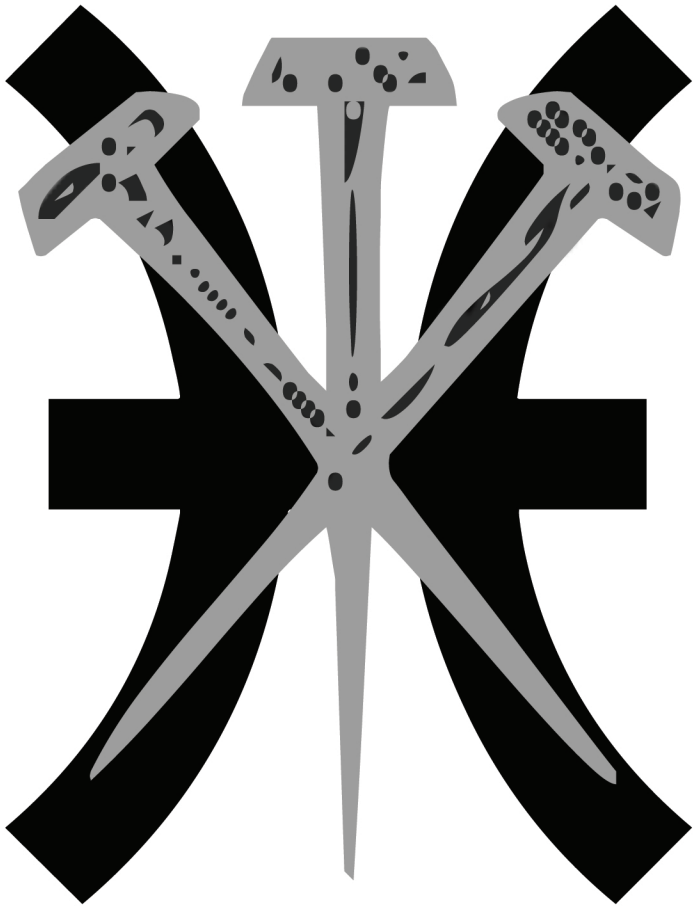


THE MUSHROOM DIARIES  
Supplementary Material







THE MUSHROOM DIARIES  
Alternative Journals



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# JOURNAL ONE

## DOM

**[Nov. 12, 2004]**

It's 9am... 30 minutes ago I was still asleep. I feel dirty because I haven't showered in two days. I also have a fucking big mouth ulcer.

**[Nov. 15, 2004 | 10:04]**

After spending the weekend on them, I realise I'd forgotten how much better the world looks when you're on mushrooms. I love the way everyone looks so fucked up when you look at them, like the overtly fat Chinese girl we saw on the tube with the cheeks of a hamster... werewolf boy... the crazy factory lines of people speeding around following each other in orderly fashion - just more evidence of how automated this society has become. It was fucking crazy dudes; I fucking loved it, I could live in that world every fucking day.

One conclusion I have to make though from this weekend long trip... Tim Burton created the world.

... oh, I also managed to find Issue 3 of '*30 Days of Night: Return to Barrow*'... got the complete series now.

**[Nov. 16 | 16:21]**

**I Wanna...**

I wanna be someone better

I wanna be better looking

I wanna have a better body

I wanna have more friends

I wanna start again  
I wanna be someone different  
I wanna be something new  
I wanna be anyone... anything but me

**[Nov. 17, 2004]**

This made me chuckle...

*The psilocybe mushroom or "magic mushroom" is not controlled under the Misuse of Drugs Act 1971, but it contains psilocin, a hallucinogen, and psilocybin, an ester of psilocin, which are controlled as Class A drugs.*

...oh well.

**[Nov. 17, 2004 | 11:57pm]**

Today started off okay I guess... got up early and left the house on time. Managed to scrape together enough money for a 10 deck of Marlboro Lights as I really needed a smoke this morning. Been feeling a bit down the past few days... always get like this around this time of year, it's like my brain senses the anniversary of what happened over this period 4 years ago... but it was my first cigarette in over 24 hours so come on that's good. I got the 10 deck as I know I hate smoking them when I'm in my room for some reason, which means my smoking during the day is almost eliminated.

