

THE SIGNATURE

This was happening exactly how it happened to me. She was playing on my discomfort, and she realized how she could play it for her advantage. She saw that I was curious. In a sense, my timidity manifested itself in my clumsiness. I needed someone to guide me, but I did not want to be reminded how vulnerable I had been. It had never been that difficult to manipulate me. And I could sense it happening again.

This time, it was much worse since I took pleasure in what was occurring to me. I felt as if someone had opened a door for me. Even if I sensed the exploitation, I was going to walk through. I wanted the access. It made me exciting. I felt that I lacked social grace, and this was the opportunity to benefit from this situation. I could acquire a sense of confidence that I lacked. This was wonderful. I didn't mind others taking an interest in me. And I felt that it could develop into something much more than that.

I could gain an audience. I watched how she commanded people's attention, and there was a place awaiting me. I could assert myself. Others would be excited about what I wore. People would hang off my every word. The challenges could be formidable. I was revisiting my own past. It was not something that I liked to think about. But it could also prove to be the basis for my growth. And I wanted to face my shortcomings.

I had experienced terrible times. And they seemed to reverberate in different situations. She seemed to offer me the chance to rise above it all. But I would have to adopt a kind of ruthlessness. This would hold me in good stead. However, that could make me hard, and I did not want to contemplate how I was being transformed by the present influences. This made me feel particularly helpless. I had consented to explore the darkness, but there were no reference points, which could assist me to move forward.

I hated to see myself as naive, but she stripped me naked. She saw everything about my character. She didn't miss a single detail. And that magnifying glass made me feel weak. This could become worse. I wanted to find some kind of clarity. I hated the risks. That didn't deter me. I felt attracted by a naughtiness. I was exploring the forbidden. I needed an excuse. This could help balance the need to revisit my nightmares. This added to the appeal.

It wasn't enough to admit to these dangers. I had never explored this side of myself with such conviction. That caused me to ignore some of the worst parts of my past experience. My fascination became an even greater attraction, and I followed up on this possibility. If I was being led on a journey, I would accept the instructions of my guide. This was all part of the overall experience.

I felt that I had passed the first test to be part of this adventure. I marveled at what awaited. I almost had the license to do what ever I wanted. I had not known this kind of freedom before. This was an invitation to explore, and I welcomed the possibilities. I didn't fear the suggestions of my guide. I was up for anything.

In some ways, I was being set up. I would be constantly tested. I would be put in compromising situations, and this would create a spectacle for my mentor. She loved this game. Maybe, she had been just as weak in the past. But she was going to show me how tough she was. And I was going to be the one that was hung to dry.

I saw that I was being used as bait. She may have had more natural charm than I did. She

didn't have any trouble attracting attention. I served another role. I was evidently the ruse. It was almost like con game. Guys would blow through us as if they were ready to vanquish me.

She would let all this happen right before her eyes. And she would get assertive when she needed to. She would send the guests on their way. They had served their usefulness.

These interactions only reminded me how exposed I was, This was her intention. She wasn't there to build me up. Nevertheless, she made me believe that I was getting stronger. I became more reliant on her support. This hardly created a rift between us. I was immersed in the moment, and this added to my confidence. It may have been based on empty flattery, but that worked for me. I accepted what was available I felt stellar, and this helped me to grow. My overall situation was more unstable, but that didn't not diminish its wonder. I was on the verge of a realization. What kept my interest? I was in the middle of something that seemed to be earth-shaking.

I really couldn't pinpoint any experience that was particularly uplifting. And there were moments when I got back home hating myself. That did not diminish my excitement about what was happening. When she called, I was genuinely excited. And I wanted to experience more.

She was an adept teacher. I was getting caught up in the moment, and it added to my excitement. She had fed me just enough to make me want more. And that zeal only became more intense. She was engaging me.

In some respects, I could almost feel as if we were merging. She knew that this would occur. There were moments when I felt that we were one person. At other times, I so much wanted to be her. That added another motivation for what was happening between us.

Since we were so close, I could sense that she wanted to much more from me. She was only getting me started for something more dramatic. And I readied myself for what that could be. I already ventured off on something more substantial. She was pulling me along.

