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### BOOK 3

5-28-3 10:36 am

Chapter 2, Book 3...oh lord who art in heaven, ham sandwich be thy game.

What a weird night last night. While I was trying to sleep the dogs next door kept growlin' and barkin'. I heard something scamper back behind my building. Almost thought I heard belabored breathing back there. Then again I was high and tired.

So everyone gets their one fuck up. Dude upstairs just had his. We'll see how cool he is now.

What a fuckin' life.

2:00 pm

I'm bored. Making tea. Just got back from a café. Sat next to a girl with excellent typing posture but didn't speak a word to her. I've decided not to struggle with my relationships anymore. Not to struggle in life period. So whatever woman comes to me gets me (with a certain degree of reasonable discretion)...and whatever success comes my way comes my way. I will not whore for it. I'll live it, I'll be it, but I will not sell it.

Slow week for catering. Thursday got cancelled. Ahead of me I've only got work for Friday. Not good. But, it's the week after Memorial Day and the understanding is (so I'm told) the catering biz is slow after such holidays. Money's very tight so it better pick the fuck up.

Fin Fang Foom is on the stereo. Like this album...it reminds me of Pittsboro.

One more item, I'm free-ballin'. Laundry is taking a lower priority in my life 'cause I don't have work 'till Friday.

Aside: it has struck me at times how much I sacrificed to be here now. I rather had it made.

I was in a soon-to-be top tier law school. I had a girlfriend I loved and who loved me...she was all set to move to DC to be with me.

Would that have been so hard...so bad? Living with Teresa in DC going to school...probably married?

My life could've been fairly well organized by now. I'd have a job making about \$85 thousand a year...if not more. Teresa and I would be thinking about starting a family. Holy shit.

Instead I'm in Smurf Fucking Silvervillage with the wannabees lining up to get ass-fucked by the mindless, malicious entertainment industry. I've got barely enough money to pay the rent and no foreseeable way to pay off my debts. And why? Why the hell did I do it? Dreams? Visions of a possibly ideal future? Stubbornness? Stupidity? Alcoholism? Wishful hopeful thinking? Lack of common sense?

All of the above plus one more thing: trusting my gut instinct. That's all I've done. Follow my gut. Well, no offense gut, but it looks like so far all you've been is wrong wrong wrong.

Whatever...I will continue as planned...on and on and on...until it becomes impossible. That's all I've got to do...make it until my dreams have been proven wrong and then I can retire from this madness.

And believe it or not I've even got an escape route planned. I'll join the firefighters...I've been told you can make like \$30 thousand in half a year. Then I'll go and work at the bookstore, or maybe go back and get some degree.

Whatever...point is I won't just spiral into drunken wasteland. To do that is to invite danger...

Now what the fuck am I going to do with my day?

Thought about driving to the beach, but it's far, and spending \$10 on gas sitting in traffic doesn't sound appealing.

I could probably nap but I'm sick of being in this motherfucking apartment. So I've got to come up with something to do that's free and fun. I know...I'll call up one of my many beautiful girlfriends, drive over to see her in my vintage sports car and we'll fuck like rabbits till we're exhausted and spent.

Chris says when Rady gets back we should adhere to a twice a week practice schedule. I couldn't agree more.

**5-28-3 8:30pm**

Stereo is on at a pleasing volume. Loud enough to let the bass be expressive. I don't expect it to make me popular. Guess I should consider being considerate all things considered...yeah sure. What the fuck ever.

Saw the upstairs dude, and funny thing happened. He was walking towards me...smiled and raised his hand in a partial 3 finger wave...so I made a semi friendly face and said, "What's up man." He, it turns out, was waving to his sister whom I hadn't seen pulling into the driveway. The universe tricked me into being nice to him.

Some dude outside...probably that upstairs dude just said "Beater" kinda louder than I've heard it in a while.

What's the point in getting upset about that now? Call me what you like. I am quite certain of who and what I am, and who and what I am not, and your plaything I am most certainly not and never will be.

I guess I could take the track of coughing loudly at that, or saying "what the fuck?" like I did last night. But really... What would be the point of that?

If these people only had some idea of my stubborn streak they'd be less prone to fuck with me. Any negative stimulus just makes me want to fight more. I

mean, come on, what exactly am I doing wrong? I'm listening to my stereo. Since when is that such a big deal?

Anyway. Saw Teresa in my dream last night. It was good to see her.

As for reacting verbally and acknowledging any harassment, they're going to have to be more direct than saying shit and calling me names when I'm safe from their reach...or rather they're safe from mine. If that guy knocks on the ceiling again I think we'll have to talk though. But in the meantime I'll let them be the freaks.

It's easy...don't give anything out and maintain an even keel. I made a 3.52 GPA my second semester of law school. How's that for cool under pressure.

So I think I'm gonna switch from Marlboro Ultra Lights to American Spirit Lights. Hopefully it'll make me cut back. I've gotten up to about thirty, thirty-five smokes a day and that's too many in my opinion.

I've got an awesome cold sore beneath my nose as a result of my smoking. I was thinking about taking a sharpie and drawing two giant arrows on my cheeks pointing to it. Cool huh?

I think I'm due for a pleasant surprise. You hear that machine? You hear that universe? I think I'm due for a pleasant surprise. Give me one.

Just ate. The man-child who lives upstairs just made a moaning sound at me. As if I'm not fully aware of our circumstance. It's funny, and in a way I'm glad, because it loses all pretense. Now there is no wondering. There it is...and you know what I'm gonna do? Nothing. I'm gonna keep being nice to him and all my neighbors! Isn't that a hoot! I'm totally going to ignore the whole thing. That is funny as shit.

Buck-twenty, that's what I'll call that fuck.

**5-29-3 11:30am**

Unemployed so far today, Friday too. So I guess you'll be hearing a lot from me in the next coupla days.

Spoke with Jenn S. on the phone. She and I are going to try to meet up sometime before she takes off for NY. Maybe next Tuesday when she's getting some friends together to go out to a bar. Sounds good.

Slept last night with the stereo up as loud if not louder. Left it on 'till 2:30 am. Child upstairs, Buck 20, knocked the night before at about 12:40 so...I didn't hear from him last night. Fun. Can't wait to see him and give him a big smile.

I'd like another pleasant surprise today machine...make this one female. Hear that universe I want a pleasant female surprise today. Do it.

So, because I'm getting fucked this week for work I've decided to institute a policy of no voluntary days off in the future. Por exemple, I could have worked Tuesday but turned it down. At that time I thought Thursday and Friday were tied up. Guess not. Better pick up next week.

Oh yeah, besides strings and essentials I'm not spending any more \$ on this band.

