

The Tales of a Mummy

INTRODUCTION

READ THE INTRODUCTION

Here I will write the story of my life.

The hardest part of this was deciding what exactly I should write down, obviously I can't write everything that happened in my life, nobody is gonna read this shit. I wrote the strongest memories that I have (although I don't have many, I feel like my life was wasted) and the ones that I think made me who I am. But then there is another question, should I write the story completely unbiased and without my own thoughts? You are here for the story after all, not for the person behind it. But at the end of the day I want you to see my life how I see it, so I included some of my thoughts and feelings. I hope I didn't include too many of them, I don't want this to be a diary. Please read every word carefully, every word has a meaning to me and I came back and added or edited things many times.

For readability sake when I'm quoting something that I said I coloured the text red, and if it's something that somebody else said I coloured it blue.

If you opened this for some reason thank you and I hope you read till the end! **Lets begin.**

CHILDHOOD:

I was born in Bulgaria, at 5 months and a half I was diagnosed with Spinal Muscular Atrophy type 1-2 (closer to type 1), it's a heavy genetic muscular disability that progresses with time, you can read more in google.

My mother was told I will live until 2yo, I won't write much from my mother's POV tho, I will write mainly from my life POV.

A few months after I was diagnosed we left my father, because he was an alcoholic and other things. Then me, my mom and my brother (I have a 5 and a half years OLDER brother) started to live in my grandparents apartment. I didn't remember much from that period. I don't remember exactly when, but around when I was 3yo we moved to our own apartment. My brother was living with us, but each weekend he was going to visit his father for 2-3 days, he was from another father. My mother had a younger boyfriend. I will call him V, I liked him, but they broke up, reasons don't matter, basically his family was against etc.

My 5yo birthday is one of the first happy memories I have. I had a lot of guests, gifts, even V was there.

Around that time we had a cat, I will call her Z. I remember she was evil, she was always attacking me and attacking my mother from behind. My mother threw her out of the house a

few times and she was coming back meowing at the door and we were letting her in again. At the end we sent her to a relative's village to take care of her. She had kids there and one day she disappeared. I think she got hit by a car or something :(

In terms of my physical health: I could still eat most stuff alone and play video games and PC games, I remember I played a lot of CS 1.6, GTA San Andreas and many others. If it's not obvious I should mention that I never walked, I was often in hospitals together with my mom, sometimes, because of ketosa due to not enough eating, because it was hard (we didn't know the reason for the ketosa back then) sometimes pneumonia and stuff like that, a lot of times I was on the edge of death. The doctors and nurses in the hospital knew me like their child almost lol.

In terms of social life: For like a year or 2 (starting from age of 5 I think) I was visiting a center for disabled kids, but all of them had mental illnesses like strong autism etc. Meanwhile I had only physical illness + was a gifted kid, so I didn't have much fun except with 1-2 teachers, 2 times almost died, because with my disability you need to be careful and pay attention. More about that later.

Daily routine: Every day most of the time I was playing games and watching TV, mostly Cartoon network, Jetix (former Disney) and Boomerang, but Boomerang didn't have Bulgarian translation. Also when my mother was going for a coffee with friends I liked to go with her (my physical health was so much better back then). And don't forget getting sick as much as I can ofc.

Also I had a small period where I was going to pre-school kindergarten, together with my mom obviously, because I can't do anything alone. All the kids loved me there. I remember they were in a circle around me and asking me questions, i wasn't going much there, because I was going for 1 week then I was sick for 2 weeks etc. I will say what I remember from the kindergarten - a particular song, a girl that translated from Bulgarian were calling me "teddy bear" (i wonder if she remembers me at least a bit), an overweight boy that was spitting while talking, and 2 boys that were crazy/doing strange stupid funny things.

Except the kindergarten the only my age type of interaction I had was with the children of a family friends, my mother had friends and they had 1 girl kid, and sometimes they were our guests, sometimes we were theirs... and same thing with another family except i didn't like their kid, because she was always taking my PC and etc. Now it's super strange to look at their facebook photos, grown up women the type that boys would send a dick pic to :D I just imagine how much things they have gone through in terms of relationships and life, meanwhile me - nothing.

I was a happy child generally, but all childs are.

More details about the center for disabled kids It was founded by a mother that has a daughter with Cerebral Paralysis, I will call the kid D. D was the oldest there. She was obviously in a wheelchair but when she needed to walk somewhere, someone was holding her and she was taking small steps, because she was too heavy to just wear around. D liked me, she liked to ask me questions, but I prefer normal people to interact with, she wasn't stupid but her brain is a bit like a little kid. She was asking

me the same questions over and over again and I was getting annoyed. Also it was hard to understand what she was saying. I wasn't scared of her, but I was scared, because sometimes she would come to me and hold my hand and squeeze it hard and it was hurting and I was scared to not break it. There was one kid in a wheelchair but more like laying in the wheelchair, he was unable to talk and was small like me. He was communicating by moving his pupils, moving them once meant "no", moving them twice meant "yes". There was one kid with something like autism, he was small but wild. I was always scared of someone jumping on me. Then a girl came and that "wild" boy looked like an angel now. The girl was so uncontrollable, always running and destroying everything. I think she even sat on my head when I was laying on the coach. But with time the girl got better.

I don't remember for how long I was going there and if I was going every day, but I was going at idk, 12 pm and I was staying till around 5pm. A minibuss with a 170 year old driver was coming and everyone was going in the minibuss together with some of the "teachers"/"staff". The driver was leaving all kids to their parents, I was second to last. I think the last was D and I think only because she liked it. I hated it. I was always getting nauseous in cars.

I liked to hang out with the teachers/staff. I won't waste your time with meaningless stories, but I will tell you about the person that I liked the most, N

N

N was recognising how smart I was and was making my days more fun. The main thing I remember is, we were hosting an event. And I learned several long poems and N was giving me signals when to start, when to stop etc. It was a whole program. It was very cool. We also painted a giant egg. Unfortunately 15 years later the director still can't find the video. I guess she lost it.

After N quit, I lost interest and stopped going too. I saw N once on the street after that.

Almost dying there twice

I was in a room with one of the "teachers" doing something. I was putting my head on my lap for fun. I was warned to be careful not to choke or something but I thought it's fine, because I was able to lift my head back up. When I got out into the main room I did that again, but could not lift my head back up... I started panicking, because it was hard to breathe and I probably had pain too, and I knew it will be hard for someone to hear me. I was saying MMMMMMMMMMMM MMMMMMMM. One of the oldest "teachers" that should not be there noticed me, but thought I was having fun or something wtf. At some point N realized something was wrong and came and saved me. Notice, N was the one to . I was full of tears etc. It was scary.

The second incident was when we were going back to our home with the minibuss. We stopped to leave one of the kids in his home, but his mother wasn't waiting outside. The "teachers" went to bring him to his house and I was alone with the 1000 year old driver.

This time I was sitting instead of laying. I was on the most left side, and my head fell between the seat and the door. I was screaming as much as I can, but it was basically again

MMMMMM MMMMMM. Not only was the driver almost deaf, but I think he was also

listening to music. He didn't hear me at all, or maybe he did but thought I am just mentally unwell too. Thankfully (or not) I survived until the "teachers" came back.

Maybe these incidents are a big reason why I don't trust strangers for my well being...
Well some people I would trust but unfortunately they can't care less ...

Now I will talk about my life between 7 to 13yo.

Care

I was around 7 years old. My brother had birthday and we had a lot of guests, I mean he had a lot of guests. A lot of boys and 1 girl. All of them were on the computer watching a horror movie with a doll. I was eating behind them, but I wasn't close behind them, I was like 3 steps behind them. I don't think I was watching the movie, I don't even think I was able to see the movie, because there were too many people in front of me (as always). Suddenly the girl asked a question, I don't remember if the question was asked to me or to my brother (wish I do), I don't remember exactly what the question was, but the question was something like if I am ok or if I want to watch or something like that. The point is she showed CARE. she noticed that I exist. that I am a human being, that I have wants. And she was a stranger, she wasn't part of my family. It's true that my mother cares for me my whole life, but I always felt special when a stranger showed care, especially if they are closer to my age. I think the fact that I still remember this, shows that it felt special and different.

Later on the girl and my brother became gf/bf.

At that time I was collecting different kinds of napkins. And guess what, the girl had fucking huge collection of napkins and she gifted me all of them! Very kind right? In hindsight now that I am wiser, it would have been better to let me collect it by myself... but doesn't matter. Also in hindsight, she probably showed care (when she was at the birthday party) because she liked my brother.

Anyways, we will name the girl C, C for Care.

Education and daily life

"I started school" and by that I mean a few teachers were coming home almost every day for 1h each, because I can't go obviously and even if I could I would get sick and getting sick is always very dangerous for me. Up until 4th grade I knew everything already, didn't need to study at all, and up to 7th grade I guess I could brute force my way with logic. I will admit tho they probably weren't as hard on me as a normal school. It was nice, I liked 80% of the teachers. I was making a lot of jokes with them, some of the teachers were very dry and was a bit "shocked" from the jokes, but later on started to get it and make jokes too.

Except for the “school” it was all the same, except I was getting weaker, I had a few online games that I was playing like DarkOrbit, SofiaWars, HeroZero... these games were my best interaction with people and my life, more about that later.

Small Red Dot

I will tell you a story, my voice is not very clear, because I always have a lot of mucus(?) in my throat/mouth that I can't swallow so I need to spit it out often... So I had one friend in DarkOrbit, his name translated from Bulgarian I think was “Small Red Dot” So we started a voice chat with him and I remember he told me “why do you sound like you have spit in your mouth???” BECAUSE I FUCKING HAVE! But I don't think I told him that... I guess at this moment I realized strangers have a hard time understanding what I am saying, because of my disability. If you are wondering what happened with the friend, I don't remember well but I think we slowly started fighting and stopped talking, I mean we weren't friends, just game buddies, for a few days. It would be so funny if he is reading this.

About my brother

Around the same time (when I was ~8yo) My brother decided to start living with his father, because his friends were closer there and blabla, he promised he would be coming every weekend just like he was going to his father every weekend when he was living with us. But that wasn't true... Then I remember once we talked on the phone and he told me he will come and stay during the summer vacation, but that didn't come true either :(I think my brother is one of the big reasons why I hate it so much when someone doesn't keep their word, even for small things... For many years (maybe 6-7) I was very sad that I was seeing my brother rarely and I was missing a lot the old times when we played PC games together and doing fun stuff, I remember there was a rule I can be on the PC for 2h then he for 2h, then again me etc. Often I was waiting for him more than the limit so he could finish his WoW quest or raid... It was very annoying but still a good memory. Through the years we were seeing each other more and more rarely, I cried so many times. Now we see each other once or twice a year, I don't care anymore, I don't know if I don't care because of the depression or because I just got over my brother.

Killer?

I don't remember exactly how old I was but I think 7 or 8 years old and my mother thinks the same.

I haven't really thought about this throughout my life, but last year I realized it.

I was in hospital AGAIN, together with my mother of course. In the room next to us was a mother with a baby with SMA (my disability). Back then the walls of the rooms were transparent, so you could kinda see what was happening in the other room. The baby was put on a machine that breathes for you, basically he was intubated. The doctors asked my mother if she could show/explain to the baby's mom, how to care for the baby especially when the baby is sick, because my mother had a lot of experience already. I remember one day the mother was in our hospital room and she was very stressed and didn't know what to do, she was crying etc. At some point she was asking should she

bring the baby home and let it die, and I said something like: "It's better (the baby) to die now than suffer his whole life like me." I was really tired of hospitals and not being able to breathe and tired from life and everything.

After a few days the doctors removed the machine from the baby and surprisingly the baby was able to breathe alone.. But the mother decided to bring the baby home and let it die...

How much did I affect her decision, am I a killer? Probably, kinda.

Also can someone explain to me how tf it's legal to bring the baby home when everyone knows it's going to die? Isn't that the same thing as a murder?

The most evil thing I have done I guess

I was playing CS 1.6 and I think I asked if someone plays DragonFable and some guy in the chat said yes, and he gave me his username and password, because he doesn't play anymore I think. But I could not remember it and I asked him to type it again, but he refused.

