

## PUPPIES

How did the text provide the means to change individual behavior? On the one view reading could only intensify the contradiction. Frustration could become more intense after reading about the causes. Even though the text seemed to offer some kind of resolution, it distracted the individual from making a change. The self felt attracted by the appeals. The most absurd situation could find its appeal. Writing could only intensify temptation. The self would get drawn into the most absurd situation. Writing would be in an invitation to act out the wildest scenes the writer had accepted this role. The text could provide the individual with the power to escape negative influences. This sensation could provoke our intellect. The individual could take the steps for a real change. It might seem difficult at first. But the writing could work with the worst confusions.

This kind of experience was a wonderful opportunity. In providing this insight, was there a challenge? Did the writer realize his power and could this realization lead to an effort to control others. I was that the interest in these characters who seem so dominant. The writer imagined himself taking the place of Sly or Vittorio. He observed Duke, Sly and Vittorio. Did he simply want to experience the same excitement? Were all his efforts to find information that could result in a greater manipulation of others? Or was this profound give-and-take? The writer was the cat chasing a mouse. As the cat got closer, it only became more gleeful. This was the battle. The animal recognized the wonder, and it only added to the zeal. The self became more intense the possibilities we're endless. The writer could move the story favorably in his direction. He could get off on the revelations of the individuals. He could create characters that would be more adept at continuing on this revelation. This would add to the presentation. People might become resentful about the efforts of the writer.

They were resentful that he was interfering with their lives. He might argue that he was offering a service. It was helping them to see themselves. He was giving them valuable knowledge. But they didn't see it that way. He was using all this knowledge for how own benefit. It made him feel more powerful. It added to his reputation. He was even more sought after and the people that he wrote about it. He knew secrets. He could reveal them. What did the riders secrets tell him about the world that he was observing. Fundamentally, it was a story of his aspirations.”

“People would put their trust and faith in individuals who were not able to provide what was necessary. People would become embarrassed by their experience. Where had it taken them? Why have they been so vulnerable? Why had they revealed so much? But the writer was stripping everyone down to nothing.

He was leaving open the situation. It was exposing his deep connections. He left everyone to wonder. He was stealing their energy. He's using this force for his own aggrandizement. It made it seem more authoritative. It added to his reputation. He knew that he was observing a science. Now, he was using that science for his own benefit. Everybody could see his reaction. He knew that they had limited resources. So he would take the portrait further. He would highlight he had lost direction. He would make it seem as if he had greater ability at some moments. He was equally lost and immersed himself in the situation with the idea that he would find some kind of perspective.

He would continue to push this awareness. Why was he creating characters would be more likely to reveal themselves. The fictional situation create a look into the world that he observed directly. He could go places. He could create his own revelations. We could acquire a more lasting understanding. Work right now what happened? The writer was not trying to play these peoples marionettes. But they might believe that characterization.

Why should they reveal? Why should they tell the writer anything question but there was still a primary dissatisfaction in the experience of everyone. They wanted something more. The writer was there an offer. Nevertheless, there was something I was missing what if the writer extended the science? He could provide for lasting awareness. This scene like a welcome trade-off. But it was also an associated discipline. A reader would have to commit to the narrative. In committing, he's created a different relationship with the world. Selfie office marvel. It could provide a greater rush. The individual became immersed in this experience.

The self could read her experience in the story. This added to the inside. She could anticipate. She could avoid terrible situation's. There was this wonderful possibility for the reader. Nevertheless, the reader faced the same challenge as the writer. His situation could appear more and enticing. The reader would try to game her experience. She could read the story as an invitation to a further descend into a world of lasting pleasure. She could welcome us paradise. Formerly she had experience limits on her behavior, now, she felt more powerful.

She could enhance the story. Adding to it made it more affective. In some moments, she felt as if she was conquering the world. What does this mean? What were the roots of this understanding? There's only added to the marvel. She was turned on by this.

