

## RENEE UNDERSTANDS

His job was to make things fun for Renée. If she seemed down in the dumps, he needed to give her something to perk her up. Indeed, that would always be the balance she can rely on others to make her feel better. This was the purpose for the social circle. It helped everybody to feel better. How was this even possible? How could members of the circle lift the spirits of everyone else. This seemed like a major influence. They needed to be a foundation for this excitement. How could it happen? What magic was available to her? How could you find an inspiration I would keep her happy? By its very nature, happiness was a trap? Did it on the raise her spirits up so high that she wouldn't be able to maintain this feeling. She would eventually have to deal with her precipitous fall? What did Renee know that was privileged to her and no one else? It was important understand this gift. Was it simply an illusion? Or was she motivated by belief that had no foundation in her experience? She reminded herself that she had friends. Even though these people let her down now and then, they still had her best interest at heart. She could lean on them. They could all find that sense of elevation. This was part of her search. She had not made peace with herself, but she could quell these country feelings through her interactions with others. She loved that sensation. It helped her to escape. It helped her to let go of any conflict in her world.

She needed to reflect upon what made her different. She felt as if she was the spark of the party. She could sense that excitement when she arrived. She wanted others to feel the same thing. That enabled her to escape the doldrums. She could build on her fascination with the world. Why did she feel let down? Why couldn't she sustain this high all the time? She needed prodding. She needed artificial influences. Why would she left wanting? How could she alter the situation? She was looking for some thing deep in herself. But she also felt this intense hollow. In a sense that became the springboard for her high. She was so relieved when she escaped this feeling of gloom that she threw herself into the wonder of the moment. Why wasn't this enough? Why couldn't she break down this fear once and for all? For her, there was too much suffering. It wasn't all her doing. She saw it in the world around her. Every step that she made to escape became a reinforcement of that feeling. That only made her crave the lasting liberation. Even if they created its own problems, she embraced this opportunity.

What was absent from this picture? What could motivate her to seek a more lasting resolution? She observed these challenges. This was part of knowing her self. There were times this could be frightening. She didn't want to repeat her past. She didn't come here for a confession. She wanted to dance away every heartache, and that was gone once and for all. She recognized the dangers inherent in this philosophy. It made her vulnerable. She sought others just like her. They would share her misery. And she would feel saved. That seem to be everyone's dream here. There would be a moment when everything made sense. Everyone would be on the same page. And they would share this motivation. She would take it further. Her excitement could be contagious. When she felt the inspiration, she didn't want to start. She threw herself into the moment. Everyone around her felt the same way. They were all caught up in a similar enthusiasm.

She thought about trying to describe this feeling in detail. It might provide her with you opportunity to call on it when she fell down. She didn't want to waste all this excitement in the

moment. She wanted it to endure. She thought about the ups and obstacles to this realization. As much as she wanted something that would last, she also wanted an incredible lift in the moment. Would it be possible to reduplicate this feeling? She reconciled with this impossibility. For every second that would stretch things one way, they would snap back the other. She wasn't going to come up with it as simple solution. That did not diminish the request. She was caught up in this private moment. But she also felt lost in this public ecstasy. This sharing was everything. She almost felt like a leader. She could offer counsel to others. Her advice could carry them onto new successes. She could make everybody attuned to the wonders of the now. That's why they wanted her around. She was the perfect expression of public grief. They could hide their own emotions. They would let her act it out loud. That added to the excitement. But this also made her isolated. She was expressing all these emotions in public. She was giving witness to this experience. Everyone else was seeing it from the outside. That only added to her realization. It confirmed her belief. And she was there to discover some kind of healing. And she was spurred on by those around her.

