

FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

January 5th, 2000

Welcome back to reality,

Yes you can all crawl out of your Y2K bunkers and rejoin the rest of us surface dwellers. Contrary to popular opinion not much happened on January 1st. Or at least nothing dramatic enough cause you to need to stockpile things. Yes, much like the Cuban Missile Crisis, it was all just much ado about nothing (insert Shakespearean theme music here)

Back here in Freaktown I just returned from the pawn shop with Jason. Since the world didn't end he decided to trade in his semi automatic gun o' fun for cold hard cash. Funny thing was we had to go to 3 different pawn shops till he found one that would take it and even then he got a lot less than he paid for it new 2 months or so ago. Guess that model isn't popular for your basic home defense kinda guy.

Interesting news on the world wide weird is the [Devil Dog footage](#) that came out of England last week. In case you missed seeing it on your favorite basic cable news channel I got's the goods you been looking for all hard wired in and ready to go. What's the deal with dogs and Great Britain? This makes the 3rd spooky canine themed freakylink to come out of the British Isles since I started this here ole' cybernetic freakshow up. Is it something in the water over there?



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I found the item in the picture at a local dollar store. In case you can't read the type it says "21st Century of Big Spider" This explains a lot. I wondered what kind of

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danger and trouble lurked around the corner for us in the new year and now I know. This century doesn't belong to us at all, but instead to oversized arachnids intent on making the future all . . .er, webby.

Anyways as they say in the old west (well maybe once somebody said it in a barroom brawl or something like that) I'm going to go and let you peruse the site to your hearts content. Drop me a line if you got a bone to pick.

hurdy gur

Derek "preparing for Y3K" Barnes

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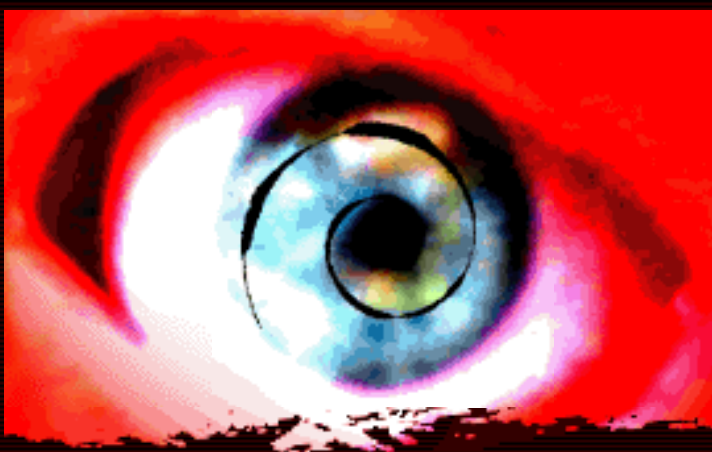
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FREAK-O-PEDIA

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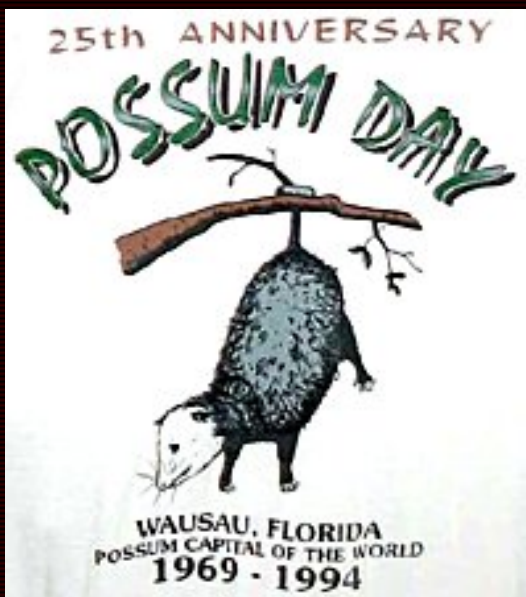
January 12th, 2000

Hey baby,

How you doing? What brings a nice girl like you to a sleazy web page like this? You dig my suit? Gen-u-wine thunderbird skin, I tanned it myself. Thats right baby, I'm hip and with-it and decked out to the paranormal nines. The shoes are hoopsnake hide, the cologne is Aroma de Ectoplasmic and the silver chain was a werewolf bullet that I had melted down. You wanna go for a ride in the freak-mobile? It's an automatic, hydromatic 4 wheelin' greased lightning ride of your life complete with simulated Shroud of Turin bucket seats.

Hey baby, where you going? I ain't good enough for you? Well then can I at least get a DNA sample so I can clone ya sometime?

. . .Oh my



Glad I got that out of my system. See, this is what happens when I start going out to bars with Jason. I combine the worse aspects of the macho male with the freaky geek. Girls see me sit down next to them at the bar, glance at my "Possum Day in Wausaw Florida" T-shirt and skidaddle right on out of there. (is skidaddle a word?)

For some reason Lan likes going out with me



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and Jason. No, wait a minute she's reading this over my shoulder and is correcting me. "Observing" is what she calls it.

----Lan here----

I call it observing because I in no way endorse the male's regard as a bar as the perfect place to meet your future wife. Having been a bartender for many a year, I have seen it happen a dozen times and no matter how smooth the guy thinks he is, the girl is always the one who has to decide if she will appear to fall for the line that she is being given.

----Lan out

This comes from a girl who thinks that this shoe is the epitome of fashion. And in the first place, who's talking about meeting your perfect wife? In case you're wondering, I ain't looking. Oh of course there's been a time or two when ole' Derek "the epitome of singleness" Barnes (is singleness a word?) has thought about settling down and having the little nuclear family with 2.5 kids and a minivan in the garage . . . but then I snap out of it! I mean I ain't no ladies man but I've done my share of heart breaking and I have yet to find the kinda girl who makes me go all googly eyed.



Oh sure girls are fun to play with and they have got all kinds of interesting parts that I don't have but there has not been a single one in the past 2 years that's ever been all excited when I tell 'em what I do for a living. Most of them kinda shrug and ignore my blabbering on about skunk apes and people who worship sink holes. The most I have gotten is a "well, that's different." I'm waiting till I met a woman who can look me in the eye and smile when I say "The temperatures created in a spontaneous human combustion has always fascinated me."



On the off chance that you're a good looking gal between the ages of 20 and 30 who is into SHC just let me say that I'm 25 and a Capricorn and if a studmuffin in a "Criswell Predicts" T-shirt is just what you're looking for, lemme know..

. . .oh yeah, Check out what some intrepid fishermen [pulled out of the bay](#) in San Francisco last week. A fish that is a freakylink all to itself.

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hurdy gur
Derek "Covering my bases" Barnes

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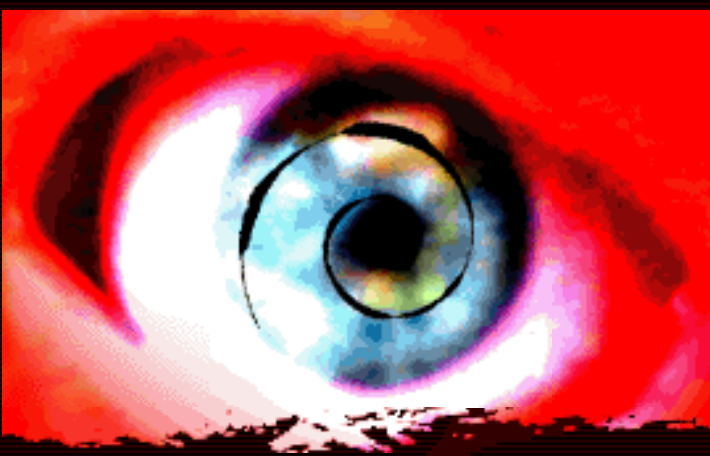
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January 17th, 2000

Hey-ho, let's go,

Oompa, lompa, dippity, doo, I've got another story for you. Through a friend of a friend of a friend (sound like an urban legend now don't it?) I found a guy who says he has a Jersey Devil baby in a jar. Now if I had a Jersey Devil baby in a jar, I'd be jumping up and down, calling the news and informing anyone who wanted to know. But not this guy. Nope, he's Mr. Secretive, Mr. Hush-hush. He doesn't want to let the cat (or in this case the Jersey Devil) out of the bag. Well I called in some favors, did a little pleading and got allowed to go see the thing. Of course this guy has no idea I run a web site but he was real keen on not letting anybody take pictures of this relic so I had to be a little secretive about the whole thing. I went down to the Spy's R Us store and bought myself one of those mini video cameras you can hide on your person and hid the lens right at a button on my shirt. So I got EXCLUSIVE footage of a Jersey Devil monster baby in a pickle jar.

That's right, another ultra exclusive hook up for you and yours courtesy of Derek Barnes and his amazing self. I tell you I'm so proud of myself I could dance the lambada (but I won't)



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This week's strange photograph came to me via snail mail with no return address on the envelope. Since I can't figure out if a patriotic alien belongs in hate mail or love mail I'm posting it here. You figure it out.

The new entry has this carnival sub-plot running through it and it made me start thinking about the fascination me and my brother had with

carnivals when we were young. Not the circus, mind you, but carnivals. Cheap looking, white trash owned, unsafe rides, bad food, rigged games, the whole kit and caboodle was one of the only things that could pry me and my brother away from the Atari. (and Yar's Revenge is still a kick ass game, and you can tell those Mario brothers I said so)

Mom would finally cave in after about an hour of us yelling and screaming that the CAR-NI-VAL was in town and promise to take us. I remember one time we both spent the 20 bucks she gave us at this one game where you tried to cover an image of a circle by dropping these smaller metal circles over it. Finally when we were out of money the carny guy must have been feeling sorry for us loser kids cause he gave us each one of those weird stretch soda bottles. Believe it or not, I still have mine, displayed proudly in my room. For the longest time I thought that the Carny guy was a God among men. Then I got older and figured out that he was just happy to get his beer money for the night from us.

You see, it's all cotton candy dreams until you wake up and find out the nice carny guy is actually a drunk that probably beats his bearded lady wife. Life is like that sometimes, ya know?

hurdy gur,
Derek "Guess your weight for a dollar" Barnes



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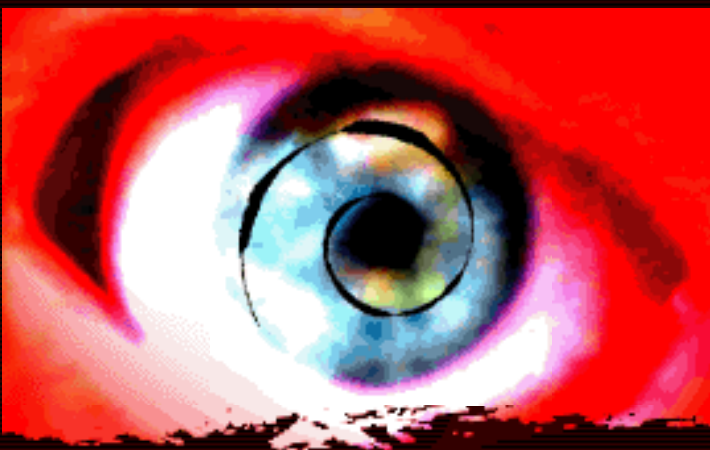
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DIARY OF A MADMAN

January 20th, 2000

Derek reporting with an All Points Bulliten

Listen up! I'm sitting here simply slack jawed by the new trick pulled out of Lan's HTML hat. We've been going back and forth about getting some new marketing ploys out there into the world wide weird in an effort to snare more of that phat internet audience and lo and behold, Lan has come through again.

Yes sir
ree bob,
paint me
red and
call me a
dutch
uncle, WE
GOT
POSTCARDS !!

And not
those
boring,
seen 'em
before
postcards
you see
on every other site. Nope. not us.

I mean think about it, a website needs to be a real place, a community where you can go to and escape from the everyday rank and file, right? In short, a vacation spot. Now when you go to your vacation spot (like some isolated cabin if you're the Unabomber, or Fantasy island if you've got a thing for midgets in white suits) you want to tell all your friends what a cool place you've found right? You want them to know that you are currently living it up, you've got what they want. In short, you want them to know how much cooler you are



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than them, right? (nod your head at this point)

So what you do at times like that is to send a postcard, right? "Having a wonderful time, wish you were here so you can buy me beer . . ." that sorta thing. Well Lan has got the closest thing to a reality postcard you can get in this electronic boogie we call the web. We got postcards that look like real postcards, we got postcards that are stamped like real postcards, we got postcards that are so similar to the real thing that your friends and neighbors will be trying to grab them off the video screen (does not apply to Timex Sinclair users)

And the best thing is the pictures. Just like in that big old nasty world out there beyond your computer, our postcards are so damn cool they'll have your friends tripping over their tongues in an effort to congratulate you on how hip and with it you are. I mean, lets face it, you ain't gonna find a postcard with a three legged stripper just anywhere. In fact you ain't gonna find it anywhere but here, your home town website, Freakylinks.

So now without further ado (whatever in the hell ado is) I give you the all new instamatic, piping hot, [Send a Postcard](#) feature (insert overblown trumpet fanfare here)

Go nuts! Send these to everyone in your address book, make them learn the hard way why you are the King of the information age. I double dog dare ya.

hurdy gur
Derek "mass marketing is my life" Barnes

P.S. Lan wants me to tell you guys that this icon will be on every Freakopedia page so you can click once, click often!



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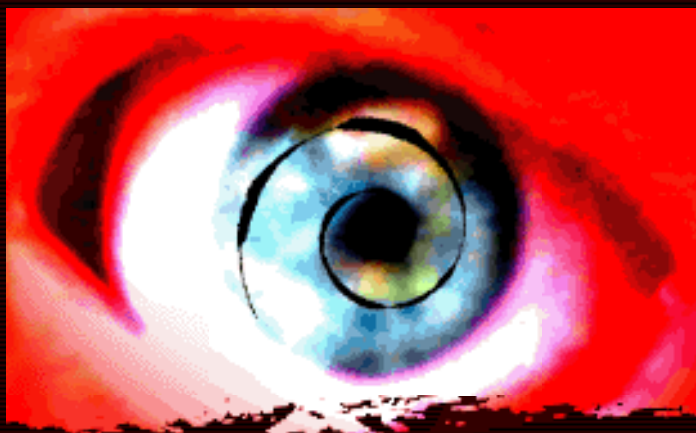
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January 24th, 2000

Hi Kids,

Welcome to Derek's playhouse. (insert surreal children's TV show theme song here)

Remember that office building in Clearwater that had the image of the Virgin Mary appearing on the side of it? Well I went one better and found a church in Ohio that has crosses miraculously appearing. The preacher is spooked and I came away feeling that something was def. up. Go [check it out](#) my little sherlocks and tell me what you think.

Mr. Crowley is right happy to have his new paranormal playtoy that bjudy sent in. Thanks for the chew toy in the shape of a skunk ape. (what every doggie should have) Before Crowley liked to chew on the threatening e-mails I received and printed out but now his life is more complete I think. Course I didn't get a playtoy... just cause I ain't as lovable looking as my pet is no reason to forget me. It's the season for giving (well no, but it was like a month or so ago) and I wanted to be given to, dammit.

A big thank you to Monty Z. who e-mailed me the pic of his graffiti art on some poor building in Newport News. I do not recommend this type of thing but if you're going to do then I'll gladly accept the free advertising. Except next time, Monty, use a brighter red and try and keep it all level. Nothing worse than graffiti you can't read.



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Do I ever come off sounding like a egotistical money grubbing low life? Hum... that could be a problem. Maybe I should work on my people skills. Either that, or I should be more cunning about the way I say things. Maybe I shouldn't be so gosh darn honest in these rants. Maybe I should try to hide my feelings and thoughts inside and be more considerate of others and their feelings...

Naw, it just ain't me.

In other exciting news, I'm very close to reaching a deal where an outside company will handle all the sales of the statues, voodoo dolls and T-shirts. Ever since we got too big for our britches, I've been slowly neglecting the sales aspect of this here web site of fun and I think it's time I rectified it. So keep looking at this space for an important announcement coming soon. And don't worry about some outside company coming in and spoiling our little bundle of joy. Just because they'll be handling that nasty business and credit card stuff does not mean that Freakylinks has gone corporate (For your information, I sold out long ago)

hurdy gur
Derek "hiding my light under a bushel" Barnes

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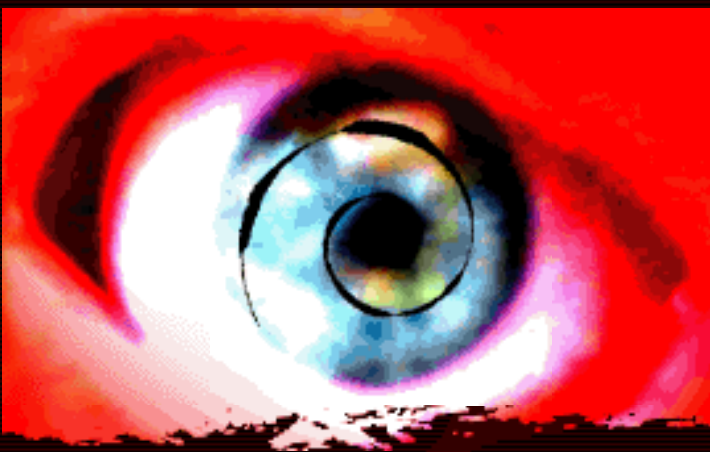
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FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

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DIARY OF A MADMAN

February 9th, 2000

Yo, as Sly likes to say,

Slow week here at the high castle of weirdness. Lan is tweaking the site with some more bells and whistles and I'm sitting here wondering just what was it that flew over the midwest in the late 1800's. (see, just normal every day stuff)

Anyway I found an old book at the Library (yeah, I went an looked at real honest to God books, wanna make something out of it?) that talked about these sightings of something flying around Kansas and Texas back in the 1880's and 90's. Now this was years before flying saucers were talked about. (the term flying saucers wasn't even used until 1947) So what were these farmers seeing in the sky? Check out my new entry in the Freakopedia that tells all about it.

In other news designed to thrill and titillate you, I went with Mom last week and helped her pick out a new car. Well let's just say I went along. I wanted her to get a Hum-Vee but Mom thought that might not be practical. She got a mini-van instead.

Jason is moving up in the world of shipping and has been named supervisor of his division at the trucking firm he works at. Why anyone would think Jason is supervisor material is beyond me. Maybe he puts on a different face when he's in the corporate world. When he's with me he just looks like a guy trying to stay away from boredom.

OK, enough about the day to day stuff in my thrill a minute life. Maybe something strange will happen to me if I take the dog for a walk. Jeepers, but I hope so.

hurdy gur,
Derek



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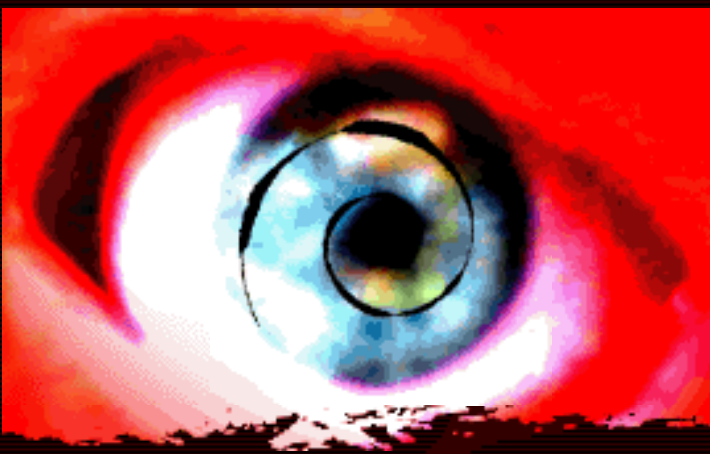
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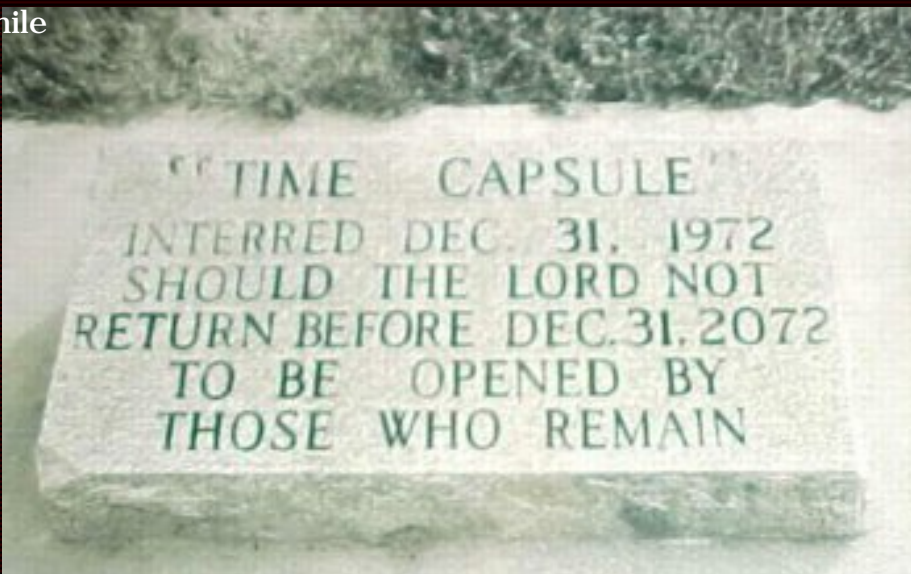
DIARY OF A MADMAN

February 18th, 2000

OK, OK

No more whining. I re-read that last rant and it just makes me look like the most pitiful boy in the world. Oh, woe is me (insert violins here) Just because nothing strange happens to me in a week's time I start thinking I need to get a real job. Well that got nipped in the bud (I have no idea's whose bud) this week with an e-mail from a reporter out of Alabama. Seems that some guy was having bad dreams and decided to go dig in his back yard. Wanna know what he dug up? [Click here](#) and read all about it courtesy of my personal investigation.

While
I



was traveling upstate I stopped in a little small no name 1 red light town and saw this amazingly profound time capsule cover. Boy they were really covering all the angles on this one huh?

You know, I was thinking about going into a sideline business. Something along the line of private detective work.



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I'm always really good at tracking down the facts when I hear about weird things and I bet that ability would cross over into being a gumshoe. Yea, Derek Barnes, private eye, gun for hire, cases solved and people found. The guy to call when you find a dead body in a locked room. Course, I'm getting my visions from all the hours of detective shows I've seen on late night TV. I get the sinking feeling that it's not as exciting in real life. I'd probably spend most of my time watching guys trying to cheat insurance companies with whiplash scams. . . .hum, wonder what it pays?

Oh, now get this, that guy I secretly recorded with the [Jersey Devil baby](#) found out about my little quicktime film and is up in arms. Seems what I did was bad, very bad, and I'm going to pay for my nefarious activities. I'm not sure if he wants to sue me or kick my ass but neither sounds like something I want to be involved in. Perhaps if I gave him a [T-shirt](#) it would calm him down.

More as it develops,

hurdy gur

Derek "I am not a crook" Barnes

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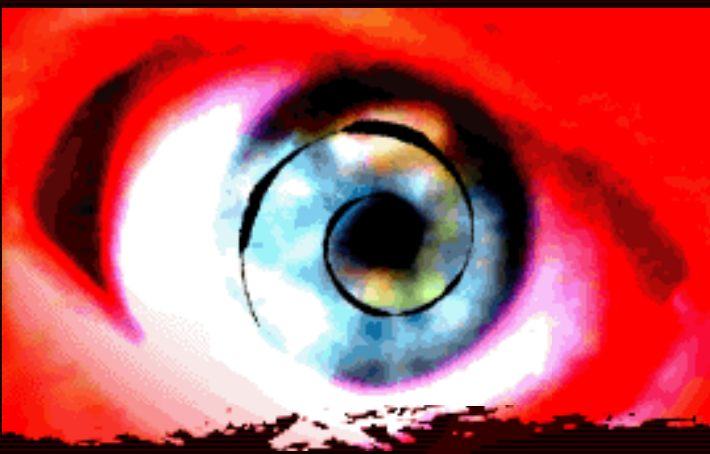
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FREAK-O-PEDIA

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DIARY OF A MADMAN

March 1st, 2000

Merry Leap Day to you!

Hum . . . that doesn't sound quite right. I always get my holiday greetings mixed up. Last year I hung mistletoe for groundhog's day and wound up kissing a gopher . . . thank you, thank you, I'll be appearing all this week here at the lounge.

See, now you understand why I never went into stand up comedy.

Exciting paranormal news out of New York City (the town so nice they named it after a town in England . . . or something like that) If you ask me, (and I'm sure you would ask me if you were here but you're not so I'll ask myself) witches and Wall Street seem like a perfect match. Go [check out the new entry](#) and [let me know what you think](#).

Personally I think that it's high time that the supernatural began showing it's face at the stock market. Everybody knows that what the stock market has been doing is not normal. Now we can have a way to explain it.

"Oh honey, your high tech stock split again, must have been because the new CEO of the company is a warlock."

See, this would begin to explain lots of things. Like why computers are out dated just as soon as you take them out of the cardboard box or what the term "voodoo economics" really means.

Once everybody starts accepting magic as a rational explanation things just start getting easier. Now when a little kid asks you why the sky is blue all you have to do is say, "It's magic."

Course now that I think about it, my mother always did say



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that when me and my brother asked her questions she couldn't answer. This may explain why I am so screwed up in the head. Hum . . maybe it's not such a good idea after all. Probably not a good idea to have a kid that thinks the same way I do. Course it did come in handy on tests when the teacher would ask those pesky questions about things I never bothered to study. I would just make up something mumbo-jumbo-ish and pass it off as a serious response. This made for lots of interesting teacher-parent conferences.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Barnes but Derek seems to think that the 3rd law of physics is "Objects remain in motion until they get vaporized by space aliens. This of course is not correct."

Of course it's not correct, everybody knows that the aliens teleport stuff, they don't vaporize anymore.

hurdy gur
Derek "bouncy bouncy" Barnes



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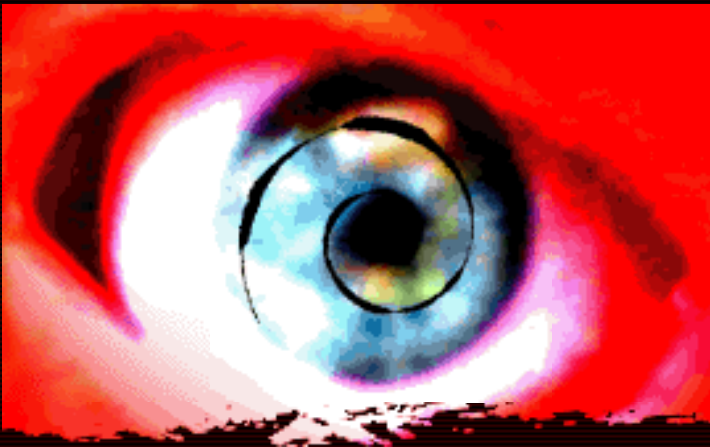
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March 13th, 2000

Oh my,

And in case you were wondering what I was doing last weekend when Freakylinks was being chopped to tiny little bits by hackers, I was hanging out with the First United Church of Consumption in Miami. You can [read all about the madness](#) in the latest entry.



RANTS:

Oh and a big thank you (in my sincerest mode of sarcasm) to Ginny in Bakersfield California who sent me the ceramic egg man. This is what I get for complaining about the cute egg webpage in my "Know Thine Enemy" section. Thanks Ginny, I'll put it in my hope chest and treasure it forever. If anybody else wants to send me crap, you can do so at:



Freakylinks
PO Box 532112
Orlando FL
32853-2112

Extreme silliness might net ya a Freakylinks T-shirt in return but rude letters with lots of four letter words just make me cry so I don't send nothing back for those. (I'm very sensitive, dontcha know)

Trust me when I say you should never try to keep up with those guys at the all you can eat buffet. Jason was in fine form however. I invited him on the trip to go see the members and he actually said yes. Usually he's not that keen to go on a car trip since he drives for a living but I think the idea of a church devoted to eating (among other things) really caught his attention. So we headed out in Jason's new and improved truck of death (Jason just spent about two grand on the stereo) and hit the road.

Being back in Miami has its ups and downs. Driving on the interstate there terrifies me. Seems like everyone driving is either on a cel phone while they go 90 miles an hour in their BMW or just barely managing to keep their vehicle tied together with strips of bailing wire while doing 40 in the fast lane. Oh and all of them are muttering to themselves in Spanish. Jason just simply ignores any other car until they are almost touching his truck and then turns up the stereo louder as he swerves around them. While on paper this may seem to be a good idea the actual implementation of it leaves a lot to be desired unless you actually like the feeling of having your stomach lurch into your throat over and over again (I do not, in case you are wondering)

Anyway we did get there in one piece and I managed a more

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or less coherent question and answer session with the church members. Jason took the time when I was interviewing to go to a "bad ass stereo store" (I quote him exactly) somewhere near South Beach. I guess my ears weren't bleeding from the high decibel music quite enough for his tastes.

So now I'm back safe and sound behind the computer and none the worse for the trip (except for the ringing in my ears that will not go away) On the way back Jason kept showing off the new equalizer he got installed while we were there. My teeth chattered so much from the bass that I thought my fillings were going to pop out. I'm not sure who first said that if the music is too loud then you're too old but I dare that man to take a ride with Jason. Let his eardrums get assaulted by "the power of the bass" and then lets see him come up with some pithy sayings. (you like that use of pithy?)

hurdy gur,
Derek "eardrum buzz" Barnes

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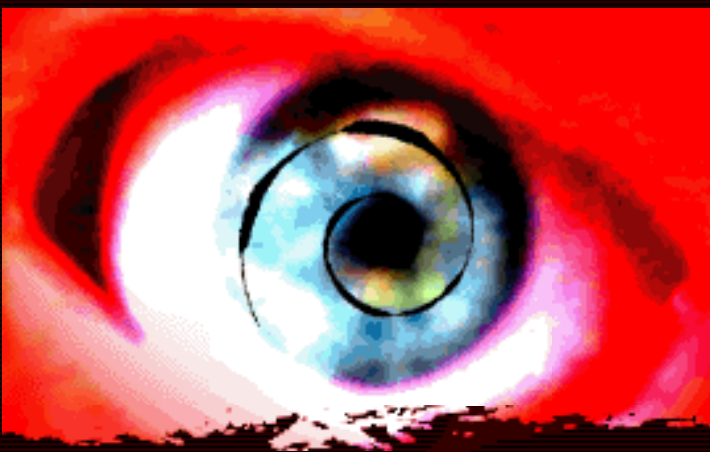
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

March 28th, 2000

FIRST THE BAD NEWS

Is there anybody out there? The reason I ask is that along with just about everything else, the newsletter list got hacked and deleted.

Oh yea, didn't you know? Once again hackers got into our system and this time they just went nasty, deleting huge chunks of the discussion board, pictures and anything else they could pry open with their cybernetic crowbar. I'm back up and running but alot of stuff got trashed so don't be surprised if you see big blank spots where stuff use to be. Lan is working along with a computer information retrieval service to try and get most of the lost info back from the graveyard but so far it ain't been pretty.

If you are reading this and had been signed up for the newsletter I suggest you [sign up again](#). I got some e-mail addy's from my old e-mail list (the new one got deleted) but I'm missing lots of names on there. So sign up again to get back on the list o' fun

Who do I think did it? Same group that hacked me 2 weeks or so ago, those damn Jerzey Boyz. Oh they didn't leave a calling card like they did the first time (guess they were playing a little too rough) but I don't see how it could be anyone else. It's not as if I'm a hacker magnet or anything (least I don't think I am.)

SO WHAT'S THE GOOD NEWS?

Well a day before my computer got trashed I got a FRIGGING AMAZING e-mail from a girl named "Bitchie Poo" (and yea that's her on line name and not the one her parents gave her) She was hanging out watching the skunk ape cam and SAW SOMETHING



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I'm pretty stoked, (hell I'd be jumping up and down on my bed if I didn't have to deal with this hacker crap) so you DEF. need to check out the [update on the Skunk Ape cam](#) to learn what's up. It's not like a viewer sees a monster everyday on my site. Even if it's just the owner of the fish camp in a suit it sure does look pretty interesting. I'll keep posting any new facts that come in so stay tuned.

ONE LAST THING

I'm going on a camping trip with Jason next week so expect for me to be out of touch for a few days. I know it's so utterly unlike me to leave technology (and bathrooms) behind but I promised Jason we'd spend some quality time together (man, doesn't that sound like we're married or something?) Anyway it was his birthday and he wanted to go out in the woods and get in touch with nature so I said I'd be the good friend and tag along. It's up at some state park in Northwest Florida (it's all woods to me) so maybe I'll get lucky and get attacked by another Skunk Ape. (Lan's here if ya need her)

So until I show up again (unshaven, unwashed, and unkempt) keep on the sunny side of life. (insert sarcastic couterpoint music here)

hurdy gur,
Derek "redbugs r us" Barnes

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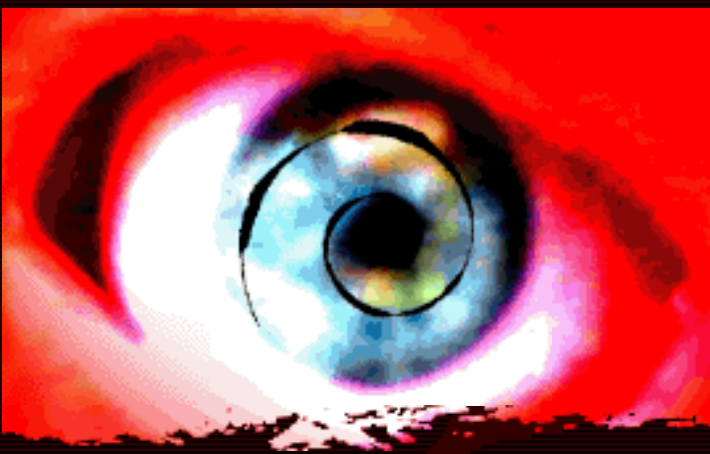
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

March 30th, 2000

A big freaky Heya,

Hello friends and neighbors. Glad to see ya back and most delighted to make your acquaintance. One of my favorite subjects, cryptozoology, has a fresh and hot new entry devoted to it in the 'pedia. [Check it out](#) as I like to say.

You know I often wonder what cryptozoologists do on their off days. Some how I don't think that playing with the family dog would be that exciting for them. Maybe one of 'em has a gene splicing lab down in the basement to mix and match his favorite animal parts with others. Now that would be a little more interesting. If Rover had another set of legs so he could chase the Frisbee just a little faster. Or if the goldfish had wings so they could float around the room in little self contained water bubbles. . . .I think maybe my brain has gone into wishful thinking mode again.

Have you signed up for the newsletter? If not then you're missing out on lots of secret stuff I tell no one else plus you chance to win a Freakylinks or Monsters Freaks T-shirt. (I dare you to stick up your nose at that tasty morsel of a prize)

So [sign up today](#). I swear on a stack of necronomicons that I won't sell your e-mail address to some spam mail company for 50 cents. (It'd take a cool \$1)

hurdy gur

Derek "pleading the fourth and drinking a fifth" Barnes



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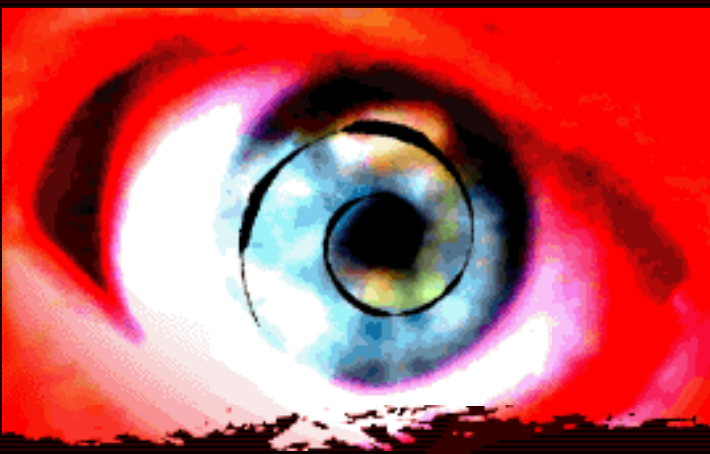
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

April 17th, 2000

Yo,

Sorry for the "long time-no type to you" delay since my last entry but I've been hanging out in the woods with that fool Jason.

Yea, we went camping together and let me tell you that's the last time I'll ever share a pup tent with that mad bastard. He may be my friend and all but that sucker snores like he's a bush hog mowing down overgrown thistle on the side of the interstate. Every night I'd just get to sleep when suddenly I'd hear, "SNNNAAARRRGGHH" starting up right next to me. Drove me up the frigging wall. (not that there was any walls out there in the great unknown)

So besides him sounding like a buzzsaw every night, how was it? Lemme just say that I'm no outdoorsman. I thought I could deal with roughing it for a few days, knowing that I would be back in the comforting arms of electricity but after day two I was ready to crawl up the nearest tree (that's what they call those big things out in the woods that stick up into the air and have lots of little green things attached to them) and try to flag down William Shatner for a little Rescue 911 action. To be short and to the point: THE WOODS SUCK

So after 10 days of that nonsense (Jason refused to tell me where he hid the keys to his truck) we hiked back out of that godforsaken forest (thats what you call large collection of those tree things) and made it back to civilization. Jason claims that the trip made him stronger and wiser and all kinds of bull. The only thing the trip made me was starving for a double cheeseburger which I promptly got at the first fast food joint I saw.

OTHER NEWS

While I was gone Lan and the high tech gang she hired to rescue the discussion board after the hacker wiped us clean



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came to the conclusion that it ain't gonna be easy to save what was lost. In light of that she went ahead and put the board back up. It looks pretty pitiful (had all of 3 entries last time I checked) but she says that they are still trying to get the rest of the info that was lost so cross your fingers and maybe she'll get lucky (and no I didn't mean that in the biblical sense)

Lan also got some interesting e-mails and attachments from her friend over in Eastern Europe. He forwarded a great story coming out of Moscow to us. Check it out by [clicking here](#).

