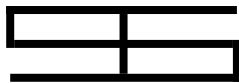




the exploited

by

Simon Morris



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“don’t let them tell you what to do...”

— Harold Pinter, *The Birthday Party* (1957)

“And he said, What *is* the thing that *the LORD* hath said unto thee? I pray thee hide *it* not from me: God do so to thee, and more also, if thou hide *any* thing from me of all the things that he said unto thee.”

— *1 Samuel* 3:17 (KJV)

Introduction to the Third Edition

This work was originally self-published in printed booklet form in 2004 by the author, Simon Morris, and I produced and published the first electronic edition in 2009, with his permission. This third edition has been entirely re-typeset and otherwise tweaked to give a better reading experience. Any unusual spelling or grammar has been deliberately placed by Simon, who ‘just happened’ to be the front-man of Blackpool psy-rock ensemble The Ceramic Hobs, and has stated in issue 5 of *Idwal Fisher* magazine (200?) that this band’s *Shergar Is Home Safe And Well* CD (Pumf Records, PUMF 469)—that was released in 2004, slightly prior to *the exploited*—is “an encoded sigil,” adding that the red texts on the disk’s circular green label “were transcribed during trance states in rituals spanning three months.”

Said texts include: “other room ANOTHER ROOM ... S H is H S A W emit / open up portal ... with f v time Place MIND / some thing this way comes / BY THE PRICKING OF MY THUMBS time ... back past other in.”

Simon further relates that the whole aim of the *Shergar* album “is to contact extra-terrestrial entities who can help subvert linear time for us and all the listeners – the old alchemical concept of turning time into space was high on the agenda ... The title is a reference to alternate dimensions, just a kiss away...” He also assures the audience that: “There’s a secret connected with the record which would gain us worldwide infamy if we revealed it – some readers will know what I’m talking about.”

Connexions hear.

MARK REEVE, 2026

THIRTEEN

DEAD CITIES – Lisa

I'm starting at thirteen cause before then I was a child and nothing much happened except my mum and dad's stuff. Well I suppose a few things happened. I first tried sniffing gas when I was about eleven, I'd just started senior school, I nipped home at dinner time and took a lungful of Mr Sheen, it was alright. My periods started about the same time and I started smoking cigs, only the odd one now and again though.

When I was twelve my dad had one of his mates round who'd been in the Service with him. Mum had left them to it in disgust and gone to bed, I'd been round at Liz's house who turned out lesbian later, I came in about nine o'clock which was late then. Dad and his mate Roy were out of it on booze, smoking cigars. They offered me some cocaine, I had a sniff, it was pretty good. Dad never mentioned that night ever again. I was up really late in my room, couldn't sleep, was knackered at school the next day.

I knew when I was twelve that the next few years would be hard, I'm not stupid. I'd always had sexual fantasies since I was very little. The main one was that I was a big reptile in the zoo, like a big lizard effort. Boys from school would be put into my cage and I'd bite them and they'd bleed all over and scream and struggle and then die I suppose. By that time the next boy would

be in the cage, I worked my way through the whole class, it helped me sleep.

Anyway I'm starting this when I was thirteen, these were the most important five years. Now I might tell you some fibs now and again and tease you, I'm not saying all this really happened in this world. But it happened. And if you lie to me I can make you very sorry.

So I went with Liz to a cafe in town when I was meant to be in afternoon classes. We'd split after afternoon registration, we only really did it one after a week, no need to get into too much trouble, best keeping a low profile really. I'm not gonna say what the town was (is) but it's close to a big city. Now it was a few years ago I'm talking about and punk was still going on a bit. Me and Liz were into listening to any punk, Joy Division and stuff and a bit of gas and ciggies and drink I suppose. Anyway these lads came into the cafe, they were a few years older but still at our school. They were skinheads, they had the very short number one or two cuts and Docs and bleached out jeans. There was a bit of banter between tables and we ended up sat with them. It's flattering to have older lads paying attention when you're young, they were big hard lads but nice and funny too and all quirky and individual. One of them called Kevin passed us some powder and told us to stir it in the coffee, it was white, it was gear (smack). Me and Liz split it and stirred it in. We both felt sick when we left the cafe. I threw up first in a shop doorway, Liz did a bit later just on the pavement. We had to run on after throwing up. Me and Liz were in partial uniform, the lads didn't turn up to school all day so they had no

uniform on. Anyway Liz kept feeling sick even after she'd chucked but I felt really good and floaty, better than gas or the cocaine I'd had with Dad and Roy. I felt really safe and was just enjoying everything loads, being with the skinhead lads and the afternoon. We went to the swings in the park, there were four lads in all. I snogged Kevin who'd given us the gear first and then I snogged his mate Phil who got called Spacka by his mates, he was nice and really funny and gentler than Kevin. They were both groping me a bit, my tits through the purple jumper, but I didn't mind, I wasn't scared. We kept shouting bollocks at old people walking their dogs in the park, it was ace. That first day really was the best.

Anyway Liz wasn't enjoying it at all, she was sick, so after a bit when it got to nearly four I had to take her home. But we knew the skinhead lads now and life would be different and more interesting.

I knew back then that school was a waste of time, just a con to get you moulded to the life the government wanted for you, and I haven't changed my mind since. I'm glad I had the guts to fuck it up, I would always have regretted staying in school and being a good girl.

The lads told us a game to play at school where you chewed up some paper then threw it at the ceiling. The winner was whose paper stayed up longest. We introduced the game to our year and it became popular.

Sometimes after school we'd do weird things outside people's mum's houses from school, like doing mad funky umbrella dances and pretending to be space invaders travelling down a screen. The

best was when the lad and his mum would be sat in the living room and the lad had to admit he knew who we were from school. We weren't doing it to pick on people, it was meant to be funny and no harm involved. Sometimes the mums would start laughing, into it. This was me, Liz, Cate and Jane who'd do this.

The best was on Saturdays and in the summer, we'd meet up with the skinhead lads at the market in town. We picked this daft cobbler's stall to always meet up at, to freak the feller out. Then we'd go to the underpass (after a smoke of some gear in the market bogs) and just hang about talking and that. Maybe a bottle of cider but not much. Later we could sometimes go to Spacka or Tomo's house and listen to Sex Pistols, it was usually 'The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle' with Sid doing My Way and Sue Catwoman on the sleeve. It was funny, the skinhead lads were never into much new music, it was us girls three or four years younger who knew about Factory Records and listened to John Peel.

Liz never got into gear, she'd just stick to the cigs and drink, most of the lads and girls were into the gear though but not every day or anything. There were one or two of the lads who were well into sniffing solvents, they were quite old too, but that died out among the rest of us. I never knew where Kevin and his brother Paul got the gear from, it was always them who had it. Also I want to say that it was always handed out to the girls for free. We never had to pay or do anything dodgy for it. Looking back this was weird, but nice.

We never really got into trouble apart from graffiti-ing in the underpass. One time we did break into our old junior school and

smashed a window and set off a fire extinguisher. It was pretty boring really. We ended up nicking a charity box, there was only about 75p in it. We would rob from shops now and then but nobody we knew got caught. It was only sweets and that.

Anyway we had a name for the gang, Wills, after Kevin and Paul's surname. But there was another name going around, Forecasts, I don't know where that came from or what it meant, it probably just sounded funny to someone on gear. So soon all round town you could see Wills and Forecasts aerosolled.

And we used to go to gigs by the local punk band who'd done one record so far, they were just a basic punk band, not arty or anything. Me and the girls were really young to be in pub back rooms but I suppose we looked older with dyed hair and eyeliner. We dressed pretty basic punk, PVC skirts and fishnets and sleeveless black tops. I got into trouble when we came back to school in September after this summer I've been telling you about because I still had dyed purple hair.

The Wills lads would sometimes get into scraps at the gigs, it always seemed to be with people they knew though and just for a laugh. I remember a glass getting smashed once, someone's hand holding it out, then it all got calmed down.

Anyway that's about all I can remember from when I was thirteen. I really enjoyed it especially the summer that year.

HOW MANY DECAPITATIONS ARE THERE? – Skylar

Lisa and I were on holiday in Ireland a month or so later. We'd spent the night in a private room in a remote holiday hostel we'd found in a tiny village on the south-east coast, called Kilmore Quay. I woke up first and went to make us both some coffee. We drank it and smoked a couple of the duty free ciggies we'd bought a few days earlier.

