*Drifting Thoughts*

Dear reader,

I have written this text in the hope of that you, will somehow become able to understand me. This is also a text I have written for self-treatment… you might say I have my ups and downs~~, but, it is more like flat and downs~~. Good times are rare, sadly.

Should you consider me… mysterious, enigmatic, a keeper of secrets, I would like you to keep on reading, if you desire to learn more about me. For what reasons I am writing this down will be unfolded to you as I show you my life, my thoughts, my principles, what I am made of, who I am. ~~For the way you know me now, is not who I truly am. There are many sides of myself that I am afraid to put on display.~~

You may already have several questions. Hopefully, you will find answers in my reminiscence, my memoir of the past.

Be aware of the fact that major parts may be impulsive writing, made purely out of my emotions, thoughts and reimagined memories at the time of writing all of this. I will tell you one thing though, before you keep on going: I am largely able to look at my life from a third-person perspective.

I want you to know this… besides; you might learn why you should be aware of my odd ability.

And one last thing: Many times now, have I consulted psychologists, but I wish I was… more easily affected, by them. The rest is fully up to me. Besides that, there is little anyone can do to convince me that I am wrong in my beliefs.

One person, though, will be able to change my convictions.

How old am I?

26th September, 2012

White hair has always somehow made me think that I am special, although it’s only a matter of a few strands of hair.

I’m not surprised by that though. It is a sign of ended pigment production. Or, becoming old. For a few years now, I’ve wondered just how old I am, in terms of mental age, or maturity.

I’ve been… more or less conscious of my own ideas, my opinions, how I define myself through my opinions. My personality might more or less be a result of my experiences, as well as how I’ve decided to confront them. But my way of doing things, is more often than not, based on principles that I’ve worked out over the years.

It all started from *here*.

At elementary school, someone somewhat important to me was hurt in an accident. I was pretty much the cause of it, but still. That she rode her bike into my bike can’t be a random accident. I wouldn’t be surprised if she had schemed to do it, however stupid that would be. I don’t remember how the girls in my class started bullying me either way. Nonetheless, that matter was resolved with a… rather weak fist. I didn’t even reach this other girl, but nonetheless, I managed to bury the fear deep within them.

Secondary school. Some guys tried to bully me again, mostly jackasses, or douchebags, or faggots. I consider faggots to be no-lifers who are pretty much mean towards everyone and brag about nothing. And, they try to act cool, tough, being *gangster*, which only reminds me all the more about how faggotry can practiced to extreme levels. At least, I got more friends. Good friends as well.

But love struck me in the first year of secondary school.

I’m pretty sure why I fell in love with that girl. The first day I had met her was at elementary school though, and some event made all the classes blend into different groups. I happened to end up in the same group as her. So we were running around to some posts and doing some tasks, and for once in my school life, I was told to calm down, by someone else but a teacher.

I was, subconsciously, thunderstruck. I had finally met someone who did not intend to exploit my well-known superiority.

My “superiority” was mostly a result of my desire to answer questions. I was never eager to display my possibly extensive knowledge, nor did I seek to impress anyone. I answered for the sake of answering. I didn’t need to be interested in the matter either, I always answer a question which is sent towards me.

It is rare for me, to be completely unable to even answer a question.

At 9th grade, I realized how deeply in love with her I was, because she had gone abroad for that year. It was only when she was gone, that I realized that something was missing. I cried so many nights, so many times that I have had difficulties falling asleep, and this continued until I was done with secondary school. I missed her. I didn’t know why I loved her. But life without her was meaningless, without purpose, without light.

Imagine that every person lives in their own world, inside their minds. Imagine forests, lakes, the sky, clouds, the sun – these decorate your world. Whatever they may symbolize, I cannot say. But they give a color to your world, your personality. They define your emotions. You basically live in your own island, with bridges to other worlds. Relationships.

I had some conflicts with my parents. I will not deny this, but I cannot recall any details, other than that they were mostly over petty matters. Nonetheless, a gap grew, as does happen in many other parent-child relationships.

Nonetheless, I fell. My world began decaying. Life faded, colors drained by an unknown force. The forests of my world rotted until there were no roots to keep the ground safe. The once blue sky turned grey, a perfect veil of clouds. My consciousness of how she was uninterested in me, acted as a cold wind. I had little to no protection against it. The sun was forever blotted from my world, it was gone.

As you might have understood by now, I suffered from depression. It lasted 2 entire years.

You might find this to be unsurprising, immature, childish, cowardly, perhaps even a sign of escapism. I will not deny it. I admit it – I did not seek any solution. All I sought was to erase the problem.

My only form of protection was playing games.

Through concentrating on games, on performance, avoiding humiliation, raising myself above others, I found protection. I found myself completely unaware of my real-life problems. My problems faded away while I was captured in the digital world.

But whenever I was outside the digital world, I came back to my own devastation.

In my own little world, I would always be sitting on a rock in the middle of a colorless wasteland. I would always be covered with a ragged cloak, hiding all of my body except for my head. The cold wind would pass me by, while my eyes’ stare never moved away from the barren, lifeless ground. A wasteland of grey surface, mountains far and distant.

In the night, I would look up to the sky, when the clouds became transparent. I would see stars, hopes, dreams, and wishes, far beyond my reach.

The moon would shine only to light up my tears. It would only remind me of the loneliness I’ve suffered. And I do believe that my tears have marked their trail.

Never once did I feel that I had equals. I always felt that others were either above or under me, in terms of ability in school. Perhaps even outside. This is but another form of loneliness I’ve suffered.

Many of my teachers have told me that I am intelligent. One teacher who I really appreciated, one who I could cryptically share my life with, was among them.

I would say something like, *“The rose hurts.”* And then he would answer something like this:

“The blossom cannot be acquired without touching the thorns.” And I knew that.

No pain, no gain.

Carpe diem.

But I was afraid.

Fear still holds me to this very day, and I’ve come to fear more things.

This girl I loved… I do not know why I saw what I did, in her. Somewhere in my mind, I believed she was kind, caring, understanding. But she was beautiful, and she still is, though I do not bother to care about her anymore. She is but a memory, one who… somehow, in the end, taught me that love is about giving. At least I can remember her beauty, if nothing else.

Maybe all I needed was consolation. But the fact couldn’t be avoided; she was the sun of my world, my only source of warmth. Everything else made me cold.

What I feared in the past, when it comes to the one I loved, was denial, rejection. I feared that my sun, would deny me of warmth. I was afraid of becoming utterly deserted, left on my own in this ravaged land of nothingness.

I had become unable to hate as well. I would exact justice, and be done with the matter. But what is left, when you cannot even hate anyone? Nothing. By the time you cannot even hate someone, you realize how empty, how mentally exhausted you are.

I was mentally exhausted on a daily basis in 10th grade. The very sight of her made my heart feel weird. A feeling inside my heart appeared every single time I looked at her, or thought of her. It was the pain of the rose. What I felt, was the pain of loving, without being loved back.

Sometimes I even shed tears in the classroom. And I always looked at her, despite that my heart pain welled up at the very sight of her. I looked at the sun for warmth, but at a price – my eyes began shedding tears. And even today, I still remember this pain.

But I could never look into her eyes. I couldn’t let her know. I couldn’t expose myself or allow my weaknesses to be shown. And yet, I wanted her to know. I wished that she would take the burden of initiation. But men are supposed to be hunters, no? According to western culture, men are supposed to initiate relationships. Because of my knowledge of this, I knew I had next to no chance.

Later, I confirmed that I never had any chance to begin with. I was suspicious of it, at the later part.

My reasons for being pessimistic about a relationship are many.

First, my looks. I’m Chinese. I don’t know how others think of my appearance, whether they think me good-looking, handsome, ugly, or if they only consider me not ugly. I don’t know how to deal with such insecurity. This, I have been forced to deal with ever since I was born. And I envy Norwegians for this. I envy all who live in their native country. I don’t even belong to my native country. I don’t know my native language, culture. I can only speak a little Chinese, and that’s about it. I don’t even appreciate Chinese culture.

Then, my principles. One of them is to never be intrusive, or a burden. I have vowed to never be such a person. I have seen and experienced the problems with such people, and so I have decided to not be like them. I wish to become a better person, simply by helping others and avoid bothering them… never chase those who do not desire it.

I wish to be someone you can consult, perhaps, even function as a refuge for some. I wish to be a protector, of sorts. And lately, I’ve observed that I would give my assistance to anyone who kindly asks for it. I’ve never desired anything in return, simply because I consider it a way to exploit others. If one is to return a favor, I would rather prefer that someone do it out of honesty and kindness, instead of feeling that they are in debt and obliged to do something in return. All I desire is to see the kindness of an honest person…

~~I do admit that I may be very exposed to becoming friendzoned.~~

~~But is it not the most likely candidate for becoming friendzoned, who is among the best candidates for an intimate relationship? For love isn’t about desire. It is about giving.~~ Please disregard the inappropriate usage of the term.

The simplest way to test how much you are loved is to let that someone go, and see when – or *if* – he/she comes back.

There are other ways of defining love, and testing it.

For one thing, I care more about what she wants than what I want. Besides, there is next to nothing that I want.

Even so, I must admit this. I do have my wishes. The greatest, is her permanent love.

I don’t believe that my wishes will become fulfilled either way.

I have come to the point in which I do not see any hope for myself. All I see in myself is kindness, softness, compassion, and fear. I fear loneliness. I fear that I may never be privileged with being given love; I fear a life without any true gains at all. And so, the pain in my heart returns. For all that matters to my feelings, is what I have lost. My feelings are indifferent to what I have; none of it will surely guide me towards a better fate. Despair is inevitable. Sorrow follows me like a shadow. Truly, it seems my personality is a tragedy.

Just recently, I was told by a girl that I had said something her mother would have said.

Does that make me old?

I have felt old in the past as well. Sometimes, I feel like years have passed by, while I’m still stuck in this young, small, weak, body of mine. In my eyes, I see an old man. I see scars. I see a deep, noble personality … one too soft, afraid and yet childish, to take a risk.

And I fear the risk, the uncertainty. I fear the consequences should things go wrong. I fear being rejected, as there is nothing worse to me than rejection. Life is a continuous fight. Hope is a necessary tool, for without it, there is no reason to go on… I fear to lose that hope. I do not even have hate. When both hope and hate is lost… there will nothing left for me but pain.

Sometimes, all I wish for is for this pain to go away. Other times, I wish for the strength to overcome my fears… but I don’t have it. My hope has been devastated by my previous crush. Today, 27th May 2012, as I watched a movie with some good friends, one of them told me that my first crush actually knew that I was in love with her.

At least she was kind enough to spare me for any answer.

Even these days, I still do not find my life worth living. I’ve suffered such hardships, been outside the league of my peers, I have so many disadvantages and few to compensate.

My age?

Indeterminable. I doubt anyone will ever find an estimate.

Questions I cannot answer… here’s one.

“Why do you love her?”

Maybe there is no “because” in the answer. Maybe there is. But one thing is for certain; there are many answers that have been written down, and many of those have a good point. Maybe I see perfection in all her imperfections. Maybe I have a dream that I can live a happy life with her, forever and until death.

There will be a time. Of what, I do not know. A time of determination maybe, in which I confess my love to her. Like the last time.

I got over it once. Will I get over it once more?

This new girl I love… it’s another form of beauty entirely. She looks like no others, like my previous crush, in terms of difference. I don’t know if she uses makeup, but it is, sadly, quite probable. She’s into mathematics. I think she’s intelligent. She’s a good student, she gets good grades and all… looking away from gymnastics, she’s pretty much an ideal student. A top-notch student. I’m not a top-notch student no matter how you look at it. I’m just on the level right beneath, just one who performs well, *never* remarkably well in anything. I always do small mistakes, and although I have come to acknowledge that fact, I still despise it. To do your utmost best in full belief of that you are doing things sensibly and correctly… only to be smacked down. It is but one of many burdens that I must carry.

So, how old am I? I don’t know. I don’t think I ever will.

Love is always so far away

There are many things in life to fear. Pain, death, loneliness, bitter losses… even the lack of gains.

