

# Where do we go from here? Life as far as I can remember: masterpreshy ❤️



This question once lingered in my head, growing up in a Christian home only distilled fear into my life as a child going through trauma, reject, abandonment and mental/physical stress. All I knew was: "fear this, fear that and fear God; you'll go to heaven, but if you don't you'll suffer for eternity. What a nice way to teach a child "love". Sigh, love is paramount to me because I do not honestly know what it truly feels like, I mean; I've always had to do something to get it all my life.

## Port Harcourt.

It's the year 199(7/9): Lost some knowledge on my actual birth year, but does it matter? Legally; 1997. Some random diary as old as I am states: 1999. Who cares. Back to the story: My mothers pregnant for me; but let's not just jump into birth, let's explore what I was told before my birth happened. My father tried to poison me even though I'm still forming into a complete human baby, he also tried beating up my mum to get rid of my life, he took her to a doctor to abort the child "the doctor disagreed and told my mum to keep me no matter what, bless him ❤️", but he didn't stop there, he went herbal and got her some poisonous substance to drink and when she refuses he resorts to violence. Why me though? God exists yeah, but he picked this kind of man to be my father...? He could decide on who would become the parents of 'Jesus' or some other entity in the Bible. So don't preach to me please, I know enough and more than you do off those books you carry.

This story will be really really long and I hope to keep it concise, calm, empathetic and real.

My mother gave birth to me finally, I remember growing up In Iwofe, Old Port Harcourt. As a lil child, I already knew struggle and hardship without understanding what it's even called. My mother is stronger than me not gonna lie, because she was very young.. 19 I think, going through it all, fending for a child for the first time in her life without guidance, all she had was abandonment from both family and the man she loved without just cause. (Now I see why I love hard). I fell sick a lot as a child, but I was able to recover quickly (miracle shit idk?) but then, I've never had a break from falling, it feels like every time I stand up a wind comes to hit me down. (I won't lie in recent times it feels like every-time I ball I just end up off side). Sigh, I remember getting a permanent scar: I was watching a couple kids play and then someone slammed the door into my nails (right hand, see pic below).



Yeah, it's healed though but guess the amount of pain this caused me? I ran out of watery tears and then my body resorted to blood instead. I cried blood till I could see figures in the sky (best

believe or not).

But how did it get this bad? After the incident my mother had no idea on what to do, she was advised wrongly by neighbors to try different methods to save my nails from getting infected but it all ended up causing me shock, some reflex happened and I felt the steam of the hottest water burning through my skin at raging speed. Yes, my skin peeled, I was 5 then I think. It was the worst week of my life, my mother felt guilt for this but I've relieved her of such. Shit happens... and oh, where's my "dad" in all of this? I have no data to back this up. Men should do better, the world has only known evil men and evil men have made sure they do not see good in any man or woman.

I did face rejection, shame and emotional distress due to this scar as a child and a teen. I remember being asked to shake a girl I'll call "ZRO". Well, I can't blame her; she was a child and naive too. But that's just one experience, I got used to hiding my right hand, must be sad right?

Growing up was a struggle, my dad will beat my mum up, throw us out, at odd hours, seeing all of this in real time did me bad because I never grew up in a house filled with love and harmony, it was dysfunctional at its best but holding together just because of my mother. She had so much love in her to give even though she isn't getting it back.. she held it together for her kids but she's no weak woman. I always loved it when she fought for her self, stood for her self, it felt liberating ❤️ (WHAT A WOMAN).

I was never close to my dad as you can see, I disliked him, hatred was once a feeling I had for him but I can't harbor hate, I'm not like him; he's filth. I'm divine.

But then; time moved on; same experience year by year. I got into nursery school late though, I definitely did not come from a family that can afford anything nice. My dads houses back then were mostly abandoned lands or rented shacks (cheapest you can find ngl) - First house memory: it was located in a compound with a lil cemetery. 💀 that's how low and cheap. Don't feel bad for me lol, I've lived in better places now.

I was mostly by my mum, mostly by her corner, she had too much to deal with so "quality" time wasn't really a thing for us but I cherished and loved every moment I spent with her ❤️

I love you Mum, I love you more than life it self but life sucks. I wish you had a better life too, would've been beautiful to grow up seeing you happy and in love but unfortunately it was the opposite.

