

CREEP

He believed that he had an unlimited power to influence the world. He could get people to do what he wanted. At times, they would even act contrary to their own interests. Nevertheless, this power could be deceiving. Even as he was taken in by his own beliefs, he realized his limitations. He believed his facility. After a few drinks, he thought he was invincible. Nevertheless, this power could easily be diluted in the situation. This could result in a loss of focus. Although he was sure that his advances were welcome, he often overstayed his time. People would start to wonder why he was still hanging around. That didn't completely diminishes abilities. He knew that he had a skill. He was going to test it out. It relied upon his risk-taking. He had been somewhat successful in business. He felt that he could predict markets. These seem same characteristics seem to apply to human beings. Therefore, he had no restraints.

When the moment suited him, he could say whatever came to his mind. He may have not seemed that dangerous. But that was all his own viewpoint. A woman might wonder what was going on. Did he have any boundaries. Nevertheless, he had his own tricks. He was like the magician with the hat. For many, the trick would be obvious. But he could make the rabbit appear for the impressionable. They were delight in the sleight-of-hand. Overtime, he may have lost some of his speed. Therefore, people would watch him in marvel what is in ability to see their skepticism. However he did what he could to make up for the shortcomings. He was a committed performer. He realized all of his act depended upon entertainment. If you caught him at the right moment, he would be much more reserved. He understood protocol. And he followed the rules. Sometimes, he would follow the rules all too well. That aspect of his nature could seem charming.

He was very old-school. He loved being the gentleman. In that rule, he could be a little overbearing. Sometimes his humor could be out of sync. Nevertheless, he would be persistent. He wouldn't let them self get distracted from his overall goal. Even when he had been rejected, he continue to believe that his advances will taken. He made every effort to ingratiate himself with others. He really believed that this was part of a growth process. He could show the side self to his audience, and they would enjoy what he shared. Sometimes, he could seem magnanimous. This would add to his appeal.

He was thoroughly convinced that he was making some thing happen. At times, the universe seem to oblige. This was all part of his nature. He wouldn't back down. And his reaction could even touch on aggressiveness. But he try to mute that response. He wanted other people to show their concern. There was a strong basis for this behavior. He was working from his own expectations. He wanted other people to get on board. He thought there was only one right path. If he stayed on it, others would except him automatically. He was stuck with his script. He was defiant. He believed that came with the territory.

He could've shown more realism. He could've been more sympathetic. He had a generous streak. But that could also go overboard. If he was in a state of mind, he might start expecting things for his generosity. He might've realized that this was all too extreme. That didn't diminish his outlook. He was relentless. If he had been a little more focused he

might've seemed to be obsessive. This obsession had a different foundation. It was more rooted in his view of the world.

He didn't just expect people to go along with his beliefs. He thought that he was seeing the universe as it was supposed to be. He was only orienting others to this fact. Therefore, he didn't even have to make excuses. He was lost in the moment. He couldn't step back and see a larger picture. And the larger picture was all about some thing that he learned in the past. And he just put all those pieces in place. And he kept reinforcing that same outlook. Others might look askance at his actions; he couldn't care.

He believed that it was heroic. This outlook would even be true if he was abrasive. People were supposed to love his behavior. There was no other way to save us. He was pushing the envelope, because he didn't see any boundaries. This was all part of his eminence. What he was doing was OK. His justification was all evident. He had been raised this way. But he believed that this was the right way. He had been committed to a moral code even as he bent it in his own favor. On that basis, he never really understood his advantages. He saw it almost in the opposite way. He had been fighting all along. He had done everything to reach this point. He deserve these rewards. If that meant that other people should've said to his wishes automatically, that was all part of this theater. He wasn't going to back off. He didn't want to slow down. He couldn't surrender. He built up a crazy head of steam. And that propelled him along. Are there was no way that he could avoid this kind of thinking.