Why was she so tuned into this experience? This was second nature to her. There may have been moments when she had misgivings about her lifestyle. But my arrival gave her the ultimate excuse. She lived for just this kind of resolution. She needed my participation. This made it all part of the marvel. She needed to dangle me out there to keep the action going. I attracted those flies to the honey, And she could spend the rest of the night swatting them off. That became sport in itself.

How had the show progressed to this level? This was all part of her direction. And she loved this possibility. She was adding to the excitement. How far could this go? If she had her way, she would fleece any of these victims. She might spend the rest of her life being pursued by these characters, who wanted to recover their stash."

Of course, her methods were much more clever. I was the one out there facing the arrows, but she had no intention of making our escape that challenging. She was making other people make mistakes. No one would catch on until much later. At that point, there was nothing that anyone could do.

She lived off the game. If there wasn't some kind of contest, then the night was not really that successful. It wouldn't hurt to have others on the line. If they spent their money, that would be worthwhile.

Was there any long range perspective on her part? She always acted as if there was more involved. But it always seemed to be the same story again and again. How could any of this

progress any further. Everything seemed too automatic in the moment. What else might await? It got me thinking. She wanted to top herself.

If there was a real game here, then there would be real money involved. People were playing on their limited reputation. What did it really mean to put up? What scheme was she willing to concoct? Her aspirations were limited. What was at her disposal? How could she push everything into high gear? It wasn't simply a question of accelerating the feelings of elation. There needed to be a little more danger. She was staying just short of illegal activities. What would propel the experience to the next level?

She had big dreams. And she didn't seem that ready to wait. This was a moment when she needed to see what she could get away with. What would that involve. She depended on her own analytical abilities. She recognized what she was dealing with. Where could she take things? It meant sizing up others and seeing what they were willing to put on the line. It wasn't as if she had a scheme that could set things in motion.

She could talk a good game. This could keep people interested for the night. And I was being used a lure to keep it all moving this could include spending a great deal of money in a short term. I would flash that smile of mine. I would laugh a few times, and everyone was convinced that they were running the show. I was the prize. She needed to take the offer of the table to keep things in motion. That left people wanting. That accelerated the interest. They wanted so much more. This could result in a whole new round of drinks. How could we keep it going all night long? She had her method.

At this point, we were heading towards endgame. She would know how to shut things down. But she seemed entirely too magnanimous in the process.

What would add to her notoriety? She needed to keep her eyes on what was happening around her. She didn't want the word spreading from one group to another. But she relied on the size of the city. There was always a new cast of victims. Nevertheless, how far could she push things? If she didn't take it further, it would not be that interesting. If she carried on, she would only add to her jeopardy.

This had all made so much sense to her. And I was now so much in the center of things. I came to expect all of this. Were we smarter than this? But this gave her a sense of power. And she was going to continue. I never really believed that any of this was going to lead to something more. But in the moment, it all made sense. I felt as if we were on the verge of something so amazing. I was waiting for her to peel off the next card from the deck, and this would only make the game more fascinating.

When she talked to me, she would always make it seem as if she was going to come into possession of her own jet. But she was spending so much money from night to night that I felt as if this was not going to go anywhere from here. On any night, there was a new delusion. And that seemed more enticing.

I had heard stories of thieves who had used their acumen to enrich themselves on a grand scale. These people could never help themselves. They became more involved in the wildest schemes. There was never any reason to stop. It would be a special challenge to steal before the watchful eye of the authorities. If it was possible to rob the property room of the police station, then that would be the ideal crime. The eventual goal would be to divest Fort Knox of all its gold. Did she have such a caper awaiting?

Were the stakes ever this high? I could look into her eye and believe that something fantastic awaited. We would only be trying to cover our drinks for that night, but I could pretend that we were in the midst of cataclysmic events.

I loved every moment of this. This was the validation that I needed. I was getting that rush time and time again. I hardly needed more of an audience. I told myself that I was about to succeed at this heist. We would be sitting in the motel room with all this cash. Did we ever reach this point?