Ha, that dog is really pissing off LeatherFace, every time it releases a bark or whimper you can hear him bellowing obscenities at it through his window... I really hope it drives him fucking crazy as it means he could be 'forced' to move out. Come on, you can't stop a dog from barking... it's been barking longer than he's been living here. I just want him to fuck off. He still creeps me out. I still get that horrible skin crawling sensation whenever I hear his



voice or footfalls. Just as long as that dog doesn't cause him to go on a massacring spree then it can piss him off all it wants.

Johnny's phone call was awesome... really picked me up. Lately I feel like I've had no time for my friends... that's the reason why my course is pissing me off, coz I finish at 11 I never get to see much of mates anymore... but he invited me out for a drink tomorrow night which is cool... he's gonna buy my drinks for me as I have like no money... I think he owes me a few anyway.

Sam... what more can I say on that subject? He always makes me fucking happy... I feel real bad now for acting like such a cunt to him this week... he was only trying to help but I locked him out... I must learn to stop doing that.

Oh... and to make my day even better, whilst looking for my hi-fi's remote, I came across a half finished pack of Golden Virginia under my bed... what a fucking find... it was dry as hell but still smoke-able... I think tomorrow warrants a full investigation under there to see what else I might find.

**[Nov. 19, 2004 | 12:00]**

Ok, today my hair finally pissed me off... so after college I walked straight to the hairdressers and within 15 minutes I left a happy dude... the girl actually pulled off a good cut which was wicked and they kept my decree not to touch a single hair on the top of my head... which was funny as you could see the temptation to do so in her eyes.

Dom's all happy now... wot a difference a haircut makes... my cap has now been made redundant.

**[Nov. 19, 2004]**

Dear Die-ary

It's a Friday night. We're walking through the streets of London, looking at the World through the eyes of disconnection...

...everything looks fucked...

...people looked fucked...

...we are fucked...

... yes, another night on Mushrooms.

**[Nov. 22, 2004 | 23:45]**

Dear Die-ary

Sometimes I ask myself...

...am I alone?

...the answer is always open-ended

**[Nov. 25, 2004 | 00:09]**

Dear Die-ary

TV disgusted me... there was a programme on the beauty of fat woman... it was wrong... it was sick...

...mmm on second thoughts...

**[Nov. 25, 2004 | 16:21]**

**Alone**

A day the same as any other weekday... I wake up **alone**... get dressed **alone**... walk to college **alone**... sit in class **alone** as no one has bothered to turn up and those that are there don't like me... go for a cigarette after lesson **alone**... walk home **alone**... go to the Clinic of Death **alone**... go shopping **alone**... walk home again **alone**... buy one bottle of Coke which I shall drink **alone**...

...wot am I doing now?...

.. sitting in my room **alone**...

...noticing the trend yet?

**[Nov. 25, 2004 | 23:30]**

### **Return to the Clinic of Death**

I get home from college with an hour to spare... I shouldn't really have gone home... it would have been easier to have stayed in Guildford and gotten food there, but instead I went home and made myself a marmalade sandwich. So, just as I'm getting comfortable I have to leave again. My destination... the Clinic of Death. Yes, once again I have to return to that place and have my blood sucked by vampires in nurse's outfits.

I arrived with 5 minutes spare before my appointment time, checked in and found myself waiting around for a further 15 minutes until I was finally called into the room. So there I sit watching this little kid running around enjoying his life without care... oh, to be able to live that again and not have a single pressure placed upon you.

Finally I get called into the room by the same nurse I had last time, she remembered me which was good as we had a laugh about our last meeting. She was so funny, once I was sat down she went 'right, let's see how the veins in your arms looking this time' the she conducted a search of my arms looking for track marks. Satisfied, she continued. 'You're not going to faint on me are you?'

'Don't think so.'

