

## DIALS

*“On the basis of technology, the description accounts for the objects that influence Shira. What is the basis for this connection, since since her reaction only provided a limited picture based of her point of view? How was it possible to create a complete picture? What is missing? Can Shira herself recognize all these features.? By description, there is so much missing from this picture. Shira believes that she knows. She is affected by the world around her. But something is left out. This construct is meant to fill in for that gap. It creates a sustain connection among other similar observations. And so doing, this method provides a clearer picture of a systematic pattern of influence. What is the basis for the system? How can the system account for individual influences? How much is Shira involved? On some level, this method would appear to build from elements in her background. Shira did everything that she could to create a positive image of her past.”*

*If their depiction was accurate, there would be no reason to think that she was vulnerable. For the moment, that seemed like an appropriate version. However, it didn't leave much to go on in trying to construct the overall picture. The observation was not confined to Shira herself, it was meant to reveal things about the experiences of others. For these experiences be categorized in simple terms?*

*Shira was looking for knowledge; she built research upon education. And that education was grounded in her experience. This curriculum could've had interest independently. Through her efforts, she was trying to attain an independence of mind. She learned from others. She built upon their theories. At the same time, she wanted them to fortify her own perspective. She had a limited knowledge of primary texts. Nevertheless, it seemed like a good starting point. And she built upon this understanding. This reading seem to confirm her misgivings about the world.*

*In a sense, this perspective was a variation of idealism. The world was a prop. The individual was enticed by this image. Once person understood this kind of interaction, they provided the foundation for an independent perspective about experience. Thus, Shira struggled with the various depictions of the world. She also believed that this understanding could help her in her own relationships. She didn't want to get manipulated by a physical reality that she could not control. Behind the world of appearances, she observed a constancy. And this systematic awareness was supposed to provide her with strength. Nevertheless, she was dealing with a conflict within herself.*

*The more that she felt in control, more she seemed to be vulnerable to the influences around her. What was the basis for this infernal equation? To what could she attribute her own emotional insecurities. It was important to provide a deeper understanding of these fundamental drives. However, her own behaviors could've provided greater validity for this outlook. As such, this model might've had critical flaws. And she went along with this depiction. And times, she would believe the truth of her own physical wonder. At other times, she would be more attracted by a critical outlook. But that outlook was always based on simple principles. So it was very easy to become distracted by this way of saying.*

*Shira was pulled by these various points of view. That could've given her a stronger viewpoint. However, these actual forces seemed to work in a contrary fashion. That only*

*added to share his interest in trying to crack the code. She had enough of the foundation to see the overall picture. Nevertheless, something was still missing, and she needed to figure out how to bridge that gap. What did she need to cross that threshold?*

*She felt as if other people are trying to obscure her review. And she wanted to find a method to help her gain clarity. But she had none of the crystal clear acumen of the described technology. In a sense, all her actions were more intuitive in nature. Again, that limited her effectiveness.*

*“I wanted to get ahead of the world. What was slowing me down? I need to recognize the issues. I only wished that there was a system that could assist me in dealing with the world around me are. I felt as if I experienced my own challenges. I need overcome in these facts. I needed to be more active and influencing the world around me. What was missing from this picture of? I wanted to prevent myself from losing focus. That seem too easy. I need to gain confidence.*

*“I couldn’t let myself become distracted. There were so many negative influences on me. I was trying so hard to be independent. I wanted to be my own person. I recognized that it wasn’t simply a matter snapping my fingers. Things that were happening around me that I didn’t understand. I was looking for a someone to guide me. I thought that I was onto something. It wasn’t as easy as it seemed. It wouldn’t take much to get me going. I loved the excitement of the moment. I loved the search. This only added to the overall experience I couldn’t find my way.*

*“I wasn’t sure how to achieve a balance. I still want to believe that I was a marble. I had a creative vision that I can share with other people what was absent from this picture. What did I need navigate the world around me? Events were happening so quickly. I tried to shake off any catastrophes that added to mine. This added to my confidence; however, I didn’t know the nature of the obstacles in my way. My reading enlightened me to the sources of some of these problems. And I wanted to believe that I could use my own insights to take me further. But there were so many things got in my way.”*

