

INTELLIGENCE

“I do want to be sympathetic.”

“Valentina is not doing well. She says things. And you can’t trust anything that says. She is not capable of telling the truth. She is being treated for this disorder. She can seem dangerous. And she makes it seem as if she is undergoing an ordeal. Someone is trying to kill. I am trying to kill her. She cannot be safe.”

“What are you trying to tell me?”

“Valentina is a very sick woman.”

“She told me that you would say that.”

“She has no idea that I am trying to contact you. She is making it seem as if I am an abusive husband. She will fo off on her own. I have no idea where she has been. She will be gone for days. How am I supposed to react to this? I cannot be angry anymore. She is diseased, It is all part of her nature.”

“I bet that she has tried to get you to hate me. This is al part of her method. She doesn’t know that she is doing it. It is all natural to her. She tells people whatever comes in her mind. But we care for her. We try to deal with these lies. We try to prevent things from becoming too wild. But I cannot completely control it on my own. Even if we try to restrain her, she escapes. We cannot use drugs. We try with treatment. But we also want to be as sympathetic to her as possible. Everything that we do is to help her.”

“This is a difficult ailment to treat. It is part of the challenges of mental health disorders.”

I wasn’t sure what to say. I was no kind of expert. He was hitting me with quite a lot. I did not want to believe him. But I didn’t know how to deal with any of this. This was very strange stuff. I wanted to sort it all out. He didn’t seem that threatening. He was very calm when he explained what was going on.

He didn’t show any signs of jealousy. He understood how she could be deceptive. He indicated that this was part of her personality. I couldn’t blame her. But she had seduced me into caring for her. Now, I felt that was all fake. I hated to believe that I had become so deluded.

I was seeing everything that I wanted to see. She encouraged me to create this story for our lives. And I continued to embellish that story. I would think about her all the time. She liked to indulge the fantasy. She would add details that made me curious. She loved to create that belief on my part. This was all part of her charm. She knew how to get into people’s heads.

Valentina has a unique skill. She could lose herself in the moment. The story would become more elaborate. There would be more twists and turns. She could get people to abandon their doubts. They would fall completely for her stories. Once she had someone hooked, she wouldn’t stop.

I was seeing it all clearly, but I did not like it. I had been fooled. I should have had more foresight. But I was being manipulated. I hated to be so vulnerable. Valentina played on that kind of bravado. She would find people, who wanted to save her. And she would make it seem as if she totally helpless. Her knight would run to her rescue. That would only cause her to exaggerate her distress even more.

None of this was real. She felt as if she was playing guys off against each other. That made her think that she was more together than she was.

“She will tell you anything. But she means none of this.”

That was disheartening.

“She’s made a lot of people believing her. They end up doing really stupid things. And she is not responsible for any of this.”

I still had difficulty seeing this as a mental disorder. She seemed self-absorbed. But that hardly meant that she was dealing with serious problems. But he emphasized the true nature of her disorder.

“She believes that she has this special power. Something supernatural. And he gets people to do really crazy things.”

I felt as if he was exaggerating her situation. It couldn’t be that terrible. I had met. But I probably had fallen for her tickery. That prevented me from being objective about her dilemma.

“She. I want to see her for days. She’s looking for a sympathetic ear. She found find some guy who’s interested. And she tells him that her husband is persecute her and she exaggerates every little thing. Period course, when I show up and try to take her home And the guy assumes I’m some kind of monster. She has done a great job convincing him of that. What can I reply? I can Splaine everything. I can even show bank receipts and photos. I have copies of doctors instructions and prescriptions. I’m doing my best to protect her. I want to protect her. Manager. She always makes it seem different than that I. Sometimes, she appears with bruises. That seems to validate her story. I’ve seen her threaten guys. It’s lucky she hasn’t been arrested. Just lucky she hasn’t been hurt.”

“Are you guys can really take adventure it’s crazy but she also does weird things to men. They want to to be with her forever. I’m surprised that most men aren’t more ambitious. But she has a way of working her magic. That’s why she’s so successful when she does it. She keeps up the pretense. And I’m just watching it all. I’m more helpless audience. Most of the time I have no idea where she’s doing. All these little things to try to resist definition. But she can get very aggressive. And she’s also very wiley. None of this is in her best interest.”

“And she thinks she knows this is. That’s why she comes back to me. She makes me feel as if nothing’s happened. I try to hold it together. Or I do my best. She’s got a way off either way. I will try to figure it out. I’m not her parent. I’m her husband. Down deep corner she realizes that I’m the only one who cares. I’m the only one is going to be with her in the end. I’m telling you this because I think you can understand. And the only way you can really help her is if you are patient. You have to try to set her straight; there’s no other way to see it.”

