

Holden's guide to life:

Well, the first thing that you need to know is that pretty much everyone you meet will be a complete phony. Always make promises to 'pay you back tomorrow' or 'I'll give it back in a minute'...They never do, it begins like that and before you know it. That five quid you gave to your mate is unlikely to ever been seen again. Yeah sure you'll pay me back tomorrow, it's been 4 months! Eventually you give up caring and forget about it but there is always a feeling inside that just annoys you. I hate phonies! Always screwing up my goddam life. Why doesn't anyone understand what I mean and what I am feeling? Why is everyone so superficial in my life?

Anyway, thats enough about stupid goddam phonies...

My parents will probably be mad at me for both getting kicked out of Pencey and also ditching it before I was supposed to go. But it's a free country isn't it? I can do whatever I goddam want to and no one can tell me otherwise. To be honest I don't care about what they think, they don't understand anything about me and what I am thinking about. No adults do. Before I left Pencey I would look at kids leaving with their parents on the weekend and how goddam happy they were. Why? I never had that with any adult, they are so patronising and are constantly in my face telling me what I can and can't do. How can a teenager like me be happy with that? I am at the age where I am at my freest and I hate having people constantly watching over me.

Since I have left Pencey and have been living in New York everything has been different. I have spent way too much money and have made many stupid decisions. It's so depressing in all of the goddam hotels I have stayed at, I just want to go somewhere where I am calm and I am not under any pressure from parents or any stupid phonies. That's the one thing that kills me, the fact that I left Pencey to try and get away from that sanouva bitch Stradlater, all the Phonies there and old Spencer who gave me a goddam awful lecture on my failures. But it's just as bad here and there are much worse people out here like old Maurice who socked me in the goddam gut. I'm still hurting from that! Life here is not all that it's cracked up to be. The city is a really harsh place and I was surprised when I came here. I just want to get out of here with Sally and live my life the way I want to, with her. I don't care about anything other than that, just freedom and happiness. I will find money by working in a gas station somewhere but that doesn't really matter at this point, I just want to get away.

Freedom is a glorious thing to have, with no anxiety or problems to deal with. It's similar to being a child. Have you ever thought about children and their glorious innocence? It makes me think about my life and the way I grew up; the way that they are always so unaware to all the suffering and pain that is experienced by millions of people. I wonder what it would feel like to have that level of awareness now. I wouldn't care about all the phonies and goddam adults and just be oblivious to them; in a way that would be glorious. To be rewritten and left un corrupted my society...Wow! Thinking about children is fascinating. Whenever I talk to them I love listening to their opinions and thoughts about life and how simple but beautiful their logic is. I want to be like my brother Alli, he is the perfect child with innocence and happiness. I wish I could be happy...