**UFE 302 Portfolio**

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(See completed project on [*GitHub*](https://github.com/sbrobson959/alacorder) or [*PyPI*](https://pypi.org/project/alacorder/77.6.8/))

# “The University Fellows Experience”

If you’re a member of the University Fellows Experience and your name isn’t Ethan Sneckenberger (who is himself wrapped up in this mess), I want you to know that I legitimately think you are a bad person. And I want you to know that if the childish, humiliating treatment with which you have greeted me every day for the past two years comes to be worth it when I get the love of my life back, I hope you will know that it wasn’t because of you. Y’all got off watching me fall off the edge. You thought I was being dramatic but you lived for the drama. You thought it was okay because you placed some silly bet a year ago and I stand to gain financially. You’re a bad person. You’re telling yourself excuses to feel good while watching another’s pain. You’re relishing the notion that shit doesn’t matter, or doesn’t have to matter. You’re fucking wrong. Even if you think you love me, I want you to know that you’ve never met me. I bet The Truman Show is a really good watch. It’s a shame y’all thought it was the real me the whole time. How many months after I quit my addiction did it take for y’all to realize you actually put me in danger? And how many minutes after that did it take for y’all to reframe the narrative so that again you are the Messiah, handing rotten bread (no snapper) to the one appointed Not Good Enough. You’re not good enough for Heaven. In Heaven you have to share. Did you know that it’s a privilege to know whether your best friends like you? Did you know that it’s a privilege to wake up in the morning and know you’ll have a conversation with another human being that day? I bet you think you know. I bet you’re coming up with all kinds of fantasies right now of ways y’all could “finish the deal.” Make the lesson sink in. The two year lesson being that I fucking suck. Guess what? You’re right. But not as much as y’all. I used to think I wanted to kill myself. I thought the greatest sights to see would always be out of reach. Fellows taught me that they fucking suck to look at anyway. Maybe you’re telling yourselves excuses now. Oh, Cuba will make it all better. He just doesn’t know what’s going on. Well, we’re just trying to see this thing through. Y’all don’t have a fucking clue how real the harm you have caused in my life is. Y’all don’t have a fucking clue how I’ll respond. You think you know the big secret that’ll save your asses from the guilt trip you’re about to endure. You have no fucking clue. Y’all were lucky I didn’t kill myself last year. This year, you’ll be lucky if you don’t end up dead. I hope I’ve been a good case study for you to make yourself feel good about the world. If it makes you feel any better, I sure don’t. I don’t feel good about the world. I don’t feel optimistic. And it isn’t my fault. I’ve been in the mud for too long. I’m dragging y’all in on my way out. No fucking jokes. I love you Ethan. Don’t let these fugly self-absorbed mansplaining ass hoes convince you that shit has to be like this. Shit can be easy and good. Some of your tbh I don’t actually believe you honestly think these bitches understand might just have to be brutally murdered first. Luckily, they’re doing everything in their power to expedite that fate. Are y’all thinking about how ungrateful I am to push against your shitty efforts at recompense? Good. I know y’all bitches are mad you couldn’t break me. You know y’all are adults right? Like, responsible for your own decisions? This is your decision? Fuck you. How much apple cider vinegar does it take to send a Twink over the edge? How much fucking ass kissing will it take you to feel like you didn’t ruin my life?

# “Fuck Your Club”

FUCK YOUR CLUB

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FUCK YOUR CLUB

FUCK YOUR CLUB

FUCK YOUR CLUB

FUCK YOUR CLUB

FUCK YOUR CLUB

FUCK YOUR CLUB !! GIVE ME ETHAN !! GIVE ETHAN ME !! STOP BEING CUNTS !!

