

THE GRAND DESIGN

Ariadne's appearance upset Wes's world view. She offered a different perspective of the world. She wanted to make that grand design of hers shine. This perspective was all my doing. I gave her her unique credibility. That accorded with my overall narrative. But did she go along if she was not as keen at this vision. That would only confirm Wes's view. In fact, her nonchalance seemed to suggest that she held the same view that as he did. Her outlook was not even as substantial as his. This made her seem flighty. But I wanted to believe. She had a grip on the moment, and her style was so raw. Could I convince Wes that this vision was all encompassing?

She relied on her belief. She was supported by her circle. Should I have been studying her associates? I had seen that same nonchalance before. But Fetty had been more committed to romance. Fetty pretended that she was a free spirit. But her heart of gold weighed her down. Ariadne was nothing like this. She her own web, but it did not affect her romantic commitment. It only made her more resilient. She avoided contacts with anyone who tried to drag her down. The same time she was willing to entice others. The very transients of her experience was appealing. She didn't have to kiss until, because the universe reflected vivacity. The world witnessed her highs, people wanted to be close to her. For her part, she was the perfect foil to Wes. Wes would claim that he was immune from her charms. He would let him self become seduced by her appeal. At the same time, he would pretend that he had no attachment for her. For once, someone would've permeated that shallow house.

Ariadne was adept. She wasn't attracted to Wes. She really wasn't that interested in men. But she didn't mind having another admirer. She only needed to keep him at a distance. And this added to the overall suspense. Wes was not creating an epic. He had his own little bursts of energy. That was that. He wanted something from her. He wanted her time. He wanted her energy. She recognize that. So she was willing to place her self just close enough to him continue on with his fantasy. Indeed, it was a fantasy. But he did not accommodate himself to her. She did not accommodate herself to him at all. She was totally outside of the action. That might've frustrated him. She was building on that frustration. She wasn't teasing him. She wasn't leading him on. She wouldn't let him get that close. But he was close enough to observe. And what he saw confirmed his beliefs she could abide with praise. But she was not seeking romantic approval. She was unwilling to bend to accommodate his needs. And her vision expressed her creative outlook. Just as his grand design was incomplete, her perspective also lacked for something. But she was able to fill in for that gap. And I gave greater resonance to his point of view.

Wes suggested that this was my fantasy. And I was trying to impose it on him. But Ariadne was everything that Wes wanted but could not have. She was a complete denial of his method. She exposed him as an amateur. And then only added to her reputation. I had to wonder for myself if I had exaggerated the situation. What did she really have to offer? In her art, she had clarity of vision. This was her stand for world. She felt blessed. But she was also haughty. She knew how to use her appeals to benefit her. She could build up people. But she was offering little of herself. She wasn't vulnerable. She may have felt a deep longing. And this marked her nature.

What was denied? What was held back? She understood all the little enhancements of being. It could be rings or necklaces or scarves and hats. But she really wasn't about any of that.

She would use whatever she needed. But her talent was more self-contained. And she knew how to walk. She could carry her self within the elegance. And she can maintain her focus. She was always zeroing in on some thing but, she could make others believe that she had a more personal concern, or and that was all part of her artistry. She wasn't going to let go. She knew exactly what she wanted every time. In the very basic way, this was a physical thing. More than that, this represented something fundamental about her nature. She was protecting herself. She was giving herself some credibility. No one else could take that away from her.

In a very real sense, she was the thing in itself. All praise was directed towards her. She was even more adept at expressing her nature. It was all about self-gratification. Self-gratification was a form of knowledge. And reaffirmed her place in the world. And she embraced this understanding. That gave her confidence. She could work for her will. She had total control over her body. Even when she surrendered it to her whims, she knew what she had in reserve. She was always resting up for a more intense moment. And she exploded in these wondrous occasions. If it was an exaggeration on my part, it was based in the very stuff of human consciousness.

Personal awareness developed from this ongoing relationship with the world. There was a scientific project, and she was an ongoing witness to this experience. It was fascinating. She wasn't the only person to tempt the cosmos in this manner, but she may have been unique in her level of perfection.

