

TERRIBLE SADNESS

I had an opportunity to leave Owen. I had failed to exercise that option. Instead, I ended up staying with him. They ended up doing me and I didn't have any idea how bad it would be I knew that he would get mad at me. Maybe he would throw some thing or punch out of wall.

Any kind of demonstration of aggression would've been enough to make me leave. I was sure that that would've been the final straw I had no idea what was in store. I knew that he had a violence side. There might've been a little pushing here and there. But there was no clear indication that this would happen.

This was something so intense I couldn't even think about it. I did what I could to defend myself. I even called the police. Honestly, they didn't really believe me. I had no idea why they took his side. For them is almost automatic. He's been the aggressor. It's all been on him. But they were blaming me. That made no sense. They didn't arrest him. In fact, I had a talk my way out of them arresting me.

Fortunately they took a report. And I saw a doctor the next day. All that was evidence. But I wasn't sure if it would be sufficient. There were so many things that seemed sympathetic towards his case.

When I told my friends about it, I was surprised. A few were sympathetic. Many didn't believe me. They hadn't been there. Honestly, I felt as if I was going to die. It wasn't simply dad escape from him. I don't know how it was able to stop him. Somehow I was. If I hadn't put up more resistance, I'm sure I was sure that I would've been dead. He wasn't playing nice at all. His cruelty was more than eminent. I did what I could to fight him off. I had a relived fighting him off when I talked about the story. And he was in my nightmares. I felt as if this would never end. My fear was endless. What kind of person that I've been with?

I saw myself as some kind of monster. But it wasn't me at all. I had brought him into my life. I thought he was helping me learn.

He seemed wise. Now I saw that was all part of his manipulation. He wasn't all that smart. He just knew how to say the right things. He had read a few important books. He had reinforced his outlook. But he was basically always like this. I needed to review all our experiences together. In every instance there were signs what was going on. But I couldn't find the way to act on my inclinations.

Every time that I felt some thing, he knew a way to shut it down. He did that constantly. No end to his actions. I felt as if he had been planning this all along. I was in the first person who would face his wrath. I simply didn't have the evidence to assist me to recognize what was going on. I never talk to anyone who had gone out with him before. For me, he had appeared out of nowhere. He was this charming Man. He acted as if he was well read. His words were well chosen. He spoke clearly. He was a little aloof.

At first, all that seemed appealing I should've known. I could've known. But it was impossible to gain sufficient insight into what was happening. The monstrosity only became worse. And they came worse because he was inside me. He was making me work against myself. I was hating myself. How did that happen. It shouldn't of happened like that. But there he was, and he was doing it again and again and again. I needed to improve my analysis. I found him dashing.

My friends encouraged me to be with him. They saw everything on the face of things.

They weren't looking out for my best interests. They were only convinced by their own arguments. And that made things more and more difficult for me. What was the way out? How could I remove myself from this experience.

I never saw it any other way. From the moment that he got inside my mind, everything was allowed. It was all his game. He was subtle. He made sure that he wouldn't leave a smoking gun.

Time and time again, I would forgive him. Time and time again I would tolerate him screaming. His tantrums drove me crazy. What made him this way. What created this sick, depraved individual. I didn't just feel him trying to hurt me. The hurt was one thing. No, he was trying to kill me. I was trying to end, and I think there was it made me worse. How had I come to this point? What made him so manipulative? I needed to admit to this ruthlessness on his part. And it never subsided. And every single thing that he did, I could feel that same viciousness. And he disguised it so much. I made a religion out of it.

Everything was according to principle. If he meant to hurt me, oh that was OK. For so long, I had gone along. I barely knew it was happening. I let these things brushed over me. Tended as if none of this happened. But I knew too well. He where was I supposed to go with his knowledge? I wanted someone to listen to me. For a while, I thought that he could be reasoned with. That of course was wrong. It only got worse.

