

LAST EXCERPTS, MAX TOJOBY JOURNAL

November 28, 1987.

I meditated for eight hours today -- sitting, walking. I feel like I hit the Arising & Passing Away as they call it. It was amazing. But I know the Dark Night is coming. I need to resolve my past. I need to accept the present: it is what it is. I feel like I need to align my life with my work. But that is almost crazy to contemplate. I think this new project may be a great start at that... or may drive me mad.

Toy Box sprites and tiles are complete, at least for now. Trying to wrap my mind around how to approach TOY BOX. Maybe I'll take a day off.

November 30, 1987.

I am still working on TOY BOX. I want this to be a sort of "construction set CONSTRUCTION SET" -- a game builder that builds game builders -- but is this too enormous to seriously attempt?

I feel like I am almost going insane with the complexity of the task. The more I work on it and think about it, the more daunting it is.

I miss the simplicity of my early Apple II experiences -- maybe I'll drive to back to THE BYTE SHOP in Milwaukee, where I first sold started. I can leave food for LINUS and be back before dark -- it's only 76 or so miles. He's a good dog and will be okay for the day.