumps. Everything sticks in my craw. Someday I'll get a neckpiece, and they won't be able to take it away from me. They won't let me say anything, so I'll store up the words in my throat.

Goodness: If I'm good, I'll never have fun. I have to be good. I don't like people who are goody-goods. I want everybody to know I'm a good person. I want to show off my goodness. I have to be good or get hurt. I can't see goodness in anyone. If I'm good, God will love me more. I'm too good for him. Only the good die young, and I want to live a while. I can gain more advantages by trying to be good.

Gossip: I like to tell whatever I know. I have a nose for news that I like to pass on. Unless I gossip, I don't learn anything new. The best way to make trouble for somebody is to spread rumors about him. I have to know everything that's going on. I hate gossips. By telling juicy stories, I can be popular. I want to be the person people come to for the latest gossip. I'll make them afraid of my sharp tongue.

Graft: I can make money the easy way. I can't run a business without paying graft. Everybody does it. I want people to grease my palm. I don't get paid enough so I'll take some on the side. The easy way is to have a racket. If I get away with it, I'll do more of it. Everybody lives by graft. I want to be paid for favors. I want people to buy my favors. I'm not going to let them get ahead of me.

Gratitude: If I do a favor, I expect some gratitude. When people are nice to me, I'm only getting what I deserve. I must express my feelings. I won't continue working unless I get some thanks. I have to act grateful whether I am or not. I have to show gratitude for anything people give me. Whenever I do something for someone, I want to be repaid. I hate children who are ungrateful. I cannot live without gratitude. I'm going to stop doing things for a person who is not appreciative.

Greediness: The more I have for myself, the better off I'll be. I expect to get everything I want. What's mine I won't give up. Me first. The more I get, the more I want. I'm going to grab everything I lay my hands on. I don't believe in giving anything to anyone else. I have to keep everything for myself. The more I get for myself, the better off I'll be. I'm going to get everything and give nothing. No one will get anything from me.

Grief: If I show grief, people will feel sorry for me. I'm grieving myself to death. I can't bear to remember how I treated her. I won't be able to make it up to him except with my grief. He had some nerve to leave me with four children and no insurance. I'll never be the same again. My memories of our life together are painful. I won't be able to get over this. My grief is overwhelming. My sorrow is more than I can bear. It hurts me to see so much waste. I'll never be happy again.

Griping: All I do is gripe. If I don't gripe enough, they'll think I don't care. I have no time for a griper. I have to let off my pressure somehow. I have the right to say what I think. I'll do enough complaining to get some action. I can't get them to change unless I keep grousing. I can't keep my emotions bottled up inside. I'm going to let

them know I'm miserable so they'll change. No griper gets his way with me.

Grippe: When I get sick, I ache all over. Winter weather gets a grip on me. I get the grippe at least once a year. I'm going to make her watch me suffer. I can stay home and rest when my excuse is good enough. I need a firmer grip on myself. I have a tight hold on my affairs, and it makes me sick. I'll take to my bed like everybody else. I won't let go until I'm flat on my sickbed.

Growing Pains: I'm afraid to be an adult. I'm growing so fast I hurt all over. I don't like the idea of having responsibilities. They expect more from me than I can deliver. I'm at that painful age. My life is full of hurts. I'm just a mixed-up teenager. They treat me like a child but expect me to act like an adult. When they don't know what's wrong, they call it growing pains. Little kids are a pain in the neck.

Grudges: Once I form a grudge, I'll never give it up. I'll never get over this. I'll try not to forget. I hold a grudge a long time. I won't forget to punish him daily. I can't get away with anything. He begrudges me every dollar I earn. When I get angry, I stay angry. I can hold a grudge until I die. I'm too noble to hold a grudge, so I settle my scores at once. I have no trouble keeping my grudges alive.

Grumbling: I don't get proper service if I don't grumble. I can get my way by letting people know I'm dissatisfied. If I grumble I get attention. I can find plenty to grumble about. I like to hear my own voice. If I grumble, they'll handle me with kid gloves. Anybody who doesn't make some noise gets lost in the shuffle. Old folks always complain. I'm afraid to stop bitching. The squeaking wheel gets the grease. I enjoy complaining.

Guilt: Everything is somehow my fault. I'll have to pay for my sins forever. I am sick with guilt. If my child gets

into trouble, I'm to blame. I won't admit my guilt even if it kills me. I can't stop feeling and looking as guilty as I am. I'll try to pretend I have no idea what happened. I'll put the blame on somebody else. I'll carry the burden of my guilt for as long as I live. I know a guilty person by his look. My guilty conscience won't let me sleep in peace. I'll carry my load of guilty secrets to my grave.

Guts: I'll prove I've got guts. I need guts to survive. It takes guts to be a success. I lose my courage as soon as anyone challenges me. I have enough guts to say exactly what I believe. I'm ashamed to look weak. If I show I have guts, people will respect me. My guts get me into trouble. I have enough guts to admit I have no guts. I keep trying to look tough. I like blood-and-guts movies.

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Habits: Once I start something, I can't stop. I'm a creature of habit. I have a habit of lying. After I do something a couple times, it becomes a habit. I'm a habitual grouch. I'll never change my ways. I am a person of regular habits. I do things more from habit than from necessity. I cannot break my habits no matter how I try. My habits rule my life. I have so many bad habits, I'll never be able to get rid of them all. I'm a habitual troublemaker.

Haggardness: No matter how much sleep I get, I look tired. I've got to show people how hard I work. The first place I show strain is in my face. I'm bushed and I show it. The only time I get any help is when I look exhausted. People will feel sorry for me if I look tired. I can't get rid of the dark circles under my eyes. Even the simplest kind of work wears me out. I can't relax, and my face gives me

away. I haven't the strength to put up a good front. I'm worn out.

Hair: My hair is my pride and joy. I cannot do anything with my hair—it's so fine. My hair gets frizzy after I wash it. As I get older, my hair will get darker. My hair makes me sick. I'm sick and tired of curling my hair every day. My hair is like bristles in a brush. I hate to have my hair mussed. My hair never looks neat. Nothing grows hair on my head. People get in my hair. My problems have me tearing my hair out. If I can't have hair like his, I don't want any.

Hair, Unwanted: I'm as hairy as an ape. I am going to be hairy like my father. I want lots of everything. I can grow hair every place but where I want it. I like to prove I'm a man. I keep sprouting. A hairy chest attracts the girls. I'll grow a beard like my grandpa. Hair grows everywhere on me except on my head. I have lots of hair because people keep getting into it no matter what I do. When I grow up, I'll get everything I ever wanted.

Halitosis: I don't want anybody too close to me. My mouth needs to be washed out with soap. Things I don't like leave a bad taste in my mouth. My bad teeth give me bad breath. Every time I open my mouth, I offend somebody. I use foul words when I want to make an impression. I'm foul on the inside. I'll kick up a very big stink. I want people to leave me alone. Life has a bitter taste. I have a foul tongue.

Hallucinations: I have to create things to tell others. I'm surrounded by evil things. I don't want to see things as they really are. The fantastic seems real to me. I can see things that are invisible to others. I have to make things worse than they are. I'm always seeing grotesque figures. The goblins will get me if I don't watch out. I'm afraid of

what's lurking in the shadows to jump at me. Nothing looks right to me. I have psychic powers.

Hardening Arteries: When I get old, I'll have to slow down. I'm going out of circulation. It's hard to grow old. This old body isn't what it used to be. Everything stiffens up as I grow older. I'm a tough old geezer. The older I get, the harder it is to change. I'll cut myself off from the present and live in the past. I can't snap myself out of things anymore. I have no part in the mainstream of life. I'm closing my channels to the future.

Hardheadedness: I'll never admit I'm wrong about anything. I'll stick to my guns. I'm going to stand my ground on every subject. Even if I'm wrong, I'll put up an argument. Nobody can get through to me once my mind is made up about something. I've got a one-track mind. I can't get anything through my head. I never can see anyone's viewpoint except my own. I'm a hardheaded Dutchman. I have to prove that I'm tough. I'll never give up when I'm right.

Hardheartedness: I won't help people even if they're dying. I have to be hard-hearted, or they'll take advantage of me. I'm not going to give in to anybody. I can be as hard-hearted as anyone. I'll harden my heart to her pleas. It's hard to refuse them anything, but I have to do it. I need a heart of stone to survive this ordeal. I can't help everybody, so I won't help anybody. I can't tolerate softhearted people. I'd rather have a soft head than a soft heart.

Hardness: I have to be hard or get bruised. Nothing comes easily to me. It's harder to go on living than it is to die. Math is too hard for me to understand. I do everything the hard way. If a job is not hard, it's no challenge. I can be as hard as anybody else. I always create hard feelings. It is

hard for me to improve. She's hard on me for no reason. Life has hardened me.

Hardship: Everything is a hardship for me. No matter what I do, I never get a break. Life is one hardship after another. Thinking is a hardship for me. There's no hardship too great if it gets me what I want. I can't have a full life without hardship. I have to expect hardship. It's a hardship to be poor and homeless. If I have to work hard, I'm more appreciative of the benefits. I'm hard because I've suffered many hardships.

Harmony: I can't harmonize with anyone. I can't survive without harmony. I try to blend with my surroundings. I'm always in step. I keep struggling for harmony in everything I do. When I get out of harmony, I cannot recover. I'll adjust myself to his way of living. Everywhere I go there's discord, and I can't harmonize with that. I try to agree with everyone. I'm a follower of convention. To avoid an argument, I always give in. I like to keep things harmonious at home.

Harshness: People take advantage if I'm not harsh with them. If I'm not harsh, she walks all over me. Being nice gets me nowhere. I'll never be kind to anyone. A harsh voice irritates me. I can't stand anybody telling me what to do. I never get anywhere with a child, unless I'm severe. I can't stand strict teachers. I can't be soft hearted. I get my way by pushing people around.

Haste: I try to get finished before I'm started. I have to work fast and get it over with. If I make fast decisions, people will think I'm smart. Life's just one big rush. I have to do things in a hurry. I'll be the first one there. If I don't do things fast, I don't finish them. If I don't hurry, people won't think I'm conscientious. I can't waste time on anything. I like to be early for my appointments.

Hatred: I hate anyone who tries to put something over on me. I hate to be shown up by anyone. I hate the taste of medicine. My hatred is eating holes in me. I hate to get up in the morning. I hate people who keep telling me what to do. My hatred is what gets me going. I hate the nerve of anyone who competes against me. I hate to miss my meals. I hate to do anything that makes me look stupid.

Haughtiness: I won't be bothered with anyone who doesn't equal my mentality. I can't associate with people who are not my social equal. I have to look down my nose at my help. If I'm seen with ordinary people, I'll be classed with them. I'm afraid to be down-to-earth. I want to live in an ivory tower. It is degrading to mix with the crowds. Nobody meets my expectations. Everyone is going to know I am a special person.

Hay Fever: I can't cope with the pollen in the air. Every time I breathe I feel like sneezing. My eyes keep filling with tears, and I can't stop them. I'm allergic to problems I can't see. No matter what I do, I don't get relief. Once I get something, I hang on to it. I'm in this so deep I'm over my head. I can't stand breathing the same air they breathe. There is something in the air that makes me uneasy. Everything I do presents me with a problem.

Headache: When the pressure builds, I get a splitting headache. Whenever I make a wrong move, it hurts me. It's too much to keep all this in my head. I always seem to land in trouble head first. I can't pull all the pieces together in my mind. The least bit of friction makes my head ache. I have to be at the head of things no matter how painful. I get a headache when things don't work out right. No matter how painful, I have to give them a piece of my mind. Thinking makes my head hurt. My head hurts all the time. Thinking of my problems makes my head throb. Life is just

one long headache. I keep banging my head against a stone wall.

Healing: I'm a fast healer. If I can't heal myself, no one else can. I don't want to be healed. I have to get out in the sun to heal properly. Only doctors know how to heal. I heal very slowly. Spiritual healing is a fake. If I have to be right to get healed, I'll stay sick. Nothing they try is going to heal me. I have a healing touch.

Health: I worry about his health all the time. I'm never sick, but I don't feel well either. I'm going to enjoy poor health. My health is my greatest concern. Without good health you have nothing. I'm the healthiest person in our family, but that's not saying much. Being sick is fun. I have to be able to talk about my illnesses all the time. I can't be well without lots of fresh air and sunshine. I got an unhealthy start in life.

Hearing: There's nothing worth hearing anymore. If I pretend I don't hear them, I won't have to reply. I have no desire to know what is happening. I can't hear unless they scream. The older I get, the worse my hearing grows. I'll turn off my hearing; then I won't get hurt. My ears fill with wax regularly. I won't harken. I keep hearing things I don't want to hear. When I want to, I can turn off my ears.

Heart Trouble: Heart trouble runs in my family. I don't have the heart to go on. If I'm big hearted, they'll like me. Nothing flows smoothly in my life. I haven't got the heart to tell them what I think. I have to feel right in my heart before making a decision. Everything I do is erratic. I need an excuse for not working. I put my heart into everything I do, but sometimes I get blocked. I can't do anything unless my heart is in it. My pump's not working right.

Heat Prostration: My family is making it too hot for me. Heat gets me down. This heat is killing me. I can't

stand up under the heat. The hot sun floors me. If I stay in the sun too long, I'll pass out. When I get too hot, I keel over. I wilt under heat. I can't stand hot weather. The older I get, the more I'm bothered by the heat. I pass out under fire.

Heaven: I'm going to heaven, and nobody can tell me different. I'll make my heaven on earth. I can only think of heaven while I'm living in hell. I'll never get to heaven. Home is my heaven. I'll get my reward in heaven. I am in heaven when I see him smile. I'd have to be an angel to go to heaven. Heaven is only a religious myth. Nobody can interest me in a hereafter.

Heaviness: Time hangs heavy on me. I can't keep warm unless I'm wearing something heavy. I'm loaded down with work. I'm too heavy for my feet. I have to have some excuse for not keeping up with the others. Heavy atmosphere weighs me down. My burdens lay heavy on my heart. I can't lighten my load. It takes a big woman to have a big family. If my load gets heavier, it'll break my back. In my job, I'm a heavyweight.

Height: I get dizzy when I'm up high. I have to climb to the apex. I'm going to be bigger than any kid in the place. Nobody can get higher than I am. The higher I go, the farther I can see. I have to rise up above all this. I'll have to try to get up in the world. I'm going to be on a higher plain. I'll get to the top if it kills me. The only way to be happy with my life is to be high all the time. If I reach the heights, I can look down on everybody.

Hell: I'm afraid to die because I'll go to hell. I don't know where hell is, but he's headed for it. My life is hell. I'd rather have my hell on earth than in the hereafter. With my luck I'll end up in hell. It's hell to have a female boss. When my children get in trouble, it's hell for me. I have to

go forward, come hell or high water. I'm saved from hell. It's hell to be a woman in this man's world. If I don't go to church, I'll go to hell.

Help: I can't do anything without help. I have to keep helping others. I can't help myself when it comes to sex. I need more help than I can get. I'll never admit I need help. I like to be known for my helping hand. I can never get help when I need it. Nobody wants to help me without getting paid. I'll never survive without some help. They make it impossible for me to help anyone in my family.

Helplessness: I'll never be able to do things for myself. I don't want to grow up. I'll never be able to do things alone. I have to be shown how to do everything no matter how simple. The less I know, the less they'll expect from me. If I can't do it, someone else will. The only way I get help is by being helpless. I can't do a thing for myself anymore. I'll go to pieces if I don't get someone to lean on. I'm as helpless as a baby. I just can't do a thing for myself.

Hemophilia: I like everything to run over. My blood-line is bad. Someday I'll cut myself and bleed to death. My blood vessels are no good. I'll get their attention somehow. I like to start something for someone else to finish. Once I start I can't stop. I want my blood to show. I'm not good at forming clots. There's bad blood between us. Once they get things running smoothly, I cut them off. I'm a bleeder.

Hemorrhaging: I'll get rid of my blood in my own way. I like to gush all over everyone. Once it starts, I can't stop my bleeding. I can't shut it off. I'm fascinated to see the blood come out. If I bleed, they'll make a fuss over me. Everything is out of control and I'll never be able to check it. I'm a bleeder. The flow will never stop unless somebody stops it for me. Once I start hemorrhaging, I always faint.

Hemorrhoids: Whenever I strain too much, I bleed. I'm all tied up inside. Things are piling up on me. Everything I do takes a lot out of me. I have to strain with everything I have. If I don't try hard, I'll never get anywhere. I have to push to get things done on time. The bottom is falling out. I can't hold myself in. I can never get to the bottom of things no matter how I strain. I have one falling out after another. I have to sit on my troubles.

Hepatitis: I am sick of everything and everyone. I'll never be right inside. I'm a lily-livered mess. My liver doesn't function right. I'm weak as a kitten. I've got trouble inside, and I can't get rid of it. I keep getting things that are difficult to diagnose. I'm such a coward everyone knows I'm yellow. When I'm blocked, it inflames me inside. I don't care if I live or die. My liver's my weak spot.

Heredity: Your ancestors determine what you will be. I can't help my heredity. If you have a bad set of parents, you're out of luck. I can't get away from the stigma of my forebears. I have all the bad traits passed down from generation to generation. I have to be the one to carry on the family. I'm a blue blood and everybody's got to look up to me. I'm proud of my ancestry. I'll never be what my ancestors were. My heredity haunts me. To be a success, you need rich parents. My background is one strike against me. I'll carry on the family traditions. I cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. It is vital for me to go back and trace my family tree.

Hernia: The walls are caving in on me. I have a weak foundation. I will never be able to carry my weight without a strain. I have to make people think I'm strong even though I'm weak inside. Everyone has a weak spot somewhere. I am not perfect. My whole structure is toppling. My life has too much strain. I won't get out of here unless I

strain with everything I've got. Something's going to give if I keep having pressure put on me.

Hiccups: I can't keep anything down. I'm all upset inside. I have to gulp for air. When I get excited, I can't breathe right. I get hiccups every time I eat too fast. I have to keep everything pent up inside me and let it out a little at a time. Air gets caught in my throat. I want to attract attention. It is fun to make peculiar noises. Once I begin to hiccup, I can't stop. When I'm upset, it affects my diaphragm.

High-strung: I feel like screaming all the time. I'm always on edge. My insides churn all day. I can't let down for a minute. I have to prove my efficiency. I can't slow down. My nerves are taut all the time. Whenever I'm with my family, my nerves are on edge. I'm like a chicken with its head cut off. I have so much to do, I don't know where to begin. I'm strung up like a violin.

Hives: I don't know how to take my bumps. Things are coming to a head for me. Whenever I eat acidy foods, I break out. This is too rich for my blood. Everything I do comes out wrong. Every time I eat raw fruit, I get hives. Raw fruit is too acidy for my system. I'm always breaking out in hives. I'll show it on the surface when I'm boiling inside. I have to make my own breaks.

Hoarding: I'm going to hoard my resources. I have to keep everything for myself. If I let anything go, I might need it later. I have to accumulate things. A penny saved is a penny earned. I am a hoarder by nature. I have to save up for a rainy day. I am not going to let anything go out of my sight. I'm going to save everything I get my hands on. I have to be frugal.

Hoarseness: Whenever I get wet feet, I get hoarse. I'm a little hoarse. I feel everything in my throat. I won't have to talk if I lose my voice. Someone is always cutting my

throat. When I'm tired, I can't talk right. I'm hoarse from shouting. If I must work like a man, I might as well sound like one. Cold air makes me hoarse. I'm feeling low.

Hobbies: I need a hobby to be complete. A person with no hobbies is very dull. I'd go mad without a hobby. Hobbies are for the birds. My dream is to have a hobbyhorse. I need a hobby to while away the hours. I like to impress people. I must keep myself occupied all the time. I'm lost without a hobby. I'll keep young if I have a hobby.

Hodgkin's Disease: I'm being attacked from all sides. If anything is wrong, I'll keep it to myself. My disappointments keep eating away at me. I'd give my life's blood to get what I want. These parasites are going to destroy me. My weak blood cannot resist the abnormal growths. The bugs in my body are sucking away my life's blood. Everything I eat turns to waste.

Holiday: I wish every day were a holiday. I never get a holiday from routine. I have to spend my holidays at home. Holidays just mean more work later. I always feel blue around the holidays. I'd like to spend every holiday doing what I want to do. I have to keep working all the time. I'm afraid to take a holiday from my job. If I don't go away, it does not seem like a holiday. Holidays make me sick.

Home: Home is the only place for me. My house is my castle. My home is sacred to me. My home is hell. Home is where my heart is. I get a lump in my throat when I think of home. If I ever get out of here, I'll never come back. I hate my home. I have to get out of here as soon as I can. I'll never have a home of my own. I hate to go home. My home is wherever I hang my hat. I won't invite anybody to share my home. The fewer hours I put in at home, the better I like it. Thinking of home makes me feel sick. I've got to get away from here.

Homesickness: It makes me sick to leave the house. I can't adjust to a new environment. I'm sick of being away from home. If I get sick, they'll have to send me home. I'm afraid of strange places. I get sick when I'm away from home. I'm not comfortable away from home. I need the security of a home. I'm counting the days until I get home. I want my mama.

Homosexuality: I'm not going to do things the way they think I should. I'm going to be different. I like to be with my own kind. I'm going to live the way I want to. I'm all finished with the opposite sex. I can take either side. I have to try everything. I always want to be what I'm not. I have the best fun with my own sex. I need to find a father figure. It gives me a big thrill to do the unusual. My sex preferences are my business only.

Honor: My honor means more to me than my life. If anyone tries to besmirch my good name, I'll kill him. Honor means nothing to me. I'm honor bound to agree with my husband. I can't honor my father and mother. I consider it honorable to lie for a good cause. It is an honor to be known. I don't want anyone to honor me. My children's behavior does nothing to honor me. My honor is the least of my worries. I'll always honor my ancestors.

Hopelessness: I'll never amount to anything. There's no hope for me. Nobody sees anything good in me. There's nothing to look forward to but death. My whole life has been one big failure. All I see ahead of me is endless problems. No one wants to be bothered with me. I won't live long enough to do all I want to do. I have no hope that I'll get off the streets. Nothing I do comes out right. I might as well give up as go on.

Horror: The way the younger generation talks horrifies me. Horror excites me. I have a horror of drowning. I want

all the gory details. Going to the dentist is a horrible experience for me. I'm treated horribly at home. I'm fascinated by horror. I love to see horror movies. I have horrible times at parties. I'm horrified easily. My dreams are horrible. I'm a horror around grown-ups.

Hot Flashes: Everything burns me up. I keep getting hot all over. It makes me burn to think how I'm treated. It makes me hot to make changes in my life. I can't keep my life on an even keel. My feelings turn off and on. When I do something, it has to be in a flash. I flush with anger at losing my productivity. First I'm cold and then I'm hot. When I stop my period I'll get hot flashes, the same as Mother. They say I'm just a flash in the pan.

Humanetics: All these new ideas are a lot of poppycock. The psychiatrists would be using it if it worked. If I accept this, I'm afraid I'll lose my job. People are better off to ignore their troubles. I can't believe that command phrases could give me a bum heart. I need to march to a different drummer. Humanetics is the wave of the future. It has validity in the light of modern research about the functioning of the brain. The experts are always coming out with a panacea that doesn't work. Humanetics seems too good to be true.

Humidity: Humidity gets me down. Hot weather means high humidity. Dampness makes me sick. I can't breathe at this temperature. If I ever get out of this wet place, I'll never come back. If I don't get out of here, the dampness will choke me. I get full of phlegm when things are wet. When the humidity goes up, I droop. Humidity makes me weak. I can't live in a humid climate. Things are so hot, I'm in a constant sweat.

Humility: I have to eat humble pie. I'm as insignificant as a worm. I'm so poor it's humiliating. I wouldn't humble

myself to anyone. I'm not going to be humble until I have to. Humility is a disgrace. Humility is my disguise. I'm not going to humiliate myself for anyone. I'm always being humiliated. Humility is a sign of weakness. No matter how I try I can't feel humble.

Humor: Life is a big joke to me. My humor runs away with me. If I can't laugh, I'm sick. My sense of humor is perverted. I have to be the funny guy around here. I find humor in other people's bad luck. I couldn't stand this life if I didn't see everything as a joke. Nothing seems funny anymore. I can depend on my sense of humor. If I have nothing else, I have my sense of humor. If I lose my sense of humor, I'll do myself in. I don't see anything funny in my life anymore.

Hunger: I'm always hungry. Life is empty and I'm empty too. I can't satisfy my hunger. Nothing ever satisfies me. I have to eat even if I'm not hungry. No matter what I eat, I feel dissatisfied. I feel faint when I'm hungry. I hunger for new knowledge. Everyone gets hungry. I am so hungry I could cry. I'm sick with hunger. I'm so hungry I could eat a mountain of pizza.

Hurrying: I'll hurry so I won't be late and get a scolding. I'd rather die than be late. I'm always in a hurry. This hurrying is killing me. I can't stand anyone who lags. I have to hurry so they'll know I'm doing my best. I have to hurry up and finish so I won't get tired. If I don't hurry up and get out of here, I'll croak. I'm always hurrying but have nothing to show for it. I must hurry to get there first. I can't slow myself down. Every time I hurry I make a mistake.

Hurt Feelings: People are always saying things to me that I can't stand hearing. I bruise easily. I am too sensitive about things. When my feelings are hurt, I want to be pam-

pered. When I'm hurt, I get angry. I'm sure he wants to hurt my feelings. My relatives delight in distressing me. Somebody is always trying to make me squirm. If they hurt my feelings, I'll pay them back. I'm not going to give attention to his boorish friends and see how he likes that. I've been hurt enough to last a lifetime.

Hurts: I'm always getting hurt. It hurts me to be scolded. If I get hurt, no one cares. My feelings are easily hurt. I can wash away my hurts with a drink. I'm too hurt to speak. I bruise easily. It doesn't hurt to lie a little. No matter what they do they can't hurt me. Everything hurts me. Nothing hurts me. It takes a lot to hurt me. I have a thick skin and don't hurt easily. I have a thousand old hurts that don't ever heal.

Husband: My husband is no provider. He's too dumb to come in out of the rain. I can't live without my husband. When he is happy, I'm happy and when he is sad, I'm blue. He means more to me than life itself. There's nothing I wouldn't do for him. I can't get along with my husband. My husband would forget his head if it weren't attached. My husband is a brute. My husband drives me crazy when he hangs around the house. Nobody's going to criticize my husband in my presence. He's all I've got.

Hypertension: The tension inside me keeps building up as the days move ahead. I'm on edge all the time. This pressure is so great I'm going to blow my stack. If anyone looks at me cross-eyed, I'll jump all over him. I keep getting all shook up. This pressure is killing me. I do my best work under pressure. I get so mad my blood boils. Everybody high-pressures me. I can't let down for a minute. I have to be intense about everything I do. The pressure of this wait (weight) is killing me.

Hypnotism: I have to do what he tells me. I'm easily influenced. I'm under his spell. I'm afraid of hypnotism. I like to believe what's not true. I can make myself believe anything I please. I go into a trance very easily. I'd like someone else to solve my problems for me. I have no control over my own mind. I'm an easy subject to hypnotize. I like to do things without taking time to figure them out.

Hysteria: When things come to a climax, I go to pieces. When I get scared, I get hysterical. If I have hysterics, they'll give me what I want. I can take so much and no more. When the pressure gets too high, I get hysterical. If anything happens to my mother, I'll go crazy with grief. I love to get carried away. All women are hysterical. I'm so upset I can't make up my mind whether to laugh or cry. When things go wrong, I go into a frenzy. I can't hold back.

I

Ignorance: I can't learn a thing unless I try and try. No one can teach me what I won't learn. If I weren't so ignorant, I'd get a good paying job. Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise. I'm as ignorant as any schoolboy when it comes to the facts of life. I would like to be ignorant of unpleasant facts. I hate educated people. My ignorance is abysmal. Education is all right for someone else but not for me. My ignorance is my defense.

Illegitimacy: It will kill me if anyone ever finds out. I can't stand not having a father. I am not able to face my friends, now that I know. Nobody has a right to do this to a baby. I'll have to keep this secret. What I do is strictly my business. I have to be like my mother. I'm not illegitimate; they are. How I was born is nobody's business. Everybody

does it, but my mother got caught. I'll have to go on paying for this the rest of my life.

Illogic: I'll do things the way I want to. I can't do anything right. It doesn't pay to be too intelligent. I can't take time to think things out. My logic is all mixed up. I can never reach a logical conclusion. I don't have a logical mind. I hate to be analytical. Nothing makes any sense to me. I'm the first one to see illogic. I know more than anyone how illogical people are. Logical people are stodgy. I'm ashamed of my illogical thinking so I keep pushing it down in my mind.

Imagination: I'll dream up a world of my own. I'm always elsewhere in my mind. I have a wild imagination. I like to imagine I am the ruler of the universe. The world I live in is one nobody else knows anything about. Without imagination, tomorrow would be too dull. I'm always imagining things that aren't true. I can't control my imagination. The world would be a better place if people had more imagination like me. I have a private world of perfection. My imagination is stimulated by music.

Immaturity: I don't want to grow up. Somebody has to tell me what to do. My mind won't grow with my body. I like to be childish. I'll never get old. I can't make my own decisions. I'll be like a child and have fun. I am afraid to be left alone. When I grow up, I'll have to make decisions.. I don't want to be adult. I think small. I'm afraid of big people. I like being the baby.

Immoderation: I am going to get all I can out of life. I'm going to make up for the lean years. I go to extremes. I'll show them I can take more than anyone. I'm going to cat for the hunger that is coming. I must make the most of every moment. I don't do anything by halves. I always expect more than I get. Eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow

we die. I never do anything in moderation. I can't moderate my desires.

Immorality: I can't wait to get old enough to be wicked. I want to do all the things my dad did and more. The more immoral I am, the more fun I have. Immorality is all right, but I've got to be careful. I have to run with my gang. My family's been an immoral bunch for generations, so I come by it naturally. I would rather be immoral than straitlaced. I'll do what I like. Silly rules can't keep me from satisfying my desires. I'm discreet. As long as I don't injure anyone, what I do is strictly my business.

Impatience: I can't wait. I'll make things happen. I've got to have action. Things never go fast enough for me. I refuse to wait for anything or anybody. I always have to push the people I work with. I must do things the quickest way. I get very tired of waiting. I can't waste time or I'll go broke. I'm impatient. It's impatience that keeps me advancing. I'm always in a hurry. I was born in a hurry. I can't let any grass grow under my feet. I have to keep moving. Nothing slows me down.

Impetuousness: I can't take the time to check up on what I do. I act on an impulse or I don't act at all. I often act on hunches. Living would be too much trouble if I had to make intelligent decisions all the time. If I get an idea, I blurt it out. I'm ruled by my impetuous nature. I do things on the spur of the moment. I make decisions too quickly for my own good. It bothers me to ponder. I act in haste and repent at leisure.

Impoliteness: Nobody cares if I have bad manners. I detest convention. Manners are for females. I repay rudeness in kind. Every time I'm polite, everybody takes advantage of me. When I'm brash, I can make them give in. Nobody is going to make me conform to a pattern. Manners

are for others and not for me. I'll be as rude as I must to get what I want. I can't stand rude children. I'll be as impolite as I please. I'm not trying to satisfy anyone but me. I'm a diamond in the rough. I'm just trying to get ahead. I snub people who get in my way.

