

A String of Numbers

My mind has never been still. Time moves forward in a steady rhythm, but my thoughts race ahead of it, arriving uninvited, stacking themselves in layers, running in parallel like competing storylines. This isn't something I exaggerate; it's genuinely how my mind has always worked. I can shut my eyes, sit in silence, or try to focus on one task, but the internal motion never stops. Concentrating on schoolwork, conversations, or job responsibilities has always been difficult. Even when I'm listening or working, another part of my mind keeps scrolling through an endless internal feed that refuses to pause.

Numbers explain it best. Not any numbers, but the infinite sequence of pi-3.14, stretching forward without pattern or conclusion. I imagine that endless string is more than a mathematical curiosity: each digit a different beginning and end, each one witnessing its own moment in time before giving way. For years, I considered this constant mental motion a curse. It distracted me, pulled me away from the moment, and made it hard to sit in peace. Even while sleeping, the storylines continue to scroll. I often woke feeling nervous, as though I had run a marathon inside my own head.

I used to consider what life would be like if I could control the stream-choose what to think about, or silence it when I needed rest. Mastering it would help me at work and at home. I pictured myself sitting with a cup of coffee at sunset, finally able to quiet the noise and think only one thought at a time. The idea of harnessing the endless string of numbers felt powerful, like turning chaos into a tool.

I adapted because I had to. My thoughts ran on multiple tracks, so I learned to keep pace. I tried various tricks: a rubber band on my wrist and, later, a twelve-inch ruler I tapped on my

neck. These methods gave me brief clarity but never solved the problem. The distraction remained, and I eventually stopped fighting it.

Eventually, I discovered something unexpected: this wandering mind had a purpose. When I write, the story already scrolling in my head becomes easy to place on paper. Many writers rely on outlines; I draw the thread I need from the endless sequence, and in rare moments when my thoughts align with the stream, noise becomes direction, chaos becomes clarity, and the story forms instantly.

What once felt like a curse has become a strange kind of gift. I still struggle with concentration, and the internal motion hasn't slowed. But I've learned that the endless string of numbers is part of who I am. It may never stop, but it can be shaped. It can be used. And in the quiet moments when the storylines align, it becomes something meaningful-something I can write, something I can share, something that finally makes sense. This is my reality, and this is my story.