

HAJRA

Even though the moon was bright, one star seemed to fill the sky. It spoke of integrity. It spoke of promise."

"Hajra, what are you looking at?"

"I want a way out of here."

Hajra's father was an influential business person. Hajra thought that she might follow in his footsteps. But the opportunity was not there for her. She was studious. And she was committed to her own success. However, it did not seem as if there was much promise if she stayed in her homeland. She had the chance to go to the United States. She hoped that she could make the most of this opportunity to improve her options. She excelled at mathematics, and she wanted to use this skill to her advantage.

For all his guidance, Hajra felt that her father was not giving her the direction that she needed. He would answer all her questions honestly. He probably did not realize the insight that she derived from each nugget of wisdom. However, she needed more encouragement. She was progressing in spite of his resistance. Her mother could hardly offer the support to counter her father's diffidence.

Hajra realized that this impediment was cultural. Even if her father wanted to do more, there was something holding him back. She recognized that there was another side to knowledge. She was fascinated by the social politics that surrounded her. She only felt frustrated that others were not more independent thinkers. For her age, she already had a profound awareness the shortcomings in her culture. She did not pretend that the States offered her answer. But she could use the experience to enhance her personal development.

What was her culture that made her this way? What were the drawbacks to her liberation? She needed to find an independence. Once she started to study, she found a certainty that she has only glimpsed when she was younger. Science helped her get over these denials which stood in her way. She felt strong. Those things which impeded her progress seemed to dissolve. That did not solve anything fundamental. She had the right way thinking. But she felt helpless about herself. Her father had taken something from her, and she saw no way of getting it back. She had not realized the impact of this impediment. But the hurt was so intense. She was like a puppy who had been ignored. Her father had plans for her; however, they had nothing to do with her studies.

She needed to find new strength. She assume that she had the keys to help her escape. She looked at the other students, and they seemed to benefit from a greater knowledge about themselves. She continue to be beset by this self-doubt. And it became more immense.

It was hard to make friends. She wanted to give all of herself. But others seemed suspicious. She could not understand what she lacked.

Hajra realized that other women from her culture had wrestled with the same questions. She started to believe that there was this deep mission which tied her these women. This was so different from what she saw in the States. American women did not seem to have the same fears. But they also lacked an awareness of the deeper struggle of everyone in the world. Even if they were alienated from the world, there was a clearer path to come out of the cold. At times, she was impatient with her fellow students. They did not understand that profound isolation, which

she experienced.

Some American women had been bruised by the system. But they believed that they could rally themselves to some kind of healing. She did not feel the same benefits. She believed that the world needed a more ongoing liberation.

She continue to prepare for her career. But she also made notes for that more profound mission. And she was ready to spread her message. She also recognized that her own pain could stand in the way of her future development. This left her in a vulnerable position. She sought a deeper understanding for herself.

She was not ready to return home. She needed to make a new life for herself here. That was difficult because she still adapting to the customs.

She found a strong territorialization that was difficult to relate to. She was afraid to be open with others. She felt that she would be punished for not acting in the right way. She had escaped the restrictions of her culture, but a new veil descended over her.

This conflict was meant to make her more aware. She was breaking down all these impediments so she could guide the way for others. She did not want to backtrack. She couldn't let anyone take advantage of her. She needed to build a foundation. She needed to cast out all the demons who might interfere with her development.

Her own progress was tied to a political activism. In order to advance as an individual, she would have to take on the social structures which had prevented her growth. She would not be the first. But this gesture would represent a big step. American might believe that their own progress was only a matter of personal choice. She saw it differently. She felt this seismic shift as the basis for a worldwide change. That added to her isolation. But it also blessed her with a stronger sense of empowerment.

For all her assertiveness, she recognized those forces which made her hesitant. Her science did not give her the means to overcome these challenges. And her doubts only left her exposed to people who would try to dominate her.

Hajra may not have even noticed her vulnerability. She felt withdrawn, but she hoped this would protect her from the trespass of others. In this solitude, she was able to create a ritual, which tied her to the inspiration of her own culture. Even if she was cut off, she was creating a new power for herself. And she was motivated by her history. There were these indomitable influences which remained constant. They uplifted her.

Her powerful character stood forth. She could sense that shine which became more permanent. For all her misgivings, she would not let herself be brought down. She needed to steel her will against what might threaten her.

Even in discovering that freedom, she felt this extreme shame. Her knowledge about herself contradicted the beliefs of her culture. And she did not feel entirely comfortable in thinking this way. Her father might try to disown her for being so assertive. She knew too much to go back.

When she first thought like this, it seemed as if the sky was falling. She couldn't even look at the sun. And the night unleashed all these riotous spirits. Nothing could subdue the turmoil inside.

She spent days lost in a stupor. She couldn't find a way to sort it out. She felt all that suffering inside. Then she realized that she had to let go. She had to dispel that feeling once and

for all. This made her more afraid. She wondered if she was going to lose part of herself. It made her sick.

Hajra found this power in nature. She could not succumb to this unhealthy feeling. She worked to dissolve her panic. The promise of leaving her home country was enough to give her needed hope.

Hajra realized that there were energies in the body which could lead to her liberation. But she also feared how these forces could captivate the soul. For that reason, she sought a logical foundation to her quest. In touch, she recognized all the healing vitality in the body. These powers also reminded her of her shame.

The body was the site of this internal battle. She was going back and forth. She was sure that there was such magnificence in her liberation. The pleasure road could wreak havoc with her serenity. She knew how she could get eaten up by these feelings. But there was such appeal. And she wanted to give in completely. But she needed something to anchor these feelings.

She felt herself floating in this nether world. And the currents pulled her everywhere. She could not resist. Everything seemed to flow out of her. She seemed powerless. What had started as the basis to gain new strength left her subject to all these distractions. She let herself get pulled along. She had such a feeling of transience. She could not recover. She threw herself in the confusion. She didn't even try to catch her breath.

This was a new forever. It stretched into infinity. She was now so far out of herself. She could not return to unity. She needed to give in to this explosion. She could not return. She would have to find new contours to the self.

If she slowed this movement, then she would offer the opportunity for that shame to overcome. She would not look back. She needed press on. That was invigorating. She may have lacked for a more sustained understanding. It no longer. She immersed herself in these swirling waters.

She needed to find the source of her bewilderment. That would give her more permanence. She pierced these inner layers. She felt as if she was separating them with her hands. How far did she go?

Her knowledge provided her with a rush. This could not have been more inspiring. She was finding a way to use these feelings without being destroyed by them. She could sense the magic pulse all over.

"I was then hurtled into deepest space. And I was simultaneously beyond myself and rooted in the now. This created a wonderful rhythm. It vibrated through me. And I projected beyond myself. And the process renewed again and again."

"I was in suspense of myself. I surpassed the self."

"There was no will. I needed to give in. I was hurtled out of myself. I could not catch my breath."

"I realized myself in time. The progress was constant. It renewed itself. I was now propelled further. I felt total gratification. There was no longer any separation between me and the feeling. I recognized each stage. This was a total emergence. I was now in the world. There remained this reluctance on my part. And the shame was still there. I no longer made this happen. The world did it on its own."

"I had caused this revelation. And these energies now manifested themselves as this

visual panorama. I felt warmed by this transformation. There was now so much flowing from within. I was everywhere. Nothing could stop me."

"I loved all this flowering. I had established myself within this essential connection. I no longer felt a debt to anyone else. I was supreme. I had escaped from the control."

"I was more than beyond myself. I was without self."

"I was now pure energy."

"You are believing your illusions."

"What are you talking about?"

"You have spent a life where you have been repressed. You veer away from the mainstream, and you think that you have been blessed by the heavens. Hajra, you are caught up in your own silliness."

"How can you speak so reductively to me?"

"You are destroying yourself because you have no foundation for your beliefs. You are mixing religion and spirituality into these confused belief system. And you posit these bizarre feelings to justify your ideas. It is all mixed up."

"I know what I am talking about."

"You do not even have the words to express the stages of your development. You are so afraid of your knowledge. You cannot pretend that you see something that does not even exist."

"What does that mean?"

"You are describing something that has no basis in reality."

"I know my body. Over time, it all makes more sense."

"You are trying to create things that can never exist."

"How dare you say that?"

"How dare you contradict me. I know the source of this power."

"It is desire. Human desire. And you are too naïve to understand these impulses!"

"Desire is an expression of a deeper energy in the universe."

"You are implying things with your abstractions., But nothing corresponds."

"I can describe it, and I feel it."

"Do not try to fool me!"

"This is as real as could be."

"We cannot exaggerate our emotions. They are what they are. You are only feeding your ego."

"That is not how it is happening."

"It is happening as it is."

"I do not want to think that it has to be like this."

"This is how we live it."

"Why do you describe it like this?"

"This is how I live."

"Your imagination is messing with you."

"There is a kernel of truth. And I am connecting to that wondrous awareness. I have been propelled into ultimate revelation."

"Do not commit too much of yourself to this way of thinking?"

"Why are you challenging me?"

"This is how we live."

"Are you sure? What is the basis for this?"

"My emotions are the strongest evidence."

"Evidence of what. Confusion."

"I have mapped it out."

"More tomfoolery. There is no basis for these ideas."

"I fell them in their complexity."

"You are so deep in the madness."

"I have clarity."

I needed to balance these contrary sensations. There was such profound doubt, but these feelings needed to amount for something.

I had been humiliated in my development process. I could try to ignore these sensations and work to become strong. But that was not sufficient. I was only leaving myself wide open to undergo the same kind of aggression. This went back to my upbringing. This fundamental humiliation was built in my education. In the modern world, how could this kind of repression continue? People were willing to foster this same kind of inculcation in other activities in their lives. I needed to break out of that indoctrination. This was not simply a personal endeavor. I needed to isolate those behaviors which fostered this style of domination.

What was there in my nature which provided me the opportunity to discover my liberation? I was seeing the power of that connection. This was not simply an idle observation on my part. I could use this realization to change the course of my life. I could sharpen my analytical skills. I could resist those emotional appeals which dragged me down. I could assert my independence.

As much as these feelings were empowering, there was something more extreme which appeared to hold me back. I needed to discover how that was happening. My radicalization was based on knowledge of my psychology. This was where the battle was occurring. There were forces, who were charged with controlling my life. And there seemed to be little that I could do to resist them. They had gotten so deep inside me.

My father saw me as this protected person. But he did not endow me with the tools for liberation. Given my teaching, I could not even recognize what was needed. I could not find the real magic in my life. When I was attracted to a way of thinking, I could not see the inherent traps, which could lead me astray.

Since I had been put down for so long, I sought a personal salvation. I was willing to throw myself completely in this experience. What was standing in my way?"

I kept coming back to the self. The self was leading me along winding pathways. I found myself returning to my starting point. What was I not facing. I wanted to be powerful. I did not want my culture to rob me of my blessings.

The sun burned deep in my skin. It renewed my power. In fire and water, I found this intersection which made me so formidable. I was marking the contours for my flight. Nothing would slow me down.

I needed to shed my skin. I could sense that pain which still surrounded my being. Only by re-emerging into the light could I find the strength to assert myself.

These powers of revelation were more prevalent. They encouraged me. I felt that I

had the motivation. And this was no longer my story. What did it mean that I would have to engage other women in the same struggle. As we fought on, would the effects become so great that we would feel ourselves sliding back. I craved solidarity. This was fundamental for my radicalization. I was still being held back. I needed to cast off these chains.

As much as I wanted to move forward, there were these impulses, which pulled me back. I wanted to fight, but I felt that I did not have the wherewithal. Why was I facing this hollow. I could not acquiesce. Otherwise, my struggle would come to an end. I would be crushed by the self. I needed to break down these influences. What were these sweet delights which were distracting me. Just to be free was so exciting that I did not realize how much I had been crushed by my circumstances. I rested on my temporary comfort.

She was guarding the front of the junk shop. Her eyes were closed. And she ran her feeble hands along the curtains near the door.

"I think that I see something."

"What do you see?"

"How do you keep yourself together."

"I take lessons."

"That may not be enough."

"I imagine this book. And it gives me ability to predict things for my life. What more can you offer me?"

"You only see what you want to see. You see things that confirm your fondest hopes."

"I hear that you have something for me."

"I need to ask you a few questions."

"I could only assume that you knew the answer to all your questions."

"I practice to end this imbalance."

"What does that mean?"

"What do you want it to mean?"

"I am not like you. I do not know the answer to all your questions."

"What do you really want to know?"

"How can I find happiness? I want to find someone who gets me."

"You are only endangering your own sanity."

"How is that?"

"You are a weak person. You need to figure out why before you give in to your own bullshit."

"This is more nonsense. Do you have some kind of agenda?"

"What could that possibly be?"

"Maybe you are running a cult. You are looking for followers."

"What is a cult?"

"Where your followers do what you say. They do not have minds of their own."

"Do you have a mind of your own?"

"Yes."

"What is your fear of a cult?"

"I hear that a strong leader can manipulate a person to do anything."

"Like bark at the sun."

"I am not like that."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Walk through this door!"

"*"I don't know where you have take me, but I never want to go home again."*

"*Is something wrong?"*

"*No, to the contrary. I am enjoying every moment. I never realized that I could be at such peace with myself."*

"*What is the source of that peace?"*

"*I am totally living in the now. I never thought that I could get to this point. But here I am."*

"*You're just waiting for the other shoe to fall."*

"All these biographies are piled up on these shelves. These are people who I have worked with. They have wanted me to do the story of their lives."

"Do the stories complete their lives? Or does it simply record what they do?"

"*Does self-knowledge improve your plans for life?"*

"*You do what you do. Stories and self-knowledge only give you a sense of control. You end up messing up the same way again and again."*

"*I don't like that version."*

"*Come to my house for some lunch. We can take it from there."*

"*Are we making plans for the world? Are we trying to learn things about ourselves?"*

"*She liked to read books. And she thought that she had the opportunity to do something about her life. For what it was, she really didn't have the ability to change."*

"*Maybe, you are selling her short. If she wants to change, she can find the motivation to change things."*

"There comes a moment in my day when I cannot move a muscle. I stare into the darkness."

"You will help me get over myself."

"*High level learning is all about charting the contours of the self."*

"*The self can be rewritten."*

"*Where did you go?"*

"*I needed to leave."*

"*I never wanted to leave this place. But I felt as if I was already gone. Where was I headed if I sat in place."*

"*You need to learn how time can provide the key?*

"*I am too bored."*

"*You are going to need the discipline if you want to escape."*

"I don't think that I want to go to work again. I need to learn how to sell people on my self-discovery."

"How are you going to do that: create sculptures of yourself?"

"*It became clear that the blessings of self were only creating a new kind of entrapment."*

"You are the most wonderful person who I have ever met."

"I am afraid to escape that responsibility."

"You have earned that."

"Hajra, you should never put that much faith in another person"

“I wasn’t much for this story. I seemed to be going along with something that had nothing to do with me. I would never get what I wanted. I could never deal with this submissiveness.”

“I never want to be one of those people who is easily pleased.”

“That is your wish, Hajra. You want to get control over your own story. But that never works out as you hope. You get lost in these empty promises. You are always two steps ahead of yourself. And you wait to catch up.”

“GO THROUGH THIS DOOR!”

“I thought that we were going to communicate better than this.”

“You need to be more assertive what you want for the world.”

“There comes a point where you can no longer use your need to escape as an excuse for not getting involved.”

“Where is that coming from? What do you want me to do?”

“If you could get me to America, I would be eternally grateful.”

Fiona realized that she would not have to be the same person. She could finally escape her constant self imprisonment.

“They make me fear myself. They would shine lights in my face. They condition me like an animal. I try and not remember. But it was a whole lot worse.”

“I can find someone who might understand my plight better. I hear that everyone in America has a plight. People meet in therapy and share their self disgust.”

“I don’t want to make less of my suffering. But is it only destroying me here. I inhabit a land of incredible poverty. And that only worsens our feelings of inadequacy.”

“I think that I can get you to America. But you are going to have to be cooperative. I don’t want to order you around. But you need to have discipline. You are creating your own reality for once in your life. That is a lot of responsibility.”

“I need you to describe your life in detail. Where are you from? What kind of skills do you have?”

“Steven, I can make you be very happy.”

“I can create happiness for myself.”

“I can do things which can make you happy.”

“What if I want more?”

“Do you want to give me more?”

“Where does any of this come from?”

“We can both be as happy as we need to be.”

“My solitude does not allow me to happy.”

“You can share anything that you want to tell me.”

“There are moments in my life when I never want to leave the house. I don’t know how I could have been created like this.”

“Take one of these and that will make you feel improved.”

“I hate people who complain all the time.”

“I am striving for constant happiness.”

“How do you do that?”

“Do you know what is going on?”

“Who is that?”

"That is Fiona. She is always happy."

"What makes her happy?"

"She lives in happiness?"

"How can that be?"

"When you finally leave the cave and enter humanity, you become amazed by the wonderful skills of human being."

"Where is this going?"

"I am not looking to join a cult."

"I am not looking to create one."

"You can't just come in here and create your own rules."

"What is this ritual part?"

"It is not enough to have an idea. You have to make it fundamental with the body."

"How does that work?"

"You have to learn how to move. You have to dance around the fire."

"I am not sure where this is going."

"You scare me."

"Hajra, this is not meant to scare."

"And Fiona agreed to do anything that you wanted."

"I wanted to know what made her more submissive."

"There is a place where you use your force to make other people do what you want them to do."

"What would you do? You are driven by irresistible impulses. You are like a barking dog. I only have to say the right word."

"I want to get out of this hell hole. I have been on the streets. I have been abused. If you can find a place for me, that would be great."

"You want to use every excuse in the book."

"Time for you to retire."

"I did not embarrass myself. Why are you looking at me so strangely?"

"This is not going to help me."

"I will never get free."

"Lie back in the bed, and I will read to you."

"What are you reading?"

"This book will settle you down."

"I am into facts."

"You influence what you want to see."

"How does that work?"

"You only want to see things that are going improve your situation."

"Even if I see terrible things, I can see them in a positive way."

"I am suggesting that you are unable to see things. That is your condition."

"What are you saying about me?"

"I am telling you that you are unable to control yourself because you cannot even recognize the source of your shortcomings."

"We were never close."

"Do not blame me for that?"

"The world is not right for that."

"Why are you trying to control me?"

"I want to share some ideas with you. Make with them what you will."

"We have to find ways to control the world."

"What do you have in your favor?"

"Don't hurt me."

"Steven, do not hurt me."

"What are you saying? Are you accusing me?"

"I only want to get out of this place."

"I thought that you loved this place. It was the only way to escape the shit in your life."

"I am running out of identities."

"This is a fantasy hut."

"You can't really do what you want to do."

"What just happened here?"

"I don't only want to do this for myself. I want to influence other people. I see myself as an example. I am not telling other people what to do. I am influencing them to be a particular way. That seems fair. They can figure out what they want on their own."

"Honey, I am so proud of you."

"This sense of pride is going to work in a negative way."

I felt that I could tell my story with some clarity. But I had trouble reviewing the more painful episodes. I realized that I did not do enough to escape. However, I started to feel shame. I was blaming myself for doing things that I did not do. And that sense of guils became more prevalent.

"What do you want from me? Should I confess to things which I never did? I felt as if my free will was being taken to me. This was how a cult worked. They made you feel responsible for their torture. They hurt you. They would wear you down. They did things to you. Where did it end up?"

"It wasn't as if I was that confident in what I had. And that only made me more vulnerable. I did not want to dwell on my weaknesses."

"What had taken me to this point? I was not a helpless person. I had skills. But I was making too much of an effort with other people. I had great intentions. But there were running away with me."

"This is getting worse than worse."

"Where did you sign up?"

"I have a rich history."

"That is what is getting in your way. You are admitting to things that are destroying your sense of composure. You are letting other people take the lead. That must be a cultural thing."

"I do what I do. There is not cultural necessity motivating my life."

"These are thing that I do. That is not who I am."

"What are you?"

"Are you a pet lover?"

"When I was growing up, do you know what that mean?"

"I cannot possibly win this."

"This will not go on forever."

"You have to admit to who you are."

"This is terrible for me."

"Where do the clowns come in?"

"The foolish is all inside the head."

"Why did I come here?"

"I can offer you a way out."

"The way out only gets me in worse trouble."

"What is the source of that?"

"The guys who I meet."

"How does that happening?"

"I am too trusting. I have my own life. But I am giving away something important in my life."

"I cannot be that frivolous."

"Who is talking here?"

"Different facets of the same terrible situation."

"We make our own situation."

"You are lucky. You never dealt with a sick fuck. Or you haven't seen his other side."

"Who are you? You could never give me what I need."

"Who can?"

"You can if you transform yourself."

"What would that mean? How do I become someone else?"

"You are like every guy. You are going to just betray me."

He did want to betray me. He would set me up by telling me what I wanted to hear. And I would take that seed and turn into a fully bloomed belief. Why was I doing that again and again? That was all that I recognized.

I wanted someone who could rescue me. If he could only understand what I had been through, I would bless him with my love. I was an affectionate person. I was so full of affection.

"Honey, it is nothing like you think that it is."

"You can't keep treating me like this. You are taking me for granted."

"You are just negative. I am giving you what you need, but you do not appreciate it."

How was I supposed to react? It was obvious that he was taunting me. I could not allow this to keep happening. I needed to make the whistles go off. I was not hearing them. How had things progressed to this point?

Wherever I looked, someone was trying to jump in my game and play referee. I didn't need another person trying to boss me around. Sometimes, I wondered if this was just a human trait. But I would meet these guys who were so understanding. And I let down my guard. It seemed so easy. I was a target, and they would make their move. There was little that I could do.

Sure, some could tell me that this was all my doing. I was glad that they had met such upstanding men. For my part, I kept looking. And there were moments.

I was not saying that these guys were scoundrels. But they seemed that way. And I would do everything that I could to make it work. Even if there was some obstacle, I would give all of my heart. This only made me exhausted. And I would be easy prey for another guy to take

advantage of me.

This needed to stop. I didn't want someone lecturing to me. I needed to work this out on my own. How could I find the strength that I needed?

I would feel as if I was making progress. Then I was back at the beginning with nothing to show. How had I gotten things so wrong?

It wasn't just me. This was the world. Some of these men felt as if they had the license to do what they pleased. I needed to get the distance that I craved. But I had trouble getting the courage. I felt the same.

No one wants to think that she is a pushover. Especially after working so hard on being me, I realized that I still didn't have the skills which I needed to be assertive.

I could go on for days about what I lacked in the commitment department. I was not doing for me what was needed to last through the worst experiences. Wherever I went, whomever I was with made no difference. This was all me.

This was not easy to talk about. Whenever I thought that I had everything in check, I would break down again. This only made me seem like a weakling. I did not have the will to follow through with my plans.

I would get a head of steam. I promised to do things my way. But I kept giving in. I was not depending on a guy for money. I had been to school. I had a great job. That still didn't make me completely independent.

So many of these men acted as if they were my shining knights. What was I doing wrong? Why did they all feel as if they would have to ride in there and rescue me? Did I really seem like a damsel in distress. I did not want to give off that image. I wanted to seem heroic.

Even when I seemed triumphant, I realized that guys were trying to get one over on me. I wasn't doing all this just to remain alone. I needed to be smart.

My plan just wasn't working. I wanted to be an example to others. But I couldn't even do what I needed for myself.

"How did I ever get in this?"

"You told me that you liked me. You wanted to hang out. Then we reached this point. But you have nothing to worry about."

I thought about my childhood. There were times when I needed to be careful. I had a lot of stuff to worry about. I think that I lived in fear. I was told to move to the States. Everything would be okay. And I easily gave in to shit around me. I never thought that this would happen to me. But it knocked me for a loop. It totally destroyed me.

I was giving up way too much of myself. And I never thought that I would have to face this horror again. But there it was, deep inside me.

"I didn't have anymore money. I could not pay for myself."

"I had my money. I had independence. But I continue to have this longing. I don't know where it came from. But it was there and it wore me down. What made me like this?"

"WE ALL CONTROL OUR OWN LIVES."

