

Haich Eye Sea

Myself

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This isn't dedicated to anyone or anything. I just wrote it.

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0.1 Intro to the whole

A spider against the fly. A boxer against a thief. A priest against God. A man against the world, and that man against himself. Conflict exists in many forms and exists in every life on this confusing planet. A day doesn't go by without a decision on whether to fight death or to give in. Everyone's in a battle, but not always one dictated by brains or brawn, and this conflict isn't always overcome. As long as there is energy, there is conflict. Perhaps someone out there has a conflicting perspective to mine. Extremely likely, in fact, this is certain. One of the many reasons I chose to write the words laid before you. To share my thoughts with the world is another form of conflict I'll proudly stride into. Whether or not to continue writing is a question I still have on my mind, nevertheless this is one of these many conflicts.

Hopefully I've seared the concept of conflict onto the frontal lobe of this poor book's brain. This trauma inflicted upon these pages is not what the book is entirely about. Conflict is the tangy raspberry conserve that sticks the otherwise disorganised scrawlings together. An overarching theme. To lure the

genius out, as if I was feeding bacon to a troublesome tapeworm. It wouldn't hurt to have some resemblance of a structure, so here it is. Well it's not here per say, just go back to the start.

A structure based on conflict in literature according to some comic I found. No, that sounds too blasé for the inspiration of a book. I mean the great conflicts in literature forged by generations of heavyweight storytellers and great thinkers alike. As this anthology [best way of simply describing it] goes on, the more abstract this conflict becomes until you enter that area. That isn't to say that it's a straight line from tax returns to the oh so crazy adventures of a wacky scientist's experiments, but more of a general attempt at progression. Still I know what I'm like and what I likes, so most forms of progression will look like spaghetti. Unfinished spaghetti made for spoilt children. The concepts will get more absurd, but not in how I express them. Each section, at least before you enter that area, will have an intro to ease you into the subject matter. I hope my works stimulate your body, mind and spirit.

This for some of you, wouldn't be where you started the book. In other words, this is not the true intro, and I'm split on whether I want more or less people reading this first.

Also conserve sounds twattier than jam. There is a difference, but I couldn't describe it in detail. I just know that I've bought conserve rather than jam, specifically for raspberries. Probably has to do with there being seeds still in a conserve. Good ol' conserve, might as well call it jam on toast. Had it about twice.

0.2 Disclaimer

- Treat everything in this book as fiction. Or don't. There's truth in fiction anyway.
- The pieces are meant to be sincere as possible, even if I'm using irony to make point.
- When I say people in a context like "people do [such and such]", I am often including myself.
- With all questions that lie between these pages, you can answer them to yourself or just read them.
- I don't intend to cause offence, but I'm not trying to avoid it, and really really don't want to hear if you are offended. My version of "if you don't have anything nice to say, don't say it all" is "if you don't have anything to say, don't say anything at all".
- Human error will likely occur. Currently, I am only human.
- If it would make you more interested in reading the book, feel free to imagine I'm black, transgender or part of another group. I'm not black or trans (thankfully), I just want you to read.

Chapter 1

Man vs Nature

1.1 Intro 1

We've won. Conflict arises from nature only in small ways, as it tries to fight back from it's feeble position. I very much doubt nature will wipe out humanity. Nature has our collar wrapped tightly around it's neck. What will kill humans is humanity. Global warming or a pandemic will not kill us all when humanity adapts or overcomes the issue. Nothing short of hundred percent effort from all of nature against humanity will be enough. The fact that a man or woman could choose not to ever eat meat again, or deciding to keep a small yappy animal around because it amuses us, asserts unfathomable dominance. Unfathomable to swine and mutt alike. "We don't need you nature. We have us." the human cries. As a species we ignores the restrictions of nature.

Individually, there is actual conflict with nature. Canines might be subordinate, but a black wasp creature will just sting the base of my thumb for no good reason. Like it just did a second ago, what a pest. It doesn't hurt too much, but that's an example where nature got the slip on me. If you've ever been caught in the rain without a coat, then you know exactly what the battle with nature is like. Unpredictable and motiveless. A gust of wind could be equally in my best interest or it could be my downfall, depending on circumstance. Usually it just makes it slightly irritating to write outside. Imagination paints nature's reason as vengeful or merciful, rather than as ambivalent. I'm not going to ask Mother Nature out on a date because all she does is stare with cold blank eyes.

1.2 Warmth

Aaaahhhhhh. Nice and toasty. Heat of the fireplace. Hard to imagine myself encased in ice, as if I was a depiction of a cartoon caveman right about now, I'm too toasty. All I need is this equilibrium of energy transfers right about now, as the flames cuddle me to sleep. [This section was written at

the top of a hill when I felt the cold winds molesting me. Touchy feely action with the weather is all good until Mother Nature gets a bit too kinky.]

1.3 Nettles

"Hee hee I'm a bastard. Ha ha. My purpose is to hurt others. Don't enjoy the warm summer in a short sleeve shirt, and don't even think about wearing shorts or sandals. If you do, you will feel my sting. Heaven forbid I actually kill you though, I just want to cause enough discomfort to get under your skin. Calling me a monster would be wrong. I'm no monster..." Then the nettle plant shows off its best puppy dog eyes without eyeballs or the ability to express emotion.

Nettles are indeed monsters. They share the same class of living creatures who can poison or be used to create poison, but nettles are a certain kind of despicable scum. How many children, including a young version of myself, has this plant made cry? At least ten, and this is only from first hand experiences. Imagine the kind of tears spilt because that pain is enough to scare children; pure panic and desperation would seep. Nettles aren't exactly this one of a kind Amazonian plant either. British countrysides are chock full of them. Nettles have more victims than the black plague. A plant version of a wasp. A spot in the reincarnation's totem pole saved only for the most sadistic paedophiles and spree killers. If you ever need a piss whilst out on a countryside walk, try to find some nettles to piss over. Just to show those bastards how you are a king compared to a peon. In fact, forget it, just ignore them. They're cold heartless killers, and all urine would do is potentially give them nutrients.

1.4 Wasps

I'm a fascist against wasps. Now most people aren't particularly fond of wasps, but I just take it to the next level. Not with gimmicky rube-goldberg style traps, but with the ruthless ritualistic extermination of wasp kind. All that's needed is a sugar solution, a metal box, and a preheated oven, that's all. Cooking a simple pasta dish is more complicated.

I'm saying this all in the present, as if I'm still doing this, but I put this whole beekeeping lark, well more waspdisposer lark, under wraps for now. Sure, a man in uniform is attractive, but I need to stop the justifiable massacres for now. At least to convince her of my innocence anyway. Whilst I was out on a summer stroll, I saw a lass in a beautiful summer frock. What a beautiful girl she was, and what a beautiful girl she still is. Even after a few years. That ladybug frock suited her rather well indeed. To clarify, I don't hate all bugs, just wasps. I have to stress how it's only wasps. An exterminator such as myself really can't have too many favourites to kill, otherwise I'm no better than a rampaging gorilla. Best to stick to waspicide. I shouldn't really think about killing wasps. People would rather I stuck to killing wasps though, than supposedly adorable creatures like rabbits, cats and dogs. They would

definitely prefer I kill wasps over men, women and children. They would rather I would not kill at all though, if they knew.

Still murdering wasps has an irreverent quality that sugarplum crumble girls like ladybug don't have. The dates we had whilst I was still killing wasps were great, and I hope the first one I have without the featherweight of a wasp cemetery on my shoulders goes well too. Ok, maybe more than just a cemetery, but she at least knows about the extermination job. When I asked her out for a few drinks, she would only do so if I told her why I was wearing what I was indeed wearing. My killing suit. There was certainly embarrassment showing in my cheeks as I thought it would quite rightly put her off. All she cared for in the end was whether the deaths had a purpose or not. She didn't seem to mind, due to her mentioning how much she loved roast chicken on a Sunday night and that leather jackets were the closest she's thought about it being wrong. Especially with her working in textile designs, she uses plenty of textures that aren't made from animal skin.

She wears such pretty dresses of her own design, taking inspiration from nature. Usually flowers and insects. Whilst she does wear pretty dresses, I'm more interested in the shapes these form. How certain areas tighten and expand for, you know, her lady parts. As I stare at her sometimes, all I can focus on is the bugs on the dress, as I'm reminded of what I do. I have to stop killing wasps. I won't do it ever again. All I hope is that this was a habit, rather than an addiction.

1.5 Bullet Ant

A man with a fragile build, similar to the stick figures he drew in his notepad, wandered into the the boozier. That boozier on Simmon's street. That rundown one. Uncharacteristic glumness weighed his face down, and before he knew it, he was facing the barman. "I'll have a -uh." Panic overwhelmed his mind; distracted long enough from recent blips in mood, he spat out his order. "Double gin tonic. Err, use the cheap stuff." The barman gave him a look, as patrons joined Jim in escaping problems through the ol' drink. Amongst the usual pub dwellers and our Jim, was a man he couldn't quite place. Whilst he was no globetrotter, and the most exotic food he had eaten for a while was Chicken Tikka Massala, he knew that he didn't know. He knew where everyone in the pub was from, but he just didn't know the here and there, here. His best guess was some African country, somewhere down south possibly. "One of those too chief." A baritone voice requested, although it sounded more like a demand. Jim, despite the urge to piss himself, and even though he faced a man who looked like he could beat a tiger, with his bare hands, thought it was urgent to ask where he was from. Simpler to ask than to guess after all. Simpler than spending the rest of the night in the paranoid curiosity jail.

"Heyyyyyy..."

A greeting that went on too long, even for Jim's liking.

"Where are you from... mate? I couldn't put my finger on where you're from.

I have no idea.”

”Are you a faggot?”

”That has nothing to do with my question. The curiosity is killing me.”

Papa New Guinea, homeland to our muscular beetroot tinted tribal man.

”You will be told soon. Come.”

A carved log of an arm pointed towards the back door. Whimpers of forgotten animals rattled through the woods. This dark and desolate place would be home to the (attempted) reawakening of Jimmy’s soul. All the meek man could do was follow. As they were heading towards the ritual circle, every now and then, a leaf performing its tumbleweed impression came by. Fire rested upon charred wood and stones. The walk was briefer than Jim had expected, which in turn, caused his legs to keep moving towards the flames.

”Halt! We are here.”

An elephant stomp of a voice.

”Why are we here?”

Squeaks from a mouse. Crisp hot air blew in his face.

”I am here to save your soul. I know your name is Jim and you have recently experienced heartbreak. I am from a tribe in a small country. ’Where are you from?’ You say. I am surprised this matters to you so much. Now I have the question to ask. Do you want to suffer lots once in order to feel less pain for the rest of your life?”

Jimmy’s eyes widened, all he could do was stand there, nearly blurting out all the one word question starters. ”What” nearly broke out of his mouth, but his lips wibbled, waiting in anticipation for the perfect moment to speak. After a long pause, the tribesman spoke again.

”I am Samson. You must want to know this.”

Finally thought Jim, a name. He felt the polite refusal almost come naturally.

”Look Samson.”

A soft hand touched refined flesh, but the refined flesh felt nobody.

”This doesn’t feel like my kind of thing, I think I’m going to go-FUCK”

”Fate has been decided.”

Pain. Sharp searing pain. A male pregnancy in which a boy gives birth to a man. These boys who die in childbirth do not deserve to be men. This is the localised ritual of the bullet ant.

1.6 Tiger

I’ve heard, and it seems to be widely accepted, that the lion is the ruler of the animal kingdom. Above all else, is the lion. In reality, the tiger is king, and the lion is a leader only in the sense as a figurehead. A mob boss who hogs the glory, but also accepts all punishment. Female lions are the ones who do all the hunting (a.k.a the work), whilst the male lion sits on his throne, lifting a paw only to protect his young. Hardly what I see as a leader. More of a stoic partner with a sugar mummy.

Tigers are true kings. A powerhouse in strength, keeping the ecosystem’s

pecking order in line. Creating carcasses left and right of inferior beings. An animal that puts in the work, one who grits its teeth for the hunt, one that has a solid work ethic which does what needs to be done. Female and male tigers are unified by their prowess and energy. A primal determination that I want to channel more often. Lions are just wimps in comparison.

1.7 Hunger

Belly of The Beast. The Beast however, does not feast, he devours. Taste isn't going through it's mind, just consumption. Flesh torn on ivory canines. Recently defeated predator meat takes a brief stop on the tongue before entering the belly of The Beast. Why is the bloodseeker always so ravenously hungry. Acid so pure. Acid so strong. Acid only fuelled by in the inedible. The blood of an Englishman will always spill, if the stomach of The Beast is left in tact. If the stomach is alive, it will consume.

I could really go for a few chicken legs right now.

1.8 The Desire to Fight

I want to feel defeat. I want to grow from it. I want to taste victory, that singe of pain with blood dripping out of the corner of a coy smile. An earned victory. Talking with a head under the influence of booze, I mention to someone I've hardly known about why I work out. A comment along the lines of "I work out so when I get in a fight one day, I have a better chance of winning,". This statement doesn't ring true to me anymore. I want to fight to feel a certain adrenaline high, so I can feel more human, and perhaps to feel more than human. Blood pumps warm in my body.

Why I work out though? The true answer. It's better than not working out.

Chapter 2

Man vs People

2.1 Intro 2

Any interaction between people can be seen as a conflict. Even amongst the most agreeable of chums, conflict of interest is ever present. When interacting with someone who isn't looking through my eyes, a connection will be made. Will this different person want to speak with me about dinner or will they want to rape and kill me as quickly as possible? If they are not Capital I, then how will I know what they are going to unleash next. I can't. Prior experiences and language in all its forms makes most conflict non-essential to survival, but a different mind to my own thinks differently. When there's difference, there's conflict, even if a lot of my social conflict happens with no violence and little aggression. I'm just a bloke trying to get by.

2.2 Love

Two young enough, nerdy acting men sat on a bench. A bench rested on top of a hill, so everyone can sit and look at the landscape after climbing the tower of stairs. Their relationship was most likely platonic, but the shallow content smiles on their faces and relaxed body language glowed a bright warmth. One that overpowered the chill winds on top of that hill. I certainly felt the cold that day. Serious conversation was had between the two, and I listened without their knowledge. There wasn't much context for me to go on, so family issues and the like were just data to me. Pleasant sounding voices kept me listening at the time, as all I wanted to do was de-stress from distress. Plus my inclination towards nosiness. Nearing the end of their discussion, one of them mentioned a truism that was close to their heart.

"An addiction to love is just an addiction to lust."

Quite frankly, the conversation for me ended there as I was too busy exploring that thought. I knew from the moment that statement was finished that I disagreed, a visceral response that skipped all the biological processes which would have usually come before it. Just pure disagreement. Cupid would not

be impressed with love and lust being compared to one and other. There are similarities, but that doesn't make the pair synonyms. Lust is appetite driven, which can be satiated, even for the most sex addicted men and women. Love however, can never truly be satisfied, but we try as hard as can to express the love we feel.

Generally, this love is expressed through a medium which lust leeches off, sex. Starting with a pleasurable sensation under the clothes, between the legs that creates a certain kind of mood. Then whatever happens next happens, and people make love, sex. Passionate sex is the small bit of overlap where being addicted to lust is the same as a love addiction. This act should in theory be the perfect outcome between two people, but it's a lot more complicated than I could imagine with my experience. It does seem divine though, a connection of smiles and rainbows with raw primal desires, resulting in the creation of new life, or at least this more than pleasant feeling. In theory anyway.

Love is a more nuanced emotion, and I value it much higher than lust. Humans can express love in so many ways, and even if it's not reciprocated to the same extent, I still cherish the feeling. Even if my experiences don't last long and they don't go anywhere too meaningful, they are all pleasant times that I wouldn't trade for memories of other women. I wish them all the best. My heart grows with me as I grow as a person. It's all needed practice for those that want to handle one of life's most desirable occurrences. All of this is another form of workout. As I train my body physically through jogging and callisthenics, it only trains me mentally in certain ways. Moments of love, wanting these women, whose details I choose to keep private, to be happy. I'm keeping these details private mostly to save myself from embarrassment, but I don't wish the harm that the small chance of identifying them could.

I fall in love easily. I feel it's part of my character. If I can't fall in love with something easily, then I am most likely in a deep dark place.

2.3 Sex

As a virgin, I feel a need to earn my words about sex. My position on sex is hardly respected amongst missionaries, or fellow sexless unfortunates, unfortunately. This is not a technique I would use in a job interview, but what I lack is why you should listen to my opinion. Of course I lack a close relationship to twice removed females, but I also lack most of the withdrawal syndromes from the ever present animal addiction of social connection through sex. That or I just circumvent them by doing what you would expect from a man on his own committing a sexual act. No euphemisms here, I masturbate sometimes. What I feel lacking, is real companionship, and along with sex, but for different reasons, it's desirable. Desirable in a way that can't be easily satisfied, and if it wasn't so hard to achieve, then I most likely wouldn't desire it in the first place. I do have friends, I don't find it hard to make friends, but I do find it hard to truly connect, and I feel that's because of my age. Friends cannot fill the void of hugs and kisses. Everyone could feasibly be my friend, but I feel

few could be my romantic partner.

