

# Alone

The man, who at times was surrounded by people, would usually feel alone and rarely felt like he belonged with them.

When people would ask him why he had lived in so many places he would just smile, shrug his shoulders, and pretend he didn't know the answer.

His mind often wandered to happier places, more exciting places, and one of those happier, more exciting places was here, the very place he had wandered to before he would, once again, begin to feel bored.

Boredom became his driving force, or rather striving not to feel bored became his driving force.

But no matter what he tried, and he did try and try and try, he would always end up in the same place- bored.

When he applied himself at school he was an A student, but then school got too easy and he got bored with it.

He went to college but it took so little of his focus to understand and pass his subjects that he became bored.

He loved the young women, and he loved many of them. The conquest was always exciting, and yet as he got to know each one after the conquest, he soon became bored with them.

Some played games with their sexuality and would not relinquish it, so he became bored with that person.

He joined a Muslim sect that was led by a guru. He was not driven by the conquest of women in this sect, as striving for sex outside of marriage was known as Nafsu. The Nafsu, according to this sect, can overwhelm a person to do sin, and so, belonging to this group made him focus on his work inside and outside of himself. The sect gave him a deeper meaning and he thrived. He thrived for about a year, and then he began to get bored with his lifestyle once again.

He went to live in the mountains, away from the crowds of the cities and the smell of exhaust and pollution. Again, he thrived. He learned new trades, he grew organic vegetables, his new girlfriend was wonderful, and he made many, new and interesting friends. Some of these people were travelers who had all arrived in these mountains by also hearing of the people who lived there already. Some of the people were locals whose families had lived there for several generations or more. A high percentage of the locals were coal miners or farmers, and he found them and their stories interesting. Then as life settled down into its daily routine, he again became bored.

This time, instead of leaving, he decided to strive to become a part of the community. He worked hard at his craft, and several years later he was honored because of the quality of his work. He was honored by getting the contract to rebuild the ancient walls on an island where monks had lived, and kept bees to make their famous mead. Television crews made a documentary of him rebuilding the ancient garden walls, and he was doing very well. Next the locals where he lived gave him the contract to rebuild an ancient, and locally famous, dry-stone wall a drunk driver had destroyed. After rebuilding the wall, which he did alone so his talent

alone would be showcased, he was congratulated and honored. After the accolades and tributes, and as he sat alone, he felt the boredom again. Within a week he quit doing the work he had spent years learning and perfecting. He then moved from the community he had worked so hard to become accepted in and a part of. He simply quit and then he moved.

He tried teaching his craft, and he would occasionally meet a student or students whom he felt genuinely wanted to learn the craft. He was a much sought-after teacher, and he was paid handsomely for his time, but the gnawing of his inner boredom once again overcame his desire to keep doing his teaching. He quit.

His life became a search for something that he wouldn't find boring- from a woman, to a friend, to an occupation, or to find anything that could keep his attention and his excitement from waning.

He married and had children, and the marriage ended in divorce but he kept his children. All went well until they became teenagers and rebelled against him. Rebellion, he had read and heard about, was natural and apparently, was good for children. He didn't like it, and their rebellion soon bored him. It wasn't all rebellion, and much of their teenage years they spent together was happy for sure. But the constant rebellion eventually sapped his enthusiasm and left him pessimistic. After many years they were gone. This time however, because it was not him who had left, he found himself completely lost. He was lost in the large house he owned, he was lost in the, at times, all-consuming and very lucrative business he owned, and he was lost in the pleasures that life had to offer. These pleasures he had come to know and experience so he could continue in the life that had so bored him and that had offered him such little meaning. He was lost and he was stuck, and try as he did, he could not escape the confines of the little empire he

had built for his children and himself. He had built this little empire so he could be independent and raise his family, but now, without his family to guide him, his empire began to control him and his life.

By now he was bored with everything he did. His fine wines bored him but he drank them anyhow. His women friends bored him but he loved them anyhow. His clients, who made his business the financial success it was, bored him. His life of pleasure had become a mechanical and habitual repetition of something he had begun doing out of boredom, and now he felt trapped and he could not find his way out.

He was also getting old now. He was also feeling quite ill, and he had been feeling ill for two years. He believed in God, and, finally, as he sat alone and exhausted by trying so hard to please everyone around him for so long, he asked God for help. He used his personal mantra of ask, believe, receive, which, when described in more detail, meant he was to ask God for what he wanted, then to believe God would give him what he wanted, and finally he needed to receive what he had asked God for. As if by magic everything he had been striving to get done for so many years began getting done. He sold his business in mere weeks, and as simply as a business could be sold. He easily sold his home. He once again moved to the mountains to a cabin he had purchased decades earlier. He was alone, but because of the excitement of the move, and living full-time in a new and beautiful place, he felt happy. His health was good too.

He had found a new and creative way of living which seemed to satisfy him on a level so deep that the pleasures he had sought with such passion and energy soon became mundane compared to his newfound creativity. He was happy and he was creative, he had once again found the God of his life, and he let a few women find him, and he was happier because of their love. The

interlude spent with them was welcome but he was not in the mindset of changing his lifestyle. It was as if he could only allot a certain amount of time to each woman, and after that he had no more time to give. His creativity became his goal, and so his friendships and relationships began to be less and less important. Friendships and relationships had only been at the top of his list while he sought pleasure to make up for the lack of deep meaning in his life, but now they were relegated further down the list, and became inferior to his quest for his creativity.

