

## YouSuck.Com

It's 2:00 am. You can't sleep. Your cat left the bed with a sneer of disgust. The thoughts in your brain are spinning around like heavy jeans in a commercial washing machine. You think about getting up, getting a book to read, finishing that project for work, sorting your sock drawer, vacuuming your carpet... anything to stop those thoughts. But resistance feels futile, and anyway, it's warm under the blankets. So you surrender to your destiny and surf into the "YouSuck.com" website\* in your head and log into the "members only" area. "Odd," you think, "Passwords are usually impossible to remember, but I've never forgotten my password to this site." You take this as a sign that you were meant to surf here and lull yourself into a state of agitated peace.

It's like coming home really. The old tapes that used to play in your head have been converted into 3D files with images that you can see and feel as well as hear. Virtual reality is the best! Only it hurts like hell because it's playing back all those scenes you wish you could erase from your internal hard drive that are beaming back to you in a high definition digital quality that wrenches your gut. You watch yourself say that thing you said to your mother when you were so frustrated that you felt like you would explode, and see the hurt crinkle across her brow before she turns and walks away. You watch yourself yelling horrible things at your ex when you found out s/he was having an affair. And even though it was true, you'd give anything to take it back so that you didn't become the person s/he accused you of being. And you see yourself snapping at your best friend that night s/he pushed you just a little too far. You watch your friend recoil from you and see yourself as a monster in his/her eyes. You understand now that as much as you'd like, you can never take these words back. You feel like shit.

You click on, "OK! Enough already!" but the page that comes up is even more gut wrenching than the one you were just on. This page is playing a video of your father, or maybe it's your mother, (it's your video, you decide), telling you how you've disappointed them. They've never really said this so clearly in real life, but here, in HD video with stereophonic sound that could break glass if Ella Fitzgerald was singing, they've quit pulling punches. They're finally telling you just how very much you suck. They are telling you that you're an utter complete failure.... A disgrace to the family name. You've let them down. Either you never had kids, or you had them and you really managed to fuck that up. Or, they wanted you to be an accountant and you became an artist, or vice versa. Or, if you became what they wanted you to become, you managed to screw that up as well. Doesn't matter. You fucked up. Oh, and by the way, you were a miserable child and they will never forget how you... (fill in the blank, it was your childhood). If you're lucky, your siblings aren't lined up to add fuel to the already roaring fire. If not, well.... It's burn, baby burn.

And then, just when you think you can't take your family's messages anymore, the screen changes. You sigh audibly. "Finally," you think, "it's over." Silly you! You logged onto the "members only" section of [www.YouSuck.com](http://www.YouSuck.com). There's no easy way out of this, at least not before you're writhing in agony. Lucky for you, this page may actually do the trick. It's playing a slideshow of your doubts, backed by surround sound audio, just in case you'd miss the point in silence. First there's your job, or your lack of job, or your lack of significant money from your job, or the fact that even though you're getting paid, too much in fact, for what you do, you're a total fraud and you're lucky no one else has figured it out, or... Argh! Wait! It's a new screen. Now you're on the dreams page. Forget them. You Suck! You'll never get there. What the hell were you thinking by even bothering? All that money, or time, or both.... Might as well have flushed it down the toilet. *Click!* New page and another audible exhale. Relationships. Oh Joy! You suck. You're the absolutely most crappy girlfriend/boyfriend ever. You don't listen well. You're too cranky. Too irritable... and you have

some really, really annoying habits. Oh, and your sexual prowess... forget about it. You're lucky anyone ever slept with you a second time. What were you thinking? And to add insult to injury, your cat, or maybe it's your dog, or your kid, or if you're having a really bad night, your therapist, has just panned in and told you, in no uncertain terms, that you are the most pathetic creature to ever exist on the planet.

Here's where the Wi-Fi connection to your brain breaks down. Somewhere, a voice in your head begins to question. "How can I possibly be the most pathetic creature to ever exist on the planet? Do the website administrators not have cable? Do they not realize that people actually watch shows about people robbing convenient stores? Have they not watched reality TV? Have they not watched people eat unspeakable things just to 'stay on the island?' Did they not watch Sarah Palin in those moments the RNC wasn't able to protect her from herself? Did they miss the last eight years of the Bush administration? At least I can pronounce nucLear!"

You're on a roll now. "Damn it, I may not have been the perfect child, but I got some things right. How many kids write poetry for Mother's Day? It'd be a hell of a lot easier to send flowers. And I may not have been the best lover ever, but I wanted to be, and baby, oooh baby, give me a chance, and tell me what you want.... And.. well... And even if it's only tying my shoes or vacuuming, I can do some things well. Shit. I can do a lot of things well, even though I'm having a hard time thinking what they might be in this very moment. OK, like, at least I'm funny. Like, when my tree pose (yoga) looks like its being blasted by hurricane force gales, at least I make the teacher laugh. And ok, so that plant in my office died. I tried to revive it. It came with the office and I nurtured it and loved it and have it full spectrum light and gave it Amish worm castings (no, I don't know what those are, nor do I need to know). The god or goddess or of plants must have recognized my efforts. And my finances... well... Suze Orman (she's a lesbian you know!) is telling me what to do about those."

Now that you've logged off the YouSuck.com site, I'm guessing there are at least 10 things you can think of that you like about your self. I don't care if you have to start out with, "I have really cute feet," (I'm sure you do have really cute feet!), start your list. If you need help, you might note that you can make a really neat bow when you tie your shoes. And that people like your..... and that you've been kind to.... And... (fill in the blanks). Write the list out and add more examples. When you're done, tuck it under your pillow. And next time you can't sleep, instead of going to, YouSuck.Com, reach under your pillow, grab your list of positive attributes, and remind yourself that you are lovable, absolutely and completely lovable, even if you don't always get everything right. Then, take a deep breath, and let yourself drift slowly and peacefully into sleep.

\*Not the porn site.... Even in this spin, especially in this spin, you know you'll get a virus or a worm or something that will doom your computer for life from a porn site. In this space, you know that there's no such thing as safe sex. Even masturbation has its risks – stained sheets and carpel tunnel to name a few.

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