

HANDS

["Hands up."]

["Hands down."]

"I think it comes down to pretty much the same thing. The only way that you can increase your return is by adding value. And you add value by enhancing your product. It seems to increase the return. But the only way that you can enhance value is by adding labor. When you increase labor, there's greater stress on your profit margins. But that is the source of your profit margin's. People are buying more, and more of their purchases returned to you."

"You manipulate the labor market to increase the return for the owners. And you transform it into one where the owners are not succeeding. The illusion of prosperity is always outside your reach."

"You have truckers who are struggling to pay for their insurance and gas. They look at their take-home, and it's less and less. They work harder. But they can't find a break. And all the money goes back to the brokers and the owners. For them, it looks like a killing. Those who add value think they can corner the market. But they're doing more work by themselves. The only way they can succeed is by taking on help."

"That assistance costs money. Therefore these enhancements need to occur at a better rate this improve the overall picture. That is the belief. But these new workers are making less. Meanwhile, those who supply essential services take a bigger hit. Companies consolidate. Workloads increase. The return is less. Some people think that the opportunity for work provides liberation. That's how the system survives. It provides the illusion that overtime compensate for lack of actual compensation during the day."

"What does this have to do with me? I'm trying to forget all this. I work harder and I get less. I'm driven down. I fight back. I try to find some coherence in this situation. I'm running the show. I'm writing the script. Do I need things to move any quicker? How could day? This is the only choice I have. I need to explain this I need, to get you on board."

"Reunion appeared to have this unique energy. What was the source? Everything radiated out in the center. What was this wild energy that emanated from the court. In some respects, it was totally the opposite to the expectations that most people brought to this place. Those on the other rings were looking for satisfaction. They could find ways to gratify through desires. They could draw others in the scheme. They would all work together to create this other vision. But it would still be based upon personal gratification. It would enhance itself over the collective. These people might act as if there was some kind of cohesive social connection. In someways you're wise. In many were here as tourists. They were people at an amusement park looking for rides. Sometimes they would find ways to enhance their adventures. They might even assume that this was the foundation for the experience. They would be locked in the bathroom cutting lines of coke."

The very experience contradicted the idea of an energy force. Sure, people would feel the attraction to this experience. They would even look back at it finally. But everything distraction. Everything took the individual away from a deeper exploration. There were some who felt that sensation was a clue to something else. Unless we draw them to the place again and again. This

was their art. They not only had inspiration. They felt as if they were participating in some form of creation. In the surrender of the self. But there was so much more involved in this understanding.”

“Indeed, this created a wonderful tension within the situation. It could inspire a visual artist or a musician. People could feed on that creativity. But it was still too much of a connection to the outside world. If this was a mystical experience individuals needed to let go. They couldn’t find satisfaction. They couldn’t find answers to the questions. These questions. They would have to surrender to the experience. For the truly adept, this might seem like a spiritual awakening. These supernatural energies could engage in individual in this liberating experience. Despite the appeals of facilitation, there was still something that was missing. What was that? The individual was still seeking a spirit as a reference. This was a kind of launching pad. Despite its own appeals, it was putting the way towards some thing else. These were signs. Everything moved in a prophetic way. The actual experience only had a limited connection to the overall revelation. In some cases, you seem. These rituals might also be tied to the artificial nature of these experiences. This sensation with an awareness similar to meditation. These meditative moments would engage the individual. The person would float off into the netherworld. But there was something else. It was something else that was entirely enlightening. This was the center of the action.”

“Did this force offer a place of power. From afar, this seemed to radiate its magnificence. And that alone made the experience wondrous. The spiritual heirs seemed to pass the torch to those who were willing to venture further. From tonight, the center seen formless. It was almost as if no one was there. On any of the outer rings there was this intense energy that only increased as an individual moved further and further towards the center. In the center position did the power seem to dissipate? Why did the world exist in this way. There must be something. What recorded that otherness with a greater intensity?”

“This was a total denial of any kind of spiritual experience. You could not refer it to something else. It could not exist in another place. Nevertheless, the closeness to the center made the self to me so much more. She could walk away with this sensation. Go. It was almost as if there was a discipline that was necessary to prolong the overall experience. Any attempt to use some form of mediation lived up the promise. Otherwise, for those who seem to approach the center of the attraction held them together in a powerful connection. This was a deep contradiction exhibited by this place. What was going on? How were people participating? What was the center of this illusion. The overall intent was to escape these forces.”

