Achieving Inner Peace without facebook

by Larry Strattner

He joined facebook because people he knew were there. He had never been a big cell phone user, had the cheapest plan, fewest minutes and couldn't imagine having twenty apps on an iPhone. *"Pissed off at the assholes next door who are constantly turning around using your driveway? There's an app for that."*

There was an empty box on his facebook page asking to be filled in with, "What's on your mind?" He thought. *Hair?* Other people wrote cute little things in this box. *Mimsey dotes and Marsey dotes and how's your little TaTa?.* Stuff like that was on their minds. He wrote "Today I mowed the lawn."

No one ever wrote to him. He wondered how his niece could have two hundred and sixty eight friends and what they wrote to each other.

There were other people on facebook he did not know but they had his last name. He invited them to be friends and they accepted and then never replied if he left a message on their wall. A lot of the people who were friends of friends didn't deem to leave messages on facebook. Perhaps they were illiterate but he didn't think that mattered anymore. He had seen a novel at the library written entirely in text messages; BTW lol ybfa. And like that. Among facebook, texting, twitter and Linkedin what's the choice?

He wrote on the walls of prospective friends he didn't know in foreign countries and again they did not respond. He thought. *There's some lesson here.*

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If I write and no one responds I may as well write to myself. If I use different tenses and voices and people I can quit worrying about what to say or what some lamebrain I don't even really know will say in return. I can control both ends of the conversation and be as crass or as erudite as I want. I can have some fun.

So he bought a whole shopping cart load of TV dinners and a shitload of beer and did just that. He spun some astounding stories. He built a safe harbor behind a breakwater of lies and fabrication. Reams of his stories and poems stacked up around his chair. It grew to be tedious writing and reading them alone. He thought *I should write in the "What's on your mind?" box. I have a few stories to share."* Then he remembered what happened those other times. He thought. *The hell with facebook* and he wrangled an invitation to fictionaut.