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So, here I am, sitting at the table and writing this. Not comfortably, not happily, just... Sitting and writing this out because it is about time I stopped hiding and came out and said what has been going on for the last couple months of complete and utter radio silence, because that was just unintended and before I knew it, I had just turtled up to the point that I was just gone. It lost me a good friend, it cost me some customers, and... Well, it's kind of just gotten me to the point where just looking at a computer gives me a little anxiety. I feel like I have failed, and have kept failing, and just... Yeah, I am not in a good place at all when it really gets boiled down, and I haven't been for some time. I have looked into getting help even, which for me is a huge step since the last time I had a therapist was... Scarring to say the least. Why? The woman I was seeing, who I actually connected with and was helping me, was diagnosed with Stage 3 lung cancer just after I really connected with her. She died a few months later. So... Therapy scares the crap out of me, and connecting with people is something that is just hard.

Anyways, why I turtled up was simple; a confluence of events just broke me, and left me on a razor's edge between wanting to keep going, and just giving up... And giving up, well, that quite nearly won out a couple times. There were days I wouldn't get out of bed, and days that I just didn't eat or sleep or do anything to try and take care of myself. I'm still fighting that back, and... It's not easy, it's really not. I am doing the best that I can to try and ride this out, but it is really hard for me, especially with all that has changed over the last couple months in terms of life shifts and whatnot. A whole slew of new and different and straight-up bad things happened. A lot of it was out of my control too, and sudden, and just... Yeah, then I guess I just broke under the weight of it all.

It started with Res moving out, something that has been coming for a while and didn't really hit me till he was gone. It was a thing that I didn't really expect to hit me, but... I've lived with him for over 3 years, and he was kind of just someone I could count on. He left, and because of that stuff here changed. There was no foil anymore between me and Kita, and we... Haven't been doing well for a while. We fight regularly, he and I just can't seem to click... It's not a great relationship, and it hasn't been getting better, not in the slightest. We have our good days, sure, but our bad ones are more regular and it's... Yeah, I am not happy in this whole thing anymore. He is trying sometimes, but others he just doesn't care, and that's... Hard for me when I have given up as much as I have to make our lives work. Are some of our issues my fault? Of course, I know I have a temper with him because of so much history and just the fact that I have been on a knife's edge, I will not try and sugarcoat that. We are both to blame in this, and neither one of us is really working well with the other... And that's made it hard. Also, I have no car anymore, losing that just kind of sealed the deal that my independence is gone and done for, and that was a rough thing for me to process as well. It's... Yeah, all of that happened all in the span of a couple weeks, and it just kind of was rough. I was managing, but it was rough.

Next thing, the thing that snapped me and just sent me spiraling back down when I was clawing my way back out, was that I lost a whole bunch of writing. I was dumb, and... It just got gone in an update to Windows or something. I don't really know what happened, but it was saved locally on one of my computers, and then the files were just gone. I normally back everything up online, but I decided against it because I was just powering through things and hitting my stride again, and well... It killed all my momentum. I was trying, and I was doing what I said I would and catching back up. I was actually following through on something, and trying to claw my way mentally out of a depression hole that I have been in for some time. And that setback just made me snap. I was doing well, and... Then I wasn't. I was okay, or at least able to pretend that I was, then... Nope, not okay, and haven't been since. Even just considering typing since that happened has given me anxiety and made me shake and just... Yeah, for about a week I didn't even touch a computer after that happened I was so just done. I am that much on edge because of all of this and the changes and everything that has been happening to and with me.

The final straw was family bullshit. My mother moved, and I had to help, and that wound up being a mess thanks to my brother... The same one I have been bending over backwards to help for months. He thanked me by treating me like crap and withholding the money I was offered to help my mom move. So, that was nice, and then I was going to have to drive out with him to Colorado to drop a car off for one of my sisters. My dad was paying for the trip, but of course my brother said I should pitch in 'because I was getting a free vacation'. This, he said, while getting 200 bucks from my dad to pay for his half of the trip and having his flight taken care of. Mine was as well, but... I called him on this, and got angry about it because this was the second time in the same amount of weeks that he was withholding money that was to be used on not just him, and frankly I was done. What happened but I got called a jerk, amongst many other things, and had to cancel all of that... Right during AC weekend, when I was already going to be a little upset watching every one of the few friends I have left, that haven't been run off by me and the mess I have been the last year or so, go to this con and enjoy themselves. I had planned to go there secretly and surprise a few people, but cancelled it due to both catching up on writing, and then because of this family thing, as I had been catching up (I made those plans before the computer decided to show me how shitty it can be). So... Yeah, that was just a mess and a half, and I am still reeling from that one as well. This brother is the same whom I paid for half his car. Whom I offered housing. Whom I helped time and time again with his life to get it under control... And I am the bad guy because he is selfish with money. Just being spat on like that... Well, it hurts a great deal.

So... That is what happened, and that is what brought me here, to where I am just trying to sort things out and figure out how I am going to get this all put back together. I do have a plan, actually... Not a great one, but I do have one. I am going to start writing again, just some little stuff first, but at least something. I want to get caught back up, I want to bring myself back from the brink of giving up, but... That will take time. I broke, and not in a way that was acceptable... I was ready and willing to end it. To just say fuck it and give up. And I haven't been in that position for a while... Not as bad as I was. I have been there many times, but this time it was different... It wasn't the constant gnawing at the back of my head that reminds me how worthless I am, or the feeling that every single person I know hates me... No, this was beyond that... It was like, basically, my entire being was done. And... Well, that's not okay. So I need to claw back and fight to keep going. I will stumble again, sure, but I need to keep on trying. I have to start treating writing like work... I haven't, and I need to do that. I need to start looking at this as a job, and... To get back to it. Will that mean I will put stuff out I hate? Of course. But... I need to be putting stuff out, broken or not, okay or not. So... That's pretty much my plan. Start working.

That's about all I want to say here. Is there more? Of course, but... I dunno, I just feel like there is enough I have said here to convey across what I wanted. So, ciao for now.