

KARINA

More than ever, Karina seemed to exemplify the story. What was it? Her desire was evident. She seemed to control at the moment. There was nothing overzealous about her nature. It was totally one with the moment. It may have been a little difficult for her to express The sense of fulfillment. But it radiated in her being. And this may have been denial enough to Sly. He washed as she walked out the door. Perhaps he was filing this moment away for sometime in the future. But he couldn't do anything for the present. This may have been the end of his reign. His contribution might've seemed much more formidable in the past. But there was nothing to show for it in the present. She paid him no mind as if he had never been there at all.

Karina seemed to realize her certainty through her presence. She was challenging the universe. She was so assured in this experience. Why was there more to say? What was being left out? Sure, she had a sense of elegance. But there wasn't a lot of planning they went along with this experience. It all existed in the moment. And she didn't have a strategy to sustain this allure. She was relying on her vitality. This was a new way of expressing this encounter with the world. It was not about some other kind of understanding that would realize the self through a physical being. It was an affirmation of the moment for all it was. There was nothing else to add to this vision. That was why this song that was playing offered tribute to her experience. And she needed this kind of acknowledgment. She didn't survive on it. It's simply affirmed that she was on the right track. How could this relate to anyone else? What were her expectations? Sure, she lived in the moment. It was way beyond that. How could she acquire a stronger basis for her self? rotation. This was all part of the overall experience.

The fantasy had been in important testament to the overall vision. The words were a deeper expression of an idea would ingratiate herself to others. They could also feel that same inspiration. It wasn't so much that a person felt that she was part of this community. Instead, there seemed to be this greater promise. She might as well have been a talent agent. Or ahw could even be a creative director. If she dazzled people on the screen, what more could she offer? There was certainly someone who could galvanize all those skills. That was why there seem to be a story here. It seemed to be exciting. Others were watching. They wanted to be part of it. And she offered complete enlightenment. How did this witnessing differ from Crisis's experience? He wanted to offer the same motivation. More than ever, he only represented an audience of one. Even if he promised more, he was hardly going to deliver. Sly seemed to offer so much more. That only added to the story.

What else could she expect? Maybe, she had a great career plan. She would sharpen her talents. She would find an audience. They would get involved. This is all part of the excitement. But there was much more than that. This added to her feeling of captivation. She seem to lol those around her. And this added to the representation. Karina seemed sweet. Anyone could sense that wonder. But sly would've wanted to control this for himself. And crisis would've been more intense and for closing her opportunities. None of this was that important for her. But she could still sustain interest. What was happening? What gave it all credibility? Were there others who could just as easily participate.

Indeed, that was all. And others could observe. They could tap into the marvel. This wasn't their lives. It was hers. Sly had always developed this fantasy as a way of realizing his

ambitions. Each time, he would think that he was advancing his reputation. But it was never more than that. And he wasn't the only one who was like this. Nevertheless, this whole social circle seemed to be driven upon these expectations. People would prepare for their entrance. And the story would wind down from that point on.

If Karina was promising so much more, who else was involved? This could also speak to the failures of Sly. Maybe he would come back for one more appearance. He would tell her what he needed. The fantasy would be his performance. There was no longer enough for her. Sly could not convince Karina at all. It was a different story. If the door closed, if it's slammed on the past. And the new aspirations didn't seem to lead anywhere. This stopped her dead her tracks. It could be Karina one night, and someone else the next. But she was a dominant force in the moment. It really was all that mattered.

Karina never needed to exaggerate her look. It just made sense. She found peace with nature. And that was enough. Perhaps, this was why Sly saw her as more of rival. He wasn't able to contain this intensity that she expressed. It clearly challenged his mastery. But it wasn't really a story. At this point, he was hardly involved. He could see what was happening. But he really couldn't do much about it. Ultimately, he had been sidelined. And she didn't need this kind of flattery. Maybe, that was what made things work for her in general she realized that people were looking. That was for nothing itself. She barely needed to bother. There wasn't much else to it. That was the beginning and end of the story. But her presence still lingered. And that made it all the more interesting. Would it find acknowledgment in fantasy? Was that where the story was heading all along?