There was always so much promise. We could start off the night with that belief. And she fed off my energy. She could win me over. So that made her more convinced that she was on the right track.

I watched how she dressed. I studied her hair. I was learning so much about what I wanted. We would have these sessions before we ever left the house. And this got me excited about what would come next. Maybe the night would never satisfy those expectations. That would all work.

She believed that this story was a little more complex. It was never going to be enough just to show up. She was looking for some real action. She didn't just want property. She was thinking about the private jet. I wondered why she expected anything to happen under the present circumstances. This was going to require some real high rollers. And she was not going to find them in dive bars. How was she supposed to use her radar to give her results. She could try to bring down some low-flying aircraft. But what was it going to take to do some real damage. It was really a matter of availability. In her own mind, she felt that anyone could be the mark in a big score. What sense did that make on an economic level? If the money was not in the accounts, no kind of kidnaping scheme would get it out. But there was always some kind of collective effort. The small fry could lead to the whale, and these efforts would bear fruit at the important moment.

What did it mean to get the game going under these circumstances? She thought that she could follow the trail around to the source. And the big money was waiting to be tapped. She thought about her hostage. And what was he worthy in a trade. What did she need to do get it all in gear. This was going to need to be way more than some kind of humanitarian operation. Who was behind this kind of things, and what was really available? In a deep way, she was seeing something. This demonstrated her perceptive nature. But I was not looking for her to mess things up on my watch. I gave her the opportunity to increase the risk. This added to the entertainment. But I also understood how this could all blow up in my face. I needed to exercise extra forethought.

She was going to let us crash and burn in the middle of nowhere. This was all part of her method. She might as well have been mixing the poison. She was masterful at moving it all along. This could have seemed like a social event. I was accompanying her on these adventures. This added to her belief. She kept thinking that the best was yet to come. Even if nothing happened, she convinced me. And that was more than enough to keep it going. I may have been skeptical, but she got into my head, and she convinced me. And that was perfect for her.”

She would still devise these schemes in her head. That added to the moment. It made it all the more invigorating. I was adding to her vision. She was building those marvelous castles in the air, and I was passing her the bricks. This made me a perfect accomplice for whatever she

was considering. The game became more elaborate. And she didn't mind pushing the craziness. That added to the spectacle. I jumped the middle of the fray. This was the extraordinary entertainment of the time. No one wanted to let go. We were all deep in the madness.

This guy might not be the one. But tonight could be the night. No one wanted to call off the action before the sun came up. We weren't along for such a ride. Neither of knew what would be the end. This seemed based up on the perspective of this sucker. Maybe, he was willing to tap that oil well of his in Oklahoma. Or he could have a cattle ranch in Kansas. The speculative markets in Singapore could offer a major yield.

She became attentive to all these promises. Even if the guy knew nothing about what he was talking about. But we listened with interest. This was the fun for the night.

She maintained that we only had one goal for the night. And it was supposed to be all about money. How were we supposed to maintain that goal from the beginning? We weren't going to be able to do this all on own. If we felt victimized, we were going to find a victim. She seemed even more confident about the opportunities. I was supposed to play along and follow her lead. Where was this headed? It could all start pretty simply. But that would not be enough to guarantee success. Every guy who was ready to spring for a couple of drinks was not going to give us the keys to his car. In some cases, we were driving around these losers. But we were doing what we could, and we had cards to play. If he did have keys, that could be a good start. We could travel the city on his dime, and that seemed like a better course of action than anything alternative. It took a special kind of strategy to plan out a con. And the victim needed to be special. He was motivated by such commitment on his part that he never believed that he would end up being the victim. More than that, he needed to be willing to play. If he wasn't going to buy us drinks, he was never going to open his wallet for other service. All of this was imaginary anyway. We would have loved to sell him some swamp land. Any promise would have been quite enough to keep all of us in the game. But there were other factors, and we needed to keep track of all the possibilities. This was like a game of roulette. But he needed to think that he was going to win. So his short term successes would be enough to take us to the next level. At no time were we contemplating larceny.

