

I am inching slowly backwards into my own little world; a world where my inner voice is loud and the effort to harmonise, with the rest of the society, need not be made. Enveloping myself in the comfort of my inner realm is not a conscious act; rather it is the consequence of living how I currently am.

I am under immense pressure to deliver technical goodies to other people in a timely manner. I can do this, but I can't do this whilst simultaneously focusing on social graces and maintaining a casual, friendly relationship with those around me. I can do this, but I have to revert to true form in order for it to be a success.

Much of my youth was spent in the beauty of true form. I would spend entire days deeply immersed in learning, solving and understanding. Hunger would come after periods of time and I would have to drag myself out of my little trance so I could eat. I often resented eating because it was difficult to find my way back to the same place in my trance.

So here I am again, slipping into this world in the same way that someone would return home after a day's work. I believe I subconsciously direct my life so I can work like this, in the undiluted solitude of my mind's little Hobbit Hole, and with the voice of my mind coming through in perfect clarity.