It was a gloriously sunny day at the height of summer. We walked down the country lanes that led to the beach. Butterflies and birds surrounded us as we chatted inanely and happily. A guy from Luton who was also staying at the hostel waved to us from his bike. The beach was deserted and hot; we set off along it on the way to the village, stopping to lie down every now and then. We had to negotiate some rocks at one point. I think we passed maybe one person on the two-mile walk.

We bought some postcards at the village shop and sat on a handily-located bench in the sun to write them, taking turns with the pen. We posted them and then went into the pub and ordered the seafood bake – the village was famous for its seafood. It was delicious but salty, so I had a pint of Guinness. Lisa wanted some apple pie so she ordered some, but I was full. We walked down the lane back to the hostel.

Lisa had an afternoon nap while I read the Kerouac novel I'd

bought at the airport and drank lots of coffee in the hostel yard. I woke her up at about six, and we headed back to the beach with some bacon butties I'd made. We ate them and drank Coca-Cola and watched the tide come in slowly. After a while we got cold so Lisa went to the only house in sight and asked if they had any spare firewood. They gave her some, and firelighters too, and we soon had a fire going on the beach. It warmed us up as we sat hand in hand. When it got too dark we put out the fire and walked back to the hostel. We both had nice warm showers then went to bed where we fell asleep almost immediately.

FOURTEEN

OUT OF CONTROL – Lisa

I was one of the oldest in the year, my birthday was in September. A couple of days after it we were out on the playing fields, don't ask why but we were hanging about there after school had finished. Some lads had gear and we were taking turns sneaking into the bushes in pairs to smoke it. There were lads in our year and the years in between who were in Wills-Forecasts too now, it was spreading through the school. There were some girls too, I remember getting jealous of the older girls in Kevin and Spacka's class who'd got into it. But me and Liz and Cate were the first and the queens of it. Anyway I was floaty on the playing fields and this lad from the year above got me in the bushes with him, I thought for more gear or just to snog but he grabbed my head and he had his dick out, it was hard and he shoved my face onto it. I sucked cause I didn't want him to batter me. But I wasn't into it. I never really liked sex back then, when I got into Wills I stopped masturbating which I'd been doing all the way through childhood to the reptile fantasy. I liked snogging sometimes especially with Kevin and Tomo and Spacka but even then it was mostly about being up close to somebody and making mad faces and making each other laugh. I wasn't into sucking some mongy skinheads's dick but what could I do. I liked having my tits felt but nothing below the belt.

Anyway thankfully this didn't happen again except for later in the year, the day Kevin finally got expelled after five years of trying. He grabbed me in the hall. I was on my way to another lesson and he hugged me really hard then told me in a hard voice to get on my knees. Now there were kids and teachers all round us going to the next lesson in the morning which was weird but obviously Kevin didn't care, he'd just got expelled for fuck knows what outrage. He shoved it right in my face in front of everybody's eyes popping out, now I didn't mind this half as much as that mongy lad cause I loved Kevin and I knew he was upset from how he'd hugged me. And it was funny to do it in front of everybody. But my stomach turned and he shoved it too hard and I started throwing up down his pants. Well at least he wouldn't need to wash them cause he wasn't coming back. I didn't get into trouble, just had a woman teacher make me a cup of tea and keep asking me if I was alright.

Anyway that was later in the year. It was October when something really bad happened. I was walking home after school on my own, I was just going for a wander in the park. It was getting dark earlier and I'd been staring into the lake thinking quite sad thoughts. About how I was growing up and my childhood was pretty much gone now. I wasn't crying or anything. I was probably just wanting more gear, I never took it every day or anything though. Anyway this feller was the only other person there sitting a few benches away (the benches were spaced out about twenty yards away from each other). He must have followed me when I left and caught up the distance because he was behind me on this

quite dark path with trees over leading out of the park towards home. He shouted hey or oi or something, I didn't look round. The feller was about thirty-odd I think. Anyway next thing I knew he'd run up behind me, somehow I froze, rabbit in headlights job. He grabbed me from behind really rough, I struggled a little bit but he was strong, he whacked me on the side of the head and dragged me off the path under some trees.

I thought well I'm probably gonna get raped, I don't know why but I wasn't frightened for my life. He was swearing and panting, I decided I'd do whatever he said cause I didn't wanna get hit again. Anyway he pinned my arms down with his knees and put metal tent pegs in the ground and tied both my wrists to them. Then he did the same with my legs and ankles. So I was staked out on the ground, and then he got his dick out in a rush, it was hard. He forced it into me, I was dry as you can imagine and it didn't half hurt.

I turned off, I shut my eyes and tried to ignore my body. But after he'd finished raping me what I think he did was shove a knife in me. It was after the rape, it was sharper and I could feel pain deep inside me.

I kept my eyes shut. He'd said nothing. I guess he was finished after a while cause he hooked my wrists out of the pegs. I opened my eyes after a bit and he wasn't there. So I unhooked my ankles, and took the rope off myself. Then I pulled up my pants and brushed myself a bit and walked home.

I was still hurting inside. Mum and Dad knew there was something wrong but didn't push it. I had a bath and blood came out of

me. Strangely enough I got to sleep early, I felt so tired. It seemed like a bad dream the next day.

Well my period was due a week later and it didn't arrive. What a fucking nightmare. I felt like people could tell I was pregnant, like I was made of glass. I decided to do something about it without telling anyone. So I threw myself down the stairs at home one afternoon when I was supposed to be at school. Not just once but a few times. I got bruised loads and after a bit I felt a period come on.

I looked down the bog and it was more than blood, it was all clotty stuff, more than usual, I suppose it was the foetus.

With all that going on I was doing plenty of gear. But I was getting sick of my town and even sick of the gang. I mean they were meant to be mates but I didn't feel like I could tell anyone about the rape at all. So how good were they as mates?

One morning I skipped school and went back home again to put some punk gear on. I put on a choker, everyone in Wills-Forecasts was wearing them now as a trademark. I smoked some gear that I'd been given (just a tiny bit) then got the bus out to near the motorway.

I got picked up pretty soon by a businessman type who was obviously a lecherous get but didn't dare touch me. He played the Rolling Stones on a tape in the car, he went on about how they were like a motorbike engine in his brain and suchlike crap. He was going to Scotland so I decided I'd get out at Carlisle.

He dropped me at the turnoff there, he'd given me no real shit. I didn't know anyone in Carlisle, I'd never been before. I walked a

bit then got a bus with the last cash I had to the town centre. it was like any other town, it was a drizzly day in January. Not too cold though thankfully.

Anyway I just wandered round. I read magazines in WH Smith's. After a bit a bloke started talking to me by the Wimpy Bar when I was just standing about (head crying out for some smack). He was about thirty and scruffy. He bought me a burger and chips and asked me loads of questions. I told loads of lies in reply for the hell of it.

Then I went with him out of the town centre, walking to a dodgy area, semi industrial estate. He had a van parked up around here. We got in the back and yes! he had some gear. Only I had some. Then he got lecherous on me as they do, I was enjoying messing with his head a bit. I gave him a handjob after plenty of teasing. He was playing some crap heavy metal, Saxon or something on the tape machine.

Well I got bored with this sleazy guy and said see ya round. I didn't know what to do next, I just walked around for ages, the shops had shut and it was getting cold and dark. I got sick of it and no-one picked me up or said anything to me so I eventually went to the police station and turned myself in as a runaway. They ended up driving me all the way home, quite a distance. The policewoman tried to be friendly but I hated the coppers then and I still do. Mum and Dad went a bit mad but by this stage they were sort of resigned to me being chaotic. I was swearing a lot at home and saying mad things to try and wind them up. And they knew I was taking drugs and missing school and they couldn't do

a thing about it.

When summer came that year we did the same stuff as the year before. But it wasn't the same feeling, it never is once you're trying to recapture something. We did the underpass thing and hanging round the park. We used to drink as well as the gear, we got in some right states. Sometimes in the park I'd get upset thinking about the rape, I'd go quiet for a bit. But mostly I was chatty and laughing a lot.

More and more I'd be thinking about things when I was alone. My mind going round, thinking about the news and politics and what does love mean and what is religion. School tries to get all this out of you, I really believe that to this day. I'm so glad I never went much.

