

ENNAYA

Ennaya had been detained by the authorities. They were investigating if they could hold her on incitement. Their decision would determine her conditions of detention.

“Ennaya, no one knows where you are. As far as everyone is concerned, you do not exist anymore.”

Ennaya didn't say a thing.

“This is a society where I can respect myself for the job that I do. Wouldn't you want the same for your people?”

Ennaya could smell citrus on Resa's fingers. She wondered if this somehow facilitated her message.

“Not all work is treated the same in this society.”

Resa hardly understood what Ennaya was trying to tell her. She felt that her own efforts were handsomely rewarded.

“Resa, what do you really do?”

She had not heard Ennaya's question. She was guarding against the enemies to her people. There were so many examples of fatal trespass. She needed to maintain her firm commitment to her beliefs. That helped her to do the job, for which she received such acclaim. She had assumed this position because her predecessor had been too heavy handed. He was not able to get his promised results.

“What do you expect from me? Do you think that I will leave her embracing your cause?”

“Some people will hate you when they know what you have to say.”

“How do you expect us to react? You have done everything that you can do to deny our personhood. This is a well-known strategy. You use terror and agent-provocateurs to hold a people in place. Every single deviation becomes an excuse for a worse attack on your part. The social conditions only become worse. That emphasizes the inequality for your own people. But you never really grasp that. You are too busy fighting an enemy that seems worse than it really is. You have become your own worst enemy. You have redefined words and behavior to your benefit.”

“Even in moments of tranquility, you see us a criminal. Simple protests become an excuse for attacking our integrity. None of your arguments are proportionate with the reality. And the worst part is that we are imprisoned in a effective prison camp. No one wants to hear out story because only your propaganda masquerades as the truth.”

“You act as if there is moral equivalence between our situations. And this characterization only makes us appear more threatening. You use modern equipment and rules of engagement, which license your attacks against civilian targets. You are redefining international law, so that it becomes a torturous defense of any of your actions. Any mistake on your part is an attempt to see what you can get away with.”

“You really do believe your own shit.”

“Believe. I am living it. You move around in air-conditioned malls as if nothing is wrong.”

“You are international criminals.”

“That justifies your land grabs and threats against the basic principles of life. You have continued to redefine your tactics. You take your threats out on other ethnic groups.”

“We are the only people who serve democratic interests.”

“How is that? You limit suffrage. You define citizenship to exclude others. And you make it impossible for us to articulate an independent authority.”

“We have given you a chance. You embrace terror.”

“We embrace people who say no to you. How long can you keep this going?”

“We have to protect good people. We have to do what is right. We have a long tradition.”

“A tradition of bullying and stealing.”

“That is what you see.”

“Look at a map.”

“You have been defeated over and over again. We do what we can to limit you as a warlike people.”

“You have brought war her in a scale never seen before.”

“You have always been a warrior people. That is part of your culture and religion. God told us to fight murderers such as you.”

“That character is not in our blood.”

“You despise us.”

“This is not all about personal animosity. You are holding people down in intolerable conditions.”

“That is our only form of defense. The Lord has granted us freedom of choice. And we take it.”

“You destroy our homes. You uproot our way of life.”

“This has been going on since time immemorial. We have been creates as enemies because you have no respect for human life.”

“Because we are dogs.”

“You consider us infidels.”

“You are playing moral equivalence, which inevitably becomes the foundation to dismiss our humanity. This is not an essentialist argument. There are basic needs to self-determination. And you deny those.”

“Just go somewhere else.”

“Your genocide. Or should I call it ethnic cleansing?”

“You hate us.”

“This is not about my hate. This is not about a balance of human emotions. You have personalized culture to support your viewpoint. And you act as if you are acting according to firm legal principles. You are imposing your law on another people.”

“And why do I let you talk on?”

“I think that you are trying to strengthen your own beliefs. I am your captive audience, and that makes you fee as if you are more enlightened. You consider me primitive. Nothing that I say will really change your beliefs. This is the big test. You can maintain your superiority. You will walk out and lock the door on me.”

“It would be the same wherever we met. You do not have reason with you. You people have reverted to cruelty. You would kill children. You have zero respect for life.”

“None of this is statistically accurate. You show disproportionate cruelty. You punish a whole people. You have created a system of oppression.”

“War is part of your nature. It goes back in history. We are God’s people. We have always defended ourselves against people like you.”

“This is not free debate. If any of our ideas anger you, you find some excuse to arrest us. You criminalize the dissent of children.”

“We have tried to reason with you.”

“Any complaints against us have become more baseless. Your threats are supported by massive armaments. You reserve a nuclear threat under your claims of an existential risk to your sovereignty.”

“We need total protection.”

“This will never be a fair argument. Your notion of defense becomes the excuse for attacks and imprisonment. How would you act in the same situation? You would attempt to destroy all of us. But you have no respect for self-determination. You live constantly under the aegis of your propaganda.”

“Are you not overtaken by propaganda?”

“Is that how you have stolen our lands? Is that your foundation for destroying our way of life? This is entire moral relativism on your part.”

Resa could not relate to these philosophical arguments. She was not hired to engage in questions about her own beliefs. She felt that she had acquitted herself well. She needed to decompress. She was not going home to mull over her confusion. Indeed, she did everything that she could to reinforce her way of thinking.

She was told that these prisoners could be crafty. The virulent ones needed to be found and removed from human access. They could prove to be the most dangerous. Their arguments could foment rebellion.

Ennaya could never be released as long as she posed this threat. There needed to be a way to inoculate the society from views such as this. She was only supposed to pass judgement on her actions. No one felt that she would be able to influence her thoughts. But she felt responsible to do more. Indeed, if Ennaya did pose such a threat, then it was necessary to demonstrate her confidence.

Despite her apparent success, she felt demoralized. Ennaya had appeared to be more rational than she expected. This upset her. This seemed to introduce an ambiguity in her vocation. She had not been warned about this.

She was afraid that her inexperience left her more vulnerable. She did not want to get manipulated. She did not want to go to her superiors and confess her lack of ability. This was supposed to be a career test.

She needed to review her notes. She needed to break down the arguments. She could sense an air of intimidation in the encounter. Her success needed to be total. There was no compromising with this kind of thinking. She did not want to be exposed for a lack of professionalism.

How could Resa reinforce her science? Interrogation could not lose its force to the circumstances. That would only give Ennaya the ability to challenge her. This job was not meant to be so uncertain.

Indeed, Resa's failure could mean that she was removed from the job. She needed to do what she could to maintain her position. She did not want to be cast out into the wilderness.

This society was supposed to be a paradise in every sense of the word. However, opportunity meant that some people needed to get over on the weak. And development was always at the expense of an indigenous population. This meant that the state kept expanding its jurisdiction. The land rights were reserved to God's chosen. If they were willing to die to protect their claims, then they were willing to kill to legitimize their regime. Over time, a segment of the chosen viewed themselves as more chosen. They were rewarded at a faster rate than anyone else. And no one else could catch up with this process. Everyone was filled with a fundamental guilt about this relationship.

They were all these market to exploit at the public expense. Finance and industry quickly expanded and the original residents were excluded from economic development. As wealth collected in the hands of a few, they recognized the advantages of this arrangement. They slowed the equitable distribution of resources. This required further militarization of the culture. And the promise of an earthly paradise was being offered to fewer and fewer people. The economic engine required more people to service the financial caste. These transactions increased the cost for the citizens. Periods of inflation and instability were obscured by a supposed existential threat. Corruption increased with successive layers of paper to cover all the successive financial operations.

People like Resa embraced the symbolism of the rewards made available to them. It would be even more threatening to be abandoned to the darkness. How could she reconcile her sense of inadequacy with the dream that she was defending? The sunshine spoke to her in an elemental fashion. This was not a pagan realization. Instead it told her that she was blessed. And her actions could expiate these terrible feelings. She couldn't let her confusion interfere with her mission. This commitment resided in a more lasting covenant.

She could not let Ennaya degrade her confidence. This process had barely started.

In the next session, Resa needed to maintain the upper hand. She did not want to listen to her political arguments. She needed to weaken Ennaya's resolve. Even if she was released, her usefulness to the movement needed to be weakened. There were real questions if she had any intelligence that could be of any value.

She had discussed with her associates how to make real use of this situation. It was all based on a hypothetical. If Ennaya did know something of critical importance, what could that be. As such, there was no possible way that she would be able to hide her information during this process. That was still not enough. She couldn't be that significant. Even her symbolic importance was limited. On the other hand, if she confessed to something more in keeping with the vision of the interrogators. This would justify their actions. They wanted legitimacy for a hollow process. The more hollow it rang, the more that Resa would have to work her mind control.

She was not torturing Ennaya. She was reshaping her whole being. As this process progressed, Ennaya would identify with the experience. Even if the doors were open to her, she

would not want to leave. She would believe that Resa was offering something that no one else could offer her.

Resa needed total concentration. She could not yield. Ennaya's humanity existed only as a condition of Resa's being. She needed to establish the ground rules.

Ennaya started to catch on where this was going. She started to answer Resa with simple answers. She did not want to engage in a conversation. She made the terms of her confinement. She was doing what she could to resist the effects. That did not diminish the basic condition of their interaction.

Despite her efforts, she could feel how Resa was encroaching more and more. She wanted this to be over. She did not have fortitude to hold her off. She went into a trance. Her answers were automatic.

Resa was not entirely satisfied by the results. She could see that Ennaya's attention was fading. And she did not have enough work from. Overall, she felt that the events were moving in her favor. She was doing her best to convince Ennaya that she could make it all easier for her. She only needed to cooperate. As much as Ennaya rejected this offer, Resa had planted a seed in her head. This would serve her future endeavors. She communicate as much to the other officers. That gave her attempts more force. She was establishing the boundaries. She could fill in over time as Ennaya felt more desperate for some kind of support.

Resa focused on a clear end for herself. In contrast, the process seemed interminable to Ennaya. She had said what she wanted to say. There was not secret that she was holding out. On that basis, Resa believed that Ennaya did not understand the facts of this detention. Resa controlled the goals. She was firm about the process.

When she was brought back to her cell, she started to review what had occurred. She had worked to distract herself when this transpired. Now, she needed to collect herself. Ennaya was a political activist. She had not been trained as an intelligence agent. She was not part of a military unit. That did not dissuade Resa from her purpose. She did not make a distinction about these political subtleties. For her, Ennaya was more of a threat because she had the potential to command a larger audience. Resa needed to make any form of dissent criminal.

In a deeper way, she was shutting down Ennaya's identity. This was a career for Resa. But she wanted to be able to leave her troubles at work. Resa was taking away something essential. Even if she was released, this internment would haunt her forever.

Resa asked her associates how she could avoid identifying with the prisoner. She did not want to exaggerate her ruthlessness. This could be an arduous endeavor. She needed to sweat off this tension. After a committed workout, all the stress was gone. She slept well. She did not plan to meet with Ennaya today. She had reports to file. She also needed to review her notes on the interrogation. There would be one more session before she was off for a couple of days.

Resa did not want to appear too casual. There was too much of a temptation to take this lightly. This would make it easier not to become obsessed with the challenges.

"How long do you intent to hold me?"

"We are still investigating your subversiveness. We already have enough to hold you indefinitely. You have had contacts with terrorists."

"You label all of us as terrorists so that is not much of an argument."

"You are taking this lightly."

“What does that mean?”

“I have a file on you. These are documented contacts with people who have already engaged in criminal acts. Each one of these interactions is sufficient to hold you for a long time. Once we investigate further, there will be a greater basis to detain you. We could say that we are protecting you from doing something worse. Then you would never get out of here.”

“I am glad that you are following procedures of international law.”

“If we waited for determination by international tribunals, our society would not continue to exist. We have to snuff out the enemy to a civilized society.”

“I am glad that your methods are so even-handed.”

“Are you questioning me?”

“Do whatever you want to do.”

“Why are you so uncooperative?”

“Because I am still conscious.”

“You cannot blame us.”

Ennaya maintained her resistance. She did not want her to have a relaxing time off. Ennaya was not going to be able to return to her own life. Why should she oblige Resa?

Resa was not going to inflict any kind of physical pain. But she constantly reminded her of the terms of her imprisonment.

Resa decided to go to the beach. The heat was the perfect antidote. She was not reviewing the interrogation. She had found a way to put work out of her head. She confirmed the paradise to which she had been promised. She certainly needed more invigoration. She let the sun work its way into her skin. Her sweat was the tonic that she craved. Why were there people who wanted to disturb this balance. That was why her people had returned here. The covenant was inscribed in her being. It would be impossible for Ennaya to take this gift from her.

She returned from her time off refreshed. Ennaya seemed less formidable. It would only be a matter of procedure before she was broken down. Resa would be able to complete her job.

“What would you do if I cracked? I would be useless to you.”

“I know what I am doing? I am not going to risk the operation on doing something stupid.”

“Are you that good? Are you that good at holding yourself together?”

Resa didn't say anything for a few moments. She did not believe that Ennaya would be that good at fighting back. She resumed her questions. They were detailed about Ennaya's contacts. It was meant to remind her of the penetration of intelligence.

Resa was convinced that her success was iron-clad. There would be no way that this trajectory would change. This was work, nothing else. She was not moved by any of Ennaya's pleas. She had an absolute justification.

“What is the difference between us? It should be obvious. My people live close to the land. We can't help with being honest with our aspirations.”

“Our people are not that different.”

“We may have started from the same root. But we have not branched out in the same way. You have let the weeds and the underbrush flourish. Where there once was truth, there is only obscurity. Even when we seem to be in the same place, we exist in two different worlds.”

Many of your people suffer like we do. But you have created a indelible fear in their hearts. And you can use them to advance your hatred.”

Resa thought that Ennaya would talk herself out. She continued.

“Your businessmen and politicians thrive on this darkness. Even as they create a completely insular state protected from the real world, they realize the inevitable fatalism in their position. So the fortress can never be safe enough. And the disproportional response only tightens the noose around the neck of our people. How else do you expect us to react?”

“You could be more cooperative.”

“Where do exist? You harass us even when we are completely peaceful. It is the same wherever we look. Governments use police authorities to threaten the indigenous people. This increases the hate between the wretched and the oppressed. You put down your own people. You suppress the struggle of the workers. Many of them look at us and think that’s not how they want to end up. They do not realize that there is no promise for any of us as long as international finance is calling the shots. They have even corrupted our some of our leaders. But you cannot destroy the movement. Because the movement is the people.”

“The people have blindly followed leaders who push violence and cruelty.”

“Your whole society is pushing violence to maintain social inequity. Maybe, your people will wake up to the lie. For the time being, you embrace the promise. And those at the top continue to get their rewards.”

“Hard working people succeed.”

“You cannot work hard if you have an inadequate water supply. If the power is hardly ever on, if food is meager. Do you even know or care? This is so intolerable. You have sequestered us in an internment camp.”

“You can leave your homes.”

“To be bombed or terrorized. And where do we go to escape these horrendous conditions. You keep pushing and pushing. You picked me up for no reason.”

“You assaulted an officer.”

“He was terrorizing my family.”

“And who are your family?”

“You act as judge and executioner. How can you live with yourself? This will never be just.”

“If we had not acted like this, you would have tried to kill us all. Is that not your manifesto?”

“What is the reality? You pull the rope tighter and tighter on our people. And you complain about being unsafe. We live an unsafe life all the time. Your people hardly ever face the same odds of deprivation. For those who do suffer, you have found a way to ignore their economic lot. It does not fit your model of the promised land.”

Resa assumed that those in poverty were responsible for their own destiny. They had not made responsible choices. Many did not respect the legal system. Or they did not work hard enough to improve themselves. They expected the state to supply for them. Those days were over. The system needed to be more efficient for the world economy.

She had been appointed to encourage Ennaya to be more open. But she was becoming a more severe jailer. She had an idea that she was imposing her views; however, she did not recognize the full nature of her dominance.

“You have created a philosophy that justifies criminal behaviors. How else can we deal with your ideas. But it’s not just you. All your people have fostered this kind of thinking. It is driven by emotion.”

Resa was passionate in her arguments. She had time to think about Ennaya’s beliefs. She didn’t see this a simple difference in opinion. She wondered how Ennaya had deviated from basic human values.

“You would use your ideology to bomb children.”

“You jets never strafe our residences. You have grown numb to what is actually occurring. We threaten as a means of defense, but you carry out the threats. There is no negotiation. The encroaching continues over and over again.”

“You need to be more concerned for your own behavior.”

“You are engaged in collective punishment. Otherwise, I would already be out of here. This has become a habit with the security forces. It is never a big deal to destroy a home where someone has lived for forty years.”

Ennaya detested Resa’s smugness. She didn’t suffer from a lack of sanitation. She would never be able to deal with the conditions in which Ennaya was being held. For the majority of her people, it would be worse. Electricity would only be on for a few hours. It would crackle and go down.

“These conditions are the fault of your leaders. They have spent the money meant for the people.”

“You keep repeating the same lies. Even the mismanagement of a few would never lead to this human rights disaster. This is all your doing.”

Resa did not feel responsible for any of this. She resented these criticisms. In her mind, she was constructing the organizational structure that empowered Ennaya. And she was only offering Resa a glimpse of the full structure. Resa kept pushing for more.

“Believe what you want to believe.”

Indeed, Resa did. From the minuscule information, she kept adding more. Despite these efforts, Ennaya was standing firm. Ennaya was not a seasoned operative like she might face. Perhaps, that made it more difficult. There remained a faith that inspired her behavior. This notion would not bend to Resa’s methods. Resa accused her of being naive.

This only angered Ennaya. She lived in horrendous conditions. But she would never surrender her dignity. She felt that Resa could appreciate none of this. Resa viewed everything in a military sense. She would never feel sympathy for her enemy. She felt endowed with a unique mission. Resa could not see any humanity in Ennaya. That was a premise of her vocation. She was entrusted to humiliate her enemy.

Resa believe that Ennaya was finally submitting to her effort. She was not going to let up. She needed to find more results to justify her efforts. Here superiors realized how difficult this case was. There were public relations issues. If it appeared that Ennaya admitted to he complicity, that would contribute to the overall imperative. Even if Ennaya resisted, that only

confirmed that she was one of them. And that understanding would be reason enough for keeping her confined.

“Do you even want to hear what I say?”

Ennaya realized that all of this contributed to the same bitterness. She could change that mentality. She was performing And the script was complete before she uttered a word.

After meeting with Resa, Ennaya would put all this out of her mind. She recognized the dangers if she spent her time thinking about the interrogation. She thought that Ennaya owed her success due to her ability to influence others Resa needed to fight these influences. She wanted to file it all away. While she was at work, she could address all the pertinent issues. At home, she could claim that she had completely escaped to her own world. She believed that Ennaya’s mode of thinking was faulty. She could let this perverse logic destroy her countenance.

Even if she wanted to, she could not walk away from these efforts. The more that she felt challenged, the more that she needed to beat back against her. She was longing for more time off. The Director realized the drain. And the more that this continued, the more that she would be subject to these effects. She needed to release the stress. Nevertheless, she appeared ready to make some kind of breakthrough, and it would be important to discover the foundation for this change.

Resa sensed that there was an incentive if she remained persistent. She needed to apply herself more. She had the skills. The agency was proud of her abilities. And they recognized how great she could be. Ennaya would have been a formidable opponent for any of them.

Resa reviewed her notes with the hopes that she had an insider track. Ennaya might appear formidable, but Resa believed that there were cracks in her story. She seemed steadfast But that was only a public face.

Ennaya was feeling weak. She was led in by the guards and dropped in her seat. Resa walked in the room afterwards.

“You need some water.”

“I am good.”

“No water?”

The question was flippant. Ennaya tried to bring herself back to the world. She shook off the deep fatigue. She felt that she could gain some strength from the showdown.

“You are all born with terrorism genes. You have no respect for the lives of others. How did you all become like this?”

“Where do you get your humanity? From turning the other way.”

“We have lived in fear since we have come here. We never know when one of you is going to blow himself up.”

“You don’t have to call it terrorism. For you it is standard policy of harassing civilians. You keep pushing it to see how far you can go. If the other person falls dead, it’s some kind of freak accident.”

“What is your complaint? You are all liars.”

“These aren’t people to you. Only enhanced targets.”

“How does it happen that you don’t have any self-awareness about your own action? But when you see something that someone else does, you blow it up into the end of the world.

Everything is an existential dilemma. If you don't shoot first and ask questions later, then someone will get the metaphysical jump on you. Isn't that what it is all about?:

"Where does this come from?"

"Where doesn't it come from? That is all that you really understand. You want to threaten others, but they should never have a contrary notion. Because you are ending crime once and for all. This says nothing about your money laundering and bribes and arms dealing."

"Are you the source of virtue?"

"Not according to you. You are taking care of a problem."

"You won't start blaming others for your own lot."

"Is that what you call it?"

"What do you call it?"

"Trying to live our lives. What about polluted waters? You are preventing us from trying to create sanitary conditions just for our survival."

"You are murderers. How do you expect us to react?"

"I don't think that there is a response to that. I guess that explains how you have condemned us to an execution chamber."

"Maybe your words are not well chosen."

"How else do you want me to describe? You haven't pulled the switch. You only make it take effect slowly."

Resa was making an effort to ignore everything that was being said to her. She had become used to these insults. This was not how she saw her people. She was protecting freedom for people who had been maligned in history. Ennaya had created a selective memory, which justified the acts of her people as some kind of perverse justice.

Resa took a parting shot, "How does it feel to come from family of killers? You've probably grown used to it. If it wasn't for your behavior, our society would have advanced even more. You have strangled development. You have made the defense of the nation into an expensive proportion."

"You've turned it into a billion dollar business world wide."

Ennaya was led back to her cell. They had decided to give Resa a week off so that she could establish enough distance between herself and the prisoner.

No matter how hard Resa was pushing, Ennaya seemed to defy the efforts to control her.

After the grueling sessions, Resa needed to clear her mind. She reflected on the challenge offered by Ennaya. But she couldn't let it get to her. This was now her time. She was calling it a vacation; however, it was more a refresher of the soul. She didn't want to think about any of this. She didn't need to.

She adjusted her beach chair to take in all the vibrant rays of the sun. There was a pagan vehemence in this moment, almost as if she was mocking anyone with a personal stake in her life. She knew how to follow instructions and remain in the law. For that commitment, she was now being rewarded. That seemed like a fair trade off. The beach was reality enough for her. She never felt out of place. She lived in a natural order. It disturbed her that anyone might think differently.

As she grew warmer, all the doubts left her body. She had found her freedom in the brilliant light. She was espousing a brutal certainty, which viewed no alternative. Her body only confirmed that outlook. This ceaseless enlightenment was all that she needed.

She felt proud of herself. Anyone who might detract from her marvel now seemed powerless. Thus, her claim was total. There was no longer any qualification.

She didn't want to seem frivolous, but that seemed to be the order. How else could she view her experience? She wanted fun. She deserved relaxation. She had no residual anxiety from her work. She didn't feel as if she was working off her stress.

She watched the other men on the beach. They all had this inherent pride. She felt as if she could match that same vigor. She had kept herself in shape. This was part of her job. Now, she could show off. She could find others, who felt just as self-assured. This all seemed to be so right.

She ordered a drink. It added to the feverish inspiration of the now. That only added a sparkle to the men who were looking her way.

"What do you do?"

"I work as an editor. I work for a software firm."

She needed to keep secrets. That was good for her psyche. No one could get in on her. She held on to her focus.

He reached over to stroke her hand. That only seemed natural. Everyone here shared that same conviction. There was nothing to distract them from their fundamental belief. It was almost as if they had been vetted. They were almost more appropriate than the people at the agency.

She thought about the pursuit of pleasure. This was the blessing of paradise. And she felt chosen. For people like Resa, there had never been a fall from providence. She was there to reassert this vision. She lived in the wonder. Everyone else was equally dazzled by the midday sun. This had been the confirmation since ancient times. Their shared belief was a monument to a historical legacy.

"Honey, you look so enticing."

She let the compliment slide off of her. He could have said anything. They were all here for the same thing.

"Baby, I have had a little too much time in the sun. Let me meet you later for dinner."

She ran her hand along his. He smiled back.

Resa wanted to take a nap before dinner. She slept restfully. She waked up refreshed.

He was waiting for her at the restaurant. He was delightful. But everything was in a haze. He said something about also working in software. She tried to make mental note. None of it seemed to matter. The interaction was all so automatic.

"Do you want to?"

She laughed. They both knew where this was headed. They were go getters.

She felt her hunger satisfied. She sensed an endlessness in their connection. It was meant to obliterate everything else in her mind.

She was doing her best to remember his name. She would file it all away.

When she was back on the beach, she felt as if she had answered a critical question for herself. That was all that mattered. Now, the other men seemed like flies buzzing around honey.

She was not going to give any of them any acknowledgment. She had dispelled whatever may have been bothering her. She didn't want any inkling of curiosity from them. She was holding them all at a distance.

She told herself that she was healing. There was a time when these beaches attracted people seeking a remedy for too much time spent inside. Bad humors had entered their souls. The clean air could liberate the spirit.

She was finding a greater blessing.

What would her life be like if this was her only pursuit? She believed that she was struggling for this deep reward. Her overall understanding gave her this insight. That was how it was meant. Otherwise, why would she make such an effort? There was a lasting order, which she was defending. Nothing could dislodge her fundamental knowledge.

Creation was meant to foster this harmony. Who had distracted humanity from this mission? She believe that was all part of her own challenge. She was helping to bring the world back to solid values. There was an unshakeable truth in her beliefs. She could trust her actions.

That night she turned in early. She did not want things to get out of control. She went for a run along the beach early that morning. She also got a massage. Her breakfast was simple but tasty. She spent the rest of the morning reading a novel. She went for a short swim then went to the room to rest. Dinner was modest. She spent the evening taking in the night air. She could imagine the breeze talking to her. It repeated all the precepts, which she had made a policy for her life. No wonder this made her feel justified. Nothing would disturb her sleep.

Resa was creating a routine. No one could interfere with her plan. She would not feel as if her time was wasted. Men would watch her going about her business. They wanted to join in. There was no time for them. She had already accelerated in her dreams. She didn't need anyone breaking her pace.

She was finding all the justification that she needed. This was more potent than seeking legitimacy in sacred texts. She was espousing a wisdom, which supported her dedication. This gave her credibility. She acted like an archeologist who found evidence of her theories. The present fed on this knowledge. And she was convinced of this process.

She had taken this step for a reason. No one could assail her position. She could return to her job with a sense of zeal. That had been the purpose for the respite. Would she be more skilled when she returned? That was the expectation. There was now no reason to believe differently.

Where would this take her? She was totally self-contained in the moment. But she could not stay here forever. She needed to protect what she had discovered. That was her purpose for trip. What did she need to ask of herself?

She had been adept at this adventure. That did not assure her of being successful in other circumstances. This was way too safe for her. She was not facing any threats. She had no opponents. Did she rely on conflict to advance her career? She wondered about this give and take. Others were not confronted with such intense moral dilemmas. She needed this preparation.

Her beliefs offered her the awareness, which she craved. She might as well have been blessed directly. This was the lesson that she needed to apply.

She wondered what she needed to do to transform the personality of a prisoner completely. If the prisoner exhibited anti-social characteristics, it seemed natural that such a transformation would be beneficial to the state. Resa was advancing a theory of the state. It relied upon a belief about the natural personality of the citizen. This belief could find its grounding in sacred text. But she was not pouring over such texts. She found her inspiration in the heavens and the sea. In this awareness, she felt close to her predecessors. She needed to renew this feeling.

Resa believed that she could elicit unique abilities that enable her to triumph in her work. She had applied the same method again and again. Her rest had demonstrated that she could be even more persuasive. Nothing could prevent her from executing her program. Her own certainty was a great starting point. She had no reason to yield. But she needed to insure that her charges were malleable. She would have to do more than accommodate their idiosyncracies. She needed to figure out the secret of their decision-making power. She could create the illusion that they were running things. In fact, they could string out their own demise.

This temporary confidence was key to their eventual collapse. They would be overloaded with too much nervous energy, and this would drain them completely. She was convinced that every person had this cracking point. She needed to keep pushing until she reached that moment.

The prisoner usually believed that he was part of a movement. This gave him the ability to resist mind influence. He felt that others were supportive of his resistance. Thus, he could find something more resilient in himself. Resa was there to break down that opposition. It wouldn't take much. She needed to make him feel his compatriots had lost confidence in the prisoner. They had betrayed their ally. This would result in feelings of desperation. Resa would make a stronger effort to emphasize his isolation. Then she would do what she could to sympathize. He would be helpless. He would be breaking down.

Now, Resa would press harder. She had a clear purpose. She would squeeze her hand into a fist. She was all about information. She wanted him to reveal. If he did, he could finally sense relief. She would not have to inflict pain. The isolation would make her job easier.

She was able to peel back the layers. No one could overcome her technique. She needed to review just to make sure. She did not want to appear vulnerable. She could not let her sympathy be confused for mercy. Relief was contingent on making progress. The prisoner would have to admit to his guilt. He would have to reveal useful intelligence.

Even if he could not recollect any helpful detail, she could assist him in creating a picture that serve her needs. He would no longer feel the support of his allies. Everything that he connected to now seemed like an illusion. What remained was a narrative that she was piecing together. She was holding all these threads together. That added to his isolation.

She could shape all these pieces. She was in command. She could recognize how time had come to a stop. Everything was a now, which she was shaping by her vision. She was now compensating for the insecurities of the prisoner.

The prisoner's memories no longer offered any consolation. He might seek some kind of reinforcement in his recall. But his reconstruction was faulty. He felt even more despised. He wanted to attest to his self-disgust. She was dominant. She would add to the humiliation. He

had no resources to counteract her assertiveness. He had neither a mind nor a will. He resigned himself to the resolution.

She was overwhelming in her level of control. She needed a more universal view of history. This enabled her to remain persistent. There would be no opportunity to recover. She would carry on with implementing a new version of history. His doubts would become more incredible. She was reminding them of an endless connection. She was the center of this knowledge.

She was reminding people of the thin line that tied them to reality. They had spent their lives mired in delusion. Every fact was a tenuous link to something concrete. Under the glaring light, everything seemed faded.

The prisoner would reach out to her for consolation. She would be relentless. She was not going to let them find any reprieve. They would submit in spite of their militancy. Nothing would remain of that adherence.

Some might have questioned her style. When she was focused, there was nothing, which could dispel that gaze.

Perhaps, her adversaries felt that they could call on their stridency. They had all been trained in an ideological perspective. This was more than a faith. This was a ceaseless practice. She was showing them to be helpless children, who could easily be intimidated. Their great systems would fall. And they would have nothing to assist them in their quest.

She was discovering a place where her vision could engage an interminable dedication. They would assist her in advancing her truth. The prisoner would be willing to go along with her guidance.

She recognized that there was such an effort in sustaining this pursuit. The prisoner now relied on her. It was almost as if she was helping him to get off life-support. What could she offer in this endeavor?

She believed that the prisoner was malleable. She could determine every aspect of his being. Even a setback revealed a critical understanding. The prisoner may have believed that he was regaining ascendance. She was not so much creating a recognition. She was pushing him to dispel his remaining resistance.

Resa had been going over her strategy. She needed to let go of her total concentration. She needed a distraction. She headed down to the bar. She imagined interrogating the men who were staring at her. She didn't feel able to make small talk.

This was her paradise, her reward for her commitment to the principles, which upheld the society. It no longer seemed to be enough. She tried to see it from the inside looking out. Where was the clarity? She could not be suspicious of everyone. That was not how she lived. She saw this rigid divide. Her prisoners all upheld a different system of beliefs. She thought that they lacked a sense of humanity. They were attracted to cruelty. When she confronted them, they were unable to support their arguments with evidence. That only confirmed her position.

She wanted more stimulation, something more powerful than a drink. She looked around the bar. They felt like playthings. They believed the same things that she did. But they held on to them in a different way. She didn't want to know their names. They didn't understand the world the way that she did.

