

THE STORYTELLER

“How did you pick me out to tell the story? It’s as if there’s some thing that you can’t describe on your own. Surely, you seen enough of the picture. But you’ve somehow been excluded from the demimonde of the after parties and the after after parties. That’s not really my story to tell her. But I can add my imagination. I can offer my own perspective. And this might add to yours. Together, we might be able to paint a ortrait. I might see this place and all its nakedness for whatever that means. Honestly, I’m sure you’re interested in your own way. Perhaps, we could collaborate. You could feed me key words and I could respond. I could focus the definition. And we would all be happy together.”

“What does that even mean? Why should I even care? In a sense, misunderstanding seems to implies another way of looking at the world. Maybe, it accelerates the whole process. For the the time being, the light could shine even brighter. What is missing from the portrait.? Is there any art to the overall portrayal? When does it begin, and when does it end? What’s missing? What do you wanna know? I get up for work in the morning. I shower and get dressed. I hop in the car. There’s an element of regret in my overall experience I don’t want to leave the price. I prefer to roll myself in a little ball and fall asleep.”

“I’m already too invested in the moment. I need to get out of here. Maybe I’m just behind in my rent. Or I missed a car payment. There’s always something significant missing from the overall vision. What’s the dream? I save up to buy a new car. Is that even a story? Does anyone bother with my experience. It’s something I care about. Something that matters a lot to me. I’m like so many other people. Count the money one dollar at a time. And I can feel it slipping through my hands even as I complete my account. What are my aspirations? One of my hobbies for tonight? What if I spent a little extra? What would be left for me? There’s not much. I’m still living on a hope and a prayer. Every time I try to get ahead, I just get busted. And I think that there’s something else just outside my grasp. I believe there’s some things waiting for me whatever that might mean. But I don’t want to get lost in my silly dreams.

“ I’m leaving now for now. And that’s all that seems to matter. I wonder if anyone is willing to take up my story? I want to believe that there’s some kind of magic here. Indeed, in my own way, I’m heroic. That mean I’m not going to give up. I’m going to show up for work. I’m going to keep doing what I can. I don’t know if that sounds like much of a story to you. Probably, you’re looking for adventures. Who are willing to take chances. That sometimes means throwing away who is safe and embracing something that’s a little more dangerous. I think that there would be a story for everyone if we followed that big gamble. What would it involve? For some people, it’s putting money on the lottery. Sports betting. Or trying to impress someone who is really not impressed by that much.

That kind of passion can empty your wallet pretty quickly. I want to believe that there’s more in my favor. I don’t want to get exhausted waiting around for a future that’s never going to come. But there needs to be a point when I toss it all in the mix. Honestly I need to be ready for some kind of gamble. Otherwise, I wouldn’t be involved at all. It’s not just tricky. Sometimes it feels as if it’s beyond me. Under those terms, I would say it’s messy. There’s all the ragged edges. And I’m not coming out of this all that well. I have my hopes. I don’t think I’m the only one. That’s how the game is played. Under those circumstances, I need to be a little hungrier than

the next guy. If that means I act in a ruthless way, so be it, that seems to be the balance here. I don't think pleasure is going to rescue me. But that little boost might give me enough to make me think things will eventually turn my way. How can anyone make these things work favorable mean? For the time being, I could see how it was all on me. This added to my overall commitment. I need to be more resilient. I need to show that strength that I was seemed absent. Sure, that might mean that I sacrificed here and there.

If that wasn't how I felt in the moment. I wanted more than that. I wanted my story to resonate with the kind of magnificence. What was lacking? Did I need to get another job? Did I need to improve my training? I could do like you do. I could observe people. I could describe their story. And their story might become mine. Where was I supposed to start? What was the selection process? Look at all the people together, and you see a few stellar ones. You want to claim more for you own. What is that supposed to be? Are we looking for believers? Granted, there are moments when you believe that one person can make it all right. You're waiting for the explanation. And everything falls into place. And that seems to speak for everything that's what happened to you in the past, and now it is part of the the present. And it promises the future. You don't want to face the hard truth. That wasn't part of the expectation. This where is where the mess becomes a little catastrophic. If you're looking for someone else to take you to the promised land, that's the whole story.

