

WHERE AM I?

This was the beginning of my questions. How could I explain my alienation from my friends and my family? I didn't find satisfaction in just earning money. I was afraid that I would just lose my place in the shit pile that surrounded me. That could have made me the most cynical person in the world. I still had a heart. And I needed inspiration to find what was missing in my life.

I was looking for a theory to explain all of this. I guess that pushed me along a journey that seemed without end. I didn't feel as if I was being used. And I knew that this was going to be an ongoing struggle. It was enough to find answers. I wanted things to make sense in a deeper way. I was afraid that I was just sounding like a cliché.

I wanted something permanent in my life. And everything seemed so empty. I couldn't just close off the negative influences.

I didn't have anyone who I could ask about what was happening to me. I was going along without a sense of direction. And I couldn't find anyone who could tell me what I needed to do. I had been permanently cast adrift.

It wasn't as if the body told me what I needed to know. If it did tell me something, I felt that I was being led astray. And I felt less confidence about others who were committed to the cult of the body.

I felt motivated to take everything apart and put it back together in a new way. Where was I supposed to start? I felt as if I was ending before I had even started.

I was not going to get lost in my emotions. No one could fill in for the hollow in my soul. I wasn't looking for a magic show. I didn't want rejection to be a part of life.

I couldn't sneak out of my life by getting lost in some silly conversation. It wasn't as if there was someone waiting with all the answers. I wasn't going to be rescued by clever banter.

I believed that I could get a hold of my story and my life. What did I have to do to make things clear for me. I could look around me and feel that I had cues to relate to the world in a realistic way. But my feet were still not planted on the ground.

Did I have choice or was I being pulled along by these uncontrollable urges? I had fought these influences all my life. That hardly gave me the authority to be that assertive in my life.

There were times that I felt that my life was being taken from me. And I needed to do what I could to get it back. I didn't want to give myself to someone else in the hopes of understanding myself.

I had seen all my friends give in to this cloud of confusion. That wasn't me. I wanted my own life. I wanted to live by my own rules.

I had these urges. I could feel myself get spun around in this whirlwind. There were so many things happening. That added to my fear. I felt that I didn't have the knowledge to sort things through. Where was I going to find the guidance to make sense of it all? I was being held down by this immense weight, and I could not find the way to free myself.

If only someone could tell me that I was heading in the right direction, I could pick up on these suggestions. I wanted to be the star of my life, not an extra. I didn't want to seem selfish. Even when I was sitting with my friends, there seemed to be something that was not right.

I felt as if the world was turning around itself and twisting me every which way. I was

getting more and more immersed in a world that could not protect me from myself. That was so overwhelming.

I realized that I was going to have to take a risk. And this could easily wreck me. I felt that I had mapped out everything out. How could I make this happen?

I recognized that I was not facing any actual hardship. It would be too easy for me to lose my principles for a simple reward. This made me feel as if I was less of a person. I would have all these ideas that made sense of my life. But it would only take a little bit to get me going. And I would just betray my beliefs. That was just hopeless.

I was bewildered. I had seen this happen all around me. It didn't take much. The promise of a promotion. Or an easy opportunity. Anything that could make the picture immediately clear even if the fog was even thicker than ever. What was I surrendering? Did I even have any scruples?

My friends had jobs. They told themselves that they had to do what they could to get ahead. I was so sure that I could follow in their footsteps.

That's what we did when we got together. We would congratulate each other for our success. When I was on my own, I felt vulnerable. They had already psyched me out. They put the words in my mouth, and I just chattered on. It was too automatic. I couldn't blame this on someone else.

I imagined myself in the boss's office, and he was doing what he could do shake me off my game. How was this happening? We were all the same. Once I started paying for rent and my car payment, I was screwed. I was never going to make it right. I was too deep in my own stupidity. I was letting my own greed destroy. I had become accustomed to this level of luxury. It was too much. I had lost my ability to be free.

I had more questions. More doubts than ever. And it all seemed so easy. I could push this one button, and it all fell into place. And I would just fall into line.

We could all sit together and pretend that none of this mattered. We were all moving ahead. I was part of the winning team. My doubts were not supposed to be part of the picture. Happiness awaited me.

My mind was racing ahead. And I felt time slow down all around me. What was I supposed to be thinking? The book was hidden from me. And my friends seemed even more assertive of their plans for life.

