Hello
My name is AuraXalaiv I am a pokemon mystery dungeon centered artist.

I have something I have to say.
Thank you for taking the time to read this.
This text will include sensitive topics such as depression, and self harming urges. Reader's discretion is encouraged.
This document exists to simply explain my current thoughts and feelings in my current situation. I also want to express an ask for help. This will likely be embarrassing to read, please take care of yourself.

I will be as direct as possible as I explain.
I feel as if I need a specific big change in my life soon.
Times are so hard for everyone, for me I feel stuck and need help so I am going to explain my situation. Please make of it what you will. Do not harass each other over their response to this. Everybody be reasonable and calm, okay? Thank you.
I am going to explain this in the only language I can muster. Please forgive the possible confusion. I am open to all questions.
With this in mind…

I want to explain how I have been doing.

I have found myself to have a very hard time with depression.
I feel very strong hatred towards myself constantly. And my desire to overcome it is unfortunately not as great as the sense of truth I feel in the despair I hold.
I understand that I do some amount of good in everyone's lives, but there is an unstoppable feeling that I hurt everyone I know. I spiral nearly instantly the second I am alone, and it lasts for a very long time and is very strong. When this occurs, the only things that circle my mind are feelings of self hatred and the feeling that my negativity bleeds out of me and affects everyone i encounter. In some way, or some form, my self depreciation will be unpleasant for another to experience. And it leads me to believe the best conclusion is to separate myself from every other person and isolate myself. I have been very online my entire life. I have found that I did not understand loneliness until I was around someone physically. And now I am so lonely. I'm so clingy. I step off of the computer back into this world where I have nothing to strive for and I just wish for death. I have a

severe lack of self preservation, to the point where I compensate by attaching most of my happiness to what I can do for others. I have found that self care brings me no joy. It just feels impossible to ever consider myself anything. It's such a void, I can't describe it. I feel as if I can only have the desire to overcome depression if it is for the sake of someone else. A part of me wants that ideal world where I am happy with myself, but nothing anybody says can change my stubborn mind that it just is impossible. This upsets people sometimes, which is valid. I feel I want to apologize so much. The negativity I feel for myself often becomes the only thing I can talk about, and that is simply unpleasant for all people who read it. For a very long time I have thought that in the long term it would be better if I isolated myself forever, back to the nothingness I used to have. My friends would be upset to lose me for some time, but It feels like they would become better in the long term. I feel that I have so much negativity for myself that the only fair choice to make is to spare everyone who meets me from dealing with that. After all it is a problem for me that I made for myself and the way I hurt people is by constantly making everyone else deal with it. For a time I was on medication, it's a lot easier to do things like call doctors when I do it for someone else's sake. When I think of it as doing it to help me, I feel nothing. When I think of it as doing it to save someone else from my hate, It's so easy. But… The loneliness… It's too much. I can't take it.

I met up with some online friends for the first time these past two years and I felt something I never felt before. I felt …safe? I was around people who I care about and who care for me… I unfortunately became… really addicted to that warmth. I started desiring to be around someone all the time. I couldn't bear the thought of waking up another day in this place I'm in. I don't think many people understand how precious kindness is. I… I love you all… Despite everything I am, you still care for me, it's … Everything… I want to see you all happy. You deserve it so much… I could care less what happens to me. But… A lot of people seem to care about me a lot… And my self hatred… they don't want it.

I can't do it for myself, but… I want to do it for them.

I feel so much love for everyone out there. Every single person is so amazing, the impact we make on each other's lives cannot be overstated, every single friend that you talk to is so happy to know you. I feel as if they make a huge mistake in wasting themselves on me, but I want to make it worth their effort. Even if I can't accept what they say about me as the truth, I can accept it as being their truth. And that sentiment… Makes me want to keep going.

I don’t want to give up if they believe that I am good for them. I don’t… think I am, but… If one day they realize that they will make the best choice for themselves and leave me. If they truly believe I do more good than bad, I will wake up again. I feel a slight desire to love myself for the sake of loving myself, but not enough to try. But… I… I feel like… I could try if I’m with someone.
I think I need to ask for a roommate. I feel great shame. I have been struggling to get a stable job. I've got some money saved. Enough to get a passport and a flight for sure.
I just… I can’t get over how nice it felt to be in a home where I felt love. I think I need to hold onto that feeling. I need it… I’m so sorry.
I do not currently have a job but I am very dedicated to finding one. However I do not believe I would be of much assistance to rent. I will continue trying to get hired while I am here. As hard as I can. But I need to put these words out there. I feel like I need a roommate. I can’t take living like this anymore. I spend all day wishing I never existed. That everyone I’ve met would have been luckier to never have had to care about me in the first place. It’s miserable and I just can’t do it alone. I **can’t.** At least not… yet… I will try. I will try to learn to accept myself but I’m just pleading that brief time with my friends was so nice I will do anything for that. I will work with you, I will be invisible to you, anything. I’ll spend every second job hunting so that I will be an asset to rent. I was never going to stoop this low but I can’t take it.

If you have read this you have the deepest thanks that I can muster from the recesses of my heart. I am sorry for the unpleasant feelings reading this much whining has given you. I make no claims to be mature or any sort of honorable. You may make any and all judgement. It is all valid. Do not shame others for it if you disagree. Let them say it. I am just… I need help. Please.
I need help.

I hope you have the wonderful day that you deserve. Let your friends know you love them, as they love you. There is so much love out there in the world.
You are everything.