

Jeremy Dacrates. Another poor person, in line at the check-cash joint another person would come after him, and many came before. After all, he had the misfortune to be in this line, on the most beloved of urban holidays, xheck day.-----*****!!!!!!!%/%/%/%/cccccc@@@@@

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Jeremy DEcartes, a man, more specifically, a man i wish i was.

Jeremy looked like a man in his middle thirties, although he wasnt quite 26 a combination of hard drinking and two packs a day. helped his cause.

This wasnt the font of which my admiration flowed, as i didnt need the ^{secret} to unlocking the early decay of our genetic material. It wasnt the fact th t

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Jeremy somehow, with solely a strong sense of self, done things that an ever-decreasing portion of us are able to do; graduate high school as a father of a three year old boy, he was able to build a shed from s cratch , he was able to buy a dead man,s social security numbee, he was able to bribe a county clerk in Towanda, Pennsylvania to forge a birth certificate, and of course, fake a Bachelors of Science degree from Loch Haven University to ^{solidify} ~~verify~~ his new persona.

For all of that audacity, his motives werent exactly clear.

Well, motivation wasnt in ~~me~~ short supply. I ~~was~~ once questioned his motives, not asking to qualify ~~the~~ the desire to do these things, but to ask him why , or how he ended up selling me the \$100 worth of cocaine a day i was consuming.

I was cool, I testified. i was avoiding about six creditors and a bench warrant. i wish i could start over all time, before i ever met my now-ex wife or before i held up the Arbys at the intersection of I-80 and the Pennsylvania Turnpike's Northeast Extention. I actually did go to Loch Haven, a town not unlike Towanda in the late 90's, which is of course

how I managed to catch him in his lie. As i was at a happy intersection
myself, coming from one high and before the next craving was crawling
in my stream-of-consciousness. My once mighty curiosity saw the coast was clear
enough. i was curious as to why a bright, well-dressed fake journalist
in a cardigan selling me cocaine would lie about going to my alma mater,
of all places. People lie about going to a nicer college than they did
or lie about going to college in the first place.

first

No explanations forthcoming, i walked down the freshly painted corridor in
the wanamaker building and struck out ~~down~~ on to Juniper street.

cravings again. i took a bump and started wondering about wanamakers
role in the popularization of the monopoly phenomenon, and continued
my largest thought project, besides forging checks and my usual pattern of a
avoidance of the ex-wives/creditors of the world.

i got to make something. something timeless. before i managed to destroying
myself the rest of the way.

i thought about how little anyone really makes. we are all such minor cogs
in the economy, in our cities, and to ourselves, WHO HAS THE TIME.

Two .

i sat in the chinese restaurant, wondering about jeremy's contributions.
he did make a little boy somewhere on the pa/ny border. he may hate his dad
and make a pop/punk record. I want here for the ambience, as this
chinese food joint on the corner of 17th and Spring Garden didn't even win a
Golden Chopstick award. I was here to hire one of the Community College
kids, with their Wal*Mart backpacks and kids and full-time jobs
and parental expectations for an acting job.

Most of them jumped at the chance to rent an apartment of their own for the
first time- even if it was just as my cover, even for a hundred bucks.

Secure in 300 square feet right off from Broad and Girard, I took to my new task: create the whole of how Jeremy, whomever the fuck he was, became into existence, publish the work, with stolen funds if need be, and have something to show for my redic lous lying-ass existence.

Wanamakers ~~we~~ sold Monopoly in tow varieties: the duluxe versio n that had the board, aas well as the deeds, game pieces, and fake mone y all together. the plebes were reduced ~~fr~~ to buying the board from a stack and a much-smaller box that contained the fake money.

a better version of fake money is a painting contractor, based out of a ga-a-garage in Port Richmond. Then, you cash a check "to make payroll" for your illegal immigrants. sure, the centlientele leaves something to be desired: but sacrificees must be made in the ~~pera~~ conversion of an idea to material.

Jeremy seemed rather standoffish when i later went to purchase my date with Snow White. MaybeI was a little too chipper at the notion of unraveling the mystery of his office, nicely appointed, manual typewriter on the shelf, a ~~#~~ relic from his fake profession's past, perhaps. This~~xx~~, my everest, shall not divuldge even under my usual care.

Not all of us ~~g-e~~ get a natural monopoly on the Oranges on the first go ~~ar~~ around. its always a deal ma~~te~~ with socierty, sobriety, or self.