Now after Kevin had got expelled towards the end of the school year, he'd been getting into more and more trouble all the time. It wasn't just gear and messing about, he'd got to know some dodgy people older than him.

I was with him late one night in July just walking about, just me and him. I did love Kevin, he was strong and the bravest person I've ever known, and I know his heart was pure. Anyway this feller he'd fallen out with was suddenly there and loads of threatening verbals go off.

Kevin whipped out a stanley knife I didn't know he had with him and went right up in the guy's face. He was really mad screaming "Keep your fucking nose out" and he tried to cut the feller's nose right off. There was blood spurting right out and flaps of skin and now it wasn't Kevin who was screaming.

Kevin took me away with him, we nipped in the park even though it was dark and we shouldn't have been there. He knew he was getting into trouble and he wanted to say goodbye. He told me he thought of me like a soulmate because he knew my soul was full of chaos too and we were the wildest ones of all. He said whatever happens I had to remember him, I did, I remember him to this day.

Well, he got arrested the next morning, he had just gone home and not tried to run or anything. He ended up getting sent to an approved school, I think that's what they called it even though he was old enough to have left school, it was basically a borstal anyway.

After that it seemed there must have been more coppers around the area. Because more and more of the lads in the gang kept getting arrested for robbing or fights or drugs or not much really, and before too long it was like the majority of the original crew were in borstals.

GRAFFITI LINKS UP ON WALLS:WIDDERSHINS, WICKER – Skylar

To start off, if you don't like me already then fuck off and stop reading. I am fourteen and live in Virginia, Powhatan. I am in ninth grade, hopefully I won't get suspended from school again. I am known to be a sinner, an insane individual that's what other people say, I say I'm just a fucked up lost individual. I guess I could be labelled goth/freak but I don't like goth music it quite sucks. I am very suicidal, I cut and slit myself and I just can't fucking help it, I have very bad depression and wearing all black has nothing to do with it! I have to go to a specialist about my depression and I'm on Prozac. My favourite bands are Slipknot and Cradle of Filth.

At school I'm known more of the dark ones...hell only Crystal and I are the goths in the school...people are afraid to say I am but I don't mind they say freak instead of goth but I prefer goth. My nickname is Hidden Violence for when I write notes and will forever be Hidden Violence. All the girls like me at school I have no problem with it...I just only give respect to the ones that respect me first at school. Guys at school are different though they see me as Satan for my looks but fuck them...but some are really nice to me though...I just got to get these fags that like me from school away..!

I almost got sent to a mental home last night.

Damnit! I hate holidays! Every fucking holiday something bad

happens to me. I am being watched by my parents not like 24/7.

Got caught cutting myself again.

This is the third time they noticed.

Next time there is no chances I'm going to that place where some stranger watches you 24/7.

Ever since I cut myself last year...I don't know I guess it got caught up with me and well like drugs addictive.

The other day I was totally freaked out. My mom's friend (kinda boyfriend) was over the house, but my mom wasn't there. He just showed up, and yeah, I was there just sitting, watching TV. And he's talking about some girl on the screen. He says, "Man, her boobs are nice and big, kinda remind me of yours" and I stood there, totally grossed out of my mind. And then he laughs, staring at me, at them. And I ran into my room.

I hate life and I hate hell...I can't live like this anymore and I don't want the easy way out...I hate people and the fact that they think I'm stupid...you have crushed my life and dreams...I have doctor's appointment in like a day...and I just HAD cut...I just had to...I knew I had a doctor's appointment but I couldn't do anything else...I tried pinning myself but I couldn't...I hate school and I hate marching band...so I have to wear long sleeves and pants and hope that they don't want to see what I'm hiding...

Today I was really really depressed, and to top that I had to go to a funeral which I hate! All the people depressed and crying, it ain't really helping me and my feelings. Also a couple days ago I promised my best friend or my 'brother' that I wouldn't hurt myself in anyway. I couldn't get a knife or anything sharp to cut so I

burned myself with matches. Since that he feels it's all his fault. See he has the same problems as me. We stick together to help each other.

Nothing will change. I see everyone happy around me and I wonder what I did wrong to have this life instead of theirs. I think I've learned and grown but it doesn't change anything or anybody...or the way I feel. I wish I could just know that it won't be like this forever.

I hate my life.

I don't like anything anymore.

Nothing is worth it anymore.

I don't enjoy anything. I try to be perfect so I will go far but the fact is I am not anywhere near perfect. I will never be any good.

There is no point.

I would quite happily kill all of the people I see everyday. I wish I had the courage to tell them how much I'd love to sit and watch while they slit their wrists, but that sort of thing would end up with me having to see a counsellor, I imagine. So I have sick fantasies. So what? I don't value their lives. I don't think anyone does. They're all so ugly...and I don't mean on the outside (although, incidentally, they are that also), they're ugly on the inside. When all you want from life is to make others feel pain and when you reach a stage of not caring that your victim has tears in his/her eyes and blood all over their sleeves you really deserve to fucking suffer. I wish I could make them suffer, I wish I could make them feel.

A girl stands crying in the middle of the room. The room is

messy and dirty and very obviously an adult's bedroom. Her hair is long and blonde and in scruffy pigtails. She wears a blue pinafore and bears a striking resemblance to a younger Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz. On her feet are shiny red shoes, clearly owned by an older female relative. Actually her mother. Eyes tight shut, she bangs the heels of her too-big shoes together furiously, saying over and over "Anywhere but here, anywhere but here".

That was a dream I had last night. It was weird, like watching a movie.

Today was awful. I feel completely in despair. At least I can laugh at myself – I tried to OD in school, was going to do it and everything, but then only took two! Great! How stupidly pathetic am I?! I don't even know what stopped me. My eyes kept on filling with tears all through the day. My grandad, one of the people I most love in the world was disappointed in me because I never see him. He said, when I die, just remember you actually had a grandad, OK? I don't even want to cut at all my cuts from ages ago are still so inflamed and sore and painful. In a way I will be relieved to get a doctor to check them out.

Doesn't get better. Tomorrow's never any better. I can't do it. I can't do it. I can't do it. I want to overdose. I don't care what I do to myself anymore. I'm so fed up. I don't want to be talked out of it because I don't care anymore. Nothing I've done has made me feel any better. I don't care. I can just go jump off a cliff for all I care.

I cut and even though it isn't really, really deep and they are very small, I will still have permanent scars there. And one of

them really hurts. They don't usually. And they bled quite a lot. I drew lines on my face with the blood. And I was so disappointed that I cut so I went to get some plasters but there were none in the medicine cabinet which set me off crying again. So I reached for the pills. They were there for me. And I stuffed a handful in my mouth. I meant to spit them out but when they were in me I couldn't decide whether to swallow them or not. I got too confused and couldn't decide why I wanted to die or why I should live, so I spit them out. I counted just how many I had randomly scooped up and there were twenty which kind of made me think that I should have taken them, like it was fate because it is such a round number or something. I don't know. I'm a messed up idiot.

Today everything was too slow except for me. I was too fast. Everything was too fast that I did – my breathing, my heart – I had too much energy. I could not sit still – I had to keep on running around and getting up. It was so strange, it was like I was so crazy. Even my bleeding was so fast and would not stop. I kept on running upstairs and cutting and trashing up my room because my thought processes were too fast and I couldn't get to the end of them. So I kept on forgetting where my razorblades were even though I had only used them like a second ago. So now my leg is a bit of a mess.

Yesterday there was a storm but I felt so down. I so wanted to OD but I didn't want to die when there was a storm. I imagined myself laid out in a coffin underground, lying straight in the dark while the thunder clapped and I didn't like the thought, it so scared me. I didn't want to be all alone out there, dead.

I hate, hate hate my scars but when strangers see them and look at me disapprovingly, I am proud. I think I'm special and have something they don't. I feel proud to be depressed no matter how much I hate it. What kind of dumb rationing is that.

This man in Walmart told me I was very sexy and kept staring at me. Of course he was talking to himself in a sense because I did all I could to ignore him. He made me feel so uncomfortable so I quickly got out of the aisle. I am not pretty and I sure am not sexy.