“There’s no way other way to see this. That your life is your life. That’s it’s like. And you can’t judge me. You can’t check her either. It’s the same for the both of us. We both have our crosses to bear, and we do the best that we can. I can’t blame her.”

“Some people feel that they are going to rescue her that was gonna transform the situation into something different. That’s what make it makes it work we see it as in perfect we work with what we have I can’t explain it any clearer this is unfortunate. It’s how we live our lives. There’s no magic solution.”

“We deal with it as it is. We do our best to grow. This is the hand that we’ve been dealt.’ It can’t be any different than this.”

I wasn’t sure if I should believe him.

“This guy says he’s my husband. I barely know him. I’ve seen him at the bar before I let

him buy me a drink one time. I really don't like this guy he's a creep. You can't listen anything he says about me. He's been aggressive with guys that I've been hanging out with. He's really possessive. I hate this. He has no reason to believe that I owe him anything. He's not that attractive. I hate hanging out with him. I don't know what gives him the idea that he can keep interfering with my life. It's almost at the stage that I want to take out a restraining order on him. I can't trust this guy at all. I have no idea what he's going to do next. Fortunately he's never followed me. He doesn't have my phone number. I don't know what gave him the idea that he could talk to him to you. I'm really sorry. I wish that none of this happened. You're not the first guy who's said this kind of thing to me."

"I don't know what allows men to think that they can get away this kind of thing. It's a crazy idea in his mind. And he just speaks out. It doesn't make any sense. I'm not weak. I don't want people to think they can take it vantage of me. I'm wondering what kind of vibe he's picking up on. This has nothing to do with my character. I can't blame myself for this happening. I think his already believes that I'm going to come through. I'm going to go along with him. There's no me question at all. He's creepy. He does know stuff about me. He knows where I hang out. I can't stop him from being there. But I have talked to security at a number of places."

"I warned them what's happening. They've agreed to help me. I don't want to feel like I'm in danger. I'm in independent person. I like to have fun. I don't need this kind of thing dragging me down. I don't know what he's telling people, that I have some kind of mental disorder. That's why I won't admit that he's my husband. He has no hold on me. He knows very little about me."

"Thank God he doesn't know where I live. But he still thinks about me all the time, and he has his act. And he's using it against me. This guy buys me a drink, and I explain the whole deal to him. Sometimes, this guy is entertaining me for the night. And this freak scares them off but give them the right. I don't even understand where this comes from. No one should be allowed to mess with someone else's life, and that why it's totally disgusting. I need it to end. I wanted it to end. I don't want to go on any longer. I'm not married to anyone. I never have been married. So no one should take it as his right to make these false claims. This is so scary. What should I do."

"I feel as if he's plotting against me. What else is part of his plan. Where is this headed? I do not need a monster in my life. It's that simple."

You have to understand the when she's in one of her bouts, she totally denies that she knows me. She'll act as if I'm some kind of random stranger pursuing her. She'll complain about me showing up at work. Just say that I followed her. She'll say that I got her phone number and was calling her all the time. Or that I sent her emails. She makes all these excuses to make me seem like some kind of villain. After her bout ends, she comes back home as if nothing happened. Sometimes, she barely remembers what's occurred. She got herself lost somewhere. She got scared. She started doing weird things. And she has no recollection whatsoever of anything that occurred."

"It's strange that she even feels this way. Honestly, it scares me. But this happens so much, that I learned to deal with it. I try to educate her about what's going on. And she makes an effort to make sure that these bouts don't occur again. But she doesn't have any control over any of this. When it happens, it just seizes her, and she becomes someone else. She has a totally

different motivation. And I do my best to try to relate to it. It can be so aggravating.”

“I really wish there were things that I could say that could make everything seem right. But it doesn’t work that way. There are so many things that are messing up with my efforts. When she’s resistant, she does some really wild things. Sometimes she gets the authorities involved. I’ve almost been arrested a few times. I can always explain things. I have the evidence. That doesn’t diminish the challenges. It’s simply overwhelming. No one should have to deal with something like this. It’s freaky own way. I do what I can. I’ve talked to doctors. I’ve read about her condition. I work to maintain her medications. None of that is enough.”

“It keeps developing to the same level again and again. I think she’s just as scared as I am. She doesn’t know what’s happening. She doesn’t know that she’s doing. She’s blacking out. She’s forgetting half of her life. It should be scary. She should wonder what’s happening to her. I wish that I can make it easier. I wish that I could tell her some thing I would put it all into perspective. It’s not even like that. I’m finding it overwhelming. She’s overwhelming. This is much too much for me. I hate it. How can this even happen?”

