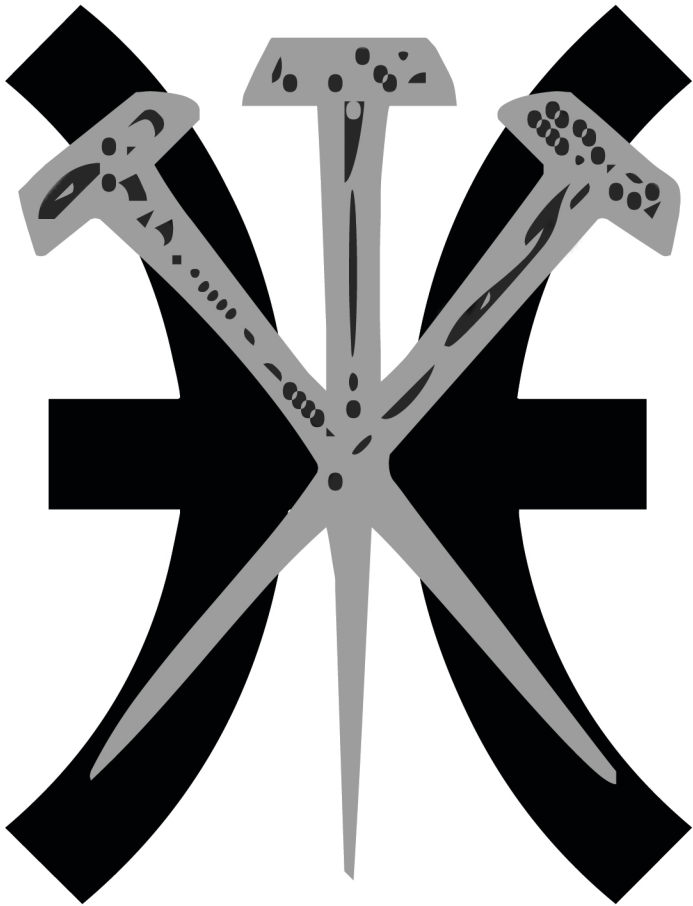


THE MUSHROOM DIARIES
Supplementary Material



THE MUSHROOM DIARIES
An Insider on the Outside Looking In



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AN INSIDER ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN

The Mushroom Diaries is a beautiful book, which made for a really good read. If I was to analyse and conclude this book as an outsider, a complete stranger I would say this.

I've tasted the sweetest drug known to man, far sweeter than heroin. Love. The love for one person, its addiction and come down never ending. There's no powder, no needles, no pill to take. The hit **lays within** the person, their soul, their essence. Here, right now, this minute, everything is confirmed. I can love no other, will be incapable of loving anyone as much as Sam, my addiction to him lifelong.

*Dominic Lyne, **The Mushroom Diaries***

The love between Dom and Sam is genuine, you cannot doubt that. The real sadness in this book is that fear destroys and mutates this genuine love and turns it into something far worse than any drug. This book is not about the loss of another person, the loss of a loved one but the loss of self. This is suicide, incomplete; the job half done. This drug had half killed Dom (I can't talk for Sam as we do not know his thoughts) and if Dom had not found the strength to move on this drug would have finished him off and that feels like a certainty in my heart. This drug was not mushrooms but love in its worse form.

Was this love too good to be real? Was the reality of

this love too much to deal with? Was it too good for this world? Whatever the need was for chemical escape throughout the book you can see it is not taking the love in the right direction; instead it seems to take it to a dangerous place.

This book emphasises a personal belief of mine; love is separateness. Keeping control of love is the hardest challenge known to man, but to succeed in it is an act of love in itself.

Dom and Sam become absorbed in each other, they become one. It's almost as if they want their souls to merge with in one physical body through the fear that otherwise they have the means to part. Dom puts so much of himself into Sam, he gives him so much. It seems that everything he does is halved; half goes into his own soul, the rest into Sam. Within Sam there is now half of Dom, a soul being fed purely on Dom's love, and Dom can never get this back but will always be connected. When they part the connection is stretched, it stretches Dom's soul and pulls on his heart and it snaps. As well as losing Sam he has just lost the biggest part of himself; a part of his soul which he relied so heavily on, which gave him purpose. This is where the hole has come from and this is why love must always remain separate. Do not take love's power for granted. Again and again stories tell us that if you allow love to be your whole life it will kill you. Love must be respected and its power never undermined, you must work together and look after it as if it were a being itself, you must love love for it to work. You must show it boundaries, show it right and wrong, and take care of it like a child because it knows nothing of our worlds. If you just let go of it it will do as it pleases. Love is not always good, love, like a human being, is a monster if left to its own devices. It is a parasite, it will consume your entire soul, it will find your every fear and control you like a

puppet. It will kill you until it is full and its work is done.

On a personal level this book did make me cry. Not because of the moments of true love and romance, not because of the self induced hell Dom seems to put himself through but because his is still here. As the book so rightly starts: “to myself for being here”. Dom was poisoned by love more than he was ever poisoned by mushrooms because he would have died for it.

I made a promise to always be there for you, it's a promise which shall remain unbroken. I shall be right by your side no matter what, in spirit if not in person. You will never be alone, there is always one person thinking above all others.

*Dominic Lyne, **The Mushroom Diaries***

Here is his mistake, the mistake that nearly cost him his life. Dom makes promises to others that he can't make to himself. What good would he be to Sam if he was dead? What good is that promise then? It will be nothing but a broken promise. If he means what he wrote there's only one way he can keep to those words; firstly he needs to promise it to himself, to his own soul, his own love and goodness. I love Dom because I am able to love him; I am able to love him because most importantly I love myself. The love of oneself teaches you how to love others without self-destructing or causing harm. The strange thing is that promise has been made to Dom already; his existential soul that lies within Sam, his hit, his love, HIM, but does he recognise that?

Love is not an addiction, love is not a drug. Love is for TRUE, REAL protection, happiness and fulfilment and NO drug, NO addiction will ever supply that. Do not let love

ruin you. Dom, borrow my eyes and look at yourself because I know watching your reaction would make me the happiest man on earth. Don't ever doubt my love because it is true. I will lend you my eyes endless times to remind you of this if that is what will keep loves poisons from harming you.

*Alan Burdett is director and founder of **KillerStrawberry** Clothing. Outside of business he had the torment of being the boyfriend of Dominic Lyne – author of **The Mushroom Diaries**.*

