

FACULTIES

I had been granted a special kind of seeing. I needed to find the motivation to implement my knowledge. I could not let myself be defined by my trauma. It had ripped me from limb to limb. But I needed to recover a strong will that would enable me to cast off these negative influences once and for all.

It seemed next to impossible to understand why Owen had been able to dominate my life. He was so smooth. But I gave him the opportunity to affect me the way that I did. I let down my guard.

I never thought it was fair to blame me for Owen's behavior. That didn't diminish the need to figure out why I let him into my world. He was ruthless; he was trying to pass himself off as a father to me. If I felt unsure about my knowledge; he filled in those gaps you made me feel like an intellectual. I read some of the same books that he had read. He was influenced by the same thought processes. Since I thought we shared the same outlook, I gave him a great deal of leeway. In a sense, I believe that he was only correcting minor errors in my way of thought. I believe that he was listening to my criticisms of his actions.

We seemed to avoid arguments. Everything was advanced on a rational basis. I may have been intuitive about my behaviors. He offered me clear direction for understanding myself a more explicit way. I could talk about my desires. I can make my plans clear. I could establish important goals. All these factors were critical for my growth. And this relationship developed over time. I trusted him. And this trust also build my affection for him. I admired Owen. Perhaps the world had not treated him fairly. He deserved greater recognition for his ideas. And I was willing to give him that credit.

We were developing together. I felt that we were in a partnership. Therefore, we continued this perspective. In a sense, I felt there would be no end to this experience. I realized that it was becoming even more defenseless. His comments to me are never innocuous. His intentions were evident. He wanted to break me down. But he did it ever so suddenly. From the beginning, he was creating these instructions that I would implement for myself. To say something to me, I didn't see it as negative. It only reinforced what I was already thinking. He had reached deep inside me, and he was working the mechanisms in a specific manner. This all went under my radar. I believed that things were getting better, they were becoming worse. I didn't see it at all. In social settings, he would be clever. Everything that he said would have an undertone. Nevertheless, none of it seems that threatening.

Other people would listen in, and they would have no idea what he was saying. They thought we were speaking your own language. They admired that connection. They craved a relationship where people could get along so well. I didn't understand how I was deteriorating. It was happening so gradually. I still felt healthy. But I could feel that fog descend over me.

I was with him a great deal. He was a witness to all these changes. Of course he was not going to admit that any of this was happening. For him, this was all a wonderful experience. We were showing our love for each other. What did we have to worry about? I accepted his judgment. That enabled us to continue on. We built from our connection. What enhanced relationship. It seemed ideal. I had always wasted too much emphasis on affection. I hadn't really base my understanding on reason. It didn't take much to get me excited.

Owen was plying me at every second. Sometimes, I believed that this was a demonstration of his caring. I could even see how this was manipulative. He was that committed. I was simply watching was going on, and I would believe that everything was OK. In a sense, it was also prefers. And he loved that expression. It made him feel more powerful. He thought he was a genius. You can take these little inclinations, and turn them into a whole strategy. He was completely in control. But I would never of recognize this if I didn't cross him. I thought we were in total agreement. Most times we seem to be that way. I might say something at the store which would upset him a little. I wouldn't paid much mind when he kept on with the same issue. It didn't dawn on me that it was impossible to contradict him. He could never be wrong. That added to his adversarial nature. Most of the times he would let on. He kept moving me back-and-forth so I wouldn't see what was going on.

I thought all of this was in certain for me. Sometimes he wouldn't let me out of his sight. I didn't realize what's really going on. This mistrust of my friends was also profound. I could see it going on all the time. And that frightens me. He needed to have total control over every situation. When I was with my friends I might be a little giddy. He didn't like any of that. Need to be a certain way. All this got crazier and crazier I really didn't have the ability to analyze it was happening. There were moments that I thought he was so much better than any other relationship that I have been in. This comparison fostered a greater commitment to him. I feel privileged that he would even be with me. Therefore, I let none of this bother me. Inevitably, only thing that mattered. It was all about holding on him. I would even see him conduct his little tantrum's.

He was careful not to seem too over-the-top. It would be another way that he could slam the door shut on my point of you. I would simply agree to go along with him. I couldn't think about it any other way. It all seems well and good. From there, things could get more out of hand. There were a couple of weird incidents that I tried to put out of my mind. He would've made me think that he was more dangerous. But he twisted the facts. so everything seem to concur with his way of thinking.