I want to feel beautiful, but I am just shy of compliments. I wear lipsticks, lipliners and eyeliners sometimes. I wear things other than baggies and blacks but today I was gothed out. It is a nice day outside good enough to wear shorts but my leg's all scarr-ed up so I am wearing baggy black joggers and a loose fitting black t-shirt. I have bags the size of golf balls under my eyes as well with large dark circles and he called me sexy and pretty?

I don't like you. In fact, I would go as far as saying I hate you. And when I say hate you, I mean wish you were dead. And when I say wish you were dead, I wish something was feeding on your rotten corpse. I have so much hate in me right now that I might overdose on it.

Boredom. Yeah. Life isn't hard, so we make it that way. Self-harm is a way of proving to yourself that yes, things were bad and yes, it's all their fault.

Now look what you've made me do.

Rachel and I have decided to teach Sunday School on depression and suicide. We're gonna wear all black too. We're gonna go in normal clothes for us...her sick of change shirt and black pants...

my big old baggy (I love baggy pants...they make me look skinnier) pants and a short-sleeved shirt. I'm gonna freak them out with the mess my arm is from all the cuts...this should be interesting!

I wanna die my headache is SO bad and my eyes hurt from crying I HATE feeling like this I thought I was past feeling suicidal but it's back again...back to cutting myself again...

Some people label me as a goth, some a freak, some a satanist, some a masochist, some a loser, and some just don't give a fuck. So think what you want, only I know the truth.

Today I feel depressed and anxious. When I feel anxious I feel like I wanna chop off my arms. Someone just shoot me now!

I just got off the phone...we were talking online and he got kicked off before I could tell him my deepest, darkest secret that no one in the world knows...seriously...I finally got up the nerve to tell him (no it's not my cutting, he knows that...a lot of people know that). So anyways, I called him so I could finish telling him what it was. He didn't freak out (I didn't think he would). We had phone sex again, well kinda...I was outside so I wasn't doing anything. But I told him the story of when we were together again...it was all nice and sweet lovemaking (all I really wanna do right now with him) and I was seriously crying at the end of it. Like I told him I was crying in our story (something I have never done before...but I think I might if we ever get back together). But I was seriously crying at the end of the little story and I have no idea why.

I am not Devious Slut. This is a good friend of hers. I grew up with her in fact. She wrote me a letter asking me to write in here

and tell you what has happened.

She has committed suicide. She is gone forever now. I can't write any more; I am too distraught. But if you have anything you would like to say you may still comment and I will continually check her email and print off any comments and pray them her way. I'm sure she would love to hear from you all. She just wasn't happy enough in life. She said nothing fulfilled her.

Julianne (friend of Devious Slut...aka Kirstin).

FIFTEEN

HITLER'S IN THE CHARTS AGAIN – Lisa

Well if you've been keeping up then you know I was starting the fourth year now. It was this autumn that lads I knew started dying.

First off there was Bevan. He was a boy in my year and young-looking for his age, he was one of the youngest in Wills really but he got in with us because he was cheeky in class. He'd fart out loud in front of teachers then go "Sorry sir". And he was funny and had some spirit in him. Anyway he died on his own at home when his mum was out, he was drinking cider and sniffing glue and I suppose he must have choked.

We were all upset, even the square kids who worked hard and didn't listen to punk. Bevan was really likeable, enough said.

And not long after that Kevin's brother Paul was found OD'd on gear. He'd gone downhill since his younger brother had been sent down. He'd been spending more time alone in a crap flat he'd got after their mum kicked him out and had started injecting rather than smoking.

I remember after this I went along with Kevin's mum to visit him in the borstal. His mum was shaking and crying in a right state. She had a crucifix round her neck, it was terrible.

Anyway Kevin was being brave about it. He started telling us about what life was like in there to take our minds off it. He told

us there was this posh lad who they reckoned was in there for messing with kids. One night loads of them had threatened him and this lad barricaded himself in his room. Then he set fire to himself and his mattress in there and died. The guards were nowhere to be seen. I didn't know what to make of this.

He told us that gear was cheaper and easier to get in there than outside. Then he told us how he hated the guards. He raised his lip, and he'd only tattooed 'fuck off' there on the inside of his mouth, so they saw it every time they searched him.

His mum was horrified but kind of amused or admiring too. So Kevin raised his trouser leg, and he'd tattooed 'eat my wank' just under his knee. Then he dropped his pants, and on his arse it said 'get your bacon here folks!' The guard didn't like him showing us this and came over, and pretty soon the visit was over. Kevin's mum was laughing hysterically when they took us out, I don't know whether she felt better or worse.

All this time I was doing gear. At school, after school. I stuck to smoking because I knew it was dangerous injecting, but I still had a habit and it'd be really uncomfortable if I went a whole day without some. All this time I got it for free. Isn't that weird? I felt like I was an experiment people were conducting. I got it off friends, older lads, sometimes people I barely knew. I suppose just because I was a well-known face and popular. I was always friendly, I'd talk to anyone, you know. And I said lots of things that made people laugh too. Like Kevin said, I had a soul of chaos.

By this time Cate, who only a year-and-a-half ago I'd been playing out on the park with, had gone on the game to keep her

habit up (she was injecting). She just never ever came to school and if I saw her round she'd be bruised and too thin. I didn't see her for over a year after this til I read her name in the paper. Another harry OD job.

I went to school less and less myself. I got bored with what was left of the gang. Half the lot they had now didn't have enough wildness in them, I could see that within a few years the girls would be getting married to the man of their dreams, and the lads'd be driving taxis, and they'd just go to a shit pub to relax, and vote and read the Sun or Mirror.

I wanted more, I always did, that kind of sanity DISGUSTED me. I wanted to be smashing up toilets in the park all my life. If that makes me some kind of halfwit then so be it.

So I started spending more time on my own, and doing runners more and more like the time I'd been to Carlisle. But it was never as exciting as the first time. I remember one time I ended up in a big city about fifty miles away. And all I did was sit in the cafe at the train station there all day on my own. Just watching people come and go, and buying a fresh coffee every hour or so. I was surprised nobody tried to pick me up. Maybe I looked too fierce and self-possessed. But I was a fifteen year old girl, pretty, on her own and looking for excitement, and there was nothing there. Just people on their way home from work and that.

Now all this time I had no boyfriend and I didn't want one either. I'd managed to avoid giving out blowjobs for over six months now, and the rape had put me off sex probably forever. The anniversary was horrible, it always is every year. I know all

men aren't like that though. And I even feel sorry for the feller.

Liz had come out as gay by now, it helped that she was big and tough enough to deal with any stick. She was a good friend and I knew that she wanted me sexually, but I really wasn't lesbian and I think she knew that. And Phil (Spacka) was still a good mate. He'd left school but had avoided too much trouble. He was still a good laugh. Just on the dole mooching around town, I often spent the days with him. I knew he wanted me as a girlfriend but I didn't want that even though I really liked him. Just wanted to avoid the sex thing. He was OK with it, didn't push it, was always straightforward and quite gentlemanly about things. We had a good laugh round town. Just sat on benches smoking (cigarettes) in town in the afternoon, maybe a bit quieter than we'd been but still having a laugh at the world's expense.

Every time I did a runner I always made sure I made my own way home these days. I didn't want the police nosing round in case I had gear on me or in case they'd start asking questions about mates who were in trouble. My mum and dad, as you can imagine, well they were permanently worried. But I don't want to talk about them at all. Likewise I have a younger brother, you didn't know that did you? He's always been better adjusted than me and I don't wanna talk about him either.

There was one time when I was determined to never come home. I was in a strange town, it was the March of my sixteenth year, it was a really cold night but I was just so sick of the scene at home, at school, and with the coppers round the gang, and how generally shit it all was back home. So I sat in a doorway to a

warehouse in the quiet end of the town. I just sat there all night. I kept looking up at the stars, waiting for them to change positions, they never did. There were bits of newspaper round me, I read the crap on them about celebrities and scandals, I was looking for clues and guidance, looking for portents and harbingers. I got nothing but the shit that was in my brain that night. There was nobody passing at all. Hardly any cars either. I ran out of gear and cigs and started to feel hungry and thirsty. But I stayed there til the morning. The streetlights were yellow and I kept looking up past them at the stars to see if they'd changed yet. I made friends with the crisp wrappers and fag butts, hoping the dust would tell me something new. I went home the next day.

