

Dead end

So I've struggled with how to announce this for awhile. If you've known me for any amount of time you probably know, I struggle with depression and anxiety. I hate asking for help. Or feeling like a burden. I tend to retreat into myself when I'm struggling. I distract my mind with other things. I don't want to talk about things I should talk about. I procrastinate. Deflect. Put off. Delay. Etc. My brain is a machine that turns small problems into bigger problems by doing nothing. I dunno if you call that executive dysfunction or decision paralysis. I'm not a therapist. Tho I should be in therapy for sure.

But also I've had a long rough road. And along that road I've had really wonderful friends show up for me. Better people than I deserve. Who have helped me get through things I didn't think I'd get through. And I couldn't be more grateful. But at the same time I've also met judgement. And betrayal. And abandonment. And I already overthink everything. It's made me afraid to speak up because....who else is going to give up on me this time? Instead of help I'll get...."told you so....here he goes again.....he'll never change..." and deeper down the spiral I go. I already feel low enough about myself the way it is, trust me.

I kinda feel like....if I say nothing, nothing will get done. If I say too much, nobody will read it. If I say too little, nobody will get it. So I'm trying to be careful here. But, I'm out of time. I have to rip the bandaid off. So I'll say the important bit up front here. Then I'll fill in some back story for the TL/DR crowd. If you want to, then you can skip to the end to see my options and what actions are taking place.

So here's the important bit. I've been out of work since July. I have no money left. No car. My phone is shut off. Bank overdrawn. I've had a friend and the local food pantry keeping me alive for a bit. But....

Just when you think that's bad enough....

One of my roomies got hired at a new job. It's increased their commute to work. We live kind of out in the country a ways and they now work downtown which is probably a half hour each way depending on traffic. My roomies have one car they share between them. So they decided to move to a smaller place closer to work. Without me. I don't blame them. I'm happy for them. But obviously this leaves me in a bad spot. Initially I thought I'd have til mid month but recently I was corrected in that the utilities are being turned off and they'll be out of here on the 3rd. Which is Friday. So, as I mentioned....I'm out of time. And have few options.

So how did we get here? As I've mentioned already I've struggled for years and who knows when or why it started. Depends how far you want to go back. My parents had a very cold marriage that ended in divorce. My family were farmers. Very "we don't show emotion or talk about feelings" and the most valuable thing in the world is work. If you don't work you're worthless, kind of mentality. I grew up ten miles from town with one brother 7 years older. I was probably pretty socially maladjusted. I was born a premature runt. Wore glasses. Wasn't hip with

what the other kids were into. So I struggled for a long time with fitting in. Always felt the outcast. And at home, I never felt like I was good enough there either. I wasn't good at sports. Parents didn't come to the games anyway. I got into band. No real support there either. Dad thought music was a waste of time/money. I got decent at being funny. Dad always said "with a face like that you'd better be funny or nobody will want to talk to you". Everyone loves a comedian. If only that was enough to get by on.....

Anyway I don't want to make it seem like I'm making excuses and I don't want to bury the story in old details. But I'm painting the picture for the folks who might be newer here. I think my past trauma is important to piece together how I got so broken. I had a near fatal motorcycle accident in 2003. I think my dad theorized maybe I got my brain scrambled from that. Or maybe I inherited some crazy from my mom's genes. Who knows. I lived through watching my grandma die from cancer who was the glue that held our family together. Truly. My parents messy divorce. I could keep a therapist busy for a long time. But I digress.

Through my life as I've struggled to find my place in the world. Find friends. Find community. Find love. I've had major setbacks along the way. Which would cause my spirals. And result in....lost jobs. Lost relationships. I've had vehicles repossessed. I've been evicted and went homeless. I've had my belongings in storage auctioned due to non-payment. It's a cycle. I hit rock bottom. I pick up the pieces and start over. Just when I think I have things together, I have a setback. I spiral. I hit rock bottom again. Rinse and repeat.

It's getting really hard. I'm over 40 now. I'm not as young as I used to be. And it makes the bounce back even more daunting. And the depression spiral deeper cause of should have my shit together by now. I should be able to adult by now. And I feel like the longer I go on, the less I have to offer. To anybody. Forget finding a lover. Employer. Friend. Anybody. I'm physically and mentally broken and defeated. I'm tired. And I don't have anything to look forward to anymore. Which makes crawling out of this hole important but also extremely difficult. How many more times can I start over? How many more years do I have left anyway? What's the point? I've already wasted my youth. My health. My talent. My potential. I'm a husk of what I used to be. Nobody cares. I don't even care. That's where my mind has been the last few months. I need to be in a place I can feel love and support and hope and I don't know where that is or how to get there from here.

