

Every time I open the door to my room, waves of hot and musty scents of piss and sweat fill my nose. I have a contentious debate with myself whether or not to open my closet. I'm afraid that the dead mice of sugar hungry ants will invade my subconscious and give me bad dreams. Debates over, closet lost. I guess I'll listen to some music. I walk to my stereo, put in Polvo, and listen to Bat Radar over and over again. Suddenly I have the urge to write, so I push the magazines, clothes, small scribblings, and other crap to one side of my love seat, and get out some paper. To increase the writing mood I plug in my flashing Christmas lights and shut off all the others. Only the red and orange lights work though, because my dad accidentally stapled the blue and green ones. As I search the deep inner recesses of my mind for inspiration, I let my eyes wander around my ever blinking room. Dave Letterman is staring at me with one eyebrow raised. Sandra Bullock is looking at Guido, who's right next to her. She has a giant knot in her hair. Amniotic fluid is being dumped onto a beautiful dancing girls head. Mr. Manson is squatting down, his half naked self-mutilated body glowing red under my lights. His arm is reaching out at me, trying to pull me into his twisted Willy Wonka world. I close my eyes and concentrate, leaving my ears, my nose, and my mind to do all the work for themselves. Realizing the stench in my room has gotten quite bad, I light some incense. It's almost 11:30, and I don't seem to be getting much writing done, so I'll succumb to the greater power known as t.v.. I turn on Dave and hop under the four blankets which heat my badly insulated body through the cold winter nights. I watch t.v. till the mighty predator called sleep attacks me and puts me under its hallucinogenic spell.

