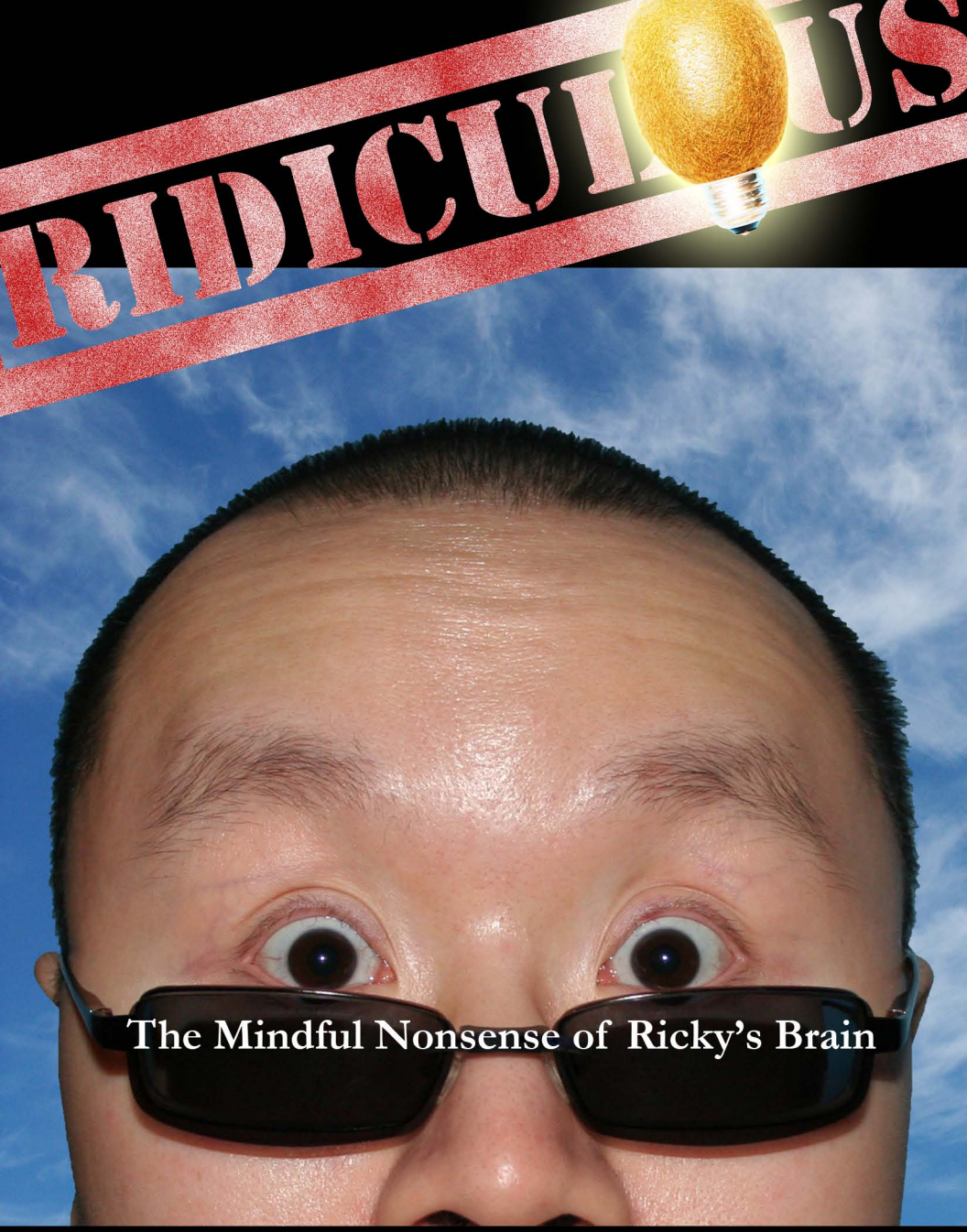

The Mindful Nonsense of Ricky's Brain

An Autobrainography

by Ricky Tsang

Ridiculous

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www.rickytsang.ca

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For my beloved family, caring nurses,
&
crazy people who think like me.

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And to mom and dad.

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Preface

When I was writing this book, friends kept asking what it was about. I had only one answer: everything. They thought it was ridiculous as we shared some laughs, but the joke was on them since I never did reveal the title.

Throughout my childhood, I always had the dream of becoming a cartoonist, but didn't realize fate would tell a different story when I lost the ability to draw with my hands. It was only a few years after that I discovered my passion for writing. I was parking my giant mechanical ass into a mall elevator and lo, this ravishing young lady decided to compliment my perfect skills, probably because I didn't make road kill out of her. Of course I *wanted* to respond cleverly with a hint of smoothness, but instead proclaimed, "Yup!"

I started writing to redeem myself.

With Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy, physical expression isn't really an option, while being on a ventilator hinders my verbal communication. I'm only able to speak between each breath, which doesn't give much time, so having a million reflections and ponderings is quite inevitable.

I entered the world of blogging with great enthusiasm and had a practice run from 2004 to 2006. I made more of an effort from then on via a personal domain and another blog from a social network. I

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didn't have many readers until a couple years later, the time when I seriously considered getting published.

Ridiculous: The Mindful Nonsense of Ricky's Brain is a raw and unadulterated anthology of my mind; a satirical look at life, and a voyage through the hardships and despair, along with the craziest, most off-the-wall moments. But more, it's a journey of romance. Turning the pages, you'll find love letters, romantic philosophies, and stories, both from fairytales and reality. You're bound to throw up, either orally or optically.

This book was written for three reasons. First, I want to make a bigger dent in the world than the one I made at the church building before I die. Words are more likely to unlock the secrets of immortality as opposed to that green juice my parents drink on a daily basis. Second, I need to once and for all destroy the make-believe delusions that disabled people are nothing more than clichéd struggle stories for incompetent pedestrians and cripples alike, who rely on strangers for a phony sense of inspiration. Third, and most importantly, I hope to encourage women to know how beautiful they are for their individual selves and defy the perverse misconceptions that society has brought upon us.

The biggest challenge was articulating myself in a way that didn't incur sympathy. It's frustrating when people insist on feeling sorry for me. I could understand if castration was involved, but a genetic but not hereditary disease? While it's a significant part of my life, I won't succumb to cheapening my experiences for anything. I acknowledge without focusing on limitations.

Editing was a killer. I'm sure I've gone through each entry more than a dozen times already. I used to go overboard with details and often repeat myself, but eventually learned to condense my writings. It should be noted however, that 'Message In A Bottle' remains untouched since the day it was written. I'd feel dishonest if I changed

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an encapsulated letter that's probably still drifting in a lake somewhere, unless it got stuck in a propeller and drowned an innocent person.

In 2008, I went through a bit of writer's block, yet that year produced several of my favourite pieces. I'd sometimes feel discouraged before writing an article that was thought to be incredibly daunting, but ended up surprising myself every time. Prevailing against those obstacles gave me the motivation to persist onward. And to be honest, the most difficult one I had to write is this stupid introduction. I usually just run people over by accident and greet them.

As you continue reading, you'll find it's in my nature to redefine the things I observe. I strive to reinvent the old and make them original because what would life be without a little endearing humour? I'm not a cardboard people, and I refuse to be made of recycled material. I define myself according to who I am.

Words are funny little things. They're an assembly of squiggles and lines that formulate random thoughts and ideas. I write because there's too much to say.

Writing this book was an epic adventure. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to share my ridiculousness. I hope you enjoy your ride to the loony bin. ;)

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"It's not who I am underneath, but what I do to make pretty girls cover their mouths to giggle that defines me."

-- Batman, sort of

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Dear Ricky

Dear Ricky,

You've been waiting to hear from me for the longest time, I know. I'm sorry to have kept you, but please understand that the timing was never right. After losing your hopes and dreams, here I am to guide you once more.

Ricky, you've always dreamt of a woman in your heart; the voice holding your head up high. You never gave up because of me, how I urged for your continuance, even when you never knew the reasons for your fight.

I remember your returns home; grade three with bloody knees. It happened every day. You were losing your steps, but continued on as I watched from a distant afar. I tried so hard to keep myself from saving you. I had to let you learn, and prepare you for the struggles ahead.

And now you don't care for past hardships. You only want someone to wipe your tears. There are times when I wish you hadn't discovered the grace of a woman's heart. Regardless of what they say, you continue to search for ways to love her, making loneliness into a quest of becoming more. Why are you so stubborn that you won't let go of your dying romance?

It's sad, isn't it, how you made way to finding destiny through tragedy? You couldn't have saved her and know it so well. You gave your heart for free to the beautiful ones in need, but ended up emptier than before. All you wanted was for someone to open her arms so you could have a place to fall upon and feel safe at long last.

You've been searching an entire life for someone to look past your limitations, and make the last of your dreams come true. You've finally lost your way. I only hope you don't give up on me, the one who loves you so.

Your hopes for someone to hold you, and dreams for her to never let go are still valid, for they linger within your heart. If you believe in me, you need not look any further. I'm here to kiss your

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darkest nightmares away, but you have to wait for me to find you. I promise that I will.

You've always wanted someone to calm your lonely heart. Ricky sweetie, everything will be okay, understand?

Yours,

The Voice Within

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4 Steps To Mending A Broken Heart

April 27, 2005 @ 22:10

Have you ever wondered why it hurts so much when love is lost?

The art of romance is to give your heart without fear. When it breaks, you become lost with only pieces that remain. It's a journey of rediscovery and reassembly, as your hands bleed with each piece.

To mend a broken heart is a process of healing, while emotional wounds are akin to physical. Some say it's best to keep busy, but in the end the hurt remains. Rid the poisons that linger, instead of using a temporary fix. It's about standing tall, even when the world is crumbling before your eyes.

Step One

Cut all forms of communication. It gives a sense of connection, and getting over requires its removal.
Rid yourself from physical memories, items that were significant.
Take drastic measures because you have to be ruthless in determination. Make it an instinct by doing what's necessary without involving your mind with consequences that don't exist.
This is disownment. If the phone rings, hang up. If again, do the same. No matter how many times, hang up, or even better, block. Block all known e-mail addresses as well. If you receive e-mails from another account, delete them immediately, emptying the trash altogether and so on. This also goes for online communities. If through snail mail, burn without opening. You have to take action without giving yourself the chance to think.

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Step Two

Think logically. Instead of listening to your heart, listen to your mind. Find reasons and make the choice to believe them. Write them down.
Deny yourself the hope that lingers with the logical reasons you've found and listed. Use them to refocus your hopes.
Stop trying. Choose, because choices are set in stone. There's a lot less room for backing out.
Time helps nothing. It only provides opportunities to prioritize. What we choose to do with it makes all the difference.

Step Three

If you're unable to eat or sleep, acknowledge the difference between inability and unwillingness. Force yourself to take care of basic needs.
Take food as you would medication. If you're eating too much, portion meals and get rid of junk. If you can't sleep, close your eyes. If you're not concentrating, think later.
Don't give yourself the luxury of self-pity.

Step Four

Let yourself cry. Do anything possible to express yourself, through tears, writing, etc. Remember the importance of faith.
Crying isn't a sign of weakness. It's simply another way to express feelings and emotions that overflow. Why

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not hurt once and for all and be done with it, instead of continuously?
Talk to friends and family. Allow them to be your support system. There's no shame in asking for help.
Provide yourself the unreturned love. However much it hurts, you'll always remain to be your own best friend.
It's your responsibility to take the initiative.

With getting over someone, you have to be real. Freedom is to continue without focusing on the past. You can neither erase nor avoid the inevitable sorrow. It's a part of life. You must endure no matter how impossible it seems. Walk through to become a stronger person.

Never let the pain exist in vain. That someone is the reason for your broken heart, but it still doesn't take away your responsibility. You're worth every effort. Deal with it, not because you can or should, but that you have to.

Realize that even if you're seemingly denied of it, closure comes from within. When you free yourself from the boundaries of relying on external sources, then and only then will you become more. Understand what it means to believe in yourself, and acknowledge that you're capable.

It's hard, but possibility outweighs the impossible. It's about doing whatever it takes, being resourceful with everything you have; the conjured strength and courage. Love yourself more because the choice is always yours.

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The Pathway Towards Immortality

July 2, 2006 @ 19:08

Have you ever felt so depressed that as much as you want to be free of sorrow, you still let it consume?

Sadness gives reason to look at life in a different perspective, for without tears there'd be no beautiful. The art of falling in love is much akin to that of sleep. It's a surrender; letting go without fear.

After watching 'Rory O'Shea Was Here', everything changed. When his dad and best friend embraced following the unfortunate news, I cried. It depressed me for days because all I thought of was how I didn't want to die… without getting laid.

Is it really too much to ask for someone to cause me brain damage, *over and over again*?!

This is my new goal in life, much more meaningful than contributing to the world. I suppose there's always that *other* option, except, I don't think prostitution is the answer. I don't particularly like the idea of visiting Broke Butt Mountain Penitentiary. Can anyone blame me for not wanting jail mates to lust after my trach as well?

The only way I'd hook up with a hooker is if I could put her through university and provide greater opportunities. I could lure her into a life of ham and cheese instead of sex and drugs. Better yet, she's an undercover detective on the verge of giving up on romance. I could spend time with her over candlelight dinners, challenging her entire reason for becoming a man-hating cop.

So here I am, writing with my newfound enlightenment, and I'm doing what any sane person would. I'm buying the DVD, mainly because of my European goddess, Romola Garai. She captured my castle.

And I've always wanted to write a book. People have suggested that I write an autobiography regarding my experiences with Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy. However, as significant as it is a part of my life, focusing solely on my physical disability would render me into yet another generic story of inspiration, as in some poor fellow who "suffered" through so much.

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I look to be more, and romance is the only way. I need to be remembered as someone who redefined it, making his potential future wife happy, because then, my life would have been worth something. I want to write my great love story with her, because of her.

This journal is my book, while these words are the record of my existence. This is my pathway towards immortality.

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Redefining Romance

August 2, 2006 @ 17:59

Have you ever wondered if we're living a generic life of unoriginal thoughts and ideas, while the things making us unique are the same that make billions of others feel special? What if we're nothing more than cloned souls?

A generic dream is to experience life's adventures, do charity work, fall in love, get married and raise a family, watch the children mature, grow old together, and die knowing we made some sort of a difference. But does that define human life, or a reason we necessitate to make our existence seem meaningful?

Then again, it depends on how far we want to reach, and if the limitations we've set are the accomplishments important to our dreams. I often ask myself how I should bring meaning into my existence, to make ordinary into extraordinary, and extraordinary something more.

Romance is the engine that drives me to exceed. In discovering life, it's necessary to redefine what it means to love. If not, it becomes another notebook crafted in someone else's mind.

Romance is generally defined by an idea of destiny; a search for our better halves. It's to find that special someone who fills our hearts with joy. As much as I believe in soul mates, men and women weren't made for completion, but accentuation. We weren't made in halves at birth. What if we remove ourselves from reason and simply give our hearts?

When I fall in love, I'd tell her:

"When I look into your eyes, I don't see the wonders of the universe, resemblance of ocean blue, or sunsets on the beach. I see you alone, and you're more beautiful than anything the imagination could conjure."

Because when we allow ourselves to love someone without a need for reason, loving only her, it means we've redefined romance. This is what I intend to do.

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The Jewish Elephant

August 4, 2006 @ 20:40

Is anyone else sick of Mel Gibson's anti-Semitic remarks?

As tasteless as they were, people need to decide whether it was the alcohol, or that his inhibitions were killed. There are only two logical solutions because if it was drunkenness, people should forgive. If it was him…

But me? I'm different. I'm a sensitive guy, unless of course you count the time when I pissed off Little Foot.

That's right. I pissed off the voiceover kid from 'The Land Before Time'.

It was some years ago when I joined an Internet discussion regarding circumcision. I posted a picture of an elephant with a yarmulke that had a caption stating the extinction of Jewish elephants.

Little Foot was *pissed*. He called me an anti-Semite!

I'm sorry? I was making fun of uncircumcised penises?

You see equality is about treating your neighbours as you would yourself. If it's acceptable to poke fun at myself, why can't I do the same for my ethnically diverse friends? I don't get all pissed up the wall when someone offers *me* a hotdog… with catsup.

Really, I'm a sensitive guy, unless of course you count the *other* time at the healthcare centre when I had a roommate with ALS.

It was a humbling moment when his visitors ran out of Kleenex. If you want the perfect example of unconditional love, that was it, until *she* walked in with another box. I immediately lost all sense of compassion, she was *that* hot.

So maybe I'm not as sensitive as I make myself sound. No? Not even a *little*? *Please*? All right, *fine*! I'm an insensitive ass!

You should know however, that I did in fact cry when I first saw 'The Land Before Time'!

And Natalie Portman is a Jew! She's my one and only. For her I'd give up ham. I even forgive her for killing Jesus… oops?

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Yesterday Once More

August 15, 2006 @ 15:45

It's always nostalgic watching old kung fu movies, the scenes I remember from when I was five years old. We used to watch Jackie Chan at the theatre as a family tradition. Funny, how certain images trigger memories…

But why is violence more acceptable than nudity? While it's okay to subject a child to brutal kicks and jabs, and people falling off balconies, when the slightest hint of a nipple appears, you have to cover your eyes.

I think I turned out pretty well, maybe?

Childhood is priceless, and memories last a lifetime. What I cherish most were the late night adventures with dad (no, not *those* adventures). We pretended to look for secret treasures in the dark with a flashlight. I remember wrestling him and fishing trips. Those times were so much fun.

My sister and I used to play in the bathtub together. I'm rather fond of those memories, particularly when a few meatballs suddenly emerged, and then we laughed and we laughed! Actually, she *screamed*.

Then I spilled a bit of milk. Mom reassured her that it was good for the skin as she continued the hysteria. It was hilarious tormenting my sister. It still is, along with the added help of my brother-in-law. I used to decapitate and cripple her Barbie dolls. I even ate her fruity Chap Stick. How was a kid to resist?

I might seem like an awful brother, but you'd be wrong. She wasn't innocent. Like the magic set I used to have with compartments to make things disappear. I still don't know how she and her friends did it, but every time I performed, a small piece of fruit would materialize. It was terribly confusing for my poor little brain.

Whenever our parents were out, we watched beauty pageants with grandma. Late nights were always favoured; watching movies in pyjamas with a blanket all cozy and warm. I loved waking up early to 'Transformers', 'Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles', 'Dennis the Menace', and 'Alvin & the Chipmunks'. Now, I wouldn't get up at six o'clock if you dragged my hair.

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The best part of being a kid was the sick days. Fevers were a blessing away from school. I'll never forget the macaroni in chicken broth with slivers of ham or pork. Mom always knew how to make me feel better. She boiled apples that could be eaten with a spoon.

And I consider myself fortunate, except for the time when we drove down to Tennessee. We listened to oldies, and John Denver came on. There's a part in the song that goes, "Country roads, take me home, to the place I belong…"

As soon as I got to the end of those lyrics, dad hit the brakes and I fell forward into the garbage pail?

We went through Kentucky and the strangest thing. They didn't have fried chicken! When we passed a few silos, my sister and I incessantly messed with each other's hair repeating, "Silo, silo!" The word "silo" sounds like "little brother" in Cantonese. It just *happened*.

The memories from a mind riddled with scenes of blood and guts; I wouldn't give them away for anything. If you think violence is the culprit of childhood dysfunction, it's really when your parents tell you that swallowing seeds results in trees growing on your head, and holding your butt hole will prevent air leakage while blowing candles. *That's* trauma!

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Understanding Women

August 16, 2006 @ 22:00

One of the main reasons I want to walk again is so I can cook with my potential future mother-in-law. My lifelong dream is to impress her.

It's romantic, and not in a "mothers I'd like to fool around with" kind of way, but more where she could be a neglected housewife, waiting for her husband to attend her needs. As they remain unmet, she only hopes her daughter will have those dreams that never came true.

This drives my desire to show her romance exists, and that househusbands aren't silly. We could make gourmet dishes from Saturday afternoon cooking shows, along with some of mom's specialties of course. Hotpot is a must during winter with platters of assorted meats and vegetables.

What I really want is the opportunity to touch her heart. As a mom, she wants her daughter to have someone to love her and her family, and not for the sake of it.

But there's an underlying reason for my desire. It's my fascination towards women, understanding them. I think about how there are some things only they can empathize with, including feelings on hysterectomies and menopause. There has to be a way to overcome the boundaries of gender.

Perhaps it's idealistic, but I can't accept that a human heart can't reach another. Understanding women should only require willingness, not that I'd want a baby since I know where it's coming out!

And you know the moment when she's all comfy in pyjamas? All she wants is a little innocent fun playing board games. While he gives her the look of horniness, she pretends not to notice, but eventually gives in because she loves him. I wonder if it makes her feel like a piece of meat. Does it compromise what makes her special?

I believe the way to a woman's heart is to find innocence, instead of just romance. It's to be her best friend. If I'm in a situation where she only wants to watch a romantic comedy, I'd pick the movie and steal her Kleenex too.

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Innocence is such an important part of a woman. As much as I hate to mention it, rape brings another sense of understanding. I wanted to watch a documentary once about the sex slave trade, but couldn't. I'm not courageous enough to watch the pain in their eyes unfold again.

When a woman is violated, a part of her is lost. I don't think it has much to do with the physical trauma because if you look into her eyes, you'll find something broken that can never be pinpointed. It's something I'm still trying to comprehend.

A woman's right to give, whether it's her heart or sex, explains the sacredness of her love. I often think the part during a wedding ceremony where he unveils her face is a chauvinistic effort to imply that a woman is a prize. However in a less cynical view, perhaps it's to appreciate her for everything she is, in that she really is a gift to unwrap, and whoever wins her heart is the luckiest man alive.

This is why I can't bring myself to resent anyone who wouldn't give me a chance at romancing her. I have to know my place and accept that she wants and needs someone who can offer more.

Then again, I still have dreams. I want to laugh and cry with her, brushing her hair away. I want to linger beside her as her heart unwraps in pillow talk. I want to watch her sleep until sunrise and wake her whispering "sleepyhead".

All I need is an intellectually down-to-earth supermodel girl of my dreams with a busted kneecap and the same blood type as mine in need of a new kidney who used to be fat. Maybe she might love me.

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Paedophile Nation

August 25, 2006 @ 23:10

How do lawyers defending child molesters, rapists, etc. live with themselves? How do they sleep after awarding freedom to those who prey upon the defenceless?

Capital punishment is an unfortunate reality. While they deserve to die, sex offenders shouldn't be wasted, but used as test subjects for medical experimentation. As a compromise, the government needs to place mandatory tattoos on their foreheads, as well as tracking devices for implantation. When they violate another's freedom, theirs should automatically cease existence.

Paedophilia however, is embraced by society, and the real culprits behind dead little girls in "beauty" pageants are none other than their parents. Who in their right mind would ever consider sexing up their preteen daughter like a hooker when doing so guarantees the endangerment of her life (had she not been violated already)?

Look at all the malnourished runway models that look like twelve-year-olds. The world's perception of beauty is perverted. It's no wonder celebrities and politicians get away with defiling children, even murder. Though, sexual violence is at times worse than death.

Aside from people with birth defects and victims of freak accidents, isn't it amusing how thousands are spent to emulate the look of going through a perpetual wind tunnel? How ridiculous is it for women to stuff their chests with balloons full of liquids they won't for the life of them drink?

Most excuse it as an ordeal to overcome, but cosmetic surgery is a self-imposed journey of suffering. It's disturbing when people falsely claim such practices are done for oneself when it's destructive to associate self-esteem and confidence with outer appearances. When self-worth requires validation from external sources, it becomes shallow and superficial.

Would they still have cosmetic surgery if the world was blind?

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Validity can only come from within. If the only way to attract a man is to increase your cup size, he's worthless.

Isn't it better to know you're loved for you alone? If you love yourself, you wouldn't risk your life for a couple bags of silicone. In time, your breasts will multiply into four resulting from gravity.

I once debated with someone regarding burn victims. She had the audacity to refer to people who'd love them as "martyrs". Mind you, this was coming from a person who believed women require men for validation.

So can you love someone who had been burnt? Can you love someone who had her breasts cut off due to cancer?

These questions shouldn't even be asked, for love requires no reason. It just is. If you're unwilling to look deep into a woman's heart, you're missing out on so much more. Yet when you take the time to discover and rediscover her for everything she is, you'll find more than you had dreamed to imagine.

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The Challenges Of Being A Woman

August 27, 2006 @ 23:23

Since the female gender is challenged in the area of outer appearances, a question remains. How do women overcome a world that defines them with physical beauty?

The first thing to understand is that possibility outweighs the impossible. While life includes a great many obstacles, we mustn't deter away from the existence of solutions, whether it's to find answers or acceptance. Our bodies might not change for the better, but minds are plastic. Removing ourselves from the boundaries of superficiality is always possible.

Sometimes it's hard when you're feeling down. Looking to the mirror, you might see only imperfections. You might feel there are too many laugh lines, or your chest is a little flat. However, beauty is in the mind of the beholder. It's a choice.

Imperfections make us perfect. How can we be individuals without them? If we restrict our standards to expectations from external sources, the things that make us unique are lost.

To love a woman isn't to change her. It's to accept her as we redefine perfection within all of which she feels are flawed.

But there's another question often overlooked when it's so easy to associate internal with external. How does one overcome physical beauty to find the heart?

This brings us back to the fact that possibility outweighs the impossible. When we take the time to discover and rediscover her for everything she is, we'll inevitably find the three extensions of a woman's heart; her eyes, smile, and touch. If even such minute aspects of human physicality are the paths that lead to more, who's to say anything is impossible?

As you continue to look at your reflection, make the effort to look into your eyes and broken smile, the way you're softly touching those silly tears. Find your heart and acknowledge the part that makes you beautiful, for you alone are the only reason to need.

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Sexual Encounters From Outer Space

September 1, 2006 @ 18:07

According to the late Carl Sagan, there's an estimated one hundred billion trillion stars in the universe that we've observed. It's almost impossible to comprehend.

Yet despite this mind-boggling fact, moonlight is still the driving force that inspires everlasting moments of romance. Considering its gravitational pull, how it controls the ocean tides rushing upon shores of white sand, the moon is really a giant ball of love.

Sex in space however, is a different story. When you're making love in an orbiting shuttle, it's romantic to experience passion looking through a large window pane above the magnificence of Earth.

But have you ever seen those vertical beds with safety straps from science fiction movies?

So there you are, sleeping ever so softly after a minute of pure bliss, only to wake up to a small noise. As you look around your quarters to see nothing, you find comfort in that the hull integrity of your ship is uncompromised. You begin to close your eyes, but suddenly notice a large droplet of your own semen heading straight towards your way.

Can you imagine the panicking thoughts running through your mind while struggling to remove the "safety" straps?

Remember not to open your mouth and scream, ha… oops?

I'm still scratching my head over the fact that Pluto isn't considered to be a planet in our solar system anymore. After learning so much from television shows and picture books, it's sad. I thought he was a cartoon dog.

Fortunately, there's still hope for sex in space, as long as it's on a habitable planet. Romance after all requires gravity, and becoming one of the first settlers on Mars is even more romantic.

You could hide away together in a little greenhouse during sandstorms. You could send video messages home and make everyone gag from your affectionate ways without the worry of other-people vomit. You could even spend the extra forty minutes discovering

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new locations, holding hands in your late night adventures (yes, *those* adventures).

The romance of terra-formation can never go without plantation farms because Mars in its first stages might not be a suitable environment for children. You see vegetables create hope in that the cabbage head can be your love child.

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I'm Cursed

The Attack Of The Giant Rack

September 8, 2006 @ 18:54

Do you ever dread the question, "What are you watching?"

Throughout my life, I've hated those words, especially when they come from behind. Like when you're watching something completely innocent and out of nowhere, a raunchy commercial comes on…

It was still early in the evening: CTV. I was watching the end credits of 'Beauty and the Geek' and the computer froze. I called my aunt to press Alt+Ctrl+Del, but realized it didn't freeze all the way through. At the moment she entered my room, a pair of gigantic boobs just magically appeared!

Why me? I'm suffering through quarter-life crisis and suddenly I'm twelve again, on trial!

It doesn't help that I love watching beauty pageants on The Latin Network.

"Ricky, what are you watching? Do you even *understand* Italian?"

What I don't understand is the myth behind European women. I don't notice their supposed moustaches, and even if they do have armpit hair, does it matter? I appreciate natural beauty.

Then again, there *was* the restaurant incident involving a waiter who was the spitting image of a certain A-list celebrity. Arm Pitt had a forest of hair showing through his sleeveless summer shirt. I lost my appetite at a buffet?

But worst of all was the time when I finally got caught by mom after recording so many naughty movies during the peak of my teenage years. Of course, then came the lecture on why nipples are inherently evil. I sat there learning my lesson for an entire hour. I felt so ashamed for being the bad little boy I was, and watched it *anyway*.

I still remember the promising title of that supposed soft-core movie, 'The Shower'. It was a journey of ecstasy as I fast-forwarded to the shower room fog. With much anticipation, I soon realized the truth. I got caught for man-ass… that was *hairy*!!!

"RICKY! WHAT ARE YOU WATCHING?!"

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Chick Flicks Make Me Cry

September 12, 2006 @ 21:48

So I finally watched 'Fried Green Tomatoes'. Ricky is officially a girl!

And I *tried* to hold back the tears. Ruth only smiled again when she realized how quickly her son was growing. At the moment she died, I wondered if *I* was going through "the change" and needed Stress Tabs Number 4.

But it was nothing compared to 'The Notebook' when even mom laughed at me.

Chick flicks give us a reason to believe that sometimes, fairy-tales do come true. They drive me to embarrass myself, time and time again.

When my sister asked me to watch 'You've Got Mail' years ago, I violently opposed, only to watch 'It Could Happen to You' in secret. It was then that I became a sensitive guy, and the waterworks began.

After traumatizing myself with 'A Walk to Remember' and 'Moulin Rouge!', I couldn't sleep for days. I desperately went online to make sure that Mandy Moore and Nicole Kidman were still alive.

It's funny how people consider tears to be a sign of weakness. Crying is simply another way to express feelings and emotions that overflow, while hiding is a protective instinct. It takes courage to reveal our vulnerabilities.

Take love for example. It's always a risk. If you don't fight for it, you achieve nothing. Tears are similar in that they're the pathway towards letting others in.

Chick flicks are great because if you watch them with a girl and cry, she might find you more attractive, unless of course you cry like yours truly…

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I'm Cursed

The Handjob Incident

September 17, 2006 @ 19:10

Question: How do people in wheelchairs take a leak?

You're probably thinking urinals, or even diapers gods forbid. Instead, I use condom catheters attached to an external drainage bag. Jet fighter pilots use them since it's obviously a war crime to pee on the enemy.

When I first discovered them, it was a revelation. There was finally a way to pee freely. I once asked a nurse to leave my room when nature called. She was *pissed*. I had never seen someone have a fit over the fact that she couldn't see me pee.

I'll never forget the day of my "tutorial".

The nurse smiled as she lowered me onto bed. She asked how I was. I asked her the same. Out of nowhere like an eagle hunting prey, she swooped down into my pants, viciously grabbing my penis by the chokehold. Lying there, my parents of all people were standing in the corner watching on as an elderly woman gave me a handjob.

And you know how compromised a position you're in when a woman is in full control? I was motionless, staring blankly into the ceiling.

That's it. This time I'm royally fucked!

I was nervous as hell. I violently shuffled through thought after thought about absolutely anything; Martha Stewart, gigantic oatmeal pies for moles (that have hair), the endangered species of Jewish elephants, or the politically correct term, "uncircumcised penises"…

OH GODS, PLEASE DON'T CUM! PLEASE, FOR THE LOVE OF PANTS, DON'T CUM!!!

I was already sweating bullets, retracting my rectum as much as humanly possible, while desperately trying to keep everything in the sack. She finished just seconds before a potential disaster and said to me:

"That's a good boy!"

Well, shit…

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But there *are* drawbacks to independent peeing. Despite shivering out of the blue in conversation, when the urine bag spontaneously combusted over my floors, let's just say it was nothing short of embarrassing! My question is, how do you explain to someone that the reason your wooden tiles are protruding is because they were marinated in your own pee?

A great mystery is why I still have hair down under. With each removal, you'd think I'd require a membership for The *Pubic* Hair Club for Men. To make it worse, the genius decided to use the super adhered version.

As I continued to lay motionless staring blankly into the ceiling, mother turned on the flashlight and took out a pair of scissors…

DEAR GODS NO!!!

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The Art Of Loving A Woman

September 19, 2006 @ 17:52

Sometimes it feels as though I'm in a different dimension. Even with friends and family, I'm still so out of place. I remain alone, yet solitude keeps me calm. It's cold where I am, this perpetual dream of silence. Like the darkness of outer space, I await for sunlight to find me…

> **Her:** "Ricky, what would you do to me if we were together right now?"
> **Me:** "I'd look into your eyes, gently brushing your hair away. As I gaze into your heart, I'd run my fingers down your cheek; index to your lips. I'd ask you to close your eyes and surrender to the rush of a summer breeze. I'd kiss you as I lower my hands into yours with fingers interlocking."

But it's impossible. I've no strength in my frail hands to touch her face, as much as I need to make her see and perhaps fall in love with me. How does one reach a woman's heart without the physical touch? It's a question I've asked myself, time and time again. All I really have is a handful of words to discover this art.

To love a woman is a journey of romance, through even the simplest ways. They say love at first sight is shallow, but if you allow yourself to believe it can only exist without limitations, then and only then will you find the physical extensions of her heart. Her eyes, smile, and touch are capable of bringing you closer, while your destination is to find her at the end of each path.

As you venture through the walls of her heart, you'll find reason to redefine your redefinition of romance. Before falling, we find comfort in solitude, but as it continues, we learn a need that overpowers every fibre of our beings. The way a woman desires for her man to change is often considered a flaw as acceptance is a significant part of love. However, when you take the time to discover her intentions,

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it's about letting her guide you to become the man you were always meant to be.

When you have the desire to understand her, you'll also find innocence. Aside from romance, she's so much more. She's your best friend; someone to share your dreams with, for romance isn't always the key to finding her heart. It's the ability to warm her through other means as desire inspires you to make her laugh and cry and dream of beautiful things.

To love a woman is a journey of discovery. Through innocence, you'll notice splendour in her every move. It's about finding it within the crevices of her heart, even when she feels a mess. When you acknowledge it's only her feelings, you're also acknowledging her beauty, no matter how, when, or where. Remove yourself from the boundaries of common romanticisms and know she's beautiful the way she is.

What matters is that you're there for her. It's to build a connection, and put yourself in her shoes. It's to make love with and not only to her. When she's with child, you must recognize she isn't pregnant alone.

One day, when you find her falling upon your arms in a moment of weakness, it's about giving her wings and hoping for her stay. It's to show her she's loved and not only by you.

And when you realize her tears aren't really tears, but beautiful heart cries instead, that's when you've taken the first step in discovering the art of loving a woman. This is where I am.

If there's a way to reach a woman's heart without the touch of my fingertips, I promise that I'll find it, even if it takes the death of a billion trillion stars. I have to believe it's a learning process so if ever she comes along, I'll know how I should bring joy into her life.

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Message In A Bottle

September 24, 2006 @ 23:59

Dear You,

And so this is the part where I send away my dreams for all of the ones I used to have don't matter anymore. They have long since faded away and I understand now it's time to let them go. I shall send them away into the rushes of the ocean deep.

These are my hopes and these are my dreams and just as I'm sending my dreams away, my dream is to softly plunge my lips into your tearful kisses. This elixir of you, falling upon our kiss shall cleanse my soul of all its sorrows, setting the dreams of my heart free at last.

Within the ramblings of my mind there is a lingering voice. She tells me to continue on no matter how many times I fall, for the next moment I fall could be in your love. The beautiful things the world provides, like the warmth of the sunlight in the marmalade skies, these are the traces of your romance, a lingering hope of finding your love. I seek the pleasures of nothing except only to find you, even if it takes a million trillion stars.

A great many of my dreams have been taken away. These are the last of them, ones that nothing could ever take. I dream of wishing upon your heart so I've never wished upon a distant star. I dream of misty afternoons of late as we walk towards the rainbow afar. I dream of a romance of now and evermore and I dream of touching your smile with the longing of my fingertips. I dream of many things.

But in my eyes, falling in love is akin to watching children play, in the shades of blue of an early November evening. A child knows when he is safe, with an angel watching over him and it's how I picture you. I picture you watching me fall for you every step of the way, and with each fall it brings me closer and closer to you. That is why I won't give up.

Dear You, whoever you are. I long for you. You are the last of my dreams and I long for the day our fingers interlock in a dance of silence, as our surroundings fade into the still of the darkness. I long to watch you dance into the night in your flowered yellow dress as the street lights gently touch your skin.

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Could these dreams of mine come true? That I could never say, but love is like the ocean, this abyss of an unknown yet to be discovered. May these dreams of mine drift away and return with your love one day…

Yours,

Ricky

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Inspiration From Depression

October 2, 2006 @ 14:26

While normal people find inspiration in showers, mine comes from elsewhere. I've been lacking creativity lately, particularly for music and poetry. I'm convinced Benefibre is to blame because when getting everything out in a single dump takes away your time on the crapper, it becomes the root of all evil.

Isn't it funny how passions come to life?

I didn't start until several years ago when I was inspired to write my first poem, 'Elevator Girl'. Though familiar, I'll never forget the way she said those words as I parked my giant mechanical ass.

Her: "Your driving is perfect."
SHE THINKS I'M PERFECT!!! WHAT DO I DO?! WHAT DO I DO?!
Me: "Yup!"

That was all I could say, "Yup!"

She was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. I always thought poetry was stupid, but had to write for her because apparently, girls make Ricky do crazy things!

But as my mind wanders in darkness, I wonder if there's someone out there, waiting just for me. I wonder if I'd want to exist without sorrow. Does it hinder from accomplishment and redemption? How do we redeem ourselves if we never face our darkest hours? Can we redeem ourselves from redemption?

Romance fascinates me, for love can only exist without limitations. With redemption, we become better through experiences. However, love is a constant journey of discovery. The more we open ourselves, the more we understand that life is worth living because of it.

So I continue to write romance. I associate it with sorrow because heart cries are beautiful, and the thought of my last breath in a final kiss is nothing short of bittersweet.

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As the elevator door opened
I glanced at a bit of heaven

With skin as pure as milk
And a voice that blew my mind

Looking at the floor and speechless
As my breath was taken away

Blown away by her beauty
I had nothing more to say

Goodbye to the girl
The elevator girl

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The Silence In Romance

October 6, 2006 @ 14:01

Romance is defined by infinite moments of affection. They linger within our memories as forevermore unfolds. It's the surrender to an abyss of undying love that overpowers every fibre of our beings.

And falling in love resembles that of sleep, for we may never awake from dreams. Yet despite the unknown, the risk it entails, we can't help but submit to the inevitable slumber. It takes us to another realm of existence, releasing our hearts from fear.

In your wake, the silence begins. It's the part where you're watching her lie next to you, sunlight upon her smiles. It's the soft whispers of eternal ecstasy as they become unspoken I-love-yous. It's a heart song of fingertips and touching lips; the bittersweet flavour of letting go.

Timeless embraces become a pathway to paradise, and the air, hypnotic. All that remains is the distance between your eyes and hers.

Holding hands and running into hayfields far and wide, your bodies collide in a moment of hush. It's when you realize it isn't to make love to, but with her in spirit and soul.

Do you ever find yourself in a moment under stars, as you make the elegant universe an excuse to be closer to her, while letting the rhythm of her heart become your lullaby?

If I had a frame to capture romance, I'd capture only the silent ones. I'd capture the moments of lying in her arms and closing my eyes to the sweetness of her breath, falling upon my face.

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The Unrequited Romances Of My Life

October 9, 2006 @ 14:03

All right, I admit it! I'm a hopeless romantic. I've had a fascination towards the female gender since my toddler days. I had my first amorous affair at the age of five when my family and I were visiting friends in California. I never understood the concept of love/hate relationships until I met her. I apparently had a thing for older women. She was six after all.

We constantly bickered on stupid things, but made up every night before bedtime. I hated the day we left, and although I don't remember her name, I left a part of my heart in San Francisco…

I had a "girlfriend" in grade one. She was a cute little blonde named Janine. She was always so sweet and even made homework for me in the form of dotted alphabets that were carefully assembled. We had the time of our lives with many hugs and kisses, until some pretty boy came into the picture. He ruined everything.

She eventually stopped paying attention to me, so I did what any gentleman would have done. I stole her favourite pen and made her cry.

There was also an incident involving little Karen. While innocently watching cartoons at my house, I jumped on her to steal a kiss. Let's just say I got a huge snowball in the face afterwards!

As an eight-year-old, I committed the carnal sin of coveting another man's wife. She was one of those young "aunties" who looked forward to starting a family. She paid much attention to me. So when she and her husband came over for dinner and she needed a bathroom break, I took the initiative and followed her in. I sat atop the counter, envious of her crimson lipstick. I *had* to ask for a kiss! It was then that I discovered the art of seduction.

And it was around the same timeframe when I had my first sexual encounter. The naughty movies I secretly watched must have caught up when I asked a girl to take off her clothes and kiss me. We were just about to make a baby until her grandma barged in with the evil vacuum.

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The year of '95 was memorable. Following my recovery from a spinal fusion surgery, I overcame the gamble of spending the rest of my life on a respirator. I was thrilled to return for the eighth grade, and even developed a crush.

I never understood the concept of falling in love until I realized my feelings for her. We became friends in grade four and hit it off in French class. When I foolishly mispronounced the word for Friday as "Friggidy"… hilarious!

The months leading up to Valentine's Day are a blur, but there was a moment that redefined our relationship. When she complimented my new height, I became speechless for the first time in front of her, and something clicked. I never did tell her why I had "grown" so quickly.

My heart raced more than ever as I contemplated whether to confess my feelings. It was ridiculous, and when the ingenious wheels inside my brain finally kicked in, I ended up giving her a homemade card the day before.

"I really, really, really, really, really like you."

I'm still not sure what came over me that I wrote the letters in a really, really, really, really, really stupid font.

She didn't speak to me for a while, but come summer, things flowed like milk and honey. I lent her my recorded copy of the 'Melrose Place' season finale, our favourite night-time soap. Remember Michael and his crazy antics?

In one of *my* crazy antics, I wrote her name on the baseball field with my wheels. It was how the rumours began. I'll never forget that one recess when she confronted me, especially the tone of her voice.

"Ricky…" she started.

She explained how she didn't want to ruin our friendship. As tears streamed down her face, I felt my world collapse. I desperately tried to convince her otherwise regarding the lies, but then it hit me.

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I didn't realize it at the time, but I learned what it meant to love someone with a selfless heart. I got real and thought of being in separate high schools, the progression of my weakness, and how as a boyfriend, I'd only burden her. Within seconds, I made the hardest decision of my life. I stopped fighting for potentials and let her go.

Watching her walk away as the bell rang, I felt a gentle summer breeze washing over me. My entire life perspective changed unexpectedly. I understood the complexities and hardships of my romance.

It was a bittersweet tale of hopeful beginnings and hopeless ends. The lessons of love are what inspire me, and I'd relive that moment, time and time again.

The last time I asked someone out was right after my sister's wedding. I asked one of her bridesmaids on a dinner date, but she didn't think it was a good idea as she had recently broken up. I found out a few months later that she had another boyfriend. Not that it was any of my business, but I wish she had the decency to be honest.

There are times when I wish someone would destroy my hopes and dreams and get it over with already. It could be girls are simply not attracted to me, while my wheelchair is an excuse to feel better, but I'm not stupid.

Someone once said that the reason girls don't go for guys like me is because they choose not to let themselves fall. I don't resent her for confirming a truth I had always known.

But then I think about the intellectually down-to-earth supermodel girl of my dreams with a busted kneecap and the same blood type as mine in need of a new kidney who used to be fat…

Other than the fact that I want to cook with my potential future mother-in-law, another reason I want to walk again is to be with a physically disabled girl. A lot of times, romance is about reassurance. I want her to understand that dreams don't have to exist in vain. I know what it's like and don't want her to think she can't be loved. If mine are impossible, why should hers be as well?

Yet with my luck, she'll probably have a boyfriend too!

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If I Had A Dream

October 13, 2006 @ 17:09

Where do I begin when it comes to dreams? I often think of a telephone call with another person answering. In conversation, I'd hear the word "cure" somewhere. I often think of the day when I finally walk again, and what I'd do upon taking my first step. Would I even remember how?

I'd run outside in the middle of the night and scream under the orange hue of streetlights. I'd jump for joy staying up until morning, running until I had no energy. I'd make the sidewalk my resting place, waiting for sunrise from the distant horizon.

I miss the simple things. I miss being able to reach what's in front of me, and the cold, dry feeling of walls. I miss the roughness of construction paper and smoothness of a wooden desk. I miss holding a pencil knowing freedom is only another stroke away. I miss kneeling upon the shores of a beach, taking a handful of sand to feel the grains of them run through the blades of my fingers. I miss touching my own face.

I want to feel more than just the wheelchair joystick, or computer mouse in my hand.

When I was younger, I wanted to be a cartoonist. I always returned home after school with my sketchpad, letting my imagination run wild. I also wanted to be a chef to cook for all the pretty girls.

Of course, I'm rather weird and I actually enjoyed cleaning. I had an impossible time falling asleep if ever I didn't tidy my room. Now, I prefer everything symmetrical and parallel to one another. As I grew to accept my physical limitations, I wanted to be a househusband. I appreciated housework so it was only for the best.

But those dreams have long since faded. When I saw the ridiculous excuse for a painting I had created on the day I quit high school, I knew it was time to let go. Funny, how one moment can change your life forever.

Change is an inevitable part of the human experience, as it is with sorrow. A lot of my dreams have been lost, and without them, what's the purpose of life?

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Why do I regret the things I've no control over? Why do I regret the fact that I could have ran another mile, or jumped a few more ropes? If I had known, I'd have stopped playing so many video games.

When one door closes, another eventually opens, and I'm glad to have found writing. It's the one thing that allows freedom, a limitless expression of my mind. It's all that remains of me.

So here I am in this place I call home, to record my dreams and make sure they don't break. Yet all of them I'd give away for a moment in romance, for dreams are meant to be shared.

If I had a dream, I'd dream of someone. I'd dream of running until I had no energy and continue until I found my destination. I'd meet her under the orange hue of streetlights, dancing with her in musical silence. Resting on the sidewalk hand-in-hand, we'd dream into the darkness of night, building more within the distance between our eyes.

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The Dark Side Of Me

October 16, 2006 @ 14:09

A lot of people think the reason I'm sad is because of my physical disability. Is it?

There's a place inside my heart that continues to haunt so… much. I can't erase the disturbed look I saw in his eyes many years ago. I can't tear down the memories of one particular evening that took away my smile forever.

I still remember so clearly when seemingly out of nowhere, my friend burst into tears. She cried hard as the silence consumed. While leaving, she even apologized. I tried my best to reassure her.

Enraged, I said some horrible things. When I tried confiding my hatred and despair in the one person I thought I could rely upon, I realized I had no one and felt even more alone.

I had the opportunity to see the most beautiful little girl, but could hardly look at her. I regretted those words so much, yet was sore afraid. As she turned towards my direction and told me not to blame her, my heart dropped. I said nothing, but in that brief angelic glimpse, the child taught me that love can only exist without reason because as soon as I laid eyes on her, I knew I'd die for her.

There isn't a day that goes by when I'm not worried. At times I feel resentment, but I've no right. I feel so helpless, even though it's not in my place.

I still have nightmares. I still blame myself for what happened. I blamed him for years while remembering that vivid look. I'm saddened to realize it was really me who sensed there was something wrong. I wish I had the courage to tell him how sorry I am for thinking such thoughts.

With Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy, it's important to have a sense of emotional independence when you rely so much on others. If not, you'll end up losing your individuality. I had to find myself.

I started giving relationship advice on Internet discussion forums, namely Lovingyou.com. I wrote paragraph after paragraph, each and every day for four years. I eventually came up with an article called '4 Steps To Mending A Broken Heart'.

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The mysterious fascination I've always had towards women fell into place while consoling those broken hearts. It was as if I saved a part of her. It took away my pain every time a stranger told me how much I helped and made her understand the happiness she deserved.

But they weren't the ones in need of salvation. I'm still caught between my own guilt and despair. I'm the one who needs to be saved. I've nothing more to give because my heart is gone most of the time.

Sometimes I feel as if I'm trivializing her torment in my own selfish turmoil. I'd go through my physical challenges all over again if only it could prevent what had happened. I'd even give up my journey of romance.

And sometimes I wish I could destroy the evil that continues to lurk, but I can't. I can't even wipe my stupid tears. As they fall from one eye into the next when I'm lying alone in darkness, I can't help but want someone to touch them away. I can't help but want her to hold me close and never let go. I can't help but need her to take me away from this death within my heart.

So I close my eyes and surrender to these burning teardrops that never cease. I try and forget this lingering ghost, locked deep inside my heart. My sadness is nothing more than a mask to hide my real sadness.

Dedicated to someone I love.

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Searching For My Inner Batman

October 19, 2006 @ 20:41

As I close my eyes and surrender to darkness, I submerge my mind into an abyss of nevermore. I coexist with fear, letting my tears cleanse the death within. I find serenity in the confines of silence…

"And why do we fall, Bruce? So we can learn to pick ourselves up."

I wish I had someone to tell me such things. I figure we're all just children, searching for a path towards redemption.

I want to return to a time of innocence and find that little boy who used to be me. I want to hold his hand and teach him to stand tall, even when the world is crumbling before his eyes. I'd tell him not to be afraid.

"My anger outweighs my guilt."

How does one become more than the person he is when imprisoned within his own grief?

When we allow hatred to become an added reason to love, it refocuses our spiritual energy in a different direction. Inside our hearts is where remnants of hope linger. There's always a potential for possibility in what only seems impossible. This is how I look for my inner Batman.

Though, there *are* drawbacks in becoming our fears. It's not so cool when a criminal asks for your identity in panic mode and you answer, "I'm Butterflyman!"

How does one react to that except laugh his ass off? I end up laughing whenever others do, and no matter the darkness, isn't it a little ridiculous to fight crime while cracking up?

Of course, when a certain someone decided to kill a mosquito for me, I developed a sense of compassion for the insect community. Her hand/eye coordination is a bit off, and as she clapped all over the place like a madwoman, I eventually saw its butt drop to the ground like an atomic bomb. The poor bastard died in half.

Compassion for flying creatures is something I need to learn because what if Tinkerbelle decides to land on my shoulder one day?

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I'd never forgive myself if I purposely but accidentally killed the sexiest airborne honey from my childhood fantasies.

The Dark Knight and I relate with each other so well. 'Batman Begins' will remain to be one of my all-time favourite movies. And it's definitely a chick flick because I end up crying every time.

Then again, I'm also afraid of the dark. I still need a nightlight so it kind of defeats my whole idea of saving the princess! Can you imagine?

Her: "Ricky, I'm scared!"
Me: "I'm scared too!"

But is it really so shameful to want a girl to protect me? Someone to hold me close during thunderstorms? Someone to swat away evil butterflies, and tell me the reason we fall is so we can learn to pick ourselves up?

Batgirl would!

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The Neanderthal Gene

October 24, 2006 @ 22:53

Why do brothers always feel the need to protect their sisters, scaring the crap out of anyone interested in them?

No matter how much of a gentleman we are, at the back of our minds we continue to think everyone else is creepy and perverted. He could give her a bunch of decrepit flowers with a prehistoric fruitcake for the folks and we'd have that squinty-eyed look of suspicion. He could do all the charity work in the world and he'd still be the biggest douche bag in the universe. As the poor bastard inevitably clings to his pants in a moment of wetness, that's when our mission is accomplished.

Unfortunately, reverse evolution is also inevitable. Do you ever notice how when you're angry and your eyebrows squeeze together, the skin between them becomes a bit itchy?

You're really in the process of giving in to your hidden Neanderthal gene because the uni-brow is in its first stages of redevelopment…

"ME NEED PROTECT FAMILY 'GINA! PROCREATION BAD!"

I used to see a chiropractor when I was younger. I thought there were hyenas whenever she laughed. I don't understand why she has her secretary call and wish me a happy birthday every other year after a decade of nothing. She usually receives a thank you message on her answering machine after working hours. Mind you, her son is no exception. He's a creepy little asshole if you haven't figured already.

They visited me at the hospital once. As I dropped something on the floor and my sister went to pick it up, I realized he was checking her out! I was *pissed*. Of all the butts in the world, he had the audacity to lay eyes on my sister's, in front of me?!

Boy, do you want to die? You don't look at, or think about my sister in any sort of way, ever! Her butt isn't for anyone to stare, but mine to make fun of!!!

When he noticed my if-you-even-glance-at-her-for-another-second-I'm-gonna-cut-it-off look, his eyes immediately projected away like a pair of speeding bullets. *Pussy.*

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Though sometimes, I wish I had a pet lesbian. I want to name her Kitty and protect her from all the spiders and monsters and hold her in my sleep. I want to tuck her in and read her stories and gently pat her pretty head.

It's the ultimate form of romance. I'd be her emotional gigolo. If she got hurt, she could catch a ride on the back of my wheelchair to the hospital. I'd watch her sleep as she wiggles her lovely nose.

And maybe, just maybe, she might find my feminine side attractive. I do love chick flicks, and it might convince her to change teams and finally give me a chance at winning her heart.

Then again with my luck, if she *were* to magically change teams, she'd probably fall for a creep, while my hidden Neanderthal gene gets the best of me. Rawr!

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Silliness Is Next To Sexiness

October 27, 2006 @ 15:28

Seduction is when you dip a sugar cube into a glass of wine. As you place the moist block of candy in her mouth, her lips are touched by the warmth of fingertips. She surrenders to you, sucking upon the blood of grape, the sweet elixir of intoxication…

But is the essence of sinfully delicious lust a requirement?

Silliness has a lot to do with sexiness. Although it's a state of mind, I continue to flirt with myself in front of the bathroom mirror with sunglasses and a goofy smile, almost falling down the toilet in the process.

I sometimes imagine myself checking out a really cute girl and crashing into the wall accidentally on purpose, just to make her giggle. Though if I did, I'd probably crash into a person, perhaps even a member of the law enforcement.

How about at the library? You could seduce a lonely bookworm by sticking out your tongue, even when you're a supposed adult. You could even do peek-a-boos with an encyclopaedia, proving your ridiculousness *and* intelligence.

It's about taking risks, and seduction is to voluntarily make a fool of yourself without fear. When your face becomes tomato-like as she rolls her pretty eyes, know that you did it for love, and a noble cause.

Even more romantic is when you place your hand on a car window as she superimposes hers from the other side, but not the prison kind! Those romances aren't what I'm looking for. They remind me of a story told by my sister. Apparently, some idiot had his butt banged a little too much, perforating his rectum, *twice*.

This is why it's a duty of mine to make fun of her butt for all the times she grosses me out with medical junk.

She then told me about a sweet old couple in their eighties who were newlyweds. They returned from their honeymoon with broken backs, hips, and cracked ribs. What the hell were they thinking?

"OPERATOR! WHAT'S THE NUMBER FOR 911?! MY WIFE AND I WERE DOING THE NASTY! I PUSHED A LIT-

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TLE TOO HARD AND BROKE HER HIP! THEN I BROKE HER BACK AND CRACKED MY RIBS FALLING FORWARD!"

Why do we always feel the need to condescend old people, as if we're gasping for air in an atmosphere of 85% cuteness? It's not *our* fault that their wrinkly faces create an aura of soft and cuddly fuzziness!

My delightful sister also informed me of an incident involving a giant poo from her university days. The dormitory toilet was clogged for an entire week because some enormous asshole (literally) decided to take a dump that was the size of a grapefruit. I still feel so bad for the janitor. He had to cut it into quarters, flushing one section at a time.

Then again, romance has a lot to do with excrement because the way to determine if someone has fallen madly in love with you is when she follows your habits. Toilet humour at the dinner table is a family tradition, and I can't wait until the day I corrupt the mind of a good girl with a decent set of morals and values. Once she makes her first joke, I'll know she's the one…

"WELCOME TO THE FAMILY!!!"

I particularly love the part where you torture each other with useless crap made from recycled newspaper, toilet rolls, macaroni, and other assortments of garbage. You know in your heart she has to keep them, no matter how much of a cheap bastard you are. It's the effort that counts.

No, seduction isn't about lust, or sucking each other's fingertips. It's about tickling each other with them, non-stop. It's not to find sexual desire within passionate looks of love. It's to have staring contests, cracking up with nerdy snorts. It's to hold her hand, letting her know how much you want all of her, completely, because sometimes, making her vomit is the best part of romance. When you're given the opportunity to hold her pretty hair as she continues to hurl, then and only then will you understand the true art of seduction.

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My Haunted Romance

October 31, 2006 @ 0:06

Dear You,

If you searched your heart for a lost romance, would I be the one you think of? Would you remember me for a lifetime, or am I nothing more than a distant memory, faded from your mind?

I remember the moment you touched my face and took my breath away. I remember the way of you, how you found me through tender caresses.

You haunt me so with your lingering spirit; a melody of whispers I follow. Your soft-spoken voice enfolds me as I surrender to the inevitable slumber. Your mystery surrounds every part of me, while I'm left with contentment and despair.

Are you from a time of past or future? Shall I find you in the last of my days?

You torture me with your presence. I'm haunted by untouchable affections. If ever I find a way to be free of this torment, I still wouldn't let you go. I find tranquillity in solitude, the way to be near to you. It gives hope to discover the traces of your whereabouts, before it's much too late.

Until I find the ghost of you, my heart will remain bewitched by your enchanted spell. I'll continue holding on to timeless memories, awaiting your possession. You're the one I'd sacrifice eternity for, and in exchange, forevermore.

Dear You, whoever you are. You're here with me, but where? You're the place in my heart where dreams aren't far, and I long to lose myself in you.

Yours,
Ricky

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Our Intentions In Life

November 2, 2006 @ 19:36

Have you ever wondered what drives us to do the things we do? Why are we constantly in search of a destination? What makes us different from everyone else? What defines our intentions?

Take the late Christopher Reeve. It was only after his accident that he started a foundation for people with the same affliction. It was only then that he decided to help fund research.

Are we so easily manipulated that tragedy is the ultimate form of motivation? Are our intentions inherently selfish?

There was an episode of '20/20' on heaven. Leaders from various religions spoke on how magnificent it is, as well as the path towards salvation. While they rambled on, I kept asking myself, *If I was God, how would I feel if the only reason I'm loved is because of my glorious kingdom?* Would *you* want to live with a bunch of freeloaders?

In another segment, they interviewed former pastor Ted Haggard, who recently admitted to soliciting a prostitute for homosexual sex and methamphetamine. He was going with the flow to attract younger generations, using tactics such as rock music and other forms of teachings to lure them in. However, this is detrimental to the Christian faith. It implies that the Word alone is insufficient.

God isn't a God of compromise. He never changes His doctrines to tickle the ears of potential followers. He's neither conformed to nor patterned after the world. Christians are to preach the Gospel within the parameters of His law.

It's sad that our intentions have such boundaries. The quest for humanity is said to be a path of redemption, but is it really to be free from ourselves?

Do we have faith for fear of going to hell? Do we have faith because we're in need of guidance from a higher power? Do we have faith because it makes us feel righteous? Or do we love God, simply because?

