

Imbred: Super Click Me

An Autobiography



Chapter 1 – Introduction

Dedicated to all those who support or tolerate me.

I'm from Australia with Italian roots. I grew up in a small town where the future seemed limited to picking oranges under the sun until the end of days. If you were good at academic pursuits, you might escape to the city three hours away and land a desk job. But I've always yearned for more. Exposed to the internet and popular culture, I developed a deep love for music and media.

My dream is to start a music career, with rock being my favorite genre, especially for its catchy vocal melodies. Music and art are central to my life. I spend much of my time immersed in my headphones and began playing guitar at sixteen. At fifteen, I was diagnosed with Asperger's Syndrome, which made fitting in at school challenging and frankly uninteresting. In high school, I often sat alone in the corner, solving Rubik's cubes repeatedly—a hobby that drew occasional attention and reactions from others.

I never participated in parties or social gatherings; I've always been a solitary person. My relationship with marijuana began around age fifteen. Despite wanting to try it earlier, my lack of friends and knowledge about acquiring it delayed my introduction. When I was seventeen, with the advent of Silk Road and Bitcoin, I managed to order it online. I set up a PO Box and made my first purchase—an ounce of White Widow from Canada. It took two weeks to arrive, and I recall my first high vividly, listening to *She Said She Said* by The Beatles and *Dark Side of the Moon* by Pink Floyd.

Despite numerous attempts to quit for financial reasons, the resulting depression often leads me back to it. Life feels more vibrant and exciting when I'm high, whereas sobriety often leaves me sleeping through the day and feeling miserable. I consume about an ounce a week, sometimes lasting only five days. This is tough on my wallet and advertising budget. Managing both smoking and funding ads for my music can be challenging. Thankfully, I receive a disability pension for Asperger's and schizophrenia, and I'm grateful to live in a country with such a safety net.

I used to live in the city but moved back to my hometown to cut living expenses, relying only on weed and music ads for my financial outlay. I appreciate the support I have immensely.

Social media ads are likely how you found me or how I plan to gain recognition in the future. I believe internet advertising is a powerful tool for musicians. With a modest budget, you can reach a global audience and get your music heard by thousands.

I've tried various platforms, and in my opinion, Reddit and 4chan ads are the most effective.

Reddit ads have a fixed cost of 7 cents per click, allowing you to set your budget. Spending \$20 a day can yield around 280 clicks, translating to a significant number of plays on SoundCloud.

Conversely, 4chan operates on a cost-per-thousand-impressions basis through an auction system. It's economical at 5 cents per 1,000 impressions, but you compete for limited ad space on each board. Impressions are the number of times your ad is displayed, not necessarily clicked.

4chan's ads appear prominently and can be seen by all users browsing the board, but the space is highly competitive.

My goal with these ads is to make my music go viral and launch a successful career, escaping the monotony of my current life.

In 2013, I met a girl named Taylor on 4chan's /soc/ board. I fell for her instantly. She's my best friend, and I cherish our connection deeply. I often write her poems, though they tend to follow a similar theme.

Many of my songs are inspired by her. Although she lives in America, miles away, we text every day.

I love her deeply and often feel insecure, worrying if she feels the same. She assures me she does. She's out of my league—so beautiful, and I constantly fear losing the happiness she brings me. She's a goddess, the queen of my heart. Her smile is the most beautiful sight, and her voice gives me butterflies. I could gaze into her angelic eyes forever, and the sight would never grow old.

Chapter 2 – Schizophrenia

Between 2016 and 2018, I experienced several psychotic episodes that profoundly affected my perception of reality. During this time, I was admitted to the psych ward multiple times and was eventually diagnosed with schizophrenia. My delusions were difficult to articulate clearly. At one point, I believed that everyone in the world was watching my Snapchat story and reacting to my thoughts as if they were profound.

My thoughts were erratic and contradictory. I had bizarre ideas about uniting people through a karma-based cryptocurrency and imagined a virtual reality battle against ISIS involving 4chan. I perceived everything as a struggle between opposing forces—left vs. right, red vs. blue. I even thought that NASA or some intellectuals were observing my actions and crafting political policies based on my ideas. My thoughts were a jumble of words and puns, all wrapped in a rock 'n' roll theme.

