

## PROTECTION

“I would like to welcome you here. I realize that you have a great deal to share. I’m excited to hear about that. Where do you want begin? We could talk about our lives. We could describe our experiences. What is missing? What is the experience like? Do you have enough knowledge to change things in a favorable way? What would that involve? Why did you come here tonight? Were you meeting friends? Are your friends here? Where are they? How close are they? Do they protect you? Do they look out for you? What is your intent for your experience? How can you bless yourself with what is needed? What is lacking? If we peel back the layers, how do we arrive at a clear understanding of your nature.? What are the obstacles to that knowledge? How can you participate to make things better? Do you like to read? Do you like to write? How do you see yourself. Do you believe that your visit to this place enables you to connect to some deeper experience? What would your expectations be for such a movement? What kind of job do you have? Is the service to others important for your own development? How do you see your community? How do you understand the city where you live? What are your hopes for that city? Would you like to move somewhere else? Where might that be? What could be the motivation for that move? What are your goals? What would you have to do to attain those goals? Or would the world have to change before you can find true happiness? If you could be rewarded individually, but suffering continued in the world, would that be sufficient for you? Do you understand what are the impediments to a lasting harmony in the world? How do you contribute to making things better? How can others contribute? How can you make a connection to help see what challenges remain for your community and for the world? Do you have a political awareness? Does that awareness build from a recognition of the depredations in the economic system? What is your role in eliminating social inequity? Do you believe that your efforts on the job can provide a significant influence for the development of the world? How can you motivate this change? How can you involve others? Can you increase their motivation? What do you have to share? When you’re at work, how do you deal with your boredom and frustration? Is it important to see your job in an active way so that you can affect social change. Who else can assist in this motivation? Does our image of the world affect our ability to change it? How can our attitudes galvanize existing contradictions in society? How can we assist in realizing these possibilities? Are there secrets that provide us with a clear awareness for social change? What can those experience be? Do we need others to care? How would that work? How does our experience at work provide a clearer picture for change in the world? Can you be bought off. Can your social activism be quieted by the promise of a personal reward? How does that work? Who else is involved? What challenges do you face? Who is in your way? Who’s there to lend you a hand? By asking these questions, can you achieve clearer insight? What do you need to galvanize the whole process? What are the most significant features of your own efforts? Can you create creative environments that can spare on positive activities and social change? Can you develop knowledge that can help you peer into social situations and discover clear revelation? Who can assist you in this quest?”

“I just came in here for a drink. I may have heard things about this place. It was nothing like they were talking about. I felt that maybe I could find someone to talk to who was unlike everyone else I knew. Maybe, someone who was a little more rebellious. A creative type. And

this interaction could facilitate a stronger foundation for my own journey. I'm not going say that everything is perfect in my world. There are enough challenges. Sometimes, I don't think that I have what's necessary to live up to those commitments."

"At times, I even feel that I'm running away from some thing. Maybe, that's why I came here; this was the perfect place to hide. I could adopt a disguise. I could find a place to sit. I could get away from my old self. And no one would bother me. I'm not sure if I found that. I'm not sure if that exists anywhere. But I would like to think that there was something more for me. And that could help my growth."

"I'm here for a reason. I'm here to make things happen. In a sense, I'm here to turn on the lights. I want to illuminate things for myself I want to be able to see things in a clearer fashion. There are so many things that can prevent me from being myself. I don't want to think about the bad experiences in my life. But I recognize that I may have to analyze them if things are going to change. I don't think I can do that I'm going to the same place over and over again. That's why I came here. I need to see some thing in a different way. Perhaps, I require a stronger motivation. What would that involve? I can go over the same things again and again, and the pictures and becoming any clearer. I always feel trapped. It's not as if I'm locked in my house. I can leave whenever I want. Here I am. But I feel as if I'm carrying all that baggage with me. How can I unburden it? I think that I'm afraid if I say too much I'm only gonna make things worse. I've been in these kinds of situations before. I've been with people who promised to help me out. For a while it all seems fantastic. Here we are enjoying the fruits of our labor. Then, I seem to hit a wall. What is getting in my way? What is the one thing that's denying my existence?"