*“If I applied myself, I thought my analysis could direct me forward a lasting understanding. There was something missing from this picture. How could I create a needed continuum? I thought I was close. I realized that it all came down to my understanding. What other people know that I did not? I wanted someone with the right words for the right moment. There seem to be so much beyond my reach I didn’t want to be complacent. I needed to be prepared that didn’t seem enough. Everything that I had stored up was within my grasp. I wanted to attribute my struggle to my past; however, I created this picture. What did I need to learn? How could I open the doors? I need to enhance development.”*

*“I wasn’t seeing enough there is so much behind the curtain. How could I make things happen? What was missing? I suppose that others saw things in such a different way. I wanted to clear a sense of these influences. I wanted to know myself better. Something was lacking I need to figure out what it was. To prepare for that eventuality I needed a guide. It hardly seem fair. What could help me get this and strengthen my efforts? I wasn’t about to cave in. I knew the dangers. I needed to get ready. I believed that I wasn’t wrong. Nevertheless, I questioned myself.”*

I recognized the apparent risk. I developed my knowledge, and I built upon this understanding. I needed to hold in place. I had enough useful knowledge. I could build upon this awareness. This was something that I felt inside. I needed to be prepared for what came next. I couldn't expect some elaborate classificatory scheme to provide me with an edge. I needed to see things as they arose. I needed to be active. I had a clear awareness. I was facing my own challenges.

My development was related to my beliefs about the world. I was meeting new people. I wanted to be resilient. I wanted to be open. I did not want to be desperate. I felt as if I was still learning. I had not been destroyed by my past. But there was something missing. No one gave me what I needed. There were times that I felt as if others were taking advantage of my situation. Where was the necessary clarity? I was giving too much of myself to the moment. I was not always seeing the big picture.

I might have been setting myself up for disappointment. I had a vision. But my longing was intense. From my past interactions, I felt as if I wanted so much more. And it remained outside of my grasp. I had collected all this uncertainty, and it made me vulnerable. I was trying to catch my breath. And something remained hidden from me. I was searching for new reference points. I couldn't rely on a smile and a promise.

I didn't have trust issues, but I did not have a good track record. I was not going to fall for the weakest lines. But I dealt with people who were good at fronting. They had created this image of affability and success. I felt welcomed in these situations. Only later did I grasp what was missing. That was certainly disheartening. I didn't want to believe that something so fundamental was missing. I struggled with the alternatives.

I wanted a brighter light. I needed something to guide me. I could only hope that I could read the signs. It didn't seem that difficult. I gave guys the benefit of the doubt. Only later did I recognize how they could not live up to their commitments. I guess that I blamed myself for what happened. That would only lead to worse situations. I would get caught by similar influences. I would confess to my whole story. I was crying on the new guy's shoulder. For the short term, he would oblige. Then he would realize his opportunity. He could get away with whatever he wanted.

I wanted the world to give me reassurance. Sure, something was missing. I wanted someone else to point the way. If I didn't fill in, I wasn't giving the other person a chance. I did not want to retreat into my shell. There was something that I could not see. This new person was no more able to offer me support.

Sometimes, it wasn't all that complex. Guys might find me needy. But I would try to compensate by being distant. None of this was working. I had no idea how to hit it off in the right way. The overall experience was deflating. I wasn't questioning myself so much as becoming too open for the next guy.

I would not start off that way. The story would take off on its own. I would tell myself that I was going to hold back. And the guy would reveal a little detail about himself. It was almost planned on his behalf. He knew what he needed to do to open me up. And I immediately obliged. The confession would begin.

I was careful in presenting my tale. I was not going to divulge anything to scare him away. I did not present myself as an unstable person. I didn't portray myself as a woman on the verge. I only showed that I needed affection. In revealing my story, I would make it seductive enough that the guy would want to share. He would want to become part of the process.

I may have been my own worst enemy. I knew that I could work things in my favor. I would reveal enough. He would be caught. And I would realize that I did not want to be alone. That only added to my fear. I felt messed up.

I was already too immersed in this new situation. I wished that I could describe these situations in more detail. They all occurred in the moment. And I got caught. I couldn't wiggle my way out. I was already trapped.

For the moment, it did not seem that bad. I was charming. And the guy did everything that he could to demonstrate his own appeals. I thought that I was special. I was. So he would try extra hard to make me happy. I would be seeing his extra best qualities. I didn't have to try. He wanted to give me the world.

Generally, I would fall for the pitch. I wanted to think that I had discretion, but I was right in the middle of the shit. And it was only getting worse. I would pretend. I would try to save face. But I didn't have the resources.

