

Magic Is Not Real

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Too Kima, my butterfly.

Who am I?

Am I nothing but the flesh and bones?

Am i my clothes? My job?

If that is all there is, why do I feel so empty inside? Why can't I find any motivation to chase these things? Why can't I find any motivation to do anything? Why am I just sitting in my room, day in and day out. I wake up pretty late and I have no idea why. I can not find any meaning with my being. I want to meet girls but what I end up doing is masturbating to porn. Killing any drive I have with myself. There are so many i want to talk to, so many i want to get to know but somehow i am trapped. But where? Where am i? What is this place? I am a very good looking man but somehow I'm not able to get any woman. It must be them, it's something wrong with them. It must be that they are batshit crazy. I'm a good human being, I'm a nice dude. For some reason I am all alone. The gays are circling like vultures. They seem to think that they can relate to me but everything they can relate to is the child crying in the toy store that didn't get the toy they wanted. But are they right? Something did happen as a child but it was not a big of a deal. But it did affect me in some way. I am very supportive and love is love like they say. I have wished for being gay just for this suffering, prison or isolation to stop. What am I missing? What have I not discovered yet?

I'm getting my dog tomorrow, at least I won't be so alone anymore.

Everytime im walking outside it feels like everyone's watching me. Judging me, but for what? I have not done anything. I'm just a good dude trying to live my life the best I can. I'm trying so hard just to keep it together. To finish school. To not be a fuckup for the rest of my days.

My parents keep calling me every day. Everything I want they are willing to buy me. I could ask for anything and they would bankrupt themselves just so I could have. They are in their own way also trying to fix what is wrong with me. I have read somewhere that this is a pretty common side effect of the suicidal people. Their parents do everything for them and in the end they end up taking their lives anyway. I have never been someone that has wanted to kill themselves. I want to live a happy life. I want a wife and kids, a house and a dog. Even from a very young age I have known I will always be alone. As I'm getting older the proof is just getting clearer by the day. This is my destiny, nothing is going to change. I just have to accept my life and live with it. Maybe one day it will be to much and i will perhaps kill myself. I think about it every day. Yet I do not want to die. I want to live.

As I'm walking outside I have a hard time looking at people. Looking them in the eyes and I see something. I have no idea what it is. But it scares me down to my core. Has all of this gone too far? I'm so suspicious of everything and everyone. I have a hard time eating at my parents place because I think they are poisoning me. Why is everyone out to get me? The whole world is against me. I'm just trying to be a good person. I don't do anything to upset anyone yet everyone has a problem with me. Everyone is against me. They want to kill me, I

think. I have something great inside of me. I know it. That's why everyone is trying to kill me and trying for me not to reach my true potential. My true purpose in life. I am the greatest being on this planet and they treat me like shit. Do they not know who I am? Do they not know what I am capable of if I ever gave it a shot? No they do not know and they will never know. Because I am a good person. I am the best person on this planet and they all just treat me like shit.

People are smiling at me as I'm walking outside with my dog. Why? What is their agenda? Why are they doing this to me? I'm just a good person trying to do the best I can with the situation at hand.

What do they want with me?

They smiled again. Why are they smiling at me? What is this? Why are they talking to me? What are they trying to get out of me? My secrets? My greatness. They want it all for themselves. They want what I have all for themselves. But they will never get it. I must be vigilant of everything. I can see how they plot against me. I can see what they are trying to do. At work they are trying to be my friends. They are trying to get to know me. I'm just trying to be a good person. I'm just doing this for you all. Why can't you see that? I am a great person and you are too blind to see my greatness. This is why nobody wants to be with me, this is why I am all alone. I am just way too fucking great for anyone that can compare to me. You're all just trying to take my gifts. My talents.

I remember in school, I was so much better than everyone. I can do everything so easily while everyone else has to try so hard. They are struggling so much with work. Yet here I am passing and all I'm doing during the day is play games on my computer. Why can't you all be as great as me? I have never been able to finish school. I have a few classes left, I didn't fail them because I never even tried them. But if I did I would pass them. That's just how good I am.

The world, the universe, I can see it all. I can see the great pattern of the universe. I can see what it's designed to do. I can see it all.

Imagine if you could see people's minds,

Imagine if you could see their emotions,

Imagine if you could see the soulless giving you a smile.

This is who I am, why won't anyone take me seriously? Why can't I ever get a good job? Why can't I ever get a good girlfriend? I'm such a loving person, yet I'm all alone. I am the best person in the world. I would be the best boyfriend in the world. But somehow they cannot see this. Somehow here I am, sitting at my computer. Going to masturbate later before bed. Sometimes I masturbate multiple times a day because that's all there is to life. Just pleasure yourself at other people's expense.

Because that's what everyone is here for. This is my reality, this is my world and everyone is here to help me do what I want to do. I can do anything I want. They are here for me.

I walk my dog every day, I'm giving her food and I'm playing with her. But somehow she doesn't seem to like me. I'm a good person, I'm doing everything for her and yet she doesn't like me. Is she just like everyone else? Scared of who I am? Even animals are afraid of me. Why doesn't she like me? Why? Sometimes I get so mad at everyone and everything and I take it out on her. Not in a bad way but I might be a bit more rough than I should have. She is only a few weeks old and yet I'm expecting her to behave like an adult. To not get on my nerves.

I just think all the time, it never stops. I'm going insane and everyone can see it except me. But I am so great, why don't they talk to me? I'm trying my best over here. Why won't they talk to me?

Another person smiled and said hello. What do they want? What is their agenda? Do they want to take something I have? Do they want to make fun of me? Do they want to see me dead? Because I don't know what to do anymore. I am trying so hard, and I am a good person.

As I go to work, it's starting to feel like I have a place for me. Where people are nice to me and don't try to poke at my reality. Poke at my being. I feel comfortable here. Finally, I have a job where everything is good. As I'm driving around, I can feel everyone watching. I have almost finished my engineering degree but I'm just working as a delivery man. Do they not see how great I am? I'm doing this job just because nobody else wants to hire me. Nobody else can see my true potential so I'm stuck here with this dead ass job. I'm probably going to get something better soon so why even get to know these people at the company?

It's always like this everywhere that I move, everyone just wants to talk to me. Why are they like this? Why can't I just fit in with everyone else? Why won't they even talk to me?

She's growing so fast, my little girl. Somehow she's super well behaved and she loves people. She wants to meet everyone she sees. Her ears go down and she's trying to look super cute for attention. But something is always pulling her away from meeting all these people and dogs. She's chained to something that doesn't let her be herself. Doesn't let her socialize with other beings. This is the most wonderful dog you can have. But she is chained. Forever chained to her fate of not getting to express her feelings. To meet everyone in her surroundings. But yet every time she tries again and something is holding her back. Her spirit has yet to deter her. Because every day that chain keeps pulling her away. Everyday she keeps trying. Every day she keeps hoping to meet the next person she sees.

Why can't I be like her? What is my motivation to behave this way? Why am I the chains holding her back? Do I also have chains holding me back? But i can't see them, if i could i would rip them apart. I can't feel them but if I could, I would rip that part of me apart. So where are they? I know they are there. I can sense them. Where are these god-damned chains?

If it's not on my body, is it in my mind? If it's not in my mind, is it in my soul? Is it the devil that has taken my soul? Shackled me, playing tricks on me through other people? Is everyone just the devil and I'm the only good person left in this world?

Every day I have started to lose more and more weight, I'm starting to walk longer with my dog. I have started to improve my health and my being. I'm starting to feel a bit better about myself. There is a guy in a red handicap scooter that keeps showing up with his dog. It's fun watching them play. She's so happy and keeps being annoying. As the days keep going I notice a familiarity with how he keeps showing up. It's almost as if he knows where I am. Why is he doing this? Everyone keeps saying "hello" to me and being all friendly. I think they are making fun of me. What are they trying to do?

I walked home and I noticed how some of the cabinets were open. I noticed how the balcony was opened to look like it was closed. As I live on the first floor I stepped out to the balcony door and it was also open. Has someone been into my apartment? Why would they do this? What have I ever done to them? As night approaches I'm getting more and more scared. I don't know what to do so I call my parents and they tell me to use my medication, trying to calm me down. Telling me nobody has been into my apartment and they insisted that I'm crazy. I'm not crazy, I'm trying to do the best I can. I'm so scared. I'm sitting in bed, i cannot close my eyes because if they try to break in i have to be ready. I walk to the door and tie my dog's leash between the front door and a fixed point in the apartment. But I still don't feel safe here. I lay in bed, so tired. With my eyes wide open looking, hypervigilant with my hearing. I can hear the steps of a spider, I see shadows everywhere. I start making up connections, making everything even worse. As I wake up I feel better, I have no choice but to go out into the world again because I have my dog. I must go out for her, I cannot think about myself all the time. Her life is also important. For now her life is more important than mine. I think I would give my life for her.

I'm going to work, I'm exercising every day and I just started to meditate. Something strange has started to happen while meditation. I can feel a wave crashing into me, moving me. I am thinking that it's me moving. I try to stand as still as possible but somehow I'm just moving with the flow. It's like a current, I do not understand it. It crashes into me, it feels like a soft breeze. It feels like water but it touches lightly as air. It's strong as water but you can barely feel it. As the days pass I sit for longer and longer durations. Then I started doing some research into all this. Everywhere that I read says that meditation is an experience. It doesn't

mean it's anything good or bad, it's just an experience. I started reading into the different chakras and today I learned about the muladhara. The balance of your life, this chakra balances all other chakras. It has the color red. Then one day it happens I can feel a swirling effect where the muladhara is supposed to be.

I got intrigued by this. I don't understand what is really happening. Until that scary day that I started to read about kundalini, the awakening of the being. How this is a battle between life and death. When you start your journey there is no turning back. There is nothing but forward. There is nothing but success. It did scare me a bit. Do I really want to do something like this? Do I have a choice anymore?

The days started to get weird, the days went on for longer. I started to get more present in the days and moments. I started to feel more, I started to see more. I never had really noticed how people treat me. I have never noticed anything about people. I was just being a good person living my life. So I thought.

For me every look has always been something negative, it has always been something I do not understand. The looks scare me so much. The laughing, the soft touch, the loving mother. It all felt like they were out to get me.

I've started to notice a pattern where I live. One day a few women come and say hello. The other day the men started saying hello. Why are they doing this? I do not understand what is happening. The pattern continues for weeks if not months. I've talked to one guy for a few months now, I still have no idea what his name is. I've never heard anyone say it to him. But my dog seems to love his dog the most. She always looks after him where he lives. Waiting to play and to have some fun. I still try to play with her at times. I have taught her a few tricks but I don't feel like I want an obedient dog for the joy of obedience. I want a dog that listens to me because she wants to.

