

REALITY

What would it mean if she was betrayed by the world of appearances? Her method had been based on the ability to influence the world in a favorable manner. She grounded her beliefs in a fundamental awareness. But there were factors that disrupted her state of mind. She felt as if she was being deluded by others. This belief was not universal, but there were enough examples of this disarray that she started to wonder about her overall perspective.

What did it mean to ground her beliefs on something more certain? She didn't recognize how this could be different. She wanted serenity. And she had found reassurance in her art. She had touched a wonderful balance in the universe. However, she could sense this deep tear. And she felt displaced. She did not have the eloquence to counter this knowledge.

Even with her disquiet, she did not want to abandon the search. She had stumbled upon a unique insight. She had learned how to design the world in a very powerful manner. There remained something unavailable. She could not come across the crowning achievement.

She realized that this final stage was not her doing. She was in a relationship with another person, and she was being let down. This could happen constantly. She couldn't let it bother her too much. This became the burden of the job. It was not all pleasure. Barbara needed to give more of herself to succeed. After this experience, she could feel abandoned. Her work had offered a clear path. She was grounded, but she could observe others take her gifts and destroy them. She needed to invest less of herself in this process.

She wanted to invigorate her work with a different perspective. That was always her motivation, and she looked for further inspiration. Her clients had their own ideas. This could spur her on. But that could also lead her down a false path. Things were too much the same day after day. She did not want to give in to burnout. There was enough stimulation in her life. But she could easily get led down the wrong path. She did not want to feel burned out. She loved the brilliance. And she knew how it could fade. She tried to maintain a constant demeanor. She did not want to let herself get pulled down. That was not her role. She always had something to enhance the moment. She was not going to give in to the drag of time.

People sought her out because she could slow the deluge. She inserted herself between her client and a threat. She was not rescuing someone. Instead, she granted them a power. And they could take it at that.

The rainy day could sparkle with sunlight once they left the salon. She advanced this radiance. She could fix what was broken. She could bring together what had been torn apart. Mastery over appearances was not an absolute. There was a point where all these negative forces converged. Perhaps, some clients delighted in the chaos. She would do what she could to engage this situation. She would advance this knowledge. There would still be this lull. And she risked her program in moments like this.

She was cooperating with these influences. That gave greater credibility to her own efforts. However, these moments reminded her of the risks.

She was a creator, and she was cooperating with people who were more defined by their destructiveness. She did not want to threaten her endeavors. She could not afford to get distracted. What watchword did she need to keep all the positive factors in play? She needed to remain adept at her craft. She could not depend on the input of others. She could not allow

distraction to dispel her concerns.

How did her approach to the visible world distinguish her from other artists? She was moving from a formal approach to an attachment to symbolic representation. This might have served her more daring clients. They were pushing her in this direction. She loved an attachment to the mystical.

Did her style fall short? She was implying so much more. The accessories and corresponding wardrobe was enough to compel the movement into more enchanting regions. But what was really going on. She was doing hair. She was not altering the balance of the world. She could manipulate dimension, but there was something missing from her equation. If these symbols were exaggerated, they said something that could be supported by actual experience. This was the basis for betrayal. She would give so much to the experience. She was endowing the activity with such significance. In this form, it gained in importance. This was ritual.

Under the circumstances, she needed to take her time. She needed to draw the client into this ceremony. And that was more inspiring. The results could be amazing. She could lose herself. The client shared this commitment.

She could share in their enjoyment. This connected her to other experiences in the person's life. Barbara was ready to learn. She absorbed little details that could flatter the other person. She was rewriting the life of her clients. There seemed to be so much involved.

Afterwards, she was not let down. She was looking for something gratifying. Barbara would have to let go. The person could explore on her own. These were the terms of her engagement.

Her experience went beyond seeing, and this could be the basis for her disappointment. She had invested so much of herself in the moment, but there was no return. This was a source of letdown. She could imagine her friend lost in a terrible situation, and she would have no respite.

On returning to the salon, there would be a new story to tell, but the helplessness would be overwhelming. Barbara could not create a new design to alter the conditions.