'Ahh, brave boy... everyone I've done today has done so.' Not a good sign is it? After saying this she rams in the needle and I can see why people fainted... I don't know what the fuck she did but I felt fucking sick as hell whilst my blood was spurting into that container. She pulls the needle out and puts a plaster on the pin-prick cut. I'm told to ring back for my results in 10 days and am dismissed from the room as she adds today's meeting to my notes.

I leave the Clinic and perform my usual routine of

standing outside its doors smoking a roll-up. A nurse walked by and gave me a well dirty look as though she thought I was prostituting myself outside the Realm of the Infected. I always think a cigarette tastes better after a needle has entered your flesh... regardless of the reasons why it did so.

Cigarette over I walk to HMV to buy a new pair of headphones and whilst I'm there I see Marc Almond's 'Tainted Life' autobiography for £2.99 so I buy it as well... quite a bargain if I don't say so myself.

On my way home I finally gave into temptation to try out the Sandwich Bar right near to where I live... it's been tempting me for almost a year now and I wasn't disappointed by it... mmm roast beef salad baguette... I'll be going there again me reckons.

So it's the end the day, I've got a £109 phone bill waiting to be paid and my arm's hurting from that fucking needle... looks like it's starting to bruise... a pretty big bruise actually... if it does do that I'll look like a right druggo. Oh well, never mind.

**[Nov. 29, 2004]**

Dear Die-ary

I cut myself last night. They weren't deep... more like cat scratches... but still enough to cure what I was feeling. I don't even know what I was feeling... I just woke up at 3am, tears streaming down my face... tears that still ran when the scalpel slivered against my skin.

Well, that's bullshit... I did know what I was feeling. I felt sick... sick of having to be me... sick of having to live this stupid and fucked up existence on this fucking giant ball of dirt... sick of being ugly... sick of everyone looking or being better than me... sick of every little fucking thing about me... sick of EVERYTHING.

I didn't cut deep...

...more like cat scratches...  
...I wish I had.

**[Nov. 25, 2004]**

I wake up with a start... It's 8:35. I've got to be at college for 9. Never gonna make it... oh well. Pull my ripped jeans on, grab a t-shirt and Sam's Slipknot hoody and I'm out the house. I arrive at college 10 minutes late... not too bad.

Once again no one in the class talks to me. They listen to everyone else's track but mine... oh well, at least I got it finished... just need to sort out the mix and it's done. Sounds well fucking cool.

College ends... I go out, can't have a cigarette as I have no tobacco or anything as I left in such a hurry. No one talks to me, when I ask if I can have a cigarette from someone who I always lend them to the reply is 'I don't have any sorry.' He walks away, as he does so he pulls out a 20 deck and helps himself to one. So, pissed off I go and update my Young Persons Travel Card... I'm sat in the waiting room for an hour until my number is called. People only reluctantly sit next to me. I know why, the looks on their faces says it all... my sleeves are rolled up, showing the big bruise and red needle prick left over from that fucked blood test... they think I'm a junkie... it's the same look people in my class gave me today and Friday. Oh well.. fuck them.

Get home to my room and lay on my bed. I feel like shit. In 4 hours I've only spoken at least 10 sentences, most of them to the guy at the Train Station and the shopkeeper of my local store when I brought my pack of Golden Virginia. 10 sentences which weren't even in conversation. This silence is getting to me... really fucking getting to me. I don't know how much more of it I can take.

I know what I did last night was stupid. A stupid something I've not done for 4 years. It doesn't solve

anything... not one bit. The silence is still there afterwards.

**[Dec. 5, 2004 | 18:45]**

Dear Die-ary

...after three days of practically no food, maybe I should go eat.

**[Dec. 6, 2004 | 15:45]**

Ok, today has been both good and bad.

I handed in all my coursework for my Creative ICT course (or as I call it MIT) and it all works... so they now have 1 essay to read and 2 CDs to look through. I'm now free from that lesson and no longer have to study it... which is a shame coz it means I won't get taught by Adi again for ages... not until Trimester 4 I think... damn.