If I couldn't talk to him about what was going on, who else would want to know. Why were my friends so resistant. They told me that I was imagining things. They said I was fortunate. They envy me. They wanted my life. Why would I want it any other way?

They called me selfish. I was protecting my life. I was protecting my integrity. Dealing with somebody who had no limits. This became so evident. It made me frightened. It made me hopeless. It made me numb. I didn't want to exist. I didn't want exist in this form. I hated my humanity. I knew that he could work his feelings against me.

If he did something wrong, he would always blame me for starting it. He would call me self-destructive. He would say that I had a death wish. He did everything to lock me in the state of depression. He didn't offer me any assistance. He kept pushing down.

I was drowning, and he held me underwater. I was dying, and he was building my tombstone. He was morbid. He was horrendous. He was without redemption. All the while, I felt without her he has solidified this feeling. He kept the pressure line. I wondered what it would take to escape. Even if my mind felt distracted for a moment, he would bring me back to the torture chamber.

This was all part of his method. How could someone be this devious. We're at this come from? It seems so confusing. I saw a mess this academic. He was a man who lived in the world of books. Now I was seeing that other side.

The books were encouraging him to be threatening. Knowledge didn't uplift him. It made him more hideous. When I was first with him, I read a great deal. I felt as if he was encouraging me. Everything seem to make sense. He was telling me things. I was thinking in a more organized way. I could challenge myself. I could examine difficult thoughts in difficult situations. On that basis, I felt that he would be more understanding. I wouldn't have to battle with him about anything. We would have solid footing. We could build our relationship on the conversations that we had. All this would add to our sense of shared experience. It became clear to me that it was completely the opposite. The only thing that he shared with a desire to inflict

pain on he didn't even have to touch me to make it happen.

He was draining me of all my energy. In his mind he could pick out his pressure points and apply maximum suffering. He was clever. He was monstrous. This is all part of its nature. I needed to play along. I felt lost in the cell. Where did this sensation originate? I could feel this hollow in myself. I let him in here. Then he kept carving away. I can hardly breathe. I was just happened? He was so self-assured. This added to my fear forever and ever, kept doing this. What was going on why does it feel so hopeless who is there to get me out of this?

He continued to isolate my friends. They were barely part of my life now. And if they were, they did what they could to dissuade me from being critical about him. This made it harder for me to do what I need to do. I was losing my analytical skills. I've done all this reading. It was supposed to sharpen my intellect. It could've offered me warning against what was happening. He was clearly the opposite. He was using all this against me. He had it all figured out. He was going to bear down on me. He would give me no respite. I wouldn't be able to recognize what was going on.

He was in total control of everything. I hated this discomfort. What was the source? If so moments I believed it was on me. Even if you left me alone, I wasn't able to assert my independence. He was there constantly. My love quickly turned to contempt. The worst part of it all was that I didn't see a way out. He kept on. I felt like this time and time again. I was watching it all. I wasn't even part of my life anymore. Facts. I felt the battery all push down on me. He destroyed all my dreams.

Once, I thought this was a great partnership. I would read books. I would make notes. I would write about what I read. This gave me marvelous ideas. Maybe I could write a book. I could be a teacher. I can involve others in this wondrous process. Then I realized that this process had nothing to do with anything else anyone else. It was all about the sick fuck. There was no other way to characterize it. He was forever like this.

He wasn't just sociopathic. He was more in the realm of a psychopath. He would blame me. that was why do you want to be dead. I was the only one who truly bring witness against who he was and what he had done. I was the only one who could tell the truth. He knew that. I was afraid of him, but he was also afraid of me.

The more that he did to me, the more that I could bring evidence against him. This made him feel powerful, but it also made him threatened. Did he want to act out the threats against me. I needed to figure it all out. I needed to bring some balance to what had been happening to me.

How could I ever find the strength? That was why had had attacked me. He knew. I had finally figured something out. But he was not going to let it be. This was his moment to crush me. What had happened?

