

CAUSE AND EFFECT

“What do I know that no one else knows? Why should I even bother? I thought that I had a sense of power. And I wanted to express my excitement. I have been blessed and understanding. No one could take it from me. It made me feel so powerful? What was the source of this confidence? I could reach into myself to understand a lasting blessing. I wanted to be touched. I wanted the universe to excite me. I wanted to be stimulated by a lasting energy and nothing could take away. This sensation became everlasting nothing could prevent its affects. I am totally myself at the moment.”

I became lost in the experience. I could feel the countdown until this explosiveness. Was there any other thing in the universe? I didn't think that I was made for pleasure. I just felt such an intense longing. And I waited for it to subside. There were moments when an embrace would fill me with such excitement. That enthusiasm seem to last forever. I didn't wanna let go. I reach deeper into myself. I stripped away all of your facts. I lost myself at the moment.

I didn't want to think that I could get overwhelmed by desire. That was never part of my plan. I was dealing with a lasting confidence. I felt that nothing would throw me off. I pursued that appeal. And I felt that same magic within myself. That only encouraged me. I wouldn't let it stop. I felt that I could accomplish great things. I had an artistic vision. That vision was reflected in my being. Nevertheless something was standing in my way. Something was preventing me from being myself. It didn't seem to make much difference. That was all part of the experience. I was documenting my development. I was exploring new territory. And I could feel this ongoing sensation pulse from everywhere. I didn't wanna give in. All that I could do was surrender. I knew that I was vulnerable. I didn't want anyone else to know. This added to my adventure. I need to protect myself I needed to embellish every aspect of my dear. At first, I thought that was all about my inner strength. I would exude this feeling. I will show it to the world.

At times, I felt as if I didn't need to sleep. I would let go in the moment. I feel as if there was no limit. Night and day became one. Sure, I needed to go to work. But that was about to slow me down. I might be sleepy while I might be sleepwalking through my days, but I own my notes. That added to my motivation. And pushed me along. Nothing could touch me. The sensation was absolute. This was more than a simple philosophy. I was immersed in a lasting reality. And I would never come down. I loved the sensation. I loved the stimulation. Washing all over my body. Tingle. It would knock me to the ground. That was all part of my excitement. I found new ways to keep it going. There was no shortage of partygoers to help me along. Behind the experience, there seem to be a greater promise. And I embraced it in the moment. I wouldn't let it stop me. I wouldn't let anything touch me. Did I even know what was going on?

I couldn't even care. I saw endless pleasure. I wanted to believe that it was routed in some thing ever lasting. Each kiss, each embrace, each surrender only reinforced my contact with something greater. In a sense, it's only confirmed my isolation. I wanted to share my feelings. But they were my very own. No one else could fill me. No one else could give me what

I truly needed. And I knew that. In my own way, that reinforced the search. I would travel the world. I would try to find out what kept all this excitement pulsing through my veins. I didn't wanted to believe I was the only one.

I was sure that the people I knew recognized that same power. We were only participating together in this larger experience. I had been invited to go along. And I lost myself in the madness. That seemed enough. That seemed forever. That seemed without an equal. I became ensconced in this process. Nothing could take me away. If it was a distraction, I welcome this distraction. I welcome this lasting occurrence. It was more than now and forever. It was a feeling. I could remain within it. I could find solace in my isolation.

That would only make me more turned on when I felt a touch of another. Supposed to mean? Did any of this really interest me that much? I would sit my drink slowly, and that sensation would warm me. I didn't have to share it with anyone else. This was all part of my solitude. I was red hot and icy cold at the same time. It was marvelous.

I was immersed in this enthusiasm. Why would I've been given this gift? I was not willing to give it up. I made use of it. I wore it out. I added to it. This was all part of my excessiveness. I wasn't afraid. Nothing could deter me. But I realized something deep. I wanted to create an art that could encompass this sensation. That alone would have been justification for my journey. Nevertheless, it seemed just outside my reach. I was trying to make contact with his new realization. And my ecstasy was intense. I observed the highs of other people. But I was existing in this other place.

No one could attain the same sense of elevated consciousness. Even living in the moment, I was able to assist way beyond it. That added to my awareness. This was amazing. I could point to it. I could almost describe it in words. But it was way more than that. And that little extra scared me. I thought that I thought that I was sharing it with other people. Same time I was afraid of the accentuate my vulnerability. If someone else knew what I did. They could take advantage of me. They could push me down. They could take everything from me that mattered. It added to my interest. An ongoing search. I was building from these little details. It was taking me further and further.

