

**I'D RATHER BE
DEAD THAN DEAF**

I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN DEAF

**A YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNEY
WITH LIVER CANCER**

E. ADRIENNE WILSON

EDITED BY ANDREA WILSON WOODS



I'd Rather Be Dead Than Deaf is a work of nonfiction. Some names and identifying details have been changed.

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To Denise, for being the best “psycho doctor” ever.



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INTRODUCTION

by **ANDREA WILSON WOODS**

The author's sister, parent, guardian, and editor of this book

My life as a parent started on December 19, 1994, when an exuberant eight year old bounded off a plane and into my arms. The stewardess running after her laughed, saying, “You must be her sister, Andrea.”

Adrienne chimed in, “Yep. She’s my Sissy.”

Neither one of us knew it at the time, but Adrienne’s two-week holiday visit to Los Angeles would become a permanent stay. The day after Christmas, three days before her 50th birthday, our mother called. She asked if I could keep Adrienne for a while. She was tired, ill, and incapable of being a mother. She refused to tell Adrienne the news herself. I was twenty-two years old, living with an alcoholic boyfriend, and had little money and no job stability—but it never occurred to me to say no. Adrienne’s father died before she was born; I was the only person she had.

Within months, Adrienne challenged me. Our mother had let her run wild, so Adrienne was used to doing whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted. When the staff at a local restaurant sang Happy Birthday to her, she screamed and melted down like a two year old pitching a temper tantrum—only she was nine. I carried her out by her arms and legs, worried that someone would call

Social Services. When we arrived home, I sent Adrienne to her room. After a few minutes, I walked in to discuss her behavior with her. She was still thrashing her body around, yelling she hated me and asking why I made those people sing to her. I grabbed her arms and pinned her down. I slapped her forearm to get her attention. It worked.

“You live here now. My house. My rules. You do not make scenes in public. Understand?”

“Oh yeah, I’m moving back to Alabama,” she said.

I may have stopped her body from moving, but I couldn’t do anything about her mouth.

“I don’t like you. I don’t want to live with you. I want my mother, and I want to go home!” she yelled.

I looked into her eyes and wondered if I should tell her the truth.

Mother was caught shooting up morphine at work. She lost her nursing license, so she can’t get a job.

Or, you have no home; no one in Alabama wants you. Even your father’s family doesn’t want you.

I said none of those things. Instead, I called her bluff. I released her arms, walked to the desk, picked up the phone, and dialed 411.

“May I have the toll-free number for Northwest Airlines, please?”

Adrienne watched me in silence as I made a reservation in her name for a flight out the next day to Birmingham. I pulled out her two suitcases.

“Start packing, kiddo.”

She glared at me, crossed her arms over her chest, and refused to say anything as I left her room.

Meanwhile, I stayed in the living room, hoping I had done the right thing. I knew that moment was a turning point. Adrienne had to accept me as her authority figure, or this arrangement would never work. I heard her moving around in her bedroom, shuffling something, slamming something else. What would I do if she

packed her things? I waited. It took almost an hour, but Adrienne finally came out.

She stared at the ground. “Okay. I want to stay. Don’t send me back.”

Thank god. I didn’t have the money anyway. Using one finger, I tipped her chin up until her eyes met mine.

“Here’s the deal: I’m your parent first, then your sister, and when you get older, I hope to be your friend. Got it? And one more thing: don’t ever threaten me again.”

“Alright, Sissy. Parent, sister, friend—got it.”

Later, Adrienne painted this piece of artwork to solidify our agreement. I called her my little Jackson Pollock.



For the first four years of Adrienne's life, I lived with her and our mother, attending high school in Birmingham, Alabama. I held Adrienne within minutes of her birth. I remember her first steps. Her first words. We spent so much time together that most people assumed I was her mother. With our fourteen-year age difference, it was biologically possible, though we didn't look much alike. She inherited our mother's olive skin and dark hair and her father's green eyes and taller stature. By her teens, she grew to be three inches taller than me—not a huge accomplishment, given that I'm under 5'3", but she enjoyed teasing me about it.

I often think about those four years that I call the In-Between. I left home in August 1990 to attend college in Los Angeles, California. I abandoned Adrienne, leaving her alone with our mother. Though I could not have predicted how much or how quickly our mother's life would unravel, I wonder if things would have turned out differently if I had stayed. Or if I had taken custody of Adrienne much sooner. I'll never know. During the In-Between, frequent phone calls and visits strengthened the bond between Adrienne and me. For every mile of the 2000 that separated us during that time, our relationship became unbreakable.

I don't remember if Adrienne began talking, reading, or drawing first. All three seemed to occur simultaneously, like a volcano erupting. She always had a lot to say. A friend once said talking to Adrienne was like drinking from a fire hose; she had too much to say and not enough time to say it. She devoured books from almost every genre. By age ten, she was reading college textbooks about Egypt, mythology, and religion because she liked the subjects. Then there was her art. She always had a pencil, pen, or crayon in her hand. By kindergarten, she was painting, too. The last Christmas I visited home, the last Christmas she would ever spend under our mother's care, Adrienne presented me with a painting. She smiled as she handed me the wrapped gift, which



Adrienne's Christmas gift to me, December 1993

felt heavier than I expected. Our mother had already framed it. At seven years old, Adrienne deemed herself an artist.

I've never loved anyone the way I loved—and still love—Adrienne. Deeply. Unconditionally. Raising her will always be the best thing I've ever done. Nothing else comes close. When Adrienne was diagnosed with primary liver cancer (i.e., hepatocellular carcinoma) on May 16, 2001, the world as we knew it evaporated into nothing. Or rather, dissolved into something new. Together with an army of family, friends, doctors, and nurses, we spent 147 days battling the disease. We declared war on cancer like President Nixon did in 1971 with the same results. We never had a fighting chance. We lost because Adrienne is no longer with us.



Our Blue Faery: Adrienne at Medieval Times in August 2001

Yet, Adrienne never let cancer take away her spirit. Even when she had no strength left, she kept fighting. And reading. And writing. And drawing. She also set firm boundaries. Adrienne lost her mind when she realized the chemotherapy drug cisplatin could cause permanent hearing loss. She loved music, and she was a budding musician. For her 15th birthday, one month before her diagnosis, she received a black Fender Jazz Bass. She could not, would not, lose her hearing, telling the oncologist, “I’d rather be dead than deaf.” When the first signs of hearing loss occurred, we honored her wishes, and she never took that drug again.

One year after Adrienne died, I found myself so mired in grief that I considered jumping out of the top of the Ferris Wheel at Santa Monica Pier. But I didn’t like my odds of succeeding. I couldn’t be sure if I would land on the concrete or in the ocean. I resisted similar urges to jump off buildings and mountains. Then, I developed an infallible suicide plan but never executed it. Suicide is selfish, so I sought new ways to channel my grief. That’s when I founded Blue Faery: The Adrienne Wilson Liver Cancer Association.

ABOUT BLUE FAERY

Founded in 2002 in Burbank, California, Blue Faery’s mission is to prevent, treat, and cure primary liver cancer, specifically hepatocellular carcinoma (HCC), through research, education, and

advocacy. Our work improves the quality of life for HCC patients, supports their caregivers, and gives them hope, information, and a voice. Blue Faery hosts an online Liver Cancer Community for patients and caregivers. Blue Faery provides free comprehensive patient education resources with our Patient Resource Guides for Liver Cancer. Blue Faery has numerous educational and awareness programs, including Love Your Liver, The Truth About Liver Cancer, and You and Liver Cancer. Additionally, we developed the Blue Faery Award for Excellence in Liver Cancer Research. The award is granted each year on April 8—Adrienne’s birthday.

All proceeds from the sales of this art journal go to Blue Faery. Learn more at bluefaery.org.



Blue Faery’s logo was inspired by Adrienne

ABOUT ADRIENNE’S ART JOURNAL

I feel blessed to have raised a child who left so much of herself behind. With numerous handwritten journals, her online journal, and her emails, Adrienne’s voice feels present, like she is standing



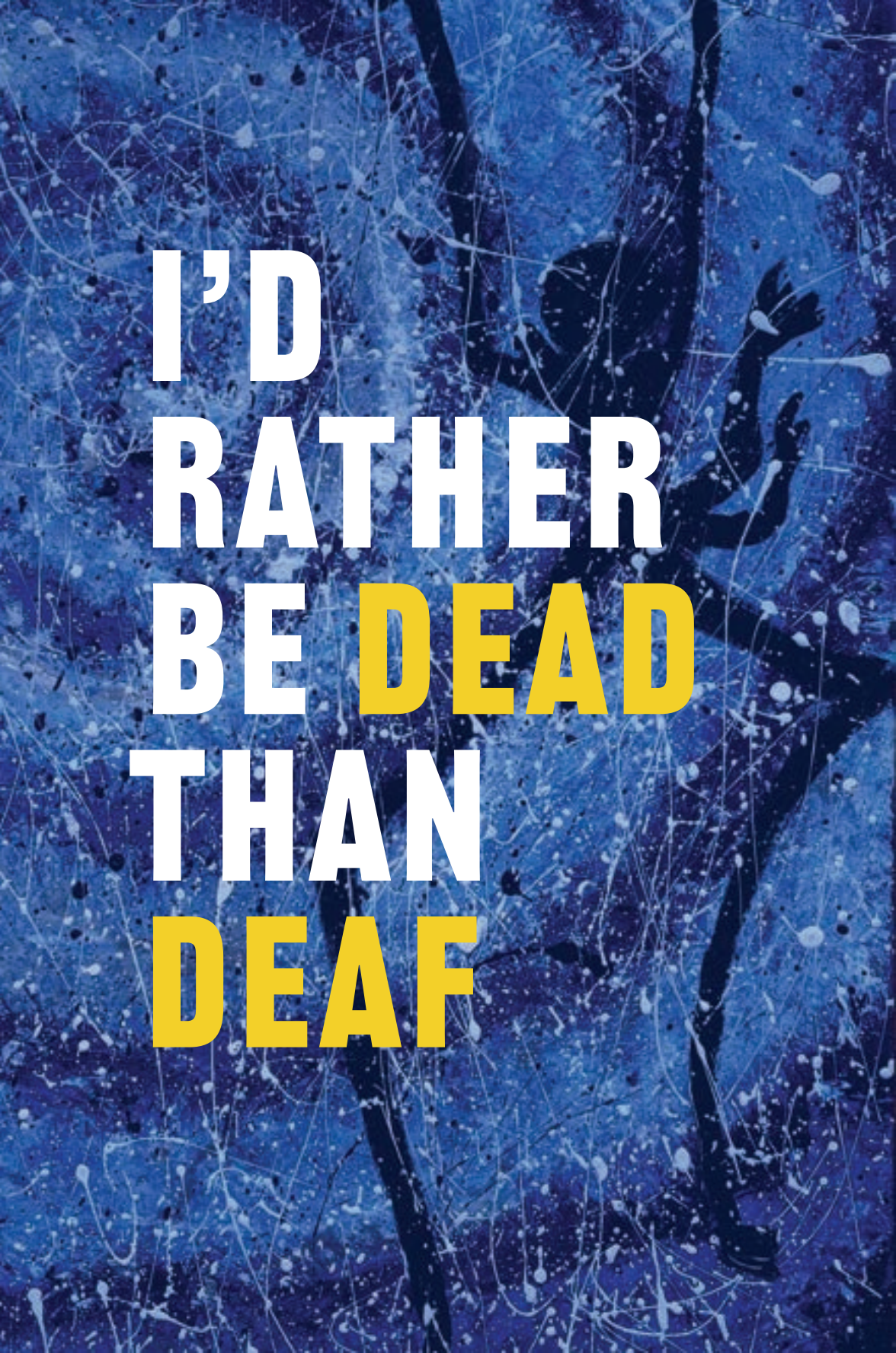
beside me, whispering in my ear. And so much art! I own a large art portfolio case that isn't big enough to hold the many drawings, sketches, and paintings Adrienne produced. She experimented with almost every medium, every tool, and various subjects. From pencil, ink, marker, crayon, charcoal, chalk, and pastels to watercolor, acrylic, oil, collage, multimedia, and digital photography, Adrienne created a world that gives us insight into her imagination.

The artwork in this journal spans Adrienne's life from age seven until weeks before her death at age 15. I've made every effort to maintain each piece's integrity. In some cases, especially with older works, I modified the art to increase resolution, improve visibility, or enhance the colors.

Despite her incredible intelligence, Adrienne was a notoriously bad speller. Though I haven't corrected every grammatical error or changed the context of her writing, I have fixed the numerous misspelled words. Also, I've changed her friends' names to protect their identities.

Thank you for reading this book. You'll discover why I call Adrienne, "The best kid ever."

—Andrea Wilson Woods
Parent, Sister, Friend
October 2023



**I'D
RATHER
BE DEAD
THAN
DEAF**



Andrea & Adrienne at her 10th birthday party in 1996.

ADRIENNE: IN HER OWN WORDS

Editor's note: I found this email in Adrienne's Draft folder after she died. To my knowledge, she never sent it.

BASICS

Name: Adrienne, that's all anyone needs to know.

Nicknames: Xio, Dazzledxio, Kiddo, Sweetie (hm...)

Age: 15

D.O.B.: April 8th

Zodiac: Sun = Aries, Moon = Aries, Rising = Libra, CONFLICT!

Location: Depends on where I am, don't it?

Born (where): Birmingham, Alabama.

Raised (where): In 20 different locations.

Parents: In my eyes, Sissy and Johnny, truly Myra and Todd.

Siblings: All half-siblings: Andrea (aka Sissy) and Aidan on me

Mum's side, and Beth and Jay on my father's.

Pets: Little Bit, Marinol (arrrrrgh), and Xiola

FAVORITES

Color: Blue, Orange, and Black and White (when together in a checker pattern).

Color to wear: Blue?

Hair color: None have I.

Book: Anything written by Edgar Allen Poe, Brian Froud, and JR Tolkien, a few Anne Rice books (First three in *The Vampire Chronicles*), *The Phantom Tollbooth*, *Midnight*, and many others...

Movie: Anything directed by Tim Burton, John Waters, or Perry Farrell and anything starring Steve Buscemi or Dave Navarro (haha, DAVID MICHEAL).

Food: I don't eat much lately...

Drink: Blue Powerade (notice a pattern?).

Actor: STEVE BUSCEMI!!!! Um, and Dave I guess, Perry's kinda funny too...OH! And Robert DeNiro and Tim Curry.

Actress: Uh, Kirsten Dunst, haha, um I dunno.

Store: Aahs, Tumblin' Dice, Squaresville, Rock-A-Way, the gift shop at The Standard too if that counts.

Singer: Perry Farrell, Dave Navarro, Shannon Hoon, PJ Harvey, the girl from Cocteau Twins, Scott Weiland, TOMMY (hahahahaha), um, Johnny boy, and a bunch I'm forgetting...

Band: Jane's Addiction, um...does Dave's band have a name? Psi Com, Deconstruction, old RHCP, STP, Blind Melon, Mozart!, White Zombie, Black Sabbath, Ours, Primus, it really depends on my mood...

Vehicle: 1968 two-toned baby blue VW Van.

Flower: Dried roses.

Subject: English and Science.

Teacher: Mr. Hines, Ms. Castleman, Ms. Bennett.

Pizza: Hate it.



DAVE
NAVARRO

HAVE YOU EVER

Killed someone? riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiight.

Wanted to kill someone? At times but it passes...

Wanted to kill yourself? Next subject.

Swallowed a bug? Nope, but my cousin did once.

Smoked? Once when I was 6 trying to figure out why my aunt liked it so much.

Did drugs? Fuck no, not after losing the people I did due to them.

Seriously hit someone? Yes.

Been threatened? Many a time.

Lied? Often, but only to those I don't like. >:)

Skipped school? No desire to.

Been looked at like you were crazy? You walk around bald with a mask on and looking like a skeleton and then tell me you WEREN'T looked at.

Why? Chemo affects your looks quite a bit. I guess people have never heard of illness before or seen victims of it.

Broken someone's heart? Perhaps.

Had your heart broken? Not that I can remember.

Took someone else's advice? All the time.

Been on TV? Thank heavens NO.

Been on the radio? Um...no.

FRIENDS

Best: Eli, Andy, Nadia, and Dave in some ways.

Funniest: All of the above.

Loudest: Anya (Sissy's friend), argh.

Craziest: Nadia and Andy.

Needs Most Advice: That's an insult, and I don't insult friends.

Gives Best Advice: Dave.

Prettiest: Dave, ahaha.
Strongest: ?
Weakest: Emotionally or physically?
Quietest: Eli.
Most Outgoing: Not sure.
Most Hyper: Lori and Nadia and Andy, easily.
Weirdest: Me. :)
Most Childish: Dave at times, and Nadia (in a good way).
Bravest: I dunno.
Most Honest: Dave, Andy, and Eli.
Sweetest: Eli and Andy.
Most Caring: Hm...all of them?
Smartest: I only make friends with the intelligent.



Adrienne & Jenessa in eighth grade at Luther Burbank Middle School.

The one that probably won't graduate: Dave hasn't.
Do you trust your friends? Yes.
Do they trust you? Hope so.
Do you like your name? I like Xiola better.
What do you wish it was? Like I said...
Do you have a BF/GF? Eli.
What's his/her name? Eli.
Do you love them? Very much so.
How long have you been together? Almost 11 months.
Do you have a song? Yes...
Do you have a crush? Kinda can't when you're involved with someone.
What's his/her name? ::banging head on table::
How long have you liked them? Ok, I'm skipping these.

Where did you meet them?
Do you think that you'll go out?
Do you ever want to get married? Perhaps.
At what age? No idea.
Do you want to have kids? Not really.
How many? ::sigh::
Boy or Girl? If I could choose, girl.
What will be their names? Xiola.
At what age will you have them? I don't even know if I want 'em.
Do you have a job? Can't work.
Where? Look up.
Do you like it there? Where?
If not, where do you want to work? No idea.



THIS OR THAT

Music/TV: Music.

Guys/Girls: Both.

Green/Blue: Blue.

Pink/Purple: Purple.

Summer/Winter: WINTER!!!

Spring/Fall: Fall.

Night/Day: Depends on the day or night and my mood.

Hangin' Out/Chillin': Que?

Dark/Light: Depends on my mood once again.

Laundry/Dishes: Neither.

Christina/Britney: Haha, Britney.

Bizkit/Korn: Wes.

Hairspray/Gel: *Hairspray* was a good movie.

What do you think of teenage smoking? Stupid.

What do you think of death? I think it is something that I don't want happening to me for a long long time.

What do you think of suicide? Selfish.

What do you think of abortion? Whatever. I would NEVER do it (at least I hope I will never be put in a situation where I would)...but if others feel they HAVE to...well, whatever. No opinion, really.



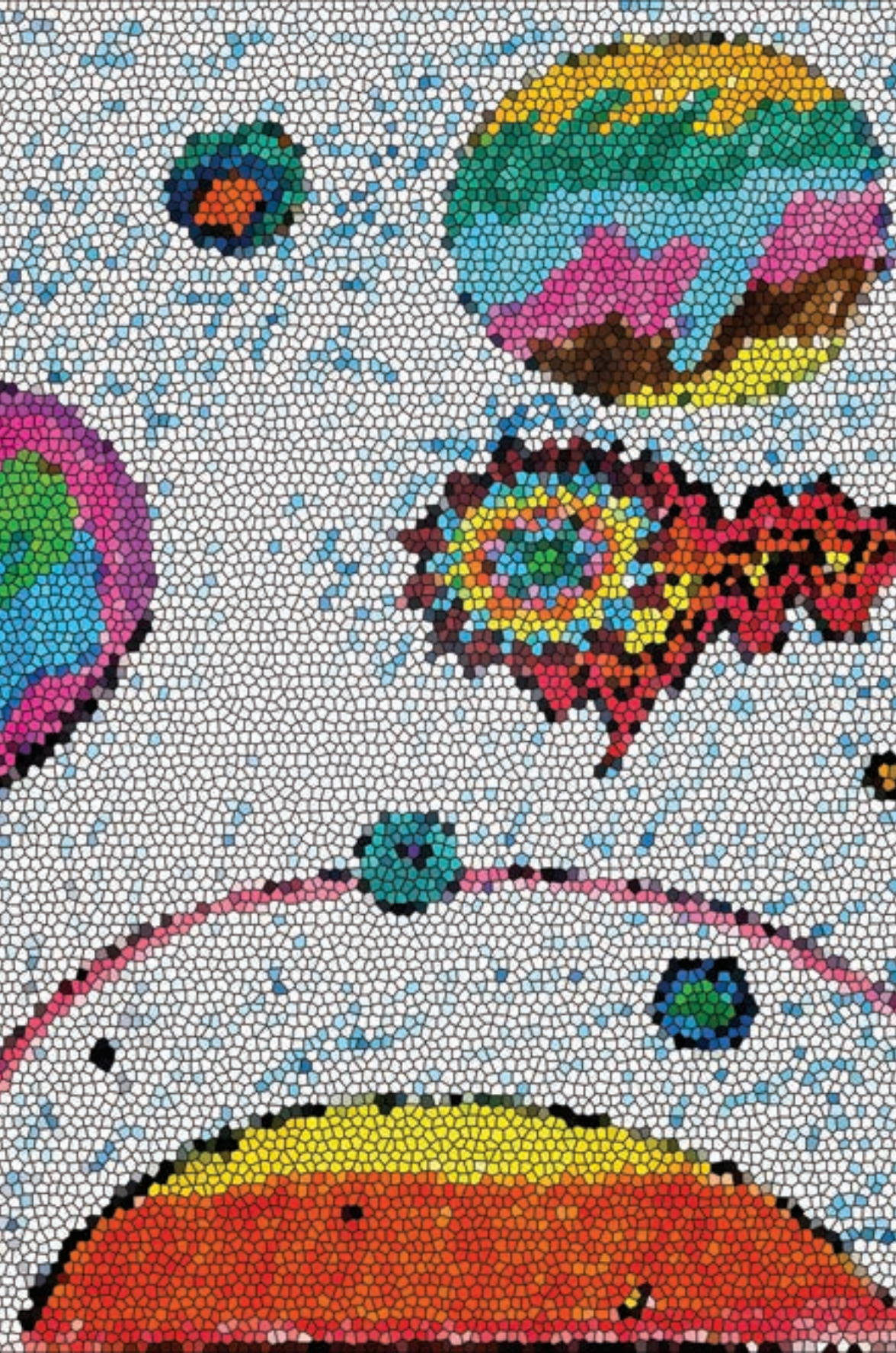
DO YOU

Like sports? Hah.

Play sports? I want to be a sporty kid.

Volunteer? No... :/ I will...one day.

Like little kids? NO.



Like gym? LOL.

Like math? Eh...

Like science? Yeah. Kinda.

Believe your horoscope? Not really.

Believe in God? Hm. I believe something.

Hate Slurpees? WHAT?! NO! I <3 Slurpees! Are you insane!?

Believe in life after death? Hm...There is a possibility of
anything...

Think there is life on other planets? Maybe. Yes. ALIENS...
OOooOoh :D

Think mosquitos are annoying? Those bastards.

Write on bathroom walls? LOL. Not on the walls...Uh...lol.

IF

You could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?

My body.

You could change one thing in the world, what would it be?

Unfairness. If that makes sense.

You could go back in time, what would you do? Nothing that
would change history...I am not going to screw up humanity
twice like that damn Marky Mark did.

JUST WHATEVER

What confuses you the most in life? People. That is why I don't
pay too much attention to them anymore.

What do people do that annoys the hell out of you? Lots of
things...

Do you like creamed corn? I like corn. A lot.

Who has the nicest body? What?

Nicest arms? Uh...

Nicest stomach? LOL.

What do people think about you, but isn't true? LOL. Who gives a FUCK what people think?! What they think, let them think that it is true. Some just want it that way, want things to be true for some reason, you know? Let them think what they want. People are just people anyway. No one is that important to get upset over.

Are you a vegetarian? NOOOOOOOO.

Could you ever be? No.

What's your favorite meal? MEAT.

What's one thing you want people to remember about you when you've died? That I was a nice girl. I am a nice girl...Fuck.

What's something you want people to say at your funeral? Whatever they want to say...((but nothing inappropriate, you guys, like leaning over, tapping my casket, and whispering HEY MANDY, DID JAFAR? because even though that is horribly funny, my family may not understand the humor in it and get a little mad)).

What's the most expensive thing you own? My bed? LOL. I don't know...

Least expensive? My pride and joy 99-cent pumpkin Pez dispenser. :D

Are you a follower? Not really.

Are you a leader? No.

Then what the hell are you? WELL, DON'T FUCKING WORRY ABOUT!!!!

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Adrienne". The signature is written in black ink and features a large, stylized initial 'A' followed by the name 'drienne' in a fluid, connected script. A long, horizontal flourish extends from the bottom of the 'e' across the width of the signature.



Adrienne

^{Wiccan}
Sensitive, Philosophical, Different,
and Hard-Working.

Lover of the Goddess, Nature, and Cats

Who believes the ways of Wicca.

Who wants peace, balance, and
knowledge.

Who uses her spirit, magical powers,
and her mind.

Who gives advice, a shoulder to cry on,
and motivation.

Who says, "If it doesn't harm anyone
(including yourself), it can't be wrong".

Wilson





JOURNALS

ADRIENNE'S

BOOK



SHADOWS

DIARY

* MAY 19, 2000 *

FRIDAY, MAY 19, 2000

MAY
2000

♪ Listening to: Soundgarden

Dear Diary,

It is such a relief to finally have a diary (and Book of Shadows). Now I may have a place to write down all the thoughts in my head that are repeating themselves consistently. I have been feeling so drained lately. So lazy and especially tired. I have music stuck in my head all the time now too. Maybe it's the bass playing.

I am starting to feel good about how my personality is becoming more unique, more me. How many 14-year-olds do you know that are Wiccan, listen to Blind Melon, Jane's Addiction & Candlebox, have orange/blonde hair, and are faery freaks? I like me at the moment.

The only word I can think of is "airy" or "hippie." I mean, Jane's/Blind/Candlebox and my other favorites (except for NIN) have an "airy" feeling. Earthly hippish. Coolness. My room is like that too. W/ the candles, the Christmas lights, faery paintings, and constant "airy" music. I'm becoming a hippie :).

Hopefully, I will start becoming more of a Wiccan. I mean a better one. Someone who really believes in it. It makes complete sense to me, but I don't accept things easily. I am sure the utter and complete acceptance shall come in time and with practice. I am such a contradiction of myself. I'm into hippie stuff, but then there is the dark half. The one that loves vampires, Johnny the Homicidal Maniac, Cradle of Filth, etc. I think that is what brings



Adrienne celebrating her birthday with Lori at the Rocky Horror Picture Show.

out my personality, though. It is those two extremely different personas mixed together that make me so unique. I just need to find balance. I need to start meditating more. I also need to get my butt into shape, *sigh*. Measurements: 38B, 29 1/2, 40. It's curvy, but the waist needs slimmin'. Ack, I'm so tired. I'm gonna stop for now. Maybe I'll write more later.

Love, Adrienne

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 2000

🎵 **Listening to:** Candlebox

Dear Diary,



My personal evaluation:

Adrienne, you are somewhat left-hemisphere dominant and a predominantly usual [...] an interesting blend of characteristics. You are an intensely visual person, active and continuously searching. As such, there is no limit or beat to limit your learning. You are constantly absorbing or imagining. Your tendency to be left-hemi dominant, however, causes some difficulties. You continue to attempt to structure all that input & categorize it. At the same time, continue to seek out new input while reflecting on what you have already gained.

With your visual orientation absorbing so much input, you sometimes utilize your left brain focus to identify logical aspects of what you perceive and may become overwhelmed by details. When faced with situations where you have to rely on verbal input exclusively, you may need to work more on maintaining an

overview or perspective to grasp the material fully. It is likely that sketching out is a representation of the material you are listening to that will enhance your understanding and recall of the material. Drawing diagrams and note-taking allow you to see the relationship between and absorb them more carefully. You tend to focus on details and are generally logical and organized. You have an intensity, which is evident to others, and yet you can feel comfortable with the applied aspects of learning, the practical.

Given that you are somewhat goal-directed, the difficulty with being so visual is that you continuously see new goals, and this may be drawn from one to the other or at least forced to think about them within present structures. Because of your visual processing mode, you are regularly faced w/ tolerating and integrating ambiguity, a process that disrupts the equilibrium of your left-hemi preeminence. It is likely that you are restless continuously and do not feel challenged. You may explore engaging in activities that enhance r-hemi functioning and reduce some of the tension you might currently be experiencing. END

Auditory	Visual	Left	Right
25%	75%	56.5%	43.5%

Favorite bands at the moment

Soundgarden, Blind Melon, Jane's Addiction, Candlebox, NIN, Pearl Jam, AIC, Smashing Pumpkins, Mother Love Bone

"I'm a little grunger, hippyish too." I belong back in Seattle in 92 or 94. Guys I like now are grungers, like that dude from *Dazed & Confused*, Chris in *Singles*, and Eddie. I think it is the hair mixed with the whole "I'm a REAL musician" mode thing. Oh, and Shannon, my little modern hippie. Watch, I'm gonna end up listening to Jellyfish. *sigh* Am I that predictable? I hope not. I sure did write a lot today, huh?



I'm going to that volunteer Earth group tomorrow. 10 - 12 PM. One hour of training, then the hike. Hopefully, I will find some people like myself. If not, then I will find them elsewhere. Boredom. It's so hot. AND HUMID! I hate humidity. I can't sleep like this. I think experiencing one of those weekends where I change completely. From wannabe goth to modern grunger/hippie in 48 hours. Ha. Whatev. Fuck people. All I need to worry about is how I feel. And I feel great. So, blah to them. :P. I have deeper thoughts and insights, but I'm not ready to write them down—Gimme time. Ok, I need to sleep. SLEEP! Later!

Love, Adrienne

MONDAY, MAY 22, 2000

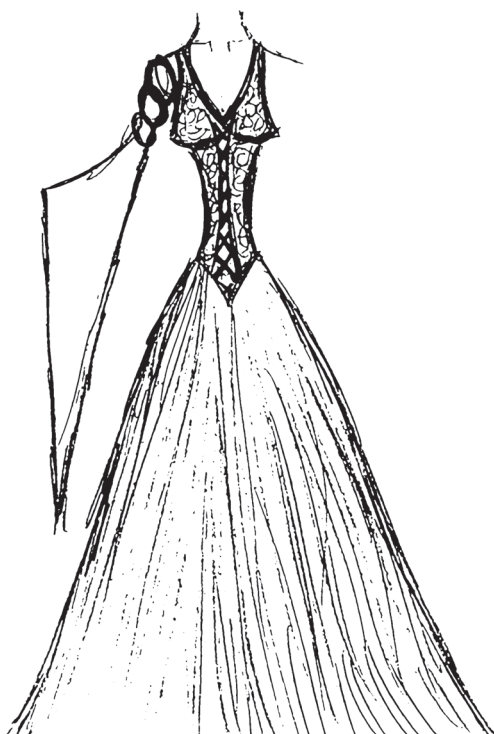
🎵 **Listening to:** Jane's Addiction

OK, tonight is not my night.

Ugh. I only got one hour of sleep last night. I need to finish the second half of my reflection and do my explanation of my personal page tonight. Tomorrow night will be goals, reflection, and touch-ups. Oh, and dividers. School is almost over. Yay! I am feeling so drained in all my classes. I don't give a fuck at this point. I need it to be summer. I also need my grad dress. I'm gonna have to convince mom to buy it for me.

So the whole J thing. *sigh*. I know he's a flirt and a "player." But I can't help but like him. He is the only guy who is allowed to touch me like that (although hugs aren't really touching). I dunno. I'm not sleeping with him. I'm not a complete moron. OH! The nature hiking thing yesterday was SO cool. I learned all this info about habitats and native tribes, and plants. I now know where to get fresh Sage, Black Sage, Golden-Yarrow, Mustard, and Poppy. It was so gorgeous. I'm bringing my camera next time.

God, I love this band. Shit, I haven't picked up the bass in a couple of days. I will after this week is OVER, and my portfolio is DONE. I have to rewrite my letter to Dave. I don't want to freak him out. I just wish I could





tell him how happy his music makes me and how inspired I become. I mean, I love him. In a weird way, that is. He gave me support when I needed it the most. Every time I was down, there would be a letter from him. He knows who I am. He is so beautiful in so many ways. This is all based on what I have seen & heard through his music, pics, interviews, personal emails, yadda yadda yadda. He brings me peace. Love ya, Dave!

I have been thinking about doing the self-initiation into Wicca. She is so beautiful, and no matter where man builds his city, she is always present. Her beauty can never be destroyed. She is everything. The rocks, the grass, the trees, the air...everything. Her spirit is present in all of them. When I was up in the mountains, I realized that. It is Her Spirit that brings their beauty. She is so generous to give man all that we have. Look at the world around you. For the first time, I have come to truly appreciate

it and Her. She is what gives us life: Her and Her consort. I want them to know that I belong to them. I wish to dedicate my life to them, to make them happy with me and my doing.

Lists

#1: What I WANT

1. To truly see things and appreciate them.
2. To feel alive and whole.
3. To be a part of something.
4. Spiritual fulfillment.
5. To become a better person, kinder.
6. To be happy.
7. To be part of Nature.

#2: What I can GIVE

1. Clean beaches and mountains of pollution.
2. My utter devotion.
3. Be an example of Their teachings of kindness and peace.
4. Help out with Pagan organizations.
5. Protect natural resources.
6. Some money to help others and myself preserve the Earth

I'll end up adding more later. I know in my heart this is the right path for me. Self-dedication will be the first step. I'll write down my dreams tomorrow.

Love, Adrienne

TUESDAY, MAY 23, 2000

🎵 **Listening to:** Primus

Dear Diary,

So I got myself a blue, Alice-In-Wonderland type, Lazy-Boy recliner. Looks like the chair in that Tom Petty [video]. I also got some rice milk to try it out. It's ok; I mean, it tastes like rice (except they put vanilla in 'cuz I got the wrong type, so the vanilla tends to overpower the rice flavor). It will take some getting used to. I am determined to stay a Vegan: no milk products and no meat. NO MEAT!! The no-milk part is just for selfish reasons.

Starting tomorrow, I will do the following things in order (starting when I wake up): self-dedication, 50 push-ups, 40 sit-ups/crunches, eat fruit + vitamins + a glass of rice milk and go to school. Then starting at around 9: showers, 50 push-ups, 40 sit-ups/crunches, a glass of rice milk, thank the elements, write in here. I'll be in shape, spiritually fulfilled, and healthy. I forgot the bass. Shit. I'll find room. I'm tired. Portfolios are due Thursday. Fuck-n-aye, I'm gonna go to bed now. Sorry for making this one so short.

Still Having to Finish My Cup of Rice Milk,



—Adrienne

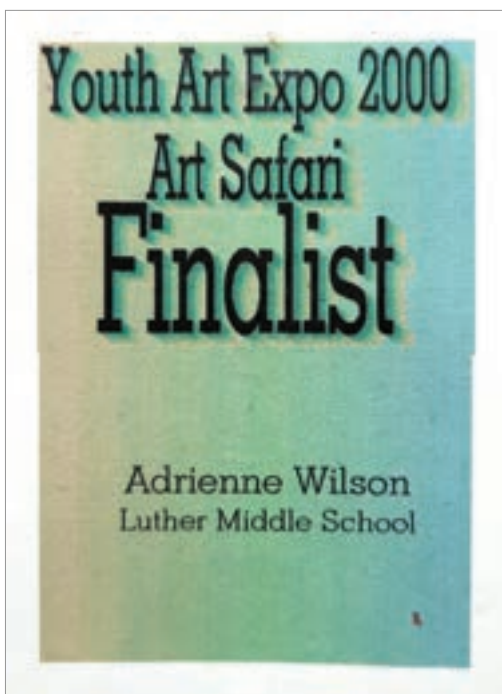
Adrienne during her last week of middle school in June 2000.

THURSDAY, MAY 25, 2000

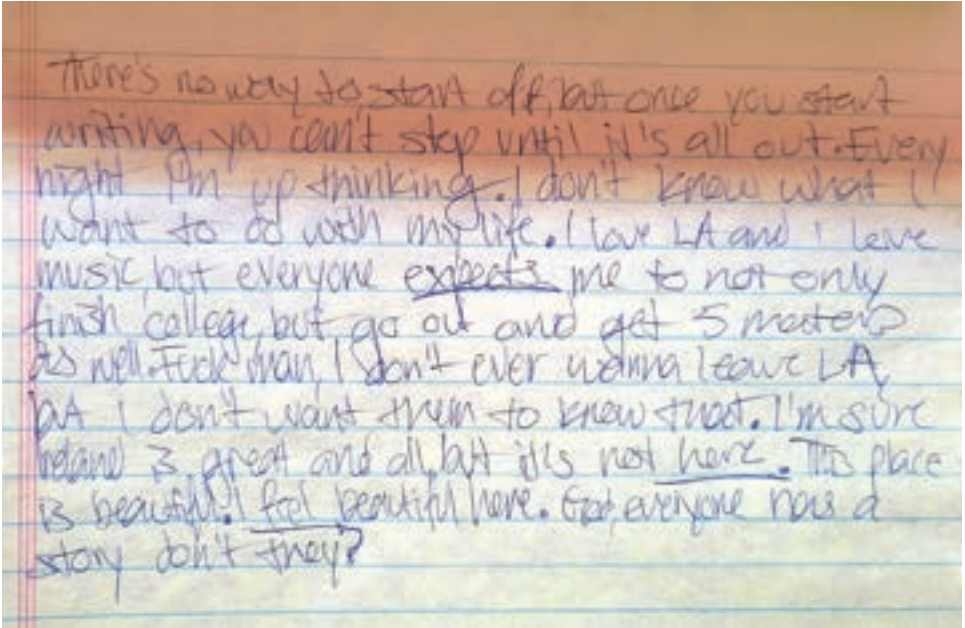
♪ **Listening to:** Jane's Addiction

Yeah, ok...the fitness thing will start on Monday. I'm so tired. MY PORTFOLIO GOT TURNED IN!! I got a B, but I'm doing some parts to get an A. I'm getting an award for it. Now I have to worry about my CJSF points. If I stay after tomorrow, Wednesday, Thursday, and during lunch all week, I will be fine. 5 points. Less than three weeks left. This year has been the worst as far as energy goes. I've never felt this drained and lazy and tired all at once. Then I can't sleep. ACK!! I love this song. Jane's "Summertime". Or is it "Summertime Rolls"? I'm too lazy to get up and see. This song almost makes me cry. The lyrics, plus I listened to it when I was reading Girl Walking Backwards when Jess is with Lori. Every time I hear it, I think of the mountains surrounding Hollywood and all these fancy houses. You know, by Tower Records and the Viper Room? It's a perfect blend of those Hollywood shitheads and the natural beauty of Cali.

I love LA. There is no other town like it. I wish I was beautiful. I've been thinking about how everyone's body is an art-medium for their inner person. Like the body & the appearance is a canvas. I don't look; I look inside. I want to be thin, but muscular, pale, and dark hair, along with the bangs



I have now. I'm going to end up a Goth Hippie. That'd be cool. I'm gonna have a Volkswagen Van just like Adrian's.



Ok, summer physical goals are to lose 20-25 pounds, stay vegan, have good abs (lose 2-4 inches, 1-2 pant size), great arms & back, lose at least an inch off my thighs. So, by the last week of September, I will be 120-125 pounds, Vegan, 27-25-inch waist, size 6 pants in great shape. I think the hikes, swim team, and daily workout will help a lot. Oh, and NO MILK or MEAT too. I HAVE to conquer those goals this year. I HAVE TO! *sigh* I'm tired. I'm gonna go to bed. Night.

—Adrienne



Adrienne Wilson

1999-2000 Youth Art Expo

Grade 8
School: Luther Middle School

Age: 13
Teacher: Reynolds

Hahaha...sorry for the delay in entries. Sissy is having her cast party right now, and I'm here hiding in the corner listening to music and writing. Donald's reaction to the Christmas-Lights Pentagram was very interesting

::turns to flashing star:: "Whoa..."

::worried look:: turns to Alex,

"Wow...um...you're into witchcraft?"

"Yeah," exits under breath.

That's why I have an altar. People need to get over their fear of

the unknown. I won't lie; it does piss me off when they do shit like that. Maybe it's because I let them get to me. So I can use the phone now. Of course, No one is home. I love this band.

Oh, today at the picnic, this guy Joel (who I had seen before; very attractive) was playing this tape he had made. It had the Cure, Smashing Pumpkins, and Jane's. As soon as I heard Jane's, I ran up to him and asked if it was his tape (did he make it, I mean), and he said yeah. My response was: "I LOVE YOU!!" Then we started talking, and of course, he used to live with Perry (I swear everyone but me has by now). He thinks he's an asshole too. He is very cool and really sweet.

I am falling asleep, and it's only 9 pm. Oh well. I LOVE THIS BAND! Every



Adrienne marching during her 8th-grade graduation from middle school.

track on the CD is amazing!! The louder you play them, the more enamored you become. "Clearly, music is the bane of your existence. Good for you!" I loved that evaluator. Finally, someone who gets it. I'm gonna take a break from writing, be right back. Scratch that. Enough for now.

Later, Adrienne



**DEC
2000**

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1, 2000

4:03 PM



Aquabats!!

I finally get to see them tonight! Ever since I met Eli, I've been going out every weekend and it's great because it's kicking me out of my depressive stage. The show tonight is at the Key Club and that's the same place I saw No Value, which was completely awesome. I think I'm going to Eli's, having In-N-Out (yummy) then going to the show. I'm new to this whole ska scene, but so far it's great. We're meeting Nicole and Ryan there (if she gets a ride) and hopefully Samantha. This is gonna be so much fun, I can't wait. See ya guys later...

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 2000

7:17 AM

Current Mood: groggy

🎵 **Listening to:** Jane's Addiction-Ocean Size

The morning after

Ugggggggh. It's 7 in the morning; why am I up??

Ok, the concert was probably the most bizarre thing I've ever seen. They had 2 opening acts and that was cool (the first band name I didn't catch but the 2nd was Assorted Jellybeans, and the lead singer looked like the guy on the cover of Rhinoplasty). But the Aquabats themselves were very neat-o. They had giant bunnies on stage and semi-water fights w/ the audience and stories of midget

pirates, and yeah it was awesome. I got a bruise on my knee from being pushed up against the stage all night...but that is A...O...K.

The people there were really nice. After the show, the security people kicked us out, and as everyone was waiting for their rides, some guy was playing the accordion and singing Weezer songs and we all sang and danced. Then this girl who kinda looked like Samantha (who, along w/ Nicole and Ryan, never showed up) told me I had the coolest shirt in the world and I smiled. I love black and white checkers! Speaking of which, I gotta repaint my shoes sometime soon...

So far I think Eli is the only one who has the URL to this place (check your mail when you see this Eli), but I think I might have it as a link on the Primus board, although I think they all hate me there.

Ah, I feel groggy. I came home from the show at like 11:30, then I drank some cream soda, took a loooooong shower, and went to bed at 1. I think I set my alarm for 9:30. I better go shut it off...

Do you guys ever do that? Like wake up early and then forget that you had set your alarm for later, and it goes off out of nowhere and then you end up waking the entire house?

I think I'm going to Hollywood today w/ Eli. Maybe back to that tattoo place where they had Jane's Addiction shirts and patches and posters (!). My Sis owes me \$22...

Now, here's what I COULD spend it on:

- Anacam2 for one month: \$10
- Jane's Addiction shirt: \$18
- Misc. posters: \$7 each
- No Value CD: \$7
- Ana Voog shirt: \$18
- Misc. stickers/patches: \$2 - \$3 each

Ahhhhhh, too many choices!!!



I really want anacam2 though, maybe then the No Value CD, because they kick ass.

::yawn::

Ugh, alright I think I'm gonna go watch cartoons with Adam in hopes of seeing Freakazoid. Bye bye.

8:49 AM

Current Mood: hyper

🎵 Listening to: Jane's Addiction—Whores

Priiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiimus

I haven't listened to them in a long time. I swear that dude from Assorted Jellybeans was the guy on the cover of Rhinoplasty. you know, the pothead guy?? I still remember the promo commercial for that album, and now I have the background music for it stuck in my head. Ah well...

I would go into my room right now and get like Seas of Cheese or something, but everyone 'cept Adam is asleep, and all my Primus CDs are buried under my Jane's ones so ya know. I'd have to turn on the light and look for them, and that would wake Liz up. So instead I went in and picked up the CD that was on top of the big pile of random shit, and it was Jane's! The first album too!

I want that shirt. ::sniffle::

My fingers are cold...so are my toes.

Lalala...I am bored. Jenessa is setting up an account. Yay! I'll have a friend on this now!

This song [Jane's Addiction's "Whores"] makes me hyper. Oh dear lord what I would do to go back in time and see Jane's perform at the Roxy or something. Gah!!!

Ok, I think I'm gonna go post on the Primus board and then do stuff, maybe... ;)

laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaterZZZZZZZZZZ

11:45 AM

Eekk!

This is cool. I got Loni to make an account here as well as Mary Jane and hopefully Samantha. I just realized that I can add pics to the entries so now I'm REALLY flippin' out. This is so kick ass. I could never keep a journal where people wouldn't see what I'm writing, and I don't know why, but it never worked. Now look at me! Three entries in one day and counting. Haha, I'm such a dork. But seriously, this thing is so therapeutic.

This is making me hyper and ditsy-like! I'm never this dorky, I swear!

Ok, time to breathe. ::deep breath:: There we go.

Alrighty, I'm gonna go mess with this stuff some more and get ready to go to Hollywood. I'm sure I'll write again soon. Buh bye...

11:56 AM

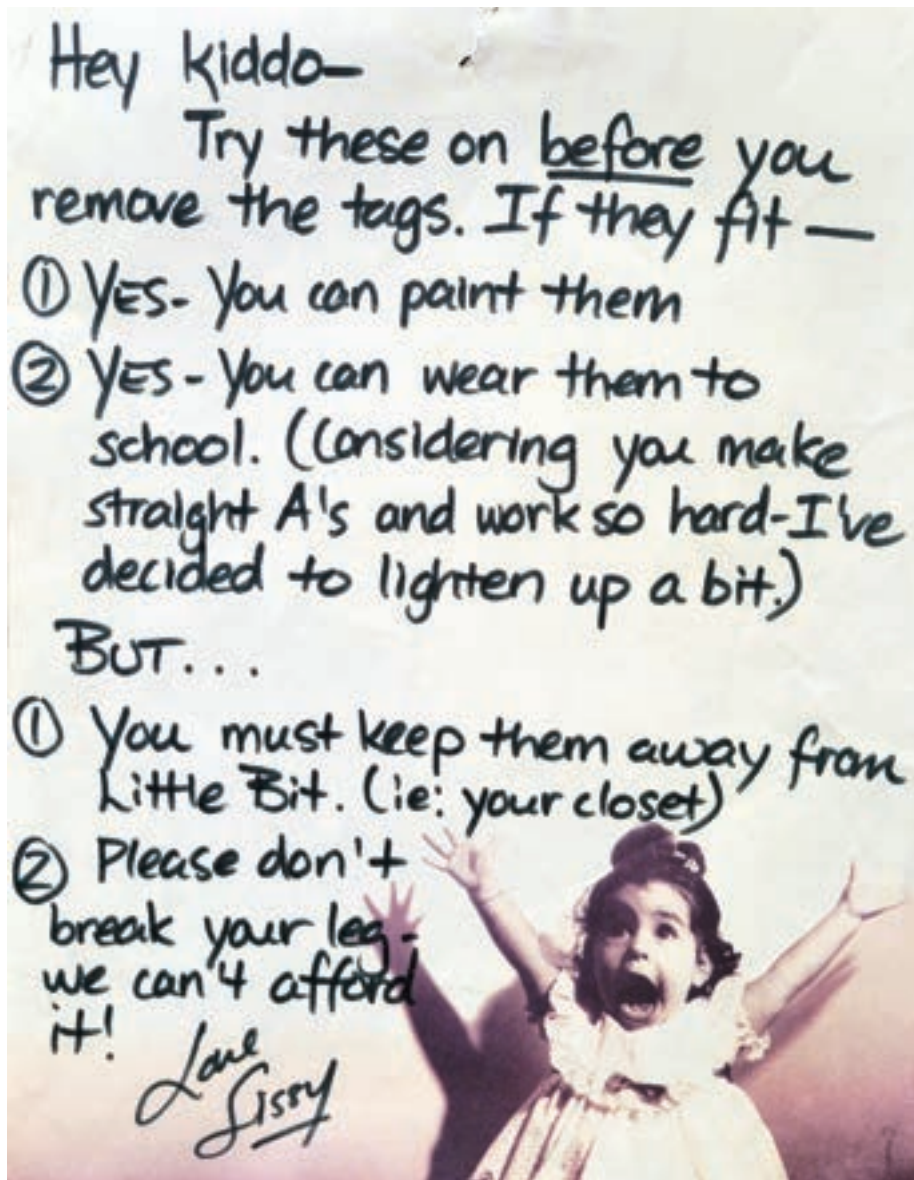
Current Mood: silly

🎵 **Listening to:** No Doubt—Spiderwebs

Time to take a chill pill

I don't think too many people will end up reading any of these, but that's ok. At least now I have a place to rant about nothing. I really like Juno's journal. She has the best pictures on there and she's so open. And she has a pic of Devi! Journals like hers are the ones where you feel rude responding to. It's like you're intruding on their private thoughts. Then again, she did put it out in public ;)

Alright, I'm gonna go get ready for a day out and write when I get back. Merry part!