“It’s critical. Your experience even though some people are used to some kind of support They reach for support. What was the inherent contradiction existed here? Indeed, why was there a stronger? Eventually that tension would dissipate, and the self would lose focus.”

“This was the liberation of the individual. It was worthwhile documenting this experience. It did not exist for the purposes of telling. But it was not like other experiences. It was not predicated upon an encounter with objects. It went beyond that. It was almost marked by a kind of transcendence. It was a different kind of encounter with being. The overall theory seemed to be based upon understanding of social dynamics. This was a place to contemplate world. How did the center radiate from this magnificent energy. It wasn’t unique, but this was another stage in this kind of at the station. What held it together? What made it? How did the

individual attain greater insight. It was important to understand that this was not the actual revelation. It was only a step towards something else. Under the circumstances, it could be particularly difficult individuals believe that they shared a deeper connection. These feelings might even be rooted in artificial practices. But that wasn't the real source of this knowledge. How is it possible to go further? What would the terms be such an apprehension? On the surface, the model seemed evident. There were these forces that manifested themselves on the outer rings. Deeper inside, there was a greater sense of realization. How did it move beyond that? What else was here? It's create an alarm. This was enough to support the promise."

The individual needed to push out further. In some respects, this understanding pointed to the importance of the writer. The writer wasn't documenting experience as much as living. This created an important challenge. If the words only went it to some other kind of experience, it appeared to be independent from this apprehension. What was the individual feeling in the space? It was the source of innovation. This became an even more intense exploration. It wasn't an exaggeration. He was the very appeal that seemed to drive the individual along. How did that even work? In some cases, artificial stimuli seemed to draw the person in this context. For others, there were involved in dance expression based on extreme realization inspire by the music. But it wasn't this at all. It was a particular abstraction from human experience that was able to prolong by a collective awareness. The individual participated in this constructive activity."

"What provided the impetus for this realization. This was the essential understanding for the creator. It may not have been enough. How did the writer remind the self of a more enhanced process of discovery? The writer needed to wait for clearer results. This was all part of the collective encounter. Individuals were moved along by these possibilities. There were magnificent machines that made everything ago. The self was never enough. Where did this encounter go? How did it progress? How could participation make itself known. If the challenges were that great, it turned back one way. Always more than a promise. There was something else going on. But everyone was looking for white out. They wanted results. They wanted to walk away with some kind of treasure. What does that even mean under the circumstances. The self saw these obstacles. It could've been enough to abandon the journey. But this was just the beginning. For her part, Jordy immerse herself in these possibilities. She wanted us to express her own creative process. But she was like so many others. She felt hesitant to share what she had found out. The results inhered only in this one place. There was nothing else here. What was the problem? What was the danger? Why were people tossed back-and-forth among these currents."

"This could've been the occasion for a greater revelation. Jordy felt that she could channel is powered through the body. Power of touch set everything. She can open up this encounter. She could recognize others problems following through. She was not seeing this from the center. But she recognized how each person created a power. What? Why was it worthwhile pursuing this path? There were so many more concerns. Where was it going?"

Jordy wanted to make the night into some thing exemplary. She realized each success only demanded further manifestation. She was showing her self for what she was worth. She understood that balance in a very deep way what was the basis for that assertiveness? This was some thing unusual about the character reunion. She let herself be guided by touch. This took her to the edge of self expression. At the moment that she realized her integrity, she surrendered it to

the moment. This was the challenge that she derive from the situation. If she repeated the same thing after night she was giving herself away, and this seem to dismantle her integrity. How she could she achieve sense of self-worth if she wanted touch to be so essential to her personal development.”

“This created a conflict. For the moment, she seemed totally involved in the experience. But the next day, it would all be different. And she would hold on to see if this time she was truly in control. It would be that one moment when everything seem to come together. Nothing seem to matter except for that exuberance. Despite that understanding, she was still caught up in the dazzle. They would appear to differ what she was looking for. She wanted nothing less. And this was everything. She consider these challenges. She thought about was surrounded how was she losing her focus. There’s a certain sense of desperation that motivated her personality. That sense of resignation I can’t even more intense. She did what she could to resist. She felt that strength on her part. But there is something in her way. She could feel and moment of her grad. She didn’t want to be alone. She didn’t want to let go. But the feeling was prevalent. And she didn’t want to abandon it. It seems like everything in the more they seem to be the same for everyone.”