So anyway, how did we get in this latest hole specifically? Well if we remember Davenport when the ex roomie stabbed me in the back. I retreated to Oklahoma. At the time I was optimistic. Fresh start in a new place. Close to several friends I was hopeful to hang out with and feel community. New places to explore. Close proximity to three fur cons i enjoy going to. Sounded great. Well the first brick to fall was one of my friends that lived....close-ish....ended up almost immediately falling in love and moving out of state and getting engaged. We're still friends but we're definitely not as close as we were and it haven't seen them in person since TFF 2024 which is when we roomed together and was the con they met their fiance and spent almost the whole con with them. I'm happy for them. But that was a crushing con as I knew by the drive home, I was no longer important to them. My other friend that lives close-ish....travels for work

and is basically permanently busy. And when they aren't at work they travel out of state to visit their bf or to go to fur cons. We went to one local furry gathering together and one concert back in 2024. Otherwise I haven't seen them in person since, besides fur cons, most of which have been out of state.

But still initially things here were ok. Not the greatest but ok. The two roomies and me were close and we'd hang out and watch shows together and go out sometimes. But that didn't last. Initially the plan was to get a bigger place together. Because we live in a single wide trailer. Roomie was hoping to buy a house cheap from a family member but that didn't pan out. And then we....never moved. Just to explain why I didn't immediately get a job upon getting here. I wanted to get a local gig where I could be home more often. But of course then....unplanned disaster. I went on a couple road trips. Dallas for TFF. Vegas for LVFC. Pittsburgh for AC. And on my way home from Anthrocon my car blew up. There went the home daily job. My roommates have one car they share between the two of them. I couldn't replace my car and I couldn't ask them to drive me to work every day. So I was left with only one option

I got a job driving over the road. And that worked out ok. Things between the roomies and me had slowly cooled off to where we were barely speaking to each other. They'd spend all their time in their room. I'd stay in mine. So being over the road got me out of the house and gave us all space. I could focus on stacking up money. And since I wasn't home, I didn't need to worry about not having a car. But....it burned me out. I worked the entire time with that company, they got me home twice. Once was an unplanned thing because my truck needed repaired and it took them four days for some reason and since it was at our Oklahoma yard I just went home. That was early in my time there. The second time was planned as I went to our local fur con. But that was barely a "home" time. I literally was at the house long enough to switch my trucking duffel bag for my furry con bags. Then came back home and switched them back. And away I went again. Via uber each time.

Anyway it was ok while it lasted. It kept me busy anyway. But then the company announced it was closing. And things started falling apart quickly. The last few weeks were especially bad and I couldn't wait for it to end so I could get out of there. And once I did, I went to AC and saw my friends. Which ended up turning into a trip to Philly to visit friends there. And east TN to visit my old friend Sodie I used to live with. And Louisville to visit wolf and bear. And by that time....shoot it was almost time for IFC. So I went home and got the rental car returned and rented another one. And I went to IFC. And my friend in Philly said Furrydelphia was his birthday con so...I went to a few museums. Visited more friends. Went to THAT con.....

Due to me having an out of state license (I didn't want to switch it if I was going to move soon and then....never ended up moving) and not having a credit card, I ended up having trouble renting the car for the Philly trip. They said I could only rent from the airport location if I had a returning plane ticket. I needed the car. They had no cars at any location other than the airport. I panicked and booked a trip Vegas on the spot. So when I returned from IFC/FD I pretty much hopped on a plane and off to Vegas I went for a week with no plans. And then when I came

back from that I rented yet another car for a weekend so I could go to Wakita to see the Twister movie museum.