"You're wise; you could be sitting at home in your room. You're here chasing down a dream. And it's a living thing. And that scares you. That scares everyone around you. That's the real balance. There's so many people who are afraid to take that first step. So that's what you're watching. You have your eyes trained on such an outcome. And it speaks to you with such force. You could be on stage with a crowd of longing fans. Or the same privilege could be available to the person who you're watching all the time. This is where you can feel lost. It's not just a dream anymore; you're taken in by this nightmare. Seeing how it fits. Do you want to scream? There's nothing funny about any of this. It's almost as if you were among the bloodthirsty. And they all feel pretty much the same way. Your next victim."

"Okay, I think I get it. It was almost a ruse for you to draw me in. He realized I would get seduced by that moment. It wasn't about telling a story. I was feeling better about myself. I was feeling as if I was better than someone else. And that truly motivated the story. Then it got going. Maybe, she humiliated me. I said hello. I stayed with my peace. She looked me up and down, and she wondered why anyone would bother. I wasn't going to let it be. I needed to work on myself; that would be my goal. He started. What was the real challenge here? Or maybe I truly felt some thing. For a brief moment I might've cared for her. She looked at me as if I was some kind of joke. She already had other guys who were willing to make bigger promises. Why did I bother? Why did I think that I can make this better? But I did. I kept thinking that I could add some thing, and that would make her look on me in a kinder way. That only made me more vulnerable. I was almost a source of ridicule. But I held my own."

"I was not there to back down. This could've been the beginning of some thing more exciting. You were going to make changes. We were always responding to the world. We are just ourselves. But those adjustments may continue to support the same situations over and over again. It becomes necessary to actually do something more. What was the source of the change? Does it mean living with the same situation over and over again? At what point do you create

some thing real? Is that what you want to tell us? The pain is not being distributed equally. It is almost makes you prophetic. There's a point that you're a little too close. What do you tell yourself? What do you tell others? It doesn't take much. Everything explodes from the inside. And your ability to create some kind of balance gets disturbed how can you deal with this disruption. It is now part of your system. It's as if someone is doing this to you. What are the limits of this presentation? You don't want it to be finite. This is not good for anyone how does this even happen? You try to be the writer. You try to explain things in clear terms. But it all gets more involved. And you have this belief that every point is equally suffused with greatness. You can't just be true to an idea that you were living a social reality. What's the source of the disruption?"

"We're going to go do two things I'm going to go for a little walk. After the walk, we're going to go back to your place, and you're going to write a novel with your body, and every gesture will be recorded. And that overall description will take volumes. We are not just looking at human desire. We are looking at the apex of social interaction. Does that mean that the connections need to be equal across different spaces? At any point does the energy become disruptive? If it does, then it's next to impossible to maintain any kind of order. Each expression of order degenerates in the chaos. This is why the description becomes so difficult. If we're focusing on a point of explosiveness, it doesn't take much to move it along. But we're back to the real challenge. We are maintaining the belief that each disruption causes a further erosion of the overall system. Does this even make sense? Is it even possible to frame any sense of coherence when these explosive forces at work."

"Was His Tempest victorious in this representation? If that was so, and this was simply a series of episodes. Any attempt at an overall understanding creates this immense excitement that inflames any experience. It is possible to bring it all together. If I'm telling the story, how can I possibly deal with these alternative points of view? It's not as if everybody's willing to step up to accept their mission. The overall presentation is disruptive. It seems as if only Relscan pull it all together."

"You examine the core of desire, and you are back at a scene of total humiliation. Desire makes you feel that you cannot overcome that feeling of rejection. But it only repeats the same cycle. And locks you in. And you exaggerate the moments of excitement. And that's all that you have. That's all that you want to have. I need to leave that the progression from rejection to excitement. This is a process that only becomes more intense over time. Even if you try to create some balance, even if you try to avoid that resolution, it ends up coming back to you in just that way. There's no other way to see this. You don't want to be mean. I don't want to be vindictive. But that's the only thing that's driving it."

