

If I had not had so much school work to do this semester I probably would've gone insane. I understand workaholics now. I get why they work and fully commit themselves to their job. It's an addiction. It's a release. It's an escape. It's what I spend all my time on and use it as an excuse and distraction from reality. I don't feel sad anymore. I don't feel mad. Just empty. Like part of me is missing. I feel thin, sort of stretched, like butter scraped over too much bread. Just like Bilbo. But to keep sane I work harder and longer hours.

Life is however, a journey. An adventure. And you never know what might happen next. These days I embrace life's adventures.

In two weeks I travel to Hawaii. I dread going there. Not because it's Hawaii, because I do love that place. Really. I think you got the wrong impression of my view on it. I dread going there because I fear running into you. It's the last thing I want. But its also all I want. It's quiet conflicting.

Bringing my family there made me so excited when we were still together. They'd finally get to meet your family and experience the paradise in which you live in. Now it's become just another vacation destination.

But even so. I still feel so damn strongly for you. And that's what sucks the most. I know I shouldn't. But I do. And of course - it's because you were my everything. I'd give you the moon if I could. The only thing I want for Christmas this year is hearing your voice again. It would make my year – hell it'd be the best thing to ever happen. Hearing your voice always made me happy in the past.

I found an artist I've come to love although I don't know his name. Below there are six of his works – all images of adventures I had hoped to share with you. Perhaps one day. I really hope you're well though. Your birthday is coming up soon.. and I wish I was there to celebrate it with you. I had an amazing gift planned for this year. I still wish I could've given it to you.