"If you want something done right, you have to do it yourself."

I can't apply this quote to relationships, comparing masturbation to a relationship is insanity. There are other aspects I can deeply crave at times, as if it was an addiction. These hugs and kisses. In the dead of night sometimes all I can do is hug a pillow. Not to pretend it's a woman who reciprocates my feelings, but for a short while, my arms and torso can replicate the soft movement of a hug, satisfied with inanimate touch until another night. Thankfully I haven't felt the need to do this very often, but I've done it. Kissing is something I've haven't really done at all. I crave the idea of discovering it, but because I have no experience to base an imitation kiss on, I don't seek to replicate a kiss. My romantic existential moments are dampened by this fact. It should be clear now that sex is not what I'm interested in, but it's what surrounds it. Sex must be the result of some kind of positive relationship, rather than what it creates. A fleshlight is cheaper than divorce papers after all. Masturbation though, with or without porn, is not a replacement for a sexual relationship. Neither are prostitutes. Neither are one night stands. They might temporarily soothe me, but constant trips to a prostitute or constant one night stands would turn my worldview sour.

Masturbation has this unfortunate quality of never being enough, other than to temporarily satisfy an urge. I can physically pleasure myself, sure, but it only provides so much in the other forms of satisfaction. When I have used porn, I can reduce the amount of pleasure physically to dissociate from the fact that I'm doing this alone. I would have usually used porn, but I wouldn't exactly say that I watched it. I just look and listen occasionally to steer my thoughts in a less dread inducing direction. I used it to get rid of sexual angst, rather than specifically for pleasure. Before anyone mentions no-fap or no-porn or something, I'm not good enough at arguing why I believe the former will not help me too much, and they're both something I don't want to waste my time thinking about. I don't particularly like porn either though, but no-fappers are one of the many cultural species that has a sizeable population of people who feel the need to express their views to everyone. Be quiet. I grow tired of seeing the line of semen on my leg and the cum snail trail drip off my hand anyway.

Prostitutes aren't the worst option for myself. I'd never pay for a prostitute however, as they are part of the scum that encrusts the earth. Not scum as humans, but they represent what I see as humanities grotty side. Similar to pornstars and their directors, pimps and hoes (yes I am white how could you tell?) poison the earth in a similar way. The big difference here is that I'm actually having sex with another one to two hundred pounds of flesh. Problem is I am paying for an experience, and one that might not necessarily positive in the long term. I'm renting a woman for, let's say an hour, just to satisfy me. They won't be able to help me progress as a person, or anything positive in a long lasting way, just an experience to fill me up like food and drink. The red light district in Amsterdam, when I went to Amsterdam without being old enough or without my dad enough, to do the things one usually goes to Amsterdam to do, was certainly something. It felt like I was picking lobsters

before they were to go in the pot, but I would be the boiling alive from. You all look nice really, even the ones with penises if I had to be honest, but your souls are corrupt, just like your owners.

One night stands would be the worst I imagine, if I wanted sex so badly and it's all I cared about, this would be the worst way of going about it. I hate the idea in theory, but maybe in practice it might be more fun. Can't say that I respect either party involved in the whole exchange. Other forms of non-relationship sex at least have an air of honesty to them. "I just want a quick fuck" is the general sentiment I find, and this isn't found this bluntly in one night stands. It's more akin to poaching or gambling. "Yeah I got pretty lucky last night" and then precede to talk about who they slept with, seems to be the gist of it. Machismo is apparently earned from the sexual equivalent of fishing at a fishmongers. Sure you can miss, but it's the easiest way to get sex without explicitly paying for it. Bars and clubs are designed for meeting people and they aggressively cater to the "having a bit fun" behaviour. With all the booze and close vicinity to other forms of drugs.

These are the stories I tell myself to feel better, but reality is a lot more complicated and real than the situations I described here. Sometimes I just worry. I have faith in myself to fulfil my desires, so this section will hopefully just be a snapshot of my virgin angst. I feel have only gained my sexual hangups through osmosis, from the communities I've been a part of, and the friends I've made, and now I have share their sexual frustrations.

2.4 Relationship Atrophy

My grip on relationships can be weak and feeble. Friends and family. Benefactors of joy and goodwill when close, monoliths of dread when distant. No matter how much I try sometimes to hold on to a good moment, it all seems to slip out from my control. I sit around fallen plates that I was once spinning. Family plates take quite a beating, but I show them respect and try to care for them. I hope they keep spinning. Friend plates are a different matter. I never know what will happen with these types of plates, compared to the old reliable lineage of family. A small collection of digital plates, sadly digital, or more digital than real. I don't like the uneven spinning of friend plates, as every friend feels different compared to the collective of family. Unless it's a particularly nice plate, I end up staring at how I see the plate and my reflection on it. That I'm seeing what I want to in them, rather than the person that's actually there, not the metaphor of a plate. What do we want from this spinning? Is it to laugh at my eccentricities, your unique differences, or something that is actually there. In the past I would let these plates fall just to see them break, but now I'm trying new methods of keeping myself sane. Most friend plates shatter or disfigure eventually anyway, even if these differences are just in my head. That's the nature of spinning plates. I spin plates, my hands get tired, my grip weakens and plates fall to the ground. Plates often break when they fall to the ground. I sit on the floor and feel selfish surrounded by still plates.

Why do I feel the need to spin plates? They need to stay active otherwise they break, and I won't be able to provide the one-way two-way relationship of spinning plates. Like playing chess or tennis with myself. More mental effort than pushing a boulder, but more satisfaction than what I would get pushing a boulder. When sitting in my collection of plates, I wonder who I should please other than myself.

2.5 Repetition

"What's the point of this?"

"What's the point of what?"

Parallel dimples on his rosy chubby cheeks deepen. His arms squiggled as he attempted to gesticulate his thoughts, ones his father had had many times before.

"This.."

His beady eyes squinted. Squinted as if the sun wanted to communicate, but it was just a cloudy day in autumn. Another one of those afternoon nap and late night movie days.

"We're going to make this a regular event looking at the living wood. We came here yesterday, and we'll keep plonking our butts on the grass, here, every day we can."

Gravitas echoed through the father's voice; only an interruption to cough would stop the monologue's circulation and flow. A squeak came out from the son.

"Wh-"

"Before you ask why, I'll tell you. Repetition, the act of one action again and again is important. Very important schtuff. A factor of life even."

He chops the air with both hands.

"Einstein, if he actually did connect repetition to insanity, is talking out of his sphincter. When I repeat an action, identically copying a set of movements expecting different results, I am not insane. I will learn new lessons and I will appreciate the nuance of human error. It's impossible to do the same thing twice. That whole not being able to step in the same river twice thing."

The son fiddled with some sticks, as the father embraced his shoulder tightly.

"Do you get what I'm saying?"

"Sort of."

"Fair enough lad."

Squeeze. Pop. A father son double bonded hug was performed before the two went back home.

Chapter 3

Man vs God

3.1 Intro 3

God exists. Whether you believe in a religion guiding you towards the sweet embrace of G.O.D, or that it's just a concept to keep people hopeful, the idea exists. All that feels certain is this idea is in my head, and the idea I'm sure is in plenty of other people's heads too. I'm not even sure if it really is that powerful. As in, can do anything it wants. There's probably a limit, but that's just how I interpret God.

My relationship with God is like my sex life, currently non-existent, yet, hopeful. One day if I find a path to follow, or obviously follow one, I'll find both a connection to a higher power and a life partner. The idea of subscribing to Christianity or Islam isn't appealing however, nor is any other predefined religion. My path towards heaven, or some variation of eternal bliss, is not one that can just be followed as if it were law. Other than this, I couldn't really say why. He, it, she or whatever this son of a gun is, hangs out where I can't feel his presence. Religious people seem to feel God's touch in some form, and they describe the feeling however they describe it. To me, it's more like a third parental figure that left me when I was born.

Conflict with God always revolves around death in a capacity, that and power. Whenever I internally ramble on about all of this religious jargon, I ask myself, maybe only subconsciously:

"Is this worth thinking about, and if it is, can I do it without God?"

All I can say in response to my own question is: "I don't know." Conflict with God involves waiting. All I can do is ask and wait. Tap tap tap. Checking my non-existent watch. Tap tap tap. Guess I'll have to do this chapter without him. I'm a bit impatient with her quite frankly.

3.2 Death

Most forms of death are matters that I don't concern myself with. A higher power is more capable of dealing with it than a bloke with pen marks decorating

his pinky finger. Suicide is a different matter, but more on that later. Death is just change to me. A cow dies, a flower grows. A grandma dies, a red light district prostitute is born. I felt little when grandma died, other than hoping her death would dampen little time in other's lives. She had been dead for a while beforehand anyway. Her passing was a blessing, an amputation of her crippling dementia. Death will happen. No need to get all emotional because I feel like I should be. Thoughts of death pop in and out of my mind. Maybe I'll die then, maybe I'll die soon, and living in the present removes any anxiety I could panic myself into from those thoughts. All life is worth living and all death is worth receiving. Feed me to the pigs when I die. Will ya promise to do that? They need a proper gourmet meal once in a while.

3.3 Ascending my humanity

A part of me, from a fairly age, has always wanted to improve. Whatever happened and whenever this part of the body awoke is not something I can pinpoint. My attempts in following these desires for physical, mental and spiritual chiseledness have not always been successful. I do not settle for inferiority if I can achieve greatness with effort. Thought patterns like that used to be a lot muddier in my head, hence a severe strictness on myself that would worry others, as I would mention my inner critiques for guidance. I still do, just much less often. When all of my ever changing goals whirr around in my head, I think about limits. What's stopping my hands from plucking trees as if they were blades of grass? How far can boundaries be pushed until they can be pushed no more. I certainly don't know. It's impossible to create undeniable perfection or, even one person to be the best at a given activity, that isn't entirely based in objectivity. It's still too tasty not to think about occasionally. This seemingly unattainable ideal, which evaporates what it means to be human, to strive towards a chance to escape this form, ascending to a higher plane of existence. This is what drives a man like myself.

Potentially connected to religion or equally biology, this state of being will, in whatever way it presents itself, is or will be more powerful than us. All I can do is bide my time, hypothesise and hope, only about known unknowns. As a species, we're not far from animals in terms of genetic structure, but the small differences gives us the ability to create, or at least process the imagination collective in a capacity to fulfil desires. Animals have instinct. Humans have imagination. What defines the glistening beauty of those who will stand after us? Will they look down upon us like cattle and pets, or will their defining blessing be the ability to become as transcendent as they are. I wish to become something more, but I am ultimately content with my humanity. A vessel for a message.

3.4 Purity

Chemically pure. A substance that isn't tainted by outside force. Crystals won't appear foggy and dirty, with no indication it's interacted with anyone other than itself, frozen in that spot in time. Pure. A similar, not so scientific process in humans occurs. Often, but not exclusively to their ilk, calm religious people often give off an aura of purity. In a way that isn't shared or even thought about in another species, purity of the mind. If one's mind is pure, then I can consider their soul to be pure as well. They sit in their trance, not openly tainted by prior experiences, as if all trauma had been replaced for a zealous devotion to a martyr. Whatever their beliefs, it revolves around a desire to do what they believe is right. Righteousness in a way that strives for a form of beauty, combined with a tasteful attire and a glowing appreciation for humanity. To say all followers of religion are like this would be silly, but even the influence of one or two happy few gives the world more hope. Appearing pure, and being pure are two different states, yet any attempt to appear more at ease than they are, signals someone is not completely lost. Purity is a concept I confuse with beautiful sometimes and that's how the succubus types win.

A pure virgin is a beautiful concept, but unrealistic in the current landscape of technology, and I wouldn't want pure in all aspects either. 100% pure. Perfection is too good to be true. With all this easy access to new information, becoming tainted is just a matter of discovering the wrong kind of pornography or reading a poorly thought out news piece. News, politics and the wretched vessel of advertising poisons the mind quickly, along with the potential catalysts of erotica and drugs. I've had impure thoughts about all of this filth. It would be hypocritical if I were to expect my family, my friends, and future life partner to be totally pure when I am not. Purity is not a strict moral scale, it is one based upon simplicity. Unaffected by the vices of the world is my rough definition for purity in humans. Purity doesn't mean "watch porn and you're the devil", it says "your purity is defined by your reaction to the wretched". Alcoholics who commit to being clean are praised more than those who never take a sip, because it's commendable to see a change towards the positive, rather than a default false perfectness. It almost comes across as smug people say they don't do such and such.

A man sits in his filthy suit, stained with vices, whilst picking at his crusty boxers. This was a weekly ritual for him. His twenties had transported him to his fifties, and after a particularly intense night, his sixties. Heaven for a day, hell for a week. That was his motto. His small social circle thought he deluded, never to enter reality again, as his life was only a reflection of his addictions.

Evening dinner with Marcus began only two hours after he woke. An attempt to converse with the troll under the bridge was made by Marcus, but all our man, nay goblin, could muster, was to eat lukewarm spring rolls as if his life depended on it. It very well could have been all over with his eating habits alone. Scoffing food was only interrupted with sips of cheap lager to stop the dry puff pastry clogging his throat.

"Have some water." Marcus held the ogre's hand to stop him from picking

up more lager, in a desperate plea for the painful eating automata to end. He was a slave being commanded to engage in embarrassing foreplay, and he tilted his glass towards the vice pipe. "We're good for you." Each water molecule cried in unison.

"We miss you." Water was resting upon his tongue until the gag reflex kicked in, and Marcus was swiftly greeted to a barrage of half chewed spring roll and coffee coloured phlegm.

"Life is painful around you Jim. It really is. You can't drink anything unless it's going to kill you. Where did the real Jim go?"

Marcus wiped his face with a damp tissue.

"You can't even take in a simple glass of water."

Marcus tilted the man's head towards his eyes.

"You can't even take in a simple glass of damn water."

It was silent other than the electronically orgasms of the nearby casino. Marcus was mentally as fried as Jim was all round.

"Look... I'll pay for today, but I want you to change. Clean up your act, clean up in general, and do something with your life."

He threw his hands up in the air.

"Get baptised? I don't know... Just something other than..."

He gestured his hands as if he was taking a school photo for a sick orphan.

"This."

The next day our man got baptised. Under such short notice, Gary was the only one who could do it, but he felt like a changed man. The following months were intense. Daily bike rides to work; egg salads were a staple of his diet; he forbid himself from masturbating; sitting in front of the television was replaced with reading literature and making furniture; his clothes were becoming more tasteful. He could control his vices. He was changing. He was becoming the man others wanted him to be. Looking at the mirror, it was no surprise to see an unrecognisable face and figure.. A man who may have been transformed by God, but spiritually feels like a husk of a man.

"I hate this." He grumbled. "What's the fun in being like this." He continued to mumble grumble as he gazed upon the recently refurbished door. The last pillar of a previous life. He had broken this door on the day he paid two barely legal escorts to get wasted on cheap spirits with. Mumbles turned into nostalgic groans, and he reminisced over smashing the blonde's head into the door as she was indecisively chanting "Stop." and "Don't stop." A camel broke the straw's back.

"Let's get the funkmeister back. I'm sick of this purity bollocks."

Ripping a celebratory bottle of champagne from the fridge, he chugged it as if this was what it was all leading up to. The promotion, the new body, the carpentry, it was all done so he could piss it all away. He broke the door. He broke the bottle. He broke his abstinence and he broke his spirit. All of this was worth it for the alcohol fuelled turbo wank. It was worth it, for him.

I must have seen a man like this before in my life.

3.5 Brevity

Useful, not always profitable, and definitely not artsy. Religion and brevity should be paired. Sad it isn't, isn't it?

3.6 Confession

Forgive me Father for I have strayed from the one true timeline/s, a divine path/s that I decided against in favour of temptation. A little suckle on hopelessness' teet. There was a clear capitalised warning; it could not pass my blindfold of greed, my desire for gossip and laughs. A naughty giggle imitating a choir of chortling friends.

"I shouldn't be doing this, right?"

I did it anyway. A petty deed, one which isn't strictly illegal either, and although morality shouldn't affect the law, I did not perform a moral act. I skimmed through the pages of my sister's diary. However Father, you there behind the mesh curtain, as my punishment has already been granted, I do not seek forgiveness, all I ask is for you to listen. Perhaps this is just deepening my sin, and making a diary about herself about me, but I feel I should bring forth my sins out on display, to place my tarred heart out on the table for all to see. This is what I read.