I felt as if I had been chosen. I've been invited to participate in this catechism. Others might've felt devastated by this affects. I could only welcome them. Perhaps, I was losing everyone else in this. I was getting way out there. After a couple of drinks, I felt that we were all the same place. I would look in the eyes of another person, and I would believe that this knowledge was distant. In a way, I was only fooling myself. I was almost falling everyone around me. Something was outside of my grasp. And I needed that stability to find a clearer balance. What was hidden?

It was beyond my understanding. This wasn't just a temporary lapse. I fell in this breach. I hung there suspended. I wondered what would be next. This was all part of my growth. Would I have to win in order to truly understand what it meant to lose? Or would I have to lose in such a terrible way in order to realize my inner power? I was moved back-and-forth by the sensations.

I was hesitant to do anything else. I didn't want to upset my growth. I didn't want to

lose the path. I was heading back-and-forth. I was suspended in the moment. I felt the grace period I felt the wonder. I was pulled along. I gave him. There was no hesitation on my part. This made me more convinced that it was moving along the right path. I hadn't lost my way. It was only a matter of time. I need to become more adept at holding my breath. I need to feel more comfortable in my skin. This was a new reality. I loved the seduction. I excepted the influences. I let myself. There's nothing else that I can do. I was not a quitter. I was caught up in the strive for perfection.

It had nothing to do with a thought. I was not judging myself. I was not measuring myself against the standard. I was only caught up in this massive awareness. And I loved the promise. That was all that seem to matter. That was all ever could matter. This was the only way to be. This was my becoming. I accepted the paradise. I found everything that I needed. I have formed my confidence. I lived among greatness. Who else was waiting for me? I come all this way. I didn't want to stop.

The body provided me with a constant refuge. First, I didn't realize the power that I had. Overtime and it started to make me afraid. Sure, I thought the worst. But I also felt frightened. Sometimes it all seem to easy I could give of myself. What was I getting in return? I could feel the same thing even in a relationship I was in certain about this trade-off. How did it help me to develop? Sometimes I hate it even asking these questions. It wasn't meant to be that way. I enjoyed myself in the moment. I couldn't think about my life differently. I knew that I had a magic. People seemed to feed off of it. When I was by myself, I felt immune from that kind of need for attention. But I had no doubt when I was around people I needed to use that power. Once I walked it in, I became upset if it wasn't working.

I tried to make it automatic. I wasn't looking for other people to prop me up. But I could ride that feeling. I would have an audience. And I would make them work. In someways, we're all on the same page. Mirrored with similar point of view. In other respects, I was looking for some thing for myself. I wanted that gratification.

That was all that seem to matter. I didn't wanna lose myself in the moment. I tried to slow things down. But I was immersed in the action. And that action became everything for me. I had something to drink. I did everything like that I could to move things along. I was a social person. People liked me. We shared experiences together. Guys were coming. They invite me out. They buy me dinner. I'd be at a club, some one would buy me drinks. Then I'd confirm to me that I was doing the right thing. I couldn't see any other way. Sure, I was caught up in the experience. And I got lost in the moment. I could keep it going. I can make people work all night for that little nod of the head. I would gesture with my hands. That was all that I needed. If I need to do more, I would be successful. I didn't see myself as manipulative. I was just doing what I could for the time being. I wasn't lost. I wasn't expecting anything more.

Maybe, my life could've been more successful. I wanted a record. What would that be. For the time being, I would take photographs. I would try to record what was happening around me. I stayed in that light. I wanted it to shine brighter. How can I make that performance into some thing lasting? Since I was so good at what I did, I truly believed that it had longevity. I had my stage. I had my audience. I would show up. That seems efficient. We

were all players in the same drama. Sometimes I would expect more. Others would be the same. A kiss might express a deeper longing. We could create a lasting connection. All these influences would help me progress. But I wondered. What were you doing? Where was any of this going? Who else has seen the play? Would another person be interested if he didn't feel that he has something to gain? I knew that I could string guys along. They want to be part of my theater. They thought that they were leads in the play.

In fact, they were only big players for me. They gave me everything that I needed. But I didn't need them. I could wake up in the morning and take a shower, and all that energy would be gone. They would no longer be part of the story. Occasionally I would call them back. I would pretend that it was a relationship. I knew it was nothing of the kind. I could keep the charade up for months, maybe years, I wasn't wearing a ring. But it wasn't as if I didn't get proposals. And a couple of times I believed that it was more than that. It was more than a couple of times. What did I take from all this? None of it was automatic. I would have to dig deep to find a coherent description of my own development. I was good on my feet. I was part of the excitement. Ultimately, I was the star. I need to break that down.