How could she find the needed balance? She always needed to bring it all together? She thought about the challenges. She could easily be confused. People like Sly were all willing to make her promises. Over time, the promises and seem more appealing. It was almost like an investment. The numbers continued to increase over time. It only made it more exciting; she sense that dynamic and made her feel wonderful. I took her places. From that point on the magic became more intense. It guided her. In a sense, she felt that she didn't even need acknowledgment from anyone else. But there was still something missing. And she wondered what that was.

How could she make sense of it all. What was the thing that seem to hold it all together? More than ever, she recognized the importance of the security. And this seemed to guide her towards a more constant understanding. And she love that appeal. It was part of her growth. It was part of her sustenance. When Sly looked at her, he thought that he could encompass that magic. He did what he could to attract her attention. His efforts were no longer going to be as effective. Whatever he had was short-lived. It was not meant to last. He had tried to piece together these moments with all these promises. For a while they added to the grace of the situation. But he didn't have enough to take it any further. So these charms were now lost on everyone. That increased the urgency. That was why he kept recasting himself.

Sly would find a new way offer this vision for the world. And they could join in. This could accentuate his invincibility. But Karina did not see it like this. She felt that she already had some thing that he could not sure. And she needed to protect it for what it was. This added to her charm. And enhanced her sensibility movie the damage was there she was not going to let it affect her. She had seen how these tricks operated with others. Nevertheless, there seemed to be

new terms. And they were propelled by new situation.

This was the essence of the fantasy. It could promise so much more. That developed to the next step. The feeling could seize the mind he could engage the body. All of these sensations held together to touch the soul. More than ever, surely, Karina wanted to embody that sensation and she didn't want to give that vitality away.

“There was a point that you just surrendered hope. He let it all go. There was no one else there feeling that tension. It was almost magic in itself. This was no way to live.”

This was the only way to live. Fantasy had such a marvel to it. There was still something that was absent from this picture. What could it ever be? It was essential to understand. It was important to encompass this experience in its totality. What was going on here? Some other kind of being that could express this realization. People sought out Sly; they felt that he had that unique quality that could lead him to this place. It was never like that. Could it be that he was not worthy for the Promised Land.? Where would this promise be realized?

People may have lacked roots. In this place, there was an even more intense attraction. People might work together. This was not a matter for disappointment. Individuals could be satisfied in very different ways. It might include any form of transcendence. For the time, Karina wasn't looking for that. It was more about immediacy. And she could find a way to represent the world. Did this form a bridge? Could her insights provide the foundation for a deeper understanding? If there was such an invitation, would she be able to participate? Or was she only watching? This created a unique dichotomy for the time being. Sly seemed to be the only one. This was all a matter of seeking greater physical pleasure. But it couldn't be all that. What was missing from this challenge? It was a matter of moving beyond temptation to find something constant.

Karina didn't see this as some kind of intellectual puzzle. She was living in the moment. Indeed, this was all part of the exploration. There was this kind of sympathy that she cherished. Sly thought that he could become part of the experience. But his belief was all the more intense. He was looking for some thing else. And that disquiet made it impossible for any resolution. In other words, the pursuit of pleasure was only part of a tragic diversion. Could that be a dynamic towards greater transcendence? Or was that avenue prohibited to someone who was seeking greater liberation?

Sly had used his fantasies to try to transform the world into his likeness. On occasion, he might've seemed successful. People were giving him their dreams. In their fantasies, it appeared like this wonderful idea. He was getting everyone to participate together. He was sharing in this wondrous feeling. It didn't seem to be possessiveness at all. Nevertheless, he needed a promise from others that he could never deliver by himself. This distracted from the promise of the vision. It wasn't tawdry; it wasn't tragic. It was pathetic. It was farce. His wondrous empire came crashing down. That was when Dusk confronted him. How could he allow these associations? Wasn't he contributing to his own demise? These questions became more intense.

Had Sly been an important character to carry on the world in fantasy. In other words, the telling seemed to expose each person to the same ravages. And this could be exciting for an actor. Now, the story was being exposed for what it was. The narrator's position was no longer so attractive. It seem to support something more destructive. Everything was more obvious. Could any of this be sustained in reflection? Would it be possible to replace Sly? With these

shortcomings of the narrator, he wanted to see something that could not be shown.

The universe was laughing at these attempts to create a system. This enhanced the conflict. You felt right about any of this? Did this create a greater tension going on in the world. It was impossible to paper over these discrepancies. This made it even more difficult for the representation. Did the fantasy provide an ideal such as Rels? Or did Sly's method need to be perfected? Did empowerment result in a collective experience that was no longer based upon desire? Was this the spiritual access that was needed? Are that seemed to give everyone a point of escape. That's why the writer seemed more in demand.

