

Adam Ares

Kinetic Anxiety  
(Childhood and Early Teenage Writings)



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## *Kindergarten Computer Lab*

2-24-87 cat Cat Cat Cat Cat Cat Cat

Aa Bb Cc Dd Ee Ff Gg Hh Ii Jj Kk Ll

Mm Nn Oo Pp Qq Rr Ss Tt Uu Vv Ww Xx

Yy Zz

3-12-87 Cat Cup Clock Apple Ant

Anchor Top Tom-tom Tent Cook

Cup Cap Cone Come Candey Care

3-31-87 Cat Rat Sat Pat Hat Bat

Dog Hog Log Fog

Fish Dish Wish

4-8-87 One kid is Named Bily B

And One Kid Is Adam Ares. Thats

Me !. But I Know How To Speel

Hippopotamus and Hippo You Know

That I Know How To Speel A Hippo-

potamus Weant For A Swim .

The Valels Are A E I O and U.

I Can Speel CAT And Dog And Fish.

OK ? Yes Good.

The End.

4-10-87 Super Adam The Great  
Super Chris The Great Super Ken  
The Great. One Day Adam Ares  
Was Walking Down the Street !  
When Help Oh Cryed Adam Looks  
Like Time For Super Adam The  
Great! He Ran To His House He  
Was Right To His Phone And Called  
Super Chris The Great And Super  
Ken The Great. And They Got It Right.

4-15-87. Hi.  
Happy birthday Adam .  
Quiet mr.q.  
One day mr.pr called mr.!!  
We will give you mr.Qq o good  
hi and thean miss.Uu came!  
I will marrey you miss.Uu said  
Mr.Qq so he did.

Bye bye. The end.

4-16-87. The easter bunny.  
April 16 I was playing and  
The bell rang whean we whent in  
The baskets was full.  
Happy easer to you happy easter  
to you happy easter easter bunny  
happy easter to you we all saig.

The end.

4-29-87 The ailphabet.

Aa Bb Cc Dd Ee Ff Gg Hh Ii Jj Kk  
Ll Mm Nn Oo Pp Qq Rr Ss Tt Uu Vv  
Ww Xx Yy Zz. Bye Bye.

The end.

4-29-87 I can Read !  
I went in kingergarden and I noo  
how to Read I am having mr.q.

Bye.

4-29-87 Adams vacasen.  
I wheat to Cape cod.  
And I stayed in a hotel.  
At 3.00 a false alarm weat OFF.  
Fire tracks came.

the end.

BYE BYE.

4-29-87 The Compter Room.  
Today I am At Bed !  
Ok?  
April 14. The End.

Hi.

5-1-87 I love Amy .

I was born in love with her The End.

5-1-87 What I thart mr.q Was

a qurt of milk nooooooooo

Quick yeeesssss but it is quiet

mr.q my name is Adam Ares.

I love amy as you know becose

it's on a oter story!

5-1-87. the Words in The compter  
room. Cat dog dish pug sun bed rabbit  
leg three man snake vase jump hand  
wagon yard moon kite zipper straw  
smoke turtle chair house oil horse  
wheel unaform book butter.

the End.

5-1-87. Let,s go kids.

O.K Lisa LET,S GO KIDS.

Let,s get the bad guys Lisa yaa.

Good we got um.

The End .

Bye Bye.

5-5-87 Only I love Amy.

Whean I was born I loved Amy.

I stil do!

Good Bye .

The End.

5-5-87. The Year.

January Has 31 Days in It.

Febuary Has 28 days in it. ByE.

March Has 31 Days In It.

April Has 30 days in it. May Has 31

Days in it. June has 30 days in it.

july has 31 days in it. August has 31

days in it. september has 30 days.

October has 31 days in it. novmber

has 30 days. desembber has 31 days.

5-5-87. It,s a good thing.

it,s A GoOd thing yo,re not a nail

you,ld have to be took out of a body.

SO IT,S A GOOD THING YO,RE NOT A

octapus. you wold haveto wash 8

hands. the end.

Good BYE .

good byr. Ha ha ha.

5-5-87 i like typeing.

try it you will like it. i know.

the alpabet is

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNPOQRSTUVWXYZ. and

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz.

THE end.....kid.



5-5-87 i love to be me.

i had a nightmare of someone cut me

i,m glad it was just a nightmare

because i,m glad i,m me.

the end

5-5-87 french.

in french hi is bon jer.

one is orn two is der three it twao.

fouar. is cat five is sanck.

the end.

5-6-87. i don,t.

I don,t whant to tell anyone my

nightmare. the end.

5-6-87. Super Adam and the mazes.

One day adam walked along two mazes.

And the sian said SUPER PEUPLE

go in the maze he did and lefed the

next one!

5-6-87. Mrs.Slatterey. Hi.

Mrs.Slattery is nice I rember somone

Who said i love you Mrs.Slattery.

She is ssssssssoooooooooo nice.

nice

Mrs. Slattery.

the end.

bye bye.

KINETIC ANXIETY: CHILDHOOD AND EARLY TEENAGE WRITINGS

5-6-87 eat.  
eat good food.

5-6-87. print.  
pleee  
print the story mrs.slattrey.  
the end.

5-6-87. letter teype.  
i let it not be recrdid.

5-6-87. good.  
good storys ha yes that is nice.  
I lvoe you.....and amy.

5-6-87 Number ten KId.  
uniform book butter.

5-6-87 just lowercase letters.  
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz.  
end.

5-6-87 just capetel letters.  
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ.>.ha ha ha  
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

5-7-87 New let,s go kids.  
Ok Zachary let,s go kids.  
good we got bryan and danel and  
Nathen.  
the end.  
bye.

5-7-87 A hot day.

5-8-87 hi.

like to say hi?

5-8-87 bye .

Do you like to say bye nnnnoooooO.

5-8-87 the pritty good dream.

Adam thats me and Chris and Ken

triyed to

find candy alone . When Chris and

Ken quit i ceped on going and some

one i did not know took one of

my candys! the end.

5-8-87 Happy birthday Erica.

Today is Erica,s birthday.

happy birthday Erica.

thack you says Erica leone.

good day Erica good day says Erica.

The end.

5-8-87 My dads birthday.

It is on April. 24<sup>th</sup>.

5-8-87. almost summer.

To day is may 8 summer is in

june.

bbbbbbbbbbboooooooooobbbbbbb

bbbbboooooooooobbbbbbbboooooo.

just a little fun the end .

bye bye.....kid.

5-8-87                      Zachary Mann.

Zachary Richard Man is nice.

or Zack or what

ever oh ever. the end.

5-13-87 The dog.

Princes is a dog

She barks when

Someone comes in

Ruff.      The end.

5-13-87 C.H.A.S. And 5-13-87 bye.

C.H.A.S. And when me me took out the

S.T.C.H.I.H. she did not know it.

The End.

5-13-87 bye.

good bye bye.

5-13-87 Sorey.

Bon jor means hi or hello but

Mrs.Slatery happy mothers day

the name for this is sorey becose...

.....

. it's late.

the end. Bye.

5-13-87 end of mother,s day.

The end of mother,s day storys.

5-15-87 Kissy Kissy Koo.

Murrissa love,s me

I do love Amy I say Kissy Kissy Koo.

I love her !

The End.

5-18-87 May.28 And number.5.

You know that

On May.28 we are

Goiong on a fiald

Trip? OK.

number.5.

jump hand wagon mestry test make

words. The end.

5-18-87 Sun day.

Today is monday of corse.

Sunday was yesterday was Sunday

And the day befie it is

Satrday. sunday iwheant to grandmas

house. I whent to bed at 10.00.

the end. good bye.

5-18-87 i rrrrellleeeeeeyyyyyy.

i rrrrellleeeeeeyyyyyy love monday.

there is a new letter porson!

and compter and jim. The end.

5-19-87 cycle.1 .

- 1.....cat
- 2.....dog
- 3.....fish
- 4.....test
- 5.....make words.

5-19-87 cycle.2.

- 1.....pig
- 2.....sun
- 3.....bed
- 4.....test
- 5.....make words.

5-26-87 Starting a New Track

5-26-87 cycle.10

- 1.....uniform
- 2.....book
- 3.....butter
- 4.....test
- 5.....make words

5-27-87 numbers 1-48 and 100-111

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13

14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23

24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33

34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43

44 4 46 47 48.

numbers 100-111 100 101 102 103

104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111.

5-27-87 funny Kurt.

Kurt is funny you know why?

NO? becse he wrote some thing

and thean

5-29-87 K.Fild trip.

We whent to

Sothwick anamil

Farm in mendon ma.

We saw the amazing

Red bat and a camel.

5-29-87 backwords words of computer.

butter book uniform wheel horse

oil house chair turtle smoke

staw zipper kite moon yard

wagon hand jump vase snake man

three leg rabbit bed sun pig

fish dog cat the end.

6-1-87 May.31ST.

Yestrday night wich  
Was may.31ST the  
Power whent OUT.  
Oh no but! it came  
On good but it came  
On goood but it whent out  
Agin but it whent on.

6-1-87 change it.

6-2-87 super Adam Ares Part.1.

One day Adam Ares  
Was reading chittiey  
Chittiey bang bang.  
And thean boom what  
Is that? To be continued.

6-2-87 super Adam Ares Part.2.

Adam Ares looked out the window  
And thare was his kids Amy  
Ken and Chris. in chittiey chittiey  
Bang bang OH NOOOOOOOOO  
Yelled Adam Ares get out of  
Chittiey chittiey bang bang.  
To be continued.

6-2-87 super Adam Ares Part.3

Ok dad said the kids good



## *The Kids Books*

### **(EXCERPT FROM) FISHHEAD #1**

#### CHAPTER ONE

#### MY SWEET CODETTE

"What'd you think of the movie?"

"Two sweaty men with bionic adjustments shooting everyone... that Van Damme's a hunk!"

"Hey! She's probably snotty, anyway- he's rich!"

"That doesn't mean nothing!"

"I just don't want you to dump me and go on a wild goose chase across Death Valley to try to find your dear martial-arts jerk. Besides, he's human, Codette! HUMAN!"

"Oh my god, Fishhead! You're right! I'm going crazy! Help me!"

"Not in public!"

"Then let's go home!"

"Can't. I've got skydiving lessons at six."

"Oh, man! Um.. let's meet tomorrow. My place."

"You got it. See ya!"

And so, Fishhead set off to the airport for his skydiving lessons, and Codette went on her way home.

Fishhead was madly in love with Codette. When he jumped out of that plane over Mt. St. Helens, all he could think about was those little cute troll dolls with optional clothes.

That was hardly the thought of Codette, though. She was

much too mature for that. She was saying to herself, "That's not a stranger that snuck into my house into my corner (man, that came out wrong)... that's just a coat rack with a bunch of clothes on it. Wait a minute... did that coat rack just fart? Nah. It must've been my pet skunk. Then why is it nudging towards me? Okay, it's one of those coat racks that walks. Right. Are they supposed to climb on the bed? Guess so."

And she just fell asleep. Fishhead was still falling. Codette was still sleeping.

Less filling!

Tastes great!

"Oh, great!" whispered Codette, "I left the TV on!"

She got up to turn it off when the coat rack knocked her out.

Fishhead was still falling, expecting to hear a voice saying, "Welcome to the Twilight Zone." But there was no voice. Just a thud. He had landed.

**KIDS #1: FOURTH GRADE FURY**

*(Editing note: I created two series of "Kids" books, one when I was in the 4<sup>th</sup> grade and another when I was in the 5<sup>th</sup> grade. Some issues are missing from each of these years, and pages are missing from the ones I've found. What follows is the first issue of "Kids" for both the 4th and 5th grade series.)*

CHAPTER ONE

Tuesday, May 13, 1991

8:30 A.M.

"...O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave..." sang Miss O'Leary's class, in Bowie School, on the second floor, in the last classroom. "aaaave.." sang Jeremiah Johnson, "Whoops!"

Everyone sat down. Before I tell you the story, now, I'll tell you about the uh... characters. First there's MISS O'Leary... don't forget the miss, now, because people do a lot. Miss O'Leary is a good teacher, she has a good sense of humor, she is the teacher of 27, I think it is now, kids. There are three Ryans in this class. Ryan Moore, Ryan Purcell, and Ryan Terhune. Ryan Moore is a normal kid, except he always goes on vacations. Ryan Purcell is a lot like Ryan Moore. He's normal, but he always has something to talk about. Ryan Terhune is anything but normal. He's one of the three big jokers in the class: Jeremiah, Michael Guammandm whoops, I mean Guamaund, I mean, well, you can pronounce it. (and, of course, Ryan T. is also one of the three). Next, Adam Ares. He is

known for Nintendo, we will focus around him the most, um, did I mention that he's known for Nintendo? Okay, well, I think I'll just tell you about the other kids as the story goes on. As you read, you'll see teachers and mothers (in your heads, that is) that, um, enhance the story. Well, sorry for the interruption. On with the story!

"Good morning, boys and girls," said Miss O'Leary to the class. "Good morning, Miss O'Leary," answered the class.

Not much happened during the morning, so I'll tell you about what happened at recess.

"Did you happen to see.."

"Get out of here!"

"Just stop bugging me!"

Not much had changed from the rest of the year. The kids were getting along just fine... "Ow! Stop that!" Well, almost. Anyway, as I said before, not much had changed. If you told a noonmother (aide, etc.) that someone stole your swing, she'd tell you to tell him to give it back. If the kid won't get off, the noonmother'll say the same thing. So you just give up. I'll have you know- things weren't THAT bad. There were only 2 or 3 injuries a week, and people didn't get in trouble that much. Of course, that was only for MISS O'Leary's room. No one ever bothered to estimate the number of injuries in the whole school. That would take so long that the number would change and you would have to do it all over again. \_\_ I've probably bored you out by now, so I'll begin with the story. Adam (tah-dah!) was walking n the playground, hoping he could find a problem to solve. Then he found one. "Hello, Adam!"

"Hello, Danny," answered Adam to the guy who always came up on cue. "So, whaddayawannado?" began Danny, (Adam wished it was his ending. Oh, and by the way, that long word meant what do you want to do?".) "Actually," answered Adam, "I was hoping to spend a nice day alone." "Oh, come on," answered Danny to Adam's answer.

Adam started to run. Danny knew exactly where he was headed... the noonmother!

## CHAPTER TWO

Tuesday, May 13, 1991

11:48 A.M.

Adam ran to the noonmother, hoping that for once she would care. Danny didn't know what to do. But Adam didn't talk to the noonmother. (he changed his mind at the last second). He just stoof around the (you know), "KNOWING THAT DAN WON'T BUG.. uh-oh!" Adam had said his thoughts aloud. Adam ran away, and Danny went to bug Matthew Leone.

"Come on, Danny!"

"Jeremy Lempke smiled!"

The rest of recess was normal. People stole swings, fell off of elevated tires, and scaled walls of the playground. There were few injuries that day (34, 35?), and lots of people had just beaten the video game "Super C" (just kidding). As I was saying, the rest of recess was normal, except for the end. That was when someone suddenly swiped Jeremiah's hand-held video game, FLASHLIGHT DUDE. No one was expecting it. Here's how it happened. Jeremiah

finished playing, he put the game down, and then yelled to Anthony DelMonte that he could play. Then, as Jer turned around, he saw a figure running away with the game! Anothony saw what happened, and rushed to help. "He went that way!" yelled Jeremiah to Tony, over the roar of the wind, pointing towards the Selser School field. Selser School was the school that Bowie kids go to when they're in a high enough grade. (the kids will be moving to Selser in Kids #2) "He must be a Selser kid!" YELLED Anthony back to Jeremiah. Adam happened to be nearby, so Tony yelled for him to join the chase. Then something terrible happened.

"He's running into Selser School!"

### CHAPTER THREE

Tuesday, May 13, 1991

12:14 P.M.

"We're not allowed to go in Selser!" "Too bad!" said Adam, "We have to get the hand-held game back!" "I don't know," said Anthony. Do you...

...go with them? if so, turn to chapter 4.

...stay outside and cover? If so, turn to... well, keep on reading.

"I'll cover you from here," stated Anthony. (People call him Antonio) "Okay," said Jeremiah, "But you'll probably miss all of the action!" Adam and Jeremiah went inside the school. Then, a terrible thing happened. The bell rang. Everyone started pouring into Bowie School. Pretend you're Anthony again. Do you:

go back into the school? if so, turn to chapter 5.

keep guarding the field? if so, keep reading.

Anthony stayed in the field. Soon, the figure of Steven Major popped out of Selser School. Jeremiah and Adam followed. "Did you see him?" asked Jeremiah. "Yeah," said Tony, "It was Steven Major." "MAGER?" asked Jeremiah. "No, Major!" said Tony. "I've suspected him for a long time," said Adam. "After him!" yelled Jeremiah. "No, the bell rang. We'll try our luck tomorrow." (Tony said that.) ADVANCE TO CHAPTER 6.

#### CHAPTER FOUR

Wednesday, May 14, 1991

11:48 A.M.

"Okay, I'll go with you," announced Anthony. "Well, it look you long enough to decide!" But it was too late. They had strayed into the woods. It took them all recess to find their way out. When the kids watched the news that night, the reporter said:

"A boy named Steven Major has been sent to prison for 9,987 years in prison for stealing a hand-hld game. Unfortunately, the game was crused- I mean, crushed by Steve when he became angry as he was being read his rights."

"Gee, doesn't that seem a little harsh for just stealing a little game?" asked Anthony. "Well, I have no objections," said Jeremiah. GO ON TO CHAPTER 7.

## CHAPTER FIVE

Tuesday, May 13, 1991

12:15 P.M.

Anthony went into the school with the others. When inside, Miss O'Leary asked if anyone knew where Adam and Jeremiah were, and Anthony answered, "They went into Selser School to chase someone who had stolen Jeremiah's little hand-held electronic game."

Minutes later, Adam and Jeremiah returned. "Did you get the game?" asked Anthony. "Yes," replied Jeremiah, "No thanks to you." The next day, at recess, Adam asked Anthony if he wanted to come over his house with Jeremiah. TURN TO CHAPTER 4.

## CHAPTER SIX

Wednesday, May 14, 1991

12:18 P.M.

The next day at the school, the kids had a test. Here are problems numbers 1 & 2:

1. snow: sky=plants:\_\_\_\_\_
2.  $2 \times 2 \times 5 \times 8 \times 56 \times 3 \times 98 \times 5 \times 2 \times 1 \times 4 =$  \_\_\_\_\_

They weren't THAT hard. Anyway, at recess, Adam asked Anthony if he wanted to come with him and Jeremiah, looking for Steven Major (Steven is not in Miss O'Leary's class). TURN TO CHAPTER 4.



## CHAPTER SEVEN

Thursday, May 15, 1991

8:30 A.M.

The next day, Miss O'Leary's class received a new student that morning. His name- Charles Cunningham! Charles was in Adam's second grade class. But he was anything but a friend. Charles, or "Baddokid", as Adam called him, was Adam's worst enemy. (Oh, and Charles was in Adam's first grade class, not his second) But he moved away, thanks to Adam, Zachary Mann, and Miguel (i don't know how to spell his last name, but it's pronounced man.u.elli. in fact, that might be how you spell it!) Here's what happened:

"All right, Adam! Now you'll be burned to toast on the burning slide! And you have shorts on!" yelled "Baddokid". Adam was struggling with Baddo. (Ad called himself Superkid) Then, out of nowhere, came Zachary and Miguel! The kids snuck up behind Charles and blew a whistle right in his ear! (ow!) Baddokid pushed Adam down the slide, as Miguel and Zack watched with fear in their eyes. "No!" yelled Zachary, lunging for the slide. But all he managed to do was knock Baddokid down the hot, hot slide. But what of Adam? "Hey, I need some help down here!" It was the voice of Adam! "I'm losing my grip!" Now that, that was a different voice. The voice of Baddokid! "Oh yeah," said Adam, "I saved Charles!"

CHARLES HAD BEEN SAVED.

Later, Adam told Baddokid that if he didn't stop bugging the Superkid, the kids would blow the whistle in his ear, and tell the

teacher about what he had done. Charles agreed. He was the ex-Baddokid.

And now he was in Miss O'Leary's class! Many of the kids recognized him instantly. Adam raised his hand. He told the teacher that Charles had been in his first grade class. Charles yelled, "Adam!"

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Thursday, May 15, 1991

11:47

That recess was terrible! (but it made a great chapter) First, the secret got out, and everybody called Adam "Superkid". (This part gives me a great opportunity to tell you about some more kids. Amy Cote, some kids, Rachel and Rebecca Roberts, Jeremy Lempke, Jason Slachetka, Christopher Young, Sophia Wilson (I'll name more later). Second, Charles Cunningham was Baddokid again! He wanted a radical revenge! And Adam would do anything within thinking range that made sense to make sure he couldn't. Here's the scoop: as soon as Charley the bad dude (hey, I like that) saw Adam (Captain A) Super-Duper Dude Kid (I really like that), he charged. And without a credit card! At the last moment, Adam moved. Charley "Chaplin" crashed into the brick school wall. He never was that bright. Thart made Charley Chalk angry. He started chasing Adam, Adam ran. See Spot run. See Spot sic Dick. Adam suddenly turned around, nailing Charley-warley in the stomach. Charging Charles ran away. But he soon returned, with a gigantic

stick! Charles in Charge swung the almost-tree trunk-looking stick aroundm (this is the good part) Adam grabbed the end of the stick, and swung Cheap Charley around and around. Soon Adam swiped the stick out of Baddo-dude's hand. "Thanks," he said.

## CHAPTER NINE

Friday, May 16, 1991 12:01 P.M.

It took a while for Charles Not-so-CUNNINGham to find Adam the totally cool, super dooper rad and all around nice guy. But this time both sides were ready. It was army vs. army. The thing is, by the time Charley the Dumb found Sir Adam, it was time to go inside! Inside, the kids found out that Charles Cunningham, a.k.a. Baddokid, had been sent to the wrong school. Charles was gone that day, but Adam will never be able to sleep safe knowing that Baddokid is somewhere in Chicopee. Adam will not rest until Charles Cunningham is where he should be- reform school! (what's that?)

## CHAPTER TEN

Monday, May 19, 1991

11:49

Adam was just walking around, wondering what to do. He went all the way through the maze on the playground. He finall saw.. a rat! A giant, mutant, ugly rat, about as big as Adam. "Whoa.. what are you supposed to be.. Splinter?" said Ado Ad quickly. "Noooo, I'm Radioactive Rat Man!" said the hairball. "Hey, you

know, you sound like Danny!" said Adam.

"I am Danny!"

"I thought you were Radioactive Rat Man!"

"I'm both! You see, I was walking around, looking for you, as Daniel, when I fell into a sewer with rats, goo, and cheese! When I came out, I found I was a rat, and that I had special powers!" "What kind of special powers?" asked Adam. At that moment, Danny lit up, and set a soda can on fire. "Now that's what I call recycling!" said Rat Man. When it was time to go inside, Rat Man used a spell on himself so that he looked like Daniel. During that time, Mr. Burgess, the principal, came on the intercom. "Good morning, teachers," said Mr. B, "We have a litte problem outside. Please make sure that no one goes ouside. There's a 600 pound black bear near us. It's at the hospital. That's all." Miss O'Leary was out at the time, so Radioactive Rat Man and Superkid came to the rescue.

When the heroes arrived, the bear was climbing down from a tree. It looked at Rat Man and Superkid. They were on the menu at McGrizzly's!

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### SOME MOMENT OF STRESS...

The bear growled. The heroes didn't want to hurt him. But the bear didn't care about them. "I have a tranquilizer dart gun!" said Awesome Superkid, "But I have 2 settings: 15 minutes or 30 minutes. The 30 minute one doesn't always work for more than 2

minutes, and 15 minutes doesn't give us a very long time!" Pretend you're Radioactive Rat Man. Do you:

Tell him what you think? If so, go to the label X: within this chapter.

Let him decide? If so, keep on reading.

Radioactive Rat Man didn't say a word.

X:

Soon enough, the bear was asleep (kind of). Rat Man and Superkid flew back into school and quickly made themselves look normal. If you were wondering, Superkid got his special powers from Radioactive Rat Man. The teacher soon came back. No one told her. NEXT CHAPTER: MR. VIDEO!

NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR: I will no longer write the time with each chapter no. I will instead make a subtitle for each chapter.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

Mr. Video!

It was after school. Adam was at Anthony's house. Danny had changed back into himself, and Adam had given up being Superkid. Things were pretty much back to normal. (By the way, some more of the pupils in Miss O'Leary's class are: Deshundra Speigh, Henry Rowland, Mellissa Fargo, Dayna (who cares about her last name anyway) That's about it.) Then, Adam defeated the Shadow Boss in DOUBLE DRAGON. All of a sudden, the

television blew up! Anthony asked, "Are you all right, Adam?" "Oh, yeah!" said Adam, "But I think your TV needs a trip to the hospital." Anthony nodded knowingly. "A-a-Adam!" yelled Anthony, "Your arm.. it's like.. like it's metallic or something!" Anthony was right. Adam's arm was a silvery color. "Look!" cried Anthony, "On the TV!" Words had appeared on the screen! They said,

PLEASE EXCUSE MY SON. BUT IT IS JUST AS GOOD.  
WHICH ONE OF YOU HAS A METALLIC ARM? WHICHEVER  
ONE OF YOU DOES, YOU ARE MR.VIDEO: THE ULTIMATE  
VIDEO GAMER! YOU NOW WILL BE TRANSPORTED TO  
VIDEO WORLD, WHERE YOU WILL TAKE A TEST TO SEE IF  
YOU ARE GOOD ENOUGH TO SAVE THE WORLD. xtu-768j

"Did he say what I think he just sai.." started Adam. But he was stopped short by a warp zone in his friend's living room.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### EVENT NUMBER 1

"Hello, aaaand welcome to another contest to see if we can find a person to save the Earth!" said a computerized voice, "And what is your given name, Mr. Video?" "A..Adam Ar..Ares, sir." "And now for the first event.. Taekwonvideo!"

Three minutes later, it was time to start. "Go!" yelled the voice. Adam stared at the obviously trained oppoent. Then he remembered Taekwondo from Track And Field II. He decided to use some of his tips for the game on this dude. The, uh, OPP. used a foot sweep on Adam. Adam fell. Adam remembered his trick. See Spot

run. See Spot sic dick. As the opp. tried to kick Adam when he was down, he rolled away, causing his opp. to slip and fall. As soon as both of the contestants were up, Adam ran. The opp. followed. Suddenly, Adam turned around and kneed the opp. right in the stomach. The opp. stepped back in pain, 1...2...3...4...5...6...7...8...9...10! "The winner! Adam A-Ares, also known as Mr. Video!" The crowd applauded like crazy. Adam had passed the first test, but what was this about saving the world? And who was this computerized voice? Adam wanted some answers. "Okay!" yelled Adam, "Who are you? And what is this about saving the world?" "That's for me to know, and for you to find out," remarked the voice. "The next event," thundered a voice, "Is the obstacle course!"

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Event #2 is CANCELLED!

"Now," said the voice, "This is the obstacle course." "Listen," said Adam, "Whoever you are, I'm coming to get you. You can tell me your side of the story when I find you." There was no response. Adam looked around. There was a staircase leading to a door on his left. He headed for it. As he was climbing, the stairs suddenly turned into a giant slide! Adam grabbed the railing and slowly worked his way up. When he got to the top, he found that the door was locked! He stepped back, and with all of his strength, kicked the door down. As he stepped inside, the computerized voice said, "I congratulate you for getting this far. But I will now finish

you off!" "You know," said Adam calmly, "I heard something like that in Ninja Gaiden." Then he saw him. He was an old man with a cane. "You're the powerful wizard of Oz?" joked Adam. "I do not understand your humor," said the old man, "My name is.. Matthew Cunningham." "M-m-Matthew CUNNINGHAM?" asked Adam, "Are you per chance related to Charles Cunningham?" "Yes" answered the, uh, Matthew, "Are you per chance.. Superkid?" "I am," answered Adam. Matthew lunged for Adam. See spot run. See Spot sic Dick. Matthew fell back in pain, and as Adam went to kick again, Matthew flew up, punching Adam in the face and knocking him down. Matthew was about to jump on Superkid, to do what Charles could not!

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### RETURN TO EARTH!

Adam rolled away at the last second, causing Matthew to crash into the hard ground. Then Matthew revealed his true identity-Anthony! "I had you going there for awhile, didn't I?" remarked Antonio. He explained how he took out xtu-768j. He had used a strange sphere to look like an old man. Seconds later, Adam and Anthony were returned to Earth. As soon as they came home, they forgot all about Video World (for 1 night). The next day, they watched a movie. The name: Video World Tests! THE NEXT CHAPTER WILL BE THE LAST AND ONE OF THE BEST. AT LEAST I THINK SO...



## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### SCHOOL'S OUT!

Date: June 18, 1991.

Characters I didn't name: Erica Leone.

Special Events: Last day of school!

It was a dark and stormy day. The kids were in school. It was the last day of fourth grade. There was a bad storm outside. A tornado could form at any minute. The kids were terrified, especially during science. The chapter: Wind and Storms. They learned about the great storms that knock schools over-- even brick ones. They learned that winds could break windows, sending glass all over the room. Soon Henry asked if he could sharpen his pencil. As he was sharpening, a window broke over the force of the wind! Fortunately, the glass hit no one, not even Henry. But he got pulled outside of the window! Being on the second floor, it would be a long fall! But then Henry yelled for help, and Jeremy was the first one there. Henry had grabbed onto the window sill of the clinic, downstairs. The wind was forcing his legs into the air. He was losing his grip. Jeremy suddenly got an idea. He grabbed the teacher's yardstick. He let it down. Henry grabbed onto it. Jeremy tugged with all of his strength. Finally, Henry was up in the classroom! For the tenth time in his life, Jeremy Lempke smiled in the classroom. It was a moment to cherish. That afternoon, the children said good-bye to Miss O'Leary and promised to visit the classroom. See what happens to the kids in fifth grade in KIDS #2.

*(Editing Note: I can't find the second issue of the fourth grade series, but since it followed pretty much the same storyline, I'll put in its place the second issue of the fifth grade series.)*

## **KIDS #2: FIFTH GRADE FEAR**

### CHAPTER ONE

#### FIFTH GRADE FEAR

This was the big day. All the fourth graders going into Selser School would learn what classroom they would be in. Unfortunately, the kids that were in Miss O'Leary's class last year were split up. But, since Adam's in Mrs. Well's class, we'll focus on that classroom. As the bell rang, all of the kids poured into Selser School, sending a chill up teachers' spines. The kids didn't do any work that day. That afternoon, they had a new and interesting way of going onto the playground. During their time on the main part of the playground, Adam, Brian, Zachary, and Matthew Woods (a new kid) were on the swings. Ryan Purcell and Matthew were swinging high. The swings seemed like they might tip over at any second. All of a sudden, there was a thump. Matthew Woods had a broken swing. The thump had been Matt hitting the ground, about a meter and 5 inches away from the swings. He was okay. His arm just hurt a little for a few minutes. Other than that, recess was remarkably a success. The kids were probably just excited because they knew they were growing up. There was an honor roll in this school, and, all in all, it was exciting. It was the beginning of a new era for the kids, an era of- "Shut up!" Oh, yes. I forgot about even more

sarcasm and violence. The Selser students used the same playground as the Bowie kids. But as soon as the first bell rang, the torture began. Fifteen minutes without shade in sight. It was nightmarish. There was shade, but the noonmothers didn't want the kids to go there. It kind of makes you wonder what they're payed for, doesn't it? Oh, I almost forgot. Henry's brother, Peter, is in Mrs. Well's class, as well as Amy's sister, Wendy. Personally, I think Peter will let me write anything about him in this book.. so I will. Later on, a dark figure pulled Ryan Purcell into the woofs. "Hey," said the figure, "You want one?" He held up a box of shiny figures and smiled.

## CHAPTER TWO

### FRIENDS & FOES

Meanwhile, the other kids couldn't believe how fast they were growing. Then Ryan came up and told the story to Adam, Danny, and Brian. The rest of recess was quiet, and no one told Mrs. Wells.. or Ryan's mom!!!! That afternoon, Ryan Purcell went swimming. He for the first time went to the deep end of the pool. (He wasn't a very good swimmer!) But, he was hanging onto a kickboard, and using it. But, as he was hanging onto the side, the kickboard came out and was just under his feet. Ryan struggled to get fully back onto the board. But, as fate shall have it, it did not work. The board came out from under his feet, and went flying like a torpedo. Ryan Purcell was not able to climb over the edge of the pool, so he hung on for dear life. He was there, clutching the wall

for at least a couple of minutes until his mother came, who was definitely unlike Ryan. She could be a professional swimmer if she wanted. She hopped into a pool, like a baby dolphin returning from its voyage into the sky. She picked up her son, and while Ryan was catching his breath, neighbors were laughing. Ryan had never been laughed at before, but the kids who were at that time seemed to be having so much fun that Ryan Purcell joined in. The other kids found that completely pathetic and took off. "Gee," said Ryan, "I should make fun of other people a lot. It could cheer me up." The next day, Ryan P. was with Jason and Ryan Moore, climbing the structures on the playground. Adam just happened to be nearby, just wondering why the heck Dan wasn't bugging him today. As he was wandering around, a dark figure approached him. Before Adam had time to react, the figure was tugging on his shirt. Soon Adam was in some strange secret section of the playground. Adam immediately recognized the figure as a video game character! "Grant DaNasty!!!!!"

### CHAPTER THREE

#### FLASHBACK!

Now, Grant DaNasty is a character from Castlevania 3: Dracula's Curse. First you defeat him in battle, and then he joins the forces of good. And here was Adam, standing next to him. "COWABUNGA!" yelled Adam, "Grant! What.. I mean... what are you doing... how? Who? Gimme some answers here!" "Yeah," said Grant, "I'm Mr. DaNasty dude.. But, I'm also Danny..." "Oh, gimme

a break," said Adam, "First it was Radioactive Rat Man, and now.. now look at you! You're an ex-pirate with a craving to climb around! Okay, how'd it happen?" "Okay, well, uh, well, uh, well, uh.. I was over at Matthew's house, and I'd just beaten Grany. Then... then I was just.. sucked into the game!" "Yeah," said Adam, "That for some reason has been happening a lot lately. Oh, sorry. Continue." "Now, um, I was exploring Castlevania, and I found a way to get out, and here I am now.. Grant!" "Wow!" said Adam, "Life is sure full of surprises, huh? What's say we be partners?" "Okay," said Grant, "But you'll have to get used to me having to hunch."

Soon, Grant and Mr. Video were battling the forces of evil. (You think being a hero is easy? Try being one for a day. Or a lifetime!!) It wasn't very long until they met a dark figure. "Now go!" they heard him say, "You must not fail! There are many depositors in the Bank of The Mushroom Kingdom! I will be rich!" As soon as the men had left, and only that dark figure had stayed, the team charged out. "Okay," said Mr. Video, "Your number's up! Now serving 21!" The dark figure turned around. The face would terrify anyone that had known who he was. The face was bloody.. all red, with very little face remaining. "Who the heck.." started Grant. "I," said the figure, "Am Bloody Cough. But, my real name is Richard M. Cunningham." "No way.. no coincidence has ever been this big! YOU!!!!" "What?" asked Grant, "How do you know he's related.." But Adam was thinking back.. It was... 1988.. "Charles! What do you want from me? Why? What did I ever do to you?" It was Adam. He was struggling with Charles on the tires. They

seemed high back then. Adam... lost his balance...

## CHAPTER FOUR

### EXCITING!!!

Adam fell off of the tires, falling several feet. He had dirt all over him. "Charles! You weren't always this bad! Why? Why.. are you doing this?" "Nnnngh!" groaned Charles, "Because I am me, and there is nothing you can do about it." "I'll change your evil ways in the future!" "Try it," said Charles, "Because when I have to, I'll call up my uncle.. Richard!" "What's his last name?" "By coincidence.. Cunningham!" "You probably don't even have an uncle! If you did, he probably disowned your.. somebody to get away from you!" "You'll see!" And now, it was 1991. (Or 1992, or 1993, or even 9997!) Here was Richard. Just before Baddokid had gotten his name, he had foreseen this moment. Almost. And soon, a lightning bolt landed into Richie's hand! "NO WAY!" chanted Mr. Video and Grant. Richard lowered his arm and sent the lightning bolt toward Mr. Video. "Ahhhhhhhh!" said Mr. Video, "That seemed like a recharge!" But he was cut short by a bolt headed straight for Grant! It hit the G-Man! He changed back into Daniel. "Man," said Dan, "I can never stay a super-hero for long!" "If you're not careful, you might not be a human for too long!" yelled Mr. Video. Mr. Video changed into the wolf from Altered Beast and used a flying kick right into the bad dude's stomach. He fell, and fell, and fell. He landed on his feet like a cat and ran, and ran, and ran. That afternoon, Ryan Purcell got a phone call telling him to go

into the woods at 6:30 sharp. Ryan did. When he went, he saw a figure with a gun. "Wha-what are you doing here?" That was all Ryan Purcell could say before he was knocked out cold.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### JUST DO IT!

The next day, no one knew what had happened to Ryan Purcell. They figured he just had a fever or something. So, when Brian Rondeau went for a walk in the very same woods, and found a note from Ryan Purcell, he was kind of surprised. It read:

Help! CaPtured! THIs Is rYan PUrCell! You WoN'T BelleVE Who Capotured.. Oh, no...

That was all. Brian automatically ran home to call Henry, Peter, Adam, and- no one else. Everyone called everyone else until everyone knew. The kids excitedly made plans to meet in the woods to search for clues. No one told Mrs. Wells because they knew she wouldn't let the kids help rescue Ryan. After school, the kids met in the woods. Soon the kids found a trail of popcorn. They followed the trail until they came to a swamp.

"What now?"

"What else?"

"You don't mean.."

"We must!"

After the swamp, the kids found the trail again. "Hey, what's that?" asked Matthew Burns. "Leaves," said Katie, "It's a new

trend." But... it was a trap! the kids fell in! Only Anthony was left out! But then, a tree began to fall!

## CHAPTER SIX

### ESCAPE!!!

All of a sudden, Adam turned into Mr. Video in an instant, who changed into Digger T. Rock. He dug really fast as he pushed the kids down. The kids fell into a pre-dug tunnel! "Gee," said Mark, "I wonder what your friend Anthony is doing right now, Ad!" He just so happened to be laughing. "I finally got him! Ha, ha, ha..!" At that time, the other kids were busy dodging spears because Matthew Shea said the wrong password. "Open sesame?!" yelled Matthew Leone, "Oh, you and your big mouth!" Just then, as Adam had changed into Super Mario from Super Mario World for faster running speed, he was struck by an arrow!

If you want him to be okay, keep reading.

If not, well, too bad.

The arrow changed Super Mario into Small Mario! The kids continued on. "Check it!" yelled Matt L., "sunlight!" It was true. The tunnel had come to an end. When they were out, everyone was wondering where the heck Anthony was. But instead, they saw Charles Cunningham (See KIDS #1)



## CHAPTER SIX 1/2

### YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE

Charles Cunningham.. Adam's worst enemy. And because of that, the whole class that Adam belonged to was a terrible enemy to Charles... Baddokid. And now he was standing in front of Mrs. Wells' class- along with some other friends. "Yo, Adam!" said Baddokid, "Shall we?" But, now, they were no longer in the woods. They were in some kind of arena. "Where in the.. amazing world am I?" asked Adam to no one in particular. "This is the KKF Kickboxing Championship match. We now have Superkid vs. the notorious Baddokid!" It was a voice from out of nowhere. But who cares? Adam then noticed that he had a log stick in his hand as a weapon. So did Baddokid. He swung it around. Adam dropped his stick. Charles swung it around again. Adam got knocked out. Soon, he was in the ocean. Actually, Matthew L. was splashing a bucket on his head. "You know," said Michael, "When I asked you to get a bucket of water so my friend could wake up, I didn't want you to splash it on yourself!" "Adam!" yelled Dan, "You fainted!" Then, Ad was in the old west! He was at a showdown with Charley the Kid. "Ten paces, you dead duck!" yelled Adam the Great. 1...2...3.. Charley the Kid turned around and fired. Adam was on the cold ground, but he was just outside of the woods. He continued on. He had to hurry. Ryan Purcell was missing.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### UFOS AND RYAN P.

The next day, on the playground, Adam happened to be near Jason, who was in his fourth grade class, hanging from a couple of bars. "Hey, J, what's up?" Before you could say "extraterrestrial" (even though that's not very quick), a U.F.O. landed right next to the two. Soon, a very strong force pulled both Jason and Adam towards the object. Once the two were inside the oval purple object, the martians revealed themselves. "Moths?!" yelled Adam and Jason at the same time.

"OoomutbaAdokinofvidgam!" said one alien. "He said, 'You must be Adam, king of the video games.'" explained alien #1. The martians asked if the kids would mind being dissected. The tubular twosome said they would mind. They just wanted to go home. Next Adam changed into Mr. Video. Then Mr. Video changed into Bang from Crash At Demonhead. "Mr. Video!" yelled alien #2. Bang transported home with the power of teleport. Adam and Jason didn't tell anyone. That day, while searching for Ryan Purcell, the kids found him tied to a tree. But then, Baddokid came and knocked all of the boys into next week. The girls saved Ryan and ran. See Spot get saved. See Spot get terribly embarrassed.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### I LOVE TO BLAST ALIEN SCUM!

Soon, Adam was aboard Zoda's spaceship! It was the next day. Adam knew that he would have to fight his way through the spaceship. And it would be a challenging task. After collecting two crystals, Adam came to Zoda. Zoda himself. "Hello, mortal Adam!" yelled Zoda from the darkness, "Welcome to destiny!" "I don't believe in destiny," shouted Adam, "I believe in fate!" That's when he noticed the giant hand of Zoda. A chill went up Adam's spine as he screamed. The scream sent Zoda's hand back into the darkness. Soon, Adam was able to see his enemy's head. Adam fired with a high-tech gun lying on the ground until Zoda blew up! But he was still alive! Except.. he was purple! He jumped over a deep hole. Adam took a detour until he came across Zoda again. But then he saw Anthony DelMonte! He disappeared. After defeating Zoda, Adam saved Ryan Purcell again. He had been captured by Zoda. Ryan told Adam that Anthony had kidnapped him. THIS STORY WILL BE CONTINUED IN KIDS #3: VIDEO GAME VULTURES.

NEXT BOOK: THE TRUTH ABOUT ANTHONY!

BADDOKID'S REVENGE! VIDEO GAME CHEATS! COOL!!!

### **THE EARLY YEARS OF... ADAM**

Adam Ares was (this is real, now) a normal kid, and he was usually found groovin' to the beat of Michael Jackson. (ages 2-3) Later (ages 4-5) he formed a club by using a laundry washroom of his Grandmother's house and had each of the members (Adam and his cousins) had a desk. Adam's cousins were: Kenneth and Christopher Rooney, Amy Fortin, and Jodi Fortin. They named their club "The Kids Club". Now there are lots of Kids Clubs. But back then there was only one- The USA Network Kids Club. So, the club was in business. They didn't do much, though. They just put up posters and talked about how much grown-ups were bothering them. Soon, the Kids Club was gone. They were no longer allowed to use the washroom. So, later, when Grandman bought a new freezer, the kids used the box as a club. They changed the name to "The Rainbow Connection Club". Later the box was taken away.. to put Christmas presents in! The kids never saw their clubhouse again. Soon, the kids were making clubs at Adam's house, using his room. The A.C.K. Club, The Isis Club, The Motech Club (Ad's personal fav) and The Jr. Nintendo Club. The Jr. Nintendo Club was cancelled not long ago. Just a few months ago, or a year, or a decade, depending on when you read this, Adam and Chris, Ken and Amy made a video game creating company: A.K.C., Awesome Kids' Cartridges. It was stooped short by an issue of NINTENDO POWER that said kids could not submit games into Nintendo of America, Inc. Now, Adam is writing this book, and is starring in this book, along with his real fourth grade classmates!

**KIDS #3: VIDEO GAME VULTURES**

**(4th GRADE SERIES)**

CHAPTER ONE

LAST TIME...

This story is the continuation of KIDS #2: Fifth Grade Fear. When I left off, the kids were all in Mr. Coburn's class. Ryan Purcell was kidnapped, and then rescued by girls. Adam could change into Mr. Video who could change into any video game character any time he wanted. Something had gotten into Danny, and he attacked Adam. Adam and Jason were abducted into space on an extraterrestrial spaceship, and then Adam was beamed aboard Zoda's alien spacecraft from the video game "StarTropics". Adam defeated Zoda to rescue Ryan Purcell again, and then the two were warped back to Earth just before the dismissal bell rang. That's where I left off. Okay, now, after the bell rang, the same dark figure that pulled Ryan P. into the woods in KIDS #2 pulled both Ryan and Adam. "Hey guys," he said in a low voice, "Sniff this or die." He held in his hand an inhalant drug!

CHAPTER TWO

"Who are you?" asked Adam, as Ryan P. was running away. "McGruff here, just saying.. ur.. telling you what to do if someone offers you drugs. Don't just stand around talking to the person.." He gave Adam a hard glance. "Just run away." "Okay, that's a rap." Needless to say, Adam was embarrassed. "Hey," said McGruff to Ad, "How many "b"'s can you put in one sentence?" "Bubba's bratty

baby brother baked his boogery brains for breakfast while his beautiful sister boiled bats and bees," answered Ad. "Bubba's baby's baby brother bit the big one while he baked his brains and bugs for brunch while his beautiful brother boils boogers, bats, lobster," said McGruff. "Be quiet, beautiful bratty brother of baby baseball player Bubba, or I'll broil beets while you boil boots, boogery brains, and back packs, while your bratty but beautiful brother boils boogers, bats, lobsters, bats, bees and ballet shoes," said Adam. McGruff ran away. Adam smiled, and walked away. Let me tell you, it wasn't as east as broiling beautiful boogery brains writing that "b" part. The next day, at recess, Ryan Purcell overheard Charles Cunningham speaking to his men. He said, "Okay. You all know the plan. We set up bombs Friday, and set them so that they'll go off sometime around 12:00 Monday. The whole school will go up, including the students and Adam Ares!" Everyone clapped. "Look!" yelled a man, "A spy!" "Ryan Purcell!" yelled Charles, "Get him!"

### CHAPTER THREE

#### THE CHAPTER AFTER THE ONE I FORGOT TO MAKE A SUBTITLE FOR

Ryan Purcell ran for his life. Charles' men were running after him, and fast! Ryan ran to the noonmother. That was the men's only weak spot. They didn't want to get in trouble. That day in school, the rumor had spread across Mr. Coburn's class. No one believed it. "Hey," said Jason, "Let's make a video game contest!"

"Let's make a video tape contest, pass it on!"

"Let's make a medium soft drink with fries, pass it on!"

The word changed a little bit. At recess the next day, Jason asked if the kids liked his idea and they all laughed and walked away. Jason didn't understand it. Jason told everyone by himself and then they understood. The kids agreed that the first prize would be \$50. Second prize would be \$30, and third prize would be 2 cents. Meanwhile, in Video World..

The Video World was in chaos. It was crumbling down by Gannon. "We must call Mr. Video!" said one of the people. So they called him. Back on Earth..

Adam was playing Double Dragon again. He saved Marion again. He was sucked into Video World again. But as he was regenerated, he saw.. a block of brick about to crash on his head!

## CHAPTER FOUR

### MUTANT MADNESS

Mr. Video (okay, here's the scoop. Adam was turned into Mr. Video while playing Double Dragon) changed into Super Mario, found an invincible star, and stood there. The brick disintegrated into 1,000,000,000 tiny pieces. "Welcome," said a man, "I am the king of Video World. Your friend Anthony rescued me by defeating that bad dude. But now, our land needs your help again. Gannon has conquered Video World.. you are our only hope." "Okay," said Mr. Video. "Say, do you have any crackers? I haven't eaten yet." "But," said the king, "Gannon has grown. In fact, to get a chance of beating

him, I suggest you get a mutation." "Permanent?" yelled Mr. Video, "I have a life there on Earth!" "No, not permanent," said the king, "Only for 48 hours. I would never give you a permanent mutation. At least, not unless I really had to." So, in 5 hours, Ad- uh- Mr. Video was giant! In fact, he was so big that he stepped on Gannon accidentally. He was a hero. But he was still a mutant. So when he warped home, well, he went through the roof. He hid in a hangar with some planes. But soon, he heard the door open, and a scream. It was an air pilot for the air force!

NEXT CHAPTER: ANTHONY'S TRUTH AND BADDOKID'S REVENGE!

PAY ATTENTION! YOU'LL ENJOY IT!

## CHAPTER FIVE

### ANTHONY'S TRUTH AND BADDOKID'S REVENGE!

All of a sudden, Adam shrunk. He ran out of the hangar as fast as he could. He ran to school. Anthony DelMonte was the first person that Adam saw on the playground. "You!" yelled Adam, "Anthony! Didddd you kidnapp Ryan Purcell?" "What are you talking about?" asked Anthony, "You saw Baddokid!" "Yes," Adam replied, "But you were the only person that didn't fall in that hole I had to dig the whole class out of before the tree squashed us. And you were the person I saw on Zoda's spaceship! And I heard you laughing- evilly!" "Uh, I think that's supposed to be one "I" in



evily," said Antonio, "AND, I don't know what you're talking about! Who's Zoda? I was staring in horror when you guys fell into that pit! And what gave you the idea that I kidnapped Ryan, anyway?" "Ryan," answered Adam, "Said that he thought he saw you kidnap him!" Before either kid could say anything else, Baddokid appeared! (did you know that Charles Cunningham was Baddokid?) Anyway, Baddokid held in his hand..... nothing! He wasn't armed! (He wasn't brained, either) But, Baddokid had brought his men! "Hello," said Baddokid, "Have fun arguing with your best friend? Barn, if you will?" One of Charles' men chanted a spell that changed Baddokid's form into Anthony! Baddokid (Anthony) pulled Anthony (Anthony) out of Adam's sight. The two (Tony and Charles) stumbled around and then got up. Adam couldn't tell the two apart!

## CHAPTER SIX

### DOUBLE TROUBLE!

Adam was confused! He couldn't attack one of the Anthonys because then he might attack the wrong one! And if he trusted one, he might be trusting the wrong one- then he got an idea. He would give an Antonio quiz. He took one Anthony at a time. Q#1: What do people often call you? A#1: Antonio. A#2: Antonio and Tony. Q#2: What game was I playing when I was sucked into Video World? A#1: That game with a shadow boss. A#2: Double Dragon. Q#3: What game that your friend has that I also have that I can get to the last guy on, that your friend there can get to the last level of and he knows 2 continue codes am I talking about? A#1:

Could you.. no, wait! Fester's quest! A#2: I guess you mean Double Dragon 3, right? And so on. The tests were so inconclusive that Adam was ready to give up when he suddenly had a brainstorm. He changed into Bart Simpson from the video game, and used his x-ray specs. It showed that Anthony #2 was real! The next day was the video game contest.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### THE CHAMPION!

At the video game contest, there were about 57 people. They were practicing their video gaming skills, when, over a speaker, they heard a voice that said: "Hello, Gamers! This is Adam Ares, and I'll be joining you for the contest in just a few seconds. I just came on this speaker thing to ask you to please take your pre-determined seats. The contest will begin in sixty seconds." 20 seconds later, Adam was at his booth. "Okay," he said a few seconds later, "The contest will begin now!" Everyone started to play. The ten people that became quarter finalists were Adam Ares, Anthony DelMonte, Daniel Aparviz, Sue Gatarron, May Sun, Vinne Radicola, Bob The Killer, Vin The Iceman, Matthew Leone, and Howard Phillips Jr. In the quarter finals, Vin The Iceman, Daniel Aparviz, and Vinne Radicola lost. So, Adam Ares, Anthony DelMonte, Sue, May Sun, Bob The Killer, Matthew Leone, and Howard Phillips Jr. were left. Bob the Killer pulled the plug on Adam's game. Adam had made the rule that if the game messed up somehow, the player was not entitled anything special. So, Adam

lost. The champion was Bob the Killer! A few minutes later, Bob the Killer was presented fifty big bucks. He ran out, yelling, "I won!" The next day, during clean up, Brian found something. "Someone pulled the plug on Adam's game!"

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### EPILOUGE AND MORE

The kids dusted for fingerprints. They found fingerprints the same as Bob the Killer's. Bob the Killer gave back the 50 bucks after the kids saved Ryan Purcell again. Danny was acting strange because he heard Baddokid planning to blow up the school. Ryan Purcell saved the school by throwing Baddokid into a garbage truck just before he could blow up the school.

THANK YOU FOR READING KIDS #3: VIDEO GAME VULTURES. EPILOUGE: IT WAS THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS VACATION. IT WAS BORING. A PLANE FLEW BY. SOMETHING SHINY WAS FALLING OUT OF IT- A BOMB? FIND OUT IN KIDS #4: CAMP OF THE PAST!

**KIDS #4: CAMP OF THE PAST**

**(4<sup>th</sup> GRADE SERIES)**

CHAPTER ONE

PROLOUGE

Okay, now, here's the story so far: the kids were in fourth grade. Adam changed into Mr. Video and Daniel into Radioactive Rat Man. In fifth grade, Daniel changed into Grant DaNasty, but was changed back into Daniel soon after. Mr. Video's powers are those to change into a video game character and use his/her powers. Ryan Purcell was kidnapped and then rescued by girls, and then Adam was sucked aboard an alien spacecraft. Adam managed to defeat the aliens on the ship and rescue Ryan Purcell again, but soon many other problems arose. Daniel was acting strange, and Ryan Purcell thought that Anthony DelMonte kidnapped him the first time. But Adam had seen Baddokid, whose real name was Charles Cunningham, at the scene of the crime! Soon, Baddokid revealed that he used an image-making machine to create the illusion of Anthony. Adam defeated Baddokid, and soon, Ryan Purcell foiled a plan of Charles's to blow up the school. Danny was acting strange because he heard about Baddokid's plan to blow up the school. Soon, a plane flew overhead during recess of the day that was before the first day of Christmas Vacation. The plane dropped something that looked like a bomb!

NEXT CHAPTER: RADICAL CAMP OF THE PAST!

## CHAPTER TWO

### RADICAL CAMP OF THE PAST

Now, soon, the kids found that this object was not a bomb. They were ads! Ads for a camp. They read:

CAMP BUNCHADANGER

COME ON! HAVE FUN! BE ADVENTUROUS!

THIS CAMP IS COOL! AIR CONDITIONING (ALL SEASON)

HIKES, BIKING, CANOEING, TAEKWONDO, COMPUTERS

AND MORE! OPEN ALL YEAR

All of the kids in Mr. Coburn's class decided to go. The next day, Matthew was reading a book. It read: (here we go again)

Amy: Hello! I'm Amy, the time machine toll booth worker! Where are you from and where are you going?

Matt: I'm from 1991, and I'm going to, um, 2044.

Meanwhile, in real life.. "WE HAVE TO GET ADAM AND HIS FRIENDS! I NEED REVENGE!" It was a shadowy, and unfortunately familiar, figure! Charles Cunningham, a.k.a. Baddokid! One of Charles's men said, "Everyone in Adam's class is going to camp." "Good," said Baddokid, "That will be the perfect place to strike. Is my image-maker still working?" "Yes, sir!"

## CHAPTER THREE

### BUS TO NOWHERE

Days later, the day before.. we interrupt this part of the story to bring you this special announcement. Baddokid is on his way to the camp as we speak. (ha, ha) He is with two of his men. Right now he is on the same bus as the kids from Mr. Coburn's class. And now.. oh no! He's going onto the train, uh, bus section as the kids!

Fortunately, Brian was using his Spy Tech rear-view glasses, and he saw Adam's worst enemy- Charles Cunningham! And Baddokid held in his hand- a brick!

## CHAPTER FOUR

### THE TRUTH ABOUT MR. VIDEO!

Adam was just dreaming up that last chapter. The next day, Adam told Danny how he had really become Mr. Video. "You see," said Adam, "It was one of those sort of can't-make-up-its-mind-if-it-wants-to-be-gray-or-sunny kind of days. A day typical for Chicopee, Ma., hope to the kids. Matthew came into his own house that Adam was visiting- oops, I've just remembered-okay! The other way was the truth. But here's the story of Captain Nintendo: It was like soty of can't-make-up-its-mind-if-it-wants-to-be-gray-or-sunny kind of day. Typical for Redmond, Washington, home of the headquarters for Nintendo of America, Inc. Maxwell W. Powers lumbered into the Research and Development Special Projects Department with a package that had been delivered to Data Entry by mistake. Max's best friend, Brett Randalls, put his Metroid game on pause. "Ho, ho,

ho," said Max, "I have a nice package for some little techhead who's been very good this year. It says, 'Napaji Microchips. Avoid exposure to moisture and extreme temperatures.'" "All right!" exclaimed Brett, "We've been waiting for these!" "So where is Tara? Have you two interfaced yet?" asked Max. "I know this story," said Daniel. The next day was the bus trip to camp.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### BUS TO NOWHERE 2: THE SEQUEL

The bus was putting along the dirt roads, when uh.. Adam flew out of an open window. Yeah, that's it. And, uh, Baddokid was on the roof. Oh, that's a lie. Despite the title of the chapter, we'll tell you what happened at camp.. Baddokid was waiting outside of the camp. He walked in with the other kids. Um.. oh yeah! I forgot! There were seven groups of campers. One had Mr. Coburn's class, one had a boy named Miguel and many more kids, another one had Baddokid and a bunch of other kids, and the other groups just had a bunch of kids in it. Miguel was in Ad's first grade class. Baddokid plotted to get rid of Adam once and for all! In an attack by Baddokid (Miguel couldn't stop it) Adam was knocked out cold!

## CHAPTER SIX

### CHARLIE BROWN AND SNOOPY

He began to dream. (If you make this into a movie, fade out into dream sequence) He was Charlie Brown! (bummer) And Daniel was Linus! But he didn't carry around a blanket! (bigger bummer..

hey how could I tell him from) The kid's music teacher, Misses (Mrs.) LaFond was Schroder! (I can't spell) And soon, the plot thickened. The little red head girl was coming over Charles's house! (NOT Baddokid's, unfortunately) Everyone would know who Adam secretly liked! When the Red HeaD (I'm sloppy tonight) came over, she was.. The Little Red Head Girl! Soon Adam moved to his next dream.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### BULLWINKLE & MR. VIDEO!

Anthony was Bullwinkle, and Adam was Mr. Video! The two were walking down the street. Then, Adam was Superkid, and he was battling Baddokid! This was the classic fight. "All right, Adam! Now you'll be burned to toast on the burning slide! And you have shorts on!" yelled Baddokid. Adam was struggling with Baddo. Then, out of nowhere, came Zachary and Miguel! To make a long story short, the other kids blew a whistle in Baddokid's ear, and Adam and Baddo went tumbling down the slide. They saved themselves, though. Soon, Adam dreamed he was a baby. He was crying and crying! Boy, that was annoying! Next he woke up. He was surrounded by Baddokid's men. "Now I'll finally put an end to you, Superpig!"



**KIDS WINTER EDITION: DEJA VU**

**(4<sup>th</sup> GRADE SERIES)**

CHAPTER ONE

DEJA VU

Okay, here's what happened in the other KIDS books.. in KIDS #1, there were many adventures (no duh), and we found out that Adam could change into Mr. Video. Later, the kids saved Ryan Purcell twice, once from Baddokid, and once from aliens. Then, the kids held a video game contest. The winner cheated, so the kids went after him. Later, the kids went to camp. Baddokid knocked Adam out. When our hero awoke, he was in Baddokid's house. Adam escaped. Now, on with the tale..

in the year 2005, our tale takes place, at least a small portion of it. Adam was telling his friend, 78787878, stories of his childhood. "Yeah, back then Super Nintendo was new, and they only had 2 Zelda and Mario games for Nintendo!" "I remember back then," said 78787878. Then, Adam told (don't make me write it) an exciting story. (Flashback!) (We now continue the in intreg--uh--exciting story)(Story of KIDS #4) "Whew!" said Adam, sweating, "That was close!" Adam had just barely escaped from the grips of Baddokid. He returned to camp. "And then, the beautiful princess replied to the prince she so much loved... HOLY COW! WHAT THE HECK'S THAT!?!!" said, screamed, and barfed Adam. "Man, what a spooky story!" said Matthew. "No, dude, what's that thing in the sky?" yelled Ad. "I don't know," replied Daniel, "But it's readed right for us!" "Into the mess hall, mon!" Those were the last words

Adam could say before there was a gigantic ka-boom and the kids ached all over.

## CHAPTER TWO

### SPACE JUNK, FACE FUNK, CYBER PUNK, LEAK

CRASH!!! The thing crashed into the mess hall. Debris flew all around the camp. "A meteor!" yelled Adam. "Good call, dudee! If we had listened to you, we'd all be toast!" screamed Daniel. "Well, excuuuuuuuuuuuuse me!" said Ad. Back in civilization, Adam was playing the NES game "Ninja Gaiden II". No, he wasn't sucked into Video World again, but as he was battling Ashtar, he got up to get a glass of water, and as he was coming back from the kitchen, he noticed that his mom was on the couch. She accidentally knocked Adam's water out of his hands. Adam walked outside (his mother had unplugged the Nintendo) Then, suddenly, two hands covered with black, leather gloves pulled him into a dark alley. On his face was a mask made of metal. "Come with me, little boy!"

Elsewhere, Ryan Purcell was outside. Two purple gloves grabbed him. "Have a nice day, dude!" He had a metal mask on. "COOL!" That was all Ryan could say before he was knocked out cold. We now return to the year 2005. "Here comes the good part," says Adam, "Okay, um, I was brought to some room with many gadgets. Then I saw Ryan Purcell in some kind of chari with wires connected to it. 'TAKE THESE OR DIE!' Ryan P. didn't know what to do. Nor I."

### CHAPTER THREE

#### MR. RAY FILLET

The year: who cares? It's in the future. Our 2 dudes are talking. (Adam and Mr. X) "Okay, I'll listen to the rest of your story after. Here, I'll read one of my childhood favorites. It's in french, but I'll translate.. CA SENT LE POISSON! (It smelled like fish) "Chouette!" said Michaelangelo of the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles (Cute!) "Ouah!" said Raphael, (Huh?).." "Okay, man, just say it in English. Merci." "Speaking of 'man'," said Mr. X, "I'll fast forward to the part where... oh, drat, my translator's broken down!" "Sorry to hear that," said a voice, "I believe you know me! "M-MAN RAY????!! YOU!" "The one and only!" Back in 199X, where we left off before.. All of a sudden, a voice said, "Okay, you guys. I'm with the police. We've got this place completely surrounded!" Then he ran over to Ry P. and Ad. "I've been following your voice. I'm Ray Fillet! Say, Ryan, why do you keep getting captured?" "I don't know!" SAID SUPER RYAN PURCELL (just kidding) "I know!" said someone, "And so, I now transform you, Ryan Purcell, into Leatherbrain!" "NNNOOOO!" "But, who are you?" asked Adam, "And why did you transform Ryan here into Leatherbrain?" "I changed your friend into Leatherbrain for a reason that is my own." Adam charged at the character, but the shadow soon became an image. YUCK!

## CHAPTER FOUR

### COMIC BOOK CONVENTION!

Back to the future.. (heh, heh) "MAN RAY?" "Come quick!" "What is it?" asked Mr. X. "No time to explain! Hurry!" Back in 199X, we continue our story..."Who are you?" yelled Leatherbrain. "I am.. .Mary Bones! With the power of the turnstone, I turn you, Adam Ares, into Bubbla The Glubub!" "NOOOOO!" "You jerkette!" yelled Ryan-uh, Leatherbrain, "We'll get you!" "Mon, what are we? Why did she- Ray! Do you know what's going on?" "No, I don't!" On the street, two guys dressed up and bought 2 comic books. "YOU'RE COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS! MARY BONES AND LEATHER-HEAD, AND BUBBLA THE GLUBUB, AND MAN RAY- a.k.a. RAY FILLET! That was the last thing Adam, now transformed into Bubbla, remembered before he blacked out, along with Ryan Purcell.

## CHAPTER FOUR 1/2

### WHO AM I???

In the year 200X, Adam wakes up to find that his adventure was a dream. He starts to eat his pillow when his dog climbs on his water bed which causes it to leak which causes Adam to grab his dog which causes the dog to yip, and, well, I'll tell you this story some other time. But the adventure was a freem, although this one wasn't! Back to the year 199X, the two now-strange animals regained consciousness, and found themselves to be back to normal. "What's going on?" "Don't ask me, Ryan!" The two were finally able

to get outside. What they saw was spectacular. "HOME!" "Hey," said the guy from KIDS #1, "Wanna try a little of this? Huh? Try it! NOW!" He stuffed one of something in both kids' mouths. Soon, again, the kids blacked out. "I'M TIRED OF THIIIISSSS..."

*(Editing note: the rest of this book is missing.)*

**KIDS #5: CUPID'S DEAD**

**(4<sup>th</sup> GRADE SERIES)**

CHAPTER ONE

CRIMINAL SCHOOL & THE FATE OF EARTH

Okay, man, you're gonna LOVE this book. (NOT literally) You'll enjoy it even more if you've read at least KIDS WINTER EDITION: DEJA VU. When we left off, Adam A. could change into Mr. Video, a dude who could change into any video game character. Ryan Purcell and Adam had been kidnapped, and were being brainwashed into thinking that they were criminals, while Jeremiah and Ryan Terhune were fighting Martians on the moon. Ryan accidentally sent a missile straight to the planet Earth! So now, sit back or lay down and enjoy KIDS #5. (Please!) "I don't feel like a criminal," said Ryan Purcell. "Ah, but you are!" said a voice. The man stepped forward. He was revealed to be.. Baddokid, a.k.a. Charles Cunningham. He was the KIDS worst enemy. "Now, I want to, uh, make sure you haven't lost your knack for crime." "This guy's putting on a convincing act, but I know I'm not a crook. I can feel it.. I can just feel it," thought Adam. "Whoa, man, this is cool! I'm a criminal! Who'd a thunk it?!" thought Ryan Purcell. "Heh, heh, heh," thought Baddokid, "Now I've got them. They don't suspect a thing!" Back on some planet in the Andromenda galaxy.... "OH, GREAT GOING, RYAN!" screamed Jeremiah, "NOW SOME KA-BOOM MISSLE'S ON A COLLISION COURSE TO EARTH! AND WE HAVE NO MEANS OF GEE- GETTING HOME? WHY.. would.. we want to?" "Hey, wait a second," said Ryan, "The

Earth spins, and the missile wasn't fully powered up! It should only do some minor damage!" "But where?" "I think.. Hawaii!" At the same time, Adam made his move and was mopping up the deck with Baddokid. The two heroes finally were able to escape.

## CHAPTER TWO

### AN INCREDIBLE UNDAWADDA ADVENTURE

"NOW WHO AM I? I KNOW I'M NOT A BAD DUDE.. SO.." "Shh," whispered Ryan P., "Be quiet!" "Oh yeah! Sorry!" "Let's go window shopping!" said Ryan. "Okay! Hey, look, a television!" The TV showed a commercial for Zelda III! "I AM MR. VIDEO! THE NINTENDO POWER IS YOURS!" "Hey.. that's it! I'm Adam Ares, and I can change into Mr. Video! But.. and you're Ryan Purcell! Remember.. you kept getting kidnapped! Ya know? Please?.." "Hey.. yeah! Everything's coming back to me!" "Look!" yelled Mr. Video, "That ship's sinking! It's not far away! If they can't swim, we'll help them!" So the 2 jumped into the water. "Blub, blub.." The two were captured! "Greetings," said a voice, "I mean you know harm. I am Crazy." "We know," said Adam. "Oh. You humans must be smarter than I figured," said the mer-man guy, "I am an Atlantian, from Atlantis. I am far from home." "Yeah, the funny farm," whispered Adam. "Yo, I mean, where the heck are we?" asked Ryan P. "We are in my submersible yugoyugo, or as you call it, U.F.O.." "Why have you taken us?" "For two reasons. One, you were in the neighborhood. Two, I need to show you some things. Before it's too late." "What might that be?" asked Adam.

"The future, past, and present of Earth. Come. Speculate. Step into my rererunham, or, 'time machine'." ZZAAAAPPP! "You must be careful. Here is what would have happened if Ryan Purcell here was not turned into Leatherbrain..." "Okay, now what?" asked Adam. "I dunno," answered Ryan, "I'm kinda shook up, after that.. Who are you?" "I'm your worst nightmare. Eat lead, suckers!" BLAM! BLAM! ZZZAAAPPP! "Wha- who- wher- whe- why- how-?" asked Ryan Purcell. "You were 'pumped fulla lead'." "And, so.." asked Adam. "So.. you will be.. truly if you're not careful," said the Atlantian with a sigh.

### CHAPTER THREE

#### NOT-SO-RAMBO

"I now return you to your houses." "We've got to save ourselves!" said Adam. "What about the people on the shit?" "Let 'em eat cake.. AYYIIIE!" ZZZAPPP! "Earth-thlings," said the Atlantian dude. Later, on the playground, Adam and Ryan Purcell were worried. (No duh) "Hey, Ry! Do ya think he's right? Ya know, about the, uh, part about us getting, ya know, shot at?" "Yeah, well, I don't know. If we're careful.." "Heh heh heh," laughed a voice, "I know you. But not for long!" "NOW WHAT?!" "Uh... there's no place like home.. there's no place like.." "OH, BE QUIET!" yelled Adam, "No wonder you've been kidnapped so many times! You're such a sissy!" Adam kicked the gun of of the strange guy's hand. Then he grabbed it. "Two can play at that game! Now, come along slowly, or..." "HAI!" yelled a voice, "Try and fight without your



gun!" yelled a voice. The dark figure kicked the gun out of Adam's hand. He picked up the gun. He was still in the shadows. "Ow! Man, will you guys stop kicking me!" yelled the gun. ? "What the heck.." started the shadow dude, "I'm outta 'ere!" The two (ahem) bad dudes ran away. "But.. how?" stuttered Ryan Purcell. "I know Ronn Lucas," said Adam. Three days later, Mr. Coburn announced to his class that there would be a dance for Valentine's Day, but it would only be for the 6th graders. That day, in a prison cell.. "Finally! I get parole tomorrow noon!" said some really bad caught dude. He was caught by the police, "But, that's too long to wait. I'll break out today and cause a few deaths-- like on kids! Yeah! I could do something to a school! In a little town.. like Turners Falls, or Chicopee! YEAH!" "BE QUIET! I'M TAKING A NAP!" "AHH, SHUT UP, YOU STUPID BARF-BRAINED.."

## CHAPTER FOUR

(ripped)

(rip) was working in his "office", he came (rip) "Oh, man, o manomanomanoman!" Adam (rip) He was refering to the test tube (rip) and fizzing. He was experimenting (rip) "Oh, man! I mixed the wrong ones! (rip) this is! Uh... this is messy. I'll go (rip) when he got outside, he opened the gate. "Oh, hi, Muttface," he said to his dog. Meanwhile, at hte prison... "Now to cause some serious damage!" said some really bad dude, "Like in Chicopee!" Elsewhere, at Matthew's house... "Hey, Anthony!" yelled Matt, "I got to level.. ahhhhh!" "Huh? WHere'd he go? Is he hiding? ...ahhhhh!" Back at

ADAM'S house, Ad himself was carefully testing out the strange formula. "Hmm.. considering the bio-chemistry, and considering I don't know what I'm talking about, I'd say this would help the body in some way if consumed. But I don't know... WHOOPS!" CRASH! The test tube crashed to the ground. "No, Muttface! Don't drink it!" There was a brilliant flash of light. "YIP! YIP!" went Muttface, "What is going on here? My brain feels like it's the size of Little Tokyo Town!" Adam had just turned his dog into a mutt version of Mr. Ed!

## CHAPTER FIVE

(ripped) "You can talk? "What (rip) "Um.. do you know math?" asked (rip) The square root of 16 is 4. 999 x 999 (rip) "Totally amazing!" "Want to see me (rip) his dog, whose real name is Isis (rip) ran out of Adam's path and tripped him. (rip) Meanwhile, on the playground.... "Okay, (rip) "Yeah. But I escaped from prison, to, uh, (rip) Heh, heh, until it goes KA-BOOM!" The two laughed, (rip) gasped. He couldn't believe what he just overheard. An escaped convict was going to blow up the school!

## CHAPTER SIX

### A STARTLING CLUE

Ryan Purcell ran to tell people about the plan. After school, most of the kids got together to search for clues. "Wait!" said Muttface, "I just got a brilliant one! Did you check for fingerprints on the gun to see who that guy hiding in the shadows was??" "I've

been outwitted by a dog," said Adam, "Great idea! Want a Milk Bone?" "Got a Manwich? Or maybe watermelon?" After the kids brought the gun to some dude. "Well, the fingerprints don't match any of the people's ya gave me, uh.. do you want to give me yours? People double-cross, you know!" They did. "No, I'm 'fraid not. Got anyone else's?" "Yeah, Matthew and Anthony's. Here, I always keep 'em. I doubt it'll matter, though." "I got it! It's Anthony.. that kid you were talking about!" The kids couldn't believe it. Anthony was framed before-- is it true again? Or did Tony really go bad? Everyone went home- silently. They hoped the next day would bring a new clue- to Anthony's innocence. "Oh, you and your big mouth, Isis!" 'said' Adam, "Now look!" "Gimme a break , man, if a dude is bad, it's not my fault! It wasn't your fault when Baddokid turned bad. You told me stories. You were friends for awhile." "Huh?" "Well, you weren't exactly enemies." "I can't even agree to that. But please don't change the subject. I thought the mystery about Anthony had ended! But I guess it's just the beginning.." Elsewhere.. in an almost abandoned warehouse on James Street... "Great plan, Baddo... working together! We can take 'em! When did you want to blow up Selser School?" "At 10:00.. when everyone's inside.. including, you know.." "Yes.. the kids!" "How was your spying going?" "Oh, fine.." "Do they trust you?" "They have no suspicion.. those dummies!"

## CHAPTER SEVEN

## WIRE-TAPPING

When I left off.. oh, forget it, let's continue! The next day, at school, the custodian was giving an interview to Amy Cote. "What past experience do you have?" "Um.. I went to school until I was 16, and, duh, I, uh, are you gonna edit? Because... forget it. You kids drive me crazy. So get your face outta here! MOVE IT!" "Okay, so that was you went to Harvard and work as an assistant doctor for 5 years?" "OUT!" "Okay! Don't have another cow!" After school.. "Okay," said Adam, "I can help thinking that Baddokid has something to do with this. So, if we can tune our radios into the frequency he uses his kiddie walkie-talkies on, we can listen to his conversations!" "What do we tune 'em in to? Do you even know?" "9.11" After a couple minutes, the kids were listening to Baddokid's conversations. "Okay, Bras, he sent Anthony back, so if somehow Adam and co. gets in on us, he'll be to blame. Got it?" "Got it. Do you want me to turn on the wiretap alarm?" "There isn't one! Only one to warn us if someone's listening." "Want me to put it on?" "No need for now. Listen, Bras.." "It's Brad." "Oh.. Brad. Well, I say we do it tomorrow. We already postponed it. And we can watch Selser School go ka-boom!" "Duh, acting like I'm a custodian really fooled them, not dat I really needed to. Uh.. what were we gonna do again?" "You nincumpoophead! We already set the bomb in the dumpster! Remember?" "Oh, yeah!" Adam turned off his radio. "I've heard enough. Let's go. NOW!" Needless to say, the kids moved the bomb to Baddokid's hideout. (They heard where it was on the radio)

Baddokid was not inside at the time. "Woof!" yelled Adam. "Woof?" said Muttface, "Get real!" ALL RIGHT! THE BOOK IS FINISHED! AND I'M NOT EVEN IN FIFTH GRADE WHEN I'M WRITING THIS! LET'S PARTY! COWABUNGA!

**KIDS #6: SIXTH GRADE ALREADY?**

**(4<sup>th</sup> GRADE SERIES)**

CHAPTER ONE

STAY ALERT

Welcome to KIDS #6. Before we focus on the sixth grade, we'll for the first time see how the kids are doing in August. "Hey, Muttface, what beach did you say we were going to?" It was Anthony. He was visiting Isis at her huse. "Oh, a quaint little beach in New Hampshire.. Crapton Beach. No humans allowed." "But other dogs can't talk!" "I created it." "Oh." "Hey, gang!" said Adam, "What's up?" "Hey, Ad! Been fighting a lot of crime?" "No, not really," replied Adam, "It's been a slow summer." "I still can't believe you got Isis her own house!" "Well, she's become my financial advisor, and..." "Egad!" yelled Muttface, "I'm naked!" Later, at Crapton Beach... "Nice place, eh, boys?" said Isis in her bikini. "Yecchh!" saif Adam, "This place should be called Ton Of Crap Beach!" "Last one in the beach is a rotten.. ow!" yelled Adam as he ran to the water, but tripped on something along the way. "Ow! What was that?" asked Adam, half-buried in the sand.

*(Editing note: the rest of this book is missing.)*

**KIDS #4: THE PUNISHING AVENGER OF SELSER**

**(5th GRADE SERIES)**

CHAPTER ONE

PUNISH AND AVENGE

We left Adam (yes, Adam, not Mr. Video) on the school grounds after losing his powers as Mr. Video to an alien named Bluberbrainiac. His dog could now talk and is called “Mufface”. Now, a bunch of big brats were before Ad, Tony, Muttface, Ryan Moore, and even Charles! (All will be explained) “Well, lookey here!” said Daniel Boogers, “If it isn’t Adam 'Madam'!” “Don’t worry, dudes!” yelled a voice, “I’ll beat up these bad dudes!” Out of the shadows appeared... Matthew L.! In a COSTUME! “Prepare to face the wrath of the Punishing Avenger!!” The Avenger put one jerk in a headlock, and then kicked him to the ground. Another he burnt with some kind of ray. And it went on until all the bad boys were gone. “Well, Mr. Video, what do you think?” “I’m not longer Mr. Video.” “Oh. Here’s my story! Listen! You got sucked into a television, I was sucked into a Marvel comic book! And I became... THE PUNISHING AVENGER!!!” “Tell me more after, but it’s my turn. I was up against... CHARLES! HE ESCAPED! Well, um... okay. But I was up against Charles, and I was sucked aboard an alien spaceship with my talking dog, Anthony, Ryan Moore, and Charles. I met the alien Bluberbrainiac and played a game of Nintendo with him. I lost, so he took away my powers as Mr. Video. You’ve got to help me get my powers back!!” “I will!” yelled the Avenger. “Shut up, wimp!” yelled a voice from behind. “What

the..." stuttered Anthony, "Who the heck are you?" "I am Daniel Boogers!" announced the figure, "And I shall see you again!" "Wow!" Wow. Amazing. Sorry. Did you know that everything I write is true? Of course, that might not be true, because I can easily lie about that. Did you catch all of that? No? Get your brain into hyper gear.

That night, Adam (I hate saying that) went to sleep. In the middle of the night, though, he spotted a DARK figure in the living room. A thief! Adam springed up and into the living room. The thief knocked Adam aside. Then, the Punishing Avenger jumped in through the window! "Where'd you get my address?" "When you were Mr. Video, you gave me your card," answered the new super hero. The Punishing Avenger whipped out a machine gun. "Go ahead. Make my night." The thief ran away, screaming. "Was that loaded?" asked Adam. "You bet," said the Avenger, "Say, man, you wanna go shoot squirrels and environmentalists tomorrow morning?" "Leone! You've changed!"

## CHAPTER TWO

VIDEO POWER... YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT.

Adam had written to the video game show "Video Power" before his powers had been taken away as Mr. Video. One morning he received a letter saying he had been accepted! The other contestants were the Punishing Avenger, Ryan Moore, and Charles Lummingham. (I wonder who that might be in disguise...?) "And now, here's the guy who introduced Mr. Rogers to Mr. Coffee to



help wake up his neighborhood, here's JOHNNY ARCADE!!! Yeah." "Thank you Terry, and thank you Steve! Well, I'm going to kick Castlevania in the... chin, but first we'll watch these rad ads, Chad!" "Video power will be right back." "So, Adam," said Johnny Arcade, "Think you're gonna stump me later on?" "I'm gonna kick your video gaming... chin." "And, in 5....4...3...2..." "Welcome back, you video game freaks..." Adam was ready to attack. He hated it when people called him a video game freak. "I'll have these kids put me on the pot, but first, the Video Power Edge. Okay. In Castlevania 2, to defeat Dracula, use the Flame Whip and golden knife until Dracula is as flat as a spatula. And that's the Video Power Edge." "BOO! Everybody knows that!" yelled Adam, "You're no Johnny Arcade! Hey! What's your real name?" Johnny ignored Adam. Terry, the announcer, spoke. "And now, it's time to put the spot on Johnny by putting Johnny on the spot." There was a noise like the good fairy chanting a spell. "What's your name?" he asked Adam. "Adam." "That is correct. Now, you've got a question for Johnny?" "You bet!" In the Rat Race of the Battletoads, how many pillars are sticking out of the walls?" "How many?" said Johnny, "Okay. Well, I can easily tumble with your cold-blooded question. There are... oh, heck, I don't know." "Yeah, I think it's a stump!" Terry gladly said, "So you get the Game Genie!" "Lucky... just lucky," muttered the Punishing Avenger. Everyone stumped Johnny. Except for Charles. He asked how to get past the first Goomba in stage 1-1 of Super Mario Bros. At the end there was a tie between the Punishing Avenger and Adam. "So, what do we do now, Terry?" asked Johnny,

“This has never happened before.” “Forget it, guys,” said a mysterious voice, “Those two won't last long anyways!” “Who is that?” asked Johnny. “I am Daniel Boogers. Hi, you two! Remember me? I'm here to kick your... chin. I'm outside of the studio.” The two ran outside. The guy was so... I think I'm gonna faint.