She succeeded because of the people that she surrounded herself with. They were looking for a model for this kind of thinking. They had their own theories of design. So she fit into that world. Everyone inspired to a higher order of being. As such, each participant could assist in making the group sustainable. Collectively, they resisted categorization by others. They were making their own way. Under these circumstances, that was all that mattered. They weren't living off of flattery. They created their own languages to support their mindset. Sometimes, they became overwhelmed by their own outrageousness. But this was all part of their creative endeavors.

How did they survive? These friends provided necessary resistance against any threats. At the same time, they would sometimes stray from the rules. This was all part of excitement or are they would get other people to do the favors all the spaces, and people would believe that they had a special sometimes.

A guy would get belligerent after he bought one of the women drink. Indeed, there were women who might get angry that they had not been flattered sufficiently for playing along with the act. But the group decided when the game started and when it ended. Everything was defined quite clearly. These tourists were not aware of what was really going on. That was their own fault. They exceeded their promise and they exaggerated their pledge. If an observer watched the group working together, he could see how tightknit they were. Each would seem to drift off, lost in her own agenda. But everything was moving towards the same goal.

Wes thought he was crafty. He believe that he could pick up on some things. Most of the people that he knew a more naïve. There was no craft. And the game was very simple. How astounding was the spectacle? Wes had his own method. Nevertheless, he was not that systematic. If Wes had met one of the crew, he might've found his work easier. It wasn't as if these women were that committed to their artistic pursuits. They were just as taken by the marvel. And they wanted recognition. Is always a point of weakness. Even as fortified as this

group was, they were dealing with limited resources. They relied on the finances of others. It was always an ongoing game to figure out the source of the magic.

Were they always in control of the necessary resources? Someone need to supply the favors. Although Ariadne tried to strengthen her position, she succumbed to the evident weaknesses of the group.

They all lacked sufficient initiative. At any moment, a whole project could be underwater. They moved too quickly to advance the show. Nevertheless, it could all collapse overnight like other guys.

Wes might think that he had it in. On the right night, he could be the entertainer. And his performance last much of the night. They would prop him up, because they needed stimulation. And he would play along. He would never realize that he was only part of the joke. He was only a temporary visitor. Eventually, he would run out of energy. And he wasn't offering anything that original. So they would simply let go of that connection. That would be the end.

Wes might have been part of this experiment. But his eventual exile only proved his temporary worth. That would've made him feel frustrated. This was all part of the seduction. His role was temporary.

Wes did not appreciate how the situation demonstrate to him that he had his own challenges. That was sufficient for him. He did not appreciate me trying to question his method. That was why he was so successful and what he did. He really wasn't looking for anything more difficult. He didn't want me to interrupt his vibe. He thought that I had found Ariadne. And I was forcing him to work with her. He didn't consider her to be a suitable student. She wasn't an acceptable candidate for his school of experience. The more that I thought about it, the more I recognized similarities in their background. However, Ariadne was more of a natural. She let things happen. But he was nothing like that.

He was flamboyant. He tried to make up for what he lacked in style. She could've mocked him for that black. Perhaps, that was his fear. She was making all this too evident for him. She was taking away his mystery. Ariadne was mysterious. She had her own followers.

For the time being, I wanted to put this problem aside. We had started with questions about philosophy. Why did people see the world differently? Did men and women think in fundamentally different ways? Did Ariadne and Wes think about the world differently. I believed that they shared common reference points. But she seemed more assertive in developing her character. And I was willing to learn from this development. Wes might not have been impressed with his contrast. He saw him self as the philosophical one. He was doing the thinking. He was running the show. And he expected others to go along with his book.

Some people could be easily impressed by his efforts. It wouldn't take much. He would offer, and they would want to become involved. This is what made him seem so interesting. He exuded strangeness. This unusual nature was all part of his reputation. Women would wonder who was this character was walking around with his guitar. This was all there was to it. It was more image than substance. Did philosophy lead toward a deeper understanding of substance.? Did this understanding vindicate what was lacking for the intellect?

Wes was a perceptive soul. And he wanted to share his vision with others. Indeed, it was fascinating. I was more interested in the people who were drawn to Wes. I spent a great deal of time analyzing the influence of Ariadne.

