**Introduction**

It’s been a year since I wanted to start writing about my life. I’m not sure why. I thought it was a phase after reading the books by Chelsea Handler, but phases usually last a month for me before I move on to the ‘new thing’. That’s the Sagittarius in me.

Since it has been a year, I thought it’s no longer a phase and more of a goal, which is probably the only one on the list at the moment.

I’ve always like writing ever since I was in primary school. In high school I won awards for my writing. So why not share my skill with those who want to read it.

I’ve always wanted to write short stories and never a story about me and how I’ve “grown up” over the years. I use that term loosely as I’m only 25 and still have no idea what I want in life… well I know what I want but the fact that I’m not talented has put my acting and singing career into the grave.

In high school I wrote a whole bunch of short stories, which in hindsight I should have kept as I could have had a collection already. These short stories were so depressing and not at all whom I actually was. I was a happy kid. I had plenty of friends. I wasn’t popular but our school only had about 400 kids in it, so we all kind of new each other and some how we were all friends of friends which kind of eliminated the whole ‘popular’ ‘losers’ conception that we all see on TV. Although we did have freaks and no I was not part of the group. It turns out those so called freaks became amazing lawyers and business people…KIDDING. That’s what we all thought would happen but it turns out they are the ones that started “Teen Mom”. They either dropped out in year 11 and 12 or got preggers straight after high school. Now I know I’m not the best looking guy in the world… but these girls were… hmmm how do I say it… un-penetrable? Yes lets leave it at that. Now you may say that’s harsh BUT it’s probably a little jealousy that makes me feel that way. I mean at least they have partners and a family, sure it wasn’t in that order but they seem happy when they serve me at McDonalds. I’m single, and have been for god knows how long. I stopped counting cause it turns out that’s ‘sad’. More on that later though, back to the depressing short stories even though I was a happy kid.

I have a great family who is extremely religious which some might find annoying (at times I did too) but thinking back, that area of my life helped make some pretty damn good decisions… but also some pretty bad ones too.

I have 2 great parents, 2 brothers and a sister, who, I believe function pretty well considering we all don’t have that much in common when I compare them to my friend’s families.

The short stories that I wrote were not what you called an easy to read happy tale. They always contained suicide, death, sorrow and drug addiction. Anything really that would cause the characters in the story to break and crumble and have a miserable ending. Wow thinking back… I must have been secretly messed up, but I never showed it. I was always laughing and having fun. Sure I had my moody days, but what adolescent doesn’t.

So now that I have put that short story collection on hold for a while I have decided to share my thoughts, ideas, ramblings, hopefully entertaining stories in this book.

Chapter 2