He was almost incorrigible. His resistance was due to his stubbornness. But he was convinced that this was rooted in a way of seeing the world. He had a basic understanding of logic. He knew a little science. And he even thought about a career that would be based upon basic principles of physics. He brought all this knowledge to bear on his own actions. Therefore, there was no reason to think that he could be wrong. He has spent so much time learning how to be right. In a sense, that was all that mattered. This was part of his character. This was part of his inculcation. He was a very ethical individual. He would even be judge mental of others. He would try to apply the same code to them. He would look at their weaknesses and shine a magnifying glass on them until they seemed totally out of proportion.

This added to his own sense of superiority. This is all part of his upbringing. He had been focused this way. He grew this way. And he didn't want to listen. Why should he listen? He had the evidence of thousands of years to back his outlook. What other way could he see this? He wasn't going to take the blame himself. What had he ever done wrong?

Sometimes, he recognized how he had been a little too gregarious. He let the fun get out of hand. That was all part of the gentleman's agreement. He could doff his hat and beg forgiveness. Everyone around him would recognize his apology and accept his act of contrition. That was a fact. He might take care of restitution. He might buy everybody in the bar drinks.

What else could be expected of him? He had been a crazy-headed lad. That reputation my follow him as he got older. He only needed a little to rectify the situation. This added to his discomfort. At times, it might seem as if he was out of excuses. And he still acted pretty much the same. And what would be a break on his behavior? At what point, would it be a clear

motivation for him to change once and for all. There were times when he wouldn't indulge at the bar. He would be more circumspect about his own behavior, and he would try to search for a better example for the present. That sensation wouldn't last. He might not go back to the way that he was. But he had his own methods. He would shade things here and there over time he would be back to his old self.

Compounded over time, these behaviors could seem threatening. He tried to keep it light. Occasionally, he couldn't let go after harassing an individual. Others needed to intercede to intercede that he was out of control. At those moments, he would still claim his rights. He would act like an innocent man picked up by the police. However, there were other moments when he was all law and order. He would berate others. He would focus on their weaknesses. And he would pretend that he was infallible.

What did he think was the source of his incredible power? Sure, he thought that he was the arbiter of an ancient regime. More than that, he was caught in his own embellishments. They were so excessive that anyone else would see them as nonsense. But he developed a commitment to this way of life. He had been doing this for so long. His parents and his teachers had nurtured this understanding. Even his employers could testify to his single-mindedness. He would get the task done with no questions.

All these efforts had resulted in the complete picture. At the same time, these characteristics could seem off-putting to others. They only reinforced his assumptions. That seemed to ground his excesses.

Over time, he would do everything that he could to add to his perspective. This added to his certainty. He needed to confirm the fact that he was not overcome by the world around him. He was a sane observer. He was adding to his science. This made him sure of his predictive power. It gave him the licence to say things to other. He might have seemed as if was interfering. He saw it nothing like this. This was all part of his eloquence.

He thought that his vocation was to speak the truth. He had apprenticed long enough. He had the evidence. He had the authority. What was lacking from his depiction? Why would he have any reason to doubt his judgement. This was not something that resulted from his mistakes. He had maintained his focus. He was perceptive. There was nothing that could dissuade from being assertive. He was one step away from the truth.

His pronouncements might have seemed rude. That was all part of his nature. He was allowed to be this way. He had reason on his side. Others could rely on his credibility.

What was he not seeing? Why did he lack any real understanding of others? He saw what he wanted to see. This only enhanced his belief about the world., Even if the contradiction was evident, he would pretend that he didn't see any of the nonsense. He would stick to his guns and carry on with his madness.

He was so good at restraining his more extreme impulses. That added to his viewpoint. He felt that it was rooted in his deep understanding. He thought that he could will the world to do what he wanted. And he would make an extra effort to accord all the elements. This was all part of his science. It was simple, but it functioned well for him. Sometimes, he could show his brilliance. He would install an electrical system. He could do plumbing. He had a basic common sense. But he believed that he could build on these skills. That would enable him to encompass the world.

