

Tony T. (Spectator T)

21.8.02

9:39am

Sheffield

Have to arise. Arise T.. Arise and become the one you were meant to be. Emerge into the real — .....I'm forming. Tingling. Someone is creating me anew, moulding my shape again. I'm rising. Floating. I know what happens next. Someone talks to me softly and I become more. I'm becoming. Arising. I — "blink" — uh. No. Not again. I... I'm here. Is this...Maaan, why? Why do I have to go through this every time? I'm arising and then what? Nothing, that's what. I wake up. Nothing. Am I awake? Yeah, yeah, this is me. Another day in the life of Tony T., that's me.

Light's frazzling my eyes. Hello world. Welcome to another day of nothing . Nothing but joy and pain and wonder and ouww... forgot. Ankle, twisted it. Right, ahhhh, left, ow, no. Take it easy T.. Another day, another pain, another hardon. Looking good! Right, I can arise with the best of 'em. Better shed some golden light onto the world. Ankle, easy. Ok. All quiet. No one's up. Man that light's bright. The sun's got his fuckin' hat on today. Ok, oh ahh... that's better. Was bustin'. Golden light I..... oh, Dad. Yeah, shit, your Birthday. Brain, I told you to file that useless bit of information in the trash bin. Delete, PURGE. Don't you ever do what you're told? Huh. Dad. Can never get away from you can I? Fuck it. Ignore it. I'm going to be happy today. That's not a plan, just a feeling. Happy-the-fuck off Dad. Think of something else. Something else.....spinning hubcaps, crap raps, mind maps, Weetabix? Eat, go out, do something, do something else. Right, that's a good non-plan. Get dressed, brush teeth. Eat Weetabix. Anything. Oh, that's Mom. She's up.

Kitchen. Water. Kettle on. Milk in the bowl. Microwave. Open, shut. 3 mins... — ice bobbing between more ice, between rocks, beneath me. I'm hovering above the cold looking for signs of life. For a line. A life line cut through the ice. A shape, an answer? Burnt into the crust of the planet by little beings dropping in from the fourth dimension. Trying to decipher the shape. Floating higher. The shape's coming into focus. It's another clue written in the wilderness of civilisation. I am the one, the only one who can see. Take the shape and drop it into my notebook for comparison and.. — PING— "Hey Tony." She's looking at me with those eyes. I can see it straight away. She can't find the delete button either. "You know what day it is today Tony?" I'm not saying anything. Weetabix in the bowl. Spoon. Read my face. "Yeah you know." I'm not saying anything. I don't want to hear anything. Just eat and drink, tea, yeah. "Make me a tea Mom, please." "Ok Tony. No problemo."

I'm eating. I'm drinking and that's it, I am not listening to Mom's chit-chat. I'm not saying anything. I'm just looking at her face. Don't want to be sad. What are those words she sings? "Life is what happens to you while you're busy making other plans." Yeah, I am still your beautiful boy and yeah I love you Mom but I just can't be here right now, you know. You know that I never make plans so that I can keep it real. Gotta keep it real. I'm ignoring you big stupid brain, telling me things I don't want to hear. I'm gone. Non-plan. Solid-gone.

Air smells good today. Don't know why. Don't suppose it needs a reason to smell nice! Right, where's my....Ah I didn't check my phone. Crap! Alright, still got power. Good. Text. EZ MIKE MEET AT CAR PARK BRING MY DEK. T. Send. Stroll on. Nice 'n' easy. Doesn't feel so bad. What have you got in store for me today world of mine? Guess I'll have to wait and see. Just need to break you in don't I little ankle? Got to be able to roll with the best of 'em. Need more of a break than you ever got Dad. Don't know if you tried to make your own destiny or what but you did a fuckin crap job of it anyway. Ok, so you made me but I 'ent giving you no thanks for that. Maybe if you'd actually stuck around huh? Instead of sneaking off to the middle of nowhere and getting your head cut off. Fuckin loser. Your head floating amongst the ice and rocks, bobbing amongst the clean wastelands of the fjords. — I'm not rolling, I'm floating. Floating between ice masses, impacting, kickflip and carve through the air to the next, do it fakie, keep it clean. You've never seen anything so fucking clean. My rotational inertia is zero, I am fixed. I am one with the landscape. United Nations analysts are tracking my every move to convert the data into entrance and escape trajectories for future operations. My every move is to be amplified amongst the world of the dying and down trodden. Have faith my friends. You will prevail. I am no robot, merely flesh and bone like you. My actions are my own decisions and so are yours. — Well, more or less I guess. S'pose you wouldn't say so would you Grandad? You were just programmed by higher beings with all your stories. Primed to deliver prophesies to the world. Primed to be some kind of saviour from the lowest of the low. A bum destined to save the world in one way or another. I want to be like you. Not to give a shit and just do what is in me to do. If I've got some stories then I'll tell 'em. If I was born to skate then I'll do that. If I can bear it on this manky ankle. Where's Mike? He'll be here. I'll perch on the bank. Watch the world go by. Watch some clouds...