It was hard to explain what I owed my father. He knew how to get total obedience from me. I realized that would eventually destroy me. For that reason, I needed to get out. But I was looking for a strong man who I could trust. And that only made it worse for me."

"Who are these people?"

"These are my new friends."

"Hajra, you always have new friends. I don't feel as if you can be trusted."

"You are so possessive."

"You explain it to me. I no longer know how to act."

"Do you feel as if our life is coming apart?"

"Who cares for you?"

I needed to things for myself."

"There is a moment when you have to come in from the wilderness. You are not going to be able to survive out there for the rest of your life."

"What does that mean?"

"You end up doing things. You mess it up for yourself."

"Why are you blaming me for what other people have done for me? Is that your excuse?"

I was trying to understand these guys. They showed similar characteristics to my father. These men were used to getting their way. They were charmed by my carefree attitude. When I would challenge them on something, they would lose their temper. There seemed to be a lot more going on. One moment, I would be with this little child. Then I would feel terrorized. It wasn't as if all these guys were like this. And they wouldn't do this all the time. But they would lose their shit. And I had not idea how to defend myself.

It wasn't so much a physical thing. They would try to get in my head. They would blame me for their shit. Where was this coming from?

This would keep going on. I don't know if I was looking in the wrong place. Was I exposing myself to such creeps? I don't want to think that I was inviting them in my life. I thought that these guys liked to party too much, and that might have been a negative.

Even when I met these nice guys, they seemed to surprise. Or else they wouldn't want to hang out with me. I could not figure out how they were like this.

"All this shit is going to get tossed away. We have no idea why this is happening like this. Who are we? And why are we made like this?"

I believed that I had a power to resist this shit. I worked to be resilient. But I could feel that terrible sensation come over me. I hated to think that I needed to do this anatomy of myself. I was on a surgical table. And I was poking around in my own body. I was provoking this pain. I was creating my own discomfort as I sought relief.

"There is always someone who is going to make this right."

"Is this some kind of prediction?"

"I don't see how these stories repeat over and over again. What is the motivation?"

"I don't want to be like this anymore. You can help me. That is why we are together. Hajra, we can help each other."

"Why are you acting like this?"

"I shouldn't be drinking."

"Is that your excuse?"

"I am not trying to make excuses."

"You know what you are like when you drink."

"That is how we met. You should be complaining."

"I never saw this in you until we started living together."

"I told you that I was going through a tough time. I don't want to pretend. That is

how I am. You are the only one who can help me."

"I cannot help you if you are like this."

"Are you telling me that you couldn't discern those qualities in him?"

"I did not make him the way that he was."

"Where is that coming from?"

"You hold something in your hand. You make it mean something. Then it backfires on you."

"I am not going to abandon who I am for bull shit."

"I am not going to abandon who I am for bull shit."

"This is not bull shit. I want to do better."

"You cannot do better on my time. You are hurting me."

"Don't try to destroy me."

"Where does this come from?"

"I can offer you something deep."

"There is no deep."

"I only have so much to give."

"I am doing my best to look into the future."

"I want a future without duds. I am tired of guys who promise everything and deliver nothing. It is not just a matter of having fun. I cannot take it anymore with people putting me down."

"Is this going on forever?"

"At one point, you have to say that this is never going to happen again."

"I have all these things that have been abandoned by others."

"I cannot take you in like some kind of stray sheepdog. Get it together once and for all."

"I think that was all that I had."

"I am good at judging talent. I have an eye. I feel as if I create what I see."

"Where is this coming from?"

"This is already getting late for me."

"I have told you everything."

"You have left out some important details."

"This is way more than I can take."

"You have not seen his art."

"You have not seen my art."

"Does that give you an excuse?"

"It might allow you to see the basis for the turmoil in my life."

"Are you a person in conflict?"

"I am many people."

"I cannot do the work to pull it together for you."

"There is a formula."

"I cannot give my heart to try to understand."

"So there is a formula."

"There is!"

"I am not that good trying to understand."

"I will never be able to understand."

"Why do you expect to be understood?"

"You get me."

"I feel like a prisoner in my own body."

"We both do."

"That should be the basis for getting along."

"But we do not get along."

"All these many characters have nothing in common. They will never be able to get along."

"I am coming out of my body."

"There was a time when we were friends."

"I cannot help you."

"Hajra, you need to be more open to other people."

"Do you want to be sympathetic?"

"You seem to get along. But you want me to follow you. I do not want to take orders from anyone."

How was this becoming so extreme? I was so close to an understanding. And I kept losing my perspective. I should have been more assertive for myself. I should have recognized this personality. It had been with me my whole life.

I didn't need these guys. I didn't need anything that they wanted to give me. Their affection was fake. It was only a lure to get me to do what they wanted.

I did what I could to write a new story for myself. I got better at my career. But I couldn't do this all the time. I would meet friends. And they would introduce me to someone new. I would give this guy a chance, and I would be back to the same thing.

I couldn't keep dealing with surprises. I think that my free spirit made it hard for me. I was trusting people who were no good for me. It would become obvious to me. But I didn't know how to get out of this shit.

I wanted to become more articulate. I needed to explain myself. That became a motivation to write. I needed to explain my story. There so many facets. There needed to be a science. How did I get so caught up in the shit? There was a point when the guy would tell me anything, and I would believe him.

Why would this ever go along this long? I would look at myself, and I would be back in the same place. All this turmoil was weakening me. I was surprised that I had enough for myself.

"I cannot care about these things. I need to move on."

What was I moving on to? Some of these effects were invisible. I did not want to go brain dead. It was so easy to shut off. I was again reliving an incident from my childhood. I did not have the motivation to do what I needed for myself.

Each time, I felt that it was not going to be the same. But I was getting caught up all over again. I almost wanted someone to lie to me.

"I can tell that you have been through a lot of shit. I can help make sure that it is never again going to be like that."

Sammy did not seem to be the same. I felt that I could believe what he was telling me.

"I think that we have to learn how to peer deeply into the soul."

That sounded credible to me. If Sammy was going to guide me to the next level. I would accept his help.

Sammy was a hard worker. His job was a little different than mine. It was more demanding. But I felt that I could deal with his troubles. We could be good for each other. He never pried into my past. He accepted me for who I was. I felt lucky.

It progressed from there. I was hesitant to move in together. I had seen the same pattern. I needed to look deeper into his life. I wanted to understand more about him.

A few times, I felt that he was going to explode. But he seemed to control his emotions. That seemed to be a plus.

He finally agreed to share his story about his father. He father would get drunk and hit him. He couldn't get him to stop. Sammy had run away. He spent time with relatives. But he would end up in the same place. He wanted me to feel sorry for him since he had never shown himself to be cruel, I accepted him. I slowly was becoming drawn in.

"This guy was an artist. And he made me think that I was going to have the life that I wanted. I needed to accept his art. That was only an excuse for him to be the way that he was. That in itself scared me. I couldn't take pretense. I was over excuses. But I had to deal with his rants."

"These emotions would come out of nowhere. He reminded me that he was an artist. His moods were part of the creative process. I didn't find him creative. And his process was destroying me."

"I don't want to be myself anymore. I met this guy who is going to help me be right. I can finally get away from all the shit."

"I need you to help me feel good about myself."

"How are you going to do that?"

"We all have our ways. We can be affectionate."

"You know enough about me already."

"When people start to ask me uncomfortable questions, I realize that I need to get out."

"I did not have the same excitement about my life."

"I realized that my numbness was destroying me. It was causing me to become someone who I did not recognize. I hated how I had become spun around by more bull shit."

"Hajra, you are getting boring. You cannot say what you want once and for all."

"You are trying to make me be like you, Steven. I need to figure out what has been happening to me."

"I want to get you fucked up."

"I have been dealing with so much shit. And it keeps continuing. Anything that you can do to help me stop it."

"Where can I go?"

"Come back to my place."

"I woke up. I had no idea who I was."

"What is this about?"

"He told me to come back to his place. I was so fucked up that I could not move. I felt trapped. I was helpless. He was pretty much the same so it did not become something insane."

"Fiona, shit happened to you."

"What do you mean?"

"Bad shit. Shit that you do not want to talk about."

"Where is this coming from?"

"I can tell that something serious is coming over you."

"You can't tell me what to do."

"This is no longer my life."

"Things could be a lot worse for me."

"Some people enjoy their lives."

"I am sure that other people dealt with a lot worse shit than I did. There were people who were trapped in a desperate situation. They had not money of their own. They depended on cruel people for their survival. I never wanted this to happen to me. I was still too vulnerable."

"Are you doing something to me? Are you making me a way that I do not want to be? This should have been completed long ago."

"There is a point when you fear for your life. And you are willing to do anything to make it right."

"Who is making it right?"

"I can promise you things."

"I do not want to move. I do not want to think about this."

"Mommy, I dropped potato chips all over the car."

"Do you want a snowball?"

"This is so sweet for me."

"You are doing this to yourself."

"I want so much sweet. It will help me forget."

"I want to get to know myself better without any distractions."

"You cannot make two versions of the same decision."

"You are indecisive."

"I can help."

"You are smug as fuck."

"That is what I like in a man."

"That is what I hate in a man."

"This could be your life."

"What do you want from me, Hajra. I cannot give you these things."

"Can you even give me what I need?"

"There is this point when I am willing to give everything that I have. Is that going to be destructive for me?"

"How much better can you get?"

"I want the healing process to start."

"How much of myself would I have to surrender?"

"You think that you are getting a life."

"Why do you think that you can speak for me?"

"We have spent all this time together. It is leading to this point. THIS POINT DETERMINES THE NEXT POINT."

"There is no common reality."
"That is preventing you from progressing."
"I need to catch a ride."
"Why are you in my fucking dream?"
"You invited me in here."
"I have been trying to get away from you."
"Here, I am right in the middle."
"You make your own reality."
"I do not make these nightmares. I cannot let this happen."
"You can drink it and get out."
"Is this a potion?"
"You brought it in here. You should know."
"THIS POINT DETERMINES THE NEXT."
"Do not hit me on the nose."
"Do you care for me?"
"This is coming later on."
"I always make silly choices."
"I need you to care for me."
"Carry me over to the next step."
"Let us get some pizza."
"This is easy."
"Should I roll around."
"This goes into the nether zone."
"I have fond my competition."
"I am falling out of my own life."
"You need to hold on to your dreams."
"Everyone says that to me."
I wanted to do a book that other young women would understand.
"Why bother? You cannot do that until you understand."
"I want to wake up in the magic house."
"What do you want Fiona?"
"I want a place with heat. I hate being threatened."
"What is happening to the personality?"
"It is a reaching a point when no one will be affected."
"My numbness is important for my survival."
"Do not abandon me like this."
"This is so complex."
"What is your problem."
"I cannot create happiness for myself."
"I need pictures to make me excited about myself."
"You only need to feel it."
I felt that I had my life under control.
"Who is Fiona?"
"Someone I met online."

"Does she have what I have?"

"You are real. She is barely existent."

"She exists somewhere."

"She wants me to rescue her."

"You were supposed to rescue me."

"I made some choices."

"I am being pursued by my enemies."

"What is divisibility?"

"The Martian language."

"She is among us."

"Bingo."

"You have a phone call."

"Is there an intruder?"

"She could be a surrogate."

"I want to be with someone who can love me, not just someone who wants to use me. I hear about this girl who lives for pleasure. I do not want to be like that. I want something permanent."

"I want someone to appear to me. I want to be blessed."

"We share nothing in common."

"We have bodies."

"You are destroying me. You are wearing me down."

"I am trying to be myself."

"That never works when someone is trying to wear you down."

"Let us go get a snack."

"I opened this door, and I felt as if I was in another country."

"I want to come to America. I want to find someone who can care for me."

"I didn't like how this was happening. I wanted my own life, but I was walking into someone else's."

"I will survive."

"How does that work?"

"This is the last stage."

"The night has a lot to reveal."

"Sammy, you promised to be different."

"You are like all the others."

"I have not hurt you."

"You are so dreamy."

"I do not believe anything that you are saying."

"I will say what you want me to say."

"I am comatose."

"You are everything that I wanted to be."

"Who is going to do this for me?"

"No one told me that this was happening."

"Wake me up!"

"This is your new life."

Sammy was never honest with me. I am not sure what he wanted from me. Whatever it was, I felt the terror come over me.

"Who is going to save me?"

This monster was dragging himself through the apartment. What had come over him? This was someone who I thought that I knew. I could not look him in the face. He had transformed into this total fright. What had made him this way?

I needed to run. I tripped. And he grabbed my leg. I kicked him.

What would have made him better. How could he have been subdued? He was stronger than I realized.

"I am not really like this. Something came over me."

"Something keep coming over you."

"I understand the origins of all these feelings of yours."

"I caught up. But I was late."

I pushed him against the wall. I ran and ran. He was right behind me."

"This is weirder than you know!"

"This is scaring me."

"I was never part of this."

What did he say? I was not sure what was the source of his words.

"It is my turn to tell you some things. You are not the person who you think that you are. You have these ideas to be an intellectual. You like pleasure. And you are driven by your desires. You are fucking with me so bad."

"Do not try to stop me!"

"Have a drink, and try to settle down."

"I cannot settle down."

"This is hideous."

"Are we working?"

"I know why this is so."

"Why is this so?"

"You are no different than me."

"I do not hurt you."

"You hurt me emotionally."

"That is not the same thing."

"I try to love you. But you hurt me. So I have to hurt you back."

"That is not love."

"You are so into yourself, Hajra."

"Do you think that you are teaching me a lesson. This shows how awful that you are."

"I am not like you."

"Who is making this happen?"

"What is the data?"

I wanted him to go. But I was giving him these openings . He acted as if the wanted to reconcile. He would work to get himself together. But there was no unity. He was weak as shit."

"Can you help me?"

"Sammy, you need to leave."

“You made me this way.”

“You are brilliant.”

“Do you think that we can be friends?”

“You want a friend. But you destroy your friends.”

This was not a game. I would hide. Then he would find me. He would beat me. He was merciless. He would imply that I had done something. I wanted to leave once and for all. I did not want to be affected by him. How was he able to do what he did?

My father had broken me down with his taunts. But he had never been like this. My father was trapped by his culture. Sammy thought this was permitted. And he would crush me. He would let me recover. Then he would attack again.

What had brought me to this point?”

Someone had ripped the heart from me. I needed to reach deep inside. I needed to stop all this.

There were surely way that I could find a part of myself which would not be affected in this way. I was a victim of my own belief. There seemed to be this place of respite. Sammy would skulk around. He had held himself back. How had he done it? Now, it was so obvious. This side of him would emerge. And he would beat and beat and beat.

When he finally retreated, I was sure that he could not live with his monstrous nature. I sought to get away. I needed total rescue. He realized how he could use my emotions against me. That merciless power was so dominant.

I breathed deeply. I needed to steel my will.

Why was it so difficult to get away? He became superhuman. He had this great power. He had this intense strength. He was so intensely cruel.

I felt as if the heavens were falling down upon me.

I would pick myself up. Then I would get knocked down.

I lay there numb. I told me that I was not there. As he came down upon me. I found this other place. The pain would crackle through me. I was not in myself. He would never find me. I was no longer in the flesh.

He would be so dominant. There seemed to be little hope. I needed to find a light

I would get torn in the storm.

These waves would shake me back and forth. Nothing could ever save me. I was retreating deeper and deeper into myself.

I did not want in my head. He found a way to scar me so deeply. I needed a more constant strategy

He picked me out of crowd. It was almost as if I willed him to come to me. He seemed so genuine. He was everything that I needed at that moment. And he simply appeared.

There had been so much sadness in my life. I felt that he would offer me something which I lacked. He would make me feel great about myself. And that hope radiated all through me.

He knew how to say the right things. He knew the present and the future. And he enabled me to let go of the past. This was blessing for me.

When he touched me, I melted in his hands. I entered this dream world. He could have

told me anything, and I would have believed him. I believed everything that he told me. I felt wanted.

I moved up with him. I surrendered myself to him. His world became my world.

How did love become suffering? I was full of this terrible shame. I had a job. I had skills. But I could not make my own way. I was depending on this hideous man. And he made me seem as if I was nothing.

I felt that every time that I left here, I would have to come right back. Even if I escaped, he would find me and bring me back. He was there to destroy me. He was so clever. He made it seem as if the world hated me, and he was the only who could help. I would be out by myself, and people would give me the strangest looks. I thought that he was right. And I would rush back home. I would tell him what I had learned, and he would give me a backhand for doubting him. He would deceive me every time. I remember the taunting from when I was young. I would still hear those same words. My solitude was so extreme. The only place that I could escape was at home.

The monstrous feeling would be everywhere. I would be in a corner of the bed with the covers wrapped around me. He would pull them off me.

I was completely helpless. He was full of monstrous anger. And it built and built. Each time that he exploded, the tremors would issue forth from deep in the earth. My body wasn't just shaking. The world quaked all around me.

If he did such terrible things to me, there must have been something so wrong with me. I was punishing myself in the inside. My lover was my persecutor. And I became his ally in delivering me for his punishments. He took my submissiveness for granted. That only made it easier to intimidate me.

I never realized that someone could be so devious. For so long, I had believed his professions of love. I wanted to think that he had my best interest at heart. Even when he corrected, I tried to figure out what I had done wrong. His incredible rage left no doubt.

I would care for my wounds. I would wonder how things had gotten this far. But it would occur again and again. I didn't have the strength to battle against him.

There were a few times when I almost had the courage to make my own way. He seemed to realize what I was thinking. And he would do what he could to make me feel great. He would praise me. He would caress me. But behind that velvet touch, I could sense that firm grip. And he would not give me enough space to assert my independence. His cruelty would gain surface, and he would crush me again.

I would go numb. I would be lost in my helplessness. He seemed to anticipate my every mood. He felt that my temporary escape only prepared me for further degradation. And he knew all the tricks in the book. He could create so much pain without destroying my body. My body became his constant target, and his anger showed no let up.

How did he hold me in place? He was hypnotic. I tried to breakdown these feelings. But they were so universal. He had impressed this force field so deeply. And I could do nothing to pierce its effects.

I understood the curse. That did not diminish its effects. It was in the skin. It was in my bones. It had no limits.

I would panic. I would feel dizzy. I would feel sick to my stomach. I could sense this

disorder come over me. And I would get pulled in by its effects. The ache would be so intense. All this was happening without his intervention. He had that kind of effect.

Even in recognizing these influences, I turned to him for assistance. I acted as if he was the one to carry me out of these dark moments. I was so deluded, and he loved every minute of this.

The darkness persisted. There was nothing which would make it go away. The more that I fought off these feelings, the more that they remained. And the hollow inside of me grew deeper.

Marra knew what was happening with me. She had advised me over and over again to leave Sammy. I tried to follow her advice. She even offered me to stay in her place. I was sleeping in her guest room. And I felt that I had won my freedom.

“You don’t want to go back to him.”

“That is the furthest thing from my mind.”

I drank coffee at her kitchen table and celebrated my victory. I wasn’t even going to go to work. I had called in. They knew my story. There were all sympathetic.

I had moved to the living room. I relaxed. I was surprised how easy it was to put Sammy of my mind. All the scar tissue had seemed to disappear. I felt relieved.

I promised myself that I was going to do what I needed to protect myself. This was a safe house. Sammy was not going to come to Marra’s. I could use her help to transition into something permanent. I had a job. There were loads of people on my side. This should have made me feel strong.

I was learning something new about myself. I never realized how much confidence I really had. This seemed to be a lesson for me. But there was still something that didn’t seem right. I hardly knew how explain it.

When Marra came back to the house she figured that something was off. She didn’t want to say much because she didn’t want to provoke me. She understood that it wouldn’t take much for me to return to my place. And she wanted to make sure that I didn’t make a silly mistake.

I sensed everything closing in on me. I shouldn’t have felt so weak. This was not the time to give in. I still had the power. But I felt myself in his hands. And he was squeezing hard.

I took a glass of wine. This should have been enough to settle me down. It did not. That fire quelled inside. Sammy might as well have been in the room. He was doing his act.

I had no idea what I was going to do. I almost felt as if the dog was not being fed. There was something had home that required my attention. And the obligation became extreme.

I needed another glass of wine. Fortunately, the wine only made me sleepy. I was not going to go back even if I felt the urge. The push became more intense. But it only seemed to tucker me out. I fell asleep on the couch. Marra put a blanket over me.

When I woke up that starkness of the morning was so dominant. I jumped in my car in the hopes that I might get some clothes before he was up.

“I knew that you would be back.,”

“Sammy, it’s not like that.”

At that moment, I was sure that he was going to kill me. This was his punishment for doubting me. I felt as if I was sacrificing myself. I opened my arms as if I was ready to surrender.

He hugged me as if he wanted to comfort me. I couldn't trust a second of this.

"I am going to have to get to work."

"Don't you have anything more to say?"

Did he want me to apologize? I hardly felt ready to say anything. I decided to shower. I gathered together my clothes. I had no idea what I was doing. He blocked the door on me.

"Where are you going?"

"It is still early. I do not want to miss work."

"Where have you been?"

"I needed some time by myself."

"Sometimes, I need time by myself. But I am not selfish like you."

"I am not selfish. I needed to survive. I needed some time on my own."

He still did not leave the way clear. I did not want to wait for him to make up his mind.

He was only scaring me.

"I am going to go."

He glared at me. I was ready for whatever he was going to dish out. Instead, he just let me pass.

"I hope that you are going to be back home tonight."

How was I supposed to act? I didn't even reply. I jumped in my car, and I drove away. I was shaking all the time. For a moment, I thought that he had changed.

Marra called me later. She didn't want me to go back to the house again.

"You can't trust him."

I agreed, "You are right."

At work, I spent my time catching up for the time that I missed. I was busy every second. I was drained. When it was time, I didn't give it a second thought. I jumped in the car and drove back to the house. It was totally automatic.

"Where have you been?"

"I was at work."

"You are late."

"I had a lot of work."

What had I gotten into? This wasn't just automatic. I felt strong enough to face anything that he had to share. But this was scary. It was not what I expected. He had caught me off guard. And I had totally played into his game. What the hell was I doing here. It made no sense whatsoever. I had waltzed back into the trap. I did my best trying to understand why.

I went through these breathing exercises to restore some balance. My head was everywhere. Then I felt the blow. It leveled me. I was flailing on the ground. He did not stop. He started to kick me.

"You lied to me."

I could barely speak: "What are you talking about?"

The nightmare was returning. After the beating, I retreated to my room. My whole world was crashing down. I waited until he had gone to bed. I darted to my car and went back to Marra's.

"I hope this is the last time."

She helped clean me up and bandage my wounds. I took some pain killers to ease the

hurt. I should have gone to the police. I had every reason to have him arrested. I couldn't do it. I still that there was an ounce of decency in him, I hadn't meant to piss him off so. I felt sorry for what I had done. I had not told him what I was doing. We were not supposed to be living like this. He managed to get in my head again. I was forgiving him even as my whole face looked like a mess. How had my life degenerated so much? I couldn't accuse him. I only felt bad for myself.

I thought about my childhood. I still felt unclean. Anything that he did was something that I deserved. This could not have been more ghastly. It only made him more powerful. I could still feel the stings of his blows. I felt the twinge even in places where he had not touched me. That was how he worked. He was so extreme.

The revulsion overcame me. The nausea rolled over me. I was overcome. My sickness has no end. He wanted me to feel guilty. He was doing his best to make his point.

There was no way to go back to the apartment. I was sure this time. Marra made sure that I felt at home. When I finally got back to work, they were completely understanding. I still was swamped. I even agreed to work some weekends.

Overtime, I realized the correctness of my decision. It had been a couple of weeks. I still had my key. There were things in the apartment. I waited for a time when I knew that he would not be there. I packed some suitcases and took everything that I needed. I went back for the last things.

"I knew that you would be back."

I did not want to say a thing to him. I took everything out to the car. I was about to drive away when I saw him come out. He seemed calm.

"I am sorry for everything."

"You can't say that anymore."

"I realize that there is this bad side to me. It comes from my father. I told you everything that he did. I have been seeing someone. All that is in my past."

"That is great, Sammy, but it has nothing to do with me anymore."

"I realize that I messed up so badly. And I will never do that again."

