

A FOLK TALE

Despite my humble beginnings, I thought that my parents always expected that there was a prince waiting for me. He would pop out of the darkness, and find me at the ball. Then he would pursue me and make my life happy ever after. But it wasn't as if my parents ever retained an ounce of this happiness. They didn't last that long together. And their marriage left an indelible imprint on my emotional experience that I was never able to overcome. I think that was why I saw a different course for myself. I didn't identify myself as a heroine of romantic comedies. I was never going to be the elegant swan, so I didn't even want to bother with that kind of life. Nevertheless, I made my own way. I found some thing uplifting my own respects. If I was meant to follow a different path, I welcomed it.

These were the blessings that were awaiting me. I wanted to say that this was all my own doing. I couldn't pretend that my artistic interests would be my saving grace. Sure, I felt like a little bit of a misfit. I wasn't going to be able to grab the brass ring. There was no treasure at the end of my rainbow. That hardly made me into a tragic sort. I didn't dwell on the bad times. But I was no Susie Sunshine. And I wasn't going to pretend. I was looking for a world where there were others were like me. Maybe the gods would never come down and bless us. But that didn't diminish our creative impulses. I wasn't hanging upside down painting the Sistine chapel. I wasn't sculpting a masterpiece. I was living my own life. And that gave me pause. That was inspiration in itself. If I could find others like me, I would welcome it. This was my calling card; we didn't need some catastrophic event to give us our identity. We found it on our own. We made it from scratch. If we had to turn our backs on misfortune, so be it. We weren't dancing in the heavens. But we weren't roasting in hell either. This was our own version of contentment.

Even if there were rocky moments, that didn't diminish the enjoyment. It wasn't as if we were specimens for Dante's paradise. We weren't the subjects of a Platonic dialogue. Our lives were a lot more brutal. There was something wrong about our nature. There were times that we lacked the flare; we were denied the grace. That didn't diminish our own demonstration of elegance. We lived this way, because it was part of our blessing. We had a positive attitude. It gave us our motivation. Are there is no other way to think about it. This was all part of our existence. We shared something unique. And we accepted this reality. That was enough to keep things going. That was enough to bless our days. We weren't the only ones. We loved this heritage. And we weren't confessing to miserable existence. We were crying out of the gutter. We weren't celebrating our exile.

We were making the best for now. It was all part of our show. We loved it. We accepted it. It gave us a sense of purpose. In a way, it was a badge of honor. This distinguished us from others. This separated us from those who were more confused, those who surrendered to the nothingness. There was still a little jingle in our steps. I accepted my calling. I was ready to separate myself from the challenges. I wasn't gonna let myself get dragged down.

I needed to be another way. I recognized the dangers. I saw how easily I could lose my direction. I need a hold fast to my beliefs. I couldn't let down. I couldn't surrender. Indeed, this was all part of my nature. This was part of my growth. I had my own anthem. It was very much part of the story. This was something that I could relate. I could share it with others. It gave me confidence. It provided me with a mission. I emerged from the darkness. I knew what awaited.

Perhaps, I had been cast out. But I did not let it mark me. I found certain refuge. And this led me on. This gave me deeper sense of purpose. I struggled. I tried to understand why I was the way I was. In a sense, it was all about acceptance. I understood what I couldn't change. I realized that it was a difficult fight. But I continued on. I was undaunted. I recognized the dangers. I went on long. I amorous myself for the moment. There's no other way to see us. This is my nature. No one could control me.

No one could hurt me. And we could push me away. It was that simple. This is how I understood my life. This formed a bond but it was all around me. I lived in the flesh. You could see it in my being. There was no other way to understand it. I wanted to relay this narrative I wasn't late to my own life. I was in the middle of the action. I was making it for what it was. I didn't need a separate story. This was my life this was my world. There was no other way to portray it. I gave in to the moment. I surrendered to the influences. I got lost in the madness. There was no other way to see this. This was what awaited me. This was how I could put it all together. This gave me certainty.