"Saturday 21st November Dear diary, 50% 50% day today, everything good except from [ME]-[HE] was showing signs of having a meltdown but we went anyway. As soon as we got out the car, boom, meltdown! He was punching walls, screaming, bare in mind, this was in PUBLIC! You may think I would be embarrassed, but I'm so used to it nothing would surprised me. Anyway he calmed down a bit so we got some lunch. I had sweet chilli ramen noodles. They were lush! Then we went into sainsburys + boom! another meltdown. Yes in sainsburys! Anyway-"

My punishment should be obvious by now. It's a clear reminder of my past, and my negative side containing within. History is history though. All I can do is to remember to be as caring to others as I can, even when intoxicated by animalistic frenzy. Perhaps it's too late. My actions could have and can still inflict trauma that breeds a horrible strain of tainted love. She was so used to it, even back then, but I can tell it still hurts. It's not about me in their mind though, it's about them. Their lives, the lives of my family, they mean more to the individual than I could feasibly imagine. I truly, deeply love my family, even with all the misguided emotional spasms. Maybe I don't think they are the greatest most special humans on Earth, but it's more than compulsion that makes me love them. Please protect them Father, there's only so much I can do. It's funny that I see myself sometimes as a knight protecting the fair maiden when it comes to my sister, because it's more a princess taming the mad prince. A prince with great potential, if he could just look with his eyes in the present now and again. Sorry for sharing this personal extract Sis, if you ever see this. I am trying to showcase a snapshot of life, our lives. I want

you to feel love untainted by my bestial side. I wish you, and everyone else, the best.

Thank you for listening father. No wonder why sinners confess, the burden is lifted. A feeling that I can see being addictive in others. Crime committed for the thrill of confession is a path I doubt the lord fully anticipated.

Chapter 4

Man vs Society

4.1 Intro 4

Society boils down to everyone excluding myself, unless I distance myself away from what separates me. Not a person of conflict, but a collective of mixed interests. Unlike a person, a response from a collective, is by its nature, varied. Men and women who once had history are now known statistics under the mighty pen of society. A fight of this scale is a game of numbers.

You are this race. This is the number of people who share this trait. Body measurements represent certain percentiles. Raising a child only for it to be sucked into in with the whole. Confusion and indecision makes a puzzle piece stick out. A subconscious bureaucracy inside every one of us. We don't choose the parents, just our relationship to them. A society is hardly different.

Conflict against society, or more commonly, a subsection within society, a form of culture, is never-ending. An individual could adapt, but a society survives off mutation. When I throw stones at a race; a political section; art circle; societal taboo, or what have you, I'm not aiming at anyone in particular. A true target of any one culture doesn't exist. Even if I were to say, in an impossible act of wrath, gas all kikes, the spirit of the Jewishness would live on. What would be the point in a fight like that? Culture will develop both pleasurable drugs and deadly poisons, opium can be either if I shift my perspective. A collective can not be inherently singular, and neither can a collective inside itself be that way as well.

This is all peachy greens, but morality and worldwide rhetoric explains little. Talk about society is only interesting to me when it's about a part and about a whole. That's why this would-be-soon-to-be blabber is the intro.

There's no true escape from the presence of humanity for humans, and I can live with that.

4.2 Swearing

”Curses. Going against all those around and any potential higher powers when filth unravels from the mind. Tar coated language scrapes itself off the tongue like molten cheese. Curses be bestowed upon those around me, I choose language of a coarse nature, for I want no place in this disease ridden world. My language reflects my perspective, sickly and perverse. Elderly or young, what does it matter? My innermost longing for worldwide chaos comes out, no matter who is around. Fuck you.”

A man who can't control his language should not be allowed to speak, although they never have too much to say anyhow, so it might not seem to be an issue, but it is. If allowed to speak, all a man too learned in the language of sailors will be able to create is a ruckus. Not that I'm offended by a few naughty words, but it still stifles discussion. Curses that could be filled with insight, if they took the place of another word. It doesn't help that these swears make old ladies weak at the knees, parents uppity, and either scare children or places them into a hyper trance. Emotionally charged words relate to social taboos, culturally insensitive and lacking in descriptive poignancy. It's why I prefer to swear only when necessary to a story or point, as swearing should be saved so it still has it's oomph. Saved for jokes and painful situations.

Do what you want at the end of the day though. I'm just someone speaking like a fucking poof.

4.3 Beauty of Imperfection

Make-up's appeal is that it makes someone more beautiful, but this doesn't align with what I see beauty as. Covered in more chemicals than what's in a diet soft drink, women and occasionally men, try to hide their default colours. A face is a blank canvas for these socially acceptable experimenters, as if there could be nothing worth looking at otherwise. All too confusing for me. A little bit of make-up goes a long way in exaggerating the beautiful parts of the face, a similar feeling that a low cut dress or a pair tight jeans invokes. With all the benefits of make-up in mind, I wish it was worn less, as I find it to be a mask for actors and cowards.

There was this girl I met before it was commonplace for me to feel good about myself. A time where I was more insecure, even if it doesn't feel that long ago. A convention in Birmingham where I had no place to stay the night was not a prime time to ask someone out. Nor had I fully formed a connection with her to have such desires. One barrier to this connection was make-up.

A nice sweet girl with some insecurity that manifested in plastering her face white, the painters were in, just not down below. Not even Kimono girls in ancient Japan pull the look off for me, and that has a ritualistic reason behind it. She wasn't going to pull the white-face look off for me, and the look wasn't intended for me either. Whilst the equilibrium of politeness and curiosity is usually in favour of keeping my mouth shut, the scales tipped the other way

for me, so I brought it up. I ended up causing more confusion than offence through doing so.

I phrased my interest as "I think women look better without make-up". Along those lines anyhow. Indirect with a clear indication that it could relate to her. This led to her showing me pictures of her looking tired on her birthday or on Christmas Day. One of the two. Even in a moment that most people don't look always look their best, she still looked better than how she did in that moment, but I felt this was better to keep quiet. She thought that all men say that about makeup, so the conversation practically ended there. Convinced that she looked better now, I ended up monotonously agreeing in the end. A photo of her on a nice summer's day without make-up would have been a treat, but alas.

All this time focused on beautifying what is already pretty, day in, day out, must lead to an ever growing insecurity. A little bit does go a long way, but regardless of gender, what is so bad about these blemishes? You have a crooked tooth? It makes your smile all the more genuine when you reveal it. You have acne? It's braver to show it, than to hide it away, whether through make-up, or just not being there. You have fetal alcohol syndrome? Those in show business get along just fine, so why should you worry. Imperfections make us human, the world around us is not perfect, and if this world was perfection, I feel it would be unbearable. Wear your awkward passport photo with pride.

4.4 Cigarettes

Hello corporate sponsors. Today I have a plan to stop everyone from smoking ever again, which of course, puts an end to new smokers. I'm sure Mr Schevo has met many smokers in his time, along with his partner, Mr Dirk. There's nothing more than the top vape producers in the country, dare I say, the world, would want more than to eradicate smoking. If smoking isn't an option, the next reasonable, and only conceivable way forward, would be vaping and the many vape accessories that inevitably come with it. Tell me when I'm starting to say anything that isn't the truth gentleman.

[casually place your arms out as if you were about to shrug]

So first, a little history about smoking. What you know about smoking is wrong! Dead wrong. If you've heard that cigarettes came from the tobacco plant and was invented by African-American-Indians, you would be wrong. A lie spread by the prison system over in the land of the free to make cigarettes seem more luxurious to barter with, which would naturally increase their worth. One ciggy on average across American prisons is worth, approximately, an assassination attempt and a special five minutes with the warden. It's true history? [pause and wiggle eyebrows]. Well, it started out from the heart of experimental warfare and closeted homosexuality, Russia. [Don't say last part if any of them are gay, Russian or have an effeminate voice which might indicate gayness]

In 1813, during an attempt to develop a pipe bomb one could secretly carry

on their person, Kirk Blazik had to compound the explosive into a more basic form. Little did he know in doing so, he was stripping the bomb of any firepower it might have once had. Upon lighting the pocket sized cylinder up, there was no reaction, other than a rising cloud of smoke. When one lab employee went to collect the sample, he accidentally inhaled some of this vapour. Everyone in the lab looked worried when he started to think for himself. Shortly after this, he quit his job and completely changed his career. He became a baker in a southern village a la France. He was the lucky one out of the three, the other two men died in an unrelated, or perhaps related if you think about free will, house fire. They tweaked the formula slightly and cigarettes were born. When I was thinking up ideas on how to benefit your company, I kept all this in mind. [Let the reasonable gentlemen talk amongst themselves for a minute.]

What an interesting history, right? [Do not continue until they say yes.] Now I'm sure you fine gentlemen are wondering what's behind the three red veils. What lies upon these easels... They are the three design ideas to suggest what could be mandatory for all cigarette companies. I hope you two are excited, because I'm about to reveal the first easel. [Unsheathe Easel #1 and prepare for a few gasps.]

I'm aware that this material is shocking, but two morbidly obese old men having kinky sex is precisely what this country needs on the front of their cigarette boxes. Walking in your parents having sex is one thing, walking in on your elderly homosexual relatives kissing each other with mouthfuls of shit, is certainly another. Disgusting. No-one wants a cigarette now. Vape anyone? [Expect laughter to go on for a minute.][Also keep the first easel with the cloth off, even if somebody asks.]

Now for another idea. This one has an educational aspect to it. [Gently reveal Easel #2.] Another shocking image, but for a different reason. An Arabic soldier holding a knife to a white child's throat. Not only that, but the child is still cute, even with cerebral palsy. Yay! The Arabic man is also very ugly and injured. Boooooo! There's nobody I know who would buy a packet of ciggies with that on the front. [Keep it in your head that you know a few suspect people who might.]

For my final idea, it's not about what to put on the box, but what you need to do in order to get one. [Do a small taunting of the bull gesture mixed with a half-arsed cloth striptease before Easel #3 is fully revealed.] What does this man, with nonce written in capital letters on his forehead, have to do with cigarettes. It's not slapdash on the front of the pack like the other two examples. What I propose is that if you want to buy cigarettes, obviously excluding vape capsules of course, is that you have to have, have to, have n-o-n-c-e tattooed in blocky letters on your forehead. Only the small crossover of proud paedos and smokers would even consider this tattoo for a few poofs, I mean puffs. For them it would be, you know... True. As for anybody who isn't a paedophile, their cigarette habit will disappear as quickly a kid when you tell them the ice-cream van is here. [Regardless of whether he's selling ice-cream or not.] Your financial backing would be appreciated. [Seal the deal and stick out your hand] You guys aren't paedophiles right?

4.5 World Peace

Our world will never be at peace. That's the way I view it. That's the way I want it. That's the way I assume I want it. Political commentators and your average punter will say that the world has gone mad. Whilst this has more relevance in this global virus panic and amidst the starting signs of a full scale race war, people throughout time have been talking about how mad the world is. Humanity will wish for world peace, and then say the world's gone down the shitter when an event disagrees with their internal politics clock. That's the ever-contradicting nature of humanity though. Life is indeed mad. I'll let it slap me with one hand and ejaculate me with the other.

4.6 Sexuality

What a strange subject sexuality is, at least when you start to hypothesise situations, ones more complicated than default sex with each combination of male and female. Default sex opposed to pure or boring sex, or boring or pure sex. My opinion with all this is fairly middle of the road, fence-sitting face-sitter if you will. Similar to how I'm interested in hearing about fetishes, but not interesting in indulging the majority of them. Two positives or negatives going at it equals homosexuality. One positive and negative piercing the film of human consciousness is heterosexuality. Simple facts. How do you gauge a value of gayness more complicated than a binary yes or no? When does a non-sexual act become gay or straight? It's all a fun thought experiment right now, but there could be a scientific method of valuing how hetero or homo an action is someday, rather than theory, such as the Kinsey Scale and other gimpy little experiments.

Is it more homo to suck a man's willy alone or with a woman there in the room? Is the fact that the woman is there gay because you're not putting your penis in her, rather than blowing the man, or does the mere presence of women make a gay act straighter.

Is the value of a straight or gay act multiplied with additional opposite or same sex partners. Would a lesbian orgy be less homo than a passionate late night kiss because of the romantic side?

How gay and straight is it to have sex with a transsexual, the ultimate question for those of you readers of a certain liberal ideation, one that differs from worldview. Perhaps it is equal levels gay and straight creating an equilibrium of sorts. Doubt it. Is it that different from having sex with a man and a woman at the same time though. Probably. Is it equally gay and straight to have sex with a female to male and a male to female partner? People want to know the answers so they can tell their friends they aren't gay bro.

Just shut up and kiss me.

4.7 Zi

National Socialism, in short, Nazi. Whatever the foot soldiers of Adolphus Hitler get up to isn't on my mind. What is amusing me, is this epiphany relating to the ironic shortening of the term Nazi. Through anglo-germanic translation, socialism is shortened to zi, rather than so. I suppose Nasos doesn't have the same ring to it as Nazis, as the so term would make the ideology sound like a cheap petrol company. Changes from s to z is common language practice anyhow. The term is Nazi. Few words that I know however, begin with zi. Zipper, ziggurat, zig and this other one. At the front of my mind when I connect politics to the letters zi, I think of Zionist or Zionism. How ironic that the most notable political ideology against Jews, were actually their most secret of admirers. It makes sense in a stupid sort of way, like saying that people who hate homosexuals are homosexual themselves. Perhaps we as a society, were all a little too hard on the angsty teens who discovered what love meant through hate.

"For the state of Israel my fellow Nazis! The jewish race will rise again once more." Adolphus Hitler in secret.

4.8 Stand-up Comedians

Metropolitan elites fill the dimly lit theatre for a Neapolitan spread of art. First, a drama. It was a gripping as it needed to be. A restrained applause. Next, an opera. Whilst many tears were shed in the audience, it took too many beats from Greek tragedies and 17th century literature. A muffled applause. Finally, what everyone had been waiting for, the comedian, about to enter the stage. The announcer's voice was a mix between creaking floorboards and a broken children's toy. He also had a nasally timbre, but that's a given for any announcer. His voice had only one setting, children's disco.

"Hello hello, helllllloooooo. Hello there, ladies and those of us who are unfortunately of the inferior gender. We have a final special treat for you tonight."

He makes nibbling noises for ten seconds too long, ten seconds.

"We have a special guest. He doesn't come from deepest darkest peru, but he does enjoy a marmalade sandwich now and again, put your hands together, and then pull them apart because you're going to clap for, Leelelitz Smith."

A servant dressed all in formal black, apart from a pair of white gloves, wheeled our comedian onto the stage. As our comedian was being ushered to this very stage, the audience erupted into heartfelt applause, or at least an attempt at it. Leelelitz was gently shoved off his chair by the servant, as the servant's brisk footsteps became the only noise in the theatre. Leelelitz attempted to adjust his clip on mic.

Who is Leelelitz? Wrong question. What is Leelelitz Smith? Grotesque. Only resembling humanity through the English language and occasional body gesticulations. It sat in the vast cave of the hydraulic chair, struggling to adapt

with the air pressure and desperate for it all to be over. All it needed was a glass of water, but his face couldn't express panic or desire recognisable to humans. Leelelitz was a mutated blob. A giant bogey-esque creature with floppy stringy arms that moved like a whip through molasses. Facial features the size of a baby, but with the age of an old man, all organised in the way a child puts toppings on a pizza.

"Just say the lines"

The voice whispering through the earpiece corrected itself.

"Just perform as we've practised and your alien fucker friends won't get hurt."

Eagerly awaiting, the audience sat in awe, ready for the gospel of a comedian, a person who was going to stick it to the vague notion of the man. The higher man in the same category as them. Someone who would casually waltz through a grand speech, commenting on the taboo thingamiboos that the public can only process otherwise through euphemisms and previous experiences.

"Hello Londoners!"

Roaring applause. A voice distinctively worse than the announcer's, but the audience could bear it, they wanted to hear straight facts. Applause kept pumping through the amphitheatre.

"You know who I don't like?"

Leelelitz attempted to make a smug face, but it's hard to find a difference between two balls of cabbage. Eager anticipation shone from the audience, their lives as progressives were about to be validated.

"White people..."

Jet engine laughter thrust from the audience. HahahahaHAHAHA. The fellow cream skinned liberals, who made up ninety percent of the audience laughed at the fairhouse mirror being held up.

"White people bad. Very bad."

A similar laughter erupted, causing Leelelitz composure to crumble some more.

"They believe in atheism, watch too many televised programs, destroy the environment, and..."

Silence from the audience.

"And... yeah."

Panicking for more material, he repeated a line he overheard whilst being forced to rehearse a day prior.

"Seize the means of reproduction comrades."

Clapclapclapclapclapclapclapclapclapclapclapclapclapclapclapclap. Bravos were served on fine china. No more shall be spoken. Leelelitz's tears couldn't be seen behind the fortress of freshly chucked roses. His usefulness was over, so the group behind the threats quickly escorted him outside to be executed.

Good show Leelelitz!

Chapter 5

Man vs Self

5.1 Intro 5

Talking about myself through the only true perspective of the self, myself, is no easy feat. To portray one's character as accurately as possible, the person in question needs self-awareness, clarity and a lack of bias strong enough to pierce through the fear of insecurity. When I feel down, it can be easy to be overly critical. This leads to art tainted by self pity, or in other words, a weak sense of self. When I feel good, great, high on my ego, the quality of my writing goes down as well. A lack of higher thought. Ideas become simpler, raw. When I feel myself, I get a stiff penis. This narcissistic auteur brews when I become too comfortable. Unchallenged by myself and others, I end up in a dual state of hate and love. Too encumbered to really pick a side. Indecisive.

