

PERCENTAGES

What did it mean to make the numbers work for me? How did this picture describe something that could be an advantage for me? This investment could break me down. It could wipe me out. How much was I willing to risk? What did that mean? I had powered on. I had left the house. I could feel every part of my body. I had given up the stillness. What was this flow? Was it distracting me from what I needed? I needed to recharge. I needed to keep on with my observation.

How was it possible to save? Wasn't it important to make that pledge? Where would this risk take anyone? Everyone believed that the promise of a great return was worthy betting the farm even if the odds were next to nothing. How could I understand this proposition?

Everyone seemed so meek. No one wanted to consider an alternative path. They had made that choice already. This was the brilliance of such a venture. They had seen their friends walk away with a fortune. Everyone was making it along the same path. They engaged history.

That perspective unfolded itself with a vengeance. The kaleidoscope was rich. It vibrated with promise? It was a matter of going over old ground. Would there be any other way to formulate the investment. Time weaved along this same path. It punished those who did not accept its portrayal.

Once, a person left the fold, the return could be intermittent. But it wasn't possible to go back. Everything was reduced to a few elements. This could easily become a road to ruin. There was a shining city in the future. But that was the very image, which had induced this alternative. And there was a danger that it would all be for nought. The dreams would be elusive.

"They tell me everything."

"What do you want to know?"

"I have all this information, and I can use it."

"Where are you going to take it?"

"It is going to work for me somehow."

"It is all about revelation."

"How does it work when you reveal someone else's secrets?"

"You were supposed to teach me secrets about economics."

"You only need to survive for one night."

"I am getting money wired to me in the morning."

"It is supposed to last me for a couple of weeks. And I have spent it all in one night."

"I have gotten some real shit in return."

"You are never going to finish this."

"I am not looking to complete anything. It doesn't matter in the end."

"That made me feel so terrible."

"We all know this."

"It turned me on."

"No emotions."

"Just enough to get over on someone else."

"That is how it works."

“We are all students of economics.’

“Is that going to do anything for you?”

“Snip snip.”

“That once was going.”

“You destroyed me.”

“You need to realize what not to say.”

“Do not be sentimental. Sentimentality is destructive to personal development.”

“This should work towards something.”

“I need to work on a different presentation.”

“Tell me about your work.”

“I am good at this.”

“I am digging the grave deeper.”

“Bodies have been coming up lately.”

“Floods do that kind of thing.”

“This is going to get better.”

“You want truth from a place that has no truth.”

“What is the percentage? How much are you increasing?”

“You are going to need to risk the core amount.”

“There are many variations.”

“They have your life on repeat.”

“How many is that?”

“There are a willion possibilities. They are enough that you do not have to repeat anything again.”

“That is an intelligently designed universe.”

“There are more than a willion variations.”

“I have lived each one.”

Victor liked calling her the princess. he thought that made him prince. The two of them would hold court. Victor was the prince of darkness and he thought that it was playing with him. And they knew about his threat. In to his appeals. Therefore, and he thought attractive by the situation is so the risk. He would never ground. Do you want to remain part of this game and then added to the challenge. He was playing against his type. Had already been dubbed Filman. But that was not gonna stop hurts. He’s seen the story before. He should’ve known the odds. Luke could’ve offered him guidance. Luke had observed others for reunion. He could’ve made book on the situation. Factors willing to work well to risk a great deal hoping that everything could be in his favor. Nevertheless, he’s a little to work with. Certainly, his pride was getting the better of him. Him from making best decisions he wanted to say some thing that would convince Marquessa once and for all. How well do they know each other? How much did it matter? He believed that he had feet on his side. It would only be time before she stayed in his arms forever. In a sense, they don’t he made him an objective ridicule. The more that he wanted her, the more she seemed out of his grasp. More than she seemed out of his grasp, the more that he wanted her. It wasn’t spiraling in his favor. He was only worn wore out of control. He didn’t want to see it that way. He was willing to give them self to the madness. That added to his rash behavior. Marquessa felt that she could ask for this attention. This was all part of her nature. Victor

Hedman the first. Victor was one of many. He seemed oblivious to what was going on. He felt his desire would be enough. He didn't wonder what was going on with Marquessa. He only jumped in in the hopes that his offer would be greater than anyone else's. For a while she loved toying with it. He seems so silly. But she was silly. She wanted her performance to give her an answer. Victor could make promises. For the moment, he might have seemed a little more stable than the others. They had more during. He wanted to seal the deal in real time. This meant more than a kiss. This was all about a promise on her part.