She could say something random to them and make them dance like marionettes. They all had that fallen look. None seemed strong enough to stand on his own. She could hold them up just long enough to get a reaction. One was as good as the next. What had made her this way? It wasn't the years of absurdity. It went back to something more concrete.

Bobby was working as a cryptographer, and he felt that he could read Resa to a t. She had been impressed by his intellect, and she did not realize how he was taking advantage of her. That hardly ended their relationship. She had been a newcomer to the organization. She was discovering her own abilities. Everything in Bobby's life seemed motivated by his knowledge of science. That was the kind of certainty that she wanted for her own life. That was why she had joined as an intelligence officer. She wanted to create a society that supported her fundamental beliefs. In her position, she could make sure that her notion of a just society could be applied universally. Even if this attitude had little to do with the actual experiences of most people, this view still had it influential proponents. She was developing the very ideas that had been part of her education. And she looked for every example, which could support these values.

Bobby was especially adept at getting her to believe that they shared key values. That enabled him to maintain an upper hand. Even though she recognized that this was occurring, but she was sympathetic with his basic intent. He convinced her that these were the very principles, which created order. Under such conditions, both were rewarded for advancing this model. Without such support, the ideology could not hold. But they realized how essential was their commitment. That made them more inspired. Resa relied on Bobby's insights to assist her in following through with her vision.

Needless to say, Resa fell hard. All the while, Bobby remained in control. For him, this was as easy as deciphering a code. For what it was worth, she prided herself on his efforts. She couldn't be more pleased. She was commanding the attention of one of the rising stars. And he was testing himself by being with her. He lived with data. He really did have trouble interacting with people. But he knew how to play the spoils of his craft. That was sufficient for him. There were really no other challenges for him. He was certain that she would always cede to him.

At this stage, Resa really knew nothing else. Bobby realized that he could mess with her. She was convinced that they had the same goals for their lives. So she had no thoughts about leaving him. That hardly meant that he would be there forever. He didn't have plans of his own. He was taking her for granted. She was creating a whole emotional life that included him. He was living in the present and encouraging her to dream. He would even know what to say to enhance these dreams. But that didn't mean that he had his own dreams for her. He was playing a game. He wasn't devious enough to fool with her emotions. Simply put, he was solving a puzzle, and she seemed like the perfect solution.

After a while, Resa started to wonder. She had fallen for Bobby, but there seemed to be something important missing. She let him become her paradise. And she tried to survive in this Eden. But there was something, which seemed to be pulling her in the opposite direction. She cherished the sensation that she could see their connection going no other place.

For herself, she tried to figure out how this was benefitting her career. They both seemed like noble warriors for the same cause, and she found consolation in this fact. But that luster was fading. He did not seem all that heroic. This hardly meant that she had abandoned the cause.

Even is she was isolated in her effort, that hardly meant that she was going to surrender her convictions.

She had been certain that all her colleagues were true believers. Now, she wondered if they were just pushing buttons. There she was standing in isolation. She did not want to see herself in rebellion. She was still loyal to the code. How well could she trust Bobby

She almost felt that she had found a mole, and it was her job to out him. She did not view herself in such a conformist manner. But it made it harder to keep on with her work.

She was not going to retreat into a shell. She wanted to challenge Bobby. He couldn't be all numbers. But he didn't want to get into big political discussions with her. She took it all in stride. When she joined up, she was sure that she would be with people who felt just like her. Indeed, how ideologically pure was she?

Even if great ideas had motivated everyone in the agency, this was a job. Each person needed to think about career and personal comfort. No one was going to change the world. If they could only sustain this vague belief, then the organization could offer them what they needed. There were enough threats coming from the outside world.

She didn't want to lose her commitment. And she felt that she had given so much to Bobby. He was only become resistant to her questions. He felt that he needed to correct his model if he was going to exercise control over her aspirations.

Resa could detect his intent. But she wasn't sure if she could really do that much to counteract his efforts. He had been quite adept at setting the trap. He was not going to abandon his perspective at this point. This almost seemed like a work project so he needed to maintain his grip.

She started to be a little afraid. She now felt more like the enemy, and it seemed as if he was doing his utmost to make sure that he was going to punish her for thinking in an independent manner. She didn't feel that he bore her ill will. Still, she almost felt as if she remained in his sites. She hated to think that she was a target.

This attitude seemed to be shared by all the members of the agency. No one wanted to sell short the fundamental principles. If that meant thinking about everyone with suspicion, that was part of the vocation. Bobby seemed to be practicing it most effectively. This seemed to be part of his science. There was something unfeeling about this approach. And she felt that she was on the wrong end of his aggressiveness.

The relationship started to seem to be frayed, and there was never any love between them. She still savored the passion, and that made her seem desperate. He could recognize the situation. That made him tighten his hold.

Where was she supposed to turn? She didn't want to think that she was feeling sorry for herself. What choice did she have? She felt that she was suffering this in silence. And her reputation in the agency was somehow tied to her remaining on good terms with Bobby. He was the prize. There were time that he acted as if he had the keys to the castle. Anything and everything seemed to be in his purview. All information was at his fingertips, and he felt that this level of administration spoke for everything about the organization. He saw himself as particularly valuable for the daily operations, if anyone doubted his outlook, then he felt ready to assert his prominence. Even the Director must have wondered what was occurring. He acted as if things progressed as usual. And Bobby did his utmost to uphold the fundamental principles.

How could anyone question his loyalty? Resa felt even more supportive, but she started wondering if he was creating his own agenda. That would mean questioning key premises of the organization. It was strange how he had deformed the basic mandate. But the Director could have been equally complicit. That was why Resa did not want to question Bobby. The more that this continued, the more that he discovered his own legitimacy. He expanded his reach. This affected her in a personal manner. She really didn't know where to turn. She almost seemed like a victim of his dominance.

This was entirely surprising. She did not think that she would feel this kind of bitterness towards anyone in the organization. He was her partner. She had not idea how it had reached this stage. That was all part of his doing. He was able to call on these skills. He had spent all this time profiling an abstract opponent. This seemed to justify any gestures on his part.

Resa questioned her own motive. Was she engaged in the same contest with him? Had her work transformed her into the monster that she shared. This was not meant to be like this. She needed to review her motives. She had been influenced to uphold a culture of integrity. She had trusted in her superiors. Bobby represented something else. If his vision was to be trusted, he now embodied the very precepts of the agency. This was so contrary to what she believed.

She was internalizing this struggle. She recognize a problem in her own actions. She was not entirely devoted to the organization. She felt as if she was failing herself. She wasn't sheepish. She was not going to be easily intimidated. But she had contradicted her faith. How was she supposed to revise her beliefs?

Bobby was not that adept with psychological manipulation; however, he was using his science to do just that. He had created a simulation, and this served his attacks. He felt that he bore her no ill will. This was how balance was supposed to be achieved. If she was harmed by the application, that had nothing to do with him. He was hardly an innocent. He was simply doing what he felt that he was supposed to be doing.

His naivete about human psychology was more than a weakness. He was using his ignorance to his delight. In that she could fault him. It was more than that. He really did his have his pulse on what was occurring. And he seemed to find pleasure in her pain. He made it impossible for her to voice how she was feeling without seeming shrill. He could mock her begging for mercy because he felt legitimacy for his actions. That created less credibility for her point of view. And she could sense that. But he was simply following through with his grand plan. He thought that she could be helped by his assistance. Even when he seemed to be doing his best for her, she could sense his rivalry.

She looked around the agency. They seemed to promote this same kind of envy among all the agents. This created mistrust. Was everyone working harder? Did the Director find his power in this kind of structure. If the organization was based on fighting an enemy, then each person needed to see the enemy within.

This kind of thinking motivated the agency. Thus, it served as a key component in an authoritarian state. All citizens harbored a suspicion of government because there were real opponents of the social contract on the outer reaches. That enabled them to tighten the grip in the center. And fear ruled throughout. This seemed to be part of the overall structure of faith. Bobby had learned to thrive in this environment. Resa started to wonder what was happening.

As Resa saw a society that mirrored the structure of the agency, she found it more difficult to question Bobby. How could she ever expose his actions? This all seemed so natural. When she dealt with her own prisoners, she felt that she needed to be more disciplined. She already had her own thoughts. But she combined her accepted method with a more

All through these struggles, she felt as if she had found a world where she could discover nurture her personal satisfaction. Even as she resented Bobby, she was retreating into this world. And this her gave a absurd strength. How could she survive in this place? There was so much that was working against her. But she savored these occasional moments of wonder. She built upon them. This helped her to create a sense of delirium. And she preferred to exist like this. She found consolation, and she could continue with her life.

She advanced in her job. She was well respected. No one would have suspected a thing. But there was this hollow in her being. And it shook her to the core. There was nothing that she could do to dissipate this feeling.

She was trying to avoid thinking about the problem. She started to hate his embrace, but her body seemed to take over. Where was this headed? How could she survive like this? She felt more and more like an imposter. But she was so committed to the cause. She couldn't think differently.

Resa wanted to stay true to her beliefs. Would she be able to focus herself? She felt as if she was just going to veer off. The craziness would come over her. She felt totally out control. And she couldn't settle down. The madness was universal. She couldn't let on. This only made her confused. She worked on that face for the public. She did everything that she could to enhance that strategy. What did this mean for her job? She found her conviction in a few strict principles. That was enough to advance a society. Where was her place in this development.

Her director assumed that she was going along with the program. You only had to look at her demeanor to see that she was a team player. This continue to uphold version of the state. It was meant to uphold values that were incontrovertible. She figured that her sacrifice was only part of living here. Everyone gave up something. Some people had given so much of themselves just to keep things upright. So she didn't feel as if she was doing to much. She was not violating her beliefs. This made her more steadfast in the defense of the state.

What were the values which she protected? She could hardly believe that Bobby had destroyed her fundamental nature. She may have felt tense, but she thought that there was a carefree individual behind the veil. Her faith told her that she could get there by continuing to uphold her duty. She was an expert at what she do. The better that she was, the more that she felt that her salvation was close. She only needed to hang on.

Why did she continue to trust Bobby? He hardly encouraged her growth. But he helped her to accommodate to the status quo. She felt that she could take it from there. She could add her own unique signature. That was all that needed.

She wanted to explain to Bobby what she was thinking. They seemed so close . If she dared to say a thing, it seemed to matter little to him. And she was convinced that she would have to explain so much to him. If he suspected that something was wrong, he would work to protect his interests. He would again apply the method. And she was feel out there in the cold.

She recognized that this was the preferred method of interrogation. The individual could not be allowed any reference points. Nothing could protect him in his struggle. He had been completely abandoned.

She explored her ability to effect the same technique. Bobby did this automatically. And what could she offer in her defense? What did it mean to discover the same qualities in her adversaries. How could anyone keep it together when faced with these pressures?

She realized that her prisoner had no hope of ever escaping. They would always be suspects. There would be no future of innocence. She saw herself as different than that. She was applying her skills. She was nothing like them. With Bobby, she did not feel the same kind of helplessness. What enabled her to see through? What was she using to benefit her composure. She needed to work deeper. She could find a way to escape.

He seemed to mock her. His codes and his tricks and his insights all suggested that there was no place that could resist. This did not seem fair. He seemed to betray the fundamental commitment to justice. She could not be consistent in her application if she felt that she was not treated well. She was being distracted. She couldn't let this happen. He was doing it again. Each time that she seemed to gain some kind of confidence, he used the same subterfuge. This was his style.

She looked at the leering smile. This was not impressive. She was paralyzed by his glare. It was like this again and again. She tried to hold him off. Did she need some kind of counter spell to resist? She knew that she was not that weak. She could not let herself become susceptible.

She was identifying with her prisoners. She did not want this. They were nothing like her. These were bad people. She could not see evil in her heart. She could not figure out how to fill the hollow. Were they looking to her for the same answer. It could not be.

One day, she simply ran from the apartment. How could she imagine being with him? She wanted to reclaim herself. When she returned, she wondered why she had been so emotional. She would not let anyone know why she was thinking like this. This was simply her way of being herself.

What did it mean to be free? She always believed that the source of freedom was in the self. From there the individual could battle against those external influences, which held her back. This became a battle for her. She was seeing this drain in the self. And there was little that she could do to throw off the effects of his cruelty. It did not seem that different from the torture that she abhorred.

He was sure that he had discovered a way to gain access to the self. This gave him the power that he had envisioned. This seemed to endear him to his superiors. They may not have realized the different uses. But he continued to impress them. His was a game with numbers. Nevertheless, it permitted a such breadth.

Since his science only seemed more certain, it was almost impossible for her to escape. The same ideas were reflected in the heavens. The only people who did not subscribe were the enemies of the state. So she needed to comply. That seemed hideous.

She peeled away layer after layer in the hopes that there was some kind of safety. Indeed, that was what she craved. She wanted security. Not the security that he offered. He was wrapping her in chains. He was making it more impossible to ever get away.

She wanted her independence. How would she be able to achieve that? He was moving way out there. Didn't her understanding of human psychology offer some kind of answer. After all she understood the subtleties of human interaction. He was a facts guy. Surely, there was something that he was missing.

She kept trying to convince herself that she was privy to an awareness that exceeded his. As much as she battled against these influences, she was convinced that there was a permanence in her vision. Why did she need hi, why was she submitting to something that was so contrary to her fundamental ideas.

She was getting too caught up in her philosophy. There was something too raw in this connection. It was not about the sun or the sea. This was this spirit that pervaded creation. It went beyond. It gave her access to something overwhelming. This was her people. She did not feel vulnerable.

With Bobby, it was something else. He turned around her world. He did not offer the solace that she needed. But she was letting that go. She needed to figure out what it was. If she could fight against the worst examples of her enemy, then she could break down whatever he was bringing to this game.

She only needed to put this out of her mind, and there would be no trace of any of this. And she tried to apply herself. She would repeat the process again to the same result. What was getting in her way.

She wanted to ask someone, she wanted someone to give her advice. She turned round and round in the hopes that she would discover the key. If Bobby could create a system, she could create a defense. This would be like luring the spider into a trap. What were his weaknesses? How could she use his pride against him?

His emotions were not so evident. He found his own way to protect himself. Perhaps, there was nothing there. And that made it more difficult. She couldn't pull strings. She couldn't clear space. He breathed and ate. He did his job. He grasped an architecture. That was it. How had she fallen so hard?

She needed to unravel all the threads. She was seeing this was all her doing. If she left, she would have nothing for her efforts. No one would admire her efforts. She accepted reality of the present. She could not work her way out of this entanglement. She cherished her own place.

She felt as if she was the key to her own betrayal. That shocked her. She did not want to see herself in such stark terms. She was meant to do so much more than survive.

Was vanity making her a victim? How did that work? She looked at his elaborate creation, and she believed that he could do so much more. On that basis, she denied any dominance on his part. She could apply his techniques on her prisoners. What could he do? She needed to turn the tables.

This seemed overly optimistic.

She went to get a drink by herself. All these guys were buzzing around her. She felt as if she was swatting flies. She knew a particular strength in herself. Everyone here paled in comparison to Bobby. She rushed home.

He wasn't there, but she could already feel the tension. She did not see herself surrendering to the moment. She had been fortifying herself. Finally, she could fight back. Did

any of this matter? He would return, and she would melt in a puddle. There needed to be some way that she could overcome.

He was very late that evening. He had been weighted down with work. And there were so many questions. He had not fears of losing his job. In fact, his research had yielded marvelous results.

She heard him come in. She was already asleep. And it didn't bother her. He was still asleep when she woke up in the morning. She made sure not to wake him. She felt a little relief after eating breakfast.

At work, she almost imagined that the theater had ended. There was nothing that could interfere with her efforts. When she returned that evening, he was still at work. Was she learning something essential for her future development?

When they finally did catch up, she had no certainty to protect her. It was all the same. And she again questioned herself. What did she need to do to attain the proper balance?

She realized a part of herself that had nothing to do with him. It had always been there. But he seemed to reclaim it once she saw him again. The see-saw of emotions kept on. And he kept the twinkle in his eye. He was not affecting anything.

She was now afraid that she might slip up in her work. She could not imagine being more sympathetic to her prisoner. Did she need the means to inflict more pain. Was that part of her unique realization?

These questions were not being answered. She was moving up and down. And he was escaping without the least worry. This was not supposed to transpire like this. For now, he became the enemy. She would have to use all her resources. This was difficult since he seemed so empty. She had no vantage point to work her magic.

She took a breath. She was zeroing in on a target. This was how it was supposed to be. She only wished that he would squirm. He was nothing like a serpent. It would be even more difficult to affect him. This was nother form of existence, and it required a special method to get him going. What was that mathematics? Was she trying to upset all of the physical universe? Did this disturb her spiritual beliefs? Or was this the foundation?

There needed to be more to guide her in her plan. Was this how prisoners could avoid her influence? They existed in a half-world devoid of emotion. This was not like anyone that she knew. They all had a surplus of emotions. They were overloaded with beliefs. Bobby commanded a nothingness. That made no sense. Was this the essence of faith? Was she confronting her own fears. He could rely on that certainty.

How had she become so sidetracked? Were her skills predicated upon emotion? Was this science something so other for her. This was not her version of the state. But was this ruthlessness the only alternative when faced by such a relentless enemy. Did Bobby provide the means of survival? Did she have to ally herself more fervently with his regime? She was always being taken to the same place.

This time, she had him in her sites. And he vanished once more. This was her ultimate test. It wasn't enough to be primed in this awareness. She needed to bring something else to the conflict.

He had created his own clause in this arrangement. Would he finally bite the dust?

She pulled a couple of suitcases from the closet. And she filled them with her clothes. Then she fell asleep.

“Are you going somewhere?”

When she woke up, he still was not home. She dressed and took her bags. She took a cab to a hotel. She would stay here for a few days. Then she would get another place.

Was this even possible? How had she gained the courage to finally say no? There was no mystery here. She simply saw an open door, and she walked out.

She feared that he might haunt her dreams. She hadn't left a note. He could figure it out. He might see her at the agency. She was not going quit. He had taught her something. But he also exposed her. And he could let himself get manipulated by someone else. She was not up to this kind of influence. She was supposed to be so adept at what she did. She could no longer fall for his duplicity.

It wasn't as if he had another life. He had not violated his commitment to her. He didn't need to. He could confuse her. And that was enough for him. He was tinkering with his representation of her. And she was unable to fight back.

Now, there was not longer a question on her part. She had escaped once and for all.

He would look at this trap. And she had found a fatal flaw. This would bother him for days. He didn't care about her. He only bothered with his system. And she had found the weak link. How could that be? She did not have his skills.

She knew human motivation. No matter how good he thought he was, he had applied human abilities. And she knew how to break these down. She had worked with so many incorrigibles. He thought that his stone cold nature made him immune. It only made him easier to read. It took her a while to distance herself from him. She fought to break down the wall. This was all her own making.

The battle had left her scarred. She was on vacation. She was away from all of that. It had been years before. But there was still part of herself that she could not discipline, and she accommodated herself to that hollow.

He rubbed his hand against hers. She jumped for a moment. She had been thinking about Bobby. This seldom happened anymore. She felt a power over this guy who was looking her up and down. There was nothing else. She was not searching for transcendence. She was damned like everyone else here. She accepted as much. What else could there be?

Up in his room, he a mass of clumsy arms and fumbling hands. There was nothing perfect in any of this. He had pervaded her place of security. He was this terrible interruption. This was too much to deal with. It would be easier if he walked away. He was like a mechanic. And she wanted him to finish clean.

He had not of the precision that she expected. He was evidently not a professional. He did a job. Like so many people that he knew, he did a job. Where any of these jobs taking the world? Each person accorded with a process. That was how it was meant to be. There were so many who understood the process. More than her values, she was meant to validate all these processes. She feared a state, which did not find its support in such techniques. She felt blessed by it all. This was the basis of industry.

She did not relate that well to these men. But she feared the emptiness of her opponents. These were people with no values. They did not believe in process. They had primitive ways.

They relied on their remorselessness. That gave them inspiration. It helped them resist her efforts. For what? What did they have to show for their lack of vision?

She was not the same person, who she had been before her time off. She came back with a new focus. No one was going to be able to contradict her beliefs. She had reviewed her own past. She felt hardened by the events. That was how it was meant to be.

She knew about the terrible risks. The prisoners would make every effort to try and pull one over on her. She would not let herself be emotionally vulnerable. That was part of her distant past.

Resa planned to review her strategy with her superior. The intent was to continue with the same approach. If the director believed that Resa's method was not working, she would have been replaced. They still believed that they could enhance their version of mind control. This contrasted with any kind of physical constraint that might yield different results. In either situation, the detainee was following the suggestion of the interrogator. In the most extreme case, she would agree with whatever the interrogator said. But the hope was not to create any form of physical harm. This was not due to some profound ethical commitment. The director wanted to see how far Resa could go with her efforts.

Ennaya seemed like a more difficult case. She had not been trained by an organization. That did not diminish the belief that she knew much more than she was revealing. She probably had knowledge whose significance, she did not recognize. As well, whatever she said could serve as part of a more general policy applied to her people. Her awareness was at a key intersection among different strains of thought. The organization wanted to understand this culture. Other interrogators had glossed over critical issues. That only seemed to create new problems.

Resa liked the confidence place in her. This meant that there were no doubts about what she would do next. She hated the fact that she had given too much opportunity for Ennaya to formulate her arguments. This was all part of the trade off.

Resa wanted to read through her own notes. She had developed an idea in her mind. But she needed to be sure that there was a consistency among all her efforts. When she went back to her notes, it took her a while to get in the right frame of mind. Time off had meant that some of the intensity had subsided. There were times when she intimidated by the prisoner. She hated to appear so weak. She was expected to remain in control. Perhaps, her colleagues would not recognize her doubts, but she did.

Where could she detect weaknesses in Ennaya's reasoning? In her position, she could simply assume such weaknesses were apparent. She simply needed to belabor her point.

No matter how convinced Ennaya was, she lacked a thoroughly ethical awareness. Even if she defended non-violent means, she was covering for ruthless people who had no respect for human life. Resa could not back down in her arguments. She was setting an unambiguous course.

Resa knew that she could not use brute force to make her points. Ennaya always seemed to have a comeback. That hardly meant that her arguments were reasonable, but she brought so much force to her beliefs that Resa wondered what she would have to do to meet that force. She had never shown any sympathy for Ennaya's family. If she gave nothing, could she succeed in changing the balance?

When she thought about Ennaya's background, she saw little in similarity with her life. Ennaya's family tolerated lawlessness. They did not have the same respect for social order. Institutions were degenerating. Instead, they were replaced by intimidation.

Resa had a deep respect for intellect. These arguments were rooted in a lasting culture. She imagined that Ennaya had not connection to culture. Everything was random in her world. There was an aggressiveness, which was very primitive in its nature. If Ennaya had a chance to impose her beliefs, this could pose serious threats to social development. This would be the descent into anarchy. There were many examples of failed states, which had degenerated into anarchistic practices. This was the kind of risk, which she needed to counteract. Simple habits worked to uphold the more complex gestures. All these actions were based on a philosophy. This was ethics. This was spirituality.

Some cultures had created an allegiance to conflict. They were nurtured by violence. How could Resa see it in any other way? The eventual decay of the society was traceable to a total laxness about normal behaviors. This downfall led to persecuting people, who were different. She understood the effects of this hatred. She was supposed to fight against such venom.

She did not view Ennaya's beliefs in an idle manner. She recognized how dangerous she was. There was a universality to Ennaya's thinking, which erased the traces of violence. It seemed totally humanistic in its approach. If enough people could concur with this understanding, it would become contagious. There would be no limit to her success. That would not diminish the insipid violence, which accompanied her understanding. And it could manifest itself and spread. This would be a total failure on Resa's part.

Ennaya had not participated in any explicit violent act. But she had created a volatile ideology. She could not let it ignite. She needed to prevent the conflagration before it started.

She worked to detail all the stages of this belief system. She not only made notes. She established the critical principles, which advanced this vision for a people. It was couched in terms of belonging and togetherness. But it was all based on an enemy. And Resa represented the enemy.

She was personally caught up in the exposition. She feared that she was giving it an inaccurate shading. She was underestimating the influences. The ideas seemed almost child-like. This mentality could be so appealing. Could she really discover how to shut down this kind of system? That was her real challenge. She thought of herself as the last outpost against being overrun.

She wondered how these ideas could blossom. Had she been equally insightful? Perhaps, she could learn from this process. Resa could not be that fluid. That did not diminish her abilities. She was in the trap, and she needed to find her way out.

She had emerged from this cage before. But this imprisonment was even worse. This was a gentle captivity. Ennaya was making Resa cooperate in her own entrapment. How could that possibly be? Resa was examining her files. She was by herself in her office. She had not seen Ennaya in over a week. The ideology was that potent.

Resa needed to appear even more non-assuming. That was hardly part of her training. She had been taught to be dominant. She needed to be completely in the moment. She needed to

suspend her feelings of aggression. This was a matter of total focus. How could she attain the awareness to control this interaction.

She realized that she was not ready to start the interrogation again. She was too tied up in the process. She needed a better vantage point. She needed to withdraw herself from total involvement. How could she attain that distance?

Ennaya was acting so naturally. She was not assuming pretense. She was not putting up a front to protect herself. She was acting in a natural fashion. And it seemed to work. Under such circumstances, Resa did not want to appear to be defensive. Perhaps, she had become too absorbed in her own narrative. She had no idea who she was dealing with.

Ennaya now seemed much more mature. Perhaps, she had been trained to face this kind of barrage. This was only a trick, and there was little that Resa could do to face down such an opponent. She was not a child. She was a trained operative. She had already degraded an important asset of the agency. What was the secret here?

She was not doing that well at figuring out what she needed to know. She had again been tricked. These terrible disruptions caused too much uncertainty, Would she ever find rest? Ennaya had been created to play havoc with Resa. She should have caught this from the beginning.

Could she really believe what was happening here? She had been so exposed. Had Resa been identified as the true threat. They weren't that good. Ennaya did not represent someone that significant. She could not have been trained to marginalize Resa. Maybe, others had related the story. And this was the conclusion.

Was Resa that important? No matter what, this was an critical test. She could discover the full range of her abilities. And that would be enough for an opponent.

This all seemed too ridiculous. Ennaya had been flippant. She had no idea what she was doing. She wasn't there to weaken the process. She was simply there.

She had been devoting so much of herself to this endeavor. She needed to back off. She needed to find a way to better assess what was really happening. She couldn't spend so much time on Ennaya. She was not a liberator. She was not a liberator. She was only a child.

What were the powers of language to affect the world? The director had confidence in Resa. She was precise in applying her techniques. She was so effective at applying herself that no one could resist. It was always the same. Ennaya was simply naive about herself. That made it difficult. Resa did not know how to find a grip.

That was why Ennaya was such a wonderful lure. Ennaya, Ennaya, Ennaya! Wouldn't it just be better to let her go. What damage could she really do?

Sanford Gnew, a psychologist at U.Mass. Amherst developed a version of interrogation that facilitated a deeper foray into the psyche. He talked of a back door by which the analyst could virtually control the behaviors of the individual. Such maneuvers left little independence for the respondent. Resa wanted to better understand these mechanisms. She reviewed the paper, and she compared it with the work that she had done on her own. This approach could offer the means to dig deeper into personality of the detainees. That would offer greater latitude for her own operations. She recognized that her person involvement created risks for her stability. As close as she would get, she would always create a buffer to facilitate her efforts.

Gnew's method suggested that she could get even closer to the individual without giving too much of herself.

For a time, she wondered if the backdoor was only another myth to increase the stature of the interrogator. But she thought about the promise of this technique in liberating important information. She remain convinced that the psyche was a treasure house of hidden secrets. The analyst could provide the framework to assist in the process.

Ennaya might have seemed too naive. But she had absorbed all kinds of information. This meant that she could be used as a resource. Resa only needed a way to elicit the necessary information. Resa could do the rest. That was why she did not want to give up even if it meant holding her longer. There hardly seemed cause. Ennaya was creating cause. The Director wanted results.

If she was going to rummaging in the recesses of Ennaya's mind, she needed to find more consistent motivation. What were the roots for this search? Resa was observing a structure even when it seemed to be absent. She was engaging in anthropology. On Resa's view, even a failed society was moved by critical exchange structures. In turn, this would reveal information about security operations and other interactions that had military application. That was why she was so persistent.

Ennaya represented a salvation to her people. She suggested a hope for the young. This could pose a particular challenge for maintaining order. Ennaya would either be a leader or a martyr. Resa wanted to neutralize her. That meant understanding these dynamics in more detail.

Resa imagined that Ennaya would eventually become dispirited. She would exhaust her usefulness. And Resa could take all the air out of the balloon. There would be nothing else left. Ennaya would walk the streets in a daze, but she could never put a finger on what had happened to her.

This new understanding added inspiration for Resa. She felt justified in her efforts. This was important for the survival of the state. The enemies needed to be subdued.

Resa was still not ready to resume the interrogation. She needed to put this all away for a while. None of the other detainees raised such imposing questions. Often, their sense of aggressiveness got the better of them. Ennaya was no pushover, but you retained her cool. She tried to give Resa back whatever she delivered.

Resa wished this could all be automatic. After a certain point, it was. And that served Resa. There was too much wondering. This upset her. She didn't want to let this get away from her. She tried concentrating.

She did not want personalize this experience. That only gave more authority to Ennaya. There would be others like her. People built up their own motives in their minds. And this seemed to give them a stronger sense of confidence. All that bravado would vanish under a stressful interrogation,

Resa knew what to do to twist the screw. And she would tighten her application. Ennaya just seemed to be immune. She had not hardened in her resistance. So it was easier for her to slip away.

This was no time to socialize or let down. She had a knowledge, which would enable her to advance further. She was preparing for a chess game, and she was many moves ahead. It was necessary to keep Ennaya on edge. She would attack, attack, attack.

How was she going to use the backdoor in an effective manner? She could play on a sense of frivolousness. That would cause Ennaya to let down her guard. Then she would remind her of the authoritarian figures in her past.

There was one proviso with this theory. It was based on creating fear. And Resa's success was predicated in creating these phantoms. Did Resa have her own nightmares? She thought about her opponents. But they all seemed so lacking in authority? Was her fear a surprise, something that was completely new for her?

There was so much obscuring Resa from understanding herself. How had she reached this impasse? Her work provided the assurances. But Ennaya seemed to imply that there was another stratum of existence, which was moved by other forces. And there was nothing that she could do to affect that part of life.

Resa had been so competent in assessing human psychology. But there was a random quality to Ennaya's mind. That made it more difficult to apply her knowledge. Again, she wondered if her exaggeration was distracting her. Did Ennaya have her own method? That seemed ridiculous.

Why did any of this matter? She did not want to believe that there was a system, which she could not overcome. Ennaya was nothing but a child. She could be instructed. Resa only needed the right precepts. There was a magnificence in this program. It had shown positive outcomes. It had paid tribute to the state. There were no gaps. This represented a universal triumph.

That was still not enough for Resa. She was not sure how to discipline this disobedient child. That surely was all that it took. She filled in charts and diagrams. Which seemed to explain it all. This was the culmination of the research. That was why the practice was so effective.

Resa was not recognizing the flaw. She again needed some kind of help to figure it out. Where was Ennaya getting her insight. She did not seem to have some kind of special spiritual influence. This was sheer youthful exuberance. Resa could not have this.

She put all this out of her mind. She no longer thought about Ennaya. Instead, she considered some universal opponent who might be able to resist her. This was the most extreme challenge that she might face. Again, the ghosts were coming back to haunt her. She thought of Bobby. But he had no real method. This was something else, someone who had a grasp of human motivation. This kind of person could dig deep. She could extract what she needed.

She faced her fear something physical and immediate. This could be any kind of threat to her person. That was hardly enough. They could destroy her, but they would not affect her person. This formidable opponent had some other kind of trick, which could upset the balance.