I have tons of memories with my mother mostly, I do have siblings yeah but we didn't get to play together much or even have a time to be normal kids.. I mean from my side, I was already having responsibilities as early as age 12.

I can't start listing all the painful memories / life events I've faced as a child as it is too difficult to remember something you've begged to not remember ❤

Being a teenager was tiring; mentally exhausting.. emotionally draining..

I can't really talk about it but this was the time in my life that I knew what I felt like to be heart broken, rejected, used, beat up, betrayed, hated and hated again. I knew deep sadness and agony as a teen, I always held my heart close so it doesn't give up on me, I cried in the times that I could but I was forced to not cry because "a man doesn't cry". Surprisingly, this words mostly came from women.. and my mother is also guilty of this. But it's the society I'll blame the most for being that toxic but guess what, I still cried. Who gives a fuck about toxic masculinity.

But still; I became numb at my sadness at an early age too (but after it became too much) and I believe, instead of crying and all, I learnt how to how to bottle up, hide my pains just so I don't dwell on it.

I will not advice anyone to do that but I know most times you're stuck in an environment where bottling up is your only viable option.

I faced a lot of heart break lol, mostly from girls that could not understand why I was so intentional about expressing my love. I needed love though (who doesn't?) but in my case, I lacked it, I craved it but you see, you can't get what you give (maybe?)

Today heart break is nothing new to me and my brain and heart already knows every pattern of that kind of pain, so much that I don't really feel good about letting my self fall in love again but here's the interesting part: I still try.. my heart must hate me for this, but then my brain just looks at me and sigh because the damage is inclusive.

I managed to finish primary school, it was tough, I had a years delay due to circumstances greater than me (money).

I started secondary school, lol welcome to Hell but with class rooms, different demons in human forms and exposure to the outside world. I did struggle with my grades but I never repeated, I was just average all through. I was dealing with my brain not functioning as it should due to trauma and stress and keeping up with my grades and exploring my interest in Tech.

I didn't really like school because of the kind I was admitted to.. no one really paid attention to the students so it's a wild day every day but I kept close to struggling and trying.

I discovered tech at the age of 13, before then I could read at a young age already. I could read almost perfectly well. In fact, I could read to understand and not just read. So operating whatever was easy to me, I could think analytically and process my decisions in real time and quickly with

a success rate at: 80%

I was given a phone to fix (software issue by the way) I was new to cell phones and I think I just went straight to factory reset settings and bam I was given a tap on the shoulder and a drink to say thank you for helping me with this problem. It felt good. People close to my parents praised me in their presence, said good things, they said I'd be a tech genius, nice. I loved what I was doing, even though I had no prior computer training or so. No education on computers yet too (primary school era)

I was already inclined with the Symbian / feature phones era. I did a thing or two, I was making money from helping people with tech support on smart phones and sometimes laptops.

(Also do not fail to remember that still, I am the only person bringing some sort of joy to my life actively at this stage too because nothing had changed back home)

Fast words to age 16: I began learning how to code. Oh this was the most difficult and the only thing I dedicated a lot of time to; yikes. It was hell, self learning? No mentor? No help from anyone nearby? Lol all I had was my self and my online ebooks.

I read a lot of ebooks, I gave up coding to become a DJ after a couple moments of struggle with why it won't just stick in my brain and not work ! I loved music too so I needed something to distract my self with because "going through it" so yes I've not caught a break from pain. That's terrible you know. I did some shows, as a kid, on my own. (My mum got me my first desktop computer and laptop after noticing where I throw all my childhood into: computers and not with other kids doing normal kids stuff. Well, it was already bringing money to feed the house through the smart phones I had before getting a laptop. Makes sense? Yes and no. I won't condition any child to be a bread winner because it is for adults but yes life is a mess ❤️

We've never really touched on this emotion called loneliness.

