

Hey T (and everyone),

First off, this is going to be a lot easier for me to write and hopefully a lot easier for you to read. Thus the informal style, i hope you will forgive me for this (and for so much more)

Again, I must implore your help in expressing what exactly it is i've been doing and thinking about for so long. Thank you for letting me use you as a conduit (or an endpoint, mayhaps), for this purpose. Unfortunately, though, I must inform you it's going to be another long one, lol, so for brevity's sake, I'm going to skip over most of the mushy stuff and just get straight to the point. But know it is always implied.

I guess i should start by telling you even though (yet because) this is completely my story, that's been going on in my head, my entire life, a lot of it is going to be complete and utter speculation. But, and i think this encompasses the more important point, I cannot wait to discuss these issues with my doctors and counselors and such, and find out!

I am Happy about this. I am Happy about a future event. I am looking forward to it. Hopeful, even. This is something new.

I know those are simple words and i have probably uttered some of them a thousand times before, but for the first time in my entire life, I think i actually mean them.

I say think, because i believe there inlies the crux. I apologize, for sounding so cryptic, and it is probably not going to let up for awhile, but if i had an easy way to explain it, I would have done so, many years ago. 'Life, 'being', 'Existence' always seemed like a maze, or some kind of game i was expected to solve. But i never knew the purpose, the rules, or if the game was even real, or just in my head. The only thing i was fairly certain of was my first Axiom But I'm hoping by the end you will at least have a vague awareness of what i'm trying to say. And i say vague awareness (somewhat facetiously) because that's how i would describe my overall underlining understanding of this 'riddle' i felt so unrelentingly compelled to solve. A nagging, ever distracting, ever present, yet seemingly completely unknowable feeling (and these were the more bearable, less tense times, mind you) that has always been in the back of my head, mind, body, soul, spirit, psyche, anima. My whatever. But i believe i may have finally puzzled it out.

I'm not sure about anyone else but the way my mind operates, it never seems to slow down (while sober) I had a million ideas a sec, I do have a million ideas running through my mind seemingly at all times. I now know this is actually an underestimation. but, I'm talking about my perception i.e. I'm not sure if it's as noticeable, to everybody else, as it is to me. even as a child, especially as a child, it was very very frightening, and intimidating, and scary, and I didn't know how to handle 'it', let alone what 'it' was, or if 'it' was normal. I didn't know what ideas were actually 'good' ideas or 'bad' ideas, right or wrong?? Moral, immoral, or amoral??? reasonable

or irrational?! I had no reliable metric/tool/baseline to verify anything. I couldn't trust my feelings, Intuitions, thoughts, or ideas. I was baffled by how anyone else was able to, and seemingly with fearless ease, go about their day without ever uttering I thought about **these Notions**.

You, for example, always, or at least usually, seemed genuinely happy. Mom, as well. Over the years, it became easy to tell that many people were just Faking It, or downright miserable, but not you two. This gave me hope, but this is where i also got the seed for the idea of adulthood, in some way, holding all the answers. If i could just hang on till then. Which was ultimately the basis for "the deal" That I referred to in my first letter

But, as i got older, I realized people like you and Mom where the aberrant ones not the norm. It did not take me long to tell shit sure as hell wasn't as black and white as our fearless leaders were portraying i.e. things were not as rosy as they, adults &/or propaganda box, would like us to believe.

This part, at least, was "normal" for my generation and, even more so, for the next and now. which gives me **Hope** for the future [i said it, and meant it, again !! :)] speaking of which, have you listened to any of the Parkland kids speak, like Emma Gonzales? Or perhaps Ahed Timimi, Malala Yousafzai, Erica Garner, or kalief Browder? They and so many others (thankfully) are all amazing young people whom are incredibly inspiring. My generation was mostly just sickened and demoralized by what we were realizing/discovering. Unfortunately, by the time enough Generation X realized that a lot of us felt and realized the same conclusion, it seemed too late. Plus the obstacles in our way, to affect any meaningful change, just seemed too insurmountable. especially with the tools we had at hand (no internet in the 80's early 90's lol. Not to mention we, at least I, were shocked at evidently the complete willful blindness to this soft washing, or brain coup that was, and clearly has been taking place for awhile. Whatever the case we were unable to stop it or come up with viable Solutions or at least we failed to Implement them.so far. but I'm working to change that

But back to my childhood, i sincerely believed i was a complete fucking moron.

To summarize, I literally could not trust my own thoughts or ideas. Anytime I didn't know something, or think of the right thing, in, or at, the right way, at the right time, I thought it was clearly and obviously my fault. That i was just supposed to know everything. And anytime i thought of something noval, i just assumed it was already pondered a thousand times before. Making decisions was the worst though, a fucking nightmare, for me no matter how big or small. Let me give you an example; you probably don't remember but, when I was oh I don't know about 10 years old, for some reason, me and you were at some Mall together and you offered to buy me a cassette (remember those? Damn we're old lol) and since I don't think i even owned a cassette at the time, this was a huge decision for me because A. I wanted to impress you B. I wanted to get something that I actually liked. C. Being only 10, my knowledge of music was quite Limited at the time. So ultimately I generously turned you down and immediately regretted it once I got home, lol, in case you're wondering, the tape I wanted, or was at least thinking

about at the time, was [Public Enemy, Fear of a black planet!](#) Which is a classic now, and probably their best. Incidentally I believe it was Gran who gave me my first cassette tape, [Michael Jackson Black and White](#) remember how 'epic' that video was? I remember watching the premiere on Primetime TV with at least Gran if not mom & Kev too. but don't worry I'm not dwelling on the past, like I normally do. Or did, i should say. It's a new day and a new age so pretty much every and any piece of knowledge is readily available within arm's length. So no more excuses. Though, you do need to sift through the bullshit, which is a skill in of itself.

