

MR. SMITH

“Mr. Smith, I hope you don’t mind asking you a few questions.”

“No that’s perfectly OK with me. Ask away. That sounds great.”

“Do you know the Tempest Braverman?”

“I did meet someone named Tempest. And we had a short conversation. I found out at the last minute that her name was Tempest. But she never told me that her last name was.

“Braverman.

“I am definitely interested to find that out. But I only talked with her for a short while.”

“Ms. Braverman invited you over to her place.”

“That never really came up. Before we had a chance to complete our conversation another friend came up to us. Tempest continued to talk with me and my friend for a couple of minutes. Then she excused herself. That was the one and only time is that I saw her.”

“So you’re telling me that you were never at Ms. Braverman’s apartment.

“No. I never received an invitation to Miss Braverman’s place. That may have been forthcoming, but we did not complete our conversation, so I never learned of her actual intentions. When she got up to walk away, she was making things very clear to me.”

“So Mr. Smith, you are telling me that you were never at Ms. Braverman’s apartment.

“I was never there.”

“Mr. Smith is this your license?”

“Let me check I have my license with me. That is my old license I moved to Phoenix from another state.”

“What would you say if I told you that I found your license at Miss Braverman’s apartment.”

“I don’t have any idea what you’re talking about because I told you I was never there.”

“In fact I was sure that the other license was in my wallet. I’m just as surprised as you are.”

“Actually, Mr. Smith, I’m not surprised at all. After all this license is in our possession, and we found it at Miss Braverman’s apartment.”

“I was never there.”

“Okay, I’ll take your word for it. You want to tell me that you were never there. I still have the matter of your license.”

“Is that all? Do you have anything else to ask?”

“Did you know that Miss Braverman had unusual habits?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Some people might call it kinky. She was into rough sex.”

“She did tell me about that. We went over the couple of times; she told me that she liked the pain. She liked people to hurt her. She liked to get off from that kind of stimulation. For her, that was a rush. It is since it didn’t matter who she was with. She simply liked that feeling. I admit that I was a little curious. Why was she the way that she was? That might’ve been a subject for conversation. I was a little skeptical I found her appealing for whatever reason. She told me that she dressed this way because she had a purpose. And I guess her purpose was pretty clear in a sense. She acted as if she was irresistible. At that moment she might’ve been for any guy. This

might've sounded appealing. She seemed entirely submissive. Even though that she described herself in that way, she didn't seem to be an assertive person. I rather enjoyed our conversation. And it surprised me that she jumped up to walk away. I don't want to say that she was jealous of my friend. And my friend was revealing a lot of details about her intimate life. But Tempest took this as a cue. I guess that I had already failed her test. I wasn't that eager about inflicting pain; therefore, I may not have been the ideal candidate that she was looking for. That kind of perversity has its own attraction. It just wasn't some thing that turned me on. As I said I enjoyed our conversation I didn't mind hanging out with her."

"Mr. Smith, we have video of you from the security camera in her building. This was the night that you met.

As I told you, I never went on with her. I didn't follow her into the building. She never buzzed me up. I don't even know where she lives. I did go see a new dentist recently. It was in a high-rise building downtown. If that's where she lived, that's I've been there before. But that was my only encounter with a strange location otherwise I haven't been anywhere significant in the last week or so. I've gone out to a couple places. I've been to some restaurants. I went to the gym. I went to a grocery store. That covers it. I guess that's my life in a nutshell. A nutshell."

"Mr. Smith you can't really deny the footage."

"Honestly, I know I have a distinctive face. But that could be someone else. I was never in her building. I didn't take up on her offer."

"Did you know that Tempest Braverman was part of an underground sex club that operated out of Reunion?"

"I've heard other people talk about the underground sex club. For me and I was all the stuff of urban legend. If enough people talked about this thing, I guess that they could make it real. Someone walks in to Reunion, and she's looking for others to participate in unusual sexual activity. If she finds, that could be the basis for the sex club. I think there's a lot of civilians come to the place thinking that they can find unusual connections. I guess that's the reputation that Reunion has. People think they can let go there and just say what's on their mind. They can go beyond respectability. They can invite others to participate in their fantasies. It is since there's no strings attached. But there's always a downside to all this. I see it here. Sometimes, if you get what you want, you face the incredible consequences. Those consequences aren't something that you want to live with."