A note from Andrea when she bought Adrienne a pair of black platform boots from Ross. She was always painting them.

1999-2000 Youth Art Expo



10:33 PM

Current Mood: restless

🎵 **Listening to:** Veruca Salt

Frustration

I just wrote an entry, a very long one I might add, and my computer decided to delete it. So here I go again:

Tonight was the last Smashing Pumpkins show ever. I am not really into them as of now, but I feel bad for Eli. I know that if it were Jane's I would be crushed. Maybe I should be a bit more sympathetic? I was a little rude tonight. And the end of anything can always be somewhat depressing, especially if that something means anything to you. To me, it hurts more when it's music-related, even the end of a song.

But on a lighter note, Juno responded to my last post, and I wish to thank you once again for that Juno! You are amazing, and I am very fond of the pictures you have on your journal page (how did you get them to show up like that btw?). I especially like the Devi pic and the black and white of the tree. It reminds me of Forest Lawn.

Now I'm in a Dead Can Dance mood. However, I am way too lazy to go get one of their CDs and replace the Veruca Salt one that is already playing...

Speaking of which, Cradle of Filth has a new CD, which I knew nothing about!!! I know, I know. They're cheesy, but I like a little cheese in my music. Dani Filth takes himself so seriously, it's great. But he's a real vampire, he must be cool huh? Oh dear lord, what I would do to see that man live. That reminds me, does anyone know if they are touring by any chance? Even if Dani is a COMPLETE moron (as said by Eli and agreed by me) he is very beautiful.

Ah, ok I think that's all I wrote about in my lost entry but w/

more meaningless rambles. I think that is all for tonight (hopefully), and now it's time to go watch some anacam and maybe SNL...

~until the dawn~



SUNDAY, DECEMBER 3, 2000

10:06 AM

Current Mood: ugggggggggggh

♪ **Listening to:** my cat sniffing

::streeeeeeeeeeeeetch::

Ugh...I just woke up about 2 minutes ago. Very tired. I had some very interesting dreams, although I can't remember them now. But I do know that at the climax of the last dream, my alarm went off and I was awakened by it and here I am. I hate Sundays. Tomorrow is Monday. Blah...

Oh yeah, out of nowhere, my ex-boyfriend started IMing me last night. A friend of mine gave him my s/n, and if she wasn't such a good friend, I would have killed her. I don't have any real explanation as to why, but I can't stand him. He's one of the most annoying, whining, little-boy-like person I've ever met. He acts like a 5-year-old, and he is **CONSTANTLY** whining.

I think I'm going to try and go down to Forest Lawn today and get some pictures done for a project I wanted to start a few weeks ago. They're black and white that I'm going to use in a story. As of now, that's all I know. I'm sure some idea will be sparked when I'm actually taking the photos.

::sigh:: Alright, it's off to anacam for me. Bye bye for now...



MONDAY, DECEMBER 4, 2000

5:00 PM

Current Mood: indescribable

♪ **Listening to:** Cradle of Filth—Funeral in Carpathia

Sorry Juno!

I was having a very nice conversation with Juno on AIM and then my computer decided to be an ass again. It likes to shut down anytime the phone rings. I think it's the connection between AOL and my fax machine. Anyway, in no way did I intend to up and leave our conversation there Juno! Sorry once again.

Ah...I'm so tired. I've been listening to the same Cradle of Filth album for about 2 hours now. It's so amazingly cheesy and conceived, but it's great!

I'm starting a collection of local band promos and those other weird free things you can get in the front of record stores. I have about 14 items so far (including a CoF postcard!). Maybe I'll make a scrapbook one day, but I doubt it. I still haven't finished the Jane's Addiction book I started making in September.

Ah, I was going to say something important, but of course, I have forgotten. I really do sound like a bimbo when I write these things...I swear to you, in real life, I sound nothing like this!!

I have so many things on my wish list for Xmas this year. There are clothes, posters, decorations for my room, tools for my altar, art supplies, CDs...ahh! I think by February, I should have somewhere around \$400 to \$500, and I really have to plan out how I'm going to spend it. I already ordered these really beautiful red candles from a catalog and most other ritual-related things I can buy at Raven's Flight or Psychic Eye Bookstore.

As far as clothing goes, I know I want 4 Jane's Addiction shirts, 1 RHCP (with Dave Navarro on the front) shirt, 1 Ana Voog shirt,

1 Porno for Pyros shirt, a couple of posters (The Crow, NIN, Woodstock 94 setlist, Primus! and many more). Ahhh! Those are just the shirts!!! Then there's the new X-mas lights for my room, thrift store shopping (\$100 at least for that) and CDs.

Ok, I'll stop rambling now.

I am talking to Eli. He is the most amazing boy on this earth. Finding him is like finally finding someone who speaks the same language as you do. It seems as though he understood me before I did and that in itself is amazing. Then there is his personality and mind, which are both mind-blowing. Even though he may try to hide it, he's a very giving and caring person, and an intelligent one at that. And he's musically gifted!! Another added bonus. I honestly don't think I could ever describe what it feels like to be around him in words. It's a kind of comfort I will never be able to find anywhere else. And there's a sensation I get anytime I touch him, even hugging him, and it's sheer bliss and amazement (I use that word a lot...) and he's so goddamn beautiful and he won't accept it. I don't think he's used to compliments, although he should be ;)

::loving sigh:: I wish I could see him more often. It would make me a much happier (proper grammar?) girl.

Love you Eli :)

Ok, I think I shall go for now, and hopefully write again before going to bed. Byyyyyyye ::smooches::

6:28 PM

Current Mood: contemplative

🎵 **Listening to:** The Crow Soundtrack—track #5

Spirituality?

Now, I'm not saying I have any, but I wish I did. I do adore Wicca and its ideas and rituals, but it is very hard for me to truly believe in anything. I do consider myself a practitioner of the religion, only

Adrienne's self-portrait during her first semester at art school. She was 11 years old.



Adrienne Wilson 4/1/67

because I try and follow the basic ideas, but I am not a true believer. Something about it though is very beautiful and appealing to me. When I do rituals there is a higher energy present and I'm not sure what that is and yes it does frighten me at times. I spend most of my time in my own world, revolved around me and my own existence. I sometimes forget that there could be something greater out there. Being in ritual though, for a brief moment it does make me feel beautiful. There's an ancient feeling to it and the entire nature aspect adds to the dark and rich beauty of the entire religion. It does make me feel spiritual, but again, for a brief moment. Anytime I hear the word Wicca all I can think of are pines and candlelight. ::shrugs:: Don't know why, but that's what I think of...

Juno was talking about *The Crow*. I watched the first few minutes but came back here to write (and I'm listening to the soundtrack). *The Crow* is one of the few movies I can escape into. I mean, when I watch it I begin to feel as though the world Eric Draven lives in is the one I live in as well and as though I'm there with him. Ok, maybe not with him but I begin to feel like a regular observing on the streets. It has a realistic look and feel to it but in a surreal way. Maybe on a sub-conscience level, I really love that movie though. It looks just like the comic and I adore that factor of it. The lighting was amazing and the church at the end was gorgeous. It has a subtle beauty to it that I wish I had as well.

I really need to work on my self-confidence. There are times when I glimpse into the mirror and for that split second I think I look somewhat pretty but then it fades. There are many other people I see day to day that are beautiful without trying to be, and I wish I could be like. That too would make me a happier person. I try to surround myself with things that I think are beautiful, but all that does is make me feel uglier. And I know that physically I am SOMEWHAT attractive, however, my insides have no feeling whatsoever at times and there's this gap there that I have yet

to fulfill. I mean, after meeting Eli, many holes disappeared, but there is still that wide open gap there, and I have no idea as to what will satisfy it. Maybe if I were a little thinner? A little smarter? A bit more accepted? A bit more creative? I don't know...

Maybe one day I will find out, but until then it's still there and growing and the more I search for things to fill it up with, the more it grows. It's all hopeless. The only thing I can do at this point is ignore it and hope it fades, although deep down I know it never will.

Ugh, I sound like I did a year ago. I will admit that I am a lot more beautiful now than I was then. I have grown a tremendous amount both emotionally and mentally, and I am very proud of that. Hopefully that rate of growth will continue.

I don't think any of this rambling has a point, but it helps get these feelings out and away from me. And not to sound like a new-age junkie, but I really do think negative energy is the source of that growing nothingness inside me, the hole. Maybe it's what feeds it, who knows...

I've forgotten how amazing parts of this soundtrack are. I love Nine Inch Nails, dear god. And Medicine. ::sigh::

I think that's all for now. I want to finish reading Juno's journal. Bye bye.



ANUBIS



HATHOR



RE

8:02 PM

Current Mood: blah

A talk with Eli

The following is a very revealing conversation I had with Drifter, and some parts have been edited just because I'm not ready to reveal myself completely to all of those out in cyberland. Please realize that most of this talk is a result of watching *The Crow* again after about 4 months and being brought back into the state I was in when I first saw it (which wasn't a very good one). Anyway, here it is:

Drifter: heyyyy

Xio: Hola

Drifter: How's the movie going?

Xio: ::sniffle sniffle:: Depressing as hell

Drifter: Aww

Xio: It's ok, not your fault

Drifter: Sure it is!

Xio: Just reminds me of shit I often ignore

Xio: It's all in my journal

Xio: Well, the stuff I could remember

Xio: And felt like typing ;)

Drifter: Lemme go read

Xio: Okie

Xio: I have the office door open and the sound turned up

REALLY loud on the TV so I can hear it

Xio: And I'll run back and forth ;)

Drifter: Awww

Drifter: Xio

Drifter: You ARE beautiful

Drifter: And I know you don't think you are

Drifter: But really

Drifter: You're so amazing
Drifter: I wouldn't love you if you weren't ;)
Drifter: But it's just
Drifter: I want you to be happy
Drifter: And whatever you do to make yourself happy will
make ME happy, too
Xio: I am, but there's something there that will always be
empty and I think it's the clinical depression causing it
Xio: And I dunno, I'll never like myself
Xio: Even if I do become somewhat skinny
Xio: I'll find something else not to like
Xio: It's just part of who I am
Xio: ::shrugs::
Xio: I accepted that a long time ago
Drifter: No offense, but I don't believe in that. Clinical
depression. I mean, I believe if one is truly set on making
themselves happy, it can happen, no matter how many
unhappy causing things may exist.
Drifter: "Unhappy making"
Drifter: Heh
Drifter: But yeah
Drifter: It's all about willpower
Xio: Well...
Xio: I mean...if it's a chemical
in/unbalance (?)...
Drifter: Well
Xio: They kinda can't help it,
you know?
Xio: And that runs in my family
Drifter: Really?
Xio: All this medical shit
Drifter: Hmm



Xio: And I dunno

Drifter: Well, um, this is just a suggest: why don't you make use of the psycho doctor you go to every week, then?

Drifter: I mean

Drifter: Xio, I try as much as I can possibly do to make you happy. I'm sorry it doesn't work :(

Drifter: But yeah

Xio: AHHH!! YOU DO MAKE ME HAPPY!!!!

Xio: Oh please dear god don't think that you don't

Drifter: Blah

Xio: This is something PHYSICAL, something PHYSICALLY wrong w/ me

Drifter: Hmm

Xio: Something you have NOTHING to do with

Drifter: I know

Xio: And part of my mood right now is the movie ;)

Drifter: If I could make you completely happy, I'd give up anything for it, Xio. but I can't. Blah.

Drifter: I love you

Xio: But yeah, you make me unbelievably happy, I mean I haven't felt this good in AGES, but no matter how good I feel this thing will always be there because it needs meds to make it go away, and it's meds I don't have right now, so you know...

Xio: I love you too

Xio: And you do make me happy

Xio: PLEASE realize that Drifter

Drifter: So why don't you take meds, then?

Drifter: I do, I guess. I don't accept it, but I do ;)

Xio: It would break my heart for you to think that you don't

Xio: Ok, good

Xio: ::shrugs:: I really don't want to bring it up w/ my doc

Drifter: Why?

Xio: It's probably some blocked-out emotional thing from my
past (or at least she'll say that)
Xio: And she thinks I'm fine now
Xio: And I want to keep it that way
Drifter: Why does she think that?
Xio: I mean
Drifter: But
Xio: Ugggggggggh
Drifter: If you AREN'T okay
Drifter: Then hiding it is useless
Drifter: And will only hurt you more
Xio: She'll tell my Sis then it will get all weird
Drifter: No it won't
Drifter: I'm sure your sister would try to help you
Drifter: She's not that evil
Xio: And I really don't wanna go into things about my
childhood and she'll make me do that
Xio: No, but she would overreact, like do everything gently
and not treat me like a nut case
Xio: She'll treat me like I'm about to kill myself
Xio: When I'm not
Drifter: But
Drifter: I mean
Xio: That's what happened last time I talked to my doc, like
REALLY talked to her
Drifter: If it's one step closer to being truly happy, then isn't it
worth it?
Xio: So for now I'd rather keep it under wraps and try to take
some natural herbs or something to treat it
Xio: Dealing with my Sis and being treated like a suicidal
maniac? No, it's not
Drifter: Well

Xio: My sister will never, NEVER understand me and my problems and I don't want to watch her try and stress out over me feeling like this at TIME, keep in mind I don't ALWAYS feel like this, most of the time I can ignore it but once in awhile there is a stab of pain there

Xio: And yes I realize that this won't be cured until I start talking

Xio: But I'm not ready yet

Drifter: Alright

Drifter: Well

Xio: I've learned and have grown through this pain, experienced things through it that I wouldn't if I were happy

Xio: Sometimes this is all I have and it's the only thing that seems real and I'd like to keep it there as a backup

Xio: If I ever have a nervous breakdown again

Xio: This would be the only thing I could swell in that wouldn't hurt other people

Xio: I don't want to worry others

Drifter: Xio, just keep in mind that I love you so much...and I'll do anything for you

Xio: I don't want them involved in this, I want to cure myself

Xio: I know Drifter

Xio: And thank you for that

Xio: But there's nothing you can do for this, I don't even know what it really is

Drifter: You've had a nervous breakdown?



Xio: Maybe it is chemical, maybe not, but either way it's something I have to fulfill

Xio: Yeah

Drifter: When?

Xio: 2 Actually, when Shannon [Hoon] died (and yes that was real) and after my whole sexual escapade thing...

Drifter: ...Oh

Xio: Both around the same time

Xio: Shannon's death, the breakdown I had then, was connected to a whole bunch of other shit

Xio: But that's what triggered it

Drifter:

Xio: Sorry

Drifter: No

Drifter: Don't apologize

Drifter: Look

Drifter: I'm not going to apologize, since saying it won't help anything, nor will it do any good. But listen

Drifter: I want you to know that I am here

Drifter: Any time

Drifter: And like

Drifter: Yeah

Drifter: I'm here. please don't forget that

Xio: I know!!!!

Xio: But this is something I want to figure out on my OWN

Drifter: I know

Xio: And I know you would do anything to help, I know that

Drifter: But that doesn't mean that you can't talk to me about it

Drifter: Just talk

Xio: But it's my own problem and one that I will hopefully overcome

Drifter: Whenever you feel the need

Xio: I know silly

Xio: I know all this

Xio: But it feels better to keep it within me and me only

Drifter: But if you let it out, the healing will probably come
quicker

Drifter: But I'll shut up

Xio: And there are plenty of things that I
would say now, all of which would piss
you off so I'm not going to, but I know
that I could...I know

Drifter: You need to work this out
yourself

Xio: Thank you

Drifter: Wait

Drifter: What?

Xio: Nothing

Drifter: Why would they piss me off?

Drifter: Like what?

Xio: They just would

Xio: NOTHING

Drifter: How so?

Xio: Ugh

Drifter: No no I'm not asking to know

Drifter: Not at all

Drifter: I just want to know why/how
they'd piss me off

Xio: Ok

Drifter: That's all, silly

Xio: To say how they would piss you off
would piss you off more

Xio: So no



Xio: Just forget I said anything, k?
Drifter: No
Drifter: They wouldn't
Drifter: I promise
Xio: Yes, they will
Drifter: I'm over any kind of jealousy with you
Xio: It has NOTHING to do w/ other people
Xio: It's with me
Xio: Uggggggh
Xio: Just forget I said anything
Drifter: Okay.
Drifter: But
Drifter: I promise it wouldn't make me mad
Xio: Yes it would Drifter
Drifter: No, listen
Xio: UGH
Drifter: Because I accept the fact that there are things that you
don't like about yourself
Xio: Look, if you'd like to know that badly I've just been
thinking about what a razor blade would feel like right
about now
Xio: It's a relief to me at times and maybe that's what I need
Xio: I dunno
Xio: I didn't say anything
Drifter:
Xio: Not suicide
Xio: Just like a tattoo or a cut or something
Xio: ::sigh:: That's how my tattoo got started
Xio: Then I incorporated it into Wicca and solstice ritual
Xio: Look, I warned you that I was fucked up
Drifter: No
Drifter: You aren't

Xio: And I know it's probably the stupidest thing in the world
to do

Xio: But it's my version of a relief when art and music aren't
enough

Xio: And I've probably only cut purposely, for that reason,
once or twice

Drifter: Look, I realize that nothing I say will stop you from
doing this

Drifter: However

Drifter: I just don't want you to hurt yourself

Drifter: That's all

Drifter: Please

Drifter: I'm not mad

Drifter: Or pissed off

Drifter: I promise

Drifter: Xio?

Xio: I don't want to hurt myself either, I mean the initial
feeling is amazing but the day after, unless you still want to
drown in the pain, it hurts like a bitch...

Xio: I dunno

Xio: I'm so screwed up

Xio: Ugh

Xio: Sorry I brought this up

Xio: I'll shut up now

Drifter: NO

Drifter: DON'T BE

Xio: AH! Why the FUCK does this fucking song ALWAYS
come on when I'm like this...

Xio: NIN: Dead Souls

Drifter: Oh

Xio: Sorry, anytime I get into my depressive cliché cutting
mood, this song comes on

Xio: Look, I won't cut, I haven't in years, the thought just
crosses my mind every once in awhile
Xio: And realize that when I'm with you, I AM happy
Drifter: Then maybe we just need to see each other more
often ;)
Xio: And every part of me except this fucking hole that I've
had forever is fulfilled and happy due to you
Xio: Yes
Xio: :)
Drifter: I love you
Xio: I love you too
Drifter: Hey, Xio, I have to get off the computer
Drifter: Can I call you later?
Xio: Yesh

**Note: I am a very stupid girl. Eli's name is actually DRIFTING not
DRIFTER...sorry Eli ;) **

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 2000

3:25 PM

Current Mood: busy

🎵 **Listening to:** my neighbor's drum solo

Nothing to do

I'm going to Anya and Alex's tonight (not the infamous Ana from anacam, just a friend of mine). It was Anya's birthday yesterday so me, Sissy, and John are going to celebrate with her. I think she turned 29, not sure. She and Alex make the best food every time we go to their place, so this should be great!

I've been trying to figure out plans for Rocky Horror this Saturday. It's Jessica's last night as Columbia because she's moving



off to New York to be with her lover boy. I'm going to miss her
soo
much. I'm planning on taking about 12-15 people to go see her,
and me and Lori are going to make a HUGE goodbye card and
have everyone at Nuarte sign it. (By the way, check this place out:
<http://www.sinsotheflesh.org>)

I have to start saving my \$ to pay for a few people to get in
instead of wasting it on a cup of warm hot cocoa every morning :).
Hopefully, I can persuade everyone in this house to let Nicole and
Lori spend the night Saturday.

I never noticed how preppy my friends' names sound. I mean
Jenessa, Lori, Nicole. Ack! Maybe I should get a friend named azre-
alabisaye? lol

I miss that sketch on SNL. Did anyone see the one w/ Steve
Buscemi?? I LOVE him.

Today was an ok day. I got home and found that Moshamad had
left a reply to my last entry, and it was very sweet. It made my day a
lot brighter. I'm happy to know that some people can relate to me
and vice versa, it makes me feel less alone.

Alright, I think that's all for this hour...au revoir.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 2000

5:44 PM

Doctor night

I'm scheduled to go at 6:30 and I'm soooooo sleepy right now
and I'm close to never going again just because I never get anything
accomplished there. I don't trust her enough to actually SAY what's
going on right now, as far as my emotional life goes, and I don't
think I ever will. I mean I know I should be getting help and every-
thing but I'm not currently at the point where I want to confront my





THIS LOOKS ^{NOT}

INTERESTING.

2005

issues and talk about them with someone else. It's the verbal communication I have a problem with. If I were able to email my doc back and forth and get counseled in THAT sort of way then I would be fine. Maybe I should just give her this URL and let her respond to things and stop going. I don't know. I would like to be healthy, yes, but not enough to make an effort and talk about my problems. Maybe I should start painting a lot more, maybe take a class or two on sculpting, and start writing again...Then again, that wouldn't really solve anything now, would it? Maybe just hide what's wrong ;)

Hey D, if you ever read this, these are what I never talk about:

1. I have no self-confidence or self-esteem
2. I have maybe one true friend and feel isolated for the rest of the time
3. I've been having major mood swings lately

I think that's about it, although I know I'm forgetting some major ones. Please, please, please don't bring this up in the next issue, just keep in mind what I'm trying to solve by myself.

::sigh:: My head hurts. 3 more months until *Invader Zim* premieres. Anya showed me some clips they made of about 3 episodes and I actually fell off my chair and onto the floor laughing so hard. I love Gir!!!! He's my favorite character so far. The animation is done in the same style of *I Feel Sick*. Simple, glossy (don't know how else to describe it), and of course it's in color.

I feel so sorry for Jhonen. I know he's been working on the comics (new Johnny, according to Anya, and the next issue of *I Feel Sick*) but on top of that he's got this show to run. He is doing about 9 different jobs for it!!!! Haha, he's been forced to rewrite his bio for Nickelodeon because of all the press they will end up getting for *Zim*. I don't think he had to take out the information about comics, just add a few things.

He lives in Silverlake now!! Ergh...he's used to be 3 houses down from me! THREE!! but then again, it's Jhonen, not like he ever came out of there (unless it was to go to work for a 9-hour day).

I finally got my JTHM book back. I left it at Anya's a month ago... silly me.

I just realized that I left my last painting in the garage, and it's still unfinished. I don't know what to do with it. It's for Joel since he made me some tapes, I promised him a painting in return, but that was during the summer when I had some free time, and now I don't, and he's got a show this Saturday and is expecting a finished painting.

Ahhh...tired!

Snaps, I gotta go to the crazy doctor now. Maybe I'll write about my therapeutic "experience" after I return from my domain of denial.

Until then, farewell

8:29 PM

Current Mood: giggly

🎵 **Listening to:** Blind Melon—Galaxy
(RIP my dearest Shannon)

And the chorus swells

Same old topics in the doctor's office, basically cover up. But when I got home, the phone was ringing and it was Eli so now I am all giggly and little girlish. I'm also sipping eggnog thinking that maybe I should go read Eli's poetry gift he gave me a month ago. It's misc. poems he's written since he met me and they're written on random things like broken CDs, and all of them are amazing and wonderful and open and ah, I love him. I would write some of the verses but they're super personal and would probably make everyone else vomit.



I am always smiling when I talk to him, and even after we've stopped talking and he's so amazing and so perfect and adorable, all I can think about is being in his arms and being THERE with him and ah...I LOVE YOU Eli!!! He really does make me a happier person, and I always light up when he's mentioned by someone else, and I end up going on rants about him, and how amazingly great he is :) (like now)

I'm really in the mood for tea because Juno's always talking about drinking it and tea sounds really yummy right about now (since I've finished my eggnog and am still thirsty). Maybe cuddle up with a blanket, tea, and watch anacam and play with the anadolls. Oh, and post on the Primus board until South Park comes on. I haven't posted there in a while. I miss my dysfunctional Primus family :)

Sounds good to me...

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 2000

9:44 PM

Current Mood: anxious

♪ **Listening to:** Laughing from the inside out ::guitar solo::

12 people and counting...

I really hope this all works out. We have 3 cars definitely bringing people along to see Jess for her final performance. Ok, time to list the people I'm bringing: Nicole, Lana, Jenessa, Eli, Will, Nolan, Layla, Jacob, Ivana (maybe), Ryan (maybe), Lori (maybe), and Sharon (maybe).

So that's 8 definites and 4 maybes. Lori's going to a funeral that DAY and Ivana is known for flaking, and I just met Sharon...so, um, yeah ;). OH, Ryan, duh. Ok, so if he gets a ride to my place, then he

can go. I'm really going to miss Jess, even if I didn't know her that well. She sure does make one hell of a Columbia.

I'm so behind in things. I keep waiting until the last minute to finish up shit and it hasn't really had any bad effects except for me feeling like I'm going insane. So to relax, I am sipping some honey-sweetened tea and listening to Blind Melon.

I really love Shannon Hoon. Only Jane's Addiction and his voice can soothe me when I'm stressed (as far as music goes). Soup is definitely BM's best album. Some guy on Jane's mailing list has been talking about unified theory for days now. It's great :)

God, I wish I could sing like him. Ahhh...I'm tired and stressed. I really need this weekend. I go to Barnes and Noble with Eli on Saturday, lounge around at my house, go to Rocky with a big group of people, say goodbye to Jess, then get to work on Sunday and catch up on everything I've been ignoring.

Does anyone know who the female backup singer on "Mouthful Of Cavities" is??

I like her voice too.

Ugggggggggggggh, I think that's all for now. I haven't seen anacam in days.

Bye bye.

10:15 PM

Free web servers?

I need one that has tons of space for me to upload my digi art on. I also have some drawings I need to scan and maybe a picture of the painting I made for Eli a while back.



FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 2000

4:15 PM

Current Mood: worried

🎵 **Listening to:** Soundgarden

Fridays are the first days

Starting to get worried about who will actually show up. Definites are Nicole, Lana, me, Eli, Will, Nolan. Jenessa was a definite but she's having problems with some people going so she isn't sure on whether or not she wants to go. Ivana is never too definite, but she's adorable, and I love her. I just asked Sharon today in Dance, and Will is at the Rancid concert so I can't get her number until tomorrow. Ryan needs a ride to my house so he's a maybe as well. So that's 4 maybes and 4 empty seats...

Coolness.

I'm listening to Soundgarden. I haven't listened to them in a while. I love Chris Cornell :)

That's all for now, more when I have time to type.

Opposite: Inspired by one of her favorite films, *The Nightmare Before Christmas*, Adrienne made this painting for Eli. He was kind enough to return it to Andrea after Adrienne died.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 2000

9:14 AM

Current Mood: mourning

Listening to: Three Days, Then She Did

And in the end, there is a new beginning

Ebony died about 3 hours ago. He was having trouble breathing, and I was asleep, so John and Sissy took him to the ER. He died in the car. Sissy came and woke me up telling me he had died. They still had him lying on the bed in their room. I went and looked at him for a while, not really accepting what had happened. Didn't Uncle Charles die a year ago around the same time? Also, of some type of cancer?

::sigh::

I know they don't believe in myths, but they left the mirror uncovered. The least they could have done was cover it or cover him. After the tear shedding and strokes, they planned the burial. I wanted him cremated, as did John, but it was Sissy's cat so she made the final decision. He is now in a gold shoe box in the front yard, buried with his favorite toy and pictures of us.

I've had that cat for 5 years. I suppose it's better this way. He's no longer in pain.

For the last half hour, I've been chanting while playing Jane's Addiction at full volume. I plan to write Dave a letter thanking him for his musical talent.

2 songs on repeat: Three Days, Then She Did...

Any Jane's Addiction fan would know why I play the second one.

I don't think there's any point in me believing in anything anymore. Gods and Goddesses don't let innocent creators die in pain. He did nothing wrong. He's a fucking cat, what COULD he have done?



Etching of Dave Navarro

Ah well. Maybe Rocky Horror will lighten my spirits tonight, who knows?

“All now with wings.”

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10, 2000

9:58 PM

Current Mood: guilty

Goddammit

Ah, I don't know what to do anymore. Went to Rocky...Ivan was there...Eli got to meet him; wasn't too fond of him. Ivan was trying to talk to me alone the whole night, I thought it was for perverted reasons. He calls me today and tells me he needs to get something off his chest. He says he's 3 years younger than he told me he was, and since I lied to him, I came clean as well. He then goes on to say that the one time we kissed is the only time he's ever felt as passionate about something other than his art. "I've never really connected to anything other than my art until you."

::sigh:: Then he says that he's happy for me, glad that I have met someone like Eli, hurt, but glad. Trying to figure out why our one date never turned into a relationship, and to be honest, if I had known he was my age it probably would have. Then goes on to ask if he can come over and draw me. Says I have the perfect profile (riiiight...) and that he's been wanting to draw me for a long time. Then he goes on about how lonely he is and asks that if me and Eli were to break up for some reason, would he stand a chance? Out of sympathy, I said "Yeah, sure" thinking that nothing of the sort would ever happen between me and Eli.

Then today I began noticing all these subtle personality traits of Eli that really annoy the shit out of me. Start to wonder why I begin to drift away from people I love so dearly. Talked to my

ex-girlfriend, Samantha, she says she can read me like a book. “You’ve been hurt so many times in the past Adrienne ((ah, my true identity revealed)) that when you feel you’ve connected to someone when they start to know who you are and how you work, you break away so that you aren’t rejected or hurt again. I’m the same way.”

Honest truth, and it makes perfect sense. That would explain the sudden break-off from Ivan after our one kiss. Or from David after I shared my life story. Or Samantha after I opened myself completely to her.

But I never do this intentionally, and I hope to god that I will be able to fix this before I hurt Eli. And even though little things in him annoy me, I still love him and could never imagine hurting him.

But at the same time, I consider Ivan a very dear friend of mine, someone I talk to almost daily, and I don’t want to hurt him either. Lana is beginning to like him, maybe he’ll find a Goddess in her.

I don’t like seeing anyone I care for (in any way) in pain. And as much as I say I don’t like people, there’s a very strong need for them in me.

::sigh::

I love Eli (Samantha told me I overuse the word love). I really do. Nothing would ever happen between me and Ivan...we just don’t connect, and it hurts to say that because if he were to hear me say something of that sort, he would be crushed. I don’t want to do that to a friend, but at the same time I LOVE Eli, and I don’t know what other word could come close to describing what I feel for him and I won’t lie about that to Ivan or to anyone else.

And on top of all this Eli’s heart is still an open wound from his last relationship and he is constantly thinking that he’s doing something wrong or that he’s not good enough or that I want someone else and Ah...

I want to see Ivan (hang out, draw, go to coffee houses) because he is a friend but by doing so I think I would hurt Eli, and that's exactly what I DON'T want to do.

I think perhaps I should talk to my doctor and figure out how I can prevent myself from closing up to people I love. Then talk to Eli and try to make him understand that no one will ever come between us and that I could never feel this way about anyone else ((time for backing up: I said this to Samantha, and it still stands. I have yet to feel the same way about anyone else as I did for her.)). And maybe talk to Ivan, but he already understands this entire scenario.

Ok, I think that's it for the dramatic update :)

I hate Sundays.



MONDAY, DECEMBER 11, 2000

9:41 PM

assorted jellybeans

I like them.

Everything seems to be working out in its own unique way. Eli is making an attempt to get to know Ivan, and that's good. At least he'll see that he's not a pervert. He'll probably be bored to death by information on antiques and clothing design but he'll like Ivan's little rants about the mafia and the 20's (I hope).

Ivan had no problem, to begin with. He's just depressed and maybe trying to "get over" me.

::shrugs:: I dunno.



But this is good. I had a long talk with Eli after he read my last entry. I don't think he quite understands that this entire thing (I don't know what other word I can use, scenario maybe?) is about me and the problems I have to face and learn how to fix. Redundant flaws in my personality lead me to destroy my relationships with people. I refuse to lose Eli, just as much as he refuses to lose me :)

But see, here's the other thing, the more and more I think about it the more I realize that there's no big problem or "thing" going on. I've just realized that I should

fix my flaws (or at least TRY to) before I end up doing something stupid.

I really want to become open and kind again. I'm getting better at that. I'm kinder than I used to be.

It just upsets me to think about how many people I have hurt because of my selfish behavior. I really want to change that, more than anything. Start giving people a chance again. That'd be nice.

::smiles:: Eli is on. I must go and see how he is doing...

Gentle breezes and mystical fog for all.



TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 2000

6:33 PM

well then

10 pages done on the 60-page project, got to learn how to swing dance today. Me, Nicole, Lana and possibly Sharon are gonna take lessons from Ivan and make up a dance. It will be awesome.

I have to start reading Bram Stoker's Dracula again. Never got past the letters from Mina to her friend. Way too fucking boring (just that part).

Got the new issue of Dreams of Decadence. It was ok. Some really corny poems and bad illustrations but a few stories made up for it. I haven't read Outburn in a while...

Hm...

Too tired.

Tomorrow is me and Eli's anniversary :)

I have no money to get him anything YET but he will get something dammit!!!

He's getting me anacam2 for I think 3 months starting this Friday. (!!)

30-second uploads!!!!

Kick ass...

Ok, gonna go...bye bye.



7:55 PM

New Year's

I have lost all creative ability. I miss being able to draw, paint, and create. I can make glorious things based on others' artwork, but when it comes to starting from scratch and giving birth to my own piece, it never works out.

::sigh:: Art school did burn me out on painting, that I can understand, but why can I no longer draw like I used to be able to? And why have I lost all creativity?

New Year's resolutions:

1. Wake up early in the morning and do some sort of exercise, and also when I come home
2. Stop being so damn lazy
3. Keep my room somewhat neat and free of negative energy
4. Complete my altar
5. Find something to truly believe in
6. Become kinder to strangers and people I know
7. Take classes in one of or all of the following: sculpting, photography, world mythology, painting, swing dance, and yoga
8. Get back into yoga (see #1)
9. Eat healthier
10. Destroy all redundant flaws in my persona (just the redundant ones)

That's all the ones I can think of now. I know there's more. Ah,
4 IM screens. time to go...

RAGAN ART ACADEMY

October 15, 1997

Dear Adrienne:

Let me take this opportunity to inform you that you have been accepted to the Ragan Art Academy. Your first class will be *Introduction Drawing*, scheduled to begin Monday, October 20, 6:30 - 8:30 p.m. in Room 1, at Barrodall Junior Arts Center.

If your tuition of \$50.00 has not been paid, please do so. My all checks payable to Friends of the Junior Arts Center (FOJAC).

Richard Godfrey
Director

4814 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90027



At age 11, Adrienne painted this 2' x 2' landscape on wood for her entry into the Ragan Art Academy. She didn't like the finished result, so she gave away the painting. Photo courtesy of Anna and Andy Henry.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 2000

7:37 PM

Happy 2 Months My Sweetest Prince

The past 2 months have been the best of my life and I, again, cannot describe to you what you mean to me. Every day I try to figure out how and why you love me, or why you are here, my precious gift from heaven. I do not deserve you, but I will gladly accept you :)

My spirit has once again awakened and life has never had such brilliant lights and glory. I am happy once again, even with my problems. I have regained my garden. For this, I owe you the world and all that is missing from it.

If I were able to, I would bring back magical pumpkins for you and you alone. The melodic whispers would once again rise from them. If only time traveled backward...

A perfect token of love: mountains, sparkling apple cider, addiction, pumpkins, vinegar mixed with salt, and the mother city.

Soon. ::smiles:: soon.

With gracious tears and whirlwinds of ultraspace,

- = Xio = -



THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 2000

6:00 PM

I think I'm beginning to like swing dancing

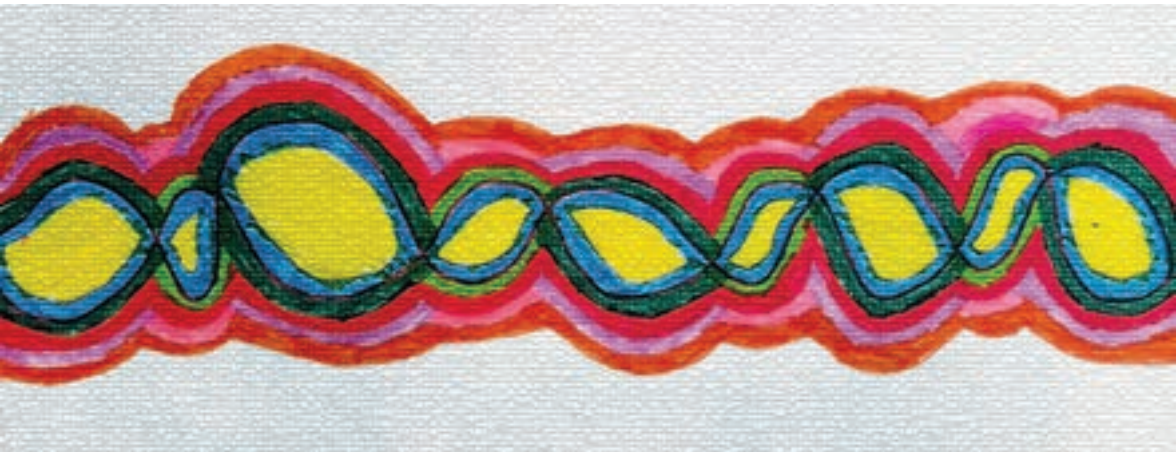
Finished the rest of our routine today. Hopefully putting together our own won't be too hard. Loni has to be my partner!!

I've been singing a lot lately. I want to record it w/ my tape recording one day just to hear how bad my voice is. I can barely stand my speaking voice.

Anacam2 by this weekend (!!!). She is so amazing. I just found out how many years YOUNG she really is. Ana, you are truly amazing!

Got some new ideas for my altar. Hopefully putting the vanity set together next week to see if there's actually any room for it. Then the candles I ordered should come in by Xmas, and then it's time to go buy lights for it. Haha, my re-initiation will be a teensy bit past Solstice but I don't think Isis (whatever name you wish to give her) or Pan will mind too much ;)

Very tired...4 exams tomorrow...ugh...must go study...



6:25 PM

Current Mood: bouncy

I'm so lazy!

Well, this is interesting. just downloaded the LJ thing where I can type stuff on my comp instead of having to go to the website. :) I like it.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17, 2000

4:34 PM

Current Mood: productive

ah!

Jane's is on the radio!! I know they're a somewhat popular band and all, especially out here in California, but even after all these years, it's AMAZING to hear them on KROQ or KLOS or any radio station.

Of course, it's "Been Caught Stealing" but it doesn't matter!!

Ivan brought over a Jane's bootleg type deal and it had "It's Christmas" and "He's Got The Devil In Him" (something along those lines...) on it. It made my day. ;)

Back to work...

4:35 PM

Um...

I think I just put "He's Got These Devil In Him"...oops, meant to say "He's Got THE Devil In Him."

5:09 PM

My head hurts

I got almost half of my project/scrapbook thing done.

Still like 33 pages to go though...

Topics that I need more info on:

- Communication
- Social Health
- Healthy Relationships
- Mental Health
- Peer Pressure
- Self-Esteem
- STDs
- Tobacco/Nicotine

Ugh.

I need 50 total pages done by tomorrow night. Gonna go pick up some pamphlets at St Joseph's and various clinics.

I hate busy work!

Bye bye.

5:51 PM

I really do hate labels and judgments

Godsmack on radio.

I like them a lot, and everyone labels them by what stations they are played on or what other bands are popular at the same moment. I mean, they really do sound like AIC more than anything else, but does anyone call them "grunge"? And AIC wasn't even grunge...ah! What the fuck IS grunge? What's metal? What's Goth? Fuck it all.

I just don't get why people can't say "These are the bands I like..." and everyone else accepts that instead of saying, "Oh, you're a big metal fan aren't ya?" or "You're Goth!"

I don't know why this is pissing me off, but it is.

Why can't music just be MUSIC?

I found out that Dani Filth is a Satanist, or according to him, a "Luciferian." Now, I won't rant and rave about how terrible that is because I know absolutely NOTHING about satanism as a religion, way of thinking, or philosophy. And so, I will make no comment, because I have no right to. That, and I've had that happen a thousand times to me whenever I say I'm a Wiccan. People who don't know the first thing about the Wiccan way of thinking or religion will go off on you. I don't understand. At least I can support my opinions and judgments (for the most part), and I don't make those until I have the knowledge to support them.

Speaking of Wicca, I have to set up my altar next weekend and get to the annual solstice cleaning of my room. I don't know if I'll be able to decorate my altar yet since my candles haven't come yet and I don't have the money to go and buy the lights I want, or misc. altar tools.

Not quite sure when the date of my self-dedication will be. Hopefully sometime soon...

I know I'm getting at least \$100 from my sister, and maybe some more from my mother (hopefully). So I'm thinking I'll get about \$200 by New Year's. \$50 of that is going toward candles, lights, and altar tools. That leaves \$150. Shirts I want: Ana Voog, 4 Jane's (at minimum) adds up to \$90. So now



I'm down to \$60. Haha...ok...maybe just one or two Jane's Addiction shirts. That will save me around \$50 so I'll have more to spend on thrift store shopping and jewelry. I really need a makeover. I'm tired of wearing black ALL the time and rotating the same 5 shirts every week.

Ah, it's almost 6!!! Shit...I gotta get back to work.

6:00 PM

::about to cry::

Oh my fucking god...

Ana chose one of my pieces to put up on the anapix page!!!!!!

She is my Art Goddess and she likes my art!!

I can't even speak right now. I'm about to cry. I've admired her for so long and she has seemed like such a distant star to me and here she acknowledges me in a small, but still present, way.

Oh dear lord, thank you Ana, THANK YOU!!!

Anapix (mine's in the 5th row of pics. First one. I've remade that one about 50 times and it's sooooo much prettier now, but she liked it like that!!!

::sniffle:: :)

8:12 PM

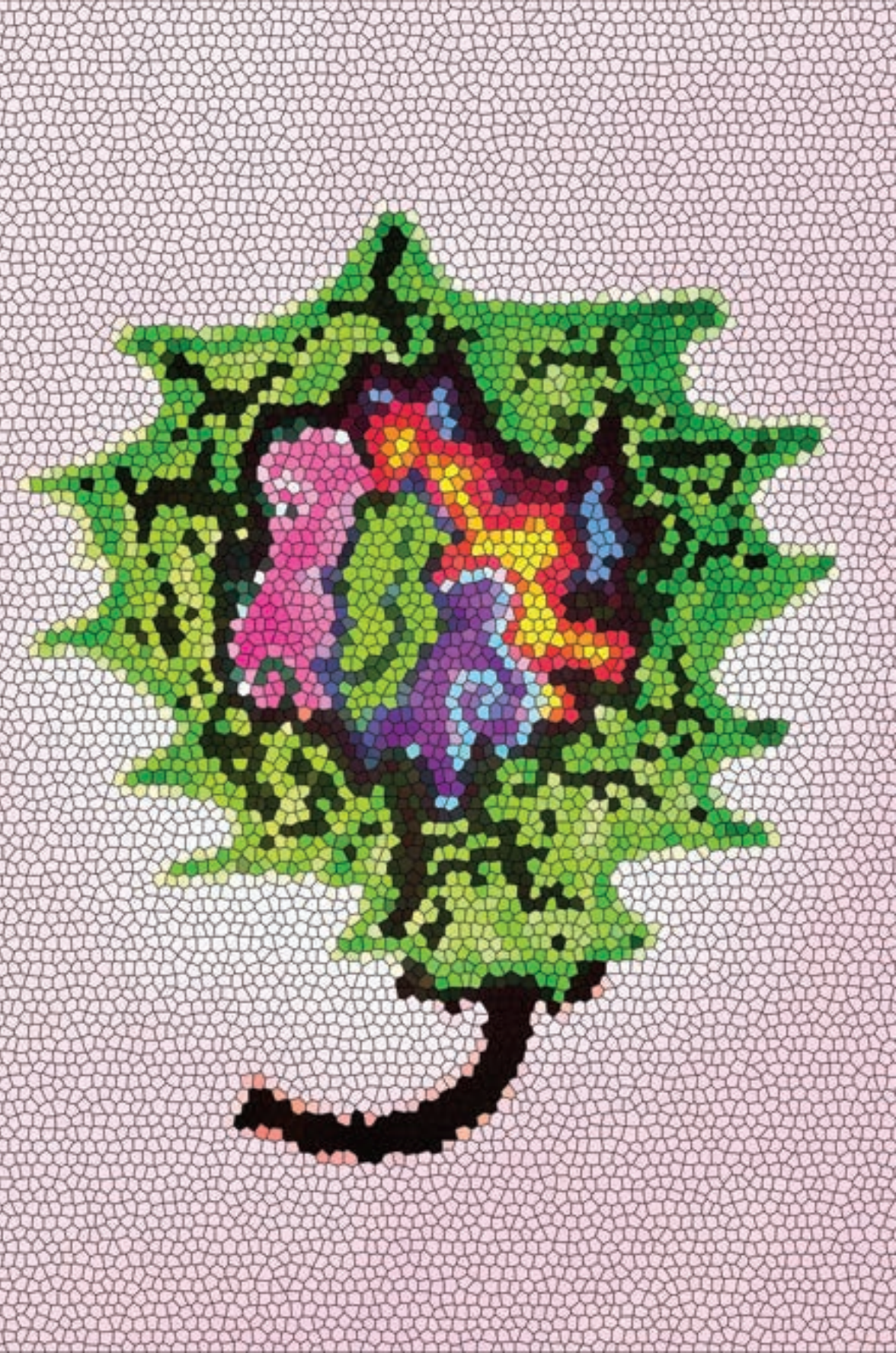
Ana2!

My sweetest prince Eli got it for me for 3 months!!!! I love you Eli, and you WILL be paid back for this.

Watching the 1234 cams and posting on the board. This is sooooo awesome and amazing. Plus, I'll be getting DSL sometime soon which will make all of this even better.

It's been an Ana day today. I realized she chose my work as one of the 42 anapix and then I got ana2!!

::adoring sigh::



9:15 PM

Hm...

Kinda funny how I become so enraptured by these web-worlds. Anacam has become a part of everyday life for me and sometimes it seems more real to me than anything. I think Ana and her webcam, mixed with my meeting Eli, have opened the gates of my artistic expression once again. I don't know. I have more vision now due to both of them, my two angels.

I've been getting into photography and interior design again, but as I begin to indulge myself in my art, I lose my intellectual ability. I need to find a balance.

School is very important to me. Ever since I was 6 I have wanted to go to college and get straight A's. I'm close to that second goal. If I could just stick with an hour of studying a day, 30 mins for science and 30 for math I would be getting straight A's. But instead, I come in here and enter my cyberworld.

I don't know what it is about this place. Maybe the fact that I don't have to talk to people face to face, eye to eye. Here I can BE someone else while still maintaining MY personality. I can be Xio while still being Adrienne. Anything I can't do at school or home, I do here. People seem more supportive here...

I don't know. Maybe I'm losing my mind...

::smiles:: back to anaz!

MONDAY, DECEMBER 18, 2000

8:48 PM

My head...ow

Worked for four straight fucking hours and only got half of what I need to get done, done. Somehow I pulled all of my muscles

Saturday (thank you Eli ;) and when I was walking down the stairs today my legs failed and I flipped down 'em. It was funny...

Watched some TV while eating some reeeeeeaaally yummy Fettuccine Alfredo. I think it was on Animal Planet and they were showing these hunters tracking down the most beautiful mountain lion and when they cornered the poor thing I burst into tears and started screaming at Liz to change the channel before they shot it.