"Can I see it that simply? I wonder if anyone else who is here understands the same thing. I can look in the eyes of the people who walk by. Maybe, they tell me what I need to know. I saw her walk in. I wonder who she was looking for. She disappeared for a while. Maybe she found someone to talk to her. What did he have to say to her? He was saying pretty much the same thing. Was there a moment when she seemed to light up? Perhaps she heard that one sentence that made everything come alive. That was enough to peak my interest."

"What had I seen? In my own way, I felt as if I could offer her some thing. Maybe my input could be more effective. Somebody was taking away my opportunity. I could hardly admit that I was jealous. This was someone who I hardly knew. I just wanted to know what she was thinking."

Was she easy bait? Did someone draw her out as if he was a con artist? He told her all the things that she wanted to hear. That all seems so natural. But there is something important left out. What could that be? Maybe, he agreed to buy her a drink. And that offer was enough for her to open up. Even in relating what was going on, she might've said too much. She looked back at him and wondered. What was he going to do with his knowledge. Even if she never saw him again, she had opened her up herself up too much. This wasn't supposed to be like that. They were supposed to have met under favorable circumstances. She never been to this place before. But it offered some thing else.

Perhaps she placed too much faith in this meeting. She had come here for just that purpose. She let down her guard. In a sense she had surrendered those things they were very important to her. She did this so that she can make contact with someone else. She want to meet someone different. She risked a lot. She wasn't just in the wrong place. She was in the wrong

time. She was in the wrong city. Here, she was in the middle of this experience. Hardly anything happened. But it was weighing down on her. It was all crushing her in her unusual manner. Should never have been like this. She should've listen to herself. What would that of meant. She could've stayed at home. No one would've talk to her. And all those dilemmas that had discussed disturbed her countenance It would've been evident. Had she ducked the question? Had she avoided what needed to be asked? Could she frame this understanding in a different way? It might've been better if she had told him no when he offered to buy a drink. In his own way he had marked out the contours of her experience. In a sense, she was only a witness to her own experience. She wasn't living out in the moment. She had lost something. He had taken that away from her. That seemed terrible. It wasn't supposed to happen like this.

She wanted to be in control. But all these thoughts kept coming to her. Her emotions were running out of control. She already had a drink at the bar. Now a second one made her too talkative. This it already happened. She could go home and these thoughts would still be with her. She couldn't erase them from her mind. She couldn't erase this from her experience. This was who she was. This was all part of her nature. She hated that. She hated that struggle. All of it was evident. None of this really had anything to do with him. He was just piling on in his own way. He was taking advantage of her vulnerability. That didn't seem right to her.

"I'm good, Thank you so much. Take care."

"There is so much to figure out. There's so much going on around her."

She needed to reach out. She need to see something different. This wasn't about anyone else. This was all about herself. She could make that recognition. It would give her strength. It would help her to grow. She accepted that blessing. It still wasn't enough. It still didn't make up for what she had said. She had become too involved in the moment. She had become too lost in this world. She wished it hadn't been like this.

How could she create a greater integrity for herself? How could she prevent that bewilderment. She couldn't rely on her friends. And she was a little afraid trying to meet new people. Lindsay was immersed in a confusing situation. And it kept becoming more difficult to overcome the obstacles. She wanted to jump up and scream. She wanted to leave. She wanted all of this to go away.

"I feel as if people are putting words in my mouth. It seems to happen all the time. I'm not even sure how it occurs. This becomes my life. On the one hand, I feel a certain tear on myself. On the other, there's so many things that are in my way."

"I think that's how it works."

