

False Events

Dramatized Events

True Events

False Thoughts/Opinions

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True Thoughts/Opinions

## River Of Tears – Post 1

So my girlfriend broke up with me last night. I can't say I'd blame her, but I do think she did it for all the wrong reasons.

What girlfriend you say? Oh, well, I suppose that has been something I've been a little too cloak and dagger about, with only two or three of you even knowing she ever existed. Even if I'm one to scream things from mountain tops, I can't help but yield to a stronger person who tells me to keep secrets locked tight within my heart.

The thing is, she's not allowed to date. I don't really know the back story because she never really told me it, but it seems typical enough: Asshole abusive dad, military type, controls everything she does in life even at 22. I didn't want to touch that shit with a ten foot pole, so it's fine by me that she wanted to be a bit clandestine.

Besides, I think the knowledge I was dating someone would cast aspersions into my social circle, who seems convinced that either I'm doomed to repressed homosexuality or that I'll eventually join a monastery. The latter seems more likely than the former, as my homophobic friends tend to mistake sexual confidence and general acceptance of others for sexual confusion. Nevertheless, neither of these things are true, because I have been dating a girl, if only in secret.

Alyssa was an interesting kind of girl I guess. Always keeping me an inch short of the foot of leeway I needed, knowing just what she could get away with. Being so submissive is not my style, but she had a sort of power over me. She has two of the three marks of romantic perfection, in that she's alarmingly beautiful and she's quite intelligent. The only problem was that, aside from the cat and mouse game and the air of secrecy, she was overwhelmingly boring.

Folks who know me, know I don't do well with boredom. Sure, we had some fun times for the first few weeks, but my interest quickly waned. Ever wondered why I've been playing so much Go lately? You have her to blame.

Once the fire dies out, the rest is just end game. I'd say that we had a nice September, and that it's just been downhill since then. Hell, I only saw her twice in January, and that includes last night. Speaking of which, might as well talk about that and get it over with.

She comes over around 11pm, piss drunk from the club and all fired up from talking with her dumb friends who hate me. Glorified valley girl replicas, these New Jersey queens do a good job of rattling poor Alyssa's confused head even if I am powerless to do the same. She's sitting on the couch while I finish up a game of Go, and I have to admit, with her slurring words like she was, I wasn't really paying attention.

Well, at least until a cup flew over my shoulder and smashed one of my favorite trinkets. It turns out, I had left some of my drawings and poetry out on the floor, and she had rifled through it, like she always

did. I guess the cup was a sign she didn't like what she saw.

Rather than the uninspired prose and anemic doodles I'd been churning out for her in recent weeks, instead, she found deep, beautiful sonnets. Lovely limericks, and some handsome haiku.

She saw drawings that weren't exactly drawings, but coded messages of admiration and appreciation for someone who was... well... not her. The cup was just for the first one she saw. After she snatched my notebook from its not-secret-enough hiding place, my entire shelf of plates went crashing down onto the floor in what can only be described as a sea of glass.

I guess no one ever told her breakups don't necessarily involve breaking things. However, I took the hint, and before I could tell her that nothing ever happened between me and the... other girl, that it was mere curiosity and interest, she had already slammed my door and woken up most of my neighbors.

Something tells me I'll never see her again. Oh well. The only lesson I've learned here is that sometimes little lies pile up and make it hard to see the truth even when it's right in front of your eyes. Oh yeah... and also, that if you have a floor full of glass, don't walk around barefoot.

## River of Honey – Post 2

It's funny how things work out sometimes. Yesterday I wrote a fictional but apparently believable account of a rough breakup, and in the mix-up, ended up getting more than I could ever bargain for.

Though it may not be apparent to my casual acquaintances, there was a certain amount of truth in my last post. The breakup didn't exist, because Alyssa didn't exist. Actually... I met an Alyssa this week, but she was 6 years old and that's a little out of my age range. She did have a pretty name though and I was happy to use it here.