"These fantasies represent your fear that you can you find something appealing, that you can live out your perversions. In no way does it makes you feel powerful and wanted. Here you are wondering about your own self-worth, and you find someone who is willing to gratify any of your desires. That makes you feel supreme. That alone gratifies your ego. You're looking at yourself and you're thinking that you're something wonderful. I hate to admit this. I see it all the time. Everybody thinks that it's some thing that she does. Each person is amazed by her personal abilities. Honestly, there's not much going on here."

"With a couple of drinks, the individual starts to believe things. She becomes open to things. And she thinks that it's all a matter of the wheel or her amazing sexual appeal. But she's around other people or just as vulnerable as she is. And it doesn't take much to give a push."

"Mr. Smith, you're saying that you're better than these people."

"I'm not saying that I'm a better person. And I recognize the temptation. I wish there was

some thing else. I really want to believe that there's something more appealing for me than just these temporary attractions. But everyone wants to believe. I sit there. I develop my ideas. I think that I'm on the same thing. I believe that I've discovered something significant. And I share my thoughts with someone else. If I can just find one person who is going to go along, that makes me feel extra special. It leaves me open. It makes me vulnerable. It seems special, but there's nothing special about it at all. I end up being just as much a victim of my own desires? When am I going to figure this out? When am I going to see what's really wrong?

"I knew what she was about. But I wasn't ready to play along. She was showing me this dark side of my self and made me feel fascinated. At the same time I never knew when. And the kind of game that I like to play and I need to ask question how could someone get involved in this way and except the risks. Tempest was dealing with the strangers she never knew what they were about to do. If things got too crazy, how could she ever get out. It was really no method to escape. This was all part of the challenge. I knew the danger. If I went back to her place, as I accepting my ability? I didn't want to participate in some kind of catastrophe. She could easily end up in the hospital. It could be worse."

"Was this all really worth it? At what point would she feel that rush? The pain inspires something worse. This is this all part of the lesson. I was seeing this crazy situation act itself out before my eyes. Honestly, that was enough in itself. I will confess that I found that a little entertaining. Truly, this was something unusual. It wasn't some thing that I dealt with all the time. It was freaky. It was over my head. I couldn't put I'll listen to place. She seemed to recognize these dangers. She played fast and loose."

"There were so many other guys in here. There were monsters in their own way. They've gotten trouble acting like this before. She was giving them a license. That made no sense to me. I could see how someone could challenge the limits. Then it just became dangerous I didn't see myself as part of these dangerous I didn't like to think of myself as cautious. It was a certain kind of radicality. It was part of my nature. But she was taking me to world, and I didn't want to be part of. And the consequences could be thoroughly ugly. That added to my fear. I need to review. I need to collect myself."

"Honestly, I was glad that she left. In my mind I followed her home. Something about this was it so exciting. I imagine myself walking through that door uninvited. This would've caused an attitude or fear. But it would also have played into her game. How would I reach this point?"

"Indeed I was the monster that I feared. I was the monster that she was afraid of him this made things even more difficult. I needed to pull back from this fantasy I realized that this was what she did all the time all that she had to do was plan to see them. That's seed would grow and grow and grow. When it was full-fledged, it would be a threat to the individual and I could see this happening at this moment I was participating in this monstrosity. I hadn't gone along with her I wasn't part of her game."

:Mr. Smith, we have a few more questions. You describe meeting Ms. Braverman. And you seem to be enticed by her lifestyle. At the same time, you were judgmental. You really have no respect for her. This could've been the basis for something ugly. We already have you on camera footage. It is incriminating. You're trying to get away it. You're trying to wash your hands. Mr. Smith, the evidence is overwhelming. And you're doing everything that you can to deny your involvement. You claim that she like to play games. But there's a big difference

