I hate the world

that I think hates me #3
All zines always apologies for being lazy, not me, I apologize for being quick. I haven’t even had the time to make any flyers on #2 and here’s already #3. I expected this to come out in a couple of months or so, but my motivation of writing has never been bigger than right now and it’s slowly growing. Maybe that’s the reason why I already have a new issue to offer, I don’t know.

Things have been going over my expectations with #1 and #2, so to #4 I’ll try to make it even bigger. So far I’ve looked at this business dealing as a load of crap, I rather just give this away for free, or sell it for a reasonable price. Every issue I’ve made have meant a loss in money, but a victory in new contacts, perspectives, ideas and response. I’m so happy that people wanna talk with me about my zine and ask me to contribute to theirs. So far you’ll find me writing for the Mainspring collective zine, Forkboy, The Spirit remains and several others.

A new issue issue of “I hate the world...” is coming in the summer, I’m going to give it a more wider content. Even if I think the content of this issue is a bit weak, I still think it’s my strongest issue so far. Maybe you label this zine as “emo”? But it’s really so much more. Beyond the words, the image, the layout (what layout?) you’ll find a boy with so much energy to write that you could compare me to a ticking bomb. I’ve started to think about this as “THE” thing I want to do in life, I hope it shows. And after you’ve read all these stories about my life and friends don’t be shy to tell me what you thought about it.

See you in the summer again!

Andreas

Please observe that all names are made up ones, they represent a real person (my view). Also notice that to make the best read you should read this zine like you read a book, that means by reading it cover to cover. And last, this isn’t self pity, but the reality of my life.
i know this girl that everytime i meet her, she has to tell me about her dreams. dreams that is so clear that you can almost touch them, the most fascinating thing is her memory, she seem to remember every dream into every detail. i see a dream like a movie, and she recognized every characters face, she remembered their part and collected the entire manuscript in her head. then she told us, and we were all astonished about the clearness in her dreams.

if i was her, my dreaming would have an entertaining purpose. i would go to the cinema every night. i would wake up by a dream that i would remember and analyze. i wouldn’t forget them as soon as i’m awake, i would learn from them.

one day she came up to me and told me that she had no idea what to write about in her zine. i felt like grabbing her neck and shake her head until she got some sense. every night she will dream a dream, that’s 365 dreams a year and no dream match another. she could do a whole zine about her dreams only, call it dreams from inside (irony). think about how original that would be, a collection of dreams. it seems to me that the people with the benefits in life, that experience adventures and that actually have something to write about, remain silent. do something with your dreams!

can’t a boy have a secret?

right after i released the first issue i was asked who the girl i wrote about was. a name, after all painful words, frustration, dissatisfaction, anger, a name was all they wanted. after spitting out my life in front of their feet, after smashing all my shit into their faces, after all my failures, they wasn’t satisfied. they gained for everything, the little that was left, while giving nothing of themselves. i bewildered the ungrateful disrespect of my frankness, i asked myself, when can a boy have enough so that he doesn’t have to give more? when can a boy have a secret of his own, without telling so? how can someone demand for more when i gave them almost everything and not share one single mystery of their own? and even if they did, why may their intituation be that i’m willing to give something in return? my belief is that the anonymity in my zine when it comes to persons identities shouldn’t be taken for granted at anytime, for the sake of myself and the people i’m writing about. i’m responsible for how far i can go to do the least damage to myself. the more you give, the more you can get hurt if the person choose to take advantage of your feelings. but am i prepared for the speculations and rumours that will perhaps turn my sweet little life into a chaos of frankness? when i go this far, am i supposed to go further next time? i’m scared people may assume that nothing can hurt me in my little world, so they demand for more and more and while i comply your demands, i’m awfully close to get burned.

maybe, i’m at the time to not go further, so to not create occasions which are painful to my heart and soul. or maybe i’m ready to go all the way, coz the only thing that is missing is her name, a name that will bring up thousands of new questions, which i’m not, at this time, coz so much time is gone, prepared to pick up the feelings i had then and give them the same feeling today. her memory is intact, but not obvious and my feelings for her isn’t the same, so what’s the point bringing it up again when all it could be is another tasteful story to tell your friends? we had nothing, but a letter to eachother, the rest was my thoughts, composed by my words into something more real than it ever was. a last attempt for a hopeless teenager in love. i like to end the story as it ended and leave it like that, why should i go back when i can go forward. some things are left as secrets, they just are.

almost exactly one year ago a girl said to me that a lot of our failures in life depends on wether we choose to see it as a failure, we might just as well see it as something we learned from. hearing that was like a shot in my face. dizzy by the overwhelming words i tried to grasp the situation her words gave birth to. everything in me was out of function and i was like a shaking bottle of wine that was going to crash. her sentence declared my failure of living, i could observe the exceptional structure of her words. i lived my whole life through the perspective that everything i fucked up was a failure. i thought i was a failure.

most of all, i would hide for the real world’s competition and my own unfulfilled desires, that was, according to me, only dreams. but when she said this, i practically bursted out in confusion, had i lived my life by unnecessary criticism? it stood finally clear, after 18 years of giving myself the foot, that i’ve been too hard to myself. a lot of our judgment on ourselves may seem to be correct ones, after all, who know me better than myself but maybe we are thinking in a destructive way.

Who decide what’s a failure?
Who decide that you are a failure?
Who decide if your life is worthless?

we may be running around like insecure, lonely creations with no higher goal than to understand the power of life. but no matter what they say, think of us or call us, we decide ourselves if we are failures or not.
our lives consists of coincidences, we can't know what or who that will inspire us on our way; we can just follow the continuation of our lives and see where life take us. and then we'll die. some of us will go through dimensions of depression, others will get everything for free, some may end up in bad environments where survival is all that matters, others will be victims of discrimination, but no one is a failure coz of that. coincidences rules our lives, more or less, i can never be 100 % sure on that i will meet a person that will change my life. what we do can count on is our own way to judge ourselves. let's think about what this girl said to me. do you also realize that life gets much harder if we replace failures with experiences? fuck! that girl didn't want me, but it was a good experience. damn it! i didn't make it to university, but it at least gave me more experience. let's destroy failures in our lives and establish it with occasions that aren't seen as failures but as experiences. coincidences that's impossible to influence and regret between birth and death is life, and life should never be a failure. call me a motherfucking, selfish, stupid, fucking moron, but i'm not a failure.

surrounded by darkness and the silence of the dead, i'm walking my way home through the cemetery that still scares the shit out of me. here lies the dead, past generations, dead generations, past relatives, enemies to past heroes. former beautiful girls that is now nothing but dirt. someday i end up here, death is arduous to think about so i rather not, but it's impossible not to give it some thought while walking through the cemetery. all that is there is death and destruction, you must be a moron if you think about flowers and happiness there. you don't laugh, you don't smile, the silence grabs you, you feel touched. not even the birds sing, they know this is the place for the dead, show respect for the dead. it's hard to get an apprehension on that all these people are dead, so many lives, now they're products, hidden under the grave stone they whisper to each other: this place sucks! we honour them, the dead, with candles that burn it's good to remind ourselves on that time isn't endless, and people doesn't come back, even if we wish them to. i hope it take a long time before i'm joining them. maybe i feel different when i get older and hopefully have accomplished something, but for the moment i have a lot of living inside me.

but i know, sooner or later they put my name on a grave stone and dig me down. the place of the dead, here i stand, i feel a presence of something inhuman, i hear whispering, a taste of air and cold death. i am cold, with

400 people around me. i decide to leave, 800 eyes watch me. and still i am all alone.

