The Walking Lie

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This is not a fiction, everything in this is true, form begining to end, this is my transition.

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The Walking Lie : Chapter 1

What you see on the outside is a lie. I am a walking lie. It's what's inside of me that is true but will never come out. I am trapped and tortured and need to be set free. I am a lie and trapped, always have been, always will. If I had one wish; I wish to be reborn again, born right as who I want to become. Here, in the worldï¿½of internet,ï¿½I am free to be who I want to become in the future. Outside I am nothing but an actor forced to act in this tortorous play. I am a walking lie, not able to showï¿½societyï¿½the truth of who I really am. I am the spec of what people want to see, what people expect of me. I would look in the mirror and see the face of a pure ugly woman when I want to see a man. I am nothing more than a wallking lie, and I continue to walk the lie. I walk deeper and deeper into the darkness as I force myself to dress-up and be the person I am expected to be and how I was "supposily" born. You want to see a real mistake? You are looking at it. I amï¿½The Walking Lie, The Actor, The Biggest Mistake Ever made in society...

Chapter 2: The Walking Infant

Chapter 1

I have no photgraphic memory as those who have those remeber absolutaly everything, me, I remember very very well but I'm more visual. Whatever I see or hear from TV, movies, music and/or books. I remeber.

Now, I must admit, I get my "additude" from those things, therefore I'm a copy cat to some degree, but who I am, who I want to become is not from anyone or anything. This is all me, no one else.

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Looking back, I don't really remember much in my earliest childhood, infant age. All I knew is that I came to America screaming bloody murdering. I never let anyone, not even the people who adopted me, hold me.

They were all warned that I would probably make their ears deaf but they seem to think they can manage. Somehow I finally settled down. In the car, my brother, who was in the back, leaned over my seat and held a small stuffed goose. I looked up and immediatly stopped screaming/crying and cuddled my goose.

It took a while but I finally settled and let my family hold me. It was then decided, this was my home from now on and this is my family now.

I was still a screaming bloody murder but that all died down when my mom used her finger for me to suck on. My mom decided to send dad to the store to buy me a pacifier, I loved it and I could suck on it all day! Unfortunatly, I lost it and began putting things from the floor to my mouth. Everybody thought it was gross, I thought it was delicious.

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