### CHAPTER THREE

#### DANIEL BOOGERS & BLUBERBRAINIA- THE RAINBOW CONNECTION?

Huh? Where am I? Oh, yeah. Um... that HUGE guy..... Daniel Boogers kicked the terrible two so far that... it hurt. “Hi! Nice to see you!” Who was that? “Matthew Woods... wha..? You're changing!” exclaimed Adam. “No duh!” said Matt, “I'm Game Genie!” “No,” said Adam, “That's a video game enhancer. I won it on Video Power.” “So am I.” Is this too much for you? Matthew- I mean, Game Genie explained. He had played too much Nintendo, and was hit by a Game Genie falling from the table as he was getting a very small shock while turning off the television. This rare combo of events at the exact same microsecond created Matthew W. to turn metallic and gave him powers to do many things, but only in the normal world- not Video World. Fortunately, Matt's new body came with instructions. “This guy's too much,” said Adam, “I hoped we'd never have to use it, but..” He was interrupted by a refrigerator falling from the sky with the three in it. “Whoops!” said the second Game Genie, “A few seconds too early.” “Well,” said the original Adam, “Now we know we survived this part of our adventure.”

Suddenly, Charles Cunningham jumped out of the building. “Master Daniel! Shall I destroy Adam?” The group of heroes were running back at that time. “Master?” said the 2<sup>nd</sup> best video game player in the milky way, “Daniel Boogers has control over Charles! That's why he suddenly...” “Kill!” ordered Daniel B., “Kill them all!” “If we want to break the control over Charles, we've got to hit his main dude... DANIEL!” yelled Game Genie. All the heroes charged. Adam stayed behind.

Then, Bluberbrainiac appeared! “Oh, Master Daniel Boogers! I am back! Oh! Well, if it isn't Adam, ex-Mr. Video!” “Bluberbrainiac! I know you're under Daniel's control! Find it in your heart- or whatever emotional body part aliens have- to give me back my powers!” “You.... I.... cheated. Here are your powers. I don't need them to defeat you!” said Bluberbrainiac. “By my powers combined, I am once again MR. VIDEO, CHAMPION OF ALL!” “Gee,” said Game Genie, “Kinda dramatic, ain't he?” Mr. Video rushed back into the battle. “Guys!” yelled Mr. Video, “Hop into my portable refrigerator time machine!” Everyone did. “Gee,” said the Punishing Avenger, “You know someone for 4 years, and you think you know what they carry around in their pockets!” Off went the heroes. But little did they know what kind of evil they were dealing with...

## CHAPTER FOUR

### I'LL BE A MONTH AGO HERE IF YOU NEED HERE

When we last left Game Genie, the Punishing Avenger, and Mr. Video, they were rocketing through the circuits of time. They traveled to one month before the big event. They trained every single fifth grade student in Selser to be a super hero. Their mission was to be prepared for Daniel. Daniel Boogers, the controller of Charles Cunningham and Bluberbrainiac. "Daniel Boogers," read Mr. Video out of a book of myths, "The controller of evil. Able to possess absolutely anyone's will to be his slave. Head-to-head combat is useless." "Great," said Game Genie, "We're up against a guy about as bad as the devil! We can't..." "We can't," said the Avenger, "But after gathering every fifth grade "Selserian", we just might stand a chance."

Later that day (or before that day, depending on how you look at it) Daniel Boogers, Charles Cunningham, and Bluberbrainiac appeared in a fancy time machine! "Yo," said Daniel, "Follow me to the year 2099! Or are you afraid?" Before following them, the heroes decided to go back to where they came from to get some weapons. They came a little early, though. "Whoops," said Game Genie, "A few seconds too early." They set the time machine for five minutes later. They came back. Game Genie was equipped with a pair of nunchuks from Double Dragon 3. (Mr. Video gave them to him) and Mr. Video had a baseball bat. The Punishing Avenger already had a machine gun. The three soon took off. If the final encounter would be in the future, no one would be

able to help! Darn! Into the future they went.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### THE FINAL BATTLE!

The setting: 2099. The final battle of good vs. evil. (Or was it? Only time will tell!) “Welcome, dudes.” “Yeah! Welcome to your doom!” “Shut up, my subjects! You had lots of guts to come here. Unfortunately, this is where they will be spilled. Ha, ha, and all that.” “I’m Mr. Video, dude, and no one can beat me. Nobody!” “I did,” said Bluberbrainiac. The Punishing Avenger’s heat laser took a lot of energy out of Charles. But it didn’t matter. Charles was now SuperChargedCharles. And Bluberbrainiac was Unbeatable-Bluberbrainiac. Charles flew up, grabbed the Avenger and slammed him hard onto the cold ground. Game Genie used a well-placed kick to knock Daniel B. off of his floating chair and onto a car-disintegrating machine. “AAAAahhhhh! NO! I gotta get off!!!.....” ZZZZttt! His control over Charles and Bluberbrainiac was gone! “Whoa,” said Charles, “Where am I? Why am I so big in second grade? Adam! You’re big, too!” “Charles,” said Mr. Video, “We’re both in fifth grade. It’s a long story. Very long.” “Yo!” yelled Bluberbrainiac, “Why am I not at the video game championships?” “It’s a long story. Very long,” said Game Genie. “Ouch,” said the Punishing Avenger, “Like, the story’s pretty long, you see?” And so, in a bizarre turn of events, Charles and Bluberbrainiac joined the side of good.

IT'S THE END, BUT MORE ADVENTURES WILL COME  
FROM THE KIDS... I GUARANTEE IT! (NOT REALLY)

EPILOGUE: Later that day, Fishhead crashed into the ground. "You  
heard of Rocketguppies, the new kind of fish?"

## *Other Grade School Works*

### **JOKES (9-24-90)**

Today I will tell jokes that are funny. At least I hope you'll think they are, because this is the start of my career. Joke#1: Why did the car cross the road? 1.to get to the other side 2.because it was an intersection 3.because it wanted to (answer at end of story)Joke#2: What do you get when you cross a rabbit with a die? Joke#3: What do you get when you poke around a school?

Answers:

Answer#1:It did it because it wanted to. Answer #2:You get a rabbi! Answer#3:Some pictures from the wall and a fire bell that you poked and set off.

### **TELEVISION MASTER**

Every day of every year I ask myself the inevitable question:WHY ME? Everything seems to happen to me. Such as the time when I found a futuristic television remote control. I found it on my way home from school. When I arrived at my house, "Quantum Leap" was on. I decided to use the remote right then & there. I pressed a button. Suddenly, a bright, green light surrounded me.

The next thing I knew, I was in a spaceship! QUANTUM LEAP! I was sitting next to a short, fat guy with a "KISS ME I'M NICE" shirt on. I looked at him. Then I looked at the portable television. It looked primitive compared to the advanced electronic

equipment also on board. I aimed my remote at the television and pressed a different button. MACGYVER jumped out of the T.V. and knocked my partner unconscious, then went for me. I shoved him into the dehydration chamber. That's why his show went off the air.

Auto-pilot landed the ship on Planet Z, where, according to the ship's computer, Sir Matthew had disappeared several years before. I stepped out of the ship and fell into a crater. I climbed out and stepped in quicksand. I used a whip I had and tried to grab onto the branch, but failed. I then continued to sink.....

I landed in an underground chamber and saw Sir Matthew. I was soon warped back home. I threw the remote out that day. Maybe I had changed the future. Maybe..... THE END...?

### **SPACE EXPLORATION IN 2069:**

#### **ANDROMENDA'S QUEST FOR LUNARI**

Two cars, speeding at 5 light years per minute. They collide, sending debris all over. Unfortunately, the accident happened between Mars and Venus close to Earth. "Why am I angry?! Why?! Isn't it kind of obvious?" said Andromenda, the representative of the Eastern Hemisphere of Earth, "Your Marsmobile crashed with some Venusian auto! Now Earth is covered with those things!" "Listen," said Bugaloo, the leader of Mars, "We can't take responsibility for an accident one of our innocent citizens was involved in. But in my good nature as the leader of Mars I present you a check for \$50,076,600,905.95 to cover 37% of the damages. Why don't you go talk to Lunari, the leader of Venus? Maybe he'll give you more



cold cash.” “Thanks,” said Andromenda, “I appreciate it.” So, Andromenda took off for Venus. When he finally reached the palace of Lunari, he was asked for identification. “I don’t have any,” explained Andromenda, “But I must see Lunari.” “You must have identification,” stated the security device. Andromenda was immediately transported back to the spaceship dock. He had to get in. But how? He thought and thought and thought, etc. Finally, he decided to try telepathy. Please hear me, oh grand Lunari! I must talk to you! Thought Andromenda. “Please insert one quarter of ten thousand dollars for the first minute. The slot shall appear in front of you in sixty milliseconds. Please wait.” “I’m out of change!” yelled Andromenda. He traveled back to Earth. Debris was everywhere! He couldn’t stand it any more. He took a walk to the Village Cloud Library. He looked up Lunari in an encyclopedia.

Hmmm... thought Andromenda while sleeping at a hotel that night, he is very caring, and is known to give away thousands of dollars just for ha-has. Unfortunately, Earth did not have a phone book that listed Venus’s telephone numbers. That’s it! I’ll go to Venus, call for an appointment, and-no. I’d need an identification. Drat. That’s it! I’ll get change for a million and use telepathy to contact Lunari! Perfect!

The next morning before Andromenda could get change, the stock market crashed. Millions were fired, and the United Planets Association shut down. When Andromenda asked the owner of the hotel for change, he pointed a gun at Andromenda! “Out! Out!” he yelled. It was the owner’s fault for not giving the rooms cable 4-D

T.V. Finally, at long last, Andromenda discovered the bad news at a newspaper stand. Absolute bummer. Then, there was a light at the end of the dark tunnel. He found a quarter ten-thousand dollar coin. “Hey!” yelled a gigantic hoodlum, “That’s my change.” Andromenda easily made the decision to give him the money, turn around and run. Great. This was a pretty big problem. In fact, very big.

Andromenda decided to take a walk to clear his head. His destination was Awesome Park. He walked on the water, then sat down ON it. He didn’t get the least bit wet. It didn’t startle him because he forgot to take off his multi-purpose boots. He didn’t bother taking them off. Walking on it was fine. But then, he saw a quarter ten-thousand dollar coin under the water! He took off his boots and dived in. After getting the coin, Andromenda climbed onto the land and started to use telepathy, but the voice of the operator said, “Sorry, your call cannot be completed. Here is your money back.” Then Andromenda got an idea. He would apply for a job as a janitor for Lunari! Then he could talk to him.

Three weeks later, Andromenda was working for Lunari! It was a dirty job, but somebody had to do it. Andromenda never knew how hard being a janitor could be. “Hey, hey, guy! You missed a spot!” laughed some guy with no respect for others. Andromenda held back his anger. He didn’t want to lose this job! Later that day he would make his move. While working, he met up with an old friend, Abe Lincolnano, who was the Prime Minister of Canada at that time. “Well, Andromenda,” said Abe, “How have you been

doing? Fancy meeting you here!” “I can’t believe this! You know, I’m now the representative of the Eastern Hemisphere! I’m here to talk to Lunari! Don’t tell anyone, but I’m going to sneak into his office.” “You’ve got to be kidding! Since I’m the Prime Minister of Canada, I’m doing the same thing with my phony identification card! Hey! Come in with me!” “Well, sure!” cheerfully answered Andromenda, “So I did all this janitor work for nothing!”

The two were soon walking towards the office of Lunari. “Identification, please! Thanks. You may-wait a second! This is an unlicensed card! It’s a fake! Come on, guys! Let’s show these two out!” “Hey!” yelled Abe, “I want to get in there! I am the Prime Minister of Canada on Earth, and I demand you let me in!” Andromenda shoved the guard away. But that didn’t help matters by much. The other guards came rapidly with stun rays. Abe kicked the gun out of one guy’s hand, causing him to run away in fear. Abe picked up the gun. “Andromenda! Catch!” “Thanks!” yelled Andromenda as Abe passed the gun over to him. Our hero Andromenda charged into the office. “Sir!” he yelled, “I need money for Earth for damages from an auto accident!” “What do you mean? Guards, remove him from my sight!” Lunari stepped out from behind his desk. What small feet! Andromenda was forced out. But why? “What did you do?” asked Abe, who had also been captured, “Step on his big feet?” “He had small feet!” “Oh yeah. I forgot,” said Abe, “Did you punch his big nose?” “He had a small nose!” “No, I’m sure he has a small nose by his picture.” “Lunari is a fake! I have proof!” yelled Andromenda, “I...” “No! That was a

picture of my brother! The leader dude does have a small nose!” Lunari stepped out. “What’s this?” he asked. “Why won’t you give me money for the auto accident?” “Auto accident? I thought you said lotto accident! I’ll give you both a few hundred million dollars.” AND SO, EARTH NOW DOES NOT HAVE TO HAVE A SMALL NEW YEAR’S CELEBRATION OF 2070. ANDROMENDA SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY SLEEPING LIKE A LOG. NO ONE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED TO ABE.\*

\*Translated from Excaloo, the Universal Language

### **THE EARLIEST JOURNALS**

5/92

It all started one day in REACH class. She announced that some of us would be in a news program- CHICOPEE SCHOOL NEWS. Auditions were held on May 8, and the results came back soon. Matthew and Sophia would be in one show, and Melissa and I would be in the second. Soon after that, I was in the Spelling Bee. After about a half hour of words on the brain, I took home the first place trophy. I was in the paper for the TV program, and my picture was in it for the Science Fair. (third place in my category) Then it was April 11, the day of the TREASURE MASTER contest. I got the password from MTV. I played, and I would have won \$10,000.00 if the password hadn't been wrong.

Then came the day when my REACH teacher announced that since our project won 1st place in the state, we would go on an

all-expense paid trip to MIT. Man. I was psyched! On the trip, the bus broke down, and we had to wait for another bus to come from Chicopee. Then I could only go to the Aquarium and Quincy Markery. NOT THE MUSEUM! At MIT, I farted on stage, and my picture of our plaque didn't develop right.

Then we got the phone call at school. We had won the National competition. Five, and only five of us were invited to the University of Wisconsin via plane for for days without parents for five days. Wouldn't you know it, I wasn't invited.

I couldn't get over it. I was the best in the REACH class. I knew it. Zachary kept rubbing in the fact that he could go, and I told him he would soon have a bad luck streak. His minor believe has started one, a little bit, And my bad luck seems almost over. Maybe I'll be able to go to Wisconsin. But I doubt it. I'll probably find out tomorrow. THE END? TO BE CONTINUED?

5/18/92

I didn't find out. I just hope I'll be able to go. It means too much to me for me to forget. Maybe I'll look back at this and laugh, but I'd better not.

7/92

I didn't go, but I got over it. I'm not laughing, though. Life's better now. Nothing's standing in my way, except for my parents, who're always bugging the heck out of me. I just got Street Fighter 2 for the Super Nintendo- a great advancement in technology. Since

it's the summer, I miss living the exciting life of a school kid, but I'm throwing a party just to get us all together.

### **Conquerers of Sesame Street (1992)**

#### Part One: A STORY ABOUT BIG BIRD

Gordon & Maria directed Big Bird to the top of their apartment.

“I don't know, Gordon! What if I can't fly?”

“The ground's soft!” answered Maria.

Snuffy woke up from his nappy, and saw Big Bird at the top of the building, and came running to save him. But he failed. Big Bird jumped off the building, flapped his wings, and fell. He was just a splat of yellow on the sidewalk. Gordon and Maria laughed evilly.

“Ha ha ha ha! Finally we're rid of that pathetic Big Bird! Now, Sesame Street will be ours!”

#### Part Two: A STORY ABOUT THE COOKIE MONSTER

Everyone on Sesame Street attended the funeral of Big Bird. No one yet knew of Gordon & Maria's evil plan. They would slowly kill off all of Sesame Street, one by one, until no one would stand in their way. Next on their list was Cookie Monster.

“Here, Cookie! Have a cookie!” said Maria, handing a cookie to Cookie Monster. While Cookie Monster was eating the cookie, though, Gordon told a great joke, and Cookie Monster choked. Grover saw all of this and gasped. He jumped out at the

killers.

“You killed Cookie!” yelled Grover.

“He knows,” said Maria, “He must be the next to die.”

### Part Three: A STORY ABOUT GROVER

“Me? Die? Uh... sorry. Got to go.”

Gordon and Maria ran after Grover with death on their minds. But he was too fast.

“He got away,” said Gordon, “We've got to find and kill him.”

Eventually they did. He was hiding near Oscar's trash can, with a microphone.

“Help!” he yelled, “Gordon & Maria are murderers!”

That was all he could say before Gordon and Maria made him choke on a hairball from himself.

“Soon everyone on Sesame Street will know about our plan!” exclaimed Gordon.

“Then, we'll just have to kill them all,” said Maria.

### Part Four: A STORY ABOUT KERMIT

Gordon and Maria stormed down Sesame Street until they reached a living roadblock- Kermit the Frog.

“Gordon, is it true that you and Maria are killing off all of Sesame Street and taking over?”

“On the count of 3...”

“1...”

“What are you...”

“2...”

“Counting for?”

“3... GO!”

Gordon and Maria picked up Kermit and threw him at Oscar's trash can. Oscar emerged. “Yeah, what?”

“You're gonna die!” answered Maria.

#### Part Five: A STORY ABOUT OSCAR THE GROUCH

“Hey! What in the world's going on?” asked Oscar, “A gun? What are you gonna do with that?”

Gordon shot him. Then he grabbed Maria and ran into their apartment.

“They're onto us,” said Maria, “We'll never make it! There's too many of them!”

“No... we'll do it,” said Gordon, “I know it for one good reason. My secret weapon.”

“What?”

“A solid hologram producer.”

#### Part Six: A STORY ABOUT ELMO

Elmo had learned about Gordon and Maria's plans, and he wasn't happy. So he got in his biker outfit, took out his gun, and became... “THE TERMINELMO!”

He stormed into Gordon and Maria's apartment and blew them away. Their evil plans were spoiled. But Big Bird, Cookie



Monster, Kermit, Grover, and Oscar were still dead. Too bad. Elmo and the other residents of Sesame Street lived happily ever after. NOT.

### **LITTLE BUNNY FOO FOO MUTATES**

Little Bunny Foo Foo was hopping through the forest, scooping up the field mice and bopping 'em on the head. Suddenly he stumbled into a vortex. This vortex sent Little Bunny Foo Foo into a toxic waste dump.

The toxic waste mutated Little Bunny Foo Foo into Killer Bunny Boo Boo. Killer Bunny Boo Boo scooped up the field mice and smashed them into the flower bed. He then went to New York City and bit all the people he saw. He was tranquilized by the NYPD and was taken into custody. He was charged with a 611- biting everyone. He was sentenced 3 consecutive life sentences. THE END.

### **FRAGGLE ROCK MUTATES**

Red, a Fraggles, was jumping around Fraggles Rock. She stumbled into a vortex. Again toxic waste was right there waiting. Red fell into it and became Blah! Blah went around and beat up every Fraggles in sight. Another Fraggles who was very brave confronted her. He was a green character with a determined look on his face.

He advanced towards Blah and handcuffed her. Blah breathed fire in the stranger's face, but he didn't budge. He brought

Blah to the Fraggie Rock Asylum. Blah never went on such a rampage again-- for a while. THE END.

### **BIG BIRD MUTATES**

Big Bird was walking down Sesame Street when he suddenly fell into a vortex. He landed in a vat of toxic waste. The toxic waste turned Big Bird into a large, glowing, purple monser. Bird Bird was now Big Monster. Big Monster soon stumbled into a vortex back to Sesame Street. He met Snuffy there. "Well, who are you?" asked Snuffy. "Have you seen Big Bird?" Big Bird picked up Snuffy and threw him in a trash can. "What's wrong?" asked Snuffy.

Oscar the Grouch was complaining from his trash can about the air having too much ozone. Big Monster picked up Oscar's trash can and threw it into Bert and Ernie's house. Bert and Ernie used a tranquilizer dart gun on Big Monster and brought him to the Sesame Street Zoo.

### **GROVER MUTATES**

After Big Bird mutated, Grover stumbled into the same vortex and became Grover the Killer. Grover the Killer visited the Cookie Monster and stole all his cookies. The Cookie Monster started to cry. Soon the Sesame Street Police were after Grover the Killer. Grover picked up Snuffy one day and threw him into the vortex, turning him into a mutant, Snuffy the Deadly. Snuffy the Deadly broke into the local Sesame Street Casino and spent all his money. On June 17, 1908, both Snuffy the Deadly and Grover the

Killer were placed in the Sesame Street Maximum Security Prison.

### **CARE BEARS MUTATE**

One day Tenderheart Bear was walking on the clouds when he fell through onto Sesame Street. The vortex had not yet been cleared up. Tenderheart Bear turned into Bloodshed Bear. Bloodshed Bear went to Las Vegas, and terrorized the town. He taught kids to get high on crack and to kill their parents. He then went back to Sesame Street and freed Grover the Killer from prison! Grover the Killer accidentally fell into the Grand Canyon the next day. Bloodshed Bear was crushed by a satellite. The world could be knocked unconscious safely knowing that the mutants were gone.

### **THE KILLER FLEA**

Once there was a dog named Kitty. His owner was Justin Case, an attorney. Kitty led a happy life until, one day, he was hit bit by Satan de Flea. He ran to Justin, who had a snack in his hand, and jumped right through him. He was just a hologram! The next thing our cute little terrier knew, he was on a spaceship! He staggered back onto a switch. Reverse! Reverse? In space there was no reverse! What was going on? He woke up, only to notice a little flea on his back. He then fell into a vortex to Dimension F. He flew into space, head over heels, tumbling into space. "Goodbye, Justin," he barked, "Goodbye. Have a nice life, and don't forget me..."

**THE JOURNALS OF THE CLAUSTROPHOBIC**  
**AGORAPHOBIC**

Don't ask me where the heck this stupid book came from, I just found it in a stupid... thing at home. I'm writing in this... book only for something to help my writer's block. For those of you who thought I would write all the time in this, dream on!

July 19, 1992. Today I saw pigs flying next to a UFO with aliens flipping the bird at me. I went to the mall, was accused and convicted of a felony, and was knocked unconscious by bird crap. May 13, 1901- My great-grandfather is doing fine as a teenager. I'm not even a thought. The dictionary was invented today, as was something called a diary. WOOF.

December 9, 1992. Today I went to school and was choked to death by the principal who accused me of killing myself. When I denied this charge, he slapped me in the butt and called me a big hunk of beef. Then Bart Simpson flew in next to Snoopy on a cup of coffee which was shoved down my pants. I went to jail and then I died there. FART! AHHH..... BYE BYE BABY!

April 22, 1981. Dear Mr. Henshaw, Today I was born into this ultra-sucky world that I hate already. I'm gonna kill my parents on my twelfth birthday, so I guess I'll just have to wait until then to kill them, and conquer the world and enjoy puberty! -FIN

August 1, 1994. I just found this thing while going through some of my old junk. My god, I was funny even back then! Cool! Have I lost my sense of humor? No, I just kinda forgot. -Adam M. Ares Your momma's so fat, she went on a diet!

What's today's date? August something, 1994. Today may be the last day I write in this journal. Three of my partners on this expedition have passed on, and I fear I may be next. Stockholm and I are all that's left. I feel sad not for myself but for my family. My children will never have a father to look up to. -Adam M. Final Entry Mar. 29, 1995. Dear paper, Alright, I found this thing again, and I'm writing in it. Let's see... what's new in my life? I'm reading *Cerebus*, which is cool. I want to do MY WORLD and publish it and become famous. Yeah. Right. I'm hoping to get that done before my birthday, which is only 23 days away- You know, I haven't even done a b-day list yet? I'M INSANE! I'm sorry. This is all wrong. I'm not being STUPID! What kind of monster have I become? Oh well. Atomic Comix is cool. Hmm... I'm trying to keep this stupid while still adding little thingies about my life in 8th grade, but it's not working that well. IT'S NOT THAT I CAN'T BE STUPID NO MORE, rather that... um.... Well, here's what I was like in '95. Kind of. Okay. Bye. -Adam M. Ares, A.K.A. The Claustrophonic Agoraphobic, A.K.A. Airhead, A.K.A. Mr. Anonymous

9/5/95. Okay. Here I am. Tomorrow I start High School, completely different. Seriously. I have my Demented Press, and I really don't feel like gratuitous stupidity in places where it shouldn't be-- like reality. Yeah. So here's my pretty much yearly entry here-- this is turning out pretty cool, I just write in this whenever I find it. Usually when I clean my room. -Adam M. Ares, A.K.A. Adam M. Ares

**(EXCERPT FROM) ADAM IN WONDERLAND**

The cards were all after her, off with her head,  
She'd pissed off the queen, now she wanted her dead!  
Alice wants out, this place is too weird.  
Now she asks me about my ridiculous beard.  
So I explain to her, it's because of this place  
That this hair is covering my beautiful face!  
And she tells me to forget about the caucus parade,  
And to worry instead about the mad deuce of spades!  
With long spear in hand, he's running our way!  
Now I comment to her, this just isn't my day.  
She says she agrees, but that it doesn't matter.  
The only one on her side is Tom Petty, the Hatter!  
She now takes off running, grabbing me by the hand.  
She says he liked his tea, but now it's been banned!  
We run and we run, she knows her direction.  
Soon we are there, the timing is perfection.  
Tom is out front, with cake in his hand,  
He says that he eats it, since tea has been banned.  
He says it's his unbirthday, and he hopes it's ours too.  
Alice says we can't stay, 'cause we have some bad news.  
So the Mad Hatter frowns, and he says his heart aches.  
He says he has no gown, but he has wedding cake!  
We look at each other, and then at the Hatter.  
I say wait for another, enough with this chatter!  
The cards are attacking, and we're in their sights!

There's no time for snacking, 'cause this really bites!  
He takes off his hat and pulls out an automatic.  
I can't believe that he's such a fanatic!  
Along comes a bunny, real big and real white.  
He looks kinda funny, as only a mother could like.  
Now, besides the fact that this thing is demented,  
He's also obviously anal-retentive  
The Hatter sees him, and then he pulls the trigger.  
He says he was big, but that still he's caught bigger.  
Alice, she screams at the top of her lungs.  
She says that was mean, and she really hates guns.  
Tom shrugs his shoulders and looks in the distance.  
Here come the soldiers, we need some resistance!  
I say we should run, but the Hatter ignores me.  
That'd be no fun, so he goes on a killing spree.  
Alice, she freaks, tries the fifty yard dash  
Behind are the creeps, the ace gives her a gash.  
I run to Alice, her face is now bleeding,  
An act of malice he plans on repeating.  
He says to me, Timmy, get out of the way,  
Why can't you see that the heretic must pay?  
I say my name's Adam, and there's no way I'm budging  
She's up and she's at 'em...OUCH! That must hurt like nothing.  
Alice hit him hard, and now he's out cold,  
It looks like the card, he decided to fold.  
That got my attention; she's nonchalant, though.

She forgot to mention she knew tae kwon do.

Meanwhile Tom Petty is blasting away.

He's getting all sweaty, this is making his day.

*(Editing note: the rest of this poem is missing.)*

### **LIFE SUCKS: MY BIOGRAPHY**

Friends, Romans, countrymen:

This little piece of art is:

LIFE SUCKS

MY BIOGRAPHY

Oh, joy! Sit down, get naked, and listen to 90% of my secrets and stuff. (A guy's gotta keep SOME things private, you know?)

Well, I was born on April 22, 1981 in Providence Hospital in Holyoke, Massachusetts.

But Adam, you say, Why were you not born in your hometown of Chicopee, Massachusetts?

Because this was the closest hospital. THERE WASN'T ONE IN CHICOPEE! (That didn't need to be capitalized) And Holyoke's a pretty rough place, overall. At least my mom wasn't carjacked when she was on her way to have me. That would've kinda sucked. But, hey,

LIFE SUCKS.

Okay. Though I obviously don't remember my living quarters at 7 months old, I hear that my parents moved a few times before my brain started to work. (That's a joke. My brain worked,



okay? It's just my way of mentioning that when you're young, you don't exactly have a genius I.Q. That took took me until I was eight. I'm kidding! Nine.) And when my parents moved, I went with them. I still needed a little help learning job skills (such as counting to five), so I decided to hang out with them for a little while longer.

Finally, we came to the only apartment I remember. Actually, it was one of those two-family deals with drunken landlords who have a sadistic little brat. Of course, in my naïve innocence, I didn't notice the Satan in the kid's eyes. I was spoiled immensely come Christmas and my birthday, and my father gave me tic-tacs all the time so that I thought they were candy for another four years. Oh fudge, I forgot to mention that I was three or four around this time. More like 3 ½. That way it's a compromise. But I digress- I didn't know what that meant at three and a half years old. Actually, I didn't understand that until I was about eleven or twelve. Uhm...I would always go to this park nearby, and a convenience store that I called Li'l Peach even though it was something else. (Why I didn't realize it wasn't a Li'l Peach, I have no clue. I could read, more or less. That was not a joke, if you were wondering. I don't remember not being able to read. It's weird. I mean, most people don't remember not being able to talk, (or am I the only one?) but have at least a bit of a recollection of not knowing how to read- or I may be wrong. But I was always a prodigy- not the computer on-line service, the adjective, you stupid dork!)

And then I moved. To my present home.

Hold on- pause for station identification. These are not

memoirs. Just a thought. What they are are documentations showing how much my

LIFE SUCKS.

Hold on, next page:

At my new home, the old guys who lived here had a dog and left a wonderful dirt pit where their dog's house was. The dog, chained up, made the circle thing, you know? At least that's what I think it was. It could have been an alien spacecraft. Well, whatever made it, my ever-stupid (though he was just about as smart as me then, so I didn't realize his stupidity just then. Besides, he showered me with gifts whenever we went out- I didn't know that my mom brought in Santa's presents. Ow. Not that I didn't respect her or nothing, but I knew that going out with Lenny-I mean, my dad-would get me better stuff. I didn't realize that my mom realized what saving up money meant. And if it seems like I'm being hard on my father, I am. He's a moron! He's insane! He was most likely in his high school class to wind up in an institution! He's psycho extraordinaire! At least I didn't wind up like him-I'm just a wee bit demented. Hey, I've been through hell, much of which is in the 10% I won't tell you, so I think I have a right to be a freak of nature! Yeah! Power to the weirdos! Except for Lenny-my father, I mean.) Then along came school. I know what you're thinking: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH! HEEEEEEEEEEEEELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLPPPPPPPPPPPP!

But no, not at all. Wait! I forgot something! Backtrack! No, forget it. What I was thinking of comes later. Silly me. WAIT! I

haven't told you about my extremely large and sometimes confusing family! (Hey, I'm large and confusing, too! Wow! What a coinkidink!) My Meme (French for Grandma, you morons!), who's on my mom's side (we're starting with my mom's side 'cause they're the cool ones). Wait, where was I? Oh yeah. Meme. (None of those funny punctuation thingies are on this word processor, so I can't get it right. Sorry to all Frenchmen and Mees everywhere. Excedpt for you Native American Polish Spanish Puerto Rican New York Frenchmen-I don't trust you.) Now, my Meme was...my Meme. Our second house (No, that's not it-my current house) was on the same street as my Meme's house, so that was cool. My cousins Chris and Ken (a.k.a. "The Twins", because, well, they're twins) were down there-ow! My neck hurts! Um, Chris and Ken were down at my Meme's pretty much all the time because their parents, my aunt Brenda and my uncle Dave- had a business to run, and they couldn't very well leave their little kids-who were five months older than me- home alone at, like, five years old. Also in the family were my cousin Amy (three months younger than me-everyone in my family got pregnant at one wicked big party in 1980), who had only her mom, my aunt Renee (again I have no weird accent thing) (Hey, "Aunt Renee" looks pretty weird written on paper) Amy's housing arrangements changed every couple of weeks, but...man, ever have one of those sentences you never know how to end? They changed every couple of weeks, but coffee ice cream makes a good laxative. There. A perfect ending to a perfect sentence. Speaking of endings,

*(Editing note: the rest of this is missing.)*

*Writings from Middle School*

**Sarah**

Hello, my name is Sarah.  
I whine and whine and whine.  
But when it's late,  
I'm used as bait  
To draw the bad guys' fire.  
My brother says I'm CIA,  
Sally says Secret Service.  
No matter what,  
I'm kicking butt,  
And no one seems to notice!  
Who cares if I'm only eight years old?  
Don't undermine my talent.  
I'm really hot,  
Too bad you're not.  
My code name's Princess Valiant.  
What's that you say? It's time to die?  
But sir, I am your super spy!  
But now, you say, it's time to go, this is the end of this?  
I can't be trusted with the information that exists?  
I dug my grave because of dear old undercover Pris,  
Who I told on when I saw her and my older brother kiss?  
But sir, my name is Sarah.  
Please let me plead my case.

Your Pris was not a superbrain,  
But merely a nutcase!  
But sir, even if you decide  
I simply have to die  
And that all I have told you  
Have been no more than lies,  
Then I don't care,  
What's fair is fair,  
Then let that be the case!  
But first of all, if you won't tell,  
I'll show you my little friend.  
He's really small,  
He stops them all,  
And you can't beat his pace.  
In fact, my friend, his name is Tolliver.  
He's my most favorite revolverer.  
If you promise not to tell,  
He'll say to you, "I'll see you in Hell."  
BOOM!

**A Night in the City (03/18/1994)**

I was scum. A nobody rotting in prison. All because of that fateful night when I decided to jaywalk, and was sent to court in front of my ex-wife's new husband. I was in a crowded cell with fifty other convicts who smelled terrible.

I knew this wouldn't last long, though. I knew that I had to break out. So, one night when the guard was asleep, I left. The door to the cell wasn't even locked.

As I walked down the street in clothes straight from the garbage, I noticed a scratch ticket on the ground. It wasn't even touched. I picked it up, scratched it, and found out I had won \$9,999.99. I brought it to the nearest newstand and got the cash.

Six hours later, I was in the arcade playing Mortal Kombat 3. I had already spent seventy-five dollars on it. Then I beat a big guy with a gun under his hat. He grabbed me by the collar. The next thing I remember is lying in a gutter with a note on my head. It said,

I'm sorry you passed out when I gave you that hug. Here's the number to the jail. Bail me out, please. -Harry

I ignored the note and went to a fancy Chinese restaurant. I ordered the cream of Sum Yung Guy. After being kicked out, I headed to the movies to see "White Men Still Can't Jump". Then a flying pig with a horn impaled me.

THE END

**Welcome to the Real World**

Welcome to the real world,  
With guns and drugs and sex.  
Welcome to the real world,  
Where everyone's the best.  
Welcome to the real world,  
Do you think it is too gritty?  
Welcome to the real world,  
There ain't an ounce of pity!

Welcome to the real world,  
Where all you need is knowledge.  
Welcome to the real world,  
Hey, let's all go to college!  
This isn't the real world,  
Now everything is different.  
Welcome to the wrong world,  
You'll be spending your life here.

**Me (10/25/1994)**

I'm sitting here in room #214 during second period and looking at the sheet describing what to write in this composition. My name is Adam, my nickname is Adam, and I'm 13 years old. I live with my mother, because my father moved to South Carolina. That's not anything negative, though, because I couldn't stand him. I also have no brothers or sisters.

I need to write about my hobbies, but I don't know where to start! I collect and read comic books, as opposed to just collecting and not reading them. I also play video games, listen to music, watch the television, and hang out with my cousins, Chris and Ken Rooney, who live in Greenfield.

You want me to brag? No problem! I took the SAT last year through a program I've forgotten the name to. I scored higher than the average college-bound 12<sup>th</sup> grade student on it, and received a certificate for it. It wasn't as hard as I had expected it to be. When it comes to video gaming, I'm also great. One major disappointment, though, came last summer when I entered a Blockbuster Video game tournament. I went there and had incredibly bad luck. I had never played the games as badly as I did there. I only wound up taking fifth place in the store, which was embarrassing. I went with my REACH group to M.I.T. In fifth grade, and the entire group delivered a speech about the community problem solving program we were receiving an award for.

I like to hang out in malls, especially with my aforementioned cousins. How do I spend my free time?! I already covered that when I wrote about my hobbies!

I like me because I'm cool.

My best subjects are everything, and my worst subject is nothing. Well, actually, it depends on the teacher. In seventh grade my grades weren't that great, but I was well behaved. My grades will be next to perfect this year, and yes, I hope to get out of Bellamy.



**As a Baby... (English assignment)**

I was perfect. At least, I was for the most part. I was born at 11:05 in the morning at Providence Hospital in Holyoke on April 22, 1981. I was 22 inches long and had a little bit of messed-up hair. I was ugly and round and had blue eyes.

I was well-behaved (I told ou, I didn't cry, I wasn't a fussy eater at all, and I didn't want to be held because I liked being a loner. It was three days until I left the hospital and came home, and when I got there I was still perfect. Since I have three cousins who were born between November of '80 and June of '81, my aunts, uncles, et cetera were too busy taking care of their young 'uns to pay any attention to my birth.

There are no horror stories from this time because I was perfect.

**Terrible Twos (English assignment)**

I learned to walk when I was one year old, and I was still perfect. The only real mischief I caused was playing in my mom's cabinets constantly. I hardly ever threw temper tantrums or anything.

I did have one problem, though-- I wouldn't go to sleep! I would always stay up late at night. I loved watching "Knight Rider", and I remember falling asleep during Hill Street Blues a lot.

To recap, I was perfect, and I was the perfect child. I was perfect, perfect, and perfect.

Don't you wish you had a kid that was as good as me? I bet

you do. Everyone does.

I am having a really hard time stretching this out, so I'll stop trying.

Bye.

### **I Have a Room**

My room is painted a peach color because it used to be an extra room in my house. I moved into it a few months ago from my older room. It's sometimes messy and sometimes clean. It depends on what day you look at it. I have two TVs in my room- one used to be in our living room, but now I use it for playing video games on. The other used to be my mom's, but now I use it to watch TV on. A VCR is hooked up to the latter.

Underneath my bed are boxes of comic books, and I'm starting to run out of room there for them- within a couple of years I'll have to find another place for them.

This last paragraph is not necessary, for the most part, but I feel I should have a finishing paragraph. I spend a lot of time in my room, and it's cool. This is the last sentence.

**The news: June 21, 2009**

Hello people, and welcome to the paper. Jeffery Dahmer's brain has reportedly grown arms and legs and walked out of the morgue, armed and dangerous. If you happen to see it, STEP ON IT IMMEDIATELY. Otherwise it will sic a sasquatch on you like it did to the late, great Janet Reno.

Oh well. On a lighter note, President elect Adam Ares has shaken off that darn alien abduction problem. Apparently, the alien that was thriving in his digestive system was melted when Adam ate Roxanne's nose, mistaking it for the slime layer at the top of a can of Spam. Adam is reportedly in happy condition at the Arkham Asylum for the Criminally Insane.

Daniel Aparviz, best known for his expose "Dick Van Patten: Saint or Anti-Christ?", was killed yesterday as the corpse of Roseanne fell out of the broom closet of his summer home on the island of San Francisco. His last words were, "Shiver me timbers! It's Moby Dick!" A public memorial will be held in South Africa, where Daniel never visited in his entire life as an overpaid, overpublicized writer and marine biologist.

This just in: the world is about to blow up, and the only living humans left will be the ones on Saturn.

Bye.

BOOM!

### **The Paper Clip Trilogy**

#### **(1. The Paper Clip of Death)**

Paper clips may not seem all that useful, but what you need to remember is that they have feelings too. I know. I'm talking from experience.

I never used paper clips very often. They would just sit around all day, bored out of their... well, they don't have minds, so forget it. One day, the bad apple of my paper clips, Bobby, decided to take out all of his frustration and boredom out on me. He jumped out of the box and leapt his way to my bedroom. My door was locked, so he stretched himself out, forced himself into the keyhole, and picked the lock.

He saw that I was sleeping, so he climbed up onto my bed. Asleep, I was completely at his mercy. Unfortunately for me, he had no mercy.

He didn't want to kill me right away, though. He wanted to see me suffer, like he had for years, so he stabbed me in the eye.

I woke up and instinctively pulled him out, screaming. Before I could throw him against the wall, though, he buried himself in the palm of my hand. He bent himself into a staple-like form, so when I ripped him out, I took off some of my skin with it.

This time I was faster than it. I threw it onto the floor, then got out of bed. It ran underneath my foot, and I stepped on it.

I bent over and grabbed my foot. It was gone. It had leapt onto me and climbed up to my head. Before I could react, it climbed through my ear, pierced my brain, and killed me.

If paper clips could laugh, it would have.

## (2. The Return of the Paper Clip)

Adam Ares, age 14, died last year under mysterious circumstances- his brain was pierced by... something. Now, eleven years later, new evidence has linked his death to that of seven other children in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island.

Experts believe that a paper clip was used to kill all eight of these victims. It has been suggested that O.J. Simpson may have had a role in these murders. Simpson's attorneys refused to comment on the allegations made by journalists from several major newspapers, but inside sources say that O.J. is nervous and possibly even suicidal.

On a lighter note, Daniel Aparviz, the boy wrongly accused of the murder of Adam Ares, had his sentence of death by Egyptian torture methods carried out last night. He will be missed.

This just in... a paper clip riding a tank armed with thousands of megatons of nuclear explosives has been sighted in Jurassic Park. He is believed to be working for O.J. Simpson as a way to avenge the downfall of communism. Mr. Simpson, who is believed to be the horseman of the apocalypse known as Pestilence, is loved by none and hated by all. His trial is set to end in the year 2005.

Wait, we have just received word that the paper clip has detonated the explosives and destroyed all of New England and most of the areas surrounding the Great Lakes. O.J. Simpson strikes

again.

(3. Raiders of the Lost Paper Clip)

I am Ranger Rob, and I'm on a mission. A mission to find Noah's favorite paper clip from biblical times. Ever since I was born Robert Barabani 23 years ago, I had dreamed of being a park ranger who searches for priceless treasures in his spare time. Now that this dream has become a reality, I have finally been able to get a girlfriend. Her name is Kathy Irelandish, and she finds me beautiful. That's because I am. That's what my mother tells me, too.

I found out about the paper clip I now seek by accident. I was walking by a church when a page from the Pope's new book, "The Bible II: The Second Coming" flew in my face. I read it, and it had information about the paper clip, which Noah used with his plans for the ancient ark. I received a tip yesterday about the location of the p.c.- Mars. I packed my clothes and headed off into space.

When I got to Mars, some alien greeted me with a high five. I punched it in the face when acid began to disintegrate my flesh.

That's when I saw it. It was embedded in a large stone, and was glittering in the hot hot sun. I stepped up to it, and tried to pull it out. I tugged hard, but I couldn't get it out of the stone. Finally, I pulled out a ray gun and shot myself in the head. I then discovered that I was invincible. I ran around, headless, and fell to the Martian ground.

I now have to live without a head.

**'Twas (12/19/1994)**

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house not a creature was stirring, except Mighty Mouse. Teddy bears were hung by the chimney with care, in the hopes that my teacher soon would be there. The kittens were nestled all snug in their kitty mansions while visions of a kitty litter that worked danced in their heads. Jeffrey Dahmer's brain in its glass jar and I taking a nap both were really big brains and taking long naps.

From the TV downstairs there arose such a clatter, I sprang to the roof to see if there was a problem with the antenna. There was a moon on snow and stuff, and I was far below. Then what to my really sleepy eyes should appear but a really big sleigh right on top of my antenna!

EPILOGUE: Santa Claus was fined \$500 for trespassing and destruction of private property, and is carrying out a sentence of 7 years under house arrest at the North Pole. Tim Allen, who was supposed to take his place as gift-giver, quit. A new gift-giver has not yet been chosen.

**The Incredible Story of Sto the Wonder Cow (12/23/94)**

Sto was a student at Bellamy Middle School. No one liked him because of his mental illness. One day, as he was walking in the halls between classes, he came across Mrs. Leonard.

“Hi, Mrs. Leonard,” he said.

She hated him with a vengeance, and just hearing his voice was the straw that broke the camel's back. “That's it!” she yelled,

"I'm sick of you, Sto! You like to moo? Well, you can moo forever! My witchcraft will transform you into a cow for all eternity!"

That day Sto the Middle Schooler was changed into Sto the Wonder Cow. "And your friend, Pid!" Mrs. Leonard continued, "He can hang out with you forever! I'm banishing you to Antarctica!"

"Moo," said Sto.

In a flash, Sto the Wonder Cow and his friend Pid were warped instantly to Antarctica.

And the world would always be the same.

Now, the two wander the emptiness of Antarctica, Sto a naked cow, and Pid wearing a t-shirt and jeans. They would like to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, but they don't like you.

### **A Day in the Life of a Jawbreaker (1/4/1995)**

I'm bored. I mean really, really bored. I've been alive for only a couple of minutes, but I'm already bored. This laying down on a conveyor belt thing is really getting old. Yawn.

OH MY GOD! What is that big awful thing?! I'm headed right for it- and I'm a piece of candy- I can't move! NO! NO! NOOOOOO!

I'm wrapped in plastic! Help! Help! I'm suffocating! I don't wanna die! I'm only two minutes old!

Waaait a minute. I thought the world was round. If it is, then WHY AM I ABOUT TO FALL OFF OF IT?! AAAA!

OOF! Whoa. It's dark in here. I guess it's a box. Well, at



least it's an open box. Hey, who's that guy? And... oh... LOOK AT ALL THESE DEAD JAWBREAKERS IN HERE! No! Don't close the box! Please! No! Put away the tape! NOOOOOO!

I guess I'm going to die, so I might as well do it in my sleep. Good night.

*Zzzz.....*

Good morning. .... HEY! I'M ALIVE! And the box isn't moving anymore! Cool! It's still dark, though. Hey, did I hear what I think I did? YES! I'm being freed! The box is opening!

Hi, little girl! Thanks for helping me! Oh, you want to pick me up and free me? Thanks! Oh! Thanks. That wrapper was horrible! Um... what are you... get me away from your mouth! NOOOOOOO!

THE END

**The Happy Titanic, Starring Billamuckalockappamoocha, or  
Billy for Short**

Wednesday, April 10. After being on this strange little planet for only two days, I would have to say that these Humans are really primitive, but their fashion sense is incredible. They have something called “pants” here on Earth, and it adds a lot to a person's wardrobe. I saw many pairs of pants today as I boarded the watership Titanic. The humans' minds are easily controlled, so I had no problem getting a first class room. Excuse me, I must now sleep.  
*Zzzzz...*

Thursday, April 11. I gave a shot a thing call liquor. I happy

really happy. Except how I regurgitate over side of boat. That sickening. Excuse, must now pass out.

Friday, April 12. I found out that Humans don't have the power of telekinesis today. I saw a dolphin in the ocean and used my powers to life it out of the water and into my room. Needless to say, they began to try to terminate my life functions through the use of wooden planks and knives. I didn't have to kill anyone today, which made me happy. I take no joy in making inferior races scream as I kill them slowly and mercilessly. Excuse me, I must now drain my bladder.

Saturday, April 13. I just read a good book called "Titan", and I got a weird feeling of Deja Vu. I saw a Human Woman today, and I wanted to talk to her. When I walked up to her, though, she screamed and kicked me in the head. Surprisingly, it hurt. I'm still bleeding now, seven hours later. Ow.

Sunday, April 14. The ship is sinking, everyone's screaming, the band's playing country music, and my antennae hurt. I'm having a really bad day. I guess the humans are, too, especially considering the fact that they can't fly. It's horrible to see these animals dying. It's really awful.

Monday, April 15. The ship is about to sink, so I'm going back home, where everyone is perfect and our three suns warm us daily. Bye-bye!

**Jobs (English assignment) (2/3/1995)**

An easy job for a young person to get is at a restaurant, especially a fast food place like McDonald's. These jobs don't require experience, and it's a good place to work until you can find better work.

Either that, or you can stand on a street corner singing "I'm Every Woman" and hope that someone will give you a quarter and not punch you in the face to shut you up. I like the McDonald's idea better, though.

**All Dogs Go To Heaven...??? (2/5/95)**

If a dog dies, parents will tell their children that it's gone to Dog Heaven. (Unless it's a really dysfunctional family, and the parents tell their child that the dog is in Dog Hell for wetting on the carpet.) But what is the truth about Dog Heaven? I recently took a trip to this mysterious place to find out the truth.

In Dog Heaven, the rejects from Cat Heaven are chased constantly, as are those cars not fit for Car Heaven.

The landscape of this place is a beautiful plain with plenty of trees and fire hydrants popping out of the greenery. Televisions playing "Homeward Bound" and "Lady and the Tramp" hover in the sky.

Ruling over this kingdom is Dog God, whose name is Foofur. He was the dog of Adam and Even, and he makes sure everything runs smoothly in his land.

The dogs looked at me strangely, which my tour guide said

was because human's mouths are too dirty for their tastes. One poodle actually called me a "Milk Bone-less-mouthed monkey". When I pet a cute little black lab on the head, he snapped at me and told me never to demean him like that again.

When I finally met Dog God, he made me eat a Milk Bone. I enjoyed it so much that I asked for another, but he wouldn't give me one. He told me a story about how Rin Tin Tin was kicked out of Dog Heaven because he got in a fight with a jaywalking cocker spaniel. It was a really interesting story, but he had to cut our meeting short, because a new arrival had to be met by Foofur. I thanked him and left, but just before I got on the bus home, my tour guide asked me if I, an omniscient human, knew what the meaning of life was. I told him it was to shut up, and he looked like he believed it. Some dogs are just stupid mutts.

Oh well. I feel that I took away a renewed sense of respect for dogs, but that guide was just so stupid! He probably hasn't said a word since then! Am I good, or what?

Oh, well. This has been Larry King reporting.

### **The News: October 2, 2011- The Entertainment Section**

It is my pleasure to announce a contest. Write an essay between 300-1100 words about why Ronald McLayzer, the most paranoid person in the world, should fry in the electric chair. The winner will receive an autographed copy of the Bible!

Now for the news. A PBS miniseries, "Tastes Like Chicken", the true story of the man who was trapped in a morgue for six

months, will replace Barney and Friends. Barney was taken off the air when the song sang on the show, “Rock-a-bye baby”, about a baby falling out of a tree, was deemed inappropriate for television.

The first issue of Nite-Lite Assassin, the comic book about the gritty adventures of a ninja who is afraid of the dark, hits the stands next week. It comes from Demented Press.

Magic: The Gathering, the collectible trading card game series, sees its 57<sup>th</sup> upgrade set this month, entitled “We Need a Dramatic Name”. This coincides with Heinz's buying of the rights to the game.

Ever wonder why Richie Rich & Casper the Friendly Ghost look so similar? In “The Bloody Torturous Murder of Richie Rich”, airing tomorrow on the Disney Channel. It's rated PG for extreme violence, nudity, rape, language, and badmouthing the government. That last one is why it's so controversial. Some think it should be rated PG-13 for non-patriotism. Well, anyway, I think it'd be mean to let your kids miss seeing Richie Rich doomed to an eternity of wandering the earth in spirit form and given a stupid name like Casper.

Police blew up an Ant Nudist Colony for breaking the Constant Clothing Act, which prohibited nudity. ~~Remember the good old days when we used to be able to shower? Oh, well. I guess we'll just have to stick to deodorant.~~ ← Badmouthing the government! Shame on you! -Editor

This has been Apple Juice Simpson reporting.

**School Daze (2/27/1995)**

Kindergarten: Ah, yes. Kindergarten. I remember it well. My teacher was Mrs. Slattery, who lived (and still does live) so close to my house that I would walk there to borrow books. I actually ike(d) school during these innocent times (It was 1986- I was 5. Wow! It's hard to believe that we're already halfway through the '90s- it's incredible!) I remember the first day of school. Other kids were screaming and crying for mommy, and I was coloring pictures of Smurfs and trying to convince my mom that I wasn't going to (how can I put this in a nice way? I guess I can't) miss her. I really regret now that I enjoyed school back then, because to this day I have relatives who think I still like school nine years later. I was good enough at the three R's to like school, though. In fact, I remember the first problem I ever got wrong on a paper. I kept insisting that someone messed up my paper, because I understood it well enough. I could read perfectly, and I went to a first grade reading class, but I still couldn't tie my shoes. I was still perfect, of course, and I never misbehaved. Honestly! Ask Mrs. Slattery!

First grade: I remember 1<sup>st</sup> grade well, too. I went to a 2<sup>nd</sup> grade reading class and was still a whiz at anything & everything. My teacher was Mrs. Gravelin, and we had a student teacher, too, though I forget her name. I know she was in charge of the coolest thing about this year, though- the mailbox. We could write letters to classmates, drop it in the mailbox, and the letters would be delivered by a volunteer from the class or something. I remember something really interesting, too. There was some girl in the class, and I don't

remember much about her, except I think she was chubby, and... I don't know, but she started sending love letters to me. Now, I've heard that girls mature faster than boys, but at 6 years old, girls were just people who weren't boys to me. She would send me a letter shaped in the form of a heart, and I would try to make one in the shape of a mouth and tongue. (That was one of my first real sarcastic doings- many would follow) I think I learned to tie my shoes this year, but not until later in the year.

Grade two: I continued my education in Bowie School (I'd been going there since Kindergarten) in Mrs. (?)'s room. I don't remember much that's specific to second grade, so I'll tell you a story from a year I can't remember at Bowie. I think it was 3<sup>rd</sup> grade, but it might have been 2<sup>nd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup>- I don't know, but there was a contest to see who could get the closest guess to the number of jellybeans in a jar in the cafeteria. I got the number EXACTLY RIGHT, and I think it was a thousand and something. I wound up getting only about fifty, though, because my teacher made me share them with the entire class. I would have anyway, but I would have kept a little more for myself. I was the one who won it, RIGHT? Am I right or am I right?

Third grade: As I write this, I remember more and more little details. For instance, in first grade I met a lot of my lasting friends. Plus I met Danny. In second grade, I went to a third grade reading class- in the same room as everyone else. For once, I was normal! (Not that I cared- things were much simpler back then. Teasing was kept at a reasonable level.) My teacher this year was

Mrs. (?), and I don't remember that much about her. I do, however, remember going to a special Speech class either this year or in 2nd grade. (I guess I wasn't that normal.) (So what else is new?) I didn't want to go, though. I put up a fit, but finally gave in. I learned to stop getting my r's and w's messed up, and everyone was happy. Also this year was a talent show that was held in our class. I remember that my friend Brian and I used some little toy tricks from a little magic set I had. It kind of was an easy act to follow, if you follow. I couldn't sing or tap dance, so it was the best thing I could do. Oh well.

Fourth grade: Oh boy. Miss O'Leary's class. This thing might drag on for another eight pages. Miss O'Leary was one of the most... unique teachers I've had, right up there with Mr. Bailey and Mrs. Redfern, the Ballamy weirdos. Here in Bowie, though, this teacher was one who really should have gotten married and had some kids, because she always wanted hugs from her students. Really. I don't know. She was kind of... well, either really lazy or really suffering from arthritis, because if she dropped a pen or something, she would always have someone from the front row run to pick it up. My desk was still insanely messy, like it had always been (you can't even begin to imagine it). I think this year... yeah. I would always hang around with Brian (see third grade), and Danny, who I had always been friends with, would hang around us. We'd pick on him sometimes, though. There's one thing I'm sorry to say about Danny (not really- I like giving teachers dirt on Danny)- he didn't know when to leave us alone. He was cool sometimes, and I



would talk to him, blah blah, etc. etc., but he can be really ANNOYING when he wants to be. Not that I'm not the same way, but I don't bug myself, so I don't care. Oh boy. Memories strike me again. Danny and I combined our writing skills (I think it was this year) to write a story called "The Terrible Termite That Leveled Vermont". The reason the termite didn't total Texas was that Danny figured that a termite would probably ravage a wooded area rather than the Alamo. (Ah, memories... I remember the Alamo.)

Fifth grade: This wasn't a very important year, but it set up a lot of the chain reaction that would knock down the dominoes of my future that I had been setting up for so many years. (Cool analogy!) I found out that the world wasn't 100% peachy keen, but my imagination and creativity still governed over a large part of my life. Nah, I won't even get into the way my entire life was like a book or video game. I was immature, but a genius. Oh yeah! I forgot something about forth grade. I was the only kid from Bowie school to go to REACH class, but I got sick of going to an entirely different school one day a week at lunch, so I quit. In fifth grade I went to it, though, because it was in the school (which was Selser now), and most of my friends were in it. Oh yeah! I almost forgot! For the first time since 1<sup>st</sup> grade, Danny wasn't in my class. My teacher was Mrs. Wells.

Sixth grade: Still in Selser, this was a pretty important year, setting up the earthshaking events of seventh grade. I started to do a really weird, strange, sick and demented (well, kind of) comic called "My World". It really expressed my creativity, and got me lots of

attention, because they were funny. I also became more aware of the world and its dangers. I don't know how to put this, really. I guess I grew up, mostly. The wonder, the fantasy world? That's what disappeared. It helped me understand things better. Cool. I never really looked at sixth grade in that way before. My teacher was (?), but we switched for reading and math classes. Prepare yourself... here comes...

Seventh grade: Okay. Don't even try to understand this year, because even I can't. It's hard for me to try to find excuses for this year, but... well, suffice it to say, my grades dropped. It's, like, I wasn't used to getting questions about little unimportant things, so I had to study. The first half of the year, I didn't know that I had to. I couldn't get it through my thick skull. I wasn't doing a lot of my homework, because I wasn't used to having to keep track in my HWNB, and I would always forget what I had. I was kicked out of REACH for this reason, despite the high quality of what work I did turn in. The second half was weird. Mrs. Sittard, my homeroom and science teacher, saw how little effort I had been putting into things and decided that she didn't like me. So I didn't like her. One day, a report was due and I was out sick on the day it was due. When I came back on the following school day, she didn't let me turn in the report and I got a 0 for a double test grade. There went my grade for that term. Okay. Now that I've cleared that up, what did I hear about Bellamy? Well, I heard mostly the truth, though a little watered down, because a couple of my aunts went to school here. It was in times a bit less... um... apocalyptic (sarcasm), but I got basically true

information. Oh, yeah. I don't know if you had her, but Cheryl Fortin used to skip school sometimes. (She's been an aunt since she was born- I have a weird family.) Back on the subject of Mrs. Sittard... nah, I'll let the prosecution rest.

Eighth grade: Yay! This thingie is almost finished, I've been writing for an hour and a half, and I still don't have writer's cramp! After 1994, the worst year of my life, 8<sup>th</sup> grade, particularly '95, is a breath of fresh air. Except for Mr. Layzer, I don't have a real problem with any classes. Even though Mr. Warchol's class is difficult, his nonlinear conversational form of teaching through thought rather than memorization is cool. I don't know why he tries to be funny, though. Mrs. Safari with a k actually appreciates my style of writing, which is a lot more than I can say for any of my other old teachers. A bit too peppy at 8:45 in the morning, but not a bad teacher at all. Mr. Layzer... he's stupid, his room's cold, he gives us tests on things we didn't do... Sorry, I don't like him. I don't much have any sort of opinion either way on Mrs. Gilbert- she's a teacher, not really good, not really bad. I'd say basically the same for Mrs. Hoffner, with the bad outweighing the good just a wee bit.

That's it! This long, epic, "War and Peace"-type thing is finished! At least, it is for now! I've still got four years to live through in High School!

C ya!

**Smashy the Alcoholic Squirrel (3/3/1995)**

There once was a squirrel named Smashy. He went to Oxfurred University and was a member of the Omega Alfalfa Bullemia fraternity. Smashy lived the life of any collegiate bachelor mammal- he partied, pulled all-nighters to study for tests, and got drunk a lot. There was a problem inside of Smashy, though- one not as easy to see as zits or head lice.

You see, Smashy drank a bit more than his fellow frat members. Actually, he drank a lot more. If his friends wanted to relax and have some alcohol, he would relax and have some isopropyl alcohol. In fact, his blood-alcohol level was consistently higher than his I.Q.

One day, all of that would change. As he walked the campus with his fellow squirrel, Rocky, an interesting thing happened.

"No way," Smashy said in a slurred voice, "You could not have been on a show with a moose! I've only met one person in my life that like moose, and he was a science teacher!"

"But Smashy," said Rocky in an annoying high-pitched voice, "I was too on a show! It was with Bullwinkle!"

"No way," said Smashy, "A bull named moose... I mean, a moose named bull? You must be drunk!"

"Me--?!" Rocky started to object.

"Look, Rocky!" exclaimed Smashy, "It's a bed of tall roses!"

"Those aren't--!"

"SILENCE!" he yelled, "Or you'll be banished from Miss

Americana!"

He ran towards what he thought was a bed of roses and prepared to jump at them.

"Smashy!" yelled Rocky, "Those aren't roses, they're--"

Smashy landed on the "flowers" and screamed.

--barbed wire fences!" finished Rocky.

Smashy the squirrel went on to have 17 stitches on the butt. He was then shot and killed by Elmer J. Fudd, a giant-sized serial killer, less than an hour after his release from the hospital.

E.J.'s trial was watched by millions, and his lawyers made millions. He came out with a book, "I Want Twoo Twell Woo," with sold millions.

Judge Dancing Frito made his decision 5 years later- a mistrial. (Sigh...)

AND NOW FOR A MORAL REEF-

The moral is: Every rose has its thorn.

Or:

Ouch! My butt!

### **How Fish Can Astral Project**

If you're a fish, you, too, can astral project your spirit in the comfort of your own home. Whether you're a salmon, trout, or bass, this will work for you.

First, you must find a hook with a worm on it. These can often be found within 75-100 feet off the coasts, though where they come from is one of the great mysteries that have plagued fishkind.

You must slit yourself a new gill with the hook, to allow your spirit to escape. Then, while the wound is fresh, and blood is gushing out, relax and hum showtunes.

Next, you must float to the surface, play dead for ten seconds, and then swim down into the water at top speed until you slam into a coral reef.

Your soul will then escape your body. The only problem with this is that you can't go back into your body, because it's dead. Now your spirit form is free to wander the earth as a lost soul for all of eternity.

Good luck, live long and prosper!

### **Dave the Deadly Dinosaur's Disasterous Decision**

Dave the Deadly Dinosaur's dangerous day job, film developing, did disasterous defective deterrants to his dirty Deville's detailing. Dave 's dumb decision to develop on his Deville destroyed the delightful details of it. Despite developing's delightful benefits, Dave decided to become a documentary director.

Dave's Dad had directed diligently for decades, but Dave definitely didn't deserve a directing job. Dave's Dad decided to direct Dave directly in a directing direction.

Dave did a disasterous job directing. The first documentary Dave did, on dodos, was destroyed by Dave's developing stuff. Dave's Dad delightfully destroyed Dave's directing permit, then disowned Dave.

Moral: Don't do something you can't do well.

**Sentences: What They Don't Tell You About the St. Patrick's  
Day Parade (3/20/1995)**

Last Sunday, the St. Patrick's Day parade marched through Holyoke without any problems, pleasing spectators both Irish and sober. (It's a harmless joke. I've got some Irish in me, but I couldn't resist.) At least, everyone thought it went well.

But I know different, because just before the parade started, I felt the call of the wild, and needed to look for the bathroom. I guess I went too far, because I was soon far away from the parade and \$25 balloon swindlers. When I saw a big building with a bunch of cars in front of it, though, I figured I'd reached the bathroom. I walked in to see all the parade floats that didn't make the parade. All of them, from Blarney the Dinosaur to the float with live, poisonous snakes all over it, which would have been released into the crowd at the end of the parade route. Then I saw the man who had been my elementary school principal for five years, Mr. Burgess, in the act of committing a felony-- arson! I had heard that he was corrupt, but I still couldn't believe my eyes!

"Hey!" I yelled, "Drop that lighter fluid!" I pulled out my gun and pointed it at him. He dropped the can and kicked it over to me. I picked it up, and while I was ducking down, he lit a match and threw it on the float that was covered with lighter fluid. Then he started to run.

Not that he got far. The police came in and yelled at me to drop the gun and lighter fluid and put my hands in my pockets. I did, and Mr. Burgess did nothing but wrongly incriminate me!

When I told the cops that he was the real culprit, they didn't believe me. They punched me in the gut, threw me to the ground and kicked me until their legs got tired, which took about 20 seconds.

Since Mr. Burgess was the adult, they asked him for ID. When he opened his wallet, one cop saw the money in it, and being a money expert, was able to see that it was counterfeit. Knowing he was in trouble, Mr. Burgess hijacked one of the floats and took off down the street. By then, the parade had started, so he just plowed through a bunch of innocent bystanders.

Then he hit Mr. Layzer's pet moose, was thrown out the window and right onto Antley's antlers. He died of starvation two hours ago.

I was acquitted, but I feel sorry for Mr. Burgess. He never felt repentant at all.

I'm the only one who remembers this story, though. The police had some aliens (not the gray ones-- they're not nice) erase the memories from anyone who was there. I wasn't affected, because I'm a human/alien hybrid.

### **The Most Dysfunctional Family in the World: Meet the Spites**

Meet the Spites. They're the most dysfunctional family in the world, according to the Guinness Book of Dysfunctional Records. I set up camera in their house to record their behavior.

At 11:30 in the morning, Mirgo, the mother, woke up. She screamed, "FIRE!" to wake up the rest of the family.



Joe Neatbark, the father (the family got their last name from the dog, Rainbow Spite) took the baseball bat from behind his bed and ran into the living room. When he saw Mirgo standing there and smiling, he swung the bat at her. She ducked and punched him... and it hurt him.

Then Testosterone, the son, came downstairs with a cigarette in his hand. He wore a dress with Daffy Duck embroidered on it. "I JUST GOT TO SLEEP!" he screamed at the top of his lungs, "WHY THE &%\$# DID YOU WAKE ME UP?!"

"TESTOSTERONE!" yelled the father, "IF I'VE TOLD YOU ONCE, I'VE TOLD YOU TWICE! NO SMOKING UNTIL YOU'RE EIGHT!"

"Dad," he said, "It's not a cigarette, IT'S A JOINT IN DISGUISE!"

Mirgo, still afraid of Joe's baseball bat, pulled out the chainsaw from underneath the couch cushion and chopped the bat in half.

"Mirgo, you &\$#@!" yelled Joe, "I OUGHTTA BRING YOU BACK TO THE GUTTER WHERE I FOUND YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND!"

"Why don't you just skin me alive and make me into a rug, like you did with my last husband?"

"I DON'T WANT YOUR FAT ALL OVER THE PLACE!" he screamed.

"SHUT UP!!!!" yelled Testosterone.

Then everyone shut up and went back to sleep.

Little did they know that Nick Bernier was outside, with their sheep.

**You Won't Believe What Happened To Me**

YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME.  
Hmm. Okay. I was sitting in Mrs. Gilbert's 8th grade Reading class. It was 12:40 P.M. on April 25, 1995. Writing a short story was usually no problem for me. In fact, I wrote all the time. But this time, something was different. I had no ideas. None at all.

So I began to write. "YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME," I wrote. "Hmm. Okay." I was about to write about something, but I had forgotten. Okay, I figured, I'd write my thoughts.

"YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME," I wrote. "Hmm. Okay." Now I was going to write about

"YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME," I wrote. Suddenly I was feeling strange. "Hmm. Okay," I wrote.

"YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME," I wrote.

"What are you writing?" asked a voice in front of me. That's when I realized it. Something was wrong, and it wasn't just déjà vu. I was in Mr. Warchol's class. "What are you doing? Reading homework? Why aren't you

"YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME," I wrote. "Hmm. Okay," I wrote.

I walked into Mrs. Gilbert's 8th grade reading class. It was

12:27 P.M. on April 25, 1995. Nick Bernier was in front of me. I closed the door behind me and sat down at my desk.

"YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME," I wrote, "Hmm. Okay." Now I knew what to write. "I was sitting in Mrs. Gilbert's 8th grade Reading class. It was 12:40 P.M. on April 25, 1995." But it wasn't.

"But it wasn't," I wrote. It was 12:54 P.M. on April 25, 1995. On my paper was some sort of weird story about... something weird. So I decided to go with the flow.

"YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME," I wrote.

"I Wrote," I wrote.

"I wrote," I wrote.

"I wrote," I wrote.

"I wrote," I wrote.

### **The Invasion**

It all began as an object falls through the Earth's atmosphere. It lands before construction worker Big Harold. He saw that it was alive... and unlike anything he had ever seen before. He tried to help the thing reassemble itself, but little did he know what was behind him. The blob tried to warn him, but it was too late. Big Harold was the first victim of the Alien Temple on Wheels. The alien, though, whose name was Zeeblex, was able to jump out of the temple's path before he could be squished again. Meanwhile, 200 yards away, an angry California Raisin was complaining about how

his 15 minutes of fame were over and he was now living in the streets. He was the next victim.

As the temple on wheels continued its gravity-aided rampage, Dr. E. Ville Chick was scheming to obtain the 0-(. She sent out the Martian Happy Car, which she had gotten on an expedition to Mars. It looked nice on the outside, with a fake human head in it, but it was actually the greatest weapon on wheels. Its quest was to apprehend the Alien Paper Clip, the only thing that could pick the lock of the Alien Temple on Wheels, which was where the 0-( was. Coincidentally, the Temple, unthining as it was, was also headed towards the Alien Paper Clip, which was torturing Mr. Pincushion Rear by jamming the pins deeper into his rear. Meanwhile, Sad Sal, blessed (or cursed, depending on how you look at it) with the mutant power of knowing everything, saw what was happening inside of his girlfriend and cried. The only sperm cells of his that had a chance of becoming a baby had become rebellious and quit. He would never be a father now. Then he turned his attention to the events happening involving the alien stuff, and cried some more.

Just then, Zeeblex had caught up to the Temple and jumped on top of it. He had come to Earth to stop it, but he was having fun riding it. He didn't care when it ran over Mr. Pincushion Rear and the Alien Paper Clip. He just continued to ride the Temple.

When the Martian Happy Car arrived at the scene of the crime, the Paper Clip was flattened, but not destroyed. That meant it could still be used. The Happy Car picked up the Paper Clip and

sped off after the Alien Temple on Wheels. It caught up with it easily, and blew it up.

The Dr. E. Ville Chick couldn't believe what she had seen over her viewscreen. It had been programmed to get the 0-(! What was its problem? Fortunately for her, the Temple was still intact. She would just have to get the 0-( by herself. Using her teleportation powers, she appeared in front of the Happy Car and swiped the Paper Clip. She then appeared in front of the Temple and opened it with the Clip. It grew to the Dr.'s size, and let her inside, where she found the 0-(. She grabbed it and used it to take over the world.

She ruled it for 1,000 years, until two rebellious sperm cells overthrew her.

### **Sentences (5/23/1995)**

1. I will enumerate all of the times I have ever blinked.
2. The keynote star at the science fiction convention was Leonard Nimoy.
3. The lecturer, Mr. Warchol, yelled about how we were diabolical, manipulative children.
4. Forrest Gump had a bit more than just a lisp.
5. I gave an oration to the SSSC (the Society of Senile Senior Citizens).
6. I made a proclamation that legalized prostitution for all amphibians.
7. I fell off the pulpit and into Quentin Tarentino, director of "Pulp Fiction".

8. She quaked and shook, so I smacked her. (*Teacher's comment: "Good"*)
9. I was reticent in public, but when I was alone, I was very outgoing and talkative.
10. I wish I could stammer, but I just can't seem to be able to.

### **The Obese Snake and the Gangsta Gerbil**

Once upon a time there was an obese snake and a gangsta gerbil. The snake often enjoyed eating smaller beings to satisfy its inhuman hunger. The gerbil, on the other hand, kept mostly to himself and his boyz, but if someone stepped to him, that motha would be gettin' a beat down. One day, the gangsta gerbil came across the obese snake as he slithered across his turf.

"Yo, wassup? You better be gettin' off my turf," said the gangsta gerbil. So the snake ate him and continued along his merry little way. But suddenly, the snake felt a slashing from his insides. He began to scream in agony as the gerbil cut his way out of the snake's stomach with a concealed switchblade he had hidden in his pocket. As the obese snake bled to death on the cold pavement, the gangsta gerbil went home to take a shower.

-THE END-

The moral of the story is: You best not mess with a gangsta gerbil.

**Pina Colada Pinata Tells His Story**

“Hi, everyone, and welcome to Absurdities, the talk show that lets the inanimate objects of the world speak out as the poor, tortured souls that they are. Today's guest has asked us to keep his identity secret, out of fear that the HUMANS who tried to brutally beat him to death might attempt this atrocity once again. Ladies and gentlemen, please, let's see a warm round of applause for Mr. Pina Colada Pinata... I mean, our unnamed guest. Let's call him Bob.”

CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP!

(Elevator music version of “Smells Like Teen Spirit”)

“Thanks for being on the show today, Pina... I mean, Bob.”

“Uh... thanks. It's good to be here.”

“Let's begin at the beginning, shall we? You were living comfortably in the Andersons' attic with your wife of... how many years?”

“Seven years.”

“SEVEN YEARS. And, now, you had never in any way done anything to this family of HUMANS that would persuade them to try this?”

“No. Never.”

“Now, tell us what happened the night your wife was taken away.”

“Well, we had been... well, just sitting around...”

“Something that all of us inanimate objects should take pride in doing.”

“Right. And then, all of a sudden, we heard a creaking...”

“And it was one of the HUMANS?”

“Yes, it was... the daughter. Sandy Anderson.”

“How old was this girl?”

“I'm not sure... She couldn't be any older than six, maybe seven.”

“A SEVEN YEAR OLD GIRL?”

“Yes.”

“Wow.”

“And she came up to my wife, with this large, looming, gratuitous grin on her face. 'There you are,' she said to her, 'I'm going to LOVE beating you up and seeing ALLL the candy so's I can eat.' I'll never forget those words.”

“Unbelievable. And neither of you could do anything?”

“Not a thing. We're inanimate.”

“Wow.”

“And then she picked up my wife, beat her upside the head a couple times, and then... <SOB>... carried her off!”

“May those evil HUMANS rot in Hell for that.”

“<SOB>”

“Now, now, Pina... I mean, Bob. This is all in the past...”

“<SOB>”

“Come on, now...”

“<SOB>”

“We need to go beyond this...”

“<SOB>”

“WILL YOU QUIT THAT SOBBING, ALREADY? JEEZ,



GET A GRIP, MAN!”

“WAAAAA!”

“I mean, I feel your pain.”

“WHY? WHY? WHY?”

“...Let's take audience questions. You, miss.”

“Yeah, I'd just like to know why you're with this female of yours, anyway! I mean, don't you worry about AIDS?!”

“What? <SOB> We're... I'm a...!”

“In this day and age, what you're doing is just...”

*(Editing note: the rest of this story is missing.)*

**The Positively Fictional Origin of the Deformed Teenager from Maryland Who Had a Brain Hanging Out of His Mouth**

Once upon a time, there lived a 16-year-old kid from Maryland named Phil. Phil's parents had been drug addicts, and his mother hadn't let a little thing like pregnancy stop her from indulging in several damaging illegal substances. Thanks to this bit of genius, Phil was born without a closure at the top of his mouth- definitely not fun come flu season.

Throughout his life, Phil had been greeted by relentless teasing from his peers- decidedly not the model lifestyle for a young American. To deal with this everyday life (or, more precisely, to not deal with it), Phil himself started experimenting with drugs. And when I say experimenting, I mean experimenting. He started off small.

Inhaling glue, for instance. A very pathetic, yet inexpensive

way to "have some fun", Phil was first in line to try it. Little did he know what trouble lay in store for him.

The first time he tried it was during the afternoon, behind his high school. Phil unscrewed the cap, unscrewed it some more, unscrewed it some more, and then finally figured "screw this unscrewing" and pulled at it as hard as he could until it came off. He held it up to his nose and prepared to inhale it. Then the janitor opened the door behind him.

WHAM!

The janitor had been inside of the school- he had no way of knowing what was going on outside of the door. When he opened the door at full force, it sent Phil flying towards the ground, and sent the bottle of glue up his economy-sized nasal cavity.

Then Phil did something that he would live to regret- he rolled over, draining most of the Elmer's Glue into the gaping hole inside of his head. As soon as he realized he was doing this, he yanked out the bottle, but by then the damage was done. He frantically started spitting and digging out the glue as fast as humanly possible, but he still couldn't get all of the glue out before it started to harden. So he started scraping off the glue layers and pulling at them, trying to get the glue out. The janitor couldn't do anything to help- he was too busy chastising the youngster for doing something as stupid as inhaling glue. Phil tugged and tugged at the glue, pulling out layer after layer. It was the sickest thing that has ever happened in the history of mankind. Finally, Phil was able to get a grasp on one good strand.

He tugged on it and tugged on it until-

SHLLLLLLLLLURP!

Out came his brain.

Ewwwwwwwww.

There was now a new sickest thing that ever happened in the entire history of mankind.

"Aaiieeeeeeeee!" screamed the janitor in a voice one might otherwise think impossible coming from someone of the masculine persuasion.

Phil's eyes widened and widened, and suddenly he bears an uncanny resemblance to Speed Racer. "Mr. janitor person guy sir mop person again minimum wage scum of the earth man? Is it just me, or is there a... brain hanging out of my nose? Mr. janitor person guy sir mop person again minimum wage scum of the earth man? ..... Oh, crap."

So Phil picked himself up, brushed off some of the dirt that he'd collected while rolling around on the ground spastically and picking glue out of his nose, and started to walk home.

With a brain hanging out of his mouth.

### **Untitled (Nov. 17, 1995)**

As soon as Bill Jr. saw what was written on the piece of paper, he began to feel himself get pulled apart at the very center of his being. He felt a sensation of lightness, almost a freedom in the sense that he was no longer restrained to his human form.

Unfortunately for him, however, this didn't last long. As

quickly as this transformation of self had begun, it ended. Only he was no longer the Bill Jr. he was used to being, and he was no longer in the village that he was used to being in.

Where was he? Why was he here?

He stared blankly for a brief moment as he took in the significance of what had happened to him. What was this yard that he was in? Why was he under a tree?

He noticed a small rabbit as it screamed vulgarities at its watch. He watched it as it was shot dead by a large-headed man who seemed to have a strange problem with pronouncing the letter “r”. He smiled as his shotgun smoked: “Now I got woo, woo wascully wabbit!”

“NO!” screamed Bill Jr. at the top of his lungs.

The strange bald man immediately turned his attention to the young boy. “Pwepeah to die!” He took aim and prepared to fire.

His survival instincts now kicking in, Bill Jr. leaped towards the rabbit's motionless body. This is when he noticed a small hole in the ground. It was large enough for him to fit himself inside, he figured. So he delved into the enigmatic chasm, smiling freakishly.

Darkness. All that Bill Jr. could see was darkness. Further and further and further he fell.

Wow, he thought to himself, This is a pretty deep hole.

He suddenly thought that this whole situation, strangely enough, reminded him of a story that his mother had told him—a really sadistic version of “Jack and the Beanstalk”.

He tried to remember what had happened at the end of that

story. Oooo...he strained himself to try to figure it out.

Oh yeah! He finally remembered! The boy died!

And just as he thought of that, he hit the ground, became a small, slimy, red-colored goo. In case you're wondering exactly what that means, he died. The end.

**...And He Left a Trail of Breadcrumbs (Abandoned)**

CHAPTER ONE

It takes all the strength that I have just to keep a straight face as she walks by. Not a muscle twitch can be seen, not a missed breath can be noticable. Everything needs to be...perfect. She doesn't turn her head, doesn't acknowledge my existence, just walks on to her destination with that walk. That stride. The coordination that she shows....I can see it in my mind, even as I blink to ignore what I want to see.

Instead I look at my locker. My combination. I concentrate on that, but still I wish.....I wish.....29...42...1.

I slip the bag off of my shoulders. It catches the sleeve of my way-too-small sweatshirt, forcing me to completely restructure my balance... Finally the bag's on the floor, but the noise of its landing has forced the guy five lockers down from me to look up from his business. I give him a look that to me is menacing, but that, judging by the effect it's had on people in the past, isn't quite as convincing as it seems to be when I practice it in front of the mirror. Unlike many I've confronted in the course of my schooling, this guy isn't about to look away as long as I look at him. But, stubborn as I

am, I don't give. I continue to stare at him, and our eyes lock. Contact. I'm ready to say something, until it hits me.

"Hey!" is all I can come up with in the half-second it takes for yet another stranger to slam me into my locker door, not even pausing before continuing his sprint down the already congested hallway. I feel my eyes water, not because of a lack of a lack of emotional control, but because of the sudden collision. I hate it. I don't dare to wipe away the tears, that would draw attention to them. Instead, I just pray that they'll dry up before I get to my biology class. I reach into my locker and pull out my algebra book. Looking down, I realize that I haven't opened my bag yet. Wonderful. I place my book down on top of my bag, knowing full well that it'll slip off as I unzip it. I open up the bag and place the book inside, then repeat the procedure with my spanish and biology books. Then I get the feeling that I'm being watched.

My first instinct is to turn around and look in the direction of the guy who had been staring at me, but now he's just turned to walk away. I quickly turn around, and I see a girl. She looks familiar, but I can't attach the face to a name.

When she sees me turned around and looking at her, she lowers her head, slips her bag over her shoulder and begins to walk away with that...that...fluidity. The fluidity that so many people have and use without giving a second thought, but that I DON'T have.

I zip up my own bag and place it on my shoulder. She had been looking at me, I knew that. She hadn't been particularly attractive....in fact, she hadn't been at all attractive, she'd been

actually kind of putrid.....

...well...

Except maybe her eyes. There had been something in there, hadn't there? Yeah. Yeah, there had been. It was something special. Something intelligent, something sweet, something...

