

IT IS A JOKE. ALL THIS DAMN DESPAIR I'VE BEEN CONVEYING; BEEN BORING THE WORLD WITH. ITS ALL ILLUSTRONS AND DELUSTONS. THE GOOD THING IS I THINK ITS NOW ALL BEATEN OUT OF ME. TO THE CHURCH PEOPLE READING MY WORDS SENDING STUDY PACKS ON THE PSALMS ILL I'M OKAY. GOD IS THE LAST THING I NEED! SPOKE TO MY GIRLFRIEND TERESA YESTERDAY ON THE PHONE. (YES, YOU ARE THAT, TERESA. A GIRLFRIEND. DEAL WITH IT) AND HER SON AND DAUGHTER WERE IN THE BACKGROUND TEARING UP THE NEIGHBORHOODS. GHOSTRIDING PEPPLESKES INTO CARS AND SNATCHING FLOWERS FROM NEIGHBORHOOD FLOWERBEDS. THE CUTENESS OF THAT OCCURRING IN THE BACKGROUND MADE ME SMILE AND LAUGH WHOLEHEARTEDLY.

WHAT'S MY DELUSTONS AND STUPID SORROW TO THAT? I'M GOING HOME IN TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS. AND THEY'RE KILLING ONE OF US BY FINDING SQUAD SOON. LIFE WITHOUT PAROLE ARE HALF OF US. AND I GO HOME TO A SILLY CURFEW AND NO ALCOHOL CLAUSE. SO, I'VE MADE A DATE WITH TERESA TO PHONE HER NIGHTS AS WE BOTH SET/LAY ON OUR ROOFS AND WATCH THE STARS. ROMANTIC, SHE SAYS. ITLL BE COOL, I SAY.

SHE HAS SAT OUT THERE WAITING TWO YEARS FOR ME. SHE MADE ME BRAVE ENOUGH TO PASS MY PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTING. AND IF IT WASNT FOR HER ID NOT HAVE BEEN GENTLE TO THE PAROLE BOARD MEMBER WHEN SHE COUGHED AND HER PHONE RANG REPEATEDLY DURING OUR MEETING. TERESA HAS TAMED ME, SAVED ME.

I'M NOT SURE IF ANY OF MY READERS READ "ROLLING STONE" MAGAZINE. BUT I RIPPED OUT SOME PAGES AND SENT THEM TO TERESA. ONE PAGE HAD A PICTURE OF SETH ROGAN WALKING DOWN THE STREET WITH HIS WIFE LAUREN. I WONDERED TO HER IF SETH WOULD BE SETH WITHOUT LAUREN? AND ID LISTEN TO YOU AND LET YOU HOLD MY PINKY LIKE LAUREN DOES IN THE PHOTO; ID HAVE THAT EXACT EXPRESSION SETH DOES AS HE LISTENS TO LAUREN

AND THEN — THIS IS ROLLING STONE # 1185 BY THE WAY — IN THE "WEED" SECTION THERE IS A PHOTO OF DR. PINA SMELLING A WEED PLANT. TOASTED BEYOND BELIEF. HER EYES ARE RIPPED AND SHE'S GRINNING LIKE THE CHESTER CAT.

I SAID ILL MAKE YOU AS HAPPY AS DR. PINA'S EYES. SO, IM JUST SITTING HERE WONDERING IF IM GOING HOME TO MY HOMETOWN OF BEAVER OR ILL HAVE TO GO TO A HALFWAY HOUSE. IM HOPING MY GRANDPA CAN JUST COME AND GET ME. IM SCARED TO CALL AND GET BAD NEWS FROM THEM. ID ALREADY CALLED AND GAVE THEM A HEADS UP THOUGH.

ITS ALMOST LUNCH TIME HERE. FOUR FEATHERS HANG FROM SOCK STRING BLOWING IN THE WIND FROM THE AIR VENTS. GOOD LUCK, I SAY. WHAT WOULD TERESA SAY ABOUT MY FEATHERS?

I THREW OUT MY BACK A COUPLE WEEKS BACK AND THE RAIN RADIATED LEFT, SO I BELIEVED MY STOMACH OR KIDNEYS WERE IN BAD SHAPE. BUT IT WAS JUST MY BACK. GET-UPS, I'VE FOUND, ARE DANGEROUS. POSSIBLY ALL MY PAINS COME FROM GOING GETUPS AND SQUISHING THESE PILES OF EXTRA GUTS I HAVE; STRETCHING MY TWISTED SPINE. MUST EMBRACE GUTS AND TWISTS.