

CAREER OPPORTUNITIES

“Eric had the Best weed. It quieted me down. It evened me out. And helped me get over my shit. I wanted to be part of his team. I wanted him to show me the business.”

We weren't just making money. We were creating it. We were like industrialists. We had tools and processes and raw materials. We unleashed forces and these forces captivated our customers. There was some thing transcendent in this process. We were changing the modes of existence. It wasn't simply a psychological transformation. We had tapped into a deeper physical reality. And we were shaping it with our vision. And this was the enlighten source of human consciousness. Beyond that, it was grounded in a fundamental relationship with matter. We were combining and synthesizing, holding and transmuting, floating and transfiguring. This was a transformation of the soul. But it was all tangible for us. We could see the cash stacking up. We were linked up with our investments. We were protected. And our productive power gave us a sense that our contribution was be greater than any of these rich kids.

We brought them party favors and they would jump around like fools. They were doing their best to deny their origins. Even in their primitive state, they would never attain that primal zeal with which we had endowed them. Their aspirations would never accord with a sense of aspiration that we bless them

“In life, there are two types of people narcs and users. Users are people who want to be narcs. Narcs are people who want to be users. Users wants someone to tell them to quit. And narcs wants someone to jack them up.”

“I never thought it would go this far. Now, I can't go back.”

We were keeping our eyes on any possible breaches. And that seemed to draw us together. We were giving people something that they coveted. This gave us a shared belief in the effectiveness of our methods. We recognized that there were people out there who were watching us. It went beyond an awareness of our operations. We were giving them ideas. They were envious of our success. We were too good at this not to get noticed. That helped us to expand our customer base. Each of us offered something to the organization. That gave each of us more of a sense of our power. We weren't going to let up. Our connection only became tighter.

Eric wasn't afraid. He didn't communicate any doubt to the rest of us. That helped each of us to dispel our uncertainty. His leadership guided our actions, We weren't taking chances, We simply knew what we could get away with. He motivated us to have vision. He was putting himself out there. It made the rest of us think that we could create the opportunity to expand.

I was always drawn to Eric because of his business acumen. This added another level to his appeal. He was adventurous. He knew how to convince customers that he could service them the best. They could depend on him,. He had discretion. He was going to protect their confidentiality. This also enabled them to share information without compromising the operation. He only told people what they needed to know. And he was the same with the rest of us. We were linked together by this vision. We were not going to jeopardize the operations.

Nick seemed good at implementing Eric's wishes. That only made Eric more adept at impressing to Nick what needed to be done. Eric wasn't a rival., Ehe knew how to be a good

solder. That helped to allay Eric's fears that things might get out of hand. Eric was becoming his eyes. He anticipated Eric's needs.

Eric was always careful. I was learning from him. And I could see how Nick was being intergrated in the organization. I saw how things were getting stronger. We had more reach. Nick was letting Eric do what came naturally. Eric was gregarious. He could consolidate the market and rule out any competitors. This did not put him in danger because he did everything with such a sense of friendlessness that no one looked on him with disdain.

Under these circumstances, Nick was there to clean up the rough edges. He was not not the muscle. This was not about intimidation. But there were weak spots, and that was why Nick was needed. He made sure that the competition could not make inroads. And their failures would not be the basis for a battle. When it came down to it, Eric made sure that people got what they wanted. They did not complain about the product or its availability. Eric made sure that there were no serious problems. Clearly, Eric was not the enforcer. He was more like a technician, who was committed to quality control.

Nick was not duplicating Eric's role. He needed to make sure that Eric had no misgivings about the partnership. At the end of the day, Nick was a company man. Eric could depend on that connection. Nick was learning to anticipate as if they were one mind. That added to his usefulness. Eric did not question his actions. He told Eric what he needed to hear.

Eric had his own beliefs about human nature. Nick confirmed these attitudes. He understood the role of loyal customer. That seemed enough to make things run smoothly. There was no point to asking too many questions. Eric did not want to share too much information. Nick obliged these concerns.

We let product speak for itself. We were not promising more than we had to deliver. We weren't giving people credit. We were not going to be taken advantage of. Nick recognized these boundaries. And he was going to do what was needed to keep everything on the straight and narrow. Even when Eric was not watching him, he believed that Nick would carry on effectively.

