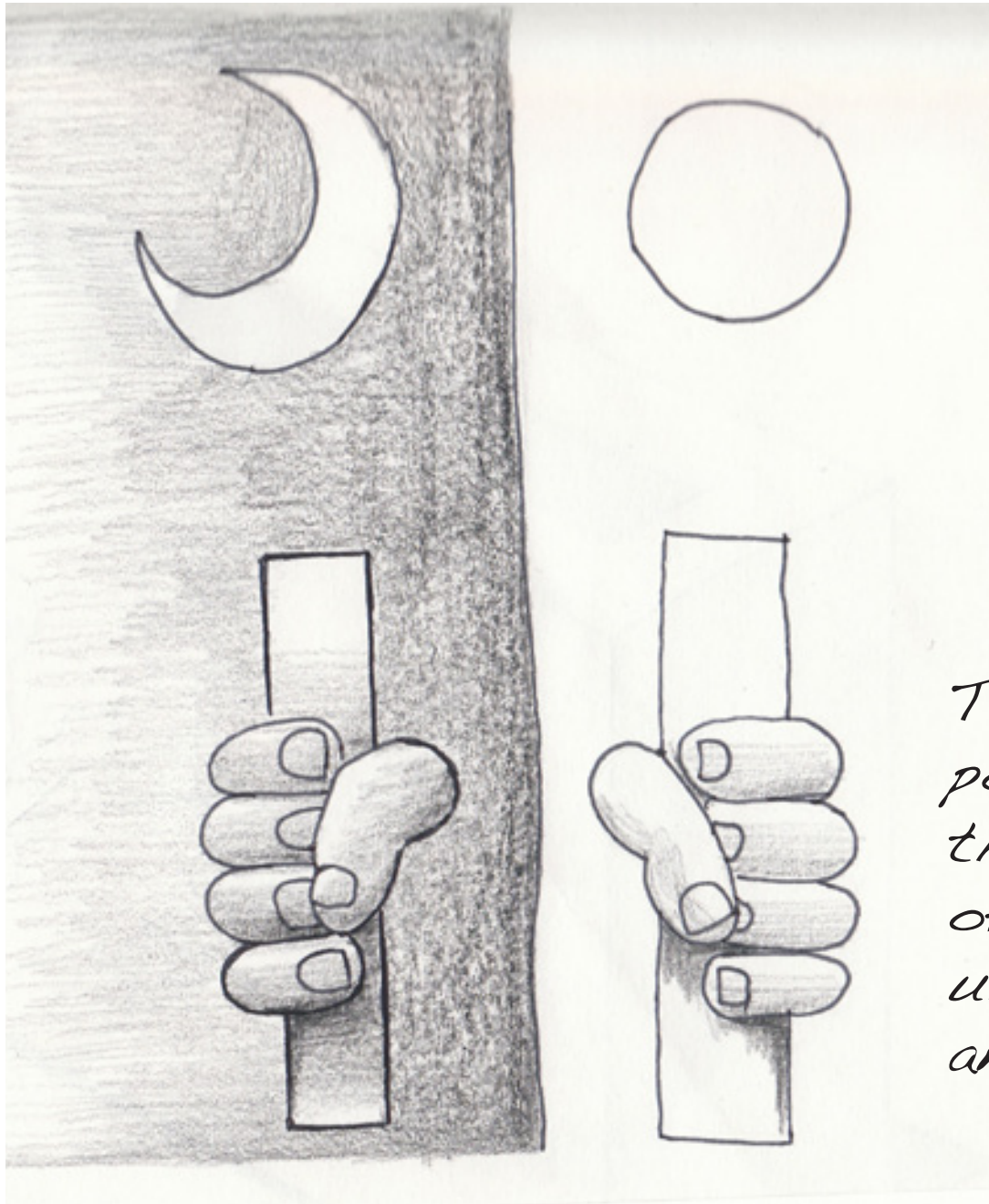


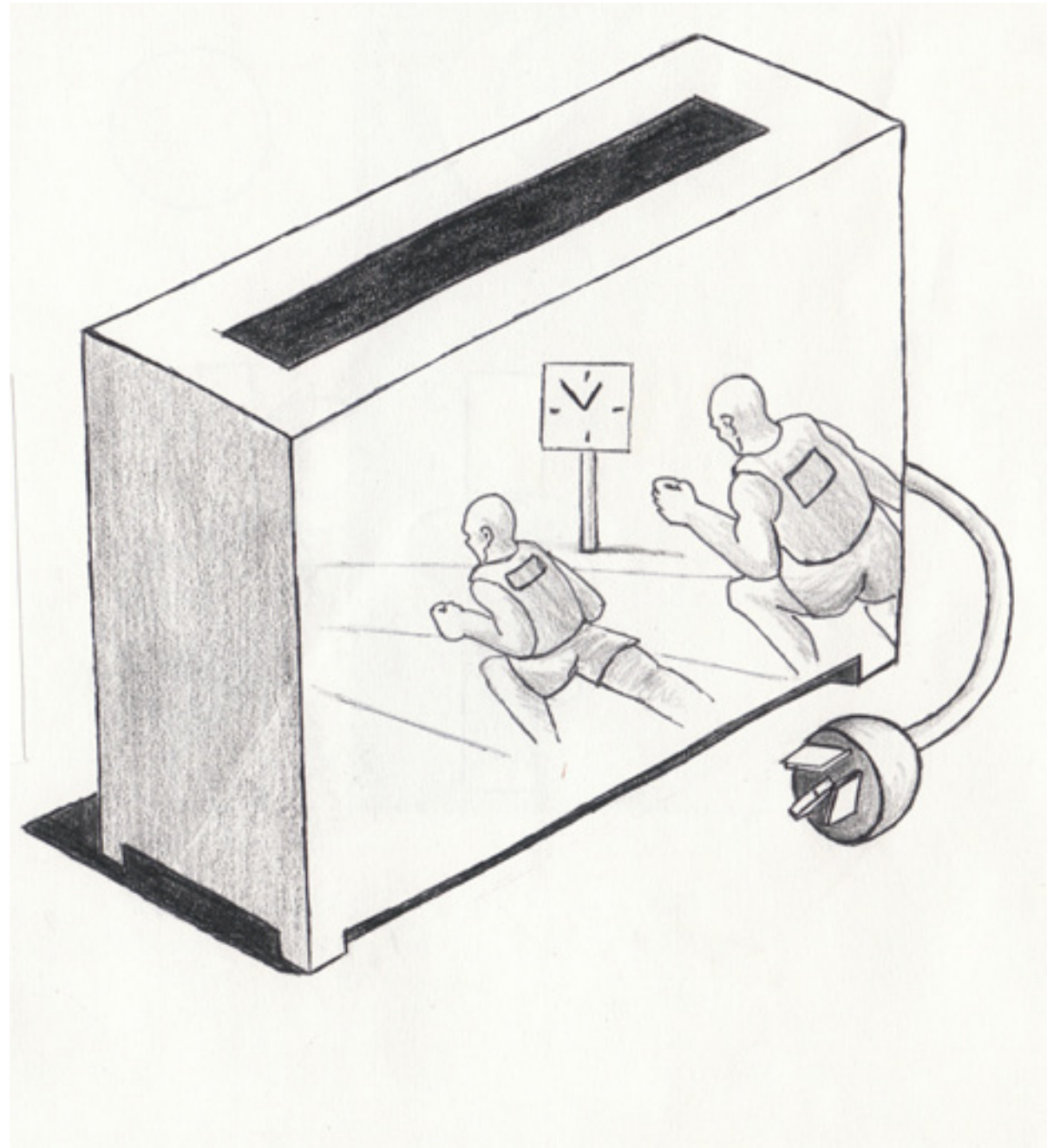
*Nicholas Turner*

Unum  
Demens  
Ridere

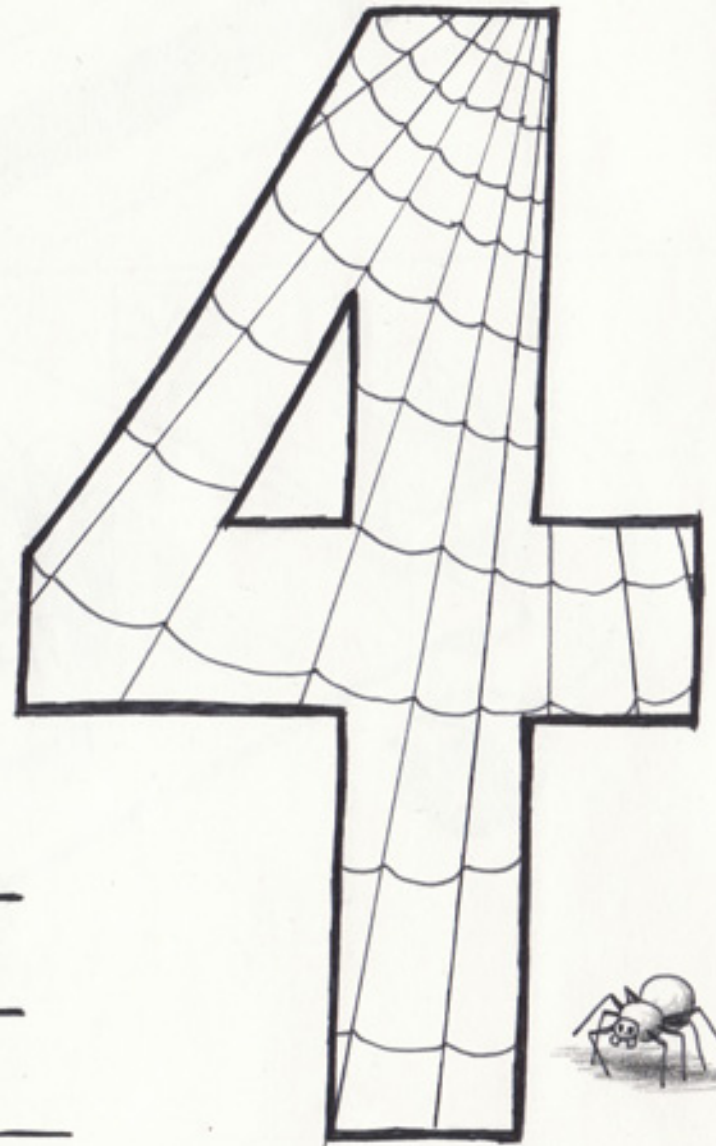


*The insecure rich and powerful encased me within this cushioned cell, in the land of liposuction. For all time, under the chandelier of night and the burning gaze of day.*