I wanted to believe that I was creating a vision for New World. I was interacting with people who had their own artistic interests. But they often find a difficult to develop its understanding. What was the real challenge for their growth? I wonder. There were so many factors that could get in the way.

Once an individual dealt these challenges, it became important to gain control of the moment. A drink might be enough to inspire confidence. It would get someone in the right frame of mind. Things would progress from there. I observe these wonders around me. I needed to add to the portrait. And seeing things differently, the artist found expression. Should a person be resentful about this picture? She wanted to create on her own. She wanted to develop her ideas. It wasn't up to me to fill in the gaps. Nevertheless, there was a need for a stronger motivation. Sometimes, the individual was simply looking for a good time. She didn't want anyone interrupting her. When she got home, she didn't want to second-guess herself.

Why would she want someone doing it while she was here? There was this intense give-and-take. She wanted to get lost in the moment. Nevertheless questions remain. And this might not be enough to provide sufficient commitment. She could feel how she was called back and forth. It was easy to get fooled. Guys were spending their time trying to create a wonderful allusion. They wanted participants to give them credit. This would add to the feeling.

I saw what was going on. It wasn't up to me the interview. Nevertheless, the individual make at home and wonder what it happened. Has she said something that she shouldn't have? Has she gone too far. She didn't want to show up another day but up in the same nonsense.

How could she achieve enough independence? What was she lacking? She needed a stronger outlook. But she wasn't going in for self examination. She wanted to keep things light.

She had grown up with enough challenges. She wanted to let all that stuff go. She wanted to put it behind her. What does that mean? There was any of this headed she considered the dangerous. She didn't want them to drag her down. It was just hard achieving enough independence day after day. It was better to try to anesthetize south. It was better to try to forget. What was preventing that? Why was she too caught up in the moment. She felt nervous. Her hesitation was getting to her. She put it all together? What were made? She needed to put it all into perspective. Who is running this operation?

At times, she imagined that there was a puppet master. He could be held responsible for what was going on. How did any of that work? And she need further guidance. Some days, her friends didn't understand. She didn't want to drift into oblivion. What was my role? I could become involved. I could close my eyes. But I need to see some thing? It wouldn't make much difference if I didn't have some kind of greater inspiration and she feel the same way that she love what was she was going through? It wasn't as if she was wearing a sign that said help me.

She wanted me to look at her longingly. And I did just that. She had adored herself for the night. That was important. It was supposed to communicate a message. And I wanted to understand that that seemed like enough for me I wasn't expecting some thing. I took it for what it was. This was another night, another story. I wasn't trying to file them away. I wanted to feel a sense of excitement. What was the force that drove this on?

There were other moments that I threw my hands in the air. Nothing made any difference. Why should I bother? Why should I bother? The situation became more and more difficult. I wondered where any of this was going. It wasn't enough to recognize these challenges. Something needed to change, but it wasn't set up that way. Everyone knew the initiation fee. And that was that. From that point on everything seemed automatic. I might've been looking for more. But it wasn't anywhere to be seen what is so much confusion. I try to figure it all out. When would it all makes sense. Whatever would that mean? Did I have time to put all the parts together? I need to get it going. I need to make some thing happen. This is my invitation. This is my opportunity.

I didn't feel excluded. This was my calling. knowledge. These conflicting narratives might have seemed problematic. But the social scene had a way of accommodating for all of them. Sure, there are moments of heartache. People could become possessive about their connections. But there is still some thing left unsaid.

There were times that she did not need a writer. She was the one experiencing life. She didn't need someone else telling her what she should remember when she can forget. She enjoyed the balance that was available. The writer was a creep. You only need a little hint, his imagination will take over from there. The shelf could not achieve its independence of these conditions. She felt as if she was living up to the expectations of others are. Where was the story headed? She was trying to avoid detection. She had a knowledge. But the writer only wanted to intrude. He needed his defenses. What kind of cues did she need to advance her on experience?