“What do you want for me? I’m a physical being. I can’t explain my origins. I do what I do. Was that how it worked, but in the opposite way. You had origins because you explained them. You had a purpose because you asked questions. This very dynamic creative personality. I gave meaning to experience a person couldn’t avoid a commitment. But there was also the sensation that seem to result from the feeling of isolation. So Jordy balanced those moments for what they were worth. It was all about the perfection that was felt in the moment. Even if I didn’t have that kind of resistance to begin with, the approaching rotation the added insight.

“ She was talking to me, and I could feel her being influenced by my spirit. For that moment, this was everything. I couldn’t let it go. It was burned on my brain. These kinds of impressions were everything. But they seem to dissipate. What was left? What was possible? There was this moment of suspense. She squeezed my hand tighter. Even know who I was? Or is she asking me some thing and I couldn’t answer for myself?”

“It became a serious concern. Would have I understood? Did made sense? There was another aspect of this experience that made more sense. But there were these gaps everywhere. This added to the confusion. There were different stories happening at once. Jordy could see it all slipping out of her grasp. Even if she held tighter it wouldn’t make any difference. It would all fade to nothingness. I just wanted one person to understand and care. What was this the motto? How can anyone sustain it for very long? These words would be said and forgotten. Thus, they can repeat it again and again.”

“This is the guy that I’m going home with. This is the guy who I don’t know. This is the guy who is going to shine a light on the hollow of my existence. And that was that. That was everything that was occurring here anymore. I felt as if I was way beyond that point. But I wanted to hold on. I wanted to give it sense. Is that wouldn’t meant to come to this place. I would get caught in this explosiveness. I would lose myself. What is that even part of any of this. She already was performing this again and again. How many people had she told the same story to? How many people listened? How many people fulfilled the script? What did she really need? She didn’t want fantasy. She needed a reality. How did that work?”

“The same voice was haunting me. They seem to play everywhere. That was the very

feeling that she had. That's why she felt lost. She tried to get a hold. She try to control her confusion. It was all physical. Everything physical manifest itself in the mornings. It exploded in a certainty. I wanted to play along. I want to be part of this. I wasn't even that close. No one was. Who was the ghost in Jordy? How did that even work? I felt as if I had touched her hand. I knew in the moment. I had known the certainty. I explored the certainty that would come after. It was all connected in a pattern."

"What made things seem right? Just trying to figure it out. I was trying to make sense of unusual situation. Who was guiding me? Majority lost her way,? When will I see her again? When will anyone see her again. She was here, then she was gone. They were so many things to work out. That was how everything worked out. It was more than a little explosive."

"I could feel that sensation. Made sense to me. I had already been over this ground. We all had. There would be a moment that Jordy would close the door. I realize that she had been here. But she now disappeared into the darkness."

"Was I becoming like everyone? Do I need this connection? Did I need to be in this place? How did that even work? I felt as if I had some kind of coherence, but I couldn't hold it together. There was one night we were living between the moments."

Kyle had a confrontation with someone at the door. The person didn't have his ID. And he kept arguing. Kyle recognize will need to be done. He took a breath, and he pushed him out the door. And Kyle was looking to Ryan for help. Ryan had the one guy in a wrestling hold. But the guy was struggling. And his friend suggested to Ryan that he needed to take a breath. When Ryan let up, a guy put a knife on him. That meant that Ryan and Kyle both needed to be more vigilant in subduing these two characters."

"I knew this was happening. I was affected by it all. How was I involved? Jordy wasn't here. She was seeking validation for her identity. She was at home doing work. She was getting ready to go to work in the morning. What else was going on here? It was a story?"

"What was the beginning of interaction at Reunion? In what way did it rely on human touch?"

Jordy was offering an invitation. It was possible to lose the self in this adventure. This became a challenge for the storyteller. How was it possible to relate to this tale in an appropriate manner that gave credibility to the person who is being observed for the time being. Jordy was trying to take back the story. She was trying to assert her integrity. At the same time, she was losing her self in this experience. She faced a contradiction. She wanted to go along with his elbow. But she felt the appeal of the moment. She couldn't explain what was going on. She became immersed in the situation, and she invited others to participate."

