

Zeo Hattori

City As School

Literary Essay

Vital Trashes

“You came in late again today, Why don’t you ever learn”

Uncomfortable. Unsatisfied. Disoriented. I walked out of the therapy’s office. I was 15 years old, I have been blighted with anxiety my whole life, but it is different now than when I was younger. I don’t have anxiety. It has me in its grasp. Along with how my puberty phase is displaying, this curse isn’t avoidable, just like everything that happened in my life. Though oddly comforting, because of its perks, I almost feel that this bestowed on to me for not to overcome but to sync/weave/fuse with it.

Unfortunately, burdens comes early, melancholy, is many people’s alarm clock. Waking them up to reality from their foolish utopian world, and to get on the assembly line to rewiring their past together, to somehow confront it today knowing that there is nothing that can meet the possibility, by themselves at least. What we do to meet the possibilities is to socialize with others to motivate and succeed, because no one is able to stand on their two legs without guidance. It’s either you do a good job at first to stabilize them, or to do a bad job to have them learn on their own and, i’m not blaming my parents for anything, I am who I am, I too made choices to not learn earlier, instead I pass my mentor to my friends right after our parents introduce each other. From there, I relied on others to basically, talk for me. I’m only there to listen, listening was why people liked me. Im like a dog, a newborn that never learned to speak. People took it well in my younger ages, but as I grew older, people expected to act like an adult and to stand up for myself. Especially when you start high school in an urban city rather than a suburban town. I became

more quiet than when I was younger, I was treated like an outcast in high school. Even with the mature audience, I couldn't regulate myself to speak in mannerism and politeness, giving off the wrong impression. Soon to be, it's not my anxiety that's difficulty increasing, but the standards of others are. I wish I could, I would be in such better places, it was easier to shyly lie than confidently honest. And those petty lies just add up, from "I forgot to take my dog on a walk." to "I had to take him to the hospital." Using my background as an excuse for my informal behavior, I felt grieved over the fake persona and smoothing over any rigidity to it. Making it almost realistic, and battling who is really me.

My family tried their best helping without knowing the problem was. Usually, Japanese families have one authoritative figure in the house, the oldest generation male. It varies of how the household will end up to be. If the father is successful, then most likely will lead the family to a more successful life. On the other hand, we would have fathers called NEETS, meaning unemployed lazy and problematic people, many of which are going through mental illness and such like alcoholism. My father unfortunately ended up one after the recent economic bubble, leading to a divorce in the family. My father stayed in Las Vegas happily, not worrying about us and mother. Everyone else moved to New York, to compile a plan for us to survive like a normal family. Everyone has been through this, so what makes us special? Nothing, just that my brother is the only better male figure to lead the family but also wants to be excluded from the family because of the lack of responsibility they have when they raised him, and it was obvious that he can't take care of me only when he just got out of college. So for late middle school and early high school years, I lived how I lived in Las Vegas. The habits were the same, the personality was the same, everything. I only planted myself from one garden to another. For the first couple of months of being in New York, I already started lacking my attendance to my high school. I never constructed a mind set to daily use of public transportation. It was gratifying, This was something I couldn't mention to

my not-so-great influenced friends, and it was already too late to tell my mother my issue, because we didn't have a great relationship at the point, she was going through a lot and thinks of me as a nuisance. She was also revealed to have breast cancer. Anyway, from that point on, i gained more bad influence to weigh me down and eventually stayed at one place, my home. My brother caught on the issue a bit after my sophomore year, by that time he was doing well and was excessively happy due to a long term girlfriend, but he basically changed. He came back only to present her and to delusionally look like he was a great brother. He started off first by scolding my mother to stop acting like a child and be a mother. After some arguments, she ended up calling a few home schooled teachers and a minor therapy session. I took the normal way and found a medicine that helps me with my issue, and also a pair of headphones. The therapist says many people go through this and some last longer than others, but they get through it from small items, like books, games, toys, looking at a certain item, daydreaming, and headphones. The headphones grasped my attention because it lowers the attention I give out. I can concentrate to create a utopian in my mind, by nullifying the sounds of the real world to reduce my presence. I can just sit there, thinking that Im not bother to anyone in a crowded place. I just listen to nothing, but feel secure because there's something between my mind and others. After some time and moving around the world. My mother found a job at New York as a textile designer, My father didn't even check the newspaper Although my mother knew that the family will crumble if nothing will change, she suggested to divorce my father and letting us know that she will continue her life supporting only me and my brother. My father in filth and disgusted by it in a sense that everybody was screwed over left and right. Developing the skills also took hours to take when it only should take about a few hours. Its, very intuitive if you think about it, also if you think about it more, it gets ugly. An issue, where communication is the neighbors of society and friends, because we can't improve ourselves if we don't listen to others. Also I

feeling grieved over the schedule and smoothing over any obstacles. Many families in Japan still follow the imperial's rules. Those families have one authoritative figure in the house, the oldest generation male. It varies of how the household will end up to be. If the father is successful, then most likely will lead the family to a more successful life. On the other hand, we would have fathers called losers, meaning unemployed lazy and problematic people, many of which are going through mental illness and such. It varies of how the household will end up to be. If the father is successful, then most likely will lead the family to a more successful life. On the other hand, we would have fathers called NEETS, meaning unemployed lazy and problematic people, many of which are going through mental illness and such like alcoholism. My father unfortunately ended up one after the recent economic bubble, leading to a divorce in the family. My father stayed in Las Vegas happily, not worrying about us and mother. Everyone else moved to New York, to compile a plan for us to survive like a normal family. Everyone has been through this, so what makes us special? Nothing, just that my brother is the only better male figure to lead the family but also wants to be excluded from the family because of the lack of responsibility they have when they raised him, and it was obvious that he can't take care of me only when he just got out of college. So for late middle school and early high school years, I lived how I lived in Las Vegas. The habits were the same, the personality was the same, everything. I only planted myself from one garden to another. For the first couple of months of being in New York, I already started lacking my attendance to my high school. I never constructed a mind set to daily use of public transportation. It was gratifying, This was something I couldn't mention to my not-so-great influenced friends, and it was already too late to tell my mother my issue, because we didn't have a great relationship at the point, she was going through a lot and thinks of me as a nuisance. She was also revealed to have breast cancer. Anyway, from that point on, I gained more bad influence to weigh me down and eventually stayed at one place, my

home. My brother caught on the issue a bit after my sophomore year, by that time he was doing well and was excessively happy due to a long term girlfriend, but he basically changed. Though it just sucks.

I am currently acting normal, thinking differently, which I learn is beneficial in many ways, already knowing the burdens. Consecutively learning the benefits of my unique trait, is far more satisfying because now is the time that matters, and it continues because I know people learns both the burden and benefits of someone to become friends.