"I need to achieve an identity for myself. I couldn't let myself be influenced by others. But I realized how vulnerable I was here. This added to my difficulties. How can I make sense of it? There were so many things in my way. I didn't want to judge other people. I didn't want them to judge me. I was a visitor in this place. And I felt that my experience was temporary. I couldn't any of this mess with my existence. I had a clear purpose here. I couldn't let it affect me. This was all part of my growth. I was learning to deal with these people who I didn't know. I didn't want them encroaching my space. I didn't want them interfering with my life. In order for something to happen, I need to hang in here. I need to lose myself in the moment. This wasn't my strong point. I like the patience. That didn't swayed me from trying to make this ago. It was holding me back? Where did it all start out?"

“I realize the dangers.”

I realized how all of this was messing with my personality.

“Honestly, I need to learn how to be stronger. There are so many things that seem to be getting in my way. It wasn’t enough to sit here and hope that things would be better.”

“I need clear assurance on my own part. Why did I need to help move me forward perhaps, someone could make it clearer. The longer that I held out here, the more that I felt I was increasing my opportunities. Nevertheless, none of this was leading me anywhere. I was getting lost in silliness. It was preventing me from discovering who I really was. I am is felt as if I was at a job. I had agreed to give so much of myself to this project. I needed to stay until it was complete. Nevertheless, I wanted to duck out early. I was torn between these two options. I felt uncomfortable about what remained. That was how it was working itself out. Maybe, I had been set up. This was not what I expected. I wanted something different for myself. All these noises surrounding me. Even the music was messing with me. I couldn’t get a clear head. I wasn’t time to leave yet. I was stuck in this waiting game.”

“If I ended it right now, would that show that I lack courage.? With that show that I lack the ability to make necessary decisions for myself.? I was any of this about? Here I was in the middle of something, but I didn’t have a clear line on success. Even if someone did come to talk to me, I could ruin everything I hated it being this way. It made it more frightening. My head was spinning. I felt a little dizzy. I stretched out in my seat, and I took a sip of my drink this seem to calm me down a little. But I still felt anxiety. I didn’t want someone to destroy this experience. In a sense, the risks were a little overwhelming. I didn’t want to accept that. Probably, there was another way to see this. What could that be? I felt as if I was running through the same challenges again and again.”

“Did I need to make the necessary changes? How would that work? I needed to turn in on myself. I couldn’t let those noises bother me. But there could be more to this. I didn’t want to get thrown off. What did I have to do to attain clarity.? It was so easy to get knocked off my game. There were others here her waiting for that to happen to me. Why did I even trust this place? It seemed off the beaten path. People who lived here moved to a different beat. It still wasn’t sufficient for me.”

“I had other questions. Some of them were bothering me. So I’m needed to find a way to make it all makes sense? For the time being, I felt as if I was running away from trouble. That was sufficient in itself. The alternative was even more frightening. I didn’t want to go home and worry about any of this. Assuredly, some thing was bothering me. But I couldn’t let it affect me. I couldn’t let it take me down. I need to put it all together. I had got myself to this place. I felt that I was escaping my conformist lifestyle.”

“I was turning my back on the mundane. Nevertheless, I was in the middle of the shit. And I didn’t see a clear way to get out. I wasn’t under siege. There was no clear threat. But it didn’t feel right with me. It wasn’t registering. I was facing this nothingness. I didn’t want to admit that this was part of my being. Maybe, things could see my little less threatening. I would have to do to get to this point? I didn’t want anyone else interrupting my focus. I felt as if I could sort through all of this and put it all into place this would add to my sense of confidence I will gain I need to sense of awareness. I could overcome the dilemmas around me. I could finally close the door on my suffering. There was something deeper going on.”

“How do you really feel duplicated by another story. It was almost as if a dream was coming to life. Maybe, someone would approach me. He would remind me what was needed for my ongoing development. I would share in this knowledge. I wanted someone who would respect me. When I looked around, or is there such a person here was there any clarity? I couldn't be sure. I wasn't sure if I trusted anyone at all. That's just how it happened. I was caught up in the situation. Getting the better of me. I imagined someone next to me leading a conversation. He only heard what he wanted to hear. He believed that I was interested in him.”

