Weird Stuff

-Music

-Mulan

-Climbing buildings

Self-Worth

I judge people only by their competency in the fields I pride myself in. I cannot be intimidated by an expert biologist, a brilliant painter, or an Olympic soccer player. But I might feel intimidated by a great writer, a great fighter, a great rock climber or a physically powerful person who can perform many feats I cannot. These people might make me insecure, but the way I regain superiority is by acknowledge my dominance in one of the many other fields which I hold dear. This is why no one can ever truly destroy my sense of self-worth. Sure, the greats of the world may threaten my sense of security, but in the end, I will always have something I can hold over my competitors’ heads.

Because I base my self-worth in a variety of attributes, in a very unique combination of abilities that no one I have yet met has possessed. There are not many people who can perform a one-arm chinup and adeptly compete in the art physical combat and write eloquent essays and captivating stories and solve complex calculus questions without breaking a sweat.

It may be a deep-seated and egotistic belief, but the fact that I am superior to anyone in at least one skill which I pride myself on is all the comfort I need in the world.

And it prevents me from exhibiting egotistic behavior in real life – I am reassured in my competence and have no need to seek validation.

My Weirdness

I prefer my music lyricless. I watch streams mainly to find songs to add to my playlist. But when I do listen to lyrics, Somewhere Over the Rainbow by Israel Kamakawiwo’ole and Be a Man from Mulan are my favorites. I sing along. I enjoy watching a certain youtuber’s peculiar cooking demonstrations. His (presumably) channel is HowToBasic. I keep a document where I’ve turned nearly every strange thought I’ve had into a mini-essay. Some are cynical, others idealistic, and some just downright psychopathic.

When I’m surrounded by people, I like to imagine how I would best incapacitate everyone and escape the room. I like climbing public buildings. My goal is to achieve complete mastery of the body. There should be no bodyweight skill or acrobatic feat I am not able to perform.

It’s not the quirky, attractive kind of weirdness. It’s the slightly disturbing, power-driven, obsessive kind. And I would have it no other way.

Over the Rainbow

Over the Rainbow horror version “Dreams did come true after all”

*Suuummmm-wheeeerrre ooooover the rainboooow*

*Wayyyy uuuup hiiiiiigh*

The music was beautiful

But the voice that came from his lips was hoarse and disheveled

And while the music had colorful intonations that spanned several octaves, his voice was restricted to a gravelly undertone, the same kind of sound one might replicate if they were to sing without expelling any amount of air from the mouth.

*Aaaand theeeee dreams that you dreamed of*

*Once in a luuullabyyyyyy*

And it had the desired effect.

Principle

I don’t write things that other people want to read. I write things that I would like to read and hope that there are like-minded people in the world

The Physical Supremist

But how else shall I validate my existence and claim superiority amongst my peers? Through clever use of my intellectual faculties? Through elegant words and fluid prose to enchant and captivate the mind?

No, I much prefer the most primal form of supremacy, that of physical prowess and mighty strength, the inescapable chains by which man and beast are joined, eternally tethered to tendon and sinew.

The Subtle Regime

In an era that denounces religious fanaticism, nationalism is the new universal delusion to which we have fallen prey.

People who cannot be proud of themselves are proud of their country. Those who lack self-worth find solace in the deeds of greater men and women, a false sense of unity that comforts the weak and glorifies the strong.

The most dangerous person is the individual, for his thoughts, his words and deeds are not defined by collective obedience. He is unpredictable and free. And it is this that the controllers of the world – the governments, the patriarchs, the interventionist activists of society – will stifle with all the power and might they can muster. And their intent, though misplaced, is not malevolent. It is but the natural human desire, in a world chaotic and uncertain, to seek solace in conformity, to find consolation for our existential loneliness in the delusion of unity and oneness.

cleverly disguised in the form of culture and tradition. It is this

“We’re not psychos!”

“Come on mate, we’re not psychos!”

He struggled to keep a horrible grin from surfacing to his lips. The joke was, of course, that they were psychos.

(From predator to prey. Crocodiles.)

Counterproductive

You’re a child. Adults feel jealousy too, but they know it is a counterproductive emotion and they conceal it. Children flaunt it in the form of resentment and anger.

