

# PART ONE

## INTRO

### 1

Book. Words. Can't sleep. You want a main character? You're not getting one. You want proper formatting and perfect use of the English language? <>hmmmm#m (i) L try. If somehow, some unlucky fellow has to translate this into another language, I apollllllo13gise to you good sir. Mere scribblings of a neetipie teenager should not be forced upon those who can function in

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the modern world. Shouldn't have used the word mere. Leaving that in through another draft just to torture myself, despite that not being that bad, looking at it retroactively anyway. Mere is a word only used by middle age scholars and people wanting to sound more intelligent than they actually are. I was initially going to swear there. Can't swear on the first few pages though, otherwise this book won't be marketable to an audience I don't want in the first place. Especially since I want them to read my books. Calling my collection of rambling thought-pieces a book would be an insult on a medium that tells great stories and has taught many a generation before me. A medium I don't take part in as much as I should, but a valid medium nonetheless.

New paragraph. Do I even odd? Really wish I hadn't written "Do I even odd?" down, it's brought my mood down even further, even if it's just slightly. Do I have anything worthwhile to add to the world? Possibly, it's reductive to believe that I haven't added anything redeemable for the energy used to create me. Biologically speaking, not erotically so. I know I've

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added and will continue to add positives and negatives into people's lives. Life's unpredictable nature stops me spiralling into useless nihilism. All nihilism does is further contains you into a bubble of vapid babblers using the chef's special of buzzwords and slang about basic political issues, role playing either as a master or slave on a chaotic loop. Already feeling like rewriting... At least I know this is a personal project, as I lack any confidence a bookshop would allow my work on their shelves, virtual or otherwise. My absurdist slant on life isn't one to parade around as a divine philosophy. This mindset prevents me from behaving as if I'm an actor. I'm a human, not a character, at least in theory anyway.

Going to arbitrarily change the subject here. My eyes are sore. Sleep doesn't seem to be coming soon, though I may be wrong. I was wrong, as it came soon enough. With most pieces of written work, you can't tell for certain that it was chronologically written, but I can honestly say that "It came soon enough" was indeed after I had another four hour sleep. Two of those doesn't equal a full night's sleep, despite it

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being a seemingly logical alternative. My eyes are aching with regret and resentment right now; a ball and chain attached to my energy. I'll keep future talk about sleep limited, but expect a few other morsels on eyes for later. Eyes are interesting. Windows to the soul if you're loner, and much more to myself. In fact, why put the morsels in a doggy bag, when we can have a feast now. A feast for the eyes, I would say, if I was a more experienced author. Well I did write it. If anyone does ask who wrote it though, just say the most famous author who comes to mind.

# PART TWO

## EYES

### 2

I'll keep this biographical tidbit brief so I can shift away from the first person perspective for a bit.

When I was a child, mentally and physically, me, my mother and my sister, went on holiday to Turkey. I don't remember too much about the trip, but I do remember an incident that happened. I

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bumped my head on a water slide whilst I was mindlessly playing, so of course my over-yet-underprotective mother comes to check on mine. I felt fine of course, well as fine as you can feel after a bump on the head, but she's a mother, so she does her duty. She checks up on me and looks me in the eyes. One of my eyes is noticeably bigger than the other. Not massively bigger, enough to notice though. Her worrying side came in life saving. I had an optical glaucoma, which is doctor talk for a tumour on my optical nerve. Got that snipped out later by some doctors and now I'm still alive, but can't see through ol' leftie. An experience like that, and plenty of details I saved to prevent this from turning into a bargain bin auto-biography would make most people at least a little interested in eyes. Not enough to become an optician, just enough to see them in a new light. Ha ha eye wordplay.

“What's so interesting about eyes then? Come on out with it.”

They provide anyone with a functioning pair of eyes, sight, although I suppose that

much is obvious. They're also incredibly sensitive, and what I would argue as the third most sensitive body part, only being beaten out by the penis and brain. Eye related illnesses are fascinating, varying from colour blindness to terrifying eye worms. Any way that eyesight can be affected has at least some slight interest to me. That's just listing biological reasons. Eye contact is one of our most powerful social tools, and one that I fail to utilise at times. So many emotions can be displayed through just the eye region, albeit with some help from a few furry friends, the eyebrows. Such a sensitive organ. Yet even though they interest me, there's a part of me unsettled by the thought of eyes. More in a fictional sense, than what happens in reality. Black eyes can have horrific stories behind them though, tales of abuse or a brawl, but the true horror with eyes comes from the unknown. Floating behind you is a ball of white flesh. Dripping. Dripping all over the floor. Veins surround its perfect spherical form, and despite the gloop painting the floor, it appears rather smooth. You can sense you're being watched. You look around. You know you're being watched.

Monkey Cube

Wide open and always watching, it remains,  
purposelessly gazing at your every move.  
Peaceful. At least for now.

Eyes are interesting, just there isn't much  
more on the matter I want to mention here.



# PART THREE

## DEBATES

### 3

Picture this in front of your very eyes. It's your average debate.

1: Personally, my opinion... clearly is right.

2: Whatever, [insert your arch nemesis here] it's all good. Everyone is entitled to their own views, whether I decide that your harmless opinion is potent evilness or

not would be ignoring the wonderful utopic world we live in. Please think for a minute about your equally valid opinion, despite it being tremendously wrong.

1: Wait. You sayin' I'm wrong?

2: Well you are clearly missing my larger point, which I'm expressing in a supposedly subtle way. My point is that passive aggressive, borderline spiteful debates benefit neither party. You are also naive. Really really naive. Immature as well.

1: Maybe you could let me respond to your...

2: Clearly I am a better man than you are, and I can't believe you would assume that I wouldn't let you respond. Of course I will let you respond. What undemocratic world would we be quarrelling in if I made assumptions based on outward appearances. I'll let you have your say now. Proceed.

1: Ok. You're a ponce. You're a nonce; and I hope you've heard this before, but your political views are abhorrent.

2: Big words for a small man.

1: I'm not small.

2: You're small like the range of vocabulary used in the last two lines.

1: That's harsh.

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2: Well you were the one who brought politics into this.

1: Shall we go back to using more flowery language and monologuing rather than presenting an argument or shall we change the subject?

2: Perfect. We should change the subject to remain friends.

2: Hold on a second. I have a better idea. Let's bring another person in to mediate the discussion. Surely we'll get to the heart of the issue this way.

1: I'm not sure about this. Are you sure this is a good idea?

2: No. It's worth a shot though. Let's bring in the mediator.

3: Hello!

1&2: Hello!

3: I have nothing to add to the conversation, but you're both wrong.

1: Why?

2: Because you're both wrong?

1: Not you, him.

3: Me?

1: Yes, you.

2: No I don't want to hear it now. I regret inviting you in. I was hoping you would be on my side.

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3: That's low. Really despicable.

1: You said it.

2: We're all getting sidetracked here. Why are we wrong? Please enlighten us.

3: Well I have my own objectively correct view on the world, and you two are arguing over who is more correct, rather than what the truth is. I have the truth, my world is-

2: Doesn't matter actually, mediators shouldn't be allowed to input, they're here to judge.

1: That's wrong though. Totally wrong. Another one of your many stupid points. I think 3 is ok.

3: Thank you. You're too kind.

4: Heyyyyyyy. Heard the commotion and thought I'd bring a couple drinks to share. Let's relax and then maybe if talk this over a brewski, we'll get to the bottom of this.

1: Not sure if we need another person to muddy the waters here.

2: I'm not against it.

3: Am I needed anymore?

4: Of course. The more the merrier. Here, catch.

Four chucks a can of beer to three. It spills onto the floor. The endless white floor

Monkey Cube

extending for infinity. It spills forming a pattern of sorts. Potential beauty could be seen in this pattern, a kind that would stop all this arguing, at least temporarily. Everyone here is more interested in repeating the cycle. Failing to look at the chamber they stand in. Mindless talking.

5: Just coming through to mop this up.

1: It might just be me, but I feel it's getting a little crowded in here.

2: I know our contrarian relationship is predictable at this point, and you should know at this point, but I disagree.

2: Look at all the space around us.

4: Two's company though bro.

2: Yeah I'm company. Good company.

4: And three is just more company.

3: Thanks man, always appreciate the compliment.

5: Go easy on the poor fella. He's a youngin' and not an oldin' like me.

6: Shut it old man.

1: Shut it yourself.

2: Shut it 1. I'm sick of you always disagreeing with me.

Oliver: But I'm Oliver.