Ariadne made fun of him: "Do you want to marry her? Do you want to murder her?"

What was she telling him? Was she encouraging him to leave? Or was she only raising the stakes. And he would only become more enamored with Marchesa. This should've been his clue to get out. Instead, he was doubling down. Luke could've watch this game and recognize the flaws. If he was lucky, he could've advised Victor what to do. A lot of convincing. There was only one way that he was going to learn. He was going to get destroyed. Sami recognized what going on. She saw Victor was already losing his focus. She like being around him. For the moment, she could pretend that she was Marquessa. She would have a drink with him, and he would confirm her suspicions. She too wanted it all to happen now. But she had it had no illusions. He was offering her reassurance. And she was offering him consolation. She didn't mind if he confessed his attraction for Marquessa.

Marquessa wasn't here for the moment. If she was staring in Victor's eyes, Victor was hers. Nothing was going to come out of this. But the feeling excited her. Victor was offering her something. And she gave some thing to Victor that he couldn't get from Marquessa. Sure, Marchesa may have given him intimacy. She could've shared her dreams with him. That was all a part of a performance. And she needed to recognize this. With this understanding next to impossible for her for him. He was already too deep; he had surrendered him self to her. And she could marvel's actions. Truly, she loved the spectacle. At a certain point, he may have been making a fool of himself. Period when they were alone, Victor gave her just enough that she thought that she could overpower any of the other guys. Victor was honest in his own way. For her that was a flaw.

He choosing saturating what he was playing with. She also feared that he retire of her when she realized there wasn't anything else to the game. Nevertheless, they were playing in her around. As long as she could acted the role of the princess, his fortunes might've seemed closer to realization. He could prop her up for the moment. He could give her that boost. And she could live off that encounter. Nothing else would seem to matter. It always vanished before the rise. And the magic will be gone. That only left Victor hungry. He hadn't realized the job that she done on him. He's given so much of himself. At times, he even spent money. But she remained aloof. For him, this meant that she wanted more. What he couldn't give in exchange. he tried to give with his heart. None of that was ever going to work. She was already married to the scene. It made her attributes seem infinite.

Ultimately, he told a different story as long as he could keep the fountain going, this was everything that she desired. But it would all dry up. Eventually, she two would be left wanting. She really hadn't received the credit that she expected. Victor felt that he was offering her

everything. But the light was so faint. Sami might have a twinge of jealousy in looking at this. She felt that he was offering the world. But Marchesa expected so much more. She wanted it all on a silver platter. She wanted it adorned with a jewelry. She wanted the brilliance to sparkle in the night. What had Victor really given her? All these other guys showered her with gifts. She took that for automatic. She had to keep it that way.

When she tallied up the score, Victor was only giving her a little bit. Sometimes, he acted as if he was offering her a paradise. And he was good with his words. He could sound authentic. Was he that honest.? He could easily be put to the test.

Could everyone see what Victor saw? He was convinced that they could. That was why he would risk so much on her part. It wasn't only that he was seeing something on his own. Things start to get a little tricky. As long as Marchesa was ignoring him, he felt hurt. He felt empowered. What was that? How was he becoming involved in the moment.? Indeed, what was his motivation? If Marchesa was going to play games on him, maybe, he could play games on her. That may have been weakness. He would gamble on his feelings, how he was going to try to mess with her, that only made him more vulnerable. He was trying to outsmart her. She was simply doing what she felt was best. That made him more vulnerable than ever.

