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What is I ask small and fantastic about a world where my dreams don't even come when I sleep. I wish I could believe that there is truly good in all things. I am trying to hold on to my own story I am writing. The one where dreams are as numerous as the stars but my hope is fading so fast. I want to move away and start fresh and look to the hope I once built. Have you ever read the book by Ally Condie? It's called Matched. I like The Notebook as well. This helps me keep my hope alive. But I hate feeling like I am a dirty secret of someone's. Maybe this is my own karma coming back to bite me in my own butt. I don't know. Maybe the despair I feel is what will one day break me into a thousand pieces no one can fix. Sometimes I use distractions to pass my time because the pain I undergo of losing everything I have ever held dear is too much to bear.