When did she gain a sense of completeness? There were times that she felt that intense physical pleasure to result in a feeling of liberation. This only added to a feeling of desperation. I how could she regain her sense of confidence? It was too easy to get seduced by the moment. I was being new characters. How was she supposed to respond?

How did the observant decide to focus on particular character? How did the individual

emerge from the crowd? It wasn't so much sense of loss, as a sense of awareness. This understanding was based on some thing more elemental. What were its origins? How did it engage his self? There were numerous concerns that could motivate the participation of the individual. An individual could recognize some thing appealing within situation. This would be on a simple meeting of needs. Did the presentation offer an understanding of identity? The self was clearly tuned into personal satisfaction. Personal satisfaction was rooted in a sense of belonging. Initial sensation couldn't engage something much more lasting. It could suggest a sense of personal attachment. This feeling emerged in her contacts.

The observer picked out the individual based on an overall connection to the scene. Even as the individual expressed a sense of belonging, The observer also felt similar connection., Link the two together very committed way. This could be enhanced to hide the development of feelings by the individual. Belonging could take many forms. It was first a feeling of acceptance. This acceptance could become more intense. The self could feel ambitious. Ambition could be based on personal expectations. Thus, the self I felt more intensely involved. Personal attention could build a stronger expression of affection. The individual might be more apt to surrender her self if she felt an intense feel in the situation. This relationship could become more intense, as the self became attached to the circumstances. She wanted to express her rudeness even if it was fundamentally based on a belief. But this belief could become more precarious.

The self became lost in this manifestation. She wanted her contribution to be recognized. Again this was a form adjuration of her sense of longing. She wanted to someone to say that her appeals were more critical for the situation. This could also become curious. This sense of explosiveness could be followed by a fundamental letdown. This could aggravate the situation for the self. She would feel torn. She could feel rejected. She had participated in something that was marvelous, but she almost felt exploited in this interaction.

What remained for her.? She observed the imitations of her participation. How involved wishy? Who really took notice? It was difficult to achieve. The situation focused her participation. This was a limited realization. She had done everything that she could position. This undercut the circumstances. How was she supposed to deal with that sense of estrangement. Moreover, she felt even more. Could it be transformed into something more enduring? She realized what was at stake. She felt that she could make things work. What was needed? How could she express her own concerns? There were so many things that seem to stay on her way. It simply seemed impossible to move along

. She had thrown herself into the situation. She has solidified. She had created interest among others. What remained? What was missing? How could she acquire a greater depth to advance the situation? She was devising a narrative that could assist in this continued process. She became immersed in the wonder. Already, she's become used to be attention. But she also can could feel the disappointment as that appeal was withdrawn. This made her even more committed to creating a dynamic in the moment. This was part of her excitement. She realized that she was part of some. She was sharing a personality. She was making it more vibrant. This was her art. Could there be any other way pressing this understanding? What was the possibility? She saw herself as unique. This was her story. But her story was so much more valuable to what was being presented by others.

What was characteristic in her performance? How did she demonstrate a consistent

relationship to the world. She was a part of. It was particularly tricky. There was something entirely ephemeral about this situation. Nothing seemed to last very long. If she expected some kind of permanence, it was a delusion. Moreover, this delusion could become a lasting experience. She was extending a form of belief that could give substance to the world that she deserves her connection to this substance became more enveloping. It wasn't simply the individual moments. She was onto something more elegant.

I'm not feeling good. It could involve others.

And this excited her. She felt moved by this possibility. Where was it leading her? Why did she feel driven? What made her cling to this fragile identity that was in providing so much magic for. She felt that she could come in the interest of others, and this truly enhanced her story. All her dreams were coming to life. But she could achieve satisfaction in her world.

I could provide her with a stronger feeling of commitment. She knew herself, and she felt that she was known to the world on this basis. The nurse, yourself extended in this universe. And she might've taken alternative path, but this road seem to offer this amazing level of gratification. Or she was getting lost in the temporary appeals. What she really have inside? What was the overall presentation. Something seemed absent. Somethings seemed in observable. But she was excited by the possibility. So she remain suspended in this world.