In a sense, this was their partnership they work together. They found solace. And they let her complete the process. This also reinforced her vulnerability. She was doing all of this in public. She was opening up her soul to everyone else. She could be the source of mockery. There could be a whole ritual connected to her failure. Indeed, everyone was a witness. She hated this relationship. And what did she have to give to others? What was the source of her wonder? And it seemed as if this audience wanted a greater expression of emotion it wasn't enough to see a frown. They wanted to see tears. They wanted her to suffer. They wanted they wanted all her pain to be public. Each glance was not a glance of admiration. It expressed a sense of derision. They were laughing at her. She thought that she could be part of this experience. She could laugh along with them. And it didn't work that way. They seem to be tearing at her. They were bringing her down. She couldn't let this happen.

Everyone was supposed to be working together. In a sense, she saw something that no one else saw. They believed that they understood societal oppression. But everyone approached it as fun and games. She couldn't see it and quite the same way. It wasn't so much that she hated her life. She just hated what was happening. Each night, she felt that this would be the one that would help her to forget once and for all. She could find the courage to place all the bad experiences behind her. She could live in her triumph. Even that thought had its downside. What was she giving up to attain that insight? What was she leaving out of her encounter? If she felt that she was seeing this full picture. There was no victory that didn't ring with it all the sadness. If someone truly thought that she could get rid of the sadness, Renee was there to remind them what was going on. On this basis, she might feel seem like a bother.

She was interrupting their comfort. She was a threat to their beliefs. She took away everything that they wanted to hold onto. In a sense, this was a lasting competition. For every effort that she try to make in one direction, there were these counter forces that we were pulling her in the other. That was all part of the difficulties. How could she live as one in the moment. Why did she feel as if she had been cast out of Paradise? In a sense, this awareness was enough to drive her back to the paradoxical state. That was all that ever mattered. If she felt restrained by her past, she could find total freedom in the present. She just needed someone else to give her that push. What was it based on? What were the origins of this sensation. She didn't want to be

anywhere else. She didn't want to move. She wanted to remain with his feeling. That seemed perfect dinners in itself.

There was nothing else to think about. She remained in that haze. That was how it was supposed to be. No one could touch her. No one could affect her. This had nothing to do with anyone else. There were these kind of free feelings where she wanted to immerse herself in the flesh. She had been given a mission. And she gave to this wondrous inspiration. It was her everything. And she looked to others to keep her on track. They would want to touch that magic. They would want to know the permanence. She would bring them just close enough. Then she would send them back to where they had come from. She wanted to feel the heat. She didn't wanna experience their hell. It was that simple.

She was slamming the fox shut. She was saying no to everything that she had experienced in the past. She was distancing herself from all these threats. She need to work quickly. She wanted to finish everything. But remained? Or she need to clear her mind. She couldn't let this upset carry-on. That was enough. That would always be enough.

She hated the fact that she had to give so much of herself. This was almost expected. She knew that she had some thing unique. It still wasn't enough. She had a wonder. Did they want her saw? She was losing so much of her integrity. This never seem like a fair exchange. She gave up so much of herself. She was gasping for breath. She was stumbling over. She barely made it home. What was the real story? Why was she willing to take on so much of a burden?

It was as if she was trying to cast off her guilt. She was doing constant penance. She was afraid. Everything would crash around her. That hardly seemed like a fair end. She wanted to create objects of value. Her hands could move as if she was shaping clay. Her gestures were cast in stone. Her dance was so expressive. Nevertheless some thing was missing. She was giving so much, and she was getting so little back. How is it supposed to work? Or everything seemed exaggerated. She understood the exchange.

It would be the same again and again. Why was so much expected? She cursed her weakened state. Would it take her to this point? Why did she trust these people. For a while, they seemed to share the same concerns. They spoke a similar language. They lived for the same rewards. And she thought that she could be the same. I just like them. Some guys were so good at creating this picture. Everything in the present seemed to imply a greater return in the future. They adopted the language of investment bankers. They were talking about returns and outcomes. They promised future yields. They promised security. They promised a whole lot of nothing. She love that opportunity. She was waiting for someone to pick her out. She assumed that she was being selective.

There was nothing constant in these interactions. She was looking for someone who thought of her as an angel. She could work around miracles. She can make things happen. She could walk through walls. She had premonitions. She understood things. She wanted to share. If she was a supernatural being, what gifts could she provide some people might ask for strength. They might ask for a new life where they could forget their sadness. She could promise all these things and more.