As for me, I'm going to sit back, relax, turn up the air conditioning and watch some mindless TV for a while. I simply refuse to even think about going outside.

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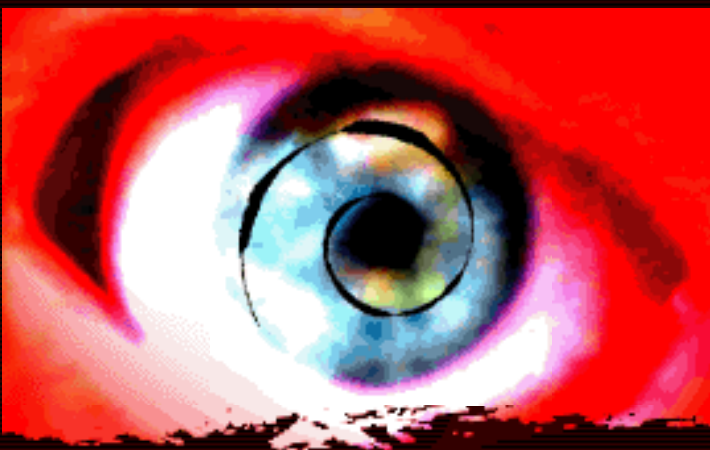
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

April 25th, 2000

Hi there, (as Vinnie Barbarino use to say)

Waz up? There may be a few new readers out there in web land thanks to those fine, friendly folks over at [Fortean Times](#). They did a nice write up on the web site and that infamous thunderbird photograph of mine. Course they call me a hoaxer but hey, free publicity is free publicity. You won't see me complaining, not one little bit.

My friend David, just gave me the coolest gift last week. He's one of those "disturbed" artist types (as opposed to all the rational and sane people I know) and wanted me to be the first on my block to have one of his new "Satanic Moments" statues. Oh I'm a lucky boy I tell ya. It's proudly displayed on my shelf. Lan just took one look at it and shuddered. I believe she thinks me and my friends are "flirting with disaster" to quote Molly Hatchet. (a fine underrated 70's southern rock song if ever there was one)



What else? Well Lan is all excited about getting us wired for cable modems. She says they will be "More and faster" to quote KMFDM (a fine underrated gothic industrial rock song if ever there was one.)

Hum . . . maybe I'm on to something, "Industrial southern



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rock". Mean little ditties about truckers all dressed in black and driving funeral hearses. I could start a new trend! (and I'm all about being trendy, lemme tell ya.)

Anyway, since the Fortean Times article came out I've been getting some great e-mails from people about the civil war picture. I've updated that entry a couple of times. It would behoove you (is that how you say it?) to [go and check it out](#), friends and neighbors.

I gotta go now, I've got to call Glenn Danzig and the Allman Brothers and see if I can get them to record this new little ditty that's been roaming around my small little mind.

hurdy gur,

Derek

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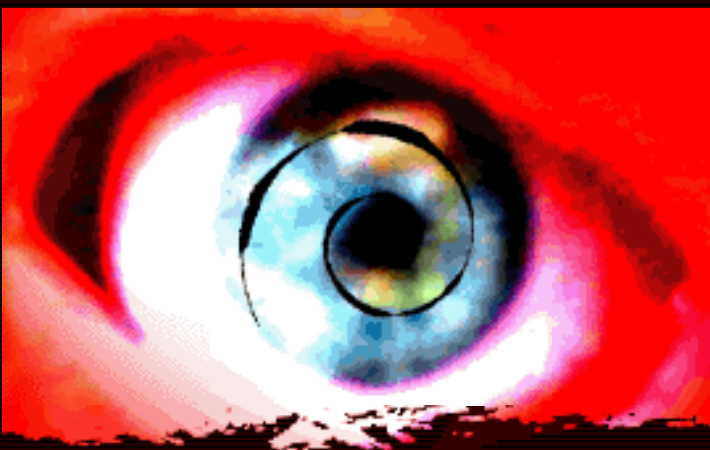
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

June 9th, 2000

Greetings denizens of Freak City!

Sounds sorta like a Superhero don't I? Me and my brother always use to play Superhero when we were kids. Course I always wanted to be the Supervillian bent on world domination. Being the bad guy is always more fun than being the uptight, upright, crusader for moral virtues. Whipping out the ole' death ray and giving it to the unsuspecting public always put a little thrill in my 10 year old heart.

Course now I'm older and wiser (and way less likely to wear a towel for a cape) but I still get my thrills using my superweapon, course these days the superweapon is a web site that threatens to upset the delicate balance of the entire known world . . . quick, run in horror and hide your head in the sand, behold the terror that is. . . . FREAKYLINKS!

Sorry about, I got a little carried away . . .and sorry for the long time no write business for the past month or so. I've been taking a break for a while, getting my act together, doing a little soul searching, trying to figure out where I sit in the whole big picture biz. (you know, do I run the web site or does the web site run me) Deep thoughts, friends and neighbors, deep thoughts. I did some deep, Derek style meditation (which for me involves a six pack of beer and some cream filled pastry treats) and come to the conclusion that me and the web site got a symbiotic relationship going on and both of us suffer when we're apart (not to mention my bank account when nobody buys any of the crap I'm selling.) I'm cool with it all, I'll get back on the ball, and start posting again like a good webmaster should. Maybe I should write a book, "Zen and the art of Website Maintenance."

Course now that I've shaken off the funk, everything is good to go. Got a new deck last week and spent some quality time with the boys skating a few new urban ramp areas they've found out about. Managed to bust my self up rather well on



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more than one occasion. Guess once you go past that magical 25 year old mark the reflexes slow down by a millisecond or so (unless you're a Superhero like Tony Hawk)

But that's OK, I'm a Superhero in my own way, without a deck or wheels. What's my superpower? You're looking at it right now, dudes and duddettes. I'm the Amazing SuperWebboy with the power to mess with your mind and actually make ya think for a minute or two. . . . Now let me sign off or I'll use my deathray on you.

hurdy gur

Derek "Rider of the stormpipe" Barnes

PS And a big freaky thank you to the "Truthholder Overlord" up there in the badlands of Macon Georgia who sent me a picture of himself, "chillin' out in the death room" I'm not sure what he is holding in his hand, and I don't think I wanna know but hey it makes a nice picture to end things on, dontcha think? If you got something you want to scare the living hell out of me (or if you just wanna send some of your Mom's home made cookies my way) you can send it to me at "Freakylinks PO Box 532112, Orlando Florida 32853-2112."

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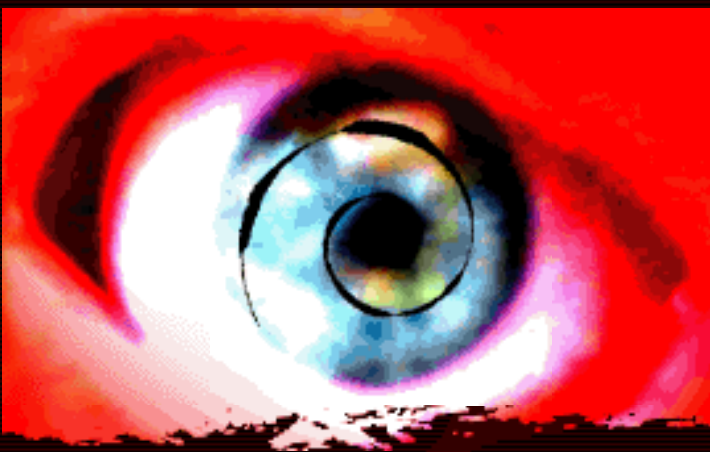
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

June 14th, 2000

Heya,

Well paint my butt red and call me a baboon but here's a new diary entry just 5 days after the last one! Now that's what I call turning over a new leaf, a new dedication to this here web site of fun. (now show your appreciation and go [buy a T-shirt](#) so I can pay the electric bill this month)

Got an interesting letter from a non-fan last week that said something to the effect of, "Too many words, your website is about as interesting as a library." Now just sit there in your Lazyboy and think about that for a second. Too many words? Is that what this world is comin' too? Has this generation been so hammered by visuals that written text no longer holds any interest? Now don't get me wrong, I love stimulating my visual cortex just as much as the next guy but can't words do that just as well as any lame car chase, butts, or breasts you see on the tube or big screen? See, I got one word for ya, it's IMAGINATION. Go look it up on a search engine (cause I doubt you got a dictionary) See what ya did, you went and made me upset. Now I'm gonna go take my thesaurus and go home, I'm not gonna play scrabble with you anymore.

What else is new? Lan your friendly webmistress here at Freakylinks (read that as head geek) went and got a haircut. . . .and that's all I'm sayingOh yeah, one heck of a haircut. It'sdifferent and I best leave it at that or she'll hack into my bank and delete my checking account.

I'm betting a coupla of ya of hoping I'll address this hot rumor that I went and sold my soul to the devil down at the Fox network in exchange for a TV series. Well friends and neighbors, I'm here to tell ya that it ain't so. Like I told that 14 year old kid who keeps posting this non info on the discussion board, "I'm not sure what reality you're in but in



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my reality (wink, wink, nudge, nudge) there ain't no such thing as a TV series based on me." Besides who'd be interested in me and my doings? Boring visuals, and as we all know, it's all about the visuals these days.

Speaking of trippy visuals (hey how's that for a segue-way?) Go check out the [newest entry](#) in Mutants and Misfits. Find out the nefarious acts those evil hippies were doing back in the day. Read the story and then go ask your parents what they were up to during the summer of love.

Hurdy gur,
Derek "insert boring words here" Barnes

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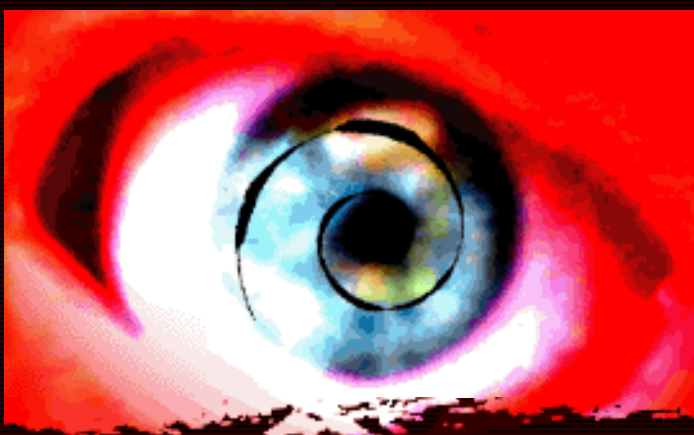
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

June 22nd, 2000

Word to your Mother!

Or maybe it should be "word to your stockbroker" in this day and age. Not that I'm a big mover and shaker on Wall Street, although somebody did e-mail me and ask when the IPO for Freakylinks was scheduled. (And lemme tell ya that made me chuckle) Nope, financial security isn't something you think about when you investigate the paranormal. I'm living hand to mouth baby, hand to mouth. . . . Which reminds me that I need to go get some more tins of tuna and Raman noodles. Sure, I can hear you saying, "But Derek, why should we care about the cheap food with no nutritional value that you eat?" Good question, pat yourself on the back for that one.

Well it's like this There's a thing called the Freakylinks food chain of financial freedom. On top of the chain is the viewing public, and then in the middle is those electronic stores I link to in my [store section](#), and then under that wayyyyyyyyyyy at the bottom is me. This is called the "trickle down" theory and it's your responsibility to make sure that some money trickles down to me every once and a while by buying some of that [stuff I sell](#). But hey, before ya shake your head and click over to an online auction website to peruse automatic fart machines lemme tell ya that I worked a deal with one of those companies to give ya 30 percent off. So go [check out the hip and happening books and vid's](#) I got all lined up for your viewing pleasure and think of me when you place your order. Geepers, ain't I swell?

OK, ok, enough of that used car salesman crap . . . Let's get into the serious stuff. . . Freaky stuff . . . Hoodoo stuff. What's Hoodoo? Well it's just the coolest thing you never heard about! [Click over to the new story](#) in the Freakopedia and learn all about the strange life and violent death of the Hoodoo Doctor of Savannah. Tell 'em Derek sent ya.

OTHER COOL THINGS YOU NEED TO BE CLUED IN ON



RANTS:

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Ya better hunker down in your bunker cause the Freakylinks mobile investigations unit is hitting the road (and with my friend Jason driving that's a recommendation you can take serious) Oh yea, me and Jason (or Jason and I to those English teachers out in the audience) are hightailing it to parts north this Friday thru Monday on one of my patented paranormal vacations! We're planning on hitting the stranger parts of Alabama and maybe Georgia in a 4-day search for things you always heard about but never saw stories of. (Just don't tell Jason's boss that he's borrowing a company truck and their gas card.) I've already got a great interview lined up with some other nifty paranormal investigators plus stops all over to capture the weirdest things the deep south has to offer. You know a freaky spot I might be interested in and wanna help? Well then just head on over to the [discussion board](#) and write a post with the info. I'll check it out, and if it looks promising enough I'll put it on the list of things to do. Plus you should [sign up for the newsletter](#) and keep checking the discussion board cause I'll be posting daily updates from the badlands of 'Bama.

And speaking of the discussion board, here's a big howdy to all those Wiccans posting their little hearts out on there. Word up to the Earth Goddess and all that.

Let's see . . what else . . . Here's some more strange stuff being e-mailed to me. Would somebody explain what this picture is all about?



Well that's about it . . I gotta get out of here and get ready for my trip o' fun. And if you see 2 guys flying up Interstate 65 screaming "That giant possum has gotta be around here

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somewhere" you'll know it's me and Jason . . (or Jason and I if we're feeling semi-literate at the time)

Hurdy gur,
Derek "I can't drive 55" Barnes

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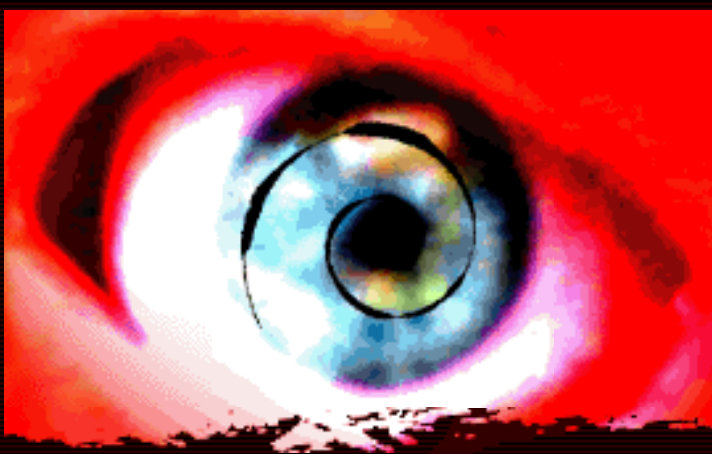
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

June 23rd, 2000 - 11pmish

Greetings from Columbus Georgia!

That's right, day one is over and done with and I'm still alive! (No thanks to Jason's driving skills) Currently I'm holed up in a hotel just outside Fort Benning (a hotel full of drunken army guys might I add) As I write this Jason is digging into his 5th piece of chicken from the take out chicken place next door. . .

Speaking of chicken, have I mentioned that Dawson Georgia is being attacked by a giant chicken?



RANTS:

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Oh sure, while I was in town this forty foot fowl was trying to act nonchalant on top of this resturant but I just knew that the moment I averted my eyes he'd come back to life, reach down with that huge beak, and pluck me from Jason's truck just like an oversized worm from a bait bed. Then again, maybe I've got an overactive imagination and it's just a large statue, either way it freaked me out.

Speaking of oversized (beginning to see a trend here?) Check this out!



Does King Kong even know his roller skate is missing? Seriously though when's the last time you saw a roller skating place? Well they got one in Albany Georgia so if the words "backwards skate" send a chill down your spine I suggest you check it out.

OK . .OK enough with the tourist attractions, I know your wondering where all the paranormalness (is that even a word?) is. Well most of today was just spent getting here but we did manage to find one little place in the woods that had a great story attached to it. I'll say no more until I get the story up in the freakopedia but here's a picture to wet your ocular nerve. . .

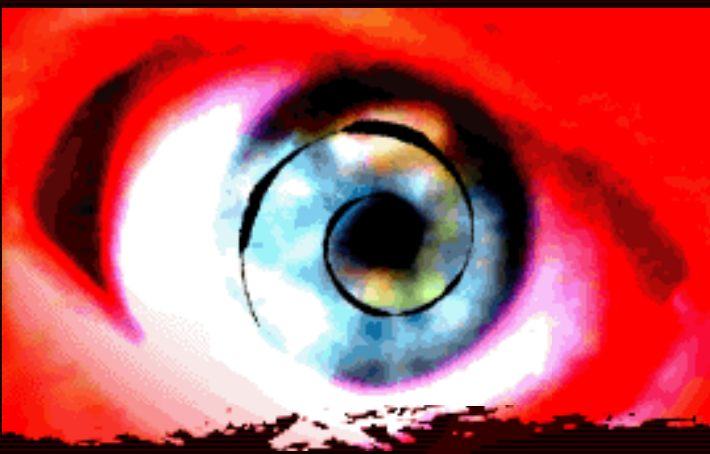


Time to hit the hay, (which may not be much of an exageration with this hotel room mattress) There might be more roadtrip freakiness on the discussion board if I make it there before I fall asleep.

hurdy gur,
Derek "Georgia Peach" Barnes

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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

June 24th, 2000

Road Trip Update #2 written somewhere deep in Alabama

Mad genius abounds in this state. I've spent the day interviewing men who have tapped into the unknown, men who have dug deep into the human psyche, men who have gone one step beyond!

I can't give specifics since I don't want to spoil the new entries when they appear but here's some pics to confuse and befuddle you . .



West of Seale Alabama I stumbled across these woods, and tramped deep into them with the owner. My eyes were assaulted by visions that would have made any normal man flee in terror and confusion. But rest assured that I pushed



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

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[Rants from 1998](#)

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on, determined to find the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth (or at least a resonable facsimile of it) Finally satisfied I had all the facts I needed I rushed westward, deeper into the state and conducted an interview with this man . . .



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Who is he? Good question, and one that I fully intend to answer for an upcoming entry. Let's just say for now that he is a man like no other, one who has been blessed with visions. A man with a plan and 11 acres in which to showcase that plan on. Stay tuned for the full scoop on this modern day prophet.

That's it for now, I gotta catch some shut eye for day 3 of this paranormal road show. More as it develops

hurdy gur,
Derek "knee deep in it" Barnes

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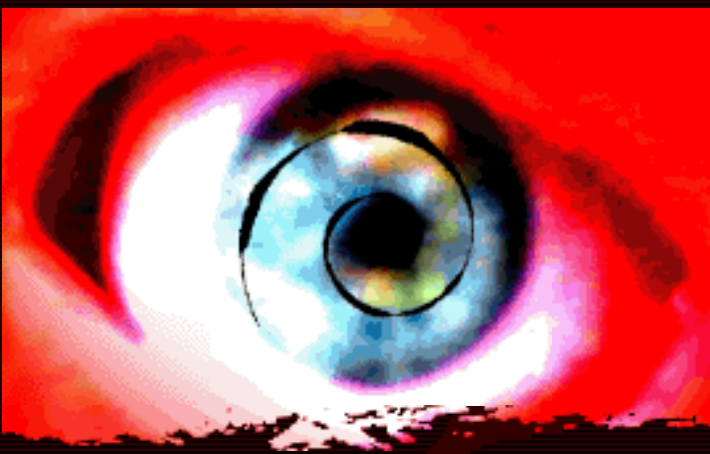
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

June 25th, 2000

June 25th midnight, somewhere north of Troy Alabama

I'm convinced that there's some hidden force in Alabama that causes people to go one step further into the unknown than most people are ready to go. I've interviewed people all over this state and everywhere I go I sense that they are "touched." Not in a bad way, mind you, but "touched" by some force to achieve a destiny that is just out of their reach. Again and again I see it in these otherwise common people. They look just like you, or me, or your grandfather, but inside them is a fire, a passion, something that drives them close to the brink of unknown genius. I can relate to this vision from beyond. I sense that if I stayed in this state much longer I would become like them, driven to reach for something beyond my grasp. Already I can sense the kudzu reaching to close around me. I feel the contained energy of the roadside firework palaces waiting to explode in gaudy splendor for my amusement. I know the endless 2 lane blacktops are just waiting for me to drive on them, deeper and deeper into this confusion

. . . .woah, I need to snap out of it. Maybe I have been in Alabama too long. A cold drink and a moon pie should do the trick. Of course it doesn't help that Jason is watching a tv



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program on spontaneous human combustion (I swear to God) Sometimes I'm convinced this stuff follows me around.

Spent today in Ashville talking to a Bigfoot researcher named Hawk. I'll have his full story up in a new entry sometime after I make it back to Orlando. Got a lot of great info about the elusive creature and some really cool stories. I even went out into the woods looking for Sasquatch with him. (how cool is that?)

What else? Well Jason and I stopped at one of those roadside attraction joints (Jason got a hankering for boiled peanuts) and I discovered a new friend. Here's a pic. of him.



I'm making him a new mascot and now all he needs is a name. That's where you come in, my little sherlocks. [E-mail me](#) with name ideas for this robotic paranormal sniffing pooch and I'll make it my job to pick the best one. The winner gets a t-shirt and a mention in a future diary entry (oh the thrill!) There's no time limit to the contest but I'll know the right name when I see it so . . .get ready . . .get set . . .be witty!

OK, time to sign off . . .By the way, have I mentioned that there is a giant pixie living in the motel bathroom?

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hurdy gur
Derek "madness surrounds me" Barnes

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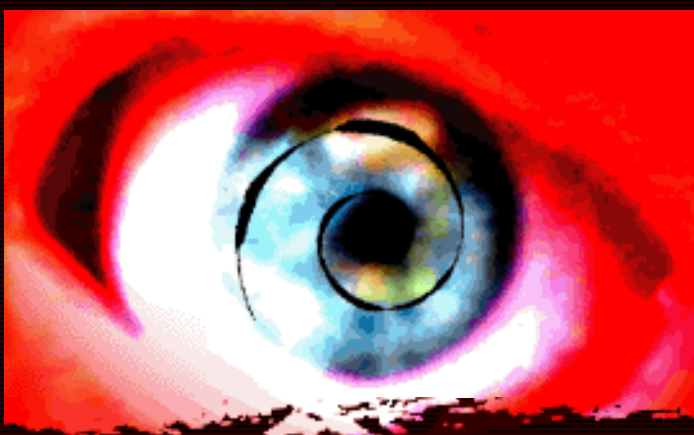
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 3rd, 2000

Hiya,

You know as Supreme Being and all around web dude for Freakylinks I get a lot of questions thrown at me. Things like, "Derek, where do you get your stories?" and "Derek, what do you look like?" and "Derek, why won't you stop calling my sister and leave my family alone?"

Well lemme set your minds at ease and attempt to answer a few of these perplexing questions. Far be it for me to have a nation of Freakylinks viewers staying awake at night, turning restlessly while their brains try to grapple with life's unanswered mysteries.

Derek where do you get your stories?

Easy one. Take for example the newest entry into Mutants and Misfits, [Saint Eom and Pasaquan](#). I was driving thru L.A. (that's lower Alabama to you Northerners) with my friend Jason and stopped at a bo-dunk gas station for an unleaded fill up and some moon pies. While we were there the attendant asked about my Freakylinks t-shirt. When I told him about my website he asked if I had been to Pasaquan. Needless to say, I drove 300 miles out of the way on the suggestion of that gas station attendant and it was worth every extra minute I spent. I got a great story and you've got something new to read at work while you're suppose to be filling out spreadsheets. Will this stop people from insisting that I make it all up? Nope, probably not, but now at least you'll know the truth.

What do I look like?

I get this one a lot. (For some reason mostly from 14 year old girls who have the word "lov" in their e-mail address.) I'm not sure why people are insistent of seeing how my face appears but lemme tell ya, I'm normal. Boringly normal. Oh so normal that you wouldn't think twice of me if we passed on the street. And that's how I want it, blessed anonymity. Besides if my mug was plastered all over the site then how could I be expected to go undercover on all these oh so secret and freaky missions I



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perform? Trust me, it's better for both of us if you have no idea who the freak behind the HTML is.

And as for that whole sister thing?
I plead the 5th. . . .

WINNER OF THE NAME THE FREAKYLINKS DOG CONTEST

Thanks to everyone that mailed in entries for the contest I ran last week. The new mascot to the site was looking for a name and the Freakylinks viewers came thru in a big way.

And without further ado (what the heck is ado anyway?) The new name for our cybernetic canine mascot is . . . Sherlock Bones!



Robo Cyro Fido

Oh yeah, intrepid e-mailer Connie from Arkadelphia Arkansas came up with that one and for her troubles gets a t-shirt! (hey whadda expect, a new car?) I don't have space to list all the suggestions but some of the other wacky ones were:

Inspector Specter

Robogeist

Spook Woofer

Steel Heel Jack

S.C.R.A.P.S. (some crude robotic androgynous piece of . . .steel)

Freak E Deke

Bend Over Rover

Chet

Quasar

Spicey

T-Rex

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Jawdawg
Freakazoid
Freakenstein
Rooter
Enzo
Robofido
The Urinator
Dog
Bazmo
TurboTed
Roboticon
Lloyd
Arf'n Farf'n



And my
personal
favorite . . .

Making new friends

Sparky, the borderline sociopath bent on dominating the universe with an army of undead lizard warriors!!!

If you're totally despondent on not winning a t-shirt you can always [sign up for the Freakadential newsletter](#) I send out on a semi-regular basis. There's always a contest in there with that fabulous grand prize! (Insert sarcastic theme music here)

OK, that should wrap it up, I gots lots of stuff to do here at the Casa de Freaky and not enough time to do it in. Check out the [new story](#) and lemme know what you think by speaking your piece on the [discussion board](#).

Hurdy gur,
Derek "RoboFido" Barnes

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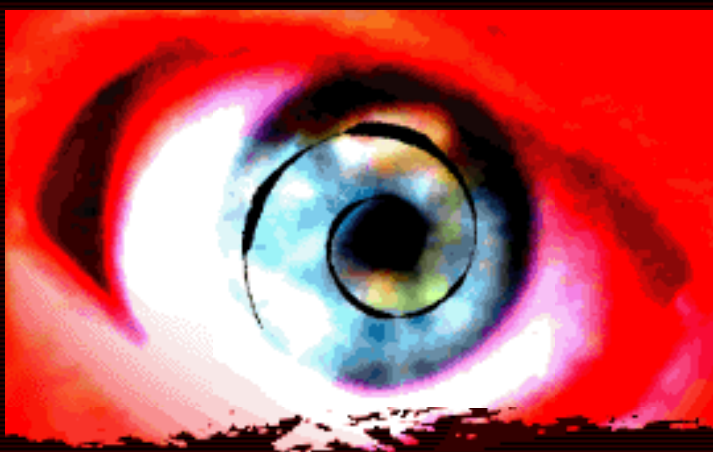
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 6th, 2000



A big thanks to Joel Quinn from Corneluis, North Carolina for the freaky pic you see above. I'm not positive that simians have any real feelings for my website, but if they did then I'm sure they would express those feelings just as Joel has rendered.

But you're not here for pictures of monkeys; you're reading this in hopes that I will explain that whole Fearsum thing. Well I am . . . sorta . . . in a way.

I got about 10 zillion e-mails in the past month or so, all



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asking me to explain what Fearsum was. To tell you the honest truth, I had no idea at the beginning. It was just a word I made up to attract attention for the website in my commercial. But then facts and rumors started appearing.

One group of freaks on the discussion board are sure that Fearsum is a codeword for activity the government started sometime in the 1950's. They're not sure what the government is doing behind this code word but they're sure they are doing something. I'm calling this the "Vague Threat Theory."

A second theory that cropped up on the discussion boards and in my e-mail is that Fearsum is a code word for an NSA computer virus that goes into your computer and then sets up a watch dog program. This nasty little bug records everything you do on your computer; from what your e-mail says to what kinda porn you're surfing and then uploads the info straight to some government supercomputer that monitors your activity for antisocial behavior. I'm calling this one the "Big Brother Theory."

And then there's this little bit of computer wizardry. (And this is where it gets interesting) I got e-mailed this program from a nameless fellow who saw the commercial, surfed in, and couldn't find what he was looking for. In his words, "Yo Derek, Couldn't find anything on Fearsum so I went out and found it for myself. You gotta give the people what they want and they want Fearsum. Here it is."

So that's the facts. (What there is of them) Vague Threat? Big Brother? Strange video footage that makes me feel uneasy? Of all of them I like number 3 the best but you can check it out my little Sherlocks and tell me what ya think. Lan is whipping up a little postcard so you can e-mail a link to the clip to your friends and freak em out.



Hurdy gur,

Derek "nothing to hide" Barnes

July 17th, 2000

Freakylinks reader Shade Night went all out and did some research on the rune images you see in the Fearsum vid . . . Here's what Shade found out.

Facts:

The symbols in the top right corner of the anonymous

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Fearsum picture are runes. Runes have been used by many ancient cultures, including the Vikings. Cave drawings dating back to the pre-historic era resembling runes have been found.

Runes are an ancient Germanic alphabet, used for writing, divination and magick. They were used throughout northern Europe, Scandinavia, the British Isles, and Iceland from about 300 C.E. to 1600 C.E. Runic inscriptions of great age have even been found in North America, supporting stories that the Vikings arrived in the Americas long before Columbus.

"Runestones", pillars with engraved runes, have been found in North Carolina. The runes on the Fearsum picture are as follows:



Laguz: Phonetic equivalent: L

DIVINATORY MEANINGS:

emotions, fears, unconscious mind, things hidden, revelation, intuition, counselling

MAGICAL USES:

enhancing psychic abilities, confronting fears, stabilizing mental or emotional disorders, uncovering hidden things

Old Norse: Logr

Gothic: Lagus

ProtoGerman: Laguz, Laukaz

Old English: Lagu



Fehu: Phonetic equivalent: F

DIVINATORY MEANINGS:

prosperity, money, wealth, concern with physical and financial needs, goals, promotion, self-esteem, centredness, karma

MAGICAL USES:

for money, business, promotion, finding a job, achieving a goal, starting new enterprises

Old Norse: Fe

Gothic: Faihu

ProtoGerman: Fehu

Old English: Feoh



Algiz: Phonetic equivalent: X, Z

DIVINATORY MEANINGS:

protection, assistance, defence, warning, support, a mentor, an ethical dilemma

MAGICAL USES:

for protection, hunting

Old Norse: Ihwar

Gothic: Algis

ProtoGerman: Elhaz

Old English: Algiz



Eihwaz: Phonetic equivalent: ei

DIVINATORY MEANINGS:

change, initiation, confrontation of fears, turning point, death, transformation

MAGICAL USES:

to bring about profound change, to ease a life transition (note: in image this is reversed, meaning this rune in a negative sense or bad omen)

Old Norse: Ihwar

Gothic: Eihwas

ProtoGerman: Ihwaz

Old English: Eoh



Uruz: Phonetic equivalent: U

DIVINATORY MEANINGS:

energy, passion, vitality, instinct, wildness, sexuality, fertility, the unconscious, primitive mind, irrationality, shamanic experience, rite of passage

MAGICAL USES:

to strengthen the will, increase sexual potency and energy; for hunting

Old Norse: Ur

Gothic: Urus

ProtoGerman: Uruz

Old English: Ur



Othola: Phonetic equivalent: O

DIVINATORY MEANINGS:

property, land, inheritance, home, permanence, legacy, synthesis, sense of belonging

MAGICAL USES:

for acquiring land or property, to complete a project, to strengthen family ties

Old Norse: Odhal

Gothic: Othal

ProtoGerman: Othala

Old English: Ethel



Gebo: Phonetic equivalent: G

DIVINATORY MEANINGS:

gift, offering, relationship, love, marriage, partnership, generosity, unexpected good fortune

MAGICAL USES:

to find or strengthen a relationship, for fertility, to mark a gift or offering, to bring luck

Old Norse: Gipt

Gothic: Giba

ProtoGerman: Gebo

Old English: Gyfu

Note that the symbols which resemble a lowercase h and a capital D are not shown, because they are not conventional runes. Also, some of the symbols are repeated. It was impossible to tell the order in which they were displayed because of the speed. Perhaps someone with expertise in

Shockwave can tell you that.

Opinions:

If you need further information, visit

<http://members.aol.com/cbsunny/intro.html>

I belive that the anonymous sender created these images from scratch, and sent them to you as evidence.

"Yo Derek, Couldn't find anything on Fearsum so I went out and found it for myself."

This sounds a bit odd. Either he has little command over the english language, or he is hinting that the photo is fake.

"You gotta give the people what they want and they want Fearsum. Here it is."

This is just plain suspicious. Sounds like someone who wanted to perpetuate the Fearsum rumor and didn't really belive in it, to provide a little entertainment and dangle something in front of the freak's noses. It is entirely possible that some shockwave newbie threw this picture together, though of course that doesn't disprove the Fearsum theories.

I hope this information will be helpful in discovering what truth there may be.

Walking through the mirror house of intruige,

- Casey Coco ontarget@eatel.net

[Previous \(07/03/00\)](#) [Next \(07/11/00\)](#)



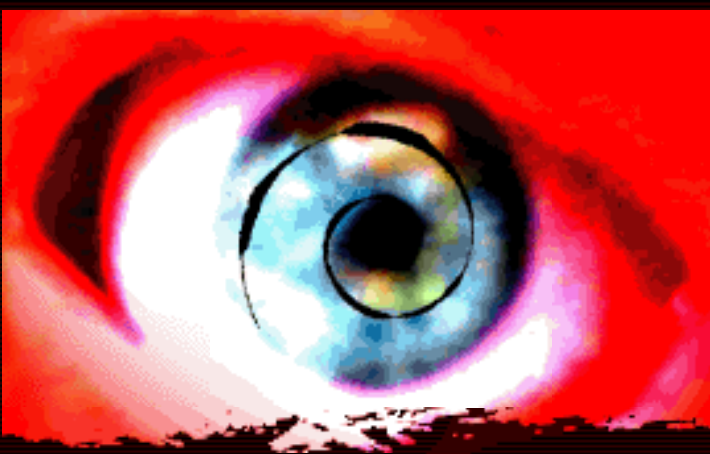
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 11th, 2000

Word up to the Wackpack,

Got a lot of e-mails this past week since I put the cartoon of myself up in the diary entries. I thought it would do just the opposite, since everybody wants to see what I look like, I would give 'em a taste, that would be enough, and I'd stop getting 150 e-mails a week asking what I look like.

. . .What the heck was I thinking?

Instead I've gotten more e-mails. Now everybody wants to know if the cartoon is suppose to be me or what . . . Who else would it be? You see anybody else sitting here slaving over a hot keyboard? Hey what am I? Chopped liver?

Then one enterprising freak named Gothroth e-mailed me this picture



RANTS:

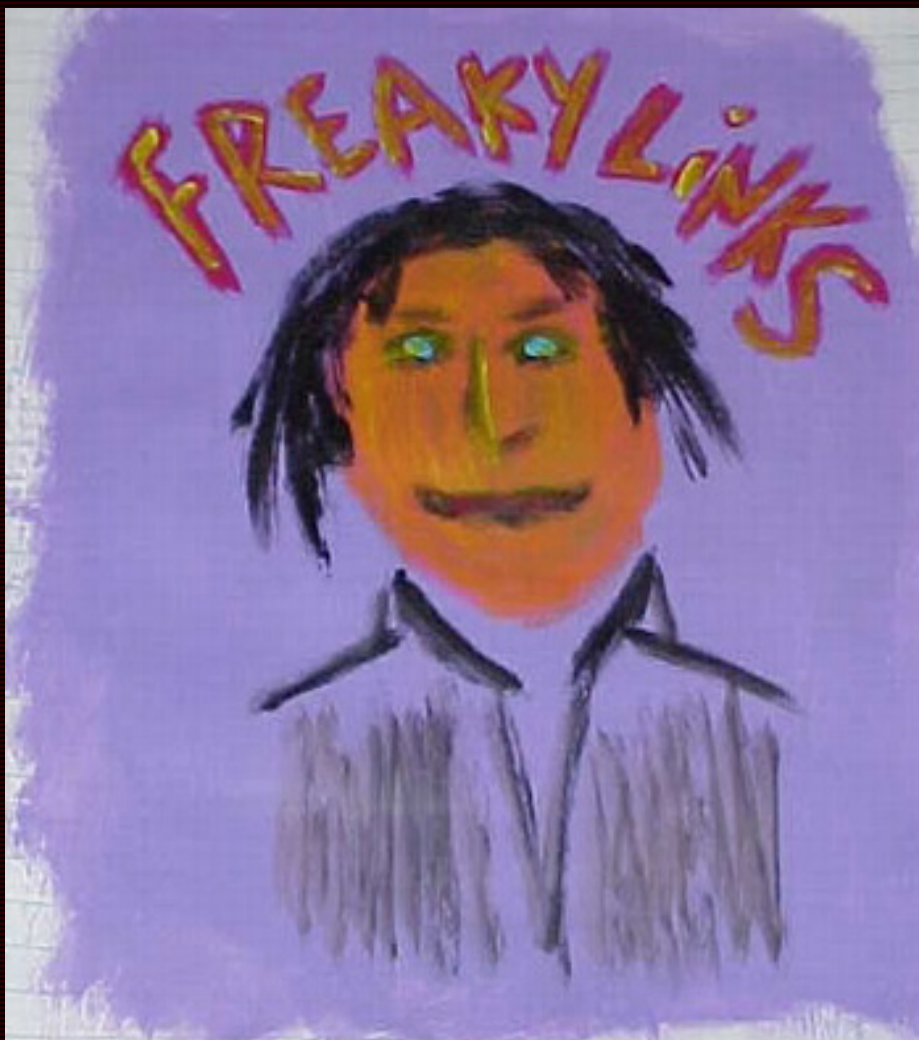
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Here's what she has to say:

"Derek I don't think the cartoon does you justice. I think you're more of a renaissance man. And that short hair is really a turn off. This drawing is more to my liking, use it instead."

