



**Gone: Everything is nothing at all (00.00.0000)**

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**Everything is nothing at all - by Gone/Scarab**

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I have this friend, who thinks he s all that. Having an attitude and his dad s money makes him quite the man in his opinion.

He drives the most beautiful car you can have, and due to this car he seems to attract pretty women. Somehow these women are so dumb that they let attitude and money be an important issue to start a relationship that mostly won t last longer than the next morning when he s tired of them.

Anyway, he thinks that having a beautiful car, and a new honey every evening makes him the king of the town. Spending his money on betting, beer and woman.

Although we don t see each other that often anymore, I recently talked to him once again and heard all those swanky stories about him being so tough and that he is such a conqueror when it comes to women.

So there we are, sitting on a couch, he s talking and I am listening as usual. He said what kind of life do you live these days, any success

I asked him what do you mean with success .

He replied with well, with success I mean, money, big house, nice car, shagging the ladies!

Hmmm I told him when it comes to that, no success at all!

Well how can you live with that, how do you get your kicks? he asked me

Well I said, I write articles my friend!



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Writing he said how do you get your kicks with writing?

Well see I explained him, everything you are, you are because of your dad s money, you got your pretty ladies because you drive a nice car, and when you think away everything you have due to another, you ve got nothing at all. I told him.

Myself on the other hand, I write stories that I am you, and have lots of money, I am driving a beautiful car, and have loads of pretty woman surrounding me.

Last night for example, I was a pirate and set sail for new undiscovered worlds were we found tons of gold and drank beer until the sunset

Yes, he said, but what do you have when you think everything away that is not actually yours?

Then I would have a finished article, and I don t know if you ever felt the magic feeling of a finished article, but no car, no money, and no pretty woman can ever replace that feeling.