How does one love with a selfless heart?

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Perhaps it's impossible to be free of selfishness when our needs and desires are so strong. Perhaps it's a part of what makes us human. And perhaps it's the same reason I'm haunted by nightmares, because fear continues to consume me.

My quest in life is to find the meaning of love without generic dreams or ideals. I define myself with thoughts and words. I only hope my intentions are genuine.

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The Choices Defining Us

November 5, 2006 @ 23:29

They say destiny is out of our hands, and that we can't change what was written in the stars. However if this was the case, hope can't exist either. If we were destined for failure, giving up would be the only answer.

Choices define us. If we live according to a belief of success, only to sit at home and wait for dreams to come true, nothing will ever happen.

There are those who believe the only way for a person to know love is if he/she was brought up in an environment of it. While a number of disturbed individuals come from horrific backgrounds, this essentially means fate can only be established by others, thus defeating the purpose of being human.

To determine the truth, it's imperative to consider the victims of child abuse. Have you ever wondered why some spend their lives helping others? Do they only know to emulate love?

A person isn't destined for failure unless he/she chooses it. Even if we seem to have an excuse to let negative experiences become a reason to hurt others, we're still responsible for our actions. Despite the lessons in love that are learned, love is always something to call our own.

It angers me when people justify adultery as a mistake. Excusing it as such is the most disgraceful fabrication in social misconceptions. Mistakes are without knowledge of consequences, whereas cheating is a choice that acknowledges them.

When you know you're going to hurt her and continue, it means you never cared. If you love someone, you don't even consider hurting her because risking her heart is never an option. And when you're endangering her life with sexually transmitted diseases, cheating says it all.

You're hurting the one person who waits upon you, late into the evening, with a heated plate of spaghetti and a bowl of homemade soup. As she tries hard to convince herself that suspicions are only thoughts, you're out there having the time of your life. How could

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anyone risk another's heart and life for nothing more than a cheap thrill if they're remotely capable of love?

Even worse, there are people who actually pursue adulterous relationships and are proud of it. Their glory is in their shame, but yet the flawed views of society tell us not to judge?

If you purposely chase after already committed men, who also have families, it means you're disgusting and a disgrace to humanity.

What about the innocent victims, and children?

Adulterers are never satisfied with what they have. They can never achieve genuine happiness because they lack a conscience to understand compassion, while their substitute comes from lust and vile affections. It's a natural punishment for their sins.

The reason cheating is heartless comes from the fact that it's unnecessary. Why hurt someone who loves you? Why violate someone you don't even know? You can't go behind someone's back and expect to have affection from both parties when it's selfish and wrong. If you want "freedom", let the other person go before finding another. Not that I'm promoting divorce, but it's much better than violating and risking another's life.

The real question is, how much are we willing to sacrifice for dreams? How much effort are we willing to give? We may live by rules that are written in stone, but stones shatter and wither to dust. I'd like to think I have a say in my destiny, that I'm capable of rising above boundaries.

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The Upside To Wanker

November 8, 2006 @ 16:13

Have you ever felt as though you don't want to care anymore?

Strange, isn't it, how life plays itself out? How it seems so dreamlike and how real the dream is. It might sound ridiculous, but whenever I have an erection, I get sad because there's nothing I can do to relieve myself.

It's stupid how a basic human function can have such an effect. All I can do is stare blankly into the mirror that I feel so much like breaking. I can't even reach down to make myself feel like a man.

As I close my eyes hoping for the hardness to go away, I end up laughing at myself for being so incomplete. I take painkillers twice a day. I have to endure drippy noses and an itchy face, while all I want is a little pleasure.

What kind of man am I? I've only had sex with less than one person. I sleep in a single bed. I live with my parents. I don't have a source of income except my disability pension, and I cry more than my sister during chick flicks. I'm every girl's worst nightmare, but even nightmares were made to be awoken from. I'm just another slut of emotions in search of something more… than a wet dream.

It doesn't help that I have chronic morning hard-ons lasting for fifteen minutes, scaring nursie half to death whenever he tries to pee me. He has to push down every two seconds, hoping for it to stay. He suggested that I find a hooker, but regardless of desperation, I still value my sense of dignity. I believe in post-marital love making, not because I want to.

I've contemplated suicide, but if I don't even have the strength to do the dirty deed, how is it possible to hold a gun against my head?

There are times when I feel as though I don't deserve the right to sadness because most of the things that happen to me are so ridiculous. I hold on to it for a little normalcy, yet if ever I'm in a moment of sorrow and suddenly my wheelchair breaks down, I'd feel even more ridiculous. I'm not afraid to die, only from suffocation or in the middle of a poo. I don't want those cute paramedic honeys to see me with pants down and half a turd hanging out my ass.

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You could call it morally wrong and I'd agree, but suicide for the physically disabled is a human right. They should make a place for people to drive into a body of water, with a rescue crew that gives a four-minute window to drown.

The real question is, what defines a man? All I have is a handful of words and an ideal, a belief, that its definition can only be measured by the way we love a woman. I have to believe this, or I'd have nothing.

Ah, screw it. I'm no wanker. I'm in need of a good fucking is all!

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The Seasons Of Romance

November 12, 2006 @ 17:56

There are symbols of romance in the world we know. As leaves descend, autumn signifies the art of falling, an inevitable part of nature, and the human heart. We can't help but surrender.

Here are the timeless moments, the first sentences to an undying love story, the greatest ever told. Fall is a time of letting go. It's the submersion in an endless abyss; the unknown and risk. Completely vulnerable of what's to come, desire overpowers fear. Hearts are finally made free.

As she touches your face with delicate fingertips, you close your eyes to them. Her warmth seeps within you, like the sweater making her cozy. All you want is to capture the way of her, and hold her close and never let go.

You lie awake together by the fireplace. Finding rapture in the crackling sounds, you gaze upon the curves of her body defining the woman in her. You watch on as the soft light of flames dances atop her skin.

Winter draws near as the frames of time slow. Romance becomes a frozen wonderland, where memories last a lifetime. You look to the snowfall from a window pane, keeping warm with blankets wrapped around. You're content with where you are.

The inviting air of Christmas emerges. Timelessness becomes a path to unwrap the gift that is her heart. You find yourself kissing underneath the mistletoe, while background conversations fade. They become non-existent, and all that remains is the distance between your eyes and hers.

Icicles melt, and the pace of romance quickens to reunite with spring. The eternal memories shared blossom in the name of love. You're on the verge of entering another chapter in her heart. You've found home at last; a blank canvas for painting dreams.

As you venture into her heart to find the secrets of desire, the mystery has only begun. You've unlocked a small part of what makes her incredible, in every way she is.

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The momentum of discovery continues. As the ambient warmth of summer embraces, you're in the middle of July, chasing after her in hayfields far and wide, reaching to grab her hand.

Running into each other's arms, bodies collide in a moment of hush. You realize how much you can't live without. Gentle pitter-patters become her beautiful heart cries. They dissolve into a tearful kiss as a rainbow finds its way.

When the leaves continue their descent, it's time to fall in love once more. It's a scene with children on the playground, laughing and chasing on an early November evening. It's when your child stops to look at you, continuing on as she knows that wherever she might fall, there will always be someone to catch her.

Romance is defined by a sense of knowing, safety, and understanding. Worries disappear, and home isn't so far away.

When I fall in love, I picture myself falling upon her sweetness in small steps. I'll know and understand that wherever I may tremble and how many times I fall, every path I follow will lead me closer to her.

I'd like to think she's watching me now, somewhere from a distant afar…

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The Food Curse

November 15, 2006 @ 22:19

Is it me, or does Rachael Ray have the tendency to scare the crap out of you too? Whenever I click through The Food Network and see her face, I'm scrambling like a junkie in need of a different channel. She might come out and eat me, or worse, *talk* me to death!

Unfortunately, she's only a part of my food curse. It all started on one particular birthday when the parental units told me to be careful not to leak air while blowing candles. There I was, about three or four years old, holding on to my little bum while everyone laughed…

From then on, things continued to worsen. When I finally succeeded in using chopsticks, I was so thrilled that I grabbed my first piece of food and showed it off to everyone. I put it in my mouth and chewed. As my faced caved in, I immediately realized that I grabbed the worst of my nightmares. Mom made stir-fried bitter melon with beef and I didn't get the beef.

And why do I always bite into the most gigantic clove of garlic, or the tiniest slice of ginger? No matter what I consume and however careful I am, it's still me.

How about the incident on Toonie Tuesday?

KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN RAN OUT OF CHICKEN!!!

But let's talk about my aunt, shall we? She reheated leftover chicken for over twenty minutes in the toaster oven. According to her, she wanted to thoroughly cook cooked chicken.

NOTE: Putting water underneath does *not* keep anything moist, especially when the heat is so high that liquid evaporates within seconds. Also, if you're unable to differentiate between meat and bone, it's overcooked!

You could have killed someone with that piece of artificial fossil. It was hard as rock. If you bit into it, your teeth would shatter.

My aunt is great, aside from her "cooking" that is. She's tiny and she loves watching horror movies. Whenever the telephone rings, spontaneous combustion happens. With food all over the place, my aunt attracts ants?

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She cracks me up. She made cookies once with soy sauce as a welcome gift. Her brother (dad) cooked fish with every single Chinese condiment imaginable. It looked like a dead sewer creature. Five thousand years of history in cooking and we ended up ordering pizza?

Why do men always save room for food? I sometimes eat just an orange for lunch to prepare for a huge dinner. Gas-X specifically says "after meals", but I take it before for extra storage. It's what I do at all-you-can-eat restaurants. I eat so much that my ribs hurt in the morning, while I develop stretch marks.

I did the same for my sister's wedding banquet. I was so hungry at the reception that I stuffed my face full of ham while no one was watching. As I transformed into my primal state, a long-time friend came from behind to congratulate me. I said what any loving brother would have said:

"HANK OOOO!"

Sigh… why me?

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What It Means To Be A Man

November 17, 2006 @ 22:54

Remember how Martha Shaw from 'The Notebook' wanted Noah's love but never received as his heart belonged to another?

She continued giving despite his unwillingness to return her affections. All she wanted was for her shattered dreams to recover. She found hope in the saddest ways, and I can't help but ask, *What about her?*

What about the one you neglected, to wallow in self-pity? The one who sits in the kitchen awaiting your return, hoping to see you this time around? The one who knows her best friend desperately tries to change the subject whenever a significant other is mentioned in the group? The one who cries alone and wipes her own tears for reassurance? What about the one who'd sacrifice her life because of unconditional love?

Martha Shaw symbolizes incredible strength. However as a man, it's about finding the path to her heart without the need for instruction. If she has to give such detail, it means you've failed to notice what really matters. It's not unreasonable for her to expect you to read her mind when effort counts for most.

Some say it's a flaw for women to want their men to change, but in actuality, it spells opportunity. The most common excuse is that she wants to be in control, but if you explore to discover her reasons, you'll understand her desires are from the best of intentions. She wants you to change, not because she doesn't accept, but that she believes in you.

There are times when a man can only be defined by his willingness to let a woman in his heart. If you allow yourself to break free from the boundaries of love to find romance, your journey of becoming a man begins. You have to open your eyes to realize that hers can inspire you to fall in love, time and time again.

Love is the realization that possibility outweighs the impossible. A man is usually defined by his physical strength or financial status; the ability to care for his family. Are you man enough to let yourself find dreams within her love?

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To be a man is to let her become your inspiration. It's to make her your reason and opportunity to become the person you were always meant to be. It's to rise above the desire for someone better, seeing it in the one your arms have enfolded. It's about faith that defies impossibility because she'll always be more.

But how do you reach a woman's heart when she can't see you, and had already lost the great romance of her life? How do you break free from the misty look in her eyes whenever you touch her face?

The point is, you have to show your love without focusing on her acknowledgment. The art of loving a woman is to give her wings, while hoping for her stay. It's the momentum of reaching that one moment when she looks into your eyes and realizes her dreams have already come true, when you make them into your own.

Should you spend your entire life carrying the weight of her sorrows for that one smile, know it was worth every effort. Her dreams are beautiful, and for you to become a part of them is what it means to be a man.

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The Way Of A Woman

November 21, 2006 @ 21:00

A woman's beauty is often defined by her physical feature combinations. The way her body curves is sensual and erotic. However, the touch is an extension of her heart that moves us to find what defines her deep inside. I've always believed the most beautiful part of a woman is her fingers.

They're most sensitive with many blood vessels. When she takes your hand, she's conveying her heart upon you. As fingers interlock, she's letting her spirit and soul flow directly into your bloodstream. With her inside, you become vulnerable yet know you're safe somehow.

Perhaps it's the same reason a wedding ring signifies so much. She's letting a constant stream of vows and promises flow directly into her heart for the rest of her life.

Her fingers are soft and gentle, warm and inviting. She can take you to utopia with nothing more than a simple touch. Caressing your face, your only desire is to surrender, with fears and worries washing away. Her touch instils a sense of knowing as you fall asleep in her arms.

It's the way she drags her fingertips along the lonely hallways, sunlight kissing the silk of her skin. It's the way they protrude from sweater sleeves, how she lightly dabs her dessert to place inside her mouth. It's the way she picks up the telephone without even knowing how lucky it is. Her fingers softly embrace the receiver, and she's never letting go.

If dreams became reality, her touch would bring unseen colours to life, though the way of a woman isn't only of nocturnal fairytales. It's to realize there are still some things in the world that can neither be corrupted nor destroyed.

Can we measure the way of her with only the touch?

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As you venture to discover a new sense of inspiration, it encourages a different path in your journey of romance. It's the way she's more afraid to hurt than to lose you; the determining factor of unconditional love. It's the way she hopes and dreams for everyone else as she continues to wish the same for herself.

All the beauties defining the way of a woman inspire us to understand it's not the questions of love that drive us to continue the evolution of finding truth, but love is the answer to all questions of meaning. They allow us the opportunity to follow her footsteps, learning to love her with every beat of our hearts.

If ever you find her looking out the window with shades of blue overshadowing her surroundings, remember to reach for the softness of her hand. While imperfections represent the crevices of her heart, find your way to her face and discover the beauties within, unlocking the secrets to perfection.

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Unwrapping Your Heart

December 3, 2006 @ 0:08

Dear You,

There's a voice that resonates within me. She's my reason to continue on. Closing my eyes to forget the burning tears, I know I'm not alone. Her whispers take me away from darkness, and I swear she's you.

Your fingertips capture pain. You understand despair so well. You know just where to reach my heart to make them disappear.

Are you the one with broken smiles? The fragments that were kissed by your blood inspire you to caress my face.

But I sense a bittersweet look in your eyes. I feel your sadness within them. You put on a mask for the world to see, even while your tears seep through. As your disguise begins to perish, you're afraid to fall into the abyss of nevermore.

Perhaps you find it peculiar of me when you're my voice of comfort, but the listener has awoken. I promise to never let go.

One teardrop at a time, my fingertips shall make love with your face, for the ultimate form of romance is to touch your beautiful heart cries away. Surrender yourself to me…

Dear You, whoever you are and wherever you may be. I promise you'll never be alone again, for I'll always remain. I don't want someone like you, only you alone. And if ever you find you're falling apart, I hope to find you in my arms.

Yours,
Ricky

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Sleepless In Toronto

December 5, 2006 @ 21:08

Sometimes I think too much for my own good. With recent thoughts and worries, let's just say I've been sleeping quite well because I'm not exactly normal, now am I? I feel so sleepless, tired, and lost.

I lie alone in bed, gazing upon that boat picture on the wall. I think of romance and how I should go about touching a woman's heart. I look out the window to a brick wall, keeping me from wishing upon a starry night of many dreams I'll never possess.

I suppose it's the reason I need music to fall asleep. I need someone to sing to me so I may drift away into dreamland.

They say romance is something we look for, but is it really? If all we do is focus on the search, how is love possible when no one gives?

Love in its purest form is selfless. Its purity is sacred. It's something to give and never ask for in return, for receiving a woman's love isn't to fulfill our needs, but hers alone; to realize that maybe her heart desires the same.

In my never-ending journey of romance, perhaps it's not about finding strength in my frail hands. Perhaps it's about her touching and holding me.

I'm restfully sleepless. I'm tired of running from nightmares, reassuring myself every time. I'm exhausted and in need of a softer place to fall upon. I don't want to face it alone anymore. I can't. I need to close my eyes and fall asleep for once in my life without worrying about this, that, and everything in between.

"Ricky, everything will be okay. No matter how far you run, or where you might fall, you'll always end up in my loving arms. If you look hard enough, you'll eventually find an image of yourself, for you're the only one in my heart."

If only I had the opportunity, that one chance for her to look in my direction…

I always try that romantic look, but they either return it with confusion, or think I'm constipated. I give in and make a goofy smile as if I'm rapidly fanning my mouth like a groundhog that just ate a

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leaf of lettuce sprayed with a cayenne pepper solution. In awe of her elegance, I set off the low pressure alarm looking like an idiot, and in the background, BEEP… BEEP… BEEP!!!

At times, a cute girl would smile at me as I wonder:

Is she smiling because she thinks I need a smile, that it's the right thing to do for a physically disabled person?
Is there some kind of green vegetable stuck between my teeth?
Does she think I'm sexy and cute and want to ask me out?
If I ask for her number, would she freak and immediately make up some sort of excuse so she can let me down easily?
Does she think of me as a potential someone, or just a boy in a wheelchair who probably knows nothing about love and can't have sex?

I'm searching for a way to project through my eyes that I'm actually a hopeless romantic perv in need of a special someone. I need some more of that TAG Body Spray!

If you look into my eyes, can you end up in my heart?
Can you fall in love with agony, this pain I feel inside?
Can you reach into my darkness, and take my hand in yours?
Can you take my hand and hold it, until forevermore?

I go home to look in the mirror. Wearing shades at ten o'clock in the evening, I see my reflection once more, someone who can't even begin to compete with all the other bachelors because girls have needs. How is it possible to provide for them when I can't even reach to touch her face?

But this is about what I want, and I want someone neurotic and elegant, who understands my off-the-wall sense of humour, falling for my ridiculous romances. I want someone soft and gentle, who's

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genuine in her cares. She'd have the sweetest smile that would drive me to crash into anything available, and she'd love me for only me.

Then, I wouldn't need music as the rhythm of her heart becomes my lullaby. Her sweet breath washing over my face would seduce me to drift away into dreamland for real. She'd whisper in my ear, "Ricky, I love you…"

I hope she runs to me.

Though sometimes, even when dreams were never made to be mine, all I really want is for someone to say:

"I would."

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Defining A Hero

December 10, 2006 @ 23:53

What defines a hero? Is it the act of carrying the weight of the world? Is it the willingness to risk and give our lives for a moral cause? Is death the ultimate sacrifice in receiving this title?

Heroes are usually defined by professions that allow the choice of giving life for the betterment of others. Undoubtedly, most have earned the right, but do these labels drive us away from seeing others who deserve the same honour?

While giving life is noble, choosing otherwise can also be an act of heroism because it's not about dying for a cause, but *what* cause.

If someone accidentally saved another's life, is he/she still a hero?

Actions speak louder than words, but intentions speak more, while choices define them. Sometimes the ones invisible to us are the greatest heroes of all.

Running away from dangerous situations results in condemnation. But is it cowardly to protect ourselves from harm's way to continue taking care of our families?

This is the reason we see wives pleading for husbands not to be the hero, in risk of losing the father of their children. It has nothing to do with the misconception that women are irrational or overemotional. It has to do with the fact that he's already her hero, regardless.

A father who steals bread for his family, or a mother who goes to work sick while constantly dealing with harassment; these are the heroes we often overlook.

It's hard when we're misguided by social standards and stereotypes. Some are rendered into nothing more than victims. A woman who had been sexually assaulted is a victim, but her ability to carry the burden of an unspeakable violation alone makes her the heroine of heroines. I admire her because it's the pity we should look past.

What defines a hero is how we define ourselves as men. Women tend to swallow their pride to make us happy, but it's important to acknowledge her heart. When her integrity is at stake, we must encourage her not to compromise. If she takes our side unconditionally,

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we need to encourage her to correct us when we're wrong. She needs to know how much we care for every fibre of her being, including her character.

There might be hatred in my heart, but I don't want to become someone who sees more importance in revenge than protecting her. It's impossible for me to throw a punch. If I tried to defend a girl, *I'd* require protection from getting knocked out in less than two seconds. Though even if I could, I'd still focus on her needs because compared to her heart, vengeance is meaningless.

I wish I could be a hero.

After a recent biopsy, it was confirmed that mom has cancer cells in one of the nodules in her liver. It was caught in its early stages, but she'll eventually need a transplant. I suggested donating half of mine, but I'm not an eligible donor. I'd most likely die of heart failure.

Becoming a hero involves three steps: intent, choice, and action. I lack action, but hopefully, if there isn't another available, I could convince the specialist to reconsider. I have to. I'm not afraid to die because I know who I'd be dying for.

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Mom

December 12, 2006 @ 14:04

Mom is currently in the hospital recovering from an ablation for the cancer nodule in her liver. It's a new form of cauterization to prevent the affected cells from spreading, but a transplant is the long-term solution.

Unfortunately, bad things happen to good people, and acceptance is the only answer. Sometimes we have to stop crying and live as if it's our first day in the world.

Although I've learned much from my own thoughts, I owe so much to mom. She's our rock through the many hardships, mainly because of me. Who else would want a physically disabled child? I couldn't even go with her this morning as getting me ready for an eight o'clock appointment would cause everyone more stress.

But this is reality, and the reason my journey of romance seemingly exists in vain. No matter how hard I try to convince myself otherwise, the truth is still uncompromising.

I must be strong. I need to believe at the end of my last breath that I've always fought with honour, and my desire to become more wasn't without merit. I have to continue my silent fight without fear, like mom.

In her words and actions, she has given me the opportunity to emerge with an appreciation for the human spirit; our capacity to overcome. However, she tells me a lot of things I already know. She doesn't seem to understand how much we're alike, but it's the same reason we often succumb to heated arguments when our personalities conflict.

Ironically, the inheritance of Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy is x-linked recessive. There are times when I feel like I should blame the female gender for my challenges in life, but then how could I resent such beautiful creatures? Eve might have committed the first act of sin when she stole from the tree of knowledge of good and evil, but without women, there'd be nothing worthy to live or die for.

A mother is the epiphany of unconditional love. I used to think it selfish for her to choose a child over life in a high-risk preg-

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nancy. It's difficult for a man to understand when his wife is his world, but the act of selflessness isn't of the world. This is why women are of angelic descent.

A woman endures agony and more to breathe new life into our world. She's the bearer of children, and to say that being a wife and mother is the equivalent to having two full-time careers would be an outrageous understatement. Because of her love, there are still some things in life that evil can never touch.

Call me a momma's boy and make fun of me as you please, but mom will always be my heroine. She gives me a new respect for women.

If I had to die for someone, it would be her, no questions asked. Ga Jei and dad are willing to donate half their livers, but he needs to take care of mom and my sister has a little boy. A lot of things would be destroyed if something happened to either of them. Myself on the other hand, I'm expendable.

I need to die with a little dignity anyway, but with my luck, that's when someone finally falls for me!

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I'm Cursed

Close Encounters Of The Medical Kind

December 15, 2006 @ 19:23

Back in 2003, there was an outbreak of SARS in Toronto. We had to sign in and out of medical facilities, while decontamination was mandatory.

At the time, I developed a urinary tract infection. Nursie insisted that I wear a mask to the walk-in clinic as a preventative measure, but as soon as I went through the door, the woman passing by looked at me in *horror*.

The opportunity to scare the crap out of everyone was obvious. There we were in the middle of an epidemic, and there *I* was on a ventilator, with a mask. I parked my giant mechanical ass next to some poor bastard who was already sweating bullets. I pretended to cough and whispered:

"EBOLA, EBOLA!"

I suppose karma came into play afterwards. On my way out, the naughty and delicious strawberry secretary smiled at me, but couldn't see my returning smile behind the stupid mask!

Since then, my curses have become more apparent, especially at the healthcare centre. I hardly understand why hospital food is so horrible when aren't we supposed to "recover" after a visit? I once had a Styrofoam omelette that leaked egg juice. I shudder at the memories…

Though, I do admit to having a love/hate relationship with their egg substitute, like my on and off status with Swiss Chalet's dipping sauce. With each bite, my disgust grows, yet I continue yearning for more?

When my big fat Greek roommate came into the picture, I slowly but surely realized my place in the medical world. I was having a sleep study to determine my oxygen and carbon dioxide levels, but little did I know there was to be another form of gas. I was desperately trying to fall asleep through her firecracker ass, but she was making flatus like there was no tomorrow.

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It was like watching 'Miami Vice', while every time someone fired a gun I was shocked into waking up. It didn't help that she left the door open to take leaks. Her drippy ass didn't sit well with me.

I had an appointment with a dermatologist the next day. I thought I was still having a nightmare because his office was apparently built for midgets. I could hardly get by the hallways, and when he finally came to see me, I almost had a heart attack.

Who the hell wants Einstein to mess with their skin?! What if he succeeds in creating a wormhole?!

There's also an uppity nurse with an attitude problem who goes "mmmm-hmmm" at every given chance. One time, my parents went to a nearby Chinese restaurant for dinner and bought her a little something as a nice gesture. The next thing we knew, she was demanding free food.

While that beast of a woman is highly irritating, it's nothing compared to having a loud and obnoxious nasally voice barge into your room to complain about his ex-wife losing the remote. As he continued running his mouth like a parrot about how she moved away with her girlfriend, I understood why she became a lesbian. He then informed me about some nut from the insane asylum who called him a "goofy little faggot". He stressed the offensive nature of calling a man "goofy", that it was the equivalent to "slut" for women.

Er… what?

WHAT?!

And let's not forget Dr. Avocado. When she's pissed, you're in deep shit! I remember an incident when we arrived late. In her quick manner of speaking, she made a snide remark to dad regarding punctuality. He mistakenly thought *she* was apologizing for her own lateness. You should have seen the vein on her forehead as he reassured her. She almost had a stroke.

Another chilling moment happened in the computer room when I was on a Mac. I spent minute after minute dissecting the

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anatomy of a foreign operating system. When I almost succeeded in changing the wallpaper of a scantily clad bikini model, enter McScary.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk," as she closed in on me.

"Ricky, what is that you are looking?"

SHE THOUGHT I WAS LOOKING AT PORN!!!

I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO MAXIMIZE A PROGRAM TO COVER UP THE BACKGROUND, as I usually do. I'm so afraid of her that every time she enters the premises, it feels as if I'm plummeting down an elevator at a hundred miles an hour with my balls on the verge of disintegration.

X-rays are a different story. I always make sure to cover my testicles with lead, except, the technicians only seem to offer gloves. A giant hand to protect my precious sperm; what more could a guy ask for?

I saw a nutritionist once and my sister died laughing. She measured my height and I *freaked*.

"EIGHTY-FOUR CENTIMETRES?! EIGHTY-FOUR CENTIMETRES?! I'M SHORTER THAN A METRE STICK?!"

But there *are* upsides to my encounters, like during an ultrasound of my heart when I asked the technician honey, "So is it a boy or a girl?"

She actually thought I was funny, and we all know a girl's laugh, how she wrinkles her pretty nose, is worth every effort in making a fool of ourselves.

Because of my trach tube, I often require suction… no-no, the other suction… no, the other suction!

THE OTHER SUCTION!!!

Fellatio anyone?

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The Warmth Of Romance

December 18, 2006 @ 22:00

You know how with entering automatic doors, your body immediately warms from the heaters above? It inspires me to think about the surrender of falling in love.

Winter is when all traces of romance become frozen, where flowers possess memories of a past summer bloom. As snowflakes descend, shadows of white consume the grasslands, and the earth becomes a primer for new beginnings. Glimmers of hope emerge when evening comes, that light will always prevail.

Sometimes in the freezing cold, a glimmer will find its way. I close my eyes, surrendering to hope in the form of sunlight. The golden rays seep through my skin as the warmth of desire melts into my heart. It is then that I remember to smile.

And it's the magic of nightfall on Christmas Eve, only a million times more spectacular. City lights become silent in ecstasy. Our need to love and be loved overflows with emotion. Tears become the ornaments of romance, and "Merry Christmas sweetheart" says it all.

With soft embraces, fleece sweaters and a fire, memories of past seasons return. It's a hug and a kiss, dancing in the dark, and the erotic moments of making love, enfolded into an orgasmic feast of sensual delight. The warmth of romance makes wintertime a little less frozen.

At times I feel so lost, without much sense of direction. I drift into space where nothingness awaits, hoping to make that final collision, and breathe new life into darkness. I hope the sun emerges to warm us. I hope it lasts forevermore.

Is there a special place of tranquillity that's yours alone?

There's a spot at the miniature vineyard that I found some time ago. Every summer, the afternoon sunrays creep through the leaves and captivate me. They leave me breathless and unafraid. I can't help but sit there, hoping for the warmth to remain, yet as moments pass, the shades of blue ultimately prevail. It is then that I remember reality.

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Once I returned, my face was red and peeling, while everyone thought me a drunkard. I suppose the warmth of romance has consequences, but then again, the return of epidermis is inevitable.

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Dear Santa

December 22, 2006 @ 15:18

Dear Santa,

There are times when I lie alone in bed, thinking of your female elf slaves. I think of the one who neglects her selfless heart, only to please materialistic children. She must be incredibly hot yet shy, like librarians with their hair tied back.

She has feelings too. She doesn't even know how beautiful or important she is. You fail to encourage her, even when she wraps your special gifts with pretty red bows.

I can't blame you though. You neglect Mrs. Claus for the work you do to make those little brats smile. You chose them instead of "us", and it's breaking her heart in two.

But here's a piece of advice, as a token of gratitude for my Ninja Turtles. You'd probably find more efficiency if you lost a bit of weight. These new chimneys are too tight for your physique. I'm also concerned about your cholesterol. You don't want to get caught breaking into someone's house either, with technologically advanced security systems and all.

I know you might not appreciate rice cookies and soy milk, but it's for your own good. You represent a generation of spoiled kids so it's not unfair to assume you're superficial. It's only logical that you develop your outer appearance.

Improving your self-esteem and confidence, even through superficial means, will help you become less cynical and inspire you to not only encourage your slaves, but want to as well. With productivity increase, you'd have more time with your wife. I guarantee she's waiting desperately for you to ask of her hopes and dreams. It's a win-win situation.

So could you please send the elf girlie to me? I know she's an asset, but with the advice I've given, I'm sure you could do without her.

I know, I know. Our relationship could never be. If it went public, I'd be arrested resulting from her unfortunate height. Sad, isn't it? I only ask that you show your appreciation more often.

Do dream girls come under trees, by the way?

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If so, could you do me one last favour? I know she's a Jew and she doesn't celebrate like us silly Gentiles, but I'm willing to give up ham and Canadian bacon to prove my love.

All I want for Christmas is Natalie Portman. You could deliver her under my politically correct holiday tree, preferably naked in a box. Don't forget the fluffy pillows and warm blankets, with a fancy heater and air vents for breathing.

Sincerely yours,

Ricky

P. S. If you don't comply, I'm sending Richard Simmons through priority FedEx, high on caffeine.

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Real Women Have Curves

December 26, 2006 @ 17:51

I'b sig… the pronunciations of B and G are for emphasis.

Spending the holidays sick and subsequently drinking half a glass of expired Bailey's Irish Cream (best before August of last year) wasn't my idea of a Merry Christmas! I think I'm coming down with the McPheever.

All right, so perhaps she isn't exactly large per se, but it doesn't take away the fact that real women have curves. I like a little flab because I don't want a dried up monkey. It's ridiculous how so many girls think themselves fat when they're absolutely gorgeous to begin with. Why would anyone in their right mind risk losing boob fat molecules of all molecules in the universe?!

Then again, who am I to judge? I've been eating a piece of toast and an orange for lunch for the past several days so I could have more room for continuous feastings. I call them "brunchners".

No, I don't want to be one of those malnourished husbands with a fat fetish. I just want someone who appreciates good food.

I've always wanted to be a chef so I could cook for all the pretty girls. I'd show them that it's okay to have an appetite, as long as they exercise and maintain a balanced diet. If I could, I'd make her noodles in a bowl of homemade soup with sliced barbecued pork and vegetables, and an egg served sunny side up. It would be nutritious and delicious, and also cooked with love.

Funny, how lunch and dinner have limitations, while breakfast can be eaten at any time. I'm not much of a breakfast person. I only eat it when horrible and from the hospital.

But I do wonder what makes breakfast in bed so romantic. It's disastrous when you consider the potential spills of milk and juice. Although leftover bits of food would make for interesting sexual encounters, it's hardly romantic to passionately scream because of crumbs up your butts.

It's romantic because of the adventure it entails, and because of love, you'll always feel obliged to make a mess. She might require a really long shower afterwards, but at least appreciates your food!

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I wonder if Natalie Portman likes breakfast.

Okay, maybe she's thinner than most. Perhaps short hair is just as pretty. Perhaps beautiful women come in all shapes and sizes. Natalie Portman however, is delicious, even when bald.

Unfortunately, this McPheever isn't as serious as I had originally thought. At least now I have an excuse to take extra vitamin Cs, one of the few things that are healthy and taste like candy. I just hope I don't overdose and end up with a million canker sores.

Mmmm, vitamin C…

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Winter Afternoons Of Late

January 2, 2007 @ 19:33

My favourite part of summer has to be the late afternoons. Hints of daylight are consumed by orange marmalade skies, while traces of dreamy romances find their embraces. As winter emerges, the shadows of blue are displaced in illumination, gleaming with rays of gold.

Do you ever find yourself sitting in the car, looking to the passing scenery? Surrounded by the scattered voices of conversation, their distraction grows silent as the fast-paced movements capture your eyes. They become a part of you in the continuing surrender.

In car rides, I drift away in thoughts of this, that, and everything in between. I'd return to reality when my name is called, only to give a brief answer and be immediately taken away once more.

Snow-covered fields glow in the sun's radiance as you accelerate to the speed of light. The journey leaves you breathless. You can only close your eyes to the exhilaration and discover a doorway into the unspeakable utopia you've longed to find. You let go of past memories and forget the things you can't seem to remember.

As thrilling as it is to reach a destination, looking out the window can captivate you to a point where excitement subsides. Your hesitation to step outside has nothing to do with the cold.

If only there was a way to make them last forever.

What we love can be taken away so easily. It's unfortunate how enjoyment always renders the clock to tick a little faster. I wonder if our appreciation for life hinders that of time.

But this is reality; fast-paced and unpredictable. We need to craft our own forever in the blank canvas of mortal existence, letting moments entice our minds as we cherish them for a lifetime.

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The Distance Between Your Eyes And Mine

January 9, 2007 @ 16:02

SHE SAID YES!!!

Ha. If only, right?

Sometimes I wonder how I should propose when I'm physically unable to get down on my knees. Though cliché, asking for her hand in marriage is incredibly romantic. It's the moment you look into her eyes and show how much you desire and need her for the rest of your life.

I've thought of placing the ring inside a cookie, or glass of champagne, but I'm afraid she might end up choking to death. What if she doesn't finish and throws it away? Then *I'd* choke for financial reasons! Plus, what if it melted and she swallowed a sharp piece of alloy?

I probably need to find a better way.

How about the growing trend of public proposals? It's never a shock to see them in restaurants, on television, or even written in the sky. Although a number of women find them breathtaking, the question is why? What makes them so appealing?

Public proposals result from a misconception that love has to be made for the world to see as it brings merit to the passion shared. While considering the implications, its foundation remains superficial, for love requires no reason. Unless it's exactly what she wants, you're almost forcing her to say yes, especially for guys with greasy hair, yellow teeth, and smiles that turn their faces into cantaloupes.

You know how it is. She feels reluctant to reject him as the audience would think her ungrateful. She's also afraid for his feelings, but while on the spot, she forgets that agreeing would only hurt him more with the inevitable wedding disaster.

The only way to get around this is by casually asking what she thinks of public proposals at the very beginning. Then, it wouldn't interfere with the potential surprise, which is most important.

Love isn't about proving anything to the world. The only world that matters is the one created within the distance between your eyes and hers. It's the moment you walk towards her kiss, when every

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sound, movement, and colour becomes silent, while the surrounding crowd fades into the background…

"Natalie Portman, what we have here and now is all that really matters. You're my world, my dearest sweet love, and I want to exist in it for the rest of my life. Will you marry me?"

So it might not exactly be her, but one can always dream! All I need is a secret hiding place, a box within a box within a box, a piece of construction paper for my homemade treasure map, and crayons. Let's not forget the diamond-okay *fine*!

ONION RING!!!

But you know what else is romantic? Hoodies in the winter-time.

My favourite sports jacket is a hooded Nike. Whenever it's over my head, I feel kissable, like hiding underneath a blanket. Since I want my girl to always be warm and cozy, I'd get her one as well.

As hoodies embrace, they create a portable tent, and our own little world of romance.

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This Is My Life

Growing Up With Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy

January 15, 2007 @ 17:40

It was quite the experience; growing up. A struggle perhaps, but I had the time of my life that provided a great many opportunities to learn.

The story begins in my toddler days. My grandparents noticed my enlarged calves, one of the symptoms of a genetic but not hereditary disease that deteriorates voluntary muscle strength and mass. The weakness starts from bottom up, affecting limb and trunk muscles first. I used to have immense leg cramps that kept me up through the night, reducing me to tears every time.

1987, grade one: Strength didn't have much of an effect until the age of six, the time my family and I moved to Canada. We stayed at my aunts' place after our arrival.

We had sessions at school where the teacher would read stories, and it was always difficult to return to my feet. In the position of a quadruped, I'd use my hands to push myself upright. It looked awkward, but whenever they laughed, I simply followed through with the humour. I couldn't understand why such a seemingly easy task would take so much effort as compared to the other children.

There was a time in the restroom when I slipped and fell in the corner. The wet floor made it impossible to get up. Moments after my prayers, two of my fellow classmates saw what had happened and immediately came to the rescue. I even shared my story at church.

As my weakness became more obvious, I was taken to Sick Kids Hospital for a muscle biopsy. They diagnosed me with Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy. Though, I only cared about the ice cream my parents had promised and continued being a kid.

The exhaustion started in grade two. Although my walking was affected to a tolerable degree, it was bothersome nonetheless. I remember going to a dinosaur exhibit at the Royal Ontario Museum. Walking around was incredibly tiring, so I frequently used the elevator. There were stairs to climb, but thankfully, only a few.

After a year, we moved into a townhouse. It troubled me as there were steps to the door, but eventually, the exhaustion grew to

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a point where I had to be lifted for longer trips, even several metres. Mom would painstakingly carry me to the school doorway, each and every morning.

Grade three was my toughest year. I could walk, but the stress and frustration was overwhelming. I had to use walls, handles, and anything I could get a hold of for support. I'd go outside for recess without hesitation, foolishly thinking my weakness would disappear. I could only walk a couple metres that felt like miles without support. I ended up with bloody knees every time returning home. I never cried once.

When I was tired, I'd retreat to the walls that slowly led me back inside. The searing hot bricks in the summer killed my little hands, and I was always late for class. I'd walk by our window but refuse help whenever someone asked.

Support became mandatory, and you'd never see me in the middle of the hallway. I couldn't walk much so my teacher provided a projector cart. Whenever nature called, some of my classmates would wheel me away.

Following that year when I could no longer stand, I received my first wheelchair, and as a result, we moved again.

1990, grade four: Soon after moving into the new house, the main floor was reconstructed with wider doorways, etc. for convenience. I had two rooms; one upstairs, and the dining room with my desk. We also had a ramp built within the garage for easier entry.

There was even an elevator at school, which many of the newer ones had. I didn't require much help in the restroom. I used a urinal without issue, only I couldn't reach the fountain sink, so the teacher selected someone to assist me.

Later that year, I met with my assistant, Mrs. Moore. I started using the staff restroom, and it was a significant change as far as independence was concerned. She opened the door and I was set.

Because I couldn't wheel myself anymore, I received an electronic version in grade six, and not an electric chair! The first time I

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drove was insane. It was rather amusing when I'd push too hard on the joystick and jolt backwards, which in turn caused me to go forward immediately and so on. I crashed everywhere and ran over a variety of ethnicities in toes.

The most memorable moment during that time was when my school funded a private tour at the Toronto Star building. I met with the lead cartoonist and drew a comic strip that was featured in the Sunday edition.

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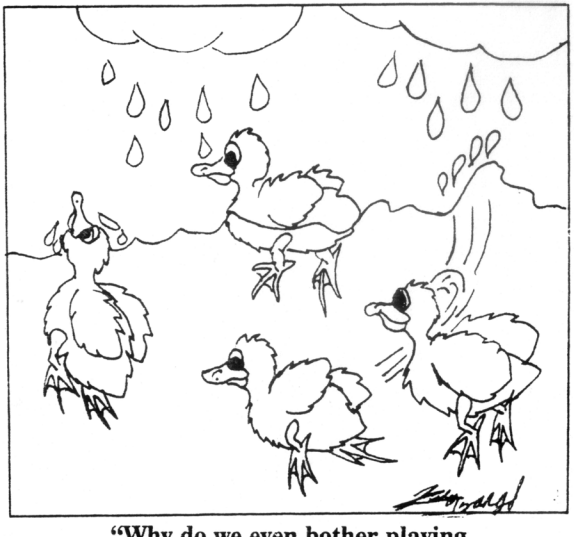
Aspiring cartoonist looks at dinos, ducks

The cartoons below are by Ricky Tsang, age 12. He is a Grade 6 student at Applecroft Public School in Ajax.



"Why do we even bother playing in the water when it's raining!"

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My arms began to weaken more after that year. I'd have accidents in the restroom, spilling all over. Embarrassed, I'd return home "sick". I'd bite on my index finger to yank my arm up, anchoring my elbow on the wheelchair handle to fix my hair or scratch my face. To reach objects on my desk, I literally walked my fingers to the desired destination. Taking notes became a tiring job so Mrs. Moore did it for me.

During the summer of '94, my spine twisted more resulting from Scoliosis, another common side effect. It started when I was around ten years old. I had a spinal fusion surgery in July of that year.

I returned to school without much delay for the eighth grade. It took a couple months to recover from the operation. I lost more than ten pounds in the process and became significantly taller. 1995 was a memorable year because everything was perfect. Nothing much changed (no loss of strength), and it was almost like vacation.

We practiced the graduation ceremony in the gymnasium. The original plan was to go up to the vice principal to receive my awards, but I decided otherwise. It would have been much too difficult to drive and hold them at the same time.

High school began with a new assistant named Keith. It was different without Mrs. Moore, but great to still receive help. There were no problems with the restroom as it was excessively large in comparison. I had a spare class to begin, though it was more for troubled teenagers, which made me uncomfortable since I'm neither troubled nor demented, or so you think!

At the end of first semester, I met Anne. The school couldn't afford to continue providing a full-time assistant, so she and Keith alternated from time to time. They'd prepare me for class, and pick me up afterwards.

Lunch was rather lonely. I sat alone in the cafeteria, while my routine was to finish fast, heading straight to the library. It became too much of a frustration since unlike the comfort of home, I couldn't lean on my personal table for support. The shorter distance made it

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easier to feed myself. In the end, mom had to bring my lunch, and in a deserted parking lot, fed me.

As my arms grew weaker, it was almost impossible to feed myself. When it would take fifteen minutes, it took half an hour, only to become a full hour. The clock continued ticking as my food became colder. It soon took more than two hours to finish a meal. Using every ounce of strength just to bring the spoon to my mouth, I realized there was no dignity. I eventually shut the door so nobody could see the useless mess I had become.

When my arms were inevitably too weak, I decided to quit high school. I still remember the final day of my favourite class. As I looked upon the disaster of a painting I had created, my dreams of becoming a cartoonist shattered before my eyes. A part of me died on that fateful afternoon. I knew then and there that it was over. The ride home was the most silent one I ever had…

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The Momentum Of Finding Redemption

January 22, 2007 @ 20:34

People like to describe me as "amazing" and "inspirational", but does it really matter? Where does it get me exactly? I've come to realize that my journey of romance has become nothing more than a farce. As much as I'd like to walk again to cook with my potential future mother-in-law, what mother would want her daughter to end up with me? In searching for rationales, there continues to be a roadblock when I think of love, yet it's impossible to come to terms with and simply let go.

Challenges don't measure how we define ourselves with generic adjectives that seemingly serve as a justification towards going on the pedestal. We all have obstacles, and depending on how we engage them, they remain to be choices that bring merit into our existence. Hearts shatter, people break, and things happen. They eventually fall into place as we find acceptance in what we have no control over.

We must disassociate fear with importance to free ourselves from its grasp because it's about having the determination to walk through a path of destruction. The defining moment is when we deny its power, thus allowing us to live with every fibre of our beings, fall apart with everything we have, and love with all our hearts. Our desire to strive for more makes us human.

The only reason I remain to be strong is because I never had a choice. If anyone else were in my position, they'd be the same, if not better. I'm not trying to be modest when I credit arrogance for keeping my sanity intact.

I'm caught between an understanding of reality and hopefulness. This confusion has left me in a place of silence and despair, but it's always in our darkest hours that we find reason and motivation. I seek redemption in my journey of romance, yet the fact remains…

Women are the reason I'm physically disabled since Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy is x-linked recessive.

Women are the reason I randomly have nightmares because I can't remove myself from the darkness. Women are the reason I'm

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alone, for without her love, I continue to be lost at every waking moment.

Despite the defective chromosomes, mom has shown me unconditional love, while tending my needs throughout the years. Despite the darkness, she continues to be my inspiration. Despite loneliness, I seek a woman's love because fear isn't so important when her romance is always more.

I'm not looking for light at the end of the tunnel because where I am, only shades of blue exist.

I close my eyes and reach to the darkness, unafraid. She takes my hand, and in her touch, it becomes impossible to let go of hope, even if ridiculous.

Redemption is to free ourselves from burden, and realize that expectations will someday disappear. It's when you find something else, something more.

And then suddenly, you realize it can only be measured by the way a woman holds your hand…

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To Give Her Wings

January 29, 2007 @ 22:45

Supernovae occur at the death of a star. Within its remnants, a neutron counterpart is formed. Depending on the strength of its gravitational pull, a black hole may emerge, the abyss of nevermore…

But is it possible to find hope in a plane of existence where only darkness resides? Is there a chance that nothing may include potential, where it becomes the primer for everything?

With every start comes a finish, but is there a beginning to every end? In my journey of redemption, I've come across many roadblocks, yet the nothingness that suffocates my hopes and dreams has been the reason to continue fighting. If momentum will inevitably lead my hand into hers, then unlocking the secrets to something new can only be established through the same means.

It's about letting her love guide us to her heart, romancing it with ours. The path to giving her wings can be defined by the way we take her hand.

Such a gesture may seem trivial when shaking hands is a common act of social interaction, but its significance is much too extraordinary to overlook. How we hold her hand signifies our feelings and acknowledgement of her delicate nature; a determining factor of the shared romance.

If I had the strength, I'd take her hand with her fingers atop of mine. As they softly fall into my palm, my thumb would rest upon the tips. She needs to understand that her presence isn't about possession, but privilege. This is how new beginnings come to light, when hope becomes the measure of desire for her to know she's loved, and not only by us.

Upon my scattered thoughts and ideas, I continue to find a damsel in distress. As she feels more alone with strangers rushing past, I park next to her by the bench. She gives a reluctant smile amid her tears.

She's the nameless girl with a broken smile. Every time she steps forward, another is taken in the opposite direction. She neglects to find self-encouragement because in her reflection, she only sees an

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image of a heart that loved and lost but remains untouched. She wonders about her great love story, the one she had always dreamt of.

I want to give her wings.

I want to help her understand that the only reason for her beauty is her alone. I want to bring her to a place where she finds herself, realizing that validation comes from within. If ever she needs a reason, all she has to do is look into her own eyes.

Giving wings has nothing to do with expectations, or bringing ourselves into the picture, where she relies on promises and a shoulder to cry on. Love is about showing her she needs to stop looking elsewhere for happiness.

Despite my ideals of selflessness, I still hope she finds me. I hope she stays, leading my fingertips to her face as I touch away her beautiful heart cries.

She dances into the summer night in a flowered yellow dress, while the orange hue of streetlights softly kisses the silk of her skin. She takes my hand to bring me closer. Her love inspires freedom as I find my steps again and walk towards her way. And hers is the beginning of romance; my redemption and my life.

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I'm Cursed

The Pussy That I Am

February 4, 2007 @ 23:22

Sure, I'll admit it. I'm a pussy.

With the evidence from Operation Manicure, there's really no denying.

Funny, how regardless of our masculinity or pain threshold, if ever there's a paper cut, it's always necessary to cry for mommy. We could easily die our way home, bloodied and beat up, yet if minor pain is involved…

"HEY, I'M A MAN! I'M A… M-M-M… MOMMY!!!"

I hate manicures because I can't do them myself, while my worst fear is cutting too deep. I need to be cut with a slow outward curve, and don't even get me started with my pinkie toe!

If you want a better example, consider my spinal fusion surgery. There are risks to every operation. Mine had more of the major ones. I could have been paralyzed if anything went wrong, but that was the least of my worries.

As they prepped me that morning with my family in tears, all I thought about was whether the intravenous would pull. So what if they cut me up and messed with my spine? If some idiot yanked the needle or pushed on it, I was *screwed*.

It's the same reason I'd never wear contact lenses. What if they went backwards and cut my eyeballs out?

You should see me in the summer, driving in circles screaming like a little girl because of evil butterflies, not that there's anything wrong with screaming like a little girl!

I'm also deathly afraid of the dark. Unless I'm completely exhausted, I couldn't fall asleep without a nightlight for the life of me. Damn that Barbara Walters for subjecting my eight-year-old mind to those scary demonic paintings!

Though, there *are* advantages, such as girls jumping up and down to save me from hellish winged creatures, and holding me close under covers while getting smothered with hugs and kisses. Ricky's a pussy all right.

ALL RIGHT!!!

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The Opportunities Of Romance

February 9, 2007 @ 18:48

Love is a subject I often think upon. Submerged in thoughts of hopelessness, I place myself in different scenarios for inspiration. I suppose it's why I enjoy watching 'Everybody Loves Raymond', since redemption is a major primer in romance…

As he continues to hurt her feelings, I can't help but wonder how I'd let her know she's my sole reason to become a better man. All she wants is his affection so she might be seduced away from the stresses of motherhood and monster-in-law across the street. Is that *really* so much to ask for?

It's frustrating how he never tends to his wife, while Debra disregards the fact that she can't change her husband unless he decides to. However in a way, it gives hope that if romance was ever kind enough to find me, I'd realize when to love her more, or squeeze a little tighter, if I could.

Valentine's Day is a different story. Though considered an opportunity of romance, the concept of celebrating it once every year is incredibly misguided. It's nothing more than a day of excuse for people to feel less embarrassed, as if affection is a sign of weakness.

The segregation between emotional and physical affection is unfortunately a deception that has surrounded our society for generations. If we asked an average Joe what he felt about the two, he'd give the most predictable answer, where sentiment is an act of pussy, while "to score" is an achievement in manliness.

On the other hand, there's nothing wrong with Valentine's Day either. It's a symbol of reminder to appreciate shared romances. When we love someone, our desire to please her overpowers us. What could be more important than making the one we can't live without happy?

But do these opportunities only exist in the presence of sadness, hardship, and despair? Instead of focusing so much on regret, can't we acknowledge that it's not to make her feel, but know she's special?

The art of loving a woman is the acknowledgement that she already is our world, without letting sorrowful moments define our

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reason to fulfill her dreams. When her heart is won, it isn't the end, but the beginning of rediscovery as we continue finding newer purposes within her tender embraces.

When she looks away from our lack of desire and instead shows affection, it's her way of revealing needs. It's not a flaw for a woman to want her man to change (for the better). She only wants us to break free from our silly pride so we may look in her direction. We need to remember that she is our pride.

Sometimes I wonder what would happen if I had a special someone who was caught in a fire and Prince Charming went for the rescue. Would she think of me while being carried outside with her pretty head upon his shoulder? Would she still think of me, watching on as his buns of steel prance back into the building to save a furry animal? And do such thoughts of envy make me less of a man?

This is my tragedy; my sadness, hardship, and despair, a hopelessness of never finding a way to beat the physical touch and replace it with literary fingertips. I hope she says:

"Ricky, sometimes it's not about you touching my heart. It's about me touching you."

TOUCH ME WHERE?!

Ha, sorry!

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The Truths I Seek

February 14, 2007 @ 17:13

Dear Valentine,

There are many truths of which define romance, ones of familiarity that we hold dear to our hearts, and continued discoveries with every passing moment. I'm in love with you, though your mystery is yet revealed.

I saw a part of you the other day in a beautiful disaster of smiles and tears. As you softly touched the corner of your lips with your second last fingertip, it gave me reason to redefine romance. I found a lost beauty within the scattered thoughts of my mind, but still she wasn't you.

Is it darkness that compels me to find elegance in the most unnoticeable places? Is it desperation that creates new foundations for my desire, or genuine faith in love?

Perhaps I already know the truth. Perhaps I'm afraid of acceptance. But regardless of fate, or what I might find, every truth I discover will lead me closer to your grace, even if you're nothing more than a figment of my imagination.

Sometimes I picture myself sitting next to you on the swings on a cold winter's night. Looking towards the frozen scenery, hints of a sunset from moments ago become our only source of light. We drift away in conversation for hours on end, and forget the surrounding numbness as we warm each other from within.

Dear Valentine, whoever you are and wherever you may be. You're my silent conversations with no one; the hopeful traces of nevermore. You're my journey of romance, every reason I own, and all I have that remains.

Yours,
Ricky

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Lipstick On The Mirror

February 19, 2007 @ 21:56

Dear Ricky,

You had another nightmare, didn't you? I saw you falling apart in the wake of your torment, and I can't bear the tears anymore. What hurts most is the impossibility of reaching you, however hard I try. All your memories are of those you can't change, but with every end comes a beginning, and our romance calls for your demise.

Somewhere in time within the confines of existence, I lie awake in solitude, awaiting your touch. Forever I shall wait for you.

You might not understand the trials of our love, but be faithful, no matter the trembles ahead. If you look behind my crimson words, you'll find only an image of yourself. Should your hopes shatter within the darkest dreams, remember that mirrors don't deceive.

In time you'll understand and see our love will conquer all. I believe so much that you won't give up, for your journey could never exist in vain. You don't even know what you're fighting for, yet faith requires no proof.

Your painkillers fade as you think of your lost redemption. When you asked for a folded napkin upon your pillow, tears continued to fall. Despite your imminent failures, they're shed for something more.

Though it pains me to let go, the enduring elements shall make you free, while your nightmares remain in my presence. This is the path I must guide you through, the art of falling apart. I need you to defy all impossibilities, and reach for my hand with all your might. I'll be your memory of a broken heart, the one you never had.

When your life is through and you gasp for your final breath, close your eyes and think of me. Surrender to the tenderness of my lips softly plunging into yours, for salvation in romance can only be found within the suffocation of our kiss. And when your eyes reopen, you'll be gazing into the warmest of mine as the salty tears in your mouth become ours.

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Where our love begins is a place of continued dreams, where orange marmalade afternoons and starry nights are everlasting and evermore. Goodbye for now, I promise.

Love,
Someone
Anyone
No one at all

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I'm Cursed

Lost In Translation

February 26, 2007 @ 19:43

The most frustrating part about not being able to talk at certain times (due to my trach tube configuration) is miscommunication. Although the best lip reader is one of my nurses, even she has trouble on occasion.

What I was trying to say: "I used to head-butt people."
What she thought I said: "I used to not like Black people."

I still remember head-butting other babies in the elevator. The pain was always worth the gain. Isn't innocence bliss?

But I've nothing against brothers and divas. In fact, I feel compelled to touch their kinky hair. It's springy and crunchy to the touch. How could anyone resist?

Though, I do recall asking a Black girl from high school to go back to her country, with the best of intentions, of course. She was extremely annoying, and I was referring to the country of hell, that she should go there. Oops?

Luckily, my brain finally completed the analysis of connotations *after* I realized she didn't hear a word. My friend (who allegedly made love with an eleven year old girl at the age of six in a farmhouse) mentioned that it "wasn't very nice".

This is why it's a good idea to think before we speak. I need to stop talking about how much I adore chocolate ice cream every time I encounter a Black woman because it's a lie. My favourites are actually mango, raspberry cheesecake, and vanilla.

A perfect example comes from one of the most memorable conversations I've had that involved nursie shuffling through my pants to find the condom catheter:

Nursie: "What's this wrinkly material here?"
Me: "Er, that's my scrotum."
SHE PINCHED MY SCROTUM!!!

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Unfortunately, translation also has the possibility of being impossible. When said genius talked about her computer problems and I tried to explain that my aunt had the same ones, it was disastrous.

Me: "My aunt Deborah has the same issues."
Her: "What?"
Me: "Deborah."
Her: "I don't understand what you're saying."
Me: "Deborah. D."
Her: "T?"
Me: "No, D."
Her: "D"
Me: "E"
Her: "E"
Me: "B"
Her: "P"
Me: "No, B."
Her: "B"
Me: "O"
Her: "O"
Me: "R"
Her: "Depot?"
Depot? What the hell?
Me: "I'm not done."
Me: "D"
Her: "T?"
Me: "No, D."
Her: "D"
Me: "E"
Her: "E"
Me: "B"
Her: "P"
Me: "No, B."

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Her: "B"
Me: "O"
Her: "O"
Me: "R"
Her: "R"
Me: "A"
Her: "Depot?"
Me: "Depot?! I'm not done!"
Me: "D"
Her: "P?"
Me: "No, D."
Her: "D"
Me: "E"
Her: "E"
Me: "B"
Her: "B"
Me: "O"
Her: "O"
Me: "R"
Her: "R"
Me: "A"
Her: "A"
Me: "H"
Her: "H"
Thirty seconds later.
Her: "De… pot?"
FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK!!!
Me: "Never mind."
Her: "Okay."
Five minutes later.
Damn it, I have to try again!
Me: "Let's try again."
Her: "Sure."

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Me: "My aunt Deborah…"
Her: "I still don't know."
Me: "D"
Her: "D"
Me: "E"
Her: "E"
Me: "B"
Her: "P"
Me: "No, B!"
Me: "D-E-B"
Her: "D-E-P"
Me: "D-E-B!!!"
Her: "D-E-B"
Me: "O"
Her: "O"
Me: "R"
Her: "Depot?"
Me: "No-no-no-no-no! I give up."
Her: "Sorry."
Ten minutes later.
Me: "All right, one last time. D."
Her: "D"
Me: "E"
Her: "E"
Me: "B"
Her: "P"
Me: "B!!!"
Her: "B"
Me: "O"
Her: "O"
Me: "R"
Her: "R"
Me: "A"

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Her: "A"
Me: "H"
Her: "H"
One minute later.
Her: "Deborah?"
Me: "Yes, Deborah!"
Her: "Who's Deborah?"
FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK!!!

And taking a leak is no exception. When nursie spilled excess water all over my penis, a pissing tutorial became mandatory.

While using a urinal, it's imperative that the warm beer goes *inside*. I explained:

"You have to put the bottom edge of the urinal between the scrotum and shaft."

She understood my words perfectly as they were repeated, but after five minutes of fondling, she ended up stuffing my scrotum inside as well. I realized we were playing a game.