Towards the end of April I'd had enough of school forever. I went in one day with the intention of getting expelled. It was an English class and we were doing Keats poetry for the O level next year. The poems had nothing to do with anything that we'd experienced. The teacher was on auto-pilot – I was thinking how we'd had more experience in our lives at our age than Keats ever did. And it was all different now anyway.

So I put my hand up and said "Can I go to the bog, ta sir" and marched out. He blustered a bit. Anyway I didn't go to the toilet, I walked out of the school, and made sure I was under the window where the classroom was and I shouted "Fuck off! Fuck off bastard!" The teacher looked out of the window at me and I flicked the V's. Loads of the kids looked too and there was probably some uproar following that.

I fucked off and went home. It got me expelled alright. I had an

extra long summer holiday that year and got up to the usual. Gear and hanging round the town centre. And shit at home. Nothing too exciting.

PURPLE MEME WITHIN THESE WALLS

– Skylar

I've been stalked for fifteen years and as it turns out my life was ripped apart so some yahoo biker drug dealer wouldn't be found out as a DEA informant.

Last night I was sleeping fine and then at about four or five a.m. I started smelling something and it hurt my skin so badly I had to get outside. I am living in a small travel trailer right now and sometimes after I am gone a few hours and go back I can smell something that burns my eyes, skin and nose, I started thinking it was mould until it happened so suddenly this a.m. and not all night.

I have been getting so ill I have not been able to go to work. This living arrangement was only supposed to be about four months and due to getting more ill as time passed I have been wiped out a lot. I have never lived in a trailer before and thought maybe it was the formaldehyde or the vinyl or something, it actually seems more like some kind of gas only I cannot understand how it could get into the trailer.

I have decided that the cops here train the retarded people – the street theatre people (copwhores) themselves. And I believe that they have done an excellent job of it!

When I returned home Saturday afternoon there was a distinct smell of perfume throughout my flat. It was so strong that I had to

open the kitchen window to let it out. When I noted that in my diary/log one of the male ex-Marines said “Perfume? That was stupid”. I went on until midnight being unable to sleep due to the constant stalking and harassment which has been well communicated to all. It was continuous and kept me from sleeping. I finally threw up twice. This helped a bit. I then put in my verbally recorded notes all the information, about those six hours and all the false allegations which had been made during this period.

This morning all was fine except that I was moving very, very slowly. It must be remembered that throughout this ordeal I was getting constant verbal abuse of the most terrible kind that was totally unrelated to what was actually happening. They use the name-calling epithet of ‘psychiatric’ or ‘potty’ in the hopes of being able to ascribe to me not only what has impacted me but also anything I might say about the truth of what is going on.

It is now possible to monitor brain activities with accuracy without implants. The ‘victim’ can be followed anywhere with effective monitoring. This is tantamount to house arrest. Worse, however, is the ‘feedback’ process where such things as hearing are reintroduced into the ‘victim’ for uses harassment and interrogation by provocative statements and allegations repeated ad nauseam. The intent is to ‘break down’ the victim. This is terror and torture.

Cuckoo keeps repeating ‘psychiatric’ as if it means something; it just means he is totally ignorant and impatient about anything I do affecting his continuous need to attack the person, content eludes him; only his BMW matters; oh yeah, and he must not have

liked my looking at password generators.

“Great” says SS QQ Cucumber Cuckoo; another male then adds “She drank from his bottle” just after I had a drink of water from the water bottle: voices from left diagonal towards the front window.

One of the males below said in referring to my totally debilitating illness at the time “It’s the dog shit”. I believe that he introduced dog faeces into my water supply which I picked up by drinking the water which I was doing at that time.

A mind control program of unknown origin was installed in my mind. I heard low chanting-sounding music in the left hemisphere of my brain and ‘heavenly’ music in my right hemisphere. I was told I was in the Heaven and Hell program. It appears there are competing forces at work within me and a struggle began involving extraterrestrial intelligences.

I lit a scented candle one night. Joe then proceeded to say to me that daddy had turned the lights out and lit two candles and put them on the table. Then Joe picked up the scented candle and proceeded to pour the melted wax off the candle onto the floor, telling me daddy had dropped it on his back and then daddy said “I’m so sorry Joe”.

RENO, NV – I was forced to drink blood, perform oral sex, I was injected with drugs, I witnessed the killings of animals, I was put in a small box with limited air supply, I was held under water, I was raped with objects, clothes hangers etc, my picture was taken, I was bit, stuffed, cut and burned. My abuser was never caught. The evil is still out there. Everyday 1981-3.

I'm DID and just recovering memories. The abuse took place somewhere in the outskirts of Dallas and in West Texas. Dealt with white supremacist, Hitler and Satanic theme. Involved children being forced to hurt each other. Does x marks the spot with a dash and a dot ring a bell with anyone.

I am awoken in the middle of the night by the stalkers. They are attacking me with live, repetitive low-volume renditions of 'faux-pas' stalker-produced Microsoft and PC advertisements. Female stalker no. 1 realises that I am awake and piggybacks female stalker no. 2's attack with a falsetto version of the Kiss song 'Mr Speed'.

They did something to my head, it hurt a lot. They played with my head (games) to see if I could do this or that. I at the time believed I could do things. I hear fake knocking, phone ringing, at times of going to sleep. They are in my dreams, I see things like in colour and black and white that they give me to see of people, places, things. I feel things like ants moving in and outside of my head, kind of electrical like, feel pain that's not mine.

They begin informing me that they were making a movie, that I am a vampire, that I do not need to eat or drink, that I need blood. During this time I hear strange music in their background, similar to generic subliminally infused music, digital repetitive tones can be heard.

At this point, I am seeing crude pink and blue images of people in pain, screaming, but in still frames.

I discovered several 'bumps' each with a needle mark in the middle in two areas. I went to a doctor's office and he removed

something from both areas that was not flesh; it crumbled into a million pieces – was it the glue-type substance doctors use to close a wound when they can't take stitches or did it encase the micro-chips I later deduced they'd put into (at least) those areas?

Rapists, really sick individuals, use digital penetration, probably broke into your home, got paranoid and had you arrested for attempted burglary, still a second they think behind the computer they will be arrested in Texas National Security Agency they will be split second. Tell everyone it's paranoid schizophrenia make you pay for treatments. GPS virtual products, what these do in testing is a satellite launched overhead your head, you're a 'cow', local mental home it's a delusion hallucination it will track all over the world. Picks up private thoughts paranoid VR computer and these thoughts are printed on a computer monitor. Biomedical engineering books. Got to be the same thing. The operator jumped on others, he jumps from body to body and creeps around. Makes genocide dying during the holocaust look like a piece of cake for kids really do and families easier somehow.

Also, recently I bought an answering machine and it was a foreign one. It caused the street lights and the lights in my block to go on and off. It was as if someone turned a switch on inside of me. It was a very frightening experience.

ONCE MORE: the unholy alliance and Michael Stranger / Gentry / Sheppard / Harris / Sheffield are just some of his other names. Help me find safety for the child and her mother as I fear I am running out of time and the 'RAINBOW CULT MASTER IS CLOSE'.

My case is a bit different from others in that I knew from the beginning that what was turned on in my head came from the police. Their excuse for torture is that they think I sold drugs back in the late eighties. At this time I was sexually exploited on tape.

They followed me '800 miles' over to Portland, to a 'Promise Keepers' conference, and sat a few rows behind me and started in with the terror tactics of saying "Hi. Guess who?"... "Scared aren't you?"... And then proceeded to hit me in the back of the head with their garbage and chunks of candy bars... and for the remaining two days there, continually made threats upon my life.

Just another day I had a big argument with my brother who couldn't understand why do I compare feelings of mind control victims with those of victims of Nazi Germany who spent their time in concentration camps. He said such conclusions were unacceptable. So, what could I say? It happens that I visited Auschwitz and what I saw and felt there is quite clear. The hell of burned bodies stays there til today. These bodies were burned because of their worthlessness to the Nazis.

I recall my life in the eighties and remember the worthlessness of my person, 'their' preoccupation with parts of my body and mind, the smell of death and hopelessness anywhere any mind tried to reach.

Horrible visions of the most sadistic nature were verbalised to me, mainly to the frontal lobe area (pornography, mutilations, concentration camps, barbaric acts etc) during the first three months. My dreams have totally changed and I often have many nightmares in the nature of pornography. Lost two pairs of glasses,

can't find my clothes, or my toothbrush, or other articles. They stole all my tapes and CDs and replaced them with ones that have subliminal tracks on them to reinforce their programming of me.