If I had not taken the bait, then I would have felt rejected. I was too invested in this game. What did it really mean to remain present in my life? I did not want to regret things after it all over.

If actual pain was dragging me down, then I could try to battle back. But I was so numb to it all, so that gave me the motivation to forget whatever was bothering me. I was just going along. My friends had only encouraged me to be this way.

I felt all sick by this. This wasn't how it was meant to be. But I was somehow going along. That made me more helpless. They all seemed to recognize what was going on. And I was only pretending. Even when I was alone, I felt that pretense.

This was too much. I was becoming accustomed to these rewards. And it did nothing for me. It only assuaged my fears. My words were getting out of control.

We just had it too good. And that made it hard for our analysis to remain at the forefront.

I was afraid that the same thing could happen with guys. I did not want to see myself as that available. I needed to pull myself away from it all.

I couldn't meditate it all away. How could I explore this side of myself without just giving in to the madness swirling around me.

We could all tell ourselves that we were part of an emerging world. We embraced the burgeoning techtopia. We each had skills that would propel the future in an innovative way. We could sip wine and nibble on cheese and crackers and tell each other that was had tapped into the genius of the moment. This seemed to dispel our doubts. And the fog vanished before our eyes.

There was something marvelously assertive in the moment. It spurred us on to greater heights. It gave us our motivation. We weren't just caught up in the moment. We were moving history along. I was keeping track of each of these achievements. We were becoming trailblazers. We were into the search for its sake. We weren't tied down by the material promise. We were making things right for everyone else.

We has justification. The cheese and crackers were special. The wine was invigorating. I could feel these calculations running around in my head. I had so much that I could do. There was so much that I wanted to know.

How were we getting this process moving? How could we be so sure? We had examined the trends. We had learned the skills. We read. And we kept exchanging ideas. That made us see even more powerful. All of us had been inspired by this vision. Now, we had the chance to work it out.

There may have been times when we were unsure of what was happening. But we could solve these problems with our minds. And we were sharpening this acumen.

I would break off another piece of cheese. I would have another sip of wine. This was all a reassurance that our efforts had worked. We has all been briefed in these effective techniques. That made us unique.

These conversations confirmed the effectiveness of our efforts. We would be successful at transforming the world. This seemed the only way to influence events in a positive way. I was a builder. And I was creating the building blocks for real change. My studies had been worthwhile.

I needed to do more. How could apply my understanding to creating real change?

I believed that my dream job would be the key to success. I could afford my own home. I could get a new car. And I could save for my future. I had been a committed student. And my knowledge would come in handy as I overcame the barriers to my dreams. I would create my own opportunities. What did I have to be afraid of? I felt as if I could have it all with my eyes closed. My parents had told me as much. And I bought into their vision of the world. My friends all seemed equally blessed. From our childhood, we had nurtured this dream. And we built upon our blessings. We were the fortunate few. But I believed that everyone could be the same. They only needed persistence. I was bursting with energy. And I had so much wonder that I felt that I could share what I had with others. That was all that it took.

Despite all my optimism, something appeared to be out of my grasp. And I was doing my best to understand. Why couldn't other people feel the same way as I did? I wanted it to all come into focus.

I did not want to blame other people for their hardships. But what else could explain their

failure to take advantage of all their blessings. Maybe they didn't have tutors when they were younger. That didn't mean that they couldn't make things happen on their own. What did it take? didn't have tutors when they were younger. That didn't mean that they couldn't make things happen on their own. What did it take?

I was hardly going to be the angel to make it all happen for them. Surely, it wasn't going to be all that difficult to make life a little better. I was not supposed to be some kind of Florence Nightingale, but I was a caring person. If I had told my parents that I was going to become a doctor, they would have loved me to the ends of time. I would have given them everything that they dream of and more.

I realized how the promise of success had distracted me. I had become almost ruthless in my pursuit. Even though I was sympathetic to those who did not have the same advantages that I did, I blamed them for their failures. We had been all prepared for the great choices of life. Some people were not ready to deal with what they encountered. They let their lives spiral out of control. At any point, they could have stopped the descent. But they would not own their shortcomings. I hated to see it this way, but they were losers.

I would reluctantly go along with my friends when they made this argument. This point of view started to become my outlook. That made all of us feel better about ourselves. Any minor triumph was worthy of celebration. We were all headed in the same direction.