"No matter what way you see it, it all comes back to the same thing: the scene of trauma. And you're doing everything to put these pieces back together again. And it goes nowhere. You need to return to the source. But the overall progression could take forever. And you're waiting and watching. And others are observing you. It's not so much that you can't touch every moment. Instead you were lost trying to grasp a series of these infinite explosions. And you can't get back to any sense of stability."

"When you were letting your desire guide you, you start to learn. It is supposed to work the other way around. Your caring and your devotion will lead your desire. It still can become

intense in its own way, but it is all directed by conscious application. Without this focus, you get caught up in the scenes, and the scenes have a logic of their own. You're doing things that you don't want to do"

"I'm the writer. I want to see myself as a good person. That's not enough. I want to be excepted. I want to belong. I wanna be praised. I want this feeling to go somewhere. And I realize that I've become some thing that I don't wanna be. I'm waiting for the praise. I'm letting my pride dominate my creativity. I'm doing as little as I can just so I'll get flattery. I'm not being honest with people."

"If I was supposed to tell the story, why would my efforts be any more successful. I felt I was influenced to follow the wrong path. I hardly had any foundation to do any differently. If I was going to get involved, I would be more systematic. I would end up creating my own version. If a creative individual had an outlet to develop personal expression, these experiences could provide for a greater understanding. This performance will involve others in this creative endeavor. And without such an opportunity, a person lose himself in a world of distractions. Worse, this could provide the basis for a more extreme pursuit of pleasure principle. In fact, that was the very nature of the cult. It didn't stop with a single connection. Based upon a sense of acquisitiveness, it was driving others into a belief system. This prevented critical examination of personal experience. People got caught up in this perspective. And it didn't end. The pleasure principle was instituted to get into the minds of others. Ultimately, it was a mind control technique. I started with a more casual approach. I didn't want to give into that way of thinking. But it became obvious that I was caught up with him. And I became in trapped by this way of thinking. But I was also applying his mind control techniques to others."

"This was nothing less than the activity of the cult leader. And I if I was going to write about this I would be enhancing my efforts. I would be making excuses for myself. I didn't want to see it this way. I hope that that I could achieve more independence. Even in asserting myself I was getting caught up in this way of thinking. How could I carry on the story? I could start off with the basic principles of the narrative. Nevertheless, over time I was getting caught in a more divisive portrayal. I didn't want to let this go. This was special. This was all that mattered. I psych qualified to tell the story? I was only seeing what was happening from my point of you. And the other details were hidden from me."

"I didn't have a technique to explore any further. That only made me more committed to the role of a cult leader. I really hadn't worked out the philosophy. But I need to admit to myself that this was what I was doing. I felt this hunger. I wanted to satisfy it. And each point that I satisfied it, I only wanted more. I wanted to involve others. I thought that I was more charming than I was. I found people who were weak. They were looking for guidance. I could give them what they wanted, and I think I thought that it was all about me."

"Honestly, it wasn't that way at all. I was getting caught up in this terrible situation. I was giving in to its influences. I needed something more. I wasn't being asked I was being asked to become the writer. But I didn't want to leave the paradise that I created for myself. I didn't even think that I done anything wrong. What took me to this point? None of it made any sense. I slipped deeper into the illusion. By writing about people, I felt that I had a special inside. They believed it too. And I was learning how to manipulate it from my own benefit. This political influence turned out to be nothing but mind control and I let myself become tricked by my own

actions even more problematic. What it brought me to this point? Why was I acting like this? I need to figure this out. I need to check myself. This was going to be a long journey. How could I find guidance?"

"Was there you someone who supposed to understand me?"

