

Cider Spake, BÄÄ!

by DonJuan Writer

Assuming I could be unassuming was one assumption too far. I knew that my headlong dive into the world of "world-saving" was going to be bumpy but nothing could have prepared me for the life and death struggle that it wasn't. Jeez, it was going to be so adventurous, so broad in scope, such a wild and entertaining ride to the echelons of the public face living. I was going to be the man that saved the world, for crying out loud. But no matter how many drunks I spoke to, no matter how many strangers I tried my new theories on, no matter how many of my currently distant friends I out-witted and educated with my revelatory nuggets of wisdom, I still see no sign of impact on the evening news. This depresses me. So, I snap open another can of 7.2% cider and slug back. I find it helps me to slow down these rapid thoughts and keep my lusts from the streets at night.

My book shelves are kind of musty. I like secondhand books. I like that they've lived a bit. I find that they have more character than anything contemporary. I despise new writers. I hate the way the obvious works for them. I hate how their simple ideas and genre-friendly titles make them into bestsellers. I see their faces in shop windows, smiling the grin of ignorance. It's the same feeling that models on billboards have. Happy models are a myth perpetuated by the photo-propaganda of their profession. The whole TV marketplace is a sham and a curse on the human condition. TV is a burden on the collective unconscious; it pains me to be the only one who knows this. Why is everyone a sheep but me?

Sorry, darling, I'm going through another Zarathustra phase.. I'll call you tomorrow. I think I'll surf the web a bit instead. x

