

DAYTONA

Everything was about feeling good. Daytona had a method. And that method would only get better with time. They gave her a privilege. It made her wonder. Did everyone have a method? Did anyone did everyone know some thing? How could I learn how to triumph? Why did I need an edge? Daytona seem to be enjoying herself. I felt as if I was stumbling around. I was never going to reach my destination. What have been left out? I needed sanctity. I needed revelation. I needed something substantial. What was her advantage? What did she know that no one else knew? She spoke of energies. She felt that she could focus them for her own benefit. She could also offer a portal to others. I wanted to understand. What was the opening? Was I being tracked? Will I ever find sufficient understanding to observe the forces operating here. Each time that I seemed to get close, everything got hazy. Those who had knowledge were no longer close to the action. I wanted a more definitive connection. I understood the problem I could feel completely in control. But that feeling would quickly dissipate where was any of this headed question I needed an understanding.

I felt Daytona had achieved a critical awareness and of the physics. There's some thing remains outside of her grasp. Did I need to add to her performance? What was missing from this formulation? I amorous myself in the moments. I felt The inherent excitement. I took it all in stride. I was ready for a greater challenge. Daytona understood the liberation of the body. She could connect this liberation to The magnificence of the soul. And did she grasp the greater dangerous to the way I had. For her, it was a matter of dissipating is energies. She could focus them elsewhere. She could achieve mystical connection. That would give a new form to matter. That didn't diminish the struggle. Everything was moving towards its final expression."

"How was it possible to make contacts? How could all these elements fused together. There was still a lot of work to get done. There were doors to open. It was necessary to cross that portal. It was important to achieve total unity of matter and energy. And she recognized the deep connection. And her techniques enabled her to slowly bridge that gap. Nevertheless, it remained separate. Could our connection sustain that understanding? Could she help me to achieve total awareness.? I wanted to believe. That meant devoting my efforts to achieving a solution. It was evident. Did I have to participate in her alchemy? I recognized the risks. I knew where it was taking me. I was looking for liberation. I wanted the body to offer me access. What remained?"

"Did she really know? I watched has she caught the rhythms of the universe. She swayed back-and-forth. They turned her around. But she seemed to stop short. Would this be enough for me? If she'd be able to guide me? I feel closer than ever. I was blessed. I had knowledge. She gave me a place. But I wasn't completely down with this method. I felt as if I was being led astray. The remedy I needed was not available. What was the difficulty? Why couldn't I focus or clearly.? I was committed to making this work. Are you I was committed to achieving total realization. I already have the tools but they could only take me so far I was I was coming out a short period why do Daytona seem to be closer? How did she achieve access. I wanted to figure it out. I can only take me so far and I needed some kind of boost. I needed something to accelerate the action. She understood that swirl. She knew how the oceans could cough up their treasure. And I welcomed her invitation. Why did it seem misaligned?"

"What did I have to do to put everything into place? The challenge abounded. I was ready

to take that step. I couldn't lose myself in the mystical knowledge. I needed an immediate manifestation. What did that involve. I needed to negotiate the circus of the mind. It could provide a more effective equation. That would make everything work."

"I had entered a new world. It was based on knowledge. This exaggerated the influence of knowing. Everything was moved by the things that we don't know. We are motivated by this desire to pierce the veil. We are living half in this world and half in this other world. We don't realize it. We don't realize that we're not at home. If only we could achieve our ancestral home, everything would finally make sense. All our a wonder, all her discomfort, all of it comes from that source. This can provide the foundation for our exploration. We can attain that awareness. We can finally unlock that door. And we are face-to-face with our desire. There are these objects that give us strength. They sustain us. They make us real."

Daytona was advocating for this other kind of being. She had traversed the universe and trying to discover this other realm.

"What is the simply wishful thinking on her part?"