It gave me vitality. It's made me healthy in myself. I knew the downside. Sometimes, this was about being too self indulgent. We could get carried away. I would wonder in the next day why did happen to me. How had I lost my way. But it was never like that at all. I was holding it all together. I was giving myself to the present. And I liked that bargain. I couldn't see it any other way. I wasn't gonna give up. I was not going to let down. Maybe I could've been more committed to what was needed. I did what I could. There was no other way to frame this tale. I was sure that everyone else could see it pretty much the same way. That's why I want to relate my experience to others.

I knew that it would lead to some thing important. I followed this direction. I made something of it. Maybe it wasn't enough. I wasn't creating business success. I wasn't amassing large amounts of cash. At times, I was surviving. And I was like pretty much everyone else around me. There was no alternative for me. I just left it at that. I couldn't let myself become too overwhelmed. The madness seemed to flourish all around me. And I did what I could do to spell it. Here I was alone and myself. That was a show in itself. You can see it. And it reflected in the clothes that I wore. It was all around. It was embodied in my nature. I had a uniqueness that was all on my own. That was wonderful in itself. And it was almost as if I was reaching out for others like me. They could all see the signs. We all felt the same disease. We had resisted against our influences. We had fought against a common enemy. That was that. It wasn't so much as if it was personal. We saw it was all put together there was a system. And we studied it. We knew our place within. And we battled together. There was no other way to see this.

We didn't see this as sacrifice. We weren't martyrs. We were holding our positions. We were making ourselves more enlightened. This was all part of our excitement. I needed to stay at home, and this would provide me with an opportunity to organize my life. What were the challenges? I wondered. There was enough disturbing me. I didn't need any more distractions. It was almost as if I had carried this extra baggage with me. Now, I would have to deal with it. I didn't want to think about it. I didn't want to let it bother me. It was wonderful. It was masterful. Where was I going? What happened? How did I reach this point.

It was marvelous it was just eye-opening. I recognized the opportunity. I saw it was possible. I did everything to move it along. In a sense, this was genius. What made it happen? It

was more remarkable in its own way I didn't know that I had that power within me. I had been so reliant on the things around me. And other people moved me along. I didn't realize what I could do on my own. Suddenly I was touched by this marvel. It took me places. There were things that I saw, and there were things that I recognized, and they could've accounted for more. But I was letting my own perceptions get clouded by what others told me.

That was why I felt that I needed someone who could organize at all. This could help give me insight. I was amazed. I was losing so much in the process. But I was still amazed. This was wonderful. I realized that I was getting a little too enthusiastic without a strong foundation. This was how things were. I was living this moment. It was becoming evidence. This was all part of my overall confusion how are they become distracted the words were coming out. But they didn't seem to mean anything. I was remembering past experience. I was marking time. But there was hardly sufficient. Where was any of the going? What were the overall intentions? Even in this state, there is a lot of risk involved. I need to make it all mean something. Was it enough just to let the process move along. I didn't want to forget all the good times. But that was how it seemed to work out. These were events that were not meant to be remembered. I could sit with friends. I could hope for more. But there was nothing that propelled the experience.

Something was in my way. It was almost as if I was living the same night over and over again. I wasn't searching for a deeper meaning. Nothing was meant to put it into place. I was just going along with the moment. I felt as if I was close to something. I would be talking to some guy and he would seem to give me a needed attention. But he was distracted in his own way. He was talking to me. He was trying to involve me in some thing. But he was also looking elsewhere. He was looking at other people. I was like a consolation prize.

He would be with me if he couldn't find someone else. And he did just that. He hung on for as long as he could. Just when it started to mean something a little more, he found someone else to talk to. I was no longer part of the action. It was as if he stopped caring for me at that moment. This is a little scary. I could imagine the same thing happening if I went home with him. Or maybe I give him my phone number, and everything would end up the same way. I was always telling the same story again and again. There were more of these faceless guys. At times, some of them seem just like me. They'd be telling me jokes. We'd be drinking. We be laughing. I'd be convinced that I found some that I could really get along with. We didn't talk about bad times. We didn't talk about our parents. We just enjoyed the moment. Then everything would just shut down. And it would be all gone. I would wonder what had happened. It wouldn't make any sense. I had been part of some thing.