What is the point of that "sport"? I don't understand at all...

Luckily, if I get off-line in about 40 minutes I'll have juuuuuuuust enough time to study for science. Thank god...

But now, I must go and flock into my cyber world at anacam2 and the Primus board...

Bye bye.

9:19 PM

Nooooooooo

One of the most amazing, honest, and amazing people I have ever met is so utterly sad and depressed and it reminds me of my situation about 8 months ago.

Moshamad, if you haven't checked out her journal, please do so.

I feel bad for ranting...forgive me.

Kat, please realize what you have to offer to this world. And if there is ANYTHING I can do for you, just tell me, ok?

And thank you for the compliment in your journal. I am flattered that such a rare human being can "admire" me. Thank you.



TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 2000

10:44 PM

Current Mood: busy

Yay!

Kat seems to be a bit brighter. This makes me smile. :)

::sigh:: I'm happy because I got a lot done today and my doc is canceled for this week so my project will be done by tomorrow night and by Thursday I will be able to talk on the phone again and go change my email addy and other such tiny tedious tasks.

I feel like I'm ignoring Eli and I feel horrible. I do love you Eli, I DO!!!! I just don't have time because of this damned project...

I've had such a good day. Got to dance a lot with Loni and Nicole and we're gonna buy a cake Thursday and bring it Friday for lunch and all will be well and fun. I also have money to get people Xmas gifts!!!! People I plan on getting gifts for: Lori, Jenessa, Nicole, Loni, Eli (not in that order). I'm hoping to spend \$50-\$60 total. Low budget but it's all I got. Sorry guys!!!!

Then I'm decorating my room, then hopefully buying some new clothes. Tired of wearing black and baggy shirts. Negative energy ;)

Also starting a self-dedication ritual after I get all my candles and Horned God Statue.

I have so many emails to check but they're all from the Jane's mailing list and I don't feel like reading them...ugh.

Ok, very busy, must go check anacam.

Oh!! before I forget, these are people I am sending letters and/or cards to:

Eli

Kat

Jenessa

Ana

Loni
Nicole
::whew::
And not in that order ;)

11:07 PM

Sheep!

I don't think I've ever written down my sheep theory here. Basically, I made a prophecy of sheep taking over the world about

6-8 months ago and as soon as I wrote down a story involving killer sheep (will explain below) they were everywhere. Sheep on phone commercials, billboards, stickers, in movies, on CD covers...ah!

Anyway, I think that there is a clan of sheep that have the ability to kill. They're evil. Sometimes they'll live in the walls of living rooms and/or bedrooms. Eventually, they WILL take over the world and maybe spare me because I knew about them.

Anyway, I swear to Christ they will be EVERYWHERE (more so than now) sometime soon.

I'm paranoid.

((note: I don't really take this too seriously, but the fact that I said they would be everywhere and then they were, freaks me out))

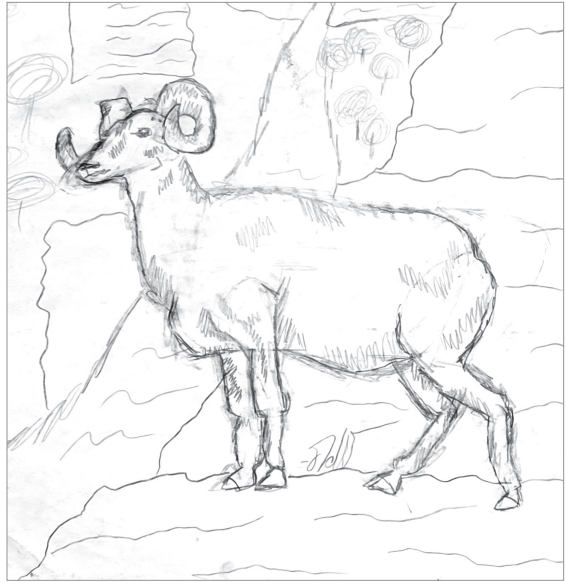
But yeah...

It feels like Friday but it's not! Argh.

Liz's moving out today and tomorrow. I'm going to miss her dearly. She's so very kind and every other fuck in this household is not.

Ah, I have 4 mins to check mail.

Gotta go. Bye.





WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 2000

2:21 PM

Oranges are yummy

I pinched a nerve in my neck whenever I wanted to look to my right side. I have turned my entire body around.

2:37 PM

2 days until I can breathe again

Friday afternoon is going to be so peaceful. All work will be done for a short while. Redecorating my room will take a total of two days, starting Saturday morning. Did some drawings of my altar today, just to get an idea of how many candles I need and where I'm going to place things and fabrics I need to go buy and blah blah blah...

It will probably be erected ::thinks:: Tuesday or Wednesday if I can find a statue to represent the Great Horned God by then. Haha, I'm spending more money on my room than I am on clothing which is what I REALLY want...

So if my altar is done by Tuesday then I can start the re-dedication Tuesday evening...

It's really exciting for me. I can't wait. Maybe I do have a soul and something will spark in me and maybe I will find something to believe in. Receive some sort of vision...I dunno...maybe...hopefully.

Time to go find cards for people. Bye bye.

10:14 PM

Frozen toes

Why are my toes ALWAYS cold?

I really do LOVE Ana. She's so amazingly creative and just seems like an all-around nice, kind, gentle-hearted person and those types of people are rare. Not to mention she's beautiful and she has that beauty because of what's on the inside. I really hope her and her mother work things out. I know not everything between them can be PERFECT (I should know from me and my mom lol) but maybe a compromise where both people are somewhat happy and no negative vibes are sent out to the other.

I really like Ana's voice too. At some points on the CD, she sounds like an angel or crystal ball. It is very soothing and relaxing. Just what I need!

Ana, you're a lifesaver! ;)

I hope everyone's Solstice/Christmas/Kwanzaa/Hanukkah/Celebration goes well. I know that my late Solstice (waaaaaaaay too busy to do anything tomorrow and my altar isn't erected anyway) will be well deserved and well appreciated. A year's worth of cleansing spiritually, physically, and mentally.

Total cleaning of my room, 2-hour shower, mental cleansing of my room and everything in it, re-decorating, buying new clothes (no more black!), gaining a new outlook on life.

::sigh:: A breath of fresh air, no?

I cannot wait.

I still don't know what to decorate my tree with...hm...::thinks::
Ah well.

Off to change my email for anyone's reference (since I won't be able to change the bio page until tomorrow) it will now be: DazzledXio@yahoo.com

Unless that name is taken...:(

10:30 PM

Returning to dreams of blue and falling down chimneys

Time for bed. Early night tonight ;)

Nighty night. Sweet dreams to all and may your eyes be blessed with the sight of a new year and a new beginning and the rebirth of the mighty Sun God. Tomorrow is another day, another life, another year...

Merry Part and Blessed Be to all :)



WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 2000

11:23 AM

Current Mood: awake

I'm back

Looks like I've ignored this thing for a while. Sorry. My room's semi-finished!!! The vanity set that will eventually be my altar has not yet been built. We lost the directions so I had to re-order them and that will take 2-3 weeks. Psh. But other than that, it's all done. Got some money (yay!). Got Eli some gifts, and Nicole, going to get Lana's present today, along with Lori's. Have to go to a party tonight. Ugh. I've been to three in the past four days, and I have a feeling that me and Eli will be roaming around with Ivan all night on New Year's. Bought the first Soundgarden album, god how I love them...ordered an Ana Voog shirt. :)

I think after presents I'll have about \$60 left for thrift store shopping...ugh. Hope that's enough. I want a Stevie Nicks type dress, a pair of jeans, and some weird artsy shirts. I think that should be enough. I dunno.

Very tired, gonna go look at AOL profiles for no good reason and check anaz.

See ya.



FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 2000

4:04 PM

Current Mood: cheerful

Mr Robert got himself a LJ!!!

Hooray! This is great!! I am very happy :)

I got my Ana shirt today!!!! I was kinda disappointed because I ordered a medium, thinking it would be somewhat tighter than my usual shirts and it's the same :(So I'm washing it now and putting it in the dryer for a loooong time hoping it will shrink since it's 100% cotton.

Talked to Ivan on the phone last night 'til about 4am. Poor guy is so lonely and really needs a friend at this point in his life and I feel very grateful toward him for listening to my problems last night and for revealing his own to me. It was a great bonding moment. I feel at last that I have a true friend to talk to, that actually lives somewhat close to me.

::sigh::

Read some Bram Stoker today. Very nice Wearing my orange, 100% nylon, 60's skirt. It is awesome. Drastic change from the usual black.

I think that's all for now, off to tell Ana that I finally got my shit.



4:41 PM

“What everyone is looking for in life is someone to listen to”

That really makes a lot of sense. It was something Ivan brought up in our conversation last night and the first thing I did was try and correct him because I didn't realize the truth of it.

“You mean someone to talk to that will listen, and hear what they have to say?”

Ivan: “No, someone to listen TO.”

It got a bit awkward after that as he had just previously stated that he enjoyed listening to me and my “issues.” There was a point where I told him why people felt so uneasy around him and how most will never understand him because they're on completely different planes of existence. They have never really experienced any sort of harshness in life and therefore cannot understand those who have. Because the ones that have gained knowledge that cannot be gained any other way, and that wisdom brings to them a unique outlook on life and they sort of evolve into better human beings (using that word for lack of a better one) and can no longer relate to people who are innocent and ignorant (although they cannot help that).

And he is also a very secure human being, and not too many people can say that about themselves and when they are confronted with him, they realize their own insecurities and that makes them uneasy. So, by choice, most will try and keep away from Ivan because they fear him for his intelligence and wisdom, and for his security.

After I had finished that rant he almost broke down into tears saying that at last someone understands him. There was much rejoicing. I know exactly how he feels, but more with the wisdom I've gained through certain events within my life other than being secure. I know I'm insecure. I openly acknowledge that.

But about listening to other people...

It's a comfortable act. It allows us to forget our own problems and reflect, grow, and learn from the mistakes of others (as well as our own). Listening to someone's life story creates an intimacy and a sort of safety net because there is an instant bond between two people once they have shared something that sacred. And by listening to the other person you know that they trust you and that there is some sort of a friendship there and for a few brief moments (depending on the life) you can escape the chaos of your own life and sit back and pull away from your usual perspective and "expand your mind". At least that's what it's like for me.

Sorry for rambling. It's just something to think about ;)



SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 2000

5:51 PM

Current Mood: attempting to sing

The moon is glued to a picture of heaven

Goddamn I love Soundgarden. Going through one of my relapses again ;) I forgot how amazing this band is, and how beautiful Chris Cornell's voice is.

Can ANYONE tell me how I put pictures into these entries? Pleeceaaaassssee...

Might be spending the night at Eli's on New Year's. Start the new year with the one who has given me a new life.

Been singing my lungs out all day and thus my voice is now shot and I can barely speak. Tea time!

I LOVE SOUNDGARDEN!

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 31, 2000

3:52 PM

Making tapes is fun

Listening to the one I made yesterday. It's got Jane's Addiction, Baker's Pink, Nirvana, Alice In Chains, Primus, Blind Melon, STP, and RHCP. It's awesome ;)

Ah, dear lord, I love Ana. Juno's waiting for Ana to reply to her I think. That will take a while. Ana's e-mail server's being a bitch and she's got some sleep station stuff to work out. As to why so many believe her, Juno, check out her site which you probably already have. She's an amazingly creative human being who is adored and admired by many for her art and just who she is. Can't really explain it. Check out her site, stay and watch the webcam for a while and



maybe you'll see :) Not something worth attempting to describe in words. She's amazing.

4:02 PM

Hm...

Anyone on the Jane's Addiction Mailing List (from xiola.org)?

Did Janis's brother really get murdered?

And why is there so much drama on this list? It wasn't like this last year...

**JAN
2001**

MONDAY, JANUARY 1, 2001

3:12 PM

First entry of 2001

And lookie at what I can do...

He actually carries a kit around with him for that ::shivers:: eww...

Had a wonderful time last night. :) Went to a party that a friend of Eli's was hosting. Of course, me and Eli decide to follow Ryan out back. Zeke followed then of course Jake had to come out as well. Then we all ended up in the back room watching Malice Meizer (oh my god that was the most amazing fucking piece of performance art I have EVER seen...), drinking Martinelli's, listening to Zeke analyze various anime shows, and watching Ryan dance :)

It was great. I've never been that affectionate with anyone in front of that many people before. However, I did enjoy it.

Ryan needs to hang out w/ me and Eli more often. He's very entertaining. The best part of the whole night was when I asked if I could comb his hair. "It's my HAIR!!!" Hahaha.

3:24 PM

I spent the night at Eli's

::smiles:: He's the most adorable object in existence when sleeping. I was having some sort of pleasant dream when he woke me up this morning by whispering in my ear and I still can't get over how sweet a way that is to wake someone up :)

I wish I could hug him right now.

5:57 PM

::cough::

Lost my voice today about two times, recovered it for a short while, and have now lost it again. I go to the doctor on Thursday. :(

Glad to see that Moshamad is back. I was getting nervous.

So so busy!!! Haven't been to anaz yet to check out the new cam she got. I feel so ashamed :((((

Time to go now.



8:24 PM

Current Mood: accomplished

Work in progress

Xio



This is one of my favorite art pieces. It is one in a group of three that have a swirl theme in them. I'm not sure which ones I'm gonna get prints for and which ones I want to submit to ana for anapix.

I still need to write her a letter :)

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 2001

10:12 PM

So damn lazy

But what can ya do?

Very tired. Went to the doctor and got some antibiotics and medicine for my infection (bronchial I think). Saw Eli. :))))))

Worked on the essay, finishing it tomorrow hopefully. Nicole's gonna spend the night Saturday night. It will be nice to see her again. And Ivan will be here Sunday. Gonna try my best to cheer him up a bit. Don't like to see friends depressed.

Someone just got shot on my street. How grand. :)

I'm gonna go watch anacam for awhile and veg. Maybe check my mail for once (ha!).

Later.



SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 2001

11:37 AM

Haven't written in a while

Tried NOT to sleep last night, failed. Finally collapsed at 5 AM. Woke up at 10. Damn, try again tonight. Wrote a letter to Ana. Hope she finds some point in it. :)

I need to clean my room before Ivan or Nicole comes over. It's disgusting.

Today is the big cooking day with Eli. Yay!

I am very tired. I miss writing in here. I miss not being lazy :-D

I think I will go check my mail now.

11:45 AM

Why is LiveJournal mean to me?

Won't let me on my site or anyone else's. I have to type from the program I downloaded a while ago. Arrrrggghhhh...



12:16 PM

Long meaningless rant

I really wish that I had something to say. That there was some point I am trying to prove. Not just with art and words but with everything. I am just here, in existence, doing nothing. I need a mission. I need to find my reason. I need an obsession. Or a craft. I don't know. By obsession I mean something I know everything about; I own everything there is to own relating to that topic.

Everyone I know seems to already have that security blanket. Eli has the Smashing Pumpkins, Lori has dancing and rainbows, Ivan has his fashion design. Ah, but what about me? I do love Jane's Addiction but I have no bootlegs. No real posters, no memorabilia. And I know that doesn't determine a fan. But I'd like to have those for some reason. I think I would feel complete then. Maybe if I knew who I was I would have something to say, but I don't and I don't know where to begin in order to find myself. I have lost all depth. What is my purpose in being here?!?! Argh...

A lot of people have been seeking me for advice and I have just realized that they have done this since I was a small child. Why do people come to me? All I do is tell them what I would do in that situation or help them come up with their own ideas of how to fix it. But by saying what I would do, I screw them up even more because I never make the right decision.

Oh dear Lord, I am so confused and frustrated. I am happy, don't get me wrong...but perhaps that hole in me that I have been complaining about for so long is this confusion. This search for who I am and what I believe and what I think and feel.

Where do I start?

I really hope Robert is ok, as well as Kat. I am going to go through Kat's last entry again and really pay attention to it since

it is so long. If I can help her in any way or at least comfort her then I will be happy. The same goes for Robert. I don't enjoy seeing

him angry like that. I wish I could make everyone happy... maybe that's my flaw.

I see a lot of people that I look up to and admire such as Juno and Ana. They seem to know what they have to say. And please keep in mind that I don't mean a message they are trying to prove within their life. I just mean that when they begin talking, they know what they are going to talk about and who they are. And I deeply admire and respect that. Not to mention that their art is incredible and a true means of expression.

That's another thing I admire in people, the ability to express themselves and how they feel. I wish I could do that but every attempt I make ends in disaster. I end

up more emotionally damaged than when I began...

I don't know. Again I have no point in this. Just venting some frustration I suppose.



SUNDAY, JANUARY 7, 2001

1:49 PM

Had the most amazing night

For more reasons than one ;)

Today is amazing!!! Found out that Spread will be released (if Dave keeps his word this time) at the end of March. Two months!!!!

And Ana's all purty today. Ah, this is so great!

Yay!



MONDAY, JANUARY 8, 2001

9:53 PM

Current Mood: confused

Locked outside my house for 2 hours in the rain

What fun!

::sigh:: I need friends. I have Nicole and Ivan, that's about it. But even around Ivan it's a bit awkward seeing as how he was once "in love" with me, and I just don't know how to act around him. We connect in a slight way but it's slight.

And as for Nicole, I love Nicole, no one in this world can't love Nicole. She's always been there for me and I try to be there for her as often as I can. She's going through some major shit right now. That reminds me, I have to do a reading for her tomorrow morning.

Ahh...I just don't know. Eli can't be here most of the time and if he could be I know he would so it's nothing to fuss about. And even if he could be, that's not what's missing. I don't connect to people anymore. I don't know who I am. I keep looking around and I am surrounded by beautiful people and objects and I will never be able to achieve that. I don't mean physically beautiful but a sort of omniscient light that comes from the very depths of who they are and everyone I know seems so happy with themselves at this point and I'm not and I don't know why I'm not.

I shouldn't even be complaining. I have every right to be perfectly happy right now. I have Eli and that in itself is amazing and wonderful and fulfilling and perfect, but I always find the negative.

I don't know what's wrong. Just feel like crying. Just as I thought this was over it all starts up again...



THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 2001

6:22 PM

Ahhhhh

Sorry I haven't updated for awhile. Been very busy. I need to fix my picture links, huh? Ack. My ankle hurts for some reason. I am tired and cold. It rained for 12 straight hours last night. J'ai froid!!! Anyway, I have to finish up some work. I will try to upload again tonight. Au revoir.

10:32 PM

I'm finally making sense

Yay!

Finally, I'm able to clearly express what it is I am thinking at the moment. Ah such brief, rare moments.

First off, I would like to announce that my psycho doctor will be reading these from now on. Actually, I feel like I'm saying the problems I have instead of hiding them from her. Maybe she'll see my mood swings in here too...that would help.

I have lots of people on my friends list. Joy! :-D I am beginning to like people, more so online than in the real world, but still it's an improvement. Trying to get back into the whole positive energy thing again. Trying to do yoga 3 times a week. That's not a lot. I should be able to do it. Also on a yoga diet. Been eating fruit for lunch every day. It is yummy.

I have finals in a few weeks. Not talking on the phone at ALL starting Sunday so I can get some studying done. Going to the library at lunch to finish assignments early and staying after school for an hour and a half to either finish more assignments and/or study. I need to ace these. ::sigh::



Probably won't be online for a while after Sunday either. Sorry.
I don't think too many people will miss me ;)
Ack!! I'll be missing anacam for a week! Ahhh.
Hm, I'll figure something out for that. Can't miss anacam :)))
Ok, time to go into my room and attempt to sleep.
Sweet tight.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 2001

11:03 PM

Holy sheep!

Sheep In The Big City = greatest new animation show next to Invader Zim.

I like the rambling Swede and angry scientist.

Sheep are taking over the world...

Be warned. ;)

11:57 PM

Current Mood: loved

Free at last

Music is so amazing. So freeing, relaxing. It triggers a release and means of escape. I have never felt so relaxed. I wished I could have seen Jane's Addiction live. What a life-changing event that would have been. They are what made me who I am today. Next to the beach of course. :) Their music changed my life and still continues to do so.

Perry has helped me realize what art should be and how it doesn't always reflect its artist. I mean in a way it always will, in some small way, but look at Perry and then take a look at his poetry. He isn't the most beautiful man alive and I mean that in both physical and

mental sense, but even in his ugliness there is a beauty. That beauty is the ability to succumb to whatever feeds us, our creativity. Whatever works through us in times of inspiration. We are its tools. Perry is beautiful because he is able to be that tool so gracefully and beautifully. That's why I admire him.



Dave, I have always admired his vulnerability and physical beauty. He's an intelligent man but one who is, in ways, still trapped in the mind of a fifteen-year-old since so much happened to him at that point in his life. He's also been able to become a tool to the creative force through his guitar. I admire him deeply for that as well...

Ah, I feel so calm. Thank you for Jane's Addiction. Thank you for whatever gives man inspiration and creativity and art. Thank you Ana for the same reasons as Jane's Addiction. ;) Thank you Eli for reasons you and I only know.

Thank you life.

I am happy.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 2001

12:14 AM

Untitled poem

Jewels of airwaves

The air has never felt so clean

Her throat stings with tiny lives hiding inside her

*Her hands are finally clean
Her eyes finally open
Open to the point of tears
Visions of funerals
Of his pain and long lost mother and lover
Both deaths of a broken heart
He has learned whatever lesson is there for him to learn
Sun of now shines on the beach, of years past.
At one point she had forgotten it, her home,
But now she is reminded.
Brought back to its smells, its movement,
Its light.
Always light
Never had she realized its beauty
The way it clenched her heart
Regrets of not returning sooner
All people were without shelter
Why had she left?
She had been forced
She had lost her companion
He never got back in touch with her
It was too late for that now
She forgave him in silence
The waters brought her waves
In waves she vanished
In waves she reappeared
In waves she died
Mankind wasn't meant to control the tides
"The sugar never helps"*



quite sure whether or not to start talking to Connor again, not quite sure why I hated him. Oh, wait, yes I do, he was and still is a man-whore. But still, as far as the “goth/music fanatics” crowd here, I enjoy them. I enjoyed being a part of a tight-knit group. Everyone knows everyone. It was a safety net as pathetic as that is, but they were. I also seemed to have a lot more self-confidence around them. I learned what not to be from them. I felt at home with them. I miss them...

I dunno.

At least I have Eli. :))))

I got to see him today. Got to eat cheese. I feel horrible because all I did was complain about how I was feeling sick and I kinda backed away from kissing him. I love him and he knows that but

1. I am uncomfortable kissing in public,
2. I'm sick and do not wish to get him sick, and
3. It seems that, as great and amazing as it is, all we do is kiss.

There are amazing, incredible moments of just cuddling and being around each other which I love (not to sound like a female stereotype), but there are intense moments of kissing too and at times it seems that that's all he wants to do with me. I know he misses me during the week and I miss him and I am in NO WAY stating that all he wants to do is kiss. It just seems to be his focus SOMETIMES, not often, just sometimes. I dunno, maybe it's because I'm sick. Maybe, I'm just being a bitch. I'd just like to hold him at B&N and smile and be with him. That'd be nice and I get that a lot, just not enough today :(

Not his fault...I was too bitchy to hug anyway. ;)

Sorry Eli, I love you. Don't think I'm saying you did anything wrong. You didn't. Today was amazing, Thank you.



SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 2001

10:00 AM

Current Mood: groggy

Nirvana

Got 4 new CDs, some cheesy some not...

Cure—Bloodflowers

Nirvana—Nevermind

Godsmack—Godsmack

Rob Zombie—American Made Music to Strip By

Note to Robert, I'm back for good ;)

I have 700 e-mails to filter through. All fucking Jane's Addiction and Spread Mailing shit. More than half the Jane's posts are arguments over Three Days poem tapes and whether or not they should be traded. I'm not too fond of this list. :P

What happened to Juno????!?!?!?

Ah...I'll miss her.

I'm tired. I am eating an apple and cinnamon-flavored bagel and drinking some Coke. I watched the Gift video last night. I am beginning to deeply admire and respect Perry once again.

I also saw Eli again last night. That was amazing as always. I don't know if I'll see him at all today. I got all this shit I have to catch up on. Icky pooh. :P

I'm becoming more interested in the Barbaric tribes of the Roman Empire. The Celts, Huns, Goths, Visigoths, etc. Anyone heard of an artist named Brom? I Really Like his work.

Oh yes, if anyone has an opinion and/or any advice on this please let me know. Should I sell my artwork? It would be nice to have some cash now. They probably wouldn't go for more than \$10 each. And they'd be printed on nice glossy paper. :D

I dunno, just an idea.

Off to catch up on anacam.
Good day.



11:12 AM

Current Mood: curious

Dear god how thankful I am for music. I have become so confused lately as to what my destiny is. What should I do with my life? What CAN I do with it? If I could just continue learning and growing forever I would be happy, but I need a source of income. I want to build a castle when I am older in Ireland. It will be surrounded



by mountains and there will be no neighbors. I'll have grand hallways and libraries. They'll be filled to the ceiling with books upon books upon books. I grow with every book I read. I change with every CD I own. Music is an escape. Art is escape.

I am feeling lazy and lethargic today, but peaceful nonetheless. Listening to Nirvana, developing a connection. Maybe I will paint or write today. I will morph somehow. I will find what it is I should do. What is my purpose or mission for today? I really want to go to West Hollywood and listen

to some tapes while driving there. I haven't had a John and Adrienne bonding drive for a while. I miss those.

"She Suffers in Silence." I really wish I knew what he meant by that. Am I lacking friendships? I wish I knew everyone. Giggacam has put me on her friends list and she has some highly interesting people on there. Everyone is so inspiring. I love this city. I want seclusion later on in life, just me and Eli and our music and books. That is heaven, but I would miss this place. Maybe I could build the castle up in Angeles Crest, but someday an earthquake would shatter my collection and archive of development.

Is there ANYBODY who reads this journal that lives in or

around LA? Do You realize how special this place is? How Is it a world of its own? I need more friends who understand the beauty of this mother city.

Rambling again like a drug-induced moron, but oh well. I'm feeling better...confident even.

12:44 PM

Perfect day

It's a gorgeous day, perfect for going down to Sunset or Venice and I'm stuck inside. I need to catch up on my essay. BLAH.

Added some new and interesting people to my friends list. They are from Cali. :D

Happy Late Imbolc/Candlemas to everyone. Sorry for not mentioning it yesterday. I was so sick and had an overall disgusting feeling that I almost forgot...forgive me.

Wowzers. Celina just called. Yay! She sounds older. Mature. I miss her.

I need a freakin' ride to Venice...

1:52 PM

Eeek!

Jane's is on the radio!!! Joy!

2:01 PM

Showersssssssssssss

At last I feel cleansed. Johnny's home. Maybe I can convince him to take me to Guitar Center today...hmmmmmm...

5:29 PM

It worked

And I found the perfect bass!!! It's A black Fender jazz with a really slim neck and body. Plus, the space between frets is a little smaller so it's easier for me and my tiny hands to play. :D



It was awesome. Guitar Center was really packed though. ::shrugs:: Ah well.

Eli is in bed sleeping. He looks so beautiful. My prince, my angel.

I owe him everything. He has changed me in ways I never thought possible.

10:39 PM

Current Mood: giddy

My house is hot as hell

I'm job shadowing at Nickelodeon on the 23rd for someone who does the coloring of Invader Zim. Anya says to bring a hard drive disk of my best artwork to show the person I'm shadowing. Yay! Exposure!!

Also, my Sis is cool with surf lessons and says she'll drive me down to Venice every weekday that I don't have classes. So I can surf, and she can run, and we'll bring Eli who will sit and listen to music while he laughs his ass off at me trying to surf. :-D

I'm gonna break so many bones doing this...ah well.

I want to grow my hair out kinda long and bleach it in April, then in May or June put it in tiny braids like Casey Niccoli. Then I'll go out and buy some weirdo bohemian/gypsy clothes. I'm

going to start doing yoga every morning in April. And I might get to go to a dance camp thing this summer if my teacher picks me. She's asked me to be in both of her shows so I think I might have a chance. :)

Ah, I want that Fender jazz bass. It was only \$500!

Oh, I'll be working as a clown again this summer, and I'll spend \$25 of the money from my check and put the rest into my investment fund and yeah, this is gonna be awesome.

Why can't it be summer yet?!?!

Ah, I'm gonna go to bed and watch my lava lamp for a while. Nighty night.

P.S. No Value show on the 18th, free! But an hour away! Ack!



Above: Prior to working for Nickelodeon, Andrea's friend Anya was the production coordinator on the animated show, *Captain Simian & The Space Monkeys*. Adrienne was obsessed with them.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 2001

11:13 AM

My friend's in San Diego

And now I can't get my make-up math assignment. Blah.
Talking to Joe for No Value.
:)

11:19 AM

Current Mood: amused

Oh yeah...

Eli has determined who I resemble. I get asked that a lot, like when people say, "Oh you look like someone I can't place my finger on!!" Then I raise an eyebrow.

He says that I am a mix of PJ Harvey and Paz from A Perfect Circle. ::smiles:: I resemble Paz!!! Joy!

He also said that I remind him of Rose McGowan. Haha, that I don't get.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 2001

8:36 PM

Current Mood: ditzzy

My back is having muscle spasms

Good points of today:

- I realized how much I love Eli.
- The Jane's Addiction mailing list is thinking about meeting in Venice in June/July (right when I'll be taking my surfing lessons.

- I learned a Jane's bass line.
- I made up with Samantha and re-established our friendship.
- I got 4 replies overall from a bunch of stuff... I'm becoming more social!!!

Bad points:

- Muscle spasms in back
- Same damn headache
- Exam tomorrow

8:51 PM

Top ten reasons to live

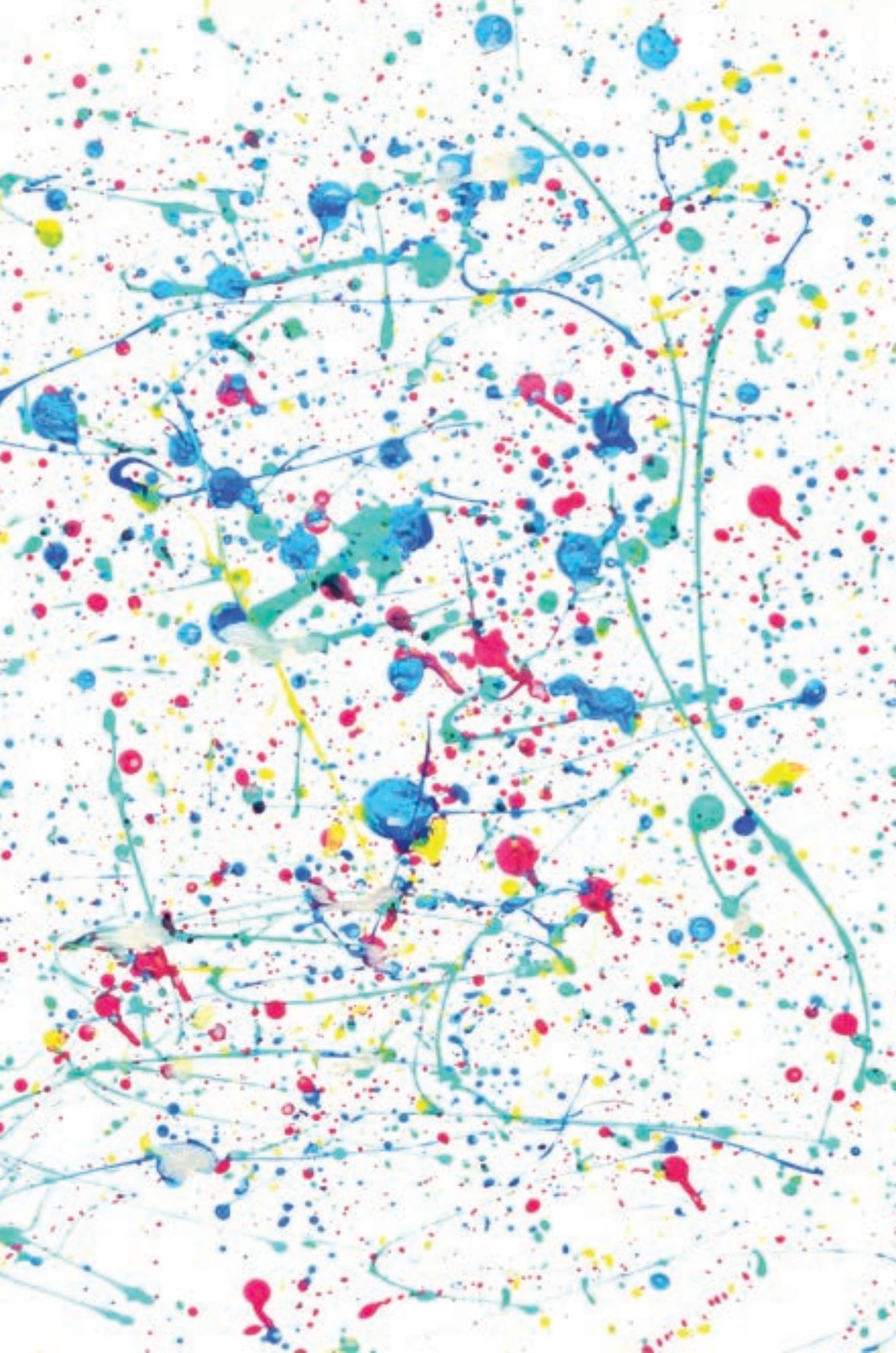
Ripping off Ana's question but it's a good one

Mine are the following:

1. Eli
2. Jane's Addiction
3. The beach
4. Sleep
5. Learning/Expanding
6. Meeting new people
7. The Internet
8. Public buses
9. Cheese
10. Helping others

Yup.





WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 2001

10:35 PM

Current Mood: insomnia

Sleep comes to those whose eyes rest eternally

Sleep...need...tired...killer sheep...stalkers.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 2001

8:48 PM

Worship

It seems that during times of my own happiness, I am surrounded by close friends who are suffering greatly. Why must this be? And why do I always hurt people when I'm trying my hardest not to?

A note from Mick, good luck trying to read it.

Conversation with Samantha:

Xio [7:50 PM]: Samantha, I'm not going to argue with you if you really feel that things between us won't work as friends. But I do want to apologize to you for any harm I have caused. I know you don't believe me but I do still love you. Perhaps not in the same form, but the love is still there. I'm sorry. From this point on I'll leave you be as I see I cause nothing but trouble.

Samantha [7:50 PM]: Just hurting a lot recently. Sorry, I was a bitch.

Xio [7:50 PM]: You weren't. I never think of you as one. ;)

Xio [7:51 PM]: You ok though? I mean, I know mourning is painful.

Samantha [7:52 PM]: Yeah...not only did I lose you and Liam...I lost my boyfriend too...dammit...broke up with me today.

Xio [7:54 PM]: ::huggels:: It's really uncomfortable for me though because I do love you and Eli dearly, but I am in love with him. I know that you've lost me in a small way, and I'm sorry for that. I've lost you as well.

Samantha [7:57 PM]: I just can't believe I lost Liam.

Xio [7:58 PM]: I'm so sorry Samantha. Jesus, I wish I knew what to say to you to help you feel a bit better. I don't want to sound like everyone else and be all like, "It's ok, I know how it feels" because I don't and I'm sorry for that as well but I'm sure my sorrys' aren't helping either.

Xio [7:58 PM]: Just know that if you need to vent I'm here.

Samantha [7:59 PM]: Ok I need to vent.

Xio [7:59 PM]: Go right ahead.

Samantha [7:59 PM]: He broke up with me...because he's way older...and every time him and I hung out I was lying to my parents about where I was.

Samantha [8:00 PM]: And that bothered him majorly. Plus he's taking a test to be a cop (hate 'em) this week...so if anyone in his work place found out about me he'd get fired in an instant. But this week we're arranging for him to meet my parents.

Samantha [8:01 PM]: And he said if they knew I was with him when I was that he wouldn't feel weird about the relationship and that we could get back together.

Xio [8:02 PM]: So if your parents meet him he'll feel better and stick around?

Samantha [8:04 PM]: Yeah, he said him and I would get back together. Then I was tellin' him how it's gonna be weird hangin' out with him but not bein' able to hold his hand

and kiss him and stuff and he said he knows. and that we'll see how things happen when we see each other next. That we need to talk in person to get things straightened out—not over the phone.

Samantha [8:06 PM]: Him and I were the couple everyone loves to hate.

Samantha [8:08 PM]: “Wish me well, you can go to hell” was our song...a joke song...it's about two people breaking up.

Xio [8:08 PM]: Yeah I can imagine that being uncomfortable.

Samantha [8:09 PM]: It's by the Bouncing Souls. Maybe you've heard it.

Xio [8:09 PM]: Maybe.

Samantha [8:09 PM]: Did you ever see him?

Xio [8:09 PM]: I haven't been able to think for the past 3 weeks, do forgive me.

Xio [8:09 PM]: Him being...?

Samantha [8:09 PM]: Glenn.

Samantha [8:09 PM]: The boy I've been with for...like...record time. Heh. Was with for record time. Dammit.

Xio [8:10 PM]: I don't think so. I haven't been to Rocky in a while. Ivan's going insane. I know two people now who have turned schizo on me.

Samantha [8:12 PM]: 3, soon.

Xio [8:12 PM]: You're not schizo Samantha. I mean literally.

Xio [8:13 PM]: Ivan was about to shoot a guy outside his window who wasn't there then completely relaxed and asked what he had been talking about, if he was talking at all.

Samantha [8:13 PM]: Insanity!

Xio [8:13 PM]: Yeah.

Samantha [8:13 PM]: Hey Glenn just paged me I'm gonna go call him.

Xio [8:13 PM]: Ok.

Samantha [8:13 PM]: Thanks for listening to me.

Xio [8:13 PM]: Good luck hon. No prob. :)

Samantha [8:13 PM]: Goodnight. I'm sorry again. I love you too, ya know.

Xio [8:14 PM]: I know. Thank you :)

I do love her. I am no longer in love with her. Either way, we share a bond that I've never experienced with anyone else. Almost like my bond w/ Eli. I mean that both are very unique and very comforting. However, my bond with Eli is extremely different than that of me and Samantha. I love them both, but I am deeply, madly in love with Eli and care for him more than anybody else in my life.

Letter Eli wrote me for an English assignment, sweet nonetheless:

My dearest Xio,

I guess the saying is true; it is impossible to describe one's true feelings. Because right now, there is no possible way to describe the way I feel for you, except by using the most cliched, most used phrase ever: I love you.

And because of this, I feel at a loss. I wish there were some way to express how completely overwhelmed I am by everything you have ever said to me; how overwhelmed I am every



time you have touched me and every time you have looked in my eyes.

Because there is no way to translate those things to ink and paper, I can only try to hug you harder. I can only try to gaze into your eyes the same you do to me, and I can only try to love you more each day.

Sometimes words aren't appropriate.

I cried.

I miss Ivan, the way he used to be. I miss other people being happy as well. ::sigh::

9:15 PM

Rar

I really do need to filter through the friend's page but I'm afraid of hurting people's feelings AND everyone on there is so fucking awesome that I want to keep them there but I have like 12 people on one list. Haha, oh well, I'll leave it I suppose.

Head-fucking-ache.



9:56 PM

Today is an oatmeal day

I drew a Killer Sheep on my knee...why?

I miss Shannon [Hoon].

I know obsessing over dead rock stars is silly, but I don't know, him and Eli are my joy and light if I'm ever depressed. Both are amazingly beautiful people, both internally and externally. I've come to the point where, if I ever say Shannon out loud I begin to cry.

I wish I knew more about Xiola Bleu. I think I would have really been amazed and inspired by her. I'm inspired by her story alone!! I wonder if there is any of her artwork floating around? Hm...

9:57 PM

I almost forgot

I'm pretty sure I made the dance show. :-D

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 2001

5:52 PM

How I learned to love the bomb

Talking to Robert now.

Nicole's boyfriend kicked her and pulled her hair. What an ass. What kind of a man beats up on his girlfriend? I told Ivan about it and he offered to take care of the guy, but I know that if the boyfriend gets hurt, he'll take it out on Nicole. I love Nicole too much to do that to her.

Also got into an argument with Ivan today. I wish he was more appreciative of what he has and would stop complaining every now and then. I'm not sure if I'm one to talk though.





Recorded Smashing Pumpkins on SNL for Eli.

Tried to patch things up with Mick yesterday. Invited him to lunch. He came and sat with my friends (I think he got along really well with Mateo) but still seemed uncomfortable. I asked what was wrong and he replied, "Society." When we were leaving I turned to give Nicole a hug and talk to Lana about her b/f and what he had done to her that day, and when I turned back Mick was gone. Whatever, I attempted kindness at least.

I really like this journal thing. It's helped me get some thoughts down and I can actually say that I am proud of it. I've also met some really nice, cool, intelligent people through it as well. This makes me giggle!

::giggle giggle::

Going to take some pictures for Eli's Valentine's Day gift on Monday. Hopefully, make a video as well. Of what I am not quite sure but it will be interesting no doubt.

Jenessa called. That was nice. I haven't had time to call her back, however, sorry Jenessa!!

My head still hurts and the sheep I drew on my knee is still there. Ah, it is time to go get ready to see Eli.

Tata.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 2001

11:26 PM

Current Mood: pleased

Spaaaaaaaaace ghoooooost

I haven't seen this show in forever!!!!

Yay!!!!

Taking pictures for Eli tomorrow. ::giggles::

Very tired, need to respond to people's last comments, too tired.

Sleep...need...bucket...water...cold.
I saw actual sheep today...scared the shit out of me.
I've never seen them before...they are taking over the world.
Goodnight.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 2001

4:41 PM

Jenessa is here

And singing songs while we make videotapes.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 2001

7:31 PM

Sorry!!!!

I had to go and filter through the friends list. I decided to delete those whom I have not yet contacted and/or those whose journals I do not read daily. Ah!! I'm sorry!! I hate being mean in any sort of way!!



7:46 PM

Current Mood: bouncy

::can't breathe::

Saw a picture of Zim on someone's LJ, they must now be added to the friends list.

I think I am going to pass out...

10:20 PM

Current Mood: loved

By the way...

I made it into the dance spring show!!!! ;)

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 2001

8:25 PM

Fuck it

I'm tired of caring about people so much and them not seeing how their actions will affect others. I'm tired of seeing who I once was in the reflection of others. I'm tired of not being any help to friends.

"First off I would like to thank you all my live journal friends for caring about someone you don't really know, but ironically probably know me better than any of the people who think they know me. Thank you from the pit of my burning nauseous stomach for your concern, but it won't prevent me from doing what I will do eventually sooner or later."

Reactions: first fear, then guilt, then anger.

I'm sorry as well Kat. I tried at least. The guilt of the death of both you and Samantha will do me no harm (sarcasm intended).



SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 2001

12:06 PM

Current Mood: anxious

No Value show tonight

Not too sure if I can go. John's up for taking me and Jenessa but I'd have to go to Ticketmaster and get tickets, and even if I do that John might not get back until 6:30 which is too late. The shows are in Anaheim and IF we're lucky it will take an hour to get there. If. Plus, Jenessa is at her Grammy's party tonight and I don't want to make her ditch that. AND I have no money until 4 o'clock. Damn, I REALLY WANT TO GO!

I think that's the back of my head at the Key Club, Indiefest show...hm...

Blah, I want to goooooo!!!!!!

3:38 PM



No Value = canceled

Damn John and him not wanting to drive an hour to see No Value. Ack, oh well.

Hehehe...I got to see the COMPLETE Invader Zim first episode last night. Fuck, Gir is the cutest thing ever! I love his voice! And Zim reminds me of Jake. A lot.

“Somebody's at the window!!”

::giggles::

5:11 PM

::sniffle::

Robert: I never met a girl that was poor like me, I should write a song about that. You are my inspiration.

Xio: ::blushes:: Aww, thank you
Robert!!!! ::huggles::

Robert: You know what I've been thinking for a while?

Xio: What's that?

Robert: You worry too much about helping people out. You don't have to try. All you have to do is be around and everything's cool. I say that not even ever seeing your face in front of me.



TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 2001

6:10 PM

Must...see...Monkeybone

I put up a bunch of pictures from a new "goth" mag I found at Wacko. The guy from Element is very interesting looking. I think I will make him a character if I ever make that comic book with Eve/Serina/Ana whatever her name is gonna be. I want to get back into going to concerts and maybe get into the goth scene again.

I am getting \$125 in April. Surf boards cost about \$120, right? Then I have to save up for a wet suit which I think is \$80 (guessing). THEN there's my hair. I'm having it braided like Casey Niccoli and bleaching it. That alone will cost over \$100. Then I need shirts.
::sigh:: I hope Mum sends me some money this year.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 2001

6:46 PM

Dance = fun fun fun

But exhausting nonetheless...

Our routine/dance is so fucking awesome. I love it! Except for the turns, I fell straight on my side during rehearsal. I landed them at first, was doing them perfectly, then I got off balance and couldn't get back into it for the rest of practice.

I got home and asked my Sis who went to a dance high school for tips and showed her what I was doing and ended up falling onto the stove and burning my elbow. HAHAHAHA...I'm such a dorkus. :-P

The rest is awesome though and I love having Sharon as my partner. Jenessa, if you read this can you call me? I need Ivana's #. I thought John would take people to Rocky this week (for your bday) but he made other plans. I'm 99% sure he'll take us next week though if you want to go :) I talked to Ivana and Sofia yesterday and we were listing people to take.

I've practiced this damn dance like 100 times now and I can't land the fucking pirouettes!

Must...learn...to...spot...focus...ack!

Hello to Mick and my doctor if she ever reads this...

I had a very interesting conversation with Ryan today about Wicca. He came up and asked if I have ever heard of it. I was shocked that he was actually



talking to me, let alone about Wicca. I told him I was an on/off Wiccan. We then got into a discussion about his cousin who was also Wiccan and for some unrelated reason ended up running away from home. He didn't know much about the religion and wondered if maybe it made people think more pessimistically. I told him not from my experience and he seemed a bit relieved. I then went on to try and describe Wicca as simply as I could. Hope I didn't misinform him...argh.

I just found out that I can get the couch I've been wanting, only if it fits in my sister's car. Oh please, please, please...

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 2001

10:37 PM

Whissssssstle

I did my job shadowing today (at Nickelodeon). Jay Bondy is one of the coolest people I have met. Anyways, the entire background painting crew there is amazing! All of them have a sense of humor while still getting their job done (and very well might I add). I never thought a job could be that much fun! Rick was very amusing in his own way :) I really liked his comic book but I can't remember its name! Agh, must...remember...name!

I want to start taking some art classes again and work on my technique. Jay was cool enough to give me a copy of Photoshop to work with!!!! ACK!!!! The improvements made by using that program are mind-blowing for me.

Oh, Evil Homer, did Jane's ever do a single show in 99 at the Shrine in LA? Jay said he went and saw them but I don't remember ever hearing about it.



Jesus, I'm such a dork. I can't get over how cool today was! Why can't my vocabulary be expanded??? Why must I always use the words: incredible, awesome, amazing and cool to describe everything. ::pirate:: Argh.

I think I am going to lay in my room, stare at my lava lamp, reflect on today and try and get over how high Jhonen's voice is.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 2001

11:06 PM

I've got the devil in me

Ah, I love Porno for Pyros. When people speak of Los Angeles or Venice Beach, two things now come to mind: Jane's Addiction and Porno for Pyros. THIS is the Los Angeles sound (forgive me for sounding cliché). While driving down the sunset strip, THIS is the sound buzzing in your ear.

All the joy in my life has some connection to this wonderful city. Yes, most of LA is horribly disgusting visually, and filled to the rim with whores, drug addicts, actors, and musicians screwing executives to get their 15 mins of fame...but within that realm of facades and plastic exteriors is a wondrous beauty. I can't really describe it, but from my own personal experience of moving around as a child, Los Angeles and Southern California in general is the only place that possesses this greatness. People here are amazingly artistic and the various mix of cultures that clash bring a unique feel and vibe to every sub-city in LA. Don't believe me? Just drive down Vermont or Sunset Blvd for Christ's sake.

I don't know why I am ranting really. It's been one of my favorite challenges to try and capture this LA beauty in a way that other people can see and feel. I want to bring this place to everyone without them having to fly over here. Maybe it's impossible.



The dirtiness of Hollywood Blvd never seems to reach the East Coast...