She had felt betrayed by her clients. She had offered them something unique. But they had not used it an appropriate way, Were they blessed sufficiently to survive the ravages of time? Barbara had tried to give her clients longevity. But they could easily squander this gift. They resisted the transformation. And they remained in the squalor.

Barbara wandered if this was her fate. She had given so much of herself to others. If she had not received personal recognition, she felt as if she was failing herself. She had provided motivation for others. But she seemed to be losing her own track. What was missing?

When a person gave so much to others, there could be this drain in trying to recover the self. Barbara had magnificent expectations. But she was not always able to realize them. If she imparted this energy to others, she wanted to receive some kind of acknowledgment. However, she was seeking so much more. And it was not enough to accept the meager rewards.

She may have been accusing others of being unappreciative, but she was not giving them enough credibility for their own struggles. When she had risked so much for her own vision, she was susceptible to becoming disappointed. That might make her seem ungrateful. She needed to dial back her expectations. However, she was only becoming more acquisitive. These were her

little birds, and they were flying off from her. This was hardly a fair result.

Even when she achieved successes, there seemed to be something that was derailing her. She needed to become more sensitive to others. That could have been her failing. She was brilliant with her designs. But she had lost respect for others. She lacked empathy.

She was not going to find this concern by digging deeper in herself. She was only continuing on with adventuresomeness, which was a familiar part of her personality. She had developed her routine because she was a caring person. But she felt that others should somehow submit to a way of living. They could design their lives. They could overcome terrible influences. They could find needed motivation, and they would let go of their troubles.

It didn't take much to set this therapy in motion. It was more than a system of belief. It was a practice. She could provide the head start. And each person could take it from there. That could be the basis for massive changes. And she knew it.

This was uplifting. She was offering people a form of transcendence. Even as she thought about this, she became more confused. She knew that she was expecting too much. It was too easy to get sidetracked. This was not all her doing. She wanted to lay the responsibility on others. This would make them more involved in the process. Who else had this range?

If she asked for less, she would not be a true artist. She had to wonder. She was not actually creating canvases or carving stone. Her work was more transient. And she hated this temporary character.

Her grander designs made her feel more powerful. She was on the verge. Others needed to recognize these abilities. What did she lack? She could not get down on herself. She became immersed in her own marvel. This was stupendous.

If she was so absorbed in this task, she could offer so much to others. They could recognize her energy. They could build upon this collective feeling.

Her designs were becoming more intricate. She was much more responsive to the personality traits of everyone. She was creating something that was truly innovative.

Once, she envisioned this power, she had questions. She wanted more. She was asking for more from herself. Did she have enough energy in herself to maintain this commitment?

Who else could appreciate her luster? She needed to maintain the pace. While she was not working, she needed to keep striving. There was so much that she wanted to do, What was absent from her insight.

She could not let herself become dejected. She was doing what she wanted to be doing. She had enhanced her creativity. Since she had relied so much on others, she felt that they could offer that missing link. They could embellish the system. They could give her that needed boost.

Barbara did not want to diminish her own work. But she was a stylist. She was not building a philosophic system. She kept questioning her own designs. She believed that she did not have the breadth. Had anyone else walked this same path? Had they faced the same challenges?

What could a designer offer that no one else could provide? Philosophy was ill-fated. It did not lead to practical understanding. Design was grounded in the physical realm. It had reference points. It was engaging. This was true greatness.

A painter could become lost in obscurity. The artist could lose contact with the subject. Her journey started from deep within the self. So she shouldn't be so disheartened

She was overwhelmed by a feeling of mistrust. She was observing something evident, but there was a serious gap in this vision. She wanted to better understand the source of her dismay.

She needed to let go of her uncertainty. She was not subject to self-disgust. There was a more pressing concern. That made her more adept at her design.

She couldn't think about this. This was not part of her life. She was not that self-critical. She needed to get back to things that she could understand. People enjoyed spending time with a pet. Or there was cooking. There were numerous activities that could absorb the pain of existence.

Barbara hoped for something greater, but she was dealing with her own sense of disappointment. I missed the point disappointment only became more aggravated over time. I she didn't wanna think of her job as a daily grind. She always found inspiration in what she was doing. And that did not diminish her confusion. There were enough distractions. Everyone else felt the same burden. But she had a belief. She couldn't let go of this faith. So she try to break down a negative influences. She gave meaning to each aspect of her work. And this seem to offer clear balance. Something was still missing. How could she figure things out. What did she need to do to recognize that deep her power and her clients.