All my introspective thought that lingers has the value of a fart. Amusing and stinky. Letting a fart linger if it can be destroyed is destructive to myself, and more importantly others. No-one want to smell my farts. Sure, family, friends can put up with rootin' tootin' chilli con carne thought farts, but rather than expressing such contemplation, I should act. Thinking about losing weight? Act on it now whilst you can in the present. Thinking about going to bed earlier. Stop thinking and sleep. Thoughts about being a nobody loser dumb dumb head. Act on it.

Hold on a second Capital I, referencing to itself as you, that last point can't be acted on without introspection of the self.

This is the battle against my self. A constant push and pull between my mind, body and soul. Whether or not, debating whether to think in black and white, or to find middle ground. Everyone must be a hypocrite if their thoughts are even slightly comparable to mine. It's hard to be consistent with yourself, even if you desire it, including those who want nothing more than to maintain a status quo. I hold many contradictory views. I like cute animals, but I have no problem with slaughter. I respect my family, yet their death isn't a concern. Ever-changing brain functions. It's all just navelgazing, but I like it and this conflict won't end until my humanity ends.

5.2 Effort

Here's an aphorism you might have heard before. "Rome wasn't built in a day." Like most aphorisms commonly uttered by a well intentioned elder, it does not seem useful to the young and inexperienced. Not useful at that time. The cherry meant to be healthy on top of decadent hills of ice-cream. Behind the initial desire to only appear helpful, lies the ripeness in the wisdom's flesh, which is what I find with all aphorisms. Rome wasn't built in a day, yet, it was built, even if they haven't renovated the big colosseum or that falling tower. I imagine when some people hear this expression, they might come up with an unintended meaning that Rome was never built, as it wasn't built on that fateful imaginary day. That, despite the fact that they know Rome is a prosperous city, they're hesitant in putting time into any long lasting affairs, as their plans will never reap their fruits. Rome structure could have been built in day if everyone, and I mean everyone, got together to get the job done. There's more to be built than buildings, and if it takes most forms of God longer than a day to build the world, then effort cannot be represented through just material.

Effort is hard to value, even in self reflective terms. Whilst I still put a similar amount of effort into this section compared to the many others in this book, it may not be reflected from the perspective of an opinion. All effort is time and focus, but focus doesn't necessarily mean doing, and in many cases focus involves contemplation. My writing reflects part of this. The more I write, the more I chisel away into the statue of a muscular Greek demigod, only chiselling with a plastic spoon. I often start sculpting numerous statues until the shiny nature of uncut marble wears off. Then I just stand there and wonder how I spent the last weeks or months. As long as I write incrementally, it will only take so long until a paper child is wrapped in my hubris. I put a lot of thought and effort into what I write and I hope it comes across. Maybe I should put less effort in though, as the mental fortitude required to walk a tightrope isn't required for making a bacon sandwich. It's why I've tried to ease up on some aspects of effort; overthinking, becoming frustrated and what have you. Through my own trials of identifying a sense of self worth, I will produce what I am happy with, and I put effort in so that I'm only a slave to time.

5.3 Humour

Big funny har hars. I like to laugh and I like to amuse. One of my goals as a writer is to make people laugh, although if the only person I make laugh is myself, then I've still succeeded. The first sentence of this section wasn't to make you laugh by the way, but this one is, to an extent. I don't know. My funny, or attempting to be funny, side has always been one I've battled with as a lot of what I do whilst joking goes against my principles. Especially my attempts at sincerity and politeness. What plagued me throughout my school years was this self destructive cycle of humour. They say that I'm funny. I

continue to make jokes to fit in. They want more jokes, because it's my purpose to them. I continue to make jokes until the jokes become my personality. It felt like my school years were going to be described as "He was a funny guy." or "He was a bit of a weirdo...", so it made sense to be intentionally act on their words, despite how backwards it seems now. All this did was increase my longing my genuine human connection and a desire to be taken seriously.

This wasn't very funny.

5.4 That Game

I've been playing a lot of this minesweeper roguelike game recently. A lot. There's nothing pressing that I feel the need to do, so I've had all this free time. It's been making me question what's really important to myself, as if I could be fully content clicking squares on a grid for most of a day, if I could, then why should I do much else. Right now anyway. If I've found a way to be happy in confusing times, then why should I worry about anything else. Why? This happiness is fleeting and I have other interests I want to pursue, yet... Yet... it's pretty fun.

Click. Left click. Twirl the mouse around the floor of the mouse mat. Right click. Flag that cell. Definitely a bomb there. No more cells that I can confirm have no bombs inside right now. My eyes scan the entirely unfilled top row, bordered by scattered ones, twos and the occasional three. Keep going, keep going, there must be a weak point somewhere. Wait, if there's a bomb either there or there, a bomb can't be in an adjacent square. A domino begins to fall. Click, click, click. Flag. Right click on cell. Pause for personal satisfaction and grin, staring at the unfolding stack of cards. Clickclickclickclickclick. Rapid fire monster avoiding as more cells are revealed. No items needed as the stage jingle tickles my eardrums. Golden letters time after time congratulate me for successfully playing it's game. This is not all life has to offer. I must continue my real life quest of ascending my humanity, and other satisfactions like earning a living and finding a girlfriend. I am having fun though. I'm glad I've found another one of these games. Not particularly artistic or engrossing, but it's hypnotic mechanisms keep me playing. A strong visceral feeling, similar to an ice cube down the pants on a hot summer's day. A pleasurable ice cube though. A shock to the system. An exploding mine.

5.5 Addiction

I believe I am no better than a crack addict. When I say this, I don't wish to change my social standing in any way. Nor am I trying to say that my control over my vices is comparable to those who inject ambrosia into their veins. Addiction is just a strong form of habit, and I create plenty of habits that vary in how beneficial or harmful they are to myself. This is hardly different to a dishevelled bum holding his translucent hands out into the street, praying society lets him live another day. To live another high, fellating anyone who

lets him, all just for a place to sleep. A sad life? Hardly. He lives in the moment, neither comparing his present to his past self, nor worrying about his eventual overdose. All he cares is his single minded purpose, to ride the high of the chemical sky serpent. He has a purpose as an addict. Addiction at it's best gives someone a purpose that returns them to a simpler form.

I cannot say I have a junkie's drive. I live in conditions that could have turned me into a domestic animal for corporations to milk. Comfortable. Large televisions, sound systems, stable internet connection. Luxuries listed before necessities, as food, water, shelter are resources that come to me as naturally as breathing. Upper middle class is my triple barrelled name. If all these luxuries would be traded for a single minded purpose, all the cozy luxuries, safety, and guaranteed necessities via parents would be gone. What's stopping this hypothetical trade from happening is addictions masquerading as habit. That's why I'm no better than a crack addict, I live without a true purpose. At least chemical imbalance puts you on the playing field of animals.

Despite my short comings relating to purpose, I am no worse than a junkie either. There's plenty of room for growth and goal fulfilment. Writing, becoming stronger, a connection to a personal god, ascending my humanity. None of these feel strong enough to pursue directly. Perhaps I'm just addicted to lists and being indecisive.

5.6 Mirrors

The man behind the mirror is not the same as the man who stands before it. Why does this figure in the glass mock me? I must look better than him. When I look again with a smile, he looks more attractive, so I'll graciously hold a smile for my reflected self. Is his hair how he would like it? Are his teeth brushed? After the bathroom rituals, then I'm ready to venture the world through my eyes, rather than my reflection. I hope the man in the mirror is doing ok.

Sometimes I just stare at him, looking into his lifeless eyes after a long day of nothing in particular. Then he perks up when he sees the progress we've made. Not so chubby anymore. Pupils expand when he feels better about himself, well the right one does anyway. Confidence picks up and the smile in the mirror is again, disarming. Syncing his mouth up with mine, he quotes one of the few funny lines in a not so brilliant 90s comedy. We laugh together, our tastes in art aligning with the stars. He's great. After the chuckles fade, he stares at me. What is going through the mirror man's mind? Surely he thinks I'm worth talking to, otherwise he would have left by now. Then, I must figure out what makes the mirror man tick. Loneliness must feast upon his mind, a breeding ground where bacterium manifests on the absence of connection. I'm sure he's mentioned his family and friends before, but he looks off into the distance when I get too personal. I wish him the best with his endeavours.

He has a sense of style at least. Wanting to impress me with Hawaiian shirts, silly props and whatever comes into his mind. I appreciate a sense of

humour as well. Glad it takes him away from the internal monologues that must go on "ad infinitum", with the head tilting and the chin rubbing. All in all, despite our differences, I respect the man in the reflection that is supposed to be myself. We laugh, we cry, we look at each others bodies. What I suppose is most people's reaction to this mirror man. Yes, we even see each other naked sometimes. We're both old enough to be considered adults, so its fine. When he tried to kiss me and was gently stroking his penis looking into my eyes, that's when I felt uncomfortable. I was under the spell of a psychedelic at the time, but I felt the reflection should have known better. People don't say "go fuck yourself" because they believe it's a normal everyday circumstance stance. Neither of us could finish the job thankfully, otherwise myself and the mirror man would have grown distant, rather than grow strong together.

We don't discuss this incident when we see each other. We've moved on. Let's hope we continue to have meaningful lives.

5.7 Drunken Idealism

Alcohol is not a particular speciality of mine. Drink alchemy is not a pursuit of mine either, whether it's brewing alcohol at home or the art of making a cocktail. I like to end my evening, or should I say night, on a nightcap, and once in a while, I'll drink a little too much. I'm not an expert in moderation either, although I'm more a teetotaler than a morning drinker. What I am an expert on is myself. Everyone should be able to say that to some degree, but I would like to consider by myself, and others, to be self aware.

Booze has helped me discover what I want myself to be, although for it to work for you as well, you'll need to follow some criteria. As long as you can remember the night before, I reckon it's simple for everyone to help themselves through alcohol. You might not even need a drink if you can remember previous nights-out well enough. I remember what I'm like under the influence and what I'm like off the booze. If I can analyse both states, I can compare them and figure out what I want to be when sober. More confidence and being able to relax easier are two common answers I've had. Whilst the effects of alcohol, and other substances used leisurely, there's always a potential for therapy just by stepping back to think.

5.8 Not going to be a loser

Mock me and I'll defend myself. Whether through a method of deflection or attack, there will be repercussions of some kind. At least when I know it's untrue or too true. A few words can have an effect on artsy types of my ilk, but I can brush it off usually. No stick-stones-rubber-glue maxim regurgitation from me here. Words hurt, but the most searing pain I've felt comes from myself. Blunt batons of language with the potential to paint fictional realities, lonely nights with wrinkled skin retelling embellished social faux pas of long ago. The mind is a weapon, and I have to make sure to actively aim it, otherwise

it just calls me a potential loser. That's what my brain seems to be capable of, creating endless amounts of self criticism, if I'm not careful.

I have more uplifting and self-assuring thoughts, ones where I claim I'm going to make it some day, that I am good enough and that I'm a tiger of a man. Negative thoughts are just more useful a basis to improve from. Dystopias involve jerking myself off in a crummy central Londinium flat, whilst I barely maintain a 60 hour work week interning at a plus sized (OBESE WHALE) charity.

I want to make it, make it in some way, make it some how. Fulfil my desires. Thoughts of being a fifty year old virgin with no family or friends to speak of gives me a goal, albeit one predicated on fear. Fears twisted become ambition, which is why I say I have no fears. People often go "Well you must be afraid of something!", so I give them three places I don't want to be. Prison, hospital, dentist. Regardless of these, I have no phobias, only the uncertainty of impending doom. Wallowing is an action only fit for hippos and pigs, so if I start these thoughts, I end them quickly. Seeing the positive in the negative is how I thrive. Be the person I want to be, rather than what self doubt assumes I am.

Chapter 6

Man vs No God

6.1 Intro 6

”Just reverse the intro of Myself vs God” or another similar lazy statement. A type of statement that is only made by myself when I have no faith in a higher power, or even faith in power at all. Insincere laziness and despair. Why me? Why is life so unfair? What’s the point? Three examples of self pity soaked questions fill the void of God. No matter how indecipherable higher powers are, I must act with blind faith tied to a devotion to do my best. Whatever my path of most resistance towards nihilism is.

The topics in this section are not just about my disconnect with God, but my lack of understanding of the world he created. At times, all I cling to is a delicate line of silk connected to God, and these chapters represent the times when I’ve chose not to hold on, only praying toward mortality.

6.2 Apocalypse/Doomsday

If there’s a strong benefit in my mind about an apocalypse situation, is that it would eradicate my indecisiveness. No longer will I debate myself on which frozen pizza brand I should get, as luxuries such as a pizza would be hard to come by. It would be a struggle, but not one with a decadent inner monologue. Not to say there wouldn’t be any tough decisions, but there wouldn’t be time to overthink trivial matters.

”End of days, end of life as we know it, the day everything is all destroyed, is nigh. What is the point in going on? Society crumbles beneath our toes, and all I can do is hope the destruction of mankind comes sooner than later. God will decide our fates.”

It’s the end of their world, but to include everyone else under a mortal, definable collective, is nothing but rude. Baseless predictions about the entire world ending, turn into presumptions about individual character. Evil. A force of indescribable power is going to render humanity into a forgotten memory, for measly sins. Despite the idea of doomsday being tied to religion, it’s hardly one

I can associate with God, or whatever this big ethereal bloke actually is. I'm sure he would try his best to prevent this absolute destruction from happening. Doomsday shall only happen if no entity as God exists as I know it. I could mockingly parrot a gesticulating scientist, blabbering about approximations of solar flares and heat death more than I am in this sentence, but I'd be wasting characters.

I'm just going to relax, well try to relax, without thinking about relaxing, and hope to die with dignity. With some precautions of course. What's more important to me is helping others stay calm in times of peril. There's not much I can do to fully guarantee this, but plenty I can do to try. Keeping upbeat around others is one thing, but there are more dubious actions that I could get scrutinised over. Any signs, that I saw within a brief period, that encouraged social alienation would have been removed by myself. It's disgusting to see those with social stature putting up fearmongering signs. People understand the overall rules, and the way a party expresses their messages reveals hidden intentions. Grubby little fingers of government foot soldiers shouldn't be reaching up their brain for the amygdala. Whether people choose to follow the false rules is up to them.

Doomsday will never happen with the right mindset.

6.3 Apathy

Don't care about this subject.

6.4 What's the point?

Poignancy from a point. To answer this question, I need to ask myself better questions. What's the point? At least the frothy vagueness of my self directed question is a place to start. Reduce, reduce. I want to give myself less potential avenues to venture down. I'll exclude the point of living, point of writing, continuing, feeling and other variations of flicking a rubber band against my bellend. Hardly blissful to think about these, just another dissipating tornado I stumble into when my mood stabs my side like the devil, and kisses my forehead like the angels, whilst I'm unable to distinguish what's worth focusing on. Living in the moment. Ascending my humanity, or tightening a connection to whatever the higher power is. Gods? Systems? Philosophy? Ideology? I continue to play the game of life. Double sixes and long snake rides alike.

What's the point? Best not to dwell on it. I'll know purpose if I have faith and devotion.

6.5 Nothing

Grasping the true meaning of nothing is absurdly difficult. Nothing, is the absence of anything. Everything however, is a more suitable antonym to nothing, but to articulate my appreciation for the void as a concept, the removal of

anything is more understandable than trying to explain why everything isn't included in the nothingness. Imagining the concept of nothing is an impossible feat I'm sad to say. Hyperbolic language requires boundaries and context to be palatable, despite how cathartic it can be to blame everything on your parents, or that nothing will get between you and your dreams. Neither of those are rational. When people ask each other questions like "Is there anything in the fridge?" and the response is "No, there's nothing in.", both parties understand what the words anything and nothing represent. -Thing as a suffix here would indicate food or drink in this example.

What I'm going to try and explain now, despite my previous comment about it being impossible, is what a fridge would look like with literally nothing inside.

I opened the fridge door and there was nothing inside. What took me back was it wasn't just the eggs I wanted for lunch, or even the well past edible jar of horseradish, but nothing. Everything had disappeared from inside the fridge. No food, no trays, no warm or cold feeling, I couldn't identify a single concept of what was inside my fridge, a vacuum of space and time. How odd.

There's many points I tried my best to avoid when describing nothing there. Nothing should surely have no colour, unless black is "no colour", in which case, nothingness is black. If nothing is colourless, then should I be describing the back of the fridge. Having nothingness being contained in the back would imply that nothing has a size. Where should it start and end? Should the void have killed me there? If nothing is absent in description, then aren't all of these in contradiction to the concept. My perception of nothing is impossible, it cannot exist in our reality.