between a game and a real thing. In your own way, you seem attracted by this craziness. Claim there are limits. But there are really no limits in your life. You're totally out of control. There are no restrictions. That's all part of your game. You say that she had a game. Your game is to hurt people. Your game is to feel no consequences. Mr. Smith, you are cold-blooded. And you're looking for something to turn you on. It's not much. You're pretty numb to the feelings of others. That's why you like pushing things. That's why you like going further. There are no limits in your world. There are no limits in your character. That is why you are the way that you are. There is message to your nature. Can you pretend that you're on the sideline when you're looking for that can of stimulation. You are looking for the weak. You're looking for those who are honorable. You're looking for those you can dominate. Mr. Smith, you're never going to get away with this. You need to just tell us what happened. Things just got a little crazy. Maybe you didn't want things to happen the way that they did. Maybe, she teased you. She said things that got you a little angry. And I don't how, but it inspired you to get more aggressive. Admittedly, that aggressiveness just got out-of-control. You didn't mean for it to happen. You didn't want it to happen like that. Things just got out-of-control. You're not the only person who has had experiences. This is not the only time. You hang with people who don't know what they want."

"Mr. Smith, you're a little more vicious. You're a little more certain. You're a little more aware. You watch people. You look for these weaknesses. You exploit them. That's why you're one dangerous character. You should be afraid of you. You sit there and write and you pretend like you're so different than everyone else. You pretend like you're better. You think you're superior. And you try to stay in control. You try to restrain these habits. When she says these things to you, you act to see if you don't go along. But down deep, this is you."

"The only thing that matters you see this madness all around you, and you act as if you're not part of it. You try to resist. You compose yourself. But it's everywhere. And you're this monster. And you're waiting for that little push. You're waiting for that excuse. That's all that matters to you. You live for that moment. You live and die for that moment. And there's nothing else you're not alone here. You're never alone. We see you at all there's nothing but this feeling wants to set off, you can't control yourself. No one can. No one! And she taunted. And you wanted her to stop. But she kept taunting you."

"You couldn't do anything. You were helpless. You were helpless until you realized the power you had. You used it and you used it and you wore her down and you abused her and you destroyed her. This is all you're doing finally realized what had happened. An accident. He blamed her for it. He pretended that you had nothing to do with. This is the monstrousness that's inside of you.

"You can come up with all your half-baked notions to try to explain my behavior. I'm not interested in any of this. I wasn't interested in her nonsense. I didn't want to go along. I didn't want to join in. I didn't find it seductive. It didn't get me excited. It was what it was. She was the monster. And she loved monsters like her. She love people who could push it to the edge. She wanted people to break her. He wanted people to destroy her. It was all that mattered. That was the only thing that made sense. She would retreat into herself. Then she would reveal what she was really about. And it got people interested. It got people excited. She inspired others who were just as desparate as she was. They all felt the same thing. They all went along."

"Mr. Smith, we had a few more questions to ask you. We're still very concerned of what

happened to Temple.”

“Detective, I know you’re worried about this. But I saw Tempest over the weekend. I’m pretty sure that was her, and I recognized her from her jewelry.”

“Mr. Smith, I don’t believe that’s possible.”

“Detective, I know what I saw. I’m not trying to mess with you. This is just what I know.”
“Tempest described her rough sex games to you. And that messed with your moral sensibility.

“I’m trying to make sense of all that.”

“You’re a writer, and you seem to be fascinated by the underground at Reunion. Why do you say to get into it? I want to give you some kind of credibility. Honestly, I don’t believe it or. She captures your interest. Maybe she said some things provocative as you said. Can you start describing scenes that appeal to you. More that you’ve got excited. Honestly, she had a way to turn you on. You kept pushing and pushing. Your main goal was to get her out of there. You got her apartment. Perhaps, she kissed you. Then you put your hands around her neck. It was pretty rough. You told yourself that you liked it. You went along with it. But you let her convince you that it was okay.”

“It was way more than that. You were controlling the situation. You’re probably done things like this before. She made it too easy. When she realized what you were doing, she tried to resist you. She struggled. That only encouraged your ruthlessness. It was obvious to you that you were hurting her. She wasn’t into the game. But you kept on pushing. And that girl you gave everything that she had. Indeed, your cruelty was evident.”

“And you didn’t know how to stop yourself even if you wanted to stop. You were too deep in the moment. That might fit some imaginary scenario that you were coming up with.”