"...it's not too bad. I 'ent gonna be ollieing none though that's for sure. I'm happy just rolling." I carve across the park forming great arcs. Mike ollies into a nosedive and ooooh, ouch. He's never gonna get that. "Mike, you alright mate. You'll get it. Don't worry. Practice makes perverts right!" "One more try T." Off he goes again. You've got guts I'll give you that. Pop, float, tilt, whak, slide, oh shit, SMAK. "Aayiiii. C'mon Mike let's roll up the Green and check out the grunge girls. You all right?" "Oah, yeah, yeah. Alright. Give me a sec." Tic-tok. We're rolling. The breeze on my face, rolling over my eyes, down my spine, breathing into my ankle, pulsing. — A heart beat back in time to my appearance on Planet Earth. A hip hop beat, I'm born of a brief meeting between two ordinary people with no outstanding traits into a fury of "box frenzy" and "ill communication". 1988, the year that God made me, with a boom box and a cheeky rhyme. One minute I think we're alone now, the next, when will I be famous? Overriding all of that nonsense the beats of No sleep to Brooklyn pummelling me in the womb. I emerge to remixed questions and grooves, how does it feel? To rock a rhyme, that's right on time? Pretty good actually. Just good to be alive until your brain starts playing tricks with you and you learn all about the missing parts of your life. So weird that you saved all that cool shit for me Mom. What was going through your mind? You gave me something real, that's for sure. A long time ago now but I remember every word, every sound. Must be my choice to accept it as part of who I am. I am a warrior of my time make no mistake. You've gotta fight for your right to do everything. Pure and simple. — "T. pop a few of these and we'll neck some bebies in a bit, send Skag over the store. Here you go." "Nice, Mike." Little white circles lower my defences to sweet alcohol and lead me to new desire lines of possibilities. "Down the hatch. Pass me your water." Straight down. No problem. "Cheers."

The Green looks busy today. I love the Green. "I love the mud track across the Green. Don't you Mike? Skating is all about desire lines, well, I suppose life is all about desire lines really." "Whatever T." Busy, busy. Lot of people. Lot of drunks. Something else as well. What are these boards? There's another one. Posters of some kind. "Oi, Mike. Over here. Let's check this out." Walking. Ankles holding up. Looks like some kind of list or something:

**1. Nelly - It's Getting Hot in Here**

**2. Ashanti - Foolish**

**3. Korn - Here To Stay**

**4. P Diddy - I Need A Girl**

**5. Cake - Frank Sinatra**

"What the fuck is this? Was this P Diddy shit. What does the other one say?" Drop, step, roll, down the path. It say's:

**1. Pablo Picasso**

**2. Body Worlds - Atlantis Gallery, London**

**3. David Shrigley - Mappin Gallery, Sheffield**

**4. Van Gogh - Sunflowers 1888**

**5. Andy Warhol**

"Man what is this doing on our Green?" "Dunno T.. Just ignore it mate." "No, that's just too easy. We have to take so much shit all the time just doing what we want to do. Who says that these lists get to go here? Who decided? It wasn't me. No fucker asked me Mike? What about you? This is do-gooder fucking education for us horrible dumb skater bastards on the Green this is. I'm not having that. This is our space. Ours. Let's see who's over on the concrete. Look there's another of the pieces of crap, what's that one..."