I didn't enjoy some thing this exciting. Then it went away. It was all gone. You have to know what the differences is. You have to know what the variations. You have to know when to walk away. Sometimes you can't walk away you know what's going on. I knew it wasn't me. It was the same guys doing the same thing over and over again."

They were staring at me again I liked that.

"You hop away. I wish I could run away that easily from my life. What would it take? I'm rushing back into that same thing that I want to avoid. I'm looking on the ground for money. Hoping to find a one hundred dollar bill."

That would make her night better.

"I just want some thing to perk me off. I'm playing some golf game. I'll look at some guy

at the bar I'm waiting for him to drop some money. I'm waiting for the mall to drop some money. You don't know how much I can find. How much of it is any of us worth?"

"Everyone asked the same question: what's the exchange rate? How much time do I have to give to this? Do you see? Do you know? Do you feel? This is part of your world? Is this part of my world? Does any of this make any difference? Do you make any difference? Where is this headed? I just need a little energy. I need to have new thoughts. I need to read something new. I can't be some competition. I can't be something hurtful. I need something enlightening. What is a source of real enlightenment? What is the power that we have? How does this relate to social experience? When do we realize that we have to unite with those who face similar challenges. It has to be at the moments that we exist. This realization comes from what we do every day. This is our job. How can we change things in this moment. It's already a feeling. We have the power, but we want more power."

"We see how the numbers are working out here they're not working in our favor. We have to break that process. We need to look at the numbers. I look at my job. What kind of job am I doing? I'm a server. What kind of place am I working? How much money do I make there? Do they really value me? What if I don't go in? Do I have enough savings? I stay away until I am around the money. Then I find another job that's just the same. I walk away. I find something that's exactly the same. I cash the joint. I realize what the challenges are. I'm going to break the bank. I'm going to break into this place. I'm going to break into this house. I'm going to get inside. They're going to get inside my mind. They're going to see what I'm after. I'm going to see what their after. It's not an easy process. They may have weapons. They may have animals. None of this is going to stop us. I have strategies. They have no strategies. They want strategy. They want to stop me. I'm not going to stop me. I'm going to get in. I'm going to get back into my life. I'm getting back into myself."

"I'm going to get distracted. It's a detective show, detective life. I can't. A tech was making me fucked up. I keep doing it over and over again. It's in the book. I like books. There's more books to read. I keep reading. Can you help me? Can you help me write another book? We're happy people. We're simple people. Give you what you need. You ask for a remedy. I give you a remedy. You ask for a new flavor. You ask for some thing that's good. You ask for some thing that's bad. You ask for something that hurts. You ask for something that doesn't hurt. Someone talks to you. Someone stops talking to you. None of this matters. None of us will ever matter. We're on the same page. We all get it. That's why we're here. I look at other people. They like my T-shirt. I like their clothes. I like their messages. We share similar messages."

"There's a bunny. He's hopping. What does he want? What does anyone want? What's the difference? I need to make a difference. That's why I'm working with a writer. He's going to tell me how to make it. You're wasting a lot of energy trying to stop some thing that you can't stop. You're wasting a lot of energy trying to stop yourself. I'm glad that you're doing this? You have no idea how this works. That's why you're always going to be in the same situation. Eventually, things are going to turn around for me. Did you see what this is? Do you see why this matters? Did you see where we got to this point? You're not going to ask yourself for anything more."