Raaj and the Beast

Raaj realized he had never known fear before until the creature was walking beside him. It wasn’t the fear he felt when he stepped into a dark room, or even the adrenal panic that enveloped him when his thrusters failed off a cliff jump. It was the pure, unbridled terror of practically touching something that could kill him in a dozen different ways with a twitch of a single limb. Of course, there were humans who could kill that fast too, but he didn’t feel this way around them, he didn’t feel as if he were walking beside death itself, that every moment he spent alive was mere reluctance on the creature’s part, a flippant curiosity for the antics of its prey in his last moments.

Some people don’t understand why you’d rather be alone than with them. They assume that people inherently desire companionship all the time.

The spaces are more important than the lines. The lines are just there to keep you in. The spaces are how you get out.

In my old school, I was the epitome of laziness. But it was a determined, grit-my-teeth-and-plow-through-it kind of laziness. The kind that

That has mastered the art of procrastination to the point

AIA Desk Adventures 2:

So today, I was presented with yet another enigma of a spreadsheet.

After figuring out that a fully extended excel page at 100% zoom spans a little over two square kilometers, I became legitimately bored and at some point decided to start a blog.

I’ve written an intro, my first post, and I have no idea what to do next so… check it out! Or don’t. Nothing’s going to happen if you don’t.

But something might happen if you do.

Blog Introduction

I used to think only people who led interesting lives could write blogs. It turns out people with interesting minds can too. And since I’m told I belong to the latter category and conveniently keep a OneNote page where I pin down my fleeting moments of creativity, I thought I might as well try my hand.

This sounds an awful lot like I’m trying to convince myself more than anyone. But I guess that’s the first step of starting any commitment you know is going to trade you stress for time.

And I am convinced. I can feel the old tingle running through my fingers, the thrill of my heart doing hurdles as the words race across the computer screen. You see, writing is probably my favorite thing to do in the world. I don’t believe anyone is actually capable of pinpointing the most fulfilling activity in their lives, but if I had to guess at mine, it would be this.

So back to the OneNote page. I’m basically going to do a very gradual copy and paste from OneNote to BlogSpot. It’s a collage of randomness, but I hope it’s entertaining and intriguing randomness. There will be fictional anecdotes, opinionated essays, strange observations, stories with no beginnings or ends.

You may love it, you may hate it, you may find my writing pretentious or primitive. But I guarantee you this: you will not find it boring. So read on, my internet adventurers.

The Silence Unspoken

Awkward silence shouldn’t be called awkward. *Awkward* implies mere discomfort. Silence is far more destructive than that.

It is the dark wisps of isolation that suffocate and constrict, the painful erosion of the last strands of unity that opens gaping rifts between stranded souls.

Each moment of silence is one without the joys of shared sentiment and synergetic thoughts, the invisible fibers by which our friendships are forged and affirmed. And as the seconds tick by, the daunting realization settles that even in the presence of others, we are alone – that there is a very finite limit to the companionship we draw from even the closest of brothers and sisters.

As a quiet man, I know this.

I know the crippling sensation of emptiness that settles in the absence of words, the gnawing fear that something vital is being stolen away in front of my helpless eyes.

It’s a plague that knows no bounds. In the car, at the dining table, in the long hallways of marble and wood, it is there. A moment of speech and laughter withers and dies and in its place stands nothing. No animosity or awe, no anger or joy, just the shared insecurities of one and the other.

And though the air may be silent, the mind is not – hellish tension and self-berating thoughts flood the inner chambers of the skull.

*I should say something. But there is nothing to say. He should say something. But there is nothing to say. Is this it, then?*

Our mental wells have run dry of thoughts to feed our incessant desire for human communication. We have left any common intellectual ground we once shared. Is there purpose anymore to our friendship? Is companionship worth its weight when ideas are not shared and inputs not contemplated?

Silence is not quiet. Quiet is calm. Quiet is peace. Quiet is reflection and thought in solitude. Silence comes with company. It brings with it fear. That of isolation and rejection, a heightened sense of self-consciousness as one considers the thoughts of the other.

For the sum total of our distress and anxiety is but a simple and childish affair – we are afraid that the other is *bored*.

We are afraid that the perceived lack of mental stimulation makes each moment spent unworthy and monotonous in the other’s eyes, that words constitute exchange, and thus, their absence, obstruction.

But must it be so? Have we become such purely intellectual creatures that the entirety of our meaningful communication has been reduced to words and words alone? Can two people not sit or walk or stand in silent reflection and still experience the interpersonal bonds which we so crave?

