

High School: A Short Story

by Brendan Lee Sprague

I have to fill in some gaps to my life.

Once it was said, that Christ was "hidden by his youth" or somehow has invisible years to the public, or world of history. He is not known, or his going-ons, are not known, to the teenage, or years of his twenties, and only seem to begin in his thirties.

I, myself, was a teenager once, and this book is called High School.

We hacked the school server the first day, me and Jeffery J. - it was easy for him, all he had to do was tell me about it.

Me and Jordan already hacked the entire cool-girl clique in eighth grade, and we maintained power in our own minds.

Though girls and some people tried to mock or tease us, we always had this secret connection to each other -- the geeks and goths and essentially "different" types of people, individuals, who went to high school at MDIHS.

I woke up one day, post-high from valium I'd stolen off my Dad's dresser, and stumbled onto the floor to put on my socks from the previous day.

I put on some dark heavy pants, sprayed myself with Apollo axe, and also put on some deodorant. I found a black shirt of any kind, and was out the door.

I put on, "Razed In Black" -- "Oh My Goth" (the rock radio remix), and jived on the bus-ride to the scenery.

I liked staring out the window while I listened to music. IT was like a music video, made out of real life.

I used a Sony Walkman CD Player.

It was usually colored black, and I remember a black one I used for years.

I had a couple CD cases I kept loaded with CD's, in my backpack, with also notebooks I wrote lyrics in, and at sixteen I cared more about God than I could describe to anyone, always wanting to explore reality, yet never able to tell anyone. They listened, but never really heard or felt from me that I had spiritual desires.

I privately burned purple musk in my bedroom, listened to extremely dark music, usually electronic rock, otherwise known as Industrial Rock, like Gravity Kills, Christ Analogue, Sister Machine Gun, or the Nine Inch Nails.

I wanted to prove myself as an artist, too, so I was working on a mental project called "Control M" which I've told you about.

CTRL + M was a machinetic CD of prophecies, and was meant to provide a instant backdrop to my future. CTRL + M being a key-command to instantly mix, that even by the year 2021 is not a key command in most mixing programs, I see this CD has been in my top five for a few years, now that I can see that my work from high school actually gets attention, I think the years might have mattered more than I thought they did.

I wrote the song "Rightness" in small print in a blue notebook, along with "Committed" also written in extremely small text while I was in study hall.

I wrote a lot of lyrics in-between classes, and in the cafeteria usually.

Sometimes I sat against the wall, and wrote on the floor, or wherever I could.

I didn't really write that much, though.

I only wrote one line at a time.

I would just focus on the rhymes.

I also, placing the alphabet abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz at the top of each page, made myself more aware of one-syllable tones, or rhymes, that I could use.

I've shared this before.

Writing lyrics kept my mind intact, while I did other things that might distract me from being the best version of myself.

When writing was all I could do, I usually had to wait for something.

In a doctors waiting room, or on the bus, or anywhere I had to wait for something, I'd remove my pencil I carried, and write a short lyric, and then put away my notebook as if nothing happened, and keep listening to "Falling" by Gravity Kills.

I liked Godhead a lot too, also, I have to mention.

I had a writing class.

The name of my teacher was "Miss Meyers" and she claimed to have an interest in zombies and vampires.

We were all in a weird group, because she treated us like "above-age children" -- had a witchy way about her.

I think she was 26.

She might be the same person who wrote vampire books known as the Twilight series, but I can't prove this.

One day, later in life, she showed up drunk with a group of young friends and I helped her get popcorn.

She seemed like she wanted to keep her distance from me, but she had a powerful smile that night.

I remember we read the book, "The Things We Carried" -- about Vietnam. I hope I'm getting the title right. We also were allowed to read our own books of choice, and I selected "The Martian Chronicles" as one of the books I wanted to read, as well as "A Clockwork Orange." She graded my paper, that I titled, "The things I carried," and it went a little something like this:

'I carry a world of guilt for the world itself. I know I am better. I carry a guitar. I carry a whirlwind of emotion. I carry chemicals inside of me. I carry this strange, unsound guilt that I am reasonlessly better than other people. I carry a fear that I Might lose my greatness, so I do everything to hold on to it. I carry no real problems, like physical ones, except for my own body, so I carry own weight. I carry that guilt, though. And I feel like I need something. I carry so much, yet I need so much more.'

She gave me a B+, and looked like she might've had tears in her eyes,

because I really confessed a lengthy series of paragraphs to her.