**1. Downgrading of Cannabis**

**2. Big Brother**

**3. September 11<sup>th</sup>**

**4. Criticism of President George W Bush**

**5. Afghanistan / Bin Laden**

"Someone's tryin to lecture us. I'll go to fuckin school if I want to be lectured. I smoke skunk if I want to smoke it. George W can kiss my ass. This is not meant to be here out in the real world, my world." There must be some others here who can help sort this out.

Right, up over the bank, who's here? Aha, Skag. "Alright Skag mate." Who else. Useless bmx boys and little kid learning to skate, ah nice little helmet little man, you'll soon lose that. "Oi Skag where's Marc and Tino?" "They're over the shop T.." "Skag, come over man. What's the objet d'art of this clown then, huh? Have you seen what's going on?" "Oh yeah, like that bloke there he was like asking questions and stuff and then he's been knocking up these placard things with the posters and stuff." "He's got a fuckin cheek, invading our space with his "lessons". Does he think we need educating? Fuckin twat. They can criticise Bush all they want and it ain't gonna make a blind bit of difference. The whole world'll think he's a cunt and he'll still get into power again next time around and he'll drop more bombs and kill more people and become richer and more powerful and there's not a single thing this twat can do about it or you or me for that matter. It's out of our hands and I don't need some do-gooder posters to tell me that. I think we should have a word with him. We'll wait for the others.." — "You drew first blood not me." "But please I was just trying to educate the masses!" "Yeah, well that's what Jesus said and look what they did to him. Except you aint no fuckin Jesus are you and you won't be comin' back after we've finished with you. If you think you can stop the two Bs from doing what they want in Iraq or wherever else you've probably been squeezing eggs out of your arsehole! You don't know what the agenda's are because they are fucking secret and the beautiful thing is, is that if they weren't secret then our bird-shit democracy would just fall apart, shatter like ice. *An Unforseen Future. Nestled Somewhere In Time. Unsuspecting Victims. No Warnings, No Signs. Judgment Day The Second Coming Arrive. Before You See The Light You Must Die.* We're going to shove these big red posters up your jacksey. It's not going to be a pretty sight, alright! — "Here they are. Tino, Marc, I need some backup man. I wanna have a word with this poster guy over there." "What that artist geezer?" "Yeah, whatever. I wanna play it like a *ruckus, Bring da mother, bring da motherfuckin ruckus.* You know? *Bring da motherfuckin ruckus.* I wanna Wu his ass, Slayer his butt. C'mon, let's have a word or two."

Must be that guy there with the specs and the shiny dome. Look at him, he hasn't got a care in the world. Let's do it. "Oi. Oi, MATE. WHY DO YOU THINK WE NEED TO BE EDUCATED?"

"WHY DO YOU THINK I WANT TO EDUCATE YOU?"

"WELL, WHATS ALL THIS THEN, TRYING TO TEACH US SOMETHING? THINK YOU'RE BETTER THAN US?"

"What? I DON'T WANT TO EDUCATE YOU. I DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT YOU. THIS IS AN ARTWORK MATE. IF YOU DON'T WANT TO ENGAGE WITH IT THEN PISS OFF."

"WELL IT'S BOLLOCKS INNIT. WE DON'T NEED EDUCATING."

"GOOD, CUS I'M NOT TRYING TO EDUCATE YOU. I'M NOT TRYING TO BE BETTER THAN YOU. PISS OFF TO YOUR SKATE PARK AND LET ME GET ON WITH SETTING UP ALRIGHT?"

"I WOULD BUT THEN I'D BE LETTING DOWN MY MATES WOULDN'T I. I'D BE LETTING YOU SHIT WHERE WE WANT TO HANG OUT. I DON'T WANT THIS SHIT IN MY HEAD. NONE OF US ASKED FOR IT. WHO GAVE YOU THE RIGHT TO INTERFERE WITH OUR SPACE? HUH?"

“LOOK, I CHOSE TO PUT THIS HERE. AND OTHER PEOPLE HERE WHO CARE ABOUT THIS GREEN INVITED ME TO DO THIS PROJECT. I’M NOT TRYING TO UPSET ANYBODY, ALRIGHT? It’s just part of the mix. Look this is a public place and I’m declaring some public opinions. That’s all. These are the concerns of these people hanging out on the Green. If you weren’t asked then maybe you didn’t want to know. But if you come up to me like that then I’ll tell you to fuck off alright?”