Could Steven Fisher feel this vocation? He has started out with a vision, but he seemed lost in the realm of fantasy. This became the greater danger of the overall portrayal. There was no other way to explore addiction. Rels could be seen as the inspiration of this romantic undertaking. It opened up the world to a new experience. This was thinking beyond thought. It was all this magic together. Her appeal seemed more and more intense. Each word had a greater inspiration. This was the poetry. It was possible to reshape reality. And she recognized that ability. She was almost fighting with herself to attain the fullness of recognition. But there was nothing but this. It was the everything. Did she feel pressured by this expectations?

Was that the failure of this appeal? Whether it was Cenza or Karina, it was this wonderful possibility. The world has been calmed by its gentle breezes. Now everything seem to make sense. Everything at hand her. No one could pull back from this. This exuberance manifested itself in the world. But it also enabled people to explore and ask questions. They seem to central presentation.

How did Cenza represent the vision of the story? She was more active socially than Karina. Karina had a lovely demeanor, and she was attentive to her elegance. She was much more expressive. And this excitement rubbed off on those around her. It added a flavor to the overall presentation. In a story driven by aspirations and fantasy, Cenza could appear to be a suitable representative. Karina was living in the marvel of the world. And that way she could've challenged Cenza, but Cenza seemed to be even more formidable. What would make her seem so strong?

Was this the very foundation of fantasy? She seemed as if she could have fun. Over time, she recognized her passion as the invitation to a more profound understanding. That feeling seemed to pulse through her body. But it could speak for so much more. It expressed an insatiable nature. At the same time, she focused energy. This is about her heart. She wanted it to me sometime she wanted to bless those around her. But it was also a gamble. She knew what it meant. She understood its value. And it could promise so much more how did it work at any moment to seem as if she was surrendering herself completely that was her appeal. Karina was much more reserved. In some ways she almost took things for granted and changed it was different she was explosive she was miraculous. She can always communicate this wonder.

Who else was drawn in? What was the full nature of the story Indeed, why did it seem so appealing and she understood how to accentuate this nature. She could immerse herself in the agic of the moment. It could sustain this passionate urge. It expressed so much about her nature. It wasn't only spiritual. It seized upon everything that was bountiful about human experience. It's No one else could ever catch up. She was so beyond herself. It just added to her understanding. Inevitably, she knew what was at stake as she lived in this marvelous world. But she could also

feel drained. So much of her energy was devoted to this moment. Ultimately, she didn't give it all to the now; she recognize the long-term need. She was more active in developing a strategy. There was nothing transient about her situation. She understood the trade-off, but she was conscientious. She still could relate to friends and family. So passion did not exist independentl. It was all part of trust and mutual support. This gave her a greater comfort; she was fashionable, but it was not totally essential. It was more of an expression of self. This added to her overall credibility.

This was how the story developed. It may have reinforced this fantasy. And that was part of the overall interaction. It did exist, it fueled the interest of the observer. That was the foundation of this nervous performance. Nobody knew who was watching. That it made it all the more necessary to create the right impression. Individuals struggled with this representation. It went to the heart of identity. These gestures were already critical as part of self-awareness. If people were watching what was being seen? What did the individual say to the self? It was more than just hanging on. People wanted to overcome through invitations. They wanted to surpass expectations. They wanted to show themselves for something greater. The adventure. Everyone was playing along.

Dusk had already engaged her perspective. It was based upon an active connection to the world. Cenza was taking it in a different direction. She wasn't so much taking strides into the unknown. She didn't exist as some kind of sorceress. She was still struggling in the world. She was trying to make sense of the challenges; it wasn't so much in abstraction when she realized the dangers if she revealed too much. It was almost as if she wanted to be able to opt out of any kind of deal that might drag her way down. She was trying to discover her true nature. This gave her momentum. This investigation was about her. It wasn't so much that she was simply a placeholder. Her story could've had more nobility; she was living for today. If things became excessive, she was not going to keep pushing things further. She needed to go back to work. She needed to take a breath. Is she back or if she was supposed to be. His creative experience else. I record a deeper exploration. At times it was a creative endeavor. But the rewards were evident.

