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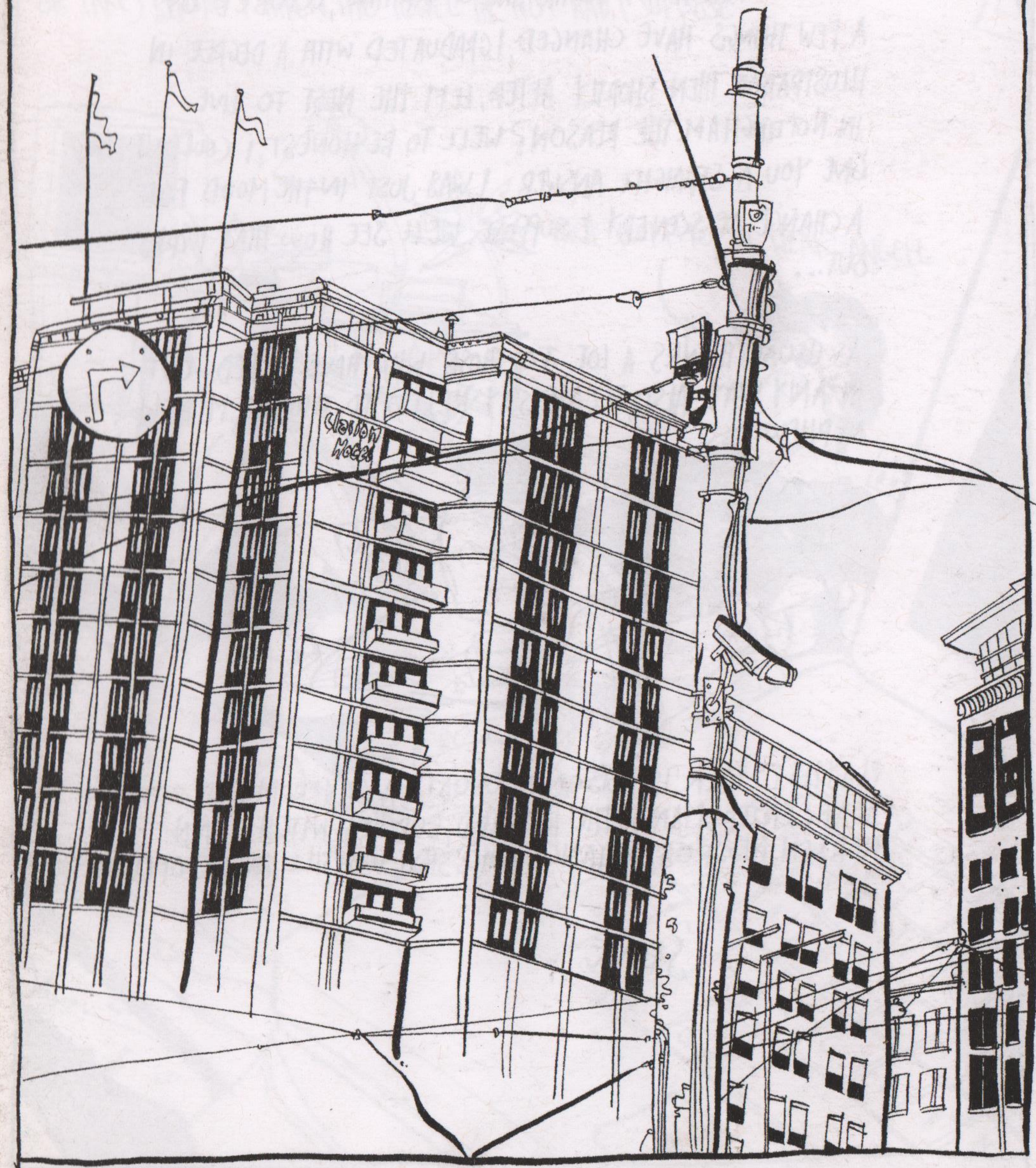
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RUM LAD

ISSUE 3



RUM LAD

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HELLO! THIS ISSUE REVOLVES AROUND MY EXISTENCE BETWEEN MARCH '07 TO THE TIME OF WRITING, OCTOBER '07. A FEW THINGS HAVE CHANGED, I GRADUATED WITH A DEGREE IN ILLUSTRATION THEN SHORTLY AFTER, LEFT THE NEST TO LIVE IN NOTTINGHAM. THE REASON? WELL TO BE HONEST, I COULDN'T GIVE YOU A STRAIGHT ANSWER. I WAS JUST IN THE MOOD FOR A CHANGE OF SCENERY I SUPPOSE. WE'LL SEE HOW THAT WORKS OUT...

AS USUAL, THANKS A LOT TO THOSE WHO HAVE HELPED OUT IN ANY WAY. ALSO, PLEASE SAY HELLO TO THOMAS, MY NEW NEPHEW



PLAYLIST: TALK IS POISON, NEUROSIS, A SILVER MOON ZION, DEAF CENTER, MAN IS THE BASTARD, BURNING WITCH, YANN TIERSSEN, NECROS, DEFIANCE OHIO, STEVE VONTILL, ANGELS OF LIGHT

STEVE

I SOMEWHAT FOOLISHLY AGREED TO PARTICIPATE IN A 24 HOUR 'DRAW-A-THON' WITH NICH, JAMES, MATT AND NIKK. THIS WAS PROBABLY A BAD IDEA. NICH'S A VETERAN AT THIS, AS HE DEMONSTRATED BY BIDDING HIS TIME AND SENSIBLY REFUELLING EVERY NOW AND THEN. WHERE AS I, ON THE OTHER HAND, STOCKED UP ON SUGAR AND COFFEE. BASICALLY, AS THE HOURS PROGRESSED, I CRASHED AND BURNED. I THINK I MANAGED 17 HOURS (GIVE OR TAKE) BEFORE I THREW THE TOWEL IN. NOT BAD, I SUPPOSE.

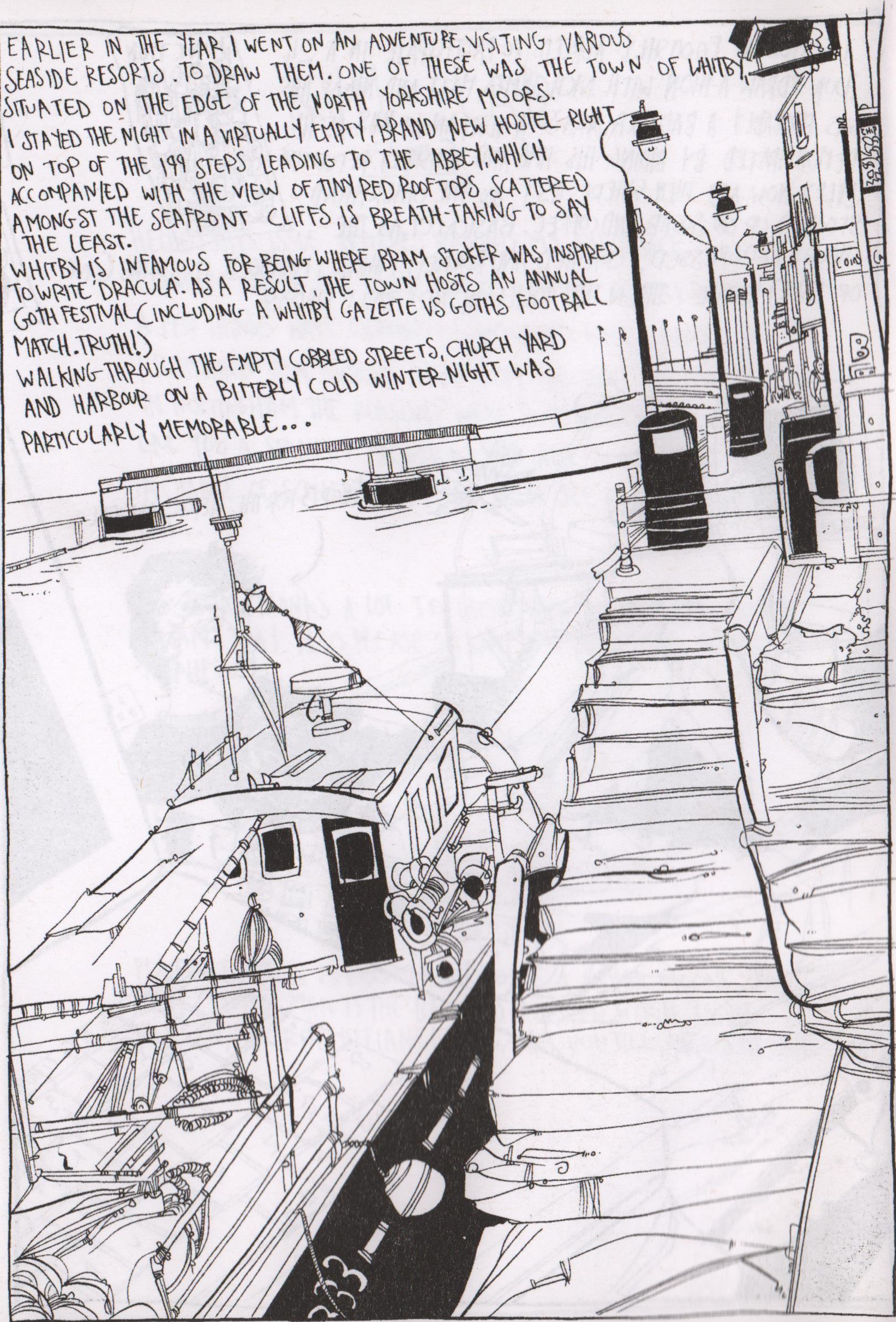


EARLIER IN THE YEAR I WENT ON AN ADVENTURE, VISITING VARIOUS SEASIDE RESORTS. TO DRAW THEM. ONE OF THESE WAS THE TOWN OF WHITBY, SITUATED ON THE EDGE OF THE NORTH YORKSHIRE MOORS.

I STAYED THE NIGHT IN A VIRTUALLY EMPTY, BRAND NEW HOSTEL RIGHT ON TOP OF THE 199 STEPS LEADING TO THE ABBEY, WHICH ACCOMPANIED WITH THE VIEW OF TINY RED ROOFTOPS SCATTERED AMONGST THE SEAFRONT CLIFFS, IS BREATH-TAKING TO SAY THE LEAST.

WHITBY IS INFAMOUS FOR BEING WHERE BRAM STOKER WAS INSPIRED TO WRITE 'DRACULA'. AS A RESULT, THE TOWN HOSTS AN ANNUAL GOTH FESTIVAL (INCLUDING A WHITBY GAZETTE VS GOTH'S FOOTBALL MATCH. TRUTH!)

WALKING THROUGH THE EMPTY COBBLED STREETS, CHURCH YARD AND HARBOUR ON A BITTERLY COLD WINTER NIGHT WAS PARTICULARLY MEMORABLE...



... AS WAS GREAT YARMOUTH, MAINLY FOR BEING THE BLEAKEST PLACE I THINK I'VE EVER BEEN TO. AFTER A FEW HOURS THOUGH, I DEVELOPED A STRANGE FACINATION WITH IT THAT'S SIMILAR TO WHEN YOU WATCH A FILM THAT'S SO BAD, IT'S KIND OF GOOD... KIND OF.