What was Resa made of? Did she have the internal resilience? Most opponents would never have the wherewithal. Resa knew that. But there was this mystery. And that became a reason to hesitate.

The notes kept getting more extensive. And the theories were now stacked one on top of the other. There was little that could evade her purview. That did not solve the puzzle. Was this vanity on her part? She wasn't that invincible. Even if she was, what did she have to fear from some abstraction. She had years of success with dangerous prisoners. She had upheld her view of the state.

If the ultimate opponent was so haphazard, then Resa's systematic thinking could shut her down. The detainee represented a threat because she was so unpredictable. Resa could accommodate. She knew enough to fight back.

She wasn't being apprehensive. It would take time before she could anticipate all the combinations. Then she would be formidable.

She did not want to think that she was living off of false confidence. She needed more assurance.

The ultimate opponent could take advantage of any weakness. So Resa could let herself be vulnerable. She could convey a sense of cooperation. She would set the opponent at ease. All the while, she would prepare to crush her. She would be precise in her application.

She needed to communicate with the Director. He would offer a clearer plan. He would help dispel her misgivings. That would enable her to be a more convincing interrogator. The director did not contradict her technique.

She may have been making too much of the abstraction. Knowledge needed to be applied. She could not overcome a fear, which she had never encountered. Indeed, it was probable that she would never meet such an opponent. She had been too adept to be so easily intimidated.

Resa felt this incredible hollow. All her work up until this point had reinforced her inner strength. Now, she was facing something that seemed so crushing. And she was making this happen on her own. She was not submitting to anything real. What could possibly bring her down. This was nothing.

She couldn't concentrate. She was everywhere at once. This was not a professional response. Her success was due to her ability to keep her emotions in check.

Did Resa feel like a better person? What was she defending? She believed in her superior concern for humankind. This offered her a sense of confidence for her work. She truly believed that those with whom she worked followed the same principles that she did. This took the wilderness and transformed it into something productive. This program cast out the former mendacity and replace it with a social order. It was that simple. Anyone, who opposed this view of society, embraced anarchy. They had no concern for other people. She needed to provide a clear vision. And she shared this understanding with her fellow workers.

She was certain that the detainees advanced a universal concern, that influenced everyone else. This was why she needed to fight her enemies. Such a commitment would continue until these ideas were snuffed out forever. There seemed to be no middle ground. This barrier, which protected society, needed to be maintained.

She wondered if there was a sense of cruelty, which motivated her work. She found support in her beliefs. And she looked at the radical perspective, which opposed her. She needed to maintain her defense.

An argument could be made that imprisonment only increased the vehemence felt by these prisoners. What choice was there? They couldn't very well let these radicals wander free. This was only the beginning of their rebellion. And these ideas would spread. If they did not do damage on their release, they would plan a worse response. That only justified holding them indefinitely.

Perhaps, there were some who willing to accept the dictates of justice. But she recognized her role in trying to eliminate this poison once and for all. It had been allowed to fester. The only solution was to rob any of these people of their resistance. Perhaps, they could be restored to humanity. But these ideas needed to be stamped out.

Resa needed to figure out the back door. Only then could she avoid inflicting physical pain. She could do what was right in returning the individual back to normalcy. Otherwise, this was a disease, which had no remedy.

She thought about her own difficulties. She didn't want to think that she was sadistic. She just wanted to get rid of this kind of hatred. She needed to learn techniques to counter the resistance. Force needed to be opposed with force.

That zeal could come over her. She would feel the madness impressing itself. She was in the middle of a battle. She was being assailed in all directions. She needed to back off. She could find her direction. She could reestablish her values. The struggle became incessant. She did not want to admit that she was dealing with a superior enemy. She clung to her own beliefs.

This pattern could repeat over and over again. That inspired her to be more ruthless. Where could she discover the source of her strength? Her imagination was heightened. But she was caught up in this feeling.

Her opponents might watch her and notice how she had become caught up in the moment. She could not fight against what was happening. She became absorbed in the moment.

These sensations were so overwhelming. She tried to discover a sense of confidence, but she was lost in the intensity of the experience.

Her study had provided her with strength. She was now trying to apply her knowledge. That brought out all the intensity of the moment. This is where the fight started. She was dealing with these monsters, who would do anything to break her down. They failed again and again. It was all a matter of having values. She had real beliefs. This was more than violence or hatred. But her own resentment came to the surface? How could any human beings have so little concern for life.

If they felt that way about others, what kind of concern did they have for themselves. Resa was there to explore all the facets of their beliefs. She needed to be focused. That way she could fight back. She could find that power percolating from within.

When the impulse came over her, there was little that she could do to control it. This was her own version of ruthlessness. She became relentless.

What was the difference between Resa and the detainees? Both were upholding their personal beliefs. Resa had made an effort to find a balance in ethical principles. She thought that her opponents were deluded by personal feelings. She could let herself be that taken by her own preferences. She was not a hot head. She was a professional.

When she was that close, could she recover her composure? Indeed, she felt the power. And it was something in itself.

The prisoners despised her. They would show their anger and frustration. She would do her best not to let it affect her. She was very precise in her arguments. She would do what she could to apply logic. This was not hypothetical. She had real experience. She showed her skill again and again. So there was nothing that they could say in opposition. She was in charge. That was that.

She was going over these rules for society. Did she really have that good an understanding of sociology and law. This knowledge made sense in the context. This was no simply vague ideas. She could see it in everything that she did. She was circumspect. She found nobility in her art.

Other people would become immersed in work. They were looking for patterns. They wanted satisfaction. They needed some kind of justification. Resa needed to uphold the actual values that others took for granted. They could earn through their efforts. Then there were the lazy and negative people, who wanted to rob the fruits of their labor. This was the essence of criminality.

Did anyone really appreciate what she did? Without her work, the anarchy would engulf the country. There would be nothing left. No one would be able to find any reward in their efforts. This would all be reduced to rubble.

The work enabled Resa to dissect the psychology of the detainees. She did not believe that there was any secret that tied it all together. There was an inability to connect the dots. These people could not accept responsibility for their own actions. Everything was simple. She saw it all.

Resa felt that time was getting away from her. She had information. But she had trouble getting to the heart of the matter. Indeed, what was in her way. She wanted more than truth. She wanted vision.

She was feeling more and more on the losing end even if she was always victorious. What was out of her grasp? She had such a clear idea of the truth, but something was obscured. She was getting too caught up in the review.

In retrospect, it was easy to turn each success into failure. Everything led to the present moment. Victory needed to be constant and decisive. No wonder she was caught up in the relentless nature of her task.

The emotions were out in the open. She was too exposed. That barriers were coming down. Could she manage in this nether world? She needed to keep her wits about her. She needed to steel her will. Was that enough?

She constantly wondered about a secret weapon. When would it finally be released? She felt reassured about her efforts. Nevertheless, her opponents might eventually catch on. What could she do then?

The detainees would watch her. They would try to find an opening. Surely, there was something that she said or did that revealed her weakness. She did not want to appear to be that vulnerable.

What did it mean for Resa to apply herself? Was there a natural ability, which she could tap? She had trained and had loads of experience. She did not see herself as a newcomer. However, that primal fear was omnipresent. She did not want to let on. How could she stay in control?

She was a professional. She needed to go back to procedure. It was important not to become personally immersed in this situation. She recognized her mistakes. She revised her method. She couldn't let herself be manipulated.

There were enough distractions to prevent her from exercising her skill. Those distractions would only add up the longer that she worked. She was not supposed to be that open to suggestion. The struggle seemed to be taking forever. She needed to get back to her work.

Why had this task become so formidable? She felt as if she was risking too much of herself. That was not how the process was supposed to go. She had confidence in herself. No one had the insight to get any closer. She needed to sort through the innumerable possibilities. She couldn't keep going like this.

Reality was not going to create an unsolvable problem. There had never been such a creature in the past. Her fears were not going to amount to anything substantial. She was twisting around in an absurd nightmare. She was letting it get like this. Surely, there was more that she could do to escape this mess.

Resa found a paper where interrogators had used drugs to assist in the process. She could not imagine receiving approval for such work. But she was sure that there were other operatives who had that latitude. If she had that power, she would not be as subject to her doubts.

She imagined the detainees being affected by such medications. This would make them much less inhibited. They would be more pliable under questions. It would be easier to find out information. As well, they would be more open to suggestion. This was her intention. She needed to sustain a coherent narrative. This would only be the beginning.

Could this narrative be conveyed to others? She could convince the detainee that he had been betrayed. But the betrayal would hold them all together in a massive conspiracy. Those on the outside would go along. All this activity could be traceable. This would only give the agency more control.

Would the drugs offer another level of control? What was the basis for this understanding? There were things that she knew. There were things that she discovered. Then there was experience. What could she do to influence experience?

The detainee could admit to his identity. She needed to alter it. She could not let him remain a threat. He could not create an organization, which would empower his associates. She recognized that psychological manipulation was essential to degrade any attempts at a more developed organization. The individual would eventually realize that he was less involved in his own life. He had lost the ability to make decisions. The drugs had achieved their effect.

Did she have to do more to attain such results? She could focus on the eyes. She would watch the movement. There needed to be something else going on. She could predict these changes. She could use them to explain and predict. She wanted to do so much more.

She again looked at the paper. What were these states of mind? Could she observe these changes over the time of an interrogation. She needed to alter the equation. What steps occurred between knowledge and learning? How could her influence change how people thought about themselves?

She reviewed a recent interrogation.

"We have spilled blood on this land. It is now sacred ground. And it belongs to us."

Ennaya had answered, "The famous last words of world conquerors."

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"Let it mean what you want it to mean."

She understood her ability to create the appropriate reality to support her beliefs. Such a construct could be developed over time. It would first require her to break down the fundamental commitment of the detainee. The prisoner would be able to discover no solid reference point. For her part, she needed no reassuring. She was tied to a sacred vision.

It was one thing to make a mistake in interrogation. Resa was confronting a more critical error. What were the key threats to her view of history?

Resa considered how they had created a strategy to isolate and degrade the appropriate targets. What philosophy would guide these operations? Was it proper to distinguish the character of these targets. How were political beliefs guiding the selection?

The overall intent was to limit the strength of the of the enemy. These assets could be individual capabilities, the ability to generate propaganda, or actual military threats. There needed to be a coherent perspective, which could help decide on the necessary course for each situation. What risks could develop from an inaccurate assessment? The agency had been given an authority to act. While individuals might question the particular application of its methods, the success of the organization required unity in interpreting each intervention.

Even in re-evaluating an actual assessment, there needed to be a commitment to procedure. In essence, that did not really mean admitting error. Even supposed mistakes should not be used to weaken the power of the agency and the state.

Whatever her course of action, a commitment to an accurate rendering of historical events was essential. She could ground her view in her faith. That could help her in developing a coherent philosophy. She could not really exaggerate her certainty. But she knew the roots of her discomfort. She could never betray this attitude. Thus, she needed to create a more sustained way of thinking. She could not yield to her detractors. Most of all, she could not allow the detainees to upset her composure.

When she was forced to revise the historical record, that never represented a threat to her legitimacy. That was a technique that was constantly used against her. Her opponents would claim to have a detailed recollection of events. This was meant to bolster their arguments. She couldn't let any of this sway her. Minor inaccuracies in her version did not threaten her understanding. It was just the opposite. She was not sacrificing her overall understanding for any one of these details. She realized that such an awareness did not grant any authority to the detainees. They were clinging to reality that was already slipping from their grasp. Of course, there were these straws that would appear to give them an advantage. Under interrogation, she could show that this did not amount for anything. She could break down the individual, and reinforce her point of view.

She did not want to abandon the strength of her worldview. It would be a mistake to underestimate the enemy. That is all that they had. They had hatred. So they spent every second advancing that enmity. They were not building a society. They were destroying one. So hate provided a certain basis for any fierce attack. She was defending something important.

She recognized the formidable task. She was battling people who had no real allegiances. They didn't care for much of anything. She was doing her best to represent a solid network of beliefs. This was the origin of industry and prosperity. This was how people liberated themselves from poverty and ignorance. It protected people who had been rejected by world. It

made this land a refuge of freedom. She was fighting tyranny. If she failed, the world would be facing a threat far greater than it had ever known.

Resa recognized the virtues, which grounded her belief system. This was a knowledge, based in experience. It developed over time. It was enriched by reason and probing questions. She was open to the criticism of others. She could collaborate with those in the organization. Her vision had deep spiritual roots.

Since this was a solid foundation, she could not let any individual challenge her. She was expected to advance a coherent system of thought. She was recognized for these abilities. Nothing could throw her off her path.

If she had been anything less, she would not have fulfilled her commitment to the organization. She was not holding on by a thin thread. She had a great deal of flexibility. She would not let herself be thrown off the plan.

None of these agents face the kind of psychological instability that characterized the detainees. Observer claimed that incarceration had deleterious psychological effects. These individuals were already exhibiting instability. They had been detained because of their actions. Therefore, the state really had no responsibility for these supposed changes.

The state was grounded on principles of tolerance. Only such a social compact could guarantee the rights of all people. When a person denied these rights, there were creating an example for a further violation. Such a crime could not be tolerated. The state needed to fight against such an incursion.

The movement from an individual prohibition to a universal law was an important feature of natural philosophy. Resa was not acting without such a principled justification. This enabled the development of society. It create the industry, which made the nation productive.

In contrast, she was facing a people who had no sense of law. These were not true humans. They were leaves blown by the wind. And any of their actions could endanger the populace.

If people could act with such disregard for others, what else would be the result of their ignorance. They had lacked something crucial in their development. This exaggerated their monstrosity. They were waiting to go off.

Resa realized that she was the only thing preventing this world from exploding into madness. This storm was explosive. It needed to be reined in. She recognized her critical vocation. She could handle the truly incorrigible. If not her, no one.

Even if they could not overcome her efforts, they recognized her power. That made them want to destroy her. They used the limited resources that they had. She could see through them every time. They were disappointed by their efforts. It never was enough, She wouldn't be effective if she was so easily challenged. It was no longer only about her training. She had unique skills unlike anyone else. She was a treasure.

She could train others. But her knowledge drew on her past. And no one else had been prepared for this opportunity. That was why her philosophy was important. It verified what was obvious to anyone who had observed her. The Director knew as much. She had been assigned Ennaya, because Resa understood all the ramifications. Even the Director would not have been as adept.

It was enough to be able to engage in this practice. She needed to find certainty at every stage. She could put together a manual that would represent all her awareness. That would confirm the knowledge that she attained.

She worked her way through the manual. Philosophy and self-justification were essential. It was never enough to apply a technique. The user had to assume a more precise awareness of the application. How could she control her subject? She couldn't use pain if it was going to empower the individual. It was better to use the power of reasoning. There was an image that she needed to control. She was creating a reality for another person. She was piercing that consistency.

The manual required revision. She could not afford any more mistakes. This required that she was more effective in her efforts. This was all a matter of intention. She needed to be more cruel. She could imply this threat, but she needed to make the other person feel that was responsible for all the effects.

The user could become a professional. She could distance those feelings that might cause her to doubt. She couldn't be afraid of the consequences of her actions. She wasn't supposed to care. She was dealing with psychopaths. And they masqueraded as normal people.

There were practices from another era that allowed researchers to lesion areas of the brain, which created offensive behavior patterns. This method was no longer permitted. But there were methods of interrogation, which could accomplish the same task.

Resa found a paper, which told her what she needed to. There were techniques, which could erase whole swathes of experience. The individual no longer had any recollection of the events, which had triggered anti-social behaviors. That didn't diminish the listlessness that remained after such an application. The trade off seemed worthy .

Resa wondered if that procedure was what separated her from the detainees. That only underlined the need for some kind of action to rectify things. She was sure that she did not suffer from the same level of resentment. She could control her impulses. But there were people with sordid histories, who were governed by their emotions. No wonder, they needed an adjustment.

If this lesioning was attempted chemically, there might be an outcry over these actions. International bodies might try to publicize and criticize these operations. It was important that Resa was careful how she conducted these efforts. This could create a scandal even though she was doing nothing wrong. That didn't diminish the need to apply this technique.

She considered what it was like to empty out someone's mind. The threat would no longer be there. The individual could assume an active role in the society. She believed that aggression served no useful purpose for development. Resa understood that there would be ethical considerations if the individual integrity was threatened by this process. Did she really have a choice?

She examined all the features of the procedure. She wanted to understand how an interrogation could function in such a thorough manner. Was she cracking a code? Was there critical entry point, which could guarantee the success of this method. What made things work? A strong belief in the self could actually work contrary to the individual's awareness. The self was not as secure as it seemed. She could use this structure as leverage to break the composure of the detainee.

As soon as she peeled off the self, all these memories would well up. The person would start to feel out of control. The interrogator needed to do her utmost to accelerate this feeling. Then these negative events would manifest themselves in full form. She would be confronting all the aspects of the story. Thus, the interrogator could impress herself on the situation. She would have discovered the roots of the toxicity, which characterized the prisoner.

The intention was to eliminate the cycle of behavior, which generated the subject's aggression. The interrogator was eliminating this stratum of experience. It seemed almost too easy. It was a matter of exploiting these structural weaknesses in the personality. The more that the individual felt empowered, the more that he was vulnerable. He did not have the resources to resist.

The interrogator needed to reverse this aggression. It might have seemed a simple task. Resa was still trying to grasp what she needed to do. She had been doing this for a while. She recognized how the aggressiveness could inspire the person. That had always been her point to pull back. This method suggested that she could use this electric moment to demobilize the detainee.

The interrogator needed to be quick. She had already neutralized the power of the self. At each revelation, she needed to act assertively. The questioning needed to be rapid. She would have to control every moment. She would be severing the connection of the detainee to his past. The method worked because it played on the insecurity of the individual. It was brilliant in its application. All the resistance of the detainee would collapse.

Once this process set in, the brain would be like mush. There would be the basic connections. However, there would no longer be a sense of independence. Resa would have to keep all this secret. No one could ever know. This was her doomsday weapon. She would be confident in applying it.

There was enormous responsibility in breaking down an individual in such a ruthless manner. The interrogator needed to be committed to her cause. And she could recognize the dangers of her opponent. There would be little choice but to apply these techniques. This was for the good of the agency.

She could not respect the dignity of the individual. She realized that the dire emergency pushed the state beyond this point. It was necessary to take measures to shut down chaos. She welcomed the imposition of order. Even if this meant hollowing out all of the self, she needed to embrace this approach.

There were enormous peril in this undertaking. What if things went wrong? She imagined that these effects would be turned against her. That was the real problem. This was all about her fears. She would be facing an absolute relentlessness. She would have nothing to rely on.

She would never face such isolation. She needed to press on. They were undergoing all the challenges that went back to their childhood. She could not give in that same kind of influence. They could not throw any of this in her face. She was totally helpless in this regard. This was all about asserting her professional edge.

She considered what it was like once the self had been completely evacuated of any content. The individual inhabited this Arctic desert. There was nothing to sustain. There was no remedy. Everything was stark.

Resa would keep battling back. She recognize that any of these elements could be toxic. She would have to stay steadfast. That was her expertise.

Suddenly, she had the weapon with which she felt invincible. She needed to check herself. Simply because she had been gifted didn't mean hat she would be successful.

Resa was going over what she had just learned. This seemed to easy. At the same time, she had misgivings about being so cruel. She couldn't let this bother her. She had a mission. If she failed, that would jeopardize millions of good people. They were depending on her.

If this was her secret weapon, she believed that she would need it for what was to come. Could this same method apply to Ennaya. She did not have the same richness of experience. Her self was not so rigid. It would be particularly difficult to create an in. That did not diminish the ultimate effectiveness of the technique. This was more like dealing with a child. A child could become more disoriented. She would feel frightened. Resa needed to take advantage of this certainty.

Resa was now staring at the facets of Ennaya's personality. These were scaprs of nothing. None of this could serve as the basis for a philosophy. The naivete was the most pressing challenge. She could seem weak. That would only be a lure. Was Resa allowing her to occupy her thoughts too much.

Resa had taken a vacation. She had developed a complex theory to address these problems. None of that was enough. She felt more vulnerable than ever. She needed to take this method in reverse, tat was the only way that she was going to discover her own strength.

Resa wanted to crate a new narrative for herself? What were its roots? She couldn't very well go along with her actual story. She needed background, which would prove to be unassailable. What were the origins?

Were her parents ever disloyal? Did Resa go through a process of discovery to arrive at her knowledge? Had she doubted the state?

Resa started to consider a secret identity. Was that the source of her awareness. She had been taken through this exhaustive process. She had been stripped of her worst excesses. She create a commitment afresh. She had been without any foundation. She had been begging for some kind of foundation. And she had been blessed. They had taken her in. They had given her a life. She could now be satisfied because she had been without.

Resa tried to get deeper. She started to question her memory of her parents. It seemed as if she had not even talked to her mother in years. What had created the estrangement?

Resa had this vague recollection of being in touch with her parents while she was on vacation. When she tried to recover these memories, they didn't seem real. Nothing seemed constant. Was she getting ahead of herself?

She could no longer use her skills. That was all that she was. She could not use her skills to reaffirm that they were her skills.

She found her mother's number. It had not even been on her phone. This could have been a security precaution. She called the number, and it seemed to have been disconnected. What had she missed. She needed to review. There needed to be a better way to figure out how she had been distracted.

There had to be more to it. She was using the method on herself, and there really was nothing there. That did not seem right. She was getting lost in her confusion. She started

wondering if someone in the agency was messing with her. Was she in the midst of power struggle.

She found the paper on the lesioning. She had not made this up. But she felt that sense of total numbness in herself. She had never encountered such questions. Why had the system started unraveling?

This could have been Ennaya's doing. Resa was preparing for a coming storm. But that obstacle could manifest itself in the present. She hated this kind of wondering. This was everything contrary to her vocation. She was too good at her job to let this upset her.

If she shut the door, and put this all out of her mind, how would that affect her demeanor. She had been shaken from her calm. What did this tell her about herself? Did she even have a past? That made no sense. Resa had worked herself into a corner. She was now the detainee.

This crisis could have been resolved if she simply went into the interrogation room and called for the prisoner. She wanted to clear everything with the Director before she resumed her sessions. That meant that she was going to have to deal with the situation. There didn't seem a clear way to resolve her confusion. She had become so used to dissolving the reference points for others. Now, the same effects were influencing her. How could she get back to sanity?

As these influences became more persistent, she would withdraw from others. That only made her more susceptible. She felt that she was never going to escape from this. This undercut her leadership. How could she succeed as an interrogator with these misgivings? The interrogation was not going to happen on its own. Her attentiveness was important. She relied on her awareness. Her mind was now somewhere else. How could her opponents find the means to battle her? She needed to understand this skill, which she had taken for granted for so long.

She had never followed the detainees after release. It was never her responsibility to observe them in their recovery. She had no idea what to do to integrate back in her routine. She felt shocked by this inadequacy.

For a while, she thought that she might reverse the process. But she had no memories to use as touch stones. Everything seemed made up. She understand her role. However, she didn't know where she could take this.

She imagined a master interrogator who could help her travel the spiral in the opposite direction. How could she inspire this journey? She wandered through a classroom. Was this a primary school. Where was she? What was she learning. She stared at the teacher's desk. No one was sitting in that chair. What class was this?

If she left her place, someone might scream at her. She could get in trouble. Did anyone know her name? She repeated her name over and over again. She felt like a character in a movie. She was forgetting the script.

"Resa."

She stared down at her book. She only saw a blur. She couldn't focus on words. What should be said? What were the lessons that she needed to read? She was doing something forever. She was protecting a dream. She was advancing the vision of a people. She felt a sense of deep purpose. They were depending on her. Who?

She had been inspired with this attitude in a class just like this. There was something that she was good at. She had learned the lessons.

"Resa?"

Who was going to talk to her? Was someone going to guide her hand? What was in the contract? Where was she supposed to sign.

She had given so much of herself. She wanted something back. What could help?

The class had offered such a sense of belonging. It was everything that she lacked now. She had a cause. She was purposeful. But she had been worn down to nothing. She had felt the hope pulled away from her. Was that all that she needed? Without any light, how could she devise a belief? She needed one simple memory. There was glare from the surface of the book.

These abstract words depended on something concrete. Where did she live? She saw the image of a tree. She felt a win blowing. What was she supposed to think about? What was she supposed to cherish.

There was a hollow. A hatred without end. This was not part of her experience. But it lingered inside. She had made it this far. There was still no recollection. She was panicking. What was this place? Why were the lights flashing? She was feverish? Her confidence was no longer enough. She could not count on her strength. She had a physical power, but it did not seem to amount for much.

She sat at the desk. She felt a million miles from home. How could she ever get out of this place. Someone would have to find her and take her by the hand. There was nothing sacred, no secret, no mystery, no revelation. She gasped.

That queasiness in her stomach persisted. That could be a key. She could have countless experiences like this. She imagined herself in a hospital bed. She had been injured. She wanted to know how to get back her memory. Why had the accident been so terrible?

She worked to piece together the details. She did not want to imagine the impact. How could she avoid making the same mistakes? She needed an assurance. A touch on the shoulder. Something to bring her back.

She wanted to be in a place where she belonged. She could shuffle the cards. There would be a sequence, which offered coherence. It couldn't go any further. She needed to stop the descent.

The heat could guide her.

She had loads of questions. All were obsessional. She felt that was getting lost in a process. That was how it needed to be.

She needed a belief that said forever. What could trigger this sensation? She was again toying with her memory. What did the prisoners do to hang on? They thought about former triumphs. They craved rescue. They put their faith in a magnificent event. Did she have that kind of strength of spirit. Could she find the wherewithal to persevere even when it all seemed lost.

That faith had been everything for her. When she needed it fulfill its promise, it was not standing forth. That was how the interrogation progressed. She could sense the affront. And it became more persistent. The feeling worked its way deeper and deeper inside.

She even questioned whether she could trust the director. This level of mistrust was immense. This was horrendous. The isolation was crushing. This was how she succeeded. She spread the feeling of betrayal. Now that feeling pervaded her psyche. She hated this very world that she had created.

It was more than evident. Her desperation was founded on her own abilities. This was so incredible. She even questioned her vocation. She had catalogued the encounters with the prisoners. But she could not access none of that. These were all facets of her own personality. The sparkle was intense. She could not focus. She tried to hold herself together. She could sense the quaking from within.

She wanted to see some humor in this. If only she could catch her breath. All the air was being sucked out of her. She was gasping.

She was only tricking herself.

She looked further back. Without her work, the enemy would continue to thrive. That seemed to be a basic law. Wasn't that enough? She was not like her enemy. Her frustration was transforming into ruthlessness.

How was her zeal different than her opponents? What was she protecting? What made her pre-eminent. She wanted to believe the it was her strength. She could fortify these beliefs. This was the beginning of a new world. Did everyone have that same sense of confidence?

In breaking down the prisoners, she was showing that their was nothing to their beliefs. She was not like them. She upheld ethical principles. But she felt threatened. She wanted to strike out everywhere. The power was immense. It was taking her places, that she could not imagine going. She felt that cruelty was the only refuge. That was a certainty. That would prevent her enemy from piercing the veil.

She could not attain that knowledge, which would help her dispel her disquiet. Where would the ultimate threat come from? She did not know how to keep up her defenses. There was no code. There was no text. There was no guide. She felt terrible.

Perhaps, she was just telling her bad things. She could turn around the pace. She could make all of this work for her. Indeed, she pushed this conviction. It seemed enough. It surely seemed enough.

She was not an empty person. She had substance. She had ideas. There was more than that. She could connect all this together. She advanced a civilization. She was a herald.

These abstraction mattered not. She could not recall a proper memory from her childhood. She could not engage an experience with her parents. She could not recall friends.

The detainees fought through an expanding darkness. Perceptions, which could light the way, went dark. There were gaps in understanding. This built up more rancor. She wanted to lash out. She wanted revenge. Who was her enemy? Who was blocking her insight? There was no rescue in this place.

Someone was going to have to make a claim. She was no longer that person. There was no one to blame. Just this vacuum of experience.

Resa looked at one of the papers, which had formed her philosophy. She could not even focus on the words. She tried to run her hand along the page. It made no sense. This was all beyond her grasp. Was there something within that could fortify her belief? She noticed leaves being blown in a storm. She couldn't see a pattern. She needed to see a pattern. How was it all blurred?

There was some kind of coherence. Something desired, but held away. Was she reliving damage? She envisioned bombed out structures. People drifting in smoke and rubble. This was where she felt heroic. What was her role? Who was she convincing?

When it all fell away, what remained? She concentrated on the architectures. There was an idea without an awareness. Wooden beams protruding. Rocks piled on each other. A gesture. A loss of breath.

The history all seemed remote. The individual out of herself.

When memory became so rare, there remained the desperation. She felt moved by bursts of energy. She was vibrant. She could feel the energy pulse out of her. And she was held by the nothingness. That gross absurdity.

She wished for something more. She believed in a power. She was tossed by her own sense of loss. She was now ready to lash out. There was no longer anything to cherish. Nothing to hold to. This could not form a chronicle. The forgetting was massive. Ah!

The suspicion increased. The papers expressed that. The Director was a traitor. What was his reward? No one sympathized with the enemy. Perhaps, their strength was exaggerated. Did they represent a threat? It was so much worse.

She didn't want to think about any of this. None of it could be good, and it was not going to improve.

She was suspended in her doubt, She found no flexibility. There were no traces to reconstruct. It was all hanging there. All strewn. She was seeing it all get ripped apart.

Where was the breach? She now believed that it occurred at the highest levels. But it made no sense on an ideological level. There could be no collaboration. What did she lack? She really did lack for perspective. She was seeing things that she should not. She was letting her imagination hamper her.

She considered that she had discovered a corruption scheme. And she was the only one with the knowledge. They needed to neutralize her. Or they were testing her. None of that made any sense. What was the point of the test? Were they preparing her for a greater enemy?

The state had been able to confront all these enemies. Perhaps, the Director understood a greater truth. The agency had become too soft. There were these critical weaknesses. The enemy was aware of the stress points. The Director needed to assert himself. He needed to understand who he could trust. It went beyond that.

She could put together this whole picture. The breach was certain. She was the only one who recognized the threat. This revealed a failing on the part of the Director. She couldn't tell him. It was uncertain if she could tell anyone. And someone could be allowing corruption to fester. The agency could cover all that. How had she messed up so terribly? They were grooming her, but all along they were devising a new operation without her. It was not supposed to be like this.

She couldn't think fast enough. She wasn't even that good at processing data. She was nothing. She could move undetected. She could track down the break. She needed to review the connections. She needed theory.

She recovered her confidence, at least temporarily. But she had no experience as a reference. She had little to work from. She wanted this to stop. What would she take from this? She required more certainty. How could she do this without allies?

Who could she enlist? What would help her?

Resa had become caught up in working her way through the unknown. This had mystified her and hampered her awareness. Now, she has trouble even remembering her own

experience. She was lost in her memories. Everything seemed haphazard. She could not create a coherent picture. She was no longer preoccupied with the habits of someone else. This was the challenge that she was facing for herself.

She feared that a formidable opponent would render her helpless. She did not want to give in to these influences. Certainly, she had learned techniques to resist her enemies. But she had become bewildered by this strategy. And her own weaknesses were evident.

All that she could count on were the limited skills that remained. She was hardly sure if any of her insights had any foundation in actual experience. If this was the way to belittle her talents, then she felt more incapable of fighting back.

Despite the setbacks, she still felt that she had the advantage. It wasn't as if the detainees could read her mind. But she started to wonder the origin of this power. Maybe she could find strength in the small victories, and that would be sufficient.

This preparations now seemed interminable. She was imagining a worse enemy. And that created immense complications. What had made her so hesitant about the final stages of this process. Had she become so personally absorbed by the her questions? She was an interrogator, not a therapist. She was not trying to redeem her subjects. She was supposed to neutralize their effectiveness.