“How can people be pushed to this point. It shouldn’t occur like this, should it? You’ve met her. You know what it’s like. She’s flirtatious. She’s overwhelming. She’s impossible to resist. This makes it harder for me to help. I’m not going to give up on her. She doesn’t want me to give up on her. She doesn’t want this kind of thing to happen anymore. I think it goes back to her past. Bad things that happened to her. And she’s reliving those incidents time and time again. Those triggers push her into this new round. That’s how she becomes what she becomes. She is along by these forces. It’s almost as if it’s supernatural. It’s almost as if she responds to the cycles of the moon. I don’t want to believe that it is so. There’s a reason to contradict that idea. But I need to examine all angles. And I’m looking for an explanation. There’s a lot to think through it if I’m working from knowledge I’ll find an easier to deal with the uncertainties.”

“That’s the foundation of this relationship I need to have I’ve been understanding of everything that’s happening to me I want an explanation. And why is it lacking? Or do I need to make everything right? I want to figure it out. A lot of times I think it’s some thing that I’m doing. Am I failing in some way? If I did everything right, with this even be happening. I hate to think that way. But there’s reasons to reinforce that perspective. And every time that she disappears she makes me wonder. What’s happening this time? Why do I have to go through this? Why don’t even bother? How can anyone deal with such a burden? It seems impossible! It seems overwhelming! I never thought that the soul could hide mysteries like this. It’s a difficult challenge. I’m trying to develop a system. But there’s none. It all seems so random. The only thing that works is the fact that I’m hanging on. I’m doing my best not to get destroyed by this.”

“There are moments when she seems to be all there. And I use this understanding to try to help me through the worst. It can get very bad. She can go away for days on end. It’s next to impossible to trace her. I really believe that she has her own resources. She may have money. She could have a phone. She could have her own place. She could have a job. She could have all these things to insulate her from who she really is.”

“I still can’t find out what’s going on. When she comes back, she has nothing with her that would indicate what’s happened. In some cases I’ve been lucky. I’ve been able to track her down. I’ve been able to follow her. Even then, I need to be careful. I can’t lead on what’s really happening. I need to take the time to recognize my alternatives. This makes it particularly scary.

What are the real risks? What am I dealing with?"

"I want to believe that those wonderful moments are true. They speak for everything else. They give a meaning to my life. They give a meaning to her life. And love can conquer all. I love that sensation. I live for it."

"I want to explain how difficult things have become. I was afraid that she wouldn't quite understand what I was experiencing. It wasn't as if I welcomed this kind of thing. In some ways I regretted it. But I couldn't avoid that feeling. It reminded me how difficult this would continue to be. There would be no respite. I need to look at the facts. As much as I would enjoy her being with me, I also knew that she would disappear again. Unfortunately, this is all part of the experience. She came closer, then she again disappeared. She lost her focus. She disappeared she vanished into the darkness. Again, there was no trace."

After hearing his explanation, I tried to remain sympathetic. Who was the problem here?

What day interested I face. I found a story extraordinary. This gave him a greater degree of control over her behavior. I didn't want to just go along. All his evidence seemed contrived. He shared what he wanted to. Could any of it be believed? There was no reason whatsoever to think that he was offering an accurate picture. I had seen her I had talked with her. Sure she seemed inconsistent. But that was hardly a reason to think that she was that far gone."

"I tried to balance these factors. He had a real interest in attending to his version of the facts. But his exaggeration came worse and worse. I simply couldn't go along with the fact that this was all part of her life. I felt as if he was making it up as he was going along. It had only gotten more extravagant. If I let them talk on, he would add to the stories. I would just be looking back at him, and I would be wondering what he was talking about. It just seemed as if he was pulling things out of thin air. Honestly, there were times that I wanted nothing to do with either of them. They both sounded as if they were making up shit."

If he was his husband, and she was his wife I didn't want to get involved. If she wasn't, why should I expect that any of this to be true? I knew why he was holding on. She seemed very persuasive. I couldn't get involved. My resentment of him but only become greater. I would wonder why he was interfering in our lives. And I would become more preoccupied with trying to fend off his accusations. There was more than evidence that he's not going to stop. Even if I gave him the benefit of the doubt, it's still wasn't enough for me to hang around. Nevertheless, if I told her how I felt, that would only increase her protests. She reminded me that this guy was one sick fuck. And she want nothing to do with him. On this basis, I couldn't blame her. I was seeing something about the both of them that seemed ugly. No one was offering me any clarity. I kept on trying to learn that was happening here. But there's nothing happening."