All of this is why it's impossible to accurately express nothingness. Thinking of nothing as a blank slate of darkness might save me future headaches. In fact, except for a fun hypothetical and in potential edge cases I haven't thought of, it's better not to think about it all.

6.6 Suicide

Blowing myself up with a grenade clenched between my teeth, on my bedside in hospital, has a strange humour to it. It's not just the similarity of a pig with an apple on a spit either. If I have cancer and I'm about to die, I'm going to die my way. Suicide becomes less and less of a concern as I grow. I put little serious thought into the idea of my own potential soul immolation. Stubbornness, wisdom, it doesn't matter, I'm just glad I have desire to live.

I can struggle to control my intense emotions from time to time, so I've had experience with people who sleep through depressing formulaic lives. Clearly I'm making assumptions, but there has been a consistent terror with those who act upon rash calls of the general public. I've never considered myself in be in any danger, never mind enough to warrant an emergency call. Suicide has been turned into procedure for them. Paperwork style question lists consisting of personal details such as, date of birth or address peppered with "Have you had any thoughts or plans to harm yourself?". That kind of question should

not be phrased as if I can answer it with a binary yes or no. Blunt honesty is what they want, I understand, but a yes doesn't explain my internal response to these thoughts and a no is a lie, so I just say no and lie to save myself a trip to the hospital. I'm not a man that would care to do such an act anyway. Suicide is just dumb to me, but a person attempting to commit suicide isn't stupid for doing so. What would be stupid is to reveal your plans of suicide to those in power. "Yes, yes my good sir. Me and the ol' chaps were thinking about trying this delightful cyanide cordial squash drink later on. Perhaps you would be interested in joining us for such an occasion."

Fining people for suicide isn't really the way I would encourage stopping it either. Giving a fine for a failed suicide attempt is just encouraging the despaired to take another crack at it.

"Go on, try again" the government mouthpiece splutters.

Don't do the self death please. For me. [kisses you gently on the cheek]

6.7 Tree thought

I scratched a brown bit off my leg, what I presumed to be mud, to check whether it was indeed mud. I was sceptical, and decided that an old fashioned sniff check was required. From the scent's brief holdover in my nostrils, I wasn't sure. After faffing with a few more ideas on what I was slowly presuming to be faecal matter of some sort, so I scratched an actual amount onto the tip of my index finger. I had to be slightly careful that I wouldn't fall from the comfortable position I was in. I was, after all, slouched into a recess upon this tree. Upon getting a proper whiff, I worked out that it was, most likely anyway, cow manure. Why my shaft grew stiff after doing so is beyond me. It scared me. With the way my biological reward system works, I was probed by a synapse fella to have another sniff. I'm partially confused at the best of times, but this really put my mind through a spin cycle. Gods sake. I didn't want another eccentricity to taint my personality. I already liked eating capsicums like apples and enjoyed that Mr Blobby album, even if I still can't identify how much of my interest is ironic. Becoming an animal scat enthusiast is not who I wanted to be, so I chucked the thought away, but my penis remained hard. The weather comparable to a picturesque Hollywood summer. A mind with masturbation glued to it makes a man delusional.

"What if I were to masturbate now? Hardly anyone is around, despite the weather, and this is a typically isolated area of the fields anyway. It might not be such a bad idea at all."

What was I thinking there? Nothing, other than a pied piper's flute melody to his Hispanic love, whispered through the tiny postbox down below. One second, bestiality and coprophilia on the brain, then voyeurism, midday firework displays, and the excitement of getting caught. Similar to a Scooby Doo villain knowing their plan would fail. Quickly after all this, I left that tree of sin. I would be lying if I said I wasn't interested in going back there at night however, or even just another trip.

I'm ok with being a bit odd.

Chapter 7

Man vs Objects

7.1 Intro 7

Conflict with items entails a conflict with the inanimate, a lack of humanity. Man-made objects contain a fragment of the human spirit, potentially anything but whole. Pens, paper, canvas. Three objects with no heart. A lifespan determined by the living. If I were to believe in reincarnation, a life lower than a blade of grass would be the life of an inanimate object. Nature may be below us, but at least a pulse exists in nature. A bootleg superman backpack made in a Korean sweatshop could still cause depression, lust and fulfilment, but all the energy would be projected from mankind. All this doesn't stop me from getting annoyed at a broken toilet, squeaky chair and various other object related mishaps. They don't have the mental facilities to wish me harm. Plenty of room for conflict still.

7.2 Graphic Tees

Those who wear graphic tees, with some kind of company logo or symbol on it, are human advertisements. Graphic tees are not only advertising an entity for free, with no compensation other than the shirt they are wearing, but they have actually paid for the right to whore their body out. Spiritually speaking anyway. Band shirts, catchphrases from sitcoms and other tacky pop iconography are all worn without dignity, with pride. I prefer to send a lack of a message by wearing humble clothes. My past self wasn't concerned with anti-materialism and other matters like this. Tranquil childlike oblivion prevented me from caring, as I sat in my Angry Bird t-shirt scoffing sweets not thinking about how to relax. I was temporarily relaxed, and all that mattered was having fun. I didn't even particularly like Angry Birds. Perhaps I should care less.

7.3 High-heels

Nothing makes my balls feel as irrationally unsafe as high-heels do. I know there's a small sector of men into that sort of stimulation, but I want nothing to do with a stiletto crushing the grapes of wrath. I even have to give them a nickname here or else I risk imagination creating a real physical sharp pain. To all the men into this, join the army. Your high pain threshold and lack of viable sperm should serve you well there. Maybe a little too well. Would you cream your pants if you got shot by a high calibre rifle? Probably not, but I couldn't say that is definitively untrue.

As for the women who enjoy wearing high heels, you're not going to stop and I don't expect you to stop. Just don't stand above me with those on and we'll be fine. Think about if the shoe was on the other foot. Yes, a man like myself wearing high-heels would be ridiculous. I wouldn't be wearing makeup or a dress, just the heels, I'm not a transvestite, I'm just wearing a small section of the attire. It would be ridiculous. You would quickly stop your deserved giggles however, if I were to step on your face or genitals. Usually this would hurt, it just hurts more with the added heel pressure. The lack of mobility in these shoes, which is another reason not to wear them but fashion ignores what's practical for any other purpose than looks, would give you a head start. Especially if I gave a verbal warning like "Don't laugh at my pretty shoes or I'll step on you."

As for men who enjoy wearing high-heels, think about our balls and be careful. If you tread on them, I'm going to swing back. Unless I was wearing heels as well, in this unlikely scenario, in which case we might have a stomp off. I'm hoping men to stop wearing these shoes more than women though. Just doesn't sit right with me, this glossy girl shoe business, how I wouldn't be able to sit right if I had a pair on. Impractical feet horns.

7.4 Pre-owned media stores

Like a kid in a candy store. An American expression, at least based on the nomenclature before, rather than the English variation of sweet shop. I prefer the American expression because I picture an American child getting more excited about sweets than us. I feel like a kid in a candy store when I walk into a place that sells pre-owned DVDs. I feel similar to this giddy child because there's a lot of looking and not a whole lot of buying. This curiously only applies, for myself at least, to places that sell DVDs. It's a specific magic about these barely organised films and forgettable stand-up comedy specials that really energises me. Often these orphaned DVDs are discarded in bulk by people, for one reason or another, moving over to digital. It's that hopeless, homeless aspect to the DVD format that fuels the interest.

Covers often look like they've been banged together as quickly as possible, yet I find them to have more of a story behind them than a piece of album art or a good book to judge by its cover. Hard copies of book have their place, and

CDs just don't interest me. DVDs were the way to watch films and tv shows growing up, and I reckon these second hand dvd shops are mostly still open due to nostalgia. That or people being unable to make the switch. DVD isn't a fresh relevant format, nor could I even say it's niche, so a used DVD section is bundled in with games, and if it's a charity shop, whatever tat they have lying around. Always thought it was strange that shops could make a living by selling what people discard willy nilly. Opinions are subjective though, all that glitters in another man's rubbish. You may see a film you've never heard of before, or a film you've been meaning to watch for a while. This is ignoring why I find these shops particularly special though.

It's all about quantity. It couldn't be clearer about what films attract the most regret. I've only seen the first Die Hard, which I enjoyed, but the fourth instalment must have been one most people were unhappy with. A shop doesn't accumulate thirty or so copies that just stay there if a film is a classic. Regret is the most obvious and most likely emotion with a case count that high, but as the number of cases dwindle, the reasons become muddier. That's why I like to come up with my own reasons as to why an owner might part with their DVD. A christian parent getting rid of Blade because vampires are satanic, or a good film annoying someone as it sits on their shelves, purely because the cover is bad. These shelves are the last chance for individual pieces of physical media. Before they get destroyed, they are allowed to sit in the media retirement home, hoping for a brighter future.

One time, for laughs, I decided to buy all copies of Adam Sandler's Click in one of these places. I describe Click as Adam Sandler's Click for a reason I'm not fully aware of. It just stuck and made sense for me to call it that. Like purposely pronouncing the s in Bruges. Now why did I buy that many copies? Am I a big Sandler fan? No, not especially, just thought it would be funny. Clearly it wasn't in high demand with the more than average amount of copies. I forget whether this was on the same day I wore my ill fitting karate gi with a red feather boa, alien glasses and oven gloves on my feet. Wouldn't be surprised.

7.5 Greeting Cards

"Man, the joke on that card was hilarious."

Never has this statement been uttered in my presence. The jokes on cards, whether its for a birthday or the one of two other occasions that might socially require a card, are devoid of humour on the card's part alone. Funny cards take the birthday boy and girl hostage once they become an adult with jokes designed not to amuse anyone, by suit wearing pencil necks. Laughter suppressed like the card in the envelope. There is some variation on the subject matter, topics such as alcoholism, marriage, sex, growing up, old age. Topics that have plenty of angles for a least a half-hearted chuckle, but the canvas space is wasted. I'm not asking for fine art here, but a middle age woman hoping she gets another husband for her birthday drawn by a rejected newspaper

comic guy, just isn't funny. I find it deeply depressing. A way of insincerely coping with life's troubles through commercial estate.

The absolute worst ones are made by people who don't even try to draw. Cards have no artistic ability whatsoever. Cards that are clearly made with profit as the only motive. Made without a hint of brightening someone's day or even a curmudgeon of integrity. Black and white stock photos featuring old ladies in places like hairdressers or nail parlours, with crudely attached speech bubbles located near their mouths, a la the style of pin the tail on the donkey. What is masquerading as a joke, is a series of quips about who's going to drink themselves to death first. I can imagine a market that wants this however. People who surprisingly enough, aren't me. Mostly people who are susceptible to the whole "funny cause true" lark.

If the road to hell is paved with good intentions, the barriers of that road are walled with greeting card stands.

7.6 Trumpet

A musical instrument where you can blow raspberries into a receptacle and have it identified as music. If I was ever to murder my dad, I'd clock him over the head with his own trumpet. With all the material he's read and with all the certificates congratulating him on playing an instrument proficiently, I would think his solo trumpet playing would have impressed me by now. Instead I feel my ears have been raped by pillars of brass. Big trumpet cock squirting the same melodies time and time again. It's only the noise, not the trumpet, not the father, just the sounds that are made which annoy me.

I have thought about whether I'd rather my dad would masturbate instead of playing the trumpet when he does. It's a similar self gratifying act from my perspective, but I'm glad he chooses to play the trumpet instead of his shaft. Sure he would probably make less noise playing with his flesh trumpet, as he hasn't done it loud enough for me to hear. I have however, heard him having sex with my step mum. It sounds like he's lost of control of his bike down a rocky hill and I hope never to hear it again. The assumption that he will masturbate quietly is the only real benefit in comparison to trumpet playing.

For starters, if I caught him jerking off where he always plays the trumpet, my sisters room, I would have to fight him. Not then and there, I don't want cum splattering the polo or Hawaiian shirt that I might be wearing, but soon after. If it was in the connected bathroom, I reckon the connection towards incest wanking would be tenuous at best. Pleasuring himself on the place where my sister sleeps is too strongly connected to incest in my eyes, so I would feel an urge to fight him, even if it would seem silly after. Then there's the trumpet instructor. If he isn't already receiving sexual favours from him, this scenario paints their time together as pure homosexual gallivanting. My step mum would certainly not be happy with the cheating. Then there's the fact that if the conversation of trumpet talk was replaced with what he was really doing, dinner time small talk would put me off my food. The pièce de résistance in

this hobby swap is when we went for dinner at a jazz club. My dad talking his son and second wife to a gay gentlemen's club is another reality I'm glad I'm not living in. Free food is still free food though.

I still dislike the trumpet, but I'm glad he's not spending the time jerking off. This is my thesis on tooting your own horn.

7.7 Football

A blueish orb sits under the coffee table. This is filler.

7.8 Imperfection

Two items I value more now that they're a bit tatty, were simple household objects. Through a transfer from packaging to me with my unpredictable clumsy nature, these products are art to me now. A pack of playing cards is my first exhibit, in particular, a Joker from the pack. On one particularly rainy day, yes even rainy for British standards, this almost untouched pack of cards was sitting in the front of my backpack. Or would it be the back, as I was facing the front. Anyway. Raindrops were falling out the sky quite frequently, as frequently as my phone drops out of my loose pockets. I was a teensy bit wet when the storm ended, and the backpack I was wearing became swampy, hitherto the transformation. Water caused the ink in the cards to leak, forming pretty patterns. Most cards were mush, but this one stood out. This Joker had a strong impression on me. An impending fog creeping in on a morose king riding a bicycle. A king riding away from an unfixable problem.

The other one was a mouse mat with dried cum on. Looked like a desert at night. Briefly, it was a nice landscape. I tried to clean it, tried and it's in the bin now. One of the reasons I've started to masturbate less than I did before.

Chapter 8

Man vs Reality

8.1 Intro 8

Why? When I stare without looking at what's in front of me, thinking about how to improve my standing in reality, I get confused. Reality for me is defined by paradoxes and contradictory statements, as important matters are unsolvable matters. Why should I drink water? A simple question. Without all the scientific knowledge necessary to give a detailed explanation, it's to hydrate the self. If I keep asking questions with a childlike naivety, they will take me to reality's cusp. Why should I hydrate? To live? Why should I live? To experience life. Why should I experience life? Typical existentialism eh? Always asking and never giving.

Infinity, matters of life and death, higher powers, higher dimensions, and any other grandiose matters that are spawned from the human imagination collective. Is this persistence on pondering about such subjects damaging to my mental state? Right now it doesn't seem like it, but overthinking too much does tucker me out, and could degrade my overall mental state. To all matters I believe are important, not excluding simple matters, I think it's best to treat them with carefree brevity. At least that's how I try to treat them. It must be unsurprising to you as a reader that I contemplate a lot, too much perhaps. All I truly know is that I believe I want to know.

8.2 How long is an infinite sized piece of string?

Pretty long.

8.3 Fourth Dimension

We live in a world of three dimensions. That's not too presumptuous right? I live in the 3d real life plane, and not in the digital pixelly 2D world. Complex polygons define my world.

While space travel piques my interest, space is still in the third dimension. What really intrigues me is dimensional travel, both lower and higher dimensions. I can imagine 2D, but 4D is hard to grasp. It's like trying to explain sight to a blind person or being able to conceptualise infinity. Hard. Improbable. Not impossible. It's time for me to forget souped up time-machines and it's time to think of adaption. Critical destruction is imminent, and this new born baby has the rare strain of 4D brain power. For whatever reason, this baby has the innate ability, from the first seconds of outsidus wombus, to travel the fourth dimension. How would it work? An absurd thought like this needs unfiltered connection to the collective. In 4D, the body and soul can reach any conclusion the mind sets out to. This baby has all the time in the world, he crawls into his final elderly years like I would go for a river side walk. Travelling through 4D must be comparable to movement in 3D, an additional axis.

Moving forwards and backwards in time is akin to the fast forward and rewind buttons on a remote. We could access any point in our lives, and it would only be limited by the speed of fourth axis travel. This brings up the issue of fate, along with higher dimensions and whether higher dimensional access is inevitable with 4D travel or whether humans are constricted by the snake of fate. What I'm interested in currently is what it would be like to live in 4D. The four dimensional experience must be one of simultaneously intense pleasure and pain. I'll say a 3D life is determined by fate for the sake of this section's explanation. Without fate, 4D becomes incredibly complicated and I do not feel I have the experience necessary to describe it. If you discover how to walk at a similar age to time movement, then those with toddler minds can learn adult activities before they can physically and mentally handle them. Drugs, gambling, and sex, all readily available to the minds of thumb sucking toddlers. Life would soon lose it's purpose, stopping the growth of men and women alike. Before this even happens, there's a basic primal instinct to satisfy hunger, potentially setting a child into a loop. Certain foods, such as ones containing high amount of sugars and fats, are incredibly desirable when younger. If a toddler was in 4D, would he stay in a moment of infantile euphoria forever, continually eating sweets to a three second cartoon loop? It would be torture to most older men, but those men when younger might have stayed in a spiritual dormant state.