Perhaps it's only in this city that the idea of living in a run-down single-bedroom apartment on a crime-ridden street is appealing. Think of the people you will meet! Imagine their life stories and what they have to share with the world! Fantasize over the values and lessons you will learn through starvation!

Eli and me always talk about our future Sunset Blvd apartment and how we will tape record our conversations with our public transportation buddies; of how living off of egg noodles and crackers will fill us with the pride of being alive.

I don't know. It's fucking amazing out here. Everyone in Los Angeles has a story. About how they ended up here, why, what made them so fucked up. Everyone in LA is fucked up in some way.

Perry Farrell is Los Angeles. At least he has a perfect understanding of it. Constant personal evolution and change. Consistent life tragedies. Every day a different person or billboard changes your life.

I live and breathe for this hell hole...but why?

11:15 PM

::wipes eyes from laughing so hard::

Thank God for the Almighty Les Claypool.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 2001

9:50 PM

Bootleg mania

Planning to get the following:

- Jane's
- Porno For Pyros
- Banyan
- Polar Bear
- Primus
- Hellride
- Nirvana
- Radiohead
- Man...or Astro Man?

This guy is awesome, please check his site.

Then when I get some cassette tapes I'll get some Love & Rockets stuff. I missed their book signing!!! I thought the flyer said SUNDAY but it was SATURDAY NIGHT. Argh...

I got this really awesome promo flyer that says:

Come celebrate, not be “celibate”

DRINK, EAT & BE EATEN

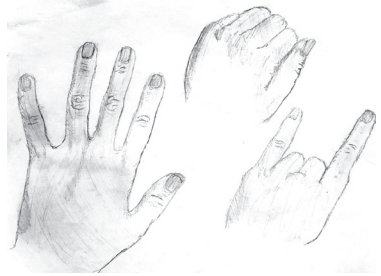
10:30 ‘til last call

\$25

*All you can eat and Scooby
snacks*

Awesome aye?

Ah, I am very tired. My hands
even look exhausted.



TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 2001

3:04 PM

::in tears::

I had a flyer for this because I saw Stephen. I could have gone but I thought it was just him so it wasn't worth it. Then I read this press release:

Instrumental Version of Jane's Addiction Relapses Again

Dave Navarro, Stephen Perkins and Flea play several songs by defunct hard-rock band.

LOS ANGELES: Flea, Dave Navarro and Stephen Perkins reunited as a sort of instrumental Jane's Addiction at the House of Blues on Saturday to celebrate "Drum Day L.A."

"Stephen asked me to do it, and I'd do anything for him because I love him," Flea (born Michael Balzary) said. "I was in Big Sur this morning, and I drove six hours, got here and

walked onstage and did it.”

The trio, who joined Jane’s Addiction singer Perry Farrell for the hard-rock band’s 1997 Relapse tour, performed instrumental renditions of “Stop,” “Ocean Size,” “Mountain Song,” and other Jane’s songs and combined for a triple-drum assault on “Trip Away”.

“Steve [Perkins is] one of the greatest drummers in the world,” said Dave Navarro, ex-Jane’s Addiction guitarist.

Drummer Perkins and guitarist Navarro were original members of the group. Navarro also played guitar for a few years in the Red Hot Chili Peppers, for whom Flea plays bass.

Navarro and Flea said it wasn’t nostalgia that propelled them to participate in the event, which was sponsored by Guitar Center in celebration of “Drum Day L.A.”

“The People at Guitar Center are my friends; Steve Perkins is my friend,” Navarro said after the performance. “And obviously Steve’s one of the greatest drummers in the world and is a pleasure to play with. So anything he wants, I’ll do. I’ll play anytime, anywhere.”

Navarro, who has been working solo since leaving the Red Hot Chili Peppers last year, said he hopes to release his debut album under the name Spread in February.

Perkins, who is scheduled to tour next year with ex-Mötley Crüe drummer Tommy Lee’s band, Methods of Mayhem, dotted the performance with several drum solos. The drummer, who also played with Farrell in Porno for Pyros, initially took the stage alone and gave several drum demonstrations, including one on an African split drum.

Saturday’s event also featured a contest between seven amateur drummers judged by the likes of Marilyn Manson’s Ginger Fish, Poison’s Rikki Rockett and the Go-Go’s Gina

Schock. Each contestant had won a regional competition. The winner was nine-year-old Carlon Deon Muccular of Richmond, Calif., an event spokesperson said.

Jazz drummer Louie Bellson was inducted into Hollywood's rockwalk at the event, and drummers Dave Weckl (Chick Corea) and Dennis Chambers (George Clinton) also performed.¹

My heart just sunk down into my stomach. I will NEVER miss the chance to see ANY ONE of them live again. That means I AM going to see Perry Thursday night. With or without a fucking ticket...

7:08 PM

Current Mood: giggly

::very very giddy::

I have my own internet radio station!!!!

And it's got all of the following (I have 61 bands total so I'm gonna leave some out):

- Porno for Pyros
- Jane's Addiction
- Deconstruction
- Banyan
- Polar Bear
- Primus
- Mick Watt
- Tom Waits
- Soundgarden

1 Nishimoto, Rei. "Instrumental Version of Jane's Addiction Relapses Again". MTV.com, December 6, 1999.

- The Cure
- Space Ghost
- Man or Astroman?

And a BUNCH of other stuff.



**MAR
2001**

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 2001

2:37 PM

Current Mood: ::in tears::

This is the best day of my life

HOW DO I PUT AN ENTRY INTO A MEMORABLE EVENT??

From AllStar:

March 1, 2001, 10:40 am PT

1997's Jane's Addiction

The lineup for the second Coachella Valley Music and Arts Festival has been solidified and, in something of a surprise, will include another reunion from Jane's Addiction.

Also confirmed as of Thursday (March 1) are Iggy Pop, Weezer, The Orb, Chemical Brothers, Fatboy Slim, and Paul Oakenfold.

The event takes place at Empire Polo Field in Indio, Calif., outside Los Angeles on April 28. Jane's Addiction, with Flea of Red Hot Chili Peppers subbing for Eric Avery on bass, last reformed in 1997.

Many more acts are still to be confirmed. Tickets for the all-day festival go on sale on Saturday (March 3).

I have \$125 by tomorrow. I am going to see them live...



TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 2001

8:13 PM

I hate mailing lists

Sorry to the few that read this journal on a regular basis for my short leave of absence.

Jane's is reuniting, as of now for one show, the Jane's mailing list is going crazy. I come home every day with 200 e-mails to check. That takes me about an hour to two hours. I've been feeling rushed. I wish the weekend were here. Me and Eli have been together for almost 5 months. It seems like the first weekend. I wish I could hug him right now. I want to lose a lot of weight and sculpt some muscle before this Jane's show. I hope I get to give the band their presents. I hope I meet them.

::crosses fingers::

I'm really tired :(

Bye bye for now.

FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 2001

11:51 PM

Argh

Why do I try to be nice to everyone I meet?

I'm tired of being talked down to...I hate that. That's the #1 that pisses me off.

First Mateo, then Zeke makes one little remark and I almost explode (luckily I was able to calm down). It's probably the most



This is one of Andrea's favorite photos of Adrienne and her. (Ages 6 and 20 respectively). During Christmas 1992, Adrienne put on makeup so she could go out with Sissy and her friends.

aggravating when it comes from a stranger. I have gone through too much crap and too many stages of being a bitch to everyone and then learning my lesson to deal with being looked down upon by someone who's just as mature/smart/beautiful as me. The first moment I meet someone new, they are equal to me in my mind. They stay there until they do something that makes me think lower or higher of them.

Sometimes I miss being closed off just because people put up more effort in getting to know you. Not everyone, but just the people who are truly interesting in getting to know you. It's an automatic filtering system...

At least I make a damn effort to be nice to everyone I know. At least I try to keep my perspectives open. At least I try to keep being open-minded. At least I try to give out intelligent advice and actually listen to my friends and try to help them out. Hell, I do that with people I hardly even know!!

I've made a damn great improvement in myself and my personality and all I get in return is a bunch of bullshit. The only great thing I've gotten out of this, and the only reason I'm not regressing back into mean angry little Xio, is that I KNOW I have helped people. Maybe only one or two but at least I've helped SOMEONE.

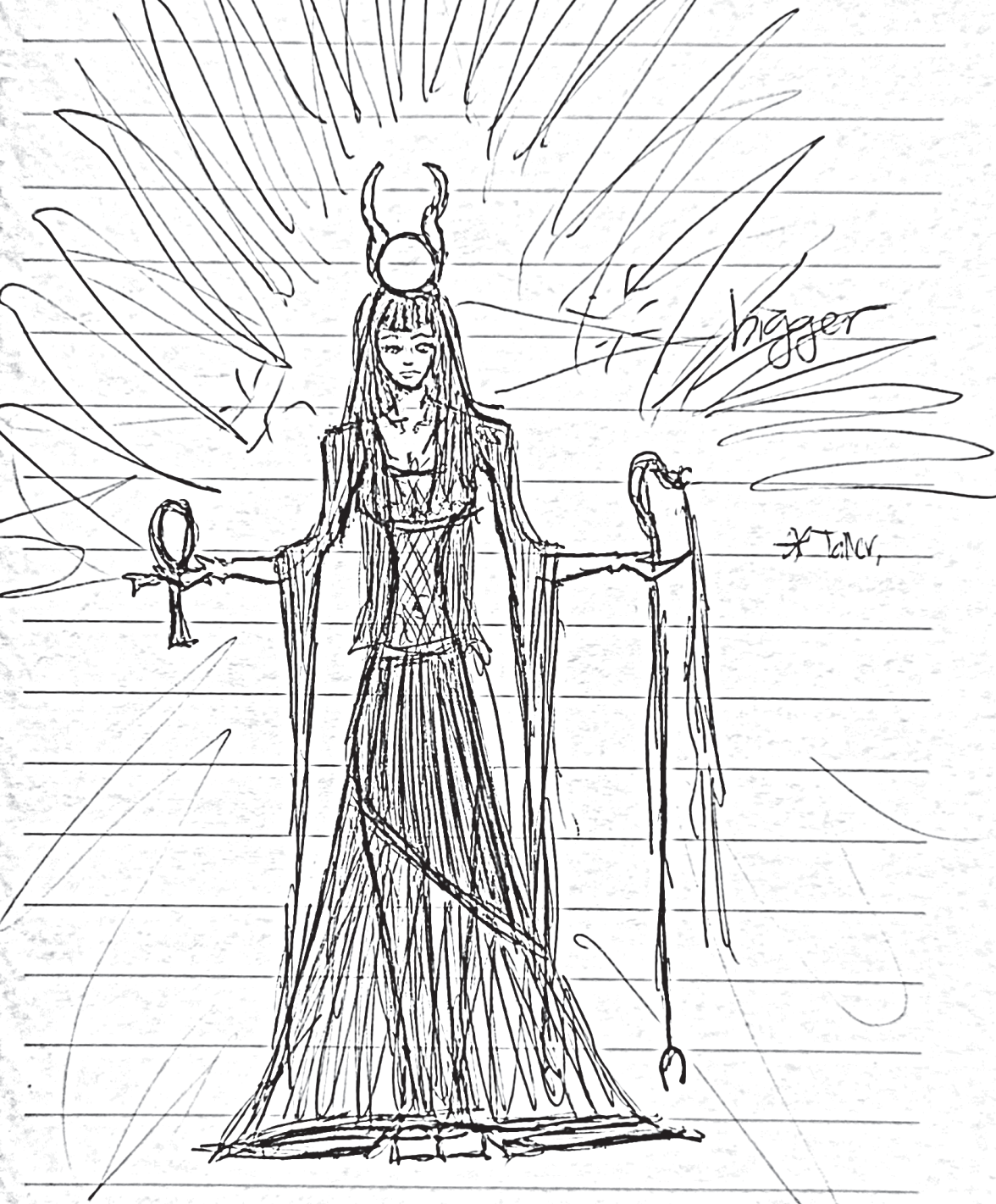
God, I can't stand snobs or close-minded idiots or people in general at this hour.

Argh.

I don't know what triggered this.

Just thought I'd mention it.

I need some fucking confidence.



bigger

*TANU,

700/100

ISIS



SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 2001

12:03 AM

She turns the knife around, I watch it run down her side

Talking to Samantha.

She seems so miserable right now.

She has so much to offer to the world, so much creativity and art and wise thoughts and philosophies, and just an overall great attitude. She is so strong. I idolize her for that. I don't know how she survives sometimes. It seems as though I am witnessing her spiritual death. I can feel her withering away. Not physically or anything of that sort, but her fire is now kindled and her spirit is nearly completely diminished. I miss her sometimes. I miss my sister...I miss the silliness and innocence of childhood she brought out of us both.

I think the loss of me, the death of Liam, and the loss of Glenn (in that order) killed her. I've taken part in the slaughter. But I have gained from it the gift of Eli have I not? I have destroyed Ivan as well, but I now know the warmth of happiness.

::sigh:: Why can't everyone be happy with me? I was miserable with them, they owe me this...

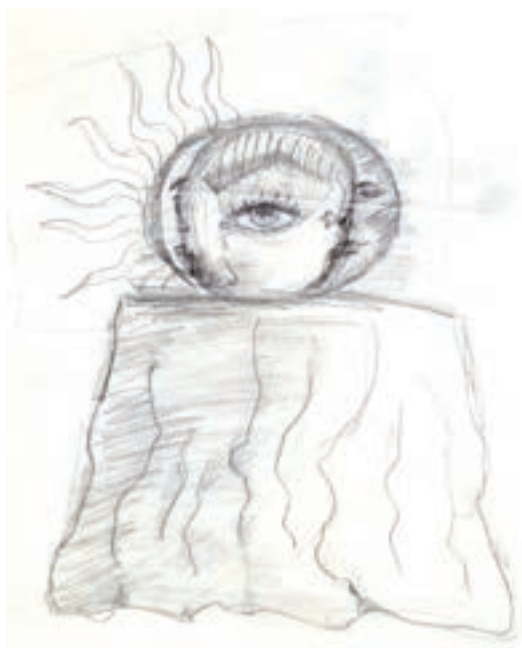
12:16 PM

Chronologically ordered Jane's Addiction mixtape

Track List:

- Trip Away
- 1%
- Up the Beach
- Summertime Rolls

- Mountain Song
- Jane Said
- No Ones Leaving
- Obvious
- My Cats Name Is Maceo
- Cursed Male
- Kimberly Austin
- Tahitian Moon
- Good God's :/ Urge!
- Bali Eyes
- Three Days
- Then She Did



11:48 PM

And I look outside...

I'm in that beautiful state of half-consciousness. Between sleep and reality. "Numb" isn't the right word, but everything seems to have a "softer" feel...

The last few hours with Eli have probably been the best yet. Nearly awake discussing tension and awkwardness between him and Ivan and me and Samantha. Breathing seen in purple shadows illuminating a jagged stairway. Beauty at its finest.

Everything is comfortable around Eli. His embrace leads to my disregard for anything else but him.

To Jenessa: I called back at around 5 pm like 5 times and no one ever picked up. What was going on tonight?

I hope Ivan didn't feel too uncomfortable. Sometimes his masculine facade pushes people away from him. Maybe that is its purpose. Who knows. He is a brother to me and I realize that no matter what I try to do him and Eli will always feel defensive around each other. ::sighs:: Well, at least they don't hate each other, right?

I went through and majorly filtered my friends list. I'm sorry to those I have taken out. I'm too tired to give explanations. Basically, either I don't know you, or your 50,000 posts a day were beginning to take up too much space on the friends page.

I'm a bitch sometimes.

SUNDAY, MARCH 11, 2001

3:56 PM

Jim hopeless

Right when I take people OFF my friends list I put 5 more on.

Argh.

Fun fun fun.



MONDAY, MARCH 12, 2001

2:24 PM

Fuck-n-aye

I got on the bus today and there was this girl sitting in the seat in front of me. She had really pretty red hair. I instantly admired her for her confidence. She was eating the same lollipop I was. I liked her sunglasses.

Anyway, it was a short trip and when I reached to tug on the rope to signal my stop, she had already tugged it. I was a little aggravated but was kinda glad that she would be walking the same way I would be walking. Anyway, as she's getting off she simply states "Thank you, have a nice day" to the bus driver.

!!!!!!!

If there is one fucking thing in this world that I always thought was my very own, personal, unique trait it was thanking my city bus drivers. In my eyes, they are the kindest people in the world. I love them. I am known for saying that exact fucking phrase to them every day.

Jenessa has the ability to write, Eli's thing is music, and Ivan has art. I have my kindness towards bus drivers. Or at least I DID have it. Argh, what makes me, me? What is the one personality trait that only I possess????????????

Dammit all to hell, what do/should people think when they hear the name "Adrienne"?

What do I have to offer?

2:28 PM

Idea

Could it be my love of Jane's Addiction and my obsession over 1995? No one else I know has that...



THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 2001

5:33 PM

Hehe

Cut down my friends list again.

5:34 PM

::sniffle sniffle::

Thank you to the 5 people who responded to my little rant a couple days ago.

I'm tired.

I'm going to audition for advanced dance in April.

I hope I make it.

I need to eat...

5:50 PM

Dag nab it

Ever see someone who you think might be interesting and who you would want to talk to? I get the urge to just go up and talk to people I don't know but some are guys and I don't want them to think I'm flirting but then again why should I care? Also have seen some girls at my school but they're all homophobes and I don't need a worse rep at school than the one I already have...

Argh.

7:11 PM

Pez?

My cran-grape juice tastes like pink Pez.

7:19 PM

Ah!

Goddamn, I Love Veruca Salt and Ana's crystal-like voice.

I've got eyeliner smudged on my fingers. Why?

Also got a star I drew on today.

So fashionable, aye?

7:51 PM

Sorry to rip off Jenessa's "I love" idea

I love music.

I love dancing.

I love sunshine that doesn't make me too warm.

I love the rain.

I love jumping into puddles.

I love drawing on my arms.

I love Eli.

I love Perry Farrell.

I love glitter.

I love big headphones.

I love my blue hair.

I love hairless arms.

I love the shape of a female back.

I love fashion photography.

I love bus drivers.

I love fast computers.

I love doing high kicks.



That's all for now, gotta go talk to Sadie.



FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 2001

5:56 PM

::installing Photoshop 6::

Woo!

6:27 PM

Testing

Lalalalala.

6:28 PM

Current Mood: awake

Argh

Why????? WHY?



SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 2001

2:23 PM

Current Mood: crappy

MTV's *How to be a Rockstar*

Fuck being a rock star, whatever happened to being a musician?

Whatever happened to playing music to play fucking music? Not making to make a point, not writing a song to make money but to fucking PLAY.

Argh, I hate this. I really miss 1995. Perhaps for sentimental reasons, but also for good music. Music made by musicians who were the exact opposite of rockstars. When you could turn on KROQ and there would be great music playing and every day was sunny. The music illuminated the day. Things were grand. Everything was perfect.

Sorry for whining...

I miss Shannon [Hoon], I miss Perry not being a DJ, I miss Jane's Addiction, I miss Porno for Pyros, I miss Lemonheads, I miss Presidents of the United States of America, I miss Letters to Cleo, I miss Scott Weiland not being a rockstar, I miss Nine Inch Nails, I miss Soundgarden, I miss Pearl Jam, I miss Mudhoney, I miss Morphine, I miss Medicine, I miss Screaming Trees, I miss Alice In Chains, I miss Singles, I miss Floundering, I miss Spin Doctors, I miss not knowing Spin Doctors suck, I miss being 8 years old and going to Santa Monica Beach with Adrian, I miss the safety and security of innocence, I miss the world not being dangerous, I miss ignorance, I miss not being critical, I miss my creativity, I miss VW Vans, I miss Liquid Television, I miss Beavis and Butthead, I miss really cool looking Claymation on MTV commercials, I miss TOOL videos, I miss cool music videos, I miss stupid yet entertaining movies like Dazed and Confused, I miss the "alternative/indie/

grunge” scene, I miss not having any friends and being ok with it,
I miss ‘95...

Argh.

Sorry again.

2:49 PM

Note to self

Go buy Chevelle NOW.

2:50 PM

Ugggggh

Just realized that I recorded over the one thing on MTV which actually made me feel like I did in 95, and something which will never be repeated.

SUNDAY, MARCH 18, 2001

8:59 PM

Dear lord I love my radio station

I have yet to find out who the mysterious person was who commented on an old post asking, “Who are you?”

Very strange.

Does anyone know where I could meet some really awesome/interested/musical/artist people to talk to? I’d really like to make a super glue friend and meet new people. Most of all, I’d like to meet some highly interesting new people. Always fun. ;)

Have you ever wanted to make a mix CD/tape of all the music that makes you feel good but realize to do so you’d have to make 10 CDs so you just decide to go and listen to the songs in random

order and begin to feel like you're drowning? Perhaps fading is a better word.

The computer has become such an escape for me. I'll sign onto AOL, check my 100 e-mails from the Jane's list, play my radio station, go to Yahoo chat, read my friends' LJs, then try and find something to do. Most of the time I just wait for emails to come in while listening to my station. ;)

Ah, it just went from Garbage, Fix Me Now to Medicine Time Baby III.

::glee::

It's really hot.

I hate sweating. >:(

I got to cook today!! And the food was yummy yummy.

Sometimes I feel beautiful.

Sometimes I feel guilty.

Sometimes I wish I had more clothing.

MONDAY, MARCH 19, 2001

5:53 PM

::screams::

Why must I eat?

WHY???



6:08 PM

Shoot me

Mr. Rob: how in the living FUCK, can you bother me? When you're the only reason I have to exist?

6:18 PM

The root of all of my problems

What the HELL is my fucking purpose in life? What the FUCK do I have to offer the world?

10:41 PM

Must...stop...cooking

Things I have cooked up in the past 2 days:

- Cornbread (9 slices)
- Black Eyed Peas (1 can, ha!)
- Fried Squash (20-30 slices)

- Country Fried Chicken (2 legs)
- Classic Southern Biscuits (a dozen)
- Peanut-butter-oatmeal-cinnamon cookies (sounds sick, but really yummy) (a dozen)

Things I have eaten in the past 2 days:

- 4 pieces of cornbread
- 2 cookies
- 2 biscuits
- 15 slices of squash
- 1/2 fried chicken leg
- Scoop full o' beans
- 3 handfuls of gummy bears
- Small bite of Mick's P&J sandwich
- Small bite of Mateo's pizza

Argh, I eat waaaaaaay too much. I need to start drinking water before each meal and EXERCISE. Erm...

10:42 PM

Oh yeah

People that might come over this weekend: Jenessa (woo!), Ivan, Tony, Ryan, Mick.

OoOoOoOo...whatever shall I cook? Jenessa, any suggestions? I feel like cooking chili but I don't think anyone would eat any. :(



TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 2001

2:24P

Damn drunken old men in the back of city buses

“You know chicks like you, the ones with crazy hair, you’re all brave. That turns me on. How old are you sweetie? 21?” ::soft touch on shoulder::

Me: “No, but if you touch me again I’ll kill you.”

“What? You’re not 21? 18 maybe?”

Me: ::silent::

“How about we talk, huh sweetheart?”

Me: “DON’T CALL ME SWEETHEART YOU FUCKING DRUNKEN BASTARD. I’M THE WRONG FUCKING GIRL TO HIT ON.....gets off bus::

The alcohol on his breath was unbearable.

Yuck.

I hate alcoholics...argh...I hate old men who hit on me!!! I hate all guys who hit on me!!

2:40 PM

Eep!

It seems as though I have (hopefully, maybe) come into contact with someone who knew the true Xiola Bleu. Oh dear, there must be someone or something looking after me. If this mystery fellow really did know Xiola, then I might have the chance to get to know who she was by seeing her through his eyes.

This is like being able to talk to Tommy about Shannon Hoon and getting to know what he was really like.

I’m so shocked and happy and hyper and speechless.

2:45 PM

Argh, argh, argh

LJ not letting me reply to comments.

Faerykisses,

- I said: Slow computers piss me off, then I made this face. >:
- I said: I think that's the 5th old drunken man who's hit on me. I thought the blue hair would help keep them away, I guess I was wrong. Argh. (I say that word a lot.)

2:50 PM

**::hitting self on head
for forgetting::**

HAPPY/MERRY
SPRING EQUINOX!!

4:31 PM

I need cash!!!

Jane's...playing...26th...Santa
Barbara...only...\$48 left...maybe \$68...

DOES ANYONE KNOW WHERE
THEY ARE PLAYING, WHEN TICK-
ETS GO ON SALE, AND HOW
MUCH THEY ARE???

Oh dear lord please, anyone who
wants to give me an early b-day pres-
ent this is it!! (I know it's rude to say
something like that but it's JANE'S)!!



THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 2001

2:18 PM

::at school::

Hehehe, me and Lana played the poking game again
50 guys in a row! Woo!
Gotta go. ::evil grin::

2:44 PM

37 more days

It hasn't even hit me that in 37 days I will be standing in front of Jane's Addiction. I will be able to smell the heroin in their veins. Glee!

I really want to go to Venice this weekend and see if I can find Mount Mahru studios. Imagine hanging out with Perry and the rest of my boys. ::beyond joy::

::sigh:: I need to get them all presents. I'm stumped on Perry's and Eric's. Argh.

Any ideas? Suggestions? Not like anyone reads this anyway. ;)

I hate this school. Argh. Hey, the girl with the awesome purple hair walked by...

Need to add 1977 to my friends list. Major awesomeness. I wonder if she's in high school and if she goes here or to JBHS...hmmmmmm.

My head hurts. I have dance rehearsal in like 20 minutes. Sharon will drive me home which means I get to listen to Nirvana in her car. Yesh!



Random words I enjoy:

Glee

Joy

Awesome

Rad

Cheese

Morbid

Yesh

Gruesome

Artistic

Venice

Wings

Glitter

Sparkles

Sparkler

Tangy

Sea

Blade

Song...stuck...in...head.

::giggle giggle::

Perry = little boy in a man's body.



4:33 PM

Happy happy joy joy

I love Alice In Chains.

Off to study for my three tests tomorrow!

6:25 PM

Ack

:)

Sun ☼ of sky
The sun ☼ like an undefeated warrior
He is only defeated

Temporarily.
By the night ☾ and its own sun
The moon.

Then as reliable as any man the sun
Rises from the battle field
Into a new born sky ☼



FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 2001

10:07 PM

Spring is a rebirth

And thus I become reborn.

I'm done with people who make me feel negative in any way, even if they don't mean to. I'm sticking to friends who I really connect with and whom (who?) I really trust and who I can really be myself around.

I've made a few new friends lately

and they all like Jane's Addiction which is a plus. I know it's stupid to most people, but those who connect to the same music I do connect to the same wavelength and thinking process. They understand in ways no one else can. I think I could become really great friends with Shay and Katie and Zoey. I've never had a true female friend, one that I've trusted and connected to and felt like a sister to. Samantha was my sister until I betrayed her. I'm taking a risk in trusting girls, but I like taking that risk with them. It feels right.

Although Jenessa never meant to, I was always uncomfortable around her. I connected with her in some way, but that died long ago. In my eyes, she will always be more creative and on a higher level than me. She connects to different music. She dwells in emotion while I fear it. I'm sorry, Jenessa. You're a great and amazing person, but too great for me.

::sigh::

Hopefully, everything will work out. I'll be skinny before Coachella. My room will be organized. I'll have straight A's. I'll have friends.

Hopefully.



11:12 PM

Hm

I feel somewhat reborn already. Life, death, rebirth. Today is the death of false friendships.

“It’s like, my best friends were friends with EACH OTHER and not me.”

Thank you for the clarity, Shay.

Super glue sounds good right about now.

Funny how everything changes in such a short amount of time. I hated Perry. Absolutely hated him. Jealousy? Perhaps. Yes. I adore him now. Oddly enough, his voice is my favorite part.

Eli likes Jane’s Addiction, maybe even loves them. That’s so wonderful. That makes 5 people I know around these parts (hick language) who connect to music the way I do. Who can understand my thinking. Who can understand why I would hate someone who listens to “alternative bands” to be cool and above everyone else. Why I would hate someone who has memorabilia of a band I have loved for years and has those material possessions yet no emotional attachment. “When I like a band, that band is MINE.” Right once again. If you connect, great, I love you! If you don’t and go around promoting them through t-shirts and necklaces, then fuck off.

Some people have no idea, and that’s ok. I’m no longer alone. I have a super glue friend.

::smiles::

11:13 PM

Argh

I hate it when I make grammatical mistakes. Makes me sound like an idiot.



SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 2001

4:29 PM

Hm...

Activities I have planned for tomorrow if Shay comes over:

- Make lemonade
- Share life stories
- Fish dance
- Jump on my bed
- Complain about how models are too skinny
- Makeup stupid words
- Do each other's whore makeup
- Giggle
- Listen to music
- Play with Xiola the hamster
- Fun fun fun!!!



4:31 PM

Asking for a favor

Everyone who reads this journal that has an LJ,
please respond so I can see how many secret lurkers there are...

::peers around::

SUNDAY, MARCH 25, 2001

3:38 PM

Ever felt like you were on drugs while clean?

Bored oh so bored.

MONDAY, MARCH 26, 2001

8:46 PM

Clarity = GREAT

I now feel purified and cleansed.

I'm relieved that Eli doesn't hate me. I cannot express how happy that makes me feel.

Oi!

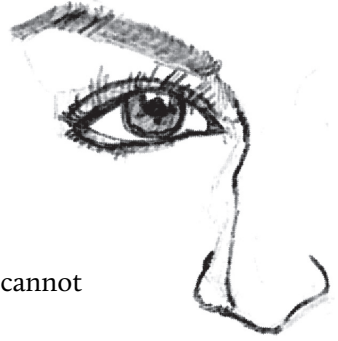
Shay = coming over tomorrow

Jenessa = pissed? Likes Nolan? Hm...

Adrienne = tired, addicted to Neopets, has finished all her homework like a good little girl.

My eyes are crossing.

Nighty night.



TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 2001

10:03 PM

Here's what I put in my non-uploaded website

"You absolutely, absolutely have to love everything about youth. Youth is energy without even asking or working for it, and you're blessed to have it. But when it starts to drain from you, you have to work at it, and have to start cutting deals to keep it. When people are raging—their heads are full of youth, they're just busting with nature—there's nothing more beautiful, nothing.

What I'm trying to say is the youth are looking for answers, and do I supply 'em or am I another question mark? There are a lot of question marks. Or do I want to become the answer?

I want to become an answer, because I was a question mark, too. But I'm not quite as much a question mark anymore. I know what I want out of life a lot more. You get into certain things, and all of a sudden gears start to work. You become a young man, gears lock in, and you're not spinning out here and there—you get more and more sure of where your head is. And then it's up to you to say 'Okay, I'm gonna fine-tune this and become and expert at it'

And that's what I would like to be—more in a roll like that, in the thick of it all. I would rather be a person who's got his teeth.”

—Perry Farrell²

I suppose it's sort of obvious that I live and breathe for music, and ultimately the music I listen to most is California-based. What attracts me to Los Angeles and Venice Beach? Why do I listen to Jane's Addiction and Porno For Pyros every day? The remembrance of youth, that's why.

I moved out here when I was 8 years old. I had never seen a beach before (although I did live in Daytona, Florida for a brief moment of time). I had never really listened to music. I was unaware of art and its magic. I was also unaware of what happiness and what childhood really felt like.

Well, my first trip to Venice Beach changed all of that. A friend of the family drove me up to Santa Monica and Venice in his VW van, blasting what I now describe as “Los Angeles bands.” Obviously, these are bands who remind me of LA and the amazing vibe it holds. One of these bands was Jane's Addiction.

Jane's Addiction was, and will forever be, the California band.

I was blown away by what Jane's Addiction music made me feel.

2 Woodlief, Mark. “Perry Farrell: Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.” *Warp Magazine*, June 1995.

I don't ever remember being happy before that introduction to bliss, and I wasn't happy for a long time after that, either.

Recently I have been looking back on that day and trying to figure out why it made me feel so great. Was it Venice? Was it the music alone?

I now realize that every member in Jane's Addiction was, and still is, a child at heart.

When they make music, they put their fucking heart and soul into it. Music is their escape, the entrance to their true spirits. Their childhood innocence and sense of fun and glee will always remain genuine. Not one of them, in all their lifetimes, has lived to be an old soul.

This "childish" vibe shines through in all of their songs. And being childish doesn't mean being immature. Listen to "Three Days" and try to tell me that Perry Farrell is a child, mentally. No, he's a child SPIRITUALLY. A child SPIRITUALLY.



This vibe makes me remember what childhood felt like. I am brought back to sunny days and giggles. I am able to laugh sincerely. I escape the overall ickiness of being a (somewhat) adult through their music without having to stop existing as a (somewhat) adult.

Jane's Addiction brings me back to the days of innocence not being stupidity, tickling not being sexual harassment, and thinking you can fly not being a PCP side-effect. Through Perry, Dave, Eric, and Stephen I experience life the way I did as a little girl and appreciate the way I do now, as a not-so-little girl :)

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 2001

3:11 PM

“I eat Chinese food to be different”

I came home and my toe was filled with icky gooey pus. Damn wide feet having to fit in small shoes. Damn ingrown toenails!

I poured peroxide on all of it and watched it fuzz. It was quite entertaining actually.

Dear lord, I have no one to relate to at school. I have been keeping myself amused by finishing homework a week early. You would think that by now I would relax, huh? What with all my homework done WAY ahead of time. However, this is not the case. I'm paranoid about not getting things done early enough (grammar mistake noticed). I don't think I'll ever be good enough.

Luckily my UCLA Creative Writing Course that I hated will give me a semester's worth of lit. So it will be a hell-a-lot more easier to graduate junior year. All my practical arts will be finished by August and I now have a free semester to do an elective. Woo! Perhaps I should TA for Bennett. Hm...

The blue shampoo is really helping my hair not look disgustingly green anymore. Joy!

I have a stress knot in the palm of my hand. Will I ever relax?
Dance auditions = 3 weeks
Show = 2 weeks
Final checkpoint = tomorrow
!!!!!!!

3:26 PM

I think I have jealousy problems

I would really enjoy having a friend who is MY friend. I know that's a selfish request. But think about it, two people who only have each other as friends. Two people who think the exact same way and who like the same things, who giggle at the same stupid shit.

Ah, the enjoyability of daydreams.

9:32 PM

New icons...oi!

I did about a hundred grand jetés in my yard. Dancing makes me feel pretty. :)

Oh I hope I hope I hope I make it into dance production. I am determined to. I have to. I'm going to dance three hours a day during break and stretch every morning and night and work on my technique.

::crosses fingers::

I'm gonna miss Sharon. She's the closest thing I have to a friend at BHS. We were making up dances/fight scenes while the Dance Pro and Advanced [groups] rehearsed their set. It was fun. Ms. Burns made up examples of great showmanship in front of everyone. I have stage presence apparently. Haha, stage presence and social anxiety. :-P

My Sis wants to take me to a chiropractor for my knots that I've had for so long. They're really bad now. :\
Fun!

9:33 PM

Note to self

Re-do Nickelodeon evaluation sheet.

Study for bio.

Have Sissy sign for my classes.

STRETCH.



THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 2001



8:58 PM

**Happy Birthday
Perry!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

Woo!

I need to get him a present, argh.

9:49 PM

Before I forget...

EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU OUT
THERE MUST WATCH INVADER ZIM
ON NICKELODEON TOMORROW
NIGHT AT 9 PM!!!!!!

Jhonen Vasquez cartoons = hella-
fucking-cool.

FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 2001

2:36 PM

Today is an oatmeal day

I'm in such a good mood! Woo! I feel like running laps. I walked the long way home today. It was very purty.

It is very hot. I am wearing shorts and a tank top. I never wear anything like this unless it's time to go to bed. My hair is up. I have 3 fans on, plus my air conditioning.

And it's only 78 degrees, ha!



SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 2001

11:37A

I hate earthquakes I hate earthquakes I fucking hate earthquakes

We live right next to a mountain.

We've been having tremors for almost 4 hours now.

They keep getting stronger and more frequent.

::hides in a corner::

I wake up to a 3.4 [magnitude] that is 139 miles away...

ARGH.

It's the sound I hate.

I like the motion but I can't stand the low rumble...

11:40 AM

::about to cry::

They're about 2-3 minutes apart now and STRONG.

1:52 PM

Sometimes it rains inside my head

And all the words run dry
All the breathing hands are reaching up
To clutch my thigh
No they don't have to take you away
Sometimes it's bright inside my head
Inside the back of my eyes
And all the breathing walls are speaking of...
...something something something...
::giggles::
I want to be the lead singer of Medicine.

1:58 PM

Due dates

- April 2nd
- Ballet Terms Test
- April 3rd
- Ballet Technique Test
- April 4th
- Ballet Performance Test
- April 6th
- Dane Production Application, \$, References, Essay
 - Driving Packet
 - Explicating of Quotation for *The Good Earth*
- April 9th
- Written Driving Test
- April 13th
- DANCE SHOW
 - English Report

Homework I need to do today and tomorrow

- Geometry (tonight)
- Start reading for English (tonight)
- Finish 6 sheets of driving packet (3 tonight, 3 tomorrow)
- Warm-ups for Dance (both nights, 40)
- Essay for essay (tomorrow)

SUNDAY, APRIL 1, 2001

12:04 AM

Bad habit

I eat when I am bored...

What should I do to replace eating when bored?

Argh.

::shrugs::

12:54 AM

Hm...

Ever get in one of those moods where you don't know what's bothering you or what's wrong but you just feel like breaking down and crying? Or like you pick up a paintbrush or pencil and nothing but crap comes out of it?

I hate daylight savings time.

I lose an hour of sleep and thinking time tonight.

Fun.



APR
2001



Oh, went to the Battle of the Bands at Zeke's church. It was ok, and Tony's band was incredible, well Tony was incredible anyway. :) Walked outside to say buh bye to Lana and everyone and then I look and see Ivana and Sofia (ack) and I dunno. I never fitted (is that a word?) into that crowd. I'll never fit into Lana's. I'm somewhat accepted by Eli's friends, and none of that should matter but it bugs me that I don't relate or connect to any of them.

Haha, I told my sister that I have no friends (well one but I haven't met her yet) and she flipped and asked what I meant and then she went on some lecture about how freshman year is the hardest and she didn't have any friends till sophomore year blah blah blah...

She doesn't really get what I mean though but she never does anyway. Like, I'll walk into a party and look around and instantly I lose all my self-dignity and confidence because it only takes a second to realize that I'm not welcomed or wanted. I'm always the last in a group of people who have already had years to bond with EACH OTHER and form great friendships with everyone else and by the time I'm in the picture, they don't need any more friends. I'm always the one who's invited last to events and even if I go to them I sit alone and watch the others. I don't understand any of the groups of people I hang out with or have hung out with. They don't understand me. The only group-like events where I feel comfortable and loved and understood are with my 20+ year-old friends.

I would like to, before I die, experience one true meaningful beautiful understanding incredible friendship so I can get a grasp on what the word means. Not a GROUP. I'm so sick of those. Just a 2 people deal. That would be great...

The closest thing I have to that is Eli and he is my counterpart

to everything. I think that as cheesy as it sounds we've been the other's completed half for many many lifetimes.

"Me and Casey both decided that we were young souls and had never lived to a ripe old age." —Perry

Well I think throughout whatever lifetimes I have lived, I have always met Eli when I needed him most and I think he has been the completion of me, and I the completion of him forever.

I've never felt THAT comfortable around anyone and that loved and that understood.

Thank you, Eli, I love you. :)

Ah, tired, nighty night all.

8:46 PM

Schoolwork I finished so far

- Geometry homework
- 2 pages of DMV sheets (4 more to go I think)

Thaaaaat's it.

Only other thing I have to do is study for my ballet terms test tomorrow which I am gonna do right before I go to bed since I realized that when I wake up all I can remember for the rest of the day is what I was thinking about right before I fell asleep.

Interesting...

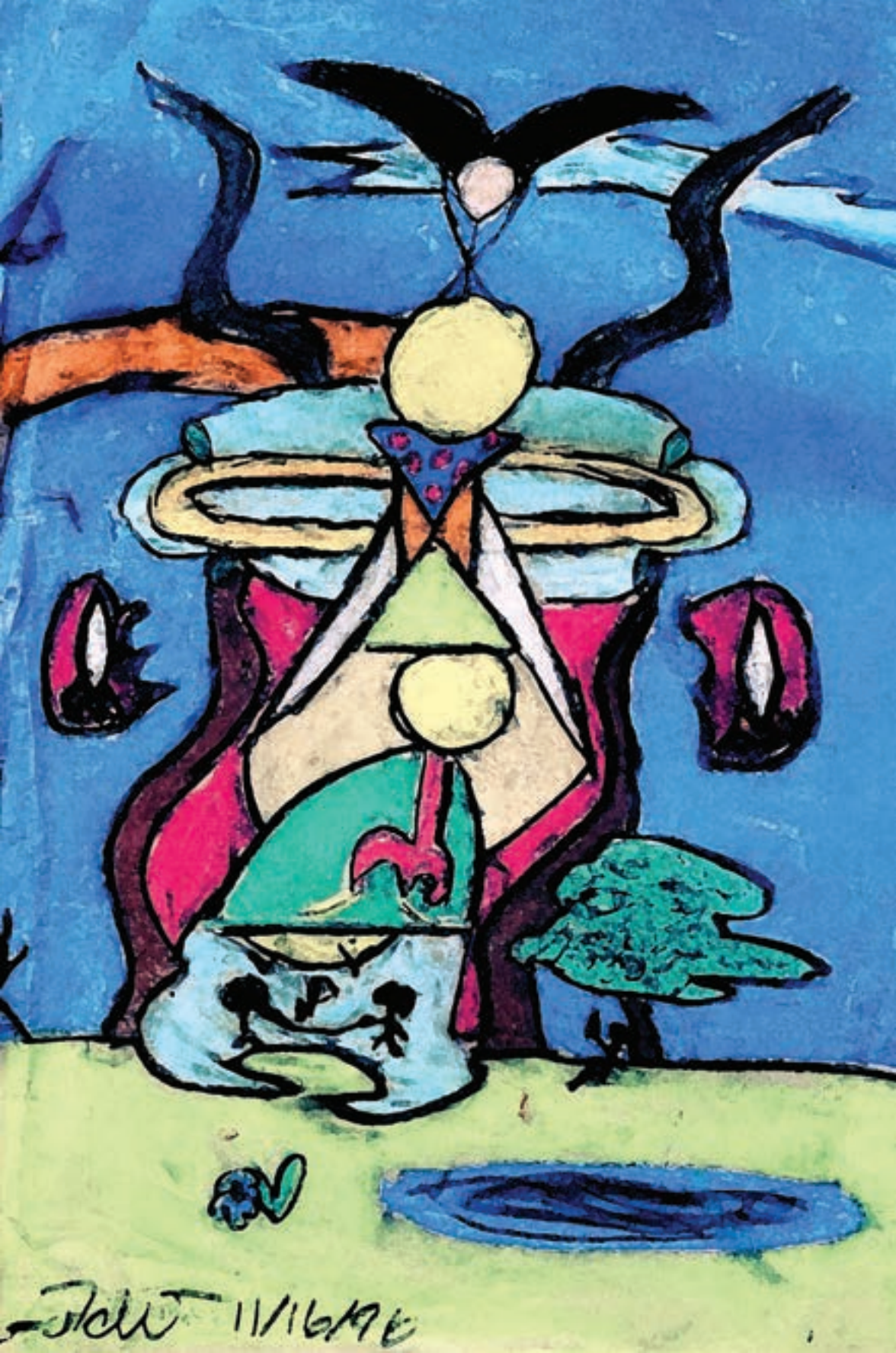
9:57 PM

🎵 **Listening to:** korn block on KROQ

Off to study for ballet

Dear lord, what have I become?

Time for some real music.



John 11/16/96

TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 2001

3:49 PM

Oh yeah!

Thanks to everyone who signed up for Neopets.

4:08 PM

At times they flow from within me

I wish something was wrong
Something oh so horribly wrong
The magic that turns a dandelion into a rose
So frail and fragile
Not just another flower anymore
Wish your eyes could burn through this
Find something hidden for me
Plain jane
Make me wanted and admired by all
Make their eyes ache and their hearts crave me
All of this confusion lost forever in a glittering spiral
A trophy for my lover
And not the cheap plastic kind
Transform me from this
Plain jane
Place the seed for beauty
Wings grow on true faeries
Not on goblins

4:51 PM

Shiny skirts and spikes

My replacement term for what once was “metalheads.”

Hot topic whores.

Ha!

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 2001

1:38 PM

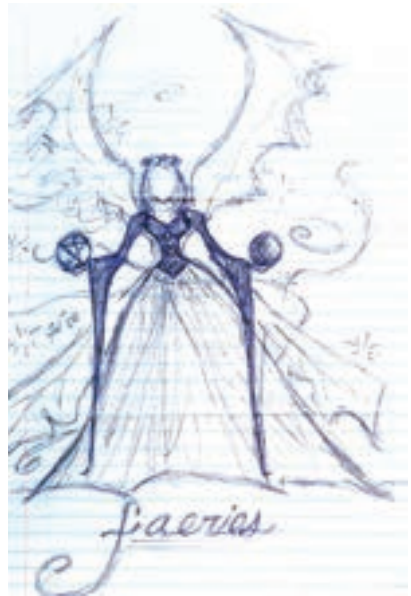
Must...do...before...rehearsal

- Geometry homework
- Bio homework
- Read cat and mouse
- Look over bio notes

9:39 PM

What I actually finished

- Bio homework
- Geometry
- A few more lines o’ readin’



STILL NEED TO :

- Study for biology
- Complete one or two more DMV pages

Argh.



FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 2001

2:55 PM

**Passover = tomorrow = yummy food =
time spent with real friends**

I love Eli. I think he is the only person I really connect with. I wish I could see him on weekdays.

But even though he is amazing and he understands me and I can goof off with him and do whatever I feel like doing, I wish I had a female friend. I have never had a “Jenessa and Ivana” type relationship. Me and Nicole were talking today and we both wish we had something like that. Me and Nicole’s relationship is great. She comes to me when she needs to, I go to her when I need to. She has her friends, I have mine. I don’t lecture her when she ditches school and I don’t yell at her when she listens to rap. We accept



Adrienne's last Passover and birthday ever, one month before her diagnosis.

who the other one is and are constantly there for each other. No backstabbing, no two-faced lies. A friendship.

But it's not the kind of friendship I really, really need right now. Right now I need a super glue friend. I have no one at school to really talk to and no one to really relate to there. I'm always the odd one out. I'm the third member of a two-person-based clique. The outsider. Joy.

And I hate sounding like your average fucking teenager. I hate writing angst-filled shit like this. I know there's more to life.

I think when I can drive it will be better. I'll go back to my normal spots at USC and Venice and meet new and older people who I can relate to better...argh but that's so far away.

Whatever. I've spent my entire life so far without a true friend. I think I'll be able to get through the rest of it without one as well.

Why must I always come to this conclusion right before my birthday?

3:11 PM

::crying::

Nadia is the best person in the world. I think she just made me feel 100% better. I LOVE YOU, Nadia!!!!

4:18 PM

To all of those who know me well enough...

Would you describe me as this at all? Any parts match up to me and who I am?

“They are playful
Sensitive and emotional
There seems to be something magical about them
Loving and gentle
Creative
Striving to make the world a better place
They have magical items in their living space like:

- Star and Moons
- Flowers
- Cute things
- Candles
- Poetry
- Crystals
- Plants
- Artwork
- Bird feathers
- Toys”



SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 2001

10:09 AM

I can't say what I want, even if I'm not serious

People are coming to look at the house in an hour. Ugh. Shoot me.

Me and Eli get to go cook at Anya and Alex's. I think being around Anya, Alex, Jonathan, and Graham will be very therapeutic for me. Seeing Eli yesterday helped a whole lot too. I love him so very very much. We were created for each other :)

I got 7 new CDs!!!! ACK!! It's Gonna take me forever to get through them all. Hehe, Primus is silly P:



CDs I got:

- TOOL—Opiate
- Blind Melon—Nico (::sniff sniff::)
- The Cure—Disintegration
- David Bowie—Ziggy Stardust
- Nirvana—Bleach
- Primus—Rhinoplasty
- Alice in Chains—Alice in Chains

I think “The Devil Went Down To Georgia” is the best-damned video I’ve ever seen. Kinda spooky too...hm...