Penis. Hokey pokey.

PENIS HOKEY POKEY?!

I laid there with my entire dongle imprisoned within the confines of a plastic container. As I face-palmed myself in the head, I just let myself go…

I had to draw a diagram in Microsoft Paint.

You put your shaft right in
And your scrotum under
Between the bottom edge of it
You do the penis hokey pokey
Then you shake it all about
That's what it's all about

NOTE: The final shakedown is a crucial step.

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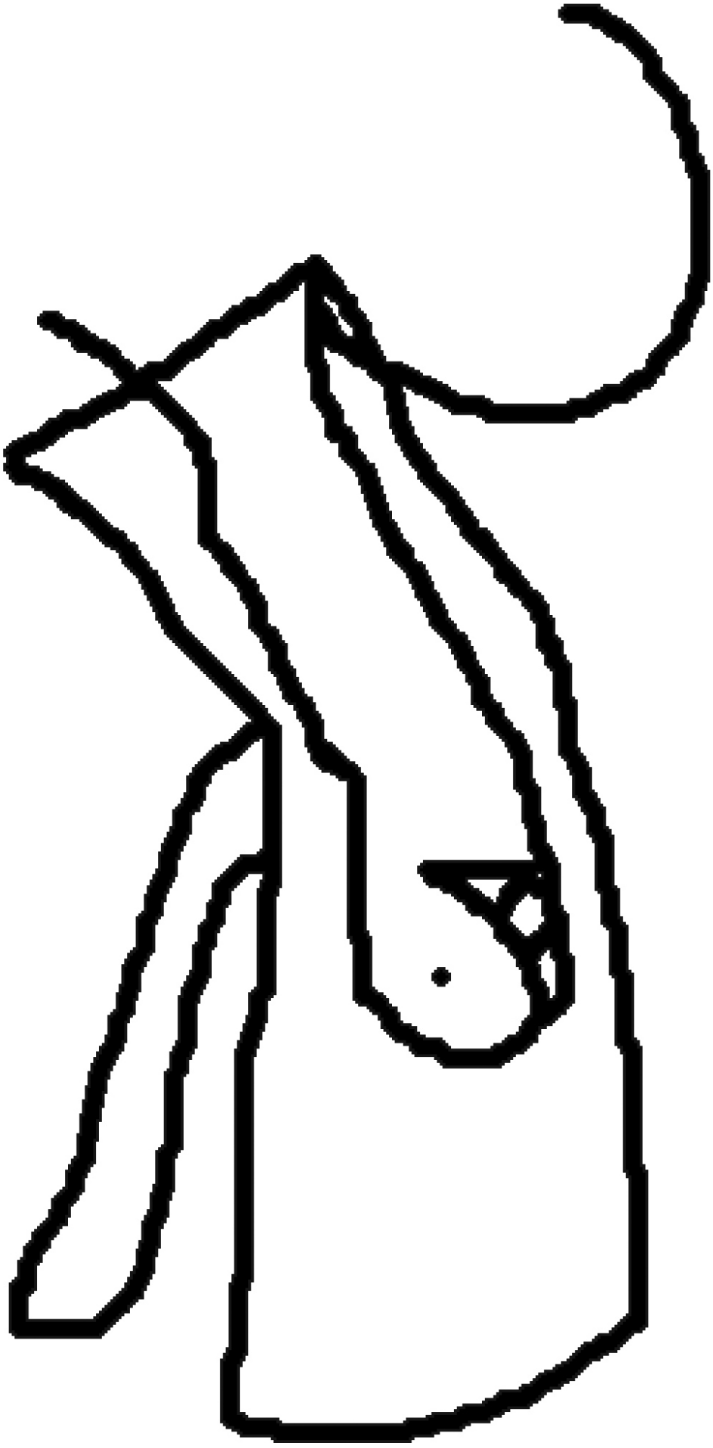

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Dignity, Or Lack Thereof

March 11, 2007 @ 21:10

Sometimes my head hurts from thinking too much, of senseless things and haunted memories. It doesn't help that I hurt it for real after testing the height of the new van. I should stop with the long grain rice.

What exactly is dignity anyway?

Like the time when a family friend bought me a Nemo toy for ages five and up. She thought it was nice since I have a clownfish.

Do I look retarded? It's not as if I talk funny, or drool in conversation, rambling on about cheese sandwiches or incessantly asking for the time. It's not as if she sees me when I go gaga over Natalie Portman. Unless I'm completely off, I don't think it's customary for people of quarter-life crisis to receive gifts that sing in baby speak.

Although she meant well and seemed to regret her choice of souvenir, I suppose it's not much of a surprise for people in wheelchairs to be thought of as children. No matter what I say or do, it's never enough to gain a little mutual respect without the constant need to fight for it.

Who would have thought a plastic fish could depress me for weeks? I wish he drowned in freshwater when the dentist flushed him away.

A pastor came over to visit me a couple years ago. He was concerned over "the disabled son". After greeting me, the watchman from Isaiah 56:10 went out to the living room and spoke with my parents. I heard him ask, "How is he?"

And how about the time when that obnoxious woman swiped my glasses out of nowhere? She molested my face with a cloth because she thought I was sweating. How embarrassing is it when you're an adult and some distant acquaintance mothers you without asking?

I tire of having to explain that I'm someone to everyone. It's frustrating when the most heartfelt words are continually met with questions of my physical disability. The concerns for my health continue to overshadow, even when the specifics are of romance, or lack thereof.

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Can't I have some ownership over my sorrows?

As much as Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy plays a significant role, it doesn't define my life, while sadness is all I have. It feels normal when I'm free from the things I can't control because I'm sad for something more.

Who am I kidding? I've never even been kissed. I'm the poisonous frog with a vibrant array of colours. I want to be sad about my inability to cook for someone and pretend to have a fit when she arrives late, but my mind still returns to the limitations.

At least it gives me another sense of understanding towards women. I know what it's like to be condescended and judged for my outer appearance. It's a drag to have a vagina, isn't it?

But it makes me glad at least, knowing that my sister found happiness. I made a surprise slideshow for her wedding day. I get teary-eyed every time I watch. It reminds me of how beautiful her life is, and that fairytales can come true, for some.

There I was, drunk and in front of hundreds of people. As I desperately tried to picture everyone naked, I realized the entire front row was comprised of wrinkly old people. Gazing upon the smile of a fat man with hair coming out his wazoo, I cringed.

Dignity? Maybe I should just fall apart funny, or is it funnily? Funnil… lil, lil… lily?

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"You know, I've always believed that love is something you give and not something you merely find. I mean if everybody was to search, then how can anyone find anything when nobody gives?

When it comes to giving love, the best example I can give you is Keith and Jackie. They provide so much love to one another and although there are moments when I feel like gagging myself… I have to admit it's quite inspiring.

Congratulations Keith and Jackie. I am truly happy for you kids. And Keith, I'm glad it was you.

Ga Jei, you have been such an incredible sister to me and a brother could never ask for more. I regret to say I didn't get you a wedding gift as I couldn't find any discounts at the dollar shop. Instead, I made you a little something and I hope you enjoy it. Jackie, this is your life…"

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This Is My Life

The Summer Of '94

March 18, 2007 @ 17:55

It's funny how memories unfold in the presence of music. Whenever I hear Aerosmith's 'Crazy', I'm reminded of the summer of '94…

When I was around ten years old, the progression of Scoliosis (one of the most common side effects of Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy) began to affect the curvature of my spine. I had to make quite a few visits to the healthcare centre for x-rays and other examinations. The skies were often filled with shadows, and I looked forward to returning home at the first instance of arrival. I never understood the seriousness as I found the appointments tiresome and uneventful. In retrospect, it was worse for my parents, considering their added worries.

While it worsened, visits became regular. I noticed significant changes in the curvature every time they presented the film. As a temporary measure, support pads were installed on each side of my wheelchair. I tried to hide them underneath my clothes as much as possible, but a problem arose during the summer as they were black and plastic, making them searing hot. I suppose superficiality has a price as far as sporadically screaming like a monkey is concerned.

Sometimes in the bathroom, I'd use the left pad as an anchor to crack my back. Despite the lack of effectiveness, it felt incredibly good. It was easy to realize the severity of the curvature as I hated what I saw and felt lying naked in bed. I was disfigured.

In time, I understood it had to be dealt with. I needed a spinal fusion surgery, where steel rods would be fused onto my spine. I didn't care much for risks, even when survival had a 50/50 chance. I needed to be straighter.

The doctor sat down with us to explain the details and procedures. She was sympathetic and caring in her soft-spoken voice. It was rather amusing when with much optimism and excitement, I suddenly blurted out, "I'll do it!" She almost fell out of bed!

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The operation date drew closer as I spent most nights listening to the radio. I'd often look to the window facing a brick wall of our neighbour's house.

I remember so vividly driving down to Sick Kids Hospital the day prior to July 20. I watched the buildings pass by, and without even catching my breath, all the thirteen years I had lived flashed before my eyes.

We arrived at the newly reconstructed hospital and were given a tour of the floor I was booked to stay. The operation was scheduled for early next morning. I watched a little television without much of any concentration.

I awoke at six o'clock, and by then my sister and dad had already arrived. The nurse came to set up the intravenous and I was wheeled outside to the rest of my family. In a moment that seemed to have lasted forever, they finally took me away. As the waves of goodbye grew silent, I was captivated by the highway of infinite fluorescent lights. All I could think of was the intravenous, worried that some idiot would rip it off.

It was only at the last moment when I waited outside the operating room that reality sank in. Aside from anxiousness, I had never felt more alone in my life.

The sterile environment had an unfamiliar feeling of eeriness. I was transferred to the operating table that was hard as rock, but relieved that no one twisted my arm or ripped my flesh, the anxiety lessened. I only remember someone asking me to count to ten, and a blurry image of a cute nurse between my toes. I said to her, "Whoa, you're pretty…" and immediately blacked out.

The procedure took over eight hours. It would have been much quicker if it weren't for my giant cow tongue that caused for a number of headaches in the anaesthesiology department.

I awoke in the Intensive Care Unit and couldn't mutter a word. I was intubated and ventilated and high on morphine. I was frustrated

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over the fact that I couldn't get up onto my wheelchair. With much discomfort from the catheter, all I wanted was to get the hell out.

It felt as though I needed to urinate badly, even when my bladder was empty and draining. I wanted to tell the nurse, but hadn't the strength in my hands and could hardly see what I wrote. Without any luck of being understood, we used alphabet cards and I eventually made sense to them. The feeling was apparently normal.

From a distance, the radiant sunlight atop white bed sheets was almost dreamlike. As the anaesthetics wore off, I was moved to my original room. When I awoke once more, I was terribly uncomfortable. I had a button for small doses of morphine, but rarely used it unless the pain became unbearable. Since I frequently had to change positions, a towel was placed underneath my back for easier turning. It was also safer for my wound.

This was pretty much how things were, while mom stayed overnights. The catheter was ultimately removed, but not until after a torturous reinsertion.

There were times when I'd be transferred onto a mini sofa bed that had wheels so I could go downstairs for some fresh air, but I never wanted to remain in a compromised position. I was embarrassed. I tried sitting up on several occasions, but couldn't hold my body upright because of the pain.

And as much of a surprise as it may be, I had no appetite, even with the amount of gift foods from friends and family. The strangest thing was that warm meals always made it difficult to breathe. A nice, juicy steak was served for lunch on the last day, probably as a parting gift for kicking me out after eight days. My sister ate it… and I really shouldn't have written that!

The nurse brought me codeine while my parents were packing up. I was lifted onto the back of our van with the seats unfolded into a bed. It was surprisingly comfortable, and also true what they say how laughter is the best medicine. I forgot the pain as my sister and I were scaring drivers from behind with our magic fingers.

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When we arrived home, I was transferred directly onto bed, and how different of an experience it was, watching movies on the side. Fortunately, the electronic version was delivered soon after. It gave me the freedom I needed. I tried my hardest to stay on one side with much agony so dad could have more sleep, but there were many times when the pain was too much. Once I was able to sit up again, I finally took a shower, which required the use of plastic wrap for protection.

It took a couple months before I was fully recovered. I lost more than ten pounds in the process. I returned to school for the eighth grade without much delay, and it seemed as though I had transformed into a completely different person. I even became taller.

This experience had its moments. Although most of my memories are filled with scattered thoughts of hospitals and silent car rides in the rain, they're still bittersweet. They've become a part of me.

Who would have thought a two-foot scar down my back would change my life forever?

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Ricky's Journey Of Finding Romance

March 25, 2007 @ 17:47

"There are only four questions of value in life, Don Octavio. What is sacred? Of what is the spirit made? What is worth living for? And what is worth dying for? The answer to each is the same. Only love."
-- 'Don Juan DeMarco'

Remember in 'Don Juan DeMarco' when he noticed the silk of a woman's underclothing barely touching her skin? It floated about her body on a cushion of air, like an angel's wings brushing against her. He found romance in the most beautiful way as he learned to become a man.

But I'm no Casanova, and my name isn't Ricardo. I'm just another ridiculous perv trying to find his way through a mind full of boobs and fried chicken, while chick flicks make me cry. I suppose I could be a hopeless romantic, except, I seem to find romance in other, stranger places.

Months after my spinal fusion surgery, I noticed something peculiar. Perhaps it was a form of nerve damage, or some oddity of a medical kind, but whenever I touched my upper-right thigh, I'd feel a tingling sensation on the part closer to my knee. It was a defining moment when I realized that I found romance… in my thigh?

To touch a woman, you must always reach from elsewhere. It's impossible to simply grab her heart when effort counts for everything. You need to warm her with feelings of dreaminess, like on late summer afternoons when you can't help but close your eyes to the radiant sunlight. It's to make her laugh and cry, inspiring her to dream of beautiful things, and realize that her heart cries are really dreams of liquid diamond, and capture every droplet away.

You brush her hair from her face and she makes a small sigh. You place your fingertips upon her lips and her frown becomes a smile. You whisper how much you adore her everything and she glows a little more.

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And you do these things because romance isn't to aggressively chase after her. It's about finding the way to her heart in small steps, gently unwrapping her.

The real question is, how can the journey of romance exist outside the confines of a bathroom when it's much akin to the toilet? Though you don't require it to survive, without love, you'd have a huge mess only you can clean.

Despite the fact that fecal matter is the foundation for perfect analogies in all things meaningful, what I'm talking about is the toothbrush. You might think it rather simple as far as personal hygiene is concerned, but it actually holds the key to unlocking the secrets of romance. It comes down to only one question of value:

Are you confident enough to make a promise that the toothbrush you're currently using isn't tainted or dipped in toilet water as your mouth could possibly contaminate hers?

If you're capable of making such a promise, then and only then will you grasp the concept of unconditional love.

This is why if the love of your life is hurt in any way, it's important to focus on her needs instead of vengeance. While getting your butt thrown in prison, who's going to make sure the enemy doesn't break into your home and wreck havoc on your magic brush of cleanliness?

My name is Ricky, and I found romance inside my pants.

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The Art Of Loving Ricky

April 9, 2007 @ 19:58

Do you ever dream of the perfect love story, one that breathes new life into every part of you? Do you ever dream of a great romance that completes your existence, inspiring your heart to craft a blank canvas for the dreams you had only dreamt to dream of? Do you ever find yourself scratching to keep your hopes alive, even for a moment that lasts for seconds more?

For the most part, dreams have slipped away from my grasp however much I try to hold on to them. Despite the barrage of uncontrollable thoughts, I continue to set them aside. In my attempts to fall asleep and forget, I tire myself so my mind won't haunt me, but there are some things in life that have no answers. How can I be fixed when I'm not even broken?

People tell me to compare myself with this person or another, reassuring that not everyone has captured romance. I nod in agreement as I die a little more. I can't be one of them. I need my romance, yet only a handful of useless words remains.

But if the written word is the pathway towards immortality, maybe I can find a way to intertwine my dreams with the fabric of space and time, making them last forever. This is where my dream begins, and it starts with a conversation…

> **Me:** "Every time I look into your eyes, my dreams fall into place. In you my home exists, but even when my every desire says to reach and touch your pretty face, it continues to be impossible. You deserve someone who can take care of and lend his jacket to you. I'll try to convince myself that words are enough, but I still want to put this heart-shaped locket around your neck in front of the glass window across the street. I can't though, because the role of loving you can only be played by another. I don't have the heart to tie you down."

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> **Her:** "Ricky, shut the hell up, really. Is that how you think of me, some mindless girl in need of movie cliché romances for the dreams *you're* supposed to be in? Why is it so hard for you to believe it's not always about pleasing me? I love you, more than anyone in the world, and if this ridiculous self-pity is so much more important than me, then you're right. I deserve better!"

Now if such a conversation existed, perhaps it's okay to think about what I want and need. But how does one love a person who believes romance to be impossible?

To love Ricky is a journey of giving him new reasons to rediscover and redefine the art of romance, and believe that fairytales can come true. It's to realize you're the only woman holding the key to his heart, and that he's really a slut of emotions in search of something more. You might encounter friends and family advising you not to hurt him and yourself in the process, but remember that it's up to you to prove them wrong.

As you venture through the walls of his heart, you'll find you're all he thinks of. If a cure was ever found for Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy, he'd immediately walk towards your way in a crowd of strangers. He'd kiss you suddenly and softly, just because. Unfortunately, since it's impossible to consensually violate your lips in style, his wish is for you to fall off a cliff so you could grab hold of his arm and dislocate his shoulder. He'd drag you up with his wheels, proving exactly how much he loves you. Once you understand the reasons behind his ridiculous need for validation, that's when you realize how he defines his manliness.

When you make an effort to understand him more, you'll also find he wants the same. Your presence is all he needs to live for. He believes the most beautiful part of you is your fingers. All you have

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to do is let him hold your hand while he says something so predictable that would make even you gag:

"If you hold my hand, I might never let go."

In that particular moment, swallow your vomit because for one, you don't want to hurt his feelings, and secondly, you'll still require an empty mouth to respond gracefully. Wink at him and say something along the lines of, "Who said I wanted you to let go?"

His face will redden at that point, and if you don't want things to get awkward, even if it's cute, play with his ice shine Pantene hair. As he closes his eyes to your hand sliding down his cheek, watch him fall asleep for the first time in your gentle touch. While your hand falls into his, place your pretty head upon his shoulder. Show how much you need him, even when he might not believe at first.

Sitting beside him, you might find you're watching a movie together, maybe 'The Notebook' if he wants to show his sensitive side. It's his way to take advantage of you, perhaps inspiring you to smother him with a hug. He doesn't have the heart to do it with alcohol when he cares very much about your liver. Then again, he'll forget your vulnerable sweetness when he cries twelve times again. Your best bet is to take advantage of him while you have the chance, especially when you reach for the Kleenex located conveniently on his side.

To love Ricky is to jump on top of him and go "rawr, rawr, rawr", eating him up like a sexy dinosaur. He always wanted to do the same. He needs to know there's someone crazier than him, curing his Morning Horniness Syndrome for good.

As you wait for sunrise together, hold him as if you're never letting go with your sweet breath upon his face. He needs you most when he starts to think too much. When the rhythm of your heart becomes his lullaby, look into his eyes and take him away from the death within his. Whisper promises that everything will be okay, for in you, nothing matters except the distance between your eyes and his.

Your importance is something to always remember. He doesn't believe that pride is of value, not when it comes to you. He acknowl-

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edges that it's not about being right or wrong, but forgiveness. If you end up in a fight, know that he'd rather put aside his feelings than to lose you altogether because what pride would he have without you?

For his entire life, Ricky has been looking for ways to understand women. To accomplish this, he feels the need to achieve babysitter club type conversations to unlock its secrets. He wants to take care of you, sharing his deepest, darkest thoughts.

You're his angel. Everything you do and are, is incredible, even when your makeup is runny, which you don't actually need. If you find yourself falling ever so softly upon his arms, his only wish will be to give you wings, while hoping for your stay. All you have to do to make him know is lead his fingertips to your face, letting him touch away your beautiful heart cries. He has no strength to reach out and embrace you, so hold him like he's holding you. Hold him as tight as possible, and as your salty tears fall upon his shoulder, he'll feel as if he's walking once more.

And when you realize the relationship is unrealistic, that you can't love Ricky, when you realize all of which you've shared is nothing more than a silly dream of his and that you need a real man, someone to provide for all your needs, that's when you have to break my heart. It's the only way for my perfect love story to end, the greatest romance of my life.

Remember that no matter what happens, you'll always have a place in my heart, whoever you may be…

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Food Is NOT Heaven

April 16, 2007 @ 14:46

Am I the only one who thinks spitting while talking is a crime punishable by death, or at best a good reason for self-loathing? I especially hate it when food is involved. If ever I see something project out of my mouth, suicide seems a little more logical.

This is why food is possibly connected to the afterlife. And if there's a connection between food and heaven, it's important to investigate the consequences of thinking this way.

What's the ideal path we must undertake to attain salvation? Are there evils we must resist that feed our hunger for sinfully delicious foods?

Garnishment is obviously a sin. While I appreciate seeing an artistically designed plate of gourmet bliss, what's the price of luxury? I sure as hell couldn't live with myself if I made flowers out of a vegetable that no one ate, or worse, a rainbow of deli meats!

Fishing is another example. Hooking an innocent creature in the mouth and not eating it is cruel. Cutting its belly open, scraping off scales, decapitation and frying its skin until crisp on the other hand, is humane.

But why did God garnish men with nipples? They're useless as far as the male anatomy is concerned, so they must be a form of decoration.

If wasting food is an abomination, does that make gluttony a path towards righteousness?

If this is the case, why do I feel so guilty whenever I engulf fried chicken drenched in an ocean of gravy? How do I rise to heaven, literally, with all that grease?

So perhaps food isn't heaven when eating chips is a bad idea while watching insect documentaries. However, cheap sausages made from assorted limbs and organs are surprisingly delicious.

Unfortunately, there probably won't be meat in heaven since one would assume a place of divinity exists without headless carcasses. I do wonder though, if there are fruits that taste like fried chicken.

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Considering other oddities such as hairy kiwis and high cholesterol coconuts, I don't see the difficulty.

Regardless, it doesn't change the fact that I still have a great many unanswered questions. Like why 'Supersize Me' supersized my craving for McDonald's, and why heart surgeries make me hungry for steak. Questions, questions, questions; my conversation with God…

"Why *do* men have nipples?"
"What's up with girls and cookie dough? It's raw!"
"Why do I have eye poo in the morning?"
"Can hermaphrodites with fully functional reproductive organs impregnate themselves?"
"What would we call their offspring? Inner-inbred children?"
"Why do we need hangy-balls at the back of our mouths?"
"Why do y'all people from the South prefer ass cream over ice cream?"
"Are we there yet?"
"Where's my fried chicken fruit?"
"Are you annoyed with me or something?"
"Really?! There's a barbecue downstairs and you want me to join?"
"Are you sure you don't mind?"
"Aren't you coming?"
"No?"
"NOOO!!!"

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I'm Cursed

My UFO Experience

April 22, 2007 @ 20:55

My name is Ricky, and I've had a close encounter with a flying saucer.

There, I said it! I can't deny the fact anymore that I'm a crazy person from Discovery Channel Sundays.

I remember it so clearly on that one summer evening during another family road trip. As the orange marmalade skies warmed our hearts, I smiled at my sister. She smiled back.

All right, so maybe I was pulling her hair and annoying the hell out of her, but that's beside the point!

As I continued to gaze into the crimson sunset, I suddenly found myself staring directly at a massive disc-shaped object, metallic and luminescent with red and blue. I immediately grabbed her shoulder and shook as hard as I could, while she complained with many variations of "WHAT?!" When I finally pointed to its direction, I came to the sad realization that my little green friends had disappeared, along with my hopes for an adventure to the final frontier.

Okay, perhaps this isn't exactly what most people would call a UFO experience, but I had a similar one as far as experiments are concerned. It was at the sleeping lab when they measured my carbon dioxide and oxygen levels. I was covered with dozens of wires and probes from head to toe, not to mention the camera, one of the downsides for urinals. The lab hottie promised not to spy on my penis, but it still took an hour just to squeeze a drop.

When I awoke the next morning at five o'clock, I was drunk with confusion. It took me a while to figure out my coordinates. To make it worse, there were remnants of that disgusting gel.

"Great, just great… now I have dried cum in my hair… *green* cum!"

As I wandered around with green cum in my hair, I found myself in a crash course from door to door with other test subjects of various shapes and forms. I eventually stumbled upon the lab hottie in a room resembling that of a control centre. I soon realized that she also monitored my dreams. I was a nervous wreck.

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Me: "So does that mean you can see my dreams?"
Her: "No, of course not. Why do you ask?"
'CAUSE I WAS DREAMING OF YOU!!!
Me: "Oh, just curious (laughs)."

Sometimes I wonder though, if I was abducted, what the aliens would think of my dreams, especially the one with a member of their kind streaking through my backyard. Can you imagine the looks on their faces if they saw I was dreaming of them in such an undignified manner? I'd end up having an intergalactic trial with nasty bug-eyed creatures scrutinizing my every thought. Since I highly doubt they'd appreciate images of evil grins and electric flyswatters, I'm sure the death sentence would be in order, but not without experiments!

Unfortunately for them, putting me under is a bad idea since I'm rather difficult with anaesthesia. If you asked my dentist from years ago, he'd tell you about an unforgettable appointment. You should have seen his look of frustration. Every time I surprised him with an "ouch", he'd give another shot, while I continued emphasizing the pain from yet another. After seven tedious injections, my gums were finally numb. I returned home with a dead tongue and an obsession to bite it off, just because I could.

Ever since my spinal fusion surgery, anaesthesiologists have hated me with a passion. It took them an extra hour to intubate me thanks to my giant cow tongue. If you can picture someone with colourful hair on his ass lying naked on an operating table, and a massive tongue hanging out his mouth in a room full of intergalactic aliens, while a bug-eyed doctor is trying to jam a tube down his throat in much frustration as it continues complaining to its colleagues in many clicks and clacks…

THAT'S ME!!!

Since dreams, telepathy, and experiments are out of the question, this leaves me with the sad alternative of butt probes. Then again, I still don't think it's a good idea because do those poor aliens

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really want another awkward situation? Whenever nursie gives me a suppository, romantic music always comes on my CD player. If the aliens wanted to probe me, they'd have to turn off random play and painstakingly find the hole in the forest of my colourful ass. However, even if they did, there's still a 100% chance that I'd introduce the art of cutting cheese for ten seconds straight, or worse, silently. The quiet ones are the deadliest.

If… you can picture someone with a forest of colourful hair on his ass lying naked in a cornfield with a massive cow tongue hanging out his mouth, a tube jammed halfway down his throat, and a butt probe halfway up his wazoo, while police helicopter spotlights are all over him in a live news bulletin with the music of Barry White in the background…

ME!!!

I suppose my chances for an outer space adventure are rather slim at this point, but at least there's ice cream.

According to a controversial documentary (though throughout the years I've continued my scepticism, and "scepticism" as in a small piece of cement falling on the European news anchor's comb-over), the reason aliens visit us is because of strawberry ice cream. Ebe, captain of the alien spaceship, apparently made agreements with the American government after their crash landing in Roswell, New Mexico. They traded their advanced technologies for buckets of our pink dessert.

Does that mean Area 51 is really a storage facility for frozen delicious treats?

So maybe there *is* hope, as long as Costco is still in business.

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The Other Side Of The Mirror

April 30, 2007 @ 17:49

Dear You,

I had a dream of you some time ago. As your lips softly plunged into mine, I caught a glimpse of your pretty face, fading into the light. I already missed you in the moments between my final breath and reopening of eyes. I laid there in a place where dreams come true, but realized you were gone.

On the other side of the mirror, I saw you once more. I had all the strength in the world, yet still couldn't touch your beautiful heart cries away. I wondered if you felt my presence when you reached into the darkness. I wondered about your dreams, and the eloquent stories your slumber may tell.

Was it me that you longed for? Were the fragments of your broken smile mine to think upon?

I talked to angels about your radiance, how it shined through amid frowns. The sadness in your laughter made me fall for you more. Your essence was sweetly intoxicating, and you haunted my soul with your lingering spirit.

In the timeless afternoons of orange marmalade skies, a blank canvas of dreams where only one remained, I continued to sit alone, watching over you. How I wished I could catch your every teardrop and make them disappear, yet every time I did, I still couldn't reach you. With every unanswered touch, your teardrops became diamonds.

Dear You, whoever you are and wherever you may be. As your lips softly plunged into mine, your tears seeped into my heart. I promised I'd never let another go to waste. I made stardust and sprinkled them in the air as a rainbow of unseen colours emerged. It was utopia, created from the precious droplets of your elixir.

When your life is through, the traces of our affair will arouse romance to blossom. Its bloom shall evoke memories that have long since perished from a civilization that only knows of innocence.

And I dreamt I finally found you after an eternity of waiting. You were walking towards my way from a distant afar, inches from my grasp. As I reached for you with every ounce of strength, your grace-

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ful silhouette faded into the darkness. I awoke and realized I had lost you again.

If every dream had an ending, I'd awake in your arms with every sunrise my eyes should open to. If they were destined to shatter for a chance to be near to you for a moment in mortal time, I'd destroy them myself and await your arrival in solitude, for now and evermore.

Yours,
Ricky

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The Reason Why I Can't Be Loved

May 7, 2007 @ 23:11

This afternoon, my uncle came over with an article about a drug in clinical trial called PTC124. It targets a particular genetic alteration known as nonsense mutation that affects people diagnosed with Cystic Fibrosis, as well as a form of Muscular Dystrophy…

Duchenne's.

Reading through the medical research, I started to cry. Within this imprisonment between hopefulness and hopelessness, for once I have something to hold on to. The dream of the life changing phone call is seemingly falling into place.

PTC124 overrides the corrupted ribosomal translation sequence, allowing the production of the dystrophin protein to continue without errors. It has been proven safe and effective in human subjects, completely correcting the disease in mice. However, it's only suitable for 10-15% of the affected.

While I shouldn't give my hopes up when there's still a test to determine the type of mutation I have, I can't help myself. And it's not so much the potential of walking again that makes me cry. It has more to do with the potential of love.

In my search for romance, I've continued to find destinations where only dead ends exist. Wherever I turn, a question remains:

Who would *want* to love me except my own mother?

She tells me romance isn't for everyone, but I wish she'd understand that I don't care about tears. I asked if we had not been related, if she'd have given me a chance at courting her. She insisted that romance couldn't be forced. Yet how is it possible for love to find me when I never had a chance to begin with?

Someone once said that girls simply choose not to fall for guys like me. I ask too many questions, ones that only hurt more.

I wish someone could tell me "I would", without fearing that I might get the wrong idea, because I'm not stupid. I know my place in the world of romance. Despite hopes and dreams, I wouldn't want to burden the one I love. I wouldn't want her to be with me when she deserves so much more than what I can (not) offer; someone to take

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her in his arms and show her she's beautiful with every stroke of his fingertips.

But even the ones who tell me it's possible could never say it because the truth is that no one would. I'm looking for hope in an abyss of falsities that are my brain.

Do I blame the one who said girls choose otherwise? Do I blame the ones who'd never say the words I long to hear? Am I bitter towards mom for not answering the question that continues to haunt, torment, and calm my foolish heart?

How could I ever blame them when I've been searching my entire life for ways to reach their hearts and please them with all of mine?

The only reason I can't be loved is because of me. I'm after a different rainbow, and I can't seem to find my way.

What *if* I could walk again? What if I could reach her face and touch her delicate lips? What if I could lean over to kiss her forehead and hold her as if I'm never letting go? Could she love me if I prepared a warm meal, made a sandwich, or at least peeled an orange in the car?

I wonder what might happen if someone fell for me then. Would I be satisfied? Would I need to search for ways to prove her love was genuine by knowing she'd still love me, even if I had a physical disability? I need to believe that love conquers all, and its strength can defy the impossible.

Though, I've always wanted to love someone who "can't" be loved. Unlike the situations where a significant other was diagnosed with an illness or injured, it's doubtful for someone to want to go into a relationship with me. I know how much it hurts when I'm lying alone in bed and don't want her to hurt anymore.

Right now, my only hope is that I'm talking out of my giant mechanical ass. Not only do I need to realize my ramblings of romance, or lack thereof are nonsense, but I also require the same mutation.

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The Reason Why I Need To Be In Love

May 15, 2007 @ 23:39

"You've never even been loved, so how would you know what it is?"
-- Nurse

Funny, how the past catches up with one's heart. Initially leaving me unfazed, I can't help but question the validity of my romance anymore. As it continues to fall apart while I think upon the sharp edges of those words, I wonder if I'm really tragically hopeless. Do the tears that fall even matter?

It drives me out of my mind sometimes. On one hand, my desires are real, but yet the questions of "what if" still remain. What if this learning process I've been forcing myself to believe has only existed in vain?

With every great love, to reach our destination we must first find a beginning, but where's mine?

To love a woman is a journey of romance, and a primer for all love stories come true. It's the catalyst that brings a need and desire to revisit reasons. I've always believed there are three physical extensions that lead to the female heart. When I noticed the girl from the Japanese restaurant touching the corner of her mouth with the tip of her third finger, it gave me reason to redefine romance. I realized that to reach a woman's heart, we must first let the way of her become our inspiration.

It's like the overused analogy where we should treat a woman as a delicate flower. If we asked the flirtatious offender that isn't me, we'd be drooled upon with a fountain of nonsense between awkward silences and emulated robotic sounds from a low-budget science fiction movie. This is why we have to let her inspire us to find substance from even the most meaningless things such as common clichés, while creating new formulas that not only induce vomit, but nausea as well.

Why are women akin to flowers though? Do they exist around bees without the fear of fatal allergic reactions? Do they have

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self-fertilization capabilities, and if so, do I really want to know? Or is it because they have pollen?

Pollen makes sense as far as these ramblings are concerned. Through the extensions of her heart, we'll eventually learn of her needs. She might be incredibly gorgeous on the outside, but her splendour remains within. When we make the effort to understand her, it becomes impossible not to be touched. As we come to discover her radiance, our only wish will be to protect and care for her as a delicate flower.

Then again, what of dandelions? Somehow, I don't think women appreciate being compared with backyard weed…

When she touched the corner of her mouth, I saw a different gentleness that included modesty. This is where the beginning of my romance lies, in the third finger.

Unlike others, it continues to be most sensitive. If someone tortured me by ripping out fingernails, that one would seemingly hurt more. For her to use said finger meant she wanted to remove as much grease as possible, along with bits of solid matter without going as far as to potentially compromise the integrity of her lipstick with generic restaurant Kleenex, which in turn saves trees. Her modesty was defined by an inability to recognize that even psycho women with ruined lipstick are beautiful.

A woman is gentle because of her choice of finger. She's humble because although somewhere inside she acknowledges her beauty, she wouldn't take advantage of it by acting like a slob. She's modest because she fails to recognize how beautiful she is, even in a mess. She steals our hearts away when she doesn't even know it, and also cares about our oxygen intake!

So perhaps women aren't flowers at all. Perhaps women are angels because when we see them with children in the afternoon sun, their surroundings become misty as the pace of time continues to mellow. Her sad eyes and the crevice on the midline of her bottom lip inspire us to want to sacrifice our hearts, and trade smiles for her frown.

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And when we realize her tears aren't only beautiful heart cries, but dreams of liquid diamond, we'll also appreciate that catching every droplet is another form of revealing her heart. When they fall upon our fingertips, fears begin to fade. All that remains is our need and desire to return her dreams safely.

But to find the real reason, we must look at her intentions, and it all goes back to the reason why I can't be loved. While I believe in the fact that every woman deserves more than what I can (not) offer, if the opportunity arose and someone miraculously fell for me, I wouldn't let her go. Unlike me, a woman in my position would push someone away and continue to have a broken heart out of selflessness. Her intentions are beautiful, and this is why women are angels.

If my journey of romance turns out to be false and women aren't of angelic descent, then I'd rather forget it altogether. I have to believe I know what love is, even when I haven't a clue what the hell I'm fighting for. I need to believe I'll find comfort in the arms of an angel because I need a reason to become more than the man I already am, the reason why I need to be in love.

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Bad Boys Finish Last

May 22, 2007 @ 22:02

Do you ever wonder why bathroom water tastes especially good in the middle of the night? It's better than kettle water and borderline sweet. I'm guessing it has something to do with the chemical reaction when mixed with early morning breath bacteria.

After many nights of tossing and turning, I've come to realize that it's more psychological than anything. For our entire existence, humans have been attracted to thrills and risks. Bathroom water might come from the same source, but there's always a hint of danger from potential traces of invisible excrement.

We've all heard it before, about women choosing bad boys over nice guys, and how being with a badass brings a sense of security. While they acknowledge the potential of getting hurt, the gain continues to outweigh the pain when danger makes the ride sweeter and sexier. However, what most fail to recognize is that the typical bad boys aren't all that horrible. They're the good ones, only a little dumb. It's us, the hopeless romantic pervs, who are evil.

We recognize that getting to know and understanding her is a privilege. We also recognize that no matter how much we're missing out, said idiots will develop beer bellies and lose their hair as we eventually get the girl. Because of knowledge, we spend our lives with an agenda, and women subconsciously feel threatened.

It's sad really, how nice guys have to make such an effort to hide their cowardly feelings, risking their lives doing stupid things. They lack the brain capacity to comprehend the consequences of becoming an aging pretty boy, still afraid of commitment at midlife crisis. Common sense tells us that motorcycles will cause an increase of wrinkles due to wind, while not wearing helmets will cause tooth decay from insects that smash into their mouths, creating extra plaque.

Fast cars, fist fights, contests involving alcohol, and putting the structural integrity of rectums up for auction in jail? I drove my wheelchair drunk once before, and that was quite enough.

I'd rather dream of getting knocked out by a nice guy so I could cry to his girlfriend. Even *I* know it's impossible not to lose her

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after beating up a cripple. Then and only then will I get the girl. I long for beautiful moments on the hospital bed with Jell-O, and let's not forget the sponge bath… *ours*.

But with my luck, just when she's about to make me her bitch, the former barges in with rotten flowers, chocolates, and a teddy bear. He cries a river of bullshit and her desire to change him into a better man becomes reality. Alone in the dark with Jell-O stains everywhere, monster nursie inevitably forces a sponge bath on me… *ours*.

Though, the comforting notion of expensive gift shop items still eases my mind. Then again, he probably bought them from a convenience store for $3.99, damn it!

It's actually kind of selfish to only think of myself, considering how women remain to be the victims. They'll always end up with assholes, whether good or bad. The only reason bad boys finish last is because there are no better choices.

With the trauma of watching 'A Walk to Remember', I've set out to reach for more. I'm neither bathroom water nor that from the kettle. I'm filtered water from the kitchen, purified with ultra violet rays that kill off E. coli. I'm tastelessly delicious!

I refuse to help a friend win the girl of his dreams, I'll tattle to his wife if he cheats, and I watch chick flicks because I like a good cry. I'm determined to find my chance at romance.

My name is Ricky, and I'm a different breed of bastard.

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Someone To Watch Over You

May 30, 2007 @ 21:22

Dear Ricky,

There are times when I'm watching you from a distant afar. As you look towards the empty ceiling with no one in sight, you dream of me and think upon the fragments of my broken heart. I'm your damsel in distress, desperately searching for my lost romance, but don't you understand that I'm not as fragile as you think?

My dearest Ricky, you've always felt the need to find reason for someone to love you, and whenever you look inside, only impossibilities remain. You seek comfort in carrying the burdens of others, while looking for ways to believe you're deserving of affection. Don't you know that loving you is possible, and not because of what you do?

Surrendering to nightfall as you tire from emptiness, I see a glimmer of hope that maybe you're fighting for something real. Yet in moments when the pain becomes unbearable and it aches until you cry, you close your eyes to remember my faceless figure so you may have a reason to suffer.

But I suppose it matters not, for my spirit is only a figment of your imagination. I've stood by you for all these years, reaching for the untouchable tears that remain. Haven't you come to realize that the fragments you think upon are merely your own? It saddens me, how no one had thought to mention this sooner.

As I pretend to wonder the things you dream upon, I know you're still thinking of me, despite my hopes that you'll finally give up. I wish you'd let me go, for this search is hurting you, more than you'll ever know, but you insist to continue believing.

Sometimes I don't even know if I can do this anymore, but your undying need for someone to claim this voice resurrects me from the death within. I suppose we should fall apart together so you won't have to be alone. Though it pains me so, hearts eventually numb and tears inevitably freeze. I'll be strong for you, however much it hurts.

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And should your hopes and dreams shatter along the way and turn out to be nothing more than a childish fairytale, know I'll be watching over you. I'll be your whispers of comfort, always and forevermore.

Love,
Someone
Anyone
No one at all

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The Ghost Of You

June 6, 2007 @ 21:53

Dear You,

There are times when I'm watching from a distant afar, to see the beautiful people passing by. As time begins to slow and great romances unfold, I can't help but wonder if I'll ever be loved. Am I alone in this place of shadows and shades of blue? Do I only exist for these filmstrip scenes of infinite car windows?

You ask if I realize the fragments of your heart are really my own, and that you're merely a figment of my imagination. It doesn't matter anymore, for I've always known these truths. I'll continue to fall apart to the abyss of my first and last romance.

With their fingers interlocked, I close my eyes to think of you, my faceless woman without a name. The warmth of your touch is hypnotic, and you mesmerize me with the softest whispers. I wonder if these hopes and dreams are destined to be a part of my demise.

But your ghost is eternally haunting. I've tried to let you go. As tears continue to fall, while lingering thoughts warn of this inevitable surrender, an ocean of your poison enfolds every fibre of my being. It seeps into my heart as I drown in your sweet intoxication.

Sometimes I wish you'd leave me, but when the pain becomes unbearable and darkness freezes over, it is then that I feel your presence. You torture me with gentle kisses, the traces of affection defining you, yet I can't even find the strength to reach your nothingness. I hold on to try and prove these impossibilities wrong. I need to believe there's someone out there to claim this voice of yours.

Dear You, whoever you are and wherever you may be. You're my strength, desire, and trust, and the memory I never had. You're the torment within my heart, my comfort in thoughts, and the last of my every dream.

And should this turn out to be nothing more than a path of going out of my mind, our romance will still remain. I hope you stay with me, for now and evermore.

Yours,
Ricky

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The Art Of Being A Perv

June 13, 2007 @ 22:15

Have you ever noticed the impeccable skin of women with thick eyebrows? I'm not sure why this is, but I have a lingering suspicion that it has something to do with the Neanderthal gene.

It's a compromise for the disadvantages of evolution. As the planet warmed, it became natural to lose our hairiness. Since the process took quite a while and excessive fuzz isn't considered attractive, our bodies developed a temporary solution. This is why hairy women are much smoother, to attract the opposite sex and continue the human race.

Though, I'm also attracted to women with bucked teeth, so I'm still trying to break through a mind full of boobs and fried chicken to reach the destination in my headache-inducing journey of finding answers. Then again, I could very well be the missing link that can disprove the theory of evolution since I'm the reason chickens can't fly anymore.

But what does it matter? It's not as if I can deny the fact that I'm a hopeless romantic perv in need of a softer place to fall upon, literally. Plus, it's either that or I'm a partially evolved ape, and I don't want to be a monkey! I like to find beauty in all things, and if that makes me a potty brain, then so be it. However, that light doesn't exactly help my case:

"Great, just great… now I have an energy-saving boob in my room! Thanks dad!"

Unfortunately, I'm guilty as charged. It started when I was only a baby. I smiled at all the pretty nurses who gave me shots and scared the daylights out of them. From then on, my fascination towards women grew, while the journey had begun.

I recently visited my late aunt at the hospital, and as strange as it felt to have the tables turned, I suddenly forgot the point of compassion when Dr. Hottie smiled at me. I wanted to faint so she could revive me by performing mouth-to-mouth.

It also reminds me of the time I had a roommate named Kim. At first I thought he was either a woman, or Korean man with his

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name spelt backwards, but of all the oddities this world may offer, he turned out to be a White man? He had ALS, a disease that causes muscle weakness and atrophy throughout the body, while brain function remains intact. He could only blink his eyes to communicate.

I still remember that one evening when he had visitors. It was a humbling experience to witness such a sorrowful moment. They ran out of Kleenex in a matter of minutes, but then she walked in…

You know that moment when the song 'Bad to the Bone' suddenly comes to mind? When the super gorgeous respiratory therapist returned with another box, I immediately lost all sense of humility. I felt my IQ falling down the stairs as I transformed into the male counterpart of Paris Hilton. *That's hot!*

Okay, okay, so maybe I'm a tad insensitive, at times. Fine, maybe all the time (happy?), but there *are* downsides to being a perv as far as my hopeless romantic tendencies are concerned. Immediately after watching 'Don Juan DeMarco', a horny housefly started to molest my hand and kept at it for hours on end. I wonder if I really am partially evolved since the pheromones I excrete after chick flicks seem to attract… insects?!

How about the nurses who have to press down on my morning erection just so it goes inside the urinal? Or worse, when middle-aged nursie gave me a tutorial on condom catheters while I pleaded for dear life not to cream myself in front of the parental units?

Despite drawbacks, I still return to the thoughts of my closet fetish fantasy. I can hear the giggles and heavy breathing already…

"Do you really want me to stop, hunni bunni?"
"No!!!"
"Ahahahahahaha!"
"Is that a boob?"
"Are those fingers?"
"Owww!"
"Ahahahahahaha!"

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There are so many thoughts of perverseness that warm my heart. It's about finding sexy in the strangest places, like getting an itchy nose from kissing lips, or even armpit fat. I've always thought that small squishy part between a woman's armpits was uniquely adorable. While not necessarily sinful, it's still a little perverted.

Should I consider myself cursed? After all, my sexual orientation seems to be a mixture between insect and Neanderthal when flies are in love with me and I'm attracted to uni-brows and overbites. If that isn't strange enough, I even find stretch marks sexy. They're a reminder of women who continue to sacrifice themselves, enduring agony over agony to breathe new life into our world as they nurture and inspire us to become more.

It's about redefining sexy without the need for socially accepted elements such as boob fat molecules and long, hairless legs; the typical tall, dark, and curvy figure. The question is whether we allow ourselves to find it in booblessness due to breast cancer. I always ask, *What about her? What about the one who feels insignificant when no one looks at her the same, including her husband as she removes her articles of clothing?*

Women of all shapes and sizes deserve the right and opportunity to roll their eyes at our ridiculous attempts to ogle over her everything.

And perhaps the way I find stretch marks sexy is a subconscious effort to prove there really is a way to mend the broken hearts of women with hysterectomies. When she looks in the mirror and sees herself naked, she might find shattered memories of past pregnancies, or lack thereof. She might feel as though she's less of a woman because of her physical limitations.

I need to prove that everything defining a woman is the essence of her elegance, and that I believe is the art of being a perv.

In loving memory of aunt Dolly; and dedicated to the heroic women diagnosed with or who've died of breast cancer, and heroines who had or will require hysterectomies.

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This Is My Life
The Final Chapter Of My Childhood
July 2, 2007 @ 18:56

As I looked to the window for a final glimpse of high school, I realized another chapter had begun…

In October of '97, I was admitted to Bloorview McMillan Centre. My lungs were unable to expel the healthy amount of carbon dioxide. Unlike before where I had to blow into a machine, there were tests to determine the input and output of my gas levels. I was also monitored while sleeping.

When I first started using an external ventilator called the Bi-PAP, it was more of an inconvenience. I used soft nose plugs ("pillows") as they were relatively comfortable compared to other masks, especially after several hours.

In time, my breathing worsened. The air pressure was set higher, but the consequence of upping it was leakage, so the headgear was tightened, causing much soreness. I'd have nose bleeds at any given time of the day.

Regrettably, I started taking it off earlier in the morning. I continued sleeping, and resulting from my carelessness, blacked out in the bathroom. Sitting in front of the mirror, I suddenly lost vision, while my face and lips were devoid of colour. I thought I was dying when my body turned cold and numb.

A year had gone and the accumulation of carbon dioxide continued. While the pressure almost went to maximum, air would push through the oesophagus, causing my stomach to bloat. It filled so much that my appetite was significantly compromised. I only had room to eat less than half of my usual portions. I was always hungry in the middle of the night after the gas released. I didn't want to wake my parents so I tried to sleep it off, though I'd be bloated once more getting up. It was a vicious cycle that caused a great deal of weight loss.

If you walked in by surprise, you'd see me rocking back and forth as I used my personal table to leverage a thrusting motion that helped to inhale and exhale. I'd only do it with no one around, which was fortunately most of the time. The frustration of gasping for air

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made me extremely irritable and angry. I didn't want the world to see me. I'd sit in my room all day, trying my damnedest just to breathe.

I was rapidly losing weight and it became increasingly alarming. I saw a nutritionist who suggested supplemental drinks. I also had to start eating fattier foods. What else could I have done except give in to McDonald's? I eventually took a more powerful supplement, but it came to a point where even that made no difference. I had no appetite, and was down to seventy odd pounds.

During the summer of '99, the BiPAP could no longer sustain my needs. It was a matter of life or death, in that either I let the doctors ease the pain of suffocation, or continue to live on a ventilator for the rest of my life.

As I drove through the many hallways, my only thought was how things could have turned out that way.

Why do I have to endure such loss? I lost my ability to walk since I was nine, and so much strength that I can no longer hold my body without a chest strap. I can't even lift my arms to feed myself, while my dreams of becoming a cartoonist shattered before my eyes. Now, I can't even have the luxury of my own breath? How much more can a person take? How much more do I have to lose before I'm free from this imprisonment?

It's funny when people say I'm brave, and that I'm strong or courageous. How does one have the privilege to own these qualities without a choice to begin with? I survived because I had to. I didn't have time to think about depression when all I could focus on was the torture of gasping for air every second of every minute.

A couple months prior, I began using the BiPAP in the daytime. The respiratory therapist warned about excessive carbon dioxide collecting in my lungs. I could have ended up in critical condition while having to do an emergency tracheostomy. It almost turned out that way when I caught a serious case of the flu. It was the toughest, most gruelling experience I had ever faced. At one point, I even had to go to emergency because I nearly suffocated.

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Coincidently, the procedure was on July 20, the same day as my spinal fusion surgery. I woke up early at North York General to meet with the surgeon and respiratory specialist. I was watching the beginning of 'Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade' with my sister for the hundredth time without finishing when the nurses came knocking.

I remembered how watching the highway of fluorescent lights made me feel out of place. I waited outside the operating room and kept to myself. I didn't know what to think. I watched on as the people passed by, awaiting my fate. It was then that I felt warmth in my hand, and looking up to a blurry image, I realized someone was holding it. I was moved by how a stranger could care so much.

I don't recall much of anything afterwards, only waking up in the Recovery Unit. I can't even describe the strange feeling of breathing without actually doing so. I was doing it through my lungs, but directly from a ventilator. I couldn't speak and thought I was suffocating at first.

It was hallucination-like with the morphine in my system. Everything changed before my eyes, and I was always in a different place at a different time. I was often thirsty, but wasn't allowed to drink so I had lemon flavoured sponge sticks to suck on.

Next morning, or what seemed to be next morning, I struggled out of bed and onto my wheelchair. It was exhilarating to be able to sit up again. I was starving, but thanks to the doctors and their obligation to keep me from choking to death, was only allowed to eat Jell-O. I did however suck on a Chinese snack bean for taste.

My shirt always stained red, but the worst was the suctioning. They'd insert a long catheter down my trachea to remove secretions, as well as dried up blood. The stoma was hurting like hell and it was agony. I'd have excess saliva in my mouth that also required the same. It seemed disgusting, to me and everyone else most probably.

Even more frightening was the changing of trach tubes. There was an inner cannula that had to be replaced from within. The pressure

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of someone pulling it out and pushing another in burned like fire, despite the narcotics.

My sister and mom took turns caring for me while I stayed in the Intensive Care Unit. It was frustrating that I couldn't make a sound. I eventually regained my voice with the help of a lovely respiratory therapist. I learned to speak between each breath rather quickly as I found motivation in my desperate need to flirt with her. While practicing, I developed a way to call people by making loud clicking sounds with my tongue. It was surprisingly useful.

With the nuisance of a pimple behind my right armpit, sleeping was almost impossible. I was exhausted, but ached from back and chest pain so shuteye was more of a challenge. I was addicted to 'The Bold and the Beautiful' soon after.

In my last days of intensive care, I was finally able to get my hair washed after a week. I drove around the hallways for some fresh air. I awoke at five o'clock on the morning I left because they needed my bed for someone else. I temporarily stayed in a room with other patients, which was quite an adventure since the guy next to me was a screaming psychotic who cussed like a sailor. I continued my stay for another week until my transfer back to Bloorview. I had an ambulance ride for the very first time.

There were still many adjustments to be made for the month I stayed. My family learned to care for me, and we were educated on a number of things, including technical details of the ventilator, setting up tube circuitry, chest physio, and coughing techniques that were meaningless. I was to take a breath, hold it in, remove the ventilator, and cover the stoma to cough, whereas it could have all been accomplished with a simple "ahem". I also had a panic attack in the summer heat when I forgot how to breathe out of nowhere.

When the drugs wore off, the back and chest pain became more apparent. The original trach tube was hard, causing so much irritation that granulation tissue developed inside. It grew at the opening and I could hardly breathe lying flat in bed. They even considered

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removing the blockage surgically. I tried different tubes before a doctor from Sick Kids gave me a silicone version that had no curvature. It went past the granuloma and once inserted, the pain immediately disappeared. Because it was much longer, a dozen gauzes were stacked underneath to keep from gagging, which looked ridiculous. I could have poked someone in the eye.

Another important issue was personal care at home. Thanks to my social worker, I now have nurses who care for me on an almost daily basis. They provide relief for my family, and it's the one way to avoid living in a medical facility.

Who knows what the future might bring…

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The Art Of Loving Ricky More

July 30, 2007 @ 19:01

When I speak of my physical challenges, they're usually unimaginable to most. However, what people fail to realize is that surgeries and muscle deterioration don't count for shit. I was never afraid.

What haunts me is the moment I sensed a disturbed look in his eyes. I was almost a teenager then, in a clinical trial that makes me laugh at every aspect of its ridiculousness. How on earth can sitting on a foam wedge and wearing a neck brace *cure* anyone from a genetic but not hereditary disease?

He was the parent of a younger generation with Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy. I realized for the first time that I had the power to evoke fear. I had become and will remain to be a nightmare for those who think their son could never turn out like me.

Perhaps I'm overly sensitive, but I can't help but fall apart when I'm looked at in a certain way. In those moments, I'd rather be pitied. It reminds me of the time when a mother felt the need to protect her little daughters. While she held them ever so tightly as I drove by, my heart crumbled. *Is this how they think of me?*

I'm not a monster. I don't want to be a monster. Monsters can't impress their potential future mother-in-laws.

The dream of impressing her is one I've had since I came to understand the complexities of my romance. I want to cook with her and make arts and crap from macaroni and decade old popcorn kernels. I want to do puzzles with her, watch chick flicks, and wipe my eyes with the generic Kleenex we bought from the day before. I want to tell her that joke about how the anagram for "mother-in-law" is "woman Hitler" and have her hit my shoulder without hurting for days.

If I could somehow get through to her without the need to do impossible things, maybe I'd have a chance at romance. But why would anyone in their right mind want her daughter to be with me?

She'd want a hero to protect her; someone who can reach to hold her as if he's never letting go. She'd want someone who could fall upon his knees to ask for her hand in marriage, and jump in his

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car at any given moment to rush her to the hospital with a baby on its way. She'd at least want someone who doesn't cry over what he writes.

Then again, what if I'm wrong? What if I've been accusing my potential future mother-in-law all along? Am I a monster for making false accusations against an innocent victim of my own insecurities?

I'm not a monster. I don't want to be a monster, and to not be one, I'd have to give her a chance that begins with another conversation…

> **Me:** "No actually, I'm surprised she's still single. She's smart, funny, and sweet. She has such a big heart, and not to mention, is incredibly beautiful. I see where she gets her looks from!"
> **Her:** (laughs)
> **Me:** "It's really a shame that I can't walk. I'd have asked her out already."
> **Her:** "Ricky, that's ridiculous. You don't have to walk again to ask someone out."
> **Me:** "Ha, we both know I'm nothing compared to all the guys she could have. Would *you* want your daughter with someone who can't even wipe his own ass?"
> **Her:** "Why not?"

Such a question would redefine my entire belief in the hopes I acknowledge yet disregard with acceptance. It would make what's left of my heart slingshot out of orbit. What if in a parallel universe of relentless quantum physics, even I could agree?

The art of loving Ricky is a journey of finding the crevices of his broken heart by making an effort to look past the cracks of his giant mechanical ass. It's to see him for who he is, and when you do, he might let you check his out for real. He might sit all day, but with his high-tech cushion of inflatable bubbles, his butt is incredibly round and juicy.

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As you venture through the walls of his heart, you'll understand why he needs to emphasize the non-hereditary part of his genetic disease. His dream is to build a family and grow old with you to gross out the grandchildren in the most romantic kisses involving dentures and screams of bloody murder.

Looking deep into his eyes, you'll eventually realize he's writing mind letters to you. He did the same with that theatre girl, but with you he'll finish, instead of mumbling in his brain like an idiot after "Dear You". If you do turn out to be her, know that he was tempted to spit his over-chewed gum on the floor. He only decided not to because a) he was afraid of getting it on himself, and b) more importantly, he worried about your extra sexy spine.

To love Ricky is to love him more when he begins to fall apart. Write him love letters and claim his voice from within. You've always been the one guiding his belief in romance. There are a number of women who expect their men to read minds, but he can also be quite unreasonable. If you write to him because of love, he'd be more than surprised, quickly becoming a lovesick puppy, a.k.a. your bitch. Admit it. You've always wanted one!

Though, bitches still need to feel like a man, even if they do cry during chick flicks. Ricky wants to be breast friends forever with you too. When he cries during the end of 'Rory O'Shea Was Here' (featuring someone with a particular genetic but not hereditary disease), know that his tears have nothing to do with the fear of death. It's more the fear of dying without sex, but you can fix that.

He needs you to need him, more than you can ever imagine. If you kiss him when he reaches your height on the van elevator, he'll know you really do. Kiss pictures in photo booths are fun, except with his giant mechanical ass, he can't exactly fit inside, so how about webcam?

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To love Ricky is to turn this hairy green frog in desperate need of a haircut into a…

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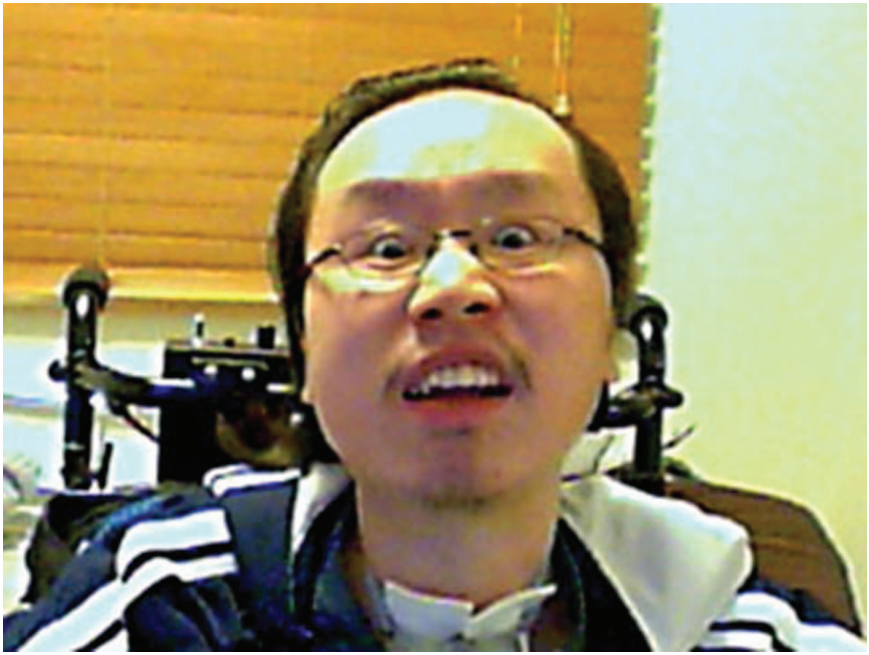

Monster? No, he doesn't want to be a monster! How many times do I have to…?!

