

THE PERFECT FIT

“I thought that I had the necessary elements to please Relly. What would that even mean? What did I need to tell her? What did she need to know? For the time being, it appeared as if she started with nothing. Out of nothing, nothing would be created. But she claimed a queen’s legacy. And I wanted to understand what that meant. She was nobility in her own mind. Was she losing the ability to maintain a lasting presence in history. Had she lost her way?. I thought that I was contributing. There was a hidden part of the search. I had become lost along the way. I saw her lasting wonder. This was a promise. And she lived in the world of possibility. I was one breath away. But it was always one breath too many. Why did that world do for me outside my grasp? What was really there? Why did I need to know? I wanted to understand better. Perhaps that understanding could bring her to life. But this was the fundamental contradiction that I now confronted.”

“My aspirations had a little to do with the world around me. There was a time when I believed that sympathy governed human interaction. That the unveiling of the hidden, and it could create a deeper connection to the world. But now, this entirely different situation reigned. Evidence was only subject to disappearance and loss. The more that the world became manifest to me, the more that it seemed to withdraw. It was really right at the center. It seemed as if she was on the verge of that dream. I would only take a small step. Everything remains lost. The more that I reached out, the more that it seem to invade my grasp.”

“I could not know. I will never know. I could feel that incredible. We remained like that. I wondered what I needed to do to make things different. How could I disperse the forces of nature to reveal some other outcome. I thought about this possibility I’m considered the message. I was seduced by the encounter. At some thing remained outside of a lasting expression. Sometimes, I could wait for the festivities. I was supposed to be on my way. Something preventing me from her. Who was there give me light?”

“I listened to Relly’s story intently. She was still waiting for coronation. She still waiting for recognition. She embraced the shadows. It offered an immediacy. She couldn’t ask for much more. She trusted time. It was almost as if I was disturbing the past. She wanted to continue on her own. She preferred anonymity. In her own world, she received the necessary recognition. That was everything. That seems to be the story for so many like her. How was she able to hold it all together? How did she make the pieces fit? The feeling was still incredible. I reached out for her. I wanted to know. I wanted to grow. I wanted to understand. If it was necessary, I would take the risk. The burden was so much greater than that. And my understanding seems so entirely limited. Honestly, I didn’t think it was so automatic. But Relly had another story. For her, it seemed preferable. She could abscond to that marvel, and she became inspired by that life. There I was very involved. I still didn’t progress that quickly”

“It seemed just enough for her. That was what she called home. That seemed to be what everyone called home. She felt faint. The blood rushed to the head. There was an instantaneous understanding. And I observed what happened. But it only went so far. I wasn’t really participating in any of this. Was she? Was anyone? Did my knowledge offer me experience? Or was there a deeper lesson? I felt that I was close. I swore by this understanding. My encounter with Rels said as much. But I couldn’t complete a circle. I felt the satisfaction. And my whole

policy became a new position. I couldn't will it any differently. This was no longer a matter of sympathy. I had already known this. All this seemed to await a deeper understanding. Could I be that wrong? I did everything to make the pieces fit. There was still an instability to it all. Pain accompanied amazement. It's hardly seemed like my story. This was my own resolution before any sense of finality. It kept me suspended in the moment. It was as if I was waiting for Railey to return. I wanted to be a part of her vision. She was barely seeing me. Going on, it hardly made any sense. She was really almost seemed immune for my entreaties. What did we lack? I need of the colors to be much sharper. I need the contrast to be more intense. I needed clarity. I felt the same since that feeling surrounded me. That seemed to preoccupy her experience. These were all these orbits that would not intersect. There so other way drive this universe to include me more directly in the presentation? How had something been remaindered in the process? I was waiting for some thing to be taken away. In her own way, did Rely feel the same way.? Did she blame me for the situation”