"The two of them seemed as if they were at each other's throats. He seem to have a secret power over her. She would deny him. She cursed him out. There, he would be at the center of things. Nothing would've changed. That made it all seem more preposterous. The two of them seemed to be fighting it out, but none of this was going anywhere. This made me feel more vulnerable through it all. I didn't want to see it that way. I didn't want to get involved in any of this at all. None of this offered anything for me. I had already expended all my energy trying to be supportive at every stage that I thought I was making headway. He would intervene what was his interest? Why did I even feel as if I was involved at all?"

"I was losing my perspective. I was losing my sense of orientation. What was I supposed

to know? what was I supposed to figure out? In the back of my mind, I thought that the two of them were working some kind of confidence game. Who was giving me orders? What was their intent. I needed to look at myself. What was I risking? How were they going to take advantage of me? It hardly seemed fair. This hardly seemed right. But it was an ongoing affair with the two of them. I had heard about couples who seemed to entrap others in their arguments. It could get very scary. The intermediaries always seemed to suffer. Somehow, the couple always escaped scar free. Here I was, and I was watching it all. I was also being played. And I had to think that about was what was going on. More and more, I noticed her expertise. If I confronted her with this reality, she would shrink. This was all part of her methodology.”

“She was fighting to stay afloat. But this would eventually drown her and she would take everyone with her. And I didn’t want to be a victim. Not at all! This battle only became more protracted. At the same time, she would also vanish on me. That seemed to confirm his point of you. I needed to ask myself, how much time was she really spending with him? She kept on denying him completely. And I couldn’t figure out when they were getting back together again. But there he was again. He needed to make his plea to me. How was I supposed to respond?”

“There was not much they could do. I wondered how people dealt with more formidable challenges. The world seemed to offer promise, but people were left out on their own. Minor problems could turn into an immense mountain; the individual would be struggling to put all the pieces together. There was so much more to figure out. I was trying to recognize my role.”

“If I tried to subtract myself from the situation, she would only become more concerned. But, at that point, I would have to check out? There were so many things that she wanted to tell me. I needed to be a little more sympathetic. But I couldn’t let myself be destroyed by the situation. I was trying to set boundaries. The problems only became more complex.”

“They acted as if they were in control of the situation. Everything was outside of their grasp. Where is this headed? What were the source of the crash bang? How could people hold on. I wondered if Valentina’s actions could’ve been the result of some kind of brainwashing. Perhaps she discovered something important. And this led to her torture. But what remained was the shell of an individual. And he seemed to delight in the situation.”

“No doubt he bore some kind of responsibility. He may have been involved in deciding her punishment. She may have been trying to expose his actions. She could’ve had enough evidence, and he feared her efforts. On this basis, he did what he could to shut her down. She was helpless. She didn’t want to go along. But he intervened, and he made her this way. This is all part of the routine. Everyone was lost in this madness. Everyone was a victim in one way or another. But I looked at him. This extravagant story that he told could’ve revealed some thing else. He could’ve worked his efforts against her.”

“I was catching on only after the fact. That made me more suspect of it all. He had a great story. He tried up to Loose Ends. He had documentation. He could’ve made it seem as if she was the one behind at all. That was what he was saying. He was doing a great job. That made it more frightening. It wasn’t a question of what she was doing. When would he stop? When would he close the book. At this point, it became clear that I was believing her perversion. None of that, but just trying to dig deeper. I wanted to understand why he had described things in this way. It only added to my sense of wonder. Where was I supposed to find my sympathies? What kind of marvel remained? Ultimately, there was only one thing that seemed to matter. I thought of the

contradictory emotions.”

All along, she seemed to be fighting for some thing important. But she kept giving in over and over again. This meant that she really had an argument to support her position it wasn't so cut and dried as he stated. Nevertheless, she was much more susceptible to characters like this then she let on. I couldn't answer my questions about her. I didn't know at what level did she offer any kind of independence. It was all about the complaint that she had against others. That only made me doubt her veracity. There was a brilliance to this overall situation, but I was trapped in the telling. I was doing everything that I could to make sense of it all. Down deep, none of this was my story. These two characters were fighting at all hours until the end of time. My sympathies couldn't change a thing. Perhaps, I felt as if I had some insight. I was only fooling myself. I was only playing into her story. That was her self fabrication. Everything that she said only the added to the mystification.