Again, I ended up going along with what he said. He made me doubt myself. I thought about it all day, not added to my sense of distress.

If I analyzed what it happened, I probably won't wouldn't be so vulnerable to guys like Owen. Indeed that was my belief; however, there was no way I could be certain of that. I barely understood why I had been with a win in the first place. So it wasn't as if I was going to resist guys like that automatically nevertheless, I thought that maybe I could develop a strategy that would work. At first, I thought it would be better not to get involved with anyone. I would do my work from home, I would go to meetings when I needed to. But I would try to avoid spending time with people outside of work.

If I had enough money to cover my expenses, I can make a life for myself at home. I could read. I can watch movies. I could exercise by myself. For the moment, I feel completely self-contained. this wasn't a prison of my own making. Instead I was content. I thought as if I had few worries. It wasn't as easy as it sounded. Sometimes, the whole place was hot. I could feel the shaking. I could sense the aggression. Owen was all around. What did I have to do to free myself? It should've been so difficult. But his presence was ever constant.

I couldn't let myself in this trap. I had enough resources to resist. I could try to certain myself. I can make my own way. I started to recognize the same characteristics in other guys. I thought if I had a drink or two that feeling would wear off. I would sit with my glass of wine and look at a room. It was ridiculous to believe that was enough to change things I hated the fact that Owen had this level of control. But I couldn't deny what was going on. He was at the heart of my life. There is nothing else but this feeling. I considered if there was other ways to deal with this. Could I completely shut out these thoughts? Or could I just convince myself that none of this mattered?

There seemed to be numerous alternatives. At the same time, each new situation had its own challenges. So I was constantly facing similar threats. That sensation was its self overwhelming. I can separate myself from this experience. And it was playing itself out again and again. He seemed absurd. I had pushed me to this point? Sometimes I would talk to other guys and try to explain what happened. At first, they would seem scandalized by my behavior. But then they started to wonder about me. They would see flaws in my character. In the end, they wouldn't be much different. I made all this effort. I I once again tried to put my faith in other people. But I was becoming trapped. I retreated to my place. I could get rid of the negative feelings, and I could start again.

This was all too absurd. It was preventing me from making the best decisions. I kept wondering if I truly cared for myself. How did I become distracted by this sense of superiority. I was asking too much other people. But what did I really want? I wanted some level of respect. Some people could clearly show concern for me. If someone else couldn't understand, it was not my fault.

If I was going to understand my own experience better, I would have to find a way to put my past effectively behind me. I would have to figure out what was in my power to change. This was a difficult understanding since I had played an active role in my own demise. I didn't wanna absolve Owen of his responsibility. He was the one who needed to respond for his own actions. I in no way did I condone his harmful behavior towards me. Nevertheless, there were things that I could've done differently. I needed to learn from my past. This was the only way to use my experience as a form of development.

I had lost so much time to Owen. But I didn't want to see it as a loss. I didn't just want to chalk it up to some kind of a learning experience. I wanted to analyze in detail with the skills I had developed and try to counteract his behavior. I needed to make sure that I wouldn't put myself in a similar situation again. More than that, I didn't want to think of my life as a waste. I had undergone the process of growth.

Even if he had made an effort to stunt my development, that did not prevent me from developing the necessary consciousness to deal with what happened. I wasn't giving myself pass. I was crediting myself for my own abilities. This knowledge made it clear that I could rewrite the story to favor my own. I told myself that this was my goal.

Did I have enough fortitude to carry through in this process? Where were my analytical skills. Indeed, I focused enough so I could resolve truly what happened. I wondered if my goals, if my aspirations had ever been aligned with Owen. But I got along with his ways of thinking. Was I all that separate ways from that perspective? This was going to require a great deal of

effort to resolve my place in the world. It was truly possible once and for all to tell myself that. Owen was out of my world. I wasn't going to let him on in on my experience. But he could play an active role in determining my beliefs. At first, I had believed that Owen help me to create a protected world for the both of us. I needed to be more critical about that understanding. How could I develop a deeper awareness of our actual role in the world. On this basis, I couldn't see myself as a spectator. We may have believed that we were the agents of change. We may have been present for venting the real change it was necessary. And this only dawned on me later on.