I knew how I could plagiarize from my sources. I could read a book, and I could pretend that I had written it. I wasn't doing anything artificial. I wasn't cheating anyone. And I confirmed my successes each day. How much money was I spending? How much money was I saving? What was I doing to change tomorrow? Be just like today? Why would it be worse? Sometimes, I thought that I was losing something important. I felt in control. I looked at myself in the mirror. This was a portrait of a woman who was in control. Who was I kidding?

What did I lack? I was trying to develop greater commitment. I was trying to improve my motivation. Some nights, I would be totally wiped out when I got home. I could give you ready for the next morning. I realized that I wouldn't be moving on all cylinders. I was trapped by experience. On payday, I might feel powerful. Two weeks later, I would be scrambling. I would still do everything to keep the party going. In some respects, that was all that mattered. That was all that ever mattered. That added to my confidence. I didn't need to be afraid. Nothing was going to throw me off my game.

I was a star. This was my play. I tried to make notes. I thought that I could capture some of this action. Even if I just catalogued what I wore each night, that would add to the mystique. I believed that I had something going. I could see my creativity. I can see a rainbow sparkling in the sky after a summer shower. I wanted someone to tell me that I was beautiful. I wanted someone to tell me that I mattered. I wanted greater honesty about my life. I wanted to go crazy on my routine. If I filled my time with work, I would have less opportunity to think about my problems. I would truly feel composed. My bank account would be fortified. That could be my launching pad. I could go out and celebrate. I wouldn't have to end the celebration. I could keep building.

On any night, I could be more of a terror. I could push the envelope. The more that I can find. I would do my make up, I would pull the dress down from my closet. I was stunning. There's no other way to think of this. I ruled the World. That added to my sense of excitement. Truly, I had it. I had it over other people. Nobody could bring me down. Nobody had that same

hour. If I walked in the room, people understood that I was a winner. I knew how to work those moments. It was an all natural appeal. A lot of it was a matter of performance. This was something I did. This is some thing that I offer the world. I wasn't the only person who could do that.

I attracted friends who were also as bold. Sometimes, we would challenge each other. That would add to the entertainment. People would enter a club. They would wonder what was going on. We'd be ruling the dance floor. Or we could have a table, and everyone would wonder what we were talking about. I should've cashed in. What was absent?

I had my job. I was there anymore money. Was the Empire? I didn't feel like a failure. I was doing what I want to do. I was financially stable. I enjoyed myself. I travel. Essentially, I did whatever I wanted. People loved me. People wanted me. People were attracted to me. I was appealing. I was a wonderful person. I was blessed. The world gave me everything that I needed. I would give back. But I only had to give back a little. And I would experience this immense return.

Some guys wanted to give me the world. They would promise to fly me to a private island. This is my little secret. Why wouldn't I do things like this? And if I did, why would I tell anyone else. What did I have to give to get these favors. Sometimes, I told myself that it was nothing. I would show up. People would love me. That was all that mattered.

There was another side to this experience. I felt that I couldn't hang on to anything. So much of this world was slipping through my fingers. I wanted to live in the now. I wanted to build upon this feeling. I screamed to enjoy the moment. Why couldn't any of this be more lasting? Why did I feel also temporary? What was being denied to me? It was a certain pleasantness in my world. I did everything that I could. I could see if that's simpler.

"What does it mean to be ready for this occasion?"

Did I have a life project? I had committed myself to infinite pleasure. In my own way, this was my art. But I wanted so much more. I needed to understand what was the foundation of my personality. What drove me? What connected me to the world?

If I became too focused on a purpose, would I lose my ability to have fun. I did not want to isolate myself. But I could sense that a life project would require a greater independence on my own part. I wanted my art to have the same appeal that I had on a personal level. I wasn't sure how to determine that in an objective manner. If I stayed home, I would not have the same level of interest.

For a while, guys would contact me. They would invite me out. If I continued working on my project, they would lose interest. Did I truly have a strong motivation to strike out on my own. Could I shut the world out when I needed to?

I would text friends. I would tell them what I was doing. They would encourage me. I relied on that support. I wasn't living in my head. I wasn't lost in the clouds. Thought was an extension of my social life. I would ask about a guy. I would make plans. I would take my emotional temperature. This was my foundation for growth.

