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Matt Heick's Journal

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Matt Heick

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you know....

[31 Jul 2005|10:27am]

[[mood](#)]| 😞 apathetic]

feeling the grief of a loved one passed just sucks, no matter how much time as elapsed.

last thursday i heard Tim Emmick passed away, about 2 weeks after mothers day. although it was a couple of months ago, the fact that i 'heard' about it begins the grief processes. no matter what, i know now that his body is resting soundly below the grit and grass of some cemetery, slowly resting his weary soul to eternity.

i know now that i will never see this person again.

i will miss him, our dearly departed friend.

sunday, my day off of the week. typically, my only day off. i've actually arrived at the point of a slow work week, however i've contradicted this fact because we're currently 10-14 days backlogged in the service department. optimal is 3-5 days, but it's winding down because i'm not sent out on service calls that often anymore.

my website, unliterate.net, seems to be the testing grounds for much of my script. it's no longer a personal website. i'll make the biggest announcement when my site becomes personal again.

w00t

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.....one of those 'day afters'.....

[28 Sep 2001|12:57pm]

i just woke up from my dizzy slumber...what a nite....

i remember dreaming about something, but i forgot.....

i remember crying, but my tears are dry now...

there was only one things that happended big last nite inside of me. it wasn't the fact that the police came for me to check up on me, or the fact that i actually toked and dranked at the same time and didn't puke, but it was the fear that i'd lose her..

the sudden rush of an clear and vacant mind pursued my empty speech, as i heard every eloquent word expressed from jen's mouth. the situation initially was tense: her slumped over the border from the world and my parental abode, and I, dumbfounded, suprised, prepared...

every word dispatched from her voice danced around my thoughts, tickling and teasing many theories as to how the situation was to evolve. the mood, increasingly tense, dropped my heart to my big toe, as i feared the worse would come out of this. and at the moment when i figured nothing was there, she omitted the syllable 'hug.'

what the fuck would i have done last night if she wasn't in my life.....

it seems like a reverie now when i recall... that's only my twisted mind covering up my guilt.

on a separate note, i've got michelle playing games, preaching that she's talking 24/7 to my ass, and that i'm enjoying that. boy, have i got a paragraph for this shit:

Michelle:

i don't need you, i don't want you, i don't need your guilt, i don't need your remorse, nor your comfort. i'm mucho greater NOW that i WAS with jen and not you. i don't need your pregnant ass chasing after your baby's fathers' ex-girlfriend AND calling her a dyke (or any related material) even after you've been a dyke.

i don't need you as a thorn in my side, i've got brian for that.

i don't need you up my ass and every which way, i've got jay for that.

i don't need you talking to me when you wish, i've got my father for that.

i don't need to be babied, cared for, or spoon fed information, i've got my mother for that.

i don't need YOU! PERIOD! ALL YOUR POSITIONS IN MY LIFE ARE FILLED, so GET THE FUCK AWAY...

ahhhhh.....

it's great to release some tension....

hot dogs and coffee for breakfast.... mmmm mmmm mmmmmmmmm

i love you jen....i'm in love with you....

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[21 Sep 2001|01:01am]

finding myself on the 3rd nite in a row, sneakin' in on mom's sleep time to use her computer... cancellin' college, ya know, cause i love my jen...

i feel soo tired, but i've got my inspiration tonite keepin' me awake.... my lovely jen....

oh how i adore...

she tells me that jakey-poo's been readin' my life.... that's impressive, since i felt a 10th grade education couldn't translate ebonics....

it's a waste of money to smoke, a fact that i've been reaalyy realizing a majority of my smokin' career..

but it's not a waste of money to drink up a storm and see how much others can puke....

he he...

i loooovvee life.... i can't wait 'till i get my PC, cause i've already got my quickC, so i can write my executables, only to get in trouble....

i can't wait....

[post comment](#)

wee

[19 Sep 2001|03:03pm]

jst had mye ferst smook uf tha fay

weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

wee

i kannt tink strait....buht aye kan speell guut.....

aye fownd da opuhn sowrse uf da lyvehjournal kode.....

duuuuhh...it wuz ahn da frahnt payge... aye fehlt stoopid wen aye sahw iht...

i tink ihll..ummm....wriht ah kool proggie too pohst lyvehjournal ehntrees....

yeah...

sumtyme...