Lana had her own method. She was going to use it against Victor. Lana claimed to be a friend of Marquesa. But she started flirting with Victor. Indeed, this was some kind of test.? It should've been obvious to Victor Victor was truly caught up in the moment. He thought that this was another version of Marchesa. That made him subject to her charms. But he also thought that he was asserting his independence from Marquesa. In any case, Lana tired to make fun of him. Now he was injecting his own medicine. He wanted to make sure that Marquesa felt the pain that he felt. After playing a little game with Lana, he wanted some kind of resolution. In some ways, she excited him more than Marquesa. Victor had fully accustomed himself to the appeals of Marquesa. He was using his attraction to fuel his ego. And this made him even more vulnerable to what would follow.

Lana wanted to continue playing her game. She was pushing things. She was shaking everything up. It was a little tug-of-war. Lana also wanted gratification for herself. Even if she seem to be acting in Marquesas interest, she was also plunging a dagger into Marquesa. This reinforced a rivalry between the two of them. When Victor embraced Lana did it mean more than it did. Liner felt that same excitement she held on strong. If she had to do then she became fierce. She bit his neck. That completely upset his game. He tried to respond to what was going on. He reacted to the moment he wanted all of Lana and more. For that brief second, Marquesa disappeared completely this wasn't about revenge. This was pure desire. More than ever Victor felt that he had triumph. But this was his triumph was part of his belief system all along. He complained about Marquesa and how she can't became caught up in the lifestyle. She love the attention. Therefore, he mocked her weakness. At the same time, attended to her knees completely. This became so automatic that she ended up taking him for granted. None of it mattered. Now Victor faced his desire for what it truly was he didn't care that much about Marquesa at that moment. Even though he devoted all this energy to being with Marquesa she had become an appendage to his ego. Once he had exchanged information with Lana, he felt that he was totally in charge from that point on he could write a zone ticket. Now things became messy. Lana adjusted her allegiance back to Marquessa this was no longer about her own

gratification. Victor had the evidence. He displayed the bite marks. He had encountered the vengeful wanna. Now she fight back.

“ If I see you again, I will break a bottle of your head!”

Of course, she needed to be ruthless he was the one who had pledged is love to Marquesa. He was the one who talked about being different. But these actions have been totally casual. He didn't even retain any loyalty to Marquesa. He had been completely outmaneuvered. Nothing that he stood for remained. His exposure was complete. He was almost pathetic. He had been claiming that her case of him manipulated him because she was an attention seeker. She had disturbed his concentration, now she has served her self once again. If Victor was honest, he would've seen the track. He would've responded accordingly. He would've been ready for what was coming. Instead, he was totally overwhelmed. He looked helpless. And he had been damaged by the vampires kiss.

Victor was familiar with the scenario. The culture manifest itself on multiple levels. Should've been clued in to the secret communications that we're going on between Alina and marchesa. But he was too caught up in the situation to know the difference. This before. He had seen his investments dwindle away as he was distracted by Donna. That relationship had absorbed him completely. Now he was caught up in a similar situation. And he still wasn't able to recognize the secret communicators. Why did he lack this awareness? They should've been paramount for him. But he gave so much credibility to Marquesa. It was almost as if she was the one telling the story. How can information be used in the situation.? How could it benefit one person over another. If the individual did not have control over what was said about her, then she risks damage to her reputation. The reputation expressed the ability of a person to influence others. This influence could enhance her resources, and she would be able to work out things in her favor. A favorable outlook could improve her growth. Or Keyser was attuned to this understanding. Victor had provided her with sufficient entertainment, but she questioned whether she could trust him in the long run. It was easier staying in the game and becoming involved in an outside interaction. She needed compatriots to protect her throughout these circumstances. She couldn't allow herself too much leeway. Within her group, she could exercise a great deal of freedom. And that same commitment could operate when she was interacting with people who visited this situation. She had to be extra cautious with Victor. He was already trying to use the circumstances better has position. He might've claimed that he was trying to support others, but his agenda was clear that she needed to be wary. She operated on her spies even though they were only reliable to a limited d egree. She relied on the fact that she had multiple points of support. This reinforced her outlook.

