

Hydrogen Heaven
Hell Habit
Hyper Reality
The Mysterious Death of Alex Lambert 2

A book unique to YOU

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Woah, a new book. That's crazy. I hope it's good. Spoiler alert; it's not. This book is going to suck. You have to remove the grandioseness of it all. You expect a book with answers. What you're getting is a book with more questions

The first book only sold 100 copies. That's less than a single Instagram post gets in views. I barely read. Whatever expectations you have are obviously way too high. When it comes down to it, I probably lost money in the end.

I'm just fucking around. Just trying to make my life have purpose. This isn't real. A few people have asked, "Are you going to post all the pages in the book?" Like that would make their copy less special.

You mean the book that comes out three years from now won't be special? You mean the book that isn't even real won't be special?

Dear reader, if you're reading this don't worry so much. It's okay. It's all going to work out. I know exactly what I'm doing. All problems are solved. You will read it. You will enjoy it. This chapter exists to piss you off. To put you in the mood for pure, deranged chaos. Even if half of these pages aren't mine.

Not every piece of art has to be edutainment. Sometimes, it can just be ramblings.

When people ask, Do you write for a living? I'm not sure if that's a compliment or an insult. Damn, I wish I could live off 100 copies sold. But that's not 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 pages are just what I do instead of jerking off. 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. I feel like my life were already complete ten times over. I've done all the side and main quests. What else is left? A bonus round? A secret ending?

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 throw at it, things will just fall in place. It matters little to none what I actually do. I'm tall, I have a good job, I'm white. I can and do actively make my life worse and it's still fine.

Whatever I write, whatever I do, people will ignore it. It's not worth unpacking. It will never fully make sense. It's only a fraction of who I am. I was in fact not promoted.

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

Am I even supposed to be reading this?

If you read everything I ever write for free and never buy the 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 zero 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're still here. Still reading. Just like me, still writing. What are we even doing?

This book, or at least this chapter, is not life-changing. It's not going to make you successful. It's just a series of words thrown together with some desperate hope of giving you moments of escape. Don't overthink how you ended up on this page. Just accept that you're here.

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

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 in every detail. 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 am 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 my only ask.

Don't fuck with me.

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

It's not that I don't have a clear path. It's that I don't believe the path laid out for me is the right one. Somehow, every move I make feels like part of some elaborate prank that will eventually catch up to me.

Last week, my friend asked me, "But Alex, what would truly make you happy?" Another friend asked me about June. Isn't this the month you were 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 further you get from the truth. 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 from my sleeve you've 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 I even write at 2am? You don't even understand that part. But you're still reading.

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 to only read the handwritten version. Who wanted the RAW stuff.

That's because just like the last book the first thirty 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 are the same, though. We love the honeymoon phase of it all. A new project always feels so fun. We haven't reached the cliff yet, the moment that makes us both want to give up. That's why we both start new projects, new hobbies, new obsessions every couple of months. Because deep down, we know we won't finish them. you chose wrong so you're stuck with this

I wrote this page sober
which makes it so much fun-
nier

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

I want you to worry. That's why. To showcase a duality, 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 will wish they didn't.

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 even sure I want to be in.

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, I gain a more and more clear understanding of what
I'm trying to do. But, only enough self awareness to recognize
the problems, not the solutions.

We now live in a world where every slight UI change affects
your perception of reality in completely different wayss. Your
LinkedIn, Tumblr, TikTok, Instagram versions of you aren't
as different as you pretend. At least for me, you will worry
about my reality instead of being jealous of my hyper one.

Whoa I was on acid I didn't mean to write this sentence.

No you're right. The reason it didn't work out between you and
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. Woah, yesterday that was some
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 one thing video games and movies always 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 to people from all over, the more one truth remains: we all have problems. No matter where you fall on Maslow's hierarchy, there will always be a problem tied to it. The moment you finally have it all, you reach the problem of boredom.

A person going out three nights in a row does not have the same experience. 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 that sees enjoyment as a waste of resources unless I produce enough to offset it. A true capitalist 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 pops up 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 on 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.

Chapter 1B
Tutorial

TLDR: This is my version of Steven King's On Writing but shittier

I don't really get this second book. Each time I post a page, I get about 10 likes. But each time I post about the book itself, I get next to 0. There are worse problems.

This is the final chapter zero of the three chapters. You only get one, so choose wisely. I guess you already did.

F.r.a.m.e.w.o.r.k.s.: A collection of pages about depressing topics. Every letter of the word "Frameworks" is a page, which allows for collaboration in the future.

Box Theory: A new framework to view all human interactions. Each page has an image attached and operates like a textbook. This is a more ethereal collection in which all pages will fit a very cohesive theme. My favorite, but that's because I have rewritten it ten times (cognitive dissonance).

Tutorial: You are currently reading this chapter. Its goal is to explain how to create a page. How to integrate others into this project. It is the most experimental of all the chapters. It will likely be the one that is picked the least.

This chapter attempts to explain all the concepts and ideas that go into this book. It is far less cohesive and more meta.

Book 1

I visited my Grandma's place today, and she asked me for an audio version of my book. Her poor vision and my shitty font have made reading my book difficult. This was how I got past my fear of making a second book

This was the dozenth time she has asked that question, even pointing to the book on her coffee table. My sister-in-law told me a similar story about the book in her parents' home. This made me uncomfortable. Book 1 has always felt incomplete to me. The lack of proper editors, proper drawings, or a proper cover has stuck with me. Like running out of time in class and turning in a B grade version of what I wanted.

I am often introduced to new people as a published author. This has always felt like a participation trophy when you self-publish a book and sell 150 copies. The weight of the word "published author" is too heavy for me. A first impression too strong and hard to live up to. I tend to downplay the book as much as possible and talk about it with as few words as I can.

One fact has always bothered me. Lots of people have told me they bought the book, but very few have told me they finished it. No one has reached out to me complaining about some page. None of my ideas have been challenged. Was my book so bad that no one read it?

This thought has always lingered in my brain. It has rotted the first book. When people tell me they are going to buy it, I tell them not to. It worries me they will read it and think less of me. Find out I'm not a real author. But, I'm starting to realize perhaps that's a bit too harsh. Was the book really meant to be read? I barely finish any books, and I never tell the author afterward.

I've been talking to some of my SF friends and realized I truly have ended up in a classic quarter-life crisis. A point of too much stagnation to enjoy the above-average life I have. So my friend suggested there was only one solution. Throw a little Instagram poll. What should I do next:

Writing - it's pretty obvious the second book isn't coming out. But with my current writing groups, I could branch out in a new direction. I could truly embrace the tech version of myself and start a Substack. An organic growth version of my current book.

App - Do you ever spend unconsensual nights alone? It turns out most nights you are free, so is one of your friends. I have this app named Inverse Calendar that will fix that problem. A place to tell an exact group of people you are free and the activity you prefer to do.

Job - My job has kind of sucked for a couple of months too long. Should I just fill all my current hobby void with a startup? Something small enough I stop having a life and just work till I don't have existential thoughts.

YouTube - Israel vs. Palestine. Trans sports. Uncanceled, a series on redemption, where I interview everyone who I have wronged and see their thoughts. A true attempt at a YouTube/TikTok channel.

Chill - I stop trying to be a person of purpose and just live/laugh/love. I give up on goals and just enjoy life.

Chapter 1B Tutorial

I resisted this book for a bit and ended up searching Instagram for the answer

These are some factors that made me doubt the second book

There is nothing more truly magical than a new idea. All you have to do is write the correct 10,000 words, and you could be a trillionaire. That girl who got away will come crawling back. Israel will take your advice and start creating peace treaties.

The issue is you have to actually follow through in reality. As soon as you put the first 10 words down, half of these grandiose goals fade away. Each bit of progress made punctures your perfection.

By the time the book is halfway through, you realize 80% of the potential is gone. Your goal was the Great Gatsby 2, and you ended with the Wish.com version.

This is why so many people fail to accomplish their goals. Their grandiose expectations get ripped apart. You are going to have to actually write a couple more of these before they become good.

The more Instagram brain rot you consume will teach you otherwise. You're no longer shown your work. Only a finished product. You just see the finished art piece, not them crying in the shower the week before.

Anyone can start off with infinite potential energy. Only the best can convert a fraction of that to kinetic energy.

I really wanted to embrace more two page ideas in this book like this one.

This potential energy is easy to fix; just lower your expectations. Just self-publish and sell a reasonable number of copies. Just give up.

There's only one issue. Every year, there is a New York Times bestseller. There are a half-dozen super grandiose, super transformative books. Somehow, there are some lucky bastards brave enough to try and make it to the top.

All advice follows the same Goldilocks principle, where you have to take it in moderation to be useful.

Every artist seems to have at least a handful of problems. Their best writing seems to come from the adversity against these demons. Yet, even the book *On Writing* makes it very clear this is a myth. "You don't need to be sad to make art," King says after casually kicking a cocaine habit.

The truth is the line between purpose and excuse can be blurry. "Alcoholic" is a less fun title than "aspiring author." It's possible that the breakups and intense emotions aren't needed to make this book good. But, it's impossible for those exact same pages about those exact topics to be written without them.

These are the type of topics where you will start to see the underlying issue of fairness come out. Maybe a healthy dose of narcissism, alcoholism, and trauma isn't totally useless.

Hyper Real has a lot of meaning but this is one of them that I focus on.

People keep asking me what this book is about. Even as most of these are just obvious attempts to fill the awkward break in conversation, I still fail to answer properly. What the fuck is this book about? Well, one idea for sure I hope people start to get is morals.

People seem to think morals and ethics are somehow subjective. But Kohlberg has created a well-researched morality scale that is used to this day. It goes like this:

You have a wife. You are poor. Do you go to Walgreens at night and steal the medicine?

Surprisingly, this is the only question needed to understand a person's morals. Spoiler: it's not really about the yes or no answer; it's about the reasoning.

If you want the top score, you can say something like, "I would steal because a life is more important than a petty crime." A bad answer would be, "I wouldn't steal because it's against the law." Believing the laws are morals is a low score. The issue is, this is not your real answer.

This is how people treat mistakes. Why would that guy steal? They use their theoretical morals to understand real-world results. You're afraid of calling people on the phone. You're telling me you suddenly gain the courage to break into a Walgreens and steal?

Knowing the correct answer and actually doing that answer is not the same.

This is a second theme common through out my books.

When you hear someone say they hate Nickelback, you wonder, do they know a single song by this artist? Do you have any idea how this thought appeared in their head?

The real answer is a random comedian in 2003 decided he was just going to hate Nickelback. Through echo chambers and memes, your brain was invaded with the same idea.

Why do you hate fast fashion so much? You're not wearing the clothes one and throwing it out; what part of it is fast? The children workers also made the Nike shoes you wear; why is the fast fashion part the thing you care about.

This is what makes writing interesting. For me, the whole goal is this: To take a reader's brain hostage and expose them to new ideas.

To confirm things they swear only they worry about. To clean out the propaganda they have already swallowed. You can decide if it's literally a statement like this or has some cat in some hat in it. An artistic intent vs. a literal one.

But, every book and every art piece, in some ways, has this goal. To be novel, to be new. To invoke the brain to think.

Some people say all creation should be about the artist. Others say the audience is important. At the end of the day, someone has to learn something, though, or you have failed your purpose.

Once I go through most of this draft I encountered this state for a month.

The first boss battle to any project is realizing it sucks. To get to a point where you know this might be the worst piece of trash anyone has ever created. This is when you know you have finally created something good.

You must reach this point in every project; a period of temporary illusion. A breakpoint where the average person gaslights themselves into giving up. To continue, you must swallow every bit of pride and trust that the second draft will be better.

The first draft is the breakup. It's the death in the family. It's the layoff. No matter how dire it seems, a month from now, you will have repressed all memory of it. You must hold on to the mantra that this too shall pass.

It's not a question of talent. A divine writing god can't escape this phase. It's not even an issue of expectations. It's just takes a couple of tries to stack on top of whatever pile of shit you have created.

After staring at the page 30 times, your eyes will start to bleed. You don't ever want to hear your voice again. But, by the 90th time reading it, somehow somehow it gets better.

You will hate your work when you finish it. You will have dreams about it. But as the time passes, this will change. It is just the tax the artist pays. At least, every bit of extra effort will eventually be illuminated.

Integration

Here is my attempt at dedicated and anecdotal pages.
I will likely remove them later.

After you take ayahuasca for the fourth day and can still taste the puke in your mouth, the guides inform you of an inconvenient truth. Doing the drugs was the easy part; it's much harder to integrate the drug's changes into your life.

When in Tanzania, you see people who have so much less than you. Yet, you can tell they are so much happier than you. The Internet speed is nostalgic to a childhood where loading a video could take 15 minutes. While a hot shower is not a given, the inability to drink the tap water is. Electricity has a bedtime in which it no longer works afterward. The average house is closer to a prehistoric shelter than a home.

When you get that first warm shower or the first drink from the tap, you expect this feeling of gratitude to stick. To really start to appreciate your life more afterward. Alexa mentions living in a Kenyan home for two weeks experiencing even more immersion. But even she begrudgingly accepts that the appreciation wears off quicker than you think.

I come back to New York hoping to slow down my lifestyle a bit (as they say, 'pole pole'). It's clear, though, from the first few days, this will not be the case. I don't have time to fully integrate newfound gratitude. But that's also because no psychologist recommends Africa as a way to gain gratitude. They already solved that issue a long time ago.

Motivation Sync

My goal is to not post writings anymore.
One alternative showcase is my second form of motivation but it's not sustainable.

The basics of the brain are pretty easy to comprehend. Your motivation is based entirely on dopamine activations your brain gives you. You get a little hit when you start a task and you get a bigger hit when you finish.

Something like a cigarette follows the same process. A cue that makes you think of smoking, a bit of dopamine before you smoke, and a bit of dopamine afterwards. The longer in between these points, the more dopamine drainage occurs.

So, things like cocaine and TikTok make sense. A true brain rot experience where the reward comes right after the effort starts. You are able to make yourself temporarily happy without needing to put in the work.

The ability for longer attention spans, the ability for longer, harder projects become too difficult. When you write a book, there is no perceived finish line until you are fully published.

This is what causes the eventual abandonment of the project. There are no intermediate points of dopamine that our brain craves.

I "fixed this problem" by posting a lot of my writing to Instagram, taking a long-term goal and using external validation to achieve it. I'm sure this strategy will never backfire for me...

Chapter 1C: Box Theory

This theory is so fundamental I will have it tattooed on my arm. It helps explain just about all personal relationships.

We perceive all humans under a surprisingly simple system. This system allows us to form heuristics, which give us the power to filter out people easily. It has many inaccuracies, which, combined with its many accidental uses, creates a flawed system.

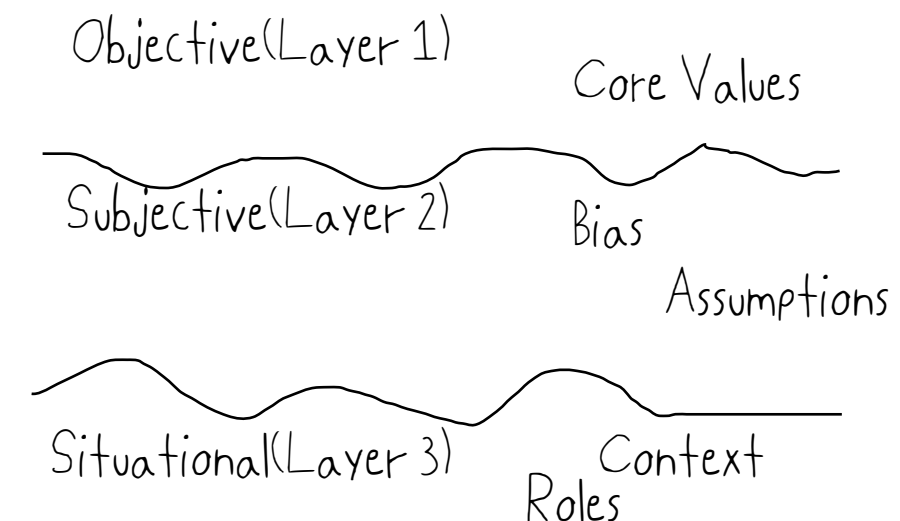
Box theory is the strategy we use to categorize a human into boxes to perceive them similar to the previous people we met. These boxes trap us into false impressions of other people. They also cause us to trap ourselves into the wrong estimates.

The first set of boxes are the most straightforward. Objective Boxes are the characteristics that make up a person. These are often filled with prejudice and will usually be unchangeable like white, male, tall, but also unchangeable like tech worker.

The second set of boxes are riddled with errors. They are the assumptions about the person. They're nice, cool, or smart. This type of box will fade as you know them more.

The next set of boxes is context. They are also in a chemistry class or on the same soccer team. Context boxes shift with time. The college roommate might be absent post-college.

The last set are labels. By far the most important box, it's what role you assign them. Are they someone you are trying to hook up with, or be friends with them.

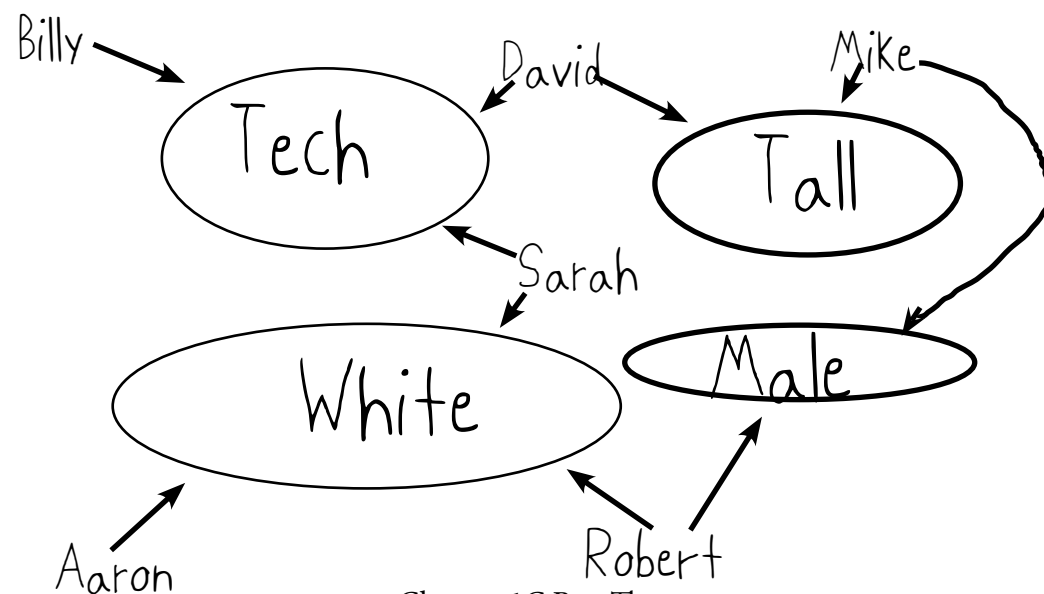


The worst type of box is objective. When you have a box, you must do something with it. There's no point in storing someone is tall or white without an intuition about that.

So, you end up taking this information and comparing it to other people or similar data. So, when you are put into the tech box, they compare you to every other person who is also in tech. The same goes for being white or male.

This pretty much means everyone has some sort of implicitly racism, which, when studied, seems to be accurate.

You can also escape these boxes by proving them to be untrue. The biggest compliment in tech is the phrase, "You're not like the other tech people." My favorite box is when someone staring at me asks my height. When the number 6'5" is said, they seem truly amazed, even if they could see my height the whole time.

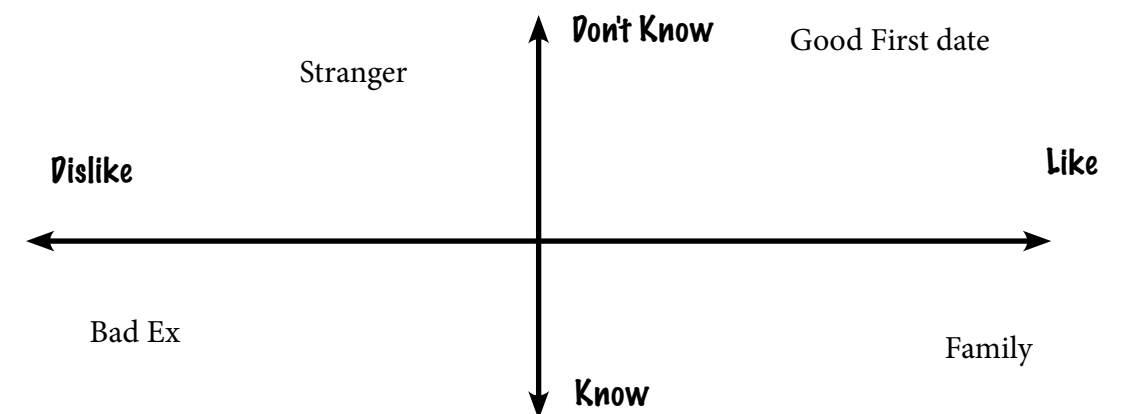


It's one thing to slightly judge someone for their race or profession. At least facts are still being attempted to be used.

The issue is when you start to assume. You start to add people's presumed boxes. They are probably a dick. They are probably rich.

This set of boxes constantly shrinks the more you know someone. For a stranger, though, these boxes tend to be negative. You see a random person running around; you assume they're crazy. You see your friend running around; you assume they need help.

These boxes don't have the same weight as objective ones. You must get to know someone slowly to know them. You can have an opinion about Taylor Swift's music. If I show you one song from an unknown artist, the same conclusion cannot be made.



The alternative hangout always seems better. Even just going to a park with a friend changes everything. You are outside of your home, in nature. You have no chores to do or stress to consider. You are present, active, and AirPods-less. Your time is validated by the people you are with. It's not about extroversion or introversion; it's about the role you have given them.

My alone time has slowly begun to be filled with gaming, exercising, and hobbies. However, the box that I place alone time in has not fully shifted. It remains full of lonely Friday nights and being ostracized in a variety of ways. Being alone still scares me and causes me to proactively plan every night to prevent it.

The lack of top-tier alone time causes me not to fully appreciate it. Alone time has always remained a non-priority in my life that I slot in randomly when I can. In return, I have remained unable to follow any coherent sleep/exercise schedule and live a complete life. Which, of course, would produce the exact activities worth doing more than social interaction.

CHAT-GPT REMARKS

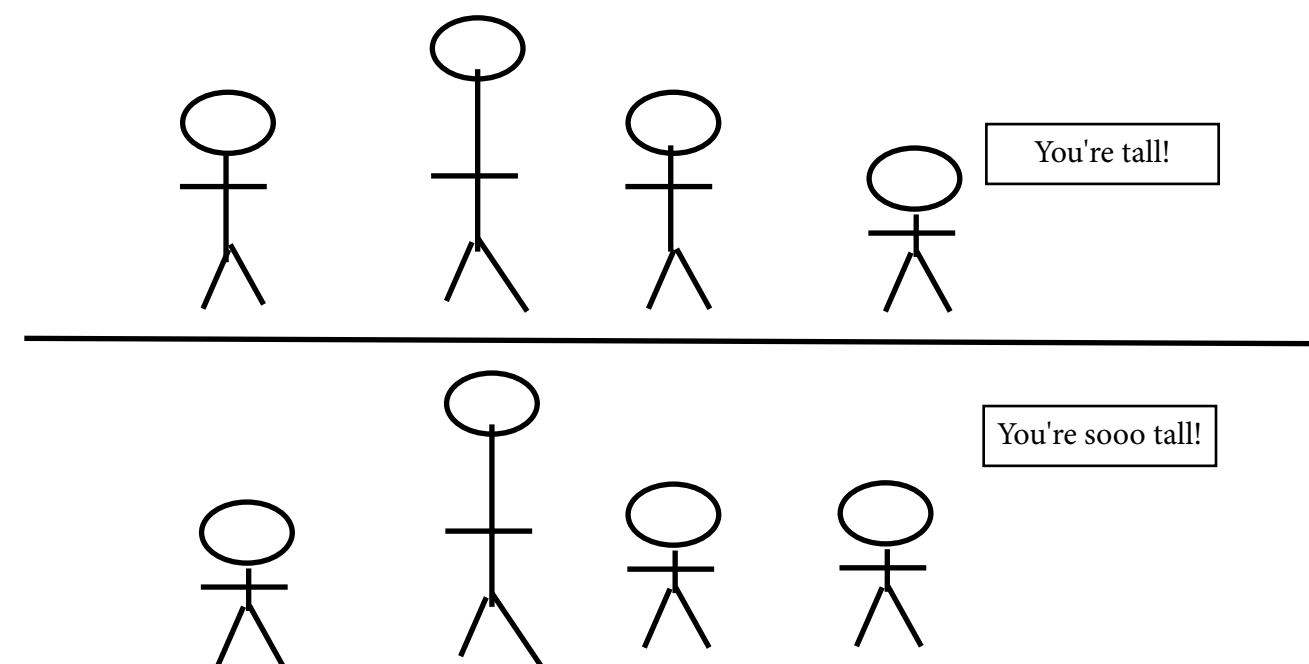
The shift in perception towards alone time is akin to navigating through a maze of societal expectations and personal insecurities. The concept of solitude, often painted in shades of melancholy, has much more to offer than meets the eye. In the stillness of being alone, one finds a canvas for self-reflection and creativity that is rarely accessible amidst the chaos of social engagements. This transformation of alone time from a feared adversary to a cherished ally is not instantaneous but requires a deliberate change in mindset. Embracing solitude means recognizing its potential to rejuvenate the mind, to explore interests without judgment, and to cultivate a relationship with oneself that is both nurturing and empowering.

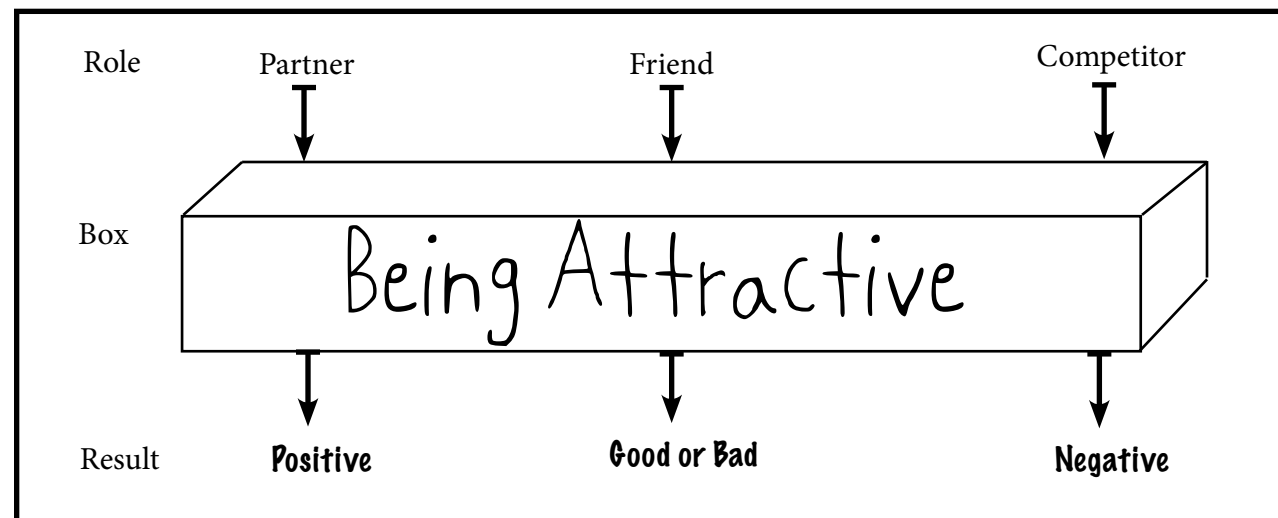
You do not decide destiny. Life will always give you a random environment to work with.

You must accept that the people you know are more luck than choice. Some people will seem to have a series of coincidences to connect you. Others, a series of unfortunate events to keep you apart.

There is a lot of box based on forces you have no control over. From timing after your last breakup to being in the same class.

Even the most objective boxes change with context. A person may be a 10 in SF but a 5 in NY. Whether you date could just come down to where you met.





The glue through which all boxes are passed is the role. You cannot gain value from a box without a role to attach it to. But, the role isn't determined immediately.

A random person outside a bar approaches you. They could be anything. Are they going to rob you or say nice shirt or marry you? You never fully know.

Love isn't really at first sight, nor is a best friend. To believe so would also mean their actions/personality doesn't matter, only their objective boxes. A very shallow life.

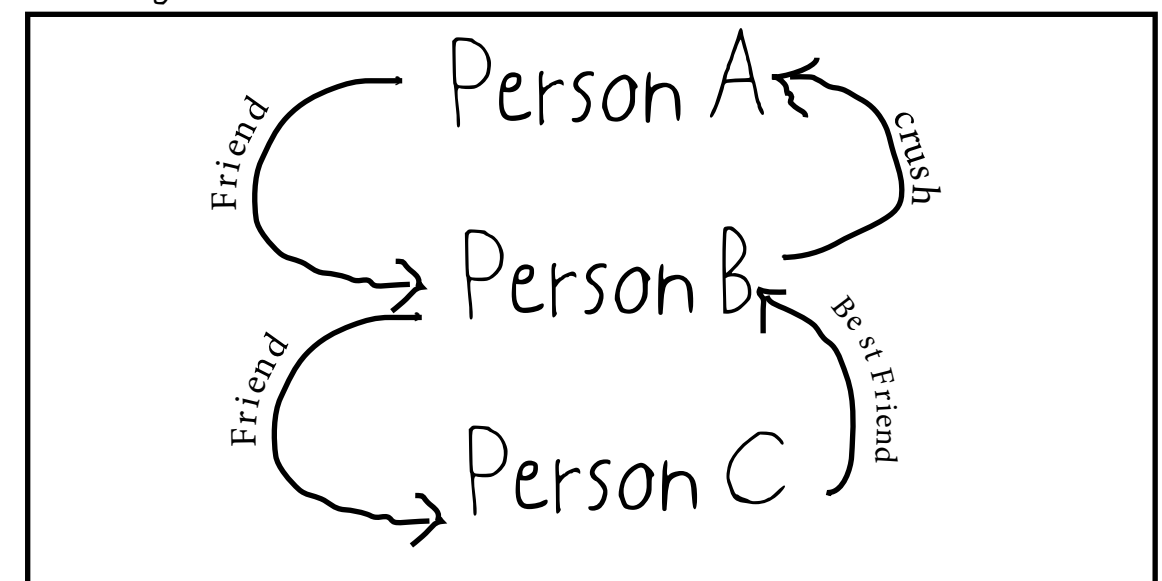
You don't need a role. But you do need one to properly evaluate a person. You are just collecting meaningless data. A hot person in a magazine is way less useful than a hot person right in front of you.

Every relationship that works needs one thing...alignment. You must agree on labels.

You can be someone's bitch, best friend, or love, as long as you both agree on each other's roles.

Role alignment is always entropic in nature. To be someone's best friend or partner takes continued work to maintain.

Relationship issues stem from these roles no longer syncing. A friend who constantly ignores you is likely a person trying to be acquaintances. Most exes could actually be friends if they weren't labeled as exes. A friend might be a terrible roommate, as this just involves different skills. All conflicts you have with close relationships would never be issues with strangers.



There is one for sure method to enjoy being alone. That cure is simple: live alone. You will either love it or go crazy. However, through the use of extreme extroversion, I have circumvented this test. I have more people around in my one-bedroom apartment than I did with a roommate in two bedrooms.

I want to stress, though, I don't hate being alone. Unless it's a Tuesday—every time I write one of these, I'm alone. What I hate is the alone "box". I hate the role I have given to alone time.

Alone time comes in three categories. The worst tier is time you want to be with others but end up not being able to make plans. Known as unconsensual alone time. The second tier is the biggest sophomore year pitfall of NY. Time you assume will be alone unless a plan is made. This, of course, is imaginary because you always end up with some sort of half-baked plan. The final tier is by far the best. Time you have carved out strictly for yourself. A true sense of introvert time.

The role I have given alone time in the past is to catch up. A miserable portion of time dedicated to being hungover, sleep-deprived, and filled with chores. A time not enjoyable regardless of the people around.

What's your favorite food? Think about it. Or better yet, what's a top 5 favorite food? How can you ever be certain?

Have you tried all foods before? What makes you enjoy that food? It's full of fat and sugar, and you like it for the taste? Is it super healthy, and you like it for the feeling? None of that really matters though; it's too generic of a question.

A more important question is how objective is the taste of that favorite food. I sat in a noisy restaurant in Paris, impatiently waiting for our food, pondering this question.

By the time the ratatouille came out, I had reached the exact optimal point of hunger. The right amount of exhausted energy used with the right amount of alcohol in my bloodstream.

I had previously thought I hated the cold, soggy vegetables contained in ratatouille. This, however, was warm for some reason, and more importantly than temperature, it was pretty good. By no means the best food on the table, but the change in expectations made it the most interesting.

A food I used to hate, I will start ordering again in the future. Not the same food, but the same "box" of food. It will be a new chef, a new temperature, a new hunger state, a new meal. It doesn't matter though. The French and Ratatouille "boxes" have been updated.

Chapter 2A: Taxes

Travel Tax

There is nothing in life but death, taxes, and love.

Drug Tax - When you pull out a joint like a pack of gum in class, and everyone wants a bit.

Transcation Tax - When you desire something from a person, like a bed or an invite, so you sleep with them or pretend to try.

Player Tax - When you have a friend who always goes for someone when you invite them somewhere.

White Claw Tax - When you want to go to a party but aren't really invited, so you bring alcohol.

Trailer Tax - The notion that you need to watch a trailer to garner enough interest to enjoy and watch the movie.

Brooklyn Mirage is heralded as the greatest place on Earth. Every artist you could ever want to see, from past and present, plays here, and it looks perfect for Instagram. It might be a little expensive, but that doesn't even begin to cover the real issues.

Mirage is a place teeming with main characters, a sea of people who know they will never see you again, rendering you merely a side character who barely exists in their story.

As Galantis plays their hit song, "Runaway," the guy in front puts a girl on his shoulders. He turns around and exclaims, "Sorry, it's her favorite song." He's trying to be considerate to the people who matter in his life. He cares about this girl and just wants to impress her. It's not his intention to ruin the view for 30 people—they aren't real to him. The only consequence he foresees is the girl liking him more.

I'm tall enough not to care much about the blocked view. I'm too preoccupied by the multiple guys aggressively grinding against me. As a white male, I'm not going to cancel them or do anything. There are too many people for accountability. I'm not even real to them.

There is no community other than the ones you bring with you through the entrance. You make no friends here. You've paid too much money to care about the people who have paid the same as you. Mirage is great, except the taxes are too high.

At this point, in New York, it's pretty clear how to do just about anything. To throw any event with any number of people. It's easy to find somewhere or someone to drink with nearly every day. It's not really about desires. It's about purpose.

On our trip to Africa, Rish wished the first driver had given more information about animals. The second driver talked for 6 hours straight about every single animal fact. Rish passed out about halfway through.

