I want to feel fear again; even if it's just one more time. Fear used to be what motivated me to continue on. When a bear market passed through years ago, I was able to keep making money within the financial sector because I feared the bear. If I hadn't feared the bear, I wouldn't have been able to run fast enough. But now that the bear is gone, I'm still running, but I don't know where. I always ran away from the bear; how do I run away from a bear if it doesn't exist?

Spiders, snakes, scorpions, lions, sharks: none of them bring me fear. Even the bears at the zoo don't scare me anymore; how can I possibly be scared of an animal sold as a plushy at the gift shop. Even if I was dropped in a cage with a great grizzly, I would have no fear. For I would certainly die from the encounter – and there is no fear in certainty. One side of the fence is safety, the other is death. There's no middle ground between safety and death: no fear. So, animals won't scare me.

What else do people find scary? Heights! And I have a balcony. It's only two stories off the ground, but if I tell myself I'll die from the fall enough times, I might believe it. Standing on the cusp of an improbable – yet possible – death, I still feel nothing. Being on the cusp of death is still living – and there's nothing scary about living. Maybe I'm thinking of this all too binary. What if I considered life and death to form a spectrum? Considering this mindset, standing on my balcony railing would be somewhere in the middle of that spectrum: I'm alive, but if all goes wrong, there's a chance of death. Sadly, this still brings me no fear. Regardless of whether I live or die, I'm still either alive or dead. If I'm dead, I can't feel fear. And, to repeat myself, there's nothing scary about being alive. I'm no closer to fear than when I began.

What if I didn't know where I was on the spectrum? What if I didn't know my chances of life and death. Well, that's life is it not. Everyday I walk around unsure of whether or not a piano will fall on me or a drunk will hit me with his car. At any given moment, my chances of survival are unknown. And as we have already established many times before, life brings on no fear.

You know, I used to get the majority of my exercise from fear; my heart beat faster when I was scared than it ever did when I physically exert myself. I wonder if I biologically imitate fear? It wouldn't be a perfect solution, but better than nothing. From a physical perspective, when you experience fear, the two most perceptible sensations are increased blood pressure and increased heart rate. Salt is supposed to increase your blood pressure; I'll just eat as much salt as I can.

After an hour of eating salt, I can confidently say its effects aren't as sudden as I had hoped. Could electroshock raise my heart rate? Let me see what sort of aperture I can design and I'll be back.

I think I've devised a decent set-up. Using a wire connected to my apartment's electrical main, I've attached one electrical contact close to my heart and another to the end of a thick wool blanket – which should provide enough resistance for the electricity not to kill me. Don't try this at home – I'm in an apartment, but you shouldn't try this in an apartment either. Grabbing the blanket, I still felt nothing. I mean, my heart was racing faster than ever has, but it wasn't the same as that raw sensation of fear.

After exhausting all my options, I've come to the conclusion I may never feel fear again; and I'm afraid I won't be able to experience fear again – I'm *afraid*. :)