Among the first things I feared, was physical pain. That is common. However, as the years came by and things changed, so did my fears.

I began fearing bullying, unkindness, when I was being bullied. It is easy to see how that fear struck me, considering that I was bullied for 3 years. Although my good friends shielded me from loneliness and more severe damages at that time, I cannot help but think that being bullied only by girls for three years, does cripple your ability to socialize with girls.

The lack of gains is something which has always been a burden to me. Ever since I got the GameCube… I got nothing else after that. Of all the gifts I was given, not one of them was on my wish list. Nothing was ever given to me. My mother wouldn’t let a single one of my desires become fulfilled. I had so few of them, yet she denied me every desire. Although my father has been kinder, I cannot help it; I feel that have been given little and denied so many things… so many things that others easily gain. And yes, I do envy them.

I have long feared loss, ever since my early childhood when I played videogames with my brother. I started crying when losing maybe four games, or matches. It was no fun, it was humiliating, I gained nothing from it. It was not until before I became cynical, pessimistic, that I stopped fearing losses. I do not fear losing anymore. I despise losing. I loathe it. But it has become increasingly difficult for me to get upset about constantly losing. I do believe it is defeat, that I should call it instead.

Before the time I had become cynical, I was a young one with clear ideals, and this was at the time I was suffering from depression. I believed in that there was a way for the world to become a materialistic paradise, perhaps even a happy place altogether. But as I saw and listened, my observations and depression continued to break down any hope I had for myself or for the world.

By the end of secondary school, I was determined on telling my crush that I loved her… I tried to, but in the end, I never really got to tell her. Maybe she just denied that letter for the sake of… protecting me from being rejected. Or maybe she was just protecting herself from a rather undesirable situation. Nonetheless, I am somewhat grateful. However, I could never eliminate that fear. The fear of rejection, denial of what little hope I have.

You might wonder why I consider love relationships to be rather improbable situations for me to be in.

I believe my ability to feel empathy and sympathy with others is… somewhat astounding, maybe a bit more than that. And through observations, I have gained bitter knowledge.

First of all, I believe my general chances are low. Who are you most likely to prefer, in terms of relationships? Someone of the kind you’re used to see. The kind of people you’ve been living with your entire life. I was born in Norway. And I sincerely believe that my looks are nothing but a hindrance, however bitter and cruel that thought might be. I am unable to deny facts or claims in which I have strong faith and arguments for. Summarized, to live with your ethnic group gives you better chances in relationships. If you’re an ethnic outsider, you’re screwed, especially if you’re a guy. Like me. Guys are supposed to be the initiators; they are the ones who must, well, earn the love. Regrettably, my fears make me unable to do just that. Besides, I have always hated intrusiveness. And if I’m not even interesting, why bother them? Why even bother with trying? I would rather have them (whoever that would be) approach me, so that I wouldn’t have to be a bother to them.

Second, I have difficulties socializing with girls. Although things have been going relatively excellent in the recent year, my “achievements” in interacting with girls are completely unremarkable compared to that of my peers’, perhaps even remarkably bad. In general, I believe my social skills are relatively low.

I have so many other thoughts that I do not recall at this time. If I were to remember them all at the same time, I don’t know what would happen.

But what if I were to end up in a relationship with someone I love, or at least, someone I like?

I have imagined some scenarios. I have even dreamed of some.

In the first dream, I saw someone I considered good-looking. She said several things… the only thing I remember from the context is something in between “I like you” and “I love you”, and closer to the latter. And then I looked down at my hand. I was even feeling her hand. I looked up at her, and she was smiling. Such a smile cannot be forgotten. It was like seeing the heavens smile upon me… but does it even matter in a dream? I haven’t decided yet. Maybe I shouldn’t.

In the next moment, I was talking to one of my best friends. I just told him I had a girlfriend. Damn, but that brofist was manly.

In another dream, the content was more or less erotic. I will not go into details, but I will say this; we were still fully dressed. And guess what: I was kissing the girl from my class. She had just waltzed into my room, captured my stare, and then I grabbed her shoulders and made us fall onto my bed. The kiss lasted exactly two seconds before the dream ended. (Or three.)

I… I do not know how to judge those dreams. Were they for good? I certainly enjoy reimagining them, but they bring a pain to my heart, as well as a fear I have always had. To love someone who does apparently not love you is painful, at least to me. Psychological pain, mental pain, is the worst kind of pain one may suffer.

I know why I feel this pain. There is nothing that I gain from this kind of love. And if I do not see her, I will miss her, even if the sight of her, the lack of love from her side, hurts me.

For in the end, I am doing nothing but holding the rose and its thorns. One might say I am afraid of coming closer to the blossom. After all, that is what I am.

I wouldn’t be surprised if she already is aware of whom she would prefer, not even if she was in love with someone else. Apparently, when a girl hides who she is in love with, nobody knows. And when a guy is in love with a girl, someone *will* find out sooner or later.

If only it would happen sooner.

I will not deny it. I do want her to know that I love her, but at the same time, I fear any sort of negative response, or being given no response at all.

Those scenarios I’ve imagined? Well, one of them included me and my crush sitting on the opposite sides of each other over a table… just staring at each other. And I would look away, simply because she is so beautiful. Other times this would be on a restaurant.

I have also imagined scenarios in which we help each other through various school-related subjects. Although I doubt my crush would ever need it…

Others involve me and her going for a walk, talking about all sorts things. I wouldn’t say that discussing political subjects is safe for me, as my opinions are somewhat beyond the ordinary. Call me extremist, it matters little to me, as I see no hope in my opinions becoming integrated into reality.

After all, I am a cynic. I have been searching around the web for the characteristics of cynics… it is in my nature to desire more knowledge about myself.

“Remember, beneath every cynic there lies a romantic, and probably an injured one.”

~ Glenn Beck

True, in my case.

“In every cynic, there is a disappointed idealist.”

~ George Carlin

I *am* disappointed. I will never deny this.

I consider most of the world’s politicians to be naïve, as I consider most politicians to be optimists. How else could they keep on fighting through their endless political debates? I also consider them unable to take action, as the world is already suffering from global warming. Will the leaders take action? Most likely, only the few will.

“Only the broken-hearted idealist can become a cynic.”

~ Mark Clifton

I can confirm myself as one of them. For my heart did break, during the years of depression.

“The power of accurate observation is commonly called cynicism by those who haven’t got it.”

~ George Bernard

I honestly believe this to be true. A cynic would never see things that only optimists see. A cynic would only see things as what they are. Perhaps less.

“Those who are faithful know only the trivial side of love: it is the faithless who know love's tragedies.”

~ Oscar Wilde

Faithless, in what sense? I have never believed in anyone’s god, for none of them are compatible with this world. Death claims thousands and thousands of lives each day, pain, burdens, hardships, diseases and humiliation is inflicted upon countless humans every day, and what have they done to deserve it? Is our suffering due to the mistakes of Adam and Eve? Is it truly the will of God? Does he have a Chosen People, if he loves all humans equally and made us all perfect in our own way? How can evil men exist under His presence? How could He allow believers of faith to go on countless massacres, under his name and cause, commonly called justice, perhaps even divine justice? How could he allow his own believers, the Church, to kill people at a whim?

As you can see, I have reasons for not believing in any religion. Seeing as how I as, well, have been abandoned from His mercy, I could find myself betrayed and alone in my path of life – if I had previously been religious.

But it is true. I have suffered through love… resulting from that, I have little faith in that I will end up in any relationship as well. Besides, my situation and differences from everyone else also contribute to my faithlessness. I have, after all, already explained it to you.

Do you see now, how far the rose is away from me? How I see no hope in my efforts? Can you now see the faithlessness in me, the fear in me, the lack of hope, in me?

The pain I endure, does not end.

Although she smiles at me every day when I go to get the books… a part of me sheds a tear in the darkness. For a smile is not enough, and it does little else than make me desire more.

Even though I might be laughing or showing you a smile, there is always a part of me in the back of my head that does not stop feeling the pain. You might think I’m working in class, but in fact, I am probably not. I am more likely to be trying to forget my burdens, even in my subconsciousness. You might think I am disciplined, but it is more a matter of my principles. You might consider me intelligent. I don’t see how it helps, seeing as intelligent people have a higher chance of becoming depressed. And once your IQ goes beyond 130, the chances of materialistic success stop increasing. Honestly, I would still say that I am within the majority, between 80 and 120.

But I am always denied my emotional desires. Intrusiveness is against my nature. Hate is something I have lost. Fear restricts me from initiating anything. My lack of hope destroys me.

Can you see now, how broken I am from within? How weakened I truly am?

(2016 edit: looking back, I find this slightly embarrassing. Just slightly.)

Anno Novum

My first year at secondary school is now over.

I cannot help but think: how could I not know for more than six months? How could I remain unconscious of my love towards her? Perhaps it is the fact that I still spent a lot of time on videogames even this school year… it most probably is.

I didn’t tell her this year. In the end, I couldn’t manage to tell her the truth.

Right now I just watched a video where a comment… mentions one thing I hope is true, at least when it comes to me. Supposedly, the shy guys who are afraid to date someone are the best ones to have a relationship with. I can only hope it is true. I don’t know if courage is that good of an attribute when it comes to dating girls, or women, but an initiation is needed, is it not?

So here I am, vacation already started, abroad, in a too hot place called Spain. I still can’t avoid thinking about her, even in this searing heat. Not a day goes by without thinking about her, thinking about all the possibilities.

But it’s just possibilities. Watching myself lying on the bed, on a mirror, I could start imagining her being by my side, on top of me, anything. But when the bitter reality comes back to me, it does hurt a little, to know that I am only daydreaming. The sad thing is that I will continue to daydream. And stop myself before it becomes worse, since if I can prevent it from becoming worse, then I will. It’s a way to protect myself, after all…

I have wondered what I would do for her. Would I sacrifice my dignity, my relations, all that which I have earned, or been given? I would do many things for her sake, but of course, not senseless things. Would I demand anything back? Never… but in time, I would sooner or later expect something for me. Even small rewards would be marvelous to me. Small things might not mean much to some, but to others, the small things might mean much more.

A smile. A touch from her hand. Eye contact for three seconds. Recently, I’ve noticed that I require little to reach satisfaction. And if I’m not satisfied, I don’t even mind. I don’t even need to see her smile. I just need to see her. Yes, it’s really that simple. Just the sight of her is a delight to me, unlike the previous one, in which the sight of her also brought me pain. But no more is it so, nor will it ever be that way ever again.

I can only imagine what being loved by her, is like. Rapture, I would say, or maybe happiness. Fulfillment. Wholeness. And then there’s the important question, “*Then what?”*

Well, I would do my best to keep our relationship and our interests in good health. If it could start, I wouldn’t stop it by my own will. I would do anything to keep it going.

Just to see her smile. I think.

*21st July, 2012*

When the light is out of sight…

I watched a movie with my friend and bro, August. We watched *The Amazing Spiderman*, the remake.

I confessed several things to him, and he confessed things unto me. We know each other well, but we both learned new things. I learned that he has been friendzoned with the girl he likes… he has my deepest condolences. Yet I envy him. At least he has contact with a girl he likes… I don’t have it. I can’t even come near to the one I like.

(2016 edit: rejected, not really friendzoned.)

This agony doesn’t end. I do not have faith in that anything can happen between her and me. I do not believe in myself either way. I’m Asian, she is Norwegian. Isn’t it natural to seek out someone like oneself, someone from the same environment, someone of identical ethnicity? If so, my chances are low. And my self-confidence when it comes to girls is small.

I was already lessened by my father as a child, and then demolished by the girls in my class at elementary school. At secondary I was depressed because of the love I could never reach, and now, I am back in that agonizing state of fear and lifelessness. My life has no light, and the shadows are coming back. The storm is returning, and I can feel it.

My life seems like a tragedy. One who does not know how to cope with sadness, fear and hopelessness, and puts himself into countless hours of forgetting things. All of this, in spite of the seemingly prideful boy who does little work to earn relatively great achievements… and these achievements have been falling.

