Broken World Chapter 3: Carnage

During the riots I began to study combat. I know there has to be a better way of living. I want to be able to take my family and live anywhere we want to in the world. The thought of allowing myself to fall behind in society is unacceptable. At this time no one understands knowledge. Basic need is to get what you need in the moment. I am not sure who looks for the long term. It is time for me to get into fighting shape. I know that being as small as I am now, I would have to bulk up. Of course I could always run from someone but, that is something I never want be known for. I am no longer apart of any track team, since I am no longer in school. I am less motivated to run anymore like I use too. Fighting is an important art form I need to learn. This indeed is my idea of how to protect myself without using a gun. Living in Vigor having a gun is a must. Those who didn’t have one knew they didn’t have one. Those that live by the gun will die by the gun.

That is a quick way to describe those who walk around fearlessly with a gun. They know either they will kill or be killed. I never did anything to inject myself inside of those means of living. My parents kept a positive outlook and attitude towards our hardships in life. I know that one day life will change for those who want it too. The only problem with a want is the fact that no one can create something from nothing. Unless you actually took nothing and created something. There is always something even if you only have it in your mind. The same goes with words, if you are lying things would not materialize. The things you say lack any proof. The truth is already existing in the world. I have always thrived on explaining myself truthfully. The world we live in has no explanations. I say this in remembrance of the fact that no one in this world knows everything about this world. Large groups of people know certain things. At the same time a great number of people know so little about anything. When people change it can be for the better or worse. I say they stranded themselves because they lack direction and movement. It means that even if you had someone assisting you, you still will feel lost. I had to learn how to propel myself into advancement. I find that I still will need some kind of help to make it to the end. I have not been hard enough on myself. I always thought I was ok but I soon realized I hadn’t done enough for myself. I began working harder than ever before in order to change minds. The city had an increase in underground boxing. The hardcore fighting arenas in parking decks, basements and rooftops. I decide that preparing myself was key. I have no intention in joining any of the fighting clubs. Although you could make a lot money you could also die. I continued working everyday at my job in accounting. I gained a lot of experience counting money and balancing books. I use my paychecks to take muay thai martial arts classes. I’ve always had an interest in that style of fighting. Once training began I felt as if I found myself again. I train everyday. While at the gym one evening after training I ran into an old friend. My nights became exciting after that day. The love between the unknowns emerged. I met Brittany an old friend of mine from school. She laughed when she seen me. We have a good talk about life. Suddenly she ask me to guess who else is at the gym today. I told her I have no clue. She said “the best dancer in the world.” I know she has to be talking about Jade. I make her show me where she is. Jade is my friend who is a dancer. We met long ago in highschool we had a class together. She attends a dance school now somewhere far from little ole Vigor. Many people that do not know her, like to say her talents come from the instructors. Everyone who knows her will tell you otherwise. Although she did accumulate enemies easily due to her beauty. Everyone agrees that her skills are truly God given. I have always been intrigued by her presence more than anything. Early on when we first met I use to wish that she seen me in the light that I seen her in. I would have done anything for her back in those days. Overtime that changed and we became friends. Before we always reacted towards each others movements. She was like a star in the sky how freely she danced. Seeing her today will be amazing timing for me. I had no idea she was even in town. It is a very small world after all. I mean the fact that I bumped into her was great. I walked up to her and we hugged and laughed. She explained how things happened. Funny how we ended up in the same place at the same time. We decide to hangout later that evening. We go to dinner and then a movie. Talked about old times as well as possibilities of the future. We go to a party with her friends after sitting in the parking lot of the theater 30 minutes just talking. She invited her friend Sophia View to go out with us. She told me her friend Sophia was single and a little older than us. It was a small gathering but a nice crowd with more women there than men. That is my kind of party. To see her now dancing I know she is living out her dreams. I respect that.