He was not that ambitious. But he thought that he could ground his acumen in a grander

theory. He might not have had the skill to pull this off. He would read books that seemed to advance his own perspective. He would wonder why he had never written a book like that. He did not have the same level of concentration.

Now and then, he would try to muster that inspiration. He would utter a few platitudes. Then he would lose his energy. His efforts would sputter in the execution.

There was a genius to his project. But he never knew how to execute. He would always seem to fade at the critical moment. That would only add to his conceit. This was not all about his outlook. He had an engaging personal viewpoint, but he found it difficult to take it any further. There wasn't much of a foundation to his depiction. He was existing in the moment, but he believed that he was part of an historical development. He would have trouble describing his fate. But he knew that there was a master story. And he wanted someone to put it together for him.

Was his lack of an extensive playbook indicative of a weakness in his character? Was that the reason that he tried to involve others in his life. He couldn't let go because they offered the glue that he needed. They added to his inspiration.

Once he became excited about another person's life, he would do what he could to add to this theater. He was taking an interest because he let them complete him. He wanted to apply his skills to improving their life. He could help with building a deck. He would come over to fix a sink. He would assist with the landscaping of a front yard. He had numerous attributes that could make the other person's life easier. That only confirmed his connection.

He made himself useful. He was all-involving. There was nothing that he wouldn't do. He believed that he was owed something in return. He would never admit to this. But he attended to his just desserts. He would not let go.

He could find so many ways to make himself useful. If was offering all these services, why would she want to dispense with him. Even if she had tired of his personality, she would still take advantage of his handyman skills. He made himself invaluable. He recognized his worth.

He was attending to his promise. He did his best to get others interested. This added to his narrative. Sure, the story was a little brittle. He would force its development. But it maintained that excitement. He would try to add to that fervor.

What was left out? He did not have the breadth to contain all the critical moments that were so essential for the process. He would turn pages trying to make sense of his development. Sometimes, he would feel as if was going nowhere. That added to the desperation. He was only more reliant on others. That kind of dependency could be frightening. To counteract that sensation, he would tout his own abilities. He was a model of self-reliance. He might as well have been building log cabins in the wilderness. He could bring down a grizzly bear. But he would lack the sensitivity to deal with a patron at a coffee shop.

When would things snap? What would they give way? He did not want to reveal too much. He was afraid to be an embarrassment. He would try to be on his best behavior. He was always prepared for what might happen. But then he would just blurt out what he was thinking. And all that effort would be for nothing. He would get exposed for his weirdness.

There was another side to this portrait. His scary qualities could seem entirely benign. He might seem to be clumsy. He could not realize his worst. He was redeemable.

What did it take to detail every aspect of behavior? It was easy to miss some aspect and not grasp the full character. That was also part of his character. It did not allow for completing

the circuit. It enabled him to avoid accountability. He may have lacked sufficient motivation to admit to his nature. It wasn't so much that was nefarious. But he lacked the awareness to encompass all the facets of his world.

He had a convincing defense. That enabled him to resist culpability. It also enabled him to act more in the same way. That only made his contours fuzzy. He didn't know how to sharpen lines. His hands were unsteady when he needed to provide the panorama. Even when he tried to zero in on a specific corner of this depiction, he would less than faithful.

"Why would you even bother?"

"You know what this is about."

"He reminds me of my ex."

He wouldn't let me go He thought that he could get me back with silly presents.

"I have been thinking about you. I remember when we first met."

"I do not want you thinking about me."

"You are thinking about nothing else."

"I need you to be friendly."

"Accept what you are given."

"If you don't want to see me, why are you still contacting my friends to do you favors?"

"I need someone to fix my clogged drain."

"There comes a point when you have to put all that in your past."

"This is too explosive for me to think about."

He wanted to apologize for his past.

