

Paris [r.s.] Miles-Brenden

***Determination and Equality in Finding Character***

6-30-24

I have a new conclusion, my *uniqueness* is the manner of my approach and my gift, my service, and my friendship.

I have \*found\* myself, the power to move a given of my character and personality, and penultimate reconcilional advice, with which to help a people.

It is practically, one, and many things divorced from few, one - *perhaps* - and set plausibly down as a hypothesis, that we are of what we become, uniquely, and the collection of component(s) that contribute to our *footprint and person*.

In dreaming I was invisible, I am not alliable to darkness, void, or light, and yet - *of form*. Confusion is not thinking of many forms, or developed through understanding. This had been my initial mistake, condensation and residual are the parts of confusion, when *as such* it is a maladaptation of a formative hypothesis of character and personality, we contribute-to, and take place in - *so as to condition an empty and void or clear and reprehensive* - return, to council, the executative function, informatively back-flow(s), and we perspire to find *that our personhood, may be dependent on friend or enemy*.

These are the fictions of our world, and are *figurative*, examples of a net collective disparity in cultural tradition. *They are a manifest envy*.

11:05 pm

I finally have the strength to-die. I felt grief, had to be dealt with, - but no longer (so much so) do I need deal with grief and loss. I will die, and it is tremendous pain. I know that I have a memory of dying *before*. I feel this is good to demonstrate, but, no need well-considered is a guarantee of a demonstration well-received. I feel better, but, to know I would be reborn, I am beyond my capacity.

11:48 pm

I am now awake, *and might stay up* - for I have eaten a late-meal.

Now, anything it is realized - *can be developed*. For this, much of time, worry, and my condition on knowledge, have passed away. I am no longer a slave, or worried.

05:04 pm

Oh, finally, I do not have to serve the means and demands of a world.

When, we rely on memories, what we share, and isolated security, means to survive, and the truth of volition, we do not need to worry about being the form of death, therefore, I need not serve, the people, and avow my life, or word, and I am a person, among other(s), and I am no longer weaponized and made to be the form of a Jihadist. It has concluded, but I do not know, if I will ever have but one friend, and no happiness.

These are the final expressed words.