I was alone in her room with her, once, and she said, "what about a zombie book, where this creepy goth guy is like the scary zombie, and a girl falls in love with him..?" And I said, "Oh. I don't really subscribe to the violence genre." And she seemed taken aback, with some thought of a time traveler in her mind, already reading a piece of her book, describing Brendan dressed in black as he paged through the Twilight book he'd found in the hospital, and she mocked and teased the way he looked. Brendan, me, walked away, totally dressed in black, and kind of confused by her.

She stared at my from her desk as I walked away.

* * * * *

M, my obfuscated girlfriend, was a nice girl to know.

She was sexy, had a way of dressing in red and black, and always liked to keep up with things.

We talked each lunch, and I really liked her more than she knows.

I liked her insecurities.

She was funny, the way she cared so much, when she didn't really need to try.

I saw her as a pretty special person, and so we thought instead of saying, "I love you" over the phone, since it was too adulterated, we'd say, "You're a special person and I care about you" each time we hung up the phone at the end of each phone-call.

I talked, but really usually did more listening when I called her.

It was kind of sexy, though, having her dial-tone frequencies up-close to my ear at night, sometimes randomly calling me in the middle of the end of the day, after school, and keeping me on the phone with her for an hour.

I got a phone-call from a girl I had a serious crush on, once, also, while dating M. Who I might as well just use my own codename, to hide her best, and say her name was "S" -- she was dark-haired, and very sweet.

I miss some of the people from those days, but we saw each-other mostly at school ..

In the plaster and cement walls of a dank building that smelled like food all the time, and sweat, and pencil lead.

I went to M's house a few times, and then a few times more, until it became a habit, we started hanging out together from the movies, to anywhere in general.

I used to frequency message boards in the nineties, and late millennium, and when it was finally the year 2002, I usually inhabited the Failure, or Autolux message boards. I went on the bigfatgun server, and talked to the private group of Autolux fans, a group of music people, and I was really high on two hits of strong klonopin one night, and I posted, to their confusion, more mature words than I usually write.

"We are tempting the impossible with every missing tear. .. The divine aftershade of our common bliss, is a mutually felt feeling only our tears can hardly miss and You know me all the time. We're sorry, but not really. I regret nothing except for tears of that after shade, the bliss and sadness of my better days in the future years. Because I am here right now. In this continuum, with you, but long after this, servers later, I will

writhe in another way."

"I Don't Know where you get the stuff you're thinking, or doing, but you're not normal to me. You're definitely in a weird state of mind when you posted this."

Rock

M.

Mark wrote, in response.

I didn't write anything else in the post, and it just disappeared under all the other posts. I tried to find it later on, but I wasn't able to.

The moderator's name was Rick, I think, and he was really funny to me.

I think I knew and he knew that I was trouble on some servers, but my only offense there was in the form of words. So he kind of thought I was funny, too, I think.

I grew up with a sensibility about death, and resurrection. I knew we all came from something, and ended with the same thing. I always kind of knew this.

I had existential angst, at the same time, since with drugs and partying my own life would always be threatenable.

The Valium that I purchased online had already been lost in flavor, generic pills or not, and they did nothing for me.

I had a two-year addiction through sixteen to the end of my seventeenth year.

I essentially just dosed things in my eighteenth year, trying pot without getting high toward the end one night at N'.s

I got high off pot at nineteen, and I smoked it leisurely.

A joint a night.

I made a religion of staring up at the stars each night, and when I did, I always had a good enough joint to get stoned.

You really get stoned when you first smoke weed.

I looked up at the stars every night.

I kept my pot-smoking a secret for six months, without a problem, and then I bought from people at work, and it became obvious to others I was a fiend about weed.

I tried to be cool, but I really never smoked with anyone else.

I tried to be nice, but I just bought for myself, and had enough to last a month at a time.

Or two weeks, give or take.

It was pre-legalization.

Sometime before the tragic years of 9/11 state of emergency U.S.A.

Before the mind-control.

Before the corruption.

Before the hate, and dramatizations we see on reality TV, the news, and

social broadcast wars televised to keep us distracted from our own problems.

I asked M what she wanted one night, and she said "I don't know" so I came up with ways to give her an orgasm.

It didn't work out, but I remember walking through a swamp, and the entire woods in front of us her house in the pitch black night to go down on her.

I used to climb up through her window.

I was seventeen at the time.

She did the same for me, with different results, and I didn't feel much, which somehow made me feel much more.

I looked "dizzy" the next day, wearing a dark blue Deadsy sweatshirt, sitting in my later English class with Miss Vaf.

Miss Myers rated me as a "B+" student, she told me in her own words, even though I had a C-average.

