

Is This Insanity?

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A man with no direction in life and a secret longing for death, Noel Lynch describes his feelings of utter inadequacy and dissatisfaction with everything as he recounts the most memorable moments of his short and lonely existence. A deconstruction and satire of depression-filled coming-of-age stories, it also acts as a true and honest look into the mind of an anxious, depressed young man who blames others for his own misery

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## Intelligence

I have wondered for a long time what being intelligent really meant. Did it mean knowing all there was to know about the world? But that's impossible, isn't it? No human being can know everything there is to know. If you believe that, then you are seriously delusional. Does being intelligent simply mean the opposite of being ignorant? Is it being well versed in language and literature? Or perhaps it's being a scientist or a mathematician. I'm not entirely sure. Whenever I ask others, they simply look at me as if I have several heads and shrug. Usually, I merely ignore their vague and uninformative responses, but as of late I am becoming increasingly agitated at their cryptic answers. How hard is it to tabulate a decent opinion on intelligence? I would find my dictionary and look into it myself, but I have become rather busy as of late and taking the time out of my day to search for it would be nothing more than a waste.

Why am I so hung up on intelligence? Because numerous times have I been told that I lack the intelligence of my elder relatives. They were model students, the apex of perfection, while I am nothing more than a disgustingly average waste of human filth. I cannot count the times my authority figures have sneered at me in utter contempt, thinking about how useless I am. Thinking about how little I've contributed to society. What is society though? Is it a collective, comprised of the unconscious minds of all human beings? Or is the word merely a substitute for that of the individual speaking about it? When somebody tells me that I am out of touch with society, do they mean the entire world, or them specifically? I am never truly able to tell. It disconcerts me, to be completely honest. Knowledge is something someone gains, not something that you're born with. As if comparing me to my predecessors is an accurate way of gauging my academic abilities. I suppose I understand their comparisons, though. While it irritates me to no end, I can relate. It's one of the few human quirks I find myself empathizing with. About now, the kind individuals reading this are probably deeply confused as to what my point is. To be completely honest, I can't give you any clarification on that, for even I do not seem to know where I am taking this. Living is growing increasingly stressful, and I find it more difficult to keep my happy façade glued onto my face at all times. Because of this, I have decided to keep a record of my more interesting life moments in hope that a single person will be able to see the horrors of humanity as I have. In essence, there's no point to anything. This has no point, my life has no point, and neither does yours. Yes, that's right reader. You serve no purpose to the universe. Whether you live or die makes little difference. Do you understand what this means? It means that you have no reason to keep living. Why don't you just end your pathetic existence already and forgo this horrendously sadistic world? Is it because you're scared? My friend, you should not be afraid of death. Rather, you should be afraid of living.

The tale of my descent begins when I was a child. During my elementary school years, I suffered a rather chronic case of entitlement issues. What are entitlement issues? Well, in layman's terms, it's essentially the issue plaguing children, and even teenagers in this day and age. You see, children and teenagers believe themselves to be entitled to the best food, the most entertaining entertainment and comfortable living conditions without having to put in an ounce of effort. They instead allow their poor, miserable parents, whose marriage is most likely failing at this point, to do all the work for them and pay for their menial and benign materials. Entitled children like these are a scourge, an awful result of parents' apathy towards their spawn. Parents are unhappy and uncaring, only concerned with the fact that they no longer have intercourse every night with their gradually decaying spouses. They realize that they are doomed to forty more years of celibacy unless they muster the courage to find an attractive younger member of the opposite sex and proceed to burrow their sorrows into them, even at the risk of being caught by their significant other. Those who do usually don't care if they're caught. Why don't they care? Because they have nothing to lose. Their bland lives have no meaning to them. They simply want to return to the days of youthfulness and parties and illicit narcotics.

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I, myself, was an entitled brat in grade school, believing that I was deserving of every little thing and everybody's attention. At this point, the concept of hate was still a foreign idea to me. I never held a grudge towards anybody, until the day I met a tall fellow named Michael. A month or so older than I was, the boy was unnaturally tall, so much so that the other students nicknamed him the Iron Giant. Michael was strange, snotty and awkward. He had a peculiar fascination with Legos, cars and cellular phones, and he enjoyed whining about everything that bothered him. If another child so much as gave him a humorous look, Michael would begin shedding crocodile tears and reach out to his over-protective mother. He clung to her as if she were his life support, and letting go meant absolute death. I'm sure most of us were waiting for her to pull out her breast for him to suckle on, due to how much he resembled a baby, completely reliant on the female who birthed him. His hair was curly and black, and he always carried around his lunchbox. Sometimes he would swing it around at the girls on the playground and hit them, resulting in several complaints. He didn't care though. He just laughed giddily and skipped away. Fashionably, he was not. Striped button down shirts seemed to be his distinct style. His voice was unbearably high and nasally, to the point where if you were given an audio recording of him without any context, you'd most likely assume him to be a female.