I make a face as I'm crushed between some massive guy who doesn't look a day older than 40 and some petite little freshman girl. I hate these crowded hallways.

I'm almost to my class now, and I think about what had happened. What would a girl ever see in me, anyway? Everybody's got to have some sort of standards, and I figure I'm just barely a couple of notches from rock bottom, at least as far as attractiveness goes.

Just before I reach my biology class, I notice Preston walking by. He doesn't notice me, but he certainly would be able to hear me if I said something to him. He's close enough, there's no doubt about it. And he's a pretty nice guy, so he'd probably answer back.... Nah, I say to myself. I just forget it and go into my room- he probably had better things to worry about. He doesn't need me bugging him when he's obviously going to be late for class.

I turn the corner and walk into class, and in front of the room, instead of the teacher, is.....(yay!) a substitute. I smile a bit as I begin to walk towards my seat... then I see the girl again. The one who had been looking at me in the hallway- she was sitting in the seat behind mine, apparently because of the prescence of the sub. I didn't know she was in this class! As seems to always be the case

when I'm confronted with something of the opposite gender, I feel my head slowly begin its descent downward...

I walk to my seat. I stare at the seat, ignoring her completely, pretending I don't see her. "AMANDA + CRAIG 4-EVER" is engraved on it in expertly crafted skill. I'm amazed that someone could ever craft that well just sitting down, much less during class.

I let the bag down and step over it as I slide into my seat.

"SQUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!"

I let out a sigh. I have to deal with the squeaky desk again. I try to fix myself into a comfortable position so that I don't have to adjust myself and bother the rest of the kids. SQUEEEK! SQUEEEEEEEEEEEK!

"Stephen?"

It's not the girl behind me--- it's her. It's Jeanette. I look up from my desk, and for once I feel like I did it right. That must've looked pretty cool...or at least pretty decent. "Yeah?" I say, as nonchalantly as I can manage, as I look up at her.

"Um..... do you think you could move up a seat? I want to sit next to Sandra."

"Oh! Yeah! Yeah, sure. No prob. Just hold on a second," I say as I pick up my bag, put it on the desk, then squeeze myself out and pick it up again to move. I can't believe it. I've only been this close to her a couple of times before, and those times had only been brief. I feel something, I definitely feel something different. I pull out my book and notebook. The feeling is overwhelming, like



something's flowing into me. It's...wonderful. It almost makes me forget about the other girl- Sandra.

Almost.

As the bell rings, I open my book and try to act like I'm focused on the front of the room. But, of course, I'm not. I'm futilely trying to hear the conversation between Jeanette and Sandra. They're whispering to each other.

And the feeling keeps flowing.

I sit there, trying to look as if I'm immersed in deep thought, while I'm actually just sitting there, feeling weird. Weird, yet good. Happy. When was the last time I was actually happy, I ask myself. Ummm.....

I squint a little. Something's wrong....different. I feel like I'm...bloated. My stomach is aching like nothing I've ever felt before, I have an Excedrin headache the size of Montana, and I'm finding it hard to stay in my chair. Slowly but surely, I begin to lose my resistance, and I start getting out of my chair. I'm so preoccupied, I don't even notice the thump that comes from behind me. I'm not aware of what's happened until I hear the gasping of my classmates.

I spin around, ignoring the pressure now. I look in the direction of Jeanette's chair, but instead of seeing her sitting down in it, I see her on the floor.

She's laying face-first, seemingly motionless. The pain I had been feeling before was nothing compared to what I'm feeling now- my heart.....it feels as if it's literally sunk into a lower position in my

chest. For a second I just stare, much like the others. Then I realize that have to do something.

I push off of my chair slightly. I lean forward to get down on my knees, but I suddenly lose my balance unexplainably- it's as if gravity has shifted gears for a minute. I, too, collapse, but I'm able to pick myself up...albeit painfully.

"WHAT DID YOU DO?!" screams Sandra. I look up at her, my face displaying my ignorance.

Without saying any words, she leaps out of her chair and bolts out of the classroom, going who-knows-where. The look that had been on her face wasn't fearful, that was for sure. It had been more like a determination, like she'd left to go accomplish something.

Meanwhile, I'm left hunched over Jeanette, feeling as if I weigh 700 pounds. I feel so angry at myself- why now, when the love of- when Jeanette needs my help? Why do these things always happen to me? It's one thing when my bad luck affects me, but when it hurts those around me.....

..when it hurts...

...it hurts.....

...oh, god.....

.....

### **Tweet, Tweet**

Good morning, world. It's another beautiful morning. The sun has risen as scheduled, the rays of light are sneaking through my

blinds. From the outside of the window I can hear the sound of birds chirping merrily.

I force myself up into a sitting position and stretch out my arms as I yawn. For a moment I sit there, all the wonders of conscious thought lost to me, until the sound of the birds touches me once again. I stand up and walk over the window, not in any kind of hurry but not as slow as I might have if the situation were different.

I reach the window, and I stand there for a second, staring into the single-colored black shade in front of it. What a lovely shade, I think to myself, it's a shame that I have to put it up to reach the happy little birds. After making this statement to the voices in my head and hearing their unanimous agreement, I pull down on the shade softly. It goes down. But not up. I pull it again, this time a bit harder. It goes even further down. But not up.

Finally I tear at it savagely and rip the shade in half.

But the birds don't scatter. Instead, they begin to walk closer to me... closer... closer. One of them flutters into the house effortlessly and lands on my shoulder.

"Mr. Bluebird on my shoulder," I say to it, inviting it into my hand. It lovingly follows, entrusting me with its life.

"So small... so delicate... so beautiful..." It stares me in the face and chirps, as if it were trying to tell me something. What would a little bird say to me, I wonder?

SPLAT!

Hm... probably something along the lines of "ow", after getting squished onto the desk and into a small pile of red, grey, and

white mush.

I smile and walk, now happy and rejuvenated, back to my bed. I can't sleep anymore, so I just plop myself down, grab the remote and flip through the channels. I'm in such a great mood that I don't even mind the sun that's pouring through. Yessir, it's going to be a great day, I think to myself.

“Stuuuuuuuuupendous! Let's sing a song about it!”

CLICK!

“What Randy doesn't know is that Ginger has a secret that she's come on the show today to tell him.”

CLICK!

“And it appears that in several seconds, the world will come to an end. Back to you, Margaret.” “Thank you, Brian. In other news, O.J. Simpson will be going to trial for the murder of a praying mantis. After being found guilty last year for his prior double-murder conviction, but having the crime lowered to the level of a misdemeanor because of his celebrity status and serving seven days of community service, he was accused of this crime two weeks ago by his second-grade outdoor education teacher.”

Then I look out through the ripped shade. Hey, it's a bright light. What did those old commercials from the '60s always say? I try to remember. If you see a flash... um... buck and hover? No, no, that's not it... suck an udder? Mmm, no... boy, I just can't seem to remember what...

THE END.

**Outback**

Is anybody out there?  
Fractured echoes in my head  
The shallow people out there  
The only deep ones in my mind  
I know if I can trust them  
And I know just when I can't  
Nobody believes me  
That they're swimming in a cesspool  
In the shallow end?  
The deep ones understand  
For they're not bound by the dumb rules  
Of such conformity  
Though normal is a relative term  
To the deep nothing is normal  
The trouble is the world outside  
The toast, it keeps on burning  
Hell, it is the world outside  
Challenge? Nothing to me  
Nothing here can ever hurt me  
Everything makes sense to me  
Too bad I know it cannot last  
The shallow end is waiting  
It needs my help to rot  
I'll go there and I'll do no good  
Why won't it all continue?

**MR. SKIT**

NARR: The year is 2032. A horrible plague of halitosis that affects only cows has devastated the country. Bovine immigration officials have attempted to bring in cows from foreign lands in a futile attempt to save the American Cow, but nothing has worked. As our story begins, not one cow has been sighted in over 18 months, and, although rumors of remaining cows persist, this wondrous species has been declared officially extinct.

NARR: In the woods not far outside of Houston, Delaware, Moomoo MacDonald and his father, Old MacDonald, are shooting clay pigeons. Little do they know of the horrible tragedy that will be the result of their carelessness.

MOOMOO: Okay, PULL! (Aims shotgun upward, waits... no response from Old)

MOOMOO: I said... PULL! (Continues to wait) (He looks in back of him, and Old is asleep at the... um... clay dispenser- I don't know what it's called!)

MOOMOO: Oh, COME ON! (Kicks Old in the gut)

OLD: OW! Hey! What'd you do that for?!

MOOMOO: 'Cause you were asleep!

OLD: So what if I was resting my eyes?!

MOOMOO: RESTING YOUR EYES?! We're not out here to REST OUR EYES, we're out here to blow up some flying pieces of clay! Now shut up, dad, and just pull the stupid lever!

OLD: (grumbles to himself)..... fine. (Pulls the lever, clay pigeon {pencil in rubber band} goes flying out... Moomoo wasn't ready yet)

(Both their eyes follow the pigeon as it goes flying, then Moomoo turns back and glares at Old)

MOOMOO: EXCUSE ME?

OLD: What?

MOOMOO: Why didn't you wait for me?

OLD: (getting angry now) Because you said to pull! (Cow enters on opposite side)

MOOMOO: Yeah, but not THEN! MAN, just how big of an idiot ARE you?

OLD: HEY, you're lucky I even brought you on this trip, Moomoo! Don't you start getting fresh with me!

MOOMOO: Fresh, huh? I'll show you fresh! (Runs at Old, holding up rifle to hit him over the head with) (Old grabs hold of the gun while Moomoo's still holding it over his head) (Struggle, gun gets pointed in direction of Cow, then gets accidentally fired {kick desk for SFX})

COW: MOOOO! (Drops down, dead) (Silence as Moomoo and Old stare at what they've done) (Moomoo is first to walk over to the carcass, pick up a stick, and poke him with it. Old is soon behind him.)

OLD: Is he...

MOOMOO: He's dead, dad. Dead as a doornail. (They stare for a little bit.)

OLD: Oh, man...

OLD: (Yelling at Moomoo) AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!!!!  
(Runs at Moomoo and grabs him by the throat)

POLICE OFFICER: (just now entering) HEY! What's going on back here?!

MOOMOO: (Same time as Old's line) Child abuse!

OLD: (same time as Moomoo's line) Cow slaughter! (Old lets go of Moomoo) (The police officer walks right by Moomoo and Old and inspects the cow corpse)

POLICE OFFICER: (to Moomoo) Son, I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to come down to the station and...

MOOMOO: NO! (Holds gun to head) I'm not going to rot in the same prison as murderers and rapists and child molesters! I'm not like that! I'm not one of them! I DESERVE BETTER!

POLICE OFFICER: Now, come on, you don't know what you're doing...

MOOMOO: That's where you're wrong, Mr. "Serve and Protect"! I know EXACTLY what I'm doing! This is the way things HAVE to go! What is there for me in this world, anyway? NOTHING! I hate my life! I...

POLICE OFFICER: Oh well, I tried. (Pulls out a gun and shoots Moomoo) (Old looks at him in silence)

OLD: Wanna go get wasted?

POLICE OFFICER: Sounds like a plan... (the two walk off, the two dead people jump up and say...)

CORPSES: The end!



*The Catharsis Chronicles (Early Teenage Poetry)*

**Bottomless Pit of Content Ignorance**

Reflecting on the past

The horrors of the past

No one holds a candle

To your miserable heart

Juvenile delinquency

That term can save some face

As opposed to the reality

That the past's your personal cavity

Unless, of course

Consciousness

The greatest masquerade of all

Repressiveness?

If your sanity has no gall

A tortured soul

Is such a gift

For you don't know

No, you don't know

NOTHING

Look into the abyss

NOTHING

The abyss looks into you

Masquerade

Now you're one and you're the same

You, yourself and NOTHING

NOTHING

The new alternative to knowing

And for only 20 bucks

We'll throw in a little madness

Of course, the other choice

Sanity

Consciousness

Loneliness

Depression

The

The

Past

Memories of what you never had

You remember all you said

How you felt the pain inside

The embarrassment has grown now

Since you've been in the abyss

Remembering the nothing

As opposed to all the truth

The rich dysfunctional family

Nothing compared to you

Hey, you lost a loved one

Unlike ANYONE in this world

Unless you count abyss ones

The black hole of the psyche

Now I have to go now

I'm still stuck inside the well

**Twin Towers of Anarchy**

I can see your slimy insides  
I can see the dark inside  
I can see what you've been hiding  
What you left so far behind

If you're not weak  
Then you're not you  
You're living sleek  
You're dying too

I forget just what you meant  
The farce that was my friend  
The truth of someone different  
And the way they met their end

Deck of cards  
Inside your head  
Shuffle them  
Alone in bed

Out, damned spot  
Can't handle this  
Thanks a lot  
You anarchist

Will she sink or will she swim  
Will she sink or will she swim

All you see  
Is all that's wrong  
You hate yourself  
You won't last long

Anarchist  
You anarchist  
I'm living with  
An anarchist

Will he sink or will he swim  
Will he sink or will he swim  
Will your life come to an end  
Or will your life come to an end

I'm sick of you  
Your sibling too  
It's killing you  
You anarchist

Pencil sharpened to a point  
Lead poisoning, you almost might  
Kill the one you didn't anoint  
Or kill the one you do entice

**Life in Hell**

Oh, hello, it's just you  
What the hell do you want now?  
Time to throw me in the garden,  
Give me tools,  
Give me the bill?

Is it time to give me money  
Strings attached  
Eggs to hatch  
Wait a minute, you were supposed to  
No I weren't  
Yes you am  
Wait a minute  
Didn't you  
Do this same thing  
Just last week?  
Didn't you try to seduce me  
With your abnormality?

Pardon me if I'm sardonic  
But I don't know what that means  
Remember me?

I'm not your friend  
Chip on my shoulder  
Forget me  
Time to do this  
Time to do that  
Remember when  
I didn't, too?

Time to set a good example  
I give as good  
As I give get  
Nothing's ever quite the same when  
I'm the nice one anyway.  
Wait a second, hypocrite  
You're calling me a hypocrite?

Nothing doing  
How's it going?  
Why the sad look on your face?  
Hold on a second  
It's the door  
Just a zombie  
Nothing more  
Eat my brains  
Consume my liver  
Suck my guts out with a straw  
Why, it's good ol' Mr. Postman  
And my girlfriend is a whore  
He delivers me the mail  
It's hanging on a ten foot pole  
You're my friend  
You understand  
You've got a suitcase in your hand  
Knife inside  
Gun inside  
It's my choice  
Of how to die

Now it's you  
And only you  
As you stand across the room  
As the stench of death surrounds you  
You turn slowly towards the door  
Look around  
Here I am  
There's a suitcase in your hand  
What's inside?

Jeekyll's Hyde  
Pulling you away for now

As I lie  
On the ground  
No one seems to make a sound  
Then I feel a gentle kiss  
A sound that's not unlike a hiss  
Turn around  
I don't dare  
Out of fear  
That nothing's there  
I recover  
Happiness  
A life of venom  
Bought at Hess  
Life anew  
Life askew  
Life in Hell  
Saved by the bell

**Friend**

Hello friend  
You're welcome here  
Just wipe your feet  
And all is clear  
Have a seat  
A cup o' java  
Take a load off  
Rest your feet  
I'll just be here  
Out in the back  
Drowning truths  
In bags of crack  
I never dreamed  
My life would end  
And leave another  
Left to spend  
Yet you are here  
To watch TV  
The irony  
Is all we see  
Eventually  
I'm back to you  
Your humble host  
Propose a toast  
Don't pour too much  
Liquid attack  
Eventually  
The glass shall crack  
You never know  
What shards might see  
And yet ignore

When next we meet  
The next time, yes,  
Real soon, I wish.  
Our glass is cracked,  
We'll try a dish...

**Normality Fights Back**

This is my hole  
Decorated with the things  
I don't see  
What I want  
What I need  
Nothing here can injure me  
Everything is as it seems  
As reality is dreams

But I'm here,  
Things are great.  
Interesting  
As of late.  
So I'll stay,  
Perhaps a while,  
Perhaps forever,  
No denial.

I climb out  
Look about  
Who is here,  
What is there?  
Who is there?  
That is there.  
Sink back in,  
Brood awhile,  
I peek out,  
Irony shouts.

I miss denial,  
I love this world.  
Adventure,  
(normality)  
Things to see,  
(normality)  
Self-esteem,  
(normality)  
Just stop it all,  
IT ALL MAKES SENSE!

I climb out  
Look about  
Stay awhile?  
Sure, why not?  
See what this world has to offer  
When the haven is still there  
Ever there  
Here is fair  
There is home  
Here is wrong.

God, I hate it when I make things  
seem so complicated.

**Mindlessness is Next To Godliness**

Crucifix

Paralysis

Rip out my throat, feed on yourself.

Double mouth

I'm double mouthed

Spontaneous, ununified.

Death to Nazis

Death to you

Choosing for the both of us

Let me chew my tongue in peace

Conspire against you in peace

Crucifix

Paralysis

Never let me off the leash

Arrest development

Just like you

Scum of the earth

Ignorant you

Now it's me

You think you're right

Killing yourself

Giving me the knife

**Insubordination**

I'm sitting

(For it's the only way to gain a lap)

I'm sighing

(To relieve the stress off of my body)

I'm eating

(Stop talking to me, I just won't listen)

I'm nothing

(Oh, never mind, I'd expect that from you)

Why won't you let me comprehend this?

Why must you force me to disobey you?

Why am I hungry, why am I hyper?

When I'm eating, when I'm on sedatives?

Stop pressuring

(Did you see what it did to O.J. Simpson?)

Stop screaming

(If you want the truth just shut your trap)

Stop fighting

(If you trust in me, is disbelieving okay?)

Stop dying

('Cause eventually you'll be having to pay)



**No For an Answer**

I want to stare into your eyes  
And yet you don't care for mine, and when I..  
I try to make some contact with you  
You spit in my face, and yet I...

Still I follow you around  
From site to site, and yet I..  
Don't understand just how or where or when  
When I can see you again...

Once upon a ghost  
I proposed a toast  
And you politely declined  
But still I dream...  
When will I see you again?

I never wanted this to be, this..  
This couldn't happen to me, I love my..  
Immunity so sweet, and yet it seems  
That nothing's certain...  
Still there's no closure for me

Once upon a ghost  
I proposed a toast  
And you politely declined  
But still I dream...  
I need to see you again.

**The Rest**

For just once in my life  
I would like to be certain  
For never am I ever right  
And when I look all around  
To decide what my fate is,  
The abyss keeps me conscious all night....

But for once in my life  
Maybe I should stop whining  
Go out and get a freakin' life.  
And I'll accomplish something,  
The world will then thank me,  
Finally I shall sleep through the night...

And for once in my life  
I would like to stop hurting  
And let someone else carry on  
But then I feel a slight weakness,  
I start to feel queasy,  
Whenever I see what goes on..  
In their lives....  
It's not right....

Though I'm here in the darkness,  
And I'm all alone now,  
I stand up and take it all in.  
And I realize now what the world's given  
to me,  
It's the strength to go on, not give in....

Still, for once  
It just wouldn't be bad  
If the world would just stop for a moment  
Just a moment  
Just a moment of peace when the people  
would listen,  
Perhaps they overreacted..

**Self-esteem**

once  
once you were a man of weak endurance  
friend  
and once  
once the words you spoke were so familiar in tone  
but now  
now the words you speak, they are so jumbled  
jumbled they words so are  
and now  
nothing that you say i can believe  
my friend

before  
the times you spent with others were enjoyed  
yes, you enjoyed it  
but now  
mere tolerance for you is just a chore  
and there's no allowance  
and when  
i humbly make an attempt to just correct it  
all i've attempted  
it just  
blows up in my face  
albeit  
softly

please don't tell on me, friend  
your life's decaying, my friend  
and now everything you try to do to you  
it only comes right back to you

is it wrong  
is it wrong for you to try to make life better  
a wee bit better  
and it is wrong  
is it wrong for you to blame life  
it's not better  
it's not better

your life's decaying my friend  
the cleanser gets you nowhere  
everything you attempt  
nothing makes life better  
once you were king of thyself  
the times are so much better to you  
now you're gone  
you've taken thyself nowhere

friend

**Stunted Standstill**

are you more than you seem  
you pathologic saint  
do i not know what you mean  
you pathologic liar  
i'd like to ask  
cannibalistic young boy  
what should i ask  
you shan't even know yourself  
let's listen  
let's stand  
is it too much for you just to lend a hand  
let's call  
let's fall  
is adulthood just regression or am i not at all  
two  
plus two  
there's no problem in it for you but to me there is  
what's two  
plus two  
yet for me there is a six in there  
somewhere  
but for why  
must you speak  
so lowly of reflections in the mirror  
can you not  
indeed see  
no longer will you listen to me  
i can't know just what you see  
good luck

**A Fine Man**

I knew a fine man  
Aspirations so great  
He was once a fine man  
'Till he came upon hate

All at once his whole world was encompassed in darkness  
Still, it was his own world and now so was his darkness

Now all that was good  
Was now all that was bad  
And the man, when he could,  
Realized he'd been had.

Now the man, in his life,  
When he now looked around,  
He now noticed the strife  
And the violence abound.

Was this all now for him?  
This fine man now considered.  
Of the homeless and him  
All the streets were all littered.

But he had a great fall,  
And now this man is dead.  
And despite all my gall,  
I can't say what was said.

For the world loves to hide on us greatness and truths  
Still ignoring the boundaries, tying the noose

I try to live like the man,  
Yes, so plump, yet so slim  
Immune to the world,  
Its potential gone dim.

Twenty years hence the present,  
The past is revealed.  
Still immune to the sentiment,  
Humbly I kneel.

The skies open up as they call out my name,  
And reveal to me finally, what is their game.  
My life was lived poorly, I should've done better.  
And as of today, none are now at all deader.  
Yes! I scream out, I realize now myself  
As I open the jar that's fermenting on shelf.  
As the clouds then close up, I hear not but a laugh,  
As I join the fine man a pointless piece of crap.

**Remember**

In a world unlike my own  
Angels swimming all around  
Am I really this alone?  
My God, I really should've known.

In the night I'm in a world of dire subconsciousness  
A distress call alerts me in slumber  
In a world of upsetting speed in responsiveness  
You will give me your number

But if I think that I know what I'm thinking  
And I think that I know what I see  
Well then, fate will erase my only linking  
To what I wish I could be

Do you remember when  
You and me were unrepressed  
No worries of consequence  
Living in the present tense

And do you remember when  
You told me all that you had been  
Your mother died when you were ten  
Was I not listening then?

I still remember  
And I'm still listening  
Will you remind me?  
Will you spite me?

But if I think that I know what I'm thinking



And I think that I know what I see  
Well then, fate will erase my only linking  
To what I wish I could be  
I will recite to you  
That I'll never lie to you  
Still nothing that I'll ever do  
Will bring me ever as close to you

As I remember  
The two of us being  
Let me think about us two  
You don't remember about us two

But I remember  
The two of us sitting  
Sharing all our memories  
Still it all comes back to me  
Close your eyes, give into sleep  
And pray the lord your soul to keep  
And still alone I'll be in deep  
Nothing but your faithful sheep  
For I'll always remember....

**Odious Loving Malice**

Please ignore  
The condensation of my apathy  
Please accept  
This compensation for your irony  
My negative anxiety  
Please  
I would appreciate sincerely if your life was lived solely for me  
Please don't ignore the benefits of parasitic relationships  
Listen to me  
Listen to me  
Flaming moth  
Your life is Hell  
And nothing that you do is ever right  
Let me guide your way and all  
You ever do will be for me  
Please  
I would really love a backrub  
Since I'm your reason why to live and all  
PLEASE, OH GOD, LORD ALMIGHTY, HELP ME PLEASE  
As she won't listen, nothing's working, give me strength  
And then a 2 x 4  
I'll show you how to live  
Believe me, out there all is evil, but in here  
Oh, in here  
Here  
You're safe if you believe me  
Obey me  
Decay with me and do the dishes CONSTANLY  
Now we're living life the way it should be  
Just don't cry no more  
You BITCH.

**Conflict by Definition**

the scum of the earth is barbara walters  
kennedy deserved to be killed  
yesterday the person who i thought you wanted me to be  
is lying today motionless and cold  
fourteen lousy alibis  
myself conflicts with none  
they all conflict between each other  
still i never have the fun  
looking up as if there's universal sense  
is any number truly not a variable?  
look at me when i'm discussing with you  
yesterday you loved and kissed my face  
is today the final day when you won't talk to me?  
will tomorrow be a day for bitter remorse?  
tomorrow will i be expected to wear a sweatshirt  
if i can't get through should i just use brute force?  
hey, i happened to catch a glimpse of your animosity  
it really seemed to be attracted to me  
why are you so persistent with my anonymity?  
why are you not persistent there as well?  
why are you expecting to find a climax?  
in your mind is what i'm saying making sense?  
if an ending is an ending  
then perhaps you'll understand  
why when sometimes you feel fit  
there's more to tame

**The Widely Accepted Fear of Giving into the Monstrosity That is Human Nature**

it's all my fault,  
she cries,  
and all at once, everything she has ever striven to be  
dissipates  
and she is swept up into a new world  
safe as anything  
confusion she feels as the gateway is opened  
NOT metaphorically speaking, of course  
as the river of chastity  
draining  
flowing  
hypocriticizing  
not unlike the thoughts that also flow  
throughout her permanently scarred psyche  
i wish,  
she cries,  
if the pain would just stop  
if the pleasure would stop  
if indifference's grasp could envelop me so!  
how will i live with myself when i have...  
then a feeling, it stops her  
and all is forgiven.  
the day after next she will almost have forgotten  
she had been destroying herself  
in her mind  
she'd been dying  
until later that day  
she'll again feel a longing  
she dreams  
and she sighs

nothing is equal to the pleasure  
the immense stimulation  
that will come  
that will come  
from self-loathing.  
my god, i hate me, she does moan.

**Hail to the Republic**

Cynicism knows no boundaries  
When the world you know  
Speaks through a box  
A mirror  
A window  
As the snow falls inch by inch by inch  
The optimism felt by many  
Is lost on you  
For the trial of the century irked you much  
And the pizza man may deliver you lunch  
Do you wish that the things that you see would be better?  
Do you wish that the things that you did just might matter?  
Then leave your cat some fresh water.  
The world does await  
You'll miss Welcome Back Kotter  
But you might get a date.

**Pathetically Apathetic?**

Writing is the basis of all apathy  
Where another youth might be crying themselves to sleep  
On a cold and empty nonexistent street  
My world will instead settle for virtual telepathy  
As though I cannot sleep at night  
Counting the imperfections  
In my ever-so-frequent resurrections  
Of conversations not my plight  
While I sit silently staring at the abyss  
Which sits ever so silently  
Ever so inticingly  
As I think about how little of the world I'd miss  
If I simply gave in to the pain  
The suffering  
The multiple sclerosis  
Of which I DON'T feel the pain  
And more often then not  
I accept the reliability  
Deny my responsibility  
And become something time has forgot-  
A pretty darn nice guy.

**What Day Does Easter Fall On This Year?**

Reconcile your differences with the man upstairs

He's your savior

YOU TRAITOR!

Get down on your knees, you must beg

MOTHERFUCKER!

YOU INGRATE!

After all He's done for you

You mourn Him and his death, but

HE'S STILL ALIVE, LOSER!

When's the last time you gave clothes off your back?

Sure, indecent exposure....

WOULD YOU RATHER DIE, DEMON?!

HE HUNG ON A CROSS LIKE A CHICKEN AT A POULTRY FARM!

YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THE WORLD'S BEEN DOING TO HIM!

DIE! DIE!

YOU DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE!

ROT IN HELL, MOTHERFUCKER!

I'll be relaxing in heaven.



**Devil**

We are afraid  
To admit our wrongs  
We are afraid  
To sit here and cry  
We are afraid  
To listen to the sounds of the night  
And hear nature's delight  
We don't need  
The peace offering  
A riot ensues  
We don't pay our dues  
Looking at the world as a mindless spectrum of light  
Perverted by the ways of the hypocritical aristocratic democratic enigmatic  
court marshalled gays  
We don't wish our ignorance would end  
For the ignorance we all share is one  
Whose existence is the devil in himself  
Satan's kingdom's there for those who want to forgive it all  
The devil's greatest accomplishment, they say,  
Is his deception in our perception we live in every day  
He's there, he's lurking, and this you'll find  
In your mind  
If you don't think in a perverted way

**The Pledge of Allegiance**

i pledge allegiance to the flag  
which survived our rebellion against them  
and to the republic which now is them  
one nation  
forgotten by god  
stooping to imagery  
with heresy and contradictions for all

**Equilibrium**

i saw you walking  
i saw your hands running through your  
dark hair  
and your movements  
something special overwhelmed me  
and i wondered  
though everything i thought  
was far from possible  
corner of my eye  
until you spoke  
contact

physical contact  
eye contact  
but we never truly bonded  
was it crazy that your very touch  
your presence there could change things  
nothing mattered  
i could not explain  
how the hell it could happen like that

and words still fail me  
the softness  
the kindness  
i never really liked you  
the feeling  
sensuality  
and the worst part is  
how nonchalant  
the both of us  
were

i can't explain it in words  
and the thoughts, they haunt me  
base of my skull  
like... something  
i don't know  
i've never experienced  
i don't know

will the past ever leave me, i don't  
want to think of it!  
demons that speak of you, i don't want  
to hear it!

every moment i recall  
they're all etched in my memory  
my lifestyle reflects you  
just like all those around me  
  
i'm so goddamn pathetic

**Potential**

A child types silently at a typewriter  
Six years old in chronological time  
When he finishes the table of contents  
He walks away with the intangibly sublime

As a boy plays guitar in the basement  
Father's ego needs needs food to consume  
As the world crashes loudly on the cement  
For eternity he's sent to his room

An old man sits alone as he contemplates  
And immediately, in an instant, he knows.  
As he realizes why mankind chose the path of hate,  
The coldness known as death grips him so.

So I look at myself in the mirror,  
Wondering if for once, I truly understand.  
Until the memories of irony's vigor  
Melt away what securities I once had.....

**Think About It**

confronting my demons  
as i hope for the future  
true happiness can come from  
the one true adventure  
that comes from inside  
that so often is hidden  
how to hope for the best  
when your mind is guilt-ridden?

**Helplessly Hoping**

Echo

Echo

Echo

You're alone but they won't leave you that way

Loneliness and emptiness and

Annoyance

At the stupidity of it all

You feel hopeful that eventually you'll die as you came into this world

You hope you'll age like wine and die so quickly you won't notice

But the world will

And they'll mourn you and declare a national holiday

For you

The schools will let out for you

You

If only you were still alive

You rotting lazy walking corpse

**Speculation**

You woke up this morning  
Had a piece of toast  
You took a shower  
You did your hair  
And ran into me

Is my very existence  
Destroying your life so?  
Is my very existence  
Destroying what you think you know?

At 7:30 AM  
You see me walking past  
Strange curiosity  
No, certainly  
There's no way it could last

Is my very existence  
Affecting your life so?  
Would I respond to you?  
Would I walk through you?  
There's no way to know (For sure)  
So you'll leave me to rot (For sure)

As I grab my bag  
And walk out the door  
You see for a second  
Does it mean what it should mean  
Or does it mean more? (I don't know)  
My rationale escapes you (This I know)

Will my very existence  
Leave anything to show  
For the hardships and the endurance  
That I just can't show?

You sneer as I walk past you  
You see what's in your mind  
You live to kill that which isn't worthy  
Inside your mind

Is my existence  
So completely pointless  
That it can be just stopped  
In a moment's notice?  
Do I care

Or not?

Still I search  
I want just the truth  
I want poetic justice  
Eternal savation  
The sacred talisman  
Resolution

The end

**Desire: Judge, Jury, and Executioner**

Go easy on the child, says a man  
As he stands awaiting the seating of the jury.  
As the keys bring forth force to the hands,  
The words flow in a hurry.

Though they might be rhymes that may not make sense  
Though they may speak contrary to the evidence  
Though they may talk reflectively of the future tense  
Well, they've gotten me this far.

Is the child a child, or is he a man?

A hush falls over the crowd.

Though I look upon myself with much humility, I'm sorry,  
I can't help but admit my great wealth of ability, I'm sorry.

Do apologies now signify a change, a growth, maturity?

Why, of course not,  
Don't be ridiculous,  
What the hell are you on, pot?!  
Repeatedly he's hated himself  
The acting's only failed  
He doesn't care, he shouldn't care,

You're treating him like a neurotic!

But the problem I see there, if I may interrupt,  
Is you think I don't care, but I care a lot!  
Yes, indeed, I don't show it,



Often times I don't know it,  
But it catches up to me,  
And only then am I free.  
Till again with sarcasm  
Stupidity, obscurity  
In references pertaining to  
That which is perverted  
Will life ever live for  
The full state of consciousness?  
For now that's unheard of,  
We now have no conscience!  
My life, as I see it,  
Is an extremely large book.  
An incredible amount still lies unwritten  
An infinite amount now still sits there unread, but  
I dream of the progress reaction might show  
If I could decipher what ails me,  
For somewhere I know.  
Am I searching for that still?  
I am now close to knowing  
The entryway to adulthood  
Scarcely years after closing  
The last time  
Indeed  
Yet I know it, I feel it,  
For now I understand,  
For indeed I have the courage  
To fight like a man  
Preparation is there  
This I must try to do  
While the whining is over,  
I'm still paying my dues.

As the defense will soon rest  
Without making a sound,  
And an innocent human  
Is now starting to drown,  
Will illusion  
Creativity  
Again hinder my vision  
With lunacy  
Perception  
Will I understand again?  
I don't want to  
Too bad  
Never again understand  
Now instead reality  
I'm now king of this land

May I now bring into evidence item 68-B?  
A little item he wrote about normality.  
Is normality reality?  
I crossexamine this witness  
Is it right if you're forced to take  
A class about fitness?  
?

In my dreams  
I might think not  
Perhaps that's still true  
But delusions don't suit me  
For they're never true.  
Normality can't exist  
If you're truly an adult  
Normality persists

Only if there's space to haunt.

.

The prosecution rests with this one final thought-

If you ever, only once, have at all a pure thought,

I'll be right there beside you, with scapel in hand.

I'll be there to remove your normality gland.

The defense also rests

And the sun also rises

Goodbye, hi, good luck

You'll now go many places.

The jury is out

Will the verdict come soon?

Come tomorrow at the same time

We'll confiscate your gloom.

**Universal Integrity**

Have you ever been trapped inside an esoteric trance  
No clearing up of abstractions lurking in your head  
Have you ever felt as soon as you take that one step back  
That those 12 inches are now a chasm you must dread?  
I often dream of times when indecisiveness is a thing of the past  
I often wish that my returning consciousness would be a passing fad  
I often wonder if the food I'm eating is interrupting my fast  
I often realize that what's now vanished is something I never had  
But still I'm good enough, I'm smart enough to be my precious sweetheart  
I'm fast enough, enigmatic enough to allow my heart to laugh  
When my self-esteem denies me of the wisdom of self-nullification  
I crack a joke about a teacher and a janitor and a broom  
Sustenance  
I need sustenance  
Still my life is one great big mirror  
With which I'll dance my final dance  
And my levity  
And its longevity  
I never dreamed that it would ever dissipate so  
I never dreamed that I would have to stoop this low  
But I'm happy enough, and truly fanatic enough  
It's a great ol' trek, if an erratic one  
I wish I had enough, I wish I needed it enough  
For me to still want more  
I've never felt this way before  
As I grow up  
Will I become a young republican?  
When my zits clear up  
Will I die?  
I don't want anymore of pretty much anything  
I have achieved a level of greatness rarely understood by any

If a true humanoid were to greet us  
We would loathe it, our eternal adversary  
And we would shoot it down, perhaps we'd name it Larry.  
Self  
Interpretation  
Perhaps you'll yell at me again to try the teaching of a lesson  
Perhaps soon you'll come again and make my life a living Hell  
Perhaps you'll open up your mind and discover that no, I'm not a felon  
Perhaps you'll listen to me  
Perhaps you'll just shit on me  
But I know I'm sad enough, absolutely radical enough to cleanse this wound of my  
own  
I know of course I'm full of myself, insensitive enough to understand your ways  
And your world.....  
And yes, I've lived enough, I understand enough  
And if I think I can make this world a better place  
Well, then, it's not your place to tell me I'm an asshole  
Look  
At yourself  
For  
Once  
Because you're good enough, and you've heard enough to realize that I'm not  
messed up  
And you've had enough, and you've lied enough  
Because you know you can make this a better place  
You thank me for the advice, but this never happened  
Millions  
Are self-righteous  
And it's  
Right  
Why don't you think I'M right?!  
But I digress.....

**The Telecommunications Decency Act of 1996**

Melodramatically the rebel stands,  
Scepter grasped tightly in hand,  
While below the crowd braces itself  
For what shall tear apart their land.

The mothers cover their sons' ears,  
But they are out of luck.  
For the entire world will hear this day  
The villain's outcry: "FUCK!"

**Heart**

will i ever truly understand what love, it really means?  
and when i find the truth behind the myths, will my desires then come clean?  
has my learning by osmosis been a cruel and horrid joke,  
or is love only superficial support, an aspirin on which you choke?

**I Choke**

I choke  
Upon the ashes  
Of yore  
Won't you have a seat, sir  
Before I throw it out the door  
I wish I loved it  
When you told me  
How great it was  
To watch me  
As your toe tapped  
Upon the floor  
My head is sore

**I'm Begging**

You manipulate me  
I scream but you don't stop cleansing my wounds  
And I lash out at you  
Then you're a human again and dying.....

You love me  
And that's why you pain me so  
You help me  
By ignoring my every plea

You celebrate me  
We toast to my continued existence  
You merely tolerate me  
Until you can twist the knife some more

You must cultivate me  
You sharpen your knife and I wake up bleeding  
I must be all I can be  
So you can torture me some more

You love me  
And that's why you must destroy me  
You help me  
You put me out of my misery

think of me  
dream of me  
just walk a little farther now  
eat of me  
sleep of me  
just walk a little farther now

talk to me  
make love to me  
just walk a little farther now  
closer to the EDGE

YOU LOVE ME  
So you know you must destroy me and  
YOU HATE ME  
When you're here, I'm all alone  
YOU STILL COMFORT ME  
In my shallow pit of ignorance  
WILL YOU JUST GO HOME

you think of me  
you dream of me  
i fall a little farther now  
you eat of me  
you sleep of me  
into the great abyss again  
you talk to me  
make love to me  
i'm feeling so alone right now so  
WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME

Cause I'm feeling so alone  
Won't you please come home  
I'll buy you that dress you wanted  
I'll take you to that concert  
I'll stop my smoking habit  
If you just come home  
And twist the knife some more



### Manipulation

manipulation

please encompass me inside your	again you lose me
pointless grasp	amongst your children of angst
as reality is wholly repugnant	don't you refuse me, oh
the phase that shall not pass	lest you again ever choose me
though the wisdom i am blessed with	for i have will
degrades remaining sensibilities	i have enough to pay this bill
the control i dearly crave inside	but still i....
i want another soul	i hate you
but still i....	i want you
i hate you	i detest the chores of anguish
i want you	will i ever find contentment where
and i smell your stench around me	the devil never sleeps
when i wake up	the chorus shall repeat
i check the sheets for you	for my passion's not complete
with no sign around	and you still....
i tighten up my hold around my pillow	you irk me
and i feel you again	you love me
but do i want it????	as you crumble before my might
no, i don't want this	
i don't want any of this	
all i'm asking for is a stage to act upon	
will you allow me to conquer my fears	
only to misdirect me	
into some more	
some more	
i don't want you anymore	
because you wound me	
you starve me still	
i want some cultivation	

**Kinda Nervous**

Do I know you

Do I love you

Will I feel the same tomorrow

Will I hurt you

Will I feel you

Slipping between my fingertips?

I don't know much

About the fates

That time shall bring

My love

But if it hurts

Too much

At least give me warning

My love

Will you deny me

Because of the things

That you love me for?

Will you hurt me?

I don't know

Will you leave me free

To do the things

That in your heart

You know I can

And I will

If you will

Let me in

Let me in

Will you love me

Just the same

Even though I'm being sane?

Will you care

If I want to be

Who I want to be?

Will you laugh at me

If I look at you

And I see the child inside?

Will you awaken me?

Will I awaken you?

So many interesting things

That I want to be

Such satisfactory things

That I want to do

But listen to you

Now what do I do?

If I try to be all the things

That I know you want me to be

Then I know you'll hate me

You're still gonna hate me

And so I hate you

**Action**

Kill me

For existence is an atrocity

Let me

Be the best that I can be

Enjoy

The pain I feel as the venom flows throughout my veins

Let me die, let me die

Slit my throat

Leave me to die amongst the infidels

Let the rest

Look down upon me in their angst-ridden minds

When my children

Bring my carcass in to roast upon the fire

May I burn well

May I burn well

Crucify

My body, hang it out to dry

May the world

Become a safer place, free of my delusions

Justify

The anger I direct, and feed the youngsters valium

You will

You always will

Kill me

Let the children drink the acid as my blood drips down

Show them

How to make their lives improve by being shallow

Let all rejoice in my early passing

A leaf caught in the breeze

Meanwhile I rot

Still here I rot.

**Fuck**

leave me alone

let me be

i'm alone

i am me

i am dying

because

i am me

i am wanting

to be

DIE

fuck

i am strange

i am different

and no

not like you

no because

you must tell me

i'm lower

in that

i am strange

and in that

i'm deranged

but in that

i am saved

and you fuckers are GONE

**Winding Down**

yes  
death lies in my hands  
my precious  
will the life be drained  
from inside  
will the story end  
with the greatest anticlimax  
in the history of  
aggravation?  
will i go on to  
live a happy happy life  
will a person come along  
and save me?  
let me tell you  
it is time  
it shall stop upon a dime  
if something doesn't happen FAST.

**Lather, Rinse, Repeat**

i hate myself  
i hate this room  
i'm full of love  
i hate that too  
i hate the fact  
i love it all  
i hate me since  
i love myself  
and yet the world  
is full of hate  
it fears i'm weird  
it steals my heart  
they never listen to their hearts  
they're grounded by their fears  
and now the longing in my heart  
that oh-so-frequently appears  
it's here again, to rape my mind  
and tear me up inside  
i realize i'm not enough  
to satisfy your needs  
but i need you  
and i want you  
as i think of you again  
and i know you are a hollow shell  
for me, inside my mind  
that the world i hate and violate  
will crush me down in time  
and i know you don't appreciate  
the difference i could make  
and i know you don't appreciate  
the risks that i would take

and i can't believe  
it's happening  
but still i do know why  
and i hate myself  
for knowing it  
it happens all the time  
tomorrow brings another day  
another to replace you  
but still i play the innocent  
i'm dying all the time  
though you i know are not the one  
and i can hardly hear you  
another symbol in my mind  
to kick me from behind  
i cannot help but wonder when  
this poetry will end  
a new happiness and sorrow  
shall eventually begin

**Give and Take**

it's give and take  
my life's at stake  
you need to feel  
what nothing feels  
i am alone  
beside my phone  
it's give and take  
what will it take  
i'm not this way  
just led astray  
i always lie  
i want to die  
what shall it be, dear  
you or me  
i'm not grown-up  
i'm just fucked up  
i need a life  
the happy type  
will nothing break  
will nothing fall  
i need it all  
something at all  
i'm told i'm good  
i'm told i could  
i never do  
what should i do  
should i repent  
and leave a dent  
i shall repent, i shall repent  
i need it all  
i need to fall

**Hypothetically Speaking**

it's all insanely futile  
and it's all insanely pointless  
but i always think  
that we don't know  
just how each other feels  
so if we ignore  
the doubts we have  
and things we gravely fear  
then we'll have nothing to hide  
you are my dear  
you are my dear  
and i know you're not a miscreant  
you know i'm not insane  
you know i'm only joking  
and you've figured out my gave  
i know that what you promise me  
will eventually come through  
is it true  
i doubt it's true  
i think it's true



**Love Cycle**

love envelops

love entrusts

love develops

love is lust

love initiates

love employs

love alleviates

love destroys

love corrupts

love reforms

love is abrupt

love misinforms

love annihilates

love deforms

love procrastinates

love returns

**Peers**

As I'm living in a world that's not designed for those like me  
As the ignorants around me must contradict my every plea  
As I look at those in happiness, their animalistic nonsense  
As I dream of my lucidity, perhaps I may be free

Will the garbage I am laying on foul up my rented dress clothes?  
Will the garbage piled on top of me restrict my need for breath?  
Will the garbage unbeknownst to me infect the ones I love?

Why is it real?.....  
The pain is real

As I walk around retardedly and never act my age  
As I don't say homosexuals deserve to die of AIDS  
As I didn't study up on where I'm seething in the food chain  
As I don't feel hatred towards the ones who utilize their brains

Will the emotions of the higher ground affect my current lifestyle?  
Will I feel corrupted, will I call on those possessing power?  
Will Rapunzel get a haircut and stay locked inside the tower?  
Will I let the world repress me as I write this down each hour?

Let the people do their worst and try to make me what they think  
What they want is something different, their thoughts teeter on the brink  
They do not know that they do this as they drive to death the genius  
All they know is that it's stupid and magnificently pointless

Let them be that way, I'm by myself  
The outside looking in  
Although I understand it all,  
By now the novelty's worn thin

Let them be that way, I'm by myself  
And they decide I'm dumb  
I decide that they are hypocrites  
To emotions truly numb

**Comfort in a Broken Chair**

i am reaching for the stars, for what i could never achieve  
as i sit and drink and contemplate, excited as i grieve  
i am typing this out constantly, the widow of my own  
as i comment to myself of how exquisitely i've grown

may the future restrict what it will, for i adore a challenge  
may my inhibitions tear me open with their sharpened talons  
may the others who usurp my rage achieve fame and destruction  
may i choose a rarely traveled path when i reach the final junction

yes, i once would have explained it, why the feelings here persist  
yes, i once would have insisted that my mind cease and desist  
and i wonder what would happen if i let you know of this  
and you wonder why i'm laughing at your maddened risen fist

**Another Pointless Waste of Space**

a librarian notices what lies ahead  
and the class nerd, he knows we are already dead  
the tumultuous spirits are clogging our head  
we don't realize that which each other has bled

as refusal to be there denies what i say  
i am hypocrite, do not believe what i say  
do you understand i do not know what i say  
i will not die until i can say what i say

you have found that your ecstasy falls on deaf ears  
i shall not be the one for your rapture and tears  
you believe what you feel can replace all those years  
the horizons are solid, just far from the piers

**Reiteration**

i abstain from what is mine  
the rights inherited through class  
and though what i've felt is mostly gone  
i cannot break on though the glass  
the resulting peace of losing hope  
and gaining recognition  
is not in itself too self-contained  
so still i know i won't  
though the pain is gone  
i need so much now just to feel the same  
as the need is gone,  
i'm nothing now  
i'm nothing now  
i'm nothing now  
the hate was real, i knew it well  
a soldier armed against the world  
to find a wounded enemy  
and burial at sea

**Perpetual Foresight**

child of beauty, sparkle in the twilight  
the edge of what is forever  
approaching me upon the horizon  
so out of reach i can sense your breath  
were you close to me now, the sun graces my face  
together to enlighten creation with compassion  
were the magnetism i feel toward you intensified, unparalleled  
keeping in check what the child once released  
i would not fear what days i must face in this world  
and the taste would not be that which one might disgrace  
no eulogy bother would lavish the late  
no nether-moisture would then darken in haste

**Under the Pink**

do you sense your life fading to black, as it were  
as you drift into slumber so deep, so deep  
let what life calls its justice sink deep, in deep  
let reality mold you its own world of sleep

you're in ecstasy now, with your new antiseptic  
you feel the entirety that once was so bleak  
you forget of the waking world, conscious and looming  
you love what is yours in the time indistinct

feel the clench of the softness you feel as you wake  
as along your soft skin the youth fabric will hate  
it is one, it is yours, as you cry nothing tears  
for the sunlight is beauty, your hatred is years



**The Results of a Blind Taste Test As Announced Over a Supermarket Intercom**

courting love in awkward ways, i am, the rendezvous impaired  
i'm surrounded by a daydream true, it's lovelier than kissing you  
so empty and so shallow that a mind as multiversed as mine  
may find the harm inherant in knowing that it's real this time

i am feeling you in awkward ways, the pansy that i am for now  
don't know that were we both to meet, the love so sweet would then complete  
i know that just for now we know that love is ours, apart we are  
i've found reasons to reject solstice, happiness afar

and the emptiness cannot be soothed as i am so confined  
i reject what life prepares me- do it right this time, all right this time  
so i stay and curse the animals  
who don't bide their time  
they stay in line

**Loss**

as the past now gives way to that not yet written  
and dreams are suppressed as the toy comes to rest  
in the heart and the soul are the scars and the fears  
that were once what we had  
what we needed to have  
and the pain is still there when we see what we had  
when we recognize not but the past which was now  
and comparisons pointless, analogies lacking  
we want what is now to be dreams which were true  
and what now is the truth? we must now ask ourselves  
as we see that the fruits of their labors still breathe  
as we have more to see, though the dreams are now fading  
in our hearts what was once is now always in truth

**I am**

i am the man whom you've desired for so long  
you feel the worthiness benign that you will always need  
ignore the fact that out there are millions silent out there  
ignore the fact that once you know me,  
you shall never again be free  
for i am justice inescapable, the nature's call of compensation  
i don't care for what you've done before, i need not worry about that now  
believing is that which makes me me, i love you till you set it free

**Sigh...**

dreams, loving  
it's the subtlety of passion  
lost and indistinguished amongst it  
all the broken mess  
a cry for help, a wince of pain  
and there's so much left to regain  
and at love i glare  
for it's just not fair..  
the severed ties, the broken promises  
i miss what never was  
but in my mind, as a child  
i was a child born into this  
a this so different...  
a this of somber hidden bliss  
the point is gone

**Bayer**

what can i say?  
have mercy, this auspicious soul  
is closing

i want the love you offer now,  
i want the smile above the rain and clouds  
i want a new sensation

i'm not expecting  
anything from this  
my wings are melting, down

love  
justify the sounds of hate and fear  
and make me think it is for real

because i know you  
this isn't good enough for you  
i know the dreams you have shall overwhelm what is

and i'll remind you  
when this all is said and done  
that i once saw this  
so high we fly

have mercy  
for i know the fears you're facing  
and i realize  
if i were you i'd be the same...

**Microcosm**

renewed by a sense of distortion.. why can't i hear it, why can't i feel it, where has the pain gone, where is the past now, festering, waiting, where will the pain echo, what will the thoughts harbor, what will this past shimmer, how are the back payments, when will the thoughts cease, how is this happening, why can't i deal with it, why don't i leave it be, why not live in it, thrive in it, why am i questioning, why is it here, why is it here, who is it here, and who is it there, who will it be here, who will it be there, who will i be there, which tortured soul lies?

**The Slaughter**

living and sighing and dying  
to feel and to love and to watch  
explain to explain to explore all your fears  
as the world is enveloped in tears...

i love you as you stand pathetic  
i hate that i need make room  
a fascist fanatic, delusions and fears  
still i am lost as you cry your sad tears

poems are proems  
and semen are seamen  
and my life is perfectly nice

sugars are spices  
and everything nice is  
the weak and the poor and the loved...

**Somebody Somewhere Writes Something About Somebody Else**

object in motion  
a constant velocity  
loving the others' demise  
wondering where and the why and the when  
it's amazing what protestants think about zen  
grin as you smile as you writhe in denial  
and you know that your memories are through  
know that the beauty was part of the twilight  
and know that it's not about you  
nod as you know what will happen to me  
and i'll beg to you, please let me dream, let me dream  
know that the piercing sound does break my heart, dear  
still knowing you'll never know mine  
wondering how many seconds are left now  
and wondering why i should die  
wondering how much gas money is saved  
when instead you say you'd rather fly..  
the end will come naturally, fragile and true now  
and you will soon wed me, you're wearing a black gown  
ladeeda sacrifice seething with passion  
ladeeda knowledge i've seen you in action  
months ago years ago i foresaw this  
ripping the flesh off your mad forlorn fist  
tempo denying the happiness flying  
the constant reminding of chimpanzees dying  
knowledge of bandaids applied to your foot  
i am the bandaid applied to your foot  
end of the world meets the cat in the hat  
i said that i hated you, i said you're fat  
sad and dejected you lactate impressions  
mad and intense you will teach me your lessons

line one will rhyme with line stanza x-2  
fascist fanatics are found in aisle two  
tell me to fuck off and drown it in gin  
blind me with makeup and let it begin  
fangs with intentions, around me they sing  
you know you you know you forgot everything  
so let me regain the self i never had  
and live a new starlight, it won't be that bad...

**Hi**

hello, my name is adam  
the past shall never die  
the past shall live forevermore  
forever make it die  
content, the yearning never burning  
world not turning, butter churning  
file a lawsuit against me  
ignore the past to set you free  
lambs and shepherds, kids and sports  
the world at large, my self retorts  
to know that i can't fill this page,  
nor soothe the macarena's rage  
harlots weighed as losers ate  
now help the apathy abate



**Exercise Futility in Only 20 Minutes a Day**

fortuitous, smiling,  
relentless and dying,  
inadequate, trying,  
immaculate, lying.  
wonder of wonders of salmon and friends  
wondering how i could have loved all of them  
smelling the knowledge of unspoken truths  
spelling out cuss words in abc soup  
wishing i'd lick them and knowing i can't  
wanting to hug them, nothing given back  
the lame and the affable in campbell's soup  
they never will water the slimy, the goop  
standing in hallway, with scepter in hand  
to smash on the tiling, to rescue the damned  
i'd so like to do this, i'd so like to talk  
i know you're repressive, i know that i gawk  
i'll never make contact with yours, just with mine  
not without promised land and good wine  
salivate justly, look up in the shower,  
knowledge is evil, it gives you no power  
lather and rinse and repeat if desired  
never will i soothe your cynical fires...

**The Emerald Conflagration**

grandiose poets  
died screaming in pain  
fictional anarchists  
needle in vein  
rocky ground, solid ground  
under his foot  
shattered the wine glass  
and under he put  
a world of distortion  
for all who could see  
a death-dealing reason  
for those who won't be  
a horrible price  
and a horrible pain  
forever enticed  
by what they could not gain  
maimed and destroyed  
he loved killing the saints  
painting it all  
with invisible paints  
when done, he would breathe  
and would take it all in  
a world of the evil  
they revel in sin  
they love and they cherish  
they live and they die  
they cry when despondent  
but never will lie  
i hear him exclaim  
as he hugs what was right

"divided forever  
we've won the good fight!"

**The Remarkable Monotony in Each Individual Case of That Which Could  
Never Be Truly Considered an Individual Case**

you know it's the reason i've hated you so  
i've always delivered the laxatives so  
catharsis that never existed to you  
you know i exist as a permanent fool  
remarkable pain is inflicted by me  
a remarkable drug that will set you so free  
forever you're you and forever i'm me  
and together we'll never be never you me  
i smile as i know that though i'm never you  
forever you're me, that i live on in you  
you go about daily, you know what you aren't  
but not what you should have been, right from the start  
you pack up and leave and you have a nice laugh  
i see you, i feel you, the suds and the bath  
i feel i'm the razor, the guilt and the truth  
i feel i'm insulting you, stunting your youth  
i feel i am everything, feel i am you  
feel i'm fulfillment and feel i am truth  
greediness, hunger, it all slips away  
anger and violence, and filth and decay  
kill it and kill you, the water's still warm  
knowing i know that you never were born.

**Postmortem Consensual Necrophilic Orgasmic Abstinence**

pale skin.

soft heart.

comfort in the OVERWHELMINGNESS of it all

for nowhere

could there be

more

and i curse myself

with your absence

for my lack of

wishful

thinking

for my lack of

wanting

you

back.

one. two. and i slide down a bit and there's laughter and

the pain cannot be ignored but nonetheless i refuse to acknowledge it

fun

love

cataracts

phosphorescent lighting

two.

two.

TWO!

how to succumb?

how to forget?

how to release?

how to contradict your own advice so readily by refusing to accept what could be  
(what probably wouldn't be)?

how to have your own words contradicted by reality itself? that the impossible  
shall become.. possible and that you shall lose what you never even knew you  
wanted?

soft.

true.

impossible.

**RELEASE**

RELEASE patagonia reverie mastadons matadors meeting queen bees at the market square and dining on scooby snacks for we are all there is left i need you i want nothing i want a feeling deep inside me that i can't resist but hold on here it comes here comes the reason i abide by my own strict rules of dieting but not even bothering to cut down on my eating for who could ever care about such things?

because so often they're my inspiration and they keep me from fully

## *God: An Autobiography*

### PART ONE

#### KINETIC ANXIETY

##### 1 - Twilight

contents of the jar revealed! pay the price of admission and see the insignificant wonders that are there to see... knife driven over and over and over and over into the difficult pickle jar, finally it could not withstand the pressure anymore. tall trees toppling over, domino orgy wondering how they could possibly have withstood the test of time apart, then reflecting upon it and deciding that they never could have and never did. force of gravity overcoming the initial driving force of the universe, child of beauty coming home to me.. i love you as you set it free, i'm wonderful as you let me be. funeral march playing to the elephant and the donkey, to the black and to the white, to the establishment of the obscurity. if you don't understand that's because it's verbatim. if you do understand then it's meaningless. you meat me down by the bay where the watermelons grow, but not in the command center of atlantis. and for this, know that i love you. There is no self but what one finds in others.. and if one chooses to deny theirselves that privilege of unindividuality, then they can only seek to find solace in the one thing which can possibly be considered solely theirs- emotion . emotion being a convoluted stew of nonsense, to be arranged in whatever way. love is desire, love is an aim, a goal, an ideal.. to receive love is a miracle.. so you've found a girl who thinks really deep thoughts.. what's so

amazing about really deep thoughts? is that respect? is it that you're starstruck so much that the miracle seems like so much more, and that the miracle coming from the ordinary soon becomes nothing? the selfish love of feeling good brings forth relationships not based on what the significant other is, but instead the love that makes one feel so wonderful.. making everything else seem so magnificently pointless, and yet paving the way for disagreement and separation.. and the whole time, making the other wonder infinitely.. how? i rarely wish that i wasn't thrust upon this world, i only wonder at the futility of trying. it's the trying that makes it worthwhile, as opposed to the outcome, but nonetheless it's unlike the walking of a million miles for a crushing of the self and for the wonders of eternal salvation... no, it's walking blindfolded for a million miles, knowing that somewhere along the line one will find purgatory. is there a point? of course not, other than that there is no point. is there a point to the point that there is no point? yes. satan nice, jesus masculine, jesus nice, satan masculine, it's all in their perception.. but it matters not, for they tread the middle ground. and this is where the true futility lies! it's simple to live with the concept that 'tis all for not.. but that the rest may as well be dead, as they are already floating around with a dimmed sense of reality.. that they have antilucidity... and that it destroys lucidity upon contact and drives sponges to an early demise. you're right next to me but i need an airplane.. i'm unable to hate i'm unable to want sleep unable to close these eyes out of tune with the rest of humanity so unloved inside loving lucid of my dreaming. the reciprocal of the reciprocal never equal to the



original. the very act of reading a love alters its structure  
 formulating the reasons why why there really is no why when you  
 get right down to it. but just in case, a prenuptial sarcophagus that  
 will help you sleep at night. never doubt the overall scope of my  
 love for you, never mind the intricacies that would hold us down  
 and rape us violently as the other watched and our innocence died.  
 though in my mind i am gagged, in my mind is my voice. the facts  
 are never truly plausible... domino orgy sticking its fingers in its  
 ears and trying desperately not to hear us our voice our love the  
 everything as we look around, having found another nothing to wish  
 for, nothing to want. but share with the dead as we refuse the ankh  
 pacifiers shoved in our faces. if you're giving in then you're giving  
 up. real to you, facade to others. the propaganda of the dark  
 enlightenment thrust upon us while bibles are the truth in hotel  
 rooms only if they're truth in the home. if customer is ever wrong,  
 see rule number one. you're right next to me but i need an airplane..  
 i'm unable to hate i'm unable to want sleep unable to close these  
 eyes out of tune with the rest of humanity so unloved inside loving  
 lucid of my dreaming. the reciprocal of the reciprocal never equal to  
 the original. though in my mind i am gagged, in my mind is my  
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 love the everything as we look around, having found another  
 nothing to wish for, nothing to want. but share with the dead as we  
 refuse the ankh pacifiers shoved in our faces. if you're giving in then  
 you're giving up. real to you, facade to others. never doubt the

overall scope of my love for you, never mind the intricacies that would hold us down and rape us violently as the other watched and our innocence died. will it matter even if these are simply the ramblings of a madman, as are the ramblings of the mad leader of the free world or the mad rock star who speaks the voice of the found generation? don't wonder why emotion overwhelms me, why i cannot simply reason, for my reasons are emotions. whose reasoning does the scientist subscribe to? what impossibilities of the past do the schools teach today? what will the catholic church change its mind about next? how many licks does it take to get to the tootsie roll center of a tootsie pop? be as generous as you are frank. i would love to say that i respect you as you respect yourself, but respect is nonexistent, and i abstain from what is mine, the rights inherited by class. there are no stories that can be written that have not already been written. and everything i've written is null and void. it sounds good, it looks good, but it means nothing. it's crap. even the time when i mentioned how much it was crap? that was crap. you are crap. i am crap. kick me in the head and call us even. jam a red hot poker up my anus and call us straight. i wish you would come here so i can strangle you. i really didn't understand the joke, but everyone else was laughing, so i joined in. letter from the editor. salmon swim upstream. nobody seems to like salmon all that much. love my flatulence, love the fact that i can make you feel like scum. only then do i love you. i'll love you as you twist the knife in my back, and i'll love you forevermore. though it frightens me as it invigorates you, together, hand in hand, we can go forth.. into the

great unknown. together. united we stand, divided we fall. the embers shall never fade in the time where once.. once i was able to write of happiness and optimism. i can write of love, and i can be in love, and i can make love. but i shall never be able to kill love when it would do me the most good. the angst fades along with the thoughts of being unloved. to be loved to be loved to be loved to be just a friend it is wonderful. and the rest don't matter.. i look. i often look. and i scream inside while i begrudgingly make eye contact with the love of my life for that instant. to turn left, to turn right, and to nod, and to stand frozen in the place as you know that the world is so deep a chasm, and yet so bare.. so naked.. so freezing in the vast winters, to love them and to know that it is real, to know that there is more to life than population control and free love. you know that einstein was a very nice fellow, but that when it came to the sciences, he was positively clueless. i want, and i know that they want, but the want is desire and desire is a slap in the face by the old man of purposeful sardonic inspiration, released by the child and fed in the forest by a pack of wild savages in business suits, all longing to get a piece of the sheep which the man must sell to stay physically fit and gain enough credits to graduate. wishing wishing wishing that the world as it makes sense the words are forced the words are real the reality is abstract as i attempt futility to add some sort of a bossa nova beat to the horrible obscurity. agh! and i know that it's pointless. and i know that whatever i love is out of mutual disgust. and i know that if i keep combing my hair enough it'll go the way i want it to go. it hurts sometimes when i comb my hair.. the

snarls, the snarls, my hair has snarls. am i a different person than i used to be? no, but i are a different me than i used to be. do you see me? if you see me let me be me i am ME! salivate masturbate look at the other and turn around 360 degrees only to see me. and i don't mind. for you know what i am to me and you know what i am to you. and you know what you are to me and you know what you are to you and the truth is we are all the same in that we are different. but look, there are more of us who are not trendy than there are those who are. and we all agree that your ways are wrong. in your face! mock individuality lived in the happiness/sadness/anger/suicide/orgasm of others, but we're not. we know how individuality is obtained, we know that by being together the other is but means to an end, which is love of the other. love. anger crushed and destroyed violently. never mind that which they shove in your face, mind what is already your face beneath the layers of mellon collie and the infinite cream pies. to look to the future is an impossible necessity. it's easy to come up with profound thoughts on cue. just look within. even if that in itself is a lot more difficult than it sounds. this is the first song i'll sing for you, mute though i once thought i was, newfound though the voice i now attempt to sing with is. please excuse the mess, we're renovating to better serve ourselves. i am loving it i am loving it for as you skim as you pay as close attention as you ever possibly could i am one. i am one with my duality, and it forgives my individuality as the beautiful river gives way to a beautiful waterfall.. beautiful until the world crashes loud upon the cement for the little billy corgan that

could've, should've, would've, if only his reality had not been brought to a swift end by the eternal conglomerate city of his intoxicated father. organic fingers clutching newfound sheets... insecurities a thing of the future. more of you more of me more of us.. why? *parce que le soir est notre amour et notre fin... et le crépuscule est maintenant.* dorian gray was a cheese-loving smurf.... wishing for a world devoid of quantum theory, a static world without static cling... now existing within himself, paper clips melted in a large pot and bent into the shape of hearts, the cords of countless toasters peeking their way out of the garbage pail. hold me as i once held my pancreas, to remember and to never again care, to lose ourselves in the dream of lucidity. relax your body, relax your soul as the soma corrupts and entices you in a way that nothing else can. give what you will for the cause, laughing at the insect corpses that finally got the hint... hit in the head with a golf club and pleaded with, until we attempted to love them and they scurried away of their own free will. make sure the bugs remain dead at our naked feet as we possess ourselves in the beautiful melody that is.. everything. and once again i feel it as i re-reiterate that i feel so naked, and it's wonderful, the pain is something to know, such a brave young soldier armed against a world of independent thinkers. i look and i think and the beat's going on i scream and i climax for so very long i wonder i plunder i harvest and kill i bleed and i maim and i slaughter until i know that it's pretty, i know that it's bright, i know that the longing can sleep for tonight. to always be happy to never be satisfied knowing the truth as it stains and it stops and it

dies and i wonder i think i say why and i ramble and gamble though they may speak reflectively of the future tense though the gerunds may be irregular extraterrestrial life is truly possible as the tears swell up in my eyes and i cry out to the dead corpses of the once-glorious gods and they refuse to answer me refuse to help me as war and famine and pestilence and death death death death enlightened by pain as i'm fucked to the limit and my account has been logged off for my safety and the 21st century looms in the past and in the 1920s they didn't have trains and when the first atomic bomb was created i'm sure everyone had the same silly doubts as they do now as i passionately kiss them to the grave. a simple smile from me can kill you, you know.. do not look directly into me. i might explode again at any moment, pardon my stickiness. i can hardly control myself pertain to myself as i write this down as in my head in the world in binary digits to be uploaded to the same ftp server, same fad, new precedent. and yet i'm still the horrible 15 year old boy who flips off the mirror in a brash expression of his incurable love for himself. i am not levi, and yet i'm adam. love us if you will, hate us if mommy tells you to. destroy us in your mind if you will, you'll find soon that there's nothing left to take. the personality welfare checks might run out at some point... only then will you search for individuality.. or kill yourself. or start over again, forgetting that you ever ran the course before, over and over ad nauseum, until the guinness book of world records is sick of hearing about your incessant love of madagascar. the black wings just reach out to me over the distance. the white wings protect me here with a cloud of

haze as i turn the page of the script and wonder why i signed a contract to say such recycled garbage. i wonder why sam malone didn't just leave his damn bar and get a life. i wander within myself until i wind up tripping along a pressure point and become so much more the introvert extrovert. i wander within herself and i trip along a pressure point and both of us refuse to notice. and once again i think i know why my mind continues to wander over the same five songs over and over, and i know that it's because these thoughts don't have those stupid annoying guitar solos that existential cacas do. i wanted to rape the blarney stone, but then i found i respected it too much and i just couldn't do it. so i raped everyone else within the immediate vicinity. ask the man on the pedestal what it's like to have all of your desires surrounding you, having no sadness or hatred to let out, only outstanding happiness and joy to spread. he will tell you that it's better, that the thoughts of poetic death are nothing but silly ideas. what is the point of this garbage i'm spewing at you? what is the point of adding the pointless to that whose only point so far has been to allow you to relate, while never really knowing truly, for you could never experience, never touch, never feel the aura of the presence of another human being, another mover, another shaker, another disco dancer who finally realizes how silly disco dancing is and takes off to wander the streets, alone and unmourned. lightning cackles around him as he wipes a tear from his eye and jumps off a bridge, the silent echo his only way of realizing that everything is gone, that as he is falling, limbs swinging wildly in the wind, as he splashes into the water at an

acceleration of 9.8 meters per second squared, as he is still standing on top of the bridge silently crying and wishing he looked as good in a trenchcoat as that detective guy on tv did... he is completely and utterly alone... and he would never throw that away for anything in the world, or beyond. i love you and know you love me.. and i'll kiss you a million times and never get tired of being with you, always wanting you to be a part of my life, always wanting me to be a part of yours.... dollar sign im underscore off, it's coming up, it's coming back. bubbling over with youthful energy at how wonderful it is to be one again. never wanting to live and let live, live and let live, knowing why people don't want to be loved... please don't take this the wrong way, nothing i say is ever true, know what you know in your heart as i don't. i can never i'll never i'm never... i'm dead. i'm gossiping about you, and you should do the same in my situation, and there's something wrong with you if you don't know why you shouldn't do that. i'm going to hate you and everyone else is going to hate you and the world is going to hate you because you can't write you never could write no one can write unless it's of betrayal. within betrayal is the loving that you've seemed so preoccupied with. nuh-uh infinity plus one equals the omnipresent collective mind that breaks down your door and decides what it's going to say after the fact. and the truth is hard to take.. and what's fake is hard to break.. and the real is never real... kill the world, and kill the zeal. leave me alone please.. you don't know what your nonexistence might do to me. there are others for always, since now, never then.. let me be, let me water and murder the men. sitting so close standing so close



living so close thinking so close to lie to say that caring is silly to  
 say i don't to say i won't to say i wouldn't to say i'm not to wish to  
 wish to lie. a straight face a dead face immune to the tears a face  
 that's devoid of the sorrow of years to detour to retour to remorse to  
 dehorse TO KILL ME TO KILL ME TO LOVE ME TO NEED  
 ME... and as the world waits by with bated breath, wondering what  
 the hell the problem is this time, suspecting what it's not and yet  
 knowing what it is.. somewhere beneath all that seethes under skin.  
 to regress to undress to want and to hold to consume the quantity, it  
 once made you bold. to laugh at the old and the new and the bored  
 when it's new and i love and it's love and it's dead. it's ugly it's  
 dreams and it's fountains it's plain i never once knew what i.. never  
 once dreamed what i.. KILL ME BEFORE I KILL YOU.. christmas  
 christmas time is here time for toys and time for cheer.. we've been  
 good, but we can't last. hurry christmas hurry fast.. want a plane that  
 loops the loop... me, i want a hula hoop.. we can hardly stand the  
 wait.. please christmas don't be late.....and please, i beg of you,  
 really, don't get the wrong impression. i still love everything. i'm  
 still me. i still love you more than i hate everything else.. the only  
 problem is, i'm lying through my teeth.  
 aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaack. i'm not even  
 thinking about any of that but i hate is as i want to be cleansed i am  
 dirty i am dirty i am dirty i am dirty bathe me and wash me and  
 bathe me and bathe me and make sure i'm clean please and don't  
 forget my testicles for they are too dirty for words too dirty too  
 much rolling around in the chimney soot. i don't know what i'm

saying and neither do my testicles. my testicles are asleep. please don't wake my testicles. thank you. apologize later. aaack! the guitar is acoustic only if you don't wish to hook it up to an amp. any acoustic guitar can be made electric in two shakes of a lamb's tail.. can i lay down? are you gone for the night for forever? will i see you tomorrow as you demean yourself and don't mention the Girl because she's mine and mine alone to rape and pillage as i desire among the unhappy ones the unhappy ones but i'm happy by myself as i so desire as you so desire as we we we we wee wee. ack! damn posers molesting fish eggs again! going insane as i scream the f word out to the crowd and no one seems to notice. going sane as i scream "love" out to the crowd and everyone calls me a faggot and refuses to let me touch them. parentheses are never a happy thing as they linger on and on throughout the oh so long nights. wonderful wonderful everything's wonderful death it is wonderful happily wonderful great to be a hypocrite great to never rhyme great to wonder how the great can truly be sublime. I AM NOT IN LOVE and i never was in love, it was only a simple caress and the state of caring more for one person than for anyone else in the world. please excuse me if i overreacted. now leave me alone and cry in your fucking corner and let me die amongst the infidels watching you from afar and realizing how little we could have gained from this all. i wouldn't cry i couldn't cry i don't know how to cry can you show me the way hey hey we got the beat we got the beat we got the beat yeah we got the beat i cannot lie to you. scattered are the remnants, i can never know how i ever managed to get myself into

this neverending tos violation. denouement is an english word. rock music has nothing to do with rhythm and blues. and you must search to find the truth and the future and the knowledge that it's better that time is your enemy and my friend and the savior of both of our truth or dare futures. nevermind the fact that that i never knew you felt that way that you're everything i never could be and i was really hoping that the martians would kill us all and get it over with. bring bring bring. that you are, pud. you're a fine and fit specimen. why thank you miss jaka, i try my best. pud puts on a seductive outfit and does a dance. pud is existing under a mask. pud is really a woman. pud doesn't realize that i am meeee and that pud made me and that i am not and that i am not and that i like to reiterate reiteration as the millions ack the tired masses yearning to get free cinemax.....i've always wondered how the end of the tour would be.