However, I have been writing poetry and drawing pictures, many of them coded, for a neighbor. She happens to read this blog, which I didn't really know. I guess this is a strange way to go about romance, but she was able to see that my last post was really more a statement of how strongly I feel for her than it was a bitter stab at romance. I guess you can call me a strange lot, and you'd be right. But that doesn't change things.

*EDIT: This conversation actually never took place, but I can show where I was truthful in my thoughts / opinions.*

This whole thing opened up a can of worms though. She had a lot of questions about whether my past relationships have really been that violent. I told her truthfully, of course not. I mean, I've been through some rough patches, but I could never dream of the kind of drama I put forth in the last post. She asked me if I'm really prone to losing faith in relationships when things are less exciting. I told her truthfully, probably so. Maybe this is something I can work on, maybe it isn't, but it's fair to say that the death of more than one relationship I've been in has been the inability to stay interested.

I laughed when she asked whether my friends are really homophobic, because I didn't even know how to answer that. Maybe some of them are, but most of them aren't. I did tell her that general acceptance and respect for others is very important to me, and that the friends I keep tend to reflect this attitude. She asked if I'd ever \*really\* become a monastic, I said "I don't know".

Come to think of it, there wasn't much in the post that she didn't ask about. I guess I did too good of a job writing realistically, and she wanted honesty on all accounts. She asked where I hide my secret

notebook, and I told her it's called Meta-Metta. She was skeptical, but I explained how unlike my technical blogs where I'm bound by public image to not stray 'too far' from the sanity mark, this place is one I can call my own. If I do a good enough job of mixing facts with fiction, information with noise, art with .... crap, that I have the freedom to say whatever I want. Those are my favorite types of secrets anyway, the kind that are right out in the open for all to see, but require a certain bit of extra knowledge to unlock them.

*EDIT: A similar conversation was carried out via IM, but I obviously embellished a bit to make it more interesting here. The 'lotes' mistake and irb code are real, though.*

We finally got back around to the topic of my infatuation with her. This is something that had been going on for a couple weeks, but mostly in a way that could be described only as friendship. She asked what I really thought of her, and I tried to think it through:

9 12-15-20-5 19

She thought for a moment, and responded:

19-9-12-12-25

Seeing her sequence, I realized I'm dumb. With a little help from irb, I confirmed.

```
>> "ilotes".split(/ /).map { |e| e[0] - 96 }  
=> [9, 12, 15, 20, 5, 19]
```

I started to correct myself, and she hushed me: "I only read the first two letters, and knew what you were trying to say." As if I needed a reminder of why I find her so captivating...

So it's not safe to say that I'm in love, but, I am definitely in lotes. What that means, I haven't quite figured out yet, but as long as it's fun, I don't mind seeing where things lead.

*EDIT: I did watch Amores Perros, good movie! The rest of this is totalfiction.*

The rest of the night was boring-ish, at least, nothing juicy to write about. We watched Amores Perros, we acted silly and danced around my apartment to Regina Spektor and ate ice cream. After three years of utter singleness, I experienced something not-too-unlike cuddling. It made me smile.

That's enough for now. I'm sure the plates smashing were more interesting :)

### The Trash Barge – Post 3

When I started this fiction series, I didn't really expect it to be that effective. I thought maybe one or two people would be tricked for a split second, then quickly realize I was full of it, and have a laugh or two.

Instead, I had an Inbox full of emails that expressed heartfelt condolences for my loss, and exhibited genuine shock at my ability to be candid about such personal things. I sort of felt like a jerk responding with "Guess you missed the fiction tag."

But this is life, right? Mix-ups happen, and the results can be interesting even when they get a little murky. My only fear is that my friends might think I take their genuine concern for me too lightly, and

that somehow, that makes them think I'm not offering them the respect that they deserve.

Actually, right now I'm in pretty hot water. It's probably foolish of me to write about it, because it may just make things worse. I knew that maybe there would be some ambiguity about whether this stuff was fact or fiction for people reading my blog, but I didn't anticipate anyone hearing this story third party through the grapevine.

