“I am out with lanterns looking for myself” -Emily Dickinson

I like making things. I find that when I feel sad or helpless, I lean very heavily on the stuff I can control like a pen or the keyboard. I feel myself slip away inside my own mind, giving into the sad, sad and mostly overly dramaticised thoughts that have made their way back as they do periodically like a nagging relative that visits way too often, I turn to the most joyous place I can think of, Pinterest.

I go there and look at pretty things that pretty people made with their pretty little hands and their pretty little minds. And it gives me a sense of peace, away from all the clamouring of people saying a lot of things. I draw, I write and mostly I pretend to want to take part in the workforce and try to build skills required to do that too. But I want to be a writer, professionally. I want to tell stories and I want to take people on a journey that isn’t so much as an adventure as it is a stroll in the park by your house. Personally, I enjoy different types of movies and books and stories, but I find that when things went to shit a year or so ago, I needed to feel the way studio Ghibli makes you feel or watching a comfort serial like one tree hill or criminal minds, something like that. My thoughts also started creatively leaning toward comfort, slow paced introspective spaces. I just wanted to write the way I was feeling and imaging scenes. I wrote a book too, but I’m not what I should do with it yet. I sent it to a bunch of publishers, but to be honest I don’t think ill hear back. Its not negative thinking as just me being prepared for what has a likely hood of happening anyway.

In all of this, I don’t know why it felt like trying this too was something I should do. This is probably not a good idea and maybe no one will ever watch/ listen to this. But even so, as I said before, I like creating things. I still decided to make this and it’s out here now. Maybe ill make more and build on it like an audio diary thing. Sometimes fiction sometimes true, sometimes on time sometimes after months or something along those lines.   
Oh, I’m also not comfortable committing to things that are long term. Scares me that I might have another thing I abandoned after one try. But that is for another day.

Well, if you came and heard me talk, thank you for doing that. It was nice of you to do that. And if no ones ever going to hear this, I’m just glad to be among the electrons, my voice resting or speeding across some wire or the other, always hanging out somewhere.

Goodbye.