

I am havent written anything in a very long time but yet here I am at it again. I wonder if I can't figure out why things seem to be so inept to me. i wish I would catch a break do something noteworthy and find out what i can do to make things seem real. In my life I write, and write and try to find solacce in the one thing that still makes me human or rather lets me belive that i am human still and yet it offer sssss me no relief in thsi world I reside in currently. I can't help but to reign everything in and try to make the bast of the madness around me. It's never my choice to be where i am and everyone around me wondes why I choose the roads i travel because when i find myself trying to choose differently those differences are never what pan out for me for the better, I only search for things like anyother person in life---happiness firstly, and then truth next. I have endured much loss since my last submission my mom has pssed from this life into way beyond this world. i know not thwere or why I only know i will miss her as i always do. i feel like I usually do my father died with her he seems a fragment of his former self and of course you can never seen yourself without really seeing yourself and i see him so very clearly because he exists to me with some bit of foreignness I have never know in him until now...

I wish to rage against the machine I have become and tell him how he makes my heart break at itmes or do better that i could be honest to the world baout my innerworking of my heart but I can not even cry when i know th monet should call for it. I have alot of things that are so undetermined within me I can not even say that i am a fickle creature or even one of habvit. I have routines but nothing so common an occurance I have committed it to memory in its unrivaled changing muchless the manacles of time that have clamps around even my pphysical form. I thought lastly that maybe I should endeavor to write and write and write and do that which brings me most comfort more than anything other thing I ahve not know to this date. Writing is myself. I am good at this and can hide behind the conformity of the words as they flow forth from my mind onto the pages I am working with,.

I look forward to another know commitment of something, something that God only know what that can bring me back to life. I lay life less innocence stolen stealing storedf upo for such gloomy meloncoly day as this one. What is the solution to this problem I see beofre me...

Problems...millions to speak on buyt none so mucht hat theya re unsolvable at bets on medocre when i really actually give them more than just a passing thought. If anyone knows anything good or a person who would take a chance on my writing send them my way...

To Whom This May Concern:

I am writing to inquire about my most recent submission for posting on your blog website set up on my behalf. I recently send my manuscript for submission to the blog I have with you and it was never confirmed whether or not this was received. I apologize if it has been lost and will make another attempt to send it as soon as possible. I hope to hear from you in a timely manner.

Kind Regards,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Sarah Luedecke". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned above the typed name.

Sarah Luedecke

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