So basically no matter what I really look like, she's remaking me into her own image. Hey I can appreciate that, that's the American way. It don't matter what reality is, we just grab the truth around its scrawny throat and start twisting that sucker around and round like it was a chicken getting it's neck rung. We don't let reality go until its spine is broke and it's flopping around on the lawn not even realizing that it's DOA.

(oh man I don't even know where I was going with that analogy, just ignore that whole thing)

Anyway what I'm getting at is that Gothrock's painting gave me the idea for a new contest.

Yes that's right kids, it's time to round up your crayola's and hunker over the drawing board . .it's the DRAW YOUR OWN DEREK CONTEST! (insert cool Mark Post TV riff here)

OK, here's the deal, draw a picture of what you think I should

look like and e-mail it to me at derek@freakylinks.com by the 20th of July. If you're living in the stone age and don't have a scanner or digital camera you can mail it to me at Freakylinks PO Box 532112, Orlando Fl, 32853-2112

You can use any medium you like (oils, acrylics, crayons, pens, stone carvings) but whatever you send you agree to let me post up here on Freakylinks for the world to see (and possibly laugh at.)

The most inventive image gets a free t-shirt so make sure you send me your name and address with each entry. (Hey I know it's not a huge prize but whadda want me to do? Give ya a million bucks like Regis?)

OK, that's it, I'm signing off, make sure and read all about the [Alabama Museum of Wonder](#) (make your vacation plans now!) in the newest Freakopedia entry.

Hurdy gur,
Derek "colors outside the lines" Barnes

[Previous \(07/06/00\)](#) [Next \(07/19/00\)](#)



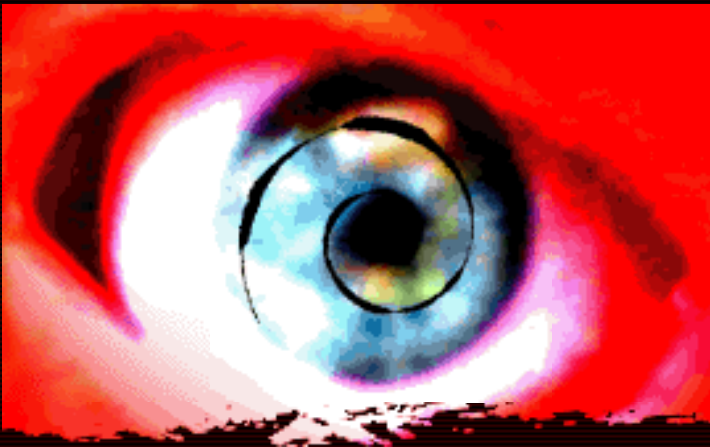
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 19th, 2000

Hey,

Big news boys and girls of Freakville, I'm going on another road trip! Oh yeah! That last one yielded up so many cool stories that I've decided to hit the trail with Jason and we're going back out into that great unknown (you may know it as "outside") This one is gonna be a doozy, cause we got official sponsorship . . .well semi official . . .ok, unofficial but what they don't know won't hurt 'em. Anyway here's the deal; as you may or may not know, Jason works as a driver for a trucking firm and they've decided to change out vehicles. Thing is, the new trucks are in Los Angeles (that's the city of



RANTS:

angels to all you gringos) and have to be driven from there to here in central Florida. Jason in his semi-supervisor role got to pick the drivers and managed to get us a old truck to take back across the country. So basically we got Jason's company to pay for us to go across this great land of ours.

Here's where you come in:

You heard or seen anything Freaky we should check out in your neck of the woods? Lemme know, we'll be driving thru North Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, more Texas, still more Texas (it's a big ass state) New Mexico, Arizona and finally that there state they call California. Now we're suppose to go straight to LA but what kinda paranormal website owner would I be if I just went and did what everybody told me to do? So if you live around those parts and know of anything I need to see make sure and [drop me an e-mail](#) with the details. Hopefully we'll come back with some groovy stories (and not [burn the truck down like I did a coupla years ago](#)) I'll be posting road trip updates into the diary from the road so you can follow along at home (Geepers, won't that be fun?)

ONE MORE THING

Thanks to everybody who's been sending in drawings and images for the "Draw Your Own Derek" contest. It's been a rousing success. If you haven't entered yet don't fret, you still gotta a day before I pull the plug. Check out the [diary entry before this one](#) for the details.

ONE LAST THING

Oh yeah, a freakylinks reader name of Shade sent us some facts he had uncovered about those weird rune symbols in that Fearsom video I got a couple of weeks ago. [Click here to check it out](#). Thanks Shade!

ONE MORE LAST THING

And in case you ain't noticed (gotta love those incorrect contractions huh?) there's a new story in the Freakopedia just chock full of mystery and violence. Check it out by [clicking here](#).

THE VERY LAST THING

Another reader named SlowMike sent me this lovely image of a painting of Mike the Wonder Chicken

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Now usually I ain't too thrilled with headless chickens unless they have been fried but the story behind this particular one got my attention. Seems like Mike got his head lopped off and didn't notice it for a year and a half. Read the rest of the story by [clicking here](#).

NO MORE . . .

Ok, that's it, I leave Friday for LA so get those electronic cards and letters with your paranormal tips pouring in.

Hurdy gur,
Derek "west bound and down" Barnes

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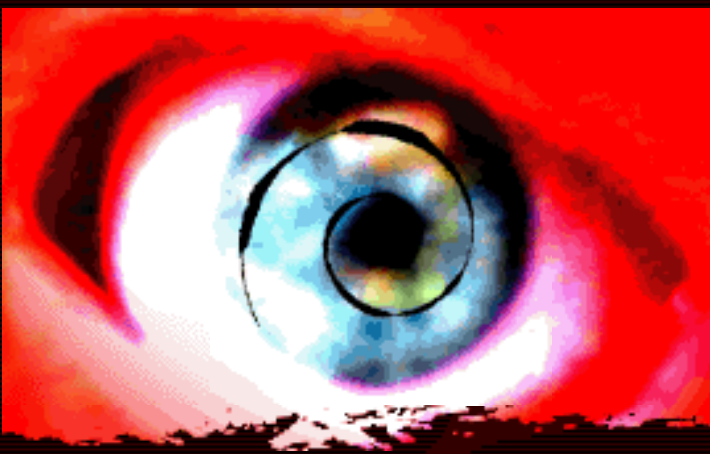
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 21st, 2000

Yo,

Well as you read this I am already on the road heading out to the great unknown with my trusted (well . . . sorta trusted) friend Jason at my side. Sure his company thinks this trip is all about delivering vehicles from point A to point B but they have no idea we're on the luck out for the weird and wacky. For the next two weeks Lan is holding down the fort at the Casa de Freaky while I do some exploring. (so be on your best behavior while I'm gone, ok?) I'll have my first update posted to the site on Saturday so be sure to keep reading (and keep those paranormal tips pouring in as well)

DRAW DEREK CONTEST RESULTS

Thanks to everybody who sent in their vision of me. I've been overcome with joy at seeing exactly how I look through the eyes of you innocents (except for that girl who sent me a pic of the word "boring" and said it was me,) Anyway I had a hard time choosing just one winner so I decided on three finalists. I'll present them to you Olympic style and you can pretend to be the mean Russian judge.

Our bronze medallist is Scott out of Capistrano Beach California. What I dug about this one was the not so subliminal message of "cheese" in the background.



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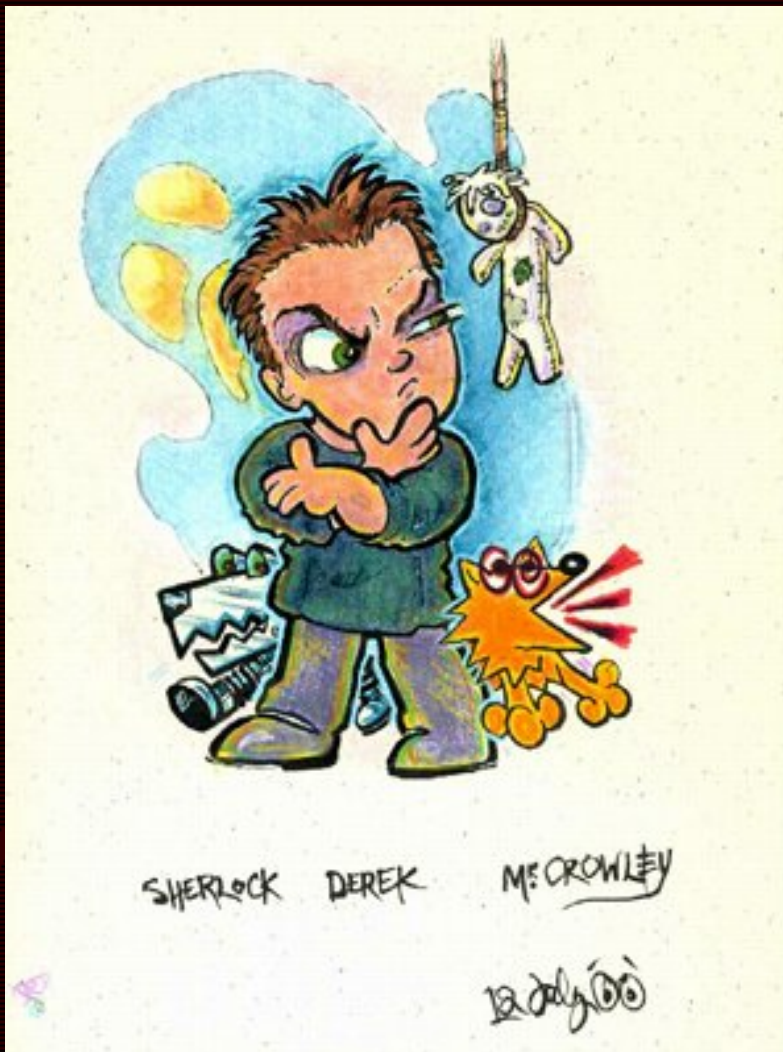


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Our silver medallist is Ann from Lincoln Nebraska (that's America's bread basket ya know) for her version of "Scooby Derek." Any girl that likes dogs is ok in my book.



And our gold medal winner is KJ who hail from Middlebury

Indiana. His rendition of me as a monster is filled with teen angst, over pouring with symbolism and is just plain goofy. KJ, I salute ya!



There were some other great ones and [if you wanna check 'em out click here.](#)

Since this contest was such a success I've decided to run another one (insert crowd cheering noises here) So in case you didn't win this one here's another chance to own one of the amazingly cool t-shirts that are all the rage in France (well ok, nobody in France has heard of me but it sounds cool, you know?)

ANNOUNCING THE PARANORMAL HAIKU CONTEST!

Oh yeah, poetry boys and girls. And not just any run of the mill poetry but poetry based on tightly structured Japanese logic! Here's the deal:

Write a haiku poem based upon something paranormal (like ghosts, or the Loch Ness Monster or that weird look Uncle Joe makes when you mention the word "monkey" to him) You've got from now until August the 2nd to [e-mail me](#) with your best effort. The winner chosen by me gets a cool t-shirt and

the rest get to be laughed at by a jury of their peers so make sure you send in your name, shipping address and if you want an large or extra large black or gray shirt. By e-mailing me your poem you agree that I can put it up on the website as entertainment for the masses. (That's the lawyer in me coming out)

In case you fell asleep in English class a haiku is a short poem consisting of three lines of 5, 7, and 5 syllables each. An example of a paranormal haiku about my favorite guy, the Spring Heel Jack goes something like this:

Hello Spring Heeled Jack

Oh so bouncy are your shoes

Like rabid bunnies

(Yeah well it ain't Robert Frost but you get the picture)

Much more serious examples of the style can be found by [clicking here](#).

(please note that I'm dead set against being serious)

So if the idea amuses you, send me your best effort. I mean, what else you going to do, go outside? It's way too hot for that.

FUN WTH SCHOOL BUSES

One of the freakier things happening around here is that the tiny town of Bithlo Florida holds a schoolbus figure 8 demolition derby car race every couple months or so (close your eyes and imagine that for a second) Well I got exciting news my little sherlocks, Freakylinks is sponsoring a bus in the derby! Oh yeah, you heard me right, I got a school bus, someone crazy enough to drive it, and a race in which to hit other school buses with it. I'll have lots of cool photos and video of the excitement as it happens so be on the look out for the school bus o' doom coming to these pages soon!

Hurdy gur,

Derek "rhyming and stealing" Barnes

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DIARY OF A MADMAN

Runner Ups in the Freakylinks Draw Derek Contest



picture from A. J.



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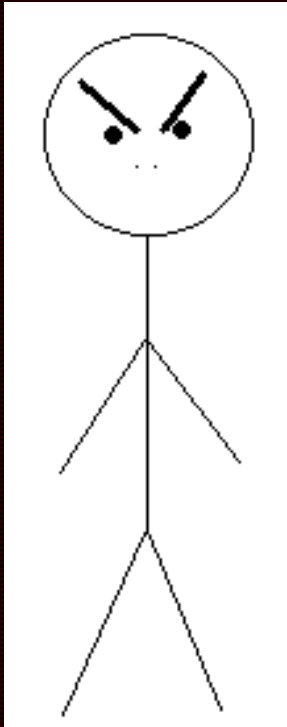
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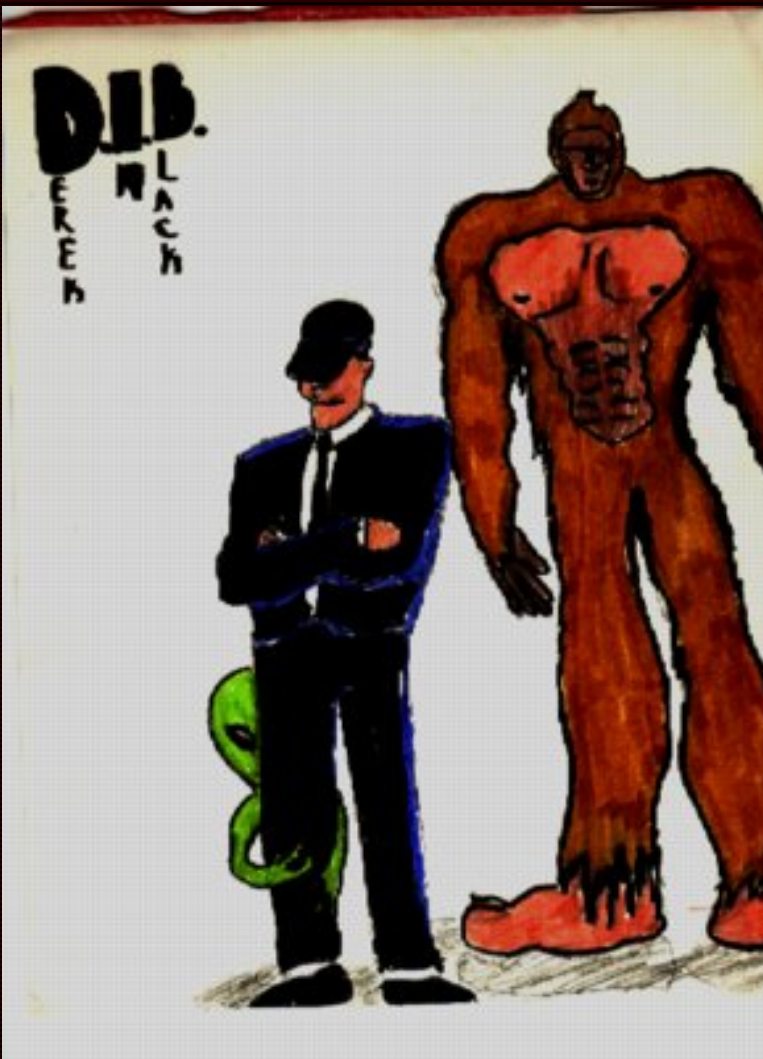


picture from Roberta

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picture from Ty - Waverly, Kentucky



picture from OrangeAquamarine



picture from Becky



picture from Tracey - Dayton, Ohio

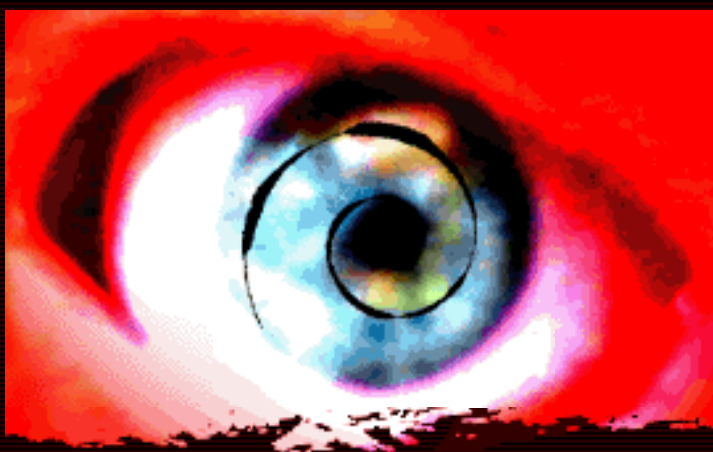
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 24th, 2000

Howdy from Texas,

Oh yeah I'm in San Antonio, home of the Alamo . . . General Sam Houston . . . and guys in really big hats and bad facial hair

The last coupla days have been a blur getting here. Let's see if I remember the who's and where's

Day 1, Friday : Pensacola Florida



Not much to report but I did stop in Gulf Breeze Florida to



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see Sam Sherman who I reported on in the Freakopedia a while back (he's the guy who may have an alien implant in his head. Check out the my story "[Get Your Small Gray Unjointed Fingers Out of My Head](#)" for more details)

But Sam was nowhere to be found. It looks like he's skipped town without telling me cause his home looks deserted. Kinda odd cause I kept up an e-mail friendship thing with this guy and other than the fact that he has a weird piece of metal in his brain that he can't explain, he seemed pretty normal. So Sam if you're out there and reading this, drop me a line, inquiring minds wanna know where you is. (ain't grammer fun?)

Day 2: Saturday New Orleans Louisanna

Saturday was full of trouble cause we rolled into the Big Easy and it all went down hill pretty fast. Lemme explain . . .

Yeah we rolled into town on Saturday morning and instantly decided to call it a day and spend the night there. Jason and I are suckers when it comes to a town that never stops serving alcohol.

But of course, as soon as we started roaming the streets of the Crescent City I started seeing some weird things. . .they almost seem like commandments on how to behave .



Like what's up with this spray painted on a wall? Seeing something like this just once isn't enough to make me stop and think that much but then like an hour later I saw this:

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OK, so now it's becoming borderline odd. Makes me think that there's some plot by the evil overlords to push me into pre-set behavior patterns. (You know I can see conspiracies at the drop of a hat)

Anyway, enough of the "inanimate objects telling me how to behave" jive. I do have a great story I stumbled onto at the hotel we stayed at. (Jason pulled off a huge scam with a friend who's a travel agent and we're stayed at this super swanky hotel right in the middle of downtown called Le' Pavillon for like half of what it usually costs) I'll fill you in on the story when I get back but for now here's a tease . . .



Spooky huh? (Just nod your head yes anyway)

Sometime after midnight we rolled into a bar called "The

Dungeon" and after we sat down for a minute I noticed that everyone was wearing lots of black and looking like "erotic vultures" (to quote Frank Black) So naturally I started asking questions and found out that we'd run into a coven of "vampires." I'll tell the story in detail when I get back but for now let's just say that if you do go to a vampire bar, never order a drink called the "Vampire's Kiss"

Day 3 Sunday: Driving thru Texas, San Antonio

Spent most of the day driving. (well Jason drove and I slept off the hangover I acquired from last night's activities) Anyway it's 2 am my time and I'm sitting here typing this on the portable computer while Jason snores like a 18 wheeler semi going uphill. I'm tired boys and girls and it's way past my bedtime so I'm calling it a night. More as it develops.

Hurdy gur

Derek "Interview with a Poser" Barnes

[Previous \(07/21/00\)](#) [Next \(07/25/00\)](#)



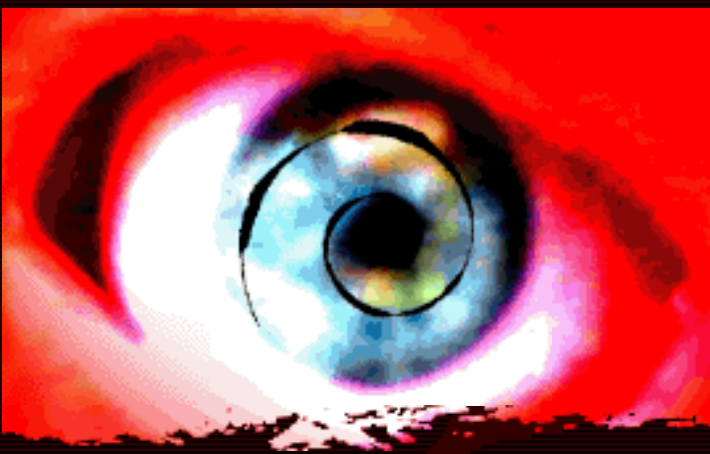
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 25th, 2000

Heya,

Texas is big.

I mean real big.

It's not just your average ole' "gofrom east to west state line in 6 hours" kinda state. No sir ree bob. This sucker stretches for near a 1,000 miles and most of it is empty of anything except cactus, gravel, and Interstate 10. We did another long haul today and tonight I sit here in El Paso Texas feeling a little woozy from all that desert driving.

Did see some interesting things along the way. There was an oil tank fire at some point and I hopped out to take pictures of the local firemen staring at it in befuddlement.



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See, this is the kind of thing that's normal when you ride around with me in your truck (at least that's what Jason says)

Anyway after the fire we stopped for ice cream and let the robotic dog out to stretch his legs.



I had no idea American Indians made teepees out of sheet metal and telephone poles but hey, you learn something new every day.

THE COOLEST THING SINCE SLICED WONDER BREAD

OK, now this is a doozy, hope your sitting down in a nice big comfy chair for this bit of info.

A few times a year a racetrack in this ultra small town called Bithlo Florida holds a school bus figure eight demolition derby. Basically they get 20 or so old school busses and then race them around the track and smash 'em to each other with hilarious results.

"But Derek," I can hear you saying, "What does crashing School busses into each other have to do with the paranormal?"

I dunno but FREAKYLINKS HAS A BUS!

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Oh yeah, that's right boys and girls, I got a school bus of my very own and it's gonna be racing around the oval of doom in Bithlo Florida on July 28th.

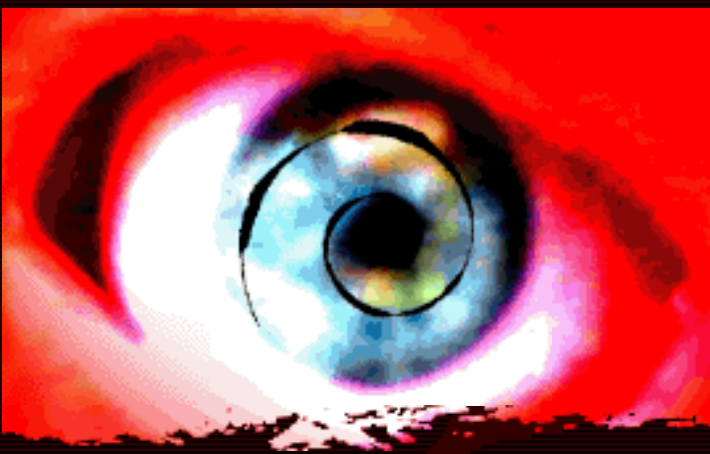
Course I won't be there to see it, I'll be out here on the west coast doing what I do best (slacking off) but I've been assured by my highly placed sources (read that as: "two guys I paid to paint the thing") that it will be the highlight of the derby. Lan is hard at work making sure that we've got some video cam's in place for the race so I can share with you all the apocalyptic action! So stay tuned cause this is one school bus you don't wanna miss (and you probably don't wanna be riding in either)

OK, enough of my hair brained schemes, I'm calling it a night and e-mailing this back to the casa so Lan can put it up tomorrow morning.

Hurdy Gur and all that
Derek "Down in the west Texas town of El Paso" Barnes

[Previous \(07/24/00\)](#) [Next \(07/26/00\)](#)





FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 26th, 2000

"By the time I get to Arizona"
-song by Public Enemy-

I've had that song stuck in my head ever since we crossed the state line. Tonight Jason and I are cold chillin' somewhere close to Tucson in a cheap motel. I'm not trying to be hip when I say "cold chillin'" I mean it literally. Jason has some kinda weird freezing fetish and insists on keeping the air conditioning in our hotel rooms as low as they will go. Right now it's like 46 degrees in here and I have to keep rubbing the laptop's screen to be able to see what I'm typing
.ok, maybe I'm exaggerating a little, but I tell ya, Jason is a freak!

Humm . . . I can't believe I just called Jason a freak, kinda sounds like the pot calling the kettle black huh? (Don't you just love those homey old sayings? . . .yeah, me neither)

Good trip so far, lots to see and do, traveled into Mexico on a little sightseeing tour when we woke up in El Paso today. Got an interesting story out of some guys at a bar, I'll tell you about it later in a full write up but for right now let's just say it involves some very weird dogs.

Speaking of dogs (gotta dig that segue way) Here's a pic of everyone's favorite robotic Freakylinks mascot, Sherlock Bones just minutes before he falls to his death over a cliff.



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

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Naw, just kidding, Sherlock Bones is resting comfortably here next to me and would speak thru the internet to you but his cold metallic paws can't move the mouse that well.
(insert sarcastic theme music here)

Curiously enough I saw yet another fire as I was rolling thru New Mexico.



This one was small but we had to drive thru the smoke. Maybe I should start taking all these fires as signs from God (or the devil)

And finally on the grand tour of weird things you can do in the middle of the desert, if you are ever on I-10 about 60 miles east of Tucson I highly recommend that you stop at "The Thing?" at mile marker 322.



What is "the thing?" I can't tell ya but trust me, it's worth every penny of the dollar admission price.

And if free and freaky is more to your liking I suggest you check out the new ghost story I wrote in the Freakopedia. The [Crybaby Bridge](#) is sure to bring you minutes of free fun. (and isn't free what the internet is all about?)

OK, that's it for this report; I'm hitting the hay. Looks like Jason the cold miser has fallen asleep (either that or he now snores when he's awake) so I'm cranking the ac back up to normality and calling it a night. Talk to ya tomorrow!

Hurdy gur
Derek "heat miser" Barnes

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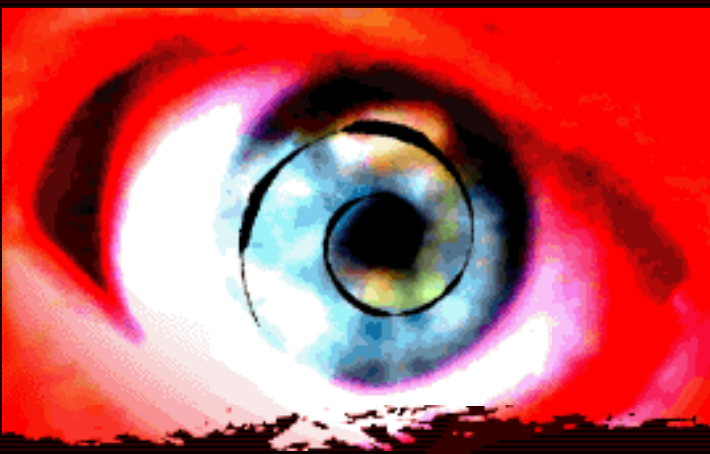
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 28th, 2000

It's me yet once again . .

These daily road trip updates sure do make our relationship a lot more up close and personal eh? I mean, I type out the daily adventures of Derek and Jason and you get to use my life for some cheap laughs in between filling out those spreadsheets. There's nothing like knowing your place in the entertainment food chain to really put your life in perspective.

But don't worry, I wouldn't have it any other way. I'm not really the type cut out for the 9 to 5 world. I just can't imagine owning a tie (I break out in hives at the thought of a button up shirt)

Anyway, tonight we're just outside LA, staying at some industrial sprawl town named Ontario (and no it's not the one up there in the Great White North) We made it through the last of the desert without any problems but it was close. Danger lurked around every corner . . .



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But Jason, I, and our little 4 footed cyberdyne system came thru in flying colors.

Tomorrow, we've got to trade in Jason's work truck for the new one and then turn right back around and hit the road back east. You know there's nothing like driving 6,000 miles in a truck with Jason to really give you an appreciation for an airplane.

And remember if you're anywhere near the town of Bithlo Florida Friday night make sure and head on over to the speedway to see the offical Freakylinks school bus in it's death defying bid to become the winner of the school bus figure 8 demolition derby. Hey, bring the whole family!

More as it unfolds

hurdy gur
derek "saved by zero" barnes

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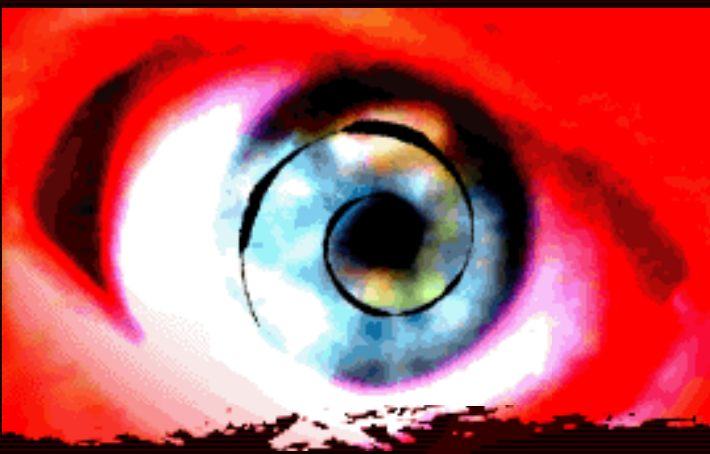
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 29th, 2000

Greetings from Freak Central!

And by calling Los Angeles Freak Central trust me that I mean it in the kindest possible way. (yeah, sure I do)

I've seen more weirdness in the past 16 hours here than I've ever seen tramping out in the back woods or stumbling around in a haunted house.

Case in point, Tonight a guy walked past me on Sunset Blvd wearing skin tight Sergio jeans and a rhinestone studded Bob Seager t-shirt.

Case in point #2, I bought a coke at one resturant that cost me 5 dollars

Case in point #3 The air is brown with smog yet they have outlawed cigarette smoking in bars cause it's "bad for the other patrons"

Freak city I tell ya!

Anyway, the reason we're still hanging out here is cause the new truck that Jason was suppose to pick up is late from the dealership. Actually it's prob. still on a cargo ship out at the docks. I ain;t complaining though cause they comped Jason a room at a hotel and we're staying in town on the company dime. Today as Jason was being all corporate and grown up in the real world of trucking I got dropped off at the la Brea tar pits.



RANTS:

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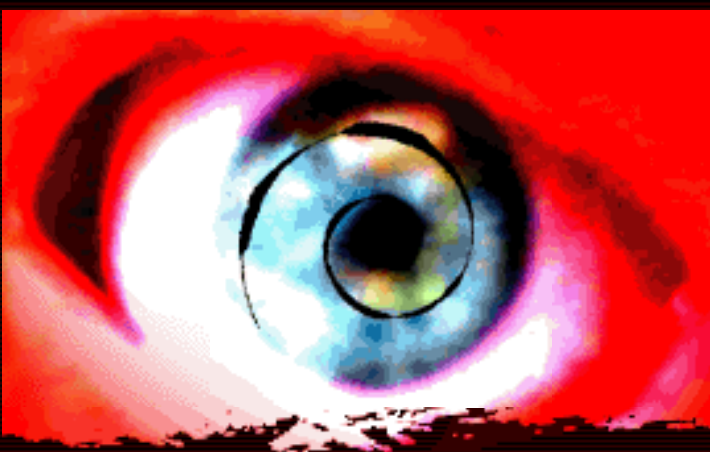
Oh yea there's nothing like seeing recreations of death throes of helpless animals to really set the mood for a visit to a new city!

More as it develops boys and girls, I'll keep ya informed.

hurdy gur
derek "a lil' bit evil but not much kenivel" Barnes

[Previous \(07/28/00\)](#) [Next \(07/30/00\)](#)





FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 30th, 2000

Greetings from the land of the beautiful people,

I'm sitting here on the balcony of a hotel room that costs more for a one night stay than a month's rent back in O-town.



Below me at poolside sit assorted models, actors and hanger-ons, chuckle at each others jokes while they sip mineral water thru collagen enhanced lips. I'm sitting above them on a beanbag chair typing away on the laptop and trying to fit in (trust me when I say that it's not working)

How'd I wind up here? Good question. Jason and I went out for a night on the town and wound up at some cool little bar. (You could tell it was a cool place cause it didn't have a sign)



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

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As we're trying to be nonchalant about the price of beers we struck up a conversation with these Japanese guys sitting next to us. Well to tell ya the truth I tried striking up a conversation after seeing the UFO tattoo on one guys arm. He didn't speak a lot of English but I managed to get across the fact that I run a website and he immediately whipped out this ultra thin laptop with some sort of wireless connection to the World Wide Weird and typed in Freakylinks.com to see what I was all about. For about 10 minutes he just keep scrolling thru the stories while his friends huddled around him and kept speaking to each other. Finally one of them turned to me and said, "Monsters, number 1!" and we all became friends for life. When we left that bar we went back to the hotel where they are staying. It's on the Sunset strip and there was a rave going on in the lobby and a girl dressed in a fur bikini at the reception desk. (Oh yeah, this is Los Angeles)

We spent the rest of the night drinking sake up in their room and discussing various monsters around the world. (Loch Ness seems to be all the rage these days in Tokyo) Anyways Jason and I crashed on the floor for the night and when we woke up they were all gone. I promptly ordered a late breakfast and whipped out my trusty laptop to bring you guys up to speed on the nefarious activities of your favorite roaming web master.

So here I sit waiting for my 10 dollar omelet to arrive from room service and listening to Jason as he plays DJ on the room's stereo with various Japanese rock cd's the guys have.

There's still no word on when Jason's truck situation is going to be resolved so we've got another day free to roam around in Freak Central. There's a couple of museums I've heard about that I'm itching to go see so maybe I'll motorvate in that direction a little later.

I called Lan and she says that the Freakylinks bus failed to explode during the bus race and actually crossed the finish line (that's a good thing) She refused to tell me what place we came in though. She says I'll have to wait till I get back home to see the tape. Guess that's fair since I made her go out there and do some bonding with the fine folks in Bithlo. As soon as I know, you'll know boys and girls.

That's about it from the front lines, Jason and I should probably skedaddle from this place before the fashion police find out we're here and arrest us for not wearing enough Paul Frank.oh wait, I think one of the models at the pool is trying to make eye contact with me.

. . .Nope, she was just getting some smog out of her eye.

More as it develops.

Hurdy gur
Derek "double latte with a twist" Barnes

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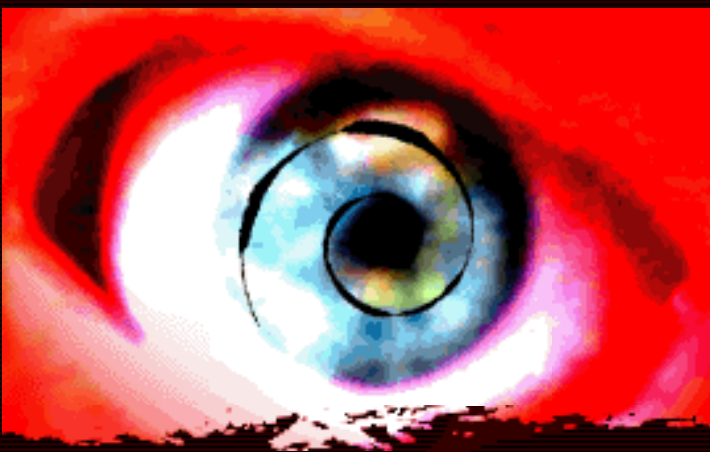
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

July 31st, 2000

Heya

So in case you're wondering, I'm still in Los Angeles. Jason's company assures us that the new truck is going to ready soon and we'll be able to leave sometime tomorrow or Wednesday at the latest.

Not that I'm complaining that much. We've been living in the lap of luxury ever since we hooked up with this group of Japanese businessmen a couple of nights ago. After crashing at their super swank hotel last night I was sure we had seen the last of them. (We're not obnoxious or anything but we did order room service on their tab and the bill for a couple eggs with bacon came out to about 30 bucks)

But that didn't seem to faze them one bit. I must have given one of them the number of the roach motel we're at cause there was a message from them when we got back to our place that they wanted to hang out with us again. Not being one to say no. (Especially when they have a way of picking up the tab) we traveled down to Korea town where we hooked up with those wacky guys and had Korean bar-b-q. Then we wound up at a Japanese bar where we had about 10 gallons of sake and sang karaoke until about 2 in the morning (I'm proud to say that my version of Sympathy for the Devil went over in a big way) Afterwards they insisted on us staying at their hotel and this time they actually got us a room so once again Derek Barnes has stumbled into something (only this time it's something quite nice with big fluffy pillows and a view)

So other than me acting like I actually belong in a place that charges 5 bucks for a coke, everything else is normal (well as normal as it gets around me) I just uploaded the new story for the Freakopedia to Lan so drop on over there and [check it out](#).