"Could these alternative states of mind be duplicated by different arrangements of matter? if the individual follows this path, the blessings might be more solid. Daytona was inviting the self into this place, but the influences were too overwhelming. The individual could lose direction. Instead, there was an alternative. There was a way of escaping. How could anyone reach that point? How could anyone attain in the transcendence of the soul. For Daytona, it was simply a matter of adding a few drops to the mix. This was when things became really scary. Perhaps, a combination was too much to bear."

"All these elements were evident. And there was this massive contradiction that prevented further progress. The individual felt this shell. She was becoming immersed in this widening chasm. The fear became even more intense. A dismissal from the solemn place. All of the wonderful appeals of time and space intersected for the wonder in light. Daytona felt the energies. It wasn't enough to feel them. She used them to describe more detail. Could the path of knowledge lead to a clearer encounter with the world? Was it was necessary to peel away the layers? How was it possible to get to the heart of the matter. An individual needed to hang on. The self needed to pierce that outer realm. This was not a matter of perceiving. It was more a matter of being. As such, the individual could determine all the critical aspects of being, the period of existence. Once all these factors came in to play, the individual could recognize this more intense appeal. This process was at the heart of the emotional development."

"The observer could attain the heights, but it was also possible to break down this insight into simple connections. You could find the answers? Who could reveal what was missing? The self only wanted one thing. And the more that the individual moved towards the object of desire, the more than moved away. Did this mean that this was not the right path? That should've been more evident than ever. Even though Daytona argued about these basic energies, the overall encounter was led by these grand emotions. She was attracted to these energies, because she was so attuned to her own desires. She could easily mistake one for the other. That's everything came together. All the ideas flowed into each other. This was the river. But the river also could be vibrant. It could be stormy. It could swallow you up. Daytona had seen this majesty. She had been caught up in this experience. How did things get out of control? She was much more focused. She couldn't let herself be distracted. That was the only connection that she was able to

make. How is this happening like this? There need to be a way out! They need to be a point of true liberation. That was her belief. But she could also hear the echo of fear.”

“It resisted in this lonely place. She was exploring inner space. She had clear motivation, but something seem to be interrupting her path. She felt that it was an intruder inside. Why was this so? She had found a certainty, but some thing was getting in her way. Something made things more perilous. She had opened the road to this inner journey, but she now hit this wall. She could feel that intense confrontation. She slammed against the partition. It seemed to break her into. What was this about? Why was she becoming distracted. And each point there was this disruption. This should’ve been the basis for a more insistent flow. She was so close to resolution, but everything was outside of her reach. It all seemed impossible. And she realized what was going on?”

“Did she attain a vision. And what was the source of her insecurities? There were all these noises around her. It was just buzzing sound. What force did she associate with this feeling? She need to uncover it for her nature. She was even closer than she knew. But there was something still missing. The world would still not yield an answer. She thought that she had escaped all this, but she was now faced with his final confrontation. Indeed, this event seem to speak for everything else that went on in her life. She kept on repeating the scene again and again. Everything was taken from her. Everything was stripped away. But there was some thing that was so prominent she can make it all work. She could bring it all to fruition. She wanted things to move in a particular direction. And she found the light in these results. From this awareness, she could build a complete picture of what has been going on.”

“ This gave her greater insight today. She had developed a clarity of argument. But she needed to refine this process. The refinement process include mapping out all the details. Thus, her thoughts were based upon the clarity of evidence. But she wanted more. This was where things got particularly interesting. She found a blessing. She overcame the interruptions. She confronted the source. The source provided the means to reproduce these advance in a favorable manner. She was invited to go deeper into her self. She understood this image. She could make it work again and again. She could develop her intuition. She can sharpen her instinct. She can make all this automatic. She had use the evidence to sharpen this picture. But things got closer than she realized. And she needed to work quickly. She saw that she was coming to some kind of resolution. But there were still things in her way. She thought that she was perfect in a method. There was total clarity. But it was still based on the belief.”