Impotence: I'm too weak to have any fun. I can't perform in the presence of others. I'm too old to let go. If I save everything, I'll have enough to retire. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. Nobody is going to get anything from me. I'm too tired to move a muscle. If I can't have my sex life, I'm ready to die. I won't let myself do one unnecessary thing. I'm absolutely retired, and I'm not going to exert myself again. It's the soft life for me. I don't want to be hard on anyone.

Impulsiveness: I'm always doing things on an impulse. I have to do things when the mood strikes. I never take time to think. I'm not able to think things through before acting. I'll have to act fast before I change my mind. I am impulsive by nature. I'm not impetuous unless I see something I want. I envy impulsive people who do as they please. I'll act quickly so I won't forget. When I act impulsively, I always have trouble. I'm quick as a whip. I can't check my impulses.

Inarticulateness: I can't find the words to express what I want to say. I could never express my real thoughts. I'm the silent type. I seldom think thoughts worth stating. It's too much trouble to talk. Nobody listens to me, so I'll shut up. I can't get my ideas across. I'm always fumbling for words. Words don't come easy for me. My words just won't come out. When I meet a stranger, I get tongue-tied. I'll talk only if I must. I know the idea, but I can't find the words. I really have nothing to say. When I most want to talk, I can't say a word.

Inattentiveness: My mind always wanders. Nothing I do is really of interest to me. A monotonous voice puts me to sleep. If I am not interested, I don't pay attention. I get bored by adult conversation. I'll never make a good listener. I'll turn a deaf ear to anyone who shouts. I can listen only to people I like. I hate to try to listen. I find it hard to pay attention to anything. I already know everything.

Indecency: It makes me happy to give people a shock. I can do anything I can get away with. I want to expose myself so I'll be remembered. If I'm decent, I'll be lost in the crowd. I have to be secretive in what I do. I'll do anything for excitement. I'm willing to suffer humiliation to get what I want. I have to show off my best points. I'm sick of trying to be decent. The more I show them, the more they'll want me. I'm not a decent sort. I'm not going to be held back by any silly conventions. Something in me is forcing me. I like to get undressed in public. I'll flout all the conventions.

Indecision: It's hard for me to make up my mind. I can't determine a course of action suitable to my needs. One wrong decision would wreck me. I like to sit on the fence. I'm afraid to choose sides. I need more facts before I make my decision. I'm never allowed to make decisions on my own. I can't settle anything until I see which way the wind's blowing. I don't know which way to turn next. Indecision causes me no end of trouble. Decisions can always be put off.

Indifference: Nothing makes any difference to me. I'm not going to pay attention to anybody. If I'm indifferent, they may let me alone. My life is so monotonous I'm indifferent to whatever happens. Indifference drives me away from social contacts. I'm unconcerned about what people

think. I couldn't care less. I won't let anybody arouse feelings in me, and then I won't be hurt.

Indigestion: I'm all churned up inside. When I eat in a rush, my stomach gets upset. When I don't eat right, I'm sure to be sick. Sour foods turn my stomach. My stomach rebels if I eat when I have problems. She never cooks anything that agrees with me. Crowds sicken me. I'm going to eat anything I want. I get sick in the stomach when I'm nervous. Arguing at mealtime is always sickening. I eat so much I can't hold it. If I eat before bedtime, my stomach won't digest it while I sleep.

Indignation: I won't let myself be mistreated. I have the right to be angry when I see something wrong. My indignation is always righteous. I get indignant when someone gets an advantage over me. The more indignant I become, the more likely I am to have my way. My father's indignation is bound to show up in me. I get indignant when I see something I dislike. I don't have to put up with something that's wrong. I'm going to make sure people know exactly how I feel. People should get up in arms and change what they know is wrong.

Inefficiency: I can't take time to be careful. It makes me sick to try to be efficient. If I've got to be efficient, I'll quit. My work keeps piling up on me, and I can't get it done. If I'm too efficient, I'll be out of a job. I don't care how I do my work, just so it gets done. I'm just not an efficient person. I'm inefficient and it doesn't hurt me. I leave efficiency to the experts. I take things as they come.

Infection: Everything is poison to me. If I don't make it bleed, I'll get an infection. I'm forever catching something. I'm an easy target for germs. Every time I get an infection, it takes forever to heal. I boil easily. I swell up at the least provocation. I always catch everything that goes

around. I'm rotten to the core. Once infection starts, it's very likely to spread. I've got a bad spot inside that won't heal.

Inferiority Complex: I can't be very smart or I wouldn't have so many problems. Everybody does a better job than I do. I'm never going to measure up to standards set by my parents. I just can't do a good job. I'm a flop. Everybody has a low opinion of a person like me. I'm not bright. All my experience tells me I can never do anything well enough to attract favorable attention. If I ever get an outstanding result, it's by accident. I'm inferior. I'm not as good as people assume I am. I have no real ability of any kind. I'll never be able to equal my brothers and sisters.

Infidelity: I'll do whatever it pleases me to do and explain my actions to nobody. After I have someone, I don't want him. When my wife ignores me, I'll find my pleasures elsewhere. I can't be true to anyone for long. I want new fields to conquer. I simply must maintain my contacts. When I stay close to home, I lose interest. As soon as he starts to criticize, I'll find someone who appreciates me. I'm going to be a gay blade all my life. One is not enough to satisfy me. I'm a person who needs variety. Inside me there's a powerful force I don't understand, and I have to do all the things it makes me do.

Inflammation: I'm seething inside. It doesn't take much to burn me up. I'll die if I don't get rid of this inflammation. I feel as though my insides are on fire. I get inflamed over what I read in the newspapers. I break out in a rash when I think of politics. I have an inflammatory attitude, but only because I'm doing the Lord's work. I try to keep my passions aroused as a driving force.

Inflexibility: I'll never give in. I have to rule with a rod of iron. I must be unbending. If I'm flexible, they'll think I

am weak. I won't change for anybody or anything. I have to stick to the straight and narrow path. I have to be firm in my beliefs. I cannot waver or I am lost. Nobody can make me change. I'm as straight as an arrow. I've got to be rigidly resolute. An inflexible person gets his way.

Influence: I'm afraid of people who have influence. I must please influential men or I'll never get anywhere. Everybody is trying to influence me. No one is able to survive without influence. I'll use my influence to get my way. I never appreciate the help I get from people who think they have influence over me. I'll use the influence of my position to help my family. I won't allow myself to be impressed by influence. I want to be influential. I'll do all I can to develop pull.

Influenza: I never let anything pass me by. I'm the influential type. I'm always under par, and therefore I catch everything. I have influenza every winter. If a flu bug is around, I'm sure to get it. When I catch a cold, I'm in for a bad time. Flu epidemics get me down. I'll probably die from flu just like my mother did. I can't get away from my family's tendency to get influenza. Cold weather bugs me.

Inhibition: I'm sure I have few if any inhibitions. After three drinks I lose my inhibitions. I get inhibited easily. When I do anything, I never let my inhibitions get in the way. I have to keep myself under control at all times. I'm afraid to say what I think. I haven't the courage to do the things I want to do. I'd be in trouble all the time if I didn't have a few inhibitions. I'm never able to be myself. My inhibitions get in my way. Strangers inhibit me.

In-laws: I'm always glad to see my wife's relatives go home. No one can take the place of my own family. Nothing I do pleases my in-laws. I get sick when my in-laws come to visit, and I'm sick for several days afterward. I

discovered I married my in-laws too. I can't understand my in-laws. When she moves in, I'll move out. I never win an argument with my mother-in-law. He thinks his mother is always right. I can't stand my in-laws. Just because we're related, he thinks he can boss me. My wife ought to take my side against them. I can take my in-laws only in very small doses. Among my husband's relatives, I like myself best.

Insanity: I'd look out of place in this world if I were sane. I don't feel sure of anything. If I'm pushed far enough, I'll go crazy. If I have to take any more orders, I'll go nuts. My boss is driving me out of my mind. I can't do anything right. I feel completely confused. My mind is muddled. I'm insanely jealous. I get attention by going out of control. No one is able to restrain me once I've made up my mind. If I go insane, they'll have to take care of me. I want to blank out every problem. Everybody's crazy except me.

Insects: I'm expected to treat everybody, even the bugs. Bugs make me sick. Bug bites poison me. I can't stand spiders. Whenever I think of bugs, I get itchy. If I find an insect in my food, I'm sick for a week. I hate bugs. A caterpillar gives me the creeps. I'm scared to death of bugs. I can't stand bugs in my house. I work like a dog and all I get is fleas.

Insecurity: I'm afraid to make a change. I have to do anything he says or be fired. I never feel safe if I am alone in the house. I can't feel secure in this awful world. I've never felt secure in my whole life. I can't put my trust in anyone. I feel lost and unsafe. My whole world will collapse if I lose my mother. When I lose a friend, I can't go on. I haven't anybody to turn to for help. It would take a pile of money to make me feel secure. I'm not safe.

Insomnia: I can't ever get to sleep. As soon as I get into bed, my problems crowd into my mind. I think I should be working all the time. I can't afford to waste my time sleeping. I have to be alert day and night. My mind works best after I go to bed. I'm too tired to sleep. I don't go to bed to sleep. I get my days and nights mixed up. If I have anything on my conscience, it keeps me awake. I'm terribly afraid I might miss something. I can't get to sleep until my husband is home in bed. All I do is turn and twist.

Insults: I take every criticism as a personal affront. Nobody gets away with insulting me. I don't dare murder anybody, but I sure can talk back. The person who insults me will get a bigger insult in return. I like to torture people with one insult after another. If I insult him sweetly, I can hurt him without giving him an excuse to hurt me. I'm crippled by the insults I've had to swallow.

Integration: I don't want to be taken in. I can't stand to mix with people of other races. No one can force me to integrate. I'll never mingle with anyone I judge is below me. I'm not a good mixer. I want to choose the people that I rub elbows with. There is going to be trouble if they try to mix the races. I refuse to get concerned about what they're doing half a world away.

Intelligence: I have brains and I'm going to use them to get the things I want. I don't have the intelligence to get ahead. I'll act intelligent so they'll respect me. My intelligent associates irk me. I have to be intelligent about each decision. I'm a very intelligent person. I have to be smart to get ahead. I have to keep proving my intelligence. Intelligence is something that not everyone can acquire. Intelligence is vitally important to me. I have to use big words to prove my intelligence. I'm naturally smart, so I don't need degrees to prove it.

Intemperance: I make it a habit to go to extremes. I don't feel like controlling myself. I like to let myself go. Too much of a good thing is just right for me. I never do anything in a halfway manner. I go all out for things I like. Someday my intemperance will cause my death. When I do something, I put everything I have into it. I don't like to stint myself. The reason I do so much drinking is that my tensions need so much release.

Interrupting: I've got to get a word in now and then. I have to cut in when I want attention. I won't let anyone finish his sentence. When I hear something mispronounced, I immediately correct it. I like to put in my two cents. I'll throw a monkey wrench in the works. I can't stand an interruption from anyone. I say what I think the instant I think of it. If I interrupt him often enough, I can get him to give up the issue. I can't get anything done when I'm interrupted. It drives me crazy to have somebody interrupt. When I hear misinformation, I have a clear obligation to interrupt.

Intolerance: I won't let anyone think he's equal to me. I won't tolerate intolerance. I have to associate with people of my own kind. If I can't understand his words I lose my patience. Foreigners can't be trusted. If I have an advantage, I'll keep it. Our ways are best. I don't put up with people I don't like. I'm a superior type of person. Nobody but me can decide who I like. I never enter into dialogue with a person of a different religion.

Introspection: My thinking has fascination for me. The longer I think about a thing, the better off I am. I'm all wrapped up in myself. I have to keep turning things over in my mind. I have to look deeply inside myself for answers. I like to keep my private thoughts for myself. I like to study

myself. My private thoughts keep me busy all of the time. I can lose myself in myself. I never want to go out.

Intuition: I play my hunches. I'm psychic. Intuition is a process of feminine reasoning that's too complicated for males. I depend on intuition. When a hunch contradicts my reason, I go with the hunch. Anybody who lives by hunches is a fool. The hunch has no place in science. It takes a rational decision to impress me. I refuse to believe in hunches.

Invalidism: Someday I'll go to bed and let other people wait on me. I can't help myself. I have to be sick to get their attention. I'll just sit in a chair and make everybody do my work. I've waited on them long enough, so it is their turn now. The place I feel safest is in bed. The only time they'll take care of me is when I'm sick in bed. I can't take care of myself. I'm absolutely helpless. I am sick all the time. I'm going to take to my bed and see how she likes that.

Irrationality: I can't manage my thoughts. I'm losing my sanity. Things are moving so fast, I can't help getting mixed up. I am going off the beam. Being rational is too much trouble. My mind keeps wandering. I don't care how I sound. I can't keep my thinking under control. My mind roams all over the place when I talk. Sensible people are not very popular. I react emotionally before I think.

Irritability: I get irritated a lot too easily. My nerves are stretched thin. It makes me irritable when people interrupt. My child has my nerves worn to a frazzle. I'm all strung up. Housecleaning makes me irritable. I'm always cranky before my breakfast. Everything gets on my nerves. I see a source of irritation wherever I look. The only way I can get my husband's attention is to irritate him. I'm irritated most of the time.

Itch: Polite people don't itch, but I'm not polite. People give me the itch. I have an itch to travel. In my business I really have to scratch. I get itchy all over when I'm mad. I am itching to get started. When I get big, I'll scratch where it pleases me. My child is an awful itch. Everything I want to do is just out of my reach. When it itches, I have to scratch. I itch down inside me where I cannot scratch. I don't know what's wrong but I always have an itch.

Ivy Poisoning: I always have to bring something home. No matter what precautions I take, I still get ivy poisoning. Every spring when I garden, I get ivy poisoning. Trouble spreads like wildfire as soon as it gets near me. When I walk in the woods, I'm sure to come back with some kind of trouble. I'm sensitive to anything and everything. Nobody is immune to poisonous weeds. I like to have blisters to pop.

J

Jaundice: If I don't stop drinking, my liver will go bad. I'll turn yellow so they'll know what is wrong with me. My liver's always upset. I look at everything with a jaundiced eye. I'm just a yellow belly. All that fried food has ruined my liver. When your liver goes, everything else goes too. I'll pickle my liver in alcohol. I need more color in my face. This yellow complexion is something I inherited. They don't know much about the liver, and that's why they don't know what's wrong with me.

Jealousy: If I'm jealous, it proves I'm in love. There's nothing more dangerous than a jealous person. I'm jealous of wealthy people. I can't be jealous without showing it. I don't know how to handle his insane jealousy. I have to make her jealous. Everybody has faults and jealousy is one

of mine. I can't take competition. I resent anything that takes attention away from me. He gets the glory, and I do the work. Jealousy is the big drive that keeps me struggling to get ahead.

Jeering: I like to jeer at people. I hate to be jeered at. I like to make fun of people. I'll jeer at them to make them mad. I like to jeer at my enemies. I can't stand people who jeer at others. The little fellow always gets jeered at. I'll jeer and watch them react. I find plenty to jeer at. I like to get people disconcerted. I'll do anything to get a reaction. I can bother people by jeering.

Jitters: I get the jitters when I'm blue. When I'm confined to the house, I get as jittery as a caged animal. I can't sit still. I'm ready to go, but I can't get started. I feel jittery all the time. I'm a real jitterbug. It gives me the jitters seeing the world going from bad to worse. I get the jitters over every decision I make. If someone hangs over my shoulder, it makes me jittery. I always feel as if something awful is about to happen. I was born with jitters.

Joking: Life's just a big joke. My jokes make me the life of the party. A good joke always breaks the tension. I hate to go to parties where I can't tell jokes. I refuse to take my life seriously. As long as he thinks I'm joking, I can take advantage of him. I enjoy laughing at the jokes I tell. I hate to be with people who can't take a joke. I always get in trouble when I try to be lighthearted. I'll tell jokes to conceal my real feelings. I can't be serious. I never joke. I can't be responsible for what I say in jest. I can't tell a joke without ruining it.

Judgment: I have no common sense. I'm a poor judge of anyone's character. I can't depend on my own decisions. I have all the answers. I enjoy sitting in judgment. My husband's judgment is terrible. I have the duty to judge my

children. When it comes to finances, I have no sense. I can put off judgment day as long as I live. When I rely on my judgment, I have trouble of some kind. I have affirmed that I have perfect judgment. My judgments are justified.

Justifying: I'm going to justify all my action. I'll prove I was right. I always have to explain why I do things. Nobody can make me admit I'm wrong. I'm not going to justify my action to anyone. I have to justify my existence. I can't help sticking up for myself. I'm correct in doing what I am doing. I am going to justify myself with God. I have to justify all my wrong actions. Nothing I do is justified. I am going to find a way to make what I do seem right.

Juvenile Delinquency: I'm going to make trouble until I get what I want. Nobody's going to force me to do anything. I'm going to be my own boss. I'll get everything I want. Nobody cares what happens to me. I'm not going to let anybody ruin my life. Older people don't understand kids. I'm going to give everybody an awful time, the same as they do to me. I'll prove I'm smarter than they are. I won't listen to anything they say. I'm all mixed up, but I can't let anyone know it. I'm going to make them pay attention to me. I'll make life exciting. Everybody expects the worst from kids on the corner.

K

Kidney Troubles: Everything is too hard for me. If I want to be smart, I have to hold back the things I need. I'm not working right inside. I can't pass things off lightly. I can't get rid of my trouble. The harder I try, the less I produce. I want everybody to see my suffering. Things keep building up inside me until I just can't bear it. I can't get things out of my system. Life is just too painful to be en-

dured. Nothing comes out right in my job. I'll get their attention somehow. I have to keep on the go all the time. My life is no kidding matter.

Killing: I could kill him when he insults me in public. I'm going to kill something if it's only time. My feet are killing me. When I'm on my feet all day, my back kills me all night. It's all right if I kill for food. If she makes me mad enough, I'll kill her. I'd like to kill anyone who makes me look like a jackass. The best way to get rid of your enemies is to kill them. It kills me to see my children ruining their lives. I get a thrill out of killing anything. It's either kill or be killed. I'm a lady-killer.

Knee Trouble: It hurts, but I have to get on my knees to be forgiven. I can't take another step. My knees won't hold me up under this weight. I can't get down to work. When you get old, your knees get stiff. I can't kick about anything. Sitting in a draft makes my joints ache. I'll never scrub floors. I can't support myself. When I walk too far, my knees give out. My legs are so pretty, I want to show them to the doctor. I'm not going to get on my knees to anybody.

L

Laggardness: I don't want to go anywhere. If I keep stalling, I won't have to do what they want. I'll let everyone else go first. I can't get started until it's too late. I force everybody to wait for me. I have to hang back until I'm sure this is what I want. If I go too fast, I make a lot of mistakes. I'm not going to rush into anything. As I get older, I'll have to slow down. I have to stall for time. I can't stand a hectic pace. If I'm first, I'll have to do the work.

Lameness: I haven't got a leg to stand on. I will never get over this. I should put my foot down, but I can't. I can't get a toehold anywhere. I must be footloose and fancy-free. Nobody will give me a leg up until I show them I can't do it myself. My leg will never be right. I'll never be able to stand alone. I can't walk another step. I have to throw my weight around. I can't walk upright. I've been on my knees so long I'm crippled.

Laryngitis: This is so awful I can't talk about it. Nobody will listen to what I say, so I won't talk. When I'm shocked, I can't speak. I can't speak my mind. I am never going to speak to them. Every time I open my mouth, I get into trouble. My voice fails me at the wrong time. Everything I say is wrong. I'm sick of talking. Words fail me. I never get a chance to voice my opinion. I have to keep mum.

Lasciviousness: I can't get my thoughts out of the gutter. If they could read my thoughts, they'd throw me out. I am going to keep my lewdness to myself. I won't hurt anyone by thinking these things. My imagination runs riot. Only I can decide what I should think. It isn't going to hurt them if I let my mind roam. I can think what I please. I can always look. My mind can take me wherever it likes.

Lateness: Everybody has to wait for me. I never get anywhere on time. I have to put things off as long as I can. I always have to run to catch up. If I'm on time, I have to wait. I always miss the boat. Something always happens to delay me. They don't expect me to be on time. I can't make up my mind until the last moment. I can't stand things that run like clockwork. I'm always late.

Lavishness: I have to make a big show to impress people. I'm going to have the biggest and best. I have to do things in a big way. I like to attract attention. I want every-

body to envy me. Nothing is too good for me. I go overboard in whatever I do. Everybody likes a big spender. Money can get you anything. If I give lavishly, I'll get lots in return.

Lawbreaking: I'm going to make my own laws. Nobody's going to dictate to me. They can't tell me I'm wrong. He'll have to catch me before he can stop me. This is a free country, and I can do whatever I like. Nobody else does what's right and neither will I. I have to hold out as long as I can. I can talk my way out of anything. Laws are made to be broken. Laws are for others. I'm going to do what I want-law or no law.

Laziness: I can't work when I am not in the mood. I'll ruin my health if I work too hard. I have to avoid work. I'm not going to kill myself working as my parents did. I can't work under pressure. Another person can do the job much better than I. If I don't do it, somebody else will. I cannot let work interfere with my pleasure. I'm satisfied with things as they are. I don't care about getting ahead.

Leadership: I'm going to be the one to set the pace. I'm a born leader. If I prove my leadership, I'll get to be boss. Someone has to be first. Nobody is going to get ahead of me. I'd hate to be a leader. The one out front gets all the knocks. I don't want to be out in front, except when I race. Everyone picks on the leader. I'm going to have a son who'll be President of the United States. I'll prove my leadership to all mankind. If I have to, I'll lead the parade. I come from a family of leaders.

Learning: New things are difficult to learn. As I get older, I can't learn anymore. Learning new ideas makes my head ache. I can't learn easily. I like old things best. I'm too old to learn new tricks. I learn everything the hard way. Learning difficult lessons makes me sick. My best learning

comes in the school of hard knocks. I'll show them; I won't learn. My mistakes don't teach me anything I want to know.

Leaving: I have to go away from here. If things are unpleasant, I might as well leave. I'll go, and I'll not come back. I can't leave here until I have finished what I came for. Here's where I came in. I'm going to find some excuse to get out of here. I'll search for another job. I can't stay where I'm not wanted. I'll leave all the hard work to someone else. I like the excitement of going away. I'm leaving before it's too late.

Lecturing: When somebody starts lecturing, I stop listening. Lectures are boring. I'll never listen to another lecture from my mom. I am not happy unless I'm giving a lecture to somebody. It takes time to organize a powerful lecture. Lectures bore me. Nobody is going to give me advice. I'm always getting lectured for something I didn't do. I'll walk out as soon as I know it's a lecture, good or bad. I'm the person who does the talking around here.

Leisure: Leisure is a rich man's luxury. I'm going to live life at a leisurely pace. I want all the free time I can get. I like to take my good old time. The more time I have for myself, the better I like it. I'll take my leisure in my action. I'll never find the leisure to do all the things I'd like. I'd do anything to be able to do what I want to do all the time. It takes plenty of leisure time to make me happy. My leisure time belongs to me.

Lethargy: Living demands too much effort. I'm stuck here for the rest of my life. I can see what's wrong but can't lift a finger to change it. I'm in a rut I'll never get out of. I can't change, so there's no use trying. I have to be satisfied with life as I find it. I'll stay where I am. I don't care what

happens to me. I'm no longer interested in anything or anybody. I have to close my mind to things as they are.

Leukemia: I hate my blood. I'm going to get out of here fast. I've always waited on them; now they can wait on me. I'll gather my forces and put up a fight. I have no purpose in living. I am getting weaker each day. My own flesh and blood fights against me. I have too much of some things and not enough of others. .There's no way out when my blood gets thin. They expect me to give them everything, even my life's blood.

Limelight: I'm going to cop off all the praise. I want to be the center of things. I'm never going to share the limelight. I want everyone to see how talented I am. I have to get in the limelight to become known. I'll do anything to get in center stage. When you're out in front, people always notice you. I want to be the main attraction. I'll make an impressive entrance. The light of success shines on all my work. I'll get them to focus their attention on me if it kills me.

Listening: I can't keep my mind on what people say. I care very little about what anyone says. I just act interested to be polite. If I listened to their tales of woe, I'd get too depressed. I'm not going to put my mind on anything unless I know I'll benefit by hearing it. I can't listen because I can't hear. I get confused by all this talk. Nobody ever says anything worth hearing. I'm too busy to listen to anybody.

Liver Disease: I'll drink all I can and harden myself to life. I can't keep going any longer. The tougher things are, the better I like it. Life gets harder every day. When something goes wrong, it's always vital. I can't put my finger on my troubles. This goes too deep for me to touch. I don't

care if I live or die. My whole life has gone sour. I have to get hard inside to get along.

Loneliness: Nothing is as bad as being lonely. When you get old, you get lonely. This loneliness is killing me. I can't stand to sleep alone. I can't face going home to an empty apartment. It makes me sick to have to eat alone day after day. I'd rather stay home than go places by myself. Being alone is painful. When I'm lonely I can't think. I get a lonely feeling whenever I watch TV.

Longing: I'm always longing for something I can't get. Something inside keeps me wanting what nobody will give me. I long for things that I've never had. I long for the good days of the past. I long for the day when I don't have to work for a living anymore. My urges to be part of the action are never satisfied. I'm longing for a chance to prove my worthiness. I wish I could relive my childhood.

Long-Windedness: Once I get the floor it's hard for me to stop. When I get started, I go on and on. If I stop talking, I may never have the chance to start again. Long-winded people make me sleepy. I'll talk as long as anyone will listen. When people are willing to listen to me, I see no reason to shut up. When I get to talking on a subject I like, I can't quit. I have to keep adding one more idea. I have to talk a lot to get my points across. I have to build a foundation under everything I say.

Loophole: I'll find my way out. Nobody can trap me. I can poke holes in whatever they say. I need an escape hatch. As long as there's a loophole, I'm safe. The harder they try to trap me, the more loopholes I'll need. I need an excuse to get out. Everybody needs a loophole. I'll never let myself be cornered. Nobody's as smart as I am. I'd be in real trouble if I let myself get caught with no way of escape.

Loose Teeth: I'm falling apart. Things loosen up if I use them all the time. Everything I have is falling out. My jaw is too soft to hold my teeth in. I'm a loose woman. I want to take out my teeth like Granny. I hate to go to the dentist. I wish I had no teeth. I'm going to keep myself relaxed all over. I like to let things go. My dental costs are more than I can afford. After a tooth falls out, it never aches. I have teeth like my mother's.

Loudness: I'll prove I can shout louder than they can. The only way to win your point is to talk louder than anyone else. I have to make sure they know I am here. I have to wake people up to what's happening. Nobody can get any sleep when I'm around. I like to start the day off with a bang. People can't ignore you when you scream. The louder I am, the better I like it. I can make more noise than anybody. If I talk loud, everyone can hear.

Love: I can't live without love. Love makes up for anything. Love is the greatest emotion you can get when you grow up. I'm supposed to love everyone even when I don't want to. Love is a pain. All's fair in love and war. Falling in love started all my troubles. In the spring, people's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. If anyone says anything against love, he's crazy. Love makes the world go 'round. I love to be with people. Love isn't what it's cracked up to be. The more I love her, the less she likes me.

Lucidity: Nobody understands me. I can't make myself clear. I can't get through to people. I'm going to stir everything up. If the words don't sound right, then I can't form them. I can't make any sense out of this situation. Sensible people bother me. I can't do anything the usual way. When you can't explain your thinking, other people think you're dumb. I don't like to have to talk for my boss. If I could get

through to my students the first time, I'd not have to keep repeating. What is clear to me is nonsense to them.

Luck: My luck is all bad. I'm afraid to be down on my luck. I have the luck of the Irish. Luck passes me by. Some people have all the luck. Things never happen my way. I can always depend on a break when I need one. I've been so lucky, I'm afraid the tide will turn. I have to work hard for my good luck. Bad luck dogs my footsteps. I'm so unlucky, I don't even know what luck means. Good luck never comes to me.

Lumbago: I'm all bent over from this weight. I can't straighten out my life. I've got to go to a warmer climate to get rid of this pain. Dampness always hits me in the lower back. The entire mess makes me sore. If I have a weak back, they won't expect much of me. I can't carry a heavy work load. I have to have more rest. My back won't take any strain. I can't get any relief from my problems. I always have to back down.

Lumps: Nothing can stop me once I get started. I have to build myself up. While I take care of one thing, other things crop up. I keep getting a lump in my throat. I'm always covered with lumps from the hard knocks I get. My troubles keep on growing all the time. I have to bring things out where I can see them. I'll keep adding to what I have. I make mountains out of molehills. If I forge ahead, little things will begin to pop up.

Lust: I can't keep my eyes off the girls. When I want something badly enough, I go after it. I'm always out for all I can get. I'll get what I want when I want it. My sex urge comes first with me. I like to have sexy bodies around me at every party. The lust of the flesh feeds my desire. My mind is always in the gutter. I want all I can get even when

it's not offered. My eye never offends me; it delights. I have a lusty nature.

Lying: It doesn't do any good to be truthful. Telling lies keeps me out of trouble. I have to lie to keep the peace around home. I can stop trouble by changing the facts around. Lying in bed is my favorite pastime. I'd lose my job if I didn't lie once in a while. I can't survive in the business world if I don't lie occasionally. I'm used to lying and I can't change at this late date. I can avoid punishment by making up lies. I like to invent stories. Lying around makes me nervous. I can lie my way out of a compromising situation. It's more fun to lie than tell the truth.

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Madness: Someday I'll get so mad I'll never be the same. I'm mad about guys. Loud noise drives me crazy. I'm so mad I could scream. If I fly into a rage, they'll do anything to quiet me. When anyone crosses me, I get so mad it leaves me exhausted. It makes me mad to be told there is something wrong with my thinking. I am too angry to speak. When I'm contradicted, I get so mad I can't see straight. I get mad when anyone interrupts me. My kids make me mad enough to beat them. I'm mad about sweets.

Make-believe: I like to live in a dreamworld. It's fun to play make-believe. I have to act out everything. I like to pretend I'm someone else. It pains me to be who I am. I like to dream the months away. If I make believe, it may come true. In my dreamworld, I can make things come out my way. It's easier to make believe than face truth. Pretending gives me a chance to let my imagination roam free.

Maladjustment: This is no place for me. I feel like a square peg in a round hole. I hate my work. I don't fit in no

matter where I go. I can't please anyone, so I'm not going to try. I'm in the wrong boat, headed for the wrong place. Everything is too hard to make right, so I won't try. I'm like a fish on dry land. I'm going to be entirely different from everyone I've ever met. I can't adjust easily.

Malaria: Here I go, up and down again. I'm burning up. This fever will be my finish. I'm just swamped. When I get stung, I really burn. If anyone has anything, I'm sure to get it too. From hot to cold and back again makes me dizzy. I react violently to mosquito bites. Chills and fever are hard on my constitution. Out of this mess will come something terrible. Being forced to live in a foreign land makes me sick. I have ups and downs.

