

You see in these times; Charlie has lost all sense of her usual sunny disposition in an attempt to be more worldly. She seems to be unabashedly herself and this was no mere feat for a young woman with an insane rollercoaster of a fucking life, that's to put it mildly there. You see, she thought herself a person of eclectic tastes. She enjoys new wave music, peculiar artwork, chipped beads, and big numbers.

I know right, how horribly cliched is this /GEN Z/\* hippie?

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*Wikipedia defines it as follows:*

*Generation Z (or more commonly Gen Z for short), colloquially known as zoomers,<sup>[1][2]</sup> is the Western demographic cohort succeeding Millennials and preceding Generation Alpha.*

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*Urban dictionary (well this one [user](#)) who I think deserves a bit of credit, defines it as such:*

*The generation that's literally not afraid of anything, except bugs.*

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I know right? My two sources of truth right there have already put me in the generation z category before you even had a chance to smirk at me.

And so, Charlie thought herself as quintessentially /GEN Z/<sup>1</sup>

How cool I feel, every evening when Marty the magpie visits me. I seem to have utterly lost my mind, expecting this tiny annoying magpie pecking at my windowsills for bugs. I hate bugs and so by default, I suppose I do not hate Marty. I did miss him though when he did not peck at my windowsills for a single week.

I have finally learnt to take in the soft and nuanced part of my days, the insignificant details of my past simply do not matter to me anymore.

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<sup>1</sup> stylized for added importance



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Track no 7 of my favourite CD replays in one slow sleeping motion every night.

*[Lover, you should've come over, Jeff Buckley](#)*

*You will thank me for that link and if not, then I know that I am 2 c00L 4 U.*

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I feel so horribly worn out as I stand under my hot shower every night. My life seems to be a flicking image between these showers and loud music, all in a good-hearted attempt to drown myself out.

I hear people narrating my life for me and finally, in this trajectory of self-pity, I have decided that I could not give a single fuck.

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*How amazing is self-realisation? It is simply subliminal.*

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*In a 180-degree turn, the unreliable narrator takes us on a bit of a swirl here:*

Why do people do drugs?

It's because they want to feel happy but then why do drugs just make you feel empty?

It's because happiness is what we desire but we will settle for emptiness. We will settle for that numb feeling inside our minds. In that very frame, we find ourselves elated because anything is better than feeling desolate and bereft.

It is a horribly vicious snake cycle, always when you least expect it but as certain as death and taxes.

*In a horribly clichéd "L'appel du vide" moment, I find myself in.*

I am on the brink of existential dread, but I have finally learned to savour time and chew slowly. I am unfortunately being perceived as somewhat of a free spirit or a loose cannon, depending on which one of my acquaintances or friends that I have. Forget about family, the dynamics of that relationship is far too frail for my liking.

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*Isn't it funny when you look at someone you once knew and suddenly you don't recognise them anymore?*



*That's not exactly true. They have always been that way and it is just you that have changed.*

*This, in effect, is realisation and realisation can only then lead into actual action in deriving a stimulus.*

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I know, I really need to tone down this whole *carefree vegan hippie* vibe that seems to have rooted itself in me.

Yet, let me ask you this.

As opposed to what?

A monotonous person that would like their lives to fit into tick boxes?

Simply abiding by the constraints of modern society and meeting that essential life cycle of fun and crisis, followed by a picket fence and a horribly painful back?

Only then for your child to do the same?

I confess, such thoughts of normalcy do not in any sense interest me. I would like to be an inherently good person and to actually indulge in everything this world has to offer me, whilst giving back to the Earth. If I am mean from time to time or appear to be, well then that is my only vice.

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Oh, besides cigarettes, of course! When has anyone not seen me with one? It has formed part of my sordid personality, I must confess.

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Nevertheless, I finally had that epiphany, the one that I had been waiting for and I have booked a stay for myself in solitude and will travel on my own. I am finally comfortable enough in my lightness of being.