We were much more careful about our aims. But we didn't want to stop with a few bucks from his wallet, We needed to extra cautious. If he had any idea what was going on, he would walk, and we did not want to see this. We were trying to make a score, and if we were ineffective, we would just waste our time. The overall plan needed a vision. And this vision could lull him into doing whatever we expected. This created a strange balance among the all of us.

She could feed him compliments, and I would do my best to keep him fooled. She had already disciplined me in team dynamics. When I needed to, I took one for the team, and that moved things along. He would really have no idea how things transpired. We had total control of his money. And this was how it all got going. He wasn't that naive. And he was going to make sure that we didn't get into his accounts. Honestly, that was in our ability. Here was where surprises became evident. He could buy us drinks all that he wanted, but there was really nothing in the kitty.

She had been the one who picked me, and she was convinced that there was so much more available. She probably could have recognized this early on. In a sense, she was deluding

herself. She depended on my participation. This made it all seem more worthwhile. She could convince herself that we were in on a bigger score. But she was depending on my agreement. What did she expect under the circumstance? She wanted me to sanction the game, and that would appear to give it longer life. There was not that much available for either of us.

She kept promising us so much more. And what did that mean? I could hope for something for all these efforts. It was more about the drinks and the bull shit. There was never going to be a big payout.

She would glance back at me as if we were about to come upon the punch line. There was nothing amazing about to happen. But she loved the drama. In the end, we would have to throw back the big fish. And what had come from the act. We had our drinks paid for. Was the effort really worth it? What had we skimmed off of the deal. This guys was horrendous, and we spent the night listening to his broken down dreams. Why had she wasted out time? This might have seemed like par for the course with her. She didn't do this one in a while. It was becoming a pattern. It would have been better to have spent money on our own drinks. But that would not have been an accomplishment for her.

I did not feel all that excited about revisiting my past. I just felt that these reminders were all around me. And it would not take much to get things going, and I would be back in one of those terrible situations. It was almost like a horror movie. It wasn't just the shadows. There was so much more going on. Fear had that character. It wasn't a single event. A nightmare could set me off. But I knew that some craziness had gone on in that basement. I was a witness to something that I did not like to dwell on. And this feeling was now deep in my soul. And it seemed to come back time and time again. I wasn't completely hopeless, but I did lack the strength to deal what was happening around me. This added to the recurring fear.. It was so real for me, and this added to my concern. It might as well have been yesterday. Even in these recollections, there was a profound disconnect. I had seen things. Things happen to me. But it was not so much that. I was immersed in these after-effects. And they were solid. It spoke to my nature.

I saw myself in a way that I did not like to contemplate. I never contributed to these horrible events. But their lingering character seemed to take advantage of my weakness. This made me more helpless in the moment. And I really felt that there were other experiences that were as proximate to me, and they were just as threatening. I wasn't all that broken down. And I did not see that as an essential part of my character. I was dealing with a hollow in my being, and its effects were cumulative. At any moment, this surprise could jump out and shake me up. Things felt tense. Nevertheless, I did my best to rise above it all. I didn't believe that this kind of thing could destroy me.

I had my integrity, and no single thing was going to take away my dreams. That didn't diminish the fact that things had become out of control. So much of this struggle came from inside of me. And I had little to work from. Why was like this? Honestly, it became hard to explain. It just wasn't about remembering something that was long gone. I was so deep in the shit in the moment. And these echoes could be all the more potent. It was almost as if I heard a mouse, and I jumped a thousand feet in the air. I wasn't going to get myself back by trying to work through what had happened. All this was so deep. And it reminded what I had been going through all these years.

I couldn't deal with the present because this was all that I was seeing. But I found ways that I could dull all this and put it behind me. This added to my doubts. Fundamentally, I was so messed up, and there were so many things that put me in jeopardy. And I couldn't put the pieces back in a different order. I needed to deal with it all as it came to me. And it was interrupting my understanding. And I had so little to deal with. I couldn't very well define my life on this basis. That was just how things were working out. I did everything that I could to fight it. I wanted to believe that I had more wherewithal. But I was looking at a world that was coming to life right before my eyes. I would have those inspired moments, and I believed that it was enough to carry me somewhere else. That didn't prevent me from becoming further stuck in the mud. And I could shake my head and pretend that none of this was happening. It wasn't going on in the present. But it was as present as anything else, and this seemed to weight down on me more than anything else that was going on around me. And this was my world. And I wanted someone to take away this feeling. I realized that this was not really my doing. But I lived it in the moment, and there was no other way to deal with this. The deeper that I had this feeling, the more that I felt immersed in the terror. But I tried my best to pay it no mind. And that only made it more difficult to get my bearings.