WE FINISHED UNI NOW, THE 'FOOT IN THE DOOR OF THE REAL WORLD' (RIGHT). IT'D BE NICE TO THINK I'VE MADE SOME FRIENDS FOR LIFE HERE, OTHERS, I SUPPOSE WE'LL DRIFT APART. FUNNY (YET TYPICAL) HOW A LOT OF PEOPLE BEGAN EXPLORING OUTSIDE THEIR COMFORTABLE FRIENDSHIP GROUPS JUST AS THE END DREW EVER CLOSER. A BIT OF A CLICHÉ, FROM WHAT I CAN GATHER. STILL, I'M GOING TO MISS IT.

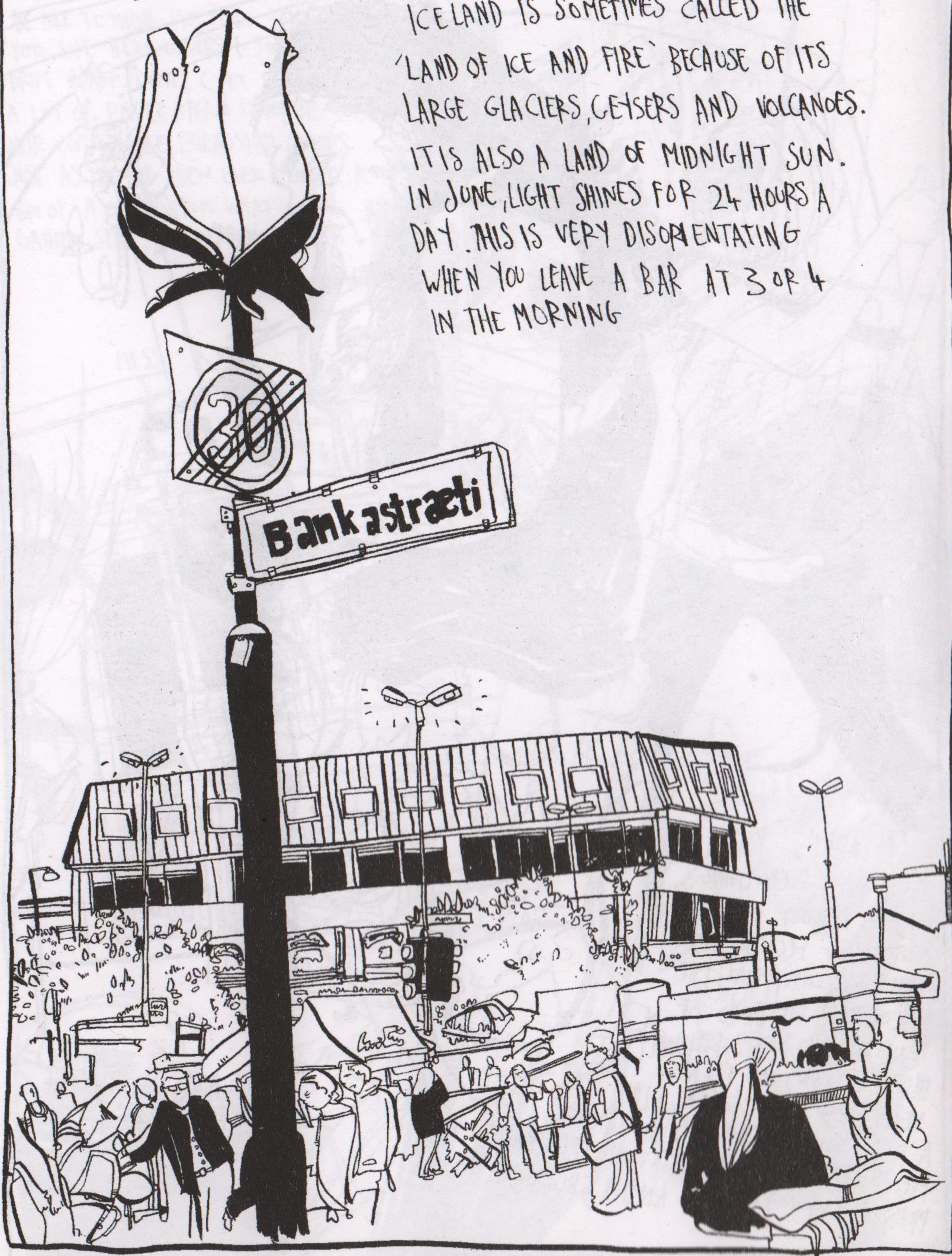
MESS



APPARENTLY I MUST HAVE BEEN LIVING UNDER A ROCK OR SOMETHING BECAUSE IT'S ONLY RECENTLY THAT I'VE DISCOVERED THE JOYS OF GUITAR HERO. NOT SURPRISINGLY THOUGH IT TURNS OUT I'M NOT VERY GOOD AT IT. I CAN PLAY A REAL GUITAR (BARELY!) BUT PUT ME IN FRONT OF A PLAYSTATION, FRANTICALLY PRESSING (WRONG) BUTTONS AND I CRUMBLE.

JODIE AND DAZ ON THE OTHER HAND, ROCK.

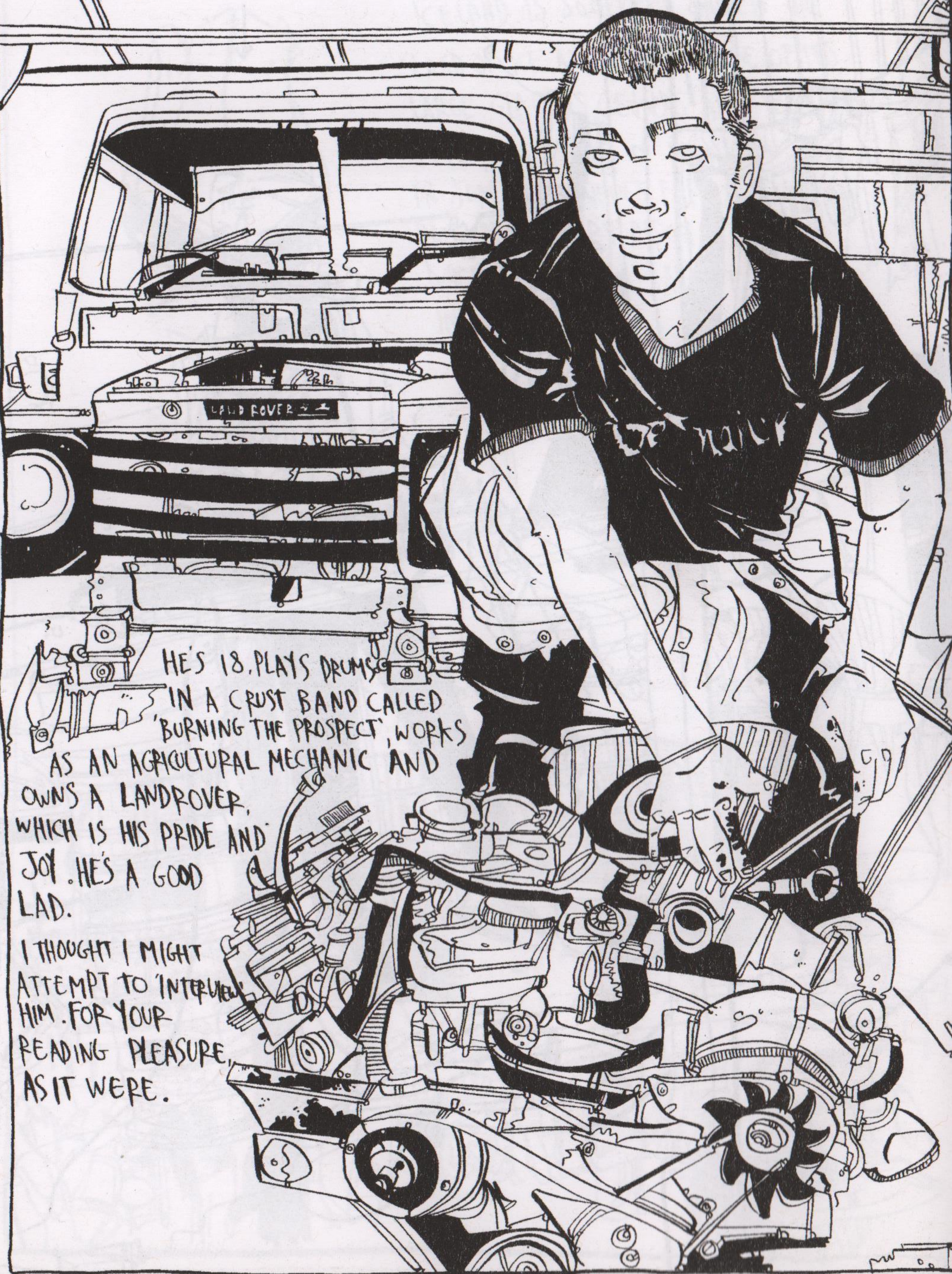
ICELAND IS SOMETIMES CALLED THE
'LAND OF ICE AND FIRE' BECAUSE OF ITS
LARGE GLACIERS, GEYSERS AND VOLCANOES.
IT IS ALSO A LAND OF MIDNIGHT SUN!
IN JUNE, LIGHT SHINES FOR 24 HOURS A
DAY. THIS IS VERY DISORIENTATING
WHEN YOU LEAVE A BAR AT 3 OR 4
IN THE MORNING



A DJ IN A FLEA MARKET, REYKJAVIK



THIS IS JOE, MY BROTHER.



HE'S 18. PLAYS DRUMS
IN A CRUST BAND CALLED
'BURNING THE PROSPECT', WORKS
AS AN AGRICULTURAL MECHANIC AND
OWNS A LANDROVER,
WHICH IS HIS PRIDE AND
JOY. HE'S A GOOD
LAD.

I THOUGHT I MIGHT
ATTEMPT TO INTERVIEW
HIM. FOR YOUR
READING PLEASURE,
AS IT WERE.

ME: SO WHAT'S THE FASCINATION WITH LANDROVERS ALL ABOUT?