Malice: I don't need any reason for hurting someone. I'll be spiteful to him before he does something to me. If I feel like doing something nasty I do it. If a person happens to get in my way, I do whatever I must to get rid of him. When I get an idea, I carry it out and pay no attention to the results. I like to make people suffer. I'm not the kind of person to be squeamish about what I do to other people. I'm a malicious gossip.

Malnutrition: Nothing nourishes me. I never get enough food. I like to look half starved. When I drink milk, it goes through me without doing any good. When I can make my own decisions, I'll pass up the foods that are good for me and live on what I like. I can't get enough of what I need. I nourished the hope of being a model. I'm going to be thin if it kills me. All my food turns to energy and heat. I'm half starved.

Marital Incompatibility: I pull one way; she pulls another. His ways are different from mine. Marriage is hell. I can't stand to go on this way. We don't see eye to eye about anything. I'll have to get away from here or go crazy.

Whatever I do is somehow wrong. She contradicts whatever I say. I want to be a wife, but he wants a cook and mother. I'm so tied down I have to get away from my situation. This isn't a real marriage. I can't get along without her. I must tell her every little thing. I can't stand it when he tries to tell me every little thing. He can't do a thing that suits me. I won't let her tell me what to do. I never listen to what she says. I'm going to be boss around here.

Marriage: I don't know what has become of the girl I married. A wife should be a sweetheart. No man is going to tell me what I should be. No husband should be away from home at night. All my marriage does for me is to let me work for nothing. Getting married sure stopped my freedom. I'm going to get the upper hand. She's not going to get the upper hand. I won't let my family find out my marriage is less than perfect. There are certain things we should not discuss. I like being married. Marriage is the way to make sex legal. I'll be a good husband and father and work all the time to educate the children. I'm going to be a good wife if it kills me.

Martyr Complex: I suffer for my high ideals. I'm crucified just for trying to be right. Nobody has any respect for my convictions. I'm the one who gets imposed on because I'm the only one who doesn't fight back. I mistreat me. Someday God will reward me for the suffering I've done at the hands of others. If I'm persecuted, I must be right. I'll be rewarded later for my sacrifices now.

Mastoiditis: My biggest trouble is in my ears. My head feels like it's splitting open. I can't listen to criticism, so I'll use my ears for something else. I'm clogged up and in a mess. There is so much wrong with me that it comes out my ears. I'm going to divert my thoughts from things I

hear. I have big ears and someday they'll get me into trouble. My cells are sick.

Masturbation: I have to do this to get relief. After I begin to enjoy something, I can't stop it no matter how I try. This is my body and I can use it as I like. This started when I was a child and I can't do anything to stop. I'll show her how well I can get along without her. When tension builds up inside me, I just have to get relief. When an idea has a grip on my mind, I just cannot shake it off. I need sex and I can get it no other way. I have to allow for nature. Nobody can tell me what I mustn't do. What I do when alone is not anybody's business except mine.

Mealtime: I'll eat whenever I please. I have to eat whether I'm hungry or not. Mealtime is hell around here. I always leave the table hungry. I always stuff myself at mealtime. You'll get weak if you don't have three meals a day. I like my meals on time. My plate has to be clean before I leave the table. I don't like to eat at mealtime. It's more fun to eat in between meals. I have to eat fast at mealtime or I won't get enough.

Meanness: I'm mean enough to take candy from a child. I'm as mean as dirt when I don't get my way. I won't help anyone who won't help me first. If anyone is mean to me, I'll pay him back. I enjoy being mean. I'm only mean when I have to be. I have to be strict to show who's boss. No one can get away with being mean to me. I mean to do what I want and I don't care who blocks me. I like to kick people when they're down.

Medicine: I have to take my medicine. My life is a bitter dose. I'll die if I don't take my medicine. I've been on medicine all of my life. I'm scared to take medicine; it might damage my kidneys. Medicine is something they make me take because they're bigger. If they make me

swallow medicine, I'll bring it right up. I am not afraid to take my medicine. I'll take my medicine and like it. Life's a bitter dose.

Melancholia: When it rains, I get lower than a snake's hips. When I'm down, everybody walks on me. If I can't be on top, I don't care what happens to me. The bottom has dropped out of everything for me. I get blue when no one helps me. I cry all day when nobody comes to see me. Just when I need a lift up, somebody kicks me down. When I get down, I can't seem to find a path up. I feel so low I could die. Nothing is ever going to be the same again.

Memory: I don't want to remember the past. If I forget what I did, they can't hold it against me. I exist on memories. After I grow old, my memory will fail. I have a memory like a sieve. My memories paint a different picture from hers. I am unable to remember even when I try. My memories are so painful I don't want to think about them. I have no memory. I'm not going to live in the past if I can help it. I have a memory as long as an elephant's trunk. I never forget a thing. I don't dare forget.

Men: I have to be manly. Married men attract me. I'll prove I'm a man. I hate men. A man is what I want most. No man wants a woman for anything more than her body. Every man's mind is on just one thing. I'll exclude men from my life. Women leave the dirty work for us men. Men are idiots. Men are smarter than women. This is not a man's world anymore. Everybody knows men are not the weaker sex. Men have all the real advantages in this life. A successful man always has a strong woman backing him.

Menopause: My youth is slipping away and it burns me up. I hate to change. This mess always gives me a pain. When I have to give up what I've got, it drives me mad. I'm coming to the end, and it's more than I can stand. I'm

no longer a complete woman. I may as well be dead because I'm not worth anything to anybody. When one thing stops, something worse begins. This is the start of my finish, and I don't like it.

Menstrual Disorders: This is part of the pain of being a female. I'd rather have this last forever than have him pester me for sex. I'm worried sick every month until I start menstruating. I know just how God punishes women. I'll be glad when this is over. I wish I could bleed to death and get out of this mess. I have to stay in bed at least one day a month. My tension over my period never ends. Someday I'll bleed to death. It's hell to be a woman. I'd like to get old faster.

Mercy: I'll show no mercy. God would never have mercy on me. I must show mercy. If I plead for mercy, I might get it. Nobody shows me any mercy, so I'm going to do the same. I don't have any mercy for people who work against me. If I show mercy, I'll be shown it. I have no compassion for my enemies.

Messianic Complex: I'll be the one to save the world. I am a reincarnation of Jesus Christ. I'll rescue all the world from sin. I'll save the children. I'll make myself the boss. I want to bring everyone to God. The world is a better place because I am here. I want everyone to look up to me as someone special. I'll prove I'm the messiah. God tells me what to do to save others from their sins.

Mimicry: I have to copy some one else. They'll think I'm smart if I act like someone else. I'll be a big shot if I do what they do. I'm afraid to show my real self to anyone. I mimic so much I don't know myself anymore. I have no ideas of my own so I'll pirate theirs. I'll never be myself again. When I'm myself, I'm in trouble. I have to act like someone else to stay out of trouble. I can't ever be myself

even when I want to. I can make people laugh by aping someone. I'm a good mimic.

Mind: I'm always free to change my mind. My mind is made up. I don't want to mind anybody. I prefer to mind my own business. My mind is so mixed up, I can't get it straightened out. I'll give them a piece of my mind. Everything's a state of mind. My mind wanders all the time. I have no mind of my own. As you get old, your mind fails. I can't keep my mind on my work. I need a woman to remind me of my mother. Everyone needs peace of mind.

Miracles: Miracles are for holy people. It will be a miracle if I survive. Miracles are common place in my life. I wouldn't know a miracle if I saw one. In this day and age nobody believes in miracles. Miracles occur only in someone's imagination. Modern medicine offers all the miracles I need. I have to be careful what I call a miracle. I'll believe in miracles only when I see one. It's a miracle that I'm still alive.

Miscarriage: I'm finished before I really get started. If I get pregnant, I'll let go. I may as well give up before I start. I can't hold on to anything. Nothing is going to slow me down. I don't want to carry any more weight. I don't want to let nature advance naturally. I'll do anything to get rid of what I don't want. I lose things as quickly as I get them. I don't want more children.

Mischief: Mischief makes me feel young again. I like to be in trouble. It doesn't pay to be good all the time. The only time she gives me attention is when I get into mischief. I'm not bad, but I am mischievous. If I make mischief, I'll be spanked hard. I love to play tricks. I'm known for my practical jokes. If things are dull, I have to cause some excitement. They expect me to get into trouble. A lit-

tle mischief never hurt anyone. Mischief is fun. I'm a troublemaker.

Misconduct: I can't be good all the time. I like to see how much trouble I can get into. I don't care about the rules of proper conduct. I can't be good no matter how I try. I positively cannot behave in a way that is acceptable to society. Being good doesn't bring advantages. I'm always doing something to get into trouble. I like to be bad because it lets me get my way. It's more fun to misbehave than to behave. If I'm bad, I get their attention.

Misery: I like misery. When it suits my purpose, I can be as miserable as anyone. All the miseries of mankind seem to be settled in my frail body. I try to keep my mind off myself but my misery interferes. It seems as if everything rubs me the wrong way. My miseries haunt me, especially at night. Misery loves company. Misery is my middle name. I'm too miserable for company.

Mistakes: I won't admit a mistake until I'm confronted. My whole life is one big mistake. I live in fear my mistakes will be discovered. I won't take the blame for someone else's mistake. Mistakes of my past keep haunting me. I'm not perfect. Once a mistake is made, I can't undo it. Looking at my mistakes is difficult. My life began as my parent's mistake. I won't tolerate mistakes. The only way I can stop my mistakes is to die. I'm a walking mistake maker.

Misunderstanding: If I misunderstand, they'll give me better attention. Nobody understands what I try to say. I understand everyone but my wife. I'm always misunderstanding somebody. I am the most misunderstood person on earth. I give up trying to understand anybody in my family. I'm misunderstood by everybody. Misunderstandings

cause all my troubles. Someone's always clouding the issue. Even my own family misunderstands my motives.

Mockery: My life is a mockery. I like to deride people; that stops them. I want to be somebody else. People make a mockery of everything holy. I repeat everything I hear. I'll copy anyone who is important. I'll make a mockery of religion. I always pretend to be what I am not. Monkey see, monkey do. I am always being mocked. Life is a mockery.

Modesty: I'll never let anybody know how I really feel about myself. I have a great deal to be modest about. I'll act as if it isn't important that I'm a success. It seems like conceit, but I'm really a very modest person considering my accomplishments. Pride is what keeps me modest. I keep trying to be modest. Modesty helps me overcome my competition. I live modestly.

Money Troubles: I'd do anything for a profit. I can't live without financial security. If it weren't for money, I could be happy. My love of money is the root of my trouble. My mother had to scrimp all her life, and I do too. I never have enough money. Money runs through my fingers like water. My budget never works out. I can't save a cent. I always get into an argument about finances. The more I make, the more I spend. My husband can't handle money. I'm worried sick about my financial predicament. What's mine is mine, and I'm not going to share it. I am sick and tired of worrying about money. I can't stay within a budget. I could be happy if I were wealthy. Money is nothing but a big worry to me. I won't let anybody tell me how to spend my money. When anybody brags about his income, I get angry. I can't manage money. I can't make ends meet.

Monotony: The monotony of housework is killing me. Nothing ever breaks the monotony for me. I'm in a rut and I can't get out. Every day is the same as every other. My

life is so monotonous I hate to wake up to a new day. The monotony of my job is driving me nuts. The monotony of everyday living gets me down. Life is one continuous round of the same thing. Turnpike driving makes me sleepy. I don't dare vary the pace I've established.

Moodiness: I'm always down in the dumps after a disappointment. When things don't go my way, I'm unhappy. I need drugs to get on a high. If they don't please me, I'll fight. I'll keep them in suspense by not talking. If I make them afraid of what I might do, I'll get my way. I never have a good day. I'm a failure so I won't try. I get moody when I get bored. My cloud of gloom has no silver lining. First I'm up and then I'm down.

Morality: I need a strict moral code to keep myself under control. My morals are as good as anybody's. Only an old fogey has morals. My morals are my business. When I want to do something, I just do it. If I'm too moral, I won't have any fun. Morals are old-fashioned. I have to live a good life. I'll do everything I think my mother would like. Old ideas are not for me. If I had no moral code, nobody could blame me for anything. Morals are for weak people.

Morbidity: I'm a gloomy Gus. I'm a sad sack. Nothing ever really satisfies me. My life is no bowl of cherries. I can throw a wet blanket on the liveliest party. I have nothing to smile about. I always get the dirty end of the stick. I might as well be dead as to go on the way I am. No one cares what happens to me. This job is no bed of roses. I wish I could end this rat race. I'll probably die of something I can't control.

Mother: My mother is bossy. It's hell to be a mother. My mom didn't want me. Mothers get no thanks. My mother hates me. A mother's job is never done. I'll never be a mother if I can help it. I wish my mother would drop

dead. Being a mother is not all it's cracked up to be. I have to be good to Mother. I can't get along without my mother. I owe all I have and am to my mother. Mother wanted me to be a girl. The reason I'm in trouble is that my mother didn't love me. My mom uses me against my dad.

Motion Sickness: It makes me ill to travel. When the boat rocks, I get seasick. When things go round and round, I get dizzy. It upsets my stomach to have to see things go whizzing by. It makes me sick when someone else does the driving. When I get pushed around, I get sick. Moving upsets me. Reading in a moving car gives me a sick headache. When I have to take a back seat, I get sick to my stomach. Turbulence makes me sick. The thought of moving makes me ill.

Motives: I won't let anybody in on what I'm trying to do. I have to have a reason for everything I do. I don't have to disclose my motives to anybody. My goal in life is to make money. I can't let anyone know my thinking. I'll keep my motives to myself. I don't trust a man's motives. I want my motives to serve my best interests. My motive is to have fun. Other people's motives annoy me. I hate to consider the reasons why people do what they do. You get farther by hiding your motives. I'll conceal my ulterior motive.

Mourning: I'll never get over my mournful attitude. I get lots of sympathy when I'm in mourning. When I'm down, I have to show it. It is not proper not to mourn. I can't help mourning the dead. I'll mourn in my own good time. I must show my loss. I'll mourn in my heart and not show it. If I show my grief, somebody will help me. The louder I cry, the more attention I get. I hate mournful sounds.

Mouth Disorders: Acid foods make my mouth burn. I can't smile if my mouth hurts. Somebody is always kicking me in the teeth. I'll get my mouth washed out with soap if I curse. Every time I open my mouth, I put my foot in it. I can't eat or drink after other people without getting infected. My dirty mouth makes me sick. I'll be punished for the dirty things that come out of my mouth. I have a rotten mouth.

Moving: I am forced to move all the time. I want a new place to live every five years. If I move I'll get somewhere. Moving one more time will finish me. If I don't move now, I'll never move. Moving is better than standing still. I can't move from this spot. I am afraid of making a wrong move. I like to move often so I can meet new people. I can't stay in any one place for long. I'll always keep on the move. I love moving experiences. I'm moved by music.

Murder: I'll murder anybody who blocks my progress. I can get away with murder. If he hurts me again, I'll kill him. My job is murder. It's murder for me to keep my mouth shut. If they push me too far, I'll shoot somebody. I'm going to put an end to his misery. She's always arousing my urge to kill. I have to rid myself of anyone who stands in my way. Someday I'll get mad enough to murder her. I can murder him with a look. If I wanted to, I could goad my wife into committing suicide. I'll kill him with kindness. Relatives are murder.

Muscle Cramp: I'm all tied up in knots. I'm so cramped for space, I can't move. If I can't relax, I'll be crippled. When it gets cold, I get stiff as a board. I get into a cramped position when I sleep. I'm always cramped for money. When someone cramps my style, it gets me down. I get all tightened up without a warning. Everything grabs

me. I can't live in cramped quarters. I always get cramps when I stretch.

Muscle Pain: My muscles ache after I do a hard job. When I get sick, every muscle in my body aches. I have to keep pulling myself together. I ache all over. When it rains, my muscles hurt. I can't stand the pain in my muscles any longer. I can't get the pain out of my body. Pain in my muscles proves I've been working. I ache all over from grief. Even if it hurts, I'll muscle in on his game.

Muscle Tension: I must be ready to run. I always have to defend myself. I can't relax. I'm not free to settle down and be comfortable. I'm all strung up like a violin. I always have to be ready to jump. Life never gives me a moment's rest. I have to keep pulling myself together. She keeps me trying to move two ways at once. I can't go on struggling to hold up my shoulders and hold in my stomach. I can't stop trying even for a second. I'm tense when I'm watched.

Music: I need to hear music all the time. I like to make my own music. I'll pretend I like long-hair music. Soft music puts me to sleep. Classical music leaves me cold. Without music I'm lost. Music calms my emotions. I can't stand loud music. I need heavy metal to get me going. Music is no good if it isn't loud. I have a poor ear for modern music. Rock music moves me.

Muteness: I won't talk. I have to be quiet all the time. Words fail me. I'll keep all my ideas to myself. They wouldn't let me talk when I wanted to, and now I won't. If I don't say anything, they can't punish me. No matter what they do to me, I won't ever talk again. I can get my way by crying. Nobody believes me so I won't say anything. I can't say anything except on paper.

Myocarditis: My heart aches for humanity. I have a burning wish to put my heart in all I do. My heart will get

me into hot water someday. One flame can set the heart on fire. She sets my heart on fire. I yearn and burn over the opportunities I've lost. I don't have the heart to muscle in on him.

N

Nagging: If I don't keep at him, nothing gets done. My wife nags me to death. I'm a born nagger. I can't put up with his eternal nagging any longer. I keep digging away until I win my point. Someday her nagging will drive me crazy. I have to keep trying to change her. I don't pay attention to nagging anymore. I can't help saying what I think. All I say is for their own good.

Nail Biting: Nobody can take my fingers away from me. I have to have something to chew on. This is something I can always do. I have to bite everything I put in my mouth. It's fun to chew. If they catch me, they make me stop, so I'll hide. I need to chop things off. I can't stop biting my nails. I can chew my nails because they're mine. I like to put the bite on someone, including myself I don't try to do this but just find myself at it. I'm so mad I could chew nails and spit tacks. I'm going to get rid of all my weapons.

Narrow-mindedness: I must limit my thoughts. I'm always careful to keep my thoughts in line with my beliefs. I'm not going to allow my thinking to be influenced by anybody. I always know what I want when I want it. I'm careful of my thinking. I never change my thinking on a fundamental point. My mind is closed to new ideas. My brain can't cope with everything. I've got a very narrow view of what's happening and I like that.

Nausea: People make me sick. I can't ride in a car without throwing up. Today's morality is sickening. I won't feel like living until I get rid of everything I've accumulated. My failures go on ad nauseam. People who shout make me sick. Someday I'll vomit all over him. I get sick every time I think about my boss. This eternal bickering nauseates me. I'm sick of trying.

Nearsightedness: If I look too far ahead, all I see is trouble. I like my little nest and don't even want to look out. I intend to keep my attention on the job. I get into trouble the instant I look beyond my nose. I'll blind myself to what's ahead. I don't want to see into the future. My immediate work is my only interest. I can see only what I'm doing. Nobody is interesting enough to make me want to look further down the line.

Negativism: I refuse to say yes. When I agree, they impose on me. I like to disagree. When I say no, I stay out of trouble. I get a kick out of saying no. Nothing pleases me, and I'm going to let everyone know. I have to reject whatever my parents tell me. I'll reject any idea that is not my own. I disagree with everyone just out of spite. Nothing ever works out exactly right. In my life, the no's have it.

Negligence: I never have enough time to be careful. Nobody ever notices how I look. I can't finish if I have to be careful all the time. Everything is too much trouble for me. I work the easy way. Let other people look out for themselves. Nobody'll know if I cut a few corners. If anybody wants it done better, he can do it himself. I can't take time to be bothered. I put my mind on where I'm going next. I never notice what I'm doing. I'm negligent about money.

Nephritis: I need a good excuse to keep running to the bathroom. I'll be burned in the end, but I'll keep kidding

him along. People kid me about my kidneys, and it burns me up. I have to run just to keep up, and it makes me hot. I have weak kidneys. I'll keep my infections well hidden. My kidneys are wasting away.

Nerve: I've lost my nerve. You need nerve to get by. This life is short anyhow, so I don't have much to lose by taking risks. I have more nerve than I need. If I show enough nerve, then people won't push me around. It takes a lot of nerve to be calm when shown up in public. I'll prove I have the nerve of a brass monkey. It takes nerve to get along in this world. I've got to have nerves of steel. If I lose my nerve, I'm doomed. I'll need plenty of nerve to be right all the time.

Nervous Breakdown: I'm going to pieces. I'm going to let go. These people are too much for me. I won't ever get back on a sound footing. Nothing seems to be worthwhile. I simply cannot pull myself together. I'll stay in bed until I get enough strength to go on. I may as well give up. They've turned me into a nervous wreck. My nerves are shot to pieces. I'll make them pay attention to me.

Nervousness: I'm nervous all the time. I've had so much trouble I'm jittery about everything that happens. Something shocking is always happening. My nerves are shot. Nervousness haunts me when I'm alone. I can't hide my nervousness. When people look at me, I get nervous. I'm a nervous wreck. Every time something goes wrong, I nervously bite my nails. I can't help being nervous about my children's future. His nervousness rubs off on me.

Nervous Strain: My nerves can't take this strain. Every day is a strain on my nerves. My job demands too much of me. I'm straining beyond the limit of my endurance. I can take anything except nervous tension. I strain to make my marriage a success, but my nerves can't take it.

Nervous tension in others always affects me. I'll never have the nerve to do what I should. When my nerves are on edge, life is a fight. Waiting for something to happen keeps me on edge. I have to survive on sheer nerve.

Neuralgia: My nerves get worse each day. I need to have the nerve to suffer. It hurts me to see him act so nervy. People get on my nerves. All my worry is ruining my nerves. She gives me a pain. I'm painfully inadequate for this job. Anyone with nerve enough could rule the world. Shrill voices grate on my nerves. An emotional jolt sets my nerves on edge. I'll have to get up enough nerve if I want to go. When I get tired, my nerves ache. My nerves are stretched to the breaking point. I'm afraid I'll blow my fuse.

Neuromuscular Disorders: I can't coordinate my efforts. Nothing ever works together for me. I'm being pulled two ways. Hard work gives me a pain. They have a lot of nerve to expect me to work all the time. My muscles and nerves aren't responding together. It takes plenty of nerve and muscle to reach the top. It bothers me when I can't control everything. So much exercise is not good for me. I've got to keep flexing my muscles to show them who's boss. I have the nerve to do it, but I don't have the strength.

Neuroses: If I'm not neurotic, I'm not human. Everything inside me keeps battling. Something is wrong, and I don't know how I can correct it. I have to fight with myself all the time. I'm always contradicting myself. Everything gets on my nerves. I'm getting neurotic like my mother. I'm torn between duty and desire. The way to keep myself under control is to curb my urges. I can't get to the root of my trouble. I can't pull myself together. I'm neurotic, but I'm not crazy.

Night Blindness: Everything runs together after dark. I can't see anything at night. Bright lights at night blind me. While I'm in the dark, it's like being blind. It's so dark out here, I can't see a thing. I don't want to see what might be hiding in a dark corner. I'm afraid to see what's ahead in the dark. Other people see the bright side of things, but I can't. If I'm left in the dark, I'll never find my way. I need somebody to lead me when it's dark. I like to give dark looks.

Nightmares: If I eat before I go to bed, I'll have a nightmare. I have awful dreams when I'm worried. All the worst things happen to me at night. Even when I'm asleep, I never get any peace. The only time I break away from a humdrum life is when I'm dreaming. Bugs give me nightmares. I'll have interesting stories to tell if I have horrible dreams. When I hear a weird story, I can't forget it. My dreams haunt me. The worst things run through my mind in the dark. If anyone talks to me about death, it gives me nightmares.

Noise: Nothing wears me out like a bunch of noisy kids. Noise means trouble. Any little noise keeps me awake. I can't work if they don't stop that noise. If I hear a strange noise, I'm afraid to investigate. A clap of thunder scares me to death. A sudden loud noise makes me jump. When it's too quiet, I get depressed. The noisier the game, the better I like it. If it makes a noise, it's fun. It's so noisy in here, I can't think.

Noisiness: People think I'm stupid if I'm quiet. I have to be the loudest one. I have to drown out the other noise. Loud noises scare the kids, and I get a kick out of that. I'm going to put myself across with a bang. A quick way to get attention is to make noise. I can't keep quiet, no matter how hard I try. I like to disturb the peace. I'm going to be differ-

ent. Nobody can make as much noise as I can. The louder the noise, the bigger I feel. If I don't keep making noises, they'll think I'm dead.

Nonconformity: I'll be different in a big way. I won't be made to fit a pattern. I'll make my own standards of conduct. If I'm the same as everybody else, no one's going to notice me. Nobody will make me do anything I don't want to do. I won't conform to a rule I didn't make. I'm forced to be different from my family. I'll do what I please when I please. I won't be forced into the common mold. I have my own ideas about what's right for me. Regimentation is not for me. I'll show them I don't care.

Nonproductiveness: I just can't get the work out. I'm not proud of what I make. Something always holds me back. I can't get anything finished. If they're too hard on me, I just won't work. I'd rather daydream than work. No one wants what I put out. I'm not a machine. Once I'm stopped, I can't get started again. The more I try to do, the less I get done. I'm just wasting my time. I'll never make my quota. I'm so slow I can only do half as much as others. I like to take my time and do things right.

Nonsense: Things make no sense. I can't stand all this nonsense. Life is nothing but nonsense. I can get more attention by talking nonsense. I won't stand for their nonsense. People like me when I talk silly. There is so much nonsense around, nobody makes sense to me. Everything people do seems foolish and stupid. I can't get any sense out of life. I'm a no-nonsense person.

Nosebleed: I have to get rid of this blood the quickest way. When I blow my nose hard, it bleeds. My nose gets in the way. I can't stop it from bleeding. I have to keep myself from blowing my top. I'm going to pour blood all over the place. I've got to relieve the pressure in my head. I like to

see red. I always get a bloody nose when I fight. My nose is quite sensitive. I need an outlet for my emotions. I'll pay for it if I stick my nose in someone else's affairs. I bleed like a stuck pig.

Nostalgia: There's no place like home. When I think of those good old days, I get a lump in my throat. I want to go back where I came from. I long for my youth again. I can't wait to get home. I like to remember the past. Whenever I go away, I get homesick. Thinking of where I used to be makes me sad. Old ways are the best ways. I can't leave the past behind. I want to go back in time. I want to be at home, but I don't feel I belong there. I'll never feel right until I go back home to stay forever.

Nourishment: I can't work without plenty of healthy food. The only way to be healthy is to get plenty of nourishment. My food doesn't nourish me. I can't get anything to stick with me. I have to have three square meals a day. What nourishes some people doesn't do anything for me. I have to struggle hard to buy the nourishing food I need. I can't get nourishment out of her cooking. I have to be well fed to exist.

Nuisance: I'll get my own way if I make a nuisance of myself. I'm always in the way. I'm the sort of person nobody can put up with. They think I'm a nuisance. If I get in the way, she'll stop working. I have nuisance value. I like to cause people trouble. I am afraid of being a nuisance. I can't tolerate a troublesome child. It's a nuisance having to do the same things time and again. Trying to teach children is a nuisance. I'll annoy everyone I meet.

Numbness: Something died in me. I have no feelings. I'll have to steel myself so I won't feel the pain. My legs get numb if I sit still too long. If I numb myself to their insults, I won't have to suffer. I get numb with fear when I'm

all alone. The cold makes me numb. I'm just a numbskull. I freeze with anger if I don't get my way. I can't feel anything after four drinks.

O

Obedience: I have to do what I am told. When I'm disobedient, I have more fun. Obedience gets me nowhere. Nobody can give me orders. I expect obedience from my children. I refuse to take any orders. If I'm obedient everyone will like me. People must all be obedient. I have to obey every command. Now that I'm out of the army, I don't have to obey. My boss expects me to be obedient, but I'd like to tell him to go to hell. I won't dare do anything my mother told me not to do.

Objecting: I am going to object to every point that is raised. I object to people who try to push me around. Nobody ever suits me. I'll disagree every way I can. I object to everything. I get attention when I object. Objecting gives me a chance to talk. I'll object just to annoy them. If I don't object, no one will know I'm around. I'll tell them their ideas are wrong. Objecting gets me more of what I want. I prove my smartness by raising objections to whatever he says.

Objectivity: My conclusions are based on known facts. I believe only what my own eyes tell me. I have to know what I'm doing. If it isn't proved scientifically, I won't accept it. The only way I can help someone is to be really objective. People don't respect you unless you're objective. If I can't see a thing, I refuse to believe it. I have a scientific flair. If you are not objective, you get into real trouble.

Obligation: I have to do my duty by everyone. My obligations are weighing me down. I won't allow myself to be

under obligation to anyone. I don't want any obligations whatsoever. I can't stand to feel obligated. I won't obligate myself for anything. I want people to be obligated to me. I am obligated only to myself. If you don't assume obligations, you have no responsibilities. If I'm under obligation, I'll have to do things I don't want to do. Feeling obligated is just one kind of slavery.

Obsession: I can't take my mind off sex for an instant. I can't give up. Food is an obsession with me. I have to be a success. I'll never stop trying. Someday I'll have more than anyone else. I'm a slave to my principles. I have to keep moving. My work is an obsession with me. I have to keep pushing against all resistance. The most important thing is to keep going. I have to keep my mind on time. My obsession is to have fun at all costs. I'm forced to do what I think will advance my interests.

Obstinacy: I refuse to change my ways of doing things. I'll rule myself with an iron hand. I like myself the way I am, and I'm not going to change. I'll never give in. I refuse to admit the truth about myself. Once I've made up my mind to do something, I won't let anyone change it. I'll be as obstinate as I please. I insist that things be done my way. I'll never budge an inch, even if I'm forced. I'll never change, and I won't try. I have to stick to my own way of thinking until the others give in.

Obstreperousness: I'll never let anybody forget I'm here. I like to be difficult. I want life to follow my pattern and not anyone else's. I have to act up to be seen. If anyone tries to shut me up, I'll give him a hard time. I am going to do things my way, no matter what they do to me. When someone tells me what to do, I'm going to do just the opposite. I refuse to do anything against my will. I'm not going

to cooperate. I'll prove I have a will of my own. I can't decide whether I'll get more by being right or wrong.

Obstruction: I always get in my own way. I keep running into a stone wall. I can't figure my way around obstructions. I just keep going the wrong way. Something is always blocking me. I'm irked by obstructions. It seems everyone gets in my way. I never have a clear path. I just keep moving into interference. I like to obstruct progress. Truth is a stumbling block for me.

Obstructionism: Somebody always blocks my path. I'll find a way to keep people blocked. I can't get past the obstacles, and I'm not going to try. If anybody tries to get ahead of me, he'll get hurt. I won't move out of the way, and nobody can make me. When somebody gets in front of me, I can't move. I'm going to dump the whole load where she'll fall over it. I'm forever making a mountain out of a molehill. I'll build a wall between us. I delight in bringing people to a halt.

Offensiveness: Old people are offensive. I won't take the trouble to be polite. I don't care who I annoy. I can't stand offensive odors. I won't try to please anyone. If people don't like me, I don't care. To me foreigners are offensive. If I'm not liked the way I am, it's too bad. I have to shove my way to the forefront. Anyone who is in my way gets elbowed aside.