At every opportunity, Sly tried to cash in. In itself, then only drained him. After a while, he didn't have that much left. He wasn't working with that much to begin with. And so the whole story could just come crashing down immediately. That would be the end of it all. Was there any kind of guidance here? How was it possible to sort through these challenges? In a sense, it was all based upon an effort to survive. Each day, the self continued to subsist. This was further proof that the story had its relevance. It was bigger than that. But for the time being, it might seem that the fantasy was even more credible. This could create a place for Cenza or Karina. They might not of want to see themselves this way. They might've been flattered by the depiction. This wasn't simply rhetorical. They were living their lives. They felt the excitement. It garnered them greater awareness. They only need to hit that mark.

It could be a combination of factors since it was an acknowledgment of who they were. It went beyond that. This is what they wanted to be. They were adoring those dreams. The performance added validity. They could throw themselves into the moment. They could enjoy it for what it was. And that was everything. The everything became all the more intense. It put them at the center of a creative process. At any moment, this could be the art. The art was meant to exceed the depiction of the world. It offered an image how the individual wanted things to be.

What did it mean to align with this fantasy? For the time being, it seemed to make sense of it all. That was part of his cleverness. But it was never really about Sly at all.

He had stumbled into something. And he was surrounded by people who gave of themselves. In some ways, this was a distraction. No one really accepted his vision.

Karina could divert herself from the care of day. But she wasn't gambling on recommendation from someone else. She may have lived for that acknowledgment. But she was not obsessed with the experience. It was just enough to rehearse the is options. Everything else. Escape for the magic. That was why the touch seemed to be everything. And she wanted it to be. And deep, she knew that it still didn't speak for the world. Ultimately, this was Sly's appeal. It was fascinating that he had taken this lifestyle to the edge. But he stared at that precipice and he realized that he couldn't go any further. This is not a true philosophy of liberation. That might've worked in another era. But it wasn't like others were part of Sly's circle.

She didn't advocate for a grand dream. It was just enough for her. If there were magical moments, it meant that those promises could seem wonderful. And none of that detracted from her path. She had her friends and her family. They weren't going to desert her. She could hang on. She might feel that fire burning bright for the moment. She could moderate that heat. She wouldn't let it run down. That was a far cry from others in the scene.

They were willing to take greater risks. They hoped for a greater return. It was what it was. There's no other way to see this. It would all result in this call. When people couldn't support their options, it was necessary to abandon them. The loans we came due, and there would be no more resources. There would be the burning embers. And the darkness proposes. And that would be the end of the story. People might've wished for something more. They longed for some thing more. It was never going to happen. So the original cast of characters was already fading. They each had a justification. She had been part of a mystery. She had been much more methodical than Sly. It wasn't just an image or an attitude. She had her cherished ideology. She had skills. It all spoke for so much more than that. She wanted us to be part of a more engaging fantasy. For some, it might've been too real.

"So I still believed that he was going to revive that career."

So much has changed. The world had moved on. Even Dusk recognized some of these challenges. But it still wasn't enough. Who was going to take the steps to carry on the story? For the moment, Karina or Cenza had an impact. But they really didn't have a complex performance. They gave just enough. But they weren't seeking to be immortalized. Could the same be said about Ariadne, or Sly, or Marquesa? This didn't mean that the story was over. And it now took on a new form. Was it about an even more intense form of fantasy? Did the act need to be more potent?

Cenza could see these challenges. But she wasn't about to wait around forever. There was no sense that she was going to create an everlasting allure. If she could be loved in the moment that was all that was needed. This could open whatever door she was looking for. She may have had a sparkle, but she wasn't looking for Hollywood to come a calling. That didn't diminish the appeals at the moment. For that brief period, she seemed to inspire the wild fantasy. Cenza was almost breathlessness. That could be an episode in itself. But she could just as easily tire, and the fatigue would take over. The story would be over once and for all. She just needed that song which spoke to the heart. And that could be everything. That could be all the now.

The story had been all about recognition. People felt that they couldn't achieve their art without an audience looking on. It almost became a form of anxiety. It wasn't possible to take those grand gestures, without support from others. It could be an even more intense challenge. This fight could continue. Everyone struggled for a more assertive representation.