Left college at the usual time and went straight down to London to see Sam... read my George Orwell book on the way as I ended up jumping on the long train, oh well not to worry. Got to Waterloo at about 12:20 only to get stopped at the gate by some train guy asking for a ticket I didn't have.

ME: I left it on the train.

GUY: Why?

ME: Coz I've just arrived so didn't think I'd need it.

GUY: Well you're going to have to buy another ticket.

ME: Why would I want to do that?

GUY: Because you can't cross this barrier without one.  
Where did you come from?

ME: Guildford.

GUY: How much it cost?

ME: £5.55

GUY: Doesn't cost that much from Guildford.

ME: Does on Young Persons.

When he saw he was getting nowhere he decided to let me go without paying a single penny. Well, I would have run away if he hadn't let me pass. So, I return the call I missed from Sam when I was being 'questioned' only to be told that he's just got up and is gonna be half an hour late. I decide to sit down on a bench and wait for him... passing the time by watching the other people running around to their destinations.

When Sam arrived - 45 minutes late - we set off to Camden to buy some mushrooms then made our way back to his, eating the chips from Burger King on the journey.

Phoned the Clinic of Death for my results. It took me 55 minutes to get through as the line was either engaged or some message told me that the 'line is now closed' when I knew for a fact it fucking well wasn't. Oh well, anyway what did the woman at the end of the line have to say? 'Oh, your levels are still too low. I looks as though you may need to come back in for another booster. I'll speak to the doctor and find out what we want you to do.'

I felt so fucking shit. I thought my journeys to that place would have been done with, but alias it looks as though I'm doomed to return for my fifth injection for a vaccination they told me would only need three. I know I didn't fuck it up this time as I haven't been drinking excessively this time round... so somehow I can see this being a regular event.

Right, everything has been done, so looks like it's time for us to eat our way through the mushrooms and see what fucked creations we see this time.

**[Dec. 6, 2004 | 23:30]**

Dear Die-ary

I had a bad trip today...

...I saw my life as it is...

...all the pain, upset, anger and loneliness...  
...it made me ask myself...  
...why do I even bother?

**[Dec. 13, 2004 | 15:08]**

**Next Appointment: 16th December 2004 - Please Show Your Card on Each Visit**

So, after waiting a week for them to get back to me, I finally decided to phone the Clinic of Death to see what they had to say. Okay, I get through no problem and then wait for five minutes as they sniff out my file.

NURSE: Hi, Dominic?

ME: Yep.

NURSE: Yes, your case has been discussed with the Doctor, and you *will* need to have another booster, followed by a blood test a few weeks later.

ME: Okay.

So, on Thursday I'll have to make that walk to the Clinic and have another needle rammed into my arm to once again try and vaccinate me against something that my body seems doesn't want to be vaccinated against.

**Fuck... Fuck... FUCK!**

**[Dec. 14, 2004]**

Dear Die-ary

You would have thought that with college finished for Christmas I'd be able to find something to pass the time...

...then I realise there is nothing that I can do...

...well there's a bit I could be doing...



...just never seem to be able to get round to actually doing it...

...I'm so fucking bored

**[Dec. 14, 2004]**

**This Greebo Smokes Drum**

I'm back on the Drum Gold rolling tobacco as I can't afford to payout the extra 40p for Golden Virginia. Hmm, don't mind as this drummer likes Drum. Had a bit of a mini-adventure on my way to top-up my supplies today. The corner shop had this new girl working there stocking the shelves and as I wandered in, my clinking chains heralding my arrival, she just stood there staring at me as I mumbled my order... which confused the shopkeeper as they kept reaching for my usual items. My fiver spent, I left the shop with my 25g of tobacco and box of filters... didn't need papers as I found shitloads of half empty packets when I tidied my room yesterday.

As I was walking home I walked past this group of little fucking townies and grr, this blonde bitch started talking to me.

GIRL: So what's your name?

ME: Who? Me?

GIRL: Yeah, you.

ME: Dom

GIRL: Oh, do you smoke?

ME: Obviously.

GIRL: So how old are you?

ME: 18

GIRL: Really? Mmm... so where you going?

ME: Home. What's it to do with you.

