

A yellow, cracked, and broken mannequin torso is the central focus of the image. The mannequin is positioned against a dark, textured background. The yellow surface is heavily cracked and fragmented, with a prominent dark, star-shaped hole in the center of the chest. The cracks are jagged and irregular, suggesting significant damage or decay. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of the yellow material and the dark background.

R.Motte

My Broken Vessel

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*To Everyone I promised to dedicate my first
book.*

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Chapter 1.

Why you should **not** read this book

Why – No really; Why am I writing this book?

This is the question I asked from myself multiple times before even opening my laptop – Is it because I'm tired of explaining myself to everyone my path accrosses? – Yeah.. It could be one of the reasons I don't deny it, but the main reason was the fact that I have always wanted to become a writer; known author.

For the record; this was not the story I had in mind of telling to anyone – But after spending so many hours behind the screen creating fictional stories after another.. I just realized how stupid I had been. I didn't need to come up with good story. I was the good story by myself – At least I think so.

Still, I suggest you to put this book down immediately. There's no point of risking your precious mind to be confused and affected by me. I am not a regular guy. I'm like an onion; I have layers.. Some of the things I'm going to tell

about myself might be disturbing – If you were looking for 'light reading'; this book might not be the best choice.

Chapter 2.

What is wrong with me?

Still here? Ok. Remember, that I warned you..

You are probably curious what is wrong with me. I am too.

Doctors can't explain my conditions (yes, conditions) to me in English. All I know is that I'm seriously sick – In a good way, my doctor likes to add. What's good on being seriously sick, if you can't be cured? There's only endless suffering until the moment you no longer exist. It's not that all day everyday sucks, but.. Every day at some point.. Your life sucks.

I have something abnormal on – no; **in** – my body.. It makes me feel pain.. Non-stopping pain. There are these **things** under my skin, between the skin, flesh and bones. These things are spread from my neck to my toe; not that it started with that order.. It's like there would be an alien in me. '*Alien*' has taken so much space from me, that it hurts for me to be in my own skin. No matter how many pain killers I'd consume I know the pain would come back because the alien

isn't going to leave. That is why I don't eat heavy medication – Why would I ruin my organs like that? The alien makes me have to wear gear-like supports on my arms and legs. The alien makes me look like an alien.

The other part is.. I have dysfunctional heart – I was born with it. Well.. it's not just the heart to be honest; my other condition is combination of failure between heart and brain.. People with this disease usually have the disfunction located either in the heart or brain only, but I happen to be in the 'lucky' elite group who has disfunctionality in both of them.

Sometimes my chest hurts really badly with no obvious reason, sometimes I'm just light-headed and can't think clearly.. But that's not all there is to it; I can collapse within a snap not even knowing that I'm doing so: There are no warning signs – No, I **do not** have epilepsy – . The collapses yet are the best part of the condition; they last only few seconds and I can't remember them. It's the aftermath of the collapse that I hate the most. After the collapse I'm even more messed up than a guy who you witnessed being on drugs or something like that – Yet it's just a condition caused by my heart/brain.

Some people acknowledge that I'm not another junkie next to the road when I have collapsed; Even my appearance could fit into that description too – Some people are kind enough to take second look and see that I'm actually having something else going on.. They see the light behind my eyes. I solemnly believe they see *me* asking for help – Thank you all for that.

Most people don't know that while on that stage.. I'm still in there – Trapped inside of myself. It's like real me would be watching really bad, broken TV-program without the ability to change the channel. My doctor didn't believe me at first being able to remember anything at all but I managed to convince him. It makes me unique. Most people – The whole 50 of them, I guess? – don't have the same ability. They just pass out and be out of reach for hours, end of that story. But I'm there and I'm seeing you.

I've lived with the heart problem my whole life.. I'm mostly fine with it. The other disease.. The one that makes it difficult to move and causes me feel pain 24/7.. That's the

one I have problems with. Yet; The whole world seems to be more carried away with the heart issue. Trust me – I'm fine. Even there is no guaranteed way for me to maintain my consciousness; I am fine with it.

Chapter 3.

First Notice

I remember that day when I first noticed that there was truly something (more) wrong with my body. For weeks I only felt my body aching. I thought it was just growing pains; for when I had been six years old I had massive growing pains on my legs – So I simply dismissed the aching.

I was just coming back from the recess. I had been playing something with my friends and my right hand felt really sore. I noticed weird lump on it; On the back of my hand. Nowadays I wonder how I didn't notice it before. I showed it, the lump, to my classmate – Let' not tell real names here, alright? To be fair to everyone, OK? – Let's call the classmate.. Mark. First Mark thought the lump was the bone which you can easily see near the wrist. – Someone said that I should tell you the exact name of it, but being all-knowing isn't the way I want to narrate this story – But my lump was on the left side – The bone is one the right, check it yourself. I started

to feel unease to myself. I showed the lump to my teacher who sent me to see the nurse, for she thought I had injured myself during the recess. Nurse didn't know what it was, she simply dismissed me. I went home on that day with my siblings and showed the lump to my mother.

I went to the doctor on next week (if I remember it right). Doctor was certain that he knew what it was. Then there were needles for some tests and stuff like that. Well I can tell you know that his assumption was terribly wrong and he did more harm than any good (Doc, if you are reading this I want to let you know that you are forgiven).

Life went on and the weird lump started to spread; creating more lumps. Also, I started to feel the pain grow along with them. Friends began to shun me – For the lumps are easily seen and they grossed people out. Or maybe I was just too much to handle – I wasn't the best company to be around with my constant collapses. Teenage and hormones.. They don't mix up that well with heart problems.

This is a story of how it all began and how did it affect on everything. Does it start from the cradle? Or does it start from the normal school-day when something outnormal was found on the back of the hand? Did it start some other day? Whether the day is anyway, truth is that there's no escape of the happenings caused by the ruptures on the vessel.

In a world that demands people to be certain things, you find yourself being broken when you are unable to fulfill the frames that society has build for you."But what if you forgive yourself?", "How about if you give yourself a second chance?", Those were the questions that brought me back to life.

This is a half-fictional story based on authors own life.



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