1: I swear the more we speak, the harder it

is to understand everyone. Almost like we're in an echo chamber...

Author: Damn, you guys figured this out quickly. Yes, debates are like an echo chamber. My message is poorly thought out and simple at its core. Please praise me for my subversive story-telling techniques.

Numbers and Oliver: Shut it nerd.

Author: True men with chrome-age mindsets like me are disintegrated nowadays.

## 4

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA. Sorry, just needed to get rid of this subconscious terror briefly. I just had thoughts about my diary being more interesting than what you're reading now, along with other terrifying tidbits. I'm enjoying what I'm doing right now though. A purpose more succinct than a monologue about how my writing is to change the world or that I want to be remembered for centuries to come. Not necessarily bad drives, just more self centred than what I'm going for. What I'm going for

Monkey Cube

is more vague right now however.

Naked right now. Not mentioning when I won't be naked anymore, although I'm fully naked often. Just felt in the mood.

Surprised I keep end up writing in the night more than in the day. Guess I formed the habit through coincidence. Maybe I'll cut the habit out, maybe I won't. Who knows?

# PART FOUR

## INTERNET

### 5

The internet is a catalyst for chaos. Whenever a man feels a victim, a champion, a nobody, a fool or a hero, he at least feels certain within himself. Potential for change, if he desires and has the willpower to do so. Other people can have influence. What does this matter in reality though. He can tell whether their advice is worth taking based upon the relationship he has formed and is



currently forming. An internet connection doesn't change this relationship drastically, it just creates numerous others. Now a man is not only perceived as a fool or hero, he is perceived in all the ways our language allows. Theoretically anyway. Search engines provide a tangled web of fates for a man to traverse down. Simply ask it a question or type nonsense and have your curiosity satisfied on what dice roll the needlessly complicated algorithms provide. Website, image, video and other kind of results from these engines, along with other websites, provide endless content on the broad areas of topics from the human imagination collective. The best way to spread a message in the current age, is through the internet.

It's hard to imagine a person who's never had an absurd thought or acted upon one. Before the internet took off and yes, before I was born, it was harder to express these laughable thoughts in a way to make them seem rational. The internet in this scenario acts as a faceless cleric, which you can express your point however anonymously as you'd like. Whilst both a cleric and a corner

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of specimens online will act disgusted and confused when you confess your love of molesting tables, only the internet could both agree and disagree so vigorously at once.

What amazes me is that it goes much further than a few giggles, and one or two members of the human race taking part in a strange taboo. A simple thought such as molesting tables changes culture. A message spreads sure, it's just a few people at first, but online word of mouth is powerful. This allows these thoughts to spill over into communities it never would have, say fifty or a hundred years ago. Most ridicule the idea. Most. A few try it out and then an even smaller number get a kick out of it. While starting with only a few or a single person, it slowly transitions into its own micro-culture. Inevitably, one person sparks the idea that their community needs a home. Maybe it's a forum, maybe it's an original website. What's important is that it's a dedicated community to discuss this niche. A proud gathering of furniture fuckers on the table molester forums. What once was only a feeling up of whatever four legged

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foxes were close at hand, becomes a nuanced medium. People develop a palate. Sure the wooden kitchen table still excites you, but it's a little samey now. People buy little cutesy circular ones because they perceive them as playful. Or people feel up Grandpa's old dining hall table as it knows it's way around the block.

They don't want to spread their new found love on the internet only anymore, they want some real, physical connection. In the flesh. In the mahogany. Now a meet-up of some kind meet up happens. Might be a small meet up at a café or if their ambitious, a convention of sorts. Now seat\_sniffer98 has a face. At this point, a craze is blossoming and true fanatics are created. Here comes the general public into the fray, and it's going to be hard for anyone who hasn't heard of table molesters to be out of the loop soon. There will be some form of interaction between those who are in and out of the community. This is where chaos brews. A slip of the tongue or a freudian slip later, and now a news station wants to interview your community. "People who rape chairs" or something along the lines of

that. A striking first tv appearance. Outside of the furniture community, everyone has a chuckle or a passing interest at this misrepresentation, whether they realise it's one or not, but inside, the community is fractured. Everyone seems to have a different response, despite common themes propping up. Comments along the lines of "How dare they represent us like deviants" and "Any exposure is good exposure" get mentioned as a point of contention.

This would be the first of many events, all of a similar nature. Not just from the news, but many forms of catalysts to spread a message even further. More discussion of this newly popularised taboo. Plenty of philosophising about the ethics of it; new slang for name calling; bringing morality into treating inanimate objects as animate ones; conservative parents asking where the parents were; the demand for this new minority to get a fair shake; illogical comparisons to other controversial subjects; furniture manufacturers send warm support and cold warnings. These along with plenty of other subjects that I couldn't predict unless this scenario actually happens. It's

now in the eyes of the public, possibly at its peak, but now time has passed. This is no longer just an idea chucked around on miscellaneous internet sites. It seems so far away, yet it could have been within the short timespan of a couple weeks depending on the idea. Most will never truly see what this whole table molesting business was all about, so its roots to them might not seem that important. It's roots in this situation however, were the cause of the absurdity to blossom.

Then, as if everyone had suddenly forgotten the controversy, it's now accepted. Not normal, still weird, just accepted. A majority of people outside of the community stop caring. They just stop caring. Maybe it gradually becomes this way from high attention to low attention, but there's a point where people will notice.

"What happened to all the table fucker talk? I was tempted to go down to IKEA and see if it's there's any protesters?"

"Eh I'm just not interested anymore, and if all this furniture talk has settled down, then no-one's going to be there anyway."

"So no-one cares anymore?"

“Yup.”

“Fair enough.”

Sure there might be a renaissance of interest, but that’s the end of its spot in the limelight. Yet it’s effects will still linger online and in occasional discussion. It’s not just one weird taboo this will happen to. Any concept we create or has been created, has a community around it, or will eventually if time passes to infinity. The internet doesn’t cause this per say, but is a potent catalyst for this kind of behaviour. The internet is a catalyst for chaos. There’s more to say on the internet and technology as a broader point, but I’ve written enough on the matter for now.

# PART FIVE

## MEANING OF LIFE

### 6

I'll just answer this one quickly. If God has a FAQ (frequently asked questions), this would currently be on it. What is the meaning of life? Not the meaning of your individual life or what's the point of living, those are separate questions that someone else can't answer for you. The actual meaning of life, non-specific to an individual animal or person, is obvious when looking

at nature. Life is about producing other life. Making a child, so they can eventually have children. Simple. Not only that, but in order to produce these children, you need to survive and live a life as well. If you're asking how to live a life worth living, or what's the point of life if it's nothing but suffering, ask a different question. General meaning is simple, as in a general meaning that every human should instinctively be born with unless there's a problem. Individual and collective meaning is the challenge that makes life so complicated, yet enriching.

That question has always gotten under my skin.

## 7

I'll ask a more useful question, for myself and you the reader. What's going to be interesting (for you)(the reader)(rather than for myself)? You've read up until this point, unless you've skipped to here, meaning that you've spoilt this juicy moment for yourself, shame on you. Not that you've skipped that



much though. My sense of humour could have kept you reading, perhaps my point of view intrigues you as it's not a regurgitation of a basic political stance, or an overly materialistic lifestyle. Not interested in living the school-college-university-trainee-slightly higher paying job at the same place-milquetoast relationship-marriage-children that you struggle to parent-divorce-pit of despair-replacement wife-boredom-being fired- sent to an oldie home-losing your mind-dying in a pool of bodily fluids (mostly your own). Continued that as you might have been interested in my half baked world view. Or maybe you're the kind of guy who can't put a book down until you finish it. Sucks to be you hahahahahahah... Sorry that was a bit rude. I won't judge you for dumping this at a charity shop after laughing at you. Nay the charity shop doesn't deserve such filth, but mere disposing of the book won't do. What if someone retrieves it from the bin you placed it in. Then they'll be cursed by me as well. You have to incinerate this. It's the only way. If your reading this virtually, don't bother with the burning, just make sure you destroy your hard drive when you're done

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with it. You don't want the cyber-pirates in Ghana to stumble upon this.

For now, I'll stop with the prankster schtick, and discuss a subject, rather than rambling to amuse myself. Lest myself become an unknowing con artist.

# PART SIX

## WHAT ANNOYS ME

### 8

Positives and negatives. A common pair of antonyms. Two prominent spices of life, comparable to how often salt and pepper are mentioned in the cooking world. How would we know what to like, if we couldn't say what we dislike, and it works the other way as well. What annoys someone, is more unique than mere everyday pleasure and pain. What makes us tick is like an allergy of

the mind. Our likes and dislikes make us human, what annoys us, makes identity.