I have never been able to attract a woman, I always have to chase so much. I chase and chase and all of the sudden it's too much. I give all my love and attention. But I get nothing back, it's so hard to make anything happen. I get my heart broken every time I try to do anything. It makes me so mad sometimes, like why? I've seen so many worse looking guys than me have some fine ass babes. But for some reason everyone is dodging like the plague. All I have ever wanted is one to see me, one to understand what I'm all about. But this doesn't seem to happen ever. I can't understand what is happening. It's taken a big toll out of my being. My heart has shattered so many times. I always end up getting used to it. I'm never able to find someone that just wants a healthy relationship. That wants to love me, just me, just love me. I have been tricked before, people have walked by laughing at me. I always understood but I guess I was too blind to see because if I really could see what was happening all the time I might not have made it.

I have been so bullied all my life, all the time. I thought everyone was my friend but looking back now I can see I had only one. I am still getting bullied, people still are unsure about me. Who am i? What am I doing here? I wish I had the answer to these questions. Nothing makes sense, is this all there is and I have already failed? Are there no second chances in life? Is there no chance for me to ever be happy again? As I look back I'm filled with rage, anger, and hate. How do you move past everything that has hurt you so much? How do you stop everything affecting you in everyday life? How will I ever be able to handle all of this?

As I have continued meditating I have started to get pressure on my forehead also. It's now both the muladhara and the forehead one, whatever it's called. I think it's Anja. As I'm reading up on this chakra it's a bit weird. It's the third eye chakra. It's the eye of the unconscious mind, the direct link to the ultimate reality. What does this even mean? Will I now be able to see?

I have noticed everyone is wearing some kind of mask. Everyone seems to have become a person they want to be in their minds. They see themselves as this person and act on it. Maybe I don't have this mask yet. Maybe I am still just a child looking to be myself completely. Act on my anger when it suits me. Act on the disrespect as it suits me. It's probably not a bad idea to stand up for yourself but the way I'm doing it is way out of hand. I almost want to hit someone at times. But all i have to do is say no, i don't agree with this. But I can't so somehow my body wants to resort to violence.

Everyone is just living in the flow of the river, nobody is trying to swim somewhere else. I'm trying to find the shore so I can run as far away from this river as possible. I just want to escape it all.

As I have continued to exercise unwillingly I might add but my little girl has to. I'm starting to drop some weight, I'm starting to feel different in my body. People are looking at me more and more. I'm gaining too much attention. This is hard, I don't want this attention. I just want to leave this place. It's all so overwhelming. It's all so hard living in this place.

This is a place where dreams come to die, where you come to die. This is a place void of any happiness. This place doesn't give you anything. I'm like a drug addict looking for my next fix, I'm like a drunk wanting to escape my reality. But I'm digging my grave deeper. The rabbit hole never ends. I have started to wonder how long I really will last.

As I meditate, I'm putting my clock on twenty minutes and sitting there. Sometimes the time passes and feels like a minute. Sometimes I focus so much on myself that I struggle to focus on anything. Does my mind race? What are these thoughts I'm having? To meditate we must look at ourselves, without judgment but this is hard as one thought becomes two, two

thoughts become four and it can escalate pretty fast into something that will drain my day. Take pieces of my being having to live in this imaginary world where everything is nothing but hate. Is it hell I'm living in? Is this hell? Did I do something and was put in this beautiful place where I can't interact with anyone. I can only see the world go by as I scream through the window. As I claw at the walls. I can touch beauty but I can never receive it. I can imagine the love of a woman but I can never receive it.

As the days grow longer, everyday feels like I've lived for eons. Everyday feels like a test of sorts. Everyday is a new challenge. When I don't do what I need to do everything seems to be getting worse. I feel like I'm getting punished. How can a man like me feel even more punished? I have nothing but something is punishing me. Is this truly hell, I thought it would be fire and brimstone.

As I was walking outside with my dog, two young women were looking at me and I could hear faint words but I heard "he's crazy". I don't know what to think about this, I don't know. Maybe I am just crazy, maybe this is the life of a crazy person. I have so much potential, i have so much life in me i can feel it but im stuck. Did God punish me? It's all so strange, people think I'm strange. I have so many ideas and dreams, but I cannot do any of them. I have tried, I have tried so many times. But every time I end up quitting. I end up doing nothing, then I end in an even deeper spiral of depression. Of self-loathing and of sadness.

I have started to walk a lot. My weight is starting to drop. I feel so different. I barely eat anything but I have so much energy. I have so much in me I never thought was possible. People seem to be a lot nicer now than before. Now it's starting to become even more weird, even more crazy. Why are they pushing so hard for me? What am I not seeing? I'm just trying to survive this. I want to survive this.

I asked my doctor what my illness is and he said that I have delusional disorder. Maybe it is true, it's almost like I can see past events. I can see the future unfolding before me. Sometimes what I think happens in the world. Is there something bigger at play here? Maybe this is like a big movie set. Are some super advanced beings looking at us from afar? Playing with us like at a zoo? I have not always been exactly like this but, the real truth is. I have always had friends growing up but I never knew any of them. I never knew their dreams or desires. I never know what made them happy or what they found was challenging for them in life. I never knew any of this. For I have only stood at the window watching life go by. As my body has been moving on its own. As I have not been in control. Maybe I was put here to just watch what I can't have. What I will never feel, or touch.

I try to find women online because that's the only way I'm able to communicate with the world. But it's always the same thing, I fall so madly in love and it all shatters. Even before we have met each other we are like old people that have lived years with each other in my mind. I struggle to make a connection, I want it so bad but it all just falls apart even before anything even starts.

I have so much anxiety built up I have no idea what I'm going to do. How do I even get rid of it? How do I just let it out? How do I let it go? I want to not be hindered by it. I want to live. I want to be happy. I want a life of my own. I don't want to live as an observer anymore. I want a life. I want it so bad.

God, please help me.

I'm starting to get better at seeing the difference between these delusions I have created in my mind. Sometimes I have started to not act upon them, sometimes I do the opposite and everything feels like it has changed. Everything changes in the world. What is this? Is someone playing with me? Is someone watching me? Making these changes, toying with me? I have always been too afraid to express myself, I have always been so afraid to do anything I want to do. I say I hate to follow the stream. But everything I do is follow the stream. All I do is try not to make any waves in this world. I am perfectly still, I do nothing.

I have a new dream now. Nothing to get money from but to improve myself. To work on myself to an extent that will change my being perhaps. I will run an ultramarathon one day. How can I achieve this? I always was a good runner in my younger days. I always tried to run the best I could and I got very fit. It was just before I got accepted into the best university for technology here. I was super fit and all the women were checking me out. They all came close and tried to talk to me. But I did nothing. I just watched them. I could see the disappointment in their eyes. I could see their hopes getting crushed. Yet I was just stuck in this house. Stuck in my mind not being able to interact with the world.

I tried running with my dog for the first time after walking ten kilometers every day for months. I have now lost a significant amount of weight. My first run felt very good. I hit four kilometers with a pretty good pace for being me. My body is getting so much stronger. I don't eat crap anymore, I barely eat at all. I walk absurd amounts. I'm already in the top two percent of the people my age walking a day.

Today I went on a long run but everything just felt off. I stopped sweating, my vision was getting darker and darker. I felt like I was going to pass out. All I wanted was to get home and everything will get better. But as I got home the feeling was getting worse. It was like my heartbeat would not relax. It was going down one second then flying up. My thoughts raced and all I thought was that I was going to die. This is the last punishment of my sad little life. I

have wasted so much and now God is taking it away from me. I went into the shower with my clothes on, eating a banana but it all got just darker. I started to lose feeling in my fingers. My muscles started to spasm. I had no control. I thought I was going to die. So I went out and rang my neighbors doorbell. She opened the door and called an ambulance. While we were waiting she held my hand and sat there with me as I started to laugh. We both started to laugh. Then it got better.

Was this a desperate attempt to meet someone? Did I do this out of desperation to finally have a connection?

I have been talking to this woman. I do love her with all my heart, but she's in a relationship with an older dude that cheats and makes her life a living hell. She's trapped with him but I can save her. I will save her. I have been talking to her sister to go and try to help her without her knowing. As I get there it all just feels off. I try with pleasantries, I try to talk but nothing really happens. I feel a lot better now. I feel like a new man. I am ready for a relationship now. But as she sees me I can sense that she is laughing nervously. She is not super happy about seeing me. As we drive off we go to McDonalds. It's all just weird. We get to the house to try to have some kind of talk. But all I got that day was rejection for a man that treats her like trash. Treats her like she's nothing but she would rather be with him than with me. Why is this? How can I be this repulsive? Is it really me?

It still feels good, but I do feel rejected. I do feel bad.

There is something inside of me so afraid. I'm afraid of everything. I don't know where to begin. For most of my life in my younger days I had to sleep with the light on. Not a nightlight, but a fully lit room. The times i didnt i slept with covers so tight I could barely breathe. Something has always tormented me. Always been there watching me. Trying to scare me. What is it? I need to find it, I need to search deep inside of me for this fear. For this trouble I'm having. Even from a very young age I have always been so afraid. Even as a baby I was always scared of everything and everyone. This fear has now infected everything in my life. Everything that I am to the point where I even fear myself. Where I am afraid of what I might do to myself. Will i one day just kill myself, without any control. I don't want to die but I am not living because of this fear deep inside of me.

I need to do something about it. I need to challenge this fear. I've let it build up for so long, for as long as I can remember it has always been there. I need to make a change. I need to conquer it.

I fear the dark, this is crystal clear so lets start there.

I don't like how I look, I know everyone thinks I'm very good looking but I just can't see it. It's something strange, it's almost like I don't look like I'm behaving. I'm seeing myself as

someone that is ugly inside. All I see when I look at me is all the ugly parts I have. I look deformed. I look nasty. I look like I will never feel loved by anyone.

As I meditate more and more I'm starting to find some knots inside of me. It's painful, I can feel them. I try to release them but nothing happens. I can start feeling it in the manipura. It has the color yellow, it's the burning fire of transformation inside of you. It controls the flow of energy, in and out of the body. Imbalances in this chakra can cause great distress to the digestive system.

I've been driving around for work. My music is playing in the background, it's a good day but like all the rest. I can feel the burden. I can still feel the emptiness inside me. The lifeless being inside me. Then something happens, I can feel it. Deep inside me, it turns on. Something starts burning. Something feels different. Like a furnace that has been shut for so long. It explodes with dust that has been collected over the years. I feel different. I feel inspired, I feel hungry, I feel happy for the first time in a few decades. My eyes open up to the colors of the world. I can almost taste it, I can almost touch it.

I've been meditating for a while now, but today I got a new experience. I'm looking at something with my mind's eye. I can see it. I feel I'm going blind looking directly at it. It's a shape yet it is formless, it looks like a solid but moving like a wave. It watches me, I can feel the intense energy pushing me back from my position. I'm trying to hold on, but it's like a burst of wind you don't feel. But it pushes your entire being back. I look into its eyes for a brief second and I can see it. I can see the blackness, I can see the pitch black eyes. As I try to focus harder something starts to emerge within these eyes. I can see stars, I can see space, I can see the universe. The universe is looking at me, staring at me. It's a true sight to behold. I can only stay in it for so long because the energy is intense. The energy keeps pushing and pushing. But everything has changed. As I step back and open my eyes I wonder if I'm going mad, if I'm going crazy. This can't be real. I think I'm going truly mad this time.

