



My Final Chapter

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The Lotus Flower.

The lotus flower, scientifically known as the 'Nelumbo nucifera' is one of the two existing aquatic plants in the plant family known as 'Nelumbonaceae'. (This may have been spelled incorrectly.)

That's a boring fact though, unless you're one of those freaks who's into learning about plantation...

Spiritually, it's a symbol for 'rebirth'. Something to keep in mind, while you're turning the pages of this book. (It's also a symbol for purity and strength, but there's less focus on those two.)

I think this may also be the reason spas use them as logos a lot. Interesting... I'm in dire need for a 'spa day', to be quite frank!

You can turn the page now, I don't know why I'm telling you all this.

Introduction

The sun sets and your surroundings become dark. Nothing is visible, but everything is clear. You let your thoughts consume you until there's nothing left, but you.

It is during those moments, that we face our respective truths. After months of writing and rewriting drafts of 'a new (self-absorbed) book', I've come to a realization.

When I lie in bed late at night, I think of thousands of ways I could've died that day or will die tomorrow. It's a strange occurrence every time, because I can never think of the ways I've lived. Sometimes it feels like I haven't lived at all. Sure, in theory I have and there is so much in my writing to prove that, but whenever I look inward; it doesn't feel like that at all. My whole life has been spent retelling my own story as if it's part of some to-do list. I keep writing these stories, because that's what helped me cope. It's something I decided to bargain myself with ever since releasing an autobiography...

I don't want to do that anymore.

If I'm to die, I want those stories to have led up to something bigger than myself, but who decides when something is bigger than one's self? It's an endless endeavour and life isn't endless. I don't want to spend my whole life staring at the remains of who I once was, just for it to mean something. I want to spend my life living, instead of just 'being around'.

The sun rises again, as I try desperately to hang on to the realizations I've had that night.

"It's time.", I mutter, right before closing a 'Word-document' on my computer. As much as I love writing, I'm not very

good at it when it's not about myself. It's quite a narcissistic trait, really. The only thing I have left to do is: say goodbye to you, the reader.

I haven't figured out how, but I will soon.

Even if I'm not able to figure it out by the end of this book, I feel like I must disclose that this 'goodbye' isn't for good. I won't be vanishing, but these types of books will be.

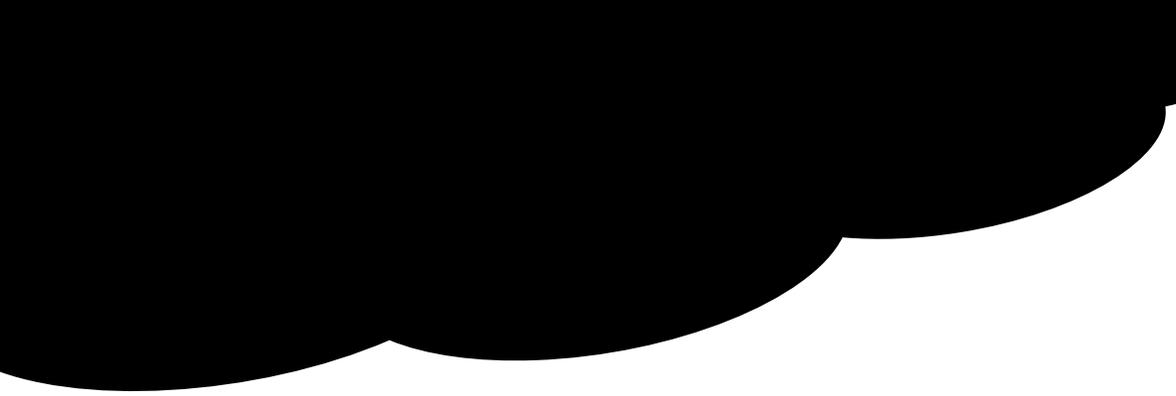
I've got a lot of soul-searching to do before I ever return to the writing scene. Who knows, maybe I never do.

Yet, I can tell you with certainty that this book will try its hardest to satisfy you at the end of this journey. I'll be fine and you'll be too, as long as we believe in it.

Sorry, I'm rambling now...

I will figure things out, I promise!

(There may be some hidden chapters here and there...)



For the time being: let's get this party started.