*Note: This is what annoys me at the time of writing the book, if I was older or younger, any of these may not necessarily apply.*

- The sound of whispering in a quiet room.
- Fat people unable to recognise their size.
- Not being able to find something right in front of me.
- Dog owners who allow their pet to come running right towards you, and offer nothing resembling to an apology or explanation why.
- Being patronised about a blind spot in knowledge.
- People who listen to music without headphones on public transport.
- Wasps.
- Gnats.
- Being offered a table, rather than an open booth in a restaurant. I can understand why this happens, it's just a niggle.
- People who mention first world problems in response to someone's

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complaint, despite the fact no matter who you are, there's always something that can get to you.

- Veganism or other forms of eating habits being forced upon others. Some animals eat other animals. Some don't. Can we just leave it at that.
- Women who pretend to be men (transsexuals are slightly different however).
- Effeminate men.
- When people give into the stereotypes attributed to them, to the point where it becomes their personality.
- Movies that have a good opening and then are mostly rubbish for the rest of the film.
- When people cycle on the pavement.
- Female stand-up comedians.
- Male stand-up comedians, barring the one or two I can actually appreciate.
- Nihilism that's just a front for sociopathy.
- People when they believe spotting a simple mistake makes them a genius.

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- Cheap store bought party cakes.
- Getting interrupted when focused.
- Realising that I just interrupted someone.
- Getting wet when washing up.
- Nettles. Ultimately harmless, but able to provide just enough pain to be annoying.
- Predicting jokes. Both when I predict a joke in my head, and when someone else blurts out the ending to someone's joke.
- Getting told the same joke over and over again, with no meaningful change on the formula.
- Being forced to eat when I'm full, especially if it's not any good.
- Being told that an item is expensive when I accidentally break it.
- Programming for hours and making no progress.
- The way technology seems to present me with my own miniature hells at times.
- Adverts.
- Being called negative.

I'm sure there's plenty more, but I'll leave

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it there, as I'm going to go reverse the idea  
now. What are the little things that cheer me  
up?

# PART SEVEN

## THOSE LITTLE AND LARGER THINGS

### 9

- Entertaining children
- A warm bath
- Walking. If I walk for long enough, eventually my mood will change.
- Stealing pens, although I know I really shouldn't, nor do I need to steal pens currently.
- Finding a sweet when I thought I



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had none left.

- Long conversations that don't go anywhere. If the conversation is long, and it's with good company, then we're clearly both enjoying ourselves enough to continue.
- Having a cheeky peek at a ladies' arse when no-one is looking.
- Food that's worth the extra bit of effort to cook.
- Dancing to music in a goofy way. Yes I'm aware I'm not alone here.
- Being in the nude when relaxing.
- The respite after being around people a lot and then getting some quiet time.
- An unexpected dark ending.
- A positive ending that isn't too saccharine sweet.
- Baby animals.
- A puzzle that is not too easy, but not too hard that I ignore it or look up the answer.
- Daydreaming.
- Internet piracy.
- Experimenting with cocktails.
- Creativity. I always appreciate creativity, it's a spice of life I wish I

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saw more often.

- General silliness.
- AI generated media.
- There's something about the idea of blowing a chicken up with a rocket launcher that amuses me.
- A well crafted forth wall break.
- Self deprecating humour.
- Falling asleep in the car, even with the expected little bit of grogginess afterwards.
- Learning new words.
- Writing. Who would have predicted that one?
- Doodling.
- Comfortable chairs that I don't want to fall asleep in.
- When there's a sudden change for the better.
- Extremely lucky situations.
- Irish pubs.
- Learning about a fascinating subject that I might not have initially realised could be interesting.
- The feeling of not being rushed.
- Mythology.
- Anthropology.

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Not that I don't have more to life that I like, it's a scatter shot list. If I kept going with both lists, I'm sure I would start to repeat myself, if I hadn't already.

# PART EIGHT

## JOBS

### 10

If this book hasn't already come across as an abstract piece of art therapy, then discussing jobs might delude more of you. Not quite sure what this book's purpose should be, but it's not some intensive soul searching piece of nonsense. These extracts could be perceived as a mental patient's last attempt at redemption, his last chance to return to the world as he once knew it.

That's not the case however. Anyway, jobs. A source of mental torture for me. Both trying to find a job, and maintaining one. Which first? I'll flip a coin, heads for trying to find a job, tails for maintaining one. Ok... it landed on tails but I wanted to discuss finding one first.

Searching for jobs tests my patience. No matter what I'm doing, it always seems like I've done something wrong whilst signing up for the job and haven't realised what's wrong. Sure, I'm missing experience, but it's for a minimum wage job. Yes I understand my CV isn't great, but I wrote a cover letter that shows I would be right for the job. I guess I shouldn't sign up for this one because they supposedly require a driving license for this office temp job. Even charity volunteer jobs haven't been fruitful for me, although that seems to be a fool's game anyway. Having a retail or other conventional forms of work don't appeal, so the more rejections or lack of any response fuels a mindset that I'm not suitable for traditional work, and should try to become an auteur of some kind. Despite the life security of the everyman being desirable,

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I'm shunned by some of the people who could help me. I'm aware that a job isn't the only way to earn money though, it's just the most popular.

A job centre should be the sort of place to go for those in need of work. In reality, it fills the gap of school after you leave and you can't be unable to decide what the next steps in life should be. Money is used all too similar to a carrot on a stick so you run through their hoops. Don't complain. You're a trained monkey now, paid monthly in order to convince you to get a job. How backwards. You should drink a glass of water in order to stop pissing as well. I haven't even mentioned how disorganised the whole system was whilst I was experiencing dole life. Once, I needed a travel permit for some future event, and it was booked for the day it was issued. Another time, I was unable to use their computers, so I had to ask the bank for a statement, and I was meant to be grateful that they would wait for me. Waiting. Plenty of waiting. Late appointments. Conflicting times for appointments, and the threat of a sanction if you miss it. Just a system run by

people who I wouldn't trust with even the most menial tasks, like holding a place in a queue, or to turn the gas off. Searching for a job is hard when this is the kind of help you get. About as tough as keeping one though.

Other than a work from home job that was bearable enough to keep it for a few months, I've only worked for a week and three or so days. I am living with my dad and step mum, but I'm primarily a son rather than a burden at the moment. At least I would assume so. Gradually as I get older, if I continue to stay financially dependent, I will slowly transform from son into burden. This is why I plead with myself to find a steady source of income. Tainted love, a love I hope my treasured ones experience as little as possible. Hard to maintain a job that goes against the fibre of your being. All three simulations of lesser hell that I've had to experience left my body aching and my mind fragmented. No man or woman should have to experience this, not mental and physical pain, but enduring that feeling for money. If I were to stay in these jobs, I would become a frog in a pot of boiling water. Not realising my life was over until it

was too late.

Everyone in the work environments I've been in, is chasing for the life that they don't have. Nobody wants to be a document prep clerk, a co-op grunt or a kitchen nobody for the rest of their lives. They want to separate themselves from nobodies to somebodies. How do they try to shoot for a meaningful existence? They work in a soul destroying job, for little pay and respect. A logic trap that I'm still trying to escape from myself. Society as a whole is run by people willing to work in the roles that they do, and that's why I'm not sure what side of this self created argument I'm actually on. Even if these people in these work places don't always do the best job, it lowers the risk of having to fill the position myself. I guess this is a suitable enough place to mention the human spirit.

Our spirit, whether you believe it could be tangible, or is just hippie nonsense, is a concept created by, or at least discovered by humans. I believe it as a layer of the mind. Mostly subconscious, but human thoughts definitely have an otherworldly feel to them.



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Conscious thought in my case feels disconnected physically from the body, yet varying levels of connection with who I am mentally. This isn't an area of particular knowledge on my part, but I believe in the importance of staying whole and in touch with yourself, somewhat at least. Meditation isn't necessary for this, but it seems a common route from all the enlightenment talk I've heard. Not necessary from meditation as I've seen it. It could be all guff, but the way I felt after my shifts of work makes me believe in the spiritual. I didn't experience a spiritual high, or surprisingly low, just numbness. As if hope and despair had no right being in the workplace. A sterile anti-thought like that scares me. Still I'm human, so I felt a natural physical and mental response from what I had experienced that day. Without those, I could have just washed away the most important years of my life, even if I would have lived like many others before me. I met plenty of people who seem to be missing an unknown part of a whole. They could have just been disconnected from their spirit. Just a thought.