*Euphemisms of the words  
forgetting what we've heard.  
Ten to one, the race is run.  
From beginning to the end.  
Hereditary baldness,  
congenital heart disease  
and these toaster ovens.  
Ready to please.*



Four, that is my number  
Four, I don't know why  
But Four is my number



PAGE





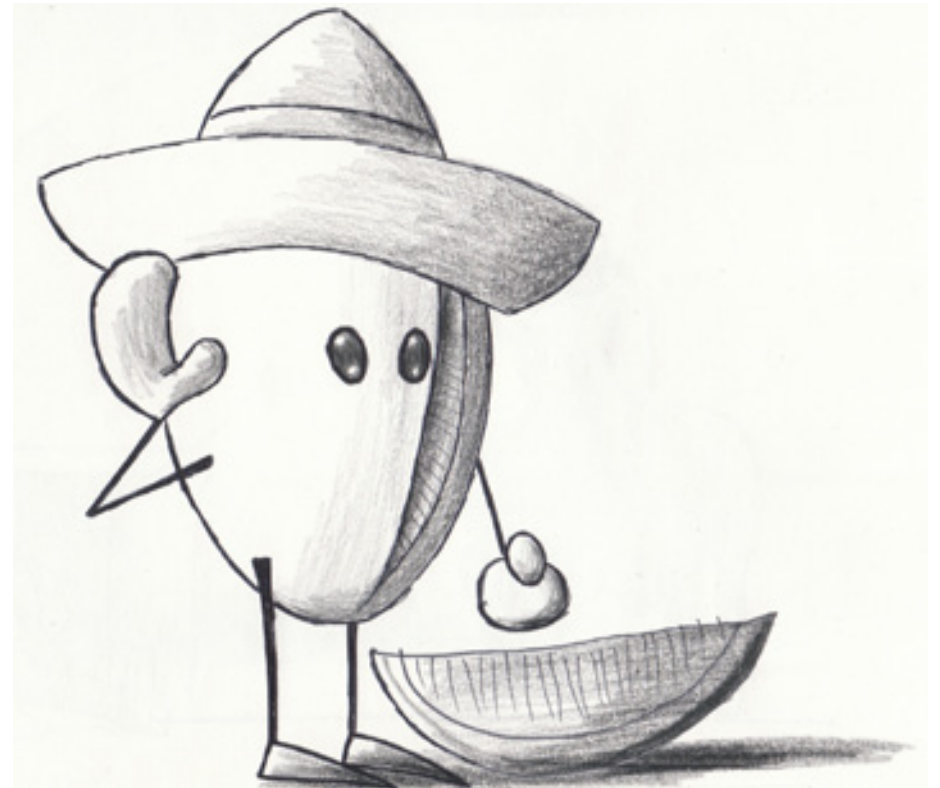
My thoughts clouded and destroyed by my disease.  
My psuedo-personality unoriginal in the extreme.  
Hardly interesting except to those who don't know me.  
My disease, in my head like a cancer, slowly infecting,  
growing, increasing its intensity.

