It’s easy to feel like I am the only person in this world.

I feel alone… but I don’t feel lonely.

The feeling of loneliness has long passed, along with an amalgamation of various emotions, ready to resurface.

But saying that I am actually alone is a lie… since I live with my mother and have been living with her all my life.

I am gathering up my last flicker of motivation and energy to try again once more...

I set up a shop and prepared my first round of stock, although that dried up most of my savings.

That said, maybe this time I can turn my life around.

…

Something came in the mail today.

…

The weekly newspaper…

I paid them to

Ah yes!

Here it is… it