She could give substance to life. She could reassure. For those who wanted material goods she was not willing to give up her riches. She could share what she had, but she wanted so much more. It was all about the gamble. She was working with other gamblers. She understood

the game. She would give a little in the hopes of getting a lot back. When that didn't work, she would try to offer more in return. She would try to get on a roll. She would try to make it happen as quickly as possible. But there were so many factors inhibiting that development.

"You were on the verge of some thing overwhelming. You asked for some thing that you could never guess."

She was an angel. She was committed to giving you so much more. That's when it started to mess up. For every angel, there were one million demons. And the demons would not stop. You gamble your rent money away. All of your life for a meager return. Your temptations would eat you up. The vermin would know in your body. You were way out. No one would come to rescue you. You would scream over and over and over again. Each scream would be a whisper. And each whisper was itself an exaggeration. These were empty gestures. She was trying to shake these troubles away. There would be a moment and she would no longer have to think about this anymore. She would feel eternal happiness.

She would be waiting there, and someone would grab her hand and pull her along. This was all part of the promise. How could she keep awake? How could she get what she really needed? She wanted it to be easy. She wanted a short cut. She would trade 1000 smiles. She would offer 100 kisses. She would offer 10 embraces. She would offer her hard over and over again. How did any of these things work out? How could she ever attain her world. What remained? What was necessary? She was so close to a resolution. She was so close to understanding.

That feeling worked its way through her. It was an electrocution. No one would suspect. No one was there to help. But she had loved that moment. She had given everything for it. And she would want it again. She sought that blessing. That would be everything. Why has she devoted so much of her energy to this. Would she be there to help? It was getting really serious. And she had left the bar. She had collapsed on the ground, and she was trying to get someone to help. She would text everyone that she knew. No one would reply back to her. She tried to live their emotions. She didn't want to reveal her weaknesses. But that feeling was worse than ever.

For that brief moment everything and made sense. She had been angelic. But she had fallen hard. Her body was still intact. Her pride was still there. But nothing was happening in her favor. She couldn't let her self be left like this. Surely there would be someone who would find her and get her back to her place. The next day, she seemed to remember none of this. She wanted to document all these things that were happening to her. It was almost as if she was preparing a court case against someone. How did it all start? What was the germ of this experience? Where was it taking her? She wanted to be more circumspect. She had a clarity.

What was absent from her experience? Why would she always getting herself in the situations? If she was an angel, she was supposed to help other people. But there were always guys intervening with a special offer. They were willing to offer to give their lives for a glimpse. In fact, none of this was accurate. She need to needed to review this evidence. This was the most obvious thing in her life. This was the thing that held everything together. She didn't want to leave that safe space she didn't want to give in.

How did any of this matter now? She wanted a cigarette. She wanted to drink. And she wanted to feel numb. She has been going back-and-forth on the same road. It was not offering any answers. She these risks. When she came to, the pain was worse. I felt as if there were

bruises all over her body. She looked at herself in the mirror. She didn't see anything. But she still felt that pain. It seemed a natural was sort for what was happening to her. What was happening what was going on? She felt as if someone was following her. And he was interrupting her concerns. And he was destroying those things I gave her meaning. This person claimed that he knew everything about her. He was going use this knowledge to break her down. He was going to destroy her. She couldn't let that happen. She had to protect her interests. They could take her to court. They can make her look irresponsible. She would have to surrender her body. She would have nothing that she could call her on. They would use her for medical experiments. They would find ways to steal her soul. Who was this guy who is following her? Who was he working for? Who were his allies?