**11:08 pm**

Drank so much coffee today it's not funny. But before I continue; the asshole upstairs just took the opportunity of silence between songs to sneeze 4 times. What the fuck does he want, some kind of dialogue? Truth is I could give a fuck about him, or for that matter...just about anybody here in LA. Given minor exceptions, that is. JNY.

Anyway. I don't much care. But I do not plan on inviting him to the barbecue.

Do you smell that? That smoky burnt odor? You know what that is? The Pain.

Hear that sound ringing way back in your hearing? A barely audible gibbering? Do you know what that is? [Eyes wide as I stare smiling into your face] The Pain.

What is that magnificent color you're wearing? I don't suppose you could tell me the name of that delicious shade? The Pain.

So anyway, I drank a lot of coffee. Lots. Went to two cafés. Had seven medium coffees (don't worry some were ½ decaf). All so I could sit there, and read, and ostensibly smoke...and pretend not to notice the pretty girls. I did walk up to the best lookin' one I saw all day and say:

"I know I'm not nearly handsome enough to walk over and talk to you. But I was wondering if you'd like to play twenty questions?"

She said she was "in a bad place right now". But thanked me anyhow.

I love that she thanked me anyhow. Pretty smile and all.

I don't know if I'm up to too much more of that. I would like to let the universe take care of it for me. No struggle. Chinese finger puzzle. Think I will.

Lately I've thought the next girl I fuck I'll be fucking still when I'm a rockstar.

I mean it too. I threw that one out there to the universe, and looked what happened...

Thing about all the names and voices and worries, the fear and pain...is that it has been such an incredible motivating force. Truth is, I don't think I'd be here today without it.

I'd have to have given up dreaming.

That was not acceptable.

I gave up a beautiful wife and a lucrative career to be here.

They are nothing compared to that. The Pain has no power to hurt me.

Pot beats the hell out of alcohol. In a couple hours I'll feel fine. Normal. For me at least.

Jesus Christ am I writing a book? I must be getting close to a hundred pages by now.

ISIS is on the stereo...great band...present from Sam.

It's fun having a nice stereo. I wonder if Sam or Rob would like this receiver. It's pretty damn nice for 40 bucks. I'd rather have dad's old Kenwood that I repaired for \$170. That thing is bad as shit...even with the knob that fell off somewhere in Brooklyn. I'm glad my knob didn't fall off somewhere in Brooklyn. Jesus. No thanks to that German girl...even if she was sexy and could sing.

She and I sat on a concrete pier in Redhook, both of us pretty damn drunk. This happened last fall and is what broke Teresa and I up...on our 5<sup>th</sup> anniversary no less.

It was cold. The statue of liberty lit up the water. She told me about how they found a dead body in the water once. Her dogs ran, the three of them, over the giant rough cut stones and waded into the river. She sang some German song. It was beautiful. I was drunk and depressed. I'd just yelled at the top of my lungs for no reason. I did it a couple more times.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!"

I drank a bottle of beer and smoked camels. She sang sweetly to me...like a mother to a child. I asked her what it was called. She avoided the question. I asked again. She looked at me kind of sad, kind of sorry, and said, "my twisted one".

Being scary is good.

It wasn't giving up law school that got me. It was giving up Teresa that really socked me.

God that hurts.

You know. I've always thought I wasn't very pleasant company just hanging out socially. I'm probably better company high. Maybe I'll let people take the Pepsi challenge.

And by the way smoking doesn't give people cancer...it's that they don't know how to exhale right. [I just smoked a little more] They need to exhale fully or else they leave a little bit of smoke behind. Just a tiny bit. But it adds up over time.

I'm Dr. Spock.

Holy shit did my thoughts just precede that action?

I think maybe it just did.

Okay.

Okay.

Okay.

I'm High.

It's the Pain.

It's just life.

Jesus Christ I caught myself playing with my hair.

I bet Chris'll think Pepsi Challenge is a great band name.

How do I think so slow that I can write all this down?

Wow...how'd you get so dumb.

Caught myself playing with my hair again.

Guess I ought to enjoy it while I've got it...it's receding. Thank god nothing else is receding. No thanks to that German girl in Brooklyn. Belinda or something like that.

I was just thinking that for anyone to get these jokes they'd have to know the subject matter, me. And then it dawned on me that the telling informs about the subject matter. For every action an equal and opposite reaction.

It's 12:22, 222 is my lucky number. Guess that's bedtime.

The equal and opposite life.

My 3<sup>rd</sup> eye is open. Thanks to that Girl in Brooklyn who did shove a finger up my ass when she blew me.

JNY's lucky number is 555.

5.31 **11** or **12:55** Hello, I'm tired and stoned.

5. What is the capitol of Portugal?

Saw Brigitte at the Burgundy Room. Interesting. Don't want too much to write about it. Upstairs guy knocked on floor/ceiling and finally my window cause I

woke the baby. Interesting. Don't much want to write about it. Maybe I should just fucking leave. Get while the gettin' is good.

OK, sure, whatever you say boss.

My stereo is too soft.

It's a crazy way to live but I pretty much don't give a damn what anyone thinks. It's a weird feeling, a strange departure to turn off your reactions to criticism. Due to the law of equal and opposite, it's almost as bad as caring 100% what everyone thinks. So hovering in the middle is the only sane course. Sane course. Define. A perfect state of ambiguity. Tired.

**6-1-3 1:56am**

Went to Burgundy Room. Betsy Sue (no hyphen), a very-pretty-drunk 22 year old (and 2 weeks), gave me advice about women. She was a looker so I talked to her hoping she'd be willing

I Don't Care

to forget about her boyfriend she was (infatuated) with.

After talking for a while out on the curb outside the bar she gave me "the shaft" (her words).

I went inside. Saw a very pretty girl by the bar. Extremely nice looking. Long, straight brown hair. Beautiful face. Tall. I walked by and made to lean over to get a drink. Said, "Pardon Me" as I did so.

She was standing there with one of her legs on the stool half sitting. We talked, she was with her sister, both beautiful. Her name's Lauren. I got her phone #. I'll be callin' her later this week.

**6-5-3**

Date with Lauren tonight. Callin' her after 6. Date with Kelly last night. She gave me a hicky in a most unique location. Tonight I'm telling Lauren I'm Beater. B-tah. Emphasis on the second syllable.

Telling anyone who'll listen. I am Beater. I did it for the attention. What good is a hero without injustice to fight against? Did it work?

What happens now should be interesting. The news should precede the demo...from there I expect to have my pick of the majors. Joke's on you. It's over. Pick up your care packages of The Pain and The Fear from the concierge on your way out the door.

Think I'll buy a \$4,000 hollowbody, and a 3 humbucker Les Paul, and a second 4x12, I want a vintage mustang, and the yellow house next door, and a bigger practice room. AMEN.

