

## No Rest for Me

Unlike most people around me who can spend the hours of their day doing that which they please, I can NOT. I am always doing something or another. it is rare that i find myself relaxing enough to be able to read a book or magazine. Although I am able to do these things from time to time I usually have to rush to do so just to make sure i can finish the whole magazine. An outsider looking in would think that most of what I do is for no reason. Even those people which know me and find themselves asking what i am doing do not really understand that which i do or even the 'why' of which i do them. There are many reasons i keep myself busy. One of them is because I hate with a passion to sleep. I only want to sleep if I am so tired that i will be so much so that my memories or dreams don't come to haunt me. If i am somehow careless and give into my sleep before I am very tired then I am almost always tormented as i sleep. I wish i could say that I find some type of sleep peaceful or a rest from my day to day chaos. But to no avail. I think the crimes i have committed have condemned me to these forms of torture. One would think I would be happy to dream about that which i hold most dear to me. On the contrary, I loathe it with my very being! How could i not? Maybe if the dreams i dreamed about were good then I would be anxious for them. Instead I run from them and make it so i don't allow myself to. If my dreams are indications of things to come then i know the pain which i have already suffered in this life is not over.

I have been quite busy working lately on several things. One happens to be an article for a magazine. i decided to change tactics to see if i could get anywhere that way. Maybe I am going about things the wrong way. i have never been one to just give up but instead when I'm rolling a snowball up hill I find a different way to roll it. It might take a while to get there but the end result is still the same. Isn't that all that matters in the end? I would like to think so. I find myself disliking the human emotions that make me weaker than i would be without them. I say without them because unlike most people I do in fact KNOW what it feels--for lack of a better word-- like to be without emotions or feelings. There was this anime show i used to watch. my favorite character was Heero Yuy. The show was called 'Gundam Wing'. He was the most similar to how i used to be. He was fearless in a way that made him be able to do anything regardless of what it was short of dying itself. Even further than that he did not care for anyone or have love for them. He had no past, no family, and no weaknesses to speak of. In a way along time ago i was like that. I remember one of the lines he said from the movie "Gundam Wing :Endless Waltz" was "I've been lost since the day i was born." I used to think "so have I." But even then i never really understood the full meaning of these words i spoke until I came to where I am in my life now. I have been lost my entire life. There was a brief moment, a second even, where I had almost been found but I know this was a fantasy. it

had to be because there is almost no memory of it in my mind. Even the pain of losing it seems to lessen with each passing day. I don't understand any of it. Despite, the fact I had no [REDACTED] human emotions i [REDACTED] was taught them by Thor. I won't say who he is exactly except to say that it was with him that I finally became more than a soulless body. I knew what it was to love. Don't think this was some relationship I got into with a man. That is not me at all. I would much rather be alone than to commit myself to another person in a relationship sense. A person has a way of trying to change me into something i can never be no matter how hard i try or no matter how [REDACTED] much they claim in the 'honeymoon stage' not to want to. I have seen it all. i have heard everything. I am way past the point of being tired of it all. I used to be a really bad cutter. Only at the very end of 2012 did i finally break myself out of this habit. [REDACTED] There are some people who would like to claim responsibility for me quitting but trust me when I tell you they can't. I did it for my own reasons and no one in my environment had anything to do with it. I still have the numerous scars on my arms and even my neck when i tried to slit my throat. I think i would be hard-pressed to find someone that could [REDACTED] overlook them. I really don't care so long as Rowan, Elirik, and Ryo do. Even Talis and Zander if it's possible i see them. Only time will tell. I can not and will not try to tell myself i have any indication of what the future might hold for me. I would even try to. I know whatever happens it's going to be hard for me. I used to think it would be somehow easier if i could just immerse myself in my work and education but I know NOTHING in this world will ever make it [REDACTED] easier for me. I don't know how in the hell i am supposed to function without them. Is there anyone out there that can tell me? I have tried asking God and others if you will but i still even at this moment receive nothing but silence. I guess this is the most painful of everything. I would be easier knowing i am hated or maybe even unforgiven but i don't even get to know this. I sit here and wonder if there is enough work for me to keep my mind off the pain i feel inside that will never go away. i think not. I hate this life i live because as things are happening i am trapped in the confines of this great cage with holds me. Those I love and care for need me and I am powerless to be there for them. Some [REDACTED] people say you can [REDACTED] make up for lost time but i don't think so. I don't think you can ever get back the things you lose no matter how hard you might try. Am i wrong? Do you think I am negative? i just like to think i am being more or less realistic this saves me more pain in the [REDACTED] future so i don't set myself up for failure by [REDACTED] living in a fantasy world. i think it's enough that all my books are fantasy-related. I already have enough problems because they are. I guess all that is left open to me is to continue working until i have nothing left to do or until i find another way to overcome this i feel inside. For now all I do is breathe...