By default being lonely means you being by yourself right? Ever felt lonely in a room full of people? That's where we'd focus on for this paragraph. I went through hell with family members, relatives, cousins, aunts, uncles etc.. I was once made to take water up the stairs of a 5 story building and at every time I fell off track and spill the bucket of water I'm made to do it again but with some beating attached and you know I don't appreciate this experience because when it's being done by someone that's supposed to love you because you're blood and family. Love is a facade. No one really knows what's underneath what most people express as "love".. is it real? Yes. I'm a living proof because I still loved this family member still ❤️

Loneliness creates a vacuum you will want to fill. I resorted to the internet for this, I made friends on Facebook. In fact most people that know me today all came from Facebook and other social media platforms. I am not in touch with anyone from my childhood... I didn't have friends then, I

have a few now sha. If you gather them in a room there'll still be space.

I also experienced dating online 😊

I mostly dated girls from other continents etc.

I think this helped with my accent (maybe? I only know English language like a native but I'm still scrap compared to those that studied it, but I'm better than most I can say)-but it's just a language.

I/O = Input and output.

If you can keep a balance of 50/50

Such balance has to be maintained else one side will suffer and drag the rest into it without stress.

Deep sigh.

I'm tired though.

I don't believe in wishes, and a lot of things you will not agree with me on but it's fine.

Let's move into the age 18. Some things to note: Father finally abandoned his family he's not even looking after, so it's just mum, me and the rest of the geng. Bless them ❤️

My mum used to beat me up though, but it was due to my reaction from trauma that she failed to understand at that time that made her descend more pain into my life. I don't blame her for it as well.

I had a shaky secondary school life, I moved through 3 secondary schools because we had accommodation issues always. It wasn't blissful, idk how I'd have been if she didn't find a way to house us. So I love her for always trying. I still have that trait you know, but I'm numb now. The energy I needed to live through this adult life had already been zapped at an early age. Going through life on reserve has not been fulfilling.

I stopped my secondary school education at SS1. Life was still shaky, no breaks yeah? School was tough, I dropped out because I needed to change school due to cultism and violent crimes happening in school back then and it became a problem for me when I was surrounded by a group of cultists that had an eye for my life so I didn't want part any of that and I asked that I switch schools... well guess what, my mother lost her business and all that same week. Tough life, built by a loving God but the world is ruled by evil day and night 🕊

**Calabar/Lagos/Elsewhere:**

I've hustled a lot in life, I've lost a lot as well, I've gained some, lost many. But loosing my life does not mean the end for me because at least I know what to expect when I leave this crap of a place called Earth.

As the header title states; where do we go from here? Honestly if you believe you're going to hell because you lied about a biscuit you stole years ago well maybe that's gonna be your reality lol I'm just kidding, life here on earth is... well, some kinda place you get to find out that there's more to life than here.

I've left a lot unsaid, I don't think it's necessary but know this: I kinda lived a good life for a short period, I had enough money to feel on top of the world, I lived through it all like "at least you have to experience this before you go" kinda thing. It all happened so fast and then it came down crashing like an avalanche but instead of snows: Severe Anxiety, Severe PTSD, Sickness, Severe Depression, and everything else from the past.

The last 4 years of my life has been wild. I really don't know what it feels like to hope anymore, I don't know what it feels like to want things, to want to live, to want love even because truth be told I don't think my heart has been functioning properly ever since 2019. I've tried finding love and I've hurt a lot of people who couldn't understand why I acted the way I did and that hurts me because that's not who I am but how do you change something this deep? How do you heal from it? I'm still struggling with life on every ends. Just like the early days but this around as an adult. I crashed to nothing and came back up in 2019-2020. Life events. Just one of the major hits. It introduced me into a brand new world of addiction to substances because I needed an escape from my own mind 😊

Anyways, let's travel back a bit: I discovered many things on the spiritual plane / level when I was a teen. That was my journey on taking away fear from my life. I've seen, experienced, felt and come to know things beyond mere understanding and it doesn't freak me out. I believe that's what came about this tattoo below:

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Yep. I did that after a weeks of loosing my mental stability and I want to thank my lovely Mabel for

showing me that in this life I can receive love without doing anything to earn it ❤

