

Woah a new book that's so crazy I hope it's good. Spoiler alert it's not. This book is going to suck. You gotta remove the grandioseness of it all.

The first book only sold 100 copies... that's less views than it's gets on Instagram. I barely read. Whatever you're expecting it's obviously way too high. When it comes down to it I probably lost money in the end.

I'm just fucking around. I'm just trying to make my life have purpose. This isn't real. I have a couple people worry. "Are you going to post all the pages in the book." That means my copy won't be special.

You mean the book that comes out 3 years from now won't be special. You mean the book that isn't even real won't be special. Dear reader if you are reading this, don't worry so much. It's okay it all going to work out. I know exactly what I'm doing. All problems are solved. You will read it and you will enjoy it.

This chapter though won't be special it's just about the explaining the concept. That's why it's called f.r.a.m.e.w.o.r.k.s.. Each letter is an acronym.

When people ask do you write for a living. I'm not sure if that a compliment or an insult. Damn I wish I could live off a 100 copies sold. But that's not actually how the world works.

People think I spend hours and hours writing. I barely read bitch. I might write for 15 minutes a day max. These are just what I do instead of jerking off that day. It's not like I actually give a fuck. I'm just self sabotaging my way to actual friends.

My mate once said if you ever want to make a girl stop liking you just tell her about yourself. I couldn't agree more. The issue with Book 2 is that I'm no longer able to care at this point. I feel like my life were already complete ten times over. I've done all the side and main quests.

I live in constant extra credit. Nothing really matters at this point. I'm sure this September I will get promoted and by the end of the year I'll be dating someone. I'm sure it will all work out. No matter how much anxiety and self sabotage I have. Things will just fall in place the same way it always do. It matters little to none to what I do. I'm tall with a good job and white I don't have any real problems.

Whatever I write and whatever I do people will just ignore it because it's not worth unpacking to truly make sense of it. It's only a fraction of who I am.

Wait so is there actually a second book I don't get it.

Am I supposed to be reading this?

If you read everything I ever write for free and never buy book is that a bad thing for me.

If you want my book for free come to my house. I still got 8 copies left. Take one. Pay me 0 dollars.

There's no right way to read this. If you prefer the version with an editor. If you prefer the cleaner version wait. If you want my raw thoughts at 5am then here you go.

If you don't want any of that. If you don't like my writing at all. That seems a bit hypocritical don't you think.

You are reading this. I'm just thinking out loud and seeing where that takes me.

I want to be very clear. As this is a common confusion. I'm a pussy. I'm a naive person. I'm a simp. I play chess. You play checkers.

I plan every event with the expectation that anyone who knows me deserve to come. I try to be inclusive. I try to care.

But one flaw to this is that I give the wrong impression. I'm not real. My current life perpetually surpasses who I am. This is always the case. Despite what might appear as luck is just the raw truth of who I am.

I mark every time someone flakes. I mark everytime someone is late. I take every detail into my life. Nothing I do is naive. So when I tell someone to fuck off. When I am an asshole. I want to promise you it's because I've truly considered the alternative. I'm truly acting as selfless as I can while still being selfish.

When you decide I'm not Alex Lambert. When you decide I'm just a normal person following whatever bullshit you are trying to push. I have one goal. To make sure you understand. I am someone who is abusable but not someone you ever fuck with. That's is my only ask... don't fuck with me.

Whenever I encounter a family member who asked why I'm not married yet I respond with the same bullshit. I say, "You know I'm sure one day it will work out". But the truth is for someone who spends so much time writing I'm truly lost.

It's not that I don't have clear path and clear direction to go in. It's that I constantly don't truly believe the path laid out for me is the correct one. That somehow every move I do is actually towards some large prank that will truly get me one day.

My friend last week asked me, "But Alex what truly would make you happy". My other friends asked me about June isn't this the month you are supposed to solve all your problems.

Why aren't you happy? Why aren't you doing good? What are you missing? The truth is I'm a mystery that can't be solved. The more you try to understand me the less far you get. I simply don't make sense.

My entire goal in life is to cause confusion. The moment you feel like you truly understand me. I pull a card out of my sleeve you never seen before. A shirt that pops out of nowhere. A group of people you never heard of me that suddenly I'm best friends with. I'm not real. Nothing about me is real. I'm just a shy person pretending to be an extrovert for so long I forgot what the point of identity ever was. Why do you even write at 2am I don't get it???

Wait is this the real book I don't get it?