"Was I losing my focus? If I went along with my story would it compromised. It suggested that I lacked sufficient objectivity. But I felt as if I was totally submerged in the object. That provided me with my inspiration. Why did I go along? Why did I lose myself in the situation. I was face-to-face with Jordy, and she seem to be telling me something. Was I supposed to revise the presentation? I wasn't here to criticize. I wanted to move things along. I wanted to strengthen the dialogue."

Jordy reminded me that no one needed to know. But in my heart of hearts, I knew all too well. And this made it even more difficult for me. I gave into the moment for whatever that meant. I may not have been exercising my will in the best way. But that showed limitations. I

was looking for someone to help me make excuses for whatever that meant. There was enough going on in my life. It wouldn't take much for that little push. And I could follow her direction. Jordy was telling me not to worry about things. I had already realized with this meant. If this was a world where everything was permitted, I need to take it vantage of it for whatever that meant. I realized the advantages that were offered me. And then only added to my interest. I recognize this wonderful opportunity. In some respects, this was all that mattered here."

"We might've pretended that we were creating a new world. We were hanging onto whatever was available to us. I face these challenges for whatever they were worth. I felt as if they were crushing me. But I needed to get some kind of enjoyment for what was going on. And this heart ache near to be worth something, or something more than tears. So I followed along. I recognized the risks. And I did my best to accommodate. I could sense how I was being pulled in different directions. I was becoming something that I didn't want to become. This was how the invitation worked. This was how the story developed. We were all cold cold cold called we were all chosen if something important was going on I wanted my invitation. I wanted to be part of it. What did that even mean under the circumstances?"

"I realize how I was surrendering to the moment. Everything was about creating more excitement. I fell for the opportunity to make some thing happen. I wanted Jordy to take me back to her place. And then I could pull out my notes and start to ask her questions. People had asked me what I was doing at Reunion. I had similar questions for Jordy. How did she accommodate to the experience? How did she balance the world of work and entertainment? Everyone wanted the same thing. They all wanted to be introduced to the world. These gestures were her gestures are worth so much more Jordy was hardly any difference. She was caught up in the moment. She loved the wondrous possibility. It said everything to her. Whatever did any of that mean? I need to understand this better. I originally felt that my artistic understanding enabled me to separate myself from what was going on. I didn't feel like such a victim. I was running my own show. It's some thing didn't match year. What was off?"

"How could I figure out the basis for that and balance. I observed all the participants I was waiting for some thing major to happen. I was right in the middle of the situation. She already had no idea what was going on. She simply didn't have the resources. If someone was this deep in the situation, the only way to hang on was by enhancing the level of physical stimulation. That was essential for her. She was trying to come in to the same kind of experience. I didn't need some kind of artificial stimulation to engage me any further in this experience. I had my art. I had my understanding. I had my questions. I related to the physical world in a completely different way. I understood the science. What happened when the science could only be understood has higher states of physical excitation. How was I participating? How was I involved? How is he lost in the moment? It's give-and-take became all engrossing. What were the words that could give me a similar state of revelation? Or was this the greater illusion of the physical world?"

"If it was all appearance, and appearances only created temporary stimuli. After the excitation subsided, what was left? I thought about the possibilities. About my options. What did I need to do here? Or I want to keep it understand them to care. Could I ask for more from Jordy? I was so excited in the moment. It was driving me wild. That wasn't enough I could feel things locking in. That's some thing remains out of my grasp. Could Jordy supply that missing link?"

What would I have to do to achieve that brilliant understanding? This attraction might last a little longer. But I would be left with silence who understood? How did any of this make sense? I couldn't nostalgia guide me. I realized that Jordy was driven by this kind of impulse. Everything that occurred in the moment was enhanced by constant reflection."

"The self reiterated this kind of attachment again and again. I could feel it happened to me. It was the familiar taste. It was the fantastic meal. It was the song that was always rousing. It was a memory from childhood. Jordy was all of these things and more. She invited me into this world. She made me more excited. I recognize the invitation, threw me on. It was a constant wonder. I embraced the calling. I lived the wonder. Did any of this happen? Jordy, did any of this happen?"