I had not been fast enough. He caught me. He anticipated my actions. And he shot me down. I couldn't move. I couldn't act on my knowledge. It was going to take so much effort to get away. I had stored up to this point. I was ready to assert myself. And he came down on me.

I could feel it coming on. He was getting powerful. He was flexing his muscles. And he snapped. It had been building to this point. His sickness became obvious. And there was nothing else. Who would ever recognize what had occurred?

Where could I find rescue? He was everywhere. Even when I went to my car, he was ready to pounce. I could sense that rage building. I was sure that I could make it dissipate, but it was all moving toward me. And I had no choice.

Owen had exposed a weakness of mine. I want to believe that I could reason my way

through situations. He pretended that he respected my intellect. He never did. A great deal of his technique involved using sexual power. Even when he disgusted me, he was still able to play on my desire. At first it didn't make sense, there was such a discrepancy between what I wanted and what I was doing. But this was always too much of me. I had striven to make my actual side more powerful. I had created the story from my youth. But that wasn't how I lived things.

I put too much faith and passion. I turned it into some thing real. It wasn't an expression of my nature. It was raw and independent of me. This gave him his advantage. He knew what I liked. Even when I was on the verge of disgust, he would work against me. This indicated his true nature. He always wanted to humiliate me. He was committed to it. And he knew what it took to wear me down.

This added to the freight. It made it more difficult for me. I felt hindered. He exposed my concupiscence. This was all part of his power games. It was all part of his domination. He was seducing me into this world. And I was going along he was loving me. He was deceiving me. It was reducing me to nothing. How would any of this happened? I believe this philosophy of his. It was all about the liberation of the body and the soul. Under these circumstances, it was so easy for him to be manipulative. And I would follow right along. He would snap the whip. And I would heal. He was a strict master. I wanted none of this. But I accepted it at all. Why was this kind of domination part of my being. It wasn't from any lack in my development. But he knew how to play it again and again. In essence, it represented some thing intellectual. He almost seem to imply that philosophy required this kind of enactment that added to his invitation there's really no place that I could escape the side of him. I was part of everything that he did.

I kept believing that he was the only one who could free me. Instead he became my persecutor. He was the one who would crush me. He would destroy me, and he would find enjoyment in it. He tried to make me think that this sadistic nature was a part of His mistake. Mystique. It showed that he was truly a profound individual. In fact, it showed that he had no mercy. He was a monster without bounds.

I hated to think about what had happened to me. I didn't want to replay the events. I couldn't believe that this was my life. It was impossible to cast it away. He would always be with me in the same way. That hideous look in his eyes kept reappearing. His bod was this weapon against me. In my mind, I did everything that I could to hold him off.

I had used anything at my disposal to prevent him from hurting me. But he had been relentless. I had enough trouble dealing with his influences. Now, he had nothing holding me back. He was coming at with all his strength. I barely understood what I could do to counteract him.

When he unleashed that fury, I was completely overwhelmed. Where hasd this come from. It was totally unexpected. That power was this incredible wave. There was no way to adjust. He kept coming and coming.

I wanted to believe that I could will this away. I realized how difficutl that would be. I tried to discipline myself. It would take only a little suggesting to bring it all back. I would be right in the middle of the rage.

What did I have to do to stop that sensation? This was his essence. He was always wound up so tight. That was his frightening brilliance. No one would ever know.

My letdown was completely physical in nature. I couldn't find that other side of

myself. I remember how devastated I had been. He had hurt me. He had tried to break me. I could only marshal my broken nature. And he was finding pleasure in this.

Where could I ever recover what had been destroyed? I needed to understand how to pull myself together. He was so potent. This was meant to last forever. He knew that. That was the primary weapon of the torturer. There was no access to our higher nature. It was all about degradation. At this point, I would be totally open to suggestion.

He had messed with his own plan. That was why he acted so homicidal to me. I couldn't see it any other way.

The psychosis was everywhere. It was on my skin. It was in the air. This was hideous. How had it reached this point? He had recognized this eventuality. I was nothing to him. That was why he acted with such ferocity. It was ravenous.