If I shut off my lifeline, I wouldn't be alive. I could sense this powerful feeling rushing over me. And it was all in anticipation of something greater. I was exaggerating these romantic appeals. Where was any of this going? How was I using my life to build towards something lasting.

This was all that seemed to matter. I couldn't let someone distract me. If I was making more of my appeals, that was what I needed to do. That view was grounded on a reality that I saw day in and day out. I had career dreams. But they seemed to be based on an acknowledgment that I received from others. Could I truly venture out there on my own? What kind of motivation could I create?

I would have the energy from a romantic encounter. It could get me going. But that energy would fade. And I would want to renew my passion for the chase. That was why I remained with any guy. He would give me just enough to justify the process. I could only hope that one connection would be more permanent. However, all the excitement came from outside the relationship. The romance only lasted long enough to remember all the struggle to reach this point. That nervousness could get me going for quite a while. Then it would fizzle.

The really provocative pursuits would seem to have more validity. I would make every effort to hold on to them. If I needed to hop on board a private jet, I could see the world from his point of view. The more toys that he used to mediate our interaction, the more that I could be distracted. I would enjoy trips and scuba diving and mystery and gifts. I didn't just feel flattered. I loved the adventure. I loved the fire. Under the circumstances, it wouldn't last.

He lavished praise on me because he believed that I had something that no one else had. Did I? It was all a novelty. More novelty could keep the game longer. It didn't have to be material things. I wasn't living off his compliments. But his cleverness could jack up the contest. If he kept trying to keep it interesting, I would play along. We would get high at the right moment. We would make love for days. We would go to the zoo. We would play tennis.

Anything could be the spark. And I would savor it. Romance was the same. It all revolved around the same vision. That was all that I could understand. I wanted it to be more complex. The picture became more impressive.

Honestly, all of this was short-term stimulation. As long as the magic continued, I would be mesmerized. I wasn't looking for more. If it stopped, we would soon forget each other. And there would be new characters.

I was so good at what I did, that this became all that I understood. I wasn't devoting myself to me. I wanted to make the game continue. And I wasn't trying to play a long term strategy. Everything existed in the moment. There was never any long-term plan. I might spend time at his house. I might move some of my stuff over there. We were going through the motions. He had no idea what this was about.

I also felt like a beautiful flower. If people stopped being interested in me, I would lose my luster. I needed to be reinforced in this same attitude. I wanted to be loved. I wasn't looking for the attachment. I just wanted people to be devoted to me. I would never admit to that because I could never reciprocate. I only wanted to play my cards right. This gave me a unique immortality. It told me that my body was this wonder. I benefitted from nature's gifts. I would also go to the gym to stay revitalized. I realized how the point system worked. I wanted to be kissed. I wanted to be wanted. I wanted to give little in return.

In my soul, I was a loving person. I had so much to give. And I would be a gracious lover. One could only assume that this was something significant. I had the role down. It all served on purpose. There would be times when I would ache for a guy. This was all part of promoting the experience. It made me try harder to make myself wanted. But none of it was real. In my heart of hearts, I could not care whatsoever.

I didn't know the state of things. And my friends did not recognize the rut that I was

in. But if they needed me to party, I would be there to advance thing. That was the foundation of our revelry. I was all aboard for the fun. Even if I was preoccupied with a guy, I would be the best cheerleader.

Over time, I would recognize that this was my vocation. No one could step in my way. I was universal. I needed to stay that way.

I lived in a world where there were celebrities who could command even more attention. This might have rankled me. I knew that I would never be able to marshal all these resources. I was doing it all on my own. This was an underground thing. But I was not going to take no for an answer. I wanted it all.

I was not waiting for anything to be handed to me. I continued to enhance my efforts. That was all that was possible under the circumstances. I create my own little empire. I was happy in the realm. I would crown myself when I needed. For what I lacked in sheer appeal, I could make up for by my steadfast nature.

I suddenly faced this hollow. What if there was nothing to all this activity? How could I justify all my concern. I did what I needed to keep that line going around the block. Was I giving way too much of myself to keep this going? How did I really distinguish myself? Were their other heroic types, who could dominate a room with more verve? Would I be outshone by a greater sun.

I wonder what I could do under the circumstances. I could not get the world to love me. I would try. For the moment, I could believe that it was all my doing. But there were so many things that could prevent my realization. None of this made a difference. I only needed to immerse myself in the situation. I could feel myself pumped up by action. I could let it rock my world. There would always be a place for me.