“I didn't express any such concern. That didn't stop him from bothering me. I hated this whole experience. Something has become just derailed. I lost focus. I was going back-and-forth. I need to shut all this out. And I couldn't let myself be overcome by any of this. This was all part of my strength. It was what it was. And maybe, I could just order a ride and get out of here. I can put it all behind me. I was letting myself become divided things that were occurring around me. This wasn't a whole thing that started. I had become accustomed to this kind of lifestyle.”

“The hidden messed with me. It had broken me. Now, I faced this moment. It was disheartening experience. This feeling in public. I am as far as I can go, and no one could see what was happening. I had expose myself by coming here. I was leaving myself open to these nasty comments from guys. This wasn't who I was about at all. What kind of change this was I willing to make? Everything seem too comfortable. I'd come here for some kind of inspiration. How many of the people here were even more trapped than I was. I was out about it? How did things come to this point? This was all the same. It wasn't natural at all. I wanted to disengage. I spent too much time here already. I let myself become immersed in this world.”

“If I had one more drink, I would be devastated. I would lose my ability to walk out once and for all. This was not in my nature. This was not how I wanted things to go. What had gotten into me? It wasn't so much the drinking. This overall lifestyle which was messing with me. I couldn't let that happen. I needed some other outlet. Maybe, someone would come to my rescue. He would put into place. Or possibly mean? What did I need to do? What did I need to bring? For everyone else here, all the answers seemed so easy. They would wait for their calling. Then they would give in. There's no other way to see this.”

“I didn't want to get destroyed in this way. I need to get out what I could. I had options. What was preventing me from doing what I needed to do? I was going around in a circle. I was asking the same questions over and over again. My answers weren't helping me. I couldn't let this be. I couldn't surrender myself in this way. If someone makes a monsters go away. Or is it entirely made doing.”

“I was here because I believed that there is one person in the universe who was right for me. And it was just possible that he may be here tonight. What would that mean? He would take one look at me, and he would know. He would understand everything about who I was. He would recognize his connection to me. The connection would affirm my existence. It would give me a creative motivation to realize my existence. On this basis I could continue to enhance my existence. I could understand deeper things about the universe. This could unleash powers deep inside of me. These powers demonstrated my true nature. I would aspire to something greater.”

“This experience was without precedents. There was nothing to fear with this knowledge. I could advanced my growth. I could explore. I would find this incredible world. I would strip away the illusions, and the truth would stand for us. And my body would be transfigured. Any of

this mean? Was it even possible? Could I even be sure that such a person existed. Of course. I only had a look at myself. I was looking for someone to complement my own character. Down the line. I was peering into the darkness. I could see with my eyes. I could see without light. I was looking from inside. All this was possible. All this was part of my being. He would recognize this. He would connect. He would affirm this understanding. The two of us would share this lasting connection. It would guarantee our growth.”

“ I could assist our further discovery of the universe. I could let go of any of my fears. He could touch my shoulder and reassure me. Honestly, it wasn't a puzzle. You only had a look at me to know. I was full of passion. I wanted my passion means some thing. I wanted to relate to somebody who felt the same thing that I did. I didn't want any of this to be temporary. I want this to last a lifetime. I was even ready to explore into eternity. Who could unlock the secrets? Maybe, today was the day. If it all makes sense. I will get driven by this feeling. It would take me everywhere. It would be marvelous. It would be superb. I would be floating on here. Everything that was promised to me would be manifest. How was any of this even possible? It was possible because there was someone here who knew the same thing that I knew. He could feel that power tingling within him. I could bring him alive. He could take him to another world. He would welcome my touch. He would protect me. He wouldn't break my heart. I didn't think that I was naïve. Sure, I believed some thing that was so overpowering. I could easily be a fool to love. But it wasn't like that. I had my integrity.”

“ I knew myself. I understood something wonderful. I couldn't break that chain. I needed to find some thing more lasting for my nature. What could ever be? I didn't feel that it depended on somebody else. Instead, someone else could enhance that part of myself. I considered what that might be. I observed all these challenges. Could anyone else relate? Could anyone else accustom himself to these insights. I had been formed this way. I had been connected to this awareness. He was bringing me alive. He was taking me to the next stage in my greatness. I love this opportunity.”

