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DIARY OF A MADMAN

Wanna delve into Derek's boring life? Just find a summary that holds your interest and click on the date to see the full diary entry.

Rants from 1999:

[12/20/99](#)

Just back from Henderson Kentucky with a brand new story designed to raise those little hairs on the back of your neck. A big shout out to Skepson for e-mailing me the initial info on the subject

[12/15/99](#)

Seen the exciting new entry tagged as an Amateur Hour? It's not for the faint of heart, trust me. If anyone else out there is vomiting up things that shouldn't be in their stomachs then feel free to keep it to yourself.

[12/05/99](#)

Oh the loon from Atlanta has contacted me again. He must have some kind of phobia against corporations because his new story is all about Amelia Earhart running a major airline.

[12/01/99](#)

Got my first e-mail from Japan. My cyber empire knows no

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bounds. I conducted a quasi interview via e-mailed questions with the guy who claimed a dragon came up from the earth during the Kobe earthquake.

11/20/99

Ask and you shall receive. My favorite tabloid reporter gave me a tip on 2 twins who think they were Siamese when they were born.

11/10/99

What's up with the all the 'old people do the wackiest things' news? The newest entry in amateur hour is all about this guy's grandmother building an altar to the anti-Christ.

11/07/99

Contrary to popular internet rumors the world did not end in meteorite impact glory today. You can all get out from your bunker and proceed to work on Monday.

11/05/99

They clued me in on a Florida retiree that claims to have been connected with the both the Mafia and the Kennedy assassination. After being up in Michigan I take any chance I can to get closer to the equator.

10/20/99

Anyway I drove all the way up to this God forsaken state to see a little boy who claims to have the power of automatic writing. I'm still undecided on the subject but you can read the report in the 'pedia and decide for yourself.

10/10/99

Stop the presses! I take everything back about what I said last week being slow. I got's hot new video. Zapruder footage, Patterson bigfoot kinda stuff. Stop reading this crappy rant and go and check out the amazing new footage I just got my hands on.

10/01/99

Now sing along with me 'Where oh where have all the freaks gone.' Slow news week. I haven't seen hide nor hair of my little Sherlock (as I call the usual suspects who haunt this web site).

09/20/99

So I hopped on board one of those cramped torture planes and 5 hours later I was in the state of Washington. Heap big difference between here and there. Oh, who was the sucker . . . er nice sponsor? Well it was none other than the 17th annual Bigfoot Convention. I was a guest of honor.

09/10/99

Well you can start clicking on those sponsors cause I just did a half hour phone call with a guy in Australia. Check out the new entry in the 'pedia for all the details.

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09/09/99

Yeah, yeah, I know. The discussion boards crashed yet again. This time, at least, Lan was in town when it happened (so she didn't try to blame me for making it worse.)

09/01/99

Let's start things off on the right foot by giving praise where praise is due. A big freaky thank you to JZ. in the neon capital of the world, Las Vegas, for his tip on the bible projectile.

08/15/99

It's a rare thing that you see me up and at 'em before high noon. But here I sit at 9 am munching on a bowl of sugar treats and milk and feeling all a chipper inside. I have no idea why. Maybe something is toying with my body chemistry.

08/05/99

You ever find yourself in a situation you don't want to be in? Happens to the best of us. I don't mean the freak in Atlanta with the big ideas. That was of my own doing and I have to admit it makes a good report. The situation I'm talking about happened this week when I met the future life hippies.

07/29/99

I just spent the most frustrating 5 days of my life trying to met with this guy who claims that a corporation from an alternate earth is trying to steal our natural resources.

07/14/99

Lan on the other hand has been a busy girl while I was gone. She got in some great pictures of Spontaneous Human Combustion.

07/13/99

Now I've heard that these people of Los Angeles have got a coupla ideas that haven't rolled on back east yet but I didn't expect for them to be so far ahead of us on timepiece implantation.

07/12/99

Well if your waiting for something loopy to happen at the wedding let me put your mind to ease. Nothing strange happened. No kidnappings, no anal probes, no nothing.

07/11/99

Well I'm safe and sound at Bently's but about 10 hours ago I was sure my life was in danger of being cut short. As soon as I had grabbed my stuff at baggage claim I was approached by 4 young Asian men who kinda sorta 'insisted' I go with them.

07/10/99

OK crisis averted, problem solved. I think I have a way for

everyone to get happy and for no one to get hurt. (insert trumpet fanfare here)

07/08/99

OK, OK no more e-mails I'm turning those e-mail addresses off. I think I've found a way to make everyone happy. More details to follow.

07/04/99

So anonymous has been busy this week Another new e-mail with another interesting event, this one captured on video. Its up in the 'pedia until I decide otherwise.

07/01/99

There's no info attached to them in the e-mail. I did a little recon via the world wide weird and my sources but no one has ever heard of these autopsy photos.

06/20/99

The new story in the Freakopedia may be a little too intense (mostly the photographs) for the younger freaks so make sure little Sally Mae is tucked into her bed before you check it out.

06/08/99

Nothing cheers me up like meeting someone else that's worse off than I am and this guy in Gulf Breeze has sure got it bad.

06/01/99

Seems like some half crazed guy was roaming half nekkid around the park causing trouble, scaring the tourists, shouting nonsense and in general making a nuisance of himself. Well they finally caught him and it turns out that he wasn't speaking nonsense, he was speaking Russian.

05/15/99

Well sorta lost. I kinda know where I am in relation to the saner parts of the world but I have no idea where I am in relation to the guy who claims that the devil came to visit him and left his handprint on a tree.

05/07/99

Met with a guy who works at one of the theme parks in town. He's an audio engineer which means that when they have a new attraction or area it's his job to decide what kind of music or effects it is going to have. Neat job but the most interesting thing is that he collects audio recordings of ghosts as a hobby.

05/02/99

My informant at the tabloid newsmag gave me an interesting lead on a the South African version of a bigfoot. It took some calling around to Johannesburg but I got the story

04/22/99

Jason and I have spent most of the last week tracking down a story about a 3 legged stripper working somewhere in Florida. This of course means that we spend a lot of time in strip clubs.

04/15/99

Thanks for the e-mailed tip from John-boy in LA (la-la land) about the gang banger's ghost dog. It's an interesting story and is fresh off the press here at freak central. Course it's not the first time a pet has come back to haunt it's owner.

04/05/99

Our cub reporter in Budapest sent an amazing e-mail this week about a Hungarian woman who claims to have given birth to an octopus. Make sure you check it out.

04/01/99

In case you haven't seen it make sure and go check out the home page. The 'Lordz of the New Machine' hacked us last night and left a nice new opening page. Out of respect for their handiwork (and over the requests of my own personal hacker, Lan) I'm leaving it up for 24 hours.

03/15/99

I failed to mention this little old lady I met when I was in Manhattan. She works at this record shop in the Village where I went and bought presents for all the freaks in my life.

03/08/99

Well the board is back up so gets to discussing your little hearts out. I drop by there now and again and put in my 5 cents worth. And before you tell me what a genius I am for fixing it let me just set the record straight and tell ya that Lan did it, not me.

03/05/99

Before you e-mail me I know the discussion board is down. I'm well aware. Get off my back. I tried to fix it and I made things worse. Lan will be back soon and she can fix it and make all your lives go back to normal.

03/01/99

Derek, your host with the most speaking up from the lovely confines of the Derek bunker located somewhere in the midst of the Sunshine State. I am now happy to report that Freakylinks is Y2K compliant.

02/25/99

A police lieutenant was interested enough in me coming up that he gave me the name and address of a man who is a voodoo priest up in this Haitian neighborhood. I'm going up to interview him later today.

02/22/99

I'm somewhere on the coast between North Carolina and Virginia. I write this in the booth of a truckstop as I wait for my '18 wheeler delight' omelet.

02/20/99

I got another e-mail from my friend over at the tabloid. He was handling a story that looked a 'little more real' than most. Thought I might be interested in doing some leg work on it for the web site. Evidently a Mafia guy got killed by what looks to be voodoo.

02/10/99

I've gotten several e-mails recently from people wondering just how all this information tends to gravitate to me. Luck of the draw I guess. Sometimes news falls into my lap and sometimes I have to get my ass up and go track it down

02/01/99

A big thanks to Tucker in Tuscalosa for the tip on the dead tree. I drove up to God's country the day before yesterday and checked it out.

01/21/99

I'm back from the swamp. Muddy and stinking of rotten fish but I'm back. Well I was stinking of fish. I threw the T-shirt and pants I was wearing out as soon as I got away from the fish camp where the new web cam is set up.

01/10/99

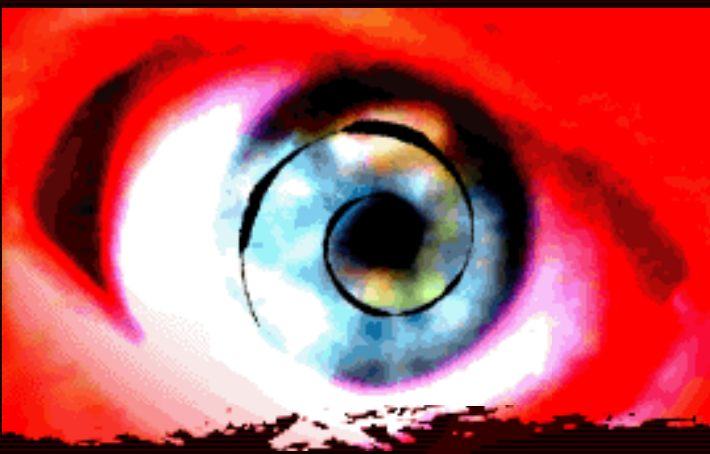
Yeah, you may call it tabloid journalism but I call it an encyclopedia of the weird. The hell with 24 hour cable news or the 30 minute round up of the world you see every night at 6:30 on the tube. Tabloid, muck-raking, journalism is where it is at!

01/05/99

Yea, yea happy birthday to me and all that crap. I'm one year older and deeper in debt as the song goes. I quit being excited about my birthday right around the time I stopped getting 10 bucks in tokens for the arcade as a gift.

01/01/99

This is Lan filling in for Derek. He had a little too much celebration at the party last night and is feeling a bit under the weather. He's on the couch and is currently unable to form complete sentences, much less type.



FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

January 1st, 1999

Hello,

This is Lan filling in for Derek. He had a little too much celebration at the party last night and is feeling a bit under the weather. He's on the couch and is currently unable to form complete sentences, much less type. The last thing he said was "need more aspirin" and then went back to moaning.

Guess that means that he's going to miss the birthday party at his Mom's.

I got him a new monitor and just spent the last hour setting it up. I'm putting a bow on top and leaving it up to him to figure out what it means. Make sure you e-mail him a happy birthday greeting.

Bye,

Lan



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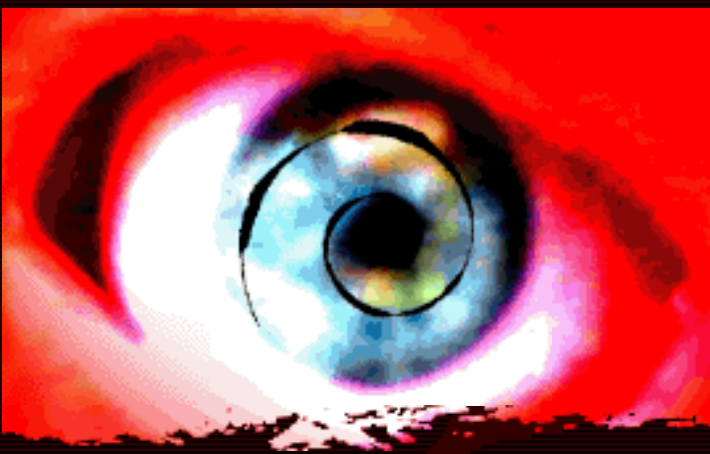
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FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

January 5th, 1999

Hey,

Yea, yea happy birthday to me and all that crap. I'm one year older and deeper in debt as the song goes. I quit being excited about my birthday right around the time I stopped getting 10 bucks in tokens for the arcade as a gift. From now on you will think of me as 18 going on 16. And I can still whip your ass in video games.

Guess you heard the news about the new monitor. No more squinty eyes trying to ponder what the hell an e-mail says. This baby is 21 inches of cathode ray tube fun. Lan deserves much kudos and blessings thrown toward her.

New in the Freakopedia; check out our [suburban housewife and her ever growing slimemold](#). Is it paranormal or just bad use of chlorine? You be the judge

hurdy gur,

Derek



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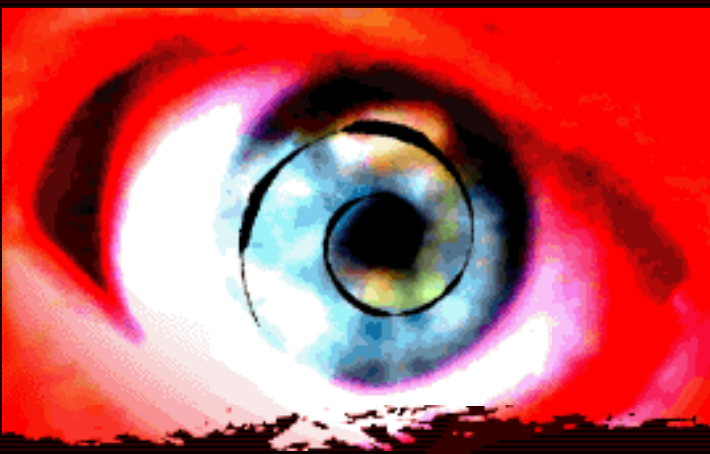
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FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

January 10th, 1999

Heya,

A reporter from one of those news magazines you see on the grocery store check out line dropped me some info. I promised him I wouldn't say which particular tabloid since he's not suppose to share stories but it's one of the majors. Yeah, you may call it tabloid journalism but I call it an encyclopedia of the weird. The hell with 24 hour cable news or the 30 minute round up of the world you see every night at 6:30 on the tube. Tabloid, muck-raking, journalism is where it is at!

Anyway he likes the stuff and wanted to drop me a line about a story he did recently on skunk ape sightings down around Lake Ocheechobee. The Ocheechobee Ogre it's called. A monster with big feet, a hairy face and a bad smell. (hence the name skunk) Once again I'm hot on the trail of news as it happens.

Gotta go and take Mr. Crowley for a walk.