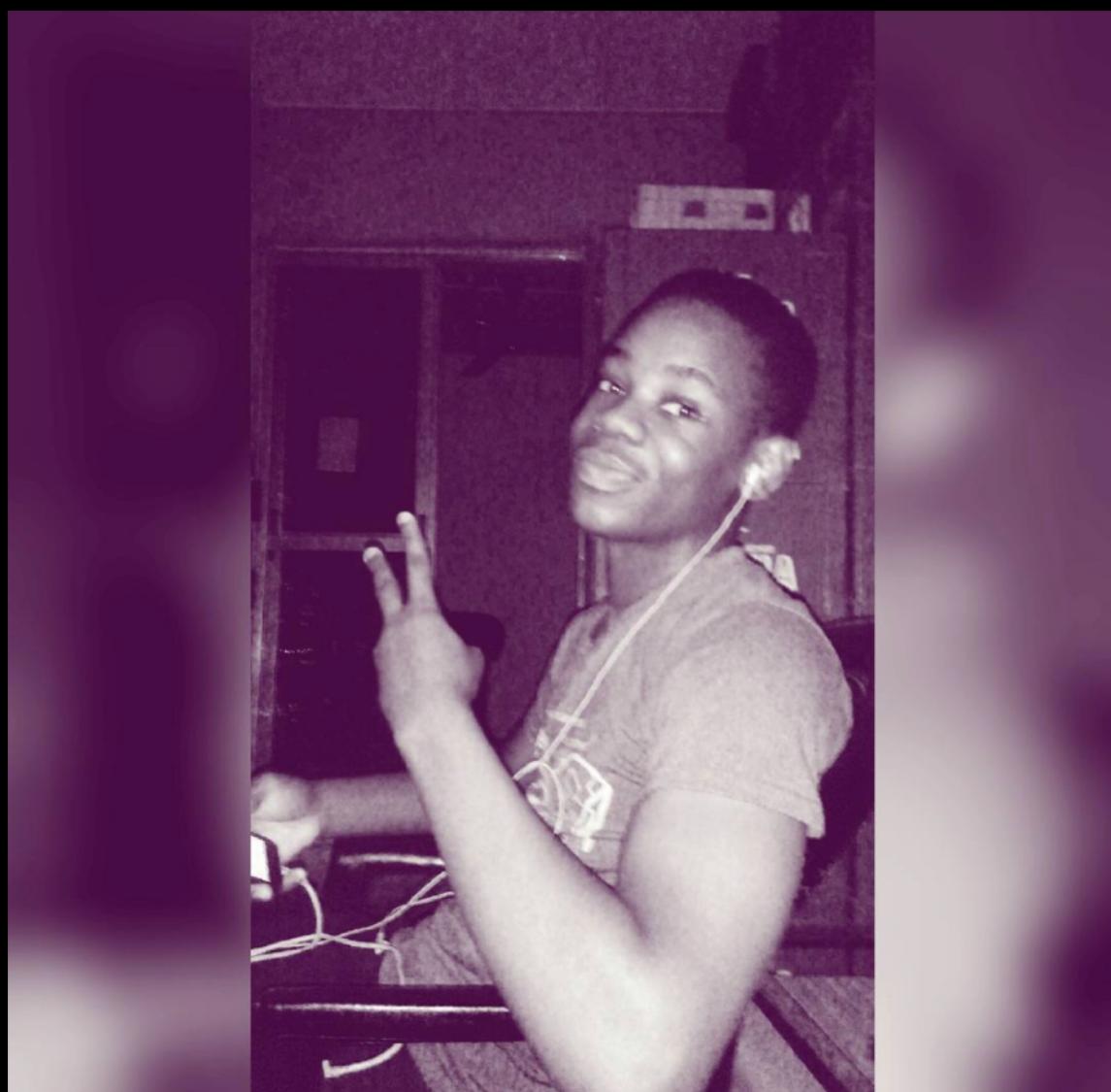
I love you Mabel and I wish I had met you earlier in life.

When I think about my future these days, it's just blank, all grey and nothingness. It sucks but I'm okay with that, maybe my time is up here and I need to go home since this world is already crashing to the ground.

I am happy for the lives I've touched and loved. Those little acknowledgements worth more than money to me.

Don't cry too much for me, because I'll touch every mind that truly feels my departure with peace and love because I will live in your hearts!

Love your neighbor as you love yourself. But please, protect yourself in todays world.



– Preshy. (c) 2016.