“Could he acknowledge this sensation. Granted, it was simply a matter of waiting it out. I was in the midst of some thing. I needed to keep it going. I couldn't stop. I had this wonderful opportunity. I can make it happen in the moment. I could give everything that I had to this experience. I loved it. It was everything to me and more. I took another sip of my drink. I am resting myself in the world. Everything said that this was possible.”

“Everything granted me this opportunity. I couldn't let it pass by. I was in the middle of things. He was everything and more. This is not a time to surrender. This was a time to get deeper in the moment, to let myself get pulled along. I surrendered myself to this certainty. My body reiterated this feeling. It was everything and more. Nothing could dissuade me from this recognition. Nothing could take away. He would look in my eyes. He would tell me that everything was right. I realized that everything was right. I realized all this and more. I needed to continue my exploration. The world was opening up for me. It was blessing me. He was blessing me. He was reassuring me. I realized that I was not being led astray.”

“This could not be more real here. I hadn't opted for a mystery. I prepared myself for what would come next. This would make me feel more wonderful. This would confirm my dreams. I couldn't see it any other way. I needed to prepare myself. I needed to admit what was out there. I was about to come in to contact with this wondrous reality. It had been offered to me.

It had been shared with me. It was available. It was there. I was part of it. Nothing could throw me off. I did not want to separate myself from its reality. He looked wonderful. He was so smart. He laughed at my jokes. I found him funny. We shared the night with each other's humor. Down deep, he really got it. I had dressed for this occasion. I turned him on."

"I made it exciting. He wanted to join in to my recognition. We were both part of something. It gave us exhilaration. And this confirmed this power. It confirmed this reality. I didn't want to think about it in the other way. What if I was wrong? I had invested so much in this meeting. He was staring at me. He was breaking me down. He was taking me to somewhere that I didn't want to be part of. How did it work this way? How did he have that power. At first I welcomed it. I wanted it. It was more than anything. Then I saw what it was. More than anything, it was a threat. He was threatening me. He was doing some thing to me and made me afraid. I sat here looking at him. I scrutinized him. I realized that I was afraid of myself. He was opening me up to myself. I couldn't see it any other way. I couldn't feel in any other way. He gratified that side of myself. I needed to respect it for what it was. It could be my liberation. He could offer me the only liberation that could ever matter. And I was turning away. I was letting it go. I wasn't taking this opportunity to grow. I was losing myself in the moment. I needed to take stock."

"I can make this work. He can make this work. This is almost too much to think about. What if he wasn't the one? He looked at me with such desperation. I didn't feel that same thing. I wasn't touched in the same way that he was. How did things progressed to this point? Why did he feel powerful? What gave him his ultimate inspiration."

"There were so many factors influencing me. There were so many factors shaking me to the core. I was looking at him. I was seeing him. I saw you for who you were. I was seeing myself for who I was. In my own way, this was embarrassing. I recognized how this could progress. We could start some thing off. It could preoccupy all of my concerns. Then I would realize what was actually happening. And I would have to escape. I would have to escape him once and for all. How could I let things happen this way? How could I let him happen this way. I hated us. I didn't want this. I knew he was here. I knew it come to this point. I knew everything in my life would come to this point. That only made me more insistent. It also left me more vulnerable. I was letting him distract me. I was allowing him to take me over. I didn't want this. Was there another way to see this? What is there another way to shape by being? What did they left out? What was the mistake here? He was taking advantage of the situation. In a sense he knew it. This was his methods. He had done this all the time. I need to get out of here. But I was already deep inside. I had already committed too much of myself."

"I said too much already. If I left now, I carried on my weakness. I would demonstrate to myself that I did not believe my fundamental promise. I needed to go along with him. I needed for him to offer me what I sought. It wasn't that difficult. We were both people. We had basic needs. And my basic nature was being exposed at this place. There was no hiding. There was no escaping. There was no going away from this. Indeed, my nature was evident. His nature was evident. We both admitted to our desperation."

