

STILL

I wanted my living space to be completely self-contained. I could take care of all my needs in the house. I would seldom have to venture out. If I needed something, it would be readily at hand. When I did decide to go on an adventure, that expedition needed to be well planned out. I had a certain plan. I'm prepared myself for what would come next. My challenges were evident. In this space, I could understand my growth.

The less that I did, the more that I could sustain myself. I loved that model. In some ways, it seemed better. If I left the house, I needed to get more gas. It seem to be a challenge with my options. I can only keep so much food at home. Once I ran out of food, I needed to leave the house.

That seemed to be a clear premise for my actions. I would go grocery shopping I needed things. That seems like a fair plan. What were the alternatives? I didn't want to get my food delivered in. If I didn't leave the house, I would feel claustrophobic. This allowed myself a limited number of trips. I also could use some exercise. I would go to the gym every day. Maybe I could go shopping after I went to the gym. Of course, I didn't need to shop every day. But I'd like the opportunity to be able to add variety to my diet. I could make a decision in the moment. I welcomed this opportunity for the time being. My itinerary was clear. I would leave the house, I would do my errands, and then I would return. I entertained other options. I needed to find people who could help me with my work. At the same time, I didn't want to get distracted from what I needed to do.

This created a critical balance for me. There were things that I needed to get done. At the same time, I did have some wiggle room in my schedule. I tried to calculate how much time was available. It gave me a clear picture what I could do. On this basis, I could make the best choices.

I recognized that it might be difficult to make the contacts that I needed. I would do my best, then I would return home. That all seem to make the total sense. When I looked at my plan, it seem clear I was spending a little less than I was taking in each month. I was able to cover my rent costs. This meant that I could continue on with this plan for a while. My resources were not inexhaustible. And I recognized critical challenges. Nevertheless, I had enough to work to do. This could reinforce my overall commitment.

I carried on with my work. In some cases I was able to do it was necessary by myself. Therefore, I didn't need any assistance. That only emphasized success. I had a good plan. I mapped it out. I feel fulfilled with had to be done. I didn't want to venture away from the plan. As long as I kept with this program, I would for fill my needs. That was all they seem to matter. I want to success. I want to success without increasing my costs.

I was able to stay in the game as long as possible. My game was based upon my ability to work. I was just committed to getting my work done. I enjoyed this balance. This helped to ensure my success. I didn't want to overexaggerate my challenges. I knew what I needed to get done. And I left it at that. I didn't see myself as engaged in a life-changing experience. Nevertheless, I could build upon these efforts creating some thing ongoing.

I enjoyed the fact that everything was working out well. I didn't want to get too ambitious. I didn't want to go off track. I had started with a clear program, and I want to keep

it at that. Would help me to achieve the necessary success. That only made me more devoted to my efforts. Here in there I faced few challenges. One day I had a flat tire. I need some people to help me. The gym might be closed, I know it's need to seek an alternative. I also want to explore. That meant walking around. The weather was still nice. It wasn't that hot. So I could entertain new adventures. It's made me more confident. I was good at what I did. And I was finding new ways to apply my knowledge. This only added to my excitement. It encouraged my sense of accomplishment.

When I went on my walks, I noticed that other people were excited about things that were happening in their lives. I wanted to be just as adventurous. Did I have to do to join the action? I had my own vision. I had my own interests. It assisted me in exploring. I would see people moving in and out of places where they seemed to have fun. I wanted to join in. What could I find out? What did I have to offer? This seemed only the beginning of a greater adventure.

I welcome these possibilities sometimes, I would devise and even more complex adventures. I would plot them out. I would figure out my schedule. And I would hit all the necessary spots. This would make me feel satisfied. And it pushed what I wanted to do. In a sense, I felt blessed. I'd come out a winner. These kind of successes only added to my development. I wondered what would slow me down. I had a head full of steam. I was ready to take on more. I recognized that I was getting too excited.

I was jeopardizing my overall program. There wouldn't be much reward for this gamble. I need to pull back. I need to achieve a clear focus. This kind of challenge got me going. I would alter my schedule a little. I would think that maybe I could abandon it. But I didn't have unlimited resources.

I was doing my work. I was getting paid. I didn't see any windfall in the near future. It was a promise. I could find new clients. People would be interested in my skills. This suggested new tasks for me. My partners helped to reinforce this idea. But there were times when it was difficult to get a hold of them. So I could do little to improve my situation. That made it a little difficult.