I was not going to let myself become a victim. I had enough integrity to move things along. I tried my best to look on the bright side. I did not see myself as subject to my moods. However, this could be something else. This wave just rolled over me, and I did my best to stand on my own. That was never going to be easy.

It wasn't enough to get in a crazy situation. She was looking for a great deal more. What would that end up being? She wanted something memorable. She knew that is all might backfire on her. That hardly stopped her from becoming more involved. She recognized the dangers. She was careful not to do something illegal. But she wanted to push the limits. That could add interest to the story. She saw the inherent difficulties. This was what it was all about trying to stage first-class entertainment, and someone needed to move it forward. If there was a real disaster, there would be work to make things right. That added to the appeals of the moment. She wasn't attached to bizarre. But she saw that she might need this kind of fascination to push things along.

Obsessed people were willing to make mistakes to get what they were after. And she wanted to cooperate with this kind of craziness. What else was involved? She was familiar with various fetishes, and this almost seemed standard under the present circumstances. Nothing was how it seemed to be. This meant a maniacal devotion to the moment. If the body could not provide the inspiration, what else was the source. This seemed to intimately connected with questions of fortune. This made her role all the more important. She only needed to get people started. They would do the rest. The magic was all too apparent, and this was part of her method. If she got started, she did not want to let go. And this kind of madness was everything. She could play on the other person's fear. This was all part of her technique. She knew what the body could accommodate. And she what could get another person to panic. That was all that it took.

It might not even be a flesh wound, but could think that he was dying. He would go all crazy, and she knew how to work her skills. She would nurse to this confused individual. This would add to the frustration. There was no other way to see this.

If someone was losing his mind, she could step in and make it work for her. He would be begging her for some remedy. He was afraid that he was going to die. And would find humor in the situation. This pushed it all over the edge. He would be screaming bloody murder. He was desperate. She would ask for a steep price. But his might not have been daring enough.

Could she really go through with her plan? She was asking for something in return. But what was it all about? She did her best to make sure that it didn't get out of hand. This was her expertise, but she liked to play along. Once it all got started, it seemed that anything was possible. She was dealing with an amateur.

In many ways, she was lucky that no one caught on. How would that have ended up? She would not have looked kindly if someone threatened her. She would have got extra sensitive. Surely, she would have walked away with confidence. That would have been the end of the story.

“Do you have any idea what you're going to do with the body?”

“What are you talking about?”

“I guess that you don't remember anything about last night.”

“I have a good memory.”

“For last night.”

“What are you asking me?”

“That is what I am asking myself.”

“And what do you hope to learn from asking?” role. But this

“There is this body. And we need to dispose of it.”

“You are messing with me.”

“Mess with me if you will.”

“You are on the raft with this guy.”

She was pretty much in denial of what had happened. This was all part of our agreement. She was there to invite me to the fun. And I was there to help her clean up. This seemed to go beyond our initial agreement. I didn't mind picking up a few glasses. Even if I needed to help her get to bed, I would welcome that role. This went way beyond picking up some trash. I was being asked to participate in some serious clean up. And this went beyond my commitment. It was one thing to be a friend. How had she taken me down this road? I was a little frightened to think about the consequences. I couldn't clap my hands and make this go away. I never thought that she would get me in this situation. This was hardly the first time for her. Honestly, she blamed me for what was going on.

I was not about to accept any responsibility even if I was the one who had pushed things. So everything didn't end up all aces. How was I supposed to balance this situation. I didn't want to think that this was happening in real time. She could barely remember a thing, and I had only a vague recollection. This all seemed to take so much weight off of her.

