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DESCENDENTS OF THE EUNUCH ADMIRAL (An excerpt)
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I have come to realize of late that dreaming has become the centre of my life.

Yes, dreaming. Dreaming all by myself. Alone, painfully alone, and floating away.

But this loneliness is a potent one; it is an inviting loneliness. There is a vast space all around me. Endless. Haunting. Unknown. But promising. And seemingly reachable.

I have a fear of this unknown. And yet this fear is also part of the yearning to depart, to leave the place I'm so used to – even when I know what I am going away from is a terrible insanity. Yes. Every day. Every day, I long to return to my nightly unknown.

Was he also like this? Was he also like this when he was sailing across the vast ocean in the dark of the night, looking into the eerie distance, alone at sea, forgetting at least for the moment the insanity forced upon him, forgetting the pain created in him by the removal of his manhood?

In these dreams, the days were no more just fun, no more just cheerful and full of hope.

In these dreams, being alone, I was able to look at myself, look inside myself and look through myself. And as I dived deeper and deeper into the stark loneliness of myself, I felt I had become closer and closer to him, closer to this 600-year-old legend of a molested and incarcerated man.

Yes, each night, through my own fear and uncertainty, I discover more agony in him, more respect for him, and more suspicion of him. And the more I discover – longing for him in the day and taunting him in the night – the more I discover, the more I am convinced that we were related, closely related – so closely related that I had to be a descendant of the eunuch admiral.