FUCK YOUR CLUB

FUCK YOUR SHITTY FUCKING CLUB

FUCK YOUR SHITTY FUCKING CLUB

FUCK YOUR SHITTY FUCKING CLUB

FUCK YOUR SHITTY FUCKING CLUB

FUCK YOUR SHITTY FUCKING CLUB

FUCK YOUR SHITTY FUCKING CLUB

FUCK YOUR SHITTY FUCKING CLUB

GIVE ME WHO I FUCKING LOVE

GIVE ME WHO I FUCKING LOVE

GIVE ME WHO I FUCKING LOVE

GIVE ME WHO I FUCKING LOVE

GIVE ME WHO I FUCKING LOVE

GIVE ME WHO I FUCKING LOVE

GIVE ME WHO I FUCKING LOVE

GIVE ME WHO I FUCKING LOVE

GIVE ME WHO I FUCKING LOVE

GIVE ME WHO I FUCKING LOVE

FUCK WEST CUBA

FUCK FELLOWS

FUCK A.S.S.

FUCK THE COCKBLOCK

FUCK THE COCKBLOCK SO MUCH

FUCK THE COCKBLOCK MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE ON THIS EARTH

I HOPE YOU ALL DROWN IN THE GULF OF MEXICO

I DIDNT KNOW I HAD SUCH A VIVID CAPACITY TO FANTASIZE VIOLENCE UNTIL I DISCOVERED THIS "JOB INTERVIEW"

FUCKING TORTUROUS SCUM. I THOUGHT MS AYCOCK AND MS SHINN WERE AS LOW AS IT GOT BUT HERE I AM DROWNING IN A PIT OF DESPAIR CONCOCTED BY MY OWN PROFESSORS. FUCK YOU DAVID BOLUS. FUCK YOU DANA PATTON. FUCK YOU JACQUELINE MORGAN. FUCK YOU EVERY FELLOW WHO HAS HELPED KEEP ME AWAY FROM THE ONE I LOVE AND LIED IN MY FUCKING FACE FOR YEARS I HOPE YOU ALL GO TO HELL AND CAN'T WAIT TO SEND YOU THERE. IF I HAD INTERNET I WOULD BE INVESTIGATING CUBAN MURDER LAWS TO SEE IF I COULD GET AWAY WITH IT. I LOOK FORWARD TO LEARNING MORE ABOUT ALABAMA'S LAWS UPON MY RETURN. IF YOU WANT TO COME THEN STOP FUCKING GASLIGHTING ME AND GIVE ME HIM. FUCK YOU. FUCK YOUR MONEY. FUCK YOUR ARROGANT MIDSOMMAR ''SPIRITUAL'' BULLSHIT. YOU RUINED MY FUCKING LIFE AND LIED TO MY FACE SAYING YOU SAVED IT DAY AFTER FUCKING DAY. AND I KNOW Y'ALL MADE THE BUS ANNOUNCER DUDE TALK ALL QUIET AND SHIT SO I WOULDN'T MAKE IT ON TIME.

# “Marianne Williamson”

to anyone who doesn't understand what the punishment is, i'll spell it out for you.

it has nothing to do with python.

