

# 'Cause that's what matters

## 'book preview'

Von dunkelbunt

### deep waters

You walk in and you look good and you know it, of course. It's not like you need other people to tell you this, but they do it anyway. Sometimes, you say, you wonder if that's the only thing people's minds can come up with when they see you.

This is Bastian, by the way, you say. You don't know if it matters, but sometimes you have the feeling that it matters, so you tell people. His name's Basti and he's your best friend and you're his and you're best friends and it matters. It matters a lot.

You sit down and you're charming, 'cause that's what you know best. Besides singing, you mean, you say and you laugh, since that's not what you actually do. You don't sing, you scream and make noise and get a shitload of money for it, due to the fact that people tend to think it's good noise. You don't say that, it's Basti who does, but you agree straightaway. You've reached that stage in a friendship where you can insult each other without getting offended many years ago. Decades even.

As he seems to be more interested in his mobile and the M&M's on the coffee table it's you who talks the most. He puts his two cents in every once in a while, but that's it. You don't interact a lot, but for the simple reason that you don't and still seem to understand each other perfectly, people can see how close you actually are. The whole best friends cliché that others get jealous of.

However, you're here to tell a story. A story of another story, a story you've already told. What's he got to do with it? Well, you say, you're the storyteller and he's the hero. It's the story of the story of your life, but whenever you want to tell about your life it starts and ends with him.

Your teenage years, growing up at your uncle's house, falling in love, forming a shitty band and growing big, strong and successful. Experiencing the downside of rockstar life and all that goes with it, addictions, cold turkeys, breaking hearts and getting your heart broken. And he's always there by your side, even if you don't want him to be. As your friend, your support, your drummer, your babysitter, the true 'good noise' in your life.

These are those kind of things, you say, you only tell others when you're drunk or on

drugs. But you're not on drugs right now, you're not allowed to anymore, so you're sober. You only needed your best friend's foot up your arse and a splintered heart to realise you couldn't go on like this anymore.

So, that's when you decided to write a book, you say. That was three seconds before you realised that you can't write and that people who can't write shouldn't be thinking about writing a whole fucking book. But so what, you thought, you say, you've got money and there're millions of others you can pay for putting your ideas on paper.

But then you thought, fuck that, if I'm gonna write a book, I'll write it myself. 'Cause when you've got something to say 'bout your feelings, then no one else than yourself should be writing about it. 'Cause then they're not your feelings. They're someone else's put in your mouth.

That's what you thought at that time, you say, and that's what made you decide to write your book yourself. But more importantly; that was the moment when you actually truly considered writing a book.

So anyway, that's what your story's actually about, that's what your book's about. It's about you and your best friend and your relationship and why it matters. Of course it's about the band, you say. And about your life and all that bullshit, your family that never was one, the drugs, the parties, all the bad things that happened and your publishers said it would need to be read.

Also it's about him, the other him, you mean. The guy you love and all the shit you've been through. The inevitable lovestory a book needs. The inevitable lovestory a life needs and that you're lucky you've been permitted to experience even though it must have been one of the worst parts. And the happiest. Of your life, you say. Not the book.

So that's about it, the whole book. He and him and him and he, loads of drugs, alcohol, the usual suspects, yourself and your feelings. But you won't stop here, although this could be the perfect closure. You talk and talk and gesticulate and laugh and say a lot more severe and important things.

But you won't answer the question that really matters. Not to you, I mean, to the rest of us. When will it be released? 'Cause that's all we want to know right know, we're dying to know, but you won't tell. We'll be patient, though. We'll wait and we'll definitely be rewarded. We'll laugh with you and cry with you and love with you and live with you. 'Cause that's what matters.