*NOTE: John here not to be confused with my friend Jon. Pete may freely be confused with my friend Pete, at least here.*

Late last night, I get a call from my friend John. He's all stressed out and you can tell he's walking on eggshells for some reason.

"Hey buddy, hows it going?"

"Not bad. I can't remember the last time you've called me, what's up"

"Oh.... Pete told me what happened with your girl man, that's fucked up."

silence

I tried to figure out how to respond. A thought flashed back to an email I got that was wondering where the Metta was in all of this. I still don't really know how to explain it, but 'it's there somewhere'. I tried to explain it all to John, and his reaction was proof that I've not found a good way to justify what I'm doing here:

"You mean, you hoped that people would get all worked up reading this shit? Man, I can't believe you. You've done some messed up stuff before, but this takes the cake. Fuck you man, don't even talk to me"

click

Of my friends, I can safely say that John is one of the least interested in the arts, and it didn't really surprise me that he didn't see any beauty or truth in this writing of mine, even if it just barely survives in the shadow of all the lies and complications. What did surprise me was that I was so capable of writing something that effected so many of my friends in such a serious way...

Especially when this is still fiction. Sure, there is some truth hidden in here, but these words are nothing more than a story, designed to entertain and impact. I hope that this is fun to read, once you're in on the joke.

Though these weird quasi-fictional posts may be lacking Metta, they certainly have no shortage of Meta. You see, I do have a friend in the building that I sometimes flirt with a bit, mostly for fun, but also because if she ever presented me with the opportunity to take things more seriously, I doubt I'd shy away.

She's been enjoying my writing, and that's part of what makes me keep it up. It's funny how fact and fiction are increasingly melting the more I push on with this. I woke up this morning to a little sheet of paper slipped under my door that said:

8 5 12 12 5

Are you helle confused yet? I am, but since this is so exciting, I can't wait to see what happens next!

## Writing All Wrongs – Post 4

I continue the so called "LiveJournal Experiment" not to convince you that I'm telling the truth, but because I've started to believe some of my own lies.

I guess this is the challenge of trying to do an immersive art project, figuring out how deep it's possible to dive in without drowning. Nonetheless, I went to the rooftop of my apartment tonight with a notebook and flashlight to seek inspiration and a bit of adventure.

I don't think we're supposed to go up there. The door is locked, but our apparently very trusting super has hung the master keys to the building on a nail next to it, making it far too tempting to resist. I go up there sometimes late at night, when I feel like I need a little space from the world to do some thinking, or... maybe more honestly... brooding.

The last few days, my mind has been mush. I guess that's only natural when I've suddenly realized I'm the main character in my own fictional life story. Though it feels like a romance so far, I'm not so sure where it's going to lead me. Sitting on the roof, I contemplated where I could take it next.

I scribbled fast, but most of the ideas fell flat. I can't very well write that I jumped off the roof and died, because then, who would be writing this post? Besides, those who know me may never believe a story of suicidal tendencies, since they've really never been in my thoughts. I guess it's interesting that 50% or so of people have thought about killing themselves at one time or another. I never had. The closest I came was on a rough night, uttering the words "I hope I never wake up" to someone, I forgot who. But aside from that silly frustrated uttering, the thought has never really crossed my mind.

I started drawing some mind maps, but none of them led me to where I needed to be. I want to be sure to turn this story around, I don't want it to be a tragedy. I know this blog is just a single feed in a sea of many for most of you, and I don't want you to skip over mine because my story is depressing you. So I'm looking for an upturn, I'm searching for something believable but a little larger than life to keep you smiling while you read this.

While I was dreaming of good vibrations and tumbling aimless chicken scratch onto paper, reality presented me with a story more interesting than I could dream up. It so happens that our roof is level with the third floor of the building next door. Though I never really paid much attention to it, it turns out that if you wanted to stalk my neighbors, my roof is the ideal place for it.