Hurdy gur,

Derek "Never a dull moment" Barnes



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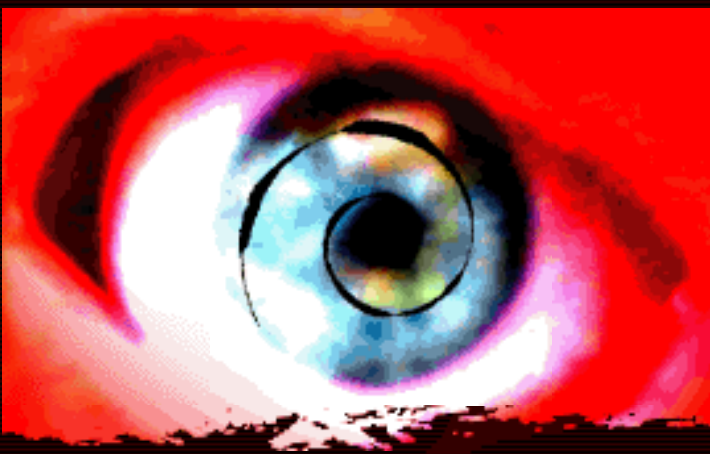
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

January 21st, 1999

Yo,

I'm back from the swamp. Muddy and stinking of rotten fish but I'm back.

Well I was stinking of fish. I threw the T-shirt and pants I was wearing out as soon as I got away from the fish camp where the [new web cam](#) is set up.

That's right, our [third monster web cam](#) in a series is up and a running. Thanks go out to Jim Smith over at Jim's Fish Camp and Bar for allowing us the honor of getting him up on the web.

So anyway, I went down to that huge pond in the middle of the sunshine state and started asking around about the skunk ape. It wasn't too long before I had found out that Jim's fishcamp o' fun was the hot spot of recent activity.

"Oh yeah, I seen it. Damn thing comes up at night and eats the fish guts we throw out in back."

Well you can imagine how excited I was to hear about fish guts. I asked to see the suspect area, Jim pointed with his fillet knife and off I went to explore. Thirty feet out I managed to step ankle deep in what I can only describe as "fish gut central"

Man what a smell. If this is what the skunk ape is eating then I can certainly understand why he stinks to high heaven.

After surveying the land and noticing a bump in the nearby water that could either be a odd shaped log or a very large alligator I hightailed it back to the semi-civilized confines of the fish camp and asked Jim if it would be possible to set up a camera for my web site.



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"What's in it for me?"

Good question. I looked around the ramshackle collection of sheds, lean-tos, old bass boats and decrepit trailers and said, "How about a web site for your fish camp?"

Well we dickered back and forth for a while but in the end Jim realized the benefits in keeping up with new technology and agreed that a web site extolling the virtues of Jim's Fish Camp and Bar would be just the thing to get those tourists down in droves.

Lan wasn't too excited when I told her that we had to design a web page for Jim in exchange for the web cam but there's always unexpected challenges when I go out to conquer the unexplained. She's just gotta learn to roll with the punches.

More as it develops,

Hurdy Gur,

Derek "Stinky boy" Barnes

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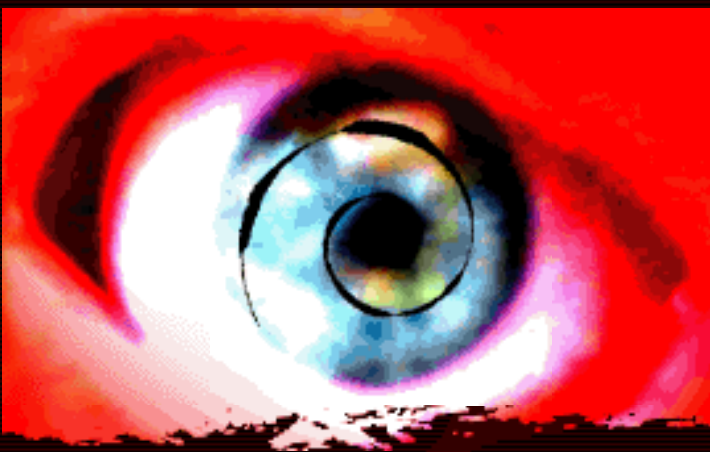
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

February 1st, 1999

Howdy partners,

A big thanks to Tucker in Tuscalosa for the tip on the dead tree. I drove up to God's country the day before yesterday and checked it out. You can view the results (and listen to it) by checking out the [new entry](#) in the Freakopedia.

As for news about me, I stopped smoking! Well I have stopped for almost a week now. Gotta be politically correct in these ever changing times. (ain't that funny coming from me?) I knew it was bad for me I just never had the willpower before. I didn't smoke much, just enough to bother people. I decided now was the perfect time to quit since I got so many good things to occupy my time.

So, I've dropped the butt and started chewing snuff. Just a pinch between my cheek and gum and I'm good to go. It's all the rage now. I'm setting up a chewing tobacco skateboarding contest here in town and inviting all the impressionable 18 year olds to come on down and catch some air with cud in your mouth.

OK, no, not really, no chewing tobacco. No snuff, no skateboarding contest either for that matter. I'm a man of few vices other than of course my \$200 a week crystal meth habit.

. . . just kidding, Mom.

Mom's got a habit you know. She wouldn't say it was but I think that her interest in astrology is just as habit forming as any drug legal or otherwise. Scorpio this, Taurus that.

"The moon is in the 7th house with Mars rising . . ." Whatever.

I'm a Capricorn and when I recently asked Mom about that she told me that the Capricorn's sign begins on the winter



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solstice which is the longest night of the year. I'm ruled by Saturn which is the planet of cold rationality and Uranus (no jokes, fanboy) which is the planet of strong will.

Thus Capricorns tend to be defensive loners, often with a single minded ambition that can lead them to great heights of power . .or wrongness.

Kinda weird how that description fits both me and my brother.

hurdy gur,

Derek

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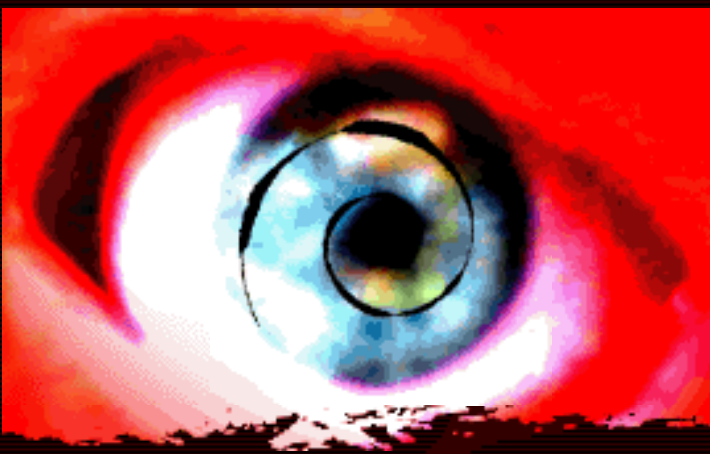
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FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

February 10th, 1999

Hey,

What's new pussycat? (as the song goes)

I've gotten several e-mails recently from people wondering just how all this information tends to gravitate to me. Luck of the draw I guess. Sometimes news falls into my lap and sometimes I have to get my ass up and go track it down. If you had a website on the paranormal (and the field is quite full right now so don't even think about it) you too could be getting letters from loony serial killers and guys with the word "chupacabra" in their nickname. The [newest story](#) in the Freakopedia is a perfect example of how stuff just tends to circle around me until a chance happening makes the information reach my ears.

Your friend and mine Jason started the ball rolling a coupla nights ago when he was out drinking. He was into his cups when some guy next to him started going off about Saddam Hussien and how we could have kicked his ass in Desert Storm if Bush had given us the go ahead. Well Jason has this particular interest in high powered weapons and one thing led to another and before you know it this guy is telling Jason about this ultra secret hush-hush group of Saudis that were part of some inner sanctum plan to screw things up for Hussien and his Republican Guards. I got this info half-assed from Jason but he was smart enough to get the guys name and number. I [interviewed the reservist](#) when he was sober and got an interesting story. It's in the Freakopedia for you to check out.

And there's a backstage look at the weirdness that makes up my life. If you got an angle on something in your hometown that might make an interesting entry in my ever growing files, lemme know. Tips that make it into the Freakopedia usually get something from me in return. (hey it may only be



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a T-shirt but whadda you want?)

hurdy gur

Derek "Bossanova" Barnes

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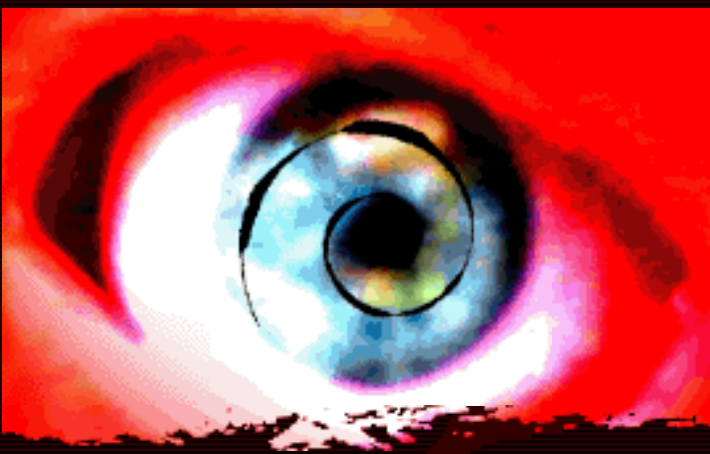
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FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

February 20th, 1999

Hey there,

I got another e-mail from my friend over at the tabloid. He was handling a story that looked a "little more real" (his exact quote) than most. Thought I might be interested in doing some leg work on it for the web site (as long as I share the info with him when I get back). Evidently a Mafia guy got killed by what looks to be voodoo.

Problem is, the story comes out of the Big Apple, the city so nice they named it twice, New York City. Get down your road atlas and take a look. Central Florida is quite a ways from that happening little burg. Jason says I can drive it in 24 hours (gee that sounds like a party).

"But Derek," I hear you whine, "Why don't you just call up there and get the facts?"

Well that's the easy way out. A guy like me, a guy with a reputation (however tarnished) to upkeep has gotta get the info first hand. I gotta check out the lay of the land, I gotta see the freaks with my own two beady little eyes. I gotta know. I gotta to go.

And of course I do have that charge card that says "Freakylinks" on it. Oh me oh my, this amazing land of revolving credit we live in is certainly blessed, ain't it?

So I'm off to Manhattan baby, I'll bring along the laptop to keep you abreast

hurdy gur,

Derek



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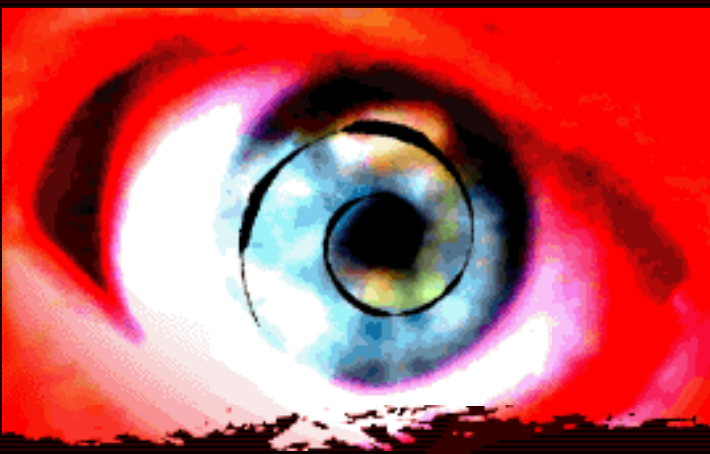
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

February 25th, 1999

New York is lovely. (cold, wet and with frozen spit on the sidewalks)

I'm staying at the YMCA over near the United Nations. It's way cheaper than a real hotel. I have a room to myself with a bed and even cable TV. Heck, I even gotta a public access porn channel! Only downside is that it's communal showers on each floor. I've solved that problem by taking showers in my shorts at 3 in the morning. I also leave my belt on, clenched real tight. And I keep this insane look on my face at all times. So far no one has even said boo to me much less asked me to pass the soap.

I spoke with police about the voodoo Mafia connection and got some pretty solid information ([check out the crime scene pics in the Freakopedia](#)). A police lieutenant was interested enough in me coming up that he gave me the name and address of a man who is a voodoo priest up in this Haitian neighborhood. I'm going up to interview him later today.

I should be home the day after tomorrow. If you see a guy going south on the interstate with a "Honk if your Paranormal" bumpersticker, that would be me.

hurdy gur,

Derek "not gonna drop the soap" Barnes.



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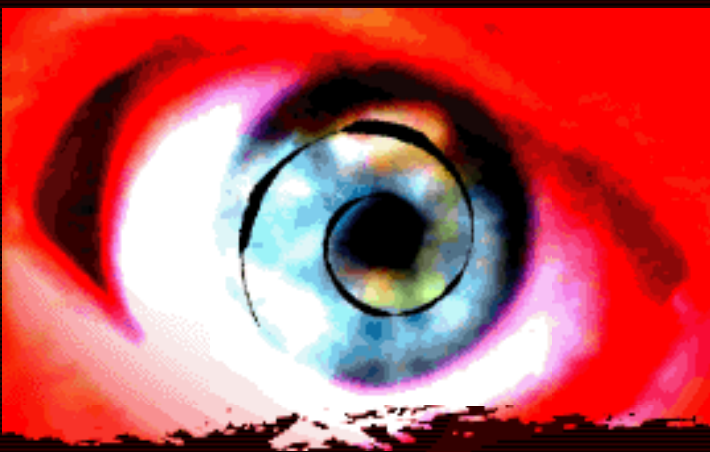
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FREAK-O-PEDIA

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FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

March 1st, 1999

Hi-ho

Derek, your host with the most speaking up from the lovely confines of the Derek bunker located somewhere in the midst of the Sunshine State. I am now happy to report that Freakylinks is Y2K compliant.

Well maybe it is, if you log on next year and there's nothing here but some static then you know what happened. Lan assures me that we are in no danger of falling victim but I'm a pessimist at heart and will believe it when I see it (or don't see it).

Lan is convinced that the whole Y2K thing is overblown. That's it's a knee-jerk reaction to the new millennium coming. She pointed out that peasants in 999 AD saw all these portents in the sky and they were also sure that the world was going to end. I pointed out that we run a web site looking for the same kinda stuff that those peasants were afraid of.

Speaking of the web goddess, she's a driving out to see relatives in that big ole' state of Texas tomorrow. Once again I am left holding the proverbial bag here at the web site. If this thing goes down you have no one to blame but her. With all the time Jason spends flirting with Lan you would think he would have picked up a thing or two about this web page but nope, his idea of fixing things is to hit them with a hammer. If it's a real big problem he hits things with a bigger hammer. Rather simplistic I think, but it gets him through life.