Many of the customers were not aware of all the precautions necessary to hold things together. Any of them might have created problems for the organization. But Eric didn't let people have the chance to think any differently. And Nick was firm in his own way. This was not about playing games. Any wrong move could be fatal.

With each new success, Nick could gain a greater faith in Eric's abilities. This was the same vision that had captivated me. I was thinking about product. But Nick was also influenced by a different perspective. He was seeing it all. He might as well have been the organization's accountant. He knew where everything was hidden. He observed all the assets. He knew how powerful Eric had become. And he was there to advance his leadership.

As a leader, Eric could benefit from Nick. Eric was only more inspired by his association with Nick. He would not have acted any differently without him. But Nick supported Eric. It helped to keep in control. He was not going to become overcome by his successes. And Nick was going to do everything in line with Eric's expectations.

Eric was ploughing the profits back into the operations. This created a larger customer base. Nick checked off on each one of these steps. Nick could feel that he was the operation. This did not upset Eric. It only made him more honest. This honesty only led to the success. It

was all gold. But no one could let it go to his head. That was why Eric was there. He was telling us all what was expected.

There were moments when I wanted everything to be more tangible. I was used to running my own operations. As things became bigger, I need to figure out what help me make sense of this grandeur. I was assisting with the processing, and I saw the magnitude of the sales. I was also part of the security of the transactions. I really had nothing to fear. I needed to snuff out any threats before they happened. I was able to observe every aspect of the organization.,

We were in this together, but there were moments when I wondered if we all knew too much. I could make sure that I was following procedure. And Eric had the interests of the organization at heart. But there were too many holes. Even if I was watching everyone, there was too much interaction with customers. I was reviewing all the stress points. I could rely on Eric to hold it together, but did he truly see what was involved.

Eric didn't want any weak links. He wanted the five of us to fold in place. This only made the knit stronger. Nobody was supposed to be able to penetrate this pentagon. Each side was integral to the whole. And that wild energy passed through all of us. That was just enough to keep everything humming on all cylinders. Even as the organization got moving, Eric could not let things get heated up. He always came back to the strength of the core. If you looked to any of us, we would all feel the same.

My friendship with Eric also made me friends of his friends. And this closeness helped to support the operations. We needed to look out for each other. I had created this bond with Eric. We needed to look over our shoulder all the time. If Eric's friends were helping us out, that only made us better protected. Even though we were careful, we were all exposed. That meant that the close-knit connection made things a little safer for all of us. We could make sure that we had all our bases covered. We could satisfy all our customers. Everyone was keeping tabs on each other. That could assist us in overcoming any threats.

I think that we relied on friendship to see us through. We hadn't worked out every detail. We counted on things working out. No one wanted to think about the worst. But we all needed to be careful. I already knew the risks first hand. And it wouldn't take much to crash the whole thing to the ground.

Nick was new to the operations. But he seemed to have a good head on his shoulders. He seemed to be good with money and organization. He was extra valuable under the conditions. We needed someone to keep track of every little detail. Eric was good enough at accounting. I always admired how he ran the organization. But Nick could cover for him. This enabled him to expand the operations.

We all needed to treat this a job. There was an ethic, and we needed to stick to it. We were helping other people have fun. And that gave us off us a rush. That needed to be enough. This was a business, and we needed to be strict about it. Other people could have their fun. We were enjoying ourselves, but our biggest enjoyment came from doing our work. We were still nurturing things. It was important to see things as expanding. That was why the team was so important.

I had seen how Eric could work with others. He had a genius with a crowd. This was the motivation from the continued progress of things. Nick wasn't trying to mimic Eric, but he was taking his cues from Eric. This might have made him a little more on edge. He felt that he had

to live up to a standard. That only added to his commitment. And Eric could rely on this kind of professionalism from Nick, even if he had his doubts.

Down deep, we realized that the operation required discipline from all of us. This became more obvious as we expanded. Maybe, the whole picture was becoming obvious to me. I understood what were the threats. We could never let up.

No one had to say anything. But I realized what they would have to do if the situation necessitated it. Since we were friends, none of this came up. For the others, these bonds seemed even deeper. I needed to figure this out, and this was all part of the experience. I couldn't ask questions. I could watch it all in action, and it would all make sense.