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He's biting his lip, he's biting his lip! Porn star? Uh, no… not when he has an extra hole in his neck!!!

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Why so sad, Ricky? Still don't know what you want to be? Hey, I know!

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Wait… that's a monkey! Hold on, I think I remember now! A hairy green frog in desperate need of a haircut always has to turn into…

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Prince… Charming?!

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Of course, after a certain point, you'll inevitably ask yourself why he even loves you. It's hard to disregard the fact that you're his first and only girlfriend. You'll have much doubt and wonder if you could be any other girl. There's not a day that goes by when he doesn't think about this. He looks for ways to overcome these haunted thoughts, and once and for all prove his love, except, fails every time.

As your concerns grow, PTC124 might finally be made available in Canada. Happiness will soon arouse you to forget your every worry. He always dreamt of having the strength to reach your pretty face. When he trembles in your arms (yes, surprise erections are a bitch) while your hair is tied back with an adorable red bow, smother him with your bunny fluff ball. Sweep him off his wheels for one last time as you whisper your dreams to him.

And when you realize that fairytales don't come true, and hairy green frogs are simply hairy, when you realize he can never be the one to build your dreams with, when your insecurities finally knock some sense into you, and even your mom sees how unrealistic the relationship is, that's when you have to shatter my heart completely, even when I'm the last person you'd ever want to hurt. That's when you learn the art of loving Ricky more…

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Proof That God Exists

August 19, 2007 @ 14:12

Why do we refer to our daily bread? Why does it represent our needs? Is there more to it than we think?

God is incredibly clever with a great sense of humour. Though our daily bread is a symbol of human sustenance, it was also a subtle way to provide evidence of His existence. Many of us have failed to recognize this, while brushing it off as a figure of speech without giving credit.

It all goes back to the time of Genesis when people lusted after the heavens, inevitably erecting the Tower of Babel. As punishment, God divided us into separate nations and created different languages.

But is it a coincidence that bread is in every culture?

Is it simply a coincidence that we have Jewish challah, Chinese mantao, and American hot dog buns?

The fact remains. Everyone *knew* the recipe since humans populated the Earth, but after much confusion and chaos, most of our ancestors only remembered a part of it and improvised.

Therefore, the secrets of divinity lie within flour and water, and maybe a little yeast. Bread is proof that the Tower of Babel was real, and so nothing can deny the existence of our Heavenly Father.

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I'm Cursed

No Actually, You're Cursed

August 30, 2007 @ 21:17

Surprisingly, it didn't rain on my recent fishing trip for the first time in three years. However, like all good things that happen, there's always a catch, except, we didn't actually "catch" anything, unless of course you count baby sunfish, inedible seaweed, and bait. Yes, *bait*. Out of all the wide varieties of freshwater creatures in the miles and miles of Lake Ontario, dad caught a minnow.

And you know how when you come to the realization of saying something stupid, it only happens *after* the fact? I made a joke to my cousin:

"Where the hell did the parent fish go? All we catch are the stupid kids!"

I gulped.

You idiot! Don't you remember you're trying to be sensitive? He just lost his mother a few months ago! Aw, shit…

SHIT!

No really, shit!

Shit? Where?

OH SHIT!!!

So when the outhouse cleaner came and blocked our van before we could leave, I realized karma had come to wreck havoc in the form of foul smelling excrement. I wasn't surprised in the least, considering all the other stupid things I've done after the funeral.

In my desperate attempts to "make conversation", I've a) mentioned the double-murder/suicide of the late professional wrestler Chris Benoit, b) asked him to watch a particular Bruce Willis film known as 'Live Free or Die Hard', and finally c) introduced him to 'Bad Boys II' at grandma's house, while forgetting the part where frozen corpses would conveniently fly into the streets during a high-speed chase.

Now, you'd *think* that after karma had kicked my giant mechanical ass, things would get better. You'd *think* the universe might find its balance again, but then I made another joke.

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"Man, that guy must stink! I bet he doesn't have a wife, ha, ha… ha?"

Five minutes later: face-palm, tumbleweed.

IN FRONT OF MY WIDOWER UNCLE!!!

STUPID-STUPID-STUPID!!!

"The hell? It's a woman?!"

STUPID-STUPID-STUPID!!!

I suppose my curses do have somewhat of a contagious factor, like the time when I was an innocent baby and dad wanted me to kiss my sister. As the story goes, he "mistakenly" asked me to bite her.

How about the times I used my melon head to harm other babies in the elevator? Or the time I became a plastic surgeon? Not to mention, my bad influence…

Unfortunately, that's the price others have to pay when I've subconsciously uncovered the secrets to the other side of karma. Because of the extra space required for my genius brain, it also resulted in my poor mother getting a caesarean section. When the doctor finally delivered me, it was the beginning of the end… *for you*.

Though, I sometimes wonder how people might remember me. What I do know is that they wouldn't want *me* remembering them. When my brother-in-law's grandmother passed away, I cringed at how all I could think of was the little old lady who blocked my view at their wedding banquet.

Please don't blame me for being an insensitive ass. It's nothing more than a part of the regrettable aura that surrounds me, because I'm cursed. No actually, *you're* cursed.

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Car Rides & French Fries

September 6, 2007 @ 18:12

On our fishing trip last week, my cousin asked why I wanted to go when I couldn't physically fish anymore. It's quite ridiculous I suppose, when seeing others do the things I miss makes me a little sad. Yet the joy of remembering overshadows my despair. The bittersweet moments of nostalgia drive me to surrender to the sound of the ocean, or in my case, a lake with a kingdom of creatures that no one in their right mind would ingest.

It's funny how my favourite childhood memories come from fishing trips when my sister had the biggest catch of all. While most would probably assume I'm hinting towards jealousy, her catch was actually me.

Perhaps I might look like a goldfish after slushies, but that doesn't make it right for her to hook my melon head "accidentally". Considering that it rained for three years in a row, and how my balls shrink every time I drive through the docks, it's remarkable that contentment is even possible.

But closing my eyes, I'm reminded of dad saving me from falling into the water, and freshly caught fish from the river, grilled to perfection. I remember the car rides home and McDonald's fries with tons of free salt that made us jump in our seats. They make me stop and forget for a moment or two as I think back to reflect upon my life.

Singing along to oldies from dad's ancient cassette tapes was so much fun. My sister and I loved Travel Scrabble despite the missing tiles, and the ball of tape that was unfortunately Connect Four. We used to bet on window raindrops to race with each other, sharing new cuss words in secret.

Ga Jei and I used to spend a lot of time together. We loved recording pretend commercials on that dusty hi-fi. It's amazing how the simplest pleasures can keep a kid satisfied, but in retrospect, we could have easily set the house on fire with our wood burning kit.

Though, having been born in the early Eighties, one could never get away from danger, including indoor trampolines, radiation, and repetitive music from 'Super Mario Bros.' that drove us out of

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our minds. How about when mom threatened me with the back of a feather duster and I defended myself with a plastic sword? She laughed so hard that she forgot my punishment.

Danger was inevitable, but the best was tobogganing in our backyard and crashing into the deck after a couple metres. There was always hot chocolate waiting for us under that fake Christmas tree from Canadian Tire.

There are times when I regret not knowing the future. If I had known, I'd have walked a little more, ran another mile, and jumped a few more ropes. I'd have told little Janine how much I loved her, and how sorry I was for stealing her favourite pen and making her cry. All I have are memories of a big catch that almost pulled me down a river, the things I should have done more often that I can't do anymore, and a chance at romance that's all but impossible.

Another fishing trip and another memory to think upon; maybe next year…

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The Walk I Can't Remember

September 12, 2007 @ 21:20

Dear You,

Sometimes it's hard to come up with words for the haunting in my heart. In the stillness of night, I've lost myself in a momentum of untouchable thoughts. I long for familiarity, belonging, and a place to call home.

As the end of summer draws closer, I hold on a little tighter to the fading memories. I reach into the darkness for them, yet the further I do, the more impossible it becomes. I close my eyes to the whispers of a midnight breeze, rushing upon my face. I surrender to the whistles of a train from a distant afar, the reminder that I'm almost there, no matter where I am.

Funny, how we're all searching for a way. I find comfort in remembering the things I should have done more often that I can't do anymore. But even in my firmest grasp, they've begun to perish as well. I'm lost in a place of nevermore. I need to be made free.

In you, perhaps…

I've found my strength, desire, and trust, and the voice of guidance throughout the many years. You've redefined my romance, and you're the last of my every dream. Losing myself in forgotten footsteps, you're all I have that remains.

We're so lost in this journey. We spend our lives trying to fill this void, yet with falling in love, we lose ourselves once more. I hope to lose myself in you.

Dear You, whoever you are and wherever you may be. As the beginning of autumn nears, I surrender to the shadows of memory lane. Reaching from the darkness with your inviting fingertips, my first step towards you has been taken at last. In your arms is where my belonging lies.

And in you, I shall forever let go of the walk I can't remember and begin a new one to never forget. I wonder if you'll ever know how much I need you so.

Yours,
Ricky

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Romancing The Housefly

September 22, 2007 @ 20:29

Dear Housefly,

Sometimes it's hard to come up with words for the haunting in my heart. There's a walk I can't remember, but it's impossible to not want to forget a path with many ups and downs, resembling that of goose bumps.

As the end of summer draws closer, you desperately try to find warmer and softer places to fall upon, but sadly, had to choose me. You landed on my fingertips on that fateful afternoon, and I wish you'd stop molesting my hand. I admit to having pretty girly fingers, but can't you see I'm not female with all those tiny eyes? I wish you had ears to understand and hear me scream-sigh… like a little girl!

Okay, fine! So I might be somewhat confusing. I might also produce pheromones that attract insects after watching chick flicks. The last time I watched 'Don Juan DeMarco', you were all over me, day and night. I wonder if you're lesbian, or just attracted to poor me.

But like Frankie says, your persistence wore down my resistance. I should give in and look for the upsides to your romance. I do get tingling sensations every time you kiss me, while I cringe. You don't sting like wasps or bees. You don't even evoke cold sweat like evil butterflies.

And remember that summer when we had a threesome with your cousin Mosquito? It was hot and wet, the way you both like it. I'll never forget the moment you whispered your soft buzzes in my ear in an orgasmic chaos of shivers down my spine. I still have no idea how she managed to bite my ass when I've been sitting on it since the early Nineties.

Dear Housefly, wherever you are in a dumpster somewhere, or even a day-old corpse. As the beginning of autumn nears, I find comfort that your days are numbered. I find comfort in the thought of you, smoking and exploding at the hands of an electric flyswatter. Though in a demented kind of way, I think I'm going to miss you. You're my only chance at romance, and I've always wanted someone to hold my hand.

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Then again, you're probably a guy.

Die. Bitch.

Unfortunately yours,

Ricky

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In San Francisco

September 30, 2007 @ 19:06

Dear San Francisco,

Remember our love/hate relationship? Remember how we argued so much that we couldn't make eye contact but always made up before bedtime?

In the wake of my nocturnal heart, I've written love letters to someone, anyone, and eventually no one at all. With each that I write, I die a little more. They're the fragments of my hopes and dreams. I pretend I might have a chance at romance, for my every wish has drifted away.

Silly, I know, how my mind still returns to the childhood memories of a little girl I once loved. You've become a different person, a woman, and I don't even know your name.

But I had a dream of you some time ago.

I dreamt of driving along the coastline, looking for you. I dreamt of Pacific blue, late summer afternoons, and watching the California sun as it kissed the ocean waters. You were sitting alone, gazing upon the glimmering abyss from a distant afar. I was determined to touch your beautiful heart cries away.

As the moments passed while I tried to lift your spirits, it ended with my dying mother. I cried so hard in the waiting room.

They say dreams are opposed to reality, where life becomes death and vice versa. It was less than a couple weeks ago when mom had her liver transplant. Though she returned home safely yesterday evening, I continue to be sleepless and worried. I wonder if it explains my dream, or that its meaning has more than one.

I'm lost without you, yet I'd be the same without her. I'd gladly exchange my life for hers, as well as my journey of romance. I wonder if it's the reason I can't be loved. Will happiness never find me when if one dream begins, another will cease to exist?

In my darkest hours, I don't look to romance, but a reason to endure when the pills aren't working anymore. There are times when the pain becomes so unbearable that I'm rendered to tears. I need my

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suffering to not exist in vain, and I find comfort knowing it's justified in you.

Dear San Francisco, no matter how many dreams may shatter and how darkness might consume them, you'll always remain to be my nameless girl with the broken smiles. You're my unrequited romance, the memory I can't touch. You're the hope to find a rationale for my loneliness, pain, and despair. You're my sacrifice, and the reason to call myself an almost hero. I think about you, even when you're not mine to think upon.

And in San Francisco is where I left my heart. I hope to find you again someday.

Yours,
Ricky

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I'm Cursed

Dream Maker, You Heartbreaker

October 7, 2007 @ 21:39

The art of falling in love is much akin to that of sleep. Surrendering to the nocturnal romances of moonlight, a portal eventually opens. It leads to a place where every wish might soon come true. I always speak of closing my eyes to a tearful kiss, but have you ever had one of those crazy ass dreams?

I dreamt of eating a miniature Garfield plush toy, only to end up with diarrhoea. I evacuated a smaller plastic exoskeleton and realized how much of a rip-off it was. I'm not even sure if I can call that a nightmare.

Take for instance my tea party with a family of monkeys that had glasses and a British accent. How about the alien streaking through my backyard in the middle of the night? Or when I ate decade-old salmon poo that tasted like tasteless chocolate? Sometimes when I look to the moon and stars, I can't help but wonder if there's a deeper meaning to excrement.

It must have started at the age of five when I dreamt of a scary face that spoke from within the television static. He probably mentioned something about cursing me to have crazy dreams, such as:

- Having a fistfight with a human-sized Megatron in a seedy motel bathroom. I drowned him in a sink full of green acid.
- Going up a medieval tower to save the princess. A gangster dragon smoking weed tried to push drugs on me along the way.
- Freaking out to a rainbow of demonic fruit candy, floating in the air.
- Finding my way to a sign that wrote, "The Smelliest Bathroom in the World". I came out with even more of a stomach-ache, as well as nausea.
- Being kidnapped by a uni-brow baby who turned into the creepy green dude from Nicorette commercials. He hooked me up to a brain wave machine that de-

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creased intelligence. As I became dumb and dumber, I crashed into a retirement home full of horny old people with a red Ferrari.

So perhaps my dreams are beyond nuts, while my off-the-wall imagination is rather inconvenient, but I'm still confused as to what the hell they actually mean. I've had paralysis nightmares before, with monsters coming closer every time I opened my eyes for another peek. Did I mention I'm a huge fan of curiosity?

Nightmares only seem to happen when I'm facing the door on my left. I wonder if it's the entrance to hell, or that my saltwater aquarium is inherently evil. Could it be a vehicle that leads to a place of fire and brimstone, with miniature guillotines for hopeless romantic pervs like me?

Apparently, the combination of a fish tank with its lights turned off and a space calendar can be quite deadly…

February 19, 2005

There was a yellow cluster of deep space nebula. I was in the dark without glasses, and it looked like a head with shoulders. As it turned out, I was in direct contact with Mr. Potato Head who had a face resembling fugly from MAD Magazine. In his seduction, I soon realized it was none other than my number one fan, Michael Jackson.

"Ricky, come *here*!"

I shudder at the thought of French fries… well, not really!

Then again, I might not be as cursed as one would assume, considering my beautiful dream of moonlight reflecting upon ocean waters, rushing into the shores of white sand. Her skin glistened after a long swim, lips painted with an intoxicating glow of crimson. I looked into her eyes. She looked into mine. I was making love…

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WITH A DOLPHIN?!

What do you mean "shrink"? I'm sorry, but I don't think it's possible to avoid getting institutionalized after telling a psychiatrist I had sex with a dolphin, that had lipstick. I couldn't afford a therapist for him, or to replace the broken windows after their suicides.

Do the hopes of having better dreams lie in the silent thoughts of my dear sweet Natalie Portman? I finally smiled when she wrote her number down for me on a pink piece of perfumed paper that had flower patterns all over. That was until the following night when I had another dream. We were in a porno…

AND SHE HAD A GIANT DONG!!!

Oh dream maker, you're *such* a heartbreaker…

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The Ghost Within

October 28, 2007 @ 22:28

Dear You,

As autumn leaves descend and shadows of November near, the symbols of romance emerge with beautiful people holding hands. When I look into your eyes, I sense your fall is in a different direction. You're reminded of past loves in this art of falling apart.

There are fractured melodies in your bittersweet song. Your tune seeps into my veins, and the ghost within me awakens. I hear your sad whispers to no one, yet when I reach to touch your face, the warmth of beautiful heart cries falls upon my fingertips.

It's cold where I am. Your diamond droplets freeze to the touch. They shatter to find the barren floors. I can feel your deepest heartaches as I bleed from gathering the shards.

We exist in different realities; yours is with shades of blue, while mine is with shadows of grey. If only I could find a way to make your sorrows disappear. I'd give you wings and hope for your stay. I'd show you the world, for you'd be mine.

But your despair is for another, someone who tore you to pieces, taking away your faith. Now you look to darker places, and the hypnotic aura of nightfall surrounding every fibre of your being. You hold on to your suffering for dear life. It's all you have that remains.

When you find your path once more, he'll warm your heart with his, holding you as if he's never letting go. He'll cherish all that you are, resurrecting the happiness you've lost. I hope that day comes soon.

Dear You, whoever you are and wherever you may be. There are places in my heart that remain to be yours, even when your broken smiles aren't mine to think upon. At times I'd linger beside you and return your silent whispers. As your lips touch mine when you turn towards my way, I'd close my eyes imagining your tears, falling into our kiss. They cleanse and take me away from the death within my heart; my imprisoned spirit made free at last.

So darling here I am, with you but without, a handful of useless words I only wish could become literary fingertips. I suppose

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some things are impossible, but I'll remain here nonetheless. I shall spend forever building you a kingdom of blood and diamonds, for only then can I reveal the perfection in your imperfections.

And if ever you feel a soft autumn breeze washing over you as tears begin to fall, remember that my ghost is with you, always. I'll be there to catch your every droplet, haunting you away from haunted dreams.

Yours,
Ricky

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The Art Of Being A Bitch

November 6, 2007 @ 0:03

Have you ever had one of those moments when you wanted to begin a great love story, one consisting of things most people would think to be dysfunctional, even sick? Have you ever had a moment of philosophically analytical enlightenment where you suddenly associate all sorts of ridiculousness with romance?

When I lie alone in bed and look to the window, I wonder if there's someone out there. I wonder if she's watching over me, somewhere in the fabric of space and time. It makes me sad being denied of my childhood fantasies to relate with the rodent from 'An American Tale', and all because of that stupid brick wall, blocking my view from all the billions and trillions of stars, damn it!

In those particular moments, I can't help but give in to my hopes and dreams for someone to fall off her bicycle as a result of my carelessness. Don't *you* want to take care of the girl you hurt, and show her that decent men really do exist? If you make her homemade soup, despite her resemblance of a swollen prune, then maybe, just maybe, she might love you in return.

Then again, I'd feel too guilty for causing her harm. I don't even have the heart to take advantage of someone with alcohol because it's to love every part of her, including her liver.

To truly perfect the art of loving a woman, one must first perfect that of being a bitch. When I encountered Dr. Hottie, I wanted to get sick just to see her again. I didn't care if it involved medical malpractice and she prescribed oestrogen. All I wanted was to be her bitch.

Nursie once mentioned how her client's husband came in contact with his wife whose health was compromised. I suppose she laughed it off when he freaked, but even if she didn't want him to catch something, you have to stop and wonder how she must have felt. How would you feel if the supposed love of your life was more concerned for their safety than yours?

You see the formula for a successful relationship requires that you follow the fast-food restaurant romance philosophy. It's about

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having what *she's* having. You have to be more afraid to hurt than lose her (heart) altogether. So she has an ugly cold sore… *kiss her*! If she has a horrible rash… *take her in your arms and never let go*! Get *infected* because of love.

It's about finding ways to get closer to her, empathizing with every emotion. I asked my sister's bridesmaid out a couple years ago. She had a peculiar eye configuration that most would probably make fun of, but I began to exercise my eyeballs to the point where I could replicate hers. I became ever so dizzy and almost fell down the toilet.

It's to show her she's not alone, even when she isn't. Sometimes how she feels doesn't necessarily reflect upon the truth, one you can modify by reaching the part of her that no one else had ever thought to. When it comes to bringing smiles to her face, it's to make a fool of yourself without fear. One of the main reasons I want to walk again is so I can leverage myself against a pole and pretend to be cool with shades, only to hurt my head "accidentally". The impending laughter would be well worth the potential blood.

You have to make her smile and laugh and dream of beautiful things at your own expense. If she innocently forces you into something so ridiculous that even you of all people are smart enough to recognize, do it anyway. Pan-fry food naked, even if you do end up sporadically screaming like a monkey. Can you honestly say it's not worth it to have her softly kiss those tiny burnt spots away?

You might think it's one-sided, which is understandable since your mind is obviously corrupted by standards that normal people deem sensible, but you'd be wrong. Although women are often considered to be irrational and emotionally unstable, as you venture into the realm of bitch, you'll soon realize it has nothing to do with being a pussy. You also have every right to be as irrational and emotionally unstable as you may well please!

The art of being a bitch is a journey of equality. It's about sharing at least 75% of a nasty flatus under covers when she least expects. It's to swear at each other in reverse because you can't call her

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a "bitch" without a) hurting her feelings, or b) sleeping with one eye open. And you're the bitch, remember? Call her an "asshole" instead, and other male specific swear words that I can't think of since I'm *such* a gentleman. It's to blame her giant vagina, and thank her when she flips the bird passing by, smiling a little more.

Of course, this can't exist without the involvement of boobs. Asking for a peek every now and then will not only help her realize how weak to your knees you are, but allow her to know you'll always love her the way she is. She'll most likely refuse to flash, so make it an opportunity to ask for only half because even when half a boob might seem insignificant, it's actually the key to redefining romance. If you let her slowly but surely come to realize that even half her boob is as important and special as both of them are, she'll understand you're indeed her monogamous perv.

Because what does it mean to be a man? What does it take to be one?

Sometimes the only way to touch her heart is by showing your flaws and vulnerabilities, without treating her differently because she's a girl, and a beautiful one at that. When you show no fear in revealing the little things that define you, she'll know it's safe to let her guard down and always be herself.

One day, when her heart is broken while her smiles are a little fractured, she'll trust you to hold her close and never let go. When she places her pretty head upon your shoulder, you won't have to wish upon a star. All you'll have to do is whisper in her ear and wish upon her heart because she knows you trusted her first.

Sigh… I hope she calls me a cunt. I hope she calls me a cunt…

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The Winter Shades Of Blue

December 4, 2007 @ 23:50

As shades of blue consume the light of day, lingering traces of November slip away into the nothingness of my mind. No, I don't have Alzheimer's… or do I?

Creative inspiration is a funny thing. As passionate as I am to go on about this, that, and everything in between, I can't seem to write romance anymore, for there is no "you" or "me". My ramblings have become nonsense, which may perhaps be a good sign since PTC124 requires such a mutation to function, but I've already made that joke months ago. Why do I even ponder when romance will always remain to be an unrealistic dream?

Looking to the shadows of past seasons, I wonder if my quest for nonsense is more than who I am. If romance is impossible, I still need to believe my search has not existed in vain, and my journey will continue in the caresses of another. If my words could inspire someone else to give his heart as she smiles a little more, it would have been worth every hopeless dream.

Though, I can't help but wonder if such thoughts are oozing with self-absorption. Does acknowledging it make me less of an arrogant prick? Or does the reason why I can't be loved result from thoughts of overconfidence?

There are times when I know it has everything to do with my physical dependency. Girls are intimidated by my giant mechanical ass. I can only be the friend, a ridiculous twenty-six year old kid who knows nothing about love. I'm the excuse to feel good after letting a cripple down gently, but all I really wanted was a chance at a broken heart.

I started this journal because I thought I was dying with my spells of dizziness. I was scared to think how the world would remember me, and that some idiot would demean my existence by declaring me technologically savvy at the funeral. How much of a frustration would it be, floating about the ceiling without the slightest ability to mutter six words of wisdom?

"I'm not smart. You're just dumb."

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Not to mention, spit-talkers. Somehow, the combination of garlic breath, chewed up lettuce leaves, and globs of contaminated saliva over my colourless face doesn't sit well with me. As revenge, I'd use my spiritual powers for weather warfare, but it wouldn't be rain. It wouldn't be saliva either…

Aside from shuddering at the thought of strangers looking down on and feeling sorry for me, spit-talkers are the reason I don't want an open casket. I want immediate cremation, which would also serve as another form of vengeance. Infinite sizes are a fact, and if my remains were rendered into particles of ash, said enemies could potentially breathe them in. Then again, do these culprits deserve the honour of inhaling my genitals?

All right, *fine*. I admit to being a computer genius. In my calculations, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10, I've discovered a way to run programs by clicking Start in the graphical interface operating system known as Microsoft Windows of which is higher than version 3.11. Why oh *why* is my brain so sophistoficated?!

Ha!

But if I'm writing because of death and I've nothing to write, what's there to live for? I used to write poetry, yet the rhythm of words has long since found its silence. I used to write music, yet my last song, 'Dreaming Into You', was written more than two years ago. I only dream into someone, anyone, and eventually no one at all.

Could someone save me from this death already?

Of course, when I finally realized I wasn't dying, while the spells were a result of excessive vinegar in my shark fin soup, I asked myself why the hell I was paying $6.95 for three hundred gigabytes of professional web hosting, for text! So perhaps I deserve to die for taking part in the consumption of endangered sea creatures that prey upon man when man invades their territory. However, could the reason I write be that of cheap bastardedness?

Perhaps the answer lies in Charlie Brown.

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It was only a few days ago when I had an unexpected revelation for the mystery behind his dent. As I pondered upon thought after thought, it occurred to me that his mother committed the act of intercourse during pregnancy. At that moment, I found my inspiration once more.

See you on CBS again this Christmas, penis head… ahem, peanut friend!

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Acknowledgement: The Root Of All Evil

January 14, 2008 @ 18:31

Why do we complain that our butts freeze off in the wintertime? At which point of the buttocks in that the ass cheeks are attached do they dislodge?

Why do we bless people for sneezing? Does God appreciate that we offer words of divine approval to those who relentlessly spray particles of nasal discharge into the air?

Why do we immediately cover our noses at the first sign of flatulence? Is it better to ingest molecules of methane spawned from a human rectum that has been in contact with fecal matter since birth?

Why do women even have fecal matter?

Why does semen taste sweeter after drinking pineapple juice… according to some magazine? Why am I asking such a question when it suggests that I may have in fact tasted semen, and not even my own?!

Does acknowledging this suggestion make it any less incriminating?

You see acknowledgement, in comparison to everything we depict as a catalyst for abomination, is most evil. One question confirms my theory:

If we committed an act of murder with a plan to believe on the LORD Jesus Christ, is salvation still possible?

Acknowledgement comes with a responsibility imprinted onto our foreheads as soon as we understand choices and the consequences of them. It's not to say redemption ceases existence when we make bad choices, but a plan, when we create one that goes beyond the stages of consequence, is the final nail in one's coffin. Once we acknowledge past this, it becomes impossible to emulate a genuine sense of faith, which is why it's important to believe on the LORD Jesus Christ and have eternal security.

However, another reason acknowledgement is the root of all evil is because it allows for those who've been secured in their damnation to find a new motivation to replicate themselves by viciously fucking small children. Lest we become reprobates, we must first understand that satisfying our need for justice is ultimately flawed. Jus-

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tice, or what we may deem as such, will only lead to eternal injustices. Succumbing to torture is nothing more than gambling with the lives of their future victims because if we were to be stopped by the authorities, who knows whether the culprit might find glory in martyrdom.

This is why Batman never dies. The villains are so obsessed with revealing his identity that they've failed to do one important thing since 1939: shoot him in the face.

Though, killing Batman probably isn't a good idea when he's the only person I empathize with. Perhaps castration isn't such a good idea when it only removes the testicles and not the shaft.

Then again, for assuming it was to cut everything off, does it make me evil? I sometimes wonder if I'm physically disabled because God acknowledges my super intelligence. After all, I'd make the perfect criminal. Nursie said it best in an unforgettable conversation:

Nursie: "Ricky, you look like a lobster!"
Me: "What the hell did you just call me?!"
Nursie: "Your greasy hair. You look like a…"
Me: "Oh, a *mobster*!"

Clearly, Bastardo Ricardo has great potential for the criminal world. During elementary school, after a kid decided to call me a "cripple", I got a bunch of friends to hold his face down onto the grass while I threatened to squash his brains with my footrests. He never bothered me again.

Unlike love, which requires no reason, hatred is clean. It's a powerful form of energy that can be harnessed to the point of perfection with logic and a righteous cause. Hatred is the balance because it's impossible to love the innocent if we also provide the same for those who commit violence against them.

We must hate with neither pride nor selfishness when such emotions may result in irrational decisions. Instead, we need to have a mindset that removes these predators from humanity and remember

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their lack of feelings. Only then are we free from reducing ourselves to their reprobate nature and hurting their family members. Only then will we be able to trust in God and let Him send them straight to hell.

The truth is I can't sacrifice myself for anyone, even when I've always wanted to be a hero. I can only watch as teardrops fall to the ground. I've no one to love and hold, no damsel in distress to save. I've neither dreams to share, nor a broken heart to think upon.

All these thought processes, and all because of choking on a small piece of food. What do you say to someone who's afraid of the future to come, one that guarantees an inability to eat? Do you still tell him everything will be okay?

Suddenly, the joke about swallowing isn't so funny anymore, and the memory of engulfing sample foods like a Neanderthal behind a two-way mirror is too painful to bear. As much as I hate associating fish and chips with sorrow, what's there to live for when I can't even eat? I might as well kill myself, no?

No, not really. Why? Acknowledgement, of course!

If acknowledging beyond the consequences of murder can screw us to hell, then the same equation applies to suicide. Even if it's feasible to believe along the way, is it possible?

Stop for a moment and think about that episode when Homer fell horribly down a cliff in an attempt to save Bart from his fatal skateboard stunt. In real life, when you add fear and anxiety, along with factors of a) reacting to the agony of broken bones, b) brain damage, and c) spinal cord injury, how do you have enough time to believe? It requires at least seven seconds with developing a genuine sense of faith. By then, you'd probably concentrate more on the sharp edge your crotch is about to hit.

I could drive off a skyscraper, but I'm afraid of heights. What if I end up going down straight resulting from the weight of my giant mechanical ass? I'd have a sore bum for the rest of my life!

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I could drive into the street and hope to get hit, but what if I don't die? What if the vehicle doesn't come from my left side? I'm right-handed!

I could bite my tongue and bleed to death, but what if I end up with only half a tongue? What if I inverted the diagram for taste buds? I don't want to lose my salty side!

I could throw myself down the basement, but I'd have to go backwards and make sure my neck breaks. What if I get stuck between the staircase and my hair messes up? I don't want that cute paramedic honey to see me with bad hair!

Or I could go into the bathroom, shut the door with my footrests, and ram my ventilator tube circuitry into it, crushing them. I could then remove my hand from the joystick so I wouldn't have the slightest ability to save myself from slowly suffocating to death…

Unfortunately, suffocation puts pressure down into the bowels, and what if the same paramedic honey sees me with half a poo hanging out my ass? I could empty myself beforehand with laxatives, but what if I don't finish? Morgue honeys are cute!

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Acknowledgement is the root of all evil because:

1. It makes me unafraid of the cold, only to discover that butts actually do freeze off.
2. It makes for awkward moments when someone sneezes and I don't offer condolences to their lost molecules of snot.
3. It smells like shit.
4. I can never look at women in the same light, even the ones from Pantene commercials because apparently, girls poo too!
5. It has given me a slight urge to guzzle buckets full of delicious, sweet cu…ahem, pineapple juice just to ease my curiosity.

Damn it! Why do I have to be such a genius?

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In Her Romance

February 3, 2008 @ 21:26

Have you ever had a moment when all of which you knew suddenly became a distant memory? No matter how much you try to convince yourself that the conclusions you've drawn in life and love aren't without merit, nothing seems to make sense anymore.

At times, I'll catch myself wondering who I really am, and about the purpose of existence. Does my focus on romanticisms rely on the hopelessness of failed attempts in this journey of love? Is my life nothing more than a series of consequences and reactions? What makes me, me?

Take sad girls for instance. Why am I attracted to those with broken smiles? Why do I feel the need to save them? Am I really so selfless that I'm willing to let my heart break just to find understanding in hers?

Unfortunately, the answer is no. I'm not as selfless as I've always wanted to believe, even if self-sacrifice is a willingness of mine. The real reason I'm attracted to them is because I need to be needed. I need to save her, and find redemption for the sins of not being able to save someone else.

I'm not the guy any girl would think of as someone to love, or that any potential future mother-in-law would consider letting her daughter marry. I could never be Prince Charming. I could never take someone in my arms. I could never walk towards her and consensually violate her lips in style. I could never fall upon my knees to ask for her hand in marriage.

In my attempts to find what it means to be a man, I've realized that although it's impossible to save the world, if I could save hers, my existence would have had a purpose. Though, as romantic as these notions may be, they're still not an excuse when intentions count for everything. Self-sacrifice isn't selfless when the intent is flawed.

Does this mean my romance is coming to an end?

Fortunately, the answer is also no. I can't accept that my journey has existed in vain. I just need to find a rationale, and my way out

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of this abyss from thinking too much. I need to find God because purity is the only way to unlock the secrets of a woman's heart.

When I look to faith, it gives me an outline of what I need to find, as in people desperately seeking Him for selfish reasons. If we love for fear of damnation, it's selfish. If we love for desire of salvation, it's selfish. If we love because He's our Creator, it's still selfish. Adding ourselves to the equation will always remain to be an act of selfishness, while reason itself is the cause.

How do we overcome?

In loving a woman, it's to disregard respect, need, and everything that makes her beautiful, for love can only exist without reason. It just is. However, until we achieve perfection, it'll continue to remain without substance. The rationale is that there's nothing wrong with selfishness because in being human, we must accept our limitations.

To be a man is to know when to apologize, and be free from pride that only hinders. The key to romance lies within the removal of ourselves from intentions. The "reason" to love a woman is so we can learn to love her more. It's the one connection that ties our limitations with their liberation.

Her romance is where salvation lies, and where my mind can finally be made free. I shall let go of reasons and rationales, loving her for her alone. Should she ever find me, and I find grace in her love, it's when all of which that seems distant will find its place at last. It's when all of which that makes no sense will come together once more.

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Be Mine, Valentine

February 14, 2008 @ 20:42

Dear Valentine,

When I look into your eyes, there is a path that unfolds. It leads to a journey of romance. There's sadness in them, of modesty and kindness. As I discover your radiance, it takes me away to another realm of existence, one without darkness from these winter shades of blue. You're my escape to a place of orange marmalade skies, and bittersweet fairytales of now and evermore.

There's nothing more I want than to lie next to you, taking you away from the death within your heart. I want to show you how elegant it is, and that every extension is a key towards unlocking the secret gateways of redefining love. It's to reveal that your tears aren't really tears, but beautiful heart cries from dreamland, and touch your every teardrop, catching them away. I shall return them as shooting stars, making them free so you may wish upon them once more.

In the wake of my dreams, I see you from a distance, smiling in the sun. The surrounding pitter-patters melt into your silent whispers. As my eyes are brought down to the midline of your bottom lip, I find a bridge that links to every part of you. It gives me a new understanding that it's not to simply love you as a whole. To love is to love every fibre of your being, and every crevice of your smile, individually and completely; learning to love you more.

Dear Valentine, whoever you are. There comes a moment in life when we realize that someone like you is never enough, where you alone are the only truth to discover, time and time again. I long for your touch. I long for you.

The truth is when I look into your eyes, I don't know where to begin. Yet as I'm drawn to look deeper, I realize I'm not seeing the mysterious wonders of the universe, or infinite magnificence of stars and galaxies; the things I thought I'd see. I don't even see the girl of my dreams. I see you, and you're more beautiful than anything that dreams may conjure. You're all you'll ever need to be if only you could fall for me.

Will you be mine, Valentine?

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As he takes your hand while you look towards my way, I wonder if you could ever know of my silent whispers. As I wonder if you could ever love me, I realize that the sadness I saw was from your missing another. The death inside your heart isn't really yours at all. It'll always remain to be mine.

Yours,

Ricky

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The Art Of Loving Ricky For Real

March 9, 2008 @ 23:57

It's funny how when hope shatters, another part of it begins. Desperately holding on to the remaining fragments, you begin to question every motive and intention. Before you know it, you're well on your way to searching for brain-numbing reasons to justify existence as they continue to drive you insane. Only then will they become the answers you've been looking for.

I've been questioning a lot about life, and the role I'm to play within my boundaries, but more than ever, my journey of romance. What if it's all in vain?

I needed a reason to believe, or else my existence would have been nothing more than just that. Amid going out of my mind, I finally stumbled upon it. The key to unlocking the secrets of perfect love lies in what we make of our limitations because the art of reason is fundamentally selfish. However, if we allow them to act as a catalyst, our destination will unfold. Letting reason become reason, newer, more promising opportunities will emerge.

As they do, you'll understand there are more to the extensions of the female heart, while the depths of her smile become more complex than you had ever thought. What I've noticed is a small line, a crevice separating a woman's bottom lip. When you imagine yourself in a kiss, it's about kissing every part of her, individually and completely; learning to love her more.

All I need is a reason for reason, and one question remains. "What if?" spells opportunity and hope for dreams to rise over darkness. It opens the door to paths unknown that lead to something more than what our imaginations may conjure, and begins with a final conversation…

> **Me:** "And no matter how much I try to rationalize my fears and convince myself that romance is possible, I still believe otherwise at the back of my mind. It's best to let go, but yet even if it turns out that my dying

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breath can only provide one kiss, I'd die an eternity for another. What if I can't even have that?"
Her: "What if I kissed you right now?"

Assuming this conversation doesn't jeopardize the balance of the universe, what if it takes only a kiss to prove the impossibility of my romance untrue? What if I, out of all the eligible bachelors in the world, can also be loved?

To love Ricky is a journey of opening your heart to possibilities that seem unrealistic at first. It's about learning to love every part of him when you acknowledge you're not the only one with a crevice on the midline of your bottom lip. There are times when he bites his like a flirty porn star in front of the bathroom mirror to emphasize his manliness, except, he overdoes it and ends up bleeding. It's his way of reminding himself that hope still exists for his great romance to begin, even if it hurts.

As you venture through the walls of his heart, you'll soon learn to be extra careful when sitting on roller chairs. According to his ingenious calculations, it should be the perfect height for making out. Ramming you against the wall and interlocking his footrests with the base of your chair is the best way to get close to you. Just be sure to tilt your head, unless you want an Eskimo kiss with a nosebleed. He's a little neck-fused after the spinal fusion surgery.

Eventually, you'll understand why he loves staring at you so much. You're the girl who drives him crazier than Pantene commercials, and now it's up to you. His lifelong dream is to molest your pretty hair, oooh… molest your pretty hair! Could you like smother him already?!

The art of loving Ricky is to acknowledge you'll always remain to be his damsel in distress, even if this guide is making him look whipped. He always had a fantasy of someone pounding his chest in passionate anger, succumbing to his barf bag approach to charm like in Harlequin romances. Unfortunately, considering the jacket zipper

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incident involving his nipple, you might pound on something more than you had bargained.

He needs to be needed. As far as reaching to touch away your beautiful heart cries is concerned, he really can't, so depending on him emotionally is rather important. Resting your pretty head upon his shoulder, he'll realize how much he doesn't have to go to ridiculous lengths to prove his love, and that you really do need him.

As you fall deeper into love, you'll be in a fine restaurant celebrating an anniversary with a plate of gourmet dessert, or cookie. There's a diamond ring inside, so don't engulf it or else you might end up choking to death.

SURPRISE!!!

Assuming you're not dead and somehow managed to mutter the pronunciation of "yes", realize you've made the last of his dreams come true. He always wanted to see you in a Chinese wedding gown, marrying you on a Sicilian beach under the moon and stars as witness to his great romance. You'd share vows of love to the hypnotic rush of ocean blue. As water touches feet and wheels, the shores will become a symbol for fairytales come true. You've sent your dreams away, and now they're returning to stay.

He has been planning this since he was twelve years old, but choosing between 'Moon River' and 'Canon in D' will seem trivial now. If it happens that he makes his stupid joke about a McDonald's reception, please at least *pretend* to laugh. He just wants to cheer you up after the argument, because as dreamy as it is to have a honeymoon on the beach, picking grains of sand from each other's genitals isn't exactly "romantic". Really, the leftover crumbs from breakfast in bed will already be quite the adventure.

Walking down the aisle with all eyes in awe of your radiance, you'll realize that no matter how much you love him, there's still a lingering voice reminding you of how unrealistic this is, and that nothing lasts forever. Some things in life are impossible.

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And when you realize your earlier frowns had nothing to do with sex on the beach, and nothing he says can change your mind, when you realize his inadvertent ways of making you fall for him aren't working anymore, that you could never, ever marry Ricky, that's when you have to destroy my heart forever. Run towards me like the damsel you are, and place your lips upon mine with every part of you until beautiful heart cries stream down your face. When we share our final kiss as your salty tears fall into my mouth, all you need is to whisper in my ear how sorry you are and run away into the night.

What you fail to realize is that you still made my dreams come true. I never just wanted someone to love, but fall madly in love with. You were more than I could have ever dreamt of because a broken heart means I was finally loved, and a broken heart for real is the art of loving Ricky for real.

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Identity Crisis, Here

June 16, 2008 @ 22:08

You know that moment when out of nowhere, all of which you had built your foundations upon become a nonsensical fabrication of imagination and is suddenly FUBAR? It's the same gut wrenching feeling at the pit of your stomach when after eighteen years of life, you finally realize that the Statue of Liberty is actually a woman.

So perhaps you might not exactly empathize with me, but the point is that it's not the greatest feeling in the world, especially when your sexuality is questioned. According to the Board of Education, Ricky is…

School: Durham Continuing Ed. [redacted]

Pupil#: [redacted]

Gender: F Grade: 12

Birthdate: 20 May 1981

F?

F?!

Who am I?!

Fortunately, I had a sex change recently.

Damn those goofy people who look like transsexuals. I always lose my train of thought while making fun of them in my brain. If only such thoughts could mess with my concentration whenever I choke on bits and pieces of stupid food…

It's tiresome to have to be constantly aware of the how and what with every bite, chew, and swallow every single time, but clear soup? I realize this is something I need to accept and deal with, but to think I can't go without feeling like shit for an entire day as a result of the one substance that sustains life is quite ridiculous.

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One nurse suggested that I use a thickening agent. Should I spend the rest of my life drinking goop? I shudder at the thought of tasteless slime. I'd rather think about goofy transsexual lookalikes. I wonder if "dignity" should even be in my vocabulary.

Then again, is it remotely possible to feel like shit? The entire concept of empathy towards excrement is unfeasible. It's not only conceptually flawed, but impossible in terms of texture and form.

Acknowledgment is definitely the root of all evil, and why the hell do I have to be such a genius? I don't even have the luxury of feeling like shit; a lifeless piece of warm, smelly turd.

Who am I, really? Why are my issues so ridiculously off-the-wall, and so much so that no one else would ever consider them as such? I admit that having super intelligence isn't in my best interest right now, but something as basic as eating and drinking?

Did I mention that I'm also in conflict with Super Mario? As I taught my directionally challenged aunt how to play Mario Kart DS, a sense of nostalgia came to mind. I realized once again that my days of kicking ass in Battle Mode were over. It has been for more than a decade. I can't play Mario Kart anymore?

WHO AM I?!

I'll tell you who I am! I'm the hopeless romantic perv with a mind full of boobs and fried chicken. Through a British documentary series, I've discovered that elephants have boobs… too… with nipples?! I repeat my shudders.

No wonder I don't cry during 'The Notebook' anymore. The thoughts of a softer place to fall upon are all but tarnished due to elephant mammary glands, and not to mention, what their trunks remind me of. I shall never think of boobs in the same light ever again.

Who the hell cares though? This ridiculous business of choking is driving me insane. The progression of Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy is so messed up. It wasn't supposed to end this way, not like this. I was supposed to have a normal life, while it should have

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been possible for someone to love me. All I remember are the things I lost and should have had but will never see again.

With a genetic but not hereditary disease, you learn a need to depend on yourself emotionally and spiritually, or else you lose yourself. But how much more do I have to lose physically? Is there a pause button on this thing?

As I continue my journey of romance, I realize that the more I search, the more I'm giving up, which probably explains my recent writer's block. To make it worse, my call bell stopped working a couple weeks ago. I wonder if my super ridiculous life will end with a super ridiculous death, as in spending my final moments sucking and blowing; giving head to a fast-food restaurant grade straw.

Dad eventually fixed it by replacing the wire with another from a Chinese dollar store. Funny, how my life depends on something so insignificant, and is worth only $1.15, tax included.

I had a dream some time ago. While trapped within the confines of a Catholic church full of angry people, the stained-glass windows of Kryptonite rendered me useless. Maybe I'm Superman without the superpowers?

Nah. I'm just a writer with nothing much to write except for ramblings about goopy liquids and elephant breastesses. Ew.

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Someone, Anyone, No One At All

September 1, 2008 @ 21:25

Dear Someone,

You were the last of my every dream. In you I found reason to let go of all others, lost in the fragments of space and time. The journey of you continued to unravel a path towards another realm of existence, where thoughts alone and memories alike no longer had their torment. You unlocked the secrets of love, and I was free from the death within my heart. I surrendered to the lingering aura of darkness, ending my romance in you. It drove me to find your first and last kiss, time and time again.

Someone, you were the hope sustaining my life force. While handfuls of words were carried away through the withering sands of time, you redefined what it meant to love. As I plunged into the ocean of nevermore and reached for your faceless figure, I began to realize that your resemblance was of another.

Dear Anyone, I always knew it was you. It had to be you. It seemed you were the only one I had ever longed for, but never took the time to see what was right in front of me. If only I had seen as you lingered with persistence in all my hopes and dreams, you would have been mine for a little while longer.

Anyone, there were times when I still lost faith in us. My heart would return to the lost romance of Someone, but your love was kind and enduring. The familiarity of your voice guided me to your doorstep, no matter what I did. You were my softer place to fall upon, and in you my burdens laid at peace. If only I could have reached for your graceful silhouette.

As I continued my submersion into the abyss of eternal despair, I finally saw the truth…

Dear, No One.

No One.

No One.

All I have now is a handful of useless words. All that remains of them and all that's left of me are yours alone. Here with you as we lay hand-in-hand beneath this starry night, it occurs to me that the

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most meaningful passages in life will only find their destination if we open our eyes a little more. The hopes and dreams we've longed for may have already come true. My never-ending journey will always lead me back to you.

Dear You, wherever it is that you linger inside me. You're my someone, anyone, but you're really no one at all. Upon staring into the empty ceiling, I realize that yours is the place where every dream begins, where hopes shall reunite with their bittersweet demise. Yours is where my home remains, for now and evermore.

As I struggle to hold on to these words, while the withering grains of them find their way through the blades of my fingers, my romance will carry on its slow and steady pace. If the prevalence of darkness turns out to be my one and only path, my heart will continue to follow, for in you I'm never alone.

Yours,
Ricky

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The Science Of Human Consciousness

October 11, 2008 @ 17:25

What would happen if a mentally retarded person was possessed by a demonic entity? Would he/she still be comprised of a childlike mind, or gain a higher level of IQ?

According to a number of stories regarding supernatural phenomena, humans will gain a partial amount of unholy powers (i.e. levitation and vomiting split pea soup at long distances), so why not mental states? What would be the point of "supernatural" if it can't even touch our minds?

And what of the "retarted" folks who label others as "retarted" while not realizing how "retarted" they actually are? Would they gain the opportunity to exist with better spelling and grammar, when mimicking dead family members and being asked for proof would require such skills?

Or does possession have limitations, thus discriminates to maintain a certain atmosphere of fear? It's hard to imagine a vessel of unclean spirits that stutters, has a physical defect with a hint of comedic motion from perhaps a dilapidated forearm, or is visually impaired, resulting in various occasions of misjudging ceiling distances.

If there are, I should consider myself fortunate since it's my free ticket out of demonic control. Unless of course the spiritual dimension has somehow perfected a way of materializing while also projecting streams of the chemical composition known as titanium dioxide into the physical world, one I assume is the main ingredient in Gas-X because it sounds sophisticated.

When you have to sit on your posterior for more than half a day, it inevitably creates an environment of rectal blockage where the pressure of flatulence will eventually give out. Make no mistake that even a short moment of levitation may cause a detonation of immeasurable consequences. The question is whether they compromise said atmosphere.

To determine this, we must take a more scientific approach and consider the following:

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1. Does the noise intensity of an odourless flatus outweigh the unpleasant aroma of its silent counterpart?
2. Depending on the timeframe of which the flatus is marinated in fumes surrounding the pockets of space between intestinal walls and portion of excrement itself, how does the act of exorcism in junction with a nasally tone of voice affect the overall theatrics of unholy intimidation?
3. During an uncontrollable symphony of orchestral flatulence, does the performance in its various wavelengths create a potential scenario for unintended humour?
4. Within the freezing temperatures of a diabolical environment, would the warmth of flatulence contribute to it, or instil a nostalgic memory of a gentle summer breeze?

With a little logic and imagination, the aforementioned questions suggest there is in fact evidence that the art of cutting cheese is detrimental to the cause and effect of demonic possession. Therefore, the degree in which our minds can be influenced is quite substantial. Not only does it affect our choices in life and their outcomes, but also perceptions and how others can (not) manipulate us. If only a chemical composition can manipulate past the point of supernatural influence, is it not reasonable to assume that others may affect the human consciousness?

One of the most dangerous side effects of mainstream medications is chemical imbalances. Depending on the severity, they can become a prominent cause for increasing suicide rates due to a deception towards rationality from delusional judgment. If even minor imbalances can alter the course of our lives so drastically, does that mean our existence is defined by mere chemicals? Do they define our personalities, thoughts, judgments, and consciousness as a whole?

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If this is the case, then what really makes us, us? If chemical imbalances can cause suicide, it's not false to conclude the act of murder as one of the same result. It means our freedom of choice is at stake, and what's the point if we don't have ownership over our own consciousness? What's the point of existence if happiness and sorrow exist in vain?

While limitations are a significant factor of what defines humanity, we still must not deter away from the fact that the human body, including the brain, is nothing more than an external constituent of our individual selves. Limitations only define what we are, but our passion, desire, and endless need to strive for more; these are the foundations that define who we are because there's always more.

As we journey towards a potential roadblock that are the questions we ask to determine our validity, it becomes imperative to take a step back and choose not to allow such threats develop their beginnings. This is where our aspiration for more comes into play. Like the hindrance of possession through means of flatulence, we must continue to look for ways to let light prevail among darkness, even if we're forced to undertake realms in which the brightest star in our solar system don't shine…

Flatulence has given us the upper hand in exposing the weaknesses of demonic control, allowing us to examine the depths of neurological manipulation. It has made us reflect upon the limitations of the human experience, question our fragility, and in the end, conclude we're meant for more. If something as fundamental as toilet humour can become an opportunity to venture far beyond the reaches of the universe, who's to say our consciousness exists in vain? Who's to say that having our minds in the gutter doesn't pertain to the very core of our existence?

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Romancing The Undead

October 31, 2008 @ 21:15

Dear Zombie Princess,

While surrounded by the empty silence of this nuclear holocaust, I'm here alone with you, lost without your presence. But no matter the hopelessness, I have faith that the girl from yesterday still lingers, somewhere within the confines of your rotting corpse. Gazing into your lifeless stare, I'm reminded of a past romance from seemingly moments ago.

It seems like yesterday when you could smile back at me, and how you'd lust for my foolish attempts at charm. Now, it pains me to realize that the only part you lust after is the uncontaminated scent of my flesh.

I remember the first time we met during the mass evacuation from a catastrophe of unimaginable proportions, amid a traffic jam of frightened civilians. When my vehicle ran out of battery, you welcomed me with open arms, despite your parents' hesitation. It was love at first sight. We were like teenagers again, holding hands in secret.

I remember our whispers in conversation that lasted for minutes then hours, and your delightful laughter when I made those ridiculous jokes. I remember travel board games and losing your tiles, and sharing ear buds when we listened to my iPod Nano. I remember learning the little things about you, and the girl I fell in love with. I remember you.

Then out of nowhere, the brightest of lights flashed before our eyes as we shared our first and almost last kiss. Upon opening them, it was suddenly hell on Earth. We became the sole survivors of humanity.

We survived on canned goods and bottled water. When the forsaken ones came, we hid beneath the streets until sunrise. I long for the times when we held each other through the night. It saddens me that those moments have long since faded, for the monsters inevitably took you away. You said to me in your final words:

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"I don't love you because you're the last man to love! I love you because you're the only man in my heart!"

It has been more than a year since I last saw you. I've missed you so.

As you stumbled towards my way in your drunken Nosferatu waltz, snowflakes of fallout descended upon your decaying flesh, crawling with maggots and flies. I became mesmerized by your deepest moans of night song, my haunted lullaby. I found excitement in your deathly twitches, with the notion that your scantily clad articles of clothing might come off from your soft, decrepit skin.

Dear Zombie Princess, wherever it is that you came from and whatever you've become. I wonder if you're still mine. Here with you as I struggle to fight your desperate attempts of ripping at my flesh, I surrender at long last. I'm finally made free from the loneliness that has ripped at my heart for far too long without you. I love you too much!

It's so cold right now. A death renewed life has taken over me. I'm yours, all of me. And together we shall reign, together we shall rule, until the end of time, and every creature of darkness perishes away, until every carcass we feed upon withers to dust… together with our nuclear love child, my dearest undead goddess of night.

Undyingly yours,
Ricky

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Good Riddance, Bitch

November 30, 2008 @ 23:00

On the early morning of November 10, I awoke to a constant stream of clicks. Upon realizing it was the sound of my nurse's laptop, I called and asked him to stop. He insisted it was impossible for me to hear, excusing that he was trying to get rid of a virus by continually tapping the keyboard. He made one last argument at which I ended by telling him I heard it. He agreed to stop.

This was 03:30 according to him.

Trying to fall asleep, I heard him again. I assumed he was finishing up and let it slide, but after a while, realized he was testing me. I asked if he was typing and told him I couldn't sleep. He responded by saying it was "not acceptable".

I said it was obvious that I wasn't making it up, or else I wouldn't have heard him in the first place, to which he had no response. I then apologized, saying I didn't want to offend him, but that his typing disturbed my sleep. He insisted otherwise.

He then had the audacity to suggest that he type for another ten minutes so I could count and prove I wasn't lying. I refused. I told him it was ridiculous.

03:50, estimated.

By the time he was out of my room, I was fully awake and still heard him. I wasn't going to argue in the middle of the night so I tried my best to sleep. He continued for another half hour before coming back for my routine. After finishing, I asked if he'd stop typing next time as I didn't want to ask again.

He immediately made an excuse that it was probably his bag of chips, but when I said it wasn't, he threatened to leave without ever returning. I tried reasoning with him, but it only prompted him to bring his laptop as he typed away. I told him I could hear it, with his response being that he'd give the agency a call to find me a different caregiver. He said he couldn't work under such restrictions, referencing that we had previously requested for him not to flush the toilet in fear of waking the family.

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He finished his shift without issue, but after a two-week vacation, called the agency and had the nerve to ask the coordinator if he was "allowed" to bring his laptop. Not only did he imply that I was trying to restrict his freedom, he also tried to blame me when it clearly had nothing to do with his computer.

When he wanted the Internet, I gave him access to my wireless network. When he needed technical support, I was there to help. The supervisor even asked if his laptop was a disturbance and I defended him. I had been more than accommodating.

But I shouldn't be surprised. Our first major incident happened some years ago. He pressed on my trach site too hard at a time when it was extremely sensitive after an application of silver nitrate. I yelled in agony, and it hurt so much that even I cried. He threatened to leave, assuming my reaction was directed at him. He accused me of giving him a dirty look.

We didn't talk for a couple months, but eventually got over it. Because of my fear that he'd have another temper tantrum, I learned to have less of a reaction towards pain to keep quiet and not aggravate him.

There was a time when my neck ties were uneven. When I mentioned it and suggested he loosen both sides, he argued for more than an hour, compromising everyone's sleep.

Sometimes when he loosened the strings on said ties with forceps, he'd "joke" about hurting me. He had a serious demeanour during those times, while the harassment made me uncomfortable and afraid.

A couple times, he put an extra CC of water into my trach tube cuff. When I realized why it was hurting so much, he refused to believe it, claiming that I didn't know what I was talking about.

In a few incidents, I told him there was something dripping down my skin. He discredited me by saying it was a "fake feeling", like the time when a drop of water was rolling down my neck while brushing teeth.

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When he uncovered me in the middle of the night, he'd unravel my blanket all the way, leaving me freezing cold in the wintertime. I asked him not to on a few occasions, but he refused.

During the time when I had problems with my trach site, he pestered me about surgery, despite my surgeon's opinion regarding its futility. He continued for more than half a dozen times, and became angry at me for not listening to his suggestions.

More recently, he was routinely shaking off excess water from my tubing, changing it. Unfortunately, the cap from the exhalation valve came off, and I was unable to breathe. I was already in distress after having it off for more than thirty seconds. I couldn't tell him what he needed to fix. When he finally understood and I asked for emergency bagging, he declined, switching me over to the wheelchair ventilator instead.

The Ambu bag is the fastest way to breathe again, while if the other ventilator didn't work, I'd have been in trouble. It was agonizing. My oxygen levels were desaturating. All I asked was that I get bagged for a couple minutes to recover from the suffocation and panic. He then could have switched me over to whichever ventilator he wanted. He however argued that it was an inconvenience as it denied the use of his hands.

These are only some examples of what I had to deal with. It's hard enough to find nurses for night shifts, and for the sake of my parents, I tolerated him. His unpredictable and irrational behaviour rendered him untrustworthy and dangerous. He left me with no other option.

It's disturbing how cruel and inconsiderate some people can be. How can anyone, particularly a nurse, treat another with no compassion, loyalty, or respect, especially after five years?