Who exercised similar influence in his world? He wanted to be consumed by his subjective observation. At the same time, he hope to stay in control of this situation, so the process was very quick. Things happened around him. He drew people into his circle. There seemed to be a frivolity in this interaction. As such, his subjects could never be too articulate. That would only ruin the effects. It would be OK if they commented upon his act. But it was not up to him to take things over. He needed to grant more credibility to his satellites. And things might've proven to be more competitive. He wasn't looking for such conflict. He wanted a clear balance.

When he told me about people he met, he would embellish the story. These were people who seem to lived in castles with moats full of alligators. They collected antique furniture, and they could talk for hours about fine wines. He wanted to share in these exotic experiences. He thought that his own idiosyncrasies could add to the marvel. I loved the mix. When I actually did see him with one of his people, and she never seemed as lively as he described. What did he leave out of the picture? I was sympathetic. But I couldn't let myself be overcome by the presentation. This was his life not mine. I couldn't worry if he was receiving sufficient stimulation. This was hardly an issue for me. And the intrigue built.

Perhaps he not been accurate in his description. There was some thing that he left out. I waited for revised edition. He was never quite as vibrant as he claimed. I would witness in these occurrences. Nothing that was all that? He might objects that I was being too hard on him. I was not giving him a chance to show me her true magic. I let it go. I would let myself be overcome by the details.

I hadn't seen him in a few days. Maybe he was off on a new adventure. He was still saving money to go to Europe. But that was a month or so away. He talked about working in the studio. He was helping someone with limited skills. Nevertheless she paid him. Perhaps, that improved her abilities. All in all it's also flattered him. He thought joy that he could offer someone something in small amounts. And this would only had to his reputation.

She would feel that he was unique. He was a genius. He had given her some thing that she could never find on her own. In a sense, this contradicted his basic theory. He could claim than everybody could attain this motivation. But if I pressed this idea too much. that would obscure its on contribution. He wanted to tell people if they had the ability. But he want to be the one to gift them without talent. So he spent some effort tearing down their abilities.

He was never hyper critical. He just got people to see things as they really were. That made him feel overjoyed. I loved it. I was enamored by his routine. This was the ultimate entertainment. If only he was trying on a more lasting historical foundation, and it would all seem to be magnificent. I could only smile. Was Wes doing some thing that I couldn't? I didn't have that same sense of focus. I felt that I was exploring. I did not see the self so prominent in the creative process.

He would seem to question my own talents. I wasn't willing to play on I didn't feel it in the same way. Our views of creativity diverged so much. He knew the right gimmicks. He could probe human emotions almost as if he was working in the lab. Those effects might've even seemed artificial. But he had the knack for result. That was all that mattered for him. It was worse than absurd. He might as well have been juggling balls in the air. He was good at that sort of thing. Here was this street performer. He could tell jokes to go along with this routine. There

was a little more to say. Certainly, he seemed to be a savior. He knew just enough to reassure this audience.

As long as I wasn't looking for another Ariadne, he could maintain his confidence. He could tie everything into a little ball. He knew that Ariadne would pick up the thread. She would lose herself in the night. His control would seem to fade. He wasn't willing to share that side with me. He was so much more conscientious in his efforts. And that was that. I didn't want the story to get detoured.

I was looking at the ways that he interacted other people. This wasn't all about him. Perhaps, I was someone more adept, I could prove to be the opponent. He really has been able to dispatch Ariadne. But she was hardly interested in his antics.

Did that mean that I would have to convince someone to go along? She had already shown me quite a bit. Was that sufficient? Why should I worry about anything more. But I loved his self-assurance. Maybe I would see him at the café with his guitar. He would have a couple of people around him listening to his improvisation. He would add elements to his interpretation. But everything was very tight. Nothing went off course. He maintained his focus. This kind of belief could work anywhere in the world, and there would be the same sense of attention to detail. I didn't want to give up in my observations.

If I lost track with him, I would miss some of that interplay. Occasionally, he would sit with a drink. This was just enough to power up his efforts. And I could leave it at that. That was the foundation for interaction. He wanted to remain the wonder kid. So we need to keep changing his audience.