Her notes offered her no clue where she had become lost. That did not diminish a desire to explore her wonder. Over time, she had let this creeping feeling catch up with her. She could not longer find any independence.

She had always imagined this voice talking through her. It had always seemed to convey a sense of authority. Now, this voice seemed hollow. She could not recover her conviction. Her attempts were doomed. Indeed, she felt trapped by her desire to escape.

Resa had been so accomplished at creating fear in her subjects. That skill was proving to be an obstacle for her. She was not used to this. The interrogation was based on an elaborate narrative created by the agent. Now, she had little to work with. She kept creating notes to use against her paralysis. She wasn't sure what she was looking for. There was an absence.

She was accustomed to observing an individual's certainty. And she would fight to break that down. There was no reference point, nothing to grab on to. This should have been her moment to excel. The agency had depended on this ability, but it was nowhere to be seen. And this lack demonstrated a danger to these operations.

There was nothing that she could do to alter the course of events. She wondered if there might be some force lurking in the darkness, which could assist her. That was hoping for too much. And that hope created a sense of despair for her.

The prisoners were left with that same desperation. Resa was never that sympathetic. How could she really expect to find any allies, who could rescue her? No wonder she questioned her superiors. They had gotten her in this mess for a reason.

Resa's intellect was not offering an out. Her knowledge only increased her new doubt. She felt that the very world, which had watched over her, had deserted her. Her disgrace was too much to contemplate.

Was this a test? In spite of this aggravation, she was supposed to fight back. It was no longer a matter of being overcome by the silence. She now heard this voice in her head,

screaming all kinds of incomprehensible things. The noise became louder and louder. She couldn't cover her ears. The sound welled from within.

She wanted the noise to stop. Was there anything that she could take? Could she make it all vanish. She was experiencing nothingness as a total absence of caring. And she had this incredible longing, something that she had never felt so profoundly in her life.

She could find no way to slow this descent. How effective would this technique be? It could devastate the detainees. Why was it being turned against her? Why had she been fortunate enough to discover it when it could have proved indispensable. Or was she only facing the ruthlessness, which had characterized her own method.

How did that work? She was facing the same isolation, which she had engendered in her subjects. She couldn't respond. That was why she had been so adept. It had never been about ideas. She knew how to get deep into the psyche. She could tear it apart with her incisive questions. And this was not her own fate. Who had turned the tables?

There must have been some kind of purpose for this transformation. The reflection was so dominant. She was seeing everything about her own professional style. But she had no resources to counteract the effects. This came upon her without warning. There was little that she could do to resist.

She wanted a cure. She didn't want to feel diseased. But something was being taken from her that she could not get back. She couldn't transplant it back. The hollow had a permanence. What had pushed her to this point? She was shaking all over. The sickness came over her. This was worse than a fever. She gave in to her self-disgust.

The exercise had been complete. Through this journey, she tested all her skills. She realized how extreme was her interrogation. She would show no mercy. Even in understanding the total destruction of the self, she welcomed the process. Somehow, the agency had been able to turn the method against her. That did not diminish her zeal. She did not mind destroying another human being.

She upheld a code of ethics, which was meant to protect the ideals of the nation. She would only be this ruthless when faced someone with no concern for humanity. This excused her actions. She was doing what was necessary to advance her vision.

She did not realize the immense power that she was able to wield. Once she realized this power, she was not going to retreat. She was totally committed to the success of this program. And she did not realize how far she could go. She couldn't moderate her efforts. That would show her to be weak.

The Director wanted her to know. She would have to be unafraid. She might have been hesitating before. She was being provided with a mission, and she realized what it entailed. She was completely ready.

Perhaps, she had been feeling sorry for Ennaya. She may have shown mercy to the other detainees. That only endangered others. It made the state vulnerable for attack. She could not allow any retreat.

The Director reassured her. He had been watching over her. He recognized what would be necessary for her success. He wanted her to be skillful. He wanted her to be battle-ready. It would be too easy let her concentration lapse.

She could not review her notes. She could call on methods to subdue the detainee. Any resistance could be broken. She had become so immersed in the moment. Nothing could bring her back. The Director needed her to explain the complete experience. That was why she needed her relentlessness.

The notes told her as much. They reminded her that she could dominate any challenger. She had been letting her concerns stop her from doing what was necessary. There was no longer any question about what was now essential. Her time off had made her feel that she lacked focus. She could now answer with total certainty. She had complete focus.

The Director advised her to take a couple of days off to decompress. She had undergone a unique transformation. She could have never have arrived at this transformation on her own. This exercise had pushed her to a limit. She couldn't very well quit because she was so deep in the process. That didn't diminish the feeling that she had wanted it all to end. What did she feel about a method that applied the technique on the interrogator? This seemed like the only way truly to understand the power of this kind of application.

What would remain after such a process? She was able to revert to her role. But there were others who were never as lucky. They were broken. Resa was not supposed to show any sympathy. She could not be caring. These were monsters. What was the complaint? She had been through the worst, and she survived. Sympathy originated in an ability to identify with the experience of the other person. That would validate their worst impulses.

She had not been recruited to show mercy. Mercy was a sign of weakness. It would demonstrate that she did not concur with the aims of the state. This was a fundamental belief. She could trace that belief to her family. This was rooted in her culture. Even under pressure, she did not forget that connection. Now, she was even more committed to that principle. She couldn't let up when she faced Ennaya. She had been selected for a mission. She needed to demonstrate her excellence.

Resa was just resuming her interrogation of Ennaya. And she was already in the middle of a conflict.

"You can't have an army of criminals battling the police in the streets. Any civil society requires basic guarantees of security. This protects hard working people, who are doing their utmost to survive."

"Resa, it works in just the opposite way. Your armies enable the rich and powerful to break the backs of the working people. The army is there to crush them if they get out of line."

"We only need the army against thugs like you. Otherwise, everyone abides by the law."

"Where is this coming from?"

"This is the reality that we all live."

"So you poison the water. And you keep us in cages. And that advances democracy."

"This has been the only way to protect ourselves when there is a whole people who have no respect for democracy."

"You go around in a circle with these arguments. Your fears of aggression create real aggression on your part."

"We have an enemy in our midst. How can we act?"

"You treat us all as enemies. Children and the elderly alike."

"You have a history of indiscriminate terror."

“It’s not at all the same thing.”

“What happened to you? Did you become so absorbed with self that all that you can see are the rewards of the system. You observe poverty and neglect, and you turn your head. You blame the victims. That only makes you feel more powerful. So you really must be weak inside. But none of this started overnight. What drove you to this point? What made you a monster?”

“You are talking about people who making themselves victims.”

“The only crimes that you see are the ones that you imagine. And your imagination is fed by a desire to erase anything real that might have happened.”

“How do you want me to explain it? I only see crimes against the state. And I see lazy people complaining about the hands that they have been dealt.”

“Lands are confiscated. Lives are uprooted. Careers are destroyed.”

“These are people who have disobeyed the law. We cannot let their relatives benefit from their activities. We have to punish them all.”

“How does that end up?”

“You make more excuses.”

“And what do you call this?”

“This is a precaution. What are you going to do next?”

“What are afraid of?”

“You are the one who is afraid of herself. Ennaya, you have no conscience.”

“You have no idea what conscience. You have no respect for yourself. And you do not have an honest foundation for your own life.”

“I am not supporting violence.”

“What do you call this? I am being held against my will. I have done nothing wrong.”

“You struck a peace officer.”

“I was protecting my family. In any democratic society, I would have the opportunity to answer my accusers and not be held without any charges.”

“We are trying to figure out who you really are. What kind of radicalism are you condoning? Who are your contacts?”

Resa felt that she was more than inspired. She couldn’t let Ennaya intimidate her. She had prepped for this moment. She could review her notes. She could find strength in her political awareness. Ennaya had no real arguments. She was simply persistent. As much as Resa pushed, Ennaya just backed down. So there seemed to be no basis of her way of thinking.

Resa needed to be more forceful. Ennaya would act like a little child. She would pretend that Resa was bullying her. She was another wolf in sheep’s clothing. All her people acted the same way. Resa was doing her best to fight against this mentality.

Resa had taken time off. And she came back with a renewed sense of commitment to her work. The first day had been exhausting. Ennaya had not developed any new arguments. She was used to defending the indefensible. That was hardly a leader’s perspective. Resa realized that she had nothing to worry about. Had she become distracted?

She strove to renew her beliefs. She found no sympathy for this nihilistic perspective. This chaos bounced around in her head. Ennaya would give her that innocent look, as if she was doing nothing.

For the time being, she felt a twinge of solitude. What did she have to worry about? She had allies. She was not a prisoner. She did not feel the same doubts experienced by Ennaya. She was a strong person.

The exhaustion hit her. She needed to sleep. She wanted to come refreshed to the next session. This was taking a toll. Fortunately, this would not take forever. There would be a resolution. She would no longer have to deal with the prisoner. She hoped that the prisoner would cease being a threat. Resa could completely neutralize her.

Resa had been overwhelmed by the feeling of total emptiness. She realized its effectiveness in giving her the upper hand. She thought about working this technique on Ennaya. Ennaya seemed sprightly. Resa saw her youth as an affront. And she wanted to shut her down for all time. This might have seemed cruel. She saw no other way. If she was released on the street, the threat would make itself known.

The night did not give her the needed rest. She was a little tense as they brought in Ennaya.

“You are looking healthy.”

Ennaya did not reply. Resa saw her spirit as a challenge. She needed to find to break this down immediately. She needed to catch her breath.

“Certainly confinement is doing nothing to make me feel any better. But I supposed that you don’t worry about such a thing. You act this way naturally.”

“What are you defending?”

“I am trying to be polite with you.”

“Politeness would work better from the other side of the iron bars.”

“We are protecting you from yourself.”

“Is that what you are going to tell the press when something happens to me?”

“We do not work like that.”

“I am very trusting.”

“I supposed that you are.”

Could this provide opening for Resa? How was she going to handle this? She found that she was working back and forth in the hopes of maintaining her in. She needed to find more particular weaknesses in Ennaya’s way of thinking.

The trust angle seemed useful. She would have to find a better way to set Ennaya at ease. She needed to back off on the strident interrogation.

“I know that you miss your family. And we want to do our utmost to reunite you with them.”

Ennaya was not convinced by any of this. This was such a weak attempt to engage her. Resa became more committed to continuing in this vein. It only became worse. Ennaya took this as a weakness. She hardly bothered with these attempts.

Resa felt a little frustrated. She had seen herself as conciliatory. But Ennaya seemed even more difficult. That was hardly her expectation. She felt that these concessions would cause Ennaya to reveal more. There was no movement whatsoever.

Resa had hoped that her research could yield a fruitful course for her to challenge Ennaya. It wasn’t as easy as she thought. She felt as if Ennaya didn’t fit these abstract models. But Resa’s intuitions worked no better. Maybe there was nothing to figure out. Resa was expected

to find a connection between Ennaya's activities and other radical groups. This would provide the certainty that the agency needed in conducting its operations.

Resa was convinced that there was something diseased in Ennaya. This disease needed to be treated. That approach could give Resa the advantage, that she sought. She only had a limited understanding of psychotherapy. But she realized that her effectiveness depended on understanding the subtleties of Ennaya's beliefs. She was convinced that she had been prepared to meet these demands. Interrogation rested upon this kind of knowledge. What did the medical awareness offer? It demonstrated that there was more to her awareness than details of the Ennaya's history. She was influenced by forces that she could not overcome. Therefore, Resa needed to move these influences in a way that was beneficial to her efforts.

Could the interrogator recognize in the detainee those factors, which could advance her project? There could be advanced technologies, which assisted in this endeavor. But Resa depended on her own skills. This went beyond knowledge. This was her art. She called upon her imaginative faculties. She was painting an outcome. She saw little details in Ennaya's reactions. This should have been enough for her success.

Perhaps, Ennaya lacked maturity of awareness. Thus, she could not provide the reference points for a refined interrogation. Resa was looking for adult emotions in a child. And she had little to work with. She was only seeing her own beliefs reflected back to her. This was her great fear when she was developing her methods.

Resa had no hope but to live in her imagination. She was protecting herself, and she needed to fortify her position. She did not want sucked into the detainee's world. Resa really questioned Ennaya's influences. She believed that this environment made her a toxic influence. These ideas could overcome impressionable people. As well, Ennaya could anger Resa, and she would not be able to do her job. She wanted Ennaya to be vulnerable. There would be a clear opening, but Resa could not let herself be intimidated.

Resa should have been further along. She did not want the process to last forever. She was not making clear inroads. Perhaps, she expected Ennaya to acquiesce. But she was making a significant commitment to getting results. She was giving so much of herself that she was surprised that Ennaya was proving resistant. This should not have been this difficult.

Ennaya was no expert at this. This derailed Resa. She was being stymied by an amateur. Resa had become hardened. None of this was meant to rattle her. It really didn't. Her frustration was not lasting. She couldn't let it be. This could simply be a terrible source of information. Resa was supposed to shape the world to meet her needs. The agency had reinforced these techniques. This was the imagination factory. It was hardly Resa against the world. She was the world. She was the creator. And she was without an equal.

She only had to stare down Ennaya. She could break down the wall. This was all her doing. Nothing could prevent her from attaining results. She was meant to authorized to make them up. The detainee only had to say things on tape. There needed to be a record. Any nonsense. Anything to justify the agency. The Director already had the blueprint. All the parts were being threaded together. Ennaya was only one among many reference points.

Resa was getting too caught up in Ennaya's personality. She was not the prize. She was only jewel in the crown. And it could be arranged in any way that Resa wanted. These factors needs to move the operation along. Everything was meant to support the dominant narrative. At

any point, the military could guarantee this view of the world. Resa was offering a justification because there was already a basis for this belief. She was only a puppet in the grand scheme. The scheme would hold together no matter what. This was the function of truth in inspiring all the people. Ennaya was automatically a hindrance. She needed to be neutralized. That action could not jeopardize any other part of the operation.

Resa could not give Ennaya too much credit. She was not picked up as the leader of a movement. She exhibited none of the potential. She represented a blip in the historical development. And this could interfere with the operations of the state. For what it was, the agency needed to limit any form of opposition. All these forces represented an affront to democratic principles. That required Resa to be vigilant. She knew what was at stake even if Ennaya did not represent a real danger.

In fact, the less of a threat that she was, the more that she could be manipulated for the ends of the agency. The state exaggerated the importance of her efforts. But Resa could demonstrate how incapable she was at mounting any kind of challenge.

The interrogation took on more importance because Resa could do whatever she wanted. She was creating a story that would convince everyone. Ennaya was nothing but a pawn in this strategy. Why was Resa having so much difficulty?

Ennaya was young. She had not overcome her fears. It wouldn't take much to break her down. Resa needed to understand how to scare her. What was she lacking? She couldn't imagine that she was all that helpless. Things were simply not working in her favor.

Resa felt all the despair of Ennaya. That was why her people were so prone to violence. Ennaya seemed too content. Resa should have found some opening. Resa was getting under her skin. Ennaya was immersed in her confusion. Resa could turn up the pressure. And that would be that.

This was a standard interrogation. The process was always the same. The individual could not resist forever. No one had the resources. Ennaya was not remarkable.

Resa felt that she was letting the vacation get to her. She had been sharp until that point. She was letting her own doubts influence the process. This gave more credibility to Ennaya. That was ridiculous. Resa recognized that none of this was logical.

Resa was scrambling for answers. She was hired to create them. She needed to rethink. Where had the process become detoured?

Ennaya was weak. She was alone. There was no reason to suspect that she could hold out. Resa needed to crush her. If she let this continue, this would become a precedent. That would hardly be a positive development.

Resa's inability to control Ennaya presented a critical risk. She might act this way with other detainees. She would no longer be able to do her job. She needed to take a stand now. This would give her the strength that she craved.

Resa realized how simple it would be to become overwhelmed by these detainees. She would be forgetting the basis for her work. She couldn't be subject to these distractions. She had been given a mission.

Resa would have to report to the Director about her success. She was becoming more uncertain about the strategic value of Ennaya. She could be an effective role model for young people. But she lacked political sophistication. Resa wondered if Ennaya could really be of any

value over time. She was sympathetic with a brute ruthlessness. But she did not seem to marshal those skills herself. She would not be able to push the movement in that direction. And she was not really connected to any organization. The Director might have disagreed with that assessment. However, Resa had taken the time with Ennaya. And she felt that her assessment was reasonable. There was little that Ennaya was going to be able to do as critical threat.

The Director seemed more concerned about the symbolism. Over time, this influence could increase. Others would act as rebellious. Ennaya would have to be neutralized for now. He continued to pressure Resa to show results. This was all about the belief that she created. Resa needed to maintain control.

Perhaps, Resa was not taking Ennaya seriously. She wondered if she could. Here was someone who could not describe strategic targets. She couldn't detail command structure. And it didn't seem that worthwhile trying to insinuate these values in her. She wouldn't be able to rattle off the appropriate names when she was called on. This was becoming more of a waste of time.

Resa hated showing her frustration. She was not meant to demonstrate this kind of resentment. She just felt that she was being set up by her superiors. If they believed that this struggle was that important, they should do the real work. They shouldn't expect her to do magic.

When she again met Ennaya, she stumbled for a moment. She wasn't sure where she could find her opening. In some respects, she wanted someone else to show her what was necessary. She could observe, and it would be obvious.

"You don't seem like a violent person."

"I really am not."

"But you have a lot of hatred brewing beneath the surface."

"I feel as if I am more logical. You see hate when you have to face the truth."

Ennaya was again trying to confuse everything. Resa could only see hatred. And Ennaya was trying to muddy the waters. That was how her psychology was put together. Her people would use the least excuse to incite violence. Perhaps, this was her lesson. And Resa could keep pressing. She was showing how this culture was prone to aggression. That could serve the state. It could break the apparent legitimacy of the enemy. They were not being oppressed. The people needed to protect themselves from this kind of criminality.

It kept coming back to the same thing. Ennaya pretended that she was a victim of the conditions. Her people were suffering severe deprivation. And the state only became more tyrannical. Resa could cut through that propaganda. That would be a worthwhile service.

Resa would have to overcome her own disgust if she was going to deal with the challenge in a creative manner. In Resa's view, only a society in distress would be unable to address its social issues. This was an entirely different situation. All the poverty was a direct product of the irresponsible behaviors of the enemy.

"How do you expect us to work? You steal our land. You bulldoze our homes."

"We are the one country in the world who addresses the crime problem at the root. We destroy criminal neighborhood. And we rebirth them with responsible people."

"That is the most ridiculous thing that I have ever heard. What are the historical roots of such ideas?"

“An intellectual analysis of the situation.”

“You could justify bull shit.”

“That is an affront against our people.”

“We are not occupying your lands and holding your people hostage.”

“You would do worse if you had the chance. We have created a custodial protectorate. That is mean to reduce violence. This is the most advanced social experiment in the world. We care about people.”

Ennaya looked her in the eye and laughed. She couldn't imagine replying. She got caught in this uncontrollable laughter. She couldn't countenance such a total lack of humanity. Resa could go on with her nonsense. Ennaya had nothing to say,

Resa felt as if she had struck a nerve. That would only make her better able to conduct the interrogation next time out. She needed to make sure that Ennaya stayed focus. This would help her strategy. She was again becoming absorbed by the struggle. She would persist.

Ennaya was defending a faulty ideology. And it was being more exposed for Resa. That made her argument more potent. There was no way to deal with rampant crime without destroying the environments where it festered. Such a perspective was consistent with shutting down an infectious disease.

War and peace was a challenging concept for any political thinker. Social deviance could not be dealt with by keeping people living in squalor. If that is what they chose for themselves, then the state needed to dispossess them of this land. That seemed like a self-evident proposition. The advance of this state were due to such enlightened awareness. The need to move people from terrible locations was preeminent. Some of these people continued to resist. This was violent in nature, and this was the source of their criminal nature.

Resa was part of a lovely social experiment that was based on a total commitment to reasonable principles. When she encountered someone like Ennaya, she was at a mystery why someone could be so overwhelmed by ignorance. That meant that Resa would need to demonstrate her superior reasoning.

It was exhausting to be moved by these emotional appeals. Ennaya was buried in obscurantism and superstition. If Resa could somehow rescue her, those efforts would be welcome.

Despite Resa's knowledge, she was still perturbed by the extraordinary efforts to subdue Ennaya. Ennaya was lost in emotionalism. She was giving in to her animal nature. Resa had been taught differently. She recognized a deeper foundation for human inspiration. That made it more imperative that she battle against Ennaya.

How could she peel back the layers? What kind of belief was at the core. This was the nature of a trouble maker. She had been wound up from her childhood. These behaviors had been excused. They had festered. Now, they were manifest. This was hardly a puzzle. It was a matter of reverting her. She simply needed to be shut down, once and for all.

The society had grown too tolerant. Fortunately, the security forces recognized the real challenge. Any minor offense needed to be punished. Even social opposition need to be held in check. Otherwise, anarchistic military opposition would develop. There needed to be a clear commitment to order.

Resa believed that education was the foundation. There were so many people who had been deprived. And that only made them more barbaric. This barbarism could be counteracted clear thought. Ennaya was not that deep a thinker. She could not recognize basic argumentation. Resa could help her fill in. She could detail what was lacking. She could inspire change.

What was giving people their justification? They figured that they could get away with any behavior. Resa protected the last outpost. She made sure that the society could maintain its grip against its enemies.

There was no exaggeration in her beliefs. She supported her ideas through her actual experience. She was genuinely at a loss that anyone could think like Ennaya. That only highlighted her conviction.

If Resa had an argument, she needed to do what she could to control Ennaya. If Ennaya was able to get the upper hand, that would be a dangerous risk. Ennaya hardly believed that there were weaknesses in her argument.

Resa did not want to give in to the misery and neglect. That was never an argument. All that mattered was the actual disposition of force. How could these sociological argument engender actual conflict? Ennaya was not teaching. She was making it impossible to use the mind.

Resa was doing her best to sort it out. Ennaya's seeming charisma appeared to give her a pass. People thought of her as a savior. They welcomed her leadership. But she was preoccupied by a an illogical way of thinking. It left people to think what they wanted. There was not basis in evidence. She couldn't allow that delusion to continue.

Ennaya had become a myth. And Resa needed to fight against this image. This was more than propaganda. This was a faith. Ennaya was seeking followers. This was why the Director was so adamant. Resa did not believe that there was anything there. She would not have to do much to silence this nonsense. It was all personality-based. It could not bear scientific scrutiny. All that silliness about the person had no basis in fact. Again, it became so easy to confront these ideas.

What mattered once such disruptors stated their case. All the nonsense became even more entangled. And there were international efforts to question the validity of the state. That it more incumbent that Resa fought against Ennaya. This was all fake.

Resa needed to discover more authentic values. These ideas could protect the search for truth. Ennaya and her allies would exaggerate minor incidents. There was nothing to support their rabble rousing. These disruptive mobs were toying with democracy.

Resa understood how to instill moral principles. There was nothing moral in this way of thinking. Ennaya believed in no restraints. It was all about the individual, not the collective.

Once Ennaya's arguments collapsed, she would have no basis for continuing. She would only sound shrill. There would be supports for thinking. Her emotions would drain her. And Resa would finally triumph.

This was more than cat and mouse. All of this was important. That only meant that Ennaya could not thrive. How could Resa protect her ascendancy?

There was no sustenance in Ennaya's thinking. Ennaya spoke of her natural roots. There was nothing natural in her way of thinking. It was all a facade. This was the poison, which strangled the vine. Ennaya was full of venom. She found no way to cast it away.

The venom went deeper to the core. It became more and more universal. She could no longer cut it away. It rotted her being.

All through this ordeal, Ennaya would get no relief. That made it clear how universal were these effects. It wasn't an aberration. This awareness was inside. And it spread everywhere. There was no reconciliation. There was no compromise.

Even as Resa tried to reason, she found obstacles to her progress. Ennaya was digging in. Ennaya believed that she had found the means to use her support to her advantage. Even if she was isolated in her cell, she could carry on with her fervent commitment.

Resa could not allow people to compare the two ways of thinking. There was nothing worthy in Ennaya's viewpoint. It was all based on personal expression. It was the rule of the mob. The more people who went along with Ennaya, the more reason she would appear to have.

There would be no miracles. Ennaya would have to live with the immediacy of her experience. There was no rescue. There was no sufficient. She did not want to see her story dictated in this manner. She wanted to play a more active role in telling the story. That was Resa's expertise. She remained in control of the narrative. She claimed to know what was truly real.

Resa would succeed with the interrogator's art. She made the scoreboard work. She ran the show. She closed out her opponents. She described the world. And Ennaya fed off of Resa's input.

Resa was learning how to work the conditioned. She understood the appropriate stimuli. It was more than repeating the same thing one more time. Everything was further along. Ennaya wanted something else. Resa needed to block her.

What could people learn from Ennaya? Resa wanted the remorse to set in. Anyone who crept down that road would come up empty. There would be no consolation for throwing your fate in with Ennaya. She was a cause without any sort of basis in fact. That would become so obvious.

This deferring to belief had been part of the appeal. For what? She was helpless. There was nothing that she could do to go against the state. Her followers did not have a very good awareness of reality.

The house of cards was getting tossed in the wind. There were only remnants of a coherent idea. The supporters did not recognize the problems. But Ennaya could be brought to submission. That would end up destroying her protests. Her allies could not find any blessings in her failure. She was not meant to be a martyr.

If Ennaya could not provide any kind of success, her followers would give in to their rivalries. This all seemed inevitable. Resa could just push this along.

Resa needed to keep up with the questions. They could be more biting. This would keep Ennaya unstable. Resa could create more pressure. She could demonstrate her strength.

Ennaya would be scrambling. She would say more things that she didn't mean. She would be more haphazard. That would continue.

Resa reviewed her new strategy. It seemed ironclad. Ennaya's protests would never amount to that much.

Resa believed that her method would finally work. And there was nothing that Ennaya could do to counter her.

“You will never understand. There are people who have been working all their lives to make something for themselves. Simply because you want their land or they have said something that bothers you, you destroy their livelihood. They are barely surviving. And you blame them for objecting to this mistreatment.”

“You are getting it all wrong.”

What was she getting wrong?

“You seem to have no understanding what motivates the average person. This applies to everyone, not just our people.”

“What makes you to say that? I see it all.”

“From where?”

Resa would never see it the same. She didn't see people going about their routines. They were plotting disruptive deeds. They were poisoning the well and jeopardizing the general population. They were destroying the harvest.

She never gave Ennaya much credit for her altruism. She focused on the mistrust. And she exaggerated every incident.

“You have created a whole society under lockdown. No one is able to ever develop. We live in the same way.”

“We live in lockdown.”

“It is not the same thing. Everything is much safer for you. You live with the possibility of violence. We live with the constant reality. We cannot escape it. You try to create an escapist reality. And we inhabit your nightmare. You think that you will get free by intimidating more and more of our people. But you can never get the one hundred percent certainty that you seek. And you blame us for things being this way.”

You blow up a bus with a bus of children.”

“So you create intolerable conditions for all children.”

“You can never be trusted.”

“So you play a cat and mouse game with our lives. And you pretend that it is going to improve your well being. You are more and more lost in a your own moral depravity. You don't even realize what you are doing.”

“You are all murderers.”

“So you drop bombs on children.”

“And you will kill children playing on the beach.”

“I think that headline describes something that your military dead. Shooting civilians. Terrorizing the elderly.”

“All of you have weapons. You are born to be killers.”

“You don't even let us get along just doing our work. Most of us lack the rights of citizens. And we cannot even protest.”

“A protest is an excuse to hide weapons in a crowd. Homicide is part of your makeup. We can't tolerate this. We have to protect people going about their daily lives.”

“It is not longer about protection. It is naked aggression.”

What gave Ennaya's arguments any power? She repeated what her people were saying again. They used children and hospitals as human shields. They had no respect for international law. And the only thing that mattered to them was more and more violence. It was not just a way of being. This was a spiritual belief.

Resa did not see this as a matter of fact. This went deeper. There were historical precedents. Her enemies had engaged in this intimidation for all time. It was part of their religion. It was based in the sword and conquering other people. Resa was advocating defensive measures.

Resa reviewed these existential threats. She could see that hatred in Ennaya's eyes. Others would see a child, but Resa could see that monster. She feared that challenge. There was nothing that she could do but challenge that mentality. She needed to fight against a potent opponent.

How had people become like this? How were their worst impulses rewarded? These were killers through and through. Their blood ran cold. They could never overcome their programming. This was no different than the behaviors of wild dogs. Indeed, Resa saw a parallel. The wild dog would wail on forever. And when it struck, its savagery was immense.

"Why do you still kill with your rockets?"

"If the disposition of forces were equal, you would not ask these questions."

"Where does that come from? Who are you working for?"

"This is all too obvious."

"What does that mean?"

"This is not occasional. You want to see how far you can push without wiping us all out."

"Does that make sense logically?"

"Do any of you make sense?"

"We understand what is happening to us. Children are being traumatized."

"Our whole society is living down a trauma."

"Where does this come from?"

"What is happening here?"

Ennaya could sense Resa's argument. She was starting to snap. She tried to hide behind her civility. But this was all about terror. And that was how she managed her questioning. She was trying to dig in deeper. She felt that this could strike a chord.

Resa feigned battle experience. If Ennaya was the enemy, she had no choice. She needed to use every skill to break her down. Ennaya was not as formidable as she seemed. Resa would have to use all her skills to fight back. She was becoming disgusted by what she now observed. She had wanted to protect herself. But Ennaya seemed vicious. She acted as if she had no choice.

Ennaya might have viewed Resa as having no remorse. She could not see it any other way. She needed to exclude any possibility of defeat. She could find ways to humiliate Ennaya. She could dominate her. She would make sure that these ideas had no further application. They would not come back to haunt her. They would never affect the general population. Ennaya would be exposed as the pariah that she was. She did not uphold justice. She only fought for her

self-aggrandizement. There could be no surrender. This was a forever. Such poison needed to be cut out once and for all. The threat needed to be exiled from the human spirit.

This was the only alternative. Ennaya needed to be quieted down permanently. Resa needed to make deeper inroads into her psychology. She needed apply more pressure. She had determined the need to get results.

It was a lot easier to break Ennaya down than Resa had realized. That meant that she would have to become more assertive in the final stages of the operation. Resa was raving about nonsense. For once and for all, she needed to stopped.

Resa was holding the solution in her hand. She needed to credit herself

When she returned home that evening, she felt that she had put an end to a challenge that had threatened her operation. She recognized her expertise. And she was willing to impose it. Why did she even bother getting so worked up? Ennaya was always in captivity. And her time in this place only made her more susceptible. This mindlessness would persist. Ennaya would have no defenses. Resa would triumph.

Resa needed to quiet down. She was so close to a solution. Now, she needed to release. All the stress had worn her out. She had found the secret. She could report to the Director. That would be enough to end this process.

Resa had other things to do . She could become a more active player in other activities at the agency. She would put this behind her. There was no reason why she should hold on to the experience. This was all over.

The Director seemed concerned about targets. The targets could be created to confirm the beliefs of the Agency. How could they take advantage of this situation? How could they expose the opponents once and for all?

Resa had a dream about being locked in a cage with rats. And the rats crawled on her as she tried to sleep. She felt the monstrous imposition. And it would not end. These rats were ravenous. And they gnawed at her body. And she realized the indignity of this imprisonment. All her people felt like this. They had been humiliated by history. For once, they did not have to submit. She found a unique blessing in her vocation. She was fighting off all those rats. They would not have their way. They would be conquered for all time.

Ennaya was helpless. Her arguments had gone nowhere. She was going to have to face her lies. She would not be able to find balance in herself.