“I think that I have grown used to putting things out of my mind. I do not want to claim that has created problems for me. But I had no idea that any of this was going to happen. And after it has occurred, I really have no recollection of any of this. I realize that it sounds as if I am trying to get myself off the hook. I know that is hardly an excuse. I just want to call how I see it. This is the past. And I do not want to relive the worst parts of my past. If this seems something like that, that explains a great deal. I simply need to accept it for what it is.”

“I do not want to turn it all back on you. This is hardly your fault, And you have nothing to do with what happened. So I am not going to come down on you for whatever has gone on. Now, this is our mess. And I hate to feel that I have brought you along. But that is how it is. I am not saying that we both have blood on our hands. However, what other way can we see this? I guess that we are both implicated.”

I listened to what she was saying, but it became clear that she was blaming me for something that was not my doing. And I felt crushed by her attitude. She was suggesting that the responsibility was shared. For the moment, this seemed to be all about me.

It was as if she was plotting her exit, and I would be holding the bag. I would have to answer for something that was really all her doing. This was all that I could remember at the moment. I had been around for whatever had gone down, but I didn't feel as if the real shit had anything to do with me. She had pulled all the levers. I was a glorified spectator. I wasn't cheering her on. I felt entirely reluctant about what was happening. But things always seemed to work out this way. This was all part of her skill.

For her, the fear might have been greater than for anyone else. That was how it worked out. She was running faster than anyone else. That was why she was willing to put it all on the line. She was not going back to the way that she was. She was not the first person who turned her back on her hell. She wasn't going to go back. She was no going to go along with any of the threats. It would be a mistake to cross her, and she would make it pretty clear what it was all about.

She was living in the moment. Her health meant drawing a line on everything that had happened. It was all long gone, and that was that. It only added to the mystery. She was not about taking prisoners. Everything would end in good time. And she would make it away once and for all. This was not about genius.

There were times that I almost felt like a decoy. I was going to bear the brunt for this game. I stayed closed because I did not want to be abandoned to myself. I would definitely have to deal with all the shit. That was how she played it. No one was going to be there for the aftermath.

There was almost a bitterness in the overall development. She seemed as if she was in to human sacrifice. I would watch people self-destruct before my eyes. That was all part of her show. It was supposed to end with a bang, then she would be gone. If I hung around, it would almost be fatal.

She needed to do the final accounts. When push came to shove, that was that. I was not supposed to cover the unpaid tab. That was how it all worked out. If no one was around, no one would have to answer for what had happened. The more the devastation, the wiser it was to clear out. That was what made her good.

She could have instructed others. She could be the shoulder to cry on. But it was more than that. She would send everyone on the way more invigorated than before. That made it all worthwhile. It was never about the doldrums. There would be other nights.

That was why I was so valuable. I kept it all going. I was that extra buffer so she would come out a winner. She could abscond with the spoils. I wouldn't be holding a thing, and I would waltz out of here as if nothing ever happened. That seemed convincing enough.

From the outside, it might seem as if there was a greater risk involved. She would be the

one experiencing these threats. And she could easily go down. I watched it all wondering when we my moment to step in. I could shake it all up. That was how it all progressed. I was meant to be the catalyst. And that put it all in place.

We made sure that we got away without spending a cent. It wouldn't always be like that. Certainly, that was the ideal. That was how we were working together. I prepared her for the eventualities. I had my nose to ground. I could grasp what was going on. I could anticipate. We were all making it a go. And I could take that final step. The play would be complete.”

She loved having me around. I could add a little luster to it all. That made it all more acceptable. On some occasions, I would challenge her. This would add to the excitement. But we needed to think quickly. Some guys hated to be played for the fool, and they could get nasty. But she was ready to go gangster on them, and they all turned into harmless pussy cats. That would put an end to it all. I was watching it all and marveling. She was a true professional. But something else was happening. Her vulnerability could not be more evident.