I was committed to achieving lasting success. But I recognized that they were numerous obstacles in my way. And these obstacles only became more intense as I developed my my efforts. I had a system was worked out. I knew what I was doing. But I kept wondering if I could keep things going. But we're standing in my way. The best course seem to be to do nothing. I could stay at home. I can improve my chances. That seem to be enough. Would be a nightmare

I wanted my life to remain simple. I understood all the challenges. I knew what I needed to do to address that. I could take them one by one. This was all part of my growth even when I left the house. I remained in the bubble. I had been able to create total control of my life. On this basis, I was afraid of losing control. It wouldn't take much. A series of small accidents could all add up to this massive threat. I wouldn't know what to do. I would be completely helpless. I was at the mercy of all the things that were going on around me.

I was going about everything the right way. I needed to embrace the stillness of the night. I couldn't I couldn't go searching for the loud raucous energy. I needed to settle down.

I needed to enjoy the moment. I need edto look deep into myself. I looked at my map. I had implemented it effectively. Everything that I wanted, everything that I planned, everything that I needed, all this and more was under my control; others might crave this kind of focus. I had realized it I was one with this understanding. That was why I was so careful. It would only take a little push to knock all the cards down.

My system was foolproof. I couldn't establish the structure, I could expand it. I could build upon it. I could focus it in other ways. This added to my sense of liberation. Nothing else mattered. I stayed locked same circle. I could build upon it. I could expand it. It would take me everywhere. I liked the network of connections. But it all depended upon a strong foundation. And I couldn't let that foundation go. I could do this forever. I could tighten it up. Focus it. I could push on from it. I could grow. Stay constant.

I held to this focus. Stretched it. I plastered. I had it to it. It made things brighter. It made things greater. I pushed forward. Are you understood something profound. But I didn't venture out of this place. All that matters I connect different. Period it had coherence to the overall picture. I built upon this knowledge. On this basis, I was never isolated. I could always return to the base. I could build upon my knowledge. What was the basis for this inside?

I lived in a world that was still holding together well. If I abandoned that tension, I would end up floating in nothingness. I needed to strengthen that connection. This could be frightening. Sometimes, I seem to million miles from home. I needed to arrive at my destinations. I couldn't lose my way. Nothing made sense. I was lying on my bed. In the sense, all the rest of life came to the surface.

I need to pull it all back. I need to let it go. needed to get rid of those influences which were adding to my sense of confusion. This would give me the needed coherence. Give me. Craved element. Even then, I was an explorer. I looked for the consistencies that took me back to my home base. I couldn't let myself get distracted. I was not the same with this world. I lived a different reality.

If I did not hold on to what I knew, I was constantly corrected myself. I was constantly trying to overcome my confusion. That offered me a needed awareness. I avoided the unknown. Part of my search it was more like I was piecing together these ready-made objects. I would get to know one locale. And I could use it to move somewhere else. I was combining all the subjects together. The structure became more cohesive. I felt safer to venture out further. I was connecting the forces. I was seeing some thing that was entirely fundamental. I was in touch with the world.

It was only this little part of the world that I can know. If things got too strange. I would have to rush back home. I reviewed my finances. Everything seemed to hold together I saved a little for upcoming expenses. What did I need to know? what I need to share? Some people were afraid of the world. I wasn't trying to overcome a disorder. They simply understood the dangers that way. I did what I could. I need to figure it out?

I didn't want to see it in any other way. Some people it was afraid. It wasn't fear. It was foresight. If I lacked this kind of understanding, I would never do what is necessary to maintain my life I wasn't giving up on things. I realized how I can build. I can create some

thing further. What was the source of my discomfort. I understood my history. I recognized how things went off the rails. But only added to my sense of indecision. I didn't want to limit my opportunities here. Therefore I made it I needed to make sure that things were not blow up in my face. I needed to tighten my circle. I needed to make sure that each destination point was safe guarded. Then I might be able to venture out further.

What was the point? It wasn't as if I liked something. But I knew it would happen if I was not prepared. I would return home on able to go anywhere. I didn't want that. Therefore, I needed to make sure that I didn't get to ambitious. I would take it easy. I would take it as it came. That would be all that I needed to worry about. That was my only option. That was my only concern. With my mental state, I needed to follow the order that I had created in my physical world. I had created clear boundaries. I determinef the conditions under which I could cross those boundaries.