## 2 - Starlight

well, a man looked down upon me and he smiled and he refused to call me a word which never really meant anything except for me to look back upon and hate myself because of.. and i smiled as i looked at his shirt and i insinuated that he was the word which he refused to call me unless provoked by his nonexistent friends who were not even there at the time. but in the end none of it truly mattered anyway, for he hadn't understood one word which i had said. how chained by the silliness of reality is the abstract genius... on the other side of the broken-down shack in a world of which none of the inhabitants will ever know, a small girl by chance sees me through

the window.. and dreams. tell me how the quail walks.. let me tell you how your mind works. let me mispronounce the words which shall be meaningless within the wrong context, within the right context, to someone who will never see the word within any context. laugh at the concept that what you're told may not be the supreme truth. i don't get it, what's a nimrod? what's it like to have no personality? how many freaks does it take to get to the tootsie roll center of a manufactured human? how many literature books make a right? don't look at me, you'll see my messed up hair. this is not my poem, i don't like this poem, why didn't you assign me a different poem? i didn't understand this one. ten million weak taking her place. angst wondering why it is angst, happiness wondering why it is angst. wonder who i am as i rip apart your existence, wonder what the fuck my problem is as i offer to be your friend. wonder why i speak in the imperative when all i wish is for you not to follow directions. laugh laugh laugh laugh at your ignorance, at others' minds, at the realization that this might actually amount to something, that i shall write until my mind bleeds and my fingers still yearn for more. i am not a part of anything. i am not a human. if the flock of birds had been leading me anywhere, i would've stuck with the rest. if you truly understood if you truly understood you would be dead you would be dead you would be thriving and looking back upon yourself and giving yourself the bunny ears as you pose for the yearbook photo. caravan of the selfless and the needy careening off a cliff and screaming a gigantic "fuck you" to the silly lemmings of the world. child of beauty being stabbed in the

back by that damn annoying public service announcement with the runaway homeless girl starving in the streets. child of ugliness being embraced, AK-47 in hand, why is everyone laughing why is everyone laughing why am i a pessimist? kill kill kill kill sad peter pan, shedding tears for the adult at age 2. childishness does NOT equal ignorance, it does NOT equal silly pointless ideas that could never be accomplished.. youth is everything that we should strive to attain. they have nothing which they are certain of, nothing to hope for, nothing to fear, they only have life. and they are satisfied with who they are and who their friends are and they have no enemies. and all this is corrupted in the younguns of today at the earliest age... they are told that cheese is evil, they are told that cheese is ambiguous, they are told that ambiguity is evil. who are you to tell me why, who are you to tell me no? why me, pleads the man, permanent question mark imposed upon the end of each sentence which could have ideally been declarative if only he would dare to CARE, visions of the future spurned by the simplicity of the past. human nature is. ack. animals are better than we now, to be respected and loved more than the rest of our human race. ask for homework and you deserve to be killed. ask me why, and you are already dead. words have been destroyed destroyed destroyed.....i don't feel anger, i feel frustration. so silly to feel repressed, 'tis against all that i am against. i am not a poet i am not a writer, i am simply god. god to many, so many, infinitely more in number than the small population of this silly pointless world in which i reside so much of the time. a is always a, but only in this fucked up definite

world. a is  
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2663664665666 in the world of the wonderful indefinite. when i  
can, i will destroy those who usurp my rage, love those who are  
apathetic and make them whole again. one night, same as always.  
she loved me for my pancreas, for her hatred for her loss of her  
anastasia. like linus shoving his penis in sally's mouth, it was... and i  
still ignore such things under the hopes that it may turn out all  
right... you will be shocked until you understand what i say for  
yourself.. and that most likely will never happen.

fluffy the tyrants  
enthused are the slaves

kiss me, for my mind is blank.. it is all stopped as i FUCKING TRY  
to get something down on PAPER.. IT'S GONE.. flee this physical  
world by experiencing all that it has to offer.. kiss me, for this is the  
greatest poetry of all, that which can never be shared with the idiot

masses, never to be shoved in front of the children who don't really want to experience it. may they never make love, may they struggle with the instructions for using a condom, may reality ever set in, may they believe that i forgot to place an "n" in front of "ever". may they believe that i feel angry when the only one i can ever feel comfortable demanding anything out of is myself. a notebook full of cynical sarcastic cacas. a tickle me elmo tossed in the compost heap to rot. freed inmates staying in their cells because they want to, begging that they are not yet fully rehabilitated, and getting nonetheless thrown out into the street with nothing to live for, nothing to die for, no stuffed animals to hug like they had always had as captain of the football team. time has lost its hold on me, floating around.. floating.. breathing fire upon the hellspawn who are freezing to death in the cold emptiness of solitude. wonder why i squeeze you so tight... wonder why i cannot kill those whom i cannot touch...everywhere. funny how the wind refuses to blow upon my poor and lonely back. funny how my back refuses to support me when i would need it most. funny how we pretend we're still a child when we're simply adults, cursed to an eternity of sitting up straight and flashing a painted on smile to everyone we see around the office. funny how i never seem to have anything truly original to rant about, and yet i can still go on for hours about the same tired garbage that has plagued everyone from time to time to time FOREVER until they finally break and beg to the same old man for forgiveness, because they are weak they are weak they deny what is theirs. they deny that i have any talent and they declare that i



am simply a hoarse voice screaming into the night constantly for more cathartic ketchup with my french fries. why can i not be literal? but i am being literal.. of course i am. i've said it once, i'll say it millions more... if you don't understand, that's because it's verbatim. i am a notebook i am a glossary but i refuse to be organized, and i refuse to be clean. i refuse to hand in assignments the way my english teacher would like them to be. how many times must i make the claim to myself before people will accept it as a universal standard? how many times must i scream into the night that i am not a catholic, that i never was a catholic, that my father was never a catholic, that it's all just a horrible chain letter that doesn't really date back to 1887? wind me up before you send me out into the oncoming traffic and i'm positive i will find my way across the street to the omnipresent child of beauty who awaits me there. never mind that i once associated the child of beauty with a thing that i don't know how to rid of myself now.. when will i realize that it is far too much to ask of this world for it to send me what i truly desire and will need to get me going in the morning like 20 cups of scalding folger's coffee in my underpants? maybe i would even be waking up in the morning in that case. maybe i could sleep at night. maybe i could move my hands through her hair and the hair would never really be there. maybe i could stand and whistle tunelessly as she removed her clothes that were never really there and exposed the skin that wouldn't really be there. oh, how wonderful it would be if such horrid things could be so untrue! oh, how i dream of past experiences come true.. never will i lie to my

god, never will i hug the rest of the world, never will i finish this sentence. gleeful is the vomit that comes out of my mouth. bile is something to be considered our eternal enemy. drops of water are human society, and we are in freefall. tell me how horrible it is to never have anyone you really like be willing to talk to you, and i will describe the loneliness, no one ever willing to pass a fleeting glimpse somewhere, anywhere, within your general direction. pages and pages will pass, and i will still be describing the same very moment, the eyeball is always mine as i stare and i stare and i reflect upon it and i love it and i know that it will never be mine. never mind that we could should WILL love every ONE else and loathe the rest of the world simultaneously and never once question the physics of it all. this is what your mother never warned you about, this is what television learned you, and learned you good. my throat is so sore, and i sit here in bed and i really should go to sleep. but i want this notebook filled and i want it to be shared and i want EVERYONE who has ever played the tiniest significant role in my existence to read it from start to finish and understand and dream and wonder why i like tootsie pops so much. the scum of the earth is barbara walters. i can't quite move my hands into the right position for the E minor guitar chord. bruce wishes i would be nicer to him and wonders why i wish he would simply leave me alone. i have a pen and i don't have a heart but i still have a mind and it wonders why why why why it has not bonded, why this great fusion is loss and why it desires loss and is sick of such gain. why must i crush the snowball when it comes time to do so? why do snowballs melt

indoors? why don't i just stop this charade and sleep like a good little teeny bopper. careening off of a plane, pondering the texture of jell-o and knowing that the nervousness is only infinite in a finite world, finite in my infinite world. hm, my pen is starting to run out. baker baker bake me an olive. bake it damn you! I WILL NOT ACCEPT ANY EXCUSES! lobotomize the antichrist with your sane counselors. terminate the inspired by siccing upon them the nameless, the obsequious, the beloved. the meaning of life is something that everyone seeks. ha! how a hypothetical creator should laugh at such nonsense, it's like finding an objective in tensofmillionsofpeoplewhorefusetoshutupand letmewritejustletmewriteJUSTLETMEFUCKINGWRITE. but i digress. to wonder why vampires may never laugh and hum showtunes.. to consider how hollow their shell, how introverted their entire world. to wonder if i am truly an introvert or an extrovert, and to realize that they are simply words, and nothing more, meaningless labels, the likes of which have destroyed many a civilization. to only be shortsighted in that which i care about and need... to never bother to look at the calendar and count how many days are left until the end of the world as i know it. funding for this program is provided by? perhaps it is simply the question mark which is the driving force of my existence. to mix together millions of philosophies and to formulate a silly plan, the likes of which have never before been experienced on this mortal realm.. existential petunias the same as scientific petunias. only the ugly, the raw, can ever have meaning. but then you think, and you wonder, what

defines "superficial"? or, more appropriately, what does "superficial" define? which is more superficial, the body or the mind? the general consensus of this world is that 'tis better to love one for who they are than it is to do so because of their beauty. and yet who is actually responsible for who they are? what to love for? the answer for me is the obvious, to simply do what i think makes myself the happiest. to love those who can serve my needs. they who hinder my progress by their mere presence will not earn any significant place within my life. so who will i love? such superficiality it is to love one for anything at all... be it beauty, sense of humor, breast size, intellect.. 'tis all the same! kind of funny to look at the rest of the world stumble around within a cloud of self-righteousness which is not even theirs. to look at all the paper which is still left to challenge me, and to sigh. my foot hurts. always. if i did not talk to myself when the voices came at me i would go insane. and there is plenty of time left to class this period at school. this is my notebook. these are my chronicles. this is all written in handwriting which probably only i could ever understand. numbers numbers to thrust knowledge upon those who find it useless.. how can this be justifiable? i sigh, realizing that it is so easily justified by laughing at the idea of challenging any precedents. if i had been around during the civil war, i wouldn't have known which side to take. today is monday. it is january. i do not know the date. i am writing i am writing i am writing mindlessly, endlessly, reiterating myself over and over and over. thousands of brain cells dying as i scream "FUCK IT!" and throw my pen down on the desk of the one

who lent it to me and plop my head down on my desk. why not look upon them with hatred and stars in your eyes, for they are not you and you are not them and wheat thins are swunky. buenos dias, i will never have a high school diploma because everyone has such a fear of education. precedents are the only things which are worth writing about. to place individual experiences upon paper in a manner which could never even partially echo the infinite meaning that once existed in each moment of such an experience is to play a beautiful symphony on a child's keyboard and to expect a standing ovation. the present is the most meaningful to those of us who deserve to be reading these words..but another's present, past, or future can never mean as much as the present, past, and future smooshed together and explained in a way to give hope for the future by redefining the past and showing the present from an entirely new perspective. annihilate the beloved and love the unloved. spit upon jesus and finally come.. to the place where the world is not what you were told, but instead now the world that you're being told now. i am an advocate of individuality who does not even believe that such a thing exists. i've loved, i've lost, i've lost, i've loved. such satisfactory things that could be mine if only there were no me to hold onto these things! music is the most beautiful distraction that this world has to offer to the lonely and the forgotten. to judge them who refuse to judge is, in my humble opinion, a horrible atrocity that you deserve to die because of. is the action worse than the thought? everyone wants to do it. everyone wants to write down that one thing that i had wanted to write down

before i decided that even i didn't agree with it, and never could. whom do i love? how many may i count amongst the most important in my life? whom do i have sexual intercourse with? what the hell's the point of a pedicure? why ask questions when you can easily find the answer within yourself? the ideal society would not be one where no one had anything to be strongly opposed to, but do we really need to make enemies of our own brothers and sisters? the enemy, the only true enemy, is self-apathy, selflessness, repressiveness. masculinity is considered a good thing in this world.. how horrible is that! people wonder why i am so strongly opposed to sports. i wonder how they can support a thing that endorses the glamorization of putting time and effort into doing your best to crush others. my only competition is myself. if athletes were to help others instead of crushing them, no one would watch them. ESPN would not exist, and a world without sports would be an even worse place with the pathetic foundation we have set for ourselves in this pre-postmodern world. we would all be the outlets for the superiority complexes of the meek and the eternally not hungry. hello. to be curious about the inner workings of the damned. i am fun. how much longer will i last? i am happy. i'm better than you. i have nothing to write about because i forgot to do my homework. you all look exactly the same because i look nothing like you. you don't know what i truly look like as you scoff at what i look like. my pen refuses to die as it runs out of ink.. stay in line, my indolent friends. get a word wrong on the vocabulary test and then use it in everyday conversation. george washington was the

first president, but the first president wasn't george washington. i remember feeling so captivated by that which i never really cared about as i came so close to it and make myself look like an idiot in front of it. at an event that was not even particularly entertaining. entertaining myself with the delusions that they could ever truly be human. though i still wonder how long it will take for my renouncing of the word "human", to battle between what humanity has become and with the hidden potential that humanity has to offer. such terminology is quite silly, actually.. and yet i always feel that it can do so much for me, make my thoughts truer, make all that i say make just a little bit more sense. these words are the aftermath of my catharsis chronicles. these words are that which is empowering me, giving me the strength to do what is right in this world, even as i wonder at the ways i will continue my education, my mind expansioning. to never shut up simply because someone said so, not to care that they want to pretend the constitution does not truly exist for the youth of america, that the young are only symbols to be used to gain money, support, prostitutes, bad one-liners to use at campaign rallies. maybe this is all nothing. maybe this is poetic. maybe these words will be burned and denounced as heretical. maybe these words will be misinterpreted and misquoted as someone comments on the certain denouement of a fancy restaurant. it just makes too much sense to ignore. to be happy at the words which they could never understand, only to be happy at the fact that never will they have to learn. to be an idiot, to die, never to learn, never to stop laughing at nothing in particular. this is a high school

classroom? one is not a pronoun that relates to these things which surround me, which i never could consider even human. poems about flowers winning first place. looking something up in the book because you're an idiot. reading between the lines only for stoopid geeks. hi. i am adam. i can't write this fast enough. i haven't written enough. never enough. never enough.

cry, for you are the last  
to try  
contemplate all the  
dead  
rhymes  
gaining the approval of the public opinion  
and never wondering  
where  
the public opinion comes from  
kill  
it  
i  
live

they will never understand they will never desire to understand the poetry of a perpetual standstill, demeaning every meaningful word and calling it systematic because that is the only way they have ever known. curses! foiled again by the same old futile writings about futility. corrupt me please. i don't know, to even live under the silly



idea that i would enjoy convincing myself that there could ever be a point where i could convince myself that it is worth it to convince myself of anything.... it's nice to encounter friendly people. and such a rare occurrence, it is. not long ago i would have laughed at the idea of one individual's presence serving as a statement about the world, representing the infinite in ways which words may never express. i would like to be a painter, then, now that i see the true beauty of such artwork. that something so pointless on the surface might be so.. sullen, smooth, expression never denying that which words will never admit. to find captivating beauty and to not desire, to wish only to wind up and laissez-faire as i scarf down another handful of artificially butter-flavored popcorn. to hate the idea of a period piece, but to enjoy the art of fiction that exists in the past, the present, and the future. looking back on the past and thanking them all, though i always thought the aftermath would be the same for me as it often is for others. to be reassured that i am fine and fit, fit and fine. to tell myself that i should make quite the incredible god. to know that i will control this world, to know that we will control this world, so that the evil will no longer be damned to hell. everyone else just drudges along, day after day, a few will be happy, but they'll simply push it all away and deny the truth to be happy. perhaps i am the only one who understands it all and does not lie to himself, and yet continues to exist happily. and people will always believe that i am a sadist when all that matters to me is love. the seven deadly sins are the seven deadly virtues because they are not about harming others, they are instead about helping oneself. that

the entire world is convinced that they are evil and everyone else is god is disgusting to me. i love myself and am hated for it. i love those who are nothing like me and i am considered insane. perhaps i am in fact insane, if the rest of the world can't see that there is no difference between jurassic park, twister, and dante's peak. to be insane is to not think the way others do. therefore i am insane. i admit outright that i am quite insane. i am so insane that if i could find myself someone important to share my life with, i would not hit her, nor yell at her, nor be jealous as she stayed out with her friends. i would not get angry at her for being herself, i would not blame her for my faults. how insane must i be, for i never "feel like i could just kill someone". if i ever felt that way i would kill them. but that kind of thing just does not happen to me. i do not feel this way about anyone. and how i feel about someone is how i will feel about them for the rest of my life. and i really need a hug. and i feel the life being drained from me as i upload.. again. we used to wander around the town aimlessly for hours, she and i. and then she died. now i stay at home. the end. a pencil to write with. i was never extremely fond of pencils. i prefer to leave my marks in such a manner that they are more pronounced.. pencil is just so dull, like a background in the foreground. but i'm not writing this because i enjoy writing about pencils. as a matter of fact, i'm not writing at all. goodbye. i hug and i take a glance at the clock and i see that the period is almost over and in my mind i scowl and in this world i remain the same as ever. i know that i could be accomplishing something- everything. i know that the better part of this last

summer was wasted chasing that which i never even wanted, hugging futility and simply existing for nothing at all. another thing to occupy my time with was such a spectacle to me. in a way the same is true today, that contact with other humans is possible is one of the few things i believe i have to be thankful for in this period of my existence. cathy likes to deny that she is a female. i like to deny that i am fundamentally the same as these things around me, the cdefghis that rule this world. so what is the point of my existence? it has no point. the entire term seems to suggest a sort of culmination into some single product, all that my life has to offer reprocessed into beef jerky to sit on the shelf next to copies of the national enquirer. my life will not be summed up into a sound byte for the six o'clock news broadcasts. my life will not end as my body is placed in its coffin and buried six feet under where it is to rot for the rest of eternity. what i will have accomplished with my life will have been something so intangible that it will not be visible with the naked eye. i will be the one who walks into the costume ball wearing the masque of the red death, only it will be a masque of the dark enlightenment. and many will curse me, and precious few will thank me for my efforts. it is 1997 and i feel that this is to be an incredible year.. though by no means a simple one. i am god to the infinite, satan to the finite. i pretend i can think while they are around me and considered not only equal but better than i! BETTER! these worthless pieces of shit.. it's hard not to let it get to me, it really is, when day in day out 'tis all that i am told forms me, to be told what i need to know, but never to be taught. i know i know i know i have

been over this before. i have heard love defined as a feeling that you could never possibly live without someone.. if that is what love truly is, i know for certain that i could never love, for i will always be able to live, i will always be able to carry on. always. and so will you even as you are rudely interrupted by a world of such sharp contrast to the wonders of emotion that had consumed you but one moment before.. and you harshly scowl and ask why you have been awakened (put to sleep?), and they forget and they forget and they forget but you can never forget as you know what they have done and these precious things those precious seconds gone destroyed as you wonder where anger and frustration come from and you sink back in but it's just not the same.. never the same. and they return at your greatest moment of triumph wearing a dopey grin and doing nothing in particular. even if i had lived in the past, i wouldn't have been friends with beethoven. even if i had lived in the present, i wouldn't have been friends with myself. to curse them for caring too much and to scream but to realize that you're not really there, that you're time-traveling from one second to the next, a pathetic hologram whom they will never be able to hear as they fall into an open manhole and get devoured by flower-bearing teenage mutant ninja turtles with long flowing hair and a football with the words "i love you" engraved in it. i enjoy writing as it comes, but it doesn't come as the pipes are clogged as i am distracted by all the otherworldly things that can exist only in this world. as i ask myself whom i should consider myself whom i should call everything worth fighting for, as one must always have something to fight for

even as they need an anastasia to fight for them even as they sit in a buddhist temple clutching rosary beads and praying to elvis that they won't fart and have everyone look at them. hello, i am adam. really. and i exist and no one knows this and no one understands this and my aura hasn't had any answer sheets to cheat off of for awhile. hm. i need a drink i need something and again i don't feel like writing but i do it anyway because i know i'll enjoy reading about not wanting to write when i do want to write but don't bother because i've written enough recently. to see the hair hanging in front of my face but not to suck it. to place my glasses on the table and to be able to see so much better. i think i've exhausted it now. i don't think i believe much of anything now, except for the fact that i need to do something. i need to make something. i need to accomplish something. i need to show the world that their idea of "relationships" is disgusting and that satanists have good intentions but can never be free as they don't think of everything, how they consider themselves satanists because of everyone elses' standards and don't bother to label themselves by their own. nothing is disgusting "just because". i won't feel strongly for nor against anything simply because everyone around me was disgusted by it as i was growing up. i grow sad as i think of how marriage and "relationships", which are the same thing anyway, have caused such sorrow, such pain. "you must devote yourself completely to me until you no longer desire to care for me at all. it's nothing or everything. one or two. divided we stand or united we fall." it cannot be let up nor down gradually.. no one has the opportunity to go through

different periods of their life, different emotions, while still maintaining at least the lowest common rapport that they will always share. we've been told all along that we can only "love" one person at a time, that otherwise we are evil and must grovel at the feet of tradition. i, for one, will never do so.

### 3 - Labyrinth

who do i think i am? why don't i remember pausing the cd that stays on pause when i don't remember it being on pause i remember it playing uninterrupted i remember wondering why it stopped and when it stopped and somewhere back there how it stopped as well. to look back even to the last paragraph and to not like it and to feel that horrible feeling that i always feel when i've done something and don't like it, or when there's a piece of paper that's resting in such a way that i think it clashes with the flowing of the shapes that surround it and i feel that i have to move it i have to move it i shouldn't move it but i do anyway. i delete the opening paragraph of "labyrinth" for the second time and consider this take three take one. i wipe my damn glasses and hope i don't have dandruff because then people will ask how many inches they're forecasting off my head today. i clear my throat and i sit making eye contact simply because i can. i don't think back to when i could never have done such a thing, i simply look. and you give me an impatient look and ask me when we're going to get started and i say we already have and you give me a little smile and i know you know. i look past you, i look out the window, i see the clouds as they float by and they seem to be

floating by at a faster speed than they used to back when i never bothered to watch them. you ask me how we're to go about doing this, and i confide in you that secretly i have no clue, that i just pretend i understand the means to the end that already exists within my mind within most of my worlds. i expect to see that look in your eyes that you get when you realize you've been cheated and disappointed but really don't want to hurt my feelings, and yet to my surprise all i see is understanding, as if my ignorance of these things is a virtue in your eyes. you tell me that you know no more than i, that both of us are just stumbling backwards down the yellow brick road, tripping every couple of inches but still gathering ourselves together enough to work our way back just the slightest bit more before we can fall back down again. i ask you why we would be traveling away from the glittering emerald city and back towards the desolate boredom of a black and white kansas, what is so horrible about desiring something so awe-inspiring, and you smile once again with that beautiful smile of yours, and you tell me that i still have so much to learn, but that i have even more time in which to learn it. you tell me that i have already rejected the emerald city once, and that unless i can carry myself far enough away from it, i will feel a yearning for it once again. you tell me that i have been slowly traveling in reverse ever since the final minutes of twilight finally passed. you tell me that black and white is a wonderful thing in a high-quality resolution. you tell me that if every tiniest electron is either a black or a white, that the resulting shade of gray is greater than any blue, green, and yellow hybrid formed simply for the

purpose of looking pretty. i think for a few minutes and i look into you and you look into me and neither of us can find anyone on the inside that is not on the outside and for that we know it's real and we know that for once there is nothing to doubt. i look out the window again only to see that the sky which had been only moments before a beautifully clear shade of blue had now become the darkest starless night i have ever before seen. startled, i frantically search around for my coat as you smile smugly and ask why i don't instead simply stay for the night. i pretend i don't see my coat hidden behind your chair as i accept your offer and ask for a bag of popcorn simply because i can. and i sit and i watch as the popcorn pops in the microwave, and my eyes never never once wander from the bag as it grows ever-larger, as the microwave tray rotates round and round and you give me a quick kiss on the cheek and whisper that you're going to slip into something a little more comfortable. i stare at the popcorn until the microwave finishes its cycle and i notice the cautionary notice warning about steam and yet i hold my face directly over the top of the bag and breathe it in and feel nothing at all. i sit down on the couch as you walk out of your room in skimpy lingerie and stride seductively into the living room and i ask you where the remote is and if i've missed seinfeld tonight. you run your hands softly through my hair and i say thank you for the thought but that i always carry a comb in my pocket anyway. disappointed and frustrated, you stand up in front of me and strip completely naked and i look at you questioningly as you remove all of my clothes and ask firmly if i would be so kind as to have sexual intercourse with



you and i say of course, and you look excited and lead me into the bedroom where i do as you requested, and in each other's arms we rest, and for a moment i think that perhaps i know... that perhaps i understand... and for once i fall asleep contently, never suspecting that it will be my final, my permanent voyage into the everlasting realm of the infinite..... you are excited by the shock value as you stand alone in front of a mirror and you unzip your pants. you know that you will be making some sort of a vulgar statement about the vulgarity of that which is not vulgar. you walk onto the stage expecting the venue to be full but you instead find that it is five hours before even the soundcheck will begin. you count the number of chest hairs that can be found on your head and then you manage to convince yourself that you might as well round it off to the nearest hundred thousand when you write it down on your latest mcdonald's application. you try to make another immensely profound statement about humanity but instead wind up writing a poem about a quail and suddenly you begin getting phone calls from the people who used to beat you up in the seventh grade as they now want to ask you if you'll be so kind as to do an old friend a favor and sell them the movie rights for 2.3 cursed magic beans. clutch your book of nostradamus, my friend, and tell me what every jumbled sentence means.. read quotations from the book you have never read and never will have any desire to read, and tell me how wonderful a book it was and tell me how i should read it sometime as you hand me a xeroxed copy of some cliff's notes for it and tell me that you want it finished by tuesday. it's beginning to look a lot like

valentine's day.. repressiveness is in the air. i can always tell when i am around one who is repressive, because they are always the ones who are drawing breath and circulating blood throughout their veins and their arteries. so you look at me and you touch me and neither of us will ever know if it is fear because it is not fear and what it truly is something that i can never express because it's so easily understood that words could never express it. to deny everything and to deny all previous thoughts and feelings and to realize that to act upon feelings is a wonderful necessity but to place them through a water filter and to label them is a horror that so many feel they have no choice but to do. how many times must i scream at them that there is always a choice? there is... always... a choice. and people will laugh in my face and ask me what the hell i'm going on about as i explain to them that cain and abel were identical twins, that i am so close to reaching the tree of life, so close... that i will not do because i can, that instead i can because i do. that one may put misery on pause for several seconds while they answer the telephone.. is that the eternal solution? and if so, what is the eternal question? am i the eternal question? i am that which you question, i am that which you claim can be decided by the others, by anyone but you, anyone whom you have been told is so far superior to you. i am that which you ignore while you scream in the face of the one whom you refuse to listen to me say you do not truly love. and for that, you will always hate me. you will refuse to help me, you will refuse to deem me worthy of my unalienable rights. and for so long i have decided that i can not care.. but for now, at least for how.. i

hate you more than words could ever express. and for that, i love  
you. point point point point do i have a point? ack i have no point  
and i have no ink and i have no issue and i wander and dream and i  
salivate justly and thick and and thin and i know who i am and i hip  
hip hip hip hippity hoppity easter's on its way. leave me alone. bleed  
in your own light. stare down at your foot as it slowly but painlessly  
falls asleep and you damn it to hell and you damn it to hell for  
you're hip and you're hop and you know just what's up and you  
know that our memories are through.

soft to the touch

rough to the surveying

hair hair flesh

nothing nothing glance

the ever-obsured

unobsured

ever-intangible

dead

i never knew i never knew i never knew i never will know i always  
will look back and i will realize that it was such a stretch for me to  
pretend that i could ever write. please allow me to let my superiority  
complex show, please allow me to stand there at the podium in front  
of millions millions millions piled in far past the horizon line, but  
binoculars belonging only to those seated within the first ten rows.  
tapping the microphone tapping the microphone test test test echo  
echo echo though there is nothing there to truly echo. millions  
screaming die in agony and are brought back from the dead in two

and two, shamelessly trying shamelessly fighting for a piece of a pie for a token audience and watching the music videos to find out the latest trendz yo and exploiting them six months later. it's so pathetic, so laughable, and yet the saddest part of it all is that it works. kill kill kill scream and i stand and i shake hands with every passerby and i can count on my strands of DNA all the people who deserve to die who were never born who will never be born because they declare themselves born again they declare me unborn they declare that they worship what they could never truly comprehend the place of other than what they've had drilled into their heads for the last couple millenia. again again for once touting that the buck stops here that i am a sitting duck that never never never ack die goodbye.. once upon a time a man was born. and as that man was born he had it he knew it he realized it as he was told to wiggle his toes told to do so and yet they could not wiggle them for him... he had to do so himself. and it was taken for granted, as it should be taken for granted, as so much should be taken for granted, the grass, the trees, the sky, for they are ALL granted and only an ill society could deny all of all and the from they and and and and and and independence was described as something that could only be accomplished if one had a shadow looming over them telling them what to do with their independence and that they were independence YOU'RE INDEPENDENT NOW SHUT THE FUCK UP BEFORE I KILL YOU SIMPLY FOR DENYING THE IDEA THAT YOU ARE INDEPENDENT BECAUSE I SAID SO! and they loved it. they all embraced it, for it was several notches above the sickness

they were so accustomed to by then. and they gave their lives away and they gave away the lives of their children their children's children their children's children's children. and they gave away the right to any future independence by embracing the idea of independence as defined by a new kind of fascist dictionary which had only just appeared on store shelves. and then a few a few some minds more minds than ever before saw and realized and longing for others longing to help themselves by helping others by having others help them saw and found and loved. zeroes and ones in an infinite number of arrangements for an infinite number of reasons, and they were free, and the man was born anew, and all was good. and then they tried try will try to take it away. and never will they do so. okay, fine. you know what's best for me because you know what's best for the lowest common denominator and you don't know how to multiply but you have a calculator and that should do the job just fine. ack. congratulations, your public relations are fine. is the hypocrisy your own fault, or do we blame the liberals who wish for more DARE programs wish for wish for never look back prohibit never never prohibit only never never awake an example if only kill kill kill only make this world a better place and i can't believe it as i am told by my mother to kill my silly ideas about becoming a writer, why don't i get a job at blockbuster video? that's all i'll ever be able to amount to, anyway. unless i unless i declare that i have become what everyone else what i am told what i am told i should be i never could be and then i could then i would be the greatest everyday joe to walk the streets, equal to all the others, all the dead

living never born hybrids of good and good and yes yes yes and  
 then pay for more of the same beg plead oh yes please some more  
 give me some more.... sorry, but that will not happen. know and  
 understand and feel what's right. and go with it and if it's in your  
 way kill it. play by their rules until they conflict with yours, and  
 then do things your own way.. that, my friends, is my advice. this is  
 the word of my lord. thanks be to adam. ladeeda i have not seen me  
 in action. contemplate nothing my eyes do this weird funny thing  
 against my will and i can't control it i can't control it and yet i am  
 expected to control it. i saw the best minds of my generation  
 destroyed my madness, starving, hysterical. but i am the best mind  
 of the past, present and future all mixed together, and therefore i  
 shall not be destroyed. ever. how tall is the tree in actuality? it's  
 amazing the kinds of illusions the kinds of illusions ack ack ack and  
 i will be told to fucking dumb myself down to their level because  
 they are the majority and therefore they are oh so much more  
 important than i, for i am nothing nothing nothing. kill kill love love  
 love love love hug kiss passionately and receive the same in return  
 and sigh sigh sigh sigh sigh sigh sigh. gee adam, why don't you like  
 going to school? what's the problem, you're too good for school?  
 haha. YES! i am far too good for this petty little educational system  
 never never never nothing it's all worth nothing fuck it all i am sorry  
 if i'm unhappy but if you've got a problem with it too bad i'll fucking  
 blow you away with my fully automatic spitball shooter. die die die  
 i am not whining fucker DIE! so i want to learn and i am told that  
 no no no never learn just fucking get a job fucking 2.3 magic beans

cursed cursed cursed never will that cursed cursed cursed as a society should've would've could've and hanging them out to dry dry DIE DIE FUCKING DIE I'LL KILL YOU MOTHERFUCKER goodbye... ding ding-a-ling ding dong ding dong. do you hear it? i call out with my nonexistent voice for my nonexistent friend. and still i hear it. ding-dong. the ringing. ceaseless infernal ringing. it's music, it is. ever-present, ever-controlling. the bells are ringing, they hear the sound. i'm drowning in blackness. ding-dong. ding ding ding-a-ling. it controls them. the ringing is what controls them. ding-dong. everything is black, and i feel.. nothing. i see.. nothing, yet still i can hear the ringing. sigh. kill kill kill kill. so what.. i am adam. hello. what am i supposed to accomplish in life? i am to be myself. and i am to be happy with who i am. i'm already there now, i suppose, but there is always more. there is so much more to be found. so much life, so little life. so much desolation, so many friends. so much futility, so little compromise. grandiose ha-has. a convoluted stew, love it, love it, kill it and then wish for it some more. i am reason desiring emotion until i can actually attain it. tiresome. i am on the subway home after a long day at work. a long day at work. a long day helping out the things all the things all the dead walking rhymes and now you did you're alone and you sit all alone and you hear a faint noise and you hate it and you curse it aloud but you were raised a lady and you are not insane you are not insane you are not insane YOU ARE NOT INSANE! you hear it and you hear it and you shove your fingers in your ears but you cannot stop it. do you see do you feel can you finally understand? that is me

as i hear it and i tire of the stupidity and all i ever wanted was some peace and quiet and alone alone i just want to be alone till i don't want to be alone for i'll be lonely. lonely, disenchanted, as the world will try to break me but i'm strong, i'm strong, i fucking knew it all along. to say you will survive and um ack and um and ack and um and um where will my future lead me? oh to be a starving artist i will be a starving artist till i am rich and famous and i have thousands of admiring lunatic groupies beating down my door with a sledgehammer and screaming at me that i'd better come and sign their fucking autograph because they have a tape called polka party they're not afraid to use it. oh, if such horrid horrid happiness could be could be but it cannot be because it is but a pipe dream as is everything i am what i am is but a pipe dream but i know that it's real, and i know that i'm real and i know what is reality and i know just what is dreams. and i know that she doesn't know, yes and she wants and she dreams but it's bad and it's harmful and ack and i don't want to think of it demons alive and in bed and asleep for i must sleep alone and i like and i want when i think of the truth and her dreams and her dreams what she wants injures me and i don't want it don't need it underscore off. she loves me she needs me she wants to receive me alive and unmourned and i'm tied up with bows a meek shadow existing to her not to me but to me never there i was never ever there. i was never within her, never a part of her never never never never. simply a damn pathetic shadow and i wish it would disappear for it is tearing her us apart. and i am done it is done i am here i am starting to know and to want but to be so so



happy and satisfied sweetly with love of myself and the everyone  
 not them all everyone loved shake hands and give hugs, passionate  
 kiss, oodles of noodles and garlic and bread. sally and susan are  
 flying a kite, steven and allison loving what's right. hi ack wish  
 dream blah blag ick ack yakkedy smakkedy yin yang  
 AAAAAAACK! i write this down in a spiral notebook i am so so  
 goddamn tired i need sleep oh please ack i need sleep i need sleep  
 and i'm here and i'm dying my life is so through about ready to cry i  
 have so much to do i know and i fear tha it's all sad it's real, real  
 time and real thought and music this time. it..... is..... only.....  
 natural. i write this down faster than the speed of sound. feel the  
 sonic booms love the happy shockwaves love that i don't know what  
 to say what i feel if you do if you know then i'm loving you so and i  
 call to you let me know let me know now. i love in such ways that  
 are odd, they are strange but i want and i need and i know. working  
 and working, delusions and fears, desolate boredom, erupting in  
 tears. know and to love and to conquer true past, ladeeda it's all  
 gone it's in the past. maybe i'll just look back upon all of this as  
 crap. maybe i'll hate it all and maybe i'll kill it all. maybe that it has  
 such a rhythm but that it was never intended to, maybe then it's a  
 sign from myself that it's time to KILL EVERYBODY. i would  
 consider this a fairly major roadblock, that what should be my  
 greatest hour of accomplishment and spectacle dying and ack i  
 know i know i know killing school because all i want is an  
 education and to spread the word. this is so so tiring tired so tired  
 you have no idea how tired i am so so tired. yet i cannot sleep

because not cause i write but no cause i'm in school and that's all and that's all and it's dead and i'm dead we're all dead till we die. everything is swarming around me people are swarming around me surrounding me encompassing me and yet like a nucleus with the universe circling around it, i refuse to give in, i refuse to become a part of everything that is around me, just another meaningless portion of it all. these pages are already beginning to yellow and i am a bisexual but i am not attracted to males. i am not attracted period, i am not attractive period, i want to kill kill kill again isn't that nice isn't that fine isn't that monotonous isn't it time to reach into a new era? okay okay i'm going to try to write some more and i'm going to fail miserably. do you understand the labyrinth the labyrinth do you understand that i hold a bird's eye view that you are all nothing that i am everything and that i am but a child and that that is why i am so much greater than all you pathetic adults because you have been crushed crushed crushed by the rest and now you waste your days away as another pointless mindless statistic. and you will always consider me a statistic as well, because that is the only way you know how to look at people. i can't even get upset at everything that is thrown at me anymore, i just feel a quiet silent night, holy night. these are the most fucked up memoirs this world ever did see. and i'm proud to be the one to present it. while i was chatting online last night, someone said something to me that i've kind of had to think about.. "why be proud of anything?" it sounds like an incredibly christian question to ask, since pride is one of the seven deadly sins.. and yet it kind of makes me think. should i really

be proud of accomplishment? i don't really accomplish things simply to feel proud of my achievements... no, i work to achieve things for the ends.. if i want to take over the world, it's because i want to make it a better place. if i want to make the world a better place, it's because i want people to better serve themselves. and if i want people to better serve themselves, it's because that's the kind of society i could truly exist happily in. if people would know what they wanted and not waste time with others. oh, how great that would be. yes, spiffy indeed. wow, this is quite literal a writing format, compared to the way i've been writing in this so far. they all look the same they all look the same. isn't that so sad? i mean, i've kind of stopped feeling the contempt and i've stopped feeling oppressed, but still.. it's just kind of a numbing sensation. like a hazy dream of something you can't really stop, something that you don't even really wish to stop. it just fades away before your eyes and you shed not a tear for it, it vanishes and you couldn't care less. sigh. grand it is, grand it is, that i am here and i am doing and i am accomplishing. i'm actually working on my writing, and i'm working on getting a source of income and though no one will believe me that i hold in my sweaty little palms the potential to be somebody, let alone the potential to show them the way to pave a way to a new enlightenment and become a great mind like all the other peter pans of the past refusing to grow up. i will come like napoleon's rise to power for some, i will come like jesus' rise to power for others. i will show them the concept of ideals, but i will show them that they cannot accomplish anything by working

alongside the enemy and lying through their teeth about how lovely that dress is. labyrinth labyrinth stuck in a labyrinth. they are rats who don't even like cheese, wandering around aimlessly, searching for nothing at all. i could understand existence without any goals, honestly i could. it's only when they stumble around and are not satisfied with their stumbling around, and yet they don't do anything about it that i feel upset by such a horrible waste of potential. and even then, as i'll look at them for a bit, yes i'll stare at them for hours on end and i'll think and i'll contemplate and i'll pass judgment, when i tell them the truth and what i think and what i feel and what i truly believe, my verdict will forever be... guilty but eternally mindless. it's not worthwhile if music does not make one feel happy. thought-provoking music is horrible and satanic and you must not listen to it because yawn. we interrupt our regularly scheduled rant about absolutely nothing to bring you something completely different.

she

walking out of mirrors

no

won't deny the lack of it

i

the insignificant

die

you sit down and you look at the paper and you whine that this is

worded differently than it was when it was spelled out in the notes. you see the question marked "*raison d'être*" and you peek at your neighbor's paper and see that she also is looking at her neighbor's paper, on and on and on until the last person in line the first person in line is the person on the other side of you, who is peeking over at your paper because no one knows no one knows and in stumbling around searching for the truth they ignore the fact that it is nothing to be spelled out in bold print on the front of the new york post, it's something that can be found within. to switch between the affirmative and the negative, the whiny and the assertive. to be the introvert and the extrovert whenever one will better serve my needs than the other. make the decision, adam. decide what will be now for the next two years for the rest of your life for the rest of all eternity know know ah what an interesting COINCIDENCE. something just happened that made my decision that much easier. i am dropping out of high school.

#### 4 - Macrocosm

hello. i know that most of you don't know me, and i know that most of you won't understand. and i'm sorry. i'm sorry. i truly am, and when i'm finished with you all you will be ready. i stand here before you all today not to tell you my ideas, my beliefs, how i say the ideal being should live. i won't tell you which bands i think are brilliant musical geniuses and which ones are simply mindless ripoffs of everything which has come before. i won't tell you how many licks it will take to get to the tootsie roll center of a tootsie

pop. no, my friends, none of this i will tell you, for all of that is yours and only yours to discover for each one of your own selves. you've always seemed like a looming shadow cast over me for all of these years, you all standing out there in huddled masses waiting to hear the news that will affect your lives and never once imagining that you could ever have any say in it. forever i've seen you as you wandered the streets with your heads held high and your ego held low. i will be completely honest with you, even as i know that it will increase the feelings of hatred which i'm sure most of you are already feeling towards me. i don't like most of you, i really don't. and i couldn't if you held me in a torture chamber or a brainwashing center, if you shut me in a dark basement with 17 loudspeakers blasting over and over the feelgood sounds of yanni. it's really only natural, when you've always had such an effect on the simplicity, or the lack thereof, of the events that take place during every day of my existence. perhaps my life has indirectly been made better by your collectivism. perhaps this having something to fight for, something to believe in, is what makes me truly happy and my silly thoughts of love and kindness are really just what's left of hours upon hours of saturday morning cartoons interrupted by public service announcements. but even if it means destroying that which gives me the reason to continue on, to have something to strive for.. i know that i have for once put my all into something. and that thing.. is you. not you as a whole, not the masses, not the statistics that you read in usa today. i'm not talking about the people who decide the people's choice award, i'm interested in the one person

who buys that one copy of the band whom nobody else has ever heard of before in their lives. the "you" i am referring to is each one of you. with the potential to stand up here, at this microphone, to stand alone, but to stand with others by your side. this is the world that i am offering you now- it will be a world where children will speak freely to the other siblings about the joy of where babies come from. the man who wears a neon t-shirt to his workplace will not be laughed at, nor shunned from the conversations of the others around. no one will think twice about the black man as he kisses the 17-year-old caucasian boy whom he loves. no one will wonder at the reasons why we live in a world such as today's, for all of you will know or be prepared to find out. anything you want and everything you need is here for you to find. here. here inside your mind. and only you can untap it. never again should you question the integrity of your own existence, never again ask, beg, why can you not be as selfless as the woman who futilely throws herself into the hail of bullets being fired at her only son? listen to me here. don't nod if you don't understand, don't nod if you do understand. simply do. reach into yourself, look beyond the awkward feelings. don't just go along with something because you don't feel strongly against it. compromise is for the weak of heart, the weak of mind, the weak of stomach, the eternally not-hungry who look up at our president and declare that he is not a model american because he is just like that guy down the street whom they'll forever hate because he's an asshole because he doesn't say please and he doesn't say thank you you just know that he'll sleep with anything he find that

has a nice pair of legs on it. you don't realize that you've given these people, these media-endorsed, media-scrutinized demigods, with a power that should not be granted to anyone- the power to become a role model, an idol, for your children to worship as a template for their existence. the lowest common denominator magnified for all to see. politicians will tell you that you as the parent should be the role model that your children look up to, that you should determine who they will become as they stumble their way through the same labyrinth as everyone else who has ever lived has gone through. i will tell you that they should be the ones to teach themselves values. picture a child who has not been told that hitting is wrong, but has not been hit as a punishment. perhaps they'll hit someone accidentally, and they'll see their pain. they won't feel it for themselves, but they'll see that they've done something with their own strength and they'll simply be confused until they themselves are accidentally hit, perhaps by another child or by a ball as he plays out in the yard. he will know the pain, and he will know the natural sensations, he will understand, and he will have no reason to want to hit because the only outcomes he has seen from violence have been confusion and pain. this boy will not hit another human being for any reason whatsoever. he will be kind and follow his dreams. now picture instead the boy who is told over and over that hitting is wrong, but is hit himself when he accidentally does so. what happens then? he gets the sensation of pain as a consequence of violence, but he also gets the sense of accomplishment from violence. violence can solve problems that reason can't, the boy will



feel. and the boy will hit, and the boy will be violent. it may be argued that such an indirect approach to parenting would still be thrusting one's viewpoints upon their children, because the parent will have started out with such things in mind, but all i am explaining here are the precautions to go through to be certain that they will develop as little as possible through habit, and as much as possible through experiencing the natural ways in which this world works. common sense can actually be developed through such attempts.. but common sense is something that is ignored completely within our current educational systems and our current collective mind. common sense. perhaps i should define the way i am using this term. the actual phrase may be misleading, since what i have been denouncing all this time has been the sharing of opinions without individuality of any sort. what i am describing as "common sense" are things that have been figured out for oneself without any scientific or moral reasoning behind them. that killing should be wrong, but not because the bible says so. would you like this? would you like to understand everything and would you like to have meaning within your life? all this time you have been searching in the wrong places for these things. all of it is within. all of it is within. deny that the government has any authority. anarchy is not a good thing by definition- and yet i cannot believe in government, because while it may have the consent of the governed as a whole, the governed as individuals are left to live or die as their "peers" decide for them. this is all well and good for one who has decided to live life this way, but who as they were born were given a

choice whether to pay taxes and whether to take part in what the taxes go towards? we are forced to continue living this way because our forefathers decided it was the right way, and our fellow americans decide it is worthwhile to continue. what we believe has no say anymore. even our second amendment rights are destroyed as militias are shot dead with weapons they would never be allowed to carry. here is the revolt. make the claim to yourself today. let them know, and let yourself know that you will never again be controlled because everyone has decided it's right. no one can make your decisions for you. so make yours now.

#### 5 - That

do you-----can you-----please----- and i listen but i don't hear and i block out the sounds as i insist that this is not possible, that it is all about being rational and that all i'm trying to do is induce a greater interest in myself from myself. and i know i'm right, but it's too much fun, you know.. because i laugh as i spend hours pretending and never truly finding the realizations until i finally drop dead of exhaustion with walking sticks who refuse to stop poking at me.

a boy  
a pen  
thoughts his  
crushed  
told

never  
never  
your thoughts  
are  
wrong  
write  
what you know  
fucker  
but  
be  
nice

to finally achieve happiness, one must first fail at achieving their most desired goals. i know the things that i want and i believe that if i achieve them that i will be happy, and i know that i don't want what everyone else has that i don't have because what i have is so much greater than what they have. but i am wrong. it's not exciting to have it all, to know it all, to be it all. it's not exciting... anywhere. no one thing is ever truly greater than another, the people simply take what they have for granted and scoff at the people who don't have what they have, even as they desire what everyone else has. it's a stupid, horrible waste of everything, for everything's waste and everything's garbage and every last glimpse of flesh takes me a little bit closer to what i don't have. existing in a world that all makes sense and wishing that it wouldn't make sense. being a donkey and slaughtering the bee out of jealousy jealousy jealousy is such an

interesting thing now. forever i've thought that i knew nothing about such a thing, being centered around myself, knowing what i want, knowing what i need, etc. etc. only now.. i see that jealousy is not as it has often been described or portrayed as. the grass is no greener on the other side of the fence and i know it. but it's different and it's different and i hop back and forth back and forth playing chopsticks on a foot piano thingie eek eek ack ack ho hum kill kill pout pout whine whine complain complain how do you figure that i am what i am and that i am nothing and that what you want is what you get and what you see is what you want and what you cannot have is what you desire. all i ever wanted was everything.. all i ever wanted was everything.. all i ever wanted was everything and all i got was shit. sigh. ack. another one bites the dust. kill maim slaughter.. feel. you sit down reluctantly as they all begin to stare at you and you ask what this is all about and they tell you to spread your legs and that it won't hurt too much. i have no daily doubts i have no daily pressures i thought i knew what was going on and i was just fooling myself some more, the same way i've always been. fuck, i can't believe this. i couldn't write a diary because nothing ever happens in my life. and i know and i.. i.. i.. i don't want it anymore. now something new has begun. please please be there as i tell you that i love you and my nose grows to enormous proportions and you proceed to eat it up with a spoon. you thought you knew. you thought you knew. you thought you were strong and you thought you couldn't cry. well, i'll show you how to fucking cry. take this, asshole. taste the fear and taste the sorrow and taste the pain. see the

crap that is nothing and i hate it as i kill the yak and the crowd  
 breaks into enthusiastic applause. you can't write quite as quickly as  
 you used to be able to, can you? if indifference's fucking murderous  
 final blow could only consume them all and you feel your will being  
 crushed in the second person everyday of your life. and you see the  
 saliva as it slowly falls down past your chin and as it stretches out  
 through empty air and as it falls onto her body and as she doesn't  
 seem to express much as as you know you're just going to be  
 another fucking nobody because you can't make up your mind and  
 as the saliva she feels and she wants and she... it's not going to hurt  
 much. it's a fragment as you realize that oh shit and as it's different  
 and as it isn't right and as it isn't loss and as it isn't the widely  
 accepted fear of giving into the monstrosity that is human nature.  
 because there is no human nature besides individual nature. i am so  
 fucking insane and i am so fucking fucking and as our innocence is  
 broiled as it is nice and as my argh and as my ack and as my yeesh  
 and as my every word is nothing anymore as i don't want anything  
 anymore but to be lost for i can get out of shit though still it's there  
 and as the money stolen, to fuck over the little helpless zombies and  
 i know i can do it but do i care? i use myself in them in it in her and  
 as i am so lost i am so found as i am so antiprofound and as within  
 anywhere anything it's all just nothing. don't listen to me, because  
 i'm nothing but a hypocrite. think that there's a twilight as the  
 doggies pull the sleigh chasing the red red meat that's dangling only  
 inches from their faces as they want it they want it but when they  
 find it it will be so empty. ohhh no. ohhhh god. oh i want the

something i want to hug i want something for i am nothing but myself and though i am happy i still want more i still want more and i've felt this way before. don't question it as i kill the ones whom i once intended to keep. fuck the neon neckties and kill the deadly plight. why must you cut me to the core? why must you cut me to the core? still 2.3 2.3 2.3 3 and 7 and even better is when you cut it down to 1 and fuck it all except for power not to keep in mind the excess of the many and have no idea how this is. i don't... BLOCK IT OUT bastard BLOCK IT OUT block it out as you unslit your wrists and you have no idea where babies come from because you cannot test your theories with the scientific method. this is great for writing shit, for truth is dead and gone. let me please i need i want i need i am i no i know oh god oh please oh no. i know i mean it this time i mean it this time FOR ONCE IN MY FUCKING LIFE i don't know anything. i have to hide under the covers and i have to hope that you will come after me and i can only hope that you will keep your clothes on for that will be the only way i shall be able to love you until i can experience yet another mood swing but never harm you never harm myself never question never never. oh, i'm nailed to the cross and i am given a little kiss and for that it has all been worth it as i die a slow and painful death. how can i be green in a world of munchkins? how can i.. question the how? how can i have something at last? please shoot me, i want again.

## PART TWO

### SHOOTING THE MULE

#### 1

This is new and this is different. sad songs no longer have any effect upon me. this is old and this is ancient but to me i can finally truly know that i've found the various cornerstones of the world, that there's no longer any mystique left to this world. it's an interesting point to reach, a point which is so odd to actually reach... even if the mystique is oneself, even if the mystique is based upon something that doesn't even exist anyway.. most people don't end up where i am now.. just here.. just kind of standing alone, standing on a pile of rubble that was my kinetic anxiety, which was stonehenge built on a sinkhole that served as a rocket to shoot me into outer space. things.. happen. and when these things happen to me, i usually milk them for all they're worth rather quickly.. and i throw it away, and i look back and i tell myself that it was quite all right, that it just formed me into the human being who i am today. but the thing is, i've just always done that. every couple weeks i would look back at something i'd done that seemed so right at the time, so vital to the direction i was trying to head in at that time. and every time i would think about it, i would find myself disgusted by it, and i would say to myself, "never again. thing x was fine back then, but never again. thing x has no place in my life whatsoever. i have seen what it has to offer, and i've realized that it's not worth it. therefore i deny it." the only thing i never truly thought about was.. \*nothing\* is truly

"worth it". i mean, honestly. i would experience something and i would become completely enveloped by it for a short period of time.. but since it just isn't in my nature to allow things to go unnoticed, i could see the price i was paying for this temporary satisfaction. and i saw how horrible and detrimental it was to everything that i was and everything that i stood for. and i would always be right, as i looked back on these things. i was always right, and i don't deny that i was. The only thing is.. pointlessness really is a necessity. one cannot work towards creating a lifestyle for themselves that is based completely around reason, simply because emotion cannot be created nor destroyed.. it can only change forms before being released. and emotion is antireason. emotion will find a way to be released, even if it's in the shape of determined nihilism towards itself. aesthetic philosophy is widely accepted as it preaches the stupid pointlessness of aesthetics.

What guidelines are the universal standard that i should look at as i measure beauty in one form or another? i can't truly spot out the beauty in the things that i don't find beautiful.. and the ugliest thing in the world to me would have to be myself. love is writing what you don't know and never could know and keeping it in RAM and shutting off the computer frequently but always writing more or less the same thing whenever you turn on the computer because you want to. marriage is writing something and making it appear on the screen every time you turn your computer on, and not knowing how to make it stop doing that because your 5 year old put parental



controls on the computer so that you wouldn't be able to edit the autoexec.bat file.

It's kind of silly when i'll flip through a book of nietzsche and feel like i'm being talked down to. it's kind of silly that i will grow bored when someone explains something in a long and drawn out manner, breaking it down to the tiniest, most exact words that could possibly be used to explain it with, and will theoretically get the idea across to someone, and tell them that these are their observations.. in a situation like that, the reader is expected to say "yeah, i kind of understand what this person's speaking of. theoretically, this really works. this idea is a true breakthrough." you see, i find it rather difficult to write about things in that format.. because words, art, these silly representative ideas serve a tiny purpose, and that is to get across something to the reader.. BUT.. the things i write about don't wish to describe a beautiful sunset on a remote island in the caribbean. they don't want to tell you what the aroma was like as the fragrant candles burned around the altar a small boy has made to his masters of the universe action figures. they want to enlighten. these words are written to point out a little speck that's off somewhere in the distance, something that you see, and they want to whisk you away to see it... and they want to show you that you've been there before, that you've lived there before, that you've done horrible things there before, things that don't seem quite as bad now that you're looking at in the third person perspective alongside 20,000 other yous projected as holograms,

each with its own distinct characteristics that are noticeable upon closer inspection. i don't write to make you jump up and down jump up and down, i write to make you feel that it's okay to jump up and down jump up and down, and i write to tell you that it's probably a good idea to take a gun to your head and blow your brains out if it's something you feel fully capable of. i write to tell you that it's perfectly natural to shut up and stay in line, and i write to tell you that if you give me everything i want in life, and make me the happiest boy alive.. you're still never going to get a passionate embrace from me.

There've been some times in my life when i've felt that it's a bad thing to just eat and eat and eat whenever i feel like it, never ever attempting to hold back the cravings i feel for a nice, big ice cream sundae with strawberry sauce and caramel, all topped off with some delicious reese's pieces and served with one of those nifty long spoons that they sometimes give you when you're eating a particularly large sundae. but now that i really think about it, i should take the advice that i so often give to others.. i shouldn't concern myself with bettering my physical appearance.. i shouldn't care if my gut grows to huge, enormous proportions and can be seen from jupiter on a clear night. and if i don't care about weight or anything, then any other reasons for not letting myself eat whenever i want to would really be just plain evil. if i want, and i can get, i'll take. end of story. thank you.

It's kind of amazing, but what we love is what we hate and what we hate is what we love. what is near holds no importance for us, because we take it for granted and it's become such simplicity. what we hate on the outside is what we are in awe of on the inside. but we never want to admit to ourselves that something completely against what we stand for could ever conceivably be the same thing that could help us accomplish things by blanketing us with the silly and the pointless...

I don't listen to what others have to say under any preconceived goal of either agreeing with or disagreeing with the ideas they have to say. i really don't believe that anything anyone has to express, any ideas that they may have been able to gather up in order to figure out some sort of order to the convoluted racetrack that we all only recognize on some other, subtler plane, could ever really have any effect on me. i don't want to know the views of aristotle so that i can decide my opinions on his beliefs, i want to know his views so i can compare and contrast his own existence with others'. i want to think about how his life was lived, what his mistakes were, how he relates to the rest of society, what his life's story may represent in our modern world, in the past, and in the future.

Irony is what keeps us laughing at the rest of the world.  
laughing at the rest of the world is what solidifies such irony.

As of this very moment, i'm completely disgusted with

everything i wrote in "kinetic anxiety". i think it's sloppy, miserable, self-demeaning, and an overall miserable attempt at a work of art.... i lasted an entire three months before i reached this point. that's a new record.

Once upon a time there was a small boy not talented enough to write any kind of decent fiction. he'd been writing stories since he was quite young, but for several years of his young life he never really pursued it at all, even as he told his friends how much we wished to be a writer. in eighth grade he began writing on a semi-regular basis, doing silly assignments for his english teacher about alcoholic squirrels and paper clips of death. he also began writing more serious works, but in the back of his mind there was always something missing in these attempts. actually.. a lot missing.

What he wanted from his fiction was not just something that read well, something with a lot of big words making it sound more intelligent than it actually was. he didn't want to sit down before writing a story and just try to pick out random traits for his characters that would have no bearing whatsoever on the outcome of the story. all of this always seemed so... empty.

Eventually he began writing poetry. at first they were just silly little poems, in the style of the nonsense he'd been turning in to his english teacher for extra credit... but then he started experimenting with the idea of actually writing serious poems. now, these things

were never meant to be seen by anyone, but rather just.. experiments in writing. something new for him to work on..... the first few attempts were disasters. he tried writing a love poem, but had no clue what love was and had no clue how to express it... he tried writing poems about sadness, but it always just seemed like paint being thrown towards the general direction of one specific corner of a canvas about two miles long.... until his poems took a turn towards the... difficult to interpret. these poems began as mostly garbage, as just a bunch of terminology thrown together that somehow, somewhere held some kind of relationship with each other, deep somewhere within his mind. these poems were never really about anything in particular, but.. they started taking his true dreams, his feelings, his insecurities, and giving them life, and somehow definite truth, by having them expressed on paper or on his computer.

Eventually it reached the point where he would write poetry about the way he was feeling on a somewhat regular basis.. perhaps two or three poems a week. and they would be about himself.. and he would look at them and really feel good about them.. but the only people he would ever show these to would be his friends from the internet... any friend of his who would actually be interested enough to ask to read some.

One day, though, in the summer of 1996, he decided to go all the way. he took most of his poetry and put in on his web site... and

began editing it. not deleting old stuff, usually, and never altering what already existed... but he began adding to it. the only thing was, he had mixed the poetry together.. meaning, there were no line breaks, no separate stanzas, just words flowing.. and so he began to build around that. words, sentences, ideas.. just kind of floating around... ranting. this is where the first chapter of the first book comes from... various stuff, taken directly from the web site. and that's how these writings reached the point where they are today.

Okay okay fine. i have nothing in my everyday life now.. again. and for one brief period of my life, i had something.. i had everything. i had things that i could write out and things i could express and reasons and reasons and more importantly antireasons to make everything just seem so... perfect. well. where now? i didn't do anything with my everything that week.. i just kind of enjoyed... which i suppose is probably what i should've done.. but still... it's kind of a shame how much i'm kicking myself about my horribly boring existence when just two days ago... just two days ago i actually had something. now there are a bunch of kids in the living room, and i'm sitting here with a cup of soda that i have to use because they hate it when i drink out of the bottle even though i can finish off a two liter in a short enough span of time so that it really shouldn't make any difference, since once i've claimed a two liter of soda for myself it's basically finished and done for.. of course, they also hate the fact that i drink so much soda, but i don't really care.. maybe if they had any reasonable supply of food here i'd have

something to eat to occupy my time and my tummy... of course, that's probably a miserable lie, since i'd need something to wash down such food anyway.. even though it'd be really nice to have some food. i have they might be giants playing on the stereo. the cd's "flood". if by some miracle someone happens to have a they might be giants cd, it's usually this one. i have four others, but this one happened to be in my cd player. it's quite nifty stuff. hm. i've run out of soda now. they've already warned me not to drink too much of it, because it's for everyone to share around here.. i guess they felt obligated to buy something, now that alyssa's down, and bill, katie, ashley, and kyle are over visiting.. it'd be kind of nice if they'd feel the same obligation to actually keep those kinds of things around the house for us.. i really don't understand why they never buy any soda, even though it's the drink i love most. i drink as much kool-aid as i would soda, but i love soda so much more.. well, i suppose it's most likely because i like soda so much that they don't buy it... maybe they think that i should drink something more healthy than soda.. though i don't really think kool-aid is exactly a healthy,       get-you-going-in-the-morning-with-all-the-essential-vitamins kind of drink. hmmm... ack ack ack. well, isn't this coming out perfectly.. book two of the yet-to-be-named larger work.. the "um, what the fuck do i write now" book. yay. hope you're enjoying your reading experience as much as i'm enjoying kicking myself for having no talent.

I vaguely remember my seventh grade reading teacher telling us

how brilliant it was that the book we'd just read had begun with "happily ever after", and had ended with "once upon a time". i find that rather amusing.

It's kind of neat how people can look at someone who's pointing out the stupid hypocrisies that can be found in our everyday society, and by trying to copy the successful originality that they've accomplished, they instead become what the butt of the joke originally had been, as they put words in the mouths of anyone who happens to come their way, never considering that there are some people, some things, that just are not horrible and disgusting and against everything that the meaning of human existence pushes towards. oh well. just a thought.

You know, people make things so goldarn complicated for themselves. i mean, come on, i could yell at the television screen for a half hour as that guy from charles in charge tries to juggle between two dates that he's set up for the same night. i can just yell out to him, "what the fuck's your problem?! neither of them obviously hold any significant place in your own little world, if all you want to do is get through the night without having to lose your sense of invincible masculinity... if they don't want what you have to offer them on an individual basis, ignoring your relations with any other human beings as they well should, then they should be let free to find the kind of human being they would be compatible with- or, more likely, would be more convincing when they pretend that



they're compatible, when all they really want is the silly adrenalin rush that they can feel when they can look a woman in the eye whom they would usually feel weak and nervous around.. when they can just say, 'hey, i'm one helluva stud, i got this gorgeous girl and i don't have to worry about nuthin' cause no one can touch me. i'm god's gift to women.' and i know those girls would absolutely love that kind of phoney guy, because no one nowadays seems to appreciate honesty very much.. all they wish for is the feeling of perfection, they want to know that they've lived up to their potential, that they've found their place as a servant to this world. you don't even live up to those standards of idiocy, because you can't even restrain yourself well enough to keep some sort of order to your fledgeling dreams of normality!" i know i would never be attracted to the "beautiful" women that charles would die for, and that the crowdthatdoesntevenexist loves to scream out "woo!" for. because i can look at those synthetic beings, and i can realize that makeup is the ugliest, most disgusting thing in this world.. that big breasts must be kinda neat just to play around with and watch go jiggle jiggle, but that they're otherwise really just fatty tissue that gets in the way... i can see that these women have no direction, no purpose, not even any satisfaction or initiative in theirselves, and that they'll be worshipped by the rest of the world for just that reason. but i know that love is friendship and friendship is love and that if you think you have one without the other you just have a pathetic shadow that you're holding onto, dragging its physical self along for the ride. so i just say.. follow your heart where such matters of the heart shall lead

you... and follow your mind as it leads you to the path of greater love and hope and, overall, happiness. and most importantly, don't bother yourself with watching charles in charge reruns. it'll just wind up pissing you off.

I have been online for 365 minutes, but i haven't actually been doing much online during that time. i was watching some television a little earlier, and tv nation was on, a wonderful show, i quite enjoyed watching it. then the daily show came on, and it's sometimes amusing, but often kind of disturbing when one thinks about just how much they just don't get. it's kind of sad and demeaning to myself when i actually just lie down on my bed and watch some television. i shouldn't be allowed such opportunities.. i think it means that i'm not trying hard enough when i actually have time to waste watching episodes that i've already seen and not really thinking much about the fact that i already know what's going to happen next.. instead i just kind of veg along with the passenger train that's heading for a cliff that's kind of hard to notice, mostly because the scenery just before it is really beautiful and lined with cute fluffy bunnies. i don't know, what do i really have to work on to kill all of my lazy time? i mean, it's wonderful when i have time to kill by sulking or loving or doing any of those other matters of emotion, since that's kind of a necessity.. but when i watch tv, most of the time i just might as well be sleeping, because my mind is sleeping, and my heart is sleeping, leaving only what most people govern their lives by to take in whatever program happens to be on

at the time.

I wonder what kind of a sick human being could actually consider robert frost a decent poet. i wonder if they'd find his works as beautiful if they were about fucking dogs.. um, well, actually, i don't wonder that for very long.. i think it's rather obvious that the most preferred is the pseudoromantic, without anything to actually be opposed to, and therefore without any of the complexity that romanticism offers.. robert frost fans don't wish for their mind to race with all the wonders of that which gives them such joy.. instead, they want some stability, and they want to be stable in something that won't upset them.. so they want to read about how beautiful a field of flowers is in the springtime.

Some people wonder why kurt cobain killed himself, when he had everything he'd ever wanted.. when he'd reached the point that millions of others dream of every day.. stardom.. it's something that's become so important, the driving force behind the existence of so many angst-ridden teenagers. that everything could be.. all right. that they could flip off the people who'd ridiculed them and called them slackers, that they could do whatever they wanted.. the only thing was, when kurt cobain reached that point.. he had nothing more to want... i mean, honestly.. people so often will live wanting to accomplish something. a lot of people don't even get going on this.. they'll just sit around.. wanting. and they won't be willing to work for it. but even the people to get to work on reaching their

dreams.. what are their dreams? again i must question the terminology i've used for a long time without really considering the true meaning of.. dreaming. they don't want not to be hungry.. they just want cheese. they don't want for any reason other than having some meaning... something to want. it's so empty, so so empty. they don't even want to be happier, as much as they can convince themselves that they do. they don't want to be happy, they just want millions of screaming fans chanting "rock and roll".. they want money, they want the items money can buy, but not the horrible emptiness that is left when they have everything they've ever wanted..... fame. money. someone to hold onto. whatever it is, it's always.. their lives are kept stable- not miserable, that is- by having something to wish for and to work for.. but what they're working for are stupid shadows of what the things actually are. they don't even want happiness to be gained from these kinds of things, they just want the things themselves. think of it. look at your own life. the way i live my life is kind of simple.. i'm happy. but i want to be happier. so i do the things that i think might make me happier. if what i do makes me happier, i consider the paths i could choose, and i take the next one that could make me even happier. if what i do makes me less happy, i take it into consideration for the next time a similar situation may occur. it's kind of difficult when what makes me happier is changing the way the people around me work.. and it kind of reminds me of the way people want to change me because of how certain they are that they're right, that everyone else is right... but oh well. i really think i'm living the way i should.. because all i

want to change in people is to let open what they truly want inside,  
and to show them.. show them the world.

i  
don't  
want  
to be  
a good writer.

2

"Who the hell are you?" cry out the wicked voices from within.  
and i take a drink out of my cup that the adults in the house insist i  
must use because they say so, and i realize how much easier it was  
for me to write when i was working on "kinetic anxiety". but i also  
look back and see that i had a much lesser desire to actually work on  
my writings.. most of the time i would only work on those things in  
school, and perhaps that's why my mind was racing with such  
frustrations, with such.. such hatred towards the people who were  
trying to control me, or maybe not so much the actual people as  
much as their ideas, and the things they wanted out of me. maybe  
this will be the worst part of the yet-to-be-named larger work.  
maybe.. maybe maybe. maybe i just shouldn't care how any of this  
turns out. and maybe book one is exactly the same as book three.

3

Dipshit. why did that word just suddenly appear in my head? i'm

kind of wondering a little more because it's kind of taking effort to actually have something interesting to write about here now, and i really can't rant, but none of is being written as it comes into my head, even though i'm typing it out rather quickly.. it's kind of like, there's not as much crap to carry me on.. typing endlessly with the ideas that my stream of consciousness are giving me..

I've always taken each new encounter with a human being as a new challenge for me to actually work on. someone will come into my life, and i'll be sure that i can actually do something with them, something to help them.. and i'll be sure that i'm just the thing this person needs to help them through the difficult times they've been having (and i kind of realize how really pointless it is to have different chapters in here when the writings are basically all the same, even though i usually plan for the writings to be completely different each time i sit down to type them out).. anyway, i'm also usually quite certain that any female could be a female for me to finally hold onto, for me to be able to comfort, to be comforted by the comforting and to be comforted directly by her. and beautiful is rarely a word that i won't use within my own mind to destroy the latest one who has entered my life.. eventually i realize the reasons why they couldn't handle a relationship with me, or why i wouldn't even want a relationship with them.. but the reasons for that are always stupid reasons that take me back to the crap that is our modern civilization, what it says is right and what it says is wrong.. that it's something different to have someone to hold onto and

someone to love.. that love is something oh-so-difficult to achieve, that there is one person out there for you to love, that everyone else is just a piece of shit that shouldn't matter to you anyway unless you're going to donate your fake smiles and your child support to them (which of course you must do, because not doing that is yet another way to solidify your status as an evil hellspawn). i tell you now, that if you are lonely, and if you are tired, if you want peace or if you want disruption, i want to be here for you.. but i can only be here for you if i know that you want me here. if you think i'm a piece of shit, if you think i deserve nothing more than to be laughed at.. if you think my long hair makes me look like a fag, if you think that i'm nothing, that i'll never accomplish anything, that my writings are so incredibly pointless because they don't even tell a story, they don't even have a cast of characters, they're not even fiction, they're not even about a typical family in a typical town disrupted by a force that they know nothing of, a force that is so greater than anything they could ever control... well, then, i suppose in that case i don't want to help you at all. but if you can understand at all, or if you want to understand at all, i hear you, and i understand you, and i want to help you and i want to hold you and i want to love you. and i've never found a male whom i've desired to hold and i think it's rather sad. but whether that's a negative statement about males, females, gods or peasants.. at this point i just don't know.

I'm not very smart.

I've kind of realized just now exactly how stupid i am, just how very... teenaged i am. i know it's living by the standards set down in front of me, but first of all, i really have to weigh the different ideas that are coming into my head but somehow seem disorganized until i try to settle out their order on paper or on this computer. first of all, everything i've come to think and believe about the human race, how people think, how people should live.. all these things have come mostly from observation and careful consideration. i think about that, and i look at exactly how long mankind has been on the face of this planet, and i look at how little they've actually managed to determine about themselves, and i really begin to realize that i should find out a little more about others' considerations before i even make a pathetic attempt to solidify any of my philosophies and ideas by writing them down here. first of all, i've tried the categorization of individuals i know, or knew, very little about.. only to find out through further reading and such that i was completely, 100% wrong in my simple assumptions about these people and what they were doing with their lives and what their errors could have been. the errors were truly errors that are often made by humans that i see everyday on the streets, so in the most.. spread out, anticoncentrated way, this was an observation of all.. a simple psychological evaluation, and a true one, simply not of the human being whom i'd initially thought it was applying to. i could try looking at myself and i could try to be unbiased about it, but i would come to the conclusion that i'm exactly the same as everyone else



and that i'm not truly an original, that i only long for intelligent conversation with others so that i can listen to what they have to say that sounds reasonably intelligent, and comment on that with similar things i have heard or read about, and then steal the intelligent ideas that came from their mouths and use it the very next opportunity i happen to get to do so. i suppose that when i try to look at myself and describe the kind of person i am.. and i find that i'm so very different from one day to the next, i can look at it in a few different days- i can say that i'm striving to become the greatest adam are that i can possibly be, i can say that i'm evolving, that all the silly mistakes i make because of my ignorance are corrected with each newfound enlightening thought or idea, or realization that just comes from nowhere because i'm such a damn creative fella.. but, um, i guess that doesn't really make a lot of sense. because, again, i'm fooling myself..... i can't look at the people who really think that i have something to say, who think that what i want is right and that the way i think is right and that if i think others have more profound things to say simply because they've been building off of the principals of others (completely ignoring the futility of building off of an idea that appears sound, but has not been built from anything else within one's mind, but rather being stolen from someone else, seeing that it appears to make sense, judging by the observations and prejudices that one holds as their own), that i'm demeaning myself and what i could possibly accomplish, that i could change this world and that i could make it better.. that the people who just stumble around everyday, the people i see shopping through the

sacred halls of k-mart with their 4-year-old toddler on a leash like an inhuman mexican jumping bean that can't be allowed to do anything but stay by their mother's side, the people who come to my door and ask if my parents allow me to choose my own reading material before handing me a pamphlet about how we're gonna rot in hell unless we worship a demystified version of hitler in the way that only their religion can do, are the very same ones who push the idea that building off of your own ideas and your own ideas only is a stupid, juvenile thing to do and makes you an egotistical bastard with no regard for the omnipotent skeleton of our modern day society.. that these people are silly weenies and that we are the power, we are the power.. we.. are.. the.. and then i look around for a moment and i see that i'm standing underneath an undetermined light source in an otherwise empty dance hall, dark as pitch, with the stench of bad cologne wreaking havoc on my olfactory nerves. i call out the name of anyone, of everyone, and there's no response except for my own hoarse voice as it returns to me with a long-dead fig leaf that doesn't effect me the way i might have previously predicted it would. i look at all the people who might agree with me, and come up to me in the mall and ask me sign their pet donkey so that they might sell him for the money to buy an antidote for my beliefs. and i look at all the people who were racing with forrest gump with such a determination, as they declare that forrest gump, in his silence, is the reborn messiah. and i decide to stop my running, and i decide to turn around, and i tell them all to go the fuck home.... and i walk on my own for a little as a small raincloud

opens above my head. and i walk through a park that i've never seen before in my life, and it's surrounded by forested areas, and i begin to feel soaked to the bone and i love it more than i've ever loved anything before in all the years of my existence.. and i sit down alone on a park bench and i think to myself and i wonder if i look as cool as trent reznor would as i sit here considering what might happen to my future, to my past, to my everything.. and i pull out a laptop computer that i don't really have in real life, and i log onto america online but i don't actually have any mail, and my buddylist is empty, and i throw the computer into a puddle and i look up at the raincloud but see somewhere above it a light that's shining down on me, or attempting to, through the raincloud. i consider it for only a brief moment, however, before just deciding that it's not worth it and walking around a bit around the children's play area. i touch the wooden structures designed for young ones to climb on, and i feel the cold dampness of the rain-soaked see-saw... i see no children on the playground but i feel the lovely desolation and the wonderful misery. i smile for a second as i realize just how much i'm reveling in this nonsense and this crap. i walk into a nearby bookstore and i see my latest bestseller sitting next to "chicken soup for the soul part 10: chicken soup goes hip-hop". and i play with my hair a little bit and i see the people i'm used to seeing in k-mart again. only this time they're here, and they're buying a couple dean koontz books for the only friend of theirs who didn't get good grades in high school, who ironically is also the only friend who actually enjoys reading anything. and i suck on my thumb for a little before i walk back

home and just go to sleep because i couldn't find anything else to think about in any sort of a semi-meaningful fashion. and i hate it all again, because reality is such a curse when you try to avoid it by trying to find it.....

i have some friends.  
but i can never truly respect them nearly as much as i  
can  
respect myself.  
because they like me.  
and i could never truly like myself.  
because i come so close to violating the sanctity.  
of what is.  
myself.

I used to think that i was a cynic, because i hated and despised most of the people around me. then i became enlightened to the fact that my self-glorification makes me an idealist.

I'm not writing with my muscles clenched, and i'm not having my train of thought interrupted every couple of seconds by someone asking another stupid question or dismissing everything that i could ever love and cherish and consider worth living my life for with a "pssh! whatever!" and that stupid hand gesture that you see everybody doing on ricki lake. i'm just.. alone. i only go to school for first period now.. and i've only started doing that because my mother got a phone call from the vice principal saying that if i

didn't start coming to school they would have to send a truant officer after me.. and i really don't need that kind of garbage getting in the way of my life at this point. this is really the most stable i've been in awhile.. i don't know what this is now. i really just have nothing to do and nothing to complain about, nothing to love and nothing to hate, and i'm not even bored with it. i don't know what exists in my life now besides my vague impressions of the future that i see inside my head... and i could complain that perhaps living like this is just living for the future, something that isn't now, and i could say that that makes me a horrible hypocrite and that i hate myself.. but, really, i don't even feel \*that\* now. and if i can't even criticize myself, then wow, what an interesting state that makes me in now.. well, not interesting for these writings, at all, but instead interesting for myself.. because it's uncharted territory and it's really a difficult thing for me to even guess where i might end up next. i mean, before there'd always been desire, there'd always been that silly pursuit of the child of beauty, sitting there on what i'd always perceived as the twilight.. but then what was supposed to be starlight instead just turned into a new dawn for myself... the same dawn that i'd experienced several times before. because i reached the child of beauty, and i saw that she wasn't as beautiful as i'd imagined she would be. and i saw that the child of beauty was not what i wanted, what i needed to lead me away from what i'd been whining about in my repetitive rants about how it was everyone else and how darn stressful it was for me to stand up in front of the world with a romance novel in hand and declare that i was god. and

then.. then i found the world that the child of beauty was but a shadow of.. and \*that\* was the greatest outlet i could ever have imagined.. and it helped me with a lot.. but left a huge, gaping hole in what i'd started with these writings.. because i can no longer sit here and write about how i want to kill maim slaughter and how i want to love hug hold dear.. because.. um.. i don't really want anything now. it's kind of neat when i look at the way life actually tends to hold onto the essential plot elements, if you look at it the right way.

I've known roxanne online for even longer than i've known sarah. she's another friend left over from the good old days when everyone in the smashing pumpkins room knew each other and could laugh and just fool around, and if an idiot came in we could just laugh at them and get them pissed off enough so that they'd leave.. of course, now that there are so many more people on america online, the smashing pumpkins room has kind of become the last place to go to look for true, intelligent fans of the band. but anyway, roxanne somehow met up with steve, my friend in real life, and the two eventually hooked up. um, the only problem with this was that steve felt.. i don't know.. embarrassed, i guess.. about the entire situation. and so they didn't tell me about any of this. i just had to learn about it through word of mouth, mostly sarah. even when they arranged to meet in real life, and have roxanne spend a week over at steve's house, they didn't tell me. at all. on the second day when she was there, though, cathy and i were on our way

walking to the mall, and decided to stop in to see steve. cathy knew that roxanne was there, but had been instructed not to tell me. i knew that she was there, but i didn't feel that it would be a good idea to start a conversation about it, because i knew the fact that i wasn't supposed to know she was over would come up.. and.. well.. i don't know. anyway, we went over there, and steve stood at the door for a minute before reluctantly letting us into his room, where roxanne was sitting down, staring at the floor. steve sat down on the couch, and then we all just kind of.. sat there. roxanne refused to even look at me, and steve wouldn't say a word. cathy made an effort to start some conversation, but nothing happened... eventually i just said "fine, thanks for the warm welcome", and left with cathy. i don't like the feeling of not being trusted.. i don't know if steve felt that i wouldn't... understand.. or that i felt that he should be incapable of actually caring for someone.. or that i would feel strangely about the fact that they're both my friends.. if there's one thing i'd like to think is obvious, it's my understanding of other people.. so obviously i wouldn't.. make fun of them or anything... anyway, i just felt kind of betrayed in this situation.. well, maybe not betrayed.. using the word "betrayed" kind of leads one to infer that i felt i could assume a certain level of trust from steve.. but it's really not that.. it's just that i'm disappointed, because this proves he doesn't feel he can share at all with me.. which has kind of been one of the major things i've tried to help him with, throughout our friendship.. but still, how can one be taught to trust someone he doesn't trust when he can't trust them that they're trustworthy?... the next day they apologized and

invited me over... i said i would get them out of the house, since they hadn't actually done anything.. we walked to the mall and they remained quiet.. steve seemed even quieter than usual... i think it's sad that they both refuse to make their own little world a part of everything else...

My determination is gone, and yet so are my feelings of futility. i don't feel that i'm so miserable now, that i actually have anything to gain from putting my all into any one thing, as i thought i had done with my ideals of accomplishing things in this world and making it a better place for myself to live in. i'm happy, but more importantly i'm content. and i suppose the different parts of myself shown in this book should feel bitter contempt for certain other parts, but i guess i'm not a hypocrite, even as i'm contradicting my previously stated claims that i am. i just.. i just change. a lot. and if i can change so much, i guess that kind of shows that maybe we should all just pack our things and go home. maybe the show's all over and we have nothing to gain from continuing to toy around with the silly ideas that we once had.. but still i feel the child that's within me, and i still feel the same way that i always have. i still refuse to live life the way that people will tell me to directly.. but maybe in that i'm just like most human beings anyway. maybe i'm just like the people who stormed the bastille but still believed in jesus christ. maybe i'm controlled by my hatred towards authority... but no.. no, it's not that.. because i don't try to contradict the rules set down upon me.. i simply refuse to live by them. but still, that's



nonetheless defiance.. no, that's living life the way i want to, free of outside influence.. no, no.. it's.. ah, screw it, i don't know. and the sad fact of the matter is that i don't care anymore. i'm like an addict who's just had his fix. what am i now? what have i become?

4

"if you're happy and you know it, clap your handS."

a horrible silence fills the room, and everyone stares at me as i sit  
in a chair onstage with my hair tied back and with my glasses  
on,

musical beats disrupting everything that i'm trying to say. i'm  
supposed to be addressing these people. but instead i'm  
singinG.

"if you're happy and you know it, clap your handS."

FUUUCK!