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Wouldn't mind another cushy work at home jobby job though. Part of me still wants money. I just prefer not having existential crises when I come home from work.

11

I've been in a good mood recently. Less dread as well. Hope you're feeling at least ok, and if you're not, I send my good will through the paper. Or whatever format you're using to read. No judgement here.

# PART NINE

## HUMILITY

### 12

How humble should I be? I don't feel particularly important, but that's because I'm not really. Just a teenager, well barely and nineteen isn't strictly a teenager in my mind. Not that humans aren't important in the grand scheme of the cosmos, but how much I am valued comparatively to others. Part of what matters is what I've done so far. Nothing substantial anyway, I hardly

take or give to the world around me. I exist. Yes I exist, not going to argue about philosophy semantics. Essentially to people who don't know me personally, I'm invisible. Whether that changes is the only way significant to become more or less humble. No matter the situation however, I'll always try to remain humble at heart. Believing your more important than you are is not a desirable trait, at least not in situations I would want to be a part of. I just have to be careful to not confuse humility with insecurity.

Humility is more important in outward appearances than it is introspectively. Knowing on the inside that your important, but expressing honest humility on the outside is the way to go. It's a bit contradictory though. Humility is a tool of a truly powerful king. Only a king can stop a king. Outward appearances matter to me, so I've tried to stay as humble as my writing style allows. Yes I use flowery language at times, and I might talk about grandiose subjects. At the end of the day, this is just a book. I'll try to remain as humble as I can.

Monkey Cube

Not sure what sparked this humility bit.

PART TEN  
RESTAURANT  
SALADS

13

Salads are not inherently disgusting. I have only learnt this within the past few years and I blame restaurants. Doesn't matter what type, it's just important to note that it's food not made at home, so a salad from a supermarket or cafe is similar. All salads, barring the few exceptions that changed my perceptions, have been left on

my plate unfinished. Even if the food is edible otherwise, salads stick out like a sore green thumb.

What do I consider a salad? I consider a salad an assembly of vegetables primarily, prepared so they taste different to each vegetable individually on their own. When I say vegetable, think of what's considered in cooking as vegetables, rather than in biological terms. Nobody wants to hear the factoid about tomatoes being fruit again. You most likely know what a salad is, just my explanation is liberal enough to include coleslaw. Salads in restaurants, especially side salads seem to have a hidden set of rules across all the chefs, or more likely line cooks, that make them.

### How to make a restaurant side salad

- The number one ingredient should be leafy greens.
- Some form of tomato that's chucked in fairly haphazardly. If there's a lack of tomato, another vegetable that functions similarly to one.
- One or two other kinds of vegetables

## Monkey Cube

liberally sprinkled in, regardless of how they taste uncooked or how they compliment the rest of the salad.

- Finally topped with a sauce you would never use for anything other than salads. You can take a guess to why that is.

Salads that are eaten as meals have more variety to them, but after trying so many side salads, there would be no reason to assume these salads are vastly different. Not a salad guy, and the combination of the two words sound unnatural, but as I wrote before, it's not an inherently tasteless experience. The occasional salad without big pieces of raw tomato helped, but what started the change was coleslaw. The gateway dish for appreciating salads. Mayo, carrot and cabbage. Not bad for whatever reason. The road towards me respecting salads is mostly over, but I'll share a recipe for a salad-y type accompaniment. I'll keep it simple.

### Refreshing slaw

- Grate equal parts carrot and



## Monkey Cube

cucumber to a bowl.

- Add vinegar, sriracha sauce, salt and pepper to it.
- Stir it all together and put it in the fridge to marinate.

It's as simple as that. Currently it does leave a pool of liquid in the bowl, but besides that, it's a decent enough salad. I've had it on more than one occasion, and coming from the guy who isn't a salad guy, that should be high praise.

# PART ELEVEN

## WOMEN

### 14

This one's for the lads! No women allowed! That's right, I'm going to share my controversial viewpoints on women. If you're a woman, I'm afraid you're legally obligated to put the book down, and one of our officers will take it from you if you resist. Yes, they will be forced to do so. No, they won't assault you. A seed of doubt will be planted into your mind and you'll hand

them the book, of your own volition. Of free will. Their free will. Lads, double check the perimeters for any females that might try to sneak a peek in. Make sure you have no plans to snip your manhood off whilst reading as well. I know it's hip and cool to get your gender surgically reassigned, but just wait a moment. You might miss out on the best part. There's just one more step I need to perform and that's to charge my diversity armour. Imagine I'm the protagonist of a children's cartoon.

"I'm diverse, I'm diverse, I'm diverse. Everyone is born equal and perfectly unique. Nobody is excluded, no matter what they've done or believed. I'm inclusive, I'm inclusive, I'm inclusive. Disabilities mean nothing to me, they're just physically and or mentally disadvantaged from birth. Your opinion is valid. I accept all opinions, except those that I perceive as wrong or in disagreement to my changing viewpoints. Race, religion, sex, height, weight, convictions, crimes against humanity or hair colour. Just remember that it's all ok or none of it's ok. Stay respectful everyone!"

Now that its charged, I can start.

Women... they're just ok. Glad I got that one off my chest, what a burden that was. Females are just half of the human identity. Opposites in terms of biological function and behaviour, but similar enough in biological goals to get along. Enough to get along normally anyway. Both a man and a woman need to work together to create life. A man inserts the sperm and a woman provides the egg. A give and take between the two genders. They work together like the opposite sides of a magnet pulling each other closer. Unfortunately it's not as that simple as that in day to day matters. We're not angels frolicking across the skies hand in hand. We are flesh and bone. Mortals. So we fight, argue and have conflicting interests. Everyone has their own goals, and that's where we start acting sneaky, thinking this will get us closer to our goals.

I think on average, men are physically and mentally superior to women, but I wouldn't think of myself as a sexist or misogynist. Generally those two terms are just used to shame and ridicule men who

speaking their mind, albeit those who speak bluntly. My point there, is not to brag about being a man, or to make women seem inferior, but to point out an interesting aspect of nature. Why is it, that if men trump women in two aspects key to survival, that there's a roughly equal amount of men and women in the world. Surely there would be a culling of women insufficient to the needs of the men, such as ugly or infertile women, leading to a world that has a much larger discrepancy in men and women. Women have two key advantages over men that keep them from being abused on such a broad scale. Emotionally and socially, a woman is better on average. To stop men from conquering the world, and in turn destroying any chance of a life worth living, rather than dominating him, in return, you show him love and affection. You both want a child, so why not unite together. Become a couple. A man creates the bond, and a woman protects and nurtures it. You can not have one without the other.

This is what I believe anyway. The world however, is more complicated than biblical

tales of a man and a woman uniting. Proof is needed for broad statements like the ones I've provided, and I will provide an explanation based upon something resembling a truth. What I'm describing is how I see a part of the world, it's more a theory than fact. Trying to convince you that my writings are absolute truth is ridiculous. It's all perspective, though I have more reasons than just: men need to survive, women need to raise a child.

## 15

This aspect of masculinity comes down to strength. Both men and women can be equally as healthy and attractive. This includes the ultimate matter of survival, just there's a difference in how between the genders. Hence the man's natural ability to develop his body for a hunter gatherer lifestyle. Muscles developed to fight for survival, to slay the foe, all one needs to do is stay true to his masculine side. A woman can fend for herself as well though. There's plenty of creatures in the animal kingdom that are stopped by humans regardless of

gender, but the reason for a man to stay physically strong has changed. There's only delusion when you believe the average woman is more likely to defeat a predator twice their size than the average man. Doesn't mean a man can, and a woman can't, there's just a difference in probability. It's simple to prove that men are stronger than women. Everyone deep down knows it to some degree, but there's even more proof in practice. I would feel patronising going into various examples here, so I'll just mention one thing. An idyllic image of a god has the ultimate physique, a goddess does not have bulging muscles and is presented as a gentle yet powerful figure.