"I've been watching you. And I want to know what you're doing. What are you writing? Why are you writing here? You keep looking over at me as if you understand something. Are you writing about me? I hope that you're not saying something unkind. What makes you think that you're better than anyone else. You have your own beliefs I can respect that. But I don't totally go along with your way of thinking. What makes you the way that you are? We all have a level of self-awareness. Why do you feel that it's your privilege to claim that knowledge? Does that make you better? Are you simply more vulnerable? Are you protecting yourself? If you're writing my story what are you going to say? Who's gonna want to listen? Would even makes it interesting? I ask myself that. I have to look at myself. I have to think about how others see me. I want a favorable reception. I've done this time and time again. I stare at my face. How can I make it express some thing that others find delightful. Should I worry about this?"

"Do you worry about this? Is this why you're a writer? You feel shame. And you're doing everything that you can to hide that shame from the world. Do you think that you've got it covered. But then only makes you overconfident. And then things really mess up. You're caught out there without any resource. In a sense, you don't have a stand a chance. But here you are with your computer, and you're trying to tell our story. What if I sat in your place? Would I realize that none of this has any kind of merit? It's all deliberately confused. If anyone thinks that she can sort it out, she's even more messed up. But that's all part of game. There's a certain point you stop trying. From that point on, what is really going on? You know what's going on? Can you look at us and figure out? What is your advantage? Perhaps, if you're comfortable, you feel untouchable are no one can influence you."

"Why do you have your infallible outlook? Indeed, this was an important challenge. Others might wonder. What do you even have in your favor? Do you have an audience? Community for you. You're not really safe when you want to believe that you are. do you think that you're running thanks? How does that work? Are we allowed to have a witness.? Is that gonna make things better? What's the map for improvements where is any of this taking us? We think that we have a deeper understanding. Do we? Where is any of us about? Is your eye train to see every detail. What can you report? What can you tell us about how we are. Why is this nothing but gossip? When people talk about education, they still act as if they are prisoners of their own minds. How does this even work? What makes them like this. They no longer have the ability to open doors. We are trapped with you. And this adds to the puzzle. I know what you're really doing. You're trying to break us down. You're trying to influence us. It's your whole idea of your cult. This has nothing to do with being a leader. This has everything to do with telling others what to do. Get them to do your bidding."

"You can stay ensconced in your room and gratify your pleasures. And you impose this vision on the world. You expand on this vision. I recognize it. We all do. This is how you see things. That's how you want to be seen. Everyone looks at you in this way. Does it really work? Are they all in fear? Or is that what the writer does? Do you add to these generalizations. Nothing goes anywhere but you try to tie it down tightly. Is this legacy. Is the writer the one who

is the least capable? How can you ever advise us? What do you know that none of us know. Certainly, you're arrogant. You can feel the power inside of you. Where does it go? You act as if you have some kind of privilege. You can't even finance your own projects. Why are you interfering with who we are."

"What is your Health? Where is any of this headed? When I sit in this seat, I try to do what you do. I have nothing but questions I wonder why am here. I feel as if I'm wasting my time. I'm back at school doing some nonsense assignments. What difference does any of this matter. Can anyone understand me? Can anyone even relate to what I'm going through? This is just futility. It's better not to analyze things that much. Just go with the flow. You had a chance to go with the flow. And you didn't take it. You could've leverage that triumphs into another one. Then things will get really scary. You can't keep acting like this. You're around impressionable people. It doesn't take much to push them one way or another. And that's how you work."

"He manipulates souls. And they seem to enjoy this kind of attention. More than ever, this is some kind of cult. You're trying to get people to do things that they don't want to do. Where does it all go? It's all based upon convenience. Everyone's looking for an easy way to figure it all out there on the ads overall confusion. Let's assume you're some kind of authority. What can you really do with your words? How can you make them mean anything more? I want to join. Does anyone really have a grace period for a brief moments? They might feel as if they have things together there's any of this meant to last how did even get to this point? You're not running; it's not even close. There was a moment when everything was at your fingertips. You're depending on others. You might not have wanted it that way. But that's how it's working hours."