once i was in love with this shy and quiet girl which i didn't knew a thing about, except that she enjoyed skiing in winter time. i hadn't let my feelings flow to anyone, except my brother and he's good with keeping secrets. the reason why i fell in love with this girl was coz she seemed so fucked up emotionally. the thought of us, two fucked up creations, together, seemed like the magic relationship. we could help each other with our depressions. i remember keeping her like a box in my hand for months, the similarities was too obvious, avoidable, she would be perfect for me. we would cry, swear, suffer together, damn it, we could even commit suicide together. i was attracted to her loneliness and my secret would be in safe hands, coz even if she knew, she would never take the first step, and i was so fucked up at the time so i wouldn't either. although we were doomed to fail, i couldn't stop hoping.

until one day. freddico payed my a visit and i realized how ashamed of her i was. i was scared that freddico would just think of her as an ugly girl, and thinking what the hell i was thinking about, which he probably would have done too by knowing his demands on girls. we were sitting and talking in my room when we accidentely came to talk about love and girls. so i told him there was someone i liked, freddico shined like a sun: so you aren't gay after all. but i couldn't tell him and spoil his expectations. freddico grabbed the school catalogue and started point at every girl, when he reached the face of her i swallowed deeply, i wanted to say that it was her, coz she would comfort me, save me, cure me. my silence made him remove his finger. i couldn't tell him, i just couldn't. freddico started to get worried that i wouldn't tell him who it was. i mean i wanted to, but a bigger sexist than him was hard to find. suddenly he opened his heart for me and showed me who he was in love with, i was now guilty to tell him which girl i was in love with, or else he would beat me up. i knew he would.

for a moment i outweighed the so called possibilities i had, grabbed the school catalogue and pointed out the first best looking girl i could find, freddico said he knew it was her all along. i wanted to tell him that he couldn't be more wrong. the next day everyone knew about it. the best thing was that no one thought i was gay anymore, the worst thing was that i wasn't in love with her. in fact she was a real bitch and there i was, pretending how much i loved her. it didn't take long before she knew about it too and my chances for the other girl ran out in the sand.
fredrico would have been dissapointed at me and laughed his ass off if i had
told him the truth in the first place but the price i had to pay for lying to
him was worse day by day week by week i had to pretend being in love
with the wrong girl one of them thought i was in love with her which i
wasn't the girl i was in love with. knew i loved someone else. i felt like
doing it all over again and correct my mistakes.

after a couple of weeks of lies, fredrico came up to me in school with a
really sad look he told me she had fucked some other guy on a beach party
in the woods but she wasn't in love with him she had a crush on ricardo in
our class. Fredrico started telling me how he knew how i felt and that i had
to forget her and all that kind of bullshit talk. i was closer to laughing my
ass off than feeling sorry. at that moment i wanted to take fredrico by his
throst and tell him how lucky i was that this shit was finally over.

often i don't know when a girl enters my life and becomes the highlight of
my daydreams, that was also the case with the one and only girl i have
really loved in my entire life. i could blame the eating insecurity that was
boiling in my blood, the swetting and nervous breakdown whenever love is
put on the spot. but whatever i blame, i had my chance but i blew it. just
like my life is a balloon that always blow.

i had just been going through the weird dilemma with a girl i wasn't in love
with. i think it was 9th grade on the autumn when i meet this new girl. she
was working in the school cafe. i remember it all so well, her colored hair,
too much make up on her lips, her friendly smile, almost childish. while she
was serving the students she seemed to give me this long looks that said: "i
am here, what are you doing over there?" i didn't give it so much thought
though but when fredrico and jake told me she was watching me out like i
was her tasteful meatball i became very happy. was there actually someone
out there for a hopeless jerk like me. i thought i was dreaming. i thought
they had put some drugs in my coffee. what could a girl like her see in a guy
like me?

th Jake and Fredrico knew i would just let it go anyway. this boy had been
teen up too many times to care about girls. i was too scared to take the
initiation in my own hands and go and talk to her. should i tell her about my
security how everyone loved to use me as their boxing bag in the past. w used to terrorize my family? would she love me if i told her what a
crap i was? if i told her i hated life would she commit suicide with me? if i
did her i would get a heart attack if she wanted to kiss me, would she leave

if it wasn't for jake, this would end here, like everything else had done in
my life. when it comes to value my love life it's a mass of garbage. but jake
made me go and buy cakes for him so i was forced to talk to her. i felt
surprised that she didn't ask if i was a cockemonster each time i came
back they told me how she kept staring at me following my steps this was
just too much for me to take as the coward i was i wanted to leave. but i
stayed something in me made me stay. i wondered if that break would never
end, we seemed like sitting their planning my hits forever. Jake said i
should ask for a picture of her then she would know that i was interested
too. no way i said. i was 15 years old but felt like 10.

i didn't have the guts to do it. the years of abuse ment had infected me so
hard that there was no strength left. i had 20 pictures of myself in my
wallet. when someone would ask why i have no girls in it. i would say that i
loved myself too much to replace the 20 pictures of myself. later i teared
each picture apart so to not be reminded of myself. but i had one picture
left. Jake went and ask for a picture of her for me it was my most
embarrasing moment in my whole life so far. then he gave me the picture
and said that she said hello to me suddenly i felt like i was walking on
clouds and no one could hurt me. i had taken the first steps to a
relationship with a lot of help i couldn't stay any longer so we went away,
i think i wanted to stay though coz it felt really hard to move my feet. Jake
and Fredrico was overwhelmed by their achievement for me and spread the
news in every corner of the school. Andreas ♠ ♠ ♠ = true. By this time
tomorrow she wouldn't hesitate for a second in my interest for her. just
before going home that day i almost ran into her. we were both going home,
she looked up and meet my eyes. it was a short look but it meant everything
for me. then she smiled at me and i smiled back. as two teenagers we went
home. i was only 15 but at that moment i wanted to marry her.

the coming weeks was hard. everybody was screaming and yelling at us.
none of us had the strength to take the first step. weeks passed still
nothing months. I started giving up. no one cared anymore. she could walk
by without no one screaming. but so one day she and her friends went
bowling next to me and a friend we sat to eachother and everyone
eknew, at least it felt like that. we just sat there quiet. i've never
experienced anything like it. the next day in school she and her friends sat
on a bench. laughing. me and a friend was passing by and there it came. the
long awaited "hello you too". so it wasn't a one person feeling i had
experienced the other day. She felt it too. That day I was dancing home from school, I was madly in love with her again and this time I felt it was close, it was really close.

But one week later my throat was ripped apart, tears were falling from my eyes. My whole body was bleeding. I had imagined everything, she wasn’t in love with me. It was just a game, or? As she curled up in her new boyfriend the only question that came up in my mind was why? Why did she even bother giving me false hopes? Or was there something between us? I think there was, but I was too lazy to do something about it, she could wait forever for me, but I wouldn’t come. I was too flustered up to handle the situation, she slipped out of my hand, and found another guy. You have heard it all before, the tragic end, boy find girl, girl find another boy, boy loses girl; girl is happy; boy is sad.

I knew from the first beginning that losing her, when I finally had become close to her, would hurt more than getting a knife stabbed into my heart. The first night was worst. I had decided to get drunk, so I went to a party down the street with Fredrico, Jake and some others. I had never been drunk before and no matter how hard I tried to force myself to drink beer, I just couldn’t. It just made me even more miserable than before. So I dropped the beer and left. For once Fredrico didn’t call me a loser for not getting drunk, for once he understood that a heart was broken, and right now the best cure maybe was alcohol, but I just couldn’t. And even beyond Fredrico’s hard surface he knew how much in pain I was, he knew about my expectations and how I now felt tearing apart. I think about her still, it may sound silly, after all those years, but whenever I try to fall in love again it’s her face that I see.