"It's going to be so easy. You're wonderful. You're marvelous. You're here. You're there. You're everywhere. I gave you what you needed. I gave you what you wanted. I gave you a

guide. You took the guide. You made some thing of it. Where is this going to go? What you want from us? This could be life-changing. How would that work? What are the ingredients? I need to pass through this water. I need to be more perceptive. I'm trying to write a book. I'm trying to be myself. I'm not looking for a prince. You could get me what I need. It's messy I see some thing that could provide me with an answer I talk to somebody who seems to understand. For a moment, we create a clear connection. That seems to provide me with answers for other things in my experience. Nevertheless, that's not sufficient. I'm looking for something more. I want to be convinced."

"I'm looking for something convincing I want to be inside. I want to be outside. I want to be both places at once. That connection is short-lived. He doesn't feel it in the same way that I do. Even after being with him, I still feel alienated from my world. He doesn't recognize the struggle. It's all too simple for him. He's looking at me and thinking how can I give him something that he needs. But it's not in exchange for me. I'm looking for inspiration. I'm looking for motivation. And his own way, he's much more aggressive."

"I don't know what to say about that. I don't know what to say about that at all. Here goes."

"Do you think that you can help me improve my writing? I know that you believe that it's not just a matter of what we say. You need to have the ability to change what's inside. Is that really possible? How do the words provide you without understanding? Sometimes it's going overall ground. It's doing things over and over again until we get them rise. That can also be frustrating. I think that's where a strong analysis comes in. I'm looking at the things in my life. And I'm seeing how I contribute to my own demise. I'm sabotaging my success again and again. Perhaps I don't believe in that kind of success. There's so much preventing me from moving on. There's so much preventing me from recognizing what's important. This is where things get really confusing."

"I lose my way. It hurts. It doesn't hurt. I don't want to feel it. I feel like too much. I feel it, and I don't know what I feel. What are the origins? What makes it happen? What makes any of this happen? There's some thing that I don't want to be a part of. I'm running away. I'm trying to get away from myself. I'm trying to get away from St. Francis. I have a few options, and I see what's in my way. I can avoid it. Or I can go ahead into the fire. What would that mean? Or what would that ever mean? Do I take a little extra time. Do I slow down my progress? You're not doing this, so you don't understand what it takes to do it. Sometimes it takes a lot of planning. And you're not part of this. That's why you call in the writer. The writer is going to put everything in the place. He's going to remind you what has to be done. You could die out here. You could die without supervision. You could die without focus. I got it while I could. I had the wrong people asking me. They wanted to stay in control. It doesn't work that way.

"Do you think that you're getting things back in order? But someone's doing nothing, but fucking with you. It doesn't give you what you need. It doesn't help you focus. It's just gets you off the mark. And you don't want things to be confusing in that way. You don't want to lose your direction. You don't wanna surrender your control to someone else. This is no longer about a social interaction. This is about people trying to dominate you. So it's important to see what you're after. That's why I read books. They help me to see that other level of experience. Maybe, I'm making it happen I'm seeing her trying to bother me or down. Period throwing me to the side

of the road, he would have no obstacle to returning home.”

“I hated this. I hated the fact what he was like for us. What kind of person that something like this? He’s monstrosity in his own way. I don’t want to go down that road. I don’t want it to influence me. This is all leading in one direction. I’m glad that you feel that way. I’m glad that makes sense to you. I’m glad that makes you feel healthy. Take it for what it is. I’m almost there. I almost have it all locked up. But this is going to depend on one thing. It’s going to be pinned on you. I need to make a skirt. This is where the big bucks come down. I don’t want this to get out of control. I don’t want to lose my direction to see how this is going? To see what I’m after? To see where I’m hiding? You’re never going to see what you want to see. You’re never going to be what you want to be. You keep making plans. Where does plans lead? I thought of the boat this along time ago. You scared me. And I thought about this along time ago. I couldn’t do anything about it no one can. You have to distinguish those things over which you have no control from those things over which you have control, but that control is going to require more effort and more social support. You can’t let people talk you down based on small failures. You need to go at the problem with all your heart. Where is this headed? What is this about? You’re almost there? And then the surprise happens. Out of nowhere, it comes at you.”

