

I don't have the energy to write.

I just get poisoned by bad thoughts that come and go, my brain a constant state of permeance that refuses to adhere to any meaningful thoughts for me to articulate.

So, please treat this document as a privilege; for I will never be able to articulate such crucial information out of my mouth.

It feels like every October, I experience a surge of depression and anxiety.

In 2022, it was so intense that I had to beg my father to go overseas and take time off. Take time off the internet, the news, the holiday season, the discourse, the bedlam of this global city.

So, I spent my time overseas with my extended family. I brought nothing with me but clothes and a gaming tablet.

To look back on it now, I would say it was bliss.

Spending time in Dubai with my cousins was bliss...

In 2023, it was a year of flux.

I took fluoxetine, wrote a diary for my thoughts to better maintain my mental health, started to take photography and photo editing seriously, saved up for a laptop and a trip to Europe, studied and passed a driving theory exam, went out almost every time I could to self-improve, and plenty of other accomplishments.

It should have been better.

It should have been much better.

However, around April, the troubles in Sudan happened.

My family's financial status fell apart.

And even though I had generally good experiences through the summer (May-July-ish),

Eventually, I once again demanded a trip overseas.

While there were some troubles compared to last year, I can still safely describe it as bliss.

Staying in a rural farm in Aswan, surrounded by the crimson Nile, away from the hell of the world, was bliss.

But now it is 2024.

I am now 28.

Ten years ago, I was studying intensely so I could go to university and study for a degree that I would eventually hate and drop out of.

I am now 28.

Ten years ago, I had a fairly respectable circle of friends who I have now long disregarded and, through mental paranoia, have abandoned all contact from. I even feel estranged from my family.

I am now 28.

Ten years ago, I learned guitar all by myself. I would go to the Roundhouse that had a programme for 16-25 year olds. I would go to concerts all the time. I thought I was so fortunate to live in a part of town that had such subcultural legacy and attachment to music. It was like I was blessed with potential just by being raised in it.

I am now 28.

...I write this in October. My stupid, lazy, pleasure-oriented self forgot to renew my passport, which expires on January. It would take weeks for me to get everything sorted and get a new passport.

It feels like I had a chance to escape a nuclear bomb of malaise.

And now I am in that epicentre, powerless to do anything.

For the first time since 2019, back when I had to drop out because of my mental health issues, I've been seriously thinking of killing myself. Not now, but when I reach 30.

Certainly.

If I'm thirty, and I'm still

Depressed, overweight, lazy, unsexed, unmotivated, unproductive...

Then what's the point?

...I don't do anything. What have I done? My room is surrounded by plastic rubbish. I will degrade quicker than it.

My strategy is to indulge myself in escapist idiocy and rot my brain and hope it all pans out. But I'm 28. I'm a fucking manchild. I'm almost in my thirties. I cannot wait any longer.

But if I feel this defeated and depressed, then how can I possibly start? I have been trying to 'restart' and 'turn my life around' for five fucking years now. It's like trying to enter a terminally ill dog into a dog show.

Studying independent photography as a productive and healthy hobby to forget the world. Didn't work.

Starting a sugar-free diet to lose weight and blood pressure which lasted two years. Didn't work.

Going to an autism support group to try and meet with adults who suffer similar problems. Didn't work.

The entirety of CDAT. Didn't work. Antidepressants: didn't work.

Tried to reconnect with old friends that I abandoned and recover relations. Didn't work.

Nothing works. No medication, no friendships, no holidays, no sense of achievement, nothing seems to fix me. As far as I'm concerned, Magdi truly died in 2019. I'm just living through the apocalypse. I just have to suffer.

~

My hobby and passion was computers, the internet, IT, etc.
Was.

As an autistic person with poor social skills growing up, it was something of a revelation. I admired the fact that I could communicate and make friends without even showing my face. I admired message boards, personalised homepages, basic chat rooms, Web 1.0. I was more skilled than anyone in this field, and growing up I was praised and encouraged for my obsession. "IT & Computing are the future! The job market is healthy! Just look at the wealthy startups!" I toiled and toiled for a computer science degree.

But it's now all fucked. Everything. Everything I loved died in the most miserable way possible. Even the very sight of 'now trending' instills me with a nauseating fear. Dopaminergic algorithms, thieving generative AI, greedy SEO, social media, data mining and theft, Clickbait, believable bots (the so-called 'dead internet theory'... Misinformation and delusional 'video essays' filled with predatory sponsors and Algospeak gaining millions of views, virulent firestorms on every internet comment box on any topic you can think of; this is all I see on the digital screen. None of this existed even ten years ago. It's a never-ending nightmare. And you are forced to use it to engage with society. There is no way to fix it. Not when it makes money, influences society, and people are fine with the status quo.

But what's even more scarier is that there's no alternative, at least for me. No friends. No job. No community. Nothing. I am alienated from everything. And yet, everything wants to destroy me.

It's disgusting how everything is about "oh, mental health this, mental health that", But if you look on the internet and the news, you see a medium that rewards cruelty, psychopathy and discrimination. And it's getting worse; nobody wants to stop it. Everybody's okay with it. I was optimistic about it in 2020, a year after my sectioning. COVID gave everyone a sense of camaraderie; every group united under the same general malaise. Now it's just out of control.

So. Now what?
What could I possibly do to contribute to society?
What future do I have?
I've pondered this question for the past half-decade,
And I've to come to the conclusion that I'm just a waste of humanity, with everything I love being fucked.

Why focus on computers and the web when it's all fucked?
Why write when whatever I publish will be obliterated by generative AI?
Why go back to music when I have a never-ending mountain to climb? I forgot so much and the playing field is too large.
Why do photography when there's no benefit at all, when I refuse to indulge in Instagram-esque social media idiocy?
Why do anything?
At least, when I dropped out of university, I had the solace of sectioning myself out of life and wondering how the state of things was after my solitude, but
Now that I'm 28,
Twenty fucking eight, almost THIRTY, I can't do that anymore, so...
Why live at all?