"What did I lack? How did I've been taken to this point? I felt underdressed. I hadn't worn my armor. He was piercing me with a sword. He was stripping me down to nothing. He was menacing mean. I hated to think of things this way. I couldn't let it affect me. I couldn't be this way. He was way too much. He was way too much for me. How would I let myself be taken

to this place. Where was I headed? What it happened on the way? Or any of us different. We were all attuned to the same desires. I thought it into each other. We each surrendered to each other. That was that. There wasn't anything more complex. Perhaps there was a different soundtrack."

"Or there was a different faith. However, there was a different safety mechanism. It was all pretty much the same we had both lost ourselves. We hadn't realized what had happened. I thought we knew what was going on. I knew it. And I kept on trying to see it a different way. I needed to accepted it. It wasn't gooing to be more than this. I had put on my costume. I'd play this role. There are few others available to me. I need to accept him for what he was. He needed to accept me for who I was."

Where else could you be here? Maybe, it was someone who understood things in a deeper way. It would never be my way. I didn't want anyone looking at me like that. I just found somebody who understood me pretty well. There was nothing more to it. I needed to leave it at that. That would provide me the opportunity to build. I could move on. I could explore. I could all make it all a wonder. There was nothing greater than this. I wanted all of this to flower."

"I wanted it to turn into something more. I wanted to be some thing more. That was why I was here. That was the nature of this visit. I needed a hold on. Whatever it was, it wasn't that far from my house. I felt its closeness. I felt it beckoning. I accepted this possibility and more. Invited. At this point, I couldn't turn down my invitation. I needed to make something of it. I needed to make something of myself. This was my chance. But I didn't have that kind of motivation. I wish that I did. Perhaps, if I looked at my actions up to this point, I would've recognized the pattern. And this pattern could reveal something more about who I was. I could compare my own experience to others. I could see other models like myself."

"Maybe, I could read books that would describe this kind of behavior. I didn't see it as some kind of operation. I didn't feel unstable. I had a great deal of confidence. But it was also facing some magnificent challenges. And I need to explore them for what they were. I couldn't let myself become distracted by the situation. Perhaps, others felt the same things that I did. That could add to my sense of consolation. It can make me feel better about myself. I could realize that my challenges were similar to other people. They faced the same situation. That would add to my sense of affirmation. I wouldn't let anything shake me up. This couldn't be more correct. This was how things were supposed to be. This was how I was supposed to accord with his experience it was everything for me. He does everything for me and more. Finally, no one could stop me from this realization. It added to my sensation."

"What will make things right? What will improve my situation? I've already said too much. I've been here too long. I found someone who's gonna take care of me honestly, that's all that matters. I was not looking for anything complex. I've already figured out what I want for my life. I find a place to sit down. And I get a drink. He comes over to talk to me. Sure I want this to be different. I want someone to make plans with. But these plans don't last. None of this lasts. We're all in this line."

"We take our turns. It's just different ways of pretending. That's how it works. You believe it for the moment. You think that is more than it is. And that's a little bit of life. Honestly, I didn't dress for this. Honestly, I dressed for this. You gave me everything. You gave me blood sweat and tears. You made me love you. You wouldn't let me love you. That's the



worst part. I wanted so much more. That's the worst part. I want to so much more. Why did I get it? What did you give me? What else is there to fill in? It seem like a good time to show up. It was an off night. It was enough night for me. It was enough night for my wife. I ended up here. How long am I supposed to stay? How long do I have to wait for something more to happen. How long do I have to wait prevent any of this from being fake. It's also fake for me how does that get this get going I like how this feels. Keeps feeling better and better for me. I'm sorry that I made that mistake."

"I made that same mistake twice. I made that same mistake three times. I could keep coming back here and pretending that it's going to be different. It's not going to be different I'll be back doing the same thing again and again. I will just be back to the same thing again and again. This could be a different place; this could be a different situation. Here's the problem, I think that you're the one to help me solve this problem, to solve this challenge. In the middle of the process, I realize that you have no idea what's going on. All these systems that you were supposed to show me have gone by the wayside. All her efforts to make something happen.