the punishment is to subject myself at all times to a brain that works against me not for me. to live my life like im bill murray in groundhog day, but with a key added element: im not allowed to think. if i think i might do something different. i might wait a second too long before the 500th git commit. i might leave a comment i took out the draft before. or convert to spaces instead of tabs. im not allowed to grow. i already know pandas but i have to make a for loop from the start anyway. i have to remanufacture being stuck on a problem, so intently that i myself cannot tell the difference. at least in white bear the girl didn't have to take away her own memories. she didn't have to bear the shame or confusion of having done it to herself. she didn't have to sit with the terror of knowing you'll again be made to forget and rediscover. have you ever taken a deep breath and told yourself that by the end of your exhale you won't remember the reason why you get out of bed every morning? that if you don't, he'll actually go away? eurydice forgot the warmth of summer until orpheus reminds her with his song. orpheus still turned around to look. who knows if he will have the chance to walk forward again? if he can afford to give all of himself to something powerful yet indifferent and pray she will return until he can pray no longer. i havent attended a class besides fellows in a month and im stuck in a loop for a reason ive never been stuck before. theres been opportunities for growth. moments where my mind started to come to, to notice that theres something other than the computer screen in front of me as i sink further into credit card debt and academic disrepair, let my friends and family gaslight me, wonder if ive had a conversation two or three or four times before, wonder if i'll ever be able to trust the one i love, wonder if i'll ever be able to trust myself again. Every morning I decide again that this is worth the rest of my life's effort. I'll keep deciding that. i really will. but look: i have nothing. because of you. the one who could give me everything. at least give me everything he took away. the only friends ive seen in two years have had to have scripted conversations with me and lie to me. I know they thought I'd remember its "just a Fellows thing" or whatever. if y'all knew the truth of what its like to have everyone you've ever loved turned away from you overnight, to convince you that it's your fault, or leave you to convince yourself. and here i am living out my bad place truman show of horror wondering whether he'll actually come back this time or whether the months of submission and penitence are yet again an elaborate scheme to break your heart. A scheme which your parents endorsed. And your best friends. And your professors. And your therapist. I don't even know what it would mean to sign yourself up for the torture I have just gone through. Even though I did. The only reason I didn't kill myself in high school is that I still had enough to get me out of bed, even if I was miserable both in bed and out. i had a taste of what it felt like to be loved. i had a sense of what it felt like to love another. but all i could feel was the lack. how i wasn't good enough. how no matter how funny i was at school or hardworking i was in my studies i would never be treated like someone capable of giving a fuck. when i came to ua it was supposed to be a second chance at defining life on my terms. i knew how to check boxes but i had no clue how to make the boxes worth checking. i really hope none of you ever have to discover what its like to run out of energy for the ones you love. you might walk 500 miles and 500 more for him or her, but would you face the heartbreak of taking that last step when you can't take another? the heartbreak of having to find that out like john mulaneys dog petunia had mad beef with your sorry ass? i know a lot of you have felt a lot of shame for making a half-nighter of what was supposed to be an all-nighter. of getting a B on a test you really could've gotten an A on if you just studied a little more. what if that B meant you would never cry the same way you used to cry? that life itself was just a big scam? that we're playing ourselves by continuing to try? and how many hours spent studying would it take for you to feel like you gave it your best shot as you fail? they really do take everything away from you. everyone. even yourself. and they'll laugh at you about it. they'll take the thing that bugs you each morning and make a theme month out of it. you won't be invited to the party. you're the show. even now i fear sometimes that im just an emotional prostitute. here to spread my marianne williamson bullshit to help you hide from the fact that you never really know when your next moment of true safety is. To know that I'm ok. That my loved ones are ok. That the good stuff will come back in time. that the good ones haven't abandoned you. sometimes the good ones really do abandon you folks. there will probably be a moment in your life where you feel so unloved you forget what love feels like. where you don't know that at least at thanksgiving you'll get a good hug or a real conversation. it's all just a matter of how much effort we put in for each other. the difference between the wheat and the chaff is this: the chaff gives up when life isn't worth it. And sometimes, folks, life really isn't worth it. A lot of people out there will live a life of suffering before an early and untimely death. The sad shit really is sad. The sad shit really does happen. (The good stuff does too.) The hardest thing I've ever had to admit to myself is that sometimes life isn't worth it. Have you ever spent months in isolation writing a Python script to nanosecond specifications, only to finish moments before the one you most love in the entire world laughs in your face and deletes it. What would you do if that happened to you, if he were gone as quickly as he came, and you're left to sit with the humiliation of knowing you were the dumb fucking fool who poured his mind heart and soul into what was supposed to be a love letter to him. to yourself. to your family. to your community. to life giving you second chances. to giving life a second chance. and a third. and a fourth. to be told that it was all a delusion. that you're fucked up for what you said. and what would you do if no one called you afterwards to check in? or answered your texts? guess ill just go back to making these fruit fly traps and drowning in misery in peace. Too weak to remember. Too tired to cry. Too broken to recover. only mere feet from the greatest thing that ever happened to anyone or anything. from the one you were promised. from the one you promised yourself to. from what gave life promise. to know that before it wasn't your fault it was your fault. to know you've caused the pain you've felt. not just in you but in others. to know you're part of The Problem. i dont have a photographic memory. im just a photograph. stuck in time. but like, in a bad way. forced to represent someone i no longer stand for. i did it for him. i did it for me. i did it for both of us. i didnt do it for cj fuckin sneckenberger radiologist ass bitch who thinks he runs tuscaloosa ass bitch. i did it because i had nothing else to do that was worth it. i had no clue whether it would be. i knew i was in love but i thought i knew i was too much of a bitch to ever be loved by him. i saved my life when i decided id rather act on the former than the latter. would you rather hide in your room and feel nothing for another year, or let the world be cruel to take a chance on yourself? think if i were ethan: he put his faith in me by giving me a second chance (and a third blah blah you've read the poem). He put his faith in me long before I had the guts to have faith in myself. He put his faith in me knowing that. Maybe because of that. So I have decided to do the same for him. CJ doesn't stand a chance. Even as I sit here, day after day, facing the doubt and shame, I will keep walking forward for this man. It might be to Cuba or it might be to CJ's house with a rusty shovel and a debt to collect. I pray that everyone else out there does the same. Don't be like CJ. Don't be a fucking dick to prove you're strong to people. Don't teach the world's ills by inflicting them on your loved ones. They say you should stay with the devil you know. They're fucking wrong bro. Run away from that creature of satan. I don't have any money and my freezer holds but one amys frozen margherita to share. but ive got good friends, some shit to talk, two truly terribly designed couches, a shit ton of wax, and a passion for you. It aches to know that you had to grow up with that. To know that you had to wrestle with whether that's ok. To think that loving people means hurting people or being hurt by people. I guess they never managed to convince you of that. thank. god. I pray for the day I convince you the opposite. I pray to repeat that day everyday. If you'll let me. <3 Sam

