

The vanity of an ape  
in a thin slice of  
cosmic time



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

By Chris Burrows Born in the hot summer of 87 to an accountant and nurse with an absurd pretence to create a pleasant and respectable appearance, I lived, as would be expected, a traditional middle-class, white childhood. By the age of sixteen, more formally known as the age of reason, I had established an anti-religious, political and cultural identity incompatible with that of my parents, thus consequentially aborted from the home unit and forced upon the streets.

In and out of punk rock bands, failing relationships, petty crime and substance addiction, early adulthood founded for what was to become a blind yet fruitful journey of promiscuity, artistic proficiency and self development. This continues to be, for the most part, a euphoric experience. Soon enough, an informal, yet nevertheless rigorous study of physics, astronomy and cognitive science lead to the inevitable realisation that this universe, however beautiful and complex, exists without purpose and our lives within it, as important and eventful as they may seem, are ultimately meaningless.

Particularly, that skyscrapers, governments and police forces are merely the result of thirteen billion years of sequential chemical reactions externally determined by their surroundings, and any purpose or meaning a human may experience within their life is purely a product of their own mind.

Torn between suicidal tendencies to the left, and the vacant monotony of modern life to the right, I kept driving straight ahead, crashing full speed into the destined and only middle ground, escapism. Finally, distraction and relief from all the unpleasant realities of life had been found, secluded in a

timber cabin deep within the woods, and it is there too, where you may find this lonely boy, and his dog.