Why did these facets of her personality suddenly become so critical for this drama? She was pushing the drama because she was hoping for results. Flattery would never be enough, She believed that she was playing for the big time. This was where it all became so ridiculous. This was supposed to be about something more. She hoped to be a winner. But she was exaggerating the moment. This was where I came in. I added to the show. I convinced others. I made it massive. I made it eloquent. We were so much alike. But I was new. And she needed to make it happen in the now. Realistically, if she could convince me, then I was the world. She only needed to push open the door, and the world would follow. That seemed absurd. But she was down for the count. And I could guarantee that she walked away a winner. This was only the beginning.

There was no reason to take this further. She felt as if she was returning to a different time. How had this happened? Why did the ghosts return at a moment like this? This could be all the more substantial.

Everything became even more out of line. That was how she played. She was getting me to show my outrageous nature. I did not have the ability to hold it in check. This made it even more challenging. I was right in the middle of it all.

I felt that I was a witness to the worst events in her life. This reminded me of things that had happened to me. I didn't want to see my life in such basic terms.

She knew about the utter horror. And that would shake her to the core. She couldn't let it progress to that moment. Was it worth risking everything for such a meager result? She would be right back in the hell. This was not going to happen. It would never happen.

If she has disappeared, I don't really think that I am to blame. I know that we're hanging out. And she invited me to her place. She taught me how to do make up. She influenced my fashion sensibilities. In many ways, identified with her. She has similar experiences to mine. There are moments that I feel that she was forcing me to relive things that I didn't want to think about. I hated to think about her in this way. She was a friend of mine. I valued her connection. But it started to bother me. It was almost as if I no longer trusted her anymore. I wondered why I felt this way. We had become so close. We done things together. She even paid for me on some nights, so I was part of her fun. She was doing me a favor. She was making things more exciting. Nevertheless, it was still an issue of trust. And this became more intense over time. She was the

one giving me money. She wasn't taking anything from me material. But she seem to wear me down in some kind of way. I was trying to figure out what was happening.

I hardly liked the fact that this was happening to me. And she seemed to be participating in my demise. It should never have been like this. I need to figure out what was really going on. In a sense, this create a burden for me. He was someone who I wanted to trust. He was someone who would help me groan. Now I had all these questions. It should never have come to this point. I think she was touching something inside of me that made me frightened. I don't want to say that I was aggressive with her. But I might've done some thing or said some thing etc. off. For that reason, I didn't see her around.

"He had nothing to do with my actions."

There were some people who knew that we hung out together. They would ask me what was going on. They hadn't seen from her either. They were moments that I almost felt that they were blaming me for what happened. I hadn't done anything unusual. I hadn't threatened her in anyway. We were a little playful when we're out. Some people might've thought that we were fighting. But it's never anything like that. It was totally obvious what was happening. Some people just didn't understand. They didn't understand what we were about. So when she disappeared, and made things a little more confusing. What is going on? Why has she taken the stand. I hated to consider what really might've happened. There could've been an accident. I know that she went on these trips outside of the city. And she would invite me to go. I don't know what kind of people she was hanging out with there. She loved playing the game. She loved the action. Therefore it wouldn't take that much to get her going.

She would be around these people who were involved in the strangest activities. Some of that could've been dangerous for her. Certainly, it bothered me in a lot of ways. But I accommodated to what was going on. This is part of our friendship. Things were getting a little crazier. Did everything that I could to find that balance. Again that it might've been the thing that angered her. It wouldn't of taken much. I simply could've said the wrong thing, and that would've said her off. That was how things worked with her. She wasn't there to spare my feelings. She wouldn't pull any punches.

If she needed to say some thing, she would say it loud and clear. And I needed to deal with it was going on. I couldn't explain it any simply any simpler. That seemed to be the understanding between us. And I dealt with it for what it was. The fact that she's snowing to seat be seen troubles me a little. I know that she was hanging around with his guy. But but that doesn't say much. And so what was going on? What was really happening with her. There may have even been people involved why knew nothing about. I would've added to the mystery.

"For whatever it is now is nothing more than I can really sad. I don't see her. I don't hear from her. I'm not involved with her. It has nothing to do with me. Sure, I have some of her clothes in my closet. But they were things that she did. We both were the same size. I don't make sense. It should make sense to you. It should make sense to you."