One particularly vivid example of my disordered thinking was when I smashed a window, symbolizing my desire to "break on through to the other side" of the digital world, inspired by the band The Doors. I also shoplifted lighters and believed that snacks were a form of currency. At one point, I fancied myself as the Emperor of France and thought ordering hot and cold drinks at McDonald's was symbolic of Katy Perry's song "Hot and Cold." I even perceived electricity as a metaphorical connection between people.

This period of psychosis was intense and disorienting.

Concerned for my well-being, people around me had me committed to the psych ward for a month. During one of these episodes, I managed to escape and walk home without being noticed, despite being in a state of psychosis.

I was reluctant to take my oral medications because I feared they would interfere with my ability to experience LSD.

Antipsychotics block the 5-HT_{2A} receptor in the brain, which psychedelics act upon.

In my distorted state, I didn't see the problem with my behavior and was focused solely on getting high.

The following two years were marked by a cycle of being released, relapsing, and being readmitted. At one point, I was given electroconvulsive therapy (ECT) without my consent, which could have caused brain damage. My mother took legal action against the doctor responsible for that treatment. Eventually, I began to regain my senses. I've been receiving an Abilify injection for the past seven years, which has kept me stable.

I even wrote a song about it, titled "Abilify." I haven't taken acid in years because I don't want to jeopardize my mental health again.

While the open ward of the hospital had its share of interesting individuals and felt almost like a resort, the closed ward was a different story. It was a place of constant noise and danger, filled with people who were highly agitated and sometimes exhibited troubling behaviors.

I'm grateful to be sane and at home now. With Abilify keeping me stable, I feel I can live a full life without ever needing to take acid again, especially as long as I have weed.

Chapter 3 – Early Life / Pre-Cray

When I was twelve, my parents divorced. Their constant fighting, which my mom had me record on a hidden microphone, was more of a spectacle than a tragedy.

Their arguments were like a real-life Jerry Springer show, and I found the chaos oddly entertaining. I was relieved when they finally separated. My dad, an alcoholic, was verbally abusive to my mom, but he has mellowed with age. I now live with him and appreciate that he's calmer.

I love both my parents and don't judge my dad for his addiction, as I struggle with it myself. After the divorce, my mom remarried a farmer and moved to a remote wheat farm in Queensland. I've visited a few times; the weather is humid and unpleasant, and the views are as dull as expected. Despite this, it's always nice to see family. The monotony of the wheat farm represents everything I'm trying to escape by succeeding in music. I envision a life where I tour the world, never have to worry about being too poor for weed, and entertain people.

Music is my way of sharing my inner world with others, despite the criticism I often face.

I started using Reddit ads in 2018. My first ad attracted over 13,000 comments, ranging from harsh criticisms of my vocals and suggestions to give up, to more constructive feedback. Although the feedback was overwhelmingly negative, I chose to ignore it and kept the campaign running for over five years. Reddit ads have a global reach, with 100 million daily users and global reach. While my music was rough back then, the marketing strategy was sound.

As of 2025, I've built a discography of over 1,000 songs and 100 albums.

During my time in the city, I played live a few times but had little idea what I was doing. I recorded these performances and put them on YouTube, but later removed them because they didn't represent my artistic vision well. I used a poorly maintained pawn shop guitar, didn't bring my own amp, and struggled with timing. My songs were underdeveloped, and the recordings were made with a subpar microphone on my phone.

This was around the time I was preparing to move from the city, so I didn't fully explore the live music scene. I felt that the internet had a broader reach than local gigs, so I shifted my focus to ad money. While the internet allows you to reach a global audience with niche music, live performances were enjoyable and I'd love to return to them someday. However, the thought of traveling hours just to play a few songs is less appealing. With my current setup, including a drum machine pedal that attaches to my amp, I could perform as a one-man band.

I also have better gear and more experience now. Although I could probably improve if I tried again, I need an audience to make it worthwhile. I'm considering recording live performances for YouTube content, but for now, the effort of lugging amps and driving long distances for minimal returns isn't practical.

