

Sam and friend

Recently I have been pushing people away. I remove their lives from my daily time, and for what? Why would I say wrong things to people to get them away from me? I wish I knew the answer and I guess right now I must take a full overlook on what is exactly happening. The main reason I broke up with my girlfriend is because she was pulling me away from my craft and wanting me to be with her and not my computer. Do I love my computer more than I love my faithful attractive girl friend? There is a thought I have always had. I will be successful because of the hard work I put into my music. If I spend time hanging out with humans then I will become social and it could possibly delay my capabilities. This sadness and loneliness has driven me mad and it is unbearable. Drugs don't work and sleep is just more time wasted. Why do people love me? I am selfish and this stupid world I built around me is toppling over on my head. Ok... yeah making music, ok excellently, hmmm, that sounds great, better make more of it, DING DONG goes the bell and someone has arrived bearing the gift of their company and own ideas and thoughts. Now what can I do? Ah yes please come and sit down on my futon in my trailer.

Friend: how's life there Sammy?

Sam: well I am baffled to why you are and your willingness to share your ideas with me. We both know that I am mental and will never be able to keep friends because of my spontaneous words and actions, so you my friend that sits before me are probably wasting your time.

Friend: well you see Sam, I do find that we have a lot in common and I like to reflect these ideas off of you because you know where I am coming from. I to have been in bad dark holes for days rotting away in my own self guilty shit. So Sam, you are not special at all. You are just a sad human like me. The only difference is, I don't have your fucked up bi-polar thingy or what ever you call it. And maybe if you were not addicted to that mood stabilizer's you would not be so messed up.

Sam: so I understand friend that you don't exist and you are not really talking to me. This is some kind of train of thought I am having and using a blank face to describe what's wrong with me.

Friend: well I wish you would not call me that and stop pushing me away by saying stupid baby emo shit like “no body likes you so why don’t you go eat worms”. I have a solution. Why don’t you kill yourself and maybe all these problems and wonders of this worlds of yours will disappear.

Sam: you do prove a valid point my dear friend and I commend your honesty, yet I still can’t help but notice how much are art is alike. In fact if we collaborate our ideas, we can make a bigger picture. Oh and before we try to do this, I want to know if I am important to you and why.

Friend: you know I am in capable of answering that. Let me wait until snort a drug so I can criticize your silly work with a clear mind. Ok, now all is done. Sam I hear by sentence you to be thrown in the pit of loneliness where you will loop and loop the thought of your failure. You really believed that your ideas are special and different? Well I got some news for you buddy! You are imagining this right now and I never said those words because I was on drugs.

Sam: oh not a problem, I know how those things go. Once up the nose nothing goes right until you reach a height of synthetic fake pleasure. So friend are we still friends?

Friend: I can’t tell you that but I can tell you this, if you turn this knob that way and wiggle a button from side to side with a little switch in your whist you make this thing that works.

Sam: is it some kind of new method? Well I agree. Did you know that I can do something that you can’t? Perhaps if I bring my “you can’t box” and you bring your “you can’t box” over to my den where I cry a lot, then maybe we can put all this behind us and make some amazing gurbily goo.

As the story ends I finally understand that the story is over.