I know we can. I’ve done it. I’ve sat in silence with family and exchanged thoughts and ideas and sentiment. And I am no telepath. I’ve looked at friends without so much as a breath leaving my lips and seen the corner of their mouths twitch into the slightest smile, the shared understanding of the present moment enough to fortify the bond between us.

But it is not always there. There are those times when the shifting unease returns, the harsh chords of an unstrung violin echo through my mind. And I search my thoughts. I regurgitate my soul to sift through its remains. And I see that the agitation is of a different kind.

I am not afraid that *he* is bored. I am afraid that he thinks *I* am bored and thus feel I should alleviate his tension by initiating verbal exchange. But I don’t. And so reciprocates a cycle of distress, a telepathic Abilene paradox in which both parties agree to adopt the least agreeable mindset.

For as long as silence is awkward to one, it is awkward to all.

The remedy then, is to dispel the falsity of awkwardness, to realize it is a mere social construct whose existence relies on its belief.

And if we see this, if we truly acknowledge the invisible exchange of emotion our primal counterparts have so adeptly mastered, then perhaps there will come a time when silence is just quiet, when communication will transcend mechanical questions and automated responses, and words will be saved for when they are truly needed – for the liberation of great minds and momentous ideas, not as a defense mechanism against non-existent threats.

-Relevance and sensitivity

-Power and law

-Hard work and determinism

-Silence

-The subtlety of nationalism

-Cult followings: bragging without bragging

-Cult followings are often defined by various attributes.

Certain tastes and preferences garner positive attention because they indicate advantageous human traits. Molding one’s own desires and dislikes for the sake of this attention however, defeats its purpose.

Motivation shifts from enjoyment for the activity to a craving for social approval. And when one does not enjoy the pursuit for itself, but rather as a means for some alternate purpose, whatever characteristics are supposedly represented by the particular interest are not represented at all.

By seeking social approval, one discredits the very characteristics upon which this approval is based.

Matching Pairs

Human clones exist. They’re hard to find, but you’ve seen one before. You’ve met someone who evokes something undeniably familiar that brings to mind the image and voice and persona of another. They may not have the same name, or the same hair, and a freckle or mole might be out of place. But the differences end there and the similarities border on the verge of duplication. They look like the other, they talk like the other, they think and act like the other to the extent that if you didn’t know better, you’d think they were the same person split into two bodies. They even fulfill identical roles in their respective societies. It’s an eerie déjà vu of people rather than experiences.

Being me, I prefer reality more wondrous than dull, and like to think of this as proof of something rather peculiar. I’ve long believed that specific combinations of human characteristics come in sets, that there are genetic templates of correlated traits that form each and every individual in the world.

This idea is already present in the field of biology, but I suspect its nature is far more pronounced than accepted science would believe. These templates extend beyond mere ethnicity and obesity and skin cancer rates – they are the biological constructs that dictate our appearance and demeanor, our beliefs and philosophies, our desires and dislikes and the flesh and blood that lies between it all.

Granted, there must be millions, if not billions, of differing templates, too many for conclusive research to be done on the existence of matching pairs. But every so often, it happens. A template is repeated and the result is two different but identical people walking the earth – historical figures reincarnated, virtual clones living in simultaneous existence, each unaware of the other.

In Egyptian mythology, *ka*s are spiritual replicas of the body and mind – it was a *ka* of Helen who ended the Trojan War. The Nordics tell of vardogers, future projections of oneself whose deeds and predicament foretell the original’s fate. Cultures worldwide regard ghostly doubles as harbingers of misfortune and omens of death.

We have long been fascinated and horrified by the idea of doppelgangers, and perhaps justifiably so. For if there is even a shadow of credence to this speculation, the idea of duplicate humans existing in the same or separate time periods is not just a possibility – it’s a mathematical certainty.

Somewhere out there might be your identical copy, someone who shares your voice, your face, your sexual fantasies, your favorite catchphrase, whose deepest thoughts have gone through each of your minds at one point or another. Somewhere out there might exist a complete stranger who knows you better than your most intimate of companions could ever hope. And if you’re like me, it’s a possibility that makes you both smile and shudder.

Reassurance

Funny, I found myself feeling this way a while ago, and wrote a little something to reassure myself every now and then. I think this goes for everyone.

