

It is beyond me to even comprehend what the human brain is capable of. The thinking patterns that a human being might experience when required to make a decision is based on the ability to make the correct choice with what information, if any, is given to them: Jelly Filled or Glazed? It's the individual's choice that is built on particular facts and ideas whether they may be from experience or they are just educated guesses on why they like one flavor more than the other, what the consequences of purchasing the one they really want are compared to one that's "okay". In this case our person picks an original glazed, a good safe choice; it has the least calories, people may not judge you for eating it, it is simple and to the point with no regrets. The reason for this is because our person is commuting to work for the day and they know that this particular place makes the fattest, most gooey, delicious Jelly Filled doughnut. They also know that it may not be worth eating while shooting jelly at a very high velocity, covering everything in sight, making it a very dangerous drive anywhere, putting other lives in danger, not to mention their own. Knowing all this, our doughnut aficionado walks out with the simple choice of original glaze given the situation. They know they made the best choice.

We make conscious choices to separate reality from fiction, but what if a human being did not dictate a certain reality into their own life and chose to make improbable decisions based on the situation that is given to them? What if our American office worker decided to go with both doughnuts and wear one on the head while they got the poor doughnut shop employee to fill their car full of jelly filling? Separating the insight that allows them to make choices that are best to their situation is totally ruled out and is not accounted for. Some might say that you would be the victim of a dissociative disorder such as "Schizophrenia" or "Dissociative Identity Disorder".

"Schizophrenia" makes it really difficult for a person with this complex mental disorder to dictate reality from fiction. It's also hard to register emotions and to have a social awareness about the people that surround you in an environment. "Dissociative Identity Disorder" involves multiple personalities of a person's self, they often are people that the person's subconscious creates. The mind moves in and out of these alter egos with out recalling what happens or having any memory of the people that are close to them. Coexisting with an alter ego seems to be an outlandish concept because if you mention that you're going out to get coffee with "me, myself, and I," people are going to once again think you are crazy. But let's say their was no judgment by your peers and that living with separate egos of yourself as though they were real people was something that was accepted in a modern society. Living with and using the voices in my own head is a tool to gaining a better perspective as to who I am as a person. These selves that are present in my being are attributes that are not representative of who I am, nor what I stand for. In deciding this I separated my self from each one of these three beings and told them to live on their own.

In deciding to separate these personalities I first filtered by narrowing myself down to three personalities that I saw no use for. The three that were of no use to me were my *Brutal* self, my *False* self, and my *Apathetic* self. The separation process was almost instantaneous, as the three became their own physical beings, elbows and all! It was as though I was looking into three mirrors constantly but they did not follow my actions, or my thoughts. I saw physical qualities of myself in them but they were not me. I did not enjoy their company or their pointless conversations. They resembled pests more than anything else. Sitting and observing the three individuals as they discussed topics of love, lust, truth, I couldn't ignore the fact that they were all very uncomfortable with anything they lived for. Watching the dialogue between the three was a new experience for me to see considering they were apart of whom I am. I realized that I must be a maniac to believe that some how my personalities could create a physical mass out of

nowhere and inhabit these bodies that looked just like me. I couldn't stand their mindless banter. The conversations were loose-ended and rarely had meaning.

Although each one had their own problems and attitudes that I hated to an unreasonable degree, they also had their own looks. Apathy, with no motivation to do anything whatsoever, made little effort to interact with anyone besides Brutality and Falseness. He often labels himself having “A lesser value than a paint chip that fell off the lower baseboard of a guest bathroom.” He dresses to not impress and rarely ever changes his clothing. His shoes are often untied and the aglet’s of his laces are encrusted with mud. Pebbles inhabit his sneakers constantly and he complains about the irritation but does nothing about it. When he does speak he only complains; he discusses problems with little to no interest. His mantra is “It’s not even worth it any way, why even bother?”

Brutality, the more single-tracked individual with a very critical disposition, would usually be more aggressive and turn a discussion into a one-sided argument with the other two. Apathy and Falseness who would often be scarce with contributions would often retreat to the corner and talk amongst themselves about overthrowing Brutality’s “oppressive reign as leader.” All three ignored my presence and I often wondered if they actually knew I existed.

Apathy’s only friends are Falseness and Brutality, even though he says that Brutality is only “just a person I’m forced to be around.” He has never been anywhere and never wants to do anything. He has never loved, never lusted, has no aspirations, no dreams and no motivation for interests. When falseness asked him why not leave Apathy says why go anywhere else its not worth anything just like me I would rather lay in my bed than go out into the world and fail.

Falseness has the resemblance of Apathy as does Brutality and I same nose, shoulder width and the same baby fat that I have not been able to shake off my big boned body since birth. The only thing that separates us from the other is the clothing, facial hair, and the functions, physical and emotional, the way we move, and the way we approach things. Falseness has a very secretive look to the way he talks and moves. He wears dark colored clothing often a black sweatshirt, black jeans, and black shoes with no laces. Often, the look in his eyes tell you that he’s on a different mental track then you are but not as if he thinking pensively about anything and seems almost empty. His only friends are apathy and the fibs. He does not see Brutality as anyone of any value what so ever and doesn't feel the need to put up with his “nonsense”. What I have learned from listening to the conversations between Falseness and Apathy is that the fibs that Falseness talks about are creatures that constantly give hope to the fact that if he continues to be dishonest with himself and others around him that he will eventually find equality with who he is. But the reason he doesn't move on with his life is because of the constant need to be dishonest.

Brutality has a very cruel attitude toward how he lives and the unfortunate souls that enter his path. He criticizes any one and shows no mercy to anyone’s physical look or perspective on anything. Conversations are often mowed over by one-sided opinions and comments that have a very manipulative undertone. His humor is cynical and its success relies on the expense of others pain and suffering. The image he chooses to dress himself in is very bold and looks well put together he knows that he is better than you and always will. The three of them combined are a site be seen or not it’s more like a train wreck to be happened. They talk about the change they want to see in them selves but end up collapsing on themselves and arguing with each other and eventually wallow in silence. I don’t know if there is any hope for these poor souls besides maybe kicking them out of the much-needed space that they occupy day after day.

Witnessing the dishonesty that forever will consume Falseness, seeing Apathy lose all hope on life and letting it devour his only escape route out of this life of self pity and being in the middle of the senseless rampage that Brutality couldn't seem to leave. I have had enough of this! I want no more of the infestations of myself that have inhabited my surrounding. I want them all to leave! They recall my memories and know my dreams they have my hand writing and my hair they are me and I am them they seem so much like me to be any one else. I soon realized that no one was with me.

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