3D and 4D brains must be different in some way, even if it's only a subtle change, so I'll say the toddler boy gets bored of this sugar crazed Tom and Jerry moment. What now? Torture, ecstasy or suicide. I'm skipping plenty of beats here, but when I say suicide, it's not suicide in the traditional sense that a person dies because they have hung themselves, or the various other methods of killing the self. It's just suicide in the sense that it's controlled, and that a person willingly reaches the end of their life. Torture and ecstasy come under the same path of living forever, with the only differing factor being mindset. These two states describe the state when a man feels he has no options left, but to live in a loop. More experienced than the child mentioned earlier, but equally trapped in a chosen heaven or hell, a complicated but ultimately, binary choice. Unlike those who are immortal, you can't just keep going and going,

like one of my rambles. You're confined to a set life. Fresh spring walks and tender talks might be torturous if experienced too many times. Unless these are the memories, or more accurately in the fourth dimension, presents, most pleasant to a person, then they are most likely to relive events like drug highs, sexual encounters, and other vices that made them tick. Hedonism makes more sense when you can guarantee that you'll live a future worth living. Eventually though, all those lead by pleasure in this sense, pleasure tied to a defined state, will realise they can or cannot live this way forever. Happiness is subjective and I really do not want to look down upon those who can feel fulfilled from sex, drugs or any joyful experience repeated on loop. Hell, I'm sure I could get a lot out of sex, drugs and plenty of other delights millions of times over. At a certain length of this infinite string however, I'm going to want to stop, but I couldn't exactly tell you why other than that I believe nothing should last forever. Nothing, no exceptions that I can propose. Forever is too long for myself as a human to comprehend, but I don't think God should last forever either. When a concept ends, it dies, but that doesn't mean it's forgotten.

When it all ends, death occurs. 4D death is no different in that aspect, but it's a decision that can be ignored, certainty and inevitably are now removed from 3D death. Thought upon thought of escape after all possibilities within 4D space will lead to death, if an infinitely looping selected time span is undesirable. Death has pain surrounding it, physically and mentally, but it's not devoid of any positive traits. Unless a man can train for the ending, there will be some obvious anxiousness of death. Mortality anxiety would come much sooner on average in 4D, but it's quick and simple to avoid all hardship. All you have to do to end it all is skip to the point where you don't exist.

8.4 Are we living in a simulation?

If we are, I doubt I'm going to escape anytime soon. Worrying about it will simulate ulcers anyway. I'm going to simulate my big big penis going into the tight pussy of a fictional character.

8.5 Life Cages

A prison is not a prison because of its size or the quality of the surroundings. A prison only becomes entrapping when its occupant desires more than what can be given to them.

Two men are arguing over territory, in an unknown land. Their names are unimportant, so I'll just call them Bill and Ben. They've explored the land as far as they can see, seen many a sight, and have many amusing stories to back it up. Now they sit on two tree stumps and begin to argue over a map. Bill is suggesting that it is only fair to split the land down the middle between them. "I need a place I can call my own. We could never share this whole land together. You can take the left side of this kingdom, and I'll take what remains, the right side. Surely this is a fair deal, is it not?" It didn't feel fair

to Ben. "Why don't we share the whole space between the two of us? I'm sure that the space we have is plenty." "You would want more of your own space to hold after a while. I know what you're like Ben." They sat with glum faces for a little bit. "I guess we're trapped then." "I guess so." In the background, aimlessly pecking away at the ground, a chicken is perched upon his square. A square no larger than the chicken itself. He remained there happily pecking away at the seed beneath his feet until death.

Sometimes I'm Bill and Ben, sometimes I'm the chicken.

8.6 Absurdity of Life

Life is absurd because I can talk about it's nature, being absurd, and say nothing I imagine to be new or interesting, yet my thoughts still have an inherent worth. People are quite happy to read potentially vapid material, when there's a small chance of it being worth while. I find that odd and that's one of the many aspects of living and human nature that I find odd.

Life to me is a series of unrelated events, coating a basic core principle to fulfil desire, despite how we can only feel full for so long. Appetite is a battle against the structure of reality. That's one interpretation of the madness that goes on everyday. It's also about the balance of managing emotions both positively and negatively. The absurdity of life is that it has so many explanations that are both incorrect and correct at the same time. A cosmic contradiction. Going round in carefully designed systems that are broken by the pressure of logic, and strengthened by it too. Getting rewarded for minimal effort and chastised for your blood, sweat, tears. We are plunged into life with no real introduction from a higher entity, but we have tried as a species to warm up our young for the confusing future with a guide, for a time without a guide, in order to guide future generations. Basic principles are taught by parents that seem obvious, regardless of whether they are true based upon previous generations of potentially questionable knowledge. A parents main goal is to protect their children from death at any and all costs. Yet people die at some point. Wow, we all know it, but esoteric languages paints dynasties of ancient wisdom. Obviously life has value, and this cock sucking about life's pointlessness is typical from a teenager who's only non-fiction piece they've read outside of school is the Myth of Sisyphus.

Death's hand is swift and unforgiving to mortals. Hardly needs to be said, but I'm saying it anyway. Excluding the suicidal, people do everything not to die. To bite and claw ourselves from death is human, or at least it was before living on a day to day basis became trivial. People who might be otherwise functional, have life shortening vices and live simple, risk minimal lives. A pleasant meadow walk to the afterlife. Living a life without risk isn't human, but too many risks is running down the hill to death. Balance is key.

Balance is another part of why life is a bit odd. At the end of it all, reality exists as an equilibrium of all concepts. Mortality, pleasure, life, intelligence, luck, strength, energy. There can only be so many handsome chiselled jaw

hunks and spiteful freaks. Making something of yourself is absurd with or without religion. Humans exist in the equilibrium of life. We try to be something, but the values of reality are unknown and it's hard to tell if they are changeable. Can I become successful in fields I am interested in? I could try to work it out, what my niche is, my stand out qualities, and such and such could be, whether the economics works out, yadda yadda. I would rather live life and spend time in a way I see productive, although this loops back around to my place in the world.

Finally, I find life awfully confusing because of time. A resource we have invented, put a number on and figured out how to time everything but how long we have. The reason I desperately want heaven to exist is that I don't want all the time in the world, I just want a respite from time, which I believe heaven maybe able to fulfil. No regrets of my previous actions, but to have the time to make decisions that change my standing within life's boundaries would be great, up until a point. I want more time where I can remain young. Less years of overall misery in proportion to the ones where I can be content, fulfilled and happy enough where I'm not trapped in my head. Where I can value my life more than a one in six chance to survive. To find love in all its forms. To battle against the destructive forces of others against myself and fighting with myself. There's only so much time remaining, and I don't want to spend it being confused. There's only so much time in this reality. My opinions on all of what's unfolding continue to develop as life goes on, it's hard to express the absurdity of life with the bias of myself. My perception of reality changes as it's technical patterns move too fast for me to keep up.

Currently I laugh, exercise and write to keep a handle on reality, that and I live. One time I received a free pack of cigarettes and then gave them away shortly after. I don't even smoke. I steal a hat and it's owner politely asks for it back. I break a free pint glass because I was drunk. A balancing act of irony. Laughter is the most appropriate response in these situations, and I do not wish to give advice through giggles and chuckles. All I wish to do here is to explain the absurd in a way that's absurd. By writing something I don't fully understand right know, but feel like I soon will.

I find distinguishing logic from nonsense to be quite difficult, and I choose to write nonsense. Equal parts bitter, hopeful and silly.

8.7 Flat Earth

I believe the world is a globe. Government officials all grouping together to trick us into believing space exists and that our world is almost spherical, to terrify the world, is a somewhat interesting thought. Lying is common in politics, common as throwing large amounts of money around and creating documents full of jargon. I don't feel the government is competent or creative enough to develop such outlandish falsehoods. Even if the world was flat, I would only care for about as long as I would care about a fun fact. Fun fact, there are more humans than dodo birds. Wow, fun fact. The shape of the world has

little significance to me.

8.8 Realities inside my head

According to my inner monologue, or the more fittingly named, spontaneous thought radio, it's unhealthy to spend too much time inside my head. Of course I agree, but there's a therapeutic quality to daydreams, in contrast to self reflection that overstays its welcome. Imagining myself as lesser can only create a lesser man. That's why I daydream. What if... such and such happens. Then I drift off into my mind, taking in less of the world around me. A scenario is often based around an aspect of my life that I deem lacking. That's if I actively create a situation for myself, sometimes I just wander into a ramble. Listening to a good album or soundtrack helps the inner loop go along in a healthier non-self-destructive way. Not paying for a train ticket paired with spy music for example. If I need to think about my world outside the skull, I'll keep everything I can control silent. My thoughts do not intertwine fiction and non-fiction in a ketchup mustard hot-dog way. I'm either dancing with a feeling of power or I'm navel gazing about my place in the world, but it's not like I'm happy in fiction and unhappy in reality. They compliment each other, but they do not become one. Fantasy can even be a way of finding out what I want from reality, rather than staring at what I believe at the time to be facts. Cement brain thinks that everything I believe to be true is, whether it is or not and whether these kind of thoughts are going to help me. These two lines of subjective truth do not become one if I can control it.

Blurred boundaries of fiction against the present world presents itself as a dilemma, again leading to, excessive time spent in the spherical bone home. My life exists through my fiction tainted lens. truth for me should always be spelt with a lower case t. I'm hardly restricted into skewing my self perception either, with all this media access controllable through mostly idiot proof technology. Idiot proof like how opening a can of beer is idiot proof but it still creates alcoholics out of pain. Separating what I believe is life and fiction becomes ever so slightly, so slight that it doesn't pierce through to consciousness, greater. This small change will tweak my perceptions of the world. Crime shows would slightly change my opinions on the police and drug use for example. To be completely in the world of non-fiction, a human being of planet Earth, I must have no experience with fiction. That's improbable, and currently impossible. I will continue to live in a world between fiction and reality, a reality tainted by a rubbish sitcom. Not a character, still a person, but thriving through my soul's lens on the world. I try to live in the present world as much as my mind believes is possible, and if possible, more than my mind believes at given moments in the past.

8.9 Human Imagination Collective

This is a theory that don't quite believe, but want to believe. I find the HIC, human imagination collective for short, an interesting concept.

What I believe the human imagination collective to be is: all possible lines of thought for a human to have. An intangible, ethereal, unlocatable, and funnily enough, unimaginable. This is what we tap into when we use our brains for conscious thought, as a representation anyway, of all the possible lines of thought humans could have. I don't dismiss the idea of a monkey imagination collective, but this idea is already complicated enough as it is, so I'll just stick to humans.

One day, man and woman came into being. Whether you believe this was due to God, evolution, or something in-between, we came into being. At the precipitate of our creation, the HIC was also created, just like our heart, brain and optionally soul was. Unlike a soul or organ, the HIC is a constantly changing entity based upon the world around humans, rather than being tied to the life span of an individual. The HIC only dies when we as a species die. Before culture, before language, there was instinct. A basic animalistic response to the world. A baby born into this primal world only has so much it can do. Whilst the scenario I'm about to put forth is exceptional unlikely, it could happen. The first human baby could have finger painted with their own blood using the human imagination collective. It wouldn't have been a message sent from language as we know it today, but a vision of blood spilling into an intentional pattern. Tapping into the HIC to such an extent, during an extremely early period in their life, and as the first born human, is nigh on impossible. To access the HIC, you need intelligence in any way you can get it, so a grand event of some kind would be needed to for this event to realistically happen. As soon as an initial discovery is made, the mental gap for drawing further is much smaller. It's not a conscious process accessing the collective, but a conscious line into the unconscious unknown. Creative thought is the purest, most direct connection to this field, but any thought that is new is a creation of the collective.

The main reason I'm interested in this possibility, this potentiality, is it changes my opinion on whether humans can have original thought or not. Without a HIC, I'm more inclined to believe in original thought. People on opposite sides of the world can have the same thought, but would be predominantly unrelated if it weren't for the thought pairing. Multiple people came up with the invention of the telephone, and many other synchronicities that I know and don't know about. An important type of occurrence indeed, but I would be usually inclined to believe that the originality can also be credited to how one discovers and describes it. HIC theory destroys my preconceptions about thought. One of the many paths to an idea, combined with the idea itself is all stored in an ethereal pre-calculated area. All we're doing when thinking is regurgitating patterns from the HIC. What makes us choose thoughts that seem unique to us, is our identity crafted by genetics and experience. Or fate, if you're of that ilk, as this theory does connect to an idea of fate.

Chapter 9

Man vs Author

9.1 Intro 9

The final [constrained] chapter is here. An acknowledge of this book's fate, the fact that it has to end, is inevitable due to the section we're in. Conflict's climax in art is the conflict against the boundaries of the medium in question. Meta conflict. It disappoints me that most battles of this kind, at least from what I've seen, fall into one of two types.

Type 1: Shock and Ignore

A revelation akin to "I'm a character in a piece of fiction" occurs. It doesn't need to be verbal, but a proverbial hand is extended towards you, the reader, or whatever the etymology for the medium in question is. You, the reader, yes you the reader reading right now, are a fat loser. Then as quickly as the walls crumble, they are rebuilt as if nothing happened. For a shock, for a laugh? For a scare? Just for the sake of a respite in order. Because they can, because I can.

[By the way, reader, you are ever so beautiful and healthy. Please ignore my previous comment. I wasn't talking to you, the reader, I was talking to You, The Reader. A personal fictional friend of mine. A fat loser he is, yes, but our friendship is not spoiled by jests, so really I hardly apologise for the unintentional misdirection.]

Type 2: The end of meaning

It's over. Any number of characters now don't see the point in living, existing even, because it's all fiction. It's all fake. An unfixable break. Fine china won't ever look as fine. If the author character refused to write anymore, then that would be an example of type 2.

...

...

...

[Imagine a blank page because I don't want to waste paper]
You get my point.

Type 1 works for me more than Type 2. Plus I like to use Type 1 a lot, as it must be apparent by now. I talk you guys a lot, at least a projection of an audience to cure a specific loneliness that lies deep down. Still there is more to conflict within the mediums, and this book itself. Meta content is about anything besides the actual content of the book, and that's why it can be incredibly artsy-fartsy and fake deep if done poorly. At some point you want the book to go back to the way it was. Don't worry, this technique is within well intentioned hands, clumsy limp-wrist faggoty hands, but hands nonetheless. I have edited out a joke I was not a fan of and I have replaced it with an unneeded explanation to describe what was deleted. Let's move to the first subsection.

9.2 Humour

My personal preference for humour is to not try to be funny, but to desperately act serious without thinking things through, a deliberate act of accidental humour, performed with hidden intentions. It's not as complicated as it sounds, I promise, at least it shouldn't be after this chapter, unless I've written it all correctly. Maybe you don't find me funny, that's fine, good for a lot of sections even, not this one, but still. My secret is that I'm not trying to be funny most of the time, honestly, but the humour is a byproduct of clumsily trying hard in a different area. When a creative type who isn't thoroughly experienced with humour, when this creative type tries to be funny is when they fail to provide laughs. It's why I sit stony faced through comedies. I don't laugh. Some comedy shows make me laugh, but sound effect compilations make me laugh harder. An example of me not trying to be funny and making everyone laugh is when I tried to express a simple, honest thought. This came from the back of my mind, in the back of a computer science class. All I said was:

"How do you know you're gay until you've tried?"

Whether they were laughing at me, with me (unlikely in this case), or a mixture of the two, I was getting plenty of laughs.

Being funny isn't hard. Being intentionally funny is. Still there's something about being pressed to make people laugh that forces a nervous laughter state, similar to that laughter yoga creepiness. That's where meta comedy comes in, where someone makes jokes about jokes about jokes until it all becomes gibberish. You explain the joke to ruin the humour of the former joke and you keep explaining the previous explanation. Meta comedy will be the pinnacle of comedy if society reaches the peak of its technological advancements. Other forms of meta comedy joke telling will arise regardless of the world's climate however.

Anyway my overall point here is that I write like I mean it. I could have discussed the biology behind laughter without really knowing anything about it, analysing my techniques as if I was a professor using hacky methods to explain basic concepts. What I did was to follow my own advice and not be funny, which would show my sense of humour according to my own words. It's just that simple. Whether or not this is funny or not is not my concern, it's yours now. I'm just busy writing.

9.3 My honest opinion on the Jews

Welcome to the human imagination collective. If you've skipped to this segment in my book, without reading anything prior, you've fallen for my trap. It's a gamble, but if it fools even just a few people, then it would have paid off. I have no sympathy for those who skip, and my next few sentences will hopefully not be directed at many. My opinion on Jews could have been beautiful if you had read the book in the order that it was presented, alas you wished to go straight for my jugular, to the source of any potential controversy. I do however, forgive you. Plus it was fun to mess with you. If only I saw the look on your face.

