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**episode.txt**

The Beast hides between words and gestures.  
You can never place it though you will try.

Your friend not noticing a nuance.  
A colleague pointing out a shortcoming.  
Your work not meeting your own standards.  
A hobby not seeming worth it to you.

Throughout the day it lingers quietly.  
Voicing quite quietly inside.

You find a moment alone to think.  
To calm yourself.  
And it strikes.

Doubt  
Worry  
Ideation  
Turmoil boiling up from inside

The silent screams of desperation flood your thoughts.  
Every thought hurts to have  
Self-Awareness swallows itself infinitely as you sink further into Ego driven hate.  
The world is against you  
And you are of the world

But...  
It slowly fades.  
The tempest of your own Shadow goes back to sleep.  
Another day ends.  
Another week that wasn't too terrible.  
Another year until you're happy.

You wonder if you can heal yourself of the pain, and then wonder if the pain is even a thing to be healed.