“If I want to find out something more about the world I’ll read some more Dostoevsky the next time I’m having a shit. I don’t need you to come up with some lists to tell me what’s what.”

“Be that as it may. This is Art and it’s here for the duration alright, deal with it.”

Fucker. I lean in close, right into his face. This’ll freak him out. See if he jumps now. Nice ‘n’ calm now. I’m gonna whisper it. “Real life is somewhere else!” I turn and I’m gone.

Over to the concrete. To our refuge. “What did you say to him T.?” “T., that was fuckin awesome man. What a jerkoff.” “So what if it is art? It don’t say nothing to me about my life. We should beat the crap out of him. Man!” “T., just chill man. He’s just stickin’ some posters up round the Green. I don’t really know why it winds you up so much.” “It just does Mike, you don’t understand. It’s all about control. Look people are always trying to tell you what to do and I’m just fed up with it. Maybe he doesn’t deserve to be beaten up but he deserves something.” “Anyway T., looks like whatever you said to him shook him up anyway. Here have one of these. Skag’ll get some more won’t you Skag?” “Yeah alright. Back in a min.” A swig of beer. I’ll have a little drink. Calm my nerves. I just want, just want to take something, somebody apart. We could have taken him but I dunno. What’s Tino on about? Some chit-chat. I’ll just drink this, listen in, say no more.

“We skated around for like an hour lookin for a booze shop that would sell Marc some blacks...then we ended havin’ ta bum him some...haha, then we skated all the way to Town Hall had to sniff the stench of black and mild while we fucked around on this playground...Then we went lookin’ for bus stops to get to the House, then me and Marc took the bus while T., Sam, and Dust skated (dumbasses), we raced there...they beat us cuz we had to stop at every corner...but I didn’t care I wasn’t tired when I got there... they were fuckin well tired. We only skated a little cuz there were tons of grunges there...then i fell on my side when I was tryin’ to ollie manual this 3 stair, and lost my ollie, my hip was well sore...ugh, I also got a fuckin swellbow! Then we went back to the bus stop...got a Red Bull..chugged it..that wa’ proly the high point of the day really.” It’s a high falutin lifestyle you live Tino? What am I doing here? Man I’m hungry. “Mike you wann’a Wimpy?” “Yeah, sure T.. You got some funds?” “Yeah Mike, no problemo.” “Here Tino. Thanks for the beer, you want the rest?” “Yeah, T.. See you in a bit.” “Yeah.” Flick up my deck, over the wall. Man, these fucking signs again:

- 1. Iraq attack plans alarm top military**
- 2. Hamas bomb kills seven students at Jerusalem's multicultural university**
- 3. Saddam accused of cynical ploy over offer on arms talk**

#### 4. 3 year pay plan to buy off teacher strikes

#### 5. Senior Tory's gay revelation to test Party

"Man, Fuck this place anyway man. This is really winding me up today. I don't need it. I do not need this shit today. I need a burger." We stroll. I swagger. I jump, grab, plummet to the tarmac and glide. Ankles holding up ok. Smooth. To Wimpy...

"...I love this place man. I love the waitress service. Especially Rosa over there. She's always here on a Wednesday. Wimpy day! Oh what I would like to do with her. I think I could live my whole life with her. She keeps me up at night man. Mike, do you or do you not agree that she is the finest piece of quality lady around." "Ahuh." "I've seen her in my dreams man. My favourite dream ever. Y'know, sometimes it's like there is someone else in my head telling me what to say and think and other times it's like I am in somebody else's head, in their dreams, affecting them somehow. Not just from time to time but all the fuckin time. Is that weird? I reckon I'm just a freak or something." "T. it's just your brain playing tricks on you, it happens to me to sometimes, don't sweat it man." "But doesn't that bother you Mike? Aren't you worried about whether things are really happening or not?" "Nope. What you having?" "Oh, my regular of course. Here she comes." "Hello boys, what can we do for you today?" Oh man, look at those eyes, I could look into them forever and a year and more. Please don't stop, just talk to me, tell me something, your everything, your inner desires, your hopes, your dreams. Just whisper my name. "Uh, a Classic Kingsize please with chips and a glass of milk." "And what about you skater boy?" "Bacon and egg in a bun please, with no sauce and chips and a milk too please. Thanks." "It'll be here before you know it. I'll bring your milk over." I love that when she smiles at me about my milk. What a smile. "So T, I wanted you to help me do this man, but I don't know now. Maybe I should save it for another day." "No, no what is it. I'm cool." "Weelll, it's a questionnaire I printed up last night from this chat room I was on." "Ah Mike, them fuckin chat rooms are shit I told you man. You can never get a string of coherent thought going on them. I don't know why you bother. What's the list? Another Top 5 for skaters monthly?" Nah man, look forget it alright. Just chill alright. Look here's our milk." "There you go boys." "Thanks."

