

Fucking Crazy By Marcus Campbell

Can't I Put On Some Pants First?

Sir, we can get your pants for you.

What the hell... here I was... THE Marcus Campbell, a successful internet entrepreneur, in my own house and I can't even get my own pants?

Sir are there any guns in the house?

Is this some kind of conspiracy... first I can't get my own damn pants... now you think I'm gonna shoot people... what the hell kind of police are you... you are supposed to be on my side... I pay my taxes... over \$168,000 in one year alone... that's probably more than all you guys make combined!

Place your hands behind your back... we are putting these on for your safety.

My safety... HA if you let me do what I planned to I wouldn't even be here.

I remember the day as if it happened yesterday...

Thoughts racing thru my mind as I effortlessly complied with everything asked of me by the police as I was cuffed and placed in the back of a police car in front of those peering eyes hidden between the openings of my neighbors window shades. These neighbors have all they need to make fun of me and call me whatever they want... great... what else can I do to make this day any worse.

This was the day... I would be placed on an involuntary psyche hold... 5150 as they call it. Which basically means the state of California thinks I am too dangerous to myself to be allowed to have any normal human rights for 48 hours.

This is not my life I thought to myself... I was a good daddy, I was a caring person... what brought me to this... I was successful, I had everything I said I ever wanted.

I had done everything I was supposed to do... I was even a gospel preacher for 4 years, preaching in the streets, getting hit, spit on, and yelled at for the name of "god"... doesn't that count for something?

Aside from the occasional speeding ticket I was an upstanding guy.



I followed the damn rules - what else do you want from me!

This day is taking forever... I thought to myself as we pulled away from my beautiful home in northern California with my wife sobbing uncontrollably standing in the front door watching me bob back and forth in the back of the police car unable to keep myself steady.

I sure am glad the kids were at school already... the last thing I would want is for them to see this... we were planning to move across the country in about a week and were just finalizing the sale of our home here in California.

Aside from making a bunch of money online... no one knows it... but I am really flat broke... the sale of our house in northern California is our last attempt to secure a home in Florida and pay off the bills I racked up over the last few years. And just a few days ago we got word that we needed to DOUBLE our down payment... which left us with NOTHING to move with.

The thought of being without a place to live for my family was terrifying. Not just one of those little scares... but the kind that hurts your bones and makes your head twitch.

What the hell have I done with my life... I made over five million bucks now I have to think of what life would be like if my kids had no place to live... what am I thinking... what the hell is wrong with me.

One of those moments where you can see a glimpse thru the fog of stress hit me like a ton of bricks, what was I doing to my family, what had I become but a blithering mess of a man who can't even provide for his kids... no wonder life seems better off without me in it.

Oh hell... not this hospital. The cop car pulls into the emergency lane of vacaville's notorious rip off hospital.

I tell my story to the sympathetic police officer who listens as I go on and on about how I had to pay \$6,400 to pee in a cup and take a blood test here 3 years earlier... damn if they will get another penny out of me.

This whole fucking thing is a joke... ripoff hospitals, insane taxes... who is gonna look out for me... I am the good guy here.

All the while the cuffs are digging into my wrists, I can't get comfortable.

And this fucking anxiety is going to kill me.

Have you ever had anxiety so bad that you wanted to either piss your pants, run away, die, or just about anything to get away from it?

That's how I was... I couldn't sit still, I couldn't think... I wanted to RUN AWAY FAST.

My mind was racing a million miles a minute and I couldn't stop it... I could never stop it... it just goes and goes and goes... good for business ideas... bad for normal functioning life...

All I could think to myself is DAMN... I sure am glad I had those extra wine boxes hidden in the garage... if it wasn't for downing those I wouldn't make it past 9AM... it was now 8:35AM...

I drank every morning to take the edge off... and because I had to.

On the outside you would think I had it all together.

My friends and colleagues come to me for advice, they call me the centered one.

But on the inside I was a total mess...

Crying myself to sleep (read sobbing) had become a normal occasion.

Oh I had plenty reason to cry... that's for sure...

My alcoholic grandmother who almost killed me twice. My aloof mother, abusive step parent and totally narcissistic father who can't help but talk about himself all the time who moved me out at the ripe old age of 16 with absolutely no life skills whatsoever... and I had to take care of my older brother too.

Not to mention I had an overbearing wife who yelled at me and my kids all the time.

Even my therapist was a whack job who stopped charging me because I was helping her more than she was helping me... or so she stated.

I was plagued by my past, present, and lack of a future I could believe in. and in my darkest hour of need... NO ONE was there to help me. I was on my own yet again.

I couldn't even finish a meal in public because I was abused with food so bad that my throat would bleed often from having forks shoved down it... gotta eat your damn vegetables little 8 year old markey or you



will never grow to be big... scraaaaaapeee... ouch... nice sence of humor god... after all those vegetables im still to freaking short to reach my hidden vodka on top of the fridge.

I was afraid of damn near everything, getting pushed around in school for 10 years will make anyone like that... especially when your only 5 feet tall full grown... I think I was 4'8' or something during high school.