Combined, we could throw a 200-person party, but what would we gain? What's the point? I went to an 800-person event at Central Park. At some point, that's just going to a park and seeing strangers. My birthday shared a similar fate, with multiple people being confused about who I was.

At this point, it's not about finding more friends or more dopamine. It's about targeting the effort and energy I have into more meaningful things. Drinking to the point of death doesn't feed you; it only provides temporary sustenance.

Achieving goals that don't make sense will only ever lead to Monkey's Paws. You need to have the right intention to even have a direction to work towards. But what is the point of any event? What is the point of any large gathering? What do I bring to the table? If it's not building a community, then it's not worth it.

A party is, in theory, a fun event where you can bring all your friends together and have a good time.

In practice though, it's an exhaustive slog of solving tons of micro problems you have been gaslit into believing no one else has.

<u>Invites</u>	- Non Invites	- Guest Count
- Ratios	- Forced Invites	- \$1's
- Over Inviting	- Opposing Events	- Factions
- Real Estate:	The closer to Saturday night the more clout you need.	

<u>Preparations</u>	- Funding	- Theme
- Clean up Schedule	- Sober/Allergies	- Food
- Drink Count:	Right number of drinks for an unknown number of people	

<u>Party</u>	- Over Pregaming	- Music
- Unlocking the door	- Impromptu Speech	- COVID
- Alone Hour:	An average person won't come for at least an hour	

<u>Post-Party</u>	- Noise Complaints	- Drama
- Over Hype:	The next party has even higher expectations	

Of course though this is what also makes it so fun. 😊😞

A vacation is where you really start to see the tax build up. After the flight and Uber and shitty airport food. After the jet lag and bag lugging. You always reach the point in a vacation of doubt.

You have already paid so much physical and emotional tax to be in this new location. Before you know it, it will be over. Yet that tax always seems to be offset. The vacation always seems to overcome despite the odds.

Heavy tax activities exist all the time. To go skiing has a similar flow. You must drive for hours in treacherous snow. You must purchase the rentals and day pass. You must clumsily wait for what can feel like hours in the ski lift line.

This can sometimes be simply too much tax. Skiing isn't really enjoyed at first. But, overtime you find ways to commit tax evasion and reduce some of this load.

Concerts can feel the same way. There is a whole array of chores as you enter the venue. The bathroom breaks, the 20 dollar alcohol re-up. After somehow navigating to a half decent spot five friends have vanished. Finally, when it seems to all be good some shitty opening artist starts playing that you have to listen to. Yet I do the same thing next week.

The higher the tax the harder it is to truly enjoy an activity. But that's what makes the activity worth it.

When I was in college, I ended up at one of the weirdest clubs I could conjure up. There was a bunch of regular-looking folks whose plan was to navigate the Arctic using only a compass. Ignoring the frozen weather and miles walked, it had no prize. The group was just a thing people did.

Intuitively, this sounds absolutely terrible. This club meeting was meant for recruiting, so they had to try to make this torture sound appealing. They explained the insane concept of Type 2 Fun. Instead of enjoying the activity, you enjoy the fact it is over. You enjoy the pride of completing something as idiotic as this.

This concept can be applied in so many places. Most workouts and most jobs have this same feeling to an extent. In fact, very, very few things are just fun. Sex, Drugs, TikTok—the list of pure fun things sounds pretty bad in this framework.

As you start to understand the concept of dopamine and brain rot more, it becomes clear. Running around the winter hellscape with only a compass is actually an incredible idea. A controlled small dose of torture is the way fun is meant to be felt.

You need to pay a small tax of discomfort in order to find the full enjoyment in things. It's almost as if our brain has built us for survival, evolution, and growth. Maybe cheating the entire system to fill your brain with dopamine as often as possible doesn't really accomplish much. However, maybe there's a bit more nuance than paying the taxes needed to trot around the North Pole. Like most taxes, fun is a bit subjective.

When you plan a night out a week in advance and spend hundreds of dollars, you can pretty much guarantee a fun night. This isn't really that much different from expecting a dessert to taste good. A slight issue is, it can be hard for this night to leave you fully satisfied depending on your expectations and is hard to maintain long term.

A salad night has a similar conclusion to a night above but with much lower expectations. A night you plan the day of and starts terribly has more potential to be an insane night or remain awful. Like a salad tasting good is much more impressive than a dessert doing the same. You can spend much less money and bandwidth and achieve the same result.

An easy salad night to obtain is a spontaneous hookup. It turns out your body wants to reproduce and will fill itself with dopamine when you mimic the same actions. Alcohol also has the same potential as a magical depressant that makes just about anything more fun.

Ignoring the luck needed for this to happen, these taboo elements cause the salad to become more and more unhealthy like a dessert. You will love them in the moment but will have consequences that bleed into the next day.

One thing remains consistent for good nights regardless of the meal; the people/person you are with. The right vibe is going to be more enjoyable than the location and drugs used. What becomes truly impressive is a healthy salad night, even if the stories and Instagram posts are worse.

Even this page would be better if some random 5-year-old told you they wrote something compared to being in the middle of a book which already has pages like this.

Being single's pretty good. The best way to live life, right? You can do whatever you want, whenever you want. What kind of taxes could you possibly pay?

Well, weddings kind of suck sometimes. The slow dances you have to awkwardly shuffle through. But that's about it. Maybe a couple of dark thoughts here and there but nothing too crazy.

Single is what you make out of it, right? You have full freedom; it can be as fun as you want it to be. But, what happens when you want someone to take care of that fun for you?

You can have sex with everyone. There's a small condom tax but nothing too bad. The sleep is a bit worse, and there's no clothes or toothbrush for you when you wake up. But, it's still pretty nice.

You're also more poor. You pay more taxes per year and pay more for groceries and rent. You pay more for Ubers and flights. After those 12 hours in silence, you can sleep with whoever you want.

Unlike dating, your friends are closer to you. Until it's time to move. Your friends won't always get you through the harder stuff. You only pay taxes while single over time. The taxes don't affect the day-to-day; they affect the month to month.

Nothing wrong with riding solo as long as you pay your taxes.

The Dating Tax

I know this might come as a shock to you, but it's not all fairies and rainbows. Dating/relationships is not an objectively better version of living. Dating, like everything else, comes with a tax.

When a person is sober, one thing they lose the ability to do is attend drinking events. Open bars and wine trips don't hold the same value or even offer the same experience. Being in a relationship closes a similar set of doors. Speed dating and strip clubs are taken off the table.

Going out has a similar level of limitations. Your nights out are limited. You won't end up at some random girl's house at 5 am with a crazy story to tell. Dating has its taxes to pay.

You can decide to evade these, though. You can cheat or practice polyamory. You can do a wide variety of solutions that will only result in their own alternative tax laws.

The closed doors aren't that big of a deal, though. The nights out can be just as fun without the depressing attempts at love and lust afterward. Plus, you have a whole person you must prioritize.

Your time and resources will decrease. You will lose time for activities and emotional space for friends. You will argue and fight and be upset. You will need to compromise and do things you never wanted to do. That's the point, though. The tax is reciprocal. You get the same benefits in return.

An ode to Taxes

This chapter explains at every instance the price you must pay for enjoyment, which can lead to the wrong conclusion that this chapter is all negative. The way the American system uses your money to support wars might instill a strong contempt for the word "Taxes."

But I want to stress there is no indication at any point in this chapter that Taxes are inherently bad. In fact, I want to emphasize the opposite.

The brain rot you receive from watching TikToks is due to the lack of taxes - the lack of buildup, the absence of cognitive dissonance. Taxes make you have to earn what you receive.

Don't get me wrong, a flight that was five times faster would be preferable. But we aren't getting those types of flights anytime soon. It's more about blissful acceptance.

It would be idiotic to be upset every year in May when the real taxes are due. It's the same for the rest of the metaphorical taxes. You must simply accept that each time you go through a breakup, it will be messy. When you are single, you will be, on average, less happy.

Like so many things in life, you must simply accept what's out of your control. If you're short, you are going to have a tougher time dating. If you're taller, you are going to have a tougher time flying. There isn't much else to it.

Chapter 2B: Pyramid Theory

A human is simply an animal in denial. An animal with a conscious brain that gaslights itself into believing it has far more free will than it's actually allotted.

When you buy a pack of cookies, you can go ahead and count the calories right then and there, because at some point you will consume them.

When you have sex and feel good afterward, you are just fulfilling your unconscious brain's desire to reproduce. So it's gives you a little treat.

When you press your hand against the stove, it hurts. When you go outside in the cold, it makes you shiver. Your unconscious brain assumes you're really stupid, because, frankly, you are.

It's never that deep, (well I guess brain-wise it is).

It's one thing to be good at picking restaurants. It's one thing to be good at cooking. But if you just like food...

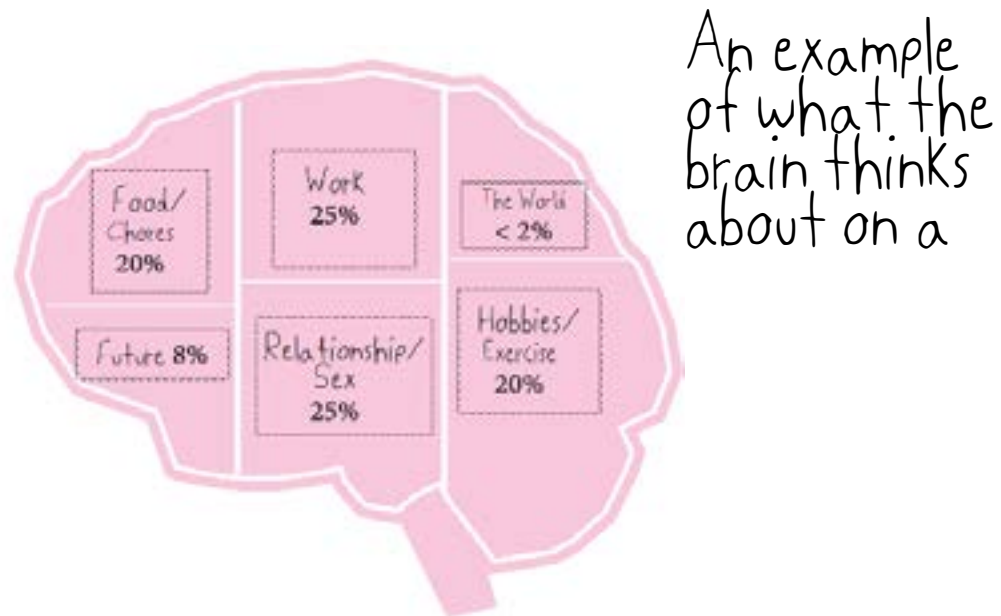
You're as skilled as a Tier 3 Twitch Subscriber. The idea of pursuing such a low-pyramid desire is, at the very least, a little silly. What's next being into sleeping?

A "Foodie" is such an interesting concept because it belongs to part of the brain that isn't really designed for consciousness. The brain that exist for survival that tells you the stove is hot and that fucking feels good. It tries to control you with dopamine. Being a foodie means you took the primal signal of hunger and turned it into a hobby.

But not in an interesting way that builds towards enlightenment or material gain. Not a path towards enlightenment just a path towards obesity.

Of course this is bit harsh, maybe even slander. Anyone's free to live however they want. I'm nowhere near the top of the pyramid anyway. Why the fuck would you trust me on what the best path is?

All I know is my focus tends to be a little higher up the chain, and I'm jealous. A life where you feel complete, where your hobbies are just eating and hanging out sounds impossible to me. I don't have the ignorance required to enjoy this kind of peace.



As a person, you don't always have the privilege to care about an issue. Even the rich might be time-poor, distracted, or simply not have the mental bandwidth to comprehend what's happening. To be fair, that's by design.

I'm not asking you to protest or donate or even pick a side. Just to acknowledge that banning abortions is a big deal even if you can't do anything about it.

"Doing something" isn't always marching or funding. Sometimes it's just supporting the people who still have the energy to show up.

Being impactful can mean anything. Using your voice, correcting denial, helping someone understand what's at stake all of that matters. Awareness itself is a privilege, and using it, even in small ways, still counts.

It's kind of insane the way my brain can tug at my most sincere effort to be happy.

That the reflections of my life can never be based on my previous worse version of myself. Instead, it must be entangled with the successes of the most outstanding people around me.

A jealous burst of energy towards anyone who has succeeded in ways I've symbolically failed in the past. My friend with the successful startup. My friend who retired early. My brother who is married and about to buy a house. My influencer friend who "effortlessly" makes content every week. My friend with ten more friends than me, based purely on the anecdotal evidence I can scrape with Instagram stories.

I yearn for pockets of time to somehow accomplish all of the above without putting in any of the effort. I am going to a magical music festival tomorrow. I'm dating someone in New York; a feat half my friends try and fail miserably to achieve. I have a job that can only be described ironically as actual work.

The envy is bathed in shame. Why am I not happy for the success of the people I love around me? What makes my similarly equatable accomplishments not good enough? The 2022 rumors of narcissism come back. Why is the bar for me impossibly high?

The fear of acceptance of my life is too great. A life of pure complacency. A life where you blink and you're suddenly 50. You need a way to self-sabotage enough to invent new adversity. How else are you supposed to appreciate the artificial rare moments of returning to normalcy?

I've always lived by one rule: there's always one problem location, job, or love. And that's only if you're fortunate enough on the Maslow ladder to even think about those things. For a brief moment, I naively believed this rule didn't apply to me. I thought I'd beaten the system. Then my promotion got rejected, and it humbled me fast.

I can feel the opinions of everyone around me. Using the Just World fallacy, they find ways to justify why I failed:

"Did you work hard enough."

"Did you take too many vacations."

"Did you have the right attitude."

That's what stings the most - the quiet judgment.

It's surreal to be responsible for the biggest sign-in impact on the Sign-In team for four quarters straight and still have nothing to show for it. To get a 30% raise in January only because my manager quit before my last promo cycle and someone felt bad. None of it matters. The binary truth of being "ready for the next level" is simply no. A panel of highly trained evaluators confirmed it twice.

It's sad to write in front of multiple people who were laid off this year. Who truly have negative fucks to give about some tech asshole who didn't get an arbitrary new level. Who just want a job.

Yet somehow, I remain envious of them. The unemployed life sounds soulless at times, but at least the golden handcuffs are gone. I just want the ability to leave.

Maurice said something on our trip about being a tennis pro: "I'm not strong enough to give up." That's exactly how I feel. Like a rat willing to keep running the wheel a little longer. Chasing an impossible promotion on a decaying stick with barely any morale left.

My new, new manager promised this time would be different. He oozed the same slime all landlords and middle managers ooze:

"You're 95% of the way there. It's not just your job, it's our job to get you promoted next cycle."

A perfect line straight from *How to Be a Manager 101*. It's never clear how much of it they actually believe.

I don't know what the next step is, and honestly, I don't have time to figure it out. In New York, there's no space to process, just 4,000 other things demanding attention before the next day starts. I don't even have a functioning credit card or valid ID right now. The lower rungs of Maslow's ladder need me more at the moment.

The Maslow Pyramid you all know and love has a bit of a secret step. In 1938, Abraham Maslow spent six weeks with the Blackfoot (Siksika) Nation in Alberta, Canada, where he observed their communal and cooperative lifestyle, which contrasted with the individualistic focus of his later hierarchy of needs. Some scholars suggest that Maslow's time with the Blackfoot influenced his theories, though he did not explicitly credit their philosophy in his published work.

Here are some of the differences between their interpretations

Blackfoot (Siksika) Philosophy
Cyclical: Needs are revisited and intertwined.

Communal: Focus on collective well-being.

Spiritual foundation: Transcendence and connection are cen-

Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs

Linear: Progression from basic to higher needs.

Individualistic: Focus on personal growth.

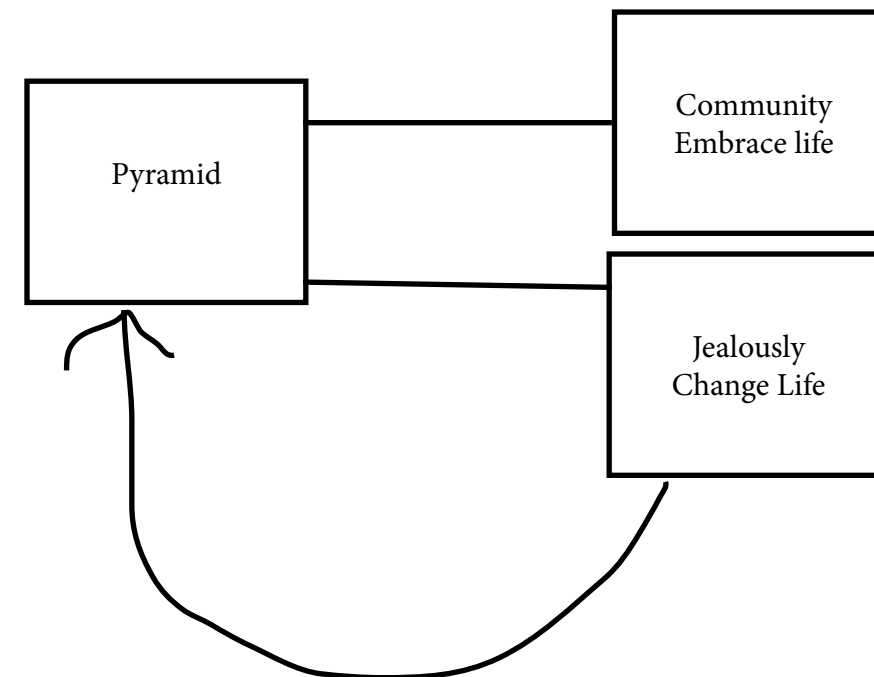
Transcendence added later: Initially absent from the model.

In fact often times in collectivist society it's often possible to reach high levels of the pyramid very early in life. In these cases a individual tends to lean towards the community. The Blackfoot nation when observed by Maslow has around 80%-90% of individuals with self-actualization where his own society this number was around 5%.

(Pressbooks BCCampus, "Psychology's Humanistic and Cognitive Roots").
(Resilience, "The Blackfoot Wisdom That Inspired Maslow's Hierarchy").

My interpretation of all of this is that it's better to combine them. That life doesn't have a single point of actualization but many. Sometimes as the new job comes or a new relationship it can actually feel like you are leveling up.

Overtime though whatever vague victory of lifestyle difference you achieved there is very much a cycle back to survival. You first day of a new job you are truly at the lowest level again.



So while there some merit to a people satisfied with your life and community. This is probably more realistic in a less complex society. Especially in the individualized culture you're reading this from the pyramid can be ascended over and over again. You don't need to strave yourself of resources but at least the last couples levels don't need to ever really be completed.

The Triangle

Analysis Paralysis

Being hot makes you more likely to end a relationship early. NY has a good way of applying this to all aspects of your life regardless of your hotness. This is a place with infinite options. You can will never find someone who is better in every category nor would they ever go for you if you did. Even a new friend you can find five feet from you most times you leave the house.

Looking for an apartment has a similar vibe. There's too many sub par not quite right options that pop up on your rental app of choice. To choose just one even is hard when you know there's ten places closer to your work. Twelve places cheaper. Thirteen places with more space. Fourteen places with washer dryers. The place that has all the Goldilocks requirements even exists. It was taken by the other guy looking five minutes before you saw the listing.

The more options you have the longer and harder it is to pick a passable one. Any fuck from SF will quote you the secretary problem. They will claim as long as you have been through 37% of the total places or people you plan on seeing, it's okay. Just pick the next 'passable' one. Obviously much easier in theory than in practice though.

The same way every third person is hot in Williamsburg. Everytime you visit a friends place you realize your best apartment choice could be better. The moment you stop comparing to others and start comparing yourself you realize you can't do much worse than your current place. Especially, the more niche things like price, location and space.

Chapter 2C: Box Theory 2

Music Box Theory

Blank

Chapter 2C Box Theory 2

Page 61

Know your Role

This is cut content from Box Theory because it got too long. Hardest part of writing is removing.

You really have to embrace how pointless life is. The lottery and luck are simply illusions of success. You will never achieve anything in life that you don't deserve.

Let me back up. Let's say your name is Alex. You just moved to NY. You do what you do best. You plan a fuck ton of things. You end up with a ton of great friends. There is just one problem though. These friends know you as the planner. You must maintain your role to continue your relationship.

This is always the case. If you date someone and pay for everything, that is the role you established. When you decide that is no longer your vibe, you will realize your relationship will also no longer exist. You have decided to change into a new role without consulting the other person.

You are so much better off dating a person who is obtainable. Being friends with people who like the mid version of you. Living life with non-grandiose, boring goals. Because the better, cooler version of you is unobtainable.

You will meet the person of your dreams. You will fantasize about them and become in 'limerence'. Yet, you will never obtain that person. They will always pull away as you pull forward. You don't deserve them.

What makes this interesting though is how much your role plays a part. The person you are down bad about will be down bad about someone as shitty as you. It's not really about your merits. It's a lot more about the symbiotic structure you set up between you and that person. Everyone simps for someone.

Vibe Shift

Sometimes a group becomes solved. The jokes get stale. The roles are assigned. The group trip is already figured out.

When that happens, there's an opportunity for subversion. A group vibe is never permanent. Something with even minor significance can shift the entire thing.

All it takes is context. A new bar. A new activity. Even a different seating arrangement can change how the whole group behaves. Who you sit next to determines who you end up talking to.

But the biggest shift is a new person joining. After days with the same people, a newcomer can feel like an entirely new group.

Single folks appear like sharks in the water when there's love-interest potential. The wrong person can bring the entire vibe down. The ability to join a group usually comes down to this shift alone.

Vibe Split

Sometimes a group must decide on different vibes. Not everyone likes skiing. Not everyone can fit in one car. A split is useful in seeing the cliques of the group. In a group of close friends a split will seem arbitrary or based on activity. But in a hostel the split will seem calculated.

Even in the same room, a vibe split can happen. Being on different drugs or eating meals at different times puts people on different wavelengths. This is inevitable in bigger groups.

Anything bigger than four or five people will be forced to split at times. Even being at one large table can feel symbolically the same as being at two different restaurants. An average car doesn't really go past this size.

A vibe split isn't bad, it's just different. After all, I met a girl I dated for a year because of the Uber I was in.

Vibe Sync

After a split, a group may try to come back together, and there are usually small adversities to overcome. People love being unified. You don't realize how much your behavior syncs with your surroundings. The time you eat depends on when you wake up. The time you wake up depends on the people you are with.

On a normal day, these things don't matter much. But at a festival, a bathroom break can determine which people you end up with for the rest of the day and easily split you up. But putting in the effort to find your friends can also easily resolve this."

Interestingly enough, combining groups again usually isn't too difficult. Simply sharing a meal can bring everyone back into sync. It not only fills everyone's hunger bar, but also forces everyone to show up at the same time.

Vibe Solitary

When with a strong cast of characters who haven't seen each other in a while, the context becomes symbolic. Activities are good for giving people something to talk about. Crowded social areas are good for giving people someone to interact with.

But with the right group, this becomes pointless. The space truly serves its third nature, when the only thing desired from the space is isolation. New York will always be a fun place, but the right group could travel to any country and have a similar experience at the local bars. At that point, the group itself becomes the.

A group with a shared passion can still enjoy. The key is that the desire for the activity. A vibe shift is limited. Potentially a love interest or two might join, but only with some reluctance from the rest of the group.

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When with a strong cast of characters who haven't seen each other in a while, the context becomes symbolic. Activities are good for giving people something to talk about. Crowded social areas are good for giving people someone to interact with.

But with the right group, this becomes pointless. The space truly serves its third nature, when the only thing desired from the space is isolation. New York will always be a fun place, but the right group could travel to any country and have a similar experience at the local bars. At that point, the group itself becomes the.

A group with a shared passion can still enjoy. The key is that the desire for the activity. a vibe shift is limited. Potentially a love interest or two might join, but only with some reluctance from the rest of the group.

Vibe Solitary

There is one for sure method to enjoy being alone. That cure is simple: live alone. You will either love it or go crazy. However, through the use of extreme extroversion, I have circumvented this test. I have more people around in my one-bedroom apartment than I did with a roommate in two bedrooms.

I want to stress, though, I don't hate being alone. Unless it's a Tuesday—every time I write one of these, I'm alone. What I hate is the alone "box". I hate the role I have given to alone time.

Alone time comes in three categories. The worst tier is time you want to be with others but end up not being able to make plans. Known as unconsensual alone time. The second tier is the biggest sophomore year pitfall of NY. Time you assume will be alone unless a plan is made. This, of course, is imaginary because you always end up with some sort of half-baked plan. The final tier is by far the best. Time you have carved out strictly for yourself. A true sense of introvert time.

The role I have given alone time in the past is to catch up. A miserable portion of time dedicated to being hungover, sleep-deprived, and filled with chores. A time not enjoyable regardless of the people around.

The alternative hangout always seems better. Even just going to a park with a friend changes everything. You are outside of your home, in nature. You have no chores to do or stress to consider. You are present, active, and AirPods-less. Your time is validated by the people you are with. It's not about extroversion or introversion; it's about the role you have given them.

My alone time has slowly begun to be filled with gaming, exercising, and hobbies. However, the box that I place alone time in has not fully shifted. It remains full of lonely Friday nights and being ostracized in a variety of ways. Being alone still scares me and causes me to proactively plan every night to prevent it.

The lack of top-tier alone time causes me not to fully appreciate it. Alone time has always remained a non-priority in my life that I slot in randomly when I can. In return, I have remained unable to follow any coherent sleep/exercise schedule and live a complete life. Which, of course, would produce the exact activities worth doing more than social interaction.

CHAT-GPT REMARKS

The shift in perception towards alone time is akin to navigating through a maze of societal expectations and personal insecurities. The concept of solitude, often painted in shades of melancholy, has much more to offer than meets the eye. In the stillness of being alone, one finds a canvas for self-reflection and creativity that is rarely accessible amidst the chaos of social engagements. This transformation of alone time from a feared adversary to a cherished ally is not instantaneous but requires a deliberate change in mindset. Embracing solitude means recognizing its potential to rejuvenate the mind, to explore interests without judgment, and to cultivate a relationship with oneself that is both nurturing and empowering.

What's your favorite food? Think about it. Or better yet, what's a top 5 favorite food? How can you ever be certain?

Have you tried all foods before? What makes you enjoy that food? It's full of fat and sugar, and you like it for the taste? Is it super healthy, and you like it for the feeling? None of that really matters though; it's too generic of a question.

A more important question is how objective is the taste of that favorite food. I sat in a noisy restaurant in Paris, impatiently waiting for our food, pondering this question.

By the time the ratatouille came out, I had reached the exact optimal point of hunger. The right amount of exhausted energy used with the right amount of alcohol in my bloodstream.

I had previously thought I hated the cold, soggy vegetables contained in ratatouille. This, however, was warm for some reason, and more importantly than temperature, it was pretty good. By no means the best food on the table, but the change in expectations made it the most interesting.

A food I used to hate, I will start ordering again in the future. Not the same food, but the same "box" of food. It will be a new chef, a new temperature, a new hunger state, a new meal. It doesn't matter though. The French and Ratatouille "boxes" have been updated.

When someone says they hate Japanese food it comes across as ignorant. This is not far off from saying you hate Japanese people. You are grouping so much together that truly hasn't been tried yet.

But food and people are only the beginning. All this shit, music, movie genres, reading, and sports can't really be hated. It's not that you can't have a bad experience or that you don't enjoy it yet but there is always a chance to change that.

Something like metal music might sound like shattered glass on first listen. But testing out more generic good brands and slowly go down niches will allow you to enjoy all types of music.

This might seem pretentious at first. A preference can still from even riddled with bias but the idea of fully disliking something is absurd. Humans are so similar, if a large population enjoys something it's very unlikely you are just randomly unique in this regard. You just have missing boxes.

I hate Ketchup and mustard on burgers. I'm not perfect and perhaps even a hypocrite. But to be clear, I view this as a personal flaw not an issue with the substance itself. If this sounds ridiculous just know half the shit you hate has a similar judgment from a large swathe of people.

Chapter 3A: Categories

Tech Jobs

Page 73

Coffee Shops

A coffee shop is the key place to do non-work work. At the house can be a bit too existential and depressing at times.

Here is the Maslow hierarchy for what is needed...for me at least. You gotta develop your own values.

S Tier

Wi-Fi: Don't let your phone's shitty hot spot fool you. A good Internet connection is going to keep you away from random morale loss.

Seating: The more seats the better, simple as that. More seats means more people who can join. A seat at all is basically a requirement to work and a good seat can keep you there longer.

A Tier

Charging: A small plug can go a long way. I don't want through a camping style preparation of battery charging before going to a shop.

Busyness: A seat or a bathroom break is much easier in an empty environment. A nice empty place will never be a complaint from me.

Time: The only people working a 9-5 job at a coffee shop be the barista. This time isn't too useful for me. Any place with hours outside of this especially later is good.

Coffee Shops

B Tier

Foodi
Wateri
Coffeei
Vibe
Locationi

Friendships

At some point you friends should stop being convenient or random and actually feel fulfilling in your life. Especially in a place where you meet a 100 people a day

Transactional Your personality is important but your purpose is also important. Are you a planner who has great events or a connector who invites me to similar stuff? Do you know good food or concert recs? Whatever it is are you actively making my life better by knowing you?

Interests A key to having a friend is their ability to actually see you. Do they rock climb or write or go to elsewhere? Is there a way to passively see them without effort? Do they go to the same parties or live 45 minutes away and take a week of planning to potentially see?

Vibe At some point I actually care about the person. Can we have a conversation? Do we walk and cross at the same speed. Do they have enough rizz or tizz? Can they pull at a party while also talking about some deeply about a deeply nuanced topic no one cares about.

Respect How does this person handle being late and flaking? Have they developed the communication skills to respond? Are they paying a proper amount of white claw tax?

Uniqueness In a place with an infinite amount of people hanging with the same 5 tech people feels a bit too cliché. I will add quite a bit of affirmative action for someone who's a guy or lives in Manhattan. I just want to branch out from the matrix a bit.

Legacy Like sure these are logical things above. But obviously if I know you for a bit that's also good. The newer person the more volatile. The more bullshit small talk must occur before a real conversation begins.

Is running a hobby? If not what is it?

Do you run once a week. Do you wear athleisure or plan your year around marathons. Are you being paid to do it let's explore..

Event - The catch all for anything. An adhoc activity that has no further meaning. An Axe throwing night is a good example.

Chore - Whatever activity you must do to stay above the survival line. For some people this is grocery shopping for other it's exercise.

Vice - Whatever activity you are forced to do because your brain makes you. From video games to cigarette addictions. A mental tax you must pay to enjoy other parts of life.

Relaxer - Whatever activity can truly turn your brain off. Surprisingly not as easy as you would hope.

Hobby - A reoccurring activity that you derive pleasure from. A activity in which you hope to get gradually improve at.

Job - You making money sounds like a job to me.

Lifestyle - Are you buying a house that's close to the nearest running trail. That's a runner to me.

Food can be something so much more than

Going Out You're friends want to hang out and there is no good third place. Handle this with a nice dinner event.

Interests You are browsing TikTok and some restaurant has astroturfed an organic ad for a cool new place. The meal almost feels like an adventure.

Transactional You are masquerading as a business and want to bribe someone. A restaurant is a nice way to do it.

Date Pretty similar to transactional but more socially acceptable.

Reward You did so good at that basic task. A nice meal is good way to congratulate that

Free Food You have entered a situation in which the thing you spend 30% of your money is temporarily free. It's usually a good place to over eat.

Hobby Not every cooked meal is based on necessity. You got a little extra time off maybe it's a good time to test out some new recipes.

Delivery You have reached your rock bottom for the day. You want food but even leaving the house sounds hard.

Food not matter how enjoyable is still a necessity.

Depression Dinner Sometime during your adderalled craze you ordered too much food or you just had too long of a day and feel poor. So you are forced to make some meal. Usually your go to

Meal Prep You've turned meals into a robotic optimization. You have decided to have east the mind of the next food decisions in exchange for worse food.

Girl Dinner Sometimes the bar for even making a meal is too large. Instead it easier to just scrape whatever you have and eat that instead.

Boy Dinner Why make food when you can just order an entire pizza and eat the whole thing yourself. First 5 slices than slowly once slice every TV episode after that.

Nourishment Food doesn't just cure hunger it also provides some, hopefully real health benefits. Is taste bad it's a good sign it's healthy or just bad.

Don't Eat The cheapest and pseudo healthiest solution to eating. Don t. Note: some people call it fasting.

Meals(Normal)
Do these exist?

It's pretty insane to me how much people don't understand the most basics idea of dates. You really are overcomplicated it.

First Dates: Your two options are a bar or a coffee shop. It's really not that complicated. You aren't trying to go on some whimsical adventure to tell your kids. You're trying to understand where they work and if they can hold a conversation.

Second Dates: First off congrats - you did it! Hopefully you can at least get a kiss by the end of this. A restaurant is a nice choice. Art museum is a better one. An adventure is great but not a requirement. If you both shared a passion late date do that. Like golf. Again pretty obvious stuff.

Third Dates: Well the first two dates were good, it's time to get through the worse part. That is of course sex. If you haven't done this yet the dating will soon turn to pseudo friendship before you know it. If you are having trouble with this step try choosing a date that actually makes sense like Sunday or Friday. Don't forget people have real jobs.

Fourth Dates: If you have entered a situationship you're not getting out of it so have fun on your remaining dates. If you made it to a more serious point don't think you're done with these. Dates will continue but can actually start being fun.

Nowadays everything is "techy". But the truth is there is tiers to this shit.

<u>Tier 0</u>	Gaming	SF
	Gentrifying	Bread making
<u>Tier 1</u>	Rock Climbing	Williamsburg
	Piano	DJ(Hobby) Raving
<u>Tier 2</u>	Skiing	Austin
	Mediation	Seattle
		Atheism
<u>Tier 3</u>	Snowboarding	Denver
	DJ(Job)	Cooking
<u>Tier 7</u>	Nursing	Fly over states
	Sports Bar	Christianity

Chapter 3B: DEATH theory

Icks

In theory I wrote a whole book about Death that you have read. Or you just clicked the wrong button in the form. But that book was only about 3% on topic. And of that 3% it was mostly wrong.

Let's try to correct that.

Treat this like the birds and bees of reality

Page 83

Inverse Death

The whole goal of the first book is to express one idea. Every part of you can die. Every portion of you can be changed. But what about alcoholism.

The biggest obstacle that always stumped me. You can never change being an alcoholic. If you ever start drinking again you will be caught in the same viscous cycle.

So that means death isn't fully real right. You can't actually change everything. That was my final thought I had on the first book but it felt for some reason.

The reality is so much worse. Death is always possible. You can always change things about you. It's just death isn't always consensual or the same amount of difficulty.

An alcoholic with 5 years sober who drinks isn't defying death. They are simply changing again. To a much worse version of themselves. They will have so many tools they have learned to fight off a full blown alcoholic reset. They will have a whole new set of AA friends to help out.

