

It's funny how the smallest things in your life can change how you feel about everything. How just one day, one hour, even one minute or a second can change your entire reason for existing. If someone let you down, if someone surprises you, if someone loves you, hates you, ignores you, stalks you. It's funny how just the smallest of things can change absolutely everything in your life. Change how your brain is wired. Change how you react to everything. Change what you do when you wake up the next morning and realise how that one thing, that one second might just be what'll change everything in your life.

Do you ever listen to a song and think, I could have written that, that's exactly how I feel, how I see things. Ever open the papers and read about an accident and wonder if maybe you've done something differently the day before, you could have ended up in that accident. Or maybe when you cross the street you remember how the other week, someone else crossed the road in that exact same spot and got run over. Killed. How seconds can determine whether you live or die. Every day. Seconds decide.

Life is full of change, from you're a baby till you die, every day is about change. Slow change, quicker changes, noticeable changes, changes you don't see till it's too late. Changes you want to stop, changes you can't help but pray would have happened earlier, when it would have mattered. You learn to walk, that's a change, you lose the ability to walk, that's a change. Two things so entwined, so different in outcome. You fall in love, you get your heart broken, you break someone's heart. You get married, divorced, have kids, have grandchildren, don't date, don't have children, don't laugh, don't cry, don't smile, don't sigh, don't feel. Don't live.

Not everyone changes though. Things around you change, your circumstances change, the people in your life change, your neighbours change, your hair grows, your nails grow. On the outside you can become a completely different person, but on the inside, you're still the same. Always the same.

I don't change.

I never changed.

I don't forget.

I rarely forgive.

I always move on.

I always make things harder.

I always fight everything.

I

Always

Win.

When you're used to winning, it becomes an obsession. It becomes like the air you breathe. Actually, no it's not like air, you can get an oxygen tank to substitute the air around you if there's no air available. There is no substitute for winning.

Everything in life will become a competition. In school, if someone does well at something, you have to do it better. Once you get a job, everyone else has to be in your shadow. When you fall in love, you have to love them deeper, harder, more unconditionally. If someone hurts you, tries to hurt you, you hurt them to the point where your actions could probably be seen as slightly psychotic, at the very least disturbing as it seems to show a desire to mess with people's heads. If people are nice to you, you're nicer to them. Still, in the back of your head, you'll be thinking why they're being nice to you, what they're trying to get out of you, if they're trying to get the better of you. So you plot, you plan, and you think it to death, so that when they make their move and stop being nice because they've achieved whatever it was they wanted, you'll get them back, twice as badly. Winning makes you paranoid. Being paranoid keeps you winning. Being paranoid shuts you off from the world, shuts you off from people, shuts you off from everything, everyone. Still you can't help it. It's a necessity. Everything is a competition, and the voices in your head scream at you to do better, fight harder, be smarter. Win more.

Yet it kills you.

Every victory. Every battle over, every battle won, it kills you. Bit by bit it eats away at you, bit by bit you feel yourself slip away, you feel your mind get overcome, you feel your brain getting fucked up that little bit more. Your mind twisted, your feelings shunned, your opinions burned into your mind till you're so stubborn you don't listen to anyone, anything, no sense, no reality, no love. No hate. There's nothing left of you because you can't feel, nothing hurts you, nothing makes you happy, nothing makes you smile. Nothing, no one makes you cry. You just exist. Barely. Like a cancer of the mind your need to win, to be the best eats away at your brain till it feels like it's grown into something so big your head is going to explode. Then it happens. That one second. The moment where everything changes.

One morning you wake up, and you realise you didn't win. They did. And all you can do is sit there, defeated, still dying, and watch him walk away.