So I opened the chat logs and found it and logged in. His account was super advanced, much more than mine, despite me playing for so long. I walked around in the game aaaaaaaaand.. I deleted his account. I don't know why I did that. Maybe I got angry that he gave me his password at first and then changed his mind, or maybe I wanted to "teach him a lesson" to not give out his stuff like that, or maybe I just got jealous. I don't know, I think it's the first guess. horrible. I got insta "karma" tho, my account got deleted also. I still don't know why my account was deleted, probably mine and his account were like sub-accounts of one main account that I deleted.

I also remember with my brother we were trying to hack World of Warcraft accounts but on fake servers where you could level up fast. We deleted like 2 accounts I think. I even remember one of the passwords was something about power rangers. I am actually really surprised we managed to hack someone manually... People are evil..

K

When I was 8 or 9 years old, my mom got a new boyfriend, I will call him K. At the beginning it was fine, but after like a year I was often fighting with K, he was saying very dumb things and arguing, I was literally 9yo and I was smarter than him, in hindsight these fights were always when he was drunk, he was drinking minimum 2 liters of beer every day. We also had some good times, we were playing PC games together sometimes, but when he was getting drunk, he was starting to fight with me for no reason and it was very bad. Also he did a nice birthday "event" for my 10yo birthday.

I don't remember when but at the beginning there was a period where my mom and K broke up, my mother was pregnant and needed to have an abortion in the 4th month I think, because K was in another city, not helping with money or anything... They got back together later on. K was very dumb, I was little kid and I was smarter than him and we were arguing about obvious things. Sometimes we were playing pc games together, that was nice, until he got drunk..

When I was 12 years old, my mother was pregnant from K again. They fought very often, even the evening my mother found out she was pregnant., they were fighting before that, but despite that my mom kept the baby.

A few months before that my hand suddenly became weaker and I could not eat alone. We hoped it will get better but it didn't, from now on I needed to be feeded, and even then it was becoming harder and harder to eat. I will write more about that later.

A year before that... I got a cat! I will call her B

The Story of B!

She was my second cat; we got her around 2010 when she was a baby. We fed her milk with a dropper. She was a wild cat, often running around and always ready to play. For example, I would shine a laser, and she would energetically chase it (I have videos). Similarly, if you threw a ball or a toy, B would bring it back like a dog. My mom held me upside down by the legs, and mom would swing me, throwing the toy far away, and B would bring it back. But later, I stopped being able to stay upside down, because of my leg contractures and other reasons. I think B loved me a lot. For instance, if she was on the balcony and I shouted AAAA, she would run to me and look around to see if everything was okay. She also loved to sleep and lay next to me and on me. Back then, I could pet her alone; now, I can't pet anyone alone.

When she grew up, we had to castrate her. They said it was a good thing they opened her up because she had some kind of cancer. After the operation, B was very sick and nervous. She was wrapped in something like a garment, and we put her in a box. She kept trying to get out, but she couldn't because of the anesthesia and the surgery, and she kept falling. Later, we took her out of the box, but she staggered a lot and couldn't sleep.

I remember she was on the sofa, and my mom and grandma were keeping an eye on her so she wouldn't fall. B got very angry, scratched my grandma, and she bled. Apparently, B tore her along a vein. In the end, B lay on me, calmed down, and fell asleep.

A few months after my sister was born, my mom and K decided to simply throw away our 2-3-year-old cat in a random village. Because for my sister to not eat B's fur (excuses). I said they can't do that. I tried to find people on the internet who would take her, but I didn't find anyone. So, one day, we drove with the car and threw away the cat in front of my eyes (my mom said, "someone will find her, someone will feed her," etc., but I didn't believe it at all). I had nightmares about B trying to get back home.

After a few days, my mom's friend (I will call her VS) called my mom and said, "why didn't you give the cat to D{another friend}, they would take the cat." We went to get B back, and we found her... guess where... in EXACTLY the same place. She hadn't eaten, hadn't moved... She looked almost like a skeleton. When we entered the house with B, she shot straight to the fridge and then to the bathroom.

After 1-2 days, B was finally calm and happy again. We go in the car and went to the friend who wanted to take the cat (a house in a village, a family with 2 children, 1 older child, 1 male cat and a dog). B was very stressed and didn't like it there. I think she escaped once and then returned to the family, but the second time, she disappeared. We went to look

for her around, but we didn't find her. We asked several people, and they hadn't seen her.
My mom didn't make any other efforts to find her.

We never saw her again, and it's very painful for me. The worst part is that I will NEVER
know what happened :(

A few months before my sister was born!

I was very scared of death.

More specifically, I was scared of if there is nothing after death. if it's absolutely nothing, like you don't even know you are dead. In this case what is the point of living if you don't even remember or feel anything afterwards, everything is pointless, my whole body was getting cold inside, it's my biggest fear, my mother thought it will get better when the baby gets born, but it wasn't connected with that, I had this extreme fear multiple times in my life, I will talk more about it later although it scares me.

My sister was born!

I remember when she got home the first 2 hours nobody slept, and I remember she was crying a lot and trying to eat from my mother's breasts, I guess despite all it was at least a little bit fun, my sister is 10yo now and I miss the time when she was a baby..

Age between 12 and 16

I was still playing my games and watching my sister grow but there are also a few highlights and events that changed my life a lot.. I stopped playing the online games (more info about the games later)

When I was 13 or 14 years old my brother was here (rare event) and we were playing together some 2d fighting game on the PC and there was a character called Son Goku, and he told me I should watch this show called Dragon Ball. and I started it and I knew it's an anime I think. At first I hated the Japanese Audio but half way through the series I started to like the Japanese audio and stopped the Eng dub. I quickly watched the Dragon Ball episodes and started Dragon Ball Z. At the end I realized the last few dozen episodes weren't translated with Bulgarian subtitles. I think I waited a few months and then finished it with english subtitles.

Then I remember asking my brother what should I watch next, and I don't remember why but I was wondering between Bleach, One Piece and Naruto.

I decided on One Piece. I was HOOKED again. I think at some point I put One Piece on pause and I started Naruto. I have a small Naruto story for you.

Naruto Story

When I was kid, (I have no idea when but I was very young) they were broadcasting Naruto on the TV, the channel was called Jetix (later on becoming Disney channel) I remember me and my brother watched it while we were in our grandmother's house? I remember 3

episodes that can't really be connected so I am confused how real my memories are. 1) Inu VS Sakura, 2) during the forest exam when Naruto swims, 3) Naruto VS Sasuke where the statues were. Anyways, at some point they suddenly stopped broadcasting it :(Throughout the years my brother continued to watch it online on and off, but I could not, because I could not read english subtitles, but I watched it many many years ago like I said above. It's just sad that I am not one of these people that watched it every Sunday for 20 years straight.

So yeah, I quickly became a big anime fan and then I realized I always liked anime a lot but I didn't know it's an anime. I remember I was around 7 years old and they were broadcasting "Spider Riders". I was hooked from ep1 and in hindsight this is probably the first anime that I watched from the beginning to the end. On the TV I also watched Bakugan, Beyblade, Pokemon etc.

Although I don't watch a LOT of anime anymore, it helped me a lot with boredom and hard times. It also shaped some of the beliefs and values I have.

SofiaWars and L

To be honest I don't remember how old I was when I started playing SofiaWars, but I feel like I was 7.. But I won't be surprised if I was 10-12. The game was a copy of MoskowWars. I am not gonna explain what the game was about because who cares, but I will explain a few important things. The game was multiplayer, basically half the players were your teammates and half your enemies, the game had about 300 (not 300k) active players. The game was very time sensitive, for example you must do things every 15 minutes and meanwhile you can do other things. But it was impossible to not get left behind even if you click exactly every 15 minutes, because for example you needed to do it 50 times, which is more than 12 hours without missing. So I (my mom) was paying for a premium which allows me to do the thing every 5 minutes aka 3 times faster. I was still weaker than the people that pay to win and than the people that BOTTED. So apparently I learned that most people use bots, or rather "macros".

Normally I was/am against using hacks/cheats, but literally everyone was using macros (basically the bot doing everything for them automatically while they are comfy sleeping) So I started too, but I couldn't make it work, it was too complicated for me back then. At some point I stopped playing the game because of bots and because they weren't updating the game, only seasonal stuff.

Jail

I wasn't in a real life jail, relax. The currency in the game that you buy with money is called "watermelons" I connected with some guy and we talked on Skype and he was saying that he can give me watermelons at a much cheaper price. I thought he was a scammer, but he gave me a few watermelons for free to prove it's real. I started buying for me, but one day Admins found out and put me in the game jail. I have no idea for how long but I feel like it was months. When your account is in jail you can't do anything except check dms I think. I don't know what happened with the guy, I remember there was dramas in the forum, I don't know if he was a hacker or part of the team, probably part of the team let's be honest...

L

L was a player in the game, she was of age where she could be my mother. She and her boyfriend owned one of the top clans and I really wanted to join but I was too low level, but they knew that I really wanted to so they agreed when I reach level x (I think 7) I can join.

And I did! I chatted a lot with L, back then I could still type on normal keyboard, I probably overshared with her a lot. Even after I stopped playing the game I logged back to contact her a few times through the years just to check in, talk about life etc. I think the last time was 3 years ago, it was cute that she still remembered my name. Last year I wanted to message her again but unfortunately the game doesn't exist anymore. I think I had asked her for other contact information but I don't remember if she gave me, maybe she did but I didn't save it...

Also I remember she had her account frozen (aka she is away) and I asked someone from her clan why, but he didn't know and I don't remember if she ever unfroze. I still have a photo of her on my pc as a memory.

Contests

There were 2 contests in the game that I participated in, the first one was you needed to make a video basically explaining about the game. There were 2 videos I made for the 2 stages. One was a powerpoint presentation with screenshots from the game (that L sent me because I was in jail and I can't access the pages) text and animations/effects. The other video was reading the newest things from the "news" page and I made my mother read it (outload), because my voice is terrible and unclear as I said. Unfortunately I didn't win, because 1) the videos sucked and 2) The winners were determined by the amount of views and I don't have friends so gg. I remember spamming people from my mother's facebook

The other contest was... In Bulgaria we have something called "Baba Marta" and we make "Martenici" it's basically red&white things, you can google it. So the contest was for the best "martenica" and what I came up with was dressing B (my white cat) in red, it's the cutest thing you have ever seen. I didn't win, but they gave me a reward for the "Most original" photo. Pretty sure they made up that category for me, and I agree, I deserve it, it was an awesome idea and execution.

Chat Moderator

I don't remember a lot of details, but here is the story: I was talking with some player in the game and he was also a Chat Mod. I will call him CM. I am pretty sure I told him everything, about my disability etc.

I said that I really want to be a chat moderator and apparently he had connections with the Admins and told me that he will ask them, and they agreed, I became a chat mod! Every time I was muting someone I was making a screenshot of what the player did wrong and saving it into a folder. I just checked, WHAAAAT, I have screenshots up until 2017, meaning I played the game at least a bit till 2017, I thought I stopped playing much earlier.

But I think at the end I wasn't playing seriously at all, it was more of socializing.

Reasons I stopped the game

Number 1 reason is the botters, number 2 reason is the lack of updates except rotating the same seasonal stuff, and number 3 is that I grew up/got bored, which is partially reason 2. I stopped DarkOrbit for the same reasons.

Plot Twist

In 2015 me and CM added each other on Facebook, we were talking about the game and I also showed him my drawings for no reason. Time skipping 2 years to 2017. I had already stopped playing the game. I saw a Facebook post from CM about some dramas in the game, basically that players that spent a lot of money on the game are quitting the game and gifting their accounts and blabla. I texted him to ask him about it and we were talking about it and then he told me "You know I was Admin there for 3 years right" I was like WHAAAT I thought he is just a player and a chat mod. I asked him why he lied and he pulled out the classic "I didn't lie I just didn't tell you" he also said he had it in his Facebook profile description lol. Then I asked "then who made me mod???" He answered: "Me" lol... the whole time I was talking directly with the Admin.

Hero Zero and N

Hero Zero was also not an original game, just a Bulgarian version. I learned about it from SofiaWars. They advertised it in the "news" page, it's a game from the same company. It was kinda the same dynamic as SofiaWars in terms of how important time is. I was top 10 in the server and I wasn't even using bots while most other people were botting. One day I decided that I am tired of this and decided to DM a few players that I am selling my account (although it was "forbidden") very quickly I found someone (N) and we started talking on Skype. We seemed to trust each other easily and made the deal quickly, at some point she also sent me extra money to buy stuff in other games since we were living paycheck to paycheck. After that for a while we continued to talk and shared personal things, the only thing that I will share about her is that she was a mother of 2 or 3 kids, a few years later I messaged her again a few times until the last time she stopped responding :(I guess she doesn't use the Skype account anymore. I tried reaching her out via her work website but it didn't work :(

Hero Zero also had a contest where you needed to dress like a hero and I made my brother do it, the photos are hilarious.