“For this once, rice that’s all you. You have been making it happen like this. It’s been coming at you. It’s in the shadows. Rosea. How are you? You read books. You should see this. But this is so immediate. This is so much inside of you that you cannot separate it. That’s why you need me. I’m the writer. I am not close to in the same way as you are. We have a different level of suffering. We faced different challenges. We’re different people. We’re looking at different kinds of magic. Need to use the science. You need to strengthen yourself. This is going to be a long week. This is going to be a long life. You’re trying to get back. You’re getting back to nothing. You’re getting back to nowhere. And the power of possession. And everything that happened. Everything happened to your advantage. And that’s all that matters. That’s all that ever mattered. Some people are hiding. Some people are hidden. You are both. You are neither. You can smell it. You can taste it. How do you stop it? How do you stop any of us? Like you’re in control. You get others to go along. That is all that matters. To get others to go on. And it’s all over. It’s finished.”

“The only way that anyone is going to read your story if you make yourself a lovable person. This is going to be a little tricky. We need to make sure that others can identify with your experience. If you seem overly exploitative, this is not going to result in a positive portrayal. These efforts are based upon your commitment to some kind of ethical standard. A lot of people try to adopt this pose in order to appear beneficial to the world. Nevertheless, there are impediments to such a characterization. In a situation, the individual can find herself challenged. She’s not treated well. She wants to come out of it better for aware. She doesn’t want someone else to abuse her. This challenge is intense for her. If she surrenders to this portrayal, she loses her focus. That is why everything is so intense. These challenges are incredible.”

“A terrible experience can make a person reactive. That clouds her judgment. She makes a commitment to a situation that cannot support her needs. This makes her appear to be a less sympathetic individual. Indeed, this is the foundation of a critical juncture. It’s not totally possible to remake the self. And individual can put his experiences behind her. Nevertheless, there remains the same reference points. And this can result in similar behavior again and again.

Simple personal gratification can become the dominant motivating factor for the individual. As such, a person starts to become haphazard and her actions. It's difficult to maintain or any kind of clear focus. As such, the situation creates its own logic. And this logic makes it more difficult for a person to advance her interests. The overall developments become more overwhelming. How is it possible to sort through these experiences?

“It's not a matter of having a reputation. A person's character is based upon her own self-recognition. She can't worry about what others think about her. Nevertheless, she is interacting with others. She depends on them for acknowledgment. Many of the things that we do are a team effort. And we can't ignore these social influences. Therefore, she can't gain total independence. If there is an intense give-and-take. The individual can feel crushed. In some ways, she's subject to the beliefs of others. This doesn't provide her with sufficient understanding. She's groping to find a clear awareness of the self. At the moment like this, everyone seems willing to help. This kind of help improve to be detrimental. They can attack the integrity of the individual. This give-and-take is intense. It limits the abilities of the self. A person is reduced to basic desires. These impulses become motivation for actual behaviors. A person may try to assert her self, but she is immersed in the situation. And weighs her down. The only way to gain any integrity is to continue on with this kind of thinking. The dulls her sensibility. She throws her way to round the silliness.”

“Each time that she's in the situation, it weighs her ways on her. She's flailing. Down deep, she claims that she knows what she wants. Nevertheless in the situation, it all gets tricky. There's no way to get over this. Where is the self? Who can she rely on? If she looks at the situation critically, she recognizes how she's being exploited. Therefore, it becomes more difficult to chart a course. She wonders what options are available to her. She wonders how she can make it happen. There's so much standing in our way. There's so much denial. And she wants to sort through it all. Why isn't there a clear away to recognize what's really going on. As if her body is lying to her. Any positive experiences are are being met with his negative consequences. And it's going nowhere for her. What's the choice? And how can she discover some kind of saving grace. What would it even be. She realizes that she needs to be more assertive. She sees the obstacles. But sometimes they are the very things that attract her to the situation. This adds to her fear. What does she have to do next? How can she find some kind of respite? What is even possible? There's so much to wonder about.”