"Everything seems to fall into place. At the end of the show, here right in the middle you are just as lost as ever. It's almost as if you're begging others to provide some kind of rescue. Honestly, what can it mean? What can that mean for you? Would you let me in for anyone else? This couldn't have happened any faster. And that's making you impatient. These are things beyond your control. These are things that you have nothing to do with. But you're letting them affect you. Is it as if you're under that spell.:

"Can you just go along? Everyone goes on. They act as if nothings happening. And that's your cue. That's why you think you're the writer. Do you think that your confusion can dominate the experiences of others. And that's all there is to it. You can hide away. But what are you hiding from? Perhaps, this is what constitutes knowledge. It has nothing to do with some thing that you encounter and experience. It's simply way of shutting out any alternative experiences. That's what makes you who you are. It gives you a sense of purpose. More than ever, that is the story. Little else to say. You're looking at people who get locked in habits. I was habits repeat year after year. It all seems so satisfying. And it's impossible to close that book. Things just return to the way they were. And it's like that day in and day out. So you're the prime witness. And everyone seems to be going along."

"Honestly, is this some kind of political crisis? No one can say what she really means. She has her audience. And they have expectations. You need to satisfy people. You need to give them what they're looking for. Do you know what that is. Can you add to that sense of belonging and togetherness? Can you help to invigorate their souls? Is this your mission? Is this word starts off? Don't you get bored? It's the same thing day in and day out. How can you call yourself a writer? I don't even know what it would be if I was the one doing this. But we all carry-on. We

pretend. We tell ourselves there's something more is going on. I'm not even watching anymore. I know how this influenced you. And this is part of story. You're tolerant of behaviors which should make you feel guilty. Do you want to tell the story so that you can rewrite it in a favorable manner?"

"You were developing a moral point of you. It seems to excuse any kind of behavior. In a sense, that is the purpose of the writer. The writer is elevated to a position where he can excuse any kind of offense, but I was phrasing the story differently. This is the criticism of consciousness. Consciousness can provide the basis for reasoning through any situation and observing the self of full accountability. This can be a total reshaping of the self. How does this even work? On the one hand, consciousness seems to veer into the most intense pleasure. On the other on the other, consciousness seems to reject giving into actions which lack sufficient support in reason. This can become a twisted path. The individual is driven to a justification that draws on clear argument. Nevertheless the intention of this argument is to provide the basis for the self to explore any type of experience. Reason appears to provide the basis to justify the curiosity of the self. The writer entices with his delights. At the same time, he criticizes this self. This only leads to a further exploration. Reason does not restrain the self. It engages the individual in a more intense exploration. This becomes a challenge. Inevitably, there is no restraint on consciousness. The self can make excuses for the complete domination by the individual."

"Pleasure becomes a total justification. In a sense, this becomes the role of the writer. That's why you asked me to help. He wanted me to tell about the exciting events in my life. I thought week. I've been exposed. I tried to hide my motives. But they were all to a current. That didn't make me a bad person. But I was made to feel as if I done something wrong. It wasn't possible to be in observer without taking a stand , and that could anger others. I was hardly sympathetic towards injustice. It was the basis for my presentation. But I wanted people to go to the source of the problem. It was important to understand who really exercised power. And the individual could continue that same situation. Even though weak people could do terrible things, their accountability was limited. It wasn't a matter of seeking some kind of vigilante justice. Mercy did not end accountability. But only so much could be asked of an individual. What was necessary? What was accepted?"

"Some people might see this as a cause. How willing were they to stand up for their own beliefs? It was one thing to be committed to a way of thinking. But it was quite another to sustain this commitment. This was moment that a person could let down her guard, she could be more than susceptible to the very influences that she tried to critique. This was the foundation of this kind of perspective. It wasn't a matter of adopting selective outrage when it seem convenient. There's a lot more going on here. That's why there was a need to tell the story. It meant looking at what was happening in the immediate environment. It wasn't a matter of burying this perspective."