Ribki.bg

Ribki.bg aka translated to english fish.bg was another online game. You were taking care of aquariums, you could buy up to x aquariums and up to 30 fishes in one aquarium. You needed to feed the fishes and clean the aquarium. Although the graphics were bad it was nice to watch the fishes swim and to decorate the aquariums. I liked everything to be symmetrical. There were also clans, I was chatting with people there and also in dms.

But then something terrible happened

It was a strange day, the players noticed that some of the top clans were gone. Then I received a dm from someone from our clan containing a link. I was a little bit sus, because the words in the link were strange. My mother was waiting for me to go outside so I was in

a

rush and didn't have time to think about it so I opened the link... Suddenly I was logged out of my account, I was panicking and trying to login back into my account but could not. Turns out everyone that opened the link gets his account deleted, that is also why a lot of the clans were missing, because when the owner account is gone, the clan is gone too. I was so

crushed and cried so much.

After that I made a new account but with all the progress gone and a lot of the people gone it wasn't fun anymore and I stopped playing it seems.

While writing this I checked the website and it's still working, looks like in 2019 I made an account to again check if the game still exists haha, not surprised I am a very nostalgic person. I saw some guy named "admin" and I sent him a message. It would be cool if he/she is actually admin and responds.

P

It was 31/12/2014 aka new year. I was feeling sad that the New Year doesn't feel the same anymore (can't believe it's been 10 years since then) and I don't remember the other reasons for sure but I was sad. I opened a Bulgarian League of Legends facebook group and I wrote a semi-long post. I don't remember everything that the post was saying, but I remember that I was explaining that I play the game only with a mouse and only with the left button. I also wrote that health is the most important thing and that they should value their health.

A 13yo boy dmed me this:

"Happy New Year dude and I hope you get well, keep fighting the disease, never give up and despite everything believe that miracles do happen and keep dreaming and I hope you get well again, happy holidays and greetings from me and all my family ! 💎💎"

I said 💎💎 "Thank you a lot, you too", he said: "No problem for me you are a hero and I admire you" Then I said thanks and he said no problem. I asked if his family saw the post too, he said he told them and they are amazed by me too. Then we started talking about the game and then I asked for his skype (unfortunately we talked a lot on Skype and I don't have the account so I can never read it 💎💎)

Then we started talking that we will play together on 2 January. He mentioned that he has Jinx skin and I said that I want skin tooooooo. He said he will gift me when he charges his prepaid card. Scrolling back I see I was suggesting splitting 6 euro each, but he said no, I will gift you because you need supplements etc.

We kept sorta talking, if you look at the messages (on facebook) I was very cringe and childish? I don't know how exactly to describe, because I am still the same, direct person, but it's like I had harder time reading people. For example he says "pffff ok" and I say "what pffff" and he says "nothing" and I am like "tell me", and we both get annoyed

I will show you a cringe conversation we had 2 years later (2016)

Me: "Happy Birthday, old friend 💎💎" (Old friend i mean like not friends anymore)

He: "Thanks, and old friend not really"

Me "What do you mean"

He: "I mean you are still sending me invites for games, and I didn't forget you if you think so" (he means like there are facebook games and you can invite people to help you kill the boss

for example)
 Me: "I send to everyone"
 He: *Thumbs up*
 Me: "You cut the connection..."
 He: "I didn't have time"
 Me: "I don't think so"
 He: "I do, bye"
 Me: "How are you writing now?"
 He: "Because I am in a vacation?"
 Me: "You have not texted for more than 1 year"
 He: "Normal"
 Me: "?"

And that was it... After a year I again sent him game invites and I explained that I need to send in order to play. I also told him Happy Birthday 2-3 times.

After 5 years of almost not texting each other, In 2022 we had this "conversation"

Me: "I dreamed you 💎💎" (as a night dream)
 He: "Alright?"
 He: "Nothing wrong with that brother. just that we haven't texted for decades and it's a bit strange but okay"
 Me: "Yes, that is why I got surprised too"
 Me: "I got some bad virus and my brain is digging into the past it seems" He: "Mhm, maybe"
 Me: "How is life"
 He: "Everything is normal"

That was our last conversation with P. I guess he was my first 1on1 online friend? I had other online friends but all of them I met in groups in games. I don't really miss P much tbh.

2015, Meeting T, my second-line cousin

About 9 years ago, me and T for the first time (at least that we remember), we were visiting T's grandparents' house.

I don't remember many details, I remember my mom putting me to lay down next to T and I think we talked, but the only thing I remember talking about was anime and she told me, her friends watch, and they tell her to watch anime, but she still doesn't. My mother and my sister's father had to went home because my sister was a baby and crying, so we stayed for 2 days with my grandparents where T and her parents live, to go to the city's festival. it was nice

I remember I was laying on top of my grandmother and T, I assume my legs were on top of T. We were trying to find a parking place for a long time and the driver was outside of the car for some reason and we saw a car getting out of a parking place and the driver rushed back into the car so we could go there fast, it was funny 💎💎 We also went to a concert. Then we went to the fireworks place but there was almost no one there and the people were walking in the opposite direction and I was like "guys it's strange nobody is here I think we

are in the

wrong place, "I don't think it's here guys" but no one listened to me.. So we missed the fireworks, I only saw them from far away and behind trees. But it's still a good memory...

Afterwards

After that for around a year we continued "chatting" and by chatting I mean every x months I ask her a question or share with her something I did. She never messaged me first, she didn't really ask me questions back either. But I didn't see a problem with that, I was used to that type of relationship, as long as the person answered, what more could I ask for? Show care? Show interest? Impossible, didn't even cross my mind.

THE 2016 PNEUMONIA

Around 10th of May 2016 I was sick. I had a "cough" is what normal people would say. I almost could not breathe and my mother was helping me breathe, hard to explain how but it's like lifting my hands upwards with the rhythm of my breathing so I can inhale deeper.

This thing has happened a lot of the times in my life but it's hard to explain with details.

When I am sick I do inhalations, and on 17th May I inhaled a medicine that we call "Bronhinsin" and I guess the phlegm/sputum in my lungs started moving and I couldn't breath almost completely. We rushed to the hospital (they know me very well there), Two sided pneumonia they said, and it started . dozens of attempts to put IV, a few different IV antibiotics, etc. Thankfully a few months before that I had received a Bipap machine (similar to Cipap) that helps me breathe when I am with the mask. I used that 24/7 and it was still a complete nightmare, I can't even explain. On 21th May one of the doctors that is extremely old and doesn't really understand how exactly to treat me despite knowing me since I was a kid, she put my IV liquids speed at too low, i tried to mention it's too low but nobody listened to me at first. Whole evening I was saying "help, I can't breathe" but the doctors in my city were too scared to try to intubate me. My mother tells me the doctor that was there was telling the intubation doctor "DO SOMETHING" and she was responding "DO WHAT? YOU DO SOMETHING":DDDD

At some point I fell asleep and my mother thought I was dying and got relief?? I guess that my suffering is over and also she was very tired and wanted to sleep, She said that my step dad also "cried" and said something like "it's over huh".

When I woke up I was feeling a littleeeee bit better from that day onwards. I was a little bit better each day with a lot of hard work and suffering in between.

I don't remember on which day but on day x they called my mother in their room to talk with her and I immediately knew something fishy was going on. Later on my mother told me they were a lot of doctors including the director of the hospital (she knows me since kid as well) and the boss of the children department (I always stay there because they know me) she told my mother that things doesn't look good at all and they can't do much and that they can send us to the other city hospital but she suggests to stay here at least we know each other and they will continue to do the best they can, my mother agreed.

On day 9 or 10 I was feeling better and I remember my mother was sleeping and I was trying to finish my MS Paint drawing that was supposed to be for a drawing competition. It was a guy in a wheelchair getting pulled by a yellow light coming from an UFO with a medical mark on it. and an alien on its knees with a hand on top of the head of the guy in the wheelchair. I

asked my mother for opinion and she basically said it's too empty blabla. And I was ok I have a lot of ideas I will make it better and will submit it on the next competition. But one day I could not find the drawing, I guess it was somehow deleted :(I tried a lot of programs that are supposed to restore your deleted files, but none of them worked. I tried to redraw it, but could not do it so perfectly like before. saddd.

I remember when I was in the hospital I said I don't want to die before One Piece ends and before I watch the Tokyo Olympic Games...

After the pneumonia I started to lay 95% of the time and get up only when I needed to eat (which was very hard) also my left lungs started to hurt since then. Also after the pneumonia I started my diary which purpose was mainly to track my health, but now it's more of a normal diary.

Other sicknesses

I had many such hard and near death sicknesses but I don't see a point writing about them. I will give you 1 example. I was sick in the lungs again and I could not breathe so the whole night my mother was doing the thing with lifting my hands upwards so I can breathe deeper (I didn't have breathing machine yet, I was like 8yo)

At some point my mother got very scared and did 'mouth-to-mouth resuscitation' like 3 times but a lot of air went into my stomach and I felt like it would explode for real, my mother lifted me up and I burped so hard, never burped so loud.

At some point I managed to fall asleep a bit and my mother was waiting for the morning to come in order to go to the hospital, because she doesn't want to disturb the doctors at night (while I am dying?????)

15 YEARS OLD

A drug for my disability came out called Spinraza. I won't explain how it helps, you can google. But of course it wasn't available in Bulgaria, because of the stupid government. My mom sent my step dad (my sister father) to work in Germany, because of money and because we can go there for the drug afterwards, and my uncle lives there and can help, and because my mother and K (my sister dad) were fighting anyway. After a few months my mother and grandmother fought. I don't remember exactly but basically my grandmother was like "i need to know when we are going, today tomorrow???" My mother was very stressed and they fought and my mother went insane, shouting a lot, screaming at them to leave, turning around the table.. That sounds very scary and it is, but I was somewhat used to it, I watched this stuff since I was a kid, but then my mother started hitting herself many times in the face and that is what made me scared and sad. And this was another moment that I realized I can't do anything physically, not even hug people...

16 YEARS OLD

After a few months K, my mom, my sister and I went to Germany with the car.. we arrived basically at my birthday. We stayed at my uncle's place until we find where we could stay.

There were a lot of complications about that but I won't write about it. We wrote to a few clinics asking if they will accept us for Spinraza and one of them agreed to talk with us. We go there with a translator and talk with the 13yo looking girl doctor (fucking witch) She said it will be dangerous to put me under anesthesia. I said I can do it without anesthesia, some people do it like that. She said noo, we can't do that its insane pain and also your body is too deformed and we can't put the injection at the right place (my body is really extremely deformed) so that was it. I thought with my body it's impossible to get Spinraza and I felt despair, cried a lot, got depressed etc.

Thankfully my mother didn't give up that easily and we sent requests to other clinics. We got an appointment for one of them, which was 5 hours away, with a car. This time we were with my uncle's wife as a translator. We were talking with the doctor and all I was hearing was "blablabla" so I was like just ask her if they will treat me with Spinraza. She basically said yes and did some tests. Finally I had Spinraza! At first we needed to go every 2 weeks, then every month, then every 4 months. My sister and K were staying in a hotel, my mother and me in the hospital. At the beginning they were pushing for 2 surgeries, one for PEG (feeding tube in the stomach) and a surgery of my right testicle, because it wasn't coming down, it was stuck. I really didn't want to do the PEG surgery, I was saying it will bother me physically, I was saying I won't feel like a human, because I won't eat normally and I will be fed only through that hole in my stomach. They were saying all kids with my disability have that, it's normal, it will be easier, I would still be able to eat through the mouth if I want etc.

But I didn't want to do it. Also I was too scared to have the testicle surgery, because full anesthesia is dangerous for me, because I don't breathe well. On our 3rd or 4th Spinraza, when we arrived there, they said we didn't have an appointment??? I think, because we didn't agree on the surgery and they decided to not treat me. But we went to the floor where they give me the Spinraza to ask them directly what was going on, because we didn't have an email or letter or anything... And they agreed to continue the treatment, I don't remember details. Also my testicle magically came down and now it's going up and down from time to time.