I always figured we might be together one day. I have come to terms with the fact that we will not be together. That is something that I can honestly say I am not mad about. Being friends with women are all I offer most times anyway. If I see potential in the woman then maybe I will allow a friendship to be created. Once I find out if there is room for romance then I will pursue it. If there is no room then I will allow them to have their space. After all if a woman does not believe I can play the role of her man than that’s her decision. If she believes her man plays the role better than so be it. I don’t hold grudges and I don’t keep the door open either. Once that door is closed it is forever closed. I don’t play with women’s emotions and I don’t allow them to play with mines. If you allow a woman to string you along she will. Sometimes you find yourself in a bad position depending on what you want out of it. Some men will allow the woman to string them along knowing she is in a relationship already. In this case the man will stay around even when she displays no intention of moving further with him. Rather than being caught in the normal trap of being a nice guy I just leave. It doesn’t make me less of a man to not stick around with the woman until her mind is made up. I don’t think it makes me more of a man to move on to the next woman. I still believe that each person you encounter teaches you something. I mostly seek the lesson rather than love. That night instead of focusing on Jade as I would have in the past, I instead talked to Sophia. It turns out Sophia is a boxer. That explained how her body looks so perfect. Sophia was beautiful and strong. I admired her mysteriousness. The strength inside of her came from a drive to do better. As the night ended I managed to exchange numbers with Sophia. A week later Jade left town again. One month later at a newly opened fitness center I met Sophia again. She was preparing with her personal trainer. Her greatest asset was that she was naturally strong willed. She never was a tom boy, although she had two older brothers and no father. Being strong was breed into her soul. The gift she bestowed unto me was strength.In order for us to coexist at times I had to learn what it meant to submit to the strength of her mind. She worked as a physical therapist. She achieved her degree 2 years ago. She was 26 years old. According to her, people allowed themselves not to work for what they wanted. One thing I learned from Sophia was that you can never be too cautious and aware of the things you desire. Your surroundings never have to be your comfort zone. Making any surrounding a comfort is key. We use to train together after months of talking and dating. She probably had been doing research on me the entire time. I had no legal problems. The fact that I was honest allowed me access into a life with her. Her habits grew as I showed her a worry free care free lifestyle. I continued taking martial arts classes in order to keep up with society’s aggression. She has been a master in boxing since she was 18 years old. Her uncle taught her how to fight and she can hold her own. She began boxing and kickboxing at an early age. Sophia View was a southern thoroughbred with the prettiest set of dimples in the world. I think her opponents always threatened to knock them off of her. She was just a shade darker than me. I loved her complexion and her smile. I was not sure if her teeth were fake or real. I admit they did look perfect. I know she has 7 knockouts and zeros losses. She retired from amateur boxing a couple of years ago. She says she stopped before she really started. I never figured out if it was her decision or someone else’s decision. The way she trains resembles someone that loves the sport. It appeared to me as a passion for her. Ms. View and I always connected on a respectful level. I allow her to know that I admired her. She may believe she is too much woman for me. I knew I could change her mind in due time. She was the same color as chocolate and I wanted a piece. I forgot to mention that I have never seen an ass so rich and plump as hers. She was in really good shape. She was 5’8 and had more muscles than me. I had to admit I never worked out with weights while training for track. I know I have a long way to go. I allowed time for us to happen. She inquired about my relationship with her friends. I explained we were mutual friends that never had sex together. We never dated and were only friends. The romance between me and Brittany was short lived. We hung out a couple times. We went out to a couple bars and hang out a couple times. The one time we had rough sex that did not amount to a further relationship. I believe she admires my honesty. I believe Sophia and I have grown to know one another. She showed me what taking care of yourself looks like. After we decided to be friends we began seeing more of one another. We would workout daily and also go running. I taught her about my cross country days and she taught me about her past. I felt that the love was real. I learned that women love connections. Sometimes it could be the smallest connection that makes the biggest difference. A connection only your soul can offer someone. A person who can bring an insight into someone’s own self. I love women and how they think. I love women that are strong. I will pick her up if she ever may fall. I will pick her up even if I do not have strength at all. I will pick her up even if I fall. I will pick her up with my all. I will pick her up because within her is where my strengthen revolves. I will lift her