

30/12/2022 – 23:35

I almost died today.

Driving back from work in the company Dacia car, I began to micro-sleep.

My head was nodding and snapping, and I could barely keep my eyes open.

Exhausted beyond words, I struggled to fight it off.

Holding my breath, slapping myself, anything I could think of to stay awake, but nothing worked.

It was the most frustrating feeling I had ever experienced.

My mind and body felt disconnected, as if my body was operating on its own.

Despite being aware of what was happening, I couldn't control it.

I knew this could cost me my life.

Suddenly, I saw a flash of white in the corner of my eye, and my heart pounded out of my chest. I had drifted into the opposite lane, and a car was hurtling towards me at full speed.

Panic flooded through me as I swerved back into my own lane, I was almost too late.

I had almost died. The thought sent a shiver down my spine.

My frustration turned into anger. I screamed at the top of my lungs, cursing and shouting, **"FUCK! THIS JOB WILL KILL ME! I'M QUITTING THIS FUCKING JOB!"**

But I am trapped, aren't I? A slave to this job that's slowly killing me.

It's ironic, isn't it?

I can't live without it, but it just might kill me.

It happens every. Single. Day.

Something is clearly wrong with me. I've tried everything - coffee, vitamins, sleep more, even had blood tests done. But nothing seems to help. It's like a sick joke.

All those "get rich" motivation videos out there, they all say the same thing: "You must act like it's life or death."

Well, in my case, it really IS life or death.

I have no choice.

01/01/2024 – 00:00

The phone rang, and I saw a reminder:

"READ THE LETTER. IT'S UNDER THE BED."

It was the letter I had written to myself on 01/01/2023. It says:

" Hey future me,

Last year, at this exact moment, you realized something.

You realized your life is not what you think it is.

You understood that the world was not what you thought it was.

You hadn't cried in years, but you had cried four times in the last two weeks.

You made a decision.

You decided that things had to change.

You couldn't live a mediocre life anymore,
working in a mediocre job with mediocre friends.

You set a goal to quit your job by the end of the year and declared war against the world.

Your time has come.

Did you succeed?

Of course you did.

Because you will never give up. You can't give up. It's win or die. "

I folded the letter and walked out to my balcony.

The silence was complete, and the only sound was the gentle breeze caressing my ears.

The view was breathtaking, and as I looked down, I saw that the Dacia was gone.

In its place was a sleek BMW.

A sudden rush of emotion flooded through me.

I did it.

I succeeded.

I am no longer a slave to my job,

no longer trapped in a cycle of exhaustion and frustration.

I no longer had to endure the hour-long drive to work or the struggle to stay alive every day.

I do not have to deal with annoying customers.

I no longer owe anything to anyone except myself.

I am not afraid anymore.

But most importantly,

I AM FREE.