**I Was a Liar**

by Chris Twist

We all lie sometimes. Oh, I’m sorry reader. I know you never lie, but Let us say that the truth is malleable. It can stretch and shrink to complement our narrative and highlight our point of view. Lies make our fish bigger, our children brighter and our personal battles fiercer.

Fish size and child intelligence can just be innocent measurement errors. A lie, a real lie, is rarer. With an out and out fabrication. You can be almost anything. Anything your audience can believe. This can get tricky. It takes dedication and above all commitment. I must be more committed to my lie than you are to calling me on it. I lied and landed a dream job. To keep the job, I had to keep the lie.

I was the best liar I knew. Everybody thought that I was another person, and in so many ways, I was. I will now tell you about all of the ways in which I was a liar. Many of you will probably think that I am the craziest person you know of, and the truth is that I was the craziest person that I knew about when I was lying every day. Sometimes I was lying for no reason at all, just because I could do it. I was very, very good at misleading. It became natural for me to lie to everybody all the time. It was so much easier than telling the truth. I couldn’t help it, and now I want everybody to know just how much I was a liar.

For two years, I was British. I was British with my friends and at my work, where I was a writer and a photographer for advertisements. I was so good that even real British people believed that I was British. I learn a lot about British history so that I could always talk about England when people wanted to learn more about the country. I started being British in Las Vegas. I did it, only some of the time. I wanted to get better, so that when I went to Atlanta, I would be very superb as an actor. Two years of my life was lying, to myself and everybody else. The truth was that it was incredibly fun. I remember that very well that I was amused with my lying.

Eventually, my lying about being British became a bigger part of me then my truth. I could be awake at 3 AM and easily be British, with my family or with friends. The truth started to mean nothing to me, and the lie became the truth. So, eventually, I was actually British. I started to think about my life as being British, maybe for the rest of my life. It was working so well, and I didn’t want to change something that was working so smoothly. Think about it like this: people lie sometimes when they get gifts at Christmas. They say “Oh I love it. That was so thoughtful.” It’s kind of like that but much, much bigger.

It all started with an interview for Edelman, a company for advertisements. When I was on the airplane, going from Las Vegas to Atlanta, I started to talk in the British way. I talked with a few people we were in the airplane as well, and all of them believed that I was British; so I just kept being British. I didn’t know that it would become my life. Then I got to Edelman, and I thought, “Well, it’s worked so far, so let’s keep doing this.” It worked! They thought that I was British, and they wanted me. That work was the most I ever made as a writer, and it was quite a lot of money. I didn’t know anybody else who was 26 and made that kind of money. Because I was lying in work, I thought that I should also be British with new friends. It would make everything so much easier. It would be too hard to go from America to British all the time.

It also helped that I was kind of a tramp who would have sex with just about anybody who I thought were good looking enough. Being British made doing this so much easier then I used to be, though it was very hard before I was British. I couldn’t have “love,” because then I would have to tell my boyfriend that all of this is a lie. I couldn’t do that because I was doing so well and didn’t want to change that. So, I had a lot of different men, and it was so enjoyable. I thought that I was 26, so I didn’t have to care about “love.” Besides, I had love one time, and he was killed. Maybe I didn’t want “love,” because I wasn’t ready for the idea of “love” again. There were a few boyfriends, but it wasn’t ever more than a few months. I just wanted to have the fun time when you and a boyfriend are just starting and having the most fun with each other. I didn’t want the part after when you have real feelings and care about each other in ways that I now don’t even remember. It’s been that long for me to have real feelings about a boyfriend.

I would lie about my money all the time. I don’t know why I did this because there wasn’t a good reason for it. I made quite a lot of money as a writer/photographer for advertisements, especially for being only 26. I made more money than anybody I knew both Las Vegas and Atlanta who was also 26. For some reason, that wasn’t enough. I wanted to seem like I had more wealth that I can use. It made guys in gay bars want me even more, and I liked the idea of getting anybody, and I mean anybody, to want me. I didn’t care if they wanted me just because I had so much money. I was only going to use each of the men one time and then be done with them anyway. It was fun to be thought as upscale and affluent. It was almost true, but I lied anyway; because lying was the way that I lived.

I would tell people that my songs were big in England and that everybody loved my songs, but for some reason, people in America just didn’t get my band. My band was called All Systems A GoGo, and there are four singles of our music in Itunes and Spotify. I told people that I was going to make music for movies, really dark-comedy movies because I love dark-comedy movies. I still really love those kinds of movies. Fortunately, I still love everything that I used to love, but let’s go back to my lies and how much fun it was to live like that. That is another article, though. This own is about my hatred of myself so much that I needed to become a new person. I told people that my band was talking with record labels like Universal Music Group or Warner Music Group that we were going to be a huge band that everybody would listen to and love more than anybody else. The truth was that nobody knew about my band, All Systems A GoGo, and I didn’t have time to make my band bigger; because it took all of my time to lie about just how big we were going to be.

Unfortunately, my bi-polar was still as a big part of me, and it was just getting considerably bigger and bigger in my life. I never wanted to use pills for my bi-polar, because, as a teenager, I was tested and told that I was a genius. When I was 16, I was done with high school and went to “big school.” I was worried that these pills would change me and make me less amazingly smart, one of those people who was always right about everything; or at least thinking in this way. Eventually, my bi-polar was such a problem that Edelman was done working with me and couldn’t have even one more day with somebody who was as insane as I was. It made me dismal, so much that I couldn’t see anything good about myself. I hated myself because I was a genius who was hated by the best performance I’ve ever done. I just thought about how every company that would ever work with me would eventually hate me just like Edelman hated me in the end. This is why I tried to kill myself, or at least the biggest part of why I tried to kill myself. I’m also sure that being a liar for so long was also a part of my wanted to be dead.

The lesson that I hope all of us get from this article is that, yes, we all have to lie sometimes, and I don’t think that there is a way for any of us never to lie; but we can’t change everything about ourselves with lies. It doesn’t make you a better person. It just makes you look like a better person. It’s much stronger if you become a better person, or whatever you want to be. I want you to think about this for more than a minute. Think about this for a day, a whole day. Think about the things that you tell people that aren’t true, and think about what it would be like if you told them the truth. This is probably the hardest article that I have made so far, and I hope that you see why. Now, I have to tell people the truth, and it’s hard for me. It’s hard, because for so long, I was lying about everything in and out of myself. It’s hard for me to write this and know that all of you will now know the truth, that I can’t lie anymore. It doesn’t work anymore, so I have to become a very different person. I’m hoping that when you are done reading this article, which you will look at yourself and consider yourself, both the real you and the lying you. We all have both truth and lying parts of ourselves. Please talk with yourselves, to both of those parts of your mind.

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