up because she is my all. Together love evolves. A year has pasted and we are still together. We opened up deeply to one another. I learned a lot about her past. She was once married to a famous boxer. I pondered on this information 24 hours before I questioned her further. Sophia said “ he gave me 2 million dollars in cash one day and left our house.” ”I never spent a dollar of it and I haven’t seen him since that day.” ”That has been almost 4 years ago.” I asked her “where did he get the money?” Sophia stares at me as if she is surprised I am asking these questions. I ignored the signs and continued. ”I put it in a safe place, If I ever retire then I will go take my money and move somewhere new.” Sophia said. ”Why not move now?” I asked. ”He never told me whose money it was or how he got it.” ”I will not be linked to it if someone ever comes looking for it.” ”I even thought about turning it in but it only took me 10 minutes to decide not too.” ”I am fearless but I am still smart and cautious.” I said ”I apologize for the questioning but I had to know since you mentioned it.” I know she is especially cautious with her heart. ”If you ever hurt me then that would be the end of us.” Sophia said I understand I am still just 20 years old but I know when there is more at state. ”My husband has family members living in Vigor that I try my best to avoid.” ”His brother in particular has harassed me twice asking about the money.” ”I believe that danger started following me a couple years ago.” ”It’s like the old saying goes time shall past and reveal all foes.” she said. ”I decided that danger was good.” ”Life got risky once I raised the stakes.” ”People where looking for me in my current place.” ”In my current state.” ”My place is a natural state.” ”It is natural for other humans to hate.” ”Debate about your work.” ”Asking me about how I do it everyday.” ”I work hard everyday.” ”I know that nobody in this world is perfect and that is the reason why I am working.” Sophia said I loved that about her. I began research on her husband. His name is Nage Frojones. Her statements about him being just a boxer was incorrect. She was married to the heavyweight champion of the world 5 years ago. I had heard stories before about girls and their crazy ex boyfriends. This ex boyfriend just so happens to be 300 pounds of pure muscle. He was quick as a cat and strong as a ox. Nage’s ring name was Carnage. Carnage is not the same as rage. Carnage is the result of rage. Rage is being in an uncontrollable state of mind. I believe when something is causing chaos and destruction it can be categorized as carnage. Death is just one result of carnage. The ring was set and my destiny existed as long as I fight. No prize fighter wanted to fight for free and neither does the street fighters. I thought long about Nage’s purpose for giving Sophia the money. Killing was below his average he massacred people with no remorse in the ring. His father was an original gangster and fighting was his entire life. I stayed with Sophia tonight. I stayed on her computer looking at old fights of her husband. She layed in bed and didn’t say much. She watched television and spoke every so often. ”Did you get a divorce from Nage?” She tired to change the subject and then end up saying no. ”Is Nage still alive?” She said “yes he got into some legal trouble years ago and went on the run.” ”That was one of the reasons I haven’t seen him in years.” ”I think he is in prison or dead.” ”While there was never an opportunity for him to refuse to sign divorce papers.” ”I wanted to wait for him but my love for him is no more.” We talked long about what happened. On the Internet there are articles about him being under investigation of two murders. ”Was your husband a murderer?” She said “he did not kill anyone but one of his entourage might have on a wild night out at a club.” ”The one in question is his cousin Monty.” ”His brother also could have something to do with it.” ”Nage never handled his business professionally.” ”Unwarrantedly I found out the bad things more and more after our marriage.” ”He became a different person after he started losing fights.” ”He did not speak or treat me the same.” she said. ”Im tried of talking about Nage, he is gone forever.” She turns off the tv and picks the laptop up from my lap and places it on the desk. We began kissing. It was sweet and hot in the essence. I had never lasted this long with someone older than me before. Light sweat dripping from our bodies. I kiss her pussy lips as I eat her out. I have my tongue inside of her pussy. I love her soft lips and tights hips. Sucking on her clit until she began slightly shaking. She rode my dick like she could break it off. I hold her close as she rides. Her pussy grips my dick and she squeezes tight against it going up and down. The tightest and wettest vagina. I raise her up with my right hand. I balance her with my left hand. I move my legs around and position myself deep. I allow my knees to rise. Creating space to bounce her up and down. Inside and out from the tip and shaft to balls and hair. Deep stroking repeatedly while she sucking on my neck. Her hair all over my face I can barely breathe.

After an hour we pass out and fall asleep. While sleeping I wake up to hear heavy breathing above me. I began to awake and I could smell sweat and musty clothes. The smell of cigarette smoke and deep breathes being released against my face. I open my eyes to see a big black face. My first thought was of an angry black mutant gorilla. Staring me in my eyes. Looking down on me. My natural instinct told me to slap his ass.

