

“It’s like I was saying the other day, these people, they’re all the same, a stereotype, and, y’know, like, I like to be different.”

“Geeks.”

“...Geekism... being geeky... geekish.”

“Who?”

“?”

“Like Geeky... indie...”

“Exactly, like, it’s like I was saying, they’re all, like...”

“Yeah, I know what you mean, it’s like...”

“What?”

“...Right...”

“If I’m depressed, I’ll just listen to the lyrics of Half man Half Biscuit’s albums.”

“Half Man Half Biscuit... they’re... yeah. And I know they’re just a poncey little band, but Belle and Sebastian... I’m really into them.”

“Well, they’re really happy-clappy, y’know?”

Do you talk too much, don’t listen enough? How much of your conversation time is given over to *you*? stop and listen to yourself for a while, and analyse what you see. I bet it doesn’t look good.

Maybe, just maybe, if you step outside your own gravitational force and realise that the centre of the universe is not wherever you happen to be, you might learn something.

You may discover that there’s more to life. And then, maybe, just maybe, you will become something more, something better than the self-obsessed vacuous scum you are at this moment in time.