As I continue swiping on this dating app I notice a woman. She has a drawn picture of herself and in this picture her eyes are of the universe. I like her and somehow we match. As we start talking, she wants to get to know me and starts asking questions about me. I don't know what her deal is, but somehow she's out to get me. Why does she want to know me so bad? What is her agenda? She's starting to feel super pushy. She calls me up and starts asking questions. My head feels like it is going to explode. I cannot speak, I don't know what to say. I cannot say a word. I'm frozen. Why is she so concerned for me? Why does she want to help me so bad? I don't know but it can't be good. I break the call and block her. I sit on my couch with a panic attack about what just happened. I don't know what happened. But it scares me so much. My head is pulsating, I feel I'm going insane. Is this a trick by the being I saw in my dream? What is out to get me, I don't know. What is happening to me? What is this world? Why does it all follow me around? My dog comes to me and tries to calm me down. Slowly

the pressure subsides and goes away, slowly I get back more of my sanity. Was this just a test?

When I walk outside it feels like everyone is watching, everyone is looking at me. I think about how I walk, how my fingers move. I had a twitch, did someone see it? Did someone see me? Do they think I'm crazy?

Something has happened, something new. Is it good? Is it bad? For now I have no idea. Am i walking towards my death, am i slowly walking into a trap set by the Gods. As I continue reading about the kundalini. I came across a video about it, because it's all starting to sound very relatable. But what he said shook me to the core.

As you awaken yourself, there is no turning back. When you put on the magic glasses, there is no way to remove them. You will see everything, changes are going to happen. You can either not do anything and fail, or you can go with them. Everything in your being will change rapidly, you have to be ready for everything. You will be thrown into the pit without a bottom. You are on the path now. You will dance with the devil on this path. You will dance with yourself. Everything bad that you are. Everything bad will come out if you don't deal with it. It's here where you will deal with your fears, whether you like it or not. This fear will kill you if you don't deal with it.

I have now started. My first fear, the fear I've had since I was a child. I'm going into the darkness. I'm going to walk in the woods during my training. I bought a running head lamp. I took my dog with me and we ran through the woods. I got flashes, I got images of all the ghosts I've been seeing. They were haunting me in the darkness. I was petrified of what I was seeing. There were no ghosts but in the shadows of the woods. It was my mind's ghosts and demons haunting me in the darkness. I felt chased by a witch that wanted my soul, i couldnt look back. I was too scared. I just kept on running. Looked at my dog for comfort and just kept on running. I did not stop. I did not look back. I just kept on running. As I finally had escaped the woods, I was so proud of myself. I have made the first step to face my demons. For the demons don't live in the physical world. They live deep down in the darkness of all of us. They come out in the dark. They come out when you're afraid. They live in fear.

As the days passed, I kept running in the dark. It got easier, people probably thought I was crazy. But it had to be done. Every day I was out in the dark hunting for the ghosts of my past. Looking at them, feeling them and trying to fight them. Trying to stand up to them.

I finally have it, I see it. I see you hiding inside of me. I see you tricking me with every thought of my mind. Every thought is imposing fear on my being. You're always lurking inside me. You are afraid, you are petrified to be exposed. I see you, I will expose you to the world. Your every sickening thought you have. Your every desire. I will expose it all to the world. I will use you like you have used me for so long. You are nothing but fear, and what

you fear the most is to be exposed to the world. You are my fear. I will battle you until death. Until you leave this body. Until I cannot see you anymore. I cannot feel you anymore. It will be in a battle of death. I am not afraid of you anymore, but you better be afraid of me. Because I am coming for you. I am coming with everything I have. All these shackles are tricks you have made me build around myself. Laughing at me. It was never people laughing at me. It has always been you. My biggest fear has now become my biggest sorrow. This will be my story, my words about how I exposed you to the world.

I can hear the sirens outside, it's the police. Have I done something bad? Are they here to take me? Have I finally gone too far with my life? They have been watching me, I think. What could I have done wrong? I don't know, but I must have done something wrong. Just me existing feels so wrong. It feels like I am just burned on everyone. Everyone is afraid of me. Of what I am capable of. They want to take me away. To stop me from reaching my true potential.

All my life I have tried to make so much money but nothing has worked out. It feels like they are stealing my ideas. Because when I think about something, a product all of the sudden it gets created into the world. I don't understand what's happening. They are always there watching me. There is someone out there watching me.

I have hurt so many people in my days. So many that cared for me have ended up hating me. Everything I touch gets destroyed. Everything I try to do, I poison. Maybe there is something in my past I have missed. Maybe I can go back and just fix it in my mind. But how? I try so hard but once again I have reached a point where I can't stand people anymore. Their looks just sicken me. Their laughs feel like poison, like judgment. I try to talk to women online but every time it's the same story. I feel used all the time. They are just using me for support. I get nothing in return. I get nothing back. I just want to feel a bit of love from someone, somewhere.

As I daydream I see myself walking on the beach, the sun is shining. The birds are singing. I'm laughing, I'm enjoying myself. I have someone I can love and that loves me. But this is a reality some people are just not going to experience. This is not for someone like me. All I ever will get is pain and misery. That is the life I'm destined for, to experience nothing but suffering. Nothing but pain. Day in and day out. No happiness, no love. The soul crushing reality of misery.

I am so mad at everyone, I need to one day prove them all wrong. I'm going to prove them all wrong. They have been treating me like shit all the time. They have been treating me like I'm nothing. I need money, because if i have money at last i will have women to bang whenever

the fuck i want to. Because that's all this world is about; it's just about status, money and all that shit. If you have nothing of it you will end up alone and die alone. Nobody cares about you if you don't have anything to provide. This is the ugly truth. They all just want you for what you can give them. They don't want a good person like me. I'm such a great person and nobody wants to be even remotely close to me.

I have majorly failed in my life so far. I can see some major choices that the outcomes would be completely different. But how would this change everything? If the butterfly effect is real? Would I sit here and have these thoughts anyway? Maybe I would have been rich already and still thinking this? Has misery always been my destiny?

My purpose of life is to run absurd amounts, run till my legs give out, rest and start running again. Keep track of injuries and see what this body can do. The people here are a bit strange and I do not like them. It's almost as if they are too focused on me. I try to be nice and say "hello" but it's almost as if they are not genuine at all.

Today I'm starting to see the future in a vivid way. Is it my mind playing tricks on me? Will these events happen? I always had a feeling I would die when I turn 32 and it's soon my birthday. Will I die soon?

But the future's so real I can feel the emotions of them, it's almost like I have lived them. I am a loser. I have not even failed school. I have quit them like the loser I am. I have respect for people trying something. But people that are capable of doing and quitting, is the worst thing a human can do. We all have a duty to use and share what is given to us with the world. But I am a quitter at everything, will I one day quit life too? I have tried for so long to find a job within the field i want to but i'm not able to get anything for so long. So will I quit life? That question has been in my mind for a long time, I don't want to quit. So I'm stuck in some kind of limbo of not living and not dying.

Test one will be to just do anything that feels uncomfortable. I have a problem with social situations so I will now try to put myself in them.

I'm daydreaming way too much about everything. Talking to cute women online because I can't find the courage to talk to them in real life. Making jokes with people. Having success in life on some fronts. Getting a price for some random achievement that is never going to happen. Is it the future I see because they are so real? It's almost like I don't have to do anything in life because I'm already living all these events in my dream. The future doesn't mean shit until I get there. Do I want to keep dreaming or do I want to walk towards my dreams?

Life sure is poetic.

You could almost say that running is my show of faith somehow, my way to show the universe that I'm willing to do the hard work to get the peace I seek. So far it seems to be working, the stuff I'm experiencing are pretty weird at times but as they settle down I feel better, but it's a bit of an emotional rollercoaster you never know what you will find at the end.

It seems I am now on a path I did not understand, I saw the changes. Will I be ready for them when the time comes? I have no fucking idea, i just got a massive amount of studying to do. I still have a lot of issues I have to work on during meditation. My anger, my ego, my thoughts, my doubt, my fears, my overconfidence at times, my weaknesses. But also improve my strengths. My ability to see, i want to help but i don't know how to. I can not find the words. I have to study more. Do I trust my instincts or do I learn from others?

I'm starting to understand balance a bit. Will I be able to sleep? I don't know, I'm tired and content about everything.

Saw something interesting today, was my mind playing tricks? It was educational. But there seems to be a duality everywhere, in all things. There might be a balance to the universe, I have to learn to live with this balance within myself.

I met a woman, and I got her to my place. Everything went so well, we talked on the phone before we met. We meet and I talk a lot and she doesn't say anything much. I try to ask questions but nothing really sticks. There is no real flow to the conversation. We drive home to me, I still try to get any connection with her, I show her my music but nothing. As we get home I notice she's scared all of the sudden. She took a picture to write to someone. She looks frightened. I try to talk more but nothing seems to work. Then I ask her if she wants me to take her home and she agrees instantly. After we drive home her mood seems to get better, but I can't do anything but blame myself. Am I really this repulsive? She has probably slept with guys for much less but somehow I'm shown nothing. I really don't know what I'm doing so wrong. I am really trying but I can't get laid. I just want someone to love me. For me, I just want that physical embrace. I want that love, I want to have sex everyday. For her to love me, just for someone to love me.

I can hear the gods laughing at me. I can hear them making fun of me, taunting me. They are looking at my failures. This made me exceptionally mad as they had put me in this position. It's their fault this has all happened. The gods are only bringing misery to my life. I will have my revenge, I will bang all of your wife's one day. When my life here is over.

I can see the perfect halls you all sit in, I can see the perfect lives you have. I can see that you do nothing to help beings like us. We are nothing but playthings for you. Why have you created this place just for us to suffer? Just for us to die in the end?

If there is more to life, if there is something greater that I'm not seeing. If there is another way to live. I am at your mercy. I do not fear death anymore. All I've been doing is waiting for death. I am willing to embrace death as I walk through these woods.

As I sit and meditate, I stand before your halls. I stand before your feet, I am nothing but an ant in size compared to you. Your size terrifies me. You are not this big in size, this is only an illusion of your being. The size of your body don't matter, but I can sense the size of your being. You are enormous.

My job is pretty simple, I do enjoy it. It gives me the freedom to do what I want. I can work with my dog, take breaks whenever I want. I get to meet a lot of people but I don't enjoy the company of people. They scare me, I want to get the interactions over with as soon as possible. I feel drained by them. It's almost as if they are stealing my energy.

I'm noticing a lot of paperwork at work. I do have talents, I can make a system for them so everything can be handled with a computer instead of a bunch of paperwork. It will be a lot easier for everyone. I am great at what I do, I'm the best fucking programmer in the world. I have been programming since my early teens. I know what I'm doing. This will be super easy. I ask if I can make a system for him. He's very reluctant at first, and doesn't think I can do it. But he doesn't know me, he doesn't know what I'm capable of. School for me was just a joke. So I keep pushing and asking. Making more and more promises. Finally he agrees and I'm ecstatic. Finally the world will see that I am capable of doing great things. Finally the world will see me for me. Not as this scared and angry human being. But as someone of value. I also bring something to the table.