Dusk contemplated the change. It was as if she had been in touch with us more persistent form of validation. But she recognized it all around her. She turned it into a strategy. But it was more about disciplining herself for the dominant culture to provide her with adequate means of support. That was really all that there was. She might battle. But it could all come crashing down. If she realized that she needed to project, did others recognize this urgency?

There was this moment when she wanted it to seem more than it was. But it could've been anyone. And that was the point. At first it was almost philosophical. This expressed the absurdity of your condition. It was your only way to fight back but that was totally ridiculous. You couldn't construct anything without this kind of victimization. And you couldn't make anything happen by just going along. Creativity demanded something more focused. Inevitably, there were things that you would have to answer for. That was the essence of the fantasy. The one thing that you didn't want to happen happened. It probably would've been better if it was Sly. At least, there was more of the mythology.

Ultimately, Sly wanted to pick up on that mantle. He wanted to make it some thing more than it was. It's created the contradiction. Could you play along? Could you take it from there? There was a lot more to get done. You couldn't absent yourself from the situation. You were right in the middle of things. Indeed, that made it tougher.

"You fought against these influences. You would let yourself get caught up. But there were the remaining questions. This was even more difficult than you thought it was going to be, and this added to the challenge. There were you were right in the middle of it all, and that seemed to give you your credibility. That wasn't all you were battling with others who tried to have the same kind of impact. It's heightened the importance. You let these rivalries speak for more than they were. It was chivalric."

He wanted these triumphs to say some thing about who you were. It only made you more of an outcast. You accepted this absurdity. How could Cenza have made a difference? She was being pulled along the same influences. So it was everyone else. There would be that one moment when everything seemed to make sense. You had made this happen. You had picked her out from a crowd. You believe for that moment that you had created her. Suddenly, everything about the fantasy made sense. That was why you were doing what you did. That was even why she gave you credibility. The system just worked this way it was truly bizarre.

Things came to this point that there wasn't anything philosophical about this moment at all. There never was. These people were cut off from the social dynamic, not because they felt economic deprivation. Instead, they were alienated because they could not exercise the same dominance to which they had become accustomed. The presence might have seemed even more alluring. Inevitably, it was all an excuse. Honestly there wasn't any accountability whatsoever. Everyone existed in the same space. They were all lost in their own way. That emphasize this feeling of estrangement. But this isolation could be seen in a new way. People were cut off because they had wanted too much, and they had not obtained what they were looking for. This created the overall break. That was the source of the helplessness. It was the source of truth.

Even as he struggled, Sly's story did have a transcendence. Perhaps, it was something that Duk would never understand. She could document the economic contradiction. She felt that she had a grasp of the situation. But it was a lot more than that. It was as if there was no way around this. And it wasn't so much that Sly felt sorry for himself. He was truly tempting fate. He was trying to craft his own reality. For Dusk it was different; she wanted to attach herself to the source of power. All the while resources were being drained. If everyone was seeking some kind of acknowledgment, why did the stories seem to lose its impact. If these were desperate characters, that didn't mean that everyone had to be desperate. But others came to this kind of resignation. This was where everything became more interesting. It was hardly about personal liberation. Indeed, all roads led to the same place. For the time being the party seemed like everything.

Cenza seemed to have her appeal. She existed in the moment. She was close to that point of realization. Finally, it would all seem to make sense. It was everything that mattered. Now, everyone had names. And it all seemed to make sense. Who was able to make choices? Who was able to say no, and what situation seemed to say yes? There were others who seemed to embody this fantasy even more intensely. Who else was participating? Who else was there to give it greater impetus? They seemed to point to a moment of self-abandonment. It wasn't even an excuse. It was ordinary. It also emphasized the fantasy as a feeling of dominance. The individual was angry that he could not maintain his superior position. This was entirely the opposite of a political realization. In the sense, it pushed the political understanding away. It wasn't about a fascination with this form of social interaction. It was a simple recognition that it was all a dead end. But there was an alternative. It was essential to hold on to the creative urge.

Even though Sly seemed to offer this feeling of transcendence, it was defeatist. But Dusk couldn't simply dismiss his efforts. She was holding on to this currency that was entirely valid within the mainstream culture. Even if the world was changing, even as these valleys were eroding, she continued to hold on to this possibility. What were the political eons? She was much closer to the source of power than she was willing to admit. But that's source of power itself depended upon what was happening outside of her room. It was not about these owners. It was about people who took the creative steps every day, but they also saw the deep limitations. Did any of it make a difference?

