

# Adaptation

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Dear Alex,

Hey, I hope you've been well. I wanted to reach out to you; I wanted to let you know that I've been thinking about you lately. I've been on quite the journey; I went up to Matt's house this weekend. I was surprised that I was the only person that showed face—I think that meant a lot of him; I traveled the furthest but I also was faced with the similar dilemma as the others: he lives so far that it really takes love to make that journey. Matt's house is beautiful: he has a straight-up lake in his own backyard. Waking up early in the morning and reading *The Idiot*—Fyodor Dostoevsky was serene. The book has been a great read honestly. I hope I get the chance to read *Crime and Punishment* someday; perhaps even complete the Dostoevsky classics ending with *The Brothers Karamozov*. I also wanted to let you know that it has been hard for me to interact with the new generation of interns at CAT. I feel so isolated—yet I also feel like I am accepted. These people want to meet me; they want to get to know me. I radiate good energy and good vibes, but I am the loneliest person amongst all. I was invited to go watch the Cubs in Chicago with two CAT interns—Dante and Adrian. They are the “coldest” people amongst our CAT intern group: they are exceptional in intellect, physicality, personality, and looks. They know that I am one of them; but I have yet to accept myself to their invitation. I told them about you. I told them that I was feeling sad; I was feeling lonely these few months. Dante is a special person—he embraces his inner-child and uses it to propel himself. Adrian has a knack for social awareness; he is textbook chill. I have lived their lives once and before—I know what to do; but that phase of my life has passed. I've ascended towards total abstraction of what it means to be an intelligent entity; I possess the ability to conform and shape myself with respect to other intelligent beings and groups—I am completely aware that I have the freedom to morph myself to where it fits best. It has taken me some time to process that there exist people—perhaps most people in this world—that conform to one system...but then never leave. I am conscious of my own system traversal; I do this myself everyday. It is difficult because I am also aware that I lose this consciousness—the system collapses—from time to time. This happens when I act like my “true” self; i.e.—I let my monkey brain run for some time. It is unfortunate but also interesting to observe that it is during these precise times when I achieve the highest state of relaxation; but also the state when I may slip and say something that affects a person in a negative manner. When this phenomenon does occur, people become confused...their pledgeship to their own system hinders their ability to accept change and they become upset. I want to end this letter by saying that I need to

adapt to the average of the people. I don't want to; but it's necessary for me to evolve into living the fullest life that I can: for family, for society, for friends, for humanity, for the laws of physics; for myself. I love you and I always will. I won't let you down. I will see you in the sky. *"Beauty will save the world"*—Doestoevsky

Love,

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