”Something still seemed out of my grasp. It was almost as if I was being punished. Honestly, did she even know. She seemed so current to what was happening around us, Did she have an inkling. It wasn't to say that things were perfect in her world. She just preferred some kind of imperfection in her way. Where was the permanence? She didn't need it. She saw it as a distraction. She welcomed what she had. For her, it was a fortune. Everything else would be an exaggeration. Everything else would be a desire for the impossible. She learned how to rein in these folktales. It was no longer about super powers. She found a power in her own mode, and it gave her sufficient reward. Why would she want to see it any differently? Sure, she can make her presence known, would be sufficient. Any desire for something else will just be too much. They were different appeals. They were different worlds. She embraced what was available to her. The story ended abruptly. She left the scene. She broke hearts. I was mad. Anyone who expect anything more was too greedy.”

“I wanted something that I would never have. She had made off way. And it was almost futile to attempt to follow. Why would I be any different? What had I seen that no one else saw.? We all observed magic. We all recognized that energy power from underneath. Everything else was an exaggeration.”

“Everyone had something to give out. All in all, didn't seem to benefit anyone. There was a sense of darkness. The sense of impossibility. Everyone was a spectator in her own life. Any expectation for more was greed. Rely had a story, but it was not epic.”

“And she finally found a place where she fit? What does that even mean? Could she expand her view of herself? Could she go places that she had never been before? She was trying to adjust her understand. What would it take? She felt that she had been living up to the expectations of others. It's only made it more difficult for her situation?”

“Really felt that so much of her life had been determined by factors that had nothing to do with her. She was reacting to things happening around her, and she had trouble controlling the situation. She would get pulled along in the moment, and there was really nothing that she could do to resist. She hated this feeling. She could sense how it affected her. She wanted to focus. She wanted to make this her life. But there is so many things that got in the way. There were so many things that prevented her from being herself. How did things come to this point? What moved history along.”

“She held on. She didn’t want to go down the same road again and again. What was getting her way? It was preventing her from realizing. The story was out too familiar. She had played it again and again. It was happening forever like this. Some moments, it seemed as if she had everything under control. But the interruptions were too evident. They seemed to be everywhere. It ended in the same result. She is simply surrendered herself tonight, and this was what she had to look at forward to. She thought about all these experiences either. And she wanted to believe so much more here. She never had enough resolution. I was trying to cover the moment. It took a little to get her going. The magic became stronger. Patient became more intense. She wondered what she could do. She wondered how she could branch out there on her own. Or was everything closing in on her? Why did she feel as if she was haunted by her own behavior? She felt that things were going to be perfect. There was nothing she could do. When she got that acknowledgment that seem to be enough. She surrendered.”

“Afterwards, wow. The adventure went too far. She has said and done things—too much. This was supposed to be a reward. She lost her way. Indeed, This was her struggle. She was battling against herself. It was almost as if there was conflict taking place inside her, and she didn’t know how to deal with it. She thought that she couldn’t hold anyone else accountable, even if they can take advantage of her vulnerability.”

“It kept occurring again and again. Sometimes, it felt as if her recovery was tied to the present. It was too much. There was too much that prevented accomplishment. Everything else seemed to be in her favor, and she didn’t want to think that she was so exposed. She could feel impulses from the inside of her. And the need for satisfaction remained. At that very moment it might feel as if she even picked out in the crowd and prepared for what came next. This convinced her that something else was going on, and she been created this way? It was also the reason why she felt so caught. She was close to a resolution, but it kept pulling away. And it only increased her anxiety. She immersed her self. Why not surrender? Why not let that feeling overcome?”