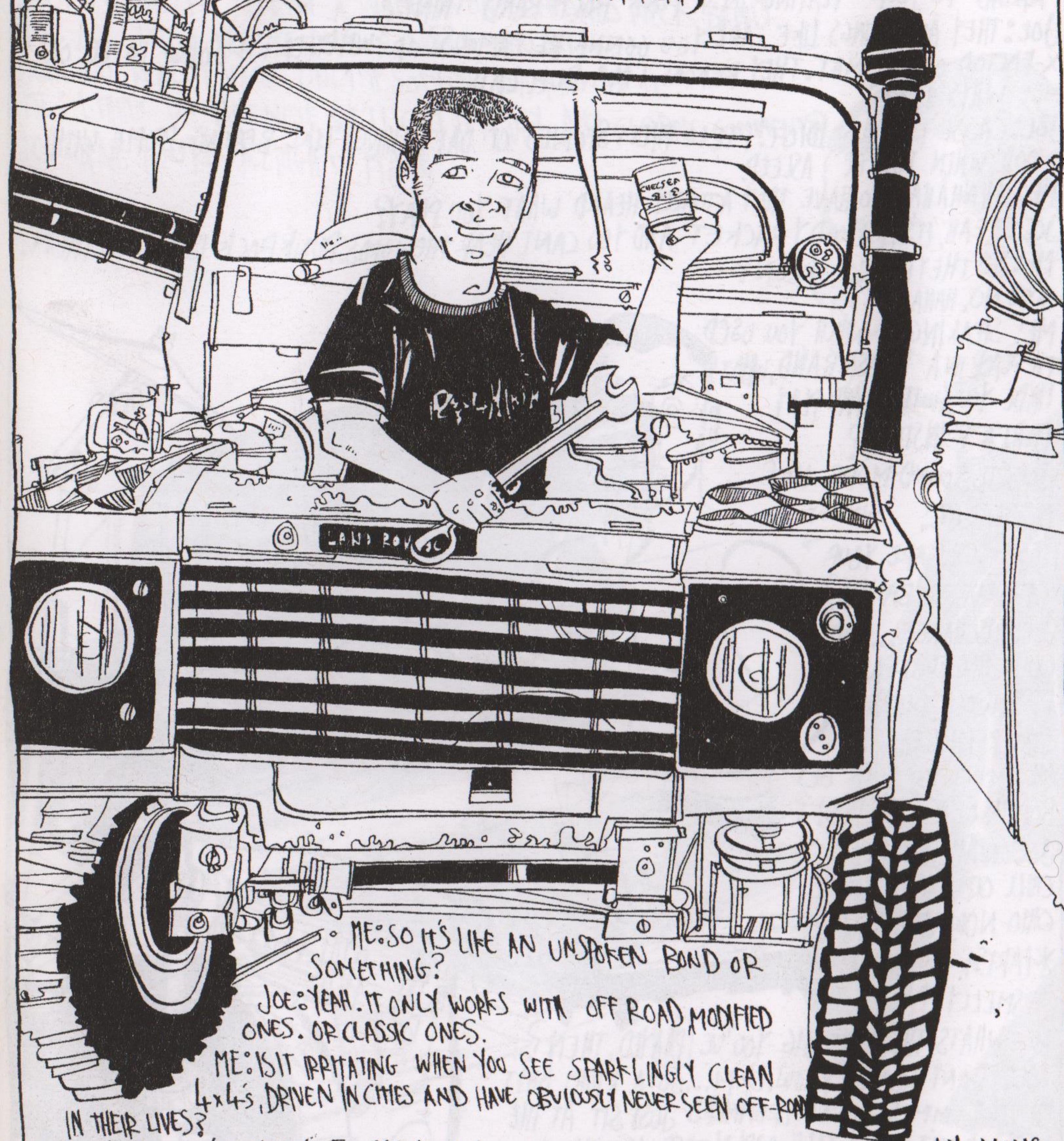
JOE: ITS... A REALLY BIG TOY. ITS A WEEKEND OFF, A REAL FUCKING POWERFUL WORKHORSE.

ME: LIKE A SHIRE HORSE WITH WHEELS, THEN?

JOE: NO, HAH. I JUST LIKE PISSING OFF BOY RACERS BY GETTING RIGHT UP THEIR ARSE.

ME: ISN'T THERE SOME SORT OF EXCLUSIVE 'LAND ROVER OWNERS' WAVE YOU TAKE PART IN WHEN YOU
PASS SOMEONE ON THE ROAD?

JOE: YEAH, IT'S LIKE 'NOW MATE' (TIPS IMAGINARY CAP)



ME: SO IT'S LIKE AN UNSPOKEN BOND OR
SOMETHING?

JOE: YEAH. IT ONLY WORKS WITH OFF ROAD MODIFIED
ONES. OR CLASSIC ONES.

ME: IS IT IRRITATING WHEN YOU SEE SPARKLINGLY CLEAN
4x4's, DRIVEN IN CITIES AND HAVE OBVIOUSLY NEVER SEEN OFF-ROAD
IN THEIR LIVES?

JOE: YES! IF YOU'RE GOING TO GET A 4x4, USE IT. EXCEPT THEY'RE USUALLY DRIVEN BY MUMS
TAKING 'LITTLE TIMMY' TO SCHOOL.

ME: HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TEMPTED TO PIMP YOUR RIDE?

JOE: WELL I'VE BOUGHT SOME 6A SPEAKERS FROM SHANE AT WORK. I'VE ALSO HAD IT MODIFIED FOR

OFF ROADING AND THAT. FOR INSTANCE, IT'S BEEN LIFTED BY PUTTING IN BIGGER SPRINGS AND TYRES. THIS GIVES BETTER GROUND CLEARANCE. OH, AND I PUT A SNORKLE ON, SO I CAN DRIVE THROUGH RIVERS WITHOUT THE ENGINE DYING...

ME: HAVE YOU DONE THAT YET? IS IT SCARY?

JOE: YEAH! I'M ALSO IN THE MIDDLE OF PUTTING A NEW ENGINE IN N'ALL.

ME: SMART. YOU WORK AS AN AGRICULTURAL MECHANIC RIGHT? WHAT ARE YOUR WORKMATES' REACTIONS TO YOUR 'PLAYING IN A PUNK ROCK BAND' THING?

JOE: THEY ASK THINGS LIKE 'ARE YOU GONNA BE FAMOUS?' OR 'WHETHER I'M GOING TO BE ON X-FACTOR OR SUMMAT. THEY REKON I'M A RUM LAD.

ME: WHYS THAT?

JOE: CAUSE I'M AN IDIOT! I TELL THEM STORIES OF DAFT THINGS LIKE BEATING PEOPLE WITH WOOD WHEN THEY'RE ASLEEP.

ME: AHAHAHA! SO HAVE THEY ACTUALLY HEARD WHAT YOU PLAY?

JOE: YEAH, 'IT'S A BLOODY RACKET' AND YOU CAN'T HEAR THE WORDS. PUNK ROCK IS ODD TO THEM.

ME: SO THEY'RE NOT KEEN?

JOE: NO, HAHA.

ME: SPEAKING OF WHICH YOU USED TO PLAY IN A THRASH BAND, WHAT MADE YOU SWITCH AND PLAY D-BEAT INSTEAD?

JOE: TO SOUND MORE LIKE DISCHARGE! PHWOAR

ME: SO WHO ARE YOUR FAVOURITE BANDS?

JOE: DISCHARGE... ERM QUITE LIKE FROM ASHES RISE, WOLF BRIGADE, STUFF LIKE THAT.

ME: DON'T YOU EVER GET BORED OF CRUST PUNK?

JOE: NAH. BUT I CAN CHILL OUT TO DEFIANCE, OHIO NOW AND THEN.

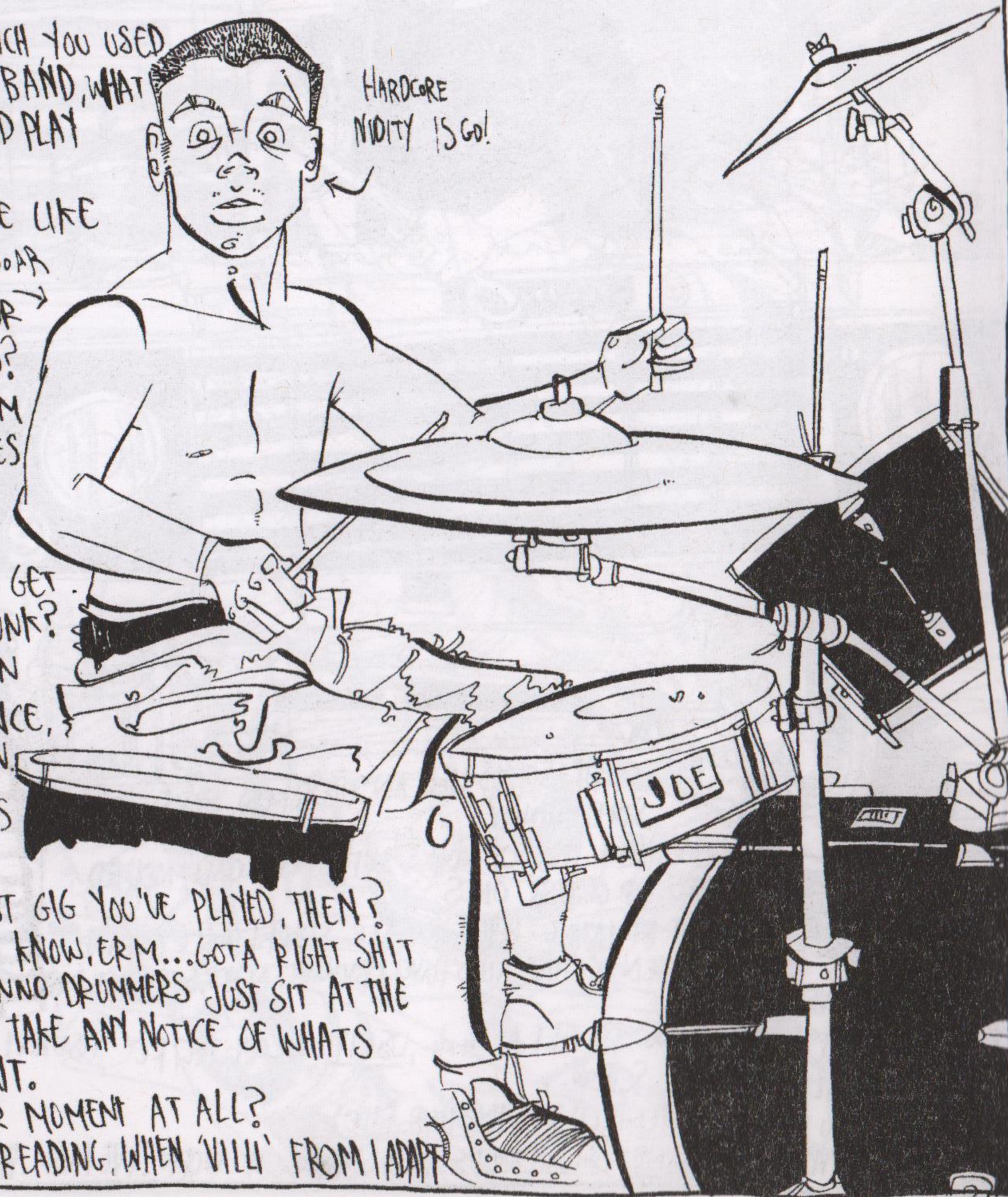
FARTS OOH, THAT'S A SMELLY FART.

ME: WHATS THE BEST GIG YOU'VE PLAYED, THEN?

JOE: I DON'T REALLY KNOW, ERM... GOT A RIGHT SHIT MEMORY, UMMM. I DUNNO. DRUMMERS JUST SIT AT THE BACK, I DON'T REALLY TAKE ANY NOTICE OF WHATS HAPPENING OUT FRONT.

ME: NO PARTICULAR MOMENT AT ALL?

JOE: OH THERE WAS READING, WHEN 'VILLI' FROM I ADAPT



RAN AROUND SCREAMING HIS HEAD OFF WHEN WE PLAYED A DISCHARGE COVER.

ME: WHAT SONG WAS IT AGAIN?

JOE: I THINK IT WAS 'DOES THE SYSTEM WORK?'

ME: IT'S SAFE TO SAY THEN, THAT CRUST IS YOUR FAVOURITE SUB GENRE OF PUNK, YEAH?