"A few minor mistakes could attain their own momentum and a personal vision. What did it mean to be assertive under these conditions. You couldn't just be casual about things until a destructive situation crept up on you. What was the audience that I was looking for? This was an a matter of placing blame. But there are moments that some individuals Chloe went to far. And they felt immune from any kind of criticism. In a sense, this was the heart of the problem. That was the basis for this critical awareness. It may not going along with things. But it wasn't all

negative. And that was the key. We were looking at people who are creating a supportive situation when it all seem to break down. This plea for sympathy ran against an immense denial. Everything just seem to explode in one's face."

"We were looking at people looking at some kind of positive resolution whatever vultures were waiting for the weak to fall. And this could mean the end to a person's struggle. That made it more important to achieve accuracy in trying to depict the story. Everyone became head of joint. It was important to retain some kind of insight. I threw myself into the situation. If she was looking for gratification, I wanted to understand it. She assumed that she was playing within the lines. There was no one here about to disrupt the game. But that may have been the dominant principle along. The safe space was only an illusion."

"The illusion was further advanced by the situation. She may have thought that she was a free player. She had her wits about her. She wasn't going to give in to anyone. But she didn't realize how things were catching up with her. She only had so much resilience on her side. It was fascinating to see how readily she would let down your guard. She didn't wanna observe this systematic advance. What was really inside? This made it all so fascinating. It wasn't a matter of surrendering to evidence dangerous. Instead, this commitment needed to be more assertive. For her own part, she felt on the verge of some kind of revelation. It worked for her. I had provided what she was looking for. No one could interfere with his vision. They gave me experience it's impetus. This was like an amusement park. If all the rides are running, she only needed to hop on board. Where was any of this headed? If there was more marvelous story. She might only have a glimpse. But she assumed that was what was happening. But there were others who seemed more diluted by the moment. What was this? How do they hold all of us together? What was the key factor? Who is controlling the experience? The picture became murky. This was someone else who felt that she understood her own motives. But she had only one motive for the time being that was total gratification. This was even more remote than any kind of pleasure principle."

"It was built on some kind of philosophy. Ultimately, this was a form of self denial. For the summer time being, the self simply let go. She immerse yourself in the world ever was happening. She embraced her anonymity. Out of the darkness, someone would reach out to her. He would tell her that everything was all right. But they were both equally confused; it wasn't even worth it trying to decipher the story it was what it was. It existed in the moment. In someways, it was a product of overconfidence. And this motivation was more than evidence. She thought about the consequences. She recognized the dangers. It really didn't matter. For her, the damage was done. And she wasn't going to fix it."

"How did these two situations relate to each other? There was a moment when the commitment seemed overriding. The frivolity seem to be everything. This was hardly an artist's paradise. We could make it all pretend. This was a shiny moment. Could creativity thrive in such a situation? It might start that way. I might begin with that belief. She feigned self control. She was already too far gone. What were the thoughts? What was necessary to achieve clarity? This was a shadowy zone. There weren't clear distinctions. Certainly, there were suspicions. There are expectations. Overall, there was a sense of paralysis. It's only credibility to the excitement for the brief brief moment; there could seem to be some thing more."

"Those with a greater motivation could sometimes seem to be the most diluted. They would want greater evidence for their point of you. And it all seemed to fade in the moment."

People felt weak. They weren't sure how to carry on. Or even the baby steps needed a greater commitment. How is that even possible? There were some who seem to be more confident in the situation. And this could get people to wonder. Were they favored? Were they the chosen few? If that was what was happening what is the whole picture somehow obscured. But it wasn't their story. For the time being the action was going on in the background. What was occurring here? You find something that you like. You take it for what it is. If you're lucky, things might last. But it's all about them now. You start to believe in the now as a form of revelation. Maybe you have some kind of spiritual program that reinforces this view. Something happens. It seemed like fun."

"You take it for what it is. You pretend it's more than it is. You know it's nothing but that. You leave the scene. You create your own version of constructive developments. It keeps you occupied. You find contentment. You look for others who can appreciate this characteristic. Nothing else matters. Your short term goals. They end up messing with your long-term goals. What else is there here? Do you want to basic solution?"