“Detective, that is the furthest thing from the truth. I didn’t hang around. I didn’t go to her place. She had a discussion with me, and she was the one who left the table. None of this was my fault. After that point I have no idea what she did, so it’s some kind of accident that my license was found there. We were sitting at the same table. She was sitting next to me. She may have found my license and she was going to use it for some reason. I have no idea what else was going on. As I said it’s really had nothing to do with me”

“Mr. Smith, we have a few more questions to ask you. We’re still very concerned of what happened to Temple.”

“Detective I know you’re worried about this. I am going to go over this again. You do not want to believe me. But I saw Tempest over the weekend. She is still alive. I am not trying to mess with you.”

“I am hearing the same thing over and over again from you. You act as if you can control these situations. But it is all out of control. You went home with Tempest. And she realized what kind of guy you were. And Tempest was into rough sex games.”

“You keep repeating the same thing over and over again.”

“She was messing with your moral sensibility. That is the kind of guy that you are. You like to get away with this kind of thing all the time. And you do this wild shit. Then you come down from your emotional high. And you realize what you have done. You try to be totally controlling. That is all part of your nature. And you impose this kind of thing on other people.”

“Detective, how do you think that I feel hearing the same thing over and over again from you. You are acting as if I have no feelings. I don’t have my own reality. In the end, I am going

to just snap.”

“You don’t know how to stop. That is all part of your nature. No one ever says no to you. But the law says no. I realize that it’s a little late for all this. But that is just what happened.”

“I realize that this is your job. And you try to trap people in these stories that you make up. None of this is based on fact.”

“What do you want from me?”

“I know exactly what is going on.”

“That might fit some imaginary scenario that you’re coming up with. But you can’t keep repeating the same thing over and over again and hope that it is going to become true.”

“Why are you acting guilty?”

“I’m going to be honest with you. I may have had thoughts. I’ve had thoughts. Tempest was influencing me in a strange way. She was acting on my desperation. I didn’t realize it was happening while I was sitting with her. I started to run this scenario in my mind. On the one hand, she seemed to enjoy this. At the same time, there was an element of terror in her eyes I hadn’t realize this she seem to encourage it. This was an unusual mixture of behavior on the one hand, says she seem to be egging me on, and the other she wanted me to stop. When she decided to leave my table, I felt relieved. I never wanted any of this to happen I didn’t want it to go this way. She was manipulative. At any stage of the interaction she was taking advantage of my sympathy. She was friendly. She was intelligent. Honestly, it threw me off. I didn’t think I didn’t know what to think She was coming at me from so many different places. But I didn’t want her to leave. I wanted her to keep talking with me. I didn’t realize where this was going I didn’t understand the actual import of the conversation. I had given too much of myself to this experience. I had shown that I was entirely too vulnerable. This added to my confusion. For a moment, my desperation seemed more evident than ever. I didn’t want her to walk away. I needed her to reassure me. I need her to tell me that it was all okay. I didn’t want to be rejected. She had played with my sensibility. She left me with something else. It was almost as if she assumed that I was more committed to this lifestyle. That added to the strange feeling that I had.”

“Yes. I want to get home. What had I witnessed? How are they contributed to this experience. I didn’t make it happen. These were my ideas. Now they were running around in my brain. In no way, I felt like she did. I was looking at other people who are just into this kind of thinking. That sense of dominance had an appeal in itself. I didn’t act on any of this. I didn’t do anything immoral or illegal. The simple fact that I was a witness to the experience doesn’t make me guilty. The simple fact that she influenced me. I think it’s in certain way about myself doesn’t make me guilty. If my license was found there, I don’t know why. And it’s not me on the security cameras. It’s not me at all. I know what I did. I know what I didn’t do. I can’t be held accountable for some thing that I didn’t do. I didn’t encourage anyone else I didn’t organize the scene. I was there. That was that.