It is true I skipped the math section on my SAT's, yet still got into college smoothly, and with no scholarship or tuition. I studied at Husson where jocks work as football players, and creepy-goatee'd young men study criminology. I got transferred to NESCOM once I had enough credits, and soon I was studying audio engineering.

High school didn't end just because there was a future ahead, though.

Time doesn't stop for the future.

I still had to find out why M cheated on me with J. Lanpher, and how

come so much disquietude existed between me and the other goth kids.

This girl "Kim" who sat on a bench outside the cafeteria kept confessing things to me, and finally she told me she is suicidal one day.

She'd be a stuck-up bitch later in life, but I did everything I could for her.

I got a lot of good "candy" from the tin-can that M's mom used to house valium and klonopins. She'd give me two, to three at a time, sometimes. I rarely paid her for the pills. I was also continually able to steal them off my Dad's dresser.

Valium made me feel like I was on the moon.

I didn't smoke weed in high school, and I didn't drink. I was a teenage valium addict.

Getting off the bus, I sometimes would walk down the street, knowing I had a tissue-full, or pocket somewhere with a "V" in it.

The klonopin just kind of got mixed in, because it's a similar prescription drug.

I used to order pills off Starlite Pharmacy, an India-driven website that also shipped out of Thailand, pills of all kinds.

The long story is how I became burned out by eighteen, and couldn't take another pill, so I saved them for an entire year around my twenties, and ended up selling them out of my dorm room, to college students while I was attending Husson.

I think I made about \$350.

The virtual items I sold from a gaming community fared me at least

\$1,500, and I spent it all on pot. The money was transferable from ebay funds to my paypal card, so I visited the campus ATM machine a lot.

I had a need to be satisfied.

I wasn't going to let go of my dream to become a songwriter, even if it was unrealistic to my history ..

So, I took all the drugs, pills, and drank as much as I wanted to when I was in my younger years.

I knew life was about experience, so I tended to remember my experiences at parties.

It's all like a movie to me, and I worship my ability to have a new experience.

I stopped writing lyrics when I was nineteen, and didn't write much for a while, but I still wanted to make music.

Eventually it dawned on me that I could just improvise lyrics, since I didn't feel the need to hide much.

Freudian slips occurring with an improv songwriter are pretty funny, but I know I need to "want to perform" in order to truly improvise a good song.

I have 1.500 songs on my free music page now, and I have actually improvised most of the lyrics to these songs.

I never performed live with an improvised song, on stage, and still to this day hope to.

I know this story is kind of not so linear, but life, when you look at it

through the lens of memory is not really linear, when you see so many different memories mixed with real life.

I rarely describe my experiences, as far as the effect or feeling of the drugs I take, for fear of being judged.

A lot of writers will try and say your subconscious mind generates the information your conscious mind is being fed when you open up a portal or gateway inside of yourself, so all of your drug experiences essentially arrive from you in the first place.

It seems personal -- like talking about sex.

Kind of a college thing, anyway, and I've grown out of that style of thinking.

The strongest drug I've ever taken is LSD, and it was only once.

Probably one of the weirdest, and most amazing nights of my life, but people like to discount my experience, and other people's, because there was a drug involved.

Psychic events aren't recorded much in America, except for witchcraft and poltergeists anyway.

I still have a scar in the middle of my left palm.

Going back to my high school days, I remember the curvacious body of Miss Meyers was always there in the mornings when I thought about S.

Like sex collides on certain days, the hormone level would just be at this scale of power, or "rate" where at the rate of which my hormones were functioning, I had an unnecessary need "for more."

We went to a punk rock show with M and her mom brought a Altoids case of pills. I took two while I was at the concert, and was also drinking soda. I ran into the crowd, and started moshing almost as soon as the pills took effect. I remember pushing off the edge of the stage with my feet, and "bouncing off of peoples bodies like I was a molecule, and we were all molecules." I banged heads with one guy, that wasn't fun. She ran out of pills by the end of the night. I ended up taking four.

The day before, we had a test in computer Apps II.

A kid beside me, who walked with this jaunty step, had the Javascript perfect on his computer, and it took only one glance to see the satisfied look on his face that his test was done. I missed a semicolon or comma in my code, and no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't get the code right, so I routed my way through the school network to his computer, and got the code off his computer, and pasted it over mine. Saved the test, and got an A Minus in the class.

I remember in video class, later on, with the same teacher, I always had this kind of sly grin when I talked to Mr. Lowe.

