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Well in about 24 hours, 2017 will be coming to a close. I have... A lot of feelings about the last 12 months, but the biggest one for me personally is one of failure. I failed to catch up on Patreon, failed to mend a relationship that has been on the rocks for over a year, failed friends who have since moved on from me, and really... Well, I damn near failed myself more than once. It was a really rough year for me personally, and it was one that I would really rather just forget and move on from. I spent a large part of this year in a very dark, bad place mentally that... Well, I know I still have to come back from. I am fighting again, but for a good chunk of this year I had just given up. Not kind of given up either, like... I was just done. I had given up on a lot, and I was ready to really just take a dirt nap for a large chunk of the last 12 months. I don't really know what stopped me this time around... It wasn't what has stopped me in the past. There was no guilt, there was no sense of needing to be there for others... It was really... I don't know honestly. I have no idea how I was able to claw back from the brink, a place where I spent a nice, large portion of this year. But, I did, and I can only hope that moving forward I spend less time in that spot and more time just trying to create and to, well... Live.

First and foremost, I failed to catch up on Patreon. I succeeded in falling more behind, but I am working on it. I did write last month, and I did do a hint of writing this month as well. I plan on getting a lot more done going forward, as my muse has really struck it back up with me. I know I won't be perfect, and that I have a pretty big wall of things to get through... But I am hopeful honestly. I am more hopeful about catching up than I have been before honestly... I was at the point earlier this year where I was about to shut down shop and just go get a job again. I was that broken, and just... Well, I was ready to give up on this dream that I have been living for about 2 years now, little more. It was just a spot where I was done. I can't nail down what just hit me across the face to get back at it, but... Something, somewhere along the line just kind of came and hit me like a ton of bricks. It was a shock to my system, one that I needed pretty badly, and one that I have taken and written with, one that I have been craving writing every day since I got hit with it something fierce... And one that hasn't ebbed. I am feeling more inspired to create than I have in over a year, and it is a feeling that I am clinging to like my life depends on it. I WANT to write, I don't see it as a job again. I am getting story ideas, and not ones fed to me; ones on my own just sitting sometimes. Hell, I was sitting down and just got hit with an idea of some form of cooking show where Sasuke isn't the judge, but the punishment... Worst chef has to eat all the food from the round, then I get to eat him. It was just something dumb, but I fleshed it out mentally and there you go! That is something that hasn't happened in a long while... And something I missed sorely. So, yeah, something clicked... And it's stayed clicked. So, I will get back at it now that this funk is gone. It wasn't writers' block, it was... Well, I will get to that.

Kita and I... It was a rough year for us. We have had far more downs than ups, and part of it was his job not being great. I wasn't helping with being in a very bad place for a large portion of this year, so this entire year was a lot of fighting and just... Yeah, it was a rough one. We have our good days, sure, but they have been few and far between for a long time now. They have become more common as of late with us just kind of getting more and more towards some place where we can both kind of figure one another out, but it has been very, very rough. We are both just tired, and we both want it all to stop. We... Heh, we broke it off twice this year, went on actually long breaks where we slept in separate rooms, kept the finances tied together but were individual people. It was an experience, but... I don't know still. It still feels like we are separate people rather than a couple, and it has for a long while. It's been just a lot of fighting, and a lot of... Well, us not being an us, more of us being just two people that live together. We do things together, and we are a couple to those around us, but to us... At home... It's a war zone a lot of the time, and that isn't going to just get fixed overnight. He wants to work on it, and I have been trying to work on it as well. I just don't know if it is fixable, and I haven't known that for a while. I don't doubt the feelings are there, for both of us... But I was raised fighting tooth and nail for every single inch of what I have, and he was raised with a silver

spoon in his mouth. He went to college, I went to work. He works white-collar, I did and still somewhat do blue collar. We couldn't be more opposite if we tried in a lot of big, key ways... And yet we have still tried, and tried, and tried. That effort... I don't want it wasted. I am still trying, and so is he, but... It's hard when it has been a very bad year plus between he and I. Will we perservere? I don't know... But I hope so. He has been there, stayed through my rants and yelling and... Yeah. Kita is far from perfect, but he has stayed, he has been patient, and he has above all BEEN HERE...

