

NOTHING EVENTFUL HAS HAPPENED LATELY. I'M SUFFERING FROM SOME TYPE OF WRITER'S BLOCK BECAUSE I SEEM TO BE STUCK ON THE CURRENT CHAPTER THAT I'VE BEEN ON FOR OVER A MONTH. BELOW I'VE WRITTEN THE PROLOGUE OF "EDEN'S FALL." THE CHAOS THAT IS AROUND ME KEEPS ME FROM ~~BEING~~ BEING AS MOTIVATED AS I NORMALLY WOULD BE. THE CHAOS IS CONSTANT -- YELLING, LOUD HUMMING OF THE FANS, BANGING OF DOORS BEING SHUT, AND THE JANGLING OF THE KEYS. ONE COULD ASK ME IF I USED TO IMAGINE THAT MY LIFE WOULD END UP LIKE THIS -- I WOULD HAVE TOLD THEM 'NO' WITH A CAPITAL N-O! REALLY AS A CHILD I HAD NO TYPE OF REAL IMAGINATION CONCERNING MY ADULT LIFE. ONE THING I'VE ALWAYS BEEN GOOD AT WAS MY ABILITY TO WRITE. I'VE EVEN WON CONTESTS BECAUSE OF IT. WRITING HAS BECOME BOTH MY HOBBY AND MY PASSION SO MUCH SO THAT MY WHOLE FOCUS IS TO WRITE.

PROLOGUE: MY NAME IS ~~AM~~ FALLUN. I AM THAT WHICH I AM. MY NATURE IS TO SURVIVE THOUGH ITS NOT OF MY



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WISHING TO DO SO. I DO SO BY THE ONLY WAY IN WHICH I KNOW HOW. WANDERING. I AM A NOMAD OF SORTS. I TAKE WHAT I NEED TO FROM THE PLACES I COME TO AND MOVING ON. BEFORE I AM NOTICED. BEFORE SOMEONE HAS A CHANCE TO SEE ME AND WHAT I REALLY AM.

I'VE STOOD ON THE EDGE OF THIS CLIFF WATCHING THE TIME PASS BY. THE HUMANS MOVE THROUGH IT LIKE RIPPLES MADE WITH A PEBBLE AS ONE THROWS IT INTO A POND. HOW CAN I EVEN BEGIN TO QUESTION THE BEGINNING OR END OF SO MANY THINGS WHICH I HAVE NO CONTROL OVER? HUMANS HAVE MOVED PAST ME WITH A CERTAINTY THAT I'M NOTHING MORE THAN A TRICK PLAYED ON THEIR EYES OR A SHADOW MADE BY THE SETTING SUN. THE ~~FEW~~ FEW THAT HAVE SEEN ME AND MY TRUE NATURE HAVE NEVER LIVED PAST THE POINT OF MY LIPS MOVING ACROSS THEIR SKIN. LIKE ANY STORY, I BELIEVE THE BEST PLACE TO BEGIN IS THE BEGINNING, BUT FOR ME I HAVE NONE TO MY OWN KNOWLEDGE. I ONLY KNOW THE FIRST MEMORIES I HAVE.

THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF MY NOVEL THAT I'M WORKING ON.

I'VE ~~PUT~~ PUT SO MUCH INTO.



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I WISH I WAS ANYWHERE BUT HERE. THIS HAS BEEN MY FIRST THOUGHT FOR MANY DAYS THAT I HAVE LOST TRACK OF. BUT APART OF ME KNOWS I DESERVE MY FATE. MAYBE THATS WHY I'VE COME TO TERMS WITH WHERE I AM. I AM NOT HAPPY WITH MY LIFE NOT EVEN CONTENT TO SAY THE LEAST. HOW CAN ONE EVER FIND ANY TYPE OF CONTENTMENT IN MY POSITION? BUT MY FOCUS IS NOT ON MY SITUATION ITS ON MY WRITING SO LET ME CONTINUE TO DO JUST THAT -- WRITE.