Even though, I felt that I had gained clarity, there was so much that remained absent from the picture. I still wasn't able to close the book. He wanted to make another appeal. He wanted to show me what I was not seeing. I was too drawn in by her emotional appeals. I wasn't seeing the psychology. I wasn't being respectful of his situation. As well, I didn't show real concern for her. I was just interested in my own pleasure. That was how he played it. I was barely a part of the story. I watched it transpire. It had very little to do with me. But I wanted this to be important. I want this to provide an answer for me. There were moments that I truly believed this was possible. What was missing? Was I not involved enough?

In my understanding, eventually she revealed to me her actual situation. Any way that I spun this, it kept turning out the same. I wasn't finding advantage to any of this. I was only getting more consumed by her difficulties. I hated it to be this way. It was suffering. I was getting crushed. How could I get on my own two feet again?

“What was happening in my life? My husband was saying things about me. I didn't feel as if I could trust him anymore. But he tried to make me into the villain. At every stage, he be saying these negative things about me. I wanted to get a divorce. The house was in his name. And he constantly threatened me that he would end up owing me nothing if I took him to a court of law. He indicated that he was trying to make the marriage work, and he had evidence of me cheating. All of this was nonsense. But it's supported his work. He felt that he can intimidate me more. I knew that I had to put up with it. I hated to admit it. but I had to become accustomed to this kind of lifestyle. I didn't want to go back to poverty. Rent was crazy in the city. I knew that I wouldn't be able to manage on the kind of salary that I could earn. I needed to fight it. In simple terms, I need to make my way in the world. How would I lost my direction. Why did I think I love was enough. It never was. And he made every effort to hammer that point out. It's only made it more difficult for me. I would awaken to each day thinking that I could change things. But I knew what he was up to. I knew how he was going to mess with me.”

“So there's only so much that I could do. Every plan that I came up with came to nought. I hated to admit it, I needed to run away a few times. And that was what I did. I would go hide out with a friend. Or I go to my sisters place. Or I would disappear completely, and he would never find me. I recognized what it meant to face these kinds of challenges. This was all part of my sobering up. Love seemed to be the solution. But it was now clear that it was all fake. I had played the role of the beautiful little wife. I left my career. I closed off my options. Now, what

was I supposed to do? These opportunities were all past. He was my opportunity, and it had an effect on my awareness. It wasn't just my fear. The world was this unknown, and there was little that I could do to work things favorably. It's only made me more confused. I thought that I had his support. I thought that he was guiding me from day to day. Everything was working in the contrary direction."

"He was dragging me down. He was making things worse for me. He was playing up on my fear. I want to ignore what was happening. I wanted to pretend that none of it matters. But it didn't matter. It had affected me in a profound way. Try as I might, I couldn't do anything to challenge him. It's reinforced the fact that there was no outlet. He became more intimidating. He found ways to get into my head. I didn't know how to resist."

"Everything that he did was in his favor. I felt useless. This was all part of his method. I saw how far he was over the top. And it continued to nothing for me, and that enabled me to escape his wrath. It was almost as if it was constant. And I hated that fact."

"How could I grow? How could I enhance my identity? He wanted to tear me apart. He knew how to get down on me. And he would continue this attitude. What was next? I couldn't pretend that he was ever going to change. It was impossible for me to influence him. But his efforts of thought control continued. I was dealing with a professional. He was monstrous. He knew no bounds. On that basis, we battled back-and-forth."

"He would try to make me do what he wanted. And I hardly had the willpower to say no. He kept on with his attitude. He thought he was brilliant. He could force me to do what he wanted and I was helpless."

"The situation only continued. That made him more relentless. Here I was trying to make my own way. And he became more confident. That enabled him to twist and turn. He made his point. He affected me in profound ways. I wondered where I could discover an alternative approach. I wasn't trying to change the world. I only wanted a better situation for myself. I didn't rely on him any longer to guide me. There was no trust between us. I just didn't have the ability to walk away. Where was I headed headed?"

"Sure, I could avoid the situation now and then. And he knew it. He was hardly surprised that it would vanish. This was all part of the interaction between us. It was this ongoing give-and-take. I wasn't going to break down. I wasn't going to give in. I wasn't going to surrender to his way of thinking. But I didn't know how to oppose him directly. I would shrink from the moment. I would become frustrated. Eventually, I would go hide somewhere. This would be the constant experience between us."

"I felt the need to talk about this. I wanted to get all this off my chest. I wanted him to recognize my challenges. But he had this way of ignoring me. And it seemed to get worse. With each step that I took in a favorable direction, he seemed to counter my every move. Wow is he doing this? I felt as if he was reading my mind. What was happening when I was asleep? How was he affecting the inner processes of my brain?"