“She got me thinking about things. In a sense, she transform my way of thinking. When I looked at other people here, I wondered if they thought the same thing. Did they want me to push things a little? Did they want everything to get a little crazy.? I recognized that way of thinking. I can observe these interactions. I was in the middle of all this. When I saw her again, I was sure

that was her, and she seem to know other people. This made me wary. The longer that I spent at Reunion, longer I would get caught up in this kind of thinking. It was some kind of underground game. Maybe everyone was playing it. It started with a sense of self a trick. And he's activities can give people a sense of control. That control was intoxicating. If person felt bad about her day, she could find inspiration at Reunion. It didn't take much. It was a secret handshake or a couple of words. It was a password. It was a gesture. It was a look. All that an individual had to do was show that plan. Everyone would look her way. I know with those with already been initiated. And there were the newcomers. They had their own sordid history. Maybe, they have been told about what was going on here."

"I watched Tempest. I tried to track her behaviors. In some ways I found satisfaction. I saw a level of access to this place. I recognized how others could just jump on board. It wouldn't take much. I could join in. I could play alone. This could be my life. I love that sensation. It gave me power. It helped me to overcome my own uncertainties. I wanted to find Tempest. I wanted her to sit down at my table. I wanted her to give me lessons. I wanted to find some kind of middle ground. I wouldn't have to go along with her totally. I would know when to stop. I could give the appropriate signal, and that would be found. Tempest and I would be partners. We know how the same goals in mind. We had made that clear. And I was ready to make this happen. I love the appeal. I love the excitement. I love the temptation. I loved the opportunity. I was attracted by everything that she was showing me. I want it all this and more."

Perhaps, this detective was no detective at all. He himself was into the lifestyle. And he wanted to get me involved. Period he was looking for Tempest. He had heard about her game and he was ready to sign up.

"I have no idea what the hell is going on. You don't have a body. You don't have any real evidence, and I've seen the supposed victim hang around at the bar. What are you expecting to prove with this case? Detective, you need to quit harassing me."

"Mr. Smith, you are is seeing what you want to see just to support your own beliefs. You maintain that the victim is still hanging around at the bar. That's totally ridiculous. This is all part of your own mania. You've already done something to one woman, and you're seeing her reflection in other people. That really is no excuse for this at all. I'm surprised that you even tolerate it."

"Detective, if you continue to act this way towards me, I'm going to do what I can to shut you down. You can't just harass citizens like this. My lawyer will follow up."

What did I have to fear? What did he really know? Why was he messing with my freedom. I hadn't done anything wrong. I had taken precautions. I realized that I was with someone with issues. This could've resulted in my liability. For that reason I didn't pursue the matter. Now I was facing this threat. What was it based on? How would I made a mistake. I thought about this I thought about the dangers. I recognize the risks. How could people find thrills in their every day lives? They needed to exaggerate things. They needed to add to the magic. The more that they anesthetize themselves, the more that they could explore their weird desires. I watched all this, and I didn't want to get caught up in this lifestyle. This could be challenging. This could be dangerous. I needed to be aware about what was going on. My knowledge seemed to draw me in. Where was I going with us?

I felt a little caught. I was trying to extricate myself. Now I was lost in this bizarre world.

There were no clear rules there is no way to understand us I did what I could I try to make my way situation became more bizarre. I felt as if she was in my head. On the one hand I was avoiding tjos kind of thinking. That seem to go along with the presence of the detective. On the other hand, I felt driven by this experience and I got caught up in it. I kept looking for her. I was focusing on those two necklaces that she wore. This would tell me something this would reveal if one of these women was Tempest in a sense, that seemed frightening in itself. How are things gotten to this point how would I've been drawn in? I felt is as if Tempest had cooperate with the legal authorities. She had set me up.

Perhaps, she had stolen my license. What had been her overall intention? Was this some kind of scheme. I was caught in the sting. Maybe both of them wanted money. I really had nothing. That would've stopped him. They were both a little crazy in their own way. I tried to figure it out. Did I have any clues? Tempest told me something that might reveal what her actual motives were. I had been too casual about the experience. I had become drawn in. My curiosity certainly got the better of me. This added to my dilemma. Who are these people? I thought that the detective was equally depraved. Surely he had dealt with this kind of thing before. He realized how to push things to the limit. I wanted to show more understanding. I wanted to figure it out. It was all too confusing. It was overwhelming me. I felt hesitant.