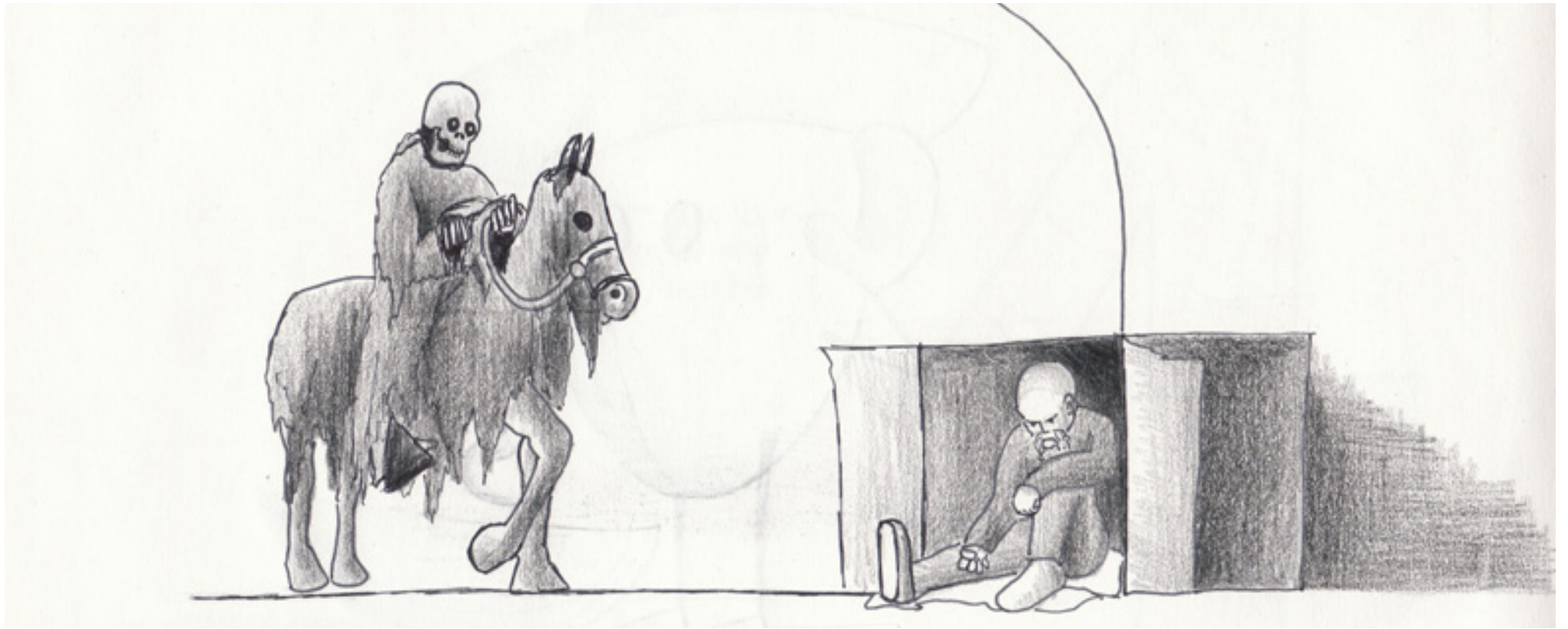
*My disease isn't contagious,  
and I am not dangerous.*