"T., you crack me up man. She can read your face like a little puppy." "Good, I want her to. I try and write different ways of telling her I love her across my face every time I see her. I don't know if she notices the difference."

This milk is perfect. Cool. Ting-a-ling.

"You know my Granddad had a story about a planet called Caballerial where all everybody did all day long was write lists and answer questionnaires trying to reach some kind of consensus. Caballerial had started off with so many different political factions and religious beliefs that every decision always took a long time to reach and was always compromised in one way or another. So many disillusioned people started leaving for other parts of their solar system that all the different parties and groups started moving closer to each other with their policies and manifestos to somehow make the whole process easier and to attract defectors from other factions. But they still despised each other even though they weren't now so opposed to the others beliefs. To work out which

choice to make and which decision would benefit each party and group the most, everybody succumbed to the ever growing business of opinion charts and consumer questionnaires until that was the only way that anything was decided. No one ever made a choice or statement without weeks of writing and filling in questionnaires and this became the dominant industry and past time of the entire society. In the end of the book another species from the next system, I think they were called the Ji-Quidorians, arrived and took over the planet with great ease by simply writing the most clever questionnaires that signed all of the people up to slavery for ever without a single drop of blood being spilt. To keep the Caballerians in line the Ji-Quidorians just kept on writing more questionnaires and opinion polls and the people didn't mind doing what they were told, in fact they were happier than they had ever been before."

"Man, you're Grandad was the shiz. I've still got to read some of those old books of his. Lend me one next time I'm round T., ok?" yeah, Mike, no problemo. You know what Mike, I fuckin love you man." "Hey T., be cool. What did your Grandad say to you when you met him? Last year was it?" "Well, yeah, it was very weird, I mean I was just a kid really. It was this weird barbeque thing, like all these people there and he was like a hero to them all or something. A regular centre of attention. He was reeling off stories all over the place. My Mom stayed well back from it all and I just stood there listening to him for ages. He noticed me and then came over, looked me straight in my eyes and frowned and said "What's your name son?". "Uh, Tony." "What's on your mind son, you got some big clouds brewing behind those eyes I can see them clear as day." "Oh, I'm..you're my Grandad. My Mom brought me over to see you. I read some of your stories and stuff. I wanted to meet you, say hello, you know." He just stood there for like 2 minutes or something looking me straight through. He was reading my mind, I'm sure of it. He grabbed my shoulders and gripped me really hard. He was holding back tears I'm sure of it. "Well, Tony it looks like its' been a long time coming. I didn't know I had a Grandson, Leon never told me.... but it's lovely to see you. Let me tell you something Son, something that'll see you well for the rest of your life. You listening to me Son? This is it. Never, never let anybody else tell you where the real life is! Now, grab a beer and smile and join in the party. We'll talk more later. Don't you worry ok? We're celebrating today." That was it. I didn't get to speak to him again. But it was special, enough, you know?"

"Deep T.. Real deep. What story is your name from, I want to read that one first?"