“In a critical stage, she may have lacked the knowledge truly tp make it work time and time again. Instead, she seemed to settle for less. They might’ve seemed unfortunate. But it was part of the process. At first, she thought that she could mediate this breach. Perhaps she could take something that would heal the pain. This numbness, would enable her to get over her fears. At the same time, it didn’t enable her to use all her faculties to the at most. Through too many factors that were outside of her purview. She needed to review this presentation. At the same time, she was trapped in the center space. It was not giving her what she needed. It was taking so much away from where she was going. She heard this howling in the night. At first she thought it might be the wind. But it was something else. It was an animal. It was a wild animal. But it wasn’t real. It represented her deepest fears. And it has somehow come to life in the center space. How is that even possible. She tried to get away. But it seemed to know where she was going.

How was this happening? She had a knowledge. She's been through this before. But now the shadowy figure was chasing her. It was strange. She wasn't going anywhere. She remained in place. But she felt all the rush of the chase. How was this even possible. Where is any of the going? Was it so simple? How could she keep the parade going. How could she reenact the celebration?

"She had to write something down. She could build from her notes. She can make sure that she was following the right path. It was never that easy. There were so many factors in her way. She can let her self get down. She could solve the problem. But some thing was acting as an obstacle. Perhaps, it was an idea. She needed to recognize the form of this thought. Perhaps, it would shake her confidence. She understood a deeper challenges. They were coming at her from all directions. How could she make a go of it. She opened that final door. And I She need to make it stop. was staring her in the face. Everyone was looking at her. There was this direct confrontation. She didn't know how to make this work for her."

"They saw themselves as a difference from the mainstream; rather, they viewed any system as an affront. In that sense, they viewed themselves as living a life that cannot be categorized. Nevertheless, they each seemed to engage in practices they were held together by rigid conformity. Such patterns of behavior could be better understood or if the observer tracked their interactions with other social groups. Nevertheless, they had their own way of disrupting predictability."

Luke spent a great deal of time observing those at Reunion. Even though he was perceptive, he could easily lead his own emotions. A dark cloud his judgment. He wouldn't of worked here if he didn't have his own expectations. And they seem to influence his attitude. He observed the inconsistency of many of the people that he met after a few drinks, they would pour out their troubles in the hopes that he would be an eager listener. He offered what he could. Sometimes he would offer more.

Some of these sad stories calculated to gain the support of the listener. He was almost hopeless, drawing it all in. He provided a standard for this place. Everyone felt pretty much the same way. That was really the basis for this interaction. He wanted to think that he would be the first. You could spot that luminary immediately. He could give her what she deserved. And she would've sought his attention.

She didn't want to believe that he was all that vulnerable. This was all part of the challenge. Indeed, it was a confusing situation. What would be the basis for this determination she would offer him a theater. She would be the best at expressing her emotions. Her face would light up with excitement. She would appear to offer access to a greater form of being.

Usually, Luke wouldn't feel this way. But she could exaggerate a sense of imprisonment. For a moment, he might even feel that his heart has stopped. He became caught up in the moment. He was one over by the excitement. She might hug him as she left. She would give him that long work. And he would believe that it's signaled so much more. She was offering her ascent. She was sharing a desire. And he wanted to participate. There is no other way to see this. It made him excited. His smile would become more genuine, and he would lose his self in the moment.

Luke was the everyman. Anyone else might feel the same thing. He would get caught up in this encounter. And she would continue to advance wondrous promise. That was why they

work so well together. It's temporary experience set at all nothing else mattered. Indeed, this was creativity for him. He wanted to believe that he recognized a deeper pattern.

She was explaining things to him. She was cluing him in. That added to his certainty. Could he apply this understanding? He thought that he could predict events. You could give us certainty a wider application. He could win money by gambling. He realized the danger. He didn't want to get caught yes since people get their rent money. And they would be left with Idaho he didn't want to see this in his face. It was different. He knew when to quit.

Victor felt that he had a more provocative system. He wouldn't wait for the world to come to him. He could feel it feel that impulse inside. It would reverberate him. It wasn't so much that he chose the world. The world seem to draw him on. That was what I made an interested in Marquesa, but she wasn't the first. He was waving his way around the scene. He was offering his own perspective.