He was like Calvin Coolidge, the way he talked to people. So blunt and respectful, yet somehow bitter, and overtly aware of things. He presided over the tech department of MDIHS, and I hacked a kid right in front of him.

Once, at school, I told Mario M. about Rotten.com and he got in trouble for "looking at pictures of dead people" when a group of cool girls noticed that his screen had some dark imagery on it.

I walked through the halls, dressed entirely in black, and wore a Dead Kennedys shirt, bent low to get a sip from the water-fountain, and sat at a table's end, in the cafeteria, to work on my lyric entitled, "Committed" -- which I spent a month writing.

It turned out to be only 17 lines.

I was slated to see the guidance counselor today, so I sat outside the office, and waited.

I had to wait ten minutes, so I picked up my CD player, and put on the song "Dai The Flu" by the Deftones.

Finally, the counselor showed up.

They didn't have many suggestions for me.

Jeffery had Quake loaded on one of the library computers, and we spent the ass-end of Lunch blasting each-others heads off while the librarians walked around us, oblivious to the computer screens.

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I broke a fingernail today, so I can't play guitar today. I don't like using a pick, so I'll just have to record my guitar track for Committed in a week. It broke pretty bad. Index finger.

I never really thought I'd need to take such good care of my fingernails until I played ukulele, though.

I logged in to Herbal Love the next morning, and ordered about \$300 worth of sexual supplements before class. I took some ginseng over the sink, ate a couple raw eggs, lifted about 20 reps with my hand-weights in my bedroom, and then got onto the bus.

I walked through the front doors, where my locker was nearby to the entrance, dropped my bag on the floor, and started to get my things ready for class. I went straight to class, and Miss Meyers gave me a detention

for lateness, even though I took the bus. Somehow, I always managed to be late for class. I probably got about 20 detentions for being late for class in all, but it was probably thirty. I wrote a lot of lyrics in detention, too.

I think I went to get a Fruit2-O, Grape flavor, before class, and wanted to find a certain CD in my CD-case I wanted ready for study hall. I was really determined to figure out a certain line in the lyric.

I was piecing it together like a puzzle.

Committed was a song I wanted to use "as many frequencies as possible" and maybe cover the entire spectrum of audio frequencies. I wanted a guitar part like the guitar part in "Home" by Depeche Mode, and I wanted distorted, far-away vocals.

Sometime around this, I was in English class, or biology class, and we were told to watch TV in the other room.

The twin towers were shown on-screen, and I hadn't slept much. I remember a weird feeling when I watched the second twin tower fall.

I told someone, almost in a rhetoric of tone, "DO you think there's gonna be a war..?" like I was quizzing them.

I went home, and watched it again on TV, and cried a little.

The people jumping out of the buildings was the most horrifying part.

Imagining the fire, and the blaze of what it was like inside of the buildings wasn't fun for me, since I was only sixteen.

I finished Committed when I was seventeen.

It was a song in-between ages, and yet at the time I was writing a song I called "Rightness."

Why do we fear words, so much, that we can't make up our own..?

The next day at school, teachers talked to us about what 9/11 meant, and how "We should not forget" and stuff.

My friend Arno said jokes about supporting Jihad in the cafeteria, and I didn't think it was very funny.

I talked to Kim on the bench, and the subject didn't even enter into our discussion.

Same with M.

No one really cared at first.

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We watched a big-screen movie, in the auditorium, post 9/11, and it was about fear in America, gun-violence, and how policing worked. We also had veterans come into talk with us, and one of them cried.

A car-wreck happened that same year, and a young student named Clint, who was popular, died in a drunk-driving accident.

The cool kids didn't seem to do anything but draw power from the effect of news media, while us goths sat in the background and observed while the punks took pride in the event also, and it almost seemed "cool" for some high schoolers to be on the side of the terrorists at MDIHS, which I didn't understand. I was also bullied more around this time than usual.

There was a kid in my Spanish class who gave me shit. A dude in

computer class named Scottie who liked to use his girth as a weapon. Someone named Jeffery I mentioned who would turn out to be trouble later in life.

Arno still wasn't funny, and Mario took up smoking cigarettes, and couldn't stop listening to bad death metal like Cradle of Filth, and now wore their t-shirts.

Freshman followed him around like he was a one-man clique, and I was never close enough to become friends with him even though him, me, and a girl named Sarah tried to start a punk band, to perform at the Kave.

We only practiced about three times.

I played a silver spray-painted silvertone guitar, that always broke strings.

Sally watched us practice the last time, and she said she really liked the way we sounded.

I remember I could hardly keep up with Sarah's drumming.