As I reach my hand from underneath the covers. He yells and spit flys all over my face. He picks me up and tosses me on the floor. I hit the floor so hard I bounced and a loud thud could be heard throughout the house. As I rolled over to keep my eyes on the man. Screams rang out once Sophia awoke. She screams out “Nage leave him alone don’t kill him.” ”Please don’t kill him he has nothing to do with this” Nage yells at her “where is my motherfucking money?” Sophia began crying and getting out of the bed. She yells “he doesn’t have anything to do with your money. Nage yells back “shut up bitch I didn’t come here for the money I came here for you.” ”I came here to make a baby with you.” ”So I can rest easy knowing I would be reincarnated.” ”Instead I break in here to see you layed up with some bitch made ass fool.” ”You in here with this little boy playing mother sue and shit.” ”In the house I paid for with my hard earned money.” ”Then I get locked up and you out here spending my money and stealing from me.” I began crawling towards the bedroom door. Suddenly Nage picks me up by my leg and throws me into the bathroom. Nearly breaks my spine as I went crashing through the bathroom door. I hit my head on the wall and the sink while falling to the floor. Blood begins to rush out of my head. Nage charges towards the bathroom to get me. As he got closer I knew I had no time to panic. I look around quickly for a weapon of any kind. I picked up a roll of toilet paper and threw it at him. It didn’t slow him down he dodged it slightly because he didn’t know what I had thrown. Nage was close enough to reach me and threw a punch. I slam the bathroom door close in his face. Looking for a weapon I am startled seconds after closing the door. Nage punches a hole into the door. Nage punches his fist right through the middle of the mirror attached to the back of the door. All I could see was Nage’s taped up hand and fingers. Blood began to come out of Nage’s right hand. I big piece of glass was stuck inside of his hand. Nage started opening and closing his hand making a fist. Blood dripping from his hand. I began to silently pray! Nage pulls his hand out of the mirror and it shatters all over the floor. *”God thank you for waking me up tonight.” ”God all I ask of you is a way out of this mess.” ”Bloody tape blocks every exit and every door way.” ”I know that through you I can make it through any situation.” ”I have been faced with death it seems.” ”Face to face with my doom and I do not know exactly what to do.” ”My mind is telling me to pray.” ”My heart is telling me to run.” ”My mind is telling me to find a way out.” ”My hands are telling me to fight back.” ”My feet are telling me to stay up and not fall.” ”My chest hurts I feel as if my ribs may be broken.” ”I know I will have to fight back.” ”Thank you for listening dear god.”* I turn around and see a window that has been nailed shut. I break out the glass and climbed out the window. Just as I began to climb out of the window. Nage bull rushes the door and knocks it down. Nage came running towards the window yelling at the top of his lungs. He was faster than I imagined. He grabbed my hand just as I began falling from the window. He began pulling me up back inside the bathroom. He punches me right in the face. I kick him in the head. As my body is falling fast outside to the grassy ground looking up at the window I no longer seen Nage. I crawl to the porch and use the stairs to reach my feet. I turn and run to my car to find a weapon. The gun was somewhere in the house. I hear screams coming from the house. It was Sophia and Nage arguing. I felt it in my bones that she was in danger. I haven’t forgotten about her safety. I run into the house staggering and bleeding. I grab Sophia’s shotgun from her closet. I ran up stairs hurting with every movement. Feels like I have some broken alcohol glasses in my chest. I enter the bedroom. Blood is all over the walls. Sophia appears to not be breathing laying across the bed motionless. Maybe he had choked her. I face Nage face to face. I point the shotgun at him and he doesn’t even flinch. I pull the trigger and nothing happens. The shotgun isn’t loaded. He runs and kicks me in my chest. I fall down some stairs. I run into the kitchen and grab the biggest knife I can find. Nage grabs my hand and slams it against the countertop. I drop the knife and he headbutts me. I knee him in the stomach and began swinging another knife side to side. I was taught to always undercut rather then forward cut. I slash a downward then upward motion with the head of the knife pointed downward. I cut him a couple times until he knocks me down with a punch. My nose and back felt like it was broken from all the punches and stomps. I am spitting up blood. Where could I find the damn shotgun shells. Nage picks me up and slams my shoulder through the kitchen window. He began trying to push my neck on the broken glass. Pow. Pow. The shotgun is fired twice as Nage hits the floor. I manage to brace myself from being cut too badly. A large scar on my shoulder and back where blood pours to the floor. The scene of the crime is vicious. How can we