Maybe, I was not going to be the perfect daughter. But I felt as if I was getting as close as possible. What was standing in my way?

I wanted other to be moved by the same urgency. I wanted a wand to bless others with a constant magic. I never wanted to come down from this inspiration.

I was not the genius that I wanted to be. I only wished that there was some secret that I could pass along to the world.

I didn't want to make any mistakes. That was all part of the big plan. Success was its own medicine. I had more than enough to keep the process going. I felt no shame.

I was a little afraid that I would get lost amidst all the questions that I had developed. I had certainty about my life. I just wondered why it wasn't enough to keep everyone motivated."

Shame started to set in as if I hadn't done enough. And I had cheated others out of their rightful reward. That only made me more committed to my view of success. I needed to be exceptional. That would justify my claim on an even greater promise. I did not want to get left behind like the others.

I could look at my friends sitting at the table, and I could marvel on what we shared together. And this made me feel more fortunate. I didn't want to have any regrets. Nevertheless, I felt as if I was losing out. What did I have to do to lose this feeling?

I needed some kind of relief. A touch on the shoulder. Something to make me feel right.

I was sitting with my friends and wondering if I really belonged. I didn't want to spend my time dwelling on my feelings. Where was this headed? I could let myself drift off from my commitment. I needed to find creative spark inside of myself. I had felt this urgency when I was younger. I had learned the rules, and I was good at conforming. Was this going to continue on forever?

My mind was in a thousand places. I was doing my best to hold the course. What was wrong? I didn't want to hurt anyone. I needed to figure out what was in my way. What would

make it easier for me to progress comfortably.

I needed to concentrate. There needed to be a way to let go of my doubts. I felt as if I was a flashing light, and everyone was looking back at me.

The world was staring back at me. And I needed to see it in a different way. I needed to use my analytical skills to figure out where things had gone wrong.

How could things have messed up if success was leading me on. I had no reason to complain. This wasn't a thing of the mind. I was seeing something real. Where was this going?"

My reality seemed to have nothing to do with the world of others. I was living behind glass, and I was getting caught up in the glare. I didn't want to feel embarrassed. But I could no longer protect my place at the table.

Success didn't come so easy to others. What was the cause? I wanted to find out what was actually happening, not the ideal view that they put together in my textbooks. I needed to break it down. I needed to leave my place at the table.

My friends had no idea what was going on. They all felt a different urgency. I couldn't convince them what was happening in my life. I could provide them with a similar perspective.

I did not want to feel as if I was being forced to act in a certain way. I needed to find my own way in the world. There were so many things that I was not saying. I felt as if I was negotiating with someone, who was destroying my life. How could I balance this out? I had been led on a journey that was not doing any good for me.

I wasn't doing anything wrong, but I couldn't shake the feeling, the shame. What was the source. It wasn't as if I could confess to my offense. I told myself that it had little to do with me. It was the world. Things were all so vague. I needed to make sense. Where were the skills that I needed to provide me with the necessary awareness.

I realized that no one could answer these questions. Up until this point, I had been convinced that I had special knowledge to extend my critical awareness of the world. Now, I was drifting through these endless fog without any clarity. I did not have real knowledge. I was only doing what I was expected to do.

I was not going to reveal myself to someone else. I did not need someone to give the push. I needed to shake off all these influences. I needed to make sense for myself.

I started to get more confused. Success could not give me what I wanted. It was even more evident to me. What was I supposed to do? How could I measure my development.

There didn't seem to be much choice. I might have found the error in my previous way of thinking. But I needed to go where the jobs were. I needed to get paid. I admitted to my cynicism. Those who constantly complained had little hope of changing things. What were they going to do to hold their lives together?

It wasn't so much success that was my driving force. I was doing my best to develop a strategy. And that seemed to be enough.

I may have stopped blaming people for their lot. That didn't make me all that sympathetic. I was living with my own illusions.

I didn't want to think that my life was a waste. I looked at someone who was cursing her fate. Where would this lead? I did not want to get lost in despondency. Could I really feel solidarity with the exploited? I was taught to fight back. I could let my shortcomings get in my way.

