

Synopsis: *The Future Hurts too*

The future is often imagined as a promise: a place where life will finally make sense, old wounds will remain behind, and everything we endured will lead somewhere better. But the future can hurt too—especially when it begins to reveal the consequences of everything we avoided, allowed, or were too afraid to change.

In *The Future Hurts Too*, Noel H. Hodgson explores the small decisions that quietly shape a life: the words left unsaid, the boundaries never drawn, the relationships we remain in out of guilt, and the versions of ourselves we create while trying to prove that others were wrong about us.

Blending intimate narrative with reflective prose, the book moves between family, ambition, loneliness, love, and the fear of reaching a destination we saw coming but did nothing to prevent. It does not present change as a dramatic reinvention. Instead, it asks whether a different ending can begin with something much smaller—and far more difficult: choosing differently when we already know where the old choice leads.

The Future Hurts Too is not a prediction of what will happen. It is an honest confrontation with what might happen when we continue looking away—and with the possibility that the ending is not inevitable yet.

Dying Alone

For a long time, I wondered what my death would look like.

Not as some distant possibility...

but as something that, somehow, had already been written.

There was a scene that kept returning.

A memory.

A hospital.

A shared room.

And a man who had no one.

His name was Nery.

He was not someone close to me,

but I was there long enough to witness something

I have never been able to forget.

He had brothers.

He had a family.

But he had no one.

Sometimes they came.

Sometimes they did not.

And when they came...

it felt more like an obligation than anything else.

I helped him with simple things.

Just enough so that he would not be completely alone.

We talked.

Not about anything important.

Only enough to keep him from feeling

as though no one else was there.

I was young then.

And I did not fully understand it.

But something stayed with me.

A feeling.

As though I were watching something

that, one day, I might have to live through too.

Nery died with no one beside him.

My father did not wake me when it happened.

He told me later:

—I didn't want you to watch him die.

He said it was better to remember him alive.

Maybe he was right.

Or maybe he was afraid too.

Days later, Nery's brothers arrived.

They brought food.

As though nothing had happened.

When they asked for him,
the nurse told them he had died days earlier.

They cried.

I do not know whether it was from grief,
guilt,
or habit.

But they cried.

And it angered me more than I expected.

Because tears always come at the end.

Never when they are truly needed.

Over time, I understood that this scene was not an isolated one.

I saw the same thing happen to other people.

Different lives...

the same ending.

People who lived alone.

Who became ill alone.

Who left this world alone.

At first, I saw it as something that belonged to other people.

But little by little, it stopped feeling so distant.

It began to resemble a possibility.

Not an immediate one.

But a real one.

It is not that anyone wants to end that way.

But there are decisions, ways of living, ways of relating to others...

that slowly close every road

before you even realize it.

And when you finally look back...

there are not many paths left to choose from.

As the years passed, that fear changed.

It stopped being an image that terrified me.

It became something quieter.

Something more present.

Like an idea I no longer tried to avoid,

but to understand.

Because after witnessing enough stories with the same ending...

you stop believing it is a coincidence.

You begin to wonder whether, in truth,
it had always been there.

Waiting.

Author's Note

Each of my books begins with a question, a wound, a memory, or a part of life that needed to find its way into words. I do not write to offer perfect answers, but to approach with honesty those emotions we often feel and do not always know how to express.

I invite you to enter these stories without rushing, to discover the different voices, characters, and fragments that shape my literary world. You may not recognize yourself on every page, but perhaps you will find a sentence, a scene, or an emotion that stays with you and reminds you that someone else has been there too.

Each book opens a different door.

This one may be the first.

Welcome to my work.

Noel H. Hodgson