

## 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.