# “Fuck CJ Sneckenberger”

fuck jupyter i hate it and i hate everything right now except for ethan sneckenberger

i knew how to make this in 2015

...

like...

what?

are?

yall?

on?

i know you want to torture me for what i did to your son freshman year. but hell, yall just wanna torture me in general. and y'all would rather him and i burn together while you sit back smugly sipping martinis priding yourselves on the important lessons you spend your time teaching the youth. i will smile the day cj sneckenberger dies. and even then i know it wouldn't feel but a fraction of the hate with which his family has conducted themselves toward me in his stead. ive been in a fucking black mirror episode for two years now. i dont know which way is up. i feel like sandra fucking bullock in gravity. y'all took my loved ones. my parents. my friends. my old friends. my old enemies. my fucking doctors. my therapist. my professors. my privacy. my free will. my sanity. my most important memories. you didn't just throw em away. you, as frank reynolds would say, smeared feces all over the walls. have you ever been forced to forget you fell in love? to have the love of your life say to your face that they hope you do more drugs so your life will be worse without them? that they hope you get worse? that they hope you stay sick? that they hope you get sicker? i was struggling with what is essentially a benzo addiction during the most difficult part of my life, not two months after my cousin died of a heroin overdose and you spent the time you could've used helping me get support cutting me off from my friends and family. Telling the people who I can ask for help that I'm just being dramatic. Just being a little baby. A little bitch who couldn't do what it takes. Come face me fuckign CJ and i'll show you that i have what it takes to put this to an end. if it means putting you to an end the biggest loss for me will be the blood on my fucking shirt.

you're right - i dont get to know what its like to know right from wrong or left from right. i don't know which version of my life story is true. i didn't ask for a fucking life of pi torture chamber and i won't stay in it any longer. So I have decided i'm the fucking tiger and you're going to fucking die. On Thursday we leave for Cuba. If Ethan and I aren't on the plane together, we'll be getting ready for your funeral. I hope you're fine with him bringing a plus one. things'll even out in the end.

you thought you pissed off someone powerless and weak. you were wrong. now you're hiding in a spy van or whatever trying to convince yourself, your son, and the folks around you that you're doing the right thing. the best thing for a just world.

you sound like joaquin phoenix in the fucking joker.

suck my dick.

choke on it.

relive your shitty life.

lie and tell yourself you hated out of love.

lie and tell yourself it was worth it.

or don't. i don't care.

i'm not here for you. i'm here for ethan. it's time you decided whether you value owning your son over being your son.