“If she held back, she would feel as if she had no life. She didn’t want to see it that way. She was looking for so much more. She was hanging on for some kind of rescue. She seemed to be there all alone. Why did it seem to slip away? Why did there seem to be nothing there? She needed some further sign. She wanted to be touched magic. And she can sense that presents. Indeed Shirley the truth seem to bless her. I don’t think right at the moment. I made her more susceptible. These little things. She was so close and far. I how did the story how are you? What remain in this understanding? She could feel a sense of exhaustion, and she was crushed by it all. She was not going to quit. She was not gonna break down. She was there to hang on. She was gone with that sensation. It blossomed in everything that she did. She was there to make it all happen. It seemed so convincing, but she couldn’t be a million places at once. If she was heading towards defeat, that was how things play out. She would lose her focus; she would become immersed in the fog. She would be groping around hoping for some kind of future. It had all been denied to her. It was being held back.:

“There was always so much in reserve, and when she needed attack, he seemed absent. Something I’ve been taken away from her. She was shaken. She was almost broken. She would patch her self up, and it was difficult. It was only for she knew where the surprises were, but they seemed to get her every time. She was holding on for dear life. She recognize the source of

human nature, and she pushed on through this attitude for magnificence. She continued to think I was some kind of promising waiting. It was in there. He was giving her a string. She was losing this inside by thinking about. She wanted to be the master of the stories. There was something that was contradicting awareness. She always felt that she was on the verge of eternity. Where was the contradiction? Where was the breakdown? She didn't want to settle for what was right before her eyes. She needed something else here. What could that be?"

"This was all part of foresight.. She knew what it was all about. It was all her. Sure, there was something hidden here."

"She didn't wanna believe that she had become someone else in this hidden world. How could she explain it?"

"She knew ow to be careful. She put herself in danger. She was isolated again and again.

"I am sorry that you weren't there when I arrived. I'm sorry that I was there when you arrived."

"You don't have to make me understand why you feel like this. I don't know what you're going do about it. Do you even recognize the difference? Can you tell me? I think it's clearer there. You're starving.? This is her? I feel weak. I feel so out of it. To whom do I answer? I'm not here to make up your for your mistakes. You're going make more.. What are you going to take with you? You have this one dream. Another dream. You can embrace. You go around the world and see the same thing again and again. And you'll get rescued by the same shit. Relly, who can help?"

"It's over."

"Explain."

"We're supposed to be so much for that. This is something that I want in the moment. Something to seem simple."

"I was under the influence, I was over the influence, it was no influence. How did I get this way. I don't want to be this way. I don't want to hurt this way. I keep getting like this over and over again. No one touches me. It's all goes back. Screens that I had when I was younger. I'd like to explain it to you. I was in a rush. You can try to make it up for it. Maybe. I don't want to leave this. Just be honest when you convince me of this is different. I want to sleep. You've given you so much yourself. Do you want me to? Tending to be someone else. But who going to share it with him? Unfortunately, that is your story. You're stuck to this. And it never is this. So you keep repeating this. Why is it the same story again and again? You're almost there. You almost know. You always touch. You can't touch. You can touch the representation. You're a fan. I don't want it anymore than that. I'm saving for the real thing. I'm trying to make you feel your face. I'm not going to bother you, and it will take some convincing. Someone loved you for a week. Someone love you night. Someone definitely never loved youat all. I know it's all coming down to a single exclamation. We have just enough to make it work. Does anyone know? It was worse than you know."

"I need a shower. Can you detect? Do I need to report this? With his help? This is a gift. Tomorrow, difference. Tomorrow, Past. Games. And you will see you more exciting creation, you already touring the country. I was a luxury hotels, and we have been getting cleaned out of our money. And money. I won't bother trying. It's a meal. And if you think it's something more than that. I love you more."

“I need to be honest? If not it’s totally impossible to contact. That would require an apology. Kind of different. Would be too onerous. I’m gonna tell you what I think honestly. Honestly I’m going tell you what I think. I can make sense of this. You can’t make sense of this. It’s not meant to be like this. We can take and give her the same time if we have enough energy.”

