

LIAM: Well . . . like you said. Some people, everyone else, it's easy. And you think . . . I don't know . . . why? You try, you know? How long do you have to try? People jump on the smallest thing. They write you off. One thing. And you try, and trying becomes the thing. All people see is how hard you're trying. And every time you hear someone laugh, or whisper, you think . . . you feel like shit. Left out, like some kinda leper. Some kinda pervert. It makes you so fucking angry! And the worst thing is . . . the worst thing . . .

LIAM: Ah, I'm talking bullshit. I was pissed, it wasn't . . . anything.

LIAM: I was going to wait for the next one. The three-oh-five. But it was freezing. So I figured . . . I had an hour . . . I figured I'd walk to the next station. Up the tracks. I was pissed. Tripping over and shit. That's when it started to snow.

LIAM: It was thick. Had to follow the tracks. It was like . . . in this little world. Unreal. Sounds got changed. Seemed to come from all over. Above, even. Thought I heard someone following me. Or ahead of me. I got a bit spooked.

LIAM: Once. Way back. On a school tramp in the Tararuas. We were doing the Southern Crossing, went in up Kaitoke there, and it snowed, up on the tops. I didn't have the proper gear. I got behind. Others disappeared up ahead. We were supposed to be in pairs, 'buddies', you know? Don't know where my 'buddy' got to. Same thing then. I started getting this weird, trippy feeling, like everything's a dream. Couldn't feel my feet. I fell over into the snow. And it was warm. Figured I'd just lie there till I warmed up. Next thing I'm being yanked up by the scruff of the neck and the teacher's yelling at me. And I was cold again. Pissed me right off.