So, the friends thing... I have lost a good chunk of friends this year, but that was happening last year as I separated myself from a lot of the bad influences in my life to try and better myself. Some of this friend loss was that, sure, but a lot of it was because I was just in such a dark place that I was kind of a black hole a lot this year. It... Well, I can fully own up to that I was not a joyous person to be around a lot this year. I was hanging on for dear life, just barely getting up some morning as I just wanted to end things a lot. Not... Not end them nicely either, just cut ties with everything and wrap my truck around a tree. It was not good, and I know that. I know I damaged a lot of friendships just by being like that. I know I hurt people by lashing out when really I was just trying to keep my head above water with no life line. It was... Well, it was not pretty for a few friends this year, and some of them keep me at arms length now because of it. I get that, and frankly I earned it. I was not good, not in a good place and not because of anything but my own head and not being able to be anywhere but that bad place. So... I'm sorry for that. I am, and if I could take some things back, I would, but that isn't how real life works. I value those that stuck with me through these past hellacious months more than words can express, but... I know that number won't be going up anytime soon.

As for me, personally... I was ready to just give up a lot this year. Politics, the world stage, society... None of that helped, but really it was just depression. I was diagnosed early in life with severe manic depression, OCD, ADHD, PTSD, and other things atop that... And it was something that I had to just fight. I tried meds, and in 2007, I took the whole bottle followed by a bottle of Tylenol and rather successfully committed suicide. I died twice in the ER, and the fact that I am still alive today is nothing short of a miracle. A miracle that... I have to fight to resist from snuffing out every single day. I just want to lay in bed and give up pretty much every morning. I have tried therapy, tried other meds, tried pretty much everything... And not a single thing has taken that little part of my brain away. It gets less sometimes, but most days are just a struggle to do anything rather than lay there and hope something comes and snuffs me out. I do what I can to lessen it, but just being in my own head is one of the most dangerous things for me possible. It drove me to drink years ago, it drove me to be... Well, the mess that I am. I am trying, I have been trying for a long time now to at least be a better person and not let that whole aspect of myself rule me. This year though... This was a year that the depression won. There would be entire days where I would not even leave bed, just laying there and not doing anything. I didn't eat, hardly slept... It was a really rough time for me personally. Kita didn't really understand, but... I also never really explained it to him. Hell, I barely explained to anyone the extent to which I had given up this year. I was done, not kind of done... Done done. A couple people kind of understood, but as I watched life pass this year, I can barely even remember entire chunks of the year because I was just such a wreck. And I am not... Well, I am not better. I am still struggling. This is no cry for help either, I have never wanted pity or calls to talk or anything like that... I know I am broken, and broken rather badly at that. I am however just keeping my head above water. I won't ask for help... Pride has nothing to do with it, I just don't ask because my issues are my own, not someone else's. Hell, talking to Kita about this only happened a few months ago. I couldn't open up to him because... Well, I was afraid to. I've opened up a bit to a few people this year, but... Heh, a couple of them don't speak to me anymore. Not on them, knowing just what has happened to make me the absolute dumpster fire I am is a lot. But... Yeah, this was a bad year for me.

So, 2017 in review... It was a bad year I would hope to soon forget and move on from rather than

dwelling on. I want it to end, I want it gone and I want the past to go and live in the past. I want everyone to see me as me, not as the mess I have been for the past 12 months. I can put on that good face and I can play at being supportive till the cows come home, but... Me, real me? I am a wreck. I am still trying though, and I have hope still. I found it again, and I am trying. That is really kind of the biggest good thing to come out of 2017 for me; I found hope again. I found a way to kind of, sort of, barely keep my head afloat amongst the busy sea of bullshit that I am handling day in and day out to just survive. I don't know how long it will last before I am ready to give in again, to just succumb and let things wash over me again while I just sit and stew and wait for death to come and get me... Shit, my sister has had 2 brain surgeries this year and her and I have something similar wrong with us. Mortality is a very real monster for me. But I am trying. She is thriving, doing as well as she can and just pushing right on through... And if she can, when she is worse than me by a large margin, I kind of have no choice here. I will keep on fighting. I will keep on pushing. I will keep on trying for as long as I can keep at it. Not because I have to, not because of some thing that makes me... But because... Well, because. I can't say the reason when I don't know it, but I will do it. And 2017 reminded me of that when I needed it the most. So, something good did come of this year, even if I want the rest of it to just fuck off and go away. So yeah, that is kind of my year in review. Till next year... In 25 hours~