“The dream is there for the taking. More than ever, she knew what she wanted. She looked to the heavens and that seemed to provide a sufficient answer. She only needed to reach a little further and she could gratify what she was looking for. Why did she feels so hesitant? What was in her way? She might be expected to fit into a RAW. But that only went along with the old ways. She had moved beyond that. She retained a clear resolution. She needed greater insight. What could propel her along? Slowing her down? What did she lack? She went through this process of self examination. She could see what was missing. It wasn’t enough to be a witness. She needed to make the story go. Was it something about work? What did she have to do to transform the world? Why did things seem so hesitant? Where was any of the scoring? She wondered. She was creating substance out of refuse. She was giving form to what had been rejected. Her imagination what is the first step in this transformation. This was more than any kind of alchemy. It was real for the ages. She was attracted by this kind of magic.”

“She new things. This went beyond healing. It was all about stepping into the breach. She was putting all of this together. In a sense, it all started with desire. It gave her this motivation? What propelled her a long for this experience? There were things that could’ve slowed her down. They would’ve dragged her to a screeching halt. And she couldn’t let it go. That way she needed some kind of more persistent motivation. Where we did it begin?”

“In a sense, it was all connected to a unity in the world. Things were invigorated. They move forward. Gained energy. This kind of experience seem to crackle everywhere. How could this force from within transform the world outside? She needed to understand the forces that propelled her. She needed to let herself be moved along by this wonder. And it reverberated everywhere. The echoes spoke to harmony in the world. She recognized how everything was held together. Her awareness offered everything to the next stage of existence. It was these basic substances, these flavors. There was a place of natural harmony. And she could feel it.”

“Do we love those who love us? She was already on a quest. Did it take her where she needed to go? Was she losing her way? She could sense of the stars map the path for her. And she went along with their wonder. This marvel enabled her to take on greater challenges. There was nothing that stood in her way. There was nothing that slowed her down. She was everywhere right with her self. But there is still an incredible longing. Something was left unsaid. And she continued to believe that someone could give her these words. What was that about? How could she welcome this possibility? Or did she become confused by touch. The more that she felt that she felt propelled by this fit. Was she only digging yourself deeper? She had create a marvel for herself, but was that all about pleasing someone else? Did she have the fortitude to move herself along? Could that possibly be? She needed open all these doors. Was she face-to-face with her jailer or with her benefactor?

“She was torn back-and-forth between these two images. There was something that was so great out there. And she felt that she could contribute. Indeed she was giving everything she had, but something remained absent. She wanted to know what that was. She took this further; t wasn’t enough to toil in the shadows. It wasn’t enough to create a lasting image for the self; here

was some thing still denied. She didn't want to just fit in; she wanted to be at the center of this change."

"He claimed that he was completing her, but she wasn't sure if she wanted to be resolved this way. There's only added to her disquiet. She was convinced that she was close to liberation. She was about to reveal some thing so certain. But there were so many things that were denied to her. So many things remained outside of her grasp. She could feel some sense of success. The resolution that awaited her, but, at the same time, she faced some thing more urgent. It couldn't be all about busywork. She needed some kind of liberation. When she only moving things along? What was lacking. She couldn't even relate to the moment. She was being thrown off the trail she was being promised so much more. How can anyone ever live up to that kind of promise?"

"Everything seemed based on some object that remains outside her view. She was even taken it. She will see herself in the forefront of a change. It was all marvelous. But the answer was the ultimate. All these gifts seem to slip through her hands. She was looking for treasure, sandcastles, but nothing helld together. At what point did that architecture reach its limit? She pushed up to the heavens, and she tried to attain that mountain view. It was all denied."

"She was conspiring with someone who told her that he could take accept her for herself. These castles in the mind could be the down payment for some thing more lasting. She loved that that possibility she was so close. Her being seem to shake with realization. She needed the process to continue. It had been too easy. This was only the beginning."

"But her participation would only spiral into a terrible habit that would repeat time after time. The sense of belief would only be followed by a period of loss of faith. This kind of behavior was repetitive. She could get caught at a time and time again. What was standing on her way? It was almost as if each day was a new beginning. And every experience is episodic. It had a little connection to anything else. She was immersed in this situation. Even though there was an apparent promise of improvement, she was experiencing the same thing again and again. This added to her confusion. It also inspired her zeal. She could sense that fire. She needed to control it."

