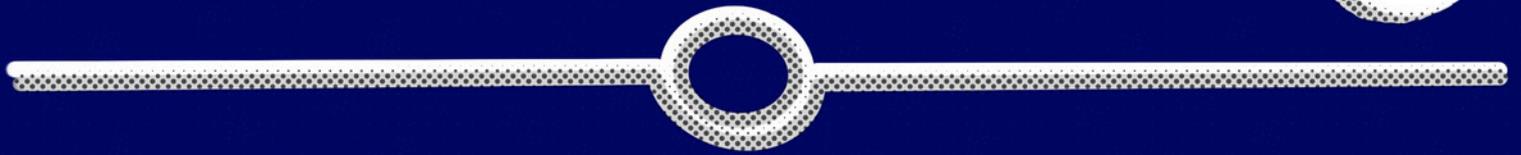


THE QUIET ARCHIVES



Notes, Training, and
Quiet Work.

By: The Strategem's Archive
me

You're Not Falling Behind— You're a Work in Progress.

How This Manifesto Came to Be:

Manifesto 1.0 was born from pure chance; I was still brand new to blogging, still learning how to work with AI (Google's Gemini at the time), and I was grieving.

Plans2Actions, now The Stratagem's Archive, was created as a means to process grief, mixed with my compulsions, and to keep myself from rotting inside.

One of the conversations I had before the grief stuck with me was with my grandpa — 65 years young, in and out of hospitals. Before he passed, he shared how many regrets he carried, a vulnerability I had never seen in him before. It stuck with me even worse when my parents told me he had passed while I was working nights.

It goes to show how things never go as planned: no more lunches, no more music, no more him grumbling about how food should be cooked certain ways. Just a little divide from my family now.

Regrets are necessary, but they're just another weight added on while trying to live.

Endurance Can Only Take You So Far What Happens When Your Survival Becomes Your Cage?

This was something that was difficult for me to admit, but my compulsions—my need to write and endure—were becoming my own self-made cages.

I've gotten good at preparing myself the night before for the next early morning. But when my coworkers were getting promoted or found better-paying jobs that weren't going to physically break them anymore, I realized that I had boxed myself in somehow.

My material solutions were what got me through making a few tough calls for myself: working another job, sacrificing sleep and my health for my jobs and for my personal work.

However, I had to clean my glasses lenses to realize that I wasn't walking toward my own goal posts; I was looking through binoculars while marching in place.

Ain't that a cruel joke I played on myself?

Things are changing. I have to admit something needs to change, or I won't see it happen.

Could We Be Kinder to Ourselves?

Being Forgiving to Myself Was Hard

Trying to be encouraging without shaming myself for where I've found my present-self in was tough. I believed that if I could preemptively shame myself for being a failure, hearing it from other people— even my own head—would hurt less.

I'm sure someone else has thought the same thing, and everything felt worse. It did for me.

I keep thinking that I did the best I could with what I had. Anyone with bad cards would likely have picked the least painful option when every card in our hands could have been worse than what I picked.

It's still harder to be kinder to myself when I've been told to be kind to others first.

How could I be kind to others when I couldn't be kind to myself?

I had to give myself some small hope, no matter how insignificantly small, that things could be better the longer I worked at it. Not with hype. Not with motivation. Rather, by just telling myself:

“You survived the hard parts. Now you can endure whatever else will come next.”

The Future is Coming, No Matter What.

Whether or Not We're Ready, We Have
to Welcome It In.

Trying to build your life from existing foundations was tricky. Building on top of cracked, damaged, and incomplete foundations was a trip and a half.

When it feels like your present is on fire, looking toward the future feels like opening every window and door to your home on a very gusty day — it makes the fire burn hotter and brighter.

So, I had to ask myself, “Is there a future for me?” The answer came: Yes. Whether you want one or not, you will have a future regardless.

It might not look like what I imagined. Well... aside from possibly surviving my parents and immediate family, I had to try and build my own future.

It's not going to be flashy. It's not going to be loud. But after everything I've put in, my only hope is that I'll get to breathe a little easier.

That was the small bit of water I could give myself when it seemed that things could get better.

If The Future Was Coming,

I Had to Get Ready.

Taking Care of Myself Was The First

Next Step I Could Take

Chaotic Life Strong never had a name until late

last year. had spent so much time trying to

become a real-life fictional character. I forgot what

it was like to be a person. So, I decided to stop

trying to become like a fictional character and

decided to train like a real person.

Everything I've tried hurt. I had spent months —

even years — hating myself for not trying harder.

But fitness wasn't secondary to living. To me, they

went hand in hand.

If I couldn't take care of myself, who would help

me out? I didn't want to feel like a burden to

anyone, so I needed to make sure I was in good

enough health.

My Gramps wasn't when he passed. But I still have

a choice. I still have time. Time is passing me by,

but at least I have an idea of how I want to spend it

now.

Everything Here is

Optional

**Take What Resonates, Discard What
Doesn't.**

If you made it to the end of this reflection. I'd like to thank you for spending some time here — with this reflection, and with the Archives.

I've been experimenting a lot lately, and I had always wondered how I could say hi to people without them having to say or type it back.

This PDF — the reflections and thoughts behind my existing PDFs — was the answer I came up with.

Some days it felt like I was writing into a void. I felt as though my works were going to be just for me. Then I saw a small flicker, then another, until I could see at least 100 flickers across the way.

I never considered myself a writer or a thinker, except as someone with too much on her mind. But I just wanted to say:

“Hey. I see you're on your own way too. And you're not alone, even if it feels like you are.”