**6-10-3 4:30pm**

Just spoke to Teresa, gave her the latest on the "how crazy am I" bit. All I need is to be shown that I've lost it and I'll quit. But in the meantime...I've developed an excellent defense. Also I've decided on some things I want: a bad as shit girlfriend, overwhelming support for Lystra, the local establishment destroyed. That's it and a ham sandwich.

I don't know. I pretty much hate this shit.

"-----"...this close to packin' up and leavin'.

At the most I've got 8 months (make that 7) in front of me before I can book. If by November nothing's cool I'm done and it's crazy time.

Twenty days in June, 31 in July, 31 in August, 30 in September, 31 in October = 112 left.

If I could do it in law school I can sure as fuck do it now.

If I don't get a break through in the next 24 hours I'm callin' it: 4:42, 41 seconds pm, 6-10-3.

So Jenny G. if you ever want to see me again. Now would be the time to make contact. Because if nothing happens in the next 24 I'm going to take that as a sign that I'm going down the wrong track, and fucking leave.

I'll admit to myself that I've got psychiatric problems, I'll pay off my room, I'll pack up and go, and

be back in NC by ten days from now. I'll become a writer. I'll play music in Ch-Hill. I'll work and make money, and gradually pay off my debts, maybe someday go back to school.

This isn't maintainable: telepathic, nation-wide mockery, dependant upon 'visions' in dreams of a possible future. Catering ½ time barely scraping by. Can't get a job in a restaurant because I'm "beater". Too much. 24 hrs. This isn't worth it.

Rady just got back.

I probably should seriously consider quitting anyway.

### 6-15-3

Coffee shop in Malibu. Girl to my right has a funny looking little dog. Just told her so. She's got a pretty smile. Some dude is strummin' out crap in the main room of the shop. Jesus please make him stop. I wonder how many times Jesus has heard that.

Lots of crazy shit has been goin' down over the past 2 weeks. Yet...I somehow can't find the energy to enumerate it. Dating catering chicks. Amy and Kelly. Not in that order. 'Nuf said.

Some rich boys are sitting to my right talking about how they're going to travel to Paris, Italy, etc. How, "We all travel except my sister." "Why? Does she have an aversion to it?"

God bless america. God also bless my redwing boots.

Just talked to Teresa. She said, "I love you too" to me. First time I've heard that since February when I moved. And maybe I'm misremembering that through the gauze of wishful thinking.

One of the dudes beside me has a mustache...wonder if I had anything to do with that. Whatever. It's fucking sunny out here.

Havin' a cigarette. Worked the "Robert Dinero 31<sup>st</sup> AFI Awards".

Saw: Sean Penn - he had a cigarette outside in the loading dock area before going on stage. I lit up one too. We bonded.

Saw: Bridget Fonda...good lookin'. She saw me too I'm pretty sure. She was talking with Mimi Rogers. Like to meet her sometime.

Saw: Leonardo Decaprio. He walked by me carrying desserts. I'd yelled, "Corner!" to warn the other caterers I was coming around the way. Leonardo looked at me...double take. Waiter at an event.

Made eyes at one of the girls working for the stars.

Leonardo is 26, one year younger than Sophia who's a caterer from Bulgaria. She has a cool accent. Went to the same public high school as Leonardo. Have more respect for him now. She said: "He was so skinny."

Yeah...he's so beefy now.

Got the fucking shakes...nerves...prozac...can't be caffeine. Crazy?

Told Teresa about how crazy I am. So she told me she's not been eating. That's what happened to me when she worried me. I guess I worry her.

I guess I worry her.

God damn it stop shaking.

I had an image of arriving where I want to be. I will try to describe it for you. But first I'll try out my new pick-up line on you:

I think you're foxy. Can I call you sometime?

Shaky.

Stop. 'Exit Only'. Just an observation.

So. The rain is coming down hard. It gives the night an earthy smell. Trees drip just beyond the circle of light cast by the lamp, the guttering flame above my head to the right.

The door to the Inn is slightly open letting out warm air scented with pipe smoke, food, and spilled wine. It's a small porch, set on the corner of the

building. A small refuge of shadow on the hot days of summer, lingering just beyond memory now that it's fall.

(Less shaky now)

I stand there, my clothes dripping, squelching in my boots. I am relieved not to be in the rain anymore. I'm hungry, thirsty, and look forward to a smoke an' a lean. So I lean.

I rub my nose and eyes with my right hand. Nicotine stains my thumb and middle finger where I'm accustomed to holding my cigarette. I'm alone. I'm glad to be here. But glad doesn't even begin to describe it. Friends and others I've been longing to see are inside ready to welcome me...but I'm not in a hurry. I want to savor the moment. The moment of victory and defeat. The happiness and sorrow pooling like the muddy water covering the flagstones of the approach.

Something about having lost so much to gain so much. Or is it gain so much by losing so much. I'm defeated in thought but victorious in action. What is there? What is there that matters? I can't imagine.

The dark cloth of my suit clings to my legs and shoulders. I reach to the inside pocket of my jacket and retrieve a cigarette, put it in my mouth but do not light it. Some from inside have noticed me on the porch and come out to gather. Not much is said above a mutter. Perhaps they gather my mood. Perhaps they have the mood themselves. It is a quiet welcoming.

I stand there for a while feeling the change in the air brought by their company. After a while an arm reaches up around my shoulder. A grip at the muscles of my neck. "Hey" it seems to say, "Hey it's ok."

Sand castles crumble. Bastions fall slowly that infinitely large, infinitely small distance, making a quiet sound, or a rush of air and crash upon the level shore.

I'm here. But I guess I wouldn't mind a good cry before I go inside.

OK. That's a beginning. I'm sweating through my shirt, which is at least 30 years old I'd guess. Maybe it was my dad's. I'm also wearing cutoffs, 35 years old I'd bet. My dad's. Called dad for Father's day today.

I bet my dad wore these shorts when he was digging up the back yard in Earlsyville to install a new septic system. Had to dig up that back yard like once every year and a ½. Took a camera out there on my dad's insistence to photograph the proof that the builder...can't remember his name now...didn't put the line in deep enough.

Thing is it would pool up in the back yard and make the most interesting mud to shoot with a BB gun.

Guy across the street, "Wofat" we called him, had a constant frozen waterfall of shit-water across his front yard all winter long. Made for the most evil of snowballs. The most evil.

Wofat's kid, Randy, a little confused, threw a big rock through the back of my mom's old beat up Datsun wagon, shattering the window. Although my dad knew who the culprit was he didn't do anything to hassle 'em. We kids though, made sure Randy knew we knew. Gave the poor kid hell, think he suffered a breakdown. Poor kid, being stuck with his fat father, whiney little brother, and no mother around. Divorce? Tragedy? Don't know.