Victor had his method. Younger than he was calmer and he felt at their experience with betrayed him against it off with the idea that he was trying to exploit other people nevertheless, or marchesa had been able to explore his weakness. Just, improved gosh, and he was doing what he could to recover. He and Rachel was trying to be supportive. She love the fact that he had gone one and one with the world court that made him seem to be your ability to zone right. But what was he fighting for.? How is he try to work things this favor? And what people think that he was a user. But his motors became more and more suspect where was he supposed to now found allies. Rachel was now there to cheer them on. You need to do some soul-searching. And she encouraged him to take chances he wanted to. After his Woogie, called even more vibrant and it

was not gonna take any of this laying down. He was a tiger ready to attack. That only made him more a subject of ridicule. Marquesa Heather forces everywhere. And they were ready to report everything that was going on. Indeed, Martisa weather the storm. She had bloody to Victor. She kept her friend line and shack. Now she was ready to meet Graham challenges. She had seem like a skeptical, but she was now acting like Director. She was making everything happen in a sense, Victor was only one among many extras. He had been demoted. He didn't wanna admit to his demise. That he did everything to the caste situation. If this was how things were working out. The odds of going against him. Marquesa waited for her Pao payout. She had been masterful in this process she really gave up nothing. And Victor face that are humiliation. Rachel did what she could to comfort him. She was trying to assert a lasting balance. She didn't believe that the court could execute but exercise that much power. And the big picture, they were on me a group of random people who have their shit together. Rachel's judgment was just as severe as victors. That didn't make it accurate. In fact, I will require her to be more vigilant. What was her real interest here? What was her risk? She had come to reunion now and then. But this was in her regular font. She was a temporary visitor. Victor went outside to smoke. He sat with Sammy and Adele. For the moment, feel sick here. Adele was trying to her mistakes. This was her. For the moment he realized that and he understood how she could give him validity. I Adele thought to herself who was marchesa anyway. New her. They recognized her style. They excepted her role. But she really wasn't influencing what was going on. She was just as reactive as anyone else are you sitting with a Del Carmen Victor. No one could contradict his outlook. What he said was just as valid as Rachel. Adele truly gave him the blessing that he needed. She restored his confidence. In a sense, she notified the negative judgment against him. They all laughed together. There's nothing to worry about. Everyone taking chances. Overtime do it all be forgotten. All the sins part of the past. Everyone was safe. Victor welcome to healing process. No one could remain a victim Bill on that lol. He started thinking about his long-term history. He said nothing to do with reunion. This is part of his more prolonged create a vision. He wanted to bring it all back. He wanted to give it life once and for all. He was learning this technique. How could he roll back the tape. How could he go back to the point when he first met his true love.

“ Victor, quit believing in fairytales.”

How was the fairytale supposed to end?

“You are not the prince anymore. You're a bit of a rogue.”

“I continue to do good things.”

“You're a thief in a convenience store. And you think that you can get away with whatever. They've got a camera trained on your every move.

“Someday, I will make so much money that it will not make any difference.”

“Then you'll be a total shithead. Besides, what do you really have to say?”

“Where does that come from?”

“More meaningless affection.”

“What does Adele say?”

“She told me to be myself. Quit trying to please others.”

“A lot good that is going to do. You are always performing.”

What did Marcus or no no one else now did she understand the route to the hidden gold? How did his treasure chest in the forces that held reunion together? Understanding be taken

elsewhere? Need to manifest in these circumstances? She was leading a charmed existence. This enabled her to cover her expenses. She had no visible means of income. She was tapped in. How did this occur? If Reunion had understood her role, the organization would have paid her just for being here. Relationship actually exist here? What it made it all come together? How did she function in this environment? Offer the world? She seem to be in the know. It wasn't simply a matter of appearance. Knowledge needed to be rooted in an understanding of how things over time. Indeed, she expressed his knowledge. This was all part of her manifestation. She demonstrated deep awareness. Fenced her ability to tap into these forces. They could influence other people. They could help create motivation. They could offer necessary language. They could sustain a long-term commitment. Even in her presence, Victor could feel that energy. He was willing to attest to her magnificence. When he had been around her, he had felt this amazing presence. That feeling subsistence. In a sense, that was why he had been so erratic. She had to cut it up on that attitude. It enabled her to be more adept. She could impose her believes. She could demonstrate her power. Others might've denied the strength. Victor knew it from the close. Could this same energy August in order to power a machine. What is this the immaterial connection with the world and seem to propel all these activities in concert. That might seem to be an exaggeration.