## 16

I have to be more careful when talking about a woman's mental capacity compared to her strength. The sting of being called stupid is usually one that provokes more anger than being called weak. How smart we are, in some regards, comes under personality and is seen as a personal attack. My goal here is not to call women stupid. I

reckon the gap between each gender's strength is much larger than the intelligence gap. Still, the comment about male mental superiority. There's a difference between being smart and using your brain. Men use a more logical, objective approach to using their brain. A cold approach that doesn't regard emotions as importantly, it is however, efficient. A mind for problem solving, maths, science, design and other fields that use similar areas of the brain. If I believed in the left-brain right-brain myth, I would associate masculine behaviour on one side, and feminine behaviour on the other. A women can do all of these activities, they're just not a speciality. There's a reason why chess champions and the like are almost always men. A women still has ability in that area, a man just does better. I hesitate on saying that this mental ability affects verbal communication and creativity. Both genders might as well be equal in this regard, if you ignore what their general pros and cons affect. Artistic ability comes under this as well. Art appeals to similarly minded people or at least a common idea between people, so some aspects of creating art favour masculine traits. A unity of the two



sexes spirits together creates art that has more to it than just mechanical consumption.

Aspergers has been described, or at least theorised, as the ultimate male brain. A simplification, but I understand. Whilst I don't think autism or aspergers is the male psyche taken to the extreme, male characteristics do coincide with what people with aspergers lack. Emotional skills and social skills. This isn't a subject that I want to continue in great detail right now, as it's a personal subject to me, but I do think the qualities of it relate here. Women are diagnosed with aspergers much less than men, and the women I've met who have been diagnosed are either just overly quirky, or it's clearly more on the autism side. This is all just theory, but I definitely feel women are mentally built in such a way where it is much less likely, to a point where I might say it's impossible. It's not, but compared to men with aspergers or high amounts of autistic traits, it seems impossible.

Why is it that there are more male than female suicides? Why is it more likely for the mother to be a stay at home parent compared to the dad? Why do a lot of women seem so concerned about feelings? It's because women are naturally more understanding of emotions than men. It's easy to assume that when women act erratically it's because they're on their period or a dismissal of that nature. That they can't control their emotions. However, I reckon that because women are more emotionally gifted, is part of the reason why they can act with such uncertainty in their emotions. Unfortunately in this twist of fate, men have to fill in the role of the calm, stoic figure, even though it's not always healthy to be a blank slate and can be quite isolating. Emotional intelligence is not the ability to control your emotions like a sewing needle, but to understand why you feel the way you do with that level of precision. If you can understand yourself, you can learn how to control yourself.

There's also a certain side of evil I feel is more prevalent in wicked women than in wicked men. A man could do some of the

most despicable acts imaginable, yet his reasons for doing so are simple. They've had enough or they've acted upon their twisted sense of justice. Easily explainable for the most part, but it's still confusing as to why they would go this far. Women seem to be more emotionally sadistic, yet petty, when committing atrocities. More of a premeditated type criminal and that they had felt the way they did long before the crime. Typically female behaviour rather male in my mind.

Women seem to care more about doing good than a man, so it's not just women are evil, men are good. A man gets what needs to do done, rather than thinking about what his emotions want him to do. Both genders could commit the same act, but the intention will likely be different. I'll use giving money to a homeless person as an example. A man gives a larger than average sum of money to a homeless person. He smiles, but doesn't stay longer than needed. He simply walks away. A woman also gives a larger than average sum of money. She might talk for a couple of minutes first, asking how they have been and whether they've been ok with

the terrible weather recently. Once she assesses that she is going to give this amount, she'll reassure him that times are tough but they will get better. She hands the note and hope it's enough, then she walks away. In both of these cases, a good deed is done, but the women cares more about acting upon her emotions. This is not about morality, but about how a women feels this impact more. Primarily, it's about biology. A women has to birth a child and protect the relationships of a family. A man has to find a woman and protect the lives of the family, rather than their feelings.

## 18

Men and women can create bonds with other people, that much is obvious. What separates social ability from men and woman is how they form groups, or as I know them as, cliques. As a gender, women are more likely to stick together, and the platonic relationships they form, aren't just desirable, but natural and necessary. Men still need to socialise however. Think about when you were in school. It's likely that

there were more male loners than female loners. Female loners are almost an oxymoron. Even the most unlikable, stinking behemoths of a woman has two traits, that unless they really are a genetic end, should have once they're of age. Sex appeal and the ability to have a child. All they need is for someone to find them, hence where the social skills are usually much more into the fibre of their being. You can be a loner and a female, but that is more of a choice for a man, than a woman. It's all part of survival to form communities as a female. A man needs to find a place for his seed to grow and nurture. Who is he going to trust more? A woman with a group of friends who are supportive and all help each other out, or the women sitting in the corner, alone. Some people prefer the shy type, but confusingly enough, it's easier to get noticed in a group than on your lonesome.

## 19

At the end of the day, I still don't understand women that well. This is just an exploration into understanding, despite the

chaos surrounding the differences of men and women. Perhaps you might be wondering if I have had sex or not. Answer that yourself. I'm sure you'll come to the obvious conclusion by the end of these semi-comprehensible texts.

On a side note, it would be a waste of my time to explain why I'm not a fan of feminism, as I would get more frustrated at the world and my place in it. I will however briefly state my opinion on inequality between the genders. We are not equal, and should not be treated equally. Equal isn't the word that describes the issue, nor should equality be strived for. Fix the issues of individuals, rather than trying to vilify a broad group. Negative bias doesn't stem out of nowhere. Neither sex is better than the other, yet we are not equal. Sexism isn't the issue you should be trying to solve. We will always form opinions of our own accord, so trying to destroy an idea is futile. Fight for another cause.

Monkey Cube

Hopefully, that last chapter hasn't rendered myself in the public eye as a pseud. Not that I see myself that way; others could however. No use thinking about what buzzword insults people will direct your way.

Deep. Dammmnnnn. This guy is deep! Coming at me from all sides of the universe. You some kind of dimension bender? Ah sorry, didn't mean bender as in homo. We're tight in this abstract pocket of space and time. We're cool though right? Right my man? Yeah good to see. Great! Look, me and the homeboys are off to the library to study the great minds of history. No, no Peterson, we're past pop philosophy now. You can come if you want, even if we don't see eye to eye on everything. Us bros got to stick together, right? Even though you wrote that women have better social skills than men, I'll continue to stick by you broski. Come on! After we can go for a couple drinks and meet that girl you like. \*crew laughs\* So you coming or what?

PART TWELVE  
DEPRESSION AND  
ANXIETY

21

Sick of hearing these two words. Individually they don't invoke an irritated response. You can be anxious. You can be depressed. Just the combination of the two always winds me up. Not usually directed at whoever says they feel this way, but the culture that forms these pithy responses. Depression and anxiety isn't a useful way of



explaining how you feel, especially seeing as depression could be the condition, or that it's a temporary slump. Anxiety is just a symptom of a larger problem, or it could be perfectly natural depending on circumstance. They're paired together when they really shouldn't be. The way they're presented pairs them together like an iconic duo. Bonnie and Clyde, Sonic and Tails, Depression and Anxiety. Just silly. Still not worth getting annoyed about. It's indicative of a larger problem with people succumbing under the influence of powerful people who wish to do no good. Dare I say it? They wish to do, bad. Using people as mere adverts for their message. It unsettles me seeing this kind of abuse, but I feel fine letting it happen in the end, after my initial discomfort. Not all who are born are worthy to survive. Don't despair however, overcome these artificial shackles created to keep up the illusion of not feeling in control. You can feel depressed or anxious, just avoid whenever possible in making it part of who you are.

## Monkey Cube

Have you ever watched yourself eat before? I didn't intend to do so today, but shopping centres like to sneak mirrors into their design. You've most likely seen your reflection before, yet it's unlikely anything more than brushing your teeth or adjusting how you look, when you can see yourself. Even with front facing cameras on phones this applies. We have to focus on what we're doing. My face looked foreign to me, making those expressions whilst eating.

# PART THIRTEEN

## THE LABEL OF ASD

### 23

ASD (Autism Spectrum Disorder) is a simplification of aspergers. I was diagnosed with ASD when I was 15 or so. I say ASD, but when I asked the practitioner where I lied on the spectrum, she just described it as aspergers for myself. Couldn't be diagnosed with aspergers for some arbitrary reason, but I now had the brand of sperg resting upon my mind, comfortably tucked into my

brain folds. Fortunately it doesn't negatively affect the way I think about myself anymore. In my mind, not only do I not have this condition, I also reject the idea that other people should be labelled like this as well. I'm too much of a chad to be autistic. In reality, that's not how this kind of label works. Both you and the people around you defines the label. This is my problem with the diagnosis. I can undiagnose myself at any time, but other people have a much harder time doing so. As I'm writing this, there's an autistic bloke yelling in the library. Whilst I am a completely different person to this man, it was all too common to be treated in a similar way. That's one of my many reasons to reject the label.

