The year 2023 is soon to be over, a full year has come and passed and it’s been a little less than nine months since I announced my project Timely Death, and about eight for when actual development started.

A word comes to mind when I think of this project. It’s a strong word, it has a lot of emotion for most people and it’s one quite easily misunderstood. That word is the following: Failure.

This project, Timely Death, that I began so enthusiastically, so driven and empowered to make a reality, is in my eyes and mind a failure for me.

This is a failure because I wasn’t able to reach the goal I had set in place for me. I didn’t put in a minimum amount of hours consistently like I had wanted. My milestones weren’t reached, tasks were left to virtually gather dusk (GitHub) and worst of all, I couldn’t stop thinking about it as I did any other task.

I mentioned previously that failure is often a misunderstood word; they say it’s a bad word, immediately connected to negative. Not for me. Failure, in my eyes, just means that a goal was not met. I didn’t meet my goal.