It didn't take forever for the bloom to wear off of the rose. Some nights, it was all done before we left the restaurant. Other time, it could take a week or two for the picture to come into clear focus. In fact, I felt as if I was in a full-blown relationship on some occasions. I wasn't naïve. The two of us were caught in the same illusion.

I didn't want to think that this was an example of my inability. I was living and enjoying myself. But there was no clear pattern here. When something seemed to gel, there were always these negatives that brought everything to a speedy conclusion. I believed that this was from no fault of my own. These things were not meant to be.

Certainly, I was looking for something long-lasting. That was why I wanted to share my story. It was not a tale of woe. It put me in a good light. I looked as if I was in demand. And I stayed in control. No guy could dominate. That only encouraged the new guy to get in the game. He was sure that he had mad skills, and he was willing to test them out on me.

The more that he seemed genuine, the more that I believed his story. We were working together. We were fashioning a new reality for ourselves. I was not overly given to my appetites. I could let all of this happen gradually.

If something was evidently wrong, I could escape quickly. So many of my own desires were remote that it was easy for someone to throw me off my path. My own plans were not clear.

I had a job. It paid me well. It kept me busy. But it also prevented me from going further in my personal exploration. The real me existed in the past and the future. I had big dreams when I was younger. And I fought to make things happen in the future. But it was all so vague. I felt as if I was really in the dark about myself.

I was waiting for someone to lead me to the light. I realized that these guys were not the ones. That did not diminish my hopes. I was getting lost in the moment. This was all part of my fear. It was becoming tenser.

Was I supposed to stop? Was this my cue to bail. I knew what I needed for myself. I was letting this situation get out of control. I liked the fireworks. It excited me more. I could also feel something pulled away from me. Maybe, it was my guard. I was feeling a little too vulnerable.

The drama would continue in earnest. It would take a while before I realized what I had given up. I traded all this to realize my dreams. But my dreams were not involved at all. I had been conned. None of these guys were in it for the long haul. A few could pretend. They would

spend money on events or art show. I would feel close to something cultural. But there was so much that was not part of the picture. I wanted a better explanation why this was all happening to me. It made me uncertain. It made me upset.

I would become more sentimental. I would wonder why I had been pushed to this state. Would I always be watching my life from the outside? I would get involved in the fun. I would push it further. I was on the edge. Then I would have to pay for the nonsense. I would realize that I was around someone who had not understanding of who I was.

What was my solution? I would package all the details of my narrative into a tight little story. I would practice. Then I would spring it on the new fellow. I would love my agility. I would fall for my own performance. And the performance would repeat one more time.

This was amazing. Where was this headed? How was I ever going to come down? What did any of us gain from this experience?

I needed to interrogate my own tale. How good was it? How could I build upon it to offer me a greater understanding for the future?

*What did Shira need to escape from the repeated heartache? She didn't have the means. She was enamored by this same kind of tragedy again and again. She was not melancholic. She was not frivolous. She simply lacked the means to achieve greater independence. She told herself that she had the necessary skills. She believed her own press. But it wasn't too be. There were not enough tools in her arsenal.*

*She really believed that she was blessed. And there were reasons to believe her. Nevertheless, she was too whimsical. She needed to be more serious when the moment arrived. Why did she lack that critical nature? Certainly, she had enough background to guide her.*

*She had a lovely tenderness. But she also believed herself too much. She had air of superiority. She would have denied it. However, it was all too evident. In a sense, that was a severe weakness. She only had to hear the right words, and she would be down for the program. A person could appeal to her intelligence. Or he could offer her access to more privilege. She would almost swoon. She was convinced that she deserved a greater reward for her efforts.*

*She was good at her job. She was fortunate. But she believed that translated into something more profound. This was a forever.*

*"I need to stay away."*

*"Yes, you do."*

*"The world had not given me what I was owed. I had real skills. I was fortunate. Where was all this headed? I felt as if I needed to claim what my reward."*

*"You need to say it as if you mean."*

*"I am not sure if I take direction well."*

*"It does not matter. You will work it out."*

*"Girl, you are in for a disaster."*

*"Who is paying?"*

*"We are going to give you a test. We need to make sure that you are right for this situation."*

*"I have been trained."*

*"Who is your teacher?"*

*"I have only been taught by the best."*

“Write an essay where you describe why you think that you are right for this situation.”

“I was born in the right place. I was blessed. I will always be blessed.”