Death is always possible which means undoing death is always possible. Any athlete with a regular routine can get lazy or injured. Any consistent writer can develop writer's block.

It's not that death is possible or permanent. It's just possible to go through death again. There's a difference between getting back together and re-dating.

There's a faulty goal in life to be a good person. To try your best to be on everyone's good side. This is one of the worse goals a person can have. Even Jesus Christ himself had enemies.

The simple fact of the matter is people are going to hate you. People are going to ghost you. People aren't always going to accept you.

You can't make a YouTube video with a million likes and no dislikes. People will hate, for the sake of hating. People with hate because of jealousy. People will hate, because just like them you hate.

Even the idea of tolerance and being tolerant of everyone is a paradox in itself. You are going to like Nazi sympathizers and sexual abusers. It's easy to view this as a simple straw man. The truth it's not.

The more you try too tolerate and become woke the smaller the line of acceptance you actually have. To please one person you might have to hate someone else.

There's no issue in being good. There's no issue in giving a stranger the benefit of the doubt. To give second chances. But, to truly be happy you must accept that perfect affinity is not possible. Or even worse, to achieve close to it you must sacrifice your affinity to yourself.

What's the max you can love someone. What's the max level of friendship or relationship. The answer is who cares.

You will NEVER, EVER be fully satisfied with your relationships. You will NEVER meet someone perfect in every way.

You aren't dating an AI bot that caters to your every needs. You are dating a person with real feelings and ambitions.

You will not or better yet should not find someone who will be with you 24/7. You want to find someone who you can rely on who will be there for you even when you can provide no value. But that's about it.

It's not just that there isn't the perfect person out there. As you date you will even meet people more compatible and better for you. In New York likely you will walk by them every day.

It's because your current relationship has been built through months and months of endurance and history. The new person only has novelty to allure you. The comparison is worth it.

Their initial starting condition might be slightly better but the end result would only be the same or worse. It's more about accepting than maximizing

This book contains another hidden page. If you are first to tell me about it you will get can keep the book or a gold star. The final draft will contain one for each chapter but here is an example. These are written by Claudia (@claudia4yu) You must say the secret phase "I want to live at the club" For a clue on the second.

Nowadays, I go away mostly just to get away from myself. Or, more accurately, the version of myself that I am when I'm HERE. I need some distance from my usual context in order to understand what it's doing to me, and see who I am without it.

These trips are meditative. They're the smoke break at the end of a long quarter. On my way there, on those long overnight flights, I read for multiple hours under the tiny, intense airplane light. In a time zone where nobody I know lives, I journal every morning about the weather and the unfamiliar shape of the leaves, and I would remember, all of a sudden, that I'm actually pretty good at drawing. Sometimes, I go out dancing and zone out staring at the DJ, meditating on where my career is going and whether I like it. I usually do, considering the fact that I'm dancing to music I've never heard of before, with people I would never see again, tipsy on drinks I did not pay for, or high on drugs that I did not know. Then I think about how, if and for as long as I can keep doing THIS, I will stay alive.

A lot of Death is fake. I can't lie to you. It's healthy halos. You believe, deep down, you are making progress toward a goal that you haven't moved an inch on.

Being healthy, is a made up state. It seems to change every year based on what company are paying the experts. A white claw and Celsius aren't better than their counterparts. The can is just white.

Deciding it's time to pay off your student loans is a good move. Achieving this with sports bets and buying crypto won't get you any closer.

Cutting back on smoking is known as the healthiest thing a person can do. Doing so, with Zyn's and Vapes isn't the desired outcome though. Even if the package looks healthier.

The truth is attempting Death is a huge first step. It can take years of you life to admit you have a flaw in life. That doesn't mean all approaches towards fixing it are good.

I'm a man who judges based on intention. Is the person trying to be an asshole or just spilled a drink on me. At some point unless you want to become the Democratic party you need to do something. You can't just have good intentions you need results.

Sometimes the truth is you have to do better. Especially as each year on Earth gets harder and harder.

I get it your life is a bit boring. There's a so many negative ways to fix it but one of the worst choices is Drama.

Starting beef with every close friend you have doesn't solve anything. In fact, I'm not even sure what problem it could solve. You're just upping the difficulty of life.

But, everytime you hear about Drama there is only one common factor it's not their fault. The other person is the big bad guy and they are always innocent.

The truth is 99% of most drama is miscommunication. Is a misunderstanding that goes unaddressed. So much of your problems with people are not intentional. You are seeing malice in areas where there is mistakes.

You're with a group at a concert and a couple run ahead.
Do they hate you?
Do they want to find a way to get rid of you?

Or....do they just want to see. Or do they want a private conversation? Or do they want to grind with strangers? Or do they not even know you didn't follow them?

They will always eventually be conflict or things that upset you. There's 100 reasons they did this. The key is understanding that just because some of these are bad. Some of these have happened before. Doesn't mean that is what is happening now.

The issue is how you interpret action. If the small chance aligns that a person is purposefully trying to hurt you this is called a Damage Roll. At least in this book. I don't know tell me if you got a better name.

They don't respond to you. They are too busy to hangout. They seem distant. They forgot to Venmo you. They lied to you. They....

Whatever the action is the reasoning for it can be largely unknown. The moment you treat this as a damage roll is the moment the drama starts.

You have no gotten into the perfect scenario. They "did a malicious action" that's 100% their fault and now you can tell the story like everyone else. Or why tell anyone instead just react negatively. This way you can be the villain in their story.

You are going to meet someone who doesn't fuck with you. Someone who wants to be acquaintances and not friends. These are all real scenarios in life. The more time you spend together without consent the higher the chance. Schools often involve bullying due to forced hangouts. But, that doesn't mean similar situations in the future are from the same Damage Roll.

The friend you've have for a year who invited you to a concert, doesn't hate you. They didn't run ahead to get away from you. Never forget your friend is responsible for their actions but you are responsible to how you react to them.

There no question I love more than "Where's Karen?". Why the fuck would I matter. The question almost seems like a way to fill space. Something playful that can break an awkward pause. Similar to the sarcastic statements of almost being married that are said in tandem. There's something slightly off about it all.

The truth is though is shows signs of an anxiously attached couple who can only hangout together. It means our honey moon phased lasted a bit too long. Friendships weren't prioritized correctly.

Perhaps, though it's all a bit exaggerated. The direness of the situation is very over blown. These are all logical interpretations of the actions above but they aren't the correct ones. There are some many positive way to look at it.

They truly did just miss hanging out and are jealous of our time. They actually want to see Karen are sad she isn't here. They just saying a joke that's fun to say.

That's the point of Damage Rolls. Every instance of every Karen Ask could have a totally different meaning. To interpret them all the same way is an issue of itself.

At the end of the day you are responsible for your interpretation of an action. You decide what someone meant by what they did. Often how you react is how self fulfilling prophecy will manifest itself.

Can you actually be an extrovert? Or for that matter an introvert?

The more you think about it the less sense it makes.

Does a person really exist on a spectrum. You can't like going out and reading. That's apparently illegal.

For that matter enjoying reading and video games is a personality trait you can't change.

NONE OF THIS SHIT MAKES ANY FUCKING SENSE.

Feeling tired after going out, are you sure it's not just because you're hungover or sleepy? Oh, you're labeled as an introvert. Well, why not try solitary confinement? Does that really "give you energy"?

Wow it turns out just like everyone else you're "a bit of both". This spectrum always seems to be close to the middle that's so bizarre. How about a different type of phrasing.

These are not personality traits that are in conflict with each other. Instead, they are separate skills, just like everything else. Getting better at one doesn't make you worse at the other.

Going out, reading, socializing, being alone are not something that's out of your control. They are just measurable ideas of how many days in a row you can handle being around others or being by yourself.

You don't go to gym because of your grandiose goals of being jacked it has nothing to do with your intro/extro version.

Chapter 3C: Therapy

Therapy is a silent art form. The way you approach it, the strategies your therapist employs, is all invisible. It exists in the same realm as your journals and porn history.

You hear about BetterHelp advertisements and symbolic movie tropes. You hear about it from canceled celebrities and friends' ramblings. But, you don't really understand the experience until you're in it.

I want you to feel it.

We'll start with my feelings before it and go over strategies after.

Chapter 3C Therapy

Bracing For Impact (10/31/23)

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Chapter 3C Therapy

Here was my thoughts pre-therapy. Only a moment of despair but captured forever.

Page 94

Batman Era

I finally have reached a theoretical breaking point towards to current life I have. A point of life where the very idea of socializing or interacting with life seems meh...

The amount of effort it took to come to writing tonight can be equated with a depressed person journey. While the signs are similar the diagnose seems different. It's almost as if the introverted life has taken me back. The idea of others feels pointless. The motivation to ignore obligation leaves nothing else to consider.

When you stop planning events and only go to things you're invited to. When you resend the planner role. The remainder of warmth from this city begins to dry up. New York is a place you can get text a 100 times a day and then 0 the next day. A place with 50 chapters worth of life in between subway stops.

There is a real sense of darkness that is beginning to fill my life. I must have a collection of black cats somewhere inside of my walls. Things have started to really feel empty from the sides.

In the previous versions of this state I knew there was a reason. A root cause no matter who was at fault the problem was clear. This time it seems allusive nothing quite possible to pin point.

Page 95

Escape

My first instinct is so close to being out the door. I want to send a text that I'm leaving my job. That I'm not going to California. I want to start New York all over again and reset it all. I want a new life with no logical reason to leave my current one.

I have reached a point of pure irritation. Ignoring the issues in hope they all solve themselves has only seemed to bury the hole deeper. There is no escape to NY. There is no escape to promotion. There is no escape to a vacation I care about.

A hole surrounded all by half-hearted friends without a good solution. I've complained too many times to too many people. I have reached a point where I'm not really sure what the solution could be.

I have chosen the only option I heard works. A deeper hole, a rockier bottom. An area of life that is so deep below the ground that the next idea must be squeezed out of me.

A point of true darkness that I have given up describing to others. A point of which I no longer want to. I can guarantee the move I make in the next couple of weeks I will come to regret.

But to proceed in any other way would be impossible.

This year will be a bitter one. A year of repetition with no good solution. I want to reach a true state of pity, a true back against the wall. I want to embrace Death again.

A life of comfortability isn't meant for me. I need to be in a constant state of sadness to have any chance of experiencing brief, true spurts of happiness.

It's very hard to solve the problem of two good options. How do you know the right move when either can be thought of as better? One idea could be to give up on comparison, but that's the hard route. Instead, I'd rather just sabotage the second plan, which makes the decision much easier.

I don't know the outcome of any of this. It seems closer to starting a coup and hoping the next guy will be better. But at least there will be enough novelty to distract me from the reality.

However, the plot armor hasn't kicked in. There is no mediocre path that has opened up, not even a mediocre one. The triangle of location, love, and work has seemed to all collapse at once.

I have never truly been more unsure of what to do next in my life. I know that whatever happens next will be looked at someday in hindsight. But that day seems impossibly far away.

The Adderall helps, but only in amplifying the problem. I'm not sure the usual support lines are going to help. I need a new light.

I have the energy but not the time. I need to steal that back from the jaws of FOMO and obligations. I need to understand the true motivation of isolation. I want to truly feel the death of Alex Lambert.

I want to regain the true essence of who I am. New York life has weakened me. It has made that path impossible at the moment. So I have only one goal: to return to that place. To ignore every urge of my body to do otherwise.

I am undertaking a challenge only you, dear invisible reader, will see. No posts on Instagram for 30 days. The time or date doesn't really matter. I have but one goal left.

I must earn some sort of true sense of completion. Even if this comes from a place of true selflessness.

This will likely be shortened for the future. A showcase only couple of pages. However, these were my exact thoughts one week before I went back to therapy. I took three days off of work after this to collect myself.

I'm not sure if there is an end to codependency, but I have never found it. Friendships for me only have two paths. The first is shrouded in distance and conditional statements. The hometown friends who I see when I'm home. The volleyball friends whose affection towards me is based on performance. They are only as perfect as the distance apart.

The other path is the select few who have ventured further. They're by many means considered close friends but are missing some key factors. The [REDACTED] aren't the unconditional, movie-esque friends they're supposed to be.

They don't always agree with me or provide the necessary psychological safety. They don't magically solve every issue I have or are free every time I need them to be. It's hard to comprehend if I am expecting too much or giving the wrong people the close friend title. From a distance, no one else seems to have this problem.

My loneliness in New York comes exclusively from this fact. People will only give 30%-40% of themselves compared to 60%-70% in SF. It's hypocritical in nature, though. A person willing to hang out with you all the time isn't interesting enough to become a close friend in the first place.

I came to therapy for this reason but ended up with two different goals: How do I say no? How do I make big decisions? The second being, how do I decide if my current friends are the right ones? In a similar vein, how do I decide if my job is the correct one?

My therapist made the work decision very easy. All I had to do was state my exact wants in a job and then compare from there. From there, a little ranking happened, and here were some of the decisions I made:

Management vs. Promotion

Would you rather be a senior developer or a manager?

Promotion vs. Respect

Would you rather have everyone treat you as a higher level or just be at that high level?

Grandiose vs. Impact

Would you rather work on ChatGPT and do almost nothing or personally be responsible for a smaller project?

Control vs. Psychological Safety

Would you rather be able to do what you want with people who don't like you or be told what to do by people who care?

Money vs. Lifestyle

Would you rather have a job that gives you a lot of money or a life that allows you to spend a portion of that?

Connection vs. Hours Worked

Would you rather work more hours at your job if that meant all your coworkers were your good friends?

Tech vs. "A Real Job"

Do you like tech for the perks or because you enjoy tech?

When it comes to changing jobs, it's not so different from any other branching big decision. Should you continue your current life or risk changing it for what could be worse?

It's the same as dating. Should you continue the current journey despite the hill ahead or venture off? I somehow managed to be way too good at leaving relationships while never solving the job change.

The decision isn't as objective as it appears. A girl who is somehow 5% better isn't worth the 5 years of history you have already created with your current partner. Change is something that needs overwhelming evidence.

Becoming single is easy. It is a socially accepted state that doesn't have to have a finish line. A job is, unfortunately, much harder. Unless you have a new job picked out, you are entering a temporary state. A place where you gradually distance yourself from the corporate lifestyle and ascend towards the homeless one.

My job, like many others, consists of a state of almost being promoted. A place where changing teams would only result in the promotion attempt starting over. But changing companies would only result in all my previous knowledge being useless. A sunk cost fallacy unable to logic my way out of.

Here is the invite loop of my life. Each weekend the same task remains: finding enough stuff to do to feed the NY dopamine addiction.

The first way to solve this is through planning. If you make plans around Tuesday every week, it's pretty easy to always be busy. However, those plans are fueled by the anxiety of having no plans and often fall flat. Even so, no plan is harder to say no to than your own one.

The second way is to wait. To trust fall into your friends and hope they can concoct a plan. This would be fine if you had the ability to choose any plan that comes at you.

If you had the magic power to wait and see what every plan coming up was before you made your decision, life would be easier. If you didn't need to commit at first, then each plan you decide could always be the best.

But that power can't exist. If you say maybe, then everyone will know you aren't prioritizing them. If you don't commit, you're a bad person. If you don't say yes to the first invite, you will never be invited again.

So, obviously, the only real option is to say yes to every first plan and never fully commit to any friendships. Always just going with the flow and building 100 acquaintances.

This is where I learned a simple fact. Nothing above is true. Saying maybe doesn't make you the devil. Nor does missing a plan. It's easy to invent rules in your head.

Chapter 4

Hard Mode

Page 1

Page 3

Chapter 4a Hard Mode

capitalism (Door Dash locatoin issue)

Jobs switching

Politiucs trump

Politics (harder isseus) (hard to change).

TikTok - dopamine they are the charcheter
elcipse

Dating - hinge

Friends

Multiplier -

one time thing that boost it

how many honey phases do you currently have going on

When you put effort towards a goal and you are actually
doing the oppsite of that.

You simp for a girl. She is an only fans model. You become
her top donater. Your goal is to win her affection. You are
probably the last person should would date.

You want to make your girl feels safe. You decide to
commuinicate very clearly. This is a good way to put effort.
Then you ask your girl "Is it okay if i kiss you in front of my
friends"

You want to get promoted. You start to feel like you are
already promoted. You get very unmotivate when you are
not. You become farther for promtion.

The same way it's fun to hate the most recent canceled person and Israel, it's fun to hate Capitalism. It's easy to find the flaws in a 16th century form of government.

You think about private prisons and paying for health care and it's hard to be a real fan. In fact, this is one of the few bi-partisan issues that seems to have no supporters. Yet despite the low approval rating it remains. The hate is a bit mis-guided though.

In a perfect society, the ideas of market competition makes sense. DoorDash has enough motivation and interest to implement a location detection feature. You will see a prompt to tell you that your location is wrong if you end up traveling and trying to order food. This is a perfect feature. The customer is happy with food. The driver is happy with a tip. The restaurant is happy with a satisfied customer. A capitalist hating, lefty is happy with less food waste. DoorDash is happy with more returning customers. A government run business would never give a shit about a feature like this. This is directly a result of a good company.

A company with the entire goal is to make a profit makes sense in theory. You want a world of better and better shit. Technology seems to confirm this theory pretty well. It's not getting worse anytime soon.

The issues with capitalism are really about the balance patches. It's not that a company can't make their product better and better each year. It's that short term this isn't correct.

In a real society, the ideas of cutting corners makes sense. Uber has enough greed and interest to implement a battery based price feature. For a brief moment some true psychopath cooked up a real genius evil solution. If you're battery ever runs low jack up the price. If you are panicing you are more likely to pay more. What a great feature for the company to make money. The customer hates it though because they feel exploited. The driver is sad because their tip lower with the higher base cost. A capitalist hating, lefty is right once again with the problems with the system. Uber will eventually have less customers and a worse app. But, by that point the person behind the feature will be promoted and long gone. A government who run business would never need to implement a feature like this. This is directly a result of a capitalist based tendency that would benefit from regulation.

When you are in tech the first thing you learn is all user input is evil. You should assume every person who interacts with your code could try to exploit it. This is the type of system where fair competition can thrive. There is no lobbyist in basketball. The more intense the system becomes the easier it is for corruption and greed to slip in. You can't run a country on the honor system.

If you ask the average Uber driver if their life has gotten harder you won't be surprised with their answer. The Rich have truly seemed to get richer and the rest have truly seemed to get poorer.

A subway six inch sub cost 8 dollars. It was only years ago when the same item was 5 dollars and double in size. Money is not a fun number that goes up on a screen. The amount is start to not just shape travel plans but every day decisions.

It's more complicated than that though. You're aren't a lottery ticket away from happiness. Money is like a treadmill that slowly increases in speed each year. This could be solve with a bit more money saving cardio but there is also an incline issue.

Even an average tech asshole has felt the increase in hardness. It's a complex set of issues that have found a way to synergize into such a perfect blend of difficulty.

You are gaslit into believing this not being the case. You have ChatGPT and Doordash. You have the internet and a collection of mental health resources. You have every tool at your disposal to succeed. Yet it seems harder than ever.

You are current playing a video game. Each year is a win. You ascend one difficulty harder. It's your job to accept this information and figure out the least shitty way to cope with it.

If you get too deep down the happiness rabbit hole you will encounter a quirky study about needing 75K to be happy. It turns out any more than that is symbolic.

The idea is simple. You make 90K or 100K how much does your day to day change. In the 1900's (2010) when this study was ran the answer is nothing. A 10K raise is going to cause the same problems you have always have.

Once you believe this study it's easier to change your life. Maybe instead of being sad one day go for a run instead. Write some mantras down in a gratitude journal. You're blaming Blackstone for your own problems.

This theory is correct though the only problem is that inflation isn't an imaginary concept. The same idea is true it just doesn't apply till you. You don't make 280K a year.

You are actually affected by your earnings. If you need to leave your house to do laundry and live 45 minutes from your friends you might not love life.

No matter what mindset you have, your hierarchy of needs is important. You need to eat food. You need to sleep. When your wealth is directly affecting these needs you will have issues.

A starving, sleep, deprived version of you won't be as happy. This person with 10K more a month would be happier.

If you observed the current zeitgeist it's not hard to see the number of relationships are multiplying. The second baby boom appears to be on the horizon.

Each year the amount of dating that moves to online only increases. An algorithm who is able to understand you and your values should be able to pretty easily define a match for you. After all, there is a group of 30 trained engineers who's only job is too magically improve the app enough so they get promoted.

There was a time in life where you only met a handful of people a month. In some states the dating pool was so small a cousin was the best pick in the bunch. This problem has been completely eradicated.

Why go to a bar to meet someone who has no intention of meeting you. The girl you are talking from already is dating someone. Or wants to date a Trump supporter. She has an internal roller coaster style height check to even consider you. You can just remove all that bs with a couple preference checks in an app.

A guy is wanting a perfect fantasy of a girl who doesn't exist. A list of arbitrary physical traits that has no impact on any real sense of compatibility. With the apps, he can narrow down any selection of traits to his liking.

You are setup to succeed. At some point failing at this point is a skill issue.

There's always something to complain about. I'm not sure there's a more entitled position than complaining about having too many options. It seems like you just need better self-control.

In a distant world called Alabama, you might only meet one or two new people a year. It's a place where the dating pool is so small that to keep your options open, you might consider dating your cousin. But now, you can swipe through an entire small town's population in an afternoon.

Somehow, your arbitrary height and diet racist preferences have limited your ability to find compatibility. That's why you can't seem to escape the honeymoon phase. It's their fault for not checking all 100 boxes. They're the ones who messed up a single time, not you. At least, that's what your friends tell you.

Sure, 4% of arranged marriages result in divorce compared to the 40-50% of non-arranged marriages, but that's all luck, right? They just happen to be compatible every time.

You want to go back to a world before online dating? Well, I have good news for you: the outside world still exists. You invented this rule of needing to use an app.

Dating has never been easier. You don't have to arbitrarily raise the difficulty setting for no reason. You don't have to compare to every ex you've had. You don't have to hope the person is instantly perfect for you without communication. The problems are just a lack of skill more than anything else.

The fact that we still go on 1-on-1 dates surprises me. We should bring the full roster to the interview to find the correct candidate. New dating is all about an ideological shift. It's not "are they the one?" but rather "which one is the one?".

Each week, the Wish version of the Illuminati decides on a new reason to dislike your partner. The reason your partner is balding is their fault for not having a skincare routine. The girl you're seeing isn't going to Vegas for a bachelorette party; she's actually cheating on you. New dating is all about a bunch of people who have never dated in their life becoming relationship experts.

There is no goalpost moved further than compatibility. He checks all the boxes, but he was born in the wrong month. He works out thrice a week, but I saw him cross his legs one time. She's super nice and cool, but she texts back too often. She's not playing 5 mind games at all times. How could I possibly date her without the challenge? New dating is all about finding any possible reason to ensure it doesn't work out.

New dating is no longer about the person and more of a generic goal. You don't want to date a real person with real problems and ideas. You date a piece of clay you can mold into your idealized grandiose idea of what dating should be.

Don't think the ban of TikTok is going to fix everything. As long as Hinge has a year subscription option, we aren't fixing these problems anytime soon.

The dream job turns into a nightmare when you aren't competent enough. But when you've gone through the process properly, the job you end up with doesn't haunt you in your sleep. It's real. Tangible. Something you can hold onto.

The friends you make while contorting yourself will always seem more interesting than the ones you find by being yourself. But after the hangouts end, only one group will feel good to come back to. Only one group will show up when you move or when your world falls apart. Loyalty comes from honesty. You can't earn it by lying to yourself. Your true self will let the world filter out the wrong people..

Love follows the same counter-intuitive path. Your hidden flaws will reveal themselves after three months. Dating someone "out of your league" doesn't lead to happiness; it leads to jealousy and inadequacy. Being yourself results in more satisfied people that are in your league. Or better yet, the same person, but with an actual future.

When you follow a new path, when you invest in hobbies, or even when you buy a stock, it's futile if you don't believe in it. You need your own conviction. Without it, you lack the confidence to brush off criticism. You sell too early. You buy too late. The drive fades when the dopamine runs dry.

You're allowed to change. To consciously work toward a better, stronger, hotter version of yourself. But life isn't Photoshop, and faceting your reflection won't take you far.

Life has often been categorized as unfair. You don't choose your race, and you have limited control over your height. Not to mention the increasingly caste-like socio-economic systems developing around the world.

So why play fair in such a system? Does putting "6' tall" on your resumes really hurt anyone? When you fail to use the advantages at your disposal, it's not out of nobility. Pride and ego drive illogical, emotional decisions. You're not going to outdrive the self-driving cars of the future, no matter how small your dick is.

To play "checkers" is to embrace the truest version of yourself. To refuse to adapt to your environment. To accept the destiny and path already prescribed to you. To play "chess" is to fake it until you become it. To use every smoke and mirror, every ounce of effort, to shape your life into its best possible version.

Every calculated action is a card being played. Every conscious move is a perfectly valid use of free will. The future belongs to those who take the extra step, those willing to exploit every advantage they have. And honesty won't get you there.

The world is dying. The people at the top are playing chess. When the forest is literally burning, you're allowed to fight fire with fire. In sports, a win is a win. In work, a promotion is a promotion. In love, a date is a date. Your wife 50 years from now won't care that you're 5'11".

Chapter 5: Uniqueness

There is this internal worry about what others think. This good intention terrible idea that others are not enjoying the current sidequest they are on.

The idea that the person who has already agreed to the current activity is secretly unable to stop doing it. This is one of multiple ways that life truly begins to wrap it's negative self around you.

You begin to give people mystical ability. They are able to fully smile and look like they are enjoying themselves while truly actually secretly hating it inside.

Somehow though you never picked this skill up yourself. You only picked up the much better skill of being able to detect it. You picked up something sort of social anxiety but let's pretend it's a skill.

When you make an event that involves playing smash bros drunk. You don't need to invite the right people. The wrong ones will simply leave right before the event starts or not be able to make it.

Life does have a magical power but unlike the myths you believe the real one forces everyone to be where they are supposed to.

You should never worry about if the right people are where you want them. Because the people around you will always self filter.

Well it turns out the oppsite is also true. Your friends keep inviting you to events but they secretly don't want you to come. Or even better they didn't invite cuz they secretly hate you not because they forgot.

The more you invest invisible enemies. The more you take honest mistakes as personal mistakes. The more you end up with bridges burnt that were more self prophetized than reality.

If someone doesn't want you to go to an event they won't invite you. If they hate you will tell you or they don't then their hate doesn't matter.

Sometimes, it's better to hit the wall. To hear from someone directly the reality the made up thoughts you warped in your mind. There's a reason you must love yourself in order to be loved by others. Because without it you refuse to believe it.

Life will prevent you from doing things when the brick wall is truly hit. The tiny wave of push back all of life pushes at you should never stop you from continuing.

The friend you are afraid to reach out to. The promotion you are afraid to ask for. The god you're afraid will smite you. Wait for him to strike you down with lightning before stopping. Let life do the self filtering for you

Work is filled with a large chunk of confusing rewards sytems. The boss can say any number of fake words of motivation there is an ultimate deciding factor at the end of each cycle.

Somehow my feedback for promotion failures seems to change and loop back around. What I was good at last year I'm bad at now. What I'm bad at now I'm somehow good at. Whatever I do is never quite enough.

There are strong whispers of promotions quotas. Can a single team really have 5 team leads and one worker my assumption becomes no quite quickly.

I have become the person they rely to get the work to completion but also the one punished for doing so. The person too impactful to promote.

But the feedback from each rejection makes me doubt it out. Maybe I'm just really not that good at what I do. Even though the head of engineering often comments on my work. Even though the my work has the highest impact.

I feel as if the entire town is against me. The true form of learned helplessness prevents me from achieving these goals. But this ego hit evrey quarter has me truly doubting. Maybe I am really as bad as they say. Maybe I'm just now good enough despite the allocaldes.

Somehow despite my best effort I can never really sink myself into a community. Whether it be W.I.P. or Oliver Tree I never can even achieve a volunteer role. Somehow my abilities are not wanted.

Everytime I seem to build friendships in life they have a fleeting feeling. I can never seem to keep them long enough to really feel the warmth they are supposed to achieve.

The time I make the first mistake I'm unable to truly correct it. I somehow stumble into five more problems. I seem to always chase the next friendship to leapfrog into. Every event I seem to miss seems to be the important one. But the ones I go to seem to be the forgotten ones.

I am always in this constant transitive nature where I never quite get to where I want to without my friendships shifting on to the next bunch. I always have 5 different friends but 100 different rotating acquaintances.

My mind loves to play tricks on me. Regardless of an action taken I always take it the wrong way. I get into this pattern of chaotic inconsistency. Sometimes the hangout is perfect and sometimes it feels like I climbed back 5 levels.

There is some mental shift I'm unable to break. Some golden rule that prevents me from ever reaching a level of higher order friendship I'm so close too.

Consistency is impossible for me. Despite every attempt at a task I slowly slip into previous habits. I can never keep something going long enough to return its benefits.

The simple idea of working out three times a week feels impossible. Some bullshit shiny object gets in the way each and every time.

All I crave is a steady progress towards a goal. A way to enter a life where my brain of a 1000 souls is projected to the right cause. Yet each cause I choose seems more pointless than the last. I can play a video game for 3 months but the same effort towards tiktok falls off fast.

I have become fragile and tired. I can't keep the motivation I once had when I was early. I try to fire up the same motivational sparks I once have and no fuel comes out.

I need something greater. I need another COVID. I need to be fired or almost killed. I need to be in survival mode and I have no way to get there.

I fear that my life might end in pure misery. Somehow with so much untapped potential than the day I die is when I start to truly doubt it. Maybe this book really is only worth the 100 copies it sells.

I hate mediocrity more than death itself. Every week that my relationships goes well the less I care about the rest of the world.

The more I fall into love the more I fall into apathy towards my own future. The idea of having a kid and having them figure it out build greater and greater.

My current relationship is in so many ways perfect. Yet every step is filled with doubt. Can I really find a way to take it to the finish line. The idea of sunk cost builds up.

Like is this the right person and if it's not does each hour spent together consider wasted. Every decision made is filled with doubt.

Yet somehow there is a real sense of prevailing. Despite all the issues I have our ability to persevere grows. I have found so many good ways to try and fuck it up and yet we still continue.

This pages feel like I'm taking the problems with life and punhsing them. I am indiefying the low/shittiest/weakest thoughts on the topic and bring them to light. Become sometimes you just need to write it down to how dumb it really sounds.

If I have one power in life it's the ability to lose things. A Houdini of sort that can make a new team vanish a week. But given my remaining points went elsewhere I'm okay with this issue.

My current AirPods are named "Alex Pods 2483451162 63 Roebling St". I have tried every trick in the book. I almost lost a forever bracket walking 5 minutes away to put it back on. Whatever crazy solutions there are it's not going to work for me. Sometimes it's better to practice some acceptance.

Losing something is only as bad as the context you give it. In reality you are donating to charity. You are giving someone in need a new set of AirPods. Even better than standard charity you are doing it without credit.

In reality AirPods are just like Netflix or the phone bill they are basically a subscription service. While those do suck horribly they are part of life. But when you too of AirPods as 500/year the more times you don't lose them doesn't actually seem so bad.

I also use my lost items as a sort of carbon offset. I'm not afraid to steal that random subway trinket myself. We give and we take it's the tit for tat reality we should embrace. Due to the fact I will lose it again anyways it's more like borrowing anyways.

Last week an acquaintance gave me back my sunglasses from 2 months ago. I had already grieved and was saddened by losing them. I had already mentally lost that money. So by losing stuff I'm able to gain free money. In whatever boy math formula I want to use.

Page 134

One Pager

Page 135

Abbadoned Page

Page 138

Half Page

Page 139

Half Page

Page 140

Half Page

Page 141

Half Page 2

I think it's pretty safe to say most of what makes life fun just comes down to mindset. If you're on molly even the dishes will be a fulfilling event.

Chapter 6A: Void Theory

How many hours do you work 8?
How many hours do you sleep ... 8?

Let's be generous and say that's true. In this case what do you do for the other 8 hours.

Work out. Eat. Do Chores.

Sure maybe.....But you are still left with an overwhelming number of hours.

The process and journey into filling those hours is known as void theory.

From the people who are bored, craving more, and the people who are exhausted, craving less.

Chapter 6A Void Theory

Page 151

Void Theory

Let me tell you, life is pretty boring. Unless you are about to follow the preset path of college/kids/retirement/death it's quite hard to find a solid purpose. Despite that, every app you open shows you ten people who seem to have it all figured out.

How come they have such a drive to share and express their life and ideas. You barely have a job half the time and the rest of the time it's closer to a void than a real idea of what you're supposed to do.

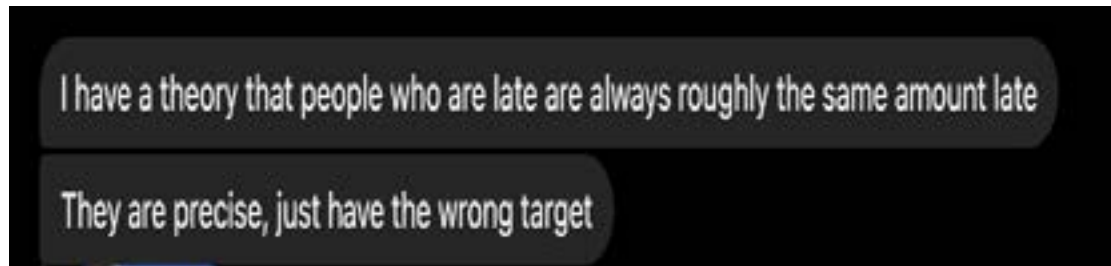
Some reason besides work, it's hard to find a true passion you can hold on to for longer periods of time. Other endeavors have a rustic vibe to them.

By the third night out with friends, you start to feel a real sense of introverted tiredness. The third night in, you start to feel the dark void of loneliness. You can't do anything too much without slowly hating it.

There are, of course, exceptions. My friend plays tennis so much he is almost pro. He can have a perfectly fulfilling life getting better and better at tennis. The only problem is if he ever got to the true point where he is pro, that would just be another job. We would be back to square one.

The rest of the void requires variety to continue being a void. A life perfectly fulfilling this void would burn you out too much to even enjoy it.

Chapter 6A Void Theory



I have grown up my whole life with the believe that being on time, if not early, was extremely important. As in a core tenet of a Lambert was their punctuality.

My parents will get somewhere so early for so little reason, it usually ends up negatively impacting us. It makes little no difference they have completely closed their mind to an alternative. Early is objectively good despite any evidence to back this up.

Nothing is objectively good.

Being late has as much as benefit early. It just depends on the context. My journey into sophomore year of New York is much more about respect than pleasing. A person who is always late doesn't get the on time version of me.

A skill is only as good as the ways in which you use it. I have the ability to be insanely good at being exactly on time. But, used too often it just get taken for granted.

Maybe my friend is right. Being early is easy. Being on time is harder. But the hardest is being the correct amount late.