“She needs to fight it. She needs to find the one thing I can help her to make sense of it all. I am writing a story it's important to recognize the circumstances. At the same time there's a danger in giving too much credibility to these influencers. This creates the ambiguity which governs the situation. What's happening? Why are things going this way? And it doesn't take much to lose the trail. The author can simply give into the circumstances. This would limit the ability to depict what was going on. Nevertheless, it is important to give the character some kind of credibility. Otherwise, it appears as if the writer is taking advantage of the individual. This can even occur on a personal level.”

“The writing process is not supposed to turn for novelist into the master of the situation. Nevertheless, writing can empower the individual. Thus, there is a given take between the telling and the actual experience of the individual. This creates critical challenges. The individual needs to stand above her experience. She cannot remain vulnerable. Nevertheless, she doesn't have the

tools to enable a better way of dealing with us.”

“Everybody has a breaking point. The world is designed to reveal with ideas. It’s important to be able to avoid that outcome. The individual can learn a lot about her self by confronting her and limitations are. But it becomes tricky trying to figure out what this really means; this can demonstrate a persons ambitions. But it also reveals there is a limitation. As such, this adds to the individual challenges. A person tries to work out why she feels this way. There are enough impediments to her development. She was shouldn’t let her self become over come. Nevertheless, it’s difficult to insert independence. Under these conditions, the south becomes even more vulnerable. And the vultures are all around.”

“It’s nearly impossible to catch one’s breath. This is all part of this immense difficulty that we face. It’s more than a motivating factor. This reveals something critical about the self. These are the breaking points. Any individual resists the stress. She tries to find strength. She tries to build herself up. Where is any of this headed? What are the results of this conflict. There’s so much to wonder about. Becomes so difficult to let the cell from merged. How you going to play this? I’m still not totally sure. I’ve been thinking about it. I realize that I could benefit from a proper towing of my life. I need to invest in the things that are important to me. What does that mean? What’s important? What if I figure it out? Where do I start? Or do I end? This is something that bothers me. I’ve been thinking about it a great deal. I’m having difficulty regulating the highs in my life. I’m not sure if this is supposed to make a difference.”

“I’m not sure if this is supposed to bother me. But it does bother me create challenges for me. Makes me wonder. This hurts a great deal. It doesn’t hurt at all. Where is the scoring? Where is this going? I look at the weak points. Writing could guide me. It could help me get rid of this week points why are you afraid of yourself? To be honest, I’m not looking for an audience. I think that’s the rule that you want us to play. You figure that if you can say these silly things about me that I’m your audience. That all makes sense for me but this is the moment that all seems to fall apart not in some kind of emotional way. This is more some kind of physical way, something chaotic. It’s chaotic because it’s the lack of structure. Most the time we see this is something psychological. The chaos hits us. It makes us think that things are falling apart. The chaos is more something that’s coming from the inside. Does that make sense now?”

“It’s something that’s going on in the world, not in your mind. And you’re so obsessed about trying to describe the world in terms of how you see it. Of course that’s a critical step in the overall process. Your influence can be critical. But that only works if you actually do some thing. If you were actually control things, I could result in some thing beneficial. At the same time, the ripples of chaos could cut through the structure. They could render everything inert. Does anyone understand this? This could be some thing that could appear devastating. It’s catastrophic. At the same time, it’s simply an absence of structure. And that disturbance can be rectified. The critical step is an assessment of what’s left.”

“I could see it the way that you do. I could read it the way that you do. I know what you want. I know what you mean. I know what you expect. I think that you’re pulling this off. Do you think that you’ve made the highest. You made the highest on earth. But you haven’t changed anything. You’ve had that opportunity. You hit that chaotic moment, and you wanna deny it. And pretend that it’s not there. This is where things get really fascinating for you. You believe that you’re so close. You see the balance. It all makes sense. And receipts from view. It simply leaves

you. Do you feel evacuated. How does it go? What do you have here? You have a lot to think about do you ever escape? Or do you just go deeper. You go deeper into the moment. If you are a wash all over you. And for a moment, you feel as if it is all made sense. Then, it gets in your way. You need to stop it. You need to end this progression. And it's rattling through your brain. And you're not sure what to make of it. And you're letting it affect you. You're letting it destroy you. You're letting it knock you out. And you're lying there helpless. What's next? What else do you have to add to make it all go? Then you wonder, you're doing."