Luke had an evident sense of organization. He wanted everything in its place. His skills were particularly. He could sense if there were any irregularities. He would keep us all attentive to what was missing. He seemed to work with Eric. Eric has loads of experience, so j

He always seemed prepared for eventualities. And Luke emphasized the practical needs. Eric could rely on him to ensure that there were no loose ends. He could add to Eric's sense of confidence.

Luke always seemed to have his eyes wide opened. He surveyed the scene. Her had a good sense about what was going on. He stored up every detail in his mind. Eric could depend on his

Luke always seemed to be thinking. Eric needed this conscientiousness. Nick could assist with the financial matters. But Luke kept his eyes on the nuts and bolts. That meant that the machine was well-oiled.

With Luke around, there seemed nothing that could wrong. Eric was not infallible. Luke did not caused him to let down his guard. However, Luke helped him to be doubly sure. That made things more efficient.

Luke was eager. Perhaps, he did not grasp the real dangers. He felt that it was enough to show his earnestness. That could clear up for any of the deficiencies in the organization. He always had his eyes open. In that regard, he was no different than Eric.

Eric recognized the deeper aspirations of others. This was all part of his service. He wasn't only accommodating for their pleasure. He anticipated their darker side. Thus, he could offer them relief in a timely manner.

Luke maintained a sense of order simply by observing. He had seen enough to be valuable to Eric. But he was putting together a different picture. He wasn't using the same predictive powers as Eric. It was more down to earth. But Eric needed this vigilance. Luke could make up for any lapses in Eric's judgement. In expanding the operations, such insights were necessary. That might have made Eric more than a little uncomfortable. Eric could remind him of his shortcomings. This was almost an omen. If things were really going that smoothly, he would not have needed Luke.

"I knew who I was. I knew what I wanted. And I realize that sometimes my emotions we get. I would do things that works in my nature. And I couldn't help myself. I couldn't help myself at all. After these things happened, such a hatred for what I've done. I want to destroy myself. I want to hurt anyone who might remind me. And this lingering feeling mad it seem impossible. There's so much part of my deal. I hated the fact that I had become like this. It's so dominated me. I was trying to be myself. And I couldn't deal with him. Seem to drag me down. I couldn't even catch my breath. I wondered what it happened to me. The devastation

was so intense. I couldn't figure out why. Was there something inside of me made me do something like this this is so disgusting. This was so obliterating. I wanted to see it another way. I wanted to gain control I wanted to be myself I was being pulled in one million directions, and I hated to be tested, and everything around me was sick, and I want to lash out at someone. I wanted to hurt, hurt, hurt. I want to inflict pain always massive energy just came down upon me. I was crushed. I had already thought about this for a long time I couldn't let it stop. I need to do some thing about this. This suddenly became my everything. It was all that I was thinking about. I couldn't let it go. I couldn't pretend that it hadn't happened. Worst part of all is that I felt a longing. I put myself in a strange situation. But there was part of me and wanted to do it again and again and I wonder what it happened to me. How had I let things get so out of control.? How are they become some thing that I so hate it?"

"I have no idea what I did I can't even admit that I did it I had shown affection for Eric. I was doing my best to deny that any of this it happened. Maybe I was getting fucked up too much. When I was high, just brought out some thing else in my character I know it wasn't really me. This was something that happened. This was something that happened between us. I don't know whatever that meant I don't know what how are we supposed to react to what it happened this was a part of my life it was something that I did and I didn't regret it the way he did. Even if I wanted to deny that part of myself, or something that I cherish about Eric I left him everything seem to come easy for him. Everyone loved him. He didn't even have to work at it he reminded me how I felt fake about all of this I was trying to be some thing. I was trying so hard to be some thing. Still, no one would accept it. No one would understand what any of this was about I don't think that I was the only one caught up in the moment. But I felt as if something had been taken away for me. I'd give something of myself, and some thing have been taken away from me. What was that? I let things happen this way. Honestly, I felt as if Eric was making fun of me I had worked with him. I had helped his operations go. And I looked in his face, part of him seem to deny everything that was going on part of him seem to deny what it happened between us and someways, I didn't even want to admit to it he was making me feel ashamed I was making me feel hurt. He was making me feel like nothing. The humiliation became intense it only seem to become worse and worse affection on his part suddenly turned into smugness I hated to think about it this way but I felt as if he was laughing at me. He was laughing at me again and again. That shook me up. He had drawn me in."