Unfortunately my disability is very progressed and I never saw any effects from Spinraza. I hope it at least stabilizes my condition as much as possible.

TRYING TO MAKE MONEY

I was feeling like I am wasting my life so I wanted to do something useful at least. I was playing Hearthstone and I was participating in online tournaments and I won a few, I was so happy when I won the first one but the prize was like \$10, and they were giving you points, and if you collect enough points throughout the year you can go to the world championship. BUT for me these points were useless, why? AGAIN BECAUSE OF MY FUCKING DISABILITY. I can't physically go and participate in the championship obviously.

But I found a website called Batllerriff. You could play Hearthstone there and earn points that you can redeem for gift cards and other items. Basically I was participating in weekly leaderboards and the people with the most wins were getting the rewards. Also you could directly challenges a player for a cash duel, but people stopped accepting my challenges because I was beating their ass. After a lot of grind I redeemed the points for a gaming

mouse, I sold the mouse immediately, because I can't use the mouse, BECAUSE OF MY FUCKING DISABILITY. Also I won a gaming keyboard that I gave to my sister, because I can't use it BECAUSE JYTRIU/5FSVHYHAAAA

Pal.bg

I see the website still exists but it's not active for like 10 years. Pal.bg was a social media website very similar to Facebook, but the difference is that you could earn points by being active on the website. Of course you need to invite people under your link and you earn part of their points and part of their referrals. The points were used to order items like jewelry or phone cases or even a phone. I was skeptical, because before that I had tried many similar websites, not social media ones, but you were still earning points, but they never sent you the item. I was skeptical, but I needed to try. I started dm'ing every random person on facebook, especially the ones that are in groups about money. I was copy pasting this message: "Hello, look at this site, it's like Facebook, but you earn points and take items or cash prizes, there are fun games, soon there will be groups and many other things <http://pal.bg/?ref=myreflink>. If You have a question, let me know." I was doing my best to be active on the website and getting referrals. Finally I collected enough points

Buying the first item

I ordered 2 Swarovski (prob fake) necklaces, purple and blue. But I had a plan! I told my grandmother that I ordered a necklace for my mother as a surprise, and I told my mother that I ordered a necklace for my grandmother. The plan was to tell my grandmother to come and tell both of them to hold the gift behind their back and when I say "GO" to show it to each other. Both would be surprised, because both of them think there is a gift only for the other person. BUT, my surprise was kinda ruined. The delivery company called my mother about something for the order, so my mother learned my plan. I hate it so much when a surprise gets ruined. But at least my grandmother was still surprised. It was cool exactly how I imagined it and funny af.

After that the website slowly died, I don't really remember details.

I got email

I was checking my Email and I saw that I am accepted for beta playing of a new CCG, created by Bulgarian people, I immediately remembered that long ago I signed for it. I joined the discord, the community was fun, I loved the game and I even purchased cards. I was very good at the game. A funny thing was because the game is new a lot of the opponents were actually bots, and everyone knew that, but the developers didn't want to admit it 💎💎

After a few months the first big tournament of the game came! It was a mid 3 figs cash prize for 1st and 2nd place (1st place was double the prize) . I was super excited and I was preparing a lot. The day came the meta was playing one particular character but I had a unique deck that I made. I reached the final, the result was 1/1 and I FUCKING LOST by some absurd combo that was very unexpected and never seen in the game so I didn't consider that scenario. The developers were streaming and they put the name of the winner on the screen.. could have been me.. After that someone told me that my opponent used to professionally play Magic: The Gathering. After a few months the second big tournament came and again I reached the finals! And guess what, my opponent was the same guy. The

dev of the game was happy that the same people are in the finals, because it means the game is about skill. I was getting sick (actually) aaaaaaanddddddd I lost again 2:1, it was very close, I was very sad but I still was happy for the second place prizes.

During the same time period I tried so many different online ways to earn money. Watching ads, doing surveys, translating, instagram account growing, roulette strategies. None of them worked.

I even talked with the dev of the CCG game, he suggested that I can be a game tester, I told him about my disability and everything, I explained I don't want to do it with a contract. He said he will see what he can do. For a very long time I was asking him hey what happened? What did you decide? And basically at the end he said they have financial troubles.. Later on I saw that the guy that beat me in the tournaments became part of the team...

But the game slowly died, because of a lack of players and funding. Last year we gathered to play for the last time together with the Admins before they shut down the game. They made video of how they are shutting it down, it was very sad 💔💔

I will tell more about my money making journey later in the

story. **2019**

We were in Bulgaria for a vacation but something was wrong with me. I was sick, like I didn't have any energy, could not even breathe but didn't have a "cough", barely was getting up to drink something. In the end I ended up in the hospital. I don't remember but I think I got out of the hospital and then got sick with the same thing again and was in the hospital again.

We stayed there a long time and at the end I was feeling better but my blood results still weren't looking good. But for some reason fucking K was rushing us to go back to Germany so we did. At the end of July I was feeling very weak, wanted to only sleep, barely eat again, and also got diarrhea. We went to the doctor and he just gave me anti diarrhea meds. My weakness and overall condition wasn't getting better. On 4 August I was very bad. I could not breathe without the breathing mask, I was feeling very bad. The night before I had a fever and I was shaking and my body was shaking. I was feeling like I was freezing and I was shaking.

I was saying we must go to the hospital and my mother was like "why, you have been much worse before and we were fixing it at home" But I was saying this is bad, we must go. My uncle came and called the emergency and they asked if we were sure it's emergency and we said yes. After a while the ambulance came and drove us to the hospital. We waited, so much, because they could not decide what to do, because I was over 18yo so they wanted to send me to the adult hospital, but at the same time I was ~18 kilograms. In the end they chose the adult hospital. I remember we were waiting in the corridor and they were doing nothing, and my mother was telling them they should give me antibiotic or something but

they were waiting for blood results or something. And then suddenly my heart rate started dropping, it hit 40 (normally it's 90, above 100 if I am sick) and the machines went beep. And

I pooped myself, literally. Then they started moving and gave me antibiotic. Late at night after 8+ hours waiting (I think) they finally gave us a room. I remember i was fat (i had water in my body) and I was feeling terrible in my body. The next day my mother was outside smoking and doctors came and was talking to me, don't know what but at the end they said something like "You will be ok" .

But later in the day they told us that I need to go to the children's hospital in the INTENSIVE department. Which means I must stay alone, without my mother which is very dangerous and scary. We immediately expressed that concern, but it was pointless, we needed to go there and talk with them directly. They said she can't stay and then my mother said we are going home then. But they told her (secretly from me) that I have Sepsis, which is pretty deadly. My mother begged to stay with me and at the end they allowed, but they said she needs to leave the room for 1h twice a day or something like that. They told my mother and uncle to go sort out the documents. In the meantime they were trying different breathing masks on me and I almost choked. Then they started putting on a catheter. (the thing inside your penis to get your pee automatically) and for some reason they need to try like 5 times until success, it hurted a lot and there was blood. Then when my mother came they said they need to put on a feeding tube through my nose till the stomach. I was extremely scared and started saying no no. I was always scared from this and rightfully so. The nurse tried like 5 times and telling me swallow, swallow, but it wasn't going to the stomach, it was hurting and I wanted to vomit. Then the doctors tried a few times then my mother was holding me in a sitting position and at the end they succeeded. It was so terrible you can feel the cable in your nose and throat, I hated it so much, it was a nightmare. At some point they gave my mother a chair to sit on next to me. Some boy was repeating help help and they were ignoring him. They asked my mother what foods she wanted, she said anything but not bread and they kinda mocked her and didn't give her any food the whole time. They kept telling my mother to keep trying to feed me through the feeding tube they put in the nose, despite my stomach being so bloated like it's about to explode it was hurting. I was so fat, because I wasn't peeing and my body was full with water. In Bulgaria when I am on IV they always give me medicine for peeing, to prevent that from happening. But they were refusing to give me, my mother was asking them to do it since day 1 (when we were in the adult hospital) . My mother even called the Bulgarian doctor to ask the name of the medicine and what dose, because the doctor in the German hospital was pretending to not know. One night I guess my mother again was asking for the medicine and crying a little and the doctor (woman) said ok fine i will give him a bit.. I started peeing more but obviously nothing will change much from a little dose.

After around 5 days they said. We can't do anything more for you. We can send you to (other city where they treat me with Spinraza) and they can treat you if they want. I don't know why they didn't want to treat me, maybe it was expensive. They also said that they should make a surgery for a feeding tube in the stomach. I remember I asked my uncle what is the point of living... he is christian, I was very desperate. The ambulance came. On the way to the ambulance I saw my sister and I was crying that I want to play Minecraft with her again. In the ambulance I didn't move for 5 hours. I needed to pee in the fucking diaper that they put on me. It was awful.

When we arrived at the hospital they welcomed us very nicely, they had prepared drinks and

food for my mother, room, told me don't worry your mother will stay with you etc. When they tried to get blood from me, water came out of my skin. We had a young guy for a nurse, he was very nice also, even offered to shop for us and was caring for the feeding tube in my nose to prevent getting a wound. I remember after a few days when the doctor was visiting me, I asked if I will be ok (because I learned it's very deadly disease) and she basically said she can't promise but they will do whatever they can.

Finally I got better and they agreed to remove my nasal feeding tube that I hated so much. K brought my chair that I sat on to eat. I was pretty much health now and we started talking about the feeding tube (PEG) surgery. The surgeon came to talk about it, he was very kind, he said "write ALL the questions you have on paper and tomorrow I will come and answer them" and he did! We had a translator but it was very funny, it was some old lady that speaks super strange Bulgarian and we barely were understanding each other. I asked the surgeon "what is the chance I die?" And the translator was like OH DON'T THINK SUCH THINGS "shock" and the surgeon basically told her to stfu and translate and that her job is to just translate :DDD The surgeon answered me that of course there is a chance I die and of course with my disability the chance is much higher but he will do everything he can for that not to happen.

The day of the surgery came, they brought me to the room together with my mom. They were talking something and doing something on my IV, I thought they are unclogging it and BOOM I woke up with my breathing mask, pain in the stomach and wanting to vomit a bit. Saw my mother and slept a bit more. Then I woke up with a big heaviness and pain on the place of the surgery. I didn't want to move, because of the pain, they were telling me I should sit but it was impossible. I was even asking in Facebook groups is it normal to have so much pain and what I am supposed to do. Anyways, after a few days we got home and the next morning...

THE PEG BROKE

One morning the cable that goes into the stomach had a hole aka broke. We rushed to a near hospital and it's hard to explain exactly how but the doctor basically fucked it up more and we needed to rush to the big city hospital. We called a taxi, K was drunk again and got angry that the taxi driver wanted us to pay him. After we arrived we waited for a lot of hours for them to figure out what to do. They were getting annoyed at my mother for not speaking good German. They didn't have the same feeding tube (PEG) so they put something a bit different, but in the process they put some mini metal cable in the hole of my stomach and it was reaching my throat and I was choking and saliva everywhere. Then they said they will do an X-ray and if they didn't do it right they need to redo it but with a CAMERA FROM MY THROAT TO THE STOMACH, my biggest nightmare. We needed to stay 1 night, I entered the room and they told my mother to wait a bit. They tried to change my clothing with the hospital "clothing" and I wasn't able to breathe, because they don't know how to do it properly, but they think they know. Thankfully my mother felt something was wrong and came and saved me.

GAME DEVELOPMENT

I randomly started watching a lot of game development videos and at some point I started doing it, with the help of tutorials. I was spending a lot of time on it, I enjoyed creating something. First the idea was to be a 3d game where you freely control the ball and need to

pass the level. But I had trouble with the camera rotating together with the ball rolling. I started a new game and I worked a lot on it. After a few months I stopped working on it due to a few problems with the game and other things like loss of motivation, doing other things that you will see below etc. The game is playable, has 13+ levels and I am trying working on it again. I also worked on 2 other small games that I think are fun.

If this story somehow by miracle becomes famous it's a free marketing for the game

?? One bullet, two rabbits.