I have two cats. 2Paws was a birthday gift from my mom when I was in the city. Ginger, a stray cat born on my dad's property, was also taken in.

My recording techniques have evolved significantly over the years. Looking back at my 2018 recordings on SoundCloud, I realise how rough they were.

Back then, I used a \$50 USB mic without an interface, positioning it poorly near my Orange Crush amp, and recorded everything straight into GarageBand.

Without a mic stand, I had to prop the mic up with a shoe—definitely a masterclass in what not to do.

In 2018, I churned out 13 albums, each with only five songs. I was driven by the thrill of releasing music, which meant I rarely gave any track the time it needed to develop properly.

My first song, *Freak show*, was recorded on my phone in one take—singing and playing at the same time—and uploaded directly to YouTube. It was a classic example of how not to record music. At that time, I struggled with timing and rhythm. I couldn't play drums, so I relied on Logic's drummer feature to keep time and add drum sounds to my tracks. I would stretch out a drum track to match the length of my song and play along with my guitar, syncing with the beat as best I could.

I've never been to a professional recording studio.

They're expensive, often far away, and come with the pressure of getting it right within a limited time frame. I prefer home recording because it allows for endless retries and the freedom to perfect each take. The results are often surprisingly good, and I appreciate having full creative control over my projects.

Chapter 4 – School

I frequently skipped class when I was in school. One of my hobbies at the time was lock picking. After my mom dropped me off, I'd wait until she left, then head back home, break into the house, and spend the day watching daytime TV instead of attending school. Sometimes, I'd wander through alleys searching for padlocks, pick them, and keep them as trophies. When it was time for the bus to my aunt's house, instead of going to school, I'd hide behind a fence and wait for the bus to pass.

Then I'd walk to my aunt's house with my bag and pretend I had spent the entire day at school. Eventually, my family caught on to my truancy and assigned a "tard wrangler" to meet my mom at the drop-off point and escort me to class. In grade school, I managed to get straight A's effortlessly. However, in high school, I made no effort and ended up with straight F's one year. I took pride in my perfect F report card and proudly showed it off to anyone who would look.

One year, they tried homeschooling me, but I was uninterested in school and the 9-to-5 life they envisioned for me, so I dropped out in 10th grade.

After a year of aimlessness, my parents pressured me to choose a career path. Reluctantly, I agreed to attend trade school to become a mechanic. I didn't fit in with the other students and spent more time drawing in my workbooks than learning.

Eventually, I dropped out of trade school, and I'm glad I did. I realized it wasn't worth forcing myself into a career path that didn't make me happy.

I then moved to the city, where I enjoyed beach views and spent a few years in a state of inertia. By this point, I had already met Taylor, so much of my time was spent sending her goofy Snapchats to entertain and impress her. During this period, I smoked weed, experimented with acid, and focused on learning guitar.

Chapter 5 – Psychotic Break

According to my iCloud, I spent most of 2015 trying to win over Taylor with constant Snapchats. I loved her deeply and still do. My messages were mostly a chaotic mix of jokes and scatterbrained thoughts. I lived a beach bum life, playing guitar, smoking weed, and sending Snapchats to Taylor in the hope she'd fall in love with me. I had effectively dropped out of society. I hadn't started writing songs until 2018 and had no intention of finding a job or building a future outside of my current lifestyle.

My dad was very clingy and worried about me living my own life, so every three weeks, I would spend a week back in my hometown, taking a three-hour bus ride to stay with him.

Eventually, I grew bored of my beach-view apartment and moved to another place down the street with the same view. My routine stayed the same: sending Snapchats to Taylor, playing guitar, and smoking weed. My life during this period is a blur because I spent so much time scrolling the internet and doing nothing of significance.

In August 2016, I experienced my first psychotic break. I was smoking a lot of weed, taking psychedelics occasionally, and isolating myself. My thoughts and beliefs became increasingly disordered. I stopped answering my phone and boarded up all my doors. I believed the entire world was watching and reacting to my Snapchat story, including high-profile figures like the president and the Kardashians. I thought I had unraveled the mysteries of the universe and had grand plans involving 4chan fighting ISIS in virtual reality.