I needed to create a more critical analysis of the world around me. Why didn't everyone learn the skills to beat the system? In school, it all seemed so automatic. I had relatives, who struggled, but I had been taught that my life was not supposed to end up like that. Someone had to do the work. Everyone served a purpose. Maybe, some people didn't like their jobs. But people needed to work. I was making important decisions in my life. I had to make compromises. Wasn't that just part of life?

People needed to bring a positive attitude to their situation. I thought how things could things could get difficult. I analyzed salaries. I realized how there were many people, who struggled to afford basic necessities. And an accident could throw things off. But people couldn't make excuses. Everyone could find some kind of excuse.

I wasn't supposed to study these failures to see what I was supposed to do in my life. I had been taught the champion's way. We were expected to do the right thing at every stage. We had been trained to use our intelligence to escape a terrible situation. I was doing my best to recognize the needs of others. How could I give any more of myself? I hardly had the will to get going.

I felt paralyzed by the challenges. I realized the risks hiding in the shadows. What was I supposed to do now?

Did people realize the power that they had? Did I even recognize the power that I had to make things right.

Maybe, I needed to see things in a new way. What was the source? I had been taught that labor was just a commodity. Therefore, people needed to deal with the imperfections in the market. They couldn't blame the system. But the picture wasn't all that clear. What had made labor a commodity? If they had their own way, owners would try to reduce labor cost to nothing. Was that really a fact? People were exploited in developing nations; however, they were still participating in the world economy.

How did this work out around me? Didn't people have the opportunity to create their own life. What was missing? There were so many people who gave everything of themselves, and they got so little in return. It didn't take much for it all to head in reverse.

Labor could create value. It wasn't based on the rewards of meritocracy. Meritocracy was a different game. Workers could use their skills to improve delivery. They could make lasting results.

I wasn't an expert in economic theory. What were the practical outcomes? I was really out of touch. I didn't understand real hardship. Not everyone had options. It only took a little bit of bad timing, and everything could get so out of hand.

When people saw what was happening, this could be the clue to seeing a closer connection among all people. Those up top found a way to pass the failures off on their workers. They were writing off all their losses. And they were the ones who acted like victims.

I was shining a magnifying glass on the system. I was seeing how things could mess up. My relatives had family. That wasn't always enough. It seemed worse than that. The system found a way to create catastrophe. And the explosive character of the game blessed the owners.

All these facts and figures only created more questions.

Despite my knowledge, I could hardly see any revolutionary potential in these thoughts. Not everyone saw what was going on. They struggled for serenity, but that did not provide for

lasting knowledge.

People clung to their job security. They saw how they could be fired for the smallest cause. Employers would push them. And they created systems to trip them up.

That was how the techtopia really worked. It created new methods to threaten the workers. They were always being watched. And the noose would pull tighter.

Workers would be on their feet for most of their shift. They would get sick or pass out on the floor. One would think that was enough. This was almost like a science fiction movie. Everyone was afraid to make the first move. The guard dogs kept them all at bay.

All my friends seemed to accept the world as it played out. They didn't need dogs to keep them in place. Their commitment kept them in place. They were just too complacent. Even when they faced life-changing events. They took it all in stride. What would it take for them to be assertive.

I imagined myself working in a warehouse. I told myself that it was only for summer. I was in my own nightmare. I was lucky that I didn't break my arm. This was hardly the job for me. But I needed to survive. I almost got hit by a forklift.

A competent worker was able to make the job second nature. This was going to take forever. I wanted my wine. I wanted my crackers and cheese.

I wanted to quit, but I needed money for school. Everyone expected that they would find rescue. It should have seemed so overwhelming. I hardly had time to sleep at night. My body ached all over. As I settled down, I heard the alarm ring. What had happened to my night? I was back on the floor again. I was trying to concentrate. By late morning, I needed a break. Maybe a chocolate bar. Something to keep me from falling asleep. I grabbed a coke. It brought me back a little. I had no idea how I was going to make it through the night. And they seemed to want more and more from me.

When would I ever escape this place?

I realized that I only had to concentrate. I could escape from my imagination. That did not change things for those on the floor. Their disgust could develop. It could take form. They could share their anger. This could be the beginning of real change.

The workers could share their stories. This would convince them that they were not the problem. The machine was wearing them down. It was skinning them alive. The body barely had enough energy.

Where were all these efforts headed? Would there ever be enough critical mass? Could people slam the door once and for all? I wanted knowledge.