I needed to fortify my home. That good strengthened my commitment to this life. I embraced these possibilities. This was the only thing that mattered. Sure, I may have been caught up in the moment. But I didn't want to lose myself in something dangerous. I didn't want to wake up and be forced to stay in my home. I didn't want to have to walk everywhere and take the bus. I needed my car in running order; nevertheless, they were times when I enjoyed walking.

I would take my car out when I needed to. If I was going on a little longer trip, it was there. I would walk.. That's how things worked out. It wouldn't be any different. That's how I wanted it to be. As long as I remained in the safe zone, everything was perfect for me this was all part of the balance every digression we need to be balanced by a counter measure. This meant that I could try new things, but this innovation needed to be balanced by an equal but opposite motion. Thus, I found out how to expand the safe zone. And I continued with the same basic pattern. This offered me growth. Change. But I did not lose my basic inspiration.

I could carry on unhindered. I think could feel confident in what I did. And on this basis I could remain creative within my realm. I recognized my advantages. I needed stages. I need to be extra careful. And anything that I did could disrupt my security. I would lose everything that I worked for. I couldn't let this happen. I needed to find some kind of certainty. My method gave me everything that I needed. I recognized that my consciousness might seem obsessive. There were times that I was hesitant even to leave my place. Nevertheless, I would find the courage. Knowledge would shorten my way. I was building from my experience, and I was creating my own science.

What was the basis for this realization? I recognized that I could be confused by what was going on in my world. I didn't want to lose my way. It was easily easy to get distracted. I needed to apply myself more effectively. I need to make charts. I need to draw graphs. I needed to become one with this understanding. I worked to develop this knowledge. I built from what I saw. I needed to let it dissipate. My expectations wer clear. And they were generally satisfied. I need to be extra careful.

There were enough challenges to my way of life. I didn't want to give in. I didn't want to surrender what I had. What did I need? I could guide my way. In that basis, I needed to

exercise special caution. I did not want to get trapped. I didn't want to rely on someone to take me the wrong way. I understood that my initial contacts might be the ones who would betray me. Therefore, I couldn't put too much faith in their advice. I was making progress by inches. For some, that might not of seen as much. Over months and weeks, I only felt more comfortable. Again I would've been better never to venture out. Option. But I couldn't go along with that we are thinking.

I needed to take a risk. I needed to spread out. That became my constant struggle. I could feel myself torn in different directions. And I couldn't let that affect me. I marked my progress. I reviewed all my achievements. It's reinforced any lessons that I have discovered. It only made me more certain about what was needed. Thus, I applied myself. I saw what was needed. Then I threw myself into the moment. This was all part of my growth. I couldn't see it any other way. I had chosen this path. I knew what it would offer me. So I followed some clues. I went along. I was part of this inevitability. I embraced it this was an ongoing experience. There's no other way to think of this.

I could see the forces but it take me to this place. And I relied on them to lead me further. This was all part of my growth. I came up with new strategies. Any new ideas were built upon old ones. This was all about enhancement. I knew it was necessary. And I would follow it along. I hoped that no one would interfere with my actions. I was comfortable about what I did. There was no reason to think otherwise. Now and then, I would see obstacles in my way. I would be afraid about what might follow. I would move slowly. I would base myself from the past. I would recognize my challenges. And I would not succumb.

At each point, I found success. At each point, I was blessed. But I was still afraid. I had so little to work with. I engaged in the struggle. In a sense I would prefer chronicling this journey. That meant comparing my efforts with others. I could read about the adventures of a courageous soul. I would measure my efforts against his. I would see what I needed to do. I implement his technique. It seemed to work every time. I would also watch movies that presented a similar story. That offered me greater confidence.

I could see what was the issue. Often times, an individual became too complacent. His pride would get in his way. His rivals would leverage their skills. He didn't do anything. He would face a grave humiliation. He would be mocked by people who loved him. This was hardly welcome fate. But he had airs. It exaggerated shiskills. He wasn't honest about his abilities. It was easy to enjoy the spoils.