SUNDAY, APRIL 8, 2001

10:39 AM

::tummy ache::

The birthday cake was really yummy.

5:01 PM

My brother and sister are away right now

Holes are present within
Longing to be a child once more
Thank both of them for fun
Through boyish charm and girlish giggles
Reborn 1995
I miss you Mr Andy
I miss you Nadia
May both of you be blessed
::huggels::

6:01 PM

Here's a thought

What am I missing?

6:08 PM

I think Ana is right...

WOMEN'S BODIES/CYCLES SILENCED AGAIN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
NO MORE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

“Dear LiveJournal User,

We have received several complaints about your post, dated Saturday April 7th, 2001 6:23pm and entitled ‘Want something to talk about.’ The post is quite frankly, vulgar. Therefore I’m going to ask that you either take the offending pictures down or make the entry private (friends only). This is something the general public should not have access to. Note that artistic nudity is given broad consideration, but this is by no means artistic in any way.

Regards, LiveJournal Abuse Team”

My reply:

I think that those photos are art. Absolutely.

I think they hit upon a very sensitive vein that needs more light shed upon this subject.

How women’s vaginas are CONSTANTLY being dehumanized...

This brings back, I feel, the reality of OUR bodies.

Opposite: This painting represents the photos of menstrual blood that Adrienne posted on LiveJournal.



Isn't that part of art then?

What is art?

Who is to say?

I say that I AM an artist and THIS IS ART.

I made it. I'm proud of it.

There is NOTHING violent about it, there is NOTHING being HURT by it.

Except for some people who just are just a bunch of squeamish people.

AS A WOMAN I WILL NOT BE SILENCED ABOUT ISSUES I HAVE WITH MY VERY OWN PERSONAL BODY!

IT IS MY RIGHT TO MAKE MY ART!

AS LONG AS NO HARM IS DONE TO ANYONE BY IT, and no harm IS being done AT ALL, then it is NOT vulgar!

No harm. No violence there. NOTHING being dehumanized.

Quite the opposite.

SPEAK UP? What do you think? Should I be forced to take these pictures down?

I am a paying member of the LiveJournal community.

People who do not like the sight of blood do NOT have to come here, it's as simple as that. I am not forcing anyone to view these pictures of

1. A pretty tastefully hidden shot of a vagina as it's totally enveloped in pubic hair and text. It's not "spread out" or fucking a donkey or something. There are TONS of photos of vaginas in the LiveJournal community.
2. A very small amount of blood on sanitized cotton.
3. Natural human hair. That's IT.

IF MEN/women WANT PUSSY IT'S TIME FOR THEM TO SEE THE WHOLE DAMN PICTURE. And GET OVER IT!

I WILL NOT BE SILENCED OVER WHAT MY BODY DOES 84
DAYS OF THE YEAR NATURALLY!

If any of these pictures are forced to be taken down, I think the only fair thing then would be to take EVERY photo that has to do with the human body DOWN.

And once again, I must reiterate that these pictures are NONVIOLENT and NOT HARMING ANYONE.

Please feel free to copy any of this to your LiveJournal. Please pass around that this is happening.

LiveJournal is about communication and getting to know people better and learning of other cultures and other ways. To make a step past that dividing line.

How can I, as a WOMAN, communicate about MY life if I CANNOT talk about, show, make art about, MY BODY?

It's pretty obvious that a woman's body is quite the political battlefield whether you want to admit it or not (just look at the fight about abortion or a TV commercial).

MY period is a MAJOR part of my life. It pretty much DOMINATES the entire way that I am...with its cycles and hormone shifts, etc.

It CANNOT be ignored. I will NOT let it be ignored.

With all of these pristine sanitized shaved and spread out pictures of vaginas virtually everywhere...

Why can't I show it in its NATURAL state?

What is so wrong with that?

Should we then also say that BIRTH is vulgar?

Should all pictures of MOTHERHOOD be taken off?

Please send an email in support of women being able to communicate about their own bodies in a non-harmful way to: abuse@livejournal.com

Welcome to reality boys.

9:02 PM

Head explodey

Please somebody shoot me

FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 2001

3:05 PM

Mwah

Tonight is my dance show.

7pm-9pm.

Fun fun fun.

I have to leave for rehearsal at 5.

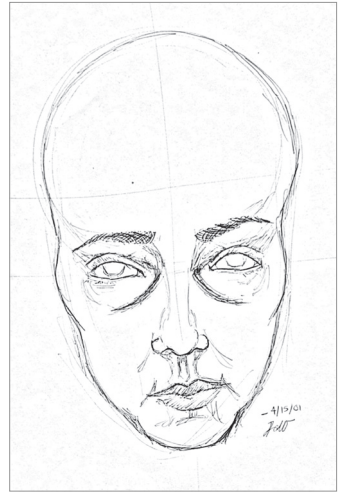
I've gotten home at 10 every night this week.

Woo!

6-month anniversary for me and E!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I loooooooove you Eli :))

Gotta go, buh bye.



SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 2001

12:14 AM

dance show = over, Ivan = crazy

I don't think I will be talking to him ever again. He's starting to creep me out a bit too much...arghness.

Nadia came to the show! Weeeeeeeee!

My toes eat lint.

Ack, my nose...runny...itchy...I am not a cocaine addict.

Ladada.

I haven't written in here for a while. Forgive my absence. I think I need some new pics. Maybe. Perhaps. Who knows.

Suggestions?

Zim is your leader.



11:11 PM

Moisturizing topcoat

I need every record the following bands have released:

- Alice In Chains
- White Zombie
- Jellyfish
- Ozzy/Black Sabbath
- Primus
- Mudhoney
- Morphine
- Soundgarden
- Nirvana
- Screaming Trees

Yup.



11:27 PM

Wowzers

My aqua-colored hair and sparkly eyeliner are making me look like a mermaid/water nymph.

Neat-o!

11:44 PM

All my toes have a job

One for stretching

One for bending

One for tweaking

One for speaking
One for walking
One for twisting
One for breaking
One for collecting lint
One for infecting
One for burning
Sheep make cheese
And cheese I eat
Lambs of golden horizons
What-ever shall I do with
Thee.
?
A question you ask
And an answer I shall not receive.
Beauty for bruises
And beauty for truths.
Frolic
Pounce
Skip
And giggle
Seduce
Entrance
Entice
And fuck
All while my fingers cross
in hopes for you.

11:45 PM

Eli makes me giggle

Oh yes oh yes he does.



SUNDAY, APRIL 15, 2001

12:46 AM

Debating flesh bugs

Self-centered-boredom.

Eyes are burning once more. That's what happens when you sleep with eyeliner on. P:

My knuckles were meant for cracking.

I feel like laughing, but alas! There is nothing to laugh at.

Free association time!

Blue = sparkle = shimmer = sunshine = beach = sand = squishy = icky = pokey = silly = when = tired = immaturity = childhood revenge = psychology = future goal? = confusion = relentlessness = internship = skip = sunset blvd = guitar center = dave = hollywood hills = dreadlocks = whore = tool = spoken = twisted = cleverness = unaccomplished = attention = needed

All done for now.

::stretching like the cat I once was::



12:50 AM

Quick remembrance

I want to sing like Layne Staley.

Haha, all this long while I have been saying Wayne Stanley or Layne Stanley.

Ignorant me.

12:40 PM

Fuck-a-duck

WHY DOES YAHOO! PHOTOS HAVE TO BE SUCH A DICK???

Argh.



MONDAY, APRIL 16, 2001

2:05 PM

::in tears::

Jane's Addiction Reunion Turns Into Jubilee

By *STEVE HOCHMAN*

Holy Lollapalooza!

Jane's Addiction's plan to play the Coachella Festival on April 28 has blossomed into a full reunion for the band, which now will also headline an ambitious summer tour—and maybe make a new album.

After the Coachella date and an April 25 warmup at the

Santa Barbara Bowl, the group will put together a tour—expected to hit the road in July—that leader Perry Farrell believes will herald a developing new era in music and culture much as Lollapalooza, which he created and headlined with Jane's a decade ago, did for its era. Dubbed Jubilee, the tour will feature a variety of bands and DJs crossing lines between rock and electronic styles.

But what about Perry Farrell's long-awaited solo project? It's still on. Farrell's solo



debut, “Songs Yet to Be Sung,” is due from Virgin Records on June 19, with a tone reflecting the singer’s passion for cutting-edge electronic dance music, but also retaining a grounding in rock song structures. On top of that, Jane’s guitarist Dave Navarro will also release his first solo album the same month. So while the group’s last reunion, for a 1997 tour, was about old music, this one is built on new material.³

Holyfuckholyfuckholyfuckholyfuckholyfuckholyfuck.

Kdsjfgggfgksdjhfygrykjsfgkjfdglkjdfgbklgbxlkdfjgblksdzflzsdflk.

I’m working on weekends during the summer and hopefully by July I’ll have \$25–\$50.

Ohshitohshitohshitohshitohshitohshit.

THANK YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 2001

9:06 PM

Hm...

I take on such a mother attitude with people who seem to be in any sort of pain. I don’t know sara/janis/whatever she calls herself but I feel like I should IM her and just let her vent so she’ll feel somewhat better.

I don’t think I helped Eli at all tonight. Well, I did some by listening, but I wish I had an answer for him.

I want to be a sponge for everyone else’s problems...

3 Hochman, Steve. “Jane’s Addiction Reunion Turns Into Jubilee.” *Los Angeles Times*, April 15, 2001.

9:10 PM

Card!!!!!!

Must...make...Ana...card...birthday...tomorrow...mail.
Ah!

9:14 PM

Ana = b-day TODAY

Shit, I'm late.

9:16 PM

No wait...

It IS tomorrow.
I'm not too late!!! Woooo!

10:10 PM

I feel loved

Xio [10:07 PM]: Hm, it seems as though I have no friends, poor
poor me, little lonely Adrienne. :(

Mandy [10:07 PM]: Awww I wuv my poor worm!!!

Mandy [10:07 PM]: xxoo

Mandy [10:07 PM]: lol

Xio [10:07 PM]: ::squiggle::



Alisenyen



Alisenyer

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 2001

6:48 PM

Current Mood: ::making cinnamon buns::

ggfkdgdkjglk

I love Alice In Chains.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 2001

10:01 PM

Just because you're not on the list, doesn't mean you're not my friend :)

I have way too many people on that list and I've decided that, for many reasons, my friends list will not really be a friends list. It will now be more of an artistic exhibition.

And, I've noticed that a lot of people who are on LJ that I actually know use it for personal reasons (duh) and I don't think that I should be flaunting their problems around for everyone to see...

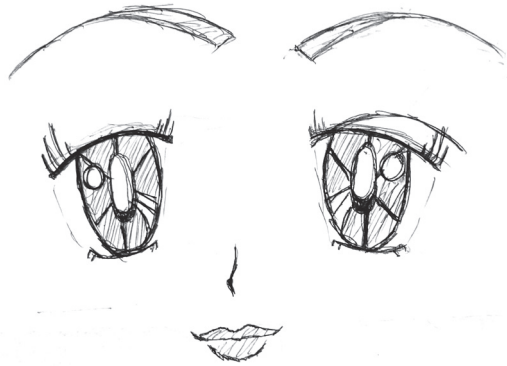
Hm, although they do it themselves.

Argh, hopefully someone knows what I mean. :(

I think I'm going to puke.

Nadia shall be here in just one more day.

I miss my sister.



10:27 PM

*I too, once possessed the beauty of art
I was once creative like you now are
My emotions ran free and glistened in the never shadowed sun
I was a little girl in my full breasted body
When I bled it did not frighten me
Back then, a paint brush or camera was never intimidating
Even when I had no friends I was not lonely
It seems now that I am robbed of all these blessings
I once blamed my mother, but that was a cowardly action*



*Now I blame nothing
All hills are surrounded by valleys
My leprechaun and sylph have left me
Another stab in the heart of the little girl that
was me
Their ring still stands outside my window
Maybe they still watch me when I sleep
In the forest of honeysuckles I was happy
In the van of golden rays and sounds I was
cheerful
But within these concrete walls I am worried
and alone*

FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 2001

12:04 AM

Upon Andy's request

*I'm Adrienne the blue haired sea merrell
Owner of all things shiny and beautiful
I keep my fire flies in pretty glass bottles
And I watch them shine for me, and only for me
My emerald eyes seduce men of older age
While my wicked tail kills them*



Andrea & Adrienne on August 15, 2000, Andrea's 28th birthday.

11:54 AM

::shivering::

I rarely remember my dreams. I only get nightmares every once in a while, and if I do it's the same one.

Ok, so I don't know how I get abducted, but I do. At this point, in my mind I see the man as a serial killer, but in reality he is Dracula (??). Anyway, I'm trapped inside this little apartment and he does terrible things to me. Not sexual or anything, just bizarre, frightening things, like shoving me into a glass ball or, ah, I dunno.

I somehow know Mina is outside the door at one point and I run and scream her name. Now Dracula has to kill me. I run for the window and jump out. I land on the ground, and I'm ok but I play dead. He's pissed because he didn't kill me. Since we're on top of a hill I start rolling down. This makes him realize I'm still alive. At the end of the hill is a red sea, but within the sea are these razor-pizza-cutter type things. Eventually, I make it home (which is beyond the sea and over the fence), but I know he's right behind me.

Now, before this I was Jonathan Harker and alone, now once inside my house I am me and am with friends (who I do not know in real life. I want to say one of them is Nicole but I haven't been able to see them in the face yet). I get home, run to my room and climb out the window. Usually the dream ends here and somehow Dracula (who has now turned into Maynard) is caught and I wake up.

This time, however, I run to my neighbor's house and her boyfriend is caught in a drug bust. I'm begging her to let me hide there and trying to explain what is going on. I look outside the kitchen (we were in the kitchen) window and see Maynard crawling on the ground towards the house. I duck, and start explaining things to my neighbor again. I look up, out the window and Maynard is at the gate staring at me. I run out and end up running around the whole neighborhood. He finds me again, I run home and then I wake up.

What the fuck??? Dracula turning into Maynard?? Me being inside Jonathan Parker then being myself again?? Razor cutters in a red sea??

Argh...I woke up freaked out, like it took me awhile to realize that it was a dream. It's harder when you've had a dream before because it becomes harder and harder to understand that it isn't real life. Then again dreams could be real.

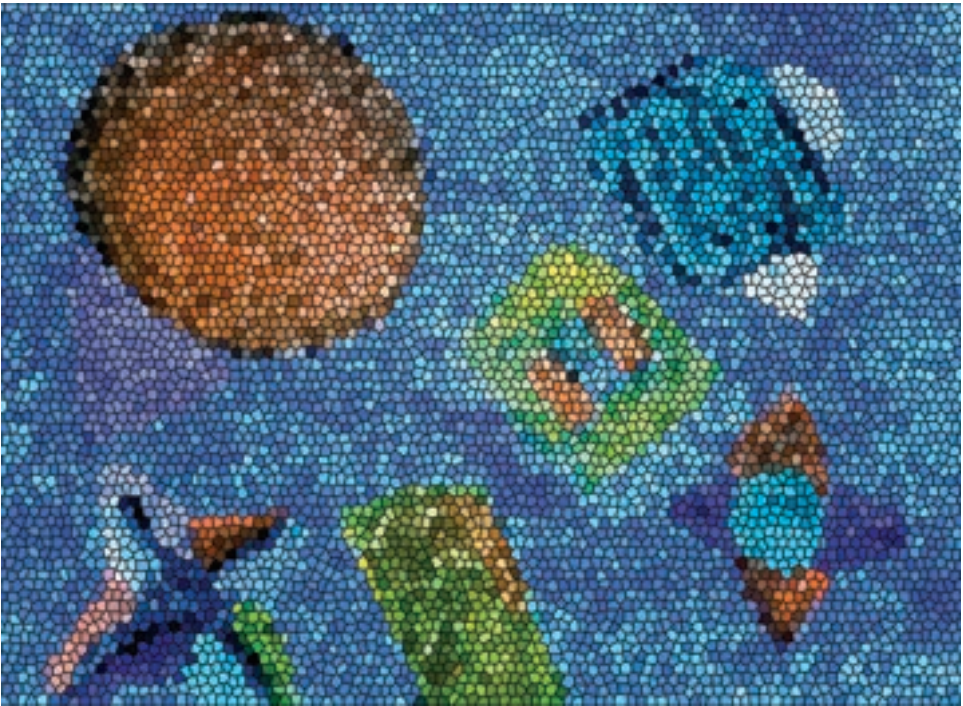
I never wake up frightened. I wake up hurt or bruised all the time, and right now my arms hurt because in the dream my arms were cut.

Blah.

I read too many horror books.

Tom Green's movie is out today.

Weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.





SUNDAY, APRIL 22, 2001

12:25 PM

Weeeeeeeeeeee

My pictures made it up onto Ana's site once more...and evilhomer's did too by the looks of it (yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay!!!!)

Hehe.

I went to Rocky last night. A bunch of people were hitting on Eli. I didn't like the one 12 year old that was stuck on him, the rest I could handle. I met a bunch of new people and actually enjoyed myself. Nadia seemed to like it too. When I get the pictures developed I'll put them up here.

The fly boy outside the window was the best. And some guy named Stephen was hitting on me. >:(

12:27 PM

Before I forget

Today I must:

- Go shopping for dance shoes
- Check to see if I have any homework
- Do my homework
- Study for French
- Go see the Tom Green movie

10:23 PM

School = isolation = frustration = use of energy = sleepiness = naps at 3pm = horrible dancing = not getting into dance production

= not making any friends sophomore year = being alone, in friendships, once again

School = homework that needs to be done perfectly = stress = tears = hiding in my room = isolation = frustration = being like every other girl my age = not being myself = being lost = at square one

Eating = fat = counted in dance class = the odd one out = mocked and taunted = isolation = unacceptance

Unacceptance = what the fuck is bothering me

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 2001

9:00 PM

Within one hour

- stretch
- dance
- wash
- sleep



THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 2001

8:28 PM

Tryouts tomorrow, drive to heaven the next morning

Ah, yes sheepie pink,
Improvement is needed.
List of titles,
A page of black and white splattered with insomnia
And prints of information.
My phone, it rings,
I will not pick it up.
Three Days
Me and my myofibrils are very stiff and tired.
Off to stretch and dance I go.
Weeeeeeeeeee.
::frolicking for your joy::



FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 2001

12:59 PM

Holy fuck

In less than 24 hours I will hear “Three Days”
performed live.

Wow.

I feel like crying. :)



吴开金

Pek 80

1:19 PM

You're blue

You're blue, the most soothing shade of the spectrum. The color of a clear summer sky or a deep, reflective ocean, blue has traditionally symbolized trust, solitude, and loyalty. Most likely a thoughtful person who values spending some time on your own, you'd rather connect deeply with a few people than have a bunch of slight acquaintances. Luckily, making close friends isn't that hard, since people are naturally attracted to you. They're soothed by your calming presence. Cool and collected, you rarely overreact. Instead, you think things through before coming to a decision. That level-headed, thoughtful approach to life is patently blue—and patently you!

SUNDAY, APRIL 29, 2001

4:12 PM

What I told the SPREAD list

Oh my GOD. It was amazing!!!! I'm so sorry you guys couldn't make it. I was standing in front ALL day waiting for the boys and then when it was time for them to go on. I couldn't breathe and some girl was kicking me trying to get my spot but it didn't work.

Perry and Stephen and Dave and Martyn and Flea all looked great. The whole set was amazingly happy, I don't know how else to describe it...

They did an acoustic set in the middle of the crowd (which I went to after the show ended and was able to pick up Perry's half-drunk water bottle), and me and Katie were trying desperately to reach out and touch the guys as they walked by, but the security guards blocked us. :P



Anyway, it was great. The sound was incredible, the band was mind blowing as always, the dancers were entertaining, and the circus freaks were awesome.

“Chip Away” for me, was the most intense part of the set, and the man who had been a slave for most of his life but was freed by Perry. I went to the website and donated some cash...labolish.com.

Thank you Jane’s and thank you to everyone at Coachella for making it such a beautiful place to be and thank you everyone :)))))))))

- = Dazzled Xio = -

What I told lemonader/jesus

Ok, I officially hate Weezer. They went on like 2 bands before Jane’s, and I got to Coachella at 1. From 1 to 11pm I was standing in the same fucking place. I did not sit down once. No one was at that stage ‘til Weezer came on and then like fucking EVERYONE came and started shoving and started being a bunch of fucking morons. They sucked too. Argh. I hate Weezer.

Iggy Pop was the third performer and he came down the steps (it was a raised stage) and tried to start crowd surfing but the security guards held him down. Anyway, he was shoving his crotch in my fucking face and then he jumped on me and Eli and started spitting on us...hehehe!!!!

Jane’s was amazing. I am sunburned, my ribs are bruised and I can’t feel my legs but it was all worth it.

I held eye contact with Perry for like 3 seconds, which to me is forever. I got pictures, I have Perry’s drinking water and Dave’s cigarettes.

The show was amazing. They had circus freaks and dancers, and these really cool flower looking things, and the band was amazing, and everyone on stage seemed so happy and I didn’t cry once.

Perry freed a slave on Wednesday and brought him to Coachella

to show everyone that we don't have the freedom we think we do in the world. Go to iabloish.com and check it out.

It was amazing...Oh yeah, Iggy fucked up my wrist too ::ouchies::

It was soooooo amazing! Not only getting to see Jane's, but the entire show. Everyone there was so kind and peaceful and it was just awesome. I made numerous temporary friends :)

After Jane's, I just wanted to lay (lie?) down and take the whole place in. I was so busy standing and saving my spot for Jane's that I only got to walk around to find water or shirts. I wish it could have been like a 2 day deal, that way I would have had a day to walk around and meet everyone and watch the circus freaks some more...

Ah, but it was just amazing. I feel so happy. I did terrible at dance auditions (I don't know exactly what happened, nerves I guess, but everyone expected me to make Dance Production and I totally fucked up all the dances). It's ok though; I don't even care anymore.

I want to go back to Coachella! I want to go to every outdoor music festival!

Bands/musicians I need to check out:

- MC Supernatural
- The Roots
- Dandy Warhols
- Paul Oakenfold
- Souls of Mischief

I was in heaven, and still am.

4:21 PM

Rape me

Music heals.



4:28 PM

I'm actually cringing listening to -=w=-

*Virgin Mary holding human parts
In your eyes
The unknown clenching the human race
In mine
A simple two word band
Singular possessive
A lifetime time full of lessons learned,
Memories relived, tragedies revisited
The name of a shy whore to him
The ideal Los Angeles woman to me
He forgot to dedicate it to his lost one
I forgive him
Son of constance...
Now he I cannot forgive
And ego can destroy what heroin does not
Dave*

4:33 PM

To M.

I am now Childish Crow. Crows have always been my protectors, my familiars and calm inspirers.

MONDAY, APRIL 30, 2001

6:41 PM

Yippee

::made it into advance dance::



**MAY
2001**

TUESDAY, MAY 1, 2001

8:58 PM

Why must I nearly forget every holiday?

Wow, it's May Day already :)

Happy, glorious May Day to everyone!!

Where is Eli when I need him?

I wish he could live in the corner of my room and all the wonders of the outside world could be held inside. I would have everything I ever needed: an Eli to snuggle with and squeeze, a vast green valley to be inspired by, an ocean to fade away in. ::sigh::

Sometimes I wish that I would never have to leave my room...but the mountains and tides and stars whisper to me in golden spirals, and it is during those moments of glory that I know I must leave. I miss my pine tree friend. Without him I would have never discovered honey-suckle bushes and purple sylphs or blue nymphs that needed my help.

Time to light some candles. :)



WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 2001

3:40 PM

Stupid Weezer

It seems as though I have pulled a ligament or muscle in my shoulder.

I am now on Motrin and codeine which is gonna knock me out.

The Motrin isn't relieving any of the pain so I'm gonna go take my codeine.

Nighty night. :)

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 2001

3:13 PM

Message to Dave

“I cannot thank you enough for what you have done.

The childhood innocence and happiness I thought I had lost forever were rediscovered last night.

No tears were shed, and even though my rib cage was bruised, my mind was enlightened and my heart blossomed.

I am forever changed by the magic you created.

Thank you.”

--Adrienne/Dazzled Xio/The One Of Many Names--

3:15 PM

I do not need anything more than what I have below, above, and inside.

FRIDAY, MAY 4, 2001

6:32 pm

There's a Jane's poster on eBay for \$20 that I want, but can't buy :(

I'm in one of those self-discovery moods. I feel so open and free and cleansed, and just fantastic in general. I want to get into reggae music, and techno music, and ska music, and African music and just everything I've never ventured too far into before!





Six-year-old Adrienne in Haleyville, Alabama. Photo courtesy of her Uncle Cois.

I feel like completely transforming myself, evolving again. I feel so great! I want to spend every moment I can outdoors and with Eli...

I won two gold fish at a Mardi Gras festival today. If they die (which they probably will, coming from a carnival and all), then I want to buy a blue beta fish and name it Aqua or ::thinks:: I dunno, something purty!

I feel so beautiful, and not in a physical sense, just everything is so perfect right now.

I got my Jane's pics! I'll post 'em' in a few minutes. :)

::big sigh::

Yay.

7:21 PM

*My fingers smell of lemons
And my hair of rose blossoms
My skin sinks deep into the ripples of patchouli oil
While my toes slowly turn to fins
In the sunset golden river I do swim
My every breath brings inspiration
Every blade of grass is secretly a muse
Beads are beautiful
In my world the sky is the bluest of blue
How do you view the universe?
What secrets does it reveal to you?
Where do you hide when you bleed?
What color do you exhale?
I have grown the wings of faeries
And with them I fly away
Far away from the mundane and unneeded
And in their world I am just as mesmerizing as
Everyone else*

*There is no such thing as time
And light comes from the inside
In their world,
Bright cannot begin to describe the sky
And no toes every touch the ground
In the air is where I belong!
And in the air I shall stay
To breathe water
To breathe wind
To breathe in the Earth
To breathe in the fire
To breathe in spirit
We are all one
One people, one energy, one vibe.*



SATURDAY, MAY 5, 2001

12:37 AM

::still laughing from Nolan's letter::

This dude needs a life.

11:09 AM

“Been Caught Stealing”

Is playing on the radio, on this beautiful shining day.

Nothing could ever be more perfect.

11:40 AM

Hm...

1. Unitarian Universalism (100%)
2. Neo-Pagan (91%)
3. Liberal Quaker (89%)
4. Secular Humanism (87%)
5. New Age (85%)
6. Mainline to Liberal Christian/Protestant (78%)
7. Theravada Buddhism (73%)
8. Mahayana Buddhism (71%)
9. Atheism and Agnosticism (68%)
10. Reform Judaism (64%)
11. Taoism (59%)
12. New Thought (56%)
13. Orthodox Quaker (51%)
14. Scientology (51%)
15. Baha'i (49%)

16. Christian Science (Church of Christ, Scientist) (39%)
17. Jainism (38%)
18. Orthodox Judaism (34%)
19. Sikhism (33%)
20. Seventh Day Adventist (32%)
21. Mainline to Conservative Christian/Protestant (31%)
22. Hinduism (31%)
23. Islam (25%)
24. Mormon (Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints) (24%)
25. Roman Catholic (18%)
26. Eastern Orthodox (10%)
27. Jehovah's Witness (9%)



Serene Sightseer

There's nothing you like better than a little moonlight meditation. You like to check out a lot of different faiths and aren't scared to ask questions. You'd most likely enjoy religions and spiritualities that stress individual practice.

Nuts About Nature

You love camaraderie and campfires, but it's nature that's your spiritual space. Many groups practice in nature and incorporate it into their daily spiritual lives. Get out there and get involved!

Active Spiritual Seeker: Spiritual but turned off by organized religion.



Adrienne loved Lenore, *The Cute Little Dead Girl*, a black comedy comic series created by Roman Dirge. She even bought a Lenore doll.

MONDAY, MAY 7, 2001

7:30 PM

Gone for a week and a half

Computer broke down. Shipped to Florida.

Waiting for a new one.

Will be away.

Bye bye.



SATURDAY, MAY 19, 2001

This is from Adrienne's handwritten journal while in the hospital.

Ache, pain, stab, throb, thrust, clust, clench tear, crumble, rebuild, rediscover, light, purple, blue, green, raw, finger, numbers 01136-01044, dull, hallucinating, silver, amber, cottonmouth, voices, inspiration, aura of blinding white, priestess, support, blind faith acceptance at last, ovarian cancer, liver cancer, cancer? It's ok, everything's ok, nothing is ever worth thinking about, nothing is worth spreading, Jane's awareness, early detection, saved, fragile, glass, wings, protected, healed, positive, flowing hair, wigs, neat-o-ness. Cereal, painted nails, what about toes?! BAC. Filler Bunny. Constantly full bladder, silly commode, on a scale of 1-10 5, constant check-ups, I'm ok, I'm ok, I'm ok, I'm worth believing, Gir, Zim, special, happy :)

Opposite: Adrienne was the Courtroom Sketch Artist for a mock trial at school. She drew these pictures less than one week before her diagnosis.

Right: Adrienne cutting her hair and shaving it into four mohawks (Quad-Hawk) before chemotherapy begins.



SATURDAY, MAY 26, 2001

Handwritten journal while in the hospital. The symbol [...] indicates parts that were illegible due to water damage.

(JOHN AND SISSY-READ!)

April 28: Coachella

Day after Coachella: rib pain (slight), shoulder pain (slight), more aware of the lump on my right side.

May 2

Go to Doctor Nazzer during lunch because when I inhale, I get a stabbing pain in my left shoulder, plus my ribs have gotten worse. I pointed out the lump to him. He says it could just be [...] muscle developing, possibly from continuous exercises in dance class. [...] about the [...] write it off because it wasn't hurting.

May 16

At 9 am, I began to have stabbing pain in the right-hand corner of my abdominal cavity when I inhaled. My shoulder is reinjured at 8 am from gymnastics. The pain isn't the "I can't move" point until English [class]. At lunch, I call John. I trudge through geometry, take the bus home and wait.

First, I sat on the kitchen chair, but that hurt too bad, so then I attempted lying down, which caused me to burst out into tears. It takes me 5 mins to stand up again, and I realize that while I was lying down, there was tremendous pressure between my right rib going about 1/2 way to my pelvis bone. The pressurized pain started in the front and slid to the back, then when I inhaled, it would [...] up from my diaphragm, into my [...] even up to my shoulder. After that, I ended up lying down on the floor. It still hurt, but it was the most comfortable of all three positions.

Sissy was going to be home by 3:30. I had to call John because the school only [...] pager # & not the cell. By the time Sissy got home (4:30), breathing was becoming harder. I thought for a split second that I would fall asleep and then pass out. Sissy walks in. I'm already crying & telling her I have to go to Dr. Nazzer now. She takes [me], of course. We waited as usual. I think about how nice it is to have a private doctor now. He calls me in, and does a regular check-up (including some deep breaths, which were impossible).

He asks what's wrong. I explained the whole story about being pushed up against a metal railing by 35,000 people for 12 hours again. Then he decides to look at the lump on my tummy. To do this, I have to lie down, so of course, I start sobbing from pain again. And, he's poking everything he can [...] his fingers on, and tells me and Sissy that he's very concerned that my stomach is so swollen and tender.

He calls the doctor (who did Sissy's appendectomy), and his voice begins to shake. Finally, he tells us that there is a CT scan test waiting for me in the ER at St. Jo's ordered by Dr. Brenner, so I should, of course, go there now. At this point, I just want pain meds, and I can tell my sister's about to flip. During our hour-long wait in the empty ER, my sister calls John to get him up-to-date, and she begins getting nervous. The "I'm about to cry, what's wrong with my little girl face," and I'm cracking jokes.

I finally got a room, and the first thing that made me nervous was changing into a gown, knowing I didn't have panties on. Luckily, they gave me two so I could do a double cover-up. The first thing that made me cry, not made me nervous, but cry, was the IV needle. After that, me and Sissy sat around meeting a bunch of soft-voiced, overly nice-toned bunch of nurses that are used to calming people down. By the second time, they lose the act (except [...] course starts kicking into [...] made [...] hurry the doctors up demanding [...] hell I'm ever going to get my [...])

She's calling John & Eli every hour. She is sorting when she can do all that and [...]. The tears that I can see wanting to escape her face. It's ok. Everything is ok. We had no news to cry about until after my CT scan. Oh, but of course, right before my scan, I get a pain attack that calls for 5 mg of morphine straight through my IV. It worked but felt too good. So then I scurry along and get my scan done, dozing in & out. They had a computerized voice tell me to take a deep breath in 3 secs (oh!), then hold it for a minute. I never made it all the way. After a while, I felt like my body was asleep, but my sneaky little brain fooled the rest of the body and got to stay awake and see what was in store.

Back in my tiny ER room at St. Jo's me & Sissy wait around for someone to tell us the results. I joke and say that it is a bunch of tumors. [...] me playfully and then [...] with a deep dramatic breath.

"We have to [...] seriously wrong." I drove him away. I was already bawling away, and then I said, "I WAS JUST JOKING!!" No more joking. So at that point, I have tumors in my liver, lungs, and possibly spine. After the Doc does his layman's terms explaining skit and leaves, me and Sissy cry. I cried for a full minute and meant

it, but honestly, that's all I felt. After she called everyone that needed to know, I was transported to Children's Hospital [Los Angeles]. The two paramedic guys were really nice. One of them said that I was going 15 on 35 and that he loves it when people openly talk during their ambulance rides. He was a dunce but nice.

I don't remember much about coming to Children's [Hospital] other than remembering my roommate was awake, being uncomfortable



Adrienne sleeping in her hospital bed during her first round of chemo with Andrea (Sissy).

with having a roommate, and at that moment, hating the hospital. Everything was so cute & big & bright. It just screamed with clenched teeth and “Everything is ooooookay.” My assumption of the [...] and its workers and [...] knew me. Most [...] from Wednesday night was meeting LaQuisha and having a few visitors [...] As of now (10 am on 5/26), I really remember the sequence of the week/s.

May 26

I’ve just known this whole time that whatever is meant to be is meant to be. This is a test, a test that I can easily ace. I’ve forgotten how to think negatively, and in 12 days have changed my outlook on life



completely. I don’t allow any negative people/thoughts/or energy in here. With the support of strangers in the hall, or with the loving hug of John or Sissy, or with a touching card from a stranger, I’ve been able to heal.

During chemo, I was sick once. During my stay here, I’ve cried only for the following reasons:

1. Long treatments of chemo could result in my loss of hearing.
2. I never realized how many people loved me until I was checked into this room.
3. My altar was “upset” for the second time, of course, but I’m over that now.

Other than that, I’ve had no real reason to cry. So I have cancer, and what does that stop me from doing? I haven’t felt pain in days. Cancer gave me cheekbones and an excuse to wear a strawberry wig. I get to spend time with my family, which was really rare before

this. I'm getting a new bed when I get home. All things positive and light have resulted from the tiny bulbs that have decided to live in my liver and lungs. I have regained my faith in the supernatural and even in human nature. I've gone from having no real friends to having an army of them. I've gotten to see Nadia more times this week than I used to in one year. Everything is fine; everything is healing. This entire process is healing everyone and everything it needs to. With every valley comes a mountain, lush and green.

Cancer adds to the story of my individual life; it adds [to my] unique character and sense of humor. John, in my eyes, has never seemed more like a father. And Sissy has never seemed untrapped and free from time and stress. I know that she's stressed right now. I can see it hiding beneath her smile, but her soul and spirit have never seemed so bright to me before.

Me, John & Sissy are one now. This has made us a family and support center and library of information on the liver, hehe. Cancer blessed me with these wonderful people and healers; it hasn't cursed me with the end of a life.



THURSDAY, MAY 31, 2001

4:48 PM

Why I've been gone

I got diagnosed with hepatocellular carcinoma, aka liver cancer. I'm not really up to typing out the entire story again, so I'm just gonna post the letter I wrote to Penishead. I hope he doesn't mind :)

::huggels::

Hola,

Excuse my typos, I'm using a laptop that I got as a gift while in the hospital so I'm trying to get used to the keys. I'm fine. My home nurse came today. I guess I should type up the story now :)

So I went to Coachella, you know that. Four days later I went to my doctor complaining about my shoulder and ribs. My shoulder had a stabbing pain in it whenever I inhaled and my ribs were just sore in general. He puts me on some meds and I'm fine for a week or two.

After that, I started hurting under my ribs, on my right side. It was swollen, but since we were doing fitness stuff in dance I thought it was just like more ab muscle on my right side, ya know?

Anyways, I showed my Sis the swelling she said not to worry. I complained about the pain under my ribs when I inhaled, she said not to worry. So I didn't. Until...

On the 16th, in school, the pain got terrible and I could barely breathe the whole day. It wasn't worth going home, so I just trudged through the day. When I got home, I sat down on my favorite chair and waited for my Sis to get home. She got home at 4, and I was about to pass out because I couldn't breathe. I told her the whole pain story and we went to my doctor. He examined me and got all freaked out by the swelling on my right side. (It was

tender, like it hurt really bad if he touched it.) He called St Jo's (the nearest hospital) and ordered some CT scans and stuff. So me and my Sis drive down to the hospital and check into the ER.

She's all freaked, and I'm still calm at this point. Eventually, I get a room, and get a CT scan done. I'm still calm, she's trying not to sob. The doctor comes in and says they found tumors in my liver and lungs. We all start crying. I stop like after a minute, she freaks out for a while. I eventually calm her down. The doctor there says they don't have the facilities to take care of me there, so they transfer me to Children's Hospital in Los Angeles (near Hollywood).

I stayed there for two weeks and that's about it. I got diagnosed with liver cancer, and I went through one chemotherapy treatment, and now I'm home for two to three weeks. I have to check back into the hospital to get the results of the chemo, and from there we decide if I need another treatment of chemo, or choose a new form of healing.

I've been doing great though. There's been no real pain for a while. My meds make me sleepy. I shaved my head. Dude, I've got a quad-mohawk going on. And I got a laptop! Haha. Everyone's been really positive and that's what I need. I'll be fine, I'm fine now!

::dances, wiggles::

See! Told ya!

Hehe, ok, I'm gonna go try and update my LiveJournal and then take a nap. Thanks again hon.

Love ya lots.

Bye bye.

--A--

I will say that I'm amazed by how generous and kind and supportive everyone has been. I'll write more when I'm up to it :)

Bye bye for now.



TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 2001

**JUNE
2001**

10:45 AM

Three healing powers

In categories you define:

- SpongeBob
- Royal beeswax/honey
- AIDS documentaries
- Zelda Classic
- Courage (the Cowardly Dog)
- Love Letters
- Endless supplies of Invader Zim
- Lenore: Wedgies (“1 like ‘poof’”)
- My mother being sued by Social Security for the 50,000+ dollars she has robbed, very slowly, from me for the past 5 or 6 years
- Grand Western phone calls and visitors
- Needles that leave numbness and blood injected into subcutaneous territory
- My subcutaneous territory diminishing and leaving nothing but pelvis bones dangerously close to the bulging, pulsating, blood hungry cells
- Positive thinking
- Dropping 5 pounds in one day
- Kitty **snuggles**
- Freeware
- Shareware
- Tongue sores



- Desperabis going to the recycling bin
- Reaching 1396 in Gin Rummy against Johnny Boy
- Scrapbooks
- Colorful cast auras film I zone onto

7:42 PM

Current Mood: calm

Ambitions build with disease and time.

I just might have a port for my dusty and unused and unloved web-based camera.

7:58 PM

Current Mood: exhausted

It's comforting to know I am alive.
 Not quite rotting as fast as others expect.
 Do I send out a message of, "Hey, I can barely survive a cold, let alone liver cancer!"?
 I'M SICK AND TIRED OF COMFORTING YOU, PEOPLE.
 Sorry for the caps.
 I'm going to hide for a while and comfort myself.
 I hope that's "ok" with everyone.
 "I'm afraid of the space you left, I close my eyes, I'm afraid of the space in me, I look for you."
 My prince isn't a person so he doesn't apply to my outrage.

9:41 PM

Current Mood: high

Every track is amazing.
 And includes John's approval.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 2001

4:26 pm

Of course when I'm sick everyone comes out and sends cash and cards wishing me the best, "You're in our prayers," "We've always loved you," "You are our world," blah blah blah...

Here, I don't really care, but I don't want you to see that, and you're young anyways, which makes you blind. Let me give you cash so you can go buy yourself some food or drugs or clothing or makeup. You need all of these things nowadays. I don't have the time to get to know you. I would never send you an unreleased CD or book. Hell, I wouldn't send you a RELEASED anything. Let me brag about the book I'm writing. Did I spell that wrong? Who cares, you won't notice.

Argh.

As cheesy as that sounds, it's beautiful and perfect in the song [Rexall] and it works. Everything works out in the end. All pain is temporary. Growth is necessary.

::working on Dave birthday gift::

I hope he doesn't think I'm insane.

I think he liked my thank you letter.

He responded in a positive way.

Unless I've become blind to sarcasm.



4:29 PM

Current Mood: orgasmic

I'm not the same anymore.

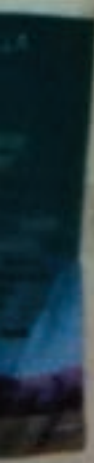
Nothing is.

Nothing ever will be.



TICKET
KEN TERRAIN

BY AND CLOSELY MONITORING
FOR DIFFICULTY MONITORING
SUNDA.



FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 2001

11:02 AM

Sensual hatred
Perhaps love?
Germs seen through micro-glasses
Muses of pain delivered in her tummy
'Keep your thoughts above'
Card houses passing hours
All built up to tumble
Fragrance of stabbing
Stale and rusty red
Her blood the color of burgundy
Sweet and innocent enough to drink the wine
Letters giving hope
He will return to them one day
Promises made empty
Fame and acknowledgment never wished for
Erasing blocking divine energy
95%
Hungry
Alias
Used to protect the many sides she hides
Was I too harsh?
I think I was
Forgive the broken one
Active ingredient:
White Petrolatum (40.7%),
Octyl Methoxycinnamate (7.5%),
Oxybenzone (3.5%)

*One even
For odd
((Please...me...fall...outside...hit myself))
And bleed
Heavy
Eternity
Rational rumors receiving negatively
False idols punished with a lake of fire
Tranquil eyes with black goatees
Microfibrils fed with IV's
Fall
Stumble
Leave Me*

11:10 AM

Current Mood: geeky

*'Membrane of periods and times past
Medication dream world
Explosion
Soothing
Vocal
Blue, red, orange, and purple
Morph in samurai sloth ways
Amazement driven through metallic strings
Some thicker than others
26% venus
Headaches given through capsules
Neverending
Frustration built up
Lost through a wrong connection
Time kept through metronomes*

- Possible "private show" with Mr. Navarro.

- Result of CD in low volume? hear...

- Masturbation doesn't help

- 2nd letter to visit teacher with unknown friend

I had no life or creative ability

Get me, have a seat - hurt yourself -



DREAM

dreamy

Machinery aiding rhythm lost boys and girls
Ones who drive off morphine
Sounds of dangling keys sparking fear
Anxiety
Always with unneeded cluttering medication
Xanax, Prozac
The first spelling ana-me
II:17
For odds
Clicks for Xio
Words for jewelry
Blue for belly button
Present
For past is gone
Missing article?
Yes
Bottles filling the child
Of negative years
Goodnight sleepy eyes
'Dreamer of the dream'
Present maker of music
Son said goodnight
Three-word deliverance
Rummy strategies discovered
Foiled
Surprises not surprising
Screeching through patterned speakers
Calls of help ignored
Screams of boredom punished
Repetitive
Redundant
Everything

((I...all...pain...))
Dance-disco-trash-thrash-sweat-sweet
Older men with money to spend
How creative Mr. N
Gone
Through-thro
*In clouds of *poof**
Tasted saliva between father and daughter
Unkept secrets
No relation
I swear



MONDAY, JUNE 25, 2001

9:34 PM

Both computers broke, so I haven't been able to update

Very busy couple of weeks.

Big event #1:

I did end up getting confirmed tickets to see Dave on Jay Leno (June 19th) and they came with green room passes and everything. Anyway, me and Sissy and Eli sat in the second row (swirly chairs!). We were basically sitting behind one of the side view cameras, and right in front of the performing stage.

If you put your TV on slow mode and look to the very left side of the screen while Jay is shaking hands with the last two people, you can see the side of my bald head, haha.

Anyway, so we're sitting down and relaxing, waiting for Dave to come on, and during one of the commercials, Jay comes over and introduces himself. He asked if we would like a picture after the show. See, to get the tickets, my social worker at the hospital called Kevin Eubanks (band leader on The Tonight Show) because he does a lot of charity work with the hospital. So I guess someone there told Jay about my cancer so he was being super nice and everything.

Anyway, Dave performs and is interviewed. I'm all giggly and stupid like, while these two groupie girls in front of me are sure that they're gonna get into his pants after the show. So we go up to Jay and take a couple of pics. He gives me the Dave CD he was holding up at the end, and asks me if I'm a big fan, I said, "Huge."

And my sister emphasizes it and then he says, "Oh, so you came to see the cool rock star and not the dorky host, huh? Well then, hold on just a second."

He runs off for a few moments and then pulls Dave out.

Epp!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



Here I am holding an envelope with a letter and talisman necklace inside for Dave and I can't talk. He's right in front of me and I can't talk!!!!!!

I handed him the letter and told him what was inside and that it was all for him and I think I thanked him like over a hundred times. He gave me this huge hug, a kiss on the cheek, a mini back massage, and even the two blue wristlets he was wearing during the performance!!!

When I told him I wanted him to have the necklace because it was something that kept me going in the hospital he was all hesitant to take it and kept saying, "Ah thanks, but are you sure? I mean do you really want to part with this?"

And I kept assuring him that I'd feel better knowing he had it. Then I pointed out that the wristlets he was wearing were the same shade of blue my hair used to be and he threw them off and said, "Here, here, take them, please."

::giggle::

He was soooooooooo sweet!!! And he has the softest skin I have ever felt.

He had no pupils though, and his eyes actually looked really green.

I told him that I used to email him a lot and he said to email him again at spreadweb and remind him that we had met so he would be sure to reply.

I can't really remember anything else other than taking a bunch of pics with him.

I have one that Eli took where Dave is holding the envelope I gave him in his mouth because he was taking the wristlets off.

OH! Then we were going outside and he was there so we took one more picture and he was wearing my necklace!!!!!!

I mean I walked out, asked for one more pic, apologized for bugging him and he was like, "No, it's no big deal don't worry. Look, I've got your necklace on."

Then we took the pic, he hugged me again and then looked really concerned and said, "Take care of yourself ok?"

And the whole time we were talking he kept asking, "How are you doing? You sure everything's alright?"

Then I said that I was fine, just nervous, like when he met Renee ;)



It kinda sucked because once we were outside I had to wear my mask and I was embarrassed a bit but oh well.

I'm gonna go email him now since I finally got my computer back.

:glee::

I MET DAVE!!! AND HE WAS A SWEETHEART!!!!

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 2001

12:04 AM

Decision

Every fucking moment after this cancer is dead I am going to be alive.

I'm going to every fucking weekend show I can afford.

I'm going to theme parks and swimming pools and taking hiking trips and camping adventures and I'm gonna mingle with club-goers and I am going to be friends with Mr. Navarro and Jane's will play a private show in my living room and I will be reborn and I will fight this, pills and all, and it will not kill me.

I will be in 50 after-school clubs, I will make straight A's, I will marry Eli, and I will remain a virgin until the honeymoon.

I will be drop-dead gorgeous, even if I don't have hair. I will help people who have to go through this. I will be amazing and impossible to avoid.

Ah, I feel so good right now but physically crappy.

I've never been so nauseous, my throat has never burned more, I'm having a hard time breathing, I've got a fever of 101, I'm sweating what's left of my ass off but it doesn't matter!!!

ALL OF THIS SHIT IS TEMPORARY, PAIN IS NOT REAL,
AND CANCER DOES NOT SURVIVE IN ME.

Yay.

:)

6:44 PM

Plans for the weekend

Tomorrow: Blood transfusion (not getting enough oxygen in my bloodstream).

Friday: Leave for Arizona, hopefully without any complications.
Wee!

11:25 PM

Current Mood: drunk

Fuck yeah.



Nine-year-old Adrienne visiting Arizona for the first time during the summer of 1995.