She had already put herself out. Her trust had made her more vulnerable. And she wondered if there was enough return for all that effort. That wouldn't be enough to dissuade her. Nevertheless she could feel her own confusion. And that was threatening in itself. Where could she find relief? Or is there any kind of liberation that was close to her. Could you find support among other people. Something was missing. The world had gone awry. She was left to watch it all. She feel she felt that she didn't have enough skills to deal with the problem. How was she supposed to respond? What was absent from the picture? She was going around in circles. None of this really mattered for her. When she left work, she could simply relax she didn't have to bring her work home with her.

She didn't have to second-guess what she had done that day. It all made sense in its own way. And that alone should've been sufficient she could find comfort in that understanding. If your clients were acting out their personal development, she could find the light in there achievement. It may have been a struggle. But they moved towards a more profound understanding. That should've been enough in itself. She couldn't dwell on this these matters. Her thoughts wouldn't change anything. It was a slow process. She was stripping all the wires. She was reassuring or self. If she was finding liberation. She kept on repeating that phrase to herself.

What did what it mean to find liberation? She could recognize how she was able to enlighten her clients. That could've been motivation itself. What constraints itchy face. She knew it wasn't simply enough to will the change. Actual changes were based on actions real changes were based on actions. That meant putting into affect her lessons. She did not shy away from this recognition. She felt a sense of confidence. If others could find an up lifting moment, those same benefits were available to her. And she was enlivened by this knowledge. She needed to carry on her search. Many of her clients were supportive. But she was letting letting the failures affect her too much. They seem to imply that her method was not perfect. Why did she seek perfection. Why was that so essential for her personal growth. It wasn't based on her connection to reality. She felt in touch with another kind of being. This was the actual meaning of her liberation. She

was escaping the hearing now. She was in bracing the everlasting. Her notion of design was not limited to what she made. She again entered the symbolic realm.

It was no longer a question about what she had learned. It was more about what she had forgotten. If she was creating some thing in the prison. This was supposed to be part of her growth. She did not want to look at her life negative terms. But something seemed to be catching up with her. She understood this development. How could she find satisfaction in the moment? She was trying to teach the same art to others. They were attracted by the same magic. She reviewed her blessings. All this lead towards a sense of self-confidence.

She wouldn't have to worry about what was happening. It all makes sense for her. She understood the risks. She didn't want to tamper with the process. Over time, she recognized the challenges. If she was going to design, she understood what was needed to take active steps for change. She saw what was available for her. What was standing in her way? Or it was necessary to confront the alternatives It wasn't a matter of the angle of the cut, or the way that she layered the hair. It was something intangible. That was definitely her skill. It may not have seemed to be anything that extraordinary.

“It is playing with your head. It is playing with your hands the soundtrack is playing in your head is playing with your hands the soundtrack of your life on demands you've got to figure it out it keeps you on the run question your motive

“You can think about it where this is going to take you. If you don't have a method, life is not going to break for you. You've got a plan. You whisper to your friends. For a couple dollars, your plans never end you get them in the morning they work here till you're dead smile for the camera

“If you want to know what's happening, go to speak your mind. Say what you want to say. Your behavior is on the line. You are leading your own life. You are riding in your hell. Do you know? You don't need iron bars. You are in your cell.”

What could she expect to share with others? It was more than a physical connection. When they were with her, they talked about their lives. There was this intimate connection between their vision and the actual behaviors. This relationship is fundamental for her job. She was offering part of herself. She did not want to see this as a sacrifice. She gave some thing so that she could get something in return. But there was more to it than that. In some ways she was resolving critical questions for herself. She didn't want to see her self is so vulnerable. She looked at the experience of others. They were going through a great deal. And she could just as easily be moved off track. But she did everything that she could to stay in focus. This gave her strength. This offered reassurance. She could hold a pair of scissors, and this was something that was totally physical. And then now, she was in touch with all these forces. And that's supported her commitment. Overtime, she could sustain this interaction. She had discovered a system. She was creating a pattern. In this pattern it's a stain a deeper commitment. She was again exploring universality's. This was all part of her method. It was an idle speculation. She started from these consistencies.