JOE: AYE, IT MAKES YOU WANT TO PUNCH SOMEONE IN THE FACE. THEN DO IT AGAIN.

ME: BANDS LIKE URKO MAKE YOU WANT TO DO THAT?

JOE: NO, THEY'RE MORE OF A 'STAMPING ON SOMEONE'S NECK BAND'.

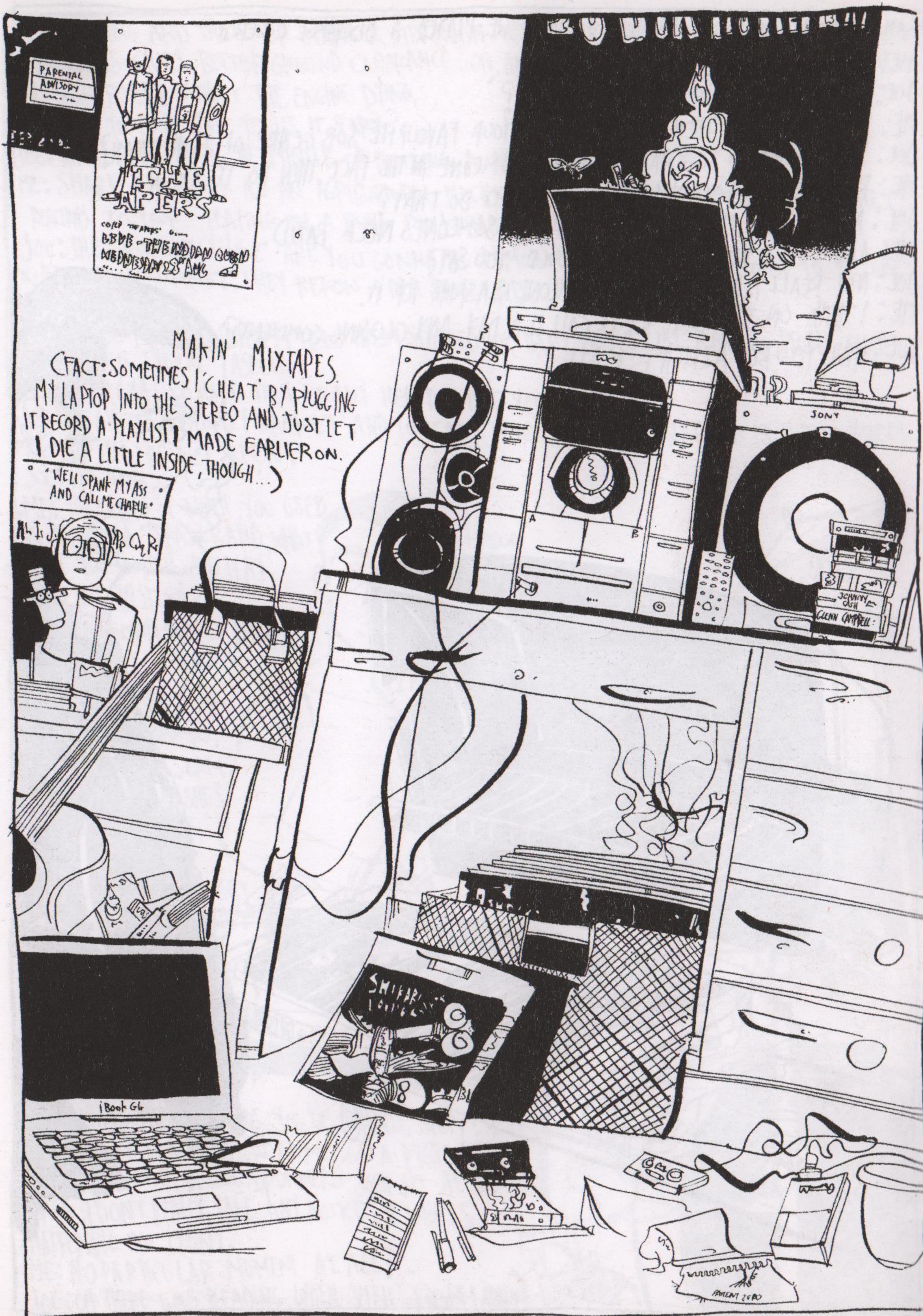
ME: ARE YOU A VIOLENT PERSON, WOULD YOU SAY?

JOE: NOT REALLY, HAHA. ONLY IF SOMEONE IS ASKING FOR IT.

ME: I THINK ON THAT NOTE, WE'LL CALL IT A DAY. ANY CLOSING COMMENTS?

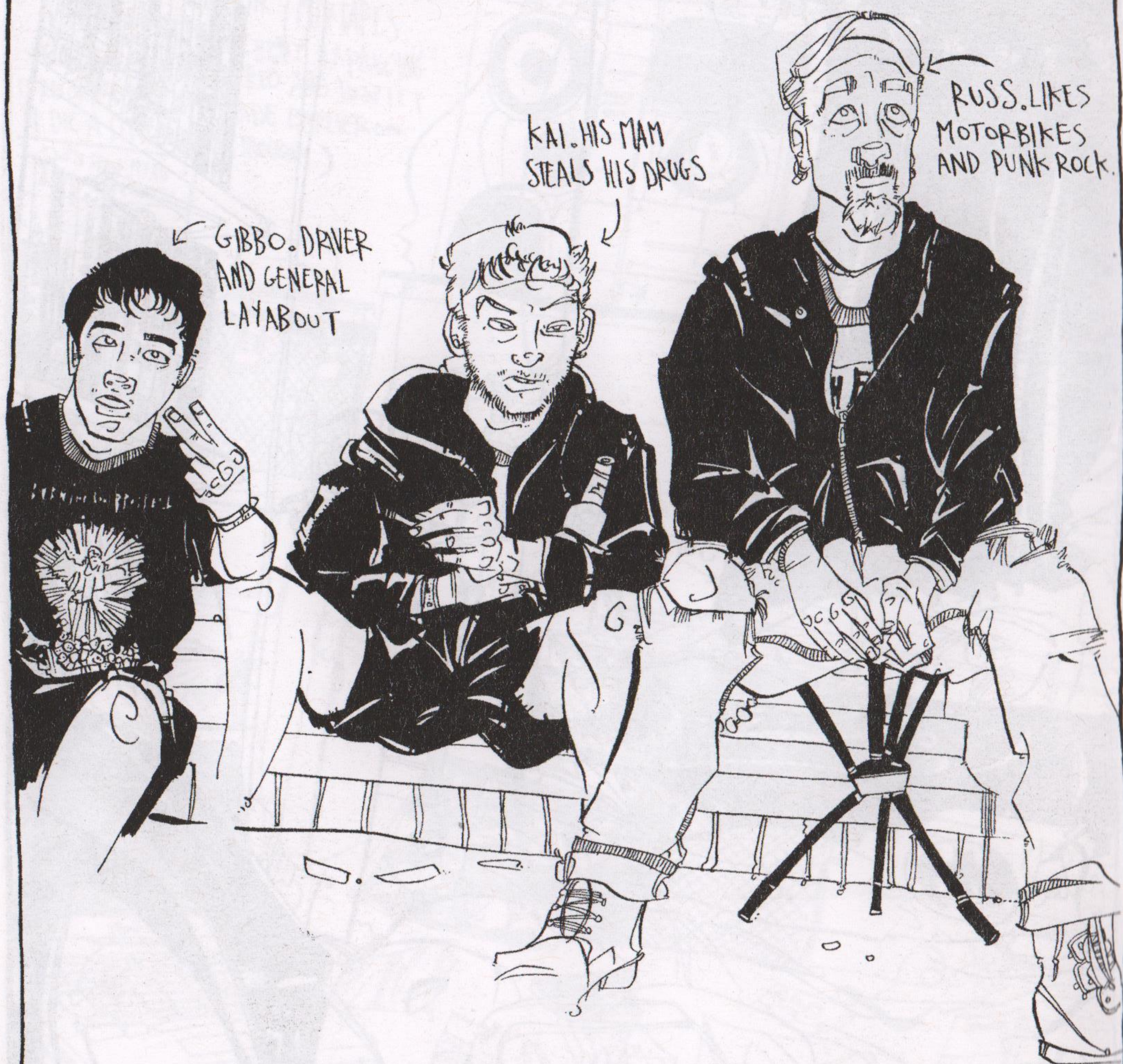
JOE: NAH. YOU'RE ALRIGHT MATE





LOVE IS LIVING IN A BASEMENT AND
BUYING BREAD FROM THE CORNER SHOP TO
FEED THE DUCKS IN THE CANAL WITH.

I'M SURE THE RESIDENTS OF HOOGERVEEN (HOLLAND) WERE OVER THE MOON WHEN TRASHFEST ROLLED AROUND AGAIN. HAVING THEIR WELL KEPT AND PLEASANT STREETS FILLED WITH MISCREANTS SUCH AS THIS TRIO MUST HAVE HAD THEM FOAMING AT THE MOUTH WITH GLEE. OR SOMETHING. SO YEAH, WE 'REPRESENTED' THE UK AT THIS INTERNATIONAL GATHERING BY CAMPING, DRINKING AND MAKING A PACKET. BLAGGING OURSELVES ON THE BILL MADE IT PARTICULARLY EXCITING TOO!



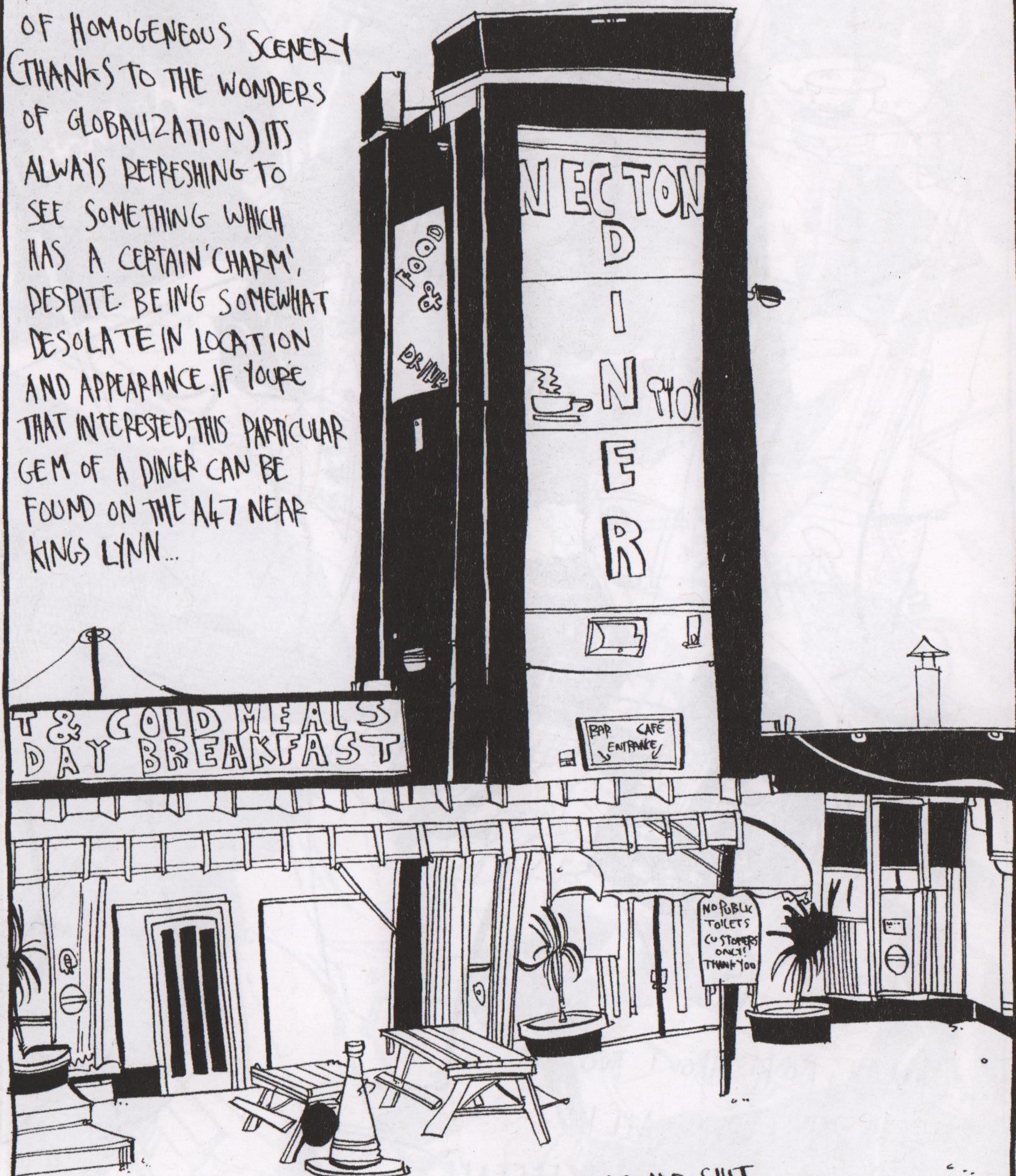
PROBABLY THE
BEST DISCO
I'VE EVER BEEN TO...