Why was I so self-destructive? Did this destructiveness characterize all our behaviors. I didn't see it that way. But my failure to recognize this challenge may have been the very thing that contributed to the terror. For me, it had been a total surprise that he was this way. Nevertheless, I could see how this air of superiority pervaded all his actions. When I focused on this problem, it became clear that I personally was the victim of this behavior. Therefore, the challenge was more than personal. Did we adopt a view of the world then we marginalized the experience of others? Did we validate our own activities in a way that marked the efforts of others.

In a sense, we had undergone this purification ritual. We had cast off all these contrary influences. These experiences may have been the very stuff of life. We were living in this rarefied world rarefied world, and we despised any other kind of life. Suddenly I recognized how strict I was being in my analysis. This made it seem as if I was the contributor to Owen's cruelty. I didn't want to accentuate the cruelty in my own experience. I didn't get off on suffering. I really did enjoy pain. I wasn't advancing a model of self sacrifice. But did I support a point of view that I was more deserving of a reward for my efforts than other people? Certainly I had acquired skills they were recognized in the society. Did they really separate me from the rest of the world?

If I worked extra hard, was I deserving of a special reward? I sifted through these alternatives. I wanted what was the best for myself. It wasn't just about me. Oh and knew how to use flattery. I couldn't pretend there was any difference. He seemed to pick me out. And I felt as if I was chosen. This meant that I had a clear clear foundation for my own development. but I've been tricked. Did this trick originate in my own vanity?

I realized that I never would've come up with his criticism of myself. Head on, it again force me to recognize a feeling of worthlessness. I couldn't help wanting to be some thing. I had struggled to get where I was. Why should I look down on my accomplishments? Nevertheless, there was something disturbing in our experience. If I had been a little more humble, would Owen's entreaties have worked? Was there already something wrong in my world? If I was going embark on such a critical path, how would I be able to recognize that I was good in my world? That only made me think negative thoughts about myself. And my personal growth would have to progress. I couldn't look backwards. I need to move forward. This understanding was more than difficult.

Owen had offered me a steppingstone for my future. That meant contradicting all the terrible things that it happened to me. Nevertheless, I couldn't give him credit for any of this. I and I didn't want to say that all this had occurred because I messed up. I wasn't an arrogant

person. I may have been with Owen, but we were different kinds of people. I wanted to believe that empathy had been my primary motivation.

It became difficult to see that side of myself since I had now since I now had difficulty even recognizing who I was. If I felt so damaged, there was little that I could do to assist others and this was all part of a deeper challenge. I needed to realize that I couldn't analyze myself through all these problems. I would have to take the time to let things settle in place. Healing was not all a conscious thing. It didn't result from thinking through it had happened. I simply need an emotional distance from this. And I couldn't will myself in this different place. Sure, I might believe that was possible. But I would only contribute to my numbness.

I could try to become active. I could pretend that work or other activities would take my mind off things. That was never going to function as a lasting strategy. I needed to empower myself. And this meant providing a new awareness of my life. It wasn't a logical progression; it was a human progression. And I I had achieved I needed to achieve a new balance for my life. I didn't want the image of Owen's looming self to take over me. I closed the book on him. I wanted to put it away. I realized that any assertiveness in my part was going to be met with resistance. I would have to ride the waves. I would come up with new ways of thinking about myself. But I I needed to let the forces of the universe move in their own direction. I had some healing to do, but I didn't see myself getting involved in some kind of esoteric program to assist that. There was an already enough radicalism in my life.

I needed a more gradual program. I needed to give a chance for the positive influences to work in my favor. Sure, Owen had influenced critical aspects of my life. That wasn't going to go away immediately. I didn't want to live in Owen's world. I couldn't give him ownership over what it happened. But that presence was there. And it still marked my present growth. I wasn't just growing away from Owen. But I needed to understand how all these affects touched me. It wasn't about some deep philosophy. It wasn't about sadness wasn't about happiness wasn't about the right emotions is simply about being. I had survived. And that was all that matters. I didn't have to get fancy in any of this.

“Don't blame me for something that I didn't do. Owen was a psychotic. I am not responsible fo him acting the way that he did.”

“I am not saying that.”

“You are suggesting that there is something inside of me that makes me vulnerable to people like Owen.”