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We went out to a place called "Crossroads" and I watched as M talked to everyone, literally everyone in the entire building, while I sat at a table alone by myself.

I went out into the woods, and took a walk into the night after I got home.

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One of the teachers in my chemistry class said, "This could mean an all-

out war between America, and the Middle East." And I just rolled my eyes.

It is true I cried, though.

All of those innocent people, attacked from whatever vantage, by whatever force or enemy, to be obliterated of their free will and lives, in the thousands, with rubble to say for it.

I hated how some kids at school reacted to it.

Like it was "cool" and placed our country "in the fray."

It wasn't long, I was in a hotel room with my Dad and I watched as the color red flashed across the screen, and Iraq was being bombed.

"But they weren't even the ones who did it." I complained.

And he just said, "I know. This is a spooky thing to see on TV."

We tended to share our thoughts more closely back then, since I smoked pot with my dad back when I was in college.

Since this happened around 2003, and I was going to be in high school for the entirety of the formation of the Patriot Act.

George W. Bush always looked like he had a "wily grin" when he was on TV.

He truly couldn't speak English properly.

In a later English class, with a teacher named Mr. Rich I wrote a "report" on brainwashing, and torture in America.

(And overseas).

He didn't say anything about the paper, but I got an A.

The only thing is, I wrote it on an openly-observed computer (my family computer), and wrote it in the form of a manual.

Though some argue what these letters truly stand for, the three D's of torture, or brainwashing are (and in order) demoralization, deconditioning and defamation. We must "break down the enemy" to build them back up the way we want them to be. The same method used in Boot Camp.

Americans also were reported to blast the industrial rock band "Skinny Puppy" at detainee's at Guantanamo Bay, as a form of torture, since with their trick-tuning and overwashed scream-vocals, machine noise, and heavy satanic influence, it was imaginably easy to torture people with their music.

Americans are pretty proficient at torture now.

It's a pretty sick exercise in human nature, when violence movies, and rated-R films are more geared for sixteen and older now, and we're more accustomed to accept violence in this country than we used to be ..

It's very sad.

I went to Hot Topic the next day with my dad. He didn't go in with me. I walked through, and glanced at the JTHM comics, and band t-shirts. I bought two t-shirts, and a CD called Punk O'Rama Volume Three.

I went back home, also, with some other CD's from the record store in the mall.

It always smelled like flowers and fire in the mall in Bangor.

The lights used to be dim all the time. And they had these fountains, people would deluge with mall-change.

The fountains had lights inside of them, and the orange-lit mall was always dark.

There was a theater near the mall, and my favorite film I saw (when I was young) was probably "A Nightmare Before Christmas," but in those teen years, it was probably Batman Begins, when I worked at the movie theater after high school. I was about 19 or 20.

I loved how the girls at H.T. were forcibly desired to wear dark clothes. It was like a goth church.

If only my punk friends understood. I thought more about death, loss, and resurrection than "the world" or some weird sociology.

I just saw the world as it was, but I wanted to know more.

They never seemed to ask the questions I did.

I remember listening to Ova Looven's previous project Antarctica, and the washed-out ambient guitars and melodic music like an orchestra in my head as I wrote lyrics in study hall, and then would think about my friends, and felt so far away.

Kim.

M.

S.

Mario.

Arno.

Jeffery.

And all of the people I knew.

I knew they were nothing like me.

Sometimes, this kid Jake Emlen would sit with me at English class, and ask me questions about music. I told him about my mini studio back at home, and offered to make music with him if he played the drums, because I outright told him I needed a drummer.

We jammed at his house once, and it was cool, but the sycophantic buzz he got off me faded when he found out I smoked weed.

I lost contact with him eventually, and Jordan, my old friend from the eighth grade, told me that Jake got into cocaine.

He was living some jaded high-life, while we both went to college, and talked about it over AOL.

I remember I was in my dorm room when he told me that.

My favorite band when I was young was "Failure" -- headed by a producer known as Ken Andrews.

I listened to the Deftones a lot, but I really favored lighter acoustic indie music later in life, so I started listening to the Donnie Darko soundtrack, and music from the Magnolia soundtrack a lot as my bridge to lighter music.

I played the acoustic guitar a lot, lying on my bed. I hated having to change strings, and fix the tuning. It took forever to get good at that.

Post 9/11 we really did get a weird feeling in our school, since every winter someone seemed to die in a car-wreck, and the madness of how George W. Bush was just choosing to go after Iraq, invading Afghanistan when we never really knew who Al Qaeda, or any of these Terrorist groups even were before the attacks took place.