Oily Skin: I'm stuffed to overflowing. I've more fat than I need. I like to be buttered up. If I'm slippery, I can get out of tight places. I have more than enough of everything. Trouble runs off me like water off a duck's back. I must be well lubricated to run well. I don't want to be a dried up old maid. Everybody is glad to see my shining face. I'm always overdoing things. I like to eat the things that are not good for me. Oily skin is better than dry skin.

I've got to put oil on my wounds. Oily skin runs in our family.

Old People: I can't stand old fogies on the highway. Old age gets me down. Old people get my goat. Old people are disgustingly sloppy. Old folks are set in their ways. After people get old, they expect to be waited on all the time. Old people are boring. Old ladies give me a pain. When people get old, they smell musty. Old men give me the creeps. I can't see why old people are so grouchy. Old people always want their own way. Old people are too slow; I can't wait for them.

Open Mind: I have an open mind. If I never make decisions, I can stay out of trouble. I have to keep open to new ideas. I'll get more new ideas if I look for them. If I say I'm open-minded, people will believe me. I won't commit myself so I can keep my mind open. I don't dare let anybody think I don't have an open mind. I'll always keep my options open.

Opinionated: I've made up my mind and it can't be changed. Nobody will change my opinion. I like to think people want my opinion. Opinions are all right, but they should be mine. I want to offer my opinion on every topic. Only a person with strong opinions is impressive. I never let anybody tell me what's right or wrong. I always know what's best. I have opinions of my own, and I don't want to have them contradicted. When I have an opinion, I put it into words.

Opposition: The more opposition I feel, the more I fight. Everything conspires against me. When opposition arises, I'll stop it. No one ever gives me a break. If the opposition goes against me, I'll get sick, and then I'll get my way. My father does nothing but oppose me. I have to reckon with the opposition. The opposition seems to win. I

have to give in to the opposition. It is hard to work against opposition. If I'm in opposition to my church, I'll go to hell.

Optimism: I'm certain everything will turn out right. I can get out of anything I can get into. I have to look at something pleasant to keep sane. I have to have something to look forward to. Something is always sure to turn up. I always see a good side to everyone. I can expect what's best. If optimism were money, I'd be rich. I'm going to look only at the bright side. An optimist stays out of trouble. I'm a cockeyed optimist.

Ostentation: I like to put on a big show with everything I do. I have to get something bigger and better than what others have. I'm nothing, but I won't let anybody find it out. I'm not happy unless I'm doing things in a big way. I refuse to rest until I'm at the top of the social ladder. I do everything in a big way. I like to imitate the rich and famous. I'll cause a big splash. I'm a show off. I'm all front and nothing behind. I'm going to display my superiority every way I can.

Oversleeping: I never get up on time. I can't wake up when I know what's coming. I'll get up when I'm good and ready. I need more sleep than other people. I never get enough sleep. I'm going to be a real Sleeping Beauty. Sleeping is all I live for. I hate to wake up to face a new day. If I don't sleep eight hours, I can't work the next day. Nobody bothers me when I'm asleep.

Overweight: If I lose weight, I'll get sick. Everything I eat turns into fat. I have to be big about everything. I'm going to be a well-rounded person. I have to put up a big front, so they'll see me coming. Neither of my parents could lose weight, and neither can I. I have to be efficient in everything I do. I would rather be pleasingly plump than

skinny as a rail. Eating's one pleasure I'll never give up. I can't resist a second helping. I keep adding things as I get older. I'm stuck with this load. Eating is one of the few pleasures left for me. After I get hungry, I lose my self-control. I might as well just put it in and let nature take its course. It's my glands that make me heavy. Sweets are my downfall.

Overwork: I have to keep trying. I'm forever over-worked. Woman's work is never done. I am forced to keep going day and night. The only way to finish a job is by exerting yourself. I do more work than any three people. I have to keep moving night and day. I like to work under pressure. If I work all the time, I won't have time to get in trouble. After I start something, I have to finish it even if I drop. You never get anywhere if you don't work hard. I have to work to enjoy myself.

P

Pain: When I have a pain, I can stay home. My family gives me a pain. It pains me to see what's happening. My life is so dreadfully dull I'll be glad when it is over. Work gives me a pain in the neck. I take pains with everything I do. Everybody has to suffer some pain in this life. I was born in pain, and I'll die in pain. I can't think when I'm in pain. The truth hurts. If this pain doesn't stop, it'll kill me. I am all aches and pains. My painful life is more than I can bear. It pains me when things go wrong.

Paleness: I want to be as white as snow. If I look pale, they'll give me sympathy. It makes me afraid to see myself get pale. I am fading out of the picture. If I look all washed out, I must be coming down with something. If I don't get a vacation, I'll never have any color. Strangers scare me to

death. Everyone gets white when he's sick. Being pale makes me look delicate. If I'm fragile and pale, everybody will think I need protection. I lead such a colorless life, it's written all over my face. I always go beyond the pale.

Palpitation: She makes my heart pound. Too much exercise is hard on the heart. I have no rhythm. My heart rushes like sixty when I'm scared. I'll keep my heart working so fast it won't stop. My heart skips a beat every time I think about him. I am always out of step. I do all my work in fits and spurts. I'd like to slow down, but I have to keep moving swiftly. Something is wrong with my mainspring. My stop-and-go pace will trigger a heart attack someday. I always have to hurry up and then wait.

Palsy: I can shake off anything by trying. I can't keep still a minute. I want to make everyone look at me. When things go wrong, it really shakes me up. I've got to keep moving. My hand shakes so I can't write. I'm so unsteady I cannot do anything for myself. It makes me quiver to remember what I've gone through. I have to keep moving my head to prove I'm in rhythm. I'm in a very shaky position, and I can't snap out of it. It gives me the shakes to think about getting old. I'll keep my motor running all the time.

Pampering: I require pampering. My health is fragile. I'll pamper him to keep him mollified. I'm going to have all the pampering I can get. If I don't get pampered, I'll be cranky. I want a girl I can pamper. I'm going to pamper myself. I have to pamper my family. Babies must be pampered and he's really a big baby. If I don't pamper her, she won't give me what I want.

Panic: I can't think when I get panicky. The least little thing throws me into a panic. I scare easily. I panic at the idea that I'll be exposed. I go crazy with fear. I'm afraid I'll die. I panic when I think he might learn my secret. When

everybody else panics, I panic. Every time something goes wrong, I go into a panic. If I get panicky, someone else will have to take over. It makes them try to help me if I go into a panic. I'll never get through this. Whenever things go wrong, I lose my head.

Paralysis: I'm so restricted I can't budge. I'm afraid to move. I can't move an inch from here. I can't do anything. Something in me has died. I'm stuck and I can't move. I'm so tired I can't move a muscle. They've got me all boxed in so I can't move. I'm going to make them take care of me in all ways. I'm too tired to move. Little by little, I'm turning to stone. Nothing works for me anymore.

Paranoia: I'm going to lead the world. I can do no wrong. I'll never be like other people. I'm the most beautiful woman alive and I'll prove it. I may as well die before someone kills me. They are all against me, and they are holding me back. Every great person in history was misunderstood, and so am I. Nobody appreciates my superior talents. I am a man of destiny, so I'll decide the fate of the world. I am the innocent victim of ignorance and stupidity.

Parasites: Everyone'd take whatever I've got if I'd let him. They are making a sucker out of me. I have to lean on somebody. Every person I know just keeps sapping the life out of me. My relatives are all parasites. I'll have to hang onto his coattails. I have to support anything I come across. I know how to get the most for nothing. All I need is someone to flatter me. He hangs on me like a leech.

Parents: I don't see why I have parents. Parents start your troubles. Parents never let you get out of their grip. I'm going to choose my own parents. I have too many parents. They won't let me do anything my way. My parents are crazy. My parents drive me up the wall. I wish I were an orphan. I never really had any parents. My parents are

like kids, and I can't rely on them. My parents are in authority, and I rebel over authority. I'm going to make my parents sorry they had me. I'll get to boss them someday.

Parsimony: I have to squeeze all the value out of everything. If I'm careful, I'll have enough to last. I have to be sure I'm getting more than my money's worth. I must save for a rainy day. I'm going to hang on to my money for dear life. I'll spend it all myself. Anybody will have to talk fast to separate me from what is mine. I'm a real penny pincher. Unless I save money, I'll end up on welfare. I'll have to be extremely careful how I spend my money.

Partiality: I'd do anything for the ones I like. If a person is nice to me, I'll be nice to him. I choose my favorite and stay with him. I naturally lean toward the person who shows most interest in me. My parents like my brother better than me. They always give him first choice and give me the leftovers. I select my friends for what good they can do for me. I'll be impartial on the side of the people I like.

Passion: Women just love a man who is passionate. I have a passion for doing things. I have a passion for new gadgets. I can't control my passion. After I get passionate, I lose my head. Redheads are the most passionate of all. I get worked up whenever I find myself alone with a man. I have to act passionate whether I am or not. I'm passionate about everything I do. I believe what I believe with a passion. I don't want to live if I can't give expression to my passions.

Patience: I reserve my patience for myself. I have the patience of Job. I need patience to get along with my in-laws. If I bide my time, they'll yield to me. Every time I'm patient, I lose out. I have too much patience. Children try my patience. I have to wait patiently for what I want. If I'm patient, I'll get my points across. I can get my way by waiting. I'll create an impression that I'm never in a hurry. Eve-

rything comes to him who waits. My patience runs out when I need it most.

Peculiarity: I have a developed knack for being different. I'm known for my peculiarities. I'm going to be quite unusual. I'll be odd so I'll be noticed. I get crazy ideas. I don't want to be like anybody else. I'm going to be peculiar, and people will have to notice me. I would rather be peculiar than ordinary. I don't want to behave the way I'm expected to. Everybody has to have a distinctive characteristic. I have my own peculiar charm. It is my privilege to be different. What I want is attention, and I don't much care how I get it.

Peeping Tom: I don't want to get caught. I can't let people know I'm interested. I take advantage of every opportunity. I like to look when it doesn't cost me money. My imagination plus what I think I see gives me a thrill. I get a thrill out of looking at what I'm not supposed to see. No one lets me look around home. I like to look when people are not aware that I'm looking. I ought to see everything before I die.

Perfection: I won't consider anything less than perfect in myself or my family. If a thing isn't perfect, it's no good. It makes me sick to have anyone see my imperfections. I'll make everything perfect. I have to be right. Nothing is perfect in this world. When I make anything that's not perfect, I throw it out. I'm perfect in their eyes. I'm a perfect example of politeness. I'm a perfectionist.

Pernicious Anemia: I've got bad blood, and the quicker I get rid of it the better. I haven't got enough blood to keep going. My life's blood is being drained out of me by my relatives. I'm never going to be a red-blooded American. I'd like to die and be an angel. I despise the blood I inherited from my mother. My blood is no thicker

than water. There won't be any blood for them to suck out of me after they've drained me dry.

Perplexity: Things are too deep for me. I get perplexed all the time. I don't understand half of what is happening. Nobody could solve my problems. Everything is puzzling for me. I can't figure out what is expected. The state that I am in makes me perplexed. This is too much for me. I don't know what's coming next. Trying to figure out this life is too hard. I don't see how I can know which way I should go. I can't figure out what to do next. I don't see how I can keep going.

Persecution Complex: Everyone's against me. He keeps taking pokes at me. Nobody understands me. I am the victim of a plot. Everybody's out to get me. My family likes to see me suffer. The whole world is out to defeat me. Everyone's talking about me. If I'm going to be like Jesus, I must suffer persecution. I'll suffer in silence. My teachers are trying to persecute me.

Persistence: No matter what happens, I won't stop. I'll persist if it kills me. I'm sure to succeed if I persist. I don't have enough sense to quit. I'll persist until they give in. The best way is to be persistent. If I don't persist, I won't reach my goals. Persistence gets the job done even if you don't know how to do it. People notice you if you're persistent. The only way to reach a lofty objective is to persist. I haven't enough sense to know when I'm licked.

Perspiring: I have to sweat out every difficult problem. I perspire when the heat's on. It helps me to work up a sweat. As soon as something goes wrong, I get hot under the collar. I'm always dripping wet. The harder I work, the more I sweat. I have to get all the poisons out of my system. When I'm frightened I break into a sweat. I drain myself dry for them and get no thanks. I have to sweat for all I

earn. Anybody who perspires a lot will be healthy. I drink a great deal too much.

Perversity: I insist on getting my own way. When somebody tells me what to do, I do something else. I'll prove I have a devil in me. I won't let them order me around. Nobody can tell me what to do. I'm not going to do anything right. I'm going to be my own boss. Nobody can tell me what is right. I'll never do anything they want me to do. It makes me happy to see them rant and rave.

Pessimism: I'll never be a success at anything. I always fail at the thing I want most. I can never do anything right. Very few of my decisions turn out right. I don't see how to make my life improve. I may as well crawl in a hole and pull the top in over me. I might as well not try because nothing I do pleases him. I'll never get anywhere. Just when I think I'll get ahead, my hopes are dashed. I'm hopeless. My thinking is bogged down.

Pets: Dogs terrify me. Barking dogs drive me nuts. I feel bad when I think of lost animals getting no care. I'm sick and tired of working for this animal. When I get mad, I can take it out on my pet. I was raised a pet. It breaks my heart to see an animal abused. I like animals, but when I'm around them, my asthma acts up. When I grow up, I'm going to have all the pets I please. I can't stand to be alone with nothing to pet. I can't be happy unless I have a pet to cuddle and care for.

Petting: I was raised to pet. I'm going to learn just what petting feels like. I'm going to try it without going the whole way. As I find more ways, I like it more. After all, it's only nature. If I don't do it, he'll think I'm square. It'll be all right for me this time. Everybody does it. This is nature at its best. I'll pet in the dark and no one will know. I

want to be petted like a kitten. You aren't popular if you don't pet. I'd do anything to be popular.

Philandering: I play the entire field. I'm a big tomcat. Variety is the spice of life. I won't be fenced in. I can't settle down. Men are polygamous. I'll never stay with one person. I'm going to try everything. I want to share myself. I have to keep moving. I won't try to restrain myself. My ideas just don't fit the common standard of morality. I'll bet everybody else does it who gets the opportunity. I'm going to do all the things my father did. I'm going to let my lower nature have its way when it looks safe. Nobody is going to be aware of what's going on. I'm no angel and I can't act like one.

Phlebitis: When someone hurts me, it goes through me like a knife. I'm blocked at every turn and it gives me a pain. Everything I do is in the same vein. I work and work but I'm blocked in the end. All my work is in vain. I'm all clogged up. I need a break. When I get in trouble, I know things are going to get hot. Something has to open up soon. I'm entirely blocked.

Phobias: Fire really scares me. I'm scared to death of water. If I get closed in again, I'll never break clear. I won't tolerate pettiness. I can't stand small places. I've got to get back as quick as possible. Unless I see a light somewhere, I can't sleep. Someday when I'm up in a tall building, I'll jump off. I'll die if I am restrained. My fears overcome my good sense.

Pimples: When spring breaks out, I blossom, too. The badness shows up on me. I love to pick on something. Every time I get upset, I get pimples. Things are coming to a head. I'll find some way of getting noticed. I'm sore all over. Everything wrong with me always shows in my face.

When I eat sweets, I get more pimples. I've got to be like all the other kids. I'm facing a bumpy future.

Pity: I feel sorry for myself. I deserve to be pitied after all I've been through. They expect my pity all the time. Everyone pities you when you are poor. If you can't help someone, at least you can pity him. I'd like everyone to show me some pity. I have to pity those who have less. No one is going to pity me if I can help it. If people knew my troubles, they would pity me. Self-pity is better than pity by others. I want someone who will pity me and let me lean on him.

Plagiarism: I can steal anything and get away with it. Nobody is able to protect an idea. I have a right to help myself to things I need. Others' ideas are better than mine. What's yours is mine. No one can prove I stole it if I change it. I like to steal ideas and alter them so that I can get praised for them. Stealing from many sources is research. The commandment about stealing has nothing to do with ideas. I can steal ideas from anybody without getting caught. After all, there is nothing new under the sun.

Play: It's more fun to play than to work. I'll never take my life seriously. Everything seems like play. Once I'm grown, I won't be able to play. I have to play all the time or she'll ask me to do chores. I never learned how to play. I make play out of everything I do. I can work only so long, then I take time out to play. I can't be pinned down. If you don't learn to play when you are young, you can't learn later.

Pleasing: I keep doing the things I think others will like. I have a hard time pleasing anyone. Nothing pleases me. I like to do things that please me. The more I please others, the better off I am. I try to be just what he wants. If I please my mother, she'll be nice to me. I want to have a

pleasing personality. If I don't please people, I'll fail. I never suit anybody. I'm going to please myself first, last and always.

Pleurisy: I can't get my breath except in painful gulps. I would rather die than suffer this way. Each breath is a painful effort. Just when I think I am getting a chance, someone knifes me. Life is too painful to keep going on. I can't get this off my chest. I think this pain might be the end of me. I'm bound not to say what they want me to. This painful situation will keep me home and out of trouble.

Pneumonia: I'll keep everything to myself if it kills me. I'm up to my neck in troubles. I don't see my way out. I can't get this to come up. All my troubles settle on my chest. I'm filled up inside. I am drowning in my own spit. I can't make myself clear. My failures knock the breath out of me. I hope I choke.

Polio: I want a very long rest. Everything is at a stand-still in my life. I like it this way. I'm not going to let anyone else get something I don't have. I'd like someone else to do my work. This disease will cripple me. When I get sick, I get very sick. I am tired of breathing. I can't seem to hold onto myself. My troubles infect my life. I'll be flat on my back. My legs have worked long enough. I'll never budge.

Poorness: I'm a poor soul. I can hardly keep body and soul together. I never earn any more than is just enough. I can get sympathy by showing people how poor I am. I'm poor in every way. I'm a poor loser. My health is always poor. I do the poorest kind of work. I'd rather live on the street. Because I have so little, I need help.

Possessiveness: I'll take steps to possess her body and soul. I am very possessive. My children are mine, and I'll protect them all my life. I'll fight for what is mine. He's all

I have so I'll hang onto him. I can't get along without keeping what's mine. I won't give up my possessions without a big fight. I'll never let anyone possess me. The more I possess, the better I feel.

Posture: I don't want to sit up and take notice. I have so many burdens I can't hold my head up. I always do the opposite to what she tells me. I'll walk the way I please. My troubles weigh me down, and I can't stand thinking about them. Nobody is going to order me around. They pushed me down so hard I'll never stand up to them ever again. I look smaller if I slouch. I'm trying to be very inconspicuous. I'm not strong enough to hold up my head. I can't get that monkey off my back.

Pouting: When somebody hurts my feelings, I pout. I'll show them when I'm not happy. When they scold me, they'll be sorry. I'll make people see I'm annoyed. I am going to get my own way. When I show my feelings, they won't force me. I'll show I'm unhappy. I pout like a baby. I'm going to stick out my lips whenever I please. I can get my way if I pout. I'll make them think I'm about ready to cry.

Poverty: I'd do anything to keep from being poverty-stricken. No matter how much money I have, it isn't enough. I've always lived in poverty, and I assume I always will. When poverty comes in the door, love goes out the window. I can't make ends meet with what I earn. I have to struggle for whatever I get, and it isn't worth it. I'll never be able to have what I want. I can't win.

Practicality: I have to be realistic at all times. It's no fun to be practical. It pays to be practical. I have to be practical about spending money. I always keep my feet on the ground. The practical way is the only way. If it's practical, it's safe. It's dangerous if it isn't practical. I've got to be

practical to make ends meet. By being practical, I'll stay out of trouble. The practical aspect of any subject attracts me.

Practice: If I keep doing the same thing, it'll become part of me. I always practice what I preach. Practice is a waste of time. If I don't practice, I'll never be a success. Practice makes perfect. I'll practice when I want to but not when I'm forced. The more I practice, the worse I get. I need hours of practice to succeed. I don't have the patience to practice. I'll practice forever. I hate to practice.

Praise: Praise is the one thing I work for. I have to know I'm appreciated. I do twice as much when I'm praised. I like to have a pat on the back. When I'm praised, I do better work. If I praise people, they'll like me. Praise goes to my head. There's no use doing anything if I'm not praised for it. I've got to keep telling people how good they are so they'll do their best. I hate to try unless people show appreciation. I won't praise any man unless he praises me. I hate people who are stingy with their praise.

Prayer: I have to tell God what I need. Prayer is my only salvation. I always pray if I want something special. Prayer is something I turn to when I'm in trouble. I don't believe in prayer. I can't pray. God never answers my prayers. Prayer soothes my soul. If I don't go to church, I can't expect God to listen. Praying accomplishes nothing. Praying is a sign of weakness. I can solve my problems by myself. The whole idea of praying is primitive. I won't tolerate superstition in my life. My mother prays for me. I put God to the test by praying, and God didn't respond.

Preference: I have to express my preferences. I like to pick and choose. I like to feel I have a choice. I prefer doing things in a big way. I like preferential treatment. I prefer to be sad. If I had my way, I'd do things differently. My

preferences get me in hot water. I want preference. My way is the preferred way. I like having my own way. I won't take anything I consider unsuitable. I prefer to wait.

Pregnancy: A female isn't a woman until she's pregnant. I want to be full of life. Accidents will happen. I'm always looking for my chance to be something. I never want to get pregnant. If I get pregnant, I can get time away from my job. I'll have to build myself up. I'll never feel like myself again until I've had my baby. I want to create. When I know there's something close to my heart, I'll keep it there. I want to be like this always. I'll always get caught, no matter how I try to prevent it. I'm going to show up my sister. I'll keep trying until I succeed. I won't be happy until I'm pregnant.

Prejudice: I have fixed ideas I won't change. I'm afraid of people I don't understand. I'll be safer with my own kind. When I make up my mind about a matter, I don't like to change. When it comes to my relatives, my mind is made up. I don't want anything to change me. I hate people who are prejudiced. I'm prejudiced against the idea of working. I'm prejudiced against prejudiced people. I'm prejudiced against other ethnic groups.

Pressure: I can't stand working under pressure. The pressure of the weight (wait) is killing me. I'll have to get away from this pressure or I'll explode. I'm under pressure from all sides. I work best under pressure. I'm so hot I'll blow up. I've got to build more pressure. To get things done, I have to put pressure on everybody. Unless I get rid of some of this pressure, I'll have a collapse. I refuse to let anybody put pressure on me.

Pretense: I expect everybody to believe me no matter what I say. I have to put up a good pretense even when I feel like crying. I don't dare to be myself or I'll lose him. I

like playing games with others. I'll pretend I'm rich every chance I get. When I'm with strangers, I say whatever I please. I have to pretend all is well when I know things are not. My big front fools them every time. After a while, I believe my pretenses.

Pride: I have too much pride to let anyone know how I feel. I'd rather die than be like the other members of my family. Ordinary things are all right for ordinary people, but I'm entitled to something special. My motives are so pure I am proud of my attitude. My pride won't let me admit to any weakness. I've kept going on pride. The people I work with are beneath me. My pride sustains me in every adversity. I take pride in my accomplishments.

Procrastination: I'm never able to do anything on time. I won't interfere with anything I'm already doing. I can put it off until later. I'll do exactly as I please. If I know somebody is in a hurry, I deliberately force him to wait. Nothing is important enough to do right away. If I wait long enough, I can get out of doing it. I won't do a thing until somebody makes me. I just can't get myself started. I'm a procrastinator. There's no real use in rushing. I'll put things off as long as I possibly can.

Profanity: Swearing makes me sound tough. I've got to talk tough like my daddy. I use profanity for emphasis. Swearing makes me look like a big shot. If I talk tough enough, I get my way. I'll swear when I get bigger. Everybody backs down when I swear. I'll use all the foul words I learned at the playground. If I don't swear, the other kids will think I'm a sissy. I'm going to seem virile. The people I work with understand nothing but swearing. Swearing makes them take me seriously.

Promiscuity: I'm going to do as I please. I have to be free to do anything I can. My body's my own to do with as

I desire. When I find something I like, I do it all the time. I'm never going to lose my chance to have fun. I won't let an interesting opportunity pass by. I have to try everything. I'm a free and easy type. I really do like variety. I have a right to do as I please. I'm going to be free to swing in every way. Nobody tells me what I can't do. I've got to be satisfied. After the urge turns on, I have to satisfy it. I'll live my life as I see fit.

Proof: I need proof before I believe anything. Nobody will convince me. Unless I have proof, I won't act. I can get proof for anything if I try. I have to prove everything I do. The burden of proof is on me. I insist on proof positive. No one can prove me wrong because I'll prove I'm right. I'll prove I'm perfect. They'll have to prove their arguments. I'm very doubtful. Nobody can prove he's better than me under any condition. No proof is absolute.

Prostitution: I'll spend my life doing things the easiest way. I haven't the strength to go out and get a job. I know how to do only one thing. After I start a thing, I can't stop. I want a good excuse to stay in bed. This is a way I can be important to a lot of people. I'd like to go to bed for my living. I have what they want, and I may as well get paid for it. Being a hooker is my highest skill. I'm going to be like my mother. To get what I want, I have to prostitute myself. I can't get what I want, so I'll take what I can get. I can control a man only one way. I have to take things lying down. I'm a bad girl and I like it that way.

Prostration: After a family gathering, I'm physically and emotionally exhausted. I'm going to call it quits. Excitement makes me want to give up. I feel ready to collapse. If I have to take just one more hard knock, it will lay me low. I can take only so much abuse laying down. I've had it. I'm prostrate with worry. I need an excuse for taking

a long rest. My tension has grown to a breaking point. Once I let go, I won't be able to recover. Every time I have a problem, I want to get into bed. I want a good excuse to get down on myself.

Protection: I have to figure out some way to protect myself. If I am protected, I'll be safe. I need someone to shield me. I'll get somebody to stand between me and the world. I need to protect my family. I need police protection. If I can avoid trouble, I won't need protection. I have to be strong. I pay taxes for protection. I'm going to have lots of insurance. I can't depend on myself.

Prudery: Nobody is going to intrude on my privacy. I'm a prude and I can't help it. I won't let anybody come near me. Nobody is free to see my body. I don't want anyone to think I'm a prude. Getting looked at is awful. I can't stand being laughed at. I hold myself apart from view by others. My mother taught me to be like her. I'm a prude, and I'm proud of it.

Prying: I have a nose for news. I'm not happy unless I'm minding someone else's business. I don't want to miss a thing. I have to find things out for myself. If I snoop around, I'll find an opportunity to move ahead. I'll pry their secrets out of them. I won't put up with someone prying into my affairs. If there's anything I hate, it's a snooper. My life is so dull I have to scout around for exciting news to talk about. I'll never be satisfied until I know the whole story. I have to know how others live.

Psoriasis: I have to have a thick skin to get along in these times. I'll get callous or other people's troubles will pile up on me. I'm going to go into my shell. I need a very thick skin in this hard world. If I grow a hide like a rhinoceros, nobody will be able to get through to me. I have to stop being a softie. It doesn't pay to be soft and tender. I've

got to put something between me and my relatives. I need something to itch about.

Puberty: Now I'm grown up and will be allowed to get my own way. I'm afraid of growing up. I can't wait to have a baby. I'm going to go wild. I'll have to act like an adult. I'm of age now so I can do as I please. I'm not going to listen to anything. This change leaves me cold. I've finally reached the age of discretion. Now I can do what grown-ups do. I don't want to be a grown-up. This change means I'll never be a child again.

Public Speaking: The instant I start talking, I forget what I intended to say. Getting stared at by a roomful of people makes me nervous. When people look at me, I get paralyzed. I couldn't stand getting laughed at. When I even think of making a speech, my ideas depart. I get tongue-tied in front of an audience. I get so frightened I can't think. I couldn't recover from the disgrace of a flop. It'd be impossible for me to speak in public until I've had a few stiff drinks.

Pull: Pull is what will help me most. I have to be with the side that has the influence. It takes pull to get ahead in this world. I'm being pulled to pieces. You can't get anywhere without pull. I have to pull everything apart. Pull is worth more than push. I have to develop drag. Pull gives you advantages when you're the boss' child. Everybody pulls on me and I hate it. I haven't any push so I'll depend on my family's pull.

Punishment: I have to get even. I'll make him regret what he did. Being punished makes me feel self-righteous. I can take it, but I'd rather give it. I make the punishment fit the crime. I keep punishing myself for every mistake. Everybody blames me for everything. I like to be punished. I have to take a lot of punishment to get where I am. I get

punished for things I didn't do. Life deals out plenty of punishment. I can take whatever he hands out.

Purpose: I have to know where I'm going. Without a purpose there's no reason for trying. My life has no purpose. Without a purpose I can't do anything. I have to keep my goals in mind. My main purpose in life is to define my purpose. Everything points to the right way, but I'm going my own way. My only purpose is to help others. My purpose is to fulfill my ambitions, and I'll never let them forget it.

Pursuit: I'll never give up the chase. I like to be chased. It is pursuit that gives me the big thrills. The more difficult the goal, the harder I pursue it. If I want a thing, I go after it. I can never resist the chase. If I know what I want, I can't stop chasing it. I'm forever chasing rainbows. I'll play hard to get and keep leading him on. I want only what I can't ever have. If I'm pursued, I know I'm popular. I want people to follow in my footsteps.

Q

Quackery: I like the counterfeit more than the real thing. I can get by on my nerve. I'm going to bluff my way through life. I have fun deceiving people. Quacks get away with everything. Anyone with a quick cure arouses suspicion. I'm good at hoodwinking my mother. Someday I'm going to fool everyone. I have the name, so I'll have the game. I love to pull the wool over their eyes. I'll use any devious method to succeed.

Quarrelsomeness: I'm not afraid to tell him what I think of him. I can always get a rise by picking a quarrel. When I don't like something I say so. I can't live peaceably with people. I'm always ready to defend myself. I like a

good fight. I like to keep things stirred up. When I'm bored, I pick a fight to pep things up. When somebody picks on me, I'm going to stand up for my rights. No one can stop me from being disagreeable.

Queerness: This is an odd world and I have to fit in. I have to be different. I'm not like other people. If you're queer, everybody notices you. Anyone who is different from me is queer. I'm going to be an unusual person. If you don't conform, you're thought queer. I cannot help being born into a queer family. People who are lonely get queer. I am going to queer everything. Everybody thinks I like queer clothes. I'm a queer duck.

Quickness: Unless I am quick on the uptake, I'll lose out. If I don't pick something up quickly, I lose interest. I've got to be quick to be efficient. I have to be quick on the trigger. I hate a slowpoke. I'm quick to anger and quick to forgive. I have to do everything quickly, or I'll never get finished. I've got to quicken my pace in order to keep up with the rest of the world. I have to find a quick way to make a lot of money. I'm going to get out of here as quickly as I can.

Quitter: I can't take criticism without giving up. I'm going to quit the first chance I get. It takes a lot to make me quit but then I'm done. I'm going to quit while I'm ahead. I never finish anything. I stop after I get something started. I'll drop dead before I quit. I won't be a quitter even if it takes my life. If I quit now, I'll never live it down. Once I make my pile of money, I'll quit. I'm afraid to quit even though I know I should. I was born a quitter.