There could always be that child who understood how he was doing the tricks. He wasn't willing to have that kid expose him. That only added to the authenticity of his act. He almost seemed fearless it would've only taken one person to offset his presentation. But he was always careful to limit that intervention. That gave him his motivation. He was not going to let somebody else in his way since there was a ruthlessness that governed his actions I did not want to diminish his skills. Wes wasn't any more complex than that. I could take it or leave it. There was nothing speculative about this. This was not a guessing game. At some point, he would be able to close the book once and for all. I would be drained of all emotions. I wouldn't want to see anymore.

I wondered what would happen if I picked out someone random person for observation. What would he notice? What would he want to see. What would he be afraid of? This understanding was so evident. Wes did not necessarily enhance the efforts to create his own world. He would be more attuned to the failure to accord with the dominant culture. He was looking for this in everyone. In many ways, this story was not an extensive one. beside a simple exchange. He wanted to be in control of the interaction. This could mean a great deal for him. He wasn't all that tolerant. He would pretend to be open. It was apparent that open-mindedness was the key. All the while, he would try to reel the person in.

He would do everything to dazzle. He would make her feel weak. She returned to him for emotional support. Indeed, he applied all his skills to this contact. He was trying to get someone to transform her self into a new kind of being. If he was successful, she would have an answer to all his questions. It would be favorable for him. He would find what he was looking for. I only hoped that a person could resist. That might've been wishful thinking. It might've taken more of

an art to find the right person. Wes was not influencing my choices. But few people had the ability to see through his illusions on the first meeting. That's why he was such a consummate entertainer.

A doff of the hat, and he could demonstrate his talents. For the first little while, she would be frozen and admiration. He had been completely successful in giving her what she expected. He would've molded her expectations to suit his designs. She would've been impressed. He generally was able to isolate his women. They weren't testing their emotions against the advice of their friends. Even if they were, he still had a technique. A woman might express her resistance. He wasn't going to press his case. But he did everything he could to advance his philosophical understanding. She would feel dismay. She would lack the intellectual capacity to question his ideas. More than that, it was a ruthlessness to his technique. Instead of letting the person be, he would zero in on the stress points.

He would continue to raise leading questions. And she would feel a sense of hopelessness. He didn't want to leave it at that. He didn't want to get lost in his own misgivings. He wanted to offer serenity. The process was clear. Once he observed the weakness, he would continue to charge again and again. He would unleash a barrage of questions. He didn't want to give into her defenses. His goals were crystal clear. And Wes wanted to reduce everything to the physical connection.

He believed that society had created this immense wall that prevented people from feeling their emotions. Once the wall was brought down, the torrent spread everywhere, and everyone observed watched her helplessness. She wanted to express her physical need. He didn't want her to give into her inhibitions. He engaged her desires. Even if she was committed to someone else, she would question that relationship. Wes was offering her something immediate. He wasn't willing to negotiate. He immersed her in the present.

What did it mean for someone to have the ability to let go? What could she do to avoid the picture that he was creating? I may have been rooting for her. I wondered if anyone could finally confront his way of thinking. It was what it was. There was too much standing in the way. And there were too many impediments to her liberation. Wes was able to work her insecurities so well. I observed his efforts. This was supposed to be the beginning of a new narrative. She could see Wes in the same way that she reviewed other men in her past.

He could begin with his sweet talk. But none of it would matter. His goals were obvious. Wes wasn't even making any long-term promises. He was in blessing her with some thing that she truly needed. At best, he might add to her long-term dreams her own dreams. He would be clever. He would try to boost her abilities. She would do what he could to enhance her talents. He but he would leave it at that. He wasn't going to over egg exaggerate the situation. Sometimes, his cynicism would sit in. She would feel that he was mocking her simple life. As time passed she started to do the same. That would give him more leverage. She was no longer trying to resist him. Now, she questioned her own motives. And that made her seem more reliant on him. It might not seem that way at first. And she was doing everything she could to fortify her independence.

Desire was out of control. There was nothing that she could really do to withdraw her good will. And she gave him everything that he expected. Any hope of a deeper awareness was lost on her. This was another manifestation of his cleverness. He had been so adept in these

efforts. That added to his reputation. Truly, he seemed formidable. She was now surrendering to emotions deep inside her. And she really did believe that he had unleashed a secret power. She was using her past against her self. And he was building upon her belief. He had skills. He had strategies. And he sharpens his awareness. He could be aggressive. He was confident.