Before I start rating my dissatisfaction as if I were an amputee war veteran, I want to discuss (ha ha one sided discussion isn't discussion) labels other than being a sperg. Not all labels are undesirable and some are natural. Being black isn't a label you can shake off for example, neither is being short or male. It's more about how you treat the characteristics of it and whether they define who you are. The less you let those kinds of

labels determine your life, the better, as long as you aren't completely ignorant of genetic truth. That would be delusional. Become a sum of parts greater than just definition.

Hollow representations of people are attracted towards each other in some form of pride. Despite not being christian, I have an understanding on why it is considered a deadly sin. To me, it's just an emotion that should be experienced in small quantities, as more than this leads to arrogance. An inflated sense of self that is in no way deserved. Gay pride parades aren't harmful because homosexuality is inherently detrimental. They only become this way when vapid individuals who lack self identity try to prove otherwise. There's a point in all communities like this where a movement can become hostile. No matter where you are on the political spectrum, if this is all you see yourself as, a member of a group based upon identity, or the lack thereof, you're going to be insufferable to everyone outside of your community. To additionally clarify, I do not believe in horseshoe theory.

I particularly dislike the label of aspergers and how it affected elements of some later teenage years. More of my life has been impacted due to my quirks, just myself and others had a source to blame it on. It twisted my sense of self. Others were keen to ruin my life due to this, despite being oblivious to the potential impact of their actions. Before I was even diagnosed though, I had this label to the doctors. As if they wanted a diagnosis regardless of whether it was true. This is more due to the incompetence of volunteers, and most of the actual staff there weren't much better, and there's a little story about this next. I don't often like anecdotes to prove a point, this is more for entertainment value than any other reason.

## 24

There were many tests that I had to complete in order to be diagnosed. Whilst the whole ordeal of completing tasks to get a result I didn't want was painful, I could generally bear it. Even with the process taking many months, rather than a few weeks. Only one test in particular sticks out

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in my mind as painful, and it causes the validity of all the other tests to come into question. It was just a simple test. Talk to the examiner. Just a little chit chat. My memory of this event is blurry in parts until the reveal, so bear with me on this one.

We must of introduced ourselves and while I was not fully aware of this at the time, each person was testing me on one element in particular for each test I took. All of the sessions were spread out, due to a lack of funding, so it was hard to get used to the process. Generally it's hard for anyone to act how they want under scrutinous eyes. Under such pressure, it would be hard to not act differently in some way. That was what this man was examining I suppose. He wanted to know in these absurd conditions what I was usually like. So I performed for the man. When he said build a tower of bricks, I did, and when he asked me a question, I answered. I was his pet. There were plenty of mundane questions I must of answered, but there was a distinct feeling that I was being patronised. That I already had aspergers and was lesser in his eyes. That I was a gub-gub retard. All of this was

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fairly par for the course in the tests, albeit this one was stranger due to the setup and what was to come. The room was the largest out of the testing areas, as I reckon they were running out of space, so they just chucked us in whatever open room they could find. It made me act a bit stranger as well. It was almost a roleplay session of sorts, we defined roles for each other, and a defined way that we should be talking. As if we know each other, as if this was everyday and that if I didn't play by these rules, I would fail. They wanted me to stumble, but I failed to process this fully. It wasn't the only trap our hunter had placed before me. I was about to walk into a much more devious trap.

In the middle of building a block tower, he asked me a few more questions, in the guise of it being a friendly conversation. Again, in this tone, he asked me if I would like to take a break. He suggested a few activities a teenager wouldn't be interested in, such as playing with other toddler toys. I wanted to get this over with. It was a short test and I wasn't interested in reminiscing about nap time. Get this test over with.



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Snap. I had fallen for his ploy. Not too long after the break was suggested, he revealed his scheme. Apparently people on the autism spectrum don't know to separate work from play. What a joke this test was. A joke at my expense. I was furious when I heard this, though my anger wouldn't have gotten me anywhere if I had invoked my wrath. Life is not a series of jokes at my expense anymore.

There are plenty of other stories and tales I have about my supposed condition. Situations that I never expected and never would want to happen. A musing as some of these are, the stories start to become samey when the roles the characters play are constantly repeated. Plus, isn't this chapter meant to be about the label of ASD and not a series of bitter recollections about my past. My ultimate point is that labels can have a negative impact on mental health, if it's a label that's attached like a parasite or medal. What I want is for readers not to go through the same hardships as I have, even though these are inevitable with the human condition. I'll list off a series of scattershot points relating to being a sperg, and you can

clap at the end, pretending I touched upon a truly profound point.

## 25

I am no longer an ostrich. I have been de-ostracised. Aspergers school, no more. These places neither work in theory or in practice, landfills of time and factories made to destroy lives. The goals of a school for the autistic mind are simple, to provide education for spergs who don't fit in mainstream schooling. This means altering the system of normal learning to cater to the varying needs of people on the spectrum, extending of all aspects of a learning life. Even in theory, there are clear faults. You cannot cater to everyone. Few people are pleased through generalisation and everybody is the same under it's broad non-specialist regime. Pandering is generalising your behaviour to what you believe is right for them, rather than what they actually want. They look at the symptoms of the condition Aspergers, and design systems to medicate the problem. Quiet rooms and a lack of punishments will do the trick for

example. Humanity is in favour of a clinical approach. This ignores a fundamental aspect of aspergers, a lack of social skills. Everyone on the spectrum is different. A phrase I have heard come out of many social worker's mouths who are completely oblivious as to why they are different, and instead repeat this rhetoric as if they understand this expression like their own child. It's clearly not the easiest concept for someone who struggles to communicate with others to express what does and doesn't bother them.

It's a system that could be tweaked to the individuals of a specific school, but it hasn't been done with this focus in mind. Not only do they not try to change, but they continue to invite pupils who are going to make others miserable. The duality of people with aspergers means that there are often going to be pairings of individuals who are destined not to get along. People who become upset when it gets too loud are matched up with people who are frustrated if they have to remain quiet. This is one of many pairings that I have seen first hand with two fellow students, which puts into

question why there is a brand of schooling like this. It's a real shame to say that this is one of the few education options for autists who can't, for whatever reason, learn in a mainstream establishment. You could learn online, or on your own through books and other resources, but these lack human connection, which I feel is necessary for a fulfilling life. These special schools are nobody's ideal option.

## 26

Not everyone is out to do you wrong. We're nuanced as humans and most of what we do is to benefit ourselves, short term or long term. Even selfless acts start from a point of selfishness, wanting to feel good. Sometimes, we don't care about what we're doing, but we do care how we are perceived. Depending on how cynical I'm feeling at a given time, I would vary between saying most people to some people when, appearing to perform selfless acts, don't care about whether they're helping anyone. As long as they keep up appearances to a majority, they feel fine in showing you a

more glamorous world. This is an all too common trait amongst social care workers, therapists, and teachers. Not all mind you, the world isn't all absolutes, but people of these vocations, especially when working with some form of special needs. Whether it's physical or mental, it doesn't matter, what matters is that this kind of supposedly selfless behaviour should not be trusted. Hiding behind progressive sounding movements, vague idealistic views and saying that they know someone who is disadvantaged in a similar way is all they need to do. What they really want is power. A power not gained through self-development or being able to pass on a skill to someone else, but power gained through comparison. Surprising given the fields they work in, but I've seen this too many times. They believe they aren't as stupid as the pupils. They aren't as low status as the homeless living on the streets. They are powerful. Powerful only when compared to them. They are demons wearing the robes of angels. What despicable creatures.

These kinds of people have brought nothing but false hope to those who they

interact with. My case was one of the luckier ones. I had an opportunity to learn at college. I also found methods that worked for me where I could become mentally and physically stronger. I escaped the spell of my captors. Other people I've met in my life haven't been as successful. At least I reckon so anyway. Many realise that they are being controlled however, yet they can't seem to escape it. Maybe they shouldn't be on medication, maybe their parents aren't there for them or some other unknown reason. Most autistic people are trapped. Trapped in a routine of social care workers, therapist types and lazy teachers. People who just want power above you.

## 27

Just rise above your labels. Now clap.

## 28

I have no idea what I should be doing with my life. A thought I have repeated

before and will think again. Online, someone referred to Mein Kampf as a series of disorganised blogposts and this book might be similar. Not that I'm like Hitler, but my writings might be as poor as that anon's impression of it. Never read Mein Kampf so I can't judge the quality for myself. This is where the existential uncertainty comes from in part, but there's uncertainty in what I should be pursuing as well. Work, work, work. A pool full of rejected first drafts transforms into a written pile of spunk that is in plain view before me. Fitting how this analogy relates to masturbation. It must seem like I'm jerking myself off here. That can't be helped massively, at least for my first completed attempt. This is the quality of writing you get on Christmas Day, not known for high work flow. Even the orphans in Victorian factories get a short break from the child abuse.