"You are going to hear my story one year from now, and everything will make sense. It will become clear what we are fighting for. You will understand my dreams. I was in a place of privilege and I was cast out. Now, I want you to make me feel good. You were a writer. You were the other secrets. We all have a secret. This is what turns a song. It is what it makes me different from anyone else. And I would explain that to you. If I can explain what I like and you can give it to me. You can bless me with what I need. You can grant me the serenity over and over again. I am embrace that possibility."

We shared that lovely moment. I needed her to be more specific. She told me that she was doing a public relations job. She was advertising product. It was all about placement. Maybe, people would decide on the need for wellness. Or they would order some chips that she was pushing. She had T-shirts. She had beach balls. She had everything to advance her advertising campaign. That was why she wanted me involved. She figured that I could bring added credibility to the market. Who was going to challenge this?"

"At what point do we lose our street credibility, for whatever that could mean. She seemed to care about this more than I did. I only wanted to become more immersed in the moment. I wanted to live with the excitement; it didn't matter. I wasn't held by some kind of program. I was living for the now. I wondered about our contrasting aims. Did I need to dull my memory? If I lacked this protection would I be more apt to quit along the way. Her lips seemed to beckon to me. She ran her hands through mine. Was this what I was looking for? They seemed pretty flimsy. I had written all these books will need to come to this. And what did that mean? What did any of this mean to me? What was my intent. I wanted some thing that would last. What was the source of the per durance? Was it a manner of speaking? Did a unique way of seeing prevent me from moving on? I recognized the risks."

"Who was working with me? Who was helping me to progress? What was the intent here? I could've quit along the way. I could afford to get out, but I was here, and Jordy seemed to be what I needed. And I embraced that invitation for whatever it meant. I was in the only one who was taken by the moment. This seemed to give me greater credibility to our creative endeavors. Did I even understand? Or did it even matter? It was as if the dead were coming alive right before me. And each one had a mission. What were they telling me about myself? What did I need to add to this picture? Why would tonight be any different from any other night. If Jordy took two steps forward, would she be talking to someone else? It would have nothing to do with me. I remember what was going on at this point."

"I was sitting in the courtyard I had started to understand something important. Did I have

I had a lesson to teach? This was another way to experience of reality. Could it be reduced to a few equations. I only had to close my eyes and contemplate the interplay. Was this would brought me here.? My mission seemed clearer than ever: if I could convert Jordy, was the world ready to listen? What did any of this even mean? I recognized the challenges here, and I was pulled along. This only made me more uncomfortable. I was being left out? I waited! This was a forever. It didn't take much. It was only a suggestion It could open up a new way of thinking; it was the bridge to a different vision."

"You're watching us from the outside. Trying to pretend that you're not as judgemental. You're going to go down this road. It doesn't take much just one just deep disappointment. And you're looking for the only thing that seems to me and I think in your life. You get caught up in your own allusions. You love the stimulation. It's all that you can understand. And that's all that matters to you. It's the basis for your existence. It's what excites you."

"If I was reviewing my secret, it would be my desire to find total gratification affecting what people thought of me this would emphasize. I wanted to explore my physical nature with us many people as possible. I could feel my being spread out against creation, and I welcomed that feeling . Any moment of satisfaction only left me wanting more. I realized what kind of person I was. I couldn't contain my desire. It was limitless. I welcome that opportunity. I could sense the erosion of the personality as I gave myself to the sensation."

"Everything was possible! Everything was permitted! I surrendered to the loveliness of the moment. It was all about sensuality. It was heightened awareness. No limits these feelings. It reassured me, and left me wanting more and more. I could stop. I didn't want to stop. I never wanted to stop I could live this life.

"No one would know; he might ask for more. I can only give them so much. Do you know if these people respect me at all? How did I get caught in this world. I wish among others felt the same way. If they gave them selves to the moment, was there ever any accountability? Good things get pushed further and further along? I felt lost in this moment. I embraced it. I only wanted more. I marveled. I left the work cited. My body tickled. There were times that I told myself that this was spiritual. But it was all based upon total physical stimulation. I wanted that total explosion. There was nothing else in my existence I hated to think that it developed this way but it was so obvious it was nothing else. It could be anything else. I lived for this, and my desire obliterated myself in this moment. I may have been a little naïve. I may have given you some kind of direction towards the source. But I lost myself in the myriad of stimulation."