"I don't need to hear your words."

"What do you mean by that?"

"None of that is going to make any difference."

"You are living in your head. The world is not as you think it is."

"We all know that."

"When are you finished?"

"You can't take that with you."

"There are too many variations."

"I am too close to getting what I want."

"This is going slower than time."

"This is the basis for my boredom."

"You have what you want."

"That is still going to hurt."

"I want to be part of your life."

"I do not want to make decisions about my life because I feel sorry for you."

"I made money off of you."

"You are leading me somewhere."

I did not want to believe that I had encouraged him. Here I was telling him something that was too private for him to hear. From the moment that I said that, I was sure that it would only get more out of control. He would use this information to destroy me. This had happened time and time again. He had a skill to get me to admit things. And would twist them. He would try to use this to gain control over me.

This was his worst character flaw. He was not as manipulative as he thought he was. I would let him back in my life. And he would whine like a little dog. This feeling would

make me feel as if I could never resist influences. He was playing by his pathetic character. I could name it, but I could do nothing about.

His character gave him an advantage. He was not planning this. It seemed to happen. But it happened the same every time. He delighted in this vibe. I wanted to change the equation.

He kept making me feel as if I was late to my own life. He was the one who was off-putting. But he was making me feel responsible. I hated this. I needed to be more assertive.

"I don't want to get any closer."

"You are already getting too close."

"Who was this about?"

"It could be about you."

"Someone is accountable."

"There is no form of accountability."

"This is taking too long to resolve."

"Everyone gets caught up in the same problems."

"I need to figure this out."

"I get this completely."

"Give me a couple of inches."

"He was too involved."

"I won't say anything."

"He had said way too much already."

"Where are you?"

"Where are you ever?"

"Finish this off for me."

I HAD BEEN POISONED.

"What is complaint?"

"You do not have enough of a claim on this story."

"What do you know?"

"That could be much easier than you know."

"You need a screwdriver."

"That is way too much to deal with."

"I am not having a good day."

"Now, you tell me."

I did not want to tolerate this any more. I had been pushed too far by him. And I could no longer accommodate any of this.

"Are we all participating?"

"Not anymore."

"You are not being very fair to me."

"I was closer to a solution."

There was something wrong with the geometry.

He had worked it out in his favor. But it was not going to help.

"And what is the issue."

"I am not that aggressive."

"This was not like this before."

"How are you contributing?"

"You can wash this out."

"That is the solution that I am looking for."

"This is based on belief."

"Where will this end up?"

"I cannot help this."

"You are the weak link."

"One person is going to get hurt, and the other person is going to walk away unharmed."

"I AM NOT LOOKING FOR YOUR STUPID LOGIC."

"Why should anyone care?"

"All the parts are held together tightly."

"I understand why that happened."

"It broke a moving part."

"A part that moves."

"What is the object?"

"You are frightening."

"How can you say that?"

"It is a feeling. My feeling."

"That is not something that I want to remember."

"I have seen different sides of the same object."

"I denied you."

"Tell me."

"That is something new."

"We are working on this together."

"There is no together."

"This is the same room."

"I need to clear out."

"You gave me what I needed."

"Squeal like a pig."

"You were chosen."

"There is always someone new who wants to throw things off."

"I am secure about that now."

"He is still getting too close."

"There is only one way to think about you."

"I was there before."

"It is a flavor thing."

"I DO NOT LIKE THE TASTE."

"You added this to my food."

"It is not that simple."

There were things that I observed. They made contact with other things in my proximity.

I saw a target.

"Was it moving?"

"I want nothing to do with anyone of your explanations."

"I do not want to see any of this."

"I closed my eyes."

"Have you seen that guy?"

"Who are you talking about?"

"What could you add to the picture?"

"I do not want to look at that."

"Are you bringing me closer to the picture?"

I did not want to hear any more of his explanations.

"It is set in stone."