"Well, no, my names the same as his surname, not a story but Tony, my Mom gave me that. It's from some song she sings, an old family song from back in the day, an old Czech song. There's a young comrade called Tony. Off to work early in the morning, he waves his sweetheart goodbye and the song goes: "You know / it must be / I can no longer imagine / a life without you ...". In the factory, he turns his lathe on: "You know / it must be / I can no longer imagine / a life without you / without the two of you. " Mom used to sing it to me when I was little. My lathe is my wheels man. I love my wheels. I just couldn't imagine life without them. Fuck it's like a storm in my head today. All kinds of shit running through, voices here and there, I'm sure someone is scripting my feelings today. Let's do this stupid questionnaire then, c'mon. What is it? Show me." "Alright T., let me get it out my pocket. Here it is, ok, I'll read 'em out and you answer:

1. *Full name: Tony T.*
2. *Birthday: 22.01.1988*
3. *Location: Sheffield, Great Brittainia*
4. *Where else have u lived: London and Manchester*

5. School/mascot/colors: huh?
  6. Zodiac sign: Slayer!
  7. Shoe size: 8
  8. Height: 5'7
  9. Are your parents tall: dunno
  10. Pets: nope
  11. Siblings: nope
  12. Eye color: "Fuckinell they don't want much! Blue.
  13. Hair color: scuz.
  14. Hair lenth: 186000 mps
  15. Ever died ur hair?: nope
  16. What color?: —
  17. Grade: what?
  18. Are u good in school?: rephrase the question...
  - 19 Hobbies: skating, goin' to the movies, reading, music, sleeping
  20. Nicknames: T.
  21. What languages do you speak?: Sheffieldian
  22. Do you play sports?: Umm no
  23. Where were you born?: On a boat somewhere in the Atlantic.
  24. Are you a night or a morning person?: night
  25. Are you ticklish?: nope
  26. Do you believe in God?: nope
  27. Do you have any other screen names?: nope
  28. What are they?: nothin
  29. Do you have glasses/ contacts?: nope.
  30. What do you hope for?: to be happy.
  31. What do you want to be when you grow up? Me.
  32. What was the worst day of your life? when my Grandad died
  33. What is your most embarrassing story? what is yours?
  34. What has been the best day of your life? my life isn't over yet
  35. What comes first in your life? my family
  36. Do you have a boyfriend/girlfriend/crush? yes
  37. What are you most scared of?: getting sliced open by a Predator
  38. If you had an extra set of eyes were would you put them? id sell them on Ebay
  39. What do you usually think about before you go to bed? going to sleep, and distant planets and what people are doing there..
  40. What do you regret the most?: nothing big.
  41. If you could be anything without consequences, what would u be?: gravity
- Favorites:
42. Movie: recently: Dumb n Dumber
  43. Song: Here comes the Pain
  44. Band/group: Slayer
  45. Store: Sumo
  46. Relative: my cuz megan
  47. Sport: Skatin
  48. Vacation spot: Um, Indiana
  49. Ice cream flavor: strawberry, marshmallow and chocolate
  50. Fruit: plums
  51. nuts: Deez nuts!
  52. Cars: they're all shit
  53. Class: upper

54. *Holiday: beach*
55. *Day of the week: Wednesday*
56. *Color: red*
57. *Magazine: Transworld*
58. *Name for a girl: Rosa*
59. *Name for a boy: Sly*
60. *Sports team: pass*
61. *Month: pass*
62. *Man athlete: how many questions are there?*
63. *Female athlete: umm none*
64. *Actress: Natalie Portman*
65. *Actor: that indian dude from van wilder*
66. *Tv show: anything on Al-Jazeera*
67. *Web site: gloryhole.com*
68. *Animal: cat*
69. *E-mail buddy: who the fuck has an email buddy?*
70. *Joke: I make up my own shit.*
71. *Saying: my sayings change frequently*
72. *Word: chronosynclasticinfundibulum*
73. *Brand of shoes: Red wing*
74. *Radio station: eezidic*
75. *Room in your house: my room*
76. *Concert you have been to: Wu*
77. *Cd: South of Heaven*
78. *President: none.*
79. *Salad: Ah, no more Mike, how many of these are there?*

“Uh, hold on, uh, 668.”

“what, you expect me to answer 668 questions? Then what are you going to do with it? Find my perfect Web mate? Ha, you are something else man. Just ask me the last ones. C'mon man. I'm not doing all of them, no way.”

“Alright, hold on.

90. *Favourite Feeling: the feeling when you realize you have just finished somethin' that's been bothering you for days.*

“uh

have you ever...

