

only sensation of light actually comes from my teeth, a glowing feature that reaches in the end of my "biting out" extending from my forehead. Each waking moment is daunting and most of all, unbearable. The majority of my time in these waters is spent swimming in my own thoughts, therefore it is a miracle that I haven't gone insane yet. My imagination is also quite broken, seeing that there is no sunlight that reaches from depths. Though, I have been persisting about the possibility of starting up my very own edgier content on my subconscious page. Good things never last unfortunately, as I realized that I would not only be the leader of my newfound edgier but also the only member. Oh how I long to make at least one friend without succumbing to hunger and turning them into my next meal, as finding meals is a really around my area. I must admit, it is one of the most exciting moments of my life when I have the opportunity to encounter prey and lure them in with the completion of my work. Deliberating the perfect strategy to attract my prey/bring my classmates to small fish, and waiting for them to get close enough to my toothy jaw before I lunge and consume them. It proves to be a favored hobby. Interestingly enough, I have the ability to extend my mouth allowing me to devour prey twice my size! I gained this ability not only through talking to myself mindlessly every day, but also stretching out my mouth while bored. I have come up with a training regime that strengthens my jaw through continuous exercises, and this has greatly improved my ability to devour larger prey.

What he does to reveal is a very personal secret of mine, and it would be greatly appreciated if you approached the topic with an open mind. For years, actually I am unable to keep track of time but I am assuming it has been years, one of my main concerns has been my appearance. The features that I encounter at these depths have had quite a few unique characteristics. While I would not consider myself ugly with appearances, I can confidently say that I have yet to find a suitable significant other. This realization has brought some concerns, besides the potential prospect of never finding true love, I am worried that I am the problem. To be exact, it is a very real possibility that my appearance is working below sea creatures away. I am aware of how I appear in the eyes of another, and I just everyday that it is not a horrifying but, impressive. My insecurities have manifested as mindless run out of ideas to ponder over, and have taken I guess myself to devise a game plan to solve my predicament. I recall attempting to communicate to someone the possibility of some other sort of habitat however I got a