I get home and start working instantly.

I'm starting to see in my eyes, I can see them shifting. I can see the anger in me. They are projected into the world. I think everyone else can see it too. I can see it in their eyes. They are friendly but I can see how the shift happens to fear. I have so much anger. So much anger for the world. I blame the world for my predicament. I blame everyone for my situation. Nobody has wanted to help me for so long. Nobody has been there for me. All I've ever tried to do is be good for everyone else. But all I get in return is nothing but hate. For just being myself. I am myself, I'm the only one in the world that actually is myself. Everyone else is faking, everyone else is wearing some kind of mask I do not understand. I do not understand why they wear this mask.

Everything I do is art, the way I talk, walk, sit, breath and fuck. Life is my canvas.

I do not understand, is the problem me? Is everything that has happened because of me? I have so much anger and hate for the world. Is it me I should have this hate for? Is it me that has done this to me? Looking back I've had so many chances for love. I've had so many changes for everything yet I have not taken a single one. All I ever did was wait for it to

come to me. I never tried anything, I never did anything. All I have ever done is sit at my computer and waste my life away. Just waiting, I always thought if I just had patience it would all come to me. If I just waited for the opportunity to grab me. To take me and make me do it. Do what I have to. Have I been all wrong? Do I need to take chances? Do I need to take opportunities?

Maybe you have to take the moments as it presents itself or else it is lost forever. Is it moments that are doors to opportunity?

Looking back at all my years, I am a fairly good looking man. I have always known I'm good looking. But somehow I never got any chance. I had my first kiss pretty early in life, I had my second kiss one hour after the first. It was at a dance. I still remember them. I don't know what happened. I did not give it much thought back then it just felt natural. But I have always been bullied as far back as I can remember. I always somehow ended up being even friends with people that treated me badly. I just laughed and thought it was funny. I guess this is how people are with each other. As time passed on and I changed schools I never had any issues making friends. But I never knew any of them. All I expected of everyone was to be my friend. I never got to know any of them. I don't know their fears, dreams, hopes or aspirations. Everything in my mind was about me. Yet I just waited for me to get love. I had so many moments with women, to take a chance I never took. Why? I always wanted to but somehow I was just afraid. I was so deeply afraid of something. I have no idea why I am so afraid of everything. I am so distraught about everything. Looking back, maybe if I took just one chance. Everything would have been different. Looking back, maybe I would have been happy now. The thought torments me. It laughs at me. Why has this happened? I wish I could wake up tomorrow where I think it all started. I remember sitting in the bathtub, I remember the exact moment. Something just snapped inside of me that day.

What happened that day?

Because anything before that day is blank. Everything after that day has been hell. Did I die? Am I already dead? Am I really in hell now?

I have never once in my life asked a girl out in public. My life has been online because that's the only place I've been able to be myself. It's the only place where I had any sense of life. Where I could become better. Where people knew me. Where people talked to me. I was never myself despite this. When people tried to get to know me even there I pushed them away. I pushed hard, I was always scared of some agenda. Why do they want to talk to me so bad? But life moved on and nothing happened. What is it everyone wants from me?

There was one time, one time I asked a girl out. One girl I showed interest in. We met two times and fooled around, that's all we did. I regret not banging her.

I am nothing but a failure, I have failed everything in my life. I have never been able to keep a job. I'm 32 and still have not been employed. I have tried school and failed or should I say

given up. Because failing is what dumb people do. I can do it if I want but it's too easy for me. I love challenges. Why should someone of my caliber even start with the easy things?

Everytime i do something it's like everything changes. It's the smallest of things. But if I even talk to someone it's like everyone's perception of me changes. Are they all just tracking me? Are they all just talking about me through some secret group? I can see them laughing and opening their phones to talk about me. I can see them all the time. I don't know why they are doing this. I don't know what is happening. Do these people not know how much I suffer everyday? Everyday is a massive pain. Everyday is like death. I have died many times. You can almost feel it. Losing a part of you for good. It will never come back. I have so many scars on my body throughout the years. My heart is bleeding. My heart is in pain, all this pain. Nothing but suffering. Is this karma?

I can feel every time I meditate that I'm becoming more present in the moment. It all starts with observing the body. Observing your breath. As you start learning this. You don't want to control or disturb anything but just watch the breath. Watch how you breathe in and out. In and out. All of the sudden you start drifting. Almost like you reach a place void of time. Because only the body exists in time. But as you start drifting, you just drift. Every experience you get doesn't really mean much. It's an experience like everything else. You learn from it. As you learn to watch the body. You can then start observing your thoughts. Just leave them be, look at them. If you start engaging in them you will start to think. Deeper and deeper. You will lose the fight against the mind. Because if you push something away, it will return to you in equal force. If you pull something to you, it will repel with equal force. It's all about being unshakable. Because if you can do it against yourself, you can use it against other people's words trying to infect your mind.

The hardest is the last i think, to not react to your emotions but just to observe them. Look at them. Let them be. We are emotional beings. But emotions can screw a lot up. Just observe them. Look at the anger, look at the hate. I've learned that if I just look I can learn from it. Look at why this affects me so much.

The software is going good, I'm finally making waves. Everything is going to turn around now. Everyone is going to see what i'm capable of, i'm not just a useless being here. I'm going to show them all. After my real job every day. I work on the software. It's a program to handle the documentation at work. So everything goes smoothly. I have a plan in my head, because that's how I work. I just go with the flow. No real written down plan. No red line throughout the work. But I just like to wing it. I'm capable of keeping it all in my head. But this time, I'm going to get rich. Buy everything I want. Any girl I want will be mine. I'll probably live like Leonardo DiCaprio. Get them younger and dump them when they get older. Because love doesn't matter in this world. It's all a game, the strongest survive. The

best survive. We live in a world of darwinism. I don't want to live this way, I hate that it is this way. But there is nothing else. It's only about survival of the fittest.

But it's hard everyday, I'm fighting. I'm using all my anger and rage inside me to do everything. But it's so hard. Looking at people. Seeing all the anger towards me. I have no idea why they hate me so much. Every night all i can think is if its better to kill myself. This thought pops up everytime and then I just fall into a pit of self loathing and self hate. I don't want to die yet. But I'm so close. I'm on the brink of death. I can feel it. Life is just leaving my body. Life is rejecting me. I'm like a tumor in this world. Life is just trying to get rid of me before I cause any real damage to the system. Is this why everyone is fighting me? Do they see me as a tumor, wasting space? infecting everything around me with bad thoughts. Bad ideas. I try so hard, but this anger. This rage for the world. How do I get rid of it?

I do love music, that's the only thing in life I do enjoy. It gives me so much. It gives me everything. I can feel my emotions in the music. My dreams for the future payout while I'm listening to the melody. Am I just feeling the life other people have lived to create such works of art? There is so much emotion in art. the artist takes a piece of themselves. A piece of their emotions. Then they share it with the world. I can feel the love in the music. I can feel it to my core and it makes me feel alive. That's the only thing in this world that makes me feel alive.

Im poking at reality. But it's so scary. So frightening. I can feel how everything changes every time I do something. Everytime i express my emotions. Everything changes. Do people track me or something? Do they follow me around? How is this even possible? I have no idea what's going on. Just small pokes. Small waves. It's almost like it ricochets into the universe.

As I'm running through these woods in the dark. I can see the ghosts of my past again. I'm looking them dead in the eyes. There is so much anger everywhere in the darkness. So much hate, that I don't know what to do with it. I'm running, and I'm meditating everyday. I'm showing up. I'm putting in the work but nothing seems to be happening. It always feels like I'm taking two steps forward and one step back. It's so hard. It's been a few months now. Everything is so painful. I feel so much pain everyday. I'm so afraid. It hurts so much. Nobody understands me. I want to be with someone, I just want one that will always be there for me no matter what. Just one.

Everywhere that I read from successful people, they all say the same. You have to be alone on this way. It's the only way. You will get no love, you will get nothing. It just feels like people are spitting on you everyday. Everyday I go out into the world. Everyday I bring back more hate from it. I can feel my manipura getting filled with rage, with bad emotions. I have to meditate on it every day. I don't know how to close it.

They are very nice to me at work. This is the first time in my life that I felt I enjoyed what I did. The weeks are not filled with dread for work anymore. I enjoy going to it and doing what I have to, spending time with my dog along the way. There is so much I want to do, all my dreams, all my desires. It feels like I can always see them, they are always right in front of me. But no matter how hard I try I cannot reach them. I am taunted by them. They are laughing at me. I'm stuck in a house, such a beautiful house. That I can never leave. It has these big windows. I look outside and I can see people walk by, laughing, hugging and kissing. I bang on the windows but nobody can see me. Sometimes they look with a glance and walk away.

Actually I am quite fond of it here now. This is all I've ever known, it is safe. But it's keeping me here. I will be here forever. Just looking at everything I will never achieve. All the love lost, all the life lost.

But if i just keep working, just keep going. Maybe there is a chance of me finding love again. I have started talking to God, I have started praying for a way out of this house. There must be a way out. Just guide me God, just show me how. As I meditate more, I'm getting new experiences. I can feel knots in myself getting untangled. It's very slow and very painful. But after it happens it strangely feels better. I'm fighting every day. Fighting so hard.

I have noticed now, everyone seems to think they know what's happening. They know the reason for my pain. But very few people really do know this pain. I don't know how I have survived for this long. Maybe I am protected. Maybe, someone has been watching over me all along. Maybe there is a reason. Something to learn from all this. Maybe this is a lesson for all the wrongdoings I have done in my life.

I used a girl when I was younger, she was so beautiful. I thought i was in love, i did everything for her. But we only talked online. But now looking back, I'm disgusted with my behavior. I hurt this woman, I really hurt her. I used her for my pleasure. I'm sickened by this thought. She must be feeling so bad over the whole experience. I thought this was love, but I do have a problem. I dont have the slightest idea of what love is. I'm yet to tell my parents I love them. But i do love them so much but i cannot say it. I cannot express it.

I contacted her and she wrote back. I tried to express my deepest apologies for what had transpired. She said it was fine. But back in my mind, I still somehow thought maybe she was always the one. Maybe if we talk now we might hit it off this time. Maybe this time i can fuck her. I explained why and such and she accepted this. I was not looking for forgiveness. But I wanted her to just know how sorry I was for everything.

But I guess, people with abuse have a high likelihood of abusing someone else.

Projections, all I see are projections. Everyone is projecting all of their insecurities. You can learn the most about someone's darkest feelings based on the words he uses on another. Because the hate we feel for ourselves we use on other people. Why can't they see this? Why are they so blind? Everything they do is project everything onto me. Am I just a mirror of everyone's hate? Is this my fate for being? Everyone is just following the river. Just floating. But I have swam to shore and am running away, far away from this river. I am now completely alone. There must be something more out here. I have to find it. I have to search on my own. There must be a way out of this prison. Have the gods really cursed me? I'm a good person yet God treats me like shit.

There is a duality in all things, there is good and bad. There is dark and light. Everyone in the world is just a sinner. Is this my punishment? Have I sinned this much? Is this why the world hates me?