Any false move could incriminate me. I was positive that I had seen her. I looked her in the eye, and she really didn't look back. It was almost as if she wanted to deny the whole experience. Here I was with the knowledge, but I couldn't do anything about it. I hated the fact that it was helpless. It should've been more than evident. These were pleasure seekers. It wasn't enough to find stimulation. If that was their basis for interaction, they needed to push the envelope. No wonder I was getting caught up in this madness. They were totally overboard. This was all part of the experience. They became more and more involved. I was sure that there were others out there. They were almost like spies. I had been picked out. And this kind of thing but happen again and again.

I needed to save myself. I needed to find some kind of serenity. I thought about what got it started. She had casually walked up to me. And I focused on that walk.

That time she looked back at me when I stared at her in the eyes. She had already played the game. I wasn't going give her what she needed. This is more than frightening. It wasn't about my liability. It was more about her nature. She wasn't all that engaging. It was just strange. She's shown real insight in talking with me. She discussed the personality of a musician that could emerge after repeated listening. This would create a level of participation that became more involved over time.

This developed new ways to respond to the works of a particular artist. She had grown to this understanding. Nevertheless, it was a question how far she would take this understanding. She would connect this with things that seemed familiar. That's why she was attached to this unusual attitude about sexuality. It was more than a connection to dominance.

She accepted this intense humiliation. And she lost a real connection to who she was. It wasn't about vulnerability. Instead it represented some thing that was almost pathetic. She could claim that she was gaining control, but this was only after surrendering so much of herself. There was really nothing else to her experience, and that scared me a little. That shook me up. It made me confused.

Mr. Smith's antics became evident. He could create characters. Those characters could seem to correspond to people he actually knew. On this basis, he could describe motives to these people in a sense, this description could assist in creating a perspective of the world. People would give in to this representation. Mr. Smith could hide his own actions. His guilt would be evident to a close reader. Anyone else would absolve him. This would add to his sense of confidence. He believed that to get away with anything. And the stories seem to give him that credibility. And it's self, little frightening. Mr. Smith could be dangerous. He could've involve others in weird situations. They would do silly things, and he would be or no responsibility over what it happened. This is all part of his method. Indeed, he had an expertise. It was almost cultish about its nature. Mr. Smith looked for believers. He wanted followers. And his methodology reinforced this kind of behavior. This could've been the basis for a reputable reputation.

Mr. Smith was disreputable. Others talked. But no one could put together the full story. That was the rule of the detective. The detective seemed to have his own agenda. What was the basis for those beliefs? Where did they originate? How could this environment reveal something deeper about the motives for Mr. Smith's question.

What provided new information about this case. He was perhaps a perpetrator, a suspect. Maybe, I had no idea. I had trouble understanding. He claimed that you've seen tempest onion. Did you even talk to her? You've created a belief that has no basis in fact.

"I have evidence. I have left evidence. You have fingerprints that could've been anyone else."

"I'm totally sure that you were there, and you do things with your fingers. You can't even walk me through your actions. Perhaps, you blacked out. This is more than obvious. What are you hiding back at your place? You can find souvenirs from the scene. This is not the first time you've been in this kind of situation. Perhaps, this is the first time that you're talking to the authorities. But I'm not even sure about this happened on the locations what kind of person are you?"

"You really hope that your constant interrogation will be successful. People don't work that way. You can't just get them to recognize the truth. My understanding is based on what I know inside. No amount of interrogation is going to change that. It's that simple. I know what's going on in my world. I can see it. I'm constantly examining my own behavior."

"You only see what you want to see. We've already described the truth or anything to contradict your point of view. Are you're seeing the whole picture. You don't even want me to call you in."

"Do you believe that you know what is right? There's nothing I can add to that. With a person like that who has story, he stays with it and builds on that."

"It's ridiculous. I can't relate and go along the way that it is. I know what freedom means to me. You can't tell me any different. You used to manufacture the evidence to try to convict people. It's not going work for me at best. You keep coming back as if something changed. Nothing is changed. Are you are still coming at me the same way. My life's not working out like this. There's a whole different system. And it's not just about making things work for you."

"I believe that's where you are. Do you think that just like you? Tempest was seeking the same kind of acknowledgment in her life. Even if she was unloved, she could find

satisfaction. That kind of attitude feeds a certain mindset.”

