



TO BRANCHES

nvin

TO BRANCHES



KRZYSZTOF FISZER

Title: To Branches

Series: Roots and Branches

Volume: 2

Author: Christopher Nuin

Graphic design: Christopher Nuin

2023 © Krzysztof Fiszer / Christopher Nuin
All rights reserved.

First edition, ISBN 978-83-965435-3-0
Gdansk, 24 February 2023

Publisher:
Krzysztof Fiszer
www.christophernuin.online

CONTENTS

Author's note.....	1
THE GHOST	2
THE UNDEAD.....	8
Final words.....	12

Author's note

The process of becoming the Ghost is not an easy one to describe, since it happens over the years in the background of everyday life, and it is almost impossible to attach detailed memories to it. In my case it was caused by both reappearing fear and witnessed anger that I was treated with.

Being bullied was part of that process, and as it often happens almost within seconds as an unexpected assault, it is hard to memorise those events and describe them in detail.

For above reasons this publication cannot always use specific memories as it was the case with the previous title "From Roots." Instead, it will focus more on my past behaviour and feelings.

Christopher Nuin

THE GHOST

ABOUT FADING,
BEING BULLIED
AND PLAYING IDLE

Shame

Silence is the major element of being the Ghost. Staying out of sight, avoiding attention, and playing invisible is a state which developed in me over years due to few different reasons, such as fear, terror, ignorance, and shame. They appeared one at a time and stayed with me, creating intertwined layers of what can be labelled as an 'invisibility cloak' that I was forced to wear for years to come. I felt it was important to do so to survive each hour and day of childhood, teenage years and so on.

I think poverty was the first to appear in my life. I was almost born into it. The state of lacking money to cover the basic needs of our family accompanied us since I can recall. It is something that made me feel as if I was not good enough in comparison to my peers, especially to those of my peers, who were not raised in poverty. I always wanted that part of me to remain hidden from common sight, but poverty is not something that can be swept under the carpet when you want it to disappear. It is always out there in plain sight, in the state of your clothes, the state of your school handbooks, your lack of food, your lack of money for a school trip, your lack of hygiene, etc.

This lack of basic goods made me feel sad and ashamed of myself and my own home. So, during my school years I always avoided inviting anyone to my place, and I rarely visited my friends. I did not want to be seen, because poverty was part of me, and it showed. There was no way for me to get rid of it. All I could do was to keep it out of sight by hiding along with it.

Furthermore, the awareness of my me and my family lacking wealth programmed me to suppress and minimize my needs as much as possible, because I did not want to become a burden to my parents.

Fear

The next factor that contributed greatly to the fading process was the experienced fear and terror in a form of domestic violence, both physical and psychological, which I witnessed at my home.

It originated within my father, who was growing more aggressive over the years, while slowly succumbing to alcoholism. This anger and hatred were already part of his personality since I can recall, but they grew exponentially larger due to alcohol. His main victim was my mother, but my brothers and I would also become his targets from time to time.

Over time this violence has turned at the same time predictable and hard to predict. It would come because of behaviour, which was deemed as bad, but also behaviour that was in no way bad, or even because of telling the truth which was very unwelcomed at times.

This fear and terror, witnessed and experienced domestic abuse, developed in me a state of desired invisibility. I wanted to draw as little attention as I possibly could, to make sure that my behaviour would not be spotted by my father when he was either drunk or in a very bad mood. The reason is, I was not always able to tell what could trigger an aggressive response.

To achieve that partial invisibility, I avoided drawing attention with my presence, and I resorted to not speaking much. Silence seemed to be the best option to choose, unfortunately not always, because even that sometimes would be seen as me showing a problematic attitude.

When that happened, when I got the wrong kind of attention, I instantly and desperately wanted to disappear.

Ignorance

Another element which turned out to be an important factor in the development of the Ghost in me was ignorance that I received from others and the ignorance I treated myself with.

Surely it was not the most obvious thing I would ever suspect of having such a big impact on the state of my mind and then my behaviour in a long run. But there it was, faintly present in everyday life, delivered to me by adults around me.

Some of them ignored my presence entirely, because I was a child and according to them, and a very common saying they would recite “Fish and children has no voice.” Reminding me this way, I was not allowed to speak when not asked to do so, and that my opinion and voice had no meaning nor weight when important matters were being discussed.

It would extend to other people ignoring my wants, interests, and preferences. They would even ignore my needs.

This trend in the end programmed me into thinking that there is nothing in me that would be interesting to see or hear. I started to think that I am not worth noticing, because I am devoid of substance.

Over time, I began to ignore myself on many levels and on many occasions. I would ignore my feelings and their source. My wants and preferences would often be set aside, deemed as unimportant or irrelevant, and the most important of all, my needs would become suppressed.

In time, I would silence my natural reactions and impulses to the point I would feel very numb, almost dead, and very translucent, as if I was existing and not existing at the same time.

Bulling

Growing up with my father taught me to be afraid of aggressive men in general. It has become my reason to avoid such individuals once I spotted them, and it is why I was seeking the presence of people who had more peaceful aura around them, people who felt safe to spend time with.

This trend did not clearly manifest itself in my early childhood, when I would spend more time hanging out with boys and very little time with girls. It did become more apparent during the years of puberty, when my male peers' behaviour had grown a lot more aggressive and unpredictable. During those times, I drifted towards cultivating friendships with my classmates who did not pose any danger to me. Majority of them were girls. For that, for hanging out with girls instead of boys, my persecutors would name me the Pimp.