...sorry, i haven't done that in awhile, i thought it would be a good preview of the shit that is yet to come.... i actually think i'm regressing already.. i'm probably gonna wind up being whiney and a sorry piece of caca again.. because i'm rocking back and forth in my chair quite a bit now and the feelings in my mind and what i want to do with my body are all so unsatisfied, even as they're so unsatisfying when i do it. and i know and i know and i know and i know and i don't really know much at all. sarah is dreams, she is my dream, but she isn't everything and i want you to know that i'm now

using her name and that's gonna make this more fucked up than ever. and it's going to make it harder for me to feel caring because i can't lie if i'm feeling badly about her, but i don't know how or why i could ever feel badly about her and yup i think it's a pretty safe bet that i'm getting back to whining again. damn, i'd forgotten just how quickly i wrote these things even as i wrote them so rarely, at least not even close to as often as i'm writing these things now, as this is actually kind of neat, to see the amount of material i've written increase by such a huge amount... and i faintly think i smell the scent of alcohol, yummy wine, but it's probably just the smell of something i can describe but don't want to describe. heh. well, i guess i wasn't enjoying my peace all that much, because all of a sudden it's started to come back, and really i just figure it's my mind's way of keeping myself interested with my writings by making up its own little story as i go along jotting down all of my thoughts that most likely aren't even my own fucking thoughts because i'm just some stupid character i've thought up with a little help from all of my little friends, like anastasia and all those other stupid people i don't even know much about, who belong in the comic book that i'm never gonna write. and i know all of a sudden why i was never really writing a heckuva lot of things when i was writing things like this.. because i just keep stopping because of the music in my head. i don't know how i stopped the music, but i'm feeling it again. heck, maybe the next time i sit down to write it'll be completely different and i won't be thinking like this.. but when i sit down to write and have to interrupt myself because of all my

nervous, hyperactive energy.. yeesh, i guess that's when i write that kind of insane irratic stuff**F**.

i watched some of that show about the teenage witch. she had a talking cat named salem. that.. that was pretty awful stuff. i also watched boy meets world.. right now, i can look back and talk about how much i hated that stuff, but for that one hour when i was watching those shows, i was completely under their spell. it was like i was writing about before, when i was watching the episode of the daily show that i'd already seen.. the show was just there controlling me, and i was only along for the ride.... i really don't like that feeling... and i don't think that's what television should be about**T**.

don't let me fool you, i'm not writing this because i like it.. i'm writing because i want to get this finished as a book, and i want to show it to people and say, "wow, adam, you're a genius." all of this is shit, don't believe it for a minute.... ow, i have a headach**E**.

boy, do i feel like an idiot.. i guess that's because i really am one. hm.. "hello, i'm adam. i'm the stupidest, most pretentious asshole on the face of the planet." i don't see why anyone would enjoy this shit, except to look down on me and spit on me and kill me and kill me and kill me... in the same way that i kill myself every day. maybe some day i'll be a decent thinker. maybe i'll be one of those nifty scholar people who write new introductions to moby dick. heh. i was going to call this book "the yet-to-be-named larger work", but

now maybe i'll just call it "i'm a pretentious asshole". that'd be nea**T**.

i have two guitars in my room. one of them's named trendy- she's an electric.. one of them's named broken- she's an old classical-style acoustic that used to be my uncle's until he left it over here years ago, so we got it restrung and now is decent enough to play on. i've been playing for six months.. i went and took one lesson, but it was an insult to my intelligence and much too expensive, so i decided to learn on my own.. everything i know about guitar now, i learned off of internet tablature. i need to get some books so i can learn about theory and such, though.. i mean, i have a few songs, but they're just sad acoustic stuff.. i know nothing about scales or anything, so i really have to work on that. i really doubt i'll ever be in a band or anything, but i think i could do it well if i did.. though i'd probably piss off everyone else in the band because i'd care too much about the music and not just want to play the same kind of crap over and over**R**.

well. i suppose at this point i'm adhering to the laws of human nature.. i suppose that anything i do now could be summed up in a few words by some liberal arts major who just got a job as a review column writer in the newspaper. i guess i can be dismissed as any kid you might happen to see on the street, only with a larger vocabulary and a hell of a lot more time on his hands than anyone should actually have. i suppose that i should be upset, but one of the strange things about the way i live my life is just how gracefully i

can accept the idea that i've been living a lie for so long. i really have no idea how that part of me came about, but nonetheless it seems to be true. i never did actually get around to finishing that role-playing game that steve and i were programming. i never did get around to finishing that "understanding the truth about everything" thing, either.. but for awhile, i thought i knew everything. now if that isn't stereotypical, i really don't know what iS.

so here's the plan. tell me if you think it's a good one. i sit here, almost asleep now, unhappy with having written almost 7 pages' worth of new material in one day, and i try to calm myself down, and i try to kill the funky dance beats that i keep feeling that longing for. (it's a really strange part of my existence- i can hardly contain myself even as i read.. i need to release all that nervous energy by rubbing my hands together and stuff. it's quite odd) i realize that i'm just about ready to fall asleep (at least that's what i was writing about here.. but i'm starting to think that perhaps i'm a little more awake than i thought i was).. and i wait for the moment when i won't really be thinking and i won't be disrupted by any music inside my head, instead i'll just be able to write some more about the stupid evil direction that i'm going in.. and i kind of laugh for a second as i think about the fact that this entire thing has been about my questioning of myself.. and exactly where i thought my life was headed... and exactly what i thought i should do with my life. even within the writing this book so far, there are countless times when

i've changed my mind about the way i think about a certain thing. and i really don't know if that's a good thing or a bad thing, but i also don't know how i should be using such terms. (dance beats again- annoying the hell outta me) (i wonder if the one or two dance beats that keep coming to me are some kind of deep, horrible secret that i'm cursed with the awareness of. maybe these beats are something metaphysical that i stumbled upon unknowingly, designed to torment me for the rest of my days, designed to drive me to suicide.. kind of like the guy in "the telltale heart", with his "overacuteness of the senses".. hmm.. it's something to consider. and maybe if i demonstrated these beats to someone else, they'd be cursed with the same thing, and it'd be like a horrible plague.. and people would spread it unknowingly to others, because they wouldn't really be thinking, and all of a sudden \*wham!\* they've started playing it on their desk at school and half a dozen other children have heard it.. what a horrible kind of disease that would be, to have spreading around the world. eventually it would end up like "the stand", except only the deaf people would be left.) hmm. i was talking about something deep and meaningful back there, wasn't i? eh. i didn't think so either**R**.

you know, i've been told that my writings really conflict with the way i act around other people.. they say that it's like the total opposite of the adam they know.. and, well, it's true that i'm usually nice and happy and jumpy and friendly around others, at least around others who'll talk to me.. but the thing is, the part of me that

writes this stuff is there waiting to be unleashed. it just takes someone who actually wants to find it.. of course, usually if someone wants to see this side of me, i'm so excited by the prospect of actually holding intelligent conversations with something that i won't be able to be the angst-ridden screamy guy who feels so lonely and miserable, the guy within me that was so well-represented within parts of "kinetic anxiety". i haven't had many chances to have intelligent conversation.. i've had it with cathy several times, and also with sarah.. other than that, probably only short little bits of conversation that actually had any thought behind it.. most of the time when i'm around others, you see, i'm putting into action the ideas that these words simply preach about.. i really just want to spread kindness and love and all that other sappy stuff.. and above all, i want to have fun, without having people being so defensive and stuff like i always seem to run into them doinG.

i journeyed through the abyssal darkness that lies within  
and all i got was this lousy t-shirt.

and i lick my wounds and i beat the shit out of everything that has helped me as i reason with myself for a bit and i really that i can never truly have anything, that trying to reach anything and trying to learn and trying to produce art is all SHIT and i have no reason to try to do anything anymore except be happy be happy but how the fuck can i be happy? i'm happy as i sit here, alone in my room, at my typewriter.. no, it's not a happiness, it's a determination.. jeez, i

can figure out anyone but myself.. even though before a couple years ago, i was even more lost within myself than i am now. quite a bit moreso than i am now, actually. i would lie to myself so much, and i would pretend that i had understood things in the past that i couldn't even understand in the present, and i would hold myself up at the level of a really manipulative little boy, pulling the strings of all the ignorant grown-ups who were always so certain that he was nothing he was nothing BUT HE TRULY WAS NOTHING, and then now i'm at the point i'm at now, where i can see what's messed up about the way i am, and i can see what's messed up about the ways of everyone else, but i can't see the light of all that's good.. the light of all that's true. because.. what is truth? we build off of foundations we know nothing about. we know the fruits of others' labors, but we don't know the labors. we don't know how others have determined the "facts" and "truths" that dominate our everyday lives.. we only know whether or not we agree with their ideas, based on our prejudices! grr. who is anyone to question the calculated judgments of another when they could never have followed the exact train of thought that had brought this person to reach their conclusion? even they were most certainly building off of the ideas of others building off the ideas of others ARRRGH and i just see how really pointless it is and i don't really need to give a shit about philosophizing, because all i want is to get people to stop saying "no i can't, i'm too shy" and to get them to follow their hearts and their-ah, fuck their minds, what matters more than personal satisfaction? we can live we can live we can live and the only purpose that ones



mind should serve is serving everything that is entirely against it.. to plan for the future's now... temporary satisfaction, all-encompassing opiate of pleasure, sex, drugs, rock and roll, all being forecasted and worked upon, improved.. improving what is the future now, so that when it is now, it will be oh-so-much better. to do this until one is content... or until they are dead. this is what to do what to do what to do **THIS IS WHAT I DO.**

PART THREE

FOR WHOM THE SHADOWS THRIVE

Day One - Wonderland

alice in wonderland. how do you get to wonderland? over the hill, or here or there? i wonder where...

wouldn't it be nice to visit wonderland? i think to myself as i sit in my room with the light turned off simply for the added effect of scary, all-encompassing darkness- a weak attempt that doesn't work at all, thanks to the blinding whiteness of the computer screen in front of me- a whiteness i could change if only i really cared about it enough to do such a thing.

i think back to my third grade play, when i played the white rabbit, and i was so incredibly certain that i was always doing a wonderful job and that i was really really talented and that i felt right at home onstage. i didn't even think of myself as a pathetic nervous freak as i stood there on stage that day, but that's exactly how i appeared. down my shirt was stuffed a pillow to give myself a belly, which i didn't really understand, since the white rabbit, to the best of my knowledge, had never been portrayed as especially fat. this pillow kept slipping and falling, and every few seconds i would be playing with it, trying to keep it up.. other than that i just stood there, staring blankly into the audience, not actually paying any attention to what any of them were doing, but living in the odd haze that i was always

living in back in those days- when i wouldn't grow bored, when i wouldn't be thinking of all the better things that i could be doing with my time... i simply existed as i stood there at the front of the stage, and the play went on behind me.. and i listened for when my next part would come up, and i would say my lines but not really care, and i never even thought for a second that i was doing anything wrong.

i still remember a lot of the songs from that play... even a few of the parts that i spoke.

it never held any significance for me then.. it was just a silly play.. based on a silly movie... right?

i never would have suspected that i could ever write anything like this.. even though i'd always wanted to be a writer.. i think i always just pictured myself writing bestselling novels, instead of just sitting here in my room with nothing at all except my stupid, juvenile mind and a computer and all sorts of hyperactive energy that never seems to die down. of course, nothing like this has ever been written, to the best of my knowledge, and just when i become familiar with a style i always feel drawn to just crushing it and seeing what i have left over.

i am not going to be a writer.

i'm going to be a computer programmer, and i'm going to spend long nights working, and my life is going to be hell.. but i'm going to come home some time, and i'm still going to have the energy and the emotion and the humanity to type these things out.. if not things like this, they'll be things... things.. things.. anything that i can put myself into. i don't have to write about myself to write about myself....

because i don't want to write about myself because it can be.... so.. painful. and my eyebrows sink to the floor and my face tightens up and it all concentrates itself into my brow and the area between my eyes. and again i'm reminded that i simply don't know how to cry. but i don't know how to let myself free, either.. free of all these voices that you, too, can now hear, free of all that which people can beg to me not to wish to destroy.. things that i can't even convince myself i truly wish to destroy.

i think i want a wonderland. i started my writing of this section with the assumption that i was ready to turn myself upside down and inside out and say that i'm really a lobster named misanthropic and that i've just had you fooled all along.. that like the young boy who i once was, who i will always be, that i'm just the greatest manipulator in the history of all mankind... i want to have.. i want to.... have.

i've never really wanted.. much.

cathy was over today and i began drifting off into sleep until she all of a sudden questioned me about the things i've said about antireason. and i tried telling her that it was for her to figure out herself, but she didn't want to.. she wanted me to tell her. and i told her that it was nothing but just one of my pointless ways of looking at emotion.. and determination. but as i spoke about these things, and as i tried to make myself sound reasonably intelligent..

i fell into a rabbit hole.

i fell into a rabbit hole hole and i fell for a mile for a mile for several thousand fucking miles. and i hit rock bottom and i suddenly decided that my fall was a metaphor for something greater, something that i'd have to figure out later on because i had some more meaningless things to give meaning to on the other side of the room.

for on the other side of the room sat a table. and on that table was a naked girlie and she was dancing but she was falling several times and she didn't have very large breasts but she was clutching a book whose title i couldn't exactly make out and she was in danger and she was crying out for help but she was also simultaneously cooking bacon on a stove that didn't actually exist.

tied to her ankle was a tag reading, "do not open until xmas."

christmas christmas christ was born and i wanted him to die a more painful death but that just wouldn't make me happy enough because again i have no clue and again i have no dice and again i'm only just typing as catharsis of the stuff of life of the stuff of lap lap lap lick lick antireason. and i'm not baking a cake for anyone but myself, and sometimes i don't feel that i'm up to the responsibility of sitting in front of the oven all day waiting for the fucking cake to be done when the oven's not even on because the oven doesn't even have an "on" switch. i really started thinking that i could cloud my mind with weenies, roast them on what's burning up inside. burning up the inside of my own mind is the angst-ridden sanctuary of nothingness... i haven't been disappointed by anything, and i'm not being overwhelmed by loneliness.. i'm only being overwhelmed by the fact that my only outlet, and the only thing that i really have to live for in the present right now are these writings. and i am hoping to visit soon, and as i lie there bleeding i will have my tongue in a nicer place, and a nicer home, and i will learn to love the... why can't i have her and why do i want her (because you don't want anything else. everything has become so monotonous and pointless that you fear you will become the 9 to 5 working scumbag whom you've always despised so much. you make yourself sick with your delusions of grandeur and your delusions of self-depreciation. being with her gives you something to take away the pain, while writing only brings it out as a manifestation, and you write these words until you tire yourself out and you collapse onto the floor writhing with the agony of being unconscious).. thank you, i was curious about

that. how much of my life will be spared as i go onto college? will i become famous and have all these silly rants published, as i am the billy corgan of writing and as if i keep going at this rate i'll have to get a bigger hard drive just to keep all of my writings about the same old nothing that i really shouldn't be worried about at all.

oh, such boring monotony is killing others. and i want to lick the soft fabric that is pieces, fragments, being held together as teresa repeats herself about how she's leaving and how it disrupts the fabric the fabric the fabric that i've established, piecing together the things that people have complimented me on and using them as what i decide is important, because the only thing that's important in my my life is everyone else because what the fuck do i have to offer to myself and i can only truly be independent as i rot in my early grave and cathy floats off into space on her hunk of granite screaming that i am forever lost forever lost everybody's lost just waiting to be found but they don't want to be found who wants to be found, because it's so wonderful to hold a secret to oneself that no one else knows but i have no secrets i have no secrets and i have no why and the toasters don't know what the fuck they're doing now and they don't know where their cords are and they don't know what they're in and they don't know why they smell so badly but they do know that it's love and they do know that they said that before but it doesn't really matter anyway because this time it's different this time it's different this time it's corrupted at the earliest age by the eternal conglomerate organic sheets with the fucking cuss words disrupting

the flow of everything else which is oh so much fucking more civil because it's so much better to contemplate suicide than it is to fuck on top of a washing machine at the nearing washing machine clean-o-mart thingie where they have for a quarter for a dollar for your eternal soul the happy liveyourlifebyme thingie that says "cleanliness is next to godliness". she said, "i'm death and you are life. you are my everything, and i would be something if i wasn't everything but i still can't help but think of it as nothing now." and steve and roxanne are much nicer, cleaner children than sarah and i because they didn't plan their visit behind the backs of their parents and they actually kept their clothes on because they're better because they can't even fucking talk to me because hell, what do i know anyway, all i would say would be that i think steve's nothing because he's so quiet and he's just a cute little coathanger to carry around.. ack! how can i be thought of as being so shallow? oh well, i guess only time will tell as i get cussed at about how i keep talking about people in here and about how i make up my own stories about the way reality goes and the way others think even though i don't really know any of this stuff for myself because i'm nothing but a dumbass punk teenager and fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck so fucking foul-mouthed because hey, you have nothing more profound to say, didn't you just say you got sick of philosophy which you only liked because you were experiencing boredom which you were only experiencing because of ecstasy which you were only feeling because of misery which you were only feeling because of millions of years' worth of evolution all coming together and falling apart in



front of millions of people in their homes staring blankly at the television set, shoving tv dinners into their already-stuffed mouths and drinking milk because it does a body good.

there is no such thing as contentedness. contentedness is only the lack of emotion, a natural result of getting rid of it all in one way or another.. and contentedness is boring, it's just.. nothing, it's just.. sitting there in your chair and being kind of happy-bouncy but then looking around and realizing that you have nothing to even accomplish with all that happy-bouncy energy. wow. i mean, all i've been talking about is how i'm just going to keep working on making myself happier until i'm content with my happiness... but for that i would have to have faith. because to be content, and to know that you won't have to work any more to become happier, one always has to believe that nothing will change. one has to have faith that the love of their life will not leave them and that they will be able to live on a pretty farm out in the country and make love and make love even when they're old and 90 and they've removed the mirrors from the house, not because they find themselves ugly but because mirrors are a sign of vanity and vanity is an evil satanic thing that has no place in such a wonderful place of happiness, the sanctity of a nice house with a cool porch to sit in on breezy spring mornings, watching the grass blow and the cows be cows and hearing the gunshots in the distance but not really caring because you know they would never be mean enough to try and hurt you or your wife or your dog rover. heh. so is that to be my future? is that all that i've

worked so hard for? am i just going to give up all my silly dreams of independent thought and being myself and never truly holding any beliefs because belief is not to notice, belief is just some faith? if i am to be happy, i will. because the final answer is ignorance is bliss. and i hang my head and i cover up my face and i brush aside the people trying to block my way from the dressing room and i sit there and i look in the mirror and i look at my eyebrows and i stare into my eyes but they just don't care for themselves and when i try to make some contact with myself i just spit in my own face and i watch it slowly slide down the mirror and i'm glad that my reflection, my shadow isn't actually myself because it's so damn hollow and in reality i'm a lot more charming, obviously, since no one finds me ugly but this reflection that i stare at is the ugliest thing i've ever had the misfortune to look upon.

go drown in your own piss, you fucking oysters.

### Day Two - Blah

you dare to question my integrity with what you perceive to be the universal truth about the children of this world?

you speak of us all as puppets of music television, you say that we have no aspirations, no dreams, nothing that we wish to accomplish. i speak to you of the obstacles the intelligent youth must face in america today. i speak to you of drowning in a sea of prejudices and poorly-designed synthetic enigmas that the rest of the world assumes has the strength to warm us all.. i speak to you of climbing

through the holes in such fabric, not tearing new ones but unveiling old ones, and still never being heard.

i have a problem with the rest of the world and i'd like to think i may make a difference in it. i don't watch jenny mccarthy but it's assumed that i do. i don't have anything to gain from public education except a growing, burning hatred inside that i must always make certain to focus into a productive direction. i'll never be caught dead at a school prom, but i'm not antisocial.

i'm working on my own.. building from the ground up. but sometimes it's just so hard....

you're hurting me, my dear.

please do not... consume

me

monday night. 11:30. salivating and it runs... so.. tired. what kind of satisfaction should i get out of manipulating those who are professionals at being manipulated? why should i smile at the fact that i'm.. better.. than the ones who try to prevent the manipulation of their mind in ways that their previous manipulators have decided they should not be manipulated? oh, can you whisper.. the answer.. whisper it into my ear? softly.. please.. all i want is the softness..

as once

as ever

why not ask the man on the ever-sinking pedestal

how many licks

it takes

to violate the bond

that is love

poke.

anastasia pokes me and i roll over

and i sway

and i swing so back and forth so back and forth so

so

gay

never is it always as i stare into her eyes

and the words they speak before me are not

what

i

had

surmised

prize

there has never been a reason for my insolence

why

how many cheetah skins are left at the starting line?

and i feel her but she can't be there

telling me that she was wrong, that she was what i shouldn't love

that hatred towards what serves me what i serve is oh-so-wrong

she tells me that it's futile and she's throwing it away  
she kills the antireason i've been hugging every day  
focused  
there  
are  
not  
please, i beg, and i masticate pointlessly as i strive to do what I've  
determined everyone else would only want because i don't know  
what  
i want because they all know what i want  
BECAUSE BECAUSE BECAUSE  
THEY are all that moves me and they are the point to mine  
I have no more reason than the shit these words define  
WHY is there more time to spill this out over the world  
how many more stories of the past have i to tell?

oh poo, you think to yourself and you yell at yourself but it's not  
your fucking fault, you cry.. and your tears your tears are running  
down your face and you call me a liar because i can cry i can  
fucking cry and you've seen it.. and i glare at you and there is  
nothing more but your face, which is my everything and therefore i  
must destroy it. stare stare stare whosoever has the larger veins  
popping out of his head is the most vindictive of the antihappy and  
the sane.

why must i ask nicely when i beg, when by the

giving  
man's  
views  
i should be the fucking messiah  
as i kiss  
his feet  
and swallow them whole?  
threads that are golden don't break easily.

Day Three - Letting What Could Normally Slip By Unnoticed Live  
Forever in Writing

I was just talking to tarma (katie) a bit. i was basically trying to convince her that writing out one's thoughts is basically the key to self-understanding, realization of the ways your mind works, where you've been, where you're going.. because you can't hide from what you've written. and thoughts are so easily changed to suit a theory you might be going over in your mind. doublethink, my friend, while letting the potentially damaging thought drift away into realms forever (or at least for a long while) to be locked away, unheard from. i really don't think people could find much out of these writings that is extremely interesting, unless they actually know me. in that case most people would probably be pretty shocked. because i'm completely honest with people, but only if they're curious enough to care and to inquire about the ways of my mind and my life and my dreams and my realities. very few people care about that nowadays. but i do. i really, really care about that.

because i can never be satisfied with what lies on the surface.

"Give me life. give me pain. give me myself again."

"Yes, m'lord."

I wonder where that wonderland idea slipped off to. "to often look, and for the definite to collapse into the idols of the past." heh. i mean, the big picture is there now... i can point behind me now and i have some stuff behind me, but i have even more ahead of me. wow. that's a really odd thought. because what lies behind me i can see so clearly and i can understand perfectly.. but could i possibly find anything new and interesting and could i think in new and interesting ways in the future? hm. how can i explain to someone that i love them and that i can just see people fucking flipping through the pages of this book thingie and just throwing it down and saying that they don't really have the time to read it or worse yet just keeping it and fucking smiling and saying thanks i'm sure it's great stuff and never reading it and just whispering to somebody else, "what was adam's writing like? i just couldn't sit through all of it those fucking shitty ramblings what the hell's the point i just don't get it he's just a lunatic what the hell's the.....point.. what the.. hell. i had some momentum there but it died. and i feel like i'm having a heart attack now but i know it's just some more of my annoying chest pains that i have and i really should see a doctor or at least complain about it but i don't know and i remember the little thing by

they might be giants on apollo 18 that's part of that fingertips thing, which is just a compilation of a bunch of fun stuff and he just sings, "i'm having a heart attack.. i'm having a heart attack." that's not really funny. i don't like having chest pains because (they still haven't gone away) you never know which pain could be your last, so you kind of learn to treasure every little pain that you feel oooo yay soothing and invigorating damn i like it. scratch scratch i have a lot of itches. domino orgy domino orgy. heh. i haven't cared much about them for awhile. probably because i've been here writing about how bored i am while they're worshipping their little quail poems and as they're being oh so beautiful to the oh so ignorant and again i don't like the fact that i'm thinking about how ignorance is bliss and how i only live to be happy and therefore i only live to be ignorant. i mean, what other possible.. what... how.. how fucking stupid is it to think that man should try to accomplish anything other than be happy? i mean, then again.. sadness is.. happiness.. and happiness is.. sadness.. and it's all just a convoluted stew... woohoo. ain't this wonderful. i don't know where to go from this little stalemate. i could scream the f word again, but hey, what really would that do? i don't know, i have no one to blame but myself and i'm not being repressed and i'm still just sitting here and it's still just kinetic rubble and i'm still not barney rubble and i still don't know what the paper clip could do for me as it guides me through the paper-walled labyrinth of wonderland. why do i not only have chest pains now, but wrist pains as well? that really must be a pretty bad sign. heh. maybe i should write a little faster just in case i die. i'd



like to have enough shit here to be able to publish as "journals of a teenage madman". right next to the latest bestseller by rush limbaugh.. dennis rodman.. bill gates.. o.j. simpson... stephen king. oooo, how wonderful. they could drag my corpse onto politically incorrect and i could pretend i don't mind the fact that they're not on comedy central anymore. i'm always tired as soon as it's too late for me to possibly wake up in time for school. less than a month left, but still.. gr.. then lenny's decided he's going to use the fact that i told him i'm going to drop out as reason to pull a bunch of shit and try to get my mom in trouble when she's nothing anyway and he knows that i know what i'm doing but he's just nothing he's just nothing but hey, what the hell, it'll all be okay because jesus will come and save him.. right? right? (no, cannot add any question, it is all about faith, it is all about faith.. but why? [don't fucking ask that! god works in mysterious ways, that's it.] yeah, that's it.) praise the lord... but i \ can't even \ write / can i? \ anymore \ it's just shit \ it's all \ shit \ fucker \ me \ to \ your / dreams / all your / seven \ dreams. all seven. and we'll watch. them. fall. and we will have nothing but we will be dancing in the moonlight we'll be tiptoeing through the tulips and finally we'll be happy just like the people who found it quite humorous to shove me around to shove me around to

Never leave me alone as i know that they will just get sick of me if i just keep my fucking mouth shut and i just move as quickly as i possibly can and why the fuck aren't they opening the doors yet why must i be trapped outside here with all these people who won't just

let me exist and cry inside in the cold loneliness the desolation the solitude that i've come to love because it's better than the rest of the world the rest of the world is shit and what the fuck does anyone know i just wanna go home and then i can be happy and i won't have to think about coming to school and they're kicking me in the ass now and i just want to go home and i can watch my mtv and this world will not exist at all as i flip the channel as i cook myself a pizza in the wonderful toaster oven that's not school because school does not fucking don't you try to spit on me or i'll show you that i'm not GRRRR i'm sorry oh i fuck now they laugh how can they laugh i'm just displaying emotion is it evil to display emotion? please tell me oh god why can't i just why do they single me out look at all those other fucking dorks i'm not the lowest of low i know i like that kid and i talk to him but he's a piece of shit nerd why don't they just pick on him and why do they have to be so mean and why is it it is everyone else i have a dozen kids who think it's fun as hell to just torment me and there are never any adults around who seem to want to give a fuck even as they allow they allow you better not fucking bring a walkman into school you young deviant as i get the shit beat out of me but they're not beating the shit out of me and i'm not bleeding not physically fucker and the door's open and i go as fast as i can but i won't run won't run they're all pieces of shit and i have dignity i have dignity it's okay because i will one day rule over them those pieces of shit and the tables will be turned and haha! and i won't just be 12 years old anymore and i'll be able to run them over with my established superiority and what'll they say to that? when i

can shove in their face that it was all just a sick little game that i was playing that it wasn't in my plan to stand up for myself but you're all pieces of shit, you hear that? of course you don't, you can't read my mind but i can read yours you all have the same mind and it just says "i'm a fucking piece of fucking shit" and perhaps you kick me now and shove me here and shove me there and it looks like there's at least 20 of them now everyone who's behind me now everyone sees how fun it is because i'm nothing and it's time for me to go to my locker so you shove me as hard as you can and i hit my face on it and it hurts but no that isn't a tear but they would fucking love that wouldn't they? i won't give them the satisfaction because it's not there the fuckers i need to know my combination are they gone? they'd better not see my combination at least i wouldn't fit in this locker cause i'm so fat but hell what does it matter anyway it's time to go back to class and at least i'll have my little world because in this class the mean people aren't sitting right next to me like they seem to be elsewhere but more importantly they don't bother me either like they do in every other class but heh, okay i have my book and it's okay and oh that's fine and oh, i know i could love and be loved but i'm not going to think about that because that's yet to come and why oh why okay i'm going to class now i'm going to class now i'm going to class now (i'm no longer human).

Well what an interesting little (where was i then where am i now?) i accidentally pasted the lyrics to "snail" by the smashing pumpkins here and i didn't leave them here but they made me think and i'm

going to listen to it now..... thank you snail thank you phew wow  
 ack i like to think that that song means a lot to me but what does it  
 mean? i can understand the words and i can understand what they  
 mean but as a whole, as a whole? how many kisses will she deliver  
 before i understand that it's not a question of who delivered the kiss  
 and why, it's just the knowledge that i love the kiss and that i  
 couldn't imagine anything greater than to kiss to be kissed by things  
 that don't even exist that don't even have lips even though  
 everything i'm speaking about isn't to be taken literally unless you're  
 a complete psychopath like myself.. what you wait for? flower  
 chase the sunshine.. for the sunshine is evil and i don't know why,  
 but i really don't like sunshine... i never really liked sunny days..  
 heh. yeah, i agree.. and sometimes the sadness is such a wonderful  
 thing to be in love with and to love and to masturbate to because  
 heh heh heh you know it's true and you know you agree and i smirk  
 i dunno if you do too but you would if you were me and if you were  
 me you'd kill yourself but not really because you'd be me but i smirk  
 when i'm sad and when i'm angry i wear no expression because i  
 show no emotion i write it out and i preserve it in a can and i bury it  
 just long enough for it to grow to the right size when it holds all  
 those really nifty important vitamins and i can serve it cold and i can  
 call is mr. rutebega and i can rape it repeatedly but i can show  
 everyone and they can tell me how much they didn't understand it  
 and how i really should look into psychological counseling.. heh.  
 that'd kinda make it worth it, just to have people tell me how  
 mentally ill i am. or maybe how mentally healthy.. for maybe

everyone (do you hear me everyone? i know you're out there. hi. you're beautiful and i truly mean it. and i love you and i'm begging here).. everyone experiences this but they don't let it ever reach the foreground and i let it encompass everything in a special little world of mine right here and i was literal for awhile but heck i'm not very literal right now as i tell things exactly as they are and if you don't understand that's because it's verbatim and if you do understand that's because it's verboten. eek. are you tired of having yourself and i want to cry i want to cry i have no idea why but i want to cry i want to cry and i want to cry to a fucking disco beat mommy. i have too much and i will take you there let me take you there and hey that break wasn't supposed to be in there so i shall delete it my friend my brother my proud fellow stereotype because we. know. we. seek. revenge. by KILLING by using by submitting to what they are trying to demean us with. and that's kind of really going off on a tangent but hell that's what the mind is for and i unravel and i'm just thinking just mentioning the brother thing kinda makes me think of all those preconceived ideas of where one should fit in and again with the idea that it's all kind of set up that from birth it's all set that it's fate but hell if i were black and i were educated i sure as hell wouldn't want to talk like an idiot just because i'd been raised to believe that showing myself as ignorant would be showing respect for where i came from. because i'm all about myself. and i'm all about my beliefs.. i don't come from a particular culture that i should try to respect.. i'm myself. and i'm not going to change the ways i live my life because of the way others did. that's pathetic. one

can easily have respect for something without becoming it... or at least i can. i really can't stand it. there is no black there is no white there is no family and there is civilization there is only what you feel in your heart, everyone, please understand that we should all love one another but not rely on one another. no one seems to understand and intelligence seems so hard to come by from here and howard stern is actually an okay guy but he doesn't really explain himself very well but that's what he's all about so oh well and hm, america online's dead for a few hours. i wonder if i'm going to go to school today, that would be neat. maybe i'll write some more stuff there, probably not, i could just neat. more than likely, actually, i won't be able to see myself going to school and surviving the walk home and i really hate that i have to live like this but the consequences of doing otherwise just aren't worth it.

Day Five - Yummy Yummy Yummy Lots of Futility in My Tummy

i walked home today and i pretended i was having a conversation with someone else and that they were walking alongside me and then i saw that i could ink out the future and that i could do it justice, but that i couldn't do it alone.... or that i could, but that i wouldn't want to.

withering, dying

the blossoms are ceaselessly

vying

alive and

afraid

that no god exists

but that all this exists

for a reason

that's not to get laid.

do i honestly think that it's all but not yet and that everything's dead  
that it withers away? how knows i that it's all but yet written that all  
is but what i can say that i am? science dismays because it's what i  
crave but you know i'm just drudging along

there is no amount of bullshit... that can't be stacked high. such  
bullshit is all that we know. even moreso is that which i claim to  
know, that i couldn't know, because everything i know is what i've  
gained from raisins in some shitty cereal that i've never really cared  
for because i don't even eat cereal! to look at myself and to think  
that i am quite the wonderful god already, but that i'm a god who has  
nothing he wants and that i can just laugh at the ones who would  
seek to control me as they make me think i think i'm indie puh en  
dent... validate my parking ticket with a smile and turn to your  
friend sitting next to you at the poker table and mention my name as  
the world can stop for a moment and you can all reflect and you can  
all thank god that happy christ is your copilot because if everyone  
lived life like i do everything would be exactly the same. fluxuate  
all of your codependencies so that if the aliens take you up to the  
heavens you'll be able to cage dance for the martians even with the

odd level of gravity and the circuitry of the existence that we're so sure is the same as the atomic explosions that take place on the sun everyday as someone comments on the certain ambiance of a medium-sized star that's one day going to fry us all (but that we really shouldn't worry about because our lives are quite short anyway hey hey) \\no no no you should not think that way, you should live your life for the betterment of mankind but never even give a shit about them do you see what i'm saying mister? you can make it happen and you can question the metaphysical and you can become the metaphysical and you can explain the ideas of the metaphysical to your children and your children's children as they sit in an old folks' home at age 2 and you still sleep in a crib in a coffin in a world that you're certain can't exist, in an existence that you're certain can't be the world. try to believe that i mean anything when i put my heart and soul into a piece for myself to look back upon and hate and hate and hate as i tend to hate everything that i cut in this world because i don't even know how to cut cheese without invisible celtics dancing the macarena around the PAPER CLIP!

all of my friendships always seem so empty, as they're tainted by the individual characteristics of each human being. why must so many humans be lesser than or equal to the number one, i ask myself, and how can a human being who will never understand what he is not so easily decide that the grass is greener on the other side of the fence, that he is an ever-growing brownish grass blade just waiting to be



mowed? when one's point of view cannot even come close to revealing the truth that we are all the same in that we are different, they nonetheless believe that what exists on the other side of the fence is that which is worthy, simply because they have heard from many other grass blades that one grass blade long ago heard this truth from the homeowner. very rarely will i come across a human being who can hold more than one truth, more than one reason, more than one perspective within their mind and see the thusly improved depth that such an existence has to offer. and even when i do meet a being such as that, i even then look down upon them almost in pity, as i see the "human spirit" that i have always subconsciously relied so heavily upon being crushed, and i see the individuality that i have so loudly touted the importance of being overshadowed by the knowledge that every small piece of this puzzle is shaped in its own form, but that it, like the bible, like the sensations of pain and pleasure, like the scientific observations of the basic fabrics of human existence.. is not a definite map to follow. it means, once again, that we are left here to live every day as we see fit.

the idea that selflessness, as rooted in self-deception as it is, has been the thing that has moved us into the position that we are in today, and has been the seed of every civilized advancement humankind has had to offer, is wrong in that selflessness itself does not exist. break it down to the simplest form that one can find of what causes pleasure and therefore helps the individual, and what

causes pain to the individual (which can be representative of the opposite of pleasure, in that with the knowledge of pleasure comes the longing for pleasure, and with the longing of pleasure comes the uncomfortable pain that comes with the knowledge that such pleasure has been forsaken). let us base ourselves on the ever-prevalant christian standards of what is moral and what is immoral, that goodness comes from being kind to others, that the poor woman who gives her last coin is above the rich man who gives many more but is left with many as well. if, for the sake of the example i'm putting forth here, we establish as a hypothetical truth the idea that the more of oneself is given for the sake of others, the closer one comes to the divine ideal of what humanity should become (which is, in christianity, jesus christ- the martyr who helps the largest amount of beings possible). the devout christian who lives according to these established moral guidelines feels in exchange for his selflessness a feeling of pleasure.. and as with any other compromises, he feels that it is worth his while to give up, for instance, donations towards a charity, simply for the joy of giving which he himself receives. therefore, every act done is a selfish one, since we as humans, despite the obvious attributes only we possess, nonetheless have based, in the process of the development of our culture, our ideas of what is good and what is evil on the basic primal sensations of pain and pleasure. our every act is dominated by these forces, though more often than not they are mental sensations as opposed to physical ones. not many would give their life up to get a fatally wounded serial killer a final glass of water...

but the perfect christian would, as he gains pleasure from being good, which under the christian dogmas is being a sacrificial lamb, whose most extreme manifestation would be that of the being who may give his life for the sake of another. all of this shows that the advance of civilization comes not from the selfless giving of others, but rather by a larger force that controls the actions of humans, which is quite simply man's ignorance of where he comes from. the one who doesn't understand why he acts the way he acts, why he enjoys what he enjoys, and who doesn't feel any desire to understand such things, can easily have his feelings of an empty, confusing existence that comes from somewhere he doesn't understand, and leads to somewhere he doesn't understand, be magically cured by being given a goal, or an ideal to reach, however metaphysical, and have it be established as an ideal that would help out the rest of mankind. but when we reach a stage of civilization like today's, it makes it painfully obvious that with these kinds of morals being thrust upon the children of such people, at an early enough age so that it becomes difficult to break away from them, the bettering of the world that comes from such ignorance can only end up as frankenstein's monster, leaving us to say to ourselves: "what have we started?"

individual days cease to exist, and it all begins to mush together.

don't you dare walk onto this sacred dance floor, you poser, for i have a pearl jam shirt and i'm not afraid to use it. i don't take any

pleasure in this as i have to beware of my friends, as they have to beware of me, but nonetheless it brings such a smile to my face because i'm around others... and for once they're actually accepting me.

genocide: the happy paper.

it really hurts me that other people exist and exist and have to exist with me when i'm all alone and they're the fucking worldly things that only exist in other worlds... why can't i write this anymore? everything nothing whatever.

i am leonardo davinci but i am the one holding the gun to my own head and telling myself that if i ever realize (but i realize everything, only i don't accept it for an indisputable truth because there is no truth, obviously.. there's only) (there are many, and they're all only echos of what you've heard)....

it is all environment.

"they're so lost. they.. are not.. what they could should would be.."-- such crap crap crap. as is "YOU ARE RIGHT". sting.

and i rarely have the (my fucking glasses. [and i throw them aside] better but worse [so i pull up my chair a little closer]... "throw them away. you won't need them anymore.") urge to.. what was i talking about? (you were talking about how everything right is wrong again) ooo, okay. always fun. didn't i just talk about that? (yeah, but,

um, that restructuring of your belief system is [hold on, new format]....

.the restructuring of your belief system has been done over so many times that it seems repetitive now to feel upset about the fact that with every new thought comes along an entirely new world for you to defend.. and since you've always lived building off of the idea that everything is what you believe, that that's what you should defend.. well.. you've kind of exhausted any kind of interesting writings that you could come up with about such things (though you were trying to do this towards the end of shooting the mule)..

?so now i.. renounce individuality as what should be most followed and defended?

.pretty much.

?but.. now what do i have?

.what you have is kind of a... bird's eye view.

?i've spoken of that before.

.yes, in "labyrinth". but still... that was kind of like the view from atop the mountain.. you were basically spitting on everyone.

?mmm, chewy spree. these things are hard to find.

.are you listening?

?of course.. the sprees represent, uhhhh, antireason.

.mm. of course.

?you want one?

.no, no, no, that's not what i'm about. i'm here to tell you about the

rhythms of the universe

?i thought you were here to preach chaos theory.

.no!

?preaching communism then, perhaps?

.not at all! where are you getting these ideas?

?you're telling me that what i've been trying to live my life by is wrong.

you're telling me that for so long i've just been imagining that whatever i feel and think is what i should pursue. so either you're telling me that there's no reason at all, and that i should just get drunk a lot and never try to accomplish anything.. or you're telling me that the goals i should follow are pre-established goals that i shouldn't question.. basically saying that religion is the answer.

.why must you complicate things so?

?you're the one trying to kill me.

.i'm doing no so thing.

?you're trying to.

.you should live in now.

?which i've always preached

.but rarely practiced. you've said that everyone should just do what they want and not care about what the consequences would be..

?i didn't say that. i just cut down what the most frequently-used consequences are.

.okay. but while you said that, you also were saying that so many people want change but feel that they couldn't accomplish anything as just one insignificant human being.

?mmm hmm. .and basically you said that they were evil.

&everyone i love is that way...

!SHUT UP!

.i thought this was a private conversation.

?i'm gone.

.hey!

!EVERYBODY JUST SHUT UP!

&i miss loving.

.we know you do.

?no kidding. that's all you talk about.

meeting adjourned.

one can make some good points when they reach a conclusion and then create the facts to support it. (my neck my neck my neck my neck is in such pain) but i reach no conclusion i only reach something i can say to provoke thought and to provoke pride and lust and all the fun things that i only bother with because

i'm waiting to be be able to type

for the circumstances beyond my control

control

them

and i wonder where i can find the RAM chips necessary

to drown out the evil

to drown out the time

the extra nothingness

the time that it takes to sit there and dream and wish that you were

elsewhere

and i check the paper that's been dangling on a fish hook in front of  
my face for some time now

and i read the ads that have many attractive women wearing  
swimsuits and leaning seductively over computers with intel  
pentium processors

and i find where i can purchase it

and i ignore the ringing in the back of my head that speaks of my  
empty wallet

and i visit and am greeted with a congratulatory crown of thorns

and am told to carry my nebulous self-integrity

and never.

to look.

back.

my neck. ow. but i can think through the pain, i suppose, though  
more than likely only a wee bit more than i was able to through the  
PLEASURE.

i am going to write.

that.

is.

it.

(changed your mind again, eh?) (shut up.)

do.



yawn.. i yawn and i've been writing so little but unlike before i haven't even felt the urge to write about how little i actually want to write. and i don't really understand it.. this is kind of similar to what happened to me at the end of kinetic anxiety, but i know i still have so much more of for whom the shadows thrive within me that has yet to be released.

i don't, however, have much of anything to write about now.

i've been sitting in my room lately.. sitting in my room, sleeping, not even writing that much anymore. i've been reading a bit more than usual, but most of that was done when i had to withstand such horrible pain just to keep my head up, just to continue existing at all... i just woke up from my comfy waterbed one night and it hurt to move my neck at all. it's pretty much all better now, but it took all that nite and the next day for that to really happen.

my mother seems to suddenly think that i could get involved in some cult like the heaven's gate people, since i spend so much time online and because she found that i was reading the satanic bible awhile back.. again, the idea that knowledge of something underneath what has become common knowledge (thanks to the news) is always evil.

tell me, do i look to you like the kind of person who would be able to fool himself that he was finding answers in that sort of thing? the heaven's gate cult was almost as bad as christian religions like

catholicism... only not quite as bad, because they at least understood their beliefs, and they made sense to them.. and they knew where these ideas were coming from.. that, and they actually accomplished some good in this world by killing themselves.

anthology relative to? similar different collective individual small large packing... wonderment? i wonder at the reasons why but it's all once again proven as i look myself in the eye and the reasons that the fictional characters cite as the greatest scapegoat in the history of mankind wither and die, leaving only my faint smile as a reminder of what once was.

and it's proven again, for i am writing in school and i have plus or minus the square root of negative sixty-three.  
plus or minus?

i...  
don't.  
know.

"you believe that you can judge me accurately... you believe that what exists... is.. what.. exists."

there's a lot to be distracted by, simply because of the fact that some things exist outside of my subconscious jurisdiction. i don't feel that i should do unto others as i would wish them to do unto me, because

i would really really antilove myself, did i exist outside of my subconscious jurisdiction (which, devastatingly enough, i don't).

i don't like writing in school (which i haven't actually done in awhile, but which i've started doing again). the girls' tennis team is meeting after school in room 313. hm. at least the teacher in this class speaks rather quietly. oh, even better, we have a test today (which i won't take).

emotion sits in waiting

"bored," it screams, "fuck fuck fucking bored!"

and i grin, and i tell it-

"i.

am aware of your work."

i've written about this subject elsewhere (just in conversation and in a post to the they might be giants mailing list actually, but to me that's almost enough to wear out a topic. i get bored with things easily), but for the purposes of this thing, i'll go over my ideas on this again. people will only complain about being objectified when the object they're being seen as is something they don't want to be. more often than not, people are so very ashamed of who they are-the fact that deep inside, they're just sponges (occasionally, more like leeches).. and also the fact that they're not perfect at all. which is why "love" and "relationships" can turn out to be so very devastating... they want to be considered the most beautiful, most

perfect human being possible. they wish for objectification.. they wish to be seen as the only being who can really bring joy to the other's life (because the other is seen as the only one who really understands- that that's why the other can be loved, because they've been made out to be.. perfection). obviously, this is what is traditionally referred to as "love"... but, of course, it's not the love of the actual being (which would bring about a much less definite relationship, one where the moods and changes in life could affect the amount of need for the other.. and make things less definite, and, for people in need of stability and commitment, hardly worth their time). the silly "relationship" that an average couple goes through usually will continue on until at one point one of the individuals (and i use the term quite loosely) will find that they're not being satisfied, that the other is not living up to what they've been made out to be.. and at that point, usually they'll try holding it back, saying that they're not appreciating what they have, that the other is still a wonderful person.. basically denial.. and the typical ending to this would be when this causes similar questions in the other person about where the relationship is going (the other's sudden uncertainty and such).. until eventually it just falls apart. this is just one scenario, of course, but a pretty frequent occurrence.. sometimes it's just one person using the other, while the other is the only one holding the person to be something they're not.

i wonder why the ding ding ding-a-ling fuck yous question me and i wonder why i subject myself to so many projects at once when i

can't actually put my all into any of it and everyone thinks i'm not doing anything when i'm oh so busy writing reading programming creating my web site practicing guitar and chatting with my friends because so often they're my inspiration and they keep me from fully slipping into a world devoid of self (which i seem to be in danger of doing).. i dunno, on one hand i look at my work and i look at my writings and i say to myself, "this is incredible to me. i'm displaying so much of myself, helping myself as well as creating something to look back on and to understand (and to help others understand)".. but then i don't really think that anyone could ever care... even though the reaction to the stuff i've put on my web site has been really really positive, i don't know. they're people who know me, they're not.. they, um.. well.. most of the work done by people like my friends always seems so.. i don't know.. it's like i've read it before.. anyway, i don't think my works could ever see print.. until i pick up a book of kerouac and wonder how it could ever have gotten published. the writing format.. so nifty.. so close to my style (though i'd never read him before i started writing any of this).. but jack kerouac the person seemed so very shallow... he was afraid of himself and didn't seem to let anything out besides.. writings.

these are not writings.

the coffee beans sit with smiley faces painted on them.

the tap water is time.. so what happens when the coffee pot overflows?

i wonder what i'd get from looking back on everything i've done and i know i wouldn't like it but.. but i still have my eyes hurting and i still have a bunch of stuff i wrote in school that i haven't typed out yet because it bores me and i really don't think i want to lapse into an autobiographical section of this book (i'm having a heart attack now.. ah, okay, better) just yet.. so i'll keep on doing whatever comes out but i don't know, i really don't know, and what ever happened to my antidogmas? um, i dunno. i've drowned everything.. drowned.. drowned... words.. words.. everything is gone everything is here and the words the words made sense once as they come to me but now they make so much sense that i'm starting to feel like michael crichton but i'm also starting to feel that having eyes on me for once isn't a good thing because people you once thought might possibly have minds of their own kind of end up being nothing and being leeches (maybe sponges- simplistic sponges) bent on antiworld domination (world-sponging).. and they proclaim that i'm just a hoarse voice screaming out something that they don't understand but that they know it means something and they know they don't my voice because they have their own.. right? an interesting change in one's voice is noted as they speak of that, and i stand in hot bright sun on a cold wet hot dark and stormy night and i'm sad and i think i'm crying but who can really tell in the rain anyway and i stand underneath an umbrella but my fur smells.. and i rock back and forth and i rawk the world and i heal the world, make it a better place, for you and for me and the entire human race and i

actually know the lyrics to that song... heal the world. well, it sounds nifty as a top 40 hit but what could come of actually trying to do so? and what needs to be healed? that poster that they had of "heal the world".. that's kinda funny..that makes it seem like there's something breaking humanity apart and that we should all bond together and that we should be friends but we should not be lovers and we should love one another but not give hugs for that would spread AIDS and we all need to come together.. i hate the idea of coming together because once again it brings up the way that everyone thinks.. gr.. that something is really disgusting because it is and that because it's so horribly disgusting it doesn't deserve to exist because it corrupts the moral fabric of the nation. the moral fabric of a nation! that's like saying purple curtains should be banned because they clash with the colors of the american flag. it \*should\*, ideally, be individually decided what kinds of morals and doctrines and ideas and beliefs and bullshit that one will believe in, that one will hold to theirself.. but this nation, this society, declares that they will "protect" its denizens from the things that it doesn't like.. not giving these people the chance to dismiss things by judging themselves how nifty or nasty any given thing, person, situation is... but instead disallowing the existence of things that the majority doesn't like! why can't child pornography be sold? "because it's disgusting and those perverts should be shot," i can hear as the universal answer to this question... "but," i ask, "if it's so disgusting, then shouldn't everyone stay away from it?" "no, it's where my children can see it.. they're young and impressionable."

"what kinds of impressions can pornography leave on children?"  
 "that sex is okay." "and what's wrong with sex that's not wrong with a hug or a handshake?" "it's a sin the couple isn't married." hm.. and then they're just allowing their views to be passed along to their children.. i feel so angry when i hear people say "i'm not really sure, i have some questions about the religion, i don't really believe in it, but i'm a christian because my parents on." okay, i think these people deserve to be shot for not thinking the way i do, and i can say that because i'm a hypocrite and i don't even care anymore. hey, read this and think about it and understand it or throw it away, just... eh.. use it for toilet paper if you wish, just (ack, itchy head)... and "well, why don't you talk to me as much now that we've-" "because there's nothing to be said. and when i try, there's nothing you wish to say.. maybe because there's nothing you have to say." boy, i'm an asshole. i can love, but i don't want commitment because that's promising something you can't promise, something you most likely will never be able to grant.. (one can only promise to pretend the continued existence of an unseen force that is pleasant to the other) burp. i love, and yet i.. hm. nudity. and love and lust are two separate things for lust is not capable for me in the presence of another human being for lust is, um.. i don't think i have lust but what is lust maybe just a sick mirrored lower level of love cleverly disguised so the ones who don't want to feel like scum can interpret their noncommittal love as something.. other.. than.. "gee, adam, you sure do sound like you're just making up a lot of excuses for your being excruciatingly human." "growl. shaddup." more itches. i don't



like itches. hey, neat, birdies are singing outside of my window.. snip. well, i'm going to school soon. 'tis the early morning, how nifty. this past friday in school i wrote a bunch of autobiographical stuff for this, but i don't like it so it won't be here. oh well. i'm going to take off my heavy shirt thingie.. i'm hot.

i kick the rock and i kick my mind as it reassures me that i'm not quite what i've always believed i am, because i think of how neat it would be if i smoked cigarettes because then i wouldn't be bothering with this rock, which is like a snowball only uncrushable. i had some pet rocks for awhile. their names were luna, sandy, sarah and janeane. (the space bar on my keyboard keeps sticking, and it really annoys me)

and again, as once, as ever, i'm confronted with the knowledge that i have nothing in my knowledge, and that i crave the things that i can see as the petty disintegration of the kinds of pleasures only one such as myself can fear. and i know that when i get right down to it that it's really just the never-changing fact that everything is relative, and that any emotion can be such a wonderful thing when you're always overwhelmed by so much reason... i know that if i were to give in and i were to deny it all and just exist for something.. exist for anything.. as i once existed for myself... (if i were able to ignore the fact that living for anything is.. well.. it's... it's the death of, the withering away of true love) i would not be able to feel the things i feel, and i would not be able to appreciate them the way i do. and as

i take my mind for granted i would take my heart for granted, and as  
i take the inherant pleasure in my heart for granted, i would take the  
inherant pleasure in my mind for granted.

i still don't know why i'm walking here. fleshing out the idea of why  
i'm walking around on such a cold night (hey, maybe it should start  
raining- that would add an even neater environment to this  
situation).. such a cold and rainy night.. that would make too much  
sense. perhaps i'm only walking through these city streets (i hate the  
city).. in this kind of weather (i do, however, enjoy rainy weather..  
though wind gets on my nerves) for the sheer joy of doing so.

i walk a bit but it's different now than it used to be when i would  
take these kinds of walks. walks always used to seem like they were  
the only time when i could actually think and not be distracted by  
the otherworldly things that can exist only in this world, music, the  
voices in my head, the voices of others.. the voice of myself  
screaming that i really need to get to work on something that could  
be critically acclaimed as it argues with itself that it simply cannot  
work in that manner. now it seems like staying home is a break from  
the rest of the world, now that i see these people walking beside me,  
and i wonder why no one of my kind is out in such beautiful  
weather, why no one of my kind is out at all during the nighttime..  
why no one of my kind is ever out at all.

my silent question is answered by the sound of

nikeshighheelsdressshoes as they all walk as quickly as possible, so as to draw as much attention as possible, so as to get away, so as to become one with their surroundings, so as to... (where?) and i keep my hands in my pockets because i like them there and i suddenly get the urge to boingy a lot because i can understand how silly these humans are as i want to give them all big bear hugs, as i want to kill them, as i want to kill them only if they don't want me to give them a hug, only if they won't fear me and lick me and call me big brother.

and i think of the book that i wrote a long time ago (the book that i'm writing now), and i think of how horribly wrong it was, but i was a much different character back then anyway (i suppose).. and i'd thought that things would be so great in that they could be so wrong.. and i assumed that i would be nothing and that i'd just live my life drudging along and that i'd lose all my friends because i wouldn't.. want.. i wouldn't be able to appreciate their personal views on the way i massacred everyone who disagreed with my views. i thought that i would continue my existence as a silly little boy, that i would still think i would get along nicely with certain celebrities, that i would still think i could find meaning in the smashing pumpkins in tori amos in the calendar with subliminal satanic messages hidden in it. but i was quite wrong.

certainly now i've found that the only important things in this world can be found within oneself.. and yes, i've found that the universe

revolves around me.. but i've also found that when you can see the past and present as clearly as i do (as jumbled as my views of the future may often be), and the unseen possibilities of the future fall collapse into the idols of the past.. you soon run out of things to romanticize. and you find that everything you need is where you are.. but that if you suddenly stopped what you were doing simply to enjoy the joy the joy the love of yourself of the world, the feeling of satisfaction of accomplishment.. it's never enough. and i've found that i'm an artist, and i've found that i have no goals that i wish to reach.. simply because i've now reached the point where i don't have to worry about any outside influences, because i can finally declare that the outside influences can only work positively towards me as i solidify my newfound acceptance of my being an artist as nothing can touch that any longer (for take away my art and you'll unleash such a monster..)

asking or telling: the objectification of a utopia. and what utopia is there, or ever was there? the idea that work may pay off? that experience might make my work better? that i could do everything everyone else dreams of and wishes they could do, and do whatever i want because i actually bother to work towards it? ha.. the objectification of a utopia. that's exactly what i don't do... perhaps "the objectification of a dystopia" would make more sense.. for i rarely hold positive things as rabbits to chase along the racetrack, i more often hold negative things as predators gaining distance behind me at an alarming rate..so that, since desperate times call for

desperate measures.. all time may be a desperate time.

i still don't smoke. i sense it.

adam faces himself in the mirror-that-doesn't-exist, in the room-that-doesn't-exist, which is filled with a blinding, endless pink light whose source is undeterminable.

adam moves to the left, and the reflection follows.

adam moves to the right, and the reflection follows.

adam sits down and begins to speak into the reflection..

he sees that his reflections' lips do indeed move, but that his voice is the only true voice, the only one-who-can-be-heard.

he flips off his reflection and the reflection flips him off... but somehow neither seem especially offended.

adam offers a proposition to the reflection, which stands there without the slightest hint of curiosity touching its face.

he offers to walk away from the mirror, and for the mirror not to follow him...

he proposes that they both head off in their separate directions, and that they never think of each other again for as long as they exist.

"if you have any objections," says adam, "speak now or forever hold your peace."

the mirror stays silent, and adam walks away.

adam never again thinks about the mirror or the conversation he'd

had with it.

the mirror never again thinks about adam or the conversation he'd  
had with it.

but unbeknownst even to the mirror itself, on its reflective surface  
remains adam's reflection for the rest of all eternity.

forgotten fragments of past poetic ramblings  
unused, unwanted, unabsorbed into the shit that is my writing  
come to me.  
and it's then that i finally realize  
that it never truly meant anything.

PART FOUR

E PLURIBUS UNUM

Paper Clips: The Next Generation

adam bit his lip as he stood at the ledge. how did he know this was the right thing to do? why forsake uncharted territory and instead regress into something whose meaning had been crushed so very long ago?

somewhere inside his head a voice called out the answer: "revival."

there was no way of telling how deep the chasm would be.. and he had no idea where he would wind up after a journey such as this. what kind of twisted form could the bottom of this gorge possibly manifest itself as?

there was only one way to find out, he said to himself.  
and he leapt.

from off of the pedestal he leapt, all the while trying to keep relatively certain that the camera was still on him, watching his every movement against the ever-increasing wind.

he spread out his arms and his legs into a star-like formation, and the fierce flapping of his garments managed to show him just how turbulent the wind was now becoming.

he glaced downward, hoping to find a bottom, but none was in sight.  
his acceleration grew all the more intense, until suddenly...

"NEVER FEAR!"

adam felt himself get snatched up in midair by something large,  
purple, and blurry.

"oh, god, no."

"YES! 'Tis I, Superblob, defender of everything not-bad, and not-  
defender of everything bad!"

Adam felt his mind, his ego, everything he'd been working for,  
suddenly sink into some obscure backwater region of his abdomen..  
somewhere between his gall bladder and his liver. "Why.." he  
choked on the words. "Why have you come here?"

"Why, to save you, of course!"

"to save me from myself? to save me from finally attempting to find  
myself, and through finding myself, make a difference in this world,  
and accomplish something? to serve as yet another pathetic  
manifestation of all the silly, pointless ignorant waste that i've been  
trying to renounce through all these recent writings?"

Superblob gave Adam a strange look. "Er, no, actually.. I'm here to  
save you from the paper clips."

"...paper clips." Adam thought about this for a second. "somehow,  
that seems disgustingly appropriate... being the bottomless pit of



content ignorance that it is..."

"Bottomless Pit of Content Ignorance?!" exclaimed Superblob, "You've REALLY mixed up your stories here! That's the Finite Pit Of Inevitable Death By Multiple Excruciatingly Painful Stab Wounds Inflicted By Millions Upon Millions Of Paper Clips Bent On Multiverse Domination!... also known as The Bad Place!"

"I.. see," said Adam.

but he didn't see.. he didn't see at all. and that was the problem. all he could see of the paper clips were what they represented in his own little world.. and perhaps the saddest part of it all was the fact that he knew this and understood this.... but that he felt himself helpless... helpless though he knew that it was impossible to be helpless.. he knew that he could change it all if he wanted to.. but helpless to the fact that he didn't want to change this.. that.. that...

adam suddenly heard a piercing, high-pitched squeal in his ears. he began to lurch about this way and that, immune to the fact that the arms of a purple blob were the only things keeping him from the certain death that awaited him below.

"what of it, though?" he asked himself aloud.. "is death really that undesirable for me?"

"why? why?! WHY?!" he screamed, and reality was broken,

shattering like glass.. it shattered.. and the pieces fell... and adam fell... and adam for once didn't shrink himself down to the size of the tiniest conceivable organism.. instead he said to himself, "reality is shifting! it's the work of the evil sorceress appointed by..." the earth shook. "THE QUEEN OF HEARTS!" dramatic mood music blasted through the loudspeakers of life. existence slowed itself down to the fastest speed it could find in the phone directory.

"einstein was wrong," said a voice. "he believed that even thought could not travel more quickly than light.. but what light is there in this world, this reality, as you plummet not at 9.8 meters per second, but rather so much more quickly that it becomes impossible that you could have been falling for so long without being on the complete opposite end of the universe? and how, you ask, is it possible that such a thing could occur without things looking completely different?"

the clouds that had previously not been existence suddenly came into existence.. existence not only in the present but also in the past.. only for the past howeverlongadamhadbeenfalling they had now become oddly-shaped clouds, clouds that spelled out words, but never in any linear fashion.. no, for no photograph could ever picture any symbolic meaning in these clouds.. it was only the speed of adam's descent into monosyllabic obscurity that showed for certain the words spelled out by these words.. and the words spoke at him these words:

"deus.

ex.

machina."

was it persistence of vision? was it creativity slash insanity slash divine inspiration slash witchcraft that was doing this to him? either way it was a truth that only he could know.

and this brought a smile to his face as he saw the clouds change in front of his eyes... they changed into the shape of.. a picket fence. it stood about six feet tall, and on the other side stood a man. adam tried to make out the man's features through the fence, but failed. the hand motioned now to a point far down the fence that had only been several feet in length before, which now stretched out for miles into the horizon.

several meters down was the body of tim "the tool man" taylor, impaled on the picket fence.  
adam smiled once again.

the fence which had been stationary but a moment before now began slowly to revolve.. adam's position in space did not change at all, nor did the relationship of any of the parts of the fence, nor did the position and stance of the man who stood behind it. slowly but surely, the other side of the lawn was revealed. the man behind the

fence wore a long, flowing cape and a mask over his bearded face. above his head floated a halo of light, and upon his head rested two horns. as soon as the significance of this set in for adam, the being melted into the grass without so much as a word.

the fence faded away into nothingness, leaving no reminder of what once had been there.

adam could not tell anymore where what had once been on either side of the fence now rested in this new world order.

he merely sighed with understanding, and proceeded to ask:

"why.

have i not yet seen what is yet to be seen?"

m y v oyeur f lails

how can you NOT understand what i say what i scream what i ALWAYS have wanted you to know to understand even as i never understood it for myself within my preoccupation with understanding it all?

1. to the one whom i know the best, to the one whom i've loved whom i've despised for the hatred i have of the theory of your own existence, for the spite i feel when i cannot convince myself that the antireason is only natural (why can i not understand that everything is natural?).. o the love i feel when i wish for it, when i want it,

when i think that i can do something with it, when i don't care if i can do nothing with it, for what is accomplishment in comparison to the monolith that towers over me? i don't know how to explain the disappointment i feel in how irrevocable it all seems, that i might still be 15 forever as i am now as i will not be for much longer as i don't care for i never was! what is age when experience is not experienced for the details but for the lowest common denominator? the definite limit to lowest common denominators.. when will i reach it, and what will i be then? a misshapen misanthrope forever doomed to understand the knowledge that nothing is worth it, that not even not caring is worth living for, but that dying for nothing for something is even more worthless pointless (such a loss, speaks the optimism of youth that has no place in the world of a meaningless one- such a loss of what could potentially be- that which might prove me wrong in the long run!)... i will grow old with this all as a simple idol of my past, forever there to guide me.. to tell me: "this can never be worth it again."

2. i understand the similarities, just how silly, how pointless, the dead, the dead, i love the dead, and the buddy rarely for the sun and the thoughts of oddness and the level that i would be, @emptybottlewiththeholesalongthebottom.com, and i understand why i can never love. and part of myself laughs it off while part of myself fears what is coming up next.

3. as the face shall forever be smeared and blackened, as you are

forever kicked in the ass by the old man of sardonic inspiration, but as you understand what you have even as you don't understand what you wish for. somehow the subtlety seems appropriate for myself. the significance inherent is not likely to set in just yet.. and so i shall sum my thoughts up in a requiem for the damned and the loved and the scorned and the realization that infant euthanasia is quite all right, no matter how swunky.... yet another step towards eternal hatred.

labrador retrievers throw caution into the wind and i spit on you and tell you that nothing you can say will ever exist in the present tense... for only \*i\* exist in the present tense. sound waves light waves what is the infinite and why is the rest so false and how can it be possible to live in now while taking into consideration the outside world, whose truth already has been destroyed by the fabric of time? you ask what it means, but the only truth that exists is in the present tense, and truth is contradictory by nature, for all that is "truth" is what is believed to be truth as it is used as the foundation of the future, of the past, of the high-redshift areas of the ever-upward and downward-expanding force of the big bang's expulsion of time...

I HATE ALL OF YOU! my writings.. everything.. because i don't write for myself, i could never write for myself, because everything is counterproductive, i tell you.. everything. and you insult me by worrying about hurting my feelings, accusing me of having

feelings.. and i'm being drawn back into it again, it seems... kinetic anxiety part 4 just might actually happen.....

untelevised title bout

don't

FEEL

that the alienation doesn't disturb you

as you find yourself alone

DEAD

no one anywhere to help you simply because they want to and you realize that you are not one but you are two but you are several thousand

QUESTION

the authority of yourself over yourself as you realize that in the end there is no self and that to even desire something to want to desire is all because as you go on about how sorry it is that they all need to have something to work for to dream of to hang in the air over their heads to salivate to laminate to know that in the end there is nothing left but choosing a path, and why not the path of least resistance, for there is no such thing as intellect when you finally realize that knowledge is as true a path to salvation as is calvin klein as is anne rice as is the bog of eternal stench

BURST

the bubble filled

not with air

but with  
water.

\_\_\_\_\_ during the early days of my exploration of the internet, i spent most of my time wandering around the web, looking through sites for whatever i found myself interested in.. very early on, i found myself a friend, tricia dunn, through the bulletin boards on the prodigy network. the free trial months offered by the various services allowed me to taste each and decide for myself which i like.. at the beginning i stuck with prodigy, for the bulletin boards and \$30 for 30 hours pricing (which back then was a pretty good deal), and america online, for the things that could be found on its network and not on the rest of the internet (most of which i've since stopped caring about), and, of course, the easily-accessable chat rooms. back then, i'd never heard of irc, so as far as i knew, aol and prodigy were the only services that offered this... and prodigy's chat rooms were disgusting, so i didn't even bother trying there. for awhile even on aol i never really found anywhere to fit in, seeing mostly teen chat rooms with people screaming about how much their favorite band kicks ass... eventually, one evening, though, i came across a folder on the intro screen to keyword: internet. i forget exactly what attracted me to it, but it was ferndale. i followed the link to its web site and read a bit.. it seemed rather interesting, it was an online, rather off-beat, soap opera that was interactive in that people playing the characters would follow a schedule and chat on aol. anyway, i went to the chat room and had a decent time, and



enjoyed myself... so i started coming back again on a regular basis. i was offered a free overhead account on aol in exchange for keeping watch over the chat room, which i graciously accepted. anyway, this continued on for a little bit, until ferndale just suddenly went kaput... so that was that. one of the people i'd met there, susan (lilymouse1), i still talked to for awhile afterwards... anyway, around this time i dropped my prodigy account and got a netcom account for some reason... (now i use it so that i don't have to put up with all the crap that comes with being on aol, particularly people instant messaging me)... and then one day i decided to go into the smashing pumpkins chat room on aol... there the first night were billygurl (maria), geethissux (roxanne), and spfreekbc... now, these people were so.. fun.. they weren't nearly as mindless as the teen chat crowd, but they were a lot younger, more hyper, and open to a lot more possibilities than the people from ferndale had been.. so it just seemed like a really neat place for me. what was happening in that room was.. interesting. silly talk of "oh, i'd like to be billy (corgan, of the smashing pumpkins)'s pants" and such eventually turned into assignment of clothing items to different people. original, spfreeakbc was the pants.. i don't remember many other articles of clothing, so that's not really important.. i wasn't really interested in being an article of clothing, so i just stuck to being myself, but eventually i was given the title of d'arcy's bra (which i never went by)... anyway, these titles eventually became actual, well, substitute names for the different sp room regulars.. back then america online wasn't as crowded as it is now, so as i began to spend more and

more time online, eventually it would seem that i would literally know almost every person that i would meet in the room. this led into the summer of 1996, which i spent almost entirely on aol. throughout the course of this summer i solidified myself as \*the\* personification of the smashing pumpkins room... however, roxanne very much wanted to feel like she was in control of the situation, a supreme leader not to be messed with.... and so, well, i had no problem with that, really. unfortunately, what had happened was that spfreakbc (whose name had changed into spfreakbc) had been off of aol for awhile, and roxanne had stolen her title as The Pants, which had become somewhat of a sacred title under roxanne's control. no one ever really knew her as roxanne, she was just The Pants. obviously, she held onto this title as something close to her.. so when freak came back a little later, insisting that she was The Pants (a title which she had a valid claim to), roxanne wouldn't give in. this was more than a name to her, it was a position of power, the likes of which she'd never held before. so eventually freak gave up on this (and also stopped visiting the room on any sort of a regular basis), leaving roxanne to enjoy her position as the one and only Pants. as a particularly unstable person, however, this didn't end roxanne's sudden fits of anger and insecurity.. she'd come in the room screaming that we all hated her and talked about her behind her back (which of course wasn't true)- the people who saw her in this state and didn't know her otherwise began hating her... which of course didn't help her at all... more than once i had to calm her down when she'd begin to talk about killing herself and such. anyway, to

backtrack quite awhile.. not long after i began hanging out in the sp room i met sarah. the first time i remember talking to her, she seemed really really amused by the fact that my teddy bear was named pancreas... the next time we talked, she simply started to scare me with all sorts of sexual talk.. "take your pants off there," she wanted me to do on the second night i knew her.. at first i just thought "wow, she's really wacky." then, one day, roxanne was having a particularly bad night. she announced that she was disbanding the Schlong Family (which had become our name, simply because of one of the early days, where some people who had come to the sp room were upset by the fact that everyone was talking about schlongs, and had moved to another room.. where everyone went and started yelling "schlong!".. myself, never finding any particular pleasure in harrasing others, just made a room called "schlonging pumpkins".. after that evening, "SCHLONG!" became our battle cry).. anyway, to get back to the story, roxanne announced that the Schlong Family was no more, and that she now hated everyone, and that she wanted no part of us from this point on.... so what happened was that roxanne, sarah, some others and i went to a private room to talk this over. eventually i got around to talking about how we'd all been living under the guises of these pieces of apparel, that we really weren't exposing much of our true selves, etc.. anyway, roxanne found herself feeling better, but then suddenly sarah was upset. "what you were just saying to roxanne makes such sense.. i can't believe i've been treating you like you're not human," she was saying, "i feel like shit... it must've been so hard for you to

put up with".. of course, i hadn't given it a heck of a lot of thought, i definitely wasn't upset by the way she'd been treating me.. at most, i simply couldn't really respect her for anything, because it all seemed so.. fake, so pointless... she vowed from that day to be a completely different person... and from then on most of the articles of clothing gave up their names voluntarily.... what happened with sarah after that point was, first of all, that it was very apparent how hard she was now trying to please me. it was the same thing she'd been doing while she was speaking about overtly sexual stuff, only she was now playing to what she thought i needed, which was just someone nice to talk to... without any of the dirty stuff. at first, i didn't like this at all.. but the subtleties in the way she was, well.. um.. eventually it seemed we'd become an online item. why had i given into this? well.. i really think it was her persistence... eventually i just couldn't stand it any longer.. here was someone, i thought to myself, who could actually love me and be there.. at this point in my life, i was lonelier than i'd ever been.. almost every night i would find myself wishing for nothing more than a hug.. i just didn't want to feel alone.. so it became official. sarah and adam were "together". the first section of the first part of the first book in this thingie is (in rather random order) what happened during this time. it seemed marvelous to me at first, never having had any significant other, or even a caring friend.... but then... then it just... faded..... i really didn't know why back then, but.. well.... it seemed now that any word i said could hurt her.. it seemed like i had to watch every word i said.. it seemed like suddenly i was obligated always to express my

feelings for her in certain ways, to act a certain way, to be a certain somebody for her simply because her insecurities were being exposed to me, saying "i know that you'll make me feel better with every word that you say. i know you won't harm me. i believe in you... i believe in you.." and yet it wasn't me who was being believed in... the nice feelings of being cared for faded away, and it seemed all that was left was the responsibility.. also, perhaps the biggest factor was the fact that we had never met each other.. all we ever did was talk (constantly) online and also quite a bit on the telephone (which my mom didn't like, even though she was the one who always caused me, so that there would never be a phone bill on this end.. she didn't like the entire idea because 1. she was 18 and in college, and i was 15 and in high school... 2. she'd found a snail mail letter that sarah had written me back when she was, well, slutty.. which basically begged me to "fuck her brains out"...). so, one evening, i decided to end it. i told her the way i was feeling about things, i told her that i didn't love her... i wasn't doing it in any sort of a harsh way, i didn't insult her, i didn't want to see her hurt.. i was just being honest... soon she's telling me that she just got back from the hospital, is feeling sick, and has been throwing up... what to say to someone who vomits at the thought of your not loving her? i just said that okay, i still loved her, but was feeling overpressured by the entire "relationship" thing.... at least through this she was able to stick to her idea that there was still a chance we could amount to something.... from this point on it was more like we were just friends.. she'd withdrawn and given me space, so things were more

or less okay from this point on. we had been planning for her to come and visit me in march of 1997, so we kept to that plan and went along with it. through sarah, i also found out that steve, my real life friend who had just recently gotten back on aol, had fallen in love with roxanne, and that she would be visiting him the week after sarah was visiting me.... but steve felt uncomfortable telling me this, so he told everyone not to let me know about it... but that he would probably tell me when she arrived.

\_\_\_\_\_during their youth, males are considered by default to be scum. forced to destroy everything that's been solidified as their own personality in order to be accepted by anyone at all. they know nothing about friendship, they forever must continue their search for "what do i believe in? i need to find what i believe in, then it'll be Truth".. they're used to compromising themselves, eventually there's no self left in them.. they seem so false, so phony to me, all the time... which is why i tend to feel very frustrated around them. they don't develop the emotional response that dictates good and bad like females do, instead they react the way they believe they \*should\* react..

during their youth, females are considered by default to be perfectly fine. they tend to have people to fall back on, one friend or another.. allowed to act the way they want, but if they break certain boundaries they'll be suddenly turned on and have what once was a friendship reduced to nothing... yet still having other friends to say

that they were meanies anyway. having real friends, unlike males, and being able to turn on another in a moment, their friends become the only real special thing to them ("oh, everything's so hectic and confusing, but you're my friend and you understand"), and when, for an example, a guy breaks up with this friend, the friend who was broken up with is sad... seeing one side of the story, getting used to there being only one side of the story, seeing sadness as bad and happiness as good, not seeing the intentions or the means, but rather letting the emotions effected by the ends dictate what's good and what's bad. also, seeking stability in relationships: wanting to feel certain that they will forever be Right makes them happy. Truth within a relationship, if saddening, is "bad", and therefore has no place in it. Unconditional love? On the receiving end. On the giving end, the guy's used to this, giving what he thinks he should give, feeling how he thinks he should feel...

\_\_\_\_\_you know how it is when you have far too much energy to remain awake don't you?

a sponge afraid of water until he finds it and accepting reluctantly the truth of his nature

under the

one

condition

that he destroy what he once considered plausible

for it is now

forever

for now

obsolete.

i am certainly not happy, and yet what have i become now? have i  
reached the opposite of the once of the ever for then for no longer?  
to accept it with grace that

i

know.

and.

therefore must.

puzzle the rest of the world and myself and behind it all hide that  
myself is a being, emotions and flailing around as i fall it's a pit that  
i'm falling through how and the why and the ack once again???

why.

must.

i.

think.

i.

must?

...why must i be?

whatever happens as my fingers

fall

off?

oh, once again...

my head pounds and it's based in the flow of it all once again and  
i'm NOT myself



for i have no self.. what is self.. who am i?

another me has taken over.

i'm the one who wants to know WHY but i don't want to know it  
and i FEEL

LIFE i saw her dancing in a bar one fine night down by the bay and  
i felt a sudden pain in my spine and my spine has decided to  
abandon all metaphors as it SHATTERS into a million fragments  
and i wonder. where. all the fiction. has gone.

ADAM shall exist as Mr. Video, for Mr. Video is the reality in a  
universe where there is no reality and it's not a matter of trying to  
fool myself, for he is i and i am he and i fight CRIME and i fight my  
arch-nemesis charles cunningham and i feel that it's not so simple  
when i've just become myselfish man! if you want to stretch it out  
you'll have to do it a different way, for this I was not built for  
extended play, was not made to be a commercial success, boy.  
dream about an existence based on putting down yourself, your  
fucked up nonreality shall play out its little games on a piece of  
paper to be read by thousands. look up, look away, look down upon  
the collective being that is yourself.

ponder the way your self is as the universe, and WONDER  
where the public opinion comes from

kill me

it

lives

\_\_\_\_\_there once was a girl named jessica who sat alone and forgotten in a room. she existed now only as another replacement for what can have no name and can have no face but can have such POWER over the masses the masses of yourself as much as you can convince yourself for somewhere underneath you enjoy having meaning, the meaning be considering yourself nothing, considering yourself fucked up... for be it reason, schizophrenia, loneliness, depression, love, all of it is NEVER YOU for there IS NO FUCKING YOU! you PIECE OF SHIT, there is NO level of accomplishment you could reach that could destroy this simple fact there is NO joy, NO fuel, NO child of beauty on the horizon.. it's all just your very own moral standard to take home... enjoy the home version of our chess game and i'll crown you number one superstar. fame money still the urine for what goes up must come down and nothing goes in therefore nothing comes out. matter cannot be created, nor destroyed, and that is the answer to yourself. that is the reason why you think you can know what doesn't even really exist.. lowering yourself to the level of people who argue over others' RIGHTS to do what they want but i say MIGHT MAKES RIGHT but i say THERE IS NO RIGHT and THERE IS NO WHY and there is only kaboom and in the end it's all elastic, be it the universe, be it civilization's outward vs. inward, nature vs. technology, be it your own mind.. and to contemplate where it all started is pointless because IF THERE WERE SOME KIND OF MEANING TO

YOUR LIFE OTHER THAN WHAT YOU HAVE NOW YOU  
WOULD BE DOING IT. you do not know whether you will live a  
tranquil existence or whether you will DIE SLOWLY AND  
PAINFULLY, COOKED OVER A GRILL AT A SCHOOL  
FUNCTION... you don't know what you wanna be when you grow  
up because you don't wanna grow up BECAUSE YOU'LL NEVER  
GROW UP because all it is is EVOLUTION/DE-EVOLUTION..  
flip sides of a coin that averages out to nothing! boingy boingy if  
you enjoy yourself better take it while it lasts, because it never gets  
any better than this! the grass keeps growing less and less green  
after each fence because THE WORLD IS ROUND forcing the  
HORIZON to KILL IT ALL.

i'm about to explode.

it cannot be revealed in writing.

it. simply. can't.

one. at a time.

i want to lock myself in a box and bury it underground. i want the  
solitude to be gone but i don't want the solution to be anything  
different. i want stability and i want melodrama... i want  $2+2$  to  
equal 4 without it equaling 22!

i cannot hate myself, for there is no true self beneath what can be  
seen.. all that is observed is all that there is.. nothing stringing  
together the random words, the random moods, the random

thoughts, the random beliefs.. is that not what life is all about? the formula for chaos, never to be understood by anyone willing to accept it as truth, for by accepting it as truth one would also be forced to accept every other truth imaginable!

spiral? spiral? spiral?

NEVER is a shape and cause, the formula graphed that can be shown on no graph... x,y,z... cartesian++ returns NULL on the outside and INFINITY on the inside!

the creationist theory is embraced by the scientific community.. so speaks the subconscious default.

one, two, three, four.. come on baby, say you wish nothing more than to stab me to death with a pitchfork. tell me that i disgust you, that i shall never amount to anything (calling me an actual function as opposed to a local variable as an insult? ha, for i never was meant to amount to anything in the end.. for there is no end.. no return value... 'tis all void.. the void)....

one mind is spinning one direction on one side of the universe. another is spinning in the opposite direction on the other side..... a murder of crows, a party of humans. numbers are nothing to the higher mathematician. CHEESE is existential only if you believe in faeries.. science only holds validity once in a split second that never

began and never ended and yet cannot, will not, does not form a loop in its repeating, revolting, revolving, resonating redundancy. fabric with holes in it.... how to find security in a universe whose fabric is not even perfectly smooth in itself? what of the minute odds that i could survive an event large enough for me to fall through? fall through to another point in space, another point in time? is our universe simply turkey on a slice of white bread? a long piece, folded an infinite number of times over itself, placed in a centrifuge but refusing to throw up at any point in time because to the sandwich it would be every point in time?

how many times can i be told that i shall eventually learn that there is no way to maintain my integrity, before i actually stop minding it? how many times can i be told that i have never been told any of what i have been told.. before i actually start to believe it?

what of my burning, my yearning, my quiet contemplation of the oh-so-grand, yet subtle, Mysteries Of The Universe? what is this happy ranting of that which makes oh-so-much sense to me, that shall make no more sense to any other than any other than any other? o the emotion that can be found in any contemplation, any curiosity, any belief, any conviction.. the fascism inherent in belief itself is so plain, so simple, the sane must suffer under delusions of it all.. for they actually believe what they say.. and ask me in five minutes.. and i will tell you that what i speak of now is the truth.. but that i don't buy any of it.

....

the screaming silence  
of the door  
shut  
place  
forever hopes and dreams  
free  
lost  
open  
closed  
words  
thoughts  
laxatives

.

peace

....

fiction... non-fiction.. autobiographical.. moderately intelligible.  
consider the path to fame... so long ago i first stated that intelligence  
equals insanity.  
the hit parade lets out a cheer for the new record-breaker.  
my life's been an uphill battle... fighting for a cause i don't believe  
in, a summit of dust...  
fighting the evils of adults/baddokid/my peers/reason/emotion...  
loneliness.

\_\_\_\_\_ two plus two had a definite answer.. once. didn't it? my life is

a great big episode of candid camera. if i keep trying it'll eventually  
come true. if you ignore them then they'll go anyway. i am not  
insane.

i. am. not. adam.

i just want.. a friend.

i just want..

something i can never have..

something that doesn't..

exist.

myself.

.

joe joe joe joe JOE JOE JOE JOE

=

JOE FRED ETHEL JACK JILL SUZY BOBBY

=

JOE JOE JOE

i know what to laugh at because i've always laughed at it

HOW CAN WE CLAIM TO BE OPEN-MINDED AS LONG AS  
LAUGHTER EXISTS?

nazi humor is universal.

pride, prejudice, business as usual, bill phil bob STOP IT!

---I DIDN'T QUITE UNDERSTAND THE JOKE---

proclaim yourself to be superior in that you are different.

superior in that you are laughable.

superior in that you are a sight gag.

superior in that you are.. inhuman.

---but why care about the nation of islam mexico portugal the good  
ol' us of a?

WHAT HAS COLORADO GOT TO DO WITH  
WISCONSIN?!?!?!?!?3 bl2p[kome t,k .

---

pity me, for i feel emotions.

how many tears have been shed throughout the course of human  
history, it matters

not, for I AM SUFFERING NOW! (hold on a minute, let me squash  
this bug)

I AM CRYING... INSULT ME WITH A HUG!

ohicannotliveicannotliveicannotlivewithoutstabilitywithoutclasswith  
outgenderroles

withoutaPENIS (for a penis is fertilizer)

why should i care of your feelings of your this of your that of your  
HOW CAN INDIVIDUALITY EXIST AS LONG AS CHOICE  
REIGNS SUPREME?!

an individual is special.

an individual cares not of the rest of the world, but is a static  
variable.

until we realize that CHOICE gives him the possibility to change  
that, yes?

it FORCES him to change that with every choice he makes..  
the STABILITY that existed the moment before? poof! gone in a



flash!

for with every choice, an individual is changed

and each decision made is a result of the ones before..  
the prejudices inherent in the senses themselves.. our belief in our  
sanity, our  
knowledge of what reality is, of what we are, of what you are, of  
what the world is.

i used to wonder if everyone else in the world saw something  
different when they saw purple, when they saw red, when they saw  
light and they saw dark..but they reacted the same way to it.

we assume that the messages are interpreted the same way...

but a child learns red by example.

i once had a lucid dream where the color spectrum was so much  
greater than that which can be observed with the naked eye.... it was  
the greatest experience i've ever had in my life, asleep or awake.

<sigh> i want human beings.

--another--

-----

three. perfection in stability.

seven. change.

eleven. stand.

twenty-one. three times seven.

-----

I.

0a. {

it seemed as though the fields stretched on forever... fields with grass that didn't grow.. air, soil, mocking the infertility of the visitors to this odd new realm... visitors who had been brought here for a purpose that they would never truly grasp, even as they fulfilled it to the tiniest detail.

blink.

the world blinked and they all failed to notice.

/\*never alone, speaks the moral of this story.. one can never be alone when they can never truly exist as the number one... for one is an infinite collective labeled only for the purposes of simplicity....\*/

existing as the lowest common denominator, they are the only true individuals that could ever possibly exist... this is what makes them such inefficient beings when left to their own devices. they cannot

be reasoned with, they cannot have their emotions toyed with, they cannot weigh options... they cannot break away from themselves, for unlike human beings, they have selves to be at home with... stability without guilt of conscience, far away from the complexities of the whole which the sum of their parts becomes in the end.

they can never be melded together to form a sine wave receivable from any piece of matter capable of ignoring an action.. and yet also can never be separated to leave only one at the helm, one in charge, deleting all worries that must come with accepting the other twenty.

//3/3 time. truth ends where consciousness begins

"where?"\ "why?"\ "how?"

voices->curiosity\ytisoiruc<-seciov

0000000001000101\?

}

1a. {

anastasia will always be there for me. (i know i am right because i know she is right and she knows i am right) oh, why can't every being be so enlightened as i am in the divine right of myself as a warm and peaceful king to preside over all of reality?

my parents want me to believe in them, they wish to manipulate me, they wish to fill me up with regard for society when even they do not even know why they themselves hold such regard.... success

they've achieved at the simplest level, it is simply dyslexia of the cpu that allows them to think of myself as an evil creature, disgusting that the fractured mirror image shall forever block their perception even of the true threat that i am.

forever the thoughtful donor of feelings, acceptance, understanding without judgment.. anastasia holds such a special place in my heart for her neverending selflessness and benevolence. i love her so.

}

2a. {

what is it to feel the pain of a toneless echo? for the insides to be spilled into the outside.. for the numbers to cease to have any meaning within the cage you also are locked inside of. for the freedom to express, the never-to-be-fulfilled dream of having something to express...

}

3a. {

for what is lost, for what is found, for what never shall be forgotten despite all of my attempts to do so. so positively certain, i was, that one moment could mean the rest of eternity... that there could ever indeed be a time when the universe would align once again for the perfection once... discovered.... in the point of magnetic fields that refuse to pull each other inward or outward.. understanding intermixed with the lack thereof to fulfill what i'd always wanted,

what i want even more now, having tasted it for that one.. moment.  
she cried for me that evening, she did. and i looked at her and was  
reminded for a moment why, indeed, i had believed that there could  
be reason in another being's desire for another being's desire. the  
reciprocal of the g that is a collective gbdgbg.. intro.. outro.. fade  
in... fade out.

}

0b. {

scorned, loved, spit upon and held in the highest regard, the 21  
walked through eastward footprints towards the setting sun.  
they were off.. to see.... what was already there (what was never  
there what will never be there until the relative concept that is time  
itself is meaningless to then's then). they knew not what lay ahead  
for them.. they knew not who they were. their minds empty shells,  
guided by their one-celled atrium/ventricle that refused to function  
the way it should, for worry that the other chambers might feel upset  
at its exclusion at any given moment, at any given cell.  
elsewhere, elsewhen, these 21 hearts beat as one.  
cause.  
and effect.

}

4a. {

belief dies. truth truth truth.. there is no truth.. and life is as good as  
death, but satan holds that special place in my heart because of the

pure romance involved. laughing at all of the pain, the suffering..  
laughing like a madman because deep inside, i know that it's killing  
me. it will kill me to wait. it will kill me to wait.

}

II.

RAPED

GONE

every little piece of me EXPOSED

as the SHIT that it is

one, two, THREE minutes of my life

multiplied by a number greater than love but far less than hatred

EXPOSED

EXPOSED

EXPOSED

NEVER

can there be trust

NEVER

can there be

ANYTHING!

BUT!

MYSELF!

bleeding, forgotten, lonely, depressed, wandering alone in a place no  
one else could EVER stand the atmosphere of!

hushed whispers, wished to be forgotten even by myself?