"His charm had drawn me in, and now he was laughing at me. He knew how to get in my head; that's what he did with everybody. That was why he was able to take advantage of the situation. That was why he could add to my ceiling of degradation. He knew me well; he knew me really well; he knew what had gone on in my life; he knew about all that shit. That was why I had become involved in operations like this. Gave me a sense of control. And that control could be lasting. It could help me to overcome all the obstacles in my life. Now, he was laughing at me. And this continued on and on and on. He only said a few things. He implied that I was weak. He implied that my life was going nowhere. He was looking down on me. He made me feel like less of a man. We had shared something fundamental about each other. I felt so close to him. Now he's making me doubt in my humanity. He's making me doubt my emotions. There is only one emotion that I could connect to. That was my anger. That was my

frustration. I wanted to lash out. I had that power.”

“This was not something that I could control. This was not even something that I wanted to control. I needed to make a point. I needed to show how I felt. I needed to protect myself. I could make things right in my own way. Once I did what was needed, I wouldn’t have to deal with the contradictory emotions. There would be a total clarity in my life. I could close the book and move on.”

*She told us that she had found the body. There was blood everywhere. She was overwhelmed. The world slammed her in the face. And she couldn’t deal with what had happened. She screamed. She cried. Everything exploded in her being. She was ripped in two. This was impossible. She felt afraid for herself. There was nothing that she did that could make her feel right. She would never be right. She needed to make sense of this. It was **impossible**. This was grotesque. She felt sick. It was shaking her in two. This experience would define her forever. It would rip her apart. It knocked her down. She couldn’t even move. She existed in this other place. Where was she? What had occurred? Why was she this way. This was so devastating. She didn’t want to exist. Why had she become part of this? The whole world quaked. It was darkness everywhere. This was a forever. Wherever she looked, she was reminded of this. She had no power to deal. She felt that incredible power. It exploded again and again before her face. It was ongoing. She would barely catch her breath, and she would be back in the same place.*

She didn’t know what to do. She couldn’t do anything. This was not a matter of picking up her phone. This was the reality before her eyes. And nothing could alter that reality. Nothing could change what had happened. It was all so abrupt. This was happening again and again to me.

This was so crushing. How could it ever happen? How could it ever be like this? How could life be taken to this place. What was any of this about? I could not cry this away. This was someone who I loved. This was someone who I loved with all my heart. I was facing something so terrible. What kind of sense did it make? What had happened? I was afraid to get any closer. I could barely recognize him. There was so much blood. There was blood everywhere.

What was this about? I was face to face with all this fury. And it would not cease. I wanted to puke up all my existence. I wanted to throw off this feelings. I wanted all of it to leave me. Why couldn’t God just raise me up to heaven? Why couldn’t the world just take me out of this?

We had developed a method of extraction that made us immense amounts of money. We were getting the leaves and putting them through the process. The product was so potent. And people wanted this. We already had a market. Now, we could exploit it to the next level. This stuff was devastating. It took the body and shook it all around. It was heaven and earth all in one. It was clearly our ticket.

With all this money, we needed to be careful. I was taking care of security. I had a gun. Ron was around me all the time. The scrutiny came down on us as well. I got arrested. I went to jail. I needed to plead out. I realized that I would have to be extra careful. That changed the game. But we needed to keep on. This was how we were making money.

Once I got arrested, everything became more in earnest. I couldn’t stop, I didn’t want to stop. I recognized the risks. But I needed to dig in. And I only became more immersed in

the operation. I also became more paranoid. I didn't want to trust anyone. I refused to trust anyone. I had come to this point. This was hideous. I did not want to go back to jail. We had cameras. We controlled what was happening. We saw who came in and who came out.

Since the stakes were higher, the return was so much greater. These numbers kept increasing before my eyes. There seems as if there was no end to this process. It was going on forever. I could own the world.

There was no more life. There was no more world. Everything had been taken me. I did not want to see the light. This was forever darkness. How could I get out of this?

"What happened?"

"Someone killed Eric. They stabbed him seventy seven times, and they stole his stuff."