I remember one time when I was in P.E. class sitting on the grass depressed with my head in my hands and all the suden WAHM some kid starts kicking at my head...

I get up after having pissed my pants out of fear... hoping no one noticed... and the damn teacher sends me to the office telling them I should be kicked out... for getting kicked... nothing happened to the kid who kicked me though.

So I just left... never mind visiting the office... that was the last time I ever took school seriously.

That's how life was for me... I was a victim. And I had every reason to be.

Life had dealt me an unfair hand... I made good on it... did what I was supposed to...

And this is the thanks I get.

Handcuffed, can't get my own pants, taken involuntarily to the rip off hospital.

Common... when I met my wife for the first time and got her pregnant... I didn't run like my dad said I should... I stuck it out and took the little \$100 I had in my account... and made over \$5,000,000 online.

I could have ran... but I made good on it... now this.

Can you take my cuffs off please... I wont hurt myself or anyone?

I'm not supposed to... but you seem ok... click

"The Chair"

After about 6 hours of sitting at the hospital having no idea what is going to happen to me, where I am going to live, or what the hell is going on... finally... the ambulance arrives.



Seriously... an ambulance... what is this gonna cost me.

Whoever thought it was a good idea to take a suicidal person and pile up a bunch of bills for medical expenses is more delusional than me... and im the one being strapped to this stretcher thing.

So full of anxiety I cant even sit still... I beg them to let me walk out... but its against policy.

Perhaps they wouldn't be able to charge me the \$151,000 they eventually did if they couldn't put me on the stretcher.

Seriously... \$151,000 for a ride in an ambulance... I can buy an ambulance for that much... I could buy a fucking helicopter... I could pay a doctor to live in my house.

There's a lot better things I could think of to spend my \$150 grand on than a 7 mile ride in a cramped ambulance... shit... at least let me sip on the morphine or something.

Well the good part is that these straps holding me to the bed are not as uncomfortable as the cuffs were. And I got to walk outside a bit at the hospital... I could have left... but where would I go?

I feel like there is nothing left of me.

I'm starting to regret not killing myself sooner when everyone was gone.

To me... my life was worth less than my life insurance policy at that time.

All these thoughts going thru my mind as the ambulance speeds and bounces, making anyone who isn't yet sick ready to throw up... not to mention you have to look out the little window backwards...

Shit... what if someone sees me in here... what if they recognize me... I mean at least 1,000,000 people online have seen my videos... this could be bad.

Breathe marcus... breathe... we are almost there.

Almost where... I have no idea where we are going or what to expect... for all I know they could be taking me out to the desert to throw me in a hole.

Then we arrive.

The stretcher turns around and two doors are opened to this concrete building with two doors and no windows... just a fence... a big huge fence.

The doors open and all I see is "the chair."

This is the part where if you haven't yet surrendered to the fact that you are a bat shit crazy ass motherfucker... you are going to now.

Because this chair is metal. It has hand straps, feet straps, the whole nine yards. I feel like I am in some M night shamalan movie where the sane person is about to go crazy because everyone tells him he is crazy and they all make him so crazy that he now really believes it.

But I am sane... I think to myself as they remove my shoes and give me state issued non slip socks, take everything out of my pockets... what the hell... I'm not gonna kill myself with my socks... is that even possible... and whats with nurse ratchet over there in the corner looking at me.

And the chair is ready for ME!!!!

That chair was the scariest thing I have ever faced.

Imagine... you know you are totally sane... you are fine.

And you are about to be held against your will and strapped tightly to a chair. What if they give me a lobotomy or some weird jack off drugs or something like coo coos nest.

Ok... stop marcus... breathe... you can talk your way out of this.

A huge sigh of relief... I didn't get strapped in the chair.

Instead I enter a room. There is a dimly lit tv showing game shows, a lady who hasn't bathed in what seems like years who stares at you so deeply you feel like any minute she will jump out and poke you in the eye for no good reason shes talking to her self clenching her bed mat tightly as she stares blankly at the tv - shes not even watching it... its as if she isn't even here.

What if they give me what she is on?

What if I cant take a shower, what if they have me here for the night, a few nights, what if its weeks or months. I cant take this anymore.



I step out side to the super high fenced in yard. Its not much bigger than a small backyard and there are a few people off in the corners.

I find a place to sit and the sun beats down on me as I contemplate what I have become.

Out of the corner of my eye I notice a lady, about 45 years old crawling on the grass.

She is having conversations with every single blade of grass in great detail.

She laughs with one and yells at the next.

She scares me... what if she comes after me, what if she trys to get me.

This is like a crazy movie, only its not real, and im not crazy.

I hear a voice in the back of my head... it says.

MARCUS... you don't belong here... what are you doing?

Then... a small vaguely comforting thought enters my mind, as if to touch me on the shoulder and say everything's going to be ok... and it says...

Marcus... this is exactly where you belong... Welcome to alcoholic insanity.

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