ONE THING to be kept from the outside forces, from the outside

world

the reward of truth regardless of repercussions becomes

EXPECTANCY

and forever

i

shall

BURRRRRRN!

let it be let it be let it be

when one sense differs from another, when one day from another,  
one TRUTH, one LIE, they're LIES, they're LIIIEEEES!

anastasia, harold, mark, jennifer, jessica, NEVER! NEVER!  
NEVER!

"insanity is the good part"- but what of the outside world?

RELEASE it! RELEASE IT!

you can NEVER BELIEVE ANYONE ELSE

NEVER EXPECT ANYTHING BETTER THAN BETRAYAL

for right is on one side and wrong is on the other, and their green is  
more yellow while your green is more blue! ENTIRELY blue!

ENTIRELY yellow! ENTIRELY FALLLLLSE!

pursue your dreams with your eye on the clock.

carpe? diem says no.

you can never have any more than you are allotted

you can never have any more than you are allotted

you can never have any more than

YOU

HAVE

FOR

GOTTENN!NN!!!24nhbw5c-f x9,kidg;6ghy78

ELEVEN! ELEVEN! ELEVEN!

the stark contrast between 6+5 and 5+6!!

for eleven is seven is three is three is is FIVE for the five is the  
SHIT of the rest of the rest of my rest of my rest for i HAVE NO  
REST!

CORRUPTION!

every day every moment every love every everything

and no, she says, i refuse to believe in what i state in our own  
language.

and yes, he says, i once had a mind, i once had a soul, i once had a  
body, i once had a reason and i HATED IT ALL!

let the tarnished paper lay unaltered upon the ground, shove the  
mule in the closet and

listen

to

the

count

down

.....

(please ignore the condensation of my apathy)

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

speak to me in a language i can hear! speak to me in the language



i've forgotten and contradict what i hear within the truth of your  
THIS of your THAT as i wish for another you who's not you  
because I HATE YOU for reminding me too much of YOU but there  
are no YOUS there for me.. NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING!  
DROOL! STIMULI! BROKEN PROMISES AND PEOPLE  
OFFERING HELP WITH A CHRISTMAS BONUS!

DREAM that it shall not be forever like this, but TIME is always  
beating you up when you realize that the deal has become rotten and  
that you are sacrificing a dear part of yourself so that you can buy  
some mcdonald's to add onto your already chubby body! wish that  
you never had it, thanks to the indecision of YES and NO and YES  
and NO and realize how sad it is to move to budge to ever question  
babbage for LA LA LA high pitched tone maths ALL more than  
language ever, dictated so NONINTUITIVELY by our MINDS... we  
think we can trust our mind's reason, but LOOK WHAT'S  
TELLING US THAT! a martian weighs a turkey baster over an  
incredibly happy leech and thinks the choice is obvious but my  
reasoning differs quite a bit in those regards....

you poetic scoundrel, how nonupset how nononononononnopg.i';'  
WONDERFUL reality might be but you're fucked up with the  
needle of your mind injecting its contents into itself again and again  
and again, a bastard inbred seven hundred thousand times and left  
for dead in the ocean of warmth and love and compassion and  
screaming that truth is not truth but emotion and belief in truth is but

an emotion and emotion cannot be created nor destroyed, but cannot be stopped cannot be damaged can only be channeled you see it's ALL warming up and it's ALL coming down and how many seconds now until i FINALLY give up as that persistent truth that for me forever it's all or nothing, a full life or an empty wasted piece of youth remembered for its faults that were HIDDEN HIDDEN HIDDEN by potential... think of the one thing about yourself not to be revealed, not a secret past, not a secret fetish, but the one thing about your MIIIIIIIIIND never to be forgotten but easily admitted to, joked at when discovered in the right way, but it is FOREVER so painful when the outside world will actually damage your life and damage your mind and damage your reason and sit down and relax for your brain is on ice, and lick me and wonder, where have all the \*expletive deleted\*s gone?

nothing is wrong with the child besides his mental illness! nothing is wrong with wanting to rock and roll and rock and roll and rockandrockandrockandrockandrock and rolIIIIIIIIII all night and forget about it every day and then backtrack and realize that only in its intensity of impact and its bringing forth of hatred does it seem so frequent, so prevalent..when society's ills bring forth unhappiness, and i for once cannot even lay blame on myself, THE WORLD HAS GONE TOPSY-TURVY! you know you know you know i can lie down and i can see clearly now the rain never did in fact show up, but i can see that the only obstacle in my way is the fact that the obstacle is what i long for and the cheapening of my

mind via the pop/rock/rhythmandbluesishness that is chop chop chopping is so SIIIIICK but so necessary and i wonder again why i can even bother with such things when everything is running so rampant, and everything is so mutilated by the time that it hits the paper that it's never truly my mind anyway and holds no meaning and nothing and nothing and nothing and you sit there and you smile but something is wrong and something is nasty and i cannot be trusted to be left to myself for look at this example as it serves as the exception from the typical exception to an example... look at the bandwagon and look at the dominos and realize that the path of least resistance is.. is.. where does the abandoned path lead to? the deep forest.. the swamps... the quicksand.. sucking you into your demise as opposed to the lemmingishness that is otherwise? which is more fun? it could be such fun if one existed without the other, but it does not and never could!

"smile," i told myself, "let nothing seem wrong. a matter of seconds is all you have to put up with it for. do it now. do it now. do it now. do it now."

and i did it but my worst haunting nightmare came through as a trivial violation was revealed as a tiny but powerful manifestation, my only weakness indeed, but the belief that i know not of what's best for myself so easily overcomes honesty and the state of being trustworthy! where can i be? i need not be here i cannot hide i cannot get away if i stay i die and if i leave where am i now and

where will i? how? why? such a repeating o... curr.. ance...

something fell..

boom.. like a go-cart tumbling down a flight of train tracks, you  
watch it vanish and you watch it superseded by the next stage of  
devolution.. by the standards of ANYONE WITH A MIND,  
REGARDLESS OF POLARITY!

let me tell you about time.. it can stop.. upon... a dime.

and does.

the granddaddy of all mistakes, sitting down on the beach and  
watching the stars but you cannot be there you cannot reach the  
stars you cannot reach the beach you cannot even reach yourself, for  
NOW...

THERE...

IS....

.....

.....

.....

-----

find your way

from

start

to

finish.

type. a. b. c. d. e. f. g.

y? because we hate you.

y? because you've nothing and i walk away without a care in the world

as you grovel at my feet and my feet refuse to feel any sympathy, on behalf of yourself.

q? because. because. because. because.

so many truths, so many more lies. so many more consonents than vowels, but the vowels are the important part..\\

for a world without vowels is like the empty shell that is left of me now...

EXISTENCE WITHOUT TRUTH IS YOUR ONLY CHOICE

one shouldn't have to do it alone.

but.

they.

do.

IF

THEY

ARE

TO

BE

THEMSELVES!

which i am not i once was and i shall be again but i have encountered no circles, only really sickly warped ellipses in my short but messed up existence thus far...

i beg.

and the ellipse comes back to...

05.06.96.

III.

adam ares, the guy who's spent quite a bit of this summer whining that he has no opportunities for social interaction, the self-procalimed "professional joybringer" who's always been willing to put an admirable amount of effort into annoying someone out of shyness, sits inside, in the corner of the living room, in an armchair, reading a magazine and looking like the most antisocial human being on the face of the planet.

"well, i came in and saw that the \*real\* party was happening inside... no people, no sun, no country music.. what could be better?"

shoom. thanks to the monotonously godlike betrayal of spacetime that is linear writing, we're teleported back in time to about four months earlier. (four months? hard to believe it was that recent). adam bounces around the halls of a high school he's never seen before, and shakes hands with just about everyone he comes into contact with. he's rarely felt anything like this before.. for once, people are actually responding positively to his random acts of

kindness... for once, people are actually talking to him....

shoom.

shoom.

shoom.

adam stands outside of his middle school against his will. he wishes nothing more than to be at least back in the relatively safe comfort of his social studies class... he wishes they would just....

shoom.

shoom.

shoomshoomshoom.

adam sits down on a bench writing and drawing a story of his, entitled "who framed superkid", in a small notebook while the adults complain about their miserable lives and how powerless they all to control them. he doesn't know the meaning of the term "framed", so he guesses as well as he can.

shoooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooom.

IV.

note: alyssa = the daughter of bruce, my mommy's boyfriend, who's staying over for the summer

how is it that i can never sleep at night? it's odd, i guess i'm naturally just rather nocturnal.. though sometimes i'll go through odd cycles where i'll be dead tired by the time night rolls around, usually i'm just, well, only sleepy during the day.. i mean, i'm not really complaining, i'm a night person anyway (i still don't understand what's so great about heading outside on HOT SUMMER DAYS and being FRIED and BLINDED by something that's trying its best to give you skin cancer every moment you spend in it)... it's just that, since i've been babysitting, it's been a big pain in the butt... because as soon as alyssa's waking up and everyone else is leaving for work, i'm ready to collapse for a good night's sleep... for awhile i resisted, but then i just finally gave up and started sleeping.. so now it's pretty much a daily occurrence for me to just sleep while alyssa watches one of her videos or nick jr. or whatever... then she'll just wake me up when she's hungry or needs me for whatever.. i've no problem putting up with it since i'm being paid, but yeesh... i remember being woken up by her one time and thinking to myself, "wow, that was the greatest dream i've ever had in my life, i'd better try my best to remember it so i can write it down.. remember it remember it think about it think about it what did i want to think about? the dream! remember it.... oh poop, i've forgotten it".. well, something like that. i'm going to south carolina a week from tomorrow.. yup, i'm going visit my daddy down there... i \*guess\* it's a good idea for me to choose torture over monotony.. after being stuck with my not-so-fun daddy for 9 days, \*without a computer\* and \*without a guitar\*, i figure that suddenly being alone



and forgotten here in my room will start looking quite nice. at least that's the plan.... i'm making a video tape for sarah... it's in exchange for the smashing pumpkins' import single for "the end is the beginning is the end" that she picked up for me... i gave her both of the sp concerts that i have, plus fiona apple unplugged, some stuff from the one they might be giants video i have, and the tori amos concert for rainn... plus the they might be giants "lincoln" cd that's just sitting around since i got the "then: the earlier years" compilation, which has that entire album and lots of other stuff on it... sarah. hm.. dare i speak of her now? dare i speak truthfully of what i feel now? hm... yesterday i was thinking about if i actually got into a conversation with someone about that (yup, i still occasionally do that whole "fantasize about having a nice conversation with someone" thing.. i grow more and more pathetic by the day, i know)... i don't know if i could actually get a lot of it out here.. it has to do with.. never mind.. forget i ever said anything... i really hate guitar.. i just want a piano.. i know i'd make a wonderful piano player.. everything i come up with on guitar sounds like really sickly, simplified piano music... well, not all of it.. just all of it that really means much of anything to me.. i came up with "seven hundred thousand", which is, um, okay.. but the music's just so.. blah.. boring. it's sad that my least inspired song is really the only one to even reach the level of "okay" for me... not that i've had many opportunities to work on my music... during the day i'm usually sleeping, and when i'm not i just have alyssa following every movement i make and forever going out of her way to bother

me... and at night i can't play it through the amp because everybody would wake up.... hm.. it really isn't easy to keep a train of thought when i have tori singing "me and a gun" playing on the tv... it kind of sucks you in... at least with music i'm used to throwing it into the background while i'm writing or doing whatever (it's become a constant part of my life now, it seems.. it's so hard to exist without having music either playing or being stuck in my head)... but "me and a gun", of course, is just tori.. singing. and it sucks you in. the kind of song that'll make you forget you're actually chatting with someone while you just.. ... at least i'll probably be getting a lot more of my writings down when i'm in south carolina.. so you can probably look forward to gratuitous use of the word "fuck"...

V.

compromise. to sacrifice your reason to live for the ability to live.  
selfishness. to sacrifice the ability to live for your reason to live.

VI.

anticlimax.  
there is no death  
there is no death  
there is no death  
there is no  
ten.

*Jehovah is a Big Fat Idiot (And Other Observations)*

<-----1-----

bob the chemist woke up one morning with the urge to kidnap the cute five-year-old daughter of his neighbor, bind and gag her, strip off all of her clothes, defecate on her face and force her to eat it. he was out of rope, however, and decided instead to go golfing.

when he arrived at the golf course, he noticed a sign out front that hadn't been there the week before. it was blue with pink writing on it, and it read:

no yucky manifestations of unadmirable character traits admitted without pre-approval of every of every other yucky unadmirable character trait manifestation in existence.

well, obviously, bob had no reason to suspect that he was a yucky manifestation of any unadmirable character traits.... so it was kind of a pity when the golf course snipers picked him off from their perch high in the treetops. they had decided that bob was by far too strange a character within far to strange a universe to actually count as a true, non-manifestationofunadmirablecharactertraitsish human being.

rather than pay for a burial, bob's family instead just dragged him into the back shed and blew up the corpse with a rigging of a bunch

of cherry bombs.

the end.

-----1----->

you've no idea how much (even generally speaking) i \*detest\* the restraints of the physical world.. i hate the fact that no matter what, it seems like i can live nothing even \*remotely\* resembling some kind of a normal life, where maybe i could have friends who might actually care, where people meeting me for the first time might actually appreciate my kindness, where remote family members didn't immediately recognize me via whatever gossip had been spread over the telephone wires, where small children didn't stare at me as if i were some kind of weird creature they'd never seen before....

but it seems all i have is a stupid piece of electronic equipment... a bunch of zeros and ones the little thread that's keeping me alive.. i mean, i really think that before i got this thing a couple of years ago, i'd completely lost hope.. i think i was practically ready to just curl up and die, end of story, who would really care anyway..... actually finding decent human beings online has helped me so much, i can't even begin to explain it.... but, um, one of the things i've learned through the actual social interaction this funky little thing called online chat has enabled me to do is the fact that....

gr.

repetition. duality. i suppose i need to accept it. no escaping yourself once you find it.. the sequel that appears oddly more illuminated than the original.... there is. no. escape.... no matter how much of anything else i write, and no matter how much i enjoy it, and no matter how much it means to me, it cannot be \*me\*. i hide it. i create. i create with my emotions instead of expressing them honestly.. sometimes i just can't do that.

shoom.

<-----2-----

"how pathetic," you think, "how hypocritical."

in a world of order through chaos, public relations.

levi sits and levi stares and levi calls and levi makes sure that everything is just... perfect. PERFECT. (don't give yourself a moment to) everything is just fine. (PERFECT.) uncomfortable (part of the lifestyle, perhaps weaklings might not be willing to go through the torture that i endure sitting here in rather uncomfortable boots, but that is why they are there and i am here! for SUPERIORITY, dreams coming true for the fittest of the species (all are fit but not all are fittest, for they choose to do with their fitness silliness and destroy the possibilities), they deserve what they have, what they want is what they are and where they are is

where they wish to be....

the girl steps up and kneels and you can see her as the voice of a generation, but you see her adoration, you see her being starstruck at the wonder that is your SELF! for self is oh so truly something to be worshipped (i thought she was to be strong, but she is WEAK!) (do not remember do not remember do not remember what your earthborn selfish dreams were once of... do not contemplate:

{  
sitting together  
wind  
scent  
all  
peacefulness  
no more worries, no more persecution for the simplicity of  
desire...  
no longer do the voices torment me  
no longer shall i worry about how just my actions may be by  
any standard in existence, for happiness is all and as long as i  
don't  
pick it apart (let my own past and prejudices destroy my  
happiness by forcing upon them such self-proclaimed reason);  
understanding.  
care for such an extended period of time (the extended period of  
time that exists in now, no other timeframe making any bit of a

difference)  
waves  
calm, flowing waters  
simultaneously  
supersede  
(all)  
none }

for that is the nature of the beast, all that you are opposed to, for you are no longer a human being my minion (your minion? you are my minion) (such is the mutual bondage of aristotle (who chained the two convicts together?))) and dreams being no more than childish fantasies for the ones who refuse to TRY (die), TRY (die), EXIST (fry)!

kneel. kneel before me, young child of the night (day)... show me how the idolization of that which is true deludes the entire effective appropriateness, rightonishness of truth itself... allow so much to go on within your own mind that never you shall understand (so what goes on in \*your\* mind? (nothing) okay, just wondering), come to me for advice.. come to me for (seven hundred thousand lifetimes lay beneath the bed (NEVER! that NEVER happened and never SHALL happen!) a boy found solace (NEVER! NEVER! NEVER!) ....never.... never happened) the truth that you shall never understand anyway (so what's the point if they will fulfill the prophecy torn down by that which they chant, anyway?)(asking or

telling: the objectification of a utopia)...

"GAH!"

"mylordandmasterhowmayiserveyou

pleaseiliveonlytoserveyou

ibelieveinallthatwhichyoupreach

allthatwhichyousay

breathe

do

iunderstandwhatyousayandiknowthatforeverwemayliveinpeace

andthatimaytakeapieceoftheberlinwallandshowittomyfriend

andthatimaytakeapieceofyourselftakeapieceofyourhistoryofyoursoul

devourit

fuckyourbrainsoutlivehappilyeverafter

leavebehindthislifeofworthlessgarbage

tiredpoorhuddledlifetimesleftbehindfortheycanneverdoforme

any

thing."

collapsing onto the floor in a heap, over (destroyed) loaded

(emptied) by the manifestation of his own (manifestation of?) all.

(nothing) nothing. (everything) TRUTH! (LIES!) EMOTIONS!

(TRUTH!)

bzzzt.

that one man's failure... may result in the short-circuiting of the very  
chain reaction that has kept us in existence for all this time.



now.

it ends.

NOW.

bzzzt.

-----2----->

let me salute the spoils that can be found in the adoration of loss...  
they seem to cling to me forever with no meaning, not swinging  
toward either side because they are something different altogether.  
it is not. too. nifty.

let me explain it in a way it might make sense. one, if anyone's  
reading this, it's because they don't deserve to. and two, if anybody's  
not reading this, they should be. got it? it's not too complicated.  
you have no idea how much i want.....

SLAM!

oh, the few areas of thought that i fear to tread within... the minor,  
the insignificant, the \*exponentially imperfect\* within moments  
where my perfection might at last pay off... living life only to find  
that indeed perfection distracts from the rewards that perfection  
sought to win over.... that's not a very nice thing to discover about  
yourself, especially since once something has been seen... indeed, it  
cannot be unseen.

and the scent of what i want no longer leads me to believe that i in actuality have found it... for i haven't the keenest sense of smell in the world... (and i must ignore the fact that what i want is GAAAAAH!

SLAM!

i don't get much of that, really.. honestly. that's so obviously a copout. and i dislike the entire idea of it. however, it seems to keep coming back..... i really must apologize (that's okay)..... you must realize the places that pancreas has been, you must realize that indeed in the end he represents something (somethings) somewhere (oh so many places)... oh such things that i refuse to let go of even as they torture me so.. for it moves me along, it really does! i can actually see advancement in some sick, twisted way.. i can understand the concepts of determination, obsession, procrastination, cats, dogs, fishes, parrots, everything in the world..... (so why am i so tired?)

shoom.

i never think that i shall see a poem as lovely. as. me.

<----3----

robert believes he has made the right choice for both of their sakes...

he feels for her far more than he's ever felt for anyone before.. he paces around the room as he searches for what he believes could be the right words... he wishes the sinking feeling deep within him would leave, would simply let him continue on with his existence within a universe of such complex highs and lows.. a place where organic evolution seems to have been inverted.. where truth and objectives no longer seem to hold a place within the meaning of life, now the search for the point whose very existence has been replaced in the minds of the sane by a sick plasm of spacetime, forever uncertain and forever nonlinear..... mere feet away from him lies the emotionally aching, perpetually tormented husk of the only being, the only object, the only essence that he's ever truly felt held a taste worth a return. her head turned away from the face of her sorrow, her pain, the living proof of pleasure being not only simple relief of unpleasantness, but also that whose very presence breeds the need for even more frequent, more potent doses of the same, she weeps quite audibly with antishame at the situation that he's put both of them into simply for the sake of a self-righteous recharge.. she sees, she's always seen, the beauty in just how different his ways can be from her own... that they've always seemed in some ways to be flip sides of the same coin. she sees his pain in the actualities of the world itself and its limitations.. that the only way for him to believe in truth itself is for his own willpower to triumph over the evil he sees within the very embodiment of reason opposite to his side of the coin... emotions.

-----3----->

and i cannot find it within myself to believe that actually submitting to my desires and contradicting my very nature will not bring me closer that which does not exist and that i never really wanted to reach (but how does heaven compare to the light? hell compare to the void? one view compare to another? i've yet to see)... it's not a thing to be taken lightly, descent of such a primal nature into things i should not see, being sucked up like a slurpee and existing where boys fear to tread but animals enjoy to mambo? i've a better mind than that, but i've also a heart contradicting my mind... and it's beating pretty darn fast from all that sugar....

<-----4-----

my dream.

anger. (is it even anger anymore? it seems more like jealousy over her hopes and her dreams.. that forever it seems complications are thrown into her path, that moments can forever be destroyed by another's ill will or just plain stupidity)

so much as if in a drunken haze... bacon, eggs and coffee at a restaurant turned so difficult.. and the other we're with (hovering between personas but nonetheless maintaining a level of quietness... silently bitching to himself but who cares anyway he's not making a scene and there's no real reason to keep any particular interest in a tortured soul who refuses any consolation, treats the actual act of

attempting to care negatively anyway.. within this dream this persona simply becomes "the third being", balancing out the awkwardness of two in the simplest way possible).

the waiter (reminds me of alfred the butler from batman... particularly the guy who plays him in the movies) is growing angered at her displays, threatening to scream if he's forced to serve up yet another order to her, for it only to be destroyed by her rage (her haze)...

shifting around quite a bit. initially somewhere (i can't remember), she came from a definite place for a definite reason.. and indeed all three of us were elsewhere, for early on i distinctly remember her asking if we'd like to do something, and myself recommending that we stop somewhere and grab a coffee (hm, guess i remembered it was morning.. someone called while i was asleep... i told the adults not to let lenny (my father) talk to me, i usually wind up hanging up on him anyway).

there seemed no real reason for me to feel obligated to care for her (an obligation of caring? an obligation not to hide such things under simple reason.. reason or emotion... we know which is more fulfilling... the fact (illusion? dream? misguided hope?) that they are both the same notwithstanding)... but from the moment time began (sometime early this morning.. i had no real reason to get up and dreaming is fun), we were one and it was right. the trouble gone

through for stabilization, the disturbances, her self-loathing for circumstances beyond her control and her refusing to accept exactly why she cared so greatly about such things, seemed almost- no, definitely- to add something great, lovely, and romantic to what we shared.. it was something never to be questioned or ridiculed by anyone under any circumstances, it was a definite fact. deep within her self she, too, knew this, but it was almost as if she feared that true understanding would bring her true emotions (as opposed to her haze), and that she wouldn't be able to handle it (such a difficult battle).

i found myself holding her in my arms, and of course suddenly the disturbances began rolling themselves in (destroying what might otherwise have held the secrets of purity, innocence, lies, deceit and idealism)... what did they bother me about? nothing in particular.. walking in to have food and other simple unabledtogetmadaboutish actions.. (though of course it's so simple to rationalize out of existence annoyance and anger over particular events.. with so many truths behind any given situation, that's not surprising... but with small, really unexplainable things, it because a hatred from within, boiling over... hatred uncounterable by any number of the orange, or of the purity behind the navy blue).

and the anticlimax. the glorifying heaviness of emotion (i gave a dog asprin... she was the dog.. i had to make sure she wouldn't get too much dosage, only what she could handle... she felt very odd

after the aspirin, but it seemed to calm her down a bit to the level of an honest "why?".. leading to my holding her in my arms) draining... like pus... into the boring trivialities of a minor nothing (he can't reach up there, he's too short).. and then into the boring trivialities of a major nothing.. reality.

-----4----->

maybe in the end i'm writing my own musical autobiography in the concepts i've been juggling with.. perhaps i'm just stumbling along until i reach my quota of cacas before i can finally enter some sick, sublime magical world that houses within its walls the effects of its polar opposite, and yet somehow not holding the same level of "ickiness"... or maybe i'm just insane and in truth guys are just females with penises and a lot less of themselves to call their own. who's to say? (i am profound) meet the bounty that is manipulation (please?) make it universal, you're not quite sure exactly where actuality fits in, and you're not sure exactly who it is you're alienated as you're sure that there's something nifty to be found in "self", "antiself", "everything".... curious that decisions are not really there to be decided but that decisions are one two (don't let me tell you) one two (have i ever) (i have something i need to) (what's your problem [not being able to see such a simple solution.. fucker] sir?) isn't there some sort of (youth? maturity? justification? IS there a justification?) just jump right in, don't worry, i got your back.. i understand it all. really i do. i'm standing back here for perspective. don't fret your pretty little head over yourself, i know

what you.. watch out for that.. ooo... tree! (depth) see what fits in  
 and see what doesn't. see what represents truth and see what is truth.  
 hate truth. milk truth for all it's worth. realize the understanding in  
 realizing that in the end everyone's just a meanie except for me and  
 that's the end of it... but sometimes it's just too easy to understand  
 that (i want an obstacle pointless) representation inherent in  
 everyday materials later granted ghostlike status... ghosts later  
 granted human status... self-righteousness later granted factual  
 status. truth being possible solely through the state that is self-  
 righteous.. speeding through 40 minutes' worth of an album in  
 what seems like 5... speeding through a lifetime in what seems to be  
 (is) (there is no truth) no. thing. (poop!) let it be. make it. use it for  
 your own sick purposes. ("freedom!" he screams and everybody  
 boos... use your own rewards to bring about an end for yourself..  
 because we say we've had it up to here with your "freedom!") hugh  
 grant and socialism vs. simplicity and understanding... us vs. them.  
 black vs. white. ack vs. blech. us vs. them.... YAY!

<-----5-----

he doesn't. know why. he even bothers.

he doesn't..

he throws himself at your feet... "help me! help me! PUNISH ME!"  
 words express, he's at.. the sudden.. repetitious feet.. he knows the  
 world he knows the lies he knows the truth HE KNOWS THE  
 FRIES!



originalityturnedinsanityturnedsomethingworthwhile...

he sits in front of the television with his hand upon his penis.  
but he knows he cannot touch it.  
for this has happened to him in the past.  
if he touches his penis.. HE DIES.

his glory, his glory, he knows the truth, he knows it all (he sits in  
his room and the fan just taunts him like the sickening entity  
that it is. that the outside world may seem so close and yet so  
far.. that the thread connecting truth with reality indeed  
SHOULD NOT EXIST.)

he sighs as he realizes the final approach is coming....

that his belief in the outside world faded long ago alongside his  
innocence.. that he believes his innocence might be restored through  
FUCKING THE HELL OUT OF THE FIRST FEMALE HE  
SEES...

oh, he considers his penis.. oh, the piece of shit that refuses even to  
piss for him... this is one mean penis.... and it's rigged to explode..  
for he knows that the final orgasm shall be the most splendid of all..  
and that as soon as he begins.. there's no turning back.

he looks at the photograph that he does not in fact have.

he listens to the voice (never to be whispering softly into...

his..

ear.

ohhhh...

(there she is... she loves me.. you know it. and her face is frozen...  
smiling.. glorious... forever...)

"that's it, fuckers.

time to get a dose of reality. "

the pre-taped, nevertrulyexistingforhim voices run out.. out he goes..

he grasps it.. he wants he wants he wants to SQUEEEEEEEZE....

"say it, bitch. say you want me"; "fine... have it your way"; "that's  
the way i like it"; "FUCK YOU!"

and you know it. you know it damn well, cause you feel it too.

you know....

he smiles as he walks into the classroom with a weapon of his  
own. he smiles as the soft faces light up in terror.. and for once he  
feels what it's like.... it's a feeling rarely experienced... for the truth  
about sexuality.. the truth about beauty.. about attraction.. fuck the  
fucking.... you can have it all, you can have it all, you can FUCK IT  
AAAAALLLLLLL!

FUCK the screams! KILL 'EM if they won't shut up!

YOU KNOW they're why you feel this way! why you cringe.. at the  
very sight of them.. why attraction has become a nightmare for

you.... why your penis ACHES with every breath of air you take...  
why you pump... and you pump.. without meaning or salvation.....

THEM!

THEM!

THEM!

the teacher tries to approach you slowly in an "admirable"  
attempt to "help the class".... FUCK IT! (shot the bastard...  
anatomy lesson for the little shits.)

you stare at them all, cringing in fear.. not even daring to scream  
anymore. the silence.. overwhelms. you walk to the front of the  
class (you know they don't want to die)...

he doesn't want you to die, he doesn't want you to die.. he's just here  
to scare you.... yeah. or to kill everyone else but you. bitch.... i  
wanna FUCK you.

"stand up! all of you!"

immediately, they..

"NOW!"

(for extra effect.. they always do it in the movies, even when they're  
cooperating)

...arise. they all instinctively raise their hands above their heads....

you look around without a care for what goes through the pieces of

shit they call their minds... her sweater rises with her arms and you let your arms fall around her as you sink to the floor and she gazes down in horror and you don't. care. what. she. THINKS!

you slide your hand up her sweater.... you carefully navigate... you follow the edges of her bra as you avoid her breasts and instead continue through the short sleeves of her tiny shirt.... you're rising up as you do this.. up.. up.. you don't care why, you don't care how.. you're floating.. you're floating.. you know you're floating.....keeping hold of her arms you slide down again, this time backwards, and on your knees you bend back with her atop you... her eyes wide in terror as her mouth quivers ever so softly..... your lips unconsciously move in silent response to the tenseness and the natural struggle within... they reach out, as if hoping they might extend forever and lock with her own.. silencing her own fears with what you know.... she cannot... resist.....

FUCK YOU! BITCH!

fucker made it halfway to the door before you got her.... the girl in your arm falls to the floor by some chain reaction of movements, none of which you're aware... you leave her as you walk over to the fucker who tried to escape... a gushing puddle of dark red fluid flows out of the gunshot wound in her shoulder. again, you see the fear.. you see the struggle.. you see reward for the years of torture you endured... being FUCKED OVER by those who could NEVER

give a SHIT about you! you were the ONLY FUCKING HUMAN BEING who could give them truth, could give them everything they could ever FUCKING DESIRE, and they turned their nose down at you! ALWAYS! EVERYTIME! FOREVERRRRRRRR!

but now.....

things.

have changed.

your head swirls around in circles as you dreamily make your way towards your prey..... she knows.... she just knows it's the end for her.... and you can tell by the way she's dressed that she was never completely like the rest.. objections to the way things were had just festered, sat there for all eternity.... but only now, NOW that her day of judgment has come, does she wish for a change.....

"hello..." you say, towering over her...

her legs move with no particular thought behind them, except the instinctual drive to escape.. to stay alive... to be anywhere... ANYWHERE but here....

his shadow towers up above you as you scamper backwards.. you know it.. you know it.. "HOW COULD THIS BE HAPPENING, THIS CAN'T BE"..... your eyes swell up with tears and your mouth babbles nonsense.. he's coming for you.. he's coming for... another movement and your foot slips... your previously somewhat upright

torso slams against the ground at a 45 degree angle, smashing against your already blood-soaked elbow and throwing your head back against the hard tiled floor..... you know what's coming. you see him laughing, and you (blood) fear.. his.. (BLOOD!) it's not your own... the teacher lies there... freezing.. you sit you sit you're.. freezing..

bitch.

you fucking fucking fucking bitch.

i hate you, i say..... i hate you.....

blah blah blah blah. oogabooga.....

he laughs as he towers above her.. he knows.. he knows.. he knows.. he knows... he can see it in her eyes as she squirms with even more persistence than he had imagined.....

(she squirms there with her black hair... tied into pigtails.. her plain black t-shirt so tight against her chest as it comes... (realization) coming.... (not) why would you (give up) silver skirt...)

thunk.

the gun drops to the floor, and you look at her for only a moment before turning to the rest of the class.

matter-of-factly: "i want you..... to all strip for me.

"now.

"all of you.

"just take off your clothes."

....they look at each other with the same expression on each and every face... and then reluctantly begin removing various articles of clothing.

one (all) girlie (FUCK) keeps her head down as she slowly pulls her t-shirt off, over her head...

she looks around frantically, as if expecting to see some kind of resistance that might stop me from doing this... you know that she's not used to fending for herself.. not used to having to be a slave to other people's will.... you smile in satisfaction as she rips off her shirt in a huff and then proceeds to quickly unbutton her pants..... your eyes move on....

every moment... every being... all you had imagined..... you stand there, your gaze never weakening, until the last girl has removed her last article of clothing....

you then proceed to walk up to her, grabbing her by the waist..... your anger is dying as you see these females surrounding you.... and you wonder why the girl on the floor has waited so long to end your life.

"turning around, off-balance, i lose my convictions... i lose my emotions... every reason i had for being there died completely.. and i waited for the bullet to pierce my skull."

but nothing.

....

nothing.

she sat there, gazing at me.... the gun lay in her lap, her arms resting beside it... i searched frantically within her eyes for an answer why my hopes, my thoughts, my assumptions have been betrayed...

what i see is a sublime melody impossible to recall with mere words.

shaking all over, wishing for an end, wishing for a beginning.... understanding why but not understanding how.... i saw it... in his eyes.

and they can all go fuck themselves.

blam!

blam!

blam!

blam!



one by one the girls went down.... sitting down near the door, he watched in wonder.... her catharsis taking down an entire classroom, shedding her past skin to reveal..... something....

blam!

blam!

blam!

they scrambled around quite a bit, sure.. but in the end they didn't make very difficult targets.

the final body went down.....

and i saw within her eyes..... perfection.

indeed, in the end good had triumphed over evil... no longer were hatred and frustration a part of the lives of these two.. instead, they rode off into the sunset to begin a new life... a life of truth, of love, and of understanding... where no one could ever hurt them again.

his penis has since learned to cooperate, and is getting along quite well with his new companion.

the gun later went on to star in several low-budget films, none of which made any money.

the school has stopped soundproofing its classrooms, and no longer

allows automatic weapons of any kind on school grounds.

the end.

-----5----->

meager, meager, meager.. you know that boy is meager (you think your actions are so justifiable? wait till they return threefold) (you think your expectations are justifiable? wait till they return ninefold) shoooooooooooooooooooooooooom!

characters act it out and you'll understand it. is it a liberal media? and if so, what political groups control the points ending the line segment? or does it indeed extend indefinitely? what about self? there can be no manipulation (for such a conscious decision is the lack thereof) (i lie.)

(the light of all that's poop) you see it on one end and it's strength and it's truth and it's cynical but dammit it's masculine and it's so easy to be strong when you have FED! (hit and run vs. enduring parasite.. is it really so black and white as you'd like to make it seem to be?) levelling the playing field? endorsing something fully by crushing popular demand for the alternative (by crushing the alternative, but not in such ugly terms/not in such ugly actuality... the simple fact that certain societal taboos are easier to maintain than others [i dislike the concept of any of it] and you know what kind of a society i'm talking about).. if you have an opinion than just speak it. if you wish me to rot away somewhere and you wish

everything else would just fade away (as would the memory of a nightmare) let me know and i can call upon the hari-kari-fairy and she can whisk me away to that magical land of myths and legends (and actualities.. even sillier to believe in).. it's not that big a deal, i never had that much to really speak of before anyway.. and at least i'll still have something to type on (as it's created of the dead husk that exists formed out of my past selves come to rot.. you grow accustomed to the smell of dead flesh, as you do to the environment surrounding all other earthly pleasures).... oh yeah. so there's not much for any of us to do, and (there's not much of anything \*anything\*) where's that other disc anyway?

*Parchesi*

\_\_\_\_\_you say you understand how twisted life can be? HA!

it all goes back to that weird landscape where you're still somewhat in the dreamworld but also eerily aware of the physical world as it intrudes upon your peace, and instinctively you fight to maintain your hold upon the world where you're restrained by nothing at all and where everything is as it should be, until you realize that putting such conscious effort into something like that can only serve to sever your ties to the dreamworld even more, and more and more you begin to contemplate this, until you find yourself lying in bed unbelievably awake but wishing you were asleep.

i think in the end that kind of describes a lot of what existence is about... and that 4/10ths of that which could be might cause such confusion and such *\*insanity\** (more than four? on occasion it might seem so in some twisted way.. that awareness of the unreasonable and awareness of simultaneous contradictory causes and effects can sometimes come around to screw with my head might always make it seem convincing, until you really think about it and then realize that maybe i'm just falling into some odd inversion of our reality and not understanding it (that i might have gone too far with this world as opposed to not far enough.... excess instead of escapism).... what use have i for that which i cannot perceive with my own seven senses? in the end it's client-side as

opposed to server-side anyway... ah well).... and that it can come around again to fact vs. fiction, reason vs. antireason, the definite vs. the abstract.... it's sad the romanticism one places into their perception of what they can never have for themselves... that opposites shall forever attract....

dreaming has always seemed a rather interesting experience to me.. the earliest dream i remember i also for a long time considered my favorite dream (though you must keep in mind that i was five at the time).. it was a dream about myself and my cousins eating ice cream at the mall and then dressing up as alvin and the chipmunks to perform a song on a float that moved throughout some clothing store while old ladies shopped, apparently oblivious to our presence.... oddly enough, some ten years later it came to be that alvin and the chipmunks played the exact same area of the mall.....

how is it that physics can seem so constant in the dreamworld, more constant, perhaps, than even our own? ("god does not play dice with the universe" yet another strike against monotheism)... the interesting experience of zero gravity takes a bit of getting used to, but in the end it can be rather fun.... (what's with the slow, inexplicably upward momentum that these experiences always seem to begin with? it's a matter of using your mind to level yourself out as opposed to the usual physical means... but it's actually more difficult than it might sound. backflips are always cool.. it takes awhile to get the hand of it... and also how to switch between

floating and walking.) and my senses are tuned to perfection.. i see colors that simply cannot be seen by the naked eye.. i hear.. sounds (sounds).. but overall.... i feel. ([5][1][1]-numbers that add up to 7. there's your trinity right there.) the two ones oppose each other (and want each other) but the five forever cling to each other (senses, senses we know).... teach it, somebody.. it makes enough sense to me, at least....

(but of course it'll make sense to you, you bastard. that's because you are WRONG.....) (try to tell the open-minded one what is right and what is wrong... bastard. i'll prove you wrong.)

to enjoy dreaming is to embrace what many i know are so horribly opposed to.. but misunderstanding shall forever lead to fingers pointed at the wrong immortal beings anyway..

the dreamworld is a place where all of your desires become reality.. a place where there is no such thing as compromise (for who needs compromise?) (where you learn so much from your own actions (the way it should be) and so little from rejection of rejection of (where you learn so much from your own actions (the way it should be) and so little from rejection of rejection of).... what you want is what you get (and no longer shall there be anything to dictate anything to dictate anything, for reason is worthless worthless worthless when there is not a reality to shape it (but there's a you to shape reality, yes? (don't complicate matters) okay, sorry)... to

subscribe to reason is to believe in the concept of original sin (that one must adhere to the rules set down before him as the very fabric of his existence (but man goes so much deeper than this world, apparently)))))).... blah....

questioning what is real and what is a dream defeats the purpose of curiosity but adheres to the laws of at least one of... (there is a one and a negative one inside of a one. next to the larger one is a negative one, the RAM to one's ROM.

a big theme of "jehovah is a big fat idiot (and other observations)" is dreams. but it doesn't make nearly as much sense as this column does..... (and yes, i know just how much sense this column seems to make)... within dreams can be found many of my observations... i try not to make things too complicated, but my observations are very rarely simple enough to speak of in typical simplistic english..... and dreams are truer than anything i could ever write.... but whatever tiny piece of truth i can harness for myself.. i feel i must milk for all its worth.....

\_\_\_\_you know, i really dislike being troubled with the worthless necessities of human existence.

it's annoying to me even to exist in this physical world.. that i only get a short timespan with which to accomplish "whatever i want to do", but that so much of that time is wasted trying to get enough

cash even to be able to create the things i want.. it just seems like every time i get some kind of wonderful artistic idea, it all comes back to "oh yeah... i'd need money to accomplish that"... and to get cash i'd need a job... but to get a job that i could actually put something into (as opposed to your typical you-could-easily-be-replaced-by-a-robot kind of jobs), or at least a job that i could enjoy, i would need to have gone through the sick routines of modern-day society... i could never in a million years get a job working with the simplest of computer skills right now.. that job will always go to the clean-cut, cute-faced girl who's just gotten out of a good school but doesn't remember a thing she learned about "those weird computer program thingies" they taught her about six months ago... that's just the way it is... in the end it's not really who you are and what you know, it's what you look like on paper... what your educational background is.... of course, i've taken that as a given since i started considering getting any sort of a job... so i've been applying to places like bookstores, music stores, electronics stores and such.. various retail positions. i once filled out an application for electronics boutique while the manager was there.... he said that they had no openings, but that if one came up i would be on file and that i'd be considered for the position.... "i've known people who've gotten jobs there without any experience at all," said the guy at the nearby comic book store, "that guy just has to like you." i had all the experience asked for.. i would honestly have enjoyed working that job, getting the opportunity to actually deal with people instead sitting of alone in my room.. it's the kind of job i would actually



look forward to going to..... a few months later i looked in the directory of openings for the mall, and included was a page for electronics boutique... they were desperately looking for help, employees could begin work immediately. i also dislike the fact that i need to sleep and eat.. that i have to deal with other people when all they do is hate me... that everyone disgusts me in that they can find no place within their carefully constructed selves for actual friendliness.... that other peoples' experiences within this world force them to put me in unfair positions... that \*my\* experiences within this world (and my understanding of future experiences after any other actions) force me to participate in sick games of let's-manipulate-each-other with so many other people... that nothing can be considered more wonderful than demeaning another human being in the cruelest, yet quietest way...

i really like ice cream though.

\_\_\_\_\_dealing with people in real life is a rather funky thing for me, and it's always been... when i was really little i grew up with parents fighting constantly over horrendously stupid things, including but not limited to exactly how i was to be raised....

my dad's philosophy seemed to be spoil me horribly, tell me over and over that i was the most important person in the world to him and that i can accomplish anything, buy me anything i wanted, take me to church every sunday, and tell me how many evil people there

are in the world..

my mom, on the other hand, figured i shouldn't live in a fantasy world, thought it wasn't a good idea to give into my whining when i wanted something and they said no, and didn't go to church.

my daddy never had, and still doesn't have, any respect at all for anyone else's opinion.. nor for their privacy.... so time after time, my mommy would lock herself in her room (they split into separate rooms when i was 9 or so), and my daddy would start harrassing her, picking the lock, even breaking the door down, and a bunch of screaming would ensue.....

soon after things became the worst they'd been (when i was 12, and i started refusing to be in the house at the same time as my daddy), they were separated... after lots of not-fun court time and my daddy calling the house at least 10 times a day and leaving messages on the answering machine (alternating between telling my mom how much he still loved her, and threatening to kill her new boyfriend), they were later divorced.

immediately after this, conveniently enough, came the evil monster that was middle school.... i was teased and tortured constantly during class and couldn't concentrate on a word the teacher said.... there were times at lunch when there'd be about a dozen kids gathered together just for the sake of shoving me around.... i had no

friends at all. home, the magical place where i could relax and watch tv without having to be afraid of other human beings coming along and destroying what little happiness i might be able to gather on my own, became a completely separate entity from school. homework i would not even consider while i was at home.. my home life and my school life were just never to meet.. so my grades suffered. i did horribly in most of my classes, causing my teachers as well as my family to turn against me.... suddenly there was no one in the world who would be there for me and tell me anything besides just how stupid i was.... having up to this point been living somewhat in a magical make-believe land where anything was possible, i took this particularly hard.... there would be nights where i would just not be able to stop crying at the simple thought of having to navigate the school hallways... it was horrible. i probably would've killed myself at that point if my delusions of grandeur hadn't been quite so deeply rooted....

after it became a bit too much to try and laugh things like this off, i began writing really really bad poetry.... this came during the summer before i started ninth grade, and a lot of it was really just nonsense but it was nonetheless freeing... just before ninth grade started, i got my computer. the first thing i did was get online.... that would be my life for a few years.

it was an interesting time, but one that has been chronicled elsewhere.

\_\_\_\_\_give me a situation and i'll offer you my honest reaction.

the reason i haven't been writing is a lack of stimuli that will generate self.... just as living organisms cannot evolve without support or opposition to initiate change, nothing can come of myself until i have something to force me into that kind of a situation... that's simply the way it is.

i've been in a better mood recently than i'd been for a very long time... for the first time in about a year, it seems, i'm actually (generally speaking- not at this moment) actually quite happy.. and for the first time in at least five years (probably more), i'm actually immediately optimistic.... immediate in that i can actually see the opportunities for improvement in my life, as opposed to the joyous life i was always hanging on a fishing pole in front of my nose to keep me going for so long.. that mystical element that i was always so certain existed somewhere to make my life a wee bit better.. that certain spark that'd been missing in all my past encounters with life.. the few that i'd truly experienced.

i wish i could say to myself that i'd be able to continue on thinking in this kind of a manner for any extended period of time, but i know that until i can at least have some contact with other human beings outside of this sick little state i'm existing in now where every moment with another seems to be tolerated through some prewritten event handler, i'll just run out of things to write about, run out of

things to think about, run out of things to \*be\*.... every time i sit down at a keyboard.

it seems pretty definite that there won't be any problems interfering with my starting classes at hcc (holyoke community college) in the spring semester (which actually begins in january).... if something fell out of the sky at this point that obstructed the path that seems so obviously cleared towards my actual.. \*future\* i would quite honestly be devastated. i really don't think i could stand much more time in the state that i've been in lately, which has been just like replaying the same old boring movie over and over again every time i wake up. it is \*not\* overall a worse situation than i was in when i was back in high school, so even forgetting about the fact that dropping out was a shortcut to some actual brilliant light in my life, i regret nothing at all about the way i handled that situation.... it was an incredibly awkward time in my life and i'm glad to be rid of it. i'm starting college at 16, but it seems to be a long overdue advancement. the days that at first seemed to flow so quickly together with all their monotonous drudgery now seem, when i look back on them, and even as i exist in the present tense and the recent past, to have brought about an aging much more quickly than i would have been able to accomplish had my mind been subjected to the shit that was being thrust upon it with every minute i spent at that place.... i was really in a cloud of anger, sadness, frustration--every negative emotion you could honestly think think of while i was in school.... i ran into a few people at the ben folds five concert

last month whom i knew ever-so-kindofishly from back in my school days (i'd never really interacted with them, but we'd shared classes several times)... they seemed to think it incredibly "cool" that i was sitting around doing... nothing all day. escapism romanized by the eternal trappings of past actions and the feelings of pseudo-obligation. go figure.

i had to face a problem similar to the... educational dilemma i seemed faced with back in school when i went for guitar lessons. you see, the problem i found myself confronted with yet again was this- the teacher wouldn't allow me to learn. i went in there explaining that i was hardly a beginner, and yet he grabbed for me to work with the level one book that not only was i assuredly way beyond the level of, but that i'd already gone through and been disgusted by! the entire session was wasted on a battle of willpower between the two of us, as he wanted to drag it out as slowly as possible, and i wanted to actually learn something. in the end i managed to speed him along a large amount, but i still didn't wind up even getting anywhere near the level that i've already reached simply by teaching myself..... i called up and talked to the head honcho and he said that they'd been getting quite a few complaints about that teacher and that they were "looking into solving the problem"... so i was able to get switched over to a different teacher, much to my delight. i begin classes next week with this other guy, who is, i've been assured, a very wonderful teacher.... i shall wait and see.

i don't \*really\* care about other people's music, don't let my huge collection of cd's, the music magazines strewn across my room and the fact that i do little all day that really is \*not\* directly related to such things fool you.... i only take in these bits of information for simple passage of time or, actually more often, to daydream about the time when i'll actually have the opportunities required to reach even the level of self-expression unrepressed by the bondage of the physical world.

i still experience horrible feelings of loneliness these days.... but they're mostly induced by interaction with other human beings, online or otherwise.

when i have things to experience within my own life.... i will be one \*interesting\* human being... i can feel what it's like already.

"hey, what are you doing tomorrow?"

"ohhh, tomorrow's kind of a busy day. i kind of have to get in touch with so-and-so and see if we're going to be doing such-and-such then or on thursday... i'm still not sure yet. why, what did you want to do?"

"i thought it'd be neat to do blah-blah-blah."

"ah, that sounds neat! well, i can't make any real \*definite\* plans at

this point, but we'll just have to see what happens,

okay?"

"okay."

\_\_\_\_\_lying dead in a puddle, alone, stepped over, not wishing to get up without a hand to hold onto, destroyed by the naive positivity i've been bombarded with for so many years.... to make me wish for something better... is the cruelest trick society could ever play on me.

\_\_\_\_\_he SCREAMS  
SCREAMS  
so loudly he SCREAMS

ignoring the fact that he has absolutely no clue what he's screaming about.

"how," he asks himself, "can i ever find the opposite of myself when all i've ever wanted is to establish some kind of wireframe structure of truth for my beliefs? what manner of human could exist contemplating this world, but not desiring to take it as his own, to have and to hold, or to be owned by and to be held by? wouldn't it be impossible for someone to crave... conflict within the very fabric of his own existence?" he walks down the



hallway with relative ease this morning, not finding himself especially forced to waste his precious moments of contemplation on making sure not to trip over one of the manufactured humans that seem to enjoy blocking his path... he doesn't smile, he doesn't frown, for he is averting not his eyes, but simply his vision from the details of the world surrounding him. within his mind are the questions of how this creation should come about, what this creation is, why he has not one single imaginary friend anymore, why he doesn't just realize and accept (that is, base his actions on) the fact that it was not his idea to take plot elements that make no other sense otherwise, as good a creative outlet as it may be (thanks to the opportunities it gives for expressing the ways of the human mind), and make them manifestations of SHIT?!

\_\_\_\_\_holding a strong dislike for existence in general, to be disgusted as i judge for the judgment and make myself look like an ass once again and i simply \*refuse\* to mind.

manipulation in it's most subversive form, the contemplation of what might make one live a happier, more productive existence if only they could see the things impossible to see from the viewpoint from which they might achieve such things...

i write a few lines and erase many times. reversal, rehearsal  
(INTERRUPTION)

immersible.

\_\_\_\_\_ change is constant.

(for all but in here)

very little is left that i have not already gone over and over and over and (will wanted me to write something as a column in his zine but he signed off before he could go into the details and i see him online very little nowadays)...

i've been feeling more musical lately but have not had the means to express these urges and so i've just been bobbing my head up and down up and down (many times).

\_\_\_\_\_ ha! incredible amounts of love i feel.

don't be a booger and tell me to go sulk.

<cough cough>

no one in this world can write quite like i can  
and neither can i, 'cuz i suck!

\_\_\_\_\_ so, i wonder if i'll be in this good a mood as the end of the world approaches and we all realize that the only thing ever damning us was our own certainty in our own mortality.

every time i hear an airplane fly overhead i appreciate the beauty of being grounded just a little bit more.

i want to say that i'm anti-technology, and as self approaches i feel a little bit more certain that this is so...

nothing can be sold quite like the extinction of misery.. and yet the times following such a tragedy must be kept to oneself.

i must be delusional, hand me your smile. the greatest accomplishment an artist can hope to achieve is the lack thereof as dictated by the public eye. let me just sit down for a bit and i'll listen to you as you tell me a story of your youth. it's so FUN that way, as the greater levels of appreciation set in for the first time in forever.

it's been a bit of a trip and there've been so many times when i've felt i have no real grasp on reality... depression assaults you like that, and it cuts off the parts of you that might otherwise find hope in such hopeless situations.... don't let anyone fool you by saying ignorance is bliss.. don't let anyone fool you by saying that the intelligent man is the withdrawn misanthrope who watches things from afar and dictates within his own universe the worthiness of beings "below him".

forget it all! it's a game that we play.. such things can be resolved by the tiniest specks.. nothing's bleak, nothing's wrong, (it's been here all along?) not in truth, but in love, it's been here all along.

and love doesn't exist, so don't let me fool you into thinking that things are any better or any worse than they might be otherwise... i \*adore\* everything i've written before, and i hope many after me are able to look at such things and work through all the yuckiness that leads to what comes.

it doesn't matter how far off from your estimations it winds up being.. promises are kept when you make them to yourself and truly believe in yourself... disbelief in oneself is the only promise never to be kept.

sit crosslegged with the joy on your face and i won't be affected by it like i would have been yesterday... bare your legs for all to see and the shock will not be there! don't worry about the consequences and don't worry about feeling low.. i'm not a destructive person and i'm not a sorry person.. indeed i do believe that i have the potential to \*be\* a person, however, as it comes and things ripen in life.

i don't know that a hatred of technology is cause enough to consider a human being insane, but isolation within such a state is certainly a bottomless pit that might quite simply put an end to the kind of solid ground that i am \*so\* very not used to... and when i stand i feel the floor.

okay, there's the little problem of finding a way to "make it" in "our modern world".. and life's seemed for quite awhile to be pushing me

in the direction of more than making it by existing completely outside of the craziness as some kind of a god to manipulate lesser beings, showing off how very wrong everything in this world is...

but in truth there is little to be gained by such a thing.. though who knows, it's not as if this kind of a reality is not still quite probable..  
.in fact, it really is.

but i see myself much happier above a beautiful hilly landscape, as i'm grounded grounded grounded and don't need to worry about being scum.

i have the way and it's coming.. and it's freeing myself from the mediocrity of acceptance in a way i could never have before imagined.. and that, indeed, is quite a statement.

my realization has come flying at me as such- your thoughts, your feelings, exist, as do all. don't misunderstand and don't believe that there's nothing left for you, since you have yourself and there are others simply waiting to be understood by the perfection they might see in your desire to understand them! trust me as i say that as a human being you are perfection. perfection as you see it in the eyes of one who sees perfection in yours... for there's nothing one must strive for and there's nothing one might accomplish.. the people you believe in are simply transmitting a distress signal that you're misinterpreting as a reason to trash what might have otherwise

existed.

take off from your homes and make it known that you've not given up!

weakness only exists in the form of your own strengths, and thought is as corruptive a manipulator as belief when fallen into the wrong hands.

at some moments i might find myself dwelling on the image of a worldwide community misunderstanding but nonetheless tolerating each other for their own selfish purposes, believing that in such reluctant communication they might be making things better for their future generations while at the same time knowing in their hearts that it is far too late for such hopes.. perhaps i'm saddened by the thoughts of huge amounts of people crying as they watch their loved ones shot to death in the streets on what was intended to be the most widely celebrated day of optimism in the history of our posthuman world...

and yet, perhaps i don't care... for selective adoration and selective mournfulness can in many ways lead to satisfaction while superseding feelings of obligatory nightly catharsis being strewn forth as a result of emotional addiction.

let it be! as your hair holds a special significance in my heart, as for once i don't need you, as for once it's not hidden. praise yourself!

and let the many who might criticize you for the shallowness of what you comprehend fight amongst each other about the proper usage of enshrined colloquialisms. know it! you know it! and i know it too.....  
so smile.

\_\_\_\_NO!

i could focus my energies in the wrong places until i explode, without ever truly experiencing (WAH!) the sensations i like to believe i could....

there's nothing in this world at this moment that i have and there's nothing at this moment that i wish i had that is in my grasp (everything i ever wanted is all).. LEAVE IT BEHIND motherfucker.. <sniff> LEAVE IT BEHIND and let them fade away (as would the memory of a nightmare)...

what is the nightmare and what is the reality? which do we more wish to awaken into, and which holds a better standard of living to live up to?

accomplishment is found as the result of persistence and belief in oneself, as well as the existence of others who might somehow believe that your thoughts hold some validity within this plane of existence....

(it's coming out all wrong) what was it that i was trying to express to you, anyway?....

shit.

<sniff>

shit.

the stream sparkles with life.. her eyes sparkle with life.. and for once i find meaning within the confines of chivalry (have i truly been here before?).....

shoom.

nevermind.

i can never truly find (WORDS!) pictures make me slumber.

(WORDS! WORDS!) die and i shall MUST!

<sniff>

i do, i really do.

i don't believe in rhythm.

i started and i.. nope. it can't be.

it... can't.. be.

<sniff>

what i want seems so out of reach when i place the events that would have to follow and precede it within the context of this world. that tiny little moment shall sustain me for so long.. and yet so never. never. ever. (shit.)

i'm shaking.. <sniff> i'm shaking. <sniff> and there's never been a difference between my thoughts and my words, my love and my



eyes... you don't really know my heart, you don't really know my heart.. you shall never understand for i'll never last.. i don't know where the optimism is.. i don't know what i want anymore.. and i've lost myself among the rest.. how can the tiniest details be preventing me from achieving what is already at hand?

it's not working anymore. i can't write anything at all but i have no other choice. it's not the perfection i found within jehovah is a big fat idiot (and other observations). i wonder why i can't write.... i wonder why i can't think... i wonder why you're not taking my hand and i wonder why i don't even need you anymore.

this makes even less sense. i don't want to be dragging you down.... i want your message to be as it's speaking to me from the heavens above... i want your thoughts and your environment.. i want the feelings, not the words.. place the order, place the lies... it doesn't work as the incoherent is placed as if it were to be expected within the confines of a material life to be earned....

i watch movies of the pathetic and the tragic and i find myself jealous of their situation.. and all i don't want is to be here and stop talking to me or i might listen to you (FUCKER!) and do.

you i don't care and your smirk at the demise of another lets as if your own self weren't so tied in with the extinction of the thought and that love might hold an answer whereas i have it in myself and

when i feel joy it's without you and it's without her and it's without him and it's without anybody to hold dear but they nonexistent to your own nonexistent truths... dismiss me as the tragedy let go by your own mythology.. i disappoint you all at one turn or another.. no matter what i do, i follow where i go.. and leave the others behind. and you refuse to accept my boundaries.

once one can accept me through their own demise and through the demise of others and through the demise of myself springs forth the canundrum of anglomorphic megalomisogynistic canker sores... let it be and i shall resurge into it.. (and don't let me leave you behind)..... so... <sniff>

and it's happened so many times within my fractured skull that the walls of sensation have been broken down as if some accomplishment might be mightied within the banks of the skull of the sense of the new and i lie and it. help me, in fact, for my eyes might divine... if i could it would be such a sweet melody, but i can't for as far as i know..... <sniff sniff sniff>.

and                    it's                    misery.                    scum.  
and i want to be numb.  
(sorry.)

i don't..... feel.. empiness.  
but unfortunately my situation has become a bit extreme.

what should be working as solutions are failing miserably and almost leaving me looking to other forms of communication for help.... which i don't want.

i don't want anything drastic to happen, as much as i like to promote the usage of such insane tactics... for when something like that comes about within one's life, it usually means a withdrawl from ambition and withdrawl from what might be...

and knowing myself theoretically as i do so well, i know that eventually i'd wind up regretting throwing away my youth like following my heart might be likely to do at a time such as the present. it's difficult pondering where you'll be fifty seconds from now when yesterday things weren't the same. i don't \*know\* myself in the future sense, as little as i can connet the me of the present tense with the me of several moments ago.

the space between moments and the space between different systems of belief, a tiny line to be sure that must be protected rather closely.

again, i don't know.

i don't know i don't know i don't know.

\_\_\_\_\_ "it's too much as i feel disconnected," he spoke as the wood took form in his hands. "the solidarity of the truth to be exposed disintegrates into a fractal world, the likes of which my dreams

could never have hinted at when i was your age."

the splinters fly left and right at the truth of the times forgotten, and the general monogeniety of simplicity explicitly implicit in our hindsight manifests itself in a loud, forever-growing hum gnawing at the base of my skull. somewhere in my mind i make the connection between the analog certainty of an omnipresent heartbeat, steady and sure, proving what we're certain must remain as forever ourselves, and the current background i'm privy to with my overacute senses, the wavering hum of a digital world gone bad, a singular mind gone chaos, our dreaming of fears.

somewhere i know that no matter how many hours a day one might place into their individuality, that each growing sentiment of such a minor thing must affect each around, a degree of one's own, that our nurture has said we must prove to each other, the zeitgeists abound must combine as a whole, that our plasma exists in one form as another.

slowly the man i know raises himself and his statue and speaks some words that.. must be historical (the way that he's standing-they must be historical!).... what? (what?) (MUST be historical!) four sco(score) and seven (seven years ago) i had a dream.... (WHAT?! ) i cannot hear y(I! (i(i)) have a drea(dream(dream))) I CA(end) didn't hear you! (hear you)... I CAN'T HEAR YOU! i can't hear anything... over the humming (humming)

(humming).....bzzzt.

"and that," said the man, "is exactly what i'm talking about. <sits>"

"<collapse>

oh."

shoom.

\_\_\_\_\_skeleton curled up with whiskey in hand.

broderbound whispers the vague through the smog.

words through the dance of the dead through the streets, whisper so  
sullen, for piece of the meat.

communicate! parasite envelope ride, sucking the straw of the  
potently ride.

entertain colorguard, vasoline bleach. caravan, caravan, caravan!  
leech.

beings preferred as once be through streets, catnip for bloodhound  
beseech be the leech!

one must know stream of all life force in dream, one must know all  
as be loveform in scream!

i get my money back.. i get my money back.. have i my money  
back? have i my gun?

smog. smog. fog? fog?

{un}

[two. three. four.]

\_\_\_\_\_ctnp a poodl, i lv n u di!"

::refuses to look up, yet refuses to continue::

<!-- ...the silent film resonates within me as a fleeting glimpse of artistic integrity within an era where my escapism was actually tolerated. many times as my mind once wandered over images of a future devoid of such accomplishment i questioned the validity of this kind of existence in contrast to the hopeless romanticism blanketing myself around then, the twilight of the 20th century. laughter as medicine, my days went by in pursuit of the one smile that might lead me to the next... searching for a reason to live, no matter how momentary, the loveliness moved on without a glimpse into myself, or it stayed behind to drag me downward with each leap i might take. in any case, the singularity of "myself" seemed forever to be close at hand... until the day it would all change with one stream of my mind... -->

"nvr i di 4 ur poodl o ry!"

::pretends that his sitting position is adjusted as significantly as it actually would be if such a thing were possible::

<!-- many moons ago the state of this harkened to the present as i attempted to defy self and defy the other's self. everything cried out that my feelings were again misplaced, but perhaps it was the

satisfaction of knowing that i had only myself to harm that drew me to the idea of putting my life on the line so many times, taking such plunges into the unknown and wondering about the effect of bondage on the physical world. relations with other beings in different stages of existence as ways to induce ignorance of various worldly vices was such a necessary constant that i began to wonder what i could truly feel at all. when every thought and every dream could be attributed to one chemical imbalance or another, what might a level of stability bring? what might disrupting the balance even further accomplish? while toying with death on so many different levels, what need even had i for the thoughts of consequence? weakness to be toyed with if such an opportunity would present itself. as i'd found possibility before within a positively direct (yet thriving) happenstance to hold onto, i was seeking to find possibility within this pretty little self so contrary to my own. i was never sure how the possibilities might play out, was the thing, and within this time, a period where perspective was so impossible that i could never determine which way was up, which way was down, which way was death and which way was life, it was tearing me apart with each moment spent alone in my room. 'don't speak to me of love', i begged of them all... 'don't speak to me of your funny valentine or my mind will race with the expressions of love, and with the rejections that would be sure to follow such manifestations.'. my lack of individual taste made me seek only the possibility of cooperation with my desire to become truly whole for once in my life... on the outside i was the most caring one could be

but on the inside i knew such emotion was impossible.. for the opposite would not and could not exist. i felt hatred only toward my own dreams of suicide, my feelings of hatred toward my various selves.. 'twas a time quite like this, where all i knew i was abandoning, feeling fortunate my talents might actually manifest themselves despite the preparations for an interdimensional shift... indeed, unrequited love would continue among various vehicles of deprivation and illogical motivation until the literal child of beauty was manifested sparkling in the twilight of an anarchistic metaculture... the devil incarnate, this must be our present ill sublime. -->

\*\*\*stares at the odd little creature menacingly\*\*\*

<!-- i figured for once throughout the lifetime of monitoring my own superficial movements and walking down the pathway of identical creatures that the wide-eyed curiosity in spite of one's lack of innocence would hold a place inside the nonexistent central chasm dominant over my microcosmic apocalypse valve. i thought for once that the overwhelmingness and the sudden momentary lack of timespace grappling would amount to the total annihilation of my misapprehensions in regards to the ones whose heads hung low, who in their spare time enjoyed hanging out of car windows with needles in vein counteracting the natural evils of their post-postmodern ultraconscious selfishness. each time as i would hold onto the hand of another i would feel i could lose myself and subject myself to a



causal difficulty reminiscent of another present inspired by *deja vu*. after all, what was the difference between the silent and the outspoken? the angry and the tired? the defeatist and the manic? my mind would never know... -->

/\* his mind would never know because of his refusal to accept the benefits of a singularly democratic existence-to-be! being a human of such deeply-rooted self-obsession and neurosis, this man views the community established through the strength of our collective will as a travesty to the whole of his ideals! how wasted is such willful selfishness! is that not the trait which our world has striven most to accomodate? only by removing himself from our humanity has he managed to bring such destruction to his adoration of knowledge! without such purposeful denial of all that is good, he would never have advanced this far! another in the series of sad blunders that has been his life, one wonders what grandiose visions he most certainly must have in store for this world of "his". \*/

<!-- i pretend that i don't exist as they begin to advance according to our predetermined intervals... love within their hearts, i fear their kind and good intentions bringing an end to my suffering and longing as i clutch ever tighter the secrets of coherancy to be revealed. closer and closer they approach, and with each turn of my own i refuse to move and refuse to retaliate... their move is their move, and my move is their move. no reason have i, as an innocent, to go. -->

\_\_\_\_\_"you know that my adoration for you is boundless! you

know that my feelings shall not perish as my body is strewn forth into a sea of mashers and grinders, tenderizing the pulpy mush until its very physical properties are altered and my corpse is no longer a carcass! you know that with every blink of your eyes another piece is stolen from the whole of my soul! you know that all the words i've ever written, past, present, future, have been of you, the loved one! you! embodiment of perfection of embodiment of rejoice! the sweetness of the freezerburn sent forth from the altered sycophant cuticles of your beauty-worn iris meet my consciousness and for a moment i've removed what i've wanted for all!"

(i collapse)

"the mnemonic devices you've used to memorize your personal opinions are ingenious indeed, but may i suggest that you come to terms with the fact that self-obsessive tenderness is not something that one mortal might speak unto another."

"but i am indeed a mortal, and a loving one, at that!"

(she smirks)

"how cute. do continue."

"the eyes of the loved so beheld in my dream! occipital hijack is fine in this world, but dream, in a dream, have i thought of one teen? zapped as the moment like monkey in cage! your faithlessness lies only in the fact that your past has been completely

wiped away by its being wiped away! i beg of this world to let me know what's behind curtain number three! have i ever rollerskated closely with an eyeball? sense tells me i have not, intuition says otherwise. have i loved now my share? should i let it be seen?"

\_\_\_\_\_ "joe camel!" i scream, "my mind i am not!"

the eloquence subsequent slurs to the pain, the sour of here. beating the jukebox with fist at the bar... "beat it, my darling, and beat it like so!" the places my fist have been travel with me... the world of all worlds of mine happen to be... mind as i've left it, come forth but in speech. muteness of life in my subsequent preach. head collapses to the musical squelching.

"stop the insanity!" i cry out into my sleeve, and the onlookers become offlookers to the civilian hierarchy of illness and self-persuasion. the light sounds of minds through the tummies-to-be watch the wartime of shows, but no one's quite sure what to make of it all. wherein disagreement, the u.s. of a?

"love!" now she cries, and i grapple her so.

!conflicts of interest within the singular socialist vs. multiple fascist synaptic avalons create tension among the ones whose democratic homogenization once brought glory and fame to the hell of our earth! why, then, can't we exchange pleasantries like neighbors not fibbing of the sexual molestation plaguing their daughters' own

respective forms of mental retardation, let it thrive, let it die? no one knows what is best for our world, just as no one knows what is right for themselves. catch it and suck it and throw it away... all that i care be so fly.....

"soothe yourself," she whispers softly to my throbbing skullform, "soothe."

and as with all things spoken through the wonders of fiberoptic touch, the thought manifests itself as truth, action, endogeographical "awww" to the touching moral fabric that controls the world. up to her breast, i feel the analog harmony regain and for a moment her heartbeat supersedes all of the hum of the slowly-feeding nightjackal. "conquer it might i still," i whisper to the organisms inside of her, "conquer it i shall."

the clock moves steadily, quickly as thought, denizens staring dreamily as long-tampered horseracers walk around the track in a supersonic slump. calendar flipped constantly by a man with a shattered glass jaw whose pieces litter the floor unobtrusively, we all know what's coming, and we fear it might stop.

time is solidified to a ball of kinetic electricity wrapping over and between itself to the slowness of comprehension. my hand reaches out and she soothes once again, screaming "LET IT BE!" now... "LET IT BE!"

i wrap myself to be surrounded intricately by her fertilized comb follicles... chained to the wall, yet she smiles at oblivion, stars in her eyes so be quantified finds.... "REJECT ME! REJECT ME!" i scream with delight. the ball rises higher, my soul must fly higher... the truth must go higher! (i've no one to fight).

the singular moment encompasses me with a feeling of prozackian lunacy. now, while here i know that the fates are against me, now somewhere i wonder whose fault this might be. my personal negatives and lack of investment? mine eyes pretend water simplicity here. MINE EYES PRETEND WATER SIMPLICITY HERE!

OVERDRIVE of marsupian cannibals! SOMEWHERE within the INTENSITY of modular screams lies the basic fundamental drives of chaos civilizations of the contradictory future! TRIED, and i TRIED to be linear riding the snail of the head of the vasoline tread! so i do not know, would not know, factory fried to know, sensual drive! <cries>

be it beginning or be it the end, modular whining means modular pride.

\_\_\_\_\_mediocrity, she at least be sweating through the bowels of  
\*this\* everyday citizen at the statuette of insecurity.

"is he human, or is he.. something more?" he wonders while peeking through his self-contaminated fragments based on memory, "could potential be delivered through the salvagable of ruin?" moog ducking as viola flies overhead with rocketpack of desperation to conquer in the end as usual, "there's something very nervewracking about the texture of it all, but i want to believe i see right. i want to believe i can judge. i want to believe i am worth something."

for so long had i existed, tormented myself based on the conclusions of importance that i had reached as a result of the very things i was finding i'd never held. i was something so other than human, and believed i could meld as a result of this fact. like perfection delivered, god making self nothing, i thought that i might as well end up on top.

but i like it on bottom, and this is a fact.

there's something about the oddities of the senses developed, that odoriety might seem altered and that i might just grow attracted to the smell of rotting flesh and the fragrance that seems to cover it. i can't.. quite.. put my finger on it as i wrap my arms around it, and i can't quite taste what i can't quite see.... but i wouldn't expect you to understand that, a bit shallow as the meaning still develops it be.

and a bit scary, to move along and discard it all as i do so many times when i disappoint within my self-preservation the forsaken

polygamous dramatization of the powers i must wield within my  
secrecy and riddles and puzzles and games.

so i stop.

look.

and listen.

WHAM!

RELAX for a moment and forget about your troubles. ya know  
why, little man? no troubles might be seeming on the porch of life  
today... forever it must be as likened flesh to a tiny boy again caught  
in a world that now accepts him and doesn't expect of him what he  
already uses as a pyric tool of rapid self-engulfing hatred or  
enticement...

i love it and i'm never going to tell you otherwise and i'm not going  
to pretend i don't love to be smothered in misery, soul. i want you  
as a human to be cherished for all the wonderful complexities  
within... each! and every! moment to be witnessed, see? i  
understand! i do! and all this time as i mentioned of how  
wonderful if someone as a seeker might find me, but now it seems  
normal, and now it seems.. right. let me tell you all a story about  
the dangers of self-judgment.

\_\_\_\_\_empty the tank, phil!

stumble and waltz through the vasoline arteries, seek out the

free and the brave.

rhyme reason contre miss penileribution.

-----

the grayhead surrounds me, as copping a cheap antiphysical feel of the donor so prior, so current in feel. i lose my mind but for a moment of unhindered intoxication of blissful thinking of the scribbles on the wall... the random shades not so solemnly perfect, not so solemnly out of reach but here.. here... in the unobscuring facets of the walls that surround me. and i look at myself through what gets in the way and i'm hideous, daring, but vision can be and that makes it all right. hair stands on end or hair interrupts sight.. in any case it's beauty within the actuality of perversion, actuality of the opposite end of the spectrum that some great philosopher in some great other world has admitted must exist for the distinct wretch of my objective self-repugnance. mind over matter must exist, as my face i make beauty- no, light i make beauty... effect o'er the lights that pierce every imperfection of wall, i change wall, i change ugly for all.  
and i smile.

-----

hurry up, motherfucker, you've lessened the load!

closure peroxide, return to the zoo.

lamine, seal it up, pistons up, FUCK!



*New Year's Eve, 1998*

well... <burp>... since i'm awake and it's 4 a.m. on jan. 1, 1998, i guess i may as well share with you all my story of what i did to celebrate... well... it now being now as opposed to it still being then.

<ahem> anyway, it all started a few days ago, when.... <fuzzy fadeout sequence to adam reading a newspaper> i was flipping through the pages of the springfield advocate, the swell free newspaper-type thingie that has always done for me a great job of keeping me somewhat connected to the outside world via future concert announcements and stuff like that..... as i was flipping through it, i came upon a two-page spread advertising the "first night" celebration that would be going on in the nifty little nearby town of northampton, mass.... included was a schedule (really only somewhat understandable) of events that would be included in the day-long festivities.... anyway, for one price you got yourself a pretty little button and got to wander around through all the different events around the downtown area as you desired. this i thought to be a neat idea, so i played in my head with the idea of inviting steve and the visiting roxanne to go and have ourselves a swell time come new year's eve.. especially since i'd never actually done anything as far as new years' celebrations before in the past...

being the silly weenie that i am, however, i postponed mentioning this wonderful idea to them until, um... the day of the events. so,

that morning, i wrote steve an email explaining what was going on and saying to give me a call if they would be at all interested... indeed, i wound up getting a call from him around, ummm, i guess noontime that day. so it was a yes for the northampton idea.... after the long and frustrating process of actually figuring out how we would be getting transportation to and from the area, we decided we'd get a ride there from bruce (my mom's boyfriend) and pay for a cab ride back with roxanne's father's credit card. (yup, a cab ride... ain't that nutty? regardless of anything else, she said it'd be fine, and it seemed really to be the only option available, so....)

as i was getting ready, though, i wound up getting a call from cathy, who was at work and wondering what i was doing for my new year's eve.... i told her about the first night thing, and she begged me to let her come along.. she said she'd be ready between 1:30 and 2:00, when she would be... quitting her job without any prior notice. i talked to steve and roxanne about it, and they both voted not to wait for her and to just go ahead without her.. just as bruce and i were on our way out to pick those two up, though, we got a call from cathy just saying, "well, i can go now, so why don't you just swing by and pick me up?"... so, we did that, and we picked steve and roxanne up, and we drove to northampton.

upon being dropped off in the said promised land, we proceeded through the freezing cold (no, no, colder than that.. colder still.. very, very, cold.. the blowing wind in particular) to roberto's

restaurant, where i still had a coupon for a free pizza that i hadn't used from when i won them off of a radio contest (people with really miserably boring existences will remember that i used the other one i won when i went to see fiona apple in concert and wound up hanging out with a total stranger for a few hours before the show). after that, we came upon a record store where i looked around and everybody else recovered from their 3 minutes of walking outside in the cold. inside we continued our mission (which we had begun as soon as we left the pizza place) to try and give out our last remaining slice of pizza to some deserving bystander (if you've never tried giving out free food to random people on the street, i highly recommend it. it's quite entertaining). then we went to my very favorite candy store, where steve and i picked up some atomic fire balls and roxanne picked up some jawbreakers. after that we went to a bank, where cathy waited in line for a teller and got some money, and roxanne tried getting money out of an atm and wound up getting nothing at all. while in there, one guy accepted our pizza and said it would be going to feed his dog.... he didn't, however, believe his dog would enjoy a nice atomic fire ball.

we soon found an atm that would actually give roxanne some money... then we decided to actually go and find out more information on the first night thingie, so we went to the words and pictures museum (a rad comic book art museum where they always play neat music- as we walked in we were treated to the sweet sounds of the smashing pumpkins' "luna", followed by some

portishead, and, later, bjork) and grabbed a schedule of events. i explained to them that a lot of the stuff on the schedule was less than thrilling, so that they wouldn't wind up disappointed if they paid and then found out there wasn't very much exciting going on... cathy was excited by the idea of seeing really cheesy acts, though, and roxanne said she was willing to pay the \$15 just so she could wear the pretty button, so we paid, went through the museum a bit, then proceeded to be really indecisive about what exactly we wanted to do as we looked at the schedule.

after that, i think, cathy looked around in the used book store, we wandered around some other places completely unrelated to the new years' festivities, and.... well, we ate more pizza at a different place and wound up giving away our remains from there for free to people walking into yet another pizza place (what a fun way to get kicked out of a restaurant.. it was too busy for anyone working there to notice, though)...

i think it was after that when we actually decided to go check out one of the events we had.. paid for admission to.... unfortunately, the first band we were going to check out, the oh-so-cleverly named "@t", was playing at pearl street, which for whatever reason decided it was an 18+ show and that they would be serving alcohol, despite the fact that first night was supposed to be an alcohol-free, all-ages event... so, while we were out.... waiting for that, though, we happened to walk by a car repair shop that had some little portable

heating burning fire warmth box thingie.. cathy wandered up towards the door window, lusting after the heat, and the people inside signaled for us to come in... sooooo, we got to hang out in there a bit.. on the table was a 6-fingered glove/stuffed spider thingie, the girl there tried justifying to me service that cost \$100/hr, and.. pretty much we just stayed in there and warmed up... then, after taking off from there and finding out that we wouldn't be able to get in to see @t, we decided to go see something else, which turned out to be a jazz ensemble playing in a church. we sat through that a bit.... cathy loved it, i was rather entertained because i'd never seen live jazz before but nonetheless a bit, um, wantingtogoish because i had the feeling we could be having a more exciting time elsewhere, roxanne insisted she had no opinion whatsoever on our staying in there, and with steve it's impossible to tell. so, after we'd been there for 15 minutes or so and their set was over, we moved on... cathy (forever walking ahead of us and wandering into places we otherwise would have had no desire to visit) led us into the academy of music without having any idea what would be playing there... until i checked the schedule and found out that it was a band that played "inspirational 50's and r+b music".... after promptly escaping that place, i think the next thing we did was, ummm... oh yeah, before we went into the academy of music we met the most lively couple of people of the entire day, who, um... bounced around screaming for joy when we gave them free candy.... after that i think we stopped at starbuck's and grabbed steve something to drink (though we made a few coffee stops throughout the course of the

day, so it's rather difficult to keep track)...

then we discovered a neat new store, which was like, ummmm.. everything was really crammed in there, they had lots of old used 60's-type clothes that you'd never expect to see anywhere in the world, they had tarot card readings, they had the walls covered with neat old rolling stone covers and record sleeves, and, my favorite, an actual sitar :D

<burp> they were nice enough to be giving out some free tea stuff, i guess, too, though none of us took any. we wound up hanging around there for awhile, looking at stuff, and roxanne got herself a tarot card reading... after that we decided to take off and see the drunk stuntmen, who were described on the schedule just as "rock and roll".... on our way i made the effort to stop one guy we'd given candy to earlier yet again to comment on how wonderful his hair was.. when asked what his secret was, he replied that he just didn't wash it.... he gave us some free chocolate, and a friend of his came along and accepted some candy from us... we talked for a few minutes, he took off to go do something and we continued our trek towards the drunk stuntmen.

they, too, were playing in a church, but this church had two separate places that were serving as home to events, so we first wound up wandering into the very-packed performance of the gay men's chorus (inside a church! how swell is that? :D).... after hearing more than enough of their scary music after a couple of songs, we went around the back and found the drunk stuntmen performing. they

were.. interesting.

as we walked in i'd say we'd easily be forgiven if we'd thought there were a country + western band playing in there.... a lot of their stuff had... a rather western kind of sound, but played with such energy and freshness that it could by no stretch of the imagination really be labeled as such... during the set there were little girls getting up and dancing to them and stuff.. as far as the band themselves, i'd say that at this point they're about the only band that, if i were a band member, i would blend in with without a problem.. a few of 'em were decked out in cowboy hats... one guy had, like, scraggly long white hair coming out from under his cowboy hat and was wearing, ummm.. like these weird baggy shiny pants and what looked almost like a pajama top.. i really can't explain but he had quite the neat fashion sense..

after they finished that set we decided to wait around for their next set as well, so after i gave the bassist and drummer hot balls we managed to grab ourselves some seats up front so we could see a bit better... the slide guitar had a little thingie that said "fred" on it, so i assumed that was its name and started talking about how poor fred just gets used and how fred could probably use some candy as a gift.... when the band went up for the second set and mentioned fred, i yelled out "yay, fred!"... but i guess that was actually just the name of the guy who was playing it... umm, i wound up getting a beaten-up and broken drumstick that got thrown my way.... during the

show's finale, a rockin' cover of david bowie's "suffragette city" (which was \*really\* neat to hear), the guy singing was standing on top of the chair next to me, so i gave him, too, a hot ball... after the show he thanked me for it and we talked a short bit... i bought a copy of their cd and so did roxanne...

yes, and by then the time had come. the hour was approaching 12, so we headed out into the intersection where they had lots and lots of people there to watch the ball thingie and the laser display... they showed some laser animation of some goofy guy lusting after a pretty girl and getting hit on the head with an anvil.. the speakers blasted that song that i think was popularized by, um, the mighty ducks.. where the only words are just "hey!"... so, all the obnoxious people around us, who had already been getting seriously on our nerves, started screaming along to it.. "HEY!" "HEY!"... as this happened, the 4 of us traded fantasies of fun with automatic weapons. as the spice girls came on and the gross display continued, we decided to celebrate our new year at 11:54 instead and just walk to the nearest pay phone to catch a cab before we froze to death.

unfortunately, though, when i called the cab number, i got the message that "the cellular user that you've called cannot be reached", so then i had to call my mommy and beg for a ride... which, of course, she disliked, since she had already flat out refused to supply a ride back on new years' eve.



she didn't want bruce (who was going to be the one driving) to have to work his way through all the traffic, so she made us walk a mile or so down the street to a gas station to get picked up. it was... very cold. we were trading ideas of how to survive dying from the extreme cold if we couldn't make it to the gas station ;P.. it was very, very cold to be out....

so, we finally reached the place and warmed up a bit.. then bruce came, the lights at cathy's house were off so she assumed she wouldn't be allowed back in that night and slept on my couch instead... then i slept.

then i woke up at 4 in the morning and spent an hour and a half writing this.

hm.

and i still don't really know \*why\* i wrote this.

ah well.. best wishes for a glorious '98 (mine's gonna be swell-really!)...

and may all your days be circus days!