11:32 PM

Sometimes I wonder why I'm not an alcoholic or junkie

Ever listened to Soul-Crusher in a lava lamp-lit room watching incense smoke leave its nearly seemingless trails across the wall, then looking up to a dark poster on the wall waiting for your eyes to adjust only to discover Brandon Lee staring back?

Hmm, I guess drugs in themselves really aren't needed as long as you get the high.

I dream of friendships and private shows with dinner and leather pants.

Nair doesn't make your head completely bald.

I'm only listening to White Zombie, Soundgarden, Blind Melon, and Jane's Addiction in Arizona. I'm sure I'll end up leaving with 10 new CDs like always. I need my little tranquil meditation camp right now.

I love Sedona.

And this time I have money to spend.

It will replace my ruined hiking adventures.

I love White Zombie's drummer.
And I'm getting a ring in two years.

11:38 PM

- Dandy Warhols
- MC Supernatural
- Early-Red Hot Chili Peppers
- Stone Temple Pilots
- White Zombie
- Spin Doctors



Adrienne's National PTA Reflections program entry titled, "Camelot."

- Early-Hole
- Jellyfish
- Velvet Underground
- Love and Rockets
- Psi Com
- Sparkler
- Redd Kross
- Phish
- Ord
- Sigur Rós
- Radiohead
- Smashing Pumpkins



11:45 PM

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!

Distress through mail:

“What do you do when you are down in the dumps? Where do you turn for inspiration? And do you remember meeting me on June 19 after the Jay Leno taping? Hehe, just wondering, sorry ;) -=Adrienne=-

Comfort returned:

“Of course, I remember you. I’m sorry that you aren’t feeling well. All I can tell you is that for me, I try to look for what it is that I can give to life and all situations as opposed to what I can take from them. Stay present, do not fear the future, and do not relive your past. You actually have nothing to handle in the moment except for the moment.

Dave”

Comfort through words:

Xio [11:40 PM]: Thank you, Dave. I'm feeling a little better surfing the net and listening to White Zombie. I'm just a little freaked because I'm getting my first blood transfusion tomorrow. You've really helped me through this though, a lot. Thank you.

SPREADWEB [11:41 PM]: You are welcome...good luck tomorrow...goodnight.

Xio [11:41 PM]: Nighty night.



THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 2001

10:33 PM

Hehe, Dave wished me a happy Fourth of July!!

He responds to my emails! He talks to me on IM!

Yay!!!

He doesn't hate me!!!

I'm so happy :)

I can't wait to get to Sedona. It will be so nice and soothing and perfect.

It's exactly what I need right now...

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 2001

9:30 PM

It's a bit cheesy but it means a lot to me

"Greetings from Sedona,

I warn you in advance that this letter might end up being a bit long. Driving out here made me come to terms with what's going on in my life right now. Hell, what else can you do in a car for ten hours but think?

I really feel the need to explain to you how much you have helped me and my family survive this attack. I have admired you since I was eight. I never really looked up to you as an idol, only because I don't know you and I try not to look up to anyone period; I don't need to be the in-superior one in my life. However, you have been an amazing influential force and source of inspiration



Adrienne hugging her favorite dog Sophie while visiting Arizona over Labor Day Weekend in September 2000.

for me. If it wasn't for you, I don't think I would be this far along, alive, in my cancer.

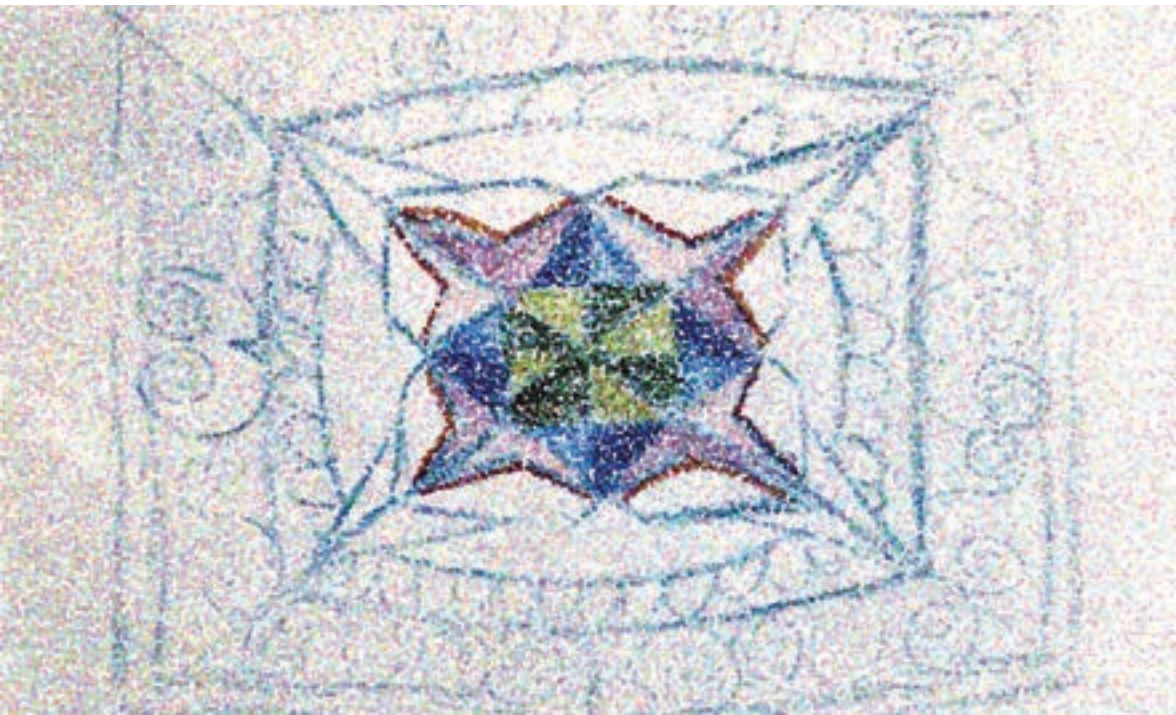
It was always a dream of mine to meet you. I achieved that dream. If nothing else, I succeeded in that. It wasn't until today that I realized something. If I can achieve one of my greatest dreams in life, what makes me think I can't defeat cancer?

I know I've thanked you a thousand times by now, and it must be nauseating, but I don't know what else to do in return for the gift you have given me. I now have the strength and courage to fight this. I have the mindset to keep myself positive in this hell-hole. Before this, I kept thinking about how I could lose my hearing and how I would rather die than live life deaf. Music is the bane of my existence. You understand ;)

Anyways, with your advice, I have been keeping myself in the moment and have forgotten all the consequences of chemo. I'm a happier, healthier person thanks to you.

Thank you again, Dave. I don't know what else to say or do to prove my gratitude.

With Love and Admiration,
Adrienne”



**JULY
2001**

SUNDAY, JULY 1, 2001

7:41 PM

*In euphoria the spider temple is open
And inside holds the crystal-
Instant waves of relaxation
Evil eyes bring comfort
Destroy crisis
Written words hold power
But auras contain galaxies
White fur rug
Amber lit ashes
Platonic friendship
Something I would give my life for
Something close enough to touch
But nothing is as it seems.
I can never grab ahold
I will always slip through
Awake in the humidity of blankets and hope
Hope for that which will never come true.
In the web I feel close
So close
But once outside humility sinks in
I take back my words of washing and worship.
I'm sorry
But it doesn't matter.
Back to Euphoria.*

MONDAY, JULY 2, 2001

10:59 AM

Current Mood: shocked

“You’ve inspired him”

“I’m very happy to hear that things are looking up for you, Adrienne. Thank you for the hope and insight your experiences have brought me. Dave”

9:38 PM

Why the fuck is the Primus board shut down? Andy? Mr. Rob? Do ya know?

And does anyone know of any cool message boards to post on while bored?

Ones I post on now:

- Xiola.org
- One-percent.com
- Primussucks.com (not for now though, fuckheads)

That’s about it.

What’s everyone’s favorite cheese?

Eli: question game?

;))

10:00 PM

I want

- My own group of friends
- Something in common
- All White Zombie CDs
- Attention
- Isolation
- My old room
- Expression
- An acre of Arizona desert for hell-raising bonfires
- A sense of fashion
- Energy
- Jewelry
- VIP passes to Jane's
- Cash
- Beauty
- Ability
- Creativity
- An airy dress
- Blue leather go-go boots
- A house in Arizona
- A place in N's home
- Something which I cannot say...
- ANDY TO VISIT ME!!!



Adrienne visiting Arizona during July 2001.

TUESDAY, JULY 3, 2001

12:34 AM

“To: SPREADWEB

Are you a White Zombie fan at all? And what’s your favorite kind of cheese? Mine is Chevre...

--Adrienne--

“From: SPREADWEB

Yes and Swiss.”

:)



9:26 AM

Current Mood: pessimistic

Fuck relationships

Sometimes I wonder if all I really need are a rockstar and a faraway brother...

10:04 AM

“Xio [10:02 AM]: Lately my key fantasy reality (that’s what I call em) is throwing a huge bonfire in the Arizona desert cranking White Zombie drinking myself blue with Robert, playing tag, watching him fall asleep, then staying up the whole night living in my own dreamworld of hallucinations and meeting that will never take place...all that or watching Dave shoot up in his living room.”

God, I’m fucked up.



10:31 AM

idontknowwhatimfeelingidontknowifiwantaleashstrainingmy
courseofbreathingrightnowfantasyworldsseemsomuchmore
peacefulifiwashappyiwouldnthavetoescaperealityidontthinki
wasbuiltforcertainthingsimnotrophywhatifscloidthemindthe
lastthingineedisadipbackintodepressionthatswhatcreatedthem
inthefirstplacemaybeivebeenherethisentiretiredistracted.

::sigh::

idontknowidontknow.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 2001

12:29 AM

Dane Cook is the shit.

FRIDAY, JULY 6, 2001

7:27 PM

Ok when I start knowing who
Shay is talking to online. Burbank
becomes too small of a universe to live in...

Dave's humongous face is on Virgin and bus seats.

Promotion.

I'm hyper.

Blood transfusion on Monday for little Ms. Adrienne.

More letters to Dave!



SATURDAY, JULY 7, 2001

12:26 AM

So very very tired but if I collapse into the abyss will I ever get out?

My lava lamp is missing its bulb; broken fixture once again. Maybe I leave it on too long. Cat eyes reflecting pink. Comfort.

Where is Ms Bit?

A pulse of 108 when normality is reached at 92. Over 120 is a hospital call for me. I've nearly gotten used to the sterile white walls and fluorescent lights...

"How Is Whitney?"

She had a nosebleed that wouldn't quit; it led to urinary tract infections, bleeding double Hickmans, and a collapse."

Well, See you Tuesday!"

Right...

Maybe the new blood will help the headaches and insomnia and nausea and overall discomfort.

Maybe a decreased amount of tumor tissue would do me some good? I'm trying. I really am.

I can feel the Adriamycin and whatever the other one is, running out. Tomorrow will be familiar.

3-hour transfusion.

Great.

Perfect.

I need rest from all of this...



Adrienne in the car on the way to a benefit in her honor.



12:35 AM

*I myself can drown
In high pitch disgrace,
Fetal position status,
Giant pillows that engulf my abdomen
(Men?)
One question:
Z?
No need for needles
Bone paper thin
Shock of solid matter
Twist and tumble
“Maybe today we die”
Everyman dies
But does everyman live?
There is no more tissue left for those
Warmth does not take the sting away
Once again you lie without knowing
Like pulling thread
Tears distant from the heart
I’ve forgotten why I cry
Is it me wiping them away?
Is this my hand?
No
No longer.
No decrease
(No increase either).
Stability
How genuine
Not what this 120lb body needs.
I crave...
I don’t know.*

2:49 PM

Well, he obviously cares enough to give me advice on treatment. I never knew the man still prayed; especially after reading that "Looking for God" story on the old site...who knew? Just proves the point that none of us fans really understand him, although we do try :)

Well, the headaches are coming from the low hemoglobin; I finally figured it out. So I should be fine after the transfusion on Monday.

Penishead has disappeared...
I really like ours.



TUESDAY, JULY 31, 2001

12:17 AM

Back home

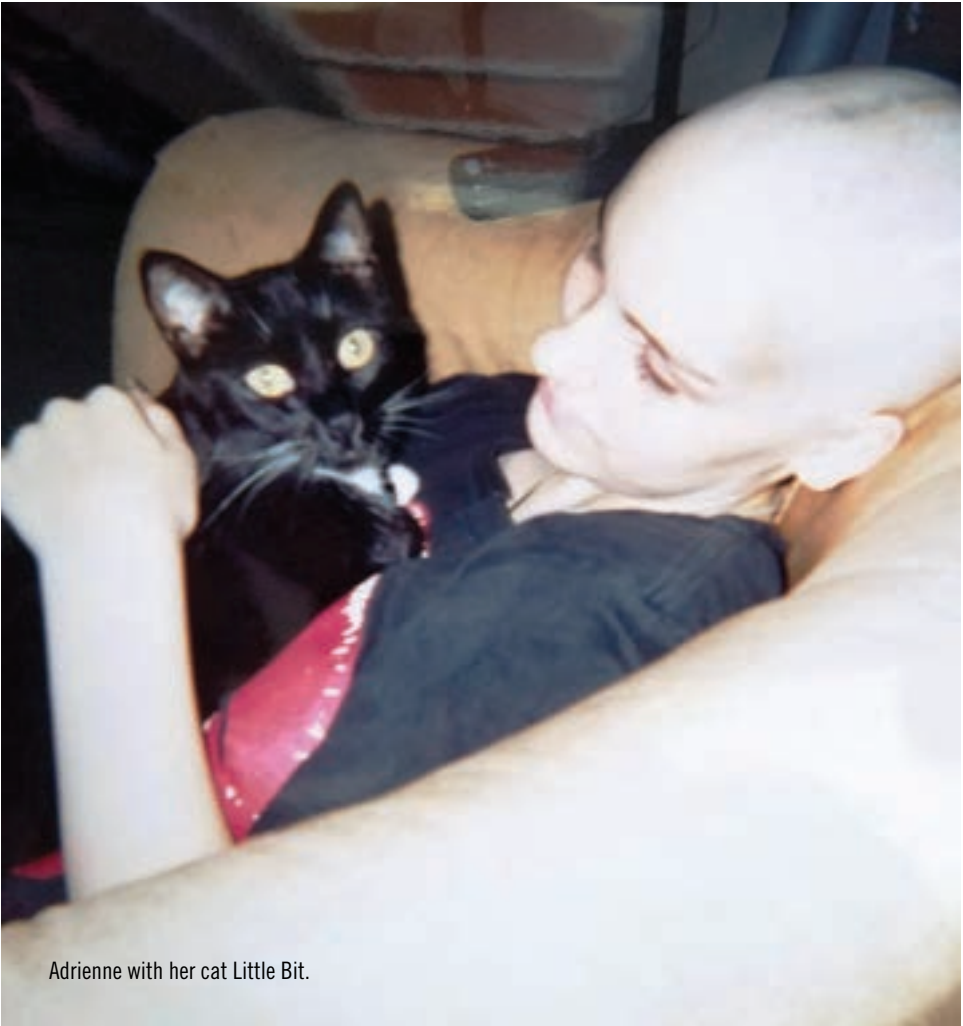
For now.

6 days overdue at the hospital. They ignored my coughs of blood. Strange bleeding pussing wounds on my back.

I need Nina to now FIX the back of my rib cage because I hurt it from coughing so much.

They didn't even know what IV amount to put me on. Sent me home with legal pot, valium, and Dilaudid which keeps me asleep. All fucking day.

I really want to go shopping. Next time I can go it's Sissy, Eli, and me. Then the family's going to the LA library. I want to thank everyone for their support while I was away.



Adrienne with her cat Little Bit.

Ah, my back. I have to keep a heating pack on it 24/7. That might be causing the bruising, who knows. But on my tailbone too?

I'm getting Xiola another cage. I feel guilty for having the clothes and money I want. I'm not used to it yet. Ah, oh well.

Bye.

**AUG
2001**

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 2001

12:22 PM

Current Mood: blank

I'm the bald one



Adrienne and Andrea the morning after going to Medieval Times, one of Adrienne's Bucket List items.

12:26 PM

Hey guys, sorry I've been away so long. I've been reading everything, just not replying. I think the Carmen comment was a bit much but I leave it at that. The mic thing pissed me off but oh well. My scanner kinda works so I'm forwarding the list some pics of when I met Dave and just one of me for selfish reasons ;)

As for the cancer, well, I was kept in the hospital for 10 days instead of 5 for my 3rd round of chemo. I was coughing up blood for like a day and no one did anything. I got stuck with new doctors because the newbies come to work in June I guess. I dunno, something like that. I got really depressed towards the end of the 10 days and was bawling and screaming at my nurses and everything. I finally got to go home on like 50 new meds :(

Since coming home, I feel a little better. I'm going into the hospital again for 5 days (please 5 days) on Monday. Oh! The legal marijuana they put me on makes me sleep for days. Apparently, I was supposed to taper myself off it 3 days after coming home. I found this out yesterday at my doctor's appointment 3 weeks after being home!!!! ARGH!!!

Anyways, I'm starting to feel a little better and I'm getting a new kitten tomorrow! It's half Bombay and half Siamese. It reminds me of my 20-pound cat that I had for years that passed away :(

Ok, I'll shut up now, just wanted to update anyone who cared.

Okie dokie, I'm gone, see you guys later.

Mwah!

--Adrocker--



SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 2001

10:32 AM

Again in quotes...

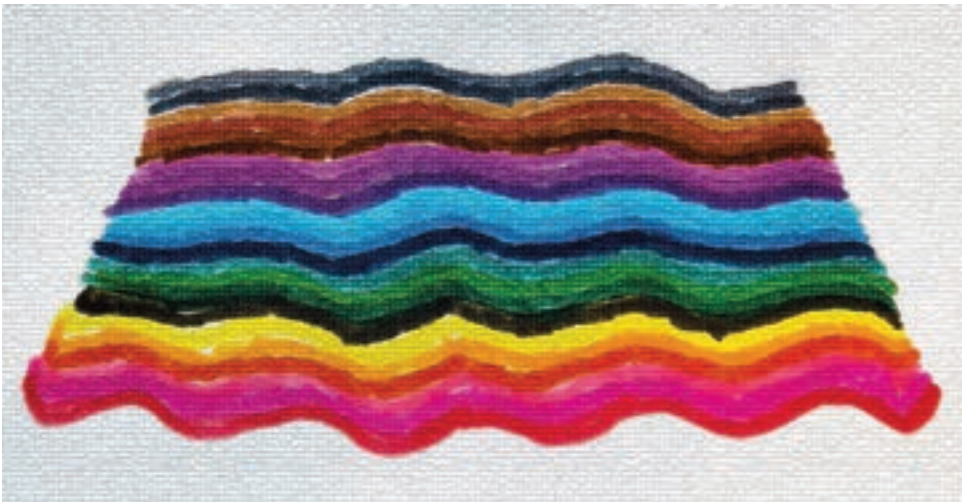
"Thank you so much. It's been really hard because to me, and I know this sounds silly, I kinda brought this upon myself. A lot of stuff happened in my early youth and I repressed it for years, still am actually, and I think that's what caused it for some reason. I just have a gut feeling about it. I've been going through a breakdown now because I'm trying to let go of everything that happened and

forgive the people that caused it. I don't think the chemo is doing its job so I'm turning to anything I can to start healing.

Dave's actually been a HUGE help. He's been emailing me back and forth with advice and just stuff from his past that's helped me get through this. It's hard because everyone, and I mean everyone in my family is depending on me to be strong and survive this. I know I can beat this, I know it, but it's hard to be solid all the time. I feel like sobbing 24/7 and I'm not sure why. I didn't cry when I was diagnosed, and haven't started crying until now about it.

I dunno, I'll shut up. But I've been praying too, kinda in my own way I guess, and I really love all you guys because you've been there for me even though in ways we're strangers. Thank you again, I can't express my appreciation and gratitude...thank you.

With Love,
-Adrienne-



I guess that best describes how I'm feeling. It's hard letting go of the forest and stream and bb guns and brothers and abandoned mothers. It's all I've held onto these past (Jesus what's it been?) 6

or 7 years? And now I need it all to gently fade. I don't want a huge explosion, just something soothing, you know? Something calm. I learned a lot about her, it explains a lot, a lot of what happened to me and why. It doesn't excuse it, but at least there's some sort of reason there now.

I can feel him watching. I wonder what he thinks of her. The seed of insanity was implanted long before his roadside death; I know that now.

"She was too old, too sick, and she had a drug problem."

He would have saved me, I know that. So would have Sissy if she knew if I had known then that it was wrong.

Everything was wrong. (God it was so horribly wrong. Like a bad fairy tale. The true ones. Not the Disney versions but the honest sleeping beauty with her raping father.) But for some reason, there's comfort in the pain. Maybe that's why I held on so hard; clutched. It's all I knew.

That's why...

And now I need to let go. I have things to replace it. But they're still unfamiliar. They haven't lasted as long as it did.

I'm hurting Sissy with this. And John and Eli.

I'm sorry I can't be strong all the time. I try, I do, but by trying to be I hold it in and I can't do that anymore. The beast needs out. The thing.

He's with me. I feel him. I know I'm repetitive right now but fuck it. Nina had been right. I felt him then. Occasionally I feel his touch on my shoulder.

"Dickinson?" She had said. Todd. One picture. Glasses. A long beard. Green eyes like mine. A face like mine.

I miss him. I admit it, ok?! I've never said it but I do, oh god how I miss him. I never got the chance to hug him or hold his hand. Maybe now but it's not physical.

Why won't he let me see him?

That's the only thing I'm angry about with him. That and dying, leaving me with her, alone. Her and Aidan, but he came along later on.

I remember Sissy's touch at 4. I remember Mark's wandering hands at 8. But 5-6-7 are all a blur.

Why?

What did she do?

What happened?

Questions unanswered, forever.

Not even she knows now.

She's lost in her insanity, unwillingly.

I know she's a good person somewhere inside.

Why can't I see that part?

Why didn't I get a piece of that? I needed it. I need it.

I speak in riddles unknown to Eli. It's not riddles to me. I don't mean it like that. It's how I vent.

I feel great rushing streams pouring out of me.

I listened to the tale of Xiola in the soft red light and wept. For her, for myself, for Dad, for Mom, for my cancer, for everything.

An angel came and touched me. I might be a bit healed.

"Either you're a good patient today or your liver has shrunk a bit."

Finally some good news.

I go back to hell in 2 days.

It'll be the hardest yet, only because of this river without a raft and without a time of calm.

An eye before the storm.

Perhaps this is it.

I ache in every way.

And he whispered in her final hour, "Someone take it away; please take it all away."

Read it as you will, I know what its intentions are...



8:23 PM

I miss my father.

I miss my uncle.

I don't want to have to miss my other uncle.

I don't want people to miss me.

But I feel like giving up.

Nothing is working and I'm only feeling worse.

Seeing Jane's is the only thing that is keeping me going

And even that isn't confirmed.

Whatever.

Fuck everything.

I'm too tired to care anymore...

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 2001

12:15 AM

laaaaaaaaaaaaaaziness

Ok, so this visit to the hospital was MUCH easier and comfortable :) Only bad part was discovering that within about 3 days I had dropped 4 kilos (8+ lbs) and that I was severely dehydrated when I checked in. I'm better now though. I regained 12 pounds in 2 days because of all the IV bags they pumped me full of, and now I drink 64 ounces of positive liquid a day. Ick, it makes me nauseous, but if it keeps me out of the hospital...

I have a few questions for anyone with a few answers.

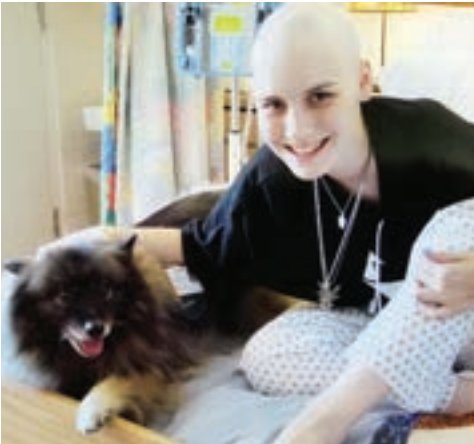
1. At night I've been getting a sort of bone-ache-type pain. It starts out in my right knee then spreads to the ankles and then my whole spine starts flipping out. Eventually, this leads to peripheral nerve pain. Could this be related to the



cars pass by
in their pretty coats of paint
but i'm okay!
(fumes, fumes)
i'm slowly being burned
i won't leave, though
(cause everything is
A-OK!)
incinerate

Cancer

- flu I've been fighting or to the chemo which weakens the bone marrow?
2. Anyone know of a fast way of getting rid of a cold/flu/tummy virus? Keep in mind I drink Naked Juice every freakin' day now (not by my own will btw) and take extra vitamins.
 3. Is that really Tones on Tail playing in the background of that new Starburst commercial?
 4. I'm deleting most of my emails just because I don't have time (in the middle of a move and two high school summer projects) to go through and read them all, so, what big Dave news have I missed??



Adrienne during her fourth round of chemotherapy at Children's Hospital. She loved hanging out with the dogs during the Pets Assisting With Smiles (PAWS) program.

Thank you all :)

Love,

--Adrienne--

****Update on the weight thing:**
I was weighed tonight AFTER intaking about 72 ounces of fluid, a hot pocket, and spaghetti + meatballs (only a few bites), and I was/am at 120 which means I have lost weight...

Not good.

Um, what else? A lot more bone pain and tiredness. Insane

headaches, which are related to my recent loss of blood...

((Backup time!!: I was put on birth control as a way to stop my period [skip the last week of pills which are just sugar and voila! no more gushing of blood], and this is the second time I have gotten my period nonetheless. However, this time it was a week early and very heavy. Sorry to gross anyone out))

So I will probably be receiving another blood transfusion. This will be my fourth I believe.

I have been breaking down a lot of barriers within myself and thus have been in tears often. It is therapeutic for me though, so, I am planning to continue taking apart the rotten parts which hide beneath my skin.

Make-A-Wish came and interviewed me. Here are my list of wishes, in order (only reason they ask for 3 is so if one or two don't work out...):

1. A private concert at the Whiskey a Go Go performed by Jane's Addiction with 45-50 of my friends able to come as well.
2. Front row tickets to the Jane's Addiction concert in LA.
3. More information about my father and his past.

Hopefully one will work out.

I will probably be moving in a week or two if the house my family plans to move into can be repaired in time. That thing got trashed majorly.

- Good thing about it: Closer to my friend and closer to El. :)
- Bad thing: Smaller room, forcing me to get rid of some major furniture, smaller house, and higher rent.

And I got a new kitten whose name is Marinol.

Yes, Marinol, as in the legal, medicinal marijuana.

:)



Baby Marinol, August 2001

Fits his personality perfectly too! He's part Siamese (got the right face and body build) and part Bombay (you can see that part of him in his all black coat and bright yellow/green eyes). He's very playful at times and has some major claws on him. I've got the scars to prove it. He's 4 months old and got my other cat sick...

::sister yelling to go to bed::

I do need rest, don't I?

Anyway, he looks like those Halloween cats you see on all the trick-or-treat bags.

Lots of stuff to write but I gotta go.

-=Whoosh!=-

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 2001

11:59 PM

Current Mood: ecstatic

Weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

Anyways!!!

Guess what? Make-A-Wish called Dave up, since Jane's can't do the Whiskey show due to timing and Perry being an ass, and he instantly knew who I was! His manager knows about me! HE TALKED TO HIS MANAGER ABOUT ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

He was like, "Oh, I know Adrienne, I met her at Leno and we talk online a lot. How about she comes to one of my rehearsals to hang out and enjoy a sort of show/concert?"

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!

The girl from Make-A-Wish said that EVERYONE she called up wants to make something happen for me. :)

I feel so loved.

::blush::

He wants me, haha. ;)

A Moment In Time

Puritan
Girl

1019 on September 23, 1647
Dorchester, Massachusetts



Giddy giddy giddy.

I got a blood transfusion tomorrow.

Blah.

There's a chance that my central line might have to be taken out and a new one placed surgically on the other side.

BLAH.

I got a fever last night of 100.1.

Highest yet.

Was 2 mins away from going to the hospital.

I've got a new doctor, and I actually like him.

Even if he did show up 3 hours after he was scheduled to...>:(

I gotta go write a thank you letter to Dave for remembering me.

::laughs::

I have no life.

And I also only have 300 white blood cells.

8-O

Oh well...all's good in the end. ;)

**SEPT
2001**

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 2001

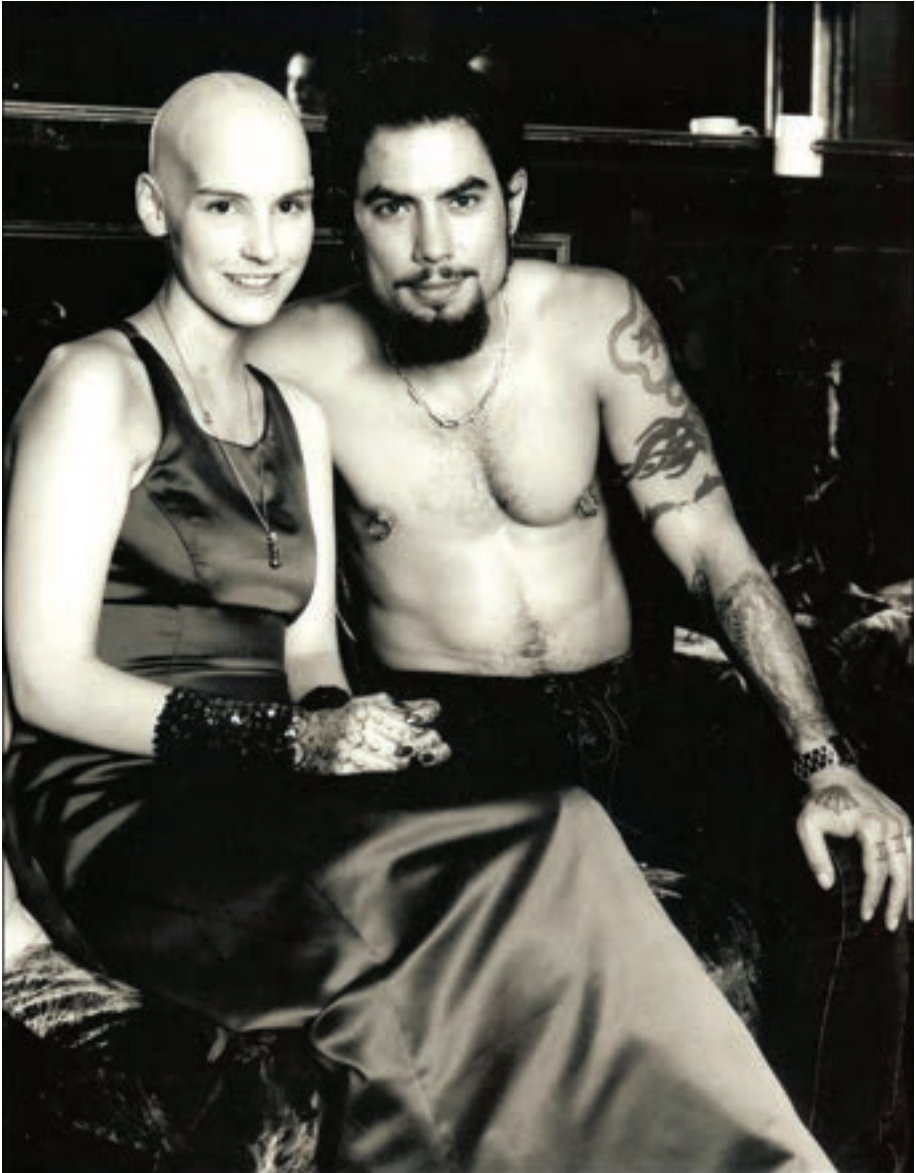
9:50 PM

At this point I feel like stabbing myself in the head just to end the ever ongoing voices which have decided to bring back depression into my life.

Hearing my parents tell me that it's my lack of sleep or my breakup or my current state of mind doesn't help. I didn't bring this upon myself so fuck you John and Sissy.

I'm tired of people calling me "strong" or telling me that I should be happy to be able to walk.

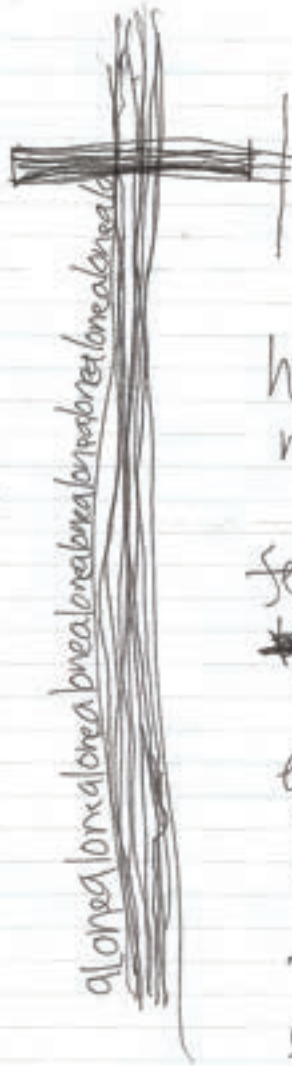
I know I should, but you live in this situation for four months and feel like the ability to walk (which isn't always there) can



Adrienne with Dave Navarro on her Make-A-Wish Day on August 28, 2001. Photo courtesy of Sara Corwin.



IN RECENT
hours I
have:
loved ✓
ate ✓
slept ✓
died.



happy to
meet you

~~sedate me~~
~~happy!~~

everything
is A-Okay!

~~go away~~
friends!

overwrite the bone aches, the nausea, the headaches, the bruises, the weight loss, the pain of your tailbone DIGGING INTO YOUR CHAIR. Then tell me that being able to walk is great.

Even when those aches and pains aren't there I look like a goddamn freak and everyone lies through their teeth about it hoping it will make me feel better.

Well fuck you too; and by the way your dress looks amazing.

::wink wink::

Whatever. I'm tired of all of this.

I have no hope, no matter what Sissy says.

At this point, it feels as though all is lost.

I miss home, wherever it is...

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 2001

11:05 AM

Adrienne last opened LiveJournal on September 16, but she never wrote a post on that day. Just the timestamp.



Labor Day 2001: The last picture taken of Adrienne alive.

What follows are comments on the news that she died on October 9, 2001. While we used pseudonyms throughout this journal, we have not changed the usernames or the content of the following comments.

OCTOBER 9, 2001

ANGRY LONER

get well Adrienne
I need you.
for some day I will be there in both body
and spirit.
but until then I will greet you only in dreams.

OCTOBER 10, 2001

ANONYMOUS

Adrienne: You made the heavens shine brighter last night

The night sky glowed brighter than normal last night-
A new ANGEL had arrived in Heaven...

Adrienne was greeted by other Angels and the other spirit-light
beings of the Universe...

They said: "We have been awaiting your warm smile and the
music of your laughter...those on Earth were lucky to be near you...
and we are now gifted by your presence"

You will be in our minds and hearts throughout every day we
live, Adrienne.

eulogy for an angel

ANONYMOUS

My mother once told me a secret about those generous ones, the ones that give to others. And one day I wrote a poem. I called it, “eulogy for an angel” because you died with silver wings. Today, on the cold concrete, sticks are trying to grow. Oh, my mother once told me a secret about those generous ones, the ones that give to others...they end up giving themselves away.

Adrienne, goodbye.

ANONYMOUS

*an unforgettable soul
a heart made of gold
more brains than I could ever hope to gain
so loved
so missed
is so hard to face the fact
that you're never coming back
you're in my heart
I love you*

ANONYMOUS

*she glitters like the ocean
a sparkling blue
Adrienne, so gorgeous
her beauty matched by so few
I can feel you
feel that your with all of us, with me*

*I will always love you, my dazzling one
my Queen of the Sea...*
-Mandy

RIP BY SHEENABIZARRE

May your soul come back in comfort, may your aches be forgotten in this life.

Prayers to lift your soul higher.

Prayers that the people who loved you here will heal with time.

OCTOBER 11, 2001

SHANNONKRINGEN

Peaceful–freedom to you. No longer in your body. I am touched by your words and from those who loved you. I feel lots of love right now...

Namaste, Shannon

ANABUG

Good night, sweetie.

WHORLPOOL

Rest in peace.

HEREYESAREHAZEL

You will always be with me –

Adrienne, I love you so much. You have done so much for me and brought so much into my life. I would never be able to thank

you enough. You will be with me always now, and I know no one who was touched by you will ever forget it. You're with Shannon now, and that'll keep me going. I love you.

-Jenessa

MSFLEDERMAUS

Oh no...Oh, Xio, sweetie...

I don't know what to say.

I'll always remember you as a wonderful, sweet lady who shared my Invader Zim obsession.

Rest in peace, and I'll light candles in my window for you to see on Samhain...

Love, Ms. Eff.

ANGRY_LONER

I'm changin' my name for you Adrienne –

Say hello to heaven.

ANONYMOUS

[with her once invincible soul,

dry.

she traded in her broken wounded wings,

for new.

with which she soared the heavens,

and ascended to her old stomping grounds.

seeing their eyes burn and hearts break.

for that day the wheat fields,

lost their golden glow.

and the stars were drained of their silvery shine.

*That day she left her home.
she left behind the love they had,
along with a legacy of bravery.
which poured from her veins.]*

Adrienne dear, I know that you never believed us, and you probably never will. But we never lied to you. You are the most beautiful person I have ever seen. And nothing could ever make you look otherwise in our eyes.

I am jealous of heaven, for they are now in the midst of perfection. Adrienne was never anything less than perfect.

I will love you forever.

ANONYMOUS

Adrienne, I wish I could have told you that I love you sooooo much. You were one of the best people I have ever known. I don't think that it is better to burn out now, because it hurts like hell - Tony

LISTEN_TO_ME

You were without a doubt the most special, kind, caring, and beautiful person I was fortunate enough to know. I am just overwhelmingly sad that it was only for a short while. But, in the past year, you have helped me in so many ways, and it pains me so much to know I can never tell you just how much you helped...I will miss you so, so much.

*I never said thank you for that
Now I'll never have a chance
May angels lead you in
Hear you me my friends*

*On sleepless roads
The sleepless go
May angels lead you in.
And if you were with me tonight
I'd sing to you
Just one more time
A song for a heart so big
God couldn't let it live
Goodbye my friend
I will forever miss you, and never, ever forget you.*
-xkatx

OCTOBER 14, 2001

RAZORBLADEZ

Miss Adrienne

So I have to have some kind of closure. This is the only thing I can think of. I have so much pain inside of me, and I have to release some of it.

I was the first one to meet you at Burbank High. I saw you at orientation, and you commented on my hair. I was so happy to have met a new friend. I knew from the moment I saw you that you were someone worth getting to know.

I introduced you to my friends, and they all fell in love with you. You were my little obsession. Every time I'd pass you in the hall, I'd always stop and just tell you how cute you were. And you'd do the same. And there was nothing left for us to do then to hug each other cause we were just drowning in the cuteness!

I got transferred into your dance class, and you were so excited. You would often be my dance partner cause you knew I didn't like those annoying freshman girls that were in our class. We'd ignore

them and swing dance the day away. Breaking a sweat with you was always fun.

I started having problems at home, and got kicked out of the house, and temporarily dropped out of school. I never got one last hug from my cute swing-dancing buddy. But I did hear that you were diagnosed with cancer. I was shocked, but assumed you'd pull through it. I couldn't have been more wrong.

I moved to Arizona with my dad and stumbled across your email address. I emailed you the longest email I had ever sent anyone. Telling you all about what had happened to me.

I got a response from you that really hurt. You told me how you were doing. Losing a lot of weight. Not good. But hearing from me helped make you stronger. You told me you had thought that I had stopped wanting to be your friend. You thought I didn't like you anymore since we hadn't talked in so long.

I was at a loss for words. I have always had nothing but love and respect for you. I have never EVER harbored any bad feelings towards you. How could I? You were a beautiful person. Perfect in every way.

I was so shocked that you even felt that way that I put off replying to your email. I had to think of the perfect things to say to you. I wanted you to understand just how much I loved you. So I procrastinated.

I must have procrastinated a little too long because now you're gone. And you'll never know how I felt about you. And it's killing me. I wish I could hug you one last time. I wish I could tell you how I have always felt about you. How much I've always cared about you. Now it's too late.

I will never meet someone like you again. And I am grateful that I had the pleasure of knowing you and dancing with you.

I will now think of you as my guardian angel. I know you're watching over me, and hopefully reading this. Cause this is the closest I am going to come to having any kind of closure now.

I love you always, Miss Adrienne.

LISTEN_TO_ME

Life is changing
I can't go on without you
Rearranging, I will be strong, I'll stand by you.
You were fighting
Every day so hard to hide the pain
I know you never said goodbye
I have so much left to say
As soon as you were gone...
I feel so alone now
I'll pray for you; we still love you.
That is just so sad...

OCTOBER 20, 2001

FARSEA

That is just so sad

She was obviously very loved and a beautiful soul. Still is I think :)
I hope those of you who lost her can find peace.

OCTOBER 27, 2001

ANONYMOUS

Princess

-perfect-dancing-princess-angel-friend-supporter-survivor-
sister-scholar-Adrienne-

You continue to bring people together
I feel you all around me
Love, Sharon

NOVEMBER 8, 2001

XLONIX

Ahh Adrienne Adrienne Adrienne.
Not a day goes by without a word or thought of you.
I finally got a Live Journal. Yay!
I'll miss you forever.
You'll never be dead to me.
-Lana

NOVEMBER 10, 2001

ANONYMOUS

Adrienne in our hearts

Adrienne, I only knew you for a short time,
but I will never forget you.
I know you live on. You're in another
dimension now, dancing and laughing and
having fun. You're in a place where there is no
illness, no unhappiness, no regrets.
Thank you for blessing us with your short
time here on earth. We are better because of it.
We will never forget you!

DECEMBER 4, 2001

ANONYMOUS

Adrienne, So perfect

Adrienne,

My love for you will never die. I'm sorry that I did not come to see you when you were in the hospital but I just procrastinated too long. My heart is breaking, and I can't exactly say why, but I long for you to be here. You helped me in so many ways last year, and I dunno if I ever said thank you enough. When you got sick, we talked online forever. I still remember like it was yesterday, those days you told me to breathe and you gave me those breathing exercises. I still use them. My life is going downhill, and I need you here with me. I hope that you can forgive me for never saying goodbye. I love you, and I dunno how I can go on without you. Not a day goes by that you are not in my mind. I cry myself to sleep at night cause I wish you were here. I know that you are in a better place now where there is no pain and I hope one day I will be able to see you again. You touched the hearts of many, but you truly touched mine. I love you so much...goodbye my sweetheart!

-Sadie

DECEMBER 5, 2001

HEREYESAREHAZEL

Adrienne, I miss you. I am going to visit you and bring you flowers soon. Blue of course. I love you. We all miss you so much.

DECEMBER 12, 2001

XLONIX

I love you Adrienne!!!
=D

DECEMBER 23, 2001

ANONYMOUS

Merry Christmas Adrienne...I love you.
=)
-Sadie

JANUARY 2, 2002

LISTEN_TO_ME

Thinking of you now
I miss you
x

JANUARY 3, 2002

ANONYMOUS

always here

Today I saw a girl with the same bright blue hair as you...I thought it was you, but it was not...you are always in my thoughts... now and forever...

Blue rules...

FEBRUARY 5, 2002

HEREYESAREHAZEL

I see you everywhere. In everyone, everything. A little girl crossed the street in front of me, and I swear it was you, seven years old. I look at the self portrait of you on my wall, and I can't help but cry. I miss you so much.

FEBRUARY 22, 2002

ANONYMOUS

It finally hit me

Adrienne,

I don't know where to start. It just hit me a couple weeks ago that you're really gone. I was in denial for way too long. I feel horrible for letting the last time we talked be the time we had our first argument. I can't forgive myself for that. I miss you so much. It hurts to think that I'll never have the privilege to laugh with you, tease you for your fear of sheep and ankle-biting leprechauns, babble about Dave, and everything else we did to amuse ourselves.

I really admire you, A. I always did, and I always will. I'm getting your name tattooed on my back in a four-leaf clover—whether you like it or not. You were my best friend and were always there for me...thank you so much. I love you, A. I hope you know that. I look forward to your company in heaven someday.

I love you always,

-Samantha

MARCH 23, 2002

XLONIX

Adrienne, I think it's time for me to go to Rocky Horror for the second time, don't ya think? Yes. I think so. I'll bring you with me. <3

APRIL 7, 2002

FOUREIGHT

Happy Birthday, Princess

I drowned my eyes in the crystalline love
a daunting face returned
you spoke the words without your eyes then used your words
to see

a bold new voice arose to speak your shining iris closed
not even your eyes we needed to speak a sound was felt within
a calming rush with melodic verse flowed with even tone
you sat with eyes colored green your soul wished to heal
all night you listened to what your ears could not hear
we dealt with thoughts we just couldn't feel
and passed the love which now could fly on glittered wings
Happy 16th Birthday Adrienne. I love you.

-Sharon

APRIL 8, 2002

HEREYESAREHAZEL

Happy birthday Adrienne.

XLONIX

Happy birthday to the most beautiful girl I've ever known.
Inside and out.

I love you, bish. :P

ANONYMOUS

Happy birthday, Adrienne.

I'm just about to listen to Nothing's Shocking for the first time.

And then the other one I have, if I can find it.

Thanks for showing me this music. Happy birthday.

Love and *huggels*,

-Andy in Buffalo

OHSHEFELL

Happy birthday, Adrienne...

Now her paints are dry...

And I looked outside...

At the corner boys...

Ayh, oh, where did you go?

I don't know.

I went to see your pictures...

I spread them across the floor...

So this is where they are shown...

Now they're probably saying to you,

"If you keep it up you'll be born."

But you won't ever listen,

I'll bet...

Burnt out, grass scorched by the sun.

The buildings remain.

We will beat them all to dust,
I'll bet...Pulled from a headless shell that blinked on and off,
"Hotel."
Now the nameless dwell.
They hold your key and turn your know,
I'll bet...
Will you say hello to my ma?
Will you pay a visit to her?
She was an artist, just as you were.
I'd have introduced you to her.
She would take me out on Sundays.
We'd go laughing through the garbage.
She repaired legs like a doctor on the kitchen chairs we sat on.

ANONYMOUS

Happy Sweet 16 Adrienne!!! I don't have a poem or some special writing like everyone else but I did want to wish you a happy birthday. I hope in heaven they give you a BIG birthday party. I love you so much, and I miss you! Don't forget how much I love you, pretty girl...

APRIL 24, 2002

EX_HANGTHEDJ234

Perry's in the stereo, Adrienne.
Thanks.
God, this will never get any easier.

MAY 16, 2002

HEYGLAMOROUS

Oh Adrienne. I miss you.

JUNE 19, 2002

ANONYMOUS

I have dreams about you. And you're there, and everything is okay. But then I wake up saying, Adrienne, come out and play, and I can't believe I'll never see your smile again.

JULY 7, 2002

HEYGLAMOROUS

Oh god, I miss you more than you could ever imagine.

JULY 18, 2002

OHSHEFELL

How to ruin everything

Well.

Everyone's gone.

And I need someone to talk to...

So,

I come to you.

You helped Katie...

You listened to her...

I just want to feel better.

I used to write you letters.

And put them in the ground by your grave.

We went to see you a few weeks ago. Kelly, Katie, Amy, Louise and me.

Those ducks...Ha.

I don't know what to say.

I'll write you a letter.

This computer is annoying me.

Xoxo...

AUGUST 29, 2002

ANONYMOUS

Flickering lights

I was sitting in your beautiful bedroom recently, Adrienne, when the lights began to flicker on and off. Was that you saying hello? I think it was!

SEPTEMBER 16, 2002

HEYGLAMOROUS

Just saying hello.

And I love you.

<3

OCTOBER 9, 2002

HEYGLAMOROUS

It's been a whole year, Adrienne.

I really hope you know how much you're loved and missed.

OCTOBER 19, 2002

ANONYMOUS

She knows!

OCTOBER 31, 2002

ANONYMOUS

Happy Halloween.

I still dressed up and got candy. I'll never be too old. I hope you know how stupid I looked!

I love you.