I would walk by establishments where I can smell that excitement. The perfume would entice me. I would get affected by these influences. That was just enough. I knew what awaited me. And I needed to return home. There was no other choice. This kind of thing would happen again and again. And the temptation loomed large. It wouldn't take much to make abandon my plan.

One bad night, and everything could go off the rails. I needed to see the danger sign. I wasn't about to gamble away my prosperity. I didn't have much. But I accepted those gifts. Others would struggle. They would become victims of their own desire. They would lose themselves in envy. They would be jealous of some guy who charmed everyone. I wouldn't

become part of this; nevertheless, I could sense that pull. I could recognize all the time what was happening to me. I was getting victimized by the circumstances.

There was no other way to think of this. I need to retreat. I needed to lick my wounds. I needed to set myself straight. I let myself get tempted. I had given into this terrible nightmare. And it played in my head. I retreat home and back home, I tried to put it all right. Nothing was how it should've been. I felt victimized. I had lost on my way. I'm giving in to my vanity. I never went anywhere. But everything was so obvious. All that I could think about was that throbbing beat. And it moved it back-and-forth through me. I pulled the covers over my head. Would there ever be any escape?

This was in my imagination. I knew it was going on in these places. I knew what was going on in the world. It was the gambling halls, and the houses of sin. What motivated people? It was the sights and sounds. It was desire. It was something that they could never have, but they did not want to let go. Why couldn't I become part of this? Why couldn't I find a wonderful reward? What was in store? I would never complete my project. I would be like everyone else here. My frustrations would be too much. I would forever be lost. And there would be no rescue for me. I hated this experience. I hated what I had become. It was going take a lot of work to put everything back into place.

I knew that I had the knowledge. I knew that I had the insight. I wasn't sure if my psychology would go along. I had been bruised. I recalled some thing that I would have preferred to forget. Why had I come here in the first place? I wanted everything to work out right. And now all my mistakes were evident. Where could I find a place to hide? How could I resist what was going on around me? How could I get back my commitment? I wanted to live. I wanted to survive. I wanted to grow. I felt as if I was recovering from an accident.

I would need grave assistance. They would have to patch me together. The recovery time would take a while. I would have to engage in rehabilitation. I would never have that quickness of step. I would lose everything that truly matter to me. And I wasn't sure how to get it back. I wasn't all that week. But my sore is restless. And I could not quiet down. Everything that I did work in contra motion. I thought that I was attaining stability. I was only increasing my uncertainty. Where would any of this end? When would I ever attain enough understanding? I didn't lack knowledge. I had a clear understanding. Some thing was distracting me. Somethings was telling me more. I couldn't let that be. It never made sense to me?

Would I ever recognize what I had lost? I was too deep already. I was still given to temptation. I could try to put it out of my mind. But I could not close that book. And I loved everything that it offered me. I became enriched by what was available. I loved going along. This was fantastic. There's no way to think about this. What time give me what I needed? Would it restore my well-being? All this felt monstrous. And I tried to deny when it happened. This was deep in my soul. There's no way to get away.

I felt haunted by my own desires. I was a victim of everything that I ever wanted. I hated this monster. This was me. This was everything that I was. Why was I here? When will I ever find the necessary assistance. I was lost in myself. I gave into this monster. I would never

find rescue. This just became the terms of my existence. I was that. And I lost my direction? Everything seemed so clear at home.

Once I have entered that world I faced different influences. Where was I headed? I was losing my integrity. I wasn't even sure who I was. This madness spun me around. It's distracting me from my commitments. I was an artist. I was a creative individual. I couldn't lose my inspiration. I was caught up in a crazy situation. I needed to make it back home. I needed to renew my influences. How about I lost my way? Or would I need to get back on track?

When I made it back home, I felt that I had arrived at an answer for the questions that I have been wondering about. Why had things become so confusing for me? I only needed to wonder? It wouldn't take much to regain my confidence. I read a book. I watched a movie. I needed a meal. All those experiences helped put me back on track. I regain my confidence. I realized worse. I let go of all the bad influences. I could sleep soundly. The next day none of these factors affected me anymore I returned to myself I found what I had been missing.