Life has many times been empty, to me. If not empty, then filled with pain.

Sometimes I wonder if being a Philippian would be favorable compared to this life I now live. The majority says they are happy with their lives, with a comparably lower number of people here being happy.

I envy my friends. They… are in better conditions than me. They live among their own kind, while I, despite the fact that I’ve lived my whole life here, am still a stranger. I could seek out those of my own kind, but what’s the chance anyway… Even though I have good friends, not even they are capable of improving my mood on longer terms. Some would say that I have to do something if I want things to change, but if I do this *something*, I don’t know if it’s going to get better or worse. I am outright afraid of the unknown, and paralyzed by the fear.

All I do is repeat the same mistake, when I see no choice which is correct in my eyes. I see no place where I can be safe, I see no place where I can reach salvation or have peace of mind. My mind is never peaceful, there is always a stir. This sorrow which I constantly suppress is always looming. I don’t know what to do.

I’m fucking helpless. I’m not a hunter. I despise being intrusive in any way and I’m afraid of being considered intrusive, jerky. I don’t want anything bad to happen to me again, but that’s the price of something good, isn’t it…? No pain, no game.

I’m probably not the only one. Would I be willing to suffer so that others might be relieved of their own suffering? I’m not so sure anymore. Would I be willing to die for the whole world to become prosperous? I don’t know. I’ve stopped caring. I’m descending into this darkness. I’m falling.

*8th August, 2012*

I was lying on a soft surface, with one girl at each side. They were both smiling at me, and they asked me if I liked them. I answered the obvious, since even in the dream, I had some sort of feelings for them. Another girl, who was lying to the right of the one to my right, came on top of me and asked “What about me?” I said that I like her as well. She dropped down, hugging and kissing me. I could feel the other girls hugging me as well, and kissed each one of them in turns. Then I woke up…

From what I vaguely remember, the one on my left was outright beautiful. The one at my right was just as lovely, but had another kind of beauty to her. The one who climbed on top of me was cute. I swear, I have little memory of their bodies, but they were all slim, fit, and for my part, perfect; flawless hair on all of them.

I wish I could have remained in that dream. After all, some dreams are worth remembering… while a few should have been reality.

*20th August, 2012*

We were going to take photographs today. I did manage to get a proper picture, I’m not overly satisfied or anything, but it’s a decent picture.

But while we were getting in position for the class picture (I was in the middle row, finally I’m not short!), **she** ended up on my right side… after a few seconds, I noticed something pushing at my arm… I didn’t show any clear reaction, but I did look at her.

I have no idea if she was aware of that her breast touched my arm. I have no clue if she did it intentionally, but I dare not imagine such a thing.

Today, 21st August 2012, we had physical exercise, and after our teacher had held a short lecture on the new year’s terms and conditions for grades, in the auditorium, we went to pick up the papers she had us go and get… I looked up towards the back of the auditorium, I think **she** actually smiled at me. Most probably, she didn’t.

I don’t take anything for granted, I’m skeptic to most things, but this… I don’t know what to do about this. I’ll have to see.

*15th September, 2012*

I’ve now come to my second year at secondary school. Honestly, there are not too many changes, except for subjects, some new classmates in each class, and whatnot.

One thing though, which has been a burden to my mind though, is that there’s always some pretty girl in my class. One who isn’t a direct beauty, but she’s kind and talks to me by her own will. The other ones are simply put good-looking, one way or another. The problem, you ask? I don’t know how the hell I’m supposed to handle this. It gives me heartache. Though I no longer have any considerable emotions towards anyone now, I am still burdened every day by their presence. The reminders are endless; they do not cease to reappear in my mind. I am never left in peace; I am constantly in this chaos.

Though the different subjects do help with capturing my attention, not a single day goes by without taking the occasional looks at them. I’m not even interested in anything but a relationship. I really wish I didn’t suffer from that emotional need. So often have I suffered from it… even if I found out the source of my suffering, it would ultimately not lead me any closer to my own little salvation, which I call peace.

The one in my psychology class… I don’t know if she is interested in me in any way at all, and I doubt it, just like all other girls. I can’t believe that any specific girl is interested in me until otherwise is proven. I simply can’t, as my thoughts and feelings don’t allow such tragedies. My life is already enough of a tragedy for my part.

Fuck.

My life is a mess.

*20th September, 2012*

Fuck’s sake… these girls keep popping up. Now, there’s a 94’ girl who’s taken my notice. This is the one I have fallen for, and I’ve realized that everyone else were just… incomplete.

(2016 edit: this is a completely different girl before all others up until this point. As of this point, I still cannot really forget her.)

Even though this is the only week in which I’ll actually be in the same classes as her, this is still disturbing. I’ve already managed to distance myself from her, regrettably, but… it’s almost like the first time. I need to take a look at her, yet I don’t want to.

I guess it’s not a matter of what I want, but more like what I need. And I’m still not even sure about what I need.

All I have so far learned is that her name is Pia. She went abroad to Japan, but that year didn’t count, so now she’s going to have to take an extra year… or rather, that year in Japan was considered not part of school, which is rather odd. Nonetheless, I hope I can avoid any negative emotions.

Honestly I don’t think she has any interest in me, or anyone. I hope my belief stays that way, but it wouldn’t matter too much. Whatever race there might be, I’ve probably already lost it to my Norwegian peers…

I guess she doesn’t really help my day, in the end.

*26th September, 2012*

Got her full name. I won’t be able to forget it.

I feel more at peace, with this tiny bit of knowledge. Yeah… feels good.

*16th November, 2012*

I am more or less sure that she has noticed how my eyes instantly drift towards her whenever I see her. I held her gaze with my own for a few seconds while in the corridors…

I really don’t know what to do. She drives me crazy, and I don’t have the slightest, bloody clue as to what I should do. I almost feel that my stability is degrading.

What will I do if she ever approaches me, I wonder? Surely, she knows that she has my unwavering attention. My eyes lock onto her face as if she is what keeps me living.

I have a fair idea of why I love her. For one thing, she is beautiful. Second, I believe that I have some odd need for love, long-lasting emotional stimuli. The reason for this? I’ve explained this to myself several times, and yet…

I don’t have any emotional ties to my parents. If they were to disappear for longer periods of time, I would experience it all as a period of peace. Their absence brings me peace, for with them, I’ve never truly had it. Only when they are gone, can my soul remain comfortable.

Her beauty is quite simply of an entire level entirely. I’ve never seen anyone as beautiful as she is. Years, decades, perhaps *lifetimes* must pass by for such an experience to be repeated in the way I’ve felt this. I don’t know what would happen if I ever saw someone more beautiful than her, as I can’t even make myself believe that such a thing is possible. Her long, sandy/brown hair, is somewhat wild – in the corridors, I saw her cover a bit less than half of her face with her hair. I swear, that was just… that drove my mind so crazy I had to shut out everything I could think of.

My final thoughts for now? She is a truly beautiful girl. Nothing will change that. Even though she drives me crazy, at times, she keeps me stable in the long term.

I will always be grateful for that.

*20th December, 2012*

So, I looked into her eyes for a few seconds. She noticed by the corner of her eye, and… not surprisingly, she was looking in my direction. Or maybe even past me into the gymnastics hall.

Sigh… she’s still like a drug to me. I can’t see her too often. It’s destabilizing, it… hurts me. To see that the source of that which I desire, that which I have never truly felt – love – it hurts me to see this source, when I have no means of reaching to her.

It’s not improbable that she knows.

Fucking shit.

*7th January, 2013*

It has worsened.

The consequences of me not drugging my mind to death with the aid of distractions, has come once more. I have… come to new “conclusions”.

I may be a pathetic loser, the kind of person to give up early without even trying. I might be a lazy fuck, a socially unfit person. I don’t care either way – this is who I have become.

But it’s all about what perspective one chooses to assume is the correct.

Personally, I don’t think there’s any quite correct way to view me, or anyone, for that matter.

I blame my parents. They have always suffered from the need of being the ones in power, never having heard of the concept “give and take”, or at least, not being actively engaged in it. My father’s need of constantly being “the man of the house” has taken its toll on me. At least, I have learned what my parents did wrong.

That’s pretty much all I remember – what they did wrong.

*22nd January, 2013*

I don’t know how this has all come to me, but… well.

I don’t believe in any ability for me to bond with my parents. They are just… the ones who take care of me.

I don’t know what “home” feels like.

There are few things in the world that I care about – my friends, my brother, and *her*. I don’t think I can ever forget her name. I can imagine her looks at any time as well. Such… beauty.

Nietzsche said something about art – that to appreciate art, is one of the most important things in life, if not *the* most important. In a way, I can see what he means. The most beautiful form of art – that which is the most beautiful… to appreciate that, is indeed important. In this cruel world, I have endured partly through appreciating *her*…

And yet, I do not know what to do.

*29th January, 2013*

I constantly keep meeting these truths that I innately know, but have not yet become conscious of.

Beauty – it is something eternal. It does not matter what the person – in my case, a girl – does, she is always beautiful. To be mesmerizing, pretty, cute, adorable – none of these attributes are constant, because there’s so many ways to look at these. But the beautiful ones… they remain.

When I was a small child, I do believe I had some vague hopes of seeing some of my parents’ good sides. Somehow, I was just waiting for them to show me some light in this world. Instead, I did not get to see this light.

I’d say that I dismissed their good sides, as time passed. Whatever it was that they showed to me, I perceived it all as deception, moments, things that would just pass by and belong to the past. Nothing good about them was constant, eternal – at least, to my eye. It is fully possible that I can no longer see things from certain angles, I admit that, but I cannot see any bright sides about them. All I see is their feeble attempts at… well, raising a child.

I have disowned them as my parents, in my mind. They are not much more but caretakers. Whatever it is that can be observed on the surface, well, that’s just on the surface. Deep down inside me, there is something entirely different.

Only now did I notice that one of my published articles on the newspapers… only now did I see when it had to come to me that I was, in my mind, an orphan.

~Translated to the best of my ability

Am I in love?

Every day it happens. I see her. She is special to me, but I cannot understand why. I like her. Yes, but why?

First day I met her was at the elementary school, and already then I was astonished. She treated me as a common person, something I rarely experienced. No pressure on being “smart”. It was relieving.

She makes me crazy. Every time I see her, I cannot think clearly. What is this? This dark, cold world I’ve lived in as a victim of bullying, is becoming warm. It becomes bright, for the first time!

But I am afraid that she will not be with me. Every time I cannot see her, I long for this warmth that emanates from her. She makes me whole, something I haven’t felt for a long time. She gives me happiness, a feeling I’ve forgotten. And she has a tight grip on my heart, without knowing it. Am I truly in love, or desperate for this warmth?

Cold (14)

Back then, I had already realized that I was cold, left alone in a world without heat, without a sun.

I still rest in this cold, desolate world. I look to the moon, and revel in its light. Despite that the light is so weak, it gives me peace. But then again, night is almost exclusively the time I don’t have to worry about my parents’ presence. I don’t need to care in the night, when they are asleep, for their absence is my peace.

I feel nothing but disgust and anger towards them. These people… I could have reported them to the police, but I haven’t. For the sake of everyone but me, I have endured.

How I long for love. Maybe I do remember the sheer bliss of it, but perhaps the sorrow of having lost it has overcome that?

*25th February, 2013*

I’ve been conscious of my feelings recently, towards my… biological parents.

The reason I call them that is because I have no positive emotional feelings or any positive hopes for my relationship with them. I do not recall positive memories, and I don’t feel any better at the sight on them. On the contrary, I feel disgust at the sight of my father. I have quite simply no feelings for my mother either way.

Sometimes I wonder if I am a cruel person. In some ways, I most certainly am a coldhearted guy. After all that I have suffered, I wouldn’t expect any different, but maybe not to this degree. The grudges I have… I don’t make any attempts to recall them, it’s an automatic process, but I do try to hold these grudges back, contained within my subconscious.

Even though I am a patient person, when someone oversteps that patience, there really is no way for me to forgive such people. My parents have crossed that boundary so many times, that I cannot allow myself to wait for anything positive from them.