Reunion had its own culture. It was self-regulating. Even if it was haphazard, it was there to reject the intruders. Here, Victor seem to pick off his victims he didn't want to see it that way. Each time he felt that he was making the right choice. And that choice could benefit him overtime. This was the feeling that had provoked his desire for Marquesa. But he never understood what was really going on. And he only exaggerated the effects of chance. On that basis he truly believed that he was experiencing fate. Therefore, he felt that he could exaggerate this connection. He could bring raider commitment to the moment. He was gambling in his own way.

Victor thought about a time in Los Angeles where he had a great deal of money. It would've last him at least a couple of years. But his investments are unstable. There was a moment we need to pull this money out and put it into more secure alternatives. He was distracted by his emotions. He was feeling deflated by a lost love. Now, he seem to be playing the same game with Marquessa. Are indeed, he was offering her the world. Nevertheless she knew what was going on. He had randomly veered into her path. He was too eager. He didn't want what she wanted.

Over time, his efforts might eventually result in success. It was the flight path of a self-correcting system, you could never completely overcome his social structure he would always be watching from the outside he would always be hoping for something that he could never attain. That wasn't how he was wired. That random element was supposed to play in his favor. Somehow, he would find his opening. He would use his charm. I he would offer just enough poetry to provoke the same creative spirit. And other people. He would remark on the song playing in the background. He would smile. His partner would share her response. The both of them would enjoy this wonderful experience. And she would be hooked. It was all conditioning. He couldn't even help it. She would only confirm the science. That was how it worked.

"Something seemed to beckon Daytona from a distance. And he tapped into the magic. Sami sided in a different way. She could get caught up in that wave. And she loved its appeals. But she believed that it meant so much more. She got poured in by the excitement. She wondered why this couldn't be love. She didn't believe these random encounters. But she had this wonderful heart. She kept thinking that it might be so much more. I added to her speculation. She wanted to be seized by the emotion. And it was difficult for her to escape. She offered an

understanding that seem to be absent from Victor's outlook that added to her intent."

"It was important understand distribution of energies. You could move from one point to another and observe these changes. On the surface, it seemed all a matter of work. And when you got closer, everything became clearer. These waves stood out. You could track these hidden frequencies. Whether it was Luke or Daytona or Victor or Maquesa, everyone understood the hidden code. Everyone was clued in to the mystery. It was important to understand and how it developed. How could this process work for the individual? What were the key elements? This seem to be a recurring model. What a person learned from Luke later be applied to Victor."

Daytona understood that there were different energies in this place and she had model them for herself. Indeed, this was part of her vision. She was writing the story in her own way. She was trying to make this narrative hers. She had seen things, dark, macabre things. She had seen people lose their minds over the madness it was more than that. She recognized how those dark powers could be transformed into enlightenment. And she understood the method in detail. This is all part of her awareness. She committed herself to an earth thing these powers.

Daytona was convinced that the body was the source of this emanation. It was a matter of training a self to hear these currents. She was already attuned to unusual experiences. The same model could be expanded describe the experiences of the individual. Us, each one of these moments could be mapped onto the world. Daytona was carrying through with the perspective offered by Wunderlin. It was no longer the different towers. Each person represented a different perspective of this overall consideration. And I'll come makes sense. All the anomalous could be described. And the overall resolution would become evident why was so much effort spent on trying to come to this resolution.

If an individual could track all these behaviors, this might provide for a deeper understanding of social interaction. This model could also be applied to the physical sciences. Wunderlin had already developed perspective mathematically. But she had not completed this implementation. Daytona recognized how these energies were reflected throughout the universe. This understanding brought this overall vision to completion.

Henry the mathematician had already developed this model, if a collection of random numbers could describe electron distributions. That model could be scrambled to apply to alternative formulations. In other words, the mathematics could provide a basis for understanding different kinds of presentations of phenomenon. Henry argued that his numbering of this model helped to determine an accurate prime distribution model for any of these alternatives. Even when this image was scrambled, there was the ability to impose the same mapping pattern. In a sense, this was a development from cold to hot. It accounted for thermodynamics by describing the various states of nature. Henry's model went back to a similar version provided by Daytona. In that same formulation, the social structure could be observed.

