

## The Eye of the Storm

This past week was directed toward catching up and staying up. This year has been altogether quite stressful, and this past week was all about getting my life, my work, and my time management in order. (Note: this report of my week from here becomes an artistic expression) In a very basic metaphor, winter break was the eye of the storm. Ever since winter break, the wind has been kicking up again. I can taste the quick approach of rain in the air. The lighting is crackling ominously in the distance and the thunder echoes in the sky, bouncing violently off of the clouds that block my view of the sun.

I wish I could say that I had a more optimistic view of the future of this class, but to be quite honest, I am nearing the end of my rope. I am growing tired. My hands cannot keep holding on. I am about to walk over the side of the ship on the plank. The end of the plank, being robed in thick fog, becomes undeterminable. I do not know where the end is. I do not know when I will fall off the edge into the dark abyss. All that I know is that I will soon be falling through the water. Cold and fluid. Everything will be slowed. And when I reach the bottom, only then will I be able to find the top again.

But let's walk and talk. You don't have to walk with me. Just stay safely on the ship. In truth, this week was exhausting. Although there was not much due in this class, I was busy sailing through the storm for other classes. I was, however, able to prioritise properly this week. Sometimes I think I am losing my mind. I know for certain that I have a horrible habit of losing the maps. The maps to my success at least. I am stumbling. Have I fallen already? Darkness swallows me. Nevermind, you'll be sure to know when I fall. You'll hear it. For now, I'll keep walking blindly.