GIRL: Can I come with you?

ME: Err... no.

GIRL: Why not? Don't you want some loving?

ME: Not from you I don't.  
GIRL: What? I'm 17 and blonde.  
ME: And? Is that meant to make me want you?  
GIRL: Why not?  
ME: Coz I've already got someone.  
GIRL: So you don't want me then?  
ME: Which bit of 'no' don't you understand?  
GIRL: [snorts] Like I'd want to fuck a Greebo... get real.  
ME: And like I'd want something like you anyway.  
GIRL: Talk to the hand Greebo.  
ME: Well it's better than the face.

So I carried on walking and they all pulled back to the typical townie trait of shouting such insults as 'Greebo' and 'ohh check out my chains'... tossers. But the funniest bit was when one of them got scared when I was talking and told the blonde bitch to be quiet in case I punched her. Pathetic, but added that bit of humour I needed to my day.

**[Dec. 29, 2004]**

Dear Die-ary

Last night was fun... I did what I do best... walking the streets with heads clouded with vodka...

...windows got painted with eggs...

...I threw a fuck off big rock at some expensive car window... it cracked and shattered like ice...

...Sam threw a large piece of wood through the back window of some old car... it smashed the window like a bomb blast... now they have to pay for taxis... we saw them today...

...they sent out their helicopter... but we were home and dry...

...maybe i should feel remorse...

...nah

**[Dec. 30, 2004 | 15:23]**

The train trip back South was funny... once again we encountered interesting people on the carriage... from the snotty-nosed bitch sitting in the seat in front of Sam who sighed at our loudness through-out; Miss Piggy; the big-lipped gay troll face I was meant to sit opposite before Sam and I moved; and the Cruella DeVille. It was a fucking laugh.

But there was so many gay looking people on the train. I mean it... especially the fucking camp-as-hell guy who ran the food cart. Oh well, he, like every one else I've mentioned, brought us much merriment as we sat taking the piss out of every one.

Hmm... "Food is served in the A carriage, which is situated between carriages G and Y... Please enter through the rear entrance."

**[Dec. 30, 2004 | 23:38]**

Dear Die-ary

Today I experienced madness... I felt my brain snap.

It started off so good, then it all begun to loop... everything turned bad.

I needed help... needed Sam to be off it... forced him to try and come off it.

I felt the two worlds merge... felt the real world snap through into my mind's 'reality' in sharp flashes.

I heard the voices from the real world but saw only the world through the 'reality' I'd created tonight.

I felt like it would remain like that forever... that that was it... my brain finally fucking up... I'd be stuck locked between the two worlds of reality and fantasy.

But everything's back to normal... I've been through the eyes of madness and returned...

...well, at least I think I have.

**[Jan. 13, 2005|11:00 pm]**

As we were in the Shopping Centre, some guys ran up to us and said 'Hey dudes you wanna play paint-ball?'

'No,' I replied. 'I'm a Crack addict.'

They just stared blankly at me as we walked on by... I was pissing myself about it. Ahh, fun. So at the end of a long 11 hour day, I went home and watched **Planet of the Apes** with a cigarette in my hand.

The five day weekend starts here.

**[Jan. 16, 2005|10:59 pm]**

I had such a good day... Sam and I spent the day shopping, well looking is closer to the truth... the day was all good. We chatted; we laughed; we had dinner at some cool Chinese all-you-can-eat buffet; we saw some really fit girl on the escalator at Angel who looked all happy that we were staring at her. It was so fucking good then that all changed when we went to see Team America.

Team America single-handedly ruined my day. Team America, the biggest disappointment of the year. Team America, the worst film I've ever had the displeasure of having to endure... it was so fucking crap I fell asleep during it. Team America, total and utter crap. Sitting in a cinema surrounded by the largest collection of Geeks I've ever witnessed, and hearing their strained fake laughter at pointless intervals through the film wasn't my idea of fun... oh well, at least I was with Sam.

Never-mind, the memories of Sam and I running around Hamleys fucking enjoying ourselves outweighs any crappy film we happened to witness. Too many toys... I want them all.