"She couldn't let it become too extreme. Where was this taking her? Certainly, there were enough challenges. She's thought about the situation. What had got her into this place. Why would she ask the same question each time? Fundamentally, what was the source of her forgetting? She try to figure it out. At the moment, the promise would be so intense. But the delivery would never be quite as colorful. She would wonder why she was to also taken by the moment. But she would work on herself. She would perfect her image. The next time, she needed even more acknowledgment. She felt that she was trading up. She was becoming part of a more lasting plan. And she wanted to welcome all its benefits. It moved her a long. She became excited. She lost her self in the moment. It was a wonder. And this was all that seem to matter. Yes hi seem to last forever. She would enhance his appeals. She would believe that she had finally accustomed herself to a new world. It became more appealing. She considered the stages of this progression. Where to begin? Where did it go?"

"At times, there seemed the possibility of more comfort. She could gratify her aspirations. She could realize her dreams. She could go to another world. She loved that possibility she embrace that idea she got turned and twisted and moved along, and it became more ingratiating, and she loved it. She felt part of something, even if it was only temporary. It was all about how

her expectations were based upon her past successes. The two experiences may have had nothing to do with each other, but her belief made it all the more intense. This propelled her feelings. It radiated all over her body. But it also kept her longing for more. She love that fit. It's swept over her. It burned from the inside. This added to the possibilities. Did she have the breath to contain all of his marvel? There were enough contradictions in her life. She thought about them. What did they say? Where was any of the scoring? How did it even occur? She felt these pressures on her. She wanted to pull away that veil. What was she missing. Could she rely upon her anticipation? Or is this only an idea?"

"Would it lead to disappointment? There were moments when she needed to figure this out; what did she have to do? Who was she relying on? It seemed like this struggle. Did she have enough to break the cycle? How would she do that? This created its own danger. She could see how things were moving she needed more authority to her gestures she needed more confidence in her vision for the world."

"What created that rush? What moved her a long? What made her ask for more? Her vision was supposed to be transcendent; it could connect to the arrangement of the constellations. But she was getting distracted by something else."

"Was she still in play? She felt the too much depended upon others. She knew what she wanted for self, but she felt distracted. She was depending too much on this perfect fit. And there would be moments where everything seemed just right. It was almost too perfect. She wouldn't give up, because it was there. But she was still try striving for some thing else. She didn't want lead anyone on. Why should she? Was there any reason to expect that there was anything more? She was fueled by this belief. Did this provide sufficient inspiration? What does it mean to reach deep in her soul.? She could sense that overall vision for herself. It helped to link everything together. It wasn't so much that she was subject to revelation, but she felt that there was some thing that gave her a sense of motivation. She had enough input into the world as it existed. She was doing what she could add understanding. That only brought her closer to the long lasting realization. But there was some thing absent in this picture. And she wanted to put it all together."

"That sense for form made her seek some other kind of connection. Nevertheless, it remained outside of her grasp. She wasn't the only one who was seeking for some thing that could never satisfied. That effect was more than evident. It manifested itself and everything that she did. There were moments when she seemed totally self-sufficient. Still that wasn't enough to quiet down her wanderlust. And she was still looking for something that might put it all into place. What could that ever be? How did it emerge in a moment like this? She found solace in this exploration but she wanted so much more. Where would you able to find consolation? What was all this energy? It seemed more than evident it was right at her fingertips. It was more than that. It was a sensation. It was a belief.

"It was a lasting feeling. It was all of this world. What was her inspiration or else? She felt as if she was reaching out. She wanted to know something. She wanted to feel some thing. Wanted to be part of something. All of us experience held in suspense. Could she find some kind of boost? Was she happy enough within herself? She craved those solitary moments. What kept it all going?"