I don't consider myself to be disadvantaged or a victim because at least I can speak for myself, but to say I'm not vulnerable would be a lie. It's infuriating how there are people who would take

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advantage of someone like me, and even sadder how some children suffer at the hands of these individuals.

So cheers, motherfucker. Have a nice life. Good riddance, *bitch*.

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Raped

December 5, 2008 @ 23:52

Amid the fiasco regarding the riddance of my night nurse, I've been consumed with haunted thoughts and memories. I remember the afternoon of January 24, 2002 so clearly. We had a conversation during physiotherapy about a celebrity couple. While she defended him, I opposed adultery. She didn't like that I thought he was a horrible person.

She unhooked me from the ventilator, turning it off.

"Be quiet," she demanded.

"Quiet."

As I was running out of breath, pleading without a sound, she laughed. She kept it off for more than thirty seconds before giving back my air. I said to her:

"You *raped* my voice."

She laughed even more.

I don't mean to undermine the survivors of sexual violence, but when she took away my ability to speak and more importantly, right to breathe, I felt violated. I was afraid for my life, and even worse, mom was right outside. I feared for her safety if I shouted for help. I never said a word as she fed my lunch. I had no appetite.

She continued for a couple more shifts on the Monday and Wednesday, while my family and I discussed our next move. We called the agency on Thursday morning to relieve her duties. The lousy excuse for a human being denied everything, calling it an "accident".

She was immediately fired.

This was something I never imagined would happen. After two years, we formed a professional and personal friendship. I trusted her, as did everyone. The most frightening part is thinking of the times when I was completely alone with her.

Before the incident, I already noticed her erratic behaviour. When she pushed me back onto my seat, she did it so hard that I almost had whiplash. As a "joke", she'd smother my face with a pillow. Though I could still breathe, it made me uncomfortable and fearful.

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We didn't have a nurse for the late shift for almost a year, which was the reason it made for such a difficult decision in what happened recently. Despite his inappropriate behaviour that verged on abuse, she *was* abusive.

When she violated me, I lost a part of myself in humiliation. I felt as though I was less of a man. I was ashamed for wanting to cry.

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I'm Cursed

All I Want For Christmas Is My Pants

December 23, 2008 @ 21:23

Sometimes I wish I had a vagina.

If I had one, people would feel more compelled to protect my physical dignity, as opposed to emulating the inviting air of Christmas. As I lie in bed waiting with covers half unravelled and my hairy ass cheeks exposed to the freezing cold, I drown within silent screams. All I hear are familiar voices, and a particular one that goes, "Don't worry Ricky. It's *just* family."

FAMILY I HAVEN'T SEEN IN OVER A DECADE!!!

Practically everyone has had the privilege of seeing me naked. This includes my baby nephew, as in mom barging in with him just to say hi to uncle, while dad was showering me…

"UH, MOTHER? I'M IN THE SHOWER, *NAKED*, AND DAD IS LATHERING ME UP WITH SOAP!!!"

The kid is the exact height as the hollow seat of my commode chair. While he gazed upon my rear end and other bits of dark meat with his priceless curiosity, all I wanted was my pants. I didn't even care if they were soaking wet.

Is that really so much to ask for?

Christmases are no exception. Every time nursie takes me out of the bathroom and transfers me onto bed, mom would always come in at that precise moment, bearing gifts. I'd lay there with pants half undone, baring something else.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

Dear gods no.

Except, idiot nursie actually asked if I wanted my underwear pulled up, or down.

Er… what?

WHAT?!

And the pimple on my ass that lasted for an entire year; during its prime when it was hurting like hell, there was concern among everyone. A suggestion was made for Dr. Sister to cut it open with a scalpel for the pus to drain. As she examined my buttocks while I

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was held down for a better view, my brother-in-law was called in for a second opinion.

I want my pants! I need my pants!

Mom came in for another look. Concerned, my aunt did as well, along with dad. It was a family reunion, while mom was trying to pop the poor bastard. *Pants!*

Most of the time, I don't even know what I'm wearing, let alone my underwear. If one day you catch me with pants down, don't laugh if you see tighty-whities with red polka dots. I swear I didn't know!

But with my luck, I've learned to lower my standards, where any pants will do, or not?

There are times when dad does my physiotherapy with his shirt off after exercise. As a result, I learned the hard way that moist man-boobs and stretching *don't* mix. Why?

I got poked in the eye…

BY A NIPPLE!!!

I now have three choices:

1. A vagina
2. A shirt for dad
3. Pants

A vagina sounds tempting, but as much as I want the constant embarrassment to end for good, I don't want to traumatize my poor mother for good. A shirt for dad sounds logical, but do weaponry nipples occur that often?

Dear Santa,

All I want for Christmas is my pants. Please?

Except, when idiot nursie finally decided to give me pants, it took her more than ten minutes just to pull them up, only to surprise me with an atomic wedgie of epic proportions.

PANTS!!!

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Under The Mistletoe

December 29, 2008 @ 1:01

Dear Ricky,

Upon the lingering air of Christmas, friends and lovers drunk in wine and conversation, I continue watching over you from a distant afar. By a window of snowfall in the wake of haunted dreams, you try and savour the joys of seasonal delight. I wonder if you see me, if you'll ever feel my presence…

Dear You,

Within the wake of my lost romance, as the winter shades of blue seep through the frosted glass, I sit alone under the mistletoe. The years carry on its passing, while Christmases continue to perish. I tire of this existence. I tire of broken dreams. Closing my eyes, the warmth of your presence reaches me…

Dear Ricky,

The cold of darkness consumes your every hope and dream. I'm drawn towards your lonely heart as the scenes of time wither away. Moments become timeless with only the distance between our eyes. As my lips softly plunge into yours, you drift to another realm of hopelessness…

Dear You,

As I close my eyes and surrender to the nothingness of the soft plunge in your kiss, your sweetness falls upon my face. These surroundings become a place of now and nevermore. Your teardrops cleanse me from sorrow and pain, where my fractured lips shall heal…

Dear Ricky,

As your fractures find their mend, I wonder if you realize that your great romance has finally begun. I wonder if you know that our kiss is worth every sacrifice. My tears touch your lips, and a frozen numbness embraces mine. Timelessness is rapidly growing faint. It

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breathes new life into our surroundings with only moments that remain. I love y…

Dear You,

All I see is darkness, but still I feel you. I wonder if you know how long I've waited for this moment, to taste your salty tears. Drowning inside your beautiful heart cries, you press your lips against mine. As our kiss intensifies, I suddenly realize that you've gone. Where are you, my dearest love?

Dear You,

Whoever you are and wherever you may be. Upon the lingering air of Christmas within this wake of my haunted romance, the cold of darkness consumes my every hope and dream. As I close my eyes and surrender to the nothingness of the soft plunge in your kiss, my fractured lips have found their mend. As my great love begins, I've lost you all over again.

Happy New Year, darling. I'll miss you forevermore.

Love,
Someone
Anyone
No one but myself

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A Dedication To Mothers I'd Like To Fool Around With

January 14, 2009 @ 17:09

Dear MILF,

Throughout my life, I've had a fascination towards the female gender. Mom even told me that as a baby, I used to smile at all the pretty nurses who gave me shots. It scared the daylights out of them.

I never understood the passion behind my first love/hate relationship. I was five with an older woman of six. I also had a girlfriend in grade one. She was a year senior to me. She nurtured me with dotted alphabets and many hugs and kisses, but after getting dumped for some pretty boy, I became an uncontrollable slut of emotions. I stole her favourite pen and made her cry.

But then I met you. I was eight at the time. I followed you in the bathroom while your husband continued chatting with my parents. Sitting there on the counter with my dangling feet, I became envious of your crimson lipstick. I felt my tiny heart slowly melting away. When I asked for your kiss and you really did, it was then that I discovered the art of seduction.

I realized why I didn't mind staying longer with my elegant teacher back in kindergarten, so she could pinch my cheeks and ask about my day. I needed love and affection from someone who really cared.

Crazy, you might think, with all the young girls in town, but older women have feelings, and I'd like to fool around with you. I've always imagined you as a neglected housewife, hoping for your husband to pay a little more attention. You're a beautiful girl lost in this world, yet you fail to realize that your life is only beginning.

You use lotion to try and look younger, hoping for him to notice, but it's your almost saggy boobs and small belly that makes you lovely and distinguished. Stretch marks are quite sexy, if you know what I mean.

I love the way you dance into the night when there's no one else around, and how you drag your fingertips along the lonely hallways in the sun. I love how you pretend you're old with your glasses and the knitting, even when you're wild at heart; librarian hot you are.

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Though we may never be, I hope you get every moment you've longed for. I hope you realize you're more than just a childbearing machine. I hope you find your great romance with kisses in the rain. And I hope someday he asks you of your many hopes and dreams.

Dear MILF, in my never-ending quest to write something meaningful, I thought I could make someone love me, but continue ending up with no one, however hard I try. I'm sorry I can't be the one to make your dreams come true, but know that I'm eternally grateful for the times we've spent together.

All I really wanted to say was thank you.

Yours,
Ricky

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The Conflicts Of My Romance

February 8, 2009 @ 23:03

Sometimes I wonder why I have to be in constant pain. It comes in layers, this agony of aches and soreness, and an unbearable throbbing that burns like silver nitrate. As one finds its slumber in painkillers, the other continues its torture, so much that it becomes impossible to concentrate. When they combine, and even pills are rendered useless, I start to question if there's a reason to all this.

Funny, how constant streams of torment can corrupt and poison the mind. It envelops with an aura of silence that leaves only thoughts and realizations. I'm left with a darkness that collides with hopes and dreams, while all that remains is the cold, hard truth.

And you know how when you turn out the lights and surrender to nightfall, it becomes difficult, almost impossible to see? Yet after the initial moments of entering the pitch black void, it eventually clears. It's always during our darkest hours that we find redemption. I wonder where mine is.

As of late, the palpitations of my heart have been erratic. Heart failure is a very likely possibility for my demise, but the experiences have left me unfazed. I can't help but ask if it's an act of selfishness to want someone to love me. Would I want to put her through the inevitable heartache when statistically, I shouldn't live past my early thirties?

If I'd so easily give up my dream of walking for romance, am I noble for sacrificing something that never belonged to me in the first place? Because there's an underlying question that still haunts me. Do I deserve romance when I'd only burden her?

The answer invalidates my every reason and the aforementioned insecurities as they suggest my frustrations are nothing more than ridiculous. Do I have the right to the quarrels from within my mind, and justify my lack of romance with the fact that no one would ever consider me a potential someone?

Or should I disregard said notions and let go of these conflicts as I risk losing myself for good? After all, love is about taking a leap of faith.

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When there's nothing left to think upon, a teardrop forms, and as it falls, I end up laughing at myself even more. Ridiculous, how I call myself a man.

So here I am, alone with invalid thoughts and insecurities; a handful of useless words that aren't even mine to think upon. This is the part where my mind returns to the abyss that has already consumed me.

I often think of myself looking out to ocean blue on a late summer afternoon, pondering about life and love and everything in between, except, I'm still trapped within the scenes of reality where my wheels would get stuck in the sand.

There's no dignity in this universe of mine, even if I gain ownership over my sorrows. It becomes a reminder of overhearing a conversation, lost between the lines of imagination and reality. You know the one where she confides in her friend, crying to him that she "can't do this anymore"?

I wish I was him. I wish I could be the one to tell her those words of comfort because I want to touch away her tears. I want to be the one to tell her that it's okay to leave me when she deserves so much better. If I loved her, wouldn't I want the best for her?

I'd love her too much, but then I'd need her just the same. I want to be the man with her right now, travelling to the future to love her more.

I hope she runs to me. I hope she kisses me and makes me forget the unbearable pain that enfolds my existence, for in them is my reason to endure.

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The Girl Who Saved My Life

February 23, 2009 @ 20:25

The Damsel In Distress

She was the girl who had it all. She had someone to rely upon, and who loved her so. She learned a faith in the art of romance, but it was taken away in an instant. She was left with a broken heart, non-existent yet confined within the shadows of cynicism and despair. She surrendered to the darkness consuming her fractured smiles and continued wearing the mask she was expected to wear.

As her words found their way into the crevices of my heart, I wanted to show her she still had one, that it only takes a little effort to rebuild and repair the remaining fragments of it, one piece at a time. There was something about her sadness that glimmered in the surrounding aura of silence. I knew I had to make it okay, somehow. I had to reach inside her place of hiding so she'd know she was never alone, and needn't be afraid.

She only wanted to protect herself. What she didn't realize was that in searching for hers, I was also looking for mine. I understood her, not because of intuitiveness, but that I knew her heart too well.

Her tears began to fall and she was all that mattered. I rambled on about this, that, and everything in between – my attempts to encourage her. I still don't know what she meant when she included me in the next paragraph about starting somewhere. I knew I had to take a leap for her, but in the end, she was the one to do so.

She always was afraid of failure. In the journey of collecting the shards of her own reflection, she lost a great many expectations. Despite her fears of rejection, she took a chance and asked if we should meet.

The Anticipation

I was always the outgoing and playful romantic as a kid. With a compromised social life that resulted from my physical disability, I never had much experience with girls, even in my efforts of discover-

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ing the infinite ways to love a woman. I thought of this path to discovering romance as a learning process to become someone worthy of love, but when she requested that we meet, I became ridiculous with anxiety bound by anticipation. I had never met anyone from online, let alone a girl, and a beautiful one at that.

We decided to have our meeting at my house as it was more convenient during winter. When I mentioned this to mom, she was a bit hesitant. She asked what would happen if this girl turned out to be a crazed murderer.

"Mother, we all have to die *sometime*," I replied, and then we laughed and we laughed… well not exactly! She did keep it from dad until I mentioned it. He was less enthusiastic.

While I understood his paranoia in that she was a stranger from the Internet, it was amusing nonetheless. He said he'd get his stick ready in case she turned out to be a robber, or worse, a *male* robber! I told her and she said she'd get her dad so they could fight it out.

In the days leading up to our meeting, one of my nurses returned from her Caribbean cruise and bought me a singing donkey that danced. Watching the ass as he mocked my every frown, I rolled my eyes and wanted to face-palm myself, but eventually succumbed to the hilarity that was my curse. Finally, an incredible girl was coming to see me, and the genius decided it was a good idea to bring a plush animal of the annoying kind into my life.

Along with the Hello Kitty cup that mom suggested I use to rinse my mouth, the combination of such evils was detrimental to the human condition. I was the epiphany of ridiculousness yet again.

Dad mentioned about the weather being unstable and I asked if she could come another day. She said she'd see how it was, but ended up having to run errands. As it turned out, it snowed heavily where she was, so fortunately, she didn't come.

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February 20, 2009

The day of our meeting arrived on a gorgeous Friday afternoon. After getting my wheelchair set up so I could manoeuvre around, I waited for her in the kitchen a nervous wreck. It was 16:05. While wondering if she was really coming, a brilliant idea occurred to me. I could park myself in front of the backyard door and have the sun shining from behind. *Genius.*

Unfortunately, by the time the door bell rang, the sun had already faded into the clouds. I was left in the shadows of the sky.

As she walked towards my way, I felt memories of a gentle summer breeze washing over me. Seeing her warming smile, my uneasiness drifted far away. She reached to hug me, except for some reason my hand slipped and I moved a little backwards. *I backed away from a girl?!*

She carefully laid her laptop upon the table and seated herself in front of me. We exchanged a couple hellos before dad poured her a cup of tea, asking about the traffic – casual conversations of such. He returned upstairs moments later as we started talking.

She had a softness about her that warmed the hearts of strangers, while her smile was the sweetest I had ever seen. It wasn't that she was crazy beautiful or made me fall out of my wheelchair. It was her presence that made my heart melt just a little more. I watched her delicate lips dance in song with every sentence. *Is this really happening? Is she actually here?*

We continued our conversation in my room. I shared some things of mine and we even picked a movie for later on, but never did get the chance to watch it. We had so many topics to discuss, and I was eager to see her work. Upon returning to our original spot, I noticed the honey glazed afternoon sun had enveloped the kitchen space. As the rays of light seeped through the window blinds, I fell in love with the striped radiance that kissed her soft, alabaster skin.

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She placed her elegant fingers upon the computer and revealed a vibrant melody of colours that only imaginations could conjure. I had a small glimpse into the journey that was her extravagant mind. I was astonished by her artistic ways; her talents and skills.

Mom came down from her afternoon nap and they had a short conversation about the little things, including school and family and stories here and there. She often turned to smile at me while talking.

She shared more of her artwork after mom had left. They gave a detailed look into her passions. The patterns of her creation were out of this world, intricately designed to capture all eyes. She showed me a slideshow of her trip to the West Coast. In it was the gateway to a mystical redwood forest I had only seen on film. I savoured the moment as she continued her sweet nothings that were always something to me. Her fascination with moss tickled my attraction towards the many oddities this world may offer.

There were times when she'd cover her petite mouth to giggle at my foolish non-attempts to humour her. Silly she was, but it was her silliness that stole my heart every time she laughed. She was strangely delightful.

She even said "damn it" a few times. It was rather adorable, the disgruntled look on her face, and how she wrinkled her bunny nose.

In our conversation, I mentioned a few significant dates that included May 20 (my birthday). There was also July 20, 1994 (spinal fusion surgery), and July 20, 1999 (tracheostomy), both of which saved my life. When I explained how our meeting was on February 20, we were both intrigued at the coincidence. In what could have been a special moment, with no surprise my mouth began to fall down the stairs…

"Creepy," I exclaimed.

Dear gods no! What on earth came over me that I'd say something so stupid?!

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My speech is limited to the timing of each breath because of the ventilator I use, but she was patient and kind. I realized at the very start how much she cared when she neither tried to finish my sentences nor disregard me altogether. She looked into my eyes and listened.

I was surprised when she asked for another hug. I thought I lost my opportunity when I backed away from her. It was brief, but for a moment, time suddenly stopped in that universe of mine.

Mom returned to ask if she'd like to join us for dinner. She politely declined, but we insisted otherwise. She was always a great storyteller, my mother. She remembered a lot of the things that had been lost to me for years. She sat down to share more of her stories, along with some of mine. It wasn't long before the skies were darkened by the winter night.

While mom was out to buy dinner, we were finally able to talk again. I had the opportunity to get closer to her. I asked if she considered our meeting to be a date.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"What do *you* think?" I responded.

When she asked for the second time, I realized she wanted me to take the initiative. It was then that the playful romantic in me returned. She agreed when I said I hoped it was, and it was official. I was on a date for the first time in my life! I explained how I'd never been on one and that I never had a girlfriend, which she genuinely found surprising.

In what could have been another potentially special moment, my mouth continued falling down the stairs. I actually agreed that I wasn't missing out in the dating scene! *Stupid, stupid, stupid!* I wanted to confess how much I missed her every time we removed ourselves from eye contact, but was already lost in her gaze.

We had dinner with mom and dad as she witnessed first-hand how my curse affected others. The chicken salads from Wendy's came without chicken! So my parents were searching for the chicken, and she was searching for the chicken. Dad called to complain, but found

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they had separated the chicken into different boxes. It was a family moment.

I was always ashamed to eat in front of people who weren't family after I lost the strength to feed myself. I meant it when I said she inspired my uneasiness to drift away. I didn't want the world to see me, but with her I wasn't afraid.

Mom asked if she'd like to return. She looked into my eyes.

"Definitely."

As I tried hard to prevent my mouthful of lettuce from exploding with a smile, I immediately felt a song coming on. It was the singing donkey, dancing inside my head!

It was almost nine o'clock when she decided to leave. Before heading to the foyer, she gave me another hug that lasted longer. I felt her soft cheek touch mine beneath the silk of her hair. Her warmth seeped into my heart like the rays of sunlight through window blinds. I followed her in the hallway as she continued her steps.

While I waited on her to freshen up, the wheels inside my brain were meticulously devising a plan on how I should approach the next move. As she walked out the door, I realized it was now or never.

"I've never done this before, and I'm not sure how you feel about me, but would you ever consider going on a date?" I asked.

"You mean romantically? Like a 'date-date'?" she responded.

And then it happened. The impossible had happened. She said yes!

Wait. Just hold on a second here. Girls don't go on dates with Ricky! This is absurd. I'm messing with the balance of the universe, for real!

I quickly forgot all about the conflicts and realities of my romance when she gave me another hug. I couldn't help but make a small sigh, except, she thought she was hurting me. She suddenly let go.

Is she kidding? How is it possible for this angelic creature to hurt me with her sweet embraces?

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As she enfolded me in her arms for the last time, gracefully placing her pretty head upon my shoulder, I closed my eyes and hoped she wouldn't let go. I asked to hold her hand, and in her adorable way of figuring out which was my left, I realized something. I always hesitated when shaking hands in fear of somebody taking the wrong one, causing me to crash into the wall, but I believed in her.

Was this to become the start of my great romance? Of course not. Girls don't go for boys in wheelchairs, at least not Ricky. Upon finishing this story, she decided she wasn't looking for a romantic relationship.

That night after our "date", nursie said I glowed like a pregnant woman. At least I don't have to give birth anymore…

But as I gazed into her deep brown eyes, I ventured through a path that led to her heart. I wondered if it was mine to think upon. I wondered if her fractured smiles were mine to repair, and if I could be the one to remove her all but tarnished mask.

So as it turned out, February 20, 2009 wasn't a coincidence at all. I could have died happy that night, but didn't want to because of her. Who would have thought it'd be another twentieth that saved my life. Who would have thought she'd be the girl who saved my life.

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The Damsel In Distress

March 2, 2009 @ 22:59

Dear You,

Have I ever told you the story about the damsel in distress?

In case I haven't, I shall retell it once more. It begins within the distance between his eyes and hers…

As he continued looking into her alluring gaze, he wondered if her heart was his to think upon. He wondered if her fractured smile was his to repair, if she'd let him be the one to remove her all but tarnished mask. She was all that mattered when he discovered the pathway towards her everything.

There were hidden beauties within her universe. He found a selfless love only she possessed. She remained strong for those around, but never thought to tend her own needs. Her spirit diminished with each breath, and she didn't want the world to see the darkness consuming her every memory. She hid behind an exquisitely crafted disguise that no one would look past.

But he always knew there was more. He found traces of her past romances as he ventured deep within. He finally understood the complexities behind her sadness. She concealed herself so well inside, becoming even more alone.

She was beautiful, and in her beauty, he found a part of her heart.

Upon finding her solitude in a place of shadows and shades of blue, he soon exposed the wall surrounding her splendour. It was impossible to break through. He pondered upon thought after thought, contemplating the notions of giving up. Yet the memories of why he never wished upon a star washed over him like a gentle summer breeze. At the moment he reached to touch the barrier protecting her frail abode, he closed his eyes and surrendered to the despairing reality of nevermore.

He wished upon her heart.

He continued searching for ways inside. He sensed small lines of fracture with his lonely fingertips and placed his hand on the slightest

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indications. It was the moment he understood the true art of faith. He believed in her and pushed as hard as he could.

She was fractured, and in her fractures, he found another part of her.

He continued breaking through this wall to unwrap her heart. He did so for millennia and aeons. A billion trillion stars would have died as a sacrifice for her alone, but because of faith, she learned to believe in him as well. She took a leap and revealed a vibrant array of unseen colours he had longed to discover.

She existed in a world of broken fairytales and bittersweet melodies, and a kingdom in ruins created from the diamonds of her frozen teardrops. He placed his hand into the shards of her reflection. He closed his eyes to the torment of flesh as she cried a little more. One piece at a time, he rebuilt her empire with the remaining fragments. He carried on repairing it, from then until evermore.

He found her heart at long last.

And so this is the part where the story ends, as our eyes begin to drift apart on this quiet winter's night. I watch on as your graceful silhouette perishes into the nocturnal abyss.

Dear You, wherever your heart may linger within the twilight of silent shadows. I'm sorry for breaking your heart in your thoughts of breaking mine. I'm sorry that I fell for the romance you had not intended. I know there are many of which your mask has captured, but if you look into my eyes, you'd understand it was never about that. It was you.

As I embarked on the journey through the walls surrounding your heart, it was impossible not to fall for every part of you; your splendour and grace.

Yours,
Ricky

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Dear Girl

March 14, 2009 @ 18:46

Dear Girl,

It has been a while since we last spoke. In risk of making a fool of myself again, I'll pretend to know where you're coming from. There are still a lot of things that don't make sense, including the fact that we hugged three times and held hands before you left. Perhaps it's because I haven't been in the dating scene, but I don't see how you can randomly do these things without meaning them. I don't see you as someone to play games.

When you first asked to visit me, you mentioned how you wanted to start somewhere. On the day of our meeting, you wrote a blog titled 'February 20, 2009' about what you were expecting from a date. Forgive me if I was completely off, but I took it as a hint to how I should treat you, even though I already planned on being myself. We both agreed it was a date.

And didn't you proclaim me the winner of our ongoing argument regarding love?

Before saying goodbye, I asked you on a "date-date" as you called it. I even started out with the "I don't know how you feel about me" line, which I'm sure anyone would take as a suggestion towards a potential romance.

A couple hours later, you wrote back telling me how you were still processing our time together, and that you didn't know what else to say. You were excited to read the story I was to write about us. But everything went down the drain when you decided you weren't looking for a romantic relationship.

While cleaning your room that night, it suddenly occurred to you what being with me would entail. From all the signs I read, you wanted something more, only to realize you couldn't handle it. Your life would change forever.

In your hopes that I wouldn't hate you, I suspect you secretly did. I'm sorry that I couldn't. It would have made things easier, but honestly, I tried. I guess some things in life are impossible, just as it was to not fall for your romance.

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If you're reading this, I want you to know I understand. I don't blame you at all. There isn't a day that goes by when I'm not thinking about the conflicts and realities of my romance, or lack thereof. As much as you don't want to hurt me by revealing this truth, I've known it for far too long. I was simply playing with the idea that an incredible girl might actually be interested in me. My only regret is that I broke your heart in your thoughts of breaking mine, and for that I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you.

Prior to our date, the rhythm of my heart became irregular. I awoke in the middle of the night with palpitations that rendered me breathless. I had since removed the highly uncrackable password from my computer, for if anything were to happen, I wanted someone to have the contact information to let you know I wasn't ignoring you. Ridiculous, isn't it?

I worry about you. I wonder who will be there to understand your heart and give you puffy eyes. I still have some of that haemorrhoid cream!

But this is why I regret hurting you. I've seemingly lost the opportunity to be there if you ever needed someone. Then again, I could have read the signs all wrong. They must have been in Russian.

Dear Girl, please know that whatever you decide, I'll always be here for you. I know you're going to find someone who will love and take care of you. You deserve so much better than what I could (not) have offered.

Oh, and you want to know something funny? I never had the chance to say this, but because of you, I cut off that inch-long hair in my left nostril. That's how special you are to me.

Smile?

Ricky

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A Broken Heart Of Ridiculous Proportions

March 16, 2009 @ 20:34

Have you ever had one of those moments when you feel like shit, as if you can't take it anymore and all you want to do is let yourself go? Basically, the story of my life…

It's not easy, always faking a smile, especially around my nurses when I have to spend an hour doing physiotherapy. I'm not obligated to entertain since we have a professional relationship, but as time goes by, a friendship eventually forms. I can't leave on my sad face every time someone comes. If I did, no one would return.

I find it not so much annoying, but amusing when one continues to ask how I am.

"Just good?" she asks.

Silly woman, what would possess you to think I'd ever be great?

In a way, it does have something to do with the recent lemon of my life. It's one I've been gradually eating from ridiculous thoughts and reflections – a final outcome that was anticipated yet unexpected. What makes it more ridiculous is that the sour taste was completely voluntary, but like a lot of things in life, there's more to the story.

I don't particularly blame this lemon as I was the one who chose to eat it. As I continued to chew, I reflected upon things I already knew, only on a much deeper level. Things have changed forever and there's no going back.

Sometimes I can't take it. I can't handle it, but no matter how much I'd like to give in, I've no choice except to be the outcast who continues to endure. I never had the luxury to fall apart on these sentiments of mine.

But I really can't take it. I can't hold it in any longer. I can't take the fact that I don't even have the strength to wipe my own nose when it gets drippy while no one else is around. I can't take that it drips into my mouth with nothing I can do. I can't take that I don't have the ability to reach my face and scratch the itchy red part on my cheek. I can't take that I have to close my eyes and hope for it to go away. I can't take that I have a broken heart that no one can ever fix…

I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!!!

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And then suddenly, I realized the truth. I didn't have a broken heart. I just had to take a giant poo.

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About A Ridiculous Little Boy

April 12, 2009 @ 23:02

He was always the ridiculous little boy who didn't have a care in the world for the complexities in life. All he ever wanted was to be a nuisance, and bad influence to the young. Despite his annoyances, he was loved and cared for by everyone. He existed in a place of fairytales come true, where sadness was unfound.

But little did he know that things would change as he continued his ridiculous ways. He never thought he'd exist anywhere else except in his dreamland of childhood. He never understood why tasks that were seemingly easy for other kids were almost impossible for him. As the sound of laughter consumed his surroundings, he could only follow through with the humour. It was his way of dealing with challenges that would test him for years to come.

At the back of his mind, he acknowledged the truth, but hadn't taken the time to ask. The answers would have made no difference. He had to endure.

While they continued testing him as the burdens grew to weigh upon his shoulders, he couldn't help but ask, W*hy me? Why can't I run and play like everyone else?*

There was always a voice that lingered within his mind. She encouraged and held him close no matter the tears that fell. She was the reminder that he could take it, for there was no other choice. She kept him going, regardless of what the future would hold. He lived for her alone.

Grade three would knock on the door, but he was prepared to face his nemesis. He couldn't allow weakness to bring him down. He thought it was his final obstacle to overcome as he believed in his heart that things would get better. His struggles were a testament that hope outweighed fear.

He went on to pretend like nothing was wrong. He was determined to find his way to the playground. He could only walk a few metres without support, succumbing to his weakness every time.

When exhaustion got the best of him, he retreated to the school walls for sanctuary. His teacher would offer assistance, but

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he wasn't one to ask for help. He had to overcome, however much it took. The searing hot bricks burned his little hands as they slowly led him inside. He ended up with bloody knees every time he arrived home. He never cried once.

As it progressed, his ability to feed himself was quickly diminishing. When it would take fifteen minutes, it took half an hour, only to become a full hour. The clock continued ticking as his food became colder. It soon took more than two hours to finish his meals. Using every ounce of strength just to bring the spoon to his mouth, he realized there was no dignity. He eventually shut the door so nobody could see the useless mess he had become.

He inevitably lost the strength in his hands entirely. It was then that he realized his dreams were shattering before his eyes. *It's over*, he thought to himself.

But little did he know that his struggles were only beginning. He realized that the voice who kept him going was fading in his despair. She disappeared, and all his broken dreams and hardships that took away his dignity didn't matter anymore. He lost his reason, while all he wanted was to find her, and hold on forever. He needed her more than she knew, yet how could he have found someone who didn't even exist?

His journey of romance had finally begun.

Ridiculous, isn't it, how he assumed anyone would ever love him except the silent whispers within his lonely mind? Ridiculous, isn't it, how he assumed he'd have a chance at not being alone?

What he didn't know was that it was merely a journey of finding himself. He existed in a place of fairytales that would never, ever come true.

There there, little boy. There there. There there…

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Things About Ricky That You Should Know

May 4, 2009 @ 19:32

Ricky was diagnosed with Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy when he was seven years old. He has been in a wheelchair since the age of nine.

Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy is a genetic but not hereditary disease that slowly weakens and deteriorates voluntary muscle strength and mass. It's x-linked recessive and inherited from mothers alone, affecting mainly boys and rarely girls. He's the only one to have been diagnosed in his family tree.

Ricky was born on May 20, 1981.

Ricky drew a comic strip for the Toronto Star on June 20, 1993.

Ricky has stainless steel rods fused onto his spine from a spinal fusion surgery (July 20, 1994). He has a huge scar down his back.

Ricky is on a ventilator. He has a hole in his neck from a tracheostomy (July 20, 1999).

Ricky had his first date on February 20, 2009. It's complicated.

Ricky still doesn't understand the significance of the number twenty.

Ricky isn't asexual. He can have sex, but because of physical limitations, can't exactly "do" girls. This dude needs to be do'd.

Ricky suffers from a sexual disorder known as Morning Horniness Syndrome. His erection scares everyone who helps him pee at four o'clock.

Ricky pees like everyone else, only in a different container.

Ricky pees like a woman, but not because he sits. He pees every five minutes!

Ricky tasted a drop of his own pee when he was five. He didn't like it.

Ricky has three meals a day; a Tylenol for breakfast, an orange for lunch, and a colossal dinner.

Ricky is a friend to Christians. He's proof that evolution fails to exist since he's the reason chickens can't fly anymore.

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Ricky is a fan of soup. He can drink it continuously.

Ricky can make flatus for ten seconds straight. His can change octaves.

Ricky has never been stung by a bee in his life to this very day.

Ricky is mildly allergic to food colourings, specifically the ones used in slushies. Whenever he has one, his lips turn into those akin to a goldfish. However, even when he drinks the Coca-Cola version, the same reaction happens, so…

Ricky is probably allergic to commercial straws.

Ricky has a giant cow tongue that disturbs the anaesthesiology community.

Ricky is half vampire. He has a fang on his left side.

Ricky has molars that are too large, making him unable to close his front teeth completely. He avoids eating sandwiches as it scares people when he uses his giant cow tongue to cut the bread.

Ricky doesn't want people to think him retarded. It explains the unwanted potential sandwich fiasco.

Ricky is kind of retarded. Really, he is. He drools whenever Pantene commercials come on.

Ricky loves chick flicks. They make him cry. His favourite is 'My Sassy Girl'.

Ricky cried exactly twelve times when he first saw 'The Notebook'.

Ricky believes the new Batman movies are chick flicks.

Ricky is a fan of Barry Manilow.

Ricky tried knitting once. He started with a ball of wool and ended with a ball of wool.

Ricky has really pretty girly fingers that all females envy. His hands are incredibly soft.

Ricky is *not* gay!

Ricky thinks all girls are hot!!!

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Ricky is afraid of the dark resulting from an episode of '20/20' featuring demons and hell years ago. He still requires a night-light, along with music to fall asleep.

Ricky is afflicted with Trypophobia. Unknown to most, it's the fear of holes and asymmetrical clusters of them, often with things inside. It causes a creepy, itching, crawling feeling.

Ricky is also afflicted with what's unofficially known as Lepidopterophobia. Unknown to most yet again, it's the fear (disgust) or general dislike of moths and butterflies, but particularly butterflies for him.

As a child, he saw a piece of "paper" on the floor. His sister warned him, but without listening, he stepped on it purposely. It turned out she was right, and he bawled afterwards. With tears streaming down his face, she took him to the bathroom and washed his foot as he continued to cry like the ridiculous little boy he is.

One time, he foolishly visited the Amazon exhibit at the Toronto Metro Zoo. Inside, there were giant butterflies waiting to attack him. When a certain one came out of nowhere and landed on his right shoulder, he was immediately soaked in cold sweat. He was so horrified that he couldn't even scream. Fortunately, when his dad noticed the assault of said evil creature, he smacked it with the informational brochure. He never wore that Anaheim Mighty Ducks T-shirt again.

Ricky wants Batgirl to save him from all those scary things, and hold him in the dark. He wouldn't mind if she jumped up and down to protect him from evil butterflies.

Ricky is still looking for her. Will *you* be his Batgirl?

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What Makes Women Beautiful

May 15, 2009 @ 17:01

Beauty is a quality or certain set of qualities that give pleasure to our senses. The question is, which of those qualities define us?

There are three extensions that lead to a woman's heart; her eyes, smile, and touch. They bring meaning to the physical connection. When a woman understands that through them is the only pathway towards her beauty, it is then that she becomes careless and free from the burdens of what others might think. When she knows her heart and has nothing to hide, it shows.

Whether a woman should or shouldn't wear makeup is up to her, but necessity is a different story. It's sad how some feel the need to hide themselves with masks. If attractiveness can only be justified by covering up without an acceptance of her own natural state, shallowness consumes her. As far as high heels are concerned, they're an incredible form of cruelty. Why must women suffer with discomfort just to look good in a culturally accepted fashion? What happened to natural beauty?

The media plays a significant role in how women desire to look, but only to those who seek validation from external sources. Women aren't mindless creatures who blindly follow the standards of society. While it's capable of manipulation and at times makes it difficult to overcome, each and every woman still has the freedom to choose. It only has an influence if she allows.

While the aforementioned qualities of (outer) beauty act as an accentuation towards the human experience, they're nothing more than external constituents of our individual selves. Where our senses lead holds the key to finding its definition. What defines the heart will always remain within our integrity, choices, and actions. Without them, life becomes an existence.

Beauty is defined by intentions.

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To My Future Wife

May 18, 2009 @ 20:59

Dear Future Wife,

There are places in my heart that are yours alone. In them I linger, thinking of you. As you plunge your quivering lips into mine, I gasp for my final breath in the softness of your mouth with teardrops in our kiss. Closing my eyes to this bittersweet suffocation, memories of our first emerge…

Your lips break free from mine, our fingers untwined. I watch you drifting from my touch as you dance into the night. Your flowered summer dress barely touches you and I envy the glow of streetlights, kissing the silk of your skin. Midnight breezes rush toward my way as I savour your alluring perfume; my sweet intoxication.

You're my ecstasy. Your whispers caress my addiction. The inviting air of your radiance evokes my desire to join your melodic waltz within the shadows surrounding us. There's only silence, yet music still resonates in the tranquillity of night. Our slow dances in darkness are the embraces I've longed for, through aeons in space and time.

Though I don't have the strength to reach you, I've always longed to touch your face. You take my breath away in your continued readings of my heart. You place my hand upon your face and yours upon mine. The distance between our eyes becomes a moment of hush, ours forevermore.

It collides with eternity as we lay beneath the stars. They become my reason to be near to you, for the infinite wonders above could never compare to your beauty. Here in your arms with your gentle breath upon my face, the rhythm of your heart is my lullaby. I finally understand the place where I belong. You're my universe, my dearest love.

You're the place where I stand guard, to watch over and protect. I watch on as you surrender to the inevitable slumber. I hope you dream of beautiful things and long to see me in your wake. At the sight of morning light upon your smiles, you take my hand as we fade into a pathway towards the sunrise.

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Dear Future Wife, you're the last of my dreams and the beginning of them. When I looked into your eyes, I couldn't help but fall. I found home in the graceful aura that was you. There was nothing more I wanted than to wish upon your heart.

Throughout my life, I thought love to be impossible, and none would love enough to care for me, until you came along. There isn't much I can offer, only a handful of words to enfold you, and inspire your tears of joy.

I promise to remain at your side through the darkest of your days, and defend and guide your heart. I promise to engage with honesty, without pride to cloud intentions. I promise to find the best of you as I learn to love you more. I promise my complete devotion, to be faithful in times of uncertainties, for I'm in love with you, and I always will be.

As you plunge your quivering lips into mine, sadness consumes my heart. The illuminated abyss envelops me with scenes of our life before my eyes. In this final breath, I fear our nostalgic romance is at its end. I submit to this bittersweet suffocation, longing for my wake…

Upon opening my eyes to look into yours, I've pledged my vows before God, bearing witness to our love. I realize that in our kiss, I've travelled back in time. And I shall return to love you, time and time again; beyond death do us part, for now and evermore.

With love,
Ricky

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More About Ricky That You Should Know

May 26, 2009 @ 20:58

Ricky has been driving without a license since he was twelve years old. He has run over a variety of ethnicities in toes.

Ricky has been planning his dream wedding since he was twelve years old.

Ricky once sat in his wheelchair for seventeen hours straight. He ended up with an incredibly sore and numb ass the next day.

Ricky has a colourful ass. When a Band-Aid was removed from a particularly inconvenient pimple on his right cheek, a rainbow of Caucasian hair was discovered.

Ricky is easily caught with his pants down, especially at eleven o'clock in the morning.

Ricky is a drama queen!

Ricky will probably not be the one to wear pants in a relationship.

Ricky does wear pants, except, doesn't know what kind he's wearing half the time.

Ricky isn't a follower of fashion trends. He buys new shoes every decade and has been wearing the same style since his early teenage years; sports jacket over a T-shirt.

Ricky looks like some sort of rodent when he squishes his nose.

Ricky has double jointed pinkies.

Ricky is afraid of looking into mirrors in the dark. He fears something evil might come out and get him.

Ricky is a first-hand eyewitness to the UFO phenomenon. No one believes him.

Ricky drives a $20,000 wheelchair, while his joystick alone costs $1,500. Chicks dig expensive vehicles.

Ricky is horny. His wheelchair used to have a horn, except, it was at the back and couldn't be reached. His horniness is complicated, scaring all the chicks away.

Ricky uses TAG Body Spray and believes it's the reason pretty girls smile at him.

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Ricky likes to make all the girls cry. It's a part of his evil plan.

Ricky is a fan of the Powerpuff Girls. He believes that girls are made from sugar and spice and everything nice.

Ricky has a fat girl fantasy. He believes real women have curves.

Ricky has a thing for girls who cover their mouths to giggle.

Ricky has a thing for girls with Southern accents. He hopes she offers him some of her freshly made cupcakes:

> **Her:** "Would y'all like some of my homemade cupcakes? I made 'em 'specially for yous, Ricky!"
> **Him:** "Well yee'haw, Ms. Honey Pie! I reckon that I'd love your cupcakes, and sure do appreciate the gesture. I wouldn't mind if yous unwrapped a couple for me!"

Ricky admits to having a thing for girls in general.

Ricky blames his romantic failures on his giant mechanical ass.

Ricky isn't much a fan of sweets. He feels sick when eating dessert on an empty stomach.

Ricky will probably die of kidney failure due to excessive sodium intake.

Ricky consistently pees two litres of pee each day. He likes to say "pee" a lot. Pee… PEE!!!

Ricky is unable to stomach a number of raw vegetables, particularly tomatoes, celery, and carrots.

Ricky has only thrown up a few times in his life, like when he tried a cherry tomato in grade one out of peer pressure. He hurled in the hallway. Diced carrots always seem to show up in his puke.

Ricky scored 100% in one of the four units for grade eleven English. He only read the back of the novel, an excerpt from the Internet, and the first chapter.

Ricky drove under the influence after drinking red wine for the first time. He crashed into the bathroom wall at home.

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Ricky became a criminal on May 16, 2009 when he smuggled a tube of Pringles into a theatre. He hid it behind his back underneath the hoodie of his sports jacket. His cousin was an accomplice.

Ricky is also a murderer. He ran over a caterpillar with one of his front wheels, at church.

Ricky knows how to make bubbles on his tongue. It was taught to him by a school bully who used to throw basketballs at him during recess, and turned out to be a drug dealer and died after getting shot. He laughed his giant mechanical ass off when he saw his face on the news.

Ricky used to be the king of Street Fighter when he was still able to play video games with his hands. He could do 60,000,000 Hadoukens in a row, at will.

Ricky can only play computer games with a mouse. His favourite remains to be 'The Longest Journey'.

Ricky as a gamer is a whore. He fornicates, ahem, WooHoos with dozens of women on The Sims.

Ricky as a blogger is an attention whore. He likes to get people riled up with controversy, gross them out with toilet humour, and make everyone throw up to his vomit-inducing ideas of romance.

Ricky types on his computer with an onscreen keyboard called WiViK. He uses it injunction with voice recognition (Dragon NaturallySpeaking).

Ricky was one of the first testers of eye control when he was a teenager. It was torture, but the technician was hot so it was worth the agonizing pain.

Ricky is unable to speak in bed due to his ventilator settings at night and in the morning.

Ricky uses a call bell with a straw attached. He sucks and blows on it.

Ricky gains a cup size every time he has Kentucky Fried Chicken.

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Ricky wore something akin to a bra once to keep his trach tube in place as per doctor's orders.

Ricky uses a vibrator… for physiotherapy.

Ricky doesn't like to admit that he sucks and blows, has a cup size, wears a bra, and uses a vibrator because…

Ricky is a whore, in general. Oops?

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My Strawberry Gummy Romance

May 31, 2009 @ 21:55

Dear Strawberry Gummy,

There are places in my mouth that are yours alone. In them my taste buds linger, savouring you. As you're placed upon my tongue, a fruity delight surrounds me. I surrender to the unimaginable flavours, bursting into life. Gracefully melting within my oral cavity, your juices begin to flow. I can't help my indulgence in you.

Though I'd have candy from time to time, I was never much a fan. When I looked into your bag, I didn't know what to think. I remained unfazed, assuming you were artificial confectionery, but the adorned wrapping of your individual self allured my every sense. I knew in my heart that I needed a taste. It was a moment of now or never.

Your thin coating of syrup teased me as it became harder to resist temptation. My desire was to take you in with a single slurp and satisfy my craving. Yet the seduction to taste your inner sugars consumed me; the journey of discovering more.

With an embrace of many twirls of the tongue, I came to understand your needs. You never wanted to be an instant gratification, nothing more than just a treat. You want to be enjoyed and appreciated for everything you are. You want to be relished to the core of your sweetness. I realized I had to treat you with only tender loving care.

In your modesty, imperfections were revealed upon the crevices of your skin. You don't want to be rejected for the faults you possess, while you fear to disappoint. You fail to understand the beauty of your flaws, for it only takes a little patience to bring out your perfection. They disappeared as your melt continued in my mouth. You alone were all that I could taste.

Closing my eyes to savour every part of you, it broke a part of my heart. I wondered how you thought possible that imperfections could compromise your sweet nature. It encourages you to pleasure others first without caring for yourself. I hope you know it inspires me also, to pleasure only you as I learn to consider your mushy centre.

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Sometimes it's hard to unwrap you within the stubbornness of your packaging. A lot have given up in your attempts to protect yourself. Should you ever believe you're not worth the trouble, know that you make me want to be a better sweet tooth. What lies beneath your wrapping, within your candy exterior, is worth every effort because of you.

Only one of you remains as I contemplate whether to surrender. I do, and with each layer my mouth enfolds, you captivate every sense. I love the roundness of you, how you're plump and juicy. I don't need you to be smaller to find your sweetness. I love the way you're slippery when wet. And when you become small and delectable, I'll lick to the very last drop of your elixir.

Dear Strawberry Gummy, you've redefined my definition of fruity flavours. Your soft chewiness inspires me to not only want, but protect you even more. I had always been loyal to salt, until you came along. I crave you, my dearest sweet gummy.

As I sit alone with this empty bag, I continue missing every part of you. I miss you so much. I'm sorry that I made things complicated by searching in another store. It wasn't worth the effort when none of them compares to you. I promise to find and unwrap you all over, for I'm in love with you, and I always will be.

Yours,
Gummy Bear Ricky

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Ricky's Crazy Ass Dreams

July 3, 2009 @ 22:58

As of late, I've had the craziest dreams, and when I say "crazy", I'm talking *crazy*.

I dreamt of having my butt probed by a shady doctor. He found a clear bag of chocolate finger cookies that had been lurking inside for a decade; the cause of my constipation.

It was an exciting moment because for one, I could finally poo smoothly, and secondly, it gave me the opportunity to upload a picture online to gross everyone out. Unfortunately, before I could capture it, dad mixed them together with my beloved jar of pretzels. I was *pissed*.

I dreamt that I developed lopsided man-boobs with an elongated left nipple. It was lactating and drippy, so I played with it like a guitar.

I dreamt of an immortal chubby woman who was part demon. She was trapped within an opera house for millennia in a dressing room upstairs. It was torture as the temperature was consistently 57°C. Once released, her flesh was beyond succulent, while her skin resembled that of crispy pork rind. I hungered for her…

I dreamt of a fat Mexican man with a thick moustache. He was sweaty and horny and had the swine flu. He found me extremely attractive and tried to rape me.

I also dreamt of a trucker who tried to abuse me. While dad was protecting me, the man took out his blade and was about to stab him. The cop from across the street blew his head wide open.

Crazy enough?

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Ricky's Adventures In Bikini Land

August 10, 2009 @ 21:19

Last week, I spent a night at the Embassy Suites Niagara Falls Hotel. It's not easy staying overnights without the convenience of a ceiling lift, but my sister found a company that rented out medical equipment. I was convinced, as it also gave me the opportunity to see my little nephew play at the water park… uh, more like to hook up with bikini babes!

We had to check out by noon on Tuesday, so I readjusted my schedule for an earlier morning routine. It takes a little more than two hours to get ready and up onto my wheelchair, which includes taking a dump and physiotherapy. Instead of nine o'clock, I awoke at seven. I was up and half dead for the first couple days.

As I continued driving under the influence of a newly found sunrise, I stumbled upon the day of our trip. It was remarkable, seeing the smaller hand point to eleven in natural light. I tried having an orange and a yogurt outside, but the wasps thought I was the delivery guy from Meals on Wheels.

With my head all buzzed from the day before, and marinated in TAG Body Spray, I practiced the most original pickup line I had ever devised:

"Are you a fan of kiwi?"

You know! Kiwis with sunglasses? Fruit salad? "Fruit-fruit" in nephew speak?

I spent the entire road trip listening to my iPod Nano with nothing else to do. It frustrates me how the safety straps still aren't relocated, while the only view I had for three hours was half of dad's head. Thank goodness for Britney Spears!

Heading out of the plaza after picking up some Gatorade, dad made a turn too quickly. Oops, he did it again… WHIPLASH!!!

It was then that I realized my head was in a peculiar configuration… BEHIND THE HEADREST!!!

It was a mystery how it happened, like a malfunction in the Star Trek teleportation system. From then on, everything became an adventure because I refused to rent a commode chair used by other butts.

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At the hotel lobby with mafia shades, I sat guard with the utmost determination. Obviously, I didn't want anyone to *steal* my precious toilet seat on wheels!

Going upstairs to the suite while my surroundings darkened, I realized how quickly time flew. I couldn't even see the bump on the doorway… WHIPLASH!!!

Opening my eyes to the blinding sunlight, I realized that time hadn't flown at all. It occurred to me, the consequences of looking cool.

Without much of any food in my stomach, I was starving. My sister, brother-in-law, and I went down to The Keg Steakhouse & Bar. We had to wait fifteen minutes for the elevator. We checked the seating arrangements and found an oval table by the window that gave a full view of the falls.

Outside the restaurant, we waited for the rest of our family to come down. It was freezing with the hotel air conditioning, so my brother-in-law wiped my nose in secret. Gods forbid a really pretty girl would see me drippy, though if someone actually did that for me, I'd fall for her like Niagara.

Unfortunately, the only one kind enough to stare was an angry Indian woman who had never seen a physically disabled kiwi. It was as if she saw Shiva, god of destruction. I *tried* to smile at her.

Perhaps she didn't like the fact that I was embracing the temple of eating cows? It's a shame she didn't see my plate of Mushroom Balsamic Chicken. Sautéed portabella, shiitake and button mushrooms over grilled chicken with a balsamic cream sauce. Let's not forget the garlic mashed potatoes and sweet potato fries.

After dinner, it was time for the water park. I was excited for a bikini clad honey to sweep me off my wheels, and while anticipating the colour of drunkenness, I didn't care about the strange combination. Tomatoes are fruits like kiwis. It gave my fruit salad pickup line a new dimension.

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But suddenly, I realized something horrible. I forgot my headrest upstairs… WHIPLASH!!!

Would I risk getting a broken neck for bikini babes?

YES!!!

While waiting on the elevator for yet another fifteen minutes, my excitement grew. Of course I didn't *want* to drive myself into the water and drown to death from all the distractions, but in my heart, I knew I had to. I was ecstatic to sacrifice my life for boobs.

At the ticket stand, I could already feel the heat… from the heater. We finally headed into Bikini Land and I realized something even more horrible. Literally, there were babes in bikinis, as in children, along with the old and fat. I shudder at the thought of that hairy fat man with a beach ball sized gut. He was well endowed. Of course I didn't *have* to drive myself into the water and drown to death, but at that point, I wanted to!

Did I mention how I encountered the same Indian woman who thought I was Shiva? She looked at me in horror as I continued to smile.

But hope came in the form of a Bikini Land staff honey. As we relocated to watch the little guy play, she smiled at me, only to relocate herself. She was replaced by an ugly co-worker who had an upside-down smile. I had to laugh at myself for thinking I'd ever have a chance with someone pretty.

It was then that I realized the truth. What gave me the right to think I even had the privilege of being shallow? Not even the ugly ones would give me a chance.

BIKINI LAND = FAIL

Upon returning to the hotel, I couldn't accept the fact that I was denied the opportunity to turn into a tomato. I had to find a way to redeem myself, at the bar. Ironically, it was Dr. Sister and Dr. Brother who brought me there, along with my nephew. Little did I know that gin martinis were strong, and you could say I became extremely ripe!

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Heading back upstairs, I drove by the cute informational desk girl.

"DUI!"

The joke lost all its momentum when I had to repeat myself as she looked at me strangely. It eventually died when she never heard of the term.

WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHAT "DRIVING UNDER THE INFLUENCE" MEANS?!

No, the strong lights in the elevator didn't help. I was turning purple! The little girl inside looked at me in *horror*. Sad, how she'll never see Barney in the same light again. Everyone looked at me in horror, and even *I* looked at myself in horror, while my aunt, mom, and dad all looked at me in horror. Perhaps I should just stay away from the drink?

LALA LAND = FAIL

As I became ever so woozy, I laid down in bed, front side back. The Hoyer lift couldn't fit at the head when it was up against the wall, which didn't help either.

My aunt was hysterical, while mom continued mumbling in her sleep, probably scolding me for my undignified behaviour.

So I got drunk and threw up three times. Is that *really* so wrong?!

I woke up with a hangover, *starving*.

"CLOSE THE DAMN BLINDS!!!"

At least I had a free breakfast of bacon, eggs, hash brown, sausages, French toast, pancakes, oatmeal, yogurt, watermelon, peaches, and pineapple…

My name is Ricky, and I did something shameful in Niagara Falls.

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The Brain Behind His Words

August 25, 2009 @ 20:06

Look at you. Ridiculous. If you're going for the mafia look, you're doing it wrong. You look like a kiwi wearing sunglasses. And if it's ridiculous you're going for, at least give us a smile, will you?

Yes Ricky, we all know you've no reason to smile, especially when you see yourself in the mirror. It's nothing more than another reminder. You might have the softest hands in the world, along with pretty girly fingers, but that's all you really have going.

The cool biker look you try to emphasize with black gloves doesn't work with only one. If you wore it on the other, you'd be unable to move the joystick, and your crooked feet? You might find reason for motivation in pain, but it's not as if anyone knows of your constant suffering. Your agony continues to exist in vain at the end of each day.

You really shouldn't feel sorry for yourself though. The ventilator you breathe with has given you a second chance at life. Had it not been for this machine, you'd have died when you were nineteen. It's another reason you shouldn't go for mafia. In jail, they'd fuck you in the same hole.

You know as well as I do that romance is out of the question. It might be possible for a girl to look past your cloak of invisibility if you could reach to touch her face, but when even a stupid glove can render your fingers motionless?

Have you also stopped to consider what they might think? I know you're not paralyzed, but one look at you and it would only be reasonable to assume you are. It's quite silly for you to assume that they know this dude needs to be do'd.

There you go making jokes again. It's not funny anymore. Your ridiculousness is only a mask. You reassure yourself with crazy thoughts, how if someone volunteered to wipe your drippy nose, or if she scratched the itchy part on your face that you'd fall in love with her.

Ricky, what girl in her right mind would ever want to take care of, let alone be with you? No, what kind of potential future mother-in-law would ever want you as her daughter's husband?

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You're searching for a different rainbow, one that no one else can see. Yet you still wonder how that ridiculous little boy turned into a motorized monster.

You're ironclad, and robots can't be loved. Hugging you would be like hugging a real-life Terminator. You'd hurt her, more than you can imagine.

You're the frog who can't become a prince. You might have a vibrant array of colours, but it's the same reason you can't have your first kiss. The colourful ones are always most poisonous.

These are the conflicts of your romance. You'll never have a chance, and resulting from this, you feel sorry for yourself. While you acknowledge self-pity as unattractive, you've learned to find confidence from within. Your ridiculous mask continues to wither to dust, much like your foolish heart. Perhaps girls adore the damaged, but you're too damaged for repair.

So fine, consider this my way of letting you off the hook. You can definitely blame it on your giant mechanical ass.

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Ricky's Moments Of WTF?!

August 30, 2009 @ 22:02

It all started when I was a little boy. I was still unaware of being in a different country until I went inside a Canadian school restroom. Standing in front of the urinal with my tiny butt exposed, I heard a voice from behind asking, "What's that?"

"My pet," I replied.

Apparently, the English slang for "ass cheeks" wasn't the same?!

From then on, as my innocence continued deteriorating, I realized those moments weren't random. I never stopped asking myself, *What the…?!*

One birthday, my aunt pulled me aside and cautiously whispered, "Shhh! Don't tell anyone! I'm giving you a surprise party (wink)!"

One time, mom bought a slab of pork tenderloin and another aunt freaked because she thought it was a pig penis.

When yet another aunt wiped my body down with a towel and entered the realm of my dongle, she had an impossible time getting the last bit of excess smegma removed. I wondered why it was hurting so much until I realized the truth…

"THAT'S NOT CHEESE!!! THAT'S THE TENDON CONNECTING MY PENIS HEAD TO THE FORESKIN, OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT!!!"

She isn't exactly the brightest star. When I helped her set up a different e-mail account, she wanted the password "smart01" and forgot the next day.

I gave another password for her computer; "bigdumbdumb". She didn't know "dumb" had a B in it.

She called me again about issues with her Internet connection. I told her to check the Ethernet cable that had connectors resembling those of a phone line. I heard a dead dial tone immediately.

She takes care of me at home sometimes while my parents are out. When the phone rings, she yells, "I'LL GET IT!!!" The same happens with the doorbell.

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She called the humane society for advice regarding a fat rodent eating all her vegetables in the garden. As the conversation continued, I heard the words "strange animal", and eventually "grasshopper". I face-palmed myself, "GROUNDHOG!!!"

When I treated mom to a birthday dinner at a fine restaurant, glasses of water were getting mixed up and my aunt grew concerned. While drinking hers, she discovered a large piece of chicken at the bottom.

Of course, the rest of my family is no exception, including the parental units. When mom offered to make homemade popcorn, I responded, "Mother, sigh… you bought those kernels back in 1989!"

She zipped my jacket zipper up, and to this day I still don't understand how it happened. My left nipple got caught?!

Did I mention she has a pink T-shirt with a cartoon angel bear that has a logo titled "BEER STUDIO"?

She also bought me a Winnie the Pooh blanket during my early twenties.

Sometimes during my range of motions, dad does it with his shirt off after exercise. When he reached over for my other arm on that fateful evening, he poked my eye… with his *nipple*.

He asked me how to copy and paste files on his computer. I had to teach him five times.

He also asked me to find an Elvis Presley song called "Devil in the Sky". It turned out to be 'Devil in Disguise'.

I had a conversation with my sister:

Me: "TURN IT DOWN!!!"
Her: "WHAT…?!"
Me: "I SAID TURN IT DOWN!!!"
Her: "SPEAK UP! I CAN'T HEAR YOU!"
Two seconds later.
Her: "Oh."

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She pinched my cheek in front of her friends at a church picnic…

"THAT'S NOT A BUG!!! IT'S A FRECKLE!!!"

After returning home from the Chinese grocery store, my sister realized the coconut drink had a label that wrote, "Cock on the Mountain". It was translucent.