Guys were doing the same thing that I was. We were all going for the top. In those celestial reaches, there would always be someone who would shower me with attention. I only needed a couple. I could promote a rivalry. I could bring other players into the game. That was all that ever mattered.

It could get a little wild. I could always hold out for a better offer. I wasn't in the long term thing. I only needed some action for the night. The contest only kept it all moving. I wasn't looking for possessiveness. It would all need to seem automatic.

I was living in the moment. But my true appeal was something elusive. If I seemed too present, I would lose my mystery. I needed to exaggerate the satisfaction. I needed to emphasize the big game. I was trying to pull off this escapade. However, I knew that I had given too much of myself already. How could I pull it off?

I understood that my endurance was more important than anything that was happening around me. I could only remain in the action if I pushed things. I could not be complacent.

It all became so very tricky. I felt an emptiness. I didn't find the affection enough. Sure, I was creating a personality that fed off the attention. But all this attention was an interference. Some guys could be so obnoxious. They pretended that I was the game. And they would not stop trying to raise the bet. No promise was going to take me further. I lived for the now. This was all that was important.

"Give me what I need, and go away."

I needed to send these puppy dogs away before they expected something more.

I was seeing a ruthlessness in my world. This helped me to stay on top. And I was not

going to let it go.

“Shira, can I help you.”

“Let me come through.”

“I thought that there was something between us.”

“There was.”

That was that!

Were any of these charms worth much of anything? How could I really cash in?

If I fantasized about that prince, what would I do to keep up? I knew that I could create a fury. And it would only add to the excitement. But it would all fade quickly. That sparkle would vanish. What was the inherent quality that made any of this lasting?

I was becoming hyper-critical. This contradicted my philosophy. I wasn't looking for something that deep. My prince could check in, and he could check out. We were all getting lost in the planning.

I ran back the reels. I changed the details. I told myself that I had lost great loves. And greater ones were in my future. I left men at the altar. And I was abandoned at my time of wonder.

What was true anymore? What would be the perfect fairy tale to keep any of this in play? Where was he, now that I needed his flattery? Someone could bring champagne to my bedside.

It was more than that. I concocted these wonderful lovers from my past. He had graced me with a house. He had romanced me in London and Paris. I had collected volumes of love letters. It was all for the same thing.

“Make me tingle. Make me get off.”

I wanted my internal states to match something greater in the world. If I could set off the dynamite, that would be fantastic. I needed to believe. As I explored my own emotions, I could see patterns. This wasn't just affection; it was more profound. This was the texture of the universe. Yoga or deep meditation would confirm this view. I could read about science. I could do all the tricks.

What was the contrast? Who had it better? What about my doctor friend? Or the business owner? There was a crown prince.

Some of this was too real. Some of it turned ugly. Some of it was all romantic fantasy. Who was I kidding? When did the trouble start?

The page turned. I lived for the now. I was content.

He didn't text me. A bunch of hes didn't text. Nobody cared. There would be more. I could go to the table and win it all back. I was smug.

“You have no idea what you are dealing with.”

“I do! Shira, take your stuff, and get out of my house.”

I could feel the walls close in. Where else could I ply my craft.

“You don't know the difference anymore.”

“I KNOW WHAT GETS ME OFF. FINISH IT!”

“Where is it going to from here? How can I get you to love me?”

“If you don't love me, I can't bother. There are other fish in the sea.”

This was where the ship went aground. And I was not going to wait around for salvaging. I had been one among a millions hardy souls. Now, I was getting sick on my own success. The day was rushing past me.

"I am dying on the vine."

"You were dead. I brought you to life for my own purposes."

"You can leave now."

"Shira, this is my house."

"You can leave for a while, and come back when I am ready."

Did that hurt? Did any of it mean anything?

This was not supposed to be Cinderella. There would be a happy ending. But it would take some work. And I would have to lead things along. All the things that mattered had faded. I was down to pure stimulation. I didn't realize. But I was used to running on empty. I could make work, and I could score home. Everything else was gravy.

What could I do to make any of this last? I could blast opera. I could feel the power of the narrative. There could be so many other things that could add to my commitment. I needed to rev up my body. I was a dynamo. I needed to let it show.

"Is this the Shira that you really know? Shira can do her homework. This person doesn't know what homework is."

I knew what I needed to do.

"Be honest. Everyone is basically the same. What does it really take to jack you up? You are relying on your talent."