Even when his advances seemed to be too much, she remained tolerant. She wasn't going to let him get away. He knew some thing that she needed. Wes already too late on her part. He offered so much. She wasn't going to retreat to her world. So his appeals seemed even more convincing she would try to review she would do her best to put up emotional resistance. She realized that there was nothing there are.

His real skill was to make someone think that this was all her story. She would fill in for whatever was absent. She would be the motivator. Wes needed to be careful. If she became more authoritative, she would start to question his method. She would use her past to contradict his efforts. His eloquence would fade against her critique. Often, it wouldn't take much. He could only hope that he could not put together the complete picture. That was what made his narrative progress. She was only bystander in her own life.

His forrays were much more haphazard. The moment that she acquired a system, the more that he would be the vulnerable one. She would be documenting his crimes. That made her so much more powerful.

He made his secret agreement. He would get her to free associate. And she would become immersed in the wonder. She would be unable to resist his charms. However, her documentation would destroy his method. She would totally expose his confidence game. He played to be such a provocative character. And it worked so well in a social situation. He might even remain the hero of her journal. But if she truly applied a theoretic model, his nonsense would not survive.

In a confessional work, he would be the heroic one. He would have amazing talents. She would provide him with a needed forum. That would only add to his acumen. She would express all her personal doubts, and the story would accentuate his powers.

He could not allow his art to see the light of day. Once the magic wore off, her critical nature would emerge. He had already started her to question. She would now see him for what he was. He was a more convincing representative of everything that she was trying to escape.

No wonder, he was not a great fan of the long narrative. He would no longer seem like a savior. His exposure was an important part of the story.

I was raising these questions in the abstract. But they were playing out right before my eyes. I saw what struck his fancy. I encouraged him. I could only hope that the truth would take hold.

Wes was not playing to voracious readers. He was dealing with people who would throw down the book when they became frustrated. Those candidates would embrace his appeals. He made sure that their critiques would not become more involved.

There was that unique moment when the story assumed a life of its own. He relied on the fact that the subject would lose herself by accepting his version. He wouldn't feel comfortable taking it any further. He thrived on self-doubt. If a person saw that these doubts were rooted in complex social structure, that would not serve his story.

Why wasn't there a dynastic frame to his story? He would try to do same thing again and

again. He was articulate. Surely, he learned from these efforts. He was meeting a diverse group. In his own way, he was conducting his sociological observation. That should have added a theoretic framework to his depiction. There was nothing of the such.

He recognized that people did try to apply complex observation to these situations. He had none of that breadth. Theory would disrupt the method in progress. He was basing his effort on a power gradient. It all served his nature.

He wanted to be the powerful one. He needed to express his desires. He didn't want to wait on a contrary response. He was using the interaction in his favor. Theory would require reflection. That would create more pressure on his end. The individual might question his outlook. She would become absorbed by her past.

He wasn't looking for someone to become lost in a sustained interrogation. He had his own questions. If she had too many questions of her own, that might prolong the process. She would lose herself in her own misgivings. That would limit his effectiveness.

He had relied on her uncertainties. But he wanted to manage the situation. If she started to go off on her own, that would end his control. He was not negotiating a situation. He was directing it entirely. He couldn't accept anything less.

Wes would never argue. He would let logic do the work for him. There was enough instability in the self. He would shine a light on these insecurities. And it wouldn't take long for the effect. Now, he was facing a more sustained opponent. The story was becoming more entangled. And he was losing himself in these variations.

He recognized how a host of questions could be favorable for his efforts, but this was something else. Each concern caused her to wonder more about his motives. He no longer seemed to be the great artist. His limitations were all too evident.

This should have been the moment that sent him back to the woodshed. This was his opportunity to continue his game. That wasn't how he worked. This was not meant to end well.

If he had developed his own questions, would that have jeopardized his efforts? He was not sharpening his critical perspective. His picture was basic.

Wes was not creating a great masterpiece. These unique facets were not contributing to a greater whole. He was not involved in a profound exploration of the soul. His version of the universe did not have twists and turns. No one agonized over the past, because there was very little past for individual concern. All contours were uni-dimensional. This was not a complex geometry. Even the grand designs could be reduced to simple arrangements. The mysteries were dispelled.