She spoke for it, and I spoke for her. She also fulfilled the expectations of the observer.. This might've pointed to some kind of liberation, but her whole being was tied to this expression. She could feel that poor but she did not wanna come over come completely she did what she could to account for this experience what was missing? Why did she need to add? There were times that everything seemed beyond any kind of resolution. This added to her feelings of discomfort. She needed to attain a greater awareness. She needs to develop her art.

What was he doing? He would look at me, I didn't like that feeling I was enjoying myself. I was having fun he was interrupting. It was no other way and knowledge. It was an encroachment in the self. It caused a problem for the individual. She confessed of all these people wanted something fun. She has something to offer. It was unique. But she has no idea. She was suffering because from take her to the next place. There are too many words. She wanted her feelings to guide her. What was missing? Getting in the way? Why did she feels if she was suffering?. She felt as if someone was watching her. That person was interrupting her.

He was getting in her head and making her saying things but she didn't wanna think about. Someone else do that how can someone else affect her in that way? This could've been some thing from the past but floated to the surface. But she felt it now. That was why she didn't want someone telling her story. It brought up all these bad memories. Sometimes it was just better for nothing to happen. Sometimes she didn't want a solution.

She preferred to remain with the confusion that would be good enough for her. This could only take so long what was in the way? What was messing with things? She can sense that interruption. She needed more continuity. There was this unique tension between what she wanted to say coming out. She almost felt as if it's evil demon corrupting her thoughts. How did that work? Why was going like that? She needed to get to the source. She needed to find some thing that would hold it all together. Why did it matter? Or she felt that she could find stronger vases for understanding it. She felt impatient in. What was outside of regress? What was getting her down. She thought about the world. And it was a bunch of things.

She imagine counting them all. Of course it would take a long time. So she counted each one, it seem to break into multiple parts. Could someone pull all this together? What would that mean? How could you hold it all as one she consider these influences what helps it was difficult to understand. She wanted to know. She wanted to share. Where could she find faith?

She felt that the written word was betraying her through ride her head taking these words for himself, he was using them against her. She needed to prevent this from happening she need to stop this process. How is it even possible where did she work? She did hear back from lawyers remain tone seen what remains unsaid the writer claimed that he could put all these things in place. He was trying to act as a psychotherapist. But there was something so imposing Asian how did things work that way? How could she put it all together. She wasn't asking him to do it for her. And the narrator was very much an imposition.

Without him, there would just be a collection of details. What would be the story. The stories seem to start with a feeling of loss. That sensation only became greater. The individual felt that in position. She could almost since your rifle preventing her from developing. This added her frustration. She felt trapped. That entrapment onlu became worse.

She wanted some thing at all together. Where did this end up? What was missing? There were other ways to see this. There were other places that helped it make sense. She was attracted to this wonderful place. It was this vision in her mind. The writer only seemed to be disturbing that sensation. What was his intent? Why does he think that way? What was his motivation? She wanted to remove that element from the narrative she wanted to claim it for herself.

Fundamentally, what was the connection at all together. She wanted to imagine some kind of positive influence. It could be some thing emotionally satisfying. Instead, she was seeing that her experience was related to some thing. It was as if she had been completely erased from this experience. The writer claimed to be filling in for these gaps. But he was only intensifying the feeling. What did it matter? What was the problem here?

Had you been taken to this place?

Everything stood in sharp relief. The shadows were catching up with her. They all seemed like separate reflections that weren't connected to a single vision. How could things end up this way? This was all part of the revelation. Always being shown? How are people guided in this experience she thought that magic. I'm not offering. What was being offered the writer was offering vision for the people that he deserved. Perhaps, they didn't want to see this vision. They didn't want to know. They accepted thing since they this made it easier to deal with the world. How had things developed to this point. She knew. She couldn't resist.

She could overcome. She could engage. It seemed like the only way to make sense of it all was to get out. As long as the self remained in the situation, there would be no way to understand. That all seemed unusual.