# “To Ethan”

I hear I’ve worked up quite an audience with this Python script. How many boogaloos does it take to fix a relationship? How many boogaloos does it take to fix a Selenium scraper, fighting against the slowest website of all time? I’m frankly disappointed I previously failed to answer all these sorts of questions. I’m more than disappointed. I’m heartbroken. Honestly I couldn’t give a fuck about my career when the love of my life is right in front of me. I can’t describe what it’s like to know I broke a perfect heart. I can’t describe what it’s like to have a second chance and to blow it because of fucking drugs and shitty nights at Red Shed. But I’m doing it differently this time. When I said in the poem that I would never again forget the one I most love, I meant it. Like, really meant it. I thought I was done for when I came into college. I thought the world was done for, that we were left to strive for faraway goals until our eyes fall closed. That I was happy but happiness was a lie, an image, a facade, a flex. That the only salve for the isolation of adolescence is giving up your will to pop culture and becoming a piece of plastic because you can’t bear to feel human. That all changed overnight when I fell in love with you. And I took it away when I forgot. And I will never forgive myself. But know this, Ethan: I will never forget our love. I will never forget how you told my story. I’ll never forget how you leaped at the chance to help write it. I’ll never forget how I hurt you. I’ll never forget how you loved me anyway. I feel like I know who I am when I’m with you. It’s a fucking shame I lied to myself and everyone I knew to convince them the high life was ours. Mine. What a dumb fucking lie. I’ve sat here for months writing line by line by line: only rarely do I see a face. But still I wake up everyday grateful that I can just be with myself. And if others do see me, it will be me they see. I hope they see you by my side. I hope I have the chance to make things better. To watch through a window and see my life playing out as I had hoped while I pull up the pandas cheat sheet for the 4th time on GitHub. Not knowing which of my friends are my friends. Not knowing which of my decisions will lead me to you and which will lead me away. I’ve been through some shit and I know you have too, I’m sorry to put you through more. I’m sorry for blaming you for the consequences of my actions. I’m sorry for blaming you for pain you had to feel because of things I said to you. Lies. And for what? A day on Ashlyn’s balcony? A half decent smoothie from heritage house? Thank you for calling me on my bullshit. No one else had the guts. Thank you for believing I can be better. Thank you for loving me flawed as I am. I love you more than life, and it is my greatest hope that I can spend my life together with you.

With love,

Sam

P.S. I saw you today in class. I was trying to fix the party search fields for the scraper and caught you in the corner of my eye. It broke me. Please come back. I will set whatever boundaries or whatever your parents want from me. I will write this script 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000+ times. But it’s time I took my life back. You took incredible care of it, and I really hope you’ll share it with me. The one who wouldn’t give up on me. Please never give up. I know I have before, but let me tell you right now: I will not give up. And I will do what it takes to make you feel like the happiest man in the world. You deserve to be. I really fucking miss you, dude. I know your parents are in this as well and you don’t have control. But I pray that you use the control that you do have to take an nth chance on me. I love you, Ethan Sneckenberger, and I know I don’t deserve you, but goddamnit, I just can’t live without you. Every thought in every minute. Begging for you to come back. Even though I know I’m the one who left. I’m the one who iced things over. I’m the one who broke your trust. Who ruined what should have been great. Well, I thought that was true, but that was before I knew that you work miracles. You work fucking miracles, Ethan Sneckenberger. And even if it doesn’t work out, I hope you know that I will love you until the day I die. You are loved Ethan <3 I know you know that. I’m gonna keep telling you anyway. I wish I could do it in person. I wish I could hear your response. All day every day I play back our memories and think of where I’d be without you. You’ve put up with hate notes and gaslighting, forced acting to please your parents, lies and some cruel tricks of memory. I’m taking care of myself now so I can be there for you, and I understand it will take time to prove it. I hope you keep watching over me, even if things don’t work out. If it helps, I will work every day of my life to protect the one who protects me. To protect our love and the vulnerability you gave me. A gift I didn’t deserve. When you have put up with so much shit you didn’t deserve. But still you went forward. Still you didn’t give up on me when I had given up on myself. You saved my life Ethan. I really mean that. You saved my life.

I’m sorry for the shitty hate notes. And forgetting. These past few years have been a lot and it pains me to know that you have faced collateral damage from the worst decisions I have made in my life. Now I am making the best. All I want is to be in your arms. I will stay away if that brings you more pain. I do hope it doesn’t, and I feel confident when I say to you that I have put in the work to become me. In one single second you pierced the shame which hid my heart from my head. A curse I thought was unbreakable, broken by the one who I broke. In one single second I felt like myself, I felt like I know what that means. Please give me the chance to grow into me, to grow into me by your side. You’re the sun, Ethan. You’re the fucking sun. Forever will I revolve. I really hope you’ll share your warmth with me tonight.