If Resa was not working for a security service, how would she have assessed the threat from Ennaya? Resa's effort would assist in creating an impression for the public about Ennaya. Even though her notes would be kept secret, they would be the basis for an organized strategy to address violence and crime. The Director was convinced that Ennaya was tapped into a more prevalent awareness among her people. That was the basis of her leadership potential. It was incumbent that the agency would be able to stifle her development.

"Is it that remarkable that people want their lives to be simple? They don't want to feel that their basic values are under siege. That is why we provide such a valuable service. We make the society work for people. We do not let anyone get led astray by unrealistic goals."

"You talk in such generalities, Resa. Are you happy?"

"I am wonderfully happy. I have a job. I get by through my own efforts. I am not reliant on someone else. I live in one of the most advanced societies in the world. And the only people

who stand in opposition to our development are a criminal class, who have no respect for basic human values. How can I see it any differently? We have brought prosperity to a wasteland. We have created immense technological growth.”

“You do not have some kind of monopoly over technology. You limit our social advancement. You have restricted our economic development. And you hail the wonderful flowering of your vision. What else should we think of that? You act as if you are writing history from the point of view of the winners. What are you winning? What makes any of this successful?”

“If you contributed instead of being so negative, you would understand the advantages of a well-ordered society.”

“When you arrest four year olds, harass the elderly, and shoot peaceful demonstrators, where is the social order? You talk about us being criminal. But you have turned murder into a sport. Our people face constant threats to their lives. Security forces taunt them and use them for target practice. I am glad that you have pushed social development to such a high level. This demonstrates acute human awareness.”

“We see rebellion at all levels of human interaction. Your people do not respect authority. We always have to be on guard. You have programmed your babies to hate.”

“Tell me about your happiness. How can you close your eyes to what really happens?”

“I see crime. You would torture all of us if you had the chance.”

“But you do have the chance. And you do torture us. What kind of world does this create? We live the hell all the time. But you seem immune. You do not see a thing.”

“Look at our cities. We have transformed this country into a paradise. People can thrive and grow. This is a wonderful opportunity.”

“We are dogs in cages. Even when we are let on, we find no peace. You push us to be aggressive, and you call us monsters if we defend ourselves. If we try to defend a child, you will turn on us.”

“You would blow up school buses full of school children if you had the chance. You are the worst creatures in creature. How can we allow this?”

“What causes people to close their eyes to the crimes of their government?”

“This comes from someone who collaborates with murders. You are an apologist for baby killers.”

“Ennaya, we keep exchanging the same accusations. Are you afraid to admit that your beliefs are the source of all social instability. You are threatening people, who finally have a chance to make a life for themselves.”

“By destroying the homes and livelihoods of others.”

“You would kill all of us if you had a chance.”

“You continue on with this speculation. But you actually engage in these crimes yourself. It is hundreds of times more likely that you will be holding a gun on us than vice versa. You have perpetuated this myth that we are dangerous; however, you have obliterated any sense of civility. How do you think that works for the majority of the population. It hardly works in your favor.”

“You believe all this.”

“This is the truth. It describes the majority of cases. You have sold people on these exceptions to the rule.”

“You created fear with your criminal acts.”

“What does that mean?”

“You blow up one bus randomly. That strikes fear in all people on buses.”

“So that gives you the excuse to threaten everyone.”

“We do not threaten law-abiding people.”

“Who do you call law-abiding? Those who are like you. Those who buy into your version of happiness.”

“People who actually obey the law.”

“We become criminals simply because we do not look you in the eye.”

“We can tell that you are about to do something nasty.”

“And how can you do that? You decide before we ever do a thing.”

“It is in your genes.”

“Did you really say that?”

“I can’t explain it in any other way.”

Resa imagined what it would be like if she was the captive and Ennaya was asking the questions. What strategic targets would she be asking about? What resources could be used to threaten the general population? Resa had not never learned about such information. But Ennaya might believe that she had the knowledge, which would reveal some secret disposition of sources. Did the organization of a society indicate points of strength and weakness? What were credible targets? What weapons could reach those targets?

When there was such a level of oppression, were there really any secrets about the social makeup. It wasn’t a matter of scouring for weak points. This was an armed camp. Even though there might be gaps, that hardly offered any advantage to an opponent. That was simply a lure.

Resa almost felt immune from that interrogation.

“Every citizen knows things. Things that seem to have no importance. Little facts. These can prove to be important.”

Ennaya could press harder and harder. She could create a map and fill in every detail. She could investigate all the twists and turns in Resa’s psyche. In those shadows, Ennaya could piece together a complete picture. She would have fulfilled her role as an interrogator.

Could every citizen expose the security apparatus of the state? Was that how the Director expected Resa to question Ennaya? What was the difference between creating a fictional disposition of forces and revealing an actual arrangement?”

The agency was using this information to pressure their opponents. The organization now had an excuse, which would could assist in manipulating public opinion. Politicians could talk about impending threats. They could unearth secret plots that jeopardized social cohesion. By exaggerating the actions of the enemy, this provided more of an excuse to implement restrictive policies.

Resa wonderd if Ennaya was already successful in discovering state secrets. She was somehow reversing the method for her own success. Ennaya hardly seemed that adept. That hardly diminished the danger from her observational skills.

Resa had been convinced that she was controlling the interrogation. Even if Ennaya provided new challenges, she was not sophisticated enough to pose a real threat. This was an entirely different way to view the developments. She was hardly naive. But it seemed so unlikely that she could penetrate all the security features of the society.

The Director had other beliefs. He considered Ennaya as a real challenge. The power of the security forces was based on their ability to control the population. This included world opinion. The state could contain certain hits to its credibility. But it was necessary to maintain a level of consensus. That meant pushing the level of acceptance. And there was so much which was allowed under such a standard.

Ennaya could upset that balance. There was more to that risk. But Resa still couldn't give in to that view.

How well could the security forces maintain their grip? They always depended on showing more force than they could actually marshal. This was part of their effectiveness. They left the people in doubt about their actual strength.

Ennaya's associates were engaged in a similar behavior. They would use violence to absorb the attention of the citizenry. The state could manipulate such actions into a more repressive response. The state depended on the citizens recognizing the formidable character of the threat.

The Director was clued in to all the actions of the state. He was cooperating with their policies. That made it more critical to understand the ideological aspect of social control. Resa hardly believed this theory. How could Ennaya be all that formidable? Even if she was the interrogator, there was little that she could do to threaten anyone. What was the big deal? She was becoming patient with the Director's persistence. This seemed to distract from the actual purpose of her job. She believed in the importance of actual strategic targets. She had become an expert at tying together the operations of any insurgency to the actual governmental operations. This would enable the security forces to eliminate any significant opposition.

Before the session started, Resa looked Ennaya up and down. What did she have to fear from her? What did anyone have to fear from her? Ennaya continued to complain about the mistreatment of her people. But she was offering no real insight. Resa would listen to these complaints. This was standard fare that she kept hearing all the time. It showed no social understanding. If these social conditions changed, that would only give more freedom to criminals. The state relied on the creation of order. Citizens could only be protected if the government demonstrated a greater concern for safety.

The freedom of the individual was tied to her ability to live free from fear. When the state did not understand its primary obligation, it could easily give in to alternative priorities. Ennaya mocked this process. She saw it as the basis of corruption. Security was such an amorphous notion. Thus, the populace could easily be controlled. They were not creating the principles for social interaction. Instead, they were submitting to these concepts imposed on them. At the same time, they seemed willing to accede.

Ennaya recognize a state, which became preoccupied with controlling the citizens. That was not the version observed by Resa. Resa felt that these institutions were working with the basic understanding of the people. There was no imposition on the part of the government. They were serving the will of the people. And Resa's mandate flowed from that knowledge.

Resa was not able to shake the confidence of Ennaya. That did not cause her to abandon her theories. She was convinced that Ennaya was caught in her illusions. It was better to abandon her to her own fury.

Resa closed the book and returned home. She was still wound up with this experience. She drank some wine and stared in the air. She was completely overcome. This was not supposed to reach this point. Resa did not feel vulnerable, but this was taking too much time.

What would have happened if she had adopted more forcible means? Could Ennaya outlast her. What skills did Ennaya have?

Sleep deprivation might have proven an effective tool. Resa couldn't imagine that Ennaya's nights were that restful. Ennaya didn't feel that incompetent in her efforts. She didn't need to threaten or to apply physical pressure. Ennaya hardly felt right in herself. It was unlikely that she ever found the hoped-for rest. She was plagued by discomfort. Resa could easily take advantage of these feelings.

Resa did not want to sympathize. She felt no concern for Ennaya. She was not just a criminal. She was a leader. That made her all the more dangerous.

Perhaps, the Director's nightmare was becoming true. People could recognize what was happening to her. And that reflected terribly on the state. She was an antihero. She was courageous. She had loads of admirers. If anything happened to her while she was imprisoned, this would limit the legitimacy of the state.

Resa had the maturity that she would not get caught up in the moment. She would advance the wishes of the state. But she would not intimidate Ennaya. She could discover what she wanted to know simply by constant questions. That gave her a particular advantage.

For all this conviction, what kind of support did this provide for her? Resa did not believe that Ennaya would show the same restraint. Resa was surviving through her understanding of the moral issues. Ennaya was immersed in emotionalism. Perhaps, that is what it made it so difficult for Resa to make real headway. That was probably her real appeal. She was totally without guile.

What would progress mean? This was not a matter of just keeping Ennaya imprisoned. She needed to show more direction. If she was not constructing a security review, she was at least cataloguing key psychological weaknesses in the detainee.

Resa wanted more results. What did she need to do to show a clearer pattern to her efforts? Ennaya needed to be more cooperative. What was the inducement?

Resa could spare the lives of some of Ennaya's associate. She could offer protection to her family. What did the young woman want?

"Nothing that you can give. You want to keep on the intimidation of my people. You cannot buy me off. It hardly works like that."

"Your safety depends on me. Don't doubt that."

Ennaya started to laugh uncontrollably. Resa did not want to allow that. She really did want to hurt her. Did she have a deeper justification?

There was no clarity about the terms of Ennaya's incarceration. She was viewed as a participant in an insurrection. She was declared an enemy of the state. She would only be released if the threat seemed to be neutralized.

When she was at home, Resa was struck by sense of total contentment. Her job offered her that fulfillment. She was part of a greater mission, and there was little that could lead her astray. She was sustained by the comfort that she was able to subdue any enemy. She could close the door, and the ghosts were banished for all time.

Resa needed the distance. There would always be someone. Once Eannya was neutralized, there would be others. Resa did not want to pretend that there was anything that significant about this particular challenge.

What else did Resa have? She had not excelled during her vacation. This work seemed to offer her unique insight. Where else could she attain this high?

The work did not respond to some deeper ambition on her part. She existed at the right place to carry on her vocation. That was enough inspiration in itself.

Where else did this take her. What did Resa understand about the political complexities? She was more attuned to the needs of security services. She was not that fascinated by the governmental operations. She felt that was too much of a distraction.

There was nothing to explain. She needed to do her work. And she was essential in her role. That gave her the necessary calm. She could let it all go. Sleep would come to her. And she loved the blessing provided to her. She slept soundly.

Resa felt that she was becoming too involved in this case. She decided to speak to her superior. Bloc had been keeping up with the transcripts. He had also looked at some of the videos.

“She is trying to get you to identify with her situation. And you are doing your best to resist. But she is still getting under your skin.”

“How could I get it to be different?”

“Ignore her. You feel as if you need to answer everyone one of her arguments. Just make her feel uncomfortable. Keep her on the defensive.”

“For her allies, everyone is a target. And they learn how to be killers in the cradle. They hide bombs in strollers. You and I know who we are dealing with. She does this act that she is a little child. And we are abusing her. She has always been an adult with adult hatred. You cannot give in to her emotions. There is no humanity in her whatsoever. That is why you cannot let her affect you like that. She may seem innocent. But she is trained. She would slice you up in your bed. Don’t let yourself be tricked.”

Resa was feeling inexperienced. She did not want to think that she had made herself that vulnerable. Eannya had left her exposed. And she was doing her best to resist her attacks. Bloc did not doubt her commitment. Anyone would be overwhelmed this pressure. She needed the personal support.

Resa wondered if she was being sacrificed for the project. Would anyone have a chance to fight against these influences. Eannya faced no risks. She could say whatever was on her mind. And Resa was committed to the job. She had to live up to the demands of the job. She was advancing a social awareness.

“Am I taking this too seriously? I can barely keep my breath.”

“You have done this before. And you have not found it all that difficult. She is trying to play you. And she keeps looking more and more innocent. Don’t trust her.”

“I hate to think that I can be taken in that easily.”

“You are not as weak as you think. Don’t let it affect you!”

That didn’t make it any easier for her. She felt that she was going to be sent back into the lion’s den. And the growling was getting louder.

It might have been better to let someone else continue the questioning. But she already understood the situation. Both Bloc and the Director thought that she was softening up Ennaya. It would only be a matter of time.

“Do you think it’s likely that she will shut down?”

“We have to hope that she will feel unable to assert herself. She will prove useless on the outside.”

Ennaya presented a more relentless challenge.

“We were always targets. You have never made any distinction between civilians and combatants. That has only made your citizens part of your calculations. They don’t realize what risks they face. And it is not from us. You exaggerate that threat so that you can make them devote themselves to the state. You have everyone talking the same. They are all victims of the same policies. We know what is going on. Your people blame us. And they keep blaming us more. You have wound up the tension. And you keep tightening.”

“You are saying nothing.”

“You have lost your ability to feel.”

“I grew up with too much violence by your predecessors. What do you have to offer? You have had chances. The world has been sympathetic. For what? For thieves and murderers. That is your nature. No one will ever excuse that.”

“You have jailed a whole people. We have been turned into pariah for living. You are not averse to threatening us. And these threats are real. You push closer and closer. If we do not killed in these constant military operations, we live a slow death without enough food and water. No one could possibly tolerate this.”

Had Bloc helped her to attain a new confidence? She was getting too close. So it seemed even more formidable. She could feel that massive heat.

She couldn’t rely on her rest to give her the strength to complete this process. That also gave Ennaya a chance to recharge herself. She need to show more self-assurance. She needed to complete the process.

The conflict was draining. And Resa could sense total exhaustion. She could barely focus. She was going through the motions, but she could not yield. Ennaya had no idea what Resa was thinking. Resa was more persistent in order to hide her fatigue.

“What was your childhood like? Did you hear the screams in the night. Was your doll crying for you? Have you grown immune to the cries of children. What kind of monster have you become?”

Resa didn’t say a thing.

“Cat’s got your tongue.”

“I could say something if I took your comments seriously. You are trying to goad me by getting personal.”

“What kind of person are you?”

“What kind of person are you? There is poison running in your veins.”

“And what happens when the children scream. When you torture us, do you put your hands on your ears.”

“We do not torture.”

“What you call it? Physical encouragement. I am surprised that you haven’t used it against me.”

“You can’t act all indignant.”

“What will the world know? You cannot hide your deeds.”

“Isn’t that your motto?”

“No, I am learning from you. When was the last time that you shed a tear? You are so much in your head that you don’t realize how you have gone off the rails. You have lost your humanity.”

Ennaya was hitting hard. That was difficult for Resa to withstand. She dismissed the comments of other detainees. She still couldn’t get over the threat posed by Ennaya. Was this what the Director tried to remind her about?

Escaping this situation was no longer going to change anything. Resa was now carrying all these influences with her. Even after Ennaya was led from the room, her words echoed. She did not like to feel this confused. She was a professional who was being exposed by an amateur. This was unnerving. She couldn’t let this continue.

Ennaya made it seem as if her ordeal was much worse than it was. This kind of evidence could be used to influence world opinion. In her mind, Ennaya was detailing everything that happened. She felt that she would be a formidable witness. That was more upsetting to Resa. She was no longer in control of the interrogation. That was exactly what she had not wanted. Ennaya had little basis for her claim. But she was working what she had.

The recovery would have to be more effective. She had not felt that aggression so intensely. She could abandon her fundamental principles. She was protecting the humanitarian values of the society. It was part of a tradition. Other cultures were much more prone to intimidation. These ideas did not respect logic and rational argument. This was a culture base on respect for the individual. There was a value for life. Ennaya was mocking her.

Resa needed a long shower. She really wanted a vacation. She needed to get rid of this germ that was infecting her. She wanted no surprises. But she was losing her grip. What did she have to do to?

Bloc had prepped her. The Director had communicated what was necessary. Why did she feel unsettled. Why couldn’t she use her insights to improve this situation? She had strategies and counter-strategies. She had her intuitions. She could respond well in a crisis. None of this mattered. She needed something unusual.

A child was not supposed to interrupt an adult proceeding. Ennaya was not following protocol. She was not respecting the institutions. This was consistent with her nihilistic bent. That perhaps why she had been so difficult to anticipate. And that disruption needed to be contained. The society could simply assert itself. It wasn’t that difficult.

She would simply have to work to reimpose order. Her opponents had tried to use children before. They were endangering their own young people. This was another level. Ennaya was more articulate. It was as if she had been coached.

If Resa was facing more organized opposition she needed to be more perceptive. She had investigated all these alternatives. She recognized what she might be facing. There was no reason that she would be unable to find a way to pierce the armor. Indeed, she had sufficient awareness to dominate any opponent. Ennaya did not have a worldview, and this would be significant. All along, Resa had used this to her advantage. Ennaya felt more isolated, and there was little that she could do to find her direction.

Resa needed to emphasize that her Ennaya's confinement would be ineliminable. As long as she controlled the story, Ennaya would keep wondering. And that doubt would provide the basis for Resa's eventual triumph.

The Agency continued to reiterate the need to hold Ennaya. Ennaya could complain all that she wanted. International organizations could state their case. But the state maintained that Ennaya posed a danger. She was sympathetic with violent groups engaged in criminal acts.

Resa knew what she was doing. The Agency had policies. The security forces were supportive. Ennaya did not have a valid argument. It was that simple.

When she was asking questions, she could feel upset. But once the door was closed. There was nothing else to be said. That was all that mattered. Resa was competent. Ennaya was powerless. And Resa could emphasize.

She heard Ennaya's laugh echo. Ennaya was again mocking her personal life. Resa felt that her insecurity was evident. She was letting this get to her. And this made her job more difficult. An expert was not supposed to let her private life become an impediment. An expert was supposed to be able to focus her emotions. She was questioning her own skills.

She decided to check in with Bloc.

"Resa, she has nothing better to say. None of this is really about you. You have nothing to worry about. Accept what you've done. It will not be long before she breaks completely."

What kind of break was this? She was digging into Resa with her claws. Resa was shell-shocked.

Resa tried to find consolation in the good words from her superiors. This might have not been the guidance that she needed. But she wanted to make something of it. And told herself that was enough.

"You may complain about my cruelty. We have no choice. You have criminal associates. And you are not being honest with us. You are making this argument about human rights. But you are abrogating your rights. All of your people remain a credible threat. And you are not making it easier for us to address this problem. What choice do we really have? You have tried to insult me. You have shown no respect for the system. We can't show you mercy. There is no mercy in our world."

Ennaya did not say a thing. She glared back. At first, she seemed on the verge of tears. But she showed that she was tough. And she would not let herself be pushed around.

Ennaya had created uncertainty about the legitimacy of the proceedings. She had disturbed Resa's concentration. And Ennaya was unwilling to yield. Indeed, she acted as if she had the upper hand. That was all that seemed to matter. This kind of attitude was eating away at Resa. It wasn't guilt. Only anger. That was enough to shift the balance. And that was that.

Ennaya really did need to get away. She had surrendered too much. She had taken the hit. She did not want to sacrifice anymore. She was not a martyr.

She no longer felt safe.

“You never recognized us as a people. Instead, you have only seen us as killers. You never take any responsibility for driving us from our land. Your history only begins after your crimes. But you do not commit crimes. It is all doing God’s work. You have always seen us as barbaric. We are the pagans driven by blood lust and human sacrifice. Your reign is ordained by providence because you show more restraint. That is your view of humanity. We have been cast into darkness, and you live in light. God appeared uniquely to you.”

“You feel that you have the right to tell the story. And you keep telling the story. That is your only truth. And our words can never be reasonable. We twist the truth. We distort the evidence. It is always the same. All your people fall in line. They believe the same things. They are looking for the least excuse to condemn us. And that justifies any kind of retaliation or preemptive strike. We are damned.”

“You do not feel right with us because you do not feel right with yourselves. No amount of threats or intimidation will do the trick. You cannot destroy us, because we have become your crime. And this crime continues to perpetuate. It grown inside of you. You can belittle us. You can hurt us. But that does not enable you to escape from that fundamental understanding. You see us as rotten to the core. What is inside you? What allows you to be so vicious? You act as if you are inspired by the truth.”

“Do you see who you really are? You know deep it. No amount of hiding it is going to make that go away. You cannot silence me because that troubled voice already rings inside of you.”

Resa had listened to this conversation. All these absurd claims were more just empty words. She was so full of emotion, but she was saying nothing whatsoever. All these generalities and abstractions. She acted as if she was speaking for a downtrodden people. This was self-centered garbage just to hear herself speak.

Resa had again given her the chance to talk on. She had forced herself to listen. She wasn’t hearing something that she didn’t know. This made her feel more resistant to this appeals. Ennaya would never sway her.

She had been momentarily shaken. Now, she was restoring her power. She had little fear about the detainee. She was seeming to be more incapable of representing a significant threat. Ennaya would never understand reality. She would forever be caught in her web of bad influences. She could easily be distracted by glitter. She had given into temptation permanently. She had no restraint. While she was a prisoner, these impulses could be limited.

Resa started to scream, “You know nothing. If you didn’t kill people, you would be playing with dollhouses. You are all insecure children. You pretend that you know. You will always be a little baby. And you are forcing us to deal with your tantrums.”

Ennaya was immediately removed from the room. Resa worked to regain her composure. She wanted to throw something. She had been tolerant. And she was facing the follow up of that barrage. She had been warned by her superiors. That did not make it any easier. She was the one who was facing the personal attacks. And it was difficult to overcome their effects.

No one else had undergone these constant insults. She did not want to feel as if the tables had been turned on her. Resa did not like this imbalance. She needed to reassert a position of leadership.

The session had become so vociferous that Resa wanted to close the book on all this. She has exploded. She wanted nothing to do with Ennaya. At the same time, she felt that she had really struck a blow. Ennaya's attack had been scattershot. And she hoped to hit a target. The force had been immense. But Resa felt that she had countered it. And what was left for Ennaya. She couldn't keep on with the same argument. It was losing its effectiveness. What else did she have left? None of it was working. She was no closer to getting out. That gave Resa a boost. There couldn't be much more of this. The internal pressure would finally crush Ennaya. She couldn't hold it all in.

Resa felt that there wasn't much else to plan. The wall had collapsed. And Ennaya had no more defenses. It wasn't a matter of consulting with her superiors. The end was near. And Resa would find consolation in her success. She was a seasoned pro. These fierce struggles were enough to shake up her opponent. It wouldn't take much to knock her down.

Ennaya was all bravado. Such a pretense could not last. She couldn't hold out that much longer. Resa realized that there was always that point when the tension just exploded. There wasn't much more after that. There couldn't be. This was not a forever. Non one had that much in her to hold on. That was inevitable. That was why she was so adept at her craft. She could sense these rhythms. And she knew when to strike.

Ennaya would be thinking about the blow up. And she would keep wishing that she had have maintained the upper hand. She had talked for a long time. But nothing was being said. Nothing was ever being said. She was just running out of energy. She had no more resources.

Resa couldn't feel sorry for her. Ennaya had come to battle. She had her own take-no-prisoners attitude. For what? What was her real complaint? All these effort were for naught.

Resa needed to push it all out of her mind. She had found success. That was all and good. From this point on there was nothing else to worry about. She could shut the door once and for all.

Resa had some wine when she got home. She needed to let go. She didn't want anyone else to interrupt her flow. She needed to incubate the experience. Then she could come back with a more aggressive attitude. She felt marvelous. She would work out in the morning before the next interrogation. This time she would be fresh. Then she could take a few days off. She had done what she needed to do. This would all show results. That made her overjoyed. At last, success was hers.

"I want to put to rest this myth that our soldiers use your children for target practice."

"I have seen it. It has happened to me."

"You object to us calling you murderers. But this is something else. Do you really think that our well trained soldiers would fire live ammunition at children? Maybe, children are in the vicinity of a commando raid by the criminal element. And they are doing their best to assist civilians. However, we never actually fire at children. You have no right to make those accusations. And those claims are repeated in the international press. And they are used to cast dispersions against our brave people."

"We tell it like we see it."

"You make it up to serve your agenda. And you know that the morethat you repeat lies, the more that they will be accepted."

“When there are murderers everywhere, there are going to be mishaps. But we do our best to maintain social order. We cannot help it if those accidents occur. It is not our doing.”

“We are considered to be criminals whether we do anything or not.”

“You only make excuses.”

“We tell it like it is. We can’t help it if you have problem with the truth.”

“You people have had a choice. You could get along, or you could choose violence. You have never respected our right of survival.”

“You don’t get history right. You always denied our existence as a people. We were already trespassers on our own land. You denied our existence. Then our appearance was a blot on your paradise. We were never inhabitants. You could bulldoze through our homes.”

“Even if any of these things happened, they were accidents. They were a series of unhappy accidents. We have had nothing to do with any of these experience. You make claims about us that have no basis in reality. Look at the statistics. Look at the reality. You are generalizing on events that never occurred. And the international press follows in lockstep. They parrot what you say.”

“Resa, it is the truth. When is that truth going to set in. It is eating away at your soul. What do you have to protect you? That acid eats you away from the inside. The truth is corrosive, and it is going to destroy you.”

“What does any of that performance mean? You have complained for over seventy years. No one believes anything that you say. You do not have history on your side. The world laughs at you. You are endless victims. That is only going to get worse. You are destroying the only hope that you have as individuals.”

“You advance a political system that is based on greater degrees of corruption. It can’t survive otherwise. That is why you try to intimidate us. It gives you an excuse. It is the only thing that creates any sense of coherence in your world. You have an enemy, who you can blame for all the mismanagement.”

“What kind of leadership have your people shown?”

“You wanted to attack a myth. What do you have to defend yourself. You cannot fight back much longer. What do you have to hold you together? What do you have that gives you any credibility at the end of the day. Is there anything that gives you a sense of credibility? What do you want? You are totally empty. There is nothing there!”

“More platitudes.”

“Give us basic human rights. Allow us to flourish. You have tried to belittle our dignity.”

Why wouldn’t Ennaya listen to reason? She was willing to peddle lies. She did not feel averse to continuing the irrationality. What was she protecting? Resa had fought to break down this nonsense, but it continued to prosper. Why couldn’t Ennaya recognize that she was making the plight of her people worse. They continued to protest. They would not obey the law. They did not respect the social order.

Resa couldn’t endure more of these arguments. She felt that she was being personally slighted. She had tried to be sympathetic to this young woman. She was young. She could change her way of thinking. But she did not want to let go of her stubbornness. The agency had the justification to keep her incarcerated. What did she expect to do to change the balance.

Ennaya had no legal arguments. There was no possible appeals. She could be held indefinitely. No one would ever get her out. The state could invent technicalities to continue this process. There was no truth that could serve her. She had already violated any principles of decency. There was nothing protecting her viewpoint. It was that simple.

“You make your own laws. You flaunt any international authority. This will not continue on forever.”

“Where were these authorities when we needed them. We have learned how to trust only ourselves. Who do you trust?”

“Ultimately, we trust the truth.”

Ennaya feared that her opponents would destroy the planet to uphold their regime. That made it necessary for her to remain strong. She could not surrender to anyone who challenged her beliefs.

Resa had expected none of this. She did not realize that someone could remain so strong through interrogation, especially a child. This was a long-used applied strategy. Children could be told what to do. They would follow blindly. She had no fear. That was why Resa could take none of these arguments seriously. And she was getting drawn into this.

Her superiors had been so firm about applying a strategy. This was all so chaotic. She could not embrace the chaos. She could not find comfort in her own arguments. She was on the front lines. Every attack seemed to take hold.

Was a retreat even possible? She had thought that she was victorious. She had been routing her enemy. Then this display. But this was an probably an indication of Ennaya’s own weakness. She could not tell the truth. She hardly understood what was happening to her. These words were not that significant. The actual meaning lay elsewhere.

Resa was an expert. She was supposed to cut through these volleys. She needed to focus her skills. She needed to assert herself. Or perhaps it was better to let it all play itself out. The bluster would subside.

Resa needed to change the tenor of the conversation. She would have to abandon her own resistance. She could let it all glide past her. And it would all be over. No more threat.

Whatever Ennaya said, she ignored. She could not let herself become too involved. That would only make her weaker. This give and take was only meant to wear out Ennaya. It offered no strategic awareness.

What of Ennaya’s allies? What was Resa learning? They had used the girl. She was part of a scheme. She was just as much a victim. So she had limited value as an asset.

Resa felt resentful of the Director. She was being used as a bait. But there was no catch here. She was being used to distract Ennaya’s allies. How would they ever know? There must be some other plan. If there was so much effort wasted on Ennaya, it would distract from some other operation. If Resa understood those developments, she could put together the whole picture. Ennaya was supposed to provide sufficient cover. So she had been fed a story that she could vary and repeat. None of it mattered. This was not meant to be systematic. She was only a distraction. How major was this effort? Ennaya’s relatives were all connected. This was part of the plan. What were they doing while all this was happening?

This seemed to be part of a major operation. It involved a whole organization. This was more than evident. Ennaya was a key component. She represented a strategic effort. So it was

necessary to track all the stages. The depth of Ennaya's story represented how involved was this plot. This was seeming to be so evident.

So the Director was right all along. All these elements could be pieced together. They pointed to a grand scheme. It was critical that this plan would succeed. Everything needed to be hidden. But it was all so evident. It was just about anger and revenge. This was bigger than all of that.

Resa was working feverishly to track down all the details. She needed coherence. Through the disorder, she could sense a pattern. It had been in front of her all the time. The Director had prepared her to see. He had opened her eyes. He had reminded her to be resilient. And she held herself together. She had become emotional. But she kept her wits about her. She was still in charge. She was showing her expertise.

Resa wanted to share her suspicions with the Director.

"I think that you have been right all along. Her relatives are part of unit that are planning some kind of violent attack. I think that I can go further with my estimation. I know that you have either detained these people, they have them under surveillance. But she has offered me valuable clues to time and location. I am prepared to show you what I have gathered. And you can match this with existing intelligence. This goes beyond a credible threat. I am certain that something is about to happen."

The Director thought that the members of the unit could be directed in a way to satisfy the needs of the agency. Resa already understood her role in this operation. But it required more detailed coordination among other agents. Would this necessitate more thorough intimidation of the other detainees? The whole purpose of these techniques was to plant ideas. This could motivate all the detainees to agree on the same story. How would it be possible to organize opposition forces to line up as needed? This was the art of good interrogators. They kept everyone guessing. And Resa was involved in just such an operation. This was a matter of manipulating information in an organized way.

The Director reviewed the report. Resa had finally stumbled on the link that drew the picture together. This was more than the Director could have hoped for. Ennaya's detention served a critical need. Resa now grasped that strategy. It was necessary to keep all these communities on lockdown. As long as free passage was permitted, this posed the greatest threat to the state. Assembly was the beginning of insurrection. A few words could incite rebellious activities. This could include all forms of destruction. It was the duty of the security agencies to isolate the threats. The threats would have to be neutralized. This could maintain order. This could guarantee the preservation of a peaceful society.

Resa needed to be inspired to continue her work. Ennaya had already revealed her unruliness. There was no other way to respond to such affronts to the state. It was clear the smallest acts of resistance were being transformed into something more formidable.

Resa had become particularly attuned to these slight variations. She may have doubted the dangers when she had started these questions. But now it was evident. And she did what she could to strengthen her arguments. This could inform the other agencies in a helpful way. And this assistance could lead to a more systematic approach.