The void is not a required part of life. You have an endless multiple paths towards fulfillment but they aren't designed for everyone.

The easiest way to escape it is to fall in love or even just attempt to. You can spend your lonely single nights browsing the apps. You can go on a hundred dates. You can beat the odds and end up dating someone and maybe make it even to marriage. Then you can sink all your void time into them. Love is a great purpose.

This isn't quite an escape and is more of a shared void, but you can always go further. Next thing you know, you're buying a house and then finally have some kids. This is what all our parents did or tried to do to some extent. A true noble purpose.

The most classic strategy. All you need to do is ensure your kids are more well off than you. They will eventually find a more meaningful purpose. You pass this purpose issue on to the next generation. The global warming approach of assuming someone else will eventually figure it out.

This really does solve the purpose for you, but it's not a resolution. In this economy, the simple house/kids/god approach has become so much harder and doesn't carry the same weight it used to have.

Provided love and reproduction is not the answer, there are alternatives. The most primitive version of this is the illusion of no void. A reality of life where you don't have time for a purpose, only survival.

You don't spend every waking moment working and sleeping. I mean, you are reading this. You do have free time but spend most of it tired from work. You spend your Void relaxing.

You do whatever your brain wants because you earned it. This chapter isn't called purpose theory. This is a perfectly valid Void and has all the same properties.

The time you spend doing "nothing" or your least common denominator activity is your Void. You still have a ton of autonomy on what that void looks like. You can do an F-tier activity like smoking or TikTok, or a D-tier activity like Netflix, or a B-tier activity like exercise.

There is nothing special about you. The component of life consumed by work, the money you have, and the skills you have obtained are all modifiable attributes to your void.

It's all comparable to yourself. If you start doing hobbies more often than chilling at home, or you exercise more than drinking alone, those are objectively better voids. But there is no perfect void or purpose. It's a Void for a reason.

The most mysterious part of life is how much free time you don't know you have. Busyness is such a subjective concept where being busy doesn't actually mean anything. But often a life doesn't identify this to you until a new activity or person or hobby enters your life.

When the next season of game of thrones or love island or new Nintendo game or new boy of the month your time is forced to shift. Suddenly the time spend doing nothing shrinks. The exercise routine you tried so desperately to keep vanishes. You truly sucked out of the void.

The things you allow to leave are not rooted in you. The hobbies are simply activities you were using to pass the time. They aren't your identity. Because your identity never leaves you. The moment you find excuses to exercise and not the opposite you truly Void-proof something.

But the Void isn't bad. Being bored isn't bad. Pushing yourself to your limit isn't sustainable. Having a full load of optimization till the point of being so busy you never think isn't good. Optimizing all seconds of your life is hell in the short term and provides diminish return in the long term.

There is no direct solution to the void. Only the consciousness that it exists.

The Void gives off the appearance of negativity. The more you dive into influencer and capitalism culture, the worse the void sounds. You can start to reach a life where every moment feels the need for justification. I'm at this event to grow my friendships. I'm playing this game so I can later make a YouTube video about it. I went to this concert so I can get a cool Instagram story.

This is not the life you should aspire towards. The Void should be loved. Your free time isn't something that needs to be earned. That needs to feel guilty.

It's all about moderation and purpose. A day of genuine rest. A day of treating yourself isn't just okay; it makes you more productive and better suited for the busier days.

One way of reaching this relaxation is having stricter goals. If you have a specific set of goals for a day, then it's easy to enjoy the rest of the day afterward.

Your relationship to the Void is entirely up to you. It can be something you remove as soon as possible or try to generate as much as possible. Retirement is great for some people, while others resort to finding a new job as fast as possible.

What are type of things you can do in the Void. How do you classify them. Like what is running?

Do you run once a week. Do you wear athleisure or plan your year around marathons. Are you being paid to do it let's explore..

Event - The catch all for anything. An adhoc activity that has no further meaning. An Axe throwing night is a good example.

Chore - Whatever activity you must do to stay above the survival line. For some people this is grocery shopping for other it's exercise.

Vice - Whatever activity you are forced to do because your brain makes you. From video games to cigarette addictions. A mental tax you must pay to enjoy other parts of life.

Relaxer - Whatever activity can truly turn your brain off. Surprisingly not as easy as you would hope.

Hobby - A reoccurring activity that you derive pleasure from. A activity in which you hope to get gradually improve at.

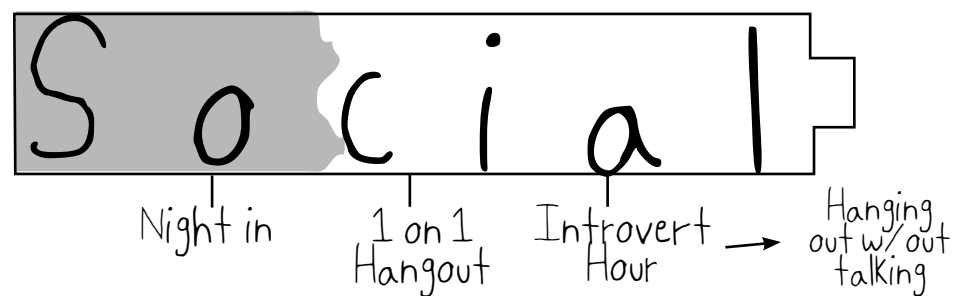
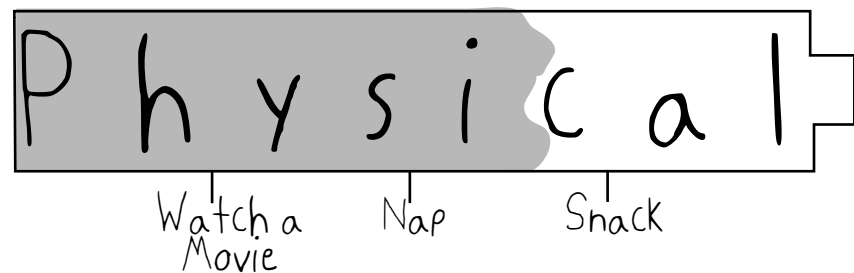
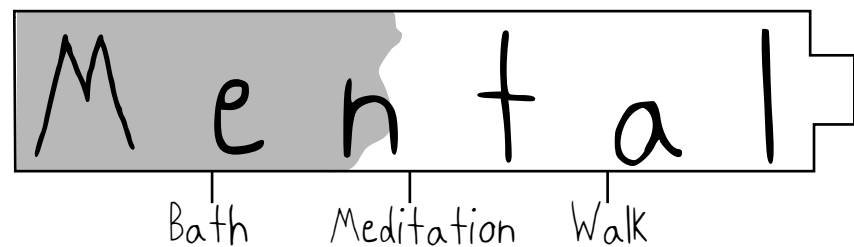
Job - You making money sounds like a job to me.

Lifestyle - Are you buying a house that's close to the nearest running trail. That's a runner to me.

Written for Book 1

When effort is not being made it is important to relax but how do you that. A common mistake is to believe all relaxation is created equally but this is not the case. "Tired" is a loaded term that has many cures.

You are like a bot with multiple batteries. As you do activities these batteries become drained and need to be refilled. This is all part of the constant cycle of survival.



As your battery plummets towards 0 you end up plummeting towards the path of least resistance. The thing is watching 5 hours of TikTok isn't relaxing even if it's your default behavior.

What's interesting about the Void is its inevitable growth. When you are voidless and busy at every moment, the void fades into the background.

By the time you've gotten through your hobbies and chores and passions, there isn't much time to ponder the Void. However, the most transformative time in any person's life is when their void expands.

Anytime you go through a breakup, get fired, or a creator you watch gets canceled, the void expands. All these things result in a new chunk of life that you have yet to fill in. What becomes of this chunk is how you change.

Some people fill it with sadness, with vices or distractions. Others take the opportunity to pursue new passions or hobbies. It must be filled in, though. No matter how much you lose in life, you will never lose hours in a day.

Usually, you start with denial. The thought of no longer being whole is terrifying. You'd rather believe the void is temporary. The person isn't actually canceled. Your girlfriend is coming back. There's no need to fill this hole.

However, no matter how much you fight, the void does get filled, usually more of an involuntarily mess than a conscious decision. You must go through adversity for any chance at change. The drinking and crying becomes reading and climbing.

Whatever happens, you can never truly have a void for too long.

Chapter 6B: Game Theory

Look, I get it, you haven't solved life yet.

For some reason, despite your best efforts, you just don't seem to fit in.

Why does everyone I date slowly drift away?

Life is getting harder every year. Inflation is up, politicians are older, the planet near disaster. Yet, you can't even find someone to date.

Somehow, using the app designed to keep you on the platform, love isn't working out.

The key is it's all a game, and unless you respect that, you're never going to be winning.

Page 161

Bad Taste
(Sub-Optimal)

I recently got "shitty" toilet paper, which, besides the price, might not seem to have any advantages. However, when nature calls at any restaurant or club, it's easier to use the public bathroom. Given mine is also bad, there's an equal comparison.

I used to half ironically buy a terrible seltzer named Cacti. It cost more than the 9/10 doctor-recommended seltzers. Even worse, though, it tasted as if someone invented it in one day to cash grab on the craze. Which, of course, ended up being what Travis Scott did until he was canceled, and it went out of business.

To this day, I miss this insufferable drink. The controversy and taste meant it was not satisfying to drink. Perfect when you are playing a drinking game that you want people to actually try at, instead of just giving them free alcohol.

Grabbing one from the fridge would result in a porcupine-style effect where the person would never grab one again. Ensuring the whole night there would always be alcohol, once you have found a way to acquire the taste.

Anyone on the show Survivor can tell you being the best isn't the best. The more you optimize your life, the more each mistake you make costs you. The higher the bar needed for happiness

Page 3

A Bad First Impression (Sub-Optimal Pt. 2)

There is never concept more poorly misunderstood and complex than optimality. That's because few people can comprehend the right option isn't optimal. The optimal option never changes.

Let's say you're dating someone. On any given day, the optimal hangout should be your partner. Your partner is in many ways your bestest, best friend. But if everyday all you hangout is with just this person, you just become an isolated anxious attached couple.

Looking your hottest and being the very best version of you is fine. All the time though is a terrible way to live. The very peaks of your personality and attractiveness have a large amount of diminish returns.

The better the first impression the more you have to live up to. The worse impression the more room for you to improve in the future. A person who plans 5 insane dates or hangout is only going to become the planner in the relationship not the leader or any other grandiose position.

In a four person anecdotal poll I asked four random girls, they seem baffled. They always best to look as hot as possible. What happens if you meet the metaphorical one that day. There is no concept of ever looking ugly on purpose.

Guys seem to believe they have to solve life. Any male influencer will explain to you a lifestyle of hour by hour perfection that starts at 5am. A life miserable in the short term but in theory good in the long term. A life of moderation misunderstood.

Chapter 6B Game Theory

It's okay though. There is no guidebook. The real key to being optimal is that's it's not possible. The point is not to get it perfectly right.

Page 4

Pre Destined Failure (Sub-Optimal Part 3.)

Let's say, you are staring at rock climbing wall well above your pay grade. There is gun pointing at your head. With this new found motivation, are you going to succeed a climb the wall? You will fail the same way you do everyday in life.

It's not really about spur of the moment motivation. You need to build the right muscle and the right techniques to complete the task. For example have you ever heard the 90 degrees rule or have I but Google says it's useful. This is an abstract equivalent to your current life.

The days you spend at home browsing TikTok and jacking off are not the crimes you think they are. Only a crime in capitalism. Every time you eat outside your house you haven't lost all chances at buying a house.

Ordering food isn't a sign of weakness or laziness. You don't have the groceries or meal prep needed to have an appropriate lunch during a work day. Nor the hobbies to be more productive during your alone time.

These are built during adderall filled Sundays or, for the less fortunate, non-hungover break days. But even these days may be destined for failure if you don't have a life built around them. A gym 30 minutes away isn't going to help you work out.

Having a friend group that always go out; Dating the newest, coolest person you met yesterday are very enjoyable lives. However, is it not a life filled with enough sleep to do anything productive.

Chapter 6B Game Theory

Heaven* (The Hyper Reality card)

There's one place where you can truly be anyone for 5 frames at a time. A place where there is no such thing as unhappy.

Where traveling goes from a rocky experience to a perfect one. The flight only takes 5 minutes.

You are able to know the answer to any conflict without doing any research.

Every single Instagram story seems to be almost pointless in nature. A way of flexing that is supported by your peers. Why does the meal you are having matter? Why is the sound of a concert better than a Spotify link?

You can tell all your friends, family, or lovers anything you want with plausible deniability. But, the information you are presenting hardly matters. Five stories of you working out only proves to everyone you don't actually work out. You're just putting your deepest insecurities on display.

It's a place designed to reward your best self while punishing your true one. You can say it's to connect with people. To find people who like the same music or hobbies or food. But more often than not, it's just to impress someone or hook up.

Your life is filled with past conscious choices that drive unconscious present actions. You can live any way you want to. You just can't be disappointed with the results that occur because of it. You're putting as much pointless effort, as trying really hard the week before promotion.

Aussies

Look, I get it, you want me to talk about my phone and wallet being stolen some more. But like, after Africa, I realized none of that stuff matters. I'll talk to a therapist 5 years from now to unpack that.

What I care about more is Australian males. As a man with a girlfriend, every night out without her is capped. You must pay the tax of never having a magical 12/10 night. But dating the right person is well beyond worth it. And she is worth it.

With this context in mind, though, girls and guys become equally interesting. There's no point in being anxiously attached to some random girl like the usual desperate, single version of me. Instead, you can just be present and enjoy all people. Even the hottest girl has no pedestal.

So, as an observer, a group I enjoy most is the Aussies. A group that, no matter the country, will always thrive. A group as a white male truly inspires me. A group I have extensively interviewed before writing this.

What's so great about Aussies is their ability to gather. 5 random Aussie strangers will always form a coherent group by the end of the night.

White males in New York or any United States do not gather. If they do, it's only to storm the Capitol. We all enjoy our privilege in a private way. A true embrace of the American individualist culture.

Aussie males, in any country, always gather. They never buy girls drinks. They never go for the same bird. They never give a single shit about anyone besides the lads. And this is why they always have hot girls with them. Because they work together.

They have solved a culture of portable community. Which for me, unless I can become gay or more Jewish, I will never have. White straight American males are not socially allowed to gather except for sports bars.

Esta bien, though. My life will always be bueno. I will continue to just be some classic, silver-spooned, one-syllable-named white boy who picked the right long-term career option to never have enough trauma to truly complain. A tech bro who sucked the culture out of SF and bandwagoned their way to gentrify NY.

I will always be able to throw 100-person parties. But it's all a facade. A man with 1000 girl acquaintances and ad hoc, hobby friends but no ability to form a cohesive ethnic or race or gender friend group. All I have is a pieced-together, plethora of ABGs and rave girls to fuel the yellow fever rumors and some climbing and writing friends.

It turns out not all superpowers are good. Sometimes a special skill isn't all it's cracked up to be.

When you acquire an anxious attachment, you gain the magical power of detection. You can decipher the smallest difference in a person.

You know when a friend hasn't showered. When a friend is 5 minutes later than usual. You can detect every anomaly. You never let something gradually slip past you.

The only small issue is how you process this information. The person is randomly late because their train is late. To you, though, it's because they hate you. The person isn't responding because their phone is dead. But you know it's actually because they are cheating on you.

You snowball and snowball until you finally find the solution. You force your partner to complete an arbitrary set of rules so you maintain your false security. As long as they call you for an hour every time they see friends, they are fine. As long as they always prioritize your hangouts so you never feel alone, it's all bueno. You just need to make the idea of dating you a chore.

This allows you to get cheated on, to get broken up with, and ignored. This allows you to always be the good guy. The other person is the evil one, and all your friends will reinforce that.

The Cheater Card (Avoidant Attachment)

We all gamers down to heart who want the same thing. A classic hard-to-get challenge. Someone you have to earn through some Disney-esque anime plot.

This is what makes avoidance so appealing. You have a fast pass toward desirability. We are basically magnets; as you pull away, the other pushes forward.

Being avoidant is truly the best of both worlds. You can get all the bonuses of dating without any of the costs. You never show the person you're dating your friends or family. Why would you? That just makes it hard to ever leave. You always ensure to keep both feet on the ground so when you break up, it's super easy.

The only small issue is you do always end up breaking up, though. For some reason, your desirability is poisonous. You can trap any person temporarily with your cold aloofness. But, you must always wear your shield to maintain this perception.

You hide your true feelings and personality so far away it begins to evaporate. You have won the game but cheated to do it, so there is no prize. The lack of real desirable qualities eats away at you.

In the end, you acquire a few people obsessed with you. For some reason, though, the moment you try to reach out to capitalize, it doesn't work. They are only fans of the idea of you.

Roster Meta

Look, I'm not going to tell you I understand New York, especially its dating scene. I've been here for like a year. That's like a freshman in college thinking he understands the whole world.

One trend that I have seen emerge, though, is the "need" for what many have coined The Roster. An endless list of potential partners floating around you. A true New York staple to dating. But why?

To me, it starts with the avoidant economy. To succeed here requires a level of unattachment that can seem soulless at times. You must use others to never give the inclination you actually like the person you are talking to. But less dramatically, you must accept a slow burn to meeting anyone, friend or love interest.

This is because anyone interesting here is busy. For them to slot you into one day a week or two takes a significant amount of effort. They are likely actively telling others no in order for you to be a yes. To become this avoidant, it is easier to just put your eggs in 5 baskets. Never fearing if the one you actually care about doesn't work out.

But it's just a game of playing coy. Every third person here is hot. You're ready to settle down then you enter a subway. The Hinge app goes off every hour to tempt you with someone marginally better in an arbitrary way.

Even when you start dating, though, it's never that simple. There is always an expectation of inclusivity even if both parties don't ever take advantage of it. This city dances around what being monogamous is. The only girls with zero avoidance are the ones already dating someone. They can emotionally cheat on their hobby boyfriends without consequences. Yet, it's still better than SF, so I'm not really complaining.

Chapter 6C: Plan^eTheory

Look, I get it, you haven't solved life yet.

For some reason, despite your best efforts, you just don't seem to fit in.

Why does everyone I date slowly drift away?

Life is getting harder every year. Inflation is up, politicians are older, the planet near disaster. Yet, you can't even find someone to date.

Somehow, using the app designed to keep you on the platform, love isn't working out.

The key is it's all a game, and unless you respect that, you're never going to be winning.

Traveling a complex operation filled with a lot more parts than one might expect. The Google maps navigator and Splitwise accountant are only the start.

Let's take example booking an Airbnb experience. You press buy on the app and it takes 5 minutes that's not hard. But in fact you must first do market research to find the best option. You must form a group consensus about timing and location. You must respond to the follow up inquiries. You have done a task some admin was paid a meaningful salary to do.

Let's take the vibe captain. You battling boredom with your dwindling resources. Mostly the only way to keep morale up is some alcohol or illicit drugs. You are expected to perform without complaint. One wrong Uber call. One closer restaurant. You must go down with the ship and take the blame. Each small mistake a coup starts to form trying to take your position. You must hold on until your last battle is fought. Not all vibe captains party though. There is also the Food Captain and aux DJ.

There is of course the photographer. The person who makes every but themselves looks good. The true selfless act

The medic is also important. Cleanup the messes made both physical and emotional. The person who helps with missed

Leaving the Group Chat

There's a reason the right side is winning and it's something that's hard to admit. Biden and the general leftist ideology does a lot of taking. But when it comes down to it, does very little. Meanwhile, the other side has a bunch of awful ideas but they all somehow get passed.

Ideas aren't that important. Any fuck can propose a Japan trip. Surprisingly, the hardest part of a hamptons or ski trip is not suggesting the idea. Being able to actually do execute is important. Without it, you have done nothing if not worse than never suggesting.

The issue is you expect the plan to be easy. You expect your friends love you and are always down to hangout more. But there is so many factors that prevent this. You need to find the right price point and right week and right location to turn an idea into reality.

You learn about motivation. Are they going to see you. Are they going to check the Japan novelty box. Are they going for Instagram or that crush they want to make jealous.

You surprisingly aren't able to just keep track of things. A call needs to be made where only the real planners come. A split wise and photos and probably some sort of design doc. The Dunson & Kruger effect really takes place. You know the person making fun of you the most has never planned C im makingn anything in their life.

The truth is though it doesn't matter. The rich get richer. The more you somehow make it to places the more you get invited to more. It's not too bad

Leapfrogging

Like trust me I love New York as much as you do. But I got to tell you something and it's basically an intervention. Everyone dislikes you but they don't care enough to tell you. Like I get it, you're a fan of me. Like I get it, my friends are cool. But being a vampire isn't. I don't know what chess game you think you're playing but we're playing checkers.

The truly purest form of irony is how you feel about your friends. There's no greater sign of a leapfrogger is how much you gatekeep your events and your friends. At some point you're only projecting the point. No matter how cool someone is, the moment you realize all their friends are new you should be very concerned. You may enter true black flag territory.

Taking every friend someone has and exploiting them until the next better thing comes along doesn't provide the end goal you think it does. No matter how many partifuls you beg yourself into you aren't making friends. You have to at some point understand we aren't a commodity.

The goal of New York isn't to make cooler friends every week. It's to despite every opportunity not to, enjoy what you have. I get it, you been here longer than me. I get it, you know more than me. Still though it's hard to hear.

The person you decided to become friends with this week seems receptive. You really found someone truly cool this time. Sure you are trying to hangout out with their friends without them. But it's only because they are so cool. No I get it, I'm an ex leap frogger. I get it, you never have an ill intention. I get it you're a cunt. I get it, but at some point no else does.

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Everyday on a trip for of 8 characters there isn't a way to fully satisfy everyone needs. There is a constant flux of desires all being concocted at once that leads to some sort of coherent version of a plan.

Why my role though. What's my goals of the days. What do I want to do. I believe in the very simple concept. Either plan the day or get the fuck out of the way. Unless you are in charge of what we are doing you should accept the plan as it stands.

This has got me far in life. Most of the time the event is a lot more symbolic than we want to admit. I'm not going for Japan for the arbitrary bullshit reasons. I'm going as a more adventurous third place. I know I'm going to enjoy whatever my seven year friends have already decided on.

The ideology breaks down when the trip stops being linear. When we decide that a monolith isn't good enough for the group and the gang splits up. I can no longer be the pleaser I have morphed myself into.

I can't see my friends and my brother and myself all at the same time. The path of least resistance is now filled with constant resistance. I must become a person once more. A decision tool for myself. I must stand up for myself and what I want.

But to stop catastrophizing the repercussions isn't possible with my current build. My brother is never going on a trip with me again unless I do his plan. My friends are going to go to the best place ever as soon as I don't see them. I'm not going to have the most optimal fun ever unless every person is in the same place at the same time.

The pleaser is the fake hero no one asked for. The person who believes deep down they are doing a noble quest instead of the selfish one of hidden resentment. The pleaser is the

The hostel is the closest thing a human can get to Love Island. Everyone is easy to talk to—and easy in other ways. The happy hour deal of unlimited alcohol for £12 is cheaper than water there. The staff, pool, and bar all allow you to truly enjoy yourself, provided you're willing to participate.

The issue is that you're not able to get off the roller coaster. You no longer get hungover because that's just your constant state. Sleeping is equivalent to prison. The large array of insects, jet engine snoring, and lack of AC make most nights feel like naps at best.

So an alternative solution emerges: don't stay at the hostel. For around £70 a night, you get your own castle called an Airbnb. It still has some hangout spots and fun stuff, but for some reason, it doesn't quite hit the same.

The same clubs and bars don't matter when you're with the wrong people. A castle alone has no value if you can't share it.

You might think the answer is both. I sure did. But the truth is, unless you're part of the trauma-bonding experience, you're not really part of the hostel. You're like the camera crew on the show.

My friend Richard gets a late snack at the 7/11 across the street. He decides to eat it in the common room alone. He knows, like everyone else in the group, that eating and drinking in the room are not allowed. He is simply doing what he is told.

He could be known as a professional rule follower in some regard. In many ways, this is a good thing. When it comes to Japan, following tradition and culture makes sense. There is no reason to take Paul yourself just to skip waiting at an empty light.

But what my good friend fails to realize is context. The hostel rules against food and drink don't stem from culture. They stem from mistakes.

They stem from messy meals. From ant-ridden Google Reviews. They stem from loud drinking parties. From noise complaints. They stem from process and post-mortem culture.

Saying you can only drink water in the room isn't a real rule. Drinking tea in the room won't cause any more danger. It's simply a rule to cover liability, reduce faults, and eliminate 99% of issues. It isn't a rule meant to be fully followed.

The speed limit being 25 isn't designed for a normal driver. It's meant for a low-mid skill, buzzed driver in the snow. It is meant to cover all conditions because all roads have one limit. And when someone fucks up, the process harshly overcorrects that limit.

All rules have stories. All stories have dumb mistakes and dumb people. Rules aren't meant to be followed. They are meant to be listened to and respected.

We are splitting up into Ubers. We are separating into dinner tables. We are deciding on who which group to go to. There is no political manipulation needed. There is no chess to be played. Any seat is okay. And plan is okay.

Basic made up group theory states the following. There is only ever really four people to any group. Any bigger is symbolic and temporary and will eventually separate. You can't ever really be a big group.

Usually there is one uber or group that's important. I mean I wouldn't have dated my ex without the correct uber so these decisions add up lore wise overtime. But in this case I'm good. We are a solved system. There is no people to love or impress. Everyone has known me for 7 years there are no surprises.

I'm busy writing this page not really sure where I'll end this dinner. Which team of smash I'll be on. I'm busy dissociating. It doesn't matter. There no social status to climb.

Google is the perfect job. Is you remove the promotion and performance reviews. Same as friends. Once you stop trying to leapfrogging, gaslighting and gatekeeping your life is pretty good. But, this relies on being happy. This relies on breaking the commoner dilemma cycle. New friend will always be easier and less work. They will never ask you to help them

Chapter 7A:
A Retrospective

This book is so complicated. So many ideas make sense in the moment but the more you zoom out have nuances. Sometimes, you can't quite fit the whole idea in one page.

This chapter is the idea of exploring the same idea but with a new drug or new context.

It's to revisit some of the better ideas and see how they have changed throughout my writing.

When it comes to general feedback this chapter has by far the worse reviews. So just keep that in mind I guess.

It's so funny how hard it is to convince people the book is real. Anytime someone asks me what the book is about I say random late night thoughts. Like stream of consciousness, mid concert, low battery, raw post to Instagram at 3am type shit.

I say this multiple times. I warn people who follow me and yet the engagement tells me they are confused. I don't write on this platform because I want to. I have to be authentic.

I have to do the gonzo journalism my anonymous friend has become obsessed with. You have read pages posted at noon and you have read pages posted at 4am. The difference is pretty obvious.

My last book literally put the drug I'm on, on every page. I was going to make a separate font for each drug. But truly my brain doesn't have that Type Anaess to accomplish that. But like I put the idea on paper. I told you about it. You can just imagine it and it's basically the same effect.

For example, This page is just a bit of alc me a bit of "bridge". You're probably confused why it's called alcoholism. Despite this random discussion it actually has nothing to do with the page. I wrote that page

The Party Tax (A retrospective)

This is probably my most relevant page. It's often quoted at parties. I feel judgmental when I go to these functions and there's no music or no ability to open the door. When the ac is off or we are late to the next scheduled event. You can really empathize and feel the person struggling to perform the birthdays obligations that year.

The entire concept of this book is strange at times. Posting these writing stories feels like I'm paying some "weird tax". Better still show off my normal activities so I can get the partiful invites this week.

The original goal of this new book was to post all the writing sections as close friend stories. So only post cool shit to the main thread and sad shit to the homies. But this just seemed like too cool for my own good.

So this writing ends up coming across as jarring. You expect another banger cool clout story and end up hearing about my imaginary dog dying. This of course the entire point of the book. Hyper reality but that meaning gets lost in the inconsistency.

This is sort of my commentary chapter. A way to point at the writing and try to justify its strangeness. It ends up a lot more words than I like. A little too much space filled.

I imagine someone else posting this and it being pretty cringy. Which only means I lack the self awareness to realize this is also true for me. This chapter is definitely going to be more meta than usual. It gives the exact amount of House of Leaves vibes I really want in a novel. I litterally planned on making a video YouTube based chapter at one point so at least this is less weird than that.

Tax Evasion (A retrospective)

The song latch came on. It was 5 minutes after the show was over. My friends were already out the door. They had called the Ubers. The plan was so easy.

To stay would cost my 30 dollars for my ride back. It would cost me the mental effort to coordinate a ride home. It would mean that I would have to venture alone. The tax was just too high to pay. I literally have headphones and can listen to whatever I want. My brain told me to leave. I had to get up early tomorrow probably. But then I stayed for the bit and it was alright.

The truth is the tax doesn't have to be paid. You don't have to go through life in this transactional state. This chapter is meant to be satire. Your money is constantly inflating you. You're better off spending it than waiting a week where the same show cost 5 more dollars.

Sometimes the bullshit is just adversary. Sometimes the adventure is worth the time. Hanging out is not zero sum. You don't have to justify every dollar and every minute. You can take some risks. You can even die if the mistakes go too wrong. You will eventually have the same faith anyways. Even when the tax is infinite it can still be worth it.

I have a new themed month. It's a month of assuming no one hates me. To give each a person a clean slate and let there future acts influence me instead of their imaginary past.

I have this deep fear if I post to much book people won't read it. But at the same time if they are reading this than this isn't really possible. Sometimes, it's just fun to put some ideas on paper and see what happens. To release a 50% idea and see how fucking stupid it is when I sober up.

This page is like the 13th reason why page. It's sort of my version of acceptance. So often the anxiety of failure is worse than the actual failure. This is like my version of coping.

I'm usually very quick in intellicalization. Like basically if I can choose the correct psychology term from my minor my feelings can't hurt me.

The biggest critique of the new book is being too preachy. Like being a white boy from NY with a bullshit job isn't the entire world. So this is a fair point.

My old book used to just be about a single person. When you take enough UX classes you learn about avatars. Like if I could focus on a girl named Victoria it's easier to direct my points. Instead of trying to make a global point to the whole world.

But this book has sort of lost that context. It feels like each page is more of a personal attack on you. So people are less a fan of it in that regard. To me this is there version of acceptance.

People only really insult the things they are insecure about. The same way my writing is. I only talk about things I have actually fully accepted. When you see a page on suicide or dark shit it not the cry for help you think it is. Most of the time my writing or posting is a lagging indicator.

I usually only write when I'm happy or having a good time or at a concert. The ideas mentioned a very delayed point from previously. I struggle with these concepts. The book always feels 5% away from something actually good.

There some potential missing but it's close to perfection. The same problem with the

The whole idea of this book is that it's for me. The weird gimmicks to chapters are simply the way to challenge myself. But each page always have has the same mission. To truly understand and get past an idea you must be able to creatively write about it.

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So this writing ends up coming across as jarring. You expect another banger cool clout story and end up hearing about my imaginary dog dying. This of course the entire point of the book. Hyper reality but that meaning gets lost in the inconsistency.

This is sort of my commentary chapter. A way to point at the writing and try to justify its strangeness. It ends up a lot more words than I like. A little too much space filled.

I imagine someone else posting this and it being pretty cringy. Which only means I lack the self awareness to realize this is also true for me. This chapter is definitely going to be more meta than usual. It gives the exact amount of House of Leaves vibes I really want in a novel. I litterally planned on making a video YouTube based chapter at one point so at least this is less weird than that.

Book Filtering (A retrospective)

It's so hard to explain the purest of insecurity I have towards this book. Every page on Instagram is some sort of constant need for validation.

Every page written has such a large stench of doubt attached to it.

"What if this page is boring and no one likes it"

"What if I'm just writing words on the page instead of writing"

"Maybe I'm truly washed why was the page yesterday so much better. Should I just write a different time."

Every page must cross some sort of everchanging goal post that I made up for it twelve seconds ago. The reason alchol is stuck between so many of these pages is it makes those bullshit feelings go away.

I don't have liver or budget or life expectancy to maintain that though. There is this forgotten truth in that any page written here can be deleted or stopped at anytime.

The thing about it is you don't get to choose your side quests. It often non consensual. Once you realize this you start to properly embrace this.

For every do you want to join our spike ball discord. There is optional layoffs. There is every version of death.

I'm telling you life isn't really about the main quest. It's the part you focus on but raising kids as a goal when you're single feels a bit pointless at times. Do you workout or get hinge premium.

Life isn't that hard to get. Every thing can be thought of a game of devotion. Can you put your brain rotted mind into single goal long enough to prove devotion.

It all abstracts. You don't promote the MBA student your promote the people with biggest mortgages. Commitment is a currency far greater than effort.

But that's the whole point. That's what's you're missing. Your first year in New York you have no idea what I'm talking about. You grab at every straw. You are army of mental ability thins out doing 12 things at once.

The way New York works though. You don't get to keep the 12. Everything is competitive. Whatever you don't love and aren't good at gets filtered away. You are just left with your truest self.

Every side quest is more an exploration to yourself. It's a future path you have explored enough to make sure its not a main quest. It's part of your growing process.

I have one archetype of people I personally relate more than anything else. It's already good friends and me some we how third wheeling. Somehow someway the group of 3 is where I thrive the most. Two people already same sex friend allows me to become the puerdo therapist I always desire.

In all other facets I always fail to keep the same friendship I started with. Maybe it's some sort of very obscure version of the placebo effect. But this whole page is in its most purest form bullshit. I have no idea what makes the final level of friends. To me it's pretty simple. When you walk away from the hangout or hangouts do you feel like you enjoyed it. Do you feel good inside. In some sense no other metric matters.

By the time you see the end of this book. If you pay DLC price you will see every chapter has at least one page named friendship. That's because it by far the most interesting topic. A person with perfect friendships has a full void. You don't need anything else to satisfy you. Sure a good relationship is hard. But it's so much harder to impress a full community.

The social credit score you get from dating someone is only midly as impressive as how many Instagram tags you get during your birthday.

Even a rich or successful or famous person can only assume how many real friends they have. Compared to how many friends who like they can not form their merit instead of their soul.

So maybe weird best friends is my only real approach to level 3 friends. To people who I trust enough to travel with. But at the same time at least I have the emotional intelligence to accept that.

Chapter 7B: The Simp

In theory, life has two universally condemned actions: sexual assault and littering. These acts are indefensible, never associated with good character, and impossible to justify.

This chapter proposes a third: to simp. To lose yourself in the relentless pursuit of something or someone that may not be worth the cost. It is humility twisted into self-sabotage, submission, and the ultimate loss of control.

This chapter examines how overconfidence, mental games, and desperation can derail us, revealing the abstract ways this dynamic plays out in life.

A parasocial relationship is not a feeling of joy. The person will never truly like you or know you. They will only conjure their passion towards a fantasized version of you. A persona so perfect even the smallest imperfection will be viewed as betrayal. You owe them their fantasy and to take that away is a crime worse than the crime you committed to take them out of their immersive state.