Fredrico was the kind of guy who would always put reputations in front of friends. I knew him for over ten years, we grew up together. First he was just a mean fat boy who enjoyed teasing people for his own pleasure, as we grew older this pleasure would turn out to pure torture. For every year that passed, Fredrico’s fists hit me harder. When we were alone, watching headbangers ball he could be the nicest person on earth, but among friends he always had to prove that he was the boss.

(it’s enough, he had enough, leave him alone Fredrico.)

But he just kept beating me to show the others his power, it wasn’t just me, it could be anybody. I never thanked him for nine years of constant abuse.

(thank you Fredrico, for making my life miserably.)

was it trust to a “friend” or the fear of being abandon in school that made me lie to my mom when she asked me why I came home bleeding, with a scar in my face that would never heal? When the truth was that Fredrico had smashed my face into the ice with his school bag. Why I never brought any paintings with me home, though I drew tons of stuff at home. I would have but Fredrico and his friends destroyed them, because I was better than them. Fredrico persuaded the entire class that the food in school sucked, so no one ate, not even me. I could go on and on about what he did to me and the others, physically or mentally.

(when will you leave my mind Fredrico? whenever I dream a nightmare I think it’s you.)

Our friendship ended forever three years ago. He came to our house, drunk. I couldn’t stand the sight of spending one more second with him so I threw him out. I could’ve killed him. After all these years, one more second would turn me into a killer. I’ve never been that angry, I was totally boiling with hatred. I said to him that I never wanted to see him again and for the first time I saw something in his eyes, it wasn’t tears, neither was it sadness or disappointment, it was a declaration on that our friendship was over. He walked out of my house, mumbling something, each step he took was a relief to that he was walking out of my life. Keep walking I said to myself and he did. He never came back and he never called me from that day.

And now matter how stupid this may sound, I miss the fat guy who was worst in school at sports, I miss the fat guy who taught me headbanging. But I had to make a choice, either I lived with him as a friend who would kill me inside or I end our friendship, leave the past, leave him, and move towards to a brighter future. Sometimes I wish he would call me just one more time, so I can say fuck off one more time. Sometimes I wish for one more fight so I could knock his teeth out, one more time. I like him to carry a scar from me.

I will dance on your grave when you’re dead.
I'm really starting to get upset with people who really think they are something and aren't ashamed of anything. It's like their ego manipulates their minds and whatever they do, they love themselves afterwards anyway. They're so fucking proud of themselves it makes me wanna puke.

He would follow me until he kicked him the money cause he thinks he deserve them, well, tell me why. Give me some honesty and not just this: I'm broke man, I need money. Because we both know that's just bullshit, right? Do you honestly think we should believe that we should think you're broke when you recently arrived from England and need money to get into the spaceship train station, but even if you were, you could have taken two less beers on the ferry and there you had your money. I can't help you're not smarter, even if you think you me. I rather see you going all the way to the train station than giving you my money.

She was the overclass bitch who worked as a train manager and ordered me to leave the coach because I was just a middle class student. I don't fit in with the big guys, with cigs and suits. I bet she has fucked them all, to the way to the top so she would finally be able to send away poor middle class boys like me. I've never seen a more selfish, self-loving, fake, bimbo bitch in my entire life. She looked at me like I was something the cat dragged in, while she spread her legs and smiled at the big men in suits. How do you do? Can I help you with something? Please give me a break. I bet she thought they had power to give her, but those men only use their power to take advantage of bitches like you, to satisfy their own ego. So sorry lady, they can't give you a shit.

Both of them, use a fake smile to achieve their goals and they wouldn't hesitate for a second to walk over dead bodies. This world is filled with them, people who think they are something, but they are nothing.

I remember her longing eyes, seeking to find mine, the constant staring while I passed her by. She thought I was perfect for her and loved me more than anything. If I went up to her and said hi, her brown body would melt like ice do when the winter is over and spring arrives. If I was going to call her, she would never hang up, she would keep talking about the most useless things just to hear my voice. When she went to sleep I was in her dreams, when the teacher said to think about someone special, she thought of me. Whenever she leafed through the school catalogue, the only picture she wanted to see was me, and when she saw me, she wished that moment would last forever.

I was the stone she had looked at every beach to find, I was her favourite weather, if I wasn't there, it rained.

Her huge love for me was uncomfortable, what first seemed so innocent and harmless, later transformed into a dying race of magnificent hatred. The seeking eyes, became arrows in my veins. The constant staring made me feel like every wall had eyes. Whenever I turned around I thought I saw her, smiling at me, like she knew I wanted her, but I didn't. The situation became dreadful, her love was transformed to a pitiful joke by the rest of the school. I was supposed to hate her and by not enough to laugh and pressure I finally did, I started hated her coz of her obsession to me. Though she continued dreaming about me, she made her blind and she couldn't see that what was going on. I dreamed dreams of a smashed negro girl. I hated her coz she loved me.

What right did she have to hold me dearest, to dream of me, to love me? What right did she have to tell her friends how wonderful I was? I became a hunted deer in the woods. My classmates took the chance to create our lives into a nice package of rumours and nasty stories. If she wouldn't have loved me, months of tracking and teasing would never had happened. I hate you for loving me so deeply and blind, you make my life more miserable, do me a favour, don't love me. How could you expect me to love you back when you're black? All my friends were racists, you shouldn't love me, I don't deserve it.

You came to the store I worked at, fat as fuck, your stomach showed everyone how you enjoy cookies and candy. I knew for the first time I saw you that you were a hate object in school. When I said hi, you said no, don't hurt me. When I tried to help you, you thought there was something wrong with me. When I didn't beat you up or said you were the most ugly person I've seen, you thanked god for a miracle. When I asked you how it was in school, you saw your whole world fall apart and never spoke to me again in a way I feel sorry for you, coz i'm sure you wished your parents would have used more contraceptive in the past, coz when they saw you they probably considered adoption or murder, it was a miracle they still kept you. When you came home after school they start yelling at you to not eat so much coz you look like mcdonalds lives in your stomach. When you eat dinner, you always leave the table hungry. Your parents can't really understand what bad they've done in previous lives to deserve a kid like you, you wished you could help them. They yell at you all the time to clean your room, they yell at you to do your homework, you always do the dishes and take care of your little sister. Sometimes dad beats you and you try not to cry, sometimes your sister asks you how come your so fat and you feel
she has more power than you, sometimes mom talks in the phone but she has never mentioned your name.

all the time you think about suicide, in fact you have a whole book finished about it, the only thing that stops you is that you haven’t decided which way to go for yet. sometimes you want to take a big knife and cut off all the fat on your stomach, you wonder if the knife would go trough all the fat. you dream of a normal life, with friends, girls, party’s, and without the fat. but for you it’s only a dream that couldn’t possible be real. because you’re so fat, because no one can see you’re living inside all that fat, they see your stomach only, because they think it’s something wrong with being fat, so you think that too. you don’t wanna spoil the wonderful system, so you live everyday of your life as if something was wrong with you. the day you’ll die will be the biggest relief you’ve experienced, all of your nightmares will be vanished.

you have a vision of a dreamworld, where everyone is fat and accepted. and you could tease everyone who isn’t fat.