What turned people into attack dogs? When the individual became like this, it was impossible to be any different? The dog could smell the blood. And the viciousness would become limitless.

I didn't want to think of myself in such a reductive way. I was only a target. Every other gesture was extraneous. He was zeroing in on me. Why did I have no more resources to battle back?

The attack dog recognized my weaknesses. There was something endless in his strategy. If I thought that some higher power would offer me solace, he needed to make sure that belief would never be confirmed. I would get lost in the darkness. I would be groping for reassurance. And the pain would only become more intense.

His torture manual was more detailed. It was all about sensory deprivation. I would have difficulty making sense of the scene. He would add to the sense of alienation. My nerves would be frayed. I would not know how to resist.

My disorientation would grow. I saw that all this had been happening. I anticipated some kind of punishment. But he played upon my uncertainty. I would not be able to escape. That feeling would be long-lasting. He would keep me guessing. And he would pick that moment to strike.

He had prepared me for what was to follow. So it would seem to come from within. I would blame myself. I would feel destroyed from within.

At the same time, I could not diminish this feeling. This was all his control. He would stimulate me. I would feel paralyzed. Then he would attack. This had been all planned in detail. I wanted to keep track on what was occurring. He realized how would disrupt my awareness. I tried to document the experience. He was disrupting my efforts.

It was so difficult trying to counteract his efforts. I didn't have the concentration. Time was on his side, and he used it for his advantage. He twisted me around his little finger.

None of this was speculative any more. It was no longer about something that he might do to me. I was now recovering from something that he had actually done.

Even though I knew what had happened, he continued to have the upper hand. I was not going to be able to catch up. I was trying to unravel his motive. I was trying to read his psychology. He had nothing to do with that. This was a brutal force. It was present, and it continued to linger, even as he was gone.

I had spent a great deal of time trying to review the events. But I had not really started the process of healing. What remained? Everything. Each time that I felt as if I was making progress, the depth of my pain resurfaced. I kept thinking that there was something that was

available for me to accomplish.

It wasn't just numbness. This was a forever. There seemed to be no inroad to help in changing things. This was how it happened. And it would keep happening. There was no way to disrupt the actual event. It was becoming this rigid absolute.

I felt as if I was being interrogated. My actual beliefs about the experience were being questioned. I could not direct my accusation. How was I supposed to escape this sensation of worthlessness?

This had been the last step in his humiliation. He might have wondered if his efforts were going to succeed. Now, he had no doubts whatsoever. This law would rule for all time. And I would have to submit. What therapy would enable me to break this understanding. He was this hideous forever.

Until this point, I still had a connection with my affection. I no longer identified with that sensation. But I understood what had taken me to that point. Now, there was no doubt whatsoever. All those feelings were banished forever.

This was difficult. I was totally aware of everything that had occurred. But this was no longer part of me. I couldn't let it be. What could I do with all this time? What could I do with my life? I had this will to survive, but there so many things that worked contrary to this feeling. That made it all impossible. I could not breathe. I could not function.

I almost felt as if my heart had stopped. I was no longer existing in time. All those connections to something real were now beyond me. I had these fragments of emotions. Between them were these sharp pains. I didn't just feel terrible. My body ached. These jolts of discomfort would radiate through my body.

Sometimes, it would all be confusing. I would have these inclination. I would want to believe that these were actual feelings. There was no continuity. I couldn't put my finger on what was happening. There was no possibility of making it go away. I did not know what I was dealing with.

These aftershocks were endless. There was no possibility of making any sense. This was my condition. I could not even conceive what a remedy would be. I had been exiled from my nature. There were events. There were effects. But none of this was coherent.

And that face of Owen's kept staring at me. I was glad that I had gotten away from him. But he lingered with me. I could close my eyes, and I would see him. It would take forever before I could create any actual distance from what had taken place.

I was lifeless. I would be like this forever. I tried to twist these elements with the idea of achieving a different picture. There was no other way to see this. Why did he have control over my mind? I fought against it. But it was a lasting experience.