IN A WORLD FULL
OF HOMOGENEOUS SCENERY
(THANKS TO THE WONDERS
OF GLOBALIZATION) ITS
ALWAYS REFRESHING TO
SEE SOMETHING WHICH
HAS A CERTAIN 'CHARM',
DESPITE BEING SOMEWHAT
DESOLATE IN LOCATION
AND APPEARANCE. IF YOU'RE
THAT INTERESTED, THIS PARTICULAR
GEM OF A DINER CAN BE
FOUND ON THE A47 NEAR
KINGS LYNN...



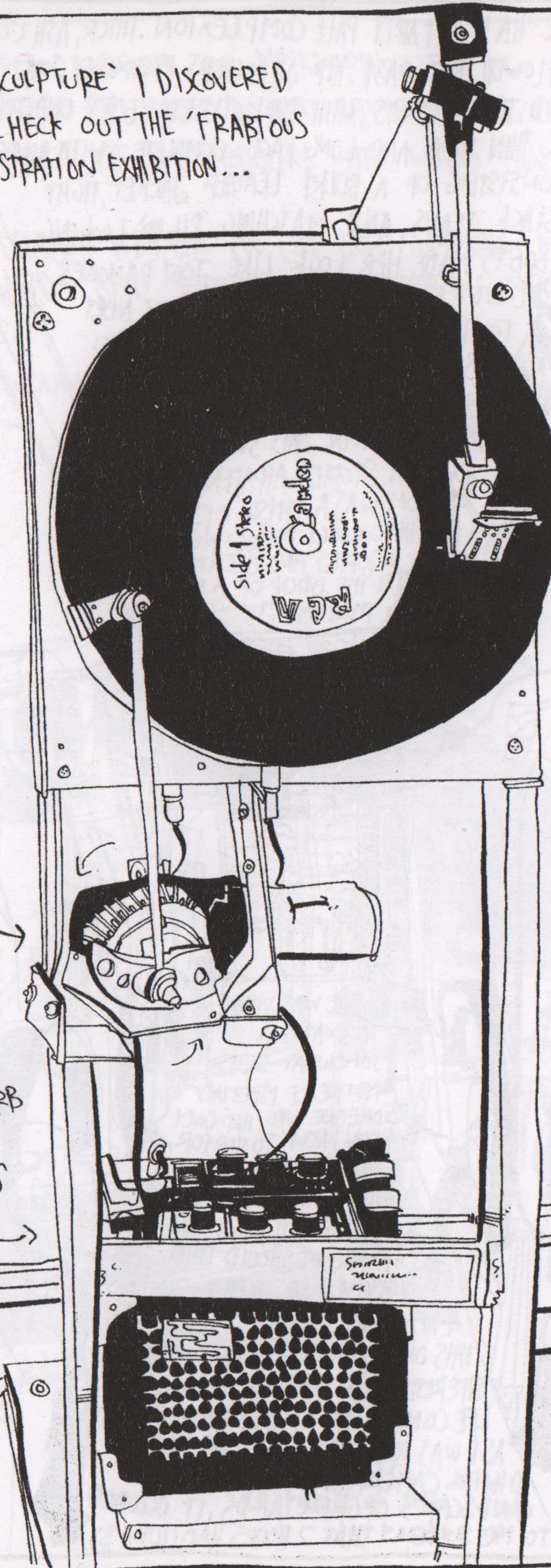
LITTLE CHEFS ARE SHIT.
GIVE ME A TRUCKER'S CUP ANYDAY.

PERCULIAR 'MOVING SCULPTURE' I DISCOVERED
WHILST ON MY WAY TO CHECK OUT THE 'FRABTIOUS
BEASTS' CHILDREN'S ILLUSTRATION EXHIBITION...

A MOTION SENSOR,
ATTACHED DISCREETLY
AT THE BOTTOM,
ACTIVATES THE
MOTOR WHEN IT DETECTS
AN OBJECT IN ITS PATH
(I.E. YOU)

...WHICH ROTATES
THE RECORD BACK
AND FORTH.

THE AMPLIFIER, SET ON
A HIGH FLANGER AND REVERB
EFFECT, PRODUCES A
BIZARRE 'SPACEY SOUND'



THIS CONTINUES
UNTIL YOU STEP
AWAY FROM
THE SENSOR
AND THE MECHANISM COMES
TO AN ABRUPT
HALT.

RAD!

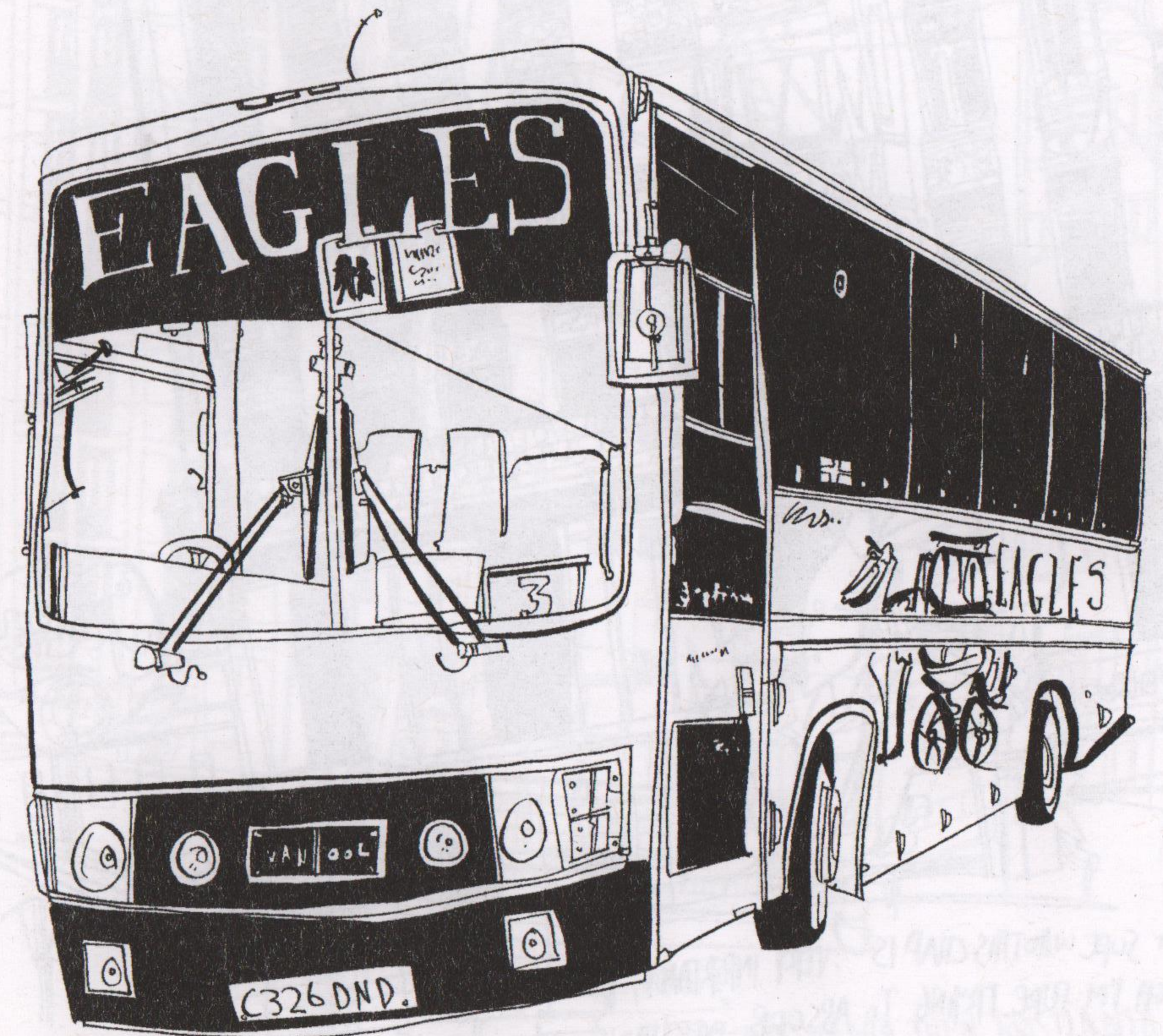
BONNIE HAD A FAIRLY PALE COMPLEXION. THICK, ASH COLOURED HAIR FLOWED JUST PAST HER SHOULDERS FRAMING SOME ROUND, THIN GLASSES, WITH DARK, TIRED EYES UNDERNEATH. THE THIN NOSE AND LONG FACE COMPLETE WITH ATTIRE CONSISTING OF A BULKY LEATHER JACKET, TIGHT BLACK JEANS AND MATCHING 'BIKER' LOOKING BOOTS MADE HER LOOK LIKE JOEY RAMONES' LONG LOST SISTER. I SAT DOWN NEXT TO HER ON A BUS WAITING TO DRIVE TO OSLO. WITHIN 15 MINUTES WE WERE DISCUSSING THE HISTORY OF BLACK METAL AND SWAPPING GHOST STORIES. APPARENTLY HER MOM WAS A PHYSIC OF SORTS, INNOCENTLY PREDICTING INJURIES AND EVENTS AT THE DROP OF A HAT. IMAGINE !!