There wasn't just ignorance surrounding the event, when I grew up in the nineties I never thought about terrorism at all.

We only thought about the idea of terrorism, and "The Patriot Act" After 9/11 took place.

Now that we've had the ordeal already from everyone expecting the world to end in 1999, forcing champagne down my teenage throat because of an error in computer programming clocks from a zero and a decimal point, I had a lot of trouble dealing with "why" unless some new world order wanted to persuade the public into a state of fear by repeating the number 9 or 1, in what is known as the Corona Virus.

Just what is this great emergency we are all so afraid of other than ourselves, really.

If we really sought human freedom, we'd pursue a dream where no one needs to fear the other, and such ideas as this as "quickly deal with as possible" are better than making media frenzies, and propaganda to fuel the public's interest, to distract us from our daily lives, when no one cares about people with towel's on their heads who scare people with cheap box-cutters, since most American's are tough enough to deal with their problems on their own.

It was proven through that United flight, but people in America still seem to be wussing out when it comes to the fear of control.

In high school I really was more in the pursuit of learning than you would normally expect a C-grade average student to be, and yet I was always on a learning path in my youth in spite of my grades.

Drugs helped me not cope, but strive for more, and my relationships with females, and "the punk crowd" or "the goth crowd" enlightened me to the pain of others.

When Kim told me she was suicidal, I actually believed her, and I remember staring pale-faced off into the distance at Lunch while May and M wondered what was wrong with me.

When Clint died, the mother talked for an hour about how she would have given up the entire rest of her life, to somehow prevent the last few tragic years of loss from happening, or make some kind of sacrifice to save her beloved son, when all he did was die from someone else's hand in a drunk-driving accident, that more vilified the driver than the beast of alcohol.

There was a real weird feeling when the veterans spoke, also.

The auditorium had these big masks in it, lining the upper walls, and they were spookily realistic.

I'll never forget peering up at the upside of the ceiling, to look at the masks that previous senior's had decorated, to think about anything but the railing nonsense that was coming out of the speaker's mouths in our auditorium.

They had enough with nothing but football news in the school paper, and a faked "supposed" terrorist threat at our own school which happened to

involve one of my friends.

John L. was reported to be "bringing something to school" and he didn't even show up to school at all -- the next day he was angry, because an entire gymnasium get-together was formed to talk about the potential school threat.

It all happened pretty fast, but the fear-level in America rose almost overnight once the Patriot Act set into place, and we were officially invading Iraq and Afghanistan.

The police state mentality was starting to take hold.

It's not really "funny" .. but I am taking a prescription pill version of the drug I was once addicted to in high school, at this moment right now, crossed with an antidepressant with qualities like oxycodone.

I'm writing this from a community house, and I'm pretty much high right now.

I used to stumble out of cars on this stuff.

"Terror Politics" almost seems like a rational idea according to the standards of news agencies, and the common mainstream defamations that now take place over the lines.

It's mainstream to broadcast, and popularize fear, and fearful ideas.

America numbs itself with drugs, and saturates itself with films, movies, and TV-shows to escape reality even more, while real thoughts are lost to the virtual, and people only hope to "cope" with reality, when oneness or a sense of exploration of transcendence should've been attempted early on.

I attempted transcendence early on.

I never thought of the musk incense I burned as a transcendent way to change the feng shui or feelings of my room, but I ended up becoming an incense burning individual pretty much to this present point in my life. I now burn all kinds of candles and incense, and I worship and pray, and purify, and "let go" or "add on" when I am practicing my interest in this belief.

I do tai chi now, more regularly mixed with weight-lifting, but tai chi nonetheless. Power stances are a general thing with me.

I never really lost my strength, and never needed to defend myself in my youth. Throughout my twenties, I never ran into a single scuffle or potential fight.

I was untouchable, because I knew Judo, also.

I could talk with just about anyone.

I was good at communicating enough such that I could get along sometimes with the worst people, and this was practiced a lot especially in my college years.

I knew I was no longer a hacker, but something known as "social engineering" was an idea I remainst in the interest of providing as a reality I could practice -- the programming of reality itself.

Keeping LED lights in my dorm room, and chillout music always playing, I was twenty one, so they let me keep beer in my fridge. I'd go out to a bench, and smoke a joint in the morning, and return to my dorm room to stare at my computer screen and think up songs to download off of soulseek.

My winamp was functioning well, and I always had a fast-and-easy-to-access playlist.

So, my playlist included The Church, Razed In Black, Bile, The Deftones, Aimee Mann, and various electronic songs, mixed with reggae and chillout tracks I'd collected or ripped off the internet.