R

Radical: I can't stand anything that's radical. I'd hate to get known as a radical and damage my reputation. I'm not going to get any wild ideas. I'm a radical student. I have to make a radical change. When a thing is radical, it has to be wrong. I'd be sick if anybody accused me of being a radical. I always adopt a radical approach to my problems. Radicals are all very peculiar. I'm a conservative radical.

Rage: I fly into a rage when things go wrong. I keep searching for something to get mad about. I'm not able to control my rage. It makes me good and mad to be told what I can't do. After I start shouting, I have to rage on until I'm worn out and can't go on. If I get angry enough, I do dangerous things without caring. When I go into a rage, I want to be sure everyone knows about it. I like to infuriate people and watch them go crazy.

Rape: I have to take everything I want, or I won't get it at all. I'm the kind who has to make the girls give in to him. I get what I want when I want it, or I hurt somebody. When I can't get a thing one way, I can always get it another. She has no right to discriminate against me. I like to struggle for what I get. A person who tries to keep me from what I want just forces me to try harder. I have to force everything. I do everything the hard way. A reward is no fun if it's handed to me with no struggle. Getting refused is what really arouses my desire. Gratifying my sex drive is my main objective.

Rash: Every time I get nervous, I break out in a rash. Rolling in the grass gives me a rash. Poison ivy always gives me a rash. I break out in a rash when I get excited. I'm going to react in a way that shows. She makes me

itchy. I'll develop something to show for my effort. He has a rashness I adore. I'll never get anywhere if I'm not rash enough to take a chance.

Rationalizing: When I can't do what I like, there's no use in doing anything. I do things that are wrong, but for me, they're all right. I know it's not right to cheat, but if I can beat the government out of tax money, that's not cheating. I know it's wrong to lie, but whenever I say what's right, she punishes me. I never do anything really wrong. It's their fault if I have to do what they don't like. I should never be dishonest, but I see no other way of making ends meet. I'm no angel, and nobody expects I should be. I'll say anything to prove I'm really right. I'll change my behavior someday but not now.

Reacting: It's natural to react to a very bad situation with anger. I've got to react when somebody does something I don't like. I don't feel like getting rid of all my reactions. I have to react. I can't control my reactions. All my reactions serve a purpose. My every action brings an equal and opposite reaction I don't expect. People react automatically like machines. If I didn't react, I'd have to bottle up my emotional pressure.

Reality: I won't look at reality because I don't like what I see. The reality of my situation escapes me. Harsh reality frightens me. I won't face reality until I'm forced. I'll turn aside from reality whenever I think it threatens my position. I'll keep trying until I've converted my dreams into reality. Nothing looks real anymore. I'm going to prove reality wrong every chance I get.

Reasoning: I have great respect for my reasoning powers. When I do anything, I have to reason it through first. I'm so afraid of losing my reason it's driving me crazy. I'll reason with people when they agree to do things my way. I

won't be able to do anything if I have to have a good reason. My mother makes unreasonable demands. I hate to use my head. I can solve my problems by thinking them out by myself. I'm forced to try to reason with a person who is unreasonable so I can change his mind. I'm a reasoning being.

Reassurance: Someone has to give me reassurance, or I'll quit. The good opinion of my family reassures me. If I reassure others, they'll support me. I need something to lean on. I can depend on my mother to stand behind me. I have to believe they admire me. I can't believe he loves me unless he keeps repeating it. I need reassurance before I can go on. I have to be told I'm pretty, or I'll know they think I'm not.

Rebellion: I rebel all over the place when I don't get what I want. If anyone tries to tell me about my faults, I'll walk out. Nobody is going to boss me around. I hate my deal in life, and I'm going to do something about it. There's nothing I won't do. I'm not going to let anybody pass judgment on my behavior. I hate people, and I won't do anything they say. I kick up an awful fuss if I don't get my way. I don't have to take anything, and I won't. I'm going to throw a tantrum until I get what I want. If they try to push me around, I'll push back. I come from rebellious people.

Rebuff: It robs me of my spirit when I'm rebuffed. I always get rebuffed by pretty girls. I don't like to be treated as if I were a nobody. I can't say a thing without being rebuffed. I like putting people in their places. I'll let him know I don't like him. I'll snub them as they've snubbed me. Nobody likes anything I say. He'll let me alone if I ignore him. If someone asks a favor, I'll put him in his place.

No one is going to push me aside. It drives me crazy to be rebuffed.

Receding Gums: My gums are going back on me. I can never make things stay where I want them. When you get old, you start to move backward. I'm good at doing things backwards. I'll just gum up the works. My mouth isn't normal. Receding gums run in my family. I'm going to recede into the background. I can't be perfect, so I'll just draw back. I can't keep anything in its right and proper place.

Recklessness: It's no fun to be safe. I like to be a little bit scared. Nobody is going to call me chicken. I have to be reckless once in a while. I like to live recklessly. It's exciting to live dangerously. I like to do things without considering the consequences. I like to take chances. If it's safe, it's sure to be dull. I like to have a fling now and again. I don't care what happens. I don't want to be a safety expert. I'm going to follow my urges wherever they lead.

Recognition: I am going to make people notice me. I have to get favorable attention. A good job deserves recognition. They don't give me recognition until I no longer care about it. I can't do my work unless I get recognized for it. I've got to get recognition to survive. I'm glad to do anything that will earn me the recognition I need. I'm not foolish enough to act unless I'm sure I'll get the credit due me. The only way to get recognition around here is to die.

Reducing: No matter how I try, I can't reduce. I'm afraid to let go of anything I have. Reducing is torture. Once I get something, I won't take it off. Every time I reduce, it all comes back. Nothing reduces me. Just to spite him I won't reduce. I'll reduce if I get a reward. I'm satisfied with myself as I am. I want to keep everything that belongs to me. When I grow up, I'm going to be a well-

rounded person. Putting it on is more fun than taking it off. I could reduce, but I don't want to.

Regret: I regret just about all the things I've ever done. I have no regrets for the past. I wish I could live my life again. I'm sick with regret. No matter how well I do, I still regret my failures. I regret that I was ever born. I'll never get over my meanness to my mother when she was alive. I hate to think of my past mistakes. I'm all wrapped up in a long list of regrets I can't forget. I've lost so many big opportunities that I wince when I think of them. I'm sorry for what I didn't do.

Rejection: I hate to feel as if I'm not wanted. I'm going to go into my shell for comfort. When others reject me, I feel sick. I have a right to reject anything. If they reject me, I'll reject them. If the truth hurts, I won't accept it. Rejection is one thing I can't take. I'm the one to decide what I dislike. I won't let them reject my ideas without a fight. Their rejection will ruin me. I can't help rejecting people I dislike. My troubles result from my parents' rejecting me when I was born. If my mother favors him over me, I'll get out of her life.

Relatives: My relatives give me a pain. I'm ashamed of my relatives. If I ignore my relatives, they'll stay away. My relatives are the best, and I won't listen to any criticism of them. What I get from my relatives is bad advice. All my family is good for is to relieve me of my money. I am ashamed to admit they're part of my family. They keep butting into my business. Her relatives have no sense. Blood is thicker than water. My wife's relatives get my goat. I can't stand having my relatives living too close to me. My parents are saints. Whenever my dad visits, I get sick.

Relaxing: My tensions won't let me relax. I'm afraid to let go. Once I relax I can't get started again. If I relax I'll fall all to pieces. If I don't relax after I eat, I get indigestion. Until I can relax completely, I can't sleep. I can't relax no matter how I try. If I ever relax my grip on the children, they'll run wild. After a big meal I need a nap. I'm afraid if I relax he'll get the better of me. I'll relax my moral code and be popular.

Release: I can't let go. I'm a hard person to change. Before I let go of something, I have to have an acceptable replacement. I'll keep all I have until I die. If I relax my grip, I'm afraid of what might happen. My safety is in the lies I've told myself. I can't release her from her promise to stay until death us do part. I'd rather protect myself than to depend on God to release me. I'll never admit I need a release. I don't dare to let down my guard. Nobody can make me face releasing truth unless I want to.

Religion: Religion means everything to me. I'm afraid to see flaws in my religion. I can't listen to anything that contradicts my religious beliefs. I hate religion and everything connected with it. If my clergyman has to lie, he's excused. Religion ruined my mother's life, and I won't let it ruin mine. I get so much comfort from my religion I couldn't live without it. Once I go with religion, I'll have to give up my fun. Dad was a religious fanatic, and I'm not going to be like him. I won't consider anything that contradicts my religion. I'm a religious person around people in the church.

Remorse: I can't ever forget my mistakes. I blame myself for whatever happens to my son. I'm guilty and I don't want any sympathy. I get satisfaction from my remorse. I like to indulge in a good cry. My happiness is never complete because it's mixed with remorse. I just can't stand the

memory of my many wrongs. Every day I wake up feeling sad, and I can't get over it. I feel inconsolable when I think about the troubles I've caused. I regret every minute of my past.

Repentance: If I repent I'll be able to start over again. I have nothing to repent. I won't give up what I'm doing. Repentance is good for the soul, but the hell with my soul. I can't repent because I know I've done no wrong. A sinner is saved by making up his mind to repent. I'm never sorry for what I've done. If I repent, I won't have any fun. I have to repent to be saved. Nobody can make me repent. I can't repent when it's not my fault.

Repression: I must hold my impulses in check. I'm held back by the idea of what they'll think of me. I'm not free to let myself go. I should always think twice before I act. I can't do anything with an easy conscience. I'll keep my old accustomed habits. I'm a person whose unsatisfied urges must be hidden from notice. If I acted out my sex urges, I'd scare her away. I'm all boxed in between what I can't do and what I would do if I could.

Reputation: My reputation is my greatest asset. I can't associate with a person who has a bad reputation. I have to work hard for a good reputation. I've got to conceal the facts to preserve my reputation. I judge a person by his reputation. I can't live my reputation down. I don't care what anybody thinks about me. My reputation is mine to worry about. It won't matter what I do so long as it doesn't damage my reputation. I have no reputation, so I have nothing to protect. I might as well have the game as the name.

Resentment: I resent being involved in things I know are wrong. If I had no resentments, I wouldn't be normal. I resent being told what I can and cannot do. I'm so full of resentment I can't think straight. I hate to see his resent-

ment; in fact, I resent it. People's resentment keeps me blocked most of the time. It is impossible for me to drop my resentment. I resent the way my children treat me. Nothing happens to relieve me of my resentment. I resent my lack of control.

Reservation: I have strong feelings of reservation on religious topics. I can't accept new ideas without reservations. I accept the doctrine of my church without reservation. Everything has to be reserved for me. I am too reserved for my own good. I'll be as aloof as I want. Nobody will tell me what to do unless he marries me first. If I can't do it my way, I reserve the right to refuse. I'm all hemmed in by reservations. I can't stand a reserved type of person.

Resignation: I might as well be satisfied with my life because I can't do anything to improve it. I have to take what comes. I am not going to try anymore. It's too late to change now. Nothing works for me, so I won't do anything. I'm resigned to my fate. There's no use looking for a way out because there is none. The whole world is against me, so I'll have to give in. I'm satisfied to be a failure. I give up. The sooner I'm resigned to dying, the easier it will be. This job stinks so I'll resign.

Resistance: I'll never stop fighting what I don't like. I'll resist my conscience as long as I can. I'll never resist anyone who offers me anything I really want. I resist every effort to change my way of doing things. It must be my way or I'll resist. If I resist long enough I'll win. I can never resist a strong temptation. Nobody can bully me into anything I don't want. My desire to tell people off is too strong to resist. I'll put up resistance to people I dislike. I resist change unless I see something in it for me.

Responsibility: Everything I do entails great responsibility. I hate responsibility. I won't be responsible for

something I didn't do. I'm sick and tired of responsibility. I have to be responsible for the children all my life. When I become a parent, I'll have real responsibilities. I'm not going to take on any responsibilities if I can help it. I'm not responsible for anyone's mistakes except my own.

Rest: I just can't rest. After my relatives visit, I need a long rest. If I don't get plenty of rest, my face shows it. I'll never rest until I get my life under control. I need to rest after eating a big meal. I can't rest until I know everyone is safely in bed. If I sleep in the daytime, I can't sleep at night. I'll rest on my laurels. I can't rest until everything's been done. Nothing can put my mind at rest.

Restlessness: I can't sit still for a minute. I can't stay on a job very long without feeling restless. When there is no one to talk to, I get restless. I have to keep on the move. I can't hold my mind on anything. I'm a restless person. Whenever I try to rest, I just toss and turn. I can't wait for what's going to happen next. I can't stay in a place without wanting to change everything around.

Retaliation: I won't rest until I get back at the people who hurt me. Nobody does anything for me and I'll make them pay for that. If someone insults me, I'll fix his little red wagon. Settling an old score gives me great personal satisfaction. I'll get even with the whole world. If I don't fight my battles, I'll never win them. I hit back before they hit me. I'll be unhappy until I get even. If I don't get even, I won't have any self-respect. I'll get even with my brothers before I die.

Reticence: I always take a back seat. It's easier for me if I'm not involved. I like to be in the background. I like to be seen but not heard. I'm not the forward type. Every time I open my mouth, I get into trouble. If I try to talk, I run into opposition. I have to hold back to stay out of trouble.

I'm the quiet type. I'm reticent about speaking up. I'm a reluctant member of my family.

Revenge: Revenge is sweet. I have to seek revenge when they deserve it. If I don't get back at him, he'll think I'm scared. If he interferes with my plans, I'll fix him. I can't control my urge to get even. When my parents try to tell me I'm wrong, they'll wish they hadn't. I'm going to have my revenge even if I go to jail. I won't rest until I get my revenge. When someone gets in my way, he gets tripped. I love to retaliate. My revenge is justified. I'll make him wish he'd never been born. Vengeance is mine.

Rheumatic Fever: After having rheumatic fever, you're never well again. Rheumatic fever is fatal. I just don't have the heart to go on. I'll die if I'm not careful of my heart. I'm going to have them at my beck and call. I'll have to be careful how I live from now on. It makes me sick at heart to hear my mother and father fighting. The pain in my joints is killing me. I have to have something serious to get their sympathy.

Rheumatism: Unless I get my way, I'll find an excuse for not working. The thought of getting old is painful. My body is always full of pain. I get painfully annoyed in every fiber of my being. I enjoy the attention I get from my affliction. When I don't get my way, I get hot inside. I get swollen joints the way others get colds. Older people have many painful situations to inflame them. My parents suffered from rheumatism and I can expect to have it too.

Ridicule: Everybody holds me up to ridicule. I can't take being laughed at. I like to ridicule those who ridicule me. I want to get their attention. I get a kick out of making fun of people. I like to make people squirm. I'm going to attack anybody who makes fun of me. I enjoy hurting people's feelings. Being held up to ridicule is something I

won't ever forget. I'll cut them to ribbons. I'll deride the authorities just to be perverse.

Righteousness: I'm afraid to be righteous because I'll lose my friends. I'll never know how to be righteous. I'm righteous and truthful, so I'm saved. Being right makes me look queer. There is no place for righteousness in the business world. I'm righteous when it gets me an advantage. If I try to be right, they'll accuse me of being a wimp. Righteousness is impractical and dangerous. It's fun to be wrong.

Rigidity: Sleep tight. I'll be a strict father. I have a rigid standard of conduct. Nothing could induce me to yield. I'll have a hard time trying to live up to my parents' strict standards. I'm like a block of ice. I'm inflexible. I'll show no mercy. I refuse to be influenced. I can't back down especially when I'm wrong. The other fellow has to meet my requirements.

Ringing Ears: My ears ring all the time. Ever since she smacked my ear, it rings. The ringing in my head drives me to distraction. If I can hear something, I know I'm not going deaf. I hear bells in my head. She rings a bell with me. As long as I can hear music, I can be happy. I want rings in my ears. They ring the curtain down on me before I'm finished.

Riot: They'll give attention to what I say if I start a riot. Life is exciting when things get stirred up. If I want action, I can always start a riot. I like to see crowds go crazy. Rioting will make the authorities sit up and take notice. I'm a riot. I love to get involved in a riot. Riotous colors attract attention. I like to get people agitated to watch them react. I want my life to become a really big riot.

Rivalry: If they can do it, I can too. I'm a person who's out to win. Everyone at work is my rival. I have to fight for his attention. Rivalry is healthy. Anything that looks like a

contest excites me. My children and I are rivals for my wife's affection. I'll prove I'm the better person. There's not room for both of us here. I get a thrill out of hating my rival. A girl isn't worth having unless I take her from someone else.

Robbery: The prices they charge are sheer robbery. I'm entitled to rob the wealthy. No one's going to rob me. Anyone who tries to rob me will have a fight on his hands. Someone is always robbing me of my best opportunities. If someone robs me, I'll get even. When no one's watching, I can take what I want. If I'm going to get expensive jewelry, I'll have to take it. I can't resist taking money when I see it lying about. I'll help myself when he turns his back. I have very taking ways.

Roots: My roots sink very deep. I'm rooted to the spot and can't move. I have to get to the root of everything. My roots are too deep to pull out easily. Once I put my roots down, I stay put. If I get pulled up by the roots, it'll be impossible for me to survive. I'm going to root only for my friends. My roots are holding me down. The root of my trouble is my love of money.

Rose Fever: Pollen always makes me sneeze. Beautiful roses take my breath away. If I have something wrong with me, I'll have to take a vacation. Roses smell like funerals and that makes me cry. I'm allergic to sweet odors. Everybody has to have a thorn in his side, and this is mine. I'm so ugly that real beauty makes tears come to my eyes.

Roughness: I'm a roughneck. If I get rough I'll get my way. It's rough on me to be the one who suffers. I have to show my strength by being rough. If I'm rough, people will be wary of how they treat me. I'm rough and ready. I can be just as rough as a lumberjack. If people rough me up I

want nothing to do with them. I can't be rough enough to get everything I want. Even my skin is rough and tough.

Rudeness: Good manners are for squares. I don't care how I act as long as I get my way. If I'm rude, I'll be punished. I won't tolerate rudeness. When I'm busy, I can't take time to be polite. I don't like to be rude but I have to hurry. If he's rude to me, I'll be rude to him. It isn't natural to be polite. I keep getting rude awakenings. I have to be rude to win.

Rumor: Someone is always spreading rumors about me. Once a rumor is started, it grows. If there's smoke, there's fire. I'm afraid of rumors. If I say it's a rumor, she can't accuse me of a lie. I'd die if someone started a rumor about my sex life. If I keep everything covered up, the rumor is sure to die. I never listen to rumors. I don't trust anyone who spreads rumors.

Rupture: I'm torn apart inside. If I don't get my way, I'll pop inside. I'm a fragile person and should be handled with care. Nothing stays within its boundary for me. Things will break my way if I pull hard enough. I don't like to make a clean break. I'm under a strain all the time. Unless the tension lets up, I'm going to break at my weakest spot. My insides are tied up in knots. I have a weak spot in my stomach. Somebody is always waiting to stab me in the guts.

Rushing: This eternal rush drives me crazy. I have to rush to keep up with life. If I slow down, I'll get left behind. I'll never reach my goal if I slow up a moment. I won't stop this mad rush until I'm dead. If I hurry I get more accomplished. I have to do everything in a hurry. No amount of rushing brings me much progress. I always hurry but I never get anything finished on time. I'm always in a big rush. They make me hurry up and wait.

Ruthlessness: I'm going to make myself absolutely ruthless. I'm going to run roughshod over them. I can't come out ahead unless I'm ruthless. Everybody'll take advantage if I'm not cruel. I'm going to be ruthless until I make my pile. If I'm coldly efficient, they'll respect me. If he opposes me, I'll knock him out of the way. I can't live with a person who's ruthless. I'd do anything to get what I want.

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Sacrilege: Nothing is sacred to me. I won't be associated with anything religious. I quote scripture and take credit for what I say. I reject God's truth and go my own way. God never did anything for me. If God wants me on his side, first he'd better show he's on my side. I think God must be a devil to create so much trouble. I don't like a God who'd put germs on earth to cause people misery. I don't need God because I have science and medicine.

Sadism: I enjoy watching people suffer. This hurts me more than it hurts you. I am going to pay them back for all I suffered. I like to make people squirm. When they don't like it, I enjoy it. A severe beating never fails to put them in their place. I'm going to make people do what I want even if I have to use torture. A little misery won't hurt anyone. Misery loves company. I try to get the chance to hurt people and make them cry.

Sadness: People's behavior depresses me. All the world is sad and dreary. Nothing good ever happens to me. I can't help being sad when my friends get into trouble. I am miserable, and I'm going to make them miserable too. I'm having a sad time. I'm a sad sack. I feel sorry to see people live on the streets. I'm sick of living and wish I

could quit. Everyone pampers a sad baby. I'm stuck with hardships not of my making. I'm always sad when I hear about the death of a famous person.

Safety: I have to keep thinking about what I'm doing. I'm afraid of moving machinery. If I'm very careful, I won't have an accident. My temper is my safety valve. I have to watch out so I don't have an accident. I'll die before I'd leave my house unlocked. I have to double-check everything. I have to watch what I'm doing so I don't make a stupid mistake. I'm not safe around insane people. I'm safe only when my mother is near. I can take any sort of chance without being hurt because I have a guardian angel. I can't be hurt because I never take chances.

Salvation: I must be quite sure I'm safe. Salvation is for sinners. I don't want salvation if I have to give up all the things I like. I have to work out my own salvation. If I don't sin, I won't need salvation. The only way to get salvation is to go to church. My only salvation is to help others. When you are saved, you don't have to worry, and I'm saved. Love is my salvation.

Sarcasm: I'll be as sarcastic as the next fellow. I have to be sarcastic to assert myself. When I'm in pain, I take it out on others. I enjoy looking down my nose at everybody. I'm never going to let anyone get the best of me. It makes me feel good to get off a sarcastic crack. I'll show them I can be sarcastic, too. Sarcastic remarks make me cry. I like nothing better than to make sport of someone else. I hate a sarcastic bitch. I can shrivel a person with a word.

Satan: I never know when the devil talks to me. I don't want to think about Satan. It's unbelievable that there is an entity like Satan. The devil is a myth for the ignorant. Only by following Satan can I get what I desire. I'd rather follow Satan and have my way than be a repressed goody-goody.

Get thee behind me, Satan. I refuse to believe in Satan. I blame Satan for all my troubles. For fun, listen to Satan.

Schizophrenia: I'm going out of my mind with fear. I'm smart enough to be two people. I'm going to create my own world and live in it. I'm going to make them sorry for what they did to me. I feel all mixed up. My mind's in a whirl. I have to find a way out of here. I'll refuse to have any more to do with people. Nothing arouses my interest. Everyone is out to kill me, and they think I don't know it. I'm going to go off by myself in another world. I can't face any more decisions so I'll stop trying.

Schoolwork: Schoolwork gives me a pain. I resent having to do my schoolwork before I can play. I like school, but I hate homework. I love getting out of doing my schoolwork. I hate school and despise work. Schoolwork makes me sick. If I do too well in my studies, the kids will think I'm a creep. Having to do schoolwork is awful. I'd rather be out playing than in here doing schoolwork. I'll never be finished with schoolwork so I'll drop out.

Sciatica: Nothing can start me. I'm now at a standstill. I'll have something wrong with my leg when I grow old. Whenever I put pressure on my legs, I get a bad pain in my hips. I want someone to take care of me when I'm old. I have to bend over backwards for my mother even though it hurts. My burdens are too heavy to carry. I am not going to bend for anyone. I'll have sciatica just like my mother. The thought of getting old gives me a shooting pain. My nerves are worn to a frazzle.

Scoffing: Nothing looks good to me. I hate other people's ideas. People think they're smart, but I think they're stupid. Nothing I learn from anyone has any value. I'm the person who does all the useful thinking. I know everything that's worth knowing. I have no use for the clergy. I like to

call attention to wrongs I see in others. My scoffing attitude draws attention to me. I'll prove I'm smart. Nobody is going to scoff at me and get away with it. I hate scoffers.

Scolding: She scolds me all the time. I like making people back down. I keep getting scolded for things I didn't do. I hate to be scolded. After I get scolded I'll be twice as bad. I never please anybody. I get mad when I'm scolded. Scolding never does any good. I get sadistic pleasure from her scoldings. Nobody pays attention to me, except to scold. After what I've been through I'll never scold anyone. Anybody who scolds me will get scolded back.

Scornfulness: I have no respect for anyone. Men are so much dirt under my feet. Hell has no fury like a woman scorned. I've no use for anyone's thinking. A scornful look throws me into a panic. I have only scorn for persons in authority. People are easily manipulated with scornful words. I enjoy making someone feel small. I scorn help from my parents. I can wilt anyone with a look of scorn. I speak with scorn to anybody who acts superior.

Scowl: More people notice me if I scowl. I can scare everybody off by scowling. I have to scowl to get my way. By scowling, I make people understand that I mean what I say. I want to look like a schoolteacher. I don't see anything to smile over. If I scowl, I'll make them afraid of me. I always frown when I concentrate.

Seasons: I hate winter. Summer is the season I enjoy. Whenever the season changes, I get ill. I change along with the season. I crawl through the winter so I can spring into summer. I love to see one season change to another. I'd hate to live where the seasons never change. Changing seasons keep causing me new troubles. I always get spring fever. Summer makes me melt. Fall agitates my allergies. I

freeze in winter and catch one cold after another. I'm going to be a man for all seasons.

Security: I'll find someone to depend on. I can't trust anyone except my family. I am going to make sure I have enough money for my old age. Security depends on my income. I'll think about my own security before I think of someone else's. I won't have enough to take care of my family. When things don't work out, I start coming apart. If people won't help me, I can't feel safe. I'll never rely on anybody but me. I am afraid of my own shadow. I'm not sure of anything. I have to stay close to my family to be secure. I need security above all else.

Seducing: I keep trying to find out how far I can go. I want to prove I can sweep a girl off her feet. I'm going to get anything I want. I like to be seduced. When I reach a certain point, I can't stop. I want somebody to take advantage of me. If I can't get her one way I can try another. If I can seduce the girls, I know I'm a real man. I keep on trying until I get what I want. I'll prove I'm as good as anybody. Seduction is an exciting game I love to play.

Segregation: I refuse to mix in among people I don't know. Members of other races scare me. I want no part of a situation that makes me feel insecure. Each person has his place, and he should stay in it. I hate to mix colors. I refuse to rub elbows with people I feel are inferior to me. I don't want to be with people who don't think the way I do. I won't go where I'll get insulted. Mixing races is forbidden. I won't eat with someone who looks dirty. I'm going to mix only with my social superiors.

Self-abasement: I'm no good and I know it. I let everybody humiliate me. I have no ability to do anything. I'm a worthless idiot. I'd make a good doormat. When somebody walks all over me, I'm getting what I deserve. I'm a

low-grade moron. The lower I am on earth, the more I'll get in heaven. I'll do all I can to appear modest. I'm happy to take the blame even when I know I don't deserve it. I'm waiting for the meek to inherit the earth.

Self-abnegation: I have no importance to anyone. I already get more attention than I should have. I'd be no loss if I died. I amount to nothing. I'm just a nobody. Nobody needs me. I'm just a little fish in a big ocean. I try to avoid getting noticed. I can't permit myself to think about me. It's as though I didn't exist.

Self-aggrandizement: I'm better than anybody realizes. I'm much bigger than I get credit for. I'm quite important. I'm too good for the majority of people I meet. I'll build myself up whenever there's any opportunity. I have to build up my ego to impress them with what I can do. I'm going to toot my own horn. I can't be paid what I'm really worth. I'm better than anyone else in my department. I have to fight for the limelight.

Self-centeredness: I'm going to be my own best friend. I am the center of my own world. I'll always look out for myself. My mind is never off me. Other people bore me. I can't think of anyone but myself. Nobody cares about anybody else but himself. I want to be in the middle of things. I don't care what happens to others. I always need attention. My ideas are centered on me. Nobody wants to pay attention to me, so I'll pay attention to myself.

Self-consciousness: Everyone is always drawing attention to what I'm trying to hide. I can't stand having people stare at me. I'm afraid people will find out what I'm thinking. I cannot relax when I'm with people. They're watching to see me make a mistake. I cannot forget myself for a moment. I always do something stupid when I am being watched. The opposite sex makes me self-conscious. I can't

help being self-conscious around adults. I can't keep my mind on what I'm doing when someone watches me.

Self-defense: I have to protect myself from everybody. I always hit the other guy first. I'll never drop my guard. I'll build a wall around myself. The ideal defense is a good offense. I'll put up a good fight. It's everybody's duty to defend himself. I can take my own part. I'll hide in my shell when anyone comes at me. I'm forced to defend myself when someone attacks my ideas. If I'm put on the spot, I'll lie. I won't turn the other cheek.

Self-denial: I'll deny myself so I won't overindulge. I can't appreciate what I don't have. Self-denial is the best way to build character. I'm always the one who gives up everything. They make me give up everything I want. I'll deny myself so I'll be able to save for a rainy day. I was born to be a martyr. Somehow I'll have to make myself live on less. It makes me sick to deny myself of the things I want. Thrift is a virtue. Self-denial comes hard for me. I'll go without everything if I'm convinced it's right. I can deny myself if I have to. I don't like to stint myself. I have to refuse the pleasures of the flesh. I deny myself the things I want to give advantages to my children.

Self-deprecation: I never do anything right. I'm not worth anything. Nobody could love me. I'll never be missed when I'm gone. I haven't earned my right to live. Everything I try always fails. I can't do anything worthwhile. I'm worthless. I'm not good enough to voice my opinion. I don't amount to anything. People never understand me. No one has a good word for me. I hate myself when I make mistakes.

Self-determination: Bossing myself is what drives me on. I'm determined to have my way at all costs. I'll make things come out my way. My life is always under control. I

am the master of my fate. I am determined to do what I want. Nobody gets anywhere unless he has determination. I'm determined to finish what I start. I'm going to pick my goal, and it doesn't matter if it takes the rest of my life to achieve it. When I make up my mind about something, nobody can change it.

Selfishness: I'm satisfied only when I'm getting what I want. If there's nothing in it for me, I'm not interested. I have to think of myself first. It's smart and practical to put yourself first. No one is going to get anything from me. I come before anyone else. I have to think of my own interests. I come first with me. People who are unselfish have the wrong idea. I'm not going to pretend I'm generous when I'm not. I'm not going to share what is mine. I intend to be selfish with my affections.

Self-love: Of all my wife's relations, I like myself best. I'm the most important person around my house. I never can do enough for myself. I'm happiest when I please myself. I adore myself inordinately. Nothing is too good for me. If I don't think a lot of myself, I won't be able to succeed. The one person I have fun with is myself. I'll love myself and then it will not matter whether anyone else loves me or not. I'm about the nicest person I know. I love to look at myself in the mirror.

Self-pity: I'll arrange matters so they'll know how helpless I am. Nobody cares what happens to me. If I don't feel sorry for myself, no one else will. Everyone has what he wants except me. I can't tolerate people who feel sorry for themselves. Self-pity nauseates me. I always get the dirty end of the stick. They are ashamed of me and don't want me around. I feel like a lost soul. I'm sorry I was ever born.