Anyway I think that my dad owning a couple Exxon's with Uncle George took off that head of steam.

Moved inside. Too fucking hot out there.

Shaky still.

Doing the 'curious coward' facial expression now. Wrinkled brow. Hunched shoulders. Inquisitive look. "Help me," implied. Don't know why. Doing it at the teenage girls working here. Jesus I'm a case.

So anyhow. Poor Randy.

We used to grab handfuls of rocks to drop out the holes in the Datsun's floorboards before we'd go somewhere with mom. The holes were in the back seat so Rob, being senior, didn't get to enjoy the action of

watching them hit the speeding road below. Except of course when he sat in the back and one of us got the rotation up front. My turn. More often me than Sam I remember. Seniority you know.

Shaky. Shakes Malone. Let's get Shakes Malone to be the getaway driver. Whatever.

3-ish.

One woman in pink smiling at some interior dialogue in the corner.

Sir Strums-a-lot taking a break.

Woman dressed in tan with her head down taking a nap on some no-doubt crucial work.

Pretty, strawberry blond in line. Probably about 21 or so.

Willie Nelson on tape.

Homeless guys wandering in and out. Bantering. They look like civil war soldiers with their ragged beards and grimy looks. Talking to themselves. One called the other a "dicksucker"...the other called him an "idiot". Oddly civil language.

Writing with the van's pen. Not to be taken but borrowed from the center console. It's a vital part of the Windstar. Dude just pulled up on a motorcycle outside...thoughts of how I'd like to get a bike lately. That'd be fun. Sure would amp up the danger level on my near miss fixation. Not that that'd be real smart.

One of the coffee girls just eyeballed me...I gave her the 'blinky'. That's when I bat my eyelashes at someone. Sometimes I'll stretch my face too like I just woke up. Like I said I'm a bit loony.

Talking to Teresa made me miss her. Made me a lot of things, some of them hard to swallow.

Whatever Man.

Sitting with legs crossed like Da did (my grandfather on my mom's side). Same way Bruce Wayne did. He got that from Da. I suppose it's how Virginia Gentlemen sat. Wonder how many of those are still

alive. Wonder if I've got enough in me to count myself one?

On a good day. Or on a bad day, depending on the color of who's asking. Is that fair? No. One can be a Virginia Gentleman without wanting to subjugate blacks can't one? I'd guess so. At least that's how I do it. Just Whistlin' Dixie...

It's weird that I look so young. I am in my 30's. Which...by most standards, modern or not...is well into one's life.

Yes, well, I am well into my life.

I wonder at people who change their sexuality this late in life...leave the wife and kids and go for a gay lover.

Don't you think you'd know by now?

Test: which pictures of the Sears Catalogue did you guiltily fixate on as a child? The ones of women in underwear, or men in underwear? For me it was the women. That's it. I'm not gay. Easy.

Well I guess going gay at 33 is only slightly worse than deciding you're a god. Jesus. That is funny.

This is becoming boring and I've got to piss. OK. If I'm so powerful I'll make the universe send me my bad-as-shit girlfriend today. Alacazam! Done. OK. And my band has overwhelming support, and the establishment is completely destroyed. Nothing is saved. Done. Alacazam! Line though the Z and all. I'd guess that was French. Like the 7.

So my phone has got the upper hand on me.

**18<sup>th</sup>** I think (not high)

Don't know how, but I ran out of minutes so now I

**3-ish in the afternoon**

more or less have no phone between 9am and 9pm. Went fast those minutes did. New York minutes.

"I don't understand how you got the upper hand" to quote Eric Bachman. Which, although a worthy pursuit, I almost never do.

Sitting at Urth Café on Melrose with an odd group. I'd bet a lot of models, actors, etc. (at least one musician - me). Rather a pompous environment, but it has its perks. Oh yeah, you only put an apostrophe in it's to mean it is. A little something I picked up in law school. But I digress.

The perks.

Purks, purck...blond model type cattycorner left about 10 o'clock has on a sexy outfit. I admit. I noticed. Her thong.

It's noticeable. Is that wrong of me? To fry the ham in the oil? I'm troubled.

Just lit a cigarette. I'm beginning to like having a Zippo again. After having sex with Amy last night I used it to light up the clock, when she asked me if I had any idea what time it was. I didn't.

She's sexier than I thought she'd be. Gotta give her credit. Must be that southern girl thing. Whatever, I like it. Got a call from Kelly this morning. No phone so I left a note on her screen-security door. Told her if she wants her work shirt back she'll have to airdrop a pallet of unmarked \$100 bills outside my front door.

Kelly knows there's someone else. Amy doesn't yet. I don't think she'll take to it quite so well.

Whatever. The truth is the best.

Here, I'm gonna use my Jedi powers to look into the future and see who will sit at the empty table beside me, scratch that, in front of me. A deuce of middle-aged women just took the one to my left after flirting with the one to my front.

The blond just adjusted her chair so as to better see me out of the corner of her eye (left eye). I will adjust my chair to better see her with my 3<sup>rd</sup> eye.

Alacazam! Done. She's young. Innocent...not sexually or socially, but has yet to be hurt bad by something. That kind of suffering changes someone. Makes them put out their guard. She doesn't have that.

I like people who have made it through that kind of hurt. Makes 'em cooler. Also, it gives 'em more in common with me.

Two sexy girls in line just moved down here. Be still my beating heart. I'm (pronounced Ahhhmm...) in louvre. In the Louvre. Know whut I mean. Jesus. Makes me smile on the inside.

Think I'm gonna play pretty girl off 'em. That means...instead of trying to pick them up I'll act like a really pretty girl and ignore slash make eyes at them. Maybe I'll start making funny noises. How could I make this fun?

These girls are way out of my current league. I have to say. I doubt they date many caterers. Yet, I do have my positive qualities: not bad lookin', smarter than the average bear, cooker, singer, songwriter, guitar player of some small ability, can arrange words into a pleasing pattern, sense of humor that's a little off, snappy dresser.

Interesting rose tattoo on the blond at 12 o'clock. I bet she secretly likes ugly things. Likes to burn her toast on accident. Eats the ugly piece of pizza first. From what I can tell she's not a social climber, but maybe a social ledge-walker. That'd be cool.

OK, enough about my surroundings.

I'd like to talk about energy. Cafes are odd. You need a class or two to understand how to function in them. Especially with beautiful women smiling at you like the blond in front just did (unless there was someone over my shoulder).

Just for fun...wait...holy shit...the girls in front of me are speaking a foreign language. Good lord what am I to do? In order to appear like a total ass I could ask

them what they do while staring at their chests, then tell them I'm an actor...extra work.