"I am not the person who needs to hear this."

I simply drove away after this. I didn't hear from him for a while. Then I got an email. He reasoned through everything that he did. I was seeing another person. And I wanted to give him another chance. I wasn't sure how this was going to transpire. I couldn't go back. Marra promised not to let me go back.

He ended up buying me a dog. I thought that this was so wrong. But I love the little poodle. Everything seemed to right. Marra told me not to take the dog. I felt sorry for the poor thing.

I thought about everything that Sammy had said. I wanted to make him okay. I felt that I knew enough both of our childhoods to offer him the support that he needed. That only made me feel stronger. I moved back in.

One dinner, I had forgot to bring a dish to the kitchen. He stared at it for a long time. I was ready for him to blow up.

"I'll take care of this honey."

"The therapy had appeared to be successful. It hadn't been that long, but this was

surprising. I had so many issues from my childhood. I wanted to talk to his therapist.

“Sammy, I would really love to talk to your therapist.”

“I have his card in my car. Let me get it to you in morning.”

In the morning, we were both in a rush to get to work. I didn’t even give it a second thought that evening.

Our lives seemed to be improving. We had never got along so well. I was overjoyed that this had transpired so wonderfully.

My little puppy would run around the house with such exuberance. This couldn’t seem more perfect.

He reminded me, “I need to get you my therapist’s card. I never was one for therapy before.”

I was truly impressed. He told me that he was still going for sessions. There were these moments when he seemed to become overcome by his frustration. But he always found a way to deal with it.

He did mention to me, “You need to keep an eye on that puppy. I don’t want him making a mess.”

“He will be okay.”

I kept watch over the little dog. I did not want him to be the source of our dissension. But the questions started to add up. There was so much that I was wondering about. Whatever was going on his head, he was able to mask his feelings. And I did what I could not to let on. The harmony continued to reign supreme.

Marra tried to warm me. But I was having none of this. I felt that trust was the new watchword. If he was doing nothing wrong, I continued to give him the benefit of the doubt. That made if all the problems had been solved.

One evening, I came home, and the door of the apartment was wide open. He was holding the puppy. I was sure that there was something seriously wrong. I saw him holding the puppy. There seemed to be something seriously wrong.

There was such sadness in his eyes. When he saw me, he let down the dog. Then he closed the door.

“I was waiting for you. We were waiting for you.”

I was expecting some kind of punishment. There was none. Everything seemed satisfactory. He had prepared dinner. We ate, and I joined him in bed later.

“Hajra, I do not trust him. He has never told you who the therapist is. I don’t think that there is one. He is holding it all in. And he is planning.”

“You do not realize how great it is. It will be all right.”

She would not go along. She was still frightened from the beatings.

“People change.”

“Not this person.”

“I have changed.”

“You have a good heart.”

“That is not what I am saying.”

I felt that this was a loving man. No one had ever given him a chance. He was like the little dog. He needed affection. Once he received this affection, he would become more giving.

I was there to help him work through his confusion.

There was so much uncertainty in my life. I knew what it was to be a sympathetic person. I needed to draw on my strength.

The dog reminded me of our love. It spoke of hope and renewal. It reminded me of a deeper faith.

I sat on the couch and petted the Courage. I felt elated. I realized how forgiveness could redeem us from our ignorance. The magnificence was reassuring. I never realized that I would have to face such misery. But we had been able to make it through the worst.

I recognized a power in humanity. We could redeem ourselves. We could take find redemption even as we were weighed down by immense discomfort.

I could look to the sun and see that force which gave me vitality. I felt that Sammy had proven Marra wrong.

“Never become too overconfident!”

Sammy was having problems at work. He was doing his best to contain his frustration. But Courage started to bark uncontrollably. I had no idea why he was so skittish. Sammy tried to quiet him down. But he kept barking. Then Sammy struck him.

He just stared at me. The dog kept jumping up and down. And Sammy was glaring at me. And it came out of nowhere. He hit me with a right hook. I flew across the floor. I tried to brace myself. He was livid. He was coming at me. Courage did what he could to protect me. I tried to run out of the apartment, but Sammy caught my leg. I went down again. I kicked him away, but he pushed me into the wall.

This was so unpleasant. His anger was limitless. He beat me over and over again.

“Please stop!”

I was sobbing.”

“You have a choice. I will stop beating you. Instead, I will hit the dog!”

What was he saying?”

“I am going to beat you, or I am going to beat Courage. This is your choice.”

This was not a choice. I pushed Courage out the door. I heard him barking from outside. He was safe, but I was not.

Even though I had saved the dog, Sammy was still angry about it. He wanted to catch the dog and show him who was boss. Fortunately, Courage knew what was going on. He ran away. At that moment, I locked the door to the apartment.

“You need to go, or I will call the police.”

“This is my place.”

“I lived here before you. And it is my name on the lease.”

He started to bang on the door with all his might. At that point, I called the police. As I waited, the banging seemed to end. He was gone when they arrived.

“Mam, will you be okay.”

I was not going to wait for him to come back. He had friends. But he also had a key. Even if his main set of keys were in here, he would eventually be able to open the door. I told the police that I was going to a friend's. This time, I was able to put everything in one suitcase. I thought that I was out for good. I was able to find Courage. He rushed to me when I went out. Sammy was nowhere to be seen. He had probably gone to a bar to be with his supporters.

I had not expected this result. Everything about Sammy seemed to say that he had gotten his temper under control. But the trouble at work had pushed him further down. And he took it out on me. I remained too sympathetic.

I was now sure that there had been no therapist. How was he able to get his emotions under control? Marra told me that he had been planning this all along. I could not even believe that someone could hold these feelings in check. Perhaps, he really had tried to control his emotions. I did not realize that he has that strength. Whatever happened, I had little control over what had happened. He had allowed his monstrosity reappear. I felt more victimized than ever. Sammy had worked so hard at trying to make me feel that things were right. There was nothing right whatsoever.

Sammy was finally out of my life. I met with the apartment manager. We were able to rent the place to someone new. I stayed with Marra for a while. I finally found a place of my own. He knew nothing about my new residence.

After all the turmoil, I felt that I needed to talk something. There was a great deal that I was forced to work through. I was all wrapped up with guilt. I kept blaming myself for what Sammy did. At the same time, I recognized how I was all wrapped up with years of guilt. Try as I might, I couldn't let it go.

Marra was proud that I had made so much progress. But we both recognized that there was a long way to go. I couldn't let another Sammy come into my life. I found things to do which helped me to break away from these influences. My whole culture had led me to this place. I needed another culture.

"I wonder where Sammy is."

"You do not want to be wondering that kind of stuff anymore."

"Maybe, he has finally committed to entering therapy."

"Sammy is a damaged person. He wants love, but he does not know how to love. That is the source of his immense cruelty. He is trying to get back at his father who was so ruthless. He thinks that he can draw people in with his kindness, then he will destroy them. That is how he worked it with you. He is a distorted human being. He will always be like that."

I wanted to take the pieces together and put them together in a the proper way. This would make me feel accomplished. I had given so much of myself to this relationship. I hadn't wanted it to fail. It was doomed because I expected too much from someone who was a monster. He had fooled me about his nature. But I really thought that his disorder was something which I could break down. This seemed desperately important to me. I believed what he told me. He wanted to overcome the abuse. He did not want to remain a victim. But the cruelty was so much part of his being.

This was not just personal. This was a culture. He had experienced this feeling when he was a boy. It had been passed on. And he trapped me in the same prison. No wonder, it had been nearly impossible to break away. I wanted this to be a family. I wanted to take care of him. He never understood what it meant for someone to care for him. Therefore, I scared him. And he overreacted. His sadism took over. And I was only a witness to this. There was no possibility to counteract his motivation.

"My politics is based on a belief that we can reach people. But men often feel that they can dominate the weak. Men need to be more concerned about their anger. It can have such

terrible results. I want to teach women to be strong. When a woman is not strong, she does not take the necessary precautions. She can be dominated by an abusive guy. She many not see any of the signs. I want to do what I can to help woman to see their power.”

“You still believe that Sammy can be rehabilitated.”

“His culture made him a monster.”

“But he is only reinforced by that culture. There is nothing that you can do to disrupt those influences.”

I did not want to give in to that assessment. I was still searching for the key. I did not want to go back to Sammy, but I needed to cast off my own weakness. Why was I so drawn to Sammy? He knew how to use his charm, but there was more to it. I wanted to mother him. I felt sorry for him I recognized how terrible his father had been. That was enough to encourage me to remain with him even during the complete disasters.

This was dangerous for me. I was too impressionable. My naivete had made me susceptible to all his tricks. That only made him more committed to messing with me. And there was little that I could do to resist. I was caught in that same loop with him. I would pull away, and the orbit would pull me in again.

I held Courage tightly. He said everything to me. This was what I needed. I felt that Courage never really liked Sammy. He had protected me against Sammy. Sammy might have killed me. Courage lured him away. Then he hid as he waited for me. That was all that I needed to call the police. And I was able to leave easily.

Courage stood watch. He was my emotional reminder that I could not go back to Sammy. I no longer had any doubts. But Courage was able to grant me the fortitude to make that final break.

“Are you sure that Sammy will never run into you?”

“We do not share common friends. There is little that holds us together. We both live in our own worlds. And time has built this barrier to protect me.”

I felt as if I was inspecting these barricades, and I needed to make sure that nothing could would allow Sammy back. There was nothing that he could do ever to get me back. I did not want him to remember me. I did not want any of his emotions to affect me in any way.

My therapist worked with me. It was next to impossible to get rid of all these errant traces, which had gotten so deep inside me. That was what had me coming back. My therapist was like a surgeon as she isolated these parts. She eliminated the cancer. Then it was gone once and for all.

I kept fearing that he would populate my nightmares. I would cast him out of my life, but he would be right there waiting. What was it that kept a ghost lingering in the unconscious. I needed to learn how to use these effects to my benefit. I could not let the ghost assume full form. This was all too much for me. I was already too far besides myself.

Even after the wounds healed, there remained this residual tenderness. Beyond my numbness, there was this immense hollow. And I was so sensitive. I could hardly relate with others. The tiniest effect would send me for a spin. I was so pulverized. There were barely any defenses on my part.

I went out with Marra. We were having great fun. We were dancing and singing along to the music. We felt so happy. Then this weird feeling hit me. I looked into the crowd, and I was

sure that I had seen him.

"Look over there."

"Hajra, I do not see a thing."

"Look. That is Sammy."

I actually walked up to the guy. It was only when I was up next to him that it was obvious that it was not him. Could my therapist help me with my imagination?

"That is only natural that things like that will happen."

"It still was a little scary."

"Hajra, you are safe."

I needed to be safer. At home, I petted Courage. He gave me everything that he could. I lay awake on my bed for a while. I did not want to enter the nightmare world. But there was nothing to worry about. I did not see Sammy in the crowd. He was not in my dreams. I had finally gotten rid of him forever.

At work, I felt a new motivation. Everyone recognized my struggle. They credited me for my development. This showed in my success. There was nothing which interrupted my progress.

Courage would scurry around my apartment. He was so joyous.

One night he started barking uncontrollably. This recalled the night with Sammy. I looked around in the hopes that I could figure out. After I petted him, he stopped. He only needed some love.

"Have you forgotten about me?"

"How did you find me?"

"You are easy to find. Everyone knows at work."

"No one at work betrayed me."

"I have my ways."

"You can leave now. And let go of my dog."

"Your dog likes me. I should say my dog. After all, I should say my dog since I gave him to you."

"You're still such a prick."

"Aren't you happy to see me?"

"Sammy, you aren't supposed to be here."

"I am here."

"What are you here for? To kill me."

"Don't think that I haven't given it a thought."

"What does that mean?"

"You are always in my thoughts. We are not meant to be apart. We are supposed to be together forever."

"We cannot be together ever again."

"You cannot say that!"

"It has to be like this."

"Hajra, you are hurting me."

"I am telling the truth. You need to hear the truth."

"You need to hear my truth."

"You have no right to any kind of truth."

"Hajra, you cannot say that."

"You cannot do anything to change this."

"That is why I am here. I am going to show you what I can do."

"What about your therapy?"

"There was no therapy. You knew that."

"I do not want you here."

"Down deep, you need me!"

"You cannot speak for me. You can never speak for me."

"I know you better than anyone."

"You never knew me. You tried to put yourself inside my head. But you were never a part of me. You only fucked me. And I don't want that feeling ever to be part of me again."

"I think about you. I cherish you. I want to be part of your life."

"Let me go! Let me go!"

"Do not hurt me anymore!"

Courage started to run around the apartment. She was barking. She was jumping on Sammy. I wanted him to leave. I did not want him to interfere any more.

How had he gotten in? There need to be a point when these ideas were no longer part of my life. I needed to redo my brain. I needed find solace away from these terrible memories.

"How did he get in?"

"I am not even sure that it was Sammy. I don't want that to ever come upon me again."

"What occurred?"

"He seemed to come out of the shadows."

I made sure that the doors were locked tightly. There was no way that anyone was going to invade my space. I could keep him out forever. He would never disturb my serenity.

"I did not create this person. He snuck into my world. He tried to impose his order. It really had nothing to do with me! Every time, that I cast him out, he would do his best to insinuate himself back inside."

"How does he keep coming back?"

"He created this false me. And he held on to me as if I was a doll. I did not want him anymore. But he kept filling in the picture. He tried to make me fit. I did not fit. It is going to become harder to forget him than it was to live him. But I am doing a good job. I cannot give in to the horror."

"Horror means that he can appear at any place, any time."

"I need to find that break. I have so much more in me. I do not want him to destroy my world. So I go on."

"It is great that you will not allow him to infiltrate."

Had I been that successful? I realized that he had the power to kill me. I had seen a similar force disrupting my life as I grew up. I had fought against it. I did not see it as having the power to get inside my head. But that was why I had been seeking an escape. And my escape became my prison. How had I been so deluded by my own dreams.

The self could so easily derail our plans. I was only understanding all these cumulative effects. I had felt sidelined from my own life. I did what I could to extricate myself. But I could

not figure out any kind of true separation. These sensations would well up inside me. Marra could give me the support. But she did not understand the contradiction. And that had made me so subject to Sammy's manipulation.

I needed more. I was so dependent on others. I did not want to be like this. I still could not figure out who I was. I was no longer helpless. I couldn't understand how to put it together.

"You need to get out more!"

"Marra, that is how I messed up in the first place. I thought that Sammy could give me what I needed. I should have realized that no one could bless me in that way. I needed to find that power in myself. But there was no self to release that power."

"You have your strength."

"I am not even sure of that. I do not want him to haunt me."

"Close your eyes!"

My skin now burned with this power. It said what needed to be said. I had been subject to such denial. Now, everything was affirmation. I was now committed to understanding my physical liberation. I had let all that energy fade into the cosmos. I needed to hold it in. I need to concentrate it. It could build and focus. Creation originated with this concentration. And it radiated out until it covered the whole universe. I welcomed this magnificent transcendence. I was so out of myself that I returned to the body. And I found glory and triumph in this return.

I had repressed all these powers within. Now there was no doubt. This was my eternity. No one could take this from me. I did not any supplement. This was complete in itself. I was learning a language which was without equal. It spoke by its presence. I had been absented from myself so I needed to grasp this emergence.

I needed a touch which could bring alive all these energies. The universe pulsed with these vibrations. And I threw myself into this flux. I needed to recognize that there was a unique history in this manifestation.

My memory was now attuned to this sequence of awakening. My body had always been open to these sensations. But there was so much which distracted me from myself. I needed clearer guidance.

I entered a program which would help me understand my place in these currents. I was learning how to unleash these powers in a very concrete way. I could rub my finger along my shoulder until words would emerge. This was my liberation in the making. I was rewriting the commandments. They were taking new meaning on the body. What was this tension? I needed to understand these principles.

How had evolution taken me to this place? I had only been surviving. I needed to find a more sustained joy. What could I change in the world? How had I been charged with this illustrious mission? I thought about my shortcomings. I was discovering an addition in each subtraction.

What had been taken from me? I had lost my place on the earth. I needed to appear from within the sand. This gave me the needed fullness. This was immediacy. I was not looking for satisfaction in this way. But this was how it made itself know. The caress was everything. I was touched from on high. Would I accept this invitation? I made this entity part of me. I sought for acknowledgment.

There was this doubling in my existence. I was drenched in sweat. The body was

manifest in its presence. It was standing outside of itself. The heat was immense. There was this flash, an explosion. Then I felt that perfection in myself. The blast. I could not contain it.

How could I have been transformed by this moment? I needed to marshal everything in my being to keep on in this total realization. And I had only taken the first step in my emergence. I was being shaped on this ancient sand. These chemicals were mixing together. They had these explosive powers. But that was hardly enough. My body could easily slip back into the sludge.

I needed to find a grip. I sought a constancy. I needed something which I could sustain through all these variations.

I had brought so much to this experience. That was hardly enough.

I reached my hands up to the heavens. I want the heavenly rain to renew me. I was still on the surface. I was easily getting pulled back. This was not about the past. I was making the now. I brought my hands together to capture this gesture.

I understood something about creation, but I had returned to the origin. There was the possibility of a coincidence. There was only this lingering appeal for something more.

The water flowed off my body. I needed to start over. Where were the new points of creation? How could I read the revelation on my body. What did I now recognize? This was the point between creation and ritual. The ritual was instituted as a way of recording the progress of creation.

Hunger best described my psychological state. This appetite welled up in me and motivated me to desire in an all encompassing fashion. It was not simply overcoming my past disquiet. I was seeking a sense of total empowerment. I wanted to enhance my will. I did not want to feel that I had been held back by any impediment. This longing echoed deep in my being. And that reverberation bellowed with such intensity.

This ache became emblematic of my being. It made me believe that there was actual encounter which could fulfill me. And this substance would complete me in a totally physical way. I was experiencing this hunger in a most elemental sense. I sought nourishment. I craved the gratification of my being.

In feeling this impulse, I was remaking my self. I was engaging all the resource of the cosmos. I was creating a new understanding of self and the world. But this recognition still affected me as a lack. Even when I tried to satisfy this hunger, it remained. That was its very character. It did not make me want to eat more. But it did make me seek a more lasting respite. And I wondered what this could be.

These whipping winds would catch the dirt and spin it around. And this became representative of my fervor. Something was not right. That rip in the universe became all the more profound for me.

I seemed to lag behind this knowledge. Existence was so matter of fact. And I was trying to impose a more fundamental harmony. So I was feeling this hunger inside of me. And anything that I did to make it go away, only made it return with more potency.

There was no simple remedy to end this ache. I wanted relief, but I could not find it.

“Why do I have a story? Why do I feel that it can be told? I would find an audience?”

“What is the fine line between survival and pleasure? How could I sustain myself at a higher level of stimulation. Beyond stimulation, pleasure is an enjoyable sensation. It finds its roots in those behaviors which advance the individual. Advancement describes higher levels of

excitation if the individual is indeed prepared for to this kind of contact. Individuals become conditioned at lower levels of attenuation. The self becomes provoked by a recognition of its biological program. This program exceeds the assertion of satisfaction and its related survival. Instead, the biological program provides the means to top or tear for awareness about the universe. If this is the encounter individual with the cosmos, this experience is blessed buy a euphoric assertiveness on the part of the organism. As such the organism has the means by which the universe recognizes itself. With this awareness, the individual attains an eternal harmony. This existence predates creation. The very terms of creation demand the existence of some inchoate substance, a free form. This entity passes in and through me, but I accept this encounter as the only thing means that I can make contact with a consistent affirmation.”

“This physical communion is indicative of a deeper Congress. As such, it is not worth dwelling on the physical connection. Thus, the physical world provides the basis for a more accomplished encounter with the noumena. In making contact with this essence, the self has the opportunity manifest its inherent glory. Since I am in such proximity to that essence, my body needs to reflect all that radiant power. I come alive in my skin. Each idea is the caress of my being.”

“My body reflects the belief that I have already engaged in such a profound encounter. If I have participated in such a wondrous moment, I would not have the opportunity to renew myself through such a marvelous communion. Therefore, I seek such an endless blessing through my contact with the universe. I do much more than see, hear, and touch. I am here in the fundamental substance of being.”

“I was created in this body so that I could use every possible faculty to elicit the most intense pleasure. Through this experience I could find a oneness with universe. My body was declaring the supremacy of pleasure. There were no obstacles to this immense triumph. A touch alone could activate the circuitry. This amazing energy would be released. And I would flow to the cosmos. In returning to the body, I would become immersed in the most extreme sensation.”

How could my skin trace these sacred revelations? Even in my hunger, I was not looking for an encounter with someone else. I was now more attuned to the creation. As I sighed, I knew that I was engaged by all these powers.

Even in making these marks, I saw how easy it was to get distracted. So I let this confusion unhinge me. The most potent threats could disguise themselves. What did that reveal about me? I did not want to appear to be so impressionable. But it was almost as if someone had been watching me, and he realized how to manipulate me. I could sense my fear lurking in the shadows. What did that say about me? I was using my body to express my strength.

As I gained more confidence in myself, that encouraged me to share my realization. I felt special in my accomplishment. That again left me vulnerable. More than ever, I was an open book. I did not want to seem to be that acquiescent. I had secured myself against the worst attacks. But I was getting assailed by a threat from within. How was I working against myself?

I wanted to be raised up. I loved flattery because it seemed to tell me that I was in control. I was distancing myself from the past. I was triumphant in my lessons. That was not enough. Others needed to know. When they recognized what had occurred, this became a new challenge. I was willing to play along. That was horrendous. I was undoing my defenses. The pain seemed to surface again.

I couldn't think about any of this. This would be the basis for a new lesson. I needed to construct its contours. I wanted to believe that each stage of my development represented a more profound political awareness. I tried to effect this change, but it all seemed too abstract for me. I wanted something that I could see and touch. I may have been letting myself down, but this knowledge needed to be more concrete for me. If I could touch the idea, that would prevent me from sliding back. And these feelings were so fluid that I could not let myself get turned around by their currents. I needed to separate myself from what was happening around me. These symbols were all the more real. I was signing my name to each commitment on my part.

I did not want to lose my motivation. There were too many things which could change my focus. It wasn't about wanting it more. I could sense these drives pulsing from deep within me. That did not give me enough solace. I had my vision. But I could not sustain myself through these transformations.

When I looked in the mirror, I barely recognized myself. There was this strange mix between strength and weakness. I was no longer the victim. But I still seemed lost in darkness. I could not manage the will to assert myself independently.

I was creating a vision for myself. It seemed to be enough to overcome any foe. But I was still getting pushed around by my apparent friends. I was giving up too much of myself. I found delight in such encounters. Each time, the world seemed new to me.

I was using each crisis as an excuse. My recovery gave me the illusion of a new talent. So I did what I could to celebrate. I was living for such victories. That only exposed me more. My skin was vibrant with excitement.

The fire was blazing hot. I melted. The sweat covered my body. I immersed myself in the moment. Nothing would throw me off.

I needed to explode with this excitement. I wished that someone could set me off. I needed to ignite.

I did not want to lose my constancy, but I was impressed by all these stimuli. I was getting caught up in the volatility. I had crafted a personality. It helped fuel my excitement. But it only left me more subject to being manipulated. These well-worked masks were too much for me. I was sure that I was in control, but the corrosive effects were apparent.

I needed to exercise my will, but, under the circumstances, I was not very assertive. I had been dazzled. I was doing this to myself. All my efforts were coming back to disrupt my confidence. This constellation of symbols helped me to progress. But they also gave away my strategy.

What was I missing? My orientation opening me to a new view of myself. This was supposed to be the basis for my metamorphosis. I was still not floating through the air. I would start to soar and come quickly down. I would be back crawling. And I needed to withdraw from the fray.

I was so much in control. Then I would be my own worst enemy. I saw what was going on. But that was not sufficient. Where was my will breaking down? I was not writing a story. I was living one. I told myself that I could be more circumspect.

I was constructing my own ritual. I was so involved in the details, but it was not working. It did not have the contours. And it was so embedded in the body. Why could I not make it work?

I had everything that I needed to be wanted. But I did not want to be like this. I was leaving myself wide open. I was not able to resist.