I'm usually pretty oblivious to my surroundings, but the flurry of movement across the way was unmistakable. I guess I only caught the tail end of it, but a nasty fight had broke out between this guy and his girlfriend, and the moment I caught was her slapping his face and running away to slam the door to her room, locking it behind her. I watched as the guy futilely banged on the door a few times, and then quickly disappeared.

Just moments later, I see him get in his car, and speed off. This sight really hit me hard. After writing what I did the other day about my 'breakup', it was a whole lot more shocking to see something like it happen before my eyes. Part of my heart sunk, but my brain was spinning. I had to write this out,

because capturing a rare moment in reality like this isn't something that just happens every day.

Every time I write, I lose track of time. Minutes tend to melt into hours and I sometimes even forget where I am. That's hard to do on a rooftop at night in the winter. A strong gust of wind quickly pulled me out of my writing induced coma and I took a look around to get a sense of how long I'd been there.

I look over and see the girl who had just moments ago (or hours, who really knows), sobbing and lying on her bed. For the first time in a while, I feel genuine sympathy for the feelings of a near stranger. I also started to feel like I was being a little creepy, looking in someone's window from the roof. I figured that it was about time to make my escape back down to the second floor before someone called the cops, but then I got distracted.

The guy who had left in such an enraged hurry was back. I stood there, wondering what was on his mind and hoping that he'd leave this poor girl alone. It's funny how I managed to take sides in what was essentially a silent movie, but knowing 'men' in general, it was probably his fault she was so upset.

But then, he surprised me. It was too dark to see it when he got out of his car, but he had brought something back with him. He goes and knocks on her door. She ignores him. He knocks again, same (lack of) response. Finally, he looks strained and yells something I can't hear, and slumps down to the floor with his back to the door. She seems moved, and finally gets up to let him in.

He sheepishly shows her what is in his hands. A small bouquet of flowers, and some heart shaped card that looks like it was made from construction paper. She looks for a moment like she's just going to throw them right back at them, then she reads what's inside the card. They spend a long time looking at each other, and I can feel the tension, even from across the way.

In time, they come together in a loving embrace, she kisses him softly, and they sit down on the bed together. As they continued to talk, I realized that I've certainly overstayed my welcome on the roof, and that it's time for me to return to my own life, rather than simply watching others live out theirs.

In an instant, everything has come undone. I'm sitting here, looking at my screen, realizing that I've never been on the roof of my building, and that I don't think I've ever tried to look into the building next to mine, never mind whether it'd be possible or not. I look upon myself with great confusion, wondering why I'd conjure up what sounds to be a tragic tale, only to give it a happy ending that seemingly comes out of nowhere.

The scary thing is that while I was writing this, I was on the roof, and I was seeing every single detail I described here. It's only when I resign to finishing up the story and hitting publish that I realize this is all in my mind. Perhaps now that it is in your mind too, that makes it a little more real.

For those sick of all this, I promise you, it won't go on forever. Soon enough, I'll be back to things like Buddhism, Math, programming, and obscure humor. This is just a temporary thing, but I'd like to see where I can take it before it fizzles out.

I'd love to hear what you think of this so far, either here or via the usual other ways of contacting me. I've had some interesting feedback so far, and I'm using it to guide the story. Please take this lightly as I continue to explore the realm of quasi-fiction, and try to enjoy it if you can.

## Heart It Races – Post 5

So far I've been standing still in time, mind anchored firmly to the present. But if this is fiction, who's

to say I need to do that? The powerful thing about delusions is that they aren't limited by the numerous constraints of reality

*NOTE: Especially if ex-girlfriends read this... I actually didn't ever have a bad V-Day, just nothing to quite write home about, either. This I think is natural when you don't have the resources available to you in adult life.*

Fast forward and it's February 14th. Valentines Day. Half my life I dreamed about what it'd be like to have the perfect romantic evening; The other half, I cursed the day and the greeting card companies that invented it. Though you have no reason to trust me by now, I can say that I've spent exactly two Valentines days in the company of another, and that somehow I managed to have a lackluster time throughout both of them.