He did very well with his creativity, but the part that surprised him the most was that he never became bored with his creativity. He became tired many times, but once he rested the spark was once again there. He had trouble and problems with a few neighbors that would negate his ability to be creative, but he would resolve those issues within himself and once again his creativity would flourish.

His ability to be happy and creative while alone was one of the main sources for his creativity to flourish. His ability to be alone and be able to create a happy and optimistic personal life allowed him to function without the need for other people. And there was one other reason why being solitary so suited him and that was that people, more often than not, often bored him or else they seemed to take up valuable time that he considered lost time. His methodology was to leave people, places, or things that bored him, but now he didn't want to leave here. Now he was in a position where he wanted to be left alone, but he had only found that out after making new friends and after starting a few new relationships. He found he could navigate these friendships and relationships quite easily by communicating honestly, and for those people things went well. There were three people though whom he met, and after meeting them he found they were the meanest people he had ever met. They were so mean he didn't even know people could be this

mean. Oh, he had met mean people for sure, but usually he would just walk away; just walk away from them and not be bothered anymore. But two of these three people were his next-door neighbors, and the other lived part-time about half a mile away. So mean and nasty were these three people that once they turned their meanness and nastiness towards him, several different times, he literally had anxiety attacks, and one anxiety attack caused him to lose his balance and fall over onto rocks. But he fought back, not with fists, but by slowly and methodically understanding how best to deal with them. At first, he yelled back at them. At first, he behaved as mean and as nasty as they behaved, but very quickly he learned they were far meaner and nastier than he would ever be. As he thought about them more, it seemed to him that these three people with instinctively mean and nasty. His instinct, by contrast, was for, as he referred to it, calm waters. Calm waters between people. Calm waters so his intellect and his creativity could flourish. He loved the concept of calm waters and he loved living a life of calm waters.

His life, his ability to keep living where he was, came down to resolving the issues with these three people. It took longer than he thought it would, but one by one, he resolved the issues. He demanded they leave him alone, and while he soon learned that was simply not going to ever happen completely until death parted them, he learned to leave them alone even when they antagonized, insulted, or intentionally bothered him.

His ability to be happy and creative soon returned, and while there were the occasional lapses, he would counsel himself, sometimes very harshly over an entire day and night, until he once again realized that by acknowledging them in any way, he was literally giving them oxygen so they could come at him again and again. He had a fine heart and a forgiving nature, but, because he couldn't and didn't want to leave this place he called home, he needed to solve this situation. He also needed to solve that he was the one who had invited these people into his life, despite seeing

immediately upon meeting them that were mean and nasty people. For some long-held belief of his he thought that once they got to know him, they wouldn't be mean and nasty to him. He thought he would be somehow special to them and then they would treat him with kindness and caring.

Finally, he cut off all communication with them all, he stopped nearly all visual contact with them all, and he stopped being their friend in any way. That didn't mean he became their enemy because he knew they knew far more about being and having enemies than he ever would. No, he sought that place he called calm waters, where the only time there were ripples was when he threw pebbles or rocks into the calm waters of his mind. He decided he wanted to be in control as much as he could be. He knew he couldn't be in control of everything, always, but he wanted to control the things he could control.

He was not someone of extraordinary spiritual power, and he was not someone who could always control his temper. So, it was sometimes extraordinarily difficult, and sometimes simply impossible, for him to control himself when being faced with ugly name calling and potential violence. That is, until he learned to walk away sooner, before he reached the point where he found it difficult to walk away. He reminded himself that these three people had come into his life because he had invited them in. They had abused him terribly on several occasions and he had forgiven them, which for these three people was the same as telling them they could do it again.

Finally, he sat with himself once again. He was now once again happy and he was optimistic. His relationship with God was once again intact, and his relationship with his creativity was once again empowered by his life's decisions. He had made three terribly wrong decisions on whom

to invite into his life, and extricating himself from those three decisions had taken a long time.

He dreaded the idea that there may well be further incidents from these three people in his future, but he vowed two things: first was to never allow mean and hate-filled persons into his life again, and two, never to react in a lowly and uneducated way again. By him shouting expletives back at these three people he inadvertently filled their gas tanks of meanness and hatred. Learning to walk away while not moving away was new to him. He was learning, and his plan was working.

He sat alone once again. Being alone worked for him. Well, he was not alone as a neighbor's dog, Timber the Golden Retriever, was staying with him while his family was traveling. Yes, the man liked some people, and he liked some people a lot. He didn't feel like he was an imposter or an interloper any longer. He hadn't felt that way for several decades now. The imposter he had felt he was, was when he was not doing what brought him deep meaning in his life. He now felt real and he now felt genuine, and the road he had traveled to get to where he was had been a difficult road to travel. But here he was, alone, happy, and optimistic, and he also knew that it was up to him to control the things he could control, for without that control anyone could walk into his life. He had learned a very tough lesson, but he had learned it well.

The End.

Written by Peter Skeels © August 8th, 2022