

Alex Bergdahl meltdown minutes

Tuesday, 25 May 2021

Laura and Sparrow and not camping

The stories of Laura and Sparrow and a missing unknown bicyclist this morning came flying at me flying on the daggers and arrows of disassembly and aggression. “You turn it into a head game. I don’t need that.”. It’s hard to keep track of him. I need video. He leaves me incredulous. Not unlike the scrambled eggs he’s so proud of. It’s become criminal. The attacks are increasingly comforted by the history of extorional suggestion. The malignment. The subterfuge. He’s skilled with the denial of voice and reputation. With the denial of humanity and existence. With insanity as the denial of sanity.

In the vaguely sane category, the not a policy on camping that I’m accused of not enforcing unlike a fascist stands unchanged.

I should recall the bicycle. I was a dozen feet away, sitting in my truck, when those two appeared in conversation. That was yesterday. This was the first I’ve seen of Alex today. It had no relation to camping. It was bizarre and nonsensical to my extremely vague recollection. He accused me of aggression toward that person with whom he spoke and I didn’t meet.

I should conclude that the evident darkness in his mind is his. That the skillset on display is possibly a

metaphysical morality. And that the insanity on display is a grave affliction.