Maybe, it wasn't happening like that. Maybe all her troubles were coming back to haunt her. That alone was enough to dissuade her. She wanted someone who could put this all into place. She want to feel supreme again. She wanted to hold court and have everyone surround her with magic. She knew that it would never happen like this. It would never be like that again. But there were still glimpses. All the princesses, princes, or paupers, or no paupers. And all the paupers were stark raving assassins. There was no place that she could hide. There's no place that she could be herself. She was stripped to the bone. If that was all it was, she would just give in. She would get a little of what she needed. That would be just enough. She couldn't ask for anything more. It would never be any better. How could she explain it quickly? How could she make it go away? She needed a better explanation. She didn't want anyone to bother her. She didn't want anyone to steal her things. She didn't want anyone to torture her. She didn't want anyone to scream at her. She didn't know didn't want anyone to ask her some thing that she couldn't answer. She needed total clarity. She understood the threats she recognize was happening all around her.

How could she ever find liberation? How could she ever find redemption? She sensed that hideous feeling work over her. She felt sapped by the blood suckers. And they were everywhere. In fact, she would empower them again and again. She would share her minimal talents. She would give up her forgetfulness. She would become one with nothingness. She would have nothing to say. It didn't matter. She would live by touch. She would go as far as she needed to go. Then she would start. And it would go on again. She would hear an echo in the night. It was closer than ever. She didn't want to be a part of it. Then it was everywhere. Would happen again and again. I would get so close. She would feel as if she was drowning. She would try to come up for air. None of this makes sense. None of this offered her clarity.

"This is all that mattered. I'll do whatever you want. You just need to give me something to help me forget. I'll give you anything you want. Just help me erase these feelings. I know you're adding to my hurt. Let it stop once and for all. It's getting much closer. I don't want to feel this way. I don't want you to be here for much longer. You made promises to me. I need you to keep those promises I need to get out of my head. I need to quit messing with me."

"How long is this going to take? I don't have much time. Don't ask me any more questions. These are things that I don't want to know I need your help. You're adding to the feeling. You're adding to the numbers. You're making the sounds change. This is some kind of aberration. You're treating me as if I'm a freak. I just want you to give me what I need. I'm in Angel. I can give you a shot. I can be your nurse. I can slap you. I can bring you back to reality. I

can give you everything. I can surrender myself to you. I don't care about any of this. None of this matters. This is going to go on forever. Let's do it over and over again."

"Remind me of who you are. What's your first name. What's your last name. Where are your bank account. How long have you been here? I have so many questions for you. I'm writing down all the answers. I want an explanation. Why do you act this way? This is shaking me up. You can't stop here. You have to complete the journey. You're so close to a conclusion. I was going to help you. I was going to teach you. I was going to read something to you. I was going to lose myself. I don't have enough words to express what's going on. What are you doing to me? Do you think you can get away with that kind of thing? You do it over and over again. Don't you do this all the time. Does everyone accept this kind of thing? Do you think it's okay, don't you?"

"What's your excuse. This is close to ending. When it ends, tell me that it's over. I can wake up. I can give you a blessing. I can thank you for everything that you've offered me. I can open the door that's been closed. I can engage this witching system. The gates can come up. I can be released. And it's all over. It's all over for the both of us. Do you know what I would do. I would lose my soul on you. But if I was already lost so many souls. And there's been so many use. None of this matter. None of this could matter. None of us is supposed to matter. Anyone who wants it to matter, it's too obsessed with mattering."

"I'm over you. I'm bored with you. I don't think about this. I don't dwell on it. I make something happen. Do you understand what's going on. You never did. You took the short term rewards. And now you're complaining to me. This is easy. You'll solve it. After you do. You'll act all triumphant. Like you killed a fucking dragon. Are you fucking kidding? I'm laying here on the grass, and no one's gonna pick me up. I'm calling everybody I know, and no one wants to help me. This is fucking perverse. Who the fuck do you think you are?"

"I fucked you over and over again. I fucked your identity away. And you won't give me anything. Do you know who I am? Do you know who I ever was? What are we fighting for? For this? It's not even worth much of anything. Take it for what it is. None of this is going to be worth much of anything. It's too easy to speculate. It's too easy to overcome. There are millions of bitters. And the bitters of the bitters. You don't know understand a word that I'm saying, do you? Do you? Do you?"

I'm starting to relate to this. She was the angel. Therefore she had a connection to heaven. And I wanted understand what his heaven was.

