

Anthology Complex

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Volume 3 - Composition 3

(3:3 / 9 / IX)

Part 9

HONOR AMONG THIEVES

3:3:9:81

INSIDE the tunnel with bright orange lights, I drove Lynne on the motorcycle back towards our apartment. When we exited the mouth of the tunnel we were out once again into the dark midnight of San Rashida city.

The long street before us seemed to be an eternal road. Above us I saw a low-flying airplane, and this made me become increasingly aware of all of the trees that were blowing in the strong wind. When I looked back in front of me and onto the road, on my right I saw a lonely pedestrian standing on the sidewalk just staring at us as we drove by.

Up ahead, I saw traffic lights in the distance, and the moment I passed under them I felt Lynne tap my stomach. “Put the volume up,” I heard her shout from inside her helmet. I increased the volume so she could hear the song more clearly and made a right turn down our street.

Two minutes later, I was driving into the garage of our apartment tower and parking the bike in the space we got it from.

Lynne let go of me and got off the bike, removing her pink helmet and handing it to me and then picking up the duffle bag.

Lynne walked toward the elevator but I, after looking at the small amount of paint that was scraped off of the bike, went to the stairs because I needed to give the thief back his helmets and his keys. When I got to the second floor I went to apartment 213. I knocked. Then knocked again. Before the third knock, I noticed that his “Gone Fishing” sign was gone. After the third knock, I didn't try again and assumed he was sleeping and I would return his items to him tomorrow or the next time I saw him.

I went to the elevator and took it to the 22nd floor. I entered my apartment to find Lynne going through the duffle bag on the table, still dressed in her black suede ankle-length boot-heels, black pants, black jacket and black shirt. It made sense to me that right before we left the motel she would buy a black swan charm for herself, and that black swan charm she currently had on around her finger was one of the more interesting charms she had in her collection.

On the table was the black velvet box the charm came in and its gray interior matched the color scheme of the other product she purchased on our adventure. It of course is what she was going through the duffle bag for, and when she found it she took it out like a prized possession that was passed on down from generation to generation.

She opened the pale-purple box in front of me and the interior of the box was a vibrant-purple, but neither color matched the allure of the purple dress inside it.

She took it out, held it up, said she was going to wear it in August, and then put it

back in the box and closed it, taking it to her room and closing the door behind her.

When I looked at my phone, I saw that it was May ninth one-thirty A.M. I went into the bathroom to look at my forehead and saw that the very tiny cut I had received a couple days ago was more or less unnoticeable. When Lynne came back out into the living room, I asked her how her elbow was feeling, because I noticed it was slightly bruised, and she told me all of the pain was gone and that she had forgotten she even fell.

She took off her black pants, revealing her baby-blue boyshorts, and then her black shirt, revealing her baby-blue brassiere, and after she put them in a black garbage bag, she took all of the clothes from inside the duffle bag and put them in the garbage bag, telling me she was going to do laundry.

When she left, I went to the curtains and spread them apart, then opened the windows to let the warm spring air in. When I stepped back, I looked at the design of the curtains again, looked upon their curved line patterns, and thought to myself that it was interesting she chose curtains like these instead of the typical floral pattern.

As I was walking toward the kitchen, Lynne returned and walked toward me smiling, holding out her hand and asking me to look at the black swan charm again. I refused to look and told her that I saw it when she bought it and I didn't need to see it every five minutes. "It's so pretty," she said aloud looking down at it, "Sara is going to be so excited about it."

I went into the fridge to get something to drink and she just stood there, and after a while she finally said something again.

"Hey." I looked at her for what she was going to say next. "First time riding on the back of a motorcycle." I laughed.

"Come on! I want to play..." "...First time driving a motorcycle..." "...First time chasing thunder..." "...First time on the roof of a building more than thirty floors..." "...First time having a bed canopy..." "...First time leaving the country with someone else..." "...First time leaving the country period..." "...First time being a director..." "...First time being an actress..." "...First time being trapped in an elevator..." "...First time living with my soulmate..." "...First time living with my soulmate, too, but second time I don't feel like playing this game anymore..."

An hour later it was about three in the morning when Lynne came back up with the fresh laundry. She threw my clothes at me, and after catching them all I went into my room to throw them onto the bed and came back out into the living room. When she came back out of her own room, she walked toward the kitchen and told me she checked next door and saw that Sara hadn't cooked dinner, or that at least there were no leftovers, so she was going to start cooking something herself. I laid on the couch and stared at the ceiling as I heard her go through pots and pans and the fridge and drawers.

“When we finish eating do you want to continue filming?,” she spoke loudly to me from the kitchen. “Yeah, I think there are some good spots we can set up the camera so it looks like a security camera that was secretly installed by a pervert.” She laughed and continued her cooking.

“Proc, play train ambience sounds,” I yelled out to Proc III, and soon the sounds of a train moving over tracks took over the apartment and quieted the sizzling sounds from the kitchen. At one point, she left the kitchen to go to her room, and when she came back out she turned off the living room lights and left only the kitchen lights on in the entire apartment.

“Where is this train going?,” she jokingly asked me over the train tracks. “Delaware,” I answered. “Delaware? Where is it coming from?” “Baltimore.” “Okay, why are we on a train headed to Delaware at three in the morning?” “Because we're spies and there are thieves on the train that we have to find and arrest.” “...I'm Special Agent Lashy, then.”

“You are Special Agent Lashy who was hired as the train cook as a disguise, and in less than an hour the thieves will make themselves and their demands known.” “Trains have cooks?” “I think so, don't they?” “I'm asking you.” “I'm assuming the ones with long voyages have to have something like that.” “True, people have to eat. I wonder if in the future airplanes will have cooks.” “I wonder if this thing can play airplane sounds.” She tested it by saying “Proc, play airplane ambience sounds.”

The apartment was overtaken by the sounds of an airplane mid-flight. “Whoa, I feel like I'm in an actual airplane with a single small apartment built-in,” she said excitedly. “Where is this airplane going?,” I asked her. “...New York.” “Where is it coming from?” “Los Angeles.” “So we're on an airplane flight from New York to Los Angeles at three in the morning?” “Yeah, but it's romantic. We have pillows and a blanket and a bed like one of those sleeper trains except it's a sleeper airplane.” “What's the backstory?” I heard her put down one of the cooking utensils and then go into her room and come back out with a blanket. When she got to me laying on the couch, she laid down beside me and put the cover over us.

Hugging my body, she said “Honeymoon.” We laid there together in silence and just as the airplane sounds had filled the room, so did the aroma of what she was cooking begin to fill the apartment.

In living room darkness there was only a small spot of light that came from the kitchen. In my mind, the small spot of light became the moon and smells became the clouds. The airplane flew over Illinois and sometimes small turbulations rocked us back and forth.

“On our honeymoon, we ride on the motorcycle from motel to motel and from town to town or city to city visiting places. We visit an empty beach, we visit the Searle Tower.

And towards the end, we go back to the apartment building where we first met and see how much it's changed. We see how much we've changed."

We were idealists, the peaceful dreamers. We had it in our hearts to be redeemers. We were young once, but then we grew old. We kept the fire burning and never became cold.

After forty minutes the stove alarm went off and we both woke up. Lynne got up to turn it off. I walked into the kitchen with the sound of being in an airplane to my back and made my plate of food, then sat down at the table. When Lynne sat down, she continued her experiment. "Proc, play ocean wave sounds." And Proc did play ocean wave sounds.

"It has everything," I commented. As we ate dinner in the early morning Lynne brought up the motel owner who lived by the sea, and wondered what the next chapter of his life would entail after he no longer operated the motel.

When I finished my food I went into the fridge to get something to drink and noticed that the package of cheese had expired today. I handed it to Lynne and told her to look at the date, and then told her to make a wish. "I don't think that's how it works," she joked, and I smelled the cheese to see if it was actually bad. I couldn't tell, and neither could she, so I threw it out.

I turned the lights back on in the apartment, grabbed the camera, and then walked over to the window. I stood on a chair and placed the camera on top of the curtains, hit record, and then got down and walked to the center of the living room. Retrieving the camera, I looked over what I had just recorded and the angle was perfect. When Lynne finished eating, I told her to dress up, so she went into her room and came back out in tight blue jeans and a plain white shirt.

I did another test record of her standing in the living room, and as she twirled around I stopped the recording and looked at it. After seeing it was perfect, I looked at her and smiled. "Lynne TV. All Lynne, all the time," I said to her. "Oh, you like that don't you, you little creep," she responded.

I told her exactly what I wanted and she did it well. The video produced was of her walking into the apartment, setting down her purse, walking into her room without closing the door, and then walking back out with her shirt and pants removed revealing her matching white bra and panties. She went back to the living room, showing her backside, and sat down on the couch to watch television for a small while.

For the next scene, I set up the camera in the bathroom, somewhere up high and pointed low so that you could see all of the bathroom except the shower.

This video featured her with her top on, but her bottom off and her brushing her teeth after having urinated. The very scene after that was a cut, the camera now in her shower and much lower, and showed her removing her bra to reveal her breasts as she walked

into the shower to turn it on. For about a minute, the camera recorded her showing as she cleaned herself.

The next shot I had set up in the kitchen. She was now walking around the apartment in the nude but with a towel around her body and with soft wet hair. She walks into the kitchen and opens the fridge, drinks from the gallon, and then closes it and walks back into her room.

The final shot was going to be “in her room.” I say “in her room” because we were actually using my room for the setting, but in the film it would be her room. I moved the computer chair and the desk I had built so I could use the desk for the most optimal angle and position. As I was moving things around, Lynne had an idea and went to her actual room and came back with her makeup desk and mirror, setting it up right next to my desk.

I positioned the camera so that it could see the back of her head and her face in the mirror as she applied makeup. She put on foundation, and putting on lipstick she pursed her lips for comedic effect. Sometimes as she put these things on, she would quickly glance at me in the mirror and then look away, and two or three times I had to remind her not to look at me.

The final thing she did was put on eyeliner and mascara, darkening her eyelashes. I watched her in intense curiosity as she brushed around her eyes that ended in the tip on the side of her eyes and extended out almost looking like a little feather.

I picked up the camera while it was still recording and postured as a photographer. “Turn around and smile,” I told her. When she turned around, she smiled and I took her photograph. “Is that going in the movie,” she asked. “No, but maybe we'll put it in the behind-the-scenes documentary.”

Lynne walked into the bathroom to wash off her face and I told her to meet me in her room when she was finished to talk about the scenes that would occur in there.

Walking into her room, I saw all the flowers she had decorated her room with. I almost forgot there were so many. I sat down at her white desk and looked over the picture I took of her smiling and the small black feathers coming out of the sides of her eyes.

We were artists, sometimes a muse. We were free spirits with a path to choose. We were sane once, then became undone. We were meant for each other, her soulmate, his only one.

Romantic love is always young, and it always dies young. I think that's why the beginning of relationships are always exciting, and why they wither away so quickly. When you fall in love with someone, it's always the youthful part of you that falls, never the old experienced part that tells you to be careful. And when you fall there is always

that ancient feeling that it may be fate.

Everything in existence was unlikely and won a lottery beforehand, from your birth, to the people you love, to your family, even your story. Even the universe itself was unlikely, and not even in the way that there are trillions or even an infinite amount of other universes, but the idea that the way this universe operates could be one in a trillion, that adds a new dimension to your existence and your unlikeliness and uniqueness. Thinking in those terms, meeting someone that you eventually fall in love with is such a small possibility that is basically an impossibility. It's something that can never be done again.

She walked into her room where I was already sitting and we discussed the future scenes we would film in here. It would consist of all the hostage scenes; the tie-up scene, the rape scene, the murder scene, the dress-up scene, the final scene of me putting make-up on her corpse.

We came up with a bunch of ideas and then she passed through her bed curtains after taking off all of her clothes and laid down, staring at me. I took off all of mine, went to the other side of the bed, passed my hand through the curtain and laid down on the bed as well. She saw the small tattoo on my right arm and I saw the small tattoo on her right leg.

We were vampires, and we were witches. We seduced each other with creative riches. We were engaged once, but now apart. We exchanged solutions that came only from the heart.

In the morning after we woke up, Lynne and I walked next door to the other apartment and found that Sara and David were awake to celebrate their mother's birthday. "You guys are back already?," David joked.

Sara had baked a cake, so this was put on the table along with two gifts. I had already given Lynne my gift to her hours before. Sarah, with an eye like her mother, noticed Lynne's new black swan charm and became excited, to which she said afterwards she wanted to try one of them on.

Ironically, but not so ironically, the gift that Sara bought for her mother, which was also for her herself, was a charm. Lynne could already tell because of the white velvet box it was in.

"It is a white swan? Please tell me it's the white swan," she was scared to open it. "It's not the white swan," Sara said, "but I will look into attaining the white swan now that we have the black swan."

When Lynne finally opened it, the charm was a crystal snowflake with a small cyan gem at its center. Lynne literally jumped with joy with Sara and they both took off their current charms and replaced them with the snowflake charms to see how they looked. They spoke about how they only needed two more charms to complete the Seasons

Collection.

Next, she took hold of Dave's gift, which was a gift card. She hugged Dave and right after he asked if he could go back to his room. She laughed and let him go.

Before we left to go back next door to our apartment, Lynne told Sarah and David that she made dinner and to come over when they're hungry. They were both hungry now, so we all exited the apartment, made a left, walked a few feet to our apartment, entered, and they made their own plates of food and left.

Both Lynne and Sara have a charm board, and they decided to split each charm set in half, two pieces going to Lynne and two pieces going to Sara, but only Lynne possesses the velvet boxes they each come in. One thing I noticed on their respective charm boards is that Lynne groups them by collection while Sara groups them by color. It's interesting.

In the afternoon, Lynne came back up from gardening in the courtyard and told me that her roses were beginning to grow and that Sara did a good job taking care of them while we were gone. Soon after, she left the apartment again to read the old love letters and rooftop paint.

I went into my room and sat at my desk, opening my laptop to type something I had thought about the night before. Did you know that she spent forty minutes at that store? Unbelievable. I should have just left her in Mist Harbor.

Anyway, after I spent a good amount of time thinking about what aliens may have looked like, I started wondering about their capabilities. What advancements they have made and where they are in terms of evolution. I specifically started to wonder if they have figured out how to manipulate time and aging.

In science fiction, there is a device used, or rather a room, where a person could go in, and each year that they spend inside the room, the environment outside of the room goes by by one second. So if you spend 10 years inside this room, when you exit it and return to the actual world, only 10 seconds would have gone by in that world. This room can be used to train for something you would not have had enough time to train for in the real world. It is basically a time saver, in a way.

Is a room like this actually possible to create? I'm sure many theoretical scientists may say yes. Actually, I'm not sure, but that's beside the point. I wonder if such a room is possible using the concept of smashing atoms together to change the amount of neutrons within the atom. Adding a neutron to an atom will move it to the next network above, and if that network has fewer atoms in general, would time dilate and move faster there?

There are a few things to note before going further. The reasoning for there being fewer atoms as you go up the network ladder is because of something I've noted from our own universe. Hydrogen, which has a proton count of 1 and is the most abundant element in our universe (75%), and helium, which has a proton count of 2 and is the second

most abundant element in our universe (25%), seem to follow a logical order. This would tell me that the number of neutrons also work in a similar order. I would believe that Network1 would have the most amount of atoms, followed by Network2, which would have the next most amount of atoms. Adding too many neutrons to an atom might knock it into a network that barely has any atoms at all, which may be an unstable network to begin with.

Another thing to note is that while creating this room, you must first knock in all the atoms you will need to be able to knock them back out and regress them back to the lower network, i.e. going back to N1 from N4.

After knocking all of the necessary atoms into the network you desire, you would eventually knock yourself into that network which would have much fewer atoms but still be stable. There, time would go faster than on the former network, and when you return, you would find that you aged faster than others back in the former network. Inversely, if you go from a higher network to a lower network and then return to the higher network, you can slow down aging.

I spent some time going through my documents on the computer and re-organizing them into better classes. I must have spent an hour or two creating an index to better optimize my library of information.

I got up and went to the kitchen, and as soon as I got in there, Lynne walked through the front door. She didn't say anything and it was strangely silent for a while. When I left the kitchen to see why it was so silent, I saw her standing at my room's door with one foot inside it, smiling at me. Inch by inch, she slowly went further and further into my room and I only stared at her.

“If you keep playing with me, you're going to end up missing,” I told her. When she didn't budge I faked as if I were going to run after her and she jumped out of the room and ran into hers.

She didn't close her door, so as I walked toward it I stared into it and stared her down. As she walked toward the door with a hearts-designed diary in her hand, she pursed her lips again at me and then closed the door in my face.

We were riders, we wore the night. We swam in deep oceans at blooming twilight. We knew the past once, but it died. We climbed a high tower and lost our pride.

¶ 5/9 – Hello new diary. Where to start? I want to do something new, I think. I don't want this new diary to just keep a collection of my recent experiences. I've been thinking about something Spook said. He said I like to collect erotic memories and my brain is always fantasizing about how I can have a unique experience, so I'm going to catalog my experiences here so I never forget them. It will be like my growing collection of charms or

my growing collection of flowers in all the gardens I've ever had.

The day I moved into his apartment permanently I felt a euphoria like few times I have ever felt before. The same night the power went out for a few hours. We didn't really have anything to do and were just sitting around in the dark. Somehow we ended up in my new room and I was leaning naked over my make-up desk. I couldn't really see him behind me through the mirror in front of me, but we could both see the shadows in the mirror moving with desire.

Never told him this before. Well, at least not yet. But when we make flowers sometimes I fantasize about us being young. Being 17 and just coming from the movies. Being 22 and having just had a long day at work. Being 14 and just having walked home a mile together because we live in the same neighborhood. Something about being young just always gets me off. I guess it's because even if you're like 80, if you meet someone new and fall in love, it's something you can never build a tolerance for. New love, new flowers, new charms. New things will always be exciting.

On the subject of new things, we both got small tattoos. They're not matching or anything, I'm sure he'd think that that's stupid, but each one was for the other. On his right arm he has a prosthetic foot wearing a black heel with a single drop of blood dripping from the top of the prosthetic. On my right leg I have a red heart with an outline, and on the outline is a dot that is meant to relapse the heart. It means I will love him forever, over and over again, no matter how many times he goes away.

When Lynne came back out of her room, I was sitting at the table near the window when she walked into the kitchen and began using the dishwasher. "Wanna go to the movies?," she asked me. I was caught off-guard. We've gone to the movies together only a couple times and we haven't done so in years. "No, not really," I answered. She began scrolling through her phone and listing the films that were currently playing. "The Moth Effect," "The Soothsayer," "Lost Paradise," "Sleepless In Atlantis," "Snowmyst," "Pool Street Mafia," "The Harvest Moon" and "Tornado Royal."

I continued going through my phone and ignored her. I recently learned that I could put all of my documents on my phone and use an application to open them. So I had been reading a dream I had seventeen years ago.