There's just so many lines of print on a publicity sheet. Everyone gave a press release. It only became more interesting when she admitted to her weaknesses.

Sly was so different. Who was? The story seemed to point to this incredible vulnerability. But there needed to be a way to walk away from this glaring weakness without embracing the existing modes of power. It wasn't so much about giving added credibility to those in power. It was necessary to break these connections. But the path of been taken from Karma to Karina to Cenza. There almost seem to be a genius in this representation. It spoke to a more constant spirit? Who was truly affected? This was Sly's path. And it was worth examining once again for its appeals. At any moment, this exploration could give Cenza a sense of deeper purpose. Here was where things will get tricky. What did Sly realize? He had made a promise, and others responded to him by holding him to his promises. It wasn't as if the promises weren't important. All along this motivated the fantasy. But Sly receded in the opposite way. And the whole process came to a quick halt.

For Sly, that only meant that he had to find someone else. If he was going through this experience with the others, what was that the source of the weakness? It made the opportunities seem more formidable. This added to the conflict. Everyone should've been working together. And the Sly had relied upon this kind of cooperation. Was it worth pursuing the fantasy from another perspective? Didn't these emotional highs imply some kind of personal realization. It wasn't simply subjective. This emphasized everyone's participation. If they were all struggling together, it was necessary to make some kind of concession to these efforts. But Sly was seeing it in a different way. This reflected a different inflection point in the society. It wouldn't take much to be even more assertive. That could become a greater threat. Any of the important distinctions would be totally resolved dissolved.

In a deeper sense, it was all about overcoming the Vince Green justification. All that Vince could do was could express his arousal, and that itself seemed justification for his desire. This was entirely creepy, but it's been his nature from early on. He thought that the world wanted to know about his internal states. And the more intensely that he felt something, the more justification he had to share it. This made him even more pathetic. Therefore, the challenges were not quite the same.

"Do you feel as if you're the court of public opinion? At what point do you want me to admit that I'm wrong. Now. I made a mistake last night. I said things that were untrue. I left it at that. Or would you like me to provide more detail. Should I hold to all these life choice. I act as if I had done the right thing, and I live up to my promise. Realistically, who would ever consider this as a promise anyway? Just because we hung out early doesn't mean that there's nothing more to it. For the time being, we had some fun. That was what it was all about. If you expect anything more, then you're acting a little silly. For the moment, things coincided for the both of us; what does it mean to expect more? No one ever does here. Why are you asking me to do any differently? I'm here to have fun. Fun means not thinking about all the consequences. You do just enough to get what you want. And that's the end of things. If you're expecting more, then you're really in over your head. This is all part of the situation. You do what you do and that's that. I don't see myself as any different. Why do you expect me to create some kind of moral law for the world?"

"I'm having enough trouble just keeping my head above water. This is all part of the struggle. Could it be any better than that? I recognize my own challenges. But I shouldn't be held responsible for all this nonsense. This is how I survive. And no one else can expect any more. That's how things work out. Sure, there are people who think every little step that we take is part of some grand plan. Do I have a salad for lunch? Should I eat a chicken sandwich? These little steps reveal some thing more. What's really going on in the world? What kind of place do I have? Erase numerous questions like this. But I don't pretend that I can answer them. And I don't I really don't feel that anyone else can. They just pretend. It's in the big head. And it makes them feel safe there running the world."

"Her response is like everyone else's. I recognize what it's all about. I understand the odds. And I feel as if everyone else is on board. More. If I can make a break for it once and for all, that's what I'm going to do yeah, I want to be a writer. I think that means living life to the fullest. I'm not pretending that you can change things over which you have no control. I just let things happen I go with them as they come. If you're looking for something more, you're

probably crazier than I am. In life there are a few constants. You you show up for work. Sometimes that extra effort makes a difference. Sometimes, it's expected. Sometimes, it's just ignored. So we have control over control. Maybe for a little while."

"Last night, I was in control. I'm not the first one here to admit that. People like me. I'm charming. I have vision. I've been places. I've read things. I've seen things. I've heard things. I'm content. What more in the world can I ask? There are people here who might think they have it better. But they're just settling for things in their own way. They might try to blame me. They may try to blame someone else. Or they blame themselves. Should I tell myself that these are easy pickings."