I wanted to run through the factory. I wanted to tag everyone. I wanted everyone to understand what need to be done. We would all rise together.

These ideas were so simplistic. I had spent too much time with my friends. We even lost touch with our relatives who struggled. No one wanted to look back.

I could find a guy, who would help me forget. We would all reflect on the wonders in our life. That would only make us feel better.

I needed to understand myself. I really hadn't learned much from all these years of studying. I knew how to twirl the dials, but I had not knowledge of character. I was skinning the surface. I was mesmerized by the glow.

How could I escape?

I woke up to see myself as the only person on the shop floor. The forklifts looked back at me. Was I too late or too early? Was there a crisis at the factory. Why had I not been told?

I asked myself how a landlord could soak money from his tenants when they were paying for his expenses. What was fair in this system? The tenants could never afford down payments. It was a perpetual struggle. The individual could never attain a winning combination.

I thought how much some people had to work just to make their rent. And they took that process for granted. Sometimes they would blame themselves for not having the initiative. The landlord often looked down on his tenants. They would lose their will in the overall process. What would my friends advise me? They would learn to play the game. They would want to be the landlord a million times over. This was simple economics. He who owned the machine called the tune. Only this tune was going out of tune. No one could control this experience. I did not play along with this mess.

I realized what it meant to go against the grain. People were learning how to trick the system and get a little bit more. And that more became more than ever. There was no other way to see this. If you wanted to come out on top, you needed to struggle to be on top.

I knew what the problem. I was already starting to raise questions. I didn't want to feel rejected any more than I was. I wasn't losing my mind. I had focus. I couldn't get lost in a futile pursuit.

I almost had it all figured out. I would do my job. I would find what I was after. And I wouldn't get distracted. I had been doing that all along. But it provided me with little relief. I didn't want to get confused by someone telling me the wrong things. I had enough confidence in myself. Did I need to validate myself in order to be accepted by my friends. That seemed ridiculous. My friends had no idea what was going on. They were caught up in their pursuit of success. It seemed more and more self-destructive. The closest that they got to their goals, the more the cynicism set in. They wouldn't admit it. They were much more cynical than I was.

I couldn't even sit at the same table. I was waiting for something that was not going to happen.

They all thought that they controlled the machine. That made them extra powerful they believed that they were owners. And they were setting the price. They were taking the risk. Where was this going? Where were any of them going?

People were taking advantage of them. They had no idea what was happening. They had got lost in their roles. And they would head right back to where they had started. The nervousness had overcome all of them.

Did I really have any understanding of the greater forces that moved history? My friends were seeking some kind of liberation. Things were blowing up in their faces. They didn't have the resources to change a thing.

They couldn't see history moving them along. They saw their prospects, and everything seemed to work in their favor. How could they see it any differently?"

There was this perfect connection between their vision for their lives and their social position. It was all too perfect. They knew about people, who didn't have the same opportunities. They felt that this was how it was supposed to be. They were meant to be servants. They were meant to serve others of a higher social station. That was what it meant to understanding the machine.

Our discussions only made us accept what our parents had told us. We all acted out our personal rebellion. We played our part. None of it made a difference. Everyone was ready to surrender what individuality that she had to get the promised reward.

I needed to explore. What was the problem? Everyone had a spark. But there needed to be more than that. They could enhance their commitment to fashion. They could become better doctors or engineers. But they could never really listen to that profound question vibrating from within. That was how they all survived. They quit taking chances. They hugged the wall.

Rebellion didn't seem to be much different. You just got more ruthless. You let go of all the trappings of human concern. And you went to town. You let the madness drive you to a greater triumph. I understood this emotional piracy. I didn't want to go to this place. That only made me like everyone else here. I just shaded things differently. What was getting in the way of crowning myself in all my excellence.

There were a thousand people getting in the way of what I wanted for myself. And I seemed silly. I didn't have the agency. I was going along. I was trying to cough up whatever was in my way. There was such a long way to go, and I was not getting any closer. I could go to class. I could do my job. I could toe the line.

My friends were tasting each other's wine. They were giggling. But I was not in on the joke. Someone was making fun of my dreams. This was not working.

I wanted to understand history in very specific terms. What made people rebellious? What motivated them to throw off the chains of tyranny? What happened when the tyranny was inside the self? Did these chains squeeze tightly around all of us. Purpose was no longer clear to me. I saw a world full of trash. And everyone was wasting their potential? Everything seemed to easy. You ran towards a goal, but it was never anything that you expected.