Oh, I went to training yesterday. It felt sort of good, but it didn’t manage to get me beyond the point of *no bad feelings*. I’m pretty sure that it is due to the fact that I have yet to find something considerably positive in my life.

And then there’s the ball on this Friday. I’m not looking particularly much forward to it. All I hope for is a decent-looking girl.

For some reason, there’s a teary wish within me that *she* becomes my partner for that evening. As if that’s going to happen; I don’t have the courage to request her to become my partner, and I doubt she would request hers to be me. I don’t even know if she is going to participate.

Absurd thinking, right? I’ve been suffering this from time to time now, thinking about the possibilities that lie far ahead in the future.

Then again, I currently have no plans about living beyond 2020. My patience is the other thing that keeps me alive. My moral opinions and my patience are all that is left. And a little bit of incredibly naïve hope I keep trying to kill, in vain of course.

*13th March, 2013*

I had the most wonderful dream. I met a dark-haired girl, whose hair was almost black. She was a beauty, a European with Nordic looks, at least. And somehow, she had even read all my texts, including my autobiographic material, even this text. Her voice was soft, and so endlessly inviting.

She was so gentle, kind, and smiling. And in that dream, she brought out my own smile. I cannot remember any kissing, but I can remember being somewhere with her, on a trip.

I do have an idea of how this happened. A good friend of mine, who’s turning 18 in a few months, well, he has a girlfriend. She wants to give a pretty damn nice birthday.

Bloody hell, but how I envy him.

Also, I won’t be getting into the military, due to things related to my health. I’m not surprised – my condition is shit, however you look at it. Psychological or physical condition, it’s all the same. Surely, no one would allow such a person entry?

Despite this loss, I have intentions of studying away from this place, probably north, at NTNU.

Still…

I’m so tired… when will the agony leave me? When will my torment be ended?

Again, I seem like a self-pitying fool who just wants attention. I can’t help it either way. Even I think it’s pathetic. Isn’t it harsh enough, already? Must I really despise myself as well?

*15th March, 2013*

I have no problems in admitting how I am addicted to games. Personally I still wouldn’t call it an addiction.

It’s just like a drug. Games keep me going; games distract me from this endless misery that I must suffer, the misery I do nothing to change, as I am afraid of what might otherwise happen.

I just realized – or, became aware of – how little I have. I have nothing that matters to me. At school, I saw I was a slave – I don’t live for my own sake. I can’t say that I live for anything either.

And as always, there’s *her*. She who has enslaved my soul, the one I can only have a look at, and nothing else.

Why must I suffer so…

*24th March, 2013*

I am… surprisingly not far away from becoming a truly terrible person.

I have always felt a lack of love, or rather, never felt it. And now, this feeling of *lacking love*, rejection, loneliness… it occupies me so much.

I have been awake for 40 hours, now, since Friday. We watched the first and second season of *Game of Thrones*, an epic story with plenty of intrigue. It was when we were returning home, that I stumbled upon more thoughts.

I am addicted to digital distractions the same way a narcotic is addicted to drugs, in a sense. I could have turned out to become a truly wicked person, but my choices have led me into this dark kindness.

I choose to not repeating the mistakes others have committed, and ever greatly so when such a mistake has been committed against *me*. I know the consequences of such mistakes, such… *crimes*. I will not have them be repeated. I believe in leading by example. One has to set an example, or else one might end up as a hypocrite, or one who speaks only words and no actions.

Here I sit, viewing the moon in the window next to my computer. My moon, however… so often is she hidden behind a veil of clouds, that I can only barely see. For my sky is just as grey as the clouds are – there is no dawn, there is no day. In my world, there is only sunset, and the night. I see no summer or spring, only winter and autumn. The beginning of a fall, and then the fall itself.

Is it not at moments such as these, that one values not one’s own life?

Is it not when all your desires *are* out of your reach, that you start deeming your life utterly worthless, meaningless… in which suicide becomes the only release from this realm of mortality, agony, and unending torment? Is it not at such moments that one’s life is a prison?

However inconsiderate all of this may sound, is it not because I have never felt that anybody cares about me? I have always felt lonely, without anybody who would support me. I feel as if I stand alone, among large crowds. No one turns a head to me, and eyes shy away.

Victim thinking, cowardice, cynicism, pessimism, hopelessness, grief, loneliness, depression, sorrow, lovesickness, love… these are all things that I suffer from. Name some others, and I would probably give swift and truthful answers.

Also… when we left, I asked if I looked any different from how I normally look. I thought I usually looked as tired as I was; turns out I do look a bit different after having been awake for such a long time.

But inside, I felt just as tired. Nothing ever changes. I cannot change anything either. I have no power. I have no courage. All I have is fear, pain, agony. Sorrow is everything there is.

When will I be rescued from this endless solitude? When can I be freed? When can I have a home? When can I love someone, who in turn loves me?

And the only answer there is, is silence.

*18th April, 2013*

So distraught, and yet only at the age of seventeen.

I have… in a way, forgotten about her.

Due to the fact that I almost never see her anymore, I hardly think of her. And still, I play games. I still drug my brain, suppressing my thoughts.

Has the moon finally set? Have I lost even her? Even if I did get to see her again… so what? Would it matter, would it do any good to me? This pain isn’t the same anymore. It feels like I have *lost* someone… as if I’ve lost that which keeps me going, that which keeps my eyes open.

I know that if I am left without any love, I will end my existence. Someday, I will end the beating of this cold, broken heart with my own hands.

How bad is it, I wonder, when you truly feel a physical pain in your heart, when your chest is tingling with the feeling that always comes with this pain of the mind? How horrible can it be, when you have no family, when you have so few things that can only come close to being valuable, when life is bleak and colourless?

Forlorn, I am. And all of its synonyms – lonely, lost, pitiful, neglected, abandoned, forsaken, deserted, desolate, sad, pitiful, dejected, despondent, unhappy, hopeless, desperate, miserable. Despite whatever good attributes I may have, does any of that matter? It has led to nothing that I value.

*20th April, 2013*

I know it. I am certain of it – one day, I will decide to erase my consciousness. One day, I shall decide to end this meaningless existence.

What is there in this life that I truly desire? What is it that I would sacrifice everything else for? I would sacrifice everything for her. If only I could stay with her, nothing would impede me anymore. She can free me from these shackles of mine… the shackles of my mind, my feelings.

The chains that have long bound me to this cruel fate, this suffering… I can give them many names. Pessimism, cynicism, hopelessness, despair, loneliness, cowardice, fear, pity, tragedy, pain, egoism, self-defense – but who am I to judge?

Nonetheless, do I not have a right to at least express my desire for bliss? Is it not a human right, to search for happiness? So what if it is, what arguments are there to support such a preposterous proclamation? *Rights* are human constructions meant to aid the less fortunate in our divided societies… maybe situations such as my own are among the reasons that it is a common right? Maybe pity for the unfortunate really *is* important for mankind, as groups and individuals?

I know that someday I will decide to end my life. I can truly feel pain now, in my heart. It’s not just the prickling feeling in my chest, but it is truly pain in my heart’s area. Is it not enough of an expression of how much I need this pain to end? How much worse can this become?

Of course, the only way it can become worse… is the day I truly decide to throw away this pitiful life of mine.

The child within me… was never fulfilled. Whatever emotional safety I was supposed to feel, there never was any of it. I didn’t truly have emotions back then… it was all about enjoyment and boredom. The day such strong emotions struck me… was the beginning of this unending agony.

Never did I have any safe emotional ties, in my childhood. My brother, who often beat me in videogames, making me cry from such loss streaks… my mother, who caressed me only after my father had beaten me… how was I supposed to ever feel safe? I was not allowed to make any opposition. Naturally, I didn’t grow up with the feeling of having an environment in which my feelings wouldn’t get hurt. I had no place I could call a safe haven… I have never had any true home.

And now… how can I possibly live in such a cruel world, I who have been emotionally alone for so long, I who see no hope? I, one who has long forgotten how sunlight is supposed to warm the soul, one who knows only the night and the cold – how am I supposed to live?

The sight of beauties does nothing but remind me of my pitiful existence, how cowardly I am when it comes to revealing my emotions, how fearful I am of the worst possible consequences. Love makes me only think of thorny roses. Birds make me think of how I am crippled, unable to fly off the ground. Houses remind me of how I never had a nest, a home, a safe haven.

I cannot stand on my own feet.

The day will come when the last fall comes.

*24th April, 2013*

Although I consider myself to be a son of reason, sometimes I wonder if madness is the drug I take to escape from all the painful thoughts.

The one I love… the sight of her is more or less like a drug. However painful it is, is it perhaps a lesser pain than what I would otherwise be exposed to? Or is it a bittersweet agony I’ve brought onto myself on my own accord?

And that smile… it is among the most painful things there are to my existence. Whatever hope emerges when I see her smile, some part of me instantly kills that hope, in order to erase the chance of disappointment beyond my toleration.

As a son of reason, I would illustrate myself somewhat like this: chained and bound to reason, it also includes that my feelings and worst desires are held back, unable to become reality.

I am also conscious of how weak I am. There’s no way I can stand on my own feet for long. The fall continues ever so steadily… and one day, I will hit the bottom, and fade away from this world.

My whole life has been loveless, one way or another. Not like I ever was on the receiving end… I’ve never been fortunate, either way.

And so, hope becomes the greatest evil there is, for it delivers only pain.

Fucking Nietzsche.

*14th May, 2013* Soundtrack: *So long sentiment*

*~Celldweller*

I don’t know what to think anymore.

My mind drifts off into nowhere, and suddenly it’s all back to her. And I can’t stop thinking about her. It doesn’t matter what time of the day it is, where I am, or what I’m doing. I’m stuck with her in my mind.

I’ve become dizzy twice now, from drinking a bit of aquavit. I’m not completely sure if it’s really placebo or the alcohol dulls the pain, but whatever. It doesn’t work too well.

Still, I’m sure that things are bad when I can even feel physical pain *in* my chest. When I see the skies, I’m always reminded of my own world, how it sometimes overlaps the real world… how my own skies are always grey, colourless, lifeless, *dead*.

And nothing ever changes. I keep escaping into games, and… well, it’s a safe place for me. It’s one of the few places I can feel the sense of achievement. I can only wonder how long this feeling will last.

*19th May, 2013 Soundtrack: Song from a Secret Garden*

*~Secret Garden*

I wonder, now, how it was ever possible for me to love.

Brought up without ever feeling love, only a loose attachment that sooner or later was severed by me… how did I rediscover this spark of love, the only life force that remains within my cold, withered soul? Who or what is the cause of this?

I would describe my childhood in another way now. As my suffering kept growing ever worse, I began burying everything. I buried everything related to my family beneath hours of playing videogames, time with my friends. In time, whatever consciousness I had about the state of my life and my feelings vanished.

And then, the moment of rediscovery. The first time I fell in love was the moment I awakened in a desecrated wasteland, filled with snow, rain, a grey veil I later recognized as the sky in my world. It’s not even clouds, anymore… the grey color *is* the sky itself. For even in the real world, I am always reminded of that grey infinity.

The moment I awakened, I found something sparkling beneath the snow… and there it was – love. Something I had long lost, and found again.

But it gives more light than warmth. This spark of love is all that keeps me going; it is the only thing that gives me this cursed hope; it’s the only thing I have.

I cannot help wondering how long this spark will keep living on for me. I don’t know how much time I have left, or what I can do to send it to the skies and transform it into a new sun in world. I’m afraid of losing it, that my only hope of living shall vanish. I want to live… but not like this.

Playing games is, in a way, getting temporarily rid my consciousness… it is how I can escape all these miserable thoughts and feelings I am constantly haunted by.

What does she represent to me, the second girl I’ve fallen in love to? Is it safety, a possible home, a haven, is it truly *love*? Do I love her because I need her, or do I need her because I love her?