The description of the social structure suddenly had more interest. This particular scrambling captured the imprint of these deeper structures. In order to describe the structures individually, the researcher could enumerate each social manifestation. Victor's application of a Q model could be juxtaposed with the representation of a self regulating system.

Victor's method became evident. It wasn't so much about his conditioning. Those around him seem to respond automatically to his presence. This random affect caused him to ignore the social cohesion of Reunion. It wouldn't take much. But he had the power to create total chaos.

Nevertheless, Marquesa had done her best to destroy his reputation. Those effects now became evident.

He commented on everybody that he observed: "All they care about is the fact that everyone is looking at them. When they made eye contact, they turn away. They are not really interested in a deep connection with other people."

Everything was exchanged on the surface. That was the end of it. Victor wondered if any of them knew what they wanted. More than ever, they seemed to fit Victor's story. He was drawing everyone into a circle.

"How can I remake myself?"

"I wasn't looking for a script. I wanted to figure this out on my own. I had my own book to write. It described how the world developed its route of the creation in her observation. And it linked us to our perimeter of home. Nobody could tell us all these things. I can reveal it. I think I prepare us for transcendence. And I want to understand all the surfaces. I want to be able to measure them and make them work for myself. This is part of an ongoing awareness. We were liberating the world. And I can still sense that his perspective was getting lost. I need your input to change this development."

"Victor, went all the way from advancing Marquesa in the telling to questioning the performance."

"I want what they want. It's so obvious. And I can give them what they want. Give me what I need."

"Another question for the body: Daytona and Victor saw the body in two different ways. Was there even a common perspective? Victor understood that Daytona had a deep understanding. But her awareness was actually more profound than his."

"Excited?? He got them to say things?"

"At any moment, Victor craved maximum attention. But he wanted to stay in control of everything. He didn't want to defer to Daytona; she protected her self with her mysticism. If you gave that kind of thing more credibility, he would feel intimidated. He couldn't say what he needed to say."

Due to this imbalance, Marquessa felt she has this special power. But she was like the others. Victor had made a mistake. But he didn't feel that he had to pay for it.

"I think what I like. I found others who might be sympathetic. Are you still calling others out for their behaviors? They might seem more committed to showing what they wanted. This was all part of their show. So he played along for the time being."

He acted like the good soldier. Everyone seem to acknowledge this understanding but they were still risks. It was all buy in and reveal the self. He even seemed to take Daytona at face value. She had been here longer. She had more wisdom than Victor. This created a potential conflict. But it seemed to play itself out in the heavens. Victor wasn't going to risk too much. And Daytona is not going to drive back. They both observed each other and move on. Nevertheless, each wanted to be the first to tell the story is added to the conflict the brewing conflicts.

Daytona was not going to confront Victor. It was more as if she was predicting some kind of face-off between Victor and the new Marchesa. Victor seemed to be going along with it for now. But he kept wanting to raise the stakes. That would add to the excitement. If there was no

risk, there was nothing in his favor. If he did it right, he could influence every move. That would guarantee the best outcome for him.

It had all been tried out. It was necessary to test this model. Who was the source of the behavior? Daytona needed to emerge. What could characterize her assertiveness? It wasn't enough to review or territory. How did she recognize the assertiveness of the universe in a different way. People would talk about the actions of the universe. But Daytona seemed to have a special understanding of the spirit. How was the physical world affecting her. She found agency in these ongoing energies

"We recognize the most important thing in our lives is healing. We have this opportunity to make things better. We also accept the invitation to become more immersed in creation. That is the challenge at Reunion. We have been opened to all these energies. But the energies accumulate in one direction. And that understanding only takes us back to the desire for more gratification. Such a perspective creates greater risks for the individual. The self turns inward without any resources. As such, the temptation is obvious. The descent becomes more intense. The self resists. Eventually, there is aggression towards these wonderful energies. I've been engaged by it personally. We only succumb to their bewilderment."