Self-preservation: I never take any chances. After me, everyone else comes first. I'll keep out of trouble. I'll do anything to save my life. I have to protect myself at every cost. I have to take care of myself. I am going to make sure I'm healthy. While there's life there's hope. I've got to guard my welfare. You have to stay alive and healthy if you expect to make a name for yourself.

Self-reproach: I shouldn't have said most of what I've said. I'm my own worst enemy. I'm a failure. I can't do things right because I don't have the brains. I improve through self-reproach. I never could be the person my father was. I'll get down on myself before someone else has the chance. I'm always clumsy when something important needs doing. I lack any confidence in my ability. I can never forgive myself for all my wrongs. Even though I try my best, what I do turns out exactly wrong.

Self-righteousness: I refuse to be wrong. I'm always right. If I'm right, I'll get what I want. I hate to be called self-righteous. I don't commit sins like other people; I just make mistakes. I seldom do anything really bad. I've been good all my life, and I ought to get credit for it. I'm right and they should give me credit. I have to do what my rector tells me if I want to be right. I'm seldom able to make them admit I'm right. My conception of right is good enough for me. I'm never wrong.

Self-satisfaction: I'm good and I know it. I have to satisfy my desires. Everything must be done to suit me. I have to be good to myself. I get a lift from knowing people look up to me. Everything I do pleases me. I'm satisfied with my life. I'll never let anything pass without my seal of approval. I have to have what I want today for tomorrow I may die. I suit me the way I am.

Self-will: I'll do it my way or not at all. I have to be my own boss. I won't do what they tell me to. I have to do the opposite to show my independence. I never change my mind after it is made up. I know what I want and no one can tell me otherwise. I have to make my own decisions. I'm going to rule the roost. I'm going to be the master of my own fate. I'm the head of the house, and I'm going to be the boss. I will not let anyone tell me what to do. If anybody crosses me, I'll make him wish he hadn't.

Senility: I expect to be simple when I am old. I want people to take care of me. I wish I were a child again. I can't face life as it is. If I act young, they won't know how old I am. Someday I'm going back and live my youth over again. If I keep going back, maybe I can try again. The best days of my life were the days of my childhood. If I start acting like a child, she'll take care of me. I want to be mothered. I'm going back to the time when I had no responsibilities.

Sensitiveness: I can't stand as much as others can. I feel everything that is happening. I'd never be able to go through what others take. My feelings are easily aroused. If I'm not sensitive, I might as well be dead. Only crude people are not sensitive. Everything registers on me. I wear my feelings on my sleeve. I was born sensitive. I am sensitive to change. I'm thin-skinned. I'm more sensitive to cold than to heat.

Separation: When things get bad enough, I'll leave. I have to go my separate way. This separation will kill me. We just can't get together. I'm tired of the way things are going so I'll strike out on my own. She keeps pushing me away. This is the end of everything. We were not made for each other. If we ever get separated, it will be the end for

me. I am a separate individual and I'm going to remain that way.

Sex: I'm afraid of getting pregnant if I have sex. I cannot live without sex. I'd die if anyone found out about my sex life. I can't get enough. This is so messy I'm not going to think about it. Sex is a necessary part of everyone's life. Sex is for men. I can't bear the thought of letting anyone invade my body. I'm sure my mother would disapprove. It's hard to get started. I have to get my curiosity about the female body satisfied.

Sex Deviation: I never do things the way other people do. I like to do things differently. I get a thrill out of the unusual. I'm entitled to do as I please. I do everything backwards. I'm going to try everything that pops into my mind. I like to deviate from what's expected. I can't have any fun acting like everyone else. Variety is the spice of life. I'll do it my way or not at all. I have to be different.

Sexual Intercourse: I've got to get back to my mother's womb. I need comfort. Everybody treated me harshly and I need balm. I have to do something to relieve my tension. I have to submit to my spouse. I'll go through with it, but I'm not going to cooperate. I won't give this up just because of advancing age. This is the only fun about having children. If I had to stop, I'd die. There's no other moment when I literally forget my problems. After a victory, I ought to celebrate. I helped a lady in distress; now I want my reward. If I never have to do this again, it'll suit me. Sex is my way to control him. An orgasm lets me unkink my nerves. I shouldn't do this; it's wrong. Nothing is going to stop me from experimenting. The sex act shows I've gained control. After a quarrel we can make each other feel better.

Shame: Feeling ashamed gives me the creeps. I'll never get over my shameful behavior. I'm so ashamed I'll never be the same. I'm ashamed of my family. I feel disgraced when I remember what he did to me. I am ashamed of my body. I'm going to shame people into giving me what I want. I'm ashamed to show my face. I could die of shame when I think of my sins of the flesh. The way the young people carry on today is shameful.

Shingles: I'll conceal it under my belt. I must hide everything I get. Everything goes around me in circles. My nerves are always on edge. I'm infected with the sex virus and it's too painful to hide any longer. I won't get caught in the middle. I have to keep my troubles hidden. I'm surrounded by irritations. I have to keep my nerve up or face a very painful defeat. My painful eruptions come from holding my trouble inside.

Shivering: I shake when I think of the future. It makes me shiver in my boots to think of getting married. I have to keep on the move to keep warm. As soon as I sit quietly, I get a chill. Shrill noises drive shivers up my spine. Dealing with the government turns me into a shivering chunk of jelly. Shivering is the only exercise I get in the winter. When I'm cold I can't help shivering. Every time I hear a strident voice, I shake. I shiver easily.

Shock: A terrific shock knocks me silly. I need a shock to get me started. My life is one shock after another. The sight of blood gives me a shock. I get petrified with fear. I have to shock people into action. Unexpected news is shocking to me. If I don't get bad news gradually, I pass out. News of a sudden death always shocks me. The apathy that I see in society shocks me. I like to say shocking things. It would take shock treatments to straighten out my thinking.

Shyness: I'm afraid to do what everybody else does. I'm a shy mouse. I keep to myself so I won't have to meet anybody. I want to be alone. I shy away from females. I duck behind the door when someone comes to talk to me. I'm the shy, bashful type. I am going to shy away from danger. I'm afraid to talk before a group. I can't help being shy when people smile at me. I'm never at ease.

Sickness: I'm bored sick most of the time. I've got to go to bed at least once a month. I'm sick and tired of trying to go on. I need a good excuse to see a doctor. I am sick of working. Sickness is one of the crosses I have to bear. The only time my children visit is when I'm sick. I'm the first to get sick if anything is going around. I'm going to get everything everyone else gets. I'm sick of my job. If I get sick someone else has to care for me. The management of this company makes me sick.

Silence: I have nothing to say. I'll treat them to a dose of the silent treatment. They won't let me talk so I won't. Nobody listens to a thing I say. I'll never talk to them again. I'll keep my lips sealed. If I start talking, I won't be able to stop. Silence is golden. Still waters run deep. I'm the strong, quiet type. There's just no use talking. I want silence from my relatives. I get all the things I want without saying a word. Silence scares me.

Sin: I detest sin but can't get away from it. Sin is wrong only if you get caught. Nobody really knows what sin is. Everything I enjoy doing is sinful. I belong to Satan. It is human to sin. I have no sins. Sin is my undoing. Sin is the spice of life. I have to believe my sins are forgiven. If I sin I'll never go to heaven. We are all sinners, so I am going to have fun along with the rest. Sin is outmoded.

Sincerity: I always mean what I say. I must prove my sincerity. There's no such thing as sincerity anymore. I

don't want anybody to question my sincerity. I have to be sincere to hold my job. I can't be sincere all the time. I am sincere but no one else is. I can't be sincere without showing it. It doesn't make any difference what I say so long as I am sincere. I can't be more sincere than I am. I'm sincerely interested.

Singing: I'm not happy unless I am singing. I love to stand up and have people listen to me. I have to sing for my supper. If I could sing like my mother, I'd be happy. I have to sing to keep my spirits up. Modern singers don't know what music is. No one is going to make me sing. Singing lets me forget my troubles. When I sing, they hold their ears. I can't carry a tune, nor tell when I'm off-key.

Sinusitis: Everything comes out my nose. I'm all clogged up inside my head. Once I get sinus trouble, I'll have it always. My sinuses are killing me. I can't get anything through my head. I am fed up to the gills. After I clean house, my sinuses get full. When it gets cold, I have trouble with my head. I can't keep my head above water. My nose is out of joint. I'm going to fill up my cavities.

Sister: I hate to share my mother with anyone. I never had a sister and don't want one. My sister is a pest. I need a sister so I won't be lonely. I want to be like my sister. I'm going to be a sister to everybody. My sister is a pain in the neck. I'll never miss her until she is gone. My sister makes my life miserable. I'd like to get rid of my sister. My sister's a doll.

Size: I'm so little I have to make noise to be noticed. A big man always thinks he is better. I'm too small to matter. I have to stay little all my life. My size impresses everyone. Good things come in small packages. I like being a big shot. I'll grow into it if it's too big. I hate to be sized up.

The big fellows always take advantage. Everyone picks on me. I'm too big for my britches.

Skepticism: I'm never sure anything is done right, unless I do it myself. If I can't believe my mother, I can't believe anybody. I know better than to believe a man. No one is going to get the chance to hoodwink me again. I have a skeptical point of view. I can't trust anyone. Nothing is the same anymore. I take everything they say with a grain of salt. I can't accept it as true until I check it. It takes a lot to convince me about anything.

Skin Conditions: I'll never have a clear skin. My skin keeps breaking out. I'm thin-skinned. He gets under my skin. I'm itching to get away from here. I'd like to break out of here. Things are never clear for me. Something is wrong with my skin all the time. My skin dries up in the sun. I have the skin I hate to touch. When I grow up, I'll blossom into a gorgeous person. I'm getting ready to bloom. Sooner or later my guilt will begin to show. As soon as the weather turns cold, my skin chaps.

Slavery: When you work for someone else, you're a slave. I am a slave to convention. I need a schedule to get things to come out right. I'll plan a routine for everything. I slave and slave and never get ahead. I'm too old to change. The old way is good enough for me. I'll spend all my spare time watching television. I'll have to slave to get ahead. I have to be conventional. I'm a slave to my urges.

Sleep: I wish I could sleep all the time. I'd rather sleep than eat. I'm a light sleeper. I have to have my eight hours or I'm no good the next day. I can't sleep when it's hot. I have to get my beauty sleep. I'm afraid to close my eyes for fear I won't wake up again. Sleep evades me. No matter how much I sleep, it is never enough. Once I fall asleep,

it's hard to wake up. I like to sleep but hate the thought of getting up.

Sleepiness: I feel tired at the wrong time. I can't read because it makes me sleepy. I can't keep my eyes open in a warm room. My eyes keep drooping on me. Sleep is a good way to escape my problems. I'm so sleepy I can't stay awake. Driving at night makes me sleepy. I can't sleep at night, so I walk around half asleep all day. I feel sleepy all the time. I would rather sleep than work.

Sleepwalking: I have no control over my actions when I'm asleep. I'll have to keep on the go even in my sleep. Nothing stops me. I never get any rest. Sleepwalking gets me attention. If I'm caught out of bed, I'll make them think I'm asleep. I want an excuse not to stay in bed. I'm never still. When I'm asleep, I can do what I want. I'm going to find out what's going on even when I'm asleep.

Slouching: I can't be comfortable unless I slouch. It requires too much effort to stand up straight. My spine can't hold me up. I'm no slouch when it comes to money. I'm all bent over from carrying this load. If I slouch down I won't be called on. I'm so tall I have to slouch. My head is too heavy for my body. Every time I sit, I slouch. I'll be inconspicuous if I slouch in my seat.

Slowness: I never speed into anything. When I act fast, I get into trouble. I think slowly so I have to move slowly. I have no wish to get started. I'm afraid to start anything on the spur of the moment. I'm slow on the uptake. I have to make a special effort to get started. I'm more dead than alive. What's the use of hurrying when I am not going anywhere. I'm as slow as molasses. I have to rest before I start to do anything. I won't let myself be rushed.

Sluggishness: I am too tired to move. There's no hurry. I might as well take it easy. Everybody slows down after

sixty. Nothing gets through to me in a hurry. I like to take things easy. When you get older, you get sluggish. I don't believe in hurrying. The slower I go, the fewer mistakes I make. I need somebody behind me to give me a push. It's hard for me to get started. Nothing moves very fast for me. I'm sluggish.

Slyness: I don't want them to think I'm dishonest, so I'll be sly about it. I can be sly as a fox. It's smart to be sly. I can be as tricky as the next person. I have to be crafty. People look up to someone who can put over a deal. Slyness pays well. I can't let anyone know what I'm doing. I mustn't let my actions betray me. No one is as slick as I am. I'm so clever no one really knows what I'm doing. I can pull the wool over anyone's eyes.

Smile: I would rather smile than frown. I smile to show my perfect teeth. If I don't keep smiling, I'll cry. A smile can cover up a lot. Smiling gets me a lot of favorable attention. I don't want people to think I'm sad. I can influence people by smiling. I like to smile. I can be happy if I smile. A smile goes a long way with me. I'll smile even if it hurts. I can get his goat if I keep on smiling. I don't dare let my real feelings show.

Smoking: I feel better with something between my lips. I'm going to do all the things I see my friends do. Smoking makes me look important. I should stop smoking, but I can't. When I smoke I do more work. My best relaxation comes during a smoke. I need something in my mouth. I want my pacifier. After I grow up, I'll do all the things my parents forbade. Smoking makes me seem older. Lighting up a smoke gives me something to do in an uncomfortable moment. I'm going to smoke whether I want to or not. Smoking is a pleasure I can enjoy even when I'm working.

I must have something to do with my fingers. I'm dependent on my smoking. I'll never be able to stop.

Sneakiness: I have to be careful not to get caught. If I'm not a sneak at school, I won't pass. I like to sneak up on people. I can get away with anything when I'm sneaky. I'll sneak in and no one will be the wiser. When I don't want them to know my business, I'll conceal it. I hate sneaky kids. Smart people don't let others know what they're doing. I'm going to sneak in and scare the life out of her.

Sneezing: Every so often I have to let go. When I sneeze I get noticed. I'm allergic. I'm catching cold. Sneezing clears my head. Dust tickles my nose. If I can't talk I can sneeze. When I most want to be quiet I start sneezing. A big sneeze always makes me feel better. Pollen in the air makes me sneeze.

Snide Remarks: Nobody can be nasty to me without getting paid back. I like to watch people squirm when I shoot barbs at them. I'm all cut up from cutting remarks. I take what people say as a personal crack. I can dish out more than I can take. When I see a pompous fool, I cut him to ribbons with a perfect squelch. I'm going to make everybody suffer. I can annoy people by what I say. I can cripple a person by tossing hard words into his emotional machinery.

Snobbishness: I am better than anyone else. I'll give strangers the impression I'm a big shot. My family ties justify recognition. I'm better than these clods I work with. I have to make sure I associate with the right people. I have to prove my superiority to everyone. I'm going to make everyone subservient to me. I look down my nose at everyone. I keep my nose up in the air. I only talk to people who will do me the most good.

Snoring: I'm a deep sleeper. I have to work day and night. Men always snore when they sleep. I can't be noiseless. I try to be loud. I like to annoy her. I'm a noisy sleeper. Snoring drives me crazy. If I snore, they will know I'm still alive. I like to hear myself sleep. The only time I can make noises is when everyone is asleep. I have to keep talking day and night.

Solitude: I want to be alone. I do my best work when nobody is around to disturb me. I need a lot of time to myself. I try to get away from my family to think things out. I love to be alone. I'm never going to share myself. I'd like to live on a desert island. Unless I can be alone, I'll never get to know myself. If I stay alone, I'll stay out of trouble. When I keep to myself, I'm never drawn into other people's problems.

Sore Feet: I spend all my spare time kicking. Each step forward hurts more than the last. In my job, I'm sure to have sore feet. My life is too painful to stand. I always have trouble with my feet. I'm going to wear high heels no matter how it hurts. I'm sore from head to toe. When I have to do chores my feet hurt so bad I can't stand up. I can't stand shopping. I'll have bad feet like my parents. My shoes are too tight but they look better.

Sore Gums: My gums get sore when I catch cold. Sour stomach gives me sore gums. I get sore gums when I don't brush my teeth. I brush my teeth so hard my gums bleed. My mouth is my sore spot. If I have sore gums, I can't eat. It hurts to sink my teeth in a job. I gum up all jobs I attempt. My gums become inflamed for no reason. When I bite off more than I can chew, it makes me sore. All my troubles start in my mouth.

Sore Throat: I get a sore throat every time I get my feet wet. I'm susceptible to sore throats. My throat is my

vulnerable spot. It makes me sore to stop talking when I don't want to. I'm always looking for a good excuse to stay home. My in-laws give me a pain in the neck. I won't be free from sore throats until I get my tonsils removed. Breathing cold air hurts me. Nothing can stop me from having one sore throat after another. I feel as though my throat has been cut.

Sourness: My whole outlook has soured. I'm a sour old woman. If I'm sour, they'll jolly me up. I can get what I want by being unpleasant. Everything turns sour for me. Sour foods give me heart burn. Sour food draws my mouth. I can't digest sour foods. I feel sour in the morning until I have a cup of coffee. Everything turns sour when I don't get what I want. Certain foods give me a sour stomach. I can't stand a sourpuss.

Spasms: I'm afraid to let go or I'll tighten up. I can't control my muscles. I never know what is going to happen to me from minute to minute. My nerves get the best of me in a difficult situation. I get convulsed with fear. I get all tied up in knots when I try too hard. I get petrified when I am not sure of myself. I jerk like a puppet at any change in my life. I grow angry quickly and get over it just as quickly. I'm frightened half to death most of the time. I really must pull myself together. I'm a jerk, and they hate me.

Spastic: I never see the coming move. I'm all tied in knots. I can't make my muscles behave the way they should. I tense up all over whenever I'm not able to cope with an emergency. I'm the most unsteady person on the face of the earth. I can't loosen up. I can't control my muscles. I'm in a tight situation, and I can't get out of it. Whenever I move, it is in the wrong direction. I'll blow my top if

I don't keep a firm grip on myself. My brain doesn't control my body in the right way.

Speaking: I cannot express myself in speech. I can't speak up even when I know I should. No one listens to me unless I speak with gusto. My throat is so sensitive, I have to speak quietly. I get so panicky when people look at me that I can't speak. I can't say my words in the right order. I talk as if I had a mouthful of mush. I'm tongue-tied. I can't speak with enough emphasis. I never speak up at the dinner table. Whenever I speak, I expect people to listen.

Speech Disorders: I refuse to speak up. I'll never be able to talk like other people. Talking is hard for me. I want people to listen to what I have to say. I can never make myself clear. I'm always getting stuck. I want to be different. I can't control my tongue. My words never come out the way I want them to. Words do not come to me easily. Speaking is difficult for me. Whenever I get excited, I get tongue-tied.

Speeding: I can't wait. I have to race ahead. I've got to stay in front all the time. No one is going to push me to the side and get away with it. I feel like a big shot behind the wheel. I have to get there first. I always overtake the leader. I can't slow down. I cannot let anybody get ahead of me. No one is going to stay in my way. I'm going to stay ahead of the others. Unless I'm in front, I don't feel right. I won't rest until I'm on the fast track.

Spinsterhood: I want nothing to do with a man. Nobody is going to take advantage of me. Living alone is good enough for me. My company's all I need. I'll stay my own boss. I want everything for myself. I'm not going to spend my life waiting on some man. I don't have to get married to get what I want. The only way to avoid trouble is to stay single. I like being alone. Men are just prancing goats.

Spiritual Sense: Five senses do enough for me. The spirit never moves me to any action. I'll never be spiritually secure. I'm not good enough to be spiritual. I have no spiritual sense. This is something I can't comprehend. I don't need any spiritual sense when I have my Bible. I must die to get my spiritual sense. If my church doesn't teach me about it, I don't really need it. I can't use my spiritual sense on earth.

Spitefulness: I'm going to make him so miserable he'll be sorry he forced me into this. I enjoy aggravating people while I watch them react. When I have a beef, I do things for spite. I always get even. I won't ever let anyone get away with a thing. I'll give him tit for tat just to spite him. I cannot help being spiteful. I get a kick out of annoying people. I'm going to get my way in spite of them. I'm willing to cut off my nose to spite my face to do what I want.

Spots: Every place I look, I see spots. I can always spot trouble ahead. Everyone puts me on the spot. My spots are distinctively mine. I have spots before my eyes. Her clothes are always spotted. I'm in a tough spot and I don't like it. Spots upset me. I keep putting myself on the spot. Splotches keep coming out all over me. I'm always getting spots on things.

Spying: Everybody's business is my business. I enjoy telling on people. I want to be the person who has the juicy facts. I have to know everything that is going on. Everyone watches me. I like to spy on people and use what I see against them. People are watching me so I'll do the same. I have to learn things best way I can. When I need to know something, I should be free to learn it. Everything is fair in love and war. I function like a spy satellite.

Stability: I'll prove how dependable I am. Now that I've made my pile, I won't take any more chances. People

can depend on me for anything. I'm as stable as a rock. I never change. I have to prove my dependability if I want to get ahead. Stability is a sign of maturity. I won't let a friend down. My enemies can expect to have trouble with me. If I change my mind, I'll appear unstable.

Stammering: Nothing I say comes out right. I can't talk as well as I used to. I've lost control of my tongue. I don't trust myself to talk right. I have to repeat myself. After I start I can't stop. When I try to speak, I get tongue-tied. They keep making me talk when I don't want to. I think faster than I can talk. I can't get the words out the way I want to. I can't talk my way out of this problem.

Status Quo: I like my life the way it is and I won't let anything change it. I don't want anything to change me. The way things are suits me. If a person tries to change me, I'll let him know he can't. I can't stand the idea of my changing anything. This is how I am, and nothing can change me. If I changed, people wouldn't like me. If anybody tries to change my way of life, I'll give him a battle. Whenever I make changes, I get more work. I'll keep the status under which I keep my advantages, regardless of who suffers.

Status Seeking: I'm going to go to the top, and nobody will ever stop me. I'll keep on climbing. I'm nothing unless I travel with the right people. I want power so that people will stand in awe of me. A healthy bank account is what's important. I won't be happy until I've made more money than my dad. I won't let anybody get ahead of me. I'm going to use the people I know to get ahead. I'll give enough to charity to guarantee my success.

Stealing: I'm going to get what I can, without a struggle. I'd rather steal than work. I'm going to be like everyone else and take what I want. I'm expert at making things

disappear. When I see something I like, I can't resist helping myself. I have to cheat to satisfy my needs. Stealing is a profession I want to try. I'd be a fool to go through life staying honest. I'm going to steal in without having anyone notice me. I have to do what everyone else does. I'm going to get my share somehow. I have taking ways.

Sterility: I'm scared of having children. No baby is ever going to take my place. I'm losing my ability to love and there is nothing left. I'm not as vital as I used to be. I can't get anyone pregnant. My relationships are very sterile. I can't make a thing grow. I have a sterile mind. The older I get, the less vigorous I become. I'm not going to let a baby spoil my figure. Babies cost too much in time and money.

Stiff Joints: I creak all over. When I get sick, the trouble always settles in my joints. Someday I'll know what it feels like to have stiff joints. I'm never free to move. I refuse to bend. I feel like a stiff. When I get old my joints won't work right. I'm scared stiff. I'm too stiff to move. I feel held down. I can't bend without creaking. I just can't bend. My marriage bores me stiff. I can't get my body to do what I want.

Stiff Muscles: I'm a big stiff. I've got to stiffen myself. I'm bored stiff. I've got to keep a stiff upper lip. I'll always be rigid and inflexible. I'm never free to move. Exercising leaves me muscle-bound. If I'm stiff, I won't get hurt when they hit me. I'm going to stiffen up, and then they won't try to pick me up. I am going to be rigid, and nobody will be able to change me. If I sit in a draft, my muscles stiffen up. When it gets cold, I have stiff muscles.

Stimulation: I need stimulation to stay youthful. I can't be happy unless I'm with stimulating people. I need stimulation to be an achiever. Without a cup of coffee I can't

think. If I'm given something for my trouble, I'll work a little harder. I need a push to get going. There's very little anyone can do to stimulate my interest. With my wife present, I can do anything. I'm a stimulating person.

Stinginess: I have to make each dollar do the work of two. I'm afraid to let go of anything. I need my money more than they do. I'm not the generous kind. If I give anything away, I won't have enough left for my old age. I've worked so hard for my money I'm not going to part with it. No one can make me let go of what's mine. The less you give, the harder they'll try to get it. I have to save all the money I lay my hands on. I'm only being thrifty.

Stomach Trouble: My food forms a hard lump in my stomach. I'm all churned up inside. My stomach acts up when I get angry. Every little change upsets my stomach. It makes me sick to be living in this place. When I've got an upset stomach, I don't have to work. I'm a bellyacher. I can't stomach any more of his abuse. I get sick to my stomach when I think of my relatives. I've got to get a new job or I'll be sick. When I think of my past, it makes me sick in the stomach. Stomach trouble runs in my family. I'm all cut up inside. My stomach is the source of most of my trouble.

Strain: The strain of living is more than I can bear. My struggles are killing me. Everything puts a strain on my heart. Working under pressure overstrains me. It's too much strain to have to earn my own living. Meeting the demands of life is too much. I have to be careful to see that I don't strain myself. As a woman in a man's world I'm under constant strain. Living is a strain in itself. The pace of my life strains me to the utmost. I have to strain my conscience several times a day. I can't speak up without straining my nerves.

Strength: I'll never get back the strength I once had. I don't have strength to face another day. I feel as strong as an ox. If I'm going to be big and strong, I've got to eat lots of good food. I continually have to build up the strength in my body. When I get enough strength, I'll be able to take care of myself. If I don't get my strength back I know I'll die. I don't have the strength to go on. I've got more strength than I know what to do with. I have to be the strong one in my family.

Stroke: The pressure is killing me. Someday I'll blow a gasket. I feel like exploding, and I can't seem to protect myself from it. I can't make my mind do what I want. My high blood pressure is a constant threat of a stroke. My blood is boiling. I push everything I don't like out of my system. If I can't stop this pressure, I'll have a stroke. All my ancestors died of strokes, and so will I. One of these days something will pop in my head.

Stubbornness: I never change my mind. Nobody can make me budge. I refuse to give in. It pays to be unbending. I don't care if I make a pest of myself as long as I get all I want. I'm not going to give up trying. I'm as stubborn as a mule. I refuse to change. I like to resist. I'm never going to cooperate. I keep trying for what I want. I won't let them know what I really have in mind. I can't be stopped when I get started. I'm not stubborn, I'm firm.

Studying: Every time I try to study, my mind wanders. I can't keep my brain working. Studying is for students. I'm no good at books. To get out of work, I'll even study. I can't study at home. If I study, I'll make a good impression. Every time I try to study I fall asleep. The most boring part of school is study hall. My mind goes to what my friends are doing every time I try to study. Studying bores me to distraction.

Stupidity: I feel stupid. I'll never understand what is expected of me. Everything is too difficult to understand. Stupidity is a family trait. I don't have the energy to think clearly. My mind can't be penetrated. I was born in a fog. I'm just stupid. I can't learn anything quickly. My brain is like a sieve. Whatever I learn is soon forgotten. What I need is some intelligence. It takes brains to be really stupid. I qualify for the booby prize.

Stuttering: When I most want to talk, I can't say a thing. I'm forever stumbling over ideas. I have to stop and think. I can't speak right out. I'll never get into trouble if I hesitate first before I say anything. He won't let me tell it like it is. I have to roll every idea over and over before I put it into words. I mustn't say anything until I'm sure it won't hurt me. I cannot talk unless I know I am making a good impression. I can't say anything until I can say it correctly. I have trouble getting my words out when I'm excited. I think a lot faster than I can talk.

Subjectivity: I think inside my own mind. I have to stick to my subject. I'm interested only in things that are important to me. I'll never accept an answer to a problem unless I think it through for myself. I want to be lost among my own thoughts. I'm satisfied to live in the private world of my own thoughts. I must be able to see a reason for everything I do. I act on my own terms. I base my decisions on how I feel.

Suffering: People walk all over me and I have to suffer in silence. My suffering is their fault. I have to suffer to be saved. I'm going to suffer increasingly for my sins. I was born to suffer. I can't suffer his presence. It relieves my suffering to talk about it. I'm the long-suffering type. I'll suffer for everything they give me. If I suffer for my sins, they'll be forgiven. I like to suffer like the martyrs.

Suggestibility: I'm easily led. Anyone can fool me. When someone tells me what to do, I obey. I always believe what I hear. I'm a sucker for the power of suggestion. They can pull the wool over my eyes. I believe everything I read in the paper. I'll try to do everything suggested. Just a little idea gets me going. I like to be led around. Whenever it rains, I feel blue. I never get any good ideas, so I have to follow someone else's. I'm afraid to suggest an idea because I may get stuck with carrying it out. I'm subject to their suggestions.

Suicide: Life holds nothing for me. Someday I'll get up enough nerve to kill myself. I'll never get through this life on my own. If he keeps pushing me, I'll jump off. I'm going to have a spectacular finish. I'll bring everything in my life to a halt. I'd rather be dead than live this way. Suicide is the only way to solve my problems. I give up. I can't take his abuse. I'll be the one to finish myself off. This life is more than I can take. When hope is lost, there's no use going on. I'm headed in the wrong direction, and I can't turn around. I'd rather die than face my fears.

Sulking: I'll show everyone my hurt feelings. I'm going to be difficult. I'll stay here and seem indifferent. I'll make him coax me out of this. I won't talk. When I sulk, people try to pamper me. When I'm not happy I want them to know it. When I sulk I get attention. If I mope around they'll feel sorry for me. I want to be alone. If I sulk long enough, they'll give in to me. I like to express my displeasure. I'll make everybody miserable.

Superiority Complex: I know I'm smart because I can see their mistakes. I can't let anyone think he's above me. I'm never going to admit I'm common. I belong to a superior race. With all my handicaps if I weren't superior, I couldn't get along. I've got to keep proving my superiority

to myself. There is nothing too good for me. I'm better than anyone on this earth. I certainly deserve the best. I have a superior intellect and they hate me for it.

Superstition: I don't dare take a chance. If I break a mirror, I'll get seven years' bad luck. It's hard for me to get rid of my old ideas. I'm quite superstitious. I'll have protection if I wear a medal. I feel guilty if I don't practice my rituals. I'm not superstitious, but I won't walk under a ladder. I'm afraid to go against my superstitions even though they're stupid. I turn my back on a black cat.

Surrender: Somebody always has to give in. If I surrender, they'll think I'm weak. I'm not going to surrender until I'm sure there's no hope. Surrender is the easier way out. When the opposition starts to work, I give up. I'll die before I'll give up. I'm always the one who gives in. I'll surrender even if it kills me. At the slightest opposition, I surrender. I like to make people surrender to me. I'll stop trying if they give me my way.

Survival: I must live. Nothing can enable me to survive another day. Everything I do helps me to survive. Self-preservation is the first law of life. I'm interested only in my own survival. If I want to survive, I've got to protect myself. My survival depends on decisions that are not always honest. I'm going to survive if I have to kill him to do it. I'll do anything to preserve my life. I have the right to survive.