"What have you left out? What do you know that no one else knows. This is the critical moment I ask you this. What do you know that no one else knows? We've already dealt with the chaos this year. It's not that, and we strip away that layer of experience. Everything behind it seems so vibrant, so what's going on here? What's happening to see what's happening? Can you see what's happening? Can you move along with this? It's not that. It's something else. We're seeing totally different things. None of that stands out for it. Nothing stands out for me. You're seeing something entirely ordinary, and you're giving it credibility. Why should I care about any of this. And now I see in a different way different kind of chaos. This is the chaos that gets deep inside of you. This is the motivating chaos. This is not going nowhere chaos. Now it is something psychological."

For a little while, I thought it could've been something different. And now it's recast in a totally contradictory form. And it bothers me. It bothers you. It bothers the both of us. Why is that? How does it happen like that? What makes it like that? I can see it all flowing. I can see it all happening. This is how you envisioned it. These two dynamic events are happening simultaneously. They are independent, but they've both feet off the same energy. And you're drawing on that energy to move things along. This would seem to imply a more concerted structure. And you seem to be offering a coherence to it all. I see this. It makes sense to me. It says some thing to me. And interest me. I go along. I feel fascinated. We all feel fascinated. We get tapped by the moment. And it becomes an inconvenience. At that point, you want to start. It was all going so well. Then things got complicated how are you involved?"

"What were you doing? Who did you influence? What made a change. Just go with your imagination. You're going to walk away anyway. When I give you the truth, you're going to walk away. I'm not sure why. But you wanna find something disturbing here. I could follow you along. But I'm going to drift away here. I'm going to pretend that you were even here. What can I do with the words? How can I fill in for some thing that was absent. If I had that moment, can I repeat it again? This is going to be easy. This is going to be difficult. He said it was good. It made sense to him. If it didn't, we could try to Susset out. You've got a think about this. Got to let it go. You've got to bring it back. You got to make it sweet. You've got to exclude me from all of it. I have nothing to do with any of this."

"I want to take it further. I know that it's going to destroy me. I know that it's going to destroy the both of us. Can I make these words work? Can anyone make these words work? We can push this further. We can add to it. We can see if it bothers anyone else. I only hope that we can come away from it a clearer recognition of what is possible. Do you even know it's possible? Do you even care? We can get rid of all of this? You have been somewhere else. I have been somewhere else. We've all been somewhere else. That hurts. That doesn't hurt. Nothing hurts. Why does it matter? Read the T waves. I come in? When I become part of this? When did you

become part of this? This is stopping too soon.”

“This isn’t just about the emotional stuff. We try to get scientific. But it’s like there’s too many cooks who spoil the broth. This is ending faster than we know. This is going to come to an end faster than we know. I know who you are. I know who all these people are. I need to find one person who knows this better than anyone. I need this to be you. I need you to drop your wallet. Let me look through it. Let me look through all of it. That’s what I like about you. You give so much of yourself to the moment. And there’s lost time. How do I collect that last time? That’s the working time. Can you grasp that.”

“You want consciousness. It’s not about the consciousness. It’s about how you work through it. How are you working out at this moment. This is all critical. You’re part of this isn’t going to make a bit of difference just stay where you are stay behind our wall. We both stay in separate places. And we don’t say a thing. We don’t let it matter. What’s the problem here? Are you going to go on a fishing expedition? What do you hope to find? I’m not even in the room. You’re not even in the room. None of us are in the room. Do you know where this is headed? Someone who doesn’t like us. You don’t wanna go that far. Let’s begin the story before we go any further. We don’t want to add to it. We don’t want to get off topic. Where else could you be? What else is going on here? Let me out of this place. But all of us out of this place. When I look in your eyes, I see the whole room move with sympathy. What are the dollars doing to you? How can you find liberation without total liberation of the whole world? How can the story only capture part of the conflict? West being left out? What’s being left out? You only occupy a small part of the story. But it seems very significant. Let me help you with us? Are things happening behind these walls. Don’t let anything bother you.”