Perhaps, Victor did not have the wherewithal to capture all these elements. But he wanted to participate. I wanted to be part of this experience. Even if he had to pay, he would participate.

Marquessa depended upon people like Victor. But no single individual monopolize her attention completely. Perhaps, Y could offer what she needed for the time being. If Marquessa needed to create a rival to Victor, that person was Y. Y presented everything that Victor was not.

He seemed to exhibit some talent. And he knew what to say in the moment. But there wasn't much else to Y. That was the reason that he seemed so appealing to Marquessa. He wasn't going to ask for silly pleasures of love. Everything existed on the material level. And he was able to deliver for her. He gave her creative enforcement that reinforcement that she needed. He made her believe that she was an artist. And she delighted in his talents. Together they represented as social phenomena. And Victor could only watch this.

Had all his effort come to this? What remained on his overall understanding? Y had his own supporters. And they seem to give validity to the connection between him and Marquessa. Victor only seemed marginalized. He was not able to do anything to change this relationship.

Marquessa may have been brilliant with her marketing plan, but she seemed to live off the kindness of strangers. Everyone wanted a piece of her. They saw her as the future. If they could invest now, the return would be great. Even Victor had been attracted by the same appeal. But there were a lot of people at reunion March to a different drummer. They were able to work the percentages in their favor. That meant that they cover their expense and they were able to save. It could start with a new truck. Then a house. All the dreams would be paid for. This may have been the symbol of hard living. Do you still need to let off steam. But he couldn't get caught in the lifestyle. He still had to go to work the next day. Even if you were working as a bartender, the commitment could be intense. This was very different in the world of marchesa. Victor have big dreams that was why he was so interested in marchesa for him, she could be a star of a film. She would share her visions and he would listen intently. Maybe she wanted to do a film Chronicle of her life. She could share her insights. Or she could work on her own album. She

could take her skills to the next level. There would be all kinds of options for her. Victor had nurtured these dreams in detail. Her other suitors were much more haphazard. That might've been the reason that she was more fascinated with Victor and these other men unfortunately, Victor took all this for granted. He believed that it was all about his contribution. That was why he was willing to tell her NSA. His own words destroyed him. Both Marquessa and her friends use them against him. In a sense, Ariadna sound of the death now. After that point, Victor was finished. There was no way that Marquessa could stay with him. She would only be mocked by everyone if she did. Victor was oblivious to all this that was why he failed. He ran the movie in his head again and again and it always turns out the same way

He could've played it light. Would she have been just as interested? He did what came naturally to him. That gave him his advantage. Inevitably, she had rejected his appeals. She didn't want to take it too personally it was just something that it happened. But she had become his princess, and he did not want to give up on that dream he thought of himself as a filmmaker but he was more of a dream Weaver and Marquessa had played such a wonderful role. He didn't want to close down the show while it's still had potential..

Marquessa sure the operation. He was absorbed Victor was absorbed back into oblivion. The court no longer need to deal with them. The game completely changed. Well the old guard vote christening Barcaza, Victor watched it all from the outside. He was still a useful observer. Everyone needed an audience. I sometimes it'll be even more than others. At the same time, he wouldn't be a bad candidate for lending money. So one of Marcus's friends might even ask him to buy her a drink. But she would make it clear to hang out. She had just exhausted her resources for that night. I asked, the game step after step. Everyone was a spectator. Everyone was a player.

For all his experience at reunion Victor didn't understand what was going on. Everything we're supposed to slide along a gradient of desire. But Victor wanted satisfaction to be more permanent. He couldn't deal with meaningless affection. He was ready to play an active part. He couldn't understand this scenario even after all that.

“Victor, you made the universe manifest that nightmare that you crave.”

“My ex used to say stuff like that.”

“Victor, you want purity, but you are completely tainted.”

“I am ready for redemption. That does not sound like you.”