Anyway I guess the gist of all that is that I SHOULD have immediately come home and bought a car. And gotten a job. But I was burned out from the road. I desperately needed to be around friends. And going home had become uncomfortable. They say absence makes the heart grow fonder. How can they miss you if you don't go away? Well I went away and they didn't miss me. In fact it was colder than ever. They'd go to work. They'd come home. Straight to their room. I might get a hello. But for the most part I started feeling so uncomfortable I'd purposely time my activity to line up with when they were gone or asleep. I hate feeling unwanted or like a burden so I went out of my way to be a ghost. I didn't want to use the bathroom when they were here. I never left a mess. If I made food I'd wash the dishes immediately. Never asked them for a thing. Which itself became a bit of an accelerator of my problem

As I previously mentioned, we live in a trailer park out in the country a bit. Unfortunately it's a few miles away from anything and there's no sidewalk. Not even a shoulder on the highway. Just pavement straight into ditch. So walking is out of the question. And the roomies did offer to run me to get groceries a few times but not often. And I wouldn't ask. So...I ended up ordering uber eats. Too often. And that eventually ran my dumb ass out of money. Right around Thanksgiving time. I remember I was planning on ordering fried chicken delivered for turkey day but I got the notification that my previous order had overdrafted the bank account. I was planning on just having Ramen which was all I had but my friend Bres who is too good for me, was the only person that asked what I was doing for Thanksgiving and when I told him, he insisted on ordering me food delivered. Which turned out to be Popeyes and then a small amount of groceries....soda and frozen pizza and such. I can't thank him enough. The roomies never checked on me they just went to their family thing. So if it weren't for him I would have really felt alone. Well....I still felt alone but I would have also been hungry.

Anyway that was only a temporary fix tho as when I ran out of food again ...I just stopped eating. For several days. Until he pestered me again and ended up having more groceries delivered. And then he asked my plans for Christmas. Well...I was out of money and my family is all gone. The ones that didn't disown me a decade ago are dead. And the roomies weren't offering any hints. So he once again, was too stubbornly kind and bought me plane tickets to come to Louisville for Christmas. And uber rides to and from the airport. And bought me presents. And fed me all week. It was very lovely and desperately needed as I felt pretty much trapped and out of hope here at home. I wasn't suicidal per say but I wasn't against the idea of just....not waking up anymore.

But then once back home it was back to.....what am I going to do? No job. No car. No money. No way to get anywhere. Feel like the roomies hate me. Didn't feel like I could ask for help because....shame....fear....anxiety....pick your poison. At this point I've eaten so infrequently and spent so much time in bed I'm down to 185 pounds. Another stumbling block is I somehow messed up my left shoulder. Best I can tell.....I'm a side sleeper. And I used to stick my arm under my pillow. And I dunno if I pulled something or tore the rotator cuff or what but it made it to

where I couldn't lift my arm over my head. Or do most anything without pain. Well, I started sleeping on my other side, and messed up my right arm even worse. So this also contributed to my despair cause...what if I can't pass a physical? Then I can't drive truck. And if I can't drive truck....what else can I do? I don't have a car. I can't commute anywhere from here. I can't do physical labor. I'm not qualified to do anything else. My arms have slowly gotten better but they are both not at 100%, especially my right arm. It's hell getting old. Especially when you're unemployed and broke and have no health insurance.

Anyway yeah, anxiety is a bitch and it's not a simple cause nor simple fix. I guess is what I'm getting at. I wish it was easy. Of course I'd get therapy and meds if I had money or health insurance. But even if I did....getting help is anxiety inducing on it's own. I've never been good at going to the doctor or anything like that. I don't even typically get medicine when I don't feel good beyond cough drops and nyquil or pepto. I just tough it out. Sleep it off. Live with it. I'm also my own worst enemy because my anxiety causes me to isolate. And I'll avoid reaching out or responding to people when I know a difficult conversation will happen. "Did you do the thing? Why not?" I have no answers. So I just retreat. And it sucks cause I know people care about me but I end up pushing them away. They end up thinking I'm lazy. Or I don't care. Or I'm beyond help. I'll never change. Maybe they're right. I don't deserve to be any better. And you see how this hole deepens for me. That's why I say I truly appreciate everyone in my life. If you've left, I get it. I forgive you. I understand.

So here's where I'm at now. As I've mentioned, my friend Bres has been very patiently helping me along. Both with sending me food but also he's gotten me a poverty phone from Walmart so I'll be able to keep in touch once I'm separated from wifi. But also so I can make and receive calls in my hunt for employment. He also helped me put together my resume and got me onto indeed and a few sites to look for work. Tho right now i need to figure out where I'll be living next week before i can pursue that much further. He's been a real angel bear to me the last few months. Tho I really can't lean on him much more than I have because he's unemployed and job hunting himself now and doesn't have the funds to fully bail me out. And I already feel like he's given me too much.