As a civilian these concepts may seem foreign. Your obsession and pedestals are like smaller size but the correlations to the concepts above still apply. Love and Like revolve around concepts based on reality. Based on objective compatibilities, personalities, actions and memories. Lust and Limerence are concepts based on fantasy. They are based on the unknown in which the Simp fills in the gaps with imaginary highly inaccurate perceptions.

The shorter breakups are often the harder ones. Before your brain can fully understand the flaw in the recent pursuit. The less you know someone the more easily it is to be volatile towards them. You can go from hating, to love, to fucking all with a 3 course meal and couple drinks.

That volatile can create a lose/lose scenario for the Simp victim. Either you fulfill their and reach their impossible fantasy state or they will hate you. When the simping takes place in areas of forced interaction like work and friend groups the issues become worse. You are often forced in drama and conflict unless you agree to their terrorist-esque demands. Simping isn't a crime with collaterals.

I experience the worst kind of empathy when I see someone jinx themselves. It happens when I watch someone find a new way to self-sabotage.

In any competitive situation, there is always a mental game. You have to stay fully present, fully locked in, for an extended period of time. But moderation is key; overthinking can sabotage you just as much as losing focus. At some point, though, your brain gives up.

You are up by 20 points. You nailed the interview. She texted you a smiley emoji. Whatever the situation, your willpower breaks, and you start skipping ahead to the finish line. You are so close to success that you stop, and just like that, you let the tortoise win the race.

Failure feels like divine intervention, as if the universe itself humbles you for overstepping. But it is not divine—it is just a little too much entitlement and arrogance.

When you face a setback with humility, it is just another hill to climb. But when simping creeps in, every setback feels catastrophic. You give up long before the opportunity decides for you.

My brother once threw a beanbag during cornhole and missed. Instead, he landed on the board and reset his score, even though he had already "won." That beanbag moment sticks with me, because 99% of the time, it is not my brother making these mistakes. It is me.

The amount of people who have asked me how many people I hooked up with on this trip is fascinating. Not sure if NY has ruined me but the number seems symbolic at best.

I broke up with my girlfriend a month ago. I don't really give a shit about sex. It has no purpose when it's the farthest away from making love. I don't get it. There's no desperation or validation need there's no real point.

Sure you can makeout with someone or just hangout with them. But the goal of always having sex seems short sighted. It just doesn't have a purpose to me. I'm never going to complain when it happens but I'm not going to seek it out by any means.

Maybe the brain just on backwards for me. Maybe I'm too much of a Simp. The idea of fucking someone is better than actually doing it.

Either way I'm not going to let any persons rejection of me ruin my night. I'm not going to tunnel vision on anyone who simply shows me attention. Personally, it's all about the lore and the bits then the random assigned goal of sex. The guy who was challenged to Valorant with a random girl at 4am makes more jealous than a person who competes the usual goal.

Premature Victory

Whenever my girlfriend and I clink glasses with water, we always receive the same sharky comment: "You know, toasting with water is bad luck." So what?

I'm 6'5" do I really need more luck? Why does it matter how much superstition and luck I rely on? I don't want my successes to come from finding four-leaf clovers. I want every possible excuse eliminated when I succeed.

If I have to apply five times for a promotion, that just means I'm four times closer to the next one. I could quit the team. I could give up and get promoted somewhere else.

Sometimes, you just want a challenge. For example, do you want the right answer, or do you want to pick the answer that provides more of a challenge?

I'm not here to judge you based on your poll answers. I'm just here to provide you the pages that you ask for.

In today's non affordable modern society, there's a growing appeal to date a guy "who will pay for everything." Money is harder and harder to come by, so the appeal doesn't need much explanation. But even as the appeal to simp for rich people rises I have some warnings for you

Dating someone who covers dinners, trips, and even rent doesn't require casual money. For you, it's pretty nice. But for them, the monthly bill adds up fast. It starts to feel less like a relationship and more like raising an adult child. They still love you but it's expensive.

To find someone like this, you're left with a strange set of men. We can place them in one of four categories: imported, busy, weird, or old. Each has their own problems.

The import rich boy is someone who was born into wealth. Not a crime, necessarily, but at best, it means they haven't lived a life like yours. At worst, they've never been told no and have the maturity of a child. In the middle, you get some off-brand version of Fifty Shades of Grey where you give up your autonomy to become a background character. He pay with his trust fund, and you pay with therapy. In

The busy rich guy wasn't born rich, but will absolutely die that way. He's chasing the last speckle of the American Dream. His money comes from working so hard that dating becomes a calendar item, maybe a New Year's resolution. The number of kids will be based on how it affects his next promotion. You're not dating a bad guy, you're just not dating anyone at all. He pays with his sweat and tears, and you pay with loneliness.

The weird rich guy is, in some abstract ways, a better version of me. He works in tech, makes good money, and isn't evil or busy, just... strange. He pays for everything because he doesn't have the social skills to convince you otherwise. Your friends will call him nice, but slowly stop hanging out with them or even you. He fund this with fake tech stocks, and you pay by teaching Fun and Normal classes every day.

The last guy is mature, stable, and not even that busy. Maybe too mature. He was able to get rich without drawbacks because you weren't born yet. To afford someone like you without going broke, he had to wait. He won't get your TikToks or your inside jokes, but he'll get really good at pretending. Just like you get good at pretending he's good in bed. He pays with his life earnings and you pay with your youth.

I'm not saying any of these lives are bad. Most seem alright to me. But I don't really consider it "paying for everything." Even if free you still have to pay a lot of abstract taxes.

Chapter 7C: "A Spectrum"

As a society we have decided to define dumb labels for things that don't need one. We have decided to make spectrum into binary parts.

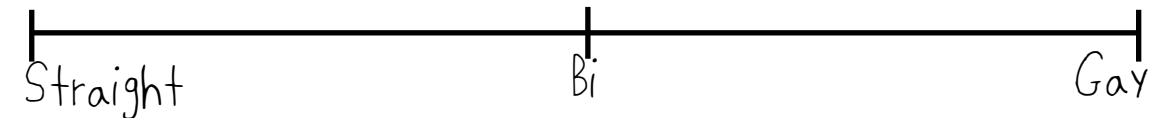
You're not an introvert, anxiously attached or gay, or an alcoholic. No single point is ever reached for any of these things. These are end states but instead graphs in which you can progress further or less in.

Your entire mindset isn't correct. Life is rarely if ever zero sum. By doing one thing you don't automatically lose something else.

This chapter has no science to back this up quite yet but give me a few years I'll prove it.

There is nothing carried with more pride than straight men being straight. A deep, rooted fear of being called gay has created a social construct of binary straightness. Despite that most porn being watched has a couple dicks in it the act is still as straight it comes I guess.

The truth is though being straight has nothing to do with being gay. You are visualizing it wrong. Your brain tells you this:



The reality look a lot more like this.



This really makes the truth unfortunate. Being super straight just means you're bad at being gay. You haven't learned to get past the social and mental barrier. To be more straight though is also kind of awkward.

The most straight person has a couple different solutions. Do you find any girl at all attractive. Do you have no standards at all? Or do you have to like all parts of being straight. Do you need to like giving head a certain amount. Honestly, I'm not really sure and honestly I'm not sure I care. I don't think it's something worth bragging about as the world slowly shifts against you.

Expanded Extroversion Theory (Original Book)

Can you actually be an extrovert? Or for that matter an introvert?

The more you think about it the less sense it makes.

Does a person really exist on a spectrum. You can't like going out and reading. That's apparently illegal.

For that matter enjoying reading and video games is a personality trait you can't change.

NONE OF THIS SHIT MAKES ANY FUCKING SENSE.

Feeling tired after going out, are you sure it's not just because you're hungover or sleepy? Oh, you're labeled as an introvert. Well, why not try solitary confinement? Does that really "give you energy"?

Wow it turns out just like everyone else you're "a bit of both". This spectrum always seems to be close to the middle that's so bizarre. How about a different type of phrasing.

These are not personality traits that are in conflict with each other. Instead, they are separate skills, just like everything else. Getting better at one doesn't make you worse at the other.

Going out, reading, socializing, being alone are not something that's out of your control. They are just measurable ideas of how many days in a row you can handle being around others or being by yourself.

You don't go to gym because of your grandiose goals of being jacked it has nothing to do with your intro/extro version.

Once you finally decided to pick someone and get past the interview stage you start to finally progress into love. You start actually heading towards actual dating. You reach the point of comparison. Is my partner doing enough for me.

You can also reach this with any roommate but that's besides the point.

-----Stage 1 Equality-----

The steps to fairness are easy. You don't need to do anything too crazy. Just build a chore wheel. Just split the venmos down the middle. All you need to do is ensure all things are split evenly and there's no need to do much else.

Of course this isn't really love. You have entered some sort of transactional world. Even the basic laws of opportunity cost tells you this is wrong.

-----Stage 2 Equability-----

Alright you discovered your different skills. Turns out when one person makes a significant splitting money makes less sense. You don't have the same cooking or planning skills.

However, you're still missing the point. You shouldn't be doing actions with the expectation of return.

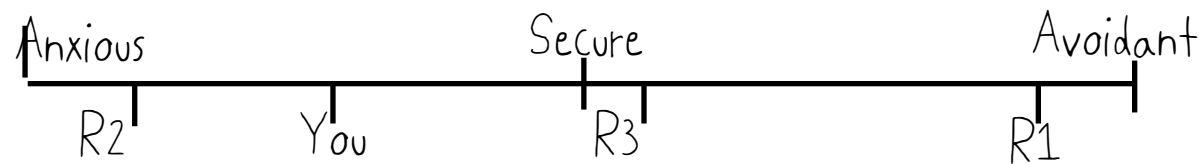
-----Stage 3 Pure -----

The final frontier is you do actions based purely on what needs to be done. You enter true collectivism. You do what needs to be done because it needs to be done no math involved.. Hard to maintain forever, but this is at least the ideal mindset.

Love Triangle

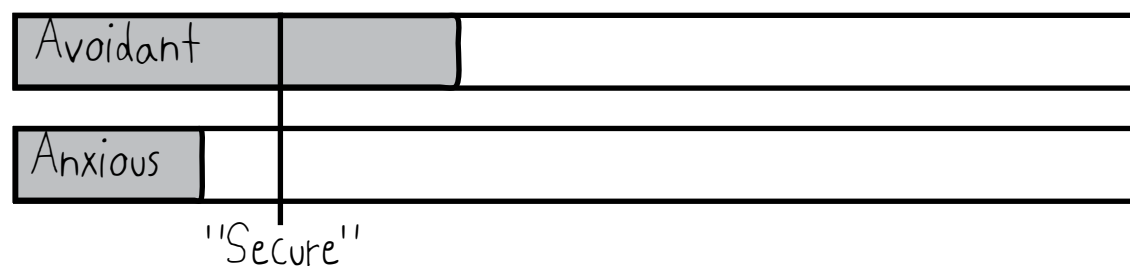
When you're parents left you in a room too long you apparently obtained some sort of attachment theory. You have one good or bad relationship and suddenly you solved it. You're actually anxious... wait but the next relationship you're actually avoidant... wait but somehow next time you're actually secure.

Turns out the labels you assigned to yourself from a buzzfeed survey might not actually be accurate. You don't really have a binary label but rather exist on a scale.

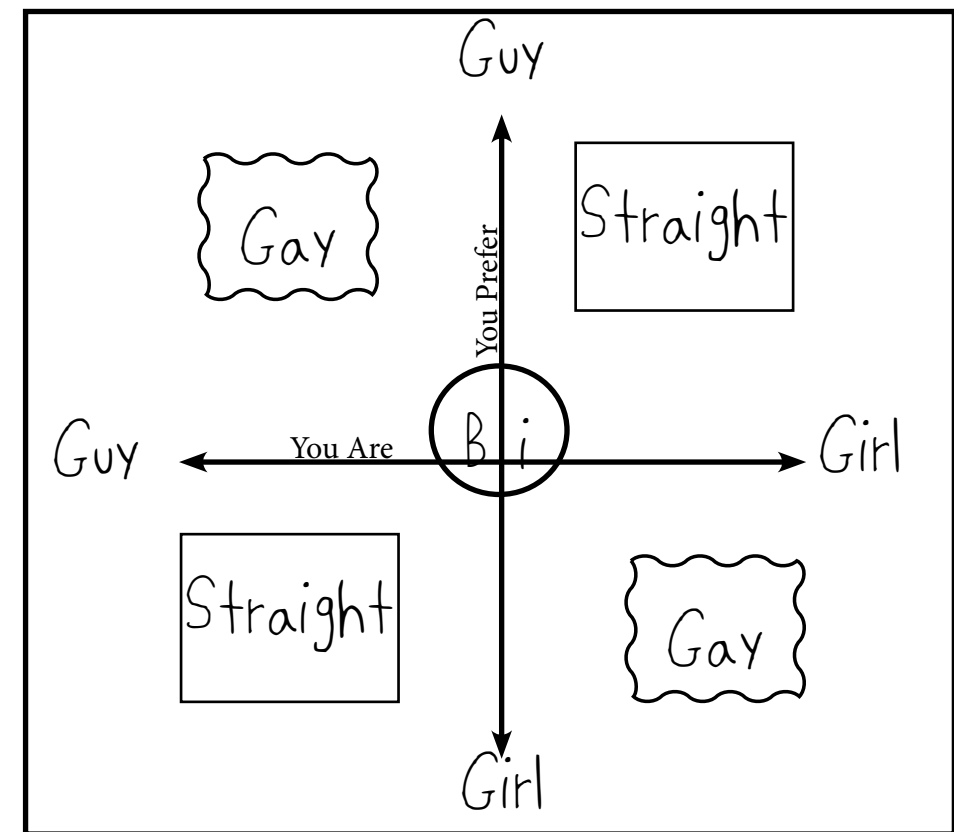


This is pretty simple concept. Instead of believing this is your destiny like everything else the label or position on this graph is only a starting point. You don't have to remain anxious until you die just because some scientist told you so.

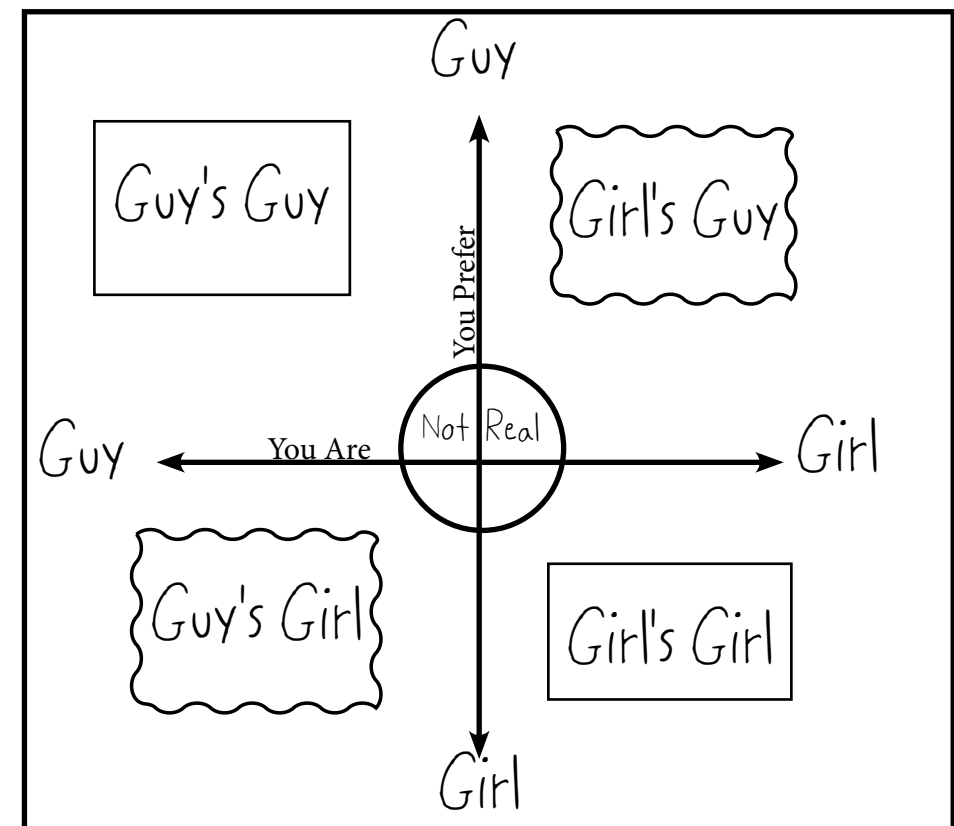
Instead you can start to question your anxious thoughts. You can learn to cope. You can stop avoiding your truths. You can learn to commit. You can create an inverse graph in which the goal is to be empty.



Sexual Orientation



Friend Orientation



I find myself somehow mimic my computer. Being obsessed with binary outcomes. All or nothing. It's going well it's going bad. The trip was worth it this tho was not. Friend for.

I don't want to be here. It is simply a logical fallacy. An artifact of ads or an assortment of other reasons. Everytime I can point and laugh at it it fades away.

Life isn't binary. You can't succeed most of the time you can just do things and hope the outcomes ends up more favorably than where you started.

As each day in the default zone passes I'm left with binary questions. Is this person job or adventure worth it for me. I find myself weighing bias plagued outcomes to justify an answer to people who are just trying to make conversation.

I find the entire parade or it more interesting. The binary result of was the latest love interest worth it better than just simply accepting an in between.

Being binary makes sense to me. It's how I was raised and support to function. Doing the opposite, exhibiting healthy less cagashizijg thought patterns is much harder. It's a path of constant reminder.

I can not fully fix or change that. I am an alcoholic to binary thought in this regard. I must complete this arbitrary goal or I have failed. But I'm not the first person to become sober by any means.

The Fifth Secretary Problem

The secretary problem if you're woke enough is a vaguely sexist idea about making decisions. The contrived scenario involves hiring a secretary but you can only see one candidate at a time and must say no to the previous to see the next one. The question is when should you stop. The answer is somehow after you've seen 37% of your max candidates you just chose the next good one.

This can be pretty easily applied to dating. You don't really date more than one person at once outside of New York. Once you're serious you must let go of what you currently go to explore the next option. So I guess if you follow this strategy dating your high school sweetheart is bad. Not really sure the marital status of this author though tbh.

The next one is also brought up quite a few times. You can't really have two jobs at once outside of COVID. Seems like half my friends have tried at this point. But the same basic rule applies. You need to make some leap of faith to the next job and you should apply and get a few offers before you say yes. I've only ever had two real offers and took both so not the best at following at this one.

The next and probably the closest to the real problem is apartment hunting. By the time you leave the showing of your apartment it will probably already be snatched up. If this isn't the case you probably have a pretty shit place. But I won't blame you if you want to live in ignorance.

T

The Fifth Secretary Problem Pt.2

The fourth one is pretty niche. Not as relatable I guess. I mean more relatable than hiring a secretary probably. When you go clothes shopping in places like Japan there is no refunds or returns. When you're with fashion type folks they are going to bring you like 20 stores. It's can become quite hard to know when to pull the trigger. In theory you could go back to the previous store but in theory the shirt you wanted could be taken. This was basically my entire trip so got quite good at this one. And by good I mean really good at eating away at my life savings.

The last and least fun one is gift getting. As the schedule day approaches. Birthday, Valentines, end of travel etc. You must decide at some point to buy a gift. You can be a gaijin and buy someone some Kit Kats. They will probably like it better than anything else you get. But you could also hold out and maybe find the best gift ever. To me, gift giving is one of God's greatest gifts. But only on my only terms only out of the blue. The moment it becomes forced my skills flounder significantly.

The morale of the story is that there are multiple different secretary problems in nature. Somehow I'm pretty bad at all of them. If you ever want to hire a secretary I wouldn't consult me.

Chapter 8A: Mindset

Page 213

I love my drinking ticket

"I'm sure the three of you remember when I got my public intoxication ticket". Here's my poor justification of why it's good. Even better this is why I respect my friend so much for trying trying to go to court to get out of it.

There is a something about a challenge that really turns me on. The less reward the better. The local zoomer doctors are calling bit sexual. I'll do anything for the bit.

This is the first chapter that uses the word "I instead of you". Like obviously that's not true but the general vibe of that is true. But people said that the words on the page didn't relate to them so I should use I instead. Even though that's dumb.

But like truly I enjoy the challenging of using "I". In a smioad vein, I like my parking ticket. I like the challenge that enters my life. Or at least I'm able to vaguely justify my self sabotagey behavior.

When you say you hate Google. It's an idea that hard to comprehend. Because like it's a pretty good job from the surface. It's followed by a heavy prejudice of entitlement.

It doesn't really change the idea consent. Torture is all about making someone do something they don't want. The rule is called Expectation of Optionality. As in you need to have the ability to opt out if you want. When a job starts to suck you lose that each day. Every day feels like a micro dose of torture. So the real truth is you can truly dislike and

People love making jokes about how everyone's suddenly autistic now. But maybe it's not that far off.

My girlfriend remembers every restaurant she's been to, what she ate, and who was there. I remember how to write a for loop and gaslight my boss into thinking I'm still more useful than chatGPT. We all have our gifts.

You call that a disorder. I call it specialization. My PM can generate a tier list for every country and city on the planet. That's fine because it involves going outside. But memorize the Star Wars timeline and suddenly you're a Tier 2 BetterHelp subscriber?

Adderall's selling out globally. TikTok gets the blame. So does "screen time." But maybe it's just the obvious; we're all getting smarter in increasingly deranged ways. The difference is purely social constructs.

Don't send me a 6-paragraph rebuttal. I know you're normal. You run marathons for fun, memorize sports fantasy facts with your dad, and collect fuzzy stuff animals. You're fine.

I mean maybe there really is a correlation with vaccines. Seems like we have all become experts on height, attachment styles, and microdosing shrooms during the pandemic. Maybe the right wing conspirators were cooking something after all.

Anyway, I realized I need to go back to my roots. I want to stop hearing "yo that made some good points" and start hearing "yo... are you okay?"

That's how I'll know we're so back.

Let's say my work has bagels every Tuesday. It does, but let's say it does anyway. And let's say that among these bagels there's one special one: an egg everything. Known by most connoisseurs as the best bagel.

So who deserves the golden bagel? Is it the person who never comes in, who has trouble sleeping, who decides for once to put in the effort and show up early? Or is it the person who comes in every Tuesday and has always wanted one? In some sense, it's hard to say what the fair answer is.

But then you go further. What if one person is a woman and the other is a man? Does that change it? What if one is Black? Or one is younger? Or above or below six feet? What if one voted for Trump? What if one is an immigrant?

In theory, the answer becomes a much shittier version of the trolley problem. In practice, the answer happens within microseconds and goes completely undiscussed. Probably first come, first served, with a quiet contempt depending on who wins.

What about a writing group with one spot left? Who deserves it? The person who shows up every week and has been waiting? Or the person who almost never shows up but decides to come this one time?

Your brain tells you the obvious answer is that luck should be the deciding factor. But your heart, and your biases, tell you otherwise. Either way, the result never feels very fair.

I'm sharing this with my writing group Thursday. Hoping I get picked. I don't go very often.

It's universally known that with 5 texts, you could pretty much convince someone of anything.

Whether it's liking Trump or liking a girl, you don't need much to entirely change your life.

But the hard part is actually knowing what those 5 texts are.

If you tell someone their exact birthday and Netflix password by random chance, that's technically possible...but honestly, pretty creepy. Wouldn't really help much.

There's no singular person who thinks the same. No online strategy that's going to hand you the unsolvable solution.

You really don't need to worry about the current vibe of the world. It's never that far from being okay. It's just about sending the right 5 texts.

It's believing that the first four mattered, even if nothing visibly changes. Because these texts are lagging indicators.

For every action, there's an equal and opposite reaction. When you fuck up, it's just sending the wrong three texts and all you have to do is send the right fourth and fifth.

The text might not always be some simple. Tact and timing is needed possibly even some flowers. ☐

Most tough decisions in life have a mysterious element to them. Whether it choosing which person to date or job to take you're never quite sure what the final straw is.

But, when it comes to making a negative decision. A break up, a job quit, or unfortunately the end of one's own life there is often a clear path.

You start off with an incline. The idea of leaving pops up in your head. A bit of fantasiful dreaming happens. But what if, I was single. What if I had a new job.

Each day, week, month passes and the idea starts to grow. Each element of bullshit begins to pile up. The pot is already near boiling point at you are finally starting to feel the heat. You no longer complain as it no longer feels worth it.

This is when the idea fully manifests. Where the idea of quitting is closer to reality than staying. All that is left is the last push. Sometimes, a huge step but often not. In short flings the final reason is often more an excuse than a justification.

Each point you don't quit you normalize the previous reason. When you don't quit when the job becomes 20% worse than you instead accept the 20% lower expectation of life.

But, the free will comes in by how you choose to accept this 13th reason. Sometimes, you fight past it and sometimes you don't.

There's nothing that gets a worse rap than relaxing. If you want to stare at your phone for an hour you might have committed murder. We attribute doom scrolling to hating yourself.

Gen z laugh off the stereotypes of being lazy. They don't believe the lies about the Starbucks eating into the housing budget. The idea of being bored though is well believed. You don't like "Instagram or TikTok you're just afraid of your thoughts". I'm here to tell you maybe you're just tired.

Somehow capitalism has seeped into our veins. The immense guilt you feel during a night of doing nothing is somehow logical. How come you didn't go to the gym or a date? For you to do nothing is wrong.

What thoughts am I afraid of? What productivity is needed? Rotting is the rebellion. It's the decision to proactively decide to do nothing. To embrace whatever activity your brain tells you to do. To crawl into bed with a full water bottle and scroll into your hearts content. To play that video game that makes no fucking sense until you reach some sort of ending.

The guilt is the issue. The feeling that what you are doing is wrong is what causes the stress. The moment you realize your brain is worn out and this is actually healing it the moment it becomes a positive outcome.

Life is quite literally changing 1,000 miles a second. As love, work and life gets harder it's not a crime to give yourself a chance to process it. Don't believe the critics life isn't that fucking short.

It's one thing to be in the majority and be wrong. That happens pretty often. The masses can be pretty dumb at times. Shaving doesn't make your hair grow back thicker or gum stick around for 7 years. Trump was not a good presidential choice.

But it's so much worse to be in the minority and be wrong. To have a flat-earth-level mindset and still be wrong. That's what happens when you try to avoid being fun or normal.

Let me explain this the only way I know how: with lighting. The best kind of lighting isn't bright white. It's a little dim, maybe purple or orange. A good suit or dress shirt is usually plain and boring. You don't need to try that hard. There's nothing complex about it.

But its simplicity can be mistaken for stupidity. A nice, boring shirt does look good. And it feels good. You don't have to add some weird bullshit to make it better. That's a mindset I've fought against my whole life.

It's because life always seems to come with some added complexity layer. There are always supposed to be hidden depths. So when you embrace simplicity, it feels suspicious, like it can't possibly be enough.

Weirdness thrives by breaking expectations. A normal shirt with a single strange trinket carries more weight than a full-blown Met Gala outfit. You need to build on normalcy to make the weirdness hit harder. So I'm giving normalness a bit more credit for once.

Like the font on this page.

Chapter 8B: The Social Death Penalty

Canceling is a bit interesting. A new form of fun that uses questionable evidence and high amount of emotion to destroy someone.

Where in the past an apology may have been enough the present assumes

I decided to perform a new kind of boycotting. Not based on company or person but on the culture of canceling. A movement filled 50% with genuine good intentions and 50% with some sort of poisoned well. To cancel someone is to decide they are not worthy of doing the task god gifted them. To do the task they are most designed for. You can no longer make YouTube videos instead do some other soul crushing shit.

To me a better punishment is timeout. A break with an expectation on return. An objective counsel who can dull out social punishments the same way a judge should. A new social supreme court so to speak. But until that I'm not longer canceling

Even the final form of hating someone is cancelling them. Even on a local level. Every single point of life should be considered changeable. Every person has some sort of puzzle to solve to change. But to not give them the chance seems a bit cruel. Especially given the root of the movement stems from some convenient form of tolerance.

I don't want you to misquote anymore than you have too. The sentiment is simple the current form of canceling is used as a weapon instead of as a shield. There is still plenty of fucks who deserve the exact sentence they have already achieved. But the collateral damage is enough for me to boycott. Not fully. The same way a person boycotts the Uber app but still take them when you pay.

Why Famous People Matter

The goal of prison is often disputed. The most ideal version is reform. To change a person and make them better. In the most cynical version it's to turn them back into profit making members of society.

The secondary, worse goal is a deterrent. To create a society of fear that causes people not to do the crime. This often doesn't really work in practice but helps in some circumstances. I'm more scared of the insane punishments of a DUI than actually killing someone. At the same time the cynical version is the same, the goal is to make people fall in line.

This is the problem. If a person is helpful to society and already fearing crimes a punishment is usually the wrong move. You don't want to force someone to stop being productive due to a mistake.

There is so many youtubers, content creators, celebrities who have important, interesting things to say but no platform to do so. Oftentimes, they are silenced for a crime in which has no relevance to their work.

Sure, you need people to behave. You need a safe environment for women. But you also need to have a way to do so without ending ones social life for every issue that occurs.

The Future

The issue with canceling on future context is the disbelief or what the future will hold. The future could be completely vegan. Every person can and will be Bi. Only dating one sex could be considered very faux pas.

Let's say we decide every who doesn't currently fit that bill should be eliminated. We end up with have 5 people left and they haven't done anything but check boxes.

If a person is actively worse than their peers in some regard than a future cancellation can be justified. But the issue is everyone has their own goals. Each person chooses which global issues they will help fix while they assume other will fill in the remaining gaps.

When it comes to composting, or vegetarianism, or political protesting is that they each have very separate paths. To reach the absolute historical ground breaking limits in any path you need to ignore the other ones.

A person had slaves when they were legal and "normal" and then got rid of them when they were illegal is not doing anything wrong. The act of slavery is awful but the law is evil not the followers of it.

What's somehow more evil though is how our current meat is made. Once that is eradicated and we stop eating meat you aren't a bad person. Your current actions made sense given the current context.

When you look back at your past self the best possible reaction is cringing. You should be in disbelief of how much worse you were in the past. This means that you have grown and changed. When someone says, "No I was cool in highschool" that's not the brag they think it is.

As society the same is true. What was okay in the past is not okay now. From civil to women's rights we had made huge progress. The past behaviors of other should seem insane. That doesn't mean we should hate them though.

Christopher Columbus made some real mistakes in life. In general an awful person but in the end he did find America for the Europeans which later became the US. We are fine to condemn him for his bad actions but his statue doesn't need to be taken down.

When I was a kid we use the word Gaywad as an insult. We still use suck dick as an insult. I'm literally Bi. Canceling me for being homophobic wouldn't be productive to any cause. We must learn to historical context into affect.

If the person at the time was deemed to be more right and a hero they deserve that status in perpetuity. Not every cause need to be everyone else mission.

Canceling is the nuclear bomb of options. The target is wiped out but there is a large impacted radius of people affected. When you cancel an Actor and boycott their movies you are eradicating more than just their work. The director and producer and supporting cast picked the wrong "country" I guess.

The issue is there is no limit to how far you can hate. You find out J.K. Rowling hate trans people probably and start hating her. What about her continued followers? What about the movies? What about the spin off series? You start to see an end game of the world where every other series has someone to cancel. A world where every past media is deemed not morally watchable.

Whatever allows you to fit your narrative you deem is the correct position. Tolerance isn't the objective truth you are taught in school. To be against all homophobic people, Israel supporters, gun owners, politicians, techies, and religious folks. You somehow hate half the country but are "super tolerant".

You are free to dislike whatever you want. No one is forcing you to watch House of Cards. But, if you decide that the show itself doesn't deserve to be on Netflix. If you judge people are still fans. You are simply making rules of thin air that are convenient for you.

If I purposed a plan to randomly stop people on the NY subway and see if they are committing crimes. The response would not be roaring applause.

The issue is there an expectation they we don't want to live in a surveillance state. We want some sort of lenience for crimes so that only things that get caught are punished. Medical amnesty is great example of circumventing crimes for the common good.

As we begin to cast a spotlight someone more and more the amount of secrets slowly evaporate. Every single mistake they have ever made becomes public.

Part of the reason due process works is because crimes need to be done frequent and aggressive enough to get caught. This creates a society with some natural rule bending.

When you remove this process and even the burden of proof for the process you no longer can have legacies. Only temporary heroes that dissapear over time.

The culture of dating causes most humans to make mistakes. Anything from reading signs, to seducing, to breaking up is messy.

To punish someone for an eternity for any mistakes in these catergories creates a stop and frisk society that is prejvice towards fame.

This chapter seems to have lots of complaints without much solutions in the process. You can't have Harvey Winsitens in the world able to do what they do without consequence. Each innocent cancellation is like followed by 100s of real ones.

There seems to be a weird dichotomy we either send some to the social shadow realm or we let them go Scott free. Same with brands. How do you tell a brand they are bad without boycotting them.

The issue with the standard tech worker philosophy is the lack of action. Every person including me seems to have such high morale ideas but doesn't really do anything about them. We still need some sort of action.

This is why a nuanced version of canceling should be possible. How can a person be for restorative justice, for criminal forgiveness but still believe in canceling. They are very much at odds.

This is why we needs something a bit more complex. We need a new social court system that rewrites criminal law system with a new standard.

A court system in which the burden proof is less but still existent. A social supreme court.

A new jury would form. A collection of celebrities or other individuals likely ones who have been canceled. They would follow very similar patterns than a normal court system.

There would be lawyers and statements made by both the celebrities and individuals. But, instead of blind hate a fair sentencing would be dolled out.

This could include a fine to the victims. But could include the deplatforming of their content from social media for X amount of months. A brand deal embargo for a set amount of time. Community service or therapy could also be recommended.

This of course would not be enforced. All companies could choose to accept or reject the court orders. The brands could do the same. There isn't really the point.

The point is a sentence is dolled out with some sort of finality. A year of therapy is a fair sentence for a mistake. This system would incentive bigger fines for shorter time.

The famous people which the exception of their mistake often are doing a benefit to society. To remove their ability to do this during their prime would only hurt the world not help it.

When you bring up to the average person Louie CK cancellation their a bit of confusion. Didn't he assault someone? Well not quite. What about Kevin Spacey how bad was his actions. Well actually pretty bad.

This lies the problems. People do not care enough or have enough time to understand every person's social crimes. This is what makes the court more appealing.

Chapter 3C: Salt & Pepper

You can cook a steak as well as you want, but if you don't season it, you're a mediocre chef at best. It's not a hard step or an expensive one. The salt shaker will cost you pennies and seconds per meal to season. Yet, you still have to do it. Life has additional components to it besides eating.

A cake at a birthday adds an extra layer of enjoyment and can cost 20 bucks. A candle can add a bit of symbolic lighting to an area, while a plant can add some symbolic greenery. These things aren't hard or complicated. You spent 30 group texts and 3 hours planning the guest list. You spent 3 weeks stressing about the right 50 words for the Partiful description that no one has read. But the 5 dollars it cost to add some decorations was too much effort.