What's up in your neck of the woods? E-mails slowed down for a bit last week so I was figuring that everyone was taking a break from me and my zoo of the odd. That's wrong. You shouldn't do that. You should be involved with me and mine 24 hours a day buck-o. I'm here for ya. I feel your pain. I understand your troubles. Don't go hiding your light under a



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bushel. Bring it on over to Freakylinks and let me hold it up for public ridicule. Nuff said?

hurdy gur,

Derek "now with kung fu grip" Barnes

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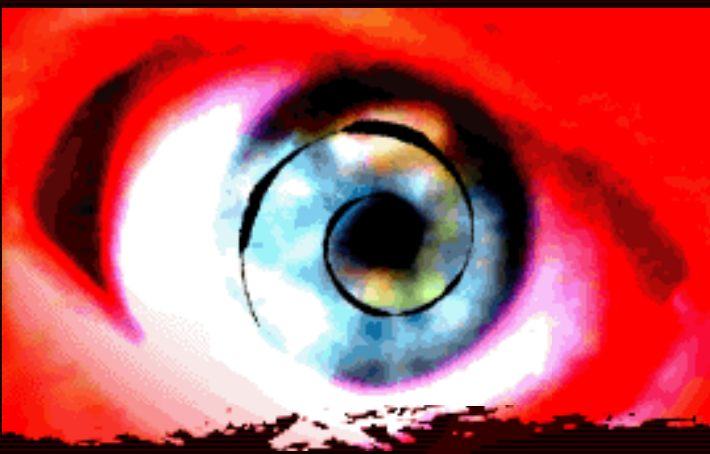
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

March 5th, 1999

Ho-de-ho,

Before you e-mail me I know the discussion board is down. I'm well aware. Get off my back. I tried to fix it and I made things worse. Lan will be back soon and she can fix it and make all your lives go back to normal. It's all Greek to me.

Oh yeah, about Lan coming back. Well she seems to be having just a super hunky dory time in Texas with her 23 different Aunts, Uncles and assorted cousins. She's even e-mailed me a story about a [Texas millionaire cloning his dog](#). That's right, she's reporting the news while I sit here keeping the light on for her. Oh don't mind Derek. I'm fine. I'll just be here answering upset e-mails about why the web site stability sucks. Oh, pity me . . . No really, it's [a good article](#). Even covers all those who, what, and where bases. I give it the thumbs up. (now get your ass home and fix the site).

hurdy

Derek



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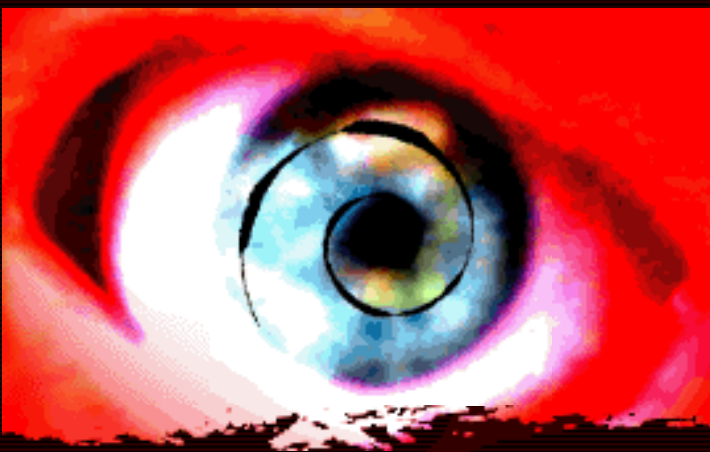
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

March 8th, 1999

Hi there,

Well the board is back up so gets to discussing your little hearts out. I drop by there now and again and put in my 5 cents worth. And before you tell me what a genius I am for fixing it let me just set the record straight and tell ya that Lan did it, not me. Yea, she hopped onto some relatives computer in Houston and zoom, flash, bang, had it fixed faster than you can say "Derek is a prince among men."

Yeah, yeah, I can hear your jeers. Don't screw with me or I'll unplug the damn thing. (Or better yet get Jason to hit it with a hammer).

Lan continues on with her cross country reporting trip and says she has a great story about some Mexican terrorists. I get all my Mexican news from Spanish cable TV and I ain't heard jack about terrorists but I guess she has her nose to the grindstone down there.

Me and Mr. Crowley the amazing wonder dog are discussing the pros and cons of him catching a Frisbee. I throw a Frisbee across the room and then Crowley looks at it go by his head. Maybe he's a little too smart for that game. I dunno. I could never train animals. Adam and I had this hamster when I was a kid and my mom bought this round plastic ball for him to go in so he could roll around outside his pen. I would put that hamster in there and he would just look up to me with those small eyes and quivering little whiskers and act as if I had just strapped him into the electric chair. He refused to move at all. Maybe he was afraid of being out. Maybe he liked being all cooped up. Sure loved celery though.

OK, I'm through boring you on the amazing exploits of pets current and past,

hurdy gur



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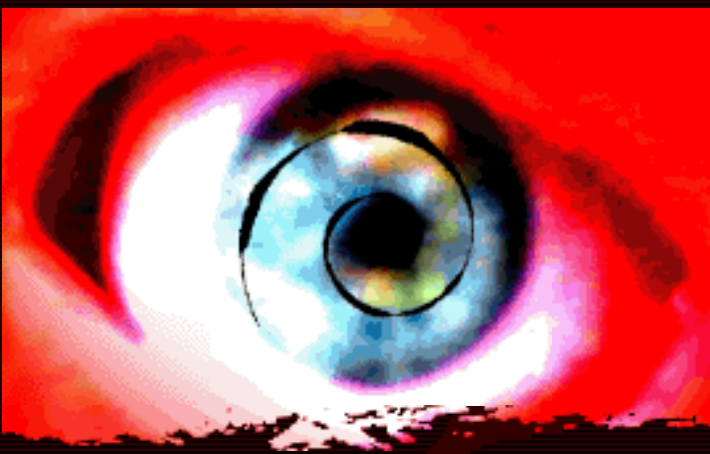
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

March 15th, 1999

Heya,

I failed to mention this little old lady I met when I was in Manhattan. She works at this record shop in the Village where I went and bought presents for all the freaks in my life.

Anyway I struck up a conversation with her since it seemed very odd to me that a 60 something woman should be running a store that sells, among other things, T-shirts that say "Spank Me, I wanna be bad"

Well you shouldn't judge a book by it's cover cause she turned out to be pretty hip and with it. Guess age ain't no big thing if you don't let it be.

I told her about the website and she sent me an e-mail this week on the subject of a 1950's lounge singer named Nicky Toledo that is right up my alley. I had never heard of him but after I called her and got some more information he seems to be the real deal. And you thought your parent's generation was all giggles and trying to look up girl's skirt's with a mirror.

That's what rubs me when people say how they long for the good 'ole days. Like when some 70 year old Senator tells the public about how youth violence has gotten out of hand and when he was a kid everyone acted respectable. Yea right, there was just this tiny little thing called World War 2 going on where a maniac was killing millions of people and then we decided to show the Russians who was going to be the new boss by dropping atomic bombs on a country that was already trying to surrender. Total b.s. Don't believe the hype. The generations that came before us were just as bad as we are. Go ask the American Indians about the good ole days. I'm sure they would have a different view of things.



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People, you got to think for yourself. Don't let politicians try and ram ideas down your throats. You ain't no dummy. Learn the facts, see through the myth. Just because "everybody knows it" don't make it the truth. That's why there's a disclaimer on the beginning of the web page. Don't accept what I say as the literal end all and be all. Go and find out for yourself. Make your brain work for a second or two instead of force feeding it cable porn and sitcoms. If you don't think then you have no one to blame but yourself when you find society ain't the way you want it to be.

Now go clean your room and don't give me any of that back talk or I'll tell your father when he gets home from the factory.

hurdy gur,

Derek "older but no wiser" Barnes

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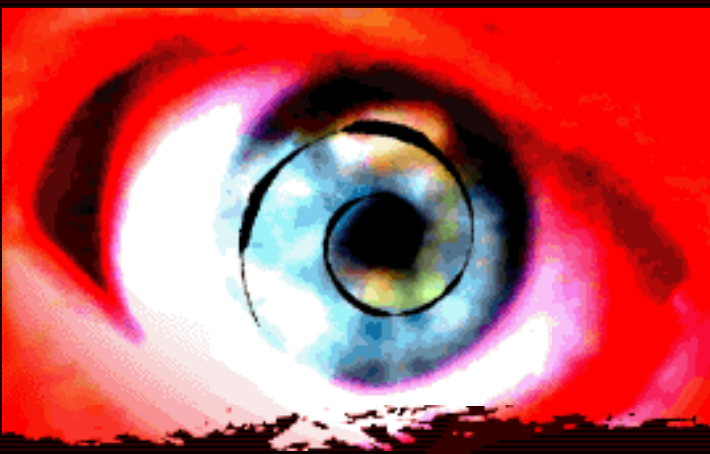
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

April 1st, 1999

Waka, waka waka,

In case you haven't seen it make sure and go check out the home page. The "Lordz of the New Machine" hacked us last night and left a nice new opening page. Out of respect for their handiwork (and over the requests of my own personal hacker, Lan) I'm leaving it up for 24 hours. I guess they took my little spiel last week to heart huh?

Happy April Fool's day to ya and if you haven't played a practical joke on someone yet be sure and do so. Nothing is funnier than a "kick me" sign taped to someone's back. A laugh riot as they say. Mu-ha-ha. (and yes Jason, that sarcastic comment is directed at you)

I got an e-mail from a viewer who wanted to know what "hurdy gur" means (that's the words I always use at the end of my rants as a sign off). Well all I can say is that it involves the use of "authentic frontier gibberish" by a character in one of my favorite movies. First one of you to figure it out and e-mail me back gets a T-shirt. There's a good way to make sure that someone is reading these things.

Till next time,

hurdy gur,

Derek "loose lips sink ships" Barnes



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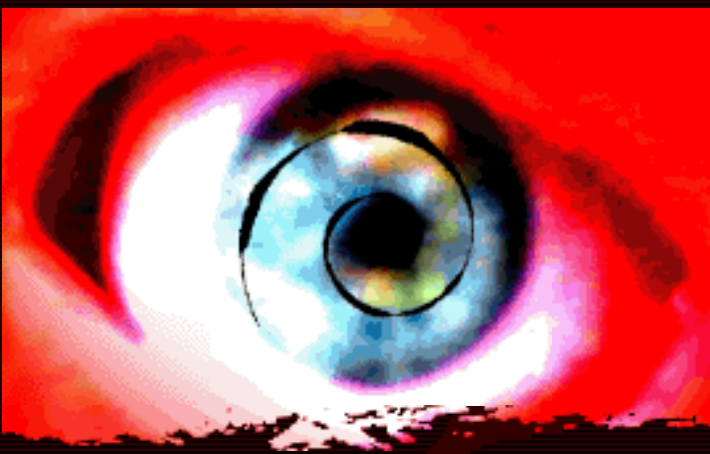
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

April 5th, 1999

Hey there, watch where you point that thing,

It's another beautiful day here in the land of sunshine and tourists. I know it may be cold, wet, and miserable where you are but here it's 72 degrees with a not a cloud in the sky. Of course in 2 months it will be 102 in the shade with 90 percent humidity but right now it's just about as perfect as God can make it.

Our cub reporter in Budapest sent an amazing e-mail this week about a Hungarian woman who claims to have given birth to an octopus. Make sure you check it out.

You know, speaking of births, I always wonder why expectant fathers feel the need to be in there with the wife when they give birth,. I know it's to make him feel like a part of the whole process and everything but if you ask me (and you wouldn't be reading this rant unless you were interested in my opinion) the whole thing is overblown. If you are the guy, your place is to be outside of the delivery room, pacing up and down the center of the aisle, and smoking like a chimney at a rendering plant. Every once and a while you could go to the door of the room where your wife is giving birth just to listen in but as soon as she screamed out you would be right back to smoking a cigarette and doing the two step. You don't need to be in there doing some stupid ass breathing technique along side of her. She don't give a crap if your next to her face going "In with the good air, out with the bad." She could care less. You could be in Bangkok, drinking rum with a hooker for all she cares. All she wants to do is to get that pain over with as fast as possible.

And another thing, there is no need for Dad to be in there with a video camera recording. No one, including your parents, are going to want to see little Timmy's first appearance in this world. It's something you and all the rest



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of the relatives can live without. What, you think that 2 months later you're going to throw a dinner party and then later say, "Hey, how's about we watch my wife give birth?" Nope, not gonna happen. You think your wife is going to want to see the birth from a different angle 6 months later? No, she isn't. She was there. The last thing she wants to be reminded of is what a fool she was to get knocked up by you in the first place. Trust me, fathers-to-be, go get a carton of extra high tar cigarillos and lace up your tennis shoes. The less you know the better off you'll be.

Of course this is just my opinion, I've never had a wife or a kid and wouldn't know what Lamaze was if it stood up and asked me for a light.

hurdy gur

Derek "high sperm count" Barnes

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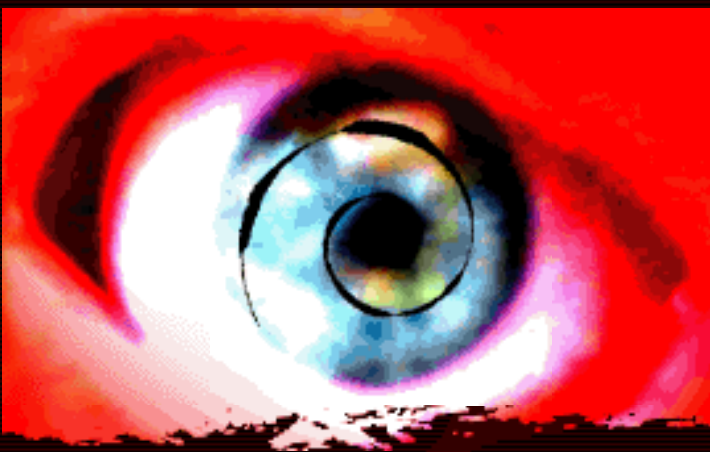
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

April 15th, 1999

Hey,

What's gnu? How's it going? Are you answering these questions out loud as you read them? Why?

Thanks for the e-mailed tip from John-boy in LA (la-la land) about the [gang banger's ghost dog](#). It's an interesting story and is fresh off the press here at freak central. Course it's not the first time a pet has come back to haunt it's owner. In fact a [ghost dog in England](#) was the first story I reported on back in the day of MonsterFreaks.

I also got one of those chain letters about how a certain major corporation is giving away free shoes to the needy if you send in your old ones. Guess what boys and girls, it ain't true. Nope they don't do that. I called and spoke with a very nice guy at their main HQ and got the facts straight from the shoe salesman's mouth. If you send in your shoes all they will do is try to send them back to you with a nice letter or barring that they will use them in some sort of recycling program they have set up. This myth has been gong around the internet for years it seems.

And that's not the only myth floating around out there in the world wide weird. There's also a story that a software company will give you money if you send an e-mail to them to help beta test their e-mail tracking program. Not true.