"I hope that it lasts. Honestly, that's all that really matters. It gets you where you want to be. This makes sense. You don't let anything affect you. You're responsive to the moment. Something happens. To go with the flow. You're with others who feel the same way. What about the gap? Doesn't real creativity develop from bridging the gap? Therefore, you have to contemplate that empty space. You're dealing with people who only know that smooth wine. But he only reached this point by me reaching that gap. Therefore, you have to sit with that emptiness until it all makes sense. You discover the route. It all takes hold to see what's happening."

"You're good at the first part. You know how to get a reaction. It could be something you say, or some thing you do. How do you walk, or how do you develop your style? There has to be more than that. But you can find immediate satisfaction time and time again. You call it fun. And that's what motivates you. You might wish that there was some thing else. There really isn't. You're living in the moment. You're living for the immediacy of that connection. There's nothing else. And there's those few moments, the gaps. You don't know how to fill that gap. We aren't going any further. Who else is involved? What differences and make? How long can you keep the scoring? You can't drive around the world and make it all connect. There's oceans to cross. What are you gonna do now? What does Darlene now? What does Lurline know? Who knows anything?"

"Aren't you the guy who is messing with my friend? I'm trying to hang on. If I figure out this puzzle, then it all makes sense for me. What's left? I need to get to the talk question. I don't want to hear things coming from behind the door. Are you making this right. Do you want a spanking? Now, what are you going to do with us? Are you even prepared to think this through. That's the real question any longer you really don't want to wait any longer. If I say Vince Green, are you gonna walk away? What's the fear here? What is the surplus of fun covering up for. Or it could be your creative moment. So it's not fun; it's something more lasting. Moment of excitement is in pleasure. It's more of a realization. If it was a pleasure you get lost in it. We're back to April. She wants something exciting to happen. She wants it now. But she realizes that the now is the never. But she keeps coming back to the same thing. And how is the never. She can't get beyond that. If one person could get there. If she could realize all the combinations, she wouldn't be making any other combinations."

"She realized all the combinations without making them? I need to walk away. I need to

walk away from you. You're angry because I'm not making choices. I disagree. And when I really make a choice, you're really angry. Let's figure this out this could be your story. Why can't it you can focus one side of your personality. Certainly that is brilliant. But there's something missing. Rels knows what that is. But Rels is missing. Cenza has some idea. But she's stuck. It's like a song without a wife to go along with it. It's a love song without the love. It's a desire for some thing. It's a ghost. What happens when they go steps up? Cenza, that's why this can't be my story. I just simply can't play one of Sheba's guys. I want to get it going I know what it would be. But I'm stalling out. How is that? Let's say that it is Cenza story. I'm not even sure if I can light the spark. That's where it gets really difficult. That's why I need Rels to emerge. Is she a totally fictional character? I've seen her. I've met her. But she's probably not gonna come back in the picture. So things only get more confusing. I wonder what's been left out. Do I need to give up to get some thing? I feel as if I'm out of skills. This is a genius moment."

"What does it involve? Who's working together? This isn't going to stop at once. Things are going to shake. It all slowly comes apart. Does Cenza have the vision? She's living it. Perhaps, if she understood the love in a different way, it would create a completely different picture. I'm going somewhere that I don't want to go. And I'm losing my direction. Cenza, pick this one up for me. Vincenza, Cenza, Cenza. I can't even trade myself to see what I'm supposed to say."

"Do I give Cenza roses? Could she even perform? April has her moments. And I want her I watch her self-destruct I can't go along with this one. It's not going to get me anywhere. I don't feel locked in her. There needs to be a simpler way to do this. How much of me is invested in this experience? I ask myself how do I do next? What do I do next? This is your story now or I need to follow you along until you provide a clear resolution."

"We just need the money."

"Why did the brighter one have a better understanding of the situation. There was a stranger that only writer only saw. This could gratify personal desire. Indeed, it became a critical challenge for the individual. How could interaction provide knowledge if the observer was trying to manipulate the situation? This became an important question And the writer believed that there was a special access that could assist in achieving personal goals. This mean that the individual faced a threat from the writer. Was the writer trying to exercise some kind of mind control?"