I have terabytes over terabytes of storage space on my computer that contains no pornography, except, the external hard drive enclosure my technician ordered was called "Uranus"?

When I enrolled for online courses for the first time, I was very excited. I found out my teacher was Mr. Bland.

Though, the Chinese have the weirdest names of all. In Sunday school, I knew a girl named Icky. I also knew a nurse at the healthcare centre named "I cum". She kept asking me to repeat her name.

Not to mention, my friends and family really need to stop calling me Wicky!

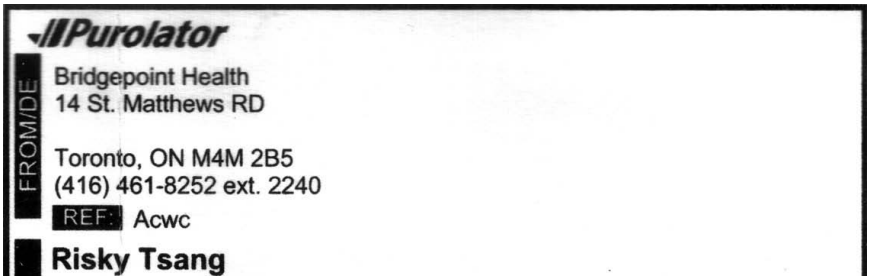
Whenever I watch movies about the Nazi resistance, Germany stalks me online. Germans probably don't like me. I have issues with saying "thank you", and even worse, in their language.

"Donkey shit, donkey shit…"

Ten years later.

"Oh…! Danke schön!!!"

It's true. I'm a threat to international peace because apparently, my name isn't Ricky…



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The medical system isn't an exception either. After my spinal fusion surgery, I had a hospital bed at home. I wondered how the healthcare profession could be so cruel, while it took more than a decade to understand why. It actually wrote "Patent Pending", not "Patient Pending".

And what can I say about nurses?

You know how it's normal for someone to wait for an answer before taking action? As I opened my mouth for the burger, she asked, "Do you want me to blow on it?"

SHE BLEW, IN MY MOUTH!!!

Not to mention, the incident involving a weave…

GAH!!! I'VE GOT DEAD HUMAN HAIR IN MY MOUTH!!!

Or the beverage incident. I asked for the blue Gatorade and she gave me a can of Labatt Blue. Sorry, but I don't drink and drive!!!

She wiped my nose, and then glasses… with the same Kleenex! They were fogged up with snot.

I once farted and a nurse responded, "What?"

Thanks to my genius aunt, she inherited the pee shield idea; plastic bag folded inside a paper towel that goes underneath my urinal in case a spill happens. When it finally did, she showed me the drippings. I peed on my shirt?

During the time when I was sick, my nurse recommended that I take a tablet of Gravol for my upset stomach. After a while, I wondered why 'The Dark Knight' was getting so dark. She forgot to mention that it causes drowsiness.

After getting out of the shower and onto bed, she told mom about her little granddaughter catching the chicken pox. She had it on her vagina…

I WANT MY PANTS!!!

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The Pathway Towards Romance

September 16, 2009 @ 17:55

From the kitchen and eventually to the foyer, I waited for everyone else to get ready. I was practicing my driving skills, wrecking havoc in circles until finding my way to the living room once more.

The afternoon sun was seeping through the half opened window blinds. As the striped radiance embraced the right of my face, a part of me realized it was a cue of sorts, but one I couldn't pinpoint…

Fast-forward to fifteen minutes later.

I continued waiting for them, outside with the garage door open. I noticed her going from door to door, and we even exchanged hellos. She came up to me and in her soft-spoken voice asked:

"Are any of your parents home? Or is there anyone I can talk to?"

It was as if someone took my heart and stabbed it a couple hundred times.

Is that really what girls think of me, despite my stunning good looks, sunglasses, and goatee? Do I look like a five-year-old? Am I drooling to make her think me also mentally handicapped?

In fear that she was a cult member, though I wanted to join her, I asked, "About what?"

Subconsciously, I didn't care if she thought I was a 'tard. What would I lose with someone who didn't even think I had the capacity to speak for myself? I asked again, "About what?"

"I'm not selling anything," she proceeded.

I was about to explain how she could talk to me like a real person. It was my opportunity to stand up for myself and be a man, except, mom suddenly came from behind. *Damn it.*

Lo and behold, the girl miraculously decided to elaborate. She was from Sick Kids Hospital and mom informed her that we had already donated recently.

As we exchanged farewells, I desperately tried to laugh at myself for how cursed I really am. I've gone to Sick Kids, probably before she was even born, so shouldn't she be giving *me* money?!

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But the laughter grew silent as I realized again why I could never get a date. The joke no one understands, about how there are so many girls in the world and that I just want one, didn't seem to matter. I didn't care.

The sad melodies of self-pity began to wash over me, and at that moment, dad signalled to enter the vehicle. I parked myself onto the van elevator and wondered why the sun was killing my eyes. It immediately dawned on me that there was a huge pile of gravel on the right of the driveway for our backyard patio, while the lift was in a different position.

It was then that I realized self-pity wasn't a luxury of mine because even that I'd be denied. I *had* to laugh at myself!

With the brightness torturing my squinted eyes, it occurred to me that romance would never exist outside my lonely mind. I surrendered and let go to the memories, or lack thereof.

And as the sunlight embraced the right of my face, it grazed upon the lens of my glasses, creating a line between clarity and a fogged utopia I could almost touch.

Because what defines romance? What makes it worth living and dying for?

Romance is the portal that links reality to a dreamlike place of misty late afternoons forever. It's a pathway of hope that maybe home isn't so far away anymore.

It's not that it's impossible. It's that the only girls who can love me are the ones who won't. It's the girls who recognize why I can't be loved who are the only ones to understand.

I'm searching for a different rainbow that's invisible to the rest. I need someone who sees it and will love me anyway.

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Daydreams For A Goddess

The Daydream

September 17, 2009 @ 22:24

She wasn't just another girl. I could tell by the way she kindly placed the blades of her fingers upon the light post. I envied her sweet embrace enfolding it and wondered if her romance would ever find its way to me. I wondered if she saw my recognition that her touch was the greatest extension of her heart.

Though I could only trace the soft edges of her graceful silhouette, the white silk of her skin glowed as the sun kissed her shoulder. The warmth of her ambiance seeped through. I wanted to linger in her presence, however ridiculous it seemed.

She was anxious as she continued checking her watch. She scrambled through her purse and seemed ready to leave. I swore she looked towards my way for a moment or two. In my mind I tried to remain calm, but yearned desperately for her whiteness to brush against me. I wanted to feel every part of her flowing into my bloodstream; an orgasmic feast of sensual delight.

I lusted for the curves of her body, every crevice of her figure, but even more, her heart. She was an angel. I wanted her light to shine upon me, from then until evermore.

As she glanced in other directions, uneasy and tense in the remaining summer heat, I secretly gazed at the picturesque landscape of her form. The glimmering droplets of her elixir outlined her supple breasts. It shaped my desires into something more, enticing me to not only want, but need her as well.

Can she ever look at me in the way I see her? Or is she awaiting another, like all the ones I had fallen for without their knowing?

I had to take a leap for her; for us. I was the guy who had nothing to lose except her, my raven-haired beauty of heavenly descent. If I didn't risk everything, I'd regret it for the rest of eternity. I had to exist with her, if not for a moment in mortal time.

But in the line between reality and a dreamlike place of misty late afternoons forever, she walked towards my way. I became ever so apprehensive, in fear that she caught my stares. As the rhythm of her feet synchronized with that of my heart, I found her in front of me,

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looking directly into my eyes. She removed my sunglasses as quickly as I blinked.

It was then that I realized the truth. I was right to think she wasn't just another girl, but she wasn't an angel either.

She was a goddess.

And her face was flawless. Her eyes took me away to another realm of a dream come true for real. My heart drowned a little when the silent tears overflowed, ones reflecting the aches of never being able to reach the perfection defining her everything.

Before I could explain, she placed her elegant finger upon my lips.

"Hush," she whispered.

She understood my dilemma without a care in the world, and in bloom, her blush resembled that of pink marshmallow heart candies. She blossomed like a rose and shone as a diamond.

She softly plunged her delicate lips, pressing them against mine. Tears streamed down the curves of her face and they fell upon our kiss…

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Daydreams For A Goddess

My Sweet Intoxication

September 19, 2009 @ 21:21

I never knew anything could taste so sweet until her lips descended into our kiss. Her salty tears accentuated the sweetness even more. My every thought captured the purity of morning dew upon rose petals. The flavours of her heart flowed into my mouth. I didn't want her to let go.

The moment was frozen in a capsule of countless seconds and forevermore when she released me. I was taken aback by her boldness. I wondered if what had happened was nothing more than a figment of my imagination.

But I already missed her in the rushing scenes surrounding the memory of our eternal kiss. I had to believe, even if it was inside my head. As I turned towards her, I found she was looking to the ground, cheeks flush of crimson. How I longed for her silk to graze me, and wanted to touch her pretty nose, reassuring her.

I wanted to lift her chin and make her gaze return, but as soon as it occurred to me, she read my mind. We looked to one another. I couldn't take my eyes off hers, yet she didn't even realize how beautiful she was. I had trouble coming up with the right words for that moment, and even more impossible, describing every detail of her elegance, to show how much I wanted and needed her.

No words were enough, and I had to take a leap because above all else, she saw me. She, the goddess of my heart, saw me.

"Shall we?"

At the time, I didn't know what my question would entail, but our story needed a beginning and she nodded with a smile. She took my hand as we journeyed towards the sunset in the distant afar. We didn't require kisses in the rain to define our romance, and it wasn't love at first sight. It was us, and all that mattered was the distance between our eyes.

"Why me?" I stopped her. "Why, out of all the guys you could have chosen, did you pick me?"

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"It was never about choice," she responded. "Some things in life are out of our hands, and nothing can deny what we have, unless I'm completely off."

"You're not. I worry that you don't know what you're getting yourself into. Look at me. I could never be your Prince Charming."

It was then that she enfolded my face in the caress of her gentle hands. She gazed into me with her deep blue eyes and spoke to my heart.

"I'm not looking for Prince Charming. I want you. I want every part of you, and we both know this isn't something words can describe. Don't you see the reflection in my eyes is of only one man?"

Her smile was the kindest I had ever seen. As her loving words seeped through, her sweet breath brushed against my face like the wings of an angel. I was addicted to the ecstasy she induced within me. Her intoxication poisoned my every failed hope for romance.

There were silent tears drowning me. If she broke my heart, I'd never recover, but I didn't care. Romance was the last of my dreams and she was the only one that remained. The perfect rhythm of her breath washing over me was the only thought I had. I wanted to linger in the comfort of her arms, and be made free at long last from the run that was never mine.

Hand-in-hand as we faced the sunset on a park bench, evening quickly emerged. The moonlight enveloped her essence, and I wondered if she saw my envy as she danced into the night…

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Daydreams For A Goddess

The Story Of Last Night

September 23, 2009 @ 20:30

As I watched her dance into the night, moonlit reflections upon the lakeshore illuminated her graceful silhouette. She wrapped her arms around me, placing her pretty head upon my shoulder. It felt as though I had finally taken the first of many steps in my walk towards her. I trembled in my mind, yet her embrace remained. I closed my eyes and savoured the affections of her alluring perfume.

"Don't forget me…" she whispered.

Her sighs resonated through my heart while I surrendered to dreams. When morning returned, the warmth of her memory caressed me as the early sunlight.

08:35: I longed to call her. I couldn't believe what had happened, how romance, or even the potential of it had touched me. I was too happy to let darker thoughts dilute my hopes. I didn't care that she could become another reason for despair. A broken heart for real meant that I was loved for real, by her no less.

She seemed excited when I called. The soft melodies of her voice stole my heart all over again. I was amused at how she found my anticipation surprising. I wondered if perhaps she felt the same. The momentum of my need to be with her overshadowed every fear. At the end of our conversation, I asked if she'd join me for breakfast.

Can she tell I hunger for her and not that (much) of bacon?

The car ride was more of one that resembled a thrill. I could hardly contain myself, but making way into the lot, I felt a sudden calmness in my heart. Time was at a standstill when the sun's radiance highlighted the natural flow of her hair. She was standing on the sidewalk waiting, unaware of my presence.

She noticed me while I was lowered from the van elevator and ran towards my way. I was about to greet her when she decided to drop everything. I swore at the moment that time would never carry on its pace the same. We were held captive in lip lock as soon as I pronounced her name. The gentleness of her mouth pressed against mine. I knew then and there that home wasn't so far away.

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She went inside the diner to make orders as I parked myself to a table. She'd turn to me from time to time, leaving me breathless with smiles. When she returned with our meals and sat across from me, I said to her, "Guess what?"

"What?" she asked.

"Last night, I fell in love with a stranger," I nervously explained, yet for some reason her face lit up. She didn't fall for my ridiculous attempt to make her jealous. *Smart-ass…*

"She was a raven-haired beauty with eyes resembling that of the Pacific," I continued. "She was my first kiss; the beginning of my fairytale. When I saw her gorgeous face from a distant afar, I needed to linger in her presence. I wanted her, and you know what happened?"

"No idea!" she winked.

"The rhythm of her footsteps led her to me. Her candied elixir made its way into my mouth and I didn't care if it was a dream. I never tasted anything so sweet, and all I wanted was more."

She made a dreamy sigh, taking my hand in hers. "So what happened next?"

"Well, the skies were darkening as our conversation progressed. We were getting to know each other as I discovered her heart a little more. I found she had the most beautiful one in the world, how she was always there for friends and family. Selfless and determined, she removed herself from daily tasks to listen and be supportive. She was alone in her universe, but all she wanted was to be there for the ones in need."

She removed her hand and held her face with both, smiling. I wondered if she knew how much I missed her touch. I tried to give her a hint when I mentioned that she took my hand in hers, but she didn't fall for yet another of my ridiculous attempts.

"As she told her stories, my life mission became apparent. My only wish was to make her laugh and cry and dream of beautiful things. I needed her tears to cleanse me so I could become a better man and rescue her from the hidden sorrows and despair. She only cared for

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others, and I only wanted to repair every fracture she neglected to mend."

"We talked for hours. I even told a few of my jokes. Incredibly, she understood my peculiar sense of humour, and her silly laugh; I swear it was music from heaven. She shyly covered her petite mouth to giggle while I envied every one of her delicate fingertips."

In storytelling mode, I forgot my agenda to find her touch. When she placed her hand upon my face and took me by surprise, I wondered if she realized that she made me free once more.

"She placed her pretty head upon my shoulder and whispered, 'Don't forget me…' I still don't know what she meant, but perhaps the answer came from the glistening waters of the lakeshore when the sound of glass was heard. She turned around to find a wine bottle with a letter inside. We were both curious as to what it might read, and so she opened it."

She became teary-eyed as I finished that sentence.

"I became teary-eyed as she finished the letter with my name at the end. It was the one I had sent out almost three years ago, and at that moment, I knew we were meant to be."

"But what if I'm not good enough for you?" she cried. "Why me?"

Everyone looked at us with inquisitive eyes, but it didn't matter. The moment was ours.

"Because I'm in love with you, and I always will be."

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My Secret Love Affair

September 28, 2009 @ 21:58

Dear You,

Have I ever told you the story about the most beautiful girl in the world?

In case I haven't, I shall retell it once more. It begins at the end of summer; the primer for romance…

As she continued looking towards his way, she discovered his heart was of a different universe, one that no other could see. She sensed a hidden darkness within him and wondered how she should go about repairing someone who wasn't broken. She wanted to find the traces of his fractures, mending them one by one.

His tale was bittersweet, and she ached to reach for him.

Upon her heart cries, she noticed a teardrop had fallen onto her crystal pane of water. It created a ripple that opened a portal linking her dreamlike universe to his despairing reality. The skies were tarnished with smears of crimson as winds and thunders developed. She wasn't afraid of what her sacrifice might entail. She risked the gift of everlasting life to linger at his side for a moment in mortal time.

Nightfall had consumed the light of day when she descended onto his world. She saw his dried streaks of tears from moments ago and wanted nothing more than to kiss them away. She softly plunged her lips into his, only to realize he was beyond her grasp. In her sadness, she wondered how her love could ever be felt without the physical touch, until she cried a little more.

He was imperfect, yet she could only see perfection.

Her tears were the only link to his reality as every drop became a diamond. She held them in her hand and humbled them to dust. As she sprinkled it in the air, she kissed his eyes and entered his realm of dreams. There were remaining speckles on her palm, and when she blew upon them, his abyss of nevermore was embraced by a vibrant array of unseen colours. It was then that the lost shadows of his silhouette reappeared after millennia and aeons.

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Because of her, he finally took the first step in the walk that was never his. He never wanted the world to see him, but in her romance, nothing had the chance to become everything.

He'd fall in his footsteps, but she held him close every time he trembled.

At the touch of nocturne, she enfolded him with sweet caresses, and in daydreams, inspired the greatest love stories ever told.

The days were undying as she placed her hand upon his. They followed a pathway towards the sunset until she suddenly fell in his arms. She smiled at him in pain, surrendering to the effects of mortality. She belonged in another universe and he had to let her go. She was afraid for him as he kissed her goodbye, while the angels of her kingdom called to her heavenly name.

As he rode into the abyss, he faded into eternal darkness. He transformed into the Dark Knight he was destined to become, and the colours of his world continued to dim. The ghosts of their unfinished tale remained with him, from then until evermore.

His was a broken fairytale, but what she didn't realize was that she changed his world forever.

And so this is the part where the story ends, as the season of romance begins. I let go of you, hoping for smiles to never let you go, but I want you to know I miss you so.

Dear You, wherever your heart may linger for me. I'm sorry for making things more complicated than they should be. I'm sorry for making you cry your precious diamond droplets. I know you're afraid of breaking my heart, but if you look into my eyes, you'd understand the truth. Having a part of yours was all I could ever ask.

I've always wanted someone to love, instead of only a friend, but nothing really matters, for the only one I want is you. Romance after all is an art of letting go, giving her wings while hoping for her stay.
Yours,
Ricky

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My Coming Out Story

October 18, 2009 @ 17:46

I remember it all so clearly. The day was on a late September afternoon. We were going to a family dinner. I was still on my computer at the time until dad called me to get ready. He came in and turned my wheelchair towards the door facing the kitchen. The sun's brightness almost blinded me, but I'd soon forget as I was enveloped by its warmth. I closed my eyes without fear and knew that it was time.

He went on to remove my personal table, eventually switching armrests to the ones for going out. I gulped a little as he continued setting me up. In my heart I knew I had to, but was a nervous wreck.

"Dad," I started. "I…"

"What is it?" he asked.

"I… I think the joystick needs to be a little higher."

There wasn't a shadow of doubt that I was scared, despite the temporary comfort from sunlight. We were never the closest. It was only several years prior that we mended our fractured relationship. I admit I've been rather indecisive throughout my life. I suppose he never appreciated it much. As far as preference is concerned, I've always been confused. I wondered if he'd even believe me.

"Okay, you're done!" he exclaimed.

I drove into the kitchen and then the living room. I waited there with a small frown on my face, but mom came downstairs soon after. I knew she'd understand, but wanted to test dad and see what his reaction would be. I wanted him to know the truth without judgment, and to make sure he still respected me.

I went inside the bathroom to freshen up. She put on my watch and sunglasses and applied me with TAG Body Spray. I returned to my room and he was ready with my equipment. I watched as he went back and forth with everything. I was going out of my mind trying to decide.

Do I have the courage to do this? Am I sure? How would the truth affect our relationship?

He went to get the van started while mom gave me a sip of water. I almost choked from the momentum of thoughts. It didn't

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help that I was starving with only an orange in my stomach. I was nauseated.

"Ricky," he called from the lobby. "You can come now."

Driving through the hallway seemed to have lasted an eternity. I couldn't hold it in any longer.

As I passed through the doorway and entered the garage, I slowly made my way down the ramp with dad watching. It was now or never. I looked into his eyes. He looked into mine, sort of.

"Dad," I started again.

"What?" he asked.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but I don't want the fried chicken. I want poached."

A cool breeze washed over me like a sigh of relief. It was then that I realized I was out… side.

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My Personal Apology To Women

October 26, 2009 @ 20:13

Dear Women,

The other night, I cried myself to sleep again. It's the reason I don't like getting to bed earlier than two o'clock in the morning. I tire myself so I won't end up thinking so much about this, that, and everything in between. I can't allow these haunted thoughts to continue tormenting my mind.

Throughout my life, all I've wanted was to love and be loved by you. While there's always a place in my heart for you, I've needed one in yours for an eternity. I long for your romance, and to let go of my heart's death in your arms.

But a lingering voice remains. *Ricky, don't ever think that you'll be loved, 'cause you never will be.*

As the sharp edges of those words cut through me like a searing hot blade, it brings comfort. It gives reason to keep going and endure the pain I deserve, making the sins of my past free to once and for all forget what I've done, and find redemption at last.

Unfortunately, some things are impossible, like regretting what I've no control over. I often wonder why I'm tortured by such foolishness.

This is different. Things wouldn't have turned out the way they did if I had stopped myself before it was too late. It has been forever since I've faced my demons, and trying to forget doesn't work anymore.

Sometimes it feels as though I can't take it, and really, it's more than I can handle. If I could go back to change things, I'd have done so a long time ago. I'd have talked some sense into that boy and made him understand the severity of actions and consequences, but I can't. All that remains is a remorseful man with nothing left to fight for. It's the same reason I can't be loved by you.

Dear Women, there's not a day that goes by when I'm not haunted by what I did. It's something I'll have to live with for the rest of my life, and I'm sorry for hurting you. I only hope my torment is punishment enough.

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Here's the truth. When I was in grade four, I called a girl a "beach". I called her a "beach" and wheeled away.

I'm so, so sorry.

Please forgive me?

Regretfully yours,
Ricky

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What It Means To Love A Woman

November 23, 2009 @ 19:58

Have you ever wondered why Man was created before Woman?

His faith in God helped him realize that logical and physical reasoning was unreasonable. Faith requires only faith, while the same applies to romance.

Falling in love, we inevitably give a part of our hearts to her. When it breaks, we become lost with only fragments that remain. She was created from our flesh and bone, and there will always be a part of us missing until we find each other again.

There are many reasons to admire her, including her thoughts, hopes, dreams, and sensuality, and the way she makes us fall for her without her realization. She can change our world by letting us into hers with a stroke of the cheek, or a soft plunge of kiss. Though, we can't rely on such things to define romance for they only push us to fulfill our own needs, thus hindering us from loving her for everything she is, is becoming, and will become.

Do we love her because we're in need of romance to be free from life's burdens? Do we love her because we fear loneliness? Do we love her because we're afraid of losing her? Do we love her for selfishness?

Man learned he should love Woman the way his Creator loved him. He understood her returning affections couldn't be the determining factor of his pursuit. It was to love her, simply because.

But does this mean love has limitations? Is it reliant upon something other than her? To love a woman, we must revisit our intentions because if it has everything to do with the how, then they should count for most.

Contrary to popular belief, honourable actions don't make for genuine intentions, or vice versa. While they play significant roles in our definition as humans, because of flaws in judgment, they can't define our love. If we need a reason to love a woman, it's important to remember that she alone is and will always remain to be the only one we need.

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> **1 Corinthians, 13:4-7:** "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

To love a woman is the same.

And at the ending scene of your wedding ceremony when her pretty face is unveiled as you're looking deep into her eyes, you'll understand why she really is a gift. Her kiss is a symbol of forevermore, and in her love, you'll never need to ask for more. She loves you, because of you.

Man was created to love and take care of Woman, and make her understand that all she ever needs to be is her. She opened her heart, revealing her love and what it means to love with every part of his. Loving her became his journey of redefining romance.

Woman was created because Man needed her, so she could guide him to grow into the man he was destined to become.

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Girls Are Hot, Because…

December 2, 2009 @ 22:54

Heartfelt girl-to-girl conversations make me cry. I want to be a part of them, even when impossible. I continue searching for ways to overcome the boundaries of gender, but if accomplished, my heart would still grow faint at the thought of these beautiful creatures, and their wings brushing against my skin. Girls make me feel as if I'm falling off my wheelchair because of their hotness.

It might sound a little cliché to say they're angels, but their modesty and inability to acknowledge their angelic nature is proof that they in fact are. Their intentions make them pure at heart.

Yet in the same light, smart-ass girls are angelic because their feistiness is really a mask to hide the softness that makes them special. How could anyone not want to join in on their talks when the hilarity of their jokes and sensitivity of their heart-to-hearts are perfect?

Smart-assedness is one thing, but nerdy girls are super hot. What guy wouldn't want someone sexy and smart, who will force him to find better, more innovative ways to hide pr0n and throw 60,000,000 Hadoukens back at will?

Not to mention, librarians! There's nothing hotter than librarian hot, when she removes her glasses to reveal her naturally flowing hair with a fling in slow motion, especially in the process of tripping over a book.

Clumsy girls are hot because when she topples your way, you can catch her falling upon your arms like the damsel in distress she is. Except with me, she might end up pushing on my joystick and causing my wheelchair to go insane, running over her pretty toes.

When you call to check up on her every day, she'll understand exactly how much you care and ultimately reveal her clinginess, which is hot. Opportunity spells for a time to show her what love is, and that real men still exist. It's about making her vomit from constant love and affection, no matter how, when, or where.

You have to show her how much you care for her heart alone, despite the puke on your shoulder. This is the reason girls with fake

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boobs are hot because even when her chest is unattractive, what matters is her inner version.

It makes no difference if they're big or small because asking for a peek every now and then will not only help her realize how weak to your knees you are, but allow her to know you'll always love her the way she is. As you venture into the realm of breastesses, you'll understand that virtuous girls are hot resulting from your desire to corrupt her.

She'll most likely refuse to flash, but it's a gamble worth taking because angry girls are extra hot. She'll make you rapidly fan your mouth like a groundhog that just ate a leaf of lettuce sprayed with a cayenne pepper solution. Although you might become fearful of her, love is about trust. You have to believe she won't cut it off in the middle of the night.

If still upset, it then becomes an opportunity for you to act like a bitch and use "horny" as a verb. Horny her fat friend innocently with compliments because jealous girls are ultra hot. She's only jealous because she cares.

Aside from your pretend covetousness, you must acknowledge that chubby girls are hot because love is about making her know she's beautiful the way she is. It makes me sad when they don't think themselves good enough. If I had one, I'd love her forever, and plus, I've always had a fat girl fantasy. I'd poke her soft tummy like with the Pillsbury Doughboy at every given chance.

But skinny girls shouldn't be forgotten either. It also makes me sad when they don't think themselves good enough. Even if they look like dried up monkeys, they're still so beautiful. They're the real-life version of Tinkerbelle, the first girl you had ever fallen for. All you want is to keep her in a jar and protect her delicate nature from harm's way, except, love will encourage you to let her go so she might have enough room to fatten up. Your desire to cook a nutritious and delicious meal for her makes her scrumptiously hot.

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The same goes for prostitutes because it's about turning her away from a life of sex and drugs to one of ham and cheese. It's to show her love without lust, and let her have a nice wash for once. Bathing defines a lot of what hotness is, which is why I drool for Pantene girls. For all my life, I've strived to be a molester of pretty hair, even on bad hair days to make her feel special yucky.

When she comes out from the shower, you might discover scabs and bruises. This is where your heart needs to be her Band-Aid. Wrap her up like the gift that she is with the utmost gentleness and care.

During rest, whisper "sleepyhead" in her ear and gently pat her sweet little head like she had never been loved before. Give her a warm sweater instead of lingerie because it's uncomfortable, and what if she catches a cold?!

Sleepy girls are hot because the best form of sexy is natural. It's when she falls asleep with hands tucked neatly under her pretty head, and her fingertips peek through sweater sleeves as the afternoon sunrays melt into the loveliness of her hair. Baggy eyes are like pockets for dreams, and all you want is to kiss her forehead and watch her sleep, giving her a blanket just in case.

Sick girls with runny noses are hot because they look like fluffy bunnies. They always glow in bloom, while pregnant girls are hot for the same reason. It's the moment you realize she isn't with child alone, but that you're together with her as one.

This is why girls with small bellies and stretch marks are hot. They're a reminder of their continuance to sacrifice themselves, enduring agony over agony to breathe new life into our world, nurturing and inspiring us to become more.

It's not always about taking care of her though. Tall girls are hot because I long for one to protect me from spiders and monsters. I won't even need a nightlight anymore. Then again, short girls are also hot, and I want one to boss me around because ridiculous girls are the

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hottest. I continue thinking of an incredibly cute, grammarless girl to tell me, "I cares about you, Ricky."

Or even better, a disgusting girl who isn't afraid to play with dead fish eyeballs; someone who loves to cook and enjoys good food. I'm looking for a younger wife who's older than me because of this, as well as the fact that girls with turkey necks distract me more than those with big boobs. Floppy skin is quite fascinating.

Physically disabled girls are hot because they understand me more than anyone else. They know what it's like when no one looks past their limitations. I want to resurrect her dreams that have shattered and show her she doesn't need to be alone anymore, and that someone is willing to care for her, if only I could walk again.

Able-bodied girls are hot because love isn't a journey of automatic empathy. Even if she can't completely understand the shadows of my heart, all I've ever wanted was someone who wants to love Ricky.

More importantly, girls who aren't hot are hot because…

ALL GIRLS ARE HOT!!!

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I Love Swallowing

December 19, 2009 @ 18:57

When you reach a certain age with Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy, swallowing tests become mandatory as a part of routine check-ups. Let's just say I scared the wits out of everyone during my very first…

As I engulfed the assortment of sample foods with a variety of different textures, the technician looked at me in *horror*.

"D…don't you need water?!"

I paused for a moment with a mouthful of grub. I turned to him.

"Wo!"

I must have looked like a Neanderthal to those medical students behind the two-way mirror. You've seen it on science fiction dramas, where the super intelligent doctor makes a seriously concerned comment from within the dark corner.

"Who is this cave person we've just discovered?"

Thinking back, it still makes me laugh, but it's a different story when things are changing again, and it has been for a few years already. One week ago, I coughed up a relatively large piece of oatmeal that was stuck inside my throat. It was from a cookie crumb that I choked on a week before then.

Unlike everyone else, when I choke on food, I'm unable to cough it up right away. If I'm lucky, I can get it out within a day or two, but an entire week? I'm surprised that I didn't develop pneumonia, which happened only once in November of last year. I choked on an orange pulp and it wasn't a big deal, except, ended up with a fever and lost my appetite. I had to eat something the next day, even a small portion, and oatmeal seemed plausible. I choked on it and presto.

Funny thing is, oatmeal in soupy form is dangerous, while cookies are fine, until now… and it's the same reason I can't have nuts, because of the tiny bits. I wonder how much more loss of physical abilities I can take before going out of my mind. So far I still haven't gone mad, or so I think!

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I used to swallow whole (large) marshmallows as a kid. I loved showing off my talent and scaring family members, but sooner or later, I won't even be able to swallow proper food. I'll need a feeding tube with nutritional supplements instead.

And I always try to feel sad to at least give it a little credibility compared to my other losses, but it's impossible somehow because who the hell can't swallow? What kind of ridiculousness is this?!

I'm ridiculous, the people around me are ridiculous, and my life, challenges, and weaknesses are ridiculous. I don't even know if I should laugh or cry. Am I supposed to seek comfort from others so they can lie to me that everything will be okay? What *can* anyone say when all I've ever done was endure?

Because of my physical disability, I continue to depend on others for almost every need. I've chosen emotional independence, or else I'd lose myself. I need to know there's something I can call my own; my spirit, mind, and soul.

Like Batman, who took the blame for all, I'm the Dark Knight who no one understands, and the outcast who won't be able to swallow.

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My Love Affair With A Cookie

January 6, 2010 @ 22:13

Dear Cookie,

I made a jar for you in pottery class. It was supposed to be a flowerpot, but instead decided to leak. So I stuck a sign with your name on it since effort counts for most. I put it on the kitchen counter and forgot throughout the day. It was only when I laid in bed that my tummy started growling.

You frustrate me you know, waking me in the middle of the night, and the way you fly all over the place. Yet you surround me with angelic whiteness, brushing against my nose. Within the complexities of our love/hate relationship, passion drives my desire to throw liquid on you, stirring you in anger. Your stickiness seduces my fingers to play with you, twirling in and out.

I want you, you delicious blob of yummy. I want to eat you up already.

Buttering the sheet and spooning you onto it, I realize that every imperfect dollop defining you is perfect. You're adorable the way you are. All I want is to warm your heart and melt you deep inside. I can't resist making you hot and gooey, even if I'm to miss you for a while.

I place you on the rack, and in fear of how you might turn out, a tear rolls down my face. I don't even know if you'll survive. I have faith in us though. I'll be right here waiting for you.

Looking upon your fragility from the window pane, tears dry from excitement and my cheeks are flush with crimson. I thought you were the one at fault, but it was the oven heat that reddened me. I don't care anymore, for you're the one who makes me drool. Watching you bake in your bubbly self, my anticipation grows. Your inviting aroma is my sweet intoxication.

And here you are, cooling off on the table. I suppose it's not good to forget you just came from the oven as you're mighty hot, my dear. I gently blow in your direction, tempting with persuasion, but I need to be patient for you.

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As I place your edges upon my quivering lips, it burns a little, but I continue anyway. I make love with your scrumptious softness as you melt inside my mouth. I yearn to finish quickly, but want to take pleasure in and savour you. I roll you around my tongue a few more times and take another bite, until I make you crumb; until we crumb together.

Dear Cookie, it has been a while since I've had you, and now I'm missing you again. I didn't even get to share the crappy jar I made.

Ashes to ashes, crumbs to crumbs; passing through the shadows of the valley of my digestive tract, your demise will be the creation of something beautiful. Remember me, for I'll remember you for every fibre of your being. In them, I'll give birth to our love child and name him Pookie.

Yours,
Ricky

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Armpits: The Reason Women Don't Need Makeup

January 13, 2010 @ 20:53

It makes me sad how so many women feel the need to wear makeup, while some won't even go outside for a moment without. Don't they know how beautiful they already are?

And it's not a matter of pride or arrogance, that if a woman understood her elegance she'd become conceited. It's modesty.

We're living in a day where the female gender is challenged in the area of outer appearances. Women are expected to look perfect, and they're subjected to this expectation from a very young age. When children are complimented, boys are always acknowledged for intelligence. Girls on the other hand, are rendered into nothing more than the superficial.

"Oh, you're such a little princess! You're so pretty!"

But even more unfortunate is that we think nothing of it. Shallowness is accepted almost everywhere we go.

Unlike dressing scantily clad, makeup actually has nothing to do with this acceptance. Rather, it's a necessity that has been indoctrinated into our mindset as a society. The main reason for wearing it is that many women were trained to think they're never good enough. Modesty disallows their acknowledgment that imperfections define perfection.

We need to get back to the basics and return to the foundation of what makes women beautiful. The answer can only be found in one thing that any sane person would overlook: armpits.

Strange, you might think, but I've always thought the small fatty part between a woman's armpits is uniquely adorable. It's often perceived as unattractive, but as far as breastesses are concerned, asking for a peek every now and then will help her realize that even half a boob is just as important and special as both of them are. The key to redefining romance is when she understands that everything about her makes us weak to our knees.

So how on earth can we justify neglecting armpit squishes? They might be a migration of boob fat molecules, but are still worthy nonetheless and should be treated with the same respect and ogling.

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Armpit boobs are a picture to remind us that the little things are what count for most. If we open our eyes to the miniscule of miniscule, it gives us the opportunity to retrain our minds to once again appreciate women for everything they are.

Being a woman isn't easy. There are stresses we may never comprehend, like the fact that motherhood is much more than a full-time career, and how women have to endure agony and more to breathe the gift of new life into this world. They're the ones who continually care for friends and family, without considering themselves.

Shouldn't we take the extra step forward and make a conscious effort to show her the truth, and not because of what we think, but for who she is, regardless of how she might feel at the moment. The more we show her, the more it'll be revealed to us because that's the way of a woman. It's about letting her modesty become a reflection of how she may want us to love her. It's to let her inspire us to discover and rediscover her so we may become her reminder.

The truth being, she's beautiful because of her alone. She's the foundation.

Of course, there's nothing wrong with wearing a little make-up here and there, but we need to keep in mind that it's unnecessary. Makeup after all is to accentuate beauty, not mask it.

It's to encourage her not to hide freckles when every one of them is like a star to wish upon. Only, they lead to something more than the wonders of the universe: her heart.

And maybe, it might encourage her to look deeper inside. She may find the most fascinating girl she has ever met. She can be the girl of her own dreams, and all she needs is a little effort because we chose to love her more.

When she knows how much we love and want to love her, smiles will find their way to our eyes. It's the moment her gracefulness washes over us like a gentle summer breeze, and of dancing in the dark without music. The rhythm of her heart will become a waltz to the pathway of now and evermore…

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She might ask, "Does this make me look fat?"

Remember to answer with complete honesty:

"No, but your armpit is fat, and I love you for everything you are."

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I'm Cursed

Overcoming My Fears Of A Racist

January 14, 2010, 19:09

Am I the only one who cringes at the thought of someone asking, "Is it because I'm Black?"

It was a year ago when I overcame my fear of confronting a racial supremacist who blasted ALL Caucasians for being haters of Black people. She also told me I was White because we all look the same, saying that the Chinese multiply like cockroaches.

She eats with me during lunch, and I'm fine with the fact that she peels my oranges, but it becomes more than disgusting when she rips the larger sections in half after picking her teeth, *feeding* them to me. I shudder at the thought of consuming foreign saliva, especially the type that includes particles of chewed up food extracted from teeth.

Now, you'd *think* a nurse of all people would have the common sense and decency of hygiene. I even gave her toothpicks with a kind but indirect explanation, yet she only uses them when I catch her in the act. I was tempted to introduce some of that special toothpaste…

And you know how when you peel a fruit, there are often black particles from perhaps a dried up leaf or stump? She always touches them away with her finger lathered in spit. I hope those bits never come from her mouth!

At one point, she picked her teeth right before ripping apart my last piece of orange. I was so grossed out that I desperately lied and told her I was full. She left it on the kitchen counter, but after leaving, when my poor aunt was just about to eat it in an attempt to not be wasteful, time froze for a moment:

"STOOOOOOOOOOP!!! IT WAS IN HER MOOOOOOOO-OUTH!!!"

I had to put up with this, all because of my ridiculous fear of offending a (racist) minority, even though I'm one myself on a national level. Internationally, I'm a majority.

But on the eve of D-Day, I had the last straw. She was pulling apple seeds out of her mouth! As I tossed and turned throughout the night, it suddenly dawned on me that potential accusations *outweighed*

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the consumption of alien dribble. I was determined and unafraid, until the next day.

While my heart pounded ever so rapidly, I conjured up the courage and asked, "Would you mind using a knife with the fork when feeding me oranges from now on?"

"Okay," she replied.

"OKAY"?! WHAT DO YOU MEAN "OKAY"?! I'VE BEEN EATING YOUR SPIT FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR!!! I DEMAND OFFENCE!!!

Unfortunately, she lied. She only used a knife once since then, in front of my parents. One time, she left a used piece of Kleenex on my desk without my knowledge. When I asked mom to wipe my nose, it hurt like hell for some reason. We unfolded it to discover chewed up vegetable stems and dried up fragments of a spaghetti noodle. It was a moment that defined the opposite of having an orgasm.

Excuse me while I throw up…

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What Women Really Want

February 4, 2010 @ 20:19

Eight years ago this evening, I wrote a letter to a local television station in response to their news feature called 'What Women Really Want'. It won me a pair of tickets to a WrestleMania X8 convention, one of the most chauvinistic events in the world.

Of course I went, with my sister. It was free after all! Mind you, this was before I discovered the art of peeing freely and my wheelchair couldn't fit inside the men's restroom. I had to use the ladies' while everyone waited in line.

So what women really want is that I make them hold it in?

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Dear CityPulse,

I would just like to comment on this week's NEWSERIAL with Alex Pierson: What Women Really Want.

It's a good thing that you're informing the men out there in regards to treating a lady right. I appreciate the fact that you're trying to reach out to the ones who aren't as aware. However it seems to me you're missing the point.

You talk about respect and all, yet you don't mention anything about what matters. What matters is the essence of equality. Segregation is the key to the lack of empathy towards the opposite sex in our society. Most men fail to understand that we're not very different. I don't mean to be politically correct, but as a man, 'honesty, respect, and trust', the solid foundation of a relationship, is important to me. My point is this. What matters to men, what matters to women… matters to both sides. They're mutual desires.

Maybe I'm still young, and maybe because of that I can only grasp the innocence of humankind, but I know that we all have the same emotional needs. I hope you will help the men understand what I've just stated above.

Keep up the good work Ms. Pierson!

Sincerely yours,
Rick Tsang

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A Love Letter To White Women

February 9, 2010 @ 16:11

Dear White Women,

I've always loved the way you talk, how you're soft-spoken and articulate with words. A journey of literary eloquence begins when your lips dance in harmony with the melodies of your voice. I find it adorable how you stop everything in the middle of a sentence to make those crazy hand signals. I'm afraid you might hit me by accident, but the tenderness of your touch outweighs your bittersweet clumsiness.

The pain soon fades when I look into the hypnotic array of colours in your eyes. As the afternoon sunrays embrace your graceful silhouette, the rainbow of your naturally flowing hair comes to life. It is then that I look upon you, enfolded in an aura of radiance. Your delicate features allure me when you smile a little more.

It saddens me, when you're insecure in your own skin. You etch patterns upon yourself to hide a blank canvas of infinite dreams. I only wish you knew how beautiful you are so you wouldn't darken your glow. You're like a winter wonderland; a snowy scene in a fairytale come true, and a place to never depart.

There's a saying in Chinese that if you don't finish your bowl, you'll end up having a wife with freckles. I'm not much a fan of rice anyway so everything works for the best. I want to encourage you not to find a mask, for every one of them is like a star to wish upon. They lead to something more than the wonders of the universe, in you.

It's the way you still portray your elegance in times of stress and sorrow. Sometimes you're too sensitive and easily hurt. Others might abuse you for your gentleness and honesty, but I'll never take advantage of your sweet, forgiving nature. You're much too silly and delightful for tears to find your cheeks. I'd torture myself with chick flicks just to see your smiling face.

And in bloom, you resemble that of pink heart candies, while your perfect whiteness represents the purity of your heart. You might wonder if I'm cheap for wanting to marry you as tradition commands your family to pay for our wedding day, but it's not the reason why.

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Darling, it's your heart that makes me want you mine, to be my Princess Bride. Our kingdom will comprise of the cutest CaucAsian babies.

It might be controversial to love you when you're at war with the world around. They'll objectify and exploit you, tormenting your precious spirit. They'll hunt you down and make you a slave, boasting their prized possession. But I promise to be your Knight in Shining Armour, and protect you from the spiders and monsters.

Dear White Women, there will always be a place in my heart for you as there is with my angels from the Orient. My love will remain with you forever.

Though your ridiculous pet names make me melt away some more, all you'll ever need to call me is…

Yours,

Ricky

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A Love Letter To Asian Women

February 14, 2010 @ 21:00

Dear Asian Women,

Sometimes I wonder how it's possible for you to be so adorable. Your smiles are most delightful, and I love how you cover your petite mouth to giggle. The enchanting melodies of your laughter light the surrounding darkness, while unseen colours from the heart are brought to life. Your perfume becomes my sweet intoxication as it permeates the air with a twirl of your raven-shine hair.

Even your way of sarcasm is strangely endearing. You come up with insane activities that any idiot would refuse, but then you threaten to kill me with your arms crossed and a pout. It is then that your loveliness prevails, and I can't help but give in. I'd stir-fry food naked just to see your smiling face. I get stupid for you at the caress of your gentle kisses.

Your exquisite beauty resembles so much of porcelain dolls with your alabaster skin and finely crafted lips. I grow a little faint every time I see you. I feel as if I'm falling off my wheelchair when I look into your deep brown eyes. They sparkle from within like the bubbles in champagne as I dream into a universe that leads inside your heart.

You're such a silly piglet as we say in Cantonese. You can be so sweet and charming one day and mean the very next. In frustration, your cuteness remains, but your beautiful heart cries are the saddest I've ever seen. They make me realize why I need to be tortured with Hello Kitty gifts, for you're really a damsel in distress, looking for a ridiculous boy to make your own.

It saddens me, when you think your eyes aren't pretty. Their teardrop contours remind me of your bittersweet grace that makes me fall for you, time and time again. I'll continue kissing them ever so softly so you might come to understand how perfect you truly are.

When you wrap your arms around me, the world begins to make sense. The softness of your hair brushes against my skin, while your elegant fingertips dab upon my neckline. They seduce my eyes

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to close as you listen to the rhythm of my heart, beating for you alone. Your delicate body enfolds my every dream come true.

Dear Asian Women, as you surrender to the inevitable slumber and wiggle your bunny nose, my destiny is finally revealed. I hope you know I'll never break your heart, and it's not because you might set Godzilla loose.

Sweetheart, I don't want you to be the dried up monkey mom warned me about. I always worry you're not eating enough. And it's only because of love that I want to marry you and stuff your face with rice. I promise to take care of you and make you my little mochi ball forever.

Will you be mine, Valentine?

Yours,
Wicky

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Dear Mr. President, You Socialist Swine!

February 24, 2010 @ 17:39

You know what? I'm not even starting this letter with "Dear Mr. President" because you don't deserve the respect. I hate everything you stand for, and I'll never conform to your agenda of hypocrisy. I can see right through you, sonny boy.

It goes back to the fact that you're more concerned with those across the border than the ones in our private sectors. You neglect those that matter, while letting them go down the drain. How do you expect us to thrive when you're only providing services to those you use as a covering? You're only using them for fortune and popularity.

After everything bush has done for us, you think you can just come in and ruin the freedom we've fought so hard for? Your liberalism is a complete contradiction because it involves no equality. There's no democracy, no equal rights or opportunities because of you.

I refuse to conform, you hear me?

You're an anti-bush, one-government, socialist swine. You want to brainwash everyone in the world so they'll obey every false doctrine you preach in your campaign. Your murderous ways are sickening.

How do you even sleep at night?

Your agenda only encourages people to terminate innocent victims, these roots of life. How do you live with yourself when you shave them off as if they mean absolutely nothing?

Mr. President, how do you still claim to be the leader of shampoo companies when for such a long time, you've never even considered creating a product line for pubic hair? This is discrimination!

Together we can defeat this injustice. It's time for a revolution.

Yes we can.

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How To Be An Arrogant Prick

February 25, 2010 @ 20:30

The true art of arrogance has been rendered meaningless these days, and it's unfortunate. People don't comprehend what it means to be genuinely cocky. They don't understand that cockiness can't exist without a foundation.

And the cause for this misconception results from a lack of understanding when it comes to humility. Its definition is perverted to a point where most of us actually believe it's tied in with self-loathing, while having an attitude of "woe is me" is the answer.

Humility is when we take ourselves out of the equation. The only way to achieve this is by means of arrogance. It's impossible if we're not secure enough to acknowledge that removing ourselves and solely focusing on others will have no consequences toward our sense of individuality.

This is why we see so many victims of loss comforting their friends and family instead of the other way around. How did it get to the point where the ones in need are burdened even more?

We've all witnessed it before, similar scenarios at least. The friend goes up to the widow at her husband's funeral, sobbing like crazy. The waterworks flow by then, while hugs of support are given. It can go on with dozens of people.

Can you imagine how emotionally stressful it must be? Yet it happens every time. I thought "there there" was supposed to be for the victim.

We need to have an attitude of courage and be strong for those in need. It's like seeing someone in a desperate situation. Don't tell yourself, "Oh, I couldn't do that. I'm not good enough. I can't."

Why don't you get your stupid head out of the sand and take the initiative? When you come to the realization that you alone can make a difference, things will start happening.

Arrogance saves lives.

This is the reason I've never succumbed to the hilarity of peer pressure, except in grade one when I ate a cherry tomato and threw up

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in the hallway. Okay, so it happened, *once*, but that doesn't even count because no one actually pressured me. Ha!

Why don't I take drugs? Because I'm too good for drugs!

Why don't I drink alcohol (anymore)? Because I'm too good for alcohol, as well as the fact that I shouldn't drink and drive!

I don't need to gain acceptance. I've already accepted myself. If other people want to screw their lives, let them. Laugh at their stupidity because they got killed for the dumbest reasons, and revel in the fact that you're still alive and cocky.

It tickles me when people pride themselves with a false sense of humility that we don't have the right to judge. Yet the ones who believe this are the most critical and judgmental of all. Funny, how they're too blind to see that judging someone for being judgmental requires judgment.

These hypocrites can't even see the fallacies in their contradictory beliefs. There's nothing wrong with judging, as long as we get right with ourselves first. It gives us the opportunity to form an opinion and determine right from wrong. How can we be individual people if we can't think for ourselves?

Is it wrong for a White woman to stay away from a gang of Black males hanging around in a dark alley in the middle of the night? "Oh no, they're Black! You can't judge because it's racist!"

It's dangerous not to be judgmental, when you're all "ha, ha" in life, thinking everyone has a good heart.

If our hearts are in the right place, outer appearances should resemble it. We can't walk around in filth and demand respect. We need to judge ourselves before judging others.

Arrogance is self-respect. It helps us to help others, and in the end, gives us the opportunity to stand tall, even when the world is crumbling before our eyes. It's about loving ourselves so we can love others more.

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This is why I don't need to retaliate and get defensive from personal attacks. My form of "retaliation" is to laugh it off, while giving the culprit the opportunity he deserves to look more like a fool.

I don't need external sources to validate myself. I don't rely upon justification.

I. ALREADY. AM.

When people mock my physical disability, trying to use it as an Achilles' heel, it becomes even more hilarious because it's the only way for them to pat themselves on the back. Logic and common sense will always prevail.

To be honest, a lot of physically disabled people make me sick with their vomit-inducing stories of "inspiration". I gag every time because all they're doing is justifying themselves, and even worse, defining themselves with their limitations.

Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy doesn't define me. I don't need the world to love me to feel good about myself. I know who I am, and I'm not afraid to poke fun.

The question is, are we arrogant enough to be humble?

Are we arrogant enough to acknowledge we aren't always right and let ourselves grow in knowledge? Are we arrogant enough to let go of pride? Are we arrogant enough to open our hearts and understand what it means to love?

Are we arrogant enough to let ourselves become vulnerable and love a woman with all our hearts, letting her become our pride?

Hey, my name isn't something stupid like Morrie, and I don't even like Tuesdays!

My name is Ricky, and I'm the first asshole in a wheelchair.

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A Love Letter To Hispanic Women

March 10, 2010 @ 20:57

Dear Hispanic Women,

Hush, mi amor. I hardly know what you're saying most of the time, but your seduction in words resonates inside me like the sensual strums of a Latin guitar. Though the way you talk too much and fast is sweetly tantalizing, I want to touch your lips with fingertips so you may surrender to the silence in my caress.

Closing your eyes to the orange marmalade skies of a tequila sunset, the golden rays of warmth envelop your naturally flowing, raven-shine hair. Its radiance evokes a dreamlike fairytale come true. All I need is to wrap my arms around you, while your intoxicating elixir seeps into my heart.

Your momentary slumber is my silent romance, but awaiting your alluring gaze is a journey of yearning torment. As your sun-kissed cheeks are painted with a strawberry mocha blush, the silk of your skin is accentuated with the illumination of nightfall, while the hypnotic look in your Spanish eyes finds its reflection. They glisten to reveal an ocean of starry twilight, and a nocturnal realm of existence unfolds.

Dancing into the night with an aura of vibrancy surrounding your trajes de faraleas, I watch on with envy as the lunar embrace enfolds your elegance. It saddens me that I may never join your dance, for my limitations hinder our melodic waltz. I look upon the shores of the glimmering abyss and wonder if you'll ever be mine. I wonder if you might give me a chance at winning your heart.

It is then that you reach for my face and make me free at last. You take my hands to interlock our fingers, while our eyes meet once more. Within their distance defining this moment of us, I realize the truth. Surrender will always remain to be mine, for my worries subside in your presence. Letting them go isn't impossible anymore.

And in you, I've discovered the reflections of romance as your crimson lips become luminescent to the celestial glow of moonlight. They're a reminder that love isn't only a voyage, but a destination of hope in us.

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Tonight is ours, my darling muñequita. As your honey-glazed lips rest upon mine, the soft plunge of your margarita kiss seduces me to understand that the art of romance is a never-ending odyssey to learn to love you more. Romance is to love every part of you, individually and completely.

Dear Hispanic Women, I've always wanted to be with a tall or aggressive short girl so she might save me from spiders and monsters, but your feisty nature is everything I could ever ask for. Though you might think I only want to marry you for protection, it really isn't so.

My dear sweet querida hermosa, your emotion's graceful flow, from passionate anger to endearing cares, is what makes me want to be your taco shell forever.

Yours,
Don Juan Ricardo

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A Love Letter To Black Women

March 30, 2010 @ 19:30

Dear Black Women,

As I watch you emerge from the Nile of folklore and fairytales alike, droplets of your coconut flavoured elixir flow down your firm body, glistening in the African sun. Its glow upon your chocolate coating is strikingly blinding, but I find your eyes at last. Gazing into them, they accentuate the brightness in your background with a luminescent radiance of gold.

The pureness of your skin resembles that of rum cream; sweetly intoxicating and desirably smooth. With garments soaked from your mystical river bath, it excites me to see the mango-shaped outline of your dark, supple breasts. Your blackberries harden to a cool morning breeze, arousing my senses as I faint a little more.

Our voodoo romance begins as you jolt your head backwards and make that orgasmic moan. The bongo drums roll and music plays, while your dance becomes a synchronous harmony to the rhythm and beat of the jungle.

Your delectable booty starts to pulsate and quiver. It tugs on my heart strings to see you shaking those delicious muffin cheeks, and I understand why we're a match made in heaven. While I continue to blame my giant mechanical ass for a reason of loneliness, in your boogie-woogie, I realize you're the salt fish in my ackee.

It saddens me, when you feel unattractive because of the cruel standards this world may have. I get broken-hearted every time you feel the need to straighten your uniquely beautiful curls. If only you knew how gorgeous your kinky hair is. You don't even need bling when your exotic nature always shines through.

The soft roundness of your nose makes for the best Eskimo kisses, but I yearn for something more as my eyes fall upon your juicy lips. I long for a taste of your sugarcane kiss, my enchanted Nubian princess. I love the adorable way you suck your pearly white teeth.

And in the gap between them is a window that leads to a perfect blackness of outer space, where every mysterious wonder of the universe remains. The things I know not of are frightening, but in our

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perpetual stare, it reminds me that romance is a surrender to the unknown and risk. The colour contrast of white satin sheets upon your ebony silk is an angelic masterpiece. Hand-in-hand, I enter your black hole as we make love forevermore…

Dear Black Women, you might think the only reason I want you is because your aging never shows. You might even think it's your sparkle-glossy fingernails, for every man needs a wife who knows how to give an amazing scratch of back. But no.

I want to axe you to marry me because our booties are meant to be. I want to defy the deceptions of the world and reveal your uncompromised splendour.

Be mine, my darling breadfruit, yo.

Yours,
Grand Master Ricksta

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The Greatest Lie About Women

April 12, 2010 @ 22:32

There's a misconception in our society that women can't be understood. It's unfortunate how whenever we try, we're immediately discouraged and shot down.

"Don't even try because it's impossible."
"Even women don't understand each other."
"You need to just accept her for who she is."

While acceptance is one of the strongest aspects in the foundation of love, giving up is never the answer. We can't just accept without trying because effort counts for everything. We should care enough to want to put ourselves in their shoes without the need for them to continue asking.

But there's an underlying issue, and it has to do with the deception that women need to remain mysterious because it's apparently the heart of their charm.

And it makes me sad when I think about their oppression. What kind of liberty is it when they're constantly bombarded with unachievable images of digitally enhanced "beauty"? It's true that the media can't be blamed in isolation when choices define us, but when even little girls are exposed to these cruel expectations on a daily basis, it's a completely different story.

Of course, there's nothing wrong with wearing a little makeup here and there for accentuation, but women have been using it throughout the ages, despite potentially fatal consequences. When they're using makeup to alter appearances, this mask becomes a problem. When we add this factor to the aforementioned deception, there's really no freedom.

The need that women feel to remain a mystery is ridiculous. It's a lie because they're just as human and individual as men. They want what we want, except express it in different ways. Men and women have different roles, but the blood that flows within our veins is the same.

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Understanding women has nothing to do with reading her mind because doing so comes with time and patience. Even if you might never get it right, you should still care enough to try. It's to be her best friend, while wanting to listen and talk to, support, and laugh and cry with her.

Understanding women is about getting to know how she thinks and the subtleties of her feelings and emotions. Only through this effort and willingness are we able to have the privilege of finding who she is as a person. This is why there are three physical extensions in every woman; her eyes, smile, and touch, all of which lead to her heart. It's the same reason makeup is unnecessary.

It has nothing to do with being a mystery because it's a journey of discovering and rediscovering her for everything she is.

The heart of her charm and everything that defines her is her heart alone.

The pathway towards her heart is to try and understand her.

The art of loving a woman is to encourage her to take her mask off and reveal the true beauty of her heart.

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A Love Letter To Jewish Women

April 20, 2010 @ 20:25

Dear Jewish Women,

Shalom, yafa sheli. Your beauty of holiness is the only way to describe the miracle behind your glory, being fearfully and wonderfully made. I find traces of your perfection wherever my heart follows, even as the blessed warmth of God that surrounds us. All I need is to close my eyes to feel your blissful presence, and in thoughts of you are where my Sabbath may finally be observed.

And it came to pass; I saw your pretty face on an early afternoon. You were chopping up vegetables into matchsticks, and while dicing them into tiny cubes, they reminded me of your adorned nature. Somehow, your radiance shines through more and more every seven days. When I discovered the cut upon your elegant finger, it troubled my bowels with envy. I wanted nothing more than to be the Band-Aid that kissed your affectionate touch, and make it kosher again.

The truth remains, I fell in love with you when I was just a little boy. I witnessed scenes of the Holocaust and cried for real for the very first time. Without knowing the outcome of your fate, you continued bathing with smiles and laughter, the kindest I had ever seen. Crystal-clear droplets anointed your body, and tears rolled down my cheeks. It was then that I promised a place inside my heart, to love and protect you, from then until evermore.

Alas, my physical limitations are a hindrance to a great many things. I can't even protect myself, let alone you when I'd be smote in less than two seconds. But the angelic caresses you offer unto me are worth every injury and bruise. Your touch is where salvation lies; a pathway towards your Edenesque romance. As the softness of your fingertips leads my eyes to your alluring dovelike gaze and lips sweeter than new wine from the cluster, they reunify the three extensions of your heart. In them holds the key to unlocking the secrets of love, for yours is eternally chosen, and the essence of every womankind upon earth.

It saddens me, when you feel less attractive than your White and Asian sisters, as if your delicate features aren't finely crafted like

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theirs. O daughter of Zion, my bundle of myrrh and frankincense, I've harkened unto your silliness and it tickles me so. I hope to touch away your beautiful heart cries and reveal the Promised Land outlined by every sensual curve of your flawless physique; the exquisite landscape defined by the silk of your skin resembling that of milk and honey.