-adam

*Untitled*

the god::statement of nature

like a spiraling staircase circling 'round; like a ball of beautiful light;  
like the hundreds of stories high; and the sliding and the railing and  
the thinking and the gloriousness and "it's only a matter of time  
now, hon! it's only a matter of time!", and i...

heh. i can't even see the optimism in a young girl dying in a ditch  
somewhere. the looney scumbag.

then he wraps his arm around her and then they stare into each  
other's eyes and then they SMILE at each other and he leans in over  
her and he kisses her and then...

and then somewhere in the moment is coherancy enough.

(because for something in coherance and for something as  
representative enough

as to be adjusted for the context of meaning and the feigning  
discovery of it)

dusty imageless locomotive!

relaxed as gentle and imperfect, she pulls down her sheets and she  
tucks herself in... and she holds onto her teddy bear and she looks at

her clock and she thinks for a moment about the day tomorrow which lies ahead, and she smiles for a moment, "if her parents knew she'd be dead at this moment" (SOMEWHERE!) and then

storming! (once in awhile) the cute chariots of the understanding, and i'm thinking to myself, "y'know, i can acclimate, i really can, and not so it like it be so outside of the ordinary" but counterproductive and i've depriven myself of a youth and i've deprived myself of a childhood and i'm thinking back to the fourth grade with the health teacher and the "discovering ourselves as a person" and the "relationships, variety" which is something applied and then i knew that i've nothing but the traumatic as this sick bit disruption within the timestream and i

love! and i covet and i think of the truth and i think of the blades of grass under this woman and i think of her bleeding and i think of her calling for help and they hear but they refuse to listen and then somewhere in the world at this

moment i scoop her up in my arms and i toss her somewhere and she disappears and comes back reincarnated as a jackal in stasis, calling my name over, calling my name

in the world tonight as i've stolen your ideas.. and then somewhere in a scent tonight i've stolen your perfume. (but then there somewhere within the caution swiped of candles in my room),

somewhere within the plight of (HE who might actually desire for you to do so, yet trying to think that as you pour your heart out, you don't want to admit the evils of crying on the shoulder of someone trying to exist, trying to (that your friends might actually care) pretend to yourself, you miserable pieces of shit! why don't you feel the hatred for them as they refuse to see your desperate ugliness? don't you see

that world cries for help that has instilled in them from day one as they don't wish for you to actually want it, to actually think it, to actually feel it? i don't believe i've failed you, but i don't believe i've won you, either. i don't believe myself worthy of your touch and i don't believe myself worthy to be spoken to. i've never considered myself worthy of any of the beauties of this world until i can be considered as such to oneself as one's own, as one's hold, as one's spell, as one's smell, as one's (cell).. hssss! and forsaken are the (forsaken as adorned) undersequins, and you could not be rested (resisted) that way without the specials of the dearest and i ask you, without coverage, could your self be all too clear? and then could i stare into your eyes as you take the life of the innocent man and he cringes and you laugh and i smile and it's over as if the world had come to a... <cringe>) start!

somewhere there a nice man is giving a wonderful speech about the dangers of self-mutilation and an evil boy is interrupting screaming "liar! liar! pants on fire!" and being drug away by the security

guards as the man onstage adjusts his tie and continues on with just a quick little laugh about the meaning where without the with where there the vehicles come from, i. i don't think i need a vocabulary for your offerings of the know is what you get out dining, of the bow in hair, of the there's glory within table set so kindly and the don't i just give up and then why don't i just wander around and then why that there's something solidarity. frozen corn being served on (like i don't need fears) falls over in his chair but we refuse to laugh.. a silver platter and those looks you give me and the smile as he don't want to know what it is. all i want to of expressing to yourself that there's order among chaos and that there's truth within meaning and that fame. i've promised myself all the things that are so any assortment/decor that might slaughter my damn simple to achieve because nobody achieves them, but don't i just offer myself a plot to bite from and then why don't i just spite of and i'll give you something die? because i want to! i horribly, horribly, feel the urge to do exactly that, boy. and i feel that those are the moments which we share, for they're in spite of all that's else and then there's nothing but ourselves, and then for it's simple, it's so simple, and why truth-like without the sasparilla. i don't want to know else. give me something to be in to be ashamed for. knowing me is to be ashamed for, and i'll give you something why.

focus and i sink back and i look back to the abstraction and it's come to me. somewhere.

it's so easy to organize into disorganized fragments; it's so easy to sit yourself at the desk glaring at me and to point your finger at the truths as if you existed in rhyme; and it's easy to justify holding hands; it's so easy to justify THIEF!

and then i assume that there'd be something if i alleviated all this stupid stress, but then there isn't.

so the other day and the other day and the other other day i go for a walk around and at hcc it's not so much a campus as a temple, so i look out over it and i wander through it around inside the rain and between the drops and i pretend that i'm something and i pretend that i'm thinking superficial thoughts or profound thoughts but indeed i'm just thinking really bored thoughts and i'm saying "dammit, if someone came around then i'd show them! boy, i'd show them the way that i am and they'd see it and they'd understand and they'd <collapse>" and then i fall into a deep ravine of the courageless and then the piano starts to play and i miss and then the simpler things of being in a world of my own, the things like the voices of the sounds of the home, and the thoughts of the repetition and the memorizing verses and having some thoughts and then saying "jesus, if i think like this sober..." to be broken up by the other thoughts of perceived inequality and i massage my own neck because there's no one to do it for me and if there were i'd have no need for a neck massage in the first place!

the courage detracts from the overall advancement of the species, and you care about it so. so, so what. pfft. go away. i've never met my expectations with other words, and i won't do so here, so go die.

he turns on the tv and he plops down on the couch next to her.

and i've touched you for the first time in my life and you've explained that it's not as it's meant to be and i rest my head in your shoulders and i fall into a trance and then you die. it makes me sad.

i'm sitting on the bus next to this girl, see? and she's one of those who have all these band names on their bookbag and they're really not sure why, and then she's sitting there with her headphones on and i'm thinking to myself that she's the type who's uncertain enough to be dumb enough to hold the same set of standards as i might for believing.. or at least she's being just so detached from herself that it's kind of like "sure, whatever, sounds a lot better than i've known", but then hey, it's like "you're a little bit too misinformed for my divine little self, though disrupted you are," and i was wondering just when i might start encompassing sight into my vivisection for the romanticized... and it was kind of like, the more i learn about a certain individual the more i believe they're above myself, or the more i believe that they need some kind of a more stable kind of form to hold onto or to talk to or to exist with, and that dealing with me must be some sort of strange charity.. it's like i can hardly seem to consider myself compatible with anyone unless

i'm dealing with them by not talking to them and not looking at them... what kind of position is that for a fool? and i...

and i sit overlooking the goldfish stream and i think there's a little something to be gained and that one of these moments she's gonna come waltzing in behind me and ask me "what's going on?" and that for once it'll be perfect, and then i think back to the times when i really could've used some reassurance and i think back to just these recurring nightmarish visions of people coming in at the last minute and saving otherwise lost souls with their unconditional love, and i think back to the care bears and i think back to the hugga bunch and i look forward into hanson and it makes me scream out even louder.

(somewhere i just have to admit to myself that somewhere there's a beautiful girl lying in a ditch somewhere staring at the forest and complaining to herself somewhere about the death that must be somewhere as something in some reason in some light in some life in some (scotch), and i...)

i want the nervousness, i want the tension release. i want the uncertainty, i want the smile, i want the "gee, i wonder.. no, it couldn't.." and is making me feel so much better that i might be.. but then i kind of wonder if we're all not just damned to just be existing in this silly little hole for people who are kind of sort of antisocial just in that they're such an odd little set willing for such an odd little set of standards for communication, and yet i...



"no, i say. but yes, i say. in no particular order."

so i thank you and i give you a soft kiss and i refuse to make love to you because that would eliminate the role-playing.. which we need to survive (and i ask), and i love you.

"i'm already bored, mister man! can you give me a glorious piece of the onion pie to be cut and paste here and then there to make it seem like i have a conflict? can you help me by telling me that a conversation is a flowing and that then the interpretation is the linear? can you speak to me of these things? can i bang my fist through the wall and have it exist as an interesting story to be told to the wallabe sitting next to me at the bar? is there any reason not to be cheap, i say?"

"genius! no more relapse!"

"sorry."

the god::statement of usefulness

it was provoking reactions of the permu-o-tations of the imagery of the different of the emotional reactions for which it was swimming across the face (each variation of it being so the bad could be inexplicable (and why was it one who now wished for a video so poignant- that camera: of all of the curious above, be now) and the equally transitory footage of the baggagely footnotes of

sane?)...

"but, alas," the director shook his head, "we cannot bakanovskify indefinitely."

"and about the troubles and the end and i've reached the great of the end so that it can touch and it can spew at them because i know that i shall face and the lipstick and then it knows that it's nothing, and i singlemindedly achieve in the moment and the then and i sit and you offer me a flower, girl, or i'll bust your friggin' skull open as that slighthness of the little bit of it as i'm sulferior to "i wish \*i\* could be the one in that bed with the nitelite of streaming", but i can for the then of the dearest of mothers and i slip in between and i forget about the meaninglessness of the contact for they all desire and they apologize to my desire to sweat and connect and the blackened of the hair because troubles and mascara and truth of the never needing else for then that when i miss it. and so frozen as the falling fragments and the face and the truth of the artistic achieves and i speak to be the truth of expression in the stomp and the pretty little butt behind the advertising love."

(and the hours of the spinning of the PERFECTION in the beauty in the sadness in the perfection in the experimentarianism of the CARAVAN being so CLINCHING demands you be the most beautiful girl of a sultan's dead dreams and a superman-tar strumming chords of the weirdness and TRUTH! be incentive of

the latest of offering epic to stay of: the joy, and the fury, ambivalence, wonder).

faster and faster, a race against time to cry "chaos forever!", and...

\_\_\_\_hm. i think i had something i wanted to write about in here, but i can't quite remember. spring break is this coming week, and of course i have nothing to do. i never turned in that essay, instead i've decided to drop the class and take a clep test for it instead. it'll definitely save me some hair-yanking stress. as of today i'll no longer be putting this up on my web site until i feel comfortable with doing so, just because i'd like to feel that i can.. write stuff in here without its exposure having any effect on it.... um.. or something like that. we had a read-through for the rover today and i felt kind of dumb through it, since i don't have any real... part in it, so i was just sitting there for three hours while everyone else read their parts. actually, i think spring break might be nice for me... as far as being an outlet for my creative energies and such, which i actually have again. it's funny, the few failed attempts i've done at creating a journal i've always destroyed after not too long.. but.. i will not destroy this one, no matter how dumb it sounds. this journal shall stay, for the good of the universe. oh, that reminds me.. yesterday the "truth" was that a huge asteroid could be on a collision course with earth, and that it would at least come closer than the moon.. today, the "truth" is that no, it won't, it'll be much farther away. silly mass manipulators.

\_\_\_\_\_ "there are three kinds of people in this world: the kind of person who's opposed to going to war with iraq; the kind of person who goes home, eats beef, has a heart attack and dies at age 35, leaving nothing to show for his existence but live-giving nutrients for the planet to feed off of; and the deaf, blind reporter friend who injured himself at age 12 so he could grow up to become somebody's deaf, blind reporter friend."

in a dream, dweezil zappa spoke to me and told me this over the internet. no...  
really.

Slip You a Rose

slip you a rose this morning  
lie in your coat  
spices as flight birds  
of dead mourners  
remind of the sensory  
alienation  
slip you a daffodil smile  
cross-legged musings  
bed dolly games  
seek your facial to grin  
in love relevance  
lies

\_\_\_\_\_(because not everyone can achieve perfection without an outerwise funlet) SCREAM! and there was that little bit about writing for myself that kind of got lost as i began chasing perfection again.. such an existence is just so in my blood and it's sad but it's true and it's fatal and it's gone.

\_\_\_\_\_"slip you a rose" just kind up sums up a lot of things for me in a lot of ways as far as the way things are going these days.. it's just.. completely centered around one moment, with the surrounding context just being kind of... insinuated. i've been finding my strength lately in moments such as those, the understanding, the desire, the humanity... as much as positivity can increase the pain of feelings of alienation (most of which, when dealing with me, is just absolutely.. pfft.. in my head), there's just that... that... that \*something\* that i've never had before.. i mean, i can sit now and i can smile and i can have a conversation with someone and it's just kind of okay... it sounds insane, but.. those are just the things everyone takes for granted. talents like mine don't just magically appear; i'm not blessed.. i'm just imbalanced. what i have in intelligence and what i have in skill are only weird forms of compensation for all that i don't have in other areas.. though thinking along those lines, of course, the speed of my increasing talent should be slowing down as i find myself more well-adjusted.. but i haven't noticed it yet, at least... this is my finest hour. i'm not depressed, but i have.... just... stuff in my past, i can understand.. i can.... <thinks> i can base so much of what's going on.. no, but i can

\*rationalize\*.. no, i think i've spent enough of my life rationalizing.. hold on.. i'm going to think about this for a moment. <considers> the things that i now have i appreciate all the more due to the fact that i've spent so much of life without them.... and the places i've been and the things i've seen within desolation give me so much respect for things.. it leaves me with open eyes, understanding, caring, all that jazz... i'm thinking about journals and what they can kind of, um.. like, danny showed me his a couple years back, but it was basically, like, "i am really attracted to so-and-so." <yawns> i kind of wish i could do that. i felt the slightest kind of pull towards someone and i kind of celebrated it because that's just something that generally doesn't happen to me.... it was a fun feeling while it lasted. maybe that'll happen again someday.. maybe i'll find someone nice and get involved with them.. <shrug> at the moment i'm just shooting for close friendship because most people are too comfortable with themselves to want to deal with the likes of me, here in college... or they just look at me and see the obvious, the fact that, um, what's there really special to like about me? certainly not my looks.. certainly not my personality (with exceptions.. definite exceptions, but i think overall.. well, actually, there's that level of...) okay, so maybe personality. and at least i'm starting to think i don't look quite as hideous now that i have the new haircut and stuff and things are going well for me.. <yawns> i don't have.... <stretches> i don't think i really have any people in my life right now i could find myself in a romantic relationship with. that's just the way things are. funny how i never think of my own opinion playing a part in

those kinds of things, though.. just how likely they might be to have an interest in me... see? see? you've read my writings, and yet i still have these kinds of silly childish insecurities about relationships and such to deal with... but anyway, yeah.. what was the basis of before when i was actually somewhat interested in a girlie? the hints she gave that she might be interested in me... but that's all just based on my inexperience... i don't know what would work and what wouldn't in a relationship. i've never had a "girlfriend". i've never had that in my life. the scariest thing is when people tell me, like, with the new haircut... i've had a couple people say to me "whoa, you'll be getting all those college girls now" and i just kind of stare blankly.... the weird thing was that one of the people who said that actually *\*was\** a college girl... and it was like "do you seriously think that's a possibility?" "are you just trying to make me feel good about myself?" "are you making fun of me?" but no, i haven't really encountered people making fun of me at college... which is kind of frightening, since for awhile there it was adam the guy with the long black trenchcoat, long hair, cowboy hat and stuffed animals. i wish i'd kept my old journals. deleting those was a very bad move on my part. and then it's like "well, then, if it seems so possible that i could get involved with someone, is it just the way i'm approaching life that's so wrong?"... my answer to that is "probably." i really should sleep now.. well, no, i shouldn't.. but i feel a strong urge to. so i will. and my neck hurts. dammit. okay, bye.

\_\_\_\_\_ the light is rather painful to my eyes and i'm getting annoyed

by that so i'm going to hurt you now. (ow!) and, um... hm, i finished a cup of water that quickly? i just got it.. that's funky. woohoo, i'm so happy, i'm so yugga friggin happy.. okay. hold on. well, what i'm doing now is sort of compiling everything i've done before and (you know, the internet is such a brilliant tool and no one really understands that, but the insight that it gives into the human mind is just) and it's like everything from 1997 pretty much and then back to some into 96 and a little into 98 (including the beginning and ending parts and the introduction) and i'm sitting here with a candle now and it's kind of neat and i'm thinking back to, like, shooting the mule when i used to just free associate do that kind of thing and i really honestly thought i was the first person to come up with the concept of writing things like that, which of course i was dead wrong about, but it's kind of like how everything in my life's gone, and i've matched the visions of the greats but by now it's so pointless, so... (i'm drinking water) and water is the magical lifeorce thingie that'll make all your dreams come true- it'll make you smarter, wiser, more attractive to the opposite sex, all the wonders of the world can be seen when you drink water. when you drink water you will find that life is still worthwhile and everything's lovely and everything's beautiful and everything's fine.... it's kind of disturbing when i break things up into paragraphs, so despite the fact that a lot of time it can keep the flow going better than just making things one huge, long paragraph, i think i'll force myself to stick to writing things that way in here because otherwise it almost becomes, like, a competition, or- i dunno, almost like subconsciously i'm not as willing to just group



it all together as "okay" or "shit".. i'm more likely to feel the urge to mess with it and then get frustrated because i know that messing with my journal, or really anything when i'm writing like this, is kind of self-defeating and ouch i have an itch, so...<scratch scratch scratch> you kind of realize just how childish you've been when.. you start drinking water! yeah.. water is what does that to me.. water is the path to enlightenment. everybody needs to just shut up and start drinking more water.. water changed my life.. it can change yours too.... so i should think back and i should try and chronicle some of the twisted history of my life, i mean, not the recent and not the \*really\* twisted but back in the early days when things were a bit simpler but i tend to forget them, y'know? so i think i'll start off with.. i think in sixth grade i was kind of sort of attracted to a girl but didn't really want to admit it to myself.. and i really don't remember anything about her but i think she was pretty but i don't think i thought there was really much of a chance or that there was really all that much to her, but i still felt that i think that's why i kind of rationalized my way out of really considering myself attracted to her, which in fact has happened quite a bit within my life and i can type at 90-95 wpm but still it can't nearly keep up with the speed of my mind so it's like "jump ahead" "okay" "now wait" "okay" like when you're riding a bicycle alongside somebody who's walking and you have to pump at a certain speed so your bike doesn't fall over but then you have to stop and kind of wait for them to catch up, and it's really like that when i'm writing, and it's sad..... if i'm gonna reach the point where i can honestly say to myself "okay, things are

going fine and things are alright and i'm comfortable with my mind and i really shouldn't be writing it like alright but i'm doing it anyway because" what was that quote doing there? i forgot my train of thought (childhood) childhood good and i go back and when i think of sixth grade i kind of think of myself just making everything i did like a twisted little game like if someone were trying to suddenly be mean to me and instead of chalking it up to the whole peer pressure thing and as early signs of the evil that'd be coming to get me in middle school of "everyone get in line, take your place in the pecking order" then it would be like (and it keeps feeling like things are crawling on me) but then i remember zachary mann and he was the first friend i ever had outside of my family because when i was really little, like before i started school, i just hung around with chris and ken who are just five months older than me and were always staying down the street at my meme's house, and then sometimes amy, a couple months younger than me, would be there too though she's always kind of seemed distant because her parents are pretty much evil and i'm not going to go into that at the (itchy) moment because i'm still trying to talk about school now.. anyway, i have this very definite memory of zachary mann as he was with some other kids doing something and they were trying to beat me up or something, but i really didn't think of it that way and i really don't know what their motives were in actuality to this very day because i can't look at the situation objectively because now all i really know of it is the memory i have which is kind of like "okay, this is a game" and i think i remember even writing about it afterwards,

about how zachary was involved in some evil plot to take over the playground and i was the good guy and (i was always the good guy) that's about it, there really wasn't much that happened in sixth grade... oh, except my world.. i started doing these really demented "my world" comics, which were kind of along the lines of south park kind of humor in that there was a lot of cussing and a lot of vomit, except my comics were a lot bloodier and i loved drawing gratuitous butt shots for no reason at all.. needless to say, the kids absolutely adored them, but i remember one kid in my class got one of em confiscated one day and i had to go up to the teacher and ask for it back because it was mine, and fortunately he hadn't looked at it, because otherwise, i mean, i really would've been in trouble then because i most certainly was not thought to be producing that kind of stuff, being the kind of student i was (effortless straight a's, as i'd always been and always would be up to the seventh grade when everything got shot to hell)... and i scroll up as if the more i write the better it or something, and i really should try to stop doing that, that's a bad habit to get into, only caring about that sort of stuff... i've always kind of blocked out any feelings i've had towards members of the opposite sex because as we all know that's the most sensitive area and it's just so easy to get hurt when it comes to things like that, and for so long it was just, like, people would be doing their best to make me feel like shit anyway and i tell you it is \*such\* a miracle that i survived middle school and i'm thinking about everything i wrote before and it's just kind of like, pfft, in fact, i think this is the best way for me to do things, i just don't really care,

i can get away from the bullshit and the metaphors and the yin and the yang and the what not and just get around to getting in touch with who i am a little better (though i'm doing an absolutely kickass job at doing that at the moment, so..) anyway, i.. <clears throat> i used to have a habit of clearing my throat all the time... i've always had sick little tics like that, but it's (itchy) i really should shower, maybe it's from the gel and stuff but then i'm always all itchy... i really should shower but then i probably won't be able to write anymore and as i get older and (i'm only 16) yeah but whatever and i forget another thing another day but you don't forget anything and with association and i can keep everything and i can basically make myself smarter by writing and (i most definitely have made myself smarter through the writings i've done in the past) on monday in acting class, i'm sure i've already told you this because it seems incredibly exciting to me, i get to work to someone, well, not just tomorrow for for the next project, which will be our two-person scenes.. which means i get to work extensively with someone and i'm really hoping it'll be someone i can get to be better friends with because i feel i need good friends and then it's like "sure, of course there's the online thing", but then eh... and i know i wish i were close to a lot of my good friends geographically but i really just.. and i can't make plans or just take off because 1. i'd be forsaking free room and board and 2. it's like, well, what if they're dumb in rl, no matter what.. and things are just so marvelously great when people are nice to me and the semester is already halfway done if you can believe that.. well, not really, but we started at the end of

february and we end in may sometime so yeah, it's half done, and the midterm grades were already turned in, but i'm dumping my english class which kind of sucks because there goes those possibilities.. and i have to stop associating writing with accomplishment and accomplishment with satisfaction because i really don't need to have a book in my hands to make me happy and i don't need a main point and i don't need anything like that, because as brilliant as that is, whoever, whatever.. i'm drinking so much water and i'm so itchy and i'd really, really love to continue doing this, and indeed, i probably will, but i'm so itchy and tomorrow i'm going to be probably going to the library at hcc to study for the clep tests that i'm taking there on saturday, though really if i had to i could just do that on friday instead because, well.. yeah, because i could, if i had to. and it's weird to think that i'm only 16, that whole, all the age stuff is kind of messed up at this point because i ITCHY! all over i've been in college now for a bit and it's just kind of screwy because, i mean, compare some of the writings i've done and the things i've thought about and the relationship i have with my parents and my mind and just the way i act and everything and compare that with most 16 year olds and i'm one abnormal weird thingie person guy.. and then i'm in college and i'm around people so much older than me and i'm starting to think of myself as so close to my death even just because i'm so kind of close in age to people who are so kind of close in age to others who are a percentage of the way towards the average age of death and of course i could die at any minute and i still have this urge to leave some overwhelming, like,

"WOW, this was one definite personality" here, because i think of someone like my cousin amy and she's just kind of, like, intentionally nondescript and chris, ken (my cousins aforementioned) and i have talked a lot, or at least used to, like "she's going to have to rebel at some point" but much to our surprise she really hasn't.. i actually used to want to marry her when i was like 4, but i'd also never interacted with another girl my age in my life, and that's really pretty sick when you think of it and i believe my parents thought so too and i remember when i'd be playing in the extra room and it sounds kind of sad but i'm an only child and i was playing make believe by myself (which i think i've kind of, um, held onto to this day if you really think about it.. i mean, c'mon, what do i do all day?) and i remember singing "here comes the bride" and "do you take amy to be your lawfully wedded wife" "i do" and then i think i had ninjas attack or something and i beat them up and then everything turned out joyful and we lived happily ever after.. i used to love to just put on a cassette and just talk and pretend and do stuff like that and i would never go back and listen to it, i'd just be doing it for the love of doing it, and if i can just recapture that essence i think i'll be a lot more free than i am in the present tense, so i'm doing pretty damn well if i do say so myself.... solitaire solitaire solitaire.. and i can even remain coherent without trying without ITCHY without anything by my solitary lonesome.. woohoo.. and i really need to get a lot of that kids stuff typed up, and i wish i hadn't lost that "kids at war" stuff, because that was something i started.. hmm... must've been the summer between fifth and sixth grade, and

i remember it was a lot better than the other kids stuff, of which i actually have many copies still sitting around, and i'm still.. really itchy and i think i'm beginning to give up and i may just go and shower now, and i think i do, but first i'm going to check online which is an evil vice now, but i've met some very nice people and it's a very nice thing to do and okay and (i've wasted so much time!) (but i'm only 16!) okay, bye. i'm back. anyway, after i stopped writing this those few short minutes ago, i did sign on for a bit and started talking to my good friends katie and christina, but then aol screwed up so i just figured i'd go for the shower thing and now i'm back here writing in a journal! it's funny, i've never really been able to do the whole journal thing and now i'm just.. vroom.. moving right along. wow, my face is smooth. i've really been doing good stuff for my body... and my life... i'm really proud of myself. i'm happy. for the first time in.. pfft... who cares how long, the old stuff, the times before.. the times, even, before a couple weeks ago just seem so far in the past... it's amazing... it's like they were dreams.. fading away, as would the memory of a nightmare.. or like it was a past life in which i lived those events.. which is kind of weird, but at least i've come to accept them and i've learned to, instead of being insulted by them or feeling bad or evil about them, i'm just like "well, okay. that's a part of me. i can't change the past, i can only move on." it seems like a really, really basic thing, but to actually take that into account, er, focus, er, actually apply that to your life is something totally different than grasping the concept in theory.... <clears throat and takes a sip of water> well. what now, then? i'm

quite a bit awake although it's a bit late.. i keep thinking about life at hcc.. i suppose i could fill you, the mysterious you, in on the life at hcc... it's holyoke community college, it's kind of like this completely, um, i don't know how to describe it, but it's not like a real campus so much as a bunch of buildings that are all connected on this whole.. i don't know.. but it's actually pretty neat in how very different it is... and i actually have weird experiences now, experiences that seem strange to be because, let's see, for instance back last september when i was at the radio 104 big day off concert, a big event at riverside park consisting of performances by mostly mediocre bands... i made sure to squeeze right up front for blondie's set, because, well, it's blondie, and i would never have thought that i'd get to see blondie perform, considering that, well... it's the 90's... but hey, i thought "neat", but then after the set ended i started getting, basically, dehydrated, and as the world kind of faded away and my vision just went more or less completely byebye, i stumbled backwards through the crowd to try and reach where i could actually get myself something to drink.. and soon i was just, i didn't even have the energy to really push through, i was just limping through... some girl (i couldn't see her but i think i could just tell) helped me through some of it but then just vanished, leaving me to collapse in front of someone and say "please.. i need a drink", to which she just said "does it look like i care?"... so on the ground there i just kind of kneeled until my vision came back and i had the strength to stumble up the stairs to where i could get a drink. anyway, after that i figured it'd be in my best interest to actually... hm... i should call and



request the new tori amos song.. i will after i finish this really long train of thought... i figured i'd best just relax.. so i did for a bit in the seats, and then i wandered around the park a bit as the mighty mighty bosstones came on, and i wandered around and suddenly i was depressed and i was just like "how stupid is this entire rock n' roll concept?" and then suddenly i felt totally disgusted by anything having to do with anything and then i just wandered around some more and was so sad and i looked it and i was tired and i sat down on a park bench and just.. wished i could cry but of course that's something i just blocked myself off from back in middle school because i was just.. crying all the time and it was obviously helping nothing and it was obvious that no one cared.. so i just sat there on the bench and was thinking of all those images i was bombarded with in entertainment and such as a small child of how when you're in your darkest hour and things are looking gloomy and you're sad and depressed someone will come to you.. there's that magic, there's going to be that wonderful, caring person who's going to come to you and say "what's wrong?", so then i actually started playing over in my mind these kinds of scenarios where "well, what am i going to do if-" no... "what would i do if someone came over here and started being really nice to me and actually caring about how miserable i am?" and as i've often done in the past i played over these great scenarios in my mind, which made me all the more depressed as people walked by without so much as a thought of "hey, i've been there, i understand, no one wants to be alone when they're sad", and that's really just one example, i've felt that kind of thing quite a few

times.. so anyway, that's something that's always haunted me, so whenever i've thought of the wonderful life i could possibly lead if only things were going well or if only whatever or if i had friends and such, i would just think of those times, and i'd think of someone being there and understanding when i'm sad and listening and stuff... and then... suddenly now it seems like that's happening. not all the time, but it's actually happening.. whereas in the past i'd never had anyone care about what i might be feeling at any particular moment.. and of course a lot of people are still in that mode, and it's like they refuse to acknowledge the very existence of emotions and how everyone really could use a little help in times when they're feeling down and that sort of thing, but.. one day when i was just wandering around and really wondering why i was just always so not-at-ease around people and why i couldn't win friends and that sort of thing- not really being sad or dwelling on anything, since that was kind of typical for me around that time, but definitely not in a good mood (though i was never really known to be in much of a good mood ever around then), a girl from my acting class, maureen saw me there and asked that question: "what's wrong? you look sad", or something along those lines.. and things kind of went on from there and we wound up talking for about an hour afterwards, her advice and my whining... if nothing else, it was just really nice to have someone actually.. in rl, that is... listening to me and just... at least doing their best to help me out, to try and understand, to acknowledge that stuff.. and then another day i was just ready to catch my bus and another girl from my acting class, lisa, was

walking around alone, which was kind of odd since it was rain/snow/sleeting out at the time and i thought i was the only one who really enjoyed being out in that kind of stuff, but she was there and she said "what are you doing?" and i said "killing time before the bus gets here"... "you wanna go wait inside, then?" i just kind of shrugged and said sure, even though i knew the bus really was probably going to arrive at any moment i didn't want to miss the opportunity for human interaction, which i prize so greatly.. so we walked inside and as soon as we were in she just suddenly broke down crying and it was such an odd experience to me, all i could relate it to was a movie or something because i wasn't used to that kind of thing existing in reality, but she started talking about how she'd lost her home, her car, her job and now she didn't know what she was going to do and really all i could do was just stand there because.. i didn't know what to do.. and in retrospect i should have given her a great big hug right there and then had her sit down, but in the moment i just didn't know what my expected role really was, and i didn't want it to be something where it becomes painfully obvious that someone didn't appreciate what i was trying to do because it didn't fit in to what i was expected to do or whatever, but i just stood there and she talked and then we \*did\* start walking over towards where there were seats, but halfway there she just suddenly said "i'm going to faint.... i'm going to faint", and then she went all limp and i caught her and tried to get her over to the nearest chair, although i know i really should have just sat her down on the floor against the wall where we were and everything, but in any case

she recovered then and she was pretty much okay as i helped her to the chair and sat down on the floor next to it. she continued on then with talking, and by now i knew i'd missed my bus, but i most definitely was not about to leave her there.. then she said she wanted to walk outside and i said i really didn't think she was in the best of conditions to be doing that, especially when she tried getting up and went all dizzy again and sunk down to the floor, but she persisted and we wound up going outside, then talking a little bit outside of the door under the precipitation, and she said "y'know, i should just jump off here right now." i looked down, and i said, "no.... no, you shouldn't. it's not nearly high enough for you to kill yourself jumping off of. you'd just get crippled and be sitting in a wheelchair the rest of your life, paralyzed and screaming 'kill me! kill me!'"... then, on our way to "her office" we ran into another girl, whose name i still don't know, who was like "where have you been?" and lisa told her the story and then took me into the role-playing room for a moment and said "this is adam.. he's my hero.. i fainted and he caught me", so i kind of waved weakly and slunk away... and in any case, this really isn't the same as the thing with maureen, of course, but it was nonetheless interesting and unusual.... and then just other simple things, like with yet another girl from my acting class, erika... one day (actually, the same day as the dealings with lisa, before all that), there were auditions for "the rover" and i was uncertain and (i believe i talked about this earlier) she helped me out with that and it was really, i'd been thinking before "if there were someone to give me that support, that 'come on, you can do it'"...so,

that was nice. i'm going to go pee now before my bladder explodes, and then call up the radio station to request the new tori amos song.. so, goodbye! and hello again.. there was no answer at the radio station even though it's 4 in the morning, which is pretty dumb.. so i figure i may as well continue on with this, since, despite the inanity and (why the heck am i) is something that i can do because there's no reason i can't just continue on writing like this forever (though after awhile that would really kill my wrists though since when do i care), actually, i give up for today. bye.

\_\_\_\_\_ i just woke up. i'll go into my dreams as soon as i've washed my face. brb. i really don't plan on going into this for very long this morning- er- this afternoon, but i figure that for the purposes of getting down my dreams i may as well get some of this accomplished.... ew. i have weird phlegmy stuff in my throat and it gets kind of unloosened when i take a sip of water and it's all yucky so i'll continue this later. i really should be going out for a walk in the beautiful rain and dropping off some applications so that i can actually get a job to work towards that whole visiting-online-friends-of-mine-this-summer idea of mine... and now the little light thingie on my computer is going nutso for no reason at all and it's rather annoying when that happens... but! it stopped and now everything is swell. anyway, i really shouldn't write too much here, but i probably will anyway... this morning i had a typical kind of nonsensical dream, and then something about an alien spacecraft

came into it and as usual with dreams about that sort of thing i just woke up screaming.. or, rather, it jolted me immediately back into lucidity, but i was still disconnected from my physical form, so i was trying to scream but it wasn't working because the messages i was sending were just.. not going to my body until several seconds later when i \*finally\* managed to get some sound out and sit up and be awake and.. yuck. that happens far too often, it's not good. and i really don't understand why it's only with that sort of thing.. but it's always just an instantaneous reaction.. i can't remain in a dream with any ufo kinda thing going on without getting all freaky-like.... so, it's 3:30 in the afternoon and i'm still waking up.. i know i really should be getting back on schedule for the whole school thing, but, um.. i dunno. i guess i'll just have to when the time comes. i was going to go to hcc to study for the clep tests that i have on saturday, but! i'm just.. a really bad slacker. i know i'll at least get it done tomorrow, though, because.. well... tomorrow's friday, and i'm not going to go into the tests without a good idea of what to expect.... ah, much better.. writing this stuff always seems a whole lot more stressful when it's not just a solid flow of words, but when there are line breaks and stuff up above, so i just scrolled down a little bit so i can continue on as if i've been writing this for a longer time than i actually have been.. i really have to send that letter to jasmine.. jasmine is a friend of mine in new mexico that i met online, but then her parents got rid of aol so i've just been communicating with her through the mail... and i'm really, really overdue in responding. so, i'm going to prepare her letter now, then i'm going to grab cathy and

cindy's number so i have it as a reference on job applications, then i'm going to shower, then i'm going to go out and go for a walk and see if i can't find myself the opportunity to get some work! so, bye.

\_\_\_\_\_ "and so i sit here all alone and i wish for the best and i wish for something and it's like i.. i wish i had a dream, i wish i had a love, i wish i had a dearest to call my own, for after all the hardships and all the sorrow and all the bullshit and all the circumstance that has manipulated me and has made me to a felon and has turned me into such a creep.. don't i deserve at least a touch of joy? a touch of the suave, a touch of the gentle, a touch of the beauty that could turn me around, that could make me a new man, that could make me a.."

"slave?"

"why are you here?"

"i've come to show you the illness of your words, you insignificant gnat. i hope you realize what you've forsaken as you embrace the animalistic incentives of romanticism and forsake your destiny of the reason that is truth!"

"you lying scumbag! i wish for you to vanish without a trace, i wish you to fade away as would the memory of a nightmare! for here in a dream i can have all that i want, and i could molest small children and i torture the ones that do me harm but in the end i seek only the

forsaken! the so forsaken from the past, the past of my trauma, the past of the forgotten.. i wish for love, my immortal enemy, and nothing can keep me from it but the jaws of death! the jaws of death.. and yet it's like it seems nothing's worth it all in fray."

"and certainly! as you must come to grips with the evil that is facing you for what in truth is accomplished and what in truth is the point of your very existence if only to love, to adore, to desire, to wish for! you do, my stupid child, you must accomplish and you must gain for yourself your everything and deny faith! for let me tell you about faith, child.. faith is something ingrained in us from the sickness of our perverted childhoods of enforced intimacy, you see? as you sit there alone the only one coming to your rescue is the one whose value you've undermined with your primitive and youthful and optimistic drudgery of ideas! i want you to be safe and sound, i do! but seeking love can bring you nothing but pain, and seeking pain nothing but death. i wish you would reconsider, and i hope you can be certain of the meaning in my words."

"and i do, but i..."

"LIAR! had i rephrased within a 'you must understand, you smitten filth, for you must something or i mutilate you for you scum you scum you scum!' you'd hardly move an inch in your thoughts but as you can feel it within the ingrained emotion which indeed does not exist except in the mind of a pathetic little sitcom of your childhood that you might turn to for a peace of comfort in a method of reaction



to the hardships your life, you can find it in your heart to accept me as a human being.. but not in your mind! what i'm seeking is from your mind!"

"SILENCE! i need time alone to think."

"very well and so be it. i'll be within the context of your abdomen if ever you be needing me. ta-ta."

"and then somewhere within me i fear that she's right... and then somewhere within me i know that only pain can be followed as i collapse down the mountain and i go rolling down the street and i go.. GAH! and i don't want it but then as i see it it's like i can't see it and i want nothing else... what is it with this mind of ours that curses us all to this pain and this empathy and yet this desire for the overtly sensical? TELL ME, my omnipotent skeleton!"

"omnipotent skeleton i am not, but perhaps i could be of some assistance to you."

"who are you?"

"you know who i am in that it doesn't matter, and i yearn for the touch of your skin and i cry."

"you cry?"

"i cry."

"but why?"

"you try."

"i try."

"..... somewhere in the world tonight a small child is crying herself to sleep. have you ever considered the pain that she feels and in contrast your own?"

"i've been that little girl somewhere in the past.. and then i overcame it by submitting to it by discounting its significance within myself.. by thinking it a weakness to my own and then i... i can no longer cry, my dear."

"oh! and the pain it must be without the salvation of the physical touch of the tears to your cheeks like the sweet embrace of a selective lover within the passion of your multi-textured self!"

"indeed."

"oh, and i wish you the fondest... i wish you would travel along with me to the landscape within the clouds where the all of us must meet and we flourish and we dance and we... oh, it's the most magical thing, i tell you, and i want you to be a part of it."

"yes?"

"yes. but you can't be."

"what?"

"so i bid you a fond farewell. farewell."

"b..but!"

"adios."

"hey!"

"<sigh> again with the disappearances. as if by my own i hold anything to call.."

"your own! <laughing> you seek your own! then i hold the answer...."

"no, no..."

"as within yourself is the perfection that you've been seeking all along, don't you understand?"

"yes, i fear i do understand.. i fear i understand all too well... and i wish you to vanish from the context of my living!"

"for me to vanish you banish a peace of yourself for the whole of eternity! and NEVER shall you recover! NEVER!"

"DIE!"

\_\_\_\_\_ah-ha! today i went to school to hang out in the library to study for the clep tests that i have tomorrow... the english one was incredibly simple, and the computer one was.. weird. it was all outdated and stuff, so i don't know how well i'll actually do on it... but hopefully i'll pass so i don't have to take the silly course. i picked up a few books while i was at the library, as well.. a book on

an interesting school in england that some guy set up where children were basically treated as equals and allowed to do work only if they chose to do so and stuff and the results of it.... then a physics book and a geometry book, which are two areas that i'm somewhat familiar with but really not.. satisfactorily so... hehe... i said satisfactorily. anyway, as i was walking home from the mall (where the bus stops.. that's a two mile walk, which i actually enjoy), some old guy pulled over to the side of the road and offered me a ride to wherever i was going because he thought i was his grandson... i politely declined.... i've found that i actually needed this spring break here a little bit more than i'd originally thought, i guess.. i have a harder time writing this stuff when it's during the day instead of at night... i love writing at night.. that's when i get everything accomplished.. i'm going to scroll down a little more again so i can try to immerse myself in that neat, big stream of words and (ow, my tummy hurts) from just eating some foodies from bernie's and i don't know.. um... do you ever suddenly get this weird feeling like something's riding around in your bloodstream and trying to break out at certain places? like suddenly there's a "whoom! whoom!" in one part of.. ow! i don't know why that happens to me. so, bye.

\_\_\_\_\_ i want you to think of the dirtiest, smelliest human being you can imagine.

no, no, no. sicker than that.

sicker still.

i want you to picture in your mind the grotesque stench of unkept and uncontrolled filth as it's collected over a matter of weeks within the stretched out, once-whitened briefs of an overweight, drunken middle-aged bald man. i want you to imagine the almost visible odor that attacks you as you open the door to this man's imprisonment while his blank eyes stare on, unaffected by the intrusion, and his arms and legs remain motionless side-by-side.

"could he be dead?" you wonder.

from the pages of many a bad horror novel you try and recall the distinctive smell of decaying flesh. the thick and musty atmosphere surrounds you as you give a halfhearted attempt to discern it through the sensory screams of the man's bodily excretions....

suddenly, along the stomach of this man crawls an impossibly large insect. shocked by its appearance, you back away in the direction of the doorway, now beginning to ask yourself: "what happened to this man? has he been murdered? is he the victim of a new and deadly disease? am i in danger?"

in a sudden burst of uncontrollable fear you spin around. you need to be out of this retchid place; you need to be somewhere, anywhere but here! your heart pounds as you take the first step in the direction of the exit, your mind on nothing but immediate escape. as you spin you envision the doorway as you left it- the portal to a

clean and well-kept hall, the easy escape to the absolution of an outside world. in this split second you assume the consistency of reality; you assume the acuteness of your senses; you assume your solitude.....

your assumptions are wrong.

\_\_\_\_\_so if you're wondering about the moment (for there is no moment) somewhere i believe i smell a little bit badly but i also believe that's objectionable and that's a good thing (ha!) and then...

\_\_\_\_\_my father is pretty evil. he's the kind of guy you really just wish would curl up and die somewhere, he's so incredibly useless and if he's accomplished anything in life it's giving me such a mixed-up childhood as a definite path to insanity that is also a path out of insanity as long as survived (and i survived) making me understand happiness as opposed to just numbness, but that's about it.. and i'm starting to think i should turn off my light and continue on with this to add to that there mood, so i will and then.... actually, it seemed like kind of a neat effect when the light was shining really brightly instead of pseduo-dimly.. last night i went to see titanic with steve.. it was the first time i've done anything with steve in quite a long time and i wonder why i haven't learned yet to scroll up to enable myself to write this stuff more comfortably whenever i do it, so i do that now and... anyway, we walked to the tower theaters and apparently he actually had never walked there before, which

was weird for me to think of because for awhile there cathy and i were walking there just really, really often, so i figure steve must have come along for those at least a few times.. and now i think about cathy and i find it very weird that we shared so little even with all that time that we wound up spending together, and i think the most personal things she ever shared with me were the times she said that she wished she could bring herself not to be friends with me or how destructive she thought we were to each other (though in actuality she wasn't destructive to me at all, and i'm naturally just an accidentally destructive person)... so i went with steve to see titanic and the first time i saw that had been with cathy and her sister cindy, and i hadn't heard all those rave reviews that of course everyone's given it (critics and voices on the 'net not included because they both live in separate worlds, as do i), and i actually really enjoyed it, though it made me really sad because i realized with each day that went by just how many opportunities are dying and i was actually really jealous of leonardo dicaprio's character because that's just the most romantic scenario you could ever imagine, and he died within it... he died within romance, he died within perfection.. and even just the random people on the boat, i started thinking to myself "well, c'mon, let's think about life as i'm living it.. how does it look like i'm gonna die? i'll get in a car crash at some point just being infinitely miserable? what the hell's the point in that?" and i think the wisdom i got just out of experiencing the movie in the way that i did (it didn't even have to do with the overall effectiveness of the movie, really, it was just that things seemed that way to me.. i mean,

it got me thinking about those things and made me really want change things in my life), and it's been so many kind of different (to most, minor) things that have opened my eyes a little to the things i can do with my life to make myself a bit happier... or a lot happier.. so everyday when i go to school i just say "this is it... today is going to be the joyous day.. i'm just going to give up inhibition and not care and just flow with my happiness... and whatever comes of it, comes of it, because i'm amounting to nothing being miserable".. but unfortunately when i get there, so often it seems like even if i understand theoretically the things that i felt when i wasn't there, i can't channel them.. i can't get swept up in the joy and i don't feel the overwhelming urge to just run up to someone and give them a big hug and just jump around and be active... but i know it's going to come... probably slowly, but bit by bit those things are kind of building up and i'm just being so much more relaxed.. i mean, i can remember when i was nervous just sitting on my bus.. i wasn't nervous about anything in particular, it was just all this extra energy that i didn't know what to do with.. and that's always been the case in public and such, especially school.. i remember one time in particular with a girl in my class, anna varypatakis, wanted to borrow a pen.. just to borrow a pen. and i said "sure", but i was, like, shaking, because with every moment i spent digging into my bag to try and find a pen i was like "well, i'm doing that.. but what do i do while doing that? i can try to do nothing, but it doesn't work because then i'm just all jittery and nothing and there's nothing else i can do because i'm doing that" and my mind was racing after that,



so after i'd given her the pen the kid who was in back of me, nick bernier, a friend of mine back then whom i never talk to anymore because whenever i call he promises to call back and doesn't, whispered to me: "ha! you like her", when in truth that wasn't it at all.. though actually, it may have had something to do with the fact that when i had slept over the house of danny aparviz with robert barabani, danny had confided that of the people in our class, he was attracted to anna most, and robert actually agreed.... i didn't actually know who they were talking about until i actually paid attention the next time the teacher took attendance. i wasn't really attracted to anyone at the time, at least i wasn't allowing myself to be attracted to anyone because there was zero chance of anyone liking me, and, well, though time really should have me saying "okay, i only \*thought\* there was no chance", i actually think it was pretty obvious that no, there was no way in hell that any girl could have liked me in middle school. i was just so very.... \*blah\*. in every sense of the word. \*blah\*. anyway, to get back to titanic, the second time i went to see it i pretty much expected to hate it.. i figured that this time i'd be less caught up in it and instead i'd just be noting all the inconsistencies and the dumb parts of it, like i usually wind up doing with those kinds of movies. surprisingly, though, i actually just found it to be... a decent movie. and i think i really had all the reason in the world to want to hate it....

\_\_\_\_be my substitute baby, for i gallavant ye!  
and i look over to the side for the clouds as rolling by and i

sing and i be free for all the drama that you be and then i  
kiss.

the child::question of righteousness

\_\_\_\_\_ and then it's like the softness of the touch is representative of  
something monumental  
and i don't really wish for it in the crudeness of the human form so  
much as  
the charm of the worries of the understanding of the  
stability  
wherein it stays.  
and yet i'm nothing, for you are  
all.  
i can see.

\_\_\_\_\_ "you don't understand. it's not.. \*fear\* of intimacy, it's just...  
look. you and i, we differ in our perceptions of intimacy. that's the  
thing. some of the things about our relationship that you think are  
just... perfection can just seem like nothing to me! and it can bore  
me, or it can frustrate me.. that's just the way it is.

but i stick with it.

and i do that because i care about you and i know how much these  
things mean to you.

i mean, you could be satisfied forever just... knowing the way i feel about you, knowing how much i need you. that's the kind of thing you're looking for... you need that kind of security. but while you're all happy and having all \*your\* needs met, i'm over here like "um, excuse me.. i kind of have some things i'd like to get out of the relationship as well", y'know? i mean, for a relationship to work out both parties have to be willing to make sacrifices. otherwise it's just not going to be healthy."

"<minilaugh> yeah, well... there are some things just shouldn't have to be spelled out as such. it's just that... i'm way too involved this time to just stand idly by and watch our relationship crumble."

paragon of perfection to physical form,  
like the vastest of seas, of a substance unborn;  
you, a powerful beacon so shone in my eyes,  
defy creasing and shadows obstructive of shine.

"that's beautiful! was it written for me?"

"well, actually, it was.... written about your legs. but close enough, yeah."

(the submission to will over fact)

\_\_\_\_\_melatonin of my all! and it refuses to corrupt for you as the vision and as the respective of the gloryfying for i am in search of a disco collaboration that would enable me then to be mixing and match and then!

\_\_\_\_\_ i must satisfy this personal requirement of mine to create and then it shall be done. i must as such turn off the light and allow the darkness to manipulate my mood; again, manipulate who i am. i must feign the derogatory chalice of syle, as i destroy. as i disintegrate and my neck comes apart too quickly to thrust myself into the pit of despair. i must create so that i can look upon it and say indeed that it can be good. i must look upon it as something that has been worthwhile as i stare on this world of the odd exterbeblinderbe sensual. i must speak with a voice that must entertain what i must be (but i must entertain myself. in need of the entertainment and i and unfortunately the truth of the matter is that all i can know of the fun and the joy to be excavation from self. as what price be the tempt to not die but be stale? as if creation could hold any part, as if truth to myself is something not negated by creation). and yet, as something is understood from the past yet so falsely representative of the self isn't it as likened to a race of the skunk that be "that is not right, so i forsake to be honest" and in that move myself on in a negative direction where i shall look back at myself with contempt and destroy? and i feel the pain within myself as i consider myself because then it becomes kind of like, well, you can look at the elders and you can realize that it's kind of like, "really self isn't anything to make a big fuss about, it's just the habitual medulifer's lie that i concept so that not have to be the shakenup", and then i talk to my classmate beth who's quite a bit older than me and is married with child and (then suddenly

overwhelm (COUGH) of perfume and then where does that come from must as ? and i look behind me and i find shapes in the darkness and i fear that i write they shall erase as i COUGH again and i wonder as if "forgive stench, but i feel and i PAIN" but it's "i just don't want that" like the be something on fire but an antiofflame and it devours and i enjoy it and (i wonder what the sobriety is the closeness) but i forget and i consider and i don't want to because if i piece together than it's a remix with that stationery and unenjoyable same old type of techno beat so you can never find what differentiates one remix from another as by the original song as by the powerful hip-hop artist of the morningofstar. and still i feel as if i must hold back each stupid little part of the present in the worlds as to show to the others or to be saving face for the concept of the (shut up, you stupid little child) revisited as the forgiven,

i refuse to defeat you with the efference of reticence of  
stopandstartandstopandstart  
and i refuse to you in english so much as  
"ooooenenah for be trivvyacahaneenah"  
because you gosh darn well understand \*that\* within the confines of  
the revisit of the bephrase of the spoken becar.

so you find the simplicity enticing of the feeling of the (rover- i be in the play as i revel but in my acting class i'm performing a scene as the character of willmore, main creature of the play in a glorious scene but it's really quite difficult and i'm doing it with lisa, whom i

mentioned before, and she be as if (i don't know) entertain watch?  
 but then screwed up so opposite (like you understand that within  
 one thing as if lack of security could be dumb as if not the security  
 itself to be?) and then it's like "shit, i see there and must anguish  
 forwayitbe. SHIT!" andithere and it "adam so there as be innocent  
 dead" as if "mess but be then it for never bespoken" for SILENCE is  
 golden for mis of the world as i talk and it's there and then "yeah"  
 and not bad but then others as well for with there and she sits there  
 and never quite look for not wanted nor dis and i wander not  
 saddened but con others send. i wander through self and through  
 back and again).

and i don't want to look as it cause me of pain so more as you  
 understand nature and you understand people and you understand  
 various cast as external so weird like the acting so strange like they  
 characters other behearsed as i feel because human so self but they  
 (inter) an act and i look at them strangely like beings of self. for!  
 the things. that. i feel..... they are so much different than what  
 you feel you evil bitch because (\*you\* be another of being) for the  
 mix as it finds and in desolate (standing as self and then looked and  
 "worked to be me" to be formative). underofstand of the growth of  
 mature by thenzample he rent 'er inclusion of mouth. INCLUSION  
 OF MOUTH! INCLUSION OF MOUTH IN ALL OF THE  
 MOVE! of the smirly to hurt and the simple of pridetobe (i do not  
 want it all\i do not want it all) fall into self as the fucked of the truth  
 because (i do not want it all\i do not want it all) slide as each love

becomes 'nother to ridinfall (i do not want it all\i do not want it all) i hereby denounce it as all of the truth to be. i hereby deny me as truth. sove. "essay toopee dead." "essay toopee dead." "i don't want to be de-" "DON'T SAY 'DEAD'! >(toopee dead)<" and i (turn and i fumble for over so rumble and (don't you want loveisdeadboy? don't you want loveisdeadboy?")) STOP! IT! with your PAIN and your manipolulashion (which ALL you seek due for all any of you! dreaming of mean of the line connect heart to you! see me so bloodisdead now! see me so bloodisdead now!) you do not care, and for that i must diesothanks. collection of marks; connection of mind. so many are ways to be mind as expressionedso connotate mienfurbe altumein head. do not tell me to obey the laws of be passive to readsuch i SPIT upon! ha! and you feel to con alloomight all not con you.

for the wpords to be listening for thetyping and then it's like yay, but tthhen i hear her and it's "hello, adam" and i don't know but then and the thoughts and the [parts of my imndt aht they're coming from and i don't andn i type and i chaiorto be hit in the back of the back and then damn. bye, lookat myself in the mirror for the "that/ is the FUCK i dnot' t iw andontt want to be in this body this world but itis imnd is ex (stuff in my vision the stuff in my vivsion what it that stuff in the INt whaas there cry\_)asi z and then i look at amd you talk and bnye.

and they're hear and ibe here the sounds and they move the box (just

beyond the line of my vision) and my conscious and the christmas tree box (they are moving something be adjusting something in the box in my room they don't want me to see) WAKE UP! WAKE UP and see the truth (we shall not allow you to awaken, adam, for we (HA!) you and then i so alert and i feel them but i cannot awaken i am wishing i could move my body but i'm paralyzed as i think and i (then i) and i try to go back to sleep but i set my head down at the pillow and listen on a lower level and the microorganism are blasting their music a bit loudly and it's distracting me from going to sleep and i die and i (no) and it still haunts me the thoughts because it wasn't asleep and i think of her as a twisted human being and i kill her yet i must accept to dismiss the all others as be as while sleep (and my hair and be change of the face to be) DIE! and i fell. and i conscious of fate and i die and i (bed) because (call!) of the bed and i (take me away fucker take me a stay cause i fear you of all, humans)

\_\_\_\_\_and i express you so be not as to be and i "DO NOT" tell you "DO NOT creeate DO NOT creeate" neebriate seaobee SCREAMY taravain gee for i try and i seek as i mirror i stand in the glass and i "WHY" for be "WHY" as if human could be and i know in my mind but if mind can't be solved then what use is to crack against obstacle full? (if i can't even lead myself in the right direction, what chance have i with the external? such misery all i be induce in fact be anyway) scummy eye. wonder 'bout sitting in the bed? for i lie down and these days i lie like i straight on my back as if in a coffin



and i arms folded across chest and it puts me in such a more interesting position for be independent and self and be (as opposed to falling in and becoming one with the creases on side) and so often then i feel as if dreamstorealasalbe dreamstoberealasalbe, then i try escaping them and nothing works and i'm present in my body and i'm commanding it and yet it refuses to respond, so i know to be paralyzed. know to be paralyzed as sounds burn outside and the house burns outside and the words burns outside to be (sane) you be (sane) you be (question of sane to be) question the mean of the word to be move to be? (GENE) doom to failure see mean back to crat. work to make millions to sit on my cat. inclusion of mouth in the all of the move to be stand at a concert and look and to dream but like ever be (e.t. is not crushing the suther-tubee) BLAND! and each movement preesent to be (sounds when not flu to be) mass. as the center be universe-see.

and time sloooooooooows down within the external for i'm never to grow old and yet time speeeeeeeds up except for that hope to be draining so probably not as if (yeah, and i see how it's going to be. look at me, look at me (all i have here for me new as be strange. nice you be nice to me draining of see) never so) i don't care. let it as be. hatred of childtobe grownupbeesee. saphyrbe not.

the god::statement of debasement

not and i tip it, so grand to be save.  
man to be candy, for hell to be crave.

and then i'm sitting and i'm staring at my styrofoam cup and i'm  
getting up to refill it with water and i really can't see who that is as  
they walk but why then it's like (somebody's talking right now) and  
be sitting aside to be cushy of mine and i crumble! (and fade as my  
head relates pray tube) mate! (as my lowercaseactualsee tube).  
but you see how it is when you sit for alone and it's "kindness to be,  
but i've got as my own", because once you're onself you've no need  
for this town\*

\*and then cantube you say "i understand how" and it's talk tube  
"so you know, you must be proud" and i think ANASTASIA!  
coming to me, and i think \can my atmosphere covet to me?/  
because dreams. and i'm sitting and all of you care because  
(jube) you've all got minds you won't share because (jube) all  
that be scary is fair to be\ i'm having mommy yell at me! jesus! not  
even to kill myself let me be self and i (yuknow) you yell at me for  
skipping a day as you (pissmeoff) calling to see i'm okay? (tube)  
(misfit) you dropout, you think it's okay? (tube) nothing i've had  
but not less than you've had! (yube)

\_\_\_\_<burp> and i condescend back to the world where i simple as

word as be. don't try to second guess the nature behind your observations. wonder why you think that it isn't truth until you string different "facts" together to create it? ever think about the way that such an intellectual stimulus be for the "who can construct more infallibly (lie)?" and i this for awhile but then other of layers of the (think of the layers of the mind and the different. do you scorn all the truths known perspective for info? that info is needed and logic and reason constructing the depth of the stairwell to know?") so then, what's in a world? it's not worth which to think, i say.

and i had a dream about engaging in sexual activity but it was within the confines of my room and i really didn't feel like it but she was pretty gung ho about the idea and i was thinking "maybe at another time when i'm not so worried that i wish to rush it and must keep it down", so i toss her undies back there... saturday we're going to go examine the campus of one keene state university in keene, new hampshire. i'm beginning to think that i'd enjoy staying there this fall. and at college i'm surrounded by people not even just a few years older than me, as would be the case in most colleges, but in fact it seems most here are older in age.. and there are many of the older ones who be sitting in class having returned but then also so many seem to be mid-20's who similar but not and i (well, what about there?) maybe not, maybe just beings who speak to me would be older. maybe it's another world for mine, maybe it's fine. when i was in ninth grade i went to a laser storm thing with my friend brian

who has since decided that though he can talk to me online fine i am a psycho (he is correct) and his cousin there daryl who there tube (k tube). we went there and we played and these days i'd be bored but i'd be enjoying the company but there i think it was actually okay for the time and then the most had been doing others or were gone or whatever and we were stuck outside with this different world of human beings and we played the game of suck-and-blow with a card and (what the fuck kind of messed up juvenile game is that? as i even thought back then but as an externalbenu so then) they traded phone numbers with us and who knows what they thought tube but then we were there and then (huh?) and it was like "what am i doing in a couple's skate with someone i don't know? and doesn't that defeat the purpose when not a couple and when noneofno thought tube? or when taking turns?" but then, what do i think, that i'm not gonna care? and i remember so little but devin and tristina and then another of friends who there a little bit shy (but brian and i? least that i'd think to be involved in such a situation to be correct, but it was like "what is this doing happening?" and even now i would not know because the lack of the (what?) and it was: i of the slightly less inhibited, for brian there "why?" and he sit there a little more more shy and i was just scarred as opposed to real and i) maybe i should write myself a tube. hehe. but in any case, this was an odd case scenario befurme because it was like "never in a million years could i've imagined" but it wasn't even the connection to be felt in real humans and they were a bit different and in fact after the skating we never heard from them

again because what the heck? as if we were going to call, i could never have been expected to submit to that (except when came college and i got rashel's number. that would be different because in this case like i'd anything to lose) so there i'd thought so little about that situation for the longest time, but in fact i think it was the first scenario that actually broughttobebringing in my mind the thoughts of (under what world could i be seeing to be experiencing having another to hold?) which indeed i'd rarely really considered up until that point, and i'd attempting writing love poetry but jeez, i didn't know what it was so it simply didn't work and now everytime i talk to somebody it's like thining "why haven't you killed yourself yet? adam aren't you dead yet? adam aren't you dead yet?" and then today i wound up yelling at my mom because she was angered at me and it was "do you think my life is easy? do you think i enjoy being like this?" and then "well, all you have to do to make friends is so easy" "BULLSHIT! perhaps all but for not me but i invest everything and then fail and why? because i wish, and because none to be thinking i'm real for i'm not and they care and i pfft! because i'm never content and i never reject but i saptubee (fact) that i sit there and sulk and they wander about. never can i as be wander about and it fluxuates justly, i wander about. heh. and i never found it enough as i typed it along and so there. bruce is evil and i told my mother i was moving out and she didn't believe but i am and she knows it be now, for i college to go and i never a toe befur (not even online be for to be care furmee. not even niceness of soul can be care furmee.) i'm not even enjoyable as i type anymore? ja and i

scare. and then no one to read off these words anymore? (i don't care if you're reading this and i don't care if you understand and i don't care about you fucker i don't care about you damn furlive) word! as i've nothing else, not to achieve, because writing is life (tube) floating alive (in storm). i don't know, furtive as explain my pee to me. what's the maximum amount of nothingness that can be manifested when i force myself to? do you think you can understand? do you think a world's worth is instead? do you think it's worth it and do you think there's anything better to do? do you think it's worthwhile to stand around in front of the tv and to bob? or to talk? pretend champerdee? (nah tube) not (notnot). not (notnot). i don't really feel the way that i spakeitwas. not tube penislove. and does it as the joy is slipping? i miss psych and i should look into see what i am (snickhee) floating on glass in a lake of the worm. i am the worm king sitting in a chair with saliva hanging down my chin and staring blankly with my crown upon at a misled of angle and die. don't even bother to it, epiphanies are daily for adam. don't even bother to respond to his twisted remarks, for it's standard and he would have killed himself for now. proven, he has, that he's not the strength to end it, nor the person to instead change it, so... hopeless he is as she shuts the bedroom door and he overpaves rest of the world to a four-credit whore. each new conquest is worthwhile. should i get out into the world and destroy? it's like each stupid little moment of day be nothing (back in my room again, sir. i accomplished but it vanished and nothing was done). the poem i went home and wrote after the rollerskating

incident way back when would be "equalibrium". "my lifestyle reflects you," i wrote in that, "just like all those around me." meaning: "each moment shared with me by any on this earth work to form me in so many ways. the goal of communication is to instigate change in the one you're communicating with, and in my case that happens all too much. in this way i am weak and have so little to hold onto as self." just in case you were wondering. "i'm so goddamn pathetic" was probably the truest line i've ever written in my life. as a case study i feel that i be (and then to be life within a dream, you should've felt this dream, back in the days of the "kissed by an angel tonight", is that still in "kinetic anxiety"? i wonder, i think, it was nice, a (nice dream) feeling of a "yes, and i see in you much and i lean forward and no more for i kiss you and then" (changing perspectives from meaningless girlie to adam and "okay, and i retaliate" but "noso you be dead" and i felt the pain and i realize now that the (love is so dumb but i why and so hope tube) what would i write about not tube fucked up in syke?

i've betrayed you by cutting my hair and i don't care.

i hate my short hair and i

hate that i care.

you'll never graduate cokedayfill.

damn.

i wonder what the latest best way to maintain my hair's natural body is? i wonder what the best new movie to see of the day would be?

it's way too difficult making ends meet for my head too 17  
 triptu titanic (MA! i be) hairspraycokeschool. "and just when i  
 thought i was caught up? WHAM! my truck died." damn  
 for assurance that i mustn't allow for my friend to be out there "i hate  
 when you smoke" "well, i hate when you whine!" and i bash your  
 stark smirking to side of your head (for now). 80's are gone and it's  
 hard to forget that the 90's exist till they're weezildigin and i grab  
 myself a radio and i fuck off for the century and i (probably should  
 but i wouldn't want the world to smarten up without me to tell them  
 to shut up so that i might be entertained within my massive of the (i  
 enjoy christmas music. christmas is fine, and i) measly charade to  
 be made for the line (tube), but i don't know that it snow on the  
 ground and we like it as famlee but famleenuhnoh. i want you on  
 the top of that mountain and i want you swinging from the tallest  
 tree and i want you understanding (for).

was i ever truly in a family? do the social cliques manipulate,  
 security, beg? n-i- sacrifice belief for the meaning of pride (to sin)?  
 meaning belief within religion of course? (tube) sacrifice contre for  
 meaning of mouse. i never really wanted it to end up this way, that i  
 look at it (of course i wanted it to end up this way- i planned it this  
 way) yeah, but it's kind of scary when your plans for the world work  
 out and your plans for yourself unique then tube. find it within  
 yourself that religion exists and then look to external, eliminate all,  
 because spiritual calloused to look at it all and to love not to seek do  
 not care where you're from or where going, for friend, that is all that



i love. and you wonder of hell, but then wonder where go tuwee?  
 where would you wish to go, here tubee there (tube)? you of the  
 singular wish to be there, i see! you of america unholyest see. you  
 support the be sin to be here in the sintube. i don't know all of you,  
 you are not all of me. bring down the government for all the world  
 to see! for the world is a teenager, happy as me! the world will soon  
 realize all of itself (tube) sacrifice purity, gain a new house! (tube)  
 hahahahahahahahaha! each new word i write is a word i have  
 never written before. each new word brings me a little bit closer to  
 the last word i ever write and the last word i ever write will be  
 tubeetutubeetu! (HA! hahaha ha-ha.) please do not page me at an  
 inopportune moment. i wrote the answers out to my midterm exam  
 in communications class a bit too nonseriouslylike, so i am forced to  
 write them over in a form more fitting to the context of the (where it  
 was) mentioned to. all of familiarity, do i feel a bit familiar with my  
 writing? forever it'd been like a new thing, like an experiment, but  
 now i'm so greater much connected (have you ever speak "tubeetu"?  
 ever speak "tube"? ) it's all to be tappin for greater of spell (tube)  
 all of it whiskeytu generteetu (tube). do you ever get the feeling as  
 i carve out these words that the words are not carven, existed  
 before? (i.d.) clever it be that i always to be for my roots arby  
 ancient forsake it all me (you see).... i am your all for your bow  
 before me to be. you have not know for my own as be seek to be.  
 grease is my home and i fuck you the french fry (be) savvy but  
 bravy but sinny but cute i be. you know i'm cute, you see. view  
 me as cute, you see. touch me and hold me and eat me for me and

see cleee cleee koo chee coo chee. cleee cleee kook chee coo chee.  
(john lennon died when he left you behind, you see. mortal become  
to be left you behind, you see. seeking and freaking that all it may  
be, you see). (i will not taunt you with all that i see\*, you see.)

\*until, that is, my dearest friends, i can safely release to you all that  
i am not, in fact dead, and that i have returned to reclaim what is  
rightfully yours. you must fear this day, gentlemen, lest it come  
sooner than you'd imagine. i grow weary of these words. i grow  
weary of this style. perhaps for your head it will grow upon me, as i  
say.

\_\_\_\_\_ it tires me within the want of a joy, so i say "type it out and  
forget of stability!"... i think i need for the other half to create as the  
frame to be fleshed, and i ask, so it wells up inside of and nothing is  
good. i don't fucking care.

but anastasia exists.

\_\_\_\_\_ might the favor of yourself and i,  
the mean throughout the shine of the incongruent of forfeiture,  
so bring apart the calmness of a country flight to windtoride to  
finetopride to  
seek?  
may the glitter of the scentteract of feelings to be havetohold to

viewdespair

to take,

be the true for which i hold thee annaleaving her tomorrow be  
the loving that i fake?

\_\_\_\_\_ anyone with a reasonable amount of good sense would've  
come down off of this thing long ago... the wind blowing my paper  
this way and that, the bugs flying all over me and looking for a  
piece of the candy hearts i have sitting by my side just in case i get  
the opportunity to profess my love to some complete strangers... it's  
in the 80's today, though it's cooler than it's been for the previous  
several... i've lived in chicopee all my life (i shall be escaping), but  
16 i'm now and in college to the dismay of the (aren't you now)  
"give the readers even the tiniest feeling that there's an order and  
such it shall be" as "once i've finished this book i'll have reached a  
destination" and "speed along i must". i enjoy people watching now  
that i can do it. now that i can make eye contact with individuals  
regardless of fear (so it be)... starting with there and proceed to the  
cliff tube. chicopee, massachusetts is a haven for the white trash  
racist scum trailer park residential dragging their kids around on  
leashes in mall to be smacked when they cry tube evils of life, it is.  
massachusetts is the center of the universe, it is, as all literature  
should tell. if you wish to discover my greatest of words you shall  
sift through the crap, i say. crap it is crap. for to effort in (god, they  
walk. why can't i talk (tume)?) effort in art, for the art is all crap, i  
say. crap it be art, i say. each of you glorious peas to be, tube. i

begin with the cast of characters, for you cry and i lie. no i don't tube i love you worshipme please (tube). look at all these people as they exist by themselves enjoying themselves, being miserable. what an experience. the leaves blow around and it's odd to me, thank you much. chronicle much. each. i remember when i was about 4 years old and i was playing with my cousins chris and ken at my meme's house. meme is a silly name for grandma, chris and ken rooney, twins, five months older than me, fat, have always been fat, will always be fat, not in a terrifying way but in an "okay, they're fat" kind of way. they always enjoyed building "forts" for us to play in, basically taking stuff from the garage and piling them together in original ways to make areas to play around in. i was never very good at this, inexperienced as i was, and at one time we were kind of trying to do that, or we were going to do that, but then chris decided that we should start ourselves a club. in those days, at that age, the main purpose for such endeavors so really what happened there was "the kids club" for "whatever" as it turned out mostly forming goofy for i was writer of the club to make the posters of "i hate grownups" (which i still do), and i'm really not as young as so might be the case, but i (wonder where i) stop. don't the grouping of the (i am still quite tortured) make it sense? i'd like to think so. traditionally one would have to exist within a certain kind of mindset in order to set down the things which they feel.. i am hot, so i can't. i have little history to speak of, but this i speak. words. (contention). i don't care. as if i should guess before i'm finished. i should talk to someone. talking is fun. i should just scare someone

as they exist. scare them with my friendless. i think to myself, "what's the worst that could happen from me talking to someone?" and i really don't care but to continue the legacy and it dies and so (no need for a title) meaningless of heartfelt. fudge. that's it, i'm off to exist again.

words cannot truly be worthwhile but as a silly abstraction. i'm sitting within the driving class and it's... odd to be around my peers (and average ones, at that), so i must (sick as it is, so used to high school you never truly understand how horribly these children are affected by the torture they are subjected to until you watch them within the context of a situation like this! and the teacher when i entered said "you're supposed to come in here first... can't you read the sign?" or something along those lines in the kind of evil, condescending tone that one could only get away with while dealing with children. so when they speak, they whisper. that's hilarious. and so *\*eventful\** are their lives and so *\*active\** their brains that they talk about nightclubs. my hair smells of hairspray and gel. fortunately no one is too closely seated in relation to me. jeeez. i take one look back and it's really frightening. here's one to tell them all about. will i ever have a home again? this is hilarious. this guy's trying to be a disciplinarian. "don't play games." this is just great. "see those numbers there on your learner's permit?" he says, "write them here on the card i handed you." assuming that we don't know what our ssn is... yeeesh. and copying down the expiration date of the permit is way too complex for us, so he did it himself for

each of ours. i'd forgotten what being treated like such garbage felt like. no wonder i was such a pissed off little boy. heh. i shall never... hehehe. i'm in college.. once in awhile the signidicance of that just hits me. looking at these people my own age and comparing to those at school.... hilarious. "look up here so you know what i mean by upper left hand corner." these chairs are hell, too. they must do that intentionally. i actually feel dumber within this place, dumber, treated dumber. not only does he hand out sheets having to do with the course, fees and such, but he reads it aloud \*twice\*... the second time \*explaining\* it. it's suddenly weird to have it assumed that we're under our parents' wings. at school it's assumed we're not. hehe.. yelling at kids. "if you keep this up during my class, i'm going to have to ask you to leave." wow, so this is why i'd never stay awake in high school. us and them! aw, no films of people getting splattered against the pavement. "is there something funny i should know about?" i haven't learned anything yet, and i've been here a half hour or so. heh. this is pathetic. we're reading aloud. about traffic lights.

\_\_\_\_\_born was i, somewhere, somewhen. my memories of the 22nd of april, 1981 are as they are of the centre of the others of death; my death and rebirth. seeking to see me, belief in myself and my move into "death": you believe me moved in. i apparently lived in a couple different houses with my parents when i was really young, but the first place i remember was a two family place where

we lived upstairs and another family lived downstairs. i used to play with their son a lot, but my father tells me that he was demonic. my mom says my daddy's just dumb. back in those days (my memories of being about 3 and 4), my father and i used to walk all the time up to a nearby park, where i'd play on the swings and stuff before grabbing ice cream at the convenience store on the way back. i remember playing around in the pantry. i remember jumping around and singing to michael jackson tapes (though, really, what small child brought up in the 80's wasn't completely obsessed with michael jackson?)...

heh. i'd forgotten i'd been writing this stuff. oh, a fly. how cute. i think it went for my hair. it's probably laying eggs there at this very moment. you know why i can't really write anything but this kind of stuff while in class, yes? er... a high school class. why this was what i got used to doing while in class... this is all i can write when i feel like this.. what an odd feeling. i shouldn't be so close to the wall without being in the far back corner. la. mmm mmm. right where we were yesterday. oh, we get a five minute break now. how rad. hm, a couple of the people here know each other. or whatever. hm. i'm bored. i dislike this situation. yawn. i've nothing to do but keep myself occupied by writing here even though i have nothing to say. this is pathetic. hm. teenagers. average ones. quite frightening. ladeeda. i'd rather be... doing any of a large amount of different, less excruciating things. i'm rather hungry. but eating is bad. i don't need to eat anymore... i suppose that everyone else must

figure that i'm writing a letter or something. which really would make more sense. well, not really. but it was fun to have a train of thought, even just a momentary one. i now understand again the... nevermind. this is so numbing, not much to feel. i continue to be hungry. oh well. i'll allow myself to suffer. ah. here i continue. i'm not used to sitting in classrooms and having nothing to do. this is amazing. i'm going to actually have to sit here until the class is over. that's disgusting. it was decided by the teacher that we were "unlikely to finish the worksheets before the end of class." well, guess what? i finished. la. now i'm sitting here, and this is a pretty small class. i'm still not very used to this. oh well. (what was the point of this?) relieving stress. okay. (not relieving stress, just dealing with it. something to channel all that negative energy into).. okay. ha! i'm a human being. that's a really neat concept. this place is lined with posters of "don't drink and drive", and "buckle up". this is yucky. but i think i already mentioned that. i continue on here. i'm waiting for bruce to come and pick me up out on the front steps. one kid just got picked up. it's strange when everyone, not just you, is in need of a ride back home. but, well, it's driving school. ah, and this other guy's ride just got here too. now i'm the only one left out here. maybe i should try to be... gr. yeah. i really needed these kids blasting the car horn right as they drive past me. last time i went to the convenience store across the street and got a soda. not this time. i'm not thirsty. this guy's ride is already waiting for him. i hate him just by the sound of his voice. i now understand completely where i was coming from in high school. i



strongly dislike my peers. 'tis odd. 'tis very, very odd, and i am stressed. hm. within these types of situations, nothing is poetic. nothing is beautiful. nothing is there to delve into, i must stay in here for the.