Bulling in my case took the form of psychological abuse. Mostly name-calling, repetitive gestures that had strong sexual undertone, posing threats and aggressive domination. It would also extend to spreading rumours about me. The most hurtful of them would state that people have seen me masturbating myself in bushes in different places of my village. There was no stopping it or fixing the damage those rumours had caused. In the end they would return to hunt me even after years have passed.

I think what caused me the biggest suffering was the fact that my persecutors, especially one of them, were my peers who a few years earlier I considered to be my close friends.

Bulling caused me to want to be absent from school. When I did attend school, I wanted to not be seen by those who had the tendency to abuse my fragile state, which they could sense as an opportunity to exploit it in harmful ways.

Idleness

Playing idle was a big part in cementing my state of the Ghost, and it was done completely by me for over a decade of neglecting myself.

For a very long time, I was convinced that pretending that bad things I witnessed at our home did not happen or were unimportant would shelter me from their negative impact.

I believed that if I ignored all acts of bullying which were unleashed on me, it would never hurt me in any way.

I thought it was possible for me to become bulletproof by practising ignorance and idleness.

Furthermore, I preferred to ignore the fact that for years I allowed myself to maintain a status of a victim, even though I was no longer one.

Not standing my ground and fighting for myself, my rights and my needs was hurting me in a passive way, and I did not even recognize it for what it was until someone pointed it out, which allowed me to pierce the veil.

Since that point, I was able to see myself for what I was. I understood that when potential predators were no longer present in my environment of every-day life, I picked up their mantle and continued to victimize myself with negligence and idleness. In a way, I was cherishing my victim status as if being a victim was my greatest life achievement.

What followed was my long effort of sieving myself through the veil of being the Ghost, so I could begin my slow journey of self-development.

THE UNDEAD

ABOUT FEELING FROZEN,
HAVING NIGHTMARES
AND FEARING DEATH

Stagnation

Getting stagnant in my efforts to shape my fate into something of my own making was quite a rapid occurrence. I think it was a state which came forth as a natural evolution of my idleness; lack of action to impact my daily life.

It was further strengthened by the constant feeling of hopelessness, as well as being almost entirely powerless on so many levels of my life.

Over time, this feeling grew stronger and more persistent in delaying my actions. It slowly pulled me down, flooding me with feelings of depression, sadness, and melancholy.

The more I succumbed to these emotions, unable to see any light of hope or a way out, the more I felt like I was already dead, as if my life has already ended for good before my adulthood begun.

Nightmares

In my childhood bad dreams did not happen to me often. When they did, they would come as a reaction to a gore film I have watched or a result of having a fever, and I would not attach too much meaning to them.

In my teenage years nightmares rarely occurred during my sleep as well. They would appear mostly near the end of summer school break and the beginning of a school year. Oddly enough, they would contain visions of a beginning of a new World War. Warplanes dropping bombs were the most common theme in those nightmares, and they would make me feel quite disturbed for a while after waking up.

The most disturbing nightmares that I have ever experienced happened to me when I was twenty-one years old. That period in my life was a culmination of all my mental issues, and bad dreams played an important role in my emotional collapse.

All those nightmares had one common theme: Armageddon.

Visions of the end of the world would play out in many different scenarios in my sleep, bringing a lot of mental strain and a feeling of inevitable doom. Their variation would span across severe natural cataclysms. From fires, floods, and cyclones, through meteor impacts, to burning sulphur raining from the sky and celestial bodies colliding with planet Earth.

These nightmares were the most intense I have ever experienced. They gave me a feeling of upcoming inescapable doom which stayed with me, feeding my hopelessness for months.

Death

There were times during the several years of my early life when I happened to fear for the life of my loved ones, mostly my mother. However, despite that fear and the possibility that her death could turn into reality, I didn't fully understand the concept of death.

I feared dying with my primal animal instincts, but I had no conscious and self-aware understanding of what it means to be dead.

This realisation came to me one day, completely out of nowhere, when I was around fifteen years old.

At one time, at the end of a school year, our teacher took my class for a walking trip to a lake. On our way back through the woods I was having a conversation with one of my friends, then suddenly one of our classmates who was walking in front of us looked back at us and asked:

“Hey guys, do you ever think about death? Are you ever afraid that you're going to die one day?”

Those two questions were enough to direct my mind onto the path of exploring the meaning of death and the frightening process of understanding what it really means to be dead, and how it will affect my body, mind, and consciousness once it will be my turn to die.

I find myself lacking words to describe how it felt when the entirety of my being, physical and psychological, understood that the only thing that awaits me beyond death is oblivion, and that the barrier that separates me from it is incredibly thin, almost non-existent.

I have become fully aware that death is something that negates life itself, and once it comes it will erase every little part of my existence, effortlessly and without mercy.

Over time, this awareness and fear born from it crippled me deeply.

Final words

It has been four years since the publishing of the previous part of this series, called “From Roots”. Four years of very healthy growth, and peacefully independent life.

Due to the good state of my mental health, this title was written with quite a delay. Despite its tiny size, I found it difficult to write it all down and go back to those moments and feelings in my past.

Not because it could have been a painful experience, but because I’ve done so much work on healing those parts of me, to the point where I no longer find any negative feelings within those memories.

As I have discovered, it is very hard to write about pain when you are no longer able to recall it, but that on its own is a very good thing.

Christopher Nuin



ISBN 978-83-965435-3-0



9 788396 543530