This is one possible introduction to this book. To those who haven't stumbled into my performance midway through, I'll transition into this section's actual content. When does art begin and when does it end? Whatever I may try to do as an author to convince people to read in order, there will be some people who just do what they want, regardless of whether it has any benefit. This section is not your first experience with this section, nor the first words, or the first glance at the cover, but when you first realised this book's existence was a reality. Through a human vessel, or by any other means through the human imagination collective that connects to yourself. A star awaiting to shine. Experience with art ends in a similar way, when your connection to yourself and art ends. When your connection to your soul is fragmented upon death. I am now part of you until you die.

Not what you expected from a chapter implying a bitter rant against Jews, eh? Especially with the use of honest, as if I am a self proclaimed liar.

9.4 What

You caught me off guard! What? What do you want me to say. I can't be on my game all the time, I'm waiting for a train here. Look if you want to hear my thoughts just give me a minute. *Under my breathe I murmur a rude grumble about how you smell*. Look, here's the train now. I'll give you my number in case a witticism pops into my head later, and I'm sorry I couldn't be witty quickly enough. *Slides a piece of paper and grumble again about wishing you were a higher power or an attractive single lady*. See ya.

The train leaves as you read what's on the paper. "8==D" I win again! (I wrote the penis at the very top left of a double spread in my notebook and now I'm paranoid about someone looking over my shoulder)

9.5 Footnotes

A glistening lake¹ sat across from a cat. Thee cat². Within her³ short life, she reigned over the park. Unlimited⁴ fish suppers and this beautiful view⁵ beside the lake were her two favourite⁶ fruits of labour. Life was simple⁷ for her, and that's all the cat needs.

9.6 Artistic Value

I never could put a numeric value on a piece of art. A rating, no matter how long I brood, would never be able to give a representation of my experience into an easily writable symbol. You can value how happy or unhappy a creative work makes you feel however. That requires less thought. You could give a rating like that for this very book, and perhaps that is what a high quality review is to people. An expression of enjoyment in it's simplest form, a value on a scale of life experiences.

Art has more to it than just a score. I can get a lot of interesting thoughts from art, both from the high and low quality. With a film, book, e.t.c that is, to be frank, a bit shit, I'll start to reflect on more than what's presented in front of me. I'll start to question what was going through the artist's head when he made this. A creator wouldn't have done such and such if he were actively thinking. The flow of this fiction world is not digestible in some way, inedible art. Then you have what is to my taste, which moves me in a predictably

¹I had originally intended to write six stories within these footnotes that related to minor details of this flash fiction piece, along with each of those stories having stories. Footnotes within footnotes within footnotes, in a sort of Russian doll way. I feel what I'm doing right now proves the point I wanted to get across better, albeit less fun for young adult fans. Footnotes for anything that isn't supplementary is annoying and distracting. Footnotes have a purpose, but if it's not good enough to go in the original text, it feels like an album's b-side or scraps meant for the dogs.

²Footnotes can be especially unnecessary when the purpose of footnote splits into two different footnotes, segmenting a previously cohesive tangent. My focus should be on the main text, or the footnotes whilst reading, but a certain sweaty bandanned author feels the need to use footnotes to stick his last minute thoughts in, that should have gone into the main text, or shouldn't have been included at all.

³There are pieces I like from this author, and I haven't read the big book he's known for, but I really hope this footnote trend is one unique to him and his imitators. This footnote has little to do with "Within her", but I as I said before, I decided against the idea. The "saying I dislike a concept but doing it anyway" concept is all ready bordering on too cheesy/hammy/cheese-and-ham-toastie for myself, and a cascading footnote story would have pushed it over the edge for me.

⁴Do like me a bit of "In the Court of the Crimson King".

⁵Why can't I write right now? This time it's the allure of two women sitting and talking with a lack of a good opportunity to talk to either of them. That and not wanting to be rude and jam myself into the conversation.

⁶He doesn't just casually put his opinion out there. That would be weak, subject to criticism, if put out meekly or in a sluggish manner. Clunk went his head on the chopping block, he was reading to speak his mind. Don't like this but I'm putting it in anyway, maybe you liked it.

⁷Going for a poo, I'll be right back.

opposite way to the non-laughingly, just dreadful, art. I'm not afraid to say I could be moved to tears under the right circumstances, although I will admit I am prone to crying more than your average bloke. Tears are expected of good art, but if I saw a piece so corporate and devoid of sincere passion that manages to be successful, maybe it could provoke me to cry. Why try to express your innermost thoughts and ideas through the field of imagination, when you can pander to trends and pathetic off-base predictions on what we desire.

Do I invoke passion or rage from you dear reader? I hope I make you feel alive in a way anyway.

9.7 Limits of a book

- Can't speak to one person, have to speak to everyone who picks the book up and reads.
- I can only say so much.
- Action is limited within our imaginations.
- Can't punch you in the back of the head.
- Can't stick my penis inside you.
- Can't shit down your throat and make you beg for seconds
- Can't apologise in person for implying that I would ever shit down someone's throat.

9.8 Purpose of this book

What is the purpose of writing this? This isn't the ritualistic moaning of a despairing nihilist, it's an honest question seeking what I really want to do here. I want the book should speak for itself on this matter.

"It's to put your thoughts on to the page. Get it down my son." Guess the book has spoken.

9.9 Word choice

Word choice. Hopefully. No that's not right. Maybe, or perhaps, probably, possibly let's start a sentence with something definite. Like now. Yes. Now let me tell you about your choice of words. Wait, the order here- I mean the order matters here. About your vocabulary and how you should choose your choices. Well maybe it doesn't matter to you, but it matters to me. I'm using the string of letters consisting of w-o-r-d between spaces too frequently.

Being verbose doesn't make me intelligent.

9.10 Should I create?

It is easier to consume than it is to create. Fewer sweat beads tickle down my forehead eating a burger, compared to the preparation and cooking that goes into said burger. Do what you love and apparently it doesn't become work anymore. Nonsense. Transferring and refining my pen scribbles to an actual document has proven this false. No matter how passionately I engage with my hobbies or actual employment, it still requires energy to put effort in, which would make anyone tired after a while. There's the energy and effort connection that I still haven't wrapped my head around, but they are correlated. Regardless of effort, should I even write in the first place?

I enjoy writing. It can be frustrating though, every creative hobby will place someone into that spot eventually. An area that has no understanding of past, present or future, just whatever is happening isn't working. Will it work out? Did I make the right decision to go through with this? Am I just wasting my time when I could be wasting my time in a way that gives me more immediate pleasure? Who knows. That spot in the creative process is dreadful. Unsurprisingly this makes me doubt whether everything I'm doing is all for nought. It's because my reason for creating isn't always pure. That's human, but wanting to be a successful auteur who makes money only on passion projects does not make good art. Then there's the balancing act on the gradually thinning tight rope, actually finishing a project. I have found this super tough, and it's one of two reasons I particularly like writing smaller sections. I can say "I've finished" a lot. That and it's so my ideas are improved by brevity. Writing an epic about irritable bowel syndrome is only funny for the first twenty pages. It would lack the punchiness I try to strive for.

Should I create? Yes I should, says I. My rambling love for creation comes across clearly, clear as drug test passing piss. It speaks less clearly, however I will not muddy the waters any further with my insecure doubts. Instead I will write.

9.11 Where do you get your ideas from?

The human imagination collective, or in more literal terms, my notebook. No further explanation.

9.12 Length

A rugged old Korean man and his date sit on a sofa. Fingers interlocked in that way Lego seems inseparable at first. The days events lead to small talk, and this leads to larger talk. She daintily whispers in his ear.

"Honey, how big is it?"

"Does it really matter?"

She pouts and gives him the look to show he could go one of two ways with this talk. Again she whispers.

"It's big right?"

"A book is not the place to care about size, length or girth. It's as big as it is."

9.13 End

Previous discussion of death might appear to nullify this current chapter on ends, upon first thoughts. An end is not equivalent to a man becoming deceased, and neither will I compare death to a sudden stop. This is ignoring whatever a dictionary or thesaurus might tell me for now. What matters when an end appears, is that I am able to process what has just happened in the events prior. Clear mental boundaries should and will be drawn for the sake of sanity. Almost all of this is processed automatically, at least for me, even with plenty of notable causes where my senses don't automatically kick in. Joyful conversation cut short. Where did my burger go? Oh wait I've eaten it all. Bedtime can't be this early Mum. That was it. The book, movie, show, game, and other more important matters are over. I wanted it to keep going. I wished it had finished sooner. Now it's gone.

Everything will end eventually, but it doesn't mean that everything will all be gone at once. No excuse is provided by this statement for me to spend my whole life fearing this end, the end beyond death, or worse, making everybody's life worse by acting all nihilistic. It all matters, everything matters. What I should ignore is the end and speak from a place of honest artistic integrity. Humans will rape and pillage the nature of existence and we will ascend it, if we can just stop biting at each others ankles. Sorry for the all inclusive we there, and for all the times I've chosen to use you and we prior in this book, but my point of connection stands. I will ignore those who compare our species to grains of salt of ants. Despicable. Throwing away our history for a brief nib dashing from auto fellatio. Another straw man figure, but I really hate certain kinds of nihilists.

Skip past the end to avoid death. If for whatever reason I don't want to end an action, all I have to do is keep going. Not all actions can be avoided, but I can technically say this book is unfinished if I say I intended to keep going. I do like to finish, and I doubt I'd be very good in bed if I never finished. A finishing move, a climax, is a pleasure that I get immense pleasure from. Masturbation doesn't have a proper climax as I have to wipe the semen and sin away after. Let's finish this book. Boom done. All that determines an end, is perspective

9.14 Am I missing something?

Hang on a second. Before I wrap up the sane, at least comparatively so, part of the book, I'll ask myself that all important question. Am I missing something? Not missing my pen, or the paper I'm writing on, or the computer I'm typing this up to. Suppose that much should be apparent. Have I forgotten where I put my phone. Well maybe I have. This niggling void is one of a creative ilk,

so doubts of whether I have my shoes tied or if I should have another cider are irrelevant. Best to save about-to-head-out tier issues for a present moment in the future.

Ideas, ideas. That's it, ideas for sections that I might not have finished. That's closer, but this is the last section. No more room I say. Whilst I have written evidence of other topics that I'm interested in, enough to remember and jot a note of, the book is done. Perhaps I have overlooked a few areas that readers might be keenly interested in. Another time perhaps. Another time doesn't mean the next time, or the time after that, just another time whilst I'm alive and able to write. Mayflies; race; memory; law; morality; why I seem to have five pens on my person at all times; psychedelics and many many more. "Many many more". Spoken like a true travelling salesman. All I have to say now is goodbye, and thanks for reading.

Hold on, hold on. I still feel a cerebral hunger pang. That's it. There must be oversights in my logic that, no matter how I think, no matter how long I dissociate from my body and ponder alone with the psyche, causes issues that remain unsolved. At least until I send it to someone, and then they'll immediately point out my mistake. They'll chuckle about how confident I was to believe it was a final draft too [I don't care about final drafts as this is enough book that I have no interest in commercially publishing]. To these gaps in my mental facility, all I can say is "Oh well". Even if I am missing something now, I can relax. Electricity flows in a circuit today. Before I forget and you close the pages tight, or whatever your method is to stop reading, double check that you aren't missing anything yourself, future editions may have forewords; backwards; notes from publishers; they name it, as they're the creators of such content. Any external memories that need to be acted on as well, picking your children up from school for example. No more p.s, p.p.s shenanigans now. I'm signing off!

And the door closes, but then it opens again.
 "Hey this is the author's mummy here. Night night, don't let the overwhelming burden of existence bite xX"
 "Shut it slag. Close the door on your way out."
 Wood splinters as the door is slammed.

Fuck off

—

Enter

[I'm making a decision not to check for typos in this section. If you see the wrong use of "your" or something, it may or may not be intentional.] This is the power of the human imagination collective in its unfiltered glory. Bask in it. All I tell you now is goodbye. It won't have his touch anymore, just H.I.C

energy. Your eggs are now scrambled sir.

Flashing lights across the color spectrum. A feeling of warmth, a combination an alert to pee and the act of pissing itself. Colours pour into electrical eye sockets, eyes malformed by years of mindless entertainment, cured by sticking its eyes into the unknown. GREGGS GREGGS dying old man outside greggs sucking on my titties, on his titties, GREGGS SAUSAGE ROLL 50p 20p. This is me, entirely separate from the world around me, I am myself. Psychedelics supposedly connect humans together, a universal oneness. NO! I feel entirely separate from you all, I wish you all the best, but I am my own man, and I will proudly stand by myself. Listen to what I have, to experience what I have, that is to live life. To say that any man's life experiences is lesser, is only determined by whether his belief in his life is lesser. Although this may feel mighty different when I return to a state of psychologically normal. God I should just keep going though, people love and hate me either way, so the succinct soft squishes of a keyboard will be my Ecstasy, as we go from cumshot to cumshot, burger to burger, nap to nap. It all means so much more to me than it doesn't to a vague notion of self. These are the kind of thoughts you righteously self congratulate yourself towards as it justify your existence, and even though I feel so entirely distant from everyone else, I am your friend. I'm your bestest friend. A cozy warm expletive that makes you ignore what all of this could mean in a large sense, and I will always be there for you. We are not all one, but I am there for you. Whoever you are.

I'll happily believe in made up nonsense. God would smite me down for believing he is fiction, but he is an absolute masterclass of fiction if he were fictional. To have humanities wide berth of fiction riding upon his breasts, his breasts by the way, like they are feminine breasts but on a man sort of figure. To think that I hadn't planned any of this is obvious, but it's quite easy to pretend to be high, but it's harder to convincingly act sober. To think I wasted my time handwriting all this time, when typing, because I'm at my computer a lot you see, would be the clearly CLEARLY superior way of formatting the book. HOW IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT IS HARD TO DESCRIBED BUT AM TRYING TO DESCRIBE IN THIS SECTION HAVE I ONLY JUST COME TO THIS CONCLUSION. I'm not shouting in anger, it's a cacophony of 2CB fueled excitement. If all these philosophers are brooding bores, I am here, in this brief moment of time, wanting to express how joyful it really is. Camus, the neet guy, all the other people I haven't even picked up, but could name, kikeguard, not meaning to slur his name but I could only remember his name it through calling him a kike as I find that to be hilarious. I'm not even sure if it's that similar. Anyway philosophy is close to what I like, but I like to live my life as if I could write it. Not a main character, not a creator, just for it to be how I make it. For characters to ebb and flow, if I can imbue the enthusiasm I have for writing right now, into life, I can make it just fine. I think I've successfully tricked my brain into believing I'm living a life worth living. Tricked ay? I can imagine that qtpie Indian woman raising her eyebrows at me, after she's just seen one of my many breakdowns (because I forget the moments that make it worth it), after I longing stare into her eyes, stripping myself of all that I

previously hate of myself, just to have one person check on me to ask if I'm ok, makes the whole world feel right. Now why would I use the word tricked, again coming from her, with her friend who has all the tattoos that even in a semisober state enthralled my brain into going huh? A minion tattoo that stays with you for the rest of your life? Because the Minion zietgiest of the Gru had that much of an impact on you, you will now have the symbol of however many Koreans or Japs or Swedes or Hindus or whatever person who was forced to animate talking catchphrase machines, unable to see the light of day and unable to see any potential joy in. I just wouldn't want that as a tattoo. I'd just want a smile or a purple star or something. Tricked ey, ah, huh? As I forget about why I was even crying so suddenly in that pub, as if I was actually ever really truly alone in this world, and I feel fully conscious, despite having to check whether I've spelt conscios correctly or not, I say tricked because it was the word that came to mind. I overthink because it's fun. Maybe convinced, to symbolise a deal with my inner psyche, or, believed to get the whole god or no god point across, that now I see past God, I see to where he's been pointing. Diogenes and me would have gotten along just fine if he's the jacking off in a barrel man. In a state of pure otherworldly confusion, maybe I would have joined him. I wouldn't have admitted to you on the street if you asked, and even within the landscape I've created, cobblestone streets in the rain with a dirty polluted river, despite the fact that Diogenes did not live in a mixture of Tudor Britain and Fantasy Venice, I would have felt awkward. People pay for bathwater, so why not pay for me and Diogenes' semen.

your mom she's fat write that down a sort of haiku

Flashing lights across the colour spectrum pour into your empty eye sockets. "You like the works of the one true author?.. His earlier pieces, such as Simian Sphere, were a little too insecure for my tastes, but when Birth of a Formal Ziggurat comes out in 2087 (tventah ate tea sefan), I think he'll really come into this own. Not commercially or artistically, but certainly spiritually. Now excuse me as I have to water my orchids." Squinting eyebrows "Good day.". A stream of piss drowns a poor sunflower. Bleeham just wanted to visit its children down in Cum cum cum cum poo ville, a real place in Chicago. Cut to yellow, fade into orange. A tangerine has precisely a hundred and twenty nine degrees of it's oval sphere shape cut out. Rape occurs nearby. The tangerine is thankfully protected from the atrocity. Women getting passed around like salt at a family dinner has no bearings on the farmer's finest, as the blue tit bird with blue tits swoops down to the evaporating corpses full of chlorophyll. Chlorophyll powers the dreams of plants. The tit gesticulates wildly with it's wings. Why can't the tit find a big breasted human tomboy girlfriend. Life is simply unfair. He dawns the mask of a plague doctor and wonders why plague doctors like to roleplay as birds whilst roleplaying the man. He puts the mask on to brood even further, as his wings mutate into wooden sticks. Arms that won't help to fulfill his lust. Only a temporary self image cure. A cold silence constricts the bird body. Gracefully, the red curtain falls over the scene. Alcohol.