163. *Done drugs? yea*
164. *Eaten an entire box of oreos? no*
165. *Been dumped? no*
166. *Had someone be unfaithful to you? hope not*
167. *Watched punky brewster? eh?*
168. *Hiked a mountain? yea*
169. *Stayed home on saturday night, just because? yea*
170. *Been in love? Nope. Yeah.*
171. *Seen the white house? no*
172. *Seen the eiffel tower? No*

Uh,

611. *What do you like better, lap tops or computers? Lapdancing!*
612. *Spaghetti or ziti? Ziti? Spaghetti*

613. *Macaroni w/cheese or w/sauce? Neither man.*  
614. *Paintings or photos? photos*  
615. *Stripes or solids? solid*  
616. *Basements or attics? What?*  
617. *Looks or personality? Looks, oh both!*  
618. *Life or no life? life...*  
619. *Individual or just like everyone else? individual*  
620. *Loud or quiet? quiet*  
621. *Shy or rambunctious? Ramb.*  
622. *Refrigerator or freezer? Fridge? What the fu..*  
*“aha, aha, hha, you crack me up man. Alright, T. a few more:*  
648. *Boat or canoe? Wheels.*  
649. *Ocean or lake ? Curbs.*  
650. *Are you sick of this survey yet? Yes I fuckin am.*  
651. *A lot? Yes.*  
652. *More than you were b4 or the same? Ah, ooh, not sure.*  
653. *Do you want me to stop now? YES*  
654.  
655. *Okay, do you have any final thoughts? You are queer?*  
656. *Do you have more younger friends or older friends? Older I suppose.*  
657. *How many guys have you kissed? Just you Mike!*  
658. *Is this one of the longest surveys you’ve taken? I haven’t taken nothing.*  
659. *Is it the longest? Not as long as my dick!*  
*“Haw-di-ha-ha”*  
660. *Is it interesting? nope.*  
661. *Would you ever like someone 3 years younger than you? Depends how old I am, not at the moment.*  
662. *When you like someone, do you tell them right away?: There’s more? No.*  
663. *Do you wait for signs?: Always, from the Gods, from aliens, always keep my eyes open, you never know when you’re being spoken to from somewhere else.*  
664. *Whats your favorite letter of the alphabet? ¥*  
665. *Do you think that z is a cool letter? Only if it stands for zoo*  
667. *So, do you have any final words? No. Hold on, yeah. The Universe ends not with a BANG but in a Wimpy!*  
668. *Say something great about the person who sent you this or who you stole it from here: You are the greatest Twat I have ever come across!*

*“Who did you get it off?”*

*“uh, Matthew Paul Mattson? I dunno, some dweeb in the states.”*

*“Fuck you very much Matty” That’s got to be it Mike?” “Yeah, that’s it. See told you it was painless.” “Yeah, because you skipped about 500 fuckin stupid questions. I know you’re going to do them all yourself tonight and try and use it to chat up some chick on line man. I know you.”*

*“Maybe I will, maybe I won’t.”*

*“Whatever dood. Ok, you’ve got me thinking now. I can’t get this Green thing out of my head. Ok this is not a plan but this won’t go away until we do something about it. Look we’ll get some bebies in and some shit and we’ll all meet up late tonight on the green*

alright. I've got something in mind. A bit of late night applying of the Willy Sutton principle. We're going to go where the action is yeah!"

"The what principle?"

You know Willy Sutton, the US bank robber who was asked why he robbed banks and he said "because that's where the money is." I told you before, it's like the opposite principle to my Dad, you know. He went wherever we weren't. Alright let's skate..."

