

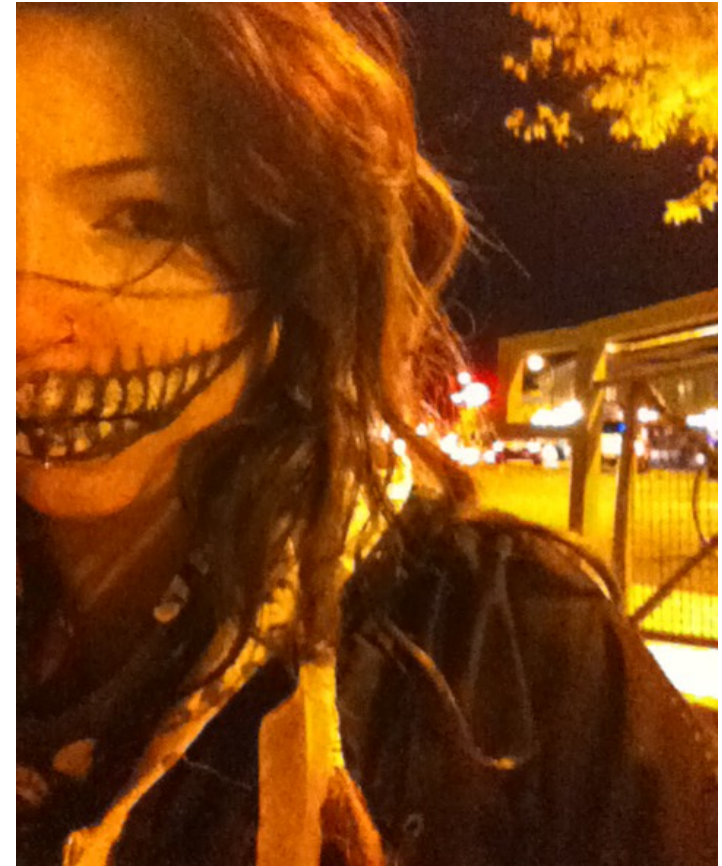
# It Is Written

Shark

3/10/14

**Faith No More "Falling To Pieces" The Real Thing 1989**

Back and forth, I sway with the wind  
Resolution slips away again  
Right through my fingers, back into my heart  
Where it's out of reach and it's in the dark  
Sometimes I think I'm blind  
Or I may be just paralyzed  
Because the plot thickens every day  
And the pieces of my puzzle keep crumblin' away  
But I know, there's a picture beneath  
Indecision clouds my vision  
No one listens...  
Because I'm somewhere in between  
My love and my agony  
You see, I'm somewhere in between  
My life is falling to pieces  
Somebody put me together  
Layin' face down on the ground  
My fingers in my ears to block the sound  
My eyes shut tight to avoid the sight  
Anticipating the end, losing the will to fight  
Droplets of "yes" and "no"  
In an ocean of "maybe"  
From the bottom, it looks like a steep incline  
From the top, another downhill slope of mine  
But I know, the equilibrium's there  
Indecision clouds my vision  
No one listens  
Because I'm somewhere in between  
My love and my agony  
You see, I'm somewhere in between  
My life is falling to pieces  
Somebody put me together



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Want more? Contact us at:  
[Theshark642@gmail.com](mailto:Theshark642@gmail.com)

**Alice In Chains "Killer Is Me" Unplugged 1996**



Don't need a gun  
Pointed at me  
Don't need to run  
Killer is me  
Killer is me

So the sun  
Shines upon me  
Havin fun  
Killer is me

Insane the mind  
In the name of me  
Can't find the time  
To let things be  
Insane the mind  
In the name of me  
Can't find the time  
To let things be  
Let things be

Oh yeah  
Can I start over?  
Oh yeah  
Can I start over?  
And get over it

So the sun  
Shines upon me  
Havin fun  
Killer is me  
Killer is me  
Killer is me

Oh yeah  
Can I start over?  
Oh yeah  
Can I start over?  
And get over it

Let things be



I sat and penned it all night  
I know this is right  
You are so worth the fight

If you weren't worth it, I wouldn't have asked to go to Minnesota with you.  
If you weren't worth it, I wouldn't have come back to Minnesota for you.  
If you weren't worth it, I would have left Minnesota when I had my bus ticket,  
and bags packed.