Is this hybris?

It has all given me an absurd sense of understanding, trying to see the big picture and obsession with questions, but not much understanding. There is an ultimate pattern that will explain everything, have I found it?

Because the questions are getting less and less and I'm starting to fear all the answers. Some answers require years of knowledge I do not possess to understand. Some answers make my head feel like it's going to explode trying to understand them, some are poetic and some are sad. But I think they are all the truth and that's what's important.

The future's not set, but if you look for all the variables of a path you will one day start seeing patterns in those variables.

Are the glimpses of the futures I've been seeing true or are they just imaginations?

Is this hybris?

I try again and again with women. I know everyone thinks im gay, this has followed me around for many years. I always thought if I just ignore it, it will go away. But it's just getting worse. People have started making fun of me. Laugh, taunt and all other things they can think of. I've always been super supportive of everyone's way of life. I have never judged anyone.

This whole thing makes me so mad. I think this might be the reason no woman even shows slightest interest now. Because I've seen the ugliest of men with the most beautiful women. Ive seen men beat, hurt and cheat. Yet the woman stays, yet I can't find anything. The thought, the anger builds up inside of me. The anger is unbearable sometimes. I don't know what to do. I have yet to even talk to women in real life. My whole life I've always been scared and afraid of rejection. I hope I one day get the strength to do it. Maybe that day everything will be different.

I feel like I'm getting pushed by something. Something is making me very uncomfortable. I feel I must do it. I must pass these trails, only then will I have everything I ever wanted in life. Only then can I prove everyone wrong. Is it God?

Am I getting prepared for something? Am I getting prepared to rule the world one day? I have no idea what this is.

Maybe this is the way of life. Everyone is so bad to me. Maybe this is how you're supposed to live. Maybe I need more darkness in me. More anger?

I can feel it while meditating now. It's almost like a big pendulum moving my body. Right to left, left to right. I can feel it moving. It's moving my whole insides. Back and forth. I feel like I have both the dark and light inside of me. Like maybe it's okay to do bad things. Maybe it's okay to be a bit naughty. Maybe God is both the dark and light inside me. Maybe this is what I've been missing. I've been good all my life. Just did good things. Maybe I've been too nice. Maybe I should hit someone because maybe then people will notice me. I'll be a dangerous person, and people will want to talk to me. They will respect me with fear. With fear maybe i can get everything I want. If i bully the smaller men they will give me what i want. Because I am a big man. I am strong. I can take what I want.

I've been telling people that I am hurt, that I need time. That I have trauma inside of me. But that only makes everything worse. I feel a lot better. But everyone seems to engage more in me, they seem to make more fun of me. All I'm trying to do is to leave this house. Nobody is coming for me. I see how everyone looks at me. With fear, with hate and anger.

Once again I screwed up another relationship. Did I overshare? All she said is that she wants to kill everyone because they used social media. She hated everyone for sharing their lives. She was a very bad person. Even for my liking. But maybe I thought, maybe I can save her. If I save her then she will love me forever. Every night I talked to her, calmed her down. I tried to be there for her. She never wanted to meet me. But I was always there for her. She said how she wanted to go out and kill herself. But she didn't want to meet me. She talked about how the guys she was interested in only wanted to have sex with her and then left her. But me she just wants to talk to. If I say something wrong I always have to apologize or else she will ignore me.

Then one day i had a bad day, i tried to vent a bit to her about everything. That day, she said she needed space and blocked me.

Maybe it is true. Maybe I am gay like everyone says. Can you be gay without knowing it? I've had a lot of guy friends growing up. I've never been sexually attracted to anyone. But maybe that's why? Maybe I am gay. I tried watching porn but it doesn't work. I don't even get a boner. But maybe it's just not working because I don't accept myself as gay?

I wish i was gay if all this just ended. I wish anything could change my predicament. I tried doing gay tests and everything. But it's just weird. I never have thoughts about guys. I never had any interest in any dude. But somehow the world seems to think im gay. I have no idea what is going on. Maybe there is some gay agenda. Maybe there is something truthful to that. Maybe they are trying to turn everyone gay in the world. This acceptance stuff. Is it just going to get worse and worse. Is it going to get more and more deranged? They speak about pride, but they cannot accept me? They keep pushing on me. Like they know what I'm going through. Is pride even about acceptance at this point? Or is it just another thing where people go to feel sorry for themselves?

Again I have met another woman online. She seems to have the same experience. She only wants me for the support I give. For everything I give. But I get nothing back. As soon as i try to set up a date. She flakes out on the last day. But I keep trying again and again. It hurts so much, all this trying and so much rejection. I fight with her and she threatens to block me. But this time I tried it a bit differently. Maybe I have not shown enough. Maybe I have to show more, I thought. So I sent her flowers with a company. The response I got was that it was weird. Soon after she got a boyfriend and I got blocked again.

But I don't know, will I survive tonight?

Right now I'm trying to get the strength to do it. To end it all. I've lost so much, everything. I am absolutely nobody, I have no life experiences, no friendships because looking back I understand where all the toxicity comes from now. I'm not sad, it kinda feels good that it might finally be over. This shit here in this town with work. People around me are pushing me towards the edge. I would not want to go to any place after this, I just want to never have existed. I never want to be remembered. It has all been utter agony, i didn't feel it because i had shut off but now i feel it. I feel it all.

Love is not what I thought, love is what you get and nothing else. What you give doesnt matter, often what you give has the opposite effect in a way. Perhaps I should not define love based on the women I meet. Since I seem to have a bad eye and pick the absolute worst every time.

But the gods have started to laugh at me now. I have those fuckers attention.

I don't know anyone in my family, never really have. Barely know their names or what they look like. I have no connections to anyone and I cannot make any connections because I have no idea how. I'm absolutely clueless about anything socially.

Somehow I have a gift for making everyone hate me, I have always been able to find the buttons that push people over the edge. I always thought it was funny. As soon as someone

gets close I start testing their patience. I start seeing how far I can push them before they leave me. Because in the end they will always leave. They will always reject me. I am absolutely alone in this world. I have nothing. I am nothing. If only I could get just a little bit. If I could just get a small piece. Maybe then everything would change. Everything would get better. I could be happy again.

I have read some more about kundalini. I will one day be thrown into the pit without a bottom. Somehow if you fail you will go completely mad. You will go completely insane. I've read about monks that are very cautious about who they awaken. Because it's a big likelihood that you might kill someone. This shit is so intense and I'm so scared. Is it really true? Is it really possible? I am afraid to fail. But right now I have nothing else. This awakening can change your life completely. It can change your being completely.

It's a snake that begins at the bottom of your spine. As you keep activating your chakras. The snake travels up into your crown chakra. It's a life force energy and a major source of internal power. The chakras are like gates for this energy and will only fully awaken when there is no blockage anymore. When all the knots have been fixed. This is frightening. This is batshit crazy. Why did it happen to me? From what I read is that you can awaken it yourself with the practice of yoga but everyone says it's dangerous to do. You need a guide, you need help to get through it. Because one day you will be thrown into the pit. You have no choice. It can on rare instances happen to people that are in desperate need. In such a desperate state of being. That you are given a choice. Sink or swim. Live or die. The choice is now yours.

This is the moment death entered my mind. What really is to die? Am I even afraid of dying? I feel pretty dead right now. I have no life in me, I can feel the emptiness. The nothingness. The lost being.

As I meditate I'm having a vivid experience again. I am now at a shore. Maybe it's this that has been pushing me. Maybe this is the energy. It doesn't really feel like water. I can see the stars everywhere. I can see the planets around me. I am in space, somewhere in space. What is this place? I kinda like it. It's refreshing for me. It's giving me life. It makes me calm. It gives me peace and clarity.

After this I feel more grounded. I feel something in my spine. I'm using my third eye to look at me closer. Look at every little place inside of me. I'm looking at reasons to become better. I'm looking to improve myself. I can now meditate for much longer. But I have trouble sleeping. I'm using herbs to help me sleep. I'm having so much wisdom from all this bullshit that has happened to me. Maybe the only way to get wisdom is through suffering and through pain. Maybe the only way to success is through pain and through the fire. Through the storm from so many great works of art. But who is helping me? Who is my guru? Is there more to this world than I thought? Is there really magic?

But people want their reality to change without doing any change themselves. What most don't seem to understand is that reality doesn't exist without life. In the physical sense it does but without life where and what is it? Life makes the reality into whatever it wants, starvation and wars are a product of bad peoples realities. Their realities come into fruition and impact everyone else's. If you want less wars, remove these realities. If you want less starvation remove the hoarding of money. There are no monsters in this universe as we depict them in movies. The real monsters live in people, it's always people doing everything bad for their own gain or pleasure.

There is nothing that's going to save us, we are the ancient civilization of the universe. Will we be recognized as such one day?

Or will we be just another civilization turned to dust. But we have a chance to set precedents for everything in reality at this moment.

But I'm starting to feel my heart healing slowly, it's like a sharp pain. Sometimes it can be very painful. Almost like you removed the knife that stabbed you. Maybe it will take a while for it to finally heal. But everytime i do something, everything changes. The whole reality changes. I'm too scared to do anything major. But for right now. I'm doing small stuff. Sharing more and seeing how it affects reality. I'm sharing more of my deep wounds to the world and every time I get a little better. It all gets a little easier. As I'm sharing more of my feelings, I start to notice a change. Is it just my mind playing tricks on me?

Exercise is going well, I'm so tired every day. I have nothing in me anymore. I push like I never have before. Everyday is a new day to get stronger with the mind and the body. I never miss a day of meditation, I move more than most people according to the application. Everyday is training, everyday I am being trained by the gods. What am I training for? Why is this challenging? Is there a war going on? I do everything, I've pushed my body to the brink. Everyday feels like I've lived for eons. I'm learning so much, I'm experiencing the world on another level. I am being tested all the time. Pushed outside of my comfort zone. Every day is a trail, everyday is a challenge.

I am in the midst of the biggest storm I've ever faced. But I feel this might be the only way to live again. This is my only chance to make something of myself.

What is to suffer? Who has had it worse? Am I not allowed to complain, to feel the pain because someone is in a way worse situation? We all feel the same pain, we all hurt. The scars might be bigger in some hearts. The knives are deeply rooted. Pulling them out might be even worse than what happened for them to get there. You have to go back to the moment, the moment that they got inflicted. You have to live in that pain to pull them out. You have to feel it. You have to let it go, somehow you have to find a way to let it go. As you start letting it go the knife will slowly go out. It will evaporate. Then the bleeding starts, then the tears

start, then the real pain is released from the wound. This is healing, this is when the heart is healing. Like I have my friend, you must find yours.

Good day, progress. For now i'm on the council but not a master yet, i got all the tools. I have to learn to live them, make it part of my being and that takes a bit of time. But everything is a bit more loose, I have to be the master in a sense.

Move with the moment always, like sitting in a car and not fucking start thinking all of the sudden. There is a time and place for everything.