you have isolated yourself since you were a baby, the meaning of life is something forbidden for you. in school you always eat alone, coz if someone saw you eating, even if it was just a little bit, it would still be too hard for them to understand. the breaks are worst, when there’s no teachers available, then you have to listen to when you’re classmates make jokes about how you look. everyone is laughing, you too, but you don’t think it is funny. lately you’ve spent a lot of the time on the school’s toilets coz there you can be all by yourself and you doesn’t have to listen to the jokes. if you have a friend, it’s someone with a similar situation, if you have a girlfriend, it’s someone with the same weight as you.

no one likes fat boys, so go on a diet! why do you spend one single minute watching tv, when you should be out and running. get thin! lose weight! the only way to get accepted. coz only then will people respect you for who you are.

thanks for the time in the store, i felt i knew everything about your problems just by watching you, and i did, didn’t i? this is your life, this is no made up story, it’s your life, isn’t it? if you could lock up your name in a dictionary it would mean, life sucks, wouldn’t it?

we have fucked on the toilet you usually shit on. we have fucked on the soft, you often sit on. why does people feel it important to tell me where they have fucked? do they think i care about their sex life? i don’t care about their sex life. stop telling me about your sex life. fuck wherever you want, but you don’t have to keep me informed about it. keep the details for yourself because i don’t give a fuck about your fucking.
I touch its body
I cut the head off

: took me in my arm and said: you're not supposed to do that, you are a

man. it sounded obvious, but nothing was obvious anymore. i worked for

months in a foodstore, and during that time my values seemed to get less

less priority.

cut off the fishes heads, i'd pack them, i fill up with meat products...

much meat. don't you ever feel to taste it? that raw, bloody, stinking

ce of meat, wouldn't you like to taste, just a little bit? it was a confused

fears who spent his first months out in the real world. i lowered myself to

scum level, i did everything i thought i fought against. blood on my

zers, animals blood, body parts. first i could've vomited, destroyed it,

ved everyone what a touch vegan i was, but instead i wrapped myself

in my role and soon meat was meat to me, not a dead animal. the nice

kaging, wouldn't you like to taste it? just a bit, c'mon, taste, you know it

ies good.

am i proud of myself for what i did? the animals were already dead, at

times, their dead bodies torn apart by me. taste it, eat it, swallow it, i

know you like it, these vegan years, you're so called revolution didn't

change you a bit, you still love beef, don't you? don't you? show me

you like beef as before. you've grown up, it's time to start eating meat

again boy, put an end to this useless resistance. you're just being childish if

you continue. you're revolution is over, now take part in the real world.

the boss told me the girls in the kitchen needed my help immediatley, they

always had too much to do. one minute later i stood at the dishes with a

knife in my hand and a big box with large dead fishes in. what am i

supposed to do with this? it's simple you cut the heads off first, then you cut

the body in like three similar pieces, then you put them into plastic. how

can it ever be simple to cut the head off on an animal you respected?

i had to really cut hard to manage going trough the whole body, the blood

filled my hands. i couldn't close my eyes even if i wanted to. i felt sick

afterwards, why the fuck did i do it?

at my last two weeks i got to know a girl, she was in my age, blond hair,
cute, friendly and as we went to the same school she knew about my carrier

as vegan warrior. how i would always wear t-shirts with meat is murder on.
i felt i had abandoned that belief when she one day took my arm and said i

wasn't supposed to do that. i looked surprised at her, why does she care if i

sink myself and burn my ideals? but she woke my attention, like if i was

having this awful nightmare and i couldn't wake up. she kind of woke me

up and made me see what i was doing. i handed her the knife and said

thanks.

but hey! you did like it, didn't you? the smell of a dirty pig, freshed up by

poison and well spiced. you still like it, right? you still like beef, you still

like meatballs. animals tastes great, you know it, wouldn't you eat your

mother if she was a bitch?

i know i never sink to that level again just to get a job. i was told to obey, i

did obey, but i feel like shit afterwards.

my last day, the boss comes up to me and say i've been really good for him

and he likes to see me work there in the summer too. but i know, i will

never cut off fishes heads again.

i'm walking on some dark road, i think i'm outside of my grandparents

house, yes, it's my grandmother waving her hand behind the window

curtain, the cats waves too. i don't have a clue what i'm doing here, at this

time. my eyes spot someone in front of me on the pavement, he's coming

my way. bang! 

my grandmother is gone, who was that person? i think i'm on the ground,
coz i'm not standing up. i must be shot, that's why i'm laying down. i can't

move a single body part. am i dying?

i wake up, it was just a dream, the person, me laying on the ground, just

imagination. i'm doubtful at first, but when i turn the light on i know i'm

alive. i go to the bathroom to wash myself, i'm still shaking.

it was so real, i thought i was dying by some 17-year old kid with a gun. but

when i noticed it was just a dream i felt rarely strange.

some dreams are so real
almost like reality.
and when you wake up
you're so lucky you've got another day.

another day to waste
with your boring little life
and your fucked up lifestyle.

you saw the end
and it was dark
now will you live
after having taste the death?
or will you continue drowning?
when i turned 18 i got a button where it stood: 18 years and still not kissed on. it was the most embarrassing present i ever got in my life. i was aware that it was just meant as a joke, but it was so true to my life.

i think the button is for people who have kissed a lot or they are the only ones who dare to wear it. no one who never got kissed will actually wear it. somehow that's something to brag about but to deny. they should rather do a button with the text: kissed already on. why make a button that says you've never been kissed on, it's embarrassing. no one is going to be proud of not being kissed. if you see one of these buttons, don't buy them, tell them that you've read this article and that un_kissed people will get threatened by such a button. don't let this messages effect you too, respect the un_kissed, refuse to wear those buttons.

sometimes i think back of a promise i made when i was only seven years old. what seemed so clear then, turned out to be impossible today.

i spent a lot of time with a girl called annie, she used to ask me if we should get married when we were adults. i didn't even have a clue of what marriage was but annie explained for me that it was a commitment between two people who really loved each other. then she asked me if i loved her, i said i did, but i didn't know what love was either. we used to practice our marriage, or usually annie showed me how it was. we borrowed clothes from annie's mom and made ourselves beautiful to each other, like husband and wife we took each other's hands and pretended we walked though the church. our whole families should be collected and they would cry of happiness.

do you andreas take this lady to be your wife and love her for rich and poor...? annie explained that she had seen on tv how they did it and always managed to steal a couple of kisses from me everytime we played that game. but we were convinced it would be her and me in the future also. annie said she would wait for me, but annie moved away.

years passed by, at 4th grade she moved back and jumped in our class. it was really hard for her to get along with the other girls in the class and all boys called her a whore for the time when she showed her breasts in public. we had strip competition in our class and all the other girls didn't even remove their t-shirt. annie removed her t-shirt and even her bra, after that she was the whore in our class, but all she ever wanted was to get accepted.

nothing she would do would help her to be friend with the cool girls, she had to stick to oprah, the unpopularest girl in our class.

one day she told the class about her and me. i lied first and blamed that she had made it all up. the next day she brought pictures with her to prove that was she was telling the truth. i remember the whole damn class staring at those pictures and they all laughed. suddenly everyone seemed to like her coz they kept asking her all kinds of questions about us. she made it sound a lot bigger than what it was. at the time i hated her for making my life more shitty, but now i realized it was her last chance to get away from oprah's company and start hanging out with the real girls.

at home everything was hell for her, her mom was a strict alcoholic so she had to take care of her little brother and the house while her father was too busy making a career of his own. but now she was somebody in school, she even got a boyfriend, no, not me. just when things started to get great for her, her father decided to move the family, annie wanted to stay, annie didn't. when i started 7th grade she wasn't there. sometimes i wonder if she remember our promise to each other, my mom see her from time to time and she wish me hi, but i never met her again. annie is gone and she will never come back. i guess we will never marry each other.