"I am not going to quit."

I wanted to jump off the treadmill. Now, it made perfect sense. I had run out of gas. I was on the side of the road. My phone did not work. It was all shit.

"Baby, you look great! Let me buy you some drinks."

"What are you getting me?"

"None of this works at all."

"Did you forget to do something?"

What did he know? Why would I bother?

"You are a bad television program come to life."

"Who are you talking to?"

"Shira, are you all there?"

"Hey, guy, are you even here?"

"What is that about?"

"You tell me. This is getting ugly, and you are being a shithead."

"You don't know what shithead is about. Get your stuff, and get out."

"This is not going to move."

"We all need to be seen."

"This could be simpler."

"Just fuck me one more time."

"Just kill me one more time."

"All bets are off."

I needed to quit watching so much television.

I needed to let go of all this nonsense. I had a bad bet. And I needed to find a way to improve my situation.

"I thought that I had escaped from an obsession with pleasure."

"This was not the right way to carry on, but it was becoming the only way that I knew."

"What was it like?"

"It was every bit a game."
"I can smell it on you."
"It is a form of denial."
 "People wanted to see me one way. And it gave no credibility to my power."
 "Who are you?"
 "I am a scientist."
 "How does that work?"
 "Bring flowers."
 "How does that work?"
 "Don't talk about hurt."
 "Be honest."
 "Are there deeper origins?"
 "There are deeper explanations."
 "You are like a vampire."
 "Does it really last that long?"
 "Where does this start?"
 "You can take some kind of responsibility."
 "What did you leave out?"
 "I left out the blood."
 "I am immensely grateful."
 "Where does this go?"
 "This is how it happened."
 "Take your eyes off the screen."
 I realized that this guy was an asshole.
 "We can get a replacement."
 "That can hurt."
 "That is relative."
"I want something more in my life."
"More hesitation. More creativity."
He kept thinking that he could show up unannounced.
"Share what you have."
"I broke the statue."
"I loved it in its own way."
"We can all be happy. But I am supposed to be mean."
"This is not allowed."
"It happens anyway."
"You have these expectations."
The body could guide you.
"You are not supposed to do things like this."
"Look at me! I know no rules."
"That could all be illegal."
"Do your own thing."
"I can't think about negative things."
"Get that out of my face."
I ate whatever was on my plate.

"I am feeling like someone else."

"Shira, you are someone else. Someone who likes life more."

"There are so many things that you know nothing about."

It wasn't as if I could do anything to change. The world moved along. And I tried to resist. Nevertheless, I needed to acknowledge my physical nature. I needed to figure out why I was the way that I was. I couldn't pick someone out and say that it was his fault. And I didn't wanna believe that I was simply a victim of circumstance. It happened as they happened, and I tried to take a break. I was like another spectator in my life. I wished others would react. And this provided enough inspiration for me. I was sure there are other avenues for my pleasure.

I wanted to think about this in a serious manner. I didn't want the world to wear me down. I tried to find my strength. I realized that it was more a question of my resistance. How was I going to change anything? I felt the temptation was almost universal. Why bother? I knew the answer.

I wanted to make a difference for me. I didn't want to move in lockstep with everyone else. There is so many people who claimed that they wanted to help. But they only left things as they were. They added to the spectacle.

In essence, there were the ones marking me. I felt real. I felt at a loss for words. The challenges were extraordinary. I was pushing off the resolution into the future. It could only be worse. I couldn't feel quite in the moment. I retained that excuse. The world was rushing past me. I told everyone that it wasn't my fault. There was something else that was moving everything in place.

I could feel what it was. I could taste it. Just thinking about it was more than enough for me. I didn't want to think about myself that way. But I felt as if I was notorious. I was accentuating my worst qualities. There were so many other people wanting to help. I felt scandalized. Why was the world like this? Why did people take pleasure in the devastation of others. I would try to be assertive. The world would seem to fall down on me. And I needed to deal with what was happening around me. That was burden enough.

"Where is this going?"

"What do you want the body to tell you?"

"I could hold my breath."

"Does that increase the pleasure?"

"I did not want to be associated with the pleasure principle."

"Tell me about your background."

"I am like everyone else."

"What do you have?"

"We are developing a plan."

"This is worse than exciting."

"Turn out the lights."

"What are we going to do?"

"You are going to leave."

"My past is doing this to me."

"Do not hurt me?"

"That is part of the principle."

“Think about it!”