Do I need something like a catalyst from the outside to pull me out? One person with the grace of love. Just to wake me up. I'm sleeping yet I am awake. I want to reach out. I want to grab life. I can see it walking past me. I can see it moving. I can see life moving at such a speed. How do I jump on? It's going past, I want to jump on. I want to feel it. Someone see me, take me on. Help me.

Suddenly I was in the ocean, the waves were huge. I was fighting for my life. There was no land in sight. There were dark roaring clouds everywhere. The water screamed with power. It was taking me, I don't have much left. I'm being consumed. I will fall to the bottom. I will be eaten by the ocean.

Then I saw it. I saw a boat, it was coming for me. I was screaming for help until my lungs bled. I was reaching for it. Suddenly. I had peace.

I've always been neutral to good and evil. To the dark and light. I never picked a side in anything, gray hat i called myself. As there is always a balance. If there is too much evil, there will be an equal good and vice versa. I must find a way to live in this balance. I must find a way to exist in the bad and the good. It's okay to be a bit rough if it's justified. As a man I have a right to protect myself and my family. I have a right to protect my way of life. I have a right to protect my children's way of life. But everything has consequences. I am a sinner, I'm not good at all. Maybe I have to go deeper into this. Maybe I have to embrace the dark side.

Boys and men waste their time playing games. Warriors know that death lurks behind every corner, so they do everything with their heart.

But control of the body starts with the breath, but it's more than just breath. It's how you walk, sit, jump, everything physical getting better and more precise. Control requires more work of all muscles and touches.

Then it's the control of the mind, the mind is a powerful tool. The mind is not you, the mind is a computer for you to use and people don't know how to use it nor do i. Some based on events in life or genetics have some more special abilities. But it's all about programming the

mind to work for you. Then it's the control of the soul, which I think are the emotions, feeling the emotions, seeing them for what they are. Pieces of information about your soul. What your soul longs for deep down, not what your mind wants or your body wants. But what you truly want in life is at the heart of all three. When you have all three you're in a constant meditative state, everything you do, you do with your mind, body and soul. Everything you touch is felt with your full being. Everything you do is by your full being.

The warrior monk, you're a monk controlling the beast inside. If you don't it will control you. Demon hands, buddha heart.

The only monsters in this world are afraid of the dark, anyone not afraid of the dark has no monsters inside them.

I have figured it out. I just hate people, hate might be a strong word. I just don't want anything to do with people for now. Is it because of my inability to set up boundaries? Which has ended up me being bullied for a long time. Which is why I am here. Lets see if it will change because i am at a crossroads, if i reject people it will be the death of me. If I don't, something will happen, something good. But I still don't know, death sounds pretty good, somehow even better than being happy with a wife and kids.

Forever eternity at the beach with nothing and everything. Where time doesn't exist. Nothing exists but the moment and the moment will end.

What does letting go mean? By this point it's me driving myself mad by thinking there are more issues to fix or address. I think I am fully awake now on my journey. I've been guided and helped. But now there is not much help, it's me using the tools at my disposal.

The old man in the red scooter. Maybe I can trust him, maybe I should talk to him. I've had such a hard time connecting to people. Maybe he is not making fun of me and actually trying to help me.

Death doesn't scare me anymore, but somehow people are even scarier than death? Would I rather die than talk to people again? In the end it's my fault I'm sitting here today, for better or for worse. Time is something I don't really trust, it has a mind of its own sometimes.

I will be meditating on letting go for now. Because then I do feel good, nothing bothers me anymore. No anxiety or pain, but my heart still aches.

I seem to be having a lot of anger stored up and I need to release it in a safe manner. If someone pushes me at this point I will probably break their arms. It's almost like people just don't want to listen to me. Even my own mother refuses to hear me when I say no.

Change is on its way and it's the artists that will open peoples eyes for this change.

I'm trying to stay in the moment, I'm trying to be present here. But I end up in the future. I end up where I want to be and I have no idea how to get there. I have no idea what path to take. All I can see is the future I want.

What is solitude? Why is solitude awesome? Why is solitude not awesome? Solitude is just an absence from people in a way, it might not be from people physically. But it's from the connection part of people. You don't allow anyone to get close. But it's very pleasant, just void of everyone and everything. No expectations of anything, your time is fully yours. You really do get to know yourself, everything. The deepest depths in the good and bad. It takes a special character to handle all the outside pressure of this. While at the same time understanding yourself better, how you interact with everything. Making small vibrations in reality, looking at the changes and as the waves from the drop smooths out then you make another little poke. Everything becomes so real and yet so unfamiliar, life moves all around. People get children, children grow into adults and start their own journey.

I'm starting to see how my solitude has caused damage to other people close to me. Not really understanding where I have been all this time.

Nothing has been by choice. But these are my unique experiences about my life and I'm trying to understand them. Maybe they can help someone else one day. Because it's a ripping stillness and if you're perfectly sane going in, you won't be when you come out. I guess it's true the other way around.

I need to disturb the waters even more, the small poking doesn't seem to do it. I'm overthinking this way too much, it's about doing.

I'm yet to go insane from all this and I'm starting to enjoy it. Am I on the brink of enjoying life again? I relate to hotel california very much at this moment.

I feel my throat chakra has now activated. I am able to speak up a little bit more. I am able to start using my words to say no. But still nobody seems to hear it. I'm starting to be able to express myself.

But my eyes are still changing. They went from dead. So sad and now they are so angry. I am burning with rage.

The truth is everyone is unique and some are just able to click and that is how it is. Nothing really wrong with it. Nobody is better or worse than another.

I just don't enjoy a lot of people. Is it their energy I'm not vibing with? I really have no idea. But my intuition is giving me a lot of bad vibes from these people.

Soon I think, it's a process and all this shit is pretty awesome. My fears are all gone, it's now control of the stress that requires work.

But the hate is slowly subsiding. Soon it won't bother me anymore.

I'm yet to understand Eminem's song "lose yourself", i've been thinking about it a lot while listening to the lyrics. Sometimes I get fleeting moments of understanding and then they go away. But with money comes bitches, just patience and keep working.

Right now the vibes I get from people is fear of not understanding. But soon it will be jealousy of not understanding.

I think I'm ready to face the world now. I think I have it all figured out. It's just about doing. The world is at my fingertips at this moment.

But fates cannot be changed, when you accept this for yourselves. You will find meaning in your fate.

Isolation is a gift, you will meet your demons. Every single one of them. It's either survive or die, and that is how it has to be.

Reality has broken. Time to do nothing but work, I understand what it takes. Get rich or die trying.

Thank you for everything, this has been the best shit ever. I truly am grateful for life now. I'm grateful for everything that has happened. I am a fucking genius, im hot as fuck.

The guy in the red scooter has been playing with me. He's been laughing at me about everything. I can't trust him.

I have never in my life been this angry, I'm going to bang every woman that wants it. Why are people like this? Weak? Scared? Women, come to me I will bang you all. Show you what a real man is. There will be nothing but madness for these people. For the rest of their existence. I agree with one, people should be subjects to the gods, they are weak and have no spine.

History doesn't repeat itself by chance but only by actions. I am now the last man on earth.

I now feel part of society again, I have my purpose here. I don't feel estranged anymore, an outsider looking in. But I'm starting to do stupid shit and living. It feels good again. Will these people beat me up for everything? I wrote to all their women. Yet they don't have the spine to defend them. One guy walked out and tried to threaten me but as soon as I looked into his eyes he looked away. Like a scared little bitch.

Time is barely moving, I'm constantly in a meditative state yet so much happens every second.

It happened, I was thrown into the pit. I was being pulled to meditate all day. I was scared to meditate, I didn't want to do it. But I felt compelled. I felt like I had to or else. As soon as I

close my eyes on the mat. I saw the hole and I was thrown inside. As I was falling, I was petrified. What was happening. Will I go mad if I fail this? Who am i?
At that moment I looked at the stars.

There is not any shame in wanting to fuck young women like whores as long as you treat them with the respect they deserve. Don't do stupid shit. But in bed there are no rules. They get pleasure from sucking you off and getting fucked by you. The feeling they got you and nobody else. Be the man they want to suck and get fucked by. Sex is needed to get in touch with your darker side. Where the rules are a bit different.

We all have two wolves and they cannot live without each other.

But now I feel like I have suffered enough, I have paid my price in hell. Life can be both heaven and hell, I have no clue how it works after death. That's for us all to find out for ourselves. But I don't fear it when my time comes.

Everything has been set up for this moment in time. No man can carry the weight of the world by himself. Just do whatever you feel like and it's going to work out. Finding this level of intuition will be a painful process.

I do not feel bad about what I did, I did nothing wrong. All she said was she had a boyfriend. She didn't say no, so I assumed she wanted it. Maybe I pushed too hard.

But it's all a game, my brain just sees stuff differently. I see it all, I get all the outcomes for all the situations. This is what I've been obsessing about all my life and now I can use it where I want. Living in the moment is hard.

I can feel energies go through my body all the time, pulsating in my brain moving around like a wave. My third eye is always active. I have fully activated my human potential.

If the moment passes, just let it go. But it's so much bigger than just one thing. Everyone on this earth is connected. That's why we see the same ancient architecture everywhere.

It happened. While meditating I could feel all my chakras intensify. They were all swirling. As I went to bed my dog jumped up with me. I knew something was up. My head started to fill with energy. It felt like it was going to explode. Then a beam shot out from my head. I could feel the whole universe. I was at the brink of all the answers I ever wanted. I could see them. I had it all at my fingertips.

A voice asked. What do you want?

As I gave my answer, it all stopped and my body was in some kind of bliss. I cried from it. I felt it all.

But now it's a silent war of the minds, and nothing can break mine. Now they are afraid of everything I am. Do not say one word, nothing more. Play the part of the loser with confidence.

I know now that I am nothing but a sinner in this world, maybe this was the lesson. Maybe this was the truth I was hiding from myself. I am not better than anyone else in any way. There is only one and he gave his life for us. We try to be good people, do the best we can. I have all the tools I need to be a good man in this life. Life is so poetic and I do love it, but we are sinners. Lets try to be better people for fucking once. I have done a lot of bad things. Let's see where life takes us.

But I do find so much pleasure in good looking women, I don't know if i can control myself sometimes.

But even though I got a clear picture of who I can be, it's hard being human. All these urges. You can really hurt another person. I think I hurt her but I really hope she will be okay, that's all that matters. Before asking for forgiveness I need to forgive myself for it. I know who I am now, and I want to be a better person. Not seeing women as objects I want to bang all the time.

I think I'm crazy and need to go back on my medications. This has all been a bad trip. An acid trip. I don't know what I'm doing. I almost hurt her so bad. I am a bad person. I have no control of anything. I can't do anything right. All I do is hurt those closest to me. All I do is hurt those I'm supposed to love the most. Yet I can't even tell them I love them. I can't say those words.

But now i'm pissed at myself for what happened, it could have been a good day, a fun day with her. But that would never have happened anyway. Fuck man, never again fucking up like this, this was a reality check for me.

You have to spend money to make money. This applies everywhere. Anything you want to succeed at. Just learned and I'm a late bloomer. But I'm going to win this game, or at least that will be my goal.