She was grounded in basic truths. She understood the forces of nature. She felt the power running through her body. Barbara felt alive at every moment. This was a reality. It wasn't simply a temporary exchange. The moment existed through its ability to become renewed through future experience. And she was part of this ongoing renewal. That added to her own certainty. I gave

her needed confidence. And she developed from these encounters. She was gaining any insight. Finally, she could credit her growth. This was a success in itself. No one could take this from her. That made her more assertive. She was surrounded by all these wonderful influences. I think she was making some thing more of the world. This was beyond regularity. She was creating change in her environment. Her clients could return to her with a greater passion about life. And she would encourage their attitude. She wasn't letting off. She was moving forward and she had Felty's highs and lows. And they seem to influence her ongoing development she try to emphasize the lessons. She credited her strength. What else was to be seen here? What was the source of this knowledge? She couldn't keep on with this investigation. She reveled in the positive results. But she couldn't make things happen out of thin air.

Her art was fundamental. It did not give her the opportunity to explore further. It developed over time. It became something greater because of the influences of other people. She clung to this awareness. That was enough for her. She couldn't hope for anything more. That would be an expression of pride. She was successful because she offered a lasting voice to others. She could draw in this experience, but she wasn't meant to make any more of it. That was sufficient in itself. Where was the bigger world? And how did the empire builders relate to her a little corner of paradise.

She was making things happen for herself. That itself is a blessing she couldn't help hub for some thing more. She lived for these immediate contacts. In her mind, there was nothing else. She try to push on. She wished that she could enhance this portrayal. There seem to be elements that were left out. Were things that were and said. And when she couldn't get the response from others, she only had a limited range of reactions on her own part. She could sense the challenge. She wanted to create a lasting story. She felt as service she kept returning to the same watchwords. This wasn't simply going through the motions, but there seem to be some thing absent from this equation. She was giving her all. Now and then she was flattered by the responses of others. And she could project from these experiences into some thing more gratifying. With his understanding, she could even focus the moment. There was a brilliance in this realization. Each spark seemed to intensify and into a lasting glow. Nevertheless, she seem to be looking for some thing else. Thus, the overall portrayal was based on an unfulfilled promise.

In this room, she wondered what was missing. And she gave herself to the randomness of the moment. That meant something surprising could be around the corner she welcome the surprises. With each client, she was waiting to hear something more uplifting. She wanted that secret. Her spirit was open. At this moment, she may have been too vulnerable. That did not diminish her commitment. She did her best to remain with this zeal. And there were these occasional glimpses of something greater. She didn't want to think that she was the problem. She wasn't holding back. But that may have created her difficulty. This was a point that she should've closed ranks. She should not have been so susceptible to these outside influences, on the other hand, that didn't make sense.

She was building her experience through her relationship with other people she was providing designs for their lives, so this understanding should've opened some thing from them. She didn't want to think that she was being let down. She couldn't countenance the idea that she had failed. There is no reason to be that critical. Nevertheless there were enough challenges to make a difficult for her to realize her vision. She could sense lol. That might've caused her to be

less committed at the moment. But she didn't want it to bother her she had enough things to keep her busy. There are always other clients. She was in demand. People saw her services. Are they felt blessed by what she had to offer. So she could retain a sense of confidence. I and this was sufficient motivation. Indeed, there were moments when it all fell like a hopeless routine. And each moment seem to resolve in the same way. The customers came in, and the customers left. She did the job. She completed the task. And that was that. It was no further confusion on her part. All made sense for what it was.

From listening to her clients, she realized that they all went through this kind of experience. Even if their lives were exciting, even if they were in creative souls, there are these moments and things didn't connect. And the stones all seem to break apart. And there was nothing to show for these efforts. That was part of living. And she excepted it. Is sufficient? Where was the reward? She wondered even if she could control this little corner of her life, they were things happening outside of her view that seem totally chaotic. She didn't know how to embrace the chaos. She let the confusion flutter around her. And that was enough itself. And look at the lives of others, that did not increase her own commitment. She was still in a long period she had not been blessed with extraordinary magic. She had not stumbled upon insight. Felt if she was betrayed by her own vision. That hardly seemed right. What awaited her? She had created an version of prosperity. For the time being, she was able to survive with his understanding. She knew that she was in demand so she wasn't really facing any risks. That in 10 minutes her feeling of rejection.