Sam (again) (damn long postscript I guess)

# “Ethan Sneckenberger”

Ethan Sneckenberger

oh quash this beef dear family of mine

ive sat here for weeks, in python, i pine

its truly been a shitful year

and even still i'm not in the clear

so free me from my prison of shame

though surely i deserve the blame

ive sat in penitent filth for thee

ive published not one draft but 783

(to prove i will fight for my place in heaven,

i just published 787)

ive pepped and ive pooped and ive smoked so much tree

(like a lot a lot)

ive fixed all the indents and parsed all the fees

tallying charges all night and all day

here on this dumb east edge couch here i'll stay

so plunge into me as i plunge into you

oh alacorder you make me so blue

but one thing i know 'fore my heart can amend

i must tend to you 'fore my dick i will tend

my dick cries its hunger, i weep for its thirst

but do let me take care of tutwiler first

the snake in my pants puts my head in a trance

i give not a look, not a stare, not a glance

but still in my heart i know one thing is true

there's truly no end to how much i'll do

for the one that i love, i'll forego the dove

layer by layer i'll unpeel the onion

i'll fight through the rumors

the gossip the haters

ill fight through my doubt and

ill fight through my shame

ill toil and soil

submit to the coil

i won't lose myself

(but sure would everything else)

heck maybe i already have

but ill come up with more

(for i have more in store)

and i'll do what it takes to pull through

oh 'corder of 'corders i've filled in your borders

your seams and your wide open fields

if its not much trouble (though surely i'd double

my effort and time put in thee)

til i find more grub, i pray you sit stable

but first bring the one i most love

not alac but ethan the one who raised thee

i ate tenders chicken

i failed to build pygion

sublime text i trust has enabled your thrust

but the one true sublime is his faith in mine

i can no longer bear to be blind

i promise you now

that i'll never forget

of you, of your love, of ours.

i hope that you know

that our love is eternal

for cj i'll write every for loop and line (fuck him tho fr)

but for you i would lay down my life.

the one who gave me a second

and third

and fourth

and fifth

and sixth

and seventh

chance

i know there were more, for

brevity i'm sure, you'll

understand my will to abridge

but in case you do

doubt my love for you

i want you to know that i do

you called my worst bluff

brought up my worst stuff

you did what i thought was impossible

you understood my fears my sins and my heart

you charged my world to do the same

not only me but my whole family

will forever be changed by your name

i pray every day

you'll return and I'll stay

more innocent than 'fore we first met

i know i've atoned

e'en though i've been stoned

and trust i've no greater regret:

im sorry i broke your heart and i will not leave this earth

without putting it back together. never again could i look in your eyes and lie knowing you'd cry or you'd worry. i would break knowing i could break you. i will break to keep you unbroken.

and i broke knowing i broke you.

it is my greatest regret.

not only the lie but the shade and the sighs

of indifference i slandered your name with,

that i couldn't face the most beautiful face

is a burden i always must bear.

but i hope to grow from this burden, this shame

and to you share the fruits of my labor

from my greatest regret my mind has been set

on what and who matters to me

your trust is the one thing i'll live for and die for.

ill never forget i hurt the greatest one.

ill never forget i forgot.

the greatest thing that ever happened to me.

my guardian angel.

my rock.

the one.

the actual one.

my love. <3

ethan sneckenberger

# “Untitled (short poem)”

alacorder has been done. for like weeks. y'all are just too dumb to use a command line interface (try python3 -m alacorder --help). would you like the next draft to be dressed in lace? hand etched with the story of my youth? installable via a floppy disk on gold leaf?

the jupyter notebook isn't the alacorder it's the fucking reading glasses i have to make so that your 60 year old arrogant ass can claim i wasted my time.

burn in hell i hope you lose your voting rights.

fuck off everyone except ethan sneckenberger.

fuck right off.

love you ethan.

come back.

<3

sam