I started to believe that I was made to be like this. I awaited this catastrophe, which would rip at my being. I was vulnerable. It was inevitable.

This was the furthest thing from the truth. There would be no truth for me. I could see the events. I could describe them in a fragmentary manner. But my testimony was losing force.

I didn't want to sort it out. Any attempt to bring coherence to the experience would only make me feel worse. I didn't not want to relive this. I did not want to have a life.

Whew! I was letting him take advantage of my situation. I had separated from him. He would remain there in permanence. What was the true nature of this horror.

How had he played upon my knowledge? He knew who I was. He was building me up to destroy me. That seemed incredible. I would have to increase my skills before he would be

able to bring me down once and for all.

With my added awareness, I would blame myself. I might have been more naïf before. He realized how he could get me to act against myself. He would build me up. I would believe him I would cherish him. Then he would devastate me.

I reviewed this process. He would never have been able to do it like that in the beginning. He made me exposed. Then he struck me.

When he finally made his move, it would be all the more powerful. I would only be spectator in my own life.

He was a true expert. It was all too simple. I doubted myself. I needed to develop. I needed to learn how to be more focused. He nurtured all these talents. It was surprising that he would be able to turn this against me.

I would bring to bear all my psychology against myself. That would make me unable to defend myself. I would have broken all my resistance. Once that process had been completed, I would be completely vulnerable. There would be nothing available. Then he would make his push.

The torture did not succeed without the manual. The victim needed to be softened up. The individual became completely susceptible. It wasn't just a matter of singing. The self was committed to the script.

Self-destruction was the key. Owen was not going to attack until I had been totally broken down. That breakdown was successive. It needed reinforcing. It needed to be subtle. I couldn't catch on. He was making me do all this to myself.

If I realized that he was playing me, I would not have gone on. He would add to the mystery. That made the program work completely.

The mystery was a necessary part of the method. I would never follow through in my analysis. I would give him too much respect. He could keep on with his brainwashing. I was a sponge. I was accepting everything that he told me to do.

Owen had gambled too much in attacking me. But his influence did not stop. His mind fuck continued. And that made me less able to put the pieces back together. He didn't just control the narrative. He was still pulling the strings.

I hated to give him that much credit. There was something fierce about his character. He didn't even have to catch his breath. He was vicious. I was almost dazzled by his actions. He counted on that effect. That made him much more adept.

I always knew that he was a schemer. He was bringing his best to bear. And he could get results. I did not like that intent. What alternative remained for me? I could not accelerate my response. This was all part of the aftermath.

My powerlessness was universal. There were no sparks that I could ignite. He had knocked me down with this immense body blow. I was falling over myself trying to set myself upright. I was flailing around in the mud.

I felt as if I had never been able to counteract these effects. My life had been one lapse after another. And he finally left me with nothing. I couldn't ask where this was headed. I was not plotting a future for myself. The inevitable had occurred. I would try to unravel these effects. But they were there. And they were more powerful than they ever could be.

Everything in my life led to the same point. I had fought to escape such a resolution. It now assumed a permanence. I had not done the proper accounting. There were so many missing elements from my version of event. Any testimony would lack force. My paralysis would make

me useless.

I was not able to create an organized picture. There were little bits here and there. There were contradictory aspects. So it all seemed like one big distraction. Then there was this incredible fact that I could not ignore.

Time was supposed to be moving faster, Everything was slowing to a crawl. That only made my witness less sure. Where could I find a convincing awareness?

My survival depended on coming to terms with what had happened. Did I even recognize what had occurred to me? What did it mean to know?

There was no fixing me. I could not attain a wholeness that once abided. Words were no longer available. I had emotions, but they made no sense. Could anyone bother listening to the full story?

Owen had made sure that none of this would make sense. I first saw this as a failing in my friends. It was nothing like this. It was completely something else. Sure, they had been over-sympathetic to him But Owen made sure that I would not be able to put together the sentences to describe what had occurred. This inability only became more pronounced.