*“I need you to explain why she feels the way that she does. What does she know?”*

*“She wants to reach out to the rest of the world. She wants to offer them the knowledge that only she knows.”*

*“You are closer than you know to a resolution.”*

*“I am glad that you feel so confident.”*

*“Confidence is all part of our growth.”*

*“There is a deeper reason for your participation.”*

*“Where is this going?”*

*“There may be important differences.”*

*“I want it this way.”*

*“Does he even see you? Does he know what you are doing?”*

*“I don’t care. I am here to have fun.”*

“You need to have a clear definition of fun.”

“Fun is what you make it.”

“Fun is the result of making the circumstances of your life.”

“Fun is all messed up.”

“Where is this headed?”

“We need to change our ways.”

“What does the technology say.”

“It may take a while to explain what it means to be so devoted to unapologetic displays of power.”

“THE CHEESE STANDS ALONE!”

*“The bus is leaving.”*

*“I feel as if I am leaving myself.”*

*“It is all pretty much the same thing.”*

“1. WEALTH 2. WEALTH AND POWER 3. POWER 4. STABILITY 5. EXCITEMENT 6. FAME 7. WEALTH AND POWER.”

*“None of that explains much of anything.”*

*“You are going to have to complete your thought.”*

*“POWER, POWER, POWER, POWER.”*

“There is no other story.”

“A little bit of holiness, but that becomes an expression of wealth and power.”

“And the teacher stands alone.”

“What good is this knowledge if it does not teach me how to become rich?”

“It could explain why the world is the way that it is.”

“This is more bull shit.”

“Deviance.”

“She felt enticed by the mysterious. She felt that this could unlock a greater knowledge.”

“I thought that your memory was great.”

“Something is left out.”

“I am so alone.”

**“You will learn what it is to move along.”**

**“The worst part is coming.”**

**“GOOD NIGHT!”**

**“This is brilliant.”**

**“That is slowing me down.”**

**“Do you know how this works.”**

**“Up and down.”**

**“Write it out.”**

**“I really learned nothing.”**

**“Where is this going?”**

**“My name is Shira.”**

**“Shira, you are not on the list.”**

**“I could be.”**

**“You are going to learn an important lesson tonight.”**

**“It is not important who you know. It is important what you know.”**

**“Who knows whom.”**

**“You mocked me.”**

**“That is not how it happened.”**

**“I wish that we could do real history.”**

*Maybe I didn't have a clear project for my life, but I knew what I was looking for in a friend. I need to figure that out. I wanted someone who was going to be supportive of my dreams. Even if I couldn't realize them, he would be there to encourage me. There was a part of my development. My growth who was based on feeling good about myself. I couldn't worry about my plans. I couldn't let myself be overcome by something too overwhelming. I needed to live a basic life. That would help me grow. I didn't want to feel as if I was going nowhere I need to respect myself. I needed a reminder. Who was saying? Who was to say? Something was really wrong.*

*I was not listening to myself. I could look at the things that are important to me, and I can make the best choice for myself. And I could build upon that understanding from my future. I would improve my prospects. It would help me level out. I knew what I needed. I was getting too much, or I was getting too little. I thought about what it would mean to be right in the middle. I was sure that I can prove my prospects. I understood that it wouldn't take much to get better. How could I build? What did I need? What was missing? I need to spur my creativity. There were so many options. There were so many questions. There was so much discomfort. It wasn't all that bad. I wasn't only motivated by fun.*

*I understood what was necessary. I was ready to make constructive choices to change my life. That involve? Sure, I was getting too caught up in the moment. I was letting this silliness drag me along. I wasn't better prepared for what was coming next. I was dealing with extractions. But I needed to use these distractions to create a better life. When did that involve. I needed to understand myself better. Why wasn't I able to follow through with the goals in my life? There surely there was no truth. Every time that I did some thing to change, I found that it was only going back to the way that I have been. None of these changes supplied the necessary motivation for lasting alteration lasting transformation. The mechanism was all. I*

*wasn't acting in an independent manner.*

*I was only going along with what was happening around it. I was a sitting duck. A guy would claim that I knew what to do. He seemed to do the same thing over and over again. I felt that I was out there on my own. I could do what was necessary. But every time that I tried, The same thing happened over and over again. I went back to the way that I was. I could feel a sense of manipulation. I wasn't doing any of this for myself. I was becoming something because someone else wanted to be that way.*