Neither is the one that a non profit health association will give 5 cents to a little boy for his cancer treatment if you e-mail them.

Makes you wonder how these things get started. Is there one guy that thinks it would be funny to get people he doesn't know to do all these worthless things that take up time? Is a time wasting demon lurking somewhere in the center of the electronic superhighway? What would posses someone to



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make these lies up?

We may never know but if anyone has any info on the idea be sure and crank me out an e-mail. I'll give 5 cents to a young boy dying of cancer for each one I get.

hurdy gur

Derek

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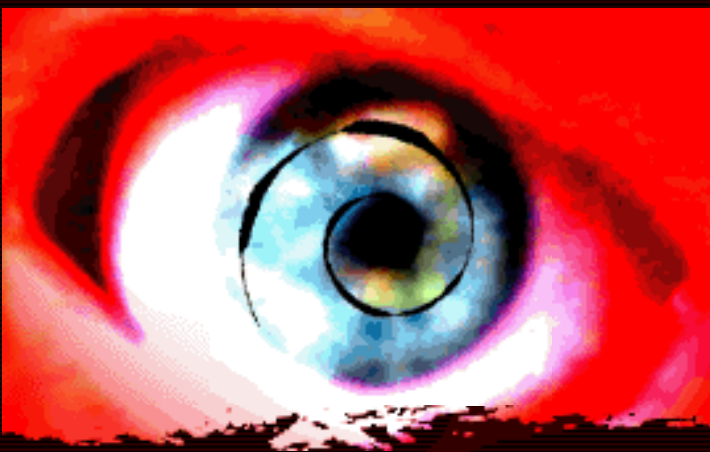
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

April 22nd, 1999

Howdy,

Jason and I have spent most of the last week tracking down a story about a [3 legged stripper](#) working somewhere in Florida. This of course means that we spend a lot of time in strip clubs. We invited Lan to come along but she refused. Well after a lot of near beer and dollar bills tucked into places mother wouldn't approve, we finally found her.

All this strip club daring do led Jason to form an interesting theory (and one I thought you might get a kick out of). Jason contends that he can drink lots more at strip clubs than at normal bars because his hormones get worked up from the surroundings and cancel out the effects of the beer. I didn't have the heart to tell him that they serve non-alcoholic beer in strip clubs. No sense in making him think that he's wasting all that money.

So we finally found her but this Cro-Magnon bouncer/boyfriend thought we were going after his all too normal 2 legged girlfriend/stripper. Yup, he saw me going backstage and started making ugly caveman sounds. It didn't get nasty but I was glad Jason's muscular presence was around.

So I got my interview (and then some) with the lovely Cloudy O' Day. Read all about [our amazing exploits](#) in the new Freakopedia entry.

hurdy gur

Derek



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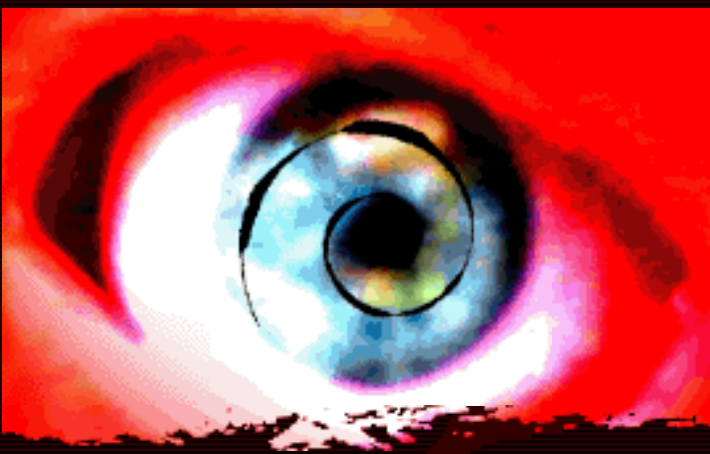
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

May 2nd, 1999

Yo,

My informant at the tabloid newsmag gave me an interesting lead on a the [South African version of a bigfoot](#). It took some calling around to Johannesburg but I got the story. Go [read it](#) and then click on a sponsor so I can afford to pay my phone bill for this month.

Also thanks to Rod in Chicago for the music. Rod wrote and recorded some songs based on the web site. Kinda reminds me of early 80's synth songs done by bands with a lot of hair. My favorite is "The Ballad of Derek and Lan"

When that package came from Chicago it got me to thinking about the organized crime there that was so big during prohibition. As we've seen in the past with other eras that had lots of violence, things can turn a bit weird. With the exception of the slightly freaky (and ultimately let down) of the opening of Al Capone's vault, has there ever been any stories on paranormal events during that time period? If anyone has a lead on that drop me an e-mail.

Rich invited me along for another shopping trip but I had to turn him down. I'm working on a couple of stories that I almost have nailed down and I don't want to take any time away from them. If I go off and have fun I'll come back and they will have lost my interest. Can't have that now can we?

Later freaks, I gots to go and get some supper before I just become skin and bones.

hurdy gur

Derek "Calorie Counter" Barnes



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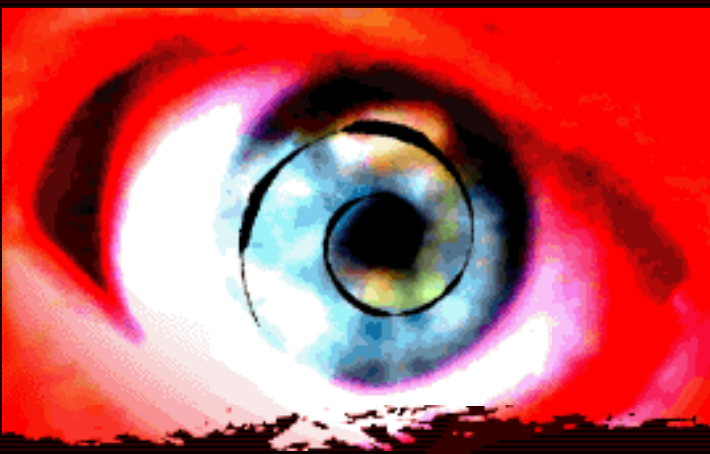
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

May 7th, 1999

Hey,

I'm writing this at like midnight and there's this neighborhood cat outside telling all the world how much it is ready for some loving. Screaming it to the world in fact. Jason was never this loud when I lived with him.

OK I went and told it to get lost by throwing a shoe at it. Don't worry, you animal lovers I didn't hit it with the shoe. No I just scared it into the steel leg trap I had set up.

Met with a guy who works at one of the theme parks in town. He's an audio engineer which means that when they have a new attraction or area it's his job to decide what kind of music or effects it is going to have. Neat job but the most interesting thing is that he collects audio recordings of ghosts as a hobby. He's the kind of guy that makes me realize that my life is pretty normal.

Oh sure I run a web site and have an ongoing hate/hate relationship with people all across the world who think I make up giant thunderbird stories in my spare time but this guy is out putting portable radios in abandoned buildings and then recording the static that comes out of them. I'm normal I tell you. Capitol N, capitol o, capital r . . (well you get my drift.)

OK the cat has started up again and now my dog is barking as well. I'm going to go give him a walk and then call it a night.

hurdy gur

Derek



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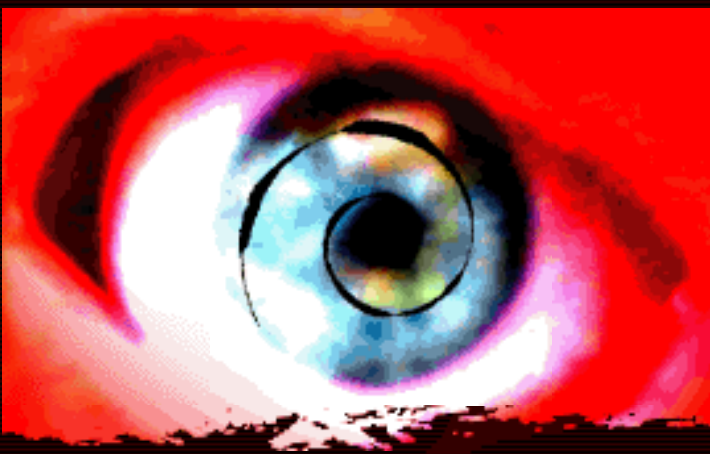
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

May 15th, 1999

Hey there,

Guess where I am? Nope you're wrong. I'm in Clay County Georgia. What am I doing here? Good question.

Currently I am lost.

Well sorta lost. I kinda know where I am in relation to the saner parts of the world but I have no idea where I am in relation to the guy who claims that the devil came to visit him and left his handprint on a tree.

See, everything is clearer now, isn't it?

So I'm just hanging out at this convenience store, nodding to the rednecks, eating an ice cream cone and trying to figure out which pine tree the guy said to turn left at. As with most of my solo road trips I'm playing it by ear. Maybe I'll get lucky and find a guy who claims the devil left his hand prints and signed his name in some wet cement. If you don't hear back from me in 24 hours then consider it hopeless and call the proper authorities.

Of course if you see a new entry in the Freakopedia then everything worked out and I was not kidnapped by rural Appalachian hillbillies and forced into a life of pulling a plow for a guy with 4 first names like "Billy Joe Jim Bob".

Gee, can you tell that I have an overactive imagination?

OK, one more ice cream cone and then it's back in the car for another foray into the wilderness. I brought Mr. Crowley along for protection but he seems more intent on watering every bush between here and the Florida state line.

hurdy gur,



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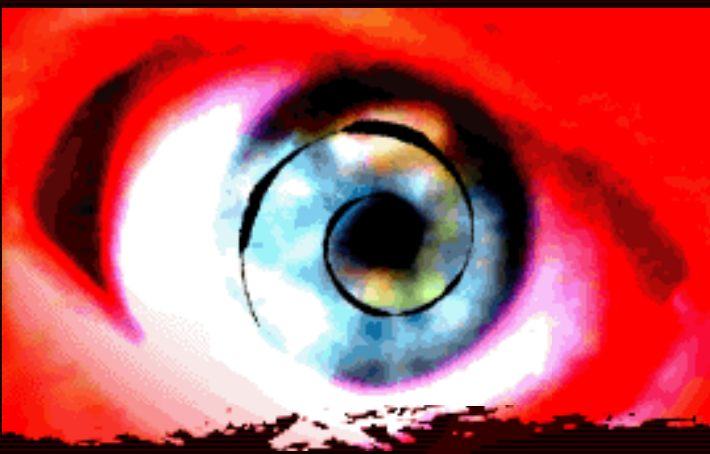
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

June 1st, 1999

Oh yeah,

If you're a cable news junkie like me I'm sure you've already heard of the story about the guy they caught at Yosemite National Park. Seems like some half crazed guy was roaming half nekkid around the park causing trouble, scaring the tourists, shouting nonsense and in general making a nuisance of himself. Well they finally caught him and it turns out that he wasn't speaking nonsense, he was speaking Russian. [Look at the Freakopedia](#) for more information.

You see, there's a perfect example of why the world is going to hell. I'm sure there's plenty of National parks in Russia (or what's left of it after the fall of the commie pinko regime) for this guy to run around half-nekkid in but nope, he's got to come over here and run around in one of our parks. Heck he probably pushed a good ole' American crazy man out of business what with his antics. Insane jobs for insane Americans thats what I say. There's enough nuts of the home grown variety around that we don't need to be importing any into these God bless 50 united states. Next thing you know there will be crazy Cubans down in Miami . . .er wait a minute . . .

nevermind

What else is new . .lessee got an e-mail for "CottonEyeJoe" (that's what he calls himself at least) CottonEye writes, " . .Derek, I'm impressed by your dedication to all things freaky but what do you do for fun?"

Well thanks for asking Joe (if I can call ya that). I'm lucky enough to have a job that I enjoy doing. I can't imagine going through life and working at a job I hate just so I can amass enough funds to do stuff that I like on the weekends. A fun job should be a God given right and I urge each and every one of you to quit your job if it isn't fun.



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That's right, stop reading this web page right now in your little stuffy cubicle, get up and go tell the boss that you're as bored as hell and you're not going to take it anymore. Tear up those post-it notes, rip off that headphone mic. you use to answer the phone and arise wage slaves. You have nothing to lose except your shackles of oppression.

Well that's not exactly the truth. You'd also lose your weekly paycheck, your medical benefits and any profit sharing plans you and your company may currently enjoy together. On second thought maybe you shouldn't tear up those post-it notes. You might need 'em later for that meeting. And hey you, quit hitting that computer with your mouse and get back to work. We need that report by Wednesday.

Sorry about that folks, sometimes I go off half-cocked.

hurdy gur,

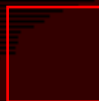
Derek "stiff upper lip" Barnes

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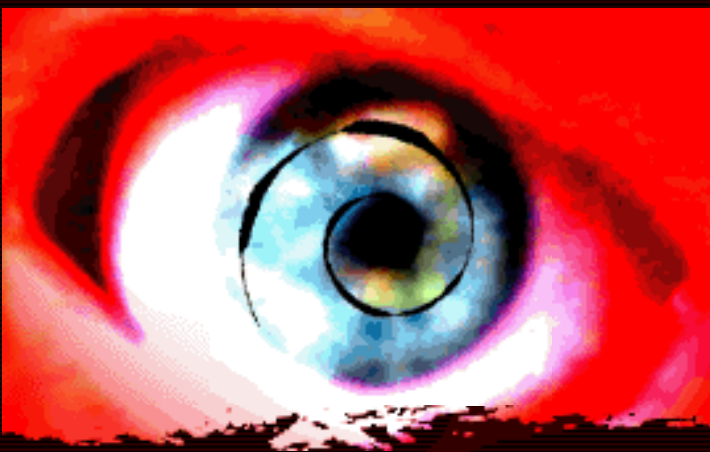
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

June 8th, 1999

Hey,

Got to get out of the house for the last coupla days and it sure feels good to be a running around this green ole' earth chasing down half truths and assorted lies for you fine people.

My [new story](#) should make you feel better about your arthritic joints. Nothing cheers me up like meeting someone else that's worse off than I am and this [guy in Gulf Breeze](#) [has sure got it bad.](#)

While I was there I had a chance to hang out at a local MUFON meeting as a sorta quasi honored guest. Everyone was very nice to me and they all seemed quite normal until they started talking about alien abductions and the like. There's nothing like a 40 year old woman talking about rectal probing to keep your interest in a meeting.