"That sounds Biblical."

Duke had done his best to watch out for the threats. He realized how this was a closely-knit group, and all the individuals were doing everything that they could do hold things together. There were enough troubles coming from the outside. No one in the organization should ever be fighting with each other. This was how things were supposed to hold together.

I needed to make sure that things were going smoothly. I needed to hold it all together. I was providing this strong foundation. I recognized the aims. I knew the challenges. This gave us all an independence over our lives. We needed to be careful. If we recognized what we had, we could make every effort to guarantee the returns. That added to the importance of our mission.

"But you knew that there were problems."

"There were problems. There was lots of money. But we took care of each other."

Could we imagine that there was some kind of conspiracy of silence? No one was hiding things. But it was necessary to protect the group. That meant that secrecy was the utmost. People knew what was happening. But the organization required the utmost care. This commitment needed to be constant. One little slip up could wreck thing for good.

Were things too easy? Did that only add to the dangers. The organization was already exposed. The police knew what was happening. Informers could bring things down. Only those in the inner circle could know what was really going on. There needed to be this tightness among everyone. There were things that could not be shared with friends. The operations needed to be guarded with their lives.

In a special way, they were all being drawn together. But there was this gulf that seemed to separate them. And that feeling only became more intense.

There were things that could not be said to the world. This care created this uneasiness. Duke understood the code. He was pledged to this kind of living. It became a foundation for his life. He could make it mean what he wanted. This feeling was the same for all of them. They were all connected to this belief. This commitment needed to be renewed. Any little breach could destroy them. That was what gave everything its urgency.

This urgency helped give sense to the past. It eliminated anything that could interfere with the certainty of the self. It brought this inevitable clarity to the world. It worked to orient everything with such vision. There was no way to veer off this conviction.

Any mistake would be so glaring. It would expose all the players. It would make everyone vulnerable. This false move could throw everything off. It could put everyone in jeopardy. Even the smallest doubts needed to be destroyed. That feeling could not upset the fine balance that kept things going.

Constant vigilance required an awareness of any potential issue. It was necessary to address any problem before it occurred. That meant perfecting the focus of each person. This was a commitment to a special kind of knowing. This science needed to be perfected. All attention should be directed to smallest detail. This was just about the process. This was all about the mind. It was important to have the right thoughts. Any kind of delusion could upset the collective efforts. This was the deeperst commitment on the part of the individual.

As everyone got deeper in the experience, there seemed to be nothing else. It became nearly impossible to have any emotions that were not directly related to the organization. This was important. Everyone was looking over his shoulder. He had no idea what would be the false step.

The money had made everyone powerful. Other people wanted what they had. But they also needed to exercise care. They did not want to draw attention to themselves. These challenges only became worse.

All this tension was difficult to contain. When would things explode. They were already so extreme. What else was there? In a sense, they were dispensing fear. And this suspicion of the outside world only became wilder. There was no other way to imagine the world.

If they were being watched, they needed to keep their eyes open. They needed to analyze everyone around them. It was not simply a question of getting to know them. This was all about getting to peering into their character. They were learning new skills to apply to the world. They were also recognizing new techniques to deal with themselves. They needed to be careful not to say the wrong thing. Every single gesture, every nuance, it all reveled something greater. And that feeling became so massive. There was nothing else. It was forever and ever. It was without equal.

The world took on different proportions. This was unique kind of perception. The individual noticed these inclinations. There was nothing else. Every second, every breath reminded them of the dangers.

We were all existing in a different place. There was no day and night. We needed to keep at this every second. Work and leisure blurred. We were not outlaws. We were not rock stars. We were not showing off.

We had become part of something that was bigger than we were. But we could not escape. We could not quit. There was nothing but this operation. And it would continue for all time. There wasn't any way of imagining that things would be different. There was nothing that was other than this. This added to the overall concern. We could not let anything disrupt this feeling. That was what held us all together. We showed the same concern about the risks. We did everything that we could to avoid detection. It wasn't as if we could hide completely. We couldn't draw attention to ourselves. There were things that we needed to hide.

That sense of vigilance only increased. We never knew what was the issue. We could

never let on what was really going on. We had an energy of our own. This was unique. It got deep in our souls. We were being remade. Our whole beings were transformed. We were becoming something utterly different. Whatever we had been was gone. We had been successful in discarding all the negative influences. We were about one thing and one thing alone.