“When do I start?”

“That doesn't sound like me.”

“You'll get the rest next week.”

“This is everything that I could ever want.”

“We have already been through that.”

“Someone has a job.”

“Give her a screen test.”

“I am a great stand in.”

“Don't try to be a million places at once.”

“I could do my math homework in your arms.”

“Who is this?”

“Another Marquessa.”

“You've been around.”

“You are going to have to get rid of someone.”

“I met someone that I like.”

“Close the windows.”

“This is going to get a little sketchy.”

“Write quickly.”

“You have such a tragic look.”

“Here is the other person in the room.”

“I can feel badly for you.”

“Don’t cry here.”

“What am I watching?”

“I don’t want to look.”

“I imagine seeing Marquessa for the first time.”

“What would you say?”

“Where is this headed?”

“Others do it.”

“I love art.”

“Who does Y work with?”

“We could ask him to go.”

“You have everything you need.”

“Clean up the loose ends.”

“He has no idea what is going on.”

“Victor is not clued in.”

“Where are we headed?”

“Somewhere without witnesses.”

“You are doing this everywhere.”

“Get it done.”

“She is gone.”

“Get a good meal.”

“Darl, this is for you.”

“He thinks about one thing.”

“We could do an inventory.”

“Everyone knows.”

“I told you to keep out of the convenience store.”

“I needed cigarettes.”

“We need a place to get this done.”

“Try Y’s.”

“This better be good.”

“That is the end.”

“It is on the inside.”

“How does he do this?”

“New parts.”

“This doesn’t make sense.”

“It all does.”

“We will have to reframe the history.

“You cannot bring her here anymore.”

“You can get everything that you want.”

“Do you even know what I am into.”

“If you want to be successful, you need to do what everyone else does.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“Victor believes that all I have to do is to pose. I want others to see what I’m doing. Therefore, I want them to want me. I want to be wanted every moment of the day. I want people to see me as desirable. That’s the only thing that matters. If there’s something in my life that does not yield to that gaze, I’m willing to change it. I’m constantly engaged in a process of change. I get rid of all those things and make me feel rejected. I want to be excepted. It doesn’t take much. I need a proper performance. I need my opinion to accord with other people. I need to adorn my success. If I can credit my personal development, I can make others interested. Acquire a lot. It’s only a matter of getting the money. It’s available for me. I can collect it. I can make it means some thing. And that process couldn’t continue over and over again. I’m tapped into some thing greater. People see me. They realize what I have. But I have more than they say. That is my secret. I think that was the secret.”

“She didn’t have the same understanding that I had. I was able to take it further. I was able to add to her philosophy. My own perspective read deeper. I had read. I had listened. I had become part of some thing exciting. Every moment pushed me on. It led me to a new awareness. I wanted people to know this I wanted to mark my body with all these insights. How could I do that. I could strengthen my performance. I could control my walk. I could focus my attention. My gestures with speak for this deeper awareness. When I was alone, the universe would seem to vibrate without understanding. I wasn’t just seeing things as they were. I was caught up in this endless flow. I immersed myself in the excitement. It’s swirled around me. I plunged within. I was masterful. It was exciting. It was nothing else. This was a wondrous beginning. I could learn. I could develop. But it was so much more than that.”

“I wasn’t just posing. I was pointing the way. That path would require pepper preparation. The mind needed to be focused. It needed to help sharpen perception. Once a person could see in a clearer way, the patterns of existence would become clearer. This would inspire creativity. Creativity was based upon an ongoing relationship between the person who was watching and the creative materials. These plastic materials were essential for transforming the world. As long as the creator did not understand these plastic materials, it was impossible to impose the will upon the creative process. Some people like the random aspect of creativity. But that point of you act force. It was essential to have greater acceleration than anyone else. This assisted in a clearer resolution for the individual. I understood the universe. I had taken chances. I could build it up from a seed into a wondrous plant. I recognize the natural power in the world. But I can make that natural power work for me.”