" I'm going to get nothing less. I loved its randomness. It will explode in a moment. This was why I was immersed in this experience all the lights are going off at once. I've got a wanna spend the stars. My body told me that all this was possible. And I embraced the lovely magnificence. There wasas nothing but a sensation. I couldn't ask for anything more. This was how it was meant to be. I accepted it. I am I needed it. I could barely catch my breath. I wasn't totally in control, but I could feel my body was pushing to the edge. How is this even possible? I was able to contain so much pressure on myself. Again this was all part of my awakening. I gave into the experience of it now. It was forever exciting. I wished nothing but this feeling. I wanted to stretch my body so I could touch this sensation. There was nothing more universal than this ray."

"How was that even possible? There seemed to be a permanence to this feeling. I was

giving myself away once I losing myself? I wondered about the sensation. I wanted to understanding better how would I become immersed in this moment? What made me like this? Should I even entertain my power. if I felt entranced by it again. It's was part of my assurance. I trained for this. I became stronger. This was the arrow of my being. It gave me something that no one else had. This was my wondrous home. This was my everything. In this possibility it was more than wonder. I almost needed a theory to explain it all. I gave it is coherence. What propelled everything along? It only made me wonder, and I lost some thing of myself?"

"I could phrase it in any other way, and this could only add to the excitement I remained in the permanence of this moment there is nothing but a sensation. I could even use these laws to enhance the pleasure. This was the secret. This was all that we cared about. We couldn't do anything else. We couldn't make some thing better of our lives. We were station we love the invitation. There's nothing else. I thought about this theory. I thought how I could prepare myself to make it even more wondrous. There would be a time when I couldn't do this anymore. I could sense that beckoning moment crashing down all around. I wanted to push it back. I wanted to get away. I need to escape for myself. I escaped by immersing myself even more in the excitement."

"How was this happening now that I surrender to this feeling. I wonder what it must be. I thought about the repercussions. Where was this taking me. I was losing myself. could I find the same form of self expression and other things in my life that scared me I couldn't find enough support in my world. I was becoming engulfed in this, and it prevented me from doing anything else."

" I could work, and I wanted to put all that energy out of my mind. I wanted to do something else. Only this seemed to give me strength. I loved it. I couldn't respond to anything else. This was part of this place. Was this the real secret of the Reunion. I thought that I was creating myself, but it took away everything that meant something to me. I couldn't blame that situation. I want it so much more. What did I need to recover my integrity? What could inspire me? How could I attain some thing more? I thought about the alternatives. I faced the oncoming force, and I met it with total commitment. I loved this. It was marvelous. It was everything and more. I was drawn on by this wonder. I immersed myself in it. It shook me back-and-forth.

"There was nothing but this. I wanted it all. More of my forever. I graced this possibility. I didn't know that the body could contain this kind of energy. I wanted to tell you about my little secret. I could feel it in my hands. I could feel it in my bones. I wanted you. I wanted you to explain it. I want you to explain it to the world. I want you to witness this for me. I want you to be part of it. I want you to be all of it. I want you to be more than anything else before. Can you do that? Can anyone do that? Can we all do that? I can't stop it. Never stop it."

"What is this sensation? What does it take anymore? We are all immersed in this feeling gives us everything that we are greater. I love it. I want it. It is everything that I can ever be anymore. It is my past present and future. And I love it as it is. It is my future beyond my future. I projects into it. And everyone else goes along. My body can predict the world. I am an economic miracle. The universe has to tap into the synergy. Where does it go? Where will I go? How can I take this? It is this wonder evermore. It will never stop. I am all eternity. I am the spirit. I am the way in the life. My desire for constant pleasure takes me. And nothing can stop it. Nothing will ever stop. Why do words give me such justification what is there about my world? What is there about my reality? It is all confirmed in the sensation. I love it."

“I couldn’t stay possessive us but I start to realize that it was all part of the gig. This was the New World. Possessiveness meant as much sense as any other kind of emotion. It described this desire to live in the present and to get the most out of every moment. For that reason, people wanted to hang on. I would’ve felt exactly the same way. If I was looking for pleasure. I realized. They would try to hang on even as I went to the next stage. A conflict. But it was all part of the motivation; it was part of the game. I wasn’t there to tease people. But I understood the power. In the midst of these experiences, I was excited about it. I think this was all part of reunion. We all lived in this way. Sometimes they’re seemed enough to go along. Other times resources seem to be lacking. And we would get a little desperate. That could be the source of the possessiveness. And I was right in the middle of things I let it affect me. Responding to it. I felt selfish. I thought is if I was taking something for myself, and I wasn’t giving back. But that’s how the game played the self now. And I got immersed. I was even more excited than I knew. This added to that sensation. It was magnificent, a little confused, but that didn’t stop it. Sometimes, it would give me an excuse to find someone else. That would all be seem to add to the game.”