During the fourth grade, I fancied a young girl by the name of Jessica. I recall her being relatively pretty in comparison to the rest of the girls in my grade, but I do not remember anything distinctly appealing about her personality. There most likely wasn't anything appealing about her, in actuality. Kids tend not to care too deeply about substance anyway. Michael discovered my attraction for little Jessica after I had unthinkingly told him about it. I foolishly trusted him with this confidential information and spilled it out. He responded with, "Really? Jessica, huh?" and giggled a bit. "Oooh, that's juicy!" In retrospect, telling him really wasn't my greatest decision.

Afterwards, Michael galloped through the school to spread the word. It wasn't long before every single person in the fourth grade knew of my childish lust for Jessica, and I was understandably angry. My rage caused me to furiously confront Michael in the classroom at the end of the school day, where I berated him for his immature gossip.

"Why did ya go around tellin everybody for? That was a secret!"

He giggled. "Sorry! It was just too funny!"

"Funny? I was getting sick of his shit. If you think this is funny, then you're messed up, Michael!"

"Maybe you should've picked a prettier girl then!" I can still see that stupid grin etched onto his face.

I don't recall much of what happened after he said that. What I do remember is him on the floor a few seconds later, holding his chest in anguish and crying profusely. He convulsed furiously on the ground, yelling out for his mother, begging for someone to help him up. Before I knew it, everyone in the classroom was staring at me as if I had murdered him. I don't think it was out of anger, though, as much as it was surprise. Surprise that a short creature such as myself brought the Iron Giant to the floor, holding onto his striped shirt, snot pouring out his nose and tears dripping down his face. It felt surprisingly refreshing, seeing him so pained like he was. That euphoric feeling didn't last for long, however, as the teacher was returning to the room. I realized how awful this scene looked, and cleverly began crying as well, apologizing to Michael frantically. My apologies were, obviously, empty and superficial, but the teacher didn't know that. He saw that Michael was fine and not dying, and then scolded me for a bit. However, my convincing fake apology and tears seemed to diminish his anger, and he relented, giving me a small warning and telling me not to hurt Michael again. I continued to let the tears flow and nodded half-heartily, begging him and Michael for

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forgiveness.

When I went home after school that day, Michael and his mother paid me a surprise visit. His mother, Janet, angrily chewed out my mother for her considerable lack of decent parenting skills. I do not wish to argue with Janet, as my mother did indeed lack the abilities with which to parent, however it was completely unnecessary for her to drive to my house in an attempt to guilt trip me. Especially as I did not feel an ounce of guilt.

Speaking of mothers, why don't we talk about mine? My mother was a strange, disturbed enigma. She was never happy with anything, always miserably crying in her room or relentlessly badgering me and my siblings for various, menial things. Whenever we didn't comply with her requests, or if we disobeyed, instead of scolding us bitterly as a normal mother would, she would burst into furious tears and shout at the top of her lungs that she wished she had aborted us. After she had her temper tantrum, she would reach into the knife drawer and pull out a long jackknife, point it at her throat and threaten to kill herself if we didn't stop acting like brats. Truth be told, it was a rather traumatic experience. After it happened, I didn't think much of it. For years now I repressed the memories of her breaking down, holding the knife at her throat begging to die, saying that it would be all our faults if she committed the act. We were so terribly frightened of her. She must have been frightened of herself too. Eventually, she seemingly succeeded with her attempts to self-terminate as she was found dead one evening in her secluded bedroom. One of my brothers found the body and screamed promptly. Siblings. Let us talk about those.

I had several siblings, all of which I can safely say were as deranged as my mother was. Being the youngest of three children you have a lot to live up to, even the ones who were less intelligent and successful than the others. My slightly older brother, Robert, always had a gleeful grin on his face. His teeth were wildly crooked and he wore an awful curly afro-like hairstyle, and his stench wasn't too attractive. However, he was one of the most laid-back, kindest souls I have ever, and will ever encounter. He always knew what to say and do to make the most depressed human being laugh. His laugh, by the way, was loud and booming and wonderful. It made me forget about all the terrible things that surrounded me. The oldest brother, Jon, was a different story. Jon was cold and intelligent, popular yet distant. Jon was a terrifyingly disturbing man, who, on the outside, appeared nothing more than a strange looking extroverted teenager. But he was much more than that. Jon took pleasure in skinning small animals and torturing them before decapitating them and stringing their heads up along the house. As a wee little boy, he did horrible things to little woodland creatures. He stabbed them, crushed their skulls, removed their internal organs, dismembered them and wore their appendages as souvenirs. I was one of the few to see Jon at his worst, always secretly watching him commit gruesome acts of violence on these innocent little critters. He was also a bit of a narcissist, continuously flaunting his vast intellectual knowledge about arbitrary things that nobody really needed to concern themselves with, but he prided himself in his well-read nature. Many a people fell for his rouse, and he became the highest scoring kid in his class. Because of this, I had a big reputation to live up to, and everyone enjoyed comparing me to him. He was better than me at everything. Sports, school ;

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