ever hide or cover this situation up. We never got the chance too. Neighbors must have called the police themselves. It was to be expected being in this neighborhood. I feel terrible and pass out as I hear cops arriving outside. I awoke inside of an ambulance. One of the scariest feelings in my life was waking up feeling dead. I am deciding then to think positive. God has permitted me to learn from what has happened. Suddenly I lose control of my thoughts. I thought about evil things. I would only say in my mind that I would die. That this was the end for me. It carried on the entire ride in the ambulance. Once I was inside of the hospital things changed slightly. I felt like I would make it. I felt like things would get better. I felt God has given me a second chance at life. This would not be the last test on my life I knew it. Things would turn out fishy seeing as I have already been named the killer of Nage. I have been in the hospital for two days now. The news says that I murdered the famous boxer Nage Frojones. I have never even heard of Nage Frojones before Sophia. The next day I see on the news that Sophia turned herself in to the police. She told the police Nage charged into the house in rage. She ran because she was scared. Nage was found dead in the house. I was found unconscious. Sophia ran before the ambulance arrived. Sophia confessed of self defense and was set to go on trial. She cleared up the rumors that I killed Nage. There still was a problem. Why did Sophia leave and where is she now. A journalist by the name of Rebecca Avail came to visit me in the hospital. Rebecca was my first girlfriend when I was 16 years old. She was a year older than me. Rebecca finished school at the top of her class. Surprisingly she was the only visitor I had besides my parents, my siblings did come by as well though. Rebecca asked me questions as if I killed Nage. She acted as if she had never met me before. The look in her eyes proved to me that love can die. I sent her away after 10 mins of questioning. She told me she would return until I answered all her questions. I want to see Sophia. I want to know why she did not warn me about Nage. I want to know the truth about what happened. I know there is plenty I do not know. I could die for Sophia. I hope that monster didn’t ruin her beautiful spirit. I just hope that she is ok. I didn’t care much about myself. I can not believe that life has this many twist and turns in it. The knowledge I know is that love is all we have in this world. I believe things still are in my type of control. Lets make the most of loving. Lets make the most of living. I had multiple broken ribs and a sprained back. A mild concussion and I had to get stitches. Stitches for my head,back, neck and arms. I managed to create a poem while in the hospital. I mentally composed a poem titled Combat. ”Sometimes you have to fight your last fight first.” ”I might end up in a hurse.” ”I might live to see the next day.” ”I could die tonight.” ”I will not be the same, I might not even curse.” ”I could end up better or end up worse.” ”I might be the creationist, buying what I always wanted with my creations.” ”At a time in my life where I probably didn’t even know what I was making.” ”A very slight chance I would regret it if I never made it.” I wanted a convertible at one point. The dream of having my top back with a beautiful woman beside me. Most people would rather be murked than to live with pain. Most people can not live without complaining about hurt. They would rather die than to act like life didn’t hurt. I see snakes and once upon a time I use to play in the dirt. I have no fear because fear does not hurt. They are supposed to bring me fear but they lack the necessary abilities to frighten me. Nages fists haunted me. Now I see mountains and lions,tigers and I feel as if I am the bear. A snake can live close and still wouldn’t attack nor come near. The fight of my life almost took my favorite passenger. Both our lives were commandeered. Most people lack common sense, and they need uncommon help. They are teaching us combat and hatred like that will help. Those at the top do not want us to think wealth. They are not teaching love and compassion to help. They want everyone to know and be familiar with careless combat. Bulling and forcing upon the people beliefs of terror. Face your fears as I have done. The world lives in error during this era.Playing hard using facades to conceal your character. People are always following the new trend. Killing is the saddest trend to me. What is combat? It must be the struggle between good and evil. It takes a special type of person to see what is going on in the world around them. I have noticed things. I live and learn while I learn to live. Rebecca Avail shows up again today asking questions. Rebecca and I were once in love a long time ago. It still showed at times. Ms Avail would speak to me as if life was over for what we once had. Although I believed differently. It was a slow calculated speech. The tone of her voice was soft and direct. She seemed to have no worries. My ex girlfriend and I broke up over a lack of communication. I have