Whenever I look at her, it’s like looking at this spark of love – there’s so little warmth, and so much light that it becomes blinding; it hurts. To look at her means realizing how utterly loveless my life has been – and how afraid I am of coming closer, trying to change this spark of love into something else. I am afraid of that it will turn into a fire. I’m afraid I won’t ever witness the light of the sun… that I won’t ever feel the true warmth of love. I am afraid of being lost, left alone in this cold, barren wilderness.

I am no longer on a simple hill, in this cold, barren wasteland. The hill has grown and taken a new form entirely, for I see ever clearly who and what I am.

In this cold, barren land, I am sitting on a cliff, high up on a mountain. Beyond the edge in front of me, is only a fall from which there is no return. In front of me is where the sun should rise. The mist that surrounds this tall mountain top is my feelings. The cold has stopped reaching me for a long time, as it is now within me as well. I sit here, quietly, witnessing my spark of love that’s just sitting right in front of me. I like to imagine *her* being close to me, smiling, touching me ever so softly.

I’ve realized now a couple of reasons for why I am such a sensitive guy. Due to whatever lack of kindness there was in my childhood, the joy of finally *being given something with only my wishes in mind* is just… though it reminds me of the pain I’ve experienced, it also brings me such joy and hope, hope for not only mankind, but hope for my own future. It would make me feel like this world is safer.

And if, however improbable I consider it, I would ever come into a relationship, I would shed tears of happiness – for that I may finally feel love, that I may finally feel warmth, that this world of mine may finally make a change for the better.

And I would finally gain hope that I wouldn’t doubt. At least not too much doubt.

*3rd June, 2013*

Whatever certainty I had about “love”, is no more.

I don’t know if it is truly love that I feel for her. I constantly feel a need for someone I can return to, a place I can call *home*, a place for *me* to return to. Though there might be some egocentric sound to it, I still feel that I need such a place. I need someone who can comfort me, someone I can be safe with… someone to convince me that life is truly worth it.

In a sense, I still need some sort of parental figure. But it’s not quite that either – it’s a hole that can no longer be truly filled.

And then there’s *her* again. I don’t quite know what it is that I desire from her, or what I want to do for her, if anything at all. If anything, I would just cry in front of her, embrace her, lean on her.

I still feel that child within me, writhing, sobbing without end. That part of me which just seeks to be comforted, that part which has suffered for so long…

I always try to put that child to sleep, and if not in peace, then in silence.

I just want to feel the warm embrace of a woman who could make a home for me. I want memories that outweigh the burden of this nightmare I’ve been living every day since I was born. I want to live, but all of this suffering brings life only closer to a living hell.

And then comes the moment in which I lose all focus, all concentration – and all that remains is the gloomy mood of mine, tiredness. A sigh or two; heavy breathing, no focus point in sight. Listening to sad music, to let go of the lid.

And so I keep drifting, hoping, dying… as I wait for this spark to fly on its own, and grow into a sun. Sitting on the edge of a cliff, I wait, staring deep down at the chasm beneath, knowing full well that I may never see a beautiful, colorful world if I jump down there. And even though I can no longer remember what colors mean to me, I wait.

And I wait in torment.

*22nd June, 2013*

Vacation has begun. That’s well and all, but… I can only wonder how next year will be.

On Thursday, I left a drawing of a rose in front of *her* front door. I don’t know if she ever got it, but… well, I haven’t seen her at all lately. I didn’t get to see her yesterday either. Not that it would change anything, either way.

Still, I wonder if I’ll end up in the same class as her, next year, be it in one or more subjects. I am almost afraid of being in the same class as her, as it would ultimately distract me to even higher levels. And most certainly not in any good way, if things keep going the way they are.

I don’t blame her for… well, ignoring me. I am afraid of coming close to her in any way at all. Guys are expected to be the confronting ones, the initiators. But I cannot fulfill that role. I wonder now, if it is correct to write “cannot” instead if “don’t want to”. I could use either one of them nonetheless.

The heartache never stops. It keeps returning, persistently. All I can do is to distract myself, focus on something from which I have minimal losses, and overshadowing gains. The child within me, the need for someone to care for me, cries evermore. The overwhelming need for feeling that someone I love loves me… it rips me apart. All that keeps me alive is reason, and the self-imposed laws I uphold.

You reap what you sow, is it not so? Some cruel voice in my head tells me why I even wish for love, when I don’t even show any myself. I’ve sown nothing, so why should I even wish for reaping anything at all. It’s these kinds of things that make me desire a gunpoint to my head.

If people realized what freedom truly meant, euthanasia would have been allowed. But I’m pretty sure people will always condemn it.

*10th July, 2013*

Time passes by relentlessly, and day by day it’s a new beginning, yet a continuation at the same time. It’s like completing one stage after another.

Stages filled with agony.

I keep wondering what it is that keeps me alive, what it is that prevents me from truly committing to suicide.

The desire for love keeps me alive. My conscience, my will to prevent the suffering of others, prevents me from committing to suicide.

I’ve noticed more and more what a terrible atmosphere my parents bring upon me. Their noisiness, their mere presence makes it impossible for me to even feel remotely close to free. That week they were gone, I could listen to music on high volume from speakers, instead of from the headset. That, and the quietness of their absence made me feel less restrained.

I wonder, how it would feel… to gain something sweet, instead of removing a thorn in my side. I wonder what kind of person I would become, once the blade is removed from my flesh… the day I will revoke all thoughts of suicide, the day my faith is restored.

I am a doubtful person, indeed. I would say that my life is a testament to that, though. Whatever love I was supposed to be given, unlike most families, I did not feel that I was given any of it. I don’t know when the seeds of doubt were sowed or reaped, but this is how I have become. It’s not necessarily distrust, suspicion of ill intents, or any such negative thing… it’s just that trusting someone fully, *without* doubting this someone’s capability or will, is quite difficult for me.

*27th July, 2013*

I was suddenly reminded of a gruesome thought – how would I react, if she rejected me completely?

Without control over myself, I saw the image of my cut wrists, bleeding to death, drifting unconscious.

I don’t know what I would do, if I found out that I have no chance of anything that involves her. I don’t know how terribly devastated I will become; I don’t know if I will hesitate to kill myself.

I can’t really run away from it either, as things stand. I’m waiting for school to return… for another chance to see her, and in the best/worst case, end up with her in one of my classes. Thing is, though… I don’t know how things may turn out, even if I did get to have a class with her.

The tiredness never leaves me… the burdens that I carry, the weights that never become any lighter, the chains that keep dragging me down…

Doubt, insecurity, fear… all I want is to live a life with… *someone who lights my world up*. I don’t know if I can handle rejection anymore. I’ll probably go call some psychological institution, threatening with suicide. My life will probably be screwed up, and I couldn’t even care less, now could I?

How is my inner world then, these days?

An infinitely tall cliff; and I cannot see what is beyond the fall. But the ocean isn’t far away, and I am leaning on a wall on the mountain, in its shadow, though there is no sun to light up this unending night. There are only stars and the moonlight, friends and individuals who are more or less close to me, some who understand me, others who don’t, some I consider naïve fools, others just… incapable of accepting my view. The clouds above, drifting along the wind, they keep drenching me in cold rain. My wings… leaning on the wall, withered feathers, incapable of moving them at all… and I wonder, when will I crawl to the edge of the cliff, and throw myself over the edge?

And will I hesitate? Will I grab the edge of the cliff?

*15th August, 2013*

Yesterday, I found out that *she* was no longer in the school’s list of students – and thus, no longer in my school.

For whatever reason, I woke up twice tonight. And when I came to school, it was confirmed to me.

She’s gone. The only spark I had left in my cold world is gone.

I do not see any reason to live. I just want to stop living, not necessarily end it. I just want to stop it all.

I’m so tired, and now this happens.

And so I’m left to suffer, alone, crippled, self-loathing, shameful, tormented, fearful, in cowardice… in this endlessly cold world of mine.

I’ve never felt love. I’ve always been rejected. I can’t expect love from my parents, my first love denied me even the smallest moments of happiness, and now I’ve been left alone without any hope. The spark of love she ignited has already faded into nothingness. To not be loved is torment beyond understanding – it’s like having a voice constantly whisper that you’re a monster, and at some point, you start to believe it, because there’s little to counter that statement with. You’re not loved.

Someday, I may commit suicide. If that doesn’t happen, I might threaten a psychological institution with suicide, and thus save myself.

All I want, is that a girl I can love, comes to me and lights up my world. However pathetic I am, weak, self-pitying, cowardly, I could have been so much more. I just need to see this light, I just need to see the sun again, for I am still cold.

I don’t have the courage to invite someone into this cold world. I’m just begging for that someone will invite me instead, in spite of how cowardly it might sound, or is. I don’t believe that any invitation from me would be accepted either way, for twice have I failed, first from my parents, and then my first love.

How can anyone expect me to have faith? I am only asking for mercy…

*17th August, 2013*

I don’t know where to start.

I want to be a good person, someone who can be loved, or admired, but also for the sake of reaching the virtues I believe in.

I want to know what it feels like, to be loved. And even if it sounds selfish, I want to be able to give love and yet be given it back.

I want someone to help me. I can’t do this alone. If I’m weak, then so be it. If someone tells me I’m weak, what good does it do? I’m almost convinced that I’m weak already.

I just want help… I need proof that there is someone out there who can give me a reason to live. I can’t do this alone. I can’t control my feelings or my mind. My feelings control my mind and it leads to nothing.

So what if I’m weak… does it mean that no one should help me? Because if it does, then my suicide would be good riddance.

To feel unnecessary, hated, despised, pathetic, miserable, crippled – these feelings haunt me day and night. Am I truly not worthy of release, into a life worth living? Shall I be cursed forever to live in torment, because I’m weak, when that torment inevitably weakened me in the first place?

I wanted to see her smile, because it lit up a spark in me.

No matter how absurd it is, to fall in love at first encounter, it still happened. I didn’t have a say in it. I don’t know if I’d want it or not, for it happened.

Should I be called a fool, a weakling, for falling victim to that which so many experience, regardless of anything? Am I unworthy of liberation just because there are others who suffer as well?

And so I keep on suffering, too weak to act on my own, so weak I can’t even cry out for help…

I wonder when the day will come, when I will believe that my death will truly be a good riddance.

I wonder if I will ever consider my death something else than liberation… from this endless agony that I call my life.

*1st September, 2013*

I have let go of her, now.

The moment I thought she was gone, vanished forever from my sight, I had given up. But merely a week later, I discovered her again. Some part of me is still looking for her, another part expecting pain upon the mere sighting of the spark that I have abandoned.

I have nothing to look forward to, in this life. Most things are bothersome, a few are partly rewarding.

Some part of me wants to let go of life itself, let it slip through my fingers, like sand.

Or alternatively, sleep for a long time, and wake up in a time of opportunity.

*7th September, 2013*

I had the strangest dream when I woke up, and lately I’ve been able to remember my dreams when I wake up, even though I don’t write them down.

My crush was lying on a bed, and I was sitting on it, my legs arching over her body. I was smiling at her, asking her to tell me a story or something. She smiled to me, leaned towards me… her lips moved, and then the dream faded into awakening.

I barely know what to make of it. Is my subconscious aware of my need for a reason to live? Does the deeper part of me grasp how its existence is threatened?

There’s nothing much for me to do, these days. Every day passes by, and all I do is spend time, waiting for something less unfavorable, something to distract me.

Like watching sand find its way between my fingers, I silently wait as time slips through my fingers. It’s never “my time to shine”… whatever period that may have been like that, is long gone.

Who has the keys to unlock these chains of burden, which I have been bound to for so long? Who would look past my exterior, and see what I am within? Who can pierce the veil of darkness that clouds my eye?

I… I don’t know how long I can last. I don’t know for how long I can endure this pain. If *I* break these chains, I won’t be able to break them completely from my limbs, and there will be nothing to stop me from running towards the edge of the cliff of this mountain. But if someone unlocks them, if someone can bring me down from this cold, desolate mountain, to lush field of green… then again, I can only imagine what such bliss would be like, for all it does is to remind me of the pain.

*14th September, 2013*

It was a rather strange sensation… which gave birth to a positive thought in my mind.