“It certainly wasn’t mine. There’s no way that I could go along. It was absurd. Now you’re trying to put me back into the situation. I was never really part of it. It was never really me.”

“Officer, you need to let it go!”

“Mr. Smith, you are trying to be crafty. You’re acting as if you understand something that nobody else does. I can see through you. I know what this is about. I understand you thoroughly.”

“You’re making all these excuses for yourself. You’re trying to blame the victim. You’re acting as if I’m victimizing you by enforcing the law. What is behind any of this is your character. It is easy to see your flaws. These are your missed steps. For once, someone has an eye on you. Someone sees everything. So you’re not going get away with this. It’s not going work in your favor. And it never will. It’s that simple. I couldn’t break it down in the more basic way. This is how things are. This is the world. Mr. Smith, this is reality. Face it for what it is! That will only show the world what is your nature, what is with you.”

“Mr. Smith, you have discovered a new kind of behavior that you feel is acceptable. This is all part of a subculture of Reunion. People come here to explore their desires. They embrace the passion. They push the envelope. It’s no longer just about pleasure. People try to create the most intense experiences. It’s not just about forgetting. It’s pushing the self to the edge of nothingness. No wonder, there are people that are self-destructive. This embrace of disaster is characteristic of these social interactions. Especially for those who live a sedate life, they can explore the bizarre. They can immerse themselves in the hidden. They could do things that would be unacceptable in respectable company. They don’t want to just observe.”

“They come with their requests already. They want to see what they can get away with. They skirt madness. They recognize the dangers. In a sense, they embrace self humiliation. It doesn’t take much. They all wanna get involved. They all want to see what’s available. They were excited. They love this life. Nothing else matters. That sensation is so intense. If they have to anesthetize themselves to explore further, that is all part of the experience. They don’t avoid pain and suffering. They love it. Their eyes light up. The heart races. The blood rushes to the brain. Everyone comes out of her self.”

“They get immersed in what’s going on. There’s nothing else. For some, this only makes them edit way of the life of a dominant culture. They are ambitious sales people. They love the work ethic. They love punishing themselves. They work until there’s nothing left. I’m a party until the body is about to give out.”

“Mr. Smith, I can only believe that you find a refuge in this culture. You have found your place. You’re with others just like you. In that world anything is possible. There are no limits. You take from each other. You exhaust each other. You engage in criminality. It’s all part of your beer. If some do not survive, this is all the battle of the fittest. You are making your own rules. You are rewriting the law. You were telling everyone else that this is acceptable. It’s all that matters. This is how things work. This is how things are meant to be. So you all love this experience. What else matters?”

“What else could your day? Do you infiltrate this world. Do you immerse yourself in the initiation? Ingratiate yourself with the rituals. You are almost at the point of giving out. But you only one more. And there’s so many possibilities that are available. That gets you

involved. I guess you're cited. That really makes you want more. Others like you. You could read it in the rise. Is that what would happen, Mr. Smith?"

He loved it.

"Things got a little out of control. It really wasn't your fault. But you were there."

And he didn't like the consequences. He tried to clean up. He didn't do a very good job. He only needed to get out of there. This was the beginning of the end.

"This was the end of your experience. You were at the edge of nothingness, you were at the edge of humanity. You were all involved. You're all guilty. Most particularly, you need to accept your accountability. But that lifestyle seems to give you total liberty. If everything was possible, nothing was forget. There were no prohibitions. There were no limits. There was no regrets. If you were still alive, that was all that mattered if you didn't make the cut, that was how the game was played that was what it was all about. You were there until the completion. You played it that way. Everyone played it that way it made it visible. He got away with murder. That's solidified your reality. That's solidify your understanding. That was why you were all working together. That was why you were covering each other. Everything was okay. Everything was okay. everything was okay.

"I didn't want people to size me up based on what they saw. I was here to create my own world. I was here to create myself."

"Mr. Smith, what can you give me? Mr. Smith, can you make me feel good. Mr. Smith, have you learned the rules?"