I couldn't reconcile myself with what happened. I did not want to see it as regret. What did I need to do to get my life back? Surely, there was some reason. I didn't believe that there was some kind of mystical explanation.

“What do you want me to tell you? That you had nothing to do with what happened.”

“I only want to forget what happened.”

“You can't lesion away your past.”

“I want to get rid of what is preventing me from developing.”

“You are trying to be too complex.”

“There are methods. They can restructure you.”

“What would that do for me?”

“You could use hynosis.”

"I am not the one who needs to be hypnotized."

"There was no way that his behavior could be explained. He was a terrible person. He could not be rearranged to be okay."

"Was this the project? You were going to take that aspects of his personality and transform into a good person. That may have been my mistake. When he was terrible to me, I thought that I could change. I could offer him what was missing in his character. It was always ridiculous to believe that. He was never going to be fixed. He was a monster from the beginning. I gave him my confidence. It destroyed me."

Some experiences would destroy too much of your personality. And you would lose everything that you could pull things back to something stable. There would be too much lost.

"I never want to be degraded, I would never learn anything from humiliation. I was not going to adapt to his method. There is little that is redeeming in trying to relive the experience."

"You have to analyze it more."

"You need something to help dull the effects."

"A lot of people don't even care."

"Some people care, but there is nothing more to care with."

"This has gone on too long."

"We are not that far from coming to a solution."

"Lie on the bed."

"I am not into some kind of hypnosis effect."

"What will work with you?"

"Immersion in cold water."

This was going to take time.

"I am not performing for you."

"But you were. That was all that there was to it."

"All of us are decaying."

"You can take something from it."

"I am going to go to work. And nothing else will matter."

"Tell yourself that."

"What kind of work is it?"

"I write code."

"I frame the story."

"Admit the problem."

"Guys. Any guy. This guy."

"Humanity."

"We make the problem. We can unmake it."

"I can unmake this shithead."

"I cannot use the generalizations. Owen was terrible."

"But you did your best to rehabilitate him."

"That is the challenge. Was it one bad day? Or was it a lifetime of shit?"

"It is one bad meal."

"That could be a theory of history."

"A THEORY OF HISTORY."

“You cannot know like this.”

“See my suffering.”

“I am not looking for spiritual transcendence. This is not going to improve my life.”

I couldn't let Owen distract me from a clear future for myself. But I was still struggling with his influence. Each time, that I would seem to escape, he'll be back in my life. It would end up being all the same I have been convinced that I the world did not follow the description offered by one. I observed an alternative. It was difficult for me to recognize what I needed to do. I had shared life with Owen. I had shared his view of the world. Now I became committed to altering that perspective. How could I focus a commitment?

I imagined that the new me was waiting behind the door. For the present, that door was stuck. I was doing everything that I could to unjam the door. But my efforts were not working. I faced Was I supposed to be afraid of the future me? She seems so much the way that I was existing in the The past. There are moments that she was carefree. Was that all that it took?

I could patch things up with myself. I'm sure there were others who could help. They would I People this new world with people with characters who would understand my predicament. They would assist me in becoming the true me. And I was in the process of creating a new self. This would disparage the actions of Owen. I was in a room full of people who could appreciate my evolution. They would realize that I was an independent person. They would've respect my achievements. They would listen to what I had to say. They would be sympathetic.

Everything would seem perfect. Everything would seem all too perfect. Then trouble would set in. I would continue to talk about Owen. And friends would get tired of me. They would ask why I had nothing else to talk about. They would tire of my analytical pursuits. They would claim that I was obsessed. Eventually, they would blame me for what it happened. The assembled originally believe what I had to say. They accepted my version of events. Now, all that had changed. They found me obsessive. They wondered if I deserved what it happened to me. They seem to endorse Owen's ideas.

I thought that I was pleading my case before an impartial jury. But this jury beat me back. They would not accept my ideas. I looked askance when it happened. I had made all this effort to present my case. I was positive that they wouldn't decide in my favor. They were good at getting things wrong. I saw the problem. Again, it was Owen. This was all his doing. It would always work this way. Owen understood that his method could affect anyone. Indeed, that was what was happening. They rejected me.