Susceptibility: Anybody can put anything over on me. I'm easily influenced by my family. I hate to say no. I believe everything anyone tells me. I never resist what I'm told. I'm gullible. I have no mind of my own. Anybody can sell me anything. I catch a disease more easily than anybody. I'm a sucker for a kind word. I must be agreeable. I catch every virus going around.

Suspicion: I can't trust anyone in or out of my sight. I'm suspicious of everybody. I cannot trust them to do anything right. Even my mother is scheming to hurt me. Everything they do arouses my suspicion. People keep whispering behind my back. The other kids all get advantages over me. I'm not sure I even trust myself. I'll keep my eyes and ears open and my mouth shut. A suspicious person never gets any unpleasant surprises. I have a suspicious nature. I suspect they're all jealous of me.

Sweet Tooth: I love everything sweet. I'd rather give up anything but candy. I need something sweet to complete my meal. A piece of candy always hits the spot with me. If it isn't sweet, it's not for me. I want sugar in what I eat. Candy may ruin my teeth but I can't give it up. I need something sweet to give me energy between meals. When I am tired, something sweet peps me up. My sweet tooth is one way people can get to me.

Swelling: Strong foods make me swell up. I get bloated after too much coffee. I'm too big for my britches. My joints swell every time it gets damp. I bulge over. I get a swelled head when someone pays me a compliment. I swell up like a balloon when I'm constipated. I can't get rid of my tendency to swell up. This swelling is killing me. My body always gets swollen before I menstruate. I'm swollen all over. He likes me soft and puffy.

Sympathy: I need sympathy. I want to be near persons who are sympathetic to my cause. It makes me feel good to sympathize with others. My sympathies are for the underdog. I must have their sympathy to exist. I'm not happy when I don't get sympathy. Sympathy goes a long way. If I don't get sympathy at home, I'll go where I do get it. I have to show sympathy even when I don't feel it. I have no sym-

pathy for crybabies. I have sympathy for the homeless and I wish somebody else would help them.

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Tactlessness: I'll speak openly regardless of anyone's feelings. When someone asks for my opinion, I'm brutally frank. Nobody is careful of my feelings so I'm careless of theirs. Tact is for diplomats not for me. I'll tell the truth no matter how it hurts anyone's feelings. I can't take time for tact. I'll tell my family what I think of them even if we split up over it. I blurt things out and think afterwards. I always say the wrong thing.

Talkativeness: I have the right to talk when I please. She talks me to death. I'm frustrated if I can't say what comes into my mind. Nobody listens when I have something to say. I can't shut up once I get the urge to talk. It took me a long time to learn how to talk, and I've never stopped. I have to say all I know or bust. I know that the way to hold their attention is to go on talking. I'm always talking because I have so much to say. I'll never let them outtalk me.

Talking: It doesn't matter what I say. I have to talk fast to get everything said. I am better at talking than anybody else. If I start talking, I can't stop. I'm going to talk louder and faster. Talk is cheap. Nobody will shut me up. Talking brings me a lot of applause. It's boring to listen while someone else talks. I sound like a machine gun going off when I get excited. I'm not free to say what I think. I say whatever they want to hear.

Taste: Food tastes bad to me early in the day. If I don't like the taste of something, I'm not going to eat it. Whenever I get a head cold, I lose my sense of taste. After I eat

an onion, I taste it for the rest of the day. A little taste of the truth is enough. Dealing with lawyers leaves me with a bad taste in my mouth. I have bad taste for most things. Once I get a taste of fancy living, I won't do without it. The meals I eat at home are tasteless. I can't bear some people's taste. I have no taste when it comes to decorating.

Teacher: My teacher hates me so I hate her. Teachers always give me a hard time. No matter what the teacher says to do, I do it. Teachers try to make my life unbearable. I can wind my teachers around my little finger. I never trust teachers. I have to use my broad education to teach others. Experience is the only teacher. I'll do the opposite to what my teacher wants. When I grow up, I'll be a teacher and boss the kids around.

Teaching: Someone's always trying to teach me a lesson. I'd never be happy teaching. When I teach, I feel great. I am a born teacher. I'm going to teach her a lesson that she'll never forget. I want a job where I can scare people. I can teach people how to live but they won't listen. Nobody can teach me anything. Teachers are somebody special. I've been through so much I can teach anyone anything. I hate to teach but it's my career.

Tears: When I reach my limit, I break down and cry. Tears are a sign of weakness. I love to hit kids to make them cry. My tears flow easily at funerals. I'm a sucker for tears. When I'm frustrated, I get so mad that I cry. I can't resist a person with tears in his eyes. When I want to get attention, I cry. Beautiful music moves me to tears. Anything sentimental makes me cry. The finality of death makes me cry. Everyone needs a good cry once in a while to clear the air.

Teasing: I have to tease to get my way. I love teasing the other children. I love to tease men with sex. I like to

watch how angry they get when I tease. I like to do things to annoy others. I won't give them a moment's peace. When somebody teases me, I get burned up. I'm always looking for ways to liven things up. If I tease I can get exactly what I want. It gives me a kick to tease people. I can get a rise out of anyone if I tease him.

Teeth Grinding: Each day I have to get back to the old grind. I am always biting off more than I can chew. When I remember his insults, I grit my teeth. My career is no more than a long grind. When I set my jaws, nothing makes me open them. I'd like to bite her big head off. When I think about my problems, I gnash my teeth. They want me to grind out the work, or I'll be fired. I know I shouldn't eat so I'll go through the motions. I'll grind on forever.

Teething: I have to keep biting on something to get relief. I've got to have something to chew on. It hurts when teeth come through the gums. The longer it takes, the more I have to suffer. If I don't have teeth, I won't have to chew my food. It makes me sick every time a tooth breaks my gum. Everybody goes through this trouble. Teething makes me sick. Changes in my mouth give me a pain. The more fuss I make, the more attention I get.

Television: I need something to take my mind off my troubles. I love to be entertained. There's nothing for me to do except to watch TV. I couldn't live without TV. Once I get home, I turn on the television. I like to relax at night and see all the TV shows. I switch on the TV as soon as I get in the house even if I don't watch it. If I couldn't watch TV, I wouldn't know what to do with myself. When I watch TV, I haven't a worry in the world. TV may ruin my social life. I can't stop watching the intimate details of other people's lives.

Temper: If anyone tries to block me, I explode. The louder I shout, the more attention I get. Giving in to my temper is my safety valve. My hot temper matches my red hair. It makes me furious to be criticized. I can command respect if I am bad-tempered. If I had no temper, people would walk all over me. I can't stop losing my temper when they taunt me. When I lose my temper, I lose all control. It doesn't take much to make me blow my top. When people make me angry, I'll let them know it.

Temptation: I'll do as I please when I'm tempted. I can't resist temptation. I can't resist a tempting dish. I can't say no even when I should. I'll never be strong enough to resist all the temptations. I'm too weak to resist temptation. Nothing is as tempting as food. Even though I'm determined to succeed, I can't resist temptation. I'm always giving in to people. I need something to tempt my jaded appetite. I expect God to deliver me from temptation. When I'm bawled out, I'm tempted to quit.

Tenacity: I have to hang on. I won't ever give up. Nothing can make me let go. I'm like a bulldog. I'll try to sink my teeth into each problem. Once I start I never give up. I'm determined to see this through. I won't give in no matter how they try to influence me. I'll hold on with everything I have. It is a case of life or death. If I ever let go, I'm sunk. No one can part me from what I want.

Tension: I have to be ready to avoid danger. If I ever let go of myself, I'll fall apart. I feel as though I have the whole world on my shoulders. I carry my tensions around with me night and day. Tension keeps me on my toes. I have to pull myself together. I have to tighten up my resolve, or I won't succeed. The atmosphere is full of tension; I can feel it. I never can get the tension right. All my trou-

bles come from tension. Tension is my driving force to success.

Terror: I am terrified to be alone. Life is just one terrible thing after another. My terror keeps eating away at my insides. He likes to torture me by terrifying me to death. I'm the terror of the neighborhood. Terror starts when it gets dark. I'm a raging terror when it comes to getting my own way. I can't tell what I'll do if terrorized. I'm in terror of what each day might bring. What people say behind my back scares the living daylights out of me.

Thanks: When I do something nice, I expect to be thanked. I'm never thanked for anything. I have to be thankful. I must thank everyone so I don't hurt their feelings. I can't thank my parents enough. No one can make me say thanks. I don't have anything to be thankful for. If I remember to thank people, I get more. I pay my way with thanks. When I'm a success, it'll be no thanks to my relatives. Thanks to me, my kids have more than I had.

Thinking: I can't think my way through my problems. When I get excited, I can't think. I'm not a thinker. When I'm upset, my mind draws a blank. Thinking is all that has meaning to me. I want it all worked out for me. I can't think of a thing to think about. I have to think things through before I do anything. Every day I come home too tired even to think.

Thinness: I can't build for the future. It's stylish to be thin. I can't afford to look well-fed. No matter how I eat, it never makes me fill out. Meat won't grow on my bones. I'd rather be thin than fat. Nothing I eat changes my shape. I want to be on the thin side. Being on the go keeps me thin. No matter what I do, I can't put on weight. I like being a skinny rail.

Thin-skinned: My feelings are easily hurt. I'm easily upset. I'm sensitive to criticism. I take everything to heart. I'm a very thin-skinned individual. I'm too thin-skinned for my own good. I can't help being thin-skinned. A person like me is sensitive to changes in weather. I'm sensitive about what others think of me. I never learned how to protect my tender feelings. It takes mighty little to get under my skin.

Thought: Nobody is going to know what I think. I have to give every matter serious thought. The thought of changing myself makes me edgy. I can't accept any plan unless it is well thought out. I have to keep planning ahead. I haven't a thought in my head. My thoughts are all about me. I'll never be a great thinker. I keep my thoughts to myself; it's safer.

Thumb Sucking: I need something to hang on to. I don't like that hard thing and sucking softens it. When I'm excited, I need my thumb to calm me down. Sucking gets me attention. This feels so good I won't let go. I like to suck, and I don't like to chew. If I can't have her, I'll suck my thumb. I like the feel of my thumb in my mouth. Sucking my thumb doesn't make me fat.

Tic: I'm a bundle of nerves and I'm showing it. I'd die if I had to keep still. If I keep on twitching, they're sure to feel sorry for me. I have to show how sensitive I am. If I keep on screwing up my face, I won't be able to stop after a while. If I make a face, the pain seems more bearable. I'd like to know what makes things tick. I can't help showing in my face what I'm thinking. If I twitch they won't notice other things about me. It helps me to move when I feel restless. I don't like to be quiet.

Tic Douloureux: I have to show my best face. I can show anyone my real face, but it hurts. I'm two-faced. I

save my good face for my friends. I can't face any more trouble. Pain shoots through me when I face anything unpleasant. I can't face any more painful situations. It hurts to look at evil. I'm painfully aware of the twitch in my face. I have to flinch whenever I think about the trouble I'm in.

Ticklishness: I can't stand to be tickled. When my throat tickles it makes me cough. Nervous people are ticklish. If anybody tickles me, I go crazy. To be tickled is torture. I have ticklish problems. I'm so ticklish I don't let people get close. I panic if anyone tickles my feet. I'm easily tickled. I'll never tickle anyone because I hate it myself. I don't dare let people know I'm ticklish. I love to be tickled; it makes me laugh.

Tightness: I enjoy being tight. Sleep tight! When I'm excited I get tight all over. I feel like a taut wire. Every penny has to count. I have to stretch everything as far as I can. I have to hold a tight rein on him. I need a firm grip on my urges. I'm going to tighten up my controls. Living this life is like walking a tightrope. I have to keep a firm grip on myself. When you are tight, you have to use more self-control. I'm a tightwad.

Time: There's never enough time for everything I want to do. I'm terrified that time is rushing past and nothing good is happening. There is no time. I never have enough time. Time takes away all the things I love most. Time is my worst enemy. Sometimes time goes backwards. Time weighs heavily on me. I have so much time on my hands I'm going crazy. I'm going to have the time of my life. Time marches on and pushes me ahead of it.

Timidity: I'm always afraid. I have to look before I leap. I'm afraid I'll never measure up. I can't do what my parents expect. I'm afraid of my own shadow. I hate bold people and won't be like them. I hate noisy people, so I'll

be quiet. I'm like a scared rabbit. If you aren't timid, you get into trouble. I can't take the offensive. I'm afraid of everybody. I'm afraid to insert my opinions. Whenever I'm tempted to assert myself, I get chopped down.

Tingling: I like to tingle all over. Anticipation makes me tingly. Anything exciting gives me a buzz. I tingle at the thought of something I don't like. If I tingle, I'm alive. I feel like a glass of bubbly. I can't stop tingling. Interference from relatives makes me tingle. I like it tingling cold. Driving a fast car gives me goose bumps. If someone gives me my way I feel tingly with anticipation.

Tobacco: I have to pretend I like this even though I don't. Tobacco smoke makes me dizzy. Cigar smoke makes me sick. Tobacco is one of my minor vices. The smell of tobacco is manly. My father chewed tobacco, and I'm going to do everything he ever did. Once you get the tobacco habit, you can't break it. Tobacco grows in the fields so it is a good crop. I'm going to do everything my mother told me not to do. Smoking is one pleasure I won't give up. Tobacco is a natural product so it can't hurt me.

Toenails: I'm going to pieces at the ends. My nails are soft. It doesn't matter if my toenails look strange because my shoes hide them. My nails are the ugliest part of me. I'll have trouble if I cut my nails too short. Everything turns in for me. As long as nobody can see your toenails they don't matter. When anything goes deep, it hurts. I have my mother's troubles also. My body is turning against me.

Toilet: I only get privacy on the toilet. Sitting here is a waste of time. I do my best thinking on the toilet. I can't get off until I do something. I don't do things easily. As soon as I have my morning coffee, I go to the toilet. I have to sit and concentrate before anything happens. I'm afraid of that part of my morning toilet. I'm going to hold myself

in. I always have to go after a meal. Sitting here too long gives me hemorrhoids.

Tolerance: I can't tolerate opposition. If I'm going to tolerate them, they'll have to make it worth my while. I can't tolerate a bossy woman. I can't be tolerant of advantage takers. I get nervous with people around me. I can't stand people who disagree with me. I won't associate with people who are beneath me. I pride myself on my tolerance. I preach tolerance to be right. I have to tolerate their abuse or I'll lose my job. My body can't tolerate hot weather.

Tonsillitis: I can only keep quiet when something is wrong with my throat. They won't let me talk, so I'll fix them. My throat is killing me. My throat catches germs. I always get it in the neck. When I get too tired, my throat closes. All kids have their tonsils out. I'm not going to miss one thing. Everything sticks in my throat. I'd rather have my throat cut than put up with their neglect.

Toothache: It's painful when anything goes bad. My teeth hurt when I eat candy. A toothache is a good excuse to be sent home. There's nothing worse than a toothache. Stupid people set my teeth on edge. Taking care of my teeth gives me a pain. I can stay home if my teeth ache. When I eat something icy, I get a toothache. I'll never stop the pain until I get my teeth pulled. My teeth are very sensitive. My roots are in so deep it hurts to pull them out.

Tooth Decay: I'm like my mother so I'll lose all my teeth too. I have rotten teeth. The older I get, the more I lose. I'm all broken up. I can't keep anything long. My teeth are soft and decay easily. I get holes in everything. Everyone wears dentures when he gets old. My teeth are so bad I see my dentist every few months. My own teeth are too much trouble. I'm not going back for more lectures on dental hygiene.

Torture: I'll torture him until he gives in. Everyone is trying to torture me. It's torture to get up in the morning. The tortures of everyday life are killing me. I can't help inviting people to torture me. Going to the dentist is torture. Just being alive is slow torture. I like to cut myself up. I'm going to torture her the way she tortures me. He tortures me to see me react. My job is torture. I feel like I'm walking on hot coals.

Touchiness: I won't put up with anything I don't like. I don't want anybody to touch me. When I'm tired, I'm touchy. I can't stand anyone pawing me. I'm the touchy type. I don't like anybody to come within touching distance. I like people to hug me. Women are too touchy for me. I'm not a soft touch. Parents get touchy when their children misbehave. Religion is a touchy subject and so is money.

Toxemia: When I'm sick, I get toxic. I can poison myself with bitter thoughts. If I don't eat right, I'll poison my system. I have a poison pen. Hatred poisons me. Strong foods make me toxic. Spicy, hot food has a toxic effect. It doesn't take much to upset my system. Being pregnant is sure to make me toxic. Rage pours poisons into my bloodstream.

Tragedy: My life is nothing but one long tragedy. I'm the one who has to carry on when tragedy strikes. It's a tragedy when things don't go my way. I lead a tragic existence. Life is always tragic to me. I'm always looking for a tragedy to happen. There's always some terrible trouble. A tragedy in my life makes me go to pieces. I am helpless in the face of tragedy. Tragedy dogs my footsteps. My involvement in other people's tragedies is more than I can take.

Trance: I won't wake up and face reality. I've learned to sleep while I work. I walk around in a trance most of the time. I'm in a daze. I'm dazed by what goes on around me. When I first get up I walk around in a stupor. I like to be awake and asleep at the same time. No one can relieve my bewilderment. I'd like to stay asleep. I feel only half awake. I'm in a fog. A long-winded speaker puts me in limbo. I can't be hurt when I'm dazed.

Travel: I'm ready to go at the drop of a hat. I can broaden myself with travel. I have an itchy foot. I'm afraid to stay in one place too long. I have to keep on the move or go stale. When I grow up, I'm going to travel all the time. I have to get out of here in a hurry. I want to go everywhere before I die. I'm always going around in circles. I've got to get as far away from home as I can. Whenever I see a picture, I get an urge to go and see the place for myself. I like to be on the move when the weather gets warm.

Trembling: I feel unsure of myself. I tremble when I make a mistake. I have to go two ways at once. I don't know if I should run or stand still. When I get excited, I lose control. I can't keep myself steady. In an emergency I can't decide what to do first. When I think of what's ahead of me, I get shook up. I have to feel that I am moving in all directions. I am afraid to go and afraid to stay. If anyone yells at me, I shake in my boots.

Tremors: I'm my own worst enemy. I quake at the thought of trying anything new. I have a shaky hold on my sanity. Their indecision gives me the shakes. I keep pulling against myself. I'm going to shake off my trouble. I never know which way to go next. He keeps me stirred up all the time. The future looks very shaky to me. When things go wrong, it shakes me to my very foundation. I'm forced to

stop and start at the same time. I have to shake myself to keep moving.

Trespassing: I always go where I don't belong. I like forbidden territory. It's fun to overstep my bounds. I'll kill anyone who trespasses on my property. This is a free world; I'll go where I please. No one can tell me where I can't go. I'm a free agent, and I can go anywhere. I like to do all the things I shouldn't. I'm always stepping over the line. I'm going to walk anywhere I feel like walking. I'm a trespasser who needs forgiveness.

Trickery: I have to use trickery to get along in this world. I'm a tricky little devil. I love to trick people. I'll need a bagful of tricks to succeed. I'm going to trick them all into giving me what I want. You have to be full of tricks to get along. I'm the trickiest person there is. Only tricky people succeed. Trickery never gets you anywhere. Tricky people think they're smart. I'm going to scheme my way into his affections.

Trouble: Work is too much trouble. Everything I say gets me into trouble. Trouble dogs my footsteps. I'm up to my ears in trouble. No matter how I try, I can't stay out of trouble. I'm going to make trouble for both my parents. I'm dragged down with trouble. People keep telling me their troubles. I'm always in trouble. I have to keep my troubles to myself. I go from one troublesome situation to another. I'm a trouble shooter in my job.

Trust: Nobody trusts me. I have to learn to trust people. I can't have confidence in anyone. I want people to trust me. Never trust anybody, and you won't be disappointed. I'll trust him as far as I can throw a piano. I can't trust anybody. I'm afraid to put my trust in new information. I can't trust myself around food. I can't trust someone

who won't trust me. I cannot trust other people's judgments. I trust everyone.

Trusting God: Trust in God and keep your powder dry. Trusting God is taking a chance. I can't depend on anybody but myself. I want to trust God, but I can't. Putting all my trust in God is a risk I'm not ready to take. I'll pretend I trust God. I can't trust anybody I can't see. I can't trust myself, so I couldn't trust anyone else. I'm afraid God won't answer my prayers. I can't trust God to be fair.

Truth: Truth is too terrible to face. Nobody knows what truth is. The truth hurts, and I can't take any more hurts. The truth is in no one except God—maybe. I'd kill myself if anyone discovered the truth about me. No one can make me accept truth if I don't want to. The truth is too much for me. The truth is no one's business but my own. Every time I tell the truth, I get into trouble. The truth makes me sick. Truth is for the simpleminded. Truth gives me a pain. Truth leaves me cold. I'd rather die than face truth. No one can tell me truth except my church.

Tumor: I like to grow things for myself. My trouble keeps piling up inside. This thing inside me just keeps growing. I'm going to build myself up to impress people. If you don't have a baby, you'll have a tumor. I've grown in the wrong way. I'm filling up my insides. I'll grow and grow and never get to the end. I keep getting bigger. This is too much to keep inside any longer. I'm going to grow from the inside out. I have to take my lumps without complaining.

Twitch: I'm a little jerk. Old people develop a twitch. Part of me wants to go and part of me wants to stay. I can't sit still and do nothing. Something inside me makes me want to be on the move all the time. They'll know I'm not dead if I make a movement they can see. I'll never get over

my loss. When I itch, I twitch. I can't make up my mind one way or another. Nobody pays attention to me if I am still and do nothing. I can't help twitching.

U

Ulcers: I have to eat up everything and everything will also eat me up. Someday I'll bleed to death inside, and nobody will know about it until it's too late. I can't stomach anything. Every successful executive has stomach ulcers. When things go wrong, I feel it in the pit of my stomach. I bleed for all the oppressed people. My stomach works all the time. Ulcers give me a conversational topic. I have to keep up with the crowd. They are all eating me up. When I'm sore, it upsets my stomach. My frustrations keep eating a hole in me. I have an acid attitude.

Unbelief: I won't take anybody's word for anything. I don't have confidence in what my boss tells me. Nobody can get me to believe anything. I can't believe anyone anymore. I must have proof for what I believe. I won't accept someone else's word. Someone is always stringing me along. I'll never believe anyone ever again. I refuse to believe the worst of people. I have to see it to believe it. I am a tough person to convince.

Uncertainty: I'm never sure of myself. Nothing is certain but death and taxes. Life is always uncertain. No one can predict what I will do next. I can't be sure of anything. Tomorrow may never come. I can't stand being uncertain about anything. No one knows what the future may bring. Uncertainties are a challenge to me. The uncertainty of what is going to happen next is going to kill me someday. I'm never certain he's telling the truth.

Underdog: I'll get sympathy if I am the underdog. I always wind up on the bottom of the pile. I am always the underdog in a sports event. I have to side with the underdog. Everybody roots for the underdog. They're always pushing me around. I like to be down under. I started at the bottom, and I'm still there. If I stay underneath, my mistakes won't show. When you're all the way down, you can't get up without help. Everybody pities the underdog. I am not good enough to be anything but the underdog. Once they get you down, they never let you up. Someone always kicks me when I'm down. I can't stand being the underdog.

Understanding: I have to understand what I'm doing, or I can't do it. I'm a very understanding person. I'm never supposed to understand. No one understands everything. If I understand too much, I'll have to do too much. My understanding doesn't come up to other people's. I have great understanding. I can't understand why nobody understands me. I can't understand why anyone would prefer to live on the streets. I can understand some things, but I'll never understand truth. I won't try to understand anything.

Underweight: I never put on any weight. I always stay the same. I like myself the way I am. They're not going to fatten me up so they can eat me. They hate me so I won't eat their food. Nothing puts any weight on me. I can eat twice as much as anybody and it never shows. I can't carry as much as other people. If I stay thin, I can be a model when I grow up. Stylish people are always thin. I should be slim as a willow wand.

Unemployment: I can't hold a job no matter how hard I try. Nobody wants me around. I'm useless. No one appreciates my abilities. I can't take the responsibility of a job. I hate to work. I can't keep a job. I won't last, so it's no use applying. I can't keep anything for long. I'm not happy

when I have to work. This job isn't good enough for me. I am unemployable.

Unforgiving: I'll never forgive him for what he's done to me. If he won't forgive, I won't either. I can be as hard as a rock. Lying is not forgivable. I can't forgive and forget. Once I take a stand, I'll never reverse. I'll never forgive myself. I have an unforgiving nature. I'm not the forgivable type. When someone wants me to give in, I won't. I never forgive an injustice.

Unfriendliness: Most people are not worth my friendship. Friends are people who take advantage of me. I don't need friends. I want to be alone. I'm afraid to make friends. I can be downright unfriendly when I want to be. I don't want more friends. No one can hurt me if I keep to myself. There is no such thing as a true friend. I can't be friendly with people I consider to be beneath me.

Unhappiness: Everybody feels sorry for me when I'm unhappy. I can't get happy. I have nothing to be happy about. My unhappiness is eating away inside. I'm the unhappiest person on earth. Every time I'm happy, something happens to spoil it. Nobody can make me happy. Money is at the root of my unhappiness. Nobody can be happy about the high suicide rate. Thinking people aren't happy people. I can't be happy about what goes on in Washington.

Unity: We have to stick together. In unity there is strength. I have to hang out with my friends. I have to belong to a group. United we stand; divided we fall. I have to unify my efforts to succeed. It is important to stay together to win. I cannot find unity of purpose with anyone. The team is what counts. Group thinking gets results. I don't dare to get on the outside looking in. I'm not going to unite with those I consider beneath me.

Unreality: Life is a nightmare. I'd like to escape into a world of dreams. A curtain has fallen over my mind. I like to push the truth away. Life is really just a dream. I can't be fully awake. If I dislike something, I act as if it isn't true. I can change things by imagining they're changed. I won't accept a thing just because it is true. Everything appears unreal. Life is never what it seems. I can't see things right. Life is never really bad if you pretend it is the way you like it. There is an element of unreality in everything I think.

Unrest: I can't sit still. I'm a very restless person. I don't know what it means to rest. It's impossible for me to do nothing. This quiet makes me jumpy. There is no rest for the weary. I have to keep moving all the time. The unrest in this world is very depressing. Under the surface I'm churning all the time. Something inside keeps me on the go. I live in restless times.

Unrighteousness: It doesn't pay to be right. I get tired of trying to be right. I want to be a holy terror. I hate to be right all the time. Righteous people aren't popular. The only way to get noticed is to be wrong. You can't get anywhere trying to be right. If I'm going to have fun, I can't be righteous. I'm always wrong no matter what I do. If I try to be right, they'll think I am queer. People who try to be right are weird.

Untidiness: I'd rather be untidy and well than neat and sick. I'm not going to spend my time picking up after others. Everything doesn't have to be in its place. I can't stand people who are untidy. I live in a mess all the time. I'm too busy to take time to be neat. I like to be sloppy. It's no use tidying up when you have kids. Untidy housekeeping makes me sick. Busy people haven't time to be tidy.

Untrustworthiness: I'm not very honest. Nobody trusts me. When somebody trusts me, I can't resist taking

advantage of him. I'm sure I wouldn't trust myself to do what I should. I never do a job right. I'm unsure of myself in dealing with others. I think the people who don't trust me should be fired. I sometimes try to be honest. Nobody can be honest all the time. I need friends who will lie strategically when the situation requires it but be honest with me. It doesn't pay to be honest. I don't trust myself when it comes to money.

Untruthfulness: I lie only for good reasons. Nobody is able to be absolutely honest and make a good living. The lies I tell are always necessary. I'm not willing to meet the price of truthfulness. Little white lies are the kind I tell. I rely on the power of the lie to stop trouble for me. Truth has no power. If my position is strong enough, I can afford to be truthful. I lie to protect people's feelings. Only sissies tell the truth. I can't tell the truth and still be popular. I have to protect my best interests. I speak the truth when it serves my purposes.

Uremic Poisoning: I'm sick of what I have to do. I won't go if they try to force me. I'm going to poison myself. I'm going to keep everything I have. I don't dare let go of anything. I'm going to hold myself in even if it kills me. I have to hold on to everything I have. I'm not going to go the way other people do. I can't get rid of my poisons, and they're killing me. I want to go all the time, but I'm unable to move. I'll keep everything bottled up inside.

Urinary Trouble: I can't let go. I can't stop running long enough to get anything done. I have to keep going all the time. I can't get started. My personal needs keep me on the go. I can't make myself go. I do things in fits and spurts. I'm blocked. I have to keep everything bottled up in me no matter how it hurts. It's hard for me to let go. I can't

hold my water. I'm a drip. I won't move a muscle to control my bladder.

Uselessness: Nobody has any use for me. I feel useless. I can't make myself useful. I'm useless to everyone including myself. I am no longer useful so I might as well die. If people consider me useless, I can use them. I can't find anything to do. I'm getting nowhere fast. The older I get, the more useless I am. I feel like the last rose of last summer.

V

Vacation: I'll die if I don't get a vacation soon. Everybody gets a vacation but me. If we don't go away for my vacation I won't let them forget it. As soon as I stop working, I'll feel miserable. My vacations are always a letdown. I need a vacation from my problems. I have to get sick to get a vacation. I can't wait until it's vacation time. If I can get married my vacation will go on and on. I never know what to do with myself on my vacation. I never have the fun I think I'll have.

Vacillation: Nothing ever stays steady with me. Everything jumps around and I lose control. Nothing ever remains the same. Life is like a merry-go-round. I can seesaw back and forth so I can stay on the winning side. I'm not sure of my ground. I do not know which way to go. Everything skips around and I don't know where it will stop. Everything fluctuates. I can't make up my mind about what I should do. I vacillate among my judgments.

Vagueness: I have to be vague to keep people from learning I don't know what I'm talking about. I'll cloud the issue. I never have the vaguest idea of what's happening. I'm only half as vague as I act. Everybody is vague but me.

I'm never able to come to the real point. I'm not sure of what I should say. Things are really too complicated to be understandable. I don't like to commit myself. I have to act as though I know what's going on even when I don't.

Vanity: I'm quite vain. I have to keep looking at myself. If I show my superiority, they'll try to imitate me. I keep talking about my good points. I get depressed whenever I think about anything but myself. Only my belief in myself keeps me moving. Women are vain. All is vanity. I couldn't be as good as I am without knowing it. I love to put on a display. I'm very proud of myself. With me, it's not vanity; I'm really beautiful.

Varicose Veins: I'm splitting up the middle, and I can't stop. My veins are swelling. I'm going to swell up and burst. As I get older, things start to come apart. I'll split at the seams if they don't let me alone. All my troubles stick out. I've lost my elasticity. I can't stand on my own feet anymore. When I'm on my feet for a time, the blood builds up in my legs. Varicose veins come with age. I need new paths to follow.

Vehemence: I have to say everything with emphasis. I'm going to tell them what I think in no uncertain terms. I'll make my point if I have to get vehement. I talk with vehemence so they'll listen. I have to make my words get some action. I'll talk as though I mean it. I have to be vehement to get good results. I mean what I say when I say it. I have to show them up. I'm going to tell them off with vehemence. When I criticize, I do it with vehemence.