"Officer what are you talking about. Don't play dumb with me. I see what's going on. You stand back and wait for your moment. You're observing things. But you know how to break people down. That's your skill. That's your career. You're here to do just that. You don't have choices. You don't have alternatives. This is the way that things are. There's no loyalty. All you do is get what you want. That's with you on top. You struggle. You push things to the edge. You find others were in the same boat. They love the action. You love the action. You love it all. Do you wanna be part of it. Do you want it to last. You want to last forever. It's the only thing that matters. You're right in the thick of things. It's shaking you back-and-forth. It's knocking you to the ground. You pick yourself up. You want more. You want more and more and more. You find others who want to participate just like you. They're not afraid of pain. They're not afraid of bad memories. They immerse themselves into this madness."

"They reach for you. You can hold them. You can bring them close. Do you know what it's all about. It's the only thing that matters. It's the only thing that ever matters for you. You're dealing with this. It's making it more difficult for you. It's a challenge. It's the only thing you care about. It's the only thing that exists. You're never jealous. You take what you can get. You add to it. You push on. You want more. You want more and more and more. It's there for the taking. You grasp it. You hold onto it. You crush it. It lifts you up. Mr. Smith, do you know where this is going? Mr. Smith, can you control yourself? Mr. Smith, is this ever going to be more than this? Mr. Smith, what are your expectations? You get a little crazy."

"She's thrilled. Even more excited. This is taking you places. Mr. Smith do you know where this is taking you? Do you know what this is all about? Do you know who you are? What's taking you to this point? What do you need? Why are you a monster? You can't let anything get in your way? You're laughing at yourself. Everyone's laughing at you. You don't

want it to end. Do you want more of it.”

“You want to get others involved. Exciting. This sensation is overwhelming. The understanding is massive. You push on. You need more. You need allies. Do you need people jacking you up. You’re so high above the world. Do you have pride. Do you have skills. What made you this way? What got you to this? How do you know when would happen? What makes this monstrous? Do you know where this is going? Do you know what this is all about? Do you know what at stake? I can relate. You can relate. Just need something. This means more than it is. Now, everything is fair.”

“Now, everything is on your side. This is more than satire. You’re not just laughing anymore. You need cruelty to keep the game going. Need substance. Do you need matter. We need physical contact. How did this happen? What made it happen? What made it a goal? How did all the particles get moving? Why is this so good? Why do you love it? Why is this everything to you? Count up the numbers! Add to this. You’re losing track. Mr. Smith you’re losing track. How are you staying in the game? How do you know that you have it?”

“Mr. Smith, what do you know. Mr. Smith it’s about to blow! Is she even conscious? Does that make any difference to you anymore? What kind of monster? She’s not even awake. She can’t even accuse you. You’re just one sick fuck. And the crazy shit keeps on. Mr. Smith, why do you think that you’re different? Why do you think that you’re moron? Why do you think that you’re a better person? What is the now? Do you feel it? Do you train? This is wonderful! This is so wonderful! This is drag me down. It’s drag you down. We’re sharing something that is so urgent.”

“We’re sharing the only thing that matters. This is the only thing that makes it real. I am real. You’re real. This is the world as it is. I’m loving it. I’m existing in a different place. You don’t understand. I need to change my shirt! I need to change this life! I don’t want to leave any evidence. Does anyone know I’ve been here? No. It was all anonymous.”

“She didn’t tell me about any friends. She didn’t want to involve me. I’m not involved. I’m not affected. I can’t be blamed. This is a little to do my life. I got what I wanted. That was all that matter. I had a little to do with my life. That was all that I cared about. I need to get out of here while I can. And let this get into my head. I’m already in this crazy place. Somethings going to hold it together. Somethings going to give me that kind of boost. Period how do they become fantastic? I made a mistake. I can. A little the numbers add up.”

“It was adding up in my favor I didn’t want to think about anything else. This was all that mattered. What do you think other people are going to think? I didn’t ask for this. I had no choice even know what’s going on? I couldn’t understand the insanity. It was going to the next level. It was so far beyond me. How does anyone hold us together.? How does anyone make this real.”

“Do we even have bodies. We even have minds. Standing? What is it in left out?? Where do we go from here? Or are we there.”

“Mr. Smith, make your guilt. Mr. Smith and Matthew you are! Quit being a fuck! It’s that simple. It’s that simple.”