"She wasn't talking to anyone. She wasn't questioning her self. She could only see this

instability. How could she break these influences? Everything seemed to be about the sense of acknowledgment. She just wanted a little. She needed her reassurance. That would give her more energy. She could feel the relief. She knew that she wasn't going to be able to accomplish on her own. What could she take from others? It was some thing she was developing on her own. She wanted to stay in her position. When she recognized how she could easily get distracted, she was looking for some kind of inspiration. She could take a certain delight in her own efforts. She was crafting the world. She was giving it origins. All of these factors came together in this understanding. She was on board. She was part of some thing. And the magic of the story completely blossomed for her. What else could it be? What else would she want it to be? This was everything that was needed and so much more."

"She wasn't closing the door. She was making it all right."

"It was more than simply belonging. She realized that in the touch she had been making plans, and this seem to be based upon the promises of another person. What did he offer? Was she willing to change? Or did she need to begin with question that were fundamentally her own? Or had she had been slipping through the same set of questions. What did she need to understand herself? She has seen it happen before. She wasn't the only one."

"Once she gave in to that appeal, everything else was automatic. There was no possible way to avoid going along. It was the basis for success. And stirred a longing. The longing seem fulfilled in the moment. This became a plan for life. She was implicated. She wondered. She may have been losing herself. She's been warned about these dangers. One touch again seemed enough to get her going. Where did she go from here? None of this seemed to matter. She was led on by this appeal. Where did it take her. She needed to understand. She was now connected to something that seemed to have nothing to do with her. She couldn't let herself be distracted. Everything that she wanted was there. That only made it too easy for her. She wanted to join in. She wanted to be part of something more. What could that possibly be? Wells was helping her wife was he even part of this? She felt that stimulation. It burned all over. She embraced that magic. It was everything and more. She needed it. She lived off of it. She wanted to be more than this. If this was all there was, and that was the paradise. The life. The ultimate excitement. She could easily become detoured what she needed to do. What could be any different? What could be better for? It seemed everything and more. He held onto his promise. This way before she found a place. She found her motivation. That was more than enough this couldn't be more lively."

"She could ask for more. But she didn't see anything else. She didn't want to run away from this. She had already been connected to something that only made sense. Indeed, there was enough in itself. This led to a deeper understanding; she felt as if she was going somewhere, and she would become a better person. And she would feel that she was finally a success. She was making it on her terms. What was concrete form these experiences? How did they relate to a deeper sense understanding? She wasn't just showing up at work. She was making business. Reading a new foundation for life. Was this only a distraction, or was she losing her focus? Did she somehow feel that she was better than others? What was providing her a lasting resolution. It only emphasizing her confusion as she sifted through these experiences.

"Did she need to gamble? It was simply be a repetition. One night would fade into another. And she would face the same questions time and time again."

“That design affected her with such intensity. It seem to come out of nowhere. It captured her being. It represented everything that she was. And she radiated with that magnificent feeling. Anyone could know it just by seeing it. And there was something so automatic. But she got caught up in the moment. And it would happen time and time again. When she was immersed in this sensation, she didn’t know how to escape. And that wonder spread all over her from the inside. She wanted the world to reflect the same intensity. That only made her more vulnerable as she was hoping to repeat this pattern. It wouldn’t take much to push her over the edge. She realized the danger. It would happen time and time again. That might seem like the foundation of personal development. But it all seems so haphazard. It wouldn’t take much to pull her in a different direction. And she recognize this problem.”

“How could she mediate these challenges. What was standing on her way? Romance could be it’s own danger. She would be so deep in some thing that only contradicted her nature, and she wondered how to reconcile herself with what was happening all around her. She was struck by the excitement. It blessed her and sanctified her. And gave her so much more. Even before she surrendered to the moment, and still feel the immensity. She exemplified this design. She became one with it. It wouldn’t let her self catch her breath. This was the self in the action. If it all seemed so easy, what was the challenge.”