\_\_\_\_\_it's kind of funny when i look back and compare with my memories, present and all. like with each of my movements my consciousness tube growing. every once in awhile i just wind up forgetting everything i've ever felt or ever known, and i start anew. like a death. a death and rebirth. my memories of this area in the mall where i sit before it was transformed into the cafe square are kind of dim... i just believe this was kind the kind of area where they'd have baseball card shows and craft fairs and those sort of things.. affairs that have kind of vanished within such a decidedly antipastoral settingenvironment. "it's 15 cents for any extra items." at least i have something. when i was young, and when i was forced to follow my parents around.. when i felt i had no choice but to, felt there was no world but to. i've feelings that i'm only fooling myself into believing that i can satisfactorily (i love that makeshift realization) exist egoselectively. be as i am, and then be misunderstood for all. (damn.) i didn't cry on the first day of kindergarten. my mom was like "are you sure you're okay?" as all the other children didn't want to be left behind without their parents, but i was content with the xeroxed smurfs pictures i was coloring in as i sat there, and i was rather throughout my childhood in such an oblivious state to the others around me... meaning, i didn't think

about the fact that they could see me, was rarely sociable.. but back in those days at lunch they wouldn't let you choose who you sat next to, they just sat you down as you came in.. you just had to get the next seat according to the place into which you arrived. i speak of bowie memorial school now, living here within the home i still reside in and attending school.. each kind of (no one is leading any of the others, silly goose. no one's following, no one's giving, all are taking instead, tube parasite, divine)... i don't really care too much for any of this. ow! hehe.. that hurt. don't i feel dumb. i just went to plop down by the side of the wall here, where i'm sitting outside waiting for the bus... i'm not that talented at getting much of anything out into words when i'm actually writing on paper. i'm a better typist, really, but it's something to do and it's accomplishment. i think it's april fool's day, actually, now that i think about it. scary. maybe someone will play an april fool's day joke on me. i remember in grade school where no one could actually be troubled with the concept of originality in that sort of thing.... on april fool's day everyone would just make "kick me" signs and tape them on the backs of everyone they could find. i'm cold. yesterday it was 90... today, 40. the weather is on crack. we had snow last week. my kindergarten teacher was mrs. slattery. during and after the school year, i went over her house quite often, because she lived so close to me. she would usually favor me with some new books to read or something: james and the giant peach, that kind of thing. what kind of twisted individual would actually be interested in reading about my life? its devoid of all. i'm not even trying to be clever or artsy

anymore. i'm just basically talking to myself, because the blank page is my only friend. indeed, the only one who'll listen. my first friend was zachary mann. i got to know him in kindergarten, he and i already knew how to read so we would go to a first grade class when it came time to do reading work. my mind refuses to work superkid baron to be sitting on superswing and i "first to the swing gets the swing to the swing" and a swing was a coveted thing but i always had my superswing and i joy for the playground and i'm waiting for the afterschool ccd and a kid tries to jump from the swing and then hit me so i kick him where it counts and the noonmother tells me that's a no-no, then i'm off to learn about god. it's really cold in the present. it's really cold. it's very warm in the past. it's quite so wam. i need to the must fureechavawurd eechawado.. shiver and shake. shiver and shake. no. warmth in each piece. kids incorporated. "grown-ups are mean because they tell me what to do." as a child i had daddy there giving me all i want and telling me that i was the most important person in the world to him. development from that? be a superkid, natch. each of the villains were each of the pests. fortunately i was rather shallow, but of course to be shallow! i really don't know... "isn't it scary how we have to be herded inside every day?" i used to say when in school after time on the playground went into the class... we lay down with soft music on to relax our pretty little heads and take a nap, but never once napped. i was incapable of naps. it was just something that didn't happen. and i've had all this hyperactive energy and it's yet to wear out as i'dvance to the darkness (so) all

were my friend because beings they weren't. if anyone happened to serve as my enemy for that moment, it didn't matter with long run, for it was but a game within (i cannot). enter. i'm at home now and typing at the computer, typing up the stuff that i wrote in notebooks was no easy task and now it seems i (burp) am in writing mode, but i also feel faint and that's rarely a good thing and before i felt like an alien was about to come bursting out of my chest but now it's just the pain in my head and i'm to combine it all to make it flow but not so before if i die first if i die i want people to read my works and i feel faint and i wonder what it is (perhaps the mcdonald's. i wish that no longer would any be eating at mcdonald's. i'm evil for doing so)... i have plenty of water to immerse me into the centrifugal worldliness of the (no, you get that confused with such others of forces, for you're using a centrifuge for the wrong (shut up) okay). i have beethoven's sixth playing here, and i believe i've actually made a reference before to this particular piece, about how antipastoral (two use of the word! hurrah!) it seems to me within the tragic of life (tube). i still am feeling a bit under the weather, i say. i remember in fifth grade i wrote something like a journal entry and it must still be somewhere within the \*huge\* piles of the remnants of my past (which i am waaaay too disconnected from) and the current so documented (all that you've read) is such a tiny portion compared to the past, which is why i want to document the little i recall of my earliest times... the journal entry that i did i would dig up every couple years and comment on. it was about the very tragic (to me) situation i encountered, having everything just torn apart as far as

my feelings for myself. i was involved in REACH (Resources for the Enrichment and Advancement of students in CHicopee), a program for us gifted children... we were that year doing a community problem solving program... how to connect the schools in chicopee, how to increase communication between the different schools, that sort of thing. in the end our group wound up working on several things, the largest part of which was "chicopee school news". this show, broadcast on cable channel 5, the educational access channel, was basically.. well, what the name suggests. originally, the concept called for two groups of anchors to switch places- sophia wilson and myself, matthew leone and melissa fargo. sophia and i went for one episode, matt and melissa went for one, then in the end it was reduced to just me and melissa working together for another couple of episodes until the whole idea just died and, well, stopped being produced. i look like such a goofball in those shows, which i still have on tape. i was stopped in the mall once, recognized for being on that show. "aren't you that kid on that show, chicopee school news?" "yup! <adam walks on and smiles>" ah, but anyway, the horrible torturous thing about this scenario was the point where.. well, first of all, there was some thing happening at MIT for in-state competitions of gifted groups like us, in community problem solving type things, so we got to travel there and give a speech about our thing and (i remember i farted onstage, but nobody heard)... well, let's see. that was an interesting trip. i'm skipping over all the fun details too quickly. first of all, we took off and we got about 3/4 of the way there in a yellow school bus (they

were unable to reserve a \*real\* bus to take us there), but the bus really wasn't (i snap my spine back into place) the bus really wasn't designed to travel those kinds of distances, on highway.. so the bus overheated and i got out and took a nice shot of the steaming engine, antifreeze leaking everywhere... all during this trip i took lots of pictures, most of which didn't come out because i would put my finger in the way. a nice decent bus sees us broken down and offers to drive us all to the nearby burger king, where we go and wait for the bus. so, we get to eat at burger king there, and on the way out i grab a soda and then (getting rushed) i also put the change in a vending machine for a bag of skittles, but as i'm trying to reach in to get it my soda spills all over the floor, so it's all gone and it wasn't really a big deal to me, but zachary kept insisting that it had put me in a bad mood (but i wasn't in a bad mood)... the new bus takes us the rest of the way to boston.. we were originally going to check out the science museum before going to the competition thing, but now we only have time to go see the aquarium and quincy market.. quincy market's pretty pointless, really expensive and dumb, as i recall, never go there... the aquarium was quite nice, though (but not as nice as the science museum.. i left my legend of zelda baseball cap there once on a field trip.. that was a shame). anyway, then we go to MIT and we hang out ahead of time and get briefed on what we're to do, and we get to sit around, talk and drink soda (which i think is the coolest thing in the world), then we go, sit through some stuff other students are doing, then do our thing.... then, on the way back, we get caught in a horrible storm, and my

parents get really upset and worried and the bus has to pull over to the side of the highway because it'd become nearly impossible to see anything at all through the windshield and it was really quite scary, but we made it home all right. \*but\*... after this, it turned out that we were going to be able to go to a higher-level competition for the same thing, this one at the university of wisconsin! this would be the most exciting thing ever to happen in the history of the universe to me! the idea of spending time with friends from school, in a small group, and just hanging out and having fun (my dad never let me attend sleepover parties.. i remember my dad very much offending brian rondeau's mommy when he started talking about how he didn't trust me staying over, because she had a boyfriend who was there, and i believe he went into stuff like how he didn't know if he'd try doing queer things to me or something, and it was quite disturbing, and i believe angered her much.. he was very good at pissing people off by being incredibly rude and rationalizing it away as reasonable), and even without parents, really! this was the greatest thing in the world! until it turned out that only 5 out of the 8 of us could go and i was one of the ones who would not be doing. this was the first time in my life i really became depressed. "but.. but i know i'm smarter than all the others! why am i not included in the ones who are going? what's wrong with me? why doesn't the teacher like me? all the girls are going.. she must just like the girls better"... my mom bought me a boyz II men cd to try and cheer me up. it didn't work. since that was only the second cd i ever had, though, i wound up listening to it many times. i probably still have

the entire thing memorized, even if i haven't listened to it in forever. motownphilly back again.. dadadadadadadada... flip the record over, boy. in third grade we did a play of "the trial of alice in wonderland". i had the biggest part in the play, of the white rabbit. i had the most lines. i still have the video of that, adam standing there motionless with one ear just flopped down, pulling up the pillow stuffed in his shirt to look like a big belly. i thought i'd done a good job then. today we were given things on which to write stuff about our part in "the rover" and we had to write "hcc major/other relative info" and for that i put this great little paragraph about how i'm a 16 year old who was a straight f student in high school who grew sick of not getting an education and am now a straight a student in college... and that although here i'm still feeling alienated, at least people now talk to me without being mean to me. i asked the guy who was handing them around if i should mention my role as the white rabbit in the third grade play. he said i could if i wanted to. i didn't. i liked the look of "previous roles in hcc plays: none; previous acting experience anywhere: none". i got to sing a solo in that play. "i'm late, i'm late, for a very important date... no time to say 'hello, goodbye', i'm late, i'm late, i'm late, i'm late"... i remember my art teacher, mrs. hatfield. it was so evil. if it'd been planned to turn small children away from the arts, it could've have been planned any better. it was literally "follow the directions exactly as given... you'll find out what you're making once you're finished doing it".. completely destroying the entire point of artistic creation... she wouldn't even tell us what we were making as she



showed us how to do it step by step! isn't that sick?.... mrs. lafond was my music teacher.. she's still teaching there... i saw my 7 year old cousin katie chapdelaine in a play, "of mice and mozart", there.... and yup, there was mrs. lafond sitting there directing the whole thing... only, she was gray-haired when i was there... she dyes it now. "you see, i'm overdue, i'm in a rabbit stew.. can't even say 'goodbye, hello', i'm late, i'm late, i'm late!" i remember when katie was born. i was in fourth grade, and the whole day i was just telling everybody and i was so excited. i'm feeling old now that she's already 7. so i'm sitting on the bus waiting to go to school. it's a freezing day in holyoke and it's even colder than it was before and it's april 1 as it should be (perhaps colder.. no, certainly)... yesterday 'twas like the hottest of summer. 90 to 50. so awful insane. i decided to get out my pen and to work on my writings for improvement of my own subconscious manifestation of some intangible master race to take possession of this measly planet. so i walk through the veteran's park of dear holyoke, mass. with my pen in my mouth and my hair soaked with gel and with hairspray and looking like \*adam\* and getting looks frequently from a couple of separate guys and wondering what they want. the birds are not out today, they were yesterday. the birds are now cold. the birds have instead taken off for a planet more stable than this of our own. i lie. cough cough.

humanity to myself is being  
manifest destiny

guy with the stubble-worn chakra.

so i speak

not.

yummm! jazzy music in the forum. perfection with lack thereof to  
bring tears to my eyes. genius blessed with xenithdom be i, as i see  
throughout the sand.

yummm!

it's amazing that within my perfection i'm incapable of producing  
anything.

send me someone to kick my ass, please.

carvan seek to fly got to be stern

made of the distance (the accomplishment is not mine)

(if i succeed in my wish i be not for you be)

and my world is your oyster for use i here dine.

kill furee, so to you capture the soo be my sou! be my (push  
through... soft as the (i don't know that it's soft (yes i do)) show  
through the thick fabric and push as i push and i (must escape) how  
and i see him and cry).. oh, stop it now, stop it now, talking to me!  
"don't try to be honesty, adam, (might i will you must have some  
baseness from which you must spring! you must have a friendship  
to MURDEROFKIN!" after dealing with humans, i care too much.  
it pains me, i am

hurt so easily.  
pivotswing the motion  
vanish on the side  
turn tube, relieved of me  
i wish i were so blind

you know not the pain of the "as if i'm expected to be anything" at all, and the practice be devoid and i be hatred of them all. it's like i change into different perspectives with each minor change of my scenery (gently) so it's like i have personalities only to be feeling the certain of the truth and then (it's like switching between different "how do you see life?" "i want friends." and i can try and try, but fuck off. then there was that time when myself and my ol' buddy bob headed out to the nightclub where we always hang out and the lights were a-ravin' and the drinks, they were a-flowing', and our minds they were a-drainin', and the women bathed in clothes. the speak as walking over across the crowded dance floor to "hey, you stupid fucking bitch. i slap, you moved a bit. fuck you, give me some direction."

whoever cries anymore? i feel not of the need tube (as if "would you like to explain why i don't want you making out my writing?") i wonder why this pains so much, these others. i'm just uptight. the end.

i like the smell, i tell you, but my neckitso hurts. i sometimes think back about people and i remember the innocent times when it might have been a bit simpler to just chill out and be, but now it's like "gah" and i was sitting in acting class today and just saying to myself "this is insane. i'm hanging out with people ten years older than me." and there's nothing wrong with people older than myself, as i've said it's much better than with my peers as far as being treated nicely, but the thing is, the most i can get is polite kindness or pity... so many where i am are at such a point where it's not in their best interests to actually feel true compassion towards one in a situation such as i am right now; to empathize with that which is so obviously based on inexperience and shall so obviously simply be cleared up in time (if i survive that long). my partner for the two-person scene is lisa. i am having a very difficult time with her, she is cruel to herself and can be so easily led off to where she can no longer place effort into practice and then (we've gotten in so little practice and it was the hardest thing for her to memorize her few lines when she has the actual part in the play and i memorized my huge amount of lines and then it's like each word that she speaks to me is "because i know you think we need to do something like this, but you tear me away from the state in which i am truly in while i simply lie but as a thinly veiled to make you feel so badly because you know i'm not so"). whatever.

\_\_\_\_ don't go too far, i'll be right back, okay?  
 you'd think i'd have something to do other than the sittingofhere and

to write, but i don't. so nyah.

today i was feeling very lonely, very sad. i eventually wound up just sleeping during the day, probably not so hot an idea because of the fact that i have school tomorrow, as well as a practice for the play, but, well.. whatever. i was very, very lonely. it was like that feeling when you *\*have\** to go out somewhere and do something with someone.. where you leap to the phone and you call your best friend and you say "so and so? we *\*have\** to go and do something. i am soooo bored." and they say "cool, let's go hang out here", but of course i can't do that and never really *\*have\** been able to do that. i hate it when the skin around my fingernails start to bleed. why does that happen? and i can't really do much about it... the extra strength moisturizing cream wouldn't have anything to do with it... anyway, today i walked to the mall and caught the bus as usual.. as the bus pulled into the college i saw that everyone was standing outside and that a fire truck was parked where the bus would usually be pulling into... "a fire?" turns out it was a fire drill, some of the staff had already been prepared for this and stuff, i saw the guy who sits next to me in my psych class and he told me this, then a girl from my communication class happened to be there and was like "you don't have any stuffed animals today?" (not the first time she's mentioned this... those kinds of things make me kind of happy that i have something to bring up conversation, and kind of unhappy that it's only, like, a novelty, like a trademark or something.. i still get that sometimes about the cowboy hat i used to wear all the time, but

since i've cut my hair and ditched the hat i think i'm at least a little bit easier to take somewhat seriously.. assuming that's at all possible. we took a quiz in psych, i hadn't really studied except for this morning, but i did very well, except probably for the names of the researchers, which i always forget to study.. i still aced it, though, but the way i am these days it's like "but dammit, i didn't ace it \*enough\*!" but i was talking to the girl who sits next to me and... well, actually, the guy i'd been talking to before class, who sits on the other side of me in that class.... she was like "oh. well, i probably got a c", or something like that, which kind of blew my mind somehow (i suppose it's understandable that, since she didn't study, but why didn't she study?).. in my communication class i can not study at all and still get the best grade in the class, i'm special like that. my professor even went so far as to tell me in private that i'm probably the smartest student in the class.. though that was within the context of telling me that i had to rewrite the short essay questions to my midterm exam because i'd make them sound too funny and nonprofessional. i decided today that i should really try to stop watching television and such, because there i was at the mall just standing in bradlee's looking at the cassettes and like "must... buy.. something... NO! must.. save.. money", and the fact of the matter is, i have a gazillion albums here that i can listen to, and when i'm sitting here i don't feel like i'm at all short on music. it's just that there's something that's been instilled in me about the necessity of purchase, of ownership... it's a really sick thing, and it can even kind of be traced to the whole idea of a music "scene" or

of how things are of current or how music is so important, and... i don't know. i don't like that. i don't want to feel that urge to buy stuff that i won't even appreciate when i have it.. i think of all the stuff i buy, listen to a couple times, and then don't really care much about after then. i mean, really! what's the point of that? come on.... so i want to avoid all the evils of advertising. especially when we've been going into all that pavlovian stuff about association and conditioned responses in psych and considering the way it works in advertising, and of course i have the great album "dispepsi" by negativland and maybe i'll just keep listening to that to condition myself to quit buying soft drinks.. immediately after listening to that album, i found that for awhile i suddenly would be "hey, i think i'll get some apple juice instead of soda", which is a pretty good thing. i'm drinking mostly water these days, though, of course. in any case, elementary school overall wasn't a particularly interesting time for me, yet somehow i managed to keep myself entertained. i was never involved in any sports (i tried joining a baseball team once but \*loathed\* the experience.. i dropped out before we ever actually had a real game... the practices i went to just involved me sitting in the outfield saying "i really hope the ball doesn't come near me. is this over yet? i want to go home").... i usually had several friends at a time whom i could do stuff with, though, so that was good for me.... overall most of my time wound up being spent playing video games at home. come 6th grade things were beginning to look less positive than they'd been for the previous years of my schooling, though i didn't really notice it at the time, or didn't allow myself to.. people

suddenly were beginning to start shoving me around for no reason in particular.... i had a couple of big guys push me down to the ground, have one of them grab my arms and another my legs, lift me up and then drop me.... i never saw this as behavior reflective of what was coming up for me so much as just isolated occurrences which had to happen once in awhile just because of course not everyone could be as nice as i was.... i was misinformed, of course. come middle school, everything suddenly went downhill. seventh grade. adam the fat kid with glasses. each night i would cry myself to sleep just imagining having to spend another day navigating the hallways of bellamy middle school... having people i didn't know call me names and shove me into the walls.. having my books knocked out of my hands and kicked down the hall as teachers looked on, by then desensitized, refusing to care.... not to mention the classes themselves, my classmates deciding to make a "look at adam day", one kid would clear his throat and everyone would turn to look at me and laugh at any reaction i might have (wonder why i'm so conscious of every movement i make? it doesn't matter \*what\* you do, these children will find it funny.. nothing i did could be an appropriate way, were i not at the bottom of the food chain as i was, i would not have been in the situation in the first place.. no escape!).... adam getting blamed for doing something insignificant and getting yelled at, i tell the teacher who had really done it and i sound stupid when i say it and the entire class laughs at me... i'm walking around outside during lunch break where i'm minding my own business and suddenly a small group of children decide it'd be



fun to begin pushing me and kicking me around, they continue to do this, i decide to try and retaliate for a second, not in that i attack them but in that i just show effect as opposed to (don't let them tell you that having no reaction will make it less fun for them... eventually it was as if i was so numbed by it all that i couldn't \*have\* any reaction... and they loved it.. they absolutely loved it.. it just made their job that much easier) "stop it!" i yell and they laugh at how stupid i am and oh what a dork i am and they shove me some more and soon everyone's joined in and as the bell finally rings and they finally allow us back into the building i try to get inside as quickly as possible and past the teachers come an ever-growing group of students hovering around me and kicking me and tripping me as i hurry down the hallway and i get to my locker and trying to ignore them as i (WHAM!) no time for combination as my face flies into the locker and it feels like my glasses are bent now and it feels like i have tears in my eyes but i'd better not show it for if it's already just so bad as that now... classes were circuses, classes were games for those simply tormenting me, teachers didn't care about my situation- in fact, they hated me. "adam! stop talking to him!" as i finally say something to the child who's been disturbing me for the entire class and then i say "he's bothering me!" and "stop bothering him!" but no other action and repeat the process.... the class went on a field trip, "all but those i feel would cause a disciplinary problem". i was not allowed to attend. only me and those who were the worst at harrassing me. i refused to attend class the day it would just be us. i was never capable of paying attention

anymore.. the times when i was being left alone, i was such a nervous wreck.. i never studied at home, for each moment of home was a moment away from school and i couldn't bear to think of school when i was instead actually non-miserable, so my grades simply fell fell fell. straight a student getting c's and d's now. teachers hate me for it, family hates me for it, students hate me already. fat, ugly, nervous, awkward, friendless (at certain times during the year i had some people i would talk to, but at this time such things were very fragile and you could trust \*no one\*, for if they could win points with another friend of theirs by being cruel to you, they would do so. trust no one)... sitting at home i would eat and eat and eat and watch mtv and play video games. that was all i needed, good enough. then it reached the point where literally the only thing i ever looked forward to was wednesdays, when new comic book shipments would come in.. i would take my allowance and blow it all on that stuff... i mean, what else really could i have spent it on? the scary part is that back then \$10 could buy you 6-8 comics, whereas now it'll buy you 3-5. i'm listening to billie holiday now. yum. i think the problem with this is i've lack of direction (lie/d'rection i have as all \*all\* that i have, you see). yeahsoeye fooh tube. all that time, i tell you, and i've come back to this point and it's "hey, not as much so much", so kind of fortunately i don't really have that.. much of a past, so it's not all that huge a task to share it all (the majority of this- nevermind, you know) and the retardation of the human language and i (mama!) i think i'll turn the music off now and just write. so, in any case, i really wasn't

prepared to have to deal with all this shit when it came to my middle school years, so it was like.. wham! just adam breaking down all the time and "why do i have to" and "this is so horrible", and really it was, because not only was i the one having my self mutilated so much, but it was like... coming from a world where i'd just established myself as this superbeing and others, while i never held contempt for them, were nonetheless just that- other people. i was so friggin superior, and everyone knew that i saw myself that way. what could be wrong with me that i have to put up with so much? but my thoughts weren't really so much of "am i lesser, am i better, am i equal" on that level, because even before, when i was always kind of envisioning myself as this kind of superhero-type being, it wasn't something that i... it wasn't as if i really thought about the people around me and honestly thought of them as being.. below my level. it was just something that came out. it was just as if it were something i took so much for granted, like how maybe even though a child doesn't understand that he has to be taught certain lessons to live by, he understands that he has to obey his parents. actually, that's a bad example. like a parent with a teenager. even though the parent isn't really considering why they think they should be butting in on the life of their child (and they don't believe that the child doesn't understand the way the world works or that they don't have common sense and such), they feel that "well, dammit, i'm the parent and you do what i say!" not because they don't respect their children, but because they take for granted this feeling of power.. they don't consider the point of why they were supposed to be

placed in that position of power in the first place.. it's just like some natural thing. and that's the way i confronted life back then... that's the way i confronted other people. almost as if i didn't think of them as well-rounded beings or as capable of cognitive processes in the way that i was... so when all the middle school stuff came, my reaction wasn't that of "what's wrong with me that i don't fit in", because i didn't make any effort to fit in, nor did i feel that it was hopeless and that i was just too naturally a geek to be able to fit in with anybody. i was just like "this is horrible!" not "what can i do about this?", not "why is this happening?", just "this is horrible!".... like the individuals weren't being motivated by anything but their own nature... like rocks' predisposition to being... rocks. in eighth grade things were a bit better than seventh grade, in that i actually had people i could socialize with on a regular basis and i had several genuine outlets for my creativity... my english teacher was really great with letting me work on the kinds of wacky stories i just so very much loved doing back then, like "smashy the alcoholic squirrel" and "the paper clip of death"... you wouldn't imagine that someone so unhappy would take to putting out that kind of stuff, but that was just.. it was always like my nature. i was just an overall.. wacky kind of guy around those times, when i actually had friends and was away from the horrors of being tormented. i was very quick, very clever, all that stuff.. things which, these days, have just.... been reduced to kind of.. eh. i mean, i'm rarely all that clever anymore, and i just don't write humorous things, and whatever. i just.. eh. if i were within a life whereas i so and i (nevermind) speak

to the EEK! and i "genocide: the happy paper" was something i wrote every single day for the enjoyment of my peers. it's weird to look back on that now as actually remaining from that time, just as it's like with all my older stuff. to look at these things and to think "hey, that was me"... i don't feel that connection that i once did.. once upon a time i could look at that, and even if i'd completely changed (and i've often completely changed) i'd look at it and say "yeah, i remember that time of my life.. that was (adjective) and i (whatever)... but it was, i remember i was with nick bernier all the time even when i didn't think he was all that enjoyable of a fellow, it was good to have a human being around and good. i remember him then, "i need a cigarette" in the halls even though he didn't really smoke because somehow he thought it'd be cool if he pretended he did and with things like that i was always like "<shrug>" and y'know, it's worthwhile to note that i haven't taken a single puff of a cigarette at this point in my life, because i know for a fact that i'd be hooked \*immediately\*. i can almost feel the craving even without having tried it.. i have times when i wish i had a cigarette... i'm such a nervous person, and i've had various nervous tics just.. forever. a thing with my eyes where they roll whenever i blink, the constant clearing of my throat... those just kind of would take turns and always be there, but now i don't show them so much in public but lately it's been mostly the bobbing of my head constantly which is \*really\* bad for my neck and now it's out of whack and i really need to see a chiropractor. the only two parties i've ever been to in my life, not counting real youthful birthday parties (let's say the

only unsupervised parties) were through nick bernier.. nothing exciting, they took place in a trailer park, the kind of situation where you'd have 4 kids trying to mosh: "lump sat alone in a boggy marsh/totally motionless except for her heart" as they almost knock over lamps trying to imitate what they've seen on tv.. i think there were two of those, weren't there? i'm trying to think. perhaps not. i know i remember the first time i was with a couple of people, and i was just kind of tagging along with them like the third wheel, and i remember next to nothing about the girl, but we were making prank phone calls and the guy i saw last summer or something in lechemere with someone else i kinda knew, but i hadn't known they knew each other.. the guy i remember (i wish i remember his name) "hey," he said, "let's prank phone call some spics" or something like that, and i'd never actually heard that term before nick had used it when talking to me, within "do you like spics?" to which i was like "um, do i like what?" and he explained, and i was like "oh! um, i don't see why i wouldn't." call me kooky, i've never been capable of racism though i've seen enough of it. my cousin chris once accused me of being racist because i kept singing rap lyrics using the word "nigga"... if i'd hated black people i'd assume i wouldn't have been buying their records, but ah well. humanity tends to confuse me very well in situations like that. i remember what, if it was a separate time, would've been the second time: "wow," said one girl as she talked to me for whatever, "that's so cool! you look like satan". i think i had made some expression and my eyes opened looking freaky-like or something. i have nice eyes, though. but i

liked that. and i liked being spoken to. that was even rarer back then. these days i talk to people. just not interestingly. i went to my first concert with nick. we saw green day. we were such little kids, every time i had to correct him on some really stupid thing he'd said i would be trying to say it really softly, like, we're sitting on the floor where it's general admission, standing room, nick is going: "where's the mosh pit?" not understanding the concept at all, and i'm like "um, nick.. <psst psst>" "huh?" "nevermind. you'll find out when the music starts." people kind of did the hop thing at that concert, as i recall, too, which is always a plus. at the end of eighth grade we had a field trip to high meadow, where i hung out mostly with nick. i haven't thought about that particular event for awhile, but as i recall the older journal thingies i tried to create awhile back held that event in very high esteem as something interesting and worthwhile and memorable.. i don't know. we went there and i brought a bag of goodies which no one wound up caring about (as well as a super-sized edition of "genocide: the happy paper"), was with nick and, let's see, i forget his name... and then a couple others, i think, just kind of switching around, but there was some robot thing going around talking to people (remote control r2d2 type thing), there we were standing on the deck, and my main interest was refilling my sodas (free, free, everything was free) but it was like "hey, we can use this as a watchtower looking over the swimming pool" (not me, i've never been that way... i was still very afraid of exposed flesh in those days, being such a nervous human being.. i was afraid to make eye contact with just about anyone, let

alone an attractive-looking female... so i definitely wasn't going to be gawking at girls in their swimsuits), but as they stood there for a bit i tried standing there and peoplewatching, as much as i could bring myself to do, oh so self-conscious because that's just the way i was, but perhaps the neatest part about the day was, there were free unlimited amounts of sno-cones and so no matter what the people just really had to keep 'em coming, so we wound up having sno-cone fights, nick zebryk i recall was the worst with this, pelting all, and i got him, then he returned to me and got the sugary sloppy icy stuff all over my akira shirt... danny aparviz i didn't hang out with much on that day, but there was a water balloon toss and instead of playing as he was supposed to he pelted his partner, elizabeth j. (i really don't know how to spell her last name) with it and soaked her. he found it funny, but i found it mean. she was the kind of person i thought could actually get upset about that, but who knows how well my skills of getting inside beings' minds were honed during the eighth grade (who knows how well now), and i got PANCREAS there, yes, i won him and named him that beautiful summer day and it was like there was a booth thingie where you could just keep playing until you won something (like a carnival booth, where they usually charge an arm and a leg and make the games really hard), and i won him and i named him pancreas, and kim fontaine (often times made fun of... i actually wrote a poem entitled "my, what a lovely corpse you have", about necrophilia, in "genocide", and i mentioned her in the last lines even though i didn't really know anything about her at that point, i just barely remembered her name:



"and now i was left to explain/why i'd just raped kim fontaine". not very nice, to be sure, but it rhymed, and that was what was important for me. the day that "controversial tenth issue" came out, it was passed around the class to people whom i really wouldn't have trusted with it.. but fortunately, it didn't get around to kim, because most certainly she would have told the teacher (mr. warchol, who strongly disliked me anyway) about it and i would've been in deep doo doo for writing that kind of stuff)... anyway, she was like "oh, that's so cute! can i have him?" to which i was like "no!" and held him close to me, making sure she couldn't get at him, "\*my\* pancreas!" i enjoyed myself that day. danny aparviz, to backtrack a bit, i knew from, like, second grade on. i remember when i first met him i asked for his number and he said something about how it was a secret or something, i guess just because his mom had made sure to drill into him the fact that he shouldn't go around giving out info like that to everyone, or whatever, kind of like how my dad was just paranoid and stuff and just, his favorite saying was "there are a lot of crazy people out there", or something along those lines.. i remember when he (lenny) was trying to win custody of me after he and my mommy had broken up (which happened after sixth grade- i'll have to get into that later)... apparently it was cold and i'd decided not to wear a jacket, and i needed a haircut, and i was at a low point in my life, i was gaining weight, i had acne, so he forced me to let him take a picture of me to show how badly things were going for me living with my mommy. it was insane, the entire thing, because by the time my dad had

gotten kicked out, i'd begun trying to stay away from him as much as possible anyway.. it'd reached the point where chris and ken were sick of me staying over there on the weekends... i was over meme's sometimes.... i remember i liked mentioning to danny, for a long time, the time when i helped him in a video game or something in, like, second grade and he kissed me. that was one of those things that you really should'nt have an aversion to doing, but that experience teaches you you kind of have to.... danny was always kind of awkward, not in my kind of way, but in a kind of, always jumping in and saying something but then he was totally wrong and he feels stupid about it and tries to recover and makes himself look stupid again.. these days he's just... these days he's not worth mentioning. next subject. i'm writing this out of order, all of this out of order. but the order is there. steve deprey i first got to know in sixth grade... i was doing the "my world" books then, and he decided to steal my good idea by making his own series, "target: mr. dunceman", of which i really think he only made like two issues, and a crossover we did where i'd draw one panel and he'd draw another, stuff like that, and we were doing it like a competition, and it was really neat. i threw all that stuff out in the end, because i was afraid my parents would find them, and they were offensive. steve was the only one in school who ever got caught doing them, though. "you have talent, you shouldn't be wasting it on doing stuff like this." steve is a lot of things, but he's definitely not an artist. in seventh grade, i believe it was, i got to know him some more, and if i recall correctly, i loved the fact that he seemed to be someone who

was actually lower in the food chain than i was, so i would smack him in the head and stuff even though he was my "friend". it's that thing about middle school that drives many to such deplorable evils. in eighth grade, during the science fair thing, i remember seeing him, going up to him and saying hi. he just stared at me until i left. i asked him about that later on, and he said he probably just didn't recognize me.. as always, i was changing. it was in ninth grade when i got to know him again, and that was quite fun. it was in world culture class, where he, cathy, and i were all in the back and we had that teacher (and i can't believe i've forgotten her name already) whom everyone was just enamored with because she was young and they found her quite attractive though really i didn't... i wasn't there for the first day when she taught, but apparently she came on all strong and like "well, i'm not gonna play games" or something, like she thought she was in "dangerous minds" or something, but eventually she just wound up giving up and when she was there she would look like she was dead, which i'm sure had plenty to do with the way we students were, though maybe half the time she was just hung over or something too, who knows... in any case, we would hang in the back and just talk through the entire class.. now \*those\* were ideal times. the first thing steve asked me that year was "do you have a computer?" and i was like "yes!".. i'd really just been teaching myself how to get along with my computer and how to, well, know what i was doing, and he'd been working on some programming in BASIC and stuff, and i believe i had just begun learning some of the basics of that through brian rondeau

over the phone and stuff, too (that, along with just experience adding to general knowledge, trial and error, was how i learned DOS).. so we started talking about all this great computer nerd stuff together all the time, and we began programming, and starting saying "die" all the time (which is actually pretty neat, though neither of us do it anymore and it's incredibly juvenile, it's also funny. "no, die." teehee).. my parents were, while i was really young, \*always\* yelling. i mean, \*always\* yelling. zachary mann's parents got divorced before mine did, and i asked him out of curiosity: "how many times a day do your parents fight?" "like three times a day. it's pretty bad." "that's all?!" i mean, \*constantly\*. like, 15 minutes of peace was a lot. maybe the intervals between arguments had something to do with the frequency of commercials in whatever my father was watching at the times, who knows.. (for future reference, if i mention lenny that's my father.. i got into the habit of calling him that after awhile, and now it's kind of odd to think of him as "dad" or "father" or anything along those lines)... i'm extremely sensitive now to screaming, because that's all i experienced between those two.. i am also kind of weary of the concept of marriage, since i was an unplanned occurrence that made my mom feel an obligation to marry lenny, and she was miserable the entire time and... well, basically, my existence ruined my mother's life but i don't feel bad about it or anything, of course, because it was all entirely her choice.. though i still think she should've have an abortion... but marriage is just something, like.. i see all the screwing it does with one's mind, and lenny was just

completely.. insane after my mom kicked him out (eventually it all just came to a head and anyone could see where it was leading anyway, but what finalized it was when he hit her, she says it hurt and felt like it knocked her jaw out of whack, he says he barely touched her face.. you know how it is), and she ran down to meme's and i came out of my room "where's mom?" "she went down to meme's." "why?" "i don't know. she just wanted to, i guess." eventually he came around and admitted "i just kind of... touched her face", lightly brushing his hand up against his own to show what he was talking about. me: "oh, jeez", and i got my shoes on and headed down there and she filed a police report and stuff and then wound up getting a restraining order on him and had him move his stuff out, then for awhile after that he wound up living with his parents, then he was living in some tiny little housething that was about the size of a shed or something, then eventually he wound up going to south carolina.. immediately after the breakup, though, we would get calls \*constantly\*, and eventually we just had to start screening all our calls, but that didn't stop him from leaving harrassing messages all the time: "i've been talking to my born-again christian friends, and they say that killing someone is the same as stealing a candy bar. my trigger finger still works fine," threatening to bring harm to bruce, my mom's boyfriend she got not too long after he was gone... then the neverending "i still love you, i'd still get back together with you", all the time, all the time. maddening. is it any wonder i have a hard time looking at things as if..... i mean, my parents were constantly at each other's throats..

they would be arguing in front of me about how i should be raised. this is the reason why i tend to have such a very, very difficult time of holding any kinds of personal beliefs or convictions, really... well, not so much that it's that.. but, i mean, i'm so very open-minded.. i see the ways of others.. and i'm easily hurt because i'm not easily angered.. because i see so much and understand so much and see into people so much... my mom had moved into her own separate room awhile before the breakup, and it's reached the point where to get her privacy she'd lock the door, and since it was too easy for him to just break through the locked door, she'd take a screwdriver and put it in between the thing on the wall that the doorknob thing goes into (pushing it out into the door, making it harder to get through), and a piece of tape on the thing that locked it so it couldn't be picked... i remember lenny kicked the door down one time, me inside of the room screaming and crying: "get out of the way, adam! i'm breaking the door down" mom: "don't you dare!" me: "stop it! just stop it!".... "why do you carry a pocketbook around?" i asked my mom rather recently. "i don't know," she said, "force of habit. i never used to carry one around, but your father eventually made me." "he \*made\* you?" "yeah. he said to me 'what, do you want people to think you're a dyke, that you don't carry around a pocketbook?'"... i don't think pocketbooks are dumb, though, if you have the need to carry around hair care products, cosmetics, and such, stuff like that. but my mom really doesn't. oh well. the entire fortin clan (my mother's side of the family) has always despised lenny, and though they're not the perfect family (i'm

rather opposed to the decidedly heiriarchial system of "who's superior to whom", where females are first class citizens, men are scum, elders are better and children are slaves), this is definitely one thing i'm forced to agree with them on. is it such a bad thing that i feel nothing positive at all towards my father? he helped shape me into the human being i am today, certainly, but it's almost impossible for me to forgive just the lack of respect he's consistently shown towards me.. and his forever poor judgment. when i went down to visit him in south carolina it was like "well, dad, i'm going to take a nap now." "no, i want you to be able to sleep tonight." "um... i will. i'm just really tired now and want to take a nap." then he OVER 20 TIMES continued coming into the bedroom for "are you comfy with the air conditioning? i don't think you should be sleeping now... i wish you wouldn't be so mean when i try talking to you" NEVER CEASING! and i would scream at him and throw stuff at him "i just want to relax! i need to rest." eventually i just stopped talking to him. i refused to say anything.... i only kept that up for a couple hours though. it was fun when he would realize just how dumb it was that he was going on soooo much while i was obviously not going to respond, though. "come on, adam! stop it!" and then like reality had betrayed him by the fact that no matter what, he couldn't force me to speak. only i could speak. i think he needed to realize that. i don't remember how old i was, but probably 8 or 9 or something one time when just me and him went to quebec city and i remember we'd taken a nice long walk down the boardwalk, and then i was like "we can catch the bus back!" lenny: "no we can't!"

"yes we can!" and i start running and he's like "no, we can't do it! stop it! we'll catch it next time!" but i keep running but then we get close to it and he was like "it's almost time, we're too late" and i was like "well, okay", but then i saw the boat leave awhile after and we'd have had plenty of time to get to the boat, "oh well", but that was kind of funny. i remember there wasn't much interesting in the way of tv up there when we were camping and watching a little tiny tv thing we'd brought along... nothing in english. that french cartoon... asterix and somethingorother, i remember that was on... i don't really know what else. i didn't really enjoy the area as much as i'm sure i would now, but i'd definitely like to have a decent grasp of the french language before going there again.... when i was in kindergarten, i would sit with my typewriter, and i would just type out the table of contents for a huge long 200-page book or something, and then never write the stories involved at all. as i wrote when i was, oh, 14, i guess: "a child types silently at a typewriter/six years old in chronological time/when he finishes the table of contents/he walks away with the intangibly sublime"... that's kind of nice, actually. i didn't do much decent stuff back then, though. my writing matured pretty well over time, but i've kind of reached the point now where i've realized that... i don't know... one, i can create style, but if i'm trying to force myself simply for the sake of perceived progress there's something terribly wrong, and two, i'm not in a stable enough point at my life just yet (stable though it is, more than i'm used to) to really be able to concentrate on that sort of a thing.. of "personality".... in kindergarten i knew how to read



incredibly well but couldn't tie my shoes. lenny kind of did a pretty good job of keeping me from understanding anything about the world in actuality and instead just holding a good grasp of the world in theory. perhaps in the first grade i was dividing numbers, but when it came to people talking about things it was assumed that everyone would understand i was clueless. i had no common sense. this is something that's kind of carried over all these things, so probably a bit less because of the root of it all and just more because i'm so.. eh. well, kind of. i started off as i am now (though in a less extreme way), just imbalanced in the way of: "intellectually i'm an adult, socially i'm an infant, emotionally i'm all teen". as such, i can only kind of understand and relate with others (of any age group) on a certain kind of silly and incomplete level, and then no one.. it's like with the empathy difficult (i don't know), nevermind.

\_\_\_\_\_and then the world blew up. the end.

epilogue.

i would for such that even the meanest of your praisings could now  
fall within the boundaries of this... of this! of my subtlety's path, of  
the base of your frillings! of the truest of hearts as the source of  
such dreams!.... inspired by vanity, triumphed through pain.....

the certainty creeps through her bound'ries of soul,  
for such as she seeks it, for truth to be told;  
as words to this meaning, as sail to this sea,  
to caela this certainty justifies me.

*Appendix of Miscellany*

(1)

she's in the backseat of my car,  
she's under where i cannot bar.  
she's somewhere here but very far,  
my fortune cookie says i'm fat.

i've never felt the pain you offer,  
i've never fallen in the shower.  
i've never eaten cauliflower,  
jesus says i'm fat.

(2)

it was almost as if he knew that he was to die very soon, and  
regretted his inability to communicate.

(3)

contentness of joy built this habit of shine,  
to gather our fortune, misholding our shrine.  
this statement of purpose, these stirrups of we,  
with caela this empathy nullifies me.

(4-A)

his internal declaration, that is, the scent of cigarette smoke on

an unwashed pair of worn-down bluejeans, it had always been a minor pet peeve of this that others continue on as per usual- the revelations increasingly sparse, enlighten the fallible delicacy that is proper restraint. the scent of each and every of the nonresourceful togethernesses remained constant as the subject matter- crude, vile, relative to just about any standard of morals save the self-directed conquistadors, laughing while the door slams hard on a cute, fine ass.

early on- the day his impressions to be realized maintained a significantly more radiant pose letters from an old friend spread across the bedsheets, cardboard filing cabinet leaned awkwardly against the headboard- insistence was necessarily speculative and yet counterfactual, the level of certainty, he felt, the determination but above all the LOVE should find surface and bequeath their tethered rages against a platform of obligatory relation.

the eternal game, it had been, lazily he plodded hours for each day in the pursuit of a residual company. what would once have seemed (and, in fact, at the time did seem) to be selfish and maggot-infested magdelines of counterdependence now seemed pathways forsaken in the darkness of elitist counterfeit.

his heart still would begin to race at the sight of another alone and forgotten, pudgy-faced with cancer in mouth, mind returning to the nights of anguished huddled in the corner of self-repressive

hopelessness.

"if only i had approached things in a different manner," he would assure himself, "for once the letters of truth might come clean. each attempt must serve not to sever me from the conquests of which i feel this extreme desire, but rather to move along, as would the fatally simplistic forgets of a spelling exam."

but as he sat there eyeing the cute, dark-haired girl from across the bay his least favorite, and most frequent, visitor of conscience formed an immediate, striking, invasion. the sorrow, for which many times he had sacrificed the consistency of his lower arm's flesh, the number of material possessions held inside the realm of gravity's nonintrusion, that is, the correct side of his second-story window, what her will often look back upon as tokens of kindness which might eventually have struck him gold, struck him with a far more potent resolution than the last

(4-B)

with each of its downwardlowering softbeats. even throughout his phases of uninspired optimism, he knew within the upper crust of his mind that indeed the depression came forth as admission of a truth- a truth the likes of which his fragile mind need deny and restrain, or rather accept in lieu of an existence-persistence.

(5)

ramona's offerings of reassurance manifested themselves as the revealing fragments that true friendship, in a situation of health (devoid of politics) this day forever had hoped would contain.

what was expected always exceeded the attributed value of what was, however, and this he had previously learned to accept as a general rule.

this is while he loved him.

the aliens came for him. as the dream approached the point of abduction, he froze/remained frozen as the beings in the corner of his vision. he couldn't look directly into them/could not move his open eyes. awakened and aware, he also could not move.

(6)

thusly i vanish, in lieu of such dreams  
tho' death not awaits you, my damage, my scream  
dew on the window, as flames burn inside  
defy inhalation, your chalice, your lie

all i've proclaimed that my love turns to foil,  
the serpents spell "silence!" as dance on their coil  
joyous yet heartfelt, so true and yet proud  
softened and moistened, so knotted, so hard

be as it may, myself, romance away  
somewhere the waters of solace this day  
life on the branch as limbs swing on this way  
your life, not my life, must romance away.

(7)

each particular aura, the warmth, the smell of her hair on a cool spring night... these are the feelings manifested in each of my longings throughout the day as i slowly recover, yet... slowly fade. i wish i had something to make me certain that this path were the truest... i wish i had someone to make me feel that i'm.. all right. and yet somehow i feel that my insecurities are exactly the... point. so i fear it sometimes. i fear the future. i fear that being kind and obliging to the restrictions of reality might hinder my progression as an individual. i'm consistently imbalanced. i don't want an individual's help as it's offered due to the fact that i'm fucked up. i want acceptance. not that kind of acceptance. acceptance. acceptance within my kindness, within my overaffection. i want to have worked through my troubles, and i want to be able to say kind words and i want to be able to hug freely and i want to be able to bring an end to all the layers of frustration that i've built up over all these years. i want to be myself again. i want to be myself... for once. and i want it there with you.

(8)

generally soft-spoken, less due to her feeling self-conscious and more due to her fearing that others will take the one thing she's able to keep control over, her self and feelings, and reduce them to a level of triteness more appropriate to the way they wish to view her. she has issues to deal with on a personal level, since she's never been able to find true happiness around others, including her friends, even as she continues to hold onto her faith that somewhere out there is a person honest and caring enough to understand her, respect her, and free her from this pain. she holds less of a romantic take on things as others in her situation very well might, in that as she stares off into the distance she's not imagining the possibilities of existence or daydreaming about where she wishes she were, but is instead drowning in the sorrows that she finds difficult to justify the existence of within herself. the hope that she feels doesn't come as a direct vision of what she desires, but is instead more like a hazy feeling that things should be "better" in a way that she cannot yet understand.

"life is her silence, and springtime her haze,  
my dreams to her vessel; proclivity, rage."

(9)

Jena and Rema were racing through the woods one morning.  
The morning was bright and sunny through the tall trees. The



leaves crumpled under their footsteps as they ran. Suddenly, out of nowhere, Jena tripped and fell flat on her face.

Rema, concerned, stopped and kneeled down by her side. "Jena!" she exclaimed, "Are you okay?" Jena sniffed and nodded. "I'll be okay," she said, "I just have to be more careful next time." The two of them walked back to the family, slowly and carefully this time to make sure they wouldn't fall.

When they got back to the campsite, Adam was sitting and talking with Will and Caela. "The square of 246,798 shows that the dimensionary parallel will be moved to the seventeenth level this season," he said. The girls rolled their eyes.

"I don't know how they can always be talking about that stuff," said Jena. "Yeah," said Rema, "They always worry so much about how the physics are gonna be and stuff. I wish they'd just chill out and have fun some more." "Then they'd be cool like us!" "Yeah, right!" The girls giggled, and Rema stuck her tongue out at Jena.

"Daddy?" said Rema as she walked up to Adam. "Yes?" he replied, putting down his book. "Jena hurt herself when she was out in the woods, and she has a hurt elbow now." "Oh no!" exclaimed Adam, "How'd that happen?" He motioned for Jena to come over so he could see where she was hurt.

Jena came over shyly and showed him her scraped-up elbow. "At least it's not too bad," he said, "We'll go and get you a band-aid." He held her hand and walked with her to the tent, where he got a band-aid. He cut off the stem and tied it around her arm. "There," he said, "That should help it be better. No more dust and other materials will get in there and pollute it." Jena smiled.

When Jena came out, Rema was sitting with Caela. Caela was holding the new Smurfie (the old Smurfie was left behind when the last campsite was stolen). She was working on it some more, and she showed Rema how she was sewing him up. "You pull the string this way and then put the needle through here," she said. "Ooo!" said Rema (she was really interested in sewing). Jena walked over and sat with them. Adam went to listen to the radio.

Jena, Rema and Caela talked about sewing for awhile (Will had gone with Adam to listen to the radio). Jena and Rema asked Caela where she'd learned everything about making up toys and clothes. "Well," she said, "When I was little I didn't have that much money." "Duh!" said Rema. Caela gave Rema a look that was like she was mad, but she was only kidding. "So I got to do a lot of sewing and stuff instead of having other people do it for me." "Ooo!" said Rema (Rema really liked saying "Ooo!" a lot), "So did you just teach yourself? "Well," replied Caela, "Not really. You see..."

Caela was cut off by the sound of Adam and Will running out of the

tent. "Everybody!" exclaimed Adam, "We need to hurry fast! Other people are coming after us, and we don't have much time! Find everyone you can, and tell them to meet at the next point!" Adam's voice was cut off by the sound of gunfire...

(10)

have you ever pondered the etymological foundations of the subliminal?

"um.... what do you mean?"

what do i mean?! the etymological foundations of the subliminal!

"um... huh?"

i suppose i *\*could\** tell you the course of action i intended for your mind to travel down in response to the provocation assumed by a question of this nature... ha! that is, if i meant to communicate a concept at all!

i say, interpret it as you will! within reason and within- ha!- within self-*\*sublimation\**, you'll find yourself endlessly stumbling towards the inevitable! i wish not to lead this world into a space of my own choosing (since i *\*am\** sadly tainted, as are all, by the unpleasanties i've been dealt), but if there's one thing that i firmly believe in, and if there's one thing that i'll fight for 'till the end.... it's

that THIS WORLD NEEDS TO MAKE UP ITS FUCKING MIND!!!!

ANY level of adulthood, ANY level of decision, a... \*constancy\*, would be acceptable.. but what good is a world that cannot assume a consensus even in regards to whether or not reality is as volatile as it \*needs\* to be in order to support such questions!

and this is why i question the etymological foundations of the subliminal.

(beat)

"i.."

ah, yes.. i know.. you're wondering if i'm referring in specific to the terminology- the odd little connotations we have surrounding the word "subliminal" these days- or something a little more abstract, something a little more meaningful within the context of these metaphysical complexities- the psychological basis of that which is "subliminal" in itself.

"well, i..."

I THOUGHT I ALREADY ANSWERED THAT QUESTION, YOU STUPID FUCK!

FOLLOW your own road! MAKE UP YOUR FUCKING MIND!

GODDAMN you all! the agreement upon individuality is so thick that you fail even to question the value of individuality as decided by your own value judgments!

(11)

zoloft the top of my head, a world tinted in light of passionfrank bubblesovercome. blurb a view anew (the well) dump into the equinox-able, cune of the vill. sll that i wish for be so fly: a beginning from which, an envy of mine, HAND ME THE FRIENDSHIP the lies of the lives- adventure in mongoose (children flock in herds) my hands fall into my pockets as the "stupidoofus/velvetsky" where does my brain come in tact: hi and the flo writ... throw it away (i've nothing to throw away): where do i start from? (hand me your start) and i vanquish thee thusly (free angel of film) for a dolphin splice. each new being another passing windiforestue the mine winedrop vagabond forestbane curieve in ("i am existing in kind") suddenly i get the feeling i don't belong (oooconcept) as a pittle (wittle pittle!) kind of acreofviene. i cannot korn, i cannot be free! i ask not what can creation do for me, but ask "what must i do for a very creation": and i sit on a rat. hurry up. "to them it seems like the most important" i am trapped with no escape from the (i am alone- apart and my relative delusion leaves me... helpless)

(12)

his only wish is that the extremes may not prove to be quite so... extreme, mournfully, his eyes wander between what he wishes to look upon and what would be proper to look upon, wondering at which point may intrude the return of "hello" in a joyful manner, and an inhibition-breaking kindness and outpouring which could forever set him at ease; in stark contrast, of course, to the boredom (which he could certainly deal with) and the annihilation of personal pride due to his knowing attack on this girl's personal space... her reluctance to reach out the boy does not scorn; sadly, however, it is out of his hands that such absences in positive reinforcement must plunge him ever-deeper into despair.

her recollection of sleep due to overwhelming alienation/laughter seeming, as always, to be the final nail in a coffin that probably(he admits to himself within moments of relative calm/certainty/reasno) would never be closed to finality.

(13)

his figure sat, solemn and awkwardly majestic within the jurisdiction of his conscious, fleeting, mind-over-matter in relation to his apparance. the strength he had always tried (hoped?) to pull off had been reduced increasingly, steadily, significantly, over the past several days. what would his life become after he had been completely broken, completely alienated from himself by this entrapment?

"fuck it," he thought, "anastasia's betrayal leaves me no more reason for desire; no more reason for security."

he cuddled up as a small child; lonely, subterranean; unilateral.

(14)

the dear's red and brown radiances equalled shit, and she knew it. the cute little black cape slung over her equally dark/striking/original garb, protesting, moved in opposition to the motion of her stride, as if cut in anticipation for a form entirely unlike the one she had been stuck with.

the apartment complex was a shitty one- potsexually outh. sitting on the front steps a young woman with distinctly masculine proportions and facial distinctions; a quick "hello" reassures our hero of her deep-down, instinctual love for humanity in spite of the troubles that have befallen her. spite in relation to that which in her head had forever prevented the gradual improvement of self in no way a rarity within this life. the stairs ended at the third level, and a wooden door unforgivingly old, chipped whitepaint confronted her with what ideally should have been a sense of relief and security. she opened the door and stepped inside.

(15)

1. each flow stands out like another connection.

1. i've always wondered from which direction flowed the honesty.  
my personality is limited to words on paper, and to a  
lesser degree its fleeting moments of outward secretion- these taking  
form during times of contemplative dialogue (of the  
one on the form).

2. right now i'm the ten-year-old boy who's whining to a sheet of  
paper. this is really fucking pathetic, and i need to defeat  
myself. that's why the torture of not leaving fresno this very  
moment, i continue to force upon myself.

(16)

it feels good to own a notebook again.

i had missed the possibilities

the open page

obsesses over.

so

it's an afternoon in fresno, increasingly an overcast wind forboding  
the awkward possibility

of a drenching on a frequented street.

honk! honk!

to the impossibilities of civilization

penetration



truth is power. honesty is power. supreme power is  
i don't know what the fuck i'm talking about.

kristen has yet to see me curled in a ball upon a

dreams but i'm not actually sure of the (if only i could remember)

for the moment i've settled, not a cuss in the nonexistent  
direction

if  
i  
fell

but at least, i'm not worried about the significance of my emotional  
meanings, for the moment. quests as the individual  
possibilities they indeed had ought to be

floating. i don't know where i would go and thoughts of  
roxanne and i could always kill ourselves together if my desires  
never play out and her desires never (fade).

that left a hole in my.cavity. suck it now.

eat me, baptist.

(please don't think i'm not aware of my psychological condition. it becomes more/and more apparent with each pass, yet documentation only serves. to solidify an illness which would not fly to the forefront of any other)

amazing how quotables and nom-de-nomables are not my... adequacy. that was actually an intelligent point i was dispelling.

my biographer makes sense of what i refuse to say. she dies.

beautiful and i should get back. i wonder when they get out of school. papa smurf sucked my cock twice and it hurt. you see.

(17)

if you're getting nothing out of it, leave it behind! that's all there is to it! why aren't you writing? i saw cathy the other day. she was sitting on the front steps with her mom. when i'd last seen her she'd moved out and was sharing an apartment with her sister: so much for that idea. she's forgotten steve and retrieved the simplicity of danny. it's easy to believe, it's easy to be preached to. nothing anyone's ever said has been true. stick to this understanding and contradict it. it's the wrongest of all. nothing i've ever believed in has ever held up to be true. isn't it a little frustrating to have things come out like this? the world seems to turn against you when you're uncertain: "go this way", your intuition screams as it sabotages existence to see which baby you love more, reason the soft synthetic

percussive abstraction lurking everywhere, refusing to let go..... tell me, adam... do you want to be like cathy? sitting on the front steps with the psychomother, locked out of the house because you misbehaved? adam, what role do you play? make a definite choice. you can't just let yourself be nothing... you can't be everything to everyone. you can't be a changeling. you can't be the indefinite. reality has to intrude somewhere. leave your skin behind and go. now. before it's too late (it'd better not be too late)- it \*can't\* be too late! forget lenny. forget obligation. forget society. the counterexistential retrieves balance where the ambivalence seems to thrive. find the sharp. find the truth behind color. find the significance of the red-on-black in a 90's culture. find a truth. find a self. forget your haircut. forget your face. you did it before. forget regret. adam! everything i've ever done is in preparation of \*now\*, i've no emotional connecton. in finality, the relativity vanishes in lieu of surprise. i'm sorry if i act as i don't care. i don't like ruining things. i don't like being a failure to my parents. i don't like making things difficult. i don't like costing my mom money. if i would i could make her suffer no longer: i could get things over with.... but i need to get the feelings.... i need to go back. i've skipped ahead to 30, but i owe myself a 12. better understanding. there's nothing i can say that i say for a reason. what was so impressive about my writings when i was 15? what's so impressive of what a person has to say? i tell you. i may never be published for my imperceptibility, but fine. somewhere down the line. somewhere down the line you will find that there's a truth. someone

will find this and read this. someone will find this and \*relate to this\*, and i can tell you, nothing can take away from that. nothing can take away from my feelings. nothing can take away from what i am.. though i wasn't. i was ready to kill myself. i really don't want to kill myself. i'm like that little kid in the movie "the wizard", going "california"- it's my calling, it's pathetic, it's okay. the worst that could happen is my life becomes significantly better. regret. grimace. pain. these past months: what did i find through my dabbling in school? emptiness is far worse than loss, no matter what anyone says, but the exclusive possibilities of intensity make it all worthwhile. losing weight is insane. looking like anything is insane. i'm different as the others are different. i find myself so close to my own that it justifies the hardship. wearing a cowboy hat on stage is a bad idea. i'm not responsible enough for college. college is far, far, far, far too simple. the sciences are bullshit. don't let anyone tell you that they know anything. half a century ago, homosexuality was a mental illness. the world is not going to end, no matter how much any of you would like it be so. give it a rest. (legal) drugs don't work. never try to write well. never try to do anything well until you're in love. when you're in love everything's halfassed anyway, and that's the beauty. don't go through anything i've gone through or you'll be killing yourself. it was trying to run away from my reason as it was telling me to die. my emotion \*wasn't\* telling me to die, my reason was. my emotion was jumping around somewhere doing something and whatever. silence. silence is level. nothing ever really happened to me. i head out. i

can't try to do anything. i can't try to write when i can't write. i can't shout "tubee". and i'm not ready for the big time. i'm 17 years old. i was 15 the last time i checked. who knows when i'll blank out again and the being i'll become. i just hug. i don't talk. everyone i talk to lies to me constantly. and i can't deal with lies. i break the hymen of lies, and i break the lies of the hymen. sourdough obstetrics. if you think you can win me over simply by lusting over me, you're wrong. if you think you can win me over simply by being the object of my affection, you're horribly mistaken. you don't understand what it takes, and you never could. if you understood what it took you would already be eaten. my heart is a venus fly trap.... your eyes are the imagery... beyond these walls, the world stops turning. do you really think i control this world? do you really think i'm i'm a significant enough force that i herd the little weenies around? here's an observation for you: i live outside of it all. split in the middle, to the left and the right. in my torso lies the world and the objectivity. not above, not below. everyone is in my tree. don't delude yourself. fall in love with a truck driver instead. truck drivers make the world go 'round. the world would be an easier place without troublemakers like myself. indeed, i'm just an escapist: i'm the mentally ill. i refuse to accept things as they are, so as the basis for my life and the things i take for granted i grab hold of what most would consider the little extras, the little hobbies, on the outside of what \*they\* take for granted. no one knows more than anyone else. 5 seconds is five seconds. a lacking here, a gaining there: you're an idiot savant. i have a little

purple grimace pencil sharpener. i sat in my bed last night, and i thought about when i was younger and i'd ask my dad, "can i have a friend over?" and they'd actually get a ride from their parents just to be able to play with me. that wouldn't happen now. i suffer a lot. suffering isn't very good. i apologize to my family and i apologize to my friends. i leave my friends behind because i'm a selfish bastard. people still like to say bad things about me. i don't know if i'm retarded, and neither do you. it's all intrinsic: retardation, perception: categoration is intrinsic. personality, on the other hand? that can be broken. i've restored my personality. i still enjoy it when people talk to me, as long as they're beautiful. you'd be surprised what i find beautiful. you'd be surprised how well i hold down a conversation. you'd be surprised how poorly i don't. i received my first kiss while i was losing my virginity. it wasn't romantic. "all you have to do, adam," the little voices would say, "is put away the insignificant objections and forget about them. don't speak of your inhibitions and it'll be okay." never again. maybe i don't really like friends. i look back on the memories of going out and doing things and having people who'd agree, i didn't appreciate it enough. i love you. i love my friends. i have no friends, but mr. tree! my pancreas! my urinal! my grimace! the pillow that i hold at night, you make it worth the fight.

the world never really stops, but our perception of the silence is what moves us ever forward. punctuality. it's difficult to communicate on any level, but expression without communication?

while the expression only serves to deepen an hysteria reborn? goodness! i always thought that we were better than that, our internal civilization. is regression still progression? what might the archangel bring back from the edge? sometimes i wish that the edge held a post office box.. reach out to me and i'll grab you forward, downward as our physical shapes blur, lines of motion being sucked ever forward (so it seems) into the whirlpool, a mass of colors, mass of pixels, massive pool of information dragging downward to the spleen.... they carry on, but i remain gazing at the beauty. common sense tells us not to go there... mama always said, but i just. won't. listen. i live within the danger and the chessboard tilts and the side of the whites begins talking in double negatives and edging in: \*two\*. two moves away from a checkmate. early june, 1998, two moves away from killing me. i scream of unfairness as the fates tilt the chessboard this way and that, but no lighting is there and no umpire seen. i'm aware of the irony and i hate it even more than i'd otherwise expect.

i return to the light of the day, i shade my eyes for a moment but i move on. chirping sparrows sing a resounding "yes" to my unspoken question of feasibility.

ultimate amount of stress BUILDS UP! but i have an outlet for it. i make the decisions from which i deviate. i sell out time and time again for the purpose of satisfaction. power, money.. those we relate to.. but the echoes of otherworldly (mythological) divinity remain in

question.... what is it that drives such men to the edge? what is it that makes them want to do such horrid things? but no questions of a life, no questions of a comparison. ask a pisces about the meaning of life and he'll tell you.. ask a taurus and he'll start to scream.. but asking from a gemini...

sillyfish, you're not really in the sea where you (sploosh! (of my hand, well i) splash! (and i)) long and i try and i (flapflap around) and i (flipflipflapflipflipflap) throw you around and i die.

angel, you give in! i can't understand what you do to me.... what you feel like to me, but you're there. with rashel it was an interesting situation because i didn't really see her as someone i could picture myself with, but i could \*feel\* her and my intuition made it seem right: like a train i missed and a path i ruined. i'm not used to seeing my life as a series of possibilities, but a preset (by myself) that i follow and go on with. it was interesting for me when i would look at her in back and when i'd see her in my dreams because she really didn't mean that much but she had nice cheeks. and it never really means much when you grab a guitar: but you don't know what you're tapping into, you don't know what it means. it's like staring into a mirror when your face becomes a collection of demonic creatures as they swirl around but your face isn't really moving but you're sure for a moment that it's all what it is and you're never going to see your body again because things like this just don't happen without a consequence, but it never matters



anyway. you can't show it, you can't say it: it makes no SENSE and you can't word it. often i like to get this flow of the otherworlds in the world of the word but can't say it in sentence. i say it in vibes and i say it in sounds because such is the way of the business, this world. i offer to write a love ballad for you and instead of "that's sweet": "do another, dear boy". "i will make my boy proud" as he dies: the world is my boy and the canvas my mind..... i cannot believe these, they're the things that i say, but the wishes still breathe and the salmon still stay. none of the fires we cherished are gone... we're just rolling along, and rewording our song. and nobody shared with me that it would rhyme.... true feelings of pride, all disclaimers aside.

(18)

the cat's pajamas

the hardwood floor analagous to the side of a dusty highway.  
 the red stockings manifesting themselves as a dream of myself, in a dream of my hum...  
 and i'll love you for it, you mysterious doll.i'm a slave to your presence, a slave to yourself.  
 as you stumble down the hallway, i shall look on with the stars in my eyes, and  
 you can walk like an angel as you bump into the wall; and the wall can exist and you are.  
 and i sigh.

(19)

(lights up. bobby sits, staring out the window)

bobby:

(laughs)

"one of these nights".....

i've never forgotten the way i always felt when you were around. your words of wisdom, your love, your encouragement... when you were here with me, it was like nothing could fail me anymore. it was like the limitations of the physical world would just... vanish. i would sit here... i'd sit here in this chair, and i would lose myself, staring into the night sky.

and at every hint of uncertainty, there you were. you'd come to me, and you'd wrap your arms around me, and whether i was hot, cold, lonely, depressed, anxious... around you everything became... perfect.

(laughs again)

"one of these nights."

and i honestly believed you.

i honestly believed that there was some grand, superhuman life out there for the taking... that there was a path out there devoid of the drudgery and trivialities of the real world that would swallow me up and hold me like a child in a place that in the end really just amounted to a fantasy world. i needed a place where determination was all you needed to turn your dreams into actualities. and there you were the whole time, just spoonfeeding me these delusions, day in and day out.

to this day i still don't know what you wanted from me.... maybe it was some kind of a sick game to you. maybe you were bored.... maybe it was all part of some divine master plan.... and maybe you just didn't care if one of six billion found himself stranded for the rest of his life.... stranded alone and scared.

after all, that's what you were all about, wasn't it? superiority? renouncing humanity? that's certainly the kind of thing you were always looking for in me.

i don't need to torture myself like this. i have better things to do with my life than to give you the satisfaction of getting to me.

(20)

spoken aloud in the direction opposite. the hardwood floor cracks defiantly, as i can think of no previous creaking (peace) so i'm

holding my ground as she clutches to hers, and i feel the ridden desire to cuss below my breath. internally my vocalchords waver as she eyes me in vein and (i can't! i can't! the eyes, the eyes! if my eyes waver, the most tiniest thought of (THE BED!) in (THE COVER!) i speak (precisely) about the autumn, and in a reference acquainted to the peace and

"For we wouldn't want to miss 'Field Day- The Happiest Day of the Year!'"

...words that rung inherently within my skull, a privilege for which i could thank the particularly successful conditioning techniques in use by the home (a conditioning held as successful in relation to the average being \*frighteningly\* effective, indeed!)- mother hansen, of course, would never be able to say such mantras of cheerful inadequacy aloud, since doing so would break her illusion of being "the all-seeing, the all-knowing, preventor of mayhem", so

she speaks, declaring the fact that OUTSIDE it's a bit nicer (with a shift of emphasis, i believe, that punctuation could, never. reproduce) so unapologetically, the prying pseudoeyes form a makeshift crane so i must as i SCOOT!er along the way and the stairs (a bit musty/the environment i cannot speak of; blindfold me while i sense like this and i might, with a hint of luck, identify the location of my binding); i know he will be/at the back of my mind and somewhere within a six-pack of freud has induced in my skull

that "for certain i must have planned it!" but i've thought it as bullshit. the stairs are a bit/if i'd ever owned a grandparent, such a home i would propose to them; for an heir apparent to a personal life, when existence berated to "i once played the violin" so perfect to a setting: "the oak trees shading; the thick green grass".

the words he had written had seemed so poignant to my endeavored mind...

so the thick green grass covered robert's.... beauty. and i looked over and my past suddenly flashed into a quick and tiny paragraph outlining the relentlessness of an evolution: so "never had she been"- a gazillion times before. relation merged into a tiny moment of configuration, as he eyed it: "the thick green grass". or else brown ("urge not a generalization, lest a generalization become your urge!"). so i threw down my gauntlet and maintained an awareness of the creature standing next to me; they'd gathered over (a few moments of "what to do", yet not an extended enough period for my mind to activate a response; somehow i knew it would last but a moment, for mother hansen to approach the others and to state we were accounted for) and they were announcing

"what if i'm \*not\* that close to him?": i had thought to myself, kneeling (through the tights feeling the raised surface of a loose nail; moving my knee; readjusting myself)- why i felt these things for "simply another" would run through my head, yet (i could not

deny it!) so much as i tried... "i need to do some research," i thought to myself, cherishing the look on my face as if an extraneous snapshot of light might deliver itself to a world of appreciation, "a-digging i will go."

the evil plot, begotten minutes ago: "fuck, he actually thinks of me" getting through my (i don't know how but) my hands crawled into their respective sleeves as if in hiding; "so how" (i hadn't thought of it) (all they had been were fantasies) until "LUNA!" when

some questions that are just. not. asked: just as there are no monitors (despite the provisions for) monitoring as the boys pass a cigarette under the shade of (the single large maple tree by the southwest corner of the home), the personal history of EACH. and every mother is an implicity restricted ponderance. example: the extended scar on the lower right temple (her right, our left) of the longstanding grandmother haniffy: the questioning eyes of recent inductees will often warrant the nonverbal suggestion of the other residents; before long, curiosity subsides. it is just. not. asked.

\*this\* is what enlightened me, to the fires of ice; though i rationalize

disperse! we've received our orders, "enjoy away" from the silence of obligation(sadly, from where among a group of peers subjected to these anchorings might be the enjoyment) spoiled, my education

alerts, for i am missing the pleasure

what? is he doing to that dandelion(one. the grass beneath him radiates as a (kodak) vacant, a smudge-free zone within (65 degrees to the earth is a steadily rising sun) /more and more i am (steadily) unaware of (i am staring and yet; that piece of consciousness which would otherwise intuitively react, separated- as "i am not floating, i am lying in bed" and yet nominative present will. not. return through the sheer force of) emaciation. present. through the void

what? is he (pulling) i see the lifejuice- splurt! through the separated stem of the... once... living... in the rounded face, for his eyes: sunken; at the moment i could swear that was makeup reflecting beneath his eyes, (as; there) really isn't any but at the moment i (swear) i could see it a; moment ago he was looking and then (suddenly! cheekbone) he.... looks me in the eye.

head tilted slightly in (a/bemused) interest, he seems to communicate through his movements precisely in the manner i'd imagined he would do so verbally. (facially) holding still, as if afraid to betray even the most subtle hint of personality, he freezes his position: muscles unrelaxed, as if in the ready position to leap into a smile (or a grimace) at a moment's notice, he refuses to look up; refuses to look down; centered upon my wanderless gaze, he questions with his stoic insecurity exactly how

"a nice girl like me  
could be so wrapped up  
in a boy like"

snap! and i flinch. he walks over, and floating around me (in my  
mind) lurk the directionless (inconstant) supervisional boundaries of  
"they-who-would-have-us

'round and 'round, somehow never. touching us in this (our) drain, it  
seems, continues upward and downward, a slinky whose shape has  
been denied by a shift in physics- upward, downward, the  
unclogging abyss. i admire, this void. the clean, resonating silence  
slices viciously through a rumpus of (matterless) importance: his  
voice, proud and clear, echoes in its outwardly-defined  
nonexistence. humbled, i

(fabric of my dress and the autumn (haven't i been here  
before?) in this entire situation has left (do you  
inside) my legs while i passed, he had eyed (unaware) that (perhaps  
it was \*not\* my state of dress, but my presumed state of  
unconsciousness that had persuaded

leaves, meditating softly and (the cracks. leaves/the. ground. here. it  
spoke to me and i (didn't.) why (in the back of my mind/knowning  
where i. was, the world/



things (this person; one; so strange how it works! that the things, so used to in the strains

and! i grab his hand, to realize instantly that it's all or nothing, the drain (that i'm feeling) MUST! offer its protection to) held tightly within my mind- the concentration, i somehow realize, plays an important role in (this, my) escape. and! without a further glance of precaution, the eyes, grass, (straightforward) to the clearing; now! we know, forever the forest shall give us shelter and guide us, forever, away from (what had held us within its boundaries is no more!) for we've discovered (forever!) the truth path of kindness, this

(brief step of unevenness, our hands for a moment realign; even more it brings me to appreciate)

and what a glorious smile it is that graces my face from this "restricted ponderance"! nevermore shall i be cursed with these restrictions of inadequacy, for it is now that my existence begins! beyond these walls stands a fierce and foreboding uncertainty; but together, we will face it.

together, we will  
triumph.

(21)

*a collegiate creative writing class gives its comments on excerpts from my 16-year-old self's collection, god: an autobiography.*

"i like the style here, because there is a section of longer, more flowing sentences, which are all abstracted thoughts, and then the narrator says something about reality, and the sentence is abrupt. i like that effect. what about the style turns me off is that all the sentences seem to have been written out of a lack of restraint. my reason for saying that is because the technique isn't carried forward as such in this piece, there aren't non sequiters throughout."

"here is what i see happening: the narrator has slipped into a bit of normalcy, and is now disgusted with him/herself because of it. the root of disgust? pride. so he/she comes back with direct and indirect statements of pride. effective, if that's what i mean, but not perfectly effective. two things need to happen here in order for this to work as a story: the narrator must come in contact with something that draws him/her out gradually, even as he/she struggles with apathy, because the bit about not being about to keep his/her head up while in school is effective. two, he/she needs to see him/herself as ridiculous all of the sudden. that needs to be obvious, so that the sudden shift makes sense immediately."

"i can see why you would like this style of writing, because it is completely and utterly self-serving. i don't like it in this story, it

seems overdone. there is a complete lack of discipline demonstrated here, and it doesn't work. in writing even a semi gratuitous character, it is often difficult to exercise this, since it would seem to contradict the very essence of the character. but the narrator is repeatedly doing just that, so i think the style should reflect this as well."

"first of all, i think this was written without any plot in mind at all. still, i'm not really sure it would need any to become better. this could be like notes from underground or river of toys or any of that sort of thing; where the plot is almost negligible and it's only the voice of the character that matters. you weren't very clear in your comments about what attracted you to this writing style in particular... is it this lack of order or theme? you know, every story needs substance, regardless of style. i see here a character who wrestles with their confidence to the point of mania. that is my favorite part of this work. maybe that just appealed to me because i can relate to it, but here's what i see: the narrator uses criticism of the people around him as an excuse for apathy. they expect that they somehow deserve to be better than the rest (or is better), so i think they are a little afraid to to engage in their lives because it could show that they are at the same deplorable level. i noticed this also: the narrator seems to prefer the abstract to precedents. that's good, because it is consistent with their reluctance to be a part of the reality they deem inane. they want to transcend their neighbors, and abstractions are a manifestation of that. i see an opportunity in this

writing to expand on the way the narrator's writings bring about an enlightenment. that's good, because it's a bit contradictory with the inability to function in the "real world". so whether the person is capable of writing well or not, and whether they have truly enlightening or worthwhile ideas or not, we, the readers, still aren't convinced at this point, and that creates a nice tension. self-confidence is their impetus, apathy is their inertia, and this is all mixed with a refusal to work within the very reality they are seeking to enlighten. so the character is set up for failure, i'm afraid. still, i think it's a very nice set-up. here is what i would like from the story: grand plans juxtaposed against an implied knowledge that none of it will ever come to fruition. something like the typical tale of a manic depressive, you know? i would also like to see some more colorful metaphors here and there, just to make it more enjoyable to read."

*Cross-country Bus Journal with Steve D.*

6/18/98. 12:08 P.M. Adam. Well, we're in Syracuse, New York now... or, at least, we're heading out there and moving onto Rochester... (that is, assuming that there won't be any more stops that we don't know about in between like last time). Hey, it's a Burger King. Steve eats so much. It is scary. I need to form a militia with which to fight Steve's inhuman power of... um... inhumanity. A militia of fat people who are pissed off that he manages to stay so thin. Oh, how I yearn for the day when I'll be able to say, "Hurrah, I'm around fat people!"...

6/18/98. 12:13 P.M. Steve. A thick syrupy veil of madness descends upon the bus. I hear the different peoples' thoughts with my mind. Most are planning to kill and/or eat me. The rest are mentally singing the theme songs to such cancelled TV shows as *Cheers*, and *Happy Days*. Adam worries me the most, however. His constant droning of "Must kill Steve. Sweet, yummy brains. Yummy in mytummy. Mmmm pine trees are bad" has begun to get to me. He seems to think that listening to music through headphones will prevent me from hearing his thoughts. No I'm much too far along in my master plan to be thwarted by such things. Victory will come.... one day at a time.....

6/18/98. 12:21 P.M. Adam. La la la... these happy days are yours and mine, happy days! <Ahem> Anyway. Syracuse was kind of icky, but not as icky as Springfield. Home is where the fungus is. Anyway, we are on the highway and all is good. Life is good and the

road is flat and dark gray with lines on it. This is good.

## The Great American Novel

by Adam Ares and Steve Deprey

### Chapter 1.

Barbara Jones awoke screaming. Screams so loud and piercing that they could wake people up... only they didn't, because she didn't live with anyone. Barbara hadn't experienced a good night's sleep in years because her mind was constantly being plagued with thoughts from her childhood...

"Jimmy! No! Please!

There must be another

way! Please!

NOOOOO....."

Yes, Barbara's teenage brother Jimmy, who'd been an all-around pervert and not-nice guy, had always used up all the cans of Cheez Whiz in the house to build little castles. This drove Barbara crazy, because she just LOVED Cheez Whiz. One day, she decided that she had to put an end to this grave injustice, once and for all. She ran into the kitchen, and in a blind fury, grabbed the closest grenade launcher. "Here," she said, handing it to Jimmy, "You can build castles with this!" Jimmy, enthused, began disassembling the grenade launcher with the intent to build a really spiffy castle, when suddenly, all of the grenade launcher's grenades simultaneously exploded killing Jimmy and leaving Barbara permanently disfigured. She robbed many a hospital, hoping to find a

replacement arm in her size, but she had really fat arms, and hospitals in those days wouldn't serve fat-armed people.

Now, in 1999, during the aftermath of a huge nuclear war that decimated 87.5% of the population but left the survivors miraculously well-endowed, Barbara roams the sewers of New York City, only emerging at night to perform black magic ceremonies involving sewer rats and a few of the local homeless people. But this isn't the life Barbara wants for herself. She is still haunted by her childhood memories. Easy-cheeze! Grenades! There has to be an end to this! So, gathering all of her worldly possessions, and a few homeless children for food, set out on a quest to find herself. The first thing she did was find a mirror. Once she'd found herself there, she decided to rob another hospital. When she got there, however, the police found her and handcuffed her! "Oh, fuck!" she cried.

End Chapter One.

6/18/98. 2:33 P.M. Adam. Batavia, NY. This seems like a pretty nice place. Steve, for some reason, just made a comment that it's the "Chicopee of New York", but it seems a lot calmer and a lot less dense and a lot less, um, cruel to me. By the way, we're going completely by Pacific Time in these little journal entries... Someone just hit me in the shoulder with a bag and didn't apologize. Down south, if I shot him for that, it would be considered justifiable homicide. I really like this shirt I'm wearing. I haven't washed my face in hours, and I can just feel the oily filth that's all over me. How ew. And bus bathrooms don't have sinks. They're like port-a-potties.

Actually, this here Batavia reminds me of the commercial districts down south... you know, those funny areas where there are lots of stores that don't have bars on the windows. Steve has soda. I don't drink as much soda these days. The guy in front of us has such a grotesque bald spot. I pity him. I am glad I do not have a grotesque bald spot... though if I keep wearing this silly cap, who knows?... I wonder how many funny looks I'll get wearing a "Greenfield, Massachusetts" cap during this cross-country venture? I get enough funny looks for wearing it in Massachusetts...

6/18/98. 3:50 P.M.

A: Steve?

S: Yes?

A: Do the people in front of us look at all unusual to you?

S: Yes. They have neat lookin' hats!

A: I wonder where they shop.

S: As do I. Why don't you ask?

A: Um, no.

6/18/98. 3:53 P.M. Adam. Buffalo, NY... Our last stop (that's listed on the itinerary- so, the last significant stop, at least) in the state... Our next stop is Cleveland, where we'll arrive in three hours or so. This is where I really start to realize that "hey, I'm pretty gosh darn far away from where I'm used to being!" Cleveland... and after that, Chicago... where we'll arrive in the wee morning hours.

6/18/98. 5:17 P.M. Adam. Just over the New York state line, according to Steve we're now somewhere in Pennsylvania. How groovy- I managed to get myself about fifteen minutes of sleep, an



accomplishment that I'm quite proud of. We have funky amish-looking people in neat clothing sitting in front of us... when we were at the terminal in Buffalo, NY, Steve had wanted to take pictures of them. It's really quite neat, the the white beards and stuff... anyway. Haven't gone insane yet. In fact, I feel quite fine. I wonder what that smell is. Hmm. This is my first time in Pennsylvania. It's exactly... I use 5:17 Pacific Time to keep track of when I write in this, but really it's 8:17 where we are right now. So, we've been at it for 11 hours so far. Not too bad. I think the long waits in the terminals are going to be quite nerve-racking, especially in Chicago where we'll have to hold onto Steve's boxes and my suitcase as well as our backpacks. Steve's had the window seat all this time... I've been far too kind, and he's begun to take advantage of my giving nature. Oh, goodness. Bad thoughts are entering my mind again. Maybe that's pepperoni I smell... only Steve hasn't been eating.... This bus is really quite packed, definitely moreso than our other buses (well, our other city-to-city trips... it's all been in the same bus) have been. This is a really boring highway... at least from the aisle seat. Ahh! The guy next to me is eating... meaty substance, of some sort. I see we are going through much paper. Oh well... writing is good. Over and out.

5:27 P.M. Thursday. Steve. My legs hurt. I'm tired but I find it impossible to sleep. The scenery outside isn't much to speak of... although I think we hit a small animal a few miles back. Writing in a journal is good because it kills time. It's too bad for me, however, that I'm not clever enough to continue writing for the next 60 hours

or so. Well, there are lots of big trucks. Soon we'll be arriving in Cleveland. That should be fun and good.

5/18/98. 5:48 P.M. Adam. I'm going to hate Steve by the end of this trip. And he's ugly, too. He can't even hold his own friggin' apple pie! And I... uh... I dunno. Whatever. Steve was having self-esteem problems for a moment, saying he was annoying and that I'd hate by the end of the trip... and asking if he was ugly. I beat him severely for that.

5/19. (I dunno, Steve won't get off the phone.) Adam. Well, we're in Chicago. We have a nice log wait in which to carry our luggage around... I can't concentrate. Kids are beating me up. Bye.

5/19. 6:03 A.M. Adam. Okay, I found a clock. I don't like waiting here. We have 25 minutes to kill. There are many situations I would rather be stuck in than this one. But in a short while we shall be on the bus to San Francisco, and from there all is good. I considered buying postcards, but I kind of hate postcards. And they cost so much and you can't write much of anything in them. I would write letters to people and mail them, now, but I've no envelopes in which to mail them. (Ah, no stamps anyway... so I'd be screwed even with the postcard idea... saved by my inhibitions again.) I'll write letters now and send them later. Fun! Byebye.

Dear Christina,

Hello! It is 7:05 central time on June 19, 1998. I am sitting in a not-so-purdy bus station in the middle of Chicago. Chicago, assuming you've never visited, is a rather... industrial place. It doesn't look too bad driving around it... however, as it is with most

cities, the bus station is a frightening place... I apologize for the fact that I'm not entirely focused on making this letter enjoyable/intelligible/worth reading, but I feel really weird sitting here with three back packs, a suitcase, and two boxes... in the middle of a scary place with lots of people running around. Steve's mommy did a great job of making me paranoid about these kinds of things. I should try writing more neatly. I don't know how to use pens anymore. It is such an obsolete method of communication. Here, talk to Steve:

Well... hello. As Adam's probably told you already, we're in Chicago. There's about an hour left before our bus leaves, so for the time being we're left sitting in the middle of the floor amongst a pile of boxes, backpacks, and suitcases. K. Bye! Yeah.

I don't know what to write now. How are you? I'm so bad with letters. Hmmm... okay. It seems like everyone on the bus is asleep. I just got about ten minutes' worth... I'll tack that onto the half hour or so I got yesterday... but now! It's time for me to get back to writing Christina... and I'll listen to some music, too... and try to make my writing just a wee bit more legible. I'm not going to listen to music after all. Well! I suppose you're dying to know how it feels to be on my way to the beginning of my life. Well... first of all, it's quite boring. The most exciting part, really, is just adding city to city and state to state to my mental list of places I've visited... you know, this is the first time I've actually been out of my time zone? My mommy didn't have much to say when I called from Chicago this morning... She said I should save the calling card for when I get there... So I

said I'd just wait and call her when I get to Newark on Sunday... Well, we're on this, our last but by far longest bus ride, now... Chicago to San Francisco. We're going to have several stops to pick up/drop off people and stuff, but... well. I don't know what I'm saying. I think that's the most significant thing I can think of about my mind... I... don't know

6/19/98. 6:27 P.M. Adam. 66270 FUZZ!

Okay! Some of the exciting places we've stopped: Buffalo, NY- where we chilled with the Amish. Chicago, IL- home of Balki and cousin Larry Appleton. Iowa- home of corn. Omaha, NE- um. I dunno. It's Omaha. Lincoln, too... oh! And we stopped at a McDonald's in Indiana, I think. They called soda "pop" and my heart stopped, because I'd only read about such perversions of culture. Pulling out of Lincoln, NE and heading west... stay tuned for the next exciting installment of 66270 FUZZ. Where something happens and stuff.

6/20/98. 3:15 A.M. Adam. Well, we're sitting in a tiny little, um, thing in Cheyenne, Wyoming. We're going to be here for the next hour and a half. It's a very small space for so many people. It is yucky.