Knowledge functioned in a critical manner. The Director had immersed himself in extensive theories about the enemy. He was the first to alert everyone about the dangers posed

by Ennaya. He understood the culture in an intimate way. Resa had seen similar behavior before. But the Director seemed more informed about this particular situation.

Now, that the agency had used its resources to describe the complete operation, Resa felt that she could better assess the actual role of Ennaya. She noticed special details in her comments that indicated a deeper understanding of those operations. This could serve in further questioning.

Ennaya's own aggressive actions were only a ruse. They were drawing attention away from something far more violent. The state's extreme response to Ennaya would seem to justify a concerted reaction on the part of the enemy. As such, this would appear to be a justified reaction. Ennaya had incensed the military. And they felt that they were acting appropriately. That was so calculated on Ennaya's part.

It seemed that they were seeking a target that could inflict maximum danger. They needed to be careful about casualties. But they would make it look as if the army had overreacted. What was the weakest point for such an attack. Would they attack a religious site?

"You are still trying to create a script for us. Don't you think that we have wised up. That is why you attack civilians. You are trying to catch us off guard. We don't do a thing in defense, and we still get blamed. No one wants to say the ultimate. But we understand where this is going. You have one and only one goal in mind. And we are supposed to watch this."

"Why are you speaking in riddles?"

"It is clear where this is all headed."

What did it mean to explore the nightmare? Ennaya recognized why it was difficult. She was being forced to witness this aggression in all its immediacy. This was no longer implied. The effect was meant to be total. What gave them such confidence? Ennaya knew that they had the larger agenda. And it depended on exaggerating any action on the part of her people. This was even more apparent when she was interacting with Resa. Resa was not hiding her intentions.

Resa could ask to be replaced by another interrogator, but Ennaya was not going to be able to disengage from the interrogations. There were others who would be even more threatening. This made her feel all sick inside. When would this process end?

Resa was powered by this endless exuberance. Ennaya could never upset her from her game. There were ample rewards to make her feel fantastic about her efforts. In contrast, Ennaya felt more and more as if she did not have a voice. That formidable denial was overwhelming.

Where could she retreat? In her heart, she felt as if she was familiar with the critical weaknesses in Resa. She only needed to be patient, and she could reveal these stress points. Perhaps, Resa was expressing a new confidence. That revealed nothing important.

Ennaya felt that she had finally planted a seed. For once, Resa seemed to be expressing her fear. This was representative of a deeper apprehension. Ennaya now felt that she pierced that wall, and the secrets were all evident. That was incredibly difficult. Ennaya felt all the blows. She was bruised, but she would not give in. There was a brilliance in her resilience.

For all her new certainty, Resa started to feel confused. She had expected Ennaya to fold. She would no longer have the will to continue. She was gathering new strength. It was not about some strategic target. This was the target. Everything came down to their battle of wits

What was Ennaya trying to prove? She did not have the abilities to counter Resa's tactics. But she was not breaking down.

Resa had made inroads. She understood the system. She had found concurrence with the Director. Now she was back to square one. She needed to leave all this behind.

She was nursing a drink as she was sitting in a bar. A guy in a suit was trying to stare her down. If only he knew. She wanted to turn him into one of her subjects. There was so much that he could ask him. Was his life centered? What kind of beliefs did he have. Was there any sort of coherence in his life?

He believed that his achievements spoke for themselves. He adjusted his jacket to speak of that conviction. Resa lived to provide these bold achievers with a legitimacy. Was that enough of a justification? She could do what she needed to shake him up. But she would eventually get what she wanted. What a total waste?

Did he understand all the work that she did to give him a chance to be so remarkable? She hardly wanted to get involved. There was nothing essential.

He whispered in her ear she laughed. He acted as if he was revealing a secret code. She knew it all. And she didn't need his revision. Was that all that it took? She couldn't give i to his weak attempts. He would be better served by saving these efforts for his work. He could find more satisfaction in the markets. She was laughing at him. She needed to subtract herself from this situation.

Resa quickly made it home. She felt as if she had betrayed the agency. She had shared her knowledge with someone who did not have her aims. She wanted to forget about all these distractions. Even Ennaya was such a distraction.

Resa needed to reimpose some kind of balance. She had been spun around. That would hardly serve her the next time that she had to meet Ennaya. She needed to closer herself off from all that. She postponed another session. She wanted the Director to offer cleared guidance. Was there such a promise?

The Director could reassure her that Ennaya's strategy was not going to be sufficient. He could break her connection to her compatriots. That would provide Resa with the necessary reassurance. She couldn't let anything else influence her.

If Resa had finally got to the bottom of the conspiracy, how could Eannya continue to represent a threat? The Director could offer her the knowledge to end her wonder. She didn't want to become too invested in the process. She could slowly detach herself. That would enable her to be more precise in her actions.

Despite a desire to create a clearer focus, she realized how Ennaya's attacks were all so random. That did not offer her enough foundation for a systematic defense. She needed to remind herself not to react. None of this made much sense.

Every time that she had developed a plan, Ennaya had thrown her off. She could see this happening again. What was the point of an elaborate scheme if it went nowhere. She couldn't abandon things in mid course. But she did not have a lot of options.

She did not want to turn it into another contest. She could leave the room defeated. Ennaya had no eloquence. What did she want? She was not elaborating a program/ She did not proceed from an ethical understanding. She was a troublemaker. She had no concern about the consequences of what she did or said. She waited for others to balance out thing. Someone else

would take the brunt. This only contributed to more disorder. She was acquiesced to the failed state idea. And there was little that Resa could do to arrest this deterioration.

These constant attack and this lack of concern only betrayed inevitable social decay. She was already participating in a hopeless situation, She did not mind furthering that degeneration.

Resa had prided herself on the coherence of her philosophy. She could feel occasional distraction. But nothing would allow her conviction to lapse.

She needed to work to reconstruct her commitment. She had faced this endless barrage. She did not want to think that she had been too sensitive. All these diversions were taking her away from her mission. She thought that these abstractions would give her a unique foundation to ward off any sense of doubt. She had steeled her will. That made her such a valuable interrogator. She worked to fit every bit of evidence to this dominant vision.

Resa was dealing with people who had no respect for social stability. They had abandoned any moral awareness. Despite her overall perspective, she felt isolated. Neither Bloc nor the Director could offer the needed coherence. Where could she find the essential knowledge? She wished that her spiritual inspiration might offer what she truly needed. But that faith was based on her skills as an interrogator. It wasn't so much elevating transcendent awareness. Instead, she relied on a verifiable truth. This wasn't a science so much as a way of being. She needed to remain steadfast amidst any threats.

Who could help her to reinforce that awareness? She appeared to need conflict to give her the necessary motivation. The society could only maintain itself if it was constantly challenged. She had not created Ennaya, but she might as well have given her the needed objection. So she could battle back against these attacks. She could prove that all this was groundless.

In the massive darkness of the endless night, Resa used ideas as a shining fortress. And this intricate architecture could survive any invasion. This system was so elaborate. And it satisfied all her needs. She was a marvelous veteran of combat. She relied upon the fierceness. She seemed to want something more.

She had recognized her blood lust. She was a shark circling a helpless prey. And her head was filled with this magnificent zeal. She would not rest until she had vanquished her enemy. But there was nothing humane in this resolution.

She needed to take a breath. She had fought Ennaya under the pretext that her culture was more humane. It did not give in to the pagan embrace of sacrifice. It engorged by the love of blood. But there was more to this. This abstraction was something else. She delighted in the submission of these detainees. This blessed her with an elemental power. Nothing could disrupt her countenance.

How could Ennaya ever hope to overcome this dominant spirit? Resa could dismiss all her efforts. She was a grand spirit. And she was not willing to yield.

Resa was getting more absorbed by the myth. She needed to check herself. What were the limits to this way thinking? If she lacked this knowledge, she could not have succeeded. She was pre-eminent soul. She could outlast Ennaya. She was triumphant. No wonder they needed to threaten Ennaya's people. They did not share the same eternity.

Resa's culture existed in this sense of the now. It could level any opponent. It could eliminate any contrary view. It did not allow any contradiction. It existed in perfect logic. Resa

was the perfect manifestation. She could show this glory at any moment. She could glare Ennaya in the eye and turn away. She showed her no mercy.

Resa brought her new zeal to the next meeting. She did not give Ennaya the chance to talk. She demonstrated her viciousness. That confirmed her new awareness. She felt more than powerful. She was totally in control. She made a fist to show her new strength. She dismissed her opponent.

She went home all excited. She could not contain her glee. Ennaya was no longer anything to worry about. The Director could complete the task. Eventually, she would be unable to do a thing. She would exist in a fog. Her identity would be robbed from her. And she would have nothing left. She would spend the rest of her days sleepwalking. She would not prove to be a leader of her people. She would submit to a higher authority. She would surrender to an impenetrable logic. She would have nothing else to protect her.

Resa reviewed her notes with a new sense of exultation. She could close the book on this monstrosity. She reveled in a total comprehension of the truth.

What was the recognition which provided this new certainty? This was an ancient belief. Ennaya had tried to challenge her view of nature. She pretended that Resa inhabited this lifeless abstraction. But she connected to a more fundamental belief. And she was not afraid to proclaim that awareness. No one else could stand in her way.

It was more than a blessing from the heavens. She had discovered this harmony for herself. And that gave her a greater courage.

She reported to the Director, and he was even more supportive. She had finally applied all these tactics. And she demonstrated how efficient she was. She had not realize how difficult this would be. But she had found unique accomplishment in working through her challenges. She felt invincible. She was protecting people who depended on her skills. She was bringing peace to the society. She had attained the summit of these efforts. She had no equals.

The guards made a special effort to look in on Ennaya. They needed to make sure that this would prove to be totally successful. It was essential to make sure how she was holding up. They could not afford to mess this up.

For Resa, this no longer seemed to be about Ennaya. She needed information. She had obtained what she needed. There were new benchmarks. The Director was going to expand upon his program.

What had she learned from this association. She had a special expertise. And it proven its worth. She had nothing to worry about in the future. She had innovated in a marvelous way. She had even risked her own sanity. But she had maintained a concern for her primal faith. And no one would be able to push back against her.

Perhaps, Resa had shown too much impatience for others. She could not have dealt with it in any other way. Ennaya needed to be taken seriously. At the same time, she needed to be confronted. She needed to be worn down.

With her focus, she was able to beat back any abstraction. She was able to do what was necessary for the state. She had excelled in her work. Now, she would be rewarded for being so adamant.

For the time being, she put it all out of her mind. She did not see herself as an interrogator. She was a seer. And she had been able to advance her view of the world. This

had made her so adept. She would not let any setback slow her down. She had been relentless. And her relentlessness had proven to be praiseworthy

Resa could have been led astray. There was so much delusion surrounding her. She found constancy in her personality. She had a fund of strength. She had explored the wilderness, and she realized that she could accept any obstacle and not be deterred.

She became too immersed in the aftermath. She needed to detach. She sat in her couch and stared into space. What could she do to follow this triumph. What remained?

There were other opponents of the state. This was a people replete with murderous intent. Resa was only peeling back these layers. She was starting to understand all the aspects of the opposition.

She hated to think that the state survived on its enemies. How could these threats offer the basis for a profound social philosophy? She needed to enhance her beliefs. These ideas had served her so well. She could make them work in an even more effective way.

It was not too much to have considered Ennaya an enemy. She would have used any means to advance her beliefs. She could excuse any crime. How could any state abide with people like this?

She did not want to think about Ennaya. She needed to clear her mind once and for all. She needed to find a purity in herself. That would be sufficient. She thought through her argument.

“When a culture allows its people to practice murder, then the whole group needs to be held accountable for the actions of some individuals. This collective responsibility reflects a characteristic that is symptomatic of the culture. Young people are not taught about responsibility. And this animalistic barbarism continues as they grow older. Then they have no respect for law. Some critics of our policy might say that our response is disproportionate. But these behaviors are manifested throughout the culture. We need to do what we can to eliminate their influence.”

“You open the door, that protects these deviants, and you recognize that it is a whole lot worse than you could have imagined it. They are all participating in this aberrant behavior. There is no respect for life. How else can you respond?”

She swung open that door, and she was staring at all the scum of the earth. These people had no excuse. What other reaction was possible? An individual needed to protect herself. Even the surrounding crowd felt the same way. It didn't matter to them who was going to get injured. It was all the responsibility of these adventurers. They had no respect for law, and they were willing to jeopardize everyone.

Resa subscribed to a social contract, which tried to minimize civilian casualties. The desire to protect the citizens was paramount. It didn't matter who it was. The enemy lived by a contrary view. No wonder, there needed to be a concerted effort to oppose their actions. If there seemed to be a disproportionate character about these responses, it was all about protecting the society and advancing its values.

“If society has developed to this stage, that is a natural evolution. You can complain about the autocratic nature of law. But we have no choice. The alternative is anarchy. Despite all our efforts, this society is only getting more dangerous. We are doing our best to prevent threats to the people.”

In fact, Resa believed that the security forces needed to be more vigilant in fighting against the enemy. The society would not survive if these detrimental influences continued to operate. That put greater pressure on her. But it also reminded that she would have to do so much more to find success. It wasn't a matter of going light on Ennaya. She represented a whole way of thinking that needed to be ended once and for all.

Resa had previously considered these ideas as a disease. She felt that she had more evidence to confirm her beliefs. That was why she could not show mercy to Ennaya. Ennaya tried to demonstrate leadership to her people. Therefore, she wanted convince other to follow suit. And that would only make the challenges more extreme. This kind of tolerance was become widespread. Ennaya had fought to end this kind of allegiance. This had become overwhelming. The infection was uncontrollable. Resa needed to create new methods to contain the contagion.

When she looked at Ennaya, she could sense all that upset. She wanted a remedy. She did not want to feel weakened by these effects. A healthy approach needed to be thorough. It needed to isolate the infection at every stage. A doctor would meet that disease with a heavy dose. There was no letting up. Resa did not want to be a victim. And she realized how Ennaya had already been overcome. She needed to counteract these feelings.

Sometimes, the remedy could not help the individual. It could only limit the infection. And Resa needed to apply her skills to protect the wellbeing of everyone. This would be an incredible struggle. What was the basis for this battle? The infection was a potent germ. And it had been perfected to maximum effect.

How would medical experts apply scientific techniques in order to arrest infection? This commitment required a real understanding of the etiology of the disease. Such knowledge came from an immense effort to track the behavior of the germs. In this case, these germs originated in a way of thinking. That made it even more urgent to stop the problem at the source.

She kept repeating that this people had little respect for law. It was more than that. They had no concern for human life. She felt like a surgeon, who was striving to bring the patient back from the brink. In contrast, she was dealing with people, who would leave the patient suffering on the operating table. There would be no urgency. That was how an irresponsible professional would act. Resa had developed her concerns after years of examining the causes of this disease. Ennaya was a bit of anomaly. She might have seemed to be an example of someone who had not been touched by these currents. But Resa could see the actual basis for her ideas. That made it obvious how threatening that she was. She was a more potent for of this disease. Therefore she needed to be challenged immediately. Otherwise, she could provide the motivation to spread this infection. The state could not allow these notions to fester. It was all the more necessary to show coherent direction.

Resa had reviewed all this challenges. That only made her more circumspect. She was not going to let down her defenses. At no point did she let Ennaya dominate the interaction. She realized how she needed to be tough. This was clearly the only basis for ending this epidemic. Staying tough was essential. What really mattered to her? She needed to monitor the changes in this disease. She hoped that there would finally be a breakthrough. And she believed that her interrogation was that critical factor. This added to her sense of a mission. With a clear head, she could chart a clear plan. She could gage the changes in the infection. She could take steps to

alter the picture. This made her more of an active player in these events. She was getting deeper and deeper into these events. She was shaping the story to advance her beliefs.

The infection disease model helped the interrogator recognize the importance of her intervention. She could be an active player in ending these kinds of events. That would empower the team. The team members could expand their operations. They deal with any further episodes. They would be able to block the systematic effects of the enemy. This could create a unified front.

The random character of Ennaya's comments could be dealt with more effectively with this new model. This demonstrated a more coherent plan to address the danger. Like any germ, Ennaya might not seem so potent until the total behavior could be understood. This revealed deeper features of her actions. Resa could see the network of all these effects.

Resa realized that she only needed to run out the clock on Ennaya. Her effectiveness would become more and more limited. Then she could be totally neutralized.

"If you practice assassination against our leaders, and it does not lead to any changes in our attitudes, are you going to have to kill all of us just to prove that your strategy works. Is that what you are doing now? You think that we are going to abolish our militancy. That only makes us more unified. We no longer think of these people as extremists. You have shown us the most extreme side of your beliefs. How can we ever trust anything that you say? You claim that you want peace, but you wouldn't mind doing away with all of us."

"You wouldn't say any of this if you were indeed peaceful people. You get a thrill by killing others."

Ennaya could keep rambling on with all these character attacks, but it would not diminish from her attachment to violence. She could not hide her basic attachment to social disorder. Thieves and murderers were extolled as wonderful people. Without any real social structure, they could rise to the top. No wonder Resa adopted such a derisive attitude.

Resa couldn't think of them as people. She imagined howling dogs echoing in the night. The saliva dripped from their chins. They were hunting their prey. Resa couldn't sit by and allow these behaviors to set in. This was hideous.

The infection could not be stemmed. It had gone too far. It had touched the whole body. There was no place of wellbeing. The rot filled the water. And it contaminated the air. When such a threat is universal, there is little alternative. The state needs to crush the opposition once and for all. This is not a different kind of thinking. It was the wrong way of being. And it was engulfing everyone.

The more that she talked with Ennaya, the more that she recognized that there was no compromise. If these beliefs were not stamped out, they would spread. And the inevitable result would be a total inability to ever rid the country of this putrefaction. What else would be possible after this decay? In societies overrun with the plague, growth ceased. Bodies were piled on top of each other. Giant fires were set. And the infection needed to be burned out once and for all. Nothing would remain.

How could there be any hope after this disaster? Resa had an important responsibility. She needed to prevent events from degenerating to that point. And she understood how this was an immense commitment. Everything stood out for her in such stark terms.

The infection still predominated. Ennaya could pretend that she was not overwhelmed by this attitude. It was universal. She provided no indication that she could resist these views. She reflected the beliefs of her relatives. They were all of one mind. They were all touched by the kiss of death.

Resa had contributed to a functional society, which had brought the results of modern technology to countless people. This philosophy had instilled hard work and great accomplishments. Resa had grown up with this vision. She was convinced that her hopes would be realized. She felt as if she would have to defend these beliefs. Ennaya had represented a major challenge.

Resa was inspired to battle against her enemies. They did not appreciate these wonderful blessings for the region. They had brought a magnificent civilization to the wilderness.

“All they have to do is put a child’s face on their crimes, and these human rights activists will scream bloody murder. We spend all our efforts trying to protect democracy and ethical standards, and we are berated by the international press. This is hardly fair.”

“It was a calculated effort to find someone who be the representative of their repressive policies.”

“How can anyone expect her to stand for much of anything? After all, what does she even know about the world?”

“If we can eliminate all their leaders, they will not be able develop any kind of strategic plan. They will be isolated. And we can move on whoever is left.”

Resa analyzed all these plans to challenge the enemy. She truly felt that she had an expertise about what was necessary. She had an intimate knowledge of the psychology of her enemies. She could communicate this insight to others. That also enabled her to apply these principles in a systematic manner. This social awareness allowed her to advance her outlook. This would encourage a strong basis to degenerate the power of the opposition. It was important to gain the upper hand. The enemy did not have a full appreciation what was happening. They were trying to win a propaganda war. But there was no grounding in evidence.

Resa recognized when force needed to be applied. And there were occasions when enemies need to be killed. But she had developed clear methods for gaining control of the situation. She could anticipate any argument.

Resa felt as if her attitude was primarily defensive. Many of these detainees represented such a potent threat to the state that they deserved never to be released. However, if they were neutralized, then they could help to reveal their contacts. And the rest of the organization could be described.

“And how are you different? It is more likely that you will threaten the civilian population. And you seem so eloquent when you talk about ethics. No one is fooled by your principles, Resa.”

Ennaya recognized how Resa lacked actual self-consciousness. She created her own beliefs to cover the actual behavior of the state. It was never about the defense of anything. Resa represented an elite caste, who realized that their survival depended on the demonization of the enemy. She had spent all her life under this illusion. And it would persist. The militarization of the state made it impossible to oppose the government without validating its supposed legitimacy.

Any enemy commander had a history of engaging the military and attacking civilian targets. That made them seem as totally barbaric. The state had such practices on a massive scale. But their actions were excused in the interests of the defense of natural right. But such policies could never inhere if resources were distributed equally to all residents. Even the citizens felt the brunt of these policies. Some were caught up in the crossfire, but many realized how they were all pawns.

Ennaya thought that there might be some kind of light. She could advance an activist commitment to justice. This could serve all people. But she was already perceived as a serious violator of the law. The belief was her minor infractions were part of more insistent commitment to lawlessness. She was part of an organized conspiracy. What she said revealed so much more about what she thought. And this facilitated more radical actions.

Ennaya wondered, "What are the spoils of battle?"

She realized the expectations of the intelligence services. They were carrying on the dominant beliefs of the state. Leave no stone unturned. There were innumerable treasures if the people were drained of all that they were worth. Ennaya was driving a hard bargain. But Resa was sure that she had made headway. All that remained was Ennaya's desperation.

For all her efforts, Resa needed more of an effort. She was convinced that she had decreased the threat level of the cell connected to Ennaya. Moreover, this group had connections to other cells. But Resa felt that she had elicited enough information to limit the effectiveness of these groups. What did Ennaya have left? She would still mouth these platitudes. Resa believed that she was no automatic. There was nothing to worry about anymore.

Resa could still feel these fires stir. What might it take to bring them back to life? She did what she could to repress these influences. Deep in herself, she could sense that voice continue to resonate. She wanted to silence it once and for. The reverberation continued within her. This was not how it was supposed to be. There was nothing in her life that made her anything like Ennaya. Resa did not hold the same view about the world. Ennaya believed that she herself was the center of a political transformation. Resa felt that she was serving a belief. She was doing what she could to defend against Ennaya's philosophy. She felt that the ends justified the means. So anything was permitted.

In contrast, Resa thought that emergency means should only be marshaled when the state faced a serious threat. For years, this threat had continued to persist. At this point, there was an attempt to normalize this kind of thinking. This required more of a commitment to address this danger.

Resa recognized a dialogue going on inside of her. She needed to quiet down the contrary voice. She had spent so much time enhancing her belief. It was no longer a single principle. She had discovered ample evidence to bolster her arguments. Why couldn't she overcome her opponent?

Resa did not want to admit to any doubts on her part. She had not met a formidable debater. Instead she had key questions about her own understanding. How was that even possible? She had beat back any attempts on the part of Resa. Moreover, Ennaya hardly had the strength to counteract her. But this spark continued to burn brighter. Resa could not allow this.

Why was Resa even allowing this. She really didn't have misgivings. But she could sense that her own guilt was permitting the accession of these negative ideas. This was not

consistent with her fundamental beliefs. However, she was beset by this immense contradiction that she could not dispel. Ennaya could play the role of the helpless child. Resa knew what this was all about. She could feel herself wear down.

This wayward child haunted her apartment. There Ennaya had all the answers. Resa felt that she was an ogre. And her doubts made her wonder about her role. She did not want to think what it was like to go back to the cell. Was Ennaya harassed by the guards? Was she held in solitary? Did she have to deal with other detainees?

Ennaya had sacrificed her childhood to this movement. Resa could hardly make any excuses for her. That did not diminish her present sympathies. This was not supposed to be like this. There was not supposed to be this kind of concern. Resa needed to assume that the facility did what was necessary to protect the people. These prisoners needed to be separated from the population.

Resa did not have tears to feel sorry for anyone. That was not her job. She could not live like that. There was no possibility to identify with detainees. That would only limit her effectiveness. If she believed that there were flaws in her argument, then she would demonstrate her weakness. She put all these thoughts out of her mind.

The constant influences of Ennaya remained. Resa felt that she was not being all that assertive. She was letting her emotions interfere with her work. She could not compromise her professionalism. Fortunately, she was having these thoughts at home. So they did not directly interfere.

Her guilt became more insistent. She wished that she could dispel this feeling. She did not sense an inherent connection Ennaya. In some ways, she imagined that Ennaya had abdicated part of her humanity by her beliefs. This seemed to be quite a bold idea on Resa's part. How else could she think?

She had erected this wall that necessary for her survival. And she had fortified this attitude. That meant that she felt less able to offer any sympathy. Resa gritted her teeth. And she reinforced her beliefs. She was not going to give in. She needed to be stubborn.

Resa could not discover enough resilience. This was a more powerful interruption. And she had little to use in her defense. She could no longer find protection in the blessings of the state. That distracted her. She had lost her focus.

Resa almost felt used. She had given so much of herself to her work. And it did not seem to be paying off for her. She was feeling the isolation. She almost knew too much to enable her to survive.

What had happened to her sense of reassurance? She could hardly let a child disrupt her countenance. Her interrogation was based on facts and detailed evidence. Ennaya should not have been able to challenge the dominant narrative. She had no basis for her claims. Resa had reviewed these principles again and again. She had a body of argument. It was authoritative.

The Director had been able to offer substantial support for Resa. That offered little consolation at this moment. She tried to draw on this connection. It was not there. It continued to seem remote.

Resa needed to find some new legitimacy. She felt that her nerves were frayed. Her emotions told her little. Even if Ennaya could not articulate all her arguments, she retained a fundamental realization, which continued to provoke a threat. How could anyone go along with

this kind of thinking? It was almost impossible for her to imagine it any differently. And Resa was seeing this resistance that would not fade.

This no longer had anything to do with Ennaya. Resa was letting this belief overtake her on its own. She felt helpless. This was such an affront to all her beliefs.

Resa had seen herself as exemplary. Her own accomplishments had reinforced her in this thinking. She was recognizing something, which seemed to limit her insight. She no longer saw herself as a luminary. She couldn't give in to this letdown.

Personality was taking over for facts. Resa had always been so successful because she was not subject to these emotional appeals. Her strength was rooted in her unwavering logic. This was hardly an occasion to alter that understanding.

Each time that she reviewed Ennaya's arguments, she found no basis for the beliefs. What was getting in Resa's way? There was this barrier, which continued its effect. And that voice continued to echo.

Resa was immersed in the horror. This harmless child released all this vengeance. How could Resa respond? Ennaya seemed to attain a special power. Her language seemed much more convincing.

There was no longer a possible appeal to the Director. Bloc could not guide her. She was on her own. How could this child discover the means to weaken her arguments. The reassurances of the state were lost. She could not recognize how to advance her ideals. She was continuing to intimidate a young woman. She was persecuting someone for her own aggrandizement.

Resa had worked so hard to articulate her beliefs. She had an historical knowledge to strengthen her beliefs. How could Ennaya hope to offer any challenge? What ideas did she have on her side. None of that mattered anymore. This was no longer a matter of solid argument. This was so fundamental to existence.

Resa had seen Ennaya's compatriots as barbaric. But Resa was pushing a more extreme barbarism. She entertained no mercy.

Resa was not being held in a cell. She was not intimidated by an interrogator. She was not separated from her people. She did not face threats. Resa could not imagine the full range of indignities that she suffered.

There was a stillness in the apartment. Resa experienced this immense longing. She wished that she could dissipate the suffering endured by Ennaya. But she also had a side, which was based in a more extreme form of cruelty. She was denying herself. And she felt the hollow impress itself relentlessly.

As she thought about this cruelty, Resa guilt increased. She lived in a world where this pain seemed interminable. She depended on the system to quiet the cries. She did not want to feel the aggression. But she could not let it go. She was imbued with this violent streak.

The job impressed itself on her. It brought a mercilessness. She needed to enforce this yoke. That was expected. That was what made her good at what she did. She would not let herself be dissuaded.

These boundaries started to dissipate. She could find what her courage. She was allowing Ennaya's spirit to predominate.

Was she meant to free Ennaya? Was there exculpatory evidence, which would prove beneficial to her. Resa felt denied. This system started to engulf her. She could no longer control the process.

Was it that simple? The human argument could hardly account for the full range of trauma suffered by her people. This was something else. She did not want to think that she could ever allow Ennaya's pain to touch her. Resa could not assuage Ennaya's feelings of rejection. Ennaya was only taking advantage of these feelings. That was all that she could do. For that reason, she could never find a fundamental concern for the detainee.

Ennaya was being detained for the protection of the state. Her monstrosity was part of her nature. No matter how someone might find concern, Resa could not care any more. She could abide by the rules. She could advance ethical principles. But she could never identify. This would be an extreme contradiction with her personality. No one could ever be affected by this weakness.

Ennaya had not let a violent operation. But her beliefs were consistent with such an aggressive intent. What was Resa seeing?

Resa went over her arguments again and again. That was no longer enough. She saw an image of Ennaya, looking back at her. And she could no longer get over this sensation

Resa was having trouble breathing. She had felt this way before. She had been able to find relief. This was not some kind of test. She was facing her own confusion. Nothing could help her to contain her distractions.

She wanted to review her notes again. That would offer a clear purpose. She could see why she had been so convinced by her reasoning. And there was nothing that Ennaya could do to fight back. But that was hardly enough, not now.

What did Ennaya have in her favor? Was Resa content. Ennaya had an air of nonchalance. Even if she was being held in solitary, she did not let it destroy her. She kept having the ability to bounce back. Resa wanted that same reassurance.

Ennaya had been good at following commands. She knew what she had been expected from since she was young. The society had opened a place for her. And she naturally acceded to this opportunity. Why should any of this change? Ennaya had no knowledge about any of this. What did she defend? She collaborated with devious people. She advanced a perverse view of human interaction. Resa could discover nothing redeeming in her beliefs.

Resa felt as if Ennaya had total license. She could say whatever she pleased. Resa was protecting something sacred. She needed to take care. But she was losing her conviction. She felt prone to error.

When facing such an insurmountable obstacle, Resa felt that there was nothing she could do to prevent Ennaya's affront. This was brilliant in its originality. The state was being brought to its knees. That was ridiculous. Resa would need to demonstrate her prowess.

Ennaya was a plant. The enemy thought that they could engage her to threaten the social order. That was hardly the effect. Resa had been able to render the threat useless. Ennaya could act the part. But she did not have an edge. She was only another victim. And nothing that she could do would change a thing. The state could act without restraint. The people accepted this order. That was all that mattered.

Why was Resa feeling guilty? She could do what she pleased. Someone had tried to restrict the effectiveness of the intelligence services. Such an attempt got nowhere. Resa had nothing to worry about. She repeated that realization.

What was preventing her from applying her knowledge? Ennaya again offered her innocence. There was little that Resa could do.

This was no longer supposed to be deep. This was elemental. And that was that!

The haunting continued. The voice became more prominent. Resa tried to resurrect her defenses. There was too much in the way. All this interference was crowding her head space.

It wasn't enough to have the understanding. Resa needed to execute. And her success need to impress itself from the beginning to the conclusion. But she was becoming lost before the final determination.

The ghost was becoming more oppressive. Resa needed special abilities. She did not want to give in. This seemed like a new form of psychological warfare. She had created her own enemy. That seemed to be Resa's expertise. And Ennaya was using it against her.

Ennaya seemed to be creating a total picture. She had discovered the weaknesses. She was using Resa's methods against her. This was hardly fair. Resa needed to become stronger. She needed to resist.

Resa smiled. This all seemed to be nonsense. Ennaya did not have special skills at her disposal. These lapses were empowering Ennaya.

Resa worked to clear her mind. It was not working. She imagined that she was a witness in military court. And she was hearing the charges against members of the security forces. There were the grimaces by the families of the victims. Many had been shot in the back. There were unarmed. They had been caught at security checkpoints. Or they were demonstrating. Or these were people who were caught in crossfire. Nevertheless, the patterns of the bullets indicated that all seemed to have been targeted. And the shooters would all walk. Even if there was an extensive effort to conduct an investigation, it was all for show.