# PART FOURTEEN

## PRESENTS

### 29

Not multiple realities in the there and then, but gifts. Everyone should theoretically love presents, as you receive a net material increase. There's an occasionally snaky side to presents, along with potential awkwardness. Manipulation with a gift can happen, although it hasn't noticeably occurred to myself. Anything I've received, or given for that matter, has had a



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loving intention behind it. A awkwardness is a factor that can't be separated from the unknown and the sudden. Despite any intentions that come with a gift, there's a chance factor to the whole experience.

What's inside the box? What lies beneath the wrapping? You want to open it. Hesitation stops you from doing so. What could it be? You are opening this present on your birthday, perhaps it's Christmas, or just a spur of the moment purchase. They are looking at you. You better start opening it. They want you to have a good time, no, a wonderful time. This is your moment and their anticipation is palpable. An offhand mention of anime figurines may come back to embarrass you here. Not the kind of packaging for socks though. Thinking about it, you could use a new pair of socks. This box is a box, a cuboid. Not the shape of a socks multipack. Unless it's a box stuffed with socks. It's too heavy for that to be the case. Heavy socks? Sounds ridiculous. Just get it open. Your family aren't stupid. Maybe they took a risk. Whatever, just think that this is the present you want, regardless of the outcome. You open the present. You

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see your family glistening with joy. A smile forms across your face as well. You hug your family and forget about the present. It must have been a winner anyway.

Presents are more of a way to connect with others, than what the present actually is. As long as it's not complete tat, then you should be able to have a good time. Even if it never sees the light of day again, act nice and they'll appreciate it, if they are there. If they're not, just accept that not all gifts are winners. A bird clock is a good example from personal experience. Not something I would want on my bedroom wall.

# PART FIFTEEN

## WATER

### 30

Truly a beauty of nature. My beliefs relating to godly figures are complicated, but I have had a recent realisation. Water soothes me. I wasn't unaware of what it could do, but I couldn't comprehend how potent it's effect could be. No rituals or any weird tricks are needed. All you want is a body of water, like a lake, river or pond. Then you just let nature take its course. By

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that I mean for you to stay where you are and relax. Listen to the soothing sounds of water and let the water calm you down, rather than going by it's other meaning. Don't die. I also thought it had something to do with taking a whizz or letting a number two escape, but I don't think that interpretation is well known. Anyway, the less people around when you let nature take its course, the better. Rushing water is a remarkable sound.

# PART SIXTEEN

## CRITICISM

### 31

Be careful here. Sticks and stones break bones, but words break hearts. Think for a moment before you lash your scathing critiques on those who don't deserve it, or those who didn't ask for it. Ask yourself, is this the path you want to go down? Is this really that important? Will they care? Pick your words carefully traveller or else you'll make enemies at an alarming rate. If the

focus of your criticism is focused on them, especially if there's a taboo involved, then you should have a gauge on how sensitive they are, before you go in for the attack. Not after.

Family. Always respect your mother, your father, and the others as well. Unless it's a matter of life and death, you can leave it. Money counts, it's the second most important factor to living, second to breathing. Take the risk if it's costing the collective you. Otherwise dance around the issue like you're doing the waltz with your girl. Maybe the same girl that has the same irritating way of organising the kitchen. Just tango round the issue. Wait. Not a girl in the family, as that has incestual connotations. Unless this issue bothers you enough to mention it, if so, prepare for war. Forget about that war business though. Spare those roads from your filthy footprints. You'll be much happier for it, believe me. Don't follow my footsteps. I haven't suffered too much for my mistakes, and despite my minor comments on frivolous topics, I still received backlash. A recent example. Chewing on breakfast at the table,

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mindlessly gazing at the plate filled with usual classic staples like sausage, bacon and eggs. I was eating this at lunchtime, commonly called brunch, although that name has a bourgeoisie stink to it. I reject the term whole heartedly. Overall it was fine, but if I was given the opportunity, I would want to do better, and probably would do better. Nobody should arrogantly blurt a message like that out, especially when your mother and sister cooked, and I blurted out a tidbit of that extent out. I blurted out that I could've made better scrambled eggs. Be careful everyone. They weren't happy.

# PART SEVENTEEN

## MONKEY BUSINESS

### 32

When computers can create art of their own volition, without human input, is when art becomes fundamentally meaningless to us. I doubt this will happen, and it certainly won't be until after I'm gone if it does. Hopefully it never does, as artistry is one of the few aspects about us that separates us from mere chimps and machines. Thinking about whether computers could create art



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makes me wonder if my work or art has any value. Should I pursue a medium that has less overall possible combinations than other artistic mediums and less future than raising a family? These are some of the many questions one could ask, and perhaps I shouldn't be asking questions at all. All I can currently think about is why and how. Better than living in the past or worrying about the future though and I wish my life compass would start to function soon. When all this rattles through my mind, occasionally an expression pops into my head that relates to monkeys.

“With an infinite amount of monkeys and typewriters, one will eventually write the complete works of William Shakespeare.”

Let's ignore whether one monkey in this scenario could or could not write such a large amount and focus on why I'm even bringing this up in the first place. Usually I go over the first part in my head, debating whether it's true. Imagine a room that spans infinitely (ha ha it's very hard) with all these monkeys bashing away on the typewriters. Shakespeare isn't what pops into my mind.

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What I think of is what constitutes art and the nature of infinite possibilities. Let's pretend that each monkey wouldn't know about the existence of any other monkey taking up the same space to make everything simpler. This cuts out chimp on chimp timelines, as silly as that sounds. We have all of these chimps, all of these typewriters and it's implied some form of paper for these apes to produce the complete works of Shakespeare. They are now able to be in a state of either writing or not writing. Even with this simplified infinity of all simian possibilities, why should you care about whether one creates art that you can already read? A monkey writing all of Shakespeare is impressive, at least in reality, but in infinity, there's plenty more absurd existences that surpass a copy and paste job. I'll start simple with my theoretical possibilities and I'll ramp them up over time, but before that, I'll add some clarifications on each monkey's condition.

- Each monkey is inside a  $5\text{m}^3$  white area with a typewriter and an unlimited supply of paper.
- The paper can be chucked out of the

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white area, if the monkey wills it.  
Anything else inside can't leave.

- Every monkey is healthy with no prior physical or mental issues, nor any memory. A blank slate.
- All monkeys start out as a perfect copy of one and other.
- There is no need for food, water and oxygen in this scenario.
- Everything else would behave as if it was planet Earth.

## 33

One of the infinite chimps through sheer luck will write all of Shakespeare. Whilst in the initial scenario, any text varying from the original is a failure, however any creative difference here is treasured. It doesn't matter whether it's an intentional one or not. Shakespeare in monkey speak. All vowels are replaced with o's. Tales where every character dies within a page of being introduced. The "to be or not to be speech" but spoken with a mouthful of nails. These examples are silly, but there are

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plenty of more sensible, interesting realities to explore as well, even within the realm of Shakespeare variations. Now every story can be read in every language; versions without violence and or sex; shortened editions; more descriptive prose; set in the stone age; told from the perspective of each character and many more varying from mundane typos to gibberish that manages to qualify as Shakespeare. Most likely, the monkey collective consciousness can only do so much compared to humans, but they can get lucky and mash the correct series of keys to produce such pieces.

## 34

If a monkey can learn, or somehow manage to use a typewriter, then any string of characters based upon the keys of the typewriter in question is possible. I'm making the assumption that a monkey could, however unlikely it may seem in reality, use a typewriter. On the scale of infinity, this means anything that could be written, could be done by a monkey. Any piece of fiction would lack the human

creative thought process, and any non-fiction would lack the experience, but at it's core, the writing would stay the same. This is partially why I brought this whole monkey business up. Existential terror builds up inside of me when thinking of an animal smacking his faeces covered fingers over a typewriter, recreating this book in its entirety. Every thought anyone has ever had could be expressed as well, as long as it can be expressed through characters on a typewriter. The life of an orphan who could have survived the car crash if she had properly put on her seatbelt, or the thought of how over the top and cheesy that last example is. All expressed through these beasts. Thankfully, it lacks true human experience behind it, so my stomach won't feel like a black hole when I go to sleep tonight. Plus, this is only a minority of the monkeys in this situation.