Energy. Everywhere. Liquid. The thinnest of liquids. Infinite. Created and maneuvered within an imaginary framework we call time. Specific to each individual. Each individual experiencing. Differently. Uniquely.

Last night I think I may have dreamed about my grandchildren as adults. Years beyond my death. How 'bout that shit.

Waiter just ignored me. All I wanted was a refill.

Just killed a gnat on my thumb knuckle. Tried to flick it off...crushed it. I think it was already dead. Maybe it was just wounded.

OK. Pee, coffee, pee, coffee, the cycle continues. Bounded only by imaginary time.

If I could kiss any one of the beautiful women around me I think, as fate would have it, it would be the brunette that would not allow me to have her ashtray. The French one. Right in from of her car. Chaste, yet poignant.

The plot thins. Two athletes just pulled up to the French girls. The two attractive girls at 10 o'clock just split. The French girls pulled a napoleon on the deuce at 10. Claimed it for the empire.

Anyhow. Instead of working I'm sitting here writing this shit. And one day, having never reread a word of it, I'll send it anonymously to a publisher. Just for kix.

I am so in Louvre with the brunette. Question: did I write Louvre before I knew they were French? If so, holy crap. I should be on Geraldo. Fuck it, I should be on Geraldo anyhow.

Why not? Natasha was. She doesn't talk to me anymore. Guess she thinks I'm not worth her time.

I might be sittin' here too long. Hope I'm not getting another goddamn ticket. Oh...it's only money.

Besides that pallet of \$100s should be dropping any minute now.

Also besides, when I want it...it appears. Except the only wants that appear, are the ones that are subconscious. Like the hand truck showing up right beside my van.

Amy wanted me to move her fridge...I thought I could do it if I only had a hand truck. Parked in Old Town South Pasadena where we were going out to eat, and right behind the space...a discarded hand truck. Wow. Freaky...in a good way.

So to get my record 'K' (contract in legal jive) and girl I want (the bad ass g-friend) all I've got to do, is want to have it on a subconscious level. In order to want it on a subconscious level, I've got to understand how to use it. What to do with it. How to own it. How to have it.

How to have the 'K'. Be ready for it. Be able to utilize it by writing the best songs I've ever written. Be able to put on the best live show. Entertain. Be a natural. Tour with it. Have fun with it. I can't imagine stumbling blocks for it like lack of \$. They are voluntary and unnecessary. Be able to use the 'K'. Own it comfortably. I can. I believe I can and will. It feels right. Natural. Remove the obstacles. Worthiness has no meaning. I either am, or am not. Dependant upon what? Other's opinions? My own evaluation? I need to quit peeking at the beautiful brunette at 11 o'clock. Maybe.

Energy. This'll be freaky. I hereby draw in infinite space a corridor of energy from my center of gravity to hers. An umbilicus of blue light. A sharing of information. Hello cosmically. Real as my thoughts. Tangible within this universe to she and I.

Unafraid...unashamed. Natural. Hello. Meeting in the center of infinity between us, and mingling like an estuary. My ocean meeting her river. The salt and fresh water becoming equally dilute.

Who me? Yep...just me. Perfect communication.  
Definition of commune: nothing else existing in space  
around us. Not, however, intrusive. Not invasive. A  
kindness. A cool drink on a hot day. Nevermore. It's  
okay. Never you mind.

How to have a bad ass g-friend: know her.  
Understand how to be with her. Come into harmony with  
her. Ok...recording artists not athletes. Whatever.

Time to start making funny faces. Not funny feces.  
Although that would create quite a stir. Just looked  
up. Palm tree overhead. Wonder how many people who've  
been coming here for years have never seen it.

'Girlfriend'...bad label...'associate'. Thing is it's  
the most uncomplicated thing imaginable. The most  
'first nature' to man. To woman. To have the associate  
in my dream last night.

I saw a house. There was snow on the ground. The  
house had two parts connected by a hallway. White  
smokestacks puffing wood smoke from the smaller part.  
Looked like a steamboat.

Got this pen from Desert Springs Marriott. On the  
way back from the catering event JNY emailed me.

My dream. I was traveling with a girl I thought of  
as Piper W.(pretty with dark brown hair).

Carolina is the brunette's name. Nothing invasive.  
She's sidled up to one of the recording artists. Hope  
we practice tonight.

Anyhow. So we were in the car. I saw the smoke  
and thought: "Good, she's got the fire going. It'll be  
warm."

The recording artist looks like Richard from the  
Armadillo Grill...dish guy...a photographer. Went to his  
wedding with Jen Stander. John Bowman and Erin were  
there.

OK...so the girl in the car. I was driving and she  
was telling me a story about a friend of hers that while  
writing a paper (?) had stripped naked and run through  
the snow yelling, "Help me". OK.

Earlier in my dream she was the checkout girl, and  
I was paying for groceries. I took out my wallet...she  
looked at the pictures. They were all of me. From  
childhood until present...including one of me and Teresa.

She said of me...noticing a goofy smile:

"So that was the year you were happy?"

Don't remember my response.

Then in my second dream I went to a house high,  
high on a hill. A promontory. There were all these  
relatives around that I thought of as cousins in my  
dream. One kid told me: "this is my grandfather's  
place". I was like..."how'd he get it"...thinking this  
should be a natural park or something.

I drove a motorcycle down the hill. On the way  
down a fire engine came around a blind corner right at  
me. I laid the bike down and slid, slowing as I  
careened towards the edge. Interesting dream.

Ok. I don't want a ticket so I'd better go.

New band name idea: Vulgar Citizen.

Ha.

**6-18-3 7:25 pm**

For those of you who can't tell out of blue-black  
color blindness or for other here-to-for unknown reasons  
I will simply tell you that today, the ink is black.  
Today the ink is black like my tea, and, like my t-  
shirt. It is darker than the blue ink. It is not blue.  
It is a temporary change and - it will pass. The blue  
ink is more comfortable on the eyes, the pen from which  
said ink flows surer in my grip.

Rady got a landline. The phone number, 323-660-  
3003, is easy to remember and hints at the dark overlord  
through numerology. Dark O. likes to dress up as a  
woman when he thinks no-one's home.

Ok so here's the fun for today. I've decided to  
think myself into being in love with Carolina. The  
French brunette who was at the coffee shop with the  
recording artist yesterday. I drew a connection between

us. The whole universe was arranged in such a way that we'd meet. I fell in love with her the moment she smiled at me after I asked her if I could have her ashtray and she said no. You see: she was going to give it to me and then remembered that her friend would be smoking (she was too), and then I said 'okay thanks anyway' and she was like, 'no-well you can have it'...and I was like 'hey...it's no big deal I'll simply ask someone else' and smiled at her. She smiled back. My heart broke.