“After something like this happens, how is it possible to go back to our lives. We may have had plans. Those plans are all part of our past. We have cast it off once and for all. It is not a matter of having a career. How can we keep those thoughts in our mind for very long. It only reminds us what has happened.”

We had been trained to be suspicious. And one of our own had been murdered in front of our eyes. Why did we not see the signs? Someone had been watching us. He knew about our operations. We trusted no one, but this had occurred. We were not able to exercise enough caution. I wondered what was the source of our vulnerability. Who was the weak link? The four of us needed to work more closely together. Whoever had hit us could do it again. This was a crime of such savagery that someone was trying to make a point. It became difficult even to think about what had happened. This had been such an affront.

We were protected. So I did not think that it was a rival organization. And things had been taken from the room. That made me truly wonder what had gone on. How did this happen? This seemed like someone who knew Eric. He realized how he could penetrate the security. He could get money and drugs. Whoever it was was making a point. He was reminding us how easy it was to get close. The killer was throwing it all in our face.

The humiliation was immense. We were going about our business. We took precautions. We did what was needed to move things along. We shut out the threats. We were looking out for the narcs. That was why the organization was so tight about its method. The police were immediately brought into the investigation. There was so much that was confusing about what was going on. How had things reached this point? I had been arrested before. This was something different. This was a different kind of vulnerability. It got so deep in the soul.

I went over the events again and again. I tried to understand the breakdown. I mulled it around in my head. I wondered about the actions of Little. He understood every aspect of the organization. He should have been able to eliminate these threats. I did not want to consider him the weak link. But he could have anticipated what happened. He could have done the utmost to protect Eric.

That was Nick’s arrogance. He acted as if it was his show. I had known Eric for a while. But Nick had a different relationship with him. Nick was looking for trouble. He put all of us on edge. He had a special knowledge that created instability in the organization.” Nick Little was there to hold it all together. He was the professional. He gave meaning it all. We believed that Nick was there to take things a little easier.

“What happened Nick?”

“What are you asking me?”

“How did you get injured?”

I reviewed the things that were taken. Who got the phone? We were getting texts that Eric was out of town. He was there all the time. He was dead all this time. Why would someone outside of the organization try to throw us off? That person would want to keep us

guessing. Once they found the body, then those texts seemed even weirder. Someone was telling us not to look in on Eric. That meant there were real concerns about us finding out. If we didn't know the killer, why would he bother? What did he not want us to find out? I needed to go over the tapes. I needed to examine what had occurred.

"They thought of me as some kind of hero. I was the one who got the police to go back. They started looking for things, which could incriminate Nick. It should have been obvious from the beginning. If I could have figured out what was actually happening, I could have prevented it from happening. It was not so much guilt. I just didn't know. It was in front of my face."

"I had these weird suspicions about Nate and Eric. But this was so far from me. I really had no idea. This was all happening around me. I had no idea what it meant. There was a layer of experience that I was not part of. There was something that happened, and I was blind to it all. Sure, I may have wondered now and then."

"Eric was leading a different life. He was in a different world. I had no other way to describe it. We were all about secrecy, and he added another layer of secrecy to his life. I might have seen this as a way to protect the organization. But this was something else. How could I rewrite the story to come up with a different ending. There was this monster that was living outside of my observation."

"We had been trained to know. We had been trained to see. And we were not seeing what was right in front of our eyes. This was so obvious. And it was so hidden. This had to do with Eric's actual motives. This was all a part of Nick's actual motives. And this was separate from the rest of us."

The organization had been trained to recognize dangers. These dangers were so evident, but they had been missed. Everyone was suspicious of each other. But they also ignored what was really happening. Aidan thought that he was handling security. He walked around with a gun. He had Ron working as his muscle. This was the mob. But Nick had broken down that protection. There was nothing that they could do. Nick was close to Eric in a way that no one else could be. He saw his vulnerability, and this should have been the basis for Aidan's intervention. Aidan was so caught up in the idea of running things. He never saw the actual weaknesses.

Eric was attracted to Nick's nonchalance. On this basis, he felt as if he had power. The two of them could keep things together. For Aidan, it was a different show. He had tried to run a tight ship. He saw the weak links, and he did everything that he could to address them.