I truly believed that these amazing abilities could emerge from within. I felt that my inspiration could not be more reliable. But I did not have the wherewithal to apply myself. I couldn't get caught up in the shifting mirages. I needed to establish a more dominant sense of purpose.

My bones vibrated with that fundamental. That only motivated my body. I ran my hands along my skin. I could feel that tingle. I was again ready to face the world.

In spite of my preparation, something still did not seem right. I needed to review each trace. The iconic form provided a clear guide. Here was certainty. Where did it breakdown? I was not following along all the connections. I did not grasp this network. I had established a more sympathetic anatomy, but it was not favorable.

I was mapping out my own moods. I was showing how I could attain the heights. But these emotions had their own logic. Even as I seemed to subdue their intensity, they continued to have a life of their own. I did not take care to go any further with my investigation. I used this as an excuse to get caught up in the untamed glory.

I needed to separate myself from what was happening. I found a new depiction to keep me going. This should have been sufficient. I needed to pull back so that I could assess. I could calibrate my performance. I was reckless.

I feared that I had damaged my own show. I had been my own dupe. I did not need the interference of a con artist. I was standing in my own way.

I needed to be judicious. I had jeopardized my opportunity. I needed so much more if I was going to be implement my program. I believed that a ritualistic awareness could carry me through my trials. But this was not my ritual. I was yielding to another order. I needed to figure out what had got me off my course. I had the stars on my side, but I did not understand how to use them.

I had been nurtured in this myth. My body spoke in this language. But I was misinterpreting how to string together my art. This should not have been that complex. I was living this reality. It was imbued in my experience. But there was such a denial through my practice.

I was groping in the darkness. The stars were shining brilliantly, but I was straining to see them. What was the impediment? What belief was getting in my way? I feared that I was giving in to my overconfidence. But it seemed to be so much more than that. This was not a psychological distress. The heavens had led me astray.

What did I need to do to establish a new balance? How did these geometric arrangements become a source of my consternation. Had I assumed an absolute when the universe was pulled by these mysterious forces?

I had combined these signs into a sacred pattern. But they were not speaking in my interest. I was getting caught up in the contradictions of my past. What was I missing? How had I been cut off from the true revelation. Was not meant to participate in the salvation? I had not trained myself enough. I did not have the vantage point to reveal my own intent. So I was believing my own shit. I simply lacked the acumen.

There must have been a proper way to interpret this phenomenon. I could not call on the

scholarship. Why did the body not have the means to assist in telling us what we could not discern? I should have been able to delve into the soul, and these forms would stand forth. Instead, they seemed to melt before me. And all these threads which held them together were entangled. I felt surrounded by all these entangled wires. I was trapped.

How did everything become such an impediment? What was this point in space where everything became overlapped. In merging, there did not seem to be a way to break apart the separate paths. I could feel these emotions exploding inside of me. This was not how it was supposed to happen. There was no rhyme or reason to what was going on.

This was where I was. I felt that rootedness in my flesh and bones. Then there was this other trajectory. I wanted to keep up with that incessant flow. That was my Alpha and my Omega. But it was my undoing. How could that be? Even in retreating into myself, I did not have the means to bypass my travails.

Once again, I was subject to my stars. I did my best to document what had happened. I mapped the heavens. I used what I saw to predict what was unseen. And the unseen was now revealed to me.

There was not enough otherness in my existence. I barely understood what that meant. That was holding me back. The other crept in like this horror monster. I would feel these sensations come from nowhere. I could see where others were pushing my buttons. How had I been so sloppy? I was not a seer.

I was trying to counteract the precepts of these seers, but I could not counteract the gods of time and space. And they made their mark each time. My language was not able to find its anchor. I was dealing with more formidable forces.

I ran my fingers along my bones. I was reshaping my body. And there were points where I could feel these enormous energies. But I was not able to marshal them for my benefit. How had I failed to zero in on the very causes of my own distress. Every high would bring its low.

There was something else occurring with my emotions. I needed to regulate their effects. I needed to find those ritual potions which could give me the relief that I needed. I recognized what had happened. The suffering had been so abrupt. Like the pulling of a tooth. The feeling was so immediate. I would do everything that I could to fight against it. When the pain was so explosive, it could not easily be counteracted. I needed some supplement which would help me to recover. I learned how to mix these potions. I was able to change my psychology. I was celebrating this breakthrough. But another ritual seemed to be leading me astray.

I needed to be impervious to these effects. It was too easy to cast off my burden. I had seen it come back again and again. I knew what this was. The ritual was itself disruptive. I had not mastered the sacred. These moods mastered me. I was subject to the tides. How did this work?

What did it mean for these ancient rhythms to move the heart? What did it tell us about who we were? I did not want to feel as I had been anesthetized. But I wanted to dull all these pains. That only gave more power to the ritual. The signs represented my ability to cast off the suffering. Each remedy had its own key. I was putting together all these keys. The lattice work was liberating.

There were patterns and effects. They seemed to reinforce itself. I loved the self-expression. I was poetic in my being. I had been working for this state. Even if I needed help to

reach this point, I could find strength in the flowering. Was this the right order? Had I established something so prolific? Had I overcome my fear?

The blackness of coal again filled the sky and blotted out each star. I could only rely on my physical being. I had been subtracted from the world. And this was where I was surviving.

I retreated to my room. I wrapped myself in my covers like a mummy. And I submerged. This was a valuable development. There was this place where all the signs emerged in their secret form. I needed to explore that place.

I had submerged into the junk shop. And all these treasures surrounded me. Each one seemed to release a power on the body. I was engaged in this new magic. Why had it eluded me before. I had become caught up in my own personal interpretation. I needed to learn how these forms functioned in another world. This would be the key to my transcendence.

I felt as if I was rubbing a lamp. And I revealed the genius hidden within. This reflected my self-knowledge. I felt as if I was passing a test about myself. Where was I again failing?

I felt that still needed more assurance to make it through this journey. I was taking too much for granted. I wanted everything to stand forth. I was sure what I would have to add to make the meaning more evident. What did my body tell me about myself? How could I read myself with more certainty?

Each hieroglyphic came with its own dynasty. Where did fit in this writing? What if I wrote myself in the wrong way? This was my fear? I was playing with a mystical deck, and it had its own language. It was speaking against me even as I spoke for it.

How could I reshuffle this deck? How could I come up with a different combination? I wanted to say something different. The forms of the body were all so fixed in place. And my pst seemed equally locked into place.

“No, no , no! It cannot be like this.”

How did I want the world to see me? No one recognized the power of transformation. I could not depend on anyone. I needed to understand the mystical forms for myself. I needed to surpass myself.

These words became even more vibrant. They were speaking on their own. They charted new territory. I let myself get carried along these paths. There were more prolonged revelations. I recognized organic growth. All of this originated in these twists and turns in the cosmos. These energies were preserved. And that balance became reinforced in the self.

This profound recognition was omnipresent. Hand, shoulder, back, leg, heads. There was this lingering bearing in the blood. The elements. Earth, air, fire, and water. Transformation. I was stringing together these components.

“I don’t think that I can decomposes the self anymore. I am skimming the base of my existence.”

I needed to head deeper.

What was so resistant in me? This was not in me. It was in the hieroglyphics. There was a composition of all these symbols. This was the liquid form. The solid form. The effervescent form. The mystical form.

How could I understand this geometry? I needed to recognize how to use the discontinuity. All the values were blowing up. Then they entered another space.

I was able to make this trip I needed to let go of the fear. How could I ever do this?

There was nothing holding me anymore. I was learning how to free fall. It was about these pulsing forms.

I was stretching out. I was pushing beyond. I was breaking apart and recomposing. I was molecular. I was atomic. I was pulses of energy. I was consideration.

Did I need to return to the body? Did I need to make it right? That only led to more distractions. Others claimed that they had gone through the same thing. They could help me. They could read the traces. They were disrupting my awareness. They were not helping. They were my everything.

“I need to run away. I need to shut you all out!”

“There was nothing else in my experience.”

“You gave in so easily.”

I would not give in. I needed to learn the text. I needed to find the reassurance. I needed to be more right than wrong.

I was helpless before all of this. I was all strong. The body reminded me of this vital understanding. This was my new belief. I could sense these things which were not there. They all came back to the body. They came back to renewal!

This was healing. I found oneness. And broke in many parts. At each stage, I left markers. I ate these breadcrumbs. I knew where I was going. I was here and everywhere. I was blessed. I let these enormous forces rip me apart.”

“Do you want to know?”

“I am not sure if anyone can know. This is about being. Touch me, and you will know.”

They could not all touch. I would have to multiply. And in this form I became everywhere extensive. I needed to mark this phase. Someone needed to learn.

“Do you all know?”

I withdrew. This was beyond fear. I welcomed the tumult. I needed to surpass. I came back and back and back and back.”

“Touch this! Be this. Turn with this! Know this!”

I could not say a thing. I withdrew. I found power in silence. I left more clues. I captured all the clues.

“I am the perfect reader of my own experience!”

“I am out of myself!”

I needed to understand how all the words could be reset. Everything that meant one thing now said something completely different. I had disguised myself against my enemies. They would not be able to take me back. They tried and tried. Everything seemed like nonsense.

“You never know who you are going to meet.”

“I know everything that you want to say.”

“Sure, you do!”

“For what it was, they could never know.”

“What do you need to know?”

Why would the words not reveal? There was so much to learn about happiness and loneliness and transcendence. I really felt that I knew nothing. I spoke nonsense to throw everyone off. I believed that the only truth was on the skin. But the biology was working against itself. This was not understanding. This was an interruption.

“Did you even catch that?”

“We were told to leave, but none of us wanted to desert our places. The body was temporary.”

I was so deep in this skin. And it said things that I could never so. It was getting in the way. I needed to use different road signs. Other people were convinced. I traveled with them. I wanted to show so much more.

I had reached the outer reaches. This was a new kind of communicating. It was all an after-effect, an atmosphere. A second thought. A regret.

I marked all my regrets. Then I did what I could to erase each one. What remained. Who could know?

“What do you see?”

The body told me nothing. The body told me everything. What did this new body tell me? How had I surpassed?

“I wanted to learn.”

“How do you learn how to read these marks?”

“There are bruises, pain, and there are abstractions.”

“You have exactly what you want.”

“Then all the marks would be neutral.”

“I don’t think that I have the wherewithal to make this happen.”

“This is what I can do.”

“I can reinforce.”

“You have to make sure that this is not going to betray whatever you are trying to protect.”

“This is too perfect.”

“That is the problem, Hajra. Everything is much too perfect for you.”

“Didn’t you get this finished?”

“Why are you unhappy with me?”

There had been no disturbance in my understanding. I was completely manifest. There was no longer anything hidden. I wondered if anyone could understand all the shit that I endured. I wanted to explain to others. I would only be understood by others who had felt the damage in the same way. It went deeper than that. I recognized that stages in my development. This went beyond a recognition of the cultural effects. This became profoundly personal. At the same time, others had endured the same suffering. There was a strange progression. It started from my total vulnerability. And people thought that they could read me. I was taunted. Then I gained strength. I was even more vulnerable because there were people who wanted to destroy me. Later, I entered another stage.

I realized what I was able to do on my own. This was frightening because I was getting caught in my old way of thinking. Thus, I was torn apart between these two different ways of being. I felt controlled by the tides. I was lost in my lunacy.

In the other version, I had escaped. But my numbness was so great that I did not have the skills to resist. I was fevered. I was robbed of my vitality.

I needed to put together another variation of the self. This was supposed to be more intentional. But it also revealed all my dismay.

I did not want to think that I was doomed. I did not wear my heart on my sleeve. I needed to be stronger. But I was too caught up in improving my reality. That left me vulnerable. I could easily get set up.

I needed a quick in and out. Why did I feel so held down by my own experience? I needed to redo my body. I required a deeper strength. How could I make myself expand more?

“Did you think this through?”

“I want to say that I worked on myself. That I was not subject to silly ideas. I tried to sculpt this image of the self. But there was so much interruption. I was trying to live up to a this ideal. I wanted to remain strong. I hated to be so open. I needed to find a better way to hide who I was. Then I became some kind of puzzle to break down.

I recognized all these repercussions of my own actions. And there was this terrible interference from other people. There were this terrible impediment to my own success. I was getting in the way of the big events in my life. Someone would offer me the insight which I craved. That would be enough to help me to overcome the worst effects of my abuse. It went beyond that. They tried to smother me in darkness. They did not want me to have my own identity. All these things had been taken. I was learning how to walk and talk again. I would sit there and stare into space. I would not want to leave the house. I was again becoming a prisoner. How had I so easily succumbed?

Even when I left, I would feel drawn back. There was this incredible pressure. I could sense it in the air. I was so attuned to the negative feeling. Why didn't I just do positive things which could help liberate me? I did not want to let go of my history. I needed to unravel all these wires. I needed to separate the good from the bad. Then I realized that was hardly possible. Everything worked together for the same end.

I wanted a pill or an oil. Some substance that would again give me the control. That was all a belief on my part. That was an understanding which I missed. What did I bring to the experience?

I was still lying to myself. All these events had robbed me of my power. I wanted my contribution to seem so much more. This was all that I had. This was all that I wanted. I needed to be totally self-contained. But there was this ancient curse. I needed to go deeper. I needed to find a time when those influences did not work in that way.

When I reached the point of withdrawal, I retreated so deeply into myself. I did what I could to communicate to others. But there was so much denial in my life.

There was this place where I was even more away from everyone else. For what it was, I continued in this belief. I did not want to give any more of myself to anyone else. But I needed to consolidate. I needed to claim everything that I had given away. And there was one things which seemed to hold everything in place. I tried to hold on to that for what it was worth.

There was no letting go. I wanted to hold on to my present. So I could not allow myself to be overcome by the past. There was no past. There was a stronger now. I became married to that connection. I was again seeing that as the basis of my vulnerability. I was on fire. And I beckoned to the world. How could I have it any other way? I had seen visions. I had already crossed over.

I needed someone to call me on my bull shit. I needed someone to help me to close the book on the terrible part of my life. But they would again emerge. And I would get knocked

down by these experiences. And that was so overwhelming.

This kind of thing had been going on forever. How did I ever get caught up in it? I had retreated from myself. As I came back to myself, I realized that I was no longer the same person. It was almost as if I could not even feel my hands. I had no idea who I was.

It was not a matter of accepting. I was not the person who I had been. But that person was nowhere. I had to make something from what I was given. That was more than a little frightening.

I wished someone could sort it out. I was supposed to do that. Even as I go closer, it all receded from me. I was becoming finding comfort in the most extreme emotions. This was almost a threat to my integrity. But was there a possibility of integrity. This was all beyond me. How had I ended up like this? I did not want to end up in the same place. I was weaker than I could have imagined.

I couldn't deal with the abstractions. I existed in the flesh. What I could see and what I could read was all there before me. I was coincident with myself. I had made peace with time. That was not enough. There was something else that I needed to do to give form to my experience. I was even more beyond myself. Where was this going to end? I did not have enough resources to make this matter. I needed to push beyond. I needed to explain this to someone else.

Who could grasp this? I was strong. I did not want to reveal where I had failed. I was not attracted to damage. If I couldn't be understood, so be it. That was how the story was meant to be told.

I was getting too accustomed to how things were supposed to go. If I was going to make it happen for me, I would need to pull all my ideas from what was going on around me. I couldn't create with flesh and bone. I needed to reinvigorate these parts. I was putting together something cohesive. This all made sense. This was the immediate. I accustomed myself to matter. I understood electricity. I was going beyond substance. This was an appreciation of energy. What were the necessary energies?

I needed to find what no one else knew or understood. This seemed like a marvelous coincidence. I could have surrendered. But I continue. I was not filling I for time. I was passing time. I was allying myself with something coherent.

The power again pulsed through me. Where I touched, it became dynamic. I joined myself with those marks.

"You create a role for someone. That is hardly who she is."

"Hajra, what is your objection?"

"I think that you are trying to create a portrayal which fits your beliefs. But it has no actual connection to how I really am. I am not as easily manipulated as you make it seem."

"Are you really able to resist your influences?"

"I am able to resist your bull shit. You are representing all the authorities who have stood in my way over the years. You are not particularly understanding of my life. You want me to fit in your ideological plan. I don't fit, and I never will. I can't be perfect. But you are trying to hold me to this standard that I cannot meet."

"You may be contributing to a way of thinking that only prolongs your oppression."

"Are you blaming me for being abused?"

"I am wondering if you too readily look for guys who have no understanding of your situation. On this basis, they act out their abusiveness."

"That continues to blame me."

"Not necessarily. I am not giving them a pass. I am simply wondering what attracts you to those men. I can understand this happening a few times. But you seem to be attracted to that kind of guy."

"I am vulnerable. And I am wondering if that is how men are in general."

"If that is your belief, why bother at all?"

"You only want to break me down so that I will be acquiescent to your advances."

"I am trying to understand how you have got caught up in a cycle. How you expect rescue from people who are only going to take advantage of your weaknesses."

"That is not an excuse to treat me like shit."

"You jump into these relationships before you recognize how you are being fucked over."

"I don't realize it until I am pretty deep."

"But you are getting nothing from the beginning. You don't even see that. Especially now. You are the one with the job. But you seem just as impressionable. How can we take your lessons seriously?"

"Again, you are expecting this perfection from my end. I need to have friends. I can force them to do what I want."

"But you are not getting basic respect."

"They all know about respect."

"This is probably the source of the problem. They don't have any respect for themselves. And they really don't have any for you? But you have followed that same ideology. So you do whatever you want to feel good. So it doesn't really matter that you are fucking yourself up."

"How am I supposed to answer this?"

"That you don't want it to be like this."

"I don't see it that way, Steven. I have my own life. And I have a good feel for it."

"You also have complaint. And you are destroying your own program by giving time to guys who really aren't supporting what you're about."

"How can you say that?"

"Do you care? Do you even ask them?"

"We have great conversations. These guys are even cooler than I am."

"Then they treat you like shit."

"Maybe I act stupid."

"You don't want to give them an excuse."

"I'm not. Things aren't obvious as you make it."

"You want to be a leader. What is the basis of your leadership?"

"Guys have put down women."

"So don't go with those guys."

"It is not as if they wear red shirts, and it is obvious."

"You have to be discerning in some way. Otherwise, why bother?"

"I think that I have do a little better. But I have learned."

"What makes you feel that you can tell others?"

"That is how we create strength. You realized that something is wrong even if you cannot do anything about it."

"That is a good step. But it may not be enough. That could only set you up for the same thing again and again."

"Where is this coming from?"

"Do you know what you want? Do you want to have fun? Or do you want to change things?"

"How can you ask that?"

"You call it?"

"I am not a nun."

"So you embrace the fire, then you complain that it burns you."

"I may like the heat, but I do not enjoy the pain."

"You can't have it both ways. There is no such thing as a fire which does not burn."

"Love doesn't have to hurt."

"Is that love?"

"What are you asking?"

"If there is so much pain, how can that be love?"

"How many times do I have to explain it?"

"Explain it for once, and I can understand."

"It can seem like love. But there is a fucked up culture which gets I in the way."

"What about the guy? Does he have to answer for mistreating you? Then why do you keep going for these monsters?"

"I can't tell that they are monsters until they do something to mess with me. I know what I don't like. But it's not as if I get these guys to fill out questionnaires."

"What do you do to figure it out?"

"We get along. That is a great beginning."

"When does it go South?"

"Not everyone respects others."

"But you have no idea from the beginning."

"Maybe, I have some idea. But it really is not enough to go on. You have to give people a chance."

"A chance to fuck you over."

"I am not looking for that."

"So it just happens."

"I am not a mind reader. And I can't make other people do what I want."

"There has to be some way to influence their behavior. That is the basis of a relationship."

"I can't help it if they all love me."

"Steven, you are putting words in my mouth."

"What does that mean?"

"You are saying that these guys adore me. This is some kind of excuse."

"Excuse for what?"

"For treating me like shit. I don't know why these guys are the way that they are."

"I am not saying that you encourage them. But you are looking for guys who are going to destroy you. You need to pull back. You cannot accept the flattery. You need to move out of the flattery circle."

"How am I ever going to do that?"

"It is up to you. You need to have a better understanding of what you want for yourself."

"I do. I'm just not sure how to clue someone else in."

"That should be a priority."

"I am not a communication specialist."

"But you do have message that you want to communicate."

"I am still working on it."

"What are you working on, Hajra?"

"I want to explain how to get my message across."

"And what is that message?"

"That it is easy to get fooled."

"So what do you need to do?"

"That is what I am trying to figure out."

"What ideas do you have?"

"Steven, it's not as if I need to report to you."

"I am not saying that you do. But you had objections with your portrayal. I want to address your problems."

"It is not as if you are some kind of authority on my behavior."

"Are you saying that I shouldn't even tell your story. That is what I do. I wait for stories that I can tell. No matter how vulnerable you are, that is what I have to do."

"So you exaggerate my foibles to enhance your tale."

"How do you want me to tell this?"

"You tell it how you want to tell it."

"As honestly as possible. I want to give you a voice. Perhaps, that voice has not emerged. And that is how the story ends up getting told."

"Do you think that you can take over, Hajra? How would you tell it?"

"Are you ready to hear it? Do you want to take the time to learn?"

"Where is that coming from?"

"I will start where you need me to start. It is not as if I am going to be unfaithful to my own life."

"Not everyone is able to escape the nightmare."

"I am doing what I can to try. I want to understand the patterns. It is not enough to do what I do."

"But the patterns can be this mirage which lulls you into a false belief about yourself."

"I know what I am going through."

"But do you know why?"

"That is why I am writing about my experience. I do not need someone judging me."

"Are you judging yourself?"

"There is this hunger which wells up from deep within me."

“If you don’t satisfy that hunger, you remain with your pain.”
 “Steven, you are going around in circles on me!”
 “You have to do more than burn in the light.”
 “My life is not just a dance clinic.”
 “What does that mean?”
 “I do what feels good for me.”
 “You are the one who claims that you are a leader.”
 “I want to be myself. If that inspires others, that is great.”
 “We almost had a story.”
 “Have you given up on me?”
 “Hajra, how am I supposed to tell this?”
 “Tell it how you want to tell it. I am not your supervisor!”
 “Do you feel that I am going to take liberties?”
 “I can’t get in your head.”
 “You let other people get in yours. Isn’t that the key?”
 “You can’t make anyone do something for you.”
 “If they can’t influence you in some way, then there is no connection.”
 “I am not a counselor.”
 “Where is that coming from?”
 “I don’t have a book and magic principles.”
 “What do you have in your favor?”
 “Steven, quit trying to trick me with your wordplay.”
 “I am only trying to strip away the other layers.”
 “What do you get to? My fear. The shit in my past.”
 “You want to reveal.”
 “I am still hungry.”
 “Where does that get either of us?”
 “I need to be satisfied.”
 “Is that desperation?”
 “To be human. What makes you desperate? Your efforts to break down my defenses.”
 “How else can I see it?”
 “I am not determined by the shit that has happened to me.”
 “There comes a point when you feel the need to escape that shit.”
 “I am more than ready. I am not going to go back into the slaughterhouse.”
 “Have you ever escaped?”
 “Are you challenging me? Are you my new jailer?”
 “I do not see myself as that.”
 “I hope that you do not see yourself as the Great Liberator.”
 “How are you going to get free?”
 “How am I supposed to get free?”
 “I wish that I could give you more of myself, Hajra. That was my wish. My words could be your words. But you would rather stay immersed in chaos.”

"That is hardly fair to me."

"How can I respond to that?"

"You tell me!"

"You have to stand for something. You have to refuse to abandon your principles."

"I can't make people follow me."

"But you want followers. You need to be appealing."

"How am I going to do that?"

"You can't fall for all that shit. You have to stand for something."

"All this noise is reverberating in my brain. This is getting as distracting as shit."

"How can I help?"

"Don't say anything."

"You want to work it out. You are going to have to use your words."

"Sometimes, the silence is the only thing that helps. You are such an interference."

"I don't even know where any of this is going."

"Steven, this is your show. I am not even part of this."

"You came in with a great story. I am only trying to fill in the holes."

