

## Chapter 1

The moment Consciousness enters the fetus the story begins.

For some the beginning of the story is gentle, graceful, peaceful and loving.

Some are birthed sweetly, in purity and innocence, softness, vulnerability and connection.

For some, the beginning of the story is an epic battle, deeply resistant, life threatening, primal wails of "I don't want to go!" "You can't make me!" "I didn't think this through!"  
"What have I done?!"

NOOOOOOOO!

It is the beginning of a bloody battle.

For some, it ends before it starts.

They win the war at the onset, a dead body, sometimes two, littering the battlefield, life over before the story even got to begin.

For others, while lives were threatened and gaping wounds superficially stitched shut, the book opens here.

The first chapter begins.

For a brief minute, we pretend like all the others that it is a fairy tale.

In truth, no one speaks of the reality of this story.

Herein begins the deepest, darkest human stories of The Disease of Perfectionism and The Silence of Shame.

Make sure it looks good on the outside.

Tell no one I am struggling.

No one told me the truth of the exhaustion, the sheer decimation, the magnitude of tired that leads to everyone's unmet needs.  
I don't know how to do this.

The Energy of Disappointment ensues.

Primal cries echo unanswered.

The caretaker grips The Book of Broken Ancestors, holding it in front of their heart,  
using it to protect from the pain, knuckles bloody, refusing to let go.

It is a shield of The Stories of Not Enough told over and over again, embodied, by those  
who came before them.

The wails of the wee one penetrate old scabs that cover the wounds of a childhood long  
ago.

Tiny, salted fingers dig in completely unaware of the karmic debts that insist on being  
balanced in The Dynamic of the Decades of Pain and Suffering being relived in the here  
and now.

The lessons of the ancestors begin to be told as they unfold in words and actions that  
are less than loving.

I cant do this.

I can't show up for you.

Why did I ever think I could do this?

I can't even show up for me.

I am too tired to be loving.

I am too tired to be nurturing.

I am too tired to be what you need.

I'll be over here in a crying mass on the floor.

It is all I can do.

You stay over there.

Don't come near me.

Get away from me!

Separate finally.

Cry it out.

Cry it out.

Cry it out.

Cry it out alone.

I cannot help you.

I am not what you need.

Eventually the cries stop.

The lesson becomes an Instinctual Embodiment.

The Energy of Disappointment embedded in the cells, weaved once again, more deeply every single time, into the ancestral lines.

The caretaker goes completely unconscious, no longer thinking loving thoughts, completely incapable of loving actions.

In the Land of the Walking Dead, the Instincts of Survival are the only thing that remains.

Get through it.

It is all we can do.

Just get through it.

Unmet needs begin to bubble up.  
Desperation vomits, oozing down the soft, pink flowered onesie.

“Stop crying.”

“Don’t cry.”

“Oh, God, please help me.”

“Please, please, someone, anyone, help me.”

The Search for a Savior continues.

No one comes.

“Please, please stop crying.”

In a split second, snap.

“SHUT UP!”

“If you keep crying, I am going to give you something to cry about!”

Then they do.

They give them something to cry about just as they were given something to cry about at the beginning of their story.

Desperation silenced.

Finally.

Silence.

Sweet Silence.

It is all I ever wanted.

Just let me sit here by myself, separate, alone in my mind, me with The Stories of Not Enough.