You asked me to stay, so I did, because you are worth it. I remember the day  
we were laying around in the garage, and you told me,  
"All those other girls, they don't know what they lost, refusing your love. Ill  
take your love, because I deserve it. Ill be your forever lover, your first and  
only. You can be my forever lover, my last and final."



Its true you know, and it will always be so.

This story is a tragedy, if you couldn't have already figured that out. Maybe not a tragedy in the Shakespearean sense, but a tragedy none the less. I use this term loosely, because it's not over yet. Unless I am a total fuck up, and made Serendipity really hate me, but I don't feel like that's true. She knows me well enough to know I don't know how to move on with out laying waste to what once was. Its not that I want to, I don't know how else to deal with these sort of things, its pathetic. I have a way when I speak of belittling people. I don't mean it, and cant correct it if its not pointed out to me when I do it.

I'm going to prove to myself that I can change. There's no point in proving anything to anyone else. Serendipity, we are each others puzzle pieces, we are all those great things we've said to each other. I don't know what we are at this precise moment in time, but I know what we are not. We are not the terrible things we've said, and done to each other. We are not our fears. We are not victims. We are not bad people. We are not the contents of our fucking wallets.

You will always hold a special place in my heart. I want to be with you still. I know its infeasible right now, but as the first story I wrote about you is titled, the future is unwritten. I want you to know, Ill always have your back, Ill always love you, and Ill always have room for you in my life. You don't owe me anything for what I've done. I pray for your peace of mind, and happiness everyday, the joy I've seen pour forth from your soul in our most intimate of moments.

Don't forget, you found me on the sidewalk on July 2<sup>nd</sup> 2012. Don't forget, I came back to you more then once. I stayed for you, had to be a scab so we could eat, and live in the garage, and I would do it all over again! Do not feel bad, please. It is not my intention to make you feel bad about these things, they are the facts. It is the way I feel now. If you need me, I'm here for you, come hell or high water. If I can, I will, for you.

#### Excerpt from Faith No More "The Real Thing" The Real Thing 1989

Like the dream you know one day will come to life  
Try to hold on just a little longer, stronger  
You will never let it slip away  
Like the echoes of your childhood laughter, ever after  
Like the first time love urged you to take it's guidance, in silence  
Like your heartbeat when you realize you're dying, but you're trying  
Like the way you cry for a happy ending, ending...  
I know

### Excerpt from Alice In Chains "Would" Dirt 1992

Into the flood again  
Same old trip it was back then  
So I made a big mistake  
Try to see it once my way  
Am I wrong?  
Have I run too far to get home?  
Have I gone?  
And left you here alone?  
If I would, could you?

You see, Serendipity and I are far more alike then we give ourselves credit for. We have much more in common then our differences. She sent me a picture on the way out to SB that said, "Who's gonna hold you down when you shake? Who's gonna come around when you break?" I would, if I could. I know who wasn't there for her when she really needed it. She wouldn't have had to come to me in the first place. She says she is doing well, and is happy, but my intuition tells me otherwise, just as it did in June, 2013.

You see, there have been several times when we were laying together, just holding each other, nothing more, and I've felt our souls combine, and felt our bodies become one as well, just as I drifted off to sleep, or perhaps into the Theta state of brain activity. She is as much a part of me as I am her. This I know. I know we both have made mistakes. That's okay, the people who are meant to be together always make it through that which was supposed to destroy them.

We know in our hearts and souls what we mean to each other, and how we truly feel about each other, even if our minds would tell us otherwise. That's the hard part, at least for me, is telling my brain to fuck off when I know my heart is right. I've heard my hearts words these past few days, very loudly. I don't know what will happen, but I know I'm ready to leave the past where it is. It can stay in that world of bones and ghosts, I don't have time for that shit.

I can't predict the future either, it is always unwritten, but its able to be molded by what we do in the present, which is the only place we really need to be living anyways. After all we've made it through, and all the secrets we've shared with each other, I can't believe that this is it. That where we are now is where things will be left. That's utterly insane, doing the same things over and over again, expecting different results.

This is the first time in my life, I've ever felt the way I do, when put into this situation. I still love her, and would take her back in a heartbeat. Call me a sucker, a faggot, and dumbass, call me what you will, but I love that women. I feel like I did before she first came to me, like shes not as happy as she claims to be. I couldn't tell you though, because I just don't know.

