

That is not my name....

My name is Nora... Mi **nome** es Nora... Mi amo **es** Nora... Jem' appell **Nora**... There, all of the beginning pretention is out of the way. I don't know what I am doing here so I can't yet guess what you are doing here. **Curiosity** at where this thing will go perhaps (*talking about myself*)... **Maybe** all the **grand insights** into the world I live in lie somewhere **between the pixels** of this laptop screen I am using as my makeshift **low budget therapist** and at the end I will magically be in a coffee shop somewhere taking a sip of my latte while smiling knowingly out at the busy but slightly cloudy/rainy street. **Can't you see it?** Oversized grey sweater with sleeves to my fingers holding an oversized cup with a picture of a Christmas tree in the cream. **Makeup that took all morning** but says I look this cute and confident when I wake up. **Ding Ding**. The bell of the door sounds as my perfect boyfriend/girlfriend/husband/wife walks in to scoop me up and deliver me to my perfect life... **I can see it, can you?**

We all want something. *Maybe you're not into latte's* and big cute sweaters like me, or maybe you don't want your daydream to need another person and independence is your thing. I bet it still involves the central want though. **Happiness. Calm. Peace.** These are what I want more than anything but they are not as easy to get these days.

Lets take it back for a mild amount of insight. I came from a broken home (boohoo). I got picked on for being overweight and different in grade school and early high school. **A lot**. I moved around a lot between my parents as **children of divorce** (movie fucked up my perspective) will. Through my experiences, many bad, **I developed** a sense of survival in this world. **I began thinking** of it like a game and realized/rationalized the problem was I just hadn't figured out the rules yet. So **I watched** the ones I perceived to be winning **and learned**. I mimicked traits that I recognized from each as what I was missing until they became mine. What do you know? One more fatalistic move away from the town that had tortured me right as I had gathered enough data to begin my grand experiment and **I became** one of the most popular kids in my new school for the remaining two years of high school.

These two years shaped and formed *the rest of my life* as they were the first time I ever felt **like I wasn't alone**. They taught me the skills to interact with people and form relationships (although temporary) anywhere anytime and due to that little trick I have somewhat been successful in my life.

I own a business. **I am an artist** and teacher that somehow gets paid enough to scrap by with **her** art. ***I am immersed in music*** and dance all week long ***rather than fluorescent light*** and reports. Oh and I am also a transgender liberal pagan pansexual pescatarian feminist who is openly critical towards the Anglo-American religious fear oriented culture I live in. Oh and **I secretly like Chinese food cold straight out of the box** the next day better.

Life is... how you say... **complicated**. I FUCKING HATE the word complicated these days. I have worn holes in the word from over use but It is the only word that seems to quickly stop inquiries and say "**it's not only over your head but over your pay grade** as well". It started with the bigots and religious **fear mongers** making it scary for me to go pee in a public restroom. It has grown into insights and irritations that I am certain a man could never understand. That brings us back to the beginning, ***insert knowing smile and latte***, I hope to vent and perhaps give some insight into my world for anyone that should care or just so I can vent on topics that are as far as I can tell not being discussed by my peers. **Who knows?** Maybe I will get my fluffy sweater and Romeo/Juliet at the end of this journey... at this moment I would settle for just the latte.