

## The Bunny in Blue Bondage

“Fantastic! I'm finally finishing the final upgrade”. Blaring, buzzing and beeping noise cuts like a blade. Steam stems from the machine's opening and sprayed. Her hope for this, caused dopamine to cascade. Ears and eardrums modified for a new aid. Now, new novel sounds waves her head they laid. But like before, her happiness will fade until it decayed.

*“Pain is the substance of life and the root of personality, because only suffering is a person.”*

**-Miguel de Unamuno**

3.uny, the sad, sorrow, bunny scientist. Amount of amazing achievements from her you can not list. Suspended in space her ship ruling the quantum world with an iron fist. Strong social bonds, wealth, health, and someone to kiss. Having it all, not one thing missed.

*“Sometimes pain can drive a man harder than pleasure.”*

**-Don Ingalls**

This wicked, wretched, world makes her feel like a waste land. Past punches, hell of her history isn't grand. Silently screaming while being sucked away like quicksand. Half life of the high from happiness starts to slip from her hand. Home to the hellish, hateful, hollow feeling in her starts to expand. But bearing this burden 3.uny can still stand. The drug of joy, happiness isn't something you can command or demand.

*“In the first place. No man is happy but strives his whole life long after a supposed happiness which he seldom attains, and even if he does it is only to be disappointed with it”*

**- Arthur Schopenhauer**

Joy, glee, happiness, think of it has it high. The come down and withdrawal can make you scream “why”! But learning how to use the potential of pain is something you need to try. Pain is energy, the first law of thermodynamics you can't deny. The energy that is held in anger or a cry. What can you learn from yourself with wanting to die? A nuclear reactor can create or destroy no lie. With the energy of pain you could fly.

*“Without pain, there would be no suffering, without suffering we would never learn from our mistakes. To make it right, pain and suffering is the key to all windows. Without it, there is no way of life.”*

**-Angelina Jolie**

Demons and images devilishly dance in 3.uny's head. Her whole body feels hauntingly heavy like lead. All bits of joy ran away and fled. Starting to slowly slip away over what was once said. Heat from her hatred can turn hell bright red. Time ticks down feeling like she tied to the bed. The damn darkness drifts deep in 3.uny's dread.

*“Only optimists commit suicide, optimists who no longer succeed at being optimists. The others, having no reason to live, why would they have any to die?”*

**-Emil Cioran**

Bounage by blue while being beaten back by a blast of black rain. Drained, living is like being hit by a train. 3.uny frantically feeling held by a chain. Locked in the lab she can manage and maintain. Mentally burnt, bruised, bleeding, blistered but 3.uny fought for knowledge to gain. Softly shaking like a silent sinister wind slapping a crane. Hyperfocus like after a countless consumption of cocaine Quiet quantum quarks keep her a queen in her brain. Glance and gaze at atomic gluons to get sane. Almost always 3.uny's malevolent mind grinds against the grain. Lots of liquid locating her chin in vain. Eyes look like a leaking water main.

*“You must be ready to burn yourself in your own flame! How could you rise anew if you have not first become ashes?”*

**-Friedrich Nietzsche**

Baffling because of bouncing between calm and emotionally blown. Stared to staring straight at Earth from her window to lift the tone. The pop of population pushed people to space, Earth was outgrown. 3.uny's precious partner gives lots of luxury love down to the bone. Surprisingly surrounded by support and still feeling alone. Only quantum mechanics lifted 3.uny's mood, it's her throne. Zoned out in the lab she is where she takes off the dummy dunce cone. Excitingly exploring the known and unknown. You wouldn't recognize her, thinking it's a clone.

*“Man can will nothing unless he has first understood that he must count on no one but himself. That he is alone, abandoned on earth in the midst of his infinite responsibilities, without help. With no other aim than the one he sets himself, with no other destiny than the one he forges for himself on this earth.”*

**-Jean-Paul Sartre**

After multitasking monstrous mathematics for a new magnificent machine she makes her way to the ship's 2nd floor. 3.uny's apatite apparently came back, opening the stainless steel automatic door. Consuming countless carrot calories at the cafeteria to restore. Feeling like her again after a dark drifting finding a stable shore. Breaths and breathing return like how they were before. Starting to socialize is no longer a chore. Beastly blasts seized for now from the inner war. Maga motivation moves in, fueling her core. With this breath of fresh air 3.uny can produce more!

*“If you can't fly then run, if you can't run then walk, if you can't walk then crawl, but whatever you do you have to keep moving forward.”*

**-Martin Luther King**

The bunny bounces back to the lab. Focusing to finish this new fuel no time to gab. Leaving another legacy like writing on a slab. A super substance can get you to the spot faster than a cab.

After working with suffering that feels like a stab. If she can work with pain, when 3.uny can breathe she can produce products with a jab. 3.uny fight for her pure passion and purpose regardless of her cuts and scabs.

*“Truth alone has never set someone free. It is only DOUBT which will bring mental emancipation.”*

**-Anton Szandor LaVey.**

“Fantastic! I'm finally finishing the final upgrade”. Blaring buzzing and beeping noise cuts like a blade. Steam stems from the machine's opening and sprayed. Her hope for this, caused dopamine to cascade. Flawless fuel that can fly ships regardless of what they weighed. Now, on the shelf a new Nobel prize has been laid. But like before, her happiness will fade until it decayed.

*“ Suffering is inescapable. It's a vine that wraps around the tree of life. We will always feel pain. If we are bound to always have it, then we must learn to not just live with it but use it to its full potential. Philosophers and prophets have linked suffering with desire. To rid of one's suffering they must rid themselves of all desires and enter Nirvana . But to rid one's self from all is to be dead to me. No push that would bring the new age of medicine, technology or even a reason to leave this planet! But there is a Left Hand Path to Nirvana. To not rid yourself of suffering and desire, but to fully submerge in it. Becoming a full mental masochist! Learn to love the sound of your own blood curdling scream. Every time you feel pain you revale a new micro expression, state of thought and coping process. This also allows you to see yourself in a new light which you can use for inward development. Use that to learn tricks that can push you past what's possible. Have your pain be as explosive as sodium. And if you succumb to this world and become ash. Have the pain in your ash fertilize the ground so new seeds to grow, as Franz Kafka did. Pain is potential, paint with your pain.”*