K break up

In 2020 K finally left. My mother and K had a terrible relationship for a long time, a lot of fights, screams etc. I have seen all of it . K didn't just leave either, K was hiding documents doing dirty stuff etc. When he left Germany wanted to kick us out of the country (K hoped for that) So my grandmother came to take care of me for a while so my mother could start a mini job in McDonald's. After that we found other solutions. It was much more peaceful without K, the last few years were terrible

I MADE A LOT OF MONEY

When I was getting better in the hospital from the Sepsis I saw a facebook ad of a TCG game named Gods Unchained Where you can play and earn money? I immediately tried it out and researched. apparently you were earning something called Ethereum, which apparently is a cryptocurrency. I started playing the game but in a lot of games I was getting disconnected, because of the bad hospital wifi. Around the same time I wanted to invest something like \$50 or \$100 from my own money, I signed on Etoro with my mother's name I researched so much I thought it's scam there were reviews "they are blocking accounts if you are profitable" But at the end I decided to try it. I bought a bit of cryptocurrencies and other shits at the top. Basically I lost everything and I cried a lot. I continued to play the play-to-earn game. In the meantime I was scammed by scam Bitcoin mining company and by 2 facebook scammers, because I was stupid and naive as fuck. I was so sad so I started to message people in the discord group of the game to send me a little ETH (Ethereum) . I was literally begging and telling them about my disability. Of course everyone rejected, blocked and reported me, but one guy I will call 'KM' he said he doesn't have much crypto left too and that he was scammed a lot of times, because of people like me that ask for money. But after a few hours he texted me again saying "hi I feel bad" and he offered to lend me money and said that I will pay him back when I have enough, no pressure but to pay him back when I can. And I responded " I can't promise" :D and at the end he gave me :D 0.5 ETH worth like \$80 and in return I registered in another game through his referral link. In the same time I was asking questions to some crypto guy (I will call him R), because I was losing money in Ethereum smart contract pyramids (I can't explain crypto specific stuff so I won't go into a lot of details) He was rude, but was answering my question. R's big role in my journey was that he invited me into a discord crypto group. They were very rich, most were multimillionaires I think. They were mocking and bullying me a lot but I am too lazy to go into details. I learned a lot there and figured out I need to learn how to code in crypto. I

started by taking a course “C# basics” that the admin from the Bulgarian CCG game sent me. Then I started by coding crypto specific Discord bots that were fun and useful and trying to get people to pay me to get the bot into their project. Then I learned Solidity

Someone from this group invited me into another group on Telegram. I will call the group QQ. It became my main crypto group and also my main socializing group tbh. The people in QQ didn't like me either, except a guy that I will call Z I guess. I was actually kicked out of the group twice, because some people didn't have a sense and because I was honest and direct and calling people out on their lies.

Honestly I don't feel like telling my crypto journey in detail, because 90% of the readers won't know what I am talking about so I will do TDLR.

After 2 years of hard work stress and not enough sleep I made enough money to live a humble life for like 30+ years. I bought a cheap house in Bulgaria, my brother lives there, and also my mother bought an apartment with the money. I could have scammed a few people for over 500k from their profits and I could have scammed normal people for like a million. 95% of the people in crypto would have done it, but I wanted to do the 'right' thing.

This damaged me a lot mentally and at the same time crypto prices started going down and I lost a lot and at the same time I realized that money doesn't change my life at all, I am still laying on the couch doing nothing, seeing no one and experiencing nothing. People my age would spend it on travel, parties, cars etc. People are like “just get someone to suck your dick bro”, even that can't happen, I don't even live alone so...

Because of that and 1 more reason that I will explain later I entered a big depression that is getting worse every day.

I developed a leverage trading addiction which is something like betting if the price will go up or down. I lost like 80%+ of all my money, because I don't do it properly, I do it because I am bored and this is the only thing in my life that brings me any emotion and the only thing

that feels like I am doing “activity”. If I trade only when there is a good opportunity I would be very profitable, but when I start trading I can't stop. I do it every second of my free time and I have a lot of free time, a lot. I always had problems with leverage trading, but now it has become the worst. This made me even more depressed, because I could have minimum 5x my money just by investing and doing nothing, but instead I lost it.

Other people invested and took a 2 year break from crypto and returned rich and relaxed and with new energy to make more money. Meanwhile I sat here doing nothing in life, lost my money and now hate crypto. This hurts me so much.

I didn't get into a lot of details about my crypto journey, but I have been through a lot. You can't really trust people there, they would scam anyone they don't need and lick the asses of the ones they think they can benefit from. And nobody cares if you scam someone. I guess when you combine money and anonymously, people show their true colors. It was very bad, because I was always trying to be honest and fair.

I really put in a lot of work and faith and I was enjoying it. For the first 1 year my mother wasn't believing me that this digital money could be turned into real bank money. Meanwhile my brother was calling me "obsessed" in a bad way. But after I made money he started asking for things and living in the house I bought, and soon his girlfriend and her kid too...lol. Despite me now hating crypto I have experienced a lot of things there, and crypto is fun tbh. imagine the biggest influencers in the world openly fighting on twitter or so called now 'X' 🤔🤔

The Story Of X, My first friend, I guess

We were in a mutual crypto group (QQ), my crypto friend Z invited X there, she was his new female friend (then they became a bf/gf or they were already bf/gf, not sure) she first dmed me on Telegram after I was doing a crypto project/currency after the people I was doing the project with scammed me and crashed the project while I was sleeping X was nice, her first message was that she thinks that the person who is most to blame for the failure of the project on purpose is still in the chat... and so we started talking about the project and other things

I asked her if she wanted to help with the Twitter profile of the project and so on... (X knew some things about me from Z, and she knew about my disability, but I don't think I knew she knew at the very beginning)

Then she wanted to do a big project, I tried to help as much as I could, finally after weeks of talks the project didn't happen due to many reasons, crypto crashed, Z didn't help, etc.

The Evening

One evening when we were talking with X

(I told mom I was going to bed, but X texted me in the last second and I said I wasn't going to bed (because X seemed emotional) and mom got very angry, but it's good that I stayed) X was sad and angry that Z doesn't want to help with the project and how she can trust me (because I wasn't giving any personal info) She also shared that she has been depressed for 1.5 years and that it could be in her genes because her brother has a mental illness.

That evening I sent her a particular Milk & Mocha hugging gif. Later on in our friendship she told me that when I sent that gif she realized I would be her friend.

Goal

X mentioned that she needs x amount of dollars (5 figs) to put her in a clinic to treat him, so that is why she wanted to do a big project..

I decided to help her earn the x amount . I shared every piece of information I had in crypto even if it was secret info, I did everything I could. Everything in crypto started to rise.

i did a few projects using my connections and she was buying early and i was letting her sell even though there was not enough liquidity for me to sell too...

She ended up doing way more than the x amount that the goal was, I was happy for her.

More about our relationship

We became very close, I started to trust her enough to tell her where I live, my name etc. She was sharing everything she was doing through the day and often sending me photos of what she was doing. (She sent me a photo of her at the very beginning which a lot of people would say is a bad thing.)

We didn't care asking each other cringe questions or sharing almost anything. At some point we also started telling each other gm and gn and sometimes not that often telling each other I love you (she started). She agreed to watch anime with me via Discord. We watched Death note (she watched that one mostly alone, but because I told her), darling in the Franxx, and almost till the end of Naruto (not Shippuden).

Although our relationship was just best friends or brother and sister I find it interesting that it was just like a romantic relationship except without anything sexual. Not that I have experienced a real romantic relationship so I can't compare it so I can be wrong, but from what I know it kinda looks like that. But also I think this is the definition of "best friends" More about why I am saying this later.

KAKA

So in Bulgarian "kaka" means older sister and once jokingly I said to X "kaka" thinking that in Spanish it means "poop" and I wanted to explain that to X. But it turned out that in Turkish it also means poop, so I started calling her kaka. Also I don't remember if it was before or after that but I told X a story about when I was a kid and I was in hospital in the corridor I saw a girl taking some sort of care or just hanging out with her little brother, meanwhile my older brother was rarely even visiting me. I don't know.. I always have seen very highly of older sisters, I have very warm feeling about them and always wanted to have one.

When I was in the center for disabled kids at some point there was a kid with Muscular Dystrophy, he stopped walking when he was already in school. And his older sister was bringing him on her shoulders alone everyday (heart emoji). Unfortunately he passed away



Birthday Surprise

~2 months before X birthday I decided to make her a birthday surprise, for that I needed the help of her best friend and roommate Y. I contacted her on Instagram to help her with something about crypto and that way X wasn't suspicious. Y contacted X's mother to tell me the address and tell her to hide the gift when they arrive. I bought her L from Death Note figurine, 2 very cute cat necklaces but I was nervous that they are too childish and she won't wear them, but I wanted to buy her something different than the ordinary necklaces and also Y said she likes it, and also because X was associating me with cats back then. Also a few months before that we started a drawing together but then we stopped, so I finished the drawing and surprised her as a bonus gift for her birthday. The drawing actually has a lot of meaning for me and foreshadowing but you need to see it to understand...

Few days before her birthday her father told her something like "Did the gift from Y arrive yet?" so basically he thought her birthday had already passed (??) and also misunderstood that the gift is from Y (X's best friend that is helping me) but the gift was actually of me.

The day before her birthday came, I was excited. She was at her parents house to celebrate

her birthday with them. The plan was for her to receive her gifts at 00:00 (12:00 AM) I hoped she would stay until 00:00 but I learned she probably won't so I was panicking a bit. In the evening she wrote me "my mom thinks she is preparing 'surprise' for me, while it's so obvious" then later in the evening she wrote me that her mother told her "there will be big surprise at 00.00 clock" and it was so fucking funny, because X was so sure that the surprise is a gift from Y because of what her father said few days prior, and she was making sarcastic comments etc. Meanwhile I was dying laughing 💎💎

X was about to leave her parents home and go back to her dorm. but I didn't want her to receive the gifts before 00:00 so what we ended up doing is her dad was driving her back and at 00:00 he gave her the gifts in the car. She was very happy and send me photos of her crying and she was like "Of course it was youuu". She also told me good words like that she is thankful for have me and that maybe this is the best day of her life (doubt it)

Continuing the story

When they broke up with Z (her bf that met us) and he had written very bad and ugly things to her, X asked me if I thought even one of the things Z had written to her was true, I answered:

"I think sometimes you don't want to do things alone (for example, when I gave you Solidity tasks, you didn't want to try to do them without me) and sometimes you don't want to admit when you're wrong, but I'm like that in real life too"

She said "I don't want to be with anyone who thinks about me these things I don't want to be friends with you if you think like that I don't want to feel like someone thinks X talks and does this to me because she doesn't want to be alone"

I said "I didn't say that" and then we exchanged a few more important messages, but I am too lazy to write them.

Finally, I asked her again if she is sure that she really doesn't want us to text and be friends anymore, she said yes, and I deleted the whole chat history and blocked her in Telegram.

She tried to reach me on another account but I blocked her there too. I cried the whole night thinking, Was our friendship fake? Was our bond fake? How could she throw away everything between us so easily?

The next day I saw that she sent me a message on the other Discord account something like she couldn't take it anymore, I don't remember exactly what she wrote, but her message sounded like she wanted to kill herself (or it sounded like that to me) then I read her messages on instagram there were voice messages crying. I don't know who normal person sends voicemails while crying, but I will let everyone draw their own conclusions. And I unblocked her and we talked about what happened and after that we continued texting each other..

She was the first person to visit me!

She had been inviting herself for 1 year and finally, I agreed, the beginning of June 2022 she came, for 3 days, she slept in a nearby hotel. I was very nervous I didn't want her to come at all, I didn't know what we were going to do together, I was very worried about the sputum (my disability has a lot of sputum in the mouth because I can't swallow well so normally

when I am laying i am spitting on a toilet paper), also about the talking, whether, she would understand what I was saying, especially since I would not be spitting the sputum well, because, I would be embarrassed.

Before that we had 2-3 voice calls (strongly said) and she didn't understand me very much... When she came she didn't understand me either, but I didn't speak much either. When she wasn't understanding something I was writing it on the laptop.

To be honest, I don't remember this experience as a unique and fun memory, I don't know if it was boring or because I was very stressed, maybe both. What I remember doing when she was here was, they tried to put Sharingan lenses on me with mom but they couldn't, we watched Arcane while mom was gone, we went for walks together with mom and my sister , we were watching my sister playing "Yandere simulator" on the laptop connected to the TV, X was sitting on the ground in front of me drinking wine.

I remember some other things, but they are too boring and unimportant to write.