Lan wanted me to give a shameless plug to our new advertiser so here it is. The [Vans "santos" skating shoe](#) is a fine quality item crafted right here in the US of A. God Bless America and God bless the [Vans "santos" skating shoe.](#)

hurdy,

Derek "Shameless" Barnes

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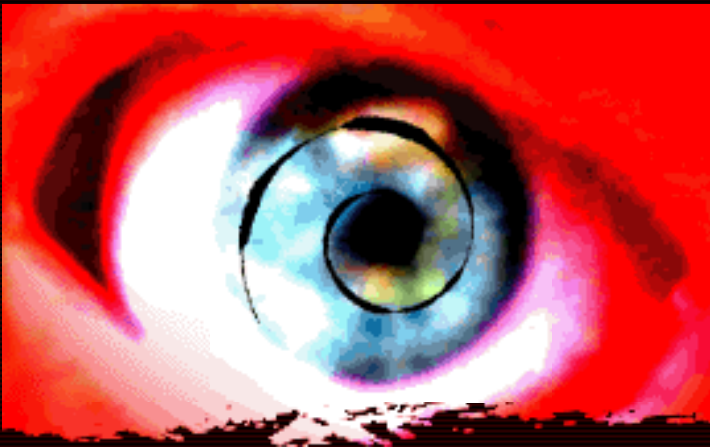
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

June 20th, 1999

Hey Kids,

The [new story in the Freakopedia](#) may be a little too intense (mostly the photographs) for the younger freaks so make sure little Sally Mae is tucked into her bed before you [check it out](#).

Speaking of being tucked into bed I use to have the strangest nightmare/ bad idea when I was a kid. I kept having this recurring dream that there were these little tiny people-things that only came out when it was night and they built these very intricate things around the house for some nefarious purpose. They would get into me and my brother's bedroom when we were asleep and start building these long bridge types things around us. When we moved in our sleep we would upset these construction projects and the little people would get really upset. I keep thinking that they were going to do something to keep us from upsetting their plans. When ever I woke up in the middle of the night I would



RANTS:

always look around before I moved so much as an inch.

I don't have those dreams anymore. Now all my nightmares revolve around the web site failing and me having to get a real job again. Oh the fun our grown up mind plays on us. All in all I kinda wish that I had the little guys back in my room. They could build whatever they wanted and I could put a web cam on them for fun and profit.

hurdy gur,

Derek

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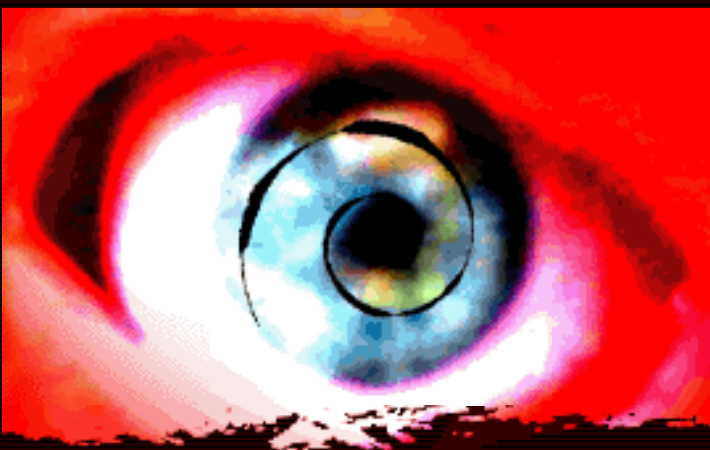
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 1st, 1999

Yup, yup,

Hey boys and girls, welcome to dilemma central. What dilemma you ask? Well check out the [new entry in the 'pedia](#) and then come back and read the rest of the rant.

OK, so whatcha think? [They](#) were sent by an anonymous e-mailer (first time I ever got an e-mail with no return address, kinda creepy).

There's no info attached to them in the e-mail. I did a little recon via the world wide weird and my sources but no one has ever heard of [these autopsy photos](#). My problem with 'em is that they were sent without a source and I have no way of finding out. Does this set a dangerous precedent? You bet. Is this the direction I want the web page to go? I dunno. On one hand it makes for interesting new content but on the other it does kinda lower our journalistic ethics (like I had any of those to start with). Anyway why would someone fake autopsy pictures? Oh yea I forgot, to sell them to Fox for a network special.

So after much soul searching I've decided to let you be the judge. You can e-mail either keepem@freeakylinks.com or dumpem@freakylinks.com to cast your vote on if they stay in the 'pedia or not.. At the end of 7 days starting from today I'll tally up the e-mails and the one with the highest count determines the fate of the photos. Only one e-mail from one account. and don't stuff the ballot box or I'll figure out who you are and sic Jason on ya.

hurdy gur

Derek "I am not a crook" Barnes



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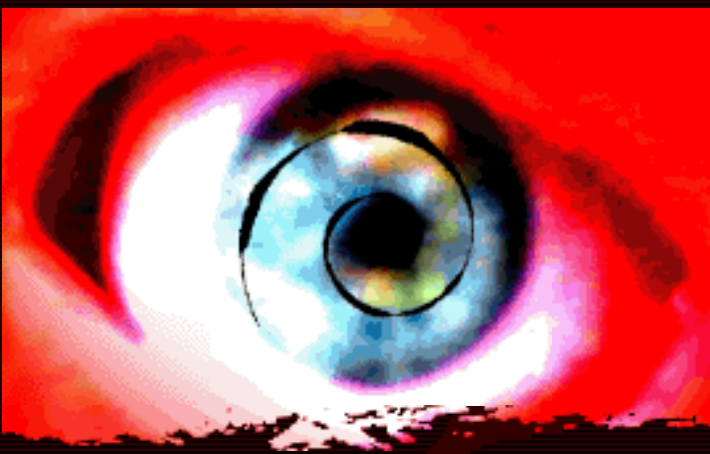
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 4th, 1999

Hi,

So anonymous has been busy this week Another new e-mail with another interesting event, this one captured on video. Its up in the 'pedia until I decide otherwise.

Thanks to everyone who has been e-mailing me about losing or keeping the anonymous stuff. Right now it's roughly 65 percent dump it to 35 percent keep it.

Lots of interesting comments attached to the vote casting, here's some highlights;

"You paint yourself into a losing corner by accepting footage you know nothing about. The thunderbird photo started your search for the truth and you have continued it with your reporting on other subjects. Do not accept these photos for your website"

-cathygirl-

"Your always talking about power to the people. The people have sent you a message. Are you going to put them down because it isn't to your liking and you weren't personally involved?"

-Hurler418-

"If you start taking material you know nothing about you'll lose my patronage. I come to your site for the articles you post. I take it all with a grain of salt but I applaud your "nose for the news" Don't lose your integrity."

-PaulB

"Yo, digging the blood, dude"

-wipeout-



RANTS:

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Ah screw it, is there no way to make everyone happy?

Derek

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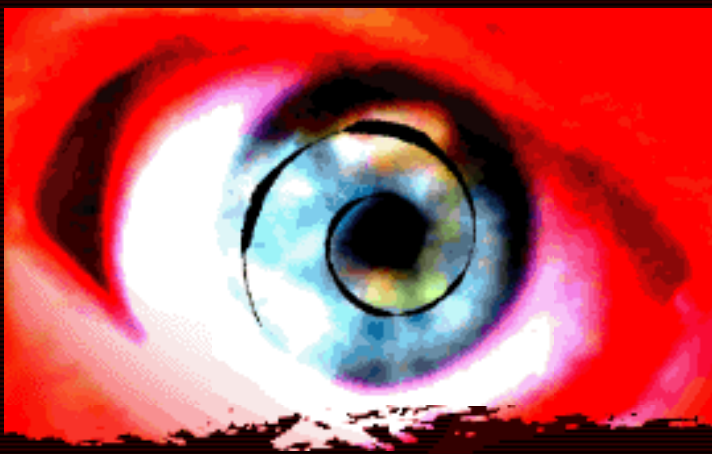
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 8th, 1999

OK, OK no more e-mails I'm turning those e-mail addresses off. I think I've found a way to make everyone happy. More details to follow.

Derek

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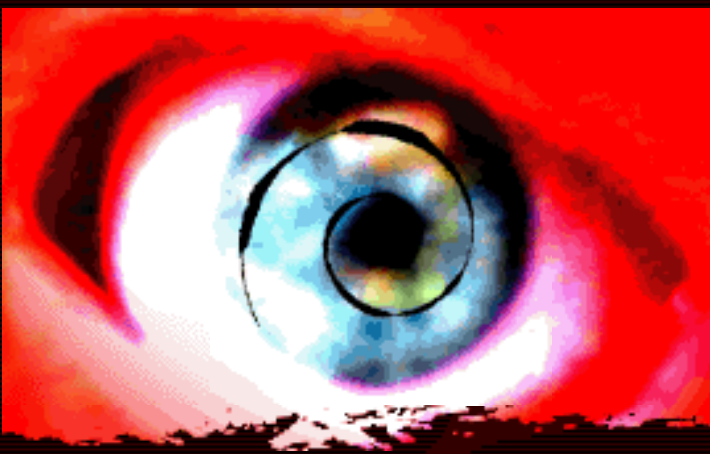
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 10th, 1999

Heya,

OK crisis averted, problem solved. I think I have a way for everyone to get happy and for no one to get hurt. (insert trumpet fanfare here)

Introducing the latest installment to the freakylinks family, the AMATEUR HOUR tag.

That's right. Finally the perfect place to put these anonymous e-mails of dogs barking backwards and trees that spontaneously form the face of Woodrow Wilson. E-mail them all to me and I'll put them up, the only difference is a little tag at the start of the article that informs the public that this item has not been tested by me with my patented "Derek-Barnes-Truth-Finder." I'll put it up but it gets a disclaimer.

Got a video of grandma barfing up pea soup and don't know if it's paranormal or just a case of indigestion? Well send it in and we'll let the group decide. Of course in order to get your stuff uploaded to the site you have to sign a form which gives me all rights to it. Funny how that works, ain't it?

Yes, yes, I know how happy this makes you all. We can all be one big happy dysfunctional family again. So if you haven't seen the [first 2 files](#) that caused all the uproar go over to our new little neighborhood here in freakyland and check 'em out.

In other exciting news on the home front, my friend Bently is flying me to LA for his wedding tomorrow. Ain't that nice of him? I told him that if I ever get married I'll return the favor. He just laughed and laughed at that. Guess he don't figure me as the marrying type.

Bently and I roomed together for a short while when we were young and were both convinced we were God's gift to the



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skateboard. Times changed, (read that as "We both got too old") and now he's a respectable something or other out in the city of angels.

I of course am a respectable something or other here on your computer screen. Ain't life a kick in the head?

hurdy gur

Derek "twist of fate" Barnes

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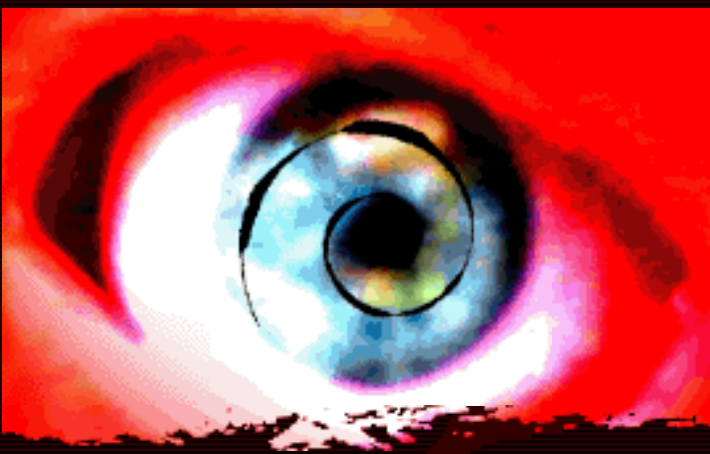
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 11th, 1999

Yo-hoo from Los Angeles,

Well I'm safe and sound at Bently's but about 10 hours ago I was sure my life was in danger of being cut short.

As soon as I had grabbed my stuff at baggage claim I was approached by 4 young Asian men who kinda sorta "insisted" I go with them.

"Derek Barnes?" one of them said.

"Uh . .yeah?"

"You're going with us."

And that was that. I have never been kidnapped before but it was everything I thought it would be. I was squeezed in between 2 of the guys in the backseat of their car and off we went. At the time I kept thinking to myself that at least they were nice enough to put my bags in the trunk. Then I kept thinking that they considered my luggage evidence and would dispose of it later.

"So," I gave 'em my best Derek Barnes "where we going?" grin. They just turned up this rave music really loud. I hate rave music.

Nobody said nothing. (ain't double negatives fun?) One of the guys on my left had this really neat tattoo of a 50's robot on his shoulder and it kept undulating as he flexed his bicep. I don't think he was flexing for my benefit, maybe he was nervous.

So we rode for a while without any small talk and finally pulled up in front of a Chinese restaurant. I got out and was greeted by yet another member of this young Asian gentlemen's club. This one was bigger than the rest and wearing this green bandanna around his head. I didn't bother



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to tell him that head bandanna's weren't in style anymore.

"You Derek Barnes?" he asked in a real low, I'm-a-bad-ass, kinda voice

"Yea" I answered in a real high, please-don't-kill-me-and-throw-my-body-in-a-sewer, kinda voice

"How would you like to be my guest for lunch?" he said as he shook my hand and lead me into the restaurant.

Well it's hard to say no to an offer like that especially when you've been kidnapped. So I said sure and we went in and had some of the most amazing Chinese cooking that I have ever had in my life.

Turns out this guy is hooked totally into the web and had heard about me. The restaurant is owned and run by his Uncle who had [an amazing battle](#) in his kitchen a coupla weeks ago. The local LA press wouldn't touch the story with a ten foot pole and the Uncle was growing a little desperate that maybe he imagined it all and was losing his mind. When I announced I was going to LA I became the answer to this guy's problem.