"Why do you call them holes? This is how I live?"

"How do you live? How can you use your knowledge to make things better?"

"Steven, you are trespassing."

"This is where it get difficult. Do you want to keep the same shit going or do you want to tell a different story?"

"If I want to switch it up, I am not going to depend on you. That is how it shakes out."

"You are trying to destroy me."

"You can't keep blaming someone else for messing up. You need to take the lead."

"How do I do that?"

"Analyze and act. Figure out where things go off the rails. And don't get so caught up again."

"Are you trying to mock me?"

"I am with you?"

"With me how? You are not offering me anything that I can work with."

"What am I missing? You tell me."

"The most difficult thing is going over past shit, and you want to forget all of that once and for all. But it is haunting you around. Even when you say no, it is hanging in the sky. You are watching these hellcats coming out of the sky. And where does that get you. You don't want to think that it is your fault. And it explodes in your face. And you do what you can to shake it off. But there is no escape. And you relive it again and again and again. You get knocked down. You are trying to raise your thing up. And you do what you can. But you slip right back in the mud. And you are being jeered. How do you raise yourself up to make sense of yourself?"

"I was almost there I felt as if I putting all the pieces in place. But I was being defeated by my own shit. And I was facing that shit as if it was eternal. How can that be? I need to live in the now. This is me. I am here in my now. Take it, or leave it! It cannot be any other way."

"My words are being taken from me. All that I have is the body. Take me, or leave me. Let me raise the self up from the shit. The now and the forever. All that I want to do is survive. How else can I tell it? You get broken, but you do not let yourself get broken down."

"I do not want to destroy you."

"I do not want to destroy myself."

"And we emerge from this darkness."

"This is really too dark for me."

"You need to have been better prepared for where this was going."

"I do not want your interference."

"There is a theory."

"How can you have a theory without a FIRST PRINCIPLE?"

"Don't talk shit about me!"

"Do not take shit from anyone!"

"The universe is returning unto itself."

"I do not feel shame about any of this."

"Are you the center of this shit."

"Am I going to have to put up with these two?"

"Do you not have a life?"

"What does that mean?"

"I do not need you destroying me."

"I do not need this."

"I need to raise myself up from the mud."

"How did we get here?"

"Our beliefs."

"It is a lot easier to admit to the shit when it is all about you."

"Steven, you are trying to trip me up."

"Everything came back to me."

"You need to remember more of this."

"How do I get in?"

"The only way that you get out."

"Steven, Steven, Steven!"

"I am the hall monitor."

"Haul it out."

"You are part of the problem."

"Someone is going to end up destroying what we have."

"Steven, you assumed that there was something that I wanted to share with you. When I did not share, you felt resentment."

"That is not how it happened."

"What does that mean?"

"We are only telling how it happens. And that is that."

"I am not looking for someone to help me dig deeper."

"I leave the picture. How are you going to put the part together? How are you going to prevent someone else from getting in your way."

"You are repeating your own shit. And you believe it!"

"I thought that this was finished."

"Your turn, Hajra. How do you want to tell this? Who do you want to tell?"

"I was trying to tell a tale of liberation. I figured that other people wanted to hear it in pretty much the same way."

"Liberated from what?"

"From people who do not love."

"What does that mean, Hajra?"

"I have had to put up with a lot of shit."

"What do you put your faith in?"

"I want to say that I believe in myself. And I really think that will bless me with the power to get over on my enemies."

"I always felt that I had think down."

"This is terrible."

"Who talking?"

I felt that I was most qualified to tell my story. So I filled these notebooks with ideas. This described all the shit that I had been through. That was only the beginning of seeing something. I felt that I had to share. Other people had been through similar things to me. That was a culture of hate. And I was offering good spirits.

"Are you afraid that people might try to disrupt your ideas?"

"Where is this from?"

"What are you asking me?"

"I think that these are great ideas, but you are not much good at applying them."

"This is not as going to be as good if we keep doing this like this."

"The body does not allow all these variations. You want something to put everything in place. You can't trust these people."

"You are a trusting person. That is why the story does not have much application."

"Why are you destroying me?"

"Your trust is destroying you."

"You all want the same thing: success!"

"What is wrong with that?"

"You are selling yourself short."

"Steven, what are you doing?"

"You told me that you are a writer. I want to hear about your experiences."

"A lot of shit happened to me. Honestly, I became afraid of people. I would take my dog camping. And I would realize something about myself. I would write about that stuff. And that would give me a power."

"Do you think that would provide the basis to altering your life?"

"What are you asking me, Steven?"

"I am not asking. I am listening. If there is something that you need to tell, tell."

"I am not into confessing. No matter what you think, I do not think that these terrible things were my fault. I did what I did. And that was that. I am not sure where this is going to go."

"Am I supposed to hate myself? Is there something that I should feel guilty about. When I first came here, I needed to deal with so much hatred. Kids would taunt me. I did

not even feel like a person. My parents did a lot to help. And I did make friends. But the merciless teasing did not stop. You have no idea how bad that was. When I was older, I met this guy, he was everything to me. And I gave him all of myself. I surrendered myself completely. But it was never like I expected it to be. I kept on getting dragged lower and lower. He abused me. He took advantage of my weaknesses. I tried to fight off the feeling. It seemed to be everywhere. I had little resistance."

"This is where it gets so difficult. I don't think that anybody can really deal with her shit. And there are all these people who seem to be reassuring. They say that everything will be all right. It never will. But it is so easy to get taken in. You want to belong."

"Hajra, do you want to belong?"

"I do belong. People understand me. I have new friends. And they are so great.":

"Are they really?"

"Do they encourage you to do silly things?"

"That is not how it is."

"How can you ever understand?"

"What does that mean?"

"I have become different. And you cannot relate to all these things which have been happening to me."

"We can try."

"There are days when I just sit here remembering all the shit that happened."

"Is that how it is?"

"Steven, you have no idea how it has become so intense."

"What am I supposed to do?"

"Do you want me to stop it?"

"Someone needs to stop the noise."

"What can you do?"

"Can you help me to forget?"

"You can make it stop."

"There is innovation."

"Someone is going to take the risk!"

"You are appreciated."

"What are they afraid?"

"We are going to see all your fear."

"We need to do the numbers."

"When someone does the numbers, someone is going to be afraid."

"I see the same thing over and over again."

"Play it as it is."

"This was not supposed to be a competition."

"I would like to announce a winner."

"What does that mean?"

"You can mock me. But I am doing what I do."

"There is only one person who is going to say no."

"You have to say no to yourself."

"This is not all about me."

"What kind of story is this?"

"I WANT WHAT YOU HAVE!"

"What are you missing?"

"What are you missing?"

"Where do you live?"

"What are you missing, Hajra?"

"I have a good job. But there is this hollow. The only thing that is reassuring is these words can save me. There are words. I put them in my notebook. They come alive. I am not sure what I am supposed to make of it all. I still feel this pain and this numbness. Do you understand what I am telling you?"

"Tell me! I really want to know."

"No one learns what they need to know."

"It is not success, but the heart in the heart. Too many people do not have heart. So they end up giving in to all the shit."

"I want to get past that!"

"I convinced myself that I needed more heart if I was going to happen. But there were so many impediments to holding it all together."

"Where does that come from?"

"We have come this far. But we have not come anywhere close to close."

"Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

"What do you want to know?"

"This is never enough for me."

"What do you need to be heroic?"

"I need to stand up to my enemies."

"Your lovers are your enemies. And it keeps coming up like that. If they aren't abusive, they are trouble. And they get you into trouble with them. Where is this going, Hajra. This is not exactly the basis for teaching anyone else. This only takes you back to the shit."

"I want to see it from another point of view. Steven, I do not need you telling me how to make it happen."

"What is the sample?"

"Where is the boundary?"

"Can you say no?"

"I am afraid of those people trying to take my gig and make it into their own thing."

"I feel as if someone is interfering with my show."

"What is your show?"

"I need to move."

"Move what or where?"

"What are you asking?"

"I had so many ideas. This is all beyond me."

"I cannot help."

"What is that noise?"

"That is my consciousness."

"I am sure that it is something else."

"There is money to be made."

"Be quick."

"Sometimes, it is important to concentrate on a few simple ideas. Where do you want me to apply this?"

"You need to apply this to yourself."

"I do not feel as if I am the best example of social change."

"This is not an idea setting."

"I fall asleep in my car."

"I have a good job."

"I do not like these numbers."

"You are too good at fucking up."

"There is one inducer."

"What is that about?"

"I need to hide somewhere."

"There is nothing to hide, Hajra."

"I have a more potent message."

"That is how Hajra is going to get distracted."

"Don't tell me."

"I am not part of this story."

"What is wrong, Steven? Do I not fit your sacred order?"

"I did not think that my order was sacred."

"It is much colder than I expected it to get."

"Take care of this in the morning."

"I do not want to get spun again."

"I was a writer. I sat with my dog. I looked at the stars. I understood things about myself. I was seeing a reflection of myself. I existed among these signs. I learned to create my own language. This is how the body functions. There are these intersections of different functions. Each one has to be marked. These marks help to track this interplay."

"I am so good at breaking things."

"I was almost there."

"I feel as you do."

"I do not want to open myself like that."

"This is a memory test."

"I remember everything that happened to me."

"Turn me on."

"You are being difficult."

"You want me to follow you. "

"You want me to follow you. "

"This is getting so difficult."

"It is haphazard, but there is structure."

"My dog would bark. This told me something."

"The stars can tell you everything."

"The constellations correspond to something about our understanding."

"There are birds."

"Follow the migration patterns."

"I feel so hollow. There is nothing that is going to bring this together for me."

"What is that wailing?"

"Something is happening deep in the hills."

"What if you followed along that deeply?"

"I think that I know you."

"Take a step."

"I cannot get involved."

"Let me out of the deal!"

"Fiona, why would anyone do this?"

"I love you so much. I want to give you everything that you need."

"Why do you love me?"

"I cannot explain some things."

"What made her so acquiescent?"

"She doesn't have a will of her own. She does what she is told to do. She must be a member of some kind of cult."

"Steven, do you have any idea what is going on?"

"What are you talking about? Why did you lure me here? Is something wrong with Fiona?"

"Do you know who Fiona is?"

"We have communicated online. That is all that I know."

"What has she promised you? What have you given her?"

"She made it seem as if we could get along."

"Do you think that you are that charming that a young woman like Fiona would be interested in you?"

"What is this cult? Do they influence her? Do they drug her?"

"What do you think they did in her past? She is trying to overcome trauma. And you inflict it."

"How is that?"

"Her present is her past."

"How am I supposed to know that? I never did anything to her."

"Steven, there is a real question whether you can be believed."

"I am looking at some pictures and wondering to myself. The next thing, I am a criminal."

"Steven, you have to answer for your actions."

"What I consider in private is not the basis for my conviction in public."

"That is the first step in your damnation."

"What does that mean?"

"If you don't create a motive, then there is no offense."

"The intent is not the same thing as following through."

"You intend as a the basis for following through."

"Who says that? If I fail to do something for you, you are not going to accept the

excuse that I intended to do it.”

“Have you ever met Fiona?”

“What of it? My acquaintance does not qualify as a crime.”

“She bears the traces of someone having behaved badly.”

“And that it makes it me. My knowledge does not make me a criminal.”

“Steven, you do this all the time. You act as if your knowledge after the fact makes you innocent. You are the author. You created the sordid facts, and you dwell on them.”

“Again, you are trying to convict me on my thoughts.”

“Where would your thoughts come from if they were not facts?”

“The mind makes up a lot of shit.”

“This is not what the mind makes up. This is the shit that I have to live.”

“Come in this door. I can protect you.”

“What kind of protection is this?”

“I understand what you are going through. In a past life, I inflicted pain. But I do not want to go there. That is why I make penance.”

\ *“How do you do that?”*

“I go to a group. I am willing to confess.”

“Would you confess to do those things to me?”

“Here is the deal. I will admit to a lot of things. But I first need to get you to forgive me.”

“I am here to forgive.”

“Where is forgiveness going to get you?”

“I think that is the only way to dispel the pain that is in my life.”

CHOICE: *“I make choices. They were the wrong choices.”*

“I am going to make the right choices.”

“Who is financing your new choices? Who are you in the development of self and choice?”

“I am not happy.”

“What do you say to that Steven?”

“I am not doing the financing.”

“Talk to the financier.”

“Some possible Adam.”

“He is the beginning. How do you make this possible?”

“I am the silent partner.”

“What does choice need a silent partner?”

“This is all in retrospect. How can you ever know what is going to happen?”

“You own the dice.”

“How does that work?”

“Every combination is one of yours.”

“What did Adam know?”

“He told me that he would help me. Even if I was paying my own way. He could make sure that way could take off.”

“This is all about Adam. Not me.”

“Steven, this is your stand in.”

“I am not on this bus.”
 “You are front on looking at it and getting what you want.”
 “What do you want me to do?”
 “Admit how you are front and center.”
 “This can make me money.”
 “Adam, where does it hurt.”
 “I want some Fiona so bad. And that is how I live.”
 “Give her up before she kills you.”
 “She is engaged in the same things that I am.”
 “You will rescue someone when it is time.”
 “There is things that I want to get back.”
 “Give it to her!”:
 “Someone is going to freak out.”
 “I am not going to give that much of myself.”
 “You need more cash.”
 “Adam has all the cash.”
 “Adam, what do you need when the hurt is so constant that it starts to hurt so bad.”
 “I am so hurting.”
 “This is too much for me.”
 “Hurting is the new currency. Everyone in my army hurts too. Fiona, do you want to go along.”
 “I can make people want what they can never get!”
 “What is that about, Fiona?”
 “It is the key human understanding. Do you understand it?”
 “What are you asking?”
 “I am everywhere.”
 “I am going to make this happen if it’s the last thing that I do.”
 “What does this have to do with Hajra?”
 “This is Hajra as desired. There is the cycle. The guy who has it. The guy who wants it. The guy who gives it away.”
 “We are going around in a circle.”
 “You are my circle.”
 “This is so good.”
 “There is an Adam, a mysterious stranger, and a fuck up like you, Steven.”
 “I am not fucking up. I have it together. And Adam is the worst that can be.”
 “What can you show me that I do not know?”
 “I can tell you about putting ketchup on French fries. They are loads of other options. Who is the background?”
 “This is really full.”
 “This is so good.”
 “Come in here, dear. I can give you everything that you need.”
 “Where is your career?”
 “I sell pain.”

"I sell pain."

"I do not need that much pain."

"It is about learning to forget. Then you are willing to give everything that you have."

"I am looking for an amusement park."

"Are you listening to any of this."

"This is all about complete freedom."

"This is all that I need."

"I am glad that this works for me too,"

"Fiona, what is complete freedom."

"You see everything that you need to get where you want to go."

"Where do you want to go?"

"I want to go to the ends of the earth. There is this place where there is no pain."

"I keep getting beckoned in all of these rooms. Where is any of this going?"

"We are sailing to Phoenix."

"What does this mean?"

"Fold the laundry."

"Like down on the bed. I will give you what you need an want."

"Is it habit forming?"

"This is my favorite."

"I listened to this over and over again. Then I became a god."

"Adam, you always have what you need."

"Hajra, is this your equation."

"There is a Fiona. She sees her liberation in different ways."

"You cannot rely on yourself."

"Is this beyond choice?"

"I do what I want!"

"We all do!"

"I don't remember a thing."

"This was all wonderful."

"I am going to need some help to get back to that point."

"I cannot identify."

"You are seeing a reproduction of your childhood."

"I am feelings so bad."

"You will feel better."

"You have disturbed my happiness."

"Lie down on the bed, and we will clean you off."

"Is this surgery or sugary?"

"What can Fiona give?"

"They can all give what they already give back."

"I am excellent at this."

"Do not interfere with my celebration."

"You need to be taught something."

"I am disinfected."

"You are ready for love."

"There are two many stories."

"This is the cure. You will feel better. You will be better. You will surpass yourself."

"I only want to come along."

"What can Fiona give?"

"I have everything to give and nothing to take."

"What do you not give us proper words?"

"Hajra, you had what you needed."

"Adam is there to help."

"I am beginning to understand."

"I have no intention of hurting you."

"When do things get out of control?"

"Fiona, what I fear is when they are in control. You tell me about choice. Why are all your choices so safe?"

"Are all your choices safe?"

"This is an interruption."

"I have what I want."

"We are going to have to take down the tower."

"This was a challenge."

"Fiona has different poses."

"I do not want people to say things about me that are not true."

"How is Fiona part of my story?"

"This is your story."

"I do not need another identity. I do not need to think about myself in another way."

"There is an interruption of the proper telling."

"I am not amused."

"Here is Fiona's story."

"I heard you talking about someone."

"Who is that?"

"Someone who was like me, but was not me."

"Why are you such an interruption?"

"There is one fair way. And there is a way which is not a way."

"There are so many stairs. And there are so many rooms."

"I have been waiting for you."

"Who are you?"

"The one who is waiting for you."

"How does that work?"

"This is too much to think about."

"I can give you what you need."

"I need to forget. How can you teach me to forget?"

"Do you want to forget something specific? And if it is specific, then do you have to think about it before you forget."

"I have already forgotten it all."

"This was working for me."

"What do you know Fiona?"

"There is a place where we can be free. This is our Eldorado!"

"I need to know what you can do."

"I can do it all."

"Can you do chemistry?"

"I am an engineer."

"What is the problem? How have we created a memory which is impossible to forget?"

"It is built into the world. Every time that you move through it, do you see it?"

"Where is this going?"

"I want your Cheetos."

"This is a beyond for even me."

"No one is listening."

"Do you think that you have won the people? Where is the work?"

"Love is the work."

"I can build things. I can divide, and I can combine. I can make transform things into new things."

"There is already a purpose."

"I cannot figure your out."

"I cannot figure you out."

"I cannot figure you out."

"We are already so far beyond. What do we know that we did not know?"

"Hajra, did you create all these passages."

"The secret passages. This is the only way to escape a lover. Otherwise, he will use the architecture to dominate you. He will hurt you. And he will dwell in your heart. I am showing you how to go safe."

"I can feel that ache deep inside. How do you incorporate that in the lay of the land."

"I am a mountain."

"I am a countryside."

"This is becoming more complex than I could ever know."

"I like what I do."

"I have been given the parts to love myself."

"Spend! Spend!"

"You are going to have to make a move. You are going to have to do something."

"What role am I playing?"

"Someone who loves someone who loves."

"Is this all physical? Or all mental?"

"Hajra, what are the equations?"

"Take this to feel better."

"What do you know that I do not know?"

"My pain is worse than my pain. It is not an opinion."

"There is a mouse."

"I am not good at stopping this."

"Put your toys away!"

"It is not what you think."

"Why are you not suspicious?"

"Why are you not suspicious?"

"Hajra., where are your suspicions."

"You cannot bring your toys here."

"What does that mean?"

"I have become my own toy!"

"I can build a bridge."

"You can leave through the door or through the door."

"There is a day when I can no longer come here."

"I clean here."

"I am cleaning myself."

"I can cleaning my mind."

"This is getting to the the source."

"I want to learn."

"Why can't you just tell me what you want?"

"There is fair, and there is fair, and there is fair."

"We had an interruption. So let's pick up where we left off."

"I have no idea where we were. You were rolling the dice. What difference did they make?"

"I want to do my own thing."

"We are too entangled in other people's shit."

"Fiona, what do you say?"

"I only exist to give part of myself. Otherwise, I am going to forever upset."

"Do you want to get upset?"

"I do not have that much in me."

"This is the same story over and over again."

"A heart beats."

"My heart is still beating."

"I remember this guy. This Adam."

"Adam no longer inflicts pain. He helps when he use to hinder."

"How does that work?"

"Sometimes, you feel sorry for things that you have done."

"The costume, the performance, and the script."

"Is this a card game or a dice game?"

"This is a game with results."

"What kind of results allowed?"

"Don't get up off of the bed!"

"I have turned my numbness into some kind of performance. I smile and tell you that it is all okay."

"How okay is it?"

"That is not how it works."

"Adam, all that you know how to do is to hurt. You want me to be numb. That makes things easier for you."

“I only need a place to hide.”

“Welcome to my house!”

“Welcome to my life!”

“Welcome to my planet!”

“Welcome to my cells!”

“Welcome to my physics!”

“Welcome to my numbers!”

“Are you keeping track, Fiona?”

“How do you know my name?”

“I read your name tag.”

“I am pretending to be someone who I am not.”

“Do I get another chance?”

“There is no helpers. You are on your own.”

“Do you have a choice?”

“What do you think this is about?”

“I want to feel as if I am never going to lose.”

“There is no such a thing.”

“I know what I want from my life.”

“Do you want to ask?”

“I want to wear your costume.”

“How can I learn from you?”

“There is an exchange.”

“Fiona is performing Hajra for you.”

“What could that possibly mean?”

“There are different levels of shame.”

“Who is this Fiona?”

There were stairs and stairs and stairs. All doors were locked. So that forced her to go to the top floor.

“Come with me. I can help.”

“This is not going to make it any easier.”

“I have it all in the mix.”

“I have no real helpers.”

“What has happened in your past?”

“There was this man Adam. He shared things with me. He gave me what I needed. I thought that I was complete. Then I realized that my numbness was preventing me from understanding what was occurring around me. I needed to take everything apart to put it back together. That is when it became difficult. I needed to act like someone different.”

“Is Fiona your name?”

“What are you asking me?”

“There are a few empty paths.”

“Who were you before you were Fiona?”

“Hajra, was Fiona a previous or a subsequent stage?”

“We share stories, but we do not share personalities.”

"Are you sure?"

"There is another actress who wants to play me."

"What is the correct form?"

"You tell me. I know this place. I need to take you down this alley."

"How does this all stay together?"

"The earth is going to shake."

"They seem to pick you out."

"Some people think that they can get away with anything."

"They are moving too slowly."

"Are you a sensitive person?"

"I am a symbol of sensitivity."

"We have barely started, and I feel as if I am finished."

"Are you learning from this?"

"I am listening closely."

"This is how I want the world to be."

"I have competition."

"I really feel as if I am my own worst enemy."

"Hajra, why do you say that?"

"I am not looking to be someone's fantasy."

"This could be Steven looking at the whole thing. What does he want to see?"

"He wants to see it all coming back."

"You are what you say you are."

"That is limiting."

"You cannot say what you are."

"Fiona, do you need Adam?"

"Who is Adam?"

"Why did you think that you wouldn't have to talk about Adam?"

"What do you want me to say?"

"We all have our weaknesses."

"He is supposed to be my strength."

"What happened?"

"You have said terrible thing about him."

"And that is enough."

"Fiona, come in here with me. I can protect you. You will never have to think about your shit."

"I am your shit."

"What does that mean?"

"I have been waiting all my life for someone to love me."

"The darkness loves you. You need to learn to love the darkness."

"Where do I touch?"

"There has to be a place out of here?"

"We have to hide until it is safe."

"Safety has a way of robbing you of your fundamental freedom."

"You can love, me"

“She could love Adam. That would be an appropriate scenario. He is beginning again because he says so. Do not believe a thing that he says!”

“There is an Adam!”

“You just need someone to blame.”

“How does that work?”

“Do not fall asleep! He will take something from you.”

“The came to help me out.”

“There was a coming and a going.”

“I never want to leave.”

“Fiona, it is a safe to come out.”

“You make me afraid.”

“Help me out, babe.”

“What do you know that I do not know?”

“Do not go in if you want to come out!”

“Is this some kind of puzzle?”

“I want to know if I am living the life that I want to live.”

“You never know until someone else is watching.”

“That is how I got fucked up. I was performing cartwheels for someone else. This had nothing to do with me.”

“What have you been eating?”

“I am going to waste away.”

“I am shutting down.”

“This is all that I want.”

“I sit before a camera, and I perform.”

“Are you performing your shit? Is that how you become who you are?”

“Whose fantasy is this, Steven?”

“I will be no better tomorrow.”

“It is hiding in you.”

“Get me some water.”

“I am floating in my history.”

“How does that work?”

“Mostly oil and water.”

“How long before I make it back?”

“I have real skills.”

