so what happened?

i feel it’s first important to give a little history about myself and my work life: i’m not allowed to talk in de**tail about what specifically i am working on, that is something i signed a contract for, but i am allowed t**o give unrelated parallels.

the least context that i can give is that i work for a big cybersecurity company, i was taken as an ml engineer to work on a very important (and difficult) antivirus. it is a baby project, it only has a few months, and we are a team of four people, three of us being freshly out of university. if you don’t know, ml stands for ‘machine learning’ which is a branch of statistics and programming that makes predictive mathematical models used to forecast verdicts based on a set of information. what i’m explaining to you is that i make artifical intelligence, it is the main branch of programming that i work on, and no, it is not the same thing as using chatgpt to make a stupid chatbot: our model is light in resources and serves to protect people, corporations and other bodies from malware and data loss.

i started work three months ago, and have a team consisting of my boss, a cpp dev, another ml dev and me—i will refer to them by their roles.

it all started on a thursday. up until that day, i was tasked with some very important and extremely difficult things to implement in our engine, things that included converting python code to cpp and learning about multithreading. our entire team was sort of basing itself on these tasks, and i delivered them wonderfully (in retrospect). i was consistently met with questioning about whether everything i did actually worked fully, if i verified certain edge cases, etc. which i had checked and made sure were fool-proof. it’s expected that you’d be asked to check everything, since this was very important, but even up to today, everything i did worked exactly as expected. note that i didn’t personally get any bravos, from my boss or team, for what i worked (not that i expected or needed any).

come forward i was given another cpp task, a very important one. now, notice how i’m mentioning these as… cpp tasks. i was working out of my expertise all this time, essentially taking one for the team, and i let the ml guy take… the next big ml part of the project, out of the goodness of my heart. i worked around two days on this task, and was having issues with memory leaks due to the things i was doing—it was done, but testing was difficult as i didn’t know what caused the leaks.

so rolling back: it’s thursday, and i was testing some edits to the ticket based on my boss’ request, when randomly ml guy comes and taps my shoulder, saying ‘come see this, i think i got it working.’ i roll my chair to his desk

and i wish it were me who he said his congrats to…

a good feeling, the addendum

after hanging out with my girls, i sit down in my bed and realize that maybe what i was missing wasn’t revenge, but rather love and affection from people willing to listen and be there for me. maybe staying around people who physically recoil when i touch them has made me feel cold to my own touch, or made me feel like intimacy is not something that friends share with each other. the real reason my friendships felt so empty was… well the culmination of those things.

when blinded by the sight of what i hated, a simple hug is all it took to hold me back, it melted my cold heart, and perhaps all i am doing now is laying my weapons on the table: who is to touch me but an empty man that wants my body, a man who can’t speak my tongue, a friend who can’t be there for me, or a distant boss that has his mind filled with worries?

there really is nobody, and a similar thought dawned on me before writing this post. i truly have no chest to lay my head and cry on, no matter whose shoulder i was and how much i burdened myself for others, it was never worth the effort, i became a charity and forgot about my own needs in the meantime. i guess all i want to say is… a hug once or twice from time to time, from anyone, would maybe change my world.

or maybe what i truly want to say is: i wish people would stop fearing touching me, i lack affection, and the ones who give it to me don’t give it out of love, but carnal desire. and lust will never satiate me, it leaves me empty no matter how many times i seek its comfort… same as revenge, envy, hatred… nothing can replace the warmth of a loving embrace, nothing. nothing can make me feel the way someone hugging me, saying ‘cry in my arms, i’m here to listen, because i love you’ can.

funny how writing this in the last three days, i can read back this post and see multiple people wrote each paragraph—one mad at the unfairness of life, one set on getting his revenge, and one full of hope for himself, regardless of the hurdles he’s been thrown at. i wonder

i vividly remember in my first year of university, i came out in front of the building after finishing a late-day class. it was nine pm, the sun had long set and the chilly autumn night was setting in, it was me and my friends, and as we walked down i saw one of my (now best) friends, “Am”, sitting up at the side of escape (our university’s “café” of sorts). Am was smoking with another (now also best) friend of mine, “Ar”—the sight shocked me.

from the short distance that i was looking, in that lighting, with the gloomy night around her and the dark eyeliner she was wearing… i felt as if i saw a different person. don’t get me wrong, i knew it was her, but i felt like i saw a different her. leaving my group, i went to the two of them and told them i was surprised to see Am smoke, and i phrased it as “seeing an evil version of Am.”

years later, smoking for her became regular. moreso, it was weird seeing her not smoke, as from time to time she’d take breaks from it. but it dawns on me: all this time later, and i didn’t even consider that maybe i didn’t see an evil version of her… maybe what i saw was myself out of the shell that i’d had not yet grown out of.

i was freshly out of high school, and i was far from outgrowing my own childish perspective of people, including smoking. maybe Am wasn’t evil for starting to smoke, maybe it was me who didn’t see her in the correct light—and we all know that things in the dark start looking like monsters.

and it wasn’t the only time i’d seen an “evil” version of someone, but it was the most memorable. now i look in the mirror, as i’m splitting, and i see exactly that: the evil version of myself, that i was projecting onto others.

the one thing that i hate myself

in the aftermath of this whole ordeal, i’m left writing all of this on my phone.

and i don’t know what weighs more on my heart: that i am alone or that i can’t let it out?

no matter how much it bothers me, i can’t cry about it, in just frustrated and angry…

maybe what bothered me the most is how i expected something from him, like a fool. my heart is telling me to trust in him, but my mind says i place too much trust on someone that i don’t even know…

i wish i could be less of a fool, and i wish i had control over what i felt, but what i wish most is that my anger could be loud and verbose. i just have to suck it up and accept that i lost, when there’s so much more to add to how i felt, and it makes me feel like a child to talk about my feelings of disdain over a simple bravo. but is it not more childish to go through the measures that i took instead of leaving it be?

part of me says i need to stop letting things go, and for once in my life i’ll follow through with my vices. if there’s one thing that i’ve convinced myself of is that i’m always right in the end, so i’ll follow my own advice, because i know better than anyone. fuck them.

we received our death insurance papers, it made me realize how you can so easily gleam someone’s relation with their significant ones by simply reading such a paper. someone might have their love, their children, their parents… and i’d only have my mother on there. my father is alive, so it almost reads as to what my family life is like, i don’t have a lover, i’m alone with one person as the… fallback to my death…

take the marbles and put them in a jar. now you have a jar of marbles, and you can pick it up and move it around to look at all them at once. and yet again, the jar is a cage, but it doesn’t just hold the interior of one marble, it holds all the marbles, who were kept back by their own jail.

and now you look around your room and realize, that the house is a marble, and the world is a jar, and the little marbles that you hold all become something more special to who you are, because they’re just like you. if only you’d learn from your own situation and let them out of their prison…

but that’s the nature of the world, what i can’t have, you can’t have either. and i can only empathize with what i make you go through, late late in life when i’ve long realized that it was my fault all along.

feeling guilt about spending money

i am writing this on the same day as i’m writing pouring my heart out 1; this comes as a side tangent maybe, but the experience of being with my friends for my (late) birthday party attracted a new kind of guilt upon ordering food, buying gifts and lending money… i feel guilty.

starting with my parents: the same people that, for the entirety of my life, taught me that spending money is the biggest mistake that i can make. money is to be kept, even spending it in yourself is a waste if it’s not the bare minimum.

and you see, max, the true issue is your inaction. anything that happens, you sit and wallow and take in—if you would’ve taken all your breaks and made an action to change them, your life would not have to be so hard.