"She's waiting somewhere for me. She's going to give me revelation. I'll take it. Revelation, redemption, and resurrection. I'll take it all. If you are an angel, that would explain everything. It would explain why you have to suffer. You suffer so can you can use your suffering--trade for something more. You were trading your suffering for salvation. We all are here. Why do we believe? We have gone through such terrible situations. That belief is the only way to find redemption. Do you appreciate what we're going through? Do you appreciate what we're doing to you? Interrupt me when I'm talking. I'm going to have to work extra hard to make all of this work. I know you can send the money. I know where you can make it in. I know he can bill. I know who you need to talk to. These are friends. These are relatives. I'm taking care of this for you. I'm getting gifts. Sending all the gifts to you. I know this is gonna hurt. Don't bother."

"Shouldn't be that difficult. I've got to make a run. This is how I make a little more money. You'll help me fill in. I've got a think about this differently. I did the work to make this

happen. And I'll do the work to make it continue to happen. Don't let it fade. Don't let it crash around you. This is the last little bit. This is how we clean up. I want this more than anything. You want nothing more than nothing. I don't even want to bother. Just get me out of here. How can I take any of this seriously? Do you even know the difference? Can you question any of this? Take it for what it is!

"No one can help her. She doesn't want to help herself."

"We can take care of things."

"She can't help it. I used to be like that."

"What did you do about it?"

"I found someone who would help."

"No one is good at helping."

"That is not a nice thing to say."

"This is more of a nuisance than anything else."

"I want to get to know you."

"That is going to help neither of us."

"Why are you so down on everything?"

"That is how we all live it."

"That is not worth much to either of us."

"You can go help her."

"Why are you all talking about me as if I am not here?"

"Are you all here?"

"Forget yourself, and love me for the instant."

"This is perfect example of self-destructiveness."

"I am not what you think I am."

"That is a weird way of talking about it."

"What do you expect me to say?"

"Say what you feel."

"I do not have enough of myself left."

"You have to screw it on a different way."

"We are always wanted."

"There is a moment when you are not wanted. That is when I most identify with you."

"We see things in a completely different way. I cannot sympathize with you."

"I will offer more."

"I do not want to feel it. I do not want to think about my family."

"We are your family."

"Be truthful with me."

"How does that work?"

"I cannot be fixed."

"I am going to flirt."

"First you flirt, then you love."

"Do not promise me something that I will never get."

"I will take whatever you want to give me."

"That is next to impossible."

“This is not going to get me anywhere.”  
“I cannot make this possible.”  
“This is not going to help me.”  
“You looked at me.”  
“That is not going to help you at all.”  
“This will never make me feel any better.”  
“Where is this taking you?”  
“I only want to feel better about myself.”  
“That is not going to work for anyone.”  
“I WILL WANT YOU.”  
“How does that work?”  
“Do you like me the way that I am?”  
“That is not going to work for either of us.”  
“We tried.”  
“That is going to be all that you get.”  
“It is a series of coercions.”  
“You are going to need to become a more complex person.”  
“What are you walking on?”  
“That looks like coal.”  
“It is very hot.”  
“That is hardly cute.”  
“What is that about?”  
“I have been waiting for you.”  
“I am all the more hospitable.”  
“I love the flavor.”  
“Are you kidding?”  
“I am not desperate.”  
“What do you want from me?”  
“I know about guys like you.”  
“What do you want to do?”  
“She encourages.”  
“That is my mother.”  
“Answer that!”  
“I know what is going to happen.”  
“Where is this headed?”  
“That is humorous.”  
“We were having problems.”  
“That is cruel.”  
“This really turned out badly.”  
“How does that work?”  
She was in the bathroom too long.  
“She is sharing a secret.”  
“That is taking longer than expected.”