So...imma need help. How much? Depends on what course i take. But I'll need help regardless. Both physical help moving and financial help moving. As I've mentioned I have no car. And I'm not even sure i can rent a van at this point because not only is the out of state license and no credit card going to be an issue. If you find a place that will rent with a debit card they do a background check and I'm sure my credit is crap now that I've defaulted on my phone and my storage unit and my checking account. I don't even know if I have a checking account at this point since I overdrafted it in November. So I don't really know what to do there. I'm open to advice and opinions or if you're near Oklahoma and have a truck or don't mind renting one and helping me out.

As for my options. I can stay here. I'm not being kicked out. However I have no funds. And if I did stay here I have no car so I'd be stranded. The utilities are being turned off on Friday. I could get them switched to my name if I come up with the funds. But, the roomies own the microwave,

the fridge, the washer and dryer, all the pots and pans and cooking stuff. And I lost all my furniture I had in my storage shed so besides my bedroom, the place would be empty. Unless someone wanted to move in here with me, but I don't know why anyone would. This place isn't terribly nice. It's a run down old single wide trailer in a run down old rural Oklahoma trailer park. It's cheap at least. But that's the only real benefit.

I think Bres wants me to move to Louisville which would be lovely cause I know they'll look after me and I'll feel loved and appreciated but they have a very small house with a tiny spare bedroom. I'm welcome to stay there but my things won't fit so I'd need to find storage for my things until I can get on my feet enough to get my own place and this would all be very difficult and a bit expensive. Not including the fact the move itself would be over an 11 hour drive and renting a truck for that distance would be pretty pricey. But I do know I would probably be most happy over there. Just don't know how feasible that plan is especially on short notice.

My other option is I have a friend in Kansas City that has a spare room in the basement i can stay in. It's a partially finished basement so it's not luxury accommodation but the room is at least bigger and big enough for all my stuff to fit. And the drive is half what it is to Louisville so I assume the moving cost would also be half. Either move I'll still be without a car but at least both homes are in town so I could at least walk to things and possibly walk to a bus or something if need be. I'll still probably try to get a trucking job to avoid the need to commute or need a ride. Provided I can get one. My medical card expired at the first of the month so that will be another thing I'll need help with cause no trucking job will hire you unless you have a current medical card and it costs \$50 or more depending on where you go. Even tho most places make you go to their doctor to get another one anyway, which always pisses me off but that's how they all operate

So anyway that's where I'm at. I know I've been in these situations before and it seems like a broken record. I'm a bad investment and I don't blame anyone if they shake their head and walk away. I'm not blaming anyone. I'm not playing victim. I'm the cause of most of my problems. I hate asking for anything but I'm in a spot here where I have no choice but to ask for help and hope enough comes fast enough. I need to be somewhere where I can start over again and I have no means to get there. So if you have ideas, or if you can help. Either financial or physical let me know. I don't have the strength I used to have so moving will suck. The only good thing about losing everything in my storage shed is that I have less stuff to move. But I still have a queen bed and a couple shelves and dressers and TV and stand and all my clothes and things so....it's not nothing....but it's less than I had before. As far as financial help I have PayPal venmo and cash app. And if you trust me enough and you need it, I'll try to pay you back when I'm back on my feet. I can't guarantee a timeline on that but I always try to pay folks back when I can if I remember.

Thank you in advance for putting up with me. I'm sorry to anyone I've worried. If you want my poverty phone number let me know. I don't know if it will end up being my new permanent number or not since my current phone has been disconnected since November I dunno if I'll get my old number back if/when I get my regular service back or if that number is gone forever now.

But anyway, please be patient. I'll have a lot of people messaging me soon I'm sure and I don't have eyeballs enough to stare at the phone all day but I'll do my best to answer everyone as timely as I can while I try to figure this mess out. Thanks for being a part of my life. Thanks for helping or sharing. If you can't help I understand. Times are hard right now. If you don't want to help...no hard feelings. I get it. Miss y'all and I'll see you all soon with any luck.

If you read all this thank you. If you didn't, I don't blame you.

Love, peace, and bacon grease.

TP