"Did he give me some kind of truth serum? Did he get me to talk while I was asleep? Did he ask any questions? I simply answered. I was asleep so I didn't even think about it. Indeed what was his method. I would look around my room trying to find a sign. Surely, there was some kind of evidence of what he was doing. I wanted to be independent from him. I wanted to throw off all these bad influences. But he was making me work against myself."

“ And this was the worst part of it all. I thought that I had devised my own way of doing things. But it wasn't like that at all. He was strong. He was stubborn. And I need to deal with his actions. If I had found a way customize myself to this tranquility, I might've taken more chances. I was simply giving in. I wasn't taking a stand. I wasn't doing what I needed to do. I was acquiescing time and time again. The pressure was becoming so much; he felt the need to vanish again. It was a cycle. Instead of facing the problem head-on, I kept postponing it, and that only worked in a negative way. I wasn't making myself stronger for some inevitable break. I was only remaining caught in the situation.”

“Under the circumstances, what was I supposed to do? How was I going to find a lasting remedy? I looked at this guy. I didn't want him to touch me. I didn't want to add to the vicious cycle. But I could've started drinking. There were times that I'd sit at the dinner table, and keep filling my glass with wine. I didn't want to make that a habit. I always felt that it was a wake-up call. Reminded me how bad things could get. But didn't want to go down that route. I didn't wanna make this change permanent. I needed to figure out a better solution.”

“There were a couple times that I tried to map out my escape. I took a piece of posterboard and a magic marker and charted out my course I found satisfaction in these efforts. It convinced me that I had an alternative. More than that, this excited me. I was finally going to make a break. But it didn't seem to work out that way. He would always call me back. He would figure out what I was doing. Fortunately, I was able to hide my notes from him. He had no idea what I was planning. Nevertheless I was too afraid to follow through. And he took advantage of that. He was punishing me just for wanting to leave. I wouldn't look at them him in the eyes.”

“I tried to close my mind off to him. There he was looming over me. He didn't touch me. He wouldn't had a glare at me. That was enough. He had made his point, and I had just gone along I thought that I could regain control. I made an effort. He backed down. He didn't seem as formidable as he had been. That was all the trick. He would come at me with full force. I wouldn't have a defense. I do end up staying. I put up with this shit. I'd be sleeping in a common bed. I gave him what he wanted. This was so against my character. I was losing faith. I lacked resilience. I lack the ability to counter his beliefs.

“hat only made him stronger. He recognized my vulnerability. He pushed me. I was way beyond helpless. I didn't have any kind of life. What did this mean?”

As time went on, I realized that I needed to be more clever. Surely there was some way to counteract his brainwashing. Sure, I felt unappreciated. But he was throwing all this back at me. He made me feel as if I was greedy. What did I expect for myself? He gave me credit cards. He kept me up in this place. I gratified my desires. Then I was turning on them. What does that mean? What did that say about me? I was so self-centered.”

“He was right. I need to make amends. I need to continue playing the role. And he loved all this. It really made him feel stronger. It made him feel as if he was in control. And it all stayed that way. I was living in his house, but we were living separate lives. Sure, I had my rights. I wanted more than that. I want to repay him for the way that he treated me. I didn't understand how. I was just going along from day today. Nothing made sense. Everything became more difficult. I didn't even know what it meant to hang on any longer.”

He had his own version: “I don't know what she's telling you now. But you can't believe a thing that she says. I have done the utmost to help her out. She doesn't even work anymore.

I've asked her if she wants to go back to work. But she just stares at me. So I do what I can. I want to make her life better. I want things better for the both of us. I can see what's happening. She's like a little lamb. And people just swoop in and take advantage of her. It's so easy on their part. She makes them think that it's all okay. But it never is. And I come back to pick up the pieces. And it's ugly. It's so ugly."

"I know that you've been a good guy. You've tried to play it fair. But she's trying to string you along. She does it with everybody. That's all part of the game. And they recognize what's going on, he said the guys getting mad. They try to take it out on her. They try to hurt her. They may not touch her, but they find different ways to devastate her. She comes running back to me. Or I find her somehow. It's all part of the terrible story. It doesn't stop. It has no end. It is on going. Two of us are immersed in this tale. Again and again we suffer. We are broken down. It hurts me so much. Why is she this way? What can I do to make it better?"

"I've given her everything that I have. I've spent so much money just trying to keep her safe. That still isn't enough. It's not as if we fight. She just retreats into her self. And I try to bring her out of the shell. But I can't do anything. We're both lost. We both lack the resources to make things different. This isn't about money. I have the money. This is more about spiritual resources. I don't know where to find the strength anymore. That's why I'm telling you this. I'm not expecting you to do anything. I just need you to listen. You seen it all close at hand. You know what she's like. You know what I'm like."

