

Self-Failure

A short by Aniro

“Why do I...fail?”

I look at myself in the mirror, the cadence of the ticking clock in my bedroom ticking distantly away. A lost soul, a lost wolf-dragon, as blue in emotion as his eyes and fur, looking deep within its own eyes as if in search of something. My eyes try to hide within the forest of green fur that lies atop my head, only to seek themselves out in the view of the mirror. My ears, black with yellow tips atop, flatten, almost in shame of the feelings that I grew to realize.

The clock ticks solemnly, another sleepless night in the city awaiting me. Each tick and tock of the clock another pang in my heart of what was wrong. I haven't been able to get much sleep for a while, realization upon realization of my life coming back to me in recent memory. They're like flesh wounds, but infected with the tears and the pain of every single mistake, every single error I've ever made to reject myself of anything, everything, and everyone near, far, and dear.

You let your past define you way too much, Aniro.

I hear the voice of a close friend in my mind, having confided to him everything that I felt was so wrong. He confirmed what I had feared the most, and he could see past the facade of someone who on the outside exuded confidence and caring. Deep within, I felt like I could burst into so many feelings – negative feelings – that could consume and turn me into the person that I didn't want to be. I let too much of my own past to turn my present into the current state of hell that it was in. A past riddled with lies, betrayal many times over, and nothing but personal failures. It was as if I had lost touch of who I was...no, I never even found out who I was or could be to begin with. I merely went through the motions of having friends instead of truly caring about them.

Have you ever wondered why you're a lone wolf? Why do you see yourself as one?

I think it through hard, my mind running into a tailspin while I collapse to the bed. My face buried into the pillows and sheets, a faint glow of the moon above the city sky. I didn't care about that, or about the outside. I didn't want to care about what those that cared – those that I was pushing away and hurting without realizing it – except I did because they were right. Undoubtedly, I had my flaws, and those flaws turned into very bad habits. Bad habits and stupid thinking were what lead me to break the trust of some close friends, friends that had at one point saved me through the brink.

I want to trust you, Aniro. You can't even trust yourself though, and that's a problem.

“I know, and I've failed in that. I've failed myself and I'm just a disappointment to myself.”

I don't bother to look up out of the pillows, silently crying into them. The tears of discontent and of pure loneliness finally coming out of the self-imposed barriers that I had put up. They were crumbling, I was crumbling. In my short life in this world, all I managed to do was to live with a lone wolf mentality. I couldn't inherently trust anyone because of past betrayal, and I automatically marked anyone with a sheen of skepticism that I could never get past. I was too restrictive on my feelings and I could never grow close.

You're a cool wolf-dragon, and I want to hang out more!

And then it hit me today.

Let's get together again sometime, Aniro! I really like spending time with you.

Someone actually wanted to get close to me. It felt like it came out of nowhere with me, and it was with someone that I never even expected. She came to me over a common interest, and that's when it all seemingly started. A short time later led to a chilly winter night that was tonight, and it led to her saying those things to me. My ears perk at her words again, just by thinking about them. They reacted almost as if she were there, and I'm sure they did that when she actually said that she wanted to spend more time with me. More realizations began to hit me then and there.

How can I see myself growing close with someone else when I can't even sort myself out? Here I am, a lost lone wolf-dragon who is struggling with his own self-conflicts, and I have someone

interested in me? I don't know if I can handle a relationship like that if I can't grow to trust them, if I can't even grow myself as a person. How dare I even think about growing close, about...loving someone...if I don't love who I am?! As I think through all of this, I wipe away the tears and finally look up towards the window.

*You have friends, Aniro. They want to trust you like I used to, and get to know the **real** you.*

The city glows dimly in the background, snow lining the street outside while a faint orange glow rises from the horizon in almost a snail's pace. I look on aimlessly through the window, seeing my reflection in the moonlight. My icy blue eyes glimmer through the silent tears as the night burns away ever so slowly.

"Failing myself will only bring me back to here." I whisper in the quiet bedroom, dark as I lay back on the bed. My mind still swims through the turbulent thoughts of those voices, those friends that do care. Those friends that I love dearly but am so resistant towards and reluctant to trust, to open up to. They were the close friends that I held onto for dear life when I was at my lowest and that I was pushing away, growing much more distant by the day.

Aniro, you and I live through the scars of the past. Don't fail yourself.

Another voice, this time from a much more distant past. Someone that until recently I never thought I would ever see again, that I didn't think still cared even though we hadn't talked in years. She had proven me wrong, so why couldn't I prove myself? Why couldn't I stop the spinning cycle of self-failure that has dogged me? I've tried taking it in stride and it never worked, and those tendencies of pushing away my friends to protect myself has only lead me to hurt myself and them even more.

"It has to stop. I need to stop failing everyone, including myself."

I said, turning over and laying on my back, eyes now closed. I drifted off to sleep with those final parting words, the sun starting to rise and burn away another sleepless night. My dreams were not nightmares for once as I slept soundly, dreams of my friends and I finding acceptance amongst each other...and of that one girl who wants to give me a chance.

I just need to not fail myself and take that chance to become who I really desire.

A short by

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Thanks for reading, friends.