I only had this incoherent feeling. I had flashes of an event. But there was no way to offer me clear direction for further understanding. I was getting something important wrong.

There was no longer a belief in a time where I could make sense of things. That was all behind me. He had destroyed any possibility of ever finding a meaning. There would be no moment of clarity.

I didn't even want that. I wanted to bury all these thoughts. I wondered if Owen found a greater satisfaction in achieving this dominance with others. He took long enough to convince me. Was he also trapped in the process? He needed to involve me. But he would do the same to someone else. But he would again take his time. After that, it would be next to impossible for him to move on, He would have to gather his thoughts, so that he could apply himself once more. That might give him a temporary boost. What gave him this belief in his power?

This seemed to be taking forever. What kind of progress did he achieve? He could count me among his successes. What did any of this mean?

He could be so articulate. He would appear to be in control. He would seem to be falling over himself to make things right on his account. But he was one step away from letting it all blow up in his face. That would hardly offer him the wished-for outcome.

As long as he saw things in this way, he would be on the verge. He could declare victory. He believed that he had a special touch. But this was nothing of the kind.

He would need to force the outcome. That was all that he ever had. And it made him feel more powerful than he actually was. I needed to see him for the imposter that he was. I could condemn his assault, But I didn't really have the ability to challenge his program. And the attack was only one part of this overall plan. That plan was Owen. and I had fallen for it again and again. That only encouraged his attack.

I was developing a greater awareness about what had happened. But that did not diminish my feeling of helplessness. He had robbed me of the will to exist? How else could I see things? I couldn't let my life play on repeat. I needed a convincing break from it all. What was the necessary cue to alert me?

I had always given Owen the benefit of a doubt. And continually, that would force me to act against my best interests. Now it became obvious what I needed to do. I couldn't let him sneak back into my life. That alternative was ended once and for all. Even though I had come

to such a resolve; he was still able to have influence in my mind. And made an impossible to be myself. I recognized that the recovery process would be long and difficult. Those moments when I was completely unsure of myself.

In no way did I think about contacting Owen again. But I would blame myself for what happened. In general, I would feel worthless. I couldn't allow this to happen. I was doing my best to grow. I was trying to escape once and for all. What does it mean to have so take a note for my personality that I could do nothing? He had completely worn me down. Where were my defenses? What could I do at this point? I was completely helpless. It was important that I developed a clear strategy for myself. I was undergoing numerous risks. I myself was subject to the dangers ahead. There was a need to change my outlook. I realized what I need to do.

I wanted my old life back. I realized that was never going to happen. I needed to make do. Oh I did my best to put Owen's mind out of mine. I need a new way of thinking. I need to redo my face and myself. There's enough basis concerns. I was distracting myself. What was preventing me from getting underway?

I had been physically assaulted, but I also had deep psychological ones some points, I felt afraid of everyone. If someone had observe my situation, that person may been able to recognize the signs. I wasn't lying to myself. I never knew this would happen. He had already shown unstable characteristics. I had seen his threats. But there was nothing like this. What kind of life was this. All this surprise. Anger. He kept coming out. I felt that this was the end of my life I had no idea. It wasn't because he wanted to stop."

"What was I seeing? I didn't want to understand. This was someone who I had given love to. How could I imagine that all he could think about was killing me. Afterwards he might've pretend it never happened."

When the police came, he told him he told them that I was imagining things. He did everything that he could to support this viewpoint. He arranged the room to make it look as if I was attacking him. It was totally ridiculous. I knew that the evidence was on my side. For the moment, it didn't seem that. . That also meant that the officers in charge created an accurate report. I would have to make every effort to counteract that information I felt as if I was being maneuvered back and forth. It was difficult to establish these facts. It was going to be an uphill battle to make my case. There's no other way to see it.