[post comment](#)

beep *zap* *beep*

[19 Sep 2001|02:45pm]

soooo much to doooo.....sooooo little tiiimmee.....

college, college, college....

health, health, health.....

focus, focus, focus.....

once again, my brain goes 1135324581324958734987593245 mph, and i can't seem to slow it down, and these shitty glasses aren't helping...

i miss her, i miss her, i miss her.....

i love her, i love her, i love her.....

every heartbeat shoots memories and feelings through my body....

haven't smoked in 16 hours or sooo...i'm really cravin....

i've been a good boy.....why doesn't jake grow his ass up (oh, wait...too late..) i don't want to fight with him, and he isn't going to get what he wants, and i could care less if he talks to her, but..... I MISS THAT FAT BASTARD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

oh, well..... *sniff*.....

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more shit to drown the fan in.....

[31 Jul 2001|05:20am]

ok.... i got my rocks off mentally killing jake and mike..... we'z all freekz, eh???

unfortunately, i seem to get my rocks off everywhere else....like in michelle.... i hope to GOD she'z not pregnant....i couldn't use another child in this world.....i'm already responsible for ONE.....i don't need TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!! AHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

* i do wanna have 100 kids..... there sooooooo cute!!!!!! *

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absolutely nothing

[31 Jul 2001|04:49am]

[**mood**|predatory]
[**music**|ICP - OLD SCHOOL PIGGIE PIE!!!!!!!]

well.....breef summari comin up four wat iveh ben dooin....

ummm.....moovd owt uf hows, and mooved entwo ahnuthr..
gaht nu ehnglsh diktonrry ahnd m youzin iht..
ahnd gust fukin arrownd wile ohn-lin....

kay??? thought so... ;)

got my gurl, got my enemy....
threw my computer out the window, and got a bigger case for it... with everything
back in it working (as usual...) brian don't know shit about computers, cause he blew
one of my power supplies after grounding the motherboard to the case, but everything
works now.... (THANK *something*)

been up all nite on a gallon of pop and still goin...

wish i could blow shit up on other people, but after blowin' shit up the past week, it
gets booring...

swig the 2 liter

....ahhh.....

i love my jen, and jake can keep his buttmining dick away from her.... i'm certainly
not gonna be overprotective of a girl that can kick my ass in mercy.... ;)

she's sooooo beautiful..... i love her, and this is the first nite that i've been away from
her... i miss her sooo.... i just wanna wrap my arms around her...

and i wanna wrap my arms around mike, too.... that is... around his neck, and choke
his ass to death.... but that's my opinion....backstabbin' fucker... your PC'll be mine,
cause it's a cheap-ass gateway that'll belly up in about 5 minutes (
HAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!) SAME WITH YOU, JAKEY-POO!!!!!!! and your SHITTY ASS
COMPUTER TOO!!!!!!!
that rhymes, almost

i think i need to take my pillz.....i've only misses 4 strait
doses....

boy do i FEEELL GOOD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[1 comment](#) | [post comment](#)

the inconvenience of being nocturnal

[16 Jul 2001|12:42pm]

[**mood**|🥱 tired]
[**music**|Hootie & the Blowfish - Let her cry]

i am sooo.....fucking tired now, and the phone iz ringing.....some prank caller
asshole.....tired and boorreedd....boorreddd and tired.....and downloadin' songs at
the same time.....wow...i feel special....

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[disclaimer](#)

[16 Jul 2001|12:14pm]

from this currently dated point in time:

please be warned that any content placed upon these pages should not be taken seriously, as the fiction placed in words upon the internet remain fiction.

there are no facts integrated into my everyday life, and if any misunderstandings come into play upon my interpreted actions, then those queries shall be directed towards the comments section of this journal.

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you may not assume that since i'm related to you that you can print dis shit and sell it hardcover without me gettin' a peice of da pie.

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[16 Jul 2001|11:51am]

[[mood](#) | 😐 blank]

[[music](#) | ICP - Piggy Pie]

well, the first entry into this cheap client that took me about 30 times to download thanks to brianz downloadz. . . it's not a bad thing. . .

hmm. . . what's on my mind. . . alotta things. . . but i don't wanna fill this thing with useless shit. . . although it might get down to that. . .

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[*waaahhh*](#)

[14 Oct 1981|12:01am]

On this day:

Matthew James Heick, Born to Ardelle Marie Myers and James Robert Heick in Onondaga, New York.

Born to lead a productive life, in many houses, with many friends...

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