

Roderick - a story about what's in my head

I pushed David away in 1977, when I was 15 . He was replaced immediately by Roderick. Roderick is mean and has a bad English accent. Until August 24, I had never mentioned him in this way to anyone. I felt really comfortable with my current therapist, I mentioned to her he had a bad English accent and was called Roderick. I have always referred to him as 'noise' in my head, my own voice... which he is not.

David was very nice. He cared about me. He loved me. He was my friend. Roderick is none of those. He is evil. Evil incarnate. He hates me. He wants me dead.

He likes to repeat the same words over and over and over. His favourites are "Die! Die! Die! Die!~~~~", "Burn! Burn! Burn! Burn!" and "Cut! Cut! Cut! Cut!". These are ALL directed at me in a relentless burst. The burn he is referring to is to have me use Easy Off in this case and spray it on my arm. I do that so I don't hear him for a while. Same goes for cut. It refers to him asking me to slash my arm with scissors.

The Die! Happens when I am near things that could kill me. For example, "Jump in front of that car! Die! Die! Die! Die!"

He then says "You know you wanna, just do it! Do it! DO IT!"

I say, "I can't! " or "I don't want to!" Roderick says "You're a loser. Can't follow simple instructions. Always telling the shrinks about me. They know about me. They can't get rid of me!" I would say that I don't know how, he would reply I tell you how! You just don't listen!!!

Above is something like he looks like... not exactly, but enough



Roderick is with me always. Has been since I was 15 years old. He has been my constant and hated companion, and between me and him, my head gets all filled up with noise. It gets so bad sometimes that I can't think, so the suggestions that he gave me, the burning or cutting of my arm, even constantly rubbing my eyes...

Far worse, he has managed to get me to listen to him to kill myself twice in the last 10 years. Also tried when I was 16, he told me to run my car at full speed into an abutment. At the

last minute I swerved, went on and off the median, caused soo much damage to my car! IN Saskatoon, he wanted me to crash my car into the Knox United Church on the corner of Spadina and 25th St E. I ended up taking out the boulevard curb sign at 50KPH. I am so weak.

He is truly evil. In his thoughts and what he asks of me. Its hard to explain. Unlike David, Roderick is powerful and his suggestions, which sometimes are orders, he shouts and shouts until I give in. When I finally take the scissors and cut my arm, or finally spray Easy Off on my arm, He is quiet. It is a rare and luxurious feeling. I have told my doctors/therapists in the past that I self harm because that's the only way to get thoughts of killing myself from my head. Partially true, I just omit that it's Roderick who tells me to do this.

He is very persistent. I almost always give up before he does...

Roderick can be on very rare occasions appear nice. But I am not fooled. He's always in it for himself. He always has an ulterior motive. He can seem nice, quietly speaking to me with something like, "I'm impressed, Brian. I don't think I could have handled that." I say, "Thanks." He then says, "Next time use a knife!", and he cackles. FCUK! I say.

He also is speaking to me at all other times of day, but I get in trouble mostly when I am alone with him. He will tell me to shout something at passers by, or I see a rock on the ground he tells me to pick it up and throw it at a passing car. When I was 15, and he was new to me, he got me to convince Randall, my best friend, to come with me a drop large rocks off the Polo Park Street bridge (Empress. I believe). After dropping several and missing, I managed to land one square in the middle of the windshield. It went right through. We ran. That was when I realized Roderick was a sociopath. -->

I did not create Roderick. He found me. He is not part of me, he just lives with me. He wishes everyone else was dead, so we could be alone. Since that's not possible, he's trying to kill me so he can be with me forever.

I mentioned he was a sociopath. When I was 16, he told me to kill all my tropical fish. I took the net and hit them over and over, watching them jump around the aquarium, not knowing when they would get hit again. I killed them all. 2 Angelfish, 6 Zebra Danios and 2 Cory Catfish. I broke the heater so I could say they got electrocuted. I hate him. So much. -->

Roderick has an insatiable lust. Every guy (practically!) I walk by, he does a wolf whistle. Sometimes even before I see them. Roderick was the reason that I was so promiscuous in my teens. I mean he decided he wanted sex, by god we would end up in a bush, behind a building, anywhere his sex drive could be met. He was not gay, and he told me I wasn't either. I asked him how is that possible if we are always having sex with guys? Good point he said. I thought it strange that Roderick could feel pleasure when I was the one having sex. I was very lucky I didn't get AIDS back then. No safe sex. Neither for traditional intercourse or oral sex. I tried denying it, but Roderick would tell me that I knew I liked it. Oh shit! Get out of my head!

He was also part in parcel of my drug use. I was pretty heavy into some between, 16 and about 21. I tried grass, special k (ketamine), LSD, amphetamines, ecstasy (MDMA), mushrooms, bennies, and huffing butane. Again, remember I said he was trying to kill me?

Now that I have told the story of Roderick, I'm not sure what they will think. But anyways, he's been with me so long I kinda like him. If nothing else, he keeps my thoughts interesting... **NOT!**

*I just can't get you out of my head
Rod it's more than I dare to think about
Every night, every day
Just to be stuck there in my head*

*Won't you leave?
Won't you go?
Leave forever and ever
And ever and ever*

*I just can't get you out of my head
Rod your shouting is all I think about
I just can't get you out of my head
Rod it's more than I dare to think about
You're a dark secret in me
Don't leave me locked in your heart*

*Set me free
Feel the need in me
Set me free
Go forever and ever
And ever and ever
I just can't get you out of my head
I just can't get you out of my head
I just can't get you out of my head*

modified from "Can't Get You out Of My Head" - Kylie Minogue

...i wish I was dead.