

I can't wait - where I've been and what's been going on in my life

My blog has always been my sanctuary. Ever since I started it back in 2015, I hoped it would gain some recognition. And, now that it has, it makes me wonder if that was actually what I wanted - or what I was supposed to want.

Don't get me wrong - I love all my readers. Especially the ones who are reading this right now. Hey!

But, sometimes I feel like my life is always on some sort of standby. I get up early in the morning every day, I feed my dog, and then I take a shower. If I'm in a particular mood in the morning, I might even do some yoga. You know - it's important to stay healthy. Then I work on the blog until I cannot hold my eyes open any longer.

Every day now seems so mundane, and so I simply wait for something to change. I cannot wait for the changes to start, even though I'm a bit terrified of them.

You see, I don't particularly go along with changes. I used to hate whenever I needed to change something about my behavior when I was a child. My parents did everything they could to set me on the right path - finish school, finish college, do your homework, the dishes. Don't talk back, don't go out late at night. Don't do drugs. Don't be easy.

There was a series of rules in my childhood. And, I cannot help but obey every single one they have instilled in me - even though I'm twenty-four now.

Okay, I'm rambling now. Let me get to the point so that you can actually finish reading this post before midnight.

The point is: I can't wait for my actual life to start. I can't wait to move out and live on my own. I can't wait to go out freely without my father calling me 15 times in 10 minutes.

I can't wait to hear the birds singing in the park in an entirely different city. I cannot wait to swipe my own credit card and pick up my own groceries - and then eat whenever I want. But, most of all - I can't wait to breathe freely. Without any constraint, without anyone asking me why am I like this or like that. Freely.

Changes

Something happened when I turned 24. It was as if I was lulled into a dream that lasted for nearly a quarter of a century. I never figured that it was a dream - I just thought that was life. It was supposed to be like that.

But, now...everything's changing. I can feel something growing inside me, almost like a bubble that's waiting to burst. And I want it to burst - I want it to burst so bad. But, time is slipping away.

Hence, I am writing this post. Now that I have this newly found "meaning of life," I want to make myself better. I want to provide you with content that's worth reading - not something that a teenager might have written after getting an F in math.

I know that this whole post might sound strange, and it's entirely different than my usual posts. But, I couldn't go on without telling you what's been going on in my life. Hopefully, you don't mind these changes.

And, I hope you will join me on this new journey. If you have ever felt like this, please leave comments below so we can talk. Two heads are always better than one, and maybe we can help each other out.

Until next time,

Mary