**[Jan. 17, 2005|11:00 pm]**

Dear Die-ary...

You know when you've fucked your brain up a little bit when you wake up at night and you can't work out if you're tripping or not.

You know when you've fucked your brain up a little bit when you wake up and you can't tell when the dream ends and the reality begins... or rather if you've even woken up at all.

You know I've fucked my brain up a little bit then.

**[Jan. 24th, 2005|10:40 pm]**

Sam and I have come to a conclusion. What we have witnessed whilst we have been off our faces on Mushrooms has effected us totally.

Now we can see the way people work, the lines they form as they go about their days performing pointless tasks when they could be doing something worthwhile.

I've started to hear certain phrases Sam says differently now... especially when I'm day dreaming and he calls my name. It sounds like it did when I had my bad trip when I thought I'd gone insane. it's scary, as for that split second I hear it I think did I ever come off that trip or not.

So, maybe we've fucked our brains up... but I wouldn't change what I've done for anyone. At the end of the day, at least I'm living my life, not just following the person in front of me as they make their way to the proverbial shower-come-gas-chamber of Workwitz like fucking sheep.

I enjoy my life. So still have no regrets about *anything* I've done.

**[Feb. 1, 2005|04:36 pm]**

Dear Die-ary

Fake smiles and forcing yourself to sound happy as they tell you that their career is going somewhere. I mean, you're happy for them, 100% happy but you can't sound it... you want to but it sounds forced because inside another little chip get knocked out of your determination. You've struggled for five years to get some interest, each and every time getting knocked back with rejections; all they do is send one simple photo and an inquiry and they get it.

You're happy for them but they think that you're lying. You're feelings just raise to the point where they block out the fact that you should be happy for them and not let them hear of your problems. It's not just simple jealousy. Yes, that is a part of it. You're jealous that you have to struggle for what you want and they just all seem to get it given to them on a platter... the only effort being signing the dotted line. Yes, you're jealous but it runs deeper than that. It makes you question why the hell you put yourself through all the shit and heartache only to be crushed once again. It makes you realise that maybe, just maybe, it's not what you're meant to do in this lifetime... that God's role for you in his twisted film is to be the outcast that tries but gets his head ripped off and then has crap poured down his throat. It makes you wonder what is the fucking point?

What is the point? The hour-glass of your life is pouring sand through into the bottom half of the glass and there's nothing you can do to slow it down... the only way you can stop it is to smash it against the floor, but then that's the end of everything. Your life stops completely.

It's tempting... it's lucky I'm not a quitter.

# JOURNAL TWO

## SAM

**[Nov. 12, 2004]**

sinking through the floor  
i am no more

...

i once was here before  
dead forever more

**[Nov. 15, 2004]**

**Automated machines of London**

You move the same, you look the same.  
You walk the same, you talk the same.  
You are cattle and London is your pen.  
You obey, they say, you do.  
They control you.  
You are the Automated Machines of London...

When you are lining up to stand, I'll walk.  
I'm real, I'm alive, and I'll live my life.  
You are the Automated Machines of London...  
Then you die.

**[Nov. 17, 2004]**

I'm comforting myself. Surrounding myself with Comics. I know that by reading something entertaining I'll start to grin and smile for those 10minutes. I feel upset and a bit lost to say the least. I've noticed that I've become a new person. Still wondering if I'm for the better. See I like the new me.

New. Grown up-ish. I feel good about myself-ish. I'm happy, no ish. It's just weird that at this point of my life I feel so fucking happy I have things that I've been working for since ever, I feel lucky. Lucky. I just don't really have Friends I mean I have 'Friends' but no-one interestingly intellectually excitingly stimulating... You know? So, yeah I feel a bit... blank.

Feeling better, just bored of the same thing. Needing something different...

Hallowe'en on Christmas anyone?

**[Nov. 24, 2004]**

i'm only here for this moment,  
but in this moment, i don't even feel like i'm here.

**[Dec. 5, 2004]**

What to do with a guy who aint happy with himself?