In a sense, they dismissed the evidence of Owen's assault. He essentially said what he did was okay. They blamed me for letting it happen. The evidence had been so obvious. What it happened here? Had they failed to understand my generation. I realized that I had something to do with this. I didn't even give myself enough credibility. Over and over again, I was blaming myself. My knowledge was not leading towards enlightenment. Was I willing to take that chance? This scene reminded me of the problem.

If I maintained my position, I would I would end up alienating other people. I would hold them to a strict standard. I expected them to use their abilities to analyze people as I had. They were doing this. But they wanted everything to be fun. I was ruining the fun. On the one hand they might claim that I should've walked away early. I was taking Owen way too seriously. I should've quit them along time ago. On the other hand, they asserted that it was my fault. Owen wasn't such a bad guy. I had been impatient. I hadn't given him what he needed. So he acted in a

natural manner.

Owen had vented his frustrations with me. I was showing my weakness. I was never a very tolerant person. Owen couldn't go along with my impatience. He just snapped. That wasn't such a big deal. He wasn't such a bad guy. Where was I supposed to take this? What kind of life was I leading? I have been playing with the devil.

There were moments when I thought that I could tame his worst impulses. That made me feel powerful. That made me feel devilish. But that over that volatility overwhelmed me. It destroyed me. I dealt with it for whatever it was. Owen merely give me an excuse. He was giving me a glimpse into who I was. But he also showed me who he was. He was no longer that upstanding individual. He was no longer offering counsel to the greats. Once and for all, he revealed himself as a boar.

He wasn't going let me expose him to the world. He felt this need to shut me up. Perhaps it been going on all along. I thought that I was believing him. Over time I was exposing him for what he was. He was a charlatan. Unfortunately I had given time to this person. He never lived up to his ambitions he never could. I accepted that fact. I thought that we were performing for the world. And I believe this wondrous vision. It was nothing like that. I was performing for him. I was going along with his script. When I deviated, he was ready to hurt me.

I hated where this was going. Owen kept coming out triumphant. I saw the legal resolution in the same way. He would do his best to concentrate on my actions. He would make it seem as if I had threatened him. He would even show the scratches on his body. I've been trying to release his grip. But he would make it seem as if I was the aggressor. He would talk about my histrionics. He would claim that I would have these fits of anger all the time. He would inflate my weaknesses until I seemed like this dominant individual.

I replayed all these skirmishes in my head. His dominant nature was coming back to haunt me. There was a side of me which didn't want to go through with the prosecution. I want to drop the charges. I wanted them out of my wife. Maybe, the police had been right. He has done nothing wrong. I truly was the aggressor. How was he turning the tables on me? How was he getting me to accept the terrible actions that he had done. None of this made any sense. It aggravated me. It reinforced my frustration. I felt as if I had no choice. This wasn't some kind of technicality.

What he had done was clear as day. But he was hiding behind his reputation. He was pretending to be the perfect upstanding citizen. And I was just a terror. I was a bad storm. I wish the hurricane unleashed on him. There was no way that anyone could endorse my version of events. It was that simple. It would be that way unto perpetuity.

I needed a better explanation. I was letting myself down. I kept giving Owen credit for something that he couldn't give.

"I want this problem to be solved."

"What is your greatest fears?"

"That I am going to become something that I don't to be."

"The power only increased. He made use of my physical desires."

"How are we going to change that?"

"He programmed me to want him all the time. That was not going to change. He

understood how to condition me.”

“Where does this start?”

“What are you making me do?”

“I do not want to become part of that world.”

“Where is this going to end?”

“I can get a job.”

“You have job.”

“Money can solve everything.”

“They put me in this evil place.”

“They do it to all of us.”

“Do not think that way.”

“I can help you hang out.”

“Was anyone going to give me what I needed?”

“This was hopeless.”

“What is in the water?”

“That is not going to cure me.”

“It is not going to cure me.”

“What did you do to me?”

“It is not wrong.”

“I loved you.”

“She was trying to hurt me.”

“Where does this come from?”

“It comes from your heart.”

“The jury is out.”

“The world is out.”

“This is all that matters.”

“They say that everything.”

“Turn the heat up.”

“You are going to burn everything away.”

“I am only thinking about my desires.”

“Are you going to spend the rest of your life balancing the world on the edge of pin?”

“What makes you the way that you were?”

“What about that wonderful Owen?”

“Who believes that he is okay?”