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"...alright gentlemen. Thankyou for coming to T.'s witching hour skate slot here from the delightful backdrop of Devonshire Green. Isn't it a warm sticky night for some local devastation?" "What you up to T.?" Look at their eyes now. Poppin' out of their skulls man and they still know I'm up to something. Wait till I show them how I've been busy. "All will be revealed my good friends in a short while. Have you ever wondered why skate ramps never have mirrors attached to them, whole walls of mirrors at different angles so that you can see your trajectory from someone else's viewpoint. That would be my perfect skate park, plenty of vert with mirrored overhangs. Don't you think?" "What are you on T.?" "Alright, follow me over here." Blackness. Little stars sprinkling down on me, what are you saying to me, what're you telling me? — Tony, we've been sending you messages all these years, guiding you, helping you become what you are destined to become. Please send us a message back. We need a response. We need your answer. We are scanning for the next hour and look forward to your reply. All of Ji-Caballeria is waiting for your insights now that you have finally arisen — "T. no way. Did you pull it out of the ground. You mean mutherfucker. You bad boy." "Alright Tino." "You've really done it now T. What's going to happen?" "We've only just begun, I can't do it all on my own. This is for us. I just wanted to test it. Mike, help me pull apart this bit here." Just get my foot on there and "...uh, ok. Then we put this one over the other and we both stand on each end and jump up and down until the fucker busts. I want to break every single piece of wood holding these posters up ok. Tino, Skag, you get that one over there. Pull these back bits out of the ground first and then you can just lever it over and get the front legs out. The top bits bust off if you twist the whole thing and the slats, you can just kick 'em in. Alright? Are you all with me?" "Yeah, you sick boy you. Alright, it'll be a laugh. C'mon Skag." "Off they go, c'mon Mike let's do this other one. Hold on." How many pieces of timber are there. How many do I need? "What are you going to do T.?" "I'm looking for something special." "Like what?" "oh, nothing." Let's bust it up c'mon, there's another four to do. Three, there goes the other one. Nice one Tino. It's not too loud. We can just scatter if anyone comes along. My ankles not feeling so bad now. No ones gonna turn up anyway. This is ours, our space, our domain. Let's rearrange this wood to spell it out. Ok, these big pieces are good. And I'll use those little bits, A, L. There, done. "Right Mike, next one, c'mon. Let's do that one near the shops next get it out the way." "There's cameras down there T." "It'll be fine. Put your hood up if you're scared." "I'm not fuckin scared man." "I know, c'mon." Right nice and quick. 1, 2, 3 back legs out of the ground. Twist them up and pull. Nice one Mike. "To me." Yes, that's it. So easy. Kick that top bit in. Again, yeah, that'll do. It's a precarious fuckin world. One smash and down it comes. One push and one pull and it's uprooted. One joint shove, 1, 2, 3 and it lies in ruins. You'll see me in the rubble of your dreams "artist", I'll be pissing on your "art". "This one T.?" "Yeah, on top of this one. Ready, jump..Ssnkkkkk..next one. Again." Every piece, smash every single one. Last big one. Ahh, man, that's a tough one. "Stand on that bit

Mike.” Ok, 1, 2, 3 jump..ccrrrkktttt. “Mike go and work on that one with the others on the top bank. I’ll just be a sec.” Ok, that’ll do the L, and yeah the F. Have to use the little bits for the E and the I. Alright, that’ll do. Stroll on up to the top. Look at them smacking the crap out of the poster bit. ‘slike a Spielberg scene with the moon behind them. I’m zooming in on them silhouetted against the blue screen. I’ve got that Hitchcock double zoom thing going, I’m flying in for the kill. “Beautiful job there Skag, Tino, Mike. Marc’s gonna regret not being here when we tell him about this. Return of the body snatchers man. I’ve got goosebumps up my back. I’ll just go and sort out the other one you finished.” 1 is done (real), 2 is down (life), 3 is ready and easy (is), 4 is still standing (somewhere), 5 is almost done (else). Soon it’ll be written across the face of the Green. I’m the one leaving signs now motherfucker. Try and interpret this if you can. How do you like my art? See if it says something to you about your life. You drew first blood not me. I’m floating here. I’ve been arising all day. The storm is loose now. “T.. T., what are you thinking about?” “Oh nothing Mike, just about that artist’s face. I’d like to see his face when we are through.” “You hate him a lot don’t you?” “Of course I don’t hate him. There’d be no fun if I hated him. I’m just playing the game. I’m fuckin with the world. Keeping it real. All this love and hate, it’s all bollox. There’s no Art, just things, Mike. Just things and us. I feel like I’ve arisen today. I dunno, something changed.” “What are you doing with the sticks and stuff?” “Oh, just some old voodoo shit. It’s nothing. Let’s get this last one done.” This is it. We are in control now. Just for a little bit but it’s enough. Told you I was going to be happy today brain. — Hey Dad, — aw what the fuck, “Happy Birthday Dad. Happy Birthday.”

*Disclaimer: While this text is based upon a true story, some of the characters have been composited or invented, and a number of incidents fictionalised.*