I was beginning to put the pieces together to this story. James Barrowe was a detective for the New York Police Department. He was being investigated by Internal Affairs officers Lionel Copenhagen and Kenneth Stander, who were the two officers my partner and I killed during his abduction. After questioning James at the Brooklyn Tower, we realized, and so did he, that he was being used by Mayor Geoffrey Harharwood and charity organization owner Andy Hope to steal funds from multiple charities.

In this dream, my partner and I went through hundreds of public financial papers until

we realized what Harharwood and Hope were doing. They were in business with a cop with a dirty past, detective Barrowe, and they used his knowledge of several criminal enterprises to execute their plan. All incoming donations to Hope's foundation were routed to one of said several enterprises, and in the process they were split up; eighty percent of the donation went to the criminal enterprise in question, while the remaining twenty percent went to the actual charity. The enterprise would then somehow pay Harharwood and Hope the eighty percent. They took it all in exchange for not arresting and charging the already criminal enterprise.

To our surprise, between the three of them, Barrowe, Hope and Harharwood, there was never any indication from the finance reports that any of them had ever screwed over the others, or taken more than what was agreed upon, and so this was a rare case where there was honor among thieves.

We let Barrowe live because it was clear to us that while he knew of the corruption and that he himself was corrupt, he had no idea Hope and Harharwood were stealing from donations. He had no idea that his involvement was leaving children dead, and he showed remorse for the dead children we told him about. He simply assumed the two contacted him so they could have their money laundered. He was wrong, and we were wrong about him, and so he remained alive at the top of the tower. Hope and Harharwood, as you already know, we executed.

This may be surprising to you, it may even register as the most shocking thing I've ever said to you, but I would rather let a child starve and die than take a chance and donate to a charity that may possibly steal the money. I would rather a starving child die than an evil person use my donation for their own gain. That is the extent of my hatred to those evildoers, and I won't give them the chance to disrespect me or the children.

“Let his heart be changed from man's, and let a beast's heart be given unto him.”

There is a human component to all of our suffering, but sometimes we either fail to see it or simply flat out refuse to acknowledge it. With things like racism or violence against women, you can clearly point to the violent man as the cause, but with poverty, we don't directly blame rich people, because there is a system in place to protect rich people from blame. But obviously there is poverty because of the wealthy and the elite.

With cancer, we don't blame another person when someone dies from it, but with our lifestyles and our technology and the stresses we have, we may as well give each other cancer. It is important that we ourselves remain accountable, and that we hold others accountable, even when the cause of the problem is not obvious or we are too afraid to acknowledge it.

We were criminals, we were from New York. We chose a life of service when we got to the fork. We were fools once, a mask deceives. We were lost in the place where there

was no honor among thieves.

Chapter 82

RED DOT

3:3:9:82

THE production of “Lashes” was halted when one day after our trip Lynne became sick. She passed on her sickness to me and so we were both rendered useless. My guess is something from the tattoo parlor got us sick. Either that, or the final motel we stayed in must have had sick guests before us.

We were sick for four days until the both of us began to feel better. It was the first time in many months we slept apart and I barely entered her room for the entire duration.

Today, once she gets back from the airport in the afternoon, we have plans to resume filming. For props we already had most of what we needed, but she is supposed to go to a costume store today and buy two pairs of handcuffs and a masquerade mask.

Standing in her room, I am looking for places to put the camera to capture the intention of each scene and detailing each scene in my mind itself. Looking around I came upon one of her fictional flowers. She has a painting inside her room of one of her fusion flowers that depicts the combination of a woman's eye and a flower. The thought of this fusion reminded me that the same thing can occur in dreams.

The first fusion dream I ever actually became aware of I had more than twelve years ago. I was in the military, but while walking through a forest with other soldiers I became lost. For many days I had to survive on the land. I became increasingly erratic in my mind, and it got to the point that I was not even conscious that I was fighting in a war.

I chose an area to use as my home, and during nights when I saw a lone soldier from either side of the war walk by, I'd stalk and hunt them and eventually kill them and eat them. I would dismember each section of their body and cook them, feeding myself and then feeding familiar animals who came by way of scent.

My psyche, having had many dreams of being a soldier and many dreams of being a serial killer, had fused together these two dreamlines and created one. A new life that I had never known.

There are some species that can reproduce asexually, meaning they do not require a mate to reproduce. But for everyone else, like us humans, this isn't the case. We require a mate to reproduce, and as you know, not just any mate. To properly reproduce, most species need a mate that is genetically similar to them, possessing a similar genome so the instructions for reproduction can be followed and read and executed. Basically, compatibility.

But in comparison to those who can reproduce asexually and those who reproduce sexually, it almost seems like an evolutionary misstep to require one to have a mate in order to be able to reproduce. Why require a mate when so many things can go wrong?

This is as opposed to self-reproduction where you would already have all of the information required to reproduce and you wouldn't invite the possibility of error. Or at least minimize the possibility of error. The answer, I think, lies in the phenomenon of diversity.

Requiring a mate increases the probability of creating something new. I believe the universe has an inclination to develop new things, and these new things will either prove to be more optimal than the old or not as optimal and simply die off.

This phenomenon would also play into dream breeding, where new and better stories, or new and better lives, have the possibility of being bred and discovered. Of course, just like how sexual species need similar genetic information, the same would apply to dreams, and the dreams would have to have some base similarities in order to be able to breed with each other.

The similarity in the military dreams and the serial killer dreams is of course violence. Weapons, death and violence.

I haven't had many serial killer military dreams in my life, which would suggest the dreamline falls on the side of being less optimal. In comparison, to say, the serial killer and military dreams as separate, which I have an abundance of and would indicate they are more optimal. But who knows, maybe I'll dream about hacking a soldier's arm off one day again.

¶ 5/15 – I made \$2,500 today. David's friend, Kane, his father got me a deal with G.S. Global Publishing. Except *Déjà* isn't going to be published as a book of poetry and instead it's going to be transformed into an album. They haven't worked out all the details yet, but everyone there thought it would perform better as music, which really I don't mind. As long as people experience the words, I don't care. This kind of makes me want to produce another book.

Speaking of production, “Lashes” is scheduled to continue today after about a week of a pause. There's no way we were going to be able to shoot what we scripted for today when we were both sick. We already have most of the props we'll need, I just need to buy a masquerade mask and some handcuffs when I get off work today.

I've always had thoughts of perverse sexual acts but I was never one to actually do them. There is a certain level of trust you have to have with someone to even entertain the thought, and with Spook it's not even that I entertain the thoughts, he tells me what to do and I do it. I can't imagine why he would have wanted me to step on his throat with a heel on while he masturbated, but like a good little girl I do as I'm told...

I went down to the second floor this morning and I'm convinced that the motorcycle thief is gone for good. But why would he leave without his bike and his helmets? I know

he gets a new one every month, but still, these things are expensive.

Walking home from Publiks after buying groceries and a pair of microphones, I saw that it was a hot, sunny and bright day with not a cloud in the sky. As I crossed the street, the thought of this made me think of a thunderstorm and how we could use Proc to simulate a thunderstorm in one of our hostage scenes.

I went to Sara and Dave's apartment first, took off my backpack and put various groceries in the fridge. Then I went to our apartment and did the same. Sara and David were at school and Lynne was at work, and I am never one to not appreciate having complete time to myself. Peace and quiet and without a soul. The Summer of Spooker. For a few hours, anyway.

Since I was going to be like a dog on Lynne later in the day, I went into the bathroom to take a shower. A long shower filled with many thoughts.

I've lived long enough to know what a traditional life offers, and to me, it's just not compelling. Most things traditional leave me confused. I would like to give Lynne a compelling life, something nontraditional. I would not dare rope Sara and David into it, it's not my right. And when I say it's not my right, I don't mean it as in I am not their father, because it's not Lynne's right either even as their mother. Sara and David are still too young to make a decision like that, but Lynne is old enough to know what she is getting herself into living with me. And by now she has figured that a life with me entails very few traditions.

Sometime into the shower I heard Lynne open the bathroom door. She asked me if I was almost done and if there was still hot water, and instead of answering I got out of the shower and she got in.

When she got out of the shower I told her that I had an idea. "The first hostage night, we should use Proc's thunderstorm to make it seem as if it's a dark and stormy night," I told her. She vehemently agreed and went into her room to begin filming.

I looked for a good position for the camera as she dressed back into the black miniskirt and black boot-heels but kept off the black jacket. When I found a good spot, I pressed record and when the red dot came on I went toward Lynne as she was putting on her right boot-heel and dropped down and hugged her right thigh as I pressed my face against her waist. She started laughing, telling me she needed to put on her shoe. When she tried kicking me off, I clung tighter to her cool thigh. Finally she stopped kicking and just stood there, and finally letting go of her thigh I saw her heart tattoo and the red dot on its outline.

When I went back to the camera, I stopped recording and saw that the positioning was good. When she was fully dressed, we both passed our hands through the bed's curtains and went inside it. Lynne laid out flat as I handcuffed her arms and her legs to the bed.

Then I went into the living room to retrieve Proc III and put it in a hidden place. “Proc, play thunderstorm sounds,” and we were ready to roll.

The first shot was simple. She wakes up, is confused and doesn't know where she is, and when she realizes she's in handcuffs, she struggles to break out of them until she gives up. The only shame of shooting in an apartment is that she can't yell the same way she did in the meat factory.

I hit record, the red dot appeared and I said action. It took a few takes, some because she wanted to do it over herself and some because I thought she could do it better, but afterwards we had a good take that made well for the intro to the hostage scenes. When I watched it over, the sounds of the thunderstorm were adequate.

I kept the camera in the same place and the next scene was of me walking into the room as she stared at me through the bed curtains with confusion and horror in her eyes. When I got to her, I forgot my line and started laughing, so we had to redo it.

“Did you sleep well?” She didn't answer and thunder struck. I passed my hand through the bed curtain and when I sat down next to her she struggled with the handcuffs and tried to break free again.

I attempted to pet her cheek, but when she backed her head away from me three times, I grabbed her hair and pulled on it. “This will be much easier if you cooperate,” I warned her once.

I got up and began walking about the room, explaining to her that I had created this room specifically for her to live the rest of her life in. The bed curtains, the flowers, the white desk, the digital fireplace, the lamp that can glow with a multitude of colors you can select from. I had prepared it all for her.

After this we cut and prepared for the next scene and told Proc to take five. These were to be the dress-up scenes, where I would introduce gas into the room to knock her out, then I would uncuff her and dress her into certain attire, and then I would put her in a certain position and she would wake up so drowsy she wouldn't know where she was. I would take pictures of each attire and repeat the process.

I hit record and then left the room and re-entered it. I walked in with a luggage piece and opened it, then took out the clothes I was going to dress her in. The articles of clothing in question were; one pair of white denim short shorts, one red revealing sports bra, one green revealing sports bra, one blue revealing sports bra and one yellow revealing sports bra.

I uncuffed her and then dragged her limp body off of the bed and laid her on the carpet floor. I undressed her to full nudity and then slipped the short shorts onto her. The first color I put on her was the blue sports bra. Then I stood her limp body upright and threw her arms over my shoulders so I could hug her. This is when she began to slowly

become conscious and the gas was wearing off.

Seeing her eyes open halfway, I smiled and slid my hands down her back and dipped them into her shorts. “Where am I?,” she could barely speak.

I ended up butchering my line and after we laughed we had to re-shoot the last ten seconds. “You're messing up on purpose so you can touch my butt again,” she was suspicious of me.

“Where am I?” This time I didn't mess up. “...In her skies my angel flies with seven wings. Through these clouds just like birds she sings of pretty things. Like forever love and dreams above and tiny little diamond rings...” We heard thunder strike.

While the camera was still rolling, I removed her blue top and put on the red one. Then I picked her up and placed her onto the bed, whereby I also laid onto it and passed my arm underneath her so I could pick her up and place her atop me to lay on top of me. When she was on me, I decided to cut so that I could move the camera to a better position.

Lynne stayed on the bed with her red sports bra and I took the camera, passed my hand through the bed curtains and brought it inside. I placed the camera at the foot of the bed with just enough height that it would see us well, and the red dot returned.

Lynne lay atop me, gassed and confused, and I repeatedly gave her tiny little small kisses. “Who are you?,” she asked. “...At her fire my mistress burns with a passion of the impure. I'm not sure, at first I thought her blaze demure. But now I see she possessed the spirit of the sirens who lure...” We heard thunder strike.

I put the camera in its most previous position and repeated the process of taking off her top and replacing it with the green one. Then I sat her up and moved myself so my back was against the bed. I moved her body to rest on mine, face to face as we sat on the ground.

I took my hand and pulled down the right side of her green sports bra so that her breast would hang over it. She started laughing when it was out and she could feel her nipple becoming harder, so we had to re-shoot the last ten seconds.

I took out her right breast as she sat on me, propped it up to make it fuller, and gently began sucking on the nipple and then the entire breast. “What are you doing?,” she asked still gassed. “...By her Sun my goddess dances with a power divine. The flames and star light burn bright upon which they shine. And her radiance I have gathered and of her I shall make a shrine...” I was getting better by each line.

I took off her top again and the final color was the yellow one. I moved the camera again to face us as we sat still in the position we just were. I hit record and then sat down next to her, her eyes still groggy. I dipped my hands down the front side of her short shorts and began to rub her vagina, and in a tired voice, she asked, “Why are you doing

this?" "...Under her snowfall my diva forms a bitter cold. At first so heavenly these white sands she turns into gold. And to feel them they turn you numb until it is her you scold..." We heard thunder strike.

We faded to black and that was the end of the first hostage night that took place during a thunderstorm.

The next scene, Lynne was sitting at the white desk and cuffed by her right hand to something that wasn't visible to the camera. There was nothing in the room that we could use to cuff her to and make it seem inescapable, so we intimated that there was something there and she couldn't free herself from it.

While recording, I walked into the room with several sheets of paper that had drawings on them. They were my drawings of her of the photos she sent me of her in a tight blue short dress that cut at the middle of her thighs. Every time I'd set one down, I would use the camera up close to show it.

She looked down at the sketches, and then up at me. "Did you rape me?" "No." She took her hand and threw each drawing off the desk. "Bullshit! Let me go."

"Dude, chill. If you yell like that people are going to actually think something is going on in here," I told her. "Sorry," she laughed, "I'm just trying to get into it."

She looked down at the sketches, and then up at me. "Did you rape me?" "No." She took her hand and threw each drawing off the desk. "Bullshit. Let me go." As I picked up the drawings of her, I told her that this was her home now and that if she didn't cooperate with me it would also be her final resting place.

For the next scene, I brought her food and a handpicked flower. I went to hand her the flower, but she snatched it from me, threw it in my face, and then spit in my face, which was improvisation on her part as I did not see the spit coming. I managed not to break character. We would have had her thrown the food at me, but I didn't feel like cleaning my clothes and she didn't feel like cleaning her room, so instead she just never touched it and refused to eat it.

Then came the gas. I walked into the room and uncuffed her and then carried her into the bed, but this time I didn't cuff her. I walked out, and then walked back in with a piece of luggage and sat it at her bedside. When she awoke, I spoke to her through an intercom. Of course we don't have an actual intercom, but we would design it into the film.

"Good morning, Lashes. Beside you there is a piece of luggage filled with various fashionable items. You will wear each bag and allow me to photograph you in them. If you do this, I will have a reward for you. Understood?"

I moved the camera to have a better focus on her getting out of the bed and opening the luggage to find bags in them, each carrying an outfit. Hesitantly, reluctantly, she obeyed for reward. She put on the first outfit.

Her dress was painted in an overall black and yellow interlacing design, divided by a leather belt at the waistline and topped by thin spaghetti-stringed shoulder straps. The dress cut just beneath her knees, and after being in it, she looked up at the camera and asked me if this is what I wanted. She went on to the next outfit.

She looked like a dream; her legs were covered in a silky fabric that ended at the top of her thighs in a flowery end, where it was attached again by straps to a piece of lacy clothing at her waistline. This fabric exposed her privates in full. There was no top but instead just a white flowery and lacy brassiere. Around her body was a large piece of cloth with sleeves that went from her shoulders to her feet that would flow if given to wind. She looked up at the camera again, and then went on to the final outfit.

She broke character for a moment, looking at me and asking me if she could use her new diary in combination with this outfit.

This one made her look like a doll that little girls played with. Every part of it came in shades of pink. Heart-shaped sunglasses, above-knee length boots, a short skirt and a small top. The diary of pink hearts added to the character.

She looked up at the camera and asked me if I was going to let her go now. This was not even remotely her reward. I gassed her again, went into the room to give her her reward, and then waited until she woke up.

I sat on a chair beside the bed, and when she did wake up, she looked at me through a masquerade mask and with hatred in her eyes. She was again cuffed to the bed, her arms and her legs, and I told her to look at her right hand. Upon it, she noticed a ring that featured a black swan charm.

When she looked at me again, the hatred was gone. "If you let me go, I'll do anything you want. I'll give you anything you want." "There's nothing you can give me that I can't take." I then moved the camera into the bed.

I got up and passed through the curtains and joined her on the bed. She was dressed in only panties and a brassiere, and soon I made my way on top of her and stared at her and her masked face. It was when I moved her panties to the side that she began to struggle with me. I held her down firmly, but she was stronger than I had anticipated.

"Stop!" I smacked her across her face and yelled at her to stop moving. That was improvised and Lynne actually didn't know I was going to attack her physically, but she did well not to break character.

I unzipped my pants and I took out my half-erect penis. When she saw it, she turned her face away from me and looked to the side. I directed my now fully erect penis into her vagina and leaned over so that my face was pressed against the side of hers.

I began thrusting, every other thrust rougher and rougher and she more and more silent. I finally ejaculated into her and while doing so I could feel her vagina tighten

around my penis. When I pulled out of her, she looked at me and said “Wait, we can do it better, one more take.”

I rubbed my penis to erection and then put it inside her again and began thrusting. I thrusted rougher and longer this time, and when I took my face away from her I pulled down her bra to expose her breasts and began sucking on her left breast as I penetrated her. I didn't see this until I watched the video, but the camera caught good footage of her feet trembling from each penetration. We decided to use the second take for this very feature.

The scene faded to black. In both the context of the film and the context of reality, Lynne had not eaten yet, so the next scene was her waking up, uncuffed, and there being food on the desk. I was also in the scene, sitting on the chair, and because I knew she was starved and malnourished, my character didn't think she would be a physical threat.

“There is food on the desk,” I said to her. She looked to the desk, then back at me. “Now that you've had sex with me, are you going to kill me?” “Yes. Consider it your last meal.”

I watched her get out of the other end of the bed and walk to the desk where she sat down and began eating the food. Slowly, she became more and more groggy as she ate until finally she slumped over onto the desk.

For the next cut, I took the camera and focused it on her heart tattoo, more specifically on the red dot on the outline of the tattoo. I zoomed out slowly and stood up at the same time so I could see the entirety of her deceased body, and then I cut.

The next scene had me moving her body onto the ground where I would lay it flat out on its stomach. It would have been nice if we had some effects that showed some type of mortis and body bruising from blood settling, but oh well.

