

Christopher Reusch

The darkest parts of  
my self

written from a place of love



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Life is a place between heaven and hell.

Balance is the key to life.

# Dedication

YOU! This book is dedicated to you. Your life may have changed and it may still change. If you came across this book, you are ready for something you did not expect.

There is hope, believe me.

# Forgetting who I am

My name is Jonathan and I do not know who I am. I remember not remembering and I realise that I forgot who I was and who I used to be? How will I ever get back to knowing who I was and did I ever know it in the first place? Have I gone mad and if so who could tell me and where would I go? What is this sick reality that I find my self in? Fingers typing away at a keyboard that used to be very real and yet so unreal that I simply cannot say anymore what brings me happiness and what

makes me sick. So many things were told about me that I wonder who told them.

Why do I remember the things that are elsewhere forgotten and why to I forget the things that are elsewhere remembered.

How can I know who I am when I don't know where I am. Who is me and where is me and when is me and what is me. Why do I have the feeling that whoever is writing this book has not the slightest idea why he is doing so? Is it normal to do things without every questioning them? Am I trustworthy if I don't know who me is?

Am I trustworthy if I feel at times that the world is too much? Am I trustworthy if the state tells me what to think? How could I every trust myself if the world does not trust me with living my life the way I want to live?

# The story about the lonely child.

I was left alone when I was born. My mother gave birth to me and suddenly I was all alone. How can it be? A moment ago we were one and suddenly I was alone. There is so much sadness inside of me and I do not understand why. The story about sadness this book should be called. The story of separation. I was separated when I came out of this world and my mother did nothing to prevent it. I am being told

that my mother loves me very much. Why did she throw me out of herself then? I was happy and warm and needed nothing. Suddenly it was bright and painful. Everything hurt and nobody could comfort me. The pain of being born stayed with me for the rest of my life and I started to hate myself for it. The pain of being ripped out of comfort into this fantasy of a good dream was more than I could bear. I write these words because I am unable to talk. People came and they put needles in my heel, to test me for diseases. I was just born and they already started to experiment without my consent. I was three and they put more needles into me, telling me that it was to prevent me from getting sick. Life is a sickness I cannot escape. I was being born into a body and it feels like a curse. The world seems

to hate me for my sickness and I am being institutionalised. The older I get the less I care what happens to me. They call it a booster I call it a way to make them leave me alone. They call it a virus, I call it something they created to convince me that I need needles in my body. I am a child in a world that has no word for what I need. I am a child in a world that keeps putting needles into my body and forces me to accept them. I am a child in a world that turned into what they call an adult and yet I know nothing of life. I am drowning in an ocean of sadness and all they care about is putting needles into my body. There is sickness festering inside the innermost parts of myself and they will surely come with more needles and tubes. I see their eyes looking at me with greedy eyes. All they see is

the money they can make of me. I see the person typing what I feel and I know they will not understand it. All they know is the sound of money. All they know is my body is their retirement. The more they become the less I am. I am dying in a lonely room and they eat mustard with dead animals. I am a child and I was born into a world filled with selfish devils. I thought I was a present from heaven and here I am being experimented on under the very eyes of the people who gave me life. They call themselves my parents and yet they hate me for who I am. They call themselves my parents and yet they know nothing of love. All they do is work for the beast that I call capitalism. People on TV boast about creating flamethrowers and discovering aliens in the universe. Nobody cares about my feelings, because