The reason for this failure may be a bit surprising. Sure some of it is lack of awareness or a bit too much tizz. Once you've left the suburbs and tried your first Hello Fresh, you should know how to season though. You've been to a good party before (hopefully). It's much more likely a real lack of self-esteem and anxiety.

When you buy the decorations. When you add the special effects and editing. When you put in effort, then your failure is so much worse. It's so much more personal. If you didn't try, then you don't have to take credit for the work.

You used some truly inspirational mental gymnastics to not have to admit you cared. You didn't simp for the event.

For a large portion of the population this seems like a fine conclusion. All you end up declaring though is the more generic and watered down your music the best. Appealing to mass appeal isn't exactly a great way to quantify the best.

Okay though, where do you go from there. If you're not going to disregard popularity and the democratic decision how else do you assess. One sign of a real artist. Is the signs of how many of those fans are actually Stans. The best house parties are a lot smaller than the shitty ones.

If you going to rank artists by number of Stans you end up with the same Swift conclusion but if you instead use a ratio is gets a bit interesting. If everyone who listens to you, loves you how can you not be the best. Of course, if only one person listens to you and they are dating you and they love you it's not that interesting.

Art isn't subjective. It's some messy complicated middle ground that isn't fully solved at the moment. But, I can guarantee one thing you can objectively become better than you currently are. You can take meaning, measurable steps that can prove you are improving.

You might not be able to meaningful compare these to other people but that's not really the point. The goal always will and always should be yourself. It's the only person you can objectively be better than in all facets.

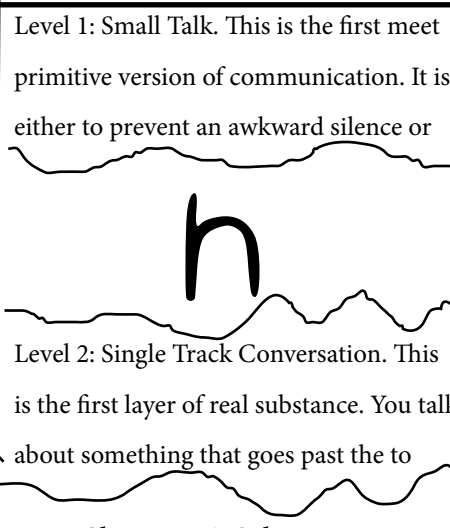
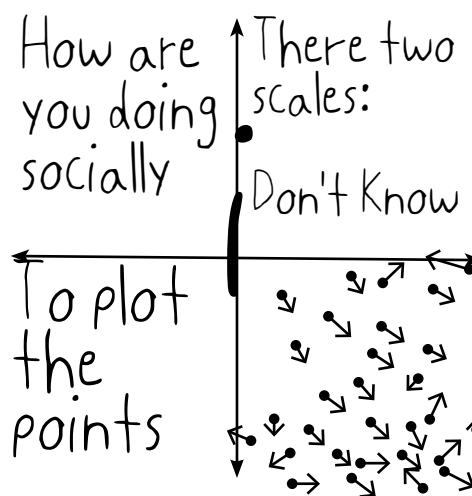
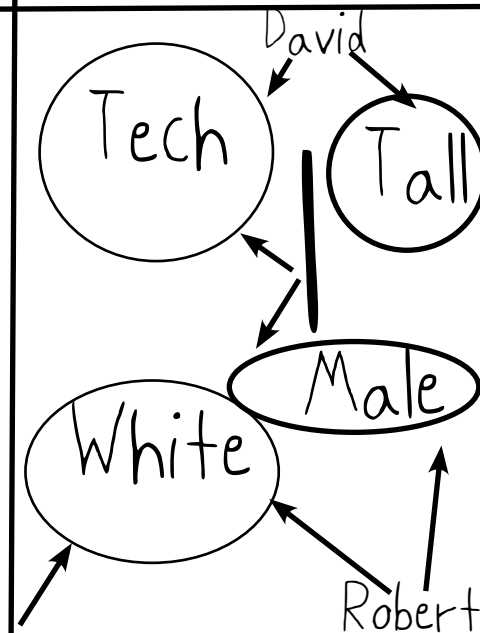
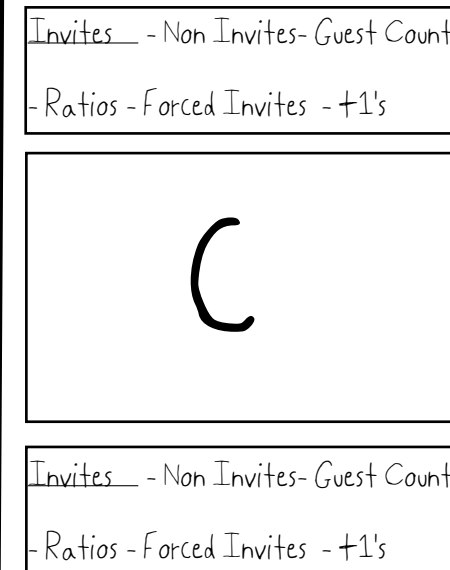
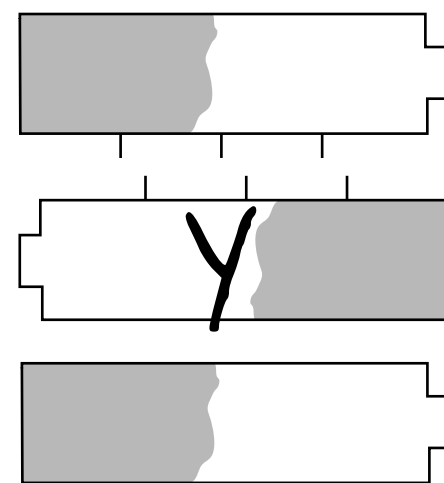
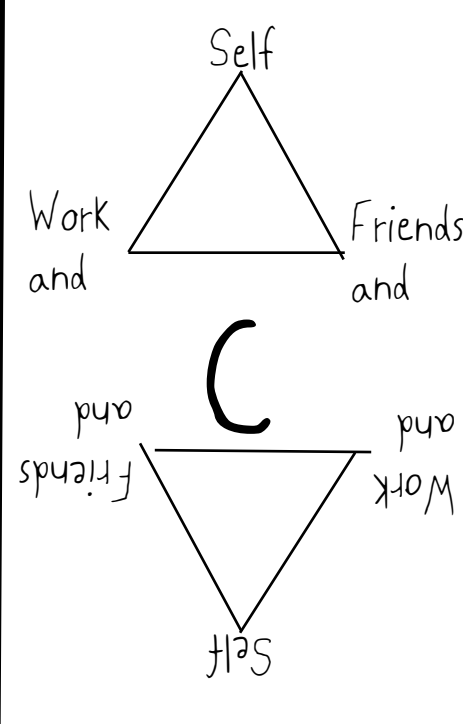
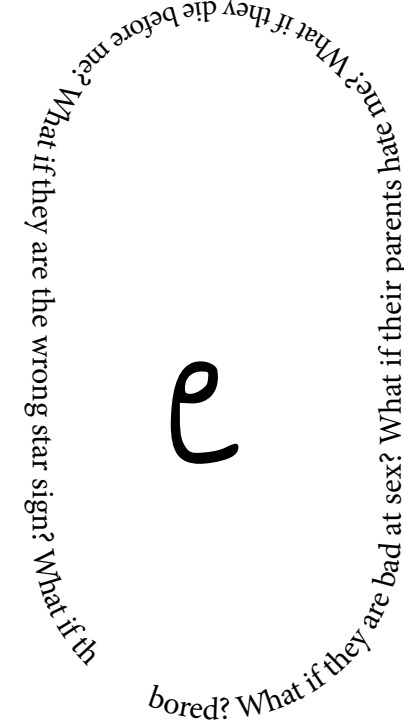
The Objectiveness of Art

To say that art is subjective is to be incorrect. You're telling me that there is no such thing as improvement. What ever you do better is only subjectively the case. This doesn't makes sense. Billie Ellish is a better singer than me not matter how you slice it. If I take 5 years of art classes my work will get better. Add seasoning is going to make something taste better regardless of the person.

Paradoxically art is not objective either. There is no agreed upon best singer in the world. There would be no competition to determine that. However, when narrowing the criteria it becomes easier to determine "the best". Best writer named Alex Lambert I might be able to make a case.

In fact this is almost what makes someone objectively good. Stephen King is so good at writing he might at the very least be the best Stephen or horror writer. You become so good at your niche people from outside of that niche appreciate you.

A person who hates Rom Coms love the movie you know it's actually objectively good. In fact you might be able to take this further. The person with the biggest objective niche is in fact that the best. Taking this to it's limit you end up in a popularity contest. The wider audience you have the more accepted you are outside of your niche. This strategy ends up with one complicated conclusion Taylor Swift is the best artist.



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

In theory nothing is wasted time. Every failed project, failed avenue could technically be used somewhere else instead. Or that 5 week pottery training might not help you quite your job but it could at least save you money on you're next gift.

There was a concert I went to recently as I've entered Bushwick DJ concert mode. Where every time the artist does something you figure out how you would do that but in a much shittier version.

I learned a new trick today for DJing. But I'm high enough that this idea may make no sense tomorrow.

DJ and song add random something in between. A dopamine reset, a piece of ginger with sushi. One might say if they were forcing this to somehow be the salt and pepper chapter.

You know you could almost say every single shit page is a loading page of sorts. But the best part is any page you hate becomes that filler whether I intend to or not.

It turns out it's pretty much just that simple. When you put effort. Even when I write a dogshit page I find some way to jam it into my book and recycle it. Not the best person for nature but I try to make all the shitty effort I can squeeze out be for some reason.

Even before phones, what's not viewed is not art. It needs the audience to become part of the zeitgeist. At least some form of it.

No matter how tame your grandiose delusions get. It's not possible to achieve your max potential. Your ideas in your head have flaws than when excited shine through.

This means you need to take this in account when you're creating. A chapter that seems good in theory is probably terrible once I sober up and it goes through the editing process.

Likewise a chapter that is actually amazing will turn out pretty good by the time it's over but still lose some awe on the way.

There is only one defense against this inevitable. One one way to bring the magic back. A second edit. A confidence and pride to take a chapter that has already been overtuned and redo it one last time.

A good comedian can tell jokes after a couple memorizations. But that same comedian once they have memorized the jokes too many times start to sounds too rehearsed and fake. But a great comedian memories so much they start to artificially add back breaks and "forgotten" lines.

To be good is skill based. But to be great is effort.

Salt and pepper, when you break it down, is a gimmick. It's a little sparkle that gets old fast. Sometimes it's worth taking a step back and just locking in.

Sometimes the simple line drawing does better than the crazy one filled with Easter eggs. Salt and pepper is the maximization of life. It represents the Japanese culture of intricate detail.

But doing both can be impossible. You have to choose ☐ make your house minimalistic or maximalist. You can't follow every ideology at once, or you'll saturate the taste.

Another way to describe the inverse of salt and pepper is "fun and normal." It's basic but clean. It's classy. You don't need three rings on every finger. You can just wear a white dress shirt and look good.

Salt and pepper represents effort, at least in the short term. It means going the extra mile. But just like a West Village hot girl, sometimes you don't need all that. Sometimes you're just hot. Salt and pepper is closer to Bushwick hot ☐ tattoos and fashion.

Effort, despite what you might hear, is a zero-sum game. You can't put it toward everything. Sometimes it's good to go all out. Other times, it's better to just let it be.

Salt and pepper is just like cocaine. It's a tool. Used at the right time, it can elevate everything. But when you only have a hammer, all you'll ever see are nails

Chapter 9A: The Draft

Page 243 The Unfortunate Parts of WW3

Before you get too excited - yes, you still have to work a 9-5. At least you'll enjoy it a bit more. Palantir's stock didn't jump 100 dollars for no one to work anymore. We don't gain UBI during the war. You've heard about other crises around the world, and you know how well aid has worked there. Better yet, you've seen every botched hurricane relief effort in this country, so you know exactly how that will go.

I want you to know, though, that it will still be fun. You will still go clubbing. You will still be drinking. War doesn't make you lame; if anything, it makes the parties better. It will never fully affect you the way Covid did. It will never fully affect you the way 9/11 did either, because nothing ever truly affects you. It's a secondhand shockwave, distant and diluted by the time it reaches you. The epicenter will be gone before they ever have to live through the aftermath.

WW3 won't even be called that. The headlines will use it for clicks, but the general population won't. We'll call it something softer. "Israel-Palestine Conflict." The Gulf of America War. The Tariff War. The names will shift until it feels less like history and more like background noise.

You will get to spend your hard earned money betting on which fantasy country blows up last. Your country never blow up, only your currency. You will be poorer than the college self, but you will not be poor. Just small inconveniences: the price of eggs tripling, random supply chain goods disappearing. But you will ignore it.

It's going to be okay. Just another season. Nothing different than high school, a move to NY, or any other crisis. You'll scroll past it like everything else.

The reverse lottery

The lottery, in all its abstract forms, has one shared value: an element of random luck. A property our unconscious brains crave, rewarding us with an undeserved hit of dopamine.

It's a known quirk of ours, one that's wonderfully exploited in all kinds of ways. The reason sports betting and loot boxes thrive. For most, it's harmless. A little less food on the table. For some, a large but ultimately still doomed payout.

But there's another kind of lottery, one that doesn't get celebrated. The random selection of people for a negative reward. The Hunger Games version.

That's the current state of life. While we grind through our 9-5s, the odds of an unlucky event seem to rise. The punishments, somehow, keep getting worse.

Every day, there's a new immigrant story. Some perfectly normal person ripped from their life and thrown into a dark abyss. The justification grows thinner. I mean come on they deserve it they forgot to file a form twenty years ago?

But don't worry you're safe! You're not an immigrant. Or a senator. Or a college student. Or a...

The reverse lottery works just like the real one. Only instead of dopamine, it pays out in fear.

A pointless death

I don't love posting this shit. I don't want to be the martyr these pages present. My worst fear is death. If the reason I'm one day kangaroo courted by a maga led court and sentenced for thought crimes I would be truly at a loss.

It's not that I don't enjoy writing this it's the fact that the people actually reading this rarely need convincing after the first post. Yet I continue.

I rather die with misery than fear a hypothetical I might end facing anyway. So if this is illegal. If as a us citizen it's illegal to criticize my own country i guess im going to enter a survival mode at some point.

But as many of my enemies begrudgingly must admit im a bit of a cockroach. Even if I have my back against a wall. I'm being broken up with a fired in all direction I manage to wiggle myself out of it.

It takes 5% of the country to rebel to stop an authoritarian government. That's some made of fact that keeps my motivation coming. So fuck Trump and fuck everything he stands for.

You can eventually kill me the same way you will everyone else but I get to at least grandstand that I stood up in those Milgrim style experiments. I'm not going to be the one who sticks my head in the sand and slowly lets the groups around me die.

I rather cry wolf and look like a fool. To die a pointless death and not change anything. To preach to a cohort of given up souls then to have a second death on the wrong side of history. Chapter 9A The Draft

Chapter 9B: The Social Death Penalty 2

The usual bullshit reason we de-platform someone is because they can't be role models anymore. This person makes one mistake and suddenly I guess the concept is kids watching will start doing that act. It belongs in same bullshit argument of school shooters deciding to do their actions through violent video games.

An artist and creator are inspiring because of the work they do. They make kids happy for the actions they show on screen. Their personal life is only understood by judgmental adults.

The only thing a kid learns is don't make mistakes. They learn to never truly have a role model because at anytime they can be zapped from the screen forever by the social police for any mishap they have.

This is not what we should teach the world. We should be teaching the future generation forgiveness. What's better than giving people the social death penalty is to give them a path towards redemption.

Picture a movie where the main character makes a mistake. Then they realize what they done and change and make the world better. Then at the end they step down because they messed up the past and mistakes are bad.

Not really an Oscar winner in my book.

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nd roses. If you think I'm pretty || Stay, won't you stay? || I want you here with me || Always seem to be alone || And I was the darkness she needed || But you're always on my mind || Pretty face with two sides || But I gotta let you go || hey dad can you read this

When Ukraine was invaded we had but one goal. Let's get McDonalds and Starbucks out of Russia. This will really show Putin not to attack a neighboring country.

There was one issue though. The war continued basically as expected without any change. The chances this affected Putin in any meaningful way is doubtful. All it did was upset the Russia innocent civilians.

When the fast food worker is yelled at for the wrong prices. You don't affect the company who decided the prices only the random civilian forced to show that price.

When you tell the random worker you are never coming back to the location. You aren't affected his day at all only the manager of the store who is unaware of the situation.

When you get mad at the government for passing bullshit policies and riot you don't affect the politicians. You only affect the innocent cleanup workers with more of a job to do.

The right energy towards the wrong person is more negative than helpful. Could the innocent war-torn Russia civilian rise up, probably. But would you do the same in their position probably not.

Photo of the author, created with Midjourney. I created with Midjourney. Photo of the author, created with Midjourney.

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When there is a person on a virtual witch hunt. A sizeable part of the population decides it times to dump their entire carthsis into whatever is currently trending.

YOU SHOULD KILL YOURSELF. YOU ARE A TERRIBLE PERSON AND YOU SHOULD DIE. I HOPE YOU HAE A MISERABLE REST OF YOUR LIFE.

All the person did was eat the wrong type of bread one day. You have to wonder if this person a good person. Does telling a celebretiy to kill themsevles who committed assualt a good thing. What is the purpose of the action.

Most assulters stories seem to be written with a guilt on conciousness. Often times what they want more than anything else is some validation and some peace. There hope can even be reasonable at times.

The idea that an accuser want a random civilian to send a death threat seems a bit fantastical for me. You don't want the death penalty to exists but you don't want the famous person to know that.

For cancelling a true think thereore I am starting point is wishing someone the death penalty is bad.

The usual bullshit reason we de-platform someone is because they can't be role models anymore. This person makes one mistake and suddenly I guess the concept is kids watching will start doing that act. It belongs in same bullshit argument of school shooters deciding to do their actions through violent video games.

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Page 7 maybe

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Addiction can feel in so many ways powerless. One way especially is tolerance. As you do something more and more the result becomes more and more dull. You need an increase amount to maintain a steady experience. In this sense it almost feel like all drugs can only curve towards addiction.

I would like to submit my anecdotal evidence towards the opposite for adderall. Adderall is easily the most high maintenance drugs out there. There is a period of sadness right after it. You must eat and sleep despite your brain telling you it's the incorrect time for that. You must suffer a less productive day after.

However, with these issues managed you unlock a powerful tool. A drug that turns your brain's chaos into calm. You unlock a video game controller for you life. You say let's study for 2 hours and you end up studying for at least an hour instead of 15 minutes.

When it compares to ingesting poison to make you dumber like alcohol it's supirising that adderall is less addictive. But I have gone down in dosage and uses per week. Monday/Wednesday are the only day the tool

You know what sucks about life is that the reward algorithm is too faulty. You can try all you want at work there is no guarantee in any return. Love and Friendships have a convoluted strange way of putting effort. A raw passion towards someone doesn't tend to end in a good result.

But there is one place where effort always ends up in a perfect reality. A place where you don't need to worry about the getting away. Where you can try an infinite number of times. Where the progress is steady and the roadblocks always have convenient clever solutions.

For the past 3 months I played the same game. A game where you slowly collect leaves to gain different type of leaves. There is bosses, magic, crafting, trading, planting and a slew of a 1000 different small mechanics. Every day you setup your perfect system and slowly gain your way towards progress.

It's not something productive to society. It brings dopamine each time you return to the game with a little reward. There no way to be denied promotion. The game always open when I pressed play it can't break up with me. I can put more effort into the game and in return I can get a bigger reward and a bigger dopamine hit.

It's not that crazy of a concept. Is the dopamine real. Is it actually fun. Each week that passes by I'm less sure. But, the game isn't that important it would be replaced with a new game when it ends and I need a game. Does the game have long term effects. I'm probably better at estimation and project planning. Grandioes goals make a viral youtube video.

If I took enough buzzfeed quizzes I'm sure it would say I'm alcoholic. Not one that is going to die in the next couple days but still an issue that slowly grows inside of me. A tumor that needs to be dealt with.

Given there is no alcohol in the fridge or other drinks are available to urge to drink isn't that large. It's more of an issue of stopping. Or taking one/two drinks and calling it a night.

When sober four drinks sounds like a bad idea. But after one or two the inhibition lowers. Even the gesture from a friend for another drink seems good enough. The bars with no water force me to consider alternative hydration options. The nights where I'm tired there is nothing to lubricate my social abilities further.

Once I'm past 4-5 drinks there reaches a point of being unable to stop. The moment the alcohol stops flowing the crashes begins. In the midst of trying to plan and please everyone at the event I convince myself that the crash must wait. That while tomorrow will suck today can still be fun if I keep going.

When at a bar where no one else wants to drink my mind decides I must be the one who pays the burden. I'm not drinking because I want to but because I'm supporting a local business. I don't want to be rude. I don't want to let my birthday friend be alone. What night you choose to cut back is letting someone else down. At least in my brain.

I don't wake up in the hospital. I don't even wake up that hungover. My friend explain it well. If you no longer feel hungover this means this is your natural state. I use the adderall to be productive the next morning.

Every weekend in NY is a balance of time and obligation. The week of NY is so fun that the weekend has to find some way to top this. You must stretch the dopamine receptors just a bit farther. As my net has casted so large there ends up being one common thread each weekend. A partiful of some sort is attended each day.

A person you deeply care about. So, it almost feels comical to think about not going. I have for the most part never regretted attending a house party so the issues of this might not be clear.

Each week I attend the collection of events my pool of future parties widens. I meet 5-6 cool new people and end up with 5-6 new birthdays. Resulting in a passive growth of birthdays and housewarmings that pop up in my calendar Friday and Saturday.

The problem with life can be confusing. Then my friend asked have you been to shakesphere in the park, have I been to public records, have I been to a Broadway show. I start to realize my version of NY has narrowed too far. I can't name a bar in EV or Manhattan at this point.

I gawk at the idea of someone hating Brooklyn. Even when I stay below the 14th street line in Manhattan most weeks a year.

The partifuls project me as a partier. Why would they invite me to a wholesome board game night when they know I only like to party. The hyper reality of this routine makes me start to believe this cycle is the "correct version of NY". But each time I reflect back on what I did fun this month in NY I'm never quite sure.

People it's simpler than this. But truthfully we are all alcoholics. If you have blacked out there's not way that's intentional. At some point you're ability to say no and your inhibition equal out. This causes you to enter a state of drinking to the point of no return. To finish the last of the drinks despite the consequences.

To me this is being an alcoholic. It's not a binary thing. Every night might not the same number of drinks to enter this state. But there is number you end up at more times than not. It also matter on the context.

A 90 open bar obviously has a higher incentive to reach this state. The consequences to not drinking are expensive at best. Each drink makes it in theory cheaper. While an event you're driving the incentive is quite the opposite. Each drink brings you closer to committing a crime with quite a steep punishment if convicted.

What seems to be lost in society is doing. Life has become more and more about knowledge than experience.

Every teacher, every TikTok, every therapist can teach you something, but only if you actually apply it. Lessons can't be learned from lectures. They're learned from the homework. Just because you understand the solution Claude came up with doesn't mean you could've coded it yourself.

Watching porn doesn't make you good at sex. Reading a synopsis doesn't mean you understand the book. Lessons can't be cheat-coded. They're only really learned when the mistake happens.

My wise but young coworker once told me: "If a task takes less than five minutes, do it immediately." You don't learn that by reading this page. You learn it when you ignore a five-minute chore for five months and realize how much pointless stress it created.

The new AI world you pretend not to notice will only strengthen this shift. AI isn't going to murder you, but it will change you in ways you don't consent to. Knowing is far less useful than it used to be. Knowing obscure system facts is becoming pointless. Experience is becoming rare. Being the one person in college not using AI will have divine rewards. Even if your grades don't show it.

Dec 30th 2025

Execution

Every person comes in to the new year with a lot of goals. This year has been truly unconsusally transformative. Every single aspect of my life is different. I would say my apartment is the same but even that looks as different as my hair has changed this year.

We have entered a truly performative time. We have entered a real version of hyper relativity. What's more important the promotion or the instrsgrsm post about it. What's more important losing your job or making sure know one else can tell.

I don't give a shit anymore about altruistic intention. I care about reality. I care about your actual impact above your Instagram story persona.

This is the year of realness. Every self aware art pieces will showcase effort.

You are ready to justify your misfortunes. You're more embarrassed for your companies failures than your misfortunes. You have manufactured consent in believing you're at fault.

Next year is different for me. I'm going to abandon the selfishness I have disguised as American individualism. I'm going to focus on everyone else. With a metaphorical blank check, y goals are going to involve my friendship with others.

No more symbolic workout. No more treat your self days. More just pure death. I'm going to complete my goals next year or just compete my Epstein equivalent. I could use the motivation at least.

Chapter 10A - Type 2 Fun Introduction

When you think about it long enough, you begin to realize most of life is just about fun. Why do you go out and see friends? Why do you eat good meals? Why do you fall in love? All that jazz, when it boils down to it, is just about having fun.

Even things like working or doing chores are really about fun, just indirectly. You make money now so you can have more fun later. It's like a fun currency, or a fun investment.

Even the long-term plans are just abstract ways to have fun. Going to church lets you have fun in heaven. Donating to charity lets others have fun. Having kids can actually just be fun on its own especially if you skip past the baby and teenage evolutions.

This is what makes the framework of fun interesting. It almost seems selfish in nature. In a world full of misery, every action being based on fun feels wrong. But in many ways, that's the truth. You're just an animal with a silly name, and your motivation really is about having fun half the time; while the other half is just doing things to get back to that fun.

Before you begin to question this idea we need to agree on the definition of fun first. Fun is a more complex concept than dopamine. It's has multiple tiers to it.



Page 273

Type 2 Fun

I promise you it's get more complicated than this.

This is the main page, so to speak. It's where everything begins. Type 2 fun, in its purest form, is the spiritual shit that makes you feel good about life in the most convoluted way possible.

Type 2 fun is the stuff that sucks in the moment but feels great later. You're not enjoying every minute of a marathon, but you're enjoying every moment after.

Type 2 fun is, in many ways, temporary. What sucks the first time gets easier the second. No one enjoys the first ski trip but they don't mind the third and fourth and even love the fifth.

Type 2 fun is about bragging rights something you can be proud of. The kind of thing you mention when a coworker asks, "How was your weekend?"

As doom-scroll technology has progressed, so has comfort. The excuse of "getting older" has made Type 2 fun less appealing. It's easier to just move on to the next idea. But Type 2 fun is something you have to believe in, even when the present moment convinces you otherwise.

It's the fun version of growth.

Type 1 fun

I think we can all agree on one thing; sex is pretty "fun". It's not really that difficult once you get used to it. It's not a growing opportunity, it's a reward cash-in.

Type 1 fun isn't something encouraged by social media or your friends. It's almost embarrassing to admit.

Damn, you didn't go out this weekend? You just stayed home?

Damn, you went out all weekend? You didn't chill?

Anything done out of moderation gets labeled lazy or unambitious. Truthfully, they're not wrong. Type 1 fun isn't meant to make life good, it's meant to make life bearable.

You earn Type 1 fun. Each slope gets easier the more you ride it. Every sport becomes more fun once you reach the right level. In fact, all hobbies have both Type 1 and Type 2 aspects.

When the learning curve is easy, they start off as Type 1. But for things like surfing, the early stages are pure Type 2 pain. As you get better, it becomes Type 1 again until you start chasing harder challenges, and it loops back.

To summarize; Type 1 fun is usually expensive, unhealthy, or earned through love or practice. So when you find yourself in a flow state of just having fun the least you can do is enjoy it. And if you somehow manage to have it cheap, healthy, and unearned, that's even more reason not to enjoy it till the novelty wears off.

Type 0 fun

What if something is so fun and so instantly gratifying that it isn't even fun at all? It's something terrible for you, disguised as "fun."

No one does heroin to feel awful. No one gambles to lose money. Nor do they doom scroll to be depressed. Just because something feels good doesn't make it Type 1 fun.

A Taco Bell burrito or fast-food binge hits great in the moment, then awful afterward. It's trying to shortcut your way to long-term happiness.

Fun, in its purest form, has to be sustainable. Community or effort or some kind of balance needs to exist. Addiction isn't fun, at least not in the same way a tennis match is.

Type 0 fun is the removal of moderation. Anything done too often, with no sense of purpose or productivity, leads straight into the hell of Type 0 fun.

The problem is that Type 0 fun is subjective. Sometimes you're just having fun. Not every action needs to be optimized. Not every choice has to fit into a tier system of fun. You're allowed, despite your capitalism-trained brain, to rot for a bit. Type 0 fun is the guilty pleasure of fun. And honestly, you're more likely to die from a falling piano than from one Big Mac. Just don't eat 1000 and you're good.

Type 3 Fun

Type 3 fun is best understood through travel and local-to-tourist ratios:

Type 1 Fun: Tourist-heavy, easy, predictable. The things designed for everyone and guaranteed to be pleasant.

Type 2 Fun: Local-heavy, authentic, effortful. A unique experience far less comfortable more interesting.

Type 3 Fun: No tourists, no locals you're in unexplored, often bad territory.

Type 3 fun is not fun. It's doing the wrong plan. It's walking five miles in Costa Rica because you took a wrong turn. It's getting your rental car stuck on a walk-only street in Santorini. It's scary. It sucks. It's more for your therapist than your Instagram.

Still, Type 3 fun has some saving graces. It's the kind of shit that makes the stories. It's what you tell during drinking games. It's what actually makes the trip interesting when someone asks the dumb question, "How was your trip?"

Type 3 fun is really just pretending your vacation is perfect when it isn't. No, the twelve-hour flight delay isn't "part of the adventure." Half the time, Type 3 fun just comes down to skill issues. Maybe don't book the 30 minute layover.

But every trip needs at least one disaster, or you didn't really go anywhere.

Type B Fun

Sometimes you don't need a challenge to find a more exotic kind of fun. Instead of almost dying while skydiving, simply engaging with a new culture can bring the same thrill.

Type B fun isn't about pain or adrenaline, it's about novelty. Traveling somewhere new achieves the same result as any Type 2 experience; it stretches you.

Listening to a singer in an ancient Greek amphitheater. Watching a Kabuki play in Japan. Taking a tattoo design class for the first time. All of these force your brain to engage differently.

They make you focus more than you're used to, and in return, they're rarely comfortable. But the more you do them, the more fluent you become in other worlds and, over time, the more well-rounded you get.

In many ways, travel leans naturally toward Type B fun. Lying on a beach will always be Type 1, but even when you don't mean to, you end up colliding with other cultures and getting forced into a "fun" adventure. This includes:

Consuming a grasshopper. Creating your own wine and marble sculpture. Getting naked in an onsen. Tripping out during an ayahuasca ritual. Riding a moped through a forest. Paying off police in a safari. Eating a durian. Staying at a janky hostel. Experiencing a maid cafe. Being the only foreigner in a local bar. Kissing someone you'll never see again.

Getting assaulted at the frog bar. Using Google translate to communicate. Drinking through marshal law. Cave diving in random waters...

Type 2 Skill

Every skill has a simple tier system. You don't have to master one level before reaching the next, but skipping around often leads to mixed results. Let's start with drawing.

Tier 1 (Copying) - Can you look at an apple or an anime character and draw it? For most people, this is the essential entry point into a skill. While abstract art exists, not being able to replicate what you see means you can't really draw. It proves you have the hand-eye coordination to reproduce reality with minimal creative tax. For a musician, this is a cover. For a chef, it's following a recipe.

Tier 2 (Interpolation) - The next step is manipulation. You can take a person and rotate or shrink them. You can take a cat from one picture and recolor it. It's combining two recipes, or mixing two songs. You're able to bend and merge the building blocks you've already mastered.

Tier 3 (Creation) - Once you can trace and manipulate, you can finally create something original work that others might copy. You take the scraps in your fridge and make a meal. You start a new genre of music. You make something that didn't exist before.

Tier 3 isn't always the hardest, though. Try drawing fire while staring at it.

Type 2 Difficulty

Just because some is hard doesn't make it fun, or worth it. There are two different kind of difficulty: one that's enjoyable, and one that's just masochism.

Type 1 Difficulty is bullshit by design. Imagine a video game with one life compared to three. Sure the game is harder but not because of any creative design choice. It's like smashing your controller so half the buttons stop working, or adding artificial lag. Yes it is more difficult but it's not in a satisfying way. Running 30 miles is technically harder than running a marathon, but it doesn't make it any better.

Type 2 Difficulty is effort. It's a boss with ten attack patterns and accurate hit boxes. A difficult puzzle with plenty of clues. A small level with infinite retries. It's hard because it's designed well not because it's broken.

Doing hard things meant to be hard is satisfying. Doing hard things for the sake of pain is not. Intention is everything. Skiing with the wrong-size boots is hard but pointless. So is bombing a double black diamond on day one.

That said, Type 1 difficulty can still be fun if it's intentional. If you're a marathon runner who wants to do the whole thing in Heelys, you can somehow still make that fun. But unconsensual Type 1 difficulty, though, is never fun.

A Type 1 loser is the abstract version of a pothead. A person with no ambition or goals. An NPC slowly exhausting the earth's resources before dying unnoticed. They're afraid to leave their shrinking comfort zone. A prison made of fear and what-ifs.

A Type 2 loser is the abstract version of a San Francisco resident. A tech worker too attached to effective altruism to be kind to the person in front of them. They eat every meal from carefully portioned slop bowls. Their lives are so optimized they've become more robot than human.

A Type 1 winner is a community builder. Someone who throws yearly parties, who runs the Williamsburg Bridge marathon. They don't have grandiose views of life, but they still chase their own infinitely small goals. They're indie developers of reality.

A Type 2 winner is a tennis champion. Disciplined, hardworking, and still humble. They're chasing a big goal but somehow manage to keep a family along the way.

There's no correct way to live. But there are definitely wrong ones.

Have you ever heard line

May this love never find me

Yeah cuz you're a little bitch. But the point is still true love isn't supposed to make sense. It isn't supposed to be type 1. It's supposed to be high maintenance. Whatever irrational shit your partner wants you better fucking fulfill it.

At one point recently I heard a story about a girl having to carry her own heavy backpack. She described this as her nightmare. But, at some point that is the point.

You aren't dating TikTok or your other friends. You are dating the one person you and they desire to. If you use splitwise to figure out finance or the guys credit card either one is fair as long as you agree.

Life isn't about universal happiness. In fact, it's about quite the opposite. Whatever you can tolerate the average person can't you should exploit. This is true when it comes to business. If you like working weekends don't let some deadbeat friend stop you. But if you are dating some billionaire who likes feet I mean at least you have two.

At first, everyone's life seems complex. Unique. But look closer, and most people fall into one of three categories. These are not categories you like to be placed in.. You probably won't like the one you're in. You'll swear you're an exception. But it's not about one specific action. It's a pattern of choices, and the reasoning behind them.