To for the moment that the writer had no contact with the individual. How is the raider tapping into a deeper kind of influence? How is this influence supposed to play itself out. The writer was playing an active role in personal observation. But it might be difficult to continue this experience. Perhaps, the writer was the person was most overcome by the situation. That would add to the personal testimony. If it wasn't it was worth exploring if this was a challenge. And the spaces the writer was even more circumspect in the process of observation. What was being observed? Why didn't Matt? Was there something confessional about the whole process. The writer could take a vantage of the vulnerability of others. It didn't take much. People would want to share. Or did they would even show themselves by their actions decided to the overall interest. The writer heightened his connection. This added to the overall experience. It was almost a voyeuristic element. The writer hoped for some thing more revealing. This added to people sharing. Even if the writer was taken out of the equation, people were still forming for an

audience. They wanted their efforts to be clear. How are others responding to the situation. Indeed, has created a give-and-take between the writer and the scene. They need to be more going on people want it to be observed because this could feel a deeper creative impulse. Indeed, what was the foundation of this awareness? No one wanted to be abandoned in their isolation. One more was possible? It wasn't so much about showing off. But the writer offered validation."

"If that was so, what did people want to read about? Why would gossip seem to be welcome. The more than a person was talked about, the more that she seemed mysterious. This mystery was the basis for her appeal. He could even involve something scandalous. That only added to a sense of daring. This daring gave the individual credibility it added to the interest about her. This increased the overall stir. People were caught up in the moment. They love that opportunity. It only needed a spark, and the whole story."

"Fundamentally, rumors fed desire. By telling a story, observer could express personal desire. This would enhance experience of the individual. She love the attention. She was pushing the envelope. She was hiding the experience of others. This made everything more than more enticing. The writer was immersed in this kind of betrayal. It was about finding new information. It was stripping away the layers. It was total personal exposure. But this overall idea could be based on an illusion. Instead of observing the actual interaction., The writer was making things seem more salacious. Ultimately, his role was exploitative. People loved what was available. They wanted more. The audience became jacked up. The writer knew how to take advantage of the situation. Maybe, the writer need to be compromised in order to tell the most exciting story."

"The writer was a scientist. Scientist tested out the situation. This meant pushing the envelope. This men challenging other people. This man getting them to do things that they might not want to do. This made the situation seem all the more inviting. Individuals were lost in this opportunity. Everyone kept pushing for something more. It wasn't as if anyone was making things up. But there was a lot of exaggeration going on. That made it more difficult to trust the portrayal."

"The writer was front and center in this upheaval. The story might seem to suffer from personal bias what was the solution? The more that the writer considered these challenges, the more self became caught up in the storytelling process. What was behind it? What was the writer supposed to do? It wasn't a matter of cheating the situation. The writer was not there to make things up. People do things that they didn't want to do. Nevertheless, there was this enticement. And the writer recognized this wonderful opportunity. That only made the storytelling process more interesting. In a sense, it was a matter of tweaking the details. Where was it all headed? What did the audience want to know? The audience seemed taken by this distortion. It added to the magnificence of the tale. Everyone wanted to get involved. Everyone could add to the overall presentation. Made things even more interesting. What was the purpose of these efforts of the writer? How is the writer supposed to act as a leader? Was I chosen for just this reason?"

"A misunderstanding appears to challenge a belief in pleasure for a song sake. However, such a deep concern tracks from the realism of the portrayal. How can the writer describe people's experience in an accurate fashion? What are the impediments to this understanding? It is critical that the writer attain a more universal outlook. Is that possible without imposing a personal view on others. What is the source of this conflict? The writer makes an effort to connect with others. This contract from a more realistic depiction of the story. The writer should

empower the readers. But empowerment develops from a more realistic portrayal. When the writer fails to provide sufficient motivation, this threatens the factual nature of the portrayal?"