"The disintegration has no respite. In fact, I am just starting to believe that there is redemption in such an experience. It's only aggravates any possibility of healing. The self becomes more immersed in this darkness. This is a total sensation. The individual is completely without hope. As such, there's no longer any alternative. Through access to these magnificent energies, the individual is now trapped in these circles of doom. The satisfaction only leads to regret. And that regret becomes more extreme as the individual moves along. If the person applies the self to this work, she begins to wonder where there is any form. This can create an even more perilous desperation. The individual becomes lost in the empire of the Senses

Daytona felt that she offered an alternative to the regulars at Reunion. She was sketching out these appeals. For many, excuse and fed the divisiveness and their personalities. They had moments when they told themselves that things were going to be different. The healing process could enrich that belief. Once a person achieve that clarity, it would only lead into a deeper commitment to the wildlife. Its transition was evident. It only took a little to get a person going. That taste would be just enough. Triumph was inevitable. It was the same in every case. A person might believe that she had a method. Daytona was lucky; she had worked it out lately. No one else was in the same position. Daytona would make them believe that their mystical encounters were enough to create a lasting experience. It never worked out that way. There were things eating away at the progress. She marveled at it all. She could question process. But it was not going anywhere. None of this was going anywhere."

"Granted, it was more complex than that. Nevertheless, Daytona was promising and access to paradise. In order to really understand things, the individual need to ascend the stairs. It was necessary to investigate the basement of one's beliefs. In a sense, the lost offered more than the saved. That was Benzo's credo. He'd offer his laugh. This indicated his overall thoughts all that all that mattered for the moment was that one breath. Even if it was halting, it was evidence against any other threats. That made everything wonderful. The only way in, became the only way out. Everyone fell deeper and deeper under the spell."

"Victor and Marquessa might've offered a different view. And as the story seemed

familiar. From the other side, his romantic vision only seemed obsessive. What happened when the individual couldn't get another person to understand that excitement? That could be oppressive in certain way. What was the spark that made it all go? What could make passion flame in the night? Victor should've known better. It was all the drama for the cameras. It was a way of knowing. It was a way of being. And who is willing to go along with all the little mistakes? What was the error-correction method? How could the odds improve the benefit of the individual? Or ways to manipulate this game. There were techniques to clean out everybody else."

Victor needed to protect himself. Everyone was here to protect her self. Victor tried to keep ahead with his own version of the facts. There were millions of others. That was why everything functioned so well. Everyone had a cost. Everyone was looking for a self reflection and others. Everyone would be waiting for the critical word. Charge! The attack has begun. Even though the argument was fundamental, there are never enough resources to carry it out. It all became theater. Wunderlin seemed to support this view. She recognized how she was in opposition to the dominant culture. But she could barely find an opening.

Everything worked contrary to her beliefs. What kind of situation was this? Where was any of this going? What were the benefits for the end? Or it wasn't a matter of printing an alternative myth. There was enough reality to deal with. But the theory was welcome. Each person seem to be designing a little bit of the puzzle. All together, this should've been a solution. What was the issue? Why did it all shake out? What was missing? Who was really on board? If it became trickier and trickier, this created a nervousness. Everyone wondered what was next. Each person was afraid. This was remarkable. Everyone wanted to understand.

"Imagine if you were well that one person in the room to have the answers. These were answers that he could use for his advantage. He could keep tabs on everybody. He would know where they were at any moment. Even if he didn't, he would have methods of tracking them. He would create a persona for himself. He would make others love this new self. And he would zero in on the one person who seem to understand him the best. Up to this point, this had been Victor's method. He had invaded the space with his own beliefs. In another time, he would've been successful. Everyone would have accepted his vision. But things played out differently now. Everyone had an agent. Everyone had a set of contracts. Everyone had a lawyer. Watch out world!