So I'm using magic to make her come back into my life for us to meet again so I can introduce myself and make her my associate. That's the way things go if you want to know the truth of the matter. I will see her again, talk to her, ask her out. She will fall in love with me. We will be associated. We're connected by the energy line from her to me. I'll put energy into it and nurture it and make the magic stronger. Some things I've discovered about her through sorcery: she's 30, she knows who I am.

Oh, okay, that's insane. Just like I kept saying to Chris T's girlfriend when she was giving me some 'tude. "That's insane."

Since then Chris has said it back to me...and a lady in the library seated behind me said it too. "That's insane." Sure is. But if you're not chicken shit, you'll be able to realize: that is how the universe works. You've just got to be ballsy enough to try it.

OK. I also got a job at a redneck country bar. It's like working in Morehead.

Going to practice now.

Kielbasa / potatoes / onions in the oven at 350. Back in tres heures, so turn it down to 200. Chipotle Tabasco in dish will make everything righty, tighty, [← tidy] and tight. Whatever the fuck that means.

Carolina. Leena. Carolina. I'm from North Caroleena. She's mine.

6-20-3 about noon, 104 I think

Sitting at Los Feliz Coffee Bean. Not nearly as appealing in a visual sense as Urth. Not to mention the fucking chairs are hard to write in. Not to mention there's fucking children here. But the coffee ain't bad and I'm near where I've got to go buy tea. And I did get my coffee to go, so leaving wont be a problem.

Whatever. People stare at me. Shield is up. I'm doing "the coward". Wrinkled brow. Inquisitive hurt look. Bunch a old farts, children. What a crowd. Scaring off the hipsters. Jesus that's funny.

Guy beside me likes to pick his nose. There was one attractive girl I noticed on the way in. It hurt when she looked at me. Does that make me a romantic?

Anyway. Dreamt last night. Talked to Iggy Pop. He said he dreamt he was dead. Then in a far away and wistful voice he said, "Man, I wish you were dead." Then he started talking about how you've got to enjoy life while you've got it. Burn on.

I also talked to some girl. Carolina I think. She said: "a first name would be nice." So I told her Joe. She said it a coupla times and laughed. Then, and this part of the dream was vivid, I gave her my phone # and address. Wonder if she remembered.

Also dreamt the Germans had shot a rocket at a French aircraft that looked like a pregnant fish. It was a spacecraft headed for orbit. They missed. The spacecraft was escorted by a fighter jet...American.

So I'm still working the magic on Carolina. Letting the universe do the work. I'm on the right track. Work tonight at 8. The night crowd at the country bar. Should be interesting.

Yesterday I showed up ½ hour late unshowered and unshaven. I wore a wife-beater that I'd ironed baby angel decals onto. They didn't fire me. I guess they passed the first test. Cigarette time.

But first... This couple must be European. They've got the oddest expressions on their faces. The couple that eyeballed me when they walked past.

A little shaky today. Feel kinda asleep still.

Hey, the bug's alive. He was perched on the page. I knocked the pad on the arm of the chair. He clung. That's clung not dung. Anyhow...he then started crawling around after I resumed writing, and just flew and landed on my forefinger on my left - my pen hand.

Also a fly just landed on the table. Guess he caught the vibe that I'm bug-friendly. I wonder if bugs ride mini thermals the way hawks do. That'd be cool. Maybe they do...but they just do it so fast we can't tell. I mean they only live a matter of days. They've really got to pack it in.

Crocodiles thermo regulate through their mouths. They sit there with their mouths open and it cools off their brain, while they're sunning the rest of their reptilian cold-blooded bodies.

Crocodile interior dialogue: "Getting kinda warm. Time to open my mouth and cool off the ol' brain."

Crocodiles are deep. Seen that on animal planet. The locals at the bar like that channel. And that's cool by me, beats watchin' some stupid baseball game.

You see there's a wild animal 'weigh station' up the road. A lot of the guys that come in are construction guys from there or employees of it.

Ralph, Australian, told me about a time a Tiger had grabbed his thumb, when he was holding onto the thick gauge chain-link fence and had looked away for a second. He said the Tiger thought it was a chicken-wing. He figured the thumb was gone. He tried to pull it away and the Tiger put his ears back.

He said, "Please let go."

And then he waited the tiger out. He figured the thumb was a loss and was hoping not to lose his hand. Thought he was in deep shit after the tiger crushed his

thumbnail and tasted blood. Turns out he let the thumb go and Ralph just lost the nail.

Tiger came to the 'weigh station' or 'Way Station' 300 lbs. underweight. It ate 25 lbs. of beef a day.

Ralph designs the enclosures and also leads the construction crews. He's built 'em for bears, chimpanzees, lions...lots of cool creatures.

Told me about how 2 leopards ate their caretaker. They just found a couple bones. Said the feeding slot is like a mailbox hole, and if you're not careful and they get a hold of you. You, or some part of you, is going through it.

"In the blink of an eye."

Wild animals are awesome.

Ralph comes in with some of his crew and buys drinks for everyone for about 2 hours. They laugh like crazy. I'd guess he'd have about 4 beers before noon. Two or three more after. One time when they were laughing I ducked into the back, crouched down and did what Ralph's friend slash employee called in Spanish the "pigeonlito". Ducked down and bobbed my head back and forth while walking behind the bar and looking like a maniac. Anyway. I could use a refill of coffee.

Jesus Christ. Guy across the way is talking about band shit. We're all in fucking bands. No wonder good music is so invisible. It's buried in all the shit.

Shaky. So to do: go buy tea, grocery shop, lift weights. Okay enough of that I've got a separate yellow pad for to do lists.

Sometimes I like to look over people's heads in a crowd. The airspace above them is empty. It's nice. People are so chaotic and often unpleasant to observe. Except...of course...beautiful girls. That chaos is rather pleasant to observe.

It's a good thing I'm single again. Good and bad of course. Think I'll die my hair dark brown pretty soon.

Hey...nose picker left...Some Latino man in a work outfit...white shirt khakis...took his seat. Almost time to go. Book 3 is getting close to the end.

The tiny bug is back. Playing possum on the bind of the pad. In my dream last night I also saw Geoff Abell. I remember...I was bussing tables at some restaurant and had to go over to his table next, and I walked out. I was working at Crooks. I quit and thought: 'that's it for restaurant work for me'. I rode my bike back to where I was staying. My dad was there and I told him about quitting, a little guiltily. He said, "Well I guess you better go apply at Rackroom Shoes."

Because I said no more restaurants he guided me towards retail. Kinda funny.

So anyhow. I then saw Geoff. I looked at him and...