“Others could look at me, and they would wonder what was going on. I was immersed in this fantastic process. If people felt that it was only posing, they did not understand my gestures. All my gestures were planned out. They represented my experience. In my experience was built upon an intuitive awareness. This awareness was also fueled by my reading and constant

meditation. I wasn't just seeing things as they were, I was making an effort to change them. And my efforts helped illuminate my overall insight. I was breaking down walls. I was reviewing things as they occurred. I was on the cusp of a greater revelation."

"I knew that revelation worked depend upon my own contribution. I worked to learn from others. In the end, I would have to give that final motivation. That could also create a partnership between me and others who are just as motivated. Nevertheless, there was a lot of work to achieve this recognition. And I was doing my best to move things along. Sometimes altered states would be necessary to help me achieve my goal. This man periods of sleep deprivation. I was very in control of this experience. I could also add selective cream chemicals to help induce the states. This was not simply a form of recreation. For me, this was a science. I wasn't just talking about the science. I wasn't just observing this. I was becoming part of it. I was immersing myself in a greater experience."

"There was a reason to my mystical nature. I had developed a pattern that recorded with the universe in its full extension. I am braced the chaos. I knew at the heart of this destructiveness there was a creative force. I could take us creative force and making part of might be. Anyone could see this. They could see it in my smile. They could see it in the clothes that I wore. They could see it in my thoughts. They could recognize it in my understanding of my understanding of the. World."

"I was tapped into a more lasting process. And my participation elicited clear results. I wasn't only watching. I was making the world. I was giving it meaning. I was able to connect to ancient principles of thought. These principles were embodied in a discipline for the body. When I needed to switch my strategies I was able to do that. I wasn't tied to anyone perspective. This was not habit. This was not addictive. I was in control. And I did everything that I could to stay in control. I still needed others to support my efforts. This could become tricky. They do not understand all the aspects of my thought. Sometimes they figured that they were on the same page. And we would seem to share a wonderful moment. But I could also see the risks. I could get caught up in the party. It wasn't so much that I had an addictive personality instead, I was very perceptive at any moment. And I believe disability help me to understand things better. So I was reading things into these experiences that often weren't there. Then I would get disappointed when others didn't see what I saw."

"This could be the beginning of my frustration. My thoughts were moving faster than the events around me. This could be threatening. I needed to pull back. I was investing too much of myself in the moment. Inevitably, this would only make me more frustrated. I would look at what was going on. And I would question the results. What was missing from this process. Did I need to surrender myself to the moment. Did I need to be more open to others? My sympathies could be my undoing. Not only what others take advantage of me. But I would give them the license to do so. I would make them think that they had greater impact than they did."

"That sense of empowerment gave them advantages. I wanted to help people out. But I didn't want them to use this against me. I didn't want them to try to destroy me. I was losing my sensitivity I felt as if I was on the warpath. And I need to adjust my strategies accordingly. This was not healthy. I was getting caught up in the situation it hit me again and again. All these things that I believed seem to be nothing when I was Hunter confronted with the sense of human neglect. Sometimes, I'd help these people out. I'd give them myself. And where did this end up

this was my world. I couldn't explain it any better. I was getting lost in trivialities I was showing too much of myself I looks hopeless I looked week I looked as if I didn't even know what I was doing thetic. I wasn't being the person that I wanted to be I was becoming something that I hated. This was not like me. I wasn't into self deprecation."

"I didn't see it as a form of growth. I didn't believe that my hurt would cause me to become a more enlightened person I know that some people like this kind of philosophy that this negativity would transform into some kind of transcendence. They would get lost in degradation. They would embrace self humiliation. Where did that go. It was all Absurd. I wasn't looking for someone to dominate me. I didn't want somebody to tell me what to do. I didn't want someone to push me around. I didn't need a persecute I wasn't looking for a dominant. I wasn't looking for a king. I wasn't looking for an emperor. I wasn't even looking for a lover. I wanted wisdom. I want a greater knowledge. I wanted a method. I wanted to develop my own strategy I need all of this bullshit to leave my vicinity."

"You're a thief in a convenience store."

"You made the universe manifest what you wanted."

"You want the truth from a place that has no truth."

"She was living in this world, but she was not of this world."