Everything seemed right. Why had I been so confused? All these faces were staring at me. I felt like I didn't belong. There was nothing that could help me regain my sense of self. Finally, everything starting to make sense again. All my questions were answered. I felt one with my world. I wondered why I hadn't even bothered. Indeed, this was a challenge. There's so many factors that have thrown me off my path. I want to think that I can be more open with the world. I hardly knew where I had been.. I barely had any recollection when it happened. It was hardly a big deal. I need to rethink. I had a clear plan. But it had become disrupted. I had no idea where I was headed. Its magic left my world. I resided in my method. I needed to expand. I needed to explore.

What would provide me with an inspiration? I was hardly sure. I had become overwhelmed by all these temptations I need to calibrate my life again. What could I use as a reference point? Would it take me off my game? Everything made sense before. Suddenly, the instability overwhelmed me. It wasn't supposed to be like this. I felt a sense of insecurity. I had made everything work for me.

Now I was faced with gaps in my knowledge. I didn't want to become a victim. Who could guide me? What did I need to learn? It's all seemed absurd. I trusted myself. Sure, I was afraid. But I didn't want to be overwhelmed. I needed to review. I needed more evidence. What could help me say? What could you help me grow? How could I develop? I need to eat. I needed to forget. I was learning.

I was forgetting to an important part of my growth I hated to think that way. I wanted more certainty day in my life. Where was I going to find it? What did I lack? Every person who had these kind of questions start to have doubts about himself. This was who I was. I couldn't let these doubts destroy me. I need to find strength in myself.

Who would bother with me? How could I get others more interested in my pursuits. What did I care about? What held me together. I had created the perfect life for myself through it all, I'd remain secure I've been able to overcome any risks I could improve my own development. Over time by my situation reinforced my overall commitment. Such an

awareness was taking on greater challenges. At the same time, I needed to pay attention. I couldn't become too ambitious. Therefore I took necessary precautions.

I was careful not to leave the safe zone. Even as I was expanding its influences, I needed it to be successful. I could not let myself become distracted. My plan was clear. I continued adding to this vision. It just made me more flexible. But it also enabled me to succeed. I could take on greater challenges. I did not feel afraid. This added to my confidence, What else could I do? I needed to be vigilant. It wasn't sufficient to have the right attitude. I need to it needed to anticipate every threat. This preparation was essential to realize my dreams. I didn't want to be vulnerable.

I didn't want to expose my weaknesses. This added to my engagement. I was immersed in the moment. I reviewed my accomplishments.

I needed to better understand my challenges. I would give me the strength to persevere I understand I really needed to make a little advances. I could focus my efforts. I could go to pawn my progress I would finally have the means to try them. I needed to improve my response time. No one encouraged me to enter new situations.

I would discover the best outcomes. This built upon my ability to attack any problem early. I was just heading the right direction I was there to win, and I realize that I was rolling myself in. I felt comfortable at home. I was afraid to venture out. This was becoming all the more evident.

This appointment? It was my mistake? I wanted knowledge. But I needed experience. I was not engaging people who could help me. I didn't want to seem to be able to touch. I needed to understand the reality around me. It was getting in my way I didn't realize how terrible. What did I really have? I could build on my confidence.

This provided a foundation for my troubles. I was on the edge of greater resilience. I felt strong. Nothing would impede my progress. I needed to achieve greater certain time. I didn't have to go anywhere. I can get off my craft. This would be an ongoing crisis, and I would continue to see results.

Just as I would get things going, I would get slowed up again. What was restricting my progress? Into the confusion, I couldn't act this way. I need to rely on my confidence. This added to my enlightenment I believe that I had the skills to deal with any problem. But I converted my isolation.

I locked into the same behavior again and again. I needed to discover an alternative. I was trying to solve a puzzle. And it only seemed more difficult. That was no reason to quit. I had enough basic understanding to make this happen. I couldn't let my misgivings distract me. I tried to reason myself through all the difficulties. I was developing clarity. I was filling in for the gaps. This accentuated my personal strengths. But I was still hesitant to move outside of my comfort zone. I would beat myself up if I left this focus slip. I need to hold my breath. I needed to attend the signs. There's no other way to see this. No one else could provide same motivation.

I hated the fact that these challenges only became more extreme. I thought I'd be over all the troubles. And there they were again staring me in the face. I didn't want to find glory in my misery. I didn't want to continue this kind of thinking. So I would quickly start my

analysis. I would break down with the system and its malfunctions. I would propose lasting solutions. I wanted to make sure that none of this occurred again. This only made me more vigilant. It's sustained my efforts. I was ready to push on further. Despite my awareness, I was hitting the same traps again and again--it wasn't supposed to be like this. What was the catch? What was the main challenge? I couldn't wait for something that wasn't going to happen. I couldn't get into some thing. It was only going to cause me to lose. I was cheating myself. I wasn't living up to this bargain. I was getting too greedy.