"You lost your momentum. From this point on, what good is there. Here's the difficult part: sure, you see some thing. You understand something. I understand some thing critical. But what are you going to do about it? What are you ever going to do about it? What is the stew for me? Or just a steak for me? Why does any of this matter? But it does matter in a unique way. That is why things get difficult. You're sitting here ready to come up with solutions and nothing seems to move on. Can you find a place? You find your place. You give too much to the wrong person. It's always going to be a wrong person. Someone's going to run the game. Someone's going to run the table. Who's going to walk away with anything worse?

"Quincy, Lindsay that's your name. Where does any of this end up. You have ideas. Do you have a starting point. Do you have an ending point. You connect all of us together. Where does it end up? Where do you end up? You need to take care of things for the month. You need to take care of them for them now. And moving my head back-and-forth. I'm losing my direction. Losing my understanding. Who's paying for this? Who cares about this? Who needs an answer? Just snap the bumper on. Lindsay, how did you get here. Did you pay for a ride.? Is that how you're going to get home? Is that how you're all going to get home? You have money. You have more money in the money that you had. So you think that you have money. But you don't have money. And you complain about those with money. But what are you going to do about it. You make a sound as if they're so far away. But they're here right now. They're here in your face. And there they are the problem. You don't see it. This is your conflict. This is your reflection. This is totally ridiculous. There's something that I need to tell you. There's something that I need to tell all of you. You're all ridiculous. None of it matters. None of it will ever matter. We're not talking about matter. We're talking about forces. I'm not gonna force you. I'm going to think this through."

"We're going think this through together. How can I see this any better? How would I see this any worse? What are you hiding from? A little baby, a little baby hiding a little kitten. Who is hiding you? What are you hiding from? This is way beyond! Lindsay, I need to see you again. Lindsay, you need to be seen. There are things that you need to know. Truly, are you free to yourself? Are you afraid of the truth? This is all getting out of hand. You're getting out of hand. Lindsay, you're getting out of hand. I'm losing it. I'm losing my direction. I'm losing my

understanding. I'm losing you. You're losing me. We're losing ourselves. There's nothing to see here."

"I can't stop myself. I can't stop you. Are you there for me? I'm looking at stationary objects. I'm looking at snapshots. I'm trying to predict from things frozen in time. But they're all moving past me. They're all moving faster than I am. I've tried to slow it down. I've tried to stop it so it works in my favor. None of this works in my favor. We'll see if it takes us an hour? Is your big moment. And your own none of this. Your own none of this. This is some kind of charity fuck on your part. Some kind of revenge fuck. Some kind of what the fuck. Nobody gets to the heart of the matter. There is no heart. These things are moving much too fast. Everything moves much too fast show me that you're different!"

"Show me that you have a difference! I still want to see it. I still want us to see it. I still want you to try. You're not the only one. But I'm counting on to you. Maybe, you could show me something. What's the choice here? How far out do you have to be before you're completely in the middle of everything? How far out do you have to be before you're right in the middle of things? How do I get to my destinations? Who's going to take me there? Who's going to guide me? My name is Lindsay. I came to this place. I had a purpose. What's my purpose? Hey Guy, tell me what's my fucking purpose. Find me a drink. Help me to forget the shit I wanna forget you. I want nothing to do with you. It's coming at me from different directions. If I get over this one. Just chill out! In your head. All of you are drinking. Impression: it was going on inside. I guess that I've been proven right, just keep speaking. None of this is worth it. Just going along to get along, along to get along, with you for how long is this? Moved anywhere?? Do you remember this guy here talking to you? And I have a question for you?. There's so much shit going on around here. Matter. Any of us. It's all going to be okay. Just make a difference if you feel better. Is it mean to say that this makes you feel better????"

