

I hate myself.

Eddie Englund

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There was once a boy born under one of the worst snowstorms Sweden has ever seen. Electricity was almost failing upon the hospital as the surgeons were performing a c-section on the boy's mother. Luckily, the hospital was prepared for such times and had backup generators.

Once the surgeon had cut open the boy's mother, the boy in there did not come out with his head first like most babies. For he was laying in a much unusual way in the mother's stomach. First, came a small little foot and with it a leg. Second, came another foot and its correlated leg. Once the boy had been fully separated from his mother's womb, the doctors noticed a devastating fact. The boy wasn't inhaling nor exhaling; He wasn't breathing. So, the surgeon sprung into action and quickly got a small oxygen mask that was the size of a full-grown man's eye and thus the baby was saved.

That baby was none other than me; Eddie Englund. From the moment I was born, I've been a giant nuisance to my family and the world. I'm now 18 years old and I do not; have a job, an education (yet), have a partner I could call *my own* or *my girlfriend*, have a body who's healthy, nor do I have a healthy mind.