I'd met very few people at first, in my first few years at school at Husson.

Back at high school, I knew the Goth crowd, the Geek crowd, the Prep crowd, the Weird crowd, and the Punk crowd.

I knew every clique somehow.

M was the bridge.

I think people in my later English class knew I was dating M, and she was kind of hot, and cuter for her age. With nice tits, and big hips, she just dressed in black a lot, and we looked good together.

We went to homecoming, as well as prom together.

I've had so many valium drives with her, I could fall in love with her passenger seat just as much as her.

She used to just eat popcorn and pay no attention to me when we went to the movies.

High on two klonnies, I wanted to cuddle with her at the third Lord Of The Rings, but she paid no attention to me. I really wanted her that night.

It was sad when she didn't realize how much I was interested in her.

S. was on the side, and always mystified me with their dark hair, and cute face, and rebellious style.

She was pretty desperate too, I found out, so it's weird how we never were able to connect. I guess M got in the way.

Malchial is the name of a demon or one of the demons that deals in people who steal or try to trample out the good of another, so I use Malchial as a name in my studies to remember, cast spells against, and remind myself through the power of nature, our lord God, and Jesus, that I am not discerning, I am sure when I know "someone" has done me wrong. So I say this in this report as a reason to say it again, that I believe in God more than that negative individual. Amen.

Whoever that really was, that intervened so much, and disallowed me from true love, I am only the one caught in the romeo and julietesque drama, the drama itself is more important than me, it seems, as some entire story so auditory, and vast, and selflessly designed for the enjoyment of others, since they're the only ones who are advantageous in my loss of love, and their own collective gain.

I remember so many lonely walks with my CD player, listening to dark electronic music, pretending I had a better life somewhere else.

The internet always served as my best escape, but only evolved to music in the end.

I didn't know, but I desired a connection to film that went beyond the movies themselves, I can't explain, but is like magic to me now.

Life is like a movie sometimes.

I drove to M's house with the help of my parents a lot, but I walked over sometimes.

We walked together in the halls sometimes.

She never knew about my valium habit.

I broke up with her over the phone, in what I hoped for her to be considered "amicably" and decided to go to college, since working in the warehouse wasn't working out for me.

So we saw each other very little after that, and I heard she was dating another guy from high school after me.

High on valium, sitting in the chair beside her, as we chain-watch movie rentals.

Eating chips to herself, oblivious to how high on cloud nine I was. When I did research on the pills, and found out I was taking Klonopin 2mg tablets also, I was excited because I realized they helped me the most.

I walked past Miss Meyers once, totally dressed in black, and she was writing notes in a journal.

"Goth guy. Vampire story." I couldn't see the note, though. I'm just sure that's the way she was.

Donnie Darko had a heavy effect on me, but I have a slight feeling she might've based some of the vampire story on me, the goth skinny guy in the halls, looking pale and purposefully-dejected.

Yeah, being the subject-matter of someone's story when you live your own life .. they mostly just don't like it when you think you're an actor or a songwriter without experience or something like that, but I've been one to find stories that reflect me a lot sometimes, when I read certain books or watch certain films. It's a Truman show-like feeling, and a centrality I've learned to accept, because it happens so much.

I knew everyone in the nineties.

I really chatted a lot, and my name was known to be associated with the site that set everyone free, with hacker tools available to anyone who logged in to deftoolz.cjb.net.

I was an exploitative -- a internet philanthropist by thirteen, and my exploits in the high school don't really counter the work I did in gaming communities chatrooms, though I helped the computer apps teacher out with his computer a lot, and I was still pretty much known in school to be very good with technology .. I worked online and offline on the same programming of reality, from VPChat to Uniball, and other sites to balance the level of power between user and authority. Server and client.

In the real world, I made music, and wore black, and burned musk, and had trouble dealing with the realities of others.

High school became a main thing, since I left the chatrooms behind all but VPChat, and a lonely conversation every now and then with a girl or two I knew on AOL -- usually late at night.

I had a trend of meeting girls in VPChat, befriending them. Chatting with them for a few days, and basically letting them know I was cool and the same age as them, and a worthy candidate for dating, and then just abruptly give some lame speech about why I choose to be lonely, and then stop talking to them.

It happened with at least ten girls.

Producing my own heartbreak was this masochistic thing I used to do.

It may've all started with S.

She was always there, with her dark hair, and I was with M. instead. I wanted to be with her, or at least "know" her.

I'll never forget that burned-out walk in the rain ..

