

“PLEASE STOP STALKING ME”

When you're a huge, world-recognized celebrity like myself, you quickly learn that you must take the good along with the bad. You may think that international fame entails only money, women and fast cars. Well, yeah, okay, that's pretty much my life in a nutshell. But on the other side of the coin, there are lots of weirdos out there who want a little piece of the Meathead pie.

With that said, I would like to take this moment to ask Trent Reznor to please stop stalking me. I've been too afraid to say anything sooner, but now I'm just too tired of dealing with this. I know what you're up to, Trent, and I think it's time the world knows, as well. I know those of you reading this probably think I'm crazy now (assuming you didn't already think so to begin with). But please, hear me out. Just give me a chance to explain what's been happening and how Trent has been destroying my life. Then you can resume pointing and laughing at me.

It all started back in 1994, when I bought my first Nine Inch Nails album, *The Downward Spiral*. I thought "Hey, this is pretty cool. I think I will pursue an interest in this 'Trent Reznor' person's music." Little did I know that that decision was the start of my own "downward spiral". I started purchasing more of these Nine Inch Nails records, including the more obscure EP's and singles. I wanted to know more about the person responsible for this music. In 1995 I saw NIN perform live for my first time, and I saw Trent Reznor in person for the first time. He also saw me for the first time, and this is when the stalking began. Apparently he thought that just because I bought his albums and went to his concerts, that automatically made us soulmates or something. What a creep.



That's about when I started seeing him sneaking around outside my house. I mean, no, it's not enough that he stared at me throughout the entire concert, but now he has to lurk behind the bushes outside my damn house?! How crazy is that? Well, unfortunately, it's quite crazy. Crazy enough for me to be locked up in a rubber room if I decided to contact the authorities about it. I can't just call the cops and say "Trent Reznor is out traipsing about on my lawn, please come and arrest him."

After a few months of this constant tormenting behavior, Trent suddenly stopped making appearances at my house. I thought finally, it was over. Nothing, however, could have been further from the truth. As many people know, Trent Reznor is capable of communicating with his fans using telepathic messages. And this is exactly what he did to me.

Several years passed, and aside from a few random sightings at the supermarket, Trent pretty much left me alone, and my life at last returned to some sense of normalcy. But just a couple of months ago, I began seeing him on television, in places where he shouldn't be, watching me from the other side of the screen. Whenever I'd see him on MTV, he was repeatedly dropping subliminal hints to me, letting me know that he's still watching me, and telling me what color underwear I was wearing. I tell you, it's enough to drive one quite mad. But still, I was certainly in no position to involve the police.



But you know, I'd almost be willing to just put up with it and keep it to myself if you'd just stopped there, Trent. I can always close the curtains, and I can always turn off the TV and the radio, and stop reading the newspaper and the other mediums you use to contact me. But now... this time you've gone too far.



Trent, for the love of God, please, stop coming into my house and eating my food! I can't afford to keep restocking the fridge every two days; I don't have big rock star money like you. And I know you've been using my bathroom... I sure as hell don't use that much toilet paper. I honestly don't know how you've been circumventing the security system, or how you managed to sneak past the Dobermans, but it needs to stop. If you really want to be my roommate, you need to start paying your share of the rent, and stop leaving dirty Q-tips in the sink. That's just disgusting.

You have to understand, I am the victim here. Trent Reznor is manipulating me and ruining my life. I wish I could just wake up and have this all be a bad dream, but it's not that easy.

Please, Trent, stop stalking me. I can't take it anymore.