The first few takes of necrophilia didn't work because Lynne kept on moving when she was supposed to be dead. She kept laughing and smiling and moving until finally on the final take she got serious.

I spread her bottom open and aimed my penis toward her vagina until it was in as far as it could go. I re-positioned myself to hover over her with my elbows on the ground and I began thrusting into her. To feign a type of mortis sometimes I would move her hands or her arms and she would snap them back into place. And she did a much better job than I thought she would. It was very believable.

When I felt her vagina clench and cling onto me, I went about her corpse harder until I ejaculated into it.

I pulled out of her and rested on my back. She got up and went to her make-up desk, excited that it was time for the final scene because it was her favorite scene in all of the production.

The camera continued rolling and she laid back down on her stomach. I rolled her over onto her back, and with eyeliner and mascara, I began to apply make-up onto her.

With one hand I held each eye open so I could apply eyeliner on her eyes with the other hand. I painted around her eyes, and like she did before in my own room, I painted the same small black feathers off the corners of her eyes. When I was done with that, I moved on with the titular action of the film. I held each eye open and applied mascara onto her eyelashes. When I was done with one eye, I went onto the next, and I was so focused on applying it correctly and manically that I accidentally dabbed her eyeball.

“Ow!,” she stood up and began cursing at me and blinking uncontrollably and wiping her eyes. “That's it, we have enough of that scene,” she said harshly.

Lynne got up and she walked over to the bed and sat down on it. It was now time for the final shot of the film, which was going to be Lynne sitting up in bed and her eyes opened, and the camera slowly moving away from her face to depict her death and her legacy.

With tiny beautiful black feathers coming out of the corners of her eyes, I hit record and the red dot displayed. Slowly, I backed away from her until there was no more room for me to back away to, and I hit stop.

As we looked over the final shot, I told her all I have to do now is write the narration and edit it all together, and we would have our masterpiece.

When the playback stopped, Lynne stared into me smiling one of the biggest smiles I've ever seen. She didn't say anything, and so with emphasis I said “*You're* a masterpiece.”

Still with the giant smile on her face she came toward me and took one of my arms, then slowly handcuffed me to the bed. I thought I was in for a surprise but then she got off the bed. “Lynne,” I shouted as she walked away smiling, “Don't do it. Don't go in my room.” She exited her room and went toward mine, peeking her head back at me, smiling, and then disappearing again.

“Lynne! I'll fucking kill you for real. I swear to God, Lynne.” She never answered or came back.

After enough time, I began watching the final shot of Lynne again since I had nothing else to do. Her cold dead stare into the camera as it backed away. A story of stalking and perversion and beauty. And those pretty eyes with those pretty little black feathers. Masterpiece. An exceptional piece of art cannot be created by anyone except the mind that created it.

MYSTIC GARDEN III

3:3:9:83

¶ 5/22 – Something happened on the roadtrip that makes me laugh every time I think about it. Neither of us remember, but the motel owner in Grand Searle City told us not to use any quarters on the bed that had a vibrating feature. So when we got back to the motel, we did. We found out why very soon after.

At first the bed gave out little vibrations, and we just laid there. Then the power of the vibrations increased just a little bit, and I can't remember who got on top of the other, but we were undressed and trying to do it on a vibrating bed.

Turns out there was some kind of recall for the beds but the owner never had them recalled, he just kept them. I'm guessing the recall was for a defective motor system, because we were never able to do it and the bed eventually got to the point it shook so violently it threw both of us off of it and I was upside down in a corner. He eventually pulled the cord and that definitely saved my life because there's no telling what the bed was going to do to me.

Tonight we have picnic plans in my big budding courtyard garden. Sure, it's not my courtyard, but it is my garden. We're going to go down there around 2 or 3 and watch the stars. We'll be kind of in a hidden area off the path, but I doubt there will be many people going in and out of the building anyway. Most people go through the lobby.

I stood in Lynne's former apartment as she got some things for the courtyard, overhearing Dave shout at his friends for not having enough kills and Sara excitedly talking to her friends about a place they were going to go to on Sunday. It must be nice to not just have a room to yourself, but basically an apartment to yourself. I don't mind living with Lynne, though, she just better stop teasing me about going into my room when I'm not in there.

We entered the elevator and exited at the lobby floor, where we turned right and headed for the courtyard. I followed her to the place that she eventually laid out the blanket at, which was on a patch of grass near where she said red roses were growing.

Now would have been a good time to give her Petoria, but it would work best in autumn, when her mind would fall with the leaves the same way her heart falls in love.

First we sat on the blanket for a moment, and then she pushed me onto my back and she laid on me with the back of her head on my stomach, making ourselves into a "T". This was the precise moment we looked up at the dark sky and saw that the stars in it had become like dotted rainbows. In groups, there were stars that were red, others blue, some green and a few yellow, too. Really, the only colors missing were black, the same color of the swan earrings she had on, and white, the color her and Sara sought the same birds

in.

The color stars meant only one thing; in a matter of days, the Earth's atmosphere would become like a magnifying glass and we would be able to see extremely deep into space.

As we laid there in the dark courtyard we were both on our phones playing a cooperative game where I was a vampire and she was a witch. The point of the game was to work together to create supernatural worlds by employing the light arts. When we were done with the game, we had created a planet we named Metadrem. She meant to name it Metadream, but sometimes I'm just not sure what goes on in her brain.

Metadrem was a winter planet. It was snowy all year long and our homebase was a cabin in a field. It had two floors and two fireplaces and two doors.

When Lynne got bored of it we stopped playing and thank God because I don't even think there was a point or a goal or an end to that game. What was left with us was the sound of noisy crickets that couldn't have been too far away.

"Tell me a secret," she said gazing at the stars now. My mind ran through many secrets, and then landed permanently on something I had written for her many stars ago but never gave it to her.

"I can tell you six," I said. She didn't say anything. "Sometimes when you sing, whether it's to me, or to the air, or to wake me up at six in the fucking morning, I get jealous because you're expressing yourself in an intimate way. I don't mean like just expressing yourself, like through painting or your clothes, I mean like in an audible way. Like actual sounds coming from your mouth. Now, I don't want to sing, but I want to read you a poem I wrote for you out loud. And I want to do it in an intimate way so I can maybe just get used to it and not feel so gay."

"I want to hear it..." she said, and so I pulled up the poem on my phone and began reading as she watched the stars.

"We dreamed of finding each other... On waves... In the oceans of distant planets. I don't chase... I don't even care... But because of you... I stare."

"We dreamed of wearing the darkness... Of the skies we gazed into... I'm not all that expressive... It's just not my style... But because of you..." she interrupted me and abruptly said "I smile."

"We dreamed of setting like the Sun... So low we touched November... I don't feel a lot... To me most things are a bore... But because of you..." I waited for her to see if she would get this one right as well, and she did when she said "I adore."

"We dreamed of following each other... The same way green follows blue... I'm not flashy... Sometimes I don't even feel clean... But because of you... I feel" "Seen."

"We dreamed of laughing to ourselves... Because of something one of us said... I

don't sing... I barely even talk... But because of you... I..." She couldn't guess this one and conceded. "I rock."

"We dreamed of falling like the leaves... The same way our hearts fell in love... I'm not a spender... I won't have bought you much in the end... But because of you..." "I spend."

Immediately after saying "spend" she lifted her head and looked at me, saying "You do too buy me much!" "How did you know I was finished?" "Listen, I'm not that good at math but I know how to count up to six," she said.

She laid her head back on my stomach and continued her earlier thought. "Remember when you bought me batteries during the blackout? I never forgot that. I always think about it. I was confused and laughing inside because you bought me like four different kinds. I still have some of them, I never needed to use them. But you bought me all the batteries so you do too buy me much."

We were silent for a moment looking at the stars until she began again. "It's pretty when you do things like that for me. When you run behind me, when you pull out the chair for me, when you write or read poetry for me, when you open the door for me, when you walk on the outside, when you carry me, when you're on the bottom but you still do all the work. Those things are pretty to me."

At first I thought she was speaking that way to be funny, then I realized she wasn't. "...Do you mean chivalrous?" "If I wanted to call it chivalry I would have called it chivalry, sir," she sort of snapped at me, "I like to call it pretty instead."

I listened to the crickets and then I looked down at her. Then I took my hand and playfully slapped her cheek, "Is that pretty?" She looked at me and then back at the colorful stars. So I quarter-turned her body by her leg and with a rougher but still playful slap, I lifted up her dress and I slapped her bottom. "Is that pretty?" She looked at me as she brought her bottom back down onto the blanket, and then looked toward the sky again.

Now I had grabbed a fist-full of her hair and turned her head away from me, pulling on it. "Is this pretty?" "No," she said with annoyance in her voice, "it's ugly."

I let her go and she laid back down on my stomach to look upwards. "...If you promise me that you'll never be ugly to me, I'll stay in the room you made for me forever..."

"What if I leave for a long time?" "I'll wait until you come back. You have to feed me eventually." "What if you decide you want to leave?" "I won't leave because I have no where else to go." "What if someone comes and tries to save you?" "I'll tell them to mind their own goddamn fucking business." We both started laughing and it somehow ended in me holding her hand and making the promise.

It had been thirty minutes since then that either of us said a word and all we heard were the sound of crickets in moonlight. I broke the silence by beginning to get up and telling her that we should go back inside. We picked up the blanket and other things and took the elevator back to our apartment.

I told Lynne that I would be in my room working on Lashes and she said that she was going to go upstairs to read more of the love letters. "Let me know if you need anything," she said as she left.

I was adding to the film now the footage of Lynne as she bent down to call over a stray cat by pretending she had food for it. I added the effect of slow-motion as it walked over to her and as she looked back at the camera. The image I extracted from it would be what I paused on and now I had pre-prepare perhaps what my character was going to say at the sight of this.

What could be the meaning of this? Of the cat, of them both dressed in black. Of her calling to it and it coming to her. Don't witches have a way with black cats? Maybe it could be something about that.

I began ruminating on it but could think of nothing, and so I found myself on the picture of her in the store where she browsed through dresses. I actually came to notice that the purple dress she eventually purchased was in this photograph, something I hadn't noticed before.

The sight of the purple dress reminded me of The Mystic Garden, mostly of the purple oceans in that dream. Last year I added the third part to that series, but it took place many years after the other dreams. By then, Lynne was gone, because I don't remember any memory of her. The iceberg the city was on was melting, but there were still many years, perhaps centuries, left before it would melt to the point the city had to be concerned.

I sat on a bench in the freezing temperatures, the purple ocean at my feet. Looking at the ocean before, I suddenly had the most absolutely bizarre thought imaginable. What if there is a species of fish that has a video-graphic memory, as in it stores every thing it sees somewhere in its body as an actual video that if we were able to extract we could watch it. And what if this species passes on recorded video to its offspring. We would be able to see the ocean the way it was hundreds of millions of years ago. How strange would that be, to see its video diary...

I wonder if anyone else has ever thought of something like that. That's the strangest thing of all, isn't it? That you can think thoughts that no one else ever has. Think about it.

You can have thoughts that, barring the existence of extraterrestrial intelligent life, that in thirteen billion years of universe-existence, nothing else has ever thought of. Intelligent thoughts or otherwise, thoughts that no one else has ever had and perhaps

never will. Just really think about it. Sit with it. In the span of thirteen billion years, you, tiny in terms of space and time, can have a single thought that no one else has ever had and no one else ever will. In some way, that has to make you a little less tiny.

The next piece of media had me looking at the meat factory video which still scares me. I watched with great intent as the camera approached Lynne and my character said his first words in the entire production. Then I watched as I dragged Lynne through the abandoned building and the lights suddenly turning on. I was amused by our sudden confusion, looking up at the lights, and then hearing the sounds of perhaps spinning blades that pierced through anyone's sanity.

And then my own sanity, for the second time, took its own spin. In the corner of the frame, perhaps for only a split second, I thought I saw something. I rewound the footage and looked at the area again, and oh my God, that is a fucking face in the wall. What the hell?

I rewound it again and watched it again, and then again and again until eventually I put the frames on slow-motion. A human face, for only a second just after the lights turned out, pushed itself out of the wall and then retreated back into the wall.

I nearly ran out of the room. Really, I just walked super fast. I exited the apartment and took the stairs to the thirty-first floor. I opened the utility room that I knew she would be in and she looked up at me from sitting on the ground and reading an old letter.

She confirmed that I wasn't just imagining things as she also saw what she described as "definitely a face in the wall."

We obsessed over it until in the morning we showed Sara and David, they had a half-day today in school, and who upon seeing this began freaking out and screaming the word "Corpsor." They explained to us that they too had been in the meat factory one time at day and the power too suddenly turned on, and about how their friend, Patricia, saw a face in the television. About how it gave her nightmares.

Lynne and I learned that this "Corpsor" was a face that was stuck in the wall, and sometimes it would try to push itself out. The whole thing sounded crazy and made up to us, but we couldn't deny the video. I cropped and trimmed the segment of the face as per Dave's request so he could send it to his friends. This film is going to be endlessly interesting.

After Dave and Sara left for school, I thought about Sara and how she was going to be graduating from middle school in a few weeks and entering high school in the fall. And then I thought about David and his alleged girlfriend, Tabitha, who was the same girl he sat across during dinner at the vacation inn some time ago. Sara told Lynne and Lynne told me and I'm telling you to keep it going.

At noon I walked past many flowers in the living room and some flowers in the

kitchen to get a drink, and then I met back with Lynne in the living room, where she was on her yoga mat and finishing her stretches. When I got back, we began a new exercise routine with weights and body weight.

Lynne had gone to the doctor a few days ago and they told her that she should begin doing weighted exercises in combination with her running. I don't ever go to the doctor. I've never needed to and I have a superstition that as soon as I do, they will make me sick.

For half of an hour and through seven songs, I was her trainer and she was my trainer. Lynne and I, we share a favorite type but there are also many other types of music we enjoy listening to. There are only a couple we can't listen to, I won't even mention them. And having the same taste in music I understand now is such an important thing.

Despite Lynne and I being complete opposites, we somehow overlap in our taste in music and movies and everything in between. I can't overstate how important it is to have things in common with someone you allow yourself to fall in love with, because fights happen, and when you dislike someone for a time, knowing that that person liked a particular thing as much as you did goes a long way.

At one o'clock she took a shower and then took a nap on the couch. I grabbed the remote that rested under her and shut off the television, which was showing a program about wildlife.

I then left the apartment about thirty minutes later, crossed the Paradise Port bridge, and was on my way to Emily's house alone. Before Lynne fell asleep, Emily had sent me a message that she wanted to talk to me about something and not to tell Lynne. I know that this isn't going to be some family drama gossip thing, because Emily isn't that type of person, but I am still curious to know as I enter her building.

I walk into her apartment and she asks me if I want anything to drink. I say no and ask her why she wanted to see me.

Long story short, she needed to borrow some money and didn't want to ask Lynne or Claire. I told her that I would be glad to lend her money. In my mind I saw her as much of an extension of Lynne as Sara was. When she told me how much, she also told me why. Apparently she was dating a man and he was in some sort of trouble with some people.

Now this was a curve-ball on my willingness to help. If it was specifically for her, I would have no problem giving her the money. I would even tell her that she didn't have to worry about paying me back. But if it's for a man who that I don't even know, despite it still being in the favor of Emily, I would want that man to pay back his due. I don't even know what the man's debt is. It could be gambling, drugs, who knows, and I'm not one to charity things like that.

So we end up agreeing that I will lend her the money and she will eventually have

him pay me back through her. She didn't want Lynne to know about it because she wasn't ready to introduce the man to Lynne yet, which was understandable.

As I was preparing to leave, I had noticed that there was a sound all throughout our conversation. It was coming from the bathroom, so I asked her if she had a running toilet. She told me something had broken in it or something and that she had it on her list of things to have fixed. When I looked at it myself, I saw that the flapper was broken.

I eventually borrowed her car keys and drove to Publiks to buy a new flapper. Looking through all of the flappers I found the one that was right for her toilet.

I don't know why, but toilets and things toilet related always make me think of civilization. Modern toilet paper especially, which hasn't really changed in since forever.

You know what I think is one of the best arguments for the existence of aliens? The fact that in hundreds of millions of years of evolution, only humans have achieved a "higher" intelligence. When I say higher intelligence, I mean things like being able to communicate through spoken or written language, building cities, et cetera. Listen, don't you think it's strange that no other species have even remotely come close to anything like these things? You might say it's because humans at some point in our history had a freak mutation that gave rise to a new type of intelligence, but I don't buy it. I feel like in all that time, another species would have had a freak mutation as well, so I'm more inclined to believe that all species on Earth are unable to reach the intelligence we've reached without, you guessed it, extraterrestrial intervention.

Sometimes I look at an animal and wonder why its intelligence has probably barely evolved for millions of years. So in my mind, my argument, or theory, is that achieving the level of intelligence that humans have reached is actually not possible unless aliens intervened.

The modern humans and chimpanzees diverged from a common ancestor between 6.5 and 9.3 million years ago, so I'm thinking maybe it was around this time that our planet was visited by alien life, and they chose one species to accelerate the process of intelligence for. I mean, I don't even really mean accelerate, because like I said, it's probably not even possible to reach the intelligence we've reached without their help if you consider all the other species who haven't even come close, so what I really mean is they flat-out gave us the ability of any kind of modern human intelligence. I would say our level of intelligence itself is a sign that aliens exist.

Perhaps they chose an animal that they knew would be able to build things, like civilization, an animal with arms and legs and hands for construction. And maybe long before any type of life developed on any planets, these aliens shot out asteroids with DNA on them to help spread life around the universe. And they waited patiently, for millions of years, for a type of viable life to arise so they could visit that planet and give

it the intelligence we exhibit today. If this is the case, what will happen once we have reached the state they wish us to? Will they return and visit us once more? Will they explain what they did and why?

Another question; how did aliens themselves reach a state of modern intelligence? I don't know, maybe they have a direct line to God. All I know is, I find it strange that no other species, as far as I know, can speak to each other with a complex language like humans can.

I wrote down a few of these alien notes in my phone. This is probably one of the best features of having a cell phone, being able to record notes into it at any time. In the past I'd have to try to remember them in my head.

Walking away with the flapper in hand I passed by an isle and thought I saw a woman who resembled Lynne. When I backtracked, I saw that it was indeed Lynne, awoken from her nap to buy something here as well.

"That one is a better flavor," I pointed to a series of products she was deciding between. "I used to buy them all the time back in high school," I told her. "Are you sure? Because I was told that that one has a bad aftertaste," she replied. "I'm sure," and I watched as she reached for it and put it in her basket.

"Are you from around here?," I asked her. "Born and raised," she replied, "and you?" "No, I'm from Chase, but I'm currently living in San Rashida." "Where?" "Just a few miles from here... You?" "I live at the Flanagan tower, a few blocks from here." "Oh, so you're royalty?" "Not quite," she laughed.

"I'm actually supposed to be headed somewhere, but if you would like to talk more, would you like to meet me at the park around the block in half an hour?" She agreed and I left the store with the flapper and drove back to Emily's apartment to replace her faulty flapper and give her the money she needed.