"I'm a good guy. I'm different than a lot of other men. I'll give my heart and soul to her. I'll give the world to her. And I'm not really expecting that much in return. I'm going to be here for her. I think that's what love is. I'm sure that she wants you to love her. She's asked you to love her. She's asked you to demonstrate your love. She keeps saying it to you. Where does it go? What does it matter? Is there any reason to believe matters. Where is your part in all this? Are you supposed to regret some thing? Is she trying to make you doubt yourself? She just lied to me all the time. I think it's sad. She's never going to give you what you really want. She's never going to give herself completely to you. She's always going to come back to me. And I hate to say it. You're being used in all of this."

"It's not really her. It's not really me. It's not even your belief. In someways, I wanna see that it's nature. Nature gives her the ability to do this over and over again. You and I keep watching this. And we get taken in time and time again. Of course, for me it's way beyond that. There's something else together. And nothing is ever. I know that she professes her love for you in this way. You have to know that it's not going to last. It's not meant to last. And I really can't do anything to make it better for you. I'm having enough problems trying to deal with her situation. I can offer you suggestions. Those same suggestions can go for me as well. But where is this headed?"

"When will this ever be better for you? When was ever be better for me? When will this ever be better for her? These are all part of our challenges. And I don't really see us working through this. It's just going to get more and more overwhelming. We're gonna be staring into space and wondering what's happening. This is total impossibility of making a difference. Simply put, the world is bigger than we are."

"Somehow she's tapped into that immensity. I have to say that intimidates me. It makes me feel as if I'm less than I am. That doesn't diminish my concern. I'm still there for her. I'm

still doing what needs to be done.”

It was hardly clear how to believe. I recognized it might've been advantageous for me to go along with her entreaties. She was so good at creating a picture. I didn't see myself as a victim. I was hearing what I wanted to hear. And she knew how to perform. At any moments, she kept adding little attributes that seemed to advance her perspective. It made it harder and harder for me to see things any differently. I did what I could. I didn't want to give her too much credit. At the same time, I tried to believe. Of course, she was telling me what I wanted to hear. But it was more than that. And she was giving me an image for life.”

“She was creating a promise. I needed it. So I welcomed what she was telling. It all seemed believable. It's only added to my understanding. I wasn't going to question her. I was going to go along with it. She excited me. In a sense, she was egging me on. I wanted to believe this romance. When she described her husband, he truly seem like some kind of ogre. And when we met, I still wondered about his nature. He was very good at hiding himself. He was a man of few words. But all those words were very potent. And he knew how to draw me in.”

“He seemed like an honest person. The same kind of attitude influenced her. So I could understand how accurate she was in describing his manipulation. But I felt as if she was letting this happen. She was giving him the license to keep on this way. That didn't leave me much to work from. It wasn't as if I was helpless. I just didn't know how to quit. The three of us were now caught in this triangle. And none of us could walk away. I wondered what it might be like for others. This could be a complex network of interactions.”

“She was at the center. She seem to be moving all the satellites around her. What were any of them thinking? I didn't know what to think. There was this guy who claimed to be your husband. He had a wealth of documentation to prove his point. But he could've been a great con artist. And she did everything to make me doubt it. Then there were the moments that I thought he was telling me the truth. She was has her husband. And she had been difficult. That didn't diminish his response.”

“He doing everything that he could to trap her. And the trap became more and more onerous. I wanted to offer my assistance. In a sense none of this was about me. When they were working things out between them, I wasn't around. I was only there for the aftermath. And that could be really ugly. It was what it was. When I looked at it from a far, it seemed like two monsters battling each other. When I got closer up, I saw how I was implicated in the whole story. It was almost as if I became the cause of this turmoil. But I didn't want to quit. I wanted to establish my position. I wanted her to love me. When she was feeding me with her flattery, it only made me hungrier. My appetites were getting the better of me.”

“She know how to push this. There's became more and more intense. I only wanted more. She gave me just what I needed, but she would never resolve the relationship. There's always some thing on said or unheard. When I really needed her, she would be gone. How is this going? What was the overall development. What was my position. At times, I thought that she was entirely devious. She knew how to work people. Nevertheless, it became impossible to criticize her. When I tried to call her out for her actions, she didn't remember any of them. She only remembered my frustration.”

