There was nothing of use anymore. Life had its end with me. I was done. More done than a potato or a figment of a potato's imagination. There was nothing more than a silly honest perception to be left. Overdone and under used. Everything had a price. A price to the point of not bothering to live anymore. No, it all would end beyond any kind of effort. Effort would be needed in order to become self sufficient. Ah yes that's what it was.