The first group is the block builders. The checklist people. They build a life one item at a time. They are not trying to push boundaries or take any risks. Each year, a new dog, kid, or house appears as they maintain stable jobs and slowly progress through life. This is the ideal version of passive growth. Just trying to keep things clean and steady. This is life on easy mode, but that doesn't make it worse.

The second group is the endless pattern folks. The leapfroggers. They drop cities, switch jobs, dump partners. They keep trying to rapidly improve their lives by leaving behind what is not serving them. A strong dissatisfaction in life that can only be overcome by completely scrapping their current life and starting over. To run a new experiment every year until a new path opens up.

The third group is the least studied, they are the sidequest doers. These are the ones who never really believed in the main story. The guy who leaves LA to teach scuba in Thailand. The girl who bartends in Bali and forgets to tell her parents. They're not chasing meaning. They're chasing motion. A life made of ambient noise and half finished blogs.. They have embraced a life as an NPC, a person who isn't destined for the spotlight but still manages to contribute simply by being around.



Chapter 10B: Endless Pattern

No, I swear I haven't been here before. This is a new place. Her name is Erika with a K instead of a C. She is different.

It's easy to think you're evolving just because everything around you looks different. You're simply skimming the surface. Floating from one version of yourself to the next without ever digging in.

There is but one way to escape this illusion. Not through endless novelty, but through deliberate repetition. Routine. Practice. Pattern done right. The kind that builds something.

The point of this chapter is simple. Stop confusing chaos with growth. Stop mistaking motion for momentum. Constant change is no different from constant stagnation.

No matter how new it feels, it only counts if you break the pattern. Your upgraded new life is just a renamed version of the old one. Even if you swear you haven't been here before.

A Restart

To really excel at the endless pattern, you must embrace risk. The kind of change you can't walk back. Quitting a job, moving cities, starting over. These are the steps you can't undo.

That doesn't make them good or smart. It just makes them scary. These are the pinnacle decisions of the endless pattern life. You take a familiar scenario and spiral it all the way back to the beginning. These choices are powerful because you can pretty much only have one at a time. The bi-coastal, bi-jobal, roster lifestyle might exist in theory. But I'm not the one who's going to attempt it.

A life without restarts is a life of ignorance. Pandora's Box stays sealed but...

If you marry the first girl you date, she is, by default, the best you've ever had. If you date five people, the next one is almost certainly worse in some ways than the previous bunch. But they are better in other ways too. People aren't objectively better. If you're less happy but less ignorant, is that a trade worth making?	A life lived in one place is like staying at your spawn point. You trade cultural understanding for familial understanding. The more you move, the further you drift from stability, but the more clearly you see the map. Moving is by far the easiest way to restart as it requires no one else's permission. But it's also the most dramatic.	As you do the same job for more and more time, you stop growing but you gain efficiency. Once you have done the same thing for half a decade, there is genuine drain in your brain. The job can be finished in a quarter of the time it once took, but it brings no satisfaction.
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And yet, most of the time, these restarts pay off as long as you embrace risk

An Unconsensual Restart

There is a type of Restart that comes from experimentation.
There is a type of Restart that comes from failure. That is
That comes from a direct, intentional move. When you decide
outside your locus of control. When fate decides your current
your current situation is no longer the right direction, making a
situation is no longer the direction you can continue, and you are
conscious, strategic decision is the right thing to do.
forced to change.

Getting a new job is always better when you already have one.
Getting broken up with is always harder than dumping someone.
Looking into future companies and applying only to ones better
Choosing to be single is a noble, healthy cause, but being stuck single
than your current is the right thing to do. The more you like your
is a lonely one. The more you dislike your current position, the more
current position, the more you act out of conscious effort instead
you act out of fear and desperation.
of fear.

Running away from a situation is always worse than running
Running towards a goal is always better than running away from
towards one. Just because you have done another restart doesn't
one. You don't need to be right the first time, but you need to be
mean you are in a better spot.
willing to accept the sunk cost when you're not.

London

My ex girlfriend looked at me confused when I asked her if she wanted to move in. She was interested in the concept but this came with a list of strange demands. These were not relevant to moving in but to our future.

The main one being that we had to move to London. A rather strange request especially given how much I actually also wanted to move to London. But, the thought of leaving New York scared me.

I had just moved and made friends here and the thought of throwing all those blocks away worried me. It's that the people in New York would all hate me if I left but it did seem like a significant vibe shift.

This fear of losing blocks is when you know you have reached an improper stagnation point. If you're committing to New York for the sake of committing that's different than committing for fear of leaving.

We were at a standstill about the decision. I could always lie and say I'm down for London but this seemed to just stall an impending doom. Instead a new framework was adopted. A more interesting way to consider the problems.

Instead of moving to London we were going to do a 1-2 year "vacation" there. We would assume that we would always come back to NY eventually. This small shift made the idea of moving so much easier. It was a sidequest not a move. No blocks would be lost only shifted around a bit.

While the trip to London never manifested the idea of the trip lived on. I'm not moving to FIDI next year but I am going to do a month sublease there.

London

There is a type of Restart that comes from experimentation. That comes from a direct, intentional move. When you decide your current situation is no longer the right direction, making a conscious, strategic decision is the right thing to do.

Getting a new job is always better when you already have one. Looking into future companies and applying only to ones better than your current is the right thing to do. The more you like your current position, the more you act out of conscious effort instead of fear.

Running towards a goal is always better than running away from one. You don't need to be right the first time, but you need to be willing to accept the sunk cost when you're not.

There is a type of Restart that comes from failure. That is outside your locus of control. When fate decides your current situation is no longer the direction you can continue, and you are forced to change.

Getting broken up with is always harder than dumping someone. Choosing to be single is a noble, healthy cause, but being stuck single is a lonely one. The more you dislike your current position, the more you act out of fear and desperation.

Running away from a situation is always worse than running towards one. Just because you have done another restart doesn't mean you are in a better spot.

Questions

What's the longest time you have kept a possession?

How many of these do you have?

married partner, dog, house

unconsensual restarts

consensual restarts

Restarts can be broken into two categories. Consensual and Non-Consensual. You don't get to choose to get laid off. You don't get to choose getting cheated on. But a majority of time you get to choose if and when you move.

dumper vs. dumpee

abusive relationship (unconsensual block building)

convex relationship vs. two week side quest

An Inverse Restart

The quickest way to boredom is by being closed minded. You are able to take whole relatives of future selves and seal them off. You are able to take a single mistake and have unconsciously impact you in a meaningful way. A learning curve too rapid and high for gradient descent.

To decide to never ski again or to never try takes away 100s of opportunities. It allows for receptiveness to sink itself even deeper.

A Renaissance Man

As a man you don't really get too many compliments. The occasional whoah you so tall or nice shirt comes my way but it's never more than a way to flirt with me or make conversation. However, 10 years ago when I was in college my old boss told me I was a renaissance man. He continued to say I seem to have some sort of project in every medium. As a guy this really stuck with me and I have continued to make it my eternal side quest.

This means to simply have one substantial project in every medium. To put a really 'college try' in every art form possible. While, writing is clearly my favorite child my other attempts are amendable. I have thrown my own mini festival DJing as well as written and produced my own song. I'm not saying I won any Grammys but it's still worth at least a gold star.

Even better, I have made short and long form video about a variety of topics. I have made a 30 hour massive shared drawing. But some mediums I have entries in where there is no checkbox yet

I have made several video games but none have reached the point of real effort yet. I will one day sew my own halloween costume. I have done some child-esque clay sculpting but not enough to impress someone. This isn't a quest I need to complete for my second death or legacy it's more of side quest in nature. Extra credit at best.

I want to stress my motivation towards art has always been divine. It's not passion but heavenly thoughts I receive from conversations, drugs and showers. I just simply choose not to question them and accept their mysterious nature. In a similar fashion my next medium is photography. Williamsburg is an area made of copying. Every even half interesting place here is only an off brand version of some manhattan place.

My goal is to capture this with the culture differences between each place. One manhattan and one williamsburg shot. Exact format unsure yet. But instead of explaining this idea for another couple years I've decided today is the right day to

At first, everyone's life seems complex. Unique. But look closer, and most people fall into one of three categories. These are not categories you like to be placed in.. You probably won't like the one you're in. You'll swear you're an exception. But it's not about one specific action. It's a pattern of choices, and the reasoning behind them.

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Chapter 10C:
Default Mode

Chains

Blocks can be visualized as these nice cute bricks that help build towards happiness. Having a wife and kids and a home seems to be a goal we are strive for here and there.

But as you continue to put the bricks in place you begin to realize you are not building a house but instead a prison. The more stable the life the harder it is to leave.

A breakup to a sitationship can be done with a text. But a moved in partner can require upwards of a month of work to achieve the samething.

When you have no bricks you can move without much more than a van or even just your own two feet. But when you have a large collection of bricks they must each be carried to your next destiantion. The partner and the job and the furniture must be brought to the next destinaiton.

The differnce between blocks and actual chains is that is you are still given the key. No matter how many bricks you have you always have the option of leaving them behind.

Sure this is crime in some situations but the point still remains. A block is a chain you purposley handcuff yourself into. The resirction is a small incovience to the priceless of the brick.

Yes planning a trip is harder when you need to find a dog sitter. But getting over a breakup is much easier when you have a furry friend by your side.

Remember if you never stretch out you never feel the chain. It only restricts you when you try to leave you place.

A marginal differnce

Let's say you somehow invent a time machine. But instead of doing something at all interesting you just go back to highschool. You don't buy bitcoin or do anything useful instead you find a way to date your highschool crush. You then zoom back in the persent day where this person is still by your side.

You have survived 100s of adversiases. Wedding and graduation and a list of endless milestones they have stuck with you. Then you do the only logical thing and destory the time machine to live happily ever after.

The next day you enter the subway and you see your wxaifes clone. Ignoring the fact that a clone is crazy but this person is objectivley and subjectivley exactly the same. You almost for a moment belive it's just them except you think they are 1% hotter.

By some logic that person is better than your current partner. Not in a objective sense but in a compatabillity sense. So should you break up with your current partner?

While the idea does seem stupid. But why it's stupid is the important part. History and Loyalty is more important than compatabillity. There is a net cost to Restarting.

It's completely possible to keep dating marginally better clones forever to find yourself truly alone by the end. To try to 1up yourself over and over again until there is no longer a point.

But when you are mid fight and half out the door with your current partner this perspective can get lost in the moment.

When people say age is a number. They aren't right but they are close. There is only really four differences as you get older.

1. You become static all new activities take an exponential amount of more effort to learn. A new language goes from automatic to full time job. You don't need a ski instructor at age 3.

2. You become closed minded. You begin to fear adrenaline. What's the point of doing something new. The idea of skiing might be put into the never do shelf. You start to limit what world you will live in.

3. Time moves faster.

3. Your mistakes get punished more. That small pain in your ankle when your 25 becomes permanent at 40. You are deeper into the marriage when you mess up. You are further into your job. The bar for you is higher. You can't use being drunk as an excuse at 30.

4. The activities you go to change. You must abide by the social norms including the invites you get. You go from seeing barmitsvah

Passing the Buck

When you break down the reason a kid is obtained it's usually the result of purpose. Once you have a kid life changes at least that's the rumor I always hear.

The kid is now more important than yourself. You are no going to accomplish the fake dreams you had as kid. But your child's fake dream will become real.

It's pretty well documented that America has an invisible caste system. You need to have rich parents and a rich life in order to have enough resources to do whatever your grand purpose is. Your life never had those cheat codes so by having a kid you can then have them get to their goals.

Is this realitly? I'm not really sure. More than likely every ancestor dating back to dawn of time had some version of the same goal. They keep passing the buck to the next generation. Provided when you die or when you reproduce you are better off than your parents I guess you succeeded.

Life without kids is much more difficult in a spiritual sense. A kid is such a easy path for purpose. It doesn't take a genius to understand the above goals. But without kids there is almost no direct path and no sense of completion.

A kid never stops growing. You will likely die before them and you are always able to stick your claws in and influence them. If your life goal is to climb Mt. Everest there is no life after you complete it. You must just continue to ramp up to the next task or slowly become complacent.

Maybe the reason you are born is simply this. If life instead had an alternative end game that wasn't death. If making a million dollars teleported you somewhere else. You probably wouldn't exist.

Conclusion

When you break down a block builder it's basically a person who cares about death. They keep adding more and more chains so that their life is more and more stable. They have so many blocks it impossible to knock the much off the tower. On a day to day basis they are the furthest away from death.

When you break down the endless pattern people they care about second death. They have but one goal and it's to ensure they never have life regret. They have explored every option. They don't have to wonder what living in New York is like cuz they are already there

Page ?

Hidden Page ...

This book contains another hidden page. If you are first to tell me about it you will get can keep the book or a gold star. The final draft will contain one for each chapter but here is an example. These are written by Claudia (@claudia4yu) You must say the secret phase "I want to live at the club" For a clue on the second. This book contains another hidden

Page 2 (secret)

Polyamory Tax

It would be nice if I didn't have to experience the sorrows of polyamory nor those of monogamy, but then I wouldn't be able to enjoy the joys of romantic love at all. But ultimately, the sorrows for the former just sit RIGHT in my body -- like, they align with what I understand to be True about life -- that no one is really mine, that we are all just getting each other ready for the next person. I think that's why I choose to be polyamorous, because it's the path that would lead me closer and closer to accepting and living the Truth about life as I know it.

Yes, my heart aches a little when I think of someone I like flying to a different city to see their girlfriend there, but that ache is the same ache that I get when I see a child grows up or a dog gets old -- it aches because it is a reminder of how life really is -- that cute children become adults, puppies grow grey, and the people I love have versions of themselves that can be better understood and loved by someone other than by me.

Page 1
Look I'll be honest the bar for friendship is a lot lower than I like it to be for me. It's as simple as that.

My old barometer was hanging out three times 1on1. My new barometer was high potential to hangout three times 1on1. Yet when I tried to move in NY one mile realized I had no new friends. When I tried to plan a trip or have a long term plan there was no one available. When I was broken up with there was no one available for support.

It's not that I have no friends here it's that I don't have any for sure friends a year from now. Maurice and Rish are my best friends though. We traveled and traumded together. My usual axis's is if I like the person and know the person. A girl asked me who I liked better Marcel or Maurice and I responded that's unimportant I don't know Marcel. Marcel hasn't helped me when I had an abusive girlfriend. Marcel wasn't there for me while traveling or when my phone or wallet was stolen. Marcel hasn't talked me for more than three hours. He was a cool guy but I don't know him. The second axis in friendship. The girl who asked lost interest half way through the conversation during the loud bar. The girls tonight also contrainianly replied time is also important

You can't really tell what a friend is. A person who hates you a week from now can still be your friend. A person who hates you a week from now can still be your situationship or relationship or girlfriend or dating or seeing or your husband or your wife. Friends are subjective in nature.

Type 2 with "you"

Jesus Fucking Christ. Love at times can feel intense.

An argument is, in so many ways, the Type 2 fun part of a relationship. It's never fun in the moment, but the resolution brings you somewhere better. Still, the arguments themselves are only a necessary evil. Being mad all the time is just Type 1 difficulty, frustration for its own sake. You need to always sure there is some point to all of it. Having a child or moving in will lead to a whole new set of arguments but these come from Type 2 difficult problems with clear resolutions.

Every relationship is different. The ones without long-term potential are fun all the time, but that fun burns fast. Short-term compatibility is being able to have fun. Long-term compatibility is keeping that fun alive through the non-fun parts of life. But this might not always seem fun in the moment.

Sometimes the conflicts feel impossible Disagreements that never seem to waiver. But there's always a rainbow waiting around the corner.

The real test is whether the arguments still end in laughter. Whether you can still make a joke about the past turmoil. Proof that the conflict never fully reaches Type 3.

The Ring of Doubt

You live in your own castle. A structure of stability surrounded by a giant moat. The waters block you from the scary outside realm past your comfort zone.

It's not that hard to exit the castle. To pick a direction and wander for a bit. What is hard is capturing new land. To bring successes into your circle.

As you venture off into longer and longer journeys you will

There's not quite as bullshit or as stupid as Earth Day. What the fuck is the point of it. Feels like it's something a capitalist invented to have mattress sales. It will likely have 0% impact in delaying the inevitable global environmental demise.

The idea of though is interesting. A single day a year where the Earth matters. If the government did give a shit they could make gas stations close that day. Flights not operate that day. Solar companies get a some money or a nice card or some bullshit like that.

One day a year would still be basically symbolic. It would be more interesting for every year the number of earth days double. So the next year two earth days. Then 4. Then 8. By year eight every day would be Earth day.

This wouldn't stop the fact more environmental issues are caused by the consumer and that personal responsibility just something BP made up to distract people. But, it would probably be 1-2% impactful.

You could do anything though. From not drinking, to not watching porn, to working out, to eating vegan. You could change like in 8 years pretty easily. You're not going to but you could.

This person asked me to write about lines

There is nothing quite like a line. A loading bar in real life. A place where you invest time in to get an award. It's not that lines are good but there bizarreness makes them so special.

There is no place in a club better to meet someone than the bathroom and drink line. An airplane-like romance that allows you to really focus on someone because you got nothing better to do. However, this romance is often replaced with anger as every growing minute a person steams towards a boiling point. Lines bring out a new venison of you the same way alcohol does. Not always good not always bad.

Lines though usually suck. The shared trauma of all waiting for the same thing is often ruined by someone richer and more famous have a shortcut through that line. Almost all lines have some secret passage through them. You are never in them long enough or at them enough times to really give a fuck. There is never a time you feel weaker than seeing others skip the line in front of you.

There are so many kind of lines. Even though they are have a similar shape it's hard to really reflect on all of them. My friend used to always say at restaurants, "The longer you wait the better it tastes". However, I don't find this to be true while panicking through the TSA late for a flight.

No matter how crazy technology gets line remain the same.

Page 1

You have to pay extra to know
the date/drug sorry

Friendships

If I asked you how many friends do you have. You would not be able to answer that questions because it make no sense. In order to answer that you would have to know what a friend is.

The HR definition of a friend is pretty simple.

If you hangout with someone 3 times 1on1 outside of work you are there friend.

But in this economy... with that "framing"... you only have like 3 friends. What happens you start hating them are they still your friend? Definitely some plot holes with that definition.

Let's go with a new framing.

A friend it someone you want to be more like. As you know someone you become them slowly. You steal there ideas, and fashion, and music, and time.

A friend in someone who provides you value. Or at least at some point might. A transactional arrangement in which you both benefit. You can even be friend with someone you hate as long as you like the idea of them.

Damn that also sounds pretty brutal. The definition doesn't matter. It's the idea that the same word can mean two very different things that's interesting.

Page 1a

Can you imagine if this
actually was the first
page

Asexual

This year a new idea of who I am has crept into me I can't shake it. An idea of

If this was the case though....that would mean so many things I've done in the past were wrong. So many friends wasted by an impossible goal. A life truly devoid of real success.

If I hangout with all guys I will get sexually assaulted.

Like when you are dancing and someone keep bumping into you. And you try to retreat but they take that as a sign of attention

This is why I like elsewhere I don't get assaulted. It's really that simple the culture is much better.

I get a text once a month from a person trying to get me to go on a date with a guy. The man who writes every idea down is somehow just straight.
But you can't really explain that to some random piece of shit bumping into you every 20 seconds

It's probably because of my clothes attract too much attention. It's because of "what I'm wearing". You will get ten random pages but the ones you like are higher weighted. Because I only know a fraction of what the real thing is like.

At first these things do not seem that common. A challenge is not worth

Page 1a

Can you imagine if this
actually was the first
page

Fraction

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 giving 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 they 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.

Chapter 0 f.r.a.m.e.w.o.r.k.s.

Page I mean it's the one after
the last one

Gratitude Journals

A gratitude journal has been sucked up into the meme zeitgeist where Nickelback and astrology live. It's often paired next to manifestation and maybe a crystal or two.

This is because doing so without direct purpose is a meme. You have to actually capture the feeling of gratitude in each journal entry. Integration and gratitude are like dreams. If you don't record your tangible thoughts quickly they vanish. An Africa trip can teach you gratitude but only if you put in the effort to capture it.

So yeah, writing down or even better taking a picture helps with gratitude. Going to a shack in Africa isn't going too do much but visiting your old highschool and comparing to your old self does help. This is pretty standard stuff it's in the Yale happiness course.

But how is this part of this chapter. What does this have to do with the Tutorial? What's more interesting is not gratitude journals. It's the concept of idea polymerization or at least some cool sounding name like that.

It's not about understanding a complete product or researched idea like gratitude journals. You need to understand the journey and logic or how this idea came to be. What similar sounding ideas and strategies didn't work. The more you understand why an idea works the more you can comprehend and integrate it.

Chapter 0 Tutorial

Page 1

92.5%

Do good but not great

92.5%

100% for things you care about me

Page 5

The illusion

"Hey man" -

"Yeah"

"Why do still do this shit?" -

"What shit?"

"Go to these shitty clubs" -

"Why do we go out? Cuz it's fun man what the fuck are you talking about."

"Is it though. Each morning I just feel like death. The weekends are becoming harder then the weekdays" -

"So, what's so hard about fuckin and drinkin. Do you just hate fun?"

"No it's just..." -

"Bro are you depressed?"

"No man!"

"Down that one hawaiann girl got you down?"

I've been talking to some of my SF friends and realized I truly have ended up in a classic quarter life crisis. A point of too much stagnation to enjoy the above average life I have. So my friend suggested there was only one solution. Throw a little Instagram poll. What should I do next:

Writing - it's pretty obvious the second book isn't coming out. But with my current writing groups I could branch out to a new direction. I could truly embrace the tech version of myself and start a Substack. An organic growth version of my current book.

App - Do you ever spend unconsensual nights alone. It turns out most nights you are free so is one of your friends. I have this app named Inverse Calander that will fix that problem. A place to tell an exact group of people you are free and the activity you prefer do.

Job - My job has kind of sucked for a couple months too long. Should I just fill all my current hobby void with a startup. Something small enough I stop having a life and just work till I don't have existential thoughts.

YouTube - Israel vs. Palestine. Trans sports. Uncanceled a series on redemption. Where I interview everyone who I have wronged and see their thoughts. A true attempt at a YouTube/TikTok channel.

Chill - I stop trying to be a person of purpose and just live/laugh/love. I give up on goals and just enjoy life.

At some point you friends should stop being convenient or random and actually feel fulfilling in your life. Especially in a place where you meet a 100 people a day

Transactional Your personality is important but your purpose is also important. Are you a planner who has great events or a connector who invites me to similar stuff? Do you know good food or concert recs? Whatever it is are you actively making my life better by knowing you?

Interests A key to having a friend is their ability to actually see you. Do they rock climb or write or go to elsewhere? Is there a way to passively see them without effort? Do they go to the same parties or live 45 minutes away and take a week of planning to potentially see?

Vibe At some point I actually care about the person. Can we have a conversation? Do we walk and cross at the same speed. Do they have enough rizz or tizz? Can they pull at a party while also talking about some deeply about a deeply nuanced topic no one cares about.

Respect How does this person handle being late and flaking? Have they developed the communication skills to respond? Are they paying a proper amount of white claw tax?

Uniqueness In a place with an infinite amount of people hanging with the same 5 tech people feels a bit too cliché. I will add quite a bit of affirmative action for someone who's a guy or lives in Manhattan. I just want to branch out from the matrix a bit.

Legacy Like sure these are logical things above. But obviously if I know you for a bit that's also good. The newer person the more volatile. The more bullshit small talk must occur before a real conversation begins.

There's always something to complain about. I'm not sure there's a more entitled position than complaining about having too many options. It seems like you just need better self-control.

In a distant world called Alabama, you might only meet one or two new people a year. It's a place where the dating pool is so small that to keep your options open, you might consider dating your cousin. But now, you can swipe through an entire small town's population in an afternoon.

Somehow, your arbitrary height and diet racist preferences have limited your ability to find compatibility. That's why you can't seem to escape the honeymoon phase. It's their fault for not checking all 100 boxes. They're the ones who messed up a single time, not you. At least, that's what your friends tell you.

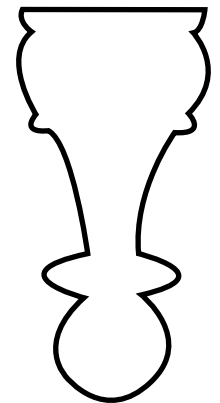
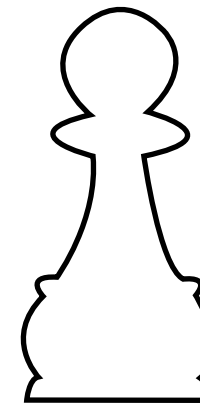
Sure, 4% of arranged marriages result in divorce compared to the 40-50% of non-arranged marriages, but that's all luck, right? They just happen to be compatible every time.

You want to go back to a world before online dating? Well, I have good news for you: the outside world still exists. You invented this rule of needing to use an app.

Dating has never been easier. You don't have to arbitrarily raise the difficulty setting for no reason. You don't have to compare to every ex you've had. You don't have to hope the person is instantly perfect for you without communication. The problems are just a lack of skill more than anything else.

Chapter 4

Hard Mode



Whatever answer you choose will be a close friend story.
You can pick the answer you agree with (Easy)
or the answer you disagree with (Hard)

Miss Communication

One of the seemingly most absurd plots in any show or movie is the dramatic irony created when two characters miscommunicate. Romeo and Juliet died due to miscommunication. The Notebook would have a much less compelling plot if the letters were revealed earlier. Yet, these examples are more realistic than you think.

Any argument usually involves a lack of clear definitions. The debate over whether LeBron is better than Jordan often devolves into reciting stats because the term "better" is never clearly defined. "Working from home is more productive" completely depends on how you define "productive." People set up two different goalposts and then refuse to acknowledge the other. Without an operational and objective definition, the argument stagnates. For example, debating who scored more points is not an interesting conversation.

This problem worsens when topics don't deal with objective, universal truths. Consider the question, "Who was wrong in the breakup?" The facts are no longer grounded in reality. Faulty, two-sided narratives emerge. Facts are presented selectively and only when convenient. The biases of listeners are telephoned through retellings, creating a cohesive narrative that's only loosely based on the truth.

An objective action is often followed by a faulty memory and assumed motivations. Each party is left debating their version of the truth. No one tells a breakup story in which they are at fault. Your friend isn't always in the right, but somehow, each time they tell you a story, you find yourself on their side. The one skill all humans have is a way of justifying their actions.

Most conflicts and drama are just based on false belief people projected on others because the truth is less convenient to figure out.

The Healthy Bull

The state of being healthy can be defined as a positive deviation from your usual routine. I've stopped asking my old question of "What's your deal?" and have replaced it with "What's the healthiest thing you do?" Most people struggle significantly to answer. It's because what makes them healthy is so ingrained they don't even view it that way. Working out is not done "to be healthy" but out of pure enjoyment and passion for the activity.

So, the decision to use your free will to challenge your routine can feel similar to riding a bull. You go from a life of relative ease to a life of constant conscious thought. You must consistently remove the autopilot from your brain and instead insert healthy actions. Your conscious brain must slowly convince your unconscious one that you don't need to eat that snack, even if your stomach is telling you otherwise.

The bull is a ride of fun. Challenge at any point in your life, provided failure hasn't happened yet, is exciting. But the issue is integration. At any point, the more routine changes you stack, the higher the risk of being yanked off the bull. At some point, the inevitable freefall and failure will occur.

What makes a routine stick is not dodging the bull. It's not downplaying the failures. It's the ability to get back on it. It's the ability to try again. It's the ability to create enough pseudo-motivation to have a purpose to continue. Why does your dad dying or a breakup mean you need to work out more? I'm not sure, but if the end result is that I'm working out more, I'm not going to complain. Eventually, though, the real drive and motivation have to come from within if you ever want the bull to be tamed.

The Essence Of A Simple Event

Planning

Cast of Characters

Solo/1on1/Group

Reservations

Communications

TPP (Texts Per Plan)

-Convincing

"It's going to be crazy"

-Question Game

"Who else is coming?"

-Follow Up

"You still good for tomorrow?"

Event

Person Focused Vs. Event Focused

First/Second Place^(less people)

Home Hangout (1st)

- Date

- Close Friends

Work Hangout (2nd)

-Convenience

Third Place^(more people)

Orthogonal To Cast

-High Stimuli -High Novelty

Cast Dependent

-Shared Interests -Shared Music

Denver

Nursing

Fly over states

Sports Bar

Christianity

Chapter 11 Simple

Page 323 Poison Damage

Every time she sees her roster, you take a hit. Every time she sees the friend that hates you. Every time she passes by the landmark of your unresolved argument. Every time she notices your flaws as "incompatibilities." Every time you fuck up - and somehow, at the same time, she fucks up because you miscommunicated. A healthy relationship's health bar is always slowly draining. It is poisoned in that regard.

You will always suffer attacks. Love decays like everything else. It is not about perfection. It is about survival. Unless you merge into the same person, arguments are inevitable.

Every forcing function she encounters, every topic from kids to cocaine, every morale dilemma, every moment she has to decide you are worth the next decade - she is evaluating you with absolute certainty. Not out of cruelty. Out of respect. She is trying her best not to waste your time.

Every time you fail to recognize this, you panic. You self-sabotage. You stop thinking in facts and start thinking in feelings.

"She hates me because she hates Cancers."

"She didn't text me for three hours. It's over."

"She saw an old ex's Instagram post. She's moving on."

When you ask someone an emotional question, they don't answer logically. They answer emotionally. This is not a hard concept to grasp. You don't need someone more honest; you need a less emotionally unintelligent version of yourself.

Every time she makes a mistake she will continue to make. She is never going to change for you. She only changes as much as you do. Not the three month version of you but the **average** year version of you.

Chapter Not Quite Sure Yet

You can blame it on her love.

You can blame it on an ick.

You can blame it on timing.

You can blame it on your attractiveness.

You can blame it on God.

You can blame it on luck.

You can blame it on craziness.

You can blame it on the justice system.

You can blame it on society.

You can blame it on how you perceive situations differently.

You just can't blame in on reality, only hyper reality.

You're only half admitting the truth. You are skipping all the mistakes you have made. The situation a character lands in is often not judged; it is the actions given their environment that define them.

You must work together to keep the health bar high. You must ensure the level of contempt never spills out to the friend circle. You must actually put some effort into each challenge that arises. You are never entitled to a healthy relationship, only the opportunity for one.

Something something a lot of worse people find love. Something something dating apps make the pool of people infinite. Something something you're bad and you have a skill issue and you just need to do better or whatever.



but the end result will likely
grief and struggle and raw
et that point will be awful.

world is getting better
les. This is some sense a
t really go backwards.

ed all they want. But they
with lots of keys. Once the
n can get Luigi'd.

Crash Out

Crashing out is surrender disguised as a choice.
It's easier to light the whole thing on fire than to
fix what's broken.

You tell yourself it's intentional. That you needed
the reset. That you were always meant to start
over. But deep down, you know the truth—you
**just didn't want to see what happened if you
tried.**

The problem is, once you crash out once, it's
always an option. A switch in your brain that
never fully turns off.

It's not bravery. It's not rebellion. It's just
quitting with theatrics.

And at some point, you run out of things to

Crashing out

Crashing out is the way of the artist. It's the way of a
manic. But it's the purest form of expression. It allows
you to create a unique unhuman experience.
It's allows you to see past your inhibitions. To see life
from what it is.

Fucking stupid.

A bunch of random people trying to be happy by doing
things designed to make you unhappy. Which when
comes down to it all art is trying to say is that.

Crash out

Crashing out comes in many forms. Whatever you
become the new dark version of ourselves.
to fully let the anger and hopelessness take over
One optional side quest in life is true release
aspects of inhibitions.
I can come across as confusion from friends and
family. But internally it is a tool like everything else
makes your current position in life and shoves it
forward.

Adderall (You)

Endnotes

Adderall is a high matience drug. It keeps you up at night with it's intensity. It must be managed properly and with great care. It's hard to eat and often it's hard to think.

Adderall might seem like poison by this description. What do you gain by taking it. This is the high matience aspect those small downsides have little to no impact on the overall experience.

Adderall is magical. In every other aspect the world is better. Fitness and Passion and Focus are all increase. Adderall is in itself artifial willpower. Without it I am not quite myself.

The sleep issues can be solved by taking it earlier in the day and without coffee. The food can be forced down even when I'm not hungry.

The problems adderall creates are fixable. But the solutions it provides are unfounded elsewhere. This may seems a weird tangent to your 30th birthday but it's more on topic than you think. You are also adderall. Or more like we are also adderall.

We have diffent sleep schedules. We live a bit far away. We have differnt philosophies and attachments. We have terrible timing and a bit of trust issues both ways.

Yet each one of these we slowly but surely solve. These do not affect us in the future. The adderall side affects are long forgotten at this point...I love adderall

. I forgot about the side affects of adderall. I'm excited for us to forget about our side affects soon. Because everytime we hangout we are more than positive this is the right direction for us. But, we have infinite time to

The Second Butterfly Effect

I can half heartedly promise you one thing. You already failed. You already found love. You already found the perfect friends. With the simple ability to explore infinite timelines, you would stumble upon 1000s of missed opportunities.

Any artificial philosopher of the 21st century will remind you of this simple quote, "Everyone knows the butterfly effect and how the simplest thing can affect the past. But no one stops and considers how the simplest thing in the current affect the future."

The new age of technology has exponentially expanded the amount of life you can experience. New York it's expected you will meet up to 5 people a week and half of those will contain side quest you never go down.

When they don't pay the first bill. When they're late. When the job pays less. You have established so many rules that block all remaining opportunities down a path.

What if the person is just secretly rich and their test is splitting the first bill. What if they were late because a family member passed away. These seem unlikely but the girl who ghosted me in college ended up being in jail for two weeks. A lot more things are possible than a close minded person allows.

It's easy to understand why. Why ever settle when there is always someone hypothetically better out there? You never let any person flap their wings. In return, the world also doesn't allow you to flap yours.

The After Party P.1

It started at half past 6. Like most events it started out a bit rough. We get to the event early to stay on brand. The waitress tells us an hour and we immediately figure out a way to stall. Boba becomes the move.

As we wait for the rest of the group to show up at a New York on time, we sneak into a hotel lounge area. Slowly the group fills up and we hurry to make it to the tea shop just in time before closing.

The conversation on the way there is meaningless. Small bits of catchup followed by a bit of silence. Our brain still stuck in the matrix of work mode. Too hungry and thirsty to be fully present.

Finally the boba is consumed and the wait for dinner continues. The hotel lounge is revisited but the restaurant is not. An hour and half passes and there is no text back. Finally we pivot and end up at a decent curry spot.

The meal is good. The people are good. The night is good. But as the meal is finishing up a side quest is announced. A friend is DJing for the first time in the mythical land of DUMBO.† We don't know the friend and we barely know DUMBO. The event doesn't sound particularly fun but the people do. This is the after party.