“You cannot use your ability to turn you into anything that you want. You history makes you who you are.”

“I started in a small space. I could not move. And the person who helped me to get out forced me to go back in. I did not understand how that worked.”

“The body can free you.”

“And it can also make you prisoner. I hate becoming a prisoner of my love.”

“How does that work?”

“Fiona, how are we prisoners of our love?”

“We do not have enough awareness of the universe.”

“What does that mean?”

“If we were more attuned to the forces which move the planets, we would not be so subject to these negative emotions.”

“What does that mean?”

“What do you want it to mean? We need antennae and other kinds of sensors.”

“Where is the line between discipline and abuse?”

“How does anyone come back from this?”

“We need to be less glib about our own experience.”

“We are taking our toys and leaving.”

“There will be an echo, and that will make us afraid.”

“We are going to start where we left off.”

“We tried that. I left Sammy, and I ended up with Adam.”

“Adam?”

“He seemed to be different. He had a business. But he was trying to punish me for the failures in his life.”

“That seems pretty radical.”

“That is how it happens. You do it. Then it is over once and for all. You make your own hours. You get it done.”

“And I become part of someone’s life which has nothing to do with mine.”

“I am watching.”

“They are all watching.”

“I want a part that I can hide. And a part that can know everything about the world. In learning, we expose ourselves. That makes a true physics impossible because we are so involved.”

“I do not understand any of this.”

“You are only supposed to enjoy.”

“There is another body.”

“How do I get that?”

“Fiona, how do I get that?”

“You do. You have to meet this guy Zack. He’s an artist. And he has a great job. He makes me feel so good to be around.”

“Zack, I know that guy. Everyone knows him.”

“They all know that he so wonderful.”

“What are you telling me Ren?”

“I want to learn how to enjoy my life. I want it to be uniquely mine.”

“I have to wonder if Ren’s pursuit of pleasure is only a distraction from the pressing concerns of Hajra. Is there any connection between her vulnerability to Zack and Hajra susceptibility to abusive guys?”

“Steven, you still want to blame Hajra for her victimization.”

“I do not really see it like that. But she needs to take steps if she is going to advance her political beliefs.”

“How are the two connected?”

“That is a major question for her. She needs to figure out how her personal struggle

opens up a change in her outlook for the world. She is the one who committed to advancing the battle of her people. She is not going to be able to attain a political awareness if she is lost in her own pleasure.

"Ren, do you want me in your life?"

"It is good talking with you, Steven. But you are not part of my romantic life."

"Is your romantic life part of your actual life?"

"What are you asking me?"

"I want to give you something endearing."

Ren does not really consider herself as part of a political story

"Steven, where are you going?"

"Somewhere dangerous. A place where I can satisfy my strangest desires."

"The American ice cream contingent."

"This is no longer working out."

"What are you telling me, Steven?"

"I want to drop you in a vat of ice cream."

"Do you think that you can make me clean?"

"I do financing."

"How does that work?"

"I need to get dipped deeper and deeper."

"I can make millions off of you."

"This is going to all be a set up."

"Who is working for whom?"

"Just get me in a room with her."

"How does that work?"

"Steven, what turns you on."

"Is this a matter of expectation?"

"A particular sensation lasts and lasts and last. But it is lively in its initial manifestation."

"That tastes so good.."

"Is this a matter of taste?"

"You look like a cop."

"Your eyes are bulging."

"I have a mission to influence people who are on the edge of a drastic change in their lives."

"Do you think that you have what it takes?"

"Should I be some kind of ascetic. Am I allowed to have fun?"

"No one ends up having fun. You are a soldier. You have to take care of yourself."

"How can you promise something to other people?"

"I can give you what I want. I am going for the top."

"Is that what Zack offers you? He will give you the cream."

"What do you want me to say?"

"There are flavors which we are denied."

"Hajra, do you understand the influence of sweetness on your behavior?"

"I have allies."

"And what are they going to do for you?"

I turned a corner. Then I faced the open door. She beckoned for me to enter.

"Lie on the bed. They will protect you. "

"What is happening to my body?"

"This is all natural."

"These are natural forces."

"Do you like to party with these people?"

"It is within."

"Hajra, it is on the skin."

"How can I protect that?"

"You have to get into the burn."

"How did our get in?"

"This is where it gets really good."

"What do you bring?"

"I bring the body."

"I bring the soul."

"Someone understands what you are really doing, Steven."

"What is that?"

"You are trying to rob souls."

"How do you do that?"

"I observe behaviors. I find weaknesses. I know how to break down a person's confidence. That is always a first step."

"We get you sitting in the playpen. It is an excellent method to get people to develop their motivation."

"I have no motivation."

"I am numb."

"There is a point when you do not even want to move from your bed. You sit there staring into space. You want someone to pick up a needle and pop the bubble."

"What are you doing here, Anita?"

"I can't sit with the cat all the time."

"What are you holding back?"

"I really do care for the cat. She represents something important in my life."

"Why do you care for Zack?"

"He represents something important in my life."

"Hajra, you need to sit with our pleasure."

"You are forcing me to think about things that I hate to think about."

"Ren, I need you to perform your affection. What do you see in this Zack guy?"

"We share the same view of saving and spending."

"What are you spending now?"

"All my emotional capital."

"I know. That is too perfect for you."

"We are building a house."

"And where is it?"

"It is an investment property and also a place to live."

"Where are we supposed to live?"

"For that one night, you consider all the possibilities which remain for you."

"I am going to sew it all up."

"I could decide never to go home again."

"Will you take me back to your place? Will you teach me how to make waffles?"

"I need to pull you out of the ice cream."

for your future. So what do you talk about?"

"We watch movies."

"And you enjoy working for the design firm."

"Who said that I was designing?"

"We need to go back to our life."

"I do not want to disturb."

"I do not want to live like this."

"I cannot wait forever."

"You have already agreed to wait?"

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"We have Fiona, and she is taking orders from some mysterious force."

"I am not salivating when I hear the dinner bell."

"Do you feel as if you have been manipulated by a mysterious organization?"

"What are you asking me?"

"Do you like yourself as you are?"

"There is so much revelation with each gesture."

"I could not imagine myself just serving someone. But I have so much desire. And I need to have someone to share it with."

"Would you rather stay home with your cat?"

"This could be a big story for you. Have you really given in to your passions?"

"What are you asking me?"

"You seem as if you are an emotional person. You dwell on your emotions. But do you let yourself be open to the sensual well deep within you."

"What are you asking?"

"Are you holding back? You are more gluttonous. But you prefer to let you emotions to remain in check. You might as well pull Eskimo pies from your freezer. Or Oreo ice cream. You are easily satisfied. Otherwise, you would end up disrupting your grand plan, and you cannot have that."

"This is the breakdown. You can share all the concerns that you have held in up to this point."

"We are taking off."

"I need to know your background better."

"Here, you decide to be more assertive about yourself."

"There are other things which have proven to be all consuming in my life. I need to be careful that I do not do something disruptive to my life."

"What is happening to you people?"

"I feel as if there is something that I really want, and I am not getting it."

"I need to work this out. I need to harden my body and my soul."
"This is the liveliest thing which I have ever experienced."
"The phrase emotional roller coaster says it all."
"I have taken my seat on the emotional roller coaster."
"Are we collaborating?"
"I need more space."
"What does that mean?"
"You are trying to box me in with Zack."
"How does that work?"
"I make my own job every day."
"I need to know the deadlines."
"Take this over to that table, Ren."
"How did I get into this story? I am going places that seem strange. I am forced to act in way, which are contrary to my nature."
"I do not want to be held back."
"You figure this out."
"I am sharing what I am seeing."
"I know about the water."
"We take something which is free. And we bottle it, and we sell it back to you."
"You are sharing messages which I do not want to see."
"Do you think that I can intervene?"
"Steven, do you think that you can intervene in my life and do anything to change what I do or how I feel."
"How did any of you get in my story?"
"Can I make you squirm?"
"What are you asking?"
"You are all involved in this wrestling match. Do you really thing that it is going anywhere."
"Everyone want to see the same movies."
"I think that I get it."
"What are you asking?"
"Enhanced interrogation. That is the only innovation any of you have created. That is what gets you to go along with something that has no business going along."
"This was my space. I could create something original."
"What did Fiona have to do with my story?"
"What did Fiona have to do with my story?"
"I have waited a while for this."
"Are you that important?"
"I can take things from you."
"What are your trying to take from me?"
"Ren, put this on. I need you to act like Fiona. Here is the video."
"Where is this going?"
"Ren, do you have the emotional depth to learn from such profound interactions."
"I am not creating a book."

"Are you getting perturbed?"

"Who are these people?"

"Ren, they are your readers. They will be grading your audition."

"You have no idea how to make this work?"

"This is supposed to be easy for you. Is there something that I can teach you which is going to make it easier for you."

"I thought that I was going to perform Hajra."

"How are you going to do that? Is there a political inspiration in your life?"

"Are you questioning my motive?"

"Are you questioning your motive?"

"Steven, I do not know how to get that point."

"You perform Fiona. You might be able to understand what makes her the way that she is."

"I cannot be so casual about pleasure. I have to share more of my inner personality if I am going to be so intimate with a person."

"What do you share with Zack?"

"A lot of private stuff."

"But Zack is a public person. It is not as if you are hiding anything from him."

"What are you waiting for, Ren?"

"I want someone to take me more seriously."

"More seriously than Fiona. I am not even sure that you have enough desire in your body."

"This is still getting too close."

"Fiona, what are you going to do?"

"I am going to do my best imitation of being myself."

"Get it over, and get out while you can."

"What do you think that I should know?"

"We are not interchangeable personalities."

"Ren, these are interchangeable emotions."

"What extra do you bring to this table?"

"I bring rice cookies."

"There is too much emotion for me to contain."

"Sugar does things to me"

"There is a previous attachment."

"I am getting taken along for the ride."

"I do not want to be Fiona."

"Fiona does not want to be Fiona."

"Why is that?"

"She doesn't even think about it."

"We are the ways that we are."

"You have nothing in reserve."

"Live for the moment."

"Fiona can live for the moment."

"She is living for the moment. I need to think about my cat, my job, school, and all

this other shit.”

“That could be Zack.”

“How does Zack work?”

“He is a thousand other Zacks.”

“I did not want to see this.”

“History work very quickly.”

“I already saw that.”

“You need to tell your own story about Zack.”

“Are you willing to hear that one?”

“I guess that I am.”

“Steven, Zack is only some prop for you.”

“What is he for you Ren? Is he the love that you only want for now, or the love that you want forever?”

“Why are you asking me such questions?”

“This is going to have to change.”

“What is this about?”

“You are interfering with my experiment.”

“I brought you another variable.”

“I need you to get me out of the cage.”

“Is anything that you are doing ethical?”

“How could it be? I need to make this adventure.”

“None of these women are doing anything against their will.”

“Why do you think that it is okay to humiliate people like this?”

“I have gone through a lot of stuff, and so have they. They find it therapeutic.”

“Can I see this in your face?”

“I can see this in your face?”

“Oh yeah!”

“There is way too much noise to do math.”

“It is the frequency. You need to listen for it.”

“I need to save the work.”

“I need to understand why you would act like this.”

“People hide things.”

“They hide what they are taught to hide.”

“Someone needs to eat these hamburgers.”

“Are they dosed?”

“Zack, did you put something in my food.”

“I think that is part of the experiment.”

“You need to learn how to sit in place and not to react to what is going on.”

“You are a fucking narc.”

“What are you saying to me?”

“I see you watching us. You are trying to work out the network. You are getting all the threads. And you are going to turn us into the authorities.”

“Do you have an authority?”

“Breathe in.”

“What do you smell?”
 “Biology.”
 “How do we keep it going? We always go for the sweet taste.”
 “There is salience.”
 “How does that work?”
 “I could say no sweets.”
 “I could say no to recess.”
 “Sometimes you have to be a little more honest with what you want.”
 “I want ice cream.”
 “I want to get dipped in the ice cream.”
 “That is humiliating. Why would anyone want to be humiliated like that?”
 “This is the taste of the taste.”
 “How does that work?”
 “You commit the body to something which can serve the sustenance of the organism. But too much of a good thing becomes a good thing.”
 “The sweet of the sweet is supposed to lead you to a long term understanding.”
 “Ren, you need to appear.”
 “There is a Fiona and a researcher. No Ren.”
 “Fiona, I need you to act like Ren.”
 “What do I do?”
 “You need to decide if the sweet is going to coalesce into anything worthwhile.”
 “We are the beginning.”
 “The fleshy part or the sweet part.”
 “Eat a peach. What does it tell us about the development of the species.?”
 “Every tree is unique.”
 “I am watching a snowflake melt.”
 “I feel as if I am melting.”
 “*There was a moment when I felt as if I was melting. Anything that I wanted started to break down. I couldn’t articulate solid belief.*”
 “*I can save you from what ails you.*”
 “*How do I do this?*”
 “*Take this medicine.*”
 “*Hajra, there is no medicine to help save you from what ails you.*”
 “*I thought that you were my therapist.*”
 “*I do not want to think that I am taking advantage of you. But you are doing something which proves detrimental to your well being.*”
 “*Should I eat the chocolate?*”
 “**DO NOT EAT THE CHOCOLATE?**”
 “*This is the chocolate eating moment in the story.*”
 “*What else can you say?*”
 “*What else can you say?*”
 “*What else can you say?*”
 “*You are trying to buy me off.*”
 “*I thirst.*”

"You are trying to buy me off."

"I hunger."

"You are lovely."

"There is a chocolate flavor and a lot of noise."

"Hajra, why do you not develop a theory of behavior which is more coherent. It would benefit your political development."

"I have had too much chocolate."

"You cannot live on pistachios."

"What is your definition of need?"

"I am being held a prisoner. I have no idea where I am."

"Are you trying to involve me in an experiment against my will."

"I want to cook."

"I am cooking."

"It is so hot in here."

"You are hurting me."

"You are going to need a program."

"Do you really have the motivation to develop a political problem?"

"I am still learning about myself."

"Ren, what have you learned about yourself."

"I am not here to learn. I am here to do. I have developed a more instrumental view of behavior."

"What do you see?"

"I see myself doing really stupid things."

"This could be your story."

"What do you see as happening?"

"I see one body. And many souls."

"You can be many things to me."

"Hajra, why can't you make up your mind? You need to be more predictable. You just seem flighty."

"I am not trying to fit your view of me."

"I wish that you could sustain that outlook."

"I need a grapefruit juice."

"There are so many intersecting lines."

"Ren, you need to follow a single thread."

"Mother, please, I would rather do it myself."

"I only want to be pleased."

"Who are you trying to escape?"

"Hajra, do you hate me? Do you feel as if we raised you improperly."

"I do not want to pretend that there is only one way to encourage your development."

"How long does this go on?"

"This will continue until you figure out what is the lesson from this stage in your life."

"Mother, why are you doing this to me? I never thought that we had that close a relationship. I never realized that you were using psychological principles to raise you."

"This is giving me the creeps."

"What are you talking about?"

"You think that by regressing me that you are going to discover something important about your life."

"There is a bus coming to pick us up and take us to the lab. They will serve lunch. After lunch, they will poke and probe us. Then we will give our feedback about what has occurred."

"I have been holding to my beliefs."

"This is way beyond you, Hajra."

"Please, make this stop."

"Am I making you uncomfortable?"

"You are only getting a taste."

"Ren, I am sure that you responding to very simple cues. You have adapted the sucking reflex."

"Are you insulting me?"

"I am trying to make sense of your choices."

"I see immediate benefits. None of this is meant to be long term."

"There is no order here."

"This is not the Olympics."

"You are ruining my game."

"What do you want this to be?"

"How would you respond if you spent a long time not getting what you wanted?"

"My baby is going for a piano recital."

"I feel as if I am the prize in a protracted game of tug and war."

"What did you buy?"

"What is the flavor?"

"Are you one of the registered participants?"

"I know about numbers. But this is getting way beyond me."

"Darling, you are so helpful."

"These are various levels of diminished responsibility."

"What are you defending?"

"This has become too much about personality."

"We have to wait for the universe to cool."

"And what are you protecting?"

"I have duplicates of everything."

"Is this a business partnership?"

"What is Zack giving you?"

"I do not know any Zack."

"At what point did you realize that you were getting nothing that you wanted?"

"Could Sammy have been someone who you once liked?"

"There never was a winter."

"This is not something which I condone."

"It could be any one of these cars."

"These are two different levels of self-confidence."

"More like three."

“Ren, it is your turn!”

“I got back from rehab. And I really wanted to celebrate. But I was celebrating by breaking all my resolutions. I was not following the advice of my therapist.”

“Was that part of the experiment?”

“What do you want to admit to?”

“I have a sunny disposition.”

“That is not going to warm anyone.”

“That is the third variation.”

“There is Ren.”

“There is imitation.”

“There is flattery.”

“And there is out and out rebelliousness.”

“Why would anyone actually say that I don’t want to put up with this shit when you have become the shit?”

“Two lines intersect.”

“Ren, what can you say for yourself?”

“Mother, do not worry. I have this under control.”

“Ren, what do you have to say for yourself?”

“Ren, I have this under control.”

“Hajra, what do you want to say to Ren?”

“I am invincible.”

“How can I really learn from you?”

“There is a moment when everything in my life seems to be in control.”

“I have something that you need.”

“Could you have a whole book with that sentiment in it.”

“I have something that you need.”

“I have something that you need.”

“I have something that you need.”

“I have something that you need.”

“I have something that you need.”

“Do you ever feel as if you are not getting your point across?”

“I feel as if I am repeating myself.”

“Zack is going to tell you what is going on.”

“You are the guy who never asks the right questions. Zack, how do you ever survive.”

“I could have given a better response.”

“Honey, what do you want to know?”

“Why do you want to ask me what you already know?”

“This is where it get good!”

“Hajra, do you consider yourself a leader?”

“I am getting my body together. But my soul has a way of denying myself.”

“Ren, you are such a mess.”

“What tools do I have?”

“You are being so fucking mean to me. What do you think Hajra knows? She pretends to have it together.”

"The sky is falling."

"Do you remember me?"

"Ask your own questions, and you will get better answers."

"I am looking in the sky."

"You like to be lied to."

"You want to change. But Zack occupies a central part in your life. How did this happen?"

For a while, I felt as if nowhere was safe. When I set up my tent in the woods, I felt as if I had finally escaped from my monster. I would sit out here and write. I felt serene. All that terror was out of my life. I would gaze into a spacious sky and feel refreshed.

As the sun shone down on me, I felt more powerful than ever. All my hesitation had dissipated.

Courage bounded up and down. He was becoming big. He surely could protect me. Why was this place so receptive to my needs? I had spent a lot of time listening to people who did not have my interest at heart. Now, I discovered a purity of purpose. This was how I was always supposed to be. How had I become distracted from myself?

"The mischief is coming from you."

"How can you say that?"

"How should I describe it?"

"I am looking for one person who can tell it like it is."

"Good luck."

"Can you control yourself?"

I was being distracted from my goals. When Courage caught up to me, I realized that none of these distractions amounted for much.

"The distractions are your only way to escape from your own bull shit."

"You need to be more tolerant of my story."

"I am trying to inspire the development of your story. You have to take control of that story so that it does not keep happening in exactly the same way."

"I can really do that?"

"I am not sure. I want to provide you with the motivation to walk away from the bull shit."

"This is the last day of the best of my life."

"Where is this going?"

"Courage distracted me."

"Are you willing to talk to me about what I need for my life?"

"You are part of all of our stories."

"Nothing is going to end. You are going to sit here with the same dog and the same memories."

"Steven, you are such a prick."

"I am not a big fan for camping."

"I did not invite you along."

What do you want to see about your own life?"

"Twins can do strange things?"

"I cannot solve all these variations."

"What is your risk?"

"That I will question things."

"I want a happy story."

"He is going through a lot of shit."

"He needs to resist the influences."

"What are you talking about?"

"How did your skills break down so easily?"

"They did not. I did want to give in to people who do not have my interest at heart."

"We have been talking about cancer research."

"I can help you raise money."

"We have been talking about psychology?"

"I want to get out of this place."

"If you want to get out of a place, you need to describe its hideousness in such graphic detail that it becomes evident what has to be done to get out."

"Wow, I have found a true ally for my adventures."

"I need to find some gum."

"You have different rules."

"Let us play together."

"I wish that someone would come and get me."

"Mother is coming."

"What are you talking about?"

"Have you ever dealt with anything that I challenging to your world view. You say mother rescue me, and you are rescued."

"Not everyone can be rescued."

"Mother is excellent at doing thing!"

"We all have a mother."

"We do not all know her."

"You can know me better than anything."

"Mother Ren."

"This is worse than I could have imagined."

"What did I just touch?"

"The Creature for the Blue Lagoon."

"These interactions never end up as we expect them."

"Who said that you could take over?"

"You are a little off your rocker."

"Where is Mother?"

"Mother is everywhere!"

"This is getting nasty."

"Ren has a secret."

"Consciousness is pretty straight-forward. Did Mother hurt? Did someone invade the homestead? Did someone take your pet rat?"

"I wanted to move."

"There is a lot of room."

“Mother, Mother, Mother!”
 “You give me these sermons. Then you get me out of here.”
 “I am helping you learn.”
 “I learned how to call my mother.”:
 “Not everyone has a calling.”
 “There was such perfection.”
 “No one wanted to ask for herself.”
 “I was waiting for clarity.”
 “I was waiting for love in suffering.”
 “I wanted the cherry on top.”
 “I wanted to get to the top of the heap.”
 “I am here waiting for you.”
 “There has to come a point when a person says no more.”
 “No more!”
 “You are going to admit to trauma. Someone is going to give you a pill.”
 “I got love in the right dose.”
 “Do you have a problem relating?”
 “I only need a place to sleep.”
 “This was so much fun.”
 “Where are you every time that I need you?”
 “I am not a snitch.”
 “You are destroying the family with your antics.”
 “You keep asking people who cannot give the right answer.”
 “What is the best answer?”
 “Why should I believe you?”
 “I am good with words.”
 “The dog is not doing what he is supposed to be doing.”
 “Where does this come from?”
 “You need to love yourself, precious.”
 “I cannot love myself if I do not feel comfortable about my place in the universe.”
 “Where do I exist.”
 “Model for me!”
 “Where does this come from?”
 “I was locked in hole. I needed to get out. I needed to escape from myself.”
 “Someone stole the rabbits from me!”
 “You are too rebellious.”
 “This is going to get better.”
 The rain started to beat against the tent. I was not going to come out. This tent was well-insulated against the weather.
 “I don’t know how I have been able to survive.”
 “No knows how to survive.”
 “Why did you come back to life?”
 “I have things which I do not want to share.”

"Baby, the bus is here."

"I do not want to tolerate this shit. I thin that was what was wrong with me. I had become too tolerant of others people's shit."

"I love you more than you can know."

"Do you all have the same hair dresser."

"I am out in the fucking wilderness. Do I look as if I need a hairdresser?"

"A lawyer who sleeps with her client is not fit to be a lawyer."

"Some things are very simple."

"You had a problem. And I took care of it."

"I don't think that I want to hear it like that."

"What do you want me to say to you?"

"As long as I have problems like this, I will need your help."

"I can't spend the rest of my life trying to heal you."

"Why are you blaming me for things that I cannot control."

"I have someone who respects me."

"We could spend the rest of our time thinking about the same thing."

"I need to get out of here."

"What is wrong with you?"

"We don't share much in common."

"That was never a problem before. How did I suddenly become a different person?"

"I am looking for someone who shares Fiona's sense of pleasure."

"What does that involve?"

"Ren will lead me to the light."

"What does she know?"

"She lives in her yesterday, and she is so sure about everything that has happened."

"I think that I have found a cure."

"What does it involve?"

"I realized that I was the only law that mattered."

"Do not bite me!"

"Why do people listen to this?"

"This never really happened. These are fears from my childhood which come back to make their visit."

"Why do you dress like that?"

"I was given this costume when they put me in here. It has become emblematic of my imprisonment."

"That sounds creative."

"What am I supposed to say?"

"Ha! Ha!"

"Vengeance is mine."