SHE WAS VISITING NORWAY ON A SOMEWHAT IMPULSIVE MOTIVE OF MEETING SOMEONE WHO HAD ONLY BEEN KNOWN TO HER FOR A SHORT WHILE. IT SOUNDED SIMILAR TO WHAT I WAS DOING, SO I FOUND IT SLIGHTLY STRANGE WE SHOULD FIND OURSELVES SAT TOGETHER, CHATTING AWAY. CHANCE ENCOUNTERS SUCH AS THIS ONE DEFINATELY MAKE LIFE MORE INTERESTING (IN TRAVEL - A COMPANION, IN LIFE COMPASSION, OR SOMETHING) AND AS I WAS BROWSING THROUGH HER DIGITAL CAMERA, LOOKING AT NIGHT LANDSCAPES OF GRAVEYARDS, IT OCCURED TO ME SUDDENLY THAT 2 HOURS HAD FLOWN BY...

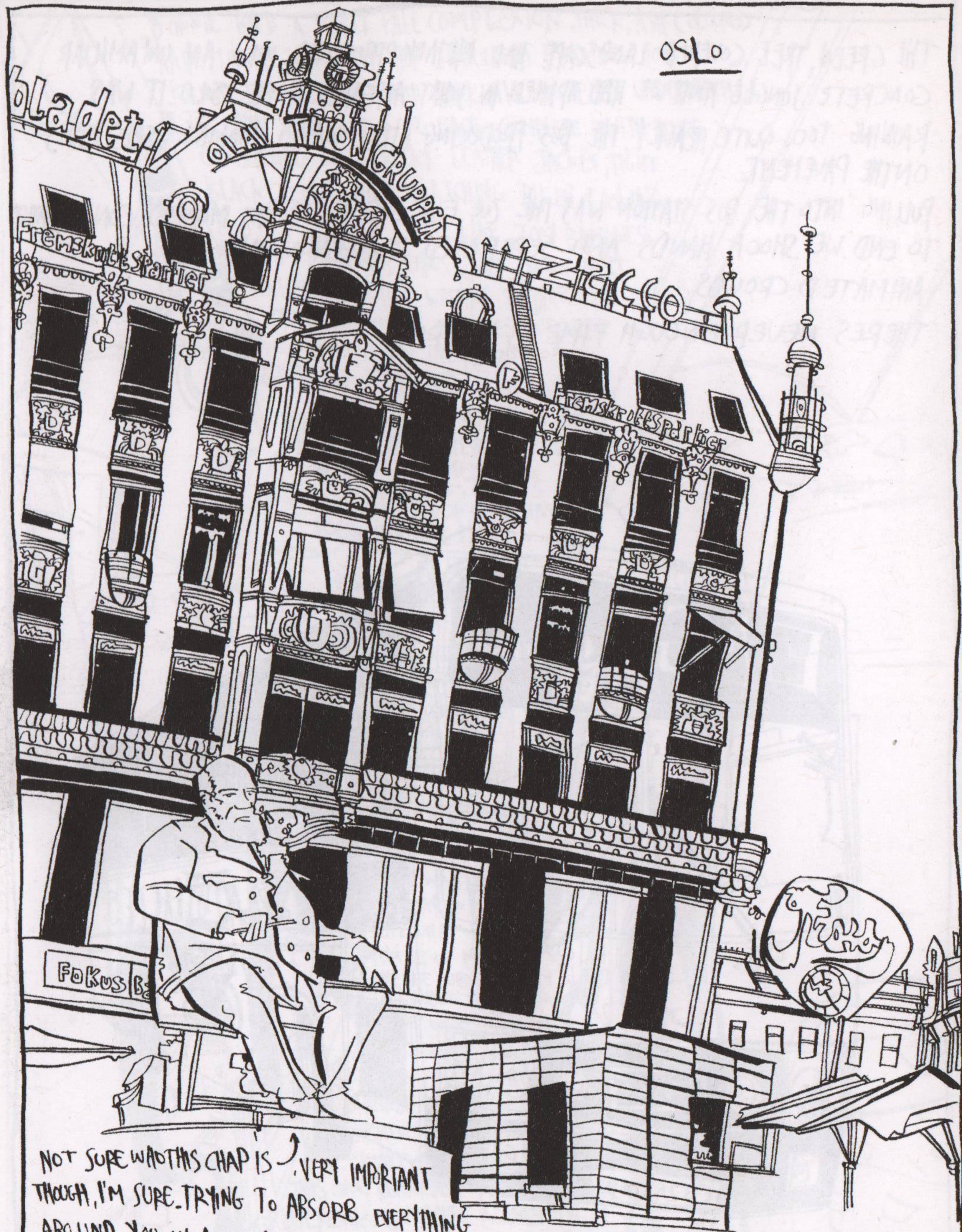
THE GREEN, TREE COVERED LANDSCAPE HAD METAMORPHOSIZED INTO AN UNFAMILIAR CONCRETE JUNGLE AND WE HAD ARRIVED IN WHAT APPEARED TO BE OSLO. IT WAS RAINING TOO, QUITE HEAVILY, THE BUS PRODUCING LITTLE WAVES SOAKING PEDESTRIANS ON THE PAVEMENT.

PULLING INTO THE BUS STATION WAS THE CUE FOR OUR SOMEWHAT MORBID CONVERSATION TO END. WE SHOOK HANDS AND SEPERATED, DISAPPEARING INTO THE ANIMATED CROWDS.

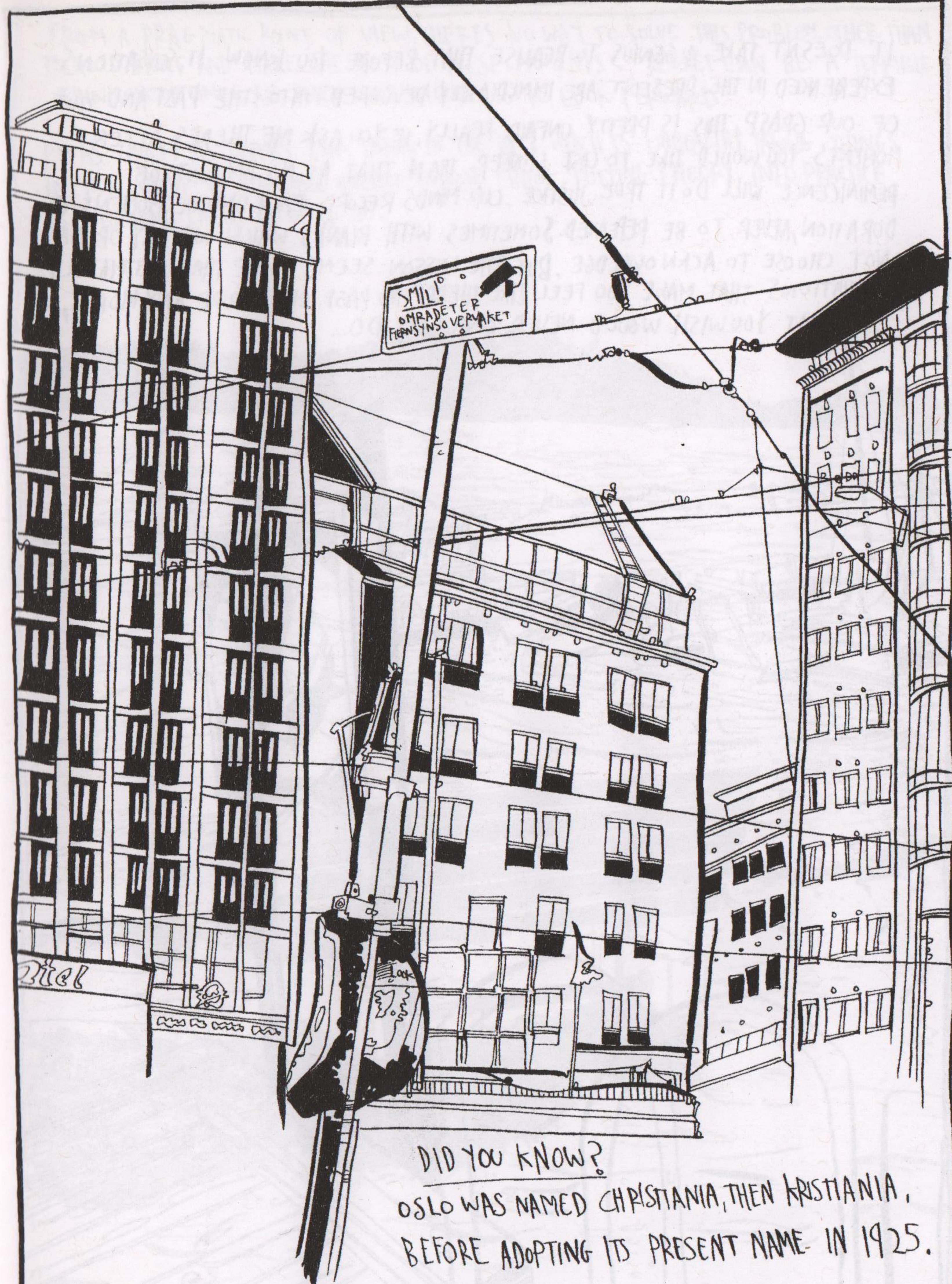
THERES NEVER ENOUGH TIME IS THERE?



OSLO



NOT SURE WHO THIS CHAP IS. VERY IMPORTANT
THOUGH, I'M SURE. TRYING TO ABSORB EVERYTHING
AROUND YOU IN A CITY SUCH AS THIS ONE IS DEFINATELY A DIFFICULT, YET REWARDING
TASK. INSPIRING? YEAH.