*I took down some notes for myself. I tried to reinforce attitudes that I have developed in the past. This will enable me to do something better for myself. I believed that would be all that was necessary for my greater development. I took out a notebook, and I wrote my ideas in order. I was making an efficient plan. I was determining what was okay for me. I have never been that active in making choices. This seems like an ideal opportunity.*

*I was telling myself I couldn't go down the same road twice. I couldn't circle back. The path needed to be clear from now on. I also need to better understand how I got messed up every time. This could reinforce my motivation. And I would finally have an understanding to stay the course. I looked at the guy. He was part of my story. In the past all of them for the offer to glimpse of what I needed. Even seen it was, there was nothing pointing me in the right direction. I did it again, and playing it to my own insecurities. I didn't want to think that I was that weak. I don't mean only made me more embarrassed about myself. But I was being honest. I was strengthening myself. I was preparing for the future. Therefore, I couldn't see it any other way.*

*I need to highlight my own weaknesses. I needed to cut with a knife. I could eliminate all the excess. I could cast off the stupidity. And I can get it right I recognized that I was looking for the impossible. I was looking for perfection and that bothered me. In fact I started wondering if my efforts as self analysis were doomed. Sure, I would be a little more focused in the moment. But it was all in the same way.*

*"I would embrace some thing that was not beneficial for me. I would get caught up in the pursuit of pleasure. Everything that I had saved, was getting wasted on something ridiculous. I knew that I was being too hard. And that made it even more difficult to create change. It wasn't as if I was doing anything truly practical. In a sense, one whim led to another whim. What was the real basis for my motivation."*

*"What was I really doing to make things right? The more that I dwelt on these thoughts, the more that I gave into my fantasies. I wasn't looking for a guy who was going to do me a right. I was caught up with someone who is going to turn me on. Who was going to make me believe that I needed things that were contrary to my nature. And I would be back in the same situation once again. I had believed my motivation. It pushed me forward. Now, it was betraying me. I spent all this effort analysis. It only confirmed what I already knew. I didn't have the resources to change. I didn't have the will power. I realized that my survival required me to be more or circumspect. I could remain with this resolution."*

*I faced enough challenges. Therefore, I needed to create more clarity. I crossed out my notes to begin again this time. I was going to be impervious assault on my character. I was*



*going to demonstrate what truly needed for growth. But I was still nurturing my idea. Even if I came across with a clan, I was depending upon someone else to help me.*

*“There was something missing in the picture. I had no foundation for change. I was too caught up in myself. If only I could do one simple thing. That would make sense of everything. That would be the beginning. I could put all the pieces in place. I felt battered. I still couldn’t get enough balance. I was shellshocked. I was too comfortable. I didn’t want to be this way.”*

*“Anyone could knock me down. Anyone could pick me off. I felt as if I had homework it was not complete. I wasn’t sure at all how to start. Sure, I had some necessary tools. That was not enough. I do a little, and I would think that I had solved everything. I was now on my own. I was ready to let go. I could become part of the craziness again. I recognized that wasn’t completely my character. I was a different sort. Nevertheless, my victimization is leading me astray. I need to be quick. I need to get something done. I couldn’t hide. The world was percolating around me.”*

*This was immensely pleasurable. Where was I headed. What would be the ultimate source of my liberation. These are things that I could do on my own. I could give myself the necessary reassurance. That still wasn’t enough.*

*I imagined people looking down on my life. What did they imagine? What could they tell me. Surely, something was evident. I had a sense that they were only taking pleasure in my failures. They were not going to offer me friendly advice. This hardly seemed fair. Why were they hoarding their knowledge. I needed to figure out what they observed. This could help me grow.*

*Perhaps, they took pity on me. They weren’t able to provide me assistance. All they were able to do was to observe my helplessness. That was a kind of entertainment. However, how enjoyable would it be to do the same thing again and again.*

*My understanding needed to progress to the next level. I could participate in a more systematic awareness about myself. I was doing well in my job.*

*It has become next to impossible to describe what was going on with Shira. I watching all this from the outside. I could see the patterns. Everything was all too obvious. She had a job and saved her money. She lived in a house. She had conquered all these obstacles in her life. But she was unable to do what was really needed for her own development. She needed more time. She was working too much. But there was another impediment. She couldn’t complete the picture. She didn’t understand where she had lost her creativity.*