The DJ set is perfect for all of 5 minutes. The consequences of a late dinner made us miss half of it. The DJ group contains 10 of so people but we only know a few. No introductions or impressions are made and we begin to doubt our journey.

We continue to converse in our corner but we never integrate well. After only another 5 minutes the remainder of the group decided to leave and go get dinner. This idea sounds pointless to me. We were not in the same wavelength of the group. However, an after party is an after party so I obliged.

The Raise in Canes is only a few minutes away so we decide to run. The rain drenched jog fills the air with fun. The event starts to carve out its uniqueness. Its memories start to become core. The night has parts worth reminiscing about. The restaurant does not though. After our mile run we learn the restaurant has a Y2K esque failure and the computer refuse to take orders. Despite the group morale being low we end up at a new chicken shop close by.

The night ends up pretty fun. It started as a dinner but somehow transcended into a Wednesday of going out. The small group of the past ends up being picked in the Uber lottery. Our car slowly drops us off in the exact equal point between all of us.

A joke is made. What if we grab a drink. The joke is taken seriously and we end up a bar. We have commenced into the final after party.

Like most events it starts out rough. A new character has joined and tech work is being talked about. We split into two groups slowly finishing our beer to leave. Then a question is asked. Name a mildly kept secret.

Suddenly the night has entered its fact finding phase. Stories are dug out from the abyss of the past. You aren't just learning about others but past memories of yourself that have been kept away for too long. The second drinks vanishes easily. Suddenly Zam rolls around.

The night finally reaches its status of a canon event. Something that forms the foundation of future events. This was not possible though without respecting the natural after parties of any summer event.

Chapter 3C: Salt & Pepper

You can cook a steak as well as you want, but if you don't season it, you're a mediocre chef at best. It's not a hard step or an expensive one. The salt shaker will cost you pennies and seconds per meal to season. Yet, you still have to do it. Life has additional components to it besides eating.

A cake at a birthday adds an extra layer of enjoyment and can cost 20 bucks. A candle can add a bit of symbolic lighting to an area, while a plant can add some symbolic greenery. These things aren't hard or complicated. You spent 30 group texts and 3 hours planning the guest list. You spent 3 weeks stressing about the right 50 words for the Partiful description that no one has read. But the 5 dollars it cost to add some decorations was too much effort.

The reason for this failure may be a bit surprising. Sure some of it is lack of awareness or a bit too much tizz. Once you've left the suburbs and tried your first Hello Fresh, you should know how to season though. You've been to a good party before (hopefully). It's much more likely a real lack of self-esteem and anxiety.

When you buy the decorations. When you add the special effects and editing. When you put in effort, then your failure is so much worse. It's so much more personal. If you didn't try, then you don't have to take credit for the work.

You used some truly inspirational mental gymnastics to not have to admit you cared. You didn't simp for the event.

Not all love is about the flashy stuff. The artificial stuff matters to attract someone but after that most of love is much deeper.

The key of it all is selflessness. Leaving someone 5 missed calls isn't the love it's lust at best. It's so easy to look at love languages as a tutorial when really it's the opposite.

What comes to natural to you is not love. If you always cook because your a cook making food isn't an act of love. It's the 2 a week you give your partner a foot massage because they like it for some reason. It's accepting there endless rambling about some video game you couldn't give a shit about.

When you have a roommate you worry about who is going to do the dishes. You worry about it all being fair or equal. As you mature in love you realize the law of economics apply. You can do the trash a couple more times if you partner does the laundry. You can become equitable. But to be in love means you do the laundry a 1000 times with no worry about a return. You trust it will all work out in the end.

The translation between making dinner and going to the rave show your partner likes is pretty tough to compare after all.

Conditional Multipliers

A lot of people fail to realize the fundamental issues with repeatable actions. You'll often see a simple YouTube-style tutorial on something like a funny pickup line and fail to replicate the results. Even ignoring the paid actors aspect of it.

This is not due to the false pretense of the action. There isn't always trickery happening. It's precisely due to the nature of bias.

$$Y=mx+b$$

In this rudimentary equation, the "b" is rarely given a second thought. The idea that it stands for "bias" is chalked up to a mathematical quirk at best. But it means exactly what it says.

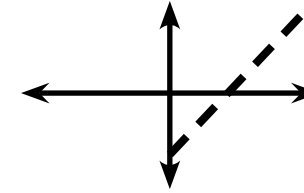
Bias in this case can represent a whole array of pretenses. For example, one's hotness, often associated with "pretty privilege." A general cluster of isms like race or sex also skew the equation. In a more tangible sense, a person's past mutual history dramatically modifies it. And keep in mind there's an even more violent skew in interactions where no history exists at all. Often coined as actor-observer bias.¹

All of this adds up to a preexisting condition, either favorable or unfavorable, depending on one's resources and repertoire. It can be easily scoped down to the activation function of a recipient.

¹ Your friend is late because "they had a rough day." A stranger is late because "they're inconsiderate."

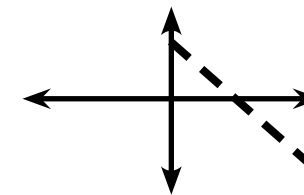
Conditional Multipliers P.2

In general terms, this is all pretty confusing. But visually it's easier to explain.



Originally, the person is below the baseline of satisfactory. They are starting from a negative prospect. This is commonly expressed with a no-response or a phrase like, "No, that actually makes sense." The sentence structure seems off, but it's actually classical conditioning. A person who assumes they're going to say no to you all the time.

It's possible, with a good enough action or idea, to persuade this person. But a more elegant solution is to have someone, perhaps hotter, propose the same idea you just did. This resets the bias and triggers agreeableness.



Let's look at another graph oppositional in nature. Here a person is disagreeing with you but unable to communicate that. They are entirely biased towards submission. Unless you conduct a truly unnatural action, like murder or a metaphorical equivalent, they are forced to unconsciously comply.

This is just a more verbose way of explaining charisma.

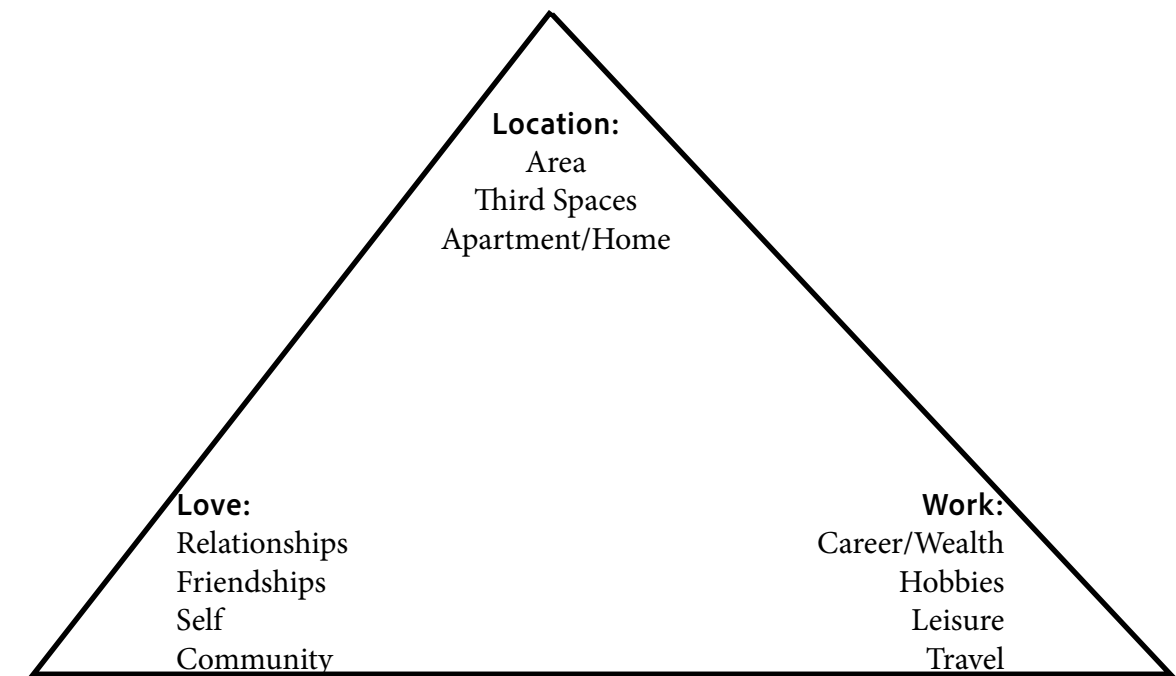
It's easy to misunderstand the point of this concept. It's not just for debates or political hypothetical. More often, it shows up in subjective practicality.

Planning an event. Asking someone out. These things are not decided by the quality of the proposal alone. If the right person asks you to the right event, you are more likely to say yes.

The most abstract and interesting application of this is in reflection. A person more interested in you will also perceive your experiences more favorably. A grand gesture hits much harder if they already admire you. It has the opposite effect if they don't.

You'll notice a much higher catalogue of your mistakes when their bias is negative. You'll feel more forgiveness, more openness, when the bias leans in your favor.

Life isn't fair that much is obvious. But, when this unfairness is pointed towards you it's important to accept a small gradient of learning. You don't need to change your hairstyle to impress someone who hates your kind.



This above is the triangle. Almost all issues in life boil down to these categories. At times it can seem like solving one only causes another. As in the moment you get a girlfriend your job start to suck and vice versa.

Love is usually the most glamorous. Whether you are having boy or friendships issues there is always something to complain about.

Location is often interesting. Whether your roommate is bad your apartment is bad or even your city. This is the hardest to change.

Work is always going to suck a bit so not really possible to solve that. But there is definitely enough sucking where it's an issue.

When it comes to the problems of the triangle there are two types. Optimization and Survival. Sometimes you are trying to survive. You NEED a new lease you are metaphoically homer

There will be around 3 versions to every chapter

360 Pages for me

1,594,323 variations for you

Some Unofficial Early Examples

Chapter 0: F.r.a.m.e.w.o.r.k.s.	Chapter 1: Introvert Extrovert Omnivert	Chapter 2: Sensing Intuition Don't Know	Chapter 3: Thinking Feeling META 2
Chapter 4: Judging Perceiving Don't Know	Chapter 5 Experimental: Puzzles Pictures Novel	Chapter 6 Astrology: Jan, Feb, Mar, Apr, Jun, Jul... 12 versions	Chapter 7 Skills: Money Love 2 Work

Hyper Reality

Form description

Is hanging out with a friend an introverted or extroverted activity



☐ What does this even mean?

☐ Introvert

☐ Extrovert

When are you born

Month, day, year 

Do you like puzzles or pictures   Multiple choice

☐ I have both

You will fill out a form and this will generate code used to generate a book. This book will then be published on amazon and will be bought by only YOU.
(It will even have your name on it).

To write so many extra pages I want to utilize multiple different authors. Each will write unique pages that follow a loose framework and have the book come out in monthly increments one chapter at a time.

So each month a 10 page chapter will come out that will be custom to the person with around 30 total pages to choose from. This format will change overtime.

Each chapter will have theme pages to also add coherency:

- Fomo Page: A random page from another version.
- Puzzle Page: A page you will need to solve a puzzle to unlock.
- Recommended Page: A page filled with recommendations of other readings/movies to supplement the chapter.

Not sure yet if digital or paper version will be better still working this part out.

Hyper Reality (Book 2)

Chapter 1a F.r.a.m.e.w.o.r.k.s (Experimental Chapter)
Completed: Fraction, Friendships, Friday Dates, Erase, Extra Credit, Earth Days, Worry,

Chapter Name 1b Box Theory
Draft: Basic Boxes, Role Misalignment, Honey-Locked,

Chapter Name 1c Tutorial (Explanation of the book)
Completed: Integration, Roster Meta, Nickelback Effect
Conceived: Instagram Posting

Chapter Name 2a C.a.t.e.r.g.o.r.i.e.s.
Completed: Eating, acquaintances

Chapter Name 2b Void Theory.
Draft: Gradual void, Inverse void, Canceled void, Dark void

Chapter Name 3b Game Theory
Draft: Life Sucks, Avoidant attachment, A bad first impression,

Chapter Name: Taxes (The cost you must pay to live)
Completed: Mirage Tax, Taxes (Intro)
Draft: Sleep Tax Conceived: Self Aware Tax

Chapter Name: Hypotheticals (A theoretical concept)
Completed: Being Late 3
Draft: Sacred Death, Conceived: Affinity, Love

F.
Fragment
Fraction
Failure
Friendships
Friday Dates

R.
Refresh
Reframe

A.
Adaption
Archtype

M.
Messages
Metas
Messy

E.
Erase
Extra Credit
Earth Days

W.
Worry
Waiting

O.
Original

R.
Refresh(alt)
Reframe(alt)

K.

S.
Sidequests

Hyper Reality (Book 2)

Chapter Name: Tutorial (Explanation of the book)

Draft: Terms

Conceived: Texting,

Chapter Name: Frameworks (Experimental Chapter)

Completed: Fraction, Friendships, Friday Dates, Erase, Extra Credit, Earth Days, Worry, Waiting, Sidequests, Messy, Mystery

Conceived: Reframe, Adaption, Failure, honeyMoon-Locked

Chapter Name: Taxes (The cost you must pay to live)

Completed: Mirage Tax, Taxes (Intro)

Draft: Sleep Tax

Conceived: Self Aware Tax

Chapter Name: Hypotheticals (A theoretical concept that is not possible)

Completed: Being Late 3

Draft: Sacred Death,

Conceived: Affinity, Love

Chapter Name: Meta (The way the world works)

Completed: Being Late 3

Draft: Roster Meta, Nickeback Effect

Conceived: Instagram Posting

Book 1 T u t o r i a l
a
x
e
s

Chapter 3 Taxes

Page 1: A review of the movie No Hard Feelings.

Page 2: A drawing of some taxes

Book 2 I n t r o v e r t
a
x
e
s

Chapter 10 Taxes

Page 1: A drawing of some taxes

Page 2: A poem about taxes

Page 3: A song about taxes

Book 3 F r a m e w o r k s

There is no chapter about taxes.

You get a unique book probably

Pages

Box Theory Introduciton, The Basic Boxes, 6'5", Misattribution Error, Roless, Role Misalignment, Honey-Locked, Self-Box, Rosie's, Undying

Void Theory Introduction, Gradual void ,Inverse void Canceled void, Dark void

Game Theory Life Sucks, Advoidant attachemnt(cheat card, Anxious Attachment(victim card), A bad first impression,

Questions

Here are some questions asked and some answers.

1. How do you make a custom book?

While jank, Adobe allows you to write custom scripts to then create the exact copy of the book you want.

2. How would a book launch work?

You would preorder your book and it would be picked up at the launch.

3.4.5. What's your book about? How tall are you? Are you okay?

Yes...

To be clear though none of this matters. I have written 0 pages. By the time this book is done there will be a new president. I'll no longer be in New York. Adobe may not even be around.

If you have recently met me, you probably won't even know me by the time it comes out. This is all symbolic at best. It's just an idea.

Hydrogen
Heaven
Hell
Habit
Hyper Reality
The Mysterious Death of Alex Lambert 2

A book unique to YOU

Custom Book Form



1. Scan Here
2. Fill out Survey (5 minutes)
3. Receive Custom Book

Page.1 Mindset
I think it's pretty safe to say most of what makes life fun
just comes down to mindset. If you're on molly even the
dishes will be a fulfilling event I

Page.1 Mindset
I think it's pretty safe to say most of what makes life fun
just comes down to mindset. If you're on molly even the
dishes will be a fulfilling event.

Page 2

K

Page 3

Chapter 4a Hard Mode

premature celebration
simpling for promo

Page 6

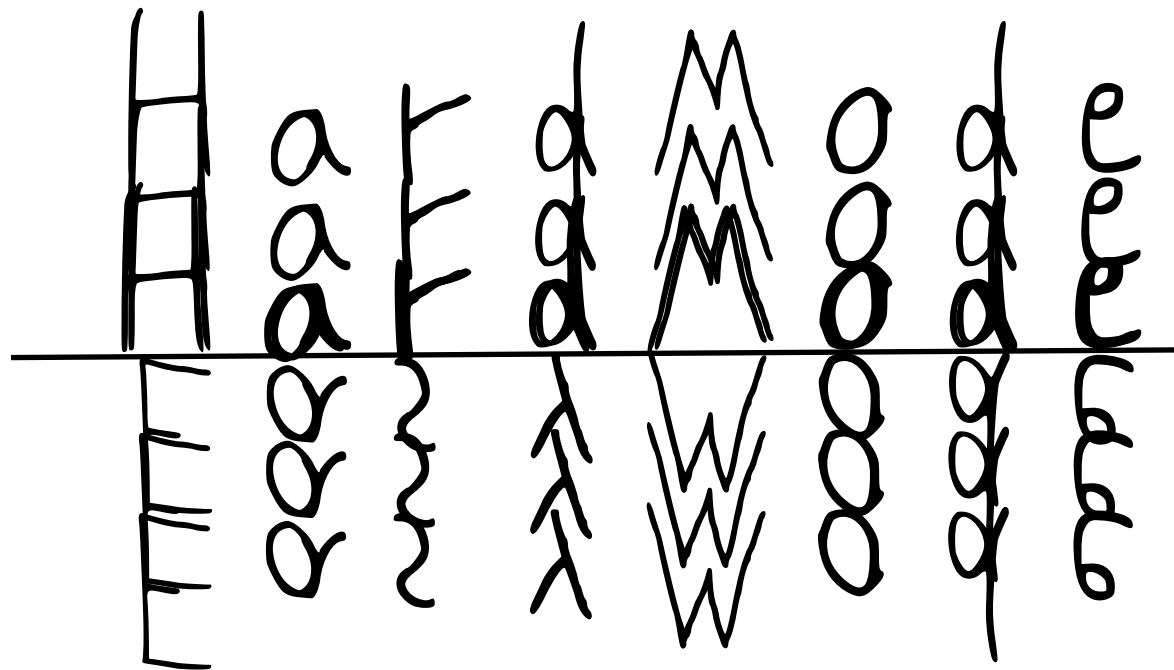
Hating technology always gives off an ahmish vibe/

Chapter 4

Hard Mode

Page 1

Chapter 4



$E_{\sigma^2, \lambda} W_{096}$

Your brain is pretty stupid I promise. It still thinks your a caveman. It gives you little dopamine treats everytime you eat or sleep at the right time.

However, all of it's sensory input is just based on how well it can

As the temperature heats up you begin to fall for the classic trap. You add three or four too many plans to an already.

Salt & Pepper
Over seasoned

A Solved System
- The Sharks,
- One part math

The Simp

There's no such thing as having it all. No matter what the critics say you're race and gender have a large impact on what you can and can't do regardless of which of these you are.

There was a very clear choice of word for the objective conclusion of being better than yourself. It's not a guarantee not should you feel entitled to it. The natural decay of not doing something is getting worse over time.



LAMBOPALOOZA 2024

8 - KARA
8:30 - Charlie St. James
9 - Rishierish
9:30 - Tiff
10 - Gouda
10:30 - Estela
11 - Sasha Rome
12 - DJ LAMBO

LAMBOPALOOZA 2024

Jorge - Abhi
8:00 - 8:30
Rishierish - Body Copy - Gouda - Estela
9:00 - 9:30 - 10:00 - 10:30
Sasha Rome - DJ Lambo
11:00 - 12:00



LAMBOPALOOZA 2024

8 – Jorge
8:30 – Kevin
9 – Rishierish
9:30 – Body Copy
10 – Gouda
10:30 – Estela
11 – Sasha Rome
12 – DJ LAMBO

LAMBOPALOOZA 2024

Jorge - Abhi - Rishierish
8:00 - 8:30 - 9:00
Body Copy - Gouda - Estela
9:30 - 10:00 - 10:30
Sasha Rome - DJ LAMBO
11:00 - 12:00

"Well yeah but also no. It's not that. I don't think this is actually fun. Life is passing us by and we aren't doing shit."

"Says who? What the fuck else are we supposing to do? Make some random boss happy. There is nothing else out there. This is the point of life"

"How do you know though."

"Everyday I'm happy what am I missing?" u

- Christopher Columbus
- Convent boycotting
- Stop and Frisk
- The Death Threat
- My fear
- They deserve it
- False accusations

The issue is the rules are whatever you want them to be. You hate Trump because of his many sexual allegations. But give Biden a pass because he only assaulted one person. The bar and the limit are based on how many retweets not severity.

The year changes but life marginally does. Each year a new expectation occurs. The arbitrary milestones are hit. At 30 I'm supposed to do something different I guess. Truthfully though each year passes with less worry than the last.

If I was supposed to do something before I die each year proves this to not be the case. The grandiose goals I stacked for myself remained unmoved and yet the time still passes.

I'm not fully sure the goal on earth but all I know is somehow somehow each year I'm getting closer. My skills and love and life only improve. There are dips of failure. Sure there are blockers. But age allows you to distance yourself for these problems. To realize a solution always eventually present itself.

The temperature on the ground goes through all the seasons.

The people pass by barely notice me as they walk by. There 1000 bullshit things that seep into their mind don't allow them to observe my decaying state.

I don't have a purpose. Each day I slowly decimate as each day passes. My pointlessness only increases. Some point the letters peel off until there is almost nothing left.

Each day I accept a little worse condition. Never able to fix the past mistakes that have piled up. I am sure that things can't get much worse yet each time they do..

The motel has a similar attitude. Somehow even with OTE I'm enough to be left alone. I have never reached the true breaking point where it might be worth fixing

When we arrived at the Hawaii Airbnb there was other thing for us to figure out. What the price for every single room and what was the arrangement. We would be here for 3 months the room you get could determine the entire outcome of the trip.

So we bust out a variety of algorithms. All the type A people busted out the charts and the prices and room plans. In the end the results were about an even split for everyone. The one big room had about 1,000 more a number already decided before we arrived.

The process and the arguments were for symbolic purposes.

Life sometimes delves deep into pointlessness. Each time a company and group gets bigger and bigger there is only one solution determined to fix all problems. This is of course process.

Each time a problem is run into the problem must be duck taped over. Every stupid rule you have encountered in your life has an ever stupider story attached to it. The tiger is brought into to fix the rat problem. The biggest issue with mistakes are the overreactions more than the mistake itself.

The process starts to bring the entire company or group to a fault. Work becomes impossible. So, this leads to the rules themselves being skeereted around. The total adviodance of all rules end up being more dangerous then where we started.

When it comes to proces. When it comes to all middle management there is but one question. What are you actually doing? I don't mean in the number of comments left or meetings you interrupted. I don't mean to become a ghost who says nothing. I mean what is the delta between the project or point and what was the end result after the process.

If you have a doc you reviewed and left a 100 comments on. At least 10 of these should have shifted the doc. The changes should lead to a different final outcome. If you have a project and after all 6 reviews.

The Wall of Confusion

I have no stronger feeling of emotion than seeing someone else not get it. To watch through an imaginary glass wall as the person next to you seems to stumble past the lesson they so desperately need to learn.

A person's mind is warped so harshly by patterns. They have such strong false beliefs about what a concert is like. What Burning Man is like. What any event is truly like.

Short Form Content

You know what sucks about life is that the reward algorithm is too faulty. You can try all you want at work there is no guarantee in any return. Love and Friendships have a convoluted strange way

Page 5

Beer

You know what sucks about life is that the reward algorithm is too faulty. You can try all you want at work there is no guarantee in any return. Love and Friendships have a convluted strange way

Page 5

Substance Abuse

You know what sucks about life is that the reward algorithm is too faulty. You can try all you want at work there is no guarantee in any return. Love and Friendships have a convluted strange way

You know what sucks about life is that the reward algorithm is too faulty. You can try all you want at work there is no guarantee in any return. Love and Friendships have a convluted strange way

Chapter 1A: F.r.a.m.e.w.o.r.k.s Chapter 1B: Box Theory
Chapter 1C: Tutorial

Chapter 2A: Pyramid Theory Chapter 2B: Void Theory
Chapter 2C: Game Theory

Chapter 3A: Therapy Chapter 3B: D E A T H Theory (Inverse Death,
Undying)
Chapter 3C: Taxes

Chapter 4A: Hard Mode
Chapter 4B: Easy Mode

Chapter 5A: Salt & Pepper Chapter 5B: Auto Fiction
Chapter 5C: A Solved System

Chapter 6A: C.a.t.e.r.g.o.r.i.e.s Chapter 6B: "A Spectrum"
Chapter 6C: A retrospective

Chapter 7A: The Simp Chapter 7B: The Planner
Chapter 7C: Substance Abuse

Chapter 8A: The Second Butterfly Effect
Chapter 8B: The Social Death Penalty (To cancel)
Chapter 8C: ?

Chapter 9: Hyper-Realitiy

Every weekend in NY is a balance of time and obligation. The week of NY is so fun that the weekend has to find some way to top this. You must stretch the dopamine receptors just a bit farther. As my net has casted so large there ends up being one common thread each weekend. A partiful of some sort is attended each day.

A person you deeply care about. So, it almost feels comical to think about not going. I have for the most part never regretted attending a house party so the issues of this might not be clear.

Each week I attend the collection of events my pool of future parties widens. I meet 5-6 cool new people and end up with 5-6 new birthdays. Resulting in a passive growth of birthdays and housewarmings that pop up in my calendar Friday and Saturday.

The problem with life can be confusing. Then my friend asked have you been to Shakesphere in the park, have I been to public records, have I been to a Broadway show. I start to realize my version of NY has narrowed too far. I can't name a bar in EV or Manhattan at this point.

I gawk at the idea of someone hating Brooklyn. Even when I stay below the 14th street line in Manhattan most weeks a year.

The partifuls project me as a partier. Why would they invite me to a wholesome board game night when they know I only like to party. The hyper reality of this routine makes me start to believe this cycle is the "correct version of NY". But each time I reflect back on what I did fun this month in NY I'm never quite sure.

Chapter 4

Hard Mode

So going to have a survey like Google Forms

An art piece of each page

Page 5

Offline Notes

Red Hearse

Flight fleas

Wrong Blame

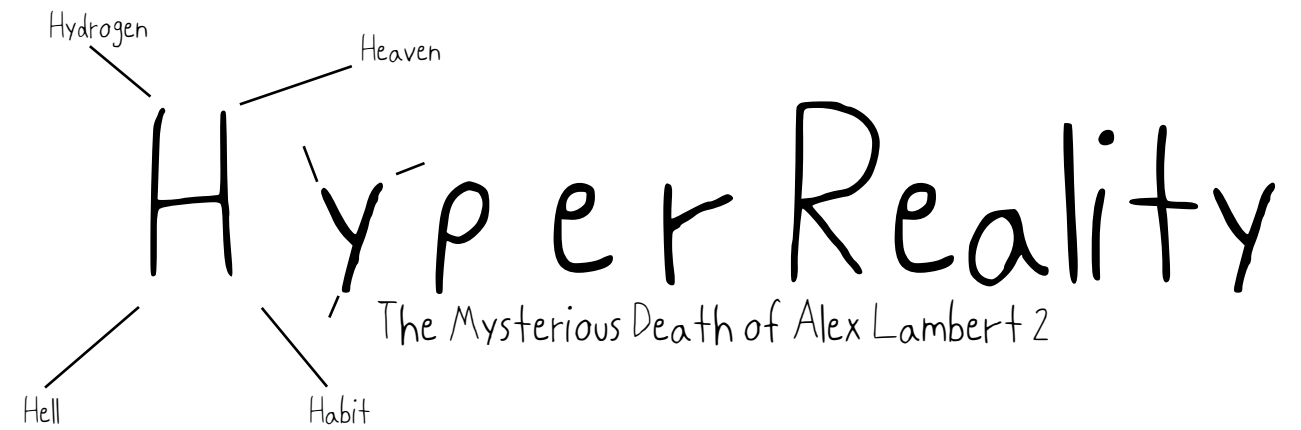
A video a day until I can't go anymore

Self-Filtering;

Page 1. Traditinoal

Page 2. Self

Page 3. Doubt



A book unique to YOU

Page 1 | Personal | New York | Universal | SF | Previous
Book | 2012

Frameworks

The pages spell out frameworks and custom pages

Page 5
When does sophomore year start.

Page 5
Written by Claudia
Insta: @

Claudia/Emily/Rishi/James/

Introduction

all pages contain 1 writing tip

Page 1 | Personal

Try writing a shit page when you
have writer's blocks

Box Theory

all pages have diagrams

Page 1 | Personal

Implicit Bias

Taxes

Each page contain one weird law from TikTok?

Pyramid Theory

All pages contain a maslow heirhcy of needs

Box Theory p2

All pages contains a box theory

Catergories

Every page is a tier list

Death

All pages contain a mortimeter

Therapy

All pages are from real therapy sessions

Easy Mode

Easy route per question whatever they agree with most

Hard Mode

Hard mode per question whatever they dont agree with

Get ten pages total but can 5/5 or 10 one way

Drew/Adar

Uniqueness

3 pages chapter | 1 page chapter | 1 page abandoned | 2 1/2 pages | 1 paragraph | 1 sentence (a quote) | 1 setence a music quote | 1 word | 1 character

Void Theory

One void graph for each page

Game Theory

4 pages have games I made up (wall ball, chinese war, long bus, music swap)

Plan(e) Theory

All pages written while traveling

A Retrospective

All pages on ketamine and have a retrospective of previous page but you need to unlock the previous as well if not it doesn't work

"A Spectrum"

All pages contain one statistic.

The Social Death Penalty

All pages contain one cancelled person

Salt&Pepper

All pages contain one recipe

A Solved System

All pages contain one equation

The Social Death Penailty p2

All pages contain one sentencing

The Second Butterfly effect

10 pages comes from your previous choices and act as page 11

The Simp

Contain one song that I have listened to a 1000 times

???

You must solve a puzzle to get this chapter

Hyper Reality

All books are exactly the same except the first 100 sold get a unique page

Easy Mode

Hard Mode

Unqiuness

Void Theory

Game Theory

Plan(e) Theory

A Retrospective

"A Spectrum"

The Social Death Penalty

Salt&Pepper

A Solved System

Custom Pages

Box Theory

Void Theory

Chapter 2A: Categories & Pyramid Theory

Imagine you are a seagull. People are going to hate you no matter what. Like what's the point of not being an asshole. Some other seagull is going to ruin your reputation anyways.

In school if you want to succeed you must follow the flow of the class. If your whole class cheats on the test, you either take a worse grade with the curve or you cheat.

At work, it's the same. If everyone exaggerates the amount of work they do on a performance review, you have to do the same or fall behind.

When the META changes, you have to change with it. It may seem like a justification for bad behavior when everyone around you is doing it, but you're free to try and change the META. However, you have to acknowledge that until the META is changed, you're handicapped.

There are also some page on pyramid theory just so you know!

Chapter 7B: A Retrospective

This book is so complicated. So many ideas make sense in the moment but the more you zoom out have nuances. Sometimes, you can't quite fit the whole idea in one page.

This chapter is the idea of exploring the same idea but with a new drug or new context.

It's to revisit some of the better ideas and see how they have changed throughout my writing.

When it comes to general feedback this chapter has by far the worse reviews. So just keep that in mind I guess.

Here was my thoughts pre-therapy. Only a moment of despair but captured forever.

Page 410

Batman Era

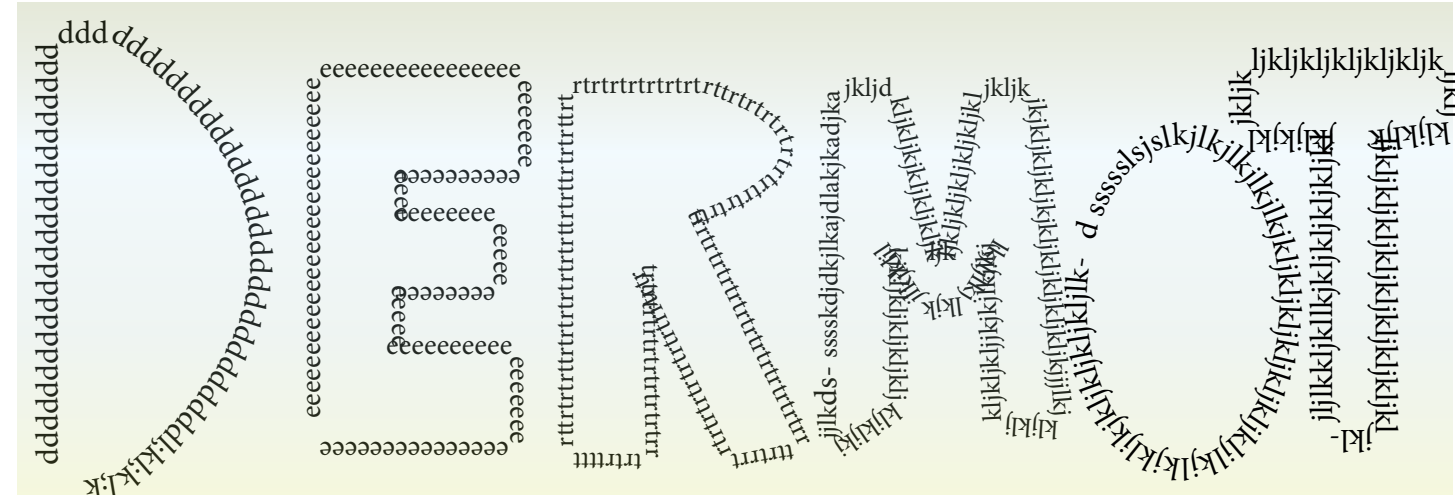
I finally have a reached a theoretical breaking point towards to current life I have. A point of life where the very idea of socializing or interacting with life seems meh...

The amount of effort it took to come to writing tonight can be equated with a depressed person journey. While the signs are similar the diagnose seems different. It's almost as if the introverted life has taken me back. The idea of others feels pointless. The motivation to ignore obligation leaves nothing else to consider.

When you stop planning events and only go to things you're invited to. When you resend the planner role. The remainder of warmth from this city begins to dry up. New York is a place you can get text a 100 times a day and then 0 the next day. A place with 50 chapters worth of life in between subway stops.

There is a real sense of darkness that is beginning to fill my life. I must have a collection of black cats somewhere inside of my walls. Things have started to really feel empty from the sides.

In the previous versions of this state I knew there was a reason. A root cause no matter who was at fault the problem was clear. This time it seems allusive nothing quite possible to pin point.



DESPOND

Determined, Dynamic, Daring, Dedicated, Dependable,



Alex + Diana

The outside still a good life. However the lack of credit card, promotion and license causes an array of lower pyramid issues.

Alex

Diana

Eclectic, Economical, Educated, Efficient, Elaborate, Electric, Elegant, Empathetic, Earnest, Easygoing, Ebullient, Radiant, Rational, Realistic, Reassuring, Refined, Reflective, Remarkable, Resilient, Resourceful, Responsible, Responsive, Majestic, Mature, Merciful, Methodical, Meticulous, Mighty, Mindful, Miraculous, Motivated, Magnetic, Magnificent, Open-minded, Objective, Observant, Open, Openhearted, Tender, Thoughtful, Thriving, Talented, Tactful, Thankful, Thoughtful, Thorough