Walking back, I crossed the bridge on a sunny afternoon and thought about the woman I had just met and wondered if she would actually meet me at the park we talked about.

As I approached the park, I saw her sitting on a bench with her groceries and sat down next to her. "I thought you were going to bail on me," I laughed. "I thought you were going to blow me off," she laughed.

She opened the bag of the flavor I suggested and offered me some. I took just a few and we both ate some of them. "See, I told you," I said as she showed positive signs of enjoying the flavor.

"How is the aftertaste?" "I don't know what they were talking about, it's great," she laughed. "I couldn't help but notice your paintbrush ring, are you an artist?" "I'm known to dabble in painting every now and then," she laughed. "What things do you usually

paint?" "Everything," she became somewhat excited.

"I'm currently working on a rose garden. It's night time in the garden and there is a bit of white moonlight coming into it. I'm naming it 'Mystic Garden'." she finished.

I looked into the air and felt invisible rain falling down on us. Soon, she felt it, too. "Come on, I'll walk you home," I told her as I got up, grabbing some of her groceries. We walked through the city through people and through traffic until we got to the entrance of the Flanagan tower.

"It was nice meeting you. I'm not one to insist, but if you would ever like to speak again, I can give you my contact," I told her. She thought for moment, and then asked me if I would like to come up to see some of her paintings.

We walked through the lobby and into the elevator and I learned that she lived on the twenty second floor.

She took out her keys, opened her apartment, and I followed her inside. I placed some of the bags on her table and she filled her fridge with the rest of them.

Currently, she only had one painting hung up in her apartment. It was a painting she said she named "Never Without You," and it depicted a lonely two-story cabin at night and in a field of snow with a colorful and dark sky.

"You're quite the peinteur," I told her, "what does it mean?," I asked. She broke character and told Proc to play thunderstorm sounds, and after the storm started she got back into character.

"Well, I am a very imaginative person, and I am also, unfortunately, a hopeless romantic. The painting is a fantasy of mine. You see the two people in it? They're in love and they are never without eachother. They live alone in that cabin in the middle of nowhere. They don't need anyone else but each other, and they are all they have."

"...Do you ever get lonely?," I asked her over the sound of a thunder strike. "Don't we all," she answered atypically speedily. "What do you do when you get lonely?," she asked me. "What do you mean?"

"Well, when I get lonely... I daydream about my fantasy man," she said sitting down at the table.

"Proc, in five minutes let the thunderstorm die out and fade into cricket sounds," I said right on cue.

"And what is your fantasy man like, if you don't mind me asking?" "First, you have to sit down next to me, and then I'll tell you all about him." I sat down next to her.

"First of all, he doesn't talk much. In fact, he only really talks to me. Every one else gets one-word replies but I get whole sentences. Sometimes paragraphs. Since he doesn't talk a whole lot he might have problems expressing himself, which is okay because for me he tries harder than he has for anyone else. He doesn't have to be artsy, but he can't be

strictly a logician. He's taller than me, which isn't asking for much since I'm short. He's a chivalrous man. Romantically traditional. A little bit cocky, but it's a quiet confidence. It's not arrogance."

"And what don't you want in your dream man?"

"Well, like I said before, he has issues opening up but it can't be to the point that he ignores me or goes away for long periods of time without even telling me where he's going. I understand he may have commitment issues but if he won't marry me, the least he can do is tell me when he is leaving and where he is going."

There was a short pause in the conversation as rain overtook the living room, and then she began again. "What about you? What is your fantasy woman like?"

"I'll tell you what she's not like first," she listened with intent. "She doesn't ask me questions I don't care to answer, for example, asking if she can move in with me." When I stopped abruptly, she asked "...That's it?" "Yeah, that's it," I answered her.

"...Then what is she like?"

"She likes to be spoiled. Not in the way that you're thinking, but in a charming way. She knows she's pretty, but she always wants to be reminded that she is because sometimes she thinks she isn't. In fact, she knows that she's so pretty that she is a little bit conceited about it. She loves attention, and she's so conceited that when she takes a picture of literally anything, especially a flower, she has to include her face in it."

The digital storm passed and all that was left was the sounds of crickets as we continued to speak near the window.

"She has no male friends outside of work or family and she never sees said friends unless it's at work or at a family function." "Oh, wait! I forgot. I need to add to mine. He has no female friends outside of... Anything. And he never sees them... Anywhere."

I laughed upon the sounds of crickets and continued. "So he's blind?" "No, he's a recluse. Never leaves his apartment," she laughed.

Once we both stopped laughing, we stared at each other over the sound of crickets and knew we were done talking about our fantasies, of what was good in them and what wasn't.

I had known her for barely an hour, but something mystic compelled me toward her. First, emotionally, my mind fevered like a river of fire, and when I saw that the slight expression on her face flowered, I secondly found a physicality unrelenting. When I moved my face toward hers, she moved too, drawing her lips onto mine and pressing them firmly against me. I knew that I would remember forever that in the first hour of the the first day that I met her was the first time I kissed her. A day that was filled with imagination when it was cut into thirds.

Chapter 84

“SAVE THE DATE”

3:3:9:84

AS I sat at the table, I looked at Lynne as she stood with two feet at the entrance of my room and smirking, wearing only a black sports bra and a black miniskirt. “You don't remember what I said would happen if I catch you in there without my permission? No restraining orders, no accusations, no lawsuits, no mercy,” I warned her. She didn't budge.

I slowly got up and began walking toward her and still she didn't move. I walked a bit closer and once I was close enough she quickly stepped out of my room and looked up at me. I threw my arm past her and closed the door behind her and then looked down at her as she continued smirking.

My phone suddenly made a message sound and I took it out from my pocket to see that it was a message from David, telling me that I could come get his laptop but that he would need it back by nighttime.

I went next door and as I stepped inside, I nearly tripped over his new skateboard. I knocked on his door and he opened it and handed me his laptop, and soon I was back next door and sitting at the table.

I told Lynne that Dave finally let us borrow his laptop and she came out with the CD she found in the tree. She sat down next to me and put it in the disc drive and for a while, nothing happened. “I told you the sunlight would have burned all of the data off of it.”

As soon as I finished my sentence, something popped up and asked us if we wanted to play the media on the disc. Lynne selected “Yes” and we were now looking at an empty room. It looked like one of those police interrogation rooms, and this was confirmed when someone who looked to be a detective walked into the room with a civilian.

Over the course of the next hour, the detective asked the civilian various questions and was eventually joined by another detective. The civilian's name was Mitchell Gordon and he was under investigation about a possible hit-job he may or may not have been involved with. Once the second officer joined the interrogation, we decided to pause and would continue watching the remaining three hours another time.

I copied the file from the disc onto my computer so we wouldn't have to bother Dave again, and then I returned the laptop to him.

When I went back home it was almost eight o'clock and I found Lynne in the living room cutting up a big piece of carpet that she was going to put in the bathroom. She cut it up perfectly to match the outline of the toilet and tub and sink, the door and the walls, and then I watched as she set it down and then ran her foot through the carpet. I walked inside

and ran my feet through it as well, and then sat on the toilet as she sat on the edge of the tub. "It feels like it," I said to her, and she agreed. A moment later she turned on the digital fireplace and closed the door, and before we finally left she said that it didn't even feel like a bathroom anymore, it felt like another room in the apartment.

At around midnight when we were sure most people in the building were sleeping, we carried one of the pool chairs she had ordered up to the thirty-first floor. We made noise but I don't think we made so much noise we woke anyone up.

When we got to the thirty-first floor, we carried it through to the end of the hallway and set it down just before the locked door. She put the combination in and opened the door, and then we carried the pool chair up the final staircase and out onto the roof. We set the pool chair toward the center of the large roof and then went back down to get the other.

When they were both set, Lynne laid on one and I laid on the other, and we had the quiet and darkened view of the city and its sky.

After a short amount of quietude, Lynne said she wished we could have brought Proc up here. "There's an outlet at the bottom of the stairs," I told her. "Extension cord?," she asked. "Yeah, but we might need more than one," I said to her. "I'll buy two this week, then," she finished.

At the foot of silence we laid and every so often a light from a distant window would go black. And the time eventually came when the Earth's atmosphere became a magnifying glass and we could see deep into space from where we laid.

We saw in the atmosphere small galaxies like swirling clouds. And we saw burning comets streak across the dark sky that left behind a green path.

Of the celestial bodies in our solar system only four of them were visible the way we looked; Pluto, Jupiter, Saturn and Venus. The sight of the magnified universe sent my mind, like it always does, onto many tangents.

Many years ago I wondered why a rock in motion in space would remain in motion. The other day I applied the question to the notion of absolute zero and total outcome potential. In the middle of space, the amount of kelvins is very low, so low that it is very close to absolute zero, which is zero kelvins. In this space, because the temperature is so low, the outcome potential would be low as well. Thinking back on the rock that is going through space at the same velocity and in the same direction, is it possible that it is behaving this way because the environment in which it is passing has an outcome potential so low that the only outcome is the one it is currently doing? That is to say, in such a low temperature, the rock remains moving at the same speed and in the same direction because there actually are no other outcomes to do, and the only outcome that is actually available is the current one, and so it persists.

Perhaps things maintain their inertia because in space there is almost no outcome potential and the only outcome is the current outcome. Maybe this is also why it takes energy to move something; in order for it to not behave the way it has been behaving, you introduce heat or energy to increase its outcome potential.

On the subject of these things, I have also wondered about the void universe. If the universe had no mass, or matter, and therefore no temperature, or absolute zero temperature, which would be zero kelvins, nothing could happen because there would be no outcome potential. If somehow you introduced mass, perhaps this would increase the outcome potential even slightly enough to formulate an early dynamic universe.

My last thought on the matter is that in a zero kelvin universe, there would be no outcome potential, which would mean time would stop. Or rather, there would be no time. Is this the default state of the universe?

"STATE == STATE" is the idea that in Zero Kelvin, there is no outcome potential, which means whatever state you are in is also the next state you will be in. Because there is no conduct of energy, the current state cannot be changed into a new outcome and remains in that "eternal state."

The idea of this "eternal state" makes me think of the early universe, way back to its literal inception. The universe and just the concept of existing, although both immeasurable in the following regard, must have at one point been subject to Zero Kelvin. I believe that particular state is what we should call the "default state." In the default state of the universe, the temperature everywhere in the universe is Zero Kelvin, and therefore it can never change. I also believe this is the closest we can get to a universe that doesn't exist. I believe this "default" state of the universe is actually a universe that does not exist.

It's hard to not associate the universe with the concepts of beginnings and endings. How can something always have been here. How can something always be here? We can think of eternity in one way; something comes into existence and it never dies. But it is incredibly difficult to wrap your head around the concept of, let's say, a reversed idea of eternity, where something that exists now was never actually born. But how can the universe have no beginning?

I try to think of nothingness. A complete void. Emptiness. But the fact that I can think of a plane where nothing exists may prove that even that plain of nothingness is still somethingness, and further makes me think perhaps we do not have the right or the ability to fathom true darkness. If something was before the universe, it may exist in a way that no human has the capability of imagining or understanding.

A clearer way of seeing this is to imagine the creation of a video game. Before a video game is made, what are the settings set to in its options? Technically, it does not

have any settings... Yet. And when you start that video game for the first time, its settings always start at default. That default state is the closest you can get to its "creation." Once you begin to play the game and change its settings, you deviate more and more from that beginning.

And before a video game became a video game, what was it? It didn't exist until the moment someone thought of it. You may even say it existed before that thought. Someone is trying to cross a road full of cars and has a bit of trouble, but when they finally make it over to the opposite side, they think of what would become Frogger, and really the game wasn't created at that thought as one might say this is the moment it entered the universe, but it was actually created the moment the person stepped onto the road and stepped back off it as they saw a speeding car approaching.

But before that action or idea, where or how did Frogger exist? No one had ever thought of it and no one had ever had any actions toward it. Its idea had not been touched through the mind or through matter, not mentally or physically. If something cannot be reached through the mind or through physicality, then perhaps that's when it doesn't exist. You can't even think of it, or find it through action, and until you do, it is not a part of anything. Before the universe was an idea or an action, it was not a part of anything and it didn't exist; it was not even imaginable, and this is when you don't have the right or ability to fathom its darkness.

Perhaps the closest we can come to this detective game of the formation of the early universe is through understanding its default state, which is that of Zero Kelvin, where the current state equals the current state if Kelvin equals zero.

With reference to the "zero rock," we can begin to make inferences on the traveling modes of time. The rock, when passing through zero kelvin, remains in the state it is currently in. If it is moving, it will continue moving, if it is in rest, it will remain at rest (as per Newton's first law). I've theorized that the rock continues to perpetuate its current state because the temperature and outcome potential is so low, its only option is to continue on in the state that it is already operating under.

Trading the place of the rock with time, we come to that conclusion that "if time is moving, then it will remain moving, if time is at rest, then it will remain at rest." But when we take into account why time is behaving that way, we think back to the low temperature and low outcome potential due to zero kelvin. Time, like the rock, would have very little possible outcomes to choose from in the way of outcome potential. And so time persists, the way it always has, because it has no other outcome to choose from.

It is easy enough to trade the rock for time and imagine its circumstances, but a rock and time are not really interchangeable, which forces us into the strange imaginative realm that has fueled before the passions of so many thinking men and women.

Unlike the rock, we have no indication of what time is traveling through. We have no indication of what can influence it or manipulate it. With the rock, in deep space and zero kelvin, we have the idea that movement is one-dimensional and only becomes 2D or 3D when a factor such as energy is introduced. A lot of us would speculate that time behaves in the same way as the rock in deep space in zero kelvin; it is 1D and can only move in one direction. What can be like energy to influence time into moving in 2D and/or 3D?

The strange imaginative realm leaves me to conclude something not so imaginative at all. Picturing again time as the rock, and because time has perhaps been unaffected to any degree since its inception, I would imagine the plane it operates under is a plane that is lawless. What I mean is, a rock that travels for long enough will eventually be affected by an external influence, such as a physical law. Time would have to operate under a plane where there are no laws at all. Or, a place that may have once had laws but have since become extinct because they were not naturally selected laws. In addition to this, the way time appears to be in our universe would also have to exist in a plane similar to the concept of zero kelvin, where there is no outcome potential to influence it so that it may remain perfectly perpetuate.

A more imaginative course is one that deals with the possible concept of time as not something that can move through space, but as a build-up/build-down. If the universe is expanding, there must be a subtraction from whatever the universe is using as a resource to build itself up. The simplest way to think about it, I guess, is a type of non-space that exists just beyond the edge of the universe. This non-space is converted to space and introduced into our universe, and every time this happens, "time" changes because time is basically the movement of matter. Once the universe's matter signature is changed, time is essentially changed. This is if you agree with the notion that nothing can be in a fixed position if the universe is constantly expanding.

The conversion process from non-space to space may perhaps be alterable, or maybe even reversible. There may be laws that govern the conversion process and there may even be a basis that determines its outcome potential, allowing the conversion process to be different and not perfectly perpetuate. In this case, the manipulation of the conversion process may allow time itself to be manipulated, similar to how movement of the rock can be manipulated by temperature and physical laws.

"Spookie!," her voice pierced through me. "What?," I asked. "Are you deaf or something? I've been calling you for like the past twenty seconds." "You know I'm not deaf." "I was saying this year I want to do something for our anniversary." "Something like what?..." I nearly began sweating. "I want to go to that new restaurant they just opened, The San Rashida Rose." "...That's it?," I asked relieved. "Yeah, why, did you have something else in mind." "No." "Okay. So then, I want a hard date for our

anniversary, so we know when it is every year.” “Okay.” “Do you remember what day you bought me the ring?” “No. Don't you?” “No...” “Really? You don't remember? I thought women were supposed to remember things like that.” “Look, I don't remember okay, it was like half-a-decade ago.” “Just pick a day in August then, I'm pretty sure that was the month.”

Like a woman she couldn't decide on the day herself because this was too grand of a decision, so she looked to the sky. She counted the total number of swirling galaxies in the sky and finally said “August nineteenth.”

After I said that was a good number she began telling me about how she used David's gift card gift to buy a pair of new purple heels and a purple continental wallet. I asked her what a continental wallet was and she told me it was basically a long stylish wallet for women. “Does it fit in your pocket?” “No,” she laughed, “you carry it around like a purse. It's not like dresses have pockets anyway.”

Before we finally got up to go back downstairs, she told me she was going to look into making a reservation at the restaurant for the nineteenth of August. As we were walking down the stairs, she said she was so excited because it was going to be her first anniversary celebration.

I looked at her confused, “But you were married.” “I was married for two and a half years, so I only had two real chances to celebrate an anniversary. The first time, the anniversary day was a day before one of our friends' Superbowl party, so he counted that as our anniversary celebration. The second time we decided not to do anything. In my world, if there isn't both a suit and a dress, then it doesn't count.”

¶ 6/2 – I've been so absolutely obsessed with these old love letters I found. The Flanagans had so much gossip going on there should have been a TV show made about them. There's even a mystery in it. Who killed Princess Kimberly and Prince Tobias? I've been reading the letters and looking at the old photographs in hopes of figuring it out.

One thing I did figure out was the mystery of the lavender diamond. The notes here say that the diamond was found in 2010 by Tiffany. The prevailing online theory is that the lavender diamond had something to do with the murder of the prince and princess, but they're all wrong.

In 2015, someone came up with the theory that Princess Kim was having relations with someone from the Ortholini kingdom, which was another royal family whose king and queen was Anthony and Alexandra. The person in question was thought to be King Anthony's son. The conflict between them is said to be over certain resources, but this person claim's it's really over the affair between the two. And that would be a shame, because I know where the diamond really came from.

In 1976, the Flanagans had an apartment building built on their estate. And in 2001, the

Flanagans hired the same firm to build a drive-in theater on their estate. I found a photo of the builders, who posed in front of the building in 1976 after finishing it, and one of those men is named Toby Waldron. In 2002, in a letter to her twin sister, Summer, June wrote about seeing Princess Elaine arguing with a man who had dreamy blue eyes near the drive-in theater. Neither of them realized it, but Mr. Waldron, the man with the dreamy blue eyes who I have identified in the 1976 photo, was also a part of the crew that built the apartments. And in 1976, Summer wrote in a letter to her husband, C, that she saw a man flirting with Elaine near the apartments. In 1976, Princess Elaine and Prince Spencer had been separated and barely speaking to each other.

In the piles of love letters there was also a register of all of the workers who had ever worked on the estate starting from 1925. I didn't know Toby's name until I looked up every male name on that register in 1976 and cross-referenced them with the photo in front of the newly built apartment building. I found numerous pictures of Toby Waldron online and he was definitely the man I was looking for.

Looking further into Waldon's life, I learned that his family owned a jewelry store that sold expensive diamonds, and in 1996, Toby's father reported that a \$9,000 dollar lavender diamond had been stolen.