OK just now someone honked their horn...and somebody patted on their legs. The patting slash slapping bit is a new thing...in league with the key jingling...to fuck with my head. But. I. Am. Not. Getting. Off. The. Porch. I'm still on that dim lit porch dripping rain, and I ain't leaving.

Also. I will be the most successful person in my house. In Silverlake. The most successful musician in LA. Period.

OK. So Geoff was there. Geoff, who's last meaningful words to me were, "I love you" after he broke up Capsize 7. We've only had a smattering of conversation (one or two paragraphs) since then, excepting when Capsize got back together in December '98 for the Archers' last show.

I saw him and thought: you just don't tell someone you love him, and then not talk for 8 years.

But I said, "I'm glad you came." I patted him on the shoulder. Hesitantly.

I do hope to see him again sometime. Bet I will. He and Mike Jackson.

Just did the "blinky" at the pretty girl I saw on the way in.

Energy. Carolina. I want slash will make the band I'm in now the best band I've ever been in. We are making progress...it will be. At least that much I can directly control. People come and go. It's time to quit worrying about them. I'm on the porch after all. The defense is working fine. There isn't too much to be overly concerned with.

Oh yeah, also in my dream. I believed I was recognized as some kind of pariah and important person at the same time. These people I was around...I had my shirt off...pointed to my chest and said 5 pumpkins are there. Pointed to them and musically said 1,2,3,4,5. Now it occurs to me that that's October 5<sup>th</sup>. Whatever.

Sorry if I'm losing you. Beginning to get bored.

Think I'll magic up a hot chick to sit beside me to be a pleasant distraxon.

It's overcast. Not rainy. But a little cloudy. Pregnant clouds. Last night when I was getting tired of reading...a new Sharpe's book, those are so damn good...I thought to myself I'll pick out 3 words at random from the book, and those 3 words will change my life. I spun the pages. I read at random "There would be...". So. There would be. Clouds and overcast skies. There would be.

This, thank God, will be my only café experience today. Can't handle more than one a day anymore. Too taxing. People man.

So things change week to week. Kelly last. Amy this. Catering last. Redneck bar this.

Oh yeah. I had occasionally thought to myself over the past year and a half: "Wonder where I'll be...next fall, next summer..." And for some reason, I'd hear "Spain" in my head.

For a while I thought that might be because it rhymed with pain. But now I get it: Los Feliz, Santa

Monica, there's a lot of Spanish goin' on around here. This is Spanish land...or was.

I asked today...guess what I got...France. So just as soon as I figure out Spain I get France. Funny.

That dude from the tonight show just materialized across the way. Wonder where he came from? Maybe he can cloak himself. The funny gay guy I mean. He's got shades on even though it is not, I repeat, is not sunny.

Just noticed a scar on the ball of my thumb. Wonder where I got that from? Can't remember. Oh yeah. It happened the day after I broke up with Teresa. Cut my hand on a staple sticking out of one of the fake logs in her fireplace. That's where it's from. Marked for life. Teresa. I still love her. Always will.

I'm not leavin' the porch.

Still gettin' older. 32 in 3 ½ mo.s. Wonder what life'll look like then. No fuckin' idea. Where'm I gonna be? Sparkle and Fade. Who's album is that? Just read "strictest European standards" at random off my coffee cup. A clue? Chavez? Is that who? No that was ride the fader...and gone glimmering. Flaming Lips? Maybe. I'm outa here. Recycled.

### Noony 6/21/3 103

Urth café, different vantage point. Since I enjoyed myself last time this time will probably suck some.

What a weird change of pace from the country-western good ole boy bar last night. Bartended at the Hideaway. Made \$90 tips about \$30 wage.

Resisting the urge to pick my nose due to the fact that the motherfuckers just inside the window I'm sitting beside are eye-ballin' me. Look at these fuckers. Jesus Christ I can't believe I'm a musician. What a bunch of geeks musicians are.

In brief, working at Hideaway is like bartending a Taylor's Exxon Party. When I was a young teenager I remember having these at my house about once a year.

Anyhow. My dad owned an Exxon station at Hydrolic and route 29 in Charlottesville Va. Couple years later he and my Uncle George went in on another service station down by UVA, University Exxon. Every year we'd have a party where all the country boys that worked as mechanics and gas pumpers would come over and get drunk as shit.

My dad would put tape on the sliding glass doors to keep guys from walking through it. A big X.

Just an aside - I'm wearing a Raps green work shirt right now from Rapscallions - the restaurant in Morehead my dad and George built and ran.

Lets see if I can remember some of the guy's names. The major characters were Spanky, Willie, Bill Davis, and Tom Jones?? I think.

Taylor's Exxon parties. I can remember sneaking beer late in the evening. Guitar playing, and the smoky loud basement. I remember the smell of the house afterwards.

So that crowd is a lot like the people I serve drinks to at the Hideaway. Uncomplicated, not very book smart, real people. It's pretty cool.

My dad should write a book about the stations, lots of good stories. Like the time Spanky ate a bucket of raw squirrels when he got home drunk. And Bill got up on top of the Exxon because some lady had dropped her car off with the note: keys are on the roof.

More coffee I believe.

So what I wanted to get to today was more the point of this whole writing thing. I've got to talk about my 3 big hits. The hit to the body, the hit to the mind, and the hit to the soul. The big 3, that I've had to live through in the past 7 years.

But first I will lament the fact that on this day of soft rain, a drizzle, sitting outside drinking coffee...it's pretty good stuff all in all 'cept I'm getting a touch jittery from the caffeine...but my complaint: no cute available girls in rock throwing

distance. Good lord...if I wanted to hang out with a bunch a dudes and whatnot I'd go to Denny's and write.

So, I'll use some magic to bring a couple here. I'm a little tired so I don't think I'll be able to do better than a deuce. I'll try to land some near-by. Fuck, that old guy just claimed the only available table.

Whatever I'll still give it a shot. Energy. Going into the infinitely small information field. The continuity we exist in...in fact are. Making a quick connexon with Carolina who I have not forgotten...dropping my note: Pretty girls near-by now. Thanks a hamsandwich. Alacazam!

Whatever, I knew this wasn't going to go as well as last time. One more try.

Oh fuck. I just conjured up some red-headed dude to my right. Ugly kid, lucky me. I mean no more ugly than I am, kinda looks like Malachi from "Children of the Corn."

The three hits.

Injury to the body: break up of Capsize 7 and ensuing years of trying to drink myself to death.

Injury to the mind: law school breakdown where everyone was out to get me and I was scared shitless, and was trying to drink myself to death.