He might have resented this closeness that Nick had with Eric. This made him feel like an outsider. In this position, he was taking chances, and these chances added to the risks for the organization. Even if Aidan knew something, what was he going to do? His actions might have made him seem too controlling. He really had no choice. But Eric was not going to let him take over things. The organization depended on the ability of each person to exercise his discretion.

The relationship between Nick and Eric was jeopardizing everyone. It was adding a level of interaction that was invisible to everyone else. The success of the organization depended on the efforts of each person. If there was any weakness, it would make it impossible for the members to do anything to address these problems.

Aidan had given so much of himself to a situation that threatened his existence. How could he ever break down this experience?

“Why wasn’t this more threatening to you? Aidan had faced challenges in trying to overcome the murder.”

“This was more of a job for me.”

“But you were all on edge.”

“What could you ever do to deal with any of this?”

“What could you ever do to deal with any of this?”

“I was distant from it all. It never got in my head. I applied myself.”

“You were threatened also.”

“I never had that much money. I wasn’t controlling the product.”

“It was like any other job.”

“It was like any other job.”

Convict Little complained that one of his fellow inmates accosted him. He wanted to get some kind of satisfaction for his grievance.

“You can’t bring Eric back just by putting someone in prison. There is justice on one level. But there are deeper questions that cannot be answered. What happens to our lives afterwards? Aidan could keep on playing the gangster. I had no idea how he could do it. He could no longer hide from anyone. But he found this little space here he could be completely separate from everyone else.”

“Luke and Duke had really been through some shit. This was all part of their learning process. This could have been something else. And they would have been just as circumspect. It would still take a while for Duke to process it completely. He saw it all as the battle to stay alive. That made him focus intently on his tiny part of the world. But he was losing part of the big picture.”

“Eric’s family was broken. How could they have seen this coming? We were probably all so caught up in the moment. This was a world that equated our personal efforts to this narrow view of success. Eric and Aidan could look at the money, and this reinforced their beliefs about themselves. They believe that the rest of the world followed along in the same way. Probably, they did not recognize how they were perpetuating a view of their own privilege. Aidan had a terrible relationship with his father. This was his way of making a way for himself. He could live by this one rule: trust no one. For the time being, he could trust the Almighty Dollar.”

“The rest of us did not see clarity in our futures. We had already been through so much. We no longer knew how to hold our breaths. We were still gasping for air.”

Nick Little was arrested for the murder of his friend, Eric Davis. He was accused of stabbing Eric seventy times.

“I am going to bring you the transcript of the trial.”

“I would like to bring something else along.”

“You want your own interpretation of the events.”

“I only want one thing.”

“We are going to do this three times to make sure.”

“Duke, I need you to tell me this story.”

“You are not supposed to trust anyone.”

“Really, what would that mean?”

“I have finally escaped that kind of life.

“Who is waiting out there?”

“Who is going to save me?”

“I didn’t want to do this. I couldn’t even think about it. This was not a plan. This was a thought in an instant. Even that instant denied the thought. How could it even happen? How could I ever happen like that? What happened to me? I could not see any other way of existing. I had been made to do this. I could not even think about these moments when I doubted my course of action.”

“I was going to do this. No one could stop me. I was not going to get caught. I would make it look like a robbery. Where was I going to go? I would take his things. I would try to throw everyone off the trail”.

“Why weren’t you smarter about this, smart guy. You could have disappeared, You threw everyone off the trail. You had the money, You could have gone into the wilderness. You could have found this place where they would have never found you. What held you back? Did your guilt do you in?”

“I didn’t trust anyone. And I had stopped trusting my own emotions. None of this had been planned.”

“There was no way that you were going to prove this. I told you that it was a thief. It was someone from a rival organization. He was gunning for all of us. None of this was my fault. I suffered too.”

“I suffered too. They still target me in jail.”

“We were living outside the law. There was no law for us. We could do whatever we pleased. I realized that there was something that needed to get done. I took care of it. It was that simple. You make your own rules.”

“I looked at what I had done. How had this happened? I looked around. There was blood everywhere. This was not me. This was someone else. There was no way that I did this. I looked all around. There were suspects.”