do you remember the first time you bought beer? how you would sneak into your room, with your bag full of beers. you were afraid your parents would find out, but you hide them in the darkest and deepest corner of your wardrobe, where no one would even consider looking. yet you were worried. it was your little secret, your rebellion to your parents. but at the same time, it was a declaration to that you would go in their footsteps. get drunk every friday night, you were just a stupid, unintelligent, brainwashed kid.

at one occasion in my life i also bought beer and experienced this exciting game with hiding them in a safe place. you did something you wasn't allowed to do. it could've been every friday night, once i found out how great it was to be drunk there would be no return to soberness. caught in a vicious cycle, would i have the strength to dig me out? i would become your every friday night drinker.

if it wasn't for several people, i probably would have, who can resist the system? my mom told me i was going to try smoking and drinking. it was fine for her, it's the way it works, she said. my aunt offered to buy me beers, my dad wanted me to taste all kinds of wines. i didn't wanna do what
they did, so i started to hate alcohol and i never smoked. you're weird they said, i'm rather weird than a rat in a cage.

when nico told me how he didn't need alcohol as the only one that night, i admired him and sold all of my beers, except from the last one which i shared with two other guys. i tasted a bit of adulthood that night, but it didn't taste good. i knew i wasn't made to be a beer drinker.

everyone was furious on me that night, how could i value beer in money? it was like i destroyed the evening for everybody else, but then i saw for the first time what a pathetic look on reality they had and i didn't wanna be like them. nico became just like them, he's a steady drinker now, but he showed me how tough it is to not drink. my 15-year old life had got a new mening - straightedge.

at one point in my life we, being fredrico, ricardo and myself spent a lot of time with licking ass (you'll find out later why i call him that), or we didn't really spend time with him actually. his house was the best, his mom and dad was always working and never home. there was always a lot of candy and cookies in the house and together with the newest and freshest computer (antiga 500, at that time) this became the new hang out place. whenever we meet up, we always went to licking ass place. there we would trash his house apart and steal everything there was to steal. of course licking ass knew about it, and sometimes he tried to prevent us, but he knew he had to let us do it or else we would leave him. he had no other friends, he was the kind of guy that all girls would run away from rather than shake his hand. so he had no other choice than letting us in and by doing so he became a part of a new gang.

the gang that would ride with our mopeds on the hills and curved roads in the forest all days, except from when we hanged out at licking ass place. licking ass had the slowest moped and always went in the back, he always talked about how he was going to make it faster, but he never succeeded. he remained the slowest moped driver in entire vinatger.

i had a puch dakota, which went pretty decent, i could almost compete with fredricos. i used to love driving by myself in the forest, singing some nirvana songs. just going the fastest i could go in every curve. yeah, those are memories of my youth, good memories. licking ass was desperate in seeing some changes in his life. in 9th grade he brought alcohol with him to school which he had stolen from his parents, to impress everybody. he started to smoke, only to have a reason to ask for light, he was the computer guy everyone used to laugh at, he was the genius in school everyone would ask

for help from, but now he was also the tough guy. but i heard the talking he didn't hear, we all used his house coz it was the perfect house, we all played on his computer, we all ate his mom's cookies, we all wanted someone to drive in the back without being embarrassed of it, so no one of us had to do it. licking ass did so much ass licking and today he is one of the best friends to ricardo and fredrico. he made it all the way to the top, although he desperately tries to quit smoking now. i talk with him from time to time and he always tell me what a pathetic life i have, and maybe i have, maybe i live a pathetic life, but at least i didn't sell myself out to be where i am, like he did.

i think i've been in this room one or two years too long. i think i've been staring out of that window and wondered how it's like outside too many times. yet, i still sit here, alone, writing, having discussions with myself.

daydreaming, going crazy to the submission hold up or go to bed with a k's choice record. how come my life would turn out like this? i had no idea i would bore myself to death with the most predictable life, with myself.

listen, what do you hear?
nothing, but i know something's going on, outside my window, everyone laughs.
outside my window, the real adventures take place.
my room is a prison.
my writing is my punishment.
my existence is so far ignored.

i wanna break out, smash the window, burn my room, join the outside world. here, i'm trapped, a prisoner in my own mind, a romantic in my own head. i'm eagled for further experiences, a star that isn't allowed to perform, like a bird who can't fly. i'm caught, stucked, my abilities, my knowledge remain unheard. i write them down, later i tear them apart. with curious, little eyes i look out of my window. i see nothing, but i know everything's going on and i have no part in it. if only these barriers could break, if only these chains could go away.

release me,
free me
i don't belong here
i have a lot to say
i must be heard
i must be seen
or do i?
release me from this cage i call my room, release me from my chain i call my window. looking out, why am i still inside? do i have limitations for my possibilities? of course i have limitations, why else would i be stucked here every night, torturing myself with this essays? even my limitations could break like a slave is only a slave until he sets himself free, like a rich man is only rich as long as he has money to spend, like a girl is only a housewife if she excepts her husband being a chauvinist, like a dirty man is only dirty if he doesn't wash himself, like an egoistic person is only selfish as long as he is the number one priority, like they can break their barriers, i can break mine. they can fight themselves out of their misery, so can i, so can you. it can happen, if i want it to happen, do i want it to happen? do i really want the only secure place in my life to be torned apart, do i really want the routines to break? one must know if the outside world makes him happier. these are the questions i ask myself as i remain trapped. maybe i wasn't meant to take part, you can't have the whole cake and eat it and be secure. this insecurity kills me, i know that as much as i want to be a part, i wanna be left aside.

i remain watching love, instead of tasting it. i remain watching adventures, instead of joining one. but in my zine everything is an adventure. here i'm the producer of my own fucking life, here i'm james bond and guess what? what? i like it! i like transforming idiotic thoughts into adventures. i like creating words that makes me cry. i like remembering myself on what a worthless piece of shit i was. it surprise me why no one, this far, have tried to sue me for torturing their eyes and mind with my self pity. but i couldn't care less, i'm a proud piece of shit.

wouldn't you like to hear that i was feeling great today, that from when i woke up to that i went to bed was nothing but sunshine? i want to say everything's fine, but obviously everything isn't. i'm put under constant pressure, not that anyone holds a gun to my face, but i'm stucked in society's destructive system. i hear the voices, do this, do that, while i want to do something completely different. i guess we can never be free, we always have our responsibilities, our duties. pressure keeps you in line and separate yourself from your dreams. how can i go on living, if i'm just going to be a rabbit in a game? what is there to die for, when we obviously isn't supposed to live? under no circumstances are we allowed to leave our game, play along, keep suffering in the world of destruction.

i want my dreams to be true
i don't want you telling me what to do
i'll tell you, 40 more years, max, further i don't wanna live. i'll be 70 in 40 years, you can make a lot of living in that time, but when i look back on my first 20 years it's mostly just a hole. life is a wonderful gift, i don't agree, if we're not supposed to live it fully. it's like giving a baby a toy and forbid he or she to play with it. i'm just a tragic, mislead, pathetic teddybear in a way out of line society. i have nothing to collect in our society, and there's nothing there for me to die for. count me out, i'm just an empty boy on a lonely road, closer to hell than heaven, is there anyone out there walking the same road as i?