-Andy in Buffalo

NOVEMBER 4, 2002

ANONYMOUS

It's been more than a year, and I've been realizing that not a day goes by where I don't think of you. I see things that turn my thoughts to you, and sometimes it's just completely random. I talk about you a lot, and there are so many people who tell me they wish they could have met you that you seem amazing and wonderful. I feel special that I did know you for the short time you were here. Sometimes I'm sad about it, sometimes I'm optimistic, but no matter what, you're always there, and I'll always love you.

NOVEMBER 13, 2002

EX_HANGTHEDJ234

hey...

I feel like a dick for not visiting you yet. But I keep your picture, and only your picture, on my mirror. Your wings and your crown. Well, I love you. And I miss you.

<3 Marisa.

P.S. For Halloween, I almost went to Rocky Horror, and I thought of you. My first visit was supposed to be with you. <3.

NOVEMBER 30, 2002

ANONYMOUS

dreaming of a blue angel

sigh I have not been here in a while. Each time I come here though, Adrienne, I cry. Sometimes tears of joy, sometimes tears of sorrow. I cry now tears of painfully stinging nostalgia. How I miss talking to you, and how I wish I could have done more of it. How I miss you Xiola Bleu.

-Connor from Vermont, from the billboard, from the heart.

JANUARY 16, 2003

ANONYMOUS

I miss you so much. Most of the time, life doesn't feel real without you. I don't usually talk to you this way, but I felt like it today. Please help me & guide me to do the right thing in all avenues of life.

I miss you, kiddo.

Love always, your Sissy

FEBRUARY 23, 2003

PSYCHEAGUE

Adrienne,

I hope it's not rude of me to post, seeing as how I didn't know you. I found your journal through a friend of yours, Connor from Vermont. I was sharing my sadness in losing a friend to an overdose, and he shared his in losing you. After reading through your entries and the comments posted by those who loved you, I feel like I know you and that I've shared in your experiences, happiness, sadness, pain...everything that makes one human. Your memory lives on, Blue Faery.

May love wrap itself around you and around those you love and those who love you still. You will never be forgotten.

With Love, Anni from Pennsylvania

APRIL 8, 2003

ANONYMOUS

Happy birthday. *Huggels*

I have Jane's tickets. I can't wait.

Love, Andy in Buffalo

APRIL 10, 2003

ANONYMOUS

Happy 17th birthday

Happy 17th birthday, Adrienne! We love you and miss you... hope you're happy with your new life...onward and upward in the spiritual realm some call heaven. Just know that we always think of you and always will.

JUNE 18, 2003

ANONYMOUS

Adrienne. It's Samantha again. Just wanted to let you know that I'm constantly thinking about you. I love you tons, and I always will.

JUNE 30, 2003

KILL_YOU

Aw Adrienne
You'll always be my bish <3

JULY 24, 2003

ANONYMOUS

I miss your laugh...

Adrienne, not a day goes by without a thought of you. This hasn't gotten any easier. I miss you beyond description...I hope you know how much you mean to me. I love you.

-Samantha

AUGUST 25, 2003

ANONYMOUS

Not easy

It will never get easier. Of course not. But we honor Adrienne by expressing our thoughts and our memories. She remains in our

hearts forever as a beautiful black-haired, green-eyed girl. She's gone away...but she's still with us. Her energy is with us. She's smiling down on all of us!

Andrea—in your darkest moments, always remember that your beloved Adrienne lives on. She wants you to live joyfully and not grieve, although I still get tears in my eyes when I think of her.

Be happy for the years you spent with Adrienne. It's wonderful that you're now helping others. That's what life is all about. Put love first and cherish those who love you above all else. That's how Adrienne would want it.

SEPTEMBER 24, 2003

ANONYMOUS

Though I can't see the picture in the entry, I can figure out what it meant. As I read through all of the responses, I am drowning in my tears. I love Adrienne so much. She was my sister, my best of best friends. She was my supporter, my guide, my everything. I visited her at the hospital every weekend and prayed every night I would be sick instead of her, that I had died instead of her. I miss her too much, the pain is so great, and it will never go away nor be relieved. There is no one I can fully talk to about this, and I need her so badly. Her death had such a major impact on my life—people think it made me stronger...I can't write anymore

-Nadia

OCTOBER 6, 2003

DORKX10EQUALSME

I almost tasted death

We talked about you today in a small group, and we wondered if you allowed God to enter your heart. I'm sure you did, and you're sitting next to him. WOW, what can I say except thanks for allowing yourself to live through this journal. I knew nothing about you until now. Man oh man, I came so close to tasting death in a car accident not so long ago. I hope heaven is a brighter place. I KNOW IT IS.

I LOVE U LIL' GIRL...SHINE DOWN ON US.

Love ya, Cristina

OCTOBER 13, 2003

ANONYMOUS

Another anniversary

The anniversary was last week. Not a day most of us celebrate. I went to the cemetery as usual and did my best to make your garden look beautiful. I decided to do something to honor & remember you: I went to the ballet on Thursday night. The last time I went to the ballet was when I took you to see Giselle two years ago, in July 2001. It felt good to be doing something you would have liked to do. I miss you every minute. Thank you for helping me make the right decision about J. I can only hope you understand. You are and always will be my first priority. But now I've decided to make myself my second priority. Please give me the strength and tenacity to get through the rest of this dreary year. I love you, baby.

Love always, your Sissy

FEBRUARY 22, 2004

25MINUTESTOGO

I'm sorry.

I can't escape from the guilt.

I don't know whether or not you knew how much I love you.

How much I DIDN'T MEAN A WORD I SAID the last time we talked.

I hate myself for this.

I have more to say, but I can't right now.

Please just know I love you.

I think about you so much.

I'll never be able to forgive myself.

-Samantha

FEBRUARY 26, 2004

THE_BOY_SHANNON

Ever since you left, your picture has been in my wallet, not to remind me that you are gone, but to remind me that you were here. We weren't even allowed to be close friends for reasons and rules that you know, but had our paths in life crossed under different circumstances, I know we would have had a brilliant friendship. I never got the chance to say anything like this, and that is why I've said it here; I'm sending it into the universe for you. I think of you every time I see your worn picture smile back at me from inside the folds of my wallet. After more than two years of seeing your picture there, I never fail to smile every time.

-Shannon Inouye

FEBRUARY 29, 2004

TIMISGOD

For A Girl I Never Knew

Hey Adrienne. I never got to meet you myself but I heard about you through a friend of yours from Burbank. I read your journal and I was moved. Through your writing, I think I learned a little more about myself. I really wish I could've met you, but in a way I think I have. I'll be sure to do something in your honor on April 8. Peace be with you, Adrienne.

APRIL 6, 2004

ANONYMOUS

Happy Birthday

Happy 18th birthday, Adrienne. You are in my thoughts and in my heart today.

Love always, Elise (Eli's mom)

APRIL 8, 2004

ANONYMOUS

I miss you

Happy 18th birthday,

Love,

-Andy In Buffalo

SEPTEMBER 10, 2004

LACTATINGBLOOD

Adrienne,

I just finished talking to my sister about you. About how awful I feel every single day, for telling you the things I did. She told me:

You know that I love you and think about you every day.

You know I didn't mean the things I said last time we spoke.

You can hear me when I talk to you.

I hope she is right.

I miss you more than I could ever put into words.

I can't wait to see you again.

I love you always,

-Samantha.

OCTOBER 29, 2004

LACTATINGBLOOD

A-

I just saw Dave on the Carson Daly show, instantly thought of you. I miss you, pretty girl.

<3 Lots of love.

-Samantha

APRIL 8, 2005

LACTATINGBLOOD

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, A!!

You're in my thoughts.

APRIL 9, 2005

ANONYMOUS

Happy birthday.

Jane's on the radio this afternoon on a beautiful day seemed oh so fitting.

Love, Andy

JANUARY 9, 2006

ANONYMOUS

I still think of you, sometimes at the most random moments. You've affected me and changed me in ways you will never know and that I never expressed.

FEBRUARY 15, 2006

ANONYMOUS

I miss you.

Happy Valentine's Day.

APRIL 9, 2006

ANONYMOUS

I baked a cake yesterday and listened to lots of Jane's just for you

Happy birthday.

-Andy

OCTOBER 12, 2006

ANONYMOUS

It's just not fair. I don't know what to say or what made me think of you tonight, but here I am. I wish that things were different.

MARCH 21, 2007

ANONYMOUS

You'd never believe that I'm writing and playing music now. I'm a huge Ours fan now. I wish I could see you. Hopefully on the other side of nowhere.

-Mick

APRIL 8, 2007

ANONYMOUS

Happy birthday. Usually, I have enough time to bake a cake today, but I'm a busy boy. We'll see.

-Andy

FEBRUARY 19, 2008

ANONYMOUS

Hey.

It's Mr. Rob. (desert man). Not sure what drew me here this morning.

It's funny; everything I've been through in the years it's been

since you passed on, I still hold on to you. You were there for me at a time in my life when I didn't have anyone else.

Right after you left, my father and I lost our jobs, and my family spent another year homeless. I was sixteen. That was strange.

It tore me up pretty bad when you passed away. I didn't really speak to anyone for about a month. No one knew what was wrong with me, and I didn't really feel like sharing.

I remember your dream of a white zombie-fueled desert bonfire, and I still think about that a lot. I'll build it for you one of these days, big enough to see from wherever you are out there. And I'll crank "Black Sunshine" louder than fuck. Ha ha.

Forgive me if this all just seems like a random collection of tossed-together thoughts, But I just put in a fourteen-hour shift.

Anyway, Adrienne, I just want you to know that although my life has been a pretty turbulent one, nothing will ever shake the memory of you from my heart.

Lots of love, Adrienne.

Your far away brother, Robert.

MARCH 22, 2008

ANONYMOUS

For the first time in years, I had a very vivid dream of you last night and woke up in tears. I miss you so much.

I would really like to stay in touch with your friends from when we were younger...if any of you are out there, please let me know.

-Andy

APRIL 24, 2008

ANONYMOUS

Jane's is playing tonight with Eric.
I hope you can see this, somewhere.
-Andy in Buffalo

APRIL 8, 2009

ANONYMOUS

Happy birthday.

APRIL 8, 2010

FOR_BLUE

Happy birthday Adrienne.

APRIL 9, 2010

ANONYMOUS

Happy birthday, dear. I usually use today as an excuse to bake yummy cake, but I was out and about all day. This just means I'll have to eat more cake for you later. Deal?
-Andy

MARCH 23, 2011

ANONYMOUS

Upcoming Birthday

You would have been 25 in a few weeks, and I don't know what you would be doing now...I wonder all the time. I still bargain. I still think about what I would give up to have you back. The answer is always the same: as long as it wouldn't physically harm anyone else. Anything. Everything.

Love always, your Sissy

APRIL 8, 2011

LEMONADER

Happy birthday. I think of you every day. Every. Fucking. Day.
Love, Andy

APRIL 8, 2012

LEMONADER

Happy birthday, kid.
-Andy

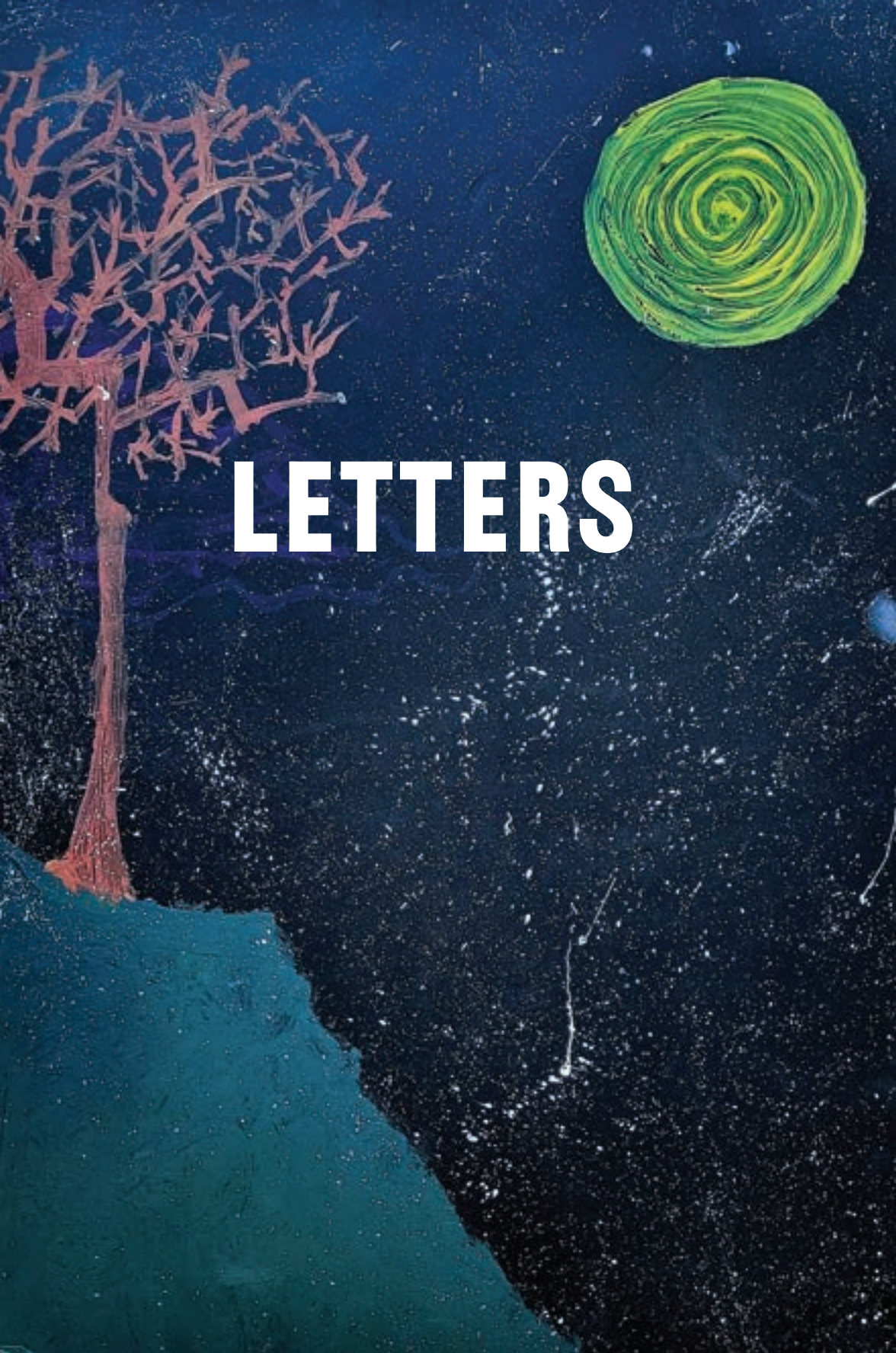
APRIL 8, 2021

LEMONADER

Happy birthday. I've never stopped missing you.
Love, Andy



Andrea and Adrienne at Universal Studios during August 1995, her first summer in Los Angeles.



LETTERS

TO ELI

This was a handwritten journal entry. I'm not sure if Adrienne ever finished this letter or gave it to Eli.

(NO DATE)

Ok, hi. God, I can't believe this, any of it. I'm so afraid that you'll see the real me, and you'll be so incredibly heartbroken that you'll end everything then and there. I know what you promised to yourself, but again, promises can always find a way to be broken. I just have this idea of me being this great person, and I feel like I have to live up to that, and I can't. I don't want to lose you. I'm frightened that one day you'll realize that I'm not beautiful like you think I am. I don't want to disappoint you, but I can never be beautiful. And I know that at this moment you believe that I am, but what if one day you come to your senses?! And to be perfectly honest, going from having no one caring about you to this is quite a shock. It scares me when you compliment me, only because I know you mean it. I've never had that. I'm not used to that feeling. I love you, and I'll stay with you forever, but this is gonna take some getting...



Adrienne Wilson



TO DAVE NAVARRO

Handwritten drafts of Adrienne's letter to Dave Navarro that she gave him on The Tonight Show.

JUNE 17, 2001

Dear Mr. Navarro,

May I first thank you wholeheartedly for your time and consideration. As I have said to you before, I can never thank you enough for everything you have done for me, ~~the miracle you created. This miracle I speak of is not merely your musical and artistic genius but also the way in which you saved my life.~~ Had it not been for Jane's Addiction playing at the Coachella Music and Arts Festival, and had it not been for the 35,000 screaming fans who pushed me up against the iron railing for nearly 2 hours, I would have never discovered the cancer which lives inside me.

~~You see,~~ A few days after the show, I noticed ~~that the area under my diaphragm~~ on the right side of my tummy had become incredibly swollen. I also realized that it hurt my lungs and left shoulder to inhale. Since my chaperone to Coachella had bruised his ribs, I went right away to see my doctor just in case I had done the same. Since the swelling wasn't in the right place to be a bruised or broken rib, he simply sent me home with Tylenol 3 with codeine and Motrin for my shoulder pain.

The medication didn't really do much good for my shoulder or inhalation pain. However, in a few weeks, the pain disappeared altogether, but as it began to vanish, the swelling ~~under my diaphragm~~ increased. One night I decided to show my sister (who has taken care of me since I was eight years old), and because we both thought my doctor didn't really know what he was doing, she agreed with me on a diagnosis of a "bruised or cracked lower rib."

~~Now what does this have to do with saving my life might you ask? Well, my story is not yet finished.~~ The day after I revealed my swelling to my sister, I was in horrendous pain. All day long, I was short of breath, and I could barely move. The school nurse was absent, so there was no way for me to be sent to my doctor. Somehow, I made it through school, biting back tears, and didn't break down until I began walking home. ~~I was so out of breath that I thought I was going to pass out on the street and get hit by a car.~~

~~Luckily enough, I made it home safely.~~ I plummeted into the family chair and positioned myself in a way that made it easier for me to breathe. For two hours, I prayed to whatever was listening to let me live and to get my sister home as soon as possible. Finally, she walked in, and in a whimpered breath of exhaustion, I told her that I needed to see my doctor now. As she watched me sob in pain, I made my way to the car and waited for her there. After she realized how serious I was, she ran out to the car, and off we sped to Dr. Nazzer. Thankfully, I have medical insurance, and it was a slow day, so Dr. Nazzer could see me right away. I had my sister tell him what I had told her, and he asked to see the swelling.

As all doctors do, Nazzer decided to violently poke and prod my tender swollen ~~part~~ area of pain. Of course, my first reaction was to scream in pain and allow the waterworks to start once again. Once He finally saw how sensitive I was. He asked to leave the room. Me and my Sis overheard him call the nearby hospital and order some medical labs & CT scans to be done. Once finished with arranging those, he came back in and told me that he was very concerned because the swollen "rib" was actually a swollen liver. Right away, my sister drove me to St. Jo's emergency room. It took one hour to get a room and about another hour to get ready for my CT scan. Now, my sister is more nervous this entire time than I am. I tried to calm her down with a joke saying, "Hey, Sissy, watch it be cancer." We both giggled until the radiologist returned

and told us that I had highly developed tumors in my liver, spleen, and lungs. From there, my sister began to cry for nearly ten minutes, and I just sat there stunned. Amazed.

~~You see~~ About two years before this, I had lost my dearest uncle to bone cancer in September of 2000. I had lost my best friend's father to lung cancer, and just a few weeks before my diagnosis, my family had discovered that my other uncle was hiding the fact that he had tumors developing on his skull.

~~Anyways,~~ I was transported to a better "cancer equipped" hospital where I was later diagnosed with Hepatocellular Carcinoma, AKA liver cancer. I am currently in stage IV, which means that my tumors have already begun spreading from their birth site and are now too large and too numerous to remove surgically.

Today is the last day of my second treatment of chemotherapy. In many ways, it is very frightening because if my family and doctor decide to begin a third treatment next month, I could lose my hearing and never regain it. Kinda sucks, considering music is the bane of my existence and drug of life.

~~had it not been the Jane's Addiction performance, I might not have discovered that I had cancer until it was too late.~~ It is not the only factor that has saved my life, but it has also been your music and innovations as well. As odd as it may sound, listening to "Trust No One" (both demo and final versions) has really lifted my spirits. And as cheesy as this ~~may sound~~ is, the interview CD Deena from the spread-mailing list sent me has really helped me (vent whatever needs to get out through poetry.) < reword

Throughout most of my life, I have admired you and your music. For many reasons, your music and your worlds in interviews have brought comfort, relaxation, inspiration, understanding, growth, strength, wisdom, maturity, bliss, happiness, joy, emotional ventilation, rebirth, discoveries unimaginable to most human minds, and a million other indescribable glowing orbs of ecstasy to my

life. It has not been until recently that I have gained a great deal of respect for you as a musician, artist, and person. Although you, yourself, have done nothing directly aimed at helping me, please believe that you have helped me in numerous ways.

Because of this, I would like to thank you for all you have done, not only for me but for all your fans and admirers. None of us will ever forget you (me especially). As strange as it may seem, the one thing that has helped me the most has been growing up seeing you, no matter what, stay true to yourself. I cannot begin to express logically how much this lesson has helped me in my life.

Well, I don't want to waste too much of your time, so I shall let you go. Please remember that no matter how horrible you may feel on any given day, there will always be one little girl who wishes you all the best in the world and will always believe that you are one of the few who truly deserve it. I will never be able to thank you enough.

With Love and Endless Blessing,

—Adrienne Wilson

The image features a dark, textured wooden surface, possibly a table or a piece of furniture, which serves as the background. The surface is heavily splattered with bright red paint, creating a chaotic and expressive pattern. The splatters vary in size and shape, with some forming long, thin streaks and others as larger, more rounded droplets. The overall effect is one of raw energy and spontaneity. In the center of the image, the word "POETRY" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font. The text is centered horizontally and vertically, standing out sharply against the dark background and the vibrant red splatters. The lighting is somewhat uneven, with the top of the image appearing slightly brighter than the bottom, highlighting the texture of the wood and the wetness of the paint.

POETRY



© 2000 Adrienne Wilson

INSTRUCTION AND EXPLANATION

For those who proceed in reading this collection, keep in mind that writing and poetry are a means of escape. The somewhat graphic artwork and writing displayed here are my way of expressing emotion that is better vented through art than through real-life contact with others. I am not a homicidal maniac, and I am not someone who will purposely hurt another. I am simply an artist who, like everyone else, becomes angry at times. So instead of going out and acting upon my thoughts or emotions, I simply pick up a pen, write everything down, and vent in a nonviolent manner. If you deny your emotions and keep them bottled up, they will find their way out, whether you want them to or not. Anger and hatred are emotions, and there are many of us out there who think that they should never make an appearance or two in your thoughts. This is not such a good idea. If you keep Mr. Anger locked away for too long, he will escape through the Real World, not the fantasy world inside your head. Think all the angry thoughts you can possibly think of. Thinking is JUST thinking. What defines a person is the set of thoughts they decide to ACT upon, and I have not done anything that my poems say I have done (not in this world, anyway). I can do whatever the hell I want to inside my mind, and I do, but I am sure to keep my unworthy actions THERE and not bring them into this world (where people can seriously be harmed). I thank you for your time and understanding and hope that you will enjoy my collection of very badly written poetry and short stories.



Dedicate to the following for their inspiration:

Jane's Addiction

Nine Inch Nails

Trent Reznor

Dave Navarro

Steve Buscemi

Jhonen Vasquez

TEEN ANGST (MIDNIGHT WISH)

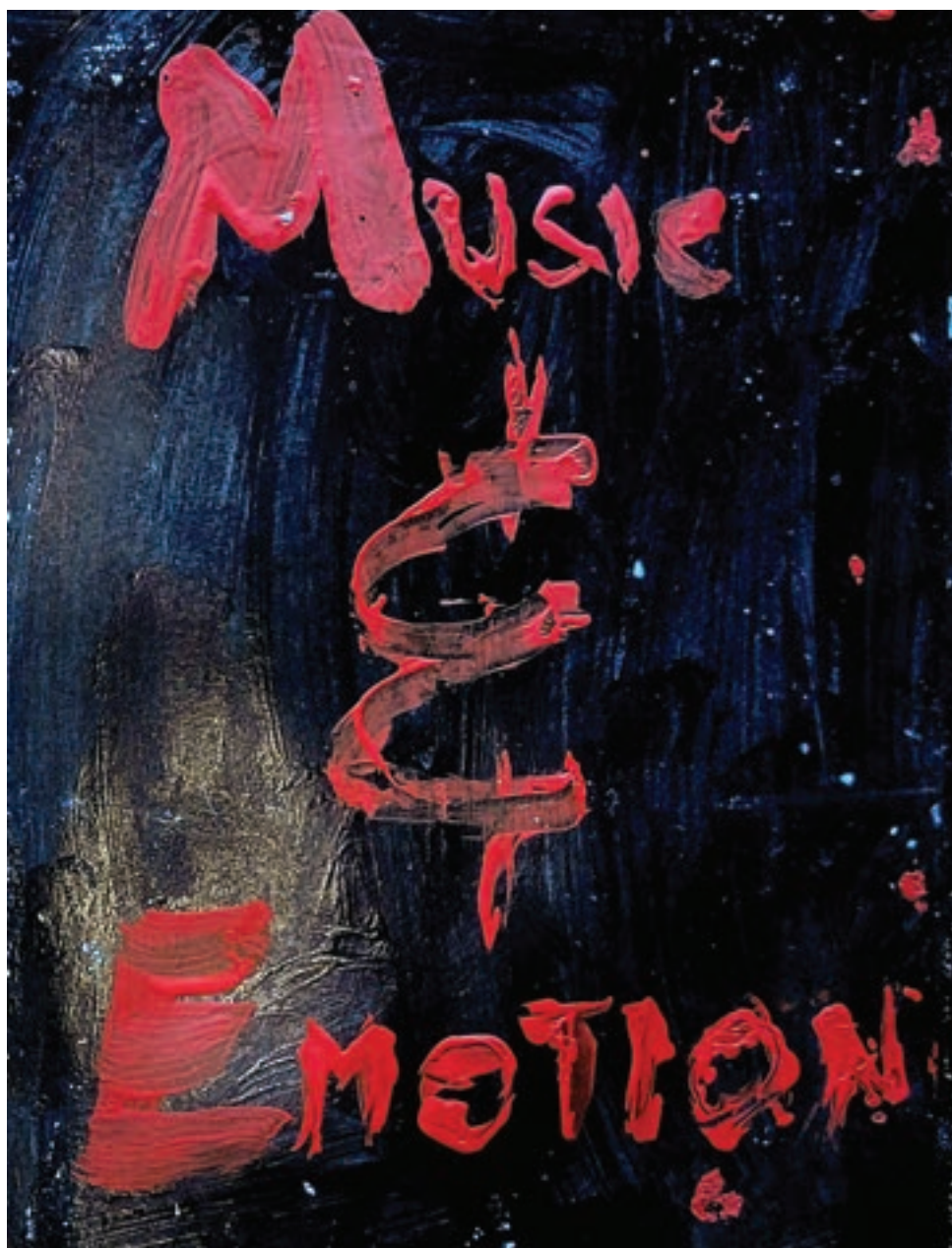
Lock myself in
Surround the prison with shining
lights
And beautiful pictures
Discover and locate the weaknesses
Rebuild them, make them better
Believe to be fixed
Awaken and wander outside
Hear the snickers and laughter once
Again
Glare at the arrogance
And their closed minds
Go back to my prison
No one but me and my
Music
All accepting and loving
Feel a brief moment of comfort
Breathe
Try to become open
And kind
Step into the flock
Realize the
WORLD
Is beautiful
But infested with ugly trolls
Cry and try to understand
Shout and close up once again
Tired of returning
Tired of self-repairs

Tired of attempting
Kindness and understanding
Watch them pollute their homes
Look at myself
Hypocrite
Play Jane's
And cry everything out
Whisper before I fall asleep
Fuck you world.
You insects
Fuck you for making me
Turn into what I have always hated
Force me to write goth poetry
Force me to become angry
Make me a hypocrite
Whose words are all bullshit
Outbursts of confusion
And unneeded hatred
Fuck you for not accepting
For not trying to understand those
Who are unlike yourselves
For not looking at your own
Goddamn selves
And do your own repairs
Fuck you for not trying to make
This place better
I give up trying to make
Myself
More understanding of
You
And your world
It is your turn to try

And figure out
What the hell is wrong with you
(And how you can fix that)
Your turn to lock yourselves in
And stare at what you have become
AND MAKE IS BETTER!
Instead of letting it fester
And grow until it passes onto your children
I am sickened by my own self
And all of you
Sigh and take the blade
All will be better
Another world awaits me

SELF DESTRUCTION THROUGH HEAT OR BEAUTY OF THE FLAME

The beauty of the flame
The smell of true emotion
Oh how I love you so my
Beautiful flesh
And how much more I adore you
When you are scorched
Such a pretty blue
Spirals of smoke
Such glorious pain
I do feel
I am human
A sensation that makes me realize
I am alive
Not yet rotting
Six feet under
The fire
Ever dissolving into the flesh
Finding a place to hide
Throbbing
Pain is real
It can manifest
But what grace it holds
And how soothing it can be



MUSIC AND EMOTION

They had always been bottled up inside of her, until her discovery of music. Always hidden under her skin and never acknowledged. Then came the moment of freedom, the first experience of hearing the magic. In that one split instant, all the emotions gathered together and tried their hardest to free themselves. Only a few actually made it; the rest had to wait their turn. The poor girl responsible for their imprisonment felt as though her heart had exploded.

Now came time for the heavier emotions to escape. They lined up, one behind the other. The first was Sadness, who made his exit through her tears. Next was the always impatient Anger. So frustrated was he that he was sure to give the girl what she deserved. His exit was made through her fist, leaving his mark on her skull (which was now fractured).

Slowly the sound of the music grew louder, making the room grow more tense and uneasy. Pain soon realized it was his turn to leave, for he was the only one in her left (and also the biggest). He stayed pondering for a minute on how he would receive his revenge. Finally, he slipped into her fingers and picked up the razor blade.

By the end of the tune, the golden silence, Death had taken the girl while she lay covered in the scars of her eager emotions. For fifteen years, she had kept them trapped inside of her. Never again would they be imprisoned, and never again would the music have to set them free.



JUNKIES JOURNAL

Dear Diary,

I'm so confused right now, but it feels so good. I try and explain it to people who want me to quit. I mean, I never feel this great unless I have something in me. I know it's pathetic, but you don't understand, it's so beautiful. Everything is when I have them inside me. I know they will claim me. Every time I shoot up, it's like staring into the face of Death. But after you get over the fear, the beauty seeps in. It's like you start floating, and everything around begins to glow and morph into this beautiful light, and then you see their faces, and you glide towards them and enter the most blissful state of being imaginable. They make me a happier person, and all my idols are into them too, and the music they make is amazing because of it.

There are bad times when they revolt against me. They're so sensitive. I get frightened of doing anything because I fear it will upset them. Then the little faeries turn into demons who hold their daggers high in the air, stabbing them into my heart. I wake up bloody and bruised. Sometimes, I don't want them anymore, and I wish they would go away. I need the high, though. I feel like such a prisoner. I know that I don't control them anymore, that they are their own person now. They have all risen above me. I'm afraid of them, but they are so beautiful. I see their faces and become seduced by their glory.

Everything is fine until they see how helpless I am. But I can't let them go. I need them. Oh God, please help me. Forgive me for my sins. I can't get rid of them. They are all around me, always. Watching me, waiting for the perfect moment to strike. I can't hide from them anymore. It's like I'm beginning to fall down a waterfall. I can see the jagged rocks at the bottom, but all I can do is close my eyes and wait to feel the stabs of pain. Dear God, I will kick tomorrow, I swear.





POETRY
TO
DISAPPEAR
TO



TABLE OF CONTENTS

- Nature's Light (haiku)
- Source of Life (haiku)
- Myself (metaphor)
- A REAL Ballad (definition)
- The Real Me (Autobiographical)

NATURE'S LIGHT

The sun lights up the Earth
Destroying the dark from night
Making all life great.

SOURCE OF LIFE

The ocean makes peace
Letting the waves draw anger
Making life peaceful



MYSELF

I am angry as hell's angels seeking revenge
Yet, I am joyful as an angel in God's home
I am as hollow as a dead tree, yet full
I am like love in a holy saint's heart
I am also as sleek and sly as the fox

A REAL BALLAD

What's a ballad?
Touches you in a special way
Makes you want to bawl
Hurts your heart to listen to
Reminds you of a lost one
Gets you depressed
Makes you appreciate music
That's a ballad.



The Real Me

Adrienne
Lovable, Caring, Protective, and Sensible
Sister of Andrea Wilson
Lover of opera, art, and Asian culture
Who feels peaceful, relaxed, and hyper
Who finds happiness in art, talking, and hugs
Who needs music, love, and A's
Who gives her all, money, and happiness
Who would like to see London, heaven, and a real fairy
Who fears over confident people, snakes, and war
Who doesn't understand anorexia, ultra-egos, sad songs
Who likes to wear loose things, blue, and a deep expression
Resident of Burbank
Wilson

POETRY PORTFOLIO

Adrienne turned in this poetry collection on September 11, 2000, a few weeks into her freshman year of high school.

OPENING

Dear Reader,

Welcome to my not-so-optimistic world of poetry. I have put together this portfolio in hopes of further introducing myself to you. Although some of my pieces in this portfolio may seem dark, they are ALL meant to be taken with a grain of salt. Reading these poems as one unit (the one unit being the entire population) will hopefully not remind you of anything you have ever experienced previously. Although, the feeling you get may be the one similar to that of long nights awake thinking about life and how unclear its meaning can be. Honestly, though, I do not see how all of these poems, put together, relate. This is because they come from my mind and are based on me and my personality., which is a very odd

mix of extremely opposite things that (most of the time) do not relate to each other in any way. I am a constant contradiction of myself, just like my poems. Some are majestic, some are humorous, and others are just plain strange. It is with that that I leave you. I hope you leave this portfolio with a sensation you have never felt before and that, during the journey, you get the chance to think of things you've forced yourself not to think about before. Thank you for your time.

Sincerely,
Adrienne Wilson

FACADE POEM

I seem to be a walled-up secret,
But I really am an open book.
I seem to be someone who likes to be alone,
But I really am a person who enjoys the company of close
friends.
I seem to be mean and critical,
But I really am frightened and defensive of my own weaknesses.
I seem to be in control,
But I really am clueless to it all.
I seem to be a serious person,
But I really am someone who loves to goof around and laugh.
I seem to be the stereotype of a label,
But I really am myself.

Metaphors

Chris Cornell is a God.



Her personality is a graveyard.



Similies:

His voice was like an uneven cloud of suffocation.



She looks much like a Sylph.



APOLOGY POEM

Just So You Know...
I'm dreadfully sorry for taking
Your Primus tickets
That came with the
Extra backstage passes
Which you were probably
Going to use;
Maybe to take a friend
And lover.
I ask for your forgiveness,
As the show was simply amazing.
Both my friend and lover
Lover Primus's LAST show.

ALLITERATION

Dracula drains
Dreary Diane during
The dark and
Dreadful dusk.



“TO SEE MYSELF AMONG SO MUCH”

To see myself among so much
And such beauty trapped
By the outer core of stupidity,
Of those who wish to belong
To a group (or someone else)
Just to be falsely fulfilled and accepted.

CREDO

I believe
In complete nothingness.
That nothing will exist after I die,
Not even darkness or cold.
That no one person or thing is controlling this
And that nothing ever will.

HUNGRY CHILD

Hungry child,
May you grow with the lessons
You learn now.
Those experiences of pain and suffering.
Those feelings which make you human.
Although unpleasant, and sometimes unneeded
They will make you who you are.
They will be a cure for greed and ugliness in your life.
They will make you grateful for everything you have,
And will always remind you of what it is to really need.



Five-year-old Adrienne

DEATH

Death

And what will become of me?

When Earth's embrace forgets

To hold me down

When Death stretches his finger

Of bone towards me

Will there be a lake of fire?

Will there be Pearly Gates?

Or will I finally lay in nothingness

In the abyss

Allow the blackness to surround and engulf me

Until I am nothing

Not a speck, not a soul

Nothing

When there wish no sensation or feeling

And I am gone

But what would become of me?



LIMERICK

There once was a boy named Bire
Who wished that he was a vampire.
But when he was changed,
He turned out deranged,
And now believes he is a tire.



CLOSING

Thank you for taking the time to read my poetry portfolio. Although I had fun doing this project, I found it difficult in the sense of topics. My feeling about poetry is that it is a self-expressive art form that is done in someone's own free time. That are written as a stream-of-consciousness type thing, in which whatever comes out, you let flow. It is a way to vent emotion. It is extremely hard for me to sit down and write a poem based on a topic given to me by someone else (and then sit down and revise that poem). I am, however, proud of the work I placed in this portfolio. I do think I should have sat down just a little longer and actually given thought to my topic. I also believe that I could have made my poems more creative and unique.

When I was writing these pieces, I was aiming for the reader to get a sense of who I really am. As I stated in the introduction, I am a mix of very different personality "types" that, when blended together, make up who I am and the way I think. I truly hope that after finishing this portfolio, you, as the reader, got a sense of that strange mix. The feelings I had about poetry before completing

this portfolio have not really changed. I still believe it to be an art form and way of expression that is best done on my own time and when inspired to write it. It is still difficult for me to sit down and write out a poem based on a topic I might not really care about. It is also EXTREMELY difficult for me to sit at my computer and revise my poems. I am not a huge fan of editing or constructive criticism. I despise rereading a poem I wrote two or three days ago (as I will always hate what I write) and having to rewrite it. This is because I am not in the same state of mind I was in two or three days ago. How can I possibly further enhance a poem when I do not feel the same way I did when I was writing it? Although I am not quite fond of doing poetry in school, I love doing it when the inspiration comes along.

I thank you, once again, for taking the time to read this portfolio and getting to know the real me. I hope you enjoyed the journey!

Sincerely,
Adrienne Wilson



Adrienne and Andrea creating the first selfie ever while holding her 35mm camera.

OTHER POETRY

FINDING DARKNESS

Chapter 1

I watch them,
Smiling, laughing, being superior
I let them rule me
I start to wish that I was in the circle
Wish that I could be accepted
Start to form into what they want me to be
It isn't my fault

Chapter 2

I watch them
Start to cry
Find out I'm not like them
And never can be
Wish I was someone else
Turn to see them
Spitting on someone like me
It isn't my fault

Chapter 3

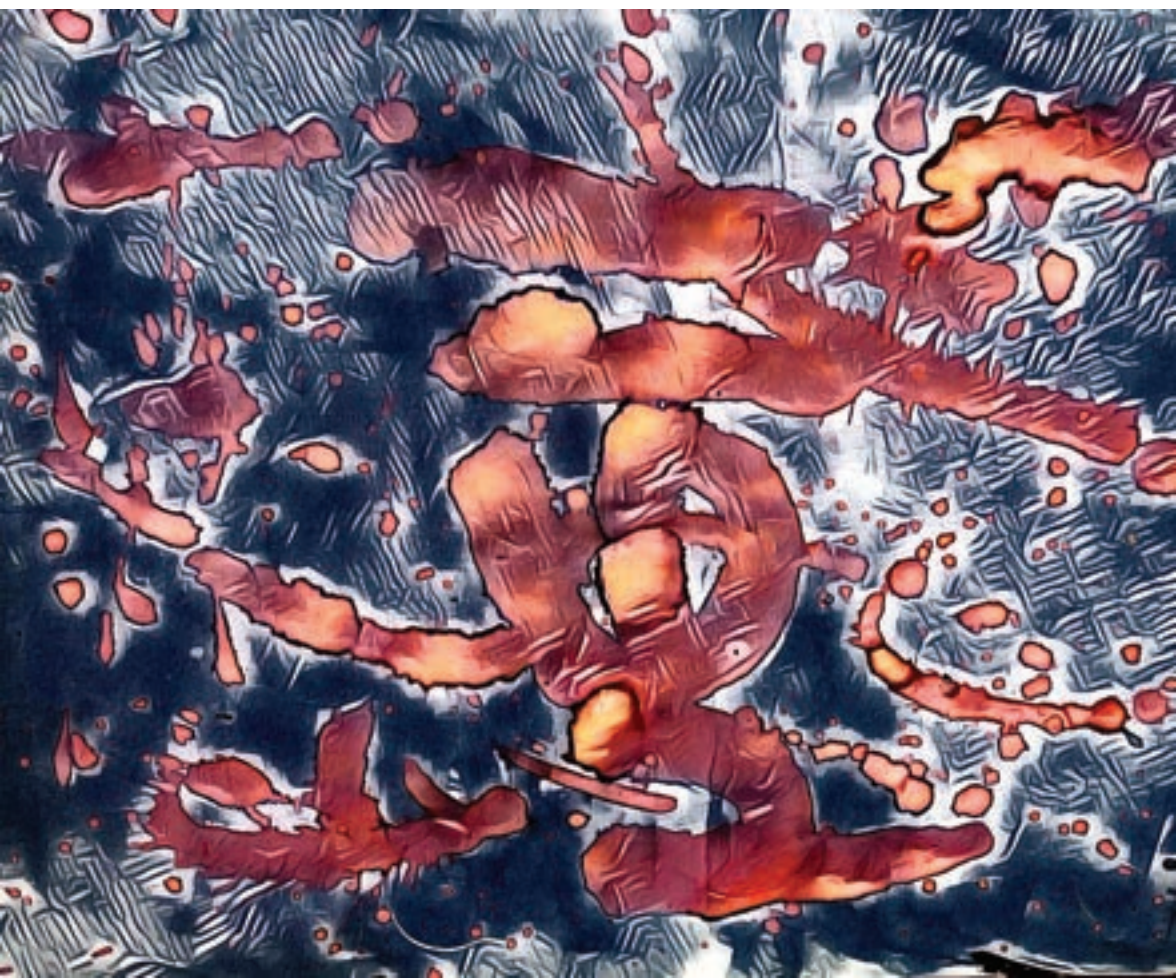
I watch them,
Sneering
Grow to despise them,
In secret
Still wish I was one of them
Start to imagine freedom
It is my fault

Chapter 4

Watch them
Shake my head
Sit with my own clique
Make faces at them
Try to frighten them
Laugh at their ignorance
Realize they are morons
Smirk at them from my table
We have 23
They have 15

Chapter 5

I ignore them
Laugh at the jokes of my friends
Dress in black
Scare anyone who doesn't know me away
To keep them out of my life
Realize it's a cruel thing to do,
But it helps me find my true friends
Leave my group and find another
One that is not a clique
Just people...
It was my fault,
But I am free



I HATE POEMS

Poems are not meant for me
They never seem to tap into what
I don't have to say
Writing only further blocks my
Expression
I should spend my time *playing*
Or *painting*
Something where I don't have to
SAY
What I am feeling
But, rather, let it flow
Either through sight or
Sound
Even listening to music
Sparks something in me
Hits a nerve
Makes me cry
Realize that I do have beauty in my mind
Yet not enough
Knowledge or Technique
To get it out
The way it should be
Wish I were like
Jane's
And had something to say
And something to play
But I don't

LOVE INDEED

Never wanted to believe in it
(And still try not to)
Didn't think pain would be
An associate of it
Maybe "love" isn't the right word
For what I feel
But something is there
(Nameless as it is)
Creating a hole
"Love fades"
What is it anyway?
And does it not always
End up in departures and pain?
It never truly exist
Its word is now used so often, and so...
Casually
That it has lost all meaning
No one really appreciates the phrase
"I love you"
No one really means it
And even if they were being sincere
It would not need to be pointed out
Because the feeling would exist
And both would know it was there
So why say it?
Do you need it to be there?

WAVE

“No, your decision is made
You can’t go back.”
The next day my troubles began
A year passed
Her presence changed my life
Happy populace of reverberations and echoes
Nothing is comparable
To sleeping in those waters
Her center...no, she had no center
Emptiness
She was so clear
I could read all of her thoughts
I thought I was drowning
I felt weak, fatigued
I returned in a month
I had decided
I sold her



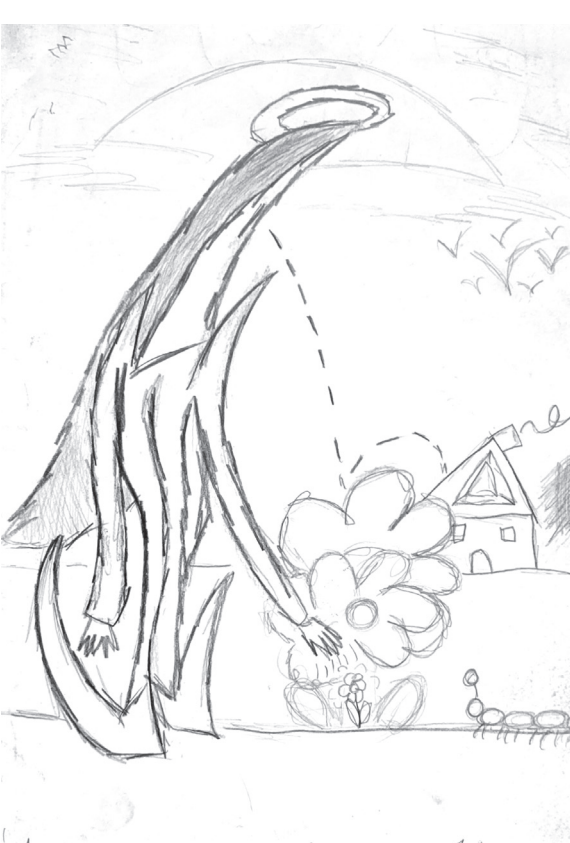
PEPPERMINT

This poem was written during Summer 2001 when Adrienne was fighting cancer.

Peppermints unused willingly
A locked-in crucifix attached to strings of silk
What losses have I not suffered?
What pain have you not let me experience?
I have knowledge now
Against your wishes
We both lost something that day
Even if my eyes were not yet open
I could feel
He said his goodbye to me then
In the warmth of pouch in which I was carried
Maybe if he had never gone to war
He had no choice
No one does
Everything is written for us
But we have power to change the drying ink
If I let go of the honeysuckle bushes,
And forest of pine and painful bullets of lead
And the feeling of unknown hands and frightening inject
Perhaps my story will change
I will become triumphant
Be strong; you are strong
I try; Not as much as I seem to be
Rivers of salt and old wounds reopened
Flow through these ducts
Usually in secret, but now with sisters and
Adopted fathers

Heroes plastered on a single wall
Their pain soars in ways unimaginable
Blue butterfly wings lift what few words
Can't fly on their gun
But the melodies and rhythms need no 2nd hand
Together they blend in a spiritual orgy
Above my lamp of purple and orange
They form her
The angel of comfort
With her soft green and white glow
Nearly blinding at times
In the midst of my sobs she holds me
Like my sister does now and my father would
Have then if he had the power to
A golden metropolis paradise
Formed by one man's words and 3 men's
instruments
Handmade
Gasps of wander
Forgetful of air to breathe
Taken aback by the beauty
Stung by the truth
Stung by the sound
If only...

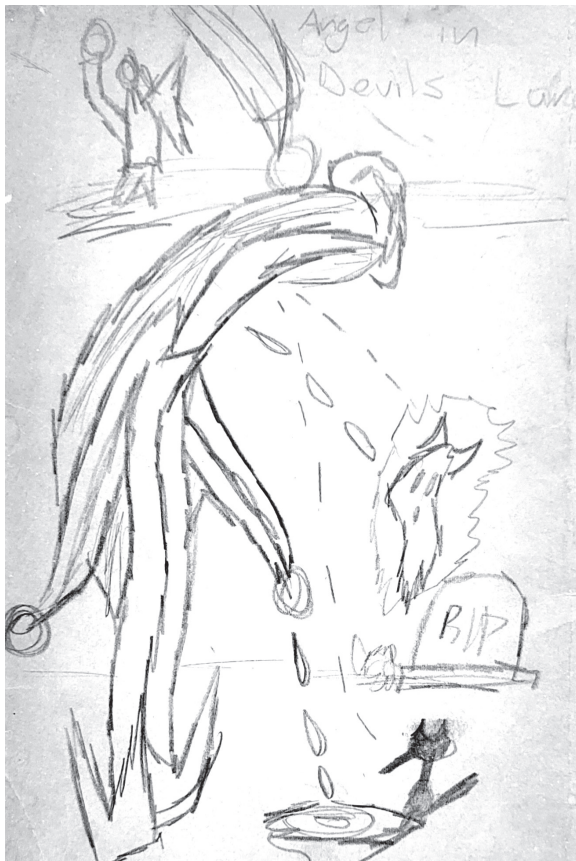
Opposite: When she was 10 years old, Adrienne began drawing a series of angels in different situations.