“The horror became more and more intense. I never meant to do this. This was an accident. I was not involved. He had fought me off. This was not something that was easy to do. This was not something that was allowed.”

“I could not even think about what had happened. What had I done? I did not do it. I could hide from it. I could get away. I could away. I could create a different life for myself. I had been through this so many times. And it had made me this way. How had I been made this way?”

“This was not me. I did not do this. I did not do this.”

“Aidan had something to do with this. He was running around with a gun. He was threatening to all of us. He had messed with us. It was all his doing. Ron and Aidan came in and did this. I tried to stop them. And they had gotten away. I did not know what to do. I took everything that I could. I needed to protect myself against them,”

“Could you have done this? Were you envious of what they had? You saw Eric and Nick together. You may have felt that they were going to cut you out of the organization. They were going to leave you out to dry. You would have nothing. You wouldn’t even have a life. You would be a nobody. And everyone would be after you.”

“I solved the murder. I realized that Nick was behind it all. I told the cops what I knew. I showed them the tape. I protected myself.”

“Did that make you a snitch?”

“I was not going to hunt Nick down. I wanted to. But I could not let him get away with it. That was my only choice.”

“You are getting too cocky. It only takes one person to bring you down.”

“No one is going to bring me down. I am more careful than ever.”

“You are hiding out from the world.”

“What would you do? You cannot be too careful.”

“Do not look behind you!”

“All that I had to do was look at him and he reminded me what was going on; he had that weird smirk on his face. He was so smug. On the inside, he was laughing at me he was laughing at my confusion I had no idea what I was supposed to do was I supposed to want more of him? Was I supposed to want less? And I felt this incredible shame. This wasn't some thing that I did. This wasn't some thing that I was supposed to do. This is some thing I was so wrong. And he was mocking me. He was making me feel like less than a person. He had others. He didn't need me. I had to put myself out this way why I had a given to him. My head I let him get in my head. He was in my head. He was looking at me. He was staring at me. He was staring at me. He was in my head. I wanted to put all this to an end. I wanted to put him to an end. He thought that he was better than me. We had both done things together. But he always thought he was better than me. He had his privilege. He could do whatever he wanted he could get whatever he wanted he could get whomever he wanted and he had taken from me he had taken my emotion he taken my reality he humiliated me.”

“He had humiliated me over and over again. I wanted him to tell me something. I wanted him to do something about it. But he was going to move on with his life, and he wanted nothing whatsoever to do with me. I would've nothing whatsoever to do with him. I needed to know that any of this happened I needed to know that it is happened what a motherfucker what a motherfucker ...I'm going kill this motherfucker I'm going to kill this motherfucker I'm going to kill this motherfucker. I grab the knife, and I punched it in, he struggled with me. I kept stabbing, stabbing, stabbing him; I wanted all this out of my mind I wanted this monster out of my life I wanted this monster out of my life; he was the monster; keep stabbing him; he kept struggling; he kept coming back to life. He was lying there, not moving, but he kept coming back to life; he was going to destroy me; he was there ready to destroy me. I couldn't do it. If I couldn't do anything; I could do anything; I couldn't do anything but stab him stab him stab him again and again and again and again. He just lay there. I thought he would come back at me. I was sure that he was going to kill me. He wanted to kill me. He wanted to obliterate me from his world. He wanted to get me out of his mind. We both felt shame. He wanted to get rid of his shame.”

“He was punching the knife in me I was lying there. And he was punching the knife into me. And I was lying there. What can I do? What was my hope? I was my only hope. I need to stab him need to stab him I need to stab him; I need to stab him; I need to stab him; I need to stab him; I need to stab him again and again. Anyway, they're lifeless not even a twitch and there was blood everywhere. There was blood on me. This was so grotesque. This was in May. Someone had been here. Someone had fought with the both of us. That was why

my arm was injured. I needed to be clear on what happened. I need to be clear about this intruder. None of it was clear, everything was foggy. I need to take precautions I need to clean up I need to get out of here, I'll be together by things. This was going to be difficult; what else was valuable here. I need to clean out this place. I was out of here. I was way out of here. I was out of my mind. I was way out of my mind. I did not know this. It was a momentary thing. I did nothing of this; it wasn't me it was someone else; it was someone else; I was someone else."