On her own, she would not have brought up these memories. But the words of Ennaya continued to echo. And she worked to impress Resa with every single detail of these incidents. Resa was remembering from Ennaya's point of view. This was not like her. This was all part of the propaganda. And she had been expected to counteract these versions. Her whole facade was cracking. She did not want to give in to this perspective. However, it could be the only way that she could subdue the influences.

Resa did not want to surrender her integrity. She had prided herself on her ability to maintain an even disposition. But she felt a little overwhelmed. She had resisted Ennaya. But she now found that was identifying with her. That was dangerous for her position. This went beyond a sense of justice. She was facing an implacable enemy. And her own uncertainty only made her more vulnerable to these arguments.

The Director had reinforced Resa's beliefs. There could be no sympathy for the enemy. The state was instituted to protect the citizens and advance the development of everyone. The enemy resented this social contract. And they were doing what they could to diminish the role of the individual. They claimed that there had been some injustice, which denied them opportunity. These were people who did not recognize the appeals of opportunity. They wanted all the advantage to pass to them.

“We are a people in captivity. Every action is monitored. And we face humiliation by passing through security checkpoints, where guards punish us even for flinching. This is not just.”

“You argue for this abstract concept of justice. But you support seeking vengeance against innocent citizens.”

“You can quote our words against us. But your actions are evidence of a pattern of intimidation. Whether we go along or demonstrate against these policies, it makes no difference. Was are all the victims of indiscriminate punishment.”

How could these arguments continue to emanate from Resa’s mind? At this moment, Ennaya was supposed to be the furthest thing from her thoughts. Here she was making her stand. Resa needed to figure out how she had let herself become so impressionable. Ennaya had seemed less of a threat. She was totally worn down. There didn’t seem to be much left to advance her beliefs. But Resa was now immersed in her confusion.

“Ennaya, even if you assert that you are upholding the principles of justice, you are still defending a murderous organization.”

“So you use jets to strafe a civilian population.”

“That is where the criminals hide. All of you conspire together.”

“Babies too?”

“You are the on who send missiles against apartment complexes.”

“That gives you to right to hold a whole people imprisoned.”

“None of you can be trusted. We can’t take chances. We do our best. But if we let down our guard, there would be no social order.”

Resa was sure that she still could marshal strong arguments against Ennaya. But she was not sure that she said what needed to be asserted when she had the chance. How was she letting this transpire? She had the right strategy; however, she was not applying it when she needed it. There was too much regret in her way of thinking. That seemed to feed a more aggressive outlook.

Resa’s success developed by her ability to create a wall between herself and her opposition. She could understand their arguments, but she was not going to get taken in by their beliefs. She was finding it more difficult to nurture her objectivity. She questioned the advisability of this approach. Perhaps, the prisoners need to face a more extreme discipline. She had been recruited because her psychological methods were thought to be more effective. It now appeared as if Ennaya had found a way to overcome Resa’s technique.

Resa analyzed what had happened. Ennaya now lacked the will to fight back. But Resa sensed that there was still something that made it impossible to claim victory. Ennaya had confronted Resa’s ethical awareness. And she also involved Resa in this constant give and take. Resa would not admit that Ennaya was getting the upper hand. However, she was losing her confidence. The interrogations had not been following procedure. The Director could have intervened. He chose to let the process work its way out. No one had anything to fear from Ennaya.

Resa wanted to believe that she could shut out any intruder. Ennaya may have been resistant during the interrogation. But she could not violate this space. Her she was safe. It was hardly as easy as it seemed. Ennaya might as well have been sitting across from her on the living

room couch. She peered at Resa. She was dooming the overall experience. She acted as if she knew the out. And she could use it against Resa. They could martyr Ennaya, but she would continue to inspire her people. And that could be an even greater danger. Already the people felt victimized, but this would give greater legitimacy to the cause. This view might also affect the citizenry. They could question the system. They could undercut the values that Resa had defended with such urgency.

Resa had never imagined meeting such a formidable opponent. Really, what skills did Ennaya offer. She had not been trained by the organization. Even that view contradicted a basic premise of the agency. They were all inculcated from birth. It was something in their makeup that made them so prone to violence. Resa imagined all these bad seeds in the cradle. Each was asking for a comfort that did not exist.

Resa could not offer mercy. She could not betray her humanity by giving in to Ennaya's helplessness. Ennaya had the heart of a viper. Even the slightest concern would give her more venom to articulate her viciousness. These gestures were all insidious. Resa could feel this rip her from the inside. She could not allow this to touch her. She had more spirit. She had greater strength. She needed to find her courage.

Ennaya seemed to imply that the original sin developed from Resa's beliefs. The agency was maintaining this extreme cultural denial. This worked to continue the oppression. Ennaya made Resa feel that she was the worst. She was not simply defending a social order. She was acting it out in a most extreme way. She was perfecting its implementation. The state could enforce the inequity. Resa was mounting a vigorous defense. She was everything in the fortification of this ideology.

Resa was not allowing for any variation. The state was protecting a sacred order. Ennaya had no respect for this urgent need. And her example was consistent with all her people. The world had permitted two principles of development. One was based on a commitment to law. The other permitted the sanctioning of any emotion. It gave total license to the individual. Any means justified a supposed end. Eventually this became the embrace of aggression for its own sake. The state could never allow this disintegration.

In reviewing these principles, Resa again found her resilience. She could beat back any argument from Ennaya. And she was not going to give in to emotions. Ennaya had not discovered a method. She was all scattershot. And this hardly amounted for anything. But it had distracted Resa. Resa really felt that she could get her bearings back. But they seemed to elude her.

The apartment did not offer the expected refuge. Resa was now closed in with her doubts. That caused her to identify more with Ennaya. If she felt confusion, she wanted someone who could understand the foundation of these feelings. She was so deep in this struggle that she was sure no one would grasp her misgivings.

Resa needed to get out. After a drink, she was sure that the others in the bar might sympathize more with her plight. She couldn't really explain things. But she could learn from their experience. Didn't everyone share the same qualms about his life?

Resa tried to drain this feeling from the people who she watched. Could they offer her some solace? She would watch their reactions. And she felt close to their lives. Did she always see herself as an interrogator. These were the ones who she was protecting. Had Ennaya

confronted their complacency? What did Ennaya recognize that was eluding Resa. Each person here was just as committed to the same success story. They relied on Resa to give them a purpose. And Resa could give them what she needed. But her resentment started to well up.

She could not imagine intimidating the guys here. That was hardly social. She was here to take her mind off of work. She did not want to be reminded of the power. She took another drink. She wanted to let it all vanish.

He stared at Resa as she made her way through the crowd. She could only laugh. Where was this going to work?

These young men could all rest easier. None of them really had the skill. But each one assumed that he was more gifted. How would they fare if they went against someone with a deep awareness. They would feel that their meager abilities were confronted by something incredible. And that immense longing would be too much to think about. That was hardly something for them to worry about.

Resa had cast off the ghosts for the time being. The haunting was not permanent. If Resa was this forlorn, then Ennaya was lost in her bewilderment.

Resa was going to take more time away from the interrogation. She would work to perfect her theory. That could give her a new conviction about this experience. She had surrendered to much of herself. She could find a faith to instil total devotion to the process. Thus, she could finally dispel any permanence to this challenge. She had reestablished a balance.

If she was going to continue on with this knowledge, she would have to crystalize her realization. For the time being, Ennaya could continue to be disruptive. She was moving beyond this interaction. She needed to find a way to shut that book once and for all. That meant giving more credibility to her arguments. She had not yielded to the emotional appeals. She would not let herself be derailed from her fervent belief.

Ennaya was only a minor episode in the greater mission that she elaborated. Once, Ennaya disappeared from her life, she could file this experience. She could draw clear boundaries. And she could move on.

There were serious questions about the eventual disposition of the detainee. Resa was doing her job. The Director would participate in the final decision. Resa offered important evidence. That made the process so effective.

Despite her acute awareness, she understood that Ennaya offered new challenges. She would have to resolve some key questions to complete the work.

Resa had come too far along. She recognized how this detainee had a key ability to engage followers. And she had been adept at limiting Resa's abilities. Resa was convinced that he had been able to subdue the effects of Ennaya's charm.

Ennaya insuperable nature was hardly the challenge. How could she truly be effective at convincing others? What did she have that would enable her to tame their waywardness? There had been nothing of real significance. Resa had successfully dodged these obstacles. Did Ennaya have the independence, which would truly enable her to create a coherent argument. Everything was coming apart as Resa applied the pressure. She needed to make sure that she did not also succumb. Resa had expended so much energy in battling her foe. She could let that represent a weakness on her part. She wasn't that susceptible.

Resa was buttressed by the philosophy that she constructed. She was certain that gave her the ability to contradict Ennaya's arguments. Ennaya was too young to have an appreciation of theory. That gave Resa an advantage. But she sense that her triumph was temporary.

If Resa did have this triumphant awareness, why did she feel a sense of emptiness. How could she recover what now seemed remote to her? Ennaya was powerful—more than could be imagined.

Resa did not want to believe that her psychological weaknesses could jeopardize her career. She knew how to succeed. This should never have been a detriment. But she felt compromised by the encounter. She wanted to communicate this sensation to the Director. Nevertheless, he could anticipate such a resolution. He would only expect that.

The fundamental agreement was based on a shared belief that Ennaya would never be able to recover from this operation. Years from now, she would be forgotten. Any experience on her part would never be enough to increase her effectiveness. Resa had been able to use her perceptiveness to break down Ennaya's belief. She no longer had a strong sense of self. She had an amazing appeal. But she had underestimated the intelligence services. There was no way that they could ever allow a formidable leader. At first, the security forces needed to insist that Ennaya was involved with violent groups. Each gesture of hers needed to be exaggerated to emphasize her aggressiveness. This added to the eventual destruction of her reputation. This understanding needed to be maintained once she was released. This added more credibility to Resa's efforts. The state had done what it needed in order to impress order.

Resa had given so much of herself. She wondered if she should bother anymore. What remained to be accomplished.? The wall had already been broken down. There was really not enough of a foundation for her to articulate new ideas. The cliches persisted.

Resa was able to pierce the cloak. If there might have been a thread, which advanced Resa's beliefs, that coherence had faded. There was only a shell.

As Resa tried to recall the sessions, she recognized how shrill Eannya sounded. She was not a powerful speaker for her cause. Her complaints offered little new. She could not argue her case. There was no foundation for these ideas. She lacked the staying power there was nothing of real value in her words.

Resa saw that face staring back at her. And she could sense her own integrity becoming absorbed by these memories. She was giving in to the image. This was the appeal. Resa had destroyed the personality. What continued to inhere?

Resa tried to grab hold of something. She could feel herself get pulled along by these treacherous currents. What did she have? She had mouthed these platitudes. She feigned knowledge. She claimed a greater legacy. She attached herself to an ancient culture and a reknown people. But she was nothing but a blade of grass getting tossed in thre wind. She had no claims on nothing more lasting.

Resa was facing a dilemma, over which she had no control. Where could she discover her roots? She was no longer representing anything permanent. She was caught in the process. She did not have the personality or the awareness to help drive the moment. She was more of a pawn. The Director had these expectations. She had lived up to his wishes.

What were her goals for herself? She had imagined that she was a more adept interrogator. No one had been so skillful. But her skills were hardly enough. She did not want

to feel as if she was a joke. She found seriousness in her struggle. But that seemed only personal. And none of this knowledge had enabled her to overcome Ennaya.

The story became more involved. That offered her no consolation. She could not establish enough concern to help to resist Ennaya. She felt like Ennaya. She wanted to connect to an unambiguous mission. She wanted a closer connection to nature. Ennaya's criticism had been completely accurate.

Resa could feel the walls closing in. There was no reason for her discomfort. But the feeling persisted. She felt as if she was being threatened. And the source of her discomfort was inside of her. That lonely echo continue to fill the apartment. Resa felt completely abandoned. How had she ended up like this?

She felt as if she had been marked. And her detractors were watching her every second. She was trapped in her isolation. She could not share this feeling with anyone else. Her associates would mock her fear. She was jeopardizing her safety.

She felt as if the mirror had cracked. She was trying to discern a consistent image in the fragments. She could only hope that sleep might balance her discomfort. But that remedy would not greet her in a reassuring manner.

Resa could not quiet down. If only she could relax, her fatigue would overcome her. But her anxiety made it impossible for her to find any kind of calm. She was getting twisted around by these sensations.

Ennaya must be oppressed by worse feelings. What would prove to be her liberation? This was Resa's quest for herself. She lacked for clues. The struggle only reinforced her weakness. She could not create the strength to work through these challenges. She was being attacked from within and without.

She collapsed in the middle of the room. She was still in the midst of consciousness, and this underlined her vacillation. She could not find the resolve. Her body was getting away from her. There was no support for her escape. She was too immersed in her own vision.

Maybe a word or a memory would offer remedy. She kept going over these events. Nothing.

She wanted to be further ahead. She was the interrogator. What was she missing? This almost seemed to be planned. She had given too much of herself to the process. However, there was little to protect her.

The Director announced publicly that the questioning of Ennaya had revealed the extensive details about a major commando raid that would have killed thousands. The intelligence agents worked countless hours to unearth all the aspects of this conspiracy. When Ennaya was first detained, her supporters claimed that this was a travesty of justice. They asserted that she was a young child, who was being abused by the security forces. However, the evidence was conclusive. The efforts of the agents had been critical in demonstrating the truth, regarding her arrest.

Ennaya had denied her involvement in this plot. But careful analysis of her responses indicated important information, which could provide a deeper understanding of this action. It had been fortunate that the agency did not give in to the arguments offered in the media about this young woman. The interrogators realized from the beginning the danger she posed. They

took the appropriate steps. And they had refused to submit to international pressure. Such a tireless commitment had paid off.

The enemy had constantly used young people to advance their cause. They believed that created an immunity. This appeared to justify anything that they did. The efforts of the agency revealed a policy, which had only become more insipid. This program served to advance the propaganda aims of the enemy.

The enemy had long claimed that the government had persecuted children. Anyone with an awareness of the facts would recognize that such claims ignored actual events. The enemy was doing what it could to distract the public. It did not take much to recognize, who were the actual foot soldiers of this movement. And the exploitation of young people was only one among innumerable crimes. The agents did their best to document these crimes. This demonstrated their ceaseless devotion. Without such efforts, this plot would have eluded the security services.

The initial suspicions about Ennaya had been confirmed, and this demonstrated the vigilance of the agency. The agents never were fooled. They recognized the actual threat. This awareness was a critical component of the overall strategy.

In revealing this plot, the agency had shown the utmost in professionalism. They understood the source of any challenges to the social order. And they had demonstrated leadership in their persistence.

The agents were faced with an arduous task. For many, this meant giving a great deal of personal energy. This created a great emotional cost. Even though these individuals paid a price, they were rewarded in their efforts. And this would prove to be a wonderful benefit to countless citizens. Without this kind of concern, they would have never accomplished their mission.

The enemy were trying to exploit critical weaknesses in the state. This was countered by a deep fund of resistance represented in the nation. This resilience needed to be lauded. The strength of character could provide the model for future development. This state would be able to battle to its legitimacy. Such effort had proven the critical role played by the intelligence services. This role would need to be maintained to assist in the progressive development of the society.

Through careful questioning Ennaya revealed a sophisticated awareness of strategies, which pose a real challenge for the state. She had undergone extensive training. This had included tactics, which were meant to assist her in evading the agency's investigative attempts. The agent were never fooled by her trickery.

The Director's announcement culminated an incredible campaign. This apparently demonstrated the superior methods of the agency. Their opponents had tried to manipulate the public relations battle for their advantage. This depended on the use of Ennaya as the perfect decoy. At the same time, she was hiding immense knowledge. This made it appear as if the state was persecuting her. She welcomed the role of a martyr. She was not assuming the role as liberator. Instead, she acted as if liberation was rooted in a perverse identification with her plight. She was not taking the steps to advance her development. Instead, she was subject to a backwards way of thinking, that only kept her people in subjugation. The state was not the oppressor. Her people maintained this contrivance, They never made efforts to improve themselves. They acted as if the state could surrender their precious resources to reward those who did not deserve any kind of benefit. How had they degenerated to this kind of dependency?

The state had made every effort to create an equitable arrangement. These were individuals who would never be satisfied until they could appropriate the possessions of others. They would not work for themselves, but they sought the spoils from others.

No one would blame the enemy since they perfected their role. They acted like the downtrodden. But they had created their lot. They were a destructive sort. They were destroying their own lives. They wanted to make this into their cause. They were telling the world that they could never improve their condition. This belief was holding them in place. It showed them to be a submissive people. That made it impossible for them to change. When misfortune befell them, they would find someone else to blame. They would not credit all the advantages accorded to them by the state. They would continue to have a culprit. Thus, they could deny their own violent history.

The state could not abide with such an illusion. It only made all citizens more at risk. The agency provided a valuable educational service, If the state permitted such an assault, this would only jeopardize all the institutions. Ennaya represented an incessant danger to the society. This was an irrational force, which could erode the law, which held together the state's commitment to each citizen. This only kept everyone immersed in an impenetrable darkness. Without decisive action on the part of the government, the populace could never end its subjugation. It would never receive a just reward for its loyalty and hard work.

The efforts of the intelligence services were essential for the state to meet its fundamental promise. Only by counteracting these efforts of the enemy could the state create that essential bond, which enshrined the free actions of the citizen.

The battle against tyranny depended on responsible individuals, who would uphold the principles of the state. This made individual liberty critical to uphold these values. Thus, Ennaya's perspectives were inimical to prosperity and economic development. Prosperity was the source of freedom, and this afforded the citizens with the needed resources to realize their full potential. At the center of this recognition was law. Law depended on continual enforcement, and the intelligence services were the cornerstone of this awareness. The agency represented greater freedom for all. Ennaya stood for submission and subjugation. The Director had made clear the consequences of this knowledge. This served the constant existence of the state.

If the opponents continued to flourish, they would suck out all the energy out of the state. The people would be cast into the wilderness. All the great blessings would cease. Ennaya remained a thorn. And this negative influence could not continue. The aggression was only the result of the overall laxness about ethics. The agency was creating the conditions to end this reckless ideology. This was an embrace of the true spirit of democracy. Those, who were not willing to abide by the rules did not deserve any consideration. And that was the strict belief fostered by the agency.

The Director's guidance had enabled the team to fill in for the actual role played by Ennaya. He had never doubted the initial assessments. And he motivated his agents to pursue beyond her initial resistance. They were not supposed to accept her arguments at face value. They needed to trust their intuitions. The use of children was an often-repeated tactic of the enemy. Only an inexperienced agent would mistrust her intuition.

The Director needed to be a sustained influence. This helped to move along the overall process. He would continue to exercise his leadership. The others could find strength in his self-

confidence. He was so focused. He also realize how Ennaya had been trained to confuse her questioners. This required a settled hand.

At its worst, this process could consume the individual. Ennaya's efforts could be incredible in disrupting the agent's self-awareness. She would scramble to discover stable reference points. That necessitated the director to exhibit his certainty. He needed to press the agent to use her abilities to search deeper. She could not let her confusion lead her astray. This was all part of the process. She would lose herself and eventually recover her way. The Director needed to remain steadfast. He was always providing the knowledge to assist her. Even in total darkness, she would never be disconcerted.

With this constant encouragement, the agents continued to demonstrate progress. And this enabled actual results. Ennaya found it impossible to undermine the intent of the agency. She faced a united front. She was unable to discover any kind of inroads. Her story became more and more incoherent. And this enabled her questioners to zero in on their actual knowledge.. They felt invigorated by this experience. They demonstrated their expertise. They were not distracted by Ennaya's subterfuge.

The Director could take pride that his commitment paid off. He did not let anyone distract him from his strategy. There was evidence that suggested that Ennaya had no pertinent knowledge. These agents would have lost the opportunity to complete their work. The director needed to demonstrate the necessary maturity to reassure all the agents.

Ennaya was slightly different than the other detainees. She was so unassuming. That made her questioning much more difficult. It was easy to take her for granted. She would taunt the questioner. She would make off-hand remarks. There didn't seem to be any consistency, and this made it all the more demanding to find a way to break her down. This all seemed like nonsense.

The Director congratulated agents who had the determination not to get taken in by the pretense. These were pros. They recognized the lures. They needed to demonstrate extra analytical skills. This also showed their imagination. They could see how this young woman could be used as a part of such a major operation. To the credit of the service, this plot was described in every aspect. The agents did not minimized any detail. They could construct the entire operation based on these individual clues. Thus, all the players in this operation were arrested. The plot never was able to get off the ground.

The preemptive actions of the security services depended on the accuracy of this information. This was the only way to protect the citizenry. There were innumerable threats like Ennaya. It required constant attention to reveal the nature and the participation of any of these attempts. There was no room for error. That required greater empowerment of the intelligence services. They needed special authority to detain and punish the enemies of the state. The intelligence services needed to be act on this information. They could demonstrate their usefulness through their overall concern. They could document their usefulness. This engaged the incredible resources of the state. Such a foundation was essential for the government to do its work. It relied on such insight.

The state was dependent on people who were going to do the utmost to root out their enemies. Even the most innocuous experience could be the occasion for a dangerous intervention against the state. Without intelligence services, these forces would doom the free

expression of the citizenry. These opponents would try to take advantage of the laxity of the society. Any society willing to guarantee the rights of the individual needed enforcement, which could neutralize any threats. The Director developed his philosophy from extensive reflection about the nature of the state. Social order never existed in a vacuum. The society depended on individuals who would battle for individual liberty. This total devotion was essential if law was going to provide the basis for individual freedom.

The social contract could never exist in a vacuum. And this was a society with a special concern for individual rights. Under such conditions, it was essential that any challenge to this order be met with total seriousness. The state could not survive without a concern for individual achievement.

The state could not abide its contract without an active participation from the citizens. The agents were selfless in their vocation. They recognized the need for enforcement. This kind of service was unique. There were risks. That did not dissuade these agents from assuming an active role. They demonstrated great nobility. They sacrificed themselves for the good of the society. They understood that they were opposing an unethical force. There could be no compromise in their efforts.

Ennaya was being used to expose the weaknesses in this model. That necessitated greater discipline on the part of the agents. They could not allow any compromise of their principles. No one could show sympathy for her. That would be contravening the very principles that guaranteed this work.

Since the agents did not let Ennaya manipulate their loyalty, this confirmed their effectiveness. This was meant to be a critical juncture for the agency. And they did not indicate any remiss on their part. This could have been an indication of critical stress points in the organization. There was no break. The agents resisted.

As long as there were opponents of the state willing to put people at risk, the intelligence services provided a necessary role. This role required the utmost dedication. If only the social contract were sufficient to guarantee its enforcement. The intelligence services were there to support the activities of a committed citizenry. They worked to create a collectivity, which advanced the will of the people. This was the foundation for the productivity of every individual. Otherwise, criminals could successfully appropriate the just desserts of others. The intelligence services created a logic for the application of justice. The just society was dependent on actual enforcement. The intelligence service determined the implementation of just principles. They guaranteed the successful application of law.

Ennaya used propaganda to create obstacles for the enforcement of law. Left to her devices, the state would not be able to fulfill its social contract. Individuals would not be able to realize their dreams. Disorders would abound. The agents were a defense against these threats. These threats posed a real danger. Every aspect of society was vulnerable.

The Director had been able to impress his vision throughout the organization. On many occasions, these agents had stopped actions, which could have affected many people. They took their cues from the Director. On every occasion, the Director was able to gauge the full nature of these challenges. He used his knowledge to enable the agents to recognize how the enemies of the society. His insights were developed into effective policies. And this gave each agent a unique power to battle the danger.

In many cases, the agents would come into contact with conniving souls. However, there were also situations like Ennaya's. There were these innocent types, who were devious in their own right. It would take the urging of the Director to assist the agents in focusing their skills.

The Director submitted a report that reviewed the questioning of Ennaya. He described her initial attempts to deny her involvement in subversive activities. The agents were never fooled by this act. They did what they could to document her claims. And they used this information to discover more about her actual intentions. This became an arduous task. She was very careful not to reveal anything that seemed to be significant. But the agents were able to fit every detail into a complex map of her activities and associates. Thus, any particular detail could offer a perspective of her overall intent.

This model had been developed over time. A network of informants and other interested parties helped to fill out this picture. Repeated questioning of other detainees had revealed an overall organizational structure. All these people were being monitored. Any unusual activity would be observed. And Ennaya added to this understanding. She offered the ability to track the minute activity of these people. Even her dismissive comments could also serve to reveal a deeper understanding of the organizational activities.

These investigations were focused on revealing dangerous threats. They needed to be thorough. Thus, they depended on the analytical skills of each agent. As well, they were able to document every possible risk. This complete description included an ongoing track of the organization's development. That gave the agency a needed advantage.

The Director's report assisted in advancing the mission. This indicated that the enemy was more conscientious in its efforts. It needed to be challenged at every stage. There could be no backsliding. The agents could not take their ascendant position for granted. Indeed, the risks were enormous. Any errors would leave innocent people prone to attack. The state required total solidarity in its mission. This unity provided for a massive force to fight back against the enemy. Every citizen was enlisted in her own way. This demonstrated a level of eloquence on the part of the agency. They were providing a needed link. This underlined their leadership role.

The Director was creating a vision that extended far beyond the intelligence needs. This was a model for living and interacting with others. Thus the state could assert its fundamental distinction against its detractors. There was no argument, which could question the legitimacy. This was a measure for all interactions. It showed a limitless awareness.

The Director was a grand thinker, and he transmitted this systematic knowledge to all the members of the agency. The agency was such an efficient organization because it understood simple truths, which could be applied to their works. There was no attempt to short change these beliefs. That was why the agency was endowed with such a clear mission. The Director had taken the key steps. And he transmitted this understanding to all his subordinates.

Every citizen was committed to this impenetrable allegiance. That worked to instill all the basic principles, which could maintain order. Within this perspective, the individual felt assured of her individual ability to determine her triumphant course for herself. The obstacles presented by the challengers to the dominant order played havoc with the individual ability to reflect and develop her own identity. The agency was necessary to foster this process. The people could not articulate their personality without such a strong motivation. Even though, individuals could determine their own course, they could each draw from a common heritage. This was the sense

of being chosen. And this very special blessing was sufficient inspiration to propel the needs of the state.

The Director could grasp all the elements necessary to foster a common perspective for the state. He could inform each agent of that philosophy. He could insure that understanding could be passed on throughout the country. He could have confidence in the loyalty of the people. Thus the activities of the enemy could be rooted out. The people needed to express their confidence in the intelligence services. The Director's report only proved that. And the citizens could feel that sense of trust, which was engendered through the Director's policies. The Director was not imposing a view on others. In fact, he was allowing a free awareness to develop. This further empowered each citizen and prevented negative influences from hijacking the purpose of the government. Under these terms, the nation could feel safe, and the citizens could grow.

Ennaya demonstrated how dangerous were the threats. That did not diminish the significance of the Director's efforts. He provided a buffer against the destructive forces. He made sure that the state's promise could be enhanced for each individual. Each agent could find the true spirit of the state. This could enable them to complete their work.

The dangers created by the enemy could provide a more consistent argument in support of the intelligence services. The enemy would suggest that the intelligence services were abridging basic rights. These services were concerned with preventing catastrophes from occurring. The responsibility went beyond punishing those who had already broken the law. The pre-emptive mandate was critical for the agency. That meant having the ability to act on suspicions. The Director emphasized that this did not violate the fundamental intent. The state needed to move on people, who were considering seditious actions. Even if the agency needed to complete the picture, their role depended on their preventive measures.

In a more extended sense, protest had become the right to overthrow necessary limits on individual action. Therefore, any kind of demonstration needed to be tightly controlled. These events always became the pretext for more violent actions. The protestors provided the means to hide the perpetrators.

Protestors were not contributing to the betterment of society. They were trying to find ways to justify their disruptions. After such breaks occurred in the social order, this provided the link to more severe attacks against the dominant order. This was only a prelude to a further breakdown. Thus, the vigilance of the agency was essential.

Dissent did not contribute to the natural development of the society. Instead, it sapped society of the critical forces that ensured its advancement. Independent thought needed to be encouraged, but the context should be peaceful. Ideas needed to promote the fundamental social order. Dissent only pushed the idea that it was permissible to tear down essential social institutions. It encouraged anarchy. And anarchy hid the more potent threats. The Director demonstrated how peaceful demonstrators only encouraged the aggressive stance against the government.

Every agent had become adept in these arguments. From this knowledge, the systematic view offered the foundation to oppose the enemy. The agency could meet the opponents of society on their home turf. And they could turn them back. This would be a triumph for the

forces of order. Industry and innovation needed to be rewarded. Such an investment was critical for progressive development.

The Director had offered a hope for the future. This was the only way to eliminate the impediments to endless blessings for all. This was indeed the Promised Land that had been foretold. The Director was offering a new point of entry for this wonder. This required a constant devotion to law. Any other approach would jeopardize the engines of progress.

The Director was claiming that the intelligence services provided a fundamental component for the sustenance of the state. In fact, any form of progressive development was facilitated by the very principles of the security state. This was the evident basis of scientific invention. Without this kind of order, the individual could not be attentive to her own devices. The individual could achieve immensely. She could demonstrate her capacity for greatness. Such accomplishments depended on the strict order offered by the state. Nothing could stand in the way of this commitment.

This permitted the utmost expression of personal liberation. The individual could not contemplate the universe if she was subject to uncertainty. There was a brilliance to the Director's formulation. This was a creative inspiration for the ages. Thus, the Director showed his limitless awareness. Others could draw fantastic strength from his example. Nothing happened in the agency without the concerted efforts of the Director

Every agent could review his work and recognize the source of her knowledge. She had these powers in herself. The Director was assisting everyone in actualizing herself. The society was insuring that these resources could be offered to everyone, who was willing to accord with this view of society.

The Director recognized that the intelligence services had become the seat of law. This recognition was a critical shift in the development of the state. In a key acknowledgment, the Director understood the necessity of creating evidence, which could advance the needs of the state. It was clear that the enemy represented an existential threat to the society. Any and every step to eliminate this threat was essential.

The intelligence services were providing an essential function for the preservation of the state. They recognized the importance of establishing principles of behavior for the citizens. Such boundaries were critical to guaranteeing free interchange. People needed to feel comfortable that their needs were being met. If they were forced to worry about their daily routine, this could prove detrimental to their growth. This would only raise the level of anxiety and make it more difficult for the society to manage its essential activities. Individuals would sense that they were somehow responsible for this decay. The intelligence services were able to provide peace of mind. And this personal comfort was necessary for the basic social functions. The services were keeping a watchful eye on every aspect of the society. This view guaranteed normalcy. The citizens could find deep inspiration by the feelings of protection.

The Director understood that he was involved in a creative endeavor. People relied on such a concern. His construction was important for a stable outlook about the world. The citizens depended on accurate information. They relied on a clear interpretation of this data. Agents would need to be able to take those actions to protect the public. There could not be unnecessary restrictions on their endeavors. They were developing the terms, which enabled

others to realize the hope in their lives. Anyone, who opposed this vision, was stifling the livelihood of the citizens.

Even though some people complained about the overreach of the intelligence services, they did not grasp the necessary benefits of these institutions. They really did not grasp the actual dangers posed by the enemy. This was not to say that they were sympathizers. But they aggravated an existing situation. And this made it much more difficult for the state to fulfill its mission.

The Director had gone out his way to educate the citizens. This could have caused him problems in carrying out his job. But he understood that no one else could offer this critical guidance. His report had reiterated the necessary steps to facilitate social interaction. If the society was beset by fear. People could not go about their business. A fundamental paralysis would afflict the society. They would look to someone to end this indecision. The Director could anticipate all these problems. Thus, he represented an answer to a fundamental longing. He enabled the total reconstruction of the society in accord with a fundamental principle.