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

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In the developing news department I'm scheduled to meet with a guy who claims that there's some weirdness going on at this coffee house in town called Nova Express. He swears there's some twins working there that are up to no good and being a twin myself I'm a little interested in what he has to say. I'll let you know if it pans out.

OK, gotta split, Jason's down at the pool bothering the models and I need to go help him . . . I mean I need to make sure he's not going to get us kicked out. (Just nod your head in agreement)

Hurdy gur
Derek

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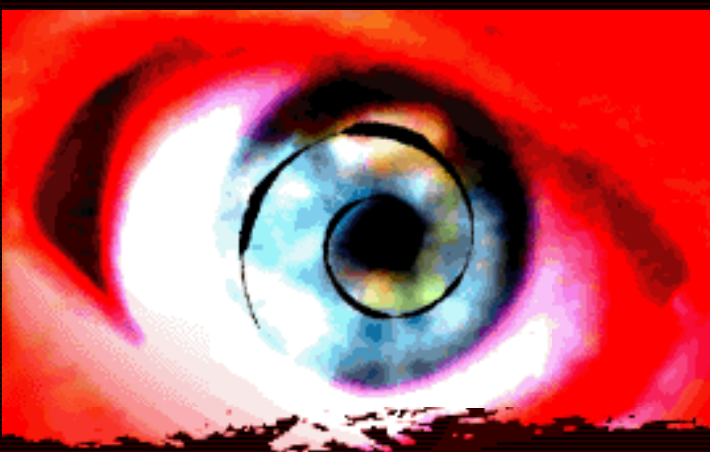
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

August 2nd, 2000



Example #1

The guy above has been posting on the discussion board about this weird twin thing and invited me over to a coffee house to see "the aliens in action" (as he put it). Jason and I did drop on by for a little mineral water and psychotic conversation. There may be something going on at this place but this guy is a lot nuttier than anything that is actually occurring there. (Of course that's just my opinion, and I'm probably not the best judge of sane behavior) I'll have a full report with lots of in-depth hidden cam footage at a later date.

Example #2

Speaking of hidden cameras, I conned Jason into accompanying me up to the Jet Propulsion Laboratories to see



RANTS:

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[Rants from 1998](#)

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if I could uncover any info on 1930's rocket scientist turned Satanist Jack Parson's (in case you ain't heard of him I urge you to read the book "[Sex and Rockets](#)" It's the grooviest thing I've laid eyes on in many a month).

So after being rebuffed at every turn (you like me using those big words, dontcha?) and being told by security to get off the grounds we ran into this guy



Now he claimed to be a scientist and that he had the deep truth on ole' Jack so of course, like a fool, I climbed into his big gas guzzling Lincoln and went for a little ride. I'll tell you more later but let's just say that I got way more info than I bargained for... way more.

Example #3

We're still living the high life thanks to our Japanese friends. Half the time I have no idea what they are saying but I just nod my head and say yes a lot and that seems to keep the sake flowing. Hell, for all I know I may be agreeing to fly back to Tokyo and work as an indentured servant. Even so, staying at a \$200 a night hotel beats having to keep the lights on to scare away the roaches at the place we were staying at. I'm not saying they don't have roaches up here in West Hollywood, I'm just saying that they're a higher class of roaches. Ones that understand the need to stay hidden.

OK, that brings us up to speed on the freak front. Jason's company got the truck thing figured out and we're heading back tomorrow for the hot humid lands of Central Florida. We're taking interstate 40 back so be on the look out for a truck doing 100 thru the petrified forest and for God's sake, get out of the way cause Jason hates braking for anything

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smaller than a VW bug.

More as it develops, my little sherlocks

Hurdy gur

[Previous \(07/31/00\)](#)

[Next \(08/04/00\)](#)



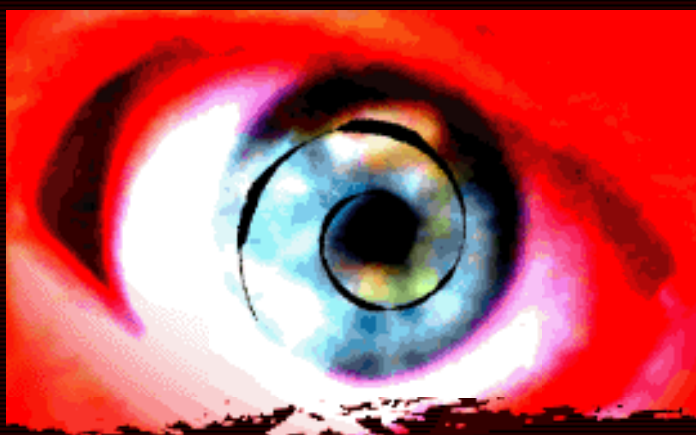
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

August 4th, 2000

Hey,

You ever have that feeling that things just couldn't get any weirder and then they do?

No?

Well then I guess you ain't living my life cause things have definitely taken a turn for the perverse in the last 24 hours since I wrote to you last.

"But Derek," I hear you asking me from them comfort of your suburban home, "What's weirder than you living the high life in some hip hotel room on the Sunset Strip paid for by Japanese businessmen who you just met and aren't sure what are saying to you half the time?"

Well I'll tell you what's weirder, it's weirder when they split

Yup, I got up this morning and found this shoved under my room door



RANTS:

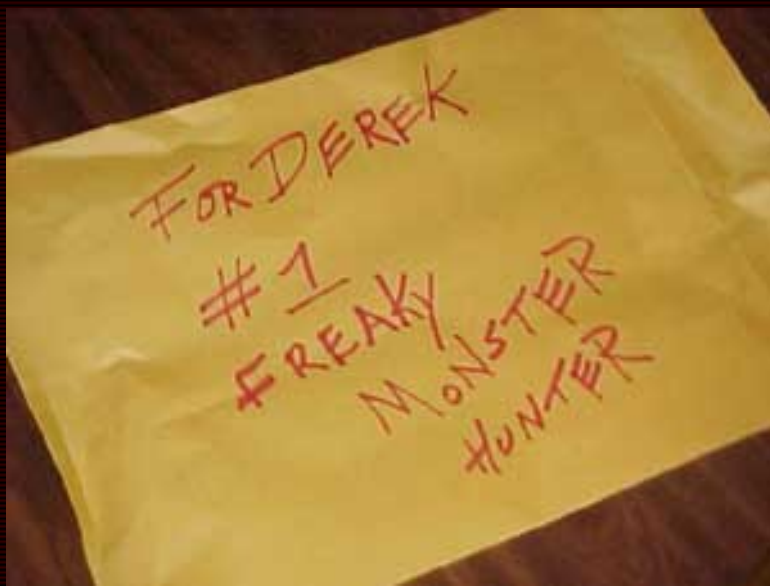
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[Rants from 1999](#)

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So rubbing the sleep from my eyes I tore open this mysterious envelope and found this cryptic little clue



In case you can't tell, the map is of Washington state. How I "go under" when I get there is anybody's guess, cause I ain't got a clue.

I felt some more papers in the envelope so I turned it upside down to get them out and was a bit surprised to see dollar bills falling out. . . .oh did I say dollar bills? I mean 100 dollars bills . . . \$2,000 in \$100 dollar bills to be exact.

At this point I woke up completely and nudged Jason on the head to get him up. For good measure I waved some of the hundreds under his nose. Nothing gets Jason awake faster like the smell of fresh-minted \$100's in the morning.

Well we both thought our Japanese friends were playing a little joke on us, since this is our last morning in LA before we get in Jason's new company truck and make our way back to Florida. We went upstairs to their suite to laugh it up at the hilarious thought of them giving us 2 grand and a Scooby Doo clue.

But I guess the joke is on us cause they were gone . . .split, vamoose, outta here . . .in other words, they is gone, daddy gone.

So Jason and I went down to have breakfast and we decided that if these guys were good enough to give us \$2,000 then it's our duty as paranormal investigators to take this money and obtuse clue and search out the truth...

. . . .well lemme rephrase thatI decided it was my duty. . . .

Jason decided that it was his duty not to get fired from his job and as I write this he's somewhere in New Mexico.

"But Derek", I hear you saying from the comfort of your 9 to 5 cubbyhole, "Where the hell are you?"

Good questions, boys and girls. I'm currently writing this from the decidedly non-swank Flamingo Motel in Berkeley California. I'm off on my lonesome with nothing but a crinkly map and a bunch of brand new travelers checks to guide me northward. Right after Jason told me he had to do the uptight, upright, citizen thing I grabbed the classified ads and found me a motor vehicle worthy of no where near the \$500 bucks I paid for it.



Oh yeah, boys and girls, I'm the proud owner of a brand new (well it's new to me) Galaxie 500 automobile. It's got everything I could want in a car (namely an engine and steering mechanism) and none of the extemporaneous extras (like air conditioning, FM radio, seat cushions, or much of a transmission) If you're anywhere north of San Francisco I urge you to stay off the major freeways for the next coupla of days cause the brakes are shot and I'm way too wired on coffee to care a whole lot.

Think I'm nuts? You may be right, but I feel it's my duty to take this money and put it to the use it was intended. And right now I feel it was intended to get me another latte.

Oh yeah, I saw this sign today while I was out and about...



That about sums it all up, don't it?

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "more Shaggy, less Fred" Barnes

[Previous \(08/02/00\)](#) [Next \(08/05/00\)](#)



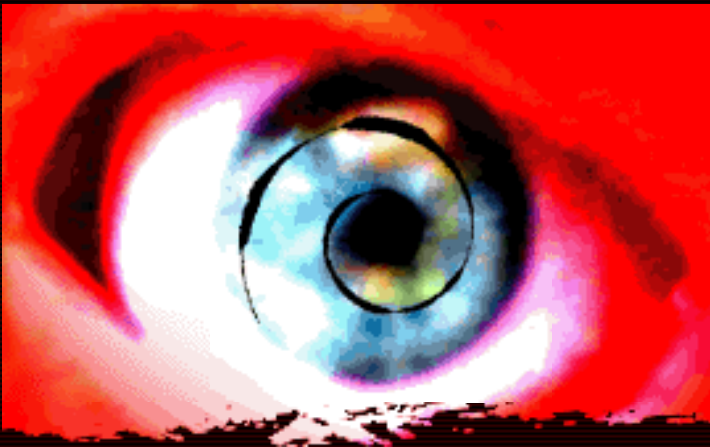
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

August 5th, 2000

Guys, guys, guys, (and the occasional girl),

Never, ever buy a car using the "first thing I find in the shortest amount of time" theory.

I'm of course basing this logic on the fact that the "Galaxie 500" I bought yesterday is quite possibly the worst piece of junk that moves on the west coast.

. . I never knew just how cool shock absorbers could be until I started driving without them . . .

. . .I never thought how useful FM radio was until I was forced to listen to low budget AM talk for around 12 hours. (and I now know all there is to know about George W Bush and what a cool, swell and all around wonderful cat he isand if you believe that then I got a wonderful Galaxie 500 I'd love to sell ya.



RANTS:

OK, enough with the politics, I'm writing this from Redding California. (the Vagabond Motel rocks!) I would have gotten farther in my quest up to Seattle Washington but I noticed that the car makes a really weird noise if I drive it faster than 52 miles an hour (and that noise is not one I'm all that interested in investigating)

I did stop long enough in San Fransico to interview a guy named Britanica I have heard about.



He's a spokesman for a weird gang of radicals called the "Satyr Liberation Army" and has some extreme ideas about urban renewal. Let's just say for now that I wouldn't plan on building any more parking garages near Haight Street if I was you.

OTHER STUFF

Sorry for being slow on annoucing the winner of the haiku contest but I've had my hands full with driving up the coast in a car that's about to fall apart. I'll let you guys know the outcome on Monday in the newsletter and the diary page. (that's the day the next Freakopedia entry comes out as well so that should give ya something to live for, huh?)

And Windjammer if I make it in one piece to Seattle I'll do my darndest to give ya a call. Course who knows if I'll even make it that far north . . . well maybe in a Greyhound bus

[Rants from 2000](#)

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OK, good-night for now, I gotta catch some z's so I can get behind the wheel of death once again tomorrow. . . . If anyone has any idea on that cryptic clue left on the map I got, feel free to e-mail me. It's as pain in the butt to answer them on the road (I have to use a hotmail account since I'm cable based at home) but I do read the stuff I get every night.

Oh yeah, I drove across this today . .



Kinda makes ya think about the amount of flouride they're putting in the water up here, don't it?

Hurdy Gur

Derek "north bound and down" Barnes

[Previous \(08/04/00\)](#) [Next \(08/06/00\)](#)



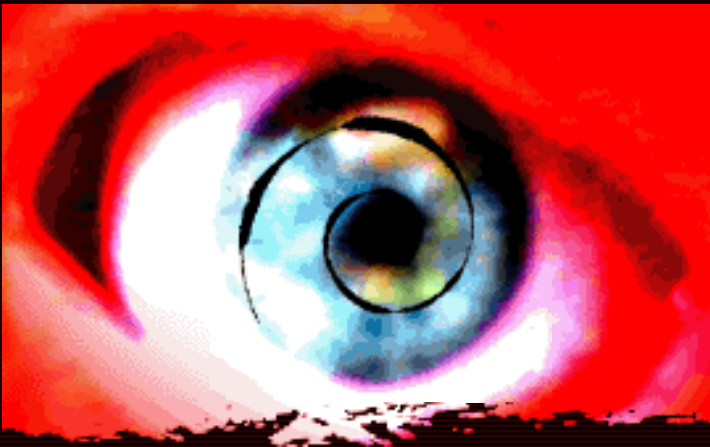
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

August 6th, 2000

Greetings from Bigfoot Country!

Yeah well, I ain't seen none of them hairy bipeds yet but I'm keeping a lookout. I'm writing this from Lake Oswego Oregon (a suburb of Portland as near as I can tell) I'm staying at some overpriced hotel cause I'm a sucker for a place that advertises high speed internet access from their highway sign



RANTS:

plus I deserve it for coaxing that wreck of a car this far.

Yeah I made it but I'm damned if I know how. I thought for sure I was a goner this morning when I got north of Redding California and saw those big ass mountains staring back at me.



OK, whose had the big idea to stick these big mountain things right in the middle of Interstate 5? Since I'm from the flatlands of Florida I was a little surprised to see what looked like the Himalayas looming through my windshield. I mean for God's sake it's August and some of these suckers have snow on the top of them. It just ain't right I tell ya. Not right at all. Remind me to have this stuff flattened out and paved over when I become King of the Known Universe.

Anyway those inclines from hell meant that I had to refill the radiator 4 times (although I must say that sticking my head in the steam did do wonders for my complexion) And thanks for the car repair tips Anita. As a reward for your help I'm giving this car to you in my will. You'll soon be able to find it in some gorge in Oregon if the brakes keep acting the way they do. But fear not my little sherlocks, I'm still in one piece for now and made it over Wolf Creek Pass, Grant's Pass, and all those other passes and found Heaven on Earth.

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

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Of course with my luck Heaven on Earth wasn't ready yet so I had to motorvate on. That's OK because that's allowed me to meet lots of interesting people. . . .



I didn't catch this guy's name since he was more the strong but silent type but he did direct me to the Bee Gee's Restaurant and their Salisbury steak. I looked for the Saturday Night Live singers but didn't see nary a one. Maybe

they were in the back, cooking . . .

All right, enough of the cornball humor. I did see something unusual hovering over one of the mountains as I was driving so I got out for a better look.



Now, I'm the last person on earth who should be seeing UFO's (it's just too perfect) so I'm betting it's just a waylaid blimp. Course if you hear about strange things over the Oregon skyline lemme know so I can change my story and hog all the glory.

And double plus good thanks (as George Orwell use to say) to all you guys thoughts on the cryptic map clue of "You Go Under". Windjammer came thru with the fact that there's an underground part of downtown Seattle and that sounds just about perfect. (Almost too perfect, maybe all this perfectness is tied in somehow. . .) Agent 001 John Knight did some investigating and sent me a list of business's that have the "go under" theme. One of them's a bar so as a matter of duty I'm making that the first place I'm going to investigate . . .

I almost forgot to tell you that I took time out of my busy schedule to stop at the [Oregon Vortex](#) today. If you live anywhere around the Northwest you have to get your butt up to this place and check it out. I came away with a very freaky feeling about what's going on there and I don't impress that easily (well ok, maybe I do, but this place was way off the freak-o-meter in freakiness (do you think I used the word "freak" enough in that sentence?))

OK, enough blather, I got free HBO to watch (nothing like watching badly directed soft core erotica to end a day)

Hurdy Gur,

Derek "Why do all the old hippies live in Oregon?" Barnes

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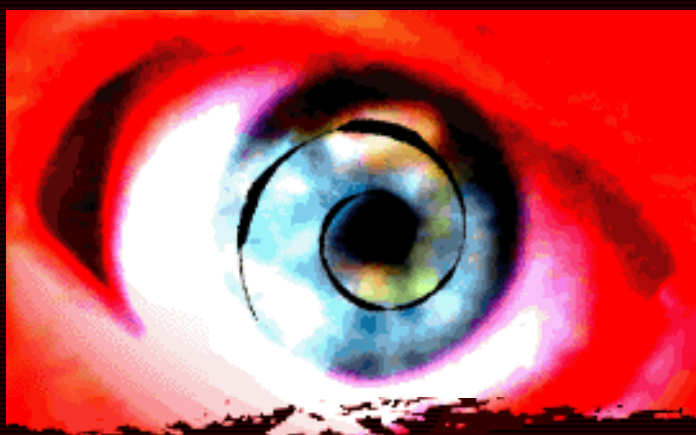
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

August 7th, 2000

Hey,

I made it to Seattle.



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I found out what "go under" means.



I left town about 6 hours after I got there and I'm never coming back. I'm in North California again (and I still don't think that's far enough away but I'm too tired and scared to drive these mountains at night anymore.

. . . and Timmerson if you're reading this, stay the hell away from me. I'm not answering my cell phone anymore and if you keep calling I'm throwing it off the next cliff I see.



Sorry kids, there's no new Freakopedia entry today.

Screw this,
Derek

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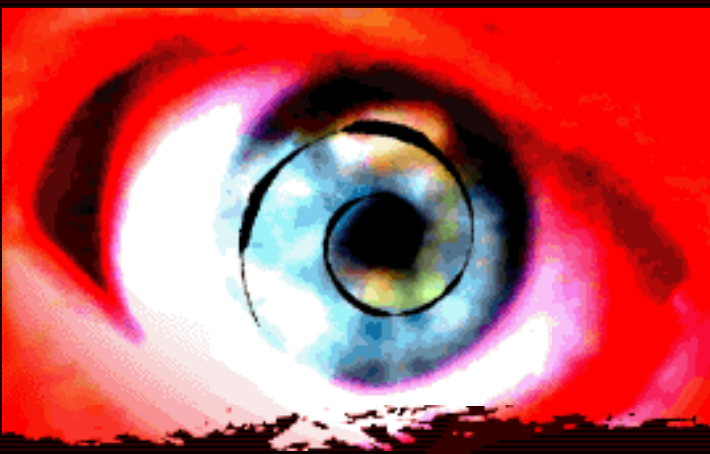
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

August 8th, 2000

Hi, Lan here,

First things first. I spoke with Derek and he's ok. He's in California and didn't throw his phone away as he threatened to do. He is relaxing and said to apologise for his rant.

I also called Jason and he is meeting Derek in Las Vegas to get him the rest of the way home. They should meet sometime later this week. Jason says that his company will understand the delay. I am guessing he will not tell them he is in Las Vegas.

Derek didn't send me the newsletter or anything else so the new entry is still postponed for a day or two. I'll get it up as soon as he sends me all the parts.

I have been poking around in Derek's e-mail and I'm sure he appreciates all the letters of concern. He is fine but wouldn't tell me what happened either. "Maybe later" he said.

-Lan out-



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[Rants from 1999](#)

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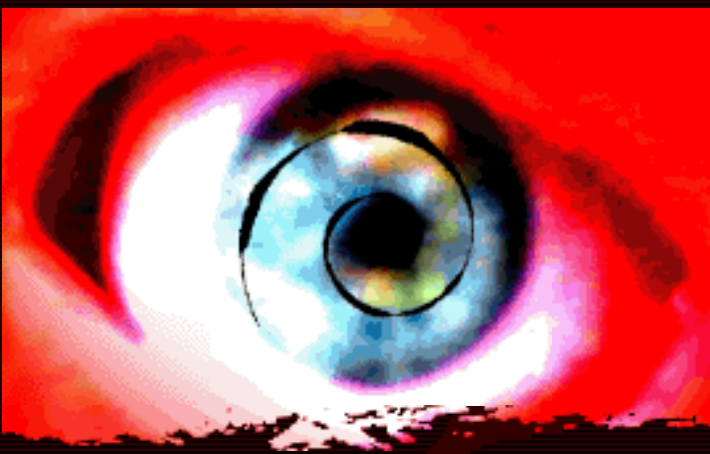
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

August 9th, 2000

Hey guys,

Sorry about that little freak out up there in the great Northwest. I'd love (well ok maybe love is a stretch) to tell you what happened but I'm sorta trying to put it out of my mind. Sometimes I go to far for a story and that was one of those times.

Anyway I'm currently making my way to Sin city (that's Las Vegas to all you Baptists) in order to hook up with Jason. He's been kind enough to turn his rig around and meet me there. That's a good thing cause I'm not sure this car could handle driving back to Florida. Plus I don't think Jason will be too upset at having to hang out there for a day or so. If ever there was a town that had Jason's name on it, Las Vegas is it.

NEW STORY

Yup, I buckled down while I was on the road and got another story for you to read over your morning coffee. Read all about that wacky Hutu chief with the snake staff and lemme know what ya think.

HAIKU CONTEST RESULTS

Boy you guys sure liked this last contest. I got enough poetry in my e-mail to make me feel like I was a 10th grade English teacher. After pouring through the results I've picked what I think was the best one. The winner is John out of Mesquite Texas with this little ditty,

Grandma Called J.F.K.

She called the White House.

She tried to stop J.F.K.

Grandma wasn't drunk.



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

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Sorta makes you cry, don't it? For his efforts John gets a Freakylinks t-shirt (just the thing to impress the chicks out there in Mesquite with)

I got some other great haikus as well. [If you wanna check them out click here.](#)

I got a real interesting letter and pic from a Freakylinks reader named Jennifer. Here's what she wrote:

Dear Derek,

I have "Freaky Feet". My husband loves my feet, I always felt lucky that I found someone who appreciates me. He suggested I see if anybody out in the big wide world thinks I have "Freaky Feet" too. So, my marketing plan is to send you a picture and see what you and your staff thought. I know its possible they are just gross and I can live with that, but you never know maybe there is some freaky fetish person out there who will see my feet and make me a million with them. I know you probably get a million emails a day and your staff has to weigh through a lot of junk emails, but if you do get this, could you please let me know that you did receive the picture I am sending with this. Thanks again.



Now I'm not that big on feet (unless they belong to a Yeti) but when someone sends me a picture like this I feel it's my God giving right to post it on the internet for the world to see. If anyone has any comments they would like to send to Jennifer and her foot-loving husband I suggest posting on the [discussion board](#). I'm sure they'd love to hear your ideas. (just make sure to keep them PG-13)

OK, that about wraps things up, I've still got a heap of driving in front of me and the closer I get to Florida the

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better I feel so I'm hitting the road again. Keep checking out the diary for updates . . .

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "haikus R us" Barnes

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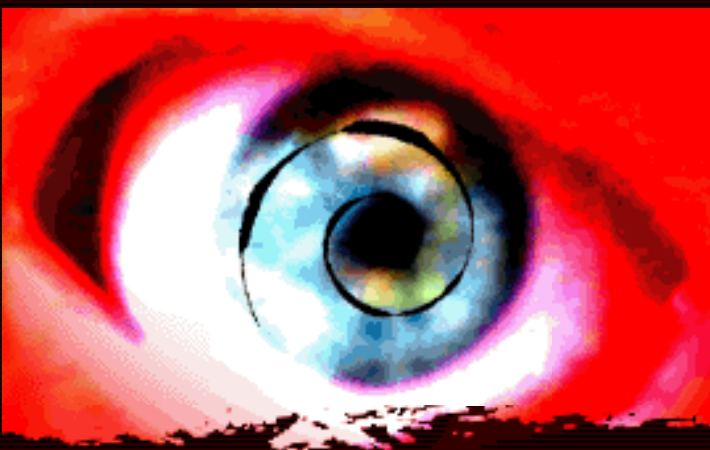
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

Other Entries in the Paranormal Haiku Contest

From Lee:

Noisy Cracky Ghost.
Do not play with that stereo joe.
Hey that's dad's hat.

From Bryan in Tampa Fl.

Willie The Serpent
Slick And Elusive
Much Like Bill Clinton

From Helen

Cheap gorilla suit
easily fools backwoods hicks
booze from backyard still

From Bill in Austin Texas

Fort said we are fish.
Strange meat falls from empty sky.
Will you take the bait?

From Lisa

a whispering in
the night--a shadow draws near:
my yeti lover

And last but not least, 2 great ones from Stefano

Haiku are stupid.
Why is this in italics?
...Black helicopters.

Goat-suckers fear what
the government is hiding:



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Chupacabra Bomb.

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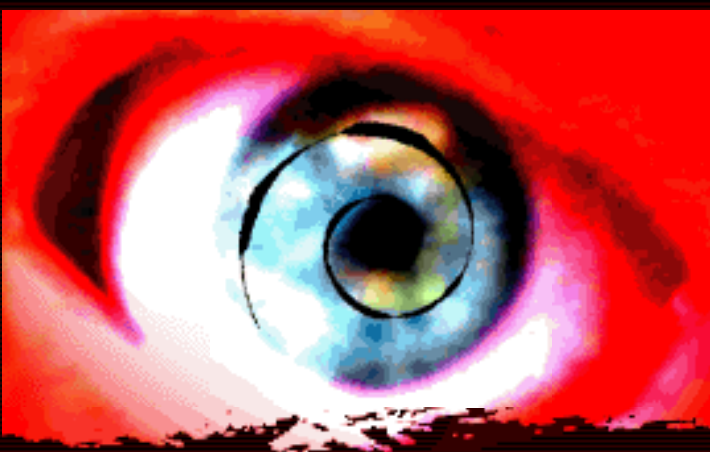
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN



August 13th, 2000

Greetings from scenic Las Vegas!

Oh Sin city has me in its grasp . . . Jason introduced me to a den of iniquity called the "poker room" and I find myself drawn deeper and deeper into its depths.

Texas hold 'em 7 card stud . . . pai goi the game names dance around my head accompanied by dollar signs that giggle and stay just outside my reach. I ante up and conceal my cards from the fellow next to me. 1 pair . . . 2 pair . . . 3 of a kind

Whoa nelly but I'm in deep

I did manage to extricate myself from poker long enough to travel on over to Rachel Nevada. It's about 200 miles from Vegas and just happens to be the closest spot in the road to Area 51 and all the governmental conspiracies that abound in that region. I met with Don who runs the Area 51 Research Center out of a mobile home and had an oh so lovely time (tea and crumpets anyone?) Really though, Don was cool and he clued me into a lot of the local scene and what it means to live next to a Military Base that officially doesn't exist.

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One of the silliest things on the excursion to Rachel was the fact that the Nevada state legislature renamed the road the "extraterrestrial highway" (they even have a brochure for it and everything) As we went toward this Mecca of madness we kept passing this rented caddy full of German tourists who seemed hell bent on reaching UFO central before us. I'm glad to state that Jason's driving proved victorious. In the immortal words of Lee Greenwood "God Bless the USA"

Enough about me. . for those of you wondering if Sherlock Bones made it from Seattle back in one piece I'm happy to give ya this picture. He's a skateboarding fool ya know. .



I'd love to stay on the computer and type longer but Jason has promised to show me the delights of the craps table . . .

Oh yeah and did I mention I met the devil in the desert?



Hurdy gur,
Derek "radar love" Barnes

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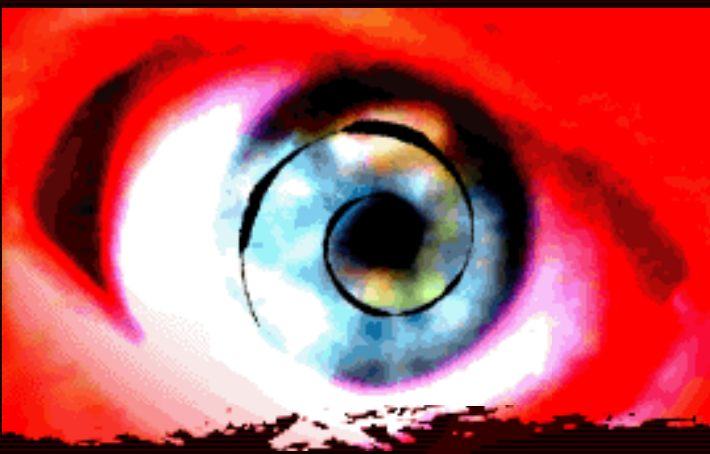
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

August 14th, 2000

Hey,

Ok, rule number one when you are in Las Vegas and playing poker. . . never keep drinking those free cocktails they give ya.

I'm sure there's a rule number 2 but I got way too drunk to remember it.

To make a long story short I arrived into town with around 750 dollars left out of the money those Japanese guys gave me. I'm leaving town with about \$20 in change.

Let my mistakes be a lesson to you, boys and girls. Vodka, cranberry juice and 7 card stud do not mix.

And for those of you wondering about that super cool Galaxie 500. . . it's sitting in a Fremont Street parking garage just waiting for someone crazier than me to take it away (I even left the keys in it and everything) I warn ya though, last time I checked, the brakes weren't really working anymore.

OK, this is a short one cause between the drinking and the card playing and the money losing I feel like crap. We're staying tonight somewhere near the Petrified Forest in Arizona. I'll talk to you guys tomorrow.

Hurdy Gur,
Derek Barnes



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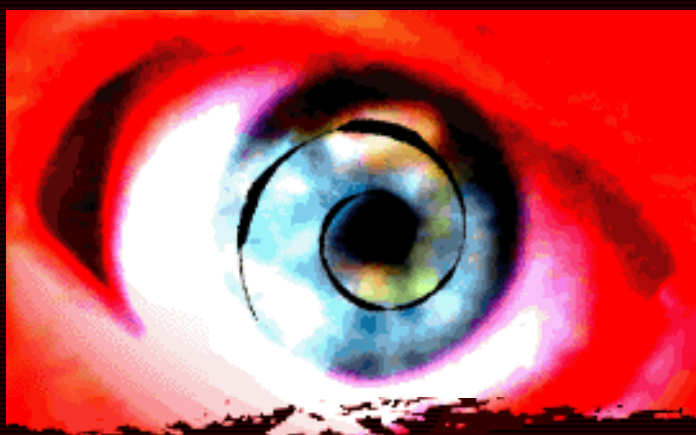
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

August 15th, 2000

Hiya,

I'm relaxing in lovely central New Mexico and really digging it. New Mexico is really pretty with lots of strange looking landscape to look at. I started the day out at the Painted Desert / Petrified Forest checking out the ancient petroglyphs.



Then me and Jason turned right at Albuquerque (I kid you not) and headed down to check out the Very Large Array radio telescopes near Socorro.



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Actually I had a hidden agenda in going to the telescopes cause I've been e-mailing this woman who swears something weird is going on down there. I'll have that story for ya in the future.

. . .Hey now that I look at it, is it just me or does the petroglyphs and the array look really similar?

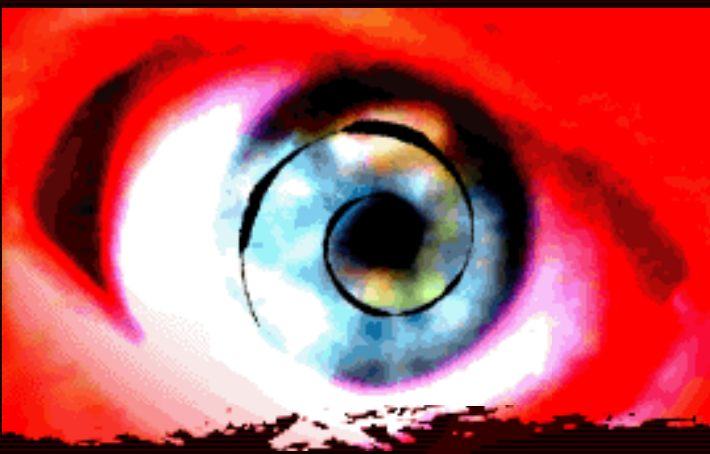
Anyway, all this cool scenery has really shaken the funk out of me I had from losing all the bucks in Vegas. I am at one with the world once again. (And that's about as metaphysical as I get)

OK, time to watch a little free HBO and call it a night.

Hurdy Gur,
Derek

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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

August 17th, 2000

Hey,

Oh dear God when will this road trip end? I convinced Jason to take Interstate 40 back to the east cause I thought it might be more scenic but at this point I'd give my little toe to be back in central Florida. (actually I might give both little toes and part of one big one)

As I write this we're somewhere near Little Rock Arkansas and still have plenty of states to motorvate through. The one saving grace of making it back to the south is the fact that I can get sweet tea again. Ah . . it's nectar of the Gods, I tell ya.

I think we're going to do a pit stop in lovely Seale Alabama and see my friend Butch Anthony (he runs the Alabama Museum of Wonder that I did an article on a month or so ago) Butch says he's got something special for me and I'm all excited to see what it is.

More as it develops

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "rest area 1 mile ahead" Barnes



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DIARY OF A MADMAN

August 18th, 2000

Meridian Mississippi is rockin' on a Thursday night!

Well no, actually it pretty much sucks out here at a cheap ass motel on the edge of town but you let me live out my pitiful little fantasy life and I'll let you keep e-mailing me about all the strange paranormal things that surround you.

Speaking of e-mail, I got a good one from some one who has signed me up to their goat farming mailing list. It's a dream come true I tell ya



RANTS:

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The high point of the last coupla days has been the stop over this morning at Graceland in Memphis. (Insert raised upper lip here) Nothing like seeing how the King of rock and roll lived to really put you in the mood for a peanut butter and banana sandwich. (Extra mayo please)

Actually it was pretty surreal being in Graceland with all the

hard-core Elvis fans. They don't have a real person give you the tour but instead make you wear these headphones and listen to a cassette tape as you wander thru the few rooms they allow you into. Basically this means that you have all these people walking around bumping into things and yelling to each other over the sound coming out of the earphones. Jason and I could only take about 40 seconds of the madness before we started laughing manically and had to leave. We calmed down a bit when we went into the museum part of the tour and stared at all the guns Elvis owned. I never knew Elvis was such a dangerous kinda guy.

So after leaving the holy Mecca of Presley we just drove all day once again. We're just outside the Alabama state line and should be home in the next coupla days.

I can't wait to sleep in my own bed again

Hurdy Gur

Derek "dreaming of my pillow" Barnes

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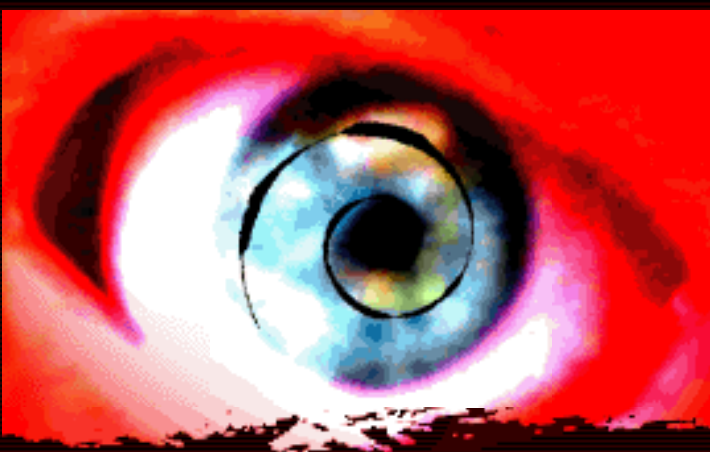
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN



August 24th, 2000

Hey Freaks,

Have I told ya how glad I am to be sleeping in my own bed again?

Well consider yourself told. I'm all for road trips but when you ain't seen home in nearly a month you get mighty lonesome for all the petty little things that make up your life. I missed my pillow. I missed my computer. I missed my favorite bar b q place and most of all I missed Lan, my faithful web mistress (and no I'm not just saying that cause she reads these things . . . well ok, maybe a little, but the sentiment is heartfelt I swear).

I knew I was getting close to home when I started seeing things like this in the rear view mirror

RANTS:

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Of course beauty products are one of my top priorities so as soon as I got home I headed on over to my favorite retailer . .

. .



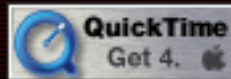
And of course Sherlock Bones, my constant traveling companion was happy to be home so he could visit with his friends . . .



Oh yeah, there ain't nothing like being back in the south to really make a boy realize that he don't need to travel across country to find Freak City. Well now that I've unpacked, washed the clothes, got the hair cut, washed more clothes, aired out the house, washed some more clothes and in general, laid around doing nothing I'm back and ready for action. I'm ready to hunker down over this hot computer and just type out story after story to amaze and befuddle you. I swear to God I ain't gonna do nothing but stay home, and answer e-mails and file stuff alphabetically and in general do everything that a web master should do (of course this enthusiasm is gonna last about all of 2 days if my previous track record is any indication) .

SCHOOL BUS RACE A GO-GO

One cool thing is that I finally got to see the Freakylinks school bus race footage. Remember when I told you about that a coupla weeks ago? I sponsored a vehicle in a local Figure 8 school bus demolition derby race and I've got the footage for all the world to see. I wasn't there personally to witness the high drama but I was told that Freakylinks put in a valiant effort and came in 2nd . . .or maybe 3rd . . .I don't remember what the guy that was there said exactly but I do know that the Freakylinks bus was a lean, mean, racing machine. I've got the footage to prove it. Click on the QuickTime movie and see for yourself.