## 35

With all this talk about Shakespeare and the human condition, I've left out the nature of monkeys. They want to procreate, eat

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food and assert dominance. They can't really do any of these in the typewriter cube. The closest they could get would be to masturbate and to break anything within sight. This would mean breaking the typewriter and ripping up any paper they got their hands on. Escape would be the next idea on their minds after that, if it wasn't the first idea already. Whatever the easiest method of suicide is, accidental or otherwise, would be the main way their life would end. In some way another, all monkeys would stop thinking at some point in every timeline, regardless of how long that would take. The majority of monkeys wouldn't use the type writer, and the majority of those that do, would write gibberish. A perfect way to express infinity out of this expression is beyond my ability. Surely one of them would coat the entire  $5\text{m}^3$  area in their own shit though? That must be one out of infinity.

## 36

As a small tidbit inbetween longer sections, I thought it might be interesting

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enough to mention this. I've managed to lose track of what day it is over the past couple days. It did seem off that my dad wanted to go out to dinner and that he was out with a few friends with my step-mum yesterday. To most, it would have been obvious that it was a weekend day. Especially since the bar I had dinner was busy, as I failed to process that it was a Friday. We all have our blind spots I suppose.

# PART EIGHTEEN

## SPOILERS

### 37

The term “spoiler” is one I’m not a huge fan of. Not that having a stories’ twist or a major plot point being revealed to you before experiencing it can’t be annoying, but what irks me is the feeling behind the word, that feeling of whinge that resonates from time to time. At the end of the day, it’s just another form of slang. A spoiler’s effect is dependant on how much it reveals, yet the



response to one is fairly similar all around.

“How could you? Why?”

Betrayal, unexpected betrayal. A shock that seems more life destroying than how it is in reality. As a whole, we like a nice surprise. So, to have one of these surprises spoiled into a shock, is all the more shocking, rather than pleasantly surprising. It's just one story at the end of the day, so it's best if you don't let the spoiler itself ruin everything. Get even if you feel the need though, just remember that feeling of shock you felt, and you'll slowly come to the logical action. To move on.

Don't try to escape spoilers forever, as it's unfair to everyone for discussion to be limited to non-fiction. What if I wanted to make a poignant comparison between Romeo and Juliet to your daughter's love life? Nobody should be protecting the story beats of a Tudor playwright. They both commit suicide. Romeo and Juliet that is, rather than your daughter and Shakespeare, although your imaginary daughter seems so madly in love that she might do the same.

Why did they commit suicide? Go forth and read! No wait, stay and read my book. It's less effort. Read non-fiction if you don't want the ending to be revealed as easily. Spoilers for the second world war coming up. If you haven't experienced the trauma of battle first hand, come back when you have, specifically the feud of the Axis and the Allies. Hint: Hitler commits suicide, loses the battle, loses the war, but makes a comeback when Darth Vader tags teams him back in with the kiss of life. Oops... I mentioned much more than a hint.

There are spoilers in the next chapter for a certain Japanese animated feature. Not all of these spoilers are massive ones, and not all relate to death as well. A hotly debated topic will be discussed. Whether you should watch the anime before is not my business, but the next chapter might not make as much sense if you haven't. The next chapter contains spoilers for Neon Genesis Evangelion.

# PART NINETEEN

## AN AGE OLD SITUATION

### 38

Rei or Asuka? A classic debate topic to cause chaos online. Regardless of my opinions on the show, a choice between two girls coming from the perspective of a boy is a classic question. Who would you rather have sex with was a common, but not as common as you'd expect, time killer at grammar school. Certainly not phrased in a

such poofter way though. The subject of women was common away from the nosey ears of teachers. Whilst I am interested in the choice between two women, I'm also interested in the kind of culture that creates a question like this. Why are these two characters ones that cause such a large divide? At least a large divide from what I've seen. I could be over-complicating the issue, but both characters express two wildly different, whilst equally desirable female personality types. Not only that but both are visually opposite in certain aspects to their design. Their hair is a strong example. Long flowing red hair for Asuka. Short stiff blue hair for Rei. Not entirely opposite in design though, both are of a similar young age, and both are pretty. Opposite only in the ways that make the dividing choice harder. For Shinji, the protagonist, he picks neither of the two who are interested in him, or the older Misato as well. Instead he chooses to date despair, and picks no-one. Whilst it can be frustrating to watch him at times, it's easy to forget that he's young, and all of the other tragedies that happen around him. Don't want to play armchair physiologist though, so let's just say he's a loner.

[Not a fan of how I relate to Shinji in some regards. He's a depressed whingebag who could easily be happier if he saw more of the positives in front of him. I didn't have the multiple women interested in me, and I couldn't pilot a monster mech, but I could still relate to that kind of loneliness. It didn't help when I wasn't doing well. I try not to be a pathetic cunt.]

One important factor when discussing this is the age of everyone involved. I'm viewing this from the perspective of Shinji, who is a similar age to both Asuka and Rei. So it's not what myself at my current age would pick, but what I would pick at his age. I'm not a libertarian, so I have no real interest in hebephilia. A nineteen year old and a fourteen year old is just a bit too predatory for my tastes. As well as this, I'm not going to dodge the question and say Misato or some other character in order to avoid looking like a nonce. I've explained my perspective and how I'm interpreting the issue, so I won't run in fear. The age of consent in Japan is fourteen so it's culturally legal for the characters. Not a defence for

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real life underage skirt chasing. This question isn't a double bind, so I don't feel forced to pick one out of pressure or to impress anyone. Nothing like that. If I was Shinji, I would choose Rei. She's the more bearable out of the two. A slight lead in looks and personality. Before my virginity leaks through the pages anymore, I'm not particularly interested in either of them. One is too submissive and the other one is too aggressive. I want a real woman rather than some two dimensional drawings from the mind of an otaku misanthrope.

Either one might be an overall positive in my life though. Friends and family help strive away thoughts that are detrimental for myself and the world around me.

PART TWENTY  
THOUGHTS BORN  
FROM LONELINESS  
AND ISOLATION

39

A suitably edgy name for a final section. When you finish a book, say goodbye to a friend or return from a long journey, there's a sense of closure. It's all over. An isolation that's welcome after a series of intense emotions. Excitement slowly leaves the

body. When alone on an average enough day, but in a bad mood, a similar pattern emerges. As if I have had a part of my humanity taken away, this time unnaturally. My mind can tolerate this at first, we all try to bear with these kind of situations and emotions when we feel them. To protect the body, mind and soul. Eventually if I fail to control myself, unhelpful thoughts occur. To close off this book of sorts, I'd like to discuss some of these. In the back of my mind, there's a niggling thought that all I've written are narcissistic table scraps from an overly insecure neet, but that has the essence of mind pollution to it. This is a personal project, so an abundance of first person pronouns is to be expected.

## 40

I've decided to end this here, in the midst of what would have been depressing drivel. I'm fine with depressing, but writing about how I want to kill people sometimes or the typical heroic fantasies that come from an on and off loser with little life experience, is drivel to me. Drivel even in the context of



this book. I've tried this opinion piece schlock quite a few times before, and it's not surprising looking back on it that I never finished. Me me me. I I I. Look at my opinions that seem unique to myself, but they can't be that different, can they? Just what a typical late stage teenage outsider would write, if he had nothing else he needed to do, other a desire to seem interesting. One of the reasons I haven't committed suicide, is even that would end up lackluster. I cannot tell if anyone will find what I create is interesting, other than through my other brief experiences, as even my few friends don't express that much interest because I'm secretive of my art. If you can call it art anyway. Whatever my skills are, or whatever my positive contribution could be, is dampened by an inability to clearly perceive myself. That and struggling to be in the world around me. It wouldn't hurt to have a friend in my timezone. If I live a fulfilling life after thirty, I'd be surprised. I'm too indecisive to even kill myself though. Not going to end on a note about suicide, as this isn't a student film. How about humanity? Another note about becoming a genetic dead end? Maybe

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the fact that I can only be certain in being a man, and even this is undermined by comments on my voice and sexuality. Someone, if you're out there, God or anyone really, please help me on my quest to stay away from suffering.

I believe in God and I believe if I don't commit suicide, I will go to heaven.

## 41

Despite all the previous insecure statements made throughout this book, I hope you've enjoyed this. Or something you can take away. My mood fluctuates, but I know about my positive and negative traits enough to know that I'm more tolerable to be around than intolerable. My angst will fade with experience.

Adios amigos.

END

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