I've admitted my wrongs, and taken accountability for my actions. I'm not sure if she has yet, I know this is hard for her. It doesn't make me better then her, not in the slightest. I just try to reconcile things as quickly as possible, so I can move forward, as good sharks do.

I know its hard for her, because she still holds her silence, a silence which, kills a little more of me everyday. I'm over whats happened, the story which will soon be told. I still feel sorrow, misery, and hurt everyday. I feel her torment, and pain. She tells her self things that I know aren't true. Terrible things, she may have herself convinced, but I've seen the real you. I know the real you, that you might be too scared, or not ready to be, that Strong, Powerful, Wondrous Women, I know you are.

We all can convince ourselves of things that aren't true. Its easy, especially when we've come from tormented pasts. My past is not as bad as some, but my upbringing instilled in me the worst of what Bourgeois Society has to offer. I refused, as a child, and young man, to be those things and act those ways. Yet I find myself as the things I despised the most growing up. Its time for a change.

### Excerpt from Alice In Chains "Hate to Feel" Facelift 1992

All this time I swore I'd never  
Be like my old man  
What the hey it's time to face  
Exactly who I am  
I can see, yeah - (wish I couldn't see at all)  
I can feel - (wish I couldn't feel at all)  
Hate to see - (wish I couldn't see at all)  
Hate to feel - (wish I couldn't feel at all)

That pretty well explains it. Goddamn. Is it too late for me? Have I drown myself in my wake? Did I drown my Love in it too? I just don't know. At the time of this writing she refuses to speak with me, but I'm responsible for that. The DMT I smoked the other night showed me how much I rush things, and when I do, I fuck

everything up. Well, I am guilty of that.



I've been told, that, Serendipity was kinda broke up over me leaving Santa Barbara so abruptly. When I had spoke with her, she tries to front on me. Its fine, I don't mind. I don't want her to hurt.

#### **Excerpt from Alice In Chains "Got Me Wrong" Sap 1992**

As of now I bet you got me wrong  
So unsure we reach for something strong  
I haven't felt like this in so long  
Wrong, in a sense too far gone from love  
That don't last forever  
Something's gotta turn out right

I know I've got it wrong. She cares so fucking much she can't even tell me what she feels. I know this and more is true.

"Oh well, she played you, she used you. She doesn't care." The insolent will say.

Fuck you, cunts. I've been the most insolent of all, to disrespect her and say those things to her when I knew they weren't true. That's my bourgeois indoctrination coming out. I've grown much these past few weeks. I only want to show it to Serendipity, just as I did in June, 2013.

There's nothing wrong with traveling. I like it myself, and am looking forward to seeing if Serendipity and I finally will get the chance to do it. I've met many travelers, and they, like the rest of society have good and bad amongst their ranks. There are people I've met who say they are pissed about certain types of travelers, because they give the rest of them a bad name. Well, this is true of all. Just look at the fucking pigs. There are good pigs, I've met some, but those motherfuckers wear a badge and will follow orders to the end, just like the Nazis. The Nuremberg defense didn't work in 1945 -1946, and it sure wont work now. That's a shitty excuse. A weak, mindless, robot excuse.

"Well uhh, you know. I knew it was wrong, but I was just following my orders. You know how it is, you follow them too."

This is why individuality is so vitally important in this day and age. When the people who are supposed to "Serve and Protect" do nothing more then Harass and Arrest, and do it when they are morally against it, that's a huge fucking problem.

"Ohh well, I need to feed my family too" Is a common excuse I hear when I ask pigs why they choose to have their life's work be to suppress their fellow human beings.

"You have a conscious. Do you agree with what you do?"

They hate that one, because it forces them to acknowledge they are doing something they morally and/or ethically disagree with, to get a pay check. It shatters the cognitive dissonance, and allows them to see it for what it really is. This makes pigs and sales people mad.

Where the fuck is he going with this? You may be asking yourself right now. I'm going right here with it. Serendipity likes to get into peoples minds, and try to push them out of their comfort zones. She has admitted this to me before. It gets her into situations that are dangerous, and unhealthy. She is good at it. It gets her trapped though, trapped in the same cycles she has expressed to me she wishes to break. We contradict ourselves in this manner, Serendipity and I. For someone who thinks people should live outside their comfort zones, she sure is nestled into her comfort zone like an Alabama tick. If it can be called that.

Serendipity told me,  
“What I've been running from is that which I truly desire.”