i had been gone for a couple of weeks, when i came back i took my bike and drove around in vingalker. the streetlights was on, it was dark but warm, one of those beautiful summer nights. a lot of people dared to show their faces, i hope they've missed me while i was gone. my neighbours constantly waved their hands and welcomed me back, they had even bought champagne, what a surprise. in the middle of vingalker they had put on a big screen with my name on. this isn't the truth, this is a fake up story to show my fake up existence in this town. if i die today, they'll notice it ten years later. not one person seem to remember me, they stare, of course, but that's because i'm wearing a hardcore sweater and my big pants. i'm a stranger to the town i lived in my whole life. i'm a shadow that no one sees. when i publish my bestseller they all want to shake my hand and say hello, then i promise they will all be shadows to me.

collecting memories can be very painful. i've come to the conclusion that i don't have many good memories left. all i remember are those fights, how they finally pushed my button and made me explode. i could've killed them, just give me a gun, a knife... i remember when they humiliated my weakness in front of my brother, i couldn't stand the sight of letting him see how they treated me everyday. i pushed them all aside and swore i should kill them. i remember when they lifted me up only to throw me as high as they could in the air. it was my first experience with stavediving but without no one that caughted me. i remember when they glued my hair so i looked like a mummy, after taking
it off i was almost bald. i remember when we played soccer and i was always injured coz they kicked on everything but the ball, i remember having three fights every day for months, the older i got, the more scars i had. i remember when we were smaller and used to play hide and seek at fredricos place. when i found them they always said, you found us so you have to try to find us again, i remember being called gay for years after fredrico and i had sneaked into the girls changing room and fredrico saw mariah's big tits, which i didn't, so everyone thought i was gay coz i didn't see them. now i begin to realize there maybe wasn't any tits, fredrico might have made it all up. i wish i had seen those tits so i wouldn't have to be called gay the coming three years. i remember fredrico asking me if i wanted to taste his fathers lousy, disgusting, tasteless wine every time we were at his place. i said no ten times but still got a full glass, when i poured it out i was no real man and definitely a gay too. i remember having my pants thrown down ten times for fredricos little sister coz i forgot to have a steady girdle. i remember being spit in my face by joseph until there was no use to dry it off anyway, i was so filled with spit so it looked like it rained on me. i remember the winter of 1994 when three guys wouldn't let me pass through on my way home, a fight broke out. i remember how the wood worker teacher would hate me coz i was always in fights during his lessons.

all the times i cried, they asked me why. what did they do that made me cry? when one teacher had enough and spoke to every guy in the class that they had to stop they all said it was just for fun and that i was with on it.

yeah, you're so right guys, i loved it, like a girl loves to be raped, i loved getting beaten up and abused. when i think back on my past, i only think of the moments we had together and i miss you all so much. that's why i told you all to fuck off, and when the class had reunion party i was the only one that didn't show up. all of you are suckers, you may have grown up now while i still try to have my childhood, but you're all dead to me. someday i hope you get what you did to me and say you're sorry, but i'm not counting on it. i have buried you already.

i wanna get famous coz only then i will get tons of friends, though only coz it will help their own career if they'd be seen with me. whatever i might say they would believe it and i was never going to be questioned. i wanna be rich coz only then i can pick up a beautiful girl to stick my cock in, and she wouldn't care if i f*cked lisa as well, as long as i buy her the latest clothes and make up products, it's ok if i f*ck her whole family. i could have a whole room with whores, which could be useful coz when i'm so famous i can barely show my face outside without making at least ten interviews.

i would always check my bank account, it's my holy bible. i'm so popular that it would increase all the time. with all the money i owe i could save the whole population of africa. next week i'm planning to buy a new aeroplane coz i crashed my previous three planes to show how much i care for the environment, that is, how much i don't care.

my best friend is bill gates. i'm planning to build a larger house than his and a copy of the white house on the top. on friday i'm going to meet bill clinton, he'd bring monica lewinsky with him, i actually have a big crush on her, at least the two-three minutes it takes to give me a blow job. i know she will sue me too, saying that i used my position, yeah right, if she don't wanna suck she doesn't have to. some girls really think they can sue all of us big men in black suits, well if that happens i have a well paid lawyer to help me out.

i never sleep in the same bed two nights and i never sleep alone, in fact i don't sleep at all. there's just too many privileges for us big men, those 13-year old girls go nuts for you, i wouldn't really know but michael douglas told me about it the other day, he constantly have affairs with 17-year old girls who claims they love him.

my political position is so high that i can get saddam killed within a minute, but he's actually kind of nice, a real emo-guy. after he had his first 100 people killed, he actually regretted one execution and to overcome this regret he killed one of his own dogs, saddam rules! isn't it every boys dream to play war for real, imagine all the rapes you can have accomplished when you arrive home. say you managed to rape 100 girls, then you can say you made 100 girls pregnant. hopefully abortion isn't legal in their country so they all have to keep their babies which reminds them of you.

i'm a big man you know, people look up to me, adore me, worship me, i just ignore them. it's great to have so much power coz you can control so much. to feel you have the ability to smash a humans life that's the best feeling you can ever get, better than those chinese whores anyway which you can buy on the supermarket. my life philosophy is that for everything i get, i want more and for everything i destroy i wish to destroy even more. and look where i am today by living according to these ideals, look at me, i'm happy. i'm the one you dream you would be, or am i?

so, i'm back in my room again, another boring friday night to go, another useless friday night to survive, another hopeless friday night to kill.
I kill my Friday nights with words,
i live my Friday nights through memories.

This night I have surprised my vicious little head with people, people that I was somehow connected to but that now is gone. Most of us went to the same class for nine years but now we don’t see each other anymore. Nine years, I didn’t even notice when they rapidly fade away out of my life, one day they were just gone.

Joseph I haven’t seen for three years. Although he was one of the guys who abused me, he was also the first guy to take my side after hannes. He lost his virginity when he was 12, he felt like telling me, one day he asked me if Fredrico hated him. If I didn’t respond he said he would beat me up, if I told anyone about our conversation, he would beat me up, I didn’t say anything, he beat me up, at one time he hid in a closet in school, everyone knew about it, except Fredrico, and everyone was lying about it. It took 30 seconds before Fredrico started to tell us how he hated Joseph. That day I wished more than ever not to be in Fredrico’s shoes. Today Joseph and Fredrico are really good friends.

One of the new guys in our class in 7th grade was Nirvana, I call him that coz he loved that band. He was a strange guy, never said anything bad about anyone and never hurted anyone, he quickly become one of the popular guys. When a two year older guy told him that he was the most ugly person he’d seen, Nirvana just smiled, gazed a bit with his eyes. When the guy came back with four of his other friends and took him out, Coz he had been resisting (smiling), he came back after a long time, smiling, he never said what they did to him and no one had the guts to ask him.

Ted was the first black guy in our class, his nickname was nigger and instead of saying hello, how are you today? Everyone said: hello, what are you doing in this country? Oprah was the fattest girl in school and still are. When we had dancing lessons in school it was almost fights among the guys to not have to dance with her. Her place was a dark corner, I always felt sorry for her coz the way we were treating her must go beyond every human rights. I thought she would commit suicide, but now she’s in my class again. Ricardo and me always played soccer after school on the springs, licking ass was always our goalkeeper and he hated it but never said a word. Denise was the real whore in our class, when we went to prag on a school trip she did everything she could to get Fredrico while Fredrico had a wonderful girl at home (which he didn’t deserve, he tried to fuck her the first night), but she didn’t succeed with breaking them apart, which Fredrico took care of by himself some months later. Denise is now a full time drug addict. She called me when she was stoned once and asked if I wanted to fuck her, I hunged up. The pony-tail guy (I call him that coz he had a huge fucking pony-tail which everyone would pull in until he finally cut it off) who sworn he would kill me after I had kicked him on his dick after a huge fight we had has also moved away. I think he’s an actor now.  