In his own mind, how are you trying to justify all this. Period in building to the salon. It only surprised me because I didn't recognize what kind of person he truly was. Suddenly. I was facing the sum of all those actions. Everything it also became evident. Why I had been so hesitant to call him out. All that was offer. The reckoning. He mocked me. He made me feel like it was less of a human being. Now used everything that he cried self. He wasn't going to be charged for this. He didn't have to face percussions. What he thought. He still believe that he can influence me. I would buckle under pressure. I would finally agree to his side of the story. I couldn't let that happen. I didn't want to think about what happened I didn't wanna go over the details. But I was my own best witness.

The story was convincing. My bruises supported my version of events. He really had no excuses. I was trying to put up a fight. I may have scratched him. That seem to give him the ammunition that he needed. He exaggerated these events. And they play a role in his claims. I needed to get everything right in my mind. I need to playback the sequence of events. But I also wanted nothing to do with any of this. The more that I thought about it, the more that I was living the experience. Decided to my fear of him. How was I supposed to deal with this

offense?

I kept wondering what had been the spark. What had finally set him off. It wasn't anything like that he had read. He been going through this ongoing process of breaking me down to nothing. This was the last aspect of resistance on my part. So he need to do it. He needed to show the world that he was the master. He almost succeeded. All along, relied upon my assistance to carry on the solution. All that broke. I wondered when I truly understood what kind of person he was. I wanted to believe that it occurred before he touched me in this way. But I always let his aggression by as if it was nothing.

I wasn't that masterful dealing with the situation. How far it is gone? How could I recognize the truth of this event. I was coloring it with my recollections. I no longer wanted to entertain the idea. Owen had already had his chance to state his side of the story. And that was all that I ever listened to. Now that was all over. Of my life. I need to stick with that commitment. I couldn't let him throw me off my game. I understood this commitment once and for all. That was all I needed to progress. That would be the basis of my growth. Owen would've failed to do what he wanted to do. He could not control me in life. He could not control me. His threats were never supported by a clear accusation on my part. And that accusation was supported by the evidence of what happened to me. And he was making every effort to convince the authorities that I had made a mistake.

Despite my accusation, he needed to make sure that he was not charged for this offense. I needed to keep my wits about me. I needed to figure out what is go. I knew what was happening to me. I didn't need to hear differently.

My healing process was not completely tied to Owen. Perhaps he would never face any consequences for what he had done. He would never recognize what he had put me through, and he would not expressed remorse for what it happened. I I need to understand how I have been affected by this experience. This had nothing to do with Owen's reaction. I needed to assess my own mail being. This was all about my situation. I couldn't rely on Owen to offer me any kind of awareness occurred. I was on my own. I required healing, but I needed to create the resources to develop that understanding. This had nothing to do with anyone else. No one was going to offer me guidance. No one is going through my struggle. I needed to make clear how I would grow after such a challenge. I need to be patient. Now, it felt as if I would never come to a resolution. I was filled with a sense of hopelessness. I was lost in my thoughts. Nothing seem to offer me a cesarean awareness. I it was one thing for my bruises to heal. But the emotional damage seemed permanent. And that permanence made me feel as if I could never achieve necessary awareness for my improvement. I had been abandoned to the state. It seem more wretched than I could imagine.

I had no idea what I could do in this feeling. I understood I recognized that this sensation would be ongoing. I couldn't escape from its lasting affects. How could I find myself? How could I regain my integrity? What was missing in my world? I was in eternal darkness. It would not end. I hollowed out. I was dead. I wanted to cast off these feelings. But I felt reminders everywhere. I couldn't even get the energy to do anything else. I was going through the motions. I was making lists to do the simplest things. This discomfort continued in. I wanted to turn the light on my soul. I tried to make home I'm alive. I get over one challenge, and another one will present it self more intensely than ever. I couldn't get any perspective. All these effects seemed permanent. I had added to my sense of desperation. And I realize the risks. My sense of worthlessness could create further damage. The sensation could

overpower me. I would be self-destructive. I would be breaking down any possibility of recovery. There would be no more resources for me. I knew that my past would become this weight that I could not unburden. I couldn't figure out how to find new strength. I wanted to be positive. I will try to hold my head high. But I never seem to be enough. This was deep in my being, and I try to shake it off.