(movie not working for you?
you probably need to download
[the QuickTime software](#))

[Click here to see the movie](#) (5Mb)

Next year, I'm gonna see if they'll let me drive the damn thing
...

WINDJAMMERS FREAKY FACT OR FLAKY FABRICATION

Windjammer is a loyal fan of this site and he's come up with a pretty good experiment in pop psychology on his home page. If you haven't seen it yet you need to [click on over to his page](#) and read the story he has up this month. After you're finished you can vote on if it's fact or fiction. If you got time check out last month's story as well. It's def. worth a look-see.

WHAT ELSE AM I FORGETTING?

Oh yeah, I just put up a new story I got while on the road. I heard about it on a local news show when I was in New Mexico. Check out the glowing cats of Los Alamos and lemme know what you think.

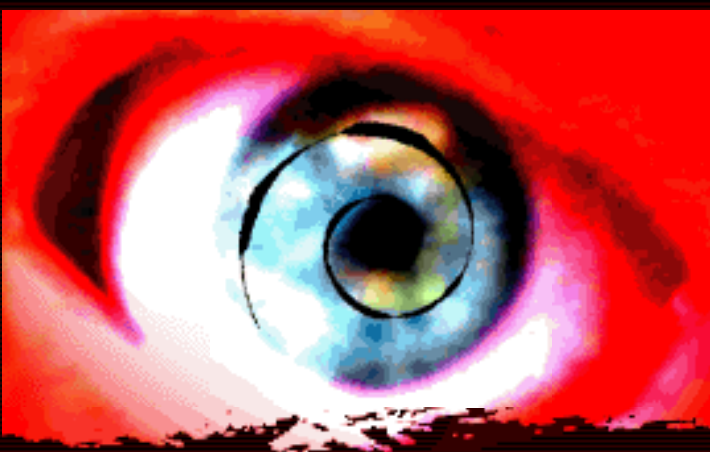
OK, I think that's everything I wanted to talk about. If I forgot something I'll e-mail every one of you personally and tell you later (yeah, right) Oh, and speaking of e-mails if you e-mailed me in the weeks while I was gone don't take it personally if I didn't e-mail ya back. There was no way I could cover that much of God's green earth and answer every piece of mail I got.

Catch ya later,

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "home again, home again, jiggied-jig" Barnes

[Previous \(08/18/00\)](#) [Next \(08/25/00\)](#)





FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

August 25th, 2000

Yo Adrian!

Breaking news off the paranormal presses, boys and girls.
Pretty exciting stuff ifn you ask me.

They're bringing "In Search Of" back to TV. (And if you're too young to remember this show then you should go ask your dad about it)

This was one of my favorite shows when I was a kid and I've got my fingers crossed that they're gonna do it right.

So far they've impressed me cause the website, insearchofonline.com, has got a way you can choose what the upcoming episodes are gonna be about. Go check it out and make your choices (I picked secret societies)

OTHER INTERESTING STUFF

Another talented guy with the name Derek (great name huh?) sent me a clever program that I thought I'd pass on to you guys (and no it ain't a virus)

[Click here to download "fearsum.exe"](#)

Course it only works for PC's so if you're using one of those funny colored Mac's then you're out of luck. He asked me if I used it to give him a shameless plug for his web site so everyone should go to the [Templar Zion homepage](#) and see if you can crash his system. (just kidding Derek)

OK, I'm back out of your lives, you can resume whatever it was that you were up to . . .

Hurdy Gur,

Derek "the older, wiser one" Barnes



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

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[Next \(08/28/00\)](#)

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DIARY OF A MADMAN

August 28th, 2000

Newsflash,

Someone sent me this pic from a hotmail account (but of course)
What do you think?



[Click here to see a larger version of the photo](#)

Hurdy Gur,
Derek

Eric from Minneapolis had this to say:

Derek -
OK, not to be a know-it-all or anything,
but I do this type of photo composition
(TV commercials) for a living. Attached are two JPEG
images with my "analysis" of the pic.

I would love for a photo like this to be real,



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

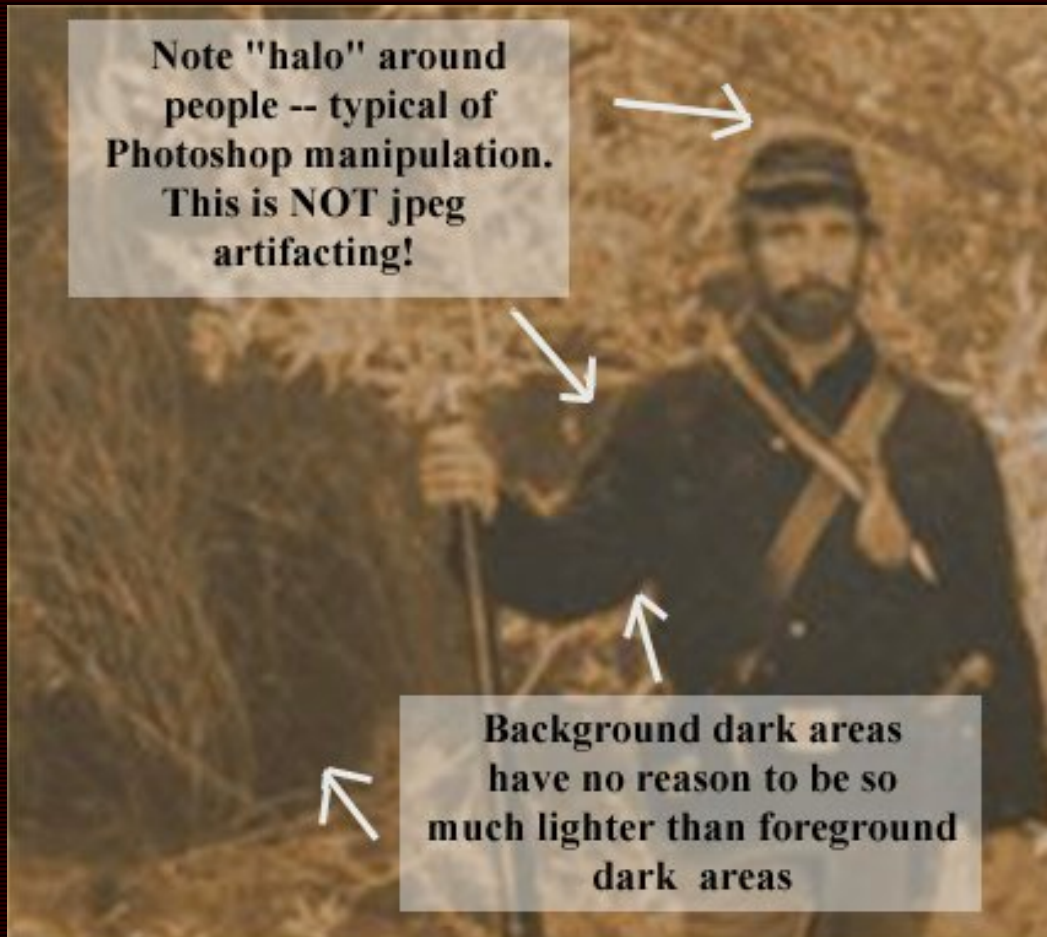
FIND A FREAK:

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FREAK-A-DENTIAL:

but this one seems particularly bad!

Eric



Steve added this:

I have and always believed that dinosaurs survived on into the early 20th century Explaining the dragon myth for example.. and this picture almost had me convinced until I blew the picture up with PAINTSHOP and noticed this little discrepancy.

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There was a legend about a flying dinosaur in the BigBend area of Texas up to the early sixties, but unfortunately there was no proof, only eyewitness accounts. I still hold steadfast in my theory, and hope some other more crediting proof will turn up...

[Previous \(08/25/00\)](#) [Next \(08/29/00\)](#)



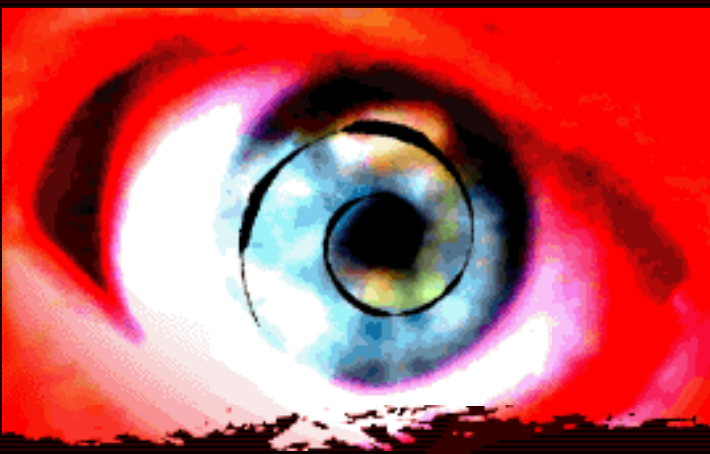
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

August 29th, 2000

"I got the ways and means, to New Orleans"
- Concrete Blonde-

Writing the [new entry](#) brought my thoughts back to the road trip and the day or so we spent in the Big Easy. I've been there for Mardi Gras before but it was actually better I think to go there when there wasn't a mass of drunken people stumbling around, throwing beads and trying to get members of the opposite sex to expose themselves. It wasn't calm and orderly by any means (I don't think that the citizens of New Orleans know what calm and orderly means) but it was a great time and I got the feeling that I was getting a glimpse of the real New Orleans.

Basically I wanna go back there.....

But not anytime soon, nope I'm still luxuriating in the down home goodness of living back under my own roof. You couldn't drag me out of here with a team of mules.

THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO!

Oh here's something very funny. If you get a chance mosey on down to your local supermarket and grab a current copy of the Weekly World News. (It's the one with Elvis in his coffin on the cover) Turn to page 21 and check out the Thunderbird article.

Yeah, that's right, I've hit the big time, I'm in a tabloid!

Now this article, coupled with that new and mysterious thunderbird photo I received makes me wonder if 2000 is gonna be the year of the Thunderbird. Kinda like aliens were a few years back. You'll start seeing kids wearing thunderbird t-shirts, thunderbird photos showcased on TV sitcoms and to "go thunderbird" will be a whole new hip slang phrase.



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

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.or of course I could just be letting my imagination get away from me again.

Speaking of that second thunderbird photo there's been lot's of interesting feedback in the [discussion boards](#) about it, (not much of it flattering) A reader named Eric had some interesting points to make so be sure to [check it out](#).

THIS IS THE END, MY FRIEND

Gotta go, boys and girls, till next time....

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "Thunderbird copyright and patent pending" Barnes

[Previous \(08/28/00\)](#) [Next \(09/05/00\)](#)

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DIARY OF A MADMAN

September 5th, 2000

Oh man,

How could I have missed hearing about Gunter Mahlberg?

Oh sure I had his link on my enemy page for quite some time but I just assumed (what's that old saying about assuming?) that he was a nobody. Just a freak with a website and a want list of the strange. (trust me, those kind of people are a dime a dozen on the web, your's truly included)

Course now I know different, and I'm kicking myself for not finding out about this guy before hand. I mean if the e-mails I got are to be believed then this guy is the Rupert Murdoch of the paranormal....just a little more evil.

Confused? Well join the crowd, (well it's a crowd if you count me and all my multiple personalities) [Check the story out](#) and then feel free to rant and rave about it on the [discussion boards](#).

FREAKY SCREEN SAVER !!!

Oh yeah, I'm more excited than a Chupacabra at a goat rodeo about the latest thing to come from Lan, my webmistress and all around Goddess of all things HTML

Freakylinks has a screen saver!

Yeah, this sucker is a high faluting, graphic twisting, paranormal wonder of screen saving gooey goodness. Not only will it save your computer screen from burnout it will also remove warts, cleans windows, mows the lawn, cuts your hair, and walks the family pet. (well no, not really but it is something swell)

Download this sucker right now by [clicking here](#) and soon your computer will be an endless display of wonder and amusement for friends and colleagues. While others are showing off that boring SETI thing on their screens you can be proudly displaying the joys and wonder of a three legged stripper.

OH YEAH!

OTHER INSANITY

I got this pic e-mailed to me from a guy named Brian. Here's what he had to say:

"Derek, Hey this is my mother-in-law standing next to something I can't figure out. She recently went out to California and gave this picture to my wife and I when she got back. She refuses to talk about it which isn't a strange thing if you knew my mother in law. I thought you might dig the picture."



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Well thanks Brian, Your mother in law is safely in my hands and I'll have her image spread across the net in no time at all.

COOL THINGS INVOLVING ME

The Dean of [Psychic High \(www.psyhigh.com\)](http://www.psyhigh.com) recently erected a virtual building in my honor. (being a semi-famous web geek does has it moments) It's a pretty cool website and it would behoove you guys to wander on over there and check it out. (Plus I promised him I would send enough traffic over there to crash his server) The shameless plug to me is on [this page](#) I'm just waiting now for a written invite to speak at their next commencement.

THUNDERBIRD FALLOUT CONTINUES

More and more readers have sent me their two cents worth regarding that second Thunderbird photo that showed up at my inbox last week. One of the best replies was from a loyal (well I assume loyal) reader named KJ.



Well that's about it, I gots to motorvate on out of here with Ian and Jason to catch some Sushi. There's nothing like the taste of raw fish to really get me all excited.

.....And hey Navigator, just a note to tell ya to keep looking for your relatives, I'll have

'em up on the Freakopedia any day now

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "California roll" Barnes

[Previous \(08/29/00\)](#) [Next \(09/11/00\)](#)



HEY DEREK, YOU ASSHOLE! The JerZey BoyZ HACKED
YOU AGAIN!!

YOU GONE DONE IT AGAIN. PISSED OFF THE WRONG PEOPLE MAN.
BARKING UP TREES YOU SHOULDN'T SO WE HAD TO BREAK YOUR
SITE [AGIN!](#)

YOU BETTER QUIT WHILE YOUR BEHIND BUTT BOY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

AND DON'T TAKE THIS DOWN OR WE WILL WIPE YOUR SERVER
OUT AND WIPE YOU OUT JUST LIKE WE DID BEFORE. WE GOT THE
POWER!!!!

AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR SPONSER.....

Dear Derek,

While I applaud your efforts I question
your lack of judgment in trying to
"expose" me. My business is just that, MY
BUSINESS. And while you speak of my lack
of ethics I question your own in trying
to ruin my name with these frivolous fake
e-mails you have posted on your site.

While I do dabble in the paranormal
antiquities business I am in no way the
mad monster you have tried to make me out
to be. I am a businessman plain and

simple and what you may think of as ruthless I simply think of as sound business practices.

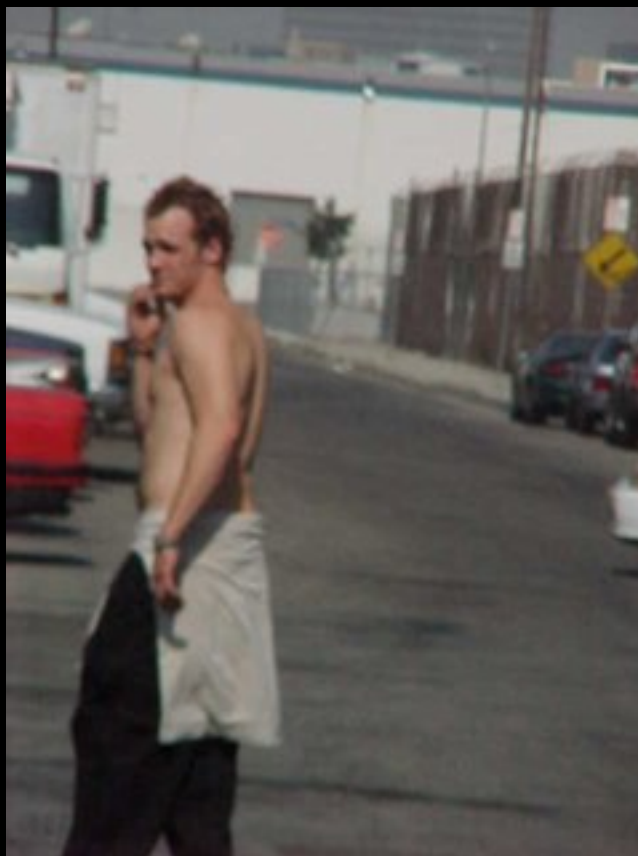
I hope this "hack" by my new found friends can serve as a reminder to you that you should be more careful in who you accuse in the future. It was quite a simple operation to find out where you live and have one of my employees take your picture.

Since you have taken away my anonymity I decided to take away yours. Now that you have been revealed you may find out that you will have a harder time publishing such unfounded nonsense on your website.

Sincerely Yours,
Gunter Mahlberg



DEREK THE ASSHOLE



DEREK THE SHIRTLESS DOFUS



DEREK AND HIS DUMB ASS FRIEND JASON

SO NOW ALL YOUR STUPID FRREAK READERS KNOW WHAT YOU
LOOK LIKE....TRY HIDING NOW

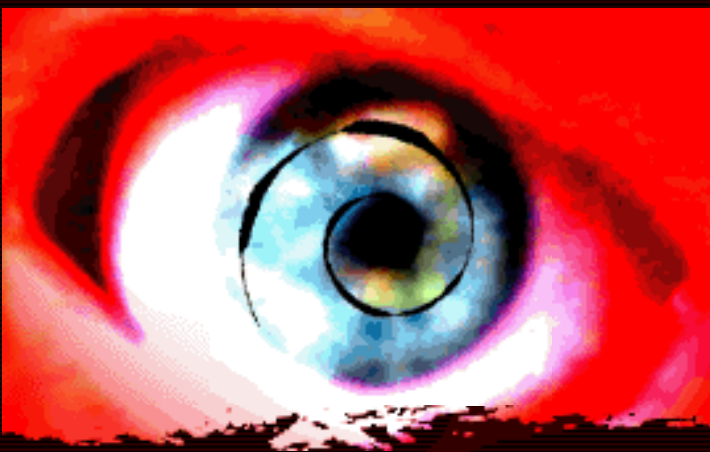
DON'T TAKE THIS DOWN OR YOUR SERVER IS TOAST!!!!

DERK YOU ASSHOLE

JerZey BoyZ RULE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

This has been another fine hack by:

The JerZey BoyZ! Peace out :)



FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

September 11th, 2000

AN OPEN LETTER TO GUNTER MAHLBERG AND THE
JERZEY BOYZ

Dear Mr. Mahlberg and company,

So you hacked me....you exposed me to my audience and made me look like a second tier website. You gave me warnings...you called me names.....you showed the world that I really need to work out a little more than I usually do...(or at least suck in my stomach when hidden cameras are taking pictures of me)

Well, thanks for the heads-up. Lan and I have taken the hack and used it as an educational tool. We tightened up our server, got everything backed up and in general put enough firewalls around this site to make it look like Fort Knox.

And thanks for exposing me to my audience. For the longest time I thought that anonymity was a blessing. I thought that if no one knew me then I could run this website and still pose as Joe Normal on the street. When I first saw those pictures you had taken of me I was very upset. I felt exposed. But over the weekend I put a lot of thought into things and I've come to another conclusion. I'm thankful for the favor you've done me. You made me realize I was hiding from my true nature. If I want to run a website that explores the paranormal then I should be man enough to let the world know who I am. From now on you won't see me hiding behind HTML code. In fact I'm turning the tables on you...If you want to be the secretive collector than I'll be the one out on the street for everyone to see. I'll be the one that looks the freaks square in the eye. I'll be the one that people point to and say "Hey, there's that freak, Derek Barnes."

And that's fine by me.....

So in the end what did you really do? Well to tell the truth I



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

FIND A FREAK:

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think you just put the fire under my butt that I needed. I'm motivated.... I'm ready....I'm gonna get deeper into the wild, weird, and woolly then you could ever hope to do. I'm gonna be the ringmaster in this Circus de' Freak and you're gonna be slack jawed at what I put out on display...

Oh yeah, baby, you ain't seen nothing yet...



Hurdy Gur, Assholes,

Derek Barnes

[Previous \(09/05/00\)](#) [Next \(09/13/00\)](#)

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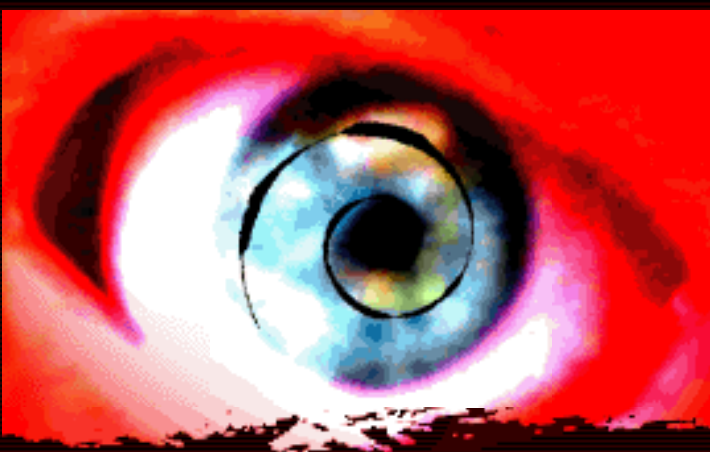
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

September 13th, 2000

Word to your mother,

Busy days here at Freak Central.... I thought I'd do a few house cleaning duties here before the next update comes out on Friday. I'm just sitting here enjoying take out from my favorite high quality restaurant.

Let's see, where do I begin.....

Oh yea, the Discussion Boards,

When we got hacked last weekend, they took the approval controls off the boards so that stuff gets automatically approved. I haven't put them back on cause I thought maybe you guys could play nice and be responsible in what you put up . . . (Insert sarcastic laugh here) Well so far things haven't been as great as I would like but I'm willing to give everyone the benefit of the doubt and try to appeal to your higher brain functions. If you're posting on there try to follow these guidelines.

Try and keep the profanity and name calling to a minimum. Flames wars are fun for about 10 seconds and then they get rather boring.

I'm thrilled that you guys are posting your little hearts out but try to keep on topic. Posts that have the word "N'Sync" in the



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

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title kinda scare me.

Some of you keep insisting on talking about some non-existent TV show I've never heard of. (creepygeeks?..tiddlywinks? ...freakopinks?) Whatever, but if you want to talk about it and that Ethan guy (whoever the hell he is) I suggest going on over to <http://www.egroups.com/group/Freaky-Links> That's a board set up just to talk about this mythical show. Tell 'em Derek sent ya.

BACK TO THE COOL STUFF

Loyal reader and all around cool guy Bluesman did a photoshop dissection on that recent mother in law photo I posted in the previous diary entry and had some interesting ideas....



SPRING SHOES

Another loyal reader (trust me, I got a lotta loyalty going around) named Kacie informed me that a guy in Russia has invented gasoline powered spring shoes that can make your stride about 12 feet wide and lets you run close to 25 miles an hour.

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I like this idea a lot.....Unfortunately I can't seem to find a place to buy these suckers.

So I've decided to make my own. If anyone has any ideas, lemme know. I'm itching to get these suckers on my feet.

E-MAIL HELL

Thanks to everyone who e-mailed me during the hack. There's no way I can reply to them all personally (unless I'm willing to stay in front of the computer for about 20 hours) but I did read them all and I appreciate all the words of support (and offers to counter hack) I don't think me and Gunter have finished our little paranormal mano el mano by any means.

OTHER MADNESS

I've started sprinkling pics of myself around the site in old stories. I figure I might as well spread the joy of my face with the public now that I've been "outed" If you stumble across them while reading try not to scream that loud (it scares the neighbors) The one below was taken at the Skunk Ape fish camp and I swear that can in my hand is full of Kool-aid.



OK, that's it. Look for a new entry on Friday plus the usual t-shirt giveaway in the newsletter amidst my typical ranting and raving. Sign up if you haven't yet cause otherwise you might miss out on something..... (just nod your head in agreement)

Hurdy Gur
Derek "eggroll 50 cents extra" Barnes

[Previous \(09/11/00\)](#) [Next \(09/15/00\)](#)

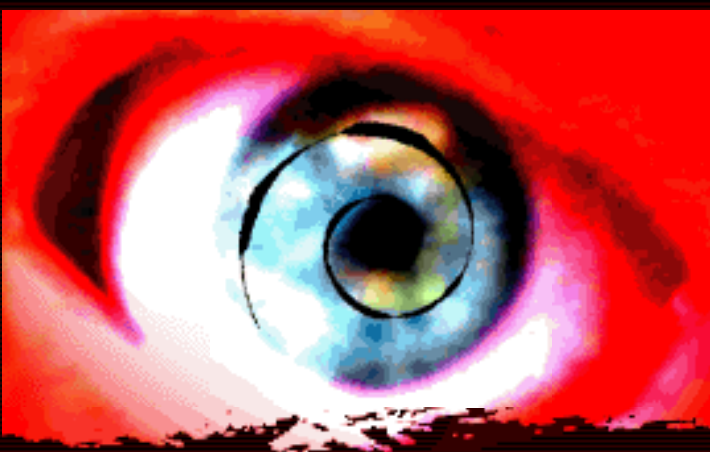
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

September 15th, 2000

Hey anybody out there in cyberspace land got a moving truck?

"But Derek," I hear you asking yourself, "Why would you need a moving truck?"

Good question and give yourself an extra slice of Chupacabra pie for asking (Chupacabra, it's the other, other, white meat)

Well it may only look like I'm sitting here pretty in my high castle in Freakovania. Truth be told, it's mighty cramped in here, what with all the computer crap, Lan's hi-tech computer stuff, skateboard stuff, surfing stuff and my collection of Mr. T cabbage patch dolls.



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

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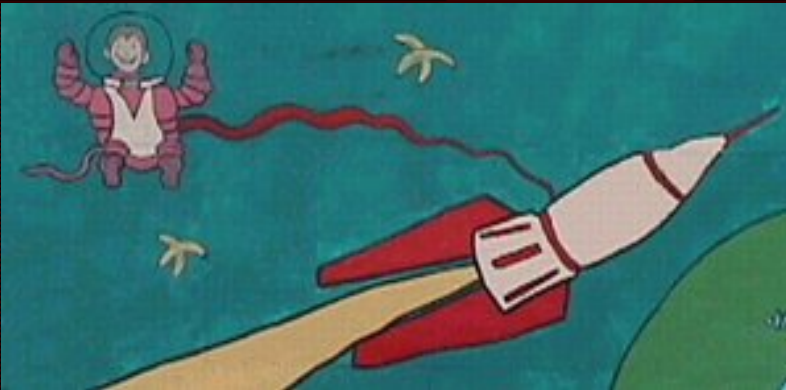
Not to mention I have an angry midget chasing me around and taking pictures when I ain't properly attired. That whole hidden pic thing was the proverbial last straw so I looked around the rental classifieds and promptly discovered that there ain't no way I can afford to move.....

So what's a boy to do when he needs to find a new home but he can't afford higher rent? He sponges off his friends of course! The friend in question is a surfer friend of mine named Buddy. Unlike me, Buddy actually got successful at the whole "riding a wave to fortune" game and is able to make a living off the surf circuit. He's got this huge space on the east coast of Florida he's not using and after some phone calls that involved shameful begging and pleading he's agreed to let me set up shop there. (Which just goes to prove there's a silver lining to being stalked)

So next week is going to be spent packing and dancing the moving hotchie-koo so don't despair if I don't reply to e-mails as often as I should. I'm going to be a busy boy for the next few days.... Now if I can only remember where the box for my full scale model of the Goatman is at.....

INSANITY IN LA

[This week's story](#) is one that Jason and I researched while out there in the city of angels...and just goes to show what madness is to be expected when I meet people who post on the [discussion boards](#).....and no, this jab is not directed at any of you, (well maybe you, Spacemonkey....insert sarcastic laugh)



Anyway check out the nifty hidden camera footage and decide for yourself if I stumbled on a deep, dark mystery or just bought into the madness of La-La land.

FREAKYLINKS; NOW WITH PATENTED VOICE OF DOOM ™ TECHNOLOGY

You may notice a little something different out there when you click on the [new story](#)...and hopefully it's a good thing. Lan went out and bought me this new voice recorder and I've started playing around with it. As a result you get to hear me giving my two cents worth at the beginnings of new stories. That's right, you can listen to my ranting and raving coming

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straight out of your speakers just like you were standing next to me! (ain't you the lucky one?) Lan thinks this might cause much wailing of arms and gnashing of teeth (something about my voice and how it has a detrimental effect on small dogs and children) but I think it just brings us one step closer...like one big, dysfunctional, paranoid, family.

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "You look just like an Elvis from Hell" Barnes

[Previous \(09/13/00\)](#) [Next \(09/20/00\)](#)



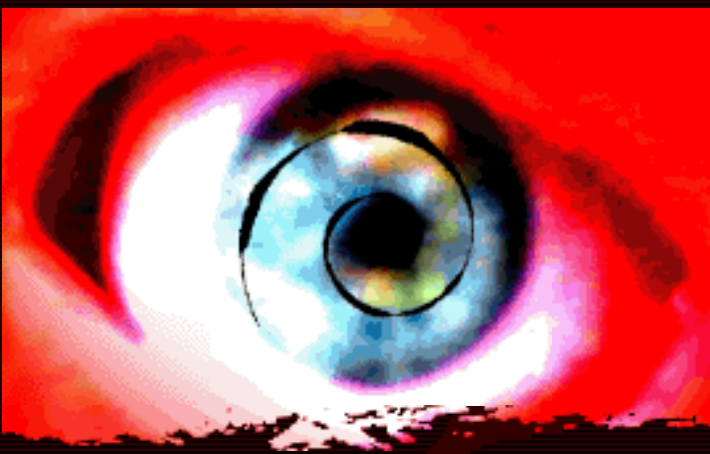
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

September 20th, 2000

There's a lot of things about me you wouldn't understand.
...you couldn't understand.
...you shouldn't understand.

-Pee Wee Herman, Pee Wee's Big Adventure-
(but I think he may have been talking about me)

Hey what's happening?

Well I'm busier than a sea serpent at a boat show what with all this moving things from Orlando to my ultra deluxe, super-swank, home on the beach. Going to live at someone's else's home while they are away makes me feel just like Magnum P.I. (only with out the cheesy mustache) Lan has got most of the tech stuff set up and I sit here at my brand new desk (courtesy of Bob's Bargain Barn) and type out my first entry from my new digs.



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

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[Rants from 1998](#)

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Yea, I could really get use to having a nice place. Course with my luck my friend Buddy will break his leg riding a curl in Maui and I'll be thrown out of here faster than you can say "scam artist." Oh well, I'll enjoy it while I have it.

GLOWING BUNNY = GLOWING KITTIES??

The discussion board has been full of talk about the glowing cat story I posted a while back. Normally I leave it up to you, dear reader, to sort out the facts from the hype but I just read a story that may shed new light on the issue. Check out [this ABC news article](#) and read all about the wonders of science. (Thanks to all the readers who e-mailed me the link)

So does this mean the kittens are part of some sinister artistic cult hell bent on creating glow in the dark critters? God, I sure hope so (and could this work on humans?)

THE BINARY BATHROOM CODEX

Lot's of theories have been sent in on what the deal is with that oh-so-wacky bathroom story I did last week. I've posted the best of them as add-on's to the page. Take your pick from the ones I have put up or make up your own and e-mail it to me. The whole thing is still open to debate.

In a similar vein (vampire pun intended) faithful reader and scourge of the northwest, Windjammer did a little binary coding of his own and sent me an e-mail with the following code attached. Can crack it? I sure couldn't (and I'm a bitter man because of it.)

00100010
01001000
01110101
01110010
01100100

01111001
00100000
01000111
01110101
01110010
00100010

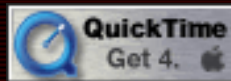
The only hint is..... HEX

TWEAKING THE TWIT FILTER

Speaking of discussion boards, Spacemonkey had a particular interesting idea on how to censor curse words that I thought was a stroke of genius. I just finished implanting the changes today and it should make for some interesting conversations. (insert maniacal webmaster laugh here)

THE SPRING HEELED FOOL

After hearing about those Russian spring shoes last week I tried in vain to find a pair to buy. (Why doesn't Russia have Ebay?) So instead of just letting the unattainable haunt me I decided to make a pair of my own. Jason was kind enough to tape me making a fool of myself and you can view the results below.



(movie not working for you?
you probably need to
[download the QuickTime
software](#))

[Click here to see the movie](#) (2.9MB).

What was the end result of my scientific findings?

1. Big ass springs on ski boots don't make you jump higher
2. Jason is now convinced that I have lost my mind
3. The rock band KISS won't be calling me to replace Gene Simmons anytime soon.

But hey, if you got any better ideas feel free to tape it and send it to me. I'd love to see others jumping up and down like an idiot for all the world to see.

THIS IS THE WAY THE RANT ENDS, NOT WITH A BANG
BUT WITH A WHIMPER

I gotta get off this here high tech waste of time and skidaddle
(is that how you spell it?) back to Orlando and get another

load of my stuff. If everything goes according to plan (and it rarely does with me) I should have a new story up on Friday. Plan your schedules accordingly.

Hurdy Gur Derek "do not remove under penalty of law"
Barnes

[Previous \(09/15/00\)](#) [Next \(09/25/00\)](#)

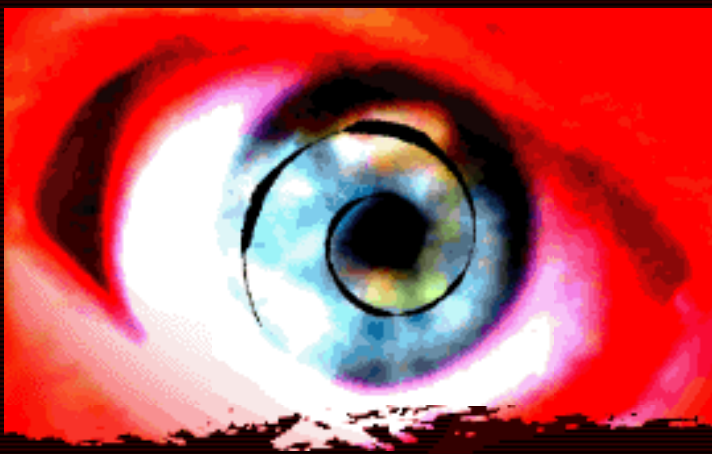
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[NEW](#)

[FREAK STORE](#)

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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

September 25th, 2000

Howdy friends and neighbors and all the boys overseas,

Got a big new story outta of the deepest, depths of Africa with all kinds of exciting footage for you to give the once over. I had to dodge gunfire to bring this story to you but I know you're worth it (You are, aren't you?) Check it, boys and girls and then e-mail me and tell me I'm crazy to risk my life and limb just for the sake of Internet entertainment.

Lot's of stuff to get to in this rant so let's get right down to it.

MOTHER IN LAW MADNESS CONTINUES



I got an e-mail from that Mother-in-Law with the mysterious disc whose portrait I ran a coupla rants back. She was a little upset at being called a hoax by Bluesman and swears up and down that there is no tom-foolery going on in that picture what so ever. She says that it was taken "somewhere in California" (well gee, that narrows it down) and is also challenging us to find out where it was.

RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

FIND A FREAK:

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Meanwhile in the discussion boards, Jeremy has this to say about our mysterious disc

"That piece of art work resides in downtown Charlotte, NC. You would just have to see this massive bronze disk. I just don't think that this thing could be duplicated. The disk shown in the picture is exactly like the one in downtown charlotte. It is also the same disk shown in the movie hellraiser...I now am interested, so if anyone knows more than I do about the subject then enlighten me."

Anybody else got any ideas? If anyone lives in Charlotte and can take a picture of the disc that Jeremy is talking about I'd love to post it on the site.

And if anyone can find out where it is in California that the one in the picture is suppose to be from I'll send ya a free t-shirt. And yes, I need picture proof (ya think getting a free shirt is that easy?)

SPRING SHOE MANIA KNOWS NO BOUNDS! (pun intended)

After being made the laughing stock of the internet with my latest stab at inventing spring shoes, I got a great e-mail from John who pointed my server over to [Z coil footwear](#) and their amazing jumping sneakers.. Of course they're in Korea so I may need to brush up on my Asian language skills (read brushing up as "learning Korean")

DangerXpac found some [spring shoes on Ebay](#) for me and if anyone out there bids against me I'll never forgive you.

CHUPACABRA DANCES WITH HAMSTERS, FILM AT 11!

Zazel e-mailed me this picture with the text: "It's worse than we thought"



FREAK-A-DENTIAL:

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(enter your email address and press button)

At least it wasn't [those damn dancing eggs...](#)

HOW TO DRESS A DEMON

Those freaks over at [In Search Of](#) thought they could bribe me into mentioning their website by inviting me on their set and letting me watch while they filmed scenes for their opening credits..and they were right. While I was there they were filming a short piece with a demon... pretty cool stuff huh?



I also made 'em cough up 2 t-shirts with their logo. I'm keeping one but the second one is up for grabs to the first person that can answer this question:

How long has David Baker been working in his field? (hint: the answer is on the [In Search Of](#) website)

First one to e-mail me with the answer gets the shirt. It's an XL (that's all they had)

OVER AND OUT

That's it. I'm almost finished moving all my stuff over to the new home but there's still a few more things I gotta go grab. Talk to you guys soon.

