

“I Wrote A Speech Called The ‘I Have A Choice Speech”

I have a choice.

The only way to tell a true story that you can choose to learn from is by telling it, third person... in first person.

The third person starts out as the victim. They're presented with a choice. But they don't know it's a choice yet. Because they don't know how to listen. Then, they're presented with an opportunity, however, this time the opportunity is just enough for them to go from “I can't don't this” to “I've got just enough for this. It's manageable. Let's roll.”

Next! They learn only what they need to learn. They're ready for any challenge. Time to rock and roll even more than the last time they rocked and rolled. They get spooked a bit, maybe a biggish or smallish scares or two. Better yet, two good sequences. Ones that you don't want to get up to pee for. With an ending to the second sequence that IF you did get up to pee during any point of these two sequences, you'd be out of the loop entirely, and you'd have to go watch it again some other time to understand it type sequence.

Want to know what you missed out on? I bet you do. An incredibly great ending. But, guess what? What I'm about to tell you is a little bit scary. No. It's actually going to be the scariest thing you've ever done. One where you get stared down by the devil, and you are out there trying to get through the worst of the worst. But you're in so much awe when I tell you this that it doesn't even phase you because you're excited, not nervous. You learned from before that nervousness was just excitement in shitty makeup that your weak-ass mindset couldn't compute. But now you're ready to get that $0 = 1$ and $1 = 0$.

You do the scariest thing you could ever imagine. Is it taking care of your parents when they're older? Is it having to let go of a good friend because you understand it's what you have to do in that moment? Is it being found out that you lied to your best friend? Or is that you gave up and forgot how to be you, and you haven't truly forgiven yourself because you don't have a clue where to begin?

You break down. You become nothing. Lost. Dazed. Confused. Just enough into the pure beautifully sad mindset for that joke to even land. Stuck. Weeping. Sobbing. Alone. Truly alone. With nowhere to go. Nowhere to be. No one to talk to. No one to care for you. Imagine not being cared for by your first and best friend you ever had?... Your mother? Your mother was the first thing you ever knew. You didn't know what it “felt” like before that moment. Not having a friend. Being truly alone in this world.

Having so many thoughts go through your head. Realizing that not everyone will get it. How do you know that? It is, and it isn't? What if everyone felt like they didn't have power? What if someone felt like they had all the power? The power to choose to become good or become evil. And even saying evil doesn't work there because without one, the other couldn't exist. God and no god. Choice and no choice. They either choose to. Or they don't choose to. And the person that's actually choosing is the you from before, during, and after? And that's okay if they don't believe in your message. Your belief doesn't require them to be. They get to learn how to tell stories in their own way. Just like you. There will be battles. And there won't be battles. There will be good days and there will be good days. Because you can either choose to believe that bad days exist, or they don't. And we can respectfully agree to disagree and be on our jolly fucking way.

And as we watch this beautiful movie come to end before our very own eyes, as it unfolds into a well crafted story that you hear, whether it was about a thing gone wrong, or losing a loved one, or stealing something but it's actually a good thing that you stole it, or getting the girl after waiting for what seemed like forever, whatever story you just told, you promise yourself "I promise you, after the hero returns to what was as a changed hero, and seeing that what was good, is good, and will be good... is good IF they choose it to be???" That's a good choice. Knowing that I have a choice. Always have. Am. And always will.

The circle of life is a constant cycle of choice. Never ending. But guess what? There's two circles. Intertwined. Connected. Entangled together. Before. Now. And forever. When you understand the third-person perspective... the whole "that person over there" scenario, only then can you allow yourself to choose to learn. To be able to tell your story. Own your story so I can own mine. Do you know why?

Because I have a choice.

"You Don't Fucking Know What It's Fucking Like"

You don't fucking know what it's fucking like!

Tuesday! Know what day that is? It's #TakeOutTheTrash Tuesday. That's what it is. What trash do you have in your life? All those people fucking your shit up. Who's fucking your shit up? I'm so fucking mad at them. They're fucking my shit up on purpose. Those people will never get the fucking fucking fucking shit that I have to go through. They keep calling me a god damn victim. FUCK YOU! What the fuck do you even know? Huh? HUH?! What the fuck... do you do you fucking know... about FUCKING FUCKING FUCK!?

I'll tell you exactly what. NOT A FUCKING THING! You don't get it. You'll never fucking get it. Because you're not me. You'll never be me! I was raped. I was molested. I was abused. I was tortured. My parents were shot in front of me. My brothers got sex changes, only to somehow fund ways to get inserts of eggs so they could have fucking babies, and they manipulated thousands of people around the world into giving them money so they could have those fucking babies, and I'm put with the guilt and shame of being judged by the action of someone else!? FUCK YOU! You'll never know what it's like to be a real victim. Not a god damn chance in fucking hell. You'll never fucking know what it's fucking like!

That person killed me once. I'm dead. I don't see a reason to keep on living. This shit is scary because me telling it as someone who's been there before to someone who's never been there before, being judged that they won't understand that there's two sides to every coin. And that no matter how much I try to tell them that everything is okay, people still come at me like "oh, honey, don't kill yourself, you have so much to live for." Well, guess what, I fucking know that you think that! I just don't see it like that. Guess what. Lady!... Sometimes, a victim being told what to do, things like "don't kill yourself" means go and kill yourself. That's psychotic shit!

Stop saying that and just fucking listen! How come when I post this that people are going to think I'm fucking nuts, but all I'm really trying to do is show them that I understand and "get" the mindset of someone who is a fucking victim?!

If you read the "I Have A Choice" speech I wrote, then you'll know where I stand on my beliefs. But what I create is art. And it is me and it's not me. Again. The me that's always been, and hasn't been at all. Trust me. Listen to me. Believe me when I say that you have a choice. Because you're still thinking like a victim. And that shit is unattractive. I know. I've been there. I've been you. I was you. I am you. And you is me. The other side of the coin. The hero.

Once again, it's coming back around. But until then, keep enjoying your victim mindset. I'm the one with the choice. You're not. So, you won't be hearing from me for a while. You'll be all alone. Left with only your thoughts. Remember what that felt like? To choose to exist or not exist at all? Yes, you do. Do you know why not?

Because you don't fucking know what it's fucking like.