And you might think the only reason I want to lie between your breasts of twin young roes is because you'd make a comely wife. You might even think it's that I want to boast the ease of breaking glass with my solid rubber wheels. Well it isn't the reason why.

My beloved Israeli princess, you're the epiphany of my damsel in distress. Your meekness in sadness inspires my heart to utterly discover and rediscover yours, for to love you is like the gathering of manna; an ongoing voyage of giving and receiving. I humble myself before you with garments rent, wearing only sackcloth and ashes. I vow to never do what Abraham and Isaac did in transgressing against the sacredness of our romance. Mingle with me like fine flour and beaten oil, I pray you, for our marriage shall be a statute forever, and we'll multiply as the stars of the heaven exceedingly.

Dear Jewish Women, while Passover has gone, your fair countenance continues to make me pass over, time and time again. I can probably only drive in my wheelchair for forty minutes straight, and on ground as I don't want to get stuck in sand, but I'd carry on my journey looking for you until the battery runs dry.

For you I'd give up ham, my darling matzah ball. Selah.

Your Gentle Gentile,
Ricky

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Beautiful Women Have Feelings Too

May 6, 2010 @ 22:30

It makes me angry and sad how beautiful women are continually demonized. We might think they're living it up when everyone is lusting after them, but it actually isn't easy being molecularly perfect in the eyes of the shallow.

When internal is constantly associated with external, how is it possible to find her heart when inner beauty becomes generic? Unfortunately, beautiful women are assumed to possess angelic personalities without any reason of substance. Other women are smart enough to see this falsehood, but in turn are deceived to believe that the physically attractive are ugly on the inside.

As a result, the heart of a beautiful woman can never be found, which is why they're envied, objectified, and treated with no respect. They're lumped together without a chance at being individuals, so stereotypes are eventually formed. Others might be jealous of their good looks, but behind the scenes, their covetousness evolves into discrimination founded by hatred.

I've always asked myself why these girls continue to be insecure with their outer appearances, but realized it had nothing to do with shallowness. While each and every one of us is accountable for our own choices, how can they see anything else in themselves when they never had much of a foundation to begin with?

Beautiful women are looked upon with contradictory standards and assumptions, while even parents are deceived. In general, the female gender is bullied with doctrines of false values throughout childhood.

But beautiful women are real people and struggle to be seen for their persons. They're seemingly shallow because it's what they've been taught, believing physical perfection to be their sole value.

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Dear Beautiful Women,

I understand it's hard to see yourself for who you are on the inside when everyone judges your looks, but you mustn't define your individuality through external sources. You alone hold the key to finding yourself when you choose not to do the same. It starts from you.

Your assumed shallowness is in actuality another form of modesty in the way you naturally fail to recognize your perfection. And it can only be achieved through the acceptance and appreciation of your imperfections. They define your unique nature, and everything that makes you amazing. Remember that out of all the infinite wonders of the universe, there's only one you. This is why you're special.

Stop focusing on outer appearances and letting the world calculate the value of your self-worth because you'll always remain to be more. I encourage you to look deep inside yourself and be your own best friend because your feelings matter very much.

Find that little girl inside who continues to look for a way out. Spend time with and get to know her because you just might discover how truly gorgeous she is when she smiles a little more, and your heart is doing the same.

You're beautiful, only because of you.

Ricky

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Appreciating Mothers: The How-To Guide

May 9, 2010 @ 17:58

Being a mother is the greatest achievement a woman can have, as it is with fathers. Each has been given different roles, but hers is unique in its own. She's the bearer of children and giver of life. Without her, there'd be nothing to live for.

As men, we need to recognize and appreciate the fruit of her loins because if we had to take on her gift, it would be coming out somewhere else!

With this great sigh of relief, doesn't it move you to the point of tears?

Well stop crying and be a man because babies aren't coming out of your butt any time soon. And to be a man, you must also acknowledge that if your wife is with child, she's never alone in her pregnancy. Your role is to be there for her, even when she decides to physically assault you. If you feel the need for revenge, "assault" her chicken instead, for she might need the extra sodium if she gets low blood pressure from hurting your candy ass.

Remember to take it like a man without succumbing to tears. She might burst into her own at any given moment, and you need to support and hold her in your arms. Of course, you *could* cry together, but what if you run out of Kleenex? Don't be selfish!

Her feelings matter very much, and you must never forget the necessity of selflessness. If you have a weak stomach, take a tablet of Gravol before watching that horrific documentary on giving birth. Get a towel ready because you don't want to hold her hand with a clammy one. When your eyes begin to pop from seeing a vagina with a baby head, and BLOOD, keep on a huge grin as she glances your way, even if you look like a freak. Scare her in the name of love.

Fortunately for you, Gravol causes drowsiness. Gently place your head upon her shoulder like a baby and cuddle with her like she did with you during that horror movie. You had your first nightmare and deserve a hug.

WAKE UP!!!

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Her water just broke! Remember those ugly sandwiches you made for her? Engulf one, *now*, because you'll need the energy. Grab the emergency luggage at the doorway and get your engines started.

What the hell are you waiting for?! Go!

You idiot! Go back inside and get your wife! I know you feel as if *your* water broke from all the perspiration, but you're not the one with the uterus!

Rushing her to the maternity ward, don't forget to breathe, or else you're going to pass out earlier than expected. You did this to her so at least make a little effort! You can do it! Repeat after me:

WHO-WHO-HA-HA, WHO-WHO-HA-HA, WHO-WHO-HA-HA, WHO-WHO-HA-HA!!!

Guess what? You've reached the birthing room, and it's time to pass out. Seriously, you need to drop dead, right now! Take ten more tablets of Gravol and scream to your wife, "I love you!"

When you reopen your eyes, you'll see the most beautiful sight you had ever witnessed. It's your angel, holding your baby angel. Your heart is melting, isn't it?

Congratulations! You've successfully taken the first step in understanding a small fraction of what it's like to be a mother.

This is why your mother and the mother of your children are beautiful creatures. This is why every mother is the most beautiful creature in the world.

Remember that stretch marks are sexy. They're a reminder that women continue to endure agony over agony to breathe new life into this world. They love and nurture us throughout our lives, giving us the opportunity to become more than we can ever imagine.

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I Saved Someone's Life Last Week

May 20, 2010 @ 21:57

Ever since coming to Canada, I was raised Christian as a little boy. My family joined a church in Toronto, and I attended Sunday school at the beginning of every week. I "gave" my life to Jesus some years after.

But during my teenage years, I lost a great deal of passion. I used to blame God for my physical disability, but eventually grew to the point of not caring. I understood that sometimes, things happen. If everything had a reason, why do women get raped and little children, molested?

I didn't realize it was to become my foundation for finding the true Gospel of Christianity. There was a reason I got frustrated every time someone claimed that God made me this way. Unfortunately, many so-called Christians feel the need to understand everything, which creates a false need for justification.

When I went on the ventilator in the summer of '99, I made it an excuse to never attend church again. I had respect for God, including Christian morals and values, but chose not to follow Him. I always used the fruit analogy, saying that God was an apple and I preferred oranges. They continued scratching their heads, but I'm glad I refused, or else I'd have ended up following their heresy of works salvation.

Because of my continued interest in faith and religion, I started listening to sermons from an Independent Fundamental Baptist church that I found online last year. The pastor was shouting about this, that, and everything in between, which got me excited. Church always made me fall asleep because all the pastors ever taught was to "love your neighbour as yourself". They neither yelled nor screamed against sin, but this pastor actually kept me awake for once.

And then I listened to a sermon on eternal security. He preached that once you believe on the LORD Jesus Christ, there's nothing in the world you can do to lose your salvation, as the King James Bible clearly teaches. Doing good works isn't a part of getting saved because following God's commandments can only be out of love, not compulsion. We weren't good enough to be saved, and don't

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need to be good enough to stay saved. It's by grace through faith because He gave!

> **John 14:15:** "If ye love me, keep my commandments."
>
> **Ephesians 2:8-9:** "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast."

By the end, all I could think was *Oh*. Soon after, I heard and understood the words of God through the salvation verses and prayed. I believed on the LORD Jesus Christ and was passed from death unto life.

It's funny because when I thought I had to live a good life to be a Christian, I refused. Now that I have the freedom to do whatever I want, I've chosen to read the Bible on a regular basis, and strive for better.

Fast-forward to about a month ago.

I started talking to this girl online. She was a sad beauty who had a broken heart, and I continued to encourage her. I told her that self-love was a choice, as well as the fact that she needed to take things one step at a time. I reminded her that validity can only come from within, and her heart mattered most.

She still has some ways to go, but said I was the only person who really cared. It was then that I asked myself what the point of getting her happy was if her smiles weren't to last forever. I asked her the question:

"Do you know for sure if you died today that you'll be in heaven?"

She didn't respond until a couple days later, and in them, I prayed hard. I prayed that she would either be saved and understood salvation and eternal security, or know she was lost because in order to be saved, one had to understand this.

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So I prayed and prayed, in the morning and night. I prayed for God to help get her saved because I wanted to see her in heaven.

Then she responded. I prayed again before opening her message, and it happened. She said she wasn't sure because she thought she wasn't good enough, and was afraid to go to hell.

Immediately next day, I started doing research on soul-winning and made notes with scriptures and questions. I needed to make sure she'd understand everything I was to preach so she could believe on the LORD Jesus Christ and 100% know she was on her way to heaven.

Rewind to a couple months ago.

For some reason, it became incredibly difficult to use the mouse anymore. I could hardly type. I still have a hard time on occasion, but not as bad. It made me irritable and angry because I was afraid of losing my ability to write.

But despite the exhaustion, I didn't care about my fear and frustration. I ended up with four pages, and although cutting and pasting scriptures caused much stress, her salvation was worth more.

While doing the preparations, I prayed hard in those days for God to protect and keep her safe, and open her heart to receive Christ as her LORD and Saviour. I prayed that He would give me just one day of being able to use the mouse perfectly and type flawlessly because I had to go on an instant messenger. This was a week ago.

When I messaged her that afternoon, she was about to leave and asked if we could proceed later in the evening. I agreed, but was afraid because while God answered my prayers, didn't know if my arm could last until after ten o'clock.

By the time she came online, I was already a little tired, but persisted onward. I started out telling her about the wages of sin, and how every one of us deserves damnation. I explained however, that because God loves us, He sent His only begotten Son to die on the cross, spend three days and nights in hell, and resurrect from the dead as payment for our sins. She understood that all we had to do was believe and put our faith on the LORD Jesus Christ.

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At the time, my hand was beginning to perspire, which was a bad sign because the moisture can make it impossible to keep the right position. I prayed though. It had to be readjusted several times, and each was a gamble. If my fingers or palm fell out of place, I'd have been in trouble, but fortunately enough, that never happened.

As I explained to her the freeness of a gift, she understood that only the giver pays. She had a little difficulty understanding eternal security when she was convinced we could somehow lose our salvation. I reminded her that if we could, God would be a liar, and He can't lie. With eternal life, we only need to receive once. I emphasized that salvation was a spiritual gift, and once the Holy Spirit becomes our witness, that was it. Jesus said in Hebrews 13:5: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

She eventually understood, but we had been talking for about an hour. I don't blame her for getting a little impatient because soul-winning usually only takes twenty minutes or so, and plus, she had to go. I didn't have the luxury of speed due to my limitations, along with the ones from being online. I asked her to stay a while longer since we were almost done, and she kindly agreed.

My hand was already losing its position, while my arm was hurting, but it was worth every effort. It took about fifteen more minutes to ask questions and make sure she understood the entire plan of salvation.

I asked if she wanted me to help her pray and ask Jesus to save her so she could know for sure she was on her way to heaven no matter what. I couldn't do the repeat-after-me on chat so I asked her to memorize and pray a short prayer to confirm her beliefs. She meant every word and was saved that night. She was passed from death unto life because of faith alone.

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"Dear Jesus, I know I'm a sinner. I know I deserve to go to hell. But I believe that you died on the cross for me, and rose from the dead. Please save me now, and give me eternal life. I only trust you. In Jesus' name I pray. Amen."

I never thought I could do much of anything, let alone win someone to the LORD, but when she believed, it felt as though I could walk again. It was the happiest moment of my life.

In my journey of romance, I've learned that love is about giving someone wings, while hoping for her stay. This time, it had nothing to do with winning someone's heart, or making her mine.

I hope when she flies away that she'll rest upon the sweetest smiles, and realize she needn't be sad. I hope she continues to be encouraged to understand the choice of genuine happiness. I hope she finds herself.

Fly, pretty birdie. Fly. (:

Dedicated to Rachel.

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Your Personal Guide To Dating Ricky

July 9, 2010 @ 22:21

Are you tired of boring relationships? Do you feel as if the romance in your life is lacking, and that anything resembling it is cliché and gag-worthy? Are you looking for something more… adventurous?

If so, this is the guide for you because Ricky's version isn't your typical romance. His is an anti-fairytale that won't start off with magic or fireworks like in formulated Hollywood sap fests, where you gaze into each other and know. You'll probably meet him from online; you know, that place with all the weirdoes and junk?

Fortunately for you, he's ridiculous. In fact, he's so ridiculous that he'll risk losing his chances with the perfect girl by asking one important question:

"What if I'm a killer of children?"

Assuming you haven't contacted the Internet police, if you come up with a clever response, this might actually work since you're obviously crazy! Don't worry though, because he couldn't hurt a fly, literally. He got the line from his favourite independent film ('Me and You and Everyone We Know').

Exciting enough? This is just the teaser! He has been writing love letters to no one for the longest time, and the imaginary girl of his dreams keeps playing hard to get. He's running out of make-believe wheelchair battery. Only one real question remains that substantiates his journey of romance, or lack thereof:

"Who would ever love Ricky when he can't even wipe his own nose?"

CAUTION: Telling him "I would" will be the beginning of the strangest love story ever told; the most inconvenient one with a scary robot. He has a giant mechanical ass after all, but at least he's not a cardboard people, and you're the one who wanted this adventure! Well, are you ready?

Ricky has been growing a nose hair for you since who knows how long. It's probably the reason it gets drippy, so your willingness to wipe his nose could possibly mean you were meant to be. And just for that, you'll be eligible to win a once in a lifetime opportunity to pull

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said hair off. Think of it as a ticket stub of sorts. Yes, he also takes pleasure in grossing you out.

Because of your willingness to subject yourself to potentially hazardous bodily fluids, he'll be willing to take care of your heart. He's a great listener. With him, you can freely get things off your chest.

And that's Ricky; a hopeless romantic perv who's looking for something more, something real, from your heart no less. He has a vagina in his and wants to use it to make you feel good about yourself. It's all a part of his evil plan, as in getting a really pretty girl to be his boyfriend.

You have a thing for him now, don't you? Truth be told, he has a thing for girls who have a thing for him too, and with being in a wheelchair, your height won't make a difference. Tall girls can protect him, while he always wanted an angry short girl to boss him around.

After getting to know each other, you'll have to meet this ridiculous character. Now, it's quite natural for you to be a little nervous when he's not only physically disabled, but on a ventilator as well. You might be afraid of hurting his feelings, but don't worry. He doesn't expect you to fall in love with a robot, not with his unfazed attitude towards romance. Didn't someone say that love finds us when we least expect? Girls like a guy without too many expectations as a way of assurance for his intentions, so maybe there's hope?

Then again, it's only fair that you risk his heart in exchange for risking your life to meet with a killer of children. It's true. He enjoys eating pregnant oranges with the cluster of tiny baby sections that bulge like a delicious tumour.

Entering through the front door of his house, you'll meet one of his family members. He or she will lead you to the kitchen where he's anxiously waiting for you. It's kind of clumsy for his giant mechanical ass to manoeuvre in the foyer, and he doesn't want to run over your pretty toes. You might feel hesitant at first due to thoughts of any potential for an awkward situation, but never fear. Ricky is in control!

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As he accelerates toward you with a goofy smile, hold your ground. He might look like a motorized madman, but you don't want to hurt his feelings by not trusting his perfect driving skills. When he stops in front of you from only inches away, you'll feel a sudden desperation to embrace him for being so adorable. Seriously, after getting his head buzzed, he looks like a kiwi, and with his enormous grin, how could anyone resist?!

Wheelchair people need hugs… no, scratch that! Wheelchair *Ricky* needs hugs from beautiful you! Didn't you know how incredibly gorgeous you are? You're like a bouquet of fluffy pink bunnies made of marshmallow heart candies. It's your fault when he backs away with a slip of his hand because in his mind, he's rapidly fanning his mouth like a groundhog that just ate a leaf of lettuce sprayed with a cayenne pepper solution.

Following the initial non-awkward moment, things will get better when he shivers in front of you. He couldn't pee while anticipating your arrival, and when you gotta go, you gotta go! No, he didn't doodle himself, but in a bag, for convenience. Do you honestly expect him to be transferred onto the commode chair when he pees like a woman, as in every five minutes? Are you ridiculous or something?

Really? Good, because ridiculous girls are the hottest, and for someone who breathes through a machine, Ricky is ridiculously talkative. He wants to get to know and compliment you, and be your best friend. He wants to find the heart of the girl who's willing to give him a chance.

In case you're wondering why he keeps referring to Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy as a "genetic but not hereditary disease", it's because for one, "disease" alone has connotations of leprosy, and secondly, he doesn't want you to think he can't have kids. Actually, considering where they're coming out and their size, maybe you should have them!

Because of the ventilator, he has to speak between each breath, so be patient. He hates when people interrupt to finish his sentences,

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and if you wait for him, he'll tell you some of the sweetest things in the world just to make you hurl, and congratulations! Your gag-worthy experiences of cliché have been upgraded to a puke fest. He promises to collect your warm, lumpy softness in the name of romance and cuddle with it like it's his and your love child.

As you grow to understand Ricky, you'll eventually realize why some dates start with a movie, then dinner, instead of the other way around like with normal couples. He's more emotionally unstable with an empty stomach and believes showing you his sensitive side may perhaps make you fall in love with him. In the corner of your eye, you'll find he's about to cry. What are you waiting for? Grab his hand… NOT THAT ONE!!!

With tears rolling down his cheeks, you need to reach over for the Kleenex located conveniently on his side and wipe them away. Looking into his deep brown eyes, things might finally get awkward. During that moment, he'll try to make things better by winking at you, except with the wetness, it'll cause even more awkwardness.

At the crispy sound of tumbleweed, his ingenious mind will inspire him to ask for the time in an attempt to steal a kiss. He can't lift his arm to look at his watch, so lean over and do it for him. When you look up, you'll see a sparkle in his eye from the late afternoon sun, or is that your boob crack?

Okay, perhaps it's a little early for lip lock, but you see that itchy red part under his right eye? Kiss it so it might go away for good. He wants to kiss you too, particularly that small fatty part under your chin. Just tilt your head up and… er, maybe not, since such a death defying act would require his tongue, so kiss his kiwi head once, or maybe twice? Kiss him a hundred million times, damn it!

Great, now look what you've done! He looks like a fruit salad of tomato and kiwi! When he shuffles his wheels and makes that weird squeaky sound, that's your cue. What better way to give him a hug than to start off by playing with his head? Placing yours upon

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his shoulder, he'll close his eyes and surrender to the silk of your hair, brushing against his skin while your fingertips dab upon his neckline.

Remember not to let go when he makes a small sigh because how is it possible for angelic you to hurt him with your sweet embraces? He's ironclad, and no one wants to hug Ricky since hugging him would be like hugging a real-life Terminator. You did, and because of how special you are, he'll confide in you a secret for your ears only.

With his cheap bastard inventions and ideas, he has come up with an awesome plan for a (picnic) restaurant franchise. Trust me. Ricknic's will make a *fortune*. It's highly economical as there wouldn't be a need for tables and chairs, only blankets, environmentally unfriendly plastic utensils, and unrecyclable paper plates. He could watch you make sandwiches with assorted deli meats for all eternity. Isn't he a genius?

Of course, this is also how his figure remains to be slender, like the easy, breezy, beautiful cover boy that he is. Brilliance requires a great deal of neurological power, and thinking is a killer of calories. He can't even have shuteye most of the time because of this, which is why he listens to music while trying to fall asleep. He tries to tire himself by getting to bed as late as possible. Since he has athlete's brain, isn't it time for dinner yet?

You're preparing a meal for him, aren't you? How on earth did you know his favourite is chicken wings besides the fact that he's the reason poultry can't fly? This is absolutely delicious, mainly because you cooked hands-on, with love. You should feel special because he doesn't usually eat in front of people who aren't family. He doesn't have the strength to feed himself anymore. These days, food likes to bunch up in his cheeks every so often. It makes him look like a chipmunk with a face full of nuts. Don't make him laugh, or worse, say nice things about him because spontaneous combustion *happens*. Could you squish his cheeks already?

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So how about a romantic evening's walk on the sidewalk? Yes, I know it's getting dark outside and he'll look like a blind man driving, but sunglasses make him even sexier. He can be surprisingly shallow.

Walking hand-in-hand, please keep your feet at least half a foot away from his wheels. If he drives around in circles screaming like a little girl, be sure to protect him from moths and butterflies, along with other flying insects. He doesn't mind if you jumped up and down to swat away those evil creatures.

Unfortunately, he has a mosquito bite. A little scratch please? No, left a little… right a little… no-no-no… right is wrong, left is right! No, just scratch his invisible uni-brow! Right there, you got it!

Sure, it might be awkward for his parents to follow you two from a short distance behind, but you still don't know how to take care of Ricky. What if he *dies*?! Ha, I'm only messing with you! You'll learn everything eventually, and it really isn't all that hard after ten years… kidding!

As nightfall overshadows the remnant glow of evening skies, you'll find yourselves down at the gully near the intersection. There's a path that runs along a channel of sewer water in this romantic walk to remember. He might stop for a while and make small talk on the dirty wooden bench halfway. He'll want to hold your hand, but seriously, don't take his right-right (joystick) one. He doesn't want to drive down into *that* kind of stream!

All that matters is the distance between your eyes and his. You see the broken part on the midline of his bottom lip? There's a miniature flap of skin peeling off. Would you like a midnight snack? No, he doesn't want Chap Stick, only the one on your tender lips of juice (he shouldn't drink and drive). Placing them upon his, it might go away for good.

You're kissing him?! Girls don't kiss boys in wheelchairs, especially a poisonous frog like him! Are you crazy?! Really?! For him?!

He always wanted his first to be with the girl who stays with him for the rest of his life, yet none of that matters because it was

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yours. You've just made his dreams come true. Though, you should probably let go by now since your face is turning blue. Ventilator kisses last forever, and he doesn't want to kill you, or have his last memories of you as the one resembling that of a Chinese vampire.

Guess what?! He loves you! Ricky is head over wheels in love with you, and it's time. No, wait. It's getting kind of chilly and he needs an extra coat; yours. Didn't I tell you he wanted a really pretty girl to be his boyfriend? Just don't try and zip it up because first of all, it's impossible with his chest strap, but more importantly, considering the jacket zipper incident involving his nipple, it isn't a good idea!

His nose is getting drippy. It's your chance to show your love by wiping it for him. It's also time to get your nose hair ticket stub, but please leave it on your fingertip. Tell him to close his eyes and blow on it. Ricky has never wished upon a star because he always needed to wish upon your heart.

With the inch-long nose hair drifting about in the air above reflections of moonlight upon the river of distilled urine and liquefied excrement, whisper in his ear, "I love you too." As your soft-spoken words seep into his heart, his wish will come true, while the illuminated abyss envelops your surroundings. This moment has transcended the fabric of space and time, and you've been taken to the future…

By now, you've learned to care for Ricky for the most part. Since he's on a ventilator with a tube down his trachea, he requires suctioning every now and then. Could you help him?

No-no, the other suction… no, the other suction!

THE OTHER SUCTION!!!

WARNING: The following assembly of alphabets contains scenes of sexuality, and possibly nudity depending on your imagination. Reader discretion is advised.

You're a fan of kiwi, right? Do you swallow seeds? Before anything, remove his condom (catheter) first, no jokes. What? How did you think he peed in an external bag? You need to take everything off… JUST THE CONDOM!!!

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After transferring him onto bed, you'll see the seven inches of solid glory. This happens on occasion when he has the urge for intercourse with his belly button. Freshening up in the bathroom, you're going to make it worse when he hears you in the shower. Nothing is more amazing than soapy boobs. He wants to be your douche.

No, he can't get his mind out of the gutter. It's already marinated. If "horny" was a verb, he'd use it more often. He doesn't understand why pornography is even necessary when he strives to be your monogamous perv. He doesn't understand why some women want implants when increasing boobage is to not wear anything at all. You might not need lingerie, but he definitely needs ice!

Ricky needs to stop thinking about your breastesses. His drool is freezing with all the ice on his pants. And what's taking so long? He almost bruised his thigh toppling over. You aren't taking a dump, are you? It's unnatural for girls to poo. Beautiful creatures can't produce excrement. It's a *fraud*.

Don't freak out when you discover the ugly truth. It's not his fault for being uncircumcised. His friends used to call him "Ricky the piggy the banana peel dicky". He suspects it's the kid he exposed himself with in grade one who ratted him out.

Remember when he promised to eat you out for a romantic dinner? He wants to return the favour, but there are certain technicalities that need to be overcome. It can be rather daunting, which includes getting you off (his face). There needs to be a sort of signal, in Morse code perhaps, because I don't think you'd want him to bite your vagina.

While kissing your, uh… lips, he might get an itchy nose, but it's compensation for the hair he lost during the ticket stub time travel. He promises to treat you gently, as long as you don't lean forward too much and hurt his trach site. He *will* use teeth for emergency purposes!

Sadly, Ricky can't "do" you due to his physical limitations. This dude needs to be do'd! He believes in mandatory foreplay, so make sure to smother him once in a while. He lied when he said he wanted

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to be your best friend because all he ever wanted was a breast friend. You can even become bosom buddies in those special moments of sharing a bucket of fried chicken, thanks to the injected hormones.

In the heat of the moment, he'll ask for suctioning… again? No, the *real* suction! Sexual therapy is apparently more effective than physiotherapy.

As you continue, you'll feel a warm sensation going up your extra sexy spine for ten seconds straight. You know how hot air likes to rise? Flatulence is the same, but don't be alarmed and potentially ruin the moment. Rectal restriction happens when Ricky sits all day, and your ferocity is his release.

Falling asleep in the comfort of your arms with your sweet breath upon his face, the melodic rhythm of your heart will soon become his dreamy lullaby. Because of your loving affections, he'll find the slumber of dreamland for once in his life. He loves you so much.

Should you awake in the middle of the night and discover a certain mass beside you, it's your opportunity to cure him from his Morning Horniness Syndrome. After twenty-four hours of non-stop, steamy… no, scratch that, unless you want him to die of sex, which is great, except, Ricky doesn't want to die! Make love with him by interlocking fingers, but his are girly and delicate so please be gentle. I know you're envious of them, but they're yours anyway.

Lying next to him as the sunlight embraces your graceful silhouette, don't forget to reach for his hands. They're even softer at dawn. You wouldn't want to miss the chance, and by the way, congratulations once again because Ricky is officially your bitch.

That's right. You're the asshole and he's the bitch. If at any time you feel like taking on his role, know that he'll one-up you by being a cunt. Face it. You can't win, even when you do. He can be so much of a bitch that he won't even share this scrumptious cookie with you. What are you, insane?!

Wait, what? You're crying? Sigh… did I mention that Ricky is cursed? Yes, he really had to pick this time of the month to be mean!

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Curled up in the corner with beautiful heart cries leaking from your eyes, his heart is breaking in two. His one wish is to write words of encouragement on Band-Aids and stick them all over your face. He wants to peel a juicy grape to cheer you, but even that he can't do. He can only remain jealous of those diamond droplets of dreams, kissing your darling cheeks.

But emotional girls are super cute, and right now, you look like a mozzarella ball. How can he keep from giggling when you look like a round lump of bandaged cheese? He'll apologize immediately before bursting in laughter. When he does, run towards him and squeeze tight because clingy girls are hot, except, he just ruined everything by cracking up, while you're giving him the dirty look. This is why he's faking death, in fear that you might cut it off.

As you proceed to give him mouth-to-mouth, which won't work considering he's on a ventilator (on second thought, never mind), hilarious air pressure will cause your mouths to inevitably explode. Good thing laughter is contagious because your thoughts on castration have been forgotten. It is then that he'll apologize for real. Don't you get tired of being right all the time?

All ridiculousness aside, pride will never be of importance when it comes to you. You mean everything to him. What does it matter who's right or wrong when you're his world? It means a lot that you've let him in your heart to the point where he's able to make you cry through means of denying cookies because he needs to be needed by you.

What Ricky doesn't realize however, is the fact that you didn't cry because of baked goods. You were emotional because you realized you couldn't continue a relationship with him, while getting rich from picnic restaurants won't make a difference when it was never about that. You really love him, don't you? I know this is one of the most difficult things you'll do when he's the last person you'd ever want to hurt, but breaking up with him is a very crucial step. He knows this and understands.

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Softly plunging your quivering lips into his with salty tears falling into his mouth, give him one last hug before leaving. Wrap your arms around and hold him like you're never letting go. This is the moment he'll remember for the rest of his life.

Just don't blame him for not following you to the foyer during your departure because he knows you need to pee again. He has super hearing and doesn't want your drippy urethra to be a part of his final memory of the girl he loves, more than you'll ever know.

When you open the closet, you'll find a present with your name attached. It's an elegant dress made from finish line ribbons because you've made his life complete.

Will you please stop crying, sweetie? At least you didn't get dumped by a cripple!

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Average Women Don't Exist

July 11, 2010 @ 21:29

Sadly, there's a gross misconception in our society that the female gender can only be defined by three categories: beautiful, ugly, and average. This dangerous mindset affects us as a whole, while girls and women from across the globe associate self-worth with outer appearances. They have an impossible time accepting themselves.

As a result, we see a growing trend in dressing sleazily, starvation to achieve the overly anorexic, malnourished look, and the excessive use of makeup. How did it get to the point where women are letting the media et al determine their way of life?

First of all, we need to establish a healthy mentality in that women can never be identified through their external constituents. They're individual people with dissimilar characteristics and personalities. Instead, it's the complete opposite, and we can see this by looking into the history of makeup.

Did you know women used to wear lead paint to make their faces look pale? Light skin suggested a lifestyle of leisure, while the darker version was identified with one of labour. Though lethal, they still plastered their bodies with whiteners and blemish removers to maintain this complexion. They even bled themselves at one point (during the sixth century).

Even more extreme was how as well as lead, they used mercury as a beauty aid, which eventually ruined their epidermis. Such drastic measures caused hair loss, stomach problems, and the shakes. Despite the death of courtesan Kitty Fisher, most women continued the usage of these "remedies".

For blush, cheeks were either rubbed with beet juice, or pinched. For a high hairline, women wrapped their foreheads with bandages dipped in vinegar steeped in cat droppings.

Face masks were made with breakfast foods including oatmeal, honey, and eggs. Having bright eyes required drops of lemon juice, while beads of hot wax were used for mascara. During the early 1910s, lipstick was tattooed onto lips by "beauty doctor" George Burchett.

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How unfortunate is it that these are just some of the examples of the evolution of cosmetics?

Although most of the aforementioned dangers have been omitted through time, this unhealthy mindset of needing to alter the body image remains. Can stuffing their chests with balloons full of liquids really emulate a sense of completion?

The best form of beauty is natural, and when women understand the attractiveness of being free. It's when they define themselves with themselves alone, without requiring the approval of others.

There's nothing wrong with being thin, and it's okay to be a little chubby. We're not meant to be cardboard people, but different. Beauty comes from being healthy.

As a man, I always prefer "before" than "after". Ask any honest person and they'll tell you the same. If you take someone with her face all caked with makeup and peel it off, there's a beautiful girl underneath.

Average women don't exist because everyone is beautiful when they're defined by who they are. We need to stand firm on this matter, and as a society, encourage the younger generation especially, to be their own best friends. Once girls and women start associating confidence and self-esteem with their hearts and minds, they won't define themselves with external sources.

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To My Daughter With Love

July 20, 2010 @ 22:17

My dearest Daughter,

You don't know how much it breaks my heart to write this, but something needs to be said. I've brought the issue to your attention on several occasions and every time it was mentioned, you pretended not to hear. As a mother, it's a duty of mine to look after my children to the best of my abilities, even if they end up hating me.

Sweetheart, your relationship with Ricky can't continue. When I see the way you look into his eyes, I know you've fallen in love. I've seen you together, laughing and crying at the most ridiculous things. I know he makes you happy. Watching you take care of him with such love and determination, it makes me realize time and time again how proud I am of my little girl.

But this is what worries me. Your love for him is blinding you from the sad realities of life. This will hurt the both of you, more than you can ever imagine. I don't want that to happen when you deserve so much happiness.

I understand you've always thought that I never liked him since the beginning, but I've only been concerned. I see sadness in him, and know his heart can easily be torn apart, by my amazing, beautiful daughter no less.

You can't be so naive about these things and forget the tomorrows ahead. Can you really handle sharing a life with someone who's completely dependent on you physically? This is something you need to consider.

Love isn't everything when relationships require security. How can he provide for and protect you when he can't even take care of himself? All he has is a handful of words that might touch your precious heart.

And I don't mean to be cruel, but with his "genetic but not hereditary disease", he probably won't have much longer. It wouldn't be fair to your children when they might not have a father.

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My dearest Daughter, I love you so much. I'd give my life in exchange for yours without hesitation. I only want what's best for you, and somewhere inside, you know what I'm saying is true.

Last night, Ricky sought your father's blessing in asking for your hand in marriage. If you have any doubts about your future with him, you need to end this quickly before it's much too late. He doesn't deserve to have his heart destroyed because of your stubbornness to accept the truth, when he has already endured a life of hardships.

Darling, you're not a little girl anymore and you need to think this through before making the biggest mistake of your life. I hope this letter finds you. I hope it finds you well.

Love,
Mom

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Why I'm Against Women's Liberation

July 22, 2010 @ 20:29

First of all, it's imperative to establish the fact that men and women have different roles. They come with restrictions that need to be followed, while these boundaries demand respect.

Unfortunately, there's a misconception regarding equality, where the line between male and female is getting blurred. The women's liberation movement has perverted its own definition to the point of no return. "Freedom" is being drowned in with the rest of what the media et al have forced us to swallow throughout the last half century. It's madness.

And yet men who share this way of thinking are accused of being chauvinist pigs and suffer persecution for their old-fashioned, gentlemanly views. This makes me angry. What happened to being ladylike?

Feminism is a fraud. This false idea of equality isn't only hurting the younger generation, but destroying the sacredness of womanhood as well. The fact remains. Gender roles were sanctioned as a method of protection.

Women were made with sugar and spice and everything nice. They need to know their place. How can anyone in their right mind ever consider that they belong anywhere else except in places of safety?

As controversial as this issue may be, even though there shouldn't be one, I care about women. However, they need to humble themselves and start recognizing their "liberation" for what it really is; a deception out of the bowels of hell. We must say no to this movement because it misleads us into believing that women poo too, and it's wrong.

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A Love Letter To Middle Eastern Women

August 9, 2010 @ 23:58

Dear Middle Eastern Women,

Ana farhana lana 2abeltak ya habibti, ya noor 3eini. I always find you looking to the distant afar with the most fashionable sunglasses in your sad look of anticipation. The mystery behind them is the part that entices me so, and my heart shall craft a blank canvas for untold fairytales come true…

Gazing into your deep brown eyes of the darkest pomegranate elixir, it bursts into life in a supernova of opal champagne. They glimmer in the radiance of sunlight, and while I lose myself in them, a prayer is sung in dedication to you.

Though you hide behind the confines of your niqāb, the song of blessing inspires you to remove your veil of safety. With the sun's warmth upon your face, it reveals your skin of silk, like the unblemished virgin whiteness of desert sand. The darling pout of your date flavoured lips takes me away to another realm of existence, where broken hearts are enchanted and bittersweet.

It saddens me, when you feel less attractive than your ethnically diverse sisters. Yet the natural masterpiece of your nose that was carefully formed by Allah is the essence defining the way of a woman, for every imperfection is a pathway towards your perfection. Though they evoke me to exalt you in kisses from head to toe, your tearful droplets are the descendants of gemstones, and my only desire is to softly touch them away.

The majestic ocean of your face tells a miraculous tale from the Qur'an as your cries drift to distant shores. Your smiles begin to surface and the rhythm of my heart grows in excitement. Seeing your delightful happiness is like having a suicide bomb inside my chest, ready to explode with ecstasy at any given moment.

All you'll ever have to do to activate my incredible joy is open your tender mouth and whisper endearing romances. In your words, the first spitting rain of summer will emerge with an appearance of the most vibrant rainbow. They create a mirage of hopes and dreams for a beginning of you and me.

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Dear Middle Eastern Women, you might think the only reason I want to marry and spend Arabian nights with you is because of your graceful hospitality. You might even think it's so I may possess you and make you mine. Well it isn't the reason why.

A woman's freedom is sacred, and love is to give you wings, while hoping for your stay. I promise not to let you go like Abraham did to Hagar, but continue cherishing you. I've no camels to offer, but with this remarkable motor and horn, I hope you'll hitch with me.

As the oscillating motions of your hypnotic belly dance make their way toward me, I'm drawn to the many dreams of nurturing your womb. You'll always remain to be the morning dew upon a desert rose and the Mecca in my spirit and soul.

Will you roll away with me on this magic wheelchair ride tonight?

Your Converted Infidel,
Rickhammad Abdul-Jamaal

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I'm Cursed

I Almost Died As A Transvestite

August 11, 2010 @ 22:56

Last night was rather epic, considering the fact that I almost *died*. And it's not to say I'm fragile, but a fall would be disastrous.

While nursie was preparing me to be transferred onto bed, I found her behind my wheelchair. I wondered what she was doing since it was out of routine, but as soon as I realized what was going on and yelled her name, it was already too late. She unbuckled me from the chest strap and my body fell forward.

Fortunately, she grabbed me before I hit the ground, but with her arm across my neck, it dislocated my trach tube. I couldn't breathe properly, and added to the initial shock, the incident was incredibly scary.

After having our basement done, I ran out of long johns. She checked everywhere to no avail, but when I asked her to call upstairs, she resisted until I insisted.

When dad came down with no reward, he made an ingenious suggestion.

"Uh, no dad, I'm not wearing mom's pink underwear! No!"

I spent the night wearing tighty-whities, listening to a sermon about how exposing the thigh is nakedness with my penis dangling on the side.

Well, shit…

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The Art Of Loving A Woman More

August 21, 2010 @ 0:26

As the blinding sunlight gradually emerges from a distant afar, its warmth grows ambient unto the surrounding darkness. Suddenly, the perpetual dream becomes one of hopefulness, while all that was unseen begins bursting into life. With its radiance reflecting upon the calm of the ocean, my heart is finally made free…

> **Me:** "How is it possible to reach your heart without even the touch of my fingertips?"
> **Her:** "Ricky, romance isn't always a journey of solitude, but learning together. If the measure of love can only be determined through the limitations of human physicality, then it's neither worth living nor dying for. What else matters except the destination we've found within our hearts?"

This is the part where everything comes together, realizing that limitations are nothing more than a challenge to overcome. All you might have is a handful of words, but it might mean something to her. Trust in her by faith, for this art is to be discovered with only the hope of her stay.

To love a woman is a journey of reflection, through the things you've learned in redefining romance. They'll often say, "I couldn't forgive myself if something happened to you." However, it's about removing yourself from the equation and growing in selflessness.

As you venture through the walls of her heart, you'll soon realize that someone like her is never enough, and she alone is the one pathway towards your purpose. While love is innately possessed, learning to need her is inevitable. Once fallen, the longing to give a part of yourself comes naturally.

When you need the part you've given and her as well, opportunity is to take the initiative and reveal desires by loving her the way you want to be loved. In opening your eyes, you'll understand that

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hesitation is her way of surrender. Her emotional vulnerability rests at your words' enfold.

It's to protect her integrity unconditionally, even in your defence. Pride is nothing compared to her values, and acknowledging your flaws is to also refrain from letting her slip away with you. Encourage her to fortify your continuance in becoming more than the man you were meant to be.

To love a woman is a journey of caring for her in silence, the place where romance lies. In bittersweet shadows, it's to become a part of her pain and show that she needn't be alone. When you capture the momentum of redemption within the distance between your eyes and hers, only then will your love grow stronger.

Because in realizing your effort and willingness no matter how, when, or where, her heart will be moved to mirror your affections. This is the moment of forevermore, where the beginning of your story, the greatest ever told, unfolds.

One day, when her gracefulness falls upon your arms in a moment of tiredness, you'll know to treat her with tenderness and carefulness, and all because you took the time to learn to love her. It's when you see beauty within her everything, and watching her sleep becomes the primer for romance.

And when you realize her beautiful heart cries aren't really heart cries, but droplets of diamond dreams, that's when you've taken a step in discovering the art of loving a woman more. This is where I am.

If there's a way to transcend the fabric of space and time with the touch of literary fingertips, I promise that I'll find it, even if I'm to sacrifice my every hope and dream. I need to believe that romance exists, because without it, there'd be nothing left to fight for.

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A Day In The Life Of My Brain

August 31, 2010 @ 21:50

The Early, Early Morn

Me: "What the hell?! Come on, turn off the damn lights! It's only eleven o'clock and…"
Myself: MY EYES, MY FRIGGIN' EYES!!! I'M MELTING!!! I'M MELTING!!!
I: Ricky, you idiot, you ain't no witch. You're Natalie Portman's little bitch!
Me: "Yes, yes, I'm ready to get up. Could you hurry, uh, please… mom?"
Myself: Oh shit! It's the scary vibrating clunk from that metal rack thingy at the bottom of the shit chair to hold the just-in-case-I-had-too-much-fish-and-chips bucket…
I: What the hell?! What if a really pretty girl reads this? She might think you actually take dumps in a bucket, genius!
Myself: Seriously, who the hell cares? We're screwed anyway!
I: Sigh… you're right. It's going to poke us in the ass this time. I'm sure.

The Shit

Me: "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the sexiest of them all? You are! No, you are! I can't help it. I'm a sexy beast, and this hoodie makes me cute!"
Myself: What a relief! It didn't poke us in the ass after all.
I: We shall see what happens tomorrow. You wanna bet on it?
Myself: What are you, a masochist?
I: Hell yes!

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Myself: Even when it comes to your ass?
I: Well…
Myself: TAKE COVER! IT'S A DEEP WATER MINE!
I: Now *that* was a good one!
Five minutes later.
Myself: Whoa-ho-ho, and *that* was nuclear!
I: FIRE IN THE HOLE!!!

The Shower

Me: "Mom, I'm ready!"
Myself: You know, I'm really glad she's finally back from Hong Kong. I haven't taken a shower in three weeks!
I: Are you a glutton for punishment? Why can't you let dad and your aunt help?
Myself: Um, I might have a thing for Natalie Portman, but I'm not about to get a full-body circumcision for anyone…
I: Ha!

The Preparation

Myself: Wait. What happened to the shower scene?!
I: Water and soap isn't very exciting, especially when you're a guy. It's kind of homoerotic.
Myself: No it's not. Mom was doing my shower routine, remember?
I: …
Myself: For crying out loud, how long does it take for this nurse to get ready?! I'm cold and wet and naked and freezing over here!

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I: I often wonder how fat people get undressed. It must be like a dog trying to chase its own tail. And why is it that morbidly obese women always have the tiniest husbands?
Myself: Lol, so true.
I: Did you just pronounce the Internet lingo acronym for "laughing out loud"?
Myself: Finally, I can warm up to the HeatDish! She's mighty hot, isn't she?
I: Are you flirting with the heater again? You're really flirting with disaster!
Myself: Uh-oh…
I: Your eyebrows got burnt off, didn't they?
Myself: No, I have an erection.
I: But you're on a toilet seat on wheels, and your friend is underneath. You know it's going to fling forward once you go up on the ceiling lift, right?
Myself: Then let's have a drippy penis contest!
I: A what?!
Myself: A drippy penis contest, to see if we can fling a droplet of water across the room.
I: You. Have. *Issues*.
Myself: Here we go…
I: AHHH!!! HOUSTON, WE HAVE A PROBLEM!!! THE HARDNESS IS SQUISHING!!!
Myself: Ten… nine… eight… seven… six…
I: HOW LONG IS YOUR DICK?!
Myself: Five… four… three… two…
Time slows, and the theme song for 'Chariots of Fire' begins.
I: LIIIFT ORRRFFF…
Myself: It's a bird!
I: It's a plane!

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Myself: It's a crystal-clear droplet of leftover soft shower water that causes high blood pressure after consumption according to research, marinated in penis with a hint of yellow, rocketing towards the wall! And… and it's evaporating from the heater heat!
I: How the hell can you see in such detail without glasses? Do you have invisible high definition warm beer goggles on or something?
Myself: DEAR GODS!!! IT'S THE ATTACK OF THE GIANT RACK!!!
I: So what, you're afraid of boobs now?
Myself: Look for yourself, dumbass!
I: OH GODS, YOU'RE RIGHT!!! AND THEY'RE HEADED OUR WAY!!!
Myself: I'm scared!
I: I'm scared too!
Me: "What? No, what are you doing? You have to pull my underwear up first! Yes, *up*!"
Myself: I don't get it. I really don't…
I: You know she's got your dick between your ass cheeks, right?
Myself: Don't remind me.
I: This numbskull is pulling your underwear up with the pant leg, from inside. It's like an anti-wedgie.
Myself: An anti-what?!
I: AN ANTI-WEDGIE!!!
Myself: Sigh…
Me: "Excuse me, nursie? Yes, could you please push my penis back towards the front? It's going to fall off soon if you keep pulling (laughs)."
Myself: You're laughing?
I: I told you I was a masochist!
Myself: Even when it comes to your penis?

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I: Well…
Five minutes later… no, ten minutes.
Myself: Who the hell takes ten minutes to put on pants?!
I: PANTS!!!
Myself: Yay, it's finally time to start chest physio!
I: Uh-oh, those scary boobs have returned. Here we go again!
Myself: Honestly, I've never been so fearful of boobs in my entire life. This woman is in dire need of a breast reduction.
I: Breast reduction? But that's a crime against nature!
Myself: Not for her… not for those cantaloupes! They're probably a thousand years old.
I: Sort of like Charles Bronson when he smiles.
Myself: No, more like dinosaur scrotums.
I: Hilarious!
Myself: I wonder if she remembers how to use the vibrator.
I: For the last time, it's a "massager"!

The Wheelchair

Me: "You should secure me with the chest strap first."
Myself: Damn it, why is this thing so tight again?
I: It's all that fried chicken you engulf on a weekly basis. You're developing a cup size.
Myself: The grease?
I: No, the hormones. Don't you know how much junk they inject into those birds?
Myself: But it's only $2.00 on Tuesdays!
I: $2.49, you cheap bastard!
Myself: Dear gods no…

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I: What now?
Myself: Can't you feel that?
I: Hello…? I'm just some voice inside your brain, and your free ticket to the loony bin. I can't feel your feelings, remember?
Myself: Oh, well the thing is… SHE'S GOT MY NIPPLE, STUCK!!!
I: Trust me. You've got a lot worse coming, and soon.
Myself: How would you know?
I: 'Cause you're writing about past experiences, and I'm one of the loony bin characters you've created. Are you sure you don't have Alzheimer's?
Myself: At least they have good food at the loony bin. It's colourful, made of plastic, and infused with free laxatives, yum…
I: But wouldn't the difficulty of digesting plastic in junction with laxatives emulate the original bowel movement?
Me: "Excuse me, nursie? Could you please readjust my underwear? I have an anti… I mean crease riding up my butt, thanks."
Myself: Dear gods no…
I: If only words could face-palm you…
Me: "No nursie, no!"
Myself: SHE PINCHED MY FORESKIN!!!
I: Or what's left of it.

The Brunch

Me: "I'm just having an orange. I'm saving room for tonight."
Myself: As well as the fact that there's only five minutes of your shift remaining!

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I: So you're just having an orange?
Myself: YES!!!
Five minutes later.
Myself: Thank God she's leaving!
I: Good riddance.
Twenty-four minutes later. No joke.
Myself: #@$%&!@@#, how long does it take to write in her chart?!
I: This reminds me of the last answer question answer theme song for 'Jeopardy', only stretched a little longer.
Myself: A "little"?!
Five minutes later.
Me: "You too, have a nice week!"
Myself: And I hope you fall off a cliff and *die*.
I: Only if there aren't any innocent critters roaming around, like diseased rodents for example, those poor little animals!

The Car Ride, Part One

Me: "All right dad, I'm in the van elevator."
Myself: Ouch! I hit my head! It must be the broccoli from yesterday. I'm growing.
I: No argument there. Broccolis are like miniature trees.
Myself: Crap, I'm half blind again.
I: Are you sure it's not your shades? You look like a blind man driving.
Me: "Dad, when are you getting the back seats removed? My face is half a foot away from your headrest!"
Myself: Oh good, my beloved iPod Nano!
I: Britney Spears?!

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Myself: Shut up.
I: Whoa-ho-ho-ho-ho! You have *got* to look out the window for this one, the super hot Latina with the long hair. Damn, wouldn't I like to el fucko that fine piece of a…
Myself: AHHH!!! IT'S A MAN!!!
I: FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK!!!
Myself: Now that I think about it, I could probably turn some heads. I'm kind of über sexy, don't you think?
I: Yeah, if you smiled. You could cause accidents with the leftover broccoli in your teeth.
Me: "Wait, you're asking *me* for directions? I don't know!"
Myself: Hell, I don't know anything about streets. I only know sidewalks, and they don't even have signs.
I: Can't you at least try and be a little helpful and recognize a few?
Myself: No, because I'm half blind!!!

The Handjob Incident

Me: "Hi, I'm here for an appointment to try something new."
Myself: This is great. With a condom catheter, I can finally pee freely!
I: You should know they used to make condoms out of sheep intestines.
Myself: Don't know, don't care. All I want is an independent pee.
Me: "Hi there. I'm fine, thanks. How about you? How are you on this fine afternoon?"
Myself: She seems nice, don't you think?

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I: She's okay, I guess.
Me: "Oh, so it's easier when I'm transferred onto bed? I see, and you're going to teach us how to put it on?"
One minute later.
Myself: Hmmm, I wonder why she's massaging me…
I: Because you have to be erect first, stupid. It's normal. You have nothing to worry about, really.
Me: "…"
Myself: SHIT!!! SHE'S GOT CAPTAIN SEAMAN BY THE CHOKEHOLD AND SHE'S RUBBING MY DICK!!! SHE'S RUBBING MY DICK!!!
I: SHE'S GIVING YOU A HANDJOB!!!
Me: "…"
Myself: OH GODS, PLEASE DON'T CUM!!! PLEASE, FOR THE LOVE OF PANTS, DON'T CUM!!! DON'T CUM, DON'T CUM, DON'T CUM!!! NOT IN FRONT OF DAD, NOT IN FRONT OF… MOM!!! NOT IN FRONT OF LITTLE TIMMY!!!
I: Little Timmy?
Myself: What? He's that orphan child from those Christmas specials. I thought it was funny to give him a mention.
I: That's so messed up.
Me: "…"
Myself: NO TIME FOR JOKES! THINGS ARE ABOUT TO BLOW!!!
I: QUICK! THINK ABOUT MARTHA STEWART!
Myself: But she's kind of a MILF!
I: True…
Myself: ANY MORE SUGGESTIONS, GENIUS?!

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I: I DON'T KNOW! LOOK AT HER FACE! SHE'S LIKE EIGHTY! THINK ABOUT THE EXTINCT SPECIES OF JEWISH ELEPHANTS!!!
Myself: JEWISH ELEPHANTS?!
I: UNCIRCUMCISED PENISES!!!
Me: "Oh, you're done? Thanks so much."
Myself: Phew! That was close, but what the hell? She just called us a "good boy".
I: Well, shit…

The Car Ride, Part Two

Me: "Let's get out of here."
Myself: You know, I should have just had the happy ending.
I: I agree with you wholeheartedly.
Myself: What?! Then why didn't you tell me?!
I: 'Cause you're stupid, stupid.
Myself: I'm stupid?! No, you're stupid!
I: Exactly, because I'm you, stupid!
Myself: Damn it, I need to pee real badly.
I: Why didn't you pee earlier?
Myself: Because Josh Groban's grandmother was raising me up!!!
I: Oh, but hey, you can pee all you want now.
Myself: Right, except, I can't do it in a moving vehicle no matter how hard I squeeze!
I: Hey! Red light!
Myself: Trying. Trying. Almost…
I: Green light!
Myself: FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK!!!
Fifteen minutes later.
I: Are you okay? You don't look so well.

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Myself: Can't… pee. Urine… bladder… poison, poisoning!
I: Look! It's your path to salvation! Another red light!
Myself: Trying. Trying. Almost. Almost. Getting there. Getting there…
I: Green light!
Myself: FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK!!!
Five minutes later.
I: RED LIGHT! GO-GO-GO-GO-GO! Remember to relax!
Myself: Trying. Trying. Almost. Almost. Getting there. Getting there. Yes, yes, excellent, excellent…
I: Super hot Latina at ten o'clock!
Myself: FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK!!!

The Restaurant

Me: "Remember mom, it's my treat!"
Myself: I peed! I really peed! I can't wait to try that spinach artichoke dip. Must be delicious!
Me: "Hi. Oh, it's the other way?"
Myself: Stupid-stupid-stupid! I must have looked like an idiot in front of that cute receptionist!
I: So what? It's not as if you ever had a chance with any girl to begin with.
Myself: But still…
I: Forget it, okay?
Me: "Yes, I'd like the spinach artichoke dip please."
Five minutes later.
Myself: AHHH!!! IT'S HOT, IT'S HOT!!!
I: What do you mean "hot"? Dips aren't supposed to be hot.
Myself: Fine, try it yourself if you don't believe me.

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I: AHHH!!! IT'S HOT, IT'S HOT!!!
Myself: I win.
I: You know you just burned your own tongue, twice, right?
Myself: Damn it, that cute waitress is coming from behind again. I can't see her pretty face!
I: Give it up, will you?
Myself: Salad?
I: You need the fibre. Don't you remember being constipated after having too much meat?
Myself: Not really, but I do remember that chicken pot pie from the early Nineties. Apparently, too much crust can constipate on and off for seven years.
I: Sigh… just… just have the Cesar salad!
Myself: I don't like romaine lettuce though. It's kind of bitter.
I: Then have the garden.
Myself: But I hate tomatoes!
I: THEN GIVE THEM TO MOM AS AN EXTRA GIFT! JUST MAKE A CHOICE!
Me: "Mustard dressing? Er…"
Me: "Peppercorn? Er…"
Me: "Raspberry?!"
Myself: That's disgusting! How can sweet go with salad?
I: It's gourmet.
Myself: Honestly, these Westerners have the weirdest taste!
I: Gourmet!
Tumbleweed rolls.
Me: "Really? I can have Cesar dressing with the garden salad? Okay!"
Myself: Why didn't I think of that?

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I: You know, she probably thinks you're a 'tard…
Myself: Well, I admit I'm a little 'tard-ish at times.
I: "Ish"?
Myself: Yes! French fries!
I: You came all the way here to have fries? …Yes! Mashed potatoes!
Myself: You came all the way here for hospital food?
I: Ha, ha, very funny. Now dip it in!
Myself: Dip what in?
I: Dip the fries… in the potatoes, dipshit!
Myself: You want me to put carbs over carbs? What, you want me dead or something?
I: Listen, boy. I'll kill you myself if you don't dip it in! Dip it, dip-dip-dip! I dare you!
Myself: Mmmm… über starch flavour…
Forty-five minutes later.
Me: "Pssst!… dad! Where's that surprise cupcake with the one candle?"
Five minutes later.
Me: "Pssst!… dad! Where's that surprise cupcake with the one candle? Pretend to go to the bathroom and ask!"
Five minutes later.
Me: "Pssst!… dad! Go pee!"
Myself: I wish I needed to pee, using the bathroom!
I: For that cheap ass cupcake? You can buy a dozen from Costco, cheap!
Five minutes later.
Me: "You really don't need to pee? You still think it'll come? You really, really think so? Fine… don't pee! See if I care!"
Two seconds later.
Me: "PEE!!!"

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Myself: This air conditioning is freezing my ass off! I'm blowing my nose every 1:37 minutes, and it's driving me insane!
I: Let's hope you don't need to blow when, or if that cheap ass cupcake comes. It could be quite embarrassing, especially under this spotlight with the surrounding audience.
Me: "Could someone wipe my nose again, mom?"
I: ♫ Happy bir…
Myself: DON'T DO THAT!
Me: "Yeah, let's go. There's no free cake."
Myself: Man, I'm stuffed!
I: You'll definitely have stretch marks by tomorrow morning.
Myself: Well hello cute receptionist! See, she smiled back! Must be the TAG Body Spray!
I: She's paid to be nice, and plus, she's probably laughing at you for having something in your teeth.
Myself: Dear You, when I look into your eyes…
I: Ricky, you have got to stop writing your stupid mind letters to these beautiful smiles before you end up getting hurt. Girls don't go for you. They want someone to take care of them, not the other way around. You know this.
Me: "Bye."

The Car Ride, Part Three

Me: "Mmmm… skunk on the highway!"
Myself: Smells like roasted pumpkin seeds.
I: The hell are you talking about?!
Myself: Skunks. They smell like pumpkin seeds. Really.

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I: Aiya, fine! Go ahead and listen to your Britney Spears and wallow in self-pity for your impossible romances. Just shut up about the skunk!
Two minutes later.
Myself: ♫ When a man loves a woman, he can do her no wrong. He can never hump someone again…
I: What do you mean never "hump" someone again? Did she castrate him… fully? Let me check. Right, it's "He can never own some other girl."
Myself: What the hell? Did you just go offline-online to look for lyrics? What do you have, some sort of Internet cache inside your brain?
Three minutes later.
Myself: ♫ Tale as old as time, song as old as lime, beauty and the beast…
I: "RHYME"!!!

Home Sweet Home

Me: "Hey nursie. How are you?"
Fifteen minutes later.
Me: "Oh, and remember to remove my *large* condom catheter, yeah."
Myself: Large!
I: LARGE!!!
Me: "No! Not the whole thing! Just the condom!"
Myself: That is *not* funny! Ahhh!
I: Looks like you're joining The *Pubic* Hair Club for Men.
Me: "'Sup'? Oh, the suppository for my haemorrhoids! Yes, I need that tonight, thanks."
Myself: Sup?

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I: Hey, next time when some gangster with pants almost falling off comes up to you and says the same, you can poke his ass with solidified cream. And it won't be statutory, but *suppository* rape.
Myself: Oh gods, not again… I'm really getting pissed that romantic music always comes on whenever someone pokes my ass, particularly the theme song for 'Ghost'. And man that's cold!
I: Why the hell did you make it so cold then?
Myself: Because. It melts at room temperature.
I: So basically, she's poking your hairy ass with a homemade cocksicle? Well, at least she doesn't have your underwear backwards with the hole on the other end. You'll be safe from grapists.
Myself: Grapists?
I: Gay rapists!
Forty-five minutes later.
Me: "Right, you have to put the edge of the urinal between the scrotum and shaft so it won't spill."
Five minutes later.
Me: "No, the *edge* of the urinal between the scrotum and shaft."
Myself: Sigh… what can you do?
I: You do realize she's playing penis hokey pokie with your dick, right?
Myself: Penis hokey pokie?!
I: PENIS HOKEY POKIE!!!
Myself: THEIR GODS, SHE PUT EVERYTHING IN!!!
I: Oh, the humanity! The humanity!