Venereal Disease: I want to be a man of the world. I catch everything that can be caught. I'll take every kind of chance. Bad contacts make you suffer. I am not going to miss anything. I won't be infected if I'm careful. I always get something I'm trying to avoid. I can't take time to be

careful. I'm going to live dangerously. I want to be worldly wise. I am too smart to get caught. Nice people don't have venereal diseases.

Vengeance: I'm going to get even if it's the last thing I do. Nobody can insult me and not have to pay for it. I never let anybody get off easily. Revenge is sweet. I'll get back at everybody who wrongs me. The Lord said, "Vengeance is mine," and I'm going to help him get it. I'll defend my honor against anybody. I'll prove that no rascal can get the best of me.

Vexation: I can't stand this any longer. I'm so mad I could cry. They are always trying to get me worked up. I can't stand being annoyed. I am so irritated I can't think straight. When I'm annoyed, everybody gets under my skin. It burns me up that I cannot get even. I can't stand to be picked apart. This indecision and anger are driving me insane. Every little thing bothers me.

Vindictiveness: I am vindictive toward the neighbors. I'm going to watch for every chance to get even. If anyone interferes with me, I'll let him have it. I can be twice as vindictive as he is. If I'm vindictive, they'll always be afraid to hurt me. I must retaliate when someone injures me. I have to stand up for my rights. I've got much to pay back. I'm going to get even if it's the last thing I do. I'm going to pay back every wrong.

Violence: I have to get violent to get my way. Nobody pays any attention to me unless I get violent. I have a violent nature. Life is nothing but one violent confrontation after another. I'm going to die a violent death. I live by the code of the jungle. When I get mad I get violent. Nothing is ever accomplished without violence. When things displease me I blow up. My activities are based on violence. Once I make up my mind to be violent, nobody can control me.

Virus Infection: I get everything everyone else has. I have to have the unusual. Bugs bring me all sorts of trouble. I like bugs. Virus infections are hard on me. Every time I get a fever, I'm sure it's a virus. Each new infection lays me low. If I get tired and rundown, I'll be sure to get a virus. I get what my friends have. I am very good at catching cold. My immune system can't handle viruses anymore.

Vision: I can't see anything in this world for me. I don't want to see anything ugly. I take a dim view of what is going on all over the earth. My whole life is out of focus. The situation I'm in is too frightening for me to look at. I can't see any future in my job. If I were nearly blind, they wouldn't scold me for being clumsy. I've spent my years looking for truth without ever finding it. I take after my mother who had bad vision. I don't see my way clear to do anything. If I don't look, I won't see. There is no use looking for what I can't see. I'd like to get to the stage where I see no evil.

Visions: I don't believe in a spiritual sense. The more I try, the less I can visualize. I can believe no more than what I have experienced. I can't see a thing in my mind. Visions are the bunk. I can't do any of the things I really most want to do. I think visions are spooky. Saints get visions but I'm not a saint. I can't picture a thing. The idea of visions is scary. I want nothing to do with hallucinations. A thing has to be down on paper before I'll look at it. Only schizophrenics have visions. I'm a person of vision.

Vocation: I put my career ahead of everything else. I'm married to my job. My job means more to me than my marriage. I can't do a job that doesn't suit me. The most important thing in my life is my vocation. I'm not going to be tied down to my job. I can't decide on the right vocation. My vocation is the only important part of my life. My fa-

ther selected my job, and I don't like it. If I can't do what I like I'll do nothing.

Voice: I have no voice. If I'm going to work like a man, I'll sound like one too. My voice is my bad luck. I can't control my volume. I'll never have a voice around here. When I'm emotional my voice cracks. My voice in the government is my most prized possession. If I lose my voice, I don't have to take a stand. I get a deep voice when I get tired. My voice never counts.

Vomiting: If I see someone getting sick, I also get sick. I have to bring everything up. In order to please her, I'd have to spill out my guts. The sight of blood makes me barf. I'll get rid of everything so I can start fresh. I have to bring up everything I don't like. The smell in a hospital makes me ill. When I eat too much, I throw up. A dirty house makes me sick in my stomach. I must bring up everything to be safe.

Vulgarity: I like to say things that make their hair curl. I want to sound like my boss. I'm going to say the things that make me sound like a big shot. People like me when I'm down-to-earth. I'm dirty and I don't care who knows it. I know nothing but the seamy side of life. I can't have fun without being vulgar. I have to act tough. I haven't learned to control my tongue. I have a dirty mind. I'm vulgar when it gets me my way.

W

Walleyes: I try to keep my eye on everyone at once. I must see everything. Things never remain in the same old spot with me. I have to look at everybody I talk to. I can't make my eyes behave as they should. Nothing can get outside my vision. My eyes keep darting back and forth. I

can't let my eyes remain idle. I need eyes in the back of my head. To get anywhere, I must travel along two different paths at once.

Wanting: I'll do the things I want to do. I want for nothing. Nobody wants me. I just want to get my way. I see no reason why I shouldn't satisfy my wants if I can. I want more than I have. My wants are simple. I'll get what I want by wanting. I can want harder than anybody I know. I'm always wanting what I can't have. I won't be deprived of my wants. I want what I want when I want it. I never get the things I want. I can't stop my habit of wanting things. I have been wanting all my life. All I want is everything, and I'll get it. I want more all the time.

War: If I ever go to war, I won't come back the same. I get paralyzed thinking about another war. War frightens the life out of me. If a war comes, I'll be left alone. A war gives people good jobs. I'll never be able to see why we have wars. The thought of war makes me depressed. I'm deathly afraid of the bombs. I wish we would have a war so we'd know where we stand. The constant threat of war keeps my nerves on edge. I'll be glad when wars are no more.

Warts: If I pick up a toad, I'll get warts. My hands are full of lumps. I'm going to have a wart on my chin like my mother. I'm a worrywart. I'll grow all my own things. I'm going to have something I can pick at. I've got to have everything other people have. All my bumps come up to the surface. All our family has warts. I have to get my bumps the hard way. My troubles are always little ones.

Washing: I don't care how dirty I am. I hate to wash. It's too much trouble to wash, especially behind my ears. If I don't get clean I'll be scolded. If I don't wash my neck, I'll have ring around the collar. If I don't scrub until I dam-

age the skin, I won't get clean. I'll keep washing all the time. When I grow up, I'll never wash. If I wash my face often enough, I'll be beautiful. Every twenty years the world gets washed down in blood.

Wastefulness: I can't afford to waste a thing. I'm wasting away. I'll waste my life if I want to. I'm careless about money. I'm wasteful and I can't stop being wasteful. I'm forced to be wasteful by the system. The more I waste, the better I like it. I can't conserve on anything. I can't be happy if I have to be careful all the time. I have so much I can afford to waste it. I won't try to be sparing of anything. I've got nothing better to do with my life.

Wavering: I can't quite make up my mind. My mind is always in a dither. I'm never sure where to turn. I have to keep going back and forth. I'm neither here nor there. I have to be sure to get on the side of the winning team. My mind keeps vacillating. I'll refrain from making any definite decision. I'm deathly afraid of making a mistake. It's hard for me to make a decision. I can be popular by staying on the fence. I like to keep people guessing.

Weakness: Sickness takes all my strength. I'm a weak character. Weakness is a female thing. Everybody grows weaker as he grows older. I've got a weakness for women. They won't expect me to work if I'm weak. When I get up to talk, my knees get weak. I'm as weak as a kitten. My diet makes me weak. My resolve weakens when I see the fun other people have. Laughter leaves me weak. My weaknesses will be the death of me. I'm always weak about saying no.

Wealth: Someday I'm going to be rich. The only thing that's important is to become financially independent. I'll pile up enough money to earn respect. After I make my pile, I'll think about being unselfish. If I have enough

money, I can afford to be sick. Money is my god. No amount of money could really satisfy me. I give 10% to the church so I'll get more prosperous. I've got a wealth of problems.

Weariness: By evening weariness descends on me like a cloak. If I work all day, I'm certain to be tired at night. I grow weary of hearing people complain. I'm so weary of it all I could lie down and die. I'm tired of living. I'm weary in well-doing. I get weary of listening to people's hard luck stories. Motherhood is a wearisome job. I get sick and tired of their bickering. I get a lot of pity when I'm worn out. When I'm weary, I have to go to bed. Much study is a weariness of the flesh.

Weather: After a long hard winter, I need time to recover. As soon as the weather gets warm, I get restless. I decide how I feel by the weather. I can't breathe when it's excessively hot and humid. When there's dampness in the air my aches and pains come back. Gloomy weather gets me down. It scares me when bad weather sets in. Talking about the weather is always safe. I always get sick when there's a change in the weather. I can weather any storm.

Weeping: Funerals make me weep. I have to shed some tears to prove I'm sorry. I'm a crybaby. When I'm sore I weep. I'm a born weeper. My bladder is behind my eyes. When I'm criticized it makes me burst into tears. I cry easily. I have to cry my eyes out before I get attention. It's a woman's privilege to weep. Sad music makes me weepy. I cry at sad movies. It doesn't take much to turn on my waterworks. I started weeping at birth, and I haven't been able to stop.

Wet Blanket: I won't let anyone have fun at my expense. Wet blankets give me a chill. What other people think is fun looks stupid to me. I'm going to throw cold wa-

ter on their enthusiasm. My wife won't let me have any fun. I can't be gay while he's around. Somebody always tries to curb me when I'm having a high old time. If I don't stop him he'll get into real trouble. I'm the only one who displays any brains in this crazy crowd. I'll put a damper on everybody's fun. I hate to see anyone get too happy.

Whining: I never get my way unless I whine. I have to keep begging and whining all the time. I can avoid work if I whine and complain. No body pays attention to me until I start to whine. If I don't whine, they'll forget I'm here. I can make him give me my way by whining. If I whine, she'll do anything to shut me up. I want to annoy them all I can. If I whine, they'll leave me alone. I'm a born whiner.

Widow: Widows are fair game. I won't be the same without a husband. I can't face the world alone. A widow doesn't have a chance. Guys take advantage of a widow. Everybody feels sorry for a widow. Nobody cares to include a widow. A widow is always the odd person. I'll never get invited to parties. I'm all alone in this world. I'm never going to make this adjustment. I won't live alone. I'll have to find somebody else. I hate being a widow.

Wife: My wife has to wait on me hand and foot. My wife will never tell me what to do. A wife should be a credit to her mate. A wife is what your sweetheart becomes after you marry. I'll be a perfect wife. I'm afraid I didn't get the right woman. My wife is my crutch, and I couldn't get along without her. My wife operates me like a machine. She never does a thing right. Now that I have a wife, I need an excuse for whatever I say or do. My wife can't tell me what to do. She'll do as I say. I'll get the upper hand. My wife can't stop my fun.

Willfulness: I am the master of my fate. I'll make certain that I get what I want. I'm going to impose my will on

others. I'm a person who decides what he wants and goes after it. I try to use willpower. I've got to be very strong-minded. I'll change everything around to satisfy me. I'm going to show everybody who's the boss. I'm going to satisfy my motives. I am the captain of my soul and I won't let them forget it.

Wisdom: Wisdom is for the aged. I'm wise. A word to the wise is sufficient. The older I get the wiser I'll become. I never show any wisdom in my decisions. I'm completely lacking in wisdom. I have the wisdom of Solomon. I'm a lot wiser than anybody recognizes. I like to spout words of wisdom. I'll get wise when I'm as old as my father. I'm a wise guy. I'm not going to rely on anybody's wisdom if it doesn't give me what I want.

Wisecracking: I love to raise a laugh somehow. I'll show people I'm smart. I hate wisecrackers. I have to wisecrack to protect myself. It's fun to make people laugh. I have to wisecrack to be a big shot. I have to crack wise. I must keep proving to everybody I've got a great sense of humor. I have to top my brother. I'm expected to be funny. Wisecracking makes me feel like I'm one of the in crowd. If I ever shut up I'd lose my place.

Women: You can't argue with a woman. Women get all the advantages. I love being a woman. I can't trust women. I am going to put women out of my life. I'm a woman-hater. I owe my success to a woman. If you ever give in to a woman, you'll live to rue the day. I'll never suit my woman. No woman is going to outsmart me. Women cause all my trouble on the job. I have to be polite to women. Women act as if they're superior. I love females. Women talk too much. I'll never trust any woman enough to marry. I go crazy around the ladies.

Won'tfulness: When I turn on my won't, I can't be budged. Nobody can make me do what I decide not to do. I won't be a part of anything I don't consider right. I won't give up even if it kills me. I'll knock aside anyone who tries to tell me how to live. I won't cooperate. Nobody will get me to change. I won't let a woman tell me what to do. I will not follow orders. I won't conform even if they try to force me. I like to be stubborn. I'm the balkiest person alive.

Woolgathering: My mind likes to go its own way. I am apart from reality. I don't like to try to control my thinking. I do a lot of fantasizing when I'm alone, and I can't stop when I'm with people. My mind always wanders. I'm going to escape to my dream world. I can't keep my mind on any subject. My dreams are with me all day long. I'll be a dreamer all my life. All I can do is use my imagination. I'm always chasing rainbows.

Work: I have to keep working all the time. Nothing works out right for me. Work is something to skip whenever possible. I hate work. If I can't see results right away, I'll quit. Work makes me sick. I'll always have to work for a living. Work is never easy. Nobody works the way I do. Woman's work is never done. I've worked my fingers to the bone and now I have arthritis. The more work I do, the less I accomplish. All work and no play makes me dull. I have to work all the time.

Worms: I need something to help digest my food. I'll get worms if I eat pork. I feel itchy as if there's something crawling around inside me. If I get mad enough, I'll eat worms. I'm a bookworm. I'm not going to miss out on a thing. I inch along each day like a worm. I feel wormy inside.

Worry: When I have nothing else to do, I can always worry. I'm a worrywart. I'm worried sick about my mother. Worry is something I have to live with constantly. I have great concern for everyone. I worry all the time about what to do for single parents. My children are my biggest worry. If anyone tells me he doesn't worry, I know he's lying. My health always worries me. Once I start worrying, I can't stop. I couldn't get anything done without worrying. If I didn't worry about money, I'd never do any work. I get my problems solved by worrying over them. If I didn't worry, I'd be worried that something is wrong. Unless I'm worrying, I feel very guilty.

Wrinkles: I'm trying to look as if I'm deeply concerned. The older I get, the more wrinkles I find. I can make myself look older if I wrinkle my forehead. As soon as I get into my 60's, I'll shrivel. Working outdoors makes my face wrinkle. I'm a prune face. My face will never wrinkle because I'm just a big baby. When I screw up my face, I get their attention. People without wrinkles have dull personalities. As I age I look more and more like my mother.

Wrongdoing: No matter what I do it's wrong. Wrongdoing comes naturally to me. It's easier to be wrong than right. I'm afraid to be right; it's more fun to be wrong. I'm never right. I'm going to be wrong for spite. I might as well be wrong as right. I'll do as I please. If I take wrong action that's my affair. I can't be bothered whether I'm wrong if I get what I want. If I get up on the wrong side of the bed I'll be a grouch all day.

Wrongness: Everything keeps going wrong for me. Everybody's wrong but me. I've been wrong all my life and she won't let me forget it. The only way I get her attention is to be naughty. Nothing I do turns out right. There is

no wrong way to do anything I want to do. Nobody can change his mistakes at my age. I'm more wrong than right. I always get out on the wrong side of the bed. I'll never admit my wrongness. If there's a wrong thing to say I'm sure to say it. Murphy's law describes my life.

Y

Yearning: I yearn for things I can't have. Yearning exasperates me. I yearn for new horizons. I yearn for the good old days. I have a burning desire to gain security. I can't let go of old ideas. If I want something, I'm obsessed until I get it. My mind stays on a desire to go back to where I was born. I always want to be where I'm not. I yearn for a place in the sun. I don't know what makes me feel so driven to succeed.

Yellow Jaundice: I'm yellow and I don't care who knows it. This will make people notice me. I'm not going to try to hide my fear any longer. I have to look the way I feel. I'm yellow inside and out. I've always wanted to change my color. I lead a colorful existence. I'm like a chameleon. I'm going to let them know I'm in trouble.

Yielding: I always have to give in first. Unless I yield to his advances I'll be sorry. I won't yield even when I know I should. Getting a girl to yield is my biggest kick. If I yield I know he'll talk. Everyone wants me to yield in some way. I know I won't gain anything by holding out. I refuse to yield any ground under pressure. Yielding leaves me feeling guilty. In yielding I always win a victory. I'm the kind of person who yields bad fruit.

Youthfulness: I'm too young for anything. If I looked older, I'd get a better job. My youthfulness is against me. I'm entitled to have my fling. I'll try to stay youthful for-

ever. I don't want to go through my youth again. I never admit my age. I'm too young and beautiful to get pregnant. After I marry, I'll put my youth aside and be mature. Older people are jealous of me. I'm going to stay young always. I get younger every day. I'm going to put off getting old and wise. I'm never too young to fight my battles.

Alphabetical List of Categories

A

[Abhorrence](#)

[Ability](#)

[Abnormality](#)

[Abortion](#)

[Abscess](#)

[Absenteeism](#)

[Absentmindedness](#)

[Abuse](#)

[Abusiveness](#)

[Acceleration](#)

[Acceptance](#)

[Accidents](#)

[Accuracy](#)

[Accusing](#)

[Aches](#)

[Achievement](#)

[Acidosis](#)

[Acne](#)

[Acquiescence](#)

[Acrimony](#)

[Acting](#)

[Action](#)

[Addiction](#)

[Admiration](#)

[Admitting](#)

Adolescence
Adultery
Advancement
Adversity
Advice
Affection
Affliction
Aggravation
Aggressiveness
Aging
Agitation
Agnosticism
Agony
Alcoholism
Alibis
Allergy
Ambition
Amnesia
Anemia
Angelic
Anger
Anguish
Animation
Animosity
Anniversary
Annoyance
Antagonism
Antipathy
Anxiety
Apathy
Apologetic
Appendicitis
Appetite

Appreciation
Apprehension
Approval
Aptitude
Argumentativeness
Arrogance
Arson
Arthritis
Aspiration
Asthenia
Asthma
Astigmatism
Atheism
Atrocity
Attachment
Attention
Audacity
Authority
Autosuggestion
Avarice
Awkwardness

B

Babyishness
Bachelorhood
Backbone
Back Trouble
Backwardness
Badness
Balance
Baldness
Balkiness

Barbarism
Bargains
Barrenness
Bashfulness
Bathing
Bathroom
Battle
Beauty
Bed
Bedroom
Bed Sores
Bedtime
Bed Wetting
Beginning
Begrudge
Beguilement
Behavior
Behind
Belching
Belief
Belittle
Belligerence
Bereavement
Bickering
Bigotry
Birth
Birthday
Bitterness
Bladder Trouble
Blame
Bleeding
Blindness
Blood Pressure

Blushing
Boastfulness
Body Odor
Body Parts
Boils
Boldness
Bondage
Bones
Bookworm
Boorishness
Boredom
Borrowing
Boss
Bossiness
Bound
Bowels
Boys
Bragging
Brains
Brain Tumor
Bravado
Bravery
Breakage
Breathing
Breathlessness
Bribery
Bronchitis
Brother
Bruises
Bums
Bursitis

C

[Callousness](#)
[Calluses](#)
[Cancer](#)
[Carelessness](#)
[Cataracts](#)
[Caution](#)
[Challenge](#)
[Change](#)
[Chapped Skin](#)
[Character](#)
[Cheating](#)
[Childhood Diseases](#)
[Children](#)
[Choking](#)
[Christening](#)
[Christmas](#)
[Church](#)
[Circulation](#)
[Claustrophobia](#)
[Clenching](#)
[Closed Mind](#)
[Coffee](#)
[Cold](#)
[Cold Feet](#)
[Colds](#)
[Colitis](#)
[Color Blindness](#)
[Comfort](#)
[Command Phrases](#)
[Communication](#)
[Comparisons](#)

Competition
Complaining
Compulsion
Conceit
Concentration
Confidence
Conflict
Confusion
Congestion
Conjunctivitis
Conscience
Constipation
Contagion
Contradicting
Control
Controversy
Convulsion
Coordination
Corns
Cough
Cowardice
Craftiness
Cramps
Crankiness
Credit
Credulity
Criminality
Criticism
Cross-eyes
Cruelty
Crying
Cupidity
Curiosity

Cuts
Cyst
Cystitis

D

Dandruff
Daring
Dark
Daydreaming
Daze
Deafness
Death
Deception
Defensiveness
Defiance
Delinquency
Delirium
Delusion
Denial
Dentist
Departing
Dependency
Depression
Dermatitis
Desire
Despair
Despondency
Determination
Devil
Diabetes
Diarrhea
Difference

Disagreeable
Disappointment
Disapproval
Discipline
Discontentment
Discouragement
Discrimination
Disc Trouble
Disgrace
Disgust
Dishonesty
Dislike
Disobedience
Disorderliness
Dissent
Distortion
Distrust
Divine Guidance
Divorce
Divorcee
Dizziness
Doctor
Domination
Dope Addiction
Doubt
Dreaming
Drinking
Driving
Dropsy
Drowsiness
Drudgery
Duty
Dying

E

Eagerness
Earache
Eating
Eavesdropping
Eccentricity
Eczema
Education
Efficiency
Effort
Egoism
Egotism
Elation
Embarrassment
Emotion
Endurance
Energy
Enjoyment
Enthusiasm
Envy
Epidemics
Epilepsy
Eroticism
Estrangement
Ethics
Evasiveness
Evil-Mindedness
Exaggeration
Examinations
Exasperation
Excitement
Excuses

Exhaustion
Exhibitionism
Extrasensory Perception
Eyesight

F

Face
Failure
Fainting
Faith
Fallen Arches
Falling
False Modesty
False Teeth
Falsity
Fame
Fanaticism
Farsightedness
Father
Fatigue
Faultfinding
Favoritism
Fear
Fear of Animals
Fear of Height
Fear of People
Fear of War
Fear of Water
Female Trouble
Fever
Fever Blister
Fidgeting

Fight
Fingernails
Finish
Fire
Firing
Flattery
Flexibility
Flirting
Followership
Food Reactions
Foot Trouble
Forbearance
Forgetting
Forgiveness
Freeloader
Fretfulness
Friction
Fright
Frigidity
Frostbite
Frown
Frugality
Frustration
Fussiness
Futility

G

Gall Bladder Trouble
Gambling
Gastritis
Generosity
Getting Up

Getting Up Nights
Giddiness
Giggling
Gingivitis
Girls
Glandular Disorders
Glasses
Glaucoma
Gloating
Gloominess
Gluttony
God
Goiter
Goodness
Gossip
Graft
Gratitude
Greediness
Grief
Griping
Grippe
Growing Pains
Grudges
Grumbling
Guilt
Guts

H

Habits
Haggardness
Hair
Hair, Unwanted

Halitosis
Hallucinations
Hardening Arteries
Hardheadedness
Hardheartedness
Hardness
Hardship
Harmony
Harshness
Haste
Hatred
Haughtiness
Hay Fever
Headache
Healing
Health
Hearing
Heart Trouble
Heat Prostration
Heaven
Heaviness
Height
Hell
Help
Helplessness
Hemophilia
Hemorrhaging
Hemorrhoids
Hepatitis
Heredity
Hernia
Hiccups
High-strung

Hives
Hoarding
Hoarseness
Hobbies
Hodgkin's Disease
Holiday
Home
Homesickness
Homosexuality
Honor
Hopelessness
Horror
Hot Flashes
Humanetics
Humidity
Humility
Humor
Hunger
Hurrying
Hurt Feelings
Hurts
Husband
Hypertension
Hypnotism
Hysteria

I

Ignorance
Illegitimacy
Illogic
Imagination
Immaturity

Immoderation
Immorality
Impatience
Impetuousness
Impoliteness
Impotence
Impulsiveness
Inarticulateness
Inattentiveness
Indecency
Indecision
Indifference
Indigestion
Indignation
Inefficiency
Infection
Inferiority Complex
Infidelity
Inflammation
Inflexibility
Influence
Influenza
Inhibition
In-laws
Insanity
Insects
Insecurity
Insomnia
Insults
Integration
Intelligence
Intemperance
Interrupting

Intolerance
Introspection
Intuition
Invalidism
Irrationality
Irritability
Itch
Ivy Poisoning

J

Jaundice
Jealousy
Jeering
Jitters
Joking
Judgment
Justifying
Juvenile Delinquency

K

Kidney Troubles
Killing
Knee Trouble

L

Laggardness
Lameness
Laryngitis
Lasciviousness
Lateness

Lavishness
Lawbreaking
Laziness
Leadership
Learning
Leaving
Lecturing
Leisure
Lethargy
Leukemia
Limelight
Listening
Liver Disease
Loneliness
Longing
Long-windedness
Loophole
Loose Teeth
Loudness
Love
Lucidity
Luck
Lumbago
Lumps
Lust
Lying

M

Madness
Make-believe
Maladjustment
Malaria

Malice
Malnutrition
Marital Incompatibility
Marriage
Martyr Complex
Mastoiditis
Masturbation
Mealtime
Meanness
Medicine
Melancholia
Memory
Men
Menopause
Menstrual Disorders
Mercy
Messianic Complex
Mimicry
Mind
Miracles
Miscarriage
Mischief
Misconduct
Misery
Mistakes
Misunderstanding
Mockery
Modesty
Money Troubles
Monotony
Moodiness
Morality
Morbidity

Mother
Motion Sickness
Motives
Mourning
Mouth Disorders
Moving
Murder
Muscle Cramp
Muscle Pain
Muscle Tension
Music
Muteness
Myocarditis

N

Nagging
Nail Biting
Narrow-mindedness
Nausea
Nearsightedness
Negativism
Negligence
Nephritis
Nerve
Nervous Breakdown
Nervousness
Nervous Strain
Neuralgia
Neuromuscular Disorders
Neuroses
Night Blindness
Nightmares

Noise
Noisiness
Nonconformity
Nonproductiveness
Nonsense
Nosebleed
Nostalgia
Nourishment
Nuisance
Numbness

O

Obedience
Objecting
Objectivity
Obligation
Obsession
Obstinacy
Obstreperousness
Obstruction
Obstructionism
Offensiveness
Oily Skin
Old People
Open Mind
Opinionated
Opposition
Optimism
Ostentation
Oversleeping
Overweight
Overwork

P

Pain
Paleness
Palpitation
Palsy
Pampering
Panic
Paralysis
Paranoia
Parasites
Parents
Parsimony
Partiality
Passion
Patience
Peculiarity
Peeping Tom
Perfection
Pernicious Anemia
Perplexity
Persecution Complex
Persistence
Perspiring
Perversity
Pessimism
Pets
Petting
Philandering
Phlebitis
Phobias
Pimples
Pity

Plagiarism
Play
Pleasing
Pleurisy
Pneumonia
Polio
Poorness
Possessiveness
Posture
Pouting
Poverty
Practicality
Practice
Praise
Prayer
Preference
Pregnancy
Prejudice
Pressure
Pretense
Pride
Procrastination
Profanity
Promiscuity
Proof
Prostitution
Prostration
Protection
Prudery
Prying
Psoriasis
Puberty
Public Speaking

Pull
Punishment
Purpose
Pursuit

Q

Quackery
Quarrelsomeness
Queerness
Quickness
Quitter

R

Radical
Rage
Rape
Rash
Rationalizing
Reacting
Reality
Reasoning
Reassurance
Rebellion
Rebuff
Receding Gums
Recklessness
Recognition
Reducing
Regret
Rejection
Relatives

Relaxing
Release
Religion
Remorse
Repentance
Repression
Reputation
Resentment
Reservation
Resignation
Resistance
Responsibility
Rest
Restlessness
Retaliation
Reticence
Revenge
Rheumatic Fever
Rheumatism
Ridicule
Righteousness
Rigidity
Ringing Ear
Riot
Rivalry
Robbery
Roots
Rose Fever
Roughness
Rudeness
Rumor
Rupture
Rushing

Ruthlessness

S

Sacrilege

Sadism

Sadness

Safety

Salvation

Sarcasm

Satan

Schizophrenia

Schoolwork

Sciatica

Scoffing

Scolding

Scornfulness

Scowl

Seasons

Security

Seducing

Segregation

Self-abasement

Self-abnegation

Self-aggrandizement

Self-centeredness

Self-consciousness

Self-defense

Self-denial

Self-deprecation

Self-determination

Selfishness

Self-love

Self-pity
Self-preservation
Self-reproach
Self-righteousness
Self-satisfaction
Self-will
Senility
Sensitiveness
Separation
Sex
Sex Deviation
Sexual Intercourse
Shame
Shingles
Shivering
Shock
Shyness
Sickness
Silence
Sin
Sincerity
Singing
Sinusitis
Sister
Size
Skepticism
Skin Conditions
Slavery
Sleep
Sleepiness
Sleepwalking
Slouching
Slowness

Sluggishness
Slyness
Smile
Smoking
Sneakiness
Sneezing
Snide Remarks
Snobbishness
Snoring
Solitude
Sore Feet
Sore Gums
Sore Throat
Sourness
Spasms
Spastic
Speaking
Speech Disorders
Speeding
Spinstership
Spiritual Sense
Spitefulness
Spots
Spying
Stability
Stammering
Status Quo
Status Seeking
Stealing
Sterility
Stiff Joints
Stiff Muscles
Stimulation

Stinginess
Stomach Trouble
Strain
Strength
Stroke
Stubbornness
Studying
Stupidity
Stuttering
Subjectivity
Suffering
Suggestibility
Suicide
Sulking
Superiority Complex
Superstition
Surrender
Survival
Susceptibility
Suspicion
Sweet Tooth
Swelling
Sympathy

T

Tactlessness
Talkativeness
Talking
Taste
Teacher
Teaching
Tears

Teasing
Teeth Grinding
Teething
Television
Temper
Temptation
Tenacity
Tension
Terror
Thanks
Thinking
Thinness
Thin-skinned
Thought
Thumb Sucking
Tic
Tic Dououreux
Ticklishness
Tightness
Time
Timidity
Tingling
Tobacco
Toenails
Toilet
Tolerance
Tonsillitis
Toothache
Toe Nail
Tooth Decay
Torture
Touchiness
Toxemia
Tragedy

Trance
Travel
Trembling
Tremors
Trespassing
Trickery
Trouble
Trust
Trusting God
Truth
Tumor
Twitch

U

Ulcers
Unbelief
Uncertainty
Underdog
Understanding
Underweight
Unemployment
Unforgiving
Unfriendliness
Unhappiness
Unity
Unreality
Unrest
Unrighteousness
Untidiness
Untrustworthiness
Untruthfulness
Uremic Poisoning

Urinary Trouble
Uselessness

V

Vacation
Vacillation
Vagueness
Vanity
Varicose Veins
Vehemence
Venereal Disease
Vengeance
Vexation
Vindictiveness
Violence
Virus Infection
Vision
Visions
Vocation
Voice
Vomiting
Vulgarity

W

Walleyes
Wanting
War
Warts
Washing
Wastefulness
Wavering

Weakness
Wealth
Weariness
Weather
Weeping
Wet Blanket
Whining
Widow
Wife
Willfulness
Wisdom
Wisecracking
Women
Won'tfulness
Woolgathering
Work
Worms
Worry
Wrinkles
Wrongdoing
Wrongness

Y

Yearning
Yellow Jaundice
Yielding
Youthfulness