“More than that, you need to find out. There’s something more to understand. It almost didn’t make any difference. It was so automatic, she would give into the moment. She surrendered to its vibrancy. She was believing what she wanted to believe. It was awesome, there seemed to be no basis for this feeling, but she was totally caught up in this appeal. It made her so vulnerable she couldn’t even catch her breath. She was immersed in the sensation. It was enough to distract her. She didn’t want to surrender. But the feeling predominated. She was turned on to the pulse that it seemed reflected in her being. Nothing else mattered.”

“This was a constant forever. What else did she need to tell the world. Loved. Was there anything else that mattered? How could that be? Where did all this energy come from, and where did it go? It only left her wondering. She wanted more. She needed that stimulation. What was she depending on? How did that affect her development? She was turning around in a circle. She was trying to find some thing that wasn’t available. But she kept on with that sensation.”

At times it seemed too mechanical. What made her this way? Would she ever have the power to resist? She thought that this might be a form of condemnation. She had been transformed into something that she didn’t want to be. What was the end of this process; she had so many questions; she wondered if they would all go on answered. That almost seems like some kind of betrayal. She wanted someone to answer it. Things that she couldn’t completely figure out. There was so much that was denied it to her. What had she drawn from this experience; she accustoming herself to a certain numbness. Why did that seem to matter? How did that affect her directly?”

“She consider the risks. It was supposed to be? She had walked into a room. Did they understood who she was? Did they recognize what she could do? She wanted to give herself. She recognized the dangers that could destroy her composure. She needed to hold back. She needed to gain greater confidence; that’s all made her wonder. There was something that seeme to be sad. She needed more words. She needed assistance understanding. There it was awaiting her. Surely she could take a chance. If she kept doing this again and again, would she ever get herself

back?”

“What was her consolation, and how could it enable her gain a greater understanding of the self? She recognized how she was becoming distracted. But she wanted some kind of assurance in her life. She needed something that would affirm her understanding. This seemed to exaggerate the importance of touch. But that was the only way that she could see it. She didn’t want to get involved in any other way. Sometimes she didn’t want to say anything. It was just one of these waves of passion to pass over. It barely mattered who else was involved. Everyone was pulled along by the same forces; she surrendered her self to these moments. If she believed that it was more than it was, why would she want to be disturbed from the street it seemed like more than anything. Everything came down to the sense of revelation. It almost seemed to point to another existence. In this world, she had a sense of majesty. She couldn’t give up on that blessing. Then she would only lose herself in all that was ordinary. She was immersed in the moment. But it was taking her to some other time and that inspiration was more than everything. It gave her the sense of greatness; did she have more insight? Was that all part of the revelation? Was there a time when she truly was a missionary. Did any of this matter? It could simply be a repetition of things that already occurred. Times seem to fall apart on their own. There were moments of fulfillment, and there were moments of longing. What else could there be? Would some antecedent existence reveal a greater harmony in the world. She considered this balance in care for this wondrous motivation. She was moving beyond her doldrums. She getting lost in another illusion. Could someone else master this time and take it in a different direction. She consider the dangers. She didn’t want to cave in. She didn’t want to surrender. She didn’t want to lose herself. All these suggestions seemed to transport her to a different place. She continued to fill in for what was in there. She gave these phantasms material form. And this added to her sense of liberation where does this go? Perhaps there could be some form of experience that would combine all this marvel into one. It wouldn’t even require commentary. She would feel it in the moment. And it all seemed magnificent. She wanted to learn more. She wanted to explore more. Where was she propelled?”

“This wasn’t her doing. Something moved her along. It added to the momentum. She simply played along. What could that be? What was she telling her self? There’s were so many distractions. She wanted to trust her self?. How did that work if she had found a clear understanding, How could it count for that sense of liberation. If this was more than her doing, what was the source? She kept giving too much of her self away, and that only made her more vulnerable. She needed a stronger sense of connection. What was preventing her from gaining needed acuity of perception?”