She hadn't expected too much from other people. They gave her what they could. But there's something missing she kept returning to the same judgment. Which which should've seemed as a blessing was now becoming more of a curse. It wasn't supposed to work like that. And she has skills. They seemed better than her that was of others. She excelled at her work. She endear her self to others. They relied on her constancy. But there was some thing that was missing. And she needed to understand. She kept telling herself the same thing over and over again and she now recognized rhythm to her troubles. But she didn't have the means to help her to escape. These were the terms of her location. She had been trying to embrace and mysticism. And she had made strides in this direction. But she kept returning to her physical reality.

That understanding was basic. It didn't allow her to distract her self. She was lost again how is this happening? Her success was so evident. Her vision was so all encompassing. Her contacts were certain. She could draw on the reassurances of the physical world. What was the source of denial? When others looked at her, they probably saw her strengths. No one would realize that she had these moments of doubt. It almost didn't make any sense. How could it? She used her skills to recognize what was basic. Now, she wondered if a sense of discouragement followed her efforts. She was losing touch with these wider influences.

Her mind was getting tossed back-and-forth. She needed clarity. This was not a time to quit she was not overcome by her uncertainty. But something wasn't there. She suddenly realized that she was designing out of nothing. This had always been her craft. She believed that she was shaping elements of the physical universe, but this universe was resisting her. It wasn't a matter of mapping this resistance. This wasn't all her doing. But I did offer her a new way of seeing. And this was important.

She was accustomed to being herself to the world. In another sense she was escaping

from that comfort. This was where her inside became particularly effective she had stumbled upon more lasting understanding. In itself, it seemed almost absurd. How could she design from nothingness. How is she creating structure where there was nothing. That seemed like a puzzle and itself. She was not supposed to solve this puzzle. How could she do this on her own.?s did she have the resources to make sense of this stage of the process? What was available to her? She was supposed to reason from some thing absent, not from a plenitude it was not a sense of aggravation.

She needed to to get rid of all these frustrations. But she was designing from nothingness. And this was a unique inside this was not supposed to lead to some thing elegant. Instead, it was a stark reminder of our relationship with things. In this lasting relationship with everything to her.

How could form be espoused in such a negative way? It almost didn't make any sense. She was supposed to take all the emotions that she knew and subtract them from her experience. And what remained was a special kind of knowledge. She understood how others become absorbed with a sense of presence that was not part of her experience how could she take things away, and create a lasting impression. She wasn't just doing this for herself. She was doing this for others. That could be even more disheartening again. At this point she needed to let go of her expectations and I was what gave life to creativity. She wasn't aspiring to be something else. Fundamentally, this is not even part of the self. She wasn't giving herself to a grand plan. She was existing apart from this understanding. And that seemed so refreshing.

She need to go over this again. She was designing from nothingness. She was piecing together these absent moments. And that gave her design its form. She realized our clients might not be able to go along with that sensation. They needed clear reference points. However each person should've known her self what is involved it was in a unique form of self identity. It was no longer based on reflection.

She might've wondered how difficult it was to meet her expectations. She had started to understand a deeper connection about the world. But some thing remained hidden to her. And she did her best to fill in this picture. She needed a clearer foundation for this understanding. What was the basis. She couldn't rely on this vision of daily experience. She was immersed in a long lasting struggle. She needed to be more successful and characterizing every aspect of her knowledge.

This meant according greater credibility to an overall perspective. What was the basis for this lasting vision? Again, she needed to remind herself that she was not a philosopher. She needed a strong footing in the real world. But she could become lost by individual experiences. This was the basis for a tension. She was fighting back-and-forth with these alternative views. But she could not be overcome by the realities of the moment. Once she gave into this larger picture, there was another danger. She could become overwhelmed by her idealism. That was enough of a threat. She was not supposed to get distracted by her own expectations for the world. This was the basis for a lasting conflict. How could she avoid biting her wishes interfere with her efforts. Her clients came to her with a desire. And it was her task to more of this desire into a creation. She needed to get closer to the individual. Each person could reveal her interests. She could build upon the style of her clients.