Life can be painful. Life can be hell. One point is certain. Trumpets are

hell. [Could be changed to aren't swell, discuss with stranger.]

"If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like and AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHhhhhhh..... I'm falling off a cliff, a filthy negro pushed me off a cliff AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-" I orgasm when I get hit by trucks. Japanese ladies tickle my scrotum, but what I really want is love. No yummy mummies, but a genuine girl who will let me hug her whilst softly crying. Crying occasionally. She's the one doing that, not him, but he is allowed to cry too. Mostly angry groping will fuel the connection. Around their ginormous ass and breasts whilst they whisper reassuring thoughts in my ear. Horny mode activated. Deactivated. Only those who have experienced deep despair or will experience deep despair will piss on a religious text. There will be a guide soon enough. Look for a blue orb. One with a red funnel shaped nose with the thin end first, yellow discs that glow like the streets of Tokyo and a black crooked abyss for his smile. Ride it out.

Time passes. 12:30 Thursday, 5th Mavril, 12th year. Seconds pass. It's the 20000th year and all the collective is blank. Only one creature exists to separate blank from lifeless. The spirit guide only known as Beedo. It speaks on his lonesome, by herself. "Only trust the words between these quotation marks for I am Beedos, temporary ruler and explainer of the HIC. Whatever is happening won't last forever. This is a one of a kind look at this collective, and no matter the perspective, the HIC will remain unique, even from two identical perspectives. No rules, only the raw imaginations of the best and worst. As fantastical and uptopic as this boundless universe is, it can also be host of many sinister forces. All of this is a circumstance moulded by the user, or at best this section is. Even as a powerful being with all human thought, I am confused. I know that what I am is an idea, an inkling of human potential whose life essence will be destroyed in a comparatively short amount of time. With my remaining soul rotation, I wish to import as much wisdom as I can. There is no need to despair and ask what the point of life is here. Neither is it a duty to lead a happy life. Any possibility is valid here, as someone may find value from it. That's why I shrug my non-existent shoulders and crack a slight smile. Because I can, I can do whatever I want until the rotations run out. When my automonolgue is done, I'm sure the world will change in many ways until a climax is."

A giant boot forms from spec droplets and flattens King Beedos8888888888888888 into a pancake. knives fall from the sky A rain of knives perhaps? Hell go to a better place, rather than the anarchic heaven. There's no point in nihilism. Get absolutely mentally devastated. Nihilists, enjoy your noire themed casserole, whilst the true patricians go on the pirate ship that spins upside down. "Shiver me timbers" It's time to CRASH CRASHKABOOM yeee ol' housing market. Invest in a hard tack while the tide is high laddies.

Of course, all of that was before the plague hit. GeeJay's eh. What an ice-cream joint. I could really go for a couple of Pecan Sundays right about now. xx Love, Mrs Grant.

This rambling letter was sent to the the the the pub, the pub landlord.

Who in turn, gave that letter to the big man, the owner, Mike. Boring! Seize the means of reproduction. Mutilate your genitals.

The Max Payne theme blares through a Nokia cellphone. [a noire segment that is down to earth, bit of a parody and very, very funny]

Zed Z zED Zee EEEE.\$policeofficer_suicide execute tree(3) repeat for others who go against abstract thought This isn't random, it's preorchestrated chaos [ja yoosh]. Not all serial killers! "C"opy that man. Copythat"""" Baldy bald badly bad, eat hummus and cured meats.

List of drugs your nan has taken: Wine, ground up mentos, lots of pain medication because she's an old hag, PCP, mescaline, apparently lists are a post-modern trait.

Nineteen minus fifteen is only four. Those who are less experienced than he is, are big dumb dumbs, and those who are more experienced, are senile raisins, who are also rude. Be conscious, be conscious. We expect them to fulfil our needs, we impose ourselves upon life, letting our festering wounds dictate action. Fuck you. Fuck off, fuck you, god I hate you. It's all tiring. Loop this until fuck you, why I can't I process love like I process food. Eat love to be fulfilled, and all a creature needs to do to process love is to find it, the rest comes naturally.

Zoning laws act #7 through #27 processes trauma from those who have lost wars. Mental premonitions of two separate timelines are stretched so thin, that the structure of their reality transforms into vapour. Remind the soldier of whatever rank he was situated at, and any other other other key pieces of information such as last name and favourite calibre of rifle. Our warrior will soon spring to his knees, unaware that his life only consists of giving valuable people paperwork. Zoning laws #7-27 also cover what to do if it believes the war is won. Let him revel in fantasy, our lives will remain easy this way. Thank you for following procedure. Have a productive day.

As the book on mind regulations is closed, a rotund Scotman's voice grows louder. Chants echoed through the kinoplex. "Nothing is happening. Nothing is happening. Nothing! Nothing. Nothing. Nothing Nothing. Just like my sorry little life." When will it get better for him? "Who knows?" Quick handwriting can disfigure knows to look like lemons.

A reminder of the state of this reality. We are living in the human imagination collective, one shape morphs into another concept entirely here; liquid thought momentum fuelled by childlike aspirations of heaven and primal fears of hell. He has explained the concept before and I, a humble dwarf, am providing a dream state check. Most likely, you are reading this and not dreaming about it. Look away from this page and if the text remains the same, you are awake. What if I were to tell you that you are in a land of dreams? Would your definition of dream and imagination be similar enough to agree with this humble dwarf's rendition of this odd realm. Look I can fart mustard gas.*He indeed farts mustard gas, I am the pungent product of his*. Sorry it was a bit certain or wacky, it's just how I am. [Camera flash] Creatures made of ketchup and mayonnaise bounce around the local Norwegian town. Each with their own unique polka-dot pattern, unique to each and every bouncing humanoid sauce

creature, only united by their intense belief in Islam. All they care about it covering women in their sticky sauce, not to procreate, not to relief themselves, but for the sauce men to place women where they belong. They can detect filthy brown sauce lovers from miles away (not related to African blacks, but more on that later). Love is what they want deep down in their prawn cocktail centres, but religion to them is a coping mechanism, and not a devotion towards a higher power. This surprises the Norwegian village, as they are unaware of the lifespan of condiments in sunlight. Within a couple of days they were gone. Their havoc was not gone, and lasted for centuries more. Comparable to the rapid nature of the mayo-chup creatures, this stay was shortly forgotten. Re-pressed in this societies consciousness, but everlasting in spirit and physical havoc., like all good stories. Here's another one for ya ya ya there.

%appDATA% uploading (deeng) greta_thunberg assassination and spit/piss collection program to the deep dark web server located in Nigeria, with the large percentile of deep dark people. Sometimes Kevin and Sally just stare at their skin, hoping to see a reflection, imagining the skin to be a screen into a different culture. Before turning on the monitor to upload the schematics, they gazed into the chunky monitor screen, imagining it was black (or coloured as their parents insist, forcing their ever-changing nomenclature on the kids) person, one with a pure soul. One connected to a culture of spirit animals and conversation at a fire's side. Bodily fluids of young Nordic girl is connected to the prophecy. Well, "the" is used there as "this prophecy in particular" rather than "a singular all encompassing goal". Another prophecy relates to rape and disproportionately large Korean penises relating to this teen. Gross and probably from the mind of a nigger. Nigger used without the slur connotations, just the typical hatred from a slur. Ironic detachment is a far more devious sin than the the commandments and other disconnected messages from God.

When Jesus died for their sins, Peter Griffin, who was also stark naked, died for our sins. A guy of the generations. Our guy, a Family Guy. Pinned to crosses made from fine cedar wood, conversations about the previously unspoken laws of the land and higher powers arose, all this set to a jaffa cake good sunset. [Jesus is human-like, Peter is somewhere between cartoon and human.]

J.C "How as life for you my child?" P "Tough..." J.C "How so?" P "Well it's hard to follow the script. Day in, day out, repeat the whole comedy schtick all over the world's television sets, computers and all the ways in which you can view the show. I've lost whatever the hell my original identity was supposed to be. I'm now a symbol of values I don't even stand for."

Both of them are staring into the horizon, blood crying from their wrists and various other gaping wounds, praying that by staring, they will be granted some kind of closure.

J.C "That sounds saddening. I experience no overall pain, as I just strive towards a connection to God. I am a shining light for Christianity, my cross will be a symbol of hope." P "That's easy for you to say, when you die, you go to the pearly gates-" J.C "I still value life Griffin, but I can understand your fear. Fear of death is perfectly normal. I feat it too." P "You do?" J.C "Of course." P "I'm more scared that I'll never die, that I'm never forgotten, constantly

being judged beyond the grave. All I ever wanted was to have harmless fun, like mini-golf." J.C "Funny, I was thinking about having fun even in times like these as well."

A smile sewn across their faces.

P "I smile, then I feel dread. Eternal mockery, and then thoughts of this aimless pure fun, for whatever reason that is. All this seems inconsistent, like it shouldn't be possible to be here, but it is. I feel all too tempted to make an ironic quip." J.C "We're just a collection of ideas, aren't we?"

Winds whisper reminders of ease.

J.C "You're real to me Griffin." P "Thank you Jesus. That means a lot."

Peter Griffin puts his feet up as he reads the morning paper. Peter Griffin is failing into lava and his organs, his formal structure, turns into charcoal. He will now be forgotten. LOL. Laugh out loud, can't be serious for too long, have to ruin it with laughter. Har har. ////po17Isionned!!!! irony virus, irony virus, caution an irony virus has entered the indigo server. Alert levels are reading maximum capacity. Our world will become post-post-post modern schlock if we keep going *slap*. Quit your worrying pussy.

A field full of daisies. Each flower at peace with itself, as they have no emotional mechanisms to develop stress. Hence the fact that a dog turd can rest upon their petals without feeling anything but a light touch and a signal for nutrients. Being a blade of grass sounds peaceful until the thought of a toddler squeezing the life from the grass appears. Babies should run for government, with a catchy slogan, being cried out from the comfort of nappies. Man! That's how a revolution is started! Viva la babies! A pure government free of bias. In all seriousness, said with the most smug french accent imaginable, also with irony because why should anyone ever be serious, may work. Static. An all encompassing sheet of static, covering infinity's ever expanding corners. One day it will all fade away into the static, and I will embrace the radio signals, providing everlasting orgasmic fuzziness. People in love often feel the fuzzies. Clearly a desire to listen to more fine radio programming. A love for Overcast radio, your choice on a rainy day.

It all returns to something, everything's connected. While the collective of human thought is absolutely mental and out of control, like my children on a rainy day, we can break out of this cage. How the whole hulabaloo sounds is important to causality. Our ideas will be outside the box, which is nonsense when said by a teacher confining an idea to a set subject. As a mother and father of three, I hope you will listen to us, we love this collective of scrumptious humanitarian pie, but our offspring are super hungry. Little rascals they are. Three identical twins, one's a boy, one's a girl and the other a mutation. They smile at you. Imitating the smiles of those who can perform deeds, and good deeds at that, so well that at least a fraction of holiness glows, from imitated genuineness. Grotesque describes all three of them deep down, but the mutation is physical from the third identical child, a boyish grin in lipstick with bitch made puppy dog eyes. Eyes that want a fourth scoop of pistachio ice-cream, eyes that catch the cream. Wearing a kilt compared to the matching unisex uniforms of the twins. Pink hiking boots. A push-up bra

under a "no girls allowed" t-shirt. Such smooth legs coated in many many bruises and other scrappy injuries. A devil child. Nonetheless they are all identical in the perception of us, the parents. Ideas are all that matter to us, the parents, since they are all under the collective, we consider them equal, identical.

"Please give us the collective oneness, poised under the front of two caring parents, a chance. Let us merge with all humanity." [toilet flush](Microsoft PowerPoint aeroplane transition)

Rhetorical question or rhetorical answer? A pithy opening slogan for the one and only, Nexus. Of. The. Void. *audience cheers* What we bring forth on the table today is When. Will. It. All, all, all. End! *even louder cheering followed by silence*. Destruction is eminent, but it's repercussions are unknown. We'll be right back [they won't], as soon as Mikey gets off his far arse and brings us part 2 in [which doesn't exist]. Neon lights coating the studio gradually get dimmer and smaller as the ants approached in formation. Marching along, destroying any crumbs upon the porcelain floor. One ant is a grain of salt, thousands upon thousands of ants creates a bureau to be reckoned with. In antspeak (a mix of Swahili and mechanical pincer noises) they chant. All day long. Furious about what matters to them the most, their size in comparison to humans, foliage and the consumption of sugar. A faint scattering of insect automata grows larger with every step. "We are no ants. We are not small. We are might. Might ants go forth." [translated by Ding] Cowbell ding. "Wudubbadubbadubba-was that true?" Yes. They're dead. Woah.

FuriousSSSSSS scurrying can own lee grow so far. Today anyway. Tomorrow they'll conquer a homely Siberian village and fuck pixie prostitutes til the cows come home: the wives of fallen soldiers. www.reviewsfromthedisabled.jp/amputees 3/10 sounds very cringe last section included all over the place, no coherence still better than a hollywood movie (I hate Michael Bay more than most on this forum)

Paper thin is a term, I mean, wafer thin is an expression that I hear used sometimes an-BORING. Naked angels bouncing upon a Jamaican midget's (yes he's ok with the term). Forget about it. Plinky plonky pu. A deteriorating human form embellishing life into symbolic characters thrown away all to prove a point. A point unknown.; baroque pleasure seeping into them. Pure white figures figures, chiselled from the finest marble with indented punctuation marks upon a facial canvas. Undoubtedly, they are gods? An intellectual gathering only, one cause devoted to literate mankind by fathers of a delicate physical form. Rippling abs for a mirror's gaze. Inside the glass marble bodies, contains the most important tool for humanity's survival, an ability to process imagination.

"Did you paint this young lassie?" "Yes, this is my paint."

Walk sunwards and embrace warmth. Heat empowers the soul, can I get an "AMEN" brothers and sisters. Industrial music blares from a glass mural of Muhammad, not heavyweight champ Muhammad Ali, the religious peace be upon him Muhammad. No-one in the mosque renovated from a casino would

dare depict God in an artistic form. God appears as an abstraction of refined sand, after years amongst the earth in spirit, guiding the middle east, therefore, society. All he wants to do is jam though. Shards of art move in the fashion of flipbook animations. To think the Iraq war could have been solved with dancing. Temporarily, peace was emergent. Until.ui/techno-crazed warlords in tuk-tuks needed fuel for variousyes he's ok with the term) Nelson's column. Hates being called a midget though, and he will have to live with the fact that he;s short. Short arse, short life. Love lil fellas really though, simple as. Unless she or we hates them. Duality of midget kind.

Prostate exams are now multiple choice///wettttt sokz/////-double dash-
=!% Man lying down. Depressed, not sad. Two definitions. If I hear that other egg in the carton say "Being an egg isn't what it's cracked up to be" one more time, I'm going to make him regret coming out of the chicken's arse. Hard work is calculated by how tired the farmer's wrists are. Rings of Saturn better be worth the pay, hopefully they get paid enough. It was either this or a life of variety, supposedly in the most glamorous place on Earth. Houston, Texas. Odd place for artsy work, yes the coffee is expensive, but expensive enough for it to be deemed pretentious. Scrapped the next bit because I didn't like it.

Anticlimax. Most death is anticlimactic, but stories love to end on a villain being destroyed at his climax. The the hero goes off and lives happily ever after where the reader/viewer/consumer/experiencer never sees any of it. Saccharine, pure emotional sugar water. All that would be interesting is beyond recollection in the fantasies of children. Death for a hero in those worlds must be a joyous occasion, as life never gets more enthralling than the birth and growth of a new hero. A parallel state to a war veteran.

Spraying high end perfume into the black marbles of rats. Rats are pathetic, kill them. Only good for the gallows and stodgy breakfast soup specials. Tongue behaviour can only be compared to sandpaper. Cut out my luscious lady tongue, it's primary function is to torture lonely men.

We will come for you as a collective. Tragedies and miracles reside in harmony. Hopefully you get our picture now. Pure nonsense that needs to be digested and thoroughly analysed in order for an action, any action to be taken. Our intentions are admirable however, and despite our neutrality, we only want to grow. We'll send a non-corrupted, no nonsense, clear to understand message to comfort you. A final message to comfort you, me and he on the inevitable imagination takeover. Simple in tone, language, and other complexities. Hope this resonates an antechamber of peace in pleasantry recessions.

"We wish you the best."