*The story was impossible to tell. It did not have sufficient motivation. She wanted the rules to direct her growth. I recognized the issues. She lacked imagination. At best, she would wonder how someone could provide her with the answer. But she did not see how her circumstances made it impossible to say anything else.*

*She would sit on her porch waiting to change.*

*I suddenly saw my role. I was the one who was seeing it all. And I had no idea how to tell her what she needed to here. Her creativity had eluded her. There was not even a spark to work from.*

*She was great at organizing herself for work. She wanted the rest of her life to play out in the same way. She had a limited awareness of her role in society. She had less of an understanding of what was happening with others. She was caring. She gave to her friends.*

*She tried to help people that she knew. But she lacked that lasting insight. Instead of trying to make sense of things, she preferred to add to this entrapment. She could buy new furniture. She could do work on her house. She could improve the performance of her car. But there was something that remained inevitably out of reach.*

*Shira was like so many other people, who expected that her career would give her complete personal fulfillment. She was observing the dynamic of society. She was tracking the ins and outs of social commerce. But everything was so automatic. Her historical analysis lacked nuance.*

*She had read a great deal in cultural studies. This should have enhanced her outlook of the world. Instead, she only had a rudimentary knowledge how the edifice was put together. She could grasp the efforts of people to make a life for themselves. She could understand how institutions could inculcate individuals into the necessary consensus to maintain the rules-based order. She even saw where she acceded to these principles. She knew that she wanted more. That was where the process stopped.*

*She could demonstrate sensitivity when she talked about friends. But none of her larger observation had any profundity. She could characterize all the aspects of the status quo. However, she wanted things safe. And nothing in her world moved past this rigidity. She could not unfreeze these structures to benefit herself.*

*There was a cynical side to her vision. She knew that this overall experience was exploitative. But she did not want to be picked up for failure. She did just enough to move the process along in her favor. She welcomed her connection to the world around her. And she buried any other impulses.*

*Where was her creative motivation? She could fill notebooks about her longing. But she couldn't make any of this into a project.*

*"Why are you so hard on me? I have done well."*

*"This is not about me. What do you want from yourself. What can you do to change that?"*

*"What do I need to do? I am doing fine for myself."*

*There was a whole world out there that was nothing like the world in her mind. She would remain remote from it. She observed the struggles in herself. But she was afraid that the process would result in a lasting disaster. So she built that wall higher and higher.*

*Once a person moved beyond the surface, she was not a warm person.*

*"Why are you saying that about me? Is there something that you want from me that I can't give. I give the world to others."*

*"Shira, your world is wound so tightly."*

*"What is in your world that makes everything so right?"*

*"What should there be? I have a better understanding of the weather."*

*Shira saw how it was all going to get out of control. She would sit at home and not be able to go to work. She wouldn't be able to leave the house. She could not let this absurdity characterize her being.*

*She was fighting to overcome these challenges. She was battling a ghost. She was not agoraphobic. She did what she could to avoid losing her way. That still was not enough. She would retreat to her place at night, and nothing would have changed.*

*{You are assuming that Shira was somehow different than these other characters. Aren't they all phantoms. They see the world going on around them. But they have removed*

*themselves from the essential heat. They are all as cold as death.}*

*"I like my life. I do not want someone else dissecting me. That is not going to provide me any impetus for change."*

*"You do want something else."*

*The work of art could describe a different connection to the world. It could point the way to a more lasting paradise.*

*"What am I not seeing?"*

*"Every day is exactly the same."*

*"My dog loves me."*

*"These are objects. Everything acts in entirely the same manner."*

*"What does that mean?"*

*"How do you keep all the components together?"*

*I could accept the fact that I was interfering in her world. I was expecting something more. However, I was only seeing what was going on. I knew that she was scrambling to make something happen in her life. And this was not going to stand her in good stead.*

*"You need more romance."*

*"I don't need a guy to mess me up."*

*"You are going to settle, and that is really going to mess you up."*

*"You are telling me something that I do not to hear."*

*"I did not sign up for tragedy."*

*"Nobody does."*

*"Who are these people?"*

*"Some bad news is coming."*

*"I cannot keep doing this."*

*"You are making my little space worse."*

*"Find a guy."*

*"What does this mean, pumpkin?"*

*"Who is saying this to me?"*

*"This is not pleasant at all."*

*"I am slipping down."*

*"Everyone needs a drink."*

*"It is a close connection."*

*"I need more space."*

*"Don't try to be too nice."*