I wasn't angry. I was hardly involved. I was relying on my intelligence. I was blessed by my memory. What did it matter? What did any this matter? Who understood or knew?

All these numbers and facts and figures were not helping me. I couldn't bring order to the world. I only needed to clean away the garbage. I needed a theory. I had worked on this for so long. And little of it made any sense. It should not have been so challengeing for myself.

This was all getting too close to me. It was nightmarish. I felt as if I sympathetic with others. They were all suffering. And I was bearing this burden. The screaming was so loud. It was all this people in unison. What did I need to do to make it right?"

When people believed that they had the power, they thought that it was an individual thing. And if it didn't go right, it would eat them up inside. That was when it all got started. They needed to reach out and make contact with something collective. They needed to find the source of their freedom. Hand in hand.

Where was this headed?

What was the basis of this understanding. The kernel of truth. How could I reach the source? It wasn't about some kind of cheap understanding. This was viable. There was possibility. Who could turn the switch? Who would light the spark?

The excitement burned inside of me. What was revolution? What made it burn in the night? What attracted other people? It wasn't just a cultural understanding. This was something material. It was all about a lasting transformation. It was a political motivation. It was analytical. It was based on the genius of the moment. A refusal to go along. And a realization

that you were driving the machine.

I was making it all go.

Was I supposed to break all the crackers? Was I supposed to crumble the cheese?"

Who could provide me with the forgiveness? I needed to overthrow my oppressors.

The language all fit me. But this was not just something in my head. I needed to understand that the world was just like this.

The owner wasn't making the sandwiches. Some days, he would immerse himself in the work as if he was making it going. He was never assuming the same risk. That was why he was the owner. He could sell the whole operation. He could barrel through. He could claim all the spoils for himself.

Everyone took pride in her performance. They thought that it all meant more than it did. They all wanted to be the chosen one. But the choosing did not last for long. And they were left with all the shit of human existence. And they believed that this was their condition. This was more vague shit. Silly symbols. People were losing touch with their concrete realities. They were blaming it on the weather or on the stars. And they felt that a mystical shock could explain it all. But there was no explanation to be had. There was nothing here.

We only had to hide our fears, and we could all stand forth together. Not like a wine and cheese circle. We needed to find a greater liberation. Something in air and water. Something in our personal mastery.

What did I have? I was more afraid than ever. I did not feel courageous enough to accept my role in history. That all seemed presumptuous. That only made me want to remain in the shadows. I reached for another cracker. I did not say a thing.

I wanted to remain anonymous. I couldn't pretend that a journey through childhood would tell me what I needed to do. That only confirmed this cocoon of my existence. All my pursuits seemed vain. No one could reveal what I needed to know. What would be truly worthwhile?

The air seemed polluted. The sky was hazy. I did not have the chance to speak my peace.

I was doing the high wire act with a net. I was trying all kinds of tricks. But there was no revelation. Who was following and who was leading?

I knew how not to screw up. But I couldn't create a path to real knowledge. I wasn't going to look at nature and see any kind of order. I was not following the apple dropping from the tree in the hopes that I could detect the actual pattern of the universe.

Why was I driven to total silence? I knew that the passion existed for those people who woke each morning with a purpose. I needed the hammer. I needed to find the nail. I could detect the imperfection and connect it. I could get jostled in the crowd. I looked for someone who knew. Someone who was full of confidence.

These friends were too afraid. They did not have a method. They did not recognize the magic. They were all too convinced that they were blessed. Someone else could confirm that absurdity. That was the cure. They were all seeking a lasting cure.

I felt that I could extricate myself from the trap. I had learned the puzzle. I had stumbled on a method. It was too simple.

My roommate wondered what was wrong. Why had I come home early? Why was I locked in my room. There was no drama. I only wanted to sleep. I admitted my helplessness. I

did not want to feel more isolated. It would all come together as I slept. I would get over the nightmare.

I couldn't not avenge what had happened to me. I only had to look right. My friends had told me as much. None of this amounted to anything important. If there was anyone who got it, I would never reach that person. He was way out ahead of me.

The morning was closer than I thought. Once it came, the story ended. I couldn't add something more to create a balance. I slammed the door shut.