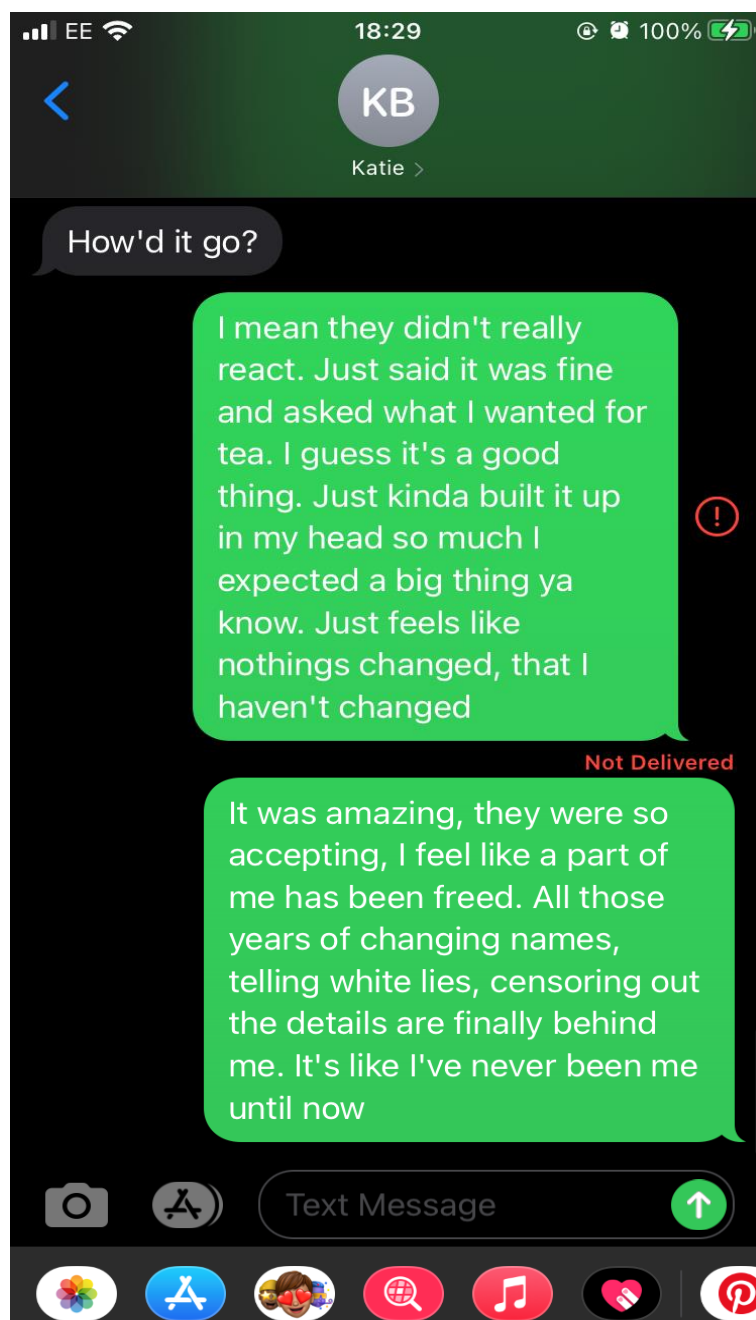


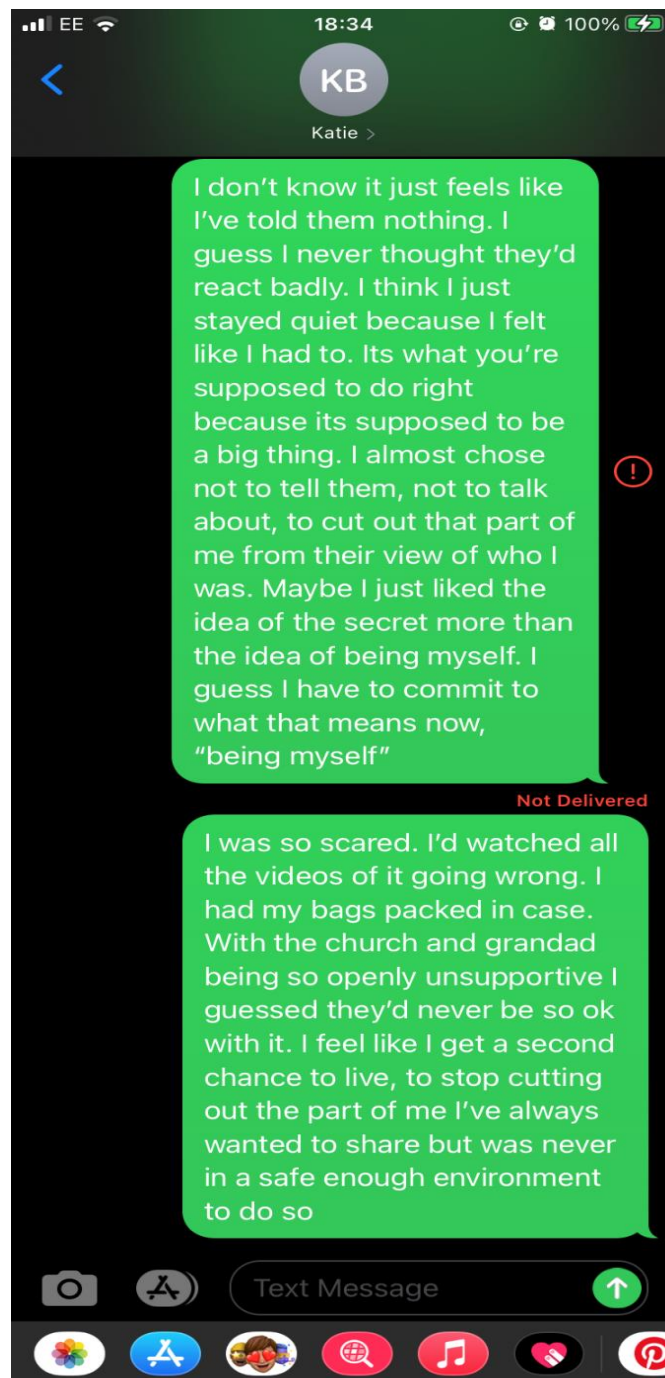
# IL018 Auto-fiction

## Failed to deliver

I want to write an underwhelming story. We're taught to write stories like mountains, endless summits and valleys. But most of our lives are more like the Netherlands than the Himalayas. I want disappointed characters, where they leave events unsatisfied, unchanged.



We get obsessed with the idea of secrets, collect them like trinkets to give away or to be buried with. When I found my trinket, it dug deep and quick. I ripped it out. It left a mark, but the scar feels alien, like evidence of something that was never there, smoke without the fire. I always wondered what it would be like to hold on to something so long the ghost of it lingers long after its dissolved in the sweat of your palm. To shape yourself around what you hide and make the feeling of hiddenness so integral, it's more comforting than the idea of being free from it.



I have to write my characters as abstractions of real life. As dynamic, changing, evolving. They make a better read. "Show them as moving" when in life we're just unstill. Maybe by writing characters that have to change, I can give the illusion that we do as well. That I did. By giving them freedom from hiding, I free myself by hiding.

We distract ourselves with a dream of freedom. The only real freedom we have is the ability to sculpt our own lies, our own personal oppressions.

It's the changing names, telling white lies, censoring out the details that give us an escape from our truths. Blame it on bad signal, not the lack of courage to press send.