I just met this pretty girl playing a game I spend much time on. To prove she was everything but an ugly girl, she gave me some pictures. Later I talked to her, even.

And again, I noticed the blissful feeling of hearing a female voice talking in such a sweet tone. Later on, when I wrote to her that she’s pretty, some part of me felt wonderful.

Is this… truly who I am?

If I could repeat this, and in an environment I would stay in… perhaps, I might one day… tear apart the grey veil, and finally see the sky, and more importantly, finally feel the sunlight of a life worth living?

I must remind myself of this experience… if I get into a university, I must make sure to change my behavior, start from scratch, and make the most of it.

But I do wonder how long I can keep this going.

*14th November, 2013*

How can I describe this?

I do not live for any reason. I am not dying either. I’m just… alive. I’m… not dead.

The way things are, I wouldn’t mind getting killed. I have no plans about living beyond the next year, and whatever dreams or interests I have, I have little faith in them. Or myself.

If my life was to slip away, I wouldn’t attempt to take it back. I don’t know if I would watch it slide away though. Most probably, I wouldn’t want to.

The opposite of love isn’t hate… hate is another thing. The opposite of love is just indifference. When love is my greatest reason to live, what is the reason to not live, to die? Indifference. I cannot find any other answer.

And this indifference is inside me, even now. If at any time I could get shot in the head, I wouldn’t care. I would be perfectly fine.

As for her, the one who I perceive as a light in the vast expanse of darkness… I almost feel as if I cannot allow myself to look at her. Should I ignore her, “get over” her? Should I move on, rid myself of whatever feelings I have for her, in spite of my dream of… becoming close to her?

What do I see now, in my imaginary sky? Is it the grey sky, or has it perhaps… vanished? Maybe everything is a vast, infinite dark space, perhaps I’m stuck in a chasm. What do I make of it? I know of the poison which is corrupting me… the indifference. The corruption spreads slowly, and whatever retreat it makes, it will never be far away from the state before the aforementioned retreat.

I may never rest… I can never lower my shoulders. I can never be at peace… until the day of my salvation.

And so I remain alive… in a state devoid of description, incomprehensible by my own mind, a state I almost don’t care to describe. I can only wonder when I will stop wondering anything. When is the day when *nothing* matters anymore?

*23rd November, 2013*

A single day without distractions is all that is required to break me – at least half-way.

I cannot avoid thinking about it. I have no plans to live beyond 2014. If my life becomes any significantly worse, I think I’d plan my suicide.

Even worse, I can feel how I just don’t care about any compliments. Praise barely touches me.

Maybe… I just need to hear that praise from that certain someone?

Yesterday, when I saw her, it was like drinking sweet, sweet poison. I imagined a dark green liquid infecting an entire glass of water, and when I drank it, there was an instantaneous moment of ecstasy, and an eternity of pain, corruption and sorrow following right after. That’s the punishment of the crime of looking at her.

Such raw, unadorned beauty, and it’s at a level I cannot comprehend. I still wonder why it had to befall upon me… why did I fall in love at first sight?

And then there’s that one in my class who has another, but somewhat elusive form of beauty. I don’t want to think about her either. I already have one thorn in the back of my head… I don’t need two.

Whatever part of me is supposed to grow up, well… I don’t think it will. I’m stuck in front of this wall, and I need help to climb over it. I’m afraid to do it on my own… my legs are already weak. I don’t know if I can survive another fall. All this time, after the first fall, I’ve been decaying, weakening as time passed. And it’s the only sure way of preventing a complete breakdown.

And at the same time, I know that I probably won’t find anyone who would help me climb over this wall. I’m desperate for help.

Day in and day out I feel how little I care for living. If a gun was pointed at my head right now, I wouldn’t mind that person pulling the trigger.

I’m not sure if I care anymore about what I can become. What matters is that I want out of this suffering. And at the same time I’m too afraid of breaking out of it alone.

If someone in this world heard my wish… and would want to help me through this tormenting existence called life – I would embrace this person. I don’t want to die. I want to live, happily. But I don’t know if that is in my reach anymore. I don’t know if there is anything I can do.

The child within me hopes for someone who can take care of me. The supposed-to-be adult in me seeks someone who can comfort me. It’s as if I seek someone who can act like a mother and a wife at the same time.

All I know is that I need someone to save me from throwing myself over the cliff.

*25th December, 2013* Soundtrack: *Nocturne*

*~BlazingDragon*

*Fantasie Impromptu*

*~Chopin*

I put a note at her doorstep, on Thursday, 19th December, the day before I left for Asia. I simply told her how I perceived her as the sun, in my world without a blue sky. Of course, I didn’t leave any hints as to who I was. Wished her Merry Christmas… and that’s about it.

I don’t know what to expect, of the coming year. I’m certain she noticed how I couldn’t keep my eyes off her, last year. After all, I did have the fortune to suffer eye contact with her, in spite of how I have now decided to avoid bittersweet moments. For certain reasons I curse the bitterness more than I cherish the sweet moments.

At first, I thought it was like throwing a stone. I already know it’s going to fall, but I just threw it nonetheless. I threw a small burden away – by at least sending an anonymous message, I could relieve myself of some anxiety.

I already knew where she lived, but when I looked into the window I was surprised to find that she, like my former sun, had a much smaller sibling. And fortunately I was not too affected by her smile, but maybe that was due to the fact that it was only a picture that I saw. Another small plus is that I found a better path to her home, should I decide to leave another note at her doorstep… which I probably will, someday after sunset.

Then I thought of it as throwing a paper plane. I want it to fly far, but… it falls, and eventually it hits the ground. But perchance… one day, with the aid of a certain magic called love, it’ll fly until my eyes can no longer stay open.

As I sit here, writing down my surplus thoughts, I wonder… is she out there, wondering who’s written that letter to her?

Maybe I should leave a signature of some kind, perhaps my name in Chinese symbols… although that would narrow down the possibility of senders to a number I can count on one hand. I’m pretty sure she has the wits for reasonably good deduction.

I should do it though – what have I got to lose, at this point? I have no plans to live beyond 2014… and besides that, I need to get over this in some way, be it through suffering at a climactic level or through release into a world, and a life, that is worthwhile. The last time I suffered at such a level, I somehow lived on, but that was probably because I had no plans of suicide. Now I already know how I will die.

I just hope that I can get this spark of love… and send a paper plane off the ground until the end of my days.

*31st December, 2013*

As if to get a final memory, one that I wish to keep as an antidote against the poison that corrupts me… I had a dream.

There’s this girl in my class who has a unique kind of beauty… she’s walking next to me, and I’m trying to lean my head on her shoulder. Upon discovering that I’m just a bit too tall for that, I stand up straight again, but then I notice a note she’s put behind her ear… I take it… and I read words my heart could only sing. “I’m in love with you…”

I took her hand. She leaned her head on me, until I turned hear around and… kissed her for some time. And then I woke up.

Before this, I woke up earlier from a nightmare, of a kind which I had many years ago. I was regenerating my wounded body constantly, being eaten by a giant, skeletal monster, until I offered him my crunchy fingers and we began to dance for some reason around that… while I was standing on some slightly elevated platform above the floor. Then I heard the sound of a gorgon, and we both rushed immediately to the walls in the room, attempting to hide even though it was next to futile. The menace had turned back into an average-height human, and as the gorgon came, he rushed back to the platform instead. The gorgon rushed at him, infecting him with its poisonous parts retained from her snake part, while I ran away from the hallway where the gorgon came from. I ran past the man’s keeper who was sitting in front of a screen along with someone else, and out of the building. I jumped past a fence, the gorgon’s slithering still singing behind me. And then it all faded as I woke up.

It was the only scary dream I’ve had since… I don’t know, but it was long ago. I remember that kind of fence as well, with a brick part to the left. It was also dark.

But this second dream… in which someone else confesses to me… has made me think about how someone would react upon being confessed to, instead of just how I would end up. And it also made me long back to the world of dreams… the place where I’ve occasionally found myself full of bliss, in moments of happiness I have never achieved.

I wonder… can I draw courage from these dreams, in the last day of the year 2013?

*9th April, 2014*

For whatever reason, I have decided to confess again the feelings I’ve had.

Even if it means nothing good will come out of it, I feel somewhat certain that it will put me to rest faster than if I don’t tell her. After all, I can’t stop thinking about her. I just can’t. And so I keep distracting myself, running away from reality, from the pain I deem unjust, from the suffering I have judged as undeserved.

I just want a job. I want to earn something for my work, not just wait and prepare for the final grades which can decide the outcome of the rest of my life – these 3 years which decide the rest of them.

I came close to the thought of not being needed… or even wanted. It’s not surprising that it pained me to think about that possibility.

I don’t even want to practice for the coming tests, but what choice do I have? I have to. Even though I don’t know if I’ll remain alive by the time 2015 arrives, I can only try to make the best out of this year.

I know things have to change. I probably have to change as well. I don’t mind that, the core of who I am won’t have to change. It’s just how I am on the outside which has to change. It’s for the sake of my own happiness, isn’t it?

I’ve just read through almost everything I’ve written here… I can’t say I’ve changed that much altogether.

Oh well… until the time I get to confess, who knows…

*29th April, 2014*

Last Friday, I did it.

I basically caught up to her while she was going home, and… I went pretty much like this:

‘I’ll be quick about this… I’ve been in love with you, for a very long time…’

And would you believe it – she smiled. I don’t know what she felt, but… it helped for my part at least.

‘I just had to get it off my chest…’

‘It’s ok’, she replied. I proceeded to turn around, and… go back to school.

By all that is holy, when she smiled, it was like she was glowing. Fuck man, that was… a quite exhilarating moment.

I knew it wouldn’t change anything… I cried yesterday… I still hate my life.

I just have to try getting away from this place, now. It’s my only goal at the moment, oh, and try to get a job too.

*11th May, 2014*

Tonight, I had the sweetest dream ever.

I held her hand… I looked in her eyes… I kissed her… we giggled… and we leaned on each other.

And I had this dream after the last party at Tryvann. Got drunk, lost control… I think I’ve puked, since I have this sour aftertaste in my mouth.

Wonder if alcohol makes dreams sweeter. Nonetheless… after I was about halfway down my 5th pint, my memory registry pretty much stopped. I have really few memories of what happened, except for that someone supported me while I was being escorted out of the area, and… I think I sat down in a van or something. After that, it’s just a big black hole in my memory.

After I had that dream, I woke up… regrettably… wish I could have stayed in that dream.

Oh well… time to distract myself, enjoy some nostalgia with LoZ: OoT.

I wonder if I should confront her again though… maybe ask if I may kiss her. Don’t know where I should kiss her, but… well. Some candy for my weary mind.

I also wonder if I’ll someday end up as an alcoholic. It’s not impossible, the way my life is. But… nah. I don’t feel like I should, but this unending sensation of irrationality clawing at my mind… it’s a bit bothersome.

Off I go then.

*30th May, 2014*

I had a conversation with her, today. I walked with her, to her home, and we talked about a couple of things – Japanese, the languages we knew, how each of us got interested in these things… and of course, about how I loved her, and things like that.

I got to know her a bit, and she learned about me. Differences, similarities… and whatnot.

I also got to touch her hair… and plucked a fly out of it.

The grey veil that I would obstinately see, has become… somewhat transparent.

She’s going back to Japan, when the school year ends, probably going to study there for a year as well, before she returns. I was a bit curious when she asked if I’d be interested in visiting that place. In spite of that she needs time to form some affection, I can’t really help but feel that… she really does appreciate the fact that some guy loves her. I was also very surprised when she said that she’d prefer to have some Asian traits, and that she’d actually prefer some Asian guy over a blonde Norwegian.

Her eyes were a bit grey, but they still carried a blue color. I wonder… is that the new color that I see, when I look up to the sky?

In any case… look to the future…

If anything… I believe the sky will be blue, someday, in spite of everything I’ve suffered.

The little spark within me… has finally turned into hope.

*3rd June, 2014*

I can’t really ever get her out of my head. No matter what, I still think about some way to meet her.