That was his art. He was going to dispel contradictions. He could use the chaotic. But it did not portend some greater arrangement. Structure dissolved over time. Wonder vanished. He offered a clear direction. He was there to resolve the complex. That would be the end of his story.

If people reviewed their encounters, he wanted to control the reception. Some would be too possessive. He was not there to explain their concerns. He wanted people to savor their time with him. That was why his charms were so much part of the outcome.

How could great endeavors ever result from this outlook? At times, he seemed to emerge from an elaborate tale. He would have his admirers. The tales would enhance his reputation. The mystery would accrue. The reputation would become enhanced. He was a character out of

folklore.

Wes craved such a fabulous narrative. It worked because everyone played a role. There was no element of self-awareness. The moment that people wanted more, the dream started to face.

No one wanted to awaken from a nightmare. We was doing everything that he could to cast out the demons. But there were challenges. And they could become more intense. When things started to backfire, people would ask questions. These questions would become more persistent. And the facade would vanish. That would be the end of show.

Wes was so good at the spectacle. He would try to distract the person. That would generally be enough. She loved myth. And he was drawing her into an elaborate fantasy. She could realize all her desires.

He always felt pressured to close. He needed to exercise care. He could destroy the game. But he couldn't let her go off on a tangent. Everything needed to be tight. He would run these scenarios again and again in his head. They all needed to head in the same direction.

What if someone tracked these scenarios? Could someone combine them into a thick volume. This would chronicle all his exploits. It might add greater credibility to his narrative. He would seem to have a more elevated purpose. But analysis would not take the story in that direction. Every one would turn out to be more tawdry. It would all be the same.

Wes did not want to be tracked. He resented people trying to figure out what he was doing. That only added to his craft. He would go deep into himself and add a slight revision. He could keep on with his mischief.

When he had been so exposed, he might have to take some time to regroup. He had become too lost the excitement. He would return home and develop a new approach. Then he could again immerse himself in the action.

He might have spent time learning new song. Or he would practice another language. He wanted to expand his horizons. He could benefit from new input. That only made his work have more appeal. Everything depended on perfecting this act.

All the while. Wes was developing his performance. He would have more songs. He could entrance his audience. He was adding marvel to his persona.

Wes needed to accelerate the story. He did not want to be a victim of the situation. He needed to triumph.

This story needed to be more self-contained.

"You can only ask for something that you already have."

"You are talking in riddles."

"I am telling you what you need to know."

"You are confusing me."

"I am the one who needs to reveal."

"Put down the tools. Find the energy!"

Would Ariadne prove to be counterforce to Wes's craft? What would she offer to oppose his outlook? Him and him are you he's talking to me. Who was detailing the story? What did he she really see that she could use to contain this actions. She had her own methods. He could try to accommodate some thing was off. Wes did not want to become a victim to someone with more skills than he had. He already believed that he could outlast her. And now, he felt he was facing her wrath. This had little to do with her actual emotions. She was barely interested in what

he was doing. But she had built a wall. And he could only hope that he could bring it down this became a conflict between the two of them. It was a conflict and only played out for Wes.

Wes was asserting himself. She was pretty much ignoring him. And that frustrated him.

“I really love your book. I like the fact you're writing here. You're contributing so much. You're influencing others. I want you to do something for me. I want you to give me something. I want you to bless me. You can do all these things yourself. You can be a marvel. You can engage all these factors. I need something more. I need to exist in the moment. I need to get high. I need to get really high. I want to get fucked up. I can't stop. I don't care if he's watching me. He's giving me nothing at all. This is where the story stops in its tracks.”

Wes only has a limited number of scenarios. They don't really build. He just weaved from one to another.

“Jenny also has her moment. She gets these welcome glances. She's touched in quizzical. She's touched in quizzical ways. None of this was going anywhere. No one was going anywhere. I need to get high. The book slammed shut open. It was again we're back to the beginning I want people to look at me. The book slammed shot. I needed to become more attentive. We've done this many times before. I go for the successful one. How long does a success last?”

