

Had a seriously crazy dream. Scared shitless. Heart palpitating soo hard and fast it feels like will burst free from my chest sometime soon. Sweat invading my privacy down my face and neck. Mouth feels dryer than the deserts of Arizona, not that I've ever been there. Palms are sweaty too, feeling like I'm on fire. My thoughts soo briefly drift on a thought – I wonder if this is how hot fire eaters feel. I hear a noise somewhere outside and suddenly I'm scared and nervous all at once. Like a little one lost in the shopping centre, lost surrounded by a whole load of unfamiliar faces on the weekday shopping spree. Footsteps go as quickly as they come, and the blood re-enters my body also bringing back my original skin colour along with my breath. I've been running away from something but my brain can't seem to grasp what it is. I also feel totally alone, then for the first time like a fool I realise there is no light, just darkness. Darkness and emptiness. My heart begins to beat its way out of my chest again. What kind of dream is this?

Tell me one person who likes to be and feel helpless, I'll tell you about how I've seen pigs fly. Don't know if I'm coming or going, don't know if I am in a dream or awake. Don't like this, don't like this one little bit. I'm so used to being in control, ever since I was little control and I have been the best of friends. I had all the right friends that people need. Money, best of friends. The hustle, best of friends. Luck, best of friends. You-can-do-it attitude, best of friends. Personality, best of friends. Crime was my forte. Drugs mainly. Supply on demand was where the money is at, that's what I'm about. You need ten out of ten crow [cannabis]? I got you. You need the piff sniff [cocaine]? I got you. Even guns, I can get them too. You want brown [heroin]? I ain't got you but I know someone who can. Being out of control is just not in my DNA, so right now I am feeling so out of character. Out of place and out of mind.

My eyes keep closing and opening, don't know if I'm coming or going. Pain rocks through my body fast like I just got striked by lightning. Hurts like hell. Suddenly I'm in some sort of small room on the cold floor, it feels wet and sticky. The shapes surrounding the room are people rushing around. I hear voices but I can't understand what they are saying. I can feel myself blacking out. I close my eyes and when I open them I'm back in the darkness. My whole arms feel useless but I feel the pins and needles, feels like thousands of the smallest needles in the world are stuck in my arms and

hands, and there's not a thing I can do about it as I can't seem to be able to move. I can somehow still hear the voices, they are getting louder but I still can't understand what is being said. I can't seem to open my dry mouth. I try to catch my breath before it runs away from me, as I lose my breath the panic rises and anxiety attack when I'm most vulnerable.

I used to think that people used to put too much emphasis on pain until I felt the pain I'm feeling right as my eyes start watering. Streaming down my face like a faulty showerhead. Where am I, what am I doing here, why can't I seem to remember anything? I get a thought I been holding back lately. Maybe I'm high, I smoke way too much, which I find very hard to admit. Me got a smoking problem? Never! I can't lie, I almost love my lemon [crown / cannabis] like I love my woman (shhh, don't tell her I said that). When I get that banging [very, very good] ten out of ten [very best] crown [cannabis]. I roll a fat head [big joint], put on my best tunes (probably Drake), turn it up loud, kick back [chill] and get high. Shit, it's been a long time since I burned [smoked] a fat head. How is that even possible? I could do with a fat head right now.

It's coming back to me now, ever so slowly. I can see it as clear as day. You know the feeling you get when you remember something that happened but you're not sure if it was real or a dream. I was happy that a big deal was going on, the deal when wrong and I ended up in prison. My first time in prison. Some inmates had beef [wanted to fight] with me, wanted to stab me over some slight nonsense. I looked at him wrong apparently. That's it, I remember now. I was living good in prison, started selling drugs and canteen until I got attacked. Hold on, didn't I get stabbed? My eyes burn, I blink and suddenly I'm in a prison cell on the cold floor, loads of people are surrounding me, rushing around my small cell. I focus, I can see better. My side hurts like hell and it feels sticky and wet. I look down and my panic grows rapidly. I'm bleeding, I did get stabbed. I must have blacked out and thought I was dreaming. I try to call out but no words escape my mouth. I can see clearly now, the people in my cell are robbing me. I'm blacking out again. I can hear voices and footsteps on the landing. Is help coming, or am I going to die here? Is this really my life? Is this how my life ends or is this how my life begins?