Don’t be discouraged by the brilliance of others. Some people may be better than you. In fact, some people will be better than you. You are entering a pool some of the most brilliant minds humanity is capable of producing in an eighteen-year-old. If you compare yourself to the best of them and become discouraged by perceived inferiority, you will accomplish nothing. Because whatever you do, someone in your class will do it better than you.

So don’t compare. Pursue your interests to the best of your ability and nurture the talents you know you possess. There are things that you are good at and you will make a name for yourself by being good at them.

But what you cannot forget, what must always be in the forefront of your mind, is that you are brilliant. Your mental capacity far exceeds that of an ordinary student. But your peers will not be ordinary students. They are the pinnacle of teenage genius, and you will feel incompetent and inadequate if you constantly measure yourself against them.

So don’t compare. Pursue your interests to the best of your ability and nurture the talents you know you possess. There are things that you are good at and you will make a name for yourself by being good at them.

You are a physical specimen, a mental powerhouse, and so long as you continue thinking and training, you will find yourself at the desirable end of the spectrum of human capacity.

Good people aren’t necessarily nice and nice people aren’t necessarily good.

Power and Control

You probably don’t know this, but I am an absolute fanatic about martial arts and working out. One of the most important pursuits in my life is mastery of the body and adeptness in the art of physical combat.

**Combinations to try**

-Jab, cross (step 45 degrees with left foot), body hook

-Fake double-leg, leaping uppercut, left hook, knee/side kick

-Flying knee into guillotine

-Fake left hook, high side kick

-Max range jab and circle step with left, spinning back kick

-Body jab, overhand right

-Jab, slip left, body hook

Counters

Jab:

-Parry, right uppercut

-Parry, right hook

-Parry, right cross

-Body jab

-Slip right and jab, cross

-Slip left and overhand right, left uppercut

Jab, Cross:

-Parry/block, jab

-Block, slip left, body hook

**Prisoner 164**

Prisoner 164 did not particularly enjoy playtime.

He recalled a time when he once had, a time when stepping out into the open yard had been liberation from the confines of rusted bars and stained walls, when interaction with his fellow inmates had been a game, and best of all, a challenge – that flash of anger and impulse and pride that flickered behind their eyes.

But now, it was always the same. Ever since the incident, it had always been the same. The looks that met him contained none of the aggression and defiance that was practically hardcoded into these men. It was fear. It was fear that followed him through the prison, his own personal demon that was, in its own way, more terrible than any of the criminals surrounding him.

For fear brought isolation, that constant cloud of nothingness, the darkness of solitude that left him empty and lost. And this, though he would scarcely admit, was the root of the problem. He was lonely.

As utterly repulsive as he found his fellow convicts, the company of animals was surely better than the company of none. He found himself longing for their crude humor and frenzied laughter, their fierce, if fleeting, friendships, that savage camaraderie that existed between them. But it was far too late for that. He had shown them what he was. He had crossed a line of violence that even they dared not tread. He was an animal to the animals.

Prisoner 164 shook himself out of his self-pity. It did no good to lament the past. He had done what had had to be done. He would bear the consequences without regret. Besides, he relished what he had now. It was power, far and vast, power in its purest form – not of bargain or bribery, but of threat and violence, the means by which the alpha male achieved dominance in the most primal of societies.

But the alpha male usually had a female to keep him company. A family whose genes he was passing to the next generation.

Prisoner 164 knew about family. He had been there before. He had experienced love and warmth and kindness given unconditionally, without reason or expectation, no bargains or trades. And he had had a name, a proper name – all letters and no numbers. And he knew that if he reached far enough into the back of his mind he could retrieve it from the forgotten chambers of his old life. But he didn’t want to. Jonny Smith or Bernie Bradson or Alan Lennard just didn’t quite have the same ring to it, didn’t carry that tinge of fear that *Prisoner 164* did when it rolled off the tongue. It wouldn’t help him survive.

For he had realized, when he had arrived at the prison, that his old way of life had been stupid. His family had been stupid. No, that was too harsh – stupid implied a lack of intelligence. Silly and ignorant was a better way to put it.

It was foolish to give without receiving; to subvert part of one’s existence solely to the appeasement of another was subservience and inferiority. And to do so when circumstances did not demand it, in the name of hollow and fickle emotions, that was the greatest human delusion of all, he had decided.