Injury to the soul: losing Teresa by cheating on her, going against everything I thought I stood for, deeply - and I will pause here for effect - deeply hurting her and causing me to hate myself on an unimagined level, while I was sure everyone was against me scaring me shitless, at the same time trying to drink myself to death.

So by this time...8 months after the breakup - sober, I feel like I've earned a little break. Catering, bartending, fucking a couple girls I work with, just getting by...seems pretty damn OK to me. Hunger is the best sauce. Not to mention that I'm enjoying playing music again. Yet I equate that statement with I enjoy

having solid bowel movements...more like you complain when you don't.

OK, so a couple lookers did show up, but with escorts. I forgot to mention I wanted them to be available. On top of the escorts one of them has a fuckin' poodle.

People. There should be less of 'em. I enjoyed bantering with the country folk last night about how much I hate my neighbors. Cause I fuckin' do.

People next to me are talking about people observing them like voyeurs. Finding cameras in smoke detectors...etc. Not pleasant to overhear considering I'm paranoid about people calling me a pervert although I - and god knows why I'm writing this down - haven't done anything that qualifies as perverted.

I mean I've given it a shot...jerked off to porn on the web when Teresa and I were apart or not fuckin' for some reason...bought copies of High Society and Penthouse...but I can't quite hit the level of perverted. Just don't have it in me.

Hey...the redhead facing me is pretty damn good lookin'...the chick about 30 feet away.

Is that wrong of me to notice? Oh the guilt. I should go jump off an overpass.

I made popcorn when I got home last night around 3:30 in the morning. It was kinda loud. Was that wrong of me? It may have bothered my neighbors. Oh the guilt. I'm concerned.

But first I'll note...some of these model chicks have basically no ass at all...so fuckin' skinny. I like a little hiney on my girls. Is that wrong of me? Where's the nearest overpass.

OK - final cup - couple more smokes. Then get the fuck outa here. Place is gettin' old.

Oh well, guess I don't much feel like writing about pain right now. Think it'll have to wait.

Maybe I'll start makin' faces at people. That'd be more fun than writing about Capsize 7 breaking up. Know why? Because that fucking wrecked my world.

I probably should call Amy or Kelly. I don't know. Last night I said to the universe: Either return me to Teresa or give me someone to give a shit about. I mean I like my catering girlfriends but come on. Someone to...what...care about. The thought makes my bile rise. Guess I'm still a little too fresh from me and Teresa. Need to call Teresa today.

Besides, there is basically no chance of meeting the person I could care about...she'd have to be beautiful, inside and out, bad as shit, tough, a smart ass, cool...and not fucked up in the head.

No fuckin' way. Won't happen. Not anytime in this reality. But if it were, I'd hope that she was the brunette I'd seen in my dreams - the girl who's touring with Rady, C. Toms and I. Lets just think a second how many people I've thought that was: Brigitte - yeah OK, whatever - JNY G - I repeat, yeah OK whatever - and Jennier Stander (good gravy she did that with Capsize 7 a coupla times, you'd think she'd had enough by now).

So - asshole - let me get this strait. You're writing a book about how you're going to become a rock star. Good one. So both come out and some time later some idiot makes it into a movie. Great fuckin' idea. I applaud your aplomb. At least I don't have the crabs. That would be too much to bear.

Anywell - all I've got to do is make it another 103 days until the universe proves my prophetic visions of my future wrong. After all that happens all I'll have to do is take care of my teeth and get a job. Yuh huh. Yeah huh - Yuh Huh. Who the fuck cares. I mean really.

That's what I was thinking last night when I was leaning against the bar lookin' at the rednecks. I asked myself: "Joe - do you give a fuck?" And I replied: "I don't know - why don't you ask me when I give a fuck." Jesus gonna die my hair a new color

Christ. If they're not all out to get me they're all in for somethin' special.

Just about dome with this pad. That'll do it for number 3. Thank God. Maybe I'll write the next one from the perspective of me 100 years before I was born. Or as I lay dieing. Fuck I don't even know how to spell dying. I'm so smart. Think I'll make faces at people.

But first, a couple things I hate: 1) Cell phones. Worthless pieces of technological shit. Can't wait till I don't have one. 2) Writing with pens other people chewed on. Not pleasant.

Time to get the fuck outa here.

Thank God I'm never gonna read this shit. What a bunch of babble.

When I was 7 I sat on the front porch of my family's apartment, actually George's jewelry shop, which was on the ground floor. I counted 100 cool cars. Just think if I'd kept going. I could be in the thousands by now. By now. By now. By now. What the hell does that mean? Nothing. That's what by now means. Not anything. I may as well be writing this with a grapefruit smeared on the sidewalk. That's how much significance it has. I may as well put my parking tickets in a bowl with rice milk and croutons...that's how much I care. Why couldn't I have been a farmer. That would have been a lot nicer. Oh well, I'm bound to get what I came for. Huh.

I just want to finish this pad then I can leave. Only a page and a half to go. So for the remainder of the time I won't look at anyone. I will spark up the shield. Good. I'll think pleasant thoughts. A show. A good show. Someone I care about...ouch that hurts. The color orange. Evening light from a flat horizon. Miles of dirt below miles of sky above. Nobody. Alone. Nothing. Everlasting. Eternal. Infinite. Nobody. Nowhere. Not any time. Not soon. Not late. Life. Sex. Death. DNA immortality. Genetic memory. Possible. Never. I don't like DNA. I don't like

immortality. Kindness. Failure. Hatred. Uselessness. Absolution for nothing. Thank you for nothing. No more periods ever the feeling that you can't breathe. The first suck of air after touching the bottom being first to try something you've been dared to do and everyone else is afraid of. Holding someone you love after you've had sex holding someone you don't know after having sex. The last page. The slap of water against a hull not caring even a little what people around you think but caring enough about yourself that you maintain not coming here again any time real soon. My hair looks stupid. People call me beater the beater I've got a title I'm going to be a rock star I'm telepathic especially so when I'm high I'm famous infamous women like it guys honk at me fat girls don't like me short guys don't like me and at least for long painful stretches of time I really didn't like me but now I'm learning how to at least let myself be I've learned how to leave me alone to quit damaging myself before like abused neglected teeth I simply drop out and remain on the floor. Swept away. I'll allow me to look at people again. But a couple predictions first 1) I won't like it. 2) I'll feel worse off because of it. 3) I'll feel my age even though people believe me when I say I'm 21. 4) I'd probably have more fun if I stood on my chair and declared I'm gonna do it, I'll jump, don't think I haven't got the guts. Yeah. Whatever. There's a pretty blond. If I didn't have eyes for the girls life would be so boring I would jump. I wonder if it's possible to kill yourself by jumping off a chair in a café. Maybe if you jumped as high as you could and landed right on your head. That might work. Be one hell of a unique way to do it.