Why was I losing my sense of self? What alternative did I have? Or I was at a total loss. I didn't want to give in, but there seem to be a little choice. I had put him out of my mind, but he reappeared to me. And he was again threatening. I had created this ghost. I cannot let go. It was a forever. I needed a new version of life. Where could I find the necessary inspiration? I

would walk with my dog. That seem to be a beginning. But I could still feel that threat. It was almost as if he was watching. I didn't have the means to let go. I felt as if I was being dragged along the floor. I was scratching against the surface. I was trying to stop all of this from occurring. What was the end of this interaction? Where was it going? And I didn't want to surrender to my despair. I was trapped deeper and deeper in the small. There was no escape.

I thought that I had the wherewithal to hold myself together. I'd been proud of myself. But he destroyed all that. It brought me down. Introduced me to nothing.

I couldn't even find a part of my brain where I could hide from him. He had so thoroughly brainwashing me that there was no place of refuge within myself. Worse, I felt they would that was part of me they were still attacking me. This barely made sense but that's exactly what he had done. It made me a traitor to myself. I couldn't figure out how I would overcome this influence. I was helpless. Even when I try to explain it to someone else, I realized that I was not sharing the full story.

There were million possible for me to say what was needed. I could see these random things, but they made no sense. I couldn't get to the heart of the matter. I couldn't focus on the reason that things were like this. It only added to my helplessness and weakness. What did I lack? What was the foundation of my growth. I was never going to be able to tap my intelligence. I didn't want to remain a victim.

I never wanted to be like this. But my mind wasn't working right I couldn't get all the pieces in place. The puppet master was still moving me around. What did they do for me? Or I needed a whole restructuring of my mind. It wasn't gonna happen anytime soon. I still couldn't even figure out what it happened to me. I was still tender. Are there were these wounds inside. Even as they recovered physically, they only seem to get worse I could feel the drain. All my energy was flowing from me and this made it difficult. This made it impossible. Was there a new way of thinking? What did I have to do place? What was the road to my liberation. I reviewed the challenges.

I felt that I was gaining control happening around me. And I could feel disaster hit again. This was intense this was devastating this was crushing. What alternative did I have? I didn't want anyone else to interfere. I needed to figure out how to deal with my isolation. If I didn't have the words then I would have to figure out what to do with these feelings.

It wasn't the universe talking to me it wasn't meant to be it wasn't a learning experience. It was just a terrible experience. All this nonsense about supernatural mysticism was totally contradicted by Owen's actions. He wanted me to love him. He made me care for him. But it all than it up like this. There was nothing to show for it. There was nothing to be

gained. I would wake me up every morning. And I thought he had messed with my head. He turned me inside out. I wasn't sure what I could ever do to get my life back. All that was good had turned out badly.

I felt like incompetent child who had to be no options. This was never going to be simple again. The hell became worse and worse. And I didn't have anything I was truly a broken person. There's no way to fix me up. he enjoyed this resolution. He felt that no one was going to catch him, for what he had done in the end. I would give in to him too. This probably added to his confidence. He was arrogant. All that he care about was that I was feeling crushed. I was destroyed.

I was my own solution. I didn't want us to continue for all like this. I would shake. I felt as if he was back with me, and I would hate that feeling. I wouldn't know where to go or how I make things right. How could I come up with a plan but could protect me? I would try to recover my sanity. Things seem to be going okay, then I would be back in the same situation again. Each incremental change would last for a little while or. There was no clear way to move on once and for all. I was repeating the same problems over and over again. I truly lost the trail. There's no clue where to get it back. I never would be free. This would be my end. I wanted to try to make sure of it. What could I do about it. These question were the only way to get out. I only one of my self back. It wasn't that complex.