I was quite sad, even teared up when she left, not exactly for her, but because the house is empty again, I used to feel the same way when my brother leaves,

when someone close to me is here it lifts the spirits of the room, I knew I would miss X when she left, I had even said to mom something like "I don't want X to come, but I'm sure I'll be sad when she leaves"

PAIN

When crypto prices started plummeting, she stopped sharing much with me, didn't keep her word, lied, etc. etc.

We had a lot of hard conversations, I was bringing up the topic many times and the best explanation I was getting wasm "my brain is confused". She didn't seem to care anymore about me no matter what I said. She was saying she cares and still loves me but her actions didn't match her words. I even told her I **cry every day** about that and she didn't do anything about it. I even blocked her once or twice for a few hours and asked in online forums what I should do. Most of the people advised me to block her forever, but I could not and unblocked and talked again and etc..

One day she was on a trip with her new boyfriend and she was complaining to me she is sick (not normal sickness) and feels very bad and the doctors there are not helping much and she wants to go back to her home country. I asked "why don't you go back?" She answered that the tickets are too expensive. I asked "Who paid for the tickets for the trip?"

She answered that her boyfriend did. I asked "So why can't he pay for the tickets to go back?" She answered "He can but he wants us to go {another country} and also he thinks it's nothing serious" And I said "Yea, I am sure he is expert" and I got very triggered because I felt like "She rather spends her time with people that probably just want to fuck her and not actually care about her like me. Meanwhile I am crying every day and she doesn't care."

That was how I felt. And I got triggered and told her I want to message each other more rarely from now on, like "normal friends". She said ok if you want like that we can try. But I

stopped responding to her and after like 10 days we had heavy talk that didn't go how I wanted and I blocked her everywhere.

I had planned to contact her again after a year. I don't forget people.

Also To clarify: Back then I wasn't thinking at all "oh is that similar to gf" or bs like that. I thought about this, because a lot of people ask "are you in love with her" when I was ranting about what happened. Otherwise I haven't thought about it.

More about X later.

LONELINESS

My goal was to go back to my old self, the Me that had no hopes for connection with anyone. The depressed Me. The alone Me. Also to let her enjoy her life. The problem is that X showed me what connection feels like so now I crave it. It's not like I didn't crave it before, when I saw young people together having fun, loving each other it always made me sad, but when I was sitting home I didn't think about it most of the time, the craveness was sealed deep into me. But X broke that seal unfortunately and now I crave it, I guess age played its role too.

I started trying to "find friends" on an anonymous talking with strangers website called TalkWithStrangers. The problem is that 95% of the people there are men just trying to jerk off.

A

I got lucky and after 2-3 days I found a girl from India, I will call her A.

We formed some type of connection, obviously not as strong as X. I believe some of the connection was fake from A side and from my side. From my side, because I was trying to fill the hole that X left. I made her a gift for her birthday too. It was a drawing with a lot of thoughts and meaning in it and also easter eggs with meaning. Anyways, after a few months we stopped talking mainly because she wanted to focus on her career, or at least so she said, a lot of the time she wasn't telling the truth and I hate this. Now she messages me hi every few weeks or months and I answer immediately and she doesn't respond, rinse and repeat.

E

On the same website I met a guy from Ukraine, I will call him E. I think I recently had lost a lot of money again and I asked him something about life after death and he basically said it doesn't exist. and we talked about it and at the end we added each other in Telegram. E is a nice guy, I don't think he has the highest morals but it is what it is. I told him I am writing about him in the Story of my life and asked him to say something to add here. He said "dont go outside when you hear booms" Cuz he is from Ukraine and there is war ha ha.

I also talked for a little bit with other people I connected with on the website but they ended up either being crazy or having no connection with them AT ALL. Online friendships are very hard after all.

FEAR

After my conversation with E about death I got extremely depressed and scared about “nothingness after death” aka not existing after death, not even knowing you are dead etc. I didn’t see the point of living in this case, it was terrible. I was playing with my sister trying to distract myself but I was thinking “what is the point” and had fear and despair in my whole body. I started talking with my friend KM who is sorta muslim, but he believes and “decodes” the Qur’an in his own way. But he believes there is something in the afterlife so that was good for my mental, but at the same time I didn’t want to gaslight/manipulate myself into believing that everything is fine, that there is an afterlife without being true. I also posted in a discord group of a psychiatrist youtuber Dr K aka HealthyGamerGG about my fear. One Muslim guy dmed me and we talked for many days about the Qur’an etc. He seemed very smart, I didn’t really get calm, I started to fear going to hell...

I remember LoL Worlds when Faker lost the finals. I waited the whole night to watch it but the big fear was still there. Slowly the strong fear passed, but when this topic crosses my mind I am still very afraid of death and if there is nothingness after death. Especially now that everyone got older :(And also recently old people that I knew (not close with) started dying :(My grandparents are next, my mother :(((

ANGER

During the time we were separated with X she tried to contact me many times in different ways. Mainly telling different people that she knows I have contact with “Please tell {my name} to text me” I was getting very annoyed by that, why? Because she could say what she has to say instead of “text me” Maybe she didn’t want to tell them personal things ok, but she could EASILY sent me a long message from another account and she knows I will read it.

Once she commented on my twitter post from another twitter account “dm me” I got very angry why she doesn’t just dm me what she wants to say instead of commenting “dm me” Obviously I blocked her. I don’t know what she was expecting. I couldn’t figure out any logical reason for her actions. Even asked people and they could not give me a logical explanation. The only logical explanation that I came up with is that she didn’t want to put the effort into writing a proper message and she just wanted something she lost back.

SUMMER

Summer 2023 was fucking terrible. Every year we travel to Bulgaria with a car, it’s supposed to be 16 hours driving, but it ends up being 40 hours. But this time something even worse happened. We had stopped at a gas station and I got out of the car to watch the sunrise with my grandmother. My mother and sister were sleeping in the car. The sunrise was nice. It was time for my mother to bring me back into the car and while walking holding me, she fell on the ground. I hit my head a bit and my feet. My bones are very weak so it hurts a lot. At first I didn’t know what happened then I thought “Oh we fell, ok, but we are alright” then I thought “oh no i hit my feet”. When I was a kid at least 5 times I had hit my feet and I know how

much it hurts and how long. Then the pain started to increase more and more and more, my grandmother got me and tried to put me into the car (I lay in the car btw), but I started screaming NO NO, because when the feet touch something it hurts a lot. Then my mother put me in the car and I was feeling nauseous, maybe because I hit my head. My mother put her head on my head and started crying and saying "I thought I killed you, I thought I killed you" and then I started crying too. My grandmother was telling my mom to stop crying (gently) and my mother got angry at her because "she always doesn't let her to get her emotions out".

We started driving again because we needed to arrive somehow, it was so painful. We reached the boundary between Serbia and Bulgaria, we needed to wait so long but I was dying from pain. My grandmother got out of the car and talked with the police to let us pass faster and they did! They opened a special exit way for us. We kept driving but everything was very painful for me. When we arrived I took painkillers immediately but it didn't help. Went to the hospital to check if it's broken. The doctor was very old and rude and touched my leg rudely but he said it's not broken but even if it is they can't do anything, because if they bandage it, it will crush my bones. For 2-3 days it was very bad, it was hard even to sleep. Then it started to get better but still could not be touched. I could not sit so I was staying only at home. After like 10 days I finally could go outside at least. Then we went for a few days to my brother's house (that I bought) so I can go to the city festival and this time see the fireworks for real. I wanted to go there mainly for the fireworks because I like fireworks because it's one of the few things I can enjoy at festivals with my screwed up body..

I learned that there we will meet T (my second-line cousin), her brother, mother and father. I was nervous, because I wanted to talk with her but I knew it would be too loud, they wouldn't hear me etc. So I told my mother when we meet with them to tell them that I can't speak loudly so yea.. Spoiler alert: she didn't tell them. **FYI The last time I met T was like 8 years ago, the time when I missed the fireworks, BUT half an year ago I had texted her something like "Soo, did you get educated about anime" in a joking way, we exchanged a few messages about anime and that was it. Unfortunately a few days before I texted her, her grandmother had died, but I didn't know that. I learned later** The festival day came, We were there around 7pm and the fireworks were at 11pm. It was full of people, but not so full that it was impossible to get through with the electric wheelchair (In Germany they gave me electric wheelchair), we parked surprisingly quickly, but after that decided to move the car closer to where we wanted to stay in case I needed to go to the car quickly. Me, my mother and my sister were guarding the parking space while we were waiting for my brother to come with the car. While we were waiting there my mom fell and cut her toe on some metal (I didn't see her) my brother gave her "first aid" so she could walk etc.

We met with T and her family and T said to me "hello, long time no see" with a cute voice and using a cute version of my name, she did a weird smile and a hand gesture that means something between "umm" and "please"

I said onlyyyyy prepare yourself... "yes"..., it's even harder to speak outside because my thought process is "I'm shy, even if I try to say something, it's impossible for them to hear me because it's so loud and

my voice is weak, and even if they hear me, they probably won't understand me, because I speak badly and when I sit and am outside, I have even more phlegm in my throat" Then we went to a slightly quieter place and she said "it's quieter here" and I said "yes" again (I wasn't even sure she was talking to me) and that was it... *So fucking lame, so bad.. "yes" omggg.*

The rest of the time she and her brother only talked to my brother and I sat on the sidelines like a dead alien (I don't blame them, of course they won't talk to a wall) About 1 hour before the fireworks she and her brother went to a nightclub (another thing I've unfortunately never done and will unfortunately never do) and yes she said bye.

There was a concert where we were, and most of the time I was sitting in front of a screen that projected the concert from afar, I was dying of pain in my back, legs, and behind my head, so every now and then

I used to go to my mom when I had to spit or lie down as much as I could in the wheelchair to rest my back as much as possible... i had to go lie down in the car for a while, but I didn't so as not to burden my mom and my brother... My brother's friends came too, of course I didn't talk to them at all... The fireworks were good but a bit slow and boring, I prefer fast music and fast fireworks.

Few months later on her birthday I texted her Happy Birthday with a hope to ... I don't know what hope but some sort of hope. She responded with Thank you and again using the cute version of my name and 3 hearts. After 40 minutes of debating with an online person if I should text T something more and what, I texted her "How is the celebration going" She responded the next morning: "It was awesome, so awesome that I check my phone for the first time right now 💎💎" I said: "That is what I thought, she doesn't respond, means it's going either great or terrible 💎💎" She responded "Ahahaha yes it was pretty fun". Then I asked her how is life and does she still study in X city and we talked a little about that, the only thing she asked me was how am I and said "Well I have been better but I am getting through" After a few days I messaged her again about an anime event close to her and that I would love to go (not with her) if I was there, she responded and that's it.

The day after the fireworks, I got stomach flu and on top of that this time I decided to take baked soda thinking I just need to burp but I can't. I won't waste your time with details, I will just say it was terrible. Whole night my mother was holding me and I was trying to vomit but

I can't add at the same time I was pooping hard. At some point my grandmother came to help us too. The next day I was feeling better but my mother got the flu and was feeling terrible. I was laying next to her with hands in a cup of water, for some reason that was making me feel better. (Btw I am not even mentioning that my mother needed to put IV on me)

Then my grandmother and brother got the flu, but it was light.

Then our appointment date for a hotel on the sea place came and we went there but I still wasn't feeling well. My stomach was very bloated and I had a wound near my PEG (The feeding tube/button) Also my stomach was very bloated from the virus so 75% of the vacation sucked. Also I didn't even touch the sea, because my mother said she is scared to not fall down. My mother had a friend that sell stuff there (we met her the year prior) and she offered to call someone from the people that save people in the sea to help me go in, but I refused.

Then the night we were about to leave I got sick again. We went to my brother's house (mine) . because I wanted to go to an irl show, thankfully I was able to watch most of it. Then we stayed another day or two, because the live action One Piece was coming out and I wanted to watch it with my brother, since I made him a One Piece fan too. We were nicely surprised that Netflix released all of the episodes at once! Unfortunately my mother and grandmother waited only for 1 episode and we went back 💎💎 I watched the episodes with my mother (and sister). She liked it, I guess.

Y

Do you remember the girl that helped me surprise X for her birthday, Y is X best friend and roommate. I gave her a little money as a thank you for helping me.

I don't remember exactly how the conversation went but it was something like: I was telling X that I wanted to give more, or that I didn't give enough idk And X basically told me that Y wants to buy bracelets (the thing for the teeth) and I decided to help her. Y didn't want to take the money, but I am pretty good at that and at the end she took the money. I covered half of the sum.