By 1996, Elaine and Spencer had rekindled their love for each other, and this must have shocked Toby, who at least until 2002 was trying to win her back. I assume that the night June saw Elaine arguing with Toby, he had proposed to her and she denied him, and the lavender diamond, in their heated exchange, must have been lost and wedged itself deep in a crack of the theater, only to be found eight years later by Tiffany.

Man, I need help. I can't stop. These letters are better than the best drama on television. They have every thing. Mystery, intrigue, suspense. I've created diagrams and outlines and shit like I'm mad. I have pictures organized, letters categorized, and every thing of note that I've discovered I've written down in a log. The lavender diamond, which I also have a picture of, was beautiful. Almost as beautiful as the Petoria charm Spook bought me. That's all I had on my mind when I put his penis between my breasts and rubbed them up and down against it.

When Lynne and I got back to our apartment she went in her room and I went into mine. I closed the door behind me and then locked it. After, I reached inside my pants and began to rub my penis until I had a full erection.

I opened my door, walked past the snowy aurora cabin night painting, and then got to Lynne's door, where I knocked on it, telling her that I was going to throw out the garbage and if she had any she needed to get rid of. After a moment she opened the door and I was turned a bit so she couldn't see my erection, and she handed me a banana peel. I took it and walked away, then walked back into my room. I set her banana peel somewhere

hidden, and then I closed the door loudly so I knew she would hear it. Then I slowly opened it so that it was completely wide open, and like the banana peel before me, I hid in the room, grabbing a plastic bag and massaging and rubbing my penis to keep it completely engorged.

Just as I planned, I heard her door open, and just as I planned, I watched her as she stood in the doorway of my room. One of the things I've always loved about Lynne is that she likes to play, almost even in a childish way. And so a grown woman who likes to play is basically irresistible, especially when she is teasing me.

I walked toward her, but she didn't hear me until it was too late. I forced the plastic bag onto her head and then tightened it around her neck. With more force I wrapped my free arm around her as she struggled with me, trying to free her arm, but she didn't have the strength to overpower me.

Once she realized it was me, her struggle changed. It was still violent, but it was a violence with trust. We wrestled with each other as I tried to bring her toward the bed, but suddenly we fell at the foot of the bed, four knees on the ground and four forearms on the bed.

"Can you breath okay?," I asked to make sure I wasn't suffocating her. "Don't ask me anything, just do it," she said through the bag.

With her not fighting back as much, I yanked down her shorts and then yanked down my sweatpants. I was still mostly erect, and as soon as I pressed my penis against her vagina I was completely engorged once again. I began to thrust but then she stopped me, telling me to wait.

I stopped for a moment, and she re-adjusted her bottom and then leaned forward so that the side of her face was on the bed. Finally she took my hand and then placed it on her head to make as if I was holding her head down. When she stopped, I began again, pushing her head down into the bed and thrusting my body back and forth into her. I watched my penis enter her body repeatedly and almost didn't hear her when she barely muttered the word "daddy," and barely a moment after this, what was full in me shot into her. For a few seconds more I kept thrusting until I all at once stopped.

I let up the pressure from her head and she rose up, taking the bag off of her head and placing it on the bed. I removed my penis from her and then helped her completely remove her shorts and her shirt, and then I took off my sweatpants and my shirt, and grabbing my penis I put it back inside her.

I started with soft thrusts and soon my hands hugged hers and she used her thumbs to pet my hands as I penetrated her. "Princess," I said out loud to her. For the first time since we started, she began moaning a moment after I that to her.

As we held hands I continued my soft thrusts, and then she began talking. "You like it

when, when mommy lets you fuck her, huh? I want” and before she could continue my soft thrusts became rough and her words turned into moans, disabling her from being able to finish her sentence. She clenched her hands, and because she was in a way holding mine, she clenched my hands as well. When I clenched back, I penetrated her even more roughly. “Say stop,” I told her. And through her moans she was able to tell me to stop, and I only went about her even quicker and with more force. She said it again, and every time she said it I destroyed her until I ejaculated into her and I could feel her vagina clench my penis the same way her hands clenched my hands.

When her vagina released its grip on me, I finally pulled my penis out of her. I stood up and then she stood up and without warning I swept her off her feet and was carrying her into her bedroom.

We passed through the bed canopy and I laid her to rest, then laid down next to her. “Is it weird that I kind of like it when it feels like I’m raping you?” “Is it weird that I kind of like it when it feels like you’re raping me?”

I didn’t answer but she continued. “What gets me is the contrast. Knowing that you can be gentle or that you can be rough... It turns me on.” “You want to know what gets me?,” I asked her. “What?” “Knowing that you can be innocent or that you can be manipulative.”

After a while, her response was that we should call it passion. “I know we are role-playing rape, but I think passion suits it better.” I told her that passion was accurate, but told her that there was an even better word. Curious, she asked me what it was. I told her that the word was “obsession,” and then I grabbed my phone and began reeling through live cameras and showed them to her.

The first was her work diner area at the airport. Then the two subway stations she either got on or off of when commuting to work on those rare days. Then she saw the living room of the apartment Sara and Dave now occupy alone. She recognized the next apartment, which was her own and the one she was in now. She saw the bathroom, the shower, the kitchen, the living room, my room and finally her room. Then she saw our floor, the elevator, the lobby and the garage. After this came the roof of our building, and the final place was that of the courtyard.

The thought of me spying on her every move caused her to begin rubbing my prosthetic foot tattoo of her fake foot.

“I have a question for you, loverboy.” “...” “In those love letters I’ve been reading, in 1930, apparently a man named Alex couldn’t hold his peace during a wedding and caused a whole show. The bride, Princess Aubry, after Alex basically said he didn’t think she should marry the man she was marrying, ran away from the wedding before they could say their vows and the wedding was called off. Would you ever do something like that

for me?” “You mean ruin a wedding?” “Yes...” “I wouldn't be caught dead at a wedding.”

She gave me those eyes she gives me whenever she's being serious and she thinks I'm joking around too much. “Do you realize the psychology of that? Why would you marry someone knowing secretly you want to marry someone else? And that you even want that person to ruin a wedding you've planned and spent money on? If you knew all that, why not just not marry the person you're marrying and marry the person you want to be with?”

“Let's say we were together but then you did something that ended our relationship.” “Why do I have to be the bad guy?” “Shut up. You did something, I found someone else, but in your heart you knew me and you knew I wasn't happy, but I was getting married anyway.”

“So I did something bad and you invite me to your wedding?” “Yup.” “Is that what happened in 1930.” “Yup,” she popped the “p.” “What happened exactly?” “He stood up, read her a poem saying nasty things about her, the crowd booed and she ran off. They got married a year later.” “Who got married? Alex and the princess?” “Yup.”

Stupid fucking weirdos. Now I have to answer this stupid fucking question. All I wanted to do was rape her and then go to sleep.

“When the marrier person asks about peace, I would run up to the groom and tackle him and start whaling on him. Then all of the groomsmen would have to jump in and I would purposely allow myself to get beat up. This would cause a ruckus and the wedding would have to be postponed as I would not go quietly. Then I would ask to see you privately, and by then you would not be able to resist after seeing me take a beating, which in your woman-brain would be represented as a declaration of my love for you. And when we talked, you still in your beautiful wedding dress, you'd see the cuts and bruises and you wouldn't be able to help but try to lessen the pains, either by massaging my face or applying medicinal supplies to it. And the moment you would try to make me feel better, it would already be over for you. You would call off the wedding so we could be together. And it wouldn't take a year either. It would be like a day after.”

She looked at me and began laughing, “That answer makes no sense!” “The whole situation makes no sense,” I said to her.

She took her hand off my arm and brought it around to hug my body as she laid on my chest. “Sorry for being weird,” she apologized. I didn't say anything until a few seconds later. “You're not weird, you're just a woman.”

THE BLOOD SAINT

3:3:9:85

IT must have been about five years ago that I had a dream that concerned Noah's ark. And even years before that, I had three or four dreams that led to God feeling he needed to wash the Earth of sinful humans.

In one of those dreams, I watched as Satan crept into the universe from a hole in the ground. Naked, he walked as a man to the north. In another dream, Satan was still on Earth but now the Earth had wildlife in it. He must have waited hundreds of millions of years and watched as various lifeforms came into existence and then went into extinction. And in one of those years, he watched the evolution of an animal until it became a chimpanzee.

After he saw that the chimpanzees had legs to walk and hands to build, it was his mission to give them intelligent minds to think.

He took a single DNA strand of one of the chimps and then traveled to the very center of the galaxy toward a celestial body known as Inceptus. In the vicinity of Inceptus was the birth place of intelligence. Here, in this atomic network, anything created in it would have a natural proclivity toward intelligence. The same type of intelligence that you and I possess. Satan, being one half of the creator of the universe, knew of this place intimately.

There, Satan waited for approximately one million years as the strand of DNA made copies of itself and underwent a multitude of mutations. It eventually became a multi-celled organism, and after another million years, evolving at an exponential rate, it resembled what you and I would call a caveman.

Satan did not return back to Earth for another million years, not until Mister Caveman had a Misses Caveman, and when he brought them back to Earth, soon there were little caveboys and little cavegirls.

The Caves, if I am not mistaken that was their surname, were unlike any other animal on the planet in that they harbored an intelligence well beyond the next smartest living thing on the Earth. And this intelligence was given to them by Satan so that they might destroy all of God's creation.

Hundreds of thousands of years later, man and woman roamed the Earth in the hundreds of thousands. With their new intelligence, which according to God they were never supposed to be able to reach by themselves, they built the physical and the abstract; they developed homes and they developed language. They developed clothes because they had developed perception. So far were they in intellect from any other animal and so quickly were they advancing in it. But what came with wisdom also came folly, and

when God saw this folly, he was not pleased at the state of his creation.

Seeing what Satan had done, he searched for one man who had used his free will in good order. His name was Noah, and God told Noah of his plans to flood the Earth. And so Noah built an ark and aboard the ark was his family and two types of every animal.

When they were all aboard the ark, God flooded the Earth to balance what Satan had done, and of Satan's plan he kept only what was good from it so that the Earth could start new.

¶ 7/11 – In the utility closet on the thirty-first floor, there is a collection of old VHS tapes I found and an old TV with a built-in VCR player. I've been watching a lot of them and yesterday I watched the funeral of Brian II from 1997. It was sad to see Leah, his wife, who looked to take his death extremely hard. From their love letters to each other when they were both younger, there was such a passion in them that I think is rare to experience.

When Spook and I were at the abandoned beach a couple of months ago, we were swimming and began kissing. There was sucking and soft biting and it was so intimate there was a small part of me that was slightly uncomfortable. Not uncomfortable in a way that I didn't like it, just uncomfortable in a way that it was intense. When we stopped, we looked at each other and I felt like he was someone I didn't know. I wonder if that feeling came from the fact that we had never done that before or if there is a part in my biology that enjoys intimacy with strangers. I'm not saying I like having sex with strangers, I'm just saying we all know there is an excitement in meeting someone for the first time and knowing there is chemistry.

When we went back to the motel, I sat on the edge of the bed holding my breasts with my arm underneath them and he stood in front of me masturbating. I already knew that when he finished there was going to be a lot of him on my chest because we had made-out for so long without him getting off. The whole time I was sitting there waiting, I wanted to so badly see it come out of him and land on me. When he finally finished, it was just shot after shot as he covered my chest and I couldn't take my eyes off of his penis and the discharge that was coming out of him.

In the kitchen at midnight, Lynne reached for the bottle of syrup that I had without being aware of it put there the midnight before. She was on the tips of her five toes and leaning with one hand against the counter when I walked up to her, looked at her, and then reached for the bottle and handed it to her. "Why are you so short? Why don't you grow a little bit?" I asked.

She didn't say anything and went to sit down at the table to eat her pancakes.

"Do you want me to throw out your old desk, too?" I asked her. "Yes, thank you."

I went into her room and picked up her desk and walked out through the living room

with it, then exited the apartment and began walking toward the elevator hoping the desk would fit in it comfortably.

I called the elevator and moved the desk inside it, and thankfully it did fit comfortably.

On the way down, I remembered a dream I had a few months ago. As mercenaries, we were given murder contracts and were to eliminate a certain politician. I've had six of these dreams throughout the course of my life, and each operation's name always follows the same protocol. This one was named "Red October."

Only myself and one other mercenary survived the invasion of the government building and we made it to an elevator that took us upward to the target. We eliminated all of his guards, and when we finally closed in on him, we saw that he had killed himself.

We quickly took all of the documents we were hired to steal and then set explosives all throughout the building to hide any trace of us, knowing that in the explosion every thing would burn.

I got to the garage of the building and walked through the garage lot. I saw the motorcycle and also saw that it still had not been moved at all. I also still have not seen the motorcycle thief, and I am truly and completely convinced he is gone for good now. Does that mean we own the bike now?

I carried the desk out into the night and toward an alley where I sat it down near a dumpster. I then went back into our apartment and took my own old desk out into the street alley and placed it next to Lynne's. Then I took out a cigarette and began smoking. I'm just kidding. I don't smoke.

But I did stay out there for a while longer and took in the environment. While moving my old desk, a drawer came out and I found an old piece of paper I had given to Lynne long ago on our wedding day. It was my conditions of my marrying her, and I read over them one last time:

CONDITIONS

A. You will make sure:

1. that my clothes and laundry are kept in good order;
2. that I will receive my three meals regularly in my apartment;
3. that my apartment is kept neat, and especially that my desk is left for my use only.

B. You will renounce all personal relations with me insofar as they are not completely necessary. Specifically, You will forego under my instruction:

1. my sitting at home with you;
2. my going out or traveling with you.

C. You will obey the following points in your relations with me under my instruction:

1. you will not expect any intimacy from me, nor will you reproach me in any way unless asked;
2. you will stop talking to me if I request it;
3. you will leave my apartment immediately without protest if I request it.

D. You may speak to me regardless of whether you are first addressed or not, though I will not guarantee a response or even acknowledge that you are speaking, and if I ignore you, you will not persist or seek out attention.

This piece of paper was a joke, but it also wasn't. Watching a car drive by on the main street every now and then, I thought about how much we have both changed in those five years.

A birthday, wedding day, holiday, death day, they are anniversaries that are basically one revolution around the Sun, and I remember reading somewhere that the Earth's orbit is gradually getting larger every year. Because the Sun is losing mass, the Earth's orbit expands very slightly each year by 0.6 inches.

Now I will defer the opportunity to make a crude joke about my penis, and I will instead say every year my heart grows fonder and fonder of her. Only she has broken the lock to the door of my heart.

When I went back to the apartment I found her scrubbing the walls with chemicals and wearing cleaning gloves. She did it all over the apartment; the kitchen floors, the bathroom and elsewhere. I asked her why she didn't put on her maid outfit and she replied it was because I hadn't bought her one. Then I continued to take old furniture out of the apartment to bring it to the garbage dumpster down below, and sometime in the night after she finished with my room we were both finished with our cleaning chores.

At 2:30 I put on my shorts and then connected to Lynne's playlist on my phone. I met her in the living room after she got dressed into her running clothes and we left the apartment to find the stairs. It was her idea to use the twenty flights of stairs to warm up before we go and to settle when we come back.

She began the playlist when we got outside and began running. Running behind her, I was reminded of "Black August."

In a war-torn city at night, I ran behind another mercenary who when I saw his face, I realized that he was the same man who survived the invasion of the office building from Red October.

We ran after we assassinated a political figure and after setting the establishment on fire, we found cover in a broken-down school building.

Running behind Lynne in the same manner, we ran across the Paradise Port bridge

and when we were halfway through it an early morning train ran past us.

Still, at the end of the bridge, we continued running through Paradise Island, passing through a town that Lynne had passed through before. When we finally stopped, it was in front of her old high school.

Catching our breaths we rested on a fence that divided the school property from the rest of the town.

“It's weird to know Sara is going to be going to the same high school I went to so many years ago,” she said, “and David, too, next year.” ... “You went to high school in Chase, right?” “Indeed,” I said, and then I hopped over the fence.

“What are you doing?,” she asked me alarmed, and I kept walking. It wasn't long until I heard her jump the fence as well. She caught up to me and saw that we were headed toward a race track. Getting to the race track, we walked toward the bleachers, all the way to the highest row, and then sat down next to each other overlooking the racetrack and the school building in the distance that was past the large field.

“I never had a girlfriend during high school,” I admitted to her. “Ah... So that's why you're so smart,” she joked. I wrapped my arm around her neck and brought her closer to me as she yelled out in pain. Under my arm she said “Do you know why you never had a girlfriend?” “Why?” “Because teenage girls aren't supposed to be the ones asking you out, you are.” I let her go and she brought her head back up.

I thought about what she said then smacked my lips. I told her I was too cool for that. “Well, that's your problem. With that attitude I'm not surprised you didn't have a girlfriend.” I looked at her with a sly face, “You're my girlfriend now.” “First of all, I am not your girlfriend, I am your wife. Second of all, do you even understand why girls don't like boys who don't man up and ask them out?” “Why?” “Because if you can't even ask them out, how are you ever going to ask them to marry you?” I smacked my lips again. “I asked you to marry me and I never asked you out.” This time she smacked her lips. “I take it back, you're not that smart.”

After a small while, I took out an invisible cellphone, dialed an invisible number, and then make ringing sounds. Lynne at first looked at me confused, then finally picked up her own invisible cellphone.

???-????: Hello?

???-????: Hello, is Lynne there?

???-????: Who's calling?

???-????: Julien.

???-????: Hold on one second...

???-????: Hello?
???-????: Yo it's Jay.
???-????: Who?
???-????: Jay. From science class.
???-????: Oh...
???-????: You don't know me?
???-????: Have we ever talked outside of class?
???-????: No.
???-????: Then why would I remember you?
???-????: *lip smack*

???-????: What you been up to?
???-????: Nothin', just watching TV. You?
???-????: Chillin', chillin'.
???-????: So what did you want?
???-????: I was just calling to see what you're doing on August 19th.
???-????: I'm not doing nothing, why?
???-????: Cool, cool. I'm not doing nothing either, so I was wondering maybe if you want to do nothing together at The San Rashida Rose.
???-????: ...Do you mean eat dinner at The San Rashida Rose?
???-????: I mean we can do that, too, if you happen to be hungry at the time.
???-????: I think I'll be hungry at that time.
???-????: Me too, I'll be hungry too.
???-????: So what time you picking me up then?
???-????: Uh, well... Look, I don't have a car, do you mind riding... Posterior... On a motorcycle.
???-????: You have a motorcycle?
???-????: Yea.
???-????: I don't mind riding bitch.
???-????: Aight, cool cool. I'll see you on the nineteenth, then.
???-????: Bye.
???-????: Peace out.

She put away her invisible cellphone and then turned toward me, “Peace out?” “You should just be glad I finally asked you out after ten years.”

When we got back to our apartment tower we climbed the stairs and then entered our apartment.

It is four A.M. right now and the words that left my mouth and went into Lynne's ears concerned doing laundry and going to Publiks before the lines got long. We took off our sweaty clothes in the bathroom and threw them into the laundry basket and she stayed in the carpeted bathroom a few minutes longer to defecate.