Apparently, I also have a slight form of Dyslexia, which would explain why learning how to read took me a little longer than others. It's not a big problem now, since I've learned to deal with it, I just can't spell worth shit, but that's always been the case, lol. But the period this manifested, and in which it was most detrimental, was during those critical early years (4 - 10) same time as everything else was starting. At the end of which period, I had made "the deal". But first back to the beginning of said period...

At the time, I didn't have the base knowledge, deduction skills, nor vital experience necessary, let alone enough confidence to articulate my feelings, analysis, or conclusions. I mean, how could i even express what any of these words I am speaking/thinking even means, lol, I felt completely in the dark. "They" had forgot to include the instruction manual", is probably the simplest way I can put my feeling then. For reference this literally goes back as far as I can remember, these are literally the first thoughts and feelings (with a precious few exceptions) I can recall having. We moved from Hillary in late summer before my 5th birthday, if my memory serves, and this actually started before then.

So now that you are as thoroughly confused as I was at the time, lol, let me try to explain from the beginning.

As far as I could tell, everything in my world was perfect (before we moved). I had a house full of interesting people who loved me, and protected me, and had fun with me! I was constantly learning new things, and meeting new ppl, and generally, genuinely, enjoying life. But as i became more observant, i started to notice something. Something that could potentially disrupt my happy little world.

It was mostly little things at first, i'm sure, but then bigger things began to **Change**. For instance i noticed you were not around as much as i had once recalled, and i didn't fully understand why, at the time. i just knew it was different. Change.

Now is probably a good time to explain that a lot of what i am remembering and writing, has only become clear to me (to the extent that it is) recently (january 22nd @3:39 p.m. to be exact). It seems I may have had an epiphany while in a state of delirium caused by sleeplessness(66 hrs, Le Magnifique! Pure coincidence btw). But this is a whole nother story, haha. Yet there are a few nagging memories that have always seemed important and fairly vivid, relatively speaking e.g. the move from hillside, barb & Lynn moving to Florida, and fear. always a sense of fear of

some impending doom and this is where the majority of the vague awareness of ominous thoughts resided.

Around this time, the talk of the move (from Hillary - Hillside) itself, had begun. I was told that we would be moving soon. 'Soon' how long is soon? Is it longer or shorter than a moment? A day went by, a week, and more (which was a long time, relative to my experience) Yet, still we stayed and my little world seemed safe, at least for the 'moment'.

Apparently I didn't randomly pick the 'moment' as I thought I had, in my first letter to use as an example. I guess i have been hung up on time in general for most of my life. And it seems to have started around this time period. Basically, I came to some harsh logical realizations that I was not capable of handling or even fully understanding at the time.

My answer to the "what is a/the moment" question, by the way, is that we are the moment, and once our moment is over, so are we.

But back to 3-4 yr old me, also around this time, Gran's friends Barb & her daughter Lynn moved to Florida, and I have a vivid memory of them stopping by our house right before they left, just to say goodbye one last time, I guess. I remember it was dark outside and I was confused as to what was going on. I mean first of all what the fuck is a Florida? All i knew was i was most likely never going to see them again. More change. Bigger change. So after that, i really started to stress about the move. Looking back, I guess i felt like we were going to a place, and never coming back, as well. and when it did happened, that did nothing but confirm my hypothesis as far as I was concerned. All of this is momentary and it will quickly come to an end. Fleeting fragilely into Oblivion, even the memories themselves are nothing but imperfect recollections of the past that only become more dim &/or overwritten or imbued with our own subconscious wants and desires, over time. (memories, or the imperfection of, where another thing I was hung up on)

I came to these dire conclusions and others over the next few yrs

I guess I couldn't tell if I was one entity, or more. Not in a schizophrenic type of way but in a dualistical, philosophical dualism, kind of way. Where the mind and the body are two distinct entities. so I was operating under the assumption that I was temporarily contained (trapped, was how it felt) in a vessel.

I want to write, draw, make youtube videos, write jokes, create !

I actually have (almost) everything that i have ever dared to desired. Hope. a sense of optimism about the future. I know who i am and what i believe, yet i am Perfectly comfortable in changing my beliefs, when called for. I can breath. Relax. I have Contentment. And that is in no way to imply that I am content. For I mean to say, that this overwhelming, all impairing, sense of angst is finally... on leave, at the least. And now I can finally focus on what it is that **I Want to**. This is very new and ...

- I'm suddenly flooded with a entire spectrum of emotions that was previously cut off from me (by reconnecting, fully connecting, my brain, my mind)
- Categorize the memories I do or always have remembered
- I had to go to school

Sorry for being so dramatic. I'm just so astonished to be alive, let alone happy, at 36