“He is not ready to solve anything.”

“You have a head start.”

“Who was driving?”

“I hit a wall.”

“Let us pull in here.”

“This is going to take forever.”

“We have a method.”

“This is brilliant.”
“Tell me what you want!”
“What you will never get.”
“And that is that.”
“That is amazing.”
“That is an invention.”
“That is brilliant.”
“It is burning up.”
“We are living in a hell of our own making.”
“That is next to impossible.”
“How do you think that is going to work?”
“I push a few buttons.”
“It does not work that way.”
I was floating in burning oil. I was destroying my integrity.
“You promised me that job.”
“I gave you what you wanted, Shira.”
“What do you really know?”
“No one is going to believe that is an accident.”
“That is the worst thing that could ever happen to me.”
“I am sorry.”
“There is no sorrow.”
“No one loves you.”
“You need to learn how to love yourself.”
“You can move away. You can walk away.”
“I do not want you to walk away.”
“How did that happen?”
“There was this monster, and his name was Owen.”
“I am sorry that any of this happened.”
“I do not need you interfering with my life.”
“This will be so simple.”
“What will be the final result?”
“What is the deal?”
“I do not what is happening?”
“That is not going to result in anything positive.”
“I am trying to be nice to you.”
“You look like someone that I know.”
“Do not complain.”
“This is not me.”
“Why are you following me?”
“I have great ideas.”
“Sure, you do.”

“This is not accidental.”
“How do you manage that?”
“Turn on all the lights.”
“That is not what you did.”
“Am I on the fucking stand?”
“Pretend that you are.”
“You are trying to get this guy off.”
“What did you do to me?”
“This is not something to joke about.”
Owen needed to go back to bed.
“You have a one track mind.”
“Shira, why are you doing this to me?”
“I want you to talk. Tell me why you are doing this to me?”
“I do not have any answers.”
“This is worse than you could have imagined.”
“I am never going to give you what you want.”
“You already did.”
“I do not want to be blamed for something that I did not do.”
“This does not really qualify as a job.”
“Owen, why do you want to be forgiven?”
“What is in there?”
“This is beyond cruelty.”
“You are substituting humor for analysis.”
“Will this follow?”
“Can I clean this up?”
“This will never get clean.”
“This is all that we think about.”
“I think that was the problem. I was entirely too passionate.”
“I do not want to be blamed for something that I did not do.”
“Where do we hide the body?”
“I am not a killer.”
“Someone is going to get blamed.”
“I should not have acted like that.”
“What do you really want?”
“I feel bad.”
“This is super terrible.”
“Fix yourself a plate.”
“He thought terribly of me.”
“All these moments add up.”
“You have to show some body.”
“That all makes sense.”

“Death wish.”
“Never say never!”
“You are good with emotion.”
“It does not occur like that.”
“All the air went out.”
“You are entirely too active.”
“You are not going to break me down.”
“What do you want to talk about?”
“There is a method.”
“Did you eat that shit.”
“It was excellent.”
“I cheated.”
“I knew that it was going to do me in.”
“I am just acting for the camera.”
“That is not going to agree with my system.”
“What is this about?”
“It all affects me simply.”
“This is not going to happen to me.”
“Where is his head?”
“What did you take from me?”
“Food.”
“That is fantastic.”
“Is that meant to be creative?”
“Are you insulting my art?”
“I didn't know that you did art.”
“That is so ridiculous.”
“You are so generous.”
“I can take care of all of this.”
“Why are you trying to interfere with my life?”
“How does that really work?”
“That is so much noise.”
“Do this in advance.”
“We can do it next year.”
“This is my kind of place.”
“You learned the tricks.”
“That really does work.”
“This is funny.”
“You cannot dress for something like this.”
“I am only sad.”
“That does not happen like that.”
“Is that meant to be humor?”

“Do not tell me that you did something wrong.”

“That is a freak show.”

“Clean up your mess.”

“Owen never cleaned up a thing.”

“You need to act calm.”

“Owen, do you want to admit to something?”

“I made a mistake. But it is no different than spilled milk.”

“I spilled the ice cream.”

“That is not going to be a solution.”

“That kid is creepy.”

“An Owen in the making.”

“That does that mean?”

“Do not interrupt me.”

“I am ready for the solution.”

“Do the solo.”