"I just need to expose myself to the world. That's what I do. That's what anyone else does here. You live it while you have it. When you don't, there is a twinge of regret. But you had enough of it all at all. And you deal with what you have. Maybe you get more committed to just showing off. You try to show that extra effort. You push a little harder. Or you don't bother. You pretend that you're a happy person, and you're going to conquer the world. But your bitterness bounds. And that's what makes it all a go. Guess that's what gives the show its sensibility. There are those who wish that this was more. I'm not going say that I'm not a believer. And I look for the miracles now and then. Maybe, it was all a miracle last night. Are you asking me for anything more? Is anyone ever going to get it. That's why you take what you can get. There were a few people here inventing that we are."

"That's why you're asking me to do a little more in explaining of myself. Indeed, I wish that there was more. How did I end up like this? What pushed me over the edge? I'm trying to make sense of it. I never believe that I have enough in my favor. Maybe that's an inferiority complex. I'm never good enough. I don't care. I'm not here to do penance. If there's any guilt whatsoever, it'll all fade after a couple of drinks. And I'll be dealing with other people who feel the same way. If you really think that anyone exercises any kind of conscience here, you've got another thing coming; everybody is looking out for the self. They're taking whatever they can get. If they are too high, and they fail, that's probably the basis for a hell of a lot of regret. I see it over and over again. That resentment can fester."

"You can stay mad at the world and pretend that you have found some deeper understanding why it all works this way. And you put your head down, and you give it your all, and you're in the exact same place as before. That is resentment, but if you quit, nothing whatsoever is going to happen. You're going to going to be abandoned to your shit. So that's the balance here now. I never thought it was going to be any different. I never trusted people who said it was. I may sound as if I know a thing or two. But I'm no different than the next guy. No one else here is. They all act as if their show was a little better than the rest. It's just pathetic. Videos. And you go to bed at night, and you close your eyes. And that's that."

"I feel good myself. I don't feel any kind of sadness. And I don't think that I will. That's how things go. I fight it out. I recognize the dangers. And I move on. Anyone who sees it as some kind of mystery hasn't been following along. That's why people look at people like me and wonder how do we even get along from moment to moment."

"I know there's people who try to shuffle all the cards and try to make them turn up right I'm not saying that I'm not on board for that method. But I recognize what it's all about. It's more of a crapshoot every time. And I just can't be totally committed all the time. I have fun. I

can see why would anyone would ask for anything more. That's how I survive. Perhaps, that's why people see me as a scrapper. That can be a little seductive. But it also can create these expectations that I can be some kind of superhero. I never pretend that I'm that way. But I think that I'm dealing with people who want a little more. So they go along with that belief. And I just show up and take what I can. I know what this court of public opinion is. You watch others get things that you want. And you think that you're being cheated out. You can develop this into a theory you can develop it into a moral play. And it makes me appear as if I'm some kind of villain. I'm just what I am. There's no mystery here."

"I'm living it one day at a time. I'm scoring the goals when I need to. And I have bad days. But I just say oh fuck it, and I move on. It all ends up in the same place. I've got a place to crash. And I head there. I'm not working on some kind of secret plan for the world. Honestly, I don't think anyone is. People just have their illusions. The shared madness propagates. It becomes a badge of honor. People want to share this belief. I wan to. A bunch of you do. Gators, you're looking for someone to blame. Put a hat on me. And I'll take my place. I'll take a bow. And it will be all over just like that. There's no other way to see this. It's like a juggling act, The balls are in the air. It all works as they keep going around. When something goes out of whack, it all falls apart."

"Mostly, that's no big deal. Anyone who expects more isn't even part of the show. It's a whole lot of wishful thinking. If you can keep your eyes on the balls as they circle around, you can call that physics. You can act as if you have some kind of advantage. But in the back of your mind, there's nothing there. Are you can't really cheat the world? And I'm not going try. But you're all acting as if you have an inner track. In that regard I'm easy. I'm the fall guy. I'll take the blame."

"I hate the fact that you're trying to make me feel bad about myself. If you had the chance to do what I did, you would've jumped at it. You simply don't have the world. I need to think about this. I didn't take the wheel because I didn't see this as my rule. I was not going to handle it in such a cavalier fashion. For me, there needed to be more magic. And there wasn't. Maybe that was the issue all along."