"None of this was worse than a thing. I can't keep doing this like this I can't keep doing things like this. I've lost my way. I've lost my direction. I've lost the thread. Does anyone hear me? I'm whistling at you. I'm trying to talk to you. I'm trying to get your attention. Even though I've moved along, there's so much more to worry about. There's so much more to think about. Honestly, this is what he does for fun. He's good at what he does. People go along. He's been waiting for this moment. He sticks it out. Thing that I don't understand is why you can't go for quality? Why does it always end up the same way. We have these imposters hanging in the dark. And they tell you that they're skilled. And it doesn't amount to much of anything. That's not going work. None of this is going to work. But you wanted to. Do you want a method? You want a clear method. Do you want a clear resolution. You don't want to back off. You don't want to let anyone know that you're there. But it's so obvious. You can lead me somewhere. You can force me somewhere. There's something that doesn't make sense. Your hands are too soft."

"The darkness has eyes, and they are talking to you. What do they know? What are they saying? Are you afraid? Where is this going to end up? You can't stop? Nobody's going to be able to stop you. Why can't you stop? Lindsay, are you going to come back? We're waiting for you to come back. I have some questions to ask you. There's some things that you were wondering about. Is it okay if I wander around at night? Where am I going? Will I find you when I need you? How long has he been gone? What are you him doing? You show up. You show your face. Show what you have. It's nothing. It's everything. All that I need. What difference does any

of this make? How can you make money doing this kind of thing?"

"Lindsay what's happening to the office? What's happening to the real estate? What's happening to the insurance?"

"Everything is only starting to make sense. Everything is only starting to have a meaning. Come back to my place now and play your song. Do you recognize the risks? Lindsay, don't fall asleep in public. Someone's going to go through your purse. Someone's going to roast you. Someone's going to destroy your solitude. Where does this end? Or am I going this way? This is a tender place. This is a place that has no answers. Are we going to lose the thread? I need to try. I need to try to make sense of things. There's got to be an overall plan. Lindsey, you came here because you wanted to learn things from us. Now, we have things that we want to learn from you. Are you willing to share them? How much fear can you put up with? What you are afraid of when you are not even part of any of this?"

"We are not even part of any of this. What happened? Lindsay, what happened? You are not good at this. I'm not good at this. I need someone to lead me through the darkness. Wednesday, drink up, and we will leave together. I was so close. What did I get out of it? All of these things together means something in their own way. I have a question: would this end up being a whole lot of nothing? Who will show up to make anything of this? If I started like this, I'm going to stay like this. There's so much opportunity here. But it's going to require a major investment."

"Who is willing to make it? Who is willing to give that much of the self? Where are you hiding? What are you hiding? Who is hiding you? Or I'm listening. I'm listening closely. I'm listening to the night. Lindsey, listen with me. He's trying to interfere. He's trying to get in the way? Should we keep on? You never gave me your name. You never gave me your number. You never gave me your accounts. He didn't pay for the drinks. He absconded with my money. You took my heart. Is there that much risk? We could talk about serious things. We could talk about your job and the insurance company. You're doing that your best to give people good rates. But everything is so inflated. Everything is coming down. Everything is crashing down on you."

"Should I even try? If he's waiting there for me, I'm not gonna even try. I hear noises I hear trouble. I don't want any trouble. Listen sir, I don't want any trouble. I'm so close. And I'm so far. And I don't want any trouble; this is not going to turn out well. I need somebody to help me out. I need someone to guide me."

"Where is he hiding? Is someone finally going to take care of it? I need help. I go back to my place, and the monster is waiting for me. He didn't follow me home. But he knew where I was. How did that happen? None of this was supposed to happen like this. I was supposed to be in better control of the situation. But some thing threw me off of my mark. All these things got me confused. What was any of that about?"

"I want something from you that you cannot give me."

"Who are you?"

"Where is this headed?"

"Give me that pout."

"I am reduced to a big nothing."

"What are you doing on your own?"

"I want you to beg."

“Give me a script.”

“This is going to require some concentration.”

“This is beyond the beyond.”

“He is going to get in here.”

“It is my pet Husky dog.”

“You do not have a pet dog.

“You were my shoulder to cry on.”