I choose to engage myself in this phase of my life (hopefully the cigarette takes off a good 30 years, so that I'm dead by 55-60 years old). I cannot bear to just fade into obscurity, having lived a horribly secure life.

Comfort yes, but never security. I cannot be held down, for which I will never apologise.

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For context, earlier this year – I was involved in a shocking incident where I was pushed out of my car and all I could do was stop breathing. I felt the hard tar under my knees and my palms had cuts from the glass fragments.

Like a deer caught in headlights.

For pop culture enthusiasts, this can commonly be referred to as a “Rihanna and Chris Brown moment”. Not surprisingly, this has generated many a nervous but honest laugh from people when they hear me describing it as such, with the subdued implications clearly showing in their eyes.

And so, it goes without saying, I'm having a fucking life crisis, this is only one of those moments you find in movies or read about in books. I am about to make rash decisions and finally be myself for the first time in my life and you are going to be strung along this time, I promise you it is anything but cliched.

You will have to get used to swearing, obnoxious amounts of self-pity and chain smoking. The 3S's to live by/with me.

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“Swearing, self-pity, smoking”.

3S, A popular phrase coined by a semi-anonymous vapid blogger, with a grandeur delusion. I mean if you cannot make fun of yourself, then who are you really?

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The faceless narrator could only shake his head at Charlotte's fleeting nature.

Aha yeah right, I made that up right there!

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I have cut my hair, pierced my nose and commit myself to being healthy.

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This next month, I will make rash decisions that I never had the opportunity to make. Why even wait for I have started acting upon my blind impulses and gut feelings. This has considerably improved my melancholia, as I have grown into myself.

Every day, I see myself in my words, in my paintings, in my plants and in my CD's. I think that it is utterly amazing how I had all this time and money for myself. I have learned to devote my life entirely to myself and feel content in my judgements. This could also be credited to the exodus of the leech who sucked an entire two years of my life. I am utterly invincible, took me time to get this way but the truth of this whole thing is, I am lucky to have had so many hardships in the early years of my life – I have always credited this to moulding my free-spirited approach to life.

Violence will fester if you let it and I am about to make peace with everything in the world, simply because there is no point in worrying about the inevitable.

“So, Charlotte, how are you?” He looked shorter in real life and much shallower at the edges. I was expecting a high-strung character but that is typical of me to always perceive the worst.

Ah, do we not love a good pessimist in this world?

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*The world's filled with ridiculous optimists floating in their own self-ignorance.*

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“I'm good, how has your week been?” I simply say. This usually gets them talking, but I always zone the first conversation out – I know how they look at me with verve and that always launches me into a state of boredom. Why would I want someone who would never challenge one of my thoughts and devote his entirety to me? That is simply the worst thing that could ever happen to me, let alone every single person in this world.

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One of my friends, Lizzy was telling me the other day about a date that she went on in the past.

“Yeah, and then he labelled me a flight risk”, Lizzy laughed.

“Wait, what?”, I stand there dumbfounded by the idiocy of it all.

“I know right, so remember you’re not there to fix him or make him feel more secure in his masculinity, that’s his mother’s job”, she deadpanned.

I could not have heard a more true or uplifting advice in my life.

I apply this same advice to every single man I meet.

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“Why do you have a milk crate?” Every single one of them either mentions it or looks at it oddly. I always tell them the same lie, “Yeah, I need to get a shoe rack soon” with a laugh.

The truth was simple, I never want to be in a place long enough to fade into comfort and familiarity because how then will I ever grow? I doubt that any one of these boys would even understand that or I simply do not care to assume. And so, this is how I am finally steering my life after tragedy, albeit being such fun alcohol sex and drug-fuelled endeavours.

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He looks at me and tells me how pretty I am. I say nothing every single time they tell me this.

Does he honestly think that I don’t already know that?

The truth was that I knew that none of them would ever have had to face such hardships in their lives despite the niggling thought in the back of my head that thinks that it is bold of me to presume, and I shut it out.