Nice and Stephen was the karate champions, who would later turn out to be great family fathers. There was in love with me, now she’s going out with a really cool guy. We don’t say hello to each other anymore. Annie and Hannes are both gone since a long time ago. The rest of the class I can’t even remember, we graduated senior level 94/95 together. I just picked up a picture from a masquerade we had when we were only seven years old and have just started school, filled with inspiration, expectations and goals, who would have known it would go so wrong. I wish you could see the picture, it wakes up so many memories for me. I remember I was really looking forward to start the school, some years later I had my first thoughts on suicide. Things never go the way you think they are. On the photo I’m dressed up like Zorro, you know the guy who putted big z on the bad guys with his sword. Ricardo is a cowboy, Jake is a robber, Oprah is a princess, Denise is a woodgirl, there is a nurse and Joseph is Mickey Mouse. Who could have known that these boys would turn my life and many others to a hell. Fredrico is dressed like a ghost, already now I could see in his eyes, this evil look, this was just a masquerade, but I don’t think Fredrico ever stopped being that ghost for me.

I stand naked in front of you. I turn my small dreams and thoughts into stories so you can laugh about my fucking misery or complain on my self pity. I show you everything I should hide, you will read everything, I should deny. Why am I doing this to myself, do I like sharing pieces of my fucked up life with strangers? Boys and girls I’ve never seen will read this and know more about me than anyone does. Will you think of me as a friend when you have read me? This isn’t any made up stories, this is the truth I’ve been denying myself my entire life. For a dollar you buy my lifetime. Will you ever thank me for sharing this with everyone? 

I sit home, depressed, thinking about suicide and my mistakes, a letter from you could make my day. A letter from you could make my depression go away. Maybe you don’t understand the power of words, I definitely don’t understand the power of my own words. They say they can relate to them, I don’t know, they have had the same experiences, same feelings, they want to share their life with mine, they are the highlight of my downfall.

Are you one of them? Write to me about yourself. maybe we can learn from each other?
1. when i worked at a "youth project" two summers ago i got to know some guys who would do anything for a one night stand. three of them had already a trusting, faithful girlfriend but that didn't stop them from trying whenever there was an opportunity given. this was handsome guys, good at sports, well trained bodies, good self control, great joke tellers and they knew what to say to make a girl interested.

for three weeks i got to work by their side, you could say that i was invited to their life to take part in their adventures. we worked a lot at the beach and the girls was all around us. wherever we would go we was followed by young, slim, beautiful girls. i became a part of their world by thinking the way they thought. two big breasts are coming my way, a cute ass stand behind me, we should've been called the horny crew of 1997. a girl was either her tits or her ass or she was nothing at all. for three weeks i lived with their thoughts, they were all a bunch of sexists and so was i. no girl would never get anything serious out of them.

one of those guys is now accused for rape. i blame myself coz i could actually see it coming. i could smell their future all along. coz their view on girls was disgusting but what could i've done. i try to tell myself that i actually couldn't know for sure. yeah right, and if he rapes again it was just another bad coincidence. and i know he will rape again and again and again, coz for him a girl is just another product. he came into this once, like nothing had happened. he even expected me to say hello to him. but i refused, i refused to see what he had become and still he didn't get it.

2. when i was in stockholm to decide whether i should join the military service or not, i had to sleep in the same room with a dark guy i've never talked to before. all the other rooms was taken and the only people i knew had left the first day (it's a two day test to see if you're suitable to join the army or not). at first he turned out to be very friendly and funny. we spent the evening together. when we had to go to sleep he told me he had a girlfriend, but that he often cheated with her. it wasn't like he was sad about it, rather proud of himself. he said he would do it over and over again. i asked him why, he said, if you had a girlfriend and got the opportunity for a one night stand with one of the girls in spice girls don't come here and i say you wouldn't do it? coz you would. i felt he really didn't deserve his girlfriend or anyone with his attitude.

3. the two previous examples in my life shows boys with no respect for girls, are we really like this? does boys only think with their dicks? i heard someone saying that you can't rape a boy coz we always appreciate sex. boys, please write to me and say you're not like this...
i want you to rape me, i want you to touch me, i want you to put your
dick across my bleeding vagina. can’t you see how i enjoy it, when
you hold a knife to my throat, i can’t even scream. you say i want it, that i’m
just like all the other girls you’ve met, a whore who likes to spread my legs
for dirtbags like you, when you kiss my mouth i wanna throw up. i hope i
have some disease that i didn’t know about and now i spread it to you.
Hopefully it’s a disease for small dicks, within a week yours will be all
swallowed up and then it starts to rotten up. maybe then you realize that it
wasn’t worth it.
did you ever thought about all my sleepless nights, the depression, the hate,
the fear you would give me after a couple of minutes of joy for you? no, you
didn’t, you only though about your cock and sticking it into a vagina,
nothing else occurred to you. i didn’t exist, only my vagina did.
All rapists should masturbate instead.
you’re only twelve years old but you already look like a whore. you think
you’re rebelling against the guys, coz spice girls told you so. but you’re
dressed like a tasteful, sexy, little child. you’re dressed to be stared at and
you start already now, you haven’t even received any breasts yet. do you
really wanna be the boys playtoy? do you really wanna be a sex object?
If not, give up the useless make up, the silly clothes and spicegirls, become
your own personality don’t follow the media, don’t follow the guys. put less
importance to the way you dress and more importance to your life. become a
real girl power!

the risk of being the comedian in the class is that suddenly no one laughs to
your jokes. the risk of being the hardest guy is that someday you may cry.
the risk of being the most beautiful girl is that everybody changes their
taste. the biggest risk of all risks is without a doubt, being yourself. coz then
you have to put trust on that you’re enough by what you offer and can be
respected for who you are. some people always play along while others
never play along, it’s different from person to person, but all of us take
risks. if you give up your personality, it’s a risk that may lead to regret later on.
wether we choose to be king or queen or the outside boy that no one talks
to, it’s risks. i don’t regret the risks i’ve taken in my life, not one of them.
breaking up with almost everyone in my class was necessary for me to be
table to move on and create a positive life on my own. becoming
straightedge and vegan was a risk that would involve a greater commitment
for my life. what i do regret are the risks i didn’t take coz i was afraid of
crossing that line.
i hide my feelings for the girls i wanted to date, i saved my punches for
the people i wanted to punch (now i got so many punches left so i just keep
punching the wall all the time), i denied my dreams and let them remain as
dreams only. for the first time i had a crush on a girl i should’ve taken
the risk to talk with her. for the first time i was beaten up i should’ve used my
punches, they do no good now. for the first time i wanted to do something i
should’ve done it. because now i have to sit here, thinking about everything
i threw away, which was a lot.
you can lose things if you take a risk to get them, but if you don’t you will
always wonder what would’ve happened? if you don’t take risks in your
life, you don’t live, you have become a prototype, a product, a toy... a risk
is an opportunity and without risks, you will accept boredom, you will
accept being unhappy.
neglected to her pain, she sleeps in hell, wakes up, only to find another
reason to kill herself. everywhere she turn her small eyes, she sees big, well
formed sizes of plastic operated breasts. she looks in her so called girly
magazines and wonders why her breasts isn’t like that. she sees that they
always smiles on the pictures, she thinks they must be really happy with
their tits.
so for the coming years in her youth she does everything to look like them,
when she’s 18 she gets herself a pair of her own plastic tits, at first she feels
so good about herself, now i will be happy, now i will laugh all the time and
have tons of boyfriends, but then she starts to think about how she made
something natural, a part of her personality, to be something so unnatural.
her breasts was fixed with chemical substances.
if all girls would make plastic breasts of their own, they could all make
them look the same, feel the same, no boys would never complain about the
size of your breasts. what a great idea! you just ask your boyfriend what
kind of breasts he prefer most and find most attractive, then you make a
pair of his demands yourself. the boy would be totally overwhelmed and he
would love you...coops, your tits.
of the most predictable lives you can live, and i'm bored by it. the only place where i find excitement is in my music collection coz i have a wide variety of things and i try to be wider. everybody should strive for a wider life, where nothing is for granted. start with the music you listen to or whatever. i'm no expert, but tell me if i'm wrong. i'm actually dead serious with this theory.

