

"It is what it is." We hear this so often. The words my old neighbor in the burbs of Indy told me resonate much more with me.

"It isn't what it is. That's to say, it is what it isn't."

This goes hand in hand with the saying, "Trust nothing that you hear, and half of what you see."

"Your thoughts will betray you. Trust your feelings."

# A True Story

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This is a true story, of something that happened to me, and someone I care about very deeply. I will do my best to remain unbiased, and only speak the facts.

No names shall be named.

She found him, half asleep on the side walk in Chicago. He was outside of the jail, waiting for his friends, with many others. The girls saw playing entranced the boy. He immediately fell in love with her, and her ways. They were not too different from his own.

Months had went by. The boy had went half way across the country to find her. They were supposed to meet at an event. The boy, finally left after thinking he had just missed her. The girl, the boy would find out later, wasn't even there.

He took the bus back to his hometown. Saddened by things, not knowing what would happen next, he gave up. One afternoon, on a DMT trip, the Universe spoke to the boy, "Write your story." The universe told the boy. "Write it, and deliver it."

He couldn't quite make sense of it all, but immediately put the pen to the paper. He wrote the truth, as always. These things, were in the essence of the Great Hunter S. Thompson, "I write these things to make sense of them. To bring me to the grim truth of things. I write to be able to come to grips with things, for what they're worth."

That isn't love though. In his blind rages, he would only hurt himself, with out listening to his feels. His heart had never led him astray. It hadn't this time either, but the other voices from most of those whom he'd surrounded himself with, had drown out his feeling center's cries for compassion, and patience.

In the end, those ghosts, and skeletons from the spirit world, drug the boy off his steed, and destroyed him. Insert the Allegory of Orpheus and Eurydice.

Essentially, the boy looked back, and let his fears consume him. Forever to lose the one he loved, to the demons in Hades. There is far more to it then this, however, if you don't feel like reading it, I surmised it above.

The boy is still a White Knight, only his armour is tarnished, tattered, and torn. He has yet to give up. He shall continue to fight for what he deems right, against the evils of Capitalism, which rape and destroy the planet, and anything it comes into contact with.

He knows what he knows, and needs nothing more. The universe has given him the tools necessary, and the rest is up to him. Determined as ever, He shall become Man.

This amount of determination has seldom the boy ever encountered. Knowing himself, when he gets this way, nothing shall stop him. He shall prevail, for the simple desire of doing what he knows is right. The boy is changing for himself, to become that which he wishes to see in the world. A Man with no ego, great patience, slow to anger. A man full of compassion, and understanding of those he cares about.

It seemed as if he was stuck in the past. The world of ghosts haunting him. He irrationally took it out on his loved one, whom to him, seemed again like she was making demands of him.

Through out their relationship, the boy had always felt as if he was on a one way street. Relationships are supposed to be a two way street. He felt as if the girl had never considered his feelings. It seemed as if most of the time, she hadn't, then made demands at him, claiming, "I wont compromise my life for another, ever again."

"Well what of me?" Asked the boy. "What about my feelings? I compromised my life for you on a daily basis, all for you, because you had claimed you wanted to do this, or be this. I tried to be the things you wanted to change me into. Never once did I feel comfortable enough, given the circumstances to continue. Every time I confided in you, you ridiculed me, mocked me."

It was true, the boy had many times gone out of his way to comfort his loved one. Even when it brought him pain, and grief, he knew he couldn't give up on her. Not then, not ever.

The girl didn't deserve that. She didn't deserve to be abandoned, and given up on, as she had so many times in the past.

The boy tried his best, towards the end, to communicate with the girl. To be compassionate towards her. He felt nothing, as he had so often felt from her. This made him extremely upset, as it always did. He needed something from her, anything. Even if it meant saying detestable things to provoke a reaction from the girl, his true love.

One afternoon, while standing in the rain at the transit center, the boy decided to text the number which there was no response from in months.

Low and behold, there was a response. After a day or some of clearing up who he was to the girl, they began a more constant communication. The boy sent the girl her story he had wrote about the two of them, and what he had done to try and find her.

Yes, this kid was a White Knight, in shining armor to a girl who need that at the time. When she came to see him, they were more in love then ever. The boy hadn't realized how deep her scars, and trauma from her past relationships ran though.

With in the first few weeks, the girl had told the boy how inferior she felt to him. How she was poison to him. He never accepted this, knowing it wasn't true. The boy could never convey this to his love. She to this day, might still think the same things. He felt helpless, in those moments, with out realizing until it was far too late, that he could never change someones mind. Only the person can change what they think of them self.

This conversation happened far more then once between the two. Every time, he would hold her close, and wipe her tears away, doing his best to comfort the girl.

It hurt the boy, that he couldn't help the girl that he cared so deeply about. Feeling so helpless, and incapable of assisting his loved one, he let his pain turn into anger. His lack of understanding became a whip he would lash out at her with.

The two had told each other they were each others puzzle pieces, that they completed each other. This was a true, and untrue statement. To truly be complete, one needs no other than them self. The two understood this, but that didn't stop them from becoming codependent of each other.

There was a day when the girl had told the boy, “You're the reason I want to live. You're the reason I get out of bed every morning.”

Sounds sweet and all, and it was, and still is. However she was correct when she said they needed to break their codependency of one another.

The boy's lack of understanding of the way the girl attempted to communicate, further deteriorated their relationship. Neither ever wanted to hurt the other, yet they seemed to on an almost constant basis.

This was both of their faults. The girl wanted to make the boy something he wasn't. The boy wanted to help the girl be what she had told him so often she wanted to be.

It was only after it was too late, that either of them realized, only you can cure you. Only you can help you. Only you can do for you, no one else can do these things for you.

He used to think “Ill only help those who truly want the help.” It wasn't until a short time after the couples demise, he had realized, “You can never help anyone. You can be supportive of someone, but you cannot ever help someone. That's something they have to do on their own. With or without your support.”

The boy had warmed up to the girls ideals, of love, of relationships many times. She pushed him over the edge, throwing gasoline into a fire that was only just kindling.

She had told him many times, that they were each others one and only. This was something the boy held near to his heart. Something that needed not be said, if it wasn't true. It would seem as if the boys lack of understanding, or perhaps any one of a number of his emotions, he was only just learning how to control, would prevent him from ever knowing the truth.

The girl had many times drug him into the deep end of things. Being the patient person he was, he managed to bear with some of these things. She had always scarred his heart with what he felt as betrayals, based upon the words she had said to him. However, the boy had never taken to account, perhaps there were outside forces manipulating the girl. Perhaps there's more to this then meets the eye.

Only too late would he have this, important realization. At the moment of that realization, the girl had already refused to speak with the boy. Most likely, never again will they speak. Most likely never again will they see each other, or hold each other in their arms, being the two who they were meant to be for each other.

The future is never written. The visions that passed through the boys head, had shown him the synchronicity of the universe. These visions were being granted him, by the Sublime Being, in an effort to show him one of his many possible futures.