I walked over to the next apartment and used a key to unlock it, and then went into the living room where I took Dave and Sara's dirty clothes and brought them back to ours. I looked at a sleeping Sarah on the couch for only a moment and also noticed the black swan charm necklace she had on. Now with two black garbage bags filled with dirty clothes and two backpacks on our backs, Lynne and I each carried one to the elevator and went inside it.

Inside the elevator Lynne matched my admission. "I did so bad on my placement tests I probably should of repeated eighth grade," she admitted to me.

I looked at her as we went down. I noticed her perfectly filed fingernails. Her carefully kempt hair. Her dashing eyebrows. Her soft skin. And with this, I came to a profound realization about her.

"Ah... So that's why you're so pretty," I joked. A confusion crept upon those dashing eyebrows, "What does that mean?," she asked. "Nothing, nevermind," I replied. "Are you calling me dumb?" "You called yourself dumb."

The elevator door opened and we walked through the long hallway and into the large laundry room. There were only a few other running machines and we soon began filling two of them with our dirty clothes.

These actions reminded me of "Orange February." Four of us were assigned to eliminate a politician, and our temporary residence was on a military base. In a room with many washers we talked over the details as we put our dirty clothes in the washers. The final detail we went over led to what I guess you would call a philosophical discussion, and the last thing I remember the mercenary telling me was that "People are not fair, they are bias, so you must make the system fair. The system must be morally objective." I took the phrase "morally objective" to indicate that being morally subjective meant showing mercy to someone you have sympathy for, and not affording that same mercy to someone you do not have sympathy for even if the conditions are identical. He was talking about the man we were going assassinate. He had a reputation for killing hundreds of people that were not "his people," yet he allowed his own people to commit the same crimes and allowed them to go unpunished.

Walking back through the hallway, we took the stairs down to the garage. Walking past the motorcycle, Lynne asked me if I've seen the owner at all in the past few days. I didn't. "Well if he doesn't show up soon I'm going to start decorating my pink helmet," she laughed.

We crossed the street in the night that had so few cars and began walking through the lonely parking lot of Publiks. When we entered the store we saw no one at the registers, and as we walked about the aisles we saw no other customers. The lights were dimmed just a little and it were almost as if no one else occupied the store. We never went up the stairs to the second story since we were here only for food.

We did our grocery shopping, sometimes together and sometimes apart as we both had our own carrying basket. Near the end, I walked up to her as she stared at some of the products in the baked deserts section.

When I walked up beside her, I don't even think she noticed me, she just stared at, I believe, a package of cherry pie. "Are you going to buy it?" She now noticed me.

She took a package of blueberry pie and put it in her basket. "Between the two of us, you had better been the smart one," she said to me in a serious tone. "What's that supposed to mean?" we started walking through an aisle.

"You're a man. Dumb men are not attractive." "And dumb women are?" "I didn't say that. I'm saying as a woman I am not always held accountable for my actions, as a man, you're supposed to be more responsible."

We got to the self checkout and began checking out our items, and across the machines I replied to her statement. "Why is a man held accountable for his actions and why does a man have to be more responsible?" "I didn't make the rules," she answered, "that's just how it is. If I went back to an abusive partner, as a woman, many people would forgive me and maybe even feel sorry for me. If you, a man, went back to an abusive partner, no one would feel bad for you. They'd actually shame you, especially other men."

I saw her point, as dumb as the whole thing was, and I thought about it as I rang up my items in the ghost of a store. I'm sure there are employees here, they just haven't made themselves known.

When we were done we walked through the lonely parking lot again and still my thoughts were on the dumb concepts of the world. During "Blue July," myself along with two other mercenaries had set up a tent in a parking lot and it was to be used as a means to conduct a drone mission. The mission itself targeted a politician who had rigged an election and then publicly bragged about it.

At the end of the mission his home was up in flames. His wife and his children were collateral damage to a rigged game. So many lives have been affected by these strings; the innocent and the guilty, those oblivious to corruption and the masters of war.

So many young men are fooled with false promises of purpose and brotherhood and perverted ideologies constructed by the wealthy. If you're going to believe in violence, then believe in violence. Self-defense is only a half-measure.

When we got back to our floor, first we went to her former apartment to give the kids their share of the food and to lay out their wet clothes all throughout their home, then we went back to her current apartment and stocked our own fridge and laid out our own clothes. We both knew we would be asleep soon and didn't want to have to bother with going all the way back down to the laundry room.

When she went to leave I caught her by her hand and brought her body into mine. "Where are you going, dummy?" "No where, dork," she smiled.

As she hugged my body, I put my arms around her back and then slid my hands down into her pants. I squeezed her butt in a massaging way, grasping them firmly and gently lifting them up and then dropping with them my hands still firmly squeezing them. I did it multiple times until she took my hand and led me into the bathroom, smiling the whole way there.

In the bathroom we undressed and I laid on my back on the carpeted floor. In her nudity I watched as she was still standing and brought one leg over to the other side of my body so that she was standing over me.

I've never found vaginas to be extraordinary pleasing to look at. Not in the way I find her breasts or her butt or her face extraordinary pleasing to look at. But the thought of penetrating her vagina with my penis is what makes her vagina extraordinary appealing to me. I would suppose the same rings true for women; I can't imagine that a woman finds a penis pleasing to look at. But I would imagine that the thought of being penetrated by my penis is what makes it pleasing to look at for Lynne.

"Purple December" was the only mercenary dream I've ever had where Lynne was in it. We had stopped at a village and there were many women present. I followed a woman who was carrying a basket of clean, wet clothes to hang them on some lines.

"I didn't think I would ever see you again," she said to me. I didn't respond to that version of Lynne. I simply waited for her to finish hanging the clothes and then followed her into the adjacent home.

There I took off my uniform and she took off her dress. I laid down on a low bed with no frame and she stood above me until she descended onto me. I moved my pelvis repeatedly and felt her right buttcheek in my left hand as it bounced to our rhythm. Using my right hand I grabbed the back of her head and then clutched some of her hair, pulling on it hard enough to change the angle of her face and causing her to grunt. The grunts turned into moans as her breasts hit my chest again and again and her wide-open mouth trembled. Her elbows resting on the bed, her left elbow was deeply entrenched into the bed and her right elbow was near my left shoulder, that forearm resting underneath my head. She was only a little off to her left side as I pulled her hair even harder and felt her cheek slap against my palm.

For the first month of the year I always called her January. Because her taste was as sweet as the sweetest canned blueberry. And for the second month of the year I always called her February. She didn't like it much so it's good it was only temporary. For the third month of the year I always called her March. It was the beginning of spring and our flowers always left me parched. For the fourth month of the year I always called her April. Because she was like the breezy leaves on trees that were maple. For the fifth month of the year I always called her May. By this time of the year she was always like a little sunshine ray. For the sixth month of the year I always called her June. And each night we sat outside near a fire and with the moon. For the seventh month of the year I always called her July. Every afternoon she would sit on my lap and I'd tap her thigh. For the eighth month of the year I always called her August. And in the bedroom each night I treated her in a way that was lawless. For the ninth month of the year I always called her September. It was getting cold now but she was still my tiny little ember. For the tenth month of the year I always called her October. And every time at a Halloween party everyone asked us how we stayed sober. For the eleventh month of the year I always called her November. This time of the year she got colder and of my past she often made me remember. For the twelfth month of the year I always called her December. Because we would be starting over again soon and I had much love to send her.

When I awoke almost four hours later, I was laying on the soft floor of the bathroom and Lynne was sleeping on top of me. One hand was on her bum and the other was on the back of her head.

I could feel her prosthetic against me and this made me wonder if it is worse for a man to be a cripple or for a woman to be a cripple. At first I thought it was worse for a woman to be a cripple because of the world's beauty conventions, but the more I thought about it, the more I realized it is infinitely worse for a man to be a cripple than a woman.

For many communities, a man's value in that community is his ability for physical labor. Obviously, a crippled man would have difficulty committing physical labor, if he even could at all, and so a man in that community would feel worthless. In contrast, while a woman's physical beauty is part of her value, women can be beautiful in many different ways, and being a crippled woman can be physically beautiful in its own right whereas being a crippled man almost has no silver lining whatsoever.

During my thinking I felt Lynne wake up. She lifted her head to see if I was awake, and then laid it back down. I squeezed her left cheek but I didn't get a reaction from her, so I began to pet it, siding my hand up and down it. "You know what your body is like?," I asked her. "What is my body like?," she asked me. "One of those statues of women you see in museums or outdoor gardens or arboretums." "I don't get it. My body is soft..." "You know how they are always missing arms. That's like you, except it's a foot." I could

feel her laugh into my chest. "I'm always telling you your body is a work of art, now you understand why," I laughed. Some women, maybe all, and regardless if they are crippled or not, or have some defect or not, are more or less fine being a trophy.

She got up off of me and went about the house collecting the now dry clothes. I stayed laid for a while and after she had collected all of the clothes, she walked back into the bathroom with one of my pair of shorts and dropped it on me, then went around my body to sit on the toilet and urinate.

I got up and put the shorts on and then left the bathroom before her and entered into my room. I went to my laptop at my desk and opened a new document and began writing the dream I just had, which detailed the event that led me into a palace with intricate designs. As I typed, I became more and more uncomfortable due to the weather. The humidity of the summer slowly crept in within the afternoon.

When I was done, I titled the document, or the dream, "The Winter Palace," which had connections to "The Spring Palace," "The Autumn Palace" and "The Summer Palace," then put down the lid and went into the living room expecting to find Lynne. She was not there, and so I went to her room which had the door already open. I saw the ceiling fan up above spinning with now proper blades as with its gentle force it moved slightly her bed curtains. And past her bed curtains I could see that she was sleeping in the nude; no clothes and no blanket to cover her bareness. It must have been the intensifying humidity that caused her to do this.

I went up to the bed canopy and moved the curtain so I could see her bare body betterly. On her skin there was a thin layer of sweat. My eyes followed her outline from her foot to the back of her head, and seeing the back of her ear I was now aware of the black swan earring charm she was wearing. The thought of it made me think of Sara, and looking over Lynne's nude body, it made me think of Sara's nude body which would have been the same size except for their breasts.

Why are some people attracted to children? I actually think this is something that we should all half-understand. People, especially parents, but even if you're not a parent, we have a tendency for physical touch and connection with specifically your children or any child you are a guardian to. And in general, whether romantic or not, we have a tendency to show affection and intimacy. Some of us do it in "normal" and "healthy" ways, some of us do it in strange ways, and yet the strange way might not be considered criminal or immoral. I know the way that I show Lynne my love for her isn't exactly the same way most men show their love for their partners, but I don't think anyone would deem it criminal or immoral.

It's the other half that is puzzling. Even if one was physically attracted to a child, there are ways of pleasuring and satisfying yourself without ever having to interact with

the child and causing the loss of their innocence. In my dreams I have taken photographs, I have taken videos, and I have found great release in these mediums all without ever having to touch the children I stalk.

Upon admiring Lynne's nude body, I noticed a new painting sitting in the corner. I walked over to it and after examining it I found it to be a painting she was working on that depicted Satan, in Hell and navigating a large ship, and it was titled "The Blood Saint."

Like all of her other paintings, her genius was in the details, and it makes me wonder what bearing intelligence has on creativity.

AUGUST NINETEENTH

3:3:9:86

“**WHO** is Mark C.?” “Who?” “Mark C. Who is he?” Lynne looked at me but didn't answer my question. “I was going through your phone last night and” “Why were you going through my phone?” “Why the fuck do you think I was going through your phone?” There was another pause from her. “So are you going to tell me who he is? I saw all those messages he sent you about arriving at the airport and meeting you at the hotel near the airport.”

She turned away from me and began walking toward her room, so I followed her into it. “Did you have sex with him?” She didn't answer and began packing some of her belongings into some of her luggage.

I walked up to her and grabbed her by the back of the neck. “Did you have sex with him?” “No,” she said coughing. I released my firm grip from her neck and asked again who he was.

The confusion in her eyes told me that even if she was telling the truth about not having sex with him, she was intent on lying about who he really was to her. That confusion that I detected, though, it didn't take long for me to realize was actually the confusion of her forgetting her line.

When she started laughing I knew she had forgotten her line again. “You don't have to actually grab me that hard,” she told me, “that's why I forgot my line. You were actually choking me.”

“Alright, alright, let's practice the other scene. I like that one better,” I told her. “The break-up?,” she asked. “Yes.”

I walked back out into the living room and went to the table and soon she followed. After a moment I began the scene.

“I'm so happy and excited we're getting married, it's going to be the best day of our lives,” I said to Lynne. She looked at me from the corner of her eyes and then went back to reading. “What?,” I asked her.

“Look at you,” she said sharply, “you're too... Too feminine! You wear pink and you over-advocate for women's rights! I'm sorry, I can't marry you,” she shouted as she ran into her room and closed the door.

Standing there, I reached back onto the table for my sunglasses and put them on, and then I crossed my arms. A few seconds later she swung open the door and ran towards me, and as I uncrossed my arms as she fell into them.

“I did it, baby, I told him that we were done. That I can't marry him. I left him so I can be with you,” she said to me. I took off my sunglasses and put them back on the

table. “I don't know why you were messing around with that fag in the first place,” I said to her.

“Are you going to beat me if I step out of line?” “Yes.” “Are you going to fuck me like a prostitute?” “Oh indeed.” “I can't wait, we're going to have such an exciting life together.”

That was at 3 P.M. At 3 A.M. we would be up again and I found myself thinking about the Gordon interviews we finished watching about a month ago. Well, we didn't actually “finish” it because the final hour was inaccessible, probably due to Sun damage on the disc, but the initial three hours were fascinating. From the conversation Gordon had with the two detectives, Lynne and I have come to the same conclusion; we believe he did it, but we don't believe there is enough evidence to convict him. The trial is supposed to begin in a couple months and it is probably something we will follow.

Thirty minutes later I now found myself walking in a dark living room, the only light coming from Lynne's room which its door was wide open, and her lamp that could produce many glowing colors currently threw orange light into the living room. She's either down in the courtyard gardening or up on the roof painting at this time. Or maybe in that utility closet reading the love letters.

¶ 8/19 – In late 2004, the Flanagans faked Monicas death. The story was that she was trying to save her five year-old daughter Arlene, after she had been on the balcony and escaped onto a ledge. In her attempt, she was able to seize the child and bring her back onto the balcony, but in trying to get back onto the balcony herself she slipped and fell several stories to her untimely and shocking death.

Even though this is now public knowledge, I was able to piece together the details by reading e-mails and text messages from the Flanagan's old computer towers and cellphones. Whoever stored these did a great job in organizing the chargers and power cords as well, otherwise I wouldn't have been able to turn them on.

I remember reading a love letter that Richard, her husband, sent her, and how it spoke about their recent anniversary dinner. I guess I'm thinking about that now because my own anniversary dinner is happening later today.

I know at some point today he's going to carry me, because he knows that I like when he does that. I wonder if he's going to pin me against the bed again like he did last time... My right leg always shakes and my toes always curl and there is always that vein he has that pops out. Or maybe we'll do it standing up again like we did last time when my legs were wide open and I couldn't close them because his arms were holding me up. On my stomach or on all fours, I like those, but my favorite is any time I can see his face and its so close to mine.

I remember after we were done, I got back up from off the bed after he pinned me and saw a wet spot on the carpet where we were before. I was so wet some of it spilled out and

fell onto the floor...

I went into my room and to my laptop to continue editing “Lashes,” and ironically I was editing the film and photographs of her browsing through the dresses and found the one that had her purple dress in it.

Looking through the photos, I found the one where the man in the suit approached her and began flirting with her, and so from this picture came my inspiration for the next internal monologue.

“Possession by aggression. If she is to be mine, which she is, then there will be no other way to seize her but by force. Men approach her with unrealistic dreams and leave her with empty hands. I shall approach her with nightmares and leave with my hand on the back of her head, clasp at her hair and dragging her through the street. This is soon to be, because though I take the appearance of a man, I am not a man at all. I spent much of my life seeking validation from society. In this effort there has been no recourse. Now I will become the most vile creature to ever walk this earth.”

It would have been nice to have a scene where I stalk the man in the suit and torture then murder him, but this film is between Lynne and I.

I read and reread the new internal monologue, and in the darkness my mind wandered on the night I first thought to myself, “I might actually be crazy.” I remember that night, not like it was yesterday, but enough that it could have been last year. I'm sure I was in my parents' former home, in the basement where I did much of my work. I'm sure I was just sitting alone in the dark, either typing or writing, much like I am now. It was such a long time ago and it must have been close to when the anthology complex was born.

The reason why the arts exist is because life can be so stressful and so empty that we search for an escape. If life wasn't so stressful, if it wasn't so empty, would we even need movies or songs? Would painters paint snowy pastures with aurora lights and a two-story cabin? Would writers write about purpose and meaning? No, probably not. We could finally watch the movie of our own life, or listen to the song of our own story. From our own eyes we could see the imagery of the wild, ambitious and creative life, and from our own minds we could understand that purpose and meaning are unique to the thinker. But alas, we struggle, therefore there are the arts.

Speaking of the Devil, the artist has returned. Was it gardening? Was it painting? Was it reading? If I had my way with her right now, it is I who would be the artist and she would be the sculpture.

I heard her open the front door, walk past my door, and then open and shut her own door, yelling out to me “I'm going to bed early” in the process.

Only twenty minutes later I got up from off my computer chair and went to go lay on

my bed. I went through my phone and eventually found the video of the gazebo at the old apartment. I watched it multiple times, had an erection the entire time, thought about Lynne who was asleep by now, but I thought it best to wait until after dinner.

The moment I went to turn it off, I heard a distant soaring searing pop. A moment later, I heard what must have been a firework go off in the sky. I went out into the living room and moved aside the curtains to see nothing until I saw a white laser streak across the sky and then explode into dozens of tiny orange rays. I figured that's what it was; there are times throughout the night when beams from distant solar systems gravitate towards Earth, a moment after breaching the Earth's atmosphere, their particles act radically and unbond and split into smaller rays that eventually die out. I didn't understand why this happened until I observed the star in our own solar system.

One night, while watching it with a telescope, I saw it emit one of these white lasers to another solar system. And almost immediately after, I saw the laser return, though it returned with red light, and I observed that when it reached the Sun's atmosphere, much like it has been doing here, it exploded into tiny lasers.

The reason the Sun did this, the reason any of the stars did this, was because there is a pivotal moment when the star aligns with a planet and if it emits a laser at that planet, the laser will enter its atmosphere, collect a number of resources which also turns the laser into a color other than white, and then bounce back to the emitting star with said resources. Once the colored laser reaches the star's atmosphere, the star will have already moved slightly and so the atmosphere will not deflect the laser back to the planet, instead it will, just as it does here most of the time, explode into tiny lasers, scattering the resources upon the star to replenish it.

Most emissions are misses and end up staying on the planet. That's why every five minutes or so it sounds like there are fireworks in the sky. After I watched one white laser streak and explode, after I heard that sound, I could hear the sound of Lynne humming and singing. I went to her door and opened it.