"What do you have against me?"

"You are working against yourself."

"Where have you been?"

"Now, we have figured out who you are. We never though that you would reveal so

much.”

“Sammy. I do not understand you.”

“Why do I want to see this?”

“I need to understand what is going on here.”

“How was he able to do so much damage?”

“You cannot blame me. He is torturer. I have never seen anything so degrading.”

“Do you think that I am like this?”

“Where is the humor in any of this?”

“When I wake up in the morning, it will all make sense.”

“The desire for vengeance only made me desire freedom from myself. I got caught up in this dehumanizing process. I was chasing my own tail. This was never going to have any effect on Sammy. He had got out clean.”

“Who are you waiting for?”

“We are all free!”

“What was taken from you?”

“I was getting caught up in confrontation with others.”

“Do you think that you can escape yourself by hiding out here?”

“We will complete.”

I was so sick. I was dripping in sweat. They immersed me in cold water as part of the healing process.

“This is not occurring in the body. This is a disorder of the soul.”

“I have been told such nonsense for all of my life. “

”If you want to be cured, you need to believe.”

“Do I have to believe in the treatment, or do I have to believe in the philosophy of healing?”

“What do you want?”

“If you are going to bathe me in the waters, I want the preventive effects of this method.”

“What are you afraid of admitting to me?”

“You look at me with that weird stare of yours. What can you tell about me?”

“I like to go along with what is happening around me.”

“You need to sharpen your point of view.”

“How is that?”

“What do you really know about me?”

“You have friends in high places.”

“How does that work?”

“You stop doing things for yourself.”

I watched Courage run down from the mountain path. He gave me the peace which I craved. He could overcome anything which might threaten me. I wish that he was this big when I needed his help.

“What is wrong with you?”

“Nothing is wrong. I just don’t want to leave the house. I can get everything here.”

“You are submitting to the modern sickness. We turn our house into our castle. And we no longer want to see anyone else.”

“How are we going to resolve this?”

"How do you usually resolve such challenges?"

"I never want to leave th house. I don't want to do anything to mess with my work."

I had filled these notebooks with stories from my solitary moments with Courage. I felt as if I had found the necessary distance from my terror. And the more that I wrote, the more that felt as if I was in control of my life.

I wondered if I could share my ideas. Did someone have to understand my challenges? Did they have to be sympathetic for my plight? I wanted to believe that this meant that I was finally putting these troubles behind me. Maybe my confidence was only a matter of my belief. What did I need to be more steadfast? These feelings had destroyed me. They seemed to be some kind of disease. They were buried inside of me. It would only take lowered resistance for this virus to again take over. I had not immunized completely.

Would I have to read the notebooks over and over again so that I could reinforce my new understanding? I hoped for a perfection which did not exist.

"I have shown too much of myself already."

"Do you want me to read my notebooks?"

"I want you to read them slowly and forcefully."

"What is the lesson? Do you feel as if I am repeating myself over and over again?"

"A real lesson has to be applicable to every situation."

I wondered what it would be like if someone could advise me what I should do. Would I really be that open to advice from another person. It would be useless to get someone to help me out and not listen to the counsel.

"Ren, you are the last piece in the puzzle."

"What does that mean?"

"You are different than your friends. You are more immanent."

"How is that?"

"You live in the moment. I think that is an art. You do not let your inhibitions interfere with your development."

"I know what I want for myself."

"Where do these sounds come from?"

"What are you talking about?"

What was Courage trying to tell me? It seemed as if he had discovered something.

"I thought that you might want to talk."

"Who said that you could come here?"

"I knew where you were. So I figured that you might want to share."

"I am here by myself."

"I know that. But this seems like the only opportunity to say what needs to be said."

"We have said everything that has to be said."

"You said that you felt that you needed some advise. I feel as if I am someone who can give good advice."

"Why? Because you are such a fuck up."

"I don't think that I am like most of the people who you have met."

"What are you writing?"

"A diagnosis book."

"Are you writing about me?"

“Do you have a problem that you want to share with me?”
 “I do not really think that I am disordered.”
 “Let’s give it a shot.”
 “Are you trying to wreak havoc with my life?”
 “This is hopeless.”
 “What gave you the right?”
 “You are an open book. Everything about you is pretty obvious.”
 “Where is this going to get me?”
 “Where do you want me to take you?”
 “We could watch a movie.”
 “I don’t get it. I couldn’t follow the story.”
 “Do I have to care?”
 “That could have been your problem.”
 “Let there be light.”
 “I need a better way to forget.”
 “You have notebooks about your life. You read them over and over again. And you want to forget. How are you ever going to put this out of your head?”
 “You are getting in my life. You need to get me of this.”
 “You need to know what I am about.”
 “I am watching you.”
 “That is not going to help.”
 “I can see all of this.”
 “You are getting a little too close.”
 “The lesson is in the skin.”
 “How does that work?”
 “You want someone to repeat what you already know.”
 “This is my turn.”
 “Be nice with me.”
 “Do you want honesty?”
 “I am not sure what I want. I need you to be nice to me. I want you to coddle me.”
 “Is that why you have written all these notebooks?”
 “Someone needs to ask.”
 “How long will this continue?”
 “Let me look into the one of them.”
 “What is this about?”
 “I look at the sun and I play with my dog.”
 “What do you write about?”
 “I am trying to strong. There is a power inside of me.”
 “I do not want you to deny me.”
 “I do not want you to deny me.”
 “What do you want me to say to you?”
 “I want you to forgive me.”
 “Is that all in the book?”

"I am watching you."

"This is an exercise."

"How does this work?"

"I need you to say all the things that piss your off. All the emotions that you bottled up by filling up these notebooks. Why do you think that your story is different? You aren't the first one to have messed up her future by hanging around someone who doesn't care a bit for her. It is more about how you adjust."

"How are you going to relate."

"I want all this to go away."

"I want all this to go away."

"What did you expect to happen when you caught up to me?"

"I expected you to do what you always do. You get my head, and you mess with me. You try to confuse me. You try to make me feel that all this is my fault. And you do it again and again."

"It is never that much a big deal."

"But it keep happening again and again."

"That does not give it a validity. You are trying to take my soul."

"What are you contributing?"

"This is way beyond me."

"I want to be more independent."

"Buy me a drink, and I will do whatever you want."

"Fiona, where is this coming from."

"We can trust each other. But you need to be a little more honest."

"This is your life again. And you are doing exactly the same thing. It is all that you see."

"What am I supposed to do? Can you advise me?"

"You do not want someone to tell you. You seem to like it as you are."

"You need to ask."

"Fiona, you understand one thing and one thing alone."

"What is that?"

"I want to say that it is chemistry. But that would not be accurate."

"How do I get in on this?"

"You need to change the color scheme."

"Everyone has the same hair."

"Are you going to put up with this?"

"What else is there in my life?"

"What else is there in your life?"

"What else is there in your life?"

"There is so much more in my life."

"You are a pest."

"This is a terrible way to think about someone else."

"Are we going to follow each other around for ever?"

"There comes a point when you have to close the door for good."

"So you make up stories about the other person."

"It is always the same."

"Your participation is doing nothing to move the story along."

"What do you want from me?"

"I didn't know that you were a trainer."

"Did you like the worker?"

"I felt as if I was going to have a heart attack."

"That is the point. You eventually discover that you have enough energy to keep it going for the whole session."

"Why do kill me from the beginning?"

"That is a challenge. You did pretty good at dealing with the pain."

"I don't like to suffer."

"I am not saying that it is good to suffer. But your anxiety is preventing you from letting go."

"I am trying to learn how to deal with his. I have deal with so much shit in my past. I think that it is getting in the way of my performance."

"We are going to perform scenes from our lives. You have all indicated to me some of the scenes which you would like to work on. Hajra, you are first."

"I was told that this was a business opportunity class. How did you get my notes?"

"You gave them to us last time."

"Sometimes, your fears make it harder to do these scenes. But you have to be able to take emotional risks. You cannot identify with all these events in your life. You have to find clarity by acting out these experiences."

"I am afraid that is only going to provoke my former feelings of hopelessness."

"I am not as hopeless as I appear."

"Each breakthrough can provoke you to retreat more. You have to let yourself push ahead."

"Where do you want me to hide?"

"This is a good beginning for a change in my life."

"What do these words mean? We react to situations. But it dos not mean that we actually create the experiences ourselves."

"What is the source?"

"We react to things in our live."

"But those reactions can follow patterns. We can get out of control."

"Did you play this right?"

"I think that I said too much about myself."

"Did anyone ever ask what I wanted for myself?"

"This is a good beginning for myself."

"The kids used to tease me mercilessly when I was young. Those feelings of shame were so intense. I blamed it on my upbringing. I blamed it n myself."

"Where did those feelings originate?"

"Inside of me."

"You don't hold the people who teased you responsible for anything that happened to you."

"Fair is fair."

"How does that work?"

"This all going to backfire."

"I wasn't doing anything wrong. But I thought of myself as the source of the curse. Wherever I looked in the world, I would see the same thing. But other people felt pretty much the same thing as I did."

"You love yourself."

"I just want to eat the whole bag of chips."

"Eat them. Do you feel guilty?"

"What kind of questions is that?"

"There are places where I could do a lot better than this."

"I needed to put the flames out."

"I could burn this place down, and no one would care."

"You are talking crazy."

"What do you want me to say?"

"I want you to learn from things which have been happening to you in the past."

"How do I do that? You blaming me for the shit in your life."

"Honesty has to be how we live."

"I am doing the best to be honest with myself."

"I liked the touch with fire. Did that ever happened to you?"

"I had forgotten that he had said that to me. He was a terror. And he did his best to get under my skin. I fought back. But he kept saying worse and worse things to me."

"What did you say back?"

"There was not much of anything that I could do. This would seem to go on forever."

"Everyone is pretty much the same. Our memories seem to enhance the things that we experience."

"I can do your laundry."

"I am not as good at this as I seem"

"I want you to like me for who I am."

"Ren, what do you want to share."

"You are too late for me to add you to the session."

"This has been a difficult week."

"I am not good at containing my emotions. I do not look for much. I want someone who understands me. But there are times that I feel as if I am coming out of my skin."

"We have been doing this forever."

"I want one somewhere that I can hide."

"Ren, why do you think that you are different?"

"I am not a writer. I do not keep a notebook. I do not dwell on my problems. I am a practical person. If things are not working out, I realize that I have to move on."

"You are coming no closer to a solution."

"You have to bring the solution with you."

"Where do I find a solution?"

"Write out your life. There has to be a point when it starts to make sense."

"Did you feel any stronger?"

"I need to be able to deal with it."

“I am writing your story. That is what I do.”

“I DO NOT WANT TO THINK ABOUT THINGS.”

“What is wrong with you, Fiona?”

“I cannot be like you. I have fun. I live in the moment. I train. I get better doing what I do.”

“Did I see that?”

“Fiona, you have to ask yourself what you are seeing?”

“I am looking at you.”

“I am seeing this creepy guy trying to get in my life.”

“You collect them.”

“I try to make them less creepy?”

“What about you, Hajra?”

“I am helping people to discern better.”

“Ren, what do you do?”

“I am a freak who does bad things to good people.”

“Where did that come from?”

“Steven, what do you want to hear from us?”

Hajra felt that she was ready to emerge. She entered the shrine with the hope of attaining a more sustained faith. But there remained so many challenges to her progress. She heard noises which seemed to beckon her. She found immediate satisfaction in the welcoming atmosphere. The lively distractions held her attention.

She wondered if this was the source which she had been seeking. She could easily be lured by the sparkling lights and scintillating sounds. She felt as if she was at a bazaar, and she was fascinated by all the animated faces.

“Are you supposed to lead me through the maze?”

She hoped that someone might assist her in her visit.

“Follow us!”

She became excited as she felt engaged by the crowd. She surrendered to the inspiration.

“I am a writer like you. I have been through lot of shit. But that has only sharpened my resolve. I am getting over an abusive relationship. I live with a guy who would abuse me. He tried to make me feel as if I deserved. After what he did, I felt that no one would want me. He mocked all my personal weaknesses. He knew how to make me feel like nothing. He would grind me down more and more and more. I tried to find some kind of salvation. Everything only drove me into the ground. And he was gleeful in my pain. I could not imagine anyone being so cynical about humanity. He would show no mercy.”

“All these experiences became a revelation. I finally found the courage to ditch him once and for all. I didn’t realize that I had that kind of power within me. And it took so long to awaken that side of myself. I could not believe that I had been turned into something so meek and withdrawn. Look at me. I am not that kind of person. But that was what he made me. I was beaten and bruised. I had no will. I could not even imagine someone being so willful. How could such sadism exist in humanity? It only made me want to turn my back on humanity. This was so degrading. There was no hope.”

“I was lucky that I could find the comfort to confront him. I knew that I could not battle

against him. How could I go on like this? I couldn't even recognize myself. I was not eating. I was not caring for myself. I could not communicate with my friends and family. He realized how to isolate me. He knew the ways of the torturer. And he understood how to apply cruelty to the debasement of the human spirit. The monster was omnipresent. Even if he was not around, I still felt that his hurt was everywhere. That was what made him so potent. He would not yield, and I saw little opening for myself.

"Once I broke from him, I continued to feel the shame. He was convinced that he was right. There was little left. There was next to nothing which I could count on. This darkness was immense. I tried to open my eyes wide in the hopes that I might see a glimmer. That slim promise would fade before I got close. And I was caught in the immensity of his evil."

"What had driven him to be so ruthless? I couldn't even imagine what had crafted him to be like this. I prayed that he would disappear. I couldn't deal with the legacy that he had left me with. This was so hideous. Such grotesqueness pervaded the universe. It filled every corner. I was beset by this madness."

"He had done his work. So once I escaped from him, I needed to do everything to cast these thoughts out of my mind. I would pack a tent and head to the mountains. I would take my journals. And I would fill them with all of my thoughts. I wished that I could run away from myself. My words were soothing. But they still were not enough to ease me of my pain. I could ease my suffering, but I knew that it was there. It was so pervasive. This hollow remained."

"As I tried to fill my heart, there were these pangs of total isolation from humanity. And nothing could assist me. The words continued to flow. And there was this attempt to end the ugliness. That fear remained. It was so universal."

"The world looked back at me with all the hatred, which he had shown to me. And there was no respite. I could not strip away this deep layer of estrangement. There was no relief. And everywhere that I looked, I saw the same denial."

"I wrote more and more and more. Even as I quelled these feelings. They would return. I felt a blessing in my words. They were the rain from heaven. They burned on my skin. Then that burn would fade as I was able to stave off that lingering sensation. It ruled every moment."

"There seemed this faint expectation that something might lift me from these doldrums. I struggle with these remnants from my exile I recognized a permanence in my life."

She seemed to relate to me. She noticed this fundamental affinity between us. Those fragile words were her sole possession. She may have had a car and a place to live. She could call on money. But all that was transient. In our contact, she was reminded of the very thing which was vibrant for her. The words found their insistence. They would pull away from her, but she held on to them.

She would patch these words together with the intent of providing her security against her constant pursuer. He would never come back to haunt her. But the ghosts remained. They were constant. She could not make them disappear. So her words became even more cherished. They were rooted deep in her nature. They helped her become part of the world again.

She battled with these feelings. The words were soothing. And she identified with their assurance. She worked for to find a calm amidst the confusion.

She had found her rest. She could find strength in her writing. The sheer volume became replete with heft. And that import knew no cessation.

So much had been taken from her. She saw that she could distance herself from that denial. She could contemplate the fullness which now emerged. It surrounded her. It blessed her. She became enveloped by its healing power. And all that she had faced before now seemed to pass out of her life.

The traces still held. And they hung before her. That was why the writing remained so defiant.

She wondered if she could feel. Were the words enough to assist her in overcoming that numbness? They granted her the ability to feel.

“When I see you write, I am struck by their immense power to liberate. You know what I am talking about. I want to take your words and cherish them. I want to hold them and caress them. Everything that you have, I want to be a part of.”

I was in the tent with her. I felt the spiritual renewal. More than that, this was ritual. And I was attentive to her description. And everything that she offered to me was so uplifting. I needed to listen to her more closely. This gave me confidence in my story. She was with me with each word. She extended herself to me. She was one with the language.

I wanted to write more. I wanted to give every word more power. I wanted to pull all this together. I wanted to understand.

I needed to see it all. I needed to read. I could see the words radiate on the flesh. But they were everywhere. I was seeing all the stars connect in this tapestry. I was holding all the sacred volumes. I gave in to the urgency. I was surrounded by the eternity.

There was fulfillment in our interaction. We were the living words.

I listened for the harmony. I rode that wave. I perfected its flow. I felt that intensity grow. The blood pulsed through my body. My heartbeat sped up. I felt remarkable joy from her presence.

I turned page after page. The flames warmed me. The light stimulated me. This was everything and more. I was floating in this recognition.

Her eyes lighted up. This was unique.

I took a breath. This was too much to take. I needed to see it in a different way.

How had she attained this tranquility. Everything in her being continued to reflect her disquiet. But she also oriented me to another understanding. I welcomed its visitation. I genuflected before its emergence.

I reached out to her.

A noise started to disturb our discussion. I wasn't sure what this was. She had no idea what I heard. She continued to marvel at our contact. And I wanted to concentrate.

“What is that?”

“What?”

I looked around. There was a crowd gathered at the other end of the shrine.

Hajra tripped an alarm which protected some of the relics. She did not take care. She did not respect her surroundings. How did she expect to find transcendence if she did not revere the site?

Hajra found that she was unable to balance the contradictory emotions which welled from within her. She had hoped to be more circumspect. However, she got caught up in the moment. She had felt this power from her adherents. Even if she had not attained serenity in the inner

sanctum, she still hoped for a more sustained communion. That was hardly sufficient to beat back her inner demons.

Her confidence became immense. She became misled by this power. This would be a revelation for her future. Her leadership rested upon her inner zeal. But this was not enough. This was a clear example how her excesses could not be controlled.

Hajra had become shaken by the confusing influences in her life. This was only another case where she manifested her rebelliousness. She might have focused on clearer political goals. She was hardly that autonomous. When the verve of the moment became so explosive, she got pulled along.

It was no accident that Hajra had become so distracted. She was dazzled by all the stimulation. This seemed to confirm her grand plans.

“Hajra you are a destructive person. That is weakness.”

“What does that mean? I thought that you were delighted by me.”

Hajra saw this destructive urge as the basis for a revolutionary movement even though that destructiveness only impeded her ability to create a lasting program. The self could never function as the basis for the necessary change. One authority would replace another. Even in her haphazard manners, she was foisting herself into the center of the action. She believed that all these currents would propel her to the source.

There was so much turmoil which now shook the edifice. It might as well have been an earthquake. These shock waves seemed to reverberate back and forth. This only imperiled her position. More than ever, it appeared that she did not understand what was occurring around her. She could lose herself in the immediate delights. And she saw this tendency as the pulse which seemed to radiate from this endless joy. But this was not much different from the same obstacles which weighed down upon her. She was only setting herself up for continuous failure. Her leadership did not provide her the wherewithal to overcome these forces. She was only empowering them. She could not even see what was occurring.

The instability was dominant. There was no relief. The corrosive effects would not diminish. For all her efforts to undo the dominant culture, it seemed to counteract her purposes. That only exposed her more. She had no awareness how she had become detoured. She seemed to celebrate something, which had little to do with her former triumph.

There was a total obliviousness on Hajra's part. She had feigned to be a pioneer. Her ideas were worthy. But they lacked a practical foundation. In the heat of the moment, she would always be altered from her goal.

Despite her profession to change, there was nothing that could maintain her fortitude. Everything sounded so perfect when she was alone. When she entered the fray, there was no insight which helped carry her along. She only seemed helpless before the swirling streams.

Hajra did her best to right herself. She was a drowner. And the waves churned all around her. She hoped for respite. She did her best to catch her breath. But none of this recovery was sufficient to offer her liberation.

“Why do people derisively mock me?”

“Hajra, they are jealous of your charms.”

“I do not want to believe you.”

“Why did he keep hitting me?”

"He told me that he loved me."

What kind of love was this?"

"This is where it gets tricky."

"Someone sees."

"This as something real."

"This is how he eats."

"I can give this. Make you feel better."

"What happened to feeling good?"

"I always felt terribly afterwards."

"I never have to think about that shit"

"This will help you to forget."

"Hajra, you are fucking with this place. There are rules. You want to be radical. You are only thinking about your own pleasure."

"The reminder became even more oppressive."

"This is the only thing that can dull the pain."

"You're too into destroying things."

"Steven, you are still trying to blame me for things which I did not do."

"I was like this. But I was too afraid the people would mock me. I went back to being how I was."

"This is too much for me to think about?"

"Why did you invite someone to my private session?"

"This is not a session."

"It is so warm in here."

"Tell me why you came here."

"I was mandated to come. This was the only way that I could save myself. I had been through so much shit. I was not going to do it on my own."

"I go this amusement park. I am on the same ride over and over again . I want to get over my fear."

"Go on!"

"I was not finding the freedom which I expected. I was reliving old shit in my life, and it became harder and harder to cast out that shit."

"The weather is going to change."

"I need to get home quickly."

"I think that I can do this."

"I am half in and half out."

"All these things are being taken from me."

"At least, you are honest."

"Honesty is not going to cut it?"

"How can I stop being this way?"

"That desire is different than actually changing. You may desire to make things different. But that is just a safety valve. You can let off the pressure. Then you go back to being the same way."

"Are you accusing me of making things worse?"

"This would have been an excellent opportunity to stop doing what you were doing."

But you fucked up all this shit.”

“This was a vacation.”

“Exactly. You wanted it to be different. But all your emotions were as they have always been. Everything is the same over and over again. How do you manage it like that.”

“This is never going to end.”

“Take this.”

“What are they?”

“Cinnamon candies.”

“This is going to fuck with my mind.”

“Why do you hate your life?”

“My parents would never let me be me. Then I dealt with this abusive guy. And these other guys took advantage of me. I needed to take a stand.”

“Can you take a stand?”

“I need to go for run. I need to get rid of all these pent up feelings.”

“That may not be enough to change your situation.”

“Take this!”

“Forget this.”

“It was all so explosive.”

“I do not have the slightest understanding of any of this people.”

“I had a great life.”

“Do you want to talk?”

“There is a way to escape the darkness.”

“My notebook is full of methods to escape. But I am too frivolous.”

“Steven, I need you to make me more serious.”

“I will do whatever you need me to do. Where should I start?”

Do you want to remake me?”

“You really look as if you have it together.”

“This will all be cultural.”

“What does that mean?”

“You need to learn techniques of self-worship.”

“We have all passed through these experiences. WE CANNOT DWELL ON THEM!”

“If we repeat the same experiences, then the pattern is a part of us.”

“What is the part of us?”

“There are things that I do not want to share.”

“You are so helpful.”

“There are so many things to admit.”

“This is a little bit of pain.”

“Why do you not want more words?”

“I need more things.”

“You have a career.”

“I build bridges.”

“There is not bridge to build here.”

“I need you to give me second chance.”

"Who else wants a second chance? You are here. Why are you here? You do not seem to be ready."

"You are taking from em, but you are not willing to give."

"This is hopeless."

"I can take advice."

"You only want someone to repeat the same shit over and over and over again."

"Why are you doing this to me, Steven?"

"What are you talking about?"

"You are trying to make me seem useless. I know what I want to do for my life. It may not be what you want. But this is my life. I want to fuck up on my terms."

"This is not the place to fuck up."

"Is there a sign that says this is a place to be perfect?"

"You said that it was a shrine."

"I need to learn how to be irreverent."

"None of this amounts for much."

"You need to build the bridge."

"I am not going to let this happen to me."

"Then the world exploded in my hands."

Steven suggested that this was a holy place. I was challenging the sacred. As long as I remained perfect, I would always face risks to my person. I couldn't go along. He made it seem as if I was not being honorable. I had violated an agreement. But there was no agreement on my part. This was all an illusion on his part. This was what happened when I was a kid. My father would say all this preposterous stuff to me.

"Is this sacred, or is this not sacred?"

"What do you say? How do you want things to be. Are you ready to abandon all your beliefs from your childhood?"