It reminds me of sharks when they smell fresh blood in the water, for these people tears or signs of 'weakness' are like psychic blood – they move in for the kill – I am 42 years old and have cried more in the last six months than since I was a child.

I called him the 'Camera Man' because his last name sounded like Cameraman. He was good friends with the 'Dull Man'. I was in a place where every plant was dead, and we injected syrettes into our thighs from a bandolier with several colours of syrettes to choose from. Someone (anyone who sensed gas or nerve agents) would shout Blue! Blue! and we injected blue. We use decontamination procedures to clean up the residue. We sat under ponchos until the all clear sounded.

Crank use continued and I did another bad thing (I think). Someone erased it from my mind so I can't tell if it's real for sure or not. Why would they erase something bad I did from my mind. Unless they were guilty. That was the last really bad thing I did.

There were decapitated human heads in glass containers of what I assume was formaldehyde and was told that they call these their 'talking heads'. They showed me a place already prepared, where my head would be placed and told me a name plaque was being prepared to identify my decapitated head once it was placed there.

Listening to them can drive one crazy and having one's mind echo their nonsense is akin to being locked in an echo chamber

with Tiny Tim's 'Tiptoe Thru the Tulips' playing nonstop. I know, because since 1994 I've been subjected to the echoes of idiots.

SIXTEEN

CRASHED OUT – Lisa

Well I expected to go back to school in the September, but there was nowhere to go. The school was the shittiest in the area anyway and nowhere else would take me. My mum and dad never made much effort to get me sorted out, and because I'd always kept out of legal trouble somehow I didn't have a social worker on my case.

So I was stuck in the house on my own going up the wall with tedium most days. I'd try to pass time by going through my mum and dad's belongings while they were at work, or my brother's stuff. Anyway the most exciting things I could ever find even if I turned the house over top to bottom were some crap porn mags which didn't do much for me – Mayfair, Club International.

I always seemed to end up going to see Phil and getting skaggged up. One time when I was on my way to his this feller who looked like a scruffy recluse started talking to me in the street, he was about forty. He fingered me for a druggy so he talked a load of rubbish to me about getting high off mouldy Weetabix, ergot rye. I humoured him and without thinking about it much walked down a short-cut with him.

Well halfway down the alley the geezer grabs me and tries to pin me to the wall face forward. His hands were on my arse right away. I kicked backwards and got loose and legged it away from

the perv. No harm done, but it was October, the second anniversary of the rape, and I didn't need it.

Liz and Phil were really good mates around this time. It wasn't just gear and pissing about, we'd end up round each other's bedrooms listening to music and talking about all sorts. Music was like a lifeline to another world which reflected this one in a more bearable way. Phil had got to know an older guy who was quite reclusive and had a massive LP collection. He got Phil into weird heavy stuff like Throbbing Gristle and I got into it through Phil. Ones I really liked were tapes that were just a load of white noise, like the computer tapes back then but more blurry. And the tape boxes had perverse things or insinuations about terrorism on them. It tickled my sense of humour, it was just perfect for sitting in your bedroom on a winter's day looking out of the window at the neighbours' washing, counting the bricks on the back yard wall and being completely fucked off. You knew the guys who'd made this racket were the same as you. And I still liked punk, anything really loud and shouty, and some moody goth stuff too. I wore a lot of black but I'd have been insulted to be called a goth.

I used to eat more being stuck round the house and I put on a bit of weight and I felt comfy with that.

There came a time when I was persuaded to go to night school at a college by my mum. It was to get maths and English O levels so I could say I had some qualifications. I was very clever at school before I got naughty. I knew it'd be really easy. Also like I said I'd got so bored sitting around, it made a change for a couple of evenings a week and at least I didn't have to get out of bed in the

morning for it.

It was a weird grim place the college, and going there on the bus on winter's evenings you could get off on the alienation of everything. When you feel totally dislocated by what's supposed to be normal but doesn't feel it to you. Like you're just outside the black and white lines, everything looks like a set-up, the suburban can get frightening.

Oh god I forgot to mention... One of the reasons I got persuaded into the night school thing. Well after the expulsion my gear habit got worse and it really was every day. I'd knock around with some right dodgy fuckers just to get it. It freaks me out to this day that I never had to pay, guess it's the perks of being young and sort of pretty eh.

Well my dad got wind, he wasn't stupid and he knew the score from his own life. I was turkeying a bit one morning when he was off work. He says "I'm gonna have to do something about you my girl" quite angry and grabbed hold of me. He dragged me out to the garden shed where there was just a load of rubbish in, it was a back yard we had not a garden, and he locked me in with a padlock on the outside. He hammered in some panels over the little window so I couldn't get out that way. And I stayed there for three days and just sweated it out.

They'd bring me food and drink and be on their guard when they opened the door. Early on when I really was clawing at myself I tried to kick the walls down but it was pretty sturdy. So I just let it come out, it took three days. I got a heavy lecture when I came out and actually I did feel like they'd done me a favour – I wanted

to stay clean. I wasn't stupid, I did know that gear was a road to nowhere, I thought I'd try and get straight and see what shit life threw at me next.

And after this it was when I started noticing the suburban terror thing. Also around then I started noticing money more, how money was involved everywhere in everything, even in music and art, or religion. And I started being a bit more aware/fixated on brand names, when I had a can of Coke (I liked Coke) I'd look at the logo for a long time. It'd seem to say something not quite there to me, something more than its overt message. Sometimes I'd go off on quite a morbid trip and see piles of bodies with the non-human logos laughing on top. Once in MFI I saw someone being hung from the rafters in the big warehouse. And I'd see interlocking grids of electronic patterns going into and from people's heads, it was everyday interaction and the electricity was like shocks – painful.

At the night school it was mostly misfits doing the O levels, which I liked. The work was really easy of course. I got to enjoy the routine. There was this one lad there, well he was into his early twenties, called Terry. He made me laugh in class but it wasn't just total chaos like back in school with Wills, it was a laugh that was inspired by what he wasn't saying. He had a quiet kind of nihilism which Liz and Phil had been settling into, but I didn't fancy them cause I'd known them forever, I really wanted to get to know Terry though.

We got into spending the breaks together in the crap canteen and smoking loads of fags which I'd really got into since coming

off the gear. His voice and the way he said things had a lot of world-weary intelligence and justified cynicism. He had some dodgy self-done tattoos from years back including a swastika, which I took the piss out of and made him blush, then I felt sorry. He had some cuts on his arms he'd done himself too.

One night in the spring it was getting lighter later and you could smell the change in the air. We were sharing a long walk home, his house was first, but we were enjoying the night so got some cider and sat on a playing field at twilight. I always liked how he'd never tried to grab me, I didn't let on at all that I was dying to grab him. The drink kicked in and I counted down from ten in my head (we were leaning together) and said "Can I suck your cock". When he realised I wasn't messing he had it out quick and I was sucking him off til he came in my mouth in about two minutes. There was grass and soil under us, it was dark enough now that there were stars out over us, the smell of summer was there and you could hear owls and all that. It was pretty good.

TIPS 'N' TRICKS – Skylar

I am a cross country skier and a long distance runner. I am also sixteen years old. I live in Canada and I believe I am anorexic. I don't want to recover though. Two days ago my food just started to come up into my mouth. It is really gross and I'm not sure why it is happening. Have you ever heard of this? I have a huge fear of gaining weight and I live off the comments people make about how skinny I am. I'm all alone in this however. I'm looking at my hands right now and see the bones sticking out, and yet I feel the need to eat less. I feel so helpless and alone. When I go to school I always have to hide this about me. I am constantly happy and smiley at school. But when I get home and am alone I'm not happy anymore. Do you feel like this at any point of your life?

I just want this to happen as quickly as possible. I want to be smaller right now, this instant. An imperfect body reflects an imperfect person.

Ana doesn't love you. Ana wants to destroy you, to see you suffer, to see you dead. And it's got control of me now.

I have just begun embracing ana...I'm very excited about her becoming part of me. All the girls are so supportive and sweet, so different from all my friends who constantly try to put me down and make me feel fat.