No dummy obviously I'm not writing a new book 6 days after the first one came out. I'm just fucking with you. I just want new fans I got from the first book to realize they are reading the wrong stuff.

Like this is a real version of this page but not your version. Your version is so much better than this. This version of the book is for that one girl at the first book launch event who wanted too only read the handwritten version. Who wanted the RAW stuff.

That's because just like the last book the first 30 pages don't really make it to the end. By the time I'm done I have to redo all of this shit.

But that's the worse part. I need to write this in order to erase it. I don't get skip the first 30 pages I delete. I have to do the bullshit in order to be good enough to make it obsolete.

We both are the same though. We love the honey moon phase of it all. A new project always just feels so fun. We haven't reached the cliff yet that makes us both want to give up. That why we both start new projects/hobbies like this every couple of monthes after phase expires.

The goal of this second book is right in the fucking name, Hyper Reality. I want to showcase a life surrounded by fun and normalness. Truly genuine Instagram stories surrounded by increasingly bizarre writing or my truly genuine thoughts.

I want you to worry. That's why. To showcase a duality of both versions of the same person. This will always cause some people to back away. I will lose the ones who don't get it.

The ones who do get it will think less of me. That's exactly where I want to be. At a place of lower expectations. Not the guy who threw a 100 person book launch but a weird guy trapped in a hot persons body. Trapped in an extroverted world that I'm not actually sure is where I want to be.

I'm stuck on Mr. Bones wild ride and I can't get off. Every week a new adventure. A new bit of drama. Whether I want to or not. A new side quest that never lets me really enjoy the main one. Each week and more and more clear understanding of what I'm trying to do. But, self awareness isn't a solution.

You don't fix things just by thinking about them or knowing them. That's only the first step.

Whoa I was on acid I didn't^{Opps} mean to write this sentence.

No you're right the reason it didn't work out between you at that guy(or girl) is because of them. It's their fault.

You didn't get promoted because they hate you. You were actually really good at work they just disagreed because they're a piece of shit. You're right. You were actually too good at work and they got jealous.

No you didn't fail it was someone else's fault. You are always in the right. You always try your best. The other person makes no sense. Why don't they just do the exact thing I want them to do. I don't get it.

Have you ever considered the concept there every interaction you have with someone is a micro competition. Sometimes you lose, you get bested. Sometimes you manage to somehow win. You deserve it. Sometimes you both win maybe that's love. Sometimes you both lose maybe that's hate. I'm not sure I'm just rambling on drugs. This won't make sense till tomorrow for me either.

Oh you haven't even thought of that before. Good cuz you're not a psychopath. That's good because I haven't either. This is the point of my brain. Where I usually stop posting. I stop writing. I start deleting. Oh woah yesterday that's so crazy stuff I was talking about. Wasn't me though. The key to an artist is realizing this cringey version of yourself is okay. You can embrace it you don't need to hide from it.

The things video games and movie often get wrong about life is the ending. It's fully possible to get the girl or the become rich but it's not possible to reach a state of endless bliss.

The more I've talked with people from all over i have one single thing that remains true. We all have problems. No matter what point of the Maslow hierarchy you are at there is going to be a problem associated with it. The moment you finally have it all you will reach the problem of boredom.

A person going out 3 days in a row does not have the same outcome. An introvert will feel exhausted and worn out. A depressed person will view each day as a failure or gloomy. A "partier" will feel the same as they always do. I will feel something in between. Rust.

A feeling that coats all my fun with guilt. I don't deserve to have fun I haven't done X. I don't deserve to have fun I haven't been a good person. An ideology of a waste of resources unless I produce enough to offset that. A true capitalism perspective.

But the rust is not solvable with success. It only gets hungrier. Rust is solved by removing the need to produce. By respecting yourself enough to allow yourself to enjoy it.

Most days are your life have a standard flow. The basics of the job or the classic friend group. There is always some natural path of life. Ideally a path towards a positive direction.

Every once in a while though something different pop ups out of nowhere. A friend inviting you on a last minute trip. A weird sign on a bar that pulls your eye. A late night from a friend who needs something. A true side adventure.

Side quests are often not worth it. They lack stability and often have a strong layer of uncomfortableness to them. It can be closer to type 2 fun like a marathon is fun compared to a hot tub. Which is why side quests must be approached with moderation.

A person who goes to too many of them ends up with low precision, high recall. You go a lot of regrettable adventures but you never miss your chance. You end up missing the main quest entirely.

A person who goes too little ends up with high precision, low recall. All the adventures they go on are good but they miss so many opportunities.