

“IMPRESSED”

A good story reminds you that things matter. This idea is no more clear than when you go out for a drink with the cast after the show. It's a little fun, but then you remember just how boring everyone's lives are. The excitement of relevance to the rest of the universe, the direct line to the world of the gods, that we all pretend to shun as "realists" but we all hunger for like little bitches, disappears at the curtain call.

More than once, I've had a friend tell me how "impressed" they are with the amount of "content" I've been putting out.

Do you think I do this to impress you? I am not being combative. It's just a strange compliment to me. Do you think the amount matters? I want to remind you that things do matter. Not in a pedagogic way but... I don't know, what gets your ass up in the morning for goodnessake?

In a blog post from a while back, I compared a blog post to the remains of an aborted child. Something that could be more but the world is not ready for it. And everything must be let go as it is. A blog post is piece of ugly writing no one is ready (or even perhaps willing) to see.

Technically everything has to be let go before it's ready though. That is nature. But some things are more ready than others.

That is to say...

If you little shits read this dumbass blog, and have no problem shooting off your mouth to me about what you think (something I always appreciate... thank you very much) then read my short stories and listen to my podcast.

That's the good stuff. That's the gold. This blog is always gold too, I guess. I mean, I'm amazing. You assholes don't deserve me.

Everything is all in one place. Click the link below. Let me know what you think?

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