

upstairs before I go and lie down with her and tell her I love her and kiss her twice or more goodnight. Once is never enough. I daydream about those lips some days. But how did I get here? With her pen in my hand. If I'm such a loser, retard, kid with such a serial killer vibe, how can I be with such a girl? And the other girls I've been with for that matter. Do they all feel sorry for me? Is that how I've come so far in life? How I've made relationships, gotten jobs, acquired gifts? I really want to kill myself because of this. Because I find myself stupid. Because I don't know what I can do right, if anything. Because I don't make enough money and can't find a job that can sustain me and a wife and a kid someday. Because I don't know how to talk to people, interact with people, help people. How can I do any of those things if I'm not a person myself? And how do I, how can I become a person at twenty-five? Twenty-five? What am I? What have I become? What can I become? I don't want to hurt

Irresponsible. Lazy. Easily misguided. Divorced.
Pathetic. Puny. Scrawny. But passionate.
Yeah, give this retard one simple thing to do
and he'll stick to it. That's me. Can deal
with one thing at a time, but give me
more and I'm too dumb to handle anything.
Even as I'm writing this, there's much to
be done, but I can't manage myself, my
responsibilities, duties, friends, family, girl-
friend, life. I don't know what comes in
what order. I just take something as it
comes to me and I go with that.

What am I even saying right now?

Had to chase cat outside and lost train
of thought. Must have to pick up Matt
another time. Got Cooper Lou dog lying
next to me. He's warm. Plus I have a
Marvel blanket over me to match my
pajama pants. Lauren is downstairs
cleaning, which is what I should be
helping her with. Thought she would go
to bed; didn't think she would clean.
What's wrong with me? I don't know
how I got where I am. How I'm living
with Lauren, how I'm writing in this
journal she got me, lying in her extra bed

others think. I can't. Why? Why can't even get help? Am I too embarrassed to ask for help? Would anyone even believe I need help? Mental help? Some may even think it's funny that I'm writing this but it hurts me. It hurts that I can't do normal things. I can't remember the simplest of stuff. I don't have words for reactions sometimes. I don't have feelings to express sometimes. People think I'm a serial killer or have potential for it. Why have I been made this way? Or why has God let things happen to me to turn out this way? Why couldn't I make friends like a normal person? I always had to quote a movie or a show or a song to make people laugh and when I made them laugh enough, they became my friend. The reason why all my friends have come and gone is because they're not laughing. I don't know who I am. I copied so many actors for so long that I am no one. I have not become anyone. Who is Matt Phelps? A bastard child. Raised by his sheltering grandparents. No friends. No personality. Quiet. Serious.

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will find hints of that young man who was 'drifting into the Abstract' in terms of how he saw himself, and meant no ill towards his ever-precious wife.

As for those readers who threw me or Lauren before September 1st, 2017, I want to apologize beforehand for any further emotional harm these words may unintentionally stir up. Consolation, as I wish to give it, can be better expressed through the words of the prophet Jonah:

"Take me up and cast me into the sea; so shall the sea become calm for you, for I know that it is because of me that this great tempest has come upon you" (1:12 AMP).

Please note: Not all reflections within these records mirror the person I am now nor the Person I'm being changed into (Romans 8:29); though some may still. And take into account that this is only a piece of the story I desire to tell...

1-15-15) God why can't I have a normal life? Why can't I be normal? What is wrong with me? What is wrong with my brain? I don't think like

Señora Maria,

All apologies for such a delay in writing one letter to three of yours, which I thank you kindly for. My hope is that all is well with you and your loved ones despite the daily increasing crises for both our nation and abroad. Since we last spoke (always but for a moment), I have traveled to: Farnett C.I.

P.O. Box 1569

Lillington, NC. 27576

I like it better here, but Alas! no tabs - lots as expected @ Maury. Better still, I'm living amongst a good group of Christian brothers and believing there's hope for me yet in making a difference for the better.

Well, as promised, I'm sending you - what I would imagine for any still interested in the real story 'beyond the crime' of the 'Aspiring Minister turned American Psycho' who unconsciously killed his wife - a small journal that my dear Lauren herself gave me on our first Christmas together. I made entries only sporadically and briefly, but maybe now and some who would look closely

So, that's the first entry. Let me know if you, Professor Maria, or anyone else may be interested in more of these: 3-17-15 | Maybe with the changing of seasons will come the change of hearts; especially of my own. That I may rest my heart from this pressing sadness and acquire a filling for this deep emptiness inside. I fear my influence on Twitter, even on Insta to others, is a bit one. And I must stop this. The world is dark enough, and I need not add to it. I seem happy at times, but I feel depressed near death sometimes.

Thank! you for your kind attention,
M. J. Phelps

Mated

P.S. - Hope to hear from you soon.
Take care! You are in my prayers.

anyone. And I don't know how to help anyone. What is keeping me alive? Curiosity. Finding out how Lauren and I turn out. Getting married and having a kid or two. I don't deserve her. I know what she deserves. A man. A smart, muscular, well-off, saver, his money, funny, clean, organized, handy, opinionated, trustworthy, good-looking man. I don't know what I am for Lauren. But she wants me. And I want her. I think she wants me. I hope she wants me. I'm such a sad, sorry guy. But I don't try to be. I don't know how to give an opinion of myself. I know I can't write. What kind of future do I have? Do I have a future? Can someone look ahead of what I have and say I have a future? Where? Where is it? I have no idea what is ahead of me besides marrying Lauren. Like I said, one thing; I can only take care of one thing at a time. That's all I know for sure: I wanna marry that girl and really have a family. Job? Career? House? Money? I'm f-