I keep thinking about going to Japan, sometime, and visit her. I’m constantly thinking about what next I should do, before she leaves. I’m certain I will miss her, and yet… I don’t want her to feel burdened by my absence. She’s perfectly fine on her own, I guess, but… I can’t help feeling that something just isn’t right.

In the end, I always find that the circumstances are never quite with me. I don’t want to burden her while she’s away, and as a result, I should really just stay away. Yet, I don’t want to… lose her, I guess?

I already see her eye color whenever I look up to the sky. I can’t stop thinking about her, how she has released me from these chains, freed me from several burdens… how I can finally let my shoulders drop, how I can finally relax, to some degree.

I love her… I want to be with her… but the way it is now, it’s not meant to be. And I have no idea what’s going to happen, once she leaves.

I’m actually afraid I might go into the same kind as depression as I first had… longing.

I don’t know if I can let go of her, or possibly find someone else. Even though I can relax a bit, even though I have finally grown wings… I need someone… who can become my sun. My world has finally been lit up, and I don’t want it to return to the grey state it has been in for five years. Even though I do have some hope that I can make it…

I don’t know if I can let go off her… and even then, I’m not certain as to what I will do, or what’s going to happen. I halfway believe that she’s not interested, because it’d be a burden to her, but… what if the circumstances weren’t this way? What if I had a chance? How would things be?

I try to avoid thinking about the possibilities that don’t exist… but I just can’t let go off her. I can’t shut her out. I owe my life to her, now, and I don’t know what to do anymore, but tell her a few final things, when school ends.

*8th June, 2014*

Here I am, preparing for exam in chemistry… but I can never really stop thinking about her.

She answered, that she will most likely be there, at the closing event, at our school. It’s a relief, mostly because I’ll get to talk to her about… some things I’d like to tell her, that dream being the most obvious subject. I’ll probably ask her what she’s going to study, and where she will study, when she returns. Like… I really, really want to be with her. There’s no denying that.

It’s amazing… to see a sky colored with her eyes. I will probably carry this with me for a long time.

As uncertain as I am about my spiritual life, I’m pretty sure that I’ll get to NTNU. Feels like it’s already within my grasp, but… I wonder, if I’ll stumble upon some other girl, up there. And if I do… will I suddenly end up loving two girls? It’d be very problematic… As much as I want to avoid hurting anyone I can grow affection for, I have no idea what to do in such a situation.

Even though that’s just a hypothetical situation in a somewhat distant future, it worries me.

But on the bright side… I’m not worried about my past, at least. I’m finally done with it.

*18th June, 2014*

On Monday, I went for a walk with her… told her about the dream I had, after getting completely drunk…

More importantly, she believes that I’ll find someone else to love, perhaps even more than I love her. I have a hard time imagining it, but… that’s largely because I can’t predict myself once she’s in the picture. Also, I got to kiss her on the cheek. At least… the first girl I ever kissed, is one whom I love.

She’s most likely going to take the entire study abroad, in Japan.

I wonder if my feelings towards her will change… lament, grief, love… I don’t want it to change to bitterness, because she has indeed changed me for the better.

So, today I’ve only slept for about 4 hours, but before that, I drew a rose… by far the best drawing I have ever made. I think I’ll give it to her, sometime before she departs.

Why a rose, you ask? It’s the perfect symbol of love – so beautiful, wonderful, but with thorns underneath. But this rose, however… the blossom is much larger than the thorns. I find it somewhat fitting that it has two thorns, for I have fallen in love twice.

I don’t know what she thinks about me… I’m not sure if I want to know either. I honestly don’t think anyone understands what it’s like, to have never felt love from anyone. All I ask is to feel loved, but I know that it would be no good for her, and in the long run it would do nothing for me.

If good things come in threes… I wonder, who will the third one be? Who else will I fall for?

Nonetheless… I have to make sure to give it to her. I need to give *something* back to her.

I don’t know if I’ll be able to ever let go of her, but… I hope that I might at least see my drawing again, years after I give it to her. It is the most beautiful thing I have ever made… and in a way, in gratitude to her, and in her honor… for her sake. *Kanojo no tameni.*

*2nd July, 2014*

On June 24th, I gave her the drawing, and bid her farewell. Knocked on her door, said how I wanted to at least give her something in return for everything she gave me… and I gave her the best drawing I’ve ever made – a rose. Although it was an imitation, it was an earnest effort in making something for her.

Here I am, outside, writing down my thoughts. About a month left until I leave this place. I will hopefully enter university… and start anew. Not a day has gone by without thinking of her… I don’t know what to think when a certain social website also shows things which involve her. I’m not surprised, since it probably tracks one’s activities and thereof interests.

*You’ll probably find someone you’ll be more in love with.*

Her very own words, translated.

What can I do other than believe in her? She’s one of the few whom I can actually have faith in. Of all people, I approached her as a complete stranger at first, but asked if we could get to know each other… and she accepted all that. I am in her debt – for whatever reasons shy went with any of this, I can’t help but feeling this… platonic love, is it? In any case, when she is involved, I can’t really find the right words anymore. Feelings, as complex as they already are, fall outside of my descriptive capabilities once she is involved.

One thing I think could somewhat describe the way I feel about her, however, would be this – if she, for whatever reasons, should ever need me, I would answer her without hesitation. Just as she helped me change the grey sky of mine, I will gladly aid her. I am eternally in her debt, and… I won’t ever forget her, there’s always going to be a corner of my mind reserved for her.

I think I should sit next to some girls in any case, at the university. I’ve never been good with them, and there’s really only one way to deal with that problem.

*7th November, 2014*

I had the most wonderful dream tonight. I was at some kind of amusement park with her, having some sweet talk, smiling, laughing with her. We were together with some friends as well, and even elderly people. After sitting through some sort of movie, I apparently stood up for a minute or so, only to have my seat occupied, but I took it with a smile and attempted to stand behind her chair instead. Those two elderly people looked up at me for some reason, thanking me. I also met a guy in that dream, Gustav Jebsen, and discussed how he could have almost won some sort of contest, if he hadn’t hit his leg on some kind of surface.

So I just sent her a message on FB as well, simply saying: I had a hopelessly fine dream, but you could probably guess what it was about.

Ah, the lessons I learned… and how I can’t really let go of her. Bittersweet, but just this once, it was completely sweet, an ecstasy of which I cannot have enough. No pain in the dream, not even in the moments after I had that dream, even now as I write this down. My ability to dream such wonderful dreams, and live in them so perfectly, as if I constructed my own reality… if dreams mean anything, I’d love if they meant the future, because that would mean that even I can achieve my greatest wish.

And if I somehow did… I wouldn’t hesitate to dedicate quite some time to learn an Asian language. Ah, the things I’d do for love.

*16th November, 2014*

Was it a lie? I can’t help wondering if it was. I tell her that I’ve mostly managed to let go, but I find myself missing her again, reminiscing those moments from secondary school…

I truly do not want to burden her. But then I realize again how little I care for myself – and that I can most likely not go on this way.

Sometimes… I wish I could just… truly let go. I keep thinking about her.

*4th December, 2014*

I realize by now that it’s usually a sign of me being in distress, whenever I write on this document of mine.

Letting go of her is… so far, impossible for me.

I can only dream, but what then?

*2nd January, 2015*

And on the night of the first day of the year, I listened to “She Says”.

Upon returning home, I thought about the word “home”. Like I’ve thought many times before, I arrived at the same end – home is where the heart is. I have yet to find it.

If she is still out there, disturbed by memories of me, if she is unable to forget me, and is haunted by thoughts of me… I can only pray that we meet once again.

*6th April, 2015*

Shutting her out of my mind is truly a test.

As I eloquently phrased, my life is a fleeting existence across a sea of distraction and procrastination. Even now, I still try to look past the width of the earth and in a vague direction of where she is. Or I would look up at the starry night sky – look up towards my dreams, where she rests among them, and let out a heavy sigh. Shed a tear or two, over the loss of a dream made into an impossible wish. Truly disheartening.

That one friend of mine keeps getting herself involved with all kinds of idiocy, but she’s apparently also the type who is somewhat eager to see just how far she can go before it all falls down – except she doesn’t want to have any risk that involves her. I’ve told her she should just find some normal, brown-haired guy in bar. So far she has only been involved with what I would call… certainly particular situations, if I were to be put into equivalent ones.

One of my childhood friends has apparently calmed down, and drunken enough for several years to come. I have no idea what he expects, but he was never quite the intelligent ones. Able to see reasons, most certainly, however, farsightedness isn’t something most people have in common. Some attributes are more or less distributed among a portion of a population – prediction being one of them. If not that, then stubbornness, as I hardly see what it is that kept him trying. You can go fishing as much as you want to – but *not recklessly* or without a plan. Seeing as he apparently doesn’t even try to hide his circumstance (which is desperation), there is, naturally, little chance. Even for guys, someone who’s desperate isn’t really an attractive option, unless you’re just looking to get laid, and even then – still not the best.

I’m not worried about the other one. He’s been doing quite fine throughout the entirety of his life. Maybe not the best grades, just like him, but that won’t stop him either, I’m fairly certain he’ll lead a perfectly good life, and I have confidence that he is a rather independent and far more sociable person than me. He Is most certainly admirable in some fashion.

As for me, I haven’t had much progress in life. Delayed my actual studies by a year, gaining no actual friends for the first semester, being annoyed by religious pricks – only in the second semester has my student life been worth mentioning at all. *Quite* a bad start, indeed. Not particularly interested in any girl, but as per usual, there’s one I got my eye on. Haven’t conversed much with her, but it would be delightful per se.

Last year there was this… uh, 27-year old? Spotted her wedding ring, found out she was married. I have no idea what I was expecting, but I knew that the age difference between me and that algebra group was way too big. There was a 25-year old blonde, but come on. Still a major age gap. Doesn’t help the situation that she isn’t quite the most intelligent, and she was also lagging behind. A bit unfortunate for my part, that the course involved a sizeable number of students who were going to become teachers… with the exception of that one older guy, none of them were quite secure of their knowledge or understanding. Of course, one could argue that I came freshly out of secondary school with decently advanced (and interesting) mathematics in mind, and therefore would have an easier time getting into *any math at all*. Fortunately, they had a positive approach to the situation, and we got along. I have no idea how much of assistance I was to them. What little I gained from them, was primarily a minor experience in leadership or tutoring. I’d say the latter.

Right now I’m writing on a train, and there were two little girls next to my seat.

Some things just leave me thinking about it when I’m in the immediate vicinity. What would it be like to raise a child, or a daughter? Or two of them?

Apparently raising a single child has well known strategies, but everyone falls short when the number rises above one. There is no single recipe for success, nor have I ever heard of multiple suggestions. It would be logical that, to some extent, the younger will idolize the elder, and therefore adhere to the actions of the elder sibling.

I am somewhat of an example of that – I went to a better secondary school, and I’ve had relatively good grades, difference being I hardly worked much for them, whereas my brother achieved perfect marks all over the place. I can hardly believe it to this day, but he did make sacrifices, whereas I sacrificed better grades for procrastination and distraction from my own personal burdens. Not much of a sacrifice, in the light of the situation – more like necessities during a period of long-lasting depression, lack of motivation, inability to see light at the end of the tunnel. And when I finally came near the end, I decided to confess to her, and then the rest happened.

If I, for whatever reason, become a father – biological or not – I’d preferably raise a girl. I’m inclined to believe that girls are naturally more attached to family, and… frankly, I need that attachment.

A hurt person hardly feels lesser pains. It is those that remain eternally internal, that need mending – and only another human can mend my heart.

Sometimes I wish I had a sister… or a twin. A twin sister seems like an attractive option, if I had any say in it. I have no idea how a sister would affect my life, but I doubt it would be for the worse. That would give me some decent amount of experience concerning women in the first place.

For the next few days I’ll be working on an obligatory set of tasks. Plenty of math, calculations, trivial calculations that need to be worked through – as per usual I check my own answers against those made by Wolfram Alpha, a most useful tool that I’ve more or less sworn allegiance to. Speaking of which, that is an especially well-sounding phrase. To swear eternal allegiance – would be far better if I could do that towards a woman in my life.

