

Bell Curve

It's so bizarre how humans tell other humans what needs to be done to complete the structure of society. In a way its complete chaos because one hu8man feels this or that needs to be constructed or fabricated to move the progression society. I am expected to work at things I don't want to work at, and for what!?!? No one knows why we are here so it seems strange to me that I am required to do things that I am incapable in doing.

“Everyone has problems”

“You just have to try harder”

No one knows exactly what's in your head and how capable you are to complete a certain task. I am incapable of doing complex academics. I learn for the moment and then I forget what I just learned. For my whole life I was expected to do these tasks that I saw as being pointless and everyone around me tells me it's important and I will understand why one day. I am 24 now I still feel the same fucking way. Why do I have to do this math? So I can get a job doing something as pointless and meaningless as the stupid subjects in school I am “supposed” to know.

This life of mine is meaning full in only one aspect and it is pretty clear what I am gifted in. Unfortunately for me my skills are unnoticed and are looked down upon because it does nothing for society. Sound and design is something that I am completely consumed by. Everything I touch in this world is remarkably responsive. The emotions I feel and the worlds I connect with are unnoticed by the common people doing all the “important” things for society. Nights upon nights my skills in the creation of sound and design excel, and there are places in the universe I connect with. It is true that I am mentally insane and any experience I tell anyone about is defined as being psychotic and delusion from this so called reality. No one understands how much pain I feel, and how significant my cognitive awareness about something much greater that exists around us.

It is plane and simple. I AM INCAPABLE OF DOING COMPLEX ACCADEMICS. I am literally mentally restarted. Not lazy! Not motivated! IN-FUCKING-CAPABLE!!!!

It is a gift and a curse of the powers I possess. If a man came back from the dead, no one would believe him. That is exactly how I feel. No words can describe the moments of enlightenment and ZEN I experiences during my ambitious struggle to perfect my craft as sound design. There are things I am creating that do not exist yet. My ideas and methods are considered unconventional experimentation. The complexity of it is unnoticed by the common ear. It takes a long time to be able to even hear it.

For the reader of this, Accept the fact that you can not see, feel, and hear what you are not trained to do so.

My ambitious is pointless to society. There is no money in it because it is classified as being useless.

Everyone keeps telling me I should put it aside so I can snap back to reality. It really is so ironic that the design I am inventing is extremely real and tangible; yet it is not considered anything but a hobby. Sound is the most real thing I know of and that is my reality.

At this point, people must accept me for what I do and have a little faith in me so I can complete this innovative task of creating the new sound. The hours on end that I slave away trying to learn every piece of equipment available is the most difficult things anyone can do. You must actually increase your intelligence to understand it. Like any scientist the research is progressive and you become more and more intelligent.

The facts are, I can not do general academics. INCAPABLE.

It seems impossible for me to take care of myself because I am so worried about perfect my mind.

I would not mind to end my life if everyone else supported my decision to not live in pain anymore. But I don't want to hurt anyone, so I remain alive and tortured in my agonizing world of black pain those stench so bad that vomiting looks like a flower compared the holes I have sat in for days on end. Blood and gore are like magical rainbows compared to the empty void of nothingness and endless despair I get trapped in. And forever I will experience these significant places because of enlightenment with sound.

Let me do what I was meant to do, or please let me die.

This is the most honest letter I have ever written.

In fact the details are not that good because of my lack of ability to communicate through an outlet that I am almost oblivious to.

Telling me to buckle down and get my life straight is pointless. I know exactly what the reader will respond to this.

Just try harder and it will get better

Words of motivation won't work on me.

I am a sinking ship and I can't pull myself together. I am weak and selfish and mentally ill. There is only one gift I had, and I traded it for a curse.