Graduation day, I saw Jake, and we took a photo together. I also saw Jordan, and a few other old friends from school like Brian Soares, who was always honest.

I had a lot of good friends, really.

I still kept to myself, though.

I picked up a weed habit when I bought a bag off an old friend from elementary school.

It was bright green, and only three grams.

It still lasted a month.

I would twist a small J into the pinner I needed, and got blazed off nothing. I still weighed only 120 pounds back then.

Staring up at the stars around the age of nineteen, this again was a secret addiction. With the first hit, all of my worries were resolved.

I reflected on nothing.

I looked at the past, hardly at all.

All I wanted was the future.

* * * * *

Foggy air, and LED lights, a glowing disco-ball, lots of dancing kids and I was sitting on the floor.

I had just written a story called "Life Points" for my later English class, and Miss Vaf was vexed by my storytelling ability on the subject of algorithms and androids.

A teacher sat beside me, gave me a look, and just stared off, while sitting beside me. "So, what brought you here, Brendan..?"

And I just thought about it.

"Didn't some girl drag you here, too..?"

And got up, and walked away from him.

* * * * *

"I Worship You" by Razed In Black was playing on the black CD player, and I had musk burning.

I stared off at the corner, where I propped the Deftones CD-case up for myself to see, and looked at the four band-members standing beside a pool-table in a photograph.

I looked at the little Exit sign I taped to the floor with electrical tape, and smelled the heater.

The notebooks I used for lyrics were always stacked up.

I covered some of them with tape, cover to cover, and made sure no one ever looked inside of them.

My computer for music was across the room, and I lied in bed, listening

to the distorted arpeg.

I never took valium at this time. I had to quit cold turkey, with no one knowing about the habit. It was a long while, I was like a zombie to my parents, and they didn't know what was wrong with me. I told M's mom, one last time, at a punk show, before I headed off to college, I needed some for a concert.

I played bass for a friend, and took what was actually klonopin.

I found out when I rolled out of the car and started laughing, with a bottle of soda in my hand.

The girl beside me laughed too.

I walked into the first concert hall, and saw Sally.

I left after saying something lude into the microphone, and we went to perform about an hour later, where I remember having a big band-aid on my thumb from a callous from practicing the bass, I picked off and threw away while performing our first song.

The drummer didn't miss a beat, so we probably sounded good in spite of what I thought of us. We never had a name.

I made a demo CD of in-house electronic rock with the singer later on, who ended up getting signed with a metal band.

When I got to college, I looked at high school like I was looking behind. CTRL + M, my first CD, was now completed, and I was set to study in Audio school.

I took public speaking in Husson, and it was kind of easy, but I felt really nervous anyway.

I remember once a girl had to share a "card" of some kind, we all had to create, about our inspirations. She wrote "Songwriters" as one of them, and I told her, "I'm a songwriter" to her disquietude.

In TV class, I was a show-off, and didn't care.

Once I got to NESCOM, the big studio boards didn't intimidate me anymore than the obtrusively large microphone stands.

They had NEUMANN'S, the most expensive powerful mic's in the world, and were said to run the most high-end studio's in New England, but I never really thought about it much.

The first night in my dorm room with Matt, my roommate, who we called Biff, found out I smoke weed when he said he was going "blazing" when some friends arrived. I went with them, and sat on the couch, as soon as I got there.

Eventually, people were walking around the room, and this one dude was packing a bowl so full of weed, it towered over when it burned.

We got so high, I just stayed in the couch.

I never really smoked weed socially before.

Matt was nice, and we hit it off.

I remember how it all smelled like weed in the room, and all the local townies and rednecks were there, smoking the joints we rolled.

People seemed vexed by my presence.

"Who is this dark haired guy..?"

I don't know.

Just someone.

I couldn't tell, but sometimes it felt like I could read minds back then.

I sat on the couch and took a hit off this big joint one guy rolled, and I thought about how I was just in a big studio the night before. I took a hit and laughed.

He looked convinced his joint was the best, but it was too tightly-rolled, and the bowl hit better.

I liked the burn of the bowl.

Suddenly, someone had a car in the ditch, and needed to get it out of the ditch.

It was in the parking lot, in the driveway outside.

I watched as every single person in the room got up, and went outside to investigate the scene.

They had to get it out somehow, I'm sure, but I was too stoned, and just sat on the couch, and watched them all leave.

I sat patiently and waited for them to come back.

Sitting on the couch, with my hand in my other hand, thinking about how high I was. My thoughts on my thoughts. They didn't come back for a while, and I kept waiting.