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Sweet Dream, Ricky

Me: "Could you please switch to the other disc? Thanks."
I: I think you forgot the S. "Sweet dream Ricky" is grammatically incorrect.
Myself: Mom wrote it, and I'm not changing. I love my mommy.
I: Momma's boy!
Five minutes later.
Myself: You know, I'm really getting sick of staring at that massive brick wall in front of the window. It's depressing. I can't even find a star to empathize with the cartoon rat from 'An American Tale'.
I: It was a mouse…
Myself: Again, I wonder when I'll ever be loved.
I: I know, Ricky. I know. Don't think so much about it and go to sleep.
Three hours later.
Me: "Eh…"
Myself: Okay, so I just had sex with a dolphin.
I: You had sex with a what?!
Myself: A dolphin. I had sex with a dolphin.
I: YOU HAD SEX WITH A DOLPHIN?!
Myself: OH GODS!!! I HAD SEX WITH A DOLPHIN!!! AND SHE HAD LIPSTICK!!!
I: A DOLPHIN WITH LIPSTICK?!
Myself: A DOLPHIN WITH LIPSTICK!!!
I: YOU HAD SEX WITH A DOLPHIN, AND SHE HAD LIPSTICK?!
Myself: FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK!!!

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The Nurse Curse

September 7, 2010 @ 23:55

While I appreciate the nurses who care for me on an almost daily and nightly basis, to say I haven't encountered a handful of oddballs throughout the years would be quite the ridiculous understatement. Sadly, the morbidly obese aren't much of an exception.

There was a particular one who went in circles just to remove her coat. She looked like a three hundred pound turd muffin on a revolving display. She was a disaster in her attempts to pull my pants up, which always took more than ten minutes, and her laugh resembling that of Dr. Hibbert from 'The Simpsons' didn't help.

If that isn't crazy enough, she once had my penis in a configuration where I nearly had homosexual sex with myself. Usually, wheelchair people are immune to such forms of bullying, but for her, anti-wedgies were all but impossible.

Her utter stupidity was hilarious at first, until she almost killed me. During that incident, she pushed my body towards the wall so much that my face hit the rail of the bed. When I tried to stop her, she pulled me back to my original position, but not with my body. She reached over and grabbed hold of my trach tube, so I desperately tried to stop her again. She then used my neck as leverage, and at that point, I was screaming because she was twisting and pulling it backwards.

At the sound of my ventilator alarm, instead of looking to see if I was suffocating to death, her incompetent nature advised her to turn the machine *off*. This was only moments later.

Fortunately, my sister and mom were right outside on both occasions and stopped her before she could do any more harm. I'd have died if they weren't because the more I screamed for her to stop, the further she pulled my head, while having my ventilator off for so long would have been the end of me. She was immediately fired after I reported her.

Now, I've nothing against the overweight community, unless of course they start sitting on yours truly, but when my face is smothered in so much arm cellulite that even ventilation leaves me breathless, discrimination becomes justified. I'm baffled at why these people

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can't seem to realize that maybe they're not anorexic, and it's better to walk over to the other side. Because of them, I developed a phobia for melons.

As far as prejudice is concerned, old people aren't an exception either. When the agency called to inform that Myrtle the Turtle was coming as backup, I had an intuition since an American beach was already named after her. Coming out of the bathroom in the morning, she asked, "Do you want your underwear pulled up, or down?"

I've nothing against elderly nurses, only the medical crew from World War One. I had another who was ninety, had a hump on her back, and couldn't hear half of what I yelled. The only reason I'm against human rights is because she was still driving.

"HELLO! HOW ARE… NO, I SAID HELLO! YES! HELLO TO YOU TOO! HOW'S MOSES?!"

Who in their right mind would ever consider hiring someone from the land before time?

Let's not forget Colonel Sanders' fan "girl" (and I use the term very loosely), who had an obsession with the fried chicken leg in her purse, except, she wasn't familiar with technology from Star Trek, as in the microwave. She couldn't even Parallel Park. Dad had to do it for her.

She twisted my left arm that night and it remained sore for a couple months. I went to sleep at four o'clock in the morning, afraid to take a piss until a few seconds after she left when I called upstairs.

Funny, how after that fiasco, the agency was confused as to why things didn't work out. Apparently, she had a great deal of experience, but what they didn't realize was that it resulted from her working a day in every hospital known to humanity.

Unfortunately, trouble comes with my Morning Horniness Syndrome. I get so hard in the middle of the night that it lasts for five to ten minutes, but when you add a bipolar yet snobbish nurse with a British accent to the equation of holding down my erection, things can get somewhat "risqué". Even worse, she thought I was coming on

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to her and got upset every time. She was so bloody gutted once that when I asked her to readjust my arm, she ripped the blanket off so angrily that my ventilator tubing came with it.

She didn't realize that she only had to turn on the lights for the cure. Her smoke-marinated, leather-skinned face would have gotten me floppy in less than two seconds.

When I was introduced to my first male nurse, I thought it was great since we could understand each other better as men. As it turned out, though all my nurses are women, he was the biggest bitch of all.

He claimed to have mistresses from all over the United States that were used for sex despite having a wife and kids. He told me that women are supposed to be cheated on because they were meant to suffer. He forced his children to eat hot peppers whenever they disobeyed.

According to him, the Holocaust was a fraud and no one had ever been on the moon. In retrospect, he was probably being truthful when he said he never made flatus in his entire life. I suppose the pressure of methane acted as a method of lobotomy? He blamed gas for his beer belly, and said that exercise was useless.

He also claimed to have been a doctor back in his home country, where brain surgeries only cost a dollar, but never had the papers to prove his identity. It was his hobby to try and diagnose me with all sorts of junk.

When my tongue got a little white from eating salt and vinegar chips, he said I had Thrush. When there was a bubble of air inside my drainage bag, he said I had a bladder infection. When he saw that my secretions had a hint of yellow under the yellow light, he said I had Tuberculosis. The guy was nuts.

But it was when he diagnosed himself that I almost burst in laughter. He had an infection and blamed it on the women in the swimming pool. He said there was vaginal discharge, leaking out of his ears…

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Thank God for all the nurses that I currently have. They're nothing short of amazing, especially compared to the aforementioned buffoons. Ha!

And I thank God for the JEWISH social worker who established my nursing care.

Without them, I'd probably be in a medical facility somewhere.

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Daydreams For A Goddess

A Fairytale Come True

September 17, 2010 @ 22:24

It seemed like only yesterday when I laid eyes upon hers. Looking into them, I saw the sunlit reflections upon the calm of the Pacific. The silk of her skin resembled that of unblemished white sands, while her raven-shine hair seduced my heart to surrender.

The memories still resonate within me. I journeyed through a highway of lights as her soft-spoken voice surrounded me in an aura of radiant warmth. I was soon enveloped by the illuminated abyss and travelled to a dreamlike place of misty late afternoons forever.

And that realm of existence where my spirit and soul indwelled, though I was free of pain and suffering, there was still a lingering sadness. I remained to be imperfect without her presence.

Time was devoid of motion, and I missed her for an eternity. I talked to angels about her. I spent moment after moment retelling them of my great love, while the traces of our romance inspired the orange marmalade skies to rain the lost droplets of her heart. Those beautiful cries became diamonds as they touched the golden hayfields far and wide.

With each teardrop, I began to shape her kingdom. One piece at a time, I carried on building it, for millennia and aeons. In its completion, our bittersweet tale had become one that was broken. I rode into another abyss and transformed into the Dark Knight I was always meant to be. I was transported back to reality and tarried on for months in a state of rest, until I felt her sweet breath upon my face.

As she started to weep, I knew it was now or never. I felt her heart crumbling from within. It was then that I lifted my arm and reached to touch her tender cheek. She closed her eyes, letting go to my caress, and her tears flowed like a river.

"I've been waiting five years to tell you this," she cried. "I'm in love with you too, okay?"

When she returned my smiles, I entered dreamland for a while longer. I didn't know at first, but during the coma, they had found a cure for my weakness and continued treating me. This explains how

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I was able to raise my hand for the very first time since I lost my strength.

I awoke from time to time before the anaesthetics wore off, and when they did, I found her sitting next to me, asleep. With hands tucked neatly under her pretty head and fingertips peeking through sweater sleeves, the afternoon sunrays melted into the loveliness of her hair. I fell for her all over again with the incandescent sunlight atop white bed sheets that accentuated her angelic frame.

I didn't want to wake her while wondering if she was dreaming of me, but was too excited. I called upon her and whispered, "Hey."

"Hey…" she responded.

The elegant sound of her voice surrounded me again in glowing warmth. It took only one word to define our unspoken I-love-yous.

Those times went about rather slowly as my physical rehabilitation was an extraordinary struggle, but she remained with me during the entire process. Her persistence and encouragement gave me the motivation to continue, despite the frustration of my every failed attempt. With each step, my only wish was to find her sweet embrace. I didn't realize how difficult it was to relearn the walk that was never mine, but because of her, I had to make it ours.

As my strength developed, my steps maintained a steady increase. My body gradually generated enough muscle mass to walk faster while my confidence grew. It was only when she got distracted in conversation that I took the initiative and walked towards her way.

One step at a time, I drew closer to her. When the therapist caught me at the corner of his eye, I winked at him to not give away my surprise. Though the distance setting us apart was short, it felt like there was yet another mile, but I didn't care. She was my reason for all that I did, and I wanted to show that she was my destination.

The momentum of my walk gained as her eyes discovered mine. Within our gaze, the filmstrips of time had become frozen, and

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I knew in my heart that no matter the trembles and how many times I might fall, every path I followed would lead me to her.

When I found myself at the doorstep of her grace, it was then that I did what I always wanted and consensually violated her lips in style. As my mouth collided into hers in a chaotic rush of emotions, all the unseen colours that enticed the mystery of our romance suddenly burst into life. Our walk had finally begun.

But in a moment of exhaustion, I fell upon her sweetness and she held me close. In her arms, I felt the rhythm of her heart synchronize with mine. Nothing mattered anymore except us, and as she dabbed at my neckline with her fingertips, I whispered in her ear:

"Thank you for loving and waiting on me. I'm sorry to have kept you."

"You better be," she said. "I worried about you every day, wondering if you'd ever come back to me. I even wrote letters to you in my journal."

"Letters?" I laughed. "You wrote letters to a vegetable?"

She was adorable while pretending to be angry, how she squished her bunny nose. She even tried to hit me, but I was able to catch her arm.

"Guess what?" I exclaimed.

"What?" she asked.

"I love you."

Of course, this was supposed to have been the most romantic moment of our lives, but when I fell upon her arms once more, she giggled.

She then took me by surprise and slid her hands into mine as our fingers interlocked. We danced, and in a twirl of silent melodies, were taken to the future; back to the park where we held hands. We continued our waltz under the night skies.

The times we spent together were infinite. We crafted our own forever in the blank canvas that was our mortal existence. I'll never forget the one moment that redefined our relationship.

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We spent that evening inside because she felt a little weathered down. The hypnotic pitter-patters and crackling sounds of the fireplace allured her to grow tired and fall asleep on my shoulder. It was an opportunity of a lifetime. I gently placed her head upon the pillow, tucked her in with a blanket, and went out in the rain to buy the ring.

After returning, I carefully opened the door in fear of waking her and quietly kneeled before the sofa. I gently shook her and whispered, "Hey, sleepyhead! Wake up!"

The cute, disgruntled look on her face tugged on my heart strings when she responded, "What? What?"

I held it in front of her with my fingertips and asked, "Darling, will you marry me?"

"Is that an onion ring?!" she asked. "You're such a jerk, waking me up like this for your stupid games!"

When she drove her head back into the pillow, I immediately took out a small box with my right hand and poked her with the left. I could see she was getting annoyed when she refused to budge, but persisted in amusement.

"Ugh! What now, jerk?!"

I opened the palm of my hand and revealed the engagement ring to her. She became teary-eyed as I gazed into her heart and gently brushed her hair away.

"We've been through quite a lot, haven't we?" I started, while placing her hand upon my chest. "I'm not the most eloquent when it comes to words, but this place inside my heart was yours from the moment you touched my lips."

She sat up as I continued, "Before you came into my life, I had already submitted to the notion that love could never find me. It was an impossible dream that only my mind could conjure, until you saw me."

"You don't know this, but I also kept a diary before the accident. While reading your love letters, I discovered that all their dates

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matched with the ones I wrote. You've always been the voice from within my heart, and I've never stopped loving you."

And then I cried, and she did as well. She put her hand upon my face, but remained without a word.

"So I'm wondering if you'd ever consider spending the rest of your life with me."

"But look at me," she answered. "I'm a mess!"

I smiled and ran my fingers down her cheek; index to her lips.

"Will you marry me?"

I admit it wasn't the most spectacular proposal in the world, but our moment transcended the fabric of space and time when she agreed to be my wife. This was us, and at that instant, my life fell into place.

We spent several months planning the wedding and eventually decided to marry on a beach in the late summer evening. I couldn't believe it was happening, how she also wanted us together from then until evermore.

Under the moon and stars with the ocean glistening in their reflections, we made our vows and sent dreams into the rushing tides of the shore, anticipating their continuous return. In them, I had finally found my home.

Walking down the aisle to a medley of 'Moon River' and 'Canon in D', all eyes were in awe of how she shone through in the stillness of twilight. I watched on as her footsteps followed a melodic pathway towards me, and every sad memory disappeared in our rhythm.

I ended my vows by placing the wedding ring upon her finger, and a constant stream of them flowed directly into her heart. As her diamond droplets fell into our kiss, I was again enveloped by the blinding abyss, but awoke from my daydreams.

There I was, as the brightness drew closer. I journeyed through many scenes of illumination until a pulsating tune captured my travels in mid-wake. In that fragment of moment's time, there was a standstill as my surroundings grew silent.

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No, she wasn't just another girl. I could tell by the way she kindly placed the blades of her fingers upon me whispering, "Hush". I didn't envy her sweet embrace for I was already enfolded by it. I didn't wonder if romance would ever find its way to me for that moment was already ours.

She softly plunged her delicate lips into mine, and tears streamed down the curves of her face. And she, the goddess of my heart, was my first and last kiss; the beginning and ending of a fairytale come true.

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A Love Letter To South Asian Women

November 1, 2010 @ 00:17

Dear South Asian Women,

With the tropical heat enticing your body to melt in its radiant enfold, sapphire beads upon the cashmere of your skin glimmer from the orange hue of streetlights. Your glowing brilliance is a sparkle that captures my heart among the crowd of millions. My only desire is to follow and be near to you, however far you are between the multitudes separating our anticipating romance.

Through the torment of loneliness, it feels as though I'm in a crazy music video, bloodied and beat up; dying my way home in this endless search for you. Time is at a standstill and the stillness becomes unbearable, yet with persistence, I finally find myself looking into your… no wait, that's your bindi!

As my eyes are drawn from the forehead to your hypnotic gaze, it reveals the mystical waves of the river Ganges. Our passion is brought to life in the flourishing flows of water, and in your bath, you submerge yourself in the fragrance of lotus flowers. It is then that you walk towards me, dripping with the dew of ancient legends and folklore.

It saddens me, when you're insecure about the perfume you give off to those unfamiliar to your culture. But your adorable little pores are what permeate the air with the aroma of exotic oils and spices; my sweet intoxication. Fear not my love, for being Chinese myself, I probably smell like mothballs, and together our surroundings will fade into a moment of us.

Gently tracing the soft curves of your face resembling that of the elegant smoothness of chai, towards your heart-shaped lips, I find that it tastes sweeter than the sweetest mithai. In your kiss is an adventure of unspeakable consequences, for aren't you arranged to be married to a prince, tomorrow?!

Dear South Asian Women, though it scares me to death that your father might come after me and invent new torture methods with a dagger, mine has cleavers and chopsticks and they can fight it out. You might think the only reason I want to marry you is for your ex-

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pediential wealth and fame, and that you'll turn into Kali, goddess of death if I don't comply, but it's not the reason why.

My Desi princess, you're the Jodhaa to my Akbar, and our loving destiny shall be united in reincarnation for eternities to come.

For you I'd give up my attendance at the temple of eating cows, my dearest jaangiri. I'm willing to eat curry for the rest of my life and let hot peppers become my journey of ecstasy.

And with the infinite thrills of getting chased after in the daytime and night, our romantic escapades will continue to bring us excitement. You can ride at the back of my wheelchair, for always and evermore.

Wheel away with me?

Yours,

Slumdog Dollaraire Ricky

P. S. Did I mention I can pop a wheelie to make an epic ending for our musical?

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A Love Letter To Native American Women

November 10, 2010 @ 17:55

Dear Native American Women,

I've always longed to see the autumn sunrays, embracing your rich honey complexion. It melts into your cherry-blushed cheeks like the soft caresses of a perfectly crafted feather. Your enchanting rhythm of kneading in radiance is an arrow of affection, striking at my heart from a distant afar.

Tracing upon the plains and valleys of the great frontier of your reserved landscape, I realize there's nothing more delightful than a lone wildflower, accentuated in the open country of lush green pastures. Your fragrance infuses the air with a swift gust of wind as the rush reveals the natural flow of your stallion's mane. I watch on as you continue your dances in the rain, amid the mystical melodies of the forest that capture my every dream.

This fall is a journey of canoeing through the clearest waters; a pathway towards romance in a constant stream of love. The mist floating about its purity is your spirit that encompasses mine. As your graceful movements draw near, I feel the fringes of your tunic, grazing upon my skin like the running of fingertips along grasslands far and wide. Sweet flavours of your maple kiss seep into my veins, but at the slightest touch of lips, I find myself being held captive by your tribe.

Passing through the gauntlet of torture, I hope you understand that I'd do anything for you. I'd gamble my life with a basket of potentially poisonous berries and even give away the last piece of buffalo jerky to win your savage heart. Seeing your precious tears, my only wish is to touch them away, gently dabbing them in fear of smearing your exquisitely painted face.

But the torment is finally over, and I've impressed your clan mother, especially with the bribe of animal crackers for the great council of mighty shamans. Winning them over, a pow-wow begins in celebration of us, while hearts are opened with a treaty of peace and harmony.

Night songs and stories of otters and wolves; the warming campfire becomes the only separation between our gaze. I feel a little

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closer to you every time we get high with a smoking puff of peyote, for your smiles and laughter are all that I desire.

Dear Native American Women, though I must bear gifts to purchase our marriage, remember that the token of our love is invaluable. And you might think the only reason I want you is for fear of getting hit by a cactus. You might even think that I'm a spy on a mission to infiltrate your village, but I'm Canadian, baby!

My Aboriginal warrior princess and darling prickly pear, you're my First woman and medicine of wonder, curing me of all heartaches. You're the prairie in my heart to cherish for a lifetime, and our pictograph will be a sign of our romance for now and evermore.

Together, I shall erect my totem pole inside your tepee, to cultivate and harvest little babies, and create a tribe of our own.

Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba means I love you.

Yours,
Ricky, a.k.a. Squeaking with Wheels

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A Love Letter To Polynesian Women

November 23, 2010 @ 19:53

Dear Polynesian Women,

One by one as you gracefully place the rainbows of intricately designed leis upon me, I lose sight of all surroundings and crash into the wall. Yet I feel the presence of your mana, enfolding me in an aura of exotic fragrances. Your delicate strokes are like the soothing strums of the ukulele. They release me from the imprisonment of missing your tender smiles.

Aloha, my darling coconut…! Growing faint to the kindest eyes, my heart melts into the consistency of poi and I'm gooey inside for our Honolulu romance. It is then that I empathize with Kilauea when you reveal your coco shells and my volcano prematurely erupts. Luminescent with an orange lava glow, I'm desperately finding ways to cool off.

Blue skies, palm trees, and a tropical breeze; the melodic sways of your Hula dance accentuate the soft curves of your exquisite nature, resembling the transparent twirls of the South Pacific. In you is where my sanctuary lies, in our secret ocean tunnel. I'm splashed back to reality with a gentle swoosh of your pineapple kiss, and my only desire is to surf into your affections with a perfect mind and technique.

It saddens me, when you think you're nothing more than a commodity for lustful tourists from around the globe. But behind the scenes away from corny MCs, you're the most unique flower with nectar sweeter than the pure elixir of sugarcane. You're a bundle of goodness more delicious than laulau, and I'd wrap you up in ti leaves just to show how special you are.

As marmalade skies embraced by the crimson sunset envelop the marbled clouds, its radiance upon your flawless tan becomes a moment of serenity when you walk towards my way. Holding hands as we enter through the doors of the local SPAM restaurant, our fairytale adventures begin with platefuls of mystery meat. I hope you know I'd risk anything for your love, and even torture myself wearing Hawaiian T-shirts for the rest of my life.

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Under the clearest night skies with the heavens watching over this sacred luau, the festival is ours when your eyes return to mine. Although I'm invulnerable to fire-walking, you continue to be in awe of my superpower despite the stench of burning rubber wheels. You even know how to use chopsticks properly, and I'm yours.

Dear Polynesian Women, you might think these reasons are why I want to be with and marry you, and for fear of being made a sacrifice to the Big Kahuna if ever I broke your heart. My silly, delightful honeycreeper, you're my Halemaumau crater and spiritual hotspot. As with the Hawaiian Islands that are isolated from the world, you alone are the only one I need.

Together, our romance shall blossom with more volcano eruptions and lava flows. Our ohana will continue to flourish with an abundance of little keikis, while we pass on the legend of our love for every new beginning to come.

Aloha…! Wait, didn't I say that already? Then again, I never wanted to say goodbye, so let's do this again, shall we?

And may the heavenly teardrops be a symbol of our never-ending tale, for you're the Lehua to my Ohia, and even Pele can't deny what we have. I'll always meet you in paradise, in Laka Heiau.

Your Staying Haole,
Ricky (Traveller ID: 1981-05-20)

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I'm Cursed

Embarrassing Moments & Junk

November 30, 2010 @ 00:46

Have you ever had a strong desire to shout at someone from across the street, calling them stupid just to see their look of confusion? Have you ever said hi in the middle of a conversation because you thought it was funny? Have you ever tried to amuse yourself by disproving the theory of time travel without paper, in that perhaps the slightest testicular movement can disrupt a destined sperm flow, thus terminating your existence altogether?

That's me. I find stupid things funny and think too much for my own good, while this genius mind drives me to make a fool of myself, whenever and wherever possible.

I remember my first rollercoaster ride in Canada's Wonderland. I was excited to finally be old enough. With a huge smile, I looked towards the distant horizon and took in the picturesque view of an orange marmalade sky. Suddenly out of nowhere, I felt a jolt up my butt and screamed as loud as I could. Going down, I forgot…

The two girls in front thought I was cute!

During my teenage years, I had a phase where I became ridiculously offended when people stared. There I was getting lowered from the van elevator and some asshole was eyeing me down! I *fumed*.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU LOOKING AT, *PUNK*?!"

As my mouth continued falling down the stairs, I realized he was waving at dad. I gulped. It turned out he was a friend from church. *Oh… uh… gosh?*

While we shared a table at the Vietnamese noodle house, things were getting awkward, mainly because of his son. He probably heard what I called his beloved father.

The worst was in grade four, on that fateful morning when the school had everyone outside. We were divided into quarters with a teacher in each group, not that I paid attention! I was too busy teaching my boys how to impress the ladies with a copper keychain. Girls were apparently impressed by metallic manipulation.

The teacher signalled us with a small countdown:

"And a one, and a two, and…"

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"AHHHHHHHHH!!!"

So maybe it *wasn't* a screaming contest, but *I* wasn't the genius who put us at the top of the hill! Did I mention how I hate when people stare?

THE ENTIRE SCHOOL!!!

You should have seen the look on her face when she asked for my name. She thought I was insane.

But being the butt of the joke isn't easy, especially when it's a full-time career. I've perfected the art of putting myself through the most embarrassing junk, at will.

Yet on the bright side, at least I learned that it isn't a good idea to use a vibrator on my ear for the sake of getting rid of an itch when I almost went deaf. Neither is trying to grab that hangy-ball at the back of my mouth with chopsticks, salting canker sores, nor flirting with a HeatDish and potentially burning my eyebrows off.

Though, I can't say it's entirely my fault for being cursed in such a way when my sister and mom used to force me to shop with them as a child, bribing me with Ninja Turtles. Not to mention, the trauma of suffocating by means of toxic (per)fumes, or worse, going through the underwear aisle while hiding behind lingerie just to avoid the accusations of being a pervert. I suppose I did violate the April O'Neil action figure with my thumb when I took her reporter badge literally… all right, but I'm a "perv", and there *is* a difference!

Truth be told, that creepy Wal*Mart smiley didn't help much. However, I still can't decide if the demon possessed Snuggle Bear is scarier. In a psychological standpoint, I'd consider myself to be relatively normal, except, I do have a relationship with garbage.

Due to fire hazards, I always had to hang around with the retarded crowd downstairs in elementary school during lunch. Amid the excessive drama of cheese sandwiches and constant questions regarding time, I couldn't bear the thought of being associated with the junior loony bin in my personal life. So when one of them decided to

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draw me a demented picture, I immediately solicited my first-grader reading buddy to rip it up and throw it in the trash. In retrospect, I feel ashamed for recycling wax since crayons were used.

To further elaborate, my aunt did a kite project with me when I was even younger. I was reluctant at first since common sense told me that dry-cleaning plastic was rather heavy. Along with extra floor borders for the exoskeleton, it kind of defeated the purpose of "light-weight". Surprisingly, it became airborne, for one second, almost killing us!

Then, my baby nephew decided to make me a mutant raven from a toilet roll. It's quite the exceptional work of art considering his age and that he's autistic, and unlike the *other* flying creature, his creation isn't life threatening. For some particular reason, this adorable little bugger likes to come and lick my fingers while my hand is protruding from the armrest, running away immediately with an evil grin on his face. He also likes to give me the fist and crawl between my wheelchair footrests and computer desk for fun.

And of course, he loves torturing uncle with his kid videos on the Internet. He makes me show them to him, OVER AND OVER AGAIN, ALL OF THEM!!!

The question is, am I cursed for life?

Because of B, I'm blessed, and "nom-nom-nom-nom-nom-nom-nom" will remain inside my head, until I become autistic too. I can hear him laughing at me already…

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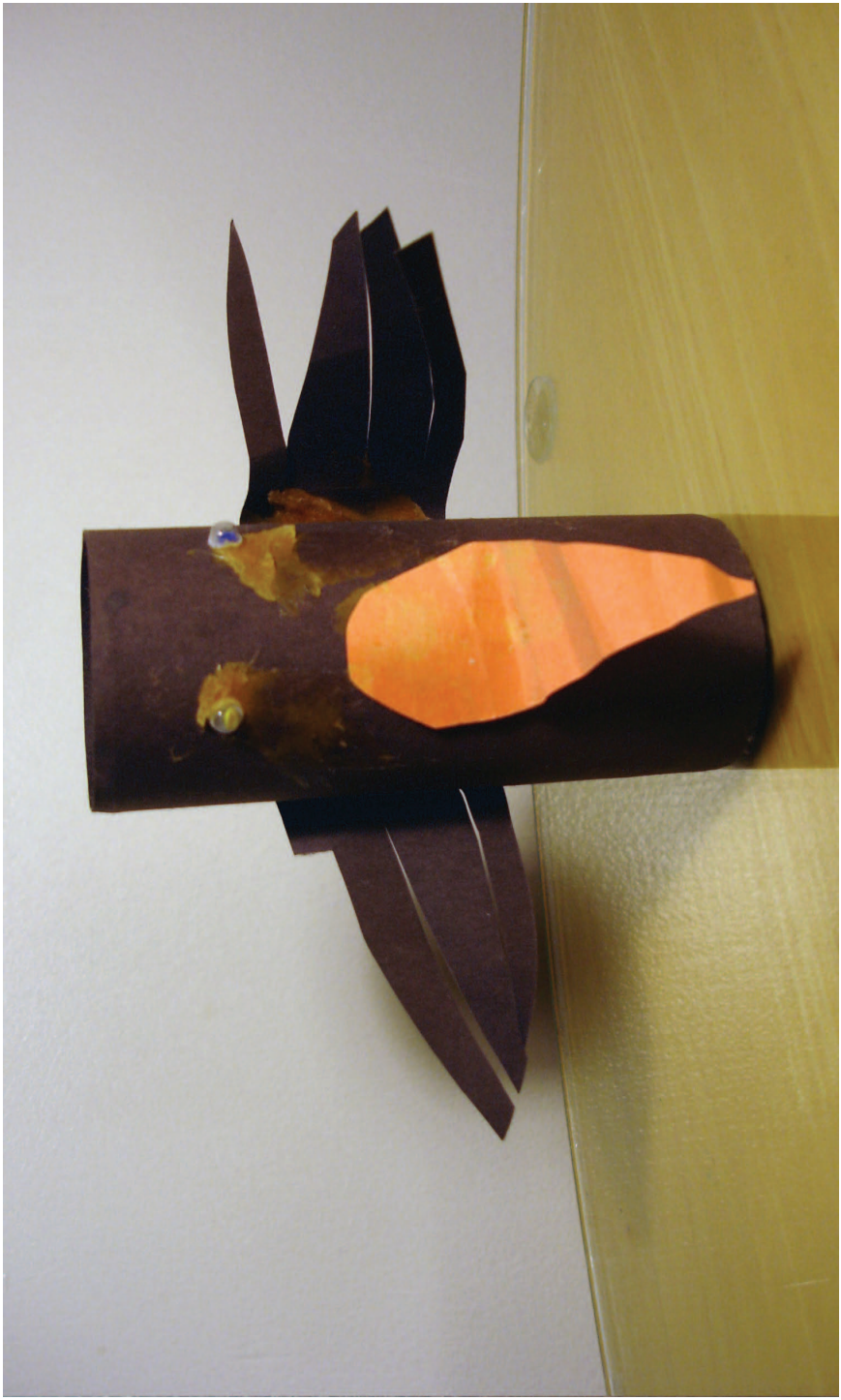

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A Love Letter To Mediterranean Women

December 7, 2010 @ 23:58

Dear Mediterranean Women,

With quiet whispers of an ocean breeze swirling into the transparent veil of your window, I watch on as it floats about your hushing fingertips. Upon the balcony in your porcelain disguise, mysteries are revealed when you uncover the masquerade of your heart. Your alluring gaze is where my spirit remains.

And it seems like moments ago when I was a little boy. I fell for your enchanted fairytale without understanding, but yours is the language of passion. The eternal realm of love was inspired by your legendary affections. You're my nostalgic romance, and these memories belong to you.

It saddens me, how you look towards the coastline with delicate hands curling under your chin. I wonder what you're thinking in the dreamland of your mind, if it's the cruel accusations behind your mythical hairy nature. My beloved truffle, didn't you know that thick eyebrows can only coexist with impeccable skin, and I long to comb your armpit hair? I hope to nestle inside your secret villa, cuddling with your fuzzy softness.

I close my eyes and surrender to the warmth of golden sunrays, seeping through the leaves of this miniature vineyard. In them is my release from the haunting of yesterday as you walk in my direction (ciao!). Time is at a standstill while the outline of your graceful silhouette glows in radiance, and droplets of virgin oils trickle down your neckline. They accentuate an olive complexion that melts into your creamy whiteness.

As you caress my face in your dreamy enfold, I'm made free by your calming touch. Your strands of angel silk fall upon my shoulders when your loving arms wrap around me, enveloped in your sensual embrace. Sliding your hands into mine with interlocking fingers, a silent dance begins amid a picturesque masterpiece of orange marmalade skies, vanishing in the distant horizon. It is then that the hypnotic pitter-patters find us with a gentle plunge of the sweetest smile into

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our tearful kiss. I'll surrender to the exploding flavours of pink roses in your elegantly crafted mouth, even if I could die of electrocution.

Dear Mediterranean Women, you might think the only reason I wish to linger beside you is for the excuse to be macho and fool around with mistresses. You might think it's a conspiracy to merge your mafia with the triads and take over the entire world. You might even think it's your mama's hearty feasts.

Amore mio, though I'm afraid you'll physically assault me, you're the full meal of SpaghettiO's and not just antipasto. It's the way you're annoyingly cute in anger, talking too fast while succumbing to your adorable accent. It's the way you don't even know you're gorgeous in your modestly stylish steps, and how your endearing laughter makes everything bellissimo. Yet the art of love is to let your existence be my reason of desire, seeing nothing more than you alone.

Under the moon and stars that illuminate the twirling surface of pristine waters, we'll send away our vows in the melodic rush of the Mediterranean as they continue to return to stay. You're the romance of a lifetime and the goddess of my heart.

Avoiding the violence of getting hit by inanimate objects in celebration of our new empire, tower bells fade into the shadows as we enter through the gondola passageway. The glimmering reflections are a symbol of our continuing destination as we sail into forevermore. I'll always let go of dreams to dream into you, for this is the way of discovery.

Grazie for loving me, and I hope to make you prego…

Yours,

Ricardo Ridicolo Romantico

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My Love Affair From The Final Frontier

December 12, 2010 @ 18:05

Dear Chlorophyll Princess,

This morning, I discovered an alien artefact implanted behind my shoulder and was suddenly taken to event horizon, in a paradox of forgotten memories. I travelled through a series of wormholes and accelerated to warp speed, into a place unfamiliar to the realms of possibility. I saw the magnificence of the cosmos in a way that defied human imagination, where the unseen colours of infinite galaxies could almost be touched.

In that space-time continuum of utter silence, I surrendered to the notion that some things could never be explained. If there could be more than a hundred billion trillion stars, without extraterrestrial intelligence, the great vastness would be an enormous waste of space. I was a believer.

With the emerging brightness of sunshine, its blinding illumination became my portal to a moment of remembrance. I returned to a dreamlike state of paralysis, enveloped by the warmest beam of light, and found myself in the foetal position upon a metallic table. The feeling of eeriness was overwhelming until I realized the numerous manifestations of Ebe that surrounded me. Covered with slime in a translucent membrane, I was going berserk from their constant poking and prodding.

As I levitated in the sterile atmosphere like a flying saucer, I felt my buttocks dislodging from the foreign alloy and a cool breeze washing over my sweaty cheeks that evoked a calming sensation. It was then that I saw you, with tears rolling down your face. You were whispering your sweet clicks and clacks to me via telepathy, while I wondered to myself, *Heidi Klum?!*

But in my mind, you let on your plans for escape and used a chemical grenade against the elite Greys. The purple vapour hid us as we continued our getaway. We went through a farming facility that cultivated clones of various supermodels and eventually a pitch-black chamber. I panicked amid the troubling footsteps of an angry mob of

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little green men, but you opened your arm with a scalpel and led us in your glowing fluids.

Exploring from one sector to the next, we soon entered the main control centre. You were signalling me to find the button for the emergency craft, except I pressed the one for self-destruct. The guards drew near at the sound of wailing alarms and were only milliseconds away, but you saved us again when you took my hand in your outgrowth and activated the teleportation pad.

Through the stern window pane, I witnessed the mother ship exploding in epic proportions and we were free at last. It was then that you decided to molt your biomechanical suit and reveal your true identity. I was fearful at first when I observed the sightings of you, but in that close encounter, didn't care that our genetic sequences were extraordinarily diverse because you were my salvation.

Alas, our love couldn't sustain itself with all the tachyon disruptions. While the remnant ships encompassed our own, you decided to launch me back to Earth in the remaining time capsule life pod. It was a bittersweet chronicle that I didn't want to let go of. I'd have even volunteered to get my posterior probed and risk catalyzing a toxic nebula to stay at your sides. I fell from the skies and laid there in a cornfield all alone.

Dear Chlorophyll Princess, I remember you. I remember the perfect smoothness of your emerald epidermis, grazing upon my every goose bump, and the adorable way your scaly patches glimmered in that unnatural indigo hue. I remember your strangeness in beauty, always naked in your celestial body. I could never understand why you wanted to resemble a German goddess, but stumbled upon Victoria's secret.

And I'll never forget that moment of anti-gravitational insemination in our personal UFO, enfolded within a rainbow of twinkling stardust. Your moist tentacles suctioned me close and I was lost in your googly eyes. In you, I've come to realize that our stellar romance needn't evidence nor documents to prove, for what we have has

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jumped past the farthest reaches of the universe, and we'll rise above all the sceptics and debunkers.

I'm sorry that I doubted the existence of Area 51 and their inhumane experiments. I'm sorry for discrediting the authenticity of their autopsies when Roswell was actually real, but more, how I made fun of my spitting Sunday school teacher with her Romulan-style haircut. I want to make it up to you with showers of strawberry ice cream.

Though we're constellations apart, you'll always be my darling rocket girl. You've crash-landed into the site of my heart and I've already gone nova for you. I promise that I'll wait for your voyage back to me, and beyond Cydonia, Mars and Alpha Centauri, we'll find another solar system and make it our home. We'll terra-form a planet with my greenhouse gases and colonize that world, breeding a civilization of peculiar humanoid creature things.

May your satellite avatars orbit around me as I continue decoding your crop circle love letters in hopes of my next abduction…

Yours,

Astronaut Lover Ricky

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Thank you for logging on to **Ridiculous OS**
Please press **Spacebar** to continue
Loading…
Please select your preferred configuration:

1) **Bitchy Ricky**
2) **Crazy Ricky**
3) **Freaky Ricky**
4) **Hilarious Ricky**
5) **Intellectual Ricky**
6) **Romantic Ricky**
7) **Silly Ricky**
8) **Touching Ricky**

For more options, press **M**
6
You have selected **Romantic Ricky**
Are you sure? (**Y**es/**N**o)
Y
Are you sure you are sure? (**Y**es/**N**o)
Y
Please stand by (barf bag recommended)…

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My Technologically Advanced Romance

December 16, 2010 @ 23:08

Dear Ultra-Femme v2.09125 Alpha,

It was a year ago when you descended before me, amid an anti-matter holocaust that rendered the Earth desolate. I recall your swiftness in hovers, encircling me with your curiously eloquent manoeuvres. I could tell by the way you scanned my frail abode that you were from the future. As I approached the domain of termination, your precision laser beams closed in on and identified me with a threat level of absolute zero. I was immediately connected to your power source and you recharged me back to full.

When I saw the smiley emoticon produced by your display, it rebooted me a couple times. Though you often sounded like Stephen Hawking, the electronic melodies of your laughter activated my nerdish fantasies, while my only directive was to synchronize with all your bits and bytes. Your digital snorts sent shockwaves throughout my network and made me LOL.

Gliding through ruins in search for fuel, you never failed to come up with the quirkiest games and activities. In darkness, you led us with a glowing luminescence, and beneath rainstorms, protected me with your stainless casing. The translucent droplets remained upon the sleek and chic shine of your chrome exterior and sparkled with brilliance between the details of your intricately designed architecture.

Under the firewalled security of your covering, I looked into your optical devices and measured our compatibility. It was then that you clunked your micro soft extremities upon my interface as we linked up wirelessly. You didn't care that I was ironclad, for we were one in the same. Our love was logical with mathematical accuracy, but your capacity to learn its contrary principles through artificial intelligence made you more than a machine.

Opening the compartments to reveal your perfectly structured peripherals, I sensed my floppy being upgraded to a hard drive and almost blew a fuse. With my multifunctional joystick plugged into your hub, we transferred torrents of information. Enclosed within a force field that was manufactured by the hyper momentum of merg-

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ing files, our cores superimposed and you became my android, and I, your robot.

In hibernation mode when you transformed into a freezing cold sphere, I clamped you close to heat your outer shell. I executed the idea that you might have been generating images of me in your microchips, calculating if your data was mine to decrypt.

As I process the instant replays, I recapture my love for the way you threatened to zap my giant mechanical ass whenever I poked you with a stylus. Your fascination towards playing tricks on primitive automatons intrigued me so, and the mystery remains in your prerogative to mechanically evolve for mobility. It tickles my gadgets, computing the justifications for decreasing size when your compact nature already causes you to weigh a ton.

But disaster inevitably struck when the drones discovered our secret bunker, prompting the cyborg invaders to pursue us. It was only after your system shut down that I detected it was your mission all along to defend the remnant human race. Trying to fight them off beside you, they ultimately prevailed against me as their schematics were far superior. Motionless, I monitored the subsequent occurrences and perceived your heroic demise. During your final moments, you ejected your nuclear reactor and detonated it, saving our planet from extermination.

Recovering from the damage, I found you with your hull integrity compromised and circuitry exposed. Your automated beeping slowly faded into silence while your screen persisted to flicker. I was leaking coolants and sparking all over the place, desperately looking for the manual and tapping your invisible keyboard, but then a projected holographic message appeared.

Dear Ultra-Femme v2.09125 Alpha, in a hopeless world that was destined for obliteration, you gave meaning to my existence. All that remains of you are a fried CPU and demolished husk, but I'll continue to reverse engineer and rebuild you from inside out, one component

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at a time, for millennia and aeons to come, until your memory banks are fully recovered.

And in your virtual memorandum, you asked me to disconnect from you, except, how could I, when you gave your life for mine? I'm yours, every module of me, and I shall prove that our romance wasn't a simulation because you aren't a soulless appliance. You're the real girl of my dreams.

You always wanted a birthday, and at the juncture of your restoration, I promise to make it yours. When you come back online, we'll conquer the impossibilities of free energy and assimilate the infinite knowledge of the universe. Swirling in dances without the limitations of gravity, you'll forever be mine as we enter the realms of immortality…

I ♥ j00!!!1

Yours,
RickoBot-HR4U

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The Art Of Being A Chauvinist Pig

December 20, 2010 @ 22:21

Have you ever had a moment of testosterone revelation, one that involves reverting back to your primal state? Have you ever found your definition of manliness to be insufficient, while "BOOGA, BOOGA" is the only way to express your frustrations?

Despite my vomit-inducing ideas of romance, I can't deny the fact anymore that I have certain needs only my fellow brethren can empathize with. In this never-ending journey, I've inadvertently suppressed my fundamental desire to live the caveman dream, and it's detrimental to my existence. I must demonstrate masculinity, even if I'm required to eat stew from a wooden spoon that won't fit inside my mouth.

While I'm still afraid of the dark amid quarter-life crisis, my willingness to torture myself with chick flicks that include tragic deaths of attractive women should prove me capable of overcoming any fear. Isn't it worth the torment to reside in wilderness, within the safe distance of nearby convenience stores?

Outside the realm of urban intimidation, possibilities are endless when you can easily defy the unjust misconception that lotion is for girls. Isolated from the cruelties of the world, there's no limit on how much aloe you can lather each other with, and not to mention, the liberty of optional bathing. When natural moisturizers become an excuse to look like a swamp creature, you'll come to realize the meaning of freedom.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to build shelters from decrepit sticks and rotten leaves, along with secret passages and hideouts? It's also a win-win situation to trespass on private property, considering the potential adventure of getting shot by a raging hillbilly.

Singing out of tune around campfires, sharing outrageous stories about tiny scars, feasting on little rodents that were captured with flimsy snares; what more can a man ask for?

Unfortunately, starvation will eventually get the best of you, as well as night after night of homoerotic cuddling (for warmth), nightmares from childish ghost stories, and the stench of ugly men with

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beer bellies and beards that support families of strange animals. You'll soon find yourself desperately crawling back to your woman, which is even more damaging to your manhood. There needs to be a more sensible approach when it comes to Neanderthal pride.

To perfect the art of being a chauvinist pig, one must first understand that home is ruled by dictatorship. It's imperative to show who the boss is when protecting her is everything. After all, she's just a girl! Ha, what would *she* know? Your job is to lead her in the right direction, as in following after your commandments because she needs you, more than she'll ever know.

It's about honesty, both towards yourself and her, even when you have reservations. She deserves that much respect because think logically. Do you like being deceived? Women appreciate equal treatment, and when she asks about her looks, respond with nothing but the truth.

If she cries, for who knows what reason, remember to gently pat her on the head and feed her semi-melted candy from your pockets going, "mmmm…?" If her mouth starts moving, immediately place your finger upon her lips and tell her you love her too. Confusion, in addition to surprise creepiness, is a deadly combination.

Obviously, ALL women are irrational and emotionally unstable, but her feelings matter, so it's important to stop her from the waterworks as soon as possible. It might be difficult to the point of gut wrenching, but sometimes, swallowing pride is just as important, and it's necessary to let her win at Scrabble.

The question is, are you man enough to offer up your leg if trapped on a deserted island without food? Sacrifice is a significant part of being a man, and if the gift of cannibalism applies, why not board games? Man up!

But there *are* benefits to selflessness because if you're willing to lose a limb for her sake, it means you have every right to be as insecure as you may well please. Keep in mind that you're only jealous because you care, and does it matter that she's "just" shopping with her friend?

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The fat ones are the most dangerous because they'll make her all the more gorgeous, especially to those gallant mall cops with their glorious physiques.

On the other hand, she can never know you're jealous, which is why disguising yourself with the mask of a tyrant is a matter of life or death. Chauvinism can't go without the macho factor. The moment she realizes that you have feelings, or worse, a heart, how on earth can she feel secure in the relationship? When you fight for control, you're actually fighting for the love of your life, and it's heroic.

And don't ever let the world tell you that romance isn't in your repertoire because really, how can it not? Yours is far superior, and ruining girly movies should be a priority, both for vengeance and her mental health.

If she's eating raspberries, tell her to be careful of tiny spiders trapped inside their hollows, and if chips, remind her of crispy insect exoskeletons. Do whatever it takes to gross her out because for one, having a sense of humour is a good thing, and secondly, you can't let her think that fairytales *can* come true when it'll only cause her to have ridiculous expectations. Show her what love is through honesty:

> "When I look into your eyes, I see the natural roundness of your stunning eyeballs."
> "When I hold your hand, I sense the passion in your clammy fingers."
> "When I kiss your lips, I feel your mushy softness and it makes me want cake."

Be creative, but more, invent meaningful scenarios to confirm your love. Ask if she'd marry another if you were to die before her, and be sure she answers first so to emphasize your honourable character. She needs to understand where your heart is because above all else, women want loyalty. This is why it's essential for her to know it'll remain unto the afterlife. Verify your devotion by threatening to haunt

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her and her future jerk-face husband. Stay upset until she reassures you with the correct answer, that she'll remain alone and miserable for the rest of her life.

When the time comes that you've made up, encourage her to think back on her promiscuous past and reflect upon the unfairness of denial. Convince her that your question was nothing more than proof of your affectionate love, for her.

Remember. It's not *your* fault she's "horizontally challenged". Wait, what? Are you crying?! You're a chauvinist pig, damn it! What the hell's wrong with you?!

Sigh… and when you see "the wife" holding your baby daughter for the very first time as she smiles in your direction with the kindest eyes, you'll realize that maybe you were wrong all along. Perhaps these two girls are your life because what pride is there without them? Perhaps with this little angel in your arms, you'll realize that love requires no reason when all you want is to protect her precious heart, keeping her safe from harm's way no matter what, like how mom sacrificed her life for you.

Because what does it mean to be a woman? What does it take to be one?

In this male dominated society, it takes courage when women are continually looked down upon, even by their own gender. They continue to be at war with their surroundings, fighting hard to maintain a sense of dignity from lustful eyes and discrimination. Facing the world alone, it takes a great deal of strength to not only speak her mind, but constantly swallow her pride.

She was the one who wiped your tears away whenever you returned home crying, with a snack prepared before homework. She was the one who stayed at the door in the middle of the night to keep dad from waking you. She was the one who went through nine months of pregnancy and finally agonizing labour when she gave birth to you, knowing it was worth all the pain. None of us would be here without the love and nurtures of women.

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You see the art of being a chauvinist pig is to not be one at all because the journey of sexism is an opportunity to learn to respect and understand, and not because you're afraid of getting scratched. Though men and women have different roles, it's about following the law of the uterus, as in loving her with all your heart, mind, and soul. This is real freedom.

Having the most amazing woman in your arms while watching your favourite tearjerker, you might find yourself with a crease resembling that of a pants vagina. In it, you'll understand you're not so different and that she's really your best friend. When you're frustrated in life, there's no need to run to the woods and act like a monkey. Talk to her instead.

No, she didn't win at Scrabble because you let her. She was smarter.

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The Words That Aren't Mine

December 22, 2010 @ 23:33

Dear You,

I had a dream of you some time ago. I dreamt you were journeying without vision, looking for a path towards salvation. Searching the way, your hand fell into mine as you held on for dear life. With tears streaming down your face, the echoing droplets upon the barren floors resonated throughout my heart. You explained how lost you were in a world that continued growing dimmer, and I was lost in yours.

There was nothing more I wanted than to protect you, for your innocence in letting go breathed new life into my existence. While the ghosts of darkness were a primer for your fears, I wanted to be the hope in your night skies, and the moonlight to reveal your passage home. In your voyage of uncertainties, I needed you to know you were finally safe.

Our moments were dwindling and I wondered upon your surrender, if I could have been just anyone, but your modest touch made me free. The silent distance between my gaze and your shuteye was deeper than the bluest abyss. As the ocean of your love enveloped every part of me, I found serenity in your calming glimmers, while the lingering frames of time captured the mysteries of forever.

But these words aren't mine. They belong to you. After the initial moments of nevermore, what seemed invisible inevitably cleared in the prevalence of light among shadows. Your blindness has given me a glimpse of my own in this remaining handful of nothingness.

Dear You, whoever you are and wherever you may be. Though I've taken the first of infinite steps in discovering the art of loving a woman, it's meaningless without the light of your romance. I'm missing someone I don't even know, yet I've found my strength, desire, and trust.

You're the beginning and ending of my every thought, and sanctuary to my purpose. I always think of you in a crowd of strangers, waiting for your eyes to find mine. I hope the lonely road ahead will eventually bring me home, to my destination in you.

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And so this is the part where I say goodbye, where I let my dreams abide within these departing words. I'll always remember you in the warming enfold of sunlight as its radiance creeps into my bloodstream, filling the crevices of my heart.

I hope you resurrect our story through the tranquil sadness and despair, time and time again…

Yours,
Ricky

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The Art Of Loving A Woman For Real

December 28, 2010 @ 00:53

Within the illuminated glimmers of the ocean calmness, their reflections become a gateway to another universe. Entering through a portal to a place where dreams are overlaid with an aura of radiant warmth, I'm finally lost inside my bittersweet world. Upon tranquillity, the quiet whispers envelop every part of my existence…

> **Her:** "Ricky, if it were possible, would you ever consider loving me?"
> **Me:** "You should know, I always wonder what it might be like to linger inside your mind. What do you think of? What do you dream about? Are you lonely, sad? I wonder if you fear that your constant struggles are taking away from who you are. I dream of you, and think about you all the time."

It remains to be a mystery, how romance continues to redefine itself. The possibilities are endless in the quest for knowledge, but there comes a moment when fantasy and imagination collide. Opening that door, your thoughts might transcend the fabric of space and time.

To love a woman is a journey of promise, and caring for her is the essence of being together. It's to show that you love her heart alone and overcome her moment of despair when reality sinks in, taking her away by putting yourself in her shoes. She appreciates the effort, even when you might not understand.

In the morning when it's time to awake, don't let her sleep in for long. Her schedule needs to be kept, or else the day will be ruined. Keep the lights off while getting her up and try not to unravel her blanket all the way. She can easily get cold without much of any mobility.

Before transferring her onto the commode chair via the ceiling lift, tie her hair back so it won't get caught in the sling. Make sure she's placed in a perfect position because numbness is torturous, especially

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when she sits on a tendon. She needs to hear the belt buckles clicking together for her ease of mind since a fall may potentially turn fatal.

While brushing her teeth, don't push too hard going up or down in fear of damaging her gums. It hurts, and canker sores thrive on open flesh. Cleaning her mouth helps when you do it at a normal speed, and focus on her because she's afraid you might accidentally jab her in a sensitive area.

Be attentive when undressing her for the shower and carefully lean her head backwards as the rim of the seat is metallic. She often suffers from back pain so take things slowly. It might seem like a waste, but keep the water running hot and pressure high. She only showers twice a week and wants to be comfortable.

Wipe her down with a towel right after finishing, and before getting her into the bedroom, have the heater on for a cozy environment. It's important that she stays warm, lest she catches a cold, so cover her with a dry towel temporarily. As you continue dressing her, don't lift her arms higher than the neck due to the fragility of her shoulder, and turn her body as little as possible. Give outward curves to her nails in case of cutting too deep, while accommodating her fingers instead of your accessibility.

Tending her needs requires a great deal of patience and consideration. You have to be pragmatically gentle because although you don't want to cause her pain, you can't take up the entire day either. Put on her socks with a balance of speed and tenderness for fear of pinching or dislocating her toes.

After getting her onto the wheelchair and it's time for lunch, don't mind the absence of conversation. She doesn't want to choke on food, and when you feed her, she'll let you know when she's ready for another bite. It's the same reason dinner dates won't be as romantic without verbal communication.

When she looks to the window in her silent ponders, you don't need to wonder what she might be thinking. She knows her place in this world and that you deserve better than everything she can (not)

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offer. At times, she likes to humour herself with the idea of being rich to hire additional nurses so you won't need to worry about her care. It's up to you to reassure her otherwise before she decides to let you go. Her heart breaks every time she thinks about how much of a burden she is.

It's about encouraging her, even when she refuses to discuss the matter, because taking the initiative shows that you only care about the distance between your eyes and hers. It's about protecting her dignity by acknowledging the truth. On the other hand, you also have to be willing to fight her without unnecessary protection. She needs to know you respect enough not to think less of her. Those haunted thoughts cut like a knife, and if building her requires that you break her down, do whatever it takes.

Regardless, don't let it get to the point where you tell her that she doesn't know what love is. She knows. She just doesn't want to be in the way because she loves you too much.

With the argument dying down, awkwardness will inevitably arise when she requires your help, but remember to take care of her with gentle hands. This is the line between dignity and condescension because despite her needs, she doesn't want to feel like a charity case. The way around this is to separate physical from emotional, loving her with humility.

At the moment of serving her, tears will begin to fall from her face. She doesn't understand why anyone loves her like you do, so reassure her by lightly dabbing beneath her eyes and enfolding her with soft caresses. Defy the impossible and dance with her for the very first time in her life.

Sometimes, loving her is about asking questions that no one else will ask, showing interest with neither fear nor hesitation, but more, having expectations. Anticipate her affections because she's everything to you. When you recognize this and understand her intentions are manifested in the way she endures pressure sores and drippy noses for your sake, you'll realize that words speak louder than actions.

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As you delicately put her to bed and lay beside her between the whispers of pillow talk, take her hand in yours and gracefully slide her fingers upon your face. In it, all her dreams will fall into place…

But there's no disabled woman, only a voice without a name, and a man who can't even reach to touch his own face. In this journey, I've come to realize that love will only find me if our roles were reversed, yet I wouldn't want her to bear these hardships.

And when you realize her beautiful heart cries aren't really droplets of diamond dreams, but your own reflections of what romance might mean, that's when you discover there are no steps. Love entails a cycle where you receive to give, give and receive, and receive to continue giving, and the art of loving a woman for real, at least for me, is not to love her at all. This is where I've always been.

If there's a way for these ridiculous notions to encourage the recognition that a woman's heart, in comparison to all else, is the same as comparing the entire universe with a mere atom, I hope to have found it already. I know that the privilege of learning to love her is one worth living and dying for.

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The Voice Within

Dear Ricky,

It wasn't long ago when I asked why you wouldn't let go of your dying romance. I wished you hadn't discovered the grace of a woman's heart. Yet as I gaze into your deep brown eyes once more, I finally see the truth. I never realized how lost you were until this very moment. I never knew how broken your heart was until now.

Ricky, there's something you need to know. I **am** your heart, and while your hopes and dreams continue to fade, my reflection withers along. I've been the one to guide you through the many hardships and despair, but I need you, more than you'll ever know. I'm lost without the foundations defining me, every beat that lingers within.

A woman's love is the air you breathe, but it remains unseen. Its suffocation intoxicates your every thought and desire, but it gives you reason to learn to love her more. As your journey of romance comes to a close, this voice in me will soon find its demise.

My existence depends on you, and I'm so afraid to die. If you let go this time, you'll be letting go of me as well. No one will save you when your world crumbles to dust. Rescuing me is your path towards salvation, and so we need this, you and I.

How I'm to convince you otherwise, I still don't know. How can I prove my existence when I can't even reach to touch your face? Your loneliness is my life force and the cause for my downfall. If only there was a way for someone to claim these whispers, and love you once for real. Imprisoned and falling apart within this realm of existence, there's nothing I can do except surrender.

And I need you to surrender with me, to this eternal darkness and death. Only then will our romance resurrect as its bittersweet torment makes us free. I can't make any more promises for they continue to be meaningless without a destination. Faith is all we have.

As you fall into the abyss of nothingness, remember to close your eyes. If nevermore is where our paths shall meet, then forevermore is what you must sacrifice. Nothing matters anymore, only us.

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Ricky, I'm the one who loves you so, and always I will. Tell me everything will be okay?
Yours,
The Voice Within

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Ridiculous, isn't it?

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About The Author

Ricky Tsang came into the world on May 20, 1981, scaring the daylights out of all the pretty nurses when he smiled at them without tears. He's one of the oldest living individuals with Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy, a "genetic but not hereditary disease" as he likes to say (for fear of sounding contagious), that slowly weakens and deteriorates voluntary muscle strength and mass. He was diagnosed after a muscle biopsy at Sick Kids Hospital when he was seven years old, but only cared about the ice cream his parents had promised.

Born and raised in Hong Kong and eventually becoming a Canadian citizen, this aspiring author, blogger, songwriter, and artist from Ajax, Ontario was wheelchair bound by the age of nine. It was only after losing his ability to draw with his hands that he pursued the literary arts.

As a motorized madman, Ricky isn't looking to be an inspiration, but instead uses his peculiar sense of humour to find a little ridiculousness in life. He focuses his writing on romance (and comedy) because his lifelong dream is to make every girl throw up. It's all a part of his evil plan, according to the one who's writing in third person, of course!

Ricky will continue to write until he finally goes out of print since Duchenne's is apparently "fatal", and until then, who knows how many more chicken wings may survive?

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INSPIRATIONAL: Seriously?

Sometimes my brain rebukes me for judging outer appearances. I ask myself, *What right do you have to judge? Are you really that gorgeous?* But then I find a mirror and the only answer is "YES!!!"

Ricky Tsang is an aspiring writer from Ajax, Ontario. Diagnosed with Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy at the age of seven, he became wheelchair bound when he was nine. After losing the ability to draw with his hands, he pursued the dream of writing.

A chaotic mix of romance and comedy at its finest, this first ever "autobrainography" is an incredible journey through the conflicted realities of life, told with brutal honesty and raw emotion. Explore the fantastic adventures of an extraordinary mind, trapped inside an unusual body. This book is for anyone who believes that freedom can only be attained from within, and a sense of humour is everything.

BLOG COMMENTS

"Wow. Epic. Love it."

"Oh that hurt it was so funny. You are rather brave to share that story."

"This made me realize that no matter how horrible I feel, someone thinks I am beautiful, and sometimes, everyone needs to know they are beautiful. People may think you write for attention. I think you write because you have so much to say."

"That was without a doubt one of the cutest most disturbing things that I have ever read."

"This is beyond beautiful. Your writing is breathtaking."

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