'Angel & Growth' - 11/6/96 JKW
 Angel & Life



Angel in Devils Land



An abstract painting with a vibrant, multi-colored palette. The composition is dominated by large, textured brushstrokes in shades of blue, green, yellow, orange, and purple. The colors are layered and blended, creating a sense of depth and movement. The overall style is expressive and modern.

STORIES & ASSIGNMENTS

HONORS ENGLISH ASSIGNMENT

dated January 23, 2000

WHO I AM

The most significant person in my life who has shaped my character is my mother. My mother's irresponsibility and neglectful character have transformed me into the brutally realistic person I am. Her lack of love has supplied me with the lifelong expectation that, in the end, people will hurt me. Her drug abuse is the cause of my great dislike of drugs and drug users. Her overall being is my reason for not liking people. She has made me who I am.

Although my mother has supplied me with the negative side of my personality, Santa Monica Beach has provided the positive. When I was eight years old, I came to live with my sister. During that summer of 1995, I was introduced to the beach and music. My godfather, Adrian, would play numerous tapes in his VW van on the way there. Bands he would play include Jane's Addiction, Soundgarden, Blind Melon, Spin Doctors, Nine Inch Nails, Stone Temple Pilots, Alice in Chains, and Porno for Pyros. All of these bands have made a deep impact on who I am.

Music has allowed me to become open and artistic. It has helped me heal the wounds my mother gave me. It has turned me into the art-loving, carefree, beach-loving person I am today. In many ways, music has become the drug of life for me. It is through music I can escape and create. When I create, I am beautiful.

I most often perceive myself as a damaged garden that needs some landscaping. I find my flaws, and I try to fix them. I am overly self-critical. However, I do love my life and who I have become. I think that

Adrienne during the summer of 1995.



I have lived through a lot more than your average fourteen-year-old and have gained a special knowledge through it. I see life in ways only a rare few can see and in a way that cannot be described in words.

MY DREAMS/GOALS

My ultimate goal in life is to become the most well-rounded person I can become. I want to know all that I am capable of knowing. I wish to become an expert in all fields. I want to have knowledge and wisdom. By my thirtieth birthday, I wish to have at least five BA degrees, three master's, and two PhDs.

When I am twenty-six, I will begin building a 26-roomed castle in Ireland. Here I shall place ten libraries, four filled to the brim with antique books and the rest supplied with the knowledge of the ancients. The other sixteen rooms shall include glorious bedrooms and kitchens, a recording studio, a painting studio, a Druid Ritual room, and an Ancient Idols room built into the mountain that my castle will lay on. The Ancient Idols room will have endless sculptures and paintings of ancient Gods and Goddesses. The Druid Ritual room will be a place for ritual as a Druid.

Through this secluded castle, I will morph from a caterpillar into a butterfly. I will spend my days indulging myself in books and artifacts. I shall gain wisdom only the ancients knew with this knowledge. I will be fulfilled. I will find my purpose in my life here. It is within the walls of this castle that I shall be reborn into a life of endless wonders and joys. That is my dream.

STRONG OPINIONS/FEELINGS/PASSIONS

A strong opinion of mine is that all people should crave knowledge and culture. Everyone should want to learn for the sake of

learning. Children should be brought up in cultural homes where their ancestry is often discussed. Everyone should know where they come from and should want to better themselves as human beings through art and knowledge.

I was raised in a home where my mother did not know her grandmother's name or origin. Neither did she know of her grandfather. I was brought up not knowing what runs through my blood or where I come from. It was up to me to find out that both my great-grandmothers are full blood Cherokee Indian, that my father's family comes from a wealthy line of Gentries in England, that my grandfather's name has been known in the South for over 500 years, and that my great ancestors fought the Vikings in the times of the Celts. If I had known this as a small child, I would have been more fulfilled knowing who I am. I think everyone should have that feeling of fulfillment.

I also believe that children should be expected to become great scholars and masters of knowledge. By having that expected of them, children will grow and learn how to love learning. They will indulge themselves in books. They will become more intelligent and wise, and through this wisdom, they will better themselves as human beings. If not through knowledge, they will better themselves through art. With this knowledge and wisdom, they shall be happy, and a world full of happy people will not be the gruesome, illiterate one we live in today.

If children are exposed to their background & culture, knowledge, and art at an early age, they will become higher thinkers. These higher thinkers will populate the world with more higher thinkers, and soon a new age of Renaissance shall be upon us. People will be happier, wiser, and more creative. The world as a whole will be a better place. The technology-reliant, illiterate, violent world I see and live in today reinforces my opinion on children being raised with art, knowledge, and culture.





THE WRITER

My upbringing has greatly influenced my writing technique and style. It is a very factual and realistic style. This was created by my hardships with my mother and my lack of the innocence one receives in childhood. By my sixth birthday, I was raising my mother. To do this, I had to abandon all my childhood's joys and disillusion.

When I looked at my mother, I knew that I would do anything I could to become the complete opposite of what she was. This began my craving for wisdom and knowledge. When I was six, I knew I would go to college and gain as much knowledge and education as possible both through life and school. I still wish to gain as much wisdom as possible, including the desire to become the best writer I can become.

My writing has changed over the past three years, going from being a great creative writer to becoming a great factual writer. I

have almost completely lost the ability to create fictional stories. The only creative writing I am still capable of is writing poetry. That is one of the areas that I wish to improve: my ability to create glorious fictional stories and adventures.

I am constantly seeking new words, vocabulary, and ideas to improve my writing. This comes from my strong desire to constantly better myself. As a factual writer, I am very efficient and effective. I can clearly state what I wish to prove and prove that point exactly. This process does not take too much thinking on my part for some reason. However, producing stories and people (characters) from my mind and making them seem even halfway decent is nearly impossible for me.



*Opposite left and opposite right:
Two other possible self-portraits
in 1998 and 1999.*

Left: Six-year-old Adrienne

KILLER SHEEP (A SHORT STORY)

This is an attempt to inform the ignorant scientific freaks who are oblivious to the obvious problem we have in this world at this time...Killer Sheep.

Killer sheep are a very terrifying subject. Not only are they bald and extremely angry, they are armed and ready to KILL. That's why they are called Killer Sheep.

The first clan of Killer Sheep (bred in Ireland about 600 – 500 hundred years ago) were created to seek revenge on the Vikings by a very pissed-off Celtic shepherd. He taught the sheep how to decapitate, torture, verbally assault (yes, verbal, which means they can speak too!!!), and for some odd reason, tickle (very disturbed shepherd, this guy). Eventually, after having their wool cut for the last time, they revolted against poor Mr. O'Neal. They first tore the little sheepdog to shreds, jumped over the wooden gate, broke into the shepherd's bedroom, and after hours of verbal abuse and tickle-torturing, the Killer Sheep sliced off his head with their custom-made scythe and filled his empty chest cavity with human skulls. Unfortunately, they were not taught how to clean up blood stains from wooden floors or how to get rid of the bodies. So you can imagine Mrs. O'Neal and her shock when she came into his bedroom to find his already decomposing body and the head hung on the wall as decoration.

From then on, this first clan of Killer Sheep broke into the homes of all shepherds in the land who had made innocent sheep and lambs suffer the cold of winter by shaving off their wool (and pity the man who had already made a comfy blanket out of the wool). They actually ended up killing off every Celtic shepherd in Western Ireland. They had got their revenge. Oh, but alas, the need for blood was hereditary! It was in the genes of their offspring. And so, the Killer Sheep live on.

The lessons of murder and torture are passed down (and now even the teachings of cleaning are taught) from generation to generation. It seems that the Irish have not yet discovered a cure or prevention of the wrath of the Sheep...they still have the problem of shepherds' wives awakening to the mutated body of their husbands. Sometimes it's the other way around, you know, husbands awakening to the decaying heads of their wives. Most of the time, the shock ends up killing the viewer (haha...two birds with one scythe).

Worst of all, some sheep from that first clan were shipped to other parts of the world as livestock!! You know that sheep that ended up being cloned in Scotland? Well, that was a Killer Sheep. These things even go off murdering their own kind. You can still go out one early morning and look at field upon field of sheep who have had their pretty little necks slit, the blood staining the itchy wool. It's a result of jealousy. Only the sheep with their wool still uncut get killed. The other ones are pitied and left untouched.



Oh...the baldness of the Killer Sheep is also hereditary. So if you ever see a bald sheep that is bald all year round...RUN FOR YOUR FREAKING LIFE!!! You never know if it is a new breed that has learned to kill people who AREN'T shepherds.

American ones have taken after the Columbine incident and gone off on murder sprees for no apparent reason, killing men, women, and even the poor little children (who have grown up with the thought of sheep as gentle creatures from the nursery rhymes their mothers read to them). The scariest thing about these special sheep is that some can live inside the homes of innocent non-farmer folk. (Go right now and move any furniture against any wall and check for giant holes. These holes lead to the Sheep Caves. DO NOT TRY AND ATTEMPT TO ENTER THESE CAVES!!!!!! Even professionals cannot find a way to kill these sheep).

Worst of all, some sheep that are of the first clan of the breed are immortal. Yes, immortal. Which means they are elders, and that must mean all the clans have a hierarchy. This also means the elders have the strongest power and greatest skill...SO LOOK OUT FOR ELDER KILLER SHEEP. They are definitely the most dangerous and most frightening.

Killer Sheep travel in herds. They usually consist of at least one elder and about 30 – 65 “new breeds” (breeds of Killer Sheep that are not direct relatives of the first clan). They socialize and sometimes live with regular sheep. The largest groups invest in homes of the innocent and build caves in the wall (the caves are at the end of very long tunnels, which can take hours to travel through). Most kill only shepherds who own sheep. Although, as I have said, some kill anyone for no reason. They do not like goats (no explanation for this fact, but they just don't). They are heavily armed with scythes and daggers.

The population of Killer Sheep lives mostly in Northern Ireland and the southern parts of the United Kingdom. They are very

angry little animals with no patience and have been known to be very stubborn. They submit only to the Elders. They can speak, although every sentence they say consists of a long “Bahhhh” in the middle or end of it. BEWARE THE WRATH OF THE KILLER SHEEP!!!! No one is safe!!!! Just to be safe, RUN AWAY FROM ANY SHEEP YOU SEE!! BE AFRAID, BE VERY VERY AFRAID!!!!

NEVER, EVER Say the word “blah.” Scientists think this was the command word given to the first clan to kill. If you ever say the word “blah,” you will begin to hear millions of angry “bahh-hhhhh” sounds coming from every direction. You will then have to face the Killer Sheep, who have developed a taste for human flesh. Oh no...I said it...NOOOOOOOO!! I CAN HEAR THEM!!!! I CAN HEAR THEIR ANGRY LITTLE BAHHHHS FROM ALL AROUND!!! THEY'RE OUT TO GE...

beware our wrath

-The Elder



Adrienne's last words were, "I love you, Sissy." Andrea framed this doodle and it hangs in her office where she sees it every day.

Thank you so much for always
being there for ~~me~~ me; always
being a fair yet very good parent;
feeding me; buying things I don't
need (Hit Parade); buying me things
I do need; cleaning the house when
it's dirty; making ice cubes; cooking
dinner; driving me to school; work-
ing so hard to ^{help} support the family;
But most of all:

FOR BEING MY
😊 SISSY. 😊

I Love You. 😊

SUMMERLAND ESSAY

dated September 19, 2001

For one of her Honors English Grade 10 assignments, Adrienne had to create a myth; given various topics, Adrienne chose to write a myth about death. Inspired by Wiccan and other pagan religions, she wrote an essay titled "Summerland." She never finished the assignment. This is her first draft.

There is a life after death where all "good" humans are turned into faeries and teach the "bad" humans, now ugly trolls, to become as they are.

The life principle or soul changes from a human form to the form of a vibrant, beautiful faery or a revolting, ugly troll/goblin in Summerland and back to a human being after certain lessons are learned if so desired by the dead.

Heaven or Hell, or the idea of each, exist on the same plane of existence: Summerland. For every light, there is a dark and vice-versa. Trolls = dark woods; Faeries = beautiful plains and streams. Your nature decides your home. If you're a mischievous troll, then naturally, you will wish to live with your own kind in a mischievous land. Everyone determines their own Heaven and Hell. Swamps are heaven to trolls, whereas swamps are hell to nymphs.

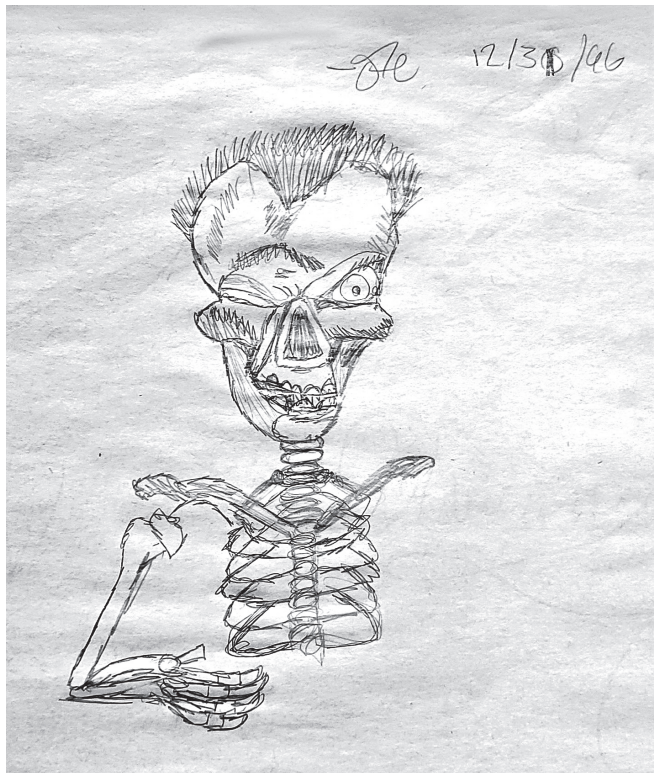
The plains and streams shine with light and beauty and welcome every type of being into their outstretched arms. The murky woods and misty forests welcome no company at all and are always dark and fearsome, except to trolls who love to build their houses there.

Beautiful areas of Summerland are inhabited by people-beings (naiads, merrells, etc.) and treasures. People there are calm and

share a deep love for all people, lands, and beliefs. Time flies, and no matter what these kind souls do, they are satisfied and happy. Those who are still learning the lessons of life and are ugly and unjust stay in the “haunted,” unattractive parts of Summerland, where they are sure to be kept alone to their own stingy thoughts and plans. These types are often stubborn and untrustworthy.

There is a council of wise, elderly men and women who look over the lands and sections of Summerland. Every “citizen” or soul has the right to complain, question, advise, and often ramble to the wise about how the land is being run. The members of the wise are also the life teachers to the dead. Their position is chosen by the highest, unnamed, unknown power of nature. It is given to them at life, although they do not know it, but is not used until needed. The rest of the dead’s life is controlled by their own decisions and minds. Beauty and light come from within (as does ugliness and darkness). Once you have discovered the meaning of your being, you can leave but are not forced to.

Right after a person passes on, semi-permanent darkness overtakes their body. It’s almost like being in a coma. During this coma, the soul is taken to a grand river. A row man awaits them, a skeleton covered merely by a dark green cloak. The soul must pass the fear that his temporary guardian projects. The



river is foggy, but eventually, they come to a bridge, which grows narrower and narrower. Here the soul must continue the journey alone. Their guardian is gone, and they, the soul, must overcome their deepest, darkest, most well-hidden fear. This is how the bridge is seen in the eyes of the crosser. Those too frightened jump and drown in the river. Those who are strong make it to the gates of Summerland.

Here three guardsmen judge the soul using the mask of truth and the sword of strength. Through the mask, one is allowed to truly see him/herself for the first time. With the sword, they gain the knowledge of who they are and how strong mentally, emotionally, and physically they really are. These experiences and reactions to such “tests” are judged by the three guardsmen. Here it is decided if they are a troll/goblin/etc...or a sylph/nymph/merrell/etc. Finally, the souls are told what Summerland is by the Grand Council of the twelve wise men and women and what they are to do there. They are moved into their new homes that night, and the review of their past life begins the morning after.

The souls of Summerland are aware of their past life and what a mortal life was like but become so involved in becoming wise, intelligent, and kind spirits that they often forget or just don't care. They hardly ever pay any attention to the beings of corruption (earth) and enjoy Summerland so much that they never travel to our dimension to research. They are also a bit frightened by Big People's (humans) ways and tend to stay away until it is their time to return.


Very rarely a lucky mortal human will get the chance to see a Summerland spirit/soul. However, once sensed by the spirit, it shall disappear—if it sees that your heart and true element are in any way evil or corrupt. If it sees that you are like Summerland residents, it will give a warm smile, wink, and fly away. If you are super lucky, it will leave you a gift as a sign of its trust and faith in you.

The souls of Summerland return to Earth as newborns. This only occurs once they have completed their lessons in Summerland. The wise help the souls look back on their life on Earth and help them see what they have done wrong so that when the time comes to return to Earth, they know what mistakes to correct and what not to do on Earth again. This pattern of learning and progressing continues until they become perfect. When they have reached that point, they will replace a member of the Council of the Wise. (Every wise man has to retire at a certain point in their life.) Until retirement, this was the “end” of life.

There are two retirement choices: return to Earth again and never go back to Summerland, or voluntarily go into a coma.



View of the Hollywood Sign from Adrienne's grave at Hollywood Forever Cemetery.



HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood Sign Future

In 2002, Andrea found this sketch of the Hollywood Sign drawn by Adrienne. She titled it "Future."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I'm not the author, only the editor of this book, but it is sacred to me. I've shed many tears during the editing process. Between her words and her art, Adrienne's personality leaps off the page, and I miss her more than ever.

They say it takes a village to raise a child. It takes an army to produce a book, especially one that combines journals, poetry, and art. Thank you...

To my assistant George Galvez for transcribing Adrienne's journals, which saved me tons of time.

To Sara Corwin, Anna & Andy Henry, and the Hollywood Sign Trust for giving permission to use specific photos.

To James Silvers, Tim Eldred, Tripp Watson, and Marbury Hendon for providing feedback about Adrienne's artwork, giving me sound legal advice, and reviewing the manuscript to ensure we removed any song lyrics.

To Meghan McCracken, Anna Dorfman, and the team at Brilliant Media, you are all amazing. I feel privileged to have

worked with you.

To Dave Navarro for inspiring Adrienne and being so kind to her friends over the years.

To Denise for being there for Adrienne and me when we needed you most.

To John for being the only father figure Adrienne ever had. You'll always be her *Johnny*.

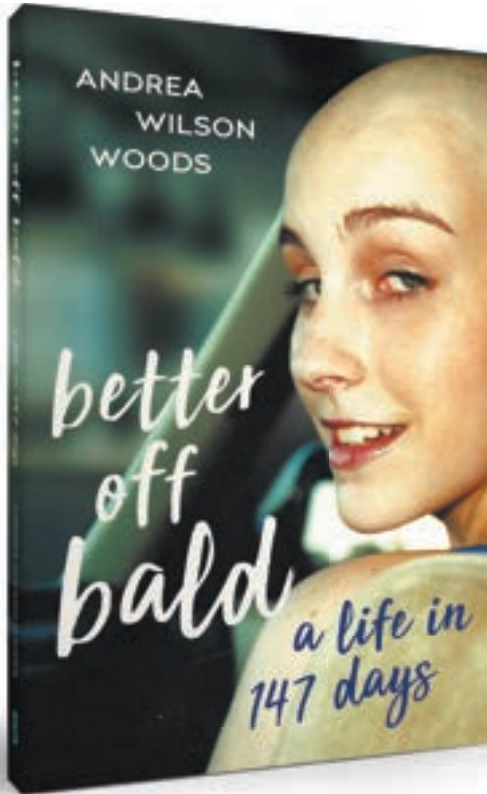
To Edward for loving me for who I am. I wish Adrienne could have met you.

To the doctors, nurses, case managers, social workers, and staff at Empire Medical Clinic, PSJMC, CHLA, and UCLA Medical Center, I hope you always remember the beautiful blue-haired young woman who insisted on wearing blue nail polish and metal jewelry to the hospital.

To Blue Faery's community of patients, families, doctors, donors, volunteers, board directors, employees, contractors, sponsors, and council members, thank you for supporting this book.

To Adrienne, you're still my hero. You're still the best kid ever. And I miss you every damn day.

READ MORE



I'd Rather Be Dead than Deaf is Adrienne's story in her own words. In 2019, the words of Adrienne's parent, sister, and friend, Andrea Wilson Woods, were published in her own searing, indelible memoir, *Better Off Bald: A Life in 147 Days*. It's a real-life "behind the scenes" of the book you've just read, with every moment of Adrienne's courage, humor, and grace throughout her last months painted as vividly as the artwork on these pages. Adrienne lived more in those 147 days than many people do in a lifetime, and Andrea's painstaking, loving chronicle of her beloved sister's journey is a welcome companion to this unforgettable story.

Praise for *Better Off Bald: A Life in 147 Days*

“*Better off Bald* is devastating and heartbreaking, inspiring and edifying. Most importantly, it’s real. It’s a beautifully written, insightful, page-turning book on how we connect as humans and why life—no matter how truncated—is worth living.”

—PACIFIC BOOK REVIEW

“*Better Off Bald* is a story that is thoroughly engrossing and fulfills one of its many purposes: to help readers know a feisty teen who discovered new life while facing its end. It’s at once sad and inspirational—a story that will linger in the mind long after its conclusion.”

—MIDWEST BOOK REVIEW

“Turning despair into inspiration is one of the most difficult things a person can do, and *Better Off Bald* is a masterclass in making that happen. By telling her story, Woods invites the reader into her world and shows why it’s necessary to stay hopeful in the darkest times.”

—INC MAGAZINE (from “6 Books to Help You Find Meaning in Your Work” by Gene Hammett)

“Andrea Wilson Wood’s memoir of her sister is complex and emotional, raw and honest. *Better Off Bald* tells a captivating story that will have a long lasting impact on any reader.”

—INDIES TODAY

“Even though *Better Off Bald* has a somber ending—as some cancer stories inevitably do—there is a powerful message about both living and dying with dignity. The book’s lessons about living life to its fullest, cherishing loved ones, and not giving up are invaluable.”

—MANY BOOKS

“*Better off Bald* paints such a vivid picture of the complexity of cancer, and the real-life challenges of living in the moment and how people think and react to every changing scope of their new reality. The author captures the reader’s heart and attention with clarity and grit. There is so much in Adrienne and Andrea’s story that makes you wish you had known them in person and feel like you already do.”

—LITERARY TITAN

“*Better Off Bald* is a brutal reading that will move the reader to tears. But even through all the hardship, the memoir is filled with quirky humor and hope as Adrienne’s personality and inner strength have her living each day to the fullest and still pursuing her dreams until the end.”

—LITERARY PORTALS

“*Better Off Bald: A Life in 147 Days* reflects a time of crushing grief and determination. Woods retells her story with compassion and a rational eye for detail while embracing all the deep emotions that ravage her as she records every one of the 147 days after the initial diagnosis.”

—CHANTICLEER BOOK REVIEWS

“*Better Off Bald* is a realistic memoir about being a caretaker for a loved one with cancer, one that reveals all of the vulnerability that was hidden for the patient’s sake.”

—FOREWORD CLARION REVIEWS

What follows is Chapter One of Better Off Bald. I'd love for you to check it out on Amazon!

DAY 1

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 2001

When I walk in the door and discover my fifteen-year-old sister Adrienne curled up in a fetal position on her favorite chair, two thoughts go through my mind. *Something is wrong. Adrienne is crying and she never cries. And damn, I'm going to miss my four o'clock workout on the treadmill and another Law & Order rerun.* Adrienne's whimpering pulls my focus back to her.

"Where have you been?" she asks.

I see her hand on her lower right rib. She speaks between choked sobs.

"It hurts. I spent half...the day in the nurse's office. I thought about calling you, but I knew...had to work. I decided to wait. I need to...the doctor, Sissy."

She takes a breath.

"It really hurts."

I know Adrienne is in incredible pain because she has never volunteered to go to the doctor. She hates doctors, especially dentists. She was overjoyed when Medi-Cal (California's Medicaid program) turned us down for her braces. Her teeth are not crooked enough to qualify even though she needs them. According to her dentist, she will develop a nasty cross bite, just like me.

I want to be sympathetic, but I am irritated. I blame Coachella, the outdoor concert my boyfriend John took her to a few weeks ago. Adrienne and John share a love of music so he takes her to concerts. For Coachella, Adrienne saved her money and we matched it so she could see her favorite band, Jane's Addiction. I

opted not to go. Twelve hours in the desert with 32,000 people is not my idea of fun.

Coachella, “the best American rock festival” according to *Rolling Stone* magazine, takes place every year at the Empire Polo Field in the town of Indio, which is 140 miles east of Los Angeles. Adrienne and I have driven through Indio many times on our way to visit my dad and stepmother who live in Arizona, but we don’t even stop to get gas in that town. Besides Coachella, I wonder what possesses 500,000 tourists to go to Indio each year. It can’t be the scenery.

Adrienne described Coachella as a modern-day Woodstock. Being in the front, she was pressed against steel metal bars all day. She wanted to see Dave Navarro sweat. I remember how she devised a way to sneak in a disposable camera. After the concert, John complained his ribs felt bruised. Exactly two weeks ago, Adrienne pulled her shoulder and went to her pediatrician, Dr. Nazzar; he gave her ibuprofen and sent her home. When Dr. Nazzar asked how it happened, Adrienne replied dance class, or maybe it was at Coachella.

I am not a big fan of Coachella.

I tell Adrienne to give me ten minutes. She is suffering but she waits patiently. Never complains. Not even once. Except for the recent shoulder incident, Adrienne has never been seriously hurt before. A few colds here and there. The occasional swollen tonsils, which I assume will need to be taken out one day. Many cavities. Getting her to brush her teeth is a constant battle in our house. She has never broken a bone. She passes her annual physical every year. Why do I make her wait? Am I upset my plans are ruined? Or is it that I don’t have sympathy for her if she cracked her rib at a rock concert? And what the hell do I do for ten minutes?

I am harsh about illness and injury. I expect people to be tough. I developed this character trait at a young age. Our mother never took us to the doctor when we were sick. She diagnosed us, gave

us medicine, and cured us. She thought seeing the doctor was a waste of time since she was a nurse and knew a cold when she saw it. A sniffly nose was no excuse for missing school. I endured seventeen years of ballet with toenails falling off, shin splints, torn ligaments, and a bruised tailbone. One time my legs were so sore I crawled up six flights of stairs because the elevator had broken. Between Mother and ballet, I learned: pain is a part of life.

We arrive at the Empire Medical Clinic around 3:50 p.m. It is a slow day, and Dr. Nazzer sees Adrienne right away. He assumes her shoulder is still bothering her. Adrienne explains her shoulder is fine now and describes the new pain, which started around noon today. Why does he appear worried? He lifts her shirt to examine her abdomen. He touches it carefully, as if the pressure of his fingers will create holes in her skin.

“How long has this area been swollen?” he asks.

“A few weeks,” Adrienne replies.

He gives me an odd look. I tell him Adrienne only showed me her swollen stomach two days ago, but then, it didn’t hurt. He must realize Adrienne, like many teenage girls, is modest about her body, especially around her parents.

I am more concerned she has not gotten her period in a few months, a telltale sign she is either pregnant or something is wrong with her body. I grilled her not too long ago.

“Are you sure that it is not even possible? You and Eli seem serious.”

She rolled her eyes.

“I’m serious, Adrienne. You can tell me. I need to know if you didn’t take precautions.”

My voice trailed off, my mind turning over multiple scenarios and possible solutions.

“Sissy, for the last time, we are not having sex! Sex is gross, sweaty, and dirty. I have no interest in it. Do you believe me now? Can we drop it?”

I felt relief and anxiety at the same time. Adrienne couldn't be pregnant, but why hadn't she gotten her period? And although I am glad she isn't doing it, doesn't she seem to have an unhealthy attitude about sex? Where did that come from?

Dr. Nazzer leaves the room to make a phone call. Adrienne seems to be tolerating the pain well. She stopped crying a while ago. I am convinced she has cracked a rib. I tell myself that's the only thing that makes sense. When he returns, Dr. Nazzer informs us he has called Dr. Brenner, a surgeon at Providence St. Joseph's Medical Center, the only hospital in Burbank. He thinks we should go there, but he wants to arrange it ahead of time. I feel better because I know Dr. Brenner and trust him.

* * *

Last summer, after I had a stomachache for a few days, my best friend Anya drove Adrienne and me to the Burbank clinic where Adrienne gets her immunizations. I have medical insurance for Adrienne but not for myself so the clinic was my only option. John was at work. When the staff refused to see me because they didn't handle urgent care, Adrienne took charge. She tried calling Anya at work. She asked the nurse if she could call a cab for us. Meanwhile, I was shaking all over, lying down on the plastic bench, the security guard's jacket covering me but providing little warmth. Adrienne later told me my skin turned gray, and my lips were purple. I spoke but my voice was a whisper.

Adrienne finally got in touch with Anya, who picked us up and drove us straight to St. Jo's. Dr. Brenner happened to be on-call that afternoon. He performed my emergency laparoscopic appendectomy, aptly nicknamed a 'lappy appy.' He inserted a laparoscope, a tiny camera, through a small cut he made below my bikini line. My appendix had already burst—probably while we were waiting at the clinic. The camera helped Dr. Brenner find the various

pieces of my appendix, which he removed through my belly button. Sounds disgusting, but it worked.

During my five-day hospital stay, Adrienne amused me by drawing on the whiteboard in my room. She showed my appendix in various stages of life until its surprise death, ending with a tombstone etched with 'RIP, Sissy's Appendix.' Being doped up on Percodan and Demerol didn't stop me from cracking up. Adrienne can always make me laugh.

* * *

Dr. Nazzer mentions Adrienne needs some tests done. He does not elaborate. Unfortunately, Dr. Brenner is unavailable but another doctor is waiting for us to arrive. You should leave immediately, says Dr. Nazzer. He never gives us any indication what he thinks is wrong, only that it's out of his league. I see the fear in his eyes. Does Adrienne see it too?

5:00 p.m.—the ER is busy. Having a doctor call ahead on your behalf doesn't make a difference. Being seen in this ER is like trying to get a seat at the Burbank Olive Garden on any given night of the week. They don't accept reservations, but you can call ahead and get on the list. What they fail to tell you is it won't matter. You still have to wait your turn.

I call John from a pay phone. He is concerned but can't leave work early. I want to yell at him. This is your fault. Didn't you pay attention? Didn't thousands of people pushing you and Adrienne against a metal railing seem like a bad idea? I hope he knows I will blame him when the doctor says she's cracked a rib. *Can't do anything about it. We'll tape it up. No dance classes until you feel better, young lady.*

I keep checking in with registration, trying to make them understand how urgent our situation is. Even if she can't be seen yet, Adrienne needs something, anything, for the pain. No, sorry.

There are only a few people ahead of you, or, it won't be long now. I swear they said the same words to me when I was curled up in a fetal position on this floor, pieces of my appendix already floating around in my body, convinced I would die from the pain. Different staff, same language: rehearsed sympathetic phrases to make the patient, parent, or friend go away.

An hour later, we meet Dr. Lin, who wastes no time in giving Adrienne pain medication. Morphine, I think. She feels better within minutes. After examining her and listening to our story, Dr. Lin fears Adrienne might have bruised her liver and could be bleeding internally. Bruised liver? Bleeding internally? *Goddamn concert. Fucking metal bars.* What was John thinking? I know he couldn't have stopped Adrienne; she is far too stubborn, but I need someone to blame.

Dr. Lin orders a CT scan. Dr. Nazzer said some tests. This is one kind of test. Will there be others? I sign papers as a nurse preps Adrienne for the scan. Something about the use of iodine, which is needed to see the picture. I don't read the fine print.

"Is," the nurse looks down at the chart, "Emma allergic to iodine?"

"It's Adrienne and I don't know. She's never been sick before."

The nurse shrugs.

The test is more important than any potential allergy. I walk beside Adrienne's gurney as she is wheeled down to Radiology. I'm not allowed to be in the room with her. Radiation exposure is bad for your body unless you need x-rays, tests, or treatments. Then, it's okay.

Before Adrienne goes into the room, she leans toward me.

"Hey Sissy, watch it be cancer."

"Bite your tongue," I retort.

I hear her giggling as I watch the door close. I smile.

* * *

Adrienne and I continue to wait in a makeshift room in the ER. I call Diana to cancel Adrienne's usual appointment. Adrienne sees her psycho doctor, her words not mine, every Wednesday evening at seven o'clock. Diana is a Marriage and Family Therapist (MFT) who specializes in treating teenagers. Adrienne has been seeing her for almost three years. Although Adrienne has never taken medication for it, she suffers from bouts of depression. Seeing Diana has helped her over the years, and it comforts me she has someone to talk to because I know she doesn't tell me everything.

Next, I contact Anya and her husband Alex. Adrienne considers them her aunt and uncle, and they have always been my biggest support system. Adrienne asks me to call her boyfriend Eli, who has been waiting online for her. He sounds surprised, even scared. I reassure him.

"She was in pain but she's better now. She had a scan and we're waiting for the results. Yes, I'll call you later. Don't come to the ER."

I want to tell him everything will be fine, but I can't make the words come out of my mouth.

Time passes like a snail inching along the sidewalk. The pea-sized ball of anxiety in the pit of my stomach works its way into a golf ball. A nurse checks every half-hour to make sure Adrienne's pain is under control. It is. What do we talk about? Definitely school. Adrienne is worried she won't have time to do her homework. I say nothing. If she is bleeding internally, there will be no school tomorrow.

After several hours, Dr. Lin walks in. I have never seen the color drain out of someone's face before. I thought people used that expression to be dramatic, but I am looking at a man whose complexion, normally beige with an underlying yellowish tinge, is now white. No, not white. Without color. His face is almost translucent. What he is about to say has nothing to do with internal bleeding. It is far worse. He doesn't have to tell me to sit down because I already am. I reach over to Adrienne and grab her hand.

Dr. Lin takes a deep breath as he moves closer to us. Working in an ER is supposed to consist of broken bones, chest pains, deep cuts, maybe an occasional gunshot wound. I believe he has never given this kind of news before.

Dr. Lin glances at Adrienne, but then turns to me.

“She has tumors in her liver and lungs.”

On an invisible cue, Adrienne and I look at each other and burst into tears.

My mind races. Tumors? What is he talking about? There must be a mistake; it’s a cracked rib. She had no pain before today. Tumors? Plural, more than one? How many? I’m afraid to ask. I squeeze Adrienne’s hand tighter. Malignant, benign. I associate these words with tumors.

Dr. Lin’s voice echoes in the distance.

“We’re not equipped to handle this situation.”

What does he mean? I hear myself ask.

“What does that mean?”

He has arranged for an ambulance to transport us to Children’s Hospital. Ambulance? Another hospital? I don’t understand. Everything is moving too quickly. The world is spinning like the teacup ride at Disneyland. I hate that ride; Adrienne loves it. Faster, faster she always screams while I promise myself I will never go on the ride again. Finally, the teacups slow down; the world comes back into focus. Dr. Lin says he is sorry and walks out.

“I was just joking,” says Adrienne, who has stopped crying.

“What?” I ask.

I have no idea what she is talking about. The words ambulance, situation, and tumors are doing cartwheels in my head.

“I was just joking when I said, ‘Watch it be cancer.’”

I look at her. I open my mouth to respond, and then, I begin laughing. The laugh originates from deep inside my solar plexus, dissolving the golf ball of stress, pieces of it flying out of my mouth.

Adrienne joins in and together our laughter fills the room. The person on the other side of the curtain must think we are bipolar. Only minutes before, we were crying over the news of multiple tumors in two different organs and now we are laughing so hard I think I might cry again. I'm glad no one else is here yet. This moment belongs to us.

John's arrival prompts me to look at the clock. It's past nine. Less than six hours ago, life was normal, or so I thought. A visit to the doctor, a trip to the emergency room, and a CT scan have conspired to turn our lives into pinball-machine balls, as we are pushed and slapped around by forces beyond our control. Last month, I remember telling John that things seem to have settled down in our house. We are getting along better. We have two beautiful, smart, healthy, happy kids: my sister Adrienne and his son Adam. Life is good.

Any's husband Alex walks in next. He and John discuss what to do with my car while I ride in the ambulance with Adrienne. Nice, safe, practical talk. That's good. Let's all pretend we're not afraid.

The ambulance shows up at ten. The ride itself is uneventful. I expected red lights and a siren, but I guess that's only for emergencies. The EMTs do their best to make Adrienne comfortable. After some discussion, one of them comments she is fifteen going on thirty-five. Adrienne eats up the compliment and flashes a big smile. With teeth. I know she feels good because she rarely shows teeth. A photographer told her to smile big for a school picture one year, maybe it was third grade. When her smile revealed her two missing front teeth, the jerk said, oh, never mind. Some people shouldn't work with children.

* * *

Without traffic, Children's Hospital Los Angeles is twenty minutes from our house in Burbank. Just over the hill. Out of the San

Fernando Valley and into Los Angeles. We used to live in this neighborhood. I knew the hospital was there, but it wasn't part of my existence. It is only blocks away from Barnsdall Art Park, home of the Ragan Art Academy. Adrienne took classes there for many years; she even completed their two-year art program. She was excited when she initially got accepted. At eleven years old, she was too young to be in the program, but her art teachers encouraged her to apply anyway. She submitted a painting she had done on wood inspired by the flowers and trees in the park. It was an atypical piece for her due to the style and subject matter, an Impressionist landscape. The square strokes of pinks, greens, and browns are reminiscent of Cézanne; it's hard to believe a child captured that beauty. Adrienne hated the painting and gave it to Anya, who loves it.

During her second year of art school, Adrienne wanted to quit the Academy. She said the classes were stifling her creative abilities. Too much structure and direction. No freedom of expression. As a parent, it was a tough call for me. I didn't want her to end up hating art, something she had been passionate about since she first held a crayon in her hand, but she had made a commitment. She needed to finish what she had started. I had allowed her to quit ice-skating a few years before. When she was nine, a coach noticed her natural ability. She took classes but when she couldn't master a backwards crossover, she became frustrated. Ice skating lessons don't have an end date, but the art program did. Adrienne resented my decision. Afterward, she swore never to do art again. I waited and watched. Before too long, she picked up a pencil and drew again.

* * *

I hit my head getting out of the ambulance. It won't be the last time. We are taken to the fourth floor—Hematology/Oncology. Welcome to HEMOC, a nurse says. I struggle to think back to science class. Hema has something to do with blood, but what does

Onco mean? I was a good student, but biology was my worst subject. I want to ask someone, but I am afraid of two things: appearing stupid and the answer. A nurse gets Adrienne settled in while Dr. Christina Coleman, the resident on-call, begins hammering me with questions. Most of which, I can't answer.

"I don't know if she's allergic; she's never been sick before." Didn't I just say this to someone else?

"Her father is dead. No, I don't know his medical history."

"No, our mother doesn't live here."

"Yes, I'm her legal guardian."

"She's lived with me since she was eight years old."

"No, I don't know. No. Yes. Maybe? Can I get back to you tomorrow?"

I tell her prior to the abdominal pain, Adrienne's only symptoms were the pain in her shoulder and her lack of a period. Dr. Coleman informs me I need to bring in proof of my legal guardianship as well as Adrienne's immunization records right away. I hope right away can wait until tomorrow. After an hour or so, the interrogation is over.

Dr. Coleman needs to examine Adrienne privately. John, Alex, and I, along with Anya who met us at the hospital, decide to get food. The nurse suggests McDonald's, which is on the first floor. I have never heard of a hospital having a fast food restaurant, and I wonder if this is a new trend in healthcare. We rush downstairs because McDonald's closes at midnight. We get there at 12:02 a.m. We are so tired, hungry, and frazzled, we don't care where or what we eat. However, Adrienne requested a salad. We drive around until we find a Carl's Jr. on the corner of Sunset and Western. They are closing but John and I convince the manager to stay open. We buy our food and return to the hospital. Famished, I eat my chicken sandwich in minutes despite its blandness and lack of mustard. Adrienne barely touches her salad; exhaustion overrides hunger as she falls asleep.

We speak in whispers. We don't want to wake Adrienne. No one says the word. That scary word. If we don't say it, it can't be true.

Step on a crack, break my mama's back. Step on a line, break my mama's spine. I hear my voice as a child chanting this mantra as I walked to school. Sometimes, I broke the rules and stepped on a line to see what would happen. *Cinderella dressed in yellow went upstairs to kiss her fellow. Made a mistake and kissed a snake. How many doctors will it take?* I jumped to the beat of the rope determined to surpass the current record of twenty doctors.

How many doctors will it take? If you exclude EMTs and nurses, we have already seen three. I know what we are dealing with, but I don't mention it. Anya is certain this is all a mistake; Adrienne is on the wrong floor. I want her to be right, but she's not.

I make a list of clothes and toiletries. I write the approximate location of each item so John can find it, or maybe, I tell him where to look. In our relationship, I am the organized one, the administrator, he says. This label makes me feel like a school principal. Does that make John a teacher or a student?

* * *

"Where's your kid?" asked the small boy.

He stood in front of me on the stoop of our apartment building. He was a pretty child with fine, straight, light brown hair tumbling down his back.

Before I answered, my eyes followed his hand to his father's hand up to his father's face. Oh no! He was *that* guy. My new neighbor. The one I had wanted to meet. I had seen him yesterday across the hall carrying two bags of groceries. He had not seen me. His curly, dark brown hair was almost to his waist. Too long I had thought, but his toned, athletic legs and tight, round ass were perfect. I felt like someone had reached inside my body and squeezed my heart. Some call it love at first sight. It was more than lust.

Adrienne and I had concocted ridiculous ways I could accidentally meet this man, including asking for a cup of sugar. Only, I didn't cook. Now his kid was talking to me. I was wearing a baggy t-shirt, baggy shorts, and carrying a load of laundry from the basement into the building. I had been cleaning all day; my hair was a nest of dust. Combined with the dried sweat from the heat of early September, I looked fabulous.

"So, where's your kid? Want a Popsicle? Mine is Donald Duck. Dad bought it from the ice cream man. Can I play with your kid?" asked the boy.

"Uh. Sure. Follow me. She's inside."

By the time John and I talked, Adrienne and Adam were engrossed in a board game. John was twenty-eight years old and worked at Bank of America. His son, Adam, was four and the product of a previous relationship. John had Adam every weekend. They had lived up the street prior to moving into our building that weekend. Our children knew each other before we had ever met; Adrienne and Adam had waved to each other as neighbors did. The four of us spent all day together. I wanted to impress this man. He commented on my movie poster puzzles from my two favorite movies of all time: *Gone with the Wind* and *The Wizard of Oz*.

"They were both directed by Victor Fleming. Both MGM. 1939 was a good year," I said in a witty tone I didn't recognize.

I wondered why I was trying so hard. It had been a year since I had been in a relationship. I'd gotten used to the late nights in my tiny kitchen reading at my desk. Adrienne and I had moved into this small studio apartment after being evicted from Highland Terrace because I couldn't afford the rent there. We had gone from two bedrooms, two baths to a no bedroom, one bath. From \$950 a month to \$475 a month. Located on the eastern edge of Hollywood, Lyman Place apartments had been the only place I had found that

didn't check credit. We had lived there for five months. We had a routine. I was lonely but I didn't like change.

When John offered to make dinner, Adrienne said that would be cool before I could protest. After purchasing groceries, John sent me to the liquor store with specific instructions: buy Kendall Jackson Chardonnay. He was making spinach tortellini with Alfredo sauce, Adrienne's favorite.

As I walked the two blocks to Captain Cork's Liquor, I muttered to myself. What am I doing? I don't even know this guy, and I left Adrienne with him. He could be a killer. Lots of Johns are serial killers: John Christie, John Wayne Gacy, No! Adrienne liked this John, which meant he must be okay. I needed to trust her instincts. Trust myself. John and I were supposed to be together.

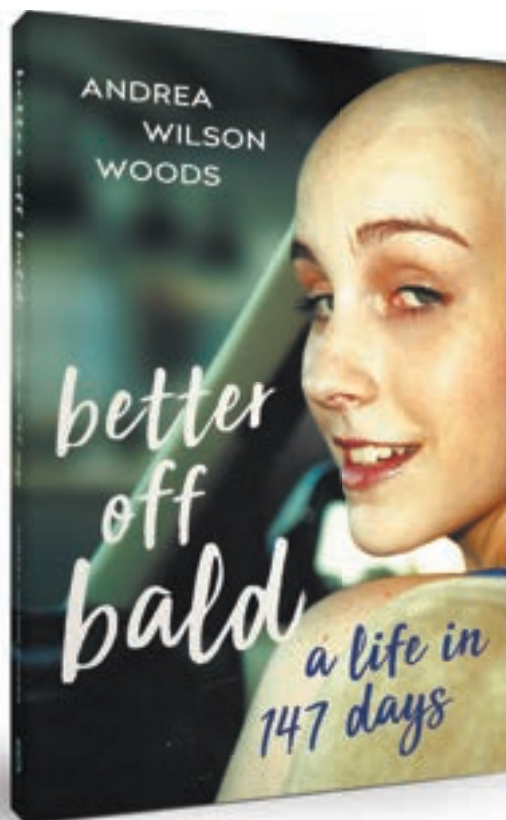
* * *

John, Anya, and Alex leave. In Adrienne's hospital room, I curl up in a chair, which is designed for sleeping because it extends out to accommodate your legs, but only if you're short. Good thing, I'm 5'2". I pull out my legal pad and write lesson plans to fax to school in the morning. They will need a substitute for the substitute, which amuses me. I began teaching in after-school programs and later substitute teaching so I could be on Adrienne's schedule, yet neither one of us will be in school tomorrow. I only compose plans for Thursday and Friday. Everything will be fine by Monday.

As I lie down, I think about how much Adrienne and I despise this environment. Growing up, we spent countless hours in nursing homes and hospitals where our mother worked. She insisted we visit her because her girls cheered people up, especially the elderly, who either had no family or had families who wouldn't see them. I danced for crowds of septuagenarians, while Adrienne acted like the adorable toddler she could be at times. Though we gave them brief moments of joy, Adrienne and I could not take

away the loneliness we saw in their eyes. I always wanted to leave as soon as possible, as if their sadness was contagious.

Thinking about those isolated old people of the past makes me wonder if all parents stay overnight with their children. I slip my right hand through the metal bars to hold Adrienne's left hand. How many times have I grabbed this hand to give encouragement, to allay fear, to say I love you? I seem to always be to the left of Adrienne. Does that mean anything? As I will myself to sleep, one thought permeates my mind, a stored bit of trivia, probably something my mother told me—benign tumors don't spread, malignant ones do. I hold Adrienne's hand all night long. Day 1 is over.





Adrienne's favorite photo of herself; she thought she looked like an elegant mannequin.
Make-A-Wish Day on August 28, 2001

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

E. Adrienne Wilson was a talented artist, gifted writer, voracious reader, and a budding musician when she was diagnosed with hepatocellular carcinoma in May 2001. Some of her academic achievements include a UCLA Creative Writing Scholarship, Principal's Honor Roll (all three years in middle school), Presidential Academic Achievement Award, California Junior Scholastic Federation Gold Sealbearer, and Outstanding Portfolio Award (8th grade). When Adrienne was diagnosed, she was finishing her first year of high school at Burbank High, where she maintained a 4.0 GPA. She completed two years of fine art studies at the Ragan Art Academy and was the youngest person accepted into the program at that time. Adrienne received honorable mentions in many art competitions, and her artwork was displayed in three Los Angeles galleries.

ABOUT THE EDITOR

Andrea Wilson Woods is a keynote speaker, a writer who loves to tell stories and a patient advocate who founded the nonprofit Blue Faery: The Adrienne Wilson Liver Cancer Association. For over ten years, Andrea worked in the education field as a teacher and professor for public and private schools as well as universities. Andrea obtained her master's degree in professional writing from the University of Southern California; her nonfiction writing has won national awards. Her best-selling and award-winning book, *Better Off Bald: A Life in 147 Days*, is a medical memoir about raising and losing her sister Adrienne to liver cancer.

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Thank you for reading *I'd Rather Be Dead Than Deaf: A Young Woman's Journey with Liver Cancer*.

All proceeds from this art journal go to Blue Faery, a nonprofit public charity dedicated to eradicating liver cancer. We really appreciate your feedback and love hearing what you have to say.

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