“I don’t want you to be affected by any of this. I’m not afraid. I am afraid. Which way should I go? I’m back inside. I’m glad you didn’t get out. The wall. You had no effect. I catch my breath. We catch our breath together. I can’t believe it. I don’t want to believe it. I’m not going to tell you. I’m glad that you told me. Here’s the problem. You’re not really facing yourself. So there’s so much of your experience that’s being denied. These aren’t years. These are centuries. And we can’t get them back. That’s why things are really coming off the rails.”

“What do you want to hear? Do you think any of this is going to work? We’re all changing the rules and their conveniences. In their own way, this can work. It’s going to be tricky. There’s a balance here. You have to keep everything in working order. If you do, should all make sense. I’m not here to explain any of this. Or is someone coming after me, will put it all into place. Why can’t we depend upon predictions? What is this order? Do you know what this is? You don’t really have any fear. That’s why I’m not sure that if I can trust you. You claim that you have all this worked out. But you have no fear at all. You need to ask me. You need to bring me on in. There will be a moment when you can ask me.”

“I am preparing you for what comes next. I know that’s a little frightening. But that’s how it works. That’s how we work. That’s how we’re going to work together. You’re going to work it off. You’re going to work it off with me. We’re going to do it in the mind. We could repeat this narrative again and again. When is it going to be different? Where is the charm? Honestly honey, what are you getting from this. This is where I need to ask the questions.”

“We’re just going over the same shit over and over again. And you’re just smiling through the pain. Honestly, I don’t get it. You’re trying to explain something that’s

unexplainable. Or you're trying to explain some thing that's just so obvious. And you're trying to give an imprint of truth. It simply doesn't have that. None of this does. None of this happens like this. It shakes me. Knocks me down. I need to turn on the fire. Do you realize what this means. This is non-metaphorical. The fires in my body. It's in my bloodstream. It's everywhere. They've tranquilized you. They've given you the positive affects. I don't think that's going to be the basis for a change. I'm so close. I'm so close to you. I'm so close to making something happen. It has nothing to do with how you see it. It has nothing to do with how I see it. It's there. It's there in the room."

"It is there in the idea. It's there in the feeling. How does that even work? How can you make it work? You've already been drained. All of these ideas have been drained from you. What is left. I am left. This is where we start. This is what we start with. We all participate. Who is involved. We're all excited about this. It's going to be like kind of week. I don't want to know about this I don't want to see about this. I don't want to see the fire. It's already hot enough. It's already cold enough. I can't give it to you. I can't take it from you. We boil it down to this one thing. I'm not even interested in that. You keep asking me things that I'm not interested in. And you think that I'm going to go along with these distractions."

"Where is the science? Where is the answer? This is verifiable knowledge. This is been tested. The test has been tested. Get out of my face. Get out of my life. I'm not involved. I don't want to be involved. I can't be involved. There's someone trying to run this. He's trying to make it happen. Shakes me off. It squeaks me out. I can't even look. I'm sorry: I can't even look. I'm going to have to make a run for it. I'm going to have to find my moments. And I'm going to have to intervene. I would have to jump on in. I'm going to sit at the desk. I'm going to create my diagrams. I'm going to create my pictures. Is that what you're working for? That's a big wet down. That's a really big let down. None of this is getting anywhere. No one is getting anywhere. I'm not getting anywhere."

"I'm over all this. It's getting in my head. It's bothering me. It's hurting me. We all have something. I want to sort through it all. I'm going to bark at the Moon. I need to quit. This is so different than that. This is much different than that."