“ I realize that everything depended upon arriving on time. I kept hearing the clock strike midnight again and again. I had given too much of myself to be here already. I felt totally exposed. If I stayed here much longer I would say things that I would regret. This made me frayed, as I thought about the dangers. I thought about the blessings. There was a strange balance that I wanted to make sense. History was telling me something that I didn’t want to hear. How was it playing out? It wasn’t so much who I was. It was more what I was. This material made me who I was. I was locked into this fate. I want to escape this description. I didn’t see this as something.. It was more personal. What was the foundation of this experience.? Was I over exceeding my skills. I was afraid that I lack something that I needed in order to overcome

challenges. Whatever could that be there, there was so much that seemed to be in my way. There was so much that seem to prevent me from finding a strong foothold. Whatever was that?"

"I was seeing yesterday as a kind of resistance. That meant that I was already inspired by something wonderful. Whatever could that be? I need a greater inspiration. I need to overcome whatever obstacles might be in my way. From moment to moment I wondered where I was headed. It only the added to my fear. It reminded me of my limitation. At the moment like this, I might feel all powerful."

"The power would fade as the clock struck the hour of reckoning. Again, I hated to think that I was that weak. I wasn't waiting for someone to save me. Time was not giving me what I needed. What was necessary to move beyond the circumstances. I thought about it. I was headed in the right direction. It was not enough. I needed a greater momentum. And that seem to be absent things that are preventing me from recognizing the power within. And I also felt more isolated. I was the only one who iqA going through this. it should've been my calling. What could others do to assist me in this quest.

"I still wondered. There were still still so much absent. I was getting closer. My world seemed to collapse around me. That was how this happened. I questioned who I was. I knew what I had undergone. Something so absurd that was preventing my transcendence."

"Why was I expecting? What was my wish? How was it revealed to me? It offered me greater opportunity. I loved this possibility. But there was this massive impediment that stood in my way. I couldn't move that rock aside. That could've been based on my own aspirations. I believed that there was this possibility of magic. I carried on. I saw all the illusion."

"Relly kept missing appointments. At first, this didn't seem like a big deal. But her continued mistakes became more challenging. This created serious issues for her development. As if she was staying in the same place. She had been so attentive to the clock. But things could easily become overwhelming. And she recognized the dangers. She struggled with the situation. She didn't want to lose her direction. She was trying to progress to some thing more lasting. But she felt as if she kept coming back to the same thing again and again. How did it work like this? She didn't want to believe that she was this vulnerable. But it was more than evidence. She left her self in the open. There was little that she could do to respond. This could add to her frustration. She kept thinking that she had the opportunity for some thing else. But she would be back at the same place again and again. It was almost as if she was sabotaging her success."

"She had received this wonderful promise. And there is so much available to her. But there was that moment when everything got out of control. And she could only marvel. Did she even have to bother? Did any of this make any difference.? There seemed so much possibility ahead of her. But she could feel as if she was weighed it down. She needed to focus. Would she ever be able to catch her breath? That stress wound her up completely. Made this was a story? How was she involved in the tale? This was the worse thing. It became even more confusing she thought that she had providence on her side. It would only be time before everything fell into place. What was missing from the picture? It was more than a heart. She wanted some thing more insistent. At times, she felt completely on her own."

"How was she going to manage this? What could she do to fortify her position? There was still so much in her her way. There was so much that was pushing down on her. And she

tried to battle back. She thought that she understood this. But it wasn't all that evidence. How could I promise turn into a refusal? What was standing in her way? She saw the potential. She knew that she was part of some thing more lasting. But it was still easy for her to become confused. There are enough challenges in the situation. She thought about these dangers. Everyone gather together as if nothing it happened. But she had been touched by these events. She had recognized some thing important. She had been irretrievably changed. Who else was going through the same things?