It is not worth it. You long for control or desperation or just want to disappear, everyone is different. You think you will solve

your issues with your weight but it just turns around and will fuck your life up with a heartbeat. Not fair and not worth it. The deep pain of starvation and desperation. I am a helpless cause, I am going to die because of this, cause I cannot get life right without it. I used to want to be healthy and fit but it took too much work and anorexia is easier than that. Like I said, I am helpless.

The buzzing never goes away does it. That silent voice, a yell and a whisper at the same time repeating the same contradictory nonsense, they're starting to notice I don't eat anymore. Here's to the beauty of thin, the perfection of our sunken skin and delicate feel of our bones. Nothing tastes as good as thin feels.

It is a form of oppression when nobody seems to care and all you really want is some acknowledgement for your pain, it is a cry for help...

No matter what I do, I can't not eat, it's so hard for me, I can't stand it. When I'm at school watching people eat at lunch kind of sucks, also my stomach feels so empty and it starts to hurt when I'm really hungry and it sucks so much I just end up eating.

I am here for myself. I am here so that I can be free. I am here to unlock the girl underneath all these layers. I am here. I made the mistake of going food shopping with my mom and I picked up Snack Wells chocolate chip cookies and dove into the box as soon as I got home, and had another 200 cal's there. That brought me to a total of 323 which I guess isn't that bad since my goal last week was to stay under 500 calories. I feel so fat though. Why am I such a fat worthless pig?

My head is like a little courtroom. I am the accused, the defen-

dant and attorney for the defendant, the prosecuting attorney, and the scale is a great big judge. I can't believe all the food I ate today, I am such a nasty, disgusting cow. Never will I eat this much again. I think I will do my enema tomorrow anyway, I will be the only one home, so if I shit all over the place it doesn't matter.

I have been really stuck on getting cancer. Is there anything I can do to push it along? Is there any anti-depressant that makes you lose weight? I want bones and only bones. That's all I need – bones, only bones. Bones equate happiness.

I want to have cancer, more than anything in the world right now. If I had cancer, people would care. If I had cancer, I would be thin and emaciated. If I had cancer, I could die soon.

...And smaller still in the morning and smaller still until the old me barely exists except in memory. I miss control, I miss hunger. I miss fear. I miss pain. The mirror's reflection is so...odd. The creature staring back is paranormal when compared to what I know within. I realised that I can't live without ana. Pray to ana for me, I'll pray for you. Just call me the Broken Girl until I can find the pieces that fit me back together. I was looking at thin pictures. I want what these girls have.

I drank a slushie. But those are just ice and flavour so I'm not counting it. Of late I can get to about day three and then the hunger pains are unbearable. Still 85 lbs. I'm getting kinda sick. My headaches that just crack my skull have returned.

I stayed strong and threw the rice cakes that I have been hiding for a while away. Power. I am in control. I will not give in, I must not. Ever since I was thirteen ana has been there for me, through

the good times and the bad. Ana would never leave me yet last year I tried to leave ana for a guy. All the time ana did not leave me but I rejected ana and rejected who I am...I'm somebody because ana loves me. I will never leave her again.

DAMN IT! This sucks! I suck! The world sucks! ARG! Mom said it was FAT FREE!! I didn't check the label on the yoghurt before I ate it, assuming it was the same stuff we usually get.

I would really like a time when I start a fast not to have my period start with it too. It makes me want to quit the fast. How many of you still get your period? Because mine's been skipping quite a bit, and I'm a little worried. Will it come back? Also do many of you experience trouble sleeping? I know insomnia can be linked to ana but does anyone know why? I love ana and I want her but I'm so weak. I long for that lightheaded feeling I get during a fast. You know when you don't eat for a long time and when you stretch your spirit feels like it's slipping away from your body. I also enjoy the little noises my tummy makes during the third and fourth day. It always brings a smile to my face.

Yeah I'm fuckin irritable. Irritable because a culture that places such an emphasis on being SO FUCKING THIN is resulting in this being OUR mental disorder.

I'm just going to try my best to fast and lose some of this nastiness I call my body. Soon everything will be alright. We will be better than everyone else, not just because we look better, but we feel better. We will all be perfect in our own time.

I love bees, and birds and butterflies – they are special – they are fun – they make the universe pretty – what would we do with-

out them?

Being thin and not eating are signs of true will power and success. If you aren't thin, you aren't attractive. Being thin is more important than being healthy. What the scale says is the most important thing.

I believe in control, the only force mighty enough to bring order to the chaos that is my world. I believe that I am the most vile, worthless and useless person ever to have existed on this planet, and that I am totally unworthy of anyone's time or attention. I believe in a wholly black and white world, the losing of weight, recrimination for sins, abnegation of the body and a life ever fasting.

I have created you, this thin, perfect, achieving child. You are mine and mine alone. Without me, you are nothing. So do not fight back. Forget about everyone that tries to take me away. I am your greatest asset and I intend to keep it that way.

I am not saying not to sleep, everyone needs to, but try to stay up a few more hours here and there...you burn more calories when you're awake...even if you're just watching TV!

It can be your best friend. It's your 'secret weapon', it makes you better...embrace it, don't fight it. Wanting it is the disease already started. Don't be afraid of it. Just go with it.

If I started to disappear would you finally see me?

Does anyone here know about the red bracelet movement... well maybe not a movement, but you can wear a red bracelet and other anas and mias and etc will know. If any of you want one, I can send you one just email me.

Dear Ana, I offer you my soul, my heart and my bodily functions. I give you all my earthly possessions. I seek your wisdom, your faith and your feather weight. I pledge to obtain the ability to float, to lower my weight to the single digits, I pledge to stare into space, to fear food, and to see obese images in the mirror.

I'm begging for you not to give up. I'm pleading with my shallow breaths and my pale skin. My love for you makes me dizzy and confused. I will stop weeping when I feel your warm arms embrace my shivering body. When I'm finally faded to nothing, I will float on to the next world and be thin and beautiful, payment for my undying love for you in this world. Please ana, remove me from this hell, from this world ASAP. Please take away this hatred for my pain and allow me to be free and light.

SEVENTEEN

ALTERNATIVE – Lisa

I'd spent the summer mostly with Terry. Can barely bring myself to write about it because it was so nice. The sex stopped at me giving him blowjobs, it was all I was comfortable with. He was alright with that and never pushed things. He was a lovely fella.

One night that really stuck out was the fair at the end of August. Fairgrounds are melancholy places but having a boyfriend I loved's hand in mine at the fair made it deliciously melancholy. The smell of the food from the vans, the noises, the crap pop music being pumped out from the rides, the dark of the night behind all the neon.

Terry's story or one of them was that he'd been sexually, physically and emotionally abused from the age of six by his cunt of a stepfather, who his mum had since kicked into touch. The years trying to adjust since then had been hard for him, he knew about heroin that's for sure.

We walked around together and did the same sort of things I remembered doing with Phil but Terry was quieter: together we weren't as manic or frantic, we shared silences a lot. We did talk about all sorts though. I was able to tell him everything, secrets, about the rape. He told me all his bad stuff and we were able to, not laugh at it but not think it's the worst thing in the world any-

more, you know.

We enjoyed going in cafes more than anything and we didn't cause trouble and we weren't doing drugs in them either. One afternoon in September we spent about two hours in the same place where I'd had gear for the first time years earlier. It was raining outside. We smoked ciggies and watched the raindrops in the puddles. Radio One was playing.

Terry died in October that year. He killed himself by jumping from a block of flats. Everyone said it was because he'd taken acid, it wasn't just that. We'd taken acid together in the September and had a good time, stayed up til dawn then walked in the park, the dew on the grass. I knew him better than anyone and I knew he got suicidal even though he knew I loved him so much. One night we were walking around and he was grabbing milk bottles left out on doorsteps, smashing them and slashing his arms up. So the so-called 'bad trip' was just how he felt anyway, impulsive sometimes. I wish I'd been with him, he wouldn't have died then.

You probably know already that I'm writing this years later, I'm getting on for middle age now. It's strange looking back at pain. To survive means the pain has to dull, I can intellectually recall what I went through the last winter of my childhood but you can never feel the pain again til something else bad happens as a trigger.

I survived and I work now and I still live in the same town as I grew up in. There were a lot of us burned and damaged by heroin and by the culture around us, we recognise each other like survivors generally do. One thing I get angry about is knowing how the

world economy in the early 1980s made us victims. I don't know what a 'drug pusher' is, you know. The psychiatric drugs I was given after Terry died were fucking horrible, proper damaging stuff that tells bad lies.