“ I saw these people for what they were. They were weak. But if they were so weak, why I was hanging around in the midst of it. I was hoping for some kind of redemption. Whatever could that mean? What was I smelling?? I wanted to close all the doors shut or the windows. I didn’t want to see any of us. I didn’t want to be part of any of us I pushed for the road? Or did I need to understand I wonder. I was confused. I wanted to believe that I had not lost my focus. From night to night, I was performing for different people I was enhancing their beliefs. I just did nothing for me. I was losing my mind. If I felt that someone was becoming attached to me, it would only distract me from my goals.”

“If I was interested in some guy, I would lose it if I saw him even talking to another woman. This was all part of the game. Nothing was solid. I should’ve accepted this. But I couldn’t make it a go. I need to review. What was I missing from this picture? But giving too much of myself. This was something I could never get back. Into this place. This was how it always played itself out. Somehow, I would get rescued. It was almost pathetic. I was holding out for something important, but I would surrender for a lot of nothing. Right?? I thought about the challenges for me. If I tried to stay away, all the rigors of my life would bear down in a minute. I would realize how I was weak. Even when I reached this point, I understood where I was going. I was getting lost even more in this lifestyle. I had established a baseline of pleasure. I knew I was looking for even more.”

“I realized that I was thinking greater risks. It’s almost as if I was threatening my very existence. I look at the guys. Somewhere pathetic.”

“He would do whatever I told him. How do you say just the opposite. They were almost abusive. I liked the game. What did any of this mean? I was reading my own math. I was adventurous. And it made me more pathetic. I hated the fact that I had gone down this road. This was all that I had. So that I could be. I was violating my fundamental beliefs. It wasn’t as if I was confused anymore. I had treated by confusion by embracing something more dangerous. I hadn’t got into edge play, but I was certainly pushing the limits of my life. I was having difficulty saying no. I didn’t want to think of myself as someone else’s fantasy. I needed to draw clear boundaries for myself. All that seem to be a game that could change overnight. I didn’t have enough willpower to help me work through these moments. I got caught up in the moment, I let it just

quickly. I am graced it. I felt it. I loved it. I accepted this madness for what it was. It was an invitation. It was all of this and more. How did I accept it. I wondered if anyone could tell. I tried not to show my emotions. I always seemed on top of the world.”

“Nothing was supposed to be permanent. Everything was in good faith, and I could escape. That was how it played itself out.”

“I wasn’t being asked to accept guilt for what I had done; nevertheless, that didn’t diminish the overall feeling that I had. In a sense, I felt so driven by this experience because I was unafraid of thinking about what was going on. If I kept the excitement going, I really wouldn’t have to come down. Sure, they would be those moments when I would make up wake up in the morning, I was sluggish. But that only confirmed my desire to keep on with this kind of excitement. I could feel how it only became more and more intense. Why would I want to start? I was enjoying what I was doing. I was meeting new people. There were always new possibilities. I didn’t have to depend on myself for enrichment. I could feel it from my interaction with others. And I loved that sensation. I was born for this I might stay at home and feel restless.”

“How many movies could I watch? I didn’t want to see other people having fun. I wanted to fun to be mine. And I had found a method. I wasn’t the only one I didn’t need someone with dime store psychology trying to shut me down. I could feel my head spinning around. I could add to that feeling. There were times that I might question my motives deep; what was the basis? What was expecting? What was the revelation that I was seem to be out of my grasp? I thought about the alternatives. I could try to make some thing more of these encounters.”