Because when the artificial layers we have built around ourselves are stripped away, when we are forced to exist without even the most basic of securities to keep us company at night, we are nothing but savages. The human mind is but a mere step above those of baboons and chimps who eat their young and kill with their bare hands to survive. We may be born in stainless hospitals, but our origin is that of the feral grounds, and it is inevitable, at some point, that we should revert back to our most primal and basic form. Those who forget that, those who are fooled by our illusions of comfort and sentimentality, those are always the first to die.

And he believed it. With all the conviction and faith he could muster, he had made it into his own fundamental decree, the core of his existence that defined his every action and thought.

It had begun as a coping mechanism – thoughts and words he would repeat to himself day in and day out to grant him the will and purpose he needed to survive. But what he had once acknowledged subconsciously as cynical untruths, prison had shown him to be stark and unwavering reality.

And so it was this that drove Prisoner 164 to do as he did, to adopt a level of brutality and violence that exceeded criminal – it was truly psychopathic. Both criminals and guards saw this and stayed clear out of his way, for they knew that the most dangerous enemy was one who would go any length and more to cause pain and destruction, who had no regard for himself or his opponent.

But Prisoner 164 knew the truth. He was not psychopathic. He took no joy or pleasure in harming others the way he did. He was merely convincing. He knew how to sell the tale and had the guts to do it, that was all. It was this that had brought him to where he was now, in a position of dominance and control, the alpha male of a pack of savages, the apex predator that not a single soul dared to challenge.

And all of this was true until someone slapped him across the back of the head.

He staggered forward, partly to distance himself from his attacker, partly because it had actually hurt. He cursed himself for being so careless. If his assailant had truly wanted to harm him, he might be dead by now. As it was, he saw as he spun around, it was a newcomer, someone who hadn’t yet been taught the hierarchy at Mas Eros Penitentiary, or perhaps, was perfectly aware of it and had decided to make a statement by striking at the top of the food chain. Probably the latter.

Prisoner 164 scanned the yard. No one was noticeably watching, but the distant chatter had died down slightly and heads turned just enough to catch him in their peripherals.

Everyone was watching.

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Prisoner 164 panted and spat blood from his mouth. It wasn’t his. What had once been a hundred-and-eighty-pound man now lay in a bloody heap on the floor, permanently disfigured in more ways than one. As he had expected, the others made no indication that they had seen what they had seen.

But he was perceptive. He saw the stiffening of shoulders, the slight tremors amongst those less anatomically inclined, the furtive glances averted as quickly as they were cast. And though part of him was revolted at the sight lying at his feet, he couldn’t help but grin in glory.

An ironically melodious tune sounded through the air, hailing the beginning of a prison announcement. It was just like them to punish violence rather than prevent it.

“Prisoner 164,” spoke an automated female voice.

“Prisoner 164, please return to the detention centre at once. Prisoner 164-” a burst of static interrupted the loudspeaker. Prisoner 164 looked up. Now this was new.

The static grew softer and softer until he realized that it was being drowned out by the sound of approaching helicopter blades. He squinted into the sky and saw it, a black dot against blue, slowly growing in size and detail so that he could make out a silhouette and its multi-faceted protrusions.

“Prisoner 164!”

This time, the voice was not mechanical. It was a male’s, gruff and hoarse. It came from the helicopter.

“You are, by decree of the Intergalactic Special Forces, to leave this detention

facility with our escort. You should consider yourself lucky. You’re being freed.”

Prisoner 164 furrowed his brow in confusion. As far as he could remember, there was no pardon for life imprisonment. Had the laws somehow been changed in his time behind bars? No, he doubted it. It had been a mere five years, and legislation like that took decades, sometimes centuries, to pass. But the helicopter had now settled on the ground, and no one was objecting. Prisoner 164 shrugged his shoulders and walked towards it, stepping over the body on the way.

A soldier had come out of the chopper and was waiting at the door. He smiled. It seemed genuine enough.

He shook Prisoner 164’s hand.

“Welcome on board.”

Prisoner 164 had no idea what he meant, but he stepped inside anyway. He found an empty seat and sat, in the company of fully-armed men wearing cheery and disarming smiles. Either they were very happy or they had practiced this look a lot.

The chopper blades started spinning. As the craft lifted into the air, the prison compound and its little specks of people grew smaller and smaller and Prisoner 164, surrounded by half-friendly men, began to think.

After some time, he spoke.

“Raaj. Raaj Ehraad. That’s my name.”

The soldier in front of him nodded, but Raaj didn’t notice. He hadn’t been talking to him.