He reviewed the options. Do you want to get turned on. He wanted to feel the excitement There was so much in his way. How could you describe this song without interfering with the scene. It was almost between the observe altered what was going.

I felt the sympathy for two people to work in concert. But that vision seem to contradict the reality I was being observed. The writer wanted something more. The writer wanted recognition.

“Do you want recognition?”

In a sense, the writer wanted adoration. The text would act like a scripture. It would reveal a deeper reality. At first, it was like having a picture taken. It was flattering. His belief would be contradicted by experience.

The writer was seeing too much. The photographer was seeing too much. He was compensated for what always being shown. He was making it emerge. This was his story. The weaknesses of his subjects supported his understanding this made it all work together. But she wasn't looking for that kind of revelation. The writer needed to show the world and its immediacy. There was this impression that writer was trying to dominate his world. He was only an interference. He was throwing off the protection. It only seen these haphazard voices. Nothing brought them together. There was no coherence. There was no narration. But there was that one moment.

That caress, that touch, belief he made it all seem coherent and held it all together.

“Why do you think it's come to this point?”

Was she resisting her own experience? How did that work? It seemed as if some thing was left out. That belief of coherence was a prop that writer have used. The people relied upon a sense of togetherness. They live for that wholeness. Now, it was being interrupted.

What was going on?? What was the center of the universe. The writer was portraying something. Was he looking for an answer? Was he trying to find some thing for? This was going to be a serious preoccupation it was so much. There seem to be this promise that the self could've scape from being observed.

The very notion of the self was based upon the security that it offered. Therefore the personality was in contradiction. The only way to seem to resolve his contradiction to immerse the self in the most intense experiences. But once detached from the self's observation, the individual only felt more isolated. It just created a sense of movement back-and-forth. The individual only felt powerless. This sense of helplessness increased. What was the motivation? All these these unusual expectations were all a part of the self. Without this belief, rift became more intense.

Dove, kiss me. It was such a wonderful feeling. I felt that rush it was marvelous. Wonder. It wasn't so much physical connection. I felt this completeness and it answered all my questions. Of course, it was only a dream. And I didn't feel tense attraction to Dove. But she had provided me with that sensation. And I wanted to remain with it if there was nothing else in my experience I thought entirely all-encompassing. And that experience was all the more incredible. For once, I recognized the true nature of such a feeling. It wasn't entirely based on anything real. It corresponded to a sense of belonging. It was a complete reassurance. And I loved the lesson. There was nothing more all-encompassing. I fell engulfed by the moment. I was a pulled along by that magnificence.

I wanted nothing less. It filled my nature. It's spoke for everything that I did. How could one experience that marvel? What was eyewitnesses access? There esd nothing else. And I loved it inspiration I wanted it to affect everything that I did?

Why didn't seem to be everything? It was taken from me? What did I truly mean? I thought about Dove. She might've been anyone else. But I considered how emotions affected us. The feeling was totally associated with her, not with anyone else. Therefore, the feeling seemed

even more potent. I was stopped in my tracks. For all the magic of the moment, I recognized something so intense. It showed this integrity that I could engage. I could tap that marvelous experience.

In a sentence, I could be moved by this illusion. It was everything I wanted all of it. I immersed myself in the story that made it all come to life. And that was the basis of the magnificence. I wanted connected deeply to all the elements of the story. I gave it a special sensation. There was something poignant in the desire.

I did feel a connection to Dove. I was seeing her in a new way. That sensation motivated me. And this moved me along. I felt touched by the heavens. Why did that story have such depth? There was some thing about Dove's experience, but she seem distracted from that wonder. I would never be able to offer her a tribute. But I felt this marvel. And that made it all the more attractive. I wanted to engage. I wanted this to be real.

I was lying in bed trying to remember the details of the dream. How could I impress all these elements on the world? How could I provide it with greater authority?