“I am giving too much of my body to this shit.”  
“Why were you bothering me?”  
“That is not going to work for either of us.”  
“Why are you messing with me?”  
“We love each other.  
“That is creepy.”  
“What is that about?”  
“I have an allergy to romance.”  
“That is impossible.”  
“I am falling off the edge of the world.”  
“We can share problems.”  
“I need your number.”  
“Kiss me.”  
“That is not a good thing.”  
“Do what you feel!”  
“Then let us do it.”  
“She is bothering us.”  
“Keep talking.”  
There were people who were interfering with her good cheer.  
“Where does this come from?”  
“What was that about?”  
“I do not want to give you something that is not going to make you feel better.”  
“Give me the simple version.”  
“You need to be healed.”  
“That is next to impossible.”  
“I need to work it out here?”  
“There are not that many people waiting inside.”  
“That is dirty stuff.”  
“That is me. I want it. I take it.”  
“It is destroying you. Look at yourself.”  
“These are not tears.”  
“I need to catch my breath.”  
“I need to stop myself.”  
“This is funny.”  
“I need to scratch that itch.”  
“It is funny.”  
“Do it for me.”  
“She kissed me. Then she told me to kiss off.”  
“You are being too critical about my life.  
“How is that happening?”  
“I am careless about my life.”  
“What is that about?”  
“Where is this going?”

“This does not belong with me.”  
“I need to get out of here.”  
“I am not part of you.”  
“No one is part of anyone.”  
“What is this about?”  
“Give me everything that you have.”  
“This is my number.”  
“Let me all it.”  
“This is supposed to offer a solution.”  
“Love.”  
“I want to get fucked up.”  
“This is not going to work for either of us.”  
“What about the Holy Family?”  
“You cannot make up this kind of stuff.”  
“Do not hurt me.”  
“I am not made to hurt.”  
“We are going to all hurt.”  
“WHY ARE YOU DIFFERENT?”  
“I cannot find my money.”  
“I will cover you this time.”  
“Where is this headed?”  
“To the hell of hell!”  
“I am told that I am a loser. I am not good at games.”  
“That is really funny.”  
“I want you to embarrass me.”  
“What do you have in your soul?”  
“I am having a great time.”  
“That is not going to be good for any of us.”  
“That is going to end up in a bad place.”  
“It is all marked up.”  
“I am all marked up.”  
“Give me another cigarette.”  
“I want to see all of it.”  
“Yeah, let this never end.”  
“I want to watch.”  
“I have given up too much of myself.”  
“There is not boundary in the body.”  
“What is happening in there?”  
“I need to chill out.”  
“I didn’t know that there were people like this.”  
“Join in.”  
“There are no boundaries.”  
“Where is this headed?”

“You are too possessive.”  
“It is fun.”  
“What do you want?”  
“Where is that headed?”  
“I am tanked.”  
“I need to do my work.”  
“What is this all about?”  
“That is not fair to me at all.”  
“I was on the verge.”  
She was passed out on the pavement.  
“I was trying to catch my breath.”  
“Where am I supposed to hide?”  
“The machine malfunctioned.”  
“Give me what I need.”  
“No one can ever get me what I need.”  
“Are you making this up?”  
“This is getting weirder than that.”  
“It is dangerous walking around here.”  
“Take what you need.”  
“I can never become what I need to become.”  
“I can give you what you need.”  
“You really are a fuck.”  
“I need to figure this out.”  
“This is probably going to repeat itself over and over again.”  
“Put the universe in a purse, and take it somewhere else.”  
“I love the smell.”  
“I am getting a little nervous.”  
“That is not perfume.”  
“I am rolling around in the dirt.”  
“Are you here to hurt me?”  
“You cannot blame me.”  
“I do not want to be affected in that way.”  
“That is not going to go anywhere.”  
“Great to hear from you.”  
“Those tricks never work.”  
“That really does not work well for either of us.”  
“She is not moving.”  
“She is not moving with you.”  
“Why are you complaining?”  
“Where is this headed?”  
“There is no again.”  
“She does not have any parts.”  
“Be a friend.”

“What is this about?”

“That is not going to help in any way.”

“Touch this. This is the focus.”

“Where is this headed?”

“They sucked all the energy out of me.”