



AWESOME DAY TO BE ALIVE!

I was able to speak with my son, CJ (a.k.a., Cujo), today -- and as always, it was a *great* surprise. Jaime Beth and I are doing a *lot* better. I just keep acting the jerk, I realize, every time after-the-fact. But, I'm learning, just as any good man would.

My days are -- as expected -- hot and cold, emotionally. To a point that you'd think I was *bipolar* or something, but in truth, I believe that my particular surroundings have a way of causing such mood swings. One day, things go fairly well.

Another, they go to all hell...

Then, complete stupidity envelopes every minute of the day through the actions (or inactions) of those making up the surroundings.

Or, perhaps, it's just a muggy day, and the dilapidated buildings begin to show their true age with such nasty, moldy, humidity, that you can't breathe right -- and that makes for a horrid day.

Some days, everything falls right in place.

None of it's any different than anyone else's life, within any locale of the world. We all have our little dramas, even if we have the nice life, something can go wrong at any moment; and, it's not ever necessarily anything within our control, or our own doing.

There are a LOT of haters in the world.

I've got people who follow this blog, from decades in my past. Guys whose wives (or girlfriends, of fiancé, or whatever) had ... done, or tried to do me favors at some point or another -- and they have a morbid curiosity about me -- or, something. I don't know. I just think it's sad that I'm such an important part of their day that they hang on to every word I say.

What's the saying?

IF NO ONE'S HATING, YOU'RE NOT DOING IT RIGHT!

I take the negative comments, as being more reflective of their author, than representative of me; because, if something in their day, or life, was so ... not how they were wanting it, that they

feel inclined to leave a negative comment on a prisoner blog, then ... my pity goes out to them - obviously, they're having a harder time than me. So, I just ignore them, and move on. Taking advice that I once got from the founder of *The Huffington Post* years ago: basically saying to leave the trolls where they are, under their bridge, slinging words because it's all they have to make their day go by. Nothing better to occupy their time, than to ... troll around, trying to spread their own misery and self-hate under the guise of some self-invented affirmation.

But, I was an ass at times, and I did throw some wrenches into some relationships ... and for that, I am truly sorry. That was then; and this is now. Move on -- I sure have.

This is a different me.

And in a way, it's an old me that few ever knew -- Opal knew me, Candice knew me, Jaime is learning of me, starting to see me I think.

For the most part, I *am* happy.

Especially now! With all of the reconciliations that have occurred recently -- I have my family, and my friends. I have devoted readers that actually read my writing for pleasure, and leave positive comments like grown-ups.

What's the other saying? If you don't have something nice to say, then *shut your trap!* There are other ways to spend your time, than reading a blog of someone you don't like, or that you know does not share your views -- I mean, seriously, move on. My gut hurts from laughing too much, you've got to give me a break.

Trolls ... lol. Unwittingly chipping away at their own souls.

Me, I'm going to go through my day, enjoying my family and friends. This is not a woes me blog, nor is it a posting board of self-pity: it is an exercise in existential realization, and self-discovery. Look at how many people have made beautiful, deep-felt comments at various times throughout this blog's lifespan; and, that, in itself -- knowing that my words reach some in a positive way -- makes it all worth it.

The naysayers and haters, can kiss it.

Go self-actualize your own inner-Self issues on your own time and in your own way. There are plenty of miserable places on the web to share your ugly. Leave *The Novelist Portent*, and readers alone. No one asked you here, you came of your own accord. Trolls have to beware ... floods take out bridges: and floods of support, have a way of suffocating trolls mid-key-stroke.

It really is a great day to be alive.

I am loved, wanted, and seen.

BE GONE TROLL! WE BANISH YOU...



The Anti-Novelist Portent