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## *10.1b Stream of Consciousness*

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**Definition** "Stream of Consciousness" is a style of writing, where the narrator seems to be putting down his thoughts, unedited, as quickly as they come into his head. It is a pure first person.

**Example** The following example is written in stream of consciousness.

And the band started playing one of those really slow songs, like "Stairway to Heaven" or "Freebird" that probably have really great lyrics or something but the song itself just is awful-just awful. Then this real phony guy, with the hair all slicked back on the top of his head stood up with the Sax and did a solo. I almost died. I mean, almost completely died right there. It had to be the cheesiest solo I had ever heard. I mean he was swaying back and forth and he closed his eyes like he was really getting into it and all, but it was the fakest thing you ever heard. It was like something out of a bad Howard Johnson's. I swear, he must record Muzak for a living or drive a forklift or something.

Old Jean was getting into it, though. She was humming along and swaying to the song and practically just swaying her own dance out there. I mean I'm a pretty good dancer but I hate slow songs. There's nothing you can do except just sit there and hold her and move her around and wait for the song to end. I would have rather just sat down and ordered another drink and waited for something else but not old Jean. She wanted to dance everything. Up real close to, so I could smell her breath. She didn't smell bad or anything. Don't get me wrong, she just didn't smell quite right. I mean girls should smell a certain way-like baby powder, new clothes and perfume. Something that was girlish, y'know. Jean, I swear, smelled like a fruit salad or Old Spice. I hate Old Spice. I mean I like Jean fine, y'know. She's great, but I just couldn't smell her.

I must be nuts. All of a sudden I start to imagine myself as the old sailor in the Old Spice commercial. Right out there on the dance floor. I start to think about coming home from the sea and bringing in the duffel and that song. It must have been the saxophone because that song is running through my head "Dum dum de dum dum, dum di de dum dum da di dum dum." I see myself coming home to this really cute girl and wearing a sailor suit or something. I'm crazy. I mean, I'm really nuts sometimes.

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*10.1b Stream of Consciousness, Continued*

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**Questions**

Answer the following questions fully.

1. Does it seem as if the thoughts are just thrown onto the paper as they occur?

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What words make you think so?

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2. Why doesn't he like the sax player?

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3. Does he like Jean? How do you know?

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4. Is he crazy? Explain.

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**Writing**

Write a brief story about walking from English to math class in Stream of Consciousness. Try to make sure that you include everything that the character is thinking.