She was offering an overall picture. And this was exciting. What was the weakness?

What did she need to understand better? She was at a loss for words. She started to recognize that a faith had permeated her life. And she couldn't let this faith stand in the way of her professional development. But that faith gave meaning to her craft. So she needed to stay in that outlook. Suddenly, she was in the midst of the conflict. Indeed, and was based on a unique awareness.

She realized that she was doing the same thing again. She was becoming lost in the theoretical. She was allowing heresy to permeate her actual efforts. She was doing something so simple. She was cutting hair. What was the need for theory? What was the need for art? What was the need for design? She was adding value. She was involving her clients in a wonderful process. She was engaging all her skills.

Barbara realized the powerful impact of a well-controlled first impression. And her designs were able to affect how others saw a person. Her clients could welcome this transformation. The individual could emerge in a crowd. All eyes would be on her. How could one little change influence this perspective? She was making something happen in the world. She was giving herself to the moment. And Barbara advanced this image. Image could create mystery. If a person could control image with such commitment, that same understanding could be applied to other aspects of life. The universe was given form by the soul. This soul-shaping was the basis for Barbara's craft. She was putting together a message that others could understand; this was not a simple observation. She made a person seem more appealing. She created excitement. Others wondered what was going on. They were full of questions. There was so much wonder. And Barbara was at the center of this experience. She was making it happen. She was sharing something with the world.

Barbara created a frame to view this art. And that made it standard and all its brilliance. Barbara felt this active sense of participation. She was offering part of herself to somebody else. And they didn't; the individual was making that into an inspiration flower. If Barbara was truly successful, this impression would last. People would continue to wonder what was being shown. The individual could rise above every day humdrum. If she could bring excitement as second of the day. The impression would be stunning. There would be moments when the viewer would have to turn away. The admiration would be so intense. Barbara was enabling the individual to emerge from the shadows. She was becoming part of something everlasting. This was a deep renewal. Being flourished. Understanding spread out. The overall experience was transcendent. There was an eternal glow.

This explosion of elation was wondrous. And she gave everything to this moment. This was not simply a matter of appearances. Behind this veil was a magical reality. And the individual embraced this invitation. Barbara loved disability. She could move from one client to another and continue to provide the same magic. She herself could be in this radiance. She had a golden touch. More and more, she was drawn in by this process. It was no longer temporary. She became immersed in this process as she was surrounded by all this emotional excitement. She was blessed. With such extreme emotions, Barbara felt at a loss for words. Her client might stare at herself in the mirror. This went beyond that. Barbara understood the source of this admiration and it continued to offer her enlightenment.

She lived for this awareness. She could hold her scissors, she could touch the hair, and she could move the brush back-and-forth. There was so much more happening. She was creating an

ongoing experience. He she could build on this overall attitude because she saw it working with different clients. But each person had her own enrichment. And this was all part of an overall process. Barbara was cooperating with these occurrences. She knew that she was at the center of something. She needed to improve her skills at rendering was actually going on. She needed to draw greater confidence from this experience. It wasn't just a gift that she was offering. She was delving deeper.

She was going to a place where she had never been before. She recognized this as a certainty. And this helped her to let go of her burden. She was living stress-free. She was putting past misdeeds behind her. There seemed nothing that she couldn't do. Perhaps, her goals seemed modest. She wasn't saving lives. She wasn't healing the sick. And she wasn't even a therapist. But her therapeutic offerings worked wonders. And her clients became amazed by their shared insights. People can describe field relationships. They would ask Barbara for advice. She worked to be supportive. She helped them to overcome derision. They could move beyond failure, and find new triumphs. She was loving her role. These kind words were reinforced by the image that she created. It reminded her clients that they didn't have to live in the past. They could find strength in their dreams.