This is how I find myself closing doors to boring strangers. I think less about Archie these days. To the world, Archie was a dreadfully unmotivated musician who if you remember this from reading it, was the leech. He had long hair and lying eyes, they were always shifting, and I hated that.

*If you cannot hold a gaze long enough, then you are not interesting.*

*If you stare, then you are desperate.*

I have the right balance and not many other people do, especially not Archie.

He wore the same pants every single day and was cemented in his personal views despite being the laziest person in this world. That was what I could not stand, self-control and ambition drove him away and he crushed it out of my torso. I knew that it was over the moment I bent down to tie my shoelaces. My ankles hit glass bottles under his bed, and I lean forward. I could see the tips of these empty bottles and hear a tiny clink.

“I’m not drinking that much anymore,” he lies while ironically, sipping a can of beer.



Do you know what people crave and yet give away most easily?

- It's validation.
- That is the single universal truth that I swear upon. This is how I distinguish the masses.
- I have no need for validation, and have never thought about it until this very second in my mid-20s by which point I have realised that if I never knew I needed it then, why would I need it now?

I knew that he was seeking validation and realised that he did not deserve it from me.

I am honestly disgusted at every single man that requires my validation. I cannot bear to hide this anymore.

Not when they catcall and expect me to turn back.

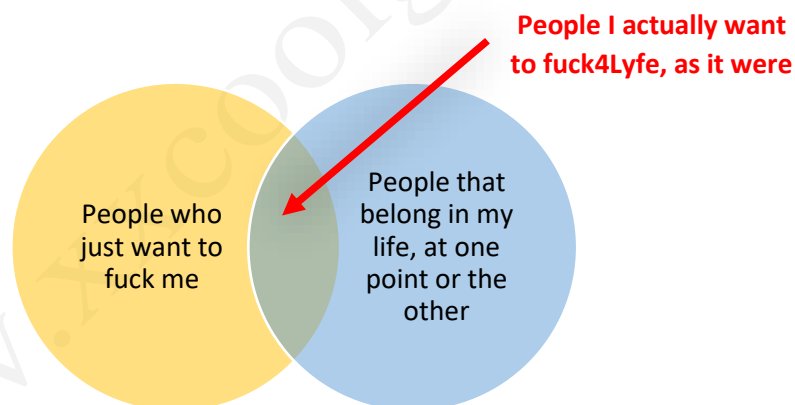
Not when they call me "good girl" and expect a shy nod.

Not when they so blatantly stare and expect any sort of reaction.

Desperation reeks and I stay away from shit. Wouldn't you?

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I find that the world can be divided into two distinct categories with a very small overlap, please see my hypothesis as follows:



This was obviously conducted on just a sample size of the male population, of which was more than enough.

The following inference was drawn:

- As you can infer, I gathered a whole lot of unnecessary male attention. I will not apologise for putting imbeciles in their place and that is the truth, as much as God is a woman.
- This opposed to the one thing I will never take for granted; actual solicited female advice. It is always the right decision to listen to these in times of adversity.

Self-control and self-discipline is what I have, your need for validation is nothing but a hindrance now, I can assure you that disgust is what I feel at laziness and I will not sway from this opinion. I have absolutely no respect for people that never ever put in effort.

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*There is a stark difference between people that have tried at least once vs. failed versus people that have never had the gut to try, the latter of which I despise.*

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You should've gathered this by now, smart reader, or are you sick of my fourth wall inflections? Well then, this is the wrong place for you. Stop reading now and have a good life, etc – you know the courteous drill.

*Then, fuck off kindly, thanks.*

Otherwise, please stay on and indulge Charlotte in her self-absorbing travels in search of worldly pursuits. May we wish this naïve child a safe trip and to not for once in her life, trip or disappear?

As I type these words, it feels like a reflex, where I am simply writing and thinking about the strangest of things.

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*If I cannot write, then there is really no point in living at all.*

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Well, thank the universe for every single book in the world.

I am watching my bank account deplete after all my cautious saving up and now, being this broke has never made me happier in my life (aside from the crippling depression and anxiety but honestly, who has time for that shit?).