"I thought you were going to sleep," I asked her at about four-thirty A.M. "I couldn't sleep," she told me. This was when I noticed the purple dress was out of the box and laying on her bed. Then I noticed that her make-up kit was open. Then I noticed a perfume bottle was out. Now I am looking at her continental wallet that is beside the bottle.

At the end, I looked back at her and saw that she had on her new fashionable and realistic prosthetic foot instead of her silver functional foot, and on her feet were a pair of purple heels. I could barely tell that her foot was a fake foot and it fit well into the heel. The fashionable foot was made in a way that she would not limp and could walk completely normally, but it did not bode well in running or fast movement. Though I

don't think she will need to run in heels today.

“What are you doing?” A distant laser exploded. Why did I even ask, I knew exactly what was going on here. She was so excited about the anniversary date that she couldn't sleep.

“I'm just making sure I have every thing in order for this evening,” she told me. I looked at her one last time, and then went to close the door and leave, but before I could she called me inside. She went over to her closet and took out a box. Inside the box, she took out a purple tie. When I went toward her, I looked inside the box and saw that she had a tie in every color.

I looked at her, and the moment I took the purple tie out of her hand, a laser exploded just outside her window. It was so loud it must have woken up every one within five stories. A small amount of orange steam pushed itself away from her window and after doing so, with the tie in hand I left her room.

March twenty-seventh, nineteen seventy-eight. A party outside on a rooftop that I showed up to late.

I missed the beginning but the only thing that mattered was you walking by. When I saw you pass me in a blue dress that matched my blue tie. You laughed when I told you the observation and it was the start of something new. A romance by chance rolled by dice that were blue. We took the elevator down and in the city to a boardwalk we walked to. And your origin dress told the tale of the dice that I threw.

April twenty-first, nineteen seventy-eight. In your apartment you made a good romantic dinner great.

We kept tradition by wearing a green tie and a green dress. And over the sight of your lashes I did obsess. Until you took my hands and placed them upon your bare breasts. I took your purity and you took mine, we would later confess. The loss of our innocence, in a way, was always a lost art. And your virgin dress and your virtuous smile, that was what stole my heart.

August nineteenth, nineteen seventy-nine. A wedding outside on a rooftop and I showed up on time.

It was our wedding and it was at the place where we first met. You wore a white dress and I a white tie and together we were an ivory set. After our vows, with friends we spoke of remember whens. But we saw each memory in a newly bonded way and with a new lens. Then we drove home with a new union and two new rings. And your marriage dress stayed on my mind for the next two springs.

November thirteenth, nineteen eighty-one. In our apartment you grabbed my pink tie and by you it was undone.

As the movie's ending credits went up you brought my pants down. Your pink dress

was so short I only had to lift it up slightly. And as we made flowers you asked me to gently slap you around. And to choke you, so softly, and ever so politely. When we were through it was a side of you that I never knew. And your shame dress released in me the beast I withdrew.

August nineteenth, nineteen eighty-three. A fancy little restaurant on the boulevard is where we would be.

Our fifth anniversary and the theme for the first time was violet. A purple dress and a purple tie and your happiness was a smile lit. We ate across a bouquet of lavender roses and spoke of celebrations. How many we had had and how many were in the future. And the strength of our bond and the strength of our foundations. Your anniversary dress was the inspiration for so many of my creations.

February sixth, nineteen eighty-six. A friend's barbecue that took place way out in the sticks.

With my orange tie I saw you wearing your orange dress and that was when you found out. And I confessed that I had been selling your racy photos all about. One of the buyers must have let slip the secret between me and you. The secret that was now between us and a world that now knew. If I could go back I would have changed what I had done. And your confession dress would be no more and our secret known by none.

March twenty-seventh, nineteen eighty-six. Almost a week after our divorce I saw you on TV on Mix.

Everyone knew what happened between us and you were back out in the world. A stunning lady in a revealing red dress that showed off your beauty. You wore it to the same rooftop at the same party I first met you. And it was clear to everyone that it was really a message to me. That I once had all of you and now I have none of you. And your revenge dress was a message that you were now free.

January third, two-thousand and one. I stood at your funeral under a black Sun.

When I walked up to your casket I saw your face for the last time. I saw your black dress and I wore my black tie and knew that once you were mine. It was strange to know that after our ending neither of us ever had another. And one regret I had was that I had never made you a mother. You died alone, and now rest in a place that is your tomb. But I know that in your death dress, forever you will bloom.

My alarm woke me up at six P.M., which was exactly one hour before the reservation time Lynne booked. I went to Lynne's room and found her awake in her lavender bra and lavender panties putting on make-up. "Did you sleep?," I asked her. "I woke up a couple hours ago."

I left and went back to my room, then went into the bathroom to shower. When I was done I went back into my room, to the closet, and I took out my only suit. Unfortunately,

I would not be wearing my theater mask this night.

After I had put on the purple tie, some deodorant and my wedding ring, I left my room and sat on the couch. Some twenty minutes later, Lynne finally came out.

I stood up and looked at her.

“I change my mind, I'm not going.” “What? Why?” “Because. Look at you,” my palms faced the ceiling and my fingers pointed at her, “you're going to cause so much attention. Let's just eat here.” “But I want to go to the restaurant.” “How can I walk next to you?”

After ten minutes she had promised me that she wouldn't bring any extra attention to us. With that, I took the purple velvet box that cased the Petoria charm and I threw it at her. There was a criminal smile on her face as she opened it, and she was shocked to see the charm that was discontinued and a rarity to find. She put two of them on as earrings and they matched well with her purple dress, her purple eyeliner and her purple rosehead necklace charm. The dilemma came when it came to her wedding ring. She wanted to wear the ring without a charm so it would look like a wedding ring, but she also wanted to wear the autumn leaves charm to symbolize the month we were falsely married. I could see that it was actually bothering her, so I made the suggestion of borrowing Sara's ring. When she came back, she had the autumn charm on her index finger and wedding ring on her ring finger.

After another ten minutes, I was walking next to her on a warm and breezy evening San Rashida street that led to the restaurant, and as she looked through her continental wallet I hoped for a quick and painless event.

After crossing the city street to which The San Rashida Rose was on, Lynne was so excited and so cautious of making it on time she instinctively began to walk faster. As she was briefly before me, I had sight of the long transparent piece of fabric on the dress that flowed in the wind from her hip.

I thought to myself that in nine years, this was the closest we had ever been to marriage. Living in the same apartment, sleeping in the same bed, celebrating an anniversary. And this anniversary dress, with its fabric dancing in the evening wind like a dream, it was the inspiration for my deathly creation.

When I saw the door to the restaurant, I increased my pace to be greater than hers less I be called a scoundrel for not opening the door for her. And in opening the door, I put my back to it, saying “My lady” as I gestured her inside.

After we were seated by a gentlewoman, a gentleman came by to offer us bread and water. Lynne made a comment after briefly staring at me, saying she hadn't seen me in a suit since the fake marriage. And she said this with conviction. She gave no feeling that she had to think about it or try to remember the last time she had seen me in a suit to see

if it was true, it was like she was keeping count of the days.

After a minute of silence, I told her to look in a certain direction and she saw the statue that I saw. It had no arms, similarly to her having only one foot. The paradox is that in order for fantasy to work, it must resemble reality...

For a brief moment, I looked around at all of the other guests. Class and beauty has and never will be reserved for the rich, I thought to myself. Then I looked back at Lynne, who was already looking at me.

If a poor woman tries to look as beautiful as a rich woman, there will be no pushback, but if a poor man tries to dress like a rich man, there will be. I think so because in part, a woman's worth is her physical appearance, even though that is not totally true, and a man's worth is his intelligence. And to be fraudulent like that may discredit any intelligence he may have. And women, they are allowed to get away with being dishonest while men are not. Makeup, off the top of my head, is proof of this. Being a dishonest man is worse than being a dishonest woman. Other men will hold you accountable to the highest degree.

As a man, if you accept that there are double standards that will handicap you, and you still honor a woman, then she will concede to the idea that she may be weaker than you, may be less intelligent than you and may be overall less capable than you. If you don't, and you expect equality, then that's exactly what you're going to get and she won't compromise with you. I don't make the rules, this is just what I've observed. Like I said before, women don't want to be respected by you the same way you want them to respect you, they want to be honored, no matter how illogical it may seem, and they want to be put on a pedestal, no matter what they may tell you, because that will mean they are the exception to the rule. Being an exception to the rule means they are special and get certain privileges. Women do also understand this exception, in one way other another, has to be earned.

Lynne put out her hand so I could see the autumn charm for one-thousandth time. "The colors mean beautiful love and friendship," she said. I looked at her as if she was too grown to still be doing this.

"I know my life with you isn't always going to be road trips and vacations and anniversaries, but thank you for the past year and a half." "You're welcome," I replied. I know that nothing has changed about me truly, because I still have dreams where I wake up with blood in my mouth.

For a few moments more, Lynne continued on with her symbolic and mental lynneguistics as a literary technician she were, and also suggested that in five more years, we should have another fake wedding. "It'll just be me, you and the imaginary marrior."

Another gentleman came to our table, different from the one from before, and in a

vase on our table he put a single purple rose. He smiled at Lynne, then at me, then walked away, and this was when Lynne and I both at the same time realized that every table in the restaurant had a rose at the center of the table and matched the color of the woman's dress.

As we continued to wait, Lynne stared at me docilely. What? ...What is something you are not sexually interested in? I'm not interested in anything going inside me. What else? Anything to do with urine or feces. Ejaculating onto your face. Anal? I should be asking you that. No, not really, but maybe one day we can try it. Other than that, I'm into whatever you're into.

When more time passed, I took a straw and spat a spitball through it which landed directly in between Lynne's eyebrows. She gave me a look and slowly removed the spitball from her face and sat it down on the table. How long is this going to take? I don't know.

I spat another spitball and this time it landed right in between her breasts. She reached in between them to fish it out and sat it onto the table next to the other. "Would you stop," she said, "you're acting like you're ten."

I kept the straw in my mouth but stopped spitting spitballs.

"I feel like a million bucks," she said as she scanned the room behind me. "You look like a million bucks," I told her. "Thank you."

When I looked to my right, I saw a man looking at me who when I saw him he looked away. And when he looked across the table to who I am assuming was his wife, she looked at me and then looked back at him.

Getting hungrier, Lynne's habit of speaking became proportional to her appetite. She began speaking about how when we were in Grand Searle, specifically the Searle Tower, she felt like a kid again. I watched her lips moving closely and with intent, unknown to her that I had another spitball loaded. As she talked and talked, on and on, I timed perfectly the moment her mouth was open and spat a spitball straight into it.

The suddenness of the spitball landing at the back of her throat caused her to choke a little, and first with confusion she clutched her neck, and then second with furiousness she leaned over the table and yanked the straw out of my mouth.

The same spitball, she had now manipulated it back onto her tongue, she was going to use it to attack me. She put the straw in her mouth, breathed in greatly, and then fired.

In great anticipation, I closed my eyes, but I felt nothing. Instead, the spitball had flown pass me and a moment later I heard someone behind me shriek in terror.

"My eye!," a man shouted as he poked at the corner of his eye in which there was a tiny spitball lodged. Lynne was stiff, frozen as ice in Antarctica, and I saw her look up and in the direction of someone who must have been walking toward us.

“Excuse me,” a patron said to us in a bitter fashion. I looked up at him.

“Are you going to pretend you haven't been spitting spitballs for the last five minutes?,” he asked me.

I looked down at his shoes, and then back at the table and took a sip of water.

“Excuse me!,” the man put his hand on the table.

“You're excused,” I told him.

Lynne let out a small burst of laughter, then covered her mouth in embarrassment. I looked at her, so did the man, because it was so sudden.

The man went for my glass of water but I grabbed his forearm before he could do anything with it. I stand up with my hand locked on his forearm and suddenly the gentleman from before came running toward us.

“Sir,” the gentleman said to me in a less than gentle way. I looked at him.

“You have been offending our guests, and I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave.”

The man shook his arm out of my grasp and smiled, and this was when I could hear Lynne stand up and by now the entire restaurant was silent and must have been looking at her.

I told the gentleman that we would be leaving and to allow us a moment to get our affairs in order. The first man walked back to his table and the gentleman watched us for a few seconds before he was called to another table. The restaurant was back in order and people were eating and talking again.

Lynne looked at me, fixed her things, and then began walking toward the exit. A little bit after I followed her through the exit door.

We didn't say a word to each other until we crossed the first street in darkening San Rashida. “You're a jerk,” she said to me, but she said it in a way that she was almost complimenting me.

“You should be glad I got you out of there. You're too pretty for those people and that place is beneath you.” She laughed, looked at me, but told me she was still convicted in the idea that I was a jerk.

Walking through the courtyard of our apartment tower, I saw the beauty in the colorful trees that went against her purple dress, and I told her to stop so I could take a picture of her. She posed for a moment near some of the trees and fallen leaves, and I took probably what would be the final picture I would of her for that year. She then asked me to put the camera on a timer and pose with her for an anniversary photograph, and after arguing with her for a full minute I finally submitted to the photograph. Her arm around mine, the camera took the photo. Then we walk through her budding rose garden.

We got into our building and walked to the elevator with another woman who

commented positively on our appearance. Lynne talked with the woman and explained to her how we had just been kicked out of a restaurant. The woman was shocked but was laughterous about it.

She got off at the seventeenth floor and we at the twenty-second. We entered our apartment but before I could even sit down Lynne took hold of a small round table we had.

“Where are you going?,” I asked her as she began opening the door. “We’re having our anniversary whether you like it or not. Go next door, get two plates of food and then meet me on the roof.”

Sara had made dinner in the time we were gone so I was able to get the two plates of food. I made my way up to the thirty-first floor, opened the door to the stairs where in the corner I saw a half-finished painting of San Rashida City from the roof, walked up the stairs, and when I got outside I could see that the Sun must have been well-below the horizon.

Lynne had brought up two of our chairs and was sitting on one of them at the table. I also saw the extension cords that lead to a Proc that was currently playing soft jazz music. I walk up to her, set down the plates of food, and then sat down on the other chair.

“I like this kind of party. This is my kind of date,” I said to her. She smiled. “Just me and my wife and an imaginary anniversary,” I finished.

“Remember the word association game?,” she said after a minute of eating. I looked up at her and said “autumn.” She replied with “anniversary.”

romance. love. two. marriage. rings. charms. pretty. beautiful. nature. sunset. sunrise. day. night. darkness. evil. good. harmony. joy. happiness. sadness. pain. ego. malenko. joker. comedian. stage. theater. masks. murder. hell. heaven. you. me? yes. no. negative. positive. disease. sickness. cold. winter. harsh. growth. plants. trees. redwood. giant. tiny. crazy. asylums. madness. insanity. serial-killer. prostitute. naked. sex. penis. vagina. insertion. babies. kirby. miss. julien. ring. soulmates. love. ...intimacy. “You paused, why did you pause?” “I didn’t pause.” “Fine, cuddle.” snuggle. touch. fondle. pervert. stalker. you. camera. crying. acting. memory. motels. motorcycle. criminal. thief. heart. red. tattoo. body. soft. dainty. force. pleasure. satisfaction. bloom. lavish. lavender. purple. roses. flowers. plants. trees. nature. countryside. CD. discs. vertebrae. school. boring. you. me? yes. funny. joker. scary. roleplay. fantasy. dress-up. sexy. maid. soldier. teacher. doll. toys. steal. psycho. sexy. nurse. hospital. accident. careful. watchful. leering. obsessive. rape. suck. lick. tongue. french-kiss. france. paris. city. lights. view. lake. water. waves. ocean. crashing. boom. bloom. beautiful. lipstick. kiss. you. right. now? ok. ok.

Lynne gets up and begins to walk over to me, and only a few feet away from me Proc

began to make a noise. When we looked over at it, there was a glowing orange light blinking on it. Suddenly a song began to play.

It sounded like an old song, like something from the fifties and very doo-wappy. When I looked back at Lynne, I saw that she had moved a ways away from me and more toward the center of the roof, walking backwards and with a smile on her face. When she stopped, she gestured me to come toward her with both of her arms as she began to slightly twist.

The moment I stood up I heard that soaring searing pop sound from before, and when we both looked up, a green laser exploded in the sky and fell radiantly upon the city.

When I got to Lynne, we both began to do the twist to the song and a multitude of lasers, blue, red, green, yellow, from other stars from other solar systems shot onto our planet and exploded in the skies like fireworks.

♪ Life could be a dream, sh-boom
 ♪ If I could take you up to paradise up above, sh-boom
 ♪ If you would tell me, I'm the only one that you love
 ♪ Life could be a dream, sweetheart
 ♪ Hello, hello again, sh-boom and hopin' we'll meet again, boom ba-boom
 ♪ Day dong da ding-dong, sh-boom
 ♪ Sha-lang-da-lang-da-lang
 ♪ Ah, whoa, whoa, bip sh-boom
 ♪ Ah, bo da do da dip, whoa
 ♪ Life could be a dream sh-boom
 ♪ If only all my precious plans would come true, sh-boom
 ♪ If you would let me spend my whole life lovin' you
 ♪ Life could be a dream, sweetheart, do do do do, sh-boom
 ♪ Every time I look at you
 ♪ Something is on my mind
 ♪ If you do what I want you to
 ♪ Lashes, we'd be so fine
 ♪ Oh, life could be a dream, sh-boom
 ♪ If I could take you up to paradise up above, sh-boom
 ♪ You'd tell me, darlin', I'm the only one that you love
 ♪ Life could be a dream, sweetheart
 ♪ Hello, hello again, sh-boom and hopin' we'll meet again, boom ba-boom
 ♪ Day dong da ding-dong, sh-boom
 ♪ Sha-lang-a-la-lang-a-la-lang-a-la-lang-a-la

♪ Whoa, whoa, bip sh-boom

♪ Ah, bo da do da dip, whoa

As the song was beginning to end, I went closer to her and grabbed her hand to spin her around. When she was turned back toward me I pulled her in, and the moment our lips touched and we kissed, a searing sound flew directly above us and popped all over the roof. Little tiny charges of reddish-orange light danced on the roof and faded out in smoke.

When we looked at the sky again, we saw an incoming white ray. It was one of the rare events where the light hit the Earth's atmosphere perfectly and bounced back as a purple ray to its originating star.

When Lynne looked back down at me, she saw that I had my suit jacket, the left side, opened for her to see what was in my suit pocket. She gasped, then looked at my eyes, then back at the purple rose in my jacket pocket. "You thief," she laughed, "...payback for the gazebo?" I nodded.

She came closer to try to reach into my suit jacket to retrieve the purple rose but I pulled away. She looked at me, squinted, and attempted again, but I backed away again.

The next time she tried I closed the jacket and grabbed her arm. Pulling her toward me again, I put both of my hands on her thighs and lifted up her dress so that her lavender panties were revealed to the world. She moved quickly and forced my arms back down, her dress lowering and she calling me an idiot. She again, almost now hugging my body, tried put her hand inside my suit jacket, but I pressed harder against her and then began carrying her in an awkward way.