So check out the newest entry into the 'pedia. It contains the [whole story](#). Pretty amazing. And if you're ever in LA make sure and check out his Uncle's restaurant. It's got the best Goo Goo Gai Pan I have ever had.

hurdy gur

Derek

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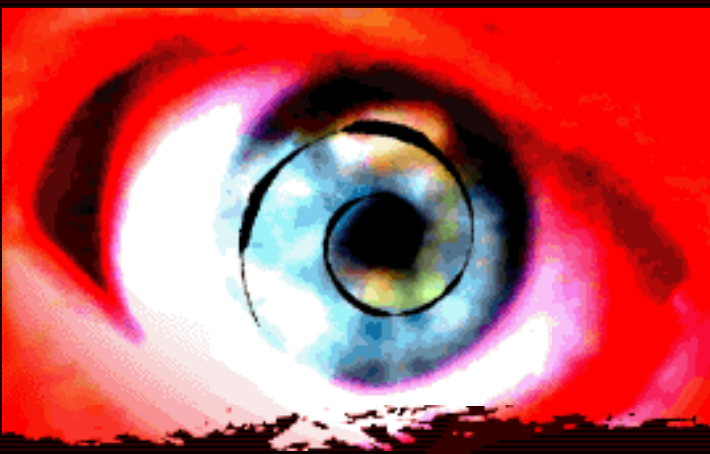
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 12th, 1999

Hey there,

Well if your waiting for something loopy to happen at the wedding let me put your mind to ease. Nothing strange happened. No kidnappings, no anal probes, no nothing. Just a nice normal American wedding. Oh yea, a new found Asian associate of mine did show up at the wedding and drop off a brand new VCR to the new couple. It still had the truck packing slip attached to it but it was a nice gesture.

hurdy gur

Derek



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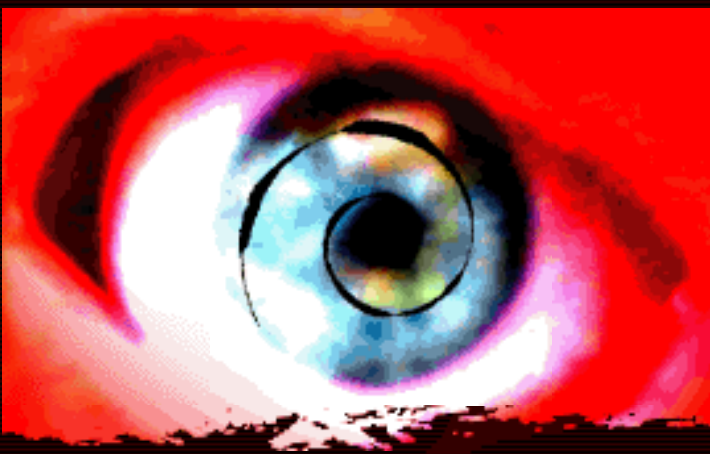
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 13th, 1999

OK,

Now I've heard that these people of Los Angeles have got a coupla ideas that haven't rolled on back east yet but I didn't expect for them to be so far ahead of us on [timepiece implantation](#). Go read the [new article](#) I just plugged in to the webspace. I feel all Neanderthal wearing a strap on clock around my wrist.

Catcha later I'm checking out the La Brea tarpits today.

Derek



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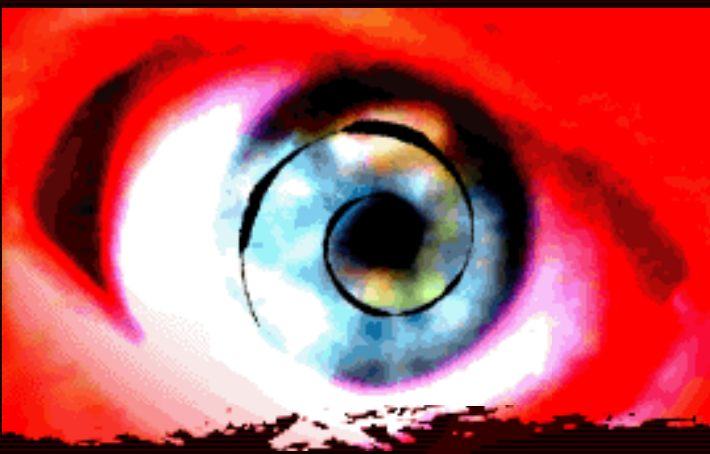
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 14th, 1999

Hidey-ho,

Flight home was uneventful. Nothing but cramped legs, stale peanuts and weird tasting chicken served to me on a Styrofoam plate.

Lan on the other hand has been a busy girl while I was gone. She got in some great pictures of [Spontaneous Human Combustion](#). No these were not e-mailed anonymously but came straight from the desk of that Mexican reporter she met on vacation down in the heart of Texas. So it's a foreign SHC (as those in the know call spontaneous human combustion) Far as I know I'm the first gringo to [post them](#).

It's amazing to think we have built up a web of news gatherers who look out for this kind of stuff for us. If you've e-mailed me an article, news clipping or a tip then go ahead and pat yourself on the back. If it weren't for you then I'd probably never be kidnapped at all.

Hum . .I just made a good point.

Oh well too late now to complain. I've made my bed now I'll lie in it. And when's the last time you ever made your bed. I'm talking to the guys out their not the girls who made their bed and put a dust ruffle on it and then throw 16 different pillows on top of the damn thing so you have to spend an hour and a half just getting the pillows off before you can lay down.

I can't remember the last time I made my bed. And I suspect I'm not the only 20 something with the same problem.

hurdy gur

Derek



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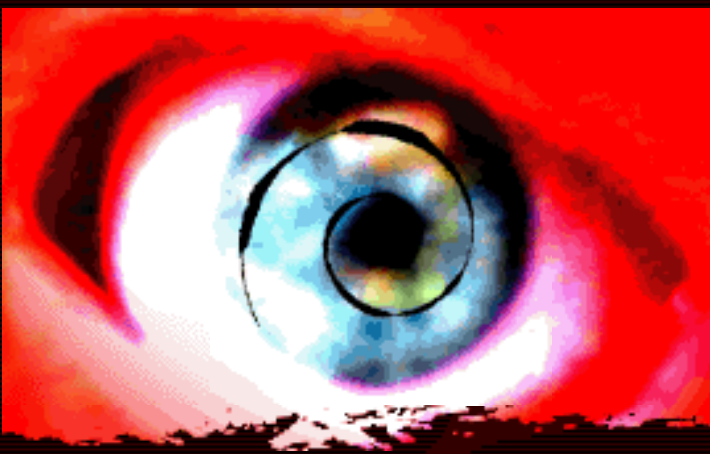
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 29th, 1999

Heya,

I just spent the most frustrating 5 days of my life trying to met with this guy who claims that a corporation from an alternate earth is trying to steal our natural resources.

He's out of Atlanta so he drops me an e-mail and refuses to go into specifics until I call him. So I call him and he asks me if I'm on a portable phone. Well yes I am so then he says "Nope, no good. Call me back on a phone that is physically connected to it's base." So I drag my ass all the way over to my mother's house and call the guy back.

He tells me a little more and then says that he will only tell me the whole story if I agree to met him, in Atlanta.

So being the good reporter that I am I haul butt up to Atlanta but the first day I get their is bad for him. There's a satellite owned by the corporation thats being redirected to cover the southern region of the US. We can't meet until it's back in normal orbit.

So at this point I'm getting pissed but I do a little checking and sure enough there is a satellite that is being retargeted because of "unusual solar flare activity" Don't that just tickle your fancy?

So 2 more days roll by (I'm staying at a friends house and I suspect he's getting a little tired of getting up in the morning and finding my ass on the floor) and finally the satellite is back in it's proper place in the sky and I met with Mr. X

We're at this small cafe of Peach Street and he's brought along charts and graphs and all kind of paperwork for me to take a look at. I half expect for him to show me the tinfoil hat he wears to block their transmissions.



RANTS:

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So the long and the short of it is that I got the story and it's [up for you to read over](#). I'm back home, Mr. X has gone off to whatever hideyhole he lives in, and the corporation is still in business using our land for their resource depleted earth II.

Think I'll go wear my tinfoil hat now.

hurdy gur

Derek "is it safe?" Barnes

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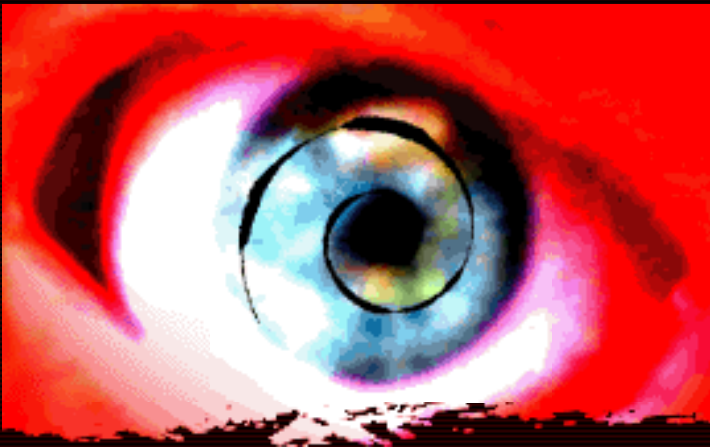
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

August 5th, 1999

Yo,

You ever find yourself in a situation you don't want to be in? Happens to the best of us. I don't mean the freak in Atlanta with the big ideas. That was of my own doing and I have to admit it makes a good report. The situation I'm talking about happened this week when I met the future life hippies.

Now that's not to say that all hippies are bad. I'm sure there was some really nice hippies in the 60's that bathed on schedule, ate cheeseburgers, and did all that.. I've never heard of hippies like that but I'm sure they exist.

No, the hippies I met with this week were your garden variety, bad clothes wearing, long hair growing, in touch with your inner child, hippies. They looked like they had come straight out of 1973. They're clothes were retro, they're house was retro, and the smell of incense was pungent in the air. I just wanted to grab 'em and shout. It's 1999, cut your hair, get a job, start a 401K.



RANTS:

But I didn't. I interviewed them, and petted their 18 cats and ate their organic pasta and heard all about their new [future life progression science](#). See what I go through for you people?

Gives me the shakes just thinking about it. Think I'll go burn down a coupla acres of the rain forest and use some kittens for scientific research.

hurdy gur,

Derek "peace out" Barnes

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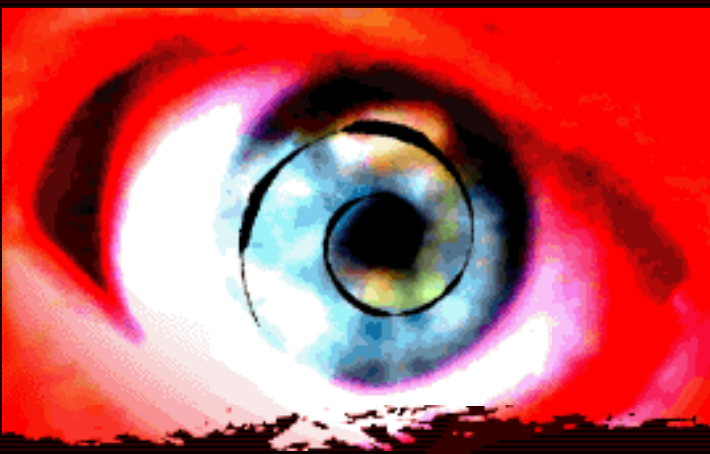
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

August 15th, 1999

Top of the morning to ya,

It's a rare thing that you see me up and at 'em before high noon. But here I sit at 9 am munching on a bowl of sugar treats and milk and feeling all a chipper inside. I have no idea why. Maybe something is toying with my body chemistry.

Anyways I keep my ear to the ground for all things hip and when I heard about the skate boys were going one step further in their quest for body modification I thought it might be of interest to my viewing audience.

I always thought I was the radical one when I got my ear pierced way back in the 80's but nowadays (insert grandpa voice) these darn kids will do anything they can to themselves. Just because your body is a temple doesn't mean you should drill a hole in your nose and stick the church bell in there.

Heck, going even further back in time, I thought I was ultra hip when I got that gothic devil lock in the front bangs of my hair. Yea baby, I was a happening new wave circus onto myself. I was a new romantic. I was new wave. I was high styling and floating miles above the regular crowd. Mom was always supportive and never said a thing about my style (or lack of). If I was some kid's father and he came home with horns stuck on top of his head the first thing I would do is go down and get 'em myself. Then I'd go and start hanging out with him. Wouldn't take too long before he wouldn't be caught dead wearing those things. Cause as soon as the parent starts digging something then you can bet your bottom dollar little Johnny ain't gonna think it's cool no more.

While I'm thinking of it and I have the whole day in front of me I better go and start spending my unborn kid's inheritance.



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hurdy gur

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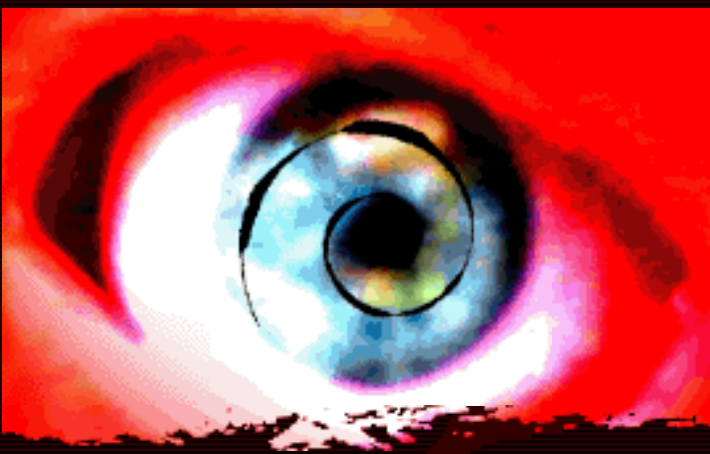
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

September 1st, 1999

Yup,

Let's start things off on the right foot by giving praise where praise is due. A big freaky thank you to JZ. in the neon capital of the world, Las Vegas, for his tip on the [bible projectile](#). Very insightful. I motorvated to Sin City in the Freakymobile on a combination fact finding/gambling my life away mission. I was successful on both counts.

I have never been to Vegas before and I couldn't get over how it looked nothing like what I thought it would. I mean it was basically an adult theme park. I was hoping for guys in 3 piece suits named Vic to be playing next to me in black jack. Instead I got Bob the insurance salesman in shorts drinking a pina coloda. Meanwhile his wife keeps playing dollar slots and screaming when she wins 5 bucks back.

I guess I was born too late for the days when Vegas was a town run by men with dreams and not corporations with deep pockets. If I want costumed pirates running around a Spanish galleon I can go to a theme park here.

When I go to Vegas I want chicks in high heels prancing around on stage in a vain attempt to dance to an up tempo beat.

I want cheesy magicians whose idea of a trick is to make his assistant's top disappear.

I want Mob bosses floating down the strip in powder blue caddys with guys named "Lucky" behind the wheel.

I want comedians who actually think "take my wife, please" is a great punchline.

I want mushroom clouds sprouting in the desert while I sit on the roof of the Sand's hotel sipping an atomic cocktail.



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I want Texas millionaires in 10 gallon hats to spend a grand on a toss of the dice at the craps table and call me partner when it comes up snake eyes.

I want classy hookers in mink coats with big blue eyes and capped teeth to smile at me like I'm Kojack when I come out of the elevator.

That's my dream.

hurdy gur

Derek "rat pack" Barnes

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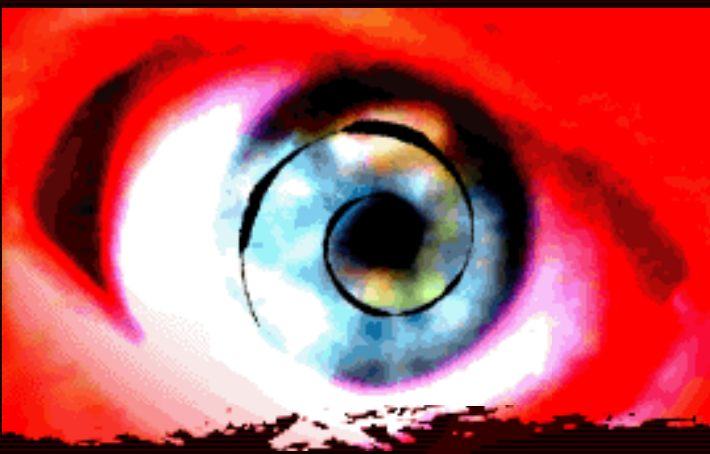
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

September 9th, 1999

Hi-ho,

Yeah, yeah, I know. The discussion boards crashed yet again. This time, at least, Lan was in town when it happened (so she didn't try to blame me for making it worse.)