*And on that fateful day… he swore eternal allegiance to the one who fulfilled him, and filled the gaping abyss that was once his heart – which was hers.*

The day I can speak that phrase whilst replacing the male third person with a first person, and the female with a second – will be a truly blessed day. If the inconceivably terrible happens – that is, ripping my heart out – I wonder how great my fall would be. Lethal is likely within the boundaries of it.

*22nd April, 2015*

Such a strange dream – somewhat relevant to recent experiences, but… a girl I cannot recall having ever imagined.

I was sitting on a rather straightened chair, likely in a drunken state of stupor, not truly able to grasp what was around me, but it felt like the atmosphere of a bar in the night. Then, a beauty with long and straight black hair was sitting next to me. If she appeared out of nowhere, I probably didn’t realize. Nothing happened for a while; I may have been just… drinking for the purpose of forgetting my existence. Something happened, and… our eyes met, and soon after, she was holding my hand – and such a gentle touch. I could almost have felt her feelings at that moment, since she proceeded to lean at me soon after. A major feeling of comfort and wellbeing washed over me, and… I think I walked out with her? And suddenly, as if a veil of illusion was lifted over my eyes, I saw her suddenly sitting on an arguably larger guy’s lap, enjoying herself as if I wasn’t there.

When I was holding her hand, everything started to become hazy. I might have walked around carrying her in my arms, or walked hand in hand. Or I might even have been lying on a couch with her on top of me, hugging her.

A truly euphoric dream which I would desire to realize at any time – suddenly transformed into one of significant disappointment in an instant… I don’t understand this. This almost feels unfair.

It reminds me of that I haven’t been trying to attract anyone’s attention. There’s this 1 girl in my class who I find naturally attractive to me, but… she’s pretty good friends with her ex, that’s alright, but what to do? I don’t know her at all. I don’t have anything to really talk about with her, do I? I’m also going away, and if I was going to do anything, I should have started way earlier.

Exams coming up, I woke up way too late, *again*… it’s one of those days.

One day… I hope that I will be redeemed for all that has befallen upon me. Preferably through my own efforts, but I don’t mind being given anything when I have such a gaping hole in me.

And I wait.

*25th November, 2015*

Exams coming up, and what else pops up in my mind but her?

It’s as if every problem in the world can be reduced to that I – seemingly, and in my mind I’m *almost* fully convinced – can never have her.

My sleeping pattern is nonexistent. I’ve hallucinated when I get too sleepy. Difficulties have piled in ways I simply don’t even think about.

I’m not looking forward to the exams, but rather finishing them. But what comes after that…?

I constantly arrive at the conclusion that I’m just obsessed with her, nowadays… having a gaping hole of knowledge when it comes to anything that involves girls, I can’t say that I know what signals she could possibly have sent out at any time. I’m certain that I made an impression on her though, that I considered her… *quite* important to me. But… with her return, which sky do I see now? The grey, cold one, or the sky of her eyes?

Do I now doubt her beauty? I don’t know. My memory, those pictures, all my conflicting thoughts, the stubbornness that might be influencing any sort of judgment… I don’t know what’s going on with my mind.

There’s so little certainty…

I’m feeling like an airhead often enough now. Problems that I feel like I should have solved, solutions that should have been crystal clear… and I feel like there’s a constructed force within my mind that is constantly at work for nothing but suppression itself…

I do not like the circumstances of my life. So many things I wish to be different, and all kinds of craziness and irrelevance that pop up that do not have any truly direct and real meaning…

A perfectionist mind that attempts at finding an explanation for a life of events that are all but satisfactory, but criticizes itself as long as there exists even the slightest possibility of a different one?

I wish I could stop thinking so much about the significant matters… and just focus on those of our mere, mortal lives that last only for so long. But how do I proceed, when I lack direction in my life?

Science and religion eventually converge towards the same answer the more questions one ask – “No one knows”, is the inevitable end result. It feels like I’m never content with anything…

*13th March, 2016*

I actually had this dream yesterday, strictly speaking.

I was watching something, with a girl – all I can remember about her is that she had mid-length hair, and was pretty. Can’t recall if she wore glasses or not, which is oddly specific. Nonetheless, I think I started leaning on her, and then she leaned her head on me. We turned our heads and almost kissed, before she backed off, with an amused look on her face.

As of this moment, after leaving a party which a friend was invited to – which is really something I can’t feel too good about – I’m again reminded of various frustrations. Should have bought plane/train tickets a lot earlier as well, for Easter…

*5th May, 2016*

Of all fucking things that just put me out for the rest of the day, it’s a bloody poke on Facebook.

From her, naturally. Of course it’s from her. Who the fuck else could possibly make me this horribly upset for the rest of my waking moments until I sleep again?

Fucking hell. FUCKING HELL. FUCK FUCK FUCKF CUCKFFUCXOGWOWGEOIHWEGIOFWEIO 2V3IRP QEVT2 GWR HGr13t240g3yn9h p ro qk

Fuck my life.

Fuck it.

Fuck this shit.

It shouldn’t even be possible for her to send a poke but it happened. In the evening, here, and if she is actually in Japan right now, that would mean she sent it at fucking 5 in the “morning”. Which would be crazy. Would have suited me anyway, knowing the uncontrollable tendency I have to stay awake for way longer than I should.

Meta talk: you know, I realize now, that this whole document shows, in some way, how I’ve developed as a person. I dare say, I’ve improved, and also become one of the best possible versions of me. Because, in what ways, am I actually bad, to the point that it’s really something that I should fix? Not much, none that I can think of, but hey, as if I could ever be an unbiased judge of that.

Sigh… I just feel like playing games at this point, in a feeble attempt to get this off my mind.

But you know what? It’s all going to come back at me during exams. Fucking typical that under the few pressured moments in my life, my mind wanders across landscape of crazy fucking thoughts and distant memories that I either just cannot consciously recall or simply do not wish to recall.

I often ask out loud if love is too much to ask for… and now, I have to ask the same of peace of mind.

*3rd July, 2016*

One awkward dream after the other.

The memorable one, of course, involved a girl. Taller than me, and 3 years older, and I was indeed showing interest in her. She seemed to entertain the thought of it, but anything else? Couldn’t tell. I think she had dark hair, like really dark. Could only barely make out the fact that it did have any kind of color, and wasn’t black. Her eyes were some bright color I should think. Don’t recall much about the face except for being something like raw prettiness.

What am I to do these days?

*4th August, 2016*

Looking back upon what I’ve written, I see some… embarrassments, frankly. Overly melodramatic, perhaps, but the issues at the time were constantly in my head. I do not blame myself, really – it was an emotional time in my life. Nowadays I’ve learned to deal with the issues through this… “hysterical madness”. But I probably need to cut down on it, if I’m going to have chances with girls.

Speaking of which, I need to just regain the mental fortitude to go “Fuck it”-mode and just do shit. If it does not work out, it probably wouldn’t to begin with.

Now that’s a phrase to remember. Thumbs up to me.

“If it did not work, it probably wouldn’t either way.”

I wonder… am I recovering? I know at least that I’m more concerned about a relationship than sex. If anything, the sex part is… well, it follows, right? And for me in particular, it’s secondary. *Exceptionally* secondary.

*9th August, 2016*

Gotta man the fuck up and go for girls, yo.

Like really, I’m soon going back to studies. I may not be outgoing, but I realize that I must force myself into it. If it doesn’t work too well, hey, that’s just experience.

I still despise the fact that western culture expects men to be initiators, of course. As much as people desire equality, even our very nature is working against that to some extent – and at the same time, it is for *very* legitimate reasons. But hey, my future is, as far as I can tell, a quite secure one. So I should not be lacking in materialistic aspects, unless I happen to meet someone with high/continuously growing desires.

Anyway, I just gotta do it.

DO IT, FUCKING DO IT

*25th September, 2016*

So I just had two halfway lovely dreams that I can recall, and boy were they strange. It’s like someone is sending a message.

In the first one, I was playing Battlefield 4, and heard a certain voice call out my name as that certain someone joined my squad. I tried to look at the username, but two users just had dots or blocks – some result of failed parsing of characters or something. Lo and behold, it was the prettiest girl I whom I was *close to* falling in love with.

Anne Brugård

I was dumbfounded, and considering my mic wasn’t working, I just asked the dumb question of “You play BF4?”, to which she answered yes. Somewhere in that very short conversation, she apparently thought I’d study in Oslo, and I was expecting her to study up here (which is really not unreasonable).

In some unknown amount of time – because dreams hardly make any sense – I met another girl. Blonde, long hair, large eyes, some combination of beauty and prettiness, a near negligible amount of cuteness. She asked if I know this someone else Eline, whom I was in the same class with in elementary school, and I answered yes, and stated that her hair – hanging loosely behind her – was oddly much like hers.

For whatever reason, she had notably large eyes and a peculiar shape to her face. Very clear angles. Cute and pretty.

Makes me consider taking a visit home… gosh this is weird. Nothing to lose, but… it’s weird.

*29th January, 2017*

I just had the most wonderful dream, and I shall remember it. It is quite the tale to tell, after all.

The scenario was some sort of foreign embassy to a country which was demanding the return of a girl I cared for. The room I was in was one with a giant one-way mirror, and of course I was on the side that couldn’t see anything past it. The building was a circular cylinder, and half of this floor was on the other side of that mirror. It was quite the illustrious room, and decorated heavily with a golden color on the walls, and the furniture was quite luxurious. A red, soft carpet, but I don’t recall feeling anything physical in this dream, which is most unlike the others.

It was some sort of situation in which she was legally required by one set of laws to be returned, and I knew that she dreaded what would happen if she were to go back to whatever country she was supposed to belong to. But the through the other set of laws, if she was to be engaged with someone whose nationality put them under these [read: this someone was to be me], then she would instantly be granted a pass.

The problem was that we had no means of communication, she was legitimately stuck on the other side as a safety measure and her exits were all locked. We had just locked her up there, and we couldn’t let her out. The problem was that we could do nothing about the demands to return her, and we could only wait as the embassy was surrounded.

There was some diplomat who was helping us in this situation; he took the phone calls and I constantly tried to see if there was a way to actually communicate with this girl. I had no idea just how much this girl liked me, but I knew without a single doubt that her level of honesty was the same as mine, if not higher – she would hurt herself even if it was because of truthfulness. She was also very cute, with brown hair, and… about as small as I am.

I was constantly trying to look through the mirror, for something on the other side. Time went by and discomfort became progressively worse. For whatever reason, I had a feeling she was crying, and I knew perfectly well that she was like me in some ways, and in others my complete opposite. She was someone who would think deeply through decisions, at least. I had known her for at least a half year, or close to that. I have some strange idea that I had known her and spent a lot of time with her for five months, only knowing her as some girl who preferred my company above everyone else’s. And she usually had someone who escorted her around – and I believe that someone was this diplomat standing next to me constantly taking phone calls.

And then, I found a spot where I could see something on the other side. She had put a bunch of pink flowers on a table. It was a proposal from her – something about the fact that she had brought flowers made me think she had just proposed to me. I think that, in this scenario, she had told me at some point that if she would ever propose to someone, rather than a man proposing to her, she would be using a bundle of pink flowers and throw them at the guy, but there was a wall separating us.

The demand had to be met today. But we gave a clear message – I was engaged with her.

A most beautiful dream, undoubtedly. I actually dreamed that someone would be able to love me to such a degree that she would put her life in my hands. To inspire that level of trust, and mutual love…

Wonderful. I cannot find any appropriate terms for this feeling, or this situation, but today’s dream was a good dream.

This is the kind of stuff that would make me able to believe in some sort of god – if it is one that does not meddle directly but attempts to guide our way into a better world, I wouldn’t have problems with that. I just have a problem with those that don’t make sense, but more importantly – I can even dream that someone can love me that much. Now *that* is some strange kind of self-comfort, but it is definitely worth remembering, and writing down. (I have written this down within a minute of waking up.)