Sometimes we were talking (texting) with Y, I liked her. She is direct like me, especially for a girl she seems very direct. Also she is good at holding conversations.

Most of the time I was messaging her first, but a few times she messaged me first, because early on I told her that I don't like to message first. That means she is doing more than the bare minimum.

X told me that Y is honest, but I didn't believe her much until this happened: I was telling Y that my sister plays Roblox and I told her that Roblox even has a stock. S asked me how the stock price is performing and I sent her a link with the price chart. She responded... "I am not that interested, I asked for making a chat" LMAO. I responded "I answered for making a chat" And she said something like "haha, yes you did :)" and said that she needs to sleep and sent me a dolphin emoji. At first I was like WTF she is so rude, but then I was like WTF that is hilarious :D

TADAdaaaa....In May 2022 she stopped responding to me, she also left the dorm (because they finished college) and she didn't even tell X that she was leaving, because their friendship wasn't going well. I texted Y 2 times or 3 but she didn't answer me. X texted her and Y answered her, but they stopped talking. As you already know a few months later I stopped talking with X too.

After a lot of planning for what and when, in January 2023 I messaged Y this:

"Hey, Can you please tell me why did you stopped talking to me. Because I want to know did I did something wrong. As I know, you don't like talking much so I have given you these options so that it does not waste much of your time. So, please let me know about it.

A) because you think we don't have what to talk about

B) because I annoyed you
C) because you stopped to be close with X and I was like "the X's friend"
D) you just didn't feel like talking with me
E) other (I will be thankful if you explain)"

She answered:

"C

Sorry for stop texting like that
i didn't do it on purpose but i think i chose to stop connecting with anything make me feel bad at that time like X or crypto. you might think what this has to do with you. but i dont know how can i explain how i felt."

Btw I didn't even see that she said C. I responded with:

"I see, I understand, I think." And then I said:
"I knew you feel bad about X and crypto, but I didn't know what I can do, in crypto you felt like the third wheel, and about X, i understand how you felt too. Anyways, I appreciate that you responded, good luck in life and everything 🤔👍"

(i used brown hand emoji because I used to joke with her that she always use brown hand)

She just responded with "same to you". And now listen to the best part: After a WEEK (I thought it's a few hours) BUT IT'S A WEEK I was talking to my online friend from crypto KM and I don't remember what exactly he was saying but basically he was saying life is short you should talk with her if you want, and I was saying she doesn't want to talk etc. He was saying how do you know etc. And I was like you know what, I will use my special jutsu and I sent Y this:

"hello, again, so I am arguing with my 50 years old friend, he is telling me that I should message you again and I am saying you are not interested at all in talking, so I am messaging you to show him I am right"

She answered:

"It is not about me not interested in talking. It's because it feels weird texting you when i am not talking X at all. You guys always texting

And you are wrong

I did not feel like the third wheel. I was sad about how our relationship with X changed

But i am not sad anymore

Anyway you comment a tweet saying that you hate people asking 'how are you'

i always started texting to you with this question :)) "

I answered:

"I don't mean exactly the third wheel, I meant like you were left behind financially and it made you feel bad, but that wasn't your fault at all.

Why your relationship with X changed?"

She said "Why don't you ask X"

I said that I don't talk with X since 4-5 months. Y asked why and I said "I asked first"

And that was it, we talked about X, and since then we talk from time to time. She stopped initiating conversation, but when I message her it feels like a nice conversation, she is good at mimicking the energy. We talked again yesterday and the last time we talked was 4 months ago.

RECONNECTION

It was 27/09/2023 I lost on leverage trading again, I was so lonely and sad and wanting to kill myself. I said Fuck it! Why not message X now? it was past the initial date I planned to contact her (1 year after block) so I messaged her. It was scary. She responded a bit cold.

So I hit her with a forbidden jutsu that I planned. I was not sure 100% if I would do it but I did. I know I know it's terrible and evil, she knows I have a twisted sense of humour but still..

i sent her this:

" I know we didn't talk for long and you probably will reject but since a few months i have been thinking to do euthanasia like in the movie and despite everything you were still important person in my life so wanted to talk last time, if you want you can come in the hospital, my brother will be there also i know we didn't talk for long and you probably will reject but since a few months i have been thinking to do euthanasia like in the movie and despite everything you were still important person in my life so wanted to talk last time, if you want you can come in the hospital, my brother will be there also i know we didn't talk for long and you probably will reject but since a few months i have been thinking to do euthanasia like in the movie and despite everything you were still important person in my life so wanted to talk last time, if you want you can come in the hospital, my brother will be there, also It will be done iligaly in Bulgaria, doctors know me"

She said ok she will come. She wants to come. Then she said she wants to write a long text about what she was thinking about the past etc. I agreed only 25% with the text. Then she asked questions about the euthanasia and I answered. Then we talked about a particular

game and she disappeared and didn't read my messages the whole evening. I was kinda shocked. I am killing myself and you just ghosted instead of spend some time with me? Also I am fan of the movie "Me before you" so I secretly hoped she will try to make me not kill myself.

Next day, LATER in the day she responded and said she was playing a game the whole night. Again I was like WTF I am killing myself in less than 3 months and she is playing?? Later in the day I told her that I was joking and she said "oh ok" WTF she doesn't care about me AT ALL?? We continued to try to chat like nothing happened but I still felt like she was too cold. So I asked "Are you at least a bit happy that we are talking again?" She said "yes" and then she said "tbh I am mad about your "joke" " And she said that she even talked with her parents (they know I exist) and she cried on the phone, and now she lied them that I just changed my mind about the Euthanasia, she doesn't want to tell them (and her bf) that it was joke because she feels embarrassing because she always speaks highly about me (her words) and I did this "joke"....

We continued to talk but as more normal friends, we didn't watch anime, she watches it with her boyfriend instead (our thing 💎💎). It's sad, that we didn't finish Naruto, I wanted to share this amazing story with someone close to me

The only thing I asked her for is to do voice chats with me, because I want to practice my talking and my english and I am only comfortable with her, but I said if she doesn't want I will talk with my brother (a lie) We talked immediately I think because she was free. Then after a week or 2 she asked like "hey what happened with the voice talking do you still want to do it" I said yes and we did. Then after like a week I sent her this message:

"i don't want to ask anything from you anymore but I am explaining so it's clear

for the voice chatting i am waiting on your to say when you are free and in the mood,
i probably can every day except friday,saturday,sunday"

She said "I can in 20 mins" then she said "oh it's Sunday" then she said she can't tomorrow also because she will go blabla then after 5m i told her I will explain more because I am bored, and I sent her this message:

"since like 15 years when i am doing something with someone I am always nervous if they live it or they do it just for me and not wanting at all, if it's the second my mood for doing it gets killed. So I thought I am making sure with you too, but then you came with the people pleasing theory.. I guess a lot of the time I probably closed my eyes to not see it because of the strong desire...

Anyways I decided to not ask you anything because 1) to not disappoint myself and 2) to not feel clingy and 3) to not make you people please

But about the voice talking i asked because I was (tbh now I am in again) at rock bottom moment and I thought this is the only way to change ANYTHING in my life just A LITTLE BIT at least. And also i thought you liked that in 2021 but that doesn't really matter, the past is the past., and the problem is we called it "practice' and now it can feel like obligation

i don't know what I am trying to say but I think its that...yeaaaaa just you tell me when you

want to lmao”

Then I joked “if I had a friend that randomly writes long texts I would probably ghost him”

Basically her response was:

“it comes to my mind some random days but i thought u gonna ask bc its normal to say “hey are u free shall we make practice” because normally in this situation u can ask freely and its very normal but i understood u are not used to ask someone (the first paragraph explains well)”

Then I corrected her that I am not “not used to ask someone” I just don’t want to. This was pretty much the end of the topic.

But then it began again, the thing I hate the most. At first she said she is free from Tuesday but then she didn’t say anything then on Friday she said that the whole week they are at her boyfriend’s friends house so that is why we didn’t talk. Of course I was mad that she wasn’t keeping her word AGAIN and that following her boyfriend’s life is much more important than

keeping her word to me and helping me. Next time we agreed to talk tonight and she was like 20 minutes late and I asked if we gonna talk and she said like “no sorry :/” Next day I asked her why and she said that a friend (her boyfriend’s friend) suddenly came into the house and it was bad to go to the other room on the pc.. Such things happened 2-3 times. I even calculated that she keeps her word 50% of the time, I am literally gambling on if she will keep her word or not. And she knows this is the thing that I hate the most. and the most absurd thing is she told me “I don’t understand why you are angry” WTF. Maybe at that moment I realized that there is no hope.

After the new year we completely stopped the voice talking, because she doesn’t do it. I don’t know the reason she decided to stop doing it, but it sucks that she doesn’t want to do even that for me anymore and also sucks that the reason 1000% is NOT just because she doesn’t have time..

Birthday gift 2.0 The final edition

So I decided to do a last surprise, like the good old days you know. I am actually very good at planning surprises. She is living with her boyfriend (the same one since I blocked her) I will call her boyfriend J. So I didn’t know her new address, So I figured that I need to message J to ask him for the address. I didn’t really like him, but I was open minded that it’s probably just in my head and even if it’s not, the goal is much more important. I created a new Instagram account, because if J opened his messages in front of X, she would see my name and everything would be ruined. Unfortunately stupid Instagram banned my account, so I needed to risk it and messaged him this:

“Hey, J. I am X’s friend {my name}. A few days ago I messaged you from another account and you didn’t read and it got deleted also.

I want to send her a small gift for her birthday (it’s a secret obviously) but the problem is I need an address. You may ask why I don’t send it to her parent’s house? It’s because I doubt she will be there for her birthday and also because I don’t have their contact, only the address and it will be strange. Also since you live in the same house I am worried that when the package arrives X will see it, if you have a solution for that let me know.

Also, you would need to hide the package because it won't arrive at the exact date obviously. And if you are outside town we will discuss that later.

If you don't read this message I will send it a few times in case you have too many DMs.

Also if you don't want to bother it's fine. I won't let X know we had this conversation, but tell me so I know 😊”

In the meantime I won a giveaway and I sent the item to her so I got the address, but I made a small mistake and asked her “Is that J's address?” She said: “why you ask” and this moment, I knew, I fucked up. It was unusual for her to ask me why I am asking, I didn't calculate the fact that she has a lot of respect towards J. I answered: “idk lol bc seems different from before” She laughed and confirmed that it's J's address and I acted angry/annoyed said: “wtf wHy dO yOu AsK”

Anyways, the convo after this is not important. I got her address but then I was like wait even if I just sent her the gifts I don't want her to see it before her birthday, so I still needed the help of J. In case he didn't see the message because it went to “spam” I had plan B to message him on twitter and plan C to message him on Telegram that I found but it was risky, because I thought X may have access to it (I was right) Anyways, J responded on Instagram in a few messages, I will write it as one:

“oh hey {my name}, nice to meet u, ofc., I will hide it, this is the address {his address}, I am glad to see this btw, I am happy to meet u, I will have give her exactly on {X's birthday date}” I told him nice to meet u too and that I already got the address from X but it's good that he responded because I want her to receive it exactly on her birthday. and I asked what if you package arrives while X is there, he said “if you sent it in my name she wont open it and look at it”

Then I let him know that if she sees my username in his inbox she will recognise me. He said: “np bro she cant see” Over the next 2 weeks i messaged him for stuff like phone number etc. He was very responsive. When the package arrived I texted him: “I think it arrived?” and he said they are not at home atm and he also said: “my big brother got package and he moved hes car trunk, package safe u know 😊” I didn't know what the fuck this means but I said ok nice. While I am typing this I translated “car trunk” and now I get it. 2 days before her birthday I told him this:

“idk if you will have party or something, but my request is don't give the gift in front of other people and also DON'T give it at 00:00, give it normally on 3rd December during the day/evening” He said ok and asked me if I want him to record it

(M actually told me to ask J to record it, but I said it's too cringe). The moment J asked me that, I thought to myself oh maybe he is not that bad, he seems like a cool guy. I responded that X will probably feel uncomfortable like she will feel like she needs to react. He said:

“noo i will put phone somewhere” “its a secret cam bro 😊” “let me play trust me 😊” I don't know if “let me play” meant like “let me cook” or it meant “leave me alone, I am playing a game right now” I feel like it's the second.