While I pretended to understand all the geeky details about why it crashed when Lan was explaining it to me, all I really caught was that we lost all the messages. If anyone can explain why a webserver is "no one" and "no one doesn't have permissions", then you are a better geek than me.

Lan promises me, though, that the new discussion software she's installing will take a lickin' and keep on tickin', so don't be shy in coming back and posting your thoughts again. Unless you're that crazy freak that keeps posting the bad love poems to me ...

hurdy gur,

Derek "semi-geek" Barnes



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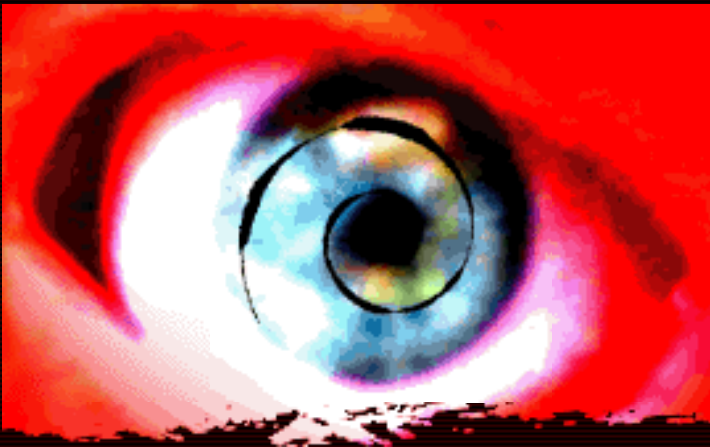
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

September 10th, 1999

Hiya,

Well you can start clicking on those sponsors cause I just did a half hour phone call with a [guy in Australia](#). Check out the [new entry](#) in the 'pedia for all the details.

A big freaky hello to all the feminists who took time out of their bra burning schedule to e-mail me complaints about last weeks rant. I still don't think a hooker is a derogative term but if it will make you feel better I'm now calling all prostitutes "party chicks."

See, I do listen to my audience.

Also thanks for the offer to come to Atlantic City for the weekend but I don't think I can take the time. Lot's of things to do and not much time to do it.

hurdy gur



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Derek

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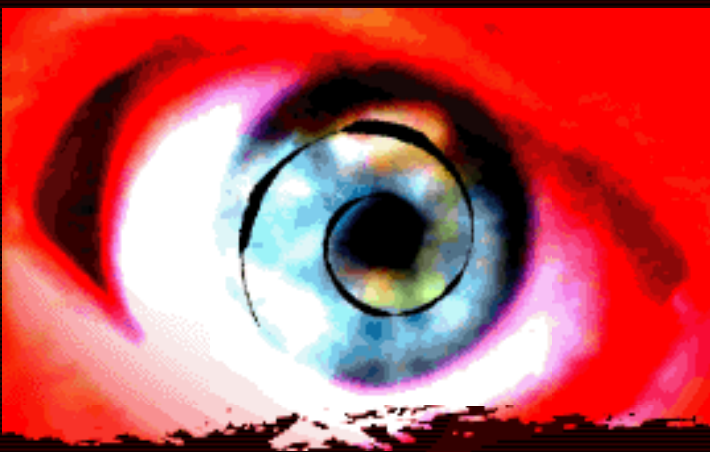
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

September 20th, 1999

Howdy partners,

And I do mean partners. I just spent the last week out in the town of rain and coffeehouses and I'm still wearing my official Seattle hat to prove it. Once again someone felt the need to fly me somewhere (and you know how I hate to disappoint people.) So I hopped on board one of those cramped torture planes and 5 hours later I was in the state of Washington. Heap big difference between here and there. Oh, who was the sucker . . . er nice sponsor? Well it was none other than the 17th annual Bigfoot Convention. I was a guest of honor.

"So Derek," I hear you asking me, "What does one do at a bigfoot convention?"

Good question. As near as I can figure the most basic rule at a bigfoot convention is that you have to be able to drink from sun up to sun down. I mean you got to get up at 7 am and start by slugging down a coupla beers with breakfast. Then when you and the boys have each consumed a six pack in Seattle's finest motel dining room you move to the convention hall, put on your name badge and mosey over to the portable bar they have set up. Since it's after 8 am by this time it's perfectly OK to start drinking whiskey. Then when everybody has a drink in their left hand and a cigarette in their right (I'll admit that I might have had one or two of those nasty nicotine things while I was there) you sit down and listen to the first speaker of the day. Since the speaker has been drinking just as much as you the speeches do tend to wander through hill and dale. But thats OK since it's a bigfoot convention and those hairy guys are known to wander around themselves.

Being a guest of honor I was obliged to give a speech. I was nervous till I saw how things are done up here in the land that time forgot. So out of respect for the crowd I was with, I just got hammered before I went on stage. Can't remember a



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damned thing I said. It must have been bigfoot related however since everyone was applauding me when I got up off the floor.

In my more sober moments I did make some good contacts with several self professed bigfoot freaks. Two of them shared some shots they had taken at a recent plastering. (they were plastering feet, not themselves at this particular time) They are newbies to the bigfoot scene and were given the cold shoulder by several of the long time bigfoot hunters but I thought they were hilarious. Of course I think anyone who would live in Idaho is hilarious.

So read all the [facts in the 'pedia](#). I'm going to go back to bed and try and sleep off the perpetual headache that has been my constant companion since I left Seattle.

hurdy gur

Derek "salt of the earth" Barnes

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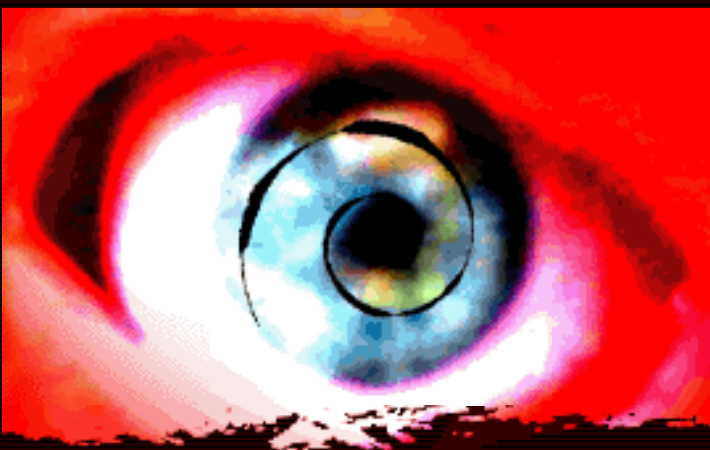
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

October 1st, 1999

Yo,

Now sing along with me "Where oh where have all the freaks gone." Slow news week. I haven't seen hide nor hair of my little Sherlocks (as I call the usual suspects who haunt this web site).

For kicks I slotted in [a new story on an old subject.](#)

Lan's already getting busy with her costume for Halloween. She's made me promise not to tell you what it is so no one else in the country can copy her. Like it would make things rough for her if some girl in Maine had the same costume as her.

Lan breaking in here. It would make a difference to me since I am the one that has come up with the idea. If Derek had any idea how lame my last Halloween costume were he would be in sync with me on this.

OK, OK I give. Her idea is the best thing since sliced bread. She's like Einstein.

Speaking of ole' Albert I read this article that said when he died his brain was sliced and diced by scientists looking for what made him so super smart. Part of his medulla went to this college, part of his obligonta went to that research lab. I'm going to make sure I'm cremated when I die so all you nosy busybodies won't have a chance to inspect my genius.

Ah, the heck with it, everybody is off doing on-line auctions or something. I'm leashing the dog and taking a walk. You better be reading my new story when I get back or I'm gonna get mad. You wouldn't like me when I'm mad.

Hurdy gur,



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Derek "Eggman" Barnes

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DIARY OF A MADMAN

October 10th, 1999

Listen up,

Stop the presses! I take everything back about what I said last week being slow. I got's hot new video. Zapruder footage, Patterson bigfoot kinda stuff. Stop reading this crappy rant and go and check out the [amazing new footage](#) I just got my hands on. (insert exciting action theme here).

That's right boys and girls, put your hands on the computer screen and feel the power of my website. [Frogs falling from the sky](#). Exciting, on tape, never before seen stuff just for you.

It's times like these that I feel like a man with a mission, a boy with a plan. In short I is the man.

Big huge thanks to Kelly for the tip on his neighbors. I'm so happy I'm sending him 2 T-shirts(hey no back talk, these T-shirts are cool, d00d).

Well, I think I'll just sit back and think of how cool it is to be the master of a webspace that has actual footage of frogs falling from the sky. Yes sir ree bob. I am a rock and roll hootchie koo.

hurdy gur,



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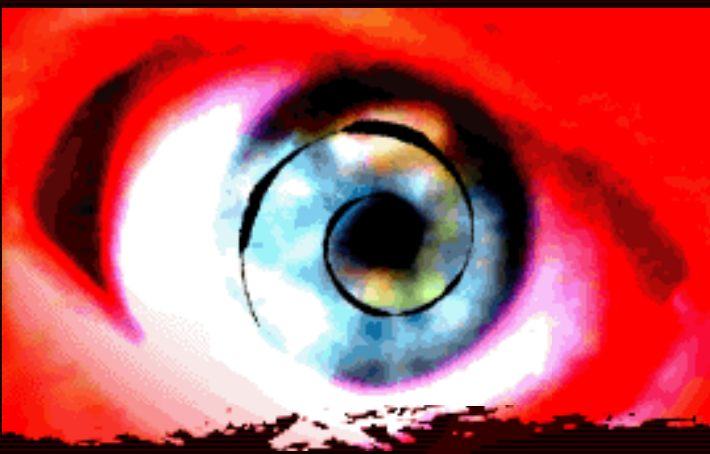
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

October 20th, 1999

Yo,

What's gnu? I'm sitting here at a diner in Ann Arbor Michigan and wowsers it's cold up here. What's up with you people in Michigan? You do not go around in shorts when it's in the 50's. You do not jog when you can see your breath. You're nuts and I'm heading back to Florida.

Come to think of it I don't think you should jog at all. I read this story that the average jogger lives an extra 2 years than the non-jogger. The irony is that those 2 years are all spent jogging. Me? I'd prefer to eat a donut as I walk my dog.

Anyway I drove all the way up to this God forsaken state to see a little boy who claims to have the power of automatic writing. I'm still undecided on the subject but you can read the report in the 'pedia and decide for yourself.

Another huge upsurge in e-mail this week. I know it may miff ya if I don't answer your e-mail but believe me when I say that there is no way I could be doing stuff if I answered every single one. I'd be stuck in my home typing my little fingers to the bone.

We did get some exciting exclusive pictures of a fish fall. Thanks to a tip from Driver#8 in Chicago. Just when you thought it was safe to go out in the rain

OK, one more coffee and I'm back on the road. The next time I decide to check up on a tip I'll check the weather report first.

hurdy gur,

Derek "heat miser" Barnes



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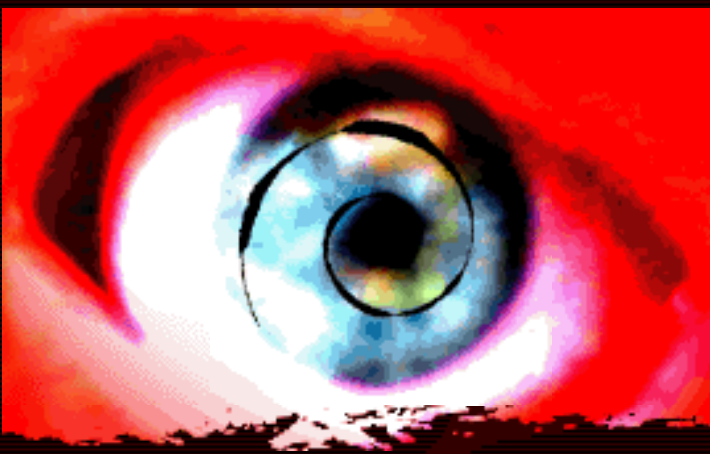
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

November 5th, 1999

Yoo-hoo,

The interesting e-mail award this week goes to the Curly Mob in Dade County (this is the first time I've gotten an e-mail from a "mob") They clued me in on a Florida retiree that claims to have been connected with the both the Mafia and the Kennedy assassination. After being up in Michigan I take any chance I can to get closer to the equator.

The Shady Palms Retirement Home (how's that for a cliched name?) was a hopping place. Lot's of shuffleboarding, bridge playing, Hawaiian shirt wearing old people. Remind me never to grow old.

In exchange for taking him out for drinks I got a [pretty amazing story](#). All the facts I could track down checked out which makes it even eerier. The other interesting thing is that this connects with an earlier story I did on a [voodoo mob hit](#) up in New York. Makes you wonder, don't it?

hurdy gur

Derek



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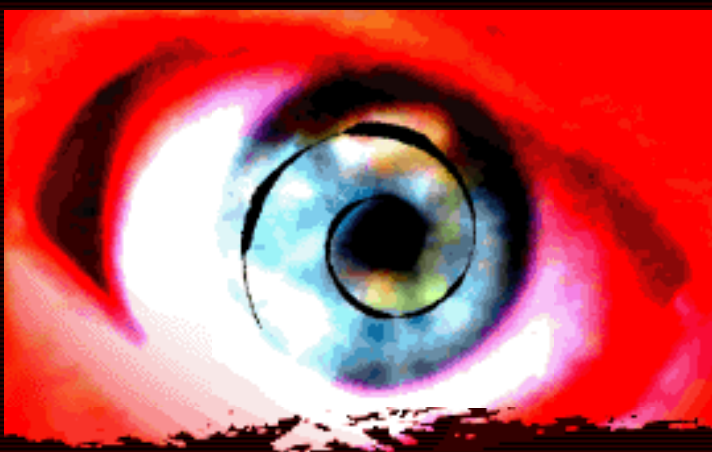
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FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

November 7th, 1999

Contrary to popular internet rumors the world did not end in meteorite impact glory today. You can all get out from your bunker and proceed to work on Monday.

I'm going to start the next internet rumor just to screw with people. Something along the lines of "The face on Mars is getting a facelift"

Buncha nuts, screaming the sky is falling. . . .mumble mumble . .