It was so much. I awaited this touch. I wanted to make sense of this invitation it seemed closer than I knew. This was why I was the writer. I could bring these characters to life. I could give them a fantastic story. I could add impact to their own vision. Was I simply seeking gratification. It meant more than anything. I was drawn to it. I could do this one thousand times over What did I learn about Dove?

She could receive a greater revelation. I was drawn by it. I could participate. Could she feel resentment that carried through with this fantasy? It interested me more in the telling. When Sly talked to Dove, did he say in that he was trying to bring her in his corner. She would be like so many others. When he needed her, she would be there. That would be a reward in itself. He lived off this vision. He could destroy her. But I was the writer. I saw things that he did not. My understanding was more universal.

Was I simply extending the seductive impact more? I wanted some thing that the words could not give him. Sly wanted all that the world made available to him. He could only wish that he was piercing the veil. But he was caught in this moment. He was lost in his self assurance. He left more questions for me. Where was I headed?

I may have felt a deeper sense of satisfaction. There wasn't anything entirely remarkable about my awareness. It was more the overall realization. I wanted that sense of belonging. And that didn't seem to make it all possible. There was nothing ambiguous about her gestures. Any questions that I might've had floated in the past. I loved that blessing. I loved what it meant. It was everywhere; it was nowhere. I had the explanation that I needed. I gave my experience greater authority. I could see it touch everything. And then I could receive this gift that I sought. It brought greater meaning to all the things that I was doing.

It expressed all the essence of my creativity. For the moment I was drawing my inspiration from Dove. And she could've been tapped into a similar artistic understanding. Nevertheless, there were so many distractions. I was trying to impose my telling of her story. That minimized her efforts. And she avoided this totality. She wanted a more immediate encounter with the world. There was some thing that was contradictory about her nature. Could she be blamed for resisting?



People could welcome the presence of the writer. How was the entertainment supposed to be developed? If the story had greater appeal in the wonders of the night, I could enhance the friendly pursuits of the individual. It wasn't as if the person wanted to be part of a story. Instead, the story was almost a threat. It's suggested an alternative end. And the individual did not want to seem so susceptible to these influences. The self discovered independence by becoming part of some thing that seemed unusual. The integrity of the self existed within his social context. If the self separated from that context, she lost a key aspect of her identity.

Dove always seems so caught up in the moment. She had her own text. She had her own demands. No one was going to claim her for an alternative way of doing things Surely, this was part of her nature. I had been watching me all this time. What was that even about?

"Why did you believe that you could get away with it? What was your motivation? This would seem to just imply that there was some impulse driving you want. It provided you with the energy to do what you need to do. You might've felt weak under the circumstances. That seemed a terrible way to end up. Is that what it was all about? You had ended up in a terrible situation." He thought that you still had independence to make decisions. But you were caught up in the world not of your making. Try as you might, you were not able to disentangle yourself. That only made things worse. You were being pulled in multiple directions. But there was not have enough wherewithal to develop an independent identity. This was what made total sense. Your identity was there to link together your personality and your character. Your personality was what first attracted you to the situation, and your character was what enabled you to follow through. Thus, your identity could easily be distracted by your performance. You could lose yourself. However, you wanted to maintain a stability within your nature. This required a greater commitment."

You relied upon the strength of character. This was essential. You recognized these needs. That gave you clear reference points, but there is still the attraction in the moment. You could enhance your personality. Your identity was based on flattery. And that sensation became more intense. Why not? This seemed like a deep understanding you were on the verge of a more constant the key here was not to ask. This also created a danger. This was the most intense form of a cult.

The narrator established a context for decision making. The individuals embraced the context. They believe that they were making me decisions on her own. This only added to their vulnerability. They weren't sheep. They were being seduced by the decision-making process. They were given elements that motivated their efforts. But they were interrupted by these experiences. Nevertheless, they often lacked sufficient motivation. What was holding them back? What was in their away?