I'm not exactly sure what that is, but I know there are several things she has been running from. Me, responsibility, addiction, living on the streets with the rest of the people who only wish to leech off the generosity of others. I might be wrong, I really would like to know, and I'm sure in time I will.

Not that there's anything wrong with being a gutter punk, transient, or homebum, but shit man. You're only hurting yourself by living that way. People will give money, and some people genuinely deserve it, but a lot of those people do it because they know people will give them enough money everyday to get drunk, eat, and get some smokes.

What are these people really accomplishing? Nothing. Everyone falls on hard times, and I'm not judging. Though there are people who genuinely take advantage of strangers kindness. I know that's not who Serendipity is. She is stuck in the cycle she told me she would be stuck in if she stayed in Santa Barbara too long. I'm foolish to have forgotten this, all important fact.

This is not a rant, just your authors opinions on the matter. Lets be honest, who have dictators gone after when they wanted to implement their “Final Solutions” through out history? Transients, homeless, ethnic, racial, and religious minorities. I've put myself in my enemy's shoes, and those are the people I would go after first. The people society really doesn't give a shit about.

And that is honestly sad to me. That society could turn its back on people like that. We, who are privileged, are supposed to remember our place of privilege, and use it to help the less fortunate. IMF banksters, and the Rothschilds have forgotten their privilege. Those mother fuckers leech more off society as a whole then the rest of the homeless and transients combined

I fear I've ruined it all though. Well I guess I had better get on with the story huh? Dem Feelz, nigga. Dem Feelz.



Well it all started when, I'm not really sure. Maybe at the beginning. Serendipity was right, the day of our first date, when she asked,  
“Are we rushing this too much?”

At the time it didn't really make sense, but in retrospect, yes. We rushed things too much. I don't know what else to say. She, as she often is, was right about that. It didn't seem like it at first, but I should at the least have had my own place, with a room for her to stay in. Some place she could call all her own. What a fool I was. Rushing things again.

It wasn't wrong of Serendipity to come to me. Shit man, she might be dead or in jail if she hadn't. I never meant to be, or seem manipulative. I don't know when I'm doing it sometimes. That's my subconscious indoctrination. If I really wanted to, I could, but in doing so would firmly contradict my principles. Fuck that, I want people to be free to do as they please.

Serendipity left Minneapolis in December, 2013 to visit her family in Santa Barbara for the holidays. I was fearful. I remember her telling me more then once,  
“When we go to SB, we're only going to stay a week at most, otherwise I'm gonna fall back into what I left for in the first place.” I knew, I tried to lie to myself, but I knew.



### Excerpt from Incubus "Circles" Morning View 2001

Hey! What would it mean to you  
to know that it'll come back around again?  
Hey! Whatever it means to you,  
know that everything moves in circles.

Oh yes. Yes it fucking does move in circles. Everything.  
There are no squares in Nature.  
Did you see what I did there?

Everything was fine, until Rob decided to throw me out of the house while I was in South Bend visiting my people for the holidays. I found out who my real friends were up there too. I cut off several people for the things they said about Serendipity, and almost got in a few fist fights over her. Y'all know how fools like to run their mouths though. That's the moment everything got all fucked. Hell the way he treated Michael while he was there was deplorable. I'm proud of Serendipity for not going back there, it would have ended how I predicted. She told me word for word, what I had imagined would happen if she went back to MN. I wanted to go back, to give Michael backup. I never intended on bailing on him, as it seemed for some time. Him and I have resolved our differences, and are good friends now. At the time of this writing, He and I are planning on splitting rent on an apartment in Austin, TX. He is, unfortunately, homeless in Santa Barbara. Something he didn't want to happen, but did.

We managed to get that fucking van out of the garage after two days of bullshit. It cost me \$460 to have the goddamn thing fixed enough to run. I knew it was the fucking fuel pump, I wish I had my tools.



\$1000, and 2 ½ days later, we were in Santa Barbara. I was full of animosity to say the least. Serendipity had told me, "You're not the strong, confident man I know when you were here."

Well shit honey, you broke my heart, and filled my soul with doubt. Its rather hard to be confident in that situation. Its okay though, I forgive you. I forgive myself as well, The Grand Architect of the Universe knows, I acted quite faggy the one day, and on several occasions after I left.



I went all the way to Santa Barbara, and it feels like all I got was this fucking picture. It is an epic picture though, and I pissed on the door handle.