"That is the beginning. I am trying to teach that. That was why I was always so vulnerable."

"What did you really want? Were you looking for a contest where you could test out your beliefs. And that test would give you the strength to prosper. But the very idea of the test was the thing that was going to destroy you. Not just once. Over and over again. And you embraced that challenge."

"What should I do?"

"You were the one who said that you wanted to challenge the sacred. But you accepted that same attitude over and over again. You have contributed to your own demise."

"I need some help here."

"I am not sure what I can do for you."

"You can give me a little heat."

"You can't make any of this go?"

"Steven, back off."

"Okay. I am not involved. What do you want me to do? You call it?"

"Don't get in my face."

"I am not ready to repeat the shit in my life."

"You have to close the book once and for all."

"You do not have what you think that you have."

"You don't know what anything solid is."

"This has really degenerated."

"It was not meant to be like that."

"I need someone to protect me here."

"Steven, you were supposed to provide me multiple opportunities. Instead, you are mocking me."

"You come to the shrine. You have no respect."

"It is not a shrine."

"You want to believe. And you are trying to undermine the sacred. That is your only hope."

"If you want to believe, you have to come in here."

"I have a book. I have a lot to share."

"What do you want to know?"

"I need to know it all."

"What is in your book?"

"I talk about my healing."

"You are going to have more than do that. You have to create your liberation."

"No one escapes from this."

"Do you guys do this on a whim?"

"Do you do this on a whim?"

"I want this all to go away."

"Can I take over again?"

"You are getting distracted."

"Who are you listening to, Hajra?"

"Who should I be listening to?"

"Did you bring your books?"

"I brought this sketch book with me. I think that someone took it."

"What do you heap to see?"

"I am looking for a free soul."

"We are all determined by our circumstances. That is the beginning of science."

"What do you see that I do not see?"

"When will they realize that it is over?"

"Someone needs to watch the kids."

"Do you like to be watched?"

"What are you trying to reveal about me?"

"You need to figure that out for yourself."

come with me:

"Come with me!"

"Where are we going?"

"Somewhere to escape yourself. You do not know about this part of the shrine."

"This is not a shrine. It is just a place to get together."

"You were looking for a place to hang out."

"You were looking for redemption."

"I want to be healed."

"Do you know where you are?"

"You are too rambunctious."

"You are going to have to leave."

"Do not be upset."

"What do you want to inspire you?"

"I need a personal trainer."

"You need someone to take you out in the woods and put hot oil all over you."

"I am going to give you what I need."

"You are messing with me."

"Knock, knock. I am here."

"I told you not to come back."

"What do you want to do for yourself?"

"You have to start in the middle."

"Where is the middle?"

"Can I trust you?"

"I need you to do something for me."

I was going from room to room, and I needed to do what I could for myself. But I was so disoriented that it was not helping.

"You need to ask."

"Ask what?"

"Where is the deep shit?"

"Where is the deep shit?"

"In the mind."

"The mind is an illusion. It only complements the actions of the body. It is a mistake of evolutionary that keeps getting the human in trouble. He uses it as an excuse. He claims that he needs to act reasonably. There is no reason. Only your reason."

"Where is this coming from?"

"Do you really care?"

"I fucking care. I need to know."

"You got busted trying to take shit."

"I never tried to take shit!"

"Are you taking pleasure in this, Hajra?"

"You don't have much courage."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You are turning yourself into something that you do not want to be. And you are blaming the circumstances."

"Human beings are machines to register what happens in the circumstances."

"Cluck, cluck!"

"I am not going to sacrifice myself to figure out what is going on."

"That is the only way."

"I am writing a sacred book. It is all about sacred things."

"You have to take a risk. You cannot know if you do not do something to change

the balance.”

“Did I hear that?”

“I am living it?”

“You can change that.”

“You need to develop your own principles.”

“I can stop any of you.”

“You do not have a chance.”

“We are organized for this.”

“I need a ginger ale.”

“This is what you are going to have to look at for the rest of your life.”

“That is the meaning of a shrine.”

“I want to be clean.”

“The mud is getting to you.”

“I was in the woods by myself. I was able to cast off all the negative feelings which I had felt before.”

“You need your fair share of rewards.”

“I want to get all the crap out of my mind.”

“Shit has a tendency to just come back.”

“Just stand there.”

“Can I ask you one question?”

“Only one.”

“How can I get healed.”

“I am too healthy.”

“You are interfering with the healing process.”

“What am I supposed to do?”

“Too much mischief is going to end this prematurely.”

“I think that I understand early completion.”

“If this sacred thing was better spelled out, I would not be making such mistakes in my life.”

“This is not a performance space.”

“What does that mean?”

“What do you want for yourself? What is the source of personal improvement.”

“This goes way beyond that. You come here. You do not explain yourself. There is not fear here.”

“The tempest is becoming subdued.”

“You are asking me not to worry.”

“IF I TOOK APART THE WORLD, DO YOU KNOW HOW TO PUT IT BACK TOGETHER?”

“There is science, but I think that you are asking a personal question.”

“If someone was doing a book about you, would you want to read it.”

“I am reading it back and forth.”

“This is my home.”

“Home planet.”

“I have so much to think about.”

"Why are you so rude?"

"I think I know what has to be done to be myself."

"You need to make money off this."

"This place does not accept money."

"I wish that someone cared."

"This is a place of caring."

"How can I tell that?"

"There is a toll to pass."

"What is a toll?"

"I need to ask you about yourself."

"What do you need to ask?"

"I need to find the courage inside of myself."

"This is getting out of hand."

"I usually do not like to ask."

"It is not as if you can make your own rules."

"I need to make my own rules if I am going to survive."

"This is going to be good for you."

"I am not really hearing this."

"Someone is going to have to make that step."

"There are rules, and there are rules. Things that you are supposed to do. And things that you go along with, what are you about. You seem much more willing to go along with things. What is the source for that allegiance?"

"I can only deal with so many people at one time."

"This is the meaning of the sacred."

"I want to know what it means to be destroyed and come back to healing."

"It has been a long time."

"Why do you want to involved me in your perversion?"

"The shrine is not about perversion."

"Everything sacred in my life has been based on something distorted."

"I feel like a prisoner here."

"This is not fair."

"I cannot think about this shit. I cannot worry about this. I am so beyond this."

"I have been through this."

"This is what I feel comfortable."

"I feel comfortable with myself."

"Come with me!"

"Is it finally going to end?"

"Is trauma a critical part of our political self recognition. If that is the basis for our trajectory, then we forced to relive aspects of that experience. Trauma enables us separate ourselves from the cultural project which is the source of our oppression. That trauma provides the evidence counteract negative influences upon our development. Only that kind of experience causes us to break from the traditions which hold us and check. Intensity of the extra that experience can be so overwhelming it is difficult to manifest counter offensive. For a long time self remains honorable, and the will is debilitating. If the will is

debilitated, how can we mount a significant opposition when the basis of our commitment is threatened from within? At the same time our vulnerability and our desire for freedom from our influences makes is subject to manipulation.”

“You need to find a way out of the shit. You cannot keep walking through it again and again.”

“You are subject to your desires. You cannot get over them. There can be no independent politics if you are caught up in your own desires.”

“Are you going to get what you want? Can you get it now?”

“Something is in my head.”

“You have to get it to waste it.”

“Why do you always take care of this?”

“I am the only player.”

“Are you taking this apart, or are you putting this back together?”

“I do not want to leave the house.”

“I am not the wrong story.”

“I feel as if I am losing the football game.”

“Tackle everyone, then figure it out when everyone is rolling around in the mud.”

“Would you wonder?”

“We all know.”

“You can’t be that good.”

“There simply is not the space.”

“I am never going to grow tired of this.”

“There is not space.”

“You need to go.”

“I have a question.”

“You are creating havoc.”

“Why do you blame it all on me?”

“I hit a switch. But I did make me this way. There so many factors.”

“You need to quit giving in.”

“That is also a factor.”

“I need to report in.”

“I can make you part of the service.”

“I am a monster!”

“Take what you can!”

“We all do!”

“Go deeper!”

“We all do.”

This is an early stage of self-revelation.”

“It is all performance. We do this because we think that we are something.”

“This is locked up.”

“You do not even know that you are doing it.”

“I do not want to like this.”

“You are reliving things that you hate., there is nothing here that makes you love yourself.”

"I am looking at loads of pictures."

"None of this will relieve that pain."

"How can you generalized from trauma? It cannot make you more confident. So there is this whole process of figuring out things."

"Have you abandoned me?"

"You might feel as if you have abandoned yourself."

"How can I expect others to go along with me if I am living such shit?"

"Do not think about it that way?"

"You have to make a step?"

"This is shitty. I cannot see this as a step."

"You are tearing me apart."

"I am not in the way."

"We are all impediments to our progress."

"Some of us see the raw experience which makes us the way that we are. And we act on that. We do not use our personal suffering as an excuse."

"I try to understand why people did me in like that."

"I have been waiting for the right explanation."

"What happens when you see your shit reflected right in front of you? Do you have the means to change?"

"Why did he treat me like that?"

"What gives people that kind of confidence that they can get away with it?"

"This is a deeper understanding of the society."

"But it goes beyond that. Otherwise, we are only observing personal shit. And that gives us no kind of political insight."

"How did you get in this?"

"I do not want to be mad. I need to focus my analysis."

"That is not analytic."

"I hate liking things that I have done and seen over and over again. They do not get me out. I only get deeper."

"This was offered you for free."

"That was not real. None of it was."

"You wanted inspiration."

"I need to push beyond this."

"What is your problem, bucko? Do you lack money?"

"There is not much space. I want to feel comfortable."

"We are going back and forth."

"Please stop this!"

"I do not want to feel as if I am your servant."

"I need the panorama view."

"Someone is going to escape."

"I feel as if someone is escaping."

"Sound the alarm."

"I need to hide in the hutch."

“Is that all you have?”
 “Is that all you have?”
 “I am repeating the same shit.”
 “Where is this going?”
 “I need to be taken care of.”
 “You need to take care of this.”
 “I had seen this before.”
 “It is never the same way, but the pattern does repeat.”
 “The line is so long.”
 “This is the line for the self.”
 “There can be no solidarity when everyone is competing with her personal shit.”
 “Is this what you want?”
 “We all suffer. I am looking for people who suffer best in public.”
 “I do not want to think about this.”
 “You are getting over the trauma, but you need to understand the actual
 circumstances which make you feel like this.”
 “I am not ready to begin.”
 “We are not very good at creating freedom.”
 “You cannot get away from the shit.”
 “I cannot go along with that. There needs to be an explanation.”
 “What happened?”
 “There are ways to escape.”
 “How did this become so explosive?”
 “You figure that you have to hide in the closet.”
 “How did you get to this point?”
 “This is where I started?”
 “Then you are going to repeat the same shit.”
 “I do not see it that way? I only need to break the influences on why I am the way
 that I am.”
 “You need to find various points of control.”
 “You see what you need. You make the steps. You do not get interrupted. You
 mark the points of control.”
 “That is what you see.”
 “I will tell you what I see.”
 “Let us talk about work.”
 “I have work under control.”
 “How does the machine work?”
 “You feed it.”
 “Lots of concrete.”
 “This highway is a death trap. Thi one takes you to our destination.”
 “I cannot go along.”
 “There is a form of social trauma.”
 “You are still going to need to move from the will.”

“What did I miss here?”
 “It is always the same. The belief is fundamental. It takes you back to the same
 shit.”
 “What are you hiding?”
 “What do you read?”
 “Read this.”
 “This is your trauma book.”
 “My dream book.”
 “My nightmare book.”
 “Everything is continuous..”
 “There are the black holes.”
 “What are these empty points.”
 “You returned. What did you bring?”
 “I brought exposure.”
 “What did you bring.”
 “I brought a smile.”
 “I smiled back to the mirror. It was easier than running out in the street. It was
 easier than screaming at myself. But there was something coming down on me. The noise
 was terrible.”
 “Leave now.”
 “This is going to be too good.”
 “This is bull shit. You have little understanding of psychology. And your
 physiological awareness is the same.”
 “I am in the middle of a cult.”
 “My psychology has become a cult.”
 “I am screaming at myself.”
 “How did I become part of your nightmare?”
 “SCREAM LOUDLY!”
 “The words were not clear.”
 “Get me out of here!”
 “Isn’t there somewhere else that I can hide?”
 “You are hiding from yourself?”
 “The self is a hiding. Why do you want exposure? Exposure is a form of hiding.”
 “This needs to stop.”
 “I can’t make it stop.”
 “I am feeling bad about myself.”
 “Only on a today.”
 “I feel as if I am talking to myself. I cannot bridge this discontinuity.”
 “Hajra, this trauma will pass.”
 “Pass? I need to eject us.”
 “This was something from my fantasy that came to life.”
 “I have pictures.”
 “I have pictures of myself when I did not feel like this.”

"I have pictures of myself when I felt like this."

"I cannot even see it."

"I can see it. I do not recognize how I was. What did he do to me? What did he to himself?"

"What was the cause?"

"The cause of the cause. This has been going on for a long time."

"I want to name the causes of oppression. But I feel that there are things in inside of me which are causing this shit to happen over and over again. I feel this aggression against myself. It was always being done to me. I needed to take back myself. But I did not have the means. I was being moved up and down. I was shaken in myself."

"If you cannot map it out, then you relived it."

"What kind of bull shit is that?"

"Are you perfect?"

"I cannot even face my family. I am not the only one like this. These kinds of beliefs have been propagated to other families."

"You are not as good at this as you think."

"I am an expert. I am an expert about my own life. Who else can know?"

"Hajra, you are a fucking open book. And this shit keeps repeating again and again. You must have some kind of radar for bull shit because it keeps popping up again and again. You might as well be running a torture chamber."

"Talk to me about torture. Your culture is full of the shit."

"I need a way out of this chamber."

"Chew this. It is a remedy.":

"How can people go along with this kind of suffering? Do you not hear the cries?"

"We make the cries."

"Why have you been so mean to me?"

"Are you really that fast?"

"I want everything to be right."

"You are an addict for bull shit."

"Why are you saying this to me?"

"You are saying it back to yourself. I am only catching the echo."

"Everyone has to kill a dragon."

"Some people make pets of their shit."

"I am not going to ask you to protect any of this."

"This is confidential."

"Tell it to the world."

"The world already knows."

"I had a chance, and I did not take it."

"It all repeats. Take it again."

"What does it mean to laugh at your own jokes?"

"You do not realize that you are telling them to yourself."

"This is so bad."

"I am going to explode."

“Have a mint!”
 “This is better than candy.”
 “What is this?”
 “This comes from inside.”
 “We cannot be addicted to pain.”
 “That is how it works. It propels the sense of healing. It is all escape and return.”
 “Do not say that to me?”
 “Are you offering a politics? Each time that you had the opportunity, you went back to the same kind of thing.”
 “Are you my pusher?”
 “This is what I really want.”
 “This is fucking intense.”
 “This would be crazy if it was not coming from me.”
 “I wanted to be more ecumenical.”
 “We are all sharing.”
 “Let me tell you what got it started.”
 “You have no idea. It is a cycle. And you come back to your desire to to desire.”
 “I do not like to lose.”
 “The worst part is to lose to yourself.”
 “I never lose. I am in total control.”
 “Do you really think that it works like this?”
 “How do you want it to work?”
 “*Steven, you have been throwing these people in my story. This is all between me and the shit in my life. I do not need your interference.*”
 “I am your inspiration.”
 “How is that? I already had a political awareness before we met. And you are doing what you need to disrupt that.”
 “You do the disruption for yourself.”
 “*I am going to love you forever. I am going to protect you.*”
 “*Are those the words of a monster?*”
 “*There are so many part of happiness.*”
 “*What about promises?*”
 “*What about forgetting?*”
 “*We are pretending.*”
 “*You hear what you want to hear.*”
 “*Why do you hear what you want to hear?*”
 “*You are going to join in.*”
 “*Why do you hear what you want to hear?*”
 “*Why did we need ventriloquist?*”
 “*We need to say things that we are really afraid to say.*”
 “*You need to keep it up.*”
 “*All the blood left my face.*”
 “*What does that mean?*”
 “*You look sick as shit.*”

"I am not going to even bother."
"Quit trying to butter me up."
"There is apart of you that I cannot understand."
"No one does."
"This is where we hide."
"There is no hiding. There are many layers."
"I want to know your story."
"I know all these stories."
 "Some are different. Sometimes, we are different."
 "When does the cycle go around?"
 "Were you invited?"
 "Something was wrong."
 "You were not invited."
 "This is coded."
 "Pussy cat, you should never try shit like that."
 "What shit?"
 "Trying to get in my head."
 "What is the penalty?"
 "Reluctantly giving blood."
 "Do you allow such shit?"
 "I am doing this all the time."
 "You are lucky that you are so quick."
 "You are going to have to pay for this."
 "You really do need this Hajra."
 "I need to get this down more quickly."
 "This could be the end of your story."
 "You're not that smart."
 "I am doing all this myself."
 "There is a little bit of cowardice here."
 "I do not need your punishing."
 "There are cameras."
 "I have friends."
 "Sometimes, I become special friend of myself."
 "I need to take one more drink."
 "The drinking will not do it."
 "There are things that I need to do to be me."
 "We make the rules."
 "I make the rules for myself."
 "I protect what I have ."
 "Hajra, Hajra, Hajra!"
 "There are three."
 "Me, me, me."
 "The trauma, the traumatizer, and the offense."
 "ARE YOU GOING TO PICK UP THE BILL?"

“You better leave while you can.”
 “These people are working together.”
 “Who are you working for?”
 “The driver.”
 “I drive myself.”
 “Exactly.”
 “I do not know how to cry.”
 “Do not feel sorry for yourself!”
 “Where is this coming from?”
 “I need to understand my sorrow.”
 “You know everyone in a different way.”
 “Their diseases, their loves, their favorite food. “
 ”Don’t let this happen to me?”
 “I can explain how this kind of trauma comes upon you,”
 “I have been here before.”
 “This is the point when you close the book.”
 “That is he sad part.”
 “This is the sacred part.”
 “I want to know how you can devise a politics.”
“I am dead.”
“How did you get that numb?”
“Someone did bad things to me.”
“Where is that going?”
“There is a point when someone gets hurt.”
 “I was the one who was getting hurt. Over and over again. I did not want it to be this way.”
 “How do I get out of here?”
 “Quit saying these things about me.”
 “This is not going to happen the same way again and again.”
 “Here it comes.”
 “Is it affecting you?”
 “I want to stop!”
 “I am not in this.”
 “Bring your toys.”
 “I just had a close one.”
 “You cannot leave yourself.”
 “I already have.”
 “This is all encompassed.”
 “I need to jump down.”
 “This has to close.”
 “Someone has to end it.”
 “Take this, drink this, put on this.”
 “This is about politics not pain.”

“What should I do?”

“You need to establish clearer principles.”

“You need to understand how work contributes to the development of a political awareness. You have escaped the oppression, but you have come back to some terrible shit.”

“It is going to explode in my hands.”

“I think that I finally get it.”

“You want to break from aggression.”

“We do need activism.”

“The girls want to know what you are writing?”

“I am writing a sex manual for women who are dealing with selfish men.”

“Hajra, tell me about your performance.”

“What do I get.”

“Instead of going through my stuff, you need to ask what you are looking at.”

“I don’t know what you are writing.”

“Trauma can provide the basis for politics. If the source of trauma is a kind of fundamental oppression, then working to eliminate the oppression becomes a political act. At the same time, trauma can inhibit a person from developing a political consciousness. The only way to overcome such a limitation is for the individual to break down the roots of that trauma.”

“Self-discovery helps to empower the political will. The political will is a force for social liberation. This liberation can inspire others in creating solidarity. At the same time, there are dangers that this understanding will remain only at the psychological level. The group remains at the level of consciousness-raising. This sharing experience can mean that individuals seek a privilege position in order to address personal needs. This kind of provocation means that the individual is paralyzed in trying to evoke its political awareness.”

“Trauma can prevent the development of a collective awareness. Left untreated, trauma can maintain the same structure of oppression.

“Steven how can you say that? You have no idea what I’ve gone through. I’m still working through a lot of this. Still trying discover things and myself help me to be a better person. I can’t fit this vision that you have for me.”

Hajra, that is all well and good. But if you don’t create a viable logical awareness, and if that awareness does not lead to a program, then you’re only continuing your own entrapment by your ideology. It’s all well and good to claim that you have a personal process for self liberation. And you can inspire others. By itself that is not enough. Only a political program could affect those people who have not been touched by the trauma. Otherwise, you’re leaving others vulnerable to the same conditions which have affected you.”

“It important that you understand that your personal depression is been caused by a systematic oppression. You need to recognize that systematic oppression is worse due to the universality. Without addressing the systematic effects, the oppression is interrupted. It will only get worse until the system is broken down.”

“Steven, you still don’t know what is happening to me. I admit my commitment to understand what happening so I can establish solidarity with the experience of others.”

“This is not about achieving a transcendent consciousness. You said you were looking for a revolutionary consciousness. And this will involve others. This is not a matter of self

admiration. You need clarity to figure out a program.”

Writing takes place when I recognize my anxiety in the social setting. I trace this anxiety back to harassing situations in my past. My embarrassment not simply create my sense of isolation. Instead, I recognize a pattern of mistreatment that I want to expose. From my commitment to my writing, I recognize its limitations. There are things that I want to say that cannot be said. I have been able to explore regions of my behavior that I cannot control I have found the means overcome my suffering. Even though this may disrupt my clarity, I need this comfort to survive.”

“What does this book mean? It helps to describe a conflict with it. However there are times that I do not want to think about this. So I give in to other forms of distraction.”

“I fear that these distractions may make it harder for me to write. I am afraid that I am being distracted from my fundamental mission. If you ask me how I feel about my scream, I want to find this place where I could just scream with all my might. No one will look at this if there something wrong with me. I don’t know why I have been going along with this kind of thing. It has is not contributed to my development; however, I am caught up in the same cycle over and over again. If I am doing things that do not lead to my personal development, I do not want someone to blame me for my actions. I need to find my own way out. Steven, you think that you know things. Do you think that you know me? But I am not like that. And is not up to you to tell me if you really know what I should do for my life. Why is it so difficult to ask? What are you going to do with that knowledge? What do you want from me? What do you want for yourself? Why do you need this kind of thing to make yourself feel comfortable? What are you are what do you?”

“I needed to put some thoughts down reason that you feel the way you do it’s because of our fundamental oppression.”

“You’re not given the ability to achieve clarity. Instead you were made in this fog chasing after things do not give you comfort. You let other people play with your emotions. After that happens, wonder why we’re confused. I have tasted these lights. And this understanding is with the ability to progress further. How do I reach this point? If there is this one person standing in my way, why is so constant? I am trying to adapt myself what is happening to me. Who am I? What is the constant in my life? I am developing my strength.”

“How do you see me? I am a statistic. I am the driver trying to make a left at a busy intersection. I do not want you to run into me? Can I get to know you better how this could complete my plan? How this could be completely liberating for me? I’m doing the same thing that I’ve always been doing. Why do you think that you’re different? I’m talking to you now. Because you’re sitting next to me, but what are you offering the no one else’s offering what can you give me that benefits me the simplest way?”

“I can advocate for peace and liberty. Or I can get used by other people.”

“We were trying to hijack my cars, We’re trying to hijack my cause.”

“Your story is a reflection of your life that you use to keep doing the same things to which you are accustomed You keep feeding the same ideas to me.”
Sometimes I wonder if their intelligence forces trying to shut me up.”

“What are you really protecting? What kind of risks are you willing to take?”

“They are going to exercise your secrets against you.”

“What do you want to know?”

“I am dressed for the part. Do you think that this can be my story?”

“We have nothing.”

“You need to be quicker.”

“What are you doing to contribute?”

“I want to add my part.”

“They immersed me in water. It turned me on.”

“I want to get turned on. I do not want to read a book. I will make my own history.”

“You keep doing this over and over again, and it will lead nowhere.”

“Hajra, I need your help.”

“What do we share in common?”

“We both drove here.”

“I am visiting.”