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A Conversation

Sometimes I wonder if I am throwing my life away. Every time I get off of my phone after staying up late, or getting out of bed after sleeping in, I think to myself; “What am I doing?”. It’s not like I don’t know the things that I am doing are bad for me, as I lay down knowing I have unfinished work or some deadline I need to complete, I just think; “Whatever, I’ll do it later”. The funny thing is that I know what I’m doing is wrong, but I just can’t help myself. I suppose that’s probably what they want. They want me to just stick around, wallowing in my own pit of negligence and ironic self-reflection. They want me to think I can change but they know I don’t think I can. The question is why? So they can make more money? Do they have a guilty conscience knowing that they are stealing the lives of so many people? Or do they just not care? To them, they need to reach an objective, by whatever means necessary and whoever gets caught in the crossfire, it doesn’t bother them. Sometimes I wonder if it is even their fault, or is it me? It’s not like I don’t know what they are doing, I do. But still. This force from within myself is pulling towards it, attracting towards that cesspit of negativity that I hate, but yet I remain there. My body disobeys my mind. One time, I was putting off some assignment, so I got in bed and was on my phone, from 11 p.m. to 4 a.m.. I have no idea where that time went, it just vanished, disappeared. Was it stolen? Taken? Or was it my irresponsibly that allowed it to slip from my hands and from my mind? That 5 hour stretch of time went by so

quick it did not feel real, even now I still cannot comprehend. But I can definitely discern how I felt; disgusted. Disgusted that I let myself fall that far, all the way down to rock bottom. I consider that my rock bottom, a low point in life where it feels nothing can get worse, but at least the positive of that is that the only place you can go is up. For me, however, I feel I am perpetually at rock bottom, because I still haven't fixed it. Every time I try and climb up, some peculiar event will cause me to fall. My hand will slip, or a rock will break away and I'll fall all the way back down to the bottom of that pit of ignorance and entitlement and prejudice and me. Because I know the entire time it was me. I was the puppetmaster of myself. Its as if there was two of me: one who wants to change, be better, improve, improve the lives of others, but then there is the other, much larger one, the one who feels the same as well, but for some reason unknown to me, he still stops the other guy from making it, and pulls him backdown. Who is that bigger guy? Why is he doing this? What is his motive? They are both inside me but so deep that even I cannot spelunk into the cavernous pit of my own mind and come up with a coherent answer. This is probably because I am still developing, and haven't decided fully who am as a person yet. But I do know one thing; If I don't change these traits soon, the traits of the bigger guy are gonna stick with me forever. And that may very possibly ruin my life.

Is what I am saying making sense to you? Do you understand? Or are my unchecked ramblings and thoughts collapsing in on themselves like a black hole? They compress and shrink in size, so it seems as if they are invisible, but oh boy are they ever there. My thoughts suck me into myself like a black hole, the only difference being that I can escape, but for how long I am able to escape I don't know. I have had this conversation with myself numerous times before, but I've never taken the time to write it into a long narrative like this. Sometimes, late at night, when

I've come to my senses after one of my self-destructive rampages, I know I've wasted time, and I feel this terrible emptiness within myself, but still, I find a bit of comfort in wasting time. Why? Why? Why do I enjoy my own degradation? I have had such an easy life. I've never had to worry about food or water or shelter or abuse or anything like that. Sure I've experienced tragedies before, losing loved ones, pets, grandparents, but who hasn't? The funny thing about death is that it is truly the one thing that unites all people on earth. No matter how famous you are or how much money you have, you can never escape death, and I like that. Not the fact that people die, but the fact that it acts as the great equalizer on this planet. No matter your upbringing, everyone meets the same fate. I have had an easy life. People will read this and think "Look at this stupid kid, crying and complaining over his own mistakes when there are people who have it so much worse." They're right, and they'll always be right. All that has happened to me has been imposed by me myself and I. Everyone in my life has been extremely supportive and only ever wanted the best for me. Everyone, it seems, except for me. Maybe that's because I've had it so easy, I've never had to face any real hardship in my life, so the first time something challenging comes my way, I immediately buckle. What do I do to change? Is it easy? Is it difficult? Is it even possible? I think yes, but I'm afraid of what might lie ahead. It could be nothing. It probably is nothing but still. Why are people afraid of the ocean? Because of all the water? No, its because of the possibility of something lurking that they cannot see. It could be nothing, but the lack of information, that fact that you don't know makes it terrifying. Truly terrifying. Why are people afraid of the dark? Why am I so afraid to face myself?

I want to end this on a positive note. Every time I want to change but can't, or won't, I always say "Well, X event is coming up soon, so when that starts I'll end my ways". Every damn

time I say this and it never changes. For years, it has been like this, and that phrase has lost all of its value. Except for one last time. This time, the stars have aligned for me. But this is my final chance. I'm making it my final chance. If I succeed, I'll slowly, but consistently change and improve and become a better person, just as everyone has wanted for me. I can kill the bigger guy. But if I fail, I'll write this all over again, and I will have thrown my life away. That is scary to think about. I believe you get one life, one shot. I see now that this entire thing has not been a conversation with you, it's been a conversation with myself. But still, I thank you, for allowing me to have this conversation because without you, I don't know if I can. I've had this conversation with myself a thousand times before, but this time it is different. Truly it is different. This is my one shot, what I decide to do next will quite literally impact my entire life from this point on. So again I thank you. It's late. I'm going to bed.