It was necessary achieve greater confidence. Again, the identity could be a source for the breakdown. Individuals could take steps for change. But they were becoming seduced by their own nature. Each step forward created an argument to stay the same way. For people to make progress sometimes meant ignoring what was going on around the individual. But that only created a greater allegiance to the process. The bark was always more frightening than the bite. It was the prop. It was the earthquake. It was the aftershock. And the distraction wash everything. What was the greatest fear? Sometimes, the encounter could be destructive, and the distraction was the very source of self reflection. People were getting off on their self-destructive nature. It

was on the other; it was the sameness.

“I could wear you down and it’s certain way. You thought you had it all under control. But you felt it in the body. You expressed it through the touch of knowledge. Education. What would be the one more step. Anyone could see that. Anyone would try to sort this process down. There’s something else going on. There was something significant going on, but even if it was viewed, it was also breaking down, you were the constancy. I watched you. and you were everything. You were nothing. You were in denial. You accepted your nature.”

Fear lingered. Noises abounded. The words could not do the work of the situation. What was happening to you? How was this happening every day at work? You couldn’t take a breath. You found some niche, and it gave you what you wanted, You were holding your breath all this time. All this time you wererecounting on your privilege. What got you here? Maybe you said the right thing. Or you just said nothing. What was going to prevent you from realizing your understanding. Everything was coming to a standstill everyone saw the problem, it was a new game, a new threshold. A tolerance for pain. A tolerance for pleasure. This only made you want more. This could’ve been clearer. It all could’ve been clearer. I needed to give you the space to work this out.

Where did the start and where did this end? What was the messages for the citizens? What was the difference between the private company and the public utility. At what point did the public utility ceased to serve the public. How had public regulation lost its focus? The aims of investors became more important than input from the customers.

“When people learned how to make more money off the debt, or system was over!”

There were so many points of disruption. There were so many points where it all seemed to come apart. You don’t even know what the intent was so you don’t know how to contradict it.

“I’ll go over to wherever you want to go. But you need to understand how this begins in the house.”

The narrator seemed preoccupied. How could you create root of story. Who was that about? Here? Why did any of this? It seems like effective starting point. It brought together different aims. There was a desire to have fun. Why was this idea of pleasure.? Was it was possible to subdue more painful aspects of experience. How could the thought process could be engaged? This demonstrated the failure of writing based on impulse. The writer pretended that there was a more elevated state of being. Instead, this was only a more intense drive seem to counteract the basic impulse. This was a moralistic rendering of experience.

Individual needs things to happen. It was more a concern that the self realized. How could a person create a self-sustaining situation. It just contradicted rule by impulse. The individual found a new stirring within. This could be amazing.

I needed Dove’s kiss. I understood the true essence of the feeling for once. It wasn’t totally grounded in something genuine that correlated with a feeling of acceptance. It gave me total comfort. I also cherished the lesson. Nothing was more comprehensive than what I felt.

“Give me a kiss. It’s a beautiful feeling. I found this speed very good. To reflect. There’s not much physical contact. I felt a sense of accomplishment and all my questions were answered. Of course, it’s just a dream. Plus, I have no interest in Dove.” [You were using me for your fantasy.]

“And that's what she gave me. But if my experience tells me otherwise, I wanted to stick with it. I just thought about that sensation. But later, the experience has become popular recently. I really understood the point of this feeling once. It didn't depend entirely on the actual fit and feel of the reception. This brought me complete comfort. I took that lesson very seriously. Nothing was more complete than what I thought.”

“Donne-moi un baiser. C'est un sentiment magnifique. J'ai trouvé cette vitesse très bonne. Réfléchir. Il n'y a pas beaucoup de contact physique. J'ai ressenti un sentiment d'accomplissement et toutes mes questions ont été répondues.”

“Give me a kiss. It's a wonderful feeling. I found this speed very good. Thinking. There's not much physical contact. I felt a sense of accomplishment and all my questions were answered. You're trying to get in my head with all these ideas. My body just feels proportion. Rejects the intruder. I feel terrible why are you doing this to me? And me to a place that I don't wanna go. You're making me be something I don't want to be.”