I have no clue. I just want to be happy with him. Laugh with him. Dance with him. Run around holdin' hands. Fallin' deeper in love with him. Kissing and rolling around all day on the floor. Not carin' 'bout anythin' or anyone, just too busy being in love. Understanding each other. Smiling and laughter, runnin' about in the summer. Water-balloon fighting. Snow ball fightin' in the winter. Making a snowman. Warmin' it up by a fire late at night. Layin' in bed talking all night.

This is what I wanna do to you/with you...

Everything's fine the way it is.

But what do you do with a man who aint happy with himself?

Instead it seems, glimpses of happiness, happiness so great, everything's fine. Then one of us gets down. ...And from then on, it's a downward spiral, carrying on too late.



Be happy with me, for fucks sake?

I LOVE YOU i love you I LOVE YOU i love you I LOVE  
YOU i love you I LOVE YOU i love you I LOVE YOU i  
love you I LOVE YOU i love you I LOVE YOU i love you  
I LOVE YOU i love you I LOVE YOU i love you I LOVE  
YOU i love you I LOVE YOU i love you I LOVE YOU i  
love you I LOVE YOU i love you I LOVE YOU i love you  
I LOVE YOU i love you I LOVE YOU i love you I LOVE  
YOU i love you I LOVE YOU i love you I LOVE YOU i  
love you I LOVE YOU i love you I LOVE YOU i love you  
I LOVE YOU

Do you love me too?

**[Dec. 12, 2004]**

For the first time, we made love.  
My first time.

**[Dec. 12, 2004]**

Laying down with my head buried in Pillows.  
Hearings those sounds...  
Static Beep & the Silent Crickets.

**[Dec. 29, 2004]**

Running off our heads on half a bottle of vodka between.  
Walking through the wooded land. The trees grew tall and  
whispered to us. "Orcs and Goblins, they come, come". The  
Orcs armed with Pebbles and Rocks; the Goblins with  
nothing but a few Sticks. The Winter Warriors are running

for their helpless lives. Our helpless lives. We grew strong. We were strong. Stood our ground with a Rock that one of the two Winter Warriors had found. Me, one Winter Warrior with a piece of severed wood that the Ents had given to me for setting him free. "They come!" we shouted we waited. They saw us. We ran. We run. We run. A fight had taken place. The Orcs had cornered Dom. He screamed. "Fuck you!" Smash. A rock had smashed the Goblins head into a small Wagon. The barkings of Orcs came ever so nearer. Closer. I had got cornered I walked slowly up to the Goblin King. "Hah" I quietly whispered. Crash! His frail body shattered like a thousands pieces of glass.

As I gazed through his body I saw into the past. Clearly. A clear rendition of what had happened. 2 Cars beaten. Smashed. Their blood drawn.

We had won the Battle

**[Dec. 30, 2004]**

I went insane today. Never again.

**[Dec. 31, 2004]**

Right now Dom's talking to Falcore.

I better attend to them.

**[Jan. 05, 2005]**

Conversation doesn't have to be meaningful.

It's all about discovery.

**[Jan. 14, 2005]**

Well I've got a bit to look forward to anyway. Dom. Coming tonight. I don't know, Dom and me, I really think we've got something really... eurg without sounding too

much like a great episode of Batman... Strong. Heh. Would be good to have some company about now.. Saturdays plans are sounding more and more cool.. A trip to the Natural History Museum... A day hopefully. A fucked day...

...maybe.

**[Jan. 15, 2005]**

Imagine you're famous. Imagine you're a star. You're on the stage. Everyone loves you. They do... No...

You're in your room in front of the mirror with a light square in your face.

You're at a normal job. You get on the Tube to your normal job.

Your normal life where no one even knows you exist. A normal life where your friends 'going somewhere' you're not.

You're going nowhere.

In fact you're just at your house. On your computer. Reading this fucking mess. That's how bloody useless and helpless you are. Because... Your life means nothing.