“At times, I had become aggressive. I almost felt that I was the creepy guy. And there was this innocent character who wa trying to rescue her from me. How would I developed into this

person. I didn't even live with her. We shared past encounters. But all of this seem to be fading. It was all part of her grand plan. And I didn't know how to relate to any of it. He was this innocent guy. I was trying to tell me what was going on. I wouldn't listen. I kept believing when I wanted to believe. I could even trust myself? What was I willing to do to keep her?"

"I made my own notes. I made my own charts. I try to track her. I want to know where she was. I want to know what she was doing. I wanted to know what she was thinking. I want to get into her head. I want to influence her favorably for for my needs. I didn't want her to go away. I wanted her to be with me. What was missing from this picture? What part did I have in the story? I was too deep. I was way too deep. I was over my head. I was drowning."

"Were all my efforts falling? Was I ever going to come to any kind of resolution? I enhanced her character. I had made her seem more formidable. I placed my faith in her. I thought about it every waking moment. She was even part of my dreams. What is he correct? Has she done a job on me? And I giving in to easily? This all seemed hopeless. Where is any of this going? I need to assert myself I couldn't be taken in by her seductive qualities. But I was doing this to myself. I was doing the same thing to myself that she said that she was doing to me. There's only reinforced the triangle. We were all caught within it. We were all giving in to its control. I seemed to have nothing else to protect me."

"I was going along. I was doing it over and over again."

"In my heart of hearts, I wondered if someone was controlling all of this. Who was making us act this way? Why did I even care about things like this. I was just distracting and deeper concerns. Both of these people were involved in the intelligence services. And they ended up doing this over and over again. They did it to themselves. They did other people. This is how the system works. There was no real knowledge. It was all impressions. It was this massive network of impressions. Just as an individual felt that he was getting close to something real, it would vanish. That systematic pattern played the self over and over again. In that sense of helplessness in universe we're all battle for independence, and we tried to maintain our integrity. We were trying to serve for identities. But everything was tied to the same circle and everything was part of this performance. Each player believed that she was adept at playing the game. More and more, I felt like an amateur. I was giving into my dreams."

"I was totally prone to manipulation even as its facts were evident., I wasn't able to do anything about it. It was meant to embarrass me."

"That would make us more helpless to act. That would make it impossible for all of us. I wanted to keep on. I thought if I investigate this more I could find a system. I could've certain my identity. I could carve out a clear plan. I know more information that I got. The more that I was subject to the delusion. This was all part of her seduction. She knew how to play these lonely moments in her favor. I would think about what was happening, and I would keep coming back to her. This other guy was the same." In a sense, it was worse for him. He seem to have invested way more than I had. At times I was just on the outside looking in."

"I tried to make things work in my favor. But this wasn't about me. If they actually shared a house together, that was a big deal. And that big deal seemed to speak for everything about them. That underlined the notion that I was only watching this from a far."

"You can never be yourself as long as you're with him. Do you know that? You will continue to submit to money, meritocracy, and the dominant daughter. No wonder you feel

pressure. No wonder everyone around you feels divided. They cannot realize their identity without submitting. You've locked your history into this kind of thinking. It prevents you from ever being autonomous. You don't know how much you've lost. You don't know how much you've given me he watches you. He knows everything that you do. He totally controls you. There's no other way to see this. I can't help. I can't risk myself. I hate that's what he was telling me."

"For you, it's all about fame and money. It's all about safety. If you don't get what you want, you tell the world that you're afraid. Express your frustrations. You expose your insecurities. That's all there is. That's all there is to you. Even the poetry has faded away. It's surrendered to a bigger order. And you do not even grasp how that is happening. I want to help. I can't I'm seeing too much. I'm over exposed. No wonder every step forward is followed by two steps back. That's how the system works. You're not allowed to have any independence. You survive in these protectorates. You achieve limited satisfaction. You coast upon these dreams."

"But it's never anything substantial. You're always attaching your yourself to a history that is long gone. You don't even see the threats. You claim your afraid, but you don't see the real danger. Because you've gone along for so long. Everything about family, and everything about tradition, and everything about institutions are all linked to the same kind of understated anger and you're only a victim like everyone else. It's too late. You can't go back and change everything. Therefore you can't shape the future. You don't even know how to ask for forgiveness. You take more comfort around the guilty. All these achievements amount to nothing. Where is the faith? Where is the soul? Where is the spirit? It's all little performances. The bells are ringing. Are you listening? Do you know the tune? Where is any of this headed?"

"I have a team this place that is on my own. No one can touch me. No one can affect me. No one can change my mind. I have attained total certainty. I cannot be the toured deterred her. This is absolute genius. Nothing can stand in my way. I have absolute authority. This is my dream. This is my reality."