always had a problem saying everything that I feel. I seem to care more about living than dying. I have never been afraid of death. I think my greatest asset is my mind. I started to think more daily. My ex girlfriend tells me she is in love with women. I understand because I love women. I still think she wanted to be with me. Seeing as she began coming around more often and questioning me about everything that happened. Days before my self release I started forming a plan of escape. I would release myself because I no longer cared about dying. I figured if I could find the one I loved then things would be better. She began asking me about Sophia. I told her to come back tomorrow and I would tell her all she needed to know. I left that night. After three weeks of rehabilitation I checked myself out of the hospital. The last straw was seeing Sophia win the case and was proved innocent of murder in the first degree on the news. Self defense was the truth. The problem was that the bitch never called or came to see me once. Now that the case is closed to my liking I wanted to see her. Seeing as Nage was just released from prison. It made more sense that he was in prison for armed robbery and assault. She left and said to get some rest and she’ll be seeing me later. I left the hospital 4 hours after she left. It didn’t spark my attention at first but soon things began to make more sense. Sophia and Nage are still married. I first went to check on Sophia. The house was not far from the hospital. I made it to the house and it brought back a series of different flash backs. I could feel the hurt in my back when I arrived. Give people power and they might abuse it. I was born with a unique power and I have never misused it. I entered the house and everything was damaged. The blood still remained on the walls. I started looking for evidence. I knew Sophia might have been long gone along with the money. The clues I needed to find out was where did she go. This had to be planned in some way because it was flawless. No one can be completely gone unless they are dead. I figured she wouldn’t be gone along with all the money. She can not be gone without any trace. I overall still loved her despite what was happening. I know she told me what I needed to know. The truth hurts but it will never kill you. The words of truth shall always heal. Standing in her bedroom looking through her books and her old mail. While thinking of a plan I heard a car pull up outside the house. I ran and hid in the closet. Looking through the cracks in the doors I see three men enter the house with a key. No one knocked or rang a door bell. One of the men said “Freddy you think we can find that money in here.” ”I hope we can since that bitch has got one the stand and lied on my brother.” ”Not to mention she is no where to be found in the city.” ”I can’t believe this bitch has left town.” ”I will find her and that money.” After 20 minutes one of the men yelled I found the address. They left and I wrote down the address then left after them. I had to make sure Freddy wasn’t lying. She was gone but how and why and where did she go. I started questioning the things that I knew about her. I never even knew why she came here to be honest. I wonder if she is even from Vigor. I believe she has gone to get the money and leave town. After coming up unsuccessful on clues I went to the bar. Lynn Gin is the one person who knows pretty much everything you needed to know around town. She got paid more for information than private detectives. Lynn was a tall tan skin bartender at the busiest bar in town. Everybody who was somebody in Vigor would be there. I went there and found information through Lynn. Love had me looking for Sophia everywhere I went. I hated the fact that she had disappeared. Lynn told me that Sophia and Nage both were born here in Vigor. Nage’s brother Freddy was one of the biggest gangsters in the entire city. He had an army of about 400 hundred loyal members. That number multiplied to 800 hundred once Nage won the championship belt. After defending the belt twice and winning he gained an uncontainable status. They had a lot of people on their payroll. They had corrupt executive officials and even owned some policemen. Nage went to prison for bribery and gambling. He won 3 consecutive championship fights. Grossing in over 20 million dollars. Months after the last fight he was accused of assault with a deadly weapon on a business man. I never got all of the details. While in prison he was alleged to have something to do with a counterfeiting black market. Nage put Sophia down as the primary beneficiary of all his wealth. Nage’s brother came to the Slight Box club looking for Sophia. Freddy Forjones came causing ruckus by yelling and turning over tables. He barged into the room knocking down everyone in his way. Charged to the bar to talk to Lynn. Defenseless I decided not to be seen and told Lynn thanks for everything. Freddy apologized and told Lynn some intriguing information. Freddy said that Sophia was no longer in the city and he wanted to find her. So she was the only one that knew where his brothers money was. He had 3.5 