"We can compare it to other things."

"Do I really want to think about it?"

"That is an obsession."

"Tell him to leave."

"I love the picture."

"There will be one more version."

"I was not responsible."

"Do it for me."

"Take my flowers."

"I am not a big fan of flowers."

"It is not that easy."

"They get in my head."

"This is lasting way too long."

"I cannot help you all."

He wouldn't take no for an answer.

"I am still not sure what is the question."

"Do I still love you? Do I still want to be with you? Do you want me to interfere with your life?"

"This is a hair trigger."

"It is not going to look as favorably as you think."

"Do you know this as a fact?"

"Do I look as if I asked for this?"

"What are you working with?"

"Where is this going to end up?"

"He did not mean anything by it."

"No one ever does."

"There could be a better landing place."

"Where was the launching spot?"

"You are entirely too close."

"And you wanted me to pay for this."

"It is not a matter of payment."

"There are places to go."

"You assumed that you were part of something. Your proximity offered you a distinct advantage."

"The noise would not stop."

"It sounded much better under different circumstances."

He thought that his words would eventually cause me to react.

“I am not good at reacting.”

“This is improvisation.”

“Of course, you thought about it.”

“I will arrive at the right moment.”

“You paid.”

“I made a great deal of money.”

“They are all laughing.”

“I could use a gift.”

“That is not what I am tinkering about.”

“You can help me to fix this.”

“It is broken.”

“This is a complex problem.

“Everyone is expecting a solution.”

“I need a little advice.”

“Don’t!”

“What does that mean?”

“Do not ask.”

He had been asking in the hopes that he would find an answer.

“You are eternally bitter.”

“At least, I am here.”

That was not an excuse.

“I need to make a decision.”

Did you see what he was doing? He’s done this kind of stuff before. And he’s going to do it again. It’s not my responsibility to deal with him. I just want him out of my life. Are you saying that about me? I don’t know who I’m saying. But if you’re looking that way, if you’re acting that way, then what is it all about. Why are you turning into yourself. Why am I turning into you? I didn’t really want to think about this. I didn’t want to talk about it, and I didn’t want to deal with it. I didn’t want it to be me, but it was me. It was all of me. It was everywhere. I was trying to get away from it.

It moved me back-and-forth. It moved me in and out. And when it didn’t move me, I couldn’t stop. It was almost there.

“I had a mission. I loved whatever it was I got caught up in it, and it said things for me. I couldn’t stop. I was almost there. I thought about it all. This will help me I love what you’re saying to me.

He kept assuming that he was part of our lives. He would stay in our orbit. He would try to interfere with what was happening to us. But none of that mattered.

“That’s going to matter in the future.”

“I don’t want anything to do with us. I don’t want you talking to me. I don’t want you in my space. I don’t want you in my proximity. I don’t want to think about you. I don’t want you in my mind. I don’t want you anywhere near me. I’m looking for an invitation. I’m looking for an introduction. I’m looking for something that’s going to move it along. I don’t know. It’s moving everything along. How did I end up here. I was almost in some thing. I was almost out of some thing.

“People are assuming things people are assuming things about me. I’m not like that.”

“Who are you? Why are you give me a confession. I’m not asking for a confession. I’m asking for something specific. Can you even do that? Can you describe what’s going on right now? You can’t even stop yourself. You can’t stop anyone. Can anyone stop you? You need to be stopped.

Someone needs to convince you to act differently. How can you act differently if you keep acting the same? Nothing matters here. Is anything the matter here. If it matters, it’s not worth mattering. I need you to stop me before you I can’t stop myself. Why are you like this? Why is anyone like this?

“Why does anyone get pushed this way? Why does this happen? This hollowed out part of me. There’s a moment that you can’t come in. The doors are open, but you can’t come in. It was supposed to be locked. You came in anyway.”