The day before her birthday came.....and somewhere close to 1 AM (technically her birthday date already))came and... X wrote to me that she got the gifts (WHAAAT, SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO RECEIVE IT THE NEXT DAY) X seemed happy and liked the gifts a lot and

teared up she said She also said.:

"i found the gift actually today he brought the gift home so i saw in some corner and he couldnt keep secret but he said normally i needed to see in day time (why)" I immediately sent facepalm gifs and said "I fucking told him tomorrow" Because I got angry and didn't even read everything X said. Then I understood that he didn't give her on purpose and I thought oh that is less bad, he is just stupid and she found it, because he brought it into the house a day earlier for no reason and you can't even find a good place to hide a box? LIKE PLEASEEEEE WHAT THE FUCK HOW HARD CAN IT BE PLEASEEEEEEEEE, WHY PEOPLE SUCK SO MUCH "LET ME PLAY BRO" I LET U PLAY AND THE ONLY THING YOU PLAYING WITH IS MY NERVES AAAAAAAA!!!!!!

Don't tell me it doesn't matter if it was at 00:00 or the next day for me it matters for many reasons and also I actually wanted the video because I know it's kinda cringe, but it's nice feeling to see your best friend reaction and also I like to have memories, after 5 years if I am still alive I want to rewatch the video. BUT NOW I CAN'T.

On the next day I was like ok it is what it is, I will be the bigger man and thank him for the help so he doesn't feel bad and X too. So I texted J this:

"hey, just want to say thanks for the help, I will count it as successful mission I guess 🤔"

The point of the message was to acknowledge that he fucked up but show him that it's fine (it's not fine) and still thank him (his brother did more work tbh) . if this wasn't X's boyfriend I would have written a hate message instead of that. Guess what he responded, I bet you can't...

"it was perfect mission 😊, "np bro", "everything for X's happiness 😊" WHAT THE FUCK YOU MEAN PERFECT MISSION YOU LITERALLY COULD NOT HAVE FUCKED IT UP MORE. I understand that he couldn't care less about how I wanted it to be, but you could have said sorry or something, or if your ego is that big and you can't say sorry at least don't say anything. What do you mean it was a perfect mission it was the opposite of perfect. Maybe he means it was perfect for X, idk I am trying to excuse him right now. His mission is to do it how I wanted it to be so it's not perfect, why would you say that. I am sure if the package arrived while they were in the house he would have fucked it up immediately. I am so angry because he ruined something that I will do once in my life and his comment is "it was perfect" I am tired of retarded people, I have been dealing with this my whole life, my brother is the same. And that is why I try to control everything but J said trust me and I trusted. Someone reading this will say "if you want something done right, do it yourself" WELL I CAN'T PHYSICALLY DO IT BY MYSELF DUMBASS. PLEASE WHY COMMON SENSE IS SO HARD AND WHY CAN'T YOU HIDE A BOX FOR A FEW MORE HOURS PLEASEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE. It's just so annoying how unreliable people are. From my experience people with high confidence and people that tell you "don't worry" are the most unreliable.

You may wonder what the gift was. At first I wanted it to be a cute small poop figurine, because if you remember "poop" in her language is "kaka" and kaka in my language means "big sister" so I used to often call her kaka. Unfortunately I could not find such a figurine and I can't craft it by myself obviously. Instead I bought her a big poop pillow with a smile and eyes. Also sent her a letter (that was terrible) and on top of the letter there was a small the size of the tip of your finger image of the "hug gif" that I sent her "that night" but it was a version drawn by me and she used to have it as her lock screen back then.

Our relationship now

It's kinda hard to explain, but I will try. So I call the X between May 2021 and January 2022 X1 and after that she turned into X2. She says she will never be X1 again and by that she means we will never be so close again, she won't give me that attention. She said X1 was acting like my girlfriend. But I think because there wasn't anything sexual or even physical or even thoughts about that it's not fair of her to put that label. She said she won't put 100% effort anymore and I said it's now 0% effort but she doesn't agree. For example she bought gifts for me for Japan and she still hasn't sent them 7 months later. Another example is the voice talking that I asked her for.. maybe it's not 0% but it is close to 0%

Early on I figured the reason why I am not feeling well in this friendship and I explained it to her before the conversation above. I will try to explain it to the readers too.

1) I am very depressed and hopeless

2) She is very different (towards me) but the same since the blocking, which is shows that I am doing my best (not blocking, trying to have normal friendship) 3)

This is the biggest factor. I have a "theory"... People need 1 close connection person, this is designed to be the bf/gf. That person is the one that will fulfill your emotional needs (and physical I guess) Then there is one ok close person = 1 friend (me for her right now). Then a few people that you don't value that much but you spent time with them for fun (her irl friends). It's literally coded in you to be like that, When 1 person fulfils your needs you don't need the other people.

I told her about 3) but it seems she didn't understand the "hint". So a few months later when we had the talk about X1 and X2 I explained her what I meant, so let me explain it to you too:

Her boyfriend is her closest person, he fulfills her needs.

She is my closest person so I deep down expect/hope/want/dream/wish to fulfil my needs, BUT SHE DOESN'T (she doesn't want to say it directly but finally i am starting to get it) she don't fulfil my needs because she don't need me to fulfil hers. so because I expect/hope/want/dream/wish to fulfil my needs but she doesn't, i get angry at her (and other reasons tbh)

bonus facts:

I think I was fulfilling most of X1 needs, maybe 80%

I didn't think about it before but now I am thinking X2 needs to replicate her boyfriend effort and so that costs her energy too

So you probably can see the problem here. We were fulfilling each other's emotional needs, but she found another person to fulfill her needs instead, but I didn't, so I am REKT.

So yeah, now we are turning into "normal online friends" I guess we are still what most

people will consider pretty close friends, but imo it won't get better than this, only worse.

My heart feels kinda scammed tbh. X1 was promising so many things, how close we will be, how we will live in a very big house etc. Although, because of my pessimistic or rather realistic imo nature I never believed that, but at some point I started slowly to hope/believe her, because she was so sure and persistent. Well maybe I didn't believe her that we will live together in a mansion, but I slowly started to believe that our connection will last and that "it just began" or that it "will get even better", I am not quoting her exactly to the word, but that was the sentiment she was pushing the whole time/7-8 months. But my hope was suddenly crushed. But it is what it is, this was the most realistic scenario after all.

It's just funny that now she wants us to be more like "normal friends", something that I was suggesting before (I was saying it's not normal that we are texting that much etc. honestly Z opened my eyes about that) and she was saying that I am not the one to decide if it's normal or not. And now when she is not alone anymore and doesn't "need" me, she is saying that our friendship wasn't normal at all and we should be more normal friends 💎💎 Basically our roles in the friendship got swapped, but since I am not the one deciding fuck me.

There were many times that I regret ever meeting X, but at the end of the day I am happy I met her. I learned a lot about relationships through her. It's more like I experienced a lot of the theory that I read or heard. Let me try to explain.

Although our relationship was best friends I experienced a lot of the things people say they experience in romantic relationships BUT in a lesser magnitude. I will give you a few examples although I don't think I can explain what I mean...

For example:

Let's say the pain of your girlfriend breaking up with you and you remaining "just friends" is 10/10. This is "just like" Being best friends and then remaining "normal friends" but the feeling is probably only half of the feeling a romantic relationship brings, so the pain is 5/10.

Another example: Caring for someone. Obviously when you are living with someone you care for him. I think X is the first stranger I cared about, but probably much less than how couples or irl best friends care.

Slowly getting to know someone and someone gets to know you: self explanatory.

Another thought I have recently is about the saying "work on yourself" I think work on yourself means "be needed" For example X needed someone knowledgeable in crypto and someone that has free time. It just happened that I am both of these. If I never "worked on myself" to be into crypto we would never meet each other (and also if the internet didn't exist). She would just be one of the girls that I "walk" on the street and look at her and think to myself "damn" and she looks at me and thinks to herself "damn..."

DH6EBMUHIMYPOTSVHAAAAA

This is not really important for the story, it's more important for how I feel. I go to

physiotherapy once a week maximum. The physiotherapist changes once in a while. Right now it's a girl and I really like her, physically and non physically. But as you know I can't really talk, because people have a hard time understanding me and outside when my throat is not fully clear it's much harder, and also it is not in my mother's language (which is like 50% of the problem) so it's even harder so I don't even try, so we don't talk. Also my mom is there btw. I really like her like 'laugh with the nose', also she is very thoughtful and beautiful (imo). I wish she could know what I am writing here, know that I like her, not even romantically, but just that it feels nice and calm when we are in the same room. But she will never know unless she is reading that which has a lower chance than me becoming president.

Maybe if I get to know her I will see that she is a terrible human being and not the person I imagine. But I CAN'T get to know her, that is the point :(

I just wanted to show you that aspect of hardship that my disability brings. When people hear "I am disabled" they think "oh, he can't walk, that sucks, anyways, did John really sleep with Anna?"

But they don't realize the spectrum of how disabled you can be and how much this affects your life in all sorts of ways that normal people take for granted. Do you know that when something is itching and there is no one around I need to just try to ignore it? Do you know that I can't turn myself in bed at night alone? Do you know breathing is hard? Do you know I can't pick up things? Handshakes? Nope. Hugs? Nope.

NOW

I don't know what to do. I am writing after a huge money loss again. Don't know what to do with my life, I feel only fear, despair, regret, sadness and boredom. I haven't felt happiness in many years. I know what I want but I can't get it because of my disability. I do nothing all day except losing my last money and thinking about death and feeling scared. I don't have any real interaction in real life with people my age, never had actually. I am seeing only old people. The only exception is my sister, but she is too young, not near my age. I want to say that I don't have friends and I don't have a girlfriend, but it's funny, because I don't even interact with people, so I should not even think about friends or girlfriend... but I do, everyday. Every day I do nothing and I feel how the time is ticking. My disability is progressing, I am getting older, my mother is getting older, Everything is only going to get worse. I don't know how to get out of this. I wish someone would help me but I know that won't happen, I still secretly hope tho.. I think it's fucked up that when X didn't need me anymore she decided to change and now when I need someone to get me out of this I have no one.

But I also understand she can't live with the only purpose to make me feel better and I still appreciate X as a friend, really.

Spinraza didn't improve anything in my physical condition. The most it does is maybe slow down the progression of my disability.

Crypto is also over for me. Thankfully I cashed out at least some money. Crypto is not a scam, you just need to know the game and I knew. The problem is 2 years ago I stopped enjoying it, because I saw that because my disability money can't change my life (I bought things for myself for only 0.5% of the money, maximum) so I developed that leverage trading addiction and slowly over the next 2 years i lost everything. If I just followed my plans and did nothing else I would be a multi millionaire right now.

Now I feel like my life is over. Crypto has been my life over the past 4 years. I wake up and start doing crypto stuff. before that was now what? What is the point of waking up? Playing a stupid mouse only games? Writing a story that no one will read? Making a game that no one will play? Living a life no one will remember? Watching a movie that no one I can share with?

I feel like the story is supposed to have a good ending or a positive message, but this is not a Disney movie, just a story about a mummy

I will leave you with 2 things tho.

A song

Honestly with just this song I could explain 50% of what I wrote in this story. The lyrics look like they are made exactly for me. Every word fits perfectly. I could break down the lyrics for you, but I want to leave this job to you.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0AvWV6Mk374>

A quote:

"That's the thing about being alone, it's not like you feel like you don't have anybody, it's like you feel nobody has YOU." - Theo Von

And this is the story of my life, a way for you to have ME. Sort of.

Thank you for reading all of this. I know it's been mostly negative, and that there are many ways to think of my life positively, but that is how I feel right now. If you wish to leave me a message for whatever reason you can do so on Discord: luffy22 or Instagram: the__.observer

For the future Me

Maybe you are 30 years old now if you didn't die or killed yourself you are probably reading

this. I hope miracles happened and these things happened:

You found peace, I hope you have real life friends, wow imagine if you have a wife and kids, I would not believe it. Trust more yourself, you are smart and most of the time your instinct is correct. Has One Piece ended? I hope that the ending was good. Did you manage to cash out a few millions? Probably not but that is ok, money doesn't really change your life as we both know.

If you are in the same or even worse mental state, I am sorry. I don't know what else to say. It's not over until it's over, keep trying, never lose hope.