

# Cyren

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*I will get ya into the cartoon before it comes out...it is an great original work. The thing before the prologue is what I had to do for english. This is what you will start on before you get to the actual story...Cya!*

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**Chapter 1 - Diary**

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# 1 - Diary

As she practices painting her mystical masterpiece of life, Mel Cyren reflects on her childhood. That malice childhood that took Cyren to a horrible elixir of fortune. The Fortune of success! The world down on both knees asking for more of her and she gave it all. No other life could be as sweet nor sugar, tooth rotters, nor fruit. Success! The heart of happiness lies within and she was grateful. Behind the scene of the outer shell, she was grateful.

**S**inging the tune to faith. Even though falling and mistake will befall a person. Only that can bring her up. She can rise above the dark force that is pushing and cutting off her air. Believe she says and that she does. Belief is one thing that can become her and she will become belief. Bamboozled, kicked, confused, tired, and even alone at times. The pain was nothing but a wall. Like any other wall, it was knocked down to build again. Mistakes weren't trouble. It helped in growth. No one is to be perfect but they can rise towards perfection by building. She was ready to grow and build towards success.

**U**nderstanding life entered as a value and understanding truth fell in to place of the puzzle. If she did not understand herself nor see the truth, nothing was brought to her. No sketch of this woman would make her happy; yet, her true self was always the answer. What dream world could even push the girl to a clear sight? She always wished but knew that things don't fall from the sky. Dreams are one thing and life was another. Life and the truth of life made her a beneficiary. This concept sticks forever and that is what she will keep it to be. Life and Truth!

**C**ontrol should be taken. Now, the girl shall not be dependent. Only she could make a decision. At a point, she chose. She chose her experience. She chose her path. It was none other that her and herself. Alone was not bad but a good deed amongst humans. Without control she would stumble and continue to stumble. Fast will she hit rock bottom and never get up unless someone was to pick her up. To her, this concept was shameful. Abolish it! The girl did not take such steps for she frowns upon it. Her mother is there for a certain time and soon she is pushed out into the world, the real world.

**C**reate! Create! After a plan is made, it must be done. The girl cannot move with just plans. She must take action in her mind and in her life. Only then can she achieve relief. Do one thing and do more. Continue onto the next level. Don't stop until the end. Motion makes the world spin and motion is what brought rewards upon the girl. Having a goal was a goal for her. She refuses to make it to a place when she doesn't know where it could be. She is neither in a game nor book and there is no story line fixed in. She customized her own story and edited it as much as she could.

**E**ducating the girl was a wonderful sense in experience. Knowing nothing keeps people slightly paralyzed and lost. She likes to learn but sometimes does not like how. Yet she could not obtain knowledge without rehearsal and review. She could not learn without any mistakes. She could not learn with the given answers. She needed to carry herself, drop herself, pick herself up, learn, and then move forward. On her journey, she found the answers but not all of them. She is still being educated, as she grows older. Even being older does not mean she knew everything and the world was inferior. She loved to learn because it took her to an infinite road on which she could keep learning. There is no end to

education and there never will be. It is inevitable.

**S**urpass the goal. The girl felt uneasy about it but she went above her level. The girl trembled at the thought. She made it and planned to reach far beyond what she had ended. Regular classes were nothing but normal and original. There was nothing there to make her work and move. She wanted to move higher and planned to stay there until she felt it was time to move on or was pushed out without her knowing. She had to be a leader and step up. The girl loved crossing the line that spelled out finish. She was not good at following directions. She could not abide by the directions and just give up. It was not in her blood. It is work that followed and leads her.

**S**ubsiding in life was critical to the girl. A break was always helpful and the body, mind, and spirit thanked her. She will not try to tackle everything into one day. She tackled as much as she could and would rest to continue excellent work. A five-minute paper, drawing, or song was not as grand as working on these arts over a few days to a week. These things did not have as much value if it was packed in together for a quick result. Work is difficult indeed but it steals the time of rest. Rest has nowhere to live and work will not share! No rest and more work always equal burnout. No light bulb is left on and stays on forever.

By following the concepts that she has created, learned from, believed in, thought about, understand, built on, and worked with, this woman reaches success. Mel Cyren may not be forever remembered but has reached far beyond her goals and proceeds until death. Moving and keeps moving is what she does. Only she spells her own success with her own vision. Then, in the end, true happiness and pure wholeness forms. The woman, Mel Cyren, is the woman of victory.