“You don't worry about it. It's all happening later. We're giving rewards. We're taking from others. This is how you get your job. This is how you get your jollies. I'm getting off on this. I'm progressing. I know there's something greater than this. I need to sleep. We're all working together. What are you looking for? Who are you looking for? I'm looking for something wonderful. I'm in the book. Are you journaling this. Are you saying this because he wants someone to see what you're writing, and you feel that you're really doing something profound even though that you're not. How are you doing this for yourself? Are you doing this in private? This is why there's philosophy. and this is why I have to go. This is going to be a notebook.”

“Wes knows this. Wes counts on this. What's your name? I'm counting on this? My name is Ricky. I want to give you a show. What is the beginning and the end of the show? Can you do this all on your own? What am I missing? Who am I missing? Who is not part of the show? I can sing. Give me lyrics. Give me a purpose.”

“Help me to quiet down. I need something to help me quiet down I think you can do this. I think you're wonderful. You pull me in. You help me to understand. You give me a grasp I'm so far out there, and I'm nowhere at all. None of this is going to help. I don't think you can help me. None of this is good for me. I wait for everything to come to me. We've talked before. We've shared before. This is not all about you. Ariadne is left along time ago.

“Who else is there? Who else is part of the show? We need to start this quickly. I can make this happen. I can make this happen for you. This is gold. You know what this is? This is the flash.”

“You're telling me another story. I can help you fill in. Everything's coming up roses. If I give you a rose, what difference will it make? You're going to have to keep on. Make a difference. I have everything that I need. And someone will understand. Someone does not understand. I only want to be touched. I only want to be loved. And I want to be observed as wanting to be touched.”

“Wes you see this. Wes you know this. I get it. I get all of it. I need to move this along I need to move all of this along. I broke some thing. Where does it exist finally. It exists where I

broke it exists in a place of greatness. I can explain it to you. But that does not break you apart if I have a role. I'm ready to play that role. I'm ready to make my body obey. That is the key to the story. This thing that bothers me. I'm afraid of this thing that bothers me. I need to escape all the bad influences. I just want to show up. I want to close the door behind me. I want what you want."

"He is the savior. Wes, be the savior. How did everything get so far out here? How did I get so far out? Wes, I need you to fix this. If there was a Wes, he would know how to bring an end to every story. I am dissatisfied. This is the place of betrayal. You're taking the high ground. If we're right, we need to stay right. Where is this going to end? Are you going close all the doors behind you."

"Did you succumb to the propaganda? There's a right and a wrong way to see this. You are taking up too much space. Wes will help you sort it all out. I saw what I really wanted. I saw what I really wanted to become. I felt blessed. I could describe the blessing. Do you understand?"

"Wes was already out of the picture. Who was left? I opened another door. I opened all the doors. I am in the shower. what is the face? What has been left out. This is no big deal. it always happens like this."

"Do you have any idea what you are doing to him?"

"I trained him well."

"That is not going to work as far as I am concerned."

"It is not really your concern."

"Who is that guy dancing over there?"

"His name is Wes."

"This is going to destroy you."

"We can finish it later on."

Zanna wanted someone to watch her how she put on her show. What was she showing the world? With a little thought, it was quite evident. She kept repeating the same performance again and again. After all her efforts, you would've thought she could arrive at a clearer resolution. But there's something that remained missing. She spent a lot of time training. She had developed an assertive plan. She would be at the gym every day. Was that enough to provide lasting motivation? She still ended up at a boring job. And she clung to the belief that there was something else for her.

Each night, she would remind herself that things would change for the coming week. I was going to have to move into a new apartment. Where have you been with me? What is your scheme?

What was in your wallet? Are you trying to shake me down? what are your goals? Read my sights. I've been through this before.

"I could give you a shower scene. Wes is moving into a new place what do you need that you don't have? I need to take a rest. This is taking too long."

"She is making it a little difficult for you."

"Someone needs to clean up this place."

"Who is your accomplice?"

"Do you have a big plan?"

"Wes is going to make history."

"I am keeping track of every move."
"Are you doing something illegal."
"Live in a closet with me."
"We can expand the closet."
"Have you counted all the money?"
"What do you want me to do?"
"This is not as easy as it seems."
"We could share a closet."
"What are your interests?"
"I want you to make a clean copy for me?"
Wes had not been out in a few days.
"He cleaning up his act."
"I want to run my hands through your hair."
"I need to move."