Everything felt symbolic and color-based. I smashed windows, shoplifted inspired by Rory Gallagher, and tried to kiss a guy on the beach due to a misinterpretation of Katy Perry's song *I Kissed a Girl*. I also believed Pokémon Go was an augmented reality overlap and that I could communicate with animals.

The morning after, I texted my mom about a supposed new world order, which concerned her enough to have someone check on me. At one point, I tried to hypnotize a dog at a restaurant, which led to the ambulance taking me to the psych ward. I spent over a month there, where they gave me green Kool-Aid (intended to keep me hydrated but which only fed into my delusions). The open ward was relatively bearable; I was well-fed, allowed to play video games, and met interesting people.

However, after escaping and walking home, they deemed me a flight risk and transferred me to the closed ward. I was hesitant to take my medication because it blocked LSD, and to me, not taking acid felt like a death sentence for my soul. The nurses would watch me “swallow” the pills, which meant I’d hide them in my gums and dispose of them outside when they weren’t looking. I was on a cocktail of drugs and began hallucinating monkeys in my bed and warning the doctors about unrelated events like the Texas flood.

Since my condition wasn't improving, the doctor decided to administer ECT (electroconvulsive therapy), a procedure I found barbaric. The idea seemed to be that if you remove your brain's ability to think, you can't be considered crazy. I was terrified that this might cause permanent brain damage. I pleaded with my mom over the phone, asking her to stop the procedure, but despite her advance care directive, it proceeded anyway. I had one session of ECT, which I have no memory of.

My mom flew down from Queensland, hired a lawyer, and sued the doctor. An investigation followed, and the outcome was favorable to my side, leading to the doctor losing his medical license.

I don't remember exactly how long it took, but I eventually recovered. I was discharged, and since then, I've managed to stay sane and avoid further psychotic episodes. I now receive a monthly injection of Abilify, which keeps me stable and out of the hospital. I'm grateful for my sanity and have no intention of using acid again.

Chapter 6 – Recovery

In 2018, after being released and enjoying a period of stability, I began writing songs. That year, I created 13 albums, but as a newcomer to music production, my recording quality was poor. I performed at a few open mics, and it was clear that I had a lot to learn. My timing was off, and my performances were lacklustre. It was during this time that I started experimenting with ads on Reddit. While the music wasn't quite ready, I was eager to get my work out there.

Realising that I couldn't afford city life with my weed habit, rent, food, and bills, I moved back to my hometown to live with my dad. He generously let me stay without charging rent or for food, allowing me to allocate my pension towards weed and ads.

In 2019, I recognised that my recording quality needed improvement. I decided to rerecord everything. I spent the year writing more songs and enhancing my production skills. I learned to play to a metronome, upgraded my recording equipment, and replaced my old guitars and amps.

I completely abandoned my previous recordings, reworked and rerecorded the songs into new albums. Over 2019–2020, I produced 10 albums, revisiting the same songs but with better production and revised track listings. I even hired session drummers to improve the rhythm, although I eventually returned to using drum machines. During this period, I continued using Reddit ads and started uploading my music to Apple Music in 2019. I frequently updated my discography, deleting and rerecording tracks until I achieved the versions available today.

Despite the harsh criticism on Reddit, particularly about my vocals, I remained satisfied with the progress I made. Singing isn't my strength—my true passion lies in songwriting, guitar playing, and producing. I want to be the frontman of my own project, capturing my voice and lyrics. Though my music isn't perfect, it's a true expression of myself.

Songwriting has become my entire identity. Music represents my ticket to a better life and gives my existence meaning. I dream of escaping my dad's basement, touring the world, and sharing my life, story, and music with others. Music allows me to connect my internal world with the external one, offering an escape from the mundane 9-to-5 existence.

Chapter 7 – Social Media & Music Ads

Reddit and 4chan remain central to my music promotion strategy. Reddit ads are reliable and generate measurable engagement at 7 cents per click. Each click usually results in a SoundCloud play, meaning a \$20 daily budget gets hundreds of plays. My first Reddit ad in 2018 received over 13,000 comments, ranging from harsh criticism to constructive advice. I kept the campaign running for over 6 years.