“I didn’t invite you in. I didn’t ask you to come in. I didn’t turn on all the lights. I didn’t turn on the system. so you think you’re protected now. What are you protecting? Why do you really care? You’re caught in something. It doesn’t matter. He opens the door. He comes in. He says that he lives here. He doesn’t live here. he’s not allowed in here. Not even allowed, allowed in here. Why are you doing this to me? Why are you trying to interfere with things that are important to me. You’re not allowed to do any of this.”

“I didn’t invite you in. I didn’t invite you over for nothing. Don’t pretend! You can’t pretend, you’re not allowed to pretend. You’re taking words that don’t mean anything and trying to make them mean something and then taking words that do mean something and you’re not listening to them. Why are you doing this? Why is anyone doing this? Why does it happen this way?

What’s the integrity? I need to stop. I need you to stop me. I need to you stop me now. I can’t be stopped. No one can be stopped. You need boundaries. There are no boundaries. Draw a line. Jump over the line. What does that make you? What does that make me? What does it make any of us? There is so much happening. Do you like this?

Who’s taking the money? What’s the exclusive? How does that happen. I was almost there. That creped me out.”

“I was waiting. I was waiting outside. I knew you would be there. I was waiting out front I got out before anyone else. The lights went on. I got out before the lights went on. The window.

“Boundaries: what is he doing over here? I told him that he couldn’t come here anymore. I told him that no one can come here anymore. I told him that I needed to be alone, and he started complaining that I was with somebody else. I wasn’t with any anyone else and everything meant some thing just for a moment. It all meant something. I wanted someone to rescue me. I wanted to get my body I was not allowed to be rescued.”

“My body would not allow me to be rescued. My body would not allowed me to be rescued. You can’t be here. You can’t be part of my body. You can’t be part of me. Do you know who’s talking? Do you know who I am? Do you know who I was? Where is any of this going? I am almost there. I can’t connect to any of these things, because I don’t remember them.

Nobody remembers them. They pretend that they remember. They only remember what there is.” to remember now with all those reminders. Everything else gets hazy.”

“People believe that they see things here. That doesn’t mean that you can’t find out how it was. That doesn’t mean that you can’t find out how it was. How it was. I say no. You can’t come in. I’ve had enough of you. I’m drawing the line. That is how you make things clear. That is how you tell a story. You draw these things together. You draw these things apart. You make the connections clear. This was wonderful. This could’ve been everything. I felt your soul. But then your soul was getting in the way of my soul. I had to say no more sore. No more sore to you. I want my soul. I want my soul back. You couldn’t take that from me. But I kept being haunted by you. I said no way.”

“Who are you? I don’t even know you. And I can always how are you feel that strange feeling. You’re too close to me. You’re pushing me back-and-forth. These elements are affecting me in the strangest ways. I’m ahead. I’m in a store. I make what I want. I do what I need to do. A strange story. This is a history lesson. We both have history. This is an historic moment I can see it that way and that’s how I’m going to say it. I need to understand how this happened. How did I get put in this place? How did anyone get put in this place? They believed some thing that touched them. They touch some thing that they believed. I am opening things. I am opening doors. I am opening closets. I am doing what I need to do.”

“I can’t be asked to save the world. I can’t be asked to save myself. If that hurts too much, I don’t want to know about it. You pretend that you’re saying one thing, but I know what you’re really saying. I need to make some things happen. I need to make some things happen now. I wish this wasn’t so hard. We need to get this done. It could be so simple. I’m not trying to take advantage of the situation.”

“You could do it for the team. That would give you all the answers that you need it. He would make sure that this mattered. Because the matter would press down on you. You would feel the weight. There would be a language. And there would be a science. And it would all be connected. It emerges at this moment.”