Enjoy the pain, enjoy the uncomfortable, enjoy the uncertainty, enjoy that you will lose everything if you quit. That fate is even worse than death. I'm going to start soaking this shit up. But fuck these people here, fucking retards.

These people here are the most vile people i have ever met, i doubt there are any worse or maybe this is just how people behave. I don't have to do anything, everyone will get theirs one day. But I'm never going to speak to anyone here. How can you be like this? To another

person trying to live? Do you not have any feelings or emotions? Is this for the common good of the community? Or some other lie you tell yourself to feel good?

Its just pathetic, so fucking pathetic. Vile people, just the worst fucking humans ever, do not look at me, do not talk to me, dont do anything. Fuck you all.

Life is poetic. People have treated me like shit for so many years and I never understood why. But now I do understand. I hope they pray they were right and not just shitty people. I dont have to help one fucking person up to this point. They did what they did and will have to live with it for the rest of their lives.

I know my worth but I don't have much value yet. I know what I'm capable of. What my mind is capable of.

Ukraina is a big inspiration for all my recovery.

I need to finish this project, get money and go for the big thing. This is some massive shit, I have to play it smart if we're going to take over.

My inspirations for my life follows as.

Jesus' commitment to a cause.

My dad has the most giving heart.

50 cent for not taking crap from anyone.

I can live like this all my life. Am I obsessed at this point? I have no idea really but it's fun learning about yourself. I'm speedrunning a lifetime of self learning.

Life is moving, stuff is happening and life waits for no one. I'm not going to get an average bitch, I really don't care. I only want the high quality and best product otherwise i will fucking go alone. Most humans are still just animals. I'm not the weird one. Everyone can live however fuck they want. But to say my way of living is wrong is just retarded. I have been way too naive in my life.

People are so afraid to be alone in their own thoughts because all the lies they tell themselves will just burst out. This is the reason forced solitude is illegal, people have a lot of demons and their demons will kill them in the end by their own hands. Please live in complete solitude and prove me wrong.

I try to not think the world is about me, but I've been only with myself for so long and it's hard to break the cycle. All I've ever known is myself for so many years, most of my years. But it's hard to break the cycle.

Am I crazy or not? This is the question I'm waiting for.

But things are moving on track. I'm just chilling and working. Need to get the software done by the new year so I can start with the backend. It feels like I have been slacking but with so much going on all the time it's hard really fitting in the time.

I'm not giving up my mental or physical health one bit. I cant anymore. But my weight has been gaining again. I feel like I have failed.

It's a bit poetic, everywhere in life I'm willing to risk everything except in the pursuit of love.

I hope I will one day start approaching women but right now I can't be bothered. I don't want to destroy this solitude. But I am afraid I will lose if I try again. I tried and fucked up with two women and almost fucking went to far, way to far with them both. The devil really gives you exactly what you want, i dont know really but its some weird fucking shit.

If i dont i hope I soon get the courage to just end this life at least. I don't really want to die, I do love life. But do I want to do this all?

Everyone has to do what they have to do and I won't forgive it either. Don't really care about any of them now. But not going to say anything. But for me personally I don't have anyone except my parents. I've not gotten to know anyone and I don't care anymore. Everything that matters is big stacks, building a name and getting a nice life. But you do learn everything eventually as long as you want to and take action. It's only from actions that you do learn. You can read theory and everything but without action that won't mean anything.

I don't care for anyone anymore, except for my mom and dad. The rest can suck my balls. If i don't know them by now i won't ever want to get to know them at all.

As I meditated something happened. I could feel the duality. New chakra in the back of my head. I have not been able to find anything about this. It has the color gray. It's almost like you can see other people's thoughts. Is this a way to communicate with the mind?

As i layed in bed. I could hear the thundering voice that said 'Close', it echoed in my mind like nothing else. It was so powerful. So strong.

I was given an amazing gift. I have been taking it easy, i've been looking at reactions of people Trying to figure you all out, what drives you? What is important? What is your motivation for life? My conclusion is that people are just pathetic but there are people like me out there. But people have no drive outside of sex. That is all they strive for. How to get laid again. When they're old enough they get a child or two. Work, grow old and die. Never really challenged themselves. Perhaps that is their motivation for life. I'm not saying anything of

this is wrong, but it's not for me. Perhaps I will just crash and burn, not achieving anything. This is just some crazy shit I'm going through. I have trouble speaking in real life. I lose my words all the time. I have a hard time articulating anything. But it is getting better.

I try to be nice but everyone just takes advantage of me. Spread lies and all they can for their own selfish reason. I can read someone in seconds. It's hard to explain but just the way you look speaks to me. But I'm ready to take on the world, just at a steady pace. Keep working. Fuck being accepting that's just a thing you say, not do.

My mind is a gift I will share with all of you, the way I see life. I'm so happy and grateful. I was affected by people, but not so much anymore. I'm working with my anger. It's a process, will it happen? I have no idea.

I started and was alone all this year. I'm fucking ending it alone and it's going to be amazing. But this is my last year alone, I'm done with this crap. I want a genuine good woman now. Am I afraid of not being alone anymore? Actually trusting another person, sharing a piece of me with her. Being vulnerable again. All that scares me. Coming home to someone, hugging, kissing. Just being with someone scares the living shit out of me.

I have figured out the agenda. You people have put everything into boxes. You like this or that and you're this or that. There is no uniqueness anymore. It's all masked behind a mask of acceptance.

I fucking love this struggle man, the pressure is so absurd. A weak man would get crushed long ago. But this is what I live for. I'm going to miss it one day.

I'm so grateful for all this that's happening. But I'm making splashes now, I'm going for it all. I'm not afraid anymore. But I do not forget disrespect and there has been a lot. My mind is able to see everything in such fine detail.

Feeling so small during meditation, I am only a small drop in the massive ocean and doing my part.

Man is nothing but a bridge between the soul and body. Heaven and earth. Right now we are on earth. When we die I hope we open our eyes on the other side. I am my mind, my thoughts are my body and my emotions are my soul.

When death does not scare you anymore the only thing left to be afraid of is not living. People search for life in the safe places but to find life you have to go towards death. They look for it in movies and books. They don't realize life can be just like in the movies. In all honesty, life is to help people.

Just let it go, everything that comes into my head. It's over now.

Law of attraction and all that. The real power comes from making ripples in reality. Reality is energy and you have to use your own to impact it. Is it good or bad? I have no idea but stuff is happening. But all this stuff that's happening and everything that's going on is a pretty insane experience. It can't be explained and it can't be seen. You have to live it and few have, but there are those that understand. Sure it's like nothing else. I do love this fucking shit, i live for this shit.

But it's now time. I trust myself to not do anything dumb or hurt anyone. I'm just a normal being, part of this beautifully retarded society and I want to be a part of it. Make my mark. Try to make it better and help where I can and know how to. But now it's time to start spreading my seed.

While meditating. I went into the darkest depths of my being. I saw a river. Then a being showed up, it looked so hurt so damaged. It had no skin. It was hurting. It was in pure agony. I realized it was me, it was the person I was. I cried. I felt so bad for what I have done to myself. I forgave myself.

I let go of the old self. As I did I dissolved into the air. Then the skies cleared and stars showed up. The fields sprung green with flowers and grass. It has become a beautiful place I like to visit from time to time.

The moment is nothing but tests. Doesn't really matter other than work. Standing up for yourself, protecting yourself. It's for you to see who you really are and I love the struggle. Best time of my life.

Running is the best shit ever invented. The way it cleanses the body is pretty insane and everything becomes so much better. Is it the dopamine hit you get from it after? I don't know but I'm hooked. I really can't put it in words. It has to be experienced. It can't be experienced after the first, second or third run. It's when you must run as much as you need to poop that you will experience what I talk about. It's like being on drugs, but without all the bad parts.

I always thought you could almost read someone's mind but there is some truth in that. You can read the vibrations and they become thoughts. It's pretty interesting how it works and a bit annoying at times. But it is what it is. I don't do much projecting of my thoughts myself, I'm just looking around trying to get a better understanding. Some people don't pass the vibe check for sure.

Is it projection or is it what is very obvious? I've been given absolutely nothing really but my parents. Expected to do everything now with absolutely nothing. It is hard but I have no choice. It's either this or death and I do not want to die.

You make me feel something I've never felt before. So I guess you're an actual genuine person or am I just projecting my bad bad behavior again? I have no idea but I know we find projections of ourselves. We attract projections and are attracted. I can now go up to women and talk and do enjoy it very much. I will still be all excited. If you don't make me feel it, we just don't click. For better and for worse. For friends and lovers we all pick projections of ourselves and here I stand all alone. There are more like me out there but it's hard to find.

The rest are just living for pleasure, working for pleasure and dying for pleasure. But dreamers are willing to die in pursuit of ideas and are creators of change.

I am expecting validation from not trying to put myself in a position of rejection, I really am trying but I need help. I need to change my thinking into love. I don't know where I have ended up again, despair? I have put myself in a position where quitting is not an option or it has grave consequences for everything.

But you will be hammered into place if you try to go against the status quo. It doesn't mean you shouldn't, it is what will happen.

I was taught everything I needed to know. Then thrown into it head first. I do love the bluntness of the universe. Now will you sink or swim? But the universe or God doesn't give you more than you can handle. It's just, but also fair and I am a pusher of limits. This is no exception. I will push myself beyond reason. I will push my body until it says stop and if i need to i will continue but you have to play it smart. This is my achilles heel. I can push everything until it breaks and I was taught how to control it. Now I have to apply. Thanks for the opportunity to show what I'm made of.

I am ready for children and a wife. I know I'll be a good supportive husband that will take care of my family and do everything in my power for my family's success. I just have to find her that sees this in me.

I guess you get your moment and when the moment passes you don't get another chance. But i have learned now, love at first sight is rare and next time i get a chance i must take it. But I'm not settling for anything less. Maybe who knows, if it happens, it happens. If not then that's that.

But it's true, I've blasted so much information into my mind over the years. These years have all been about knowledge and understanding. I'm gaining wisdom from it now.

I can see the big picture. The amount of work it takes is insane and absurd. The person you have to be is kinda impressive. I do not want instant success because I would get eaten by people playing the game better than me. But I see the board now. I don't know who all the players are but it doesn't matter. The world is pretty huge and still not. But it looks fun.

Trust the process and have patience.

Today I feel exceptionally good and this too will pass.

The world seemed so big growing up but now I fear it's not big enough.

What do I want?

Mansion, cars, wife and kids. Retire my parents. Work on fun new projects trying to solve problems in the world. Be someone to inspire others because of where I started.

To love everyone? I don't know. But I accept everyone as they are. Some I'm just not going to keep in my life or bother with.

All this i'm doing. It's proof for myself and others that yes I am a bit crazy but I do have value in what I know and what I'm capable of doing. I'm not wasting my life anymore just sitting around playing games and ignoring the world anymore. But I am still ignoring people.

I feel like I belong in the world, I can express myself and all. I'm comfortable with myself. But I'm having a hard time putting trust in anyone.