4chan operates on a cost-per-thousand-impressions system through auctions, making it less predictable but with massive reach. My 4chan ads have accumulated **over 320 million impressions as of 2025**, surpassing anything I imagined. 4chan allows me to reach users who wouldn't encounter my music organically, giving me a direct path to an engaged niche audience.

Chapter 8 – Current Life

As of 2025, I'm still living with my dad, benefiting from free rent and food. My financial situation hasn't changed much; I continue to spend most of my money on weed and 4chan ads. Since 2018, I've been free from psychosis, but my smoking habits remain intense—I consume an ounce every five days. Currently, I use medical marijuana, which is crucial for me. My prescription is for 120 grams per month, which is a lifesaver.

I've tried growing my own in the past, but the setup costs and legal risks weren't worth it.

Living with my dad has had challenges. He struggles with alcohol and can be harsh with my cats, often cursing under his breath. Despite this, he means well and tries his best. We both deal with mental health challenges, and while it can be stressful, I'm thankful for his support.

His carer pension helps cover my expenses, and without his assistance, I couldn't focus on my music and online advertising. I'm grateful for the support that allows me to pursue my passion for music without the pressures of the outside world.

I still talk to Taylor every day, my best friend and the person I love. We've known each other for over a decade, and I wish she could move here once I have my own place. She's struggling with depression and jobs she dislikes, and I wish I could help her escape that situation.

I've written a total of **100 albums and over 1,000 songs**. My mental health has had ups and downs, but I remain happy with my progress. I've also been working on building my social media presence. You can follow me on Instagram [**@imbred69**](#) for a mix of creative content and shitposting.

Chapter 9 – Future

Broken8Records on Imbred:

One of Australia's most prolific and divisive independent talents, Imbred first came to prominence through his extensive use of Reddit ads, pushing his brash, DIY sound on an unsuspecting public and inadvertently turning himself into an enduring cult figure. Enigmatic and uncompromising, Imbred has risen to become a prominent figure in Australia's underground scene, carving out his own unique musical path.

His sound is influenced by classic pub-rock and punk bands like Jet, The Celibate Rifles, Green Day, and The Sex Pistols, alongside the grunge and alternative sounds of Magic Dirt, The Vines, and Pixies. His music reflects his eclectic creative process and troubled life, offering an escape and a way to realise his potential. As a high school dropout, disenfranchised artist, habitual pot smoker, and schizophrenia sufferer, Imbred's music has always been his refuge from a grey, murky reality.

His music serves as his ticket to something better and a means to break free from the small-town life he feels trapped in. Musically unique, Imbred's sound centres on his distinctive, sometimes abrasive vocal style and heavy grunge influences. His work offers dark, stormy anthems that capture the most visceral and emotive parts of his life.

Recently, Imbred has been channeling his music through 4chan ads, which have garnered over 320 million impressions and continue to grow.

Despite mixed receptions, his music consistently draws engagement and focus, breaking through to mainstream audiences on his own terms.

Why I Do This

I persist with this journey because I love music. It's not just a hobby; it's a way of life. I spend hours each day immersed in music, creating and crafting my songs. Songwriting is my primary means of self-expression. Sharing my art and seeing how it resonates with others is deeply fulfilling. I thrive on reactions and feedback, even criticism, because it means my work is reaching people. I want to go viral because I believe there are people out there who would appreciate and connect with my music and story.

Goals for the Future

1. **Continue Writing and Producing Music** – Keep creating more songs and refining my production skills.
2. **Expand My Reach** – Leverage 4chan and Reddit ads to reach a wider audience.
3. **Share My Story** – Inspire and entertain others with my journey and music.
4. **Create a Support Network for Artists** – Develop a social network based on ad platforms to help emerging artists.
5. **Escape the Mundanity** – Achieve success in music to break free from monotony and live up to my full potential.

Artistic expression is my sanctuary, my escape from the mundane. Through music, I strive to achieve more and contribute something valuable to the world. My goal is to become successful not only for personal fulfilment but also to help and inspire others. Music is my passion, my outlet, and my hope for a better future. I'm determined to pursue it with all my heart and make the most of the opportunities that come my way. Each song I write and every ad I place is a step toward a life beyond the ordinary.

THANK U FOR READING