Advertisements and billboards.

Looking at them makes me memorize a thing or two. I can't just ignore a page-size plea to buy an insurance plan or mattress. Though I never buy anything, I memorize it all the same through repeated looking.

I may ignore a bit of news about the neighborhood—a pet trapped in the closet when it somehow locked the door from the inside, now rescued. I may ignore a bit of news about the recent welfare project adopted by the members of the Rosedale Service Society—they were distributing free blankets to seventeen homeless people with the money they collected. Yet I can't avoid looking at that imposing picture in the biweekly, mid-March issue of the Rosedale Neighbor. A Kia agent takes up half the page—he's shaking hands with a satisfied customer who stands in front of his new car at the “Capital Kia of Texas” dealership. Even a little KitKat bar looks, in the paper, like the candy Gulliver would sell! Where is your focus? Children can get guitar classes somewhere in the neighborhood, but I underlook that.

There is always a page or two worth of grocery coupons from a local store for things you don't require.

Advertisements and billboards.
I memorize them without effort. Ask me a science question about Avogadro's hypothesis and I will be attacked with amnesia. Ask me a question about my rituals or tell me to stop smelling magazine pages, and I will be attacked with a second round of amnesia. Did you ask something in ancient Latin? Where is my focus?

Go ahead — you are free to blame my Autism. I can assure you that I remember the details about a very complicated ritual where I will first touch the red backpack and only then will I open the box full of old photographs. At that point I will have time to fix the angles of the magazines on the table — in perfect geometric congruency with the table corners. I don't have to learn theorems to do that! The process is all mapped and highlighted in my head like a billboard. You will never see me doing my rituals wrong — step by step, I follow the rules of the process that I memorized. Shaking hands with everything that makes no reasonable science or sense, I occupy myself with half a page of the day. Can't you see a billboard inside your head? No? (How strange!)

My rituals are always in front of me, outshining everything. I will go through what my day will be like as a ritualistic catalog. Then I will read aloud my evening rituals for a later time. There's no point in reasoning about them. Rituals, like advertisements, glamorize my traits. Otherwise what is life but a page full of news?