The Director offered the total emancipation to the people from their enemies. He asked for their commitment, so that he could complete his job. This was a massive undertaking, and they needed to sustain their commitment. He would continue to offer the encouragement. This allowed the agency to complete their work.

The agency required such persistence. Without this kind of work, every aspect of the social life was at risk. Those who questioned the activities of the intelligence services were empowering an enemy, who tried to take advantage of every weakness in the social fabric. The agency had so many impediments to its success. But the Director was not going to let himself be intimidated. He battled his detractors. He overcame his critics.

If the detractors had their way, then the enemy would forever have their sway. The society could not survive such dangers. Constant vigilance was needed, and the director offered welcome guidance. The Director could anticipate all the possible challenges. And he was able to control every affront to the dominant order. He could maintain the necessary social coherence to resist the negative influences.

The Director represented a strong motivator for the society. He did a wonderful job in boosting the morale of the agency. His example made other agents able to assume greater responsibility. As a whole, the agency helped to fortify the defenses of the society. It reinforced the moral outlook. And it offered character building for everyone.

The intelligence services enabled the people to be more perceptive in their outlook. They could extend this knowledge. The state relied on an informed citizenry. The intelligence services could assist the citizens in creating a crucial understanding how to advance their consciousness. This philosophical awareness could provide the fundamental safeguard for the citizen. The agency expressed this wisdom through its actions. That was why it was necessary to support intelligence services. They were doing an indispensable task. People needed to understand their motive. They needed to engage their mission.

The Director had worked to better the reputation of the agency. He had increased the professionalism. He had made the work more effective. The agents were more cooperative with each other. There was a common faith, which motivated everyone. The rest of society could take pride in such total immersion.

The agency needed to make sure that sympathy for the enemy did not pose a danger for the state. The denial of the self and the repudiation of the culture was a threat to the integrity of the nation. The enemy were an intolerant sort. But the citizens could lose themselves in a concern for the human needs of the enemy. This humanitarian spirit might be well-meaning. However, this sympathy would eventually erode the unity of the state. The Director was the supreme advocate for the needs to the state.

Even when she doubted herself, Resa needed to recognize that was part of a hardy stock that would never surrender to her nemesis. Her brilliance was reflected in a lustrous sheen, which enlivened her being. No enemy could besmirch this luster.

More than ever, she relied upon this transfiguration of the being. Her term with the agency helped her to sculpt her being. She would not become other than she was. She would enhance her manifest being.

The overall process had enabled her to attain a glory. She needed to pursue this vision. She felt that she was in touch with a more illuminating awareness. She would not yield to any contrary forces. She was submerged in the moment.

All along, she had sought this uplifting experience. She had felt disheartenment. But she could now distance herself from these severe misgivings. She was no longer bewildered. Her job could not distract her from the fundamental calling. She was empowered to overcome any opponent.

Her efforts had distracted her from her awareness of self. She now realized how she needed to assert her personal courage. The distractions had melted away. A sense of pride reinforced her commitment. This feeling became more and more intense.

Resa wanted to understand how she could preserve that marvel. Her whole body tingled with that knowledge. Nothing could detour her from this insighy. She could continue to expand on her knowledge. And the sensation was without equal. She inhabited this paradise. She was impressed by her feeling of endless control. She had become perfected through this discipline. She did not have to look back on her former insecurity. She was no powerful.

Resa wanted to physical presence to demonstrate the full character of this inherence. There was nothing that could interfere with her conviction. She had subdued any deviation. She had zeroed in on a complete awareness. This feeling originated within her, but it was totally consistent with her understanding of the physical world. She had been able to captivate all the spirits that beguiled her. She could live with the energies that might assail her. She now knew what it meant to be invincible.

In flesh and bone, she could engage these triumphant sensations. There was no contradiction to her presence. She never had to worry about any alternative motive. She move in the ether without hesitation. She got pulled along by these urges. She was eternal. She was touching that ancient inspiration that was the fundament of her existence. The being existed within and without. This offered her total justification. This went beyond reason. This was more than argument. There was no qualification to her legitimacy.

She had been blessed with light. No darkness could penetrate her presence. She was beyond any disturbance. She existed in a now and forever. Her worries had all vanished. Her body radiated these immense powers. She was without equal.

Resa transformation balanced her former confusion. She had felt the terrible burden of this struggle. Her transcendence was the culmination of all her work. This made her feel more committed to her work. She could find deep gratification in her efforts. She was no longer subject to regret. Once she had been empowered, she felt a sense of profound recognition. She would not let anything detract from this awareness. She had exceeded herself. And this felt as if this a most judicious course. There ceased to be any obstacle to her further development. She may have felt lost along the way, but, now, she acknowledged a clear sense of purpose. Everything had built to this moment. She had been nurtured in this vocation. And her calling had total clarity.

What would cause the individual's total identification with the state? How would such a total faith limit the rights of the citizen? If participation in a democracy was predicated on such an absolute commitment to the institutions, then such a belief would marginalize anyone who had a valid complaint against the authorities. This marginalization would end up depriving the individual of her legitimate participation in the society. Based on such a belief, there would be a concerted effort to exclude people from the social contract. This effort would be based on attempts to invalidate the rights of large numbers of people. Boundaries would be erected to ratify this abrogation. Such a strategy would include incarcerating people for minor infractions. And the basis for such determinations of law-breaking would become flimsier. Anyone, who questioned these actions, was automatically an enemy of the state. Surveillance would be justified to implement these policies. Any word or thought could be defined as a threat. This would allow for a ruthless application of this interpretation.

The complement to these policies was a strict norming of individual behavior. Personal identity would follow a rigid pattern for individual development. When people were rewarded for these behaviors, they would associated their personal freedom as deriving from their devotion to social order. They would wonder how others could see it any differently. Even in this realm, there was a great deal of latitude for personal expression. With such bounty, the individual would imagine that this reward would be sufficient recognition of personal endeavor. Further commitment to the status quo could result in an even greater return. This connection could provide a more convincing legitimacy for this course.

The state relied on a detailed psychological model for its sustenance. This gave the intelligence services even more authority in influencing the citizens. People accepted this model. They embraced its unique promise. It enabled them to sideline more arduous questions. The rift became greater between those who accepted this inculcation and those who questioned the effectiveness of the model. However, there was a fear about the extreme consequences for the individual if she did not submit. The enemy was already enough of a threat. Therefore, people became more vociferous in pushing the model. And there was sizable percentage of people, who never saw the rewards materialize. The were encouraged not to analyze their lot in detail. The intelligence services needed to exaggerate the threat when the could. They relied on infiltrators and informants. Interrogation techniques enabled them to manufacture a danger. They were making it up as they went along. Even when there was evidence, it was weak. That did not diminish the faith, that was fortified by theses activities.

The agenda of the intelligence services was effective for creating an extension of state apparatus. The state existed independently from the citizens. The citizens were supposed to

accede to the dictates of the state. And the intelligence services was creating a vision of the exemplary life.

The intelligence services provided the foundation of a complete transformation of the society. The changes wrought by economic development could be sanctioned by this model. While the justice system had the ostensible mission to limit influence peddling, corruption became a strict standard. The intelligence services pushed their view, and they seemed to be immune from these abuses. There were protecting a network of such connections. At the same time, the intelligence service provides a level of maximum deniability. The corruption worked in a different realm. And the citizens sought some relief. The operations against the enemy worked to provide the needed reassurance. This gave these services great license. And there were unlikely to abandon such resources.

Resa believed that the Director had enabled her to resist the inroads of Ennaya. And the agency was convinced that Ennaya had been weakened by process of questioning. The Director had used the information derived from this process to piece together all the details of a conspiracy against the government.

Resa needed to go along with this exposition. It was essential for her mental health. If she questioned this assessment, then she would feel exposed by the experience. It was important that she did not let Ennaya intimidate. This required that the state come to a resolution in this case. All of her work had culminated in this determination. By giving in to another evaluation, she was opening the way to further questioning about her own psychological stability. She had exposed herself to these risks because she was inspired by the certainty of the interrogation. She refused to entertain Ennaya's arguments. This was about more than the lack of evidence to support the case presented by the enemy. Theirs was a bizarre way of thinking. In fact, Ennaya seemed to lack something critical in her personality. Therefore, it was important for her to continue to resist. What was obvious in this argument?

When the state allowed universal opposition to its norms, it could not maintain order. This behavior would threaten every institution. The Director had emphasized this belief. But Resa confronted these challenges first hand. And she could feel how her personality was on the line. She hated this frustration. She could not cast these thoughts out. But this was a frightening kind of encounter. Here was someone who had no respect for the values that she had grown up with. She was a monster in human form. She would justify the most barbaric acts to advance her cause. Faced with this sense of personal affront, she tried not to surrender to the moment.

The assault had taken its toll, but Resa needed to remind herself that she was never facing a personal attack. The intelligence services could use their power to shore up her character. They assisted her to remain immune. She needed to remind herself that Ennaya had little real understanding. It was all self-destructive. If these impulses subsisted in the individual, they would destroy her. So Resa could not get too absorbed in the experience. She needed to keep her wits about her. She could recognize how to extricate herself from this dilemma.

Resa reviewed the Directors' report. This gave her a unique strength, And she build on thi understanding. She read and reread. She made the conclusion part of her being. Thus, she would discover solace in the one fundamental realization. Ennaya had nothing to offer. She

could only prove to be disruptive, and it was necessary for her to eliminate these influences once and for all.

The Director's report was a massive triumph. It proved that all the suspicions about Ennaya were correct. And it showed that none her assertions had any basis in fact. They posed dangers to the citizens. They threatened the nation. Resa needed to assert herself with utter confidence.

The road to total awareness had been menacing. But Resa had not yielded. She had fortified her characters. She had found what was missing from her vision. She had enhanced her seeing. And she had asserted herself as a top-flight agent. She had no equals. Nevertheless, this journey had been next to impossible. Her nerves were stretched. She was on her last resources. She might as well have been abandoned to her own devices in the desert.

Since she had given so much of herself to her work, she not allow Ennaya to have any comeback. She needed to be crushed once and for all. And these ideas could never prosper anywhere.

"You really think that you have controlled things."

"What are you talking about?"

"You keep threading together this bull shit. You have come to believe it. Ad that is supposed to give you some kind of edge over me. Resa, you don't know who you are dealing with."

"You are a member of an organization bent on destroying our form of government and killing our people."

"That is what you want to believe. Believe it if you must."

"What are you telling me?"

"You need all of us to be killers. That gives you the right to kill babies."

"You taught us to kill babies."

"I have no idea what that is supposed to mean. I have been trying to fight your policy of intimidation."

"And you are involved in sabotage and murder."

"You are making it up as you go along. This is something that you want to believe. Believe it if you must. That doesn't make it right. You have tried to make me vanish. You have made every effort to dispel our way of thinking. You are no longer defending justice. You create new ways to advance tyranny. You claim that our actions are extra-judicial. And you go through these contorted arguments to justify killing. You have been trying to make these actions systematic. You don't dare think about what you are advocating. How can we ever hope to survive as a people. If you had the opportunity, you would kill us all. You hope that some kind of catastrophe would give you the right. And you complain about our hatred."

"I do not want to hear any more of this. I cannot listen to any more of this. I have already gone through this with you. I have heard your nonsense."

"You are breaking down. You know that you are. The Director can tell you things to reassure. But all this is bull shit. He is trying to massage your egos."

"What are you telling me? How did you even get in here?"

"I am inside of you. I have been from the beginning."

Ennaya felt that she was working for peace. The defense forces had hassled her. They threatened her family. And collective punishment was held over all of them. They could detain her indefinitely. They could outlaw her way of thinking. And Resa was there to advance all these ideas. She was maintaining the oppression. Over time, these effects would become worse. That would not be the end. If they could persecute one innocent person, they could threaten a whole people.

“Ennaya, you are not innocent.”

“I have only said things to oppose your intimidating behavior. You have tried to turn this into some kind of systematic rebellion. After all this treatment, how would you feel? You have defined us out of existence. Thus, none of these deeds could ever affect you. You can create suffering, but you do not feel it.”

What would it mean for Resa to suffer? How was that pain affecting her? She worked to stay aloof. And the Director protected her. The strategy was clever. Resa was not applying electrodes. She was not using traditional methods of torture. But she was finding ways to work her way into Ennaya’s psyche. Now these

attempts were coming back upon her. Those feelings were more potent than ever. Resa sensed something from inside of her. This twinge continue to work its way from within. And the pressure became more and more intense. She could sense these waves. They continued to know against her. She worked to brace herself. Her beliefs were not enough.

“You need to become me. You need to realize hat happens when they close the door and lock me in.”

That was not her job. She was not supposed to think about these effects. She had been taught to put it all out of her mind. She was an executioner. She was not supposed to get absorbed in the process.

If she let the victims come alive inside of her, she would no longer have a life. Her integrity resulted from her complete independence from the experience of the detainees. This was the same for Ennaya’s people. She was not supposed to identify. She had her own belief. And that was just enough to give her self-confidence. This enabled her to survive.

Resa had been able to overcome her past opponents. This should have been no different. She couldn’t let Ennaya manipulate her in any way. Resa could review every action by Ennaya. It all pointed to one thing. That gave Resa support. She was correct in her efforts. She had truth on her side.

“What do you do when the intelligence services pick up your child?”

“I get her to admit how she was disobeying the law.”:

“Resa, you are so callous.”

“I am honest. That is essential.”

She thought about being left alone in the cell.

“No one is going to lock the door on me.”

“You are wanted for questioning.”

Resa needed to sleep. She could not let any of this nonsense affect her.

“What have you been doing all night?”

“Thinking about my children.”

“The only ones who have been detained are the children who have broken the law. They have no respect for the law. They need to be punished.”

“There are international laws against punishing children.”

“International laws are use to shield our enemies. They have always hid behind the law.”

The intelligence services understood the necessity to create their own laws. Such a commitment was the only way to protect the citizens.

Resa did not feel as if she was able to defend herself. Ennaya could resist the interrogation techniques. Ennaya was torturing Resa in her own way. Resa might try to resist, but there was little that she could do.

“What do you know about me? What do you want to tell me? How am I losing myself sense of self? You have no respect for law and ethics. That is why we have been fighting.”

The Director wanted to see Ennaya. But she could not escape her apartment.

“Why have you brought me to this place? I want to get out of the cell.”

All that she could think about was inability to overcome this paralysis. She tried to stand up, but she crashed to the ground. The imprisonment was taking its toll.

“I do not want to think about her. I do not want to touch her. I do not want to be with her.”

“What does the Director know that could rescue me?”

“You have been rejected.”:

Resa could feel a caress along her back.

“What is the source of the suffering? Is it possible to surpass the torture? Why are you doing this to me?”

She could leave her apartment. She could find someone who could help her to forget. But Ennaya did not have that same privileges. There was no forgetting. There was now a sense of permanence in her feeling.

Resa had been marked by this questioning. This prevented her from escaping. She had given in to the repeated questioning. She had no inner strength to stop the process. The noises reverberated. She could not sleep.

“Touch me, and help me to sleep.”

The interrogation create a feeling of eternal longing. Nothing could dispel her sense of isolation.

“I didn’t think that the feeling would last.”

“The feeling is not going to last. You are going to overcome the sensation.”

“It is crushing. I cannot deal with this. I will never be able to overcome.”

“Resa, this is not like you.”

It was not like her. It was so much to think about the alternative. That was Ennaya’s argument. How could she ignore suffering of others?

Resa had become so immune. This only seemed normal for her profession. She did not want to let Ennaya distract her. She was not supposed to empathize with the detainees. All were dangerous people. Otherwise, they would not have required arrest. It was up to the interrogator to find the basis for the detention.

“You are making this up as it goes along.”

“We only respond to actual evidence. Our integrity is an essential part of our work. We could not succeed if we were that open to suggestion.”

Ennaya tried to make it appear as if she represented the oppressed. She was supposed to be a voice for the wretched of the earth. But she only used these arguments to justify violence. She was conducting her own form of oppression. Her solution was million time worse than what she wanted to replace. This was only the beginning of a series of abuses. Ennaya enshrined violence and aggression. She worked with people who had no respect for human life. This was all a part of her ideology. She tolerated the persecution of others. She upheld repressive governments. It was important that Resa did what she could to oppose such excesses.

“I have heard all these arguments before, Ennaya. You are defending hatred. You have no understanding of the rights of others. You make claims for something that can never exist.”

Ennaya needed to review these principles. She understood a systematic argument. She did not want to get taken off of her game. She was discovering a stronger foundation for supporting her beliefs. She did not want to feel as if she had been troubled by Ennaya. She understood the source of her commitment. Nothing could lead her in a different direction. This was part of her overall concern. She was not giving up on her profession. It had nurtured her identity. She was not going to abandon that quest.

Due to her experiences, Ennaya may have felt as if she was informing Resa of something new. This was all part of her job. She had seen similar arguments. She had been bullied. She had responded to all these questions. She could let go of her fundamental belief. She was not scattered. She was certain.

These influences were becoming more potent. Resa saw images from Ennaya's life flashing before her. She needed to find her own balance. This was not easy once she was beset with this inner conflict. The Director had trained the agents. There was no reason to be swayed.

Resa reviewed her fundamental awareness.

“Who are we? We believe in the fostering of human rights. And we only take defensive measures to advance our cause. We are fighting against an enemy who had no concern about the loss of civilian life. They execute violent action with the sole goal of increasing the death toll.”

Resa could never imagine identifying with the enemy. She did not understand anyone, who could possibly sympathize with their goals. Ennaya had tried to prey upon Resa's vulnerability. That only made her more frustrated with the enemy. It demonstrated a fundamental truth about the state. And she needed to commit herself to these principles. She could not surrender to attempts to break her down. She needed to stay consistent with her beliefs.

The state realized that its survival depended on the elimination of critical threats. Such a level of threat was determined by the intelligence services. If people were able to plan against the state, that became the first step to implementing these programs. It was the essential that any participants be isolated and their efforts neutralized.

The intelligence services needed critical decision-making ability. This included the ability to construct the evidence to carry out their actions. If the opposition had the chance to tamper with this evidence, that would make it impossible to enforce the law. The rule of law would be eroded. The state would become unstable. The intelligence services needed unimpeachable abilities to conduct their policies.

Resa's understanding of her work only reinforced her view of the society. If there were enemies who obstructed essential functions of the state, they needed to be opposed. It was necessary to understand how the state thrived, and what was required to maintain its effectiveness. The intelligence services understood their mandate. They could not be restricted in their activities. This went beyond understanding her function. This was all about the nature of opposition to the state. The state was advancing a completely ordered view of society. It made it possible for people to live in harmony. The enemies of the state had no respect for these norms.

The failure of the intelligence services to do their job would mean that the seeds of destruction would be planted and allowed to grow. The only hope was to prevent these seeds from fostering. The threat could not be allowed to continue. It needed to be shut down in its conception.

Resa's work was so important. She needed to define her own values and work to oppose whatever worked contrary to her view. This went beyond her beliefs. This was a matter of destroying an entity, which proved to be detrimental.

"They are willing to kill non-combatants. They claim that all citizens are non-combatants. They have created a regime of murder and mayhem. No citizen is safe. I have known this all my life. If I questioned this belief, I would be a traitor to my people. We believe in the sanctity of human life at all costs. This is a fundamental belief that distinguishes us from barbarians. We protect human life at any cost."

"I can never sympathize with people who will use weapons to threaten the maximum number of people. They are assassins who will attack individuals for no strategic reason. They seek to cause the most damage possible. They use chaos to advance their cause. If we thought like this, there would be no hope for our culture. We prosper because we are different. Our rules of engagement are based on laws. These laws reinforce basic principles of humanity. We are committed to these fundamental truths."

"We are the only force for freedom in the region. We advance the rights of our people. We push democratic norms. Our enemy supports autocracy. They would make us all prisoners in our home."

"We will take the steps towards beating back the opponents of freedom. This requires the use of any means at our disposal. In executing our policies, we are careful to enforce basic rights. We have developed these rights in an orderly fashion."

Resa thought about people whose lives were turned upside down by the threats from the enemy. How could the state abide with such instability?

"Resa, are you taking account of the proportion?"

"What are you asking me?"

"Have you ever been truly loved?"

"What does that mean?"

"You lose yourself in the physical sensation."

"I remember everything."

"I am losing too much of myself."

"I don't want this to hurt that much."

"I didn't even see you in the room."

“She can help.”

What could Ennaya ever know? She had been robbed of her innocence. She did not know how to feel. What had happened to her when she was young?

Resa wanted that sensation to fill her up. She wanted the ocean to flow inside. She needed to forget.

“You look at me, and you already see a target. You can never see me in a sympathetic light. You only look for a justification for your feelings. You don’t want a guilty conscience.”

“I look at the facts. If I felt any differently, I wouldn’t have this job.”

“What does that mean? That doesn’t create any preponderance for truth and justice.”

“I call it like I live it. You are the one who is pretending to be something that you’re not.”

Resa was still hearing the echoes of the interrogation.

“You can keep making up things, but they have no connection to anything real. You have the snipers, and the bombers, and the general neglect. But you close your eyes to all of that. So none of that makes the least bit of difference.”

“You can’t blame us for your lives.”

“If we happen have lives.”

Resa wanted someone to hold her close and tell her that none of this mattered.

“Do you even have a personality?”

“I am there to give people the chance to realize their dreams. All that you can do is to destroy people’s dreams. How does that make you any different?”

“You can’t pave over the whole world and surround it with guard towers and call that an equitable life.”

Who was she protecting? How did people view their advancement in the perfect society. These were people who were all smiles. They believed in justice. They worked hard and received their reward.

Those who came in last could complain. But Resa did not want to sanction such nonsense. She wanted people to be better than that. Over time, they create a life for themselves that was more remote than anything that had formerly subsisted there. This was an environment that only conformed to their rituals. Nothing else was real. It was all speculation. It was something that could never be. The only thing that mattered was the now. And that gave the ability to define history.

Every present could be legitimized by a connection to an ancient law. That made it easy to dismiss any present distress. It had lost its connection to the fundamental truth. That enabled for the imposition of an unforgivable standard. That was Ennaya’s complaint. Resa recognized that the society would not allow for more balance. Otherwise, that would only encourage lawlessness. People would take advantage of special advantages. That would mean the end of the social order. These strict enforcement routines were the only way to maintain prosperity. Otherwise, people would not do what was necessary to improve the world. They would all be subject to favoritism. This only confirmed Resa’s beliefs.

Resa did not want to betray the truths that had nurtured her. This meant turning her back on her family. She continued to do this job because it reinforced her commitment to this society. She understood that there were countless people who toiled to uphold these same ideals. She

wasn't fighting for the moguls. She understood that the unfortunate could only thrive in a just society. Over time, they could benefit from such equitable opportunity. They could use their skills to make a mark.

"This society only grows more unequal. Half the population are held in darkness. You don't even do right to all your people. You act as if they are acting out an apprenticeship to greatness. It is never going to be any better. They will always live in this hell. And you foster an illusion."

"For many, this is much better than they have endured in the past. We are creating a land of true opportunity."

"No one believes that anymore. That is why you rely on hatred. It makes people accept what little they have as an alternative to victimization. They see that someone is doing even worse so that makes the run in fear from themselves. Everyone feel that same hollow. You are the same, Resa. That empty place is immense in you."

"You always present this flawed economic picture."

"You don't want to offer rights on a universal basis. It is always about allegiance to an illegitimate state."

"What makes it illegitimate?"

"Try as you might, you will never find happiness. It is all about conformity."

"We are not the ones who are devoted to a traditional view of self. We are liberated. We live in the modern world. You have given in to backwardness and obscurity."

"We had science when you lived in caves."

"Who is hiding in darkness?"

"Maybe if you turned on the lights. What have you tried to do to us?"

"We have succeeded. You are like wild dogs."

"You don't even treat your dogs that terribly."

Where was this headed? This was not an interrogation. These words were part of her. And Resa could hear the voices ring out in her head. She could not silence Ennaya's words. She needed to find some way to realize her vision for herself. After such a commitment to her work, she deserved some kind of recompense for all that work.

Could Resa ever share her struggles with another person? She could never reveal what was actually motivating her.

"I want you to help me to forget all this. I cannot imagine that I would try to destroy someone else's mind. I live by strict principles. They govern how I do my job."

"You are like everyone. You do what is expected of you. And you become surprised when people feel offended by your actions. No one can make you feel any better about your life."

"What do you want from me?"

"I want what no one can give."

"And what is that?"

She wanted to believe that her actions contributed to the betterment of society.

"What is society?"

"It is a collective feeling that enables all of us to share a strong sense of belonging."

"Is this part of propaganda?"

“What are we supposed to do next?”

“Give me a respirator. I can catch my breath and figure out what to do next.”

“I am stuffed.”

“Have you started?”

“Have you started without us?”

“We are not all carnivores.”

Resa worked to make sense of these random conversations. She needed to hear something that would reassure her about her life and her work. She had given so much effort trying to get into Ennaya’s head. She had put up such a barrier that it seemed difficult to get back her own life. She did not want to give in to any of the ideas argued by Ennaya. She would have felt mortified if she believed that her principles lacked universal applicability. She could not imagine that there was anything abusive in her way of thinking. And she faced an enemy, which had no respect for human dignity. Resa’s strength developed from this ability to put contrary principles out of her mind. She believed in something that was so incontrovertible that she could not go along with the contrary. She felt that reality supported these very beliefs.

“You have closed yourself to the world. Can anything even grow inside?”

“What does that mean? Where does that even come from?”

Where did it even come from? She was supposed to receive some lasting reward for her efforts. She imagined being filled with this incredible fire that could sustain her night and day. There needed to be something real that could gratify. This was more than an idea. This nation offered a promise for the present. She had defended this lifestyle. She wanted her reward. What was lacking?

Her service was never reward in itself. Instead, she viewed herself as part of a greater mission. This meant more than guarding against aggression. She held to a deeper belief when she felt that she could share in an elemental paradise. She would touch these blessings on earth. She needed to move beyond the promise in the now. The euphoria could flower in the present.

The interrogation was the beginning of a greater realization. She could be so forceful because of her clear understanding. That knowledge was rooted in a physical connection. She felt an immediacy in the encounter. But something was withheld. She needed to find the basis for her own fulfillment. This was being taken from her. She did not have enough to provide that return. No wonder that Ennaya could play upon her weakness.

Things were not how they seemed to be. She could not attain that mystic union to which she had been accustomed. The state had fostered this belief. And it made her the recipient of all those promises. She was supposed to receive the payout. She hated to be so mercenary. But she did not want to feel excluded from the very legitimacy that she defended.

If she saw Ennaya as some kind of victim, that would make her totally subject to these emotional appeals. That was not her commitment. The agency offered her a different vision. And she wanted to go along with that kind of philosophy. The agency was telling her that her dreams could be realized within the context of the existing order. She was advancing this truth for all people. Why should she let herself be distracted from this reckoning. This was how it was supposed to be. This was how she was supposed to be. She had been chosen to advance this mission. Therefore, the resolution appeared to be clear. This pinnacle was within her grasp.

Others might feel more confused about the results of this conflict. She needed to share her realization. She could free them from their speculation. She could set them on solid ground. She could set herself on solid ground.

Who felt sympathy for her? She defended a fundamental truth. But she had difficulty convincing others. They did not see the need to defend their way of life.

She only needed a confirmation in the moment. She could let that spark fill her up. She could radiate that endless power. Nothing could sway her.

He rubbed his hand along her back.

“Who are you? The interrogator? What do you want to know from me?”

“Tell me what you know about yourself?”

“I am the angel of mercy.”

She could never be an angel of mercy. Her vulnerability would risk a rift in the state. The Director was depending on her strict focus. She could not let herself get taken in by the distractions. There could be no distractions.

“Are you my distraction?”

“What does that mean?”

“Help me to forget it all.”

“You know nothing is forgotten. It can all come back again in thorough questioning.”

“Is that all that matters to you?”

“Nothing matters to me. I want to discover eternity.”

If Resa could discover this force, how would she share that power? She wanted to hoard that energy. She wanted it to mean something for her.

Ennaya was simply an excuse. She forced Resa to reveal her commitment. Resa would not let herself be detoured. She recognized her calling. She could battle against Ennaya. She could use her emotion to create a convincing argument. Ennaya would eventually be overcome by her fear. She did not have enough to fight back.

Resa had conquered all these spirits. She had beat back the snakes. She had survived the wilderness. Therefore, Ennaya no longer had any other defenses.

There was nothing in Ennaya’s arguments, which had really upset Resa. Resa was triumphant. Where was she now? She was sitting in the dark in a stranger’s living room. This person was totally unsuspecting. He would never know. She would try to convince him. What was she ready to offer. She was so far beyond his influences. She didn’t want him to touch her anymore. Did she really have this other side? Didn’t it mean more than this? She wanted a more certain recompense. This guy understood none of this. He could easily be satisfied. How had her work transformed her.

She wanted to steal something. She wanted to leave her mark. She wanted to make her mark. She had never been here. She could not be traced. She was nowhere. Who was he? How had he made an impression on her. How had anyone made an impression on her? None of these people knew. Ennaya did not know. Resa could make anything happen. The world was hers.

Resa was imbued with a fundamental power. She could turn people on and off like a machine. She had felt that power roll back over her. The process had turned her off, and she did not have the means to turn herself back on. Whatever did that mean? What did any of this mean?

“I need someone to give me my life back.”

“That cannot happen for anyone. Something has been taken from everyone.”

“You have no idea what any of this is about.”

No one did, She had stumbled on the only truth. She was clued in, and everyone else was not.

“Resa, come with me.”

“Where are we headed?”

“A place of knowledge.”

“I want something more, something that you can never offer me.”

“This is the only way to escape.”

Resa needed to make sure that Ennaya had not escaped. She could not allow her beliefs to see the light of day. Ennaya could rally her people. She would serve as an example. Young people would be caught in dead end thinking. They would give up on their dreams and give in this hopeless rebellion. These were martyrs to a dying cause.

Ennaya was not leading an exemplary life. She had run afoul of the law. And the rest of her life would continue like this, She would confuse other young people. They would see this experience. They would convince themselves that they could act the same way. The state relied on a constant resistance to this kind of foolhardiness.

Ennaya was no shining star. She kept the world in darkness. Without clear knowledge they would seal their fate. They would always be subject to the same impediments.

This was a world more subject to its own regrets. There was no way to dispel this delusion.

Everything had happened too quickly. They acted as if there was rescue. Once, you got caught up in the conflict, it was the only thing that held you in its grips.

“What is your name?”

“What is your crime?”

“I questioned the policies of the state. I felt as if it was persecuting people who were innocent. I had worsened these effects. I had contributed to the demise of our basic principles.”

Resa felt as if she was betraying her beliefs. She was showing mercy for those who jeopardized the safety of others, She questioned her superiors. She was making her own rules. She ignored the wonder of the state. She thought that the seat of truth was in herself. This allowed her to show mercy.

“If I showed mercy, I would not be myself. I need to refuse the tendency to give in to lies.”

“We all say what we need to say because we want to live. That is all that matters. There is no greater truth. We all destroy things. We all give in to our own beliefs,”

There was a place where all this would make sense.

“And where is that?”

“We all have our gifts.”

“I know what I am supposed to believe,”

“We all do.”

“Is that you?”

“We have files on everyone.”

“Those are precautions.”

“You cannot prepare for everything.”

The agency had prepared for every contingency. It could use Ennaya to control people’s behavior.

“This is too real for us. Electricity is intermittent. They have poisoned the drinking water. They threaten us constantly. Soldiers use us for sport. They fire live rounds at children. Protestors are treated as criminals. We have all become murderers for them. They threaten unarmed people with advanced weaponry. They try to goad us into defensive actions. Then they try to use this as a pretext to threaten our lives. There is neither rhyme nor reason to their actions.”

“Can you ever live like we do?”

“You are more like us than you know!”