I was letting the sparkle of life attracted me. I felt that once again I could find meaning. I could let go of all these troubles. I knew what I was doing. I needed to implement it with more certainty. In fact, what were the challenges I need to touch down. Needed to find a reality. I needed to see clarity. The light still obscured a resolution. IT seem closer than it actually was. I didn't want to wait around. I wanted to see the answer.

Others seem to escape from this morass. Perhaps, I needed more resources. Who was going to do it for me? Who was going to support my discovery? I was standing in the way. Everyone was being too hesitant. When they had the opportunity, they wouldn't take it. I was watching from the sidelines. But I was in my protected area. I needed to stay clear. I wanted to sustain my inspiration. I still felt as if I was being denied.

My life progressed, but my world said stop. Even though I had excluded people from this safe space, they still seem to invade my privacy. They were asking for things that I could not give. I felt as if I was waiting forever. Indeed, this was the case. Something had broken down. I could imagine it taking any longer. When I finally saw a breakthrough, I needed to maximize it. I needed to think my way through these troubles. All these impediments seemed to be washing by me. And I was wrestling with their influence.

I needed my observation to be more accurate. I needed to feed myself with critical information. I wasn't that far off my path. But I did see some problems. I needed to fix them as soon as possible. That would give me the necessary grasp.

I needed to review my challenges. This would help me to attain financial freedom. I needed to recognize what were the threats to my growth. What did I lack? I needed a clearer vision.

I could map out my living situation. I could reinforce all the positive elements in my environment. What did I need to do to enhance this situation? I could make positive steps towards making things easier for me.

I needed cues that could assist me to make the best decisions. This could even be simple things in my surroundings. I needed to take control of those things that were available to me. On this basis, I could address greater challenges.

I had consolidated all the aspects of my living space. I nailed down all the important tasks. This added to my sense of personal awareness. I started to recognize how my outside world could correspond to the my inner desires.

I looked at the map of my experience. I could see the evident gaps, and I was doing my bets to fill them in. I wanted things to be clean.

I wanted things to be fair. What did I need to do create the necessary balance in my life? I was sure that I could build from an equation. It would help me cover all these variables. I could enjoy the possibilities. I did not want any of this to occur too suddenly.

There were enough things that I could do to stabilize the situation. I needed to create stronger motivation in my life. I needed more energy to accomplish all these tasks. I wanted a different perspective.

What did I need to tell myself? Where was I supposed to start? I had been able to control my living situation. I was not into tragedy.

Everyone could admit to mistakes. These could disrupt the overall experience. I needed control where it seemed to be in short supply. What was missing from this plan?

Could I obtain more resources to keep things going strongly? This was not as difficult as it seemed.

I had been able to eliminate risk. But it continued to enter my activities. What did I need to do to offer a buffer against these awful threats.

I was exaggerating all these little things. I needed to sleep. I wanted to recover. Where was I supposed to start? This was not imaginary. I needed to make real steps. I needed to do this every second of the way.

I was not really part of any of this. This was not my situation. This was hardly my life I needed a better review.

I needed to eat. I needed to do my work. I wanted to show results. What was missing from this picture?

I was looking for reassurance. I would have to destroy things in order to create. I did not like that vision. It was not supposed to go awry.

I couldn't listen to any negative commentary. If I needed to sit in a chair all day to avoid terrible influence, that was what I would do.

I developed this greater commitment to my person growth. I was getting more done in the day. I needed to live in the moment. I could not worry about the consequences. As much as this careless attitude seemed to be enough of a motivation, there remained so many impediments to my transformation.

I was holding on to old ways of thinking. I was not adding enough enthusiasm to my personal enrichment. What was missing? Was I not looking closely?

I had been too sympathetic to myself. I needed to make a real effort for change. How could I possibly do that if I kept doing the same thing over and over again. I needed to close the book and become more involved in the world around me.

I needed a clearer definition of everything that I was doing. That would help me to eliminate the excess. I could concentrate on what was necessary. I could eliminate mistakes.