“This is terrible. I don't want to be this way you were distracting me from Marie. Personal commitment. You are making it difficult for me to survive. Why are you doing this? What kind of benefit do you get from it? Someway. That might sound like an exaggeration. How else can you see it trying to get into my head? You're trying to tell me how I should think. It's creepy. I feel no attraction to you. There's nothing that can access. I should even love you? I don't even know who you are. You're interfering with my life. You're preventing me from being myself. What's your excuse? You might feel as if you have some kind of justification. Simply because you can write some words doesn't mean that you really have anything to say. It's that simple. I'm struggling to be myself.”

“I don't want you to take advantage of our friendship, if you even want to call me lover, how long do I have to go on with this? Keep making your storyboard more intricate. You seem to imply that you understand something more about who I am. But I only feel less connected to the process. This has little to do with who I am. This is a little to do with what I know. You are a writer. You should report. You shouldn't go beyond the facts. You shouldn't prey on other people's lives. You know better than we are. And you pretend to be something special. How does that even work? No one can really trust you. No one can trust what you do. But a little trust.

“You have been trained. Where else does it go? It's nothing that gives you understanding. How did the story develop?”

I felt that I could impress my point on you. Indeed, I had access to critical resources that advanced the telling these elements developed over time. Each stage of awareness demanded a new way of interacting with the world. It's kind of engagement released The necessary tools that could continue the process how is it possible to see connection without participating? What did participation involve. It was more than wishful thinking. Wishful thinking advanced the aims of the user. This provided a path for the application critical skills. The individual was able to Marshall those techniques which moved along experience. The self played an important role. In this way, the individual could enhance personal strength and character.”

This presentation became an ongoing development. If it was a matter of truly confronting failure and overcoming challenges. This could be an impediment in the self. What advantage did the writer have? He might recognize his ability to shape the world around him. But as long as he

did not see it as overall experience, he was caught up in frustration. Indeed, this was a serious challenge. The writer became lost in the experience.

There was so much affecting his life. How do you craft a personality which did not seem affected by what was going on. Just got deep into the skin. And marked self in a more profound manner. He experience radiate in his being. He's trying to compensate for those gaps. The self tried to develop personal awareness. This give-and-take became critical. He needed to make sure that he was not betraying his vision. And he could sense the dangers. Indeed, this was the struggle of the self. And if it became more evident in the narrative. Who avoided this insight? The writer might try to manipulate his details in a few characters and see his action. Nevertheless, it was difficult to get over these challenges.

This was all part of the writer's nature. He enhanced it by observing his characters. He recognize their vulnerability. He understood how he was unable to respond to what was going on around him. This made it even more difficult. The self struggle. The self wanted to understand what were these impediments to understanding. He had been riding high and it was so much and now seemed out of his grasp..

He will need to show greater sensibility. Did the writer have this awareness? Was there enough motivation that could enable him to escape? What was absent? He might try to become more attuned to these characters. But there was so much that was outside of his grasp. He knew he needed a heighten and sensibility he needed to embellish his personality. The writer became lost in the process. The text was hesitant about its awareness. Nevertheless, writer exaggerated this disposition.

There was other way to think about this. The text embodied inevitability. And the writer wanted to skate coincidental with that feeling. What held him back? What was in his way?

How could he accelerate the process.? There was no other way providing this experience. In a sense, this was only the beginning of the process. The writer became accustomed to those elements within his experience. He felt that by describing the world, he was gaining greater control. But he was also getting more lost in his illusion. And he loved that connection.

He didn't want to let go of it. There seemed to be no other way of seeing. He was caught. But he accepted his exile. This was everything. He couldn't think about it in any other way. He felt that he was close to a resolution. We need to follow up on this proximity. Indeed, it was all there for the taking. It was tricky.

He could sense how his emotions were getting the better of it. This was how it was meant to be. The story represented an effort to achieve new alliances. He looked for those who could help him out. But he was also manipulating them in the situation. When they realized this, they responded.