*Yet, here I am.*

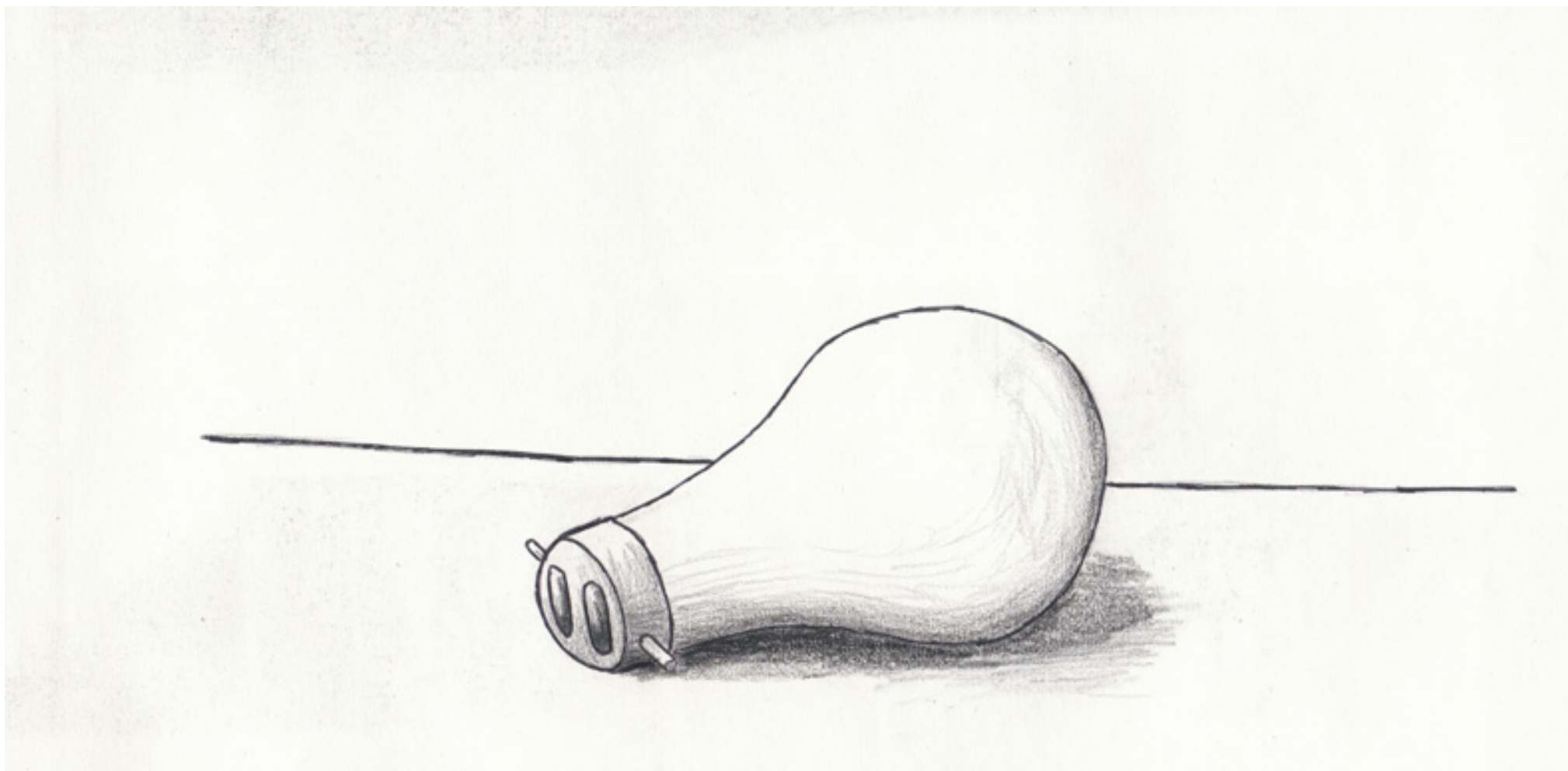
*Left all alone, with  
my hallucinations of a  
neglected tomorrow. In the  
loud silence of my mindless  
confusion, I talk to Bob.*

*Although he is small and  
yellow and cut up to go  
into drinks, he still listens  
to my woes.*





In a room of my own. No-one comes near me.  
I am only really here because no-one has the courage to break  
my bonds and unleash me upon society again.  
I wish I carried my school stuff in a plastic bag.  
Days will become years. Ageing will catch me and death shall  
finally visit like an old friend.



*But an end is just a beginning  
The beginning of your own thought and imagination.  
Or maybe I am just crazy...*