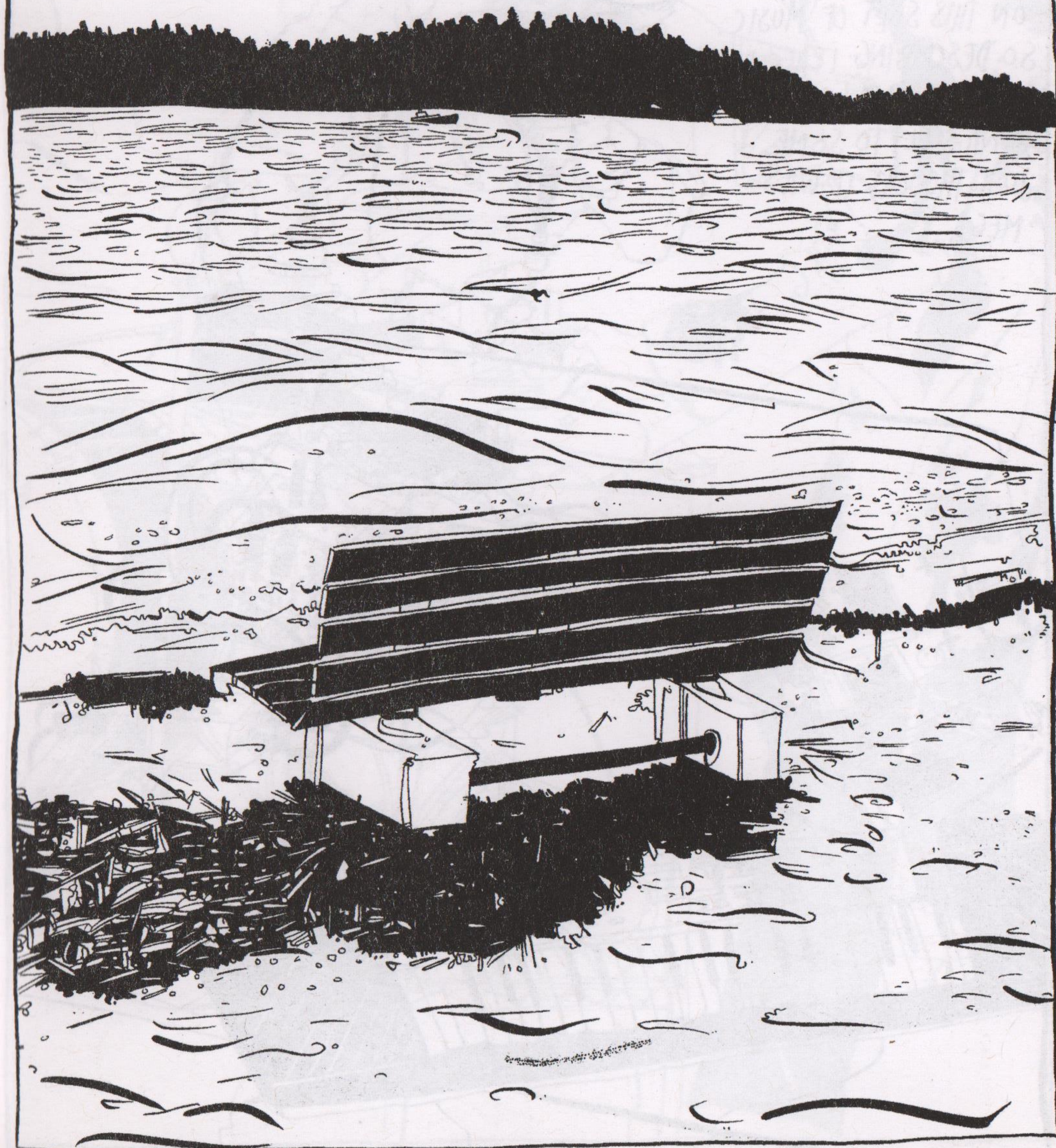
DID YOU KNOW?
OSLO WAS NAMED CHRISTANIA, THEN KRISTIANIA,
BEFORE ADOPTING ITS PRESENT NAME IN 1925.

IT DOESN'T TAKE A GENIUS TO REALISE THAT BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, SENSATIONS EXPERIENCED IN THE PRESENT ARE IMMEDIATELY DEVoured INTO THE PAST AND OUT OF OUR GRASP. THIS IS PRETTY UNFAIR REALLY, IF YOU ASK ME. THERES OFTEN MOMENTS YOU WOULD LIKE TO LAST LONGER THAN THAT, AS NO AMOUNT OF REMINISCENCE WILL DO IT TRUE JUSTICE. OUR MINDS RECORD EACH UNIQUE MOMENT OF DURATION, NEVER TO BE REPEATED. SOMETIMES WITH BLANKS WHICH WE MAY OR MAY NOT CHOOSE TO ACKNOWLEDGE. BUT THE LESSON SEEMS TO BE THAT ULTIMATELY, SITUATIONS THAT MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE THERES NO PAST OR FUTURE ANY MORE, THAT YOU WISH WOULD NEVER END, WILL DO...



...FROM A PRAGMATIC POINT OF VIEW, THERES NO WAY TO SOLVE THIS PROBLEM, OTHER THAN TO HOLD TIGHT AND MAKE THE BEST OF THESE MOMENTS. REGRET CAN BE A TERRIBLE THING SOMETIMES. ANOTHER WAY, THOUGH, IS TO LOOK FORWARD.

I'M AS GUILTY AS OTHERS FOR LIVING IN THE PAST, WHICH IS UNHEALTHY. TAKING THINGS IN YOUR STRIDE IS A WORTHY TALENT TO HAVE, I THINK. PUTTING THEORY INTO PRACTICE IS SOMETHING I NEED TO WORK ON.



NEVER HAVE I SEEN GAMEBOYS USED IN SUCH A WAY AS DEMONSTRATED BY DJ SCOTCH EGG. AS SOON AS HE PICKED UP THE MICROPHONE HIS PRESENCE WAS CAPTIVATING AND HE WAS INSTANTLY LIKE-ABLE. MY EARS WERE THEN TREATED TO SOME OF THE Gnarliest NOISES I'VE HEARD IN A LONG TIME, AS HE LITERALLY BOUNCED AROUND HIS TABLE IN A FRENZY. I'M NOT VERY WELL INFORMED ON THIS SORT OF MUSIC, SO DESCRIBING IT ACCURATELY WOULD PROBABLY MAKE ME SOUND SILLY TO SOME. I JUST THOUGHT IT WAS MEGA.



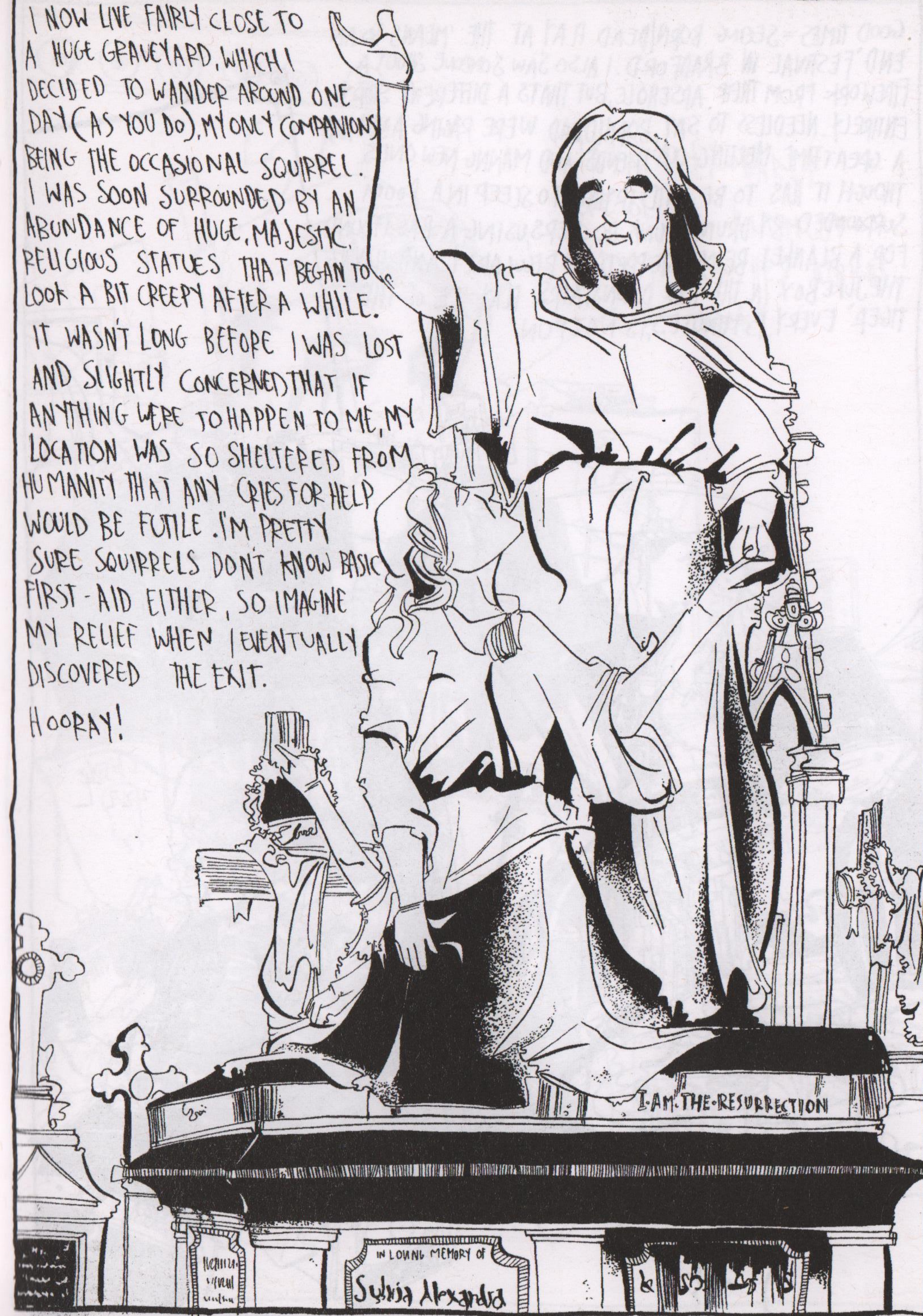
WHITE MICE. MOST BIZARRE BAND I'VE EVER SEEN? MAYBE...



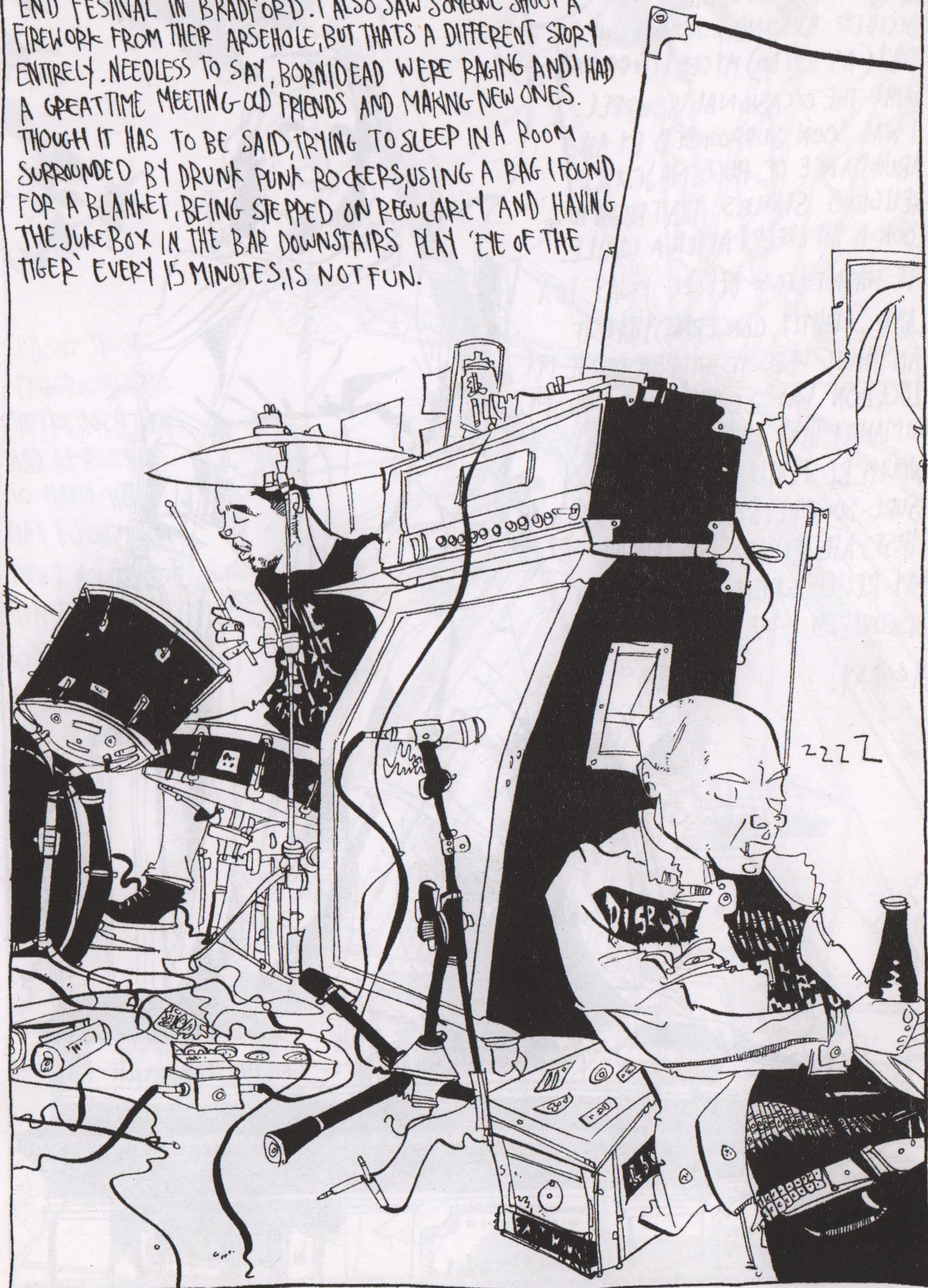


I DON'T TRUST
FAIRGROUND RIDES.
THEY'RE TAKEN APART
AND RE-ASSEMBLED
SO MANY TIMES
THAT I JUST THINK,
EVERY NOW AND
THEN, THERE HAS
TO BE A COUPLE OF
NUTS AND BOLTS
THAT GET MISPLACED
IN THE PROCESS...

