

04.13.2012

# BUDD UNDERGROUND

HEY WORLD. IT IS I. THE INDAMOUS.

JUST WATCHED THE GUARD TOWER SET DOWN ITS MILK CRATE ON A STRING TO PULL UP HIS DINNER AND AMMUNITION FOR HIS AR-15.

THE WIND WAS GIVING THE POOR FOOL TROUBLE. LET THATS WHAT WE DO, HEY, BROTHER WIND?

THE DISABILITY LAW CENTER HAS RESPONDED WITH SOME QUESTIONS TO DISCOVER IF THEY CAN HELP ME FIGHT MY LAWSUITS. AM I DISABLED... ENOUGH?

LETS TAKE A VOTE.

MY FIRST PHONE CALL AFTER FIVE YEARS IN COMMUNICADO REACHED CRESCENDO WHEN THE LINE WENT DEAD HALFWAY THROUGH THE CONVERSATION. MY MIND IS CONVINCED THAT MY UNCLE HAS BLOWN HIMSELF UP ON A METH LAB. I'M TRULY STRESSING IT.

THE SECOND PHONE CALL ENTAILED MY GIRLFRIEND, HER KIDS AND POETIC MICHAEL IN THE BACKGROUND TENDING THE KIDS AS WE SPOKE. (ME AND MY GIRLFRIEND) MY MIND, THIS TEN YEAR SOLITARY MIND, CONVINCED ME THAT MICHAEL WAS KIDNAPPING HER CHILDREN. SO I HURRY AND HUNG UP AND RAN TO MY CELL TRAUMATIZED.

THIS HAS BEEN MY LIFE FOR SO LONG THAT ITS NORMAL. WHEN MY GRANDMA, WHO WRITES TWICE A MONTH, HAS GIVEN UP ON ME IN MY MIND, EVEN THOUGH SHE WRITES TWICE A MONTH, AND I GET SAD, HURT AND DESPAIRING THAT SHE GAVE UP ON ME. EVEN THOUGH SHE JUST WROTE YESTERDAY...

THIS DELUSION IS IN EVERYTHING I ENCOUNTER. MY TOOTHPASTE TASTES FUNNY. WHAT DID THEY PUT IN IT? THOSE CLOUDS LOOK FIERCE. TORNADO? THIS IS SALT LAKE CITY!

I KNOW WHY PEOPLE START LAUGHING AND NEVER STOP. SAYS THE GIGGLING MAN HOLDING BACK GUFFAWS.