I was not sufficiently prepared to accelerate these changes. I was so caught up in doing the same things over and over again. I was tolerating all my bad habits. This could not continue in this manner.

Real change could be a difficult thing. We were made to lock in habits. Our bodies developed by reinforcing this connection. I needed to break this lock. What was it going to take to offer me a different path?

I needed to reach deeper in myself. I needed to understand the basis for my actions. How could I recognize what was necessary for my advancement. I needed to eliminate all the poison that was inside. How did it function in that manner?

I could find clearer guidance. All these factors together were emphasizing my demise. I needed to find a way to break this hold. How could everything become evident for me?

Had I planned for the eventualities? What could destroy my program? I didn't want to think that I was contributing to its demise.

I had a detailed script for myself. What was missing? I needed to take more time to try to understand what were the obstacles. I was motivated from the moment that I woke up. But something was destroying my confidence. I had reviewed every issue. There should have been no reason for this result.

I realized how I setting these artificial deadlines for myself. But I did have work to complete. I needed to make sure that it would get done. That reinforced my concerns. I had the skills. I had the correct attitude. There should have been nothing that would prevent me from realizing my goals.

I couldn't very well threaten myself. I needed to find the best solution. What were my alternatives? All that mattered was total certainty. I could recognize the possibilities. I would achieve.

That was a terrible way to look at things. I wanted to understand.

There needed to be other ways to see this. This was not all about what was inside. There needed to be another perspective. I could rearrange the elements and come to a different conclusion. Would anything change if I stayed like forever?

I needed to make a deal with myself. What was missing? How could I prevent myself from achieving a total awareness? I was betraying my vision. I lacked sufficient knowledge.

This could only result in my failure. It was not meant to be like this.

There was something missing from this picture. I did not have enough juice. Perhaps, I had been too lenient with myself in creating a viable option. That did not diminish the skills that I could apply to my transformation.

Why did I need to be a part of this? It could be much simpler. What was getting the in the way of self-realization? I did not recognize the actual powers that remained open to me.

None of this seemed possible. I was doing enough to prepare myself for what awaited me. I knew what I could offer the world. And it was evident. What was missing?

I needed to generate enough energy in myself. I was becoming tired too easily. There were enough things getting in the way of strengthening the plan.

Where did I start?

I wanted something to lead me along. I was looking for a sign. It was never going to happen in this way. It was necessary to take precautions. I saw some potential problems. I could walk outside. I needed to thrown myself into the world.

I didn't like it this way. I couldn't deal with these interruptions. What was interfering with my emergence? I was not reflecting my experience.

How could I explain myself? I needed improve the system. What was absent? Where was this explanation? What was not available? My planning sheet seemed empty.

There was nothing that I could say to document my experience.

I wanted an order. I did not want to be challenged by the random. I was successful in expanding this space. I could stretch myself. I would admit to more power.

There was so much chaos in this realm. This needed to be cleaned up.

Why would the space interrupt with my ongoing meditation? I needed a stronger insight. I did not want to think that my hesitation was preventing me from moving on.

What was not there? I did not want to design my space. I wanted to empty out all the abstractions. I would just see the immediacy. That was all that was necessary. I was adding too many factors to this perspective.

I couldn't independently accommodate with an idea. It needed to be manifest. I wanted it to be active in the moment. I was letting my plans destroy this awareness. It could not come from outside of itself. I needed it to exist in the moment.

I had been living my history, but there was really nothing here. I was too immersed in my questions.

I did not want my living space to remind me of other experiences. I wanted it to energize events that were occurring in my world. I wanted it to tie together all these possibilities. I needed something to take me out of my darkness.

I had built from this view. I was not looking for something to interrupt my thoughts. I needed action. I felt something vibrate from within.

Where was I? I knew this room too well. I needed it to remain like this.

What did I need from myself? What were the rooms in my hell? There were too many accidents interfering with this space. I was trying to accord with a prearranged idea. But that had nothing to do with my life as it was. I needed to capture these moments, so that I did not exhaust my resources. This all happened so quickly.

I was afraid to do this on my own.

I did not want to participate. I wanted everything to happen in the moment. I did not want to go backwards. I did not want to destroy. I was too hesitant.

I WANTED TO BE HOME

How did I turn off these things that were all on. Did my body go along with these temptations?