

Much of my social behavior is predicated on the idea that self-delusion is often a self-fulfilling prophecy. If you delude yourself into being happy, you will be happy – this and vice versa is the core epiphany of the Stoa. If you act as if you were interesting, you will become far more recognizably interesting; if you feign to be socially successful, you will be successful; and if you express yourself as a well-accepted leader, you will often be expected to take the lead. Brainwash yourself and the lie may very well become true.

Overcoming any impostor syndrome begins with the decision to be just that which you fear: an impostor. And more likely than not, you will unintentionally become the real thing – it's actually harder to stay an impostor. Everyone can dream, but you have to act it out in order for it to become real. A man acted as if he was a god, and by all means and purposes, he became a god.

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I hate it when my mother or my sister wish me success when I'm off to an exam. It is because they say it with commiseration, it sounds like condolences. It's as if an exam is a traumatic experience and this day cannot be enjoyed. Even when my father is at home and he wishes me success, I don't like it because I know he needs me to perform extraordinary – I just want to do my best and if the professor begrudges to give me high marks, then so be it. In short, I hate it when other people project negative motions on me. An exam is most often a fun activity and an opportunity to show my understanding of a subject. And in the worst case scenario it's really not that big of a deal – some classes are badly given and the exam is a lottery no-one understands. Contrary to what my father may believe, marks don't determine my intelligence and as long as they're in the right ballpark on aggregate they don't make that much of a difference. Besides, you'd have to put in double the work for a tiny increase in overall marks.

Now when a student at the exam wishes me success, I like it. Because it comes through as a soft command to show what you're capable of and it is usually said with the confidence that I'll do all right anyway. And if it comes from a student who dreads exams really badly, at least she doesn't know me very well and her negative emotions are quite bad so I can understand she assumes that I feel so as well.

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It can be fun to go to the super market sometime in the quiet hours, like on an early Monday morning. There are few customers standing in your way and employees everywhere are busy repletig the shelves from a busy shopping weekend. It's satisfying to see all that activity around you, especially while your only commitment this morning is getting some groceries. They are industriously preparing the store for a new flood of customers this evening. You see middle-aged and older people supplementing their pension by towing empty cardboard packaging away; others are swiftly driving pallet jacks. You see a young woman behind the counter of the cheese market and a job student is carrying a big half-round cheese in the same direction – and you're glad you're not her today, who's probably going to be working here for at least the next five years. And I don't mean this in a demeaning way – they're making themselves useful – I'm just glad I can have a peek into her working day today and get an impression of her life, while in two months I'll be back at university and afterwards I'll become an engineer or a management consultant, seeing a whole different world besides the one of the super market.

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Vacation and anything that has something to do with it (summer afternoon, ...) makes me feel weird sometimes. The thing is, for all my life I have not had freedom. On vacations I would have wanted to do this or stay there for a few more hours, but I always had to follow the group (my parents, my uncle and aunt, my teachers, my mates ...). Now is the first time I'm actually free and mobile too.

So holidays and vacations are weird because I don't simply dislike them, I just sometimes don't seem to understand the Western way of going on vacation. I don't want to be alone either, but I do want to have the freedom from now on to decide what I do and what I see on vacation and I don't know what to do with my freedom, time, money and mobility.

In general I could say, I have a little complex with freedom. I only just have come out of a twenty year long period where a serious degree of unfreeness ruled my life. In high school, you have absolutely no freedom to do with your time what you want for seven and a half hours a day, four days a week (plus three and a half hours, one day a week). I enjoyed (and did so consciously) a great deal more freedom for the last three years since I'm in college, but I still went on vacation only with my parents or uncle and I could only explore the world as far as my bike could bring me in the available time. Add to this that I despise asking things of my parents.