“Some of these guys became friends. But I needed to be honest. None of this had anything to do with me. I wondered. There were enough distractions. Sometimes these photos of my life was nothing but a distraction that added to my confusion. I had felt that I had overcome that feeling. That only made me more committed to the lifestyle. At this point, there was nothing but a voice that made me creative. I told myself that I had a great singing voice. I was always so good at karaoke. I pretended that there was the perfect song for me. It would bring me to life more than anyone. To have any accountability, my lifestyle made me feel as if I was part of something. That almost gave me an excuse. Everyone around me was the same way. It was all this shading in our personality. There were no sharp lines. It was no courage. We only made excuses why we surrendered to the moment. And I was pretty much like everyone else.”

“In some moments, I thought that I was worse I didn’t have a program. I wasn’t protecting anything. I was just in the middle of things I was another witness. I could observe the forces of the moon. I could track their influence on my personality. I could shift is feeling back-and-forth what else was going on? What else did I understand? How was I even involved. I might’ve wanted to solution, but I didn’t see one if I felt that I had a moment of clarity. I was immersed in the moment none of this was a long range. I didn’t have a plan.”

“How could I describe my life any differently. It wasn’t a matter of shining a light on one aspect. I couldn’t pretend I already knew what was there. I wasn’t the only one. We were all pretty much the same way. I could almost feel my ego blend with that of everyone else. For the time being I barely exist. But I was turned on. I loved the excitement. I didn’t want it to subside. There’s no other way to think of my existence. I found an eternity in this now. That was everything.”

“I was not getting used to these experiences, and the feelings would change from night to

night. I couldn't map this all together. It barely made any sense. That's said everything. Nothing made any sense. I didn't make any sense. This added to my confusion. But I accepted it. And there were two ways to think about this. It was all too evident. It was as if I was waiting for the jury deliberate on my life. It seemed too clear; that was how it was. Was that tyranny? And I truly found freedom in my life? I had discovered some thing that no one could take from me. I thought harden in this realization. I couldn't let anyone shake me from this face I was living it. I might've seemed a little self-centered. So be it. I understood my focus I was attached to it. There was nothing else to say. There was an immediacy I craved I couldn't respond to it otherwise."

"I didn't want to be put on trial. I didn't want to be psychoanalyzed. I just wanted to enjoy myself. I only wanted to let things be. That was all there was to it. And I couldn't see it any other way. I was doing everything that I could to get my self back. I inhabited a world of matter and energy. I have the power within myself, but sometimes it all seemed so remote. I thought as if I was on the verge of touching I could uplift my spirits. But that feeling only made me more really needed I had to do to retain some kind of self affirmation. I was trying to be honest with myself. I thought that it had to do these feelings. I was in control of my satisfaction, but it was not working. Things were happening to me over which I had a little control. This added to the sense of estrangement. For myself, I no longer felt a sense of oneness in my body. To deal with that, I felt as if I was throwing myself into the strangest situations hoping that somebody else could give me some kind of answer. And that feeling repeated itself time and time again. Why did it work this way? Why did I get trapped by my own actions."

"At any moment I would tell myself that it was completely free. I was free to do whatever I want it. But an actual practice was only spinning around the circle. And that constant repetition only wore me down. Made me less."

"I want to understand how I faced challenges. And how did I have the strength to carry on. Did I have enough to discover myself? I recognize these challenges for what they were. I thought that I could open up the world with my hands. If I touched another person, he would understand. I felt that excitement within myself. I needed to do to advance that feeling? I was I lost to this moment? Why did I feel? As if I was being tossed back-and-forth by the waves? I try not to let myself be overwhelmed, but I couldn't catch my breath. My own desire kept getting controlled with me. It was making me desperate. From one night to the next, seem to be all the same. These crazy things. I was just letting them happen. And my life kept getting the better of me. I needed to rise above the situation. I need to show a clearer sense of what was present. What was preventing my recognition. I was face to face something. But I wasn't facing it for what it was. I wasn't reconciling myself with my own actions. I was getting distracted."

"More than that, I was fishing for a compliment. I felt if I turned on my charms, it would result in something more exciting. I was battling others for the same guys. I wasn't doing anything to him motional. I was caught clients. I wanted to believe that there was some kind of artistic awareness from my experiences. Having worked out that way, it was going on around me. I couldn't catch my breath. I couldn't find any clarity. If I did, I would know it."

"Give me greater license to continue on the same path. This would be good for me. I kept returning. I could've escaped. I could've found some kind of integrity, but it wasn't there. There was nothing hanging on. I was losing my integrity. Good night! Nothing for me now. What made me feel so isolated? I was doing this to myself."