Hurdy,

Derek



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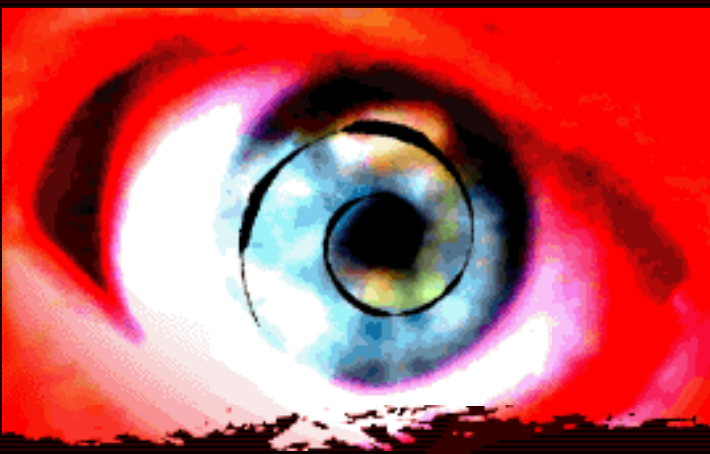
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

November 10th, 1999

Hey Pedro, What's up with the all the "old people do the wackiest things" news? The newest entry in amateur hour is all about this guy's grandmother building [an altar to the anti-Christ](#).

Where's all the freakiness from my target audience? I don't mind running stories on dear ole' senile grandma but I expect some excitement from my own demographics. I know you're out there and I know your thinking of some stupid thing you can do. I say go for it. Just make sure there's a tape in the video camera when you do it.

Nothing illegal now, don't go robbing the local liquor store. If, however, you decide you're the reincarnation of J. Edgar Hoover then that's fine. Go ahead and wear frilly dresses and make all the citizens arrests you want. I just need the footage. This web site is a hungry monster and it demands to be fed.

Speaking of hungry monsters, Jason is here and he wants to go eat. I do believe Lan and I may accompany him to the nearest fast food joint. Watching Jason consume is a sight to behold.

Hurdy Gur,

Derek "I'm so rope, they call me Mr. Roper" Barnes

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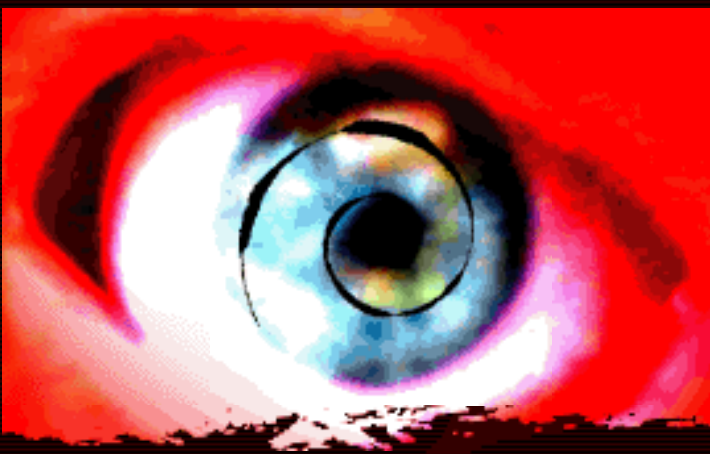
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

November 20th, 1999

Hey,

Ask and you shall receive. My favorite tabloid reporter gave me a tip on 2 twins who think they were Siamese when they were born. Being a twin myself, I was all over this like white on rice.

Me and my twin did all those things you expect twins to do when you're young. We said we were each other to change classes. Attempted (and failed) to convince girls that we were the twin she was in love with. It was always Adam's fault. He was much to geeky even as a child. I was always the cool one (I'm sure Adam would back me up on this if he was here).

We also experienced the other spooky side of the twin thing. When we were 7 or 8 Adam busted his knee wide open trying to climb this tree. I was in the house but I remember falling off the chair I was sitting on and screaming my bloody head off. I was screaming so loud that Mom came to me first and tried desperately to find out what was wrong. It wasn't until Adam came limping through the kitchen door, dripping blood all over the linoleum that she figured out the pain was all in my head.

Freaky huh? And that wasn't the only time something like that happened.

These episodes may have been one of the main reasons that Adam got so interested in the study of the unknown. Being a geek at heart he approached it from a scientific point of view (unlike my shotgun approach to reporting that I use on the website). If you're interested I've preserved his website which contains lots of dry information on the subject. [Go visit](#) it and tell me how much cooler mine is.

Cooler maybe but if it wasn't for Adam I might have never



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gotten interested in the subject. He was the one that gave me my first book on the subject. He was the one that had the first paranormal website(as dull as it might be). I know if he was alive today he'd be looking over freakylinks, shaking his head and grinning. He had a great grin.

hurdy gur,

Derek

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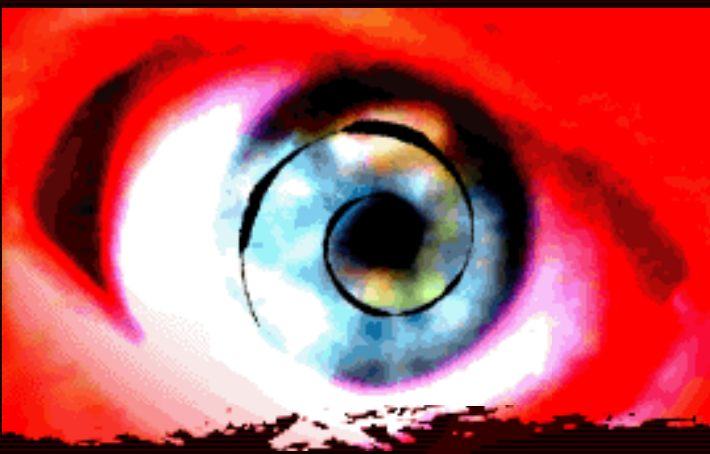
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FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

December 1st, 1999

Domo Arigoto,

Got my first e-mail from Japan. My cyber empire knows no bounds. I conducted a quasi interview via e-mailed questions with the guy who claimed a [dragon came up from the earth](#) during the Kobe earthquake. His interpreter left a little to be desired in the English translation but he spoke English loads better than I speak Japanese (and to all of you out there looking at my grammar and shaking your heads, go jump in a lake.)

Maybe I should learn Japanese. I've always wanted to go to the land of the rising sun. Seems like it would be akin to going to another world since their culture is so different than ours.

I've bugged Lan enough till she's taught me how to cuss in Vietnamese. That always comes in handy when phone solicitors call. I just start screaming at them in Vietnamese until they hang up. I want to try it on Jehovah Witness's but they never come by. Maybe they know me to well. Maybe I'm on some anti-visitation list.

I'm babbling which means that 4 AM is no time to be writing rants for the world to read. To bed, to bed for tomorrow is another day and all that crap.

hurdy gur,

Derek "Snoozing" Barnes



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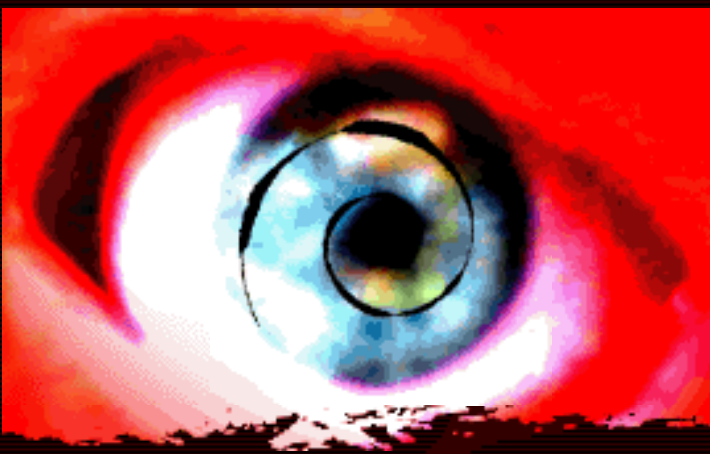
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

December 5th, 1999

Hiya friends and freaks,

Oh the loon from Atlanta has contacted me again. He must have some kind of phobia against corporations because his new story is all about Amelia Earhart running a major airline. He's moved too. Now he's in Seattle. "looking out for our interests" as he puts it. Surprising that he doesn't get offended at the comments I've made about him. Guess he's happy as long as the message is getting out. Also said that he had to change "his look" because I ran that picture of him. I hesitate to think what "his look" is now.

Jason has convinced me that both of us should grow beards. He says we'll look, "mean and tough, like mountain men" I pointed out to him that there's no mountains in Florida but that didn't deter him. So I'm humoring him and seeing what I look like with some facial hair. Mom says I remind her of a hillbilly. I'm not sure that's the look I was going for but you take what you can get.

I'm sorry to report that the t-shirts and videos have been put on hold for a short while. It's just got to be too much for me to handle and there is no way I can scout out all the weirdness in the world on one hand and fill T-shirt orders with the other hand (I need both hands too myself). So the long and the short of it is that I've contacted another company that I can sub-contract the orders out to. They will handle, manufacturing, and distribution for me and get a cut of the profits. Don't worry, I'll still make sure everything is up to the ultra high standards you expect from a Freakylinks. No half-ass operations, no sir, not me. I swear on bible (for all of you that know me, just play along like you don't know any better).

And don't worry if you have sent money or used a charge card for an order. You can either be first on the waiting list when I get the new system set up or I will refund your



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

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money. Your choice. See how nice I am?

hurdy gur,

Derek "BR-549" Barnes

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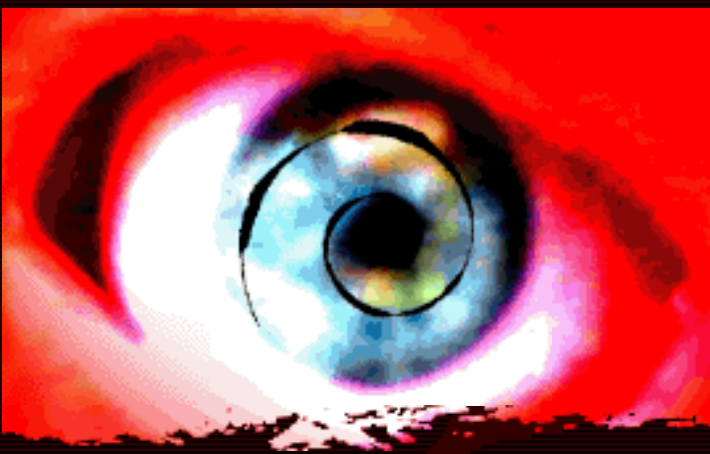
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

December 15th, 1999

Yo,

Seen the exciting [new entry](#) tagged as an Amateur Hour? It's not for the faint of heart, trust me. If anyone else out there is [vomiting up things](#) that shouldn't be in their stomachs then feel free to keep it to yourself. I wasn't going to put this one up but Lan made such a fuss (believe it or not, she thought it was hilarious) that I posted it to make her happy.

This makes the 5th or 6th frog related entry in the 'pedia. Weird ain't it? I never knew frogs were linked so strongly to the paranormal. Maybe there's something deeper that I am missing. In fiction you always hear about witches needing some part of a frog to make a spell complete. Then there's the story about the frog who was really a prince under a curse. Perhaps frogs are the link between the our world and the supernatural one. Wouldn't that be a kick in the head? All this time everybody was looking for aliens in UFO's and they should have been looking for tadpoles in the pond.

In case you're wondering, my beard looks as stupid as ever. Lan has taken to calling me "Grizzly" and I don't think Mr. Crowley likes it either. Jason on the other hand has got this full lush thing sprouting all over his face like he was the poster child for the hair club for men. He's started wearing flannel shirts and keeps talking about going skiing in Tennessee. Dexterity isn't Jason's long suit so I fear for his life if he does decide to drive up to snow and strap on a pair of skies.

In other news, you may have noticed that the Sea Serpent cam was down for a coupla days. Seems like the salt and sea air ain't good for electronics (who would have thunk it?) I paid the North Carolina boys the money for the old one and put a new one on the Freakylinks charge card. By the time you read this it should be back [up and a running](#).



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

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Keep sending me the e-mail and snail mail. I may not answer everything but I do get around to reading it. If you write a really disturbing one (or a nice mushy love note) I might preserve it forever in the hate mail/love mail section of the web site.

hurdy gur,

Derek "grizzly" Barnes

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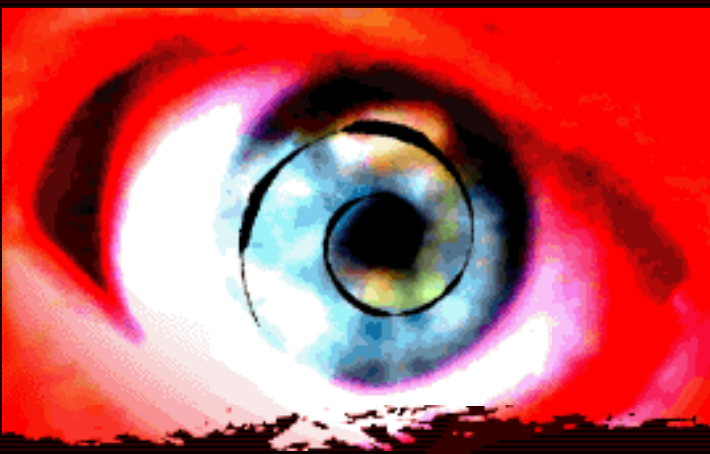
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

December 20th, 1999

Yo-ho-ho and all that Xmas stuff,

Just back from Henderson Kentucky with a brand new story designed to raise those little hairs on the back of your neck. A big shout out to Skepson for e-mailing me the initial info on the subject.

Ready for Y2K? We're getting ready to batten down the hatches over here at Freak central. I joke about it but Jason went out and bought a semi-automatic rifle.

"What up with that?" I asked him.

"Self defense in case society breaks down" he answered through his beard covered mouth.

(oh yeah I shaved mine off. I kept catching a glimpse of myself in the mirror and wondering who that was looking at me.)

So needless to say Jason is staying at home with his batteries, cans of peanut butter and rolls of toilet paper for New Year's Eve. For a Xmas gift I'm giving him water purifying tablets. Thoughtful ain't I?

Hey something that's been bugging me lately is what do we call the next decade? I mean the last one was the eighties, this is the nineties (at least for another week) but what will the new decade be?

...the naughts?

...the zips?

...the double 0's?

See, while everyone has been concerning themselves with this Y2K problem, no one has thought about the serious stuff



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except me. Oh well . . .I guess it's my lot in life.

Well if Y2K does happen, society crumbles and Jason becomes the feudal lord of Central Florida this may be the last time I get to talk to ya. Be good and remember not to shoot the looters until you can see the whites of their eyes.

hurdy gur,

Derek "the surfing serf" Barnes

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