These dreams can become real. People would show them attention. They would give value to their efforts. Barbara was at the source of these changes. This created excitement. She loved this congress. She gave her mind to the world. It was world to world. It was something and everything. Her clients experienced something important by looking at themselves in the mirror at home. Even when they were out on a night on the town, this image would last. They had been offered a wonderful foundation. And that sensation did not subside. Barbara loved to hear the tales of triumph. Her clients or slaying dragons. They were leaving hearts in the dust. But each one became committed to something deeper. And she went along with his feeling. With great power came a lasting responsibility. This was the basis for honesty. In thinking about this honesty, Barbara still had a wonder.

What if she got things wrong? She was not on board for deception. On your clients canal influence people in a more rugged manner. That itself could be trouble. Barbara didn't wanna give into that feeling. She was searching for so much more. What was the problem? What was absent from this construction? You could give a power to another person, but one never knew. Barbara could still question experience. She could become lost by all the distractions. That seemed enough to deal with. She didn't want to think that she was weak. She needed to give off that strength. She needed to demonstrate that she was not afraid of the unknown. But she had so many questions. And she felt that she was out of answers. This was where she relied on her clients they need to provide something greater. They need to liberate essential force. Barbara offered an opening that was a beginning. It still wasn't enough. These lasting sensations continued. They would not let up. That was all part of her journey she needed some thing to power this experience. She welcome this blessing.

Barbara considered that her perspective was fundamentally hers and hers alone. Such a realization was a lonely one. She was not simply involved in philosophical research; she was a hair designer: she wasn't looking for solitary revelation. She wanted to revel in the experience of her clients. If she saw some thing, she wanted to be able to communicate that beyond that understanding. She also recognized this deeper connection, and she was communicating this

understanding through her work. She was offering a special kind of seeing. Seeing was based upon a direct connection with her clients. She wasn't simply making something up. In those moments when she doubted her self she needed to remind herself of that connection.

Barbara was loved. And she wondered why that wasn't always enough. What was missing? What was beyond her grasp? She sought this deeper connection. She look for a realization that was lasting. She couldn't rely on a particular hairstyle a single vision. She needed to thread all these experiences together into a coherent whole. She didn't want to question her self. She didn't want to let go of this primary directive.

She was great at her job. People knew this. They talked about her accomplishments. A client only had a look at herself to know. She was part of something bigger than her self. Barbara wanted to feel the same thing. It was difficult. She was giving this assurance to other people, but who is providing that same understanding for her. She said poured in different directions. She had enough to wonder about. She was trying to find freedom. She had enough foundation to move on. Indeed, this gave her pause; she saw so much. But there was so much that was hidden. She wanted to gain a better grasp of these secrets. How could the body provide access to another way of being. What did she need to give her more confidence?

With each achievement, she thought that she was building upon her awareness, but she also faced questions. And these questions would not cease. That was why she loved this profession. It pushed her to do more. It gave her a satisfaction that she never could've dreamed of. She really wasn't touched with something outside of herself. And that in itself seemed amazing. For the moment, she might've been dazzled by other things in her world. But she needed to draw greater for fulfillment from her work. At times, she could imagine that she was rescuing hearts. She was offering her clients a form of healing. It became so evident. Seeing was believing. Seeing was a reality in itself she felt blessed by this understanding.

So she accepted her lifeline to the world. That seems like everything. On that basis, she could breathe deeply. She wanted to again explore the magic of her profession. Was there an alchemy that gave credibility to her efforts? How was she transforming the immediate into some thing so brilliant that it might overcoming the gaze. If the hairstyle created a way of life. She needed to contemplate this lifestyle. What were the rewards for this knowledge?

She wanted to make sense. She could feel aggravated by little obstacles along the way. It should've seemed smoother for. There were still interruptions. What did she recognize? What was upsetting her? She longed for a greater facility. It wasn't enough just to exhibit the skills. She wanted to simplify everything. She wanted to streamline the process. This was her aspiration for a golden touch. And she saw how she could bring people to life.

She wondered. Barbara was satisfied as a hairstylist. She look forward to meeting her clients. It would make everything. She never felt bored. That seemed to be enough. Outside of work, she wondered if she had the same level of stimulation. And that was the magic that she needed. She wanted to plot her story in a different way for efforts as a hairdresser resulted in magnificent accomplishments. Why was she still feeling empty? She didn't want anyone to take away from her life. She didn't want anyone making her feel that she was less than she was. And she needed to leave it at that.