"Proc, stop," she yelled out before we got to the door and then down the stairs. The whole way back to our apartment I carried her in an awkward manner, never running into anyone else, and then I set her down in the living room where we continued our march into her quarters.

As I undid my tie she dropped down her panties. As I took off my pants she took off her dress. She left on only her lavender brassiere because she knew I liked the fullness of her breasts hanging over the cup.

After I took off my suit jacket and my shirt, I took out the purple rose and tossed it to her, and she went and laid on the bed with the rose inbetween her breasts, smelling its fresh aroma and waiting for me.

After taking off my basketball shorts, I walked over to the bed curtain and passed it aside and got onto the bed. As I went to her on all fours she spread open her legs and soon I was on top of her. My half-erect penis slid down the surface of her vagina as I brought my mouth to the side of her neck. With my tongue I tasted her soft skin and then

with my mouth I sucked out of her whatever it was that gave her life-giving energy.

As I sucked I could feel her move her arms beneath my body, and soon I felt her hand grab my penis and she began to stroke it to make it larger. As she stroked and stroked me, I could begin to taste a little bit of iron in my mouth, and once I was fully erect I could feel her guide my penis up and down and around the surface of her vagina.

Once she finally forced my penis into her, I lifted my head to see that her irises were white and in the center of them a small black pupil. Once I began penetrating her, her legs began to bounce in the air as she slid her hand up my bicep and used her other hand to curl my neck.

There were wet and squishy sounds that came from my deep penetrations, and the same wet squishiness followed between our tongues and mouths as she used her hand to force me down into her mouth. When our tongues disengaged and I pushed myself up slightly so I could penetrate her more forcefully, there was a small line of saliva that dropped back onto her chin.

Now the sound of the wet and the squish were joined by repeated thumpings and what would sound like dull slaps. I moved my knee slightly so I could get a better angle and then began penetrating her again. At the feeling of my legs becoming weak my penis enlarged and semen rushed through it and into her. As she moaned and her vagina tightened, I continued to thrust afterward, each thrust weaker than the last until I slowly collapsed onto her.

When feeling had come back to my legs, I got up and we both saw a crushed purple rose that had two petals torn from it. Lynne took the rose by the stem and threw it onto the ground, then took the two petals and threw them onto the ground as well.

I put my arm around her back and flipped her up into the air and now our positions were reversed as she sat on top of me.

She held herself up slightly as I used my hand to point my penis at her vagina, and when they were aligned she slowly descended onto it. She leaned forward and then began slowly rocking back and forth and causing a burning sensation between the two of us.

I placed both of my hands on her respective buttocks and began to squeeze them, and after sliding her hands down my arms, she leaned forward even more to kiss me and caress my head. My hands slid up from her bottom and to the middle of her back where my arms were now hugging her tightly. When she saw that I was hugging her, she wrapped her arms around my head and slightly propped herself up. Kissing me even more deeply, softly, slowly and sensually, I matched her gentleness with deep, soft, slow and sensual thrusts. When her passion could resist no more, she stopped kissing me and her face lifted upward toward the ceiling and she began moaning as she orgasmed and her vagina closed onto my penis.

The sound of her defeat echoed throughout my body and again my legs became weak and my penis enlarged and semen rushed through it and into her. When the arrhythmic rocking from release was done, she brought her head back down toward mine and our foreheads touched. “So mote it be,” she said softly. “Come again?,” I asked.

She leaned back toward the edge of the bed and took hold of her phone which when it got closer to me I realized was recording. She stopped the recording and then pressed play, and I watched her as she watched us. I couldn't see the video, but I could hear it clearly as she told me she recorded it so she would never forget our first anniversary celebration.

In my ears I heard the sounds of panting, thumping, moaning and grunting, and the moist saturated sloppy sounds of repeated driving. These sounds aroused me once more and when she felt the blood in my penis swell and grow erect inside her, she lowered the phone and looked at me with white eyes. I took the phone out of her hands and threw it onto the floor next to the crushed rose, then I slapped her thighs in a commanding fashion. Instantly, she got up a bit so that her feet were flat on the bed and she was squatting on me. After she placed both of her hands on my chest, she began bouncing up and down on my penis and I watched in pleasure as her breasts bounced wildly with her motions over her lavender bra.

Chapter 87

RED LIGHT

3:3:9:87

I have always wondered if the way I am should be attributed to social conditioning or to biological conditioning. Whenever I think of this, I am reminded of the two people who brought me into this world.

On the one hand, I suspect my mother carried genes susceptible to mental disorders. And on the other hand, I witnessed with my own eyes the asocial behavior of my father.

I have inherited the social dynamics of my father and the biological dynamics of my mother, but I wonder which one plays a larger role in the life I have chosen to lead.

We understand the existence of a biological pedigree. That is our lineage and the genetics passed on by our lineage. Each generation does its best to mimic the genome preceding it. But in the same line of thinking I am pondering if such a thing as a “social pedigree” exists.

There are so many things that are mimicked in society. Countless things. If I walk past you on the sidewalk, and if I say “Hello,” you will return with your own “Hello.” Even at a subconscious level, if I express a certain opinion on a certain subject, you may, without even realizing it, mimic my same opinion. And even in a physical aspect, if you observe me to do something physically, you may mimic my actions. All this to say, I wonder if there is a “social field,” so to speak in the terms of an electromagnetic field, and this causes that social mimicking.

Now you might call it “social programming,” and that is fair. You say “Hello” back to me because it is the polite thing to do. You adopt my opinion because it is sound and just. You do things the same way I do them because it makes the most sense. But consider this text from Wiker's, page 1,090:

Types of plant mimicry include Bakerian, where female flowers imitate males of the same species; Dodsonian, where a plant mimics a rewarding flower, luring pollinators by mimicking another species of flower, or fruit where feeders of the other species are attracted to a fake fruit to distribute seeds; Gilbertian, where a plant has structures like butterfly eggs, dissuading egg-laying; Vavilovian, where a weed is unintentionally selected to resemble a crop plant; Pouyannian, in which a flower imitates a female mate, deceiving a male pollinating insect into pseudocopulation; Batesian, where a harmless species deter predators by mimicking the characteristics of a harmful species; and leaf mimicry, where a plant resembles a nearby plant to evade the attention of herbivores.

I also believe this social field, which just like light can breed new dynamics of life, could be responsible for the phenomenon of what we call “mob mentality.” Although, in this current age with electronic communication, the mob need not occupy the same

physical space, which would suggest a social field is not limited to the physical plane. This is not surprising, though, as the passing down and mimicking of genes is not done through an electromagnetic transfer.

SIX MINUTES LATER

I placed my hand on Lynne's prosthetic foot to help keep it in place and from coming off as she continued to bounce on my penis, and the sight of me sliding in and out of her made my heart beat with the parallel of her body beating against mine. Before I could realize it, her hands had moved off of my chest and were now around my throat. I only realized because the grip of her hands around my neck was becoming more and more firm, and once she was clutching at my throat enough to actually choke me, she let out a releaseful moan and her grip became intense both around my neck and around my penis. Her rhythm was disturbed as a discharge came out of her, and as I held her in place my penis slightly expanded in girth and my own discharge volumed into her.

Weak, her knees fell onto the bed and she collapsed onto me. It was like this for at least five minutes until she got up off of me, got out of bed, and then grabbed her phone from off the ground and made mention of a red light on it.

“When you took my phone you accidentally hit record again,” she said. Then she started playing it again. The video was non-existent, pitch black because the camera’s lens was facing the ground, but the sound was very much there.

SIX HOURS LATER

In my dream, I dreamed many loud voices whose words I could not interpret. One was a woman's, and the other two belonged to men. One of the men, I'm sure, was African-American. When I suddenly felt a hand on my crotch, I was awakened.

Waking in the middle of the night I found Lynne's hand on my crotch. I gently removed it and I was greeted again by those voices. Three extremely loud voices that seem to come from the living room. I got up thinking it must have been our television, but in the darkness when I made it out to the living room there was no light and the television was off. This is when I realized that the voices were coming from the hallway.

When I opened the door, the door directly across from us was wide open and this is where the three loud voices were coming from. I moved into the hallway and glanced inside our neighbor's apartment. A very crowded apartment. Really, it reminded me of Jack's apartment.

When I went to knock on the door, I saw two young women from the apartment next

to our neighbor's walk out with sleepiness in their eyes. What struck out to me was the fact that they were wearing exactly the same clothes. Confused, one of them went back inside and the other approached me asking if the noise was coming from inside there. She looked inside, and then a brief moment later she went back to her own apartment.

No one answered my knockings. I decided to go inside.

To my right, I saw the television that was the source of the disturbance and I turned it off. Above the television I saw a framed photograph of a woman and beside the television I saw drug paraphernalia. When I turned around, I looked again at the crowded apartment and saw my shadow on the wall. And only a second later I saw another shadow in another room that was not my own.

A man walked out with half shock in his eyes. "Your door was open and your TV was very loud, I had to turn it off," I told him.

He made some gesture with his hand, and though I couldn't understand it, I understood that he was deaf and was speaking sign-language.

I pointed at the television and then at my ears and then at the door and then at the ceiling. He walked toward me, nodded his head in some kind of agreement, and then showed me the door.

After I left his apartment I went back to mine and the one thing I couldn't get off my mind wasn't his deafness or the blaringly loud television set, it was his uncanny physical similarity to the woman in that photograph, which I am mostly sure must have been his mother.

SIX DAYS LATER

Today, Sarah begins her first day of 720 days of high school, and David begins his first day of his final 180 days of eighth grade.

Lynne is spending the day with Emily and Claire, Claire who only a couple days ago revealed to them that she had a four-year old child, rendering Lynne an aunt and Sara and David cousins.

On days like these where I am alone in the world I am awarded the opportunity to fully embrace my old addiction. Going through my computer documents, I found one dream at random that concerned fraudulent activities.

Our suits had been dirtied walking for so long through the village. When we got to the Father's home, a woman ran up to us and began speaking quickly and violently. We couldn't understand anything she was saying until she pulled my partner's arm and violently guided him through many homes. I followed them, and it wasn't too long until I could smell death.

In a field before us we saw piles of dead bodies. When we asked the Father what had happened, he told us about how all support had ceased and they stopped receiving food and supplies. We learned that certain medicines that the deceased had depended upon had stopped being delivered and that they were now only receiving a fraction of the finances they were receiving before.

It only took a month for me and my partner to discover charity fraud. And following the money we discovered political corruption and bribery.

One night while we were still overseas, we went back to the mass burial ground. A sense of perverseness, perhaps from another dreamline, came over me as we dug up two corpses; one was a boy and the other a girl. My partner and I both knew them. They were two kids who were in love. I felt sorry for them. But my sorrow was dwarfed by the intense desire of the suffering I would bring Hope.

One hour later I was finishing up some of the final writings and editings for Lashes when Lynne sent me a message.

Lashes: Call me and give me an excuse to leave.

669-8488[Pigeoner]: Hello?

772-1954[Pigeoner]: Yes, can you come make me a sandwich?

669-8488[Pigeoner]: Did you buy everything from the store?

772-1954[Pigeoner]: Yeah everything you need to make me a sandwich is here.

669-8488[Pigeoner]: And you got the right type of shovel?

772-1954[Pigeoner]: There's more than one type of shovel?

669-8488[Pigeoner]: Yup, did you get the right one?

772-1954[Pigeoner]: ...Why would you need a shovel to make me a sandwich?

669-8488[Pigeoner]: Nevermind, I'll go pick one up now.

She hung up on me and I finished one of the final lines to the piece, then walked out into the living room. I looked around for a while, wondering what Lynne had turned my apartment into. It looks like a person who is actually healthy lives here.

Thirty minutes later she walked through the door with a bag in her hand and after using the bathroom, went into the kitchen. She wasn't making a sandwich but was preparing to make dinner so that it would be almost ready by the time Sara and David were back from school.

Another thirty minutes later and as she was cooking and there was a smell of food in the air, she looked at me, opened a low cabinet, then asked me a question. "How do you take your love?" I thought for moment, then answered "lightning." "And your romance?"

“Thunder.”

¶ 8/25 – I bought a pack of composition books! They came in different colors, so I also bought a pack of colored pens to match them and to match the ink inside of them. It’s so pretty!!

I’ve been listening to a lot of Victoria’s music collection. Most of them are live tape recordings of shows she probably went to, and I have to say her taste in music wasn’t all that bad. Some stuff very obscure, but enough of it is decent.

There are some songs in it that are down right disturbing though. Songs about sex and violence. It only adds to her mystique because it is well documented that she had a turbulent love life.

The carpet floor in our bathroom always reminds me of my own. It reminds me of the motels and the midnight motorcycle rides. The last motel had carpet in its bathroom and while it was weird, having sex in it was strangely dramatic. There was a full-body mirror in it, and he took me from behind as he held my body and we looked at each other in the mirror in front of us. I’ll never be able to fight with him physically and win, but one thing I do know is that when we were looking at each other in the mirror, my eyes were the dominant ones, and I dominated his desires more than he dominated my body.

SIX WEEKS LATER

I’m sitting in my computer chair at my computer desk using my computer when Lynne opens the door. I take off my headphones.

“You didn’t hear me knocking?” “No, what do you want?” “What are you listening to?” “Iron Maiden.” “Ah, I see. There’s only one way to listen to rock. Loud,” she laughed, “...Well you’re going to go deaf before me because every once in a while I use speakers.” “Are you going to work?,” I changed the subject when she walked in and I saw her wearing the two black swan charm earrings and in clothes she usually wore to work.

“Logan said someone left a package on one of the stools and never came back to get it, so he contacted airport security and the attending police officer came and after they did their checks the scan revealed something that looked like drugs. Junior is out of state so they need to talk to me as the supervisor.”

I looked at the computer clock to see that it was almost three A.M. After I grabbed my coat, we left for the elevator after passing a canvas in the living room that featured the outline of a black swan and a laptop screen that showed her guide for the painting. We got down to the lobby and then went through the exit.

Walking in slightly cool temperatures, we began for the subway. We had only walked

maybe three or four blocks when a loud motorcycle sped past us.

We both stopped, looked at each other, considered the distance, the traffic, the time and the risk, then began walking back home.

She took the elevator up and I went into the garage where the motorcycle was resting. When she came back down she had two helmets in her hands and she handed me one.

I was somewhat cautious of using the bike, but considering the distance, the traffic, the time and the risk, it felt fine to me.

When we got to the airport, she got off and she told me it should be half-an-hour at maximum and that she would message me when she was out of the airport.

I accelerated again and left the airport terminal to find a place I could park it. When I found a spot, I parked it and sat down on the curb and couldn't help but think about what I was thinking about on the ride here. I couldn't think about it in-depth since I was driving, and I was briefly able to dive into it at a red light, but now that I am sitting, it is safe to do so.

Why is velocity an important measurement? Velocity, which is an object's speed and direction, at one point felt like an unnecessary measurement to me, but I soon came to understand its importance. One reason why velocity is an important measure is because everything naturally moves in a straight line in our universe, which is underscored by the fact that velocity measures in one direction. If an object changes direction, it is because a force is being acted upon it, and therefore its velocity changes.

One way to tell that a force is acting upon a specified object is to observe both its speed and velocity. If an object has a speed of 1 and a velocity that is constantly changing, this is indicative of a force acting upon that object. And from what I have learned, velocity requires two data points; the starting reference and the present reference, meaning; in order to calculate velocity, you need your begin position and your current position. If you begin at position 0, travel east 10 feet in 10 seconds to arrive at position 1, your velocity would be 1 foot per second east when pos1 is your current position. The moment you change direction, you would then calculate your new velocity based off of the starting reference/begin position and the present reference/current position.

I have said before that present time has a value of 0, but maybe that idea is closer to zero velocity, which would indicate an object, ultimately, is not moving. If time is the object in question, specifically present time, and it has zero velocity and motions in an equation that would represent or indicate a circle, this might tell us that all measurable parameters in regards to present time result in zero. As for past time and future time, which would have values in the negative range or positive range, in regards to velocity, they would move in an equation that would represent or indicate linear and straight movement, as if in a line rather than a circle. In that case, velocity would not be zero but

would have a value, and while velocity may change, it would never revert back to zero, and this might indicate that all measurable parameters in regards to past time and future time never result in zero.

Each time I think about the past, it gets further and further away. Each time I think about the future, it arrives sooner than I expected. And when I think about the present, I always feel stuck, never quite sure how I had gotten here and never quite sure where I am going.

Lynne messaged me and I met her again at the terminal, where she raised one leg over the bike and sat down.

I drove us back to the apartment tower and stopped in front of the lobby door. She put one leg on the ground and got off, and with our helmets still on I told her that I would see her in the morning. She was confused at first, then walked closer to me to gently tap her helmet against mine. Then I watched as she entered the building and disappeared from my sight.

I roll up the garage door to my storage unit and I walk inside after saying “Deija.” I close it shut behind me and sit down in the darkness. That's when I barely notice a faint red light on the ground underneath the small makeshift bed. A red light told me there was a new recording that wasn't my own. I put my hand under the bed and retrieve the audio recorder. I had planted it underneath the bed some time ago when I became paranoid of the storage unit owner coming in here to look through my stuff.

I looked at it, saw the clear red light that indicated there was one or more new recordings, and then I pressed play.

The narrator had pressed play as he was infinitely curious about what the device may have recorded. He thought, for a moment, that perhaps it was an animal that hit the garage door and caused the device to activate and begin recording. But this was not at all the case when he heard the garage door of the storage unit open and then a moment later close.

He continued to listen as he heard faint footsteps that walked his storage unit and the shuffling of papers and the movement of objects. All for more than ten minutes, he listened to someone move about his belongings, all without ever saying a word that may have identified them.

When the recording stopped, the narrator placed the audio device on a surface as he thought about the storage unit owner and why he would invade his privacy to such an extensive degree.

Then, for whatever reason, the narrator's eyes fell upon an erotic photograph of Lynnette on the wall, who held a teddy bear and licked a large lollipop in red heels and red panties. And the more he looked at the photograph, the more intense his gaze became.

Chapter 88

OPEN DOOR POLICY

3:3:9:88

THERE is something that successful people and unsuccessful people have in common. That is that a successful person, later in their life and upon reflection, will believe there was one thing that happened for them that opened the door for their success. And a person who failed, upon their own reflection later in life, will believe there was something that didn't happen for them that closed the door for their success.

Both of these people will define their successes or their failures by a single moment or moments. And this can be inverted, too, where a successful person believes their successes came because something didn't happen to them, and an unsuccessful person believes their failures came because something did happen to them.

Nonetheless, whether the door was opened or closed, many people will chalk their life down to a few moments, sometimes they pinpoint it even down to just one.

I decided to spend the night in the storage unit, sleeping until dawn so I could passively confront, or interrogate, the storage facility's owner. When came about five forty-five A.M., they opened at six, I left the unit and made my way toward the front service area. It had certainly become colder outside.

When I saw the storage unit owner at the front desk using his computer, I walked toward him and it wasn't long until he noticed my footsteps.

"What can