13 Styles of Distorted Thinking

Brit Morse

Filtering: His grey tendrils took nothing from the veins bridging his tendons

Polarized Thinking: and when his granddaughter pressed her lips to his knees, nibbling his corduroy pants, he saw the wedding day he would never attend.

Overgeneralization: She curls and uncurls her fingers like a musician preparing for warm-ups,

Mind Reading: to his humming of “The Weight” by The Band,

Castastrophizing: The aluminum foil covering the pumpkin pie his wife taught him to make had half lifted from the rim

Personalization: *it’s going cold*, he said aloud.

Control Fallacies: *God damn it*, under his breathe.

Fallacy of Fairness: *Ann can you come cover the pie*, he asked his daughter. 
*What? She was in the other room. It’s covered. The pie*, he said. *Please.*

Blaming: Ann darted into the kitchen in her robe, mascara in one hand, coffee cup in the other.

Should: She rolled the aluminum back over the edges of the plate. 
*None before dinner. And not five minutes before bed*, she said. 
*I know*, he said half-heartedly.

Emotional Reasoning: *I mean it don’t give into her*. She bent over and retied his brown shoelaces, mangled from when her daughter played with them moments before.

Fallacy of Change: Ann rummaged elbow deep through her black leather purse, emptied the contents on the coffee table. Her daughter picked up the lip gloss and licked the applicator.

Heaven's Reward Fallacy: *Whatcha got there?* he asked. He smiled a toothless grin and outstretched his hand. She dipped the applicator and licked it again, smearing globs of pink glitter on her tongue as Ann shut the front door behind her.