the thought of committing suicide have crossed my mind many times now. i dwell upon my death and pour salt in my wounds as i continue to live my boring life. i've waited so long to live that i feel like dying. the temptation and depression trough the years formed the sculpture of my life, everyday i fight to overcome the limits that keep me in line. i've heard some saying suicide is an escape, a proof of weakness, i don't agree. if suicide is something but killing yourself it is strength. why live a life that isn't worth living just coz it's some present? in this world we sell our presents, why not sell our lives? why should we accept suffering when we're all unhappy in the end?

so i'm talking with big words now, words that explodes in your head, is he nuts, he must be a nutcase. you wonder do i have the courage to stand by them? do i have the courage to jump and smash myself to death? do i have a reason to kill myself? even though i've found hundreds of reasons to put an end to my misery, i found a million not to. my presence is important for some people, it makes the darkness inside me a little bit lighter. it makes the growing hatred a little bit easier to control.

in the past i could act intolerant and stupid to everyone and everything, but to those who really deserved it. there didn't exist limits on my cruelty, because i didn't care about anything.

my dad asked once if there was something wrong with me? i said i wanted to die, can you help me die? can you hate your son so much that you drives to the nearest gun store and buy a gun. can you pull the trigger? you've got three sons left, shot me, i'm only the black sheep, shot me, the one with no career, shot me, the selfish son of a bitch, shot me, i want to die, shot me, make an end to my pain, shot me. you know i would understand if you did, but i'm happy you didn't.

me and my big mouth. it was the day before christmas eve and i still worked at the foodstore. i did my last week and as everything was ready in the store me and another guy didn't have much to do.
instead of listening to the silence, i tried to make a conversation with him, but it felt like i was cutting knives into his chest. through the entire time i thought he had kids coz he had the age in and so on, so i asked him if he should celebrate christmas with his kids? troubled by my question he said he had no kids, maybe he couldn’t get children, maybe that was why he looked so strange? i don’t know... when i then asked him if he would celebrate christmas with his parents i knew he had hurt. he had no parents, they were dead. later that day i heard him talking with his grandfather who was still alive, i couldn’t avoid hearing that his grandfather was worried about him. it was obvious that his parents was gone under not normal circumstances and that he still was very vulnerable.

christmas were probably a time of loneliness for him. he would dress himself up like santa claus and give himself the presents. most likely he will drown himself in sorrow until christmas is over. the work is everything he got, that’s why he was so happy to get a present from the chief.

while we have a great time with our families and relatives we forget about those people who have to be alone on christmas, they are the ones who deserve presents, not you and me who lives at our parents house, eat our parents food, drive our parents car, take a shower on our parents bills, and still we talk about revolution, what a joke, lets first set ourselves free from holidays and other kind of days when we’re supposed to spend time with our family. before telling everyone what to do, we got so much to improve ourselves, in our own lives. we think we’re innocent, but not until we set ourselves free.

yeah, yeah, yeah...

i’ve heard those statements millions of times. you live home, with your parents so what the f*ck do you know about selling out? xxxxxxxxxxxxxe x x x x have been straightedge since 2000 before christ so don’t talk shit about him.

it’s like saying, you have no reason to think and have an own opinion about these things so shut up. people always tries to find faults in people’s opinions than having an own opinion. these two statements are though even worse than faults, they are reasons to forbid us from thinking. alternative one, you live with your parents so shut up. this statement are always used to neglect the youth to have an opinion on economical issues. alternative two, you haven’t been straightedge. vegan or whatever long enough. that’s an age statement, once again to neglect people with less experience to have their opinion. well, fuck that! if you use these statements on me i will not take you seriously. everybody should have an opinion based on the knowledge they owe.

you thought life was an easy trip, filled with adventures and helping hands. you thought everyone would welcome you and like you. you thought you would do a lot of good things and get a lot of good friends. you thought your dreams would be fulfilled. so you joined the world with opened arms and a happy smile on your face. but the world wasn’t like you thought it would be, the world was cruel. when you had seen the world you didn’t wanna stay. you thought everyone would love each other, but instead they tried to kill each other. you thought sex was a magic bond between two loving people, but instead sex was business. you thought school would learn you a lot of things, but soon you found out that if you were going to learn something you had to do it yourself, you thought we cared about our family, instead we lock them in at institutions where doctors can suck their last money to buy medicines. you thought the system was there to support democracy, instead you could watch it suck the last breath out of everyone.

now you know, life was a lie.

you can’t see, you never had, and never will. you’re the blind man in vingåker, you sit next to me in the class room. everything is so difficult for you, you have to memorize every word the teacher said. your head must be like a computer if you’re going to have the slightest chance. it’s a miracle everyday you find the class room, without seeing your own footsteps.

you must experience something darker than the dark, inside your eyes there’s nothing but constant darkness. you would probably give everything for one minute in your life with eyes that could see what color the butterflies wings are. how grass looked like, how the air and sun looked like. how would all the voices you hear look like? the only thing you know for sure is the darkness in your eyes.

you’re the blind man in vingåker, you sit next to me in the class room. everyone looks at you with strange looks, but you can’t know, because you can’t see. you don’t have to participate in the beauty contests that take place everywhere. what surprise me is your strength to live and educate yourself. i admire you coz you always surprise me. maybe it isn’t so bad to be blind, coz then you won’t know what ugly is. the world around you complain on everybody and everything, while you just walk around there in your own world, trying to find out the options you have. and maybe that’s why you seem so happy.
i told you my most secret secret. i told you my biggest lie. i showed you my hardest fear. i knelted down and prayed for you.
i want you to heal me. i want you to comfort me. i want you to say that everything will be fine. tomorrow they won't hurt me in school. tomorrow all girls will say hi to me. forbid them to hurt me god, forbid them to hurt me. tomorrow i'll stamp on their toes, tomorrow i'll smash their heads to the walls. god, please make them stop, make them stop.

i don't deserve this
i don't deserve this
i don't deserve this
god, why do they do this to me? why do they smash my head into the walls? why won't you stop them? i gave you five years of my life, not one of my prayers got fulfilled. why did i believe in you? i even tried to read the bible. they smash my head into the walls and you watch them, you see that i'm suffering, they stamp on my toes. you lied to me, why did you say that if i prayed to you i would go to heaven, when i'm already in hell?

i should go to heaven
i should go to heaven
i should go to heaven
demons were chasing me all around the school yard. get him! get him! i ran as fast as i could, but they always ran faster. until they got me. they always got me. i always ran, but i knew they would get me, but i ran anyway.

i doubt your existence
i doubt your past
i doubt you

never will i rely on some spooky man up in the sky for my well being, never will let them punch my head into the walls again. and never will i believe in god again.

THIS IS MY LAST PRAYER!