The music flows in isolation, the drink seems to be without end. Sunlight is a nice touch today as it has been so drab these last few days. This has made it rather hard to find my mind throughout the emotional difficulty that has drawn on. Maybe it was a come down, leaving the country home. Maybe this is the lack of dopamine that you find when your LSD has run its course out of your system, you haven't slept, and you are hungover from the unfelt liquor you consumed to distract you from your mind. Luckily, the comedown is over, maybe it wasn't a comedown, maybe it was just raining. It is indeed harder to feel happiness when sunlight is gone. I am sure some scientist has proven that, I feel no need to google it and find out.

I feel happy with the freedom experienced at the moment. It is a strange thought, to find happiness in the results of a situation such as this. Is that selfish? Is it proactive? There is nothing better than the paradox of two equally valid yet combatting ideas. I think a lot about what has happened to the economy, and the idea that times such as this when everything is so hurt is the time to make the most money trading. That in itself is a horrible thought but not quite the reason I had brought it up. I keep coming back to Expedia. If you sit as a trader there are two equally valid ways to see this. No one is traveling so it will go down. Prices are cheap and so more people will book. Both ideas equally correct in their thinking yet one will be wrong. One being wrong is what lingers on my mind. One could do all thinking correctly, not rush a decision or make a mental error, but merely choose the wrong one. Could I do that? Could the decisions I am making right now be correct in their theory, but wrong?

Are we innately worried of being wrong? Being hurt? Where does the human nature fear stem from? What are we protecting ourselves from? I see it now as the fear

of our feelings, of our thoughts. For us young people I think it roots from the connection social media has presented us, the competition it has created, the never ceasing online portrayal that represents us.

There is a trend with middle schoolers that I read of, where their new popular pose when taking a picture, is to put their hand over their face. They do it in a way that is cute and trendy, but fuck, what could show this fear more? The fear that you wake up in the morning and there is an embarrassing photo circulating of you for all to see. The fear that they feel of this is horrifying to see, the fear that people have of being themselves. We hide from ourselves, we change ourselves based on the people we are around to make them like us. It is scary to think of, the removal of our selves, our one true selves. All else could leave us, family members could die, friends could dwindle, lovers could leave, and we would still have ourselves. Yet we hide that self.

I hope that we can see this trend cease. I hope that the next great invention will add to our self love. I hope that we will stop rating ourselves to each other through applications on our phones. I hope that the constant competition we have built ends. I hope that we can find happiness in who we are and surround ourselves only with those who appreciate us, I truly do.