**[Jan 27, 2005]**

I feel totally disconnected from society today. Ignored. I suppose I could scream while I was on the train and no one would turn around. No one would look at me. Maybe I'm crying for attention. Maybe? Of course I am. On the train thinking it's probably just really me and my thoughts. That's it. When getting off the train and walking with the huge crowds of what looked like cattle. I saw a man. A policeman was by him I saw him for a split second but he came up to me while I was walking and asked for a light. I ignored him and walked on by even though I had a lighter in my pocket. Was it the fact he was with a policeman. Not really just the fact that that's what any Londoner would do.

And that annoys me the most.

On to another train, Victoria. To my destination. Highbury & Islington. It seemed like the longest ride ever again I was feeling quite alone while thinking that I could be compared to Super Mario.. Or just Mario. Tied down until he finds the magic feather... A long run and he's up in the air. Flying. Free. It's a stupid comparison, I've never been good at them to tell you the truth and mostly always embarrassed myself while attempting to seem 'Intellectual'. More times than you would think. Now the longest train ride of my life has ceased. When waiting for the doors to open it seemed like I was tripping all over again, I looked around and felt an awkward space surrounding me. Everyone had jumped away. I didn't even realise why. It was probably because I was panicking and trying to open the doors Manually. I tripped and fell flat on my face. Now. Embarrassment surrounded me at this point so much so that I was terrified to get back up. I'm not normally like this. I don't really care what people think. Do I?

I walk up the street and attempt to call Dom. No answer. When you really need some comfort in a person that means so much. You almost never get it. I suppose it's an unexpected thing.

Walking down the street I feel comfortable. I look at the sky. Filled up with rain deep heavy grey clouds that seem to descend on me. It starts to spit. Rain. I think to myself. I see a beggar and think.. "You best get used to it, that will be you in 10years."

The man I saw asking for a lighter.. Well will also probably be me when I get bored and dabble. Drugs.

I feel really alone. This probably hasn't come out the way I intended it. What's the worth anyway... It's not like anyone reads this apart from the obvious 1. I don't know if I even want people to read this anymore... Pen and paper seem more appealing than ever.

As I listen to my music. As I am swept away by

creativity. As I am no longer in reality.

To let go of my thoughts and emotions has for me been an endless and on going task. As quickly as something is forgotten about another is discovered or created. As any young person, I should imagine, I wonder about my future about my life about where I will be 10 years from now, I suppose even in age we all do the same. The most influential gift to man at this time is for me Knowledge. Knowledge of why? Knowledge of how? Knowledge of the human species. This is also the most destructive. I have always thought about the question, the question that everyday I face, the question that I suppose haunts me and has for a very long time. This question is.. "Who am I?" it is the simplest of all questions maybe the most obvious. If this is true then I suppose I am the most incompetent person to walk the planet. I choose to call them Identity Issues even if by external law they are not. This has destroyed me. This has made me. Yet this question still remains.

Knowledge is for me a sin I would rather live without. A sin I can understand as to why Adam and Eve were punished.

The world to me. The world is maybe one of the loneliest places I could ever imagine in a city of millions.. in a country of billions in a world of hundreds of millions of billions. I am still alone. I may have "companionship" I may have "comfort" but one thing I lack is "understanding"? I have it within my relationship but externally I lack this. The world to me is a cold place. The human race in my eyes is probably one of the dirtiest species not from what they are, but from what they have created. Everything to me is a box, a room. To everyone that is the same. But until it is filled then it becomes a place. A shop. A station. A GAP. To me it is still a box, a room. And it is still empty even though it is filled. This is hard to understand and even harder to explain so this remains un-justified.

When I see this. I see this a lot lately. When I do I

begin to tremble and get quite scared. I begin to feel sick. Bottom of my stomach sickness the same feeling I have now. Tiny butterflies fluttering around inside my stomach. I sometimes get so scared that I feel I need the toilet. Why am I so scared of this world? This life? Because there is no meaning in anything. Everything is worthless and cheap.

And so the boy finds solitude and creativity in music. For him life is meaningless. For him his creativity is the only soul thing that keeps him here. When he has created his piece. He can rest in peace. And so he will die a lonely man.