I NOW LIVE FAIRLY CLOSE TO
A HUGE GRAVEYARD, WHICH I
DECIDED TO WANDER AROUND ONE
DAY (AS YOU DO), MY ONLY COMPANIONS
BEING THE OCCASIONAL SQUIRREL.
I WAS SOON SURROUNDED BY AN
ABUNDANCE OF HUGE, MAJESTIC,
RELIGIOUS STATUES THAT BEGAN TO
LOOK A BIT CREEPY AFTER A WHILE.
IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I WAS LOST
AND SLIGHTLY CONCERNED THAT IF
ANYTHING WERE TO HAPPEN TO ME, MY
LOCATION WAS SO SHELTERED FROM
HUMANITY THAT ANY CRIES FOR HELP
WOULD BE FUTILE. I'M PRETTY
SURE SQUIRRELS DON'T KNOW BASIC
FIRST-AID EITHER, SO IMAGINE
MY RELIEF WHEN I EVENTUALLY
DISCOVERED THE EXIT.
HOORAY!



GOOD TIMES = SEEING BORN/DEAD PLAY AT THE 'MEANS TO AN
 END' FESTIVAL IN BRADFORD. I ALSO SAW SOMEONE SHOOT A
 FIREWORK FROM THEIR ARSEHOLE, BUT THAT'S A DIFFERENT STORY
 ENTIRELY. NEEDLESS TO SAY, BORN/DEAD WERE RAGING AND I HAD
 A GREAT TIME MEETING OLD FRIENDS AND MAKING NEW ONES.
 THOUGH IT HAS TO BE SAID, TRYING TO SLEEP IN A ROOM
 SURROUNDED BY DRUNK PUNK ROCKERS, USING A RAG I FOUND
 FOR A BLANKET, BEING STEPPED ON REGULARLY AND HAVING
 THE JUKEBOX IN THE BAR DOWNSTAIRS PLAY 'EYE OF THE
 TIGER' EVERY 15 MINUTES, IS NOT FUN.



PANCHO. PROBABLY
 ONE OF THE RUMMEST
 LADS I KNOW. HE'S ALRIGHT,
 JUST MUCKY.



I'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT IF WINTER HAD A SOUND, IT WOULD BE LIKE ENVY. I CAN JUST PICTURE WHITE, SNOW COVERED LANDSCAPES WHILST LOOKING OUT A WINDOW OF A WARM ROOM WHEN I LISTEN TO THEM. WE WENT TO THE UNDERWORLD IN CAMDEN TO WATCH ENVY ON THEIR UK TOUR. INTENSE! THE GUITARISTS PRANCING AND SHAKING MADE THE PERFORMANCE EVEN MORE ENTERTAINING, AS I GRINNED LIKE AN IDIOT THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE SET.



JULZ ALSO MADE AN OBSERVATION IN THE TEXT ON THE DESIGN OF THEIR T-SHIRTS WHICH SAID 'NAMELESS AND BIRTH'. I'M GUESSING THAT IN THE HASTE OF ORGANISING THE TOUR, THEY DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO GO OVER THAT ONE MORE TIME, BECAUSE IT WOULD MAKE A LOT MORE SENSE IF YOU REPLACED 'AND' WITH 'AT'. WHATEVER, MAYBE THEY WANTED TO MESS WITH THE LANGUAGE (AND OUR HEADS). EITHER WAY, IT'S ENVY. SO THEY CAN DO WHAT THEY WANT.

UNEMPLOYMENT. BAD FOR MY BANK BALANCE, GOOD FOR MY PRODUCTIVITY.

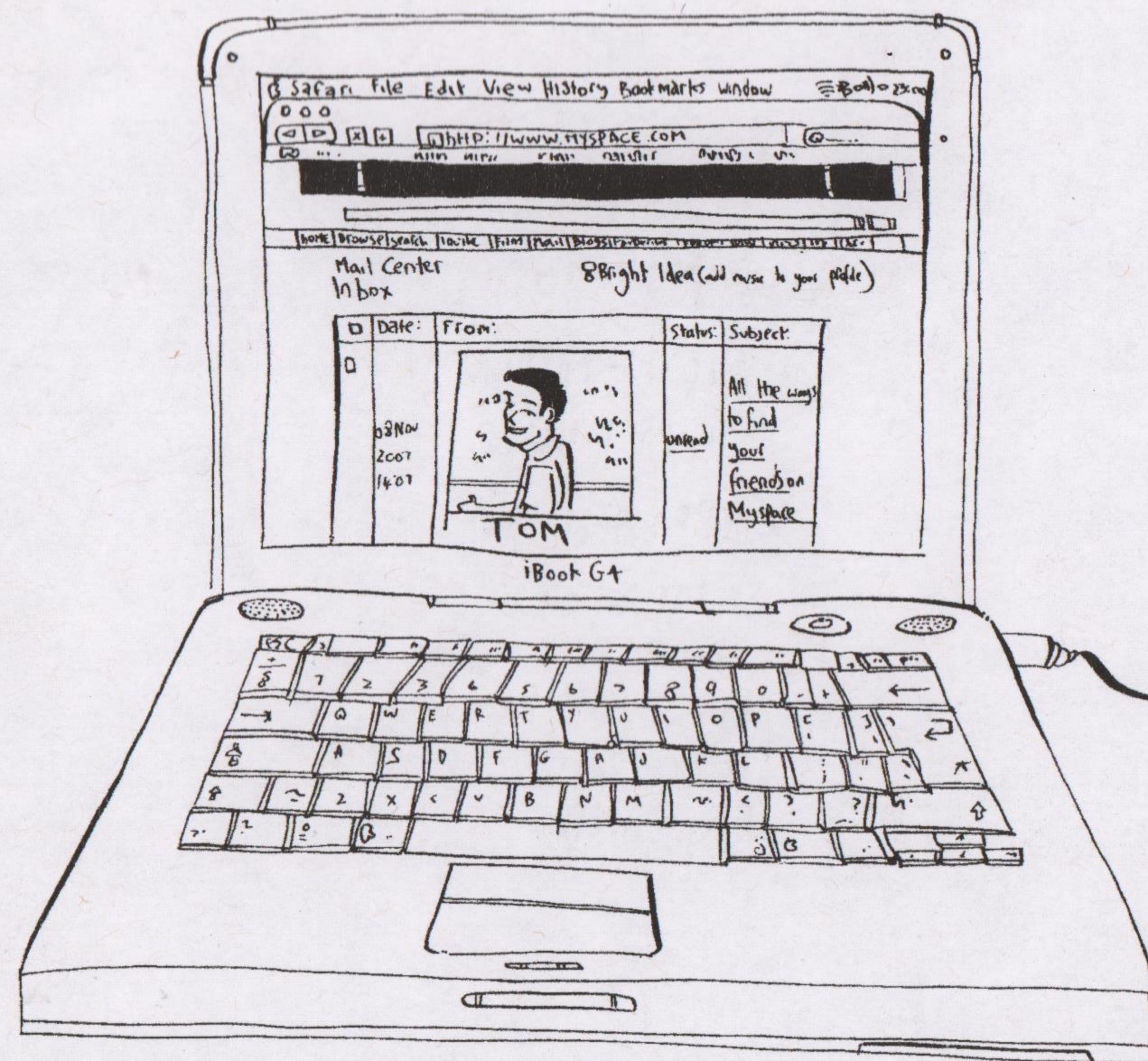


YOU KNOW WHAT TERRIFIES ME? STAGNATION. HAVING THE PRIVILEGE TO BE ABLE TO ACT AND PROGRESS YET SETTLING FOR A LIFE WHICH MIGHT BE DESCRIBED AS 'COMFORTABLY MISERABLE'. I'M TERRIBLE WITH DISTRACTIONS, CONSTANTLY DICKING ABOUT ON THE INTERNET OR WHATEVER. BUT AS A WISE MAN ONCE SAID, 'THE INTERNET HAS EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD EVER ON IT. I FIND EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD EVER A BIT DISTRACTING'. I CONCUR, BEGRUDGINGLY.

LIFE IS EXTREMELY FRAGILE. IT'S CONSTANTLY UNDER THREAT OF BEING OBLITERATED, USUALLY WITH NO WARNING AT ALL. WHAT SADDENS ME IS THAT WE OFTEN ONLY COME TO TERMS WITH THIS WHEN IT'S TOO LATE...



... EVEN THOUGH I'M ALL TOO AWARE I COULD BE WIPED OUT AT ANY TIME, I CONTINUE TO PROCRASTINATE. WHY? BECAUSE I'M AN IDIOT, CLEARLY. LUCKILY THERE'S ENOUGH PEOPLE IN MY VICINITY TO KEEP ME INSPIRED, SO I'M ETERNALLY GRATEFUL WHEN I GET THE PROVERBIAL KICK UP THE ARSE, AS IT WERE. MOTIVATION AND CREATIVITY ARE THINGS THAT SHOULDN'T BE SQUANDERED. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'M GOING TO CHECK MYSPACE TO SEE IF I HAVE ANY MESSAGES SINCE THE LAST TIME I LOOKED. FIVE MINUTES AGO.



... EVEN THOUGH I'M ALL TOO AWARE I COULD BE WIPED OUT AT ANY TIME, I CONTINUE TO PROCRASTINATE. WHY? BECAUSE I'M AN IDIOT, CLEARLY. LUCKILY, THERE'S ENOUGH PEOPLE IN MY VICINITY TO KEEP ME INSPIRED, SO I'M ETERNALLY GRATEFUL WHEN I GET THE PROVERBIAL KICK UP THE ARSE, AS IT WERE. MOTIVATION AND CREATIVITY ARE THINGS THAT SHOULDN'T BE SQUANDERED. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'M GOING TO CHECK MYSPACE TO SEE IF I HAVE ANY MESSAGES SINCE THE LAST TIME I LOOKED. FIVE MINUTES AGO...