"Constance did not live and die on magic. She lived in the moment. She percolated in those events. She was all about that tingle. The explosiveness. Even if nothing else was moving along, that seemed to get things going. That was her fortune. And she's got all that money, and it has run through her fingers. A different situation. We were dealing with people who are never honest about anything."

"Now, it's starting to make sense. If someone was already lost in the maelstrom there would be no way to rescue that person. That's was why it happened that way people would suck you in for that reason, and then you would just get pulled along. You couldn't even do a thing; that made it even worse. We were living that nothingness. Do you even know. I really wish. We need to be nice here. People just appear from the shadows asking for things. That's where it all goes wrong. Then there are the people who hold it all together. They're installing sewer pipes. There is somewhere don't make sense. For now, how do you know what that is. And you live with it. And you deal with it. And you swallow it. That is what happens."

"Constance realizes the deal. She put it all in place, she gets it done for what it is, and for what it will be. She doesn't change things along the way. You're dealing with someone who's so

magical. She's so bubbly. She's full of that marvelous energy. And you go back to being who you are. And you try to get things done for whatever that might mean. And it's all pretty much the same thing. What can he do that's different than anyone else. This is when the story really has life. You live for this moment. You die for this moment. And that's it. That's how he's presenting it. But it doesn't even have that resonance. It's maudlin. It's a joke. So you just go along to get along. You act as if none of it matters. At the end of the day, none of it does. Put the gas in the car. You turn on the ignition. And it's all magical. These are not just things you say. You learn to live up to that. Maybe, that holds it all together. Maybe, I can explain that to you. I think you know what really needs to get done. Maybe, that's why you're working so hard. At the end of the day., It's the end of the day. So you try to do what you can do. And you can't do what you can't. And that's the balance. It's not difficult. That's just how it is. And it's taking you to this point. And it's excited you. It's more than exciting. It's more than you can take."

"I saw that you can take. That's what you want and more. At the end of the day, Constance what can you do? You could do everything. You gave so much of your life to it. He's an expert in his own way. He's a nice guy. But he's consumed you like a meal and you wanted to be consumed. You make into this romantic thing. It's total happenstance. Honestly, it's sort of a joke. Everyone's living that same joke. Everyone's dying."

"This is how I make deals. This is how I hold it all together. You feel the spirit. You feel the hearts. You feel it pump you up with all this energy and it's way more than that. I don't want to step on any toes. I want this to be wonderful. I want to take this to the ends of the earth. This is more than wonderful. Live, and let live. Stop, and let's start. Go on that girl. You all have someone, but you can't deal with. Let's put it in simple terms: you're not a loving person. Or you are a loving person. Or you don't know what you should love. Or you have no idea what you are loving. And we all get lost. They're a good people. And they were very good people. We're all going to work together on this. We're all going to make something happen for all of us. And that's why it's so important. That's why it's necessary."

"Do you want to be part of this. You want to share in it. But what is it? Constance understood it in a perfect way, but not in a perfect moment. And Rels was trying to pull it all together."

"Would he understand that? He wanted to make some thing of it. So we made it where it was. These documents were important to establish who we were and what we want it. Now it makes sense to me. It makes total sense. This isn't gonna be anything complex. This is not going to be anything wild. It's like making dinner or showing up. We appreciate it. We go back to where we started and there's no other way to live this or to die this."

"Constance was trying. And she's going to continue to try. And there are others who are going to try. Then it all changes. There's this other place and makes it happen. It makes it wonderful. And makes it safe. It makes it dangerous. You don't want it to be dangerous in that way you need to get strong. We all need to get strong. We need to go there. We need to do what we need to do. Then it all makes sense completely. What have they been taking from us? What have they pretended? I hope you understand the question. I think that I took some major steps towards growing and understanding. And that was enough in itself. So says Constance. She is aware. She's ready to give this a go. When we wake up, we only need to do one thing. But we need to get everything done right now. And it's on the way; that is the true balance here. You

start off by doing what is simplest. You get it all done. You put it into place. You move on. You deal with something more complex. Can you turn it into something more inspiring? And it all fits. You shake it all out. Now, it's finally is perfect. It's perfect for you and everyone else. You shake it all out. You're not just going along for the ride. You are the ride. And then it all falls into place. You see it for what it is. You see it for more than it is."

"He put into place. You make it wonderful. And everyone does it with you too. That is where you're living. That is where you're dying. I needs to be more than that. Take a deep breath."