It wasn't the people, but the predicament that ruined the day. One year, I ended up at American Steakhouse, the family restaurant where you can get steak, shrimp, and food poisoning all for \$9.99. The other year, I ended up in an empty pizza place. Actually... now that I think about it, that one wasn't so bad after all, if far from memorable.

But today, February 14th, 2008 is different. It's easier for it to be different, because I actually have my own place now, and I'm a whole lot more independent than when I was younger and still just a student. I can actually afford the expensive dinner and... well... wait, let's re-write that part. Cliché romance isn't romance at all, and it makes my stomach turn a bit when the most creative guys I know somehow become retarded and think that a greeting card, some chocolates, roses and a fancy French or Italian dinner is somehow impressive. I don't know, I'm sure some girls go for that, but it's just not my style.

Now look what I've done, I've started to introduce the chain of events without introducing the actors. How silly of me. This meta-fiction stuff, it's getting me confused, so bear with me.

So it turns out, in this reality at least, the girl in my building that I've been crushing on actually does exist. Through all the layers of obfuscation, I think you'll be calling me the boy who cried wolf, but she is real and quite stunning. (NOTE: *hmm, I think I may be spending valentines day with her, but we certainly don't have concrete plans, if it happens at all.*) I couldn't believe she'd be willing to spend her Valentines Day with me, even if her mind was only set on friendship.

I guess I should describe her, but to do that, I should give her a name. For comedic effect, let's call her Bertha. I've always wondered what it'd be like to have a beautiful girlfriend named Bertha, so that'll keep me laughing while I write this.

Bertha is Chinese. She's smart, she's interesting, and I can recall every detail of her face when I imagine her, which is something I am typically *\*terrible\** at. I would say she was beautiful, and may go to fisticuffs with someone who said she wasn't. Or at least, have a really surly thumb wrestling match, which I would flat out win through mad passion.

Hahaha.. Bertha. Still funny

Anyway, perhaps the most incredible thing Bertha offers me is how accepting she is of my insanely complicated personality. Every time we talk, I feel like she's the counterweight on a seesaw that typically is anything from stable. Through all my meditation, I've only ever found acceptance and comfort within my chaotic mind, not inner tranquility. The fact that she lets me see a glimpse of serenity means the world to me, and that's why I need to write an especially good Valentines day to

show my appreciation.

She shows up around 8pm, after a pretty long day at work. I told her I'd cook dinner for her and that we could just hang out, maybe watch a movie. As soon as she shows up, she seems all excited, and I can't figure out why. She pulls out a sheet of notebook paper and tells me that it's a game record from earlier in the week. Not too long ago, I got her into Go, so that didn't surprise me much. I told her I'd look at it after we ate.

She wasn't happy with that, so I gave in and took a look. At only 10 moves, I knew she was full of it, but it had me curious:

1. q14
2. d14

6-4 point? Weird!

3. d12
4. q12

Bertha... what the hell is this? If it weren't for the symmetry, one of these players would have lost already...

5. k3
6. k13

Hmm... this is starting to look like "Get Strong at Subtle Invasions"

7. f15
8. o15

Umm... the players mutually wanted to create an M ?

Amazingly, I still don't see the significance of the two moves to come

9. p9
10. e9

Ooooooooooh.

I blush, and then I don't know what to say. This had to be the nerdiest, but cutest thing anyone has ever done for me:

*NOTE: The statement starting after "And I realize..," actually would be true if this really happened.., and we actually did take a ballroom dancing class.*

I don't even think about it, I just hug her. And I realize that's the first time we've ever actually touched each other, not counting the one silly ballroom dancing class we took together. And though it feels like the right thing to do at the time, I suddenly find myself a bit embarrassed.

I look up, she's not weirded out, and that's a relief. "You took all 10 moves to figure that out? Maybe you're not so smart after all."

We share a laugh and some eye contact that lingers a little longer than normal, and then I grab a big knife and slam it into the squash that has been sitting on my table, proving my ADD.

"I'm hungry. Let's cook."