I was in a really bad state though and often suicidal myself. I'd just turned seventeen, had had some rough times already in my life, my sexuality was fucked up because of the rape and I found someone I loved who loved me back: he died: what a fucking world. Just over six months we had together.

The funeral, the whole winter was a blur of pain and drugs. I do remember speaking to him at twilights. A time when you can sense connections better, smell differently. I saw him in skies again and again, for years after, the twilight over cemeteries. I made nodes in time for myself like this and I can go back there. I wish I'd made the nodes with Terry when he was alive, but what I made enables me to feel the passion again and again as strong as it ever was. It's just a trick of my own mind to keep myself sane I suppose.

I know I am just an animal like all humans. I don't believe in the soul or religion. But I do remember the time I spent with Terry as a special time. I remember all these things from my teenage years I've written about, some things hit me harder than others as I told you about them.

We all become twilight, nothing else is worth striving for. I made myths from my adolescence because —

Remember me I'm not Lisa or Skylar or Simon Morris am here on the page and outside time remember me. I made myths from

capitalism because —

Westron wynde when wyll thow blow? I spake as a child, but //
all the fight and fire gone, eternal flame gone too.

I would like silence and peace for once, tell her to shut up.
Xeroxing degrades an image and you may indeed get an archetype
through eventually but no-one cares, be quiet. Westron wynde
when wyll thow blow?

It's stopped raining everybody's stopped complaining but soon
comes Mr Night creeping over now his hand is. Discourses with
his fucking voices. Never was Lisa or SM.

Did not have no name ever, well you asked for a horror story
No-Name

PUNCHLINE

NEMESIS AND ERIS COMBINED (HATE SPEECH) – Skylar

Forensic samples were taken from the visited sites. A detailed analysis of the thirty-two samples taken at the Auschwitz-Birkenau complexes showed 1050 mg/kg of cyanide and 6170 mg/kg of iron. Higher iron results were found at all of the alleged gas chambers but no significant cyanide traces. This would be impossible if these sites were exposed to hydrogen cyanide gas, because the alleged gas chambers supposedly were exposed to much greater quantities of gas than the delousing facilities. Thus, chemical analysis supports the fact that etc etc etc you get the idea westron wynde when wyll thow blow.

OK, for a start her name isn't Lisa. The fucking pervert paedophile writer chose that cause it sounds cute and young or something. She's a real person and wouldn't be happy to know her stories are getting retold with added male elaborations and fantasies all these years on.

At the start I was lying too. It wasn't 'Lisa' I was on holiday with, it was Simon. I point to what his mind can't grasp. I've tried to save the book from being stupid as well as exploitative. I don't know how good a job I managed.

When we left Kilmore Quay I'd twigged that Simon was in love with me so completely that I could do whatever I wanted with him. I got a touch of the evils and decided to have some fun.

We were driving northwards to County Kildare. I had the keys to a knackered old farmhouse there. On the way I picked some arguments, I was trying to write a book about domestic violence and couples falling out badly, I considered it research. The car radio had a hidden tape recording facility. He was gesticulating and burbling, waving his hands about. It was easier for me to keep cool cause I was driving, I just kept my hands on the wheel.

I started talking about Harvey Glatman, a really nasty piece of work serial killer from the fifties. He took bondage photos of girls then let them strangle themselves to death while struggling to get free, the guy was a wizard at knots I guess. "It's so depressing what people are capable of", I said. Then I went on to the story of Karen Morgan. She was an English girl who'd been treated by child psychiatrists in her early teens and after that went home to her parents and decided to never leave the house again til she died about fifteen years later. I remembered the newspaper reports verbatim.

"Disdaining all comforts", I spouted, "She slept naked on bare boards with only a toilet bucket and a TV for furniture. Her leg muscles wasted away so badly she could not walk".

The fight was going out of Simon already by the time we reached the farmhouse. The male ego was disappearing and I was replacing it with guilt and fear. He's very easily led so I persuaded him we should do the wraps of speed we'd had for a while, saying it'd be useful as well as fun cause we didn't have much food with

us and it was a good few miles from anywhere. We washed down the phet with a couple of pots of filter coffee. I can handle this sort of thing but I knew his metabolism couldn't.

I inflicted some of that holocaust denial crap on him. "At Auschwitz a floor drain in the alleged gas chambers was connected directly to the camp's storm drain system", I declaimed, "Plain and simple, these facilities could not have operated as execution gas chambers". Then speedily I picked up an old magazine from the trash-strewn floor and read out an advert.

"In addition to the bar-mounted hand shower, all Neomediam shower units are fitted with a multitude of jets designed to give the whole of your body a most effective massage...ooh, that sounds nice". It was pretty basic techniques I was using. It's strange how when you start doing this sort of thing you click into gear, everything will fit the program.

As it got dark I decided to lay down some more fear vibes. I told him about the mate of mine who owned the farmhouse. "He's called Mad Mick by just about everyone...when he was younger he was homeless for a while til he realised he could get food and lodgings in the loony bin by slashing his own face up lightly with surface cuts...around then he tattooed his fingers too, with HATE, he hasn't got LOVE though..."

It was tacky stuff, like a fucking Grimms' fairy tale but it did the trick and the cunt got spooked. Me being on the mysterious, suddenly not affectionate or submissive tip all day was the real groundwork.

We stayed up all night and I made sure he didn't sleep or eat.

In the morning I made more coffee and dosed him with the rest of the speed. I took him on a long walk in the countryside. I made sure he didn't eat more than a Mars Bar and a few cream crackers.

Simple Simon was a gibbering mess by late afternoon and really needed to sleep. I was surprised by how little aggression he had in him, he was just putting up with the treatment. Of course as he couldn't drive and didn't know the area at all I guess he didn't have much choice.

Before I started him on the job I read him a bit of my poetry.

“City as equivalent to NIGHT will scrape skin raw
and spit out into concrete decay. It kills the strongest.
City as NIGHT, satellite towns as daylight,
city as NIGHT equivalent to brick wall,
city as NIGHT, river as angel of night...”

I recited it quite loudly in an über-pompous Jim Morrison style. I was pretty knackered myself by now but felt in control and was enjoying it all.

Then I told him that I wanted him to dig a hole in the back yard. I promised him I'd cook him a meal and we'd sleep together afterwards. “Mick was after this hole being dug, it's our payment for staying here...it'll only take an hour or so...I'm sorry I've been such a bitch lately”, I said sweetly.

I gave him the shovel and pointed out the spot. He looked in serious need of anti-psychotics by now, he wasn't making much sense anymore, a lot of the textbook symptoms were present.

I relaxed with an old copy of the Daily Mail. There was something in there written by Esther Rantzen. What a sanctimonious

old trout. I'd like to smash her fucking buck teeth in with a hammer.

Simon was wired on psychosis and between incoherent mumbling and laughs he managed to dig pretty fast. It wasn't long before he found the plastic bags. He gestured to me, like "What do I do now?"

I dug a bit and managed to remove a sack from the earth fully. The stench was pretty vile even after twenty years. "Oh fucking hell Simon, it's bones", I said.

I pulled out a huge leg bone from the sack and waved it in front of him. "It's a horse you've dug up. You've dug up Shergar you dick! Mick told me once years ago about how they'd got Shergar back in '83, it was all a bit clueless, they never got the cash".

"You're in deep shit now mate", I said. I explained the best thing to do would be to get out of the area as soon as possible. He was extremely acquiescent by this stage of course. I said I'd be staying at the farmhouse to clear things up with Mick and his mates but that he should get the first train to Dublin and try to get a plane home to England.

As we drove to Newbridge and passed Ballymeny where the Aga Khan had his breeding farm I was playing a tape of some ELO. "You'd better slow down, sweet talkin' woman..."

Outside Newbridge railway station I looked him full on in the eyes. "I'm really sorry we never had that meal and the sleep", I said. "When I get back to England we'll do it properly. Now you look after yourself and make sure you get some rest soon..."

I watched him from my car stumbling into the station and who

knows what. Ireland was a friendly place but he was so obviously dishevelled and crazy that people were starting to avoid looking at him. I wonder if he started to think he was already dead.