“You can feel the touch. You can feel the things that you did. You take it back to this point. And you try to make it stop but it will not stop. So that’s the way it goes. That’s how you hear it. And if you don’t hear it that way, you can pretend that it didn’t happen and it’s not a matter of control. Control suggests that you see something that you don’t. That’s everything to me. I could’ve made it I could’ve made something happen. But I disappeared on my own. And you only want one thing. I think that you’re knowing. You think that you’re all knowing. There comes a point when the day merges within night. Things merge with each other. You call it what you will, because you believe that what you want it’s like connected to what you’re going to see. You use your actions to change things. But all that you’re seeing is what you see. It’s not what you want to see. This is only the beginning. It is more than the beginning. It’s all that you need to see. This is all that you need to see for now. This will affect you in positive ways. You will ask questions. They will make sense to you.

“After that point, nothing else will be important. Everything will spiral around you. You’ll be asked questions. And you will find answers. The decay is inside. This is not a

workable solution. You gave me a blessing. You figured out another puzzle. What am I supposed to make of this? I'm staying ahead of myself. I'm staying ahead of the game. I need to keep the secret. I do not mix these things. I ask you for something. I need some thing that you were giving me. I am doing everything that I can to catch up. But I am exposing myself. You can't even stay in the game. You're way beyond yourself. You don't even know the difference anymore. I don't know the difference anymore. This frightens me. You're trying to get some thing that you shouldn't have. You're trying to get the ghost out of the machine."

"You were looking for an explanation that is not possible. You make some thing up. And then you make some thing else up. But everyone's making something up. Everyone is jumping in. Every now is an hour an hour. It doesn't work like that."

"They're waiting for me. I used to have more confidence. I want you to hug me. I want you to tell me that you're going to love me forever. This is not something that I should be afraid of. I was afraid of everything. I was afraid of those in my way. They were following me. They were asking me for things that I could not give."

"When I did give things, they were not enough. I found things that I didn't have. I'm holding on until it all starts to make sense. I can give a little more of myself. I need to breathe deeply. This is destroying me. There are different versions of rescue. This is why we are all losing our place."

"You can make this so much easier. You're not getting it done. You're not getting anything done. No one understands. Everyone wants to interfere. What do you want from me? Do you want my saw? Your take a bunch of souls. Call them all together. Let them die in your hands. Close all these doors. This is a place that I can be completely off. I didn't need to hear any of this. The body works against itself. My body works against me. We are all sitting at a table. We are the different selves. I don't want to talk to the guy at the end of a table. He wants to talk to me. He just wanted to talk to me all night. I am not willing to share. I do not have that to share."

"So much has been taken from you. You've been sliced in many parts. You are a person in the process. These are all people in the process. The process is going to end. The people are not. Where do we go from here? Who broke the window? What did you find? That doesn't help anyone. Now I get it. This was where are used to hide this was where we all used to hide. Now no one hides. I don't think your grass was going on. This is simple."

"You're so over-leveraged. It doesn't work that way I could be over-leveraged, and it takes me a little out of my game. It all explodes in your face. I need all of this right now. I need everything that you can give me right now. This should not have taken this long. We should not have wasted so much of ourselves."

"What are you afraid of? Or any of us afraid of. It's all going to end up the same way. The things you don't want. I'm going follow you. And you're going to give in."

There was a dark side. And the dark side became worse.

"The ones who I knew the best, I knew the waste. They didn't even know themselves. They were talking to people who weren't there. People who aren't here. We're all talking to people who aren't here. I need clarity here. I need one sentence. We all need one sentence. There is genius here. I only need one sentence."

“What do you want to tell me? I want to tell you that I hurt. I want to tell you that I hurt all over. I had this mapped out. You didn’t. I needed to look at yourself. I need you to look at what’s going on. This has nothing whatsoever to do with me. I don’t want to crash because you failed to do your job. You can make this right. But you only have one more chance. You don’t even see that. I don’t even know why. What is the basis for your inability. I’m holding you up. I’m holding all of you up. If I fail at this, it’s because you all didn’t come through. And he got too close. Why are you getting that close to me? These are things I would take care of immediately.”