Somehow I ended up royally screwed up and having to deal with everything now, while also trying to make something of myself is kinda absurd. But it is what it is and I cannot quit. It might look like I'm slacking but I'm always working towards something in myself.

I have a pretty sweet life, I have two jobs. One for the physical and one for the mental. I have an amazing dog. I can run and I love it. The best apartment I've ever had. So much food that i have to deny any more. I really do enjoy both of my jobs, I'm just a bit of an asshole sometimes. The best parents someone can have for all their faults. My health for better or worse. I've accepted my struggles and I'm working on it to get better.

Either you pray to God or you'll end up praying to people for help. Where people have their own agenda and God has the people.

I just need to drop it and start living in the moment. I thought I did live in the moment but I've been living in the past and future. Still learning from all the experiences. Gaining

wisdom. There is a time and place for everything. I just need to fucking live in the moment and live my fucking life. Stop worrying about random fucking shit.
Drop everything. Just let it go. It is time to start living my life.

I'm going to trust the process, it still might get worse before it gets better. But it's moving forward, that's the only way.

Can I handle a relationship without hurting someone again, like I have always done? I will never know until I try but I believe I have learned from my past mistakes.

I tried to make a connection without words, look good, smile and be pleasant from a distance and it felt good. It really is something about all this. Humans need connections to other people. Without other people we are nothing. Success means nothing if you're alone with it. We live in a world where people are upgradable like commodities for pleasure or status. I now know who I was before the world told me who to be. Not much to say. Grinding away, looking for love.

Love is pretty simple, it's just two people for whatever reason feel like they want each other, they want to struggle with each other. But we live in a world where people want a lot of people to pick and choose from. Jumping from one and another never really picking anyone to be with. This has caused a kind of damage where it just goes around in a vicious cycle of everyone using everyone for their needs. Most of the time it's being with someone for what you want and not who they are.

But to find true love you have to be completely alone. For only then will you realize that you are your own true love.

But my manhood was stolen from me and I'm slowly regaining it. It's weird being so conscious of your thoughts and feelings, I'm so extremely self aware of everything I do. I don't question doing anything. But I do reflect on why I do it.

I am very calm and at peace. Actually happy.

Life has improved a lot. I do love life. But people look so empty inside yet at the same time not. I guess I'm trying to compare myself and my way of seeing the world compared to theirs. I know my place in the universe. I'm happy with whatever life I have. But I need to start working because work is the purpose of life. To function in this society you need a job. That much is clear. But it's nice seeing people's intentions finally. Read people's intentions and not their emotions.

But these few months I've tried to adapt myself to everything that had transpired and I'm feeling a lot more confident and comfortable in my being.

I have always just existed, not really seeing people and their intentions. Who they are or what they want.

I'm nothing special in this world, I'm just like everyone else. I got some damage and I will probably never be like everyone else but that is fine by me. Boundaries was a big step. I cannot be around people that are devious, untruthful. I just can't stand it when it's so obvious. They are not even hiding it.

My ego is building up walls to protect myself in the position I have put myself in. But being able to navigate this situation is an artist's dream.

Nothing will come from a perfect life. I'm repulsed by it at this point. Perfection is boring, perfection is simple, perfection is empty.

This is not a race, this is just a place in time where I get to exist and experience the world. Like a movie about my life, how I want to live it. How I can make a difference and help.

I always had so many big dreams about helping the world with some invention in the technical field. Those have been my aspirations for a long time. But it doesn't look like I'm capable of doing that since I don't have those talents. But I do have talents in my way to read everything and see the big picture. I guess I am an artist. To inspire and help people this way instead, maybe it will spark an idea somewhere else.

I do love life, it's amazing to be on this planet. The people are so deep in programming, or is it programming? It's all about these things outward so people can see you. I am my clothes, i am my car, i am this and i am that. This is me, what you see based on these products. Based on the people I hang out with. This is me, this is where I belong in this world. It's all pathetic. It's just groups within groups within groups of belongings. Who are you naked? Who are you without anything? Who are you without words? Who are you in death?

In this world you are nothing. You don't deserve anything. You are to be alone until you contribute to this world in some way. You contribute to this society of faces. I'm starting to see you naked and the emptiness echoes. I see you and the emptiness echoes.

Common people are common in every way of life. They cannot think beyond their own desires, thoughts and feelings. Like rats addicted to cocaine clicking the button until they die of starvation. Starvation of life, meaning and purpose. Because that's when the internal clock starts yearning for a child that can give you meaning to them. Is it bad to be common? Is it bad in terms of living?

I have done it. Such a long time but it's finally over. So much work on myself and there is no conflict anymore. I've stopped projecting fully now. It all has to do with acceptance and love of yourself. The funny thing is, now I don't care anymore. I just enjoy being myself. Perhaps I'm scared of actually enjoying other people's company and having bad experiences again.

Manifesting reality, it doesn't occur when you think about it. You set your goals for life and the different realities will present themselves. It's all your choice in what you want to do. The bigger the purpose the more effect you have on reality. The more reality works in your favor. It's all such a complex webbing of realities.

It's time to change my life for the better and actually start living now. With love, with respect and with helping others. Not all because some are just retarded and will try to take advantage of me. But those closest to me.

It's all about finding it in your heart to forgive everyone's wrongdoings. Anger breeds hate, hate breeds fear, fear breeds suffering and suffering breeds death. But never forget what they have done to you and how much they have destroyed your reputation for their own amusement.

You give people a little love and see how they respond. If they try to just get more and more you leave.

I just want to go back to the old memories of me and just hug me and tell me that everything is going to be okay. I was so sad for a long time. The pain was unbearable. I don't know how I survived. I will never know. I'm not crying because the memories are painful. I just so want to hug me.

I have a fear in my mind that cripples me. There is no reason for this fear, its damage from everything that happened and i have fueled this fear for so many years. It does not exist yet it is everywhere.

It is me, I am the problem and always have been. How this will be salvaged I have no clue. But it looks like I'm in a bad position. I've put myself in the absolutely worst position imaginable. From my intense lock in syndrome or whatever you would call it.

Life is a poetic comedy, it's beautiful but so harsh. In my search for myself I have alienated everyone and everything. Now all that I thought was real but was not, has finally become reality.

It really is hard when you realize you are the problem. You've been an asshole to everyone. I have just wanted to take and nothing else. I have never given any appreciation to anyone or anything. I have never wanted to get to know anyone. Get close to anyone. Do I even deserve to be saved after everything?

Because I have felt like the worst scum. I have hurt everyone that has ever cared for me. I continue to hurt people around me. I'm lost for words. Did I actually lose my soul? Do I even have one? I have no idea, all I know is that I'm still alive and by the grace of God I can turn it around. As long as I'm alive I can start making the world a better place to be in. I feel like I have defeated myself and just lost everything. I have lost so many chances. So many opportunities. I've spit in God's face for so long.

I'm not scared anymore, I'm just ashamed.

Is it the only way to burn all bridges before you will actually fix your shit? Is it the only way? Was I so far gone that this was the only way I could ever find any closure? I have no idea how to fix anything at this point.

What is chaos? Is it just chance based on a subset of rules? The universe started with nothing but energy and rules. Now it's at a point where it has expanded beyond these rules.

With our imagination it has no limits. Now our imagination is the limit for what can be created or destroyed. But the mind also needs rules.

For with hate it only images death and with love it imagines life.

It's time to stop being a little bitch and start doing some uncomfortable things. It's time to build something new. The problem has never been the problem, it has always just been me. There is no problem and never has been. The problem has been imaginary to not face the world. I've put all my blame on an imaginary problem.

There really is no fear, it's just built up to the point of fucking up everything until realizing there is nothing.

Day by day you have to just work. Just keep moving. It's super hard, it is crushingly hard. I have burned almost every bridge I've walked on.

As I have tried to understand myself I have come to understand the world. As I have started to love myself I have started to love the world. We're all struggling with something. I'm guessing others are masking it better. Some people end up the villain and others the hero.

I think my obsession with patterns came to a point where I made them up.

The good has become the bad and the bad has become the constant. It really is a self fulfilling prophecy.

But people are reaching out to me, trying to help me out of this prison. It is a beautiful sight.

How do you write a true sentence? How do you write something so true it will shatter all of reality? If I shatter my reality the world will follow. Because the world is nothing but a mirror to my reality.

When you're trying you are destined to always fail. But it is only when you let go, completely trust your ability that you are able to do what you want and have a chance to succeed. So how do I let go of the person that is trying so hard? Trying so hard to do what? What am I trying to hold on to? What am I so afraid of to let go? Where are you?

I've been searching for a truth so bold that it will fix all the problems. But the truth is. Things take time, you will always have to walk before you run. For some it's even worse than that. The ultimate truth is just patience, hard work, discipline and dedication for the future you see yourself in.

Just work on yourself and you will attract someone of equal caliber. Of equal heart and love. I don't have to keep searching anymore.

The truth is that I am a bit crazy. Yet I sleep well at night, I can laugh. I have amazing peace in my body. Yet I have no friends or lovers. I'm on the brink of being bankrupt. Yet I'm never lonely. I have a never ending thirst for life. To breath, to feel, to struggle and ultimately conquer myself. For when you have conquered yourself you have conquered the world.

Is it because of guilt we cling to the words that hurt someone instead of admitting you were wrong? True guilt worth of punishment? Waiting for the day for that guilt to resolve. Even digging yourself deeper. That torment of truly being a bad person.

Because you have trusted someone whose biggest sorrow in life is crying like a child in the toy store for not getting the toy they wanted.

Is this sorrow?

True sorrow is not being able to express your love to friends or family. I thank Jesus everyday. I didn't end up like a bitch of a man. But I do feel sorrow. I do love my family for everything they have endured. I will pay it back one day.

So finally the sorrow is slowly going away.

Suddenly, I saw the pendulum swinging back and forth in my mind's eye. The pendulum of duality, I realized. It represented the content battle between the positive and negative forces in our lives. I acknowledged this pendulum and let it swing freely.

The pendulum of clarity appeared. It swung in a smooth and steady rhythm, symbolizing the moments of clarity that we experience in life. I felt a sense of calm wash over me as I watched it swing.

But then, the pendulum of conflict emerged. It swung erratically and violently, representing the conflicts and struggles that we all face. I felt my heart rate increase as I acknowledged this pendulum, but I reminded myself to stay calm and centered.

Finally, the pendulum of synergy appeared. It swung in harmony with the other pendulums, representing the moments when everything in life falls into place.

It was a beautiful sight to behold, and I felt a sense of hope and gratitude.

Then there I saw her, there she walked. I tried to catch up to her but it felt like I was just getting further away with each step. Then she stopped for a second and my heart started beating harder. Maybe I will catch up. As she started walking again I lost ground, she was slipping from me. I could see everything crash before my eyes.

But then I could feel the winds of destiny all around me, pushing me. I set up my sails in the direction I wanted to go. The voice in my head encourages me to walk harder. To walk with a purpose. She stops again. I see this as an opportunity to say something. Just something. I can hear the disappointment in my heart. As I continue walking I turn around and then real magic happens.

THE END.