million dollars inside of a safe but no one knows the location. Sophia knows where it is and the passcode. Things began to smell fishy. Once the ruckus left I decided it was time to leave. All this was new information for me. I started thinking that if it is Nage’s gambling money then no one should be looking for it. Since his brother knew about it I started to wonder who else knows. One thing for sure my love was gone. I didn’t think my love relied on Sophia’s heart. I never thought after all of this she would disappear without one word. Nage had no clue of where his money was. The way he came into the house in rage there has to be more to the story. After being charged for automobile theft racketeering and drug trafficking. Although Sophia and Nage had been separated for 11 months prior to us meeting. 12 months went by without any trace of Sophia. I wrote a song and poem dedicated to her. I titled it Endless Rounds of Life. *”Endless rounds of life poem” Is there any love left in your heart? I fight for love with my heart. I fight with the love left in my heart. I fight for your love with my heart. I fight for your love with the love left in my heart. Is there anymore love left in your heart. There is endless rounds of life when I fight for love. There is endless rounds of life when I fight for the love of my life. There are endeless rounds of life when I fight for love until the end of my life. There are endless rounds of life. Endless rounds of life.* I feel empowered by the true aspects of what love is. My honesty will forever coexist with my trust. If I cannot trust you I cannot be completely honest or committed to you. I began to wild out and become a true rebel. I was born rebellious. As I grew to understand life more I began evolving. The more I searched for knowledge the more knowledge presented itself to me. Life became relevant and more real for me. I search for truth over lies. I stopped looking for love and became heartless. I began to separate feelings from my love. Lust and affection came into my life all the time. Presenting itself at first as just simple admiration. Love is to pain as lust is to rejection. Love is the gun and lust is the ammunition. Who could be more dangerous? The amount of ammunition used was just as great as the size of the ammunition used. A person who possessed love in every aspect of the word but truly was not willing to commit to love. I believe women loves a strong man. Those showing signs of weakness will forever lack what it takes to truly love freely. Strength is love and life is love. Most women force themselves to fall in love sometimes. It is truly about timing. Most times it depends on the point in life you are in. You must have it set in your mind what you you want and what you require. After these love losts I have determined that I only want lust now. I will forever be honest with myself. I know what love is. I know how to make women love me. I can only be myself. I understand that you cannot lust for every woman. The mind is a powerful thing and wasting it was not a option. Wasting a brain is wasting breathes. I take my time seriously. I want to use my entire day productively. My love is serious and I don’t play with the term. I felt like I had a wool pull from over my eyes. It showed me that some beautiful liars only require money to live. I just know that for me it was real. I wonder how she is living at the current moment. I started to wonder if I would ever meet Sophia again. Sophia View had a view any man would kill to wake up to every morning. After making that statement and rethinking it, I believed it was true. After all Nage’s brother was not going to let her go without his money and her head in a grocery bag. After evaluating my circumstances I decided that what has happened was for the best. It just feels absolutely crazy to me how you can love and lost so quickly. True love is what I seek for. The truth is that love is what people yarn for. Basic information baffled the kind at heart. Those that care the most get hurt the most. Those that love the hardest are always rewarded. The fix the world needed was simple. People cared more about sex than love. People showed less concern about showing love. Without love to start with in the mind it makes taking the next step towards true love harder. Taking mental care of one another is key to loving yourself. I wouldn’t call what I am a psychologist. Nor would I call it a philosopher.I am simply a person with wisdom beyond my years. I don’t set my self apart. I am human first and a good person second. I treat all people the same way. I focus only on the things I do right. If not I find myself over analyzing myself and my actions. It is best to keep progression in the forefront of my mind. My life is love. I am what love is. I am the person who gets hurt but never gives up. I never do the hurting because I do not try to. If you get hurt it was unintentional. Some people love only to own another person. I found out loving myself was more rewarding. 2 years passed and all traces of Sophia were lost. Every angle I had on the trail was gone. I also decided it was time to reevaluate my own life.