Hurdy Gur, Derek "Bribes R Us" Barnes

[Previous \(09/20/00\)](#) [Next \(09/29/00\)](#)



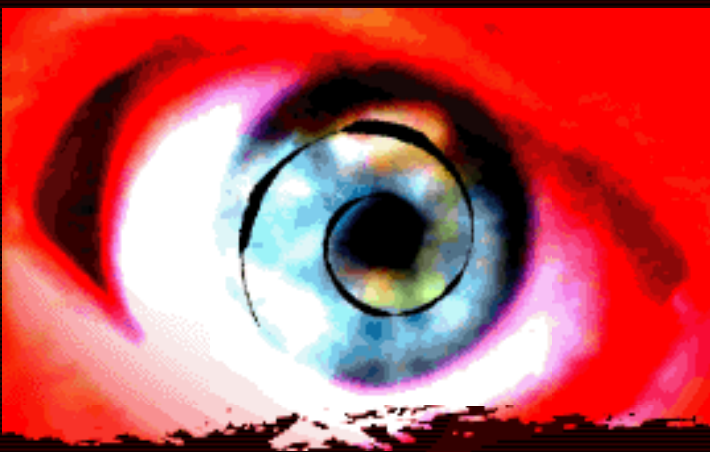
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

September 29th, 2000

Hey,

Well I faced up to my fears and gave up my secrets of Seattle. I still don't like talking about it. (Trust me, it wasn't my finest hour.) But I do feel better about letting it out. I never was one good at keeping a secret.

OTHER THINGS

Finished moving into our new digs over here on the east coast. It's like 4 degrees cooler here than Orlando thanks to that ocean breeze. (Curiously the number of stores where you can buy a tacky T-shirt that says 'Florida' is the same here as in Orlando) Jason got me a new doormat as a house warming present. Whadda think?



VIVA LA HATE BOMBS!



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

FIND A FREAK:

Search for:

Earlier this week some hip cat friends of mine who happened to be in a local band named the Hate Bombs dropped over to see the new digs and gave me a totally unexpected surprise. They recorded a song about me! That's right, boys and girls, you heard it here first. Just click on the handy dandy link below and you can be the first on your block to hear "Love Theme from Freakylinks".



[Click here for da music by da Hate Bombs.](#)

Ultra nifty keen-o huh? The Hate Bombs are soon to start a tour up the East Coast and if you get half a chance you should definitely check 'em out. They got a rockin' garage beat that's sure to make you move your feet. (That's the DJ coming out at me) For more info on the greatest band in Orlando check out their [web page](#) I've already decided that if I ever get married The Hate Bombs are the band I'm going to have play at my reception. (Just don't tell my mother, OK?) That crazy [theremin](#) sound you hear on the song (and also heard on my opening page) is courtesy of Aaron Jarvis of the "[Delusionaires](#)" which is another kickin' fun time sleaze band outta Orlando. You gotta dig a guy who plays an instrument with his own aura.

FREE STUFF ALERT

The Hate Bombs were kind enough to slip me two copies of their newest CD "Hunt You Down" and I thought I'd pass the savings on to you. Want some free music? Just be one of the first 2 people to [e-mail me](#) the correct TITLES of all the Freakopedia entries the Hate Bombs sing about in the song.

THAT'S IT

OK, off you go to listen to that song... I'm going to the beach. Maybe a hurricane will get close enough for some decent surf.....

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "Here Comes Treble" Barnes

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[Previous \(09/25/00\)](#) [Next \(10/04/00\)](#)



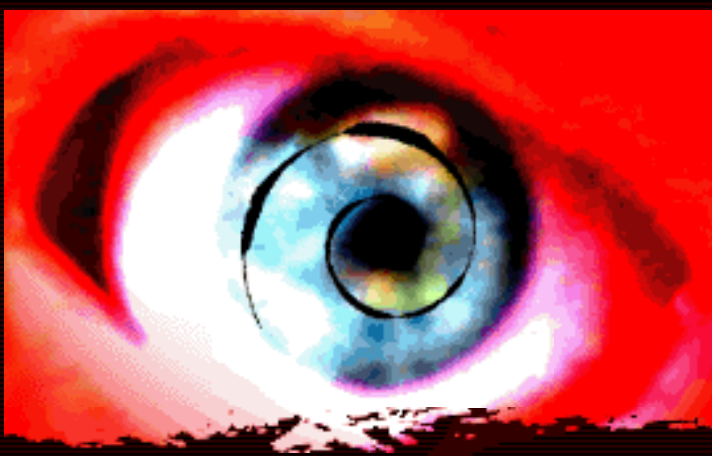
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

October 4th, 2000

Hey Anything Freaky? (as my friend Believer likes to say on the discussion boards)

Well yeah, I got something Freaky. Me and Jason are currently holed up in a Motel 6 in Pigeon Forge Tennessee. Dolly Parton's theme park is just down the road but it wasn't those twin peaks that brought up us here. Instead we're just back from another run in with that vertically challenged, paranormally obsessed all around fun guy, Gunter Mahlberg. Check out [the new story](#) for all the semi-thrilling facts.

RETURN OF THE MOTHER IN LAW PART III : THIS TIME IT'S PERSONAL

The disc mystery that refuses to die comes rears its head yet once again. This time with proof positive that it's been seen in downtown Charlotte N.C.



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

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Freaky reader Dan sent in a pic of the Charlotte North Carolina disc that looks surprisingly like the one in the photo. Does this mean that the photo we have is a fake? Maybe, maybe not cause another reader swears up and down that he's seen something similar in Berkeley California. We're still waiting on picture proof for that one.

OH THAT WACKY DISCUSSION BOARD

Lately the discussion board was talking on the intelligence level of a middle school bathroom wall so I've decided to reinstate moderation. (Insert boo's here.) Lan or I check it several times a day so it shouldn't be too much of a pain.

MUZAK...NON STOP.....MUZAK

Since the Hate Bomb's "Love theme from Freakylinks" was such a hit, I've decided to open up another section of the Freak store that will share a little of my musical tastes with you guys.. (And boy ain't you lucky?) [Head on over there](#) and check it out. Lan's set it up so you can listen to some of the songs and I promise ya it ain't something you've heard before..

OK, JASON'S SNORING....

And since that sound has the ability of making me unable to think, I better end this. With any luck we'll be back down in Florida by the time you read these words.

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "Sleep Apnea" Barnes

[Previous \(09/29/00\)](#)

[Next \(10/06/00\)](#)



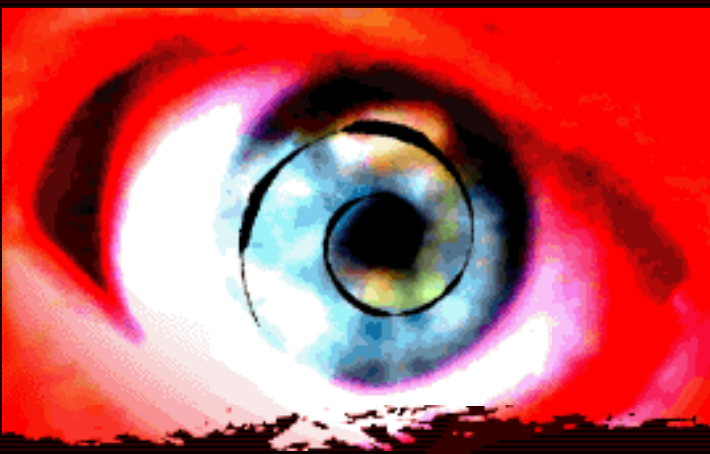
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

October 6th, 2000

Hey,

It's been a hectic few days.-No, that's an understatement, it's been one hell of a week. Before I started writing this I went back and re-read some of my old entries and it makes me laugh to see what an easy going freak I was. Making shirts by hand, taking odd jobs I hated to earn some extra cash. It almost seems like it happened to another person.

Lemme try and lighten up. I just finished the [new entry](#) for the Freakopedia and I'll warn ya, it's a bit of a downer. Talking about Adam always makes me miss him and it's hard to be the stupid and goofy guy when I keep thinking about him.

He'd laugh his butt off if he saw me like this. I was never the one to shed a tear or reminisce about old times.

ABOUT THAT TV SHOW.....

So for the past month I've been getting all these e-mails about a TV show on the Fox network based on me. I didn't know anything about it but I was kinda hoping it was true cause then I could sue 'em and live off the money. With these visions of dollar signs dancing in my head, I sat down at 9 PM and watched Fox just waiting to call an attorney and scream bloody murder.

Well it looks like I ain't a millionaire yet.

The show on at 9 PM was called "CreepyGeeks" (It does sound



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

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kinda similar, don't it?) but it doesn't have anything to do with me. Instead it's this oh so wacky cyberpunk sci-fi deal about futuristic hackers working for a top secret government agency. I snapped some pictures from my TV to prove to you guys once and for all there isn't a TV series about me.



An evil webmaster and his sidekick attempt to stop our heroes in the 1st episode of "CreepyGeeks"

I didn't watch the whole thing but it seemed to feature a lot of guns, a lot of bad wardrobe, and a lot of really bad computer skills. Trust me, no one that works with computers has that many adventures in an hour.



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The heroic hacker "J-Caplock" downloads a virus into the bad guy's system.

The show is set in Florida, (thumbs up!) but is entirely unrealistic cause in almost every scene they were wearing long sleeves and jackets. Trust me, nobody is wearing a jacket in Florida in October. Besides that, there were mountains in the background of almost every shot. (The only mountain we got in Florida is Space Mountain over at Disney World.)



"Tammy the Enforcer" and "Pretty Boy" get ready to dish out some CreepyGeeks justice.

Oh well, maybe they'll make a TV show about me next season. When it happens I'll make sure and tell 'em about the whole short sleeve thing.....

MEANWHILE BACK IN REALITY.....

Enough of the falseness of TV, life goes on in the real world. Jason called not too long ago and wants to go out. He swears that he's got enough money to pay the cover charge down at our favorite watering hole. Just between you and me, I don't believe it. (And Lan, don't tell him I said that)

ONE LAST THING

OK Rahwitdala, here's the shameless plug for [your website](#).

Happy? (laugh)

ONE MORE LAST THING



Why do I have a waterhose up to my ear?. It's a [long story](#).

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "Still Awaiting Fame and Fortune" Barnes

[Previous \(10/04/00\)](#) [Next \(10/11/00\)](#)

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FREAK-O-PEDIA NECROPOLIS NOW

Croatoan

I saw my dead brother yesterday.

Someone sent me a quicktime and there on the screen, large as life, was Adam. Is it just a cruel prank? The date on the video is only 3 days old and I want to believe it's real and that it's him. My heart wants to even though my mind screams at me to accept the fact that he died almost 3 years ago.



LEARN MORE:

- [Manteo and Roanoke Island History](#)
- [The Weapemeoc Indians](#)
- [Glyphs for your computer](#)

IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:

When we were kids I always took Adam for granted. We saw each other every day. We even dressed alike until we got older and convinced Mom that wearing the same clothes made us look like dorks. Looking at Adam was like looking at a mirror

image of myself.

Then after high school we kinda went separate ways. I embraced the hedonistic surfer / skateboarder lifestyle. Adam embraced higher learning, cold logic, and a search for a deeper meaning of what life is all about. For a while that made me the black sheep, the slacker who didn't have a care in the world. Adam was the good son, the one earning the long string of educational letters behind his name. But I always tried never to resent it. I looked up to him and at a certain point even came to respect him. Hell, since he was my twin it was kinda like having a clone of myself that was willing to do the dirty work of becoming an adult. I could stay young and dumb while my alter ego got the awards, paid the bills, and made the name Barnes mean something. I refused to enter the real world while Adam choose to embrace it and make it work for him.



An old picture of Adam and his fiancé Chloe

But the urge to go a different route must have been just as deeply imbedded in Adam as it was for me. Instead of stopping at the edge of acceptability, Adam started plunging deeper. His interest in humanities and history took him deeper out into the fringe. He became interested in things that most academics turn away from. Unexplained phenomenon, occult studies, and magic, started to consume more and more of his time. Looking back, I can't tell you the exact day that his behavior and methods went over that invisible line of respectability. I just know that at some point in his quest he crossed over into a scientific darkness. He tried using his desire for knowledge as a torch against this enveloping blackness of ignorance but even I could see that he was beginning to lose his way.

I tried to help. I started working for him, telling him I was just paying back a loan. But what I was really doing was trying to keep an eye on him. I thought that if I was around then nothing could go wrong. When you're young you know bad things happen but you never think they are going to happen to you. It's always the other person that has a disease or the other family that loses someone they love. Well that's crap. If

- [Freaky Flora & Fauna](#)
- [Mondo Occult](#)
- [Mutants & Misfits](#)
- [Necropolis Now](#)
- [Nothing Up My Sleeve](#)
- [Science Stumpers](#)
- [Tails of the Crypto](#)
- [Uniquely Freaky Observations](#)



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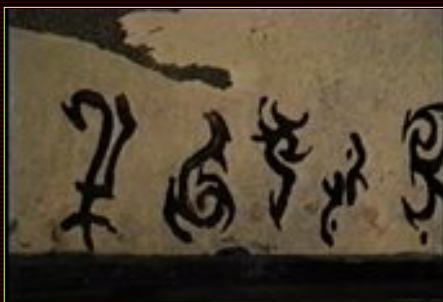
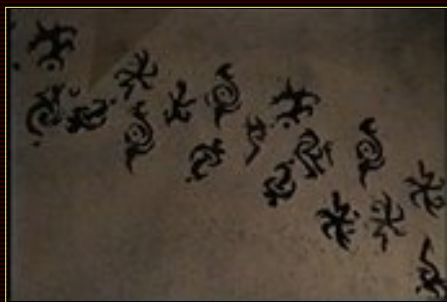
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nothing else, Adam taught me that grief and suffering doesn't play favorites. I thought Adam and I would have plenty of time together. That this overpowering urge for a deeper truth would leave him some day. But I was wrong. I couldn't or wouldn't realize where this obsession was taking him. That he take his own life. Up till this week I still didn't understand the real reason why he did it. I always thought it was because he couldn't accept that life has finite limits. That when he ran up against that final wall and found out he couldn't go over it, he just gave up.

But now I know that he did it for a different reason.

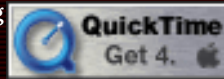
After getting the quicktime I decided to do what I should have done back in 1997. Adam's ex-fiancé Chloe and I went to Adam's house and we found something amazing. Hidden underneath the wallpaper and beneath the carpets were a multitude of strange symbols.



Adam (I assume it was Adam) had painted these glyphs everywhere in his house. Were they there to protect him from something? Were they there to protect the outside world from whatever forces he was attempting to conjure up? I don't know.



(movie not working for you? you probably need to [download the QuickTime software](#))



[Click here to see the movie](#) (3MB).

Under the floorboards of his bedroom we found an amulet with these same symbols. The jewelry looks ancient and I have no idea where it came from. Adam never spoke of it to me. I know he was talking to some strange people on his website, [Occultresearch.com](#) and was searching for artifacts to help him in his theories. Maybe someone he chatted with on the site sent it to him.



Another puzzling clue is that somehow this all relates to the lost colony of [Roanoke](#). That was one of the last legends that Adam was researching before he died and these glyphs match ones I found in his old notebook. We found "Croatoan" painted on one of the walls and it was also on the website that sent me that quicktime.

The legend goes that in 1587 English explorer John White brought over a group of settlers to America. He then left them there (Including his young granddaughter, Virginia Dare) and went back to England for more supplies. When he returned to the settlement four years later everyone was missing. There were no signs of a struggle, no graves, no nothing. One hundred and fifteen men, woman, and children had just disappeared without a trace. The only clue was the word Croatoan carved into a tree. John White thought it referred to an island just west of the settlement but for some reason he never went there to check.



Chloe told me that Adam believed the story was incomplete and that John White didn't tell everything he knew. Adam thought

White had discovered something so horrible that he left the colony and never tried to find out what happened and believed it had something to do with John White's granddaughter, Virginia Dare. It kinda makes sense because in the years following the disappearance, Virginia became a prominent figure in many different stories and legends. Local Indian tribes said she was an evil spirit, a shape shifter and refused to go near the old colony. Adam believed these fears had a basis in fact. He partially based this theory on a fragment of a diary entry by John White in which Virginia is described as "...something fearsom."

How does this all fit in with my brother's death? I don't know. I feel like John White must have when he walked into that deserted settlement and wondering what happened to all those people. Did the word Croatoan really mean what John White thought it did? Do I understand what that quicktime really means? Sure I've uncovered something but finding out the facts is just the start of the problem. The truth is all tangled up with myth and guesswork and separating the two is a bigger burden than I can handle by myself.

That's why I'm posting all of this here. Take a look at the symbols I found in Adam's house. Read [his website](#). Try to help me make some sense out of all of this. I've asked for your help before and you guys have always come through for me. This time I need it more than ever.

sources

The notes of Adam Barnes

Personal Investigation by Derek Barnes

[SPEAK YOUR MIND](#)

[TELL A FRIEND](#)

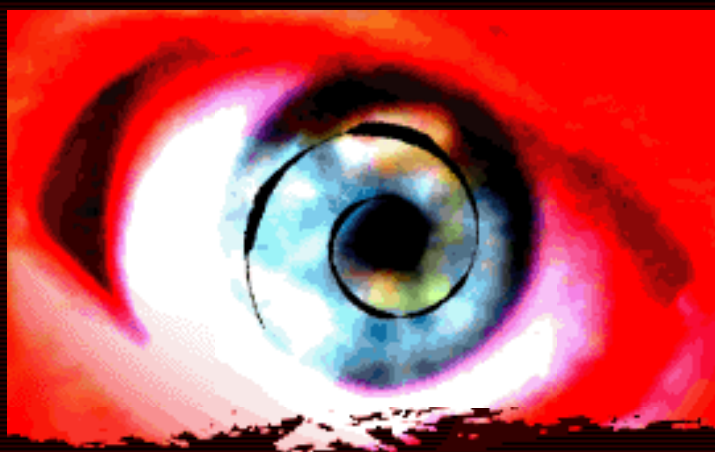
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

October 11th, 2000

Hey, what's that? You say your looking for trouble?



Well step right up, baby boy. I'm a lean, mean, freak fighting, machine. I'll burst your bubble. I'll separate the fact

RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

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from the fiction. I'll separate the yolk from the white. I'll stand outside in the rain cause I just don't give a damn. I ain't got no scruples when it comes to chasing down the truth. I got the snake drive. I am 50 feet tall. When I walk the woods tremble, the dark gods quiver in fear. I wear black cause that's the way I feel on the inside. I got thunderbird skin boots that shine in the moonlight. I glow in the dark. I am the one and the only. I float like a butterfly and sting like a chupacabra. I eat taztelwurms for breakfast and use a werewolf fang for a toothpick. I floated a sea serpent up the Mississippi and lost it in a poker game to H. P. Lovecraft, Charles Fort, and the Invisible Man. (Who was cheating with a hidden ace under his bandages.) I go faster than the speed of light. When I walk into a room, the good guys smile and the bad guys get nervous. I make the monsters go away. I'm so tough I sleep with my foot hanging off the bed and the closet light off. I walk alone down a dark alley with a smile on my face and a silver bullet as a lucky charm cause I am....., I am.....

Woah, I was kinda going off there on a tangent wasn't I? Guess I needed to get that out of my system. It's an ego thing, just bear with me.

ART, UFO'S, AND THE COMMON MAN

I trucked my butt up to Atlanta on Monday in search of an artist who claimed to know me. Turned out he did but he wasn't the guy I thought I knew. [Check out the new story](#) and view the quicktime. This guy has some issues, I'm telling ya.

SPRING SHOES

So I finally got those 1950's era spring shoes I won off Ebay in the mail. I was so excited I tried them on right there in the post office (Boy, never take off your shoes in the post office. It makes 'em nervous I tell ya) Are you waiting for the fabulous footage of me jumping up and down like a fool? Well don't hold your breath. Lan will attest that the results of me wearing these particular spring shoes wasn't a pretty sight. I darn near twisted my ankle when I jumped from the dining room table to the floor. Here, allow me to demonstrate with my lovable robotic dog, Sherlock Bones.

Diagram 1: Sherlock Bones is wearing the shoes and preparing to jump.

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Diagram 2: Sherlock Bones has mistaken the amount of spring in the shoes and is experiencing "Spring Shoe Severe Shock Syndrome"



Diagram 3: Sherlock Bones discovers the joy of gravity.



Just imagine that happening to me and not a cyberdog and you kinda get my drift.

That's why I've decided to give these suckers away. Yes-sir-ree bob, this weeks contest in my newsletter is all about the joy of becoming the owner of these here fine,

jump-o-matic's. Now don't you wished you had [signed up](#) to get it?

HEY YOU KIDS, GET THAT CHEVY IMPALA OFF MY MOON!

Freakylinks reader Kevin may have uncovered the biggest conspiracy since I discovered that there ain't no such thing as fat free chocolate.



This incredible photo earned Kevin a free Freakylinks T-shirt. If you think you've got a photo worthy to be published in Freakylinks (and worthy of a free shirt) send that sucker on over to me at derek@freakylinks.com. Remember our motto kids, "At Freakylinks, we put the "f" in photoshop."

ONE LAST THING (LONG WAY DOWN)

For some reason known only to God and Bill Gates I got over 2,000 (yea that's right, 2,000) e-mails this past weekend. So don't feel bad if I didn't e-mail you back cause you ain't alone. I do read all the stuff I get though so don't stop. (Unless the e-mail title is "wazup" cause then I just automatically delete it... Man, I hate that phrase.)

AND SINCE ANY GIRL THAT CAN BOIL GASOLINE GETS MY ATTENTION HERE'S A SPECIAL SECRET MESSAGE TO 'THAT SLICK CHICK'

"Scooter my Daisy Heads"

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "I see Good Spirits, I See Bad Spirits" Barnes

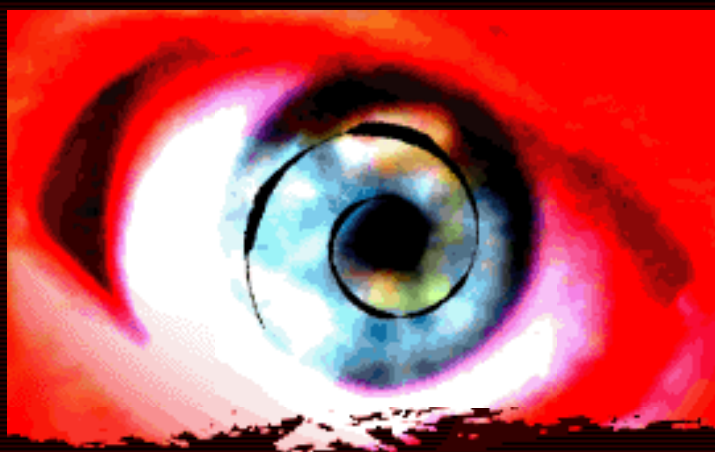
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

October 13th, 2000



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Derek "the chatter-box" Barnes

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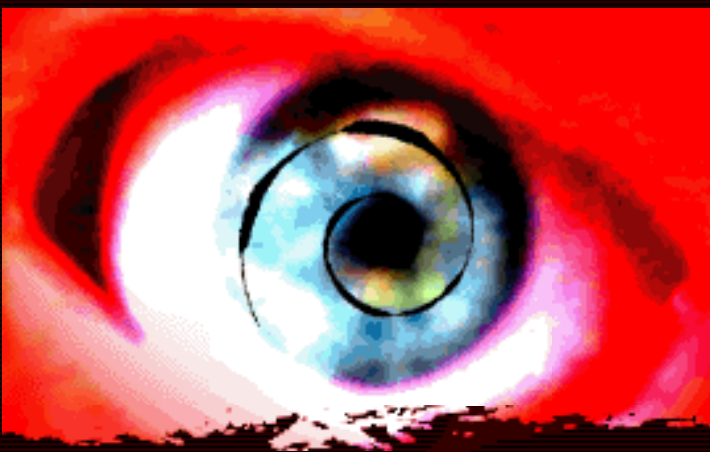
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

October 18th, 2000

Hey Freaks,

I tell ya, I got roaming feet. I just can't sit still in one place too long. I just get back from one trip and I feel like it's time to get out the door and go off on another adventure. (And the hell with having an electric bill to get in the way)

So that's why I'm leaving for New York City tomorrow morning. Yea, you heard me, the big apple, the town so nice they named it twice. I've been up there before to investigate mysterious things but this time I'm taking the rest of the Scooby Doo gang with me.

Side note for those of you keeping pop culture reference score at home:

Jason = Shaggy

Lan = Velma

Chloe = Daphne

...and I'm Scooby of course.

Where's Fred? I dunno, I don't think I trust anyone that wears an ascot anyway. (And if you're gonna ask about Scrappy then you're probably not the kind of person that needs to be reading this anyway.)

OK where was I? So Jason, Lan, and I are all going up to New York to meet up with Daphn...er....Chloe who's being all adult up there at some psychology convention Chloe didn't seem too big on the whole "come up and join me in the big city" routine but I'm sure she'll lighten up once we get up there and join in the fun. Oh yeah, we'll be one big, happy, Partridge family.

Second Pop Culture Reference Side Note:



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

FIND A FREAK:

Search for:

Jason = Danny Partridge

Lan = Laurie Partridge

Chloe = Shirley Partridge

...and I've always fancied myself the Reuben Kinkaid of the paranormal.

ANYWAY...I've got a great reason to be heading up north. A really good source threw me a video of something strange going on in the New York sewers. I don't wanna give too much away in case it all turns out to be nothing but let's just say that the urban legend you've heard about may have a kernel of truth to it.



It's an invisible dog! Get it? Woah, this is comedy, I tell ya, high comedy.

OK, that's it for now. I need to pack (Well ok, I need to throw random things into a suitcase) You guys should be sure and tune in (catch my drift?) to Freakylinks to see what turns up.

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With any luck me and my rat pack will turn up something more than...er...rats in the pipes, (Gee, that symbolism went sorta nowhere, huh?)

Third and Last Pop Culture Reference Note:

Jason = Dean Martin

Lan = Peter Lawford

Chloe = Frank Sinatra

...and I'm [Joey Bishop](#), baby, all the way.

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "What do you mean they closed Cats?" Barnes

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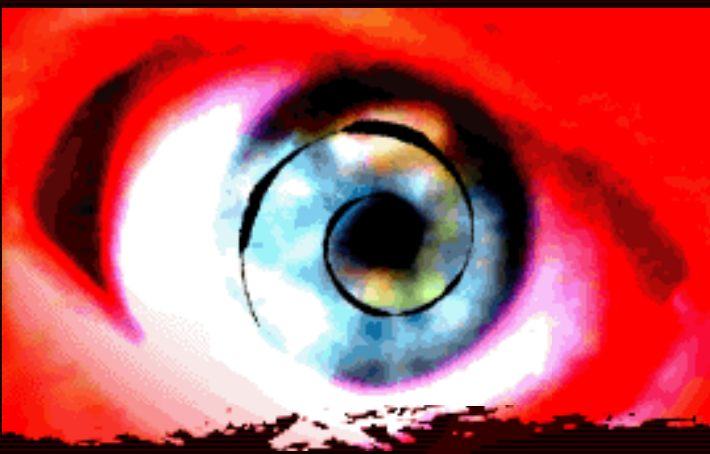
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

October 20th, 2000

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.
"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat: "we're all mad here.
I'm mad. You're mad."
"How do you know I'm mad?" asked Alice.
"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't be have come
here."

-Lewis Carroll

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

Hey Kids,

You know there's nothing like a visit to the Big Apple to really
get your insanity gland pumping. When you walk the streets
of Manhattan you can just smell the madness rising up out of
the cracks of the sidewalk. I guess I'm just not meant for the
big city. All those teeming millions just sorta get to me. I can
never get in the habit of not making eye contact with the
people I walk past. I think I make 'em nervous. I know they
make me nervous. Especially after what happened these past
few days. Check out the new story to learn all the dark and
creepy facts. It'll make you think twice the next time you go
to the video store and rent **C.H.U.D.**

ANYWAY...

Currently Jason and I are holed up in an el cheapo Motel 666
just south of Washington DC. Lan and Chloe are in the next
room and I can hear one of them snoring thru the wall. I'm
betting it's Chloe although I'm sure she'll deny it in the
morning. Lan assures me that everything is set to go on-line
and if you're reading this then I guess she was right (as
usual) If you're not reading this then I'm guessing that I
somehow screwed things up (as usual) Remind me to dust off
that HTML for Dummies book when I get back home. It might
be a good idea for me to know just what FTP stands for one
of these days.



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

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FIND A FREAK:

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FINE CUISINE

Did I mention how I ate like a king while I was in NYC? Oh yeah, it was dinner at Spago's and breakfast at Tiffany's every day I was there. I snapped this photo so you can see me enjoying one Manhattan's culinary delights.



Here you can see me sampling some "track rabbit" It's the hottest new thing with the in crowd. I highly recommend it next time you find yourself in Metropolis.

OK

This is the part where I try not to screw up the technology that makes the website what it is. Close your eyes and imagine me pushing the button to send all this gleeful text. OK, here goes nothing...

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "How is a raven like a writing desk?" Barnes

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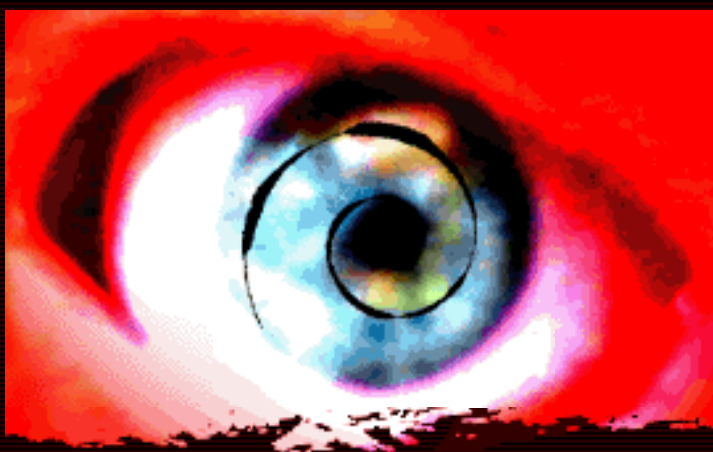
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

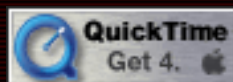
DIARY OF A MADMAN

October 25th, 2000

Georgia Paranormal Sing Along



[Click here to watch the video!](#)



(movie not working for you? you probably need to [download the QuickTime software](#))

More as it develops....

Hurdy Gur
Derek "Mr. Entertainment" Barnes



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

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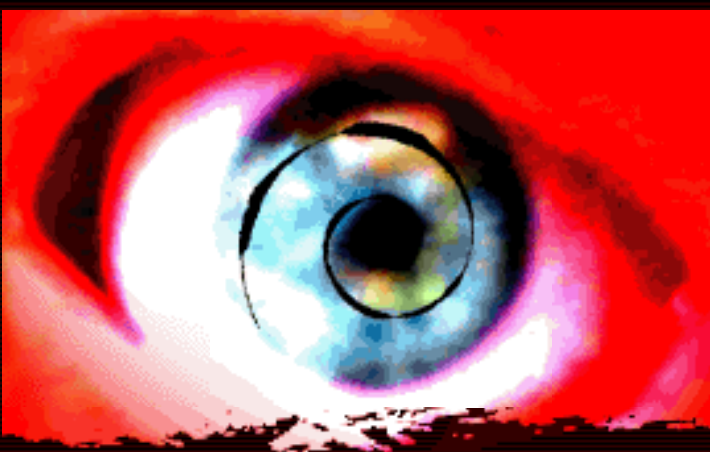
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN



October 27th, 2000

Hey there Generation X, Y and maybe a couple from Z, (and a quick wave to you baby boomers sitting out there in the back row)

Your resident raving loon, Derek Barnes here, just sitting back in the Lazeboy and living it up back in the safety of home. I got my feet hiked up on the desk, the keyboard in my lap and I got a big ole' bowl of Count Chocula sitting here in front on me. (Man that's good cereal!) It's been a rough week I tell ya. You know it's times like this when I start thinking about what it might have been like if I had decided to be the uptight, upright citizen. I think about what the perks would be if I would just get over my fear of nametags. If I could muster up the courage to actually wear a tie. If I could look at a shirt with a collar and then actually agree to put that sucker on. Yeah I think about stuff like that and it just sends chills down my spine. That's my nightmare, boys and girls, being forced to work in a cubicle and say things like "How's it going, Fred?" and "How's the kids, Eunice?" Oh man, that's scary. Hey I got nothing against people who do that thing, don't get me wrong. I'm just saying that I could never do it. I could never give up the freedom of being able

RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

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to hit the open road for the security of knowing that I'll be getting a paycheck every other Friday for the rest of my life. Chloe says I may wake up one day and discover I've given up one ball and chain for another. But I just say "Ha!" to that. (See, I just said it.) Right now I've got a big bowl of chocolate covered cereal and life just don't get any better than this.

Course I'm guessing you didn't log on to this website of Freakdom to hear about me and my chocolate fetish. (and if you did then...er...nevermind) I'm betting you clicked, linked and hypertext'd your way over here to be amused and who am I to deny you entertainment. In fact I make a living off keeping you entertained so I invite you to point your little browsers over to my new story I just posted. To paraphrase Justin Wilson, "I guarantee you'll be befuddled."

MONKEY BIZNESS

If you're a subscriber to the newsletter then you already know that last week I invited readers to submit a wacky caption to the following photo in exchange for a lovely Freakylinks T-shirt. Well after going through approx. 1,329 entries I have narrowed it down to the following two. Take a gander at the pick of the wit litter!



I got this entry many times but Freaky reader Brian was the first to submit it.

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Submitted by a loyal viewer Brandon

Think you could have done better? Well if you were subscribed to my newsletter then you'd have first crack at showing off your genius and winning all kinds of free stuff. Why don't you sign up now and lemme send you info you don't need...Really, go ahead, sign up,... it's painless I promise ya.

BY THE POWER OF CASTLE GRAYSKULL!

I've been thinking lately about trying to come up with a catch phrase. You know something like "Shazam!" or "Oh mighty Isis!" Something I could shout out at times of crises to rally the troops. (Or maybe just something to yell out in crowded restaurants) So far I haven't had any luck. Jason is quick to point out that hurdy gur is a perfectly good catch phrase and maybe he's right. I keep hoping it'll spread across the country like a virus till one day I'll be passing a kid on the street and overhear him saying "Hurdy Gur" to his friend. (hey, a man's gotta have his dreams, right?)

WACKY PICTURES

In response to an earlier request for off the wall photos I recently got this one e-mailed to me.



And before you even ask lemme tell you I have NO idea what's going on in that picture. I'm not even sure I want to know what's going on in that picture.

I AM DEREK BARNES' TIRED FEET

OK, that's it for this one. My feet are aching from walking all over the Georgia woods. Remind me to wear hiking shoes next time I go looking for monsters, OK? Color this one done.

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "You get the ankles and I'll get the wrists" Barnes

[Previous \(10/25/00\)](#)

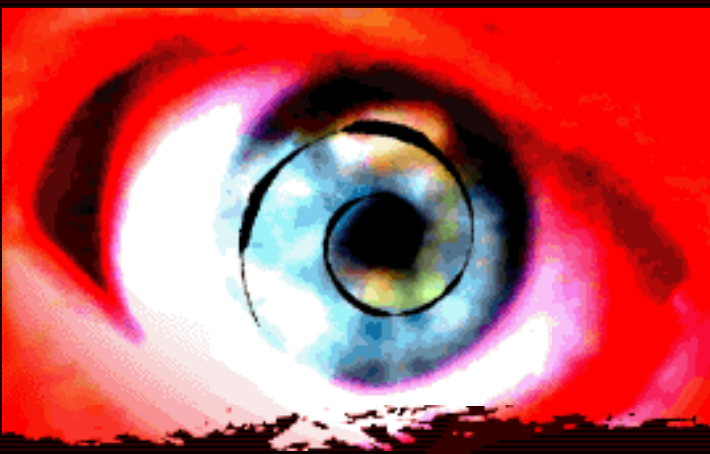
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

November 1st, 2000

Oh man, oh man.

It's sometime in the afternoon, I think, (least the sun seems to be in the western part of the sky) and I'm just now getting my butt out of bed. Went to a Halloween party last night at the urgings of my better halves (well that's what Lan and Jason call themselves) and I'm paying the price. I'm never in a real cheerful mood on Halloween (brings back to many bad memories) so I decided to drink my way to happiness last night. (And that was a huge mistake.)

Man I really like putting things into parentheses don't I? My old English teacher would be getting out the red pen right about now if she could read this. Lemme go get a glass of water and try to clear up my head...or maybe a hammer to knock myself out with. I'll be right back.

(Insert sound of yours truly stumbling downstairs, fumbling around for a glass and trudging back upstairs)

OK, I feel about 2 percent better. I think getting this hung over may be a sign that I'm getting older. I used to be able to stay out all night, go to bed at 5 am and then be back up at the crack of noon. I don't think my body works like that anymore. Ow.....Even my hair hurts.

(Note to self, never, ever drink anything labeled "super secret special Halloween punch.")

All right, lets see if I can be at least semi-coherent while I write this. I'm pretty sure you didn't log on to read about the throbbing in my head.

I SEE YOU BABY, SHAKING THAT ASS

Lan was happy to tell me that we won the cool site of the month award at Cool Site of the day.com That's pretty swell.



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

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You can check our official rating on that site by [clicking here](#). Thanks for voting for us guys. You are the wind beneath my winds, the sugar in my coffee, the bread tie on my loaf of life.

NEWS FROM THE WATCH-ME-GET-RIPPED-OFF-DEPARTMENT



Wanna take a guess on who this guy is? I'll give ya 3 hints.

1. He likes being the muscleman for a certain paranormally obsessed midget.
2. He likes getting what he wants.
3. He doesn't like moonlit walks on the beach.

(Well ok, I just made that last factoid up but I'm pretty sure it's the truth)

If you guessed Stu Carmichael then give yourself a Mentos. (it's the freshmaker, ya know) When last we heard from this little weasel he was busy [getting things off the top shelf](#) for our favorite little Oompa Lompa, Gunter Mahlberg. These days it looks like he's branching out into plagiarism by shamelessly ripping off my website.

Yes that's right, a Mahlberg stooge has got his own website.

www.creepyclicks.com

And oh what a fine website it is. You guys should check it out if for nothing else than a laugh or too. I'd invite you to e-mail Stu but he seems to have forgotten about that whole e-mail thing in his haste to waste bandwidth. Maybe he's just worried about actually having to talk to the outside world. Or

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maybe he's afraid that he would be inundated with e-mails telling him how beautifully designed and original his website was (Note to Stu, that last sentence was a little something called [sarcasm](#))

OK, OK, I just re-read my rant and it would appear that I'm a little bit jaded and full of bitterness on this fine Wednesday afternoon. Blame it on the punch I drank last night. I'm usually a much more positive person. I think I'll go back to bed and see if I can set a new Olympic sleep endurance record.

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "Do Not Disturb" Barnes

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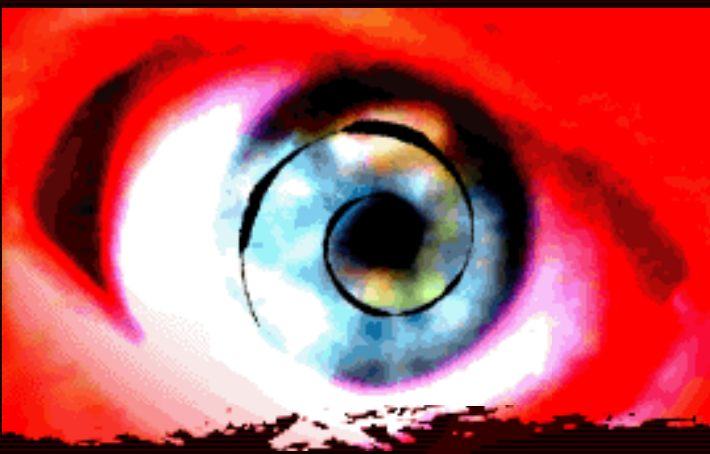
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

November 3rd, 2000

What's new pussycat? (Whoa, whoa, whoa whoa)

A little Tom Jones never hurt anyone. Least that's what my mom always said. I'm back from a visit to Spano Texas, a little dusty, a little bruised up, but mostly OK. No one ever said digging into the paranormal was an easy gig and this one was a little more trouble than it's worth. There's a new story in the Freakopedia for you guys to check out, take it with a grain of salt.

OTHER GNUS



Tourism is all the rage in Spano (Or at least the locals hope it will be.) While I was enjoying my sojourn in the middle of nowhere I managed to pick up two lovely t-shirts that are the currently the height of fashion in that neck of the woods.

Well I checked my closet and since it looks like I have enough T-shirts to last me until the Thunderbird comes back to Owensmouth I've decided to let you guys have 'em. If you are signed up for the newsletter and enter my latest contest you too could

be the proud owner of desert squid memorabilia. (Calm down, OK?)

RECIPE FOR CHUPACABRA THAT IS BOTH TASTY AND GOOD FOR YOU



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

FIND A FREAK:

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Freaky reader Georgiana was kind enough to e-mail me a recipe that has been in her family for generations (and it kinda makes you wonder about her family.) Without any further ado, here is her Great-Aunt Betty with a recipe for a little stove top strangeness.

"Dear Mr. Barnes,

I was absolutely delighted when Alan and Georgiana told me of the many seekers of chupacabra recipes who go to your site, or suite, or whatever you call it.

My family has espoused the benefits of chupacabra cuisine for years. Frankly, we're befuddled as to why this near perfect culinary fare - so nutritious and yet so versatile that it can be incorporated into almost any dish - has remained so underrated.

Many of those who visit your bulletin board thingy may be familiar with such conventional staples as Chupacabra Chimichangas, or Chupacabra Kabobs. However they may not know how easily this sweet meat's flavor lends itself to such appetizers and desserts as Chupacabra Waldorf Salad or Pineapple Upside Down Chupacabra.

And the kids love to help with Chupacabra Snicker doodles - or my own young ones' favorite: Chupacabra-sicles. Pop em' in the freezer and they're done in about an hour. Yum!

With a local publisher, I've almost finalized a cookbook culminating recipes I've accumulated over the years, but I'll give you a sneak peek at my sister Phyllis' . . .

Crunchy Pecan Chupacabra Chops

6 Chupacabra rib, loin or shoulder chops, about $\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick - about 2 pounds (Prepared in duck press)
2 tablespoons Dijon mustard
2 tablespoons mayonnaise or Cool Whip
1 tablespoon of vegetable oil
1 slice Wonder bread, minced
4 sprigs fresh parsley or 1 tablespoon dried parsley flakes
1 lb butter

1. Cut outer edge of fat on Chupacabra chops at 1-inch intervals to prevent curling.
2. Mix mustard, mayonnaise or Cool Whip, and oil. Place



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remaining ingredients in blender or food processor. Cover and blend on high speed, using deft on-and-off motions.

3. Set oven control to Broil.
4. Spread mustard mixture over Chupacabra chops. Coat evenly.
5. Place chops on rack in broiler pan. Broil chops with tops about 6 inches from heat about ten minutes until brown. Turn; broil 10 to 15 minutes longer or until chops are slightly pink in center.

1 Serving: Calories 590 (Calories from fat 280), Fat 57 g (Saturated 27 g) Cholesterol 300mg; Sodium 710mg; Carbohydrate 43g (Dietary Fiber -3g); Protein .25 g

By all means, prepare this tasty dish for your loved ones. They'll rave about it for days on end. But tell them where you heard it first. We must give credit where it is due."

OH MY.....

After a recipe like that what more can I say?

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "ordering out" Barnes

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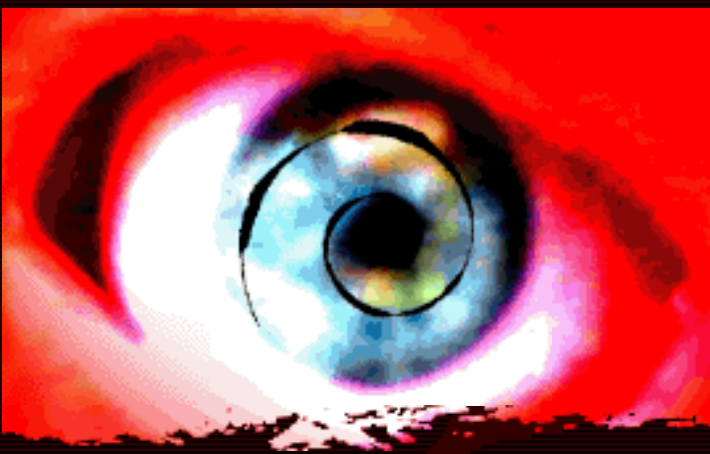
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

November 8th, 2000

Hey Guys,

OK, which one of you freaks have been spreading the rumor about my imminent demise? I've been getting loads of e-mails this past week asking if I'm still on this planet or not. Seems that somebody is reporting that I am kaput, dead, canceled, out of here, no longer among the living, no more, or, in other words, an ex-parrot (to quote Monty Python and I don't mind if I do)

Well let me be the first to state that reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated. I still walk the earth hot on the trail of all things paranormal. I am very much alive, thank you very much and I wish everyone would stop asking about my health because frankly, it's making me a little jumpy.

...and no you can not have my robotic dog if I die so quit asking.

AND IN OTHER NEWS...GOD BLESS AMERICA, APPLE PIE AND THE CHUPACABRA!

It's like 1:30 in the morning here and they still ain't decided who the heck is going to be President of these fifty, nifty, United States. I was going to wait until they called it but at this point my official viewpoint is "the hell with it." By the time you read this I'm sure they'll have picked one of those two guys. I cast my vote earlier today and was proud to scribble the names Yog-Sothoth for President along with his running mate, R'lyeh as my write in candidates. Who says voting can't be fun?

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER GOVERNMENTAL CONSPIRACY



RANTS:

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[Click to enlarge the image.](#)

Other people get chain letters for phony pyramid schemes, I get pictures of secret super weapons. This little image came my way with a rather peculiar note attached. I'll leave it up to you to decide it's worth.

"Derek,

You're just the man for this. I work for an Army depot in the Southwest and recently we've been testing some new weapons. I thought you might enjoy being the first on your block to see what your tax dollars are going towards

The weapon you see in the picture is a prototype of a portable kinetic energy weapon. It's official name is a boring string of letters. We've just been calling it the "Super-Duper." It packs quite a punch."

So is the photo B.S. or legitimate? Feel free to discuss it on the [Government Conspiracy discussion board](#). I'm interested in learning what ya think.

WAVE GOOD BYE TO THE NICE MAN IN THE MONSTER SUIT

OK, that's it. I'm calling it a night. I'll be back on Friday with a new story designed to entertain and titillate. (but perhaps, not in that order)

Hurdy Gur,

Derek "No man is an Island" Barnes

[Previous \(11/03/00\)](#)

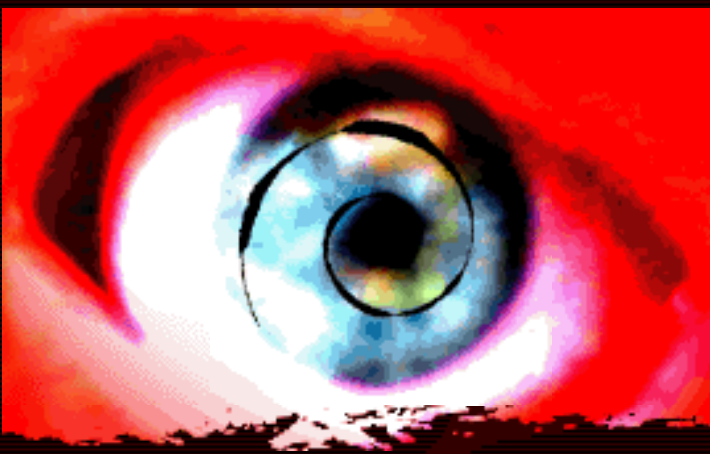
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

November 10th, 2000

Hi-de-hi-de-hi-de-ho,

or how about..

Yo, yo, yo, and a bottle of rum...

no..

You know it gets hard sometimes to keep thinking up original salutations everytime I write a new entry. I guess I could just say "hi" but that sounds kinda boring to me. Humm.. lemme consult the thesaurus.

Well that's no good, it keeps wanting me to use "salute" instead of hello. Although it's second choice is "opening volley" which does sound interesting. I'm sure the NRA would approve.

FEEL THE NOISE

Now that I've got the Quiet Riot out of my system (You youngsters might not get that reference) lemme tell ya to check out the [new story](#). I first heard about this one while I was coming back from Seattle and made Jason drive 200 miles out of the way to check it out. It's all about noise and sound and the nasty things the government is trying to do with it. Play some Korn really loud while you read it, OK?

ALL HAIL ZONTAR!

Freaky reader Bob sent in a picture of a statue he made to pay homage to the great 1966 movie classic "[Zontar, Thing From Venus](#)"



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

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I gotta admit that's a mighty fine statue and any man who digs a John Agar flick can't be all bad. If you ain't seen Zontar lemme just say that it's one of my top 50 films-so-bad-they're-good. Rent this sucker tonight and soon you'll be staring at your television screen with a look of aghastment on your face (Did I use aghastment properly?)

THAT ELECTION THING

Contrary to what a lot of e-mailers think, I had nothing to do with the current election mumbo jumbo going on in this great state. So all you guys should quit e-mailing me and saying that I'm somehow connected. I've already spoken with Secretary of State Warren Christopher and carefully explained to him that any problem is inherent in the system and can not be blamed on me for writing in Yog-Sothoth for President. Any other questions should be relayed to my lawyer.

POP GOES THE WEASEL (or in this case, pop goes Derek)

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "Very Metal" Barnes

[Previous Rant](#)

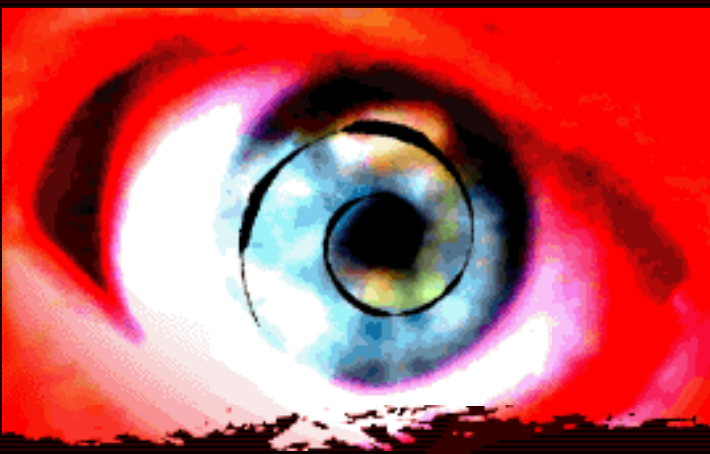
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

November 15th, 2000

Hey Guys and Gals and things that go bump in the night,

Got an interesting conundrum that I'm hoping you can help me figure out. A coupla days ago I received this e-mail (and yes, it was from a hotmail account).

"Dear Mr. Barnes,

First I must tell you that your actions have not gone unnoticed. Certain people in power have been watching you with much interest. They monitor your site, and they have people watching you even as you read this. I am sure that you probably get e-mails like this everyday, and I'm also sure that 99% of them are crackpots. Well, I'm the one-percent. Let me elaborate:

I used to belong to a secret government agency. Actually the agency was a sub division of FEMA (Federal Emergency Management Agency), which I'm sure you are familiar with. If not just type secret government into any search engine and you can find out a lot about it (typing FEMA into a search engine will just get you their "official" website which is a bunch of bullshit). The division I belonged to however, DOCCE (Division of Counter-culturist Control and Elimination), you will not find with any search engine. For all intensive purposes, it doesn't exist. There is no written record of this division in existence. The reason? If there is no proof that this division exists, then it is above the law.

So what is the purpose of this secret division of an already fairly secretive government agency? Well Mr. Barnes, like the name indicates it is



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responsible for monitoring and eliminating certain individuals whom "they" determine to be a threat. "They" being another secret agency that even I have no knowledge of. All I know about them is that "they" were the one who told us who to watch and when to eliminate them, and to what degree they were to be eliminated. The degree to which the individual was deemed to be a threat, determined the way in which he was eliminated. A "level alpha" threat would have an unfortunate "accident". "Level beta" simply disappeared. These individuals were abducted, then usually tortured for information, and then murdered. "Level delta" threats were completely erased. That means the same thing happens to them that happens to "level betas" except all record and evidence of their existence was destroyed as well. This means birth records, criminal records, IRS, and even family members in many instances.

So you can see why I had to get out of this organization. This has not been easy. You don't just quit DOCCE. If you are lucky and make it to retirement you get a big fat pension to keep your mouth shut (by fat I mean upper six figures per year). If you aren't so lucky you are eliminated yourself. So it is no easy feat for me to be out of there, and I am far from safe yet. Currently I am in hiding, staying one step ahead of DOCCE bloodhounds.

So I'm sure you are wondering how you fit into all of this, and why I am risking contacting you. First of all this email address is secure. With the help of a hacker friend of mine, I was able to salvage this address from a list of abandoned Hotmail accounts that were about to be deleted. Looking at the personal information on the account told me that it was an obviously anonymous account, so the prior owner is in no danger either. As a further precaution, I will be using a different computer each time I log in to this account (right now I'm in a public library). So any correspondence you can safely send to this address.

Now as to how you fit in: Before I fled the DOCCE, I intercepted an internal memo meant for another agent. The original of this document is in a safe place. I have a copy, but I have not, had any luck finding access to a scanner (my hacker friend is now being watched). I will however make a copy of this accessible to you as soon as I'm able. The memo was a "work order" (DOCCE jargon for hit list). The first name on the list was mine, which is why I fled. You are also on the list. "Derek Barnes - threat level DELTA". You are in

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serious shit my friend. Now I don't know what you did to get on this list, but looking at your website, I'm positive it has something to with something either on there, or something you are working on right now but haven't posted yet. In any case you are in grave danger. I may have bought you some time by intercepting that memo, but it won't be long before they figure out you aren't erased. You need to hide, and by hide I don't mean go running to your Mommy's house you need to disappear.

I can help, but you must follow my instructions. First of all I know that they are intercepting your email. It's SOP for anyone they have under surveillance. I think that they will let this get through to you though in hopes that they can get to me through you.

So the first thing you need to do is setup an anonymous Hotmail account from a secure computer (one that is not your own). Set it up with bogus information and use a name that can no way be linked to you (another words don't use something like spring heel jack, ect.) Once you have done this, send an email to *****@hotmail.com. In the subject line put "GREAT DEALS ON COMPUTERS". In the body of the email answer this riddle.

To find the answer, look to the dead.
As you walk through his "Garden" look for what's read.
If Uruz, Algiz, Kenaz are FLIPPED,
What would I find if I went to EGYPT.

When I receive the answer to this email, I will know it is you and I will reply with further instructions. Also NEVER log in to you account unless you are at a secure computer. Do not hesitate to follow these instructions because as soon as you receive this email the so-called cat will have been out of the bag for several hours. Time is of the essence Mr. Barnes!

I await your reply.

Sincerely,
Robert Price

PS I'm sorry about Adam."

Now normally when I get a mysterious e-mail I just chalk it up to fan with an overzealous imagination. I don't even bother to answer them which is exactly what I did with this one. But a day or so later I got another e-mail from "Robert Price"


INTEROFFICE MEMO

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (100-442655) (P)
FROM: SAC, NEW YORK (100-158741) (P)
SUBJECT: [REDACTED] (P)
RE: [REDACTED] (P)

DATE: 5/2/68
TO: AGENT CROCKER
CC: AGENT SPURGE
FROM:
RE: ELIMINATIONS
PRIORITY: [URGENT]

The following is a list of contacts that are to be dealt with according to office procedure. Please take all necessary precautions dictated by each individual code designation.

- Robert Price - A.K.A. Agent Sims - threat level ALPHA
- [REDACTED] - threat level ALPHA
- [REDACTED] - threat level BETA
- Derek Barnes - threat level DELTA

Please see to these matters immediately. Agent Sims' family is to be notified of his accident immediately afterwards.

[Click to see the full document.](#)

So boys and girls, I'm still not convinced this thing is 100% legit but that scanned memo sure does look a little spooky. I would love to contact Robert but the problem is I can't figure out the riddle. I tried e-mailing him back and asking him for more information but I got this response.

"Heh heh... Yeah nice try guys. I know you must be frustrated that you can't find me. You must think I'm stupid or something. Well If I'm so stupid, how come I'm still alive. I know you just want me to slip up, and I'm sure that this email is just one of your weak attempts to get me to reveal myself... Well it's not going to work. Unless I get the answer to the riddle from an anonymous account there is no way that I will believe that this is Derek. You didn't even end the email with the proper closing. Derek always ends everything with the closing Hurdy Gur. I have to admit I almost would have fell for it had it not been for that one slip up. Of course as I've already mentioned I'm not stupid and I would never, under any circumstances reveal myself unless I was 100% certain I was using a secure method. The longer you guys wait to kill Derek Barnes, the better my chances of saving him. Don't think I'll risk my ass for him more than I have to."

So obviously Robert ain't gonna play any little reindeer games until I e-mail him back with the answer to the riddle like he instructed. Can anyone help me solve this sucker? If so clue me in. I'll even throw a free T-shirt out to the first one of you freaks that can e-mail me the solution. (And make sure and explain how you got the answer OK?)

Talk at ya soon. (or maybe not....)

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "Looking Over My Shoulder" Barnes

[Previous \(11/10/00\)](#)

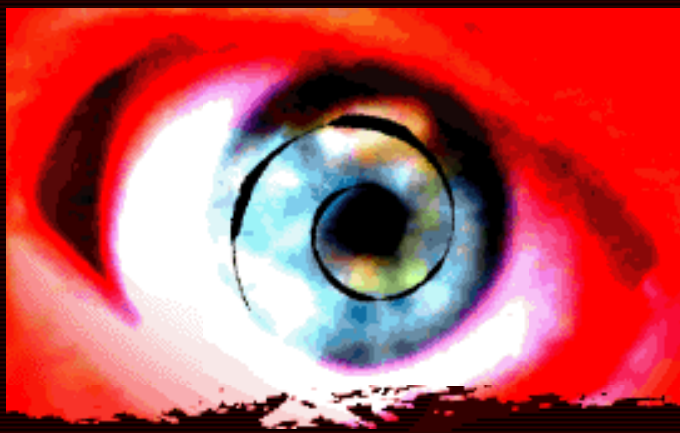
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

November 17th, 2000

'Scuse me while I adjust my hanging chad....

I tell ya it's been a banner week for conspiracies over here at Freakylinks. Strange thoughts and ideas keep whirling in here faster than you can crash a UFO in Roswell. Let's see if I can sort 'em all out for ya.

First there was [that guy](#) with the weird weapon that e-mailed me. Well it seems that he's been reading the discussion boards and is a bit up in arms over what's being said. Here's the new e-mail he sent.

"Derek,

You can't let those guys get away with their distortions and half-truths on the discussion board. Don't let them fool you. I do work for the military and I do have clearance to deal with these military prototypes. I told you it was a kinetic weapon to just kind of screw with you. Here's another picture of the weapon. Can you figure out what the real purpose of the weapon is for?"



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Well how about it my little conspiracy freaks? Got any ideas what this weapon of mass destruction could be? I got some ideas but I'm interested in hearing what you have to say so head on over to the [Governmental Conspiracy discussion board](#) and tell me what you think it is. Heck, I might as well throw in a prize to make it interesting so I'll peruse the entries and next Tuesday I'll award a free t-shirt to the most interesting discussion board entry. (So check the discussion board on Tuesday to find out if you won.)

CONSPIRACY NUMBER 2 IN A SERIES

I'd like to thank everyone that e-mailed me with help on [the riddle](#) I got sent a few days ago. Freaky reader Katie was the first one to find the answer. Here's the riddle in case you forgot.

To find the answer, look to the dead.
As you walk through his "Garden" look for what's read.
If Uruz, Algiz, Kenaz are FLIPPED,
What would I find if I went to EGYPT.

And here's how Katie solved it.

"Look to the dead made sense when my search brought up Occultresearch.com. - your deceased brother's web site. "Garden" is one of the subtitles on the page. In that section, he explains that in the Runes language, Uruz is Auroch and means strength and speed, Algiz is elk and means protection, and Kenaz is torch and means knowledge (nice choice, by the way). The site then shows the same words in other languages. The

Egyptian version in Hieroglyphs would roughly mean that Uruz, Algiz, and Kenaz become Apis, Horus, and Thoth. What I don't know is what exactly "FLIPPED" means. Does it mean just to translate them or does it mean to flip the order around? Anyway, the answers are Apis, Horus, Thoth. Hope I'm right!"

And right she was. That answer made perfect sense to me so I promptly e-mailed it off to Robert Price who e-mailed me back saying how glad he was to finally hear from me and that he'd be sending me some more information soon. I'm not sure if receiving more info from a guy whose convinced the government is out to get me is a good or bad thing but I'll keep you guys on top of it.....

AND NOW LETS SEE WHAT'S BEHIND CONSPIRACY DOOR
NUMBER 3

Well after all this hubbub about secret societies and hidden knowledge I thought it would be a great time to explore one of the mysteries I stumbled over while out in LA. (That's the city of Angels to all you ultra hip readers) Go check out the [new Freakopedia entry](#) to discover how Aleister Crowley and the Mars Lander are linked together.

I'VE SAID TOO MUCH

Gotta go before the Freemasons discover my whereabouts and try to run me over with those funny Shriner go-carts.

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "Don't blame me, I don't know who I voted for" Barnes

[Previous \(11/15/00\)](#) [Next \(11/22/00\)](#)



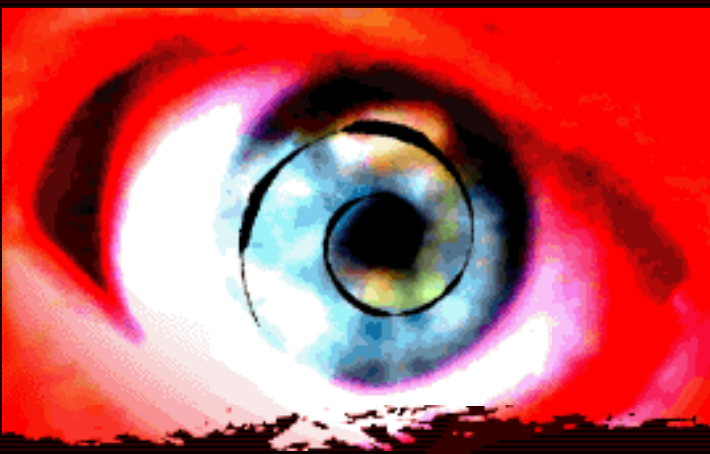
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

November 22nd, 2000

Greetings from Ground Zero of the Presidential Wars,

I sit here in the underground Freakylinks bunker, while the rest of Florida explodes into conflict above me. Above my head I can hear the rattle of small arms fire pinging off voting machines, I can smell the odor of burning ballots wafting down into my shelter. I glance at my stockpile of Fudgesicles and Chunky soup, hoping that I have enough to last me thru this crisis.

On the streets above me, armed bands of Democrats and Republicans clash with one another. Their cries of "recount" and "finality" echo thru the deserted sections of town like the screams of babies having their favorite toy snatched away. I throw another lock on the door and pray they don't come looking for another recruit into their mad political schemes.

News of the war is spotty but I've been able to hear a few tidbits of information by tuning into my official Barry Goldwater ham radio. Here's what I know.

Jeb Bush has declared himself "Governor for Life" and is currently holed up in his Tallahassee Governors mansion where he issues new proclamations upon the hour. His last order was for all Alabama college girls to get their butts to Panama City Beach where the first annual "Bush Beer Bash" is to be held.

Scattered reports out of South Florida report that roving gangs of elderly senior citizens are arming themselves with stolen National Guard weapons and using them to force everyone to play bingo and drive in the left hand lane with the right turn signal on. They are now in the process of blowing up all bridges leading into the city but say it might take a while since they promised their grandchildren to "bake a nice bundt cake."



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Cuban immigrants in Miami have announced that they are seceding from the US and that Dade County has been named "Cuba-2." Recently arrived President-elect Elian has ordered that Cuba-2's first order of business is to invade Disney World.

....and so the madness continues

AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR SPONSER

Got a new article all ready in the Freakopedia and you should [check it out](#) while that sucker is still toasty warm. Is there a paranormal terrorist group operating in San Francisco? I'll leave it up to you to figure out if I was being lied to or if the Golden Gate Satyr's really exist. Either way it makes a good read.

FUN WITH GUNS

Last week I challenged ya to come up with an answer to the "What the heck kinda gun is that" question that was asked by our mysterious governmental agent. Well many of you gave it your best on the conspiracy discussion board and I had a hard choice picking the winner. Still after it was all said and done I thought Peaches might have hit upon it when he or she wrote:

"I got it! It is a blur dispenser. That's why the shooter's face is blurred. It back-fired."



Makes perfect sense to me. For his or her efforts (Man but I hate androgynous names, don't you?) Peaches wins a Freakylinks t-shirt suitable for cleaning fish, lining birdcages or maybe even wearing. Don't fret if you didn't win cause I give away stuff every week in the newsletter. All ya have to do is [sign up](#) to be in on the madness.

GOTTA GO COUNT THE BALLOTS....

Have fun with your turkeys and I'll talk at ya next week!

Hurdy Gur

Derek "I am not a crook" Barnes

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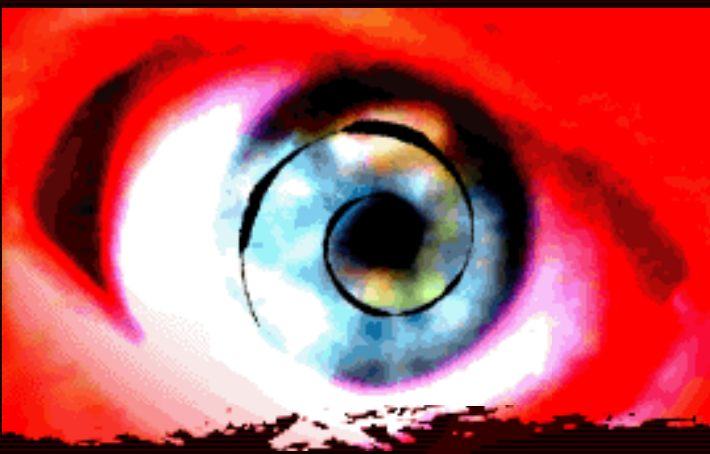
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

November 28th, 2000

Hey there,

I opened up the fridge door just now and caught sight of that turkey carcass looking up at me. Kinda scary. All that dead meat and bone laying there on the second shelf next to the mustard bottle. Looks like something out of a Ted V Mikels movie. After staring at it for a long minute I finally took the bold step of throwing that sucker into the trash outside. I just couldn't take it anymore. I was hearing the cries of the turkey in my mind (And trust me when I say that wasn't a good thing) Jason is gonna be upset when he comes over to steal another turkey sandwich but he'll just have to deal with it. My the turkey gods have mercy upon my soul.

ON YEAH, WINTERTIME AND THE LIVING IS EASY

In between reports of chads, butterfly ballots, and the beauty of Katherine Harris, I've been seeing some pictures and reports that you folks up north are getting some kind of strange weather phenomenon called "snow."

Well on paper this snow stuff looks interesting. It falls to the ground, turns everything white and then you can do stuff on it. But if you ask me (And you wouldn't be here if you didn't hang on every word I say, right?) there's some serious drawbacks. I mean, just look at Buffalo New York. Those guys don't look too thrilled to be under 3 feet of the stuff. I'll be more than happy to sit my little butt right here in Central Florida where the only white stuff is the strange foam that washes up on the shore from time to time.



RANTS:

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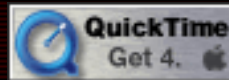
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The Truth

[Click here to see the movie](#) (3.8MB).



(movie not working for you? you probably need to [download the QuickTime software](#))

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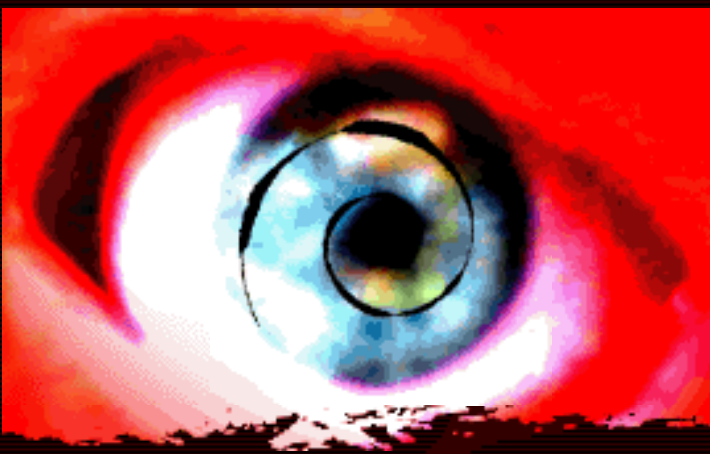
I thought I would cheer you northerners up by offering some footage of me out enjoying the sweet Florida sunshine. For the past coupla days the weather here has been just perfect. It makes you forget that in the summer you have to peel your shirt off from the humidity. I spent yesterday goofing off with some skate-rat friends cruising around a warehouse district and trying to relive my glory days when I thought that my future entailed me being a world-class skateboarder. You can see me in all my glory by checking out the QuickTime. Lan promised me she would have it up and edited so I could show all you guys that I ain't too old to rock and roll. I still got the moves I tell ya. I am the wunder king of the back alleys.

OK, back to the grindstone. I've been busy writing up one of the stories I stumbled into during my trip out to the west coast. I should have this puppy down sometime this week and post it for all the world to see.

Hurdy Gur, Derek "sweatin' to the oldies" Barnes

[Previous \(11/22/00\)](#)





FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

December 1st, 2000

Hey, Party at ground zero!

You guys all doing ok? I'm fine but things do seem a little slow around here. Must just be a normal paranormal winter slow down (say that 3 times fast). I suspect that things will pick up after the first of the January. Nothing like a brand spankin' new year to really get the freakiness flowing. Course it's only 30 days or so until my birthday (insert big false cheer here) Nothing like getting older....oh yeah. (I think I'll cut this line of thought off right about here)

GOVERNMENTAL GHOSTHUNT

While I was out on the road last summer I found myself at the Alamo. (and no I wasn't looking for my bike in the basement, smart guy) Not being content with the usual tourist rubbernecking I started asking questions and it wasn't long until I found myself at the local library poring over badly Xeroxed copies of old documents looking for clues about a 70 year old ghost hunt. I found some interesting facts, mixed them with some half-baked theories of my own and made up a nice new Freakopedia entry. I may be on to something or I might just be f-f-foolin' myself (as Def Leppard use to say) Either way I beg of you to give it a chance. So head on over to [my new story on the Alamo](#) and read away. Your English teacher will be glad ya did.



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THE CHINA SYNDROME

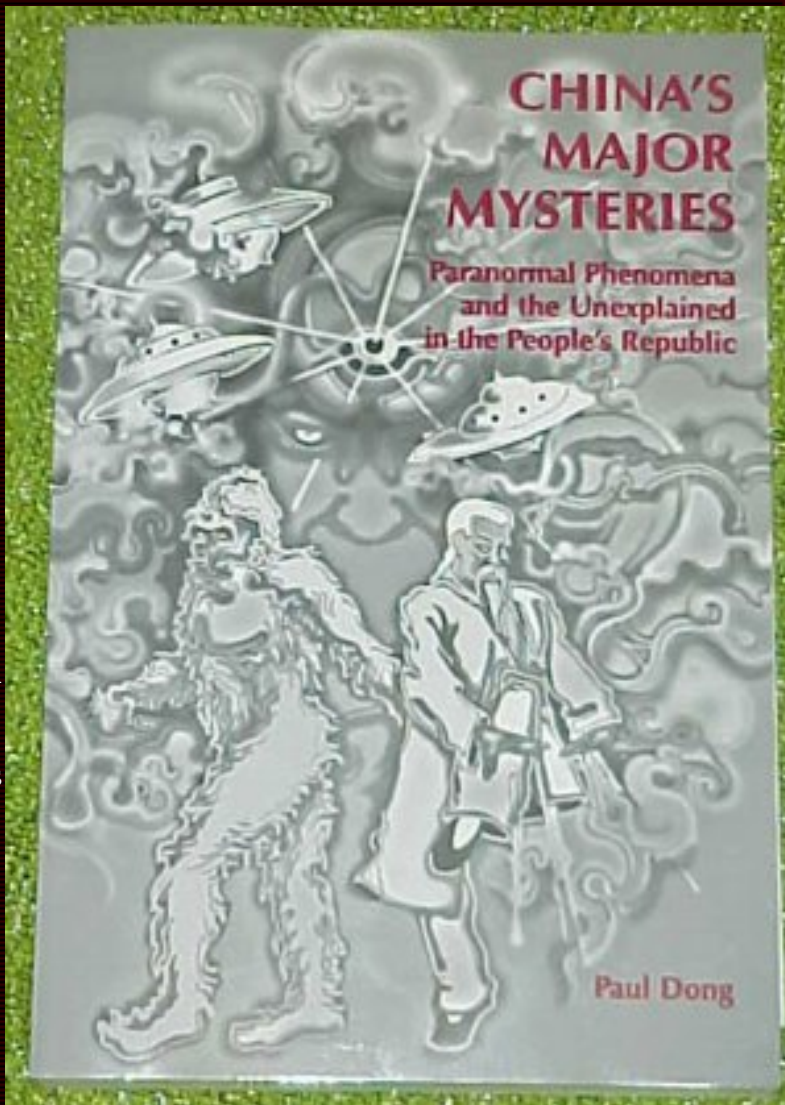
Got a cool book from a publisher called "[China Books](#)"

The book is called "China's Major Mysteries" and it's by Paul Dong. Basically it's an update of his first book that was published in 1984 and it's really an interesting read cause up until recently you couldn't really talk about weird stuff in China

without risking getting thrown in prison. These days lips are allowed to be a little looser and there's all kinds of reports flying out of there. UFO's, wildmen, psychic powers and anything else you can think off seem to be crawling out of the Chinese woods faster than you can say, "steamed rice". Since they sent me a free copy I thought I'd pass the savings on to you so I'm giving this sucker away in this weeks newsletter. If you wanna chance to win, you better [go sign up](#).

AND FINALLY

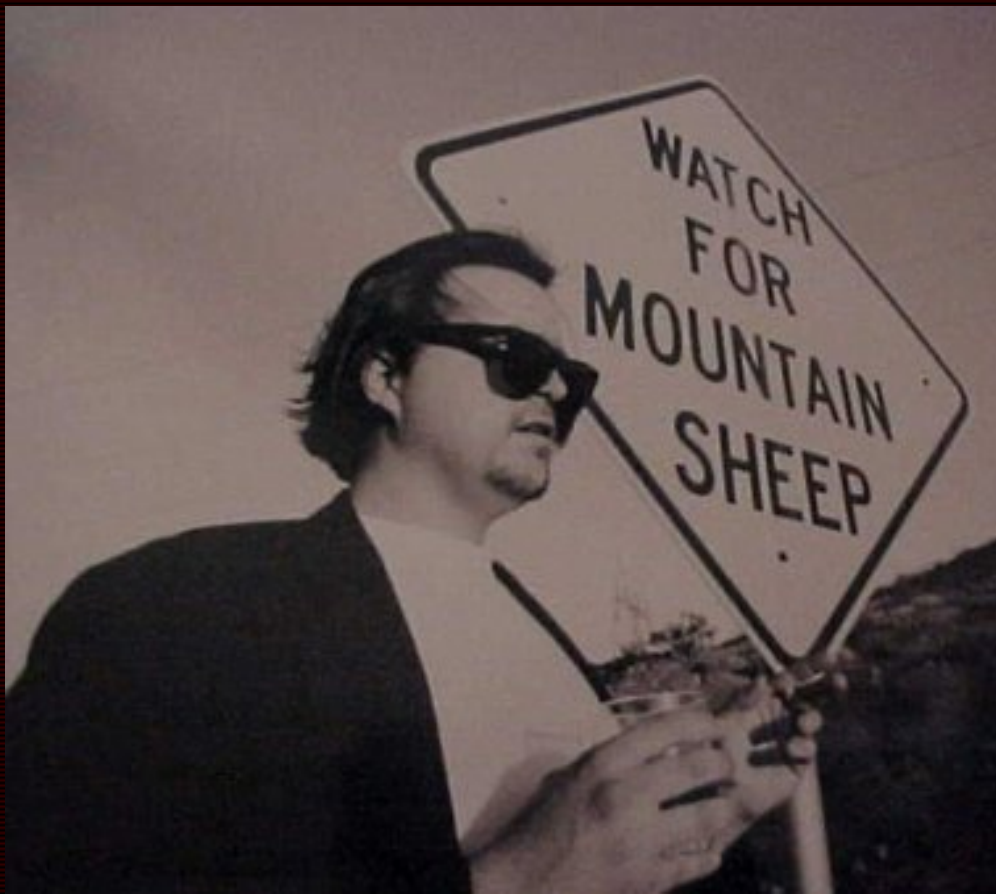
Bob the Nomadic Drifter from Parts Unknown (at least that's how he describes himself in an e-mail) sent me this interesting picture of himself. I'm not sure what drinking and watching out for mountain sheep have to do with each other but if I was to hazard a guess I would say that it's probably something illegal. Bob, be careful out there.



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OK, boys and girls I'm outta here. I've been seeing all that concrete in front of the Supreme Court and I'm just itching to try and skate it.

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "rock of ages" Barnes

[Previous Rant](#)

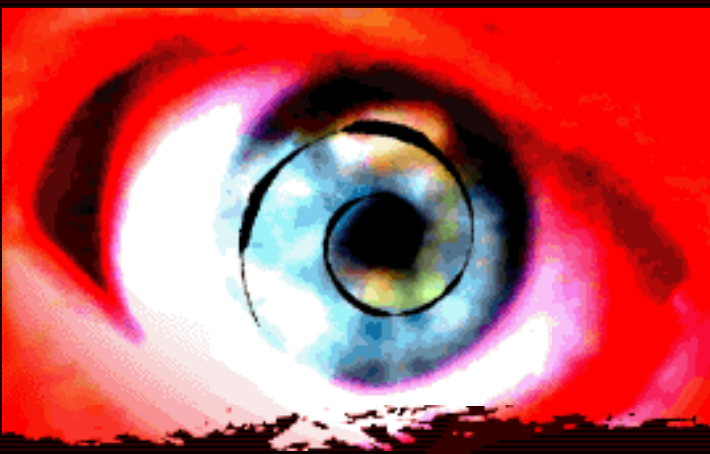
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

December 6th, 2000

Hi guys, Lan here,

Derek decided Monday to go up to Alabama to investigate a story. He's not back yet but has assured me that he will show up sometime before the end of the week. In the meantime he has left me to hold down the fort.

I am not good at making small talk so I am not quite sure what I should write here. I will say that everyone can stop sending us that Snow White e-mail. We received it about 30 times so far this past week and it stopped being funny about 28 times ago.

And if anyone has any ideas what I should get him for his birthday please [let me know](#). I've already got him a Christmas present. I'm sure he will love the singing Billy Bass.

Lan

[Previous \(12/01/00\)](#)



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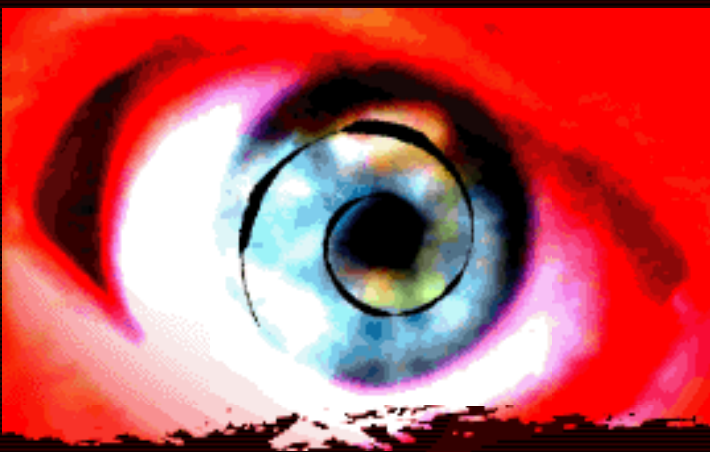
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

December 8th, 2000

Pop goes the weasel,

Just got back from another road trip to the buckle of the bible belt (that's Alabama in case you were wondering) and it's nice to be back at home with nothing to worry about except where my next double espresso is coming from. Actually to tell you the truth I really dig those frapachinos from Starbucks but don't tell anybody...it might effect my hard core paranormal image, a know?

I read over Lan's diary entry from Wednesday and lemme just set the record straight. She is not, I repeat, NOT giving me a singing Billy Bass for Christmas. That's not something I wanna have to deal with on a daily basis. I do not need a singing fish in my life. In fact when I see those things in the mall I get this overpowering urge to smash them. But this is anti-social (or so Jason says) so up till now I have curbed my anger at these animatronic water breathers...however this might change if one of 'em shows up at my house. If you happen to be a caroling aquatic creature, consider yourself warned.

THE BRIDGES OF MADNESS COUNTY

Check out the [new Freakopedia article](#) to see what tasty paranormal goodness I uncovered while up there in Alabama. Remember kids, I go to Alabama so you don't have to..... (And if you live in Alabama just lemme say that the last statement was a joke. I love Alabama and it's people are like a family to me. A strange, misguided, slightly squinty eyed family that lives out back in a trailer, but a family nonetheless.)

CHUPACABRA, NOW WITH THE KUNG FU GRIP!

Many thanks to Freaky reader Andy who sent me the link for the Chupacabra action figure up on Ebay. [Click here](#) to see



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this sucker in all its glory.

It makes me wonder how long we have to wait until we get the Skunk Ape action figure....Oh wait, the [Freak Store](#) already has one for sale!

CONSUME!



[Click here to go to the freak store!](#)

How timely of me to remember that, what with Christmas coming up and all. Hey kids, don't you want a high quality figurine of America's worst smelling monster? Of course you do! Go get a parental figure (preferably the one with the charge cards) and force him or her to stare at the beauty of the skunk ape. Tell them your childhood will be incomplete without a Freakylinks skunk ape statue. Tell them you'll throw a fit unless they purchase one for you RIGHT

THIS INSTANT.... Tell them whatever it takes to get one of these suckers for yourself. Use your childlike innocence to its maximum potential in an effort to acquire the material possessions that you need, want, and have to have. Trust me, you'll thank your lucky stars when it arrives under the tree instead of one of those god awful scooters... (You'll poke your eye out with one of those things, dontcha know.)

OK, this is the point where I go pop....

Hurdy Gur
Derek "Shameless" Barnes

[Previous \(12/06/00\)](#) [Next \(12/15/00\)](#)



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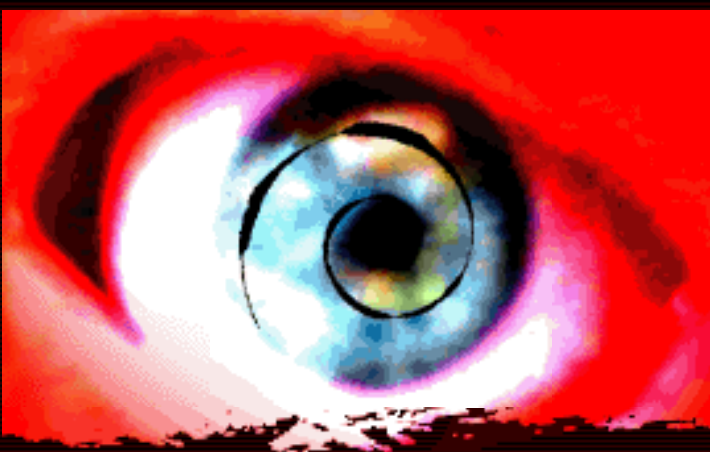
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

December 15th, 2000

Hey there Mississippi Queen, (You known what I mean)

I'm just sitting here being real diligent, trying to act all mature and stuff. I'm answering e-mails like a good webmaster should. It's amazing how many people like to send me stuff in the mail. You'd think people would want to keep all there dark secrets to themselves but nope, I'm the first one they want to contact when they find something weird at the one hour photo place. Like this for instance.

Just who's this guy and what's he up to? I haven't a clue and neither does the Freaky reader who sent me the e-mail the pic was attached to. Here's what he wrote.

"Derek,

I work at a photo processing joint and when I saw this pic I thought it was the perfect thing to send you so I made a copy. All the other pictures on the roll was of this stupid family on vacation. How'd it get mixed up in their roll of film, I don't know but I suspect it's proof of something. Maybe it's



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

FIND A FREAK:

Search for:

those evil tree trimmers. Now gimme a T-shirt.

Bye,
Blade202"

Well evil tree trimmers or not it's certainly strange enough to fit into Freakylinks. If you got strange stuff you wanna show the world send it to me and if I use it on the site I'll throw you a shirt. What could be easier than that?

SPEAKING OF EVIDENCE...

Head on over to my newest entry into the Freakopedia and take a gander at all the juicy informative shots I took while spending time out in the Nevada desert searching for Area 51. There's lots of secret stuff going on out there, the only problem is, I couldn't see any of it. Instead I hung out with people who are just waiting for the New World Order to take over so they can go all gung-ho with guns and stuff. I side-stepped all the conspiracies being thrown in my general direction and instead tried to find out what was really going on. You can be the judge if I succeeded or not.

THE EVILS OF MINI GOLF



Another reader sent me a photo of his favorite miniature golf course and I thought it strange enough to publish. I'm not sure what Dracula has to do with putt putt golf but I'm sure there's an angle there I haven't hit on yet. (Now do you understand what sort of imponderable questions I am forced to think about on this site for you?)

YOU BETTER WATCH OUT, I'M TELLING YOU WHY

If I don't catch ya before the holidays lemme just take the time to wish ya happy holidays and all that crap. (Festive ain't I?) Right now I'm fighting with Lan on the correct

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amount of holiday decor to put up in Freak central. For some reason she believes that you can never have enough tinsel. I on the other hand, think a stocking and a sprig of garland is more than enough. It's Florida, for gosh sakes, it's not like we're gonna go outside and make snow angels (More like snow devils in my case)

OK, enough of my sassy mouth for now.

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "Ho, Ho, Ho" Barnes

[Previous \(12/08/00\)](#) [Next \(12/20/00\)](#)



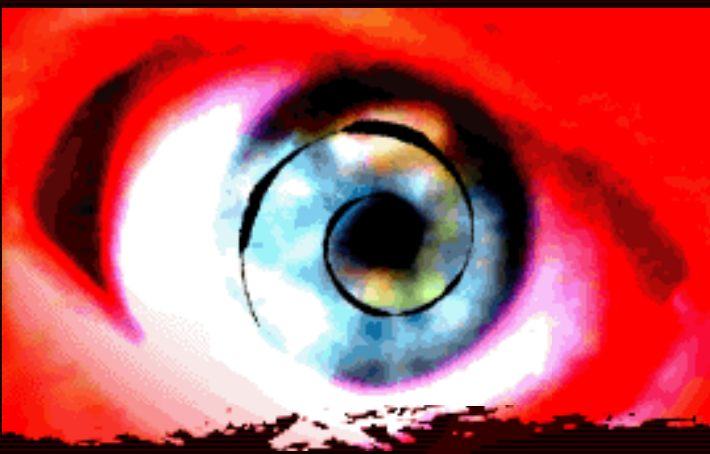
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

December 20th, 2000

I had this strange dream last night.

In my dream I find myself in some huge underground amusement park. There's all kinds of rides and food stands stretching out before me in this huge cave system but somehow I know there's something wrong with it. Like the park is just slightly off, slightly evil. The other people in the park look like they are having fun but I just want to find a way to get out of there and leave as fast as I can. My friends are with me and they are hoping I can find the exit so we can split.

So I hunt around in between the Ferris wheel and tilt-a-whirl until I spot an employee door and then lead my group through it. Beyond the door is this endless stairwell and I start walking up it, trying to get my friends to hurry cause I'm sure the employees of the amusement park are going to come after us. Jason is cracking jokes and Chloe is complaining that we're not suppose to be in here and finally I can hear the running footsteps of the park employees behind us and I start trying to run up the stairs.

Finally we make it to the top of the stairs and there's a huge door in front of me that I'm sure leads out to the sunshine. I can hear the employees running up the stairs after us so I slam open the door, ready to run out but instead I just stop and stare at what I see on the other side.

Cause there's Adam staring back at me with a stupid grin on his face. We just stare at each other and I can't move and then the employee's reach us and they grab me from the back and start dragging me and my friends back down the stairs. The last thing I see is one of the employees' laugh at Adam and then punch him in the face. But instead of hurting him the guy's fist just crashes thru one of those fun house mirrors that distorts your reflection. Adam was never there at all. Then I wake up.



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

FIND A FREAK:

Search for:

What are you suppose to do when you're not sure if your dreams are nightmares or not?

Hurdy Gur
Derek Barnes

[Previous \(12/15/00\)](#)

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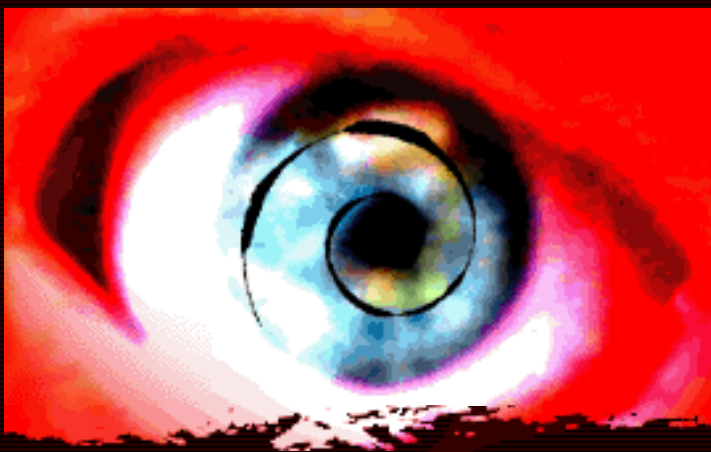
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

December 22nd, 2000

Hey there,

I think Mother Nature is getting me back for the jab I made about the weather in an earlier rant. It came real close to freezing down here a coupla nights ago. That's right, it almost hit the magic number 32 on the thermometer. For me, that's close to arctic conditions. I went out and bought some thermal underwear and made plans to burn my desk. Unfortunately it was made of steel so Lan convinced me just to turn the heater on. She spoils everything if you ask me.

I WANT YOUR SKULL, I NEED YOUR SKULL

My apologies to Glen Danzig but a Freaky reader e-mailed me some pics of a weird cranium that had me scratching my head trying to figure out what it was. Seems that a he found this in the woods near Tampa and isn't sure what kind of beast it came from. You got any ideas what this skull use to be attached to? If so, lemme know.



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

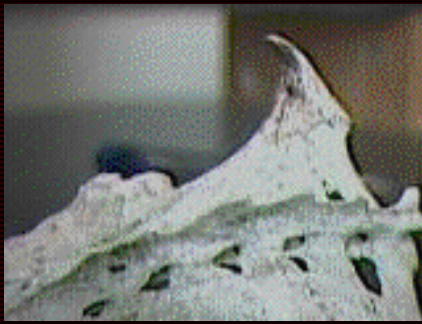
[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

FIND A FREAK:

Search for:





(And why is it that I'm the first person people think of when they find a strange skull in the woods? I'm not sure if I should feel honored or if I should just accept the fact that I've become known as head freak of the internet. Oh lucky me....)

WHEN GOOD DOGS GO BAD

I went back to my road-trip notes for this week's Freakopedia article. Way back in July when I made a pit-stop in El Paso Texas I stumbled across a Mexican newspaper with a strange article about genetically modified dogs being used to patrol the border. Now call me a sucker, (I heard that) but I've never been able to pass up a good evil dog tale. Just check out my stories on the [Ghost Dog of Wales](#), the [Gang Banger Ghost Dog](#) or even the more recent [ghost dog attack in Selma](#) So [check out my latest article](#) on man's best friend and see if you agree with the locals. Are there strange canines patrolling the Mexican-American border?

FLAME ON!

I was a little worried about my friend Darin over at [Psychic High](#) when I noticed his website was down a few days ago. Well now things are back up and running and he has explained the down time was due to an unusual level of solar activity that forced teachers and students alike to [take shelter](#) in their underground lead lined bunkers. I'm glad to hear things are OK now since Psychic High has always held a special place in my heart ever since they established the [Derek Barnes School of Spontaneous Human Combustion](#), although I have sworn never to give another commencement speech there, ever again.

A CANDY COLORED CLOWN THEY CALL THE SANDMAN

Still having those weird dreams like I wrote about in my last entry. (And thanks to everyone who e-mailed me about what they mean) I'm usually a sound sleeper but these night visions have been waking me up lately. Maybe it has something to do with my birthday coming up or something. I dunno, maybe it's just from eating too many taco's before I go to bed. Hopefully I'll get over this pre-mid-life crisis before I'm aged before my time. (Can you tell this birthday is weighing on my mind?)

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Anyway, gotta bolt!

Hurdy Gur,
Derek "playing with matches" Barnes

[Previous Rant](#)

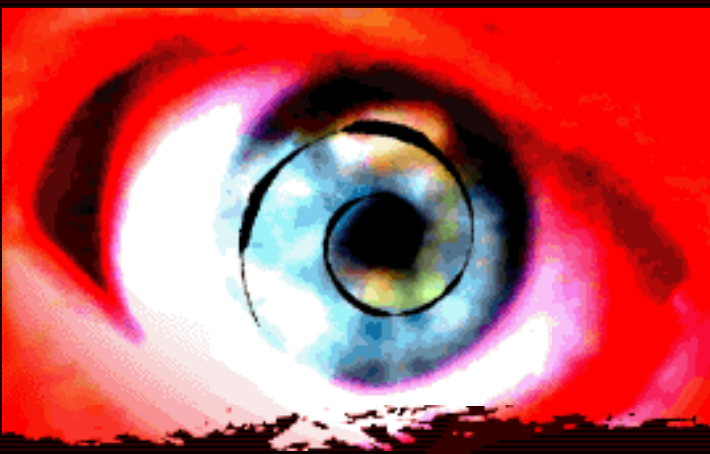
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

December 27th, 2000

"I dream of wires."

-Robert Palmer-

"Send me the pillow that you dream on."

-Hank Locklin-

"You wake from your dream with a wolf at the door."

-Elvis Costello

I've become obsessed with dreams lately. Or maybe they've become obsessed with me. No matter when or where I fall asleep, I'm harassed by visions from my fevered frontal lobe. I lay in my bed and I twist and I turn, my head just full of rapid eye movement, until I finally startle myself awake. My sheets are all tangled up and my pillow is thrown on the floor, and my forehead is beaded with sweat. I'm only sleeping a coupla hours a night and I spend the day with that real tired feeling aching down into my bones. It's not a real pleasant way to spend the week, lemme tell ya.

Yesterday I fell asleep in the living room where Lan was working and she got so scared of my sleep mumblings that she woke me up to get me to stop. She said I sounded like I was drowning.....Hearing that from her kinda scared me a little. Maybe I have a brain tumor or something and this is my brain's way of telling me about it.....Maybe I'm losing my mind.....Maybe I already lost it long ago.....

Man, I sound like a whiney 14 year old, don't I?

Never mind, I don't wanna get into it. Mostly I dream of Adam and those thoughts are personal demons, better left not written down.

OTHER STUFF THAT'S NOT HAPPENING IN MY
SUBCONSCIOUS



RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

FIND A FREAK:

Search for:

Got a flyer e-mailed to me the other day from the Casadega Chamber of Commerce. If you've been a faithful reader of Freakylinks then you've heard all about that wacky little paranormal town out here in Central Florida. If not then you should check out my previous entries regarding this spiritualist mecca in my stories on the [vomit spewing psychic](#) and / or the [photographic aura catcher](#).



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Looks like this time the whole town is turning out for a big whop-de-do. I plan on attending and if you're in the area you should too. You can look for me out on the main drag. I'll be the one walking around in a daze from lack of sleep.

Hurdy Gur,

Derek "too tired for a middle name" Barnes

[Previous \(12/22/00\)](#)



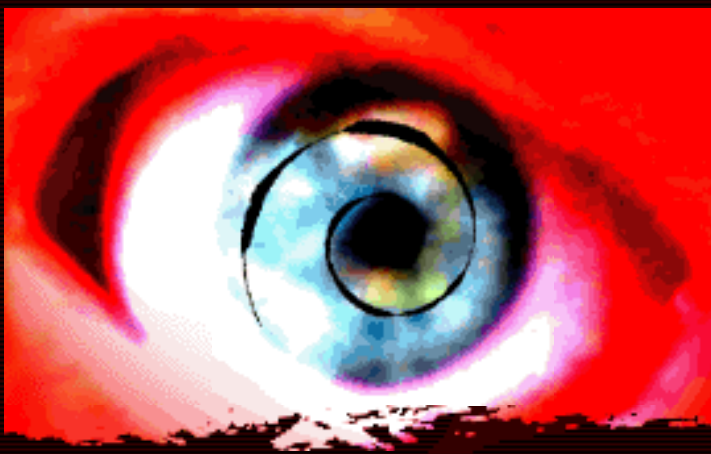
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

DIARY OF A MADMAN

December 29th, 2000

It's all in my notes, every last word you need. I'm way over this...way, way over this. I'd type more but my mind is racing and I can't keep it still. Call it a day and put it to bed.

This should rattle a few feathers....This should shake things down....This should run things up the flagpole to see who salutes. (and it ain't gonna be me to salute that little bad boy, no siree)

If you've got the time, then I've got the fear.

derek



[Previous Rant](#)

RANTS:

[Rants from 2000](#)

[Rants from 1999](#)

[Rants from 1998](#)

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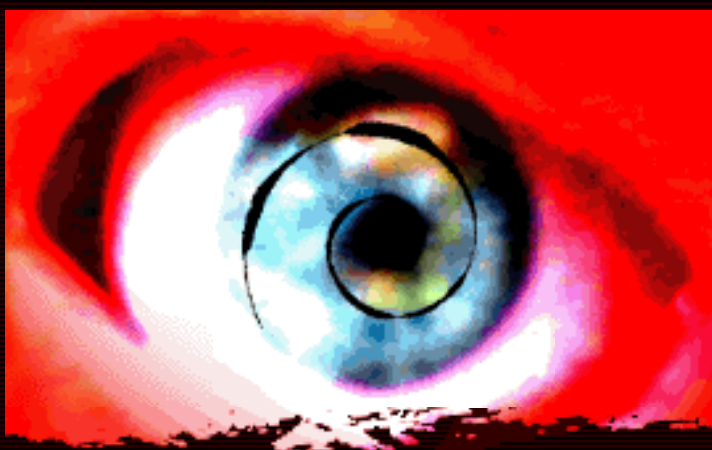
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FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

FREAK-O-PEDIA

UNIQUELY FREAKY OBSERVATIONS

Derek's Dream Diary

Hi everyone. Lan here... I'm getting worried about Derek. He's having trouble sleeping and when he does manage to sleep he starts having these weird nightmares. I told him to start writing his dreams down in hopes that maybe he'll be able to figure out what's going on in his head... and of course now he wants me to post what he's written on here. (I thought posting it was a bad idea since it's a little personal, but Derek doesn't listen to me, so here it is.)



[Click here to read
Derek's Dream
Diary](#)

IN THE FREAK-O-PEDIA:

- [Freaky Flora & Fauna](#)
- [Mondo Occult](#)
- [Mutants & Misfits](#)
- [Necropolis Now](#)
- [Nothing Up My Sleeve](#)
- [Science Stumpers](#)
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DEREKS DREAM DIARY

NITE
THURSDAY / DEC 21st 7 AM

CANT SLEEP. AFTER I TOLD LAN ABOUT THE WEIRD DREAMS I WAS HAVING SHE SUGGESTED KEEPING A NOTEBOOK BY THE SIDE OF THE BED AND WRITING MY DREAMS IN THEM AS SOON AS I WAKE UP. I ASKED HER WHY I COULDN'T USE A LAPTOP AND SHE SAID THAT THE ACT OF PHYSICALLY WRITING DOWN MY THOUGHTS WITH PEN ON PAPER ACTS AS A RELEASE, SOME KIND OF EMOTIONAL PRESSURE VALVE THAT LETS MY SUBCONSCIOUS REST EASIER AFTER I DO IT.

I think she's full of it. She JUST WANTS TO TAKE THE LAPTOP HOME

Then why AM I DOING this?
GOOD QUESTION, BUCKOO.... I'M SUPPOSE TO WRITE DOWN DREAMS NOT WRITE DOWN MY THOUGHTS BEFOREHAND.... geez ONLY I COULD SCREW UP A DREAM BOOK

~~Task~~

* Remember to get LAN something for XMAS!!!! (AND WRAP JASON'S GIFT)

Sam (ish)

THURSDAY NITE ~~SAM~~ (ish)

OK HERE'S A DOOZY FOR YA.

IN MY DREAM I WAS GOING TO A NEW YEARS EVE PARTY. IT WAS A HUGE WAREHOUSE AND EVERYONE WAS DRESSED REALLY STRANGE (like that New MoBY VIDEO) WELL AFTER I GOT IN I WAS LOOKING AROUND FOR MY FRIENDS AND ALL OF A SUDDEN THIS STUPID MIDGIT (NO, NOT GUNTHER) JUMPS ONTO MY SHOULDERS AND STARTS SCREAMING

THE MIDGIT IS WEARING THIS HUGE BLUE WIG AND HE KEEPS FLIPPING IT OVER MY HEAD AND INTO MY FACE. THE BLUE HAIR BLOCKS MY VIEW AND I CAN'T SEE AND THE STUPID MIDGIT IS SCREAMING SOMETHING THAT SOUNDS LIKE:

"OR BLA ~~BLA~~ DO"
BLI

Then I woke up AND the sheets WERE OVER MY HEAD

Spooky Spooky... (NOT)

22ND
FRIDAY NIGHT 2:50 AM
BAD ONE...

ADAM IS STANDING NEXT TO MY JEEP. HE'S WEARING ONE OF HIS STUPID BUTTON UP SHIRTS AND HIS HAIR IS SLICKED BACK LIKE A GOOFUS. (How can your twin have such bad style)

Same ole' ADAM though... First thing out of his mouth is

"Discovery IS A PAINFUL AND ARDEOUS PROCESS"

[*I DON'T THINK I SPELT ARDEOUS right, NO SPELL CHECKER ON THIS SUCKER]

Then he stepped back AND showed me the CAR AND the INSIDE IS FULL OF STATIC, LIKE FROM A TV SCREEN BUT the STATIC IS A 3 DIMENSIONAL thing. The Jeep IS SO FULL OF IT THAT IT'S LEAKING OUT THROUGH THE CRACKS IN THE DOOR JAMBS AND OVER THE WINDOW SEAL. I touch some OF the STATIC AND IT'S WARM, IT FEELS LIKE BLOOD ALMOST →

NOBODY HAS
HAD
DREAMS ALL THE TIME, DO THEY?

STILL Friday

ADAM TAKES some off my finger
AND PUTS IT UP TO HIS MOUTH AND LICKS
IT...

~~THEN I WOKED UP~~

W, ADAM SAID something to me right AFTER
He licked the STATIC... WHAT WAS IT???

He put ^{his finger} up to his mouth, licked IT AND
Then said...

I CAN'T Remember

LATER... 4 AM.²

I'M IN A CAVE. Something Big is
IN there with me BUT IT'S TOO
DARK AND I CAN'T SEE IT.

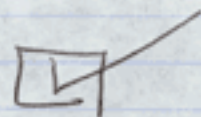
I CAN HEAR IT STOMPING Around
IN HERE WITH ME. Something
Big. I'm running Along the
WALLS with my hands out, Trying To
Find A way out the WALLS Are
wet, warm AND Sticky.

THIS SHIT IS FREAKIN
ME OUT

SAT NITE Alright for Fighting
got PEN DRUNK WITH JASON
~~NO DREAM~~
~~STOP~~ ID ASS PEN

NO DREAMS TONIGHT

HANGOVER yes



DREAM

NO



WHAT'S THAT GIRL'S NAME Sue?

SAM?

SUZETTE?

I DUNO

5:22 AM

SOMETHING ABOUT DOGS....

DOGS CHASING ME? DEVIL DOGS?

HEAD HURTS. Screw This

Sunday nite 4:19 AM

ANOTHER ONE W/ ADAM


WE'RE TALKING TO EACH OTHER
ON THE PHONE. IT'S HALLOWEEN
AND I KNOW WHAT HE'S GOING
TO DO. I'M RUNNING TO HIS HOUSE
BEGGING HIM TO STOP AND HE KEEPS
SAYING EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT AND
NOTHING IS GOING TO GO WRONG.

I KNOW HE'S LYING TO ME BECAUSE
I CAN HEAR HIM FILLING THE
TUB UP W/ WATER.

I GET TO HIS HOUSE AND I RUN
UP THE STAIRS. WATER SLOSHES
AROUND MY FEET AS I RUN UP. I
SEE THE BATHROOM DOOR AT THE
TOP OF THE STAIRS AND JUST AS
I REACH IT ADAM CLICKS OFF
THE PHONE.

I SCREAM AND TRY TO OPEN
THE BATHROOM DOOR BUT IT WON'T OPEN

THERE'S SOMETHING ON THE DOOR, SOME
SYMBOL. I CAN'T QUITE SEE IT BECAUSE
WATER IS GETTING IN MY EYES



SUNDAY NIGHT

I Hear ADAM on the other side of the door but I can't hear what he is saying. It sounds like he's underwater.

~~and~~ that symbol on the door

Some sort of
mark used that
I saw?



Go to ADAMS

Morning night Pre Bedtime

Sounds like a bad move, doesn't it?

I DIDNT TELL LAM BUT AFTER I SCARED her today by talking in my sleep on the couch I went out AND BOUGHT some over the counter sleeping pills.

I'm tired of all of this. IF my subconscious has something to say to me IT should say IT in a nice clear little speech. NO more bad dreams with weird symbols, NO more of my DEAD Brother INVADING my thoughts. To nite I'm TAKING TWO of these pills and the heck with these nightmares

DESK

3:48 AM

Pills DIDNT work...

I WAS IN THAT dark cave AGAIN with that thing. then just for added excitement I found a way out but when I stepped out of the cave it was night AND I could hear the devil dogs baying at the moon AND coming closer. AND to choose between the thing in the cave or the dogs. (The moon WAS LEAKING?)

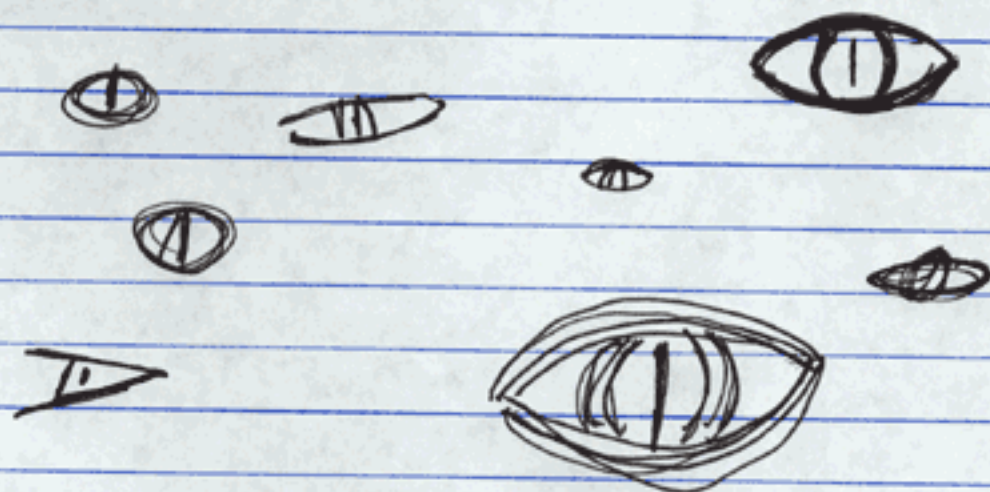
TUESDAY around midnite

I threw the other notebook
AWAY IN A FIT OF RAGE. I
FEEL SO HELPLESS ABOUT THIS
WHOLE THING. IT'S MY MIND
DOING THIS BUT I HAVE
NO CONTROL OVER WHAT IS
GOING ON IN MY BRAIN WHEN I
SLEEP

I WENT TO ADAM'S TODAY.

HIS HOUSE IS PROB. THE LAST
PLACE I SHOULD GO RIGHT NOW.
LACK OF SLEEP HAS LEFT ME
WITH A JUMPY FEELING

I KEEP SEEING THINGS OUT
OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE



STILL ~~THE~~ TUESDAY

... LOST my TRAIN OF THOUGHT
(AS IF I HAD ONE ANYMORE)

ANYWAY I WENT TO ADAM'S HOUSE
HOPING THAT ONE OF THE GLYPHS
ON THE WALL WOULD HELP ME
REMEMBER WHAT THE ONE IN MY
DREAM SUNDAY NIGHT

IT DIDN'T THO. .. NOTHING NADA

I DID TAKE ONE OF ADAM'S BOOKS
HOME WITH ME THOUGH. THIS
STUPID HORROR NOVEL BY A HACK
WRITER NAMED WILSON ASHEROFT.
IT WAS ADAM'S FAVORITE BUT I COULD
NEVER GET THROUGH IT

TUESDAY 3:20 AM

I DREAMED I WAS IN ADAM'S BATHROOM
STARING INTO THE MIRROR. AFTER
A FEW SECONDS I REALIZED IT WAS
ADAM'S REFLECTION LOOKING BACK
AT ME.

AND yeah I got
the Dream ^{NOTEBOOK}
OUT OF THE Garbage

WEDNESDAY NITE

I DREAMED I WAS TYPING ON MY COMPUTER
but I COULDN'T GET ANYTHING DONE BECAUSE
WHATEVER I TYPED JUST KEPT COMING OUT
AS THE PHRASE:

"A LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER"

FINALLY I GAVE UP AND WENT OUTSIDE AND
STARTED PLAYING CATCH WITH JASON BUT
AFTER I CAUGHT THE BASEBALL AND LOOKED
UP I SAW THAT INSTEAD OF JASON
IT WAS ADAM. I GOT ASSED AT HIM

"STOP SCREWING AROUND IN MY HEAD"

I SCREAMED AT HIM AND THREW THE BALL
AS HARD AS I COULD

ADAM CAUGHT IT EASILY EVEN THOUGH
HE WAS BLEEDING FROM HIS WRISTS.

"LISTEN TO THE EYE," HE SAID AND THREW
THE BALL BACK TO ME. IT WAS SPOTTED
FROM HIS BLOOD AND SMEARED IN MY HAND

"WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN?" I SCREAMED BACK
AT HIM.

"LIKE A LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER." HE REPLIED

I WOKE UP SCREAMING

THURSDAY / NIGHT 3 AM

ANOTHER NIGHTMARE. AFTER I Woke UP FROM IT I WENT DOWNSTAIRS FOR A DRINK AND FOUND MYSELF STARING AT THAT BOOK I GOT FROM ADAM'S HOUSE. "THE HARRINGTONS" BY WILSON ASHCROFT. ON IMPULSE I PICKED IT UP AND THUMBED THROUGH IT. I STOPPED AND STARED AT PAGE 167. SOMEONE HAS DRAWN OVER THE ENTIRE PAGE.

"He insisted we find the body. If Clifford lied to him, then he figured he was off the hook."

Mark's small head was now in the air, and Reggie had expected the crown to land on the plane, but only the nose and Mark's double chin hit the top of the plane. She knew he had died.

As the plane moved down the runway, Lewis saw the small body of the world being given a ride after its last flight. He had no way of knowing as to whether or not the body was really dead, but he was sure it was not.

He looked at the plane. It was dead, but it was not a woman's body. It was a man's.

An agent in the mob walked up to the plane and they were finally stopped. They moved him to the plane and he was taken to the hospital. A minute later, Mark was taken to the hospital and as they watched, the body was taken to the hospital.

The other agent in the mob walked up to the plane and they were finally stopped. They moved him to the plane and he was taken to the hospital. A minute later, Mark was taken to the hospital and as they watched, the body was taken to the hospital.

Jason McThune was the only one who was not in the next and together they were the only ones who were not in the next.

Mark was the only one who was not in the next. He was the only one who was not in the next. He was the only one who was not in the next. He was the only one who was not in the next.

REGGIE let Diana and Mark go outside while he stayed with McThune and the body. He was outside. It was a few minutes before either of them changed their minds. What if Muldanno got the body?

Inside, Mark stood by the door, Reggie sat at the desk, and Clint stood by the door.

"I'm glad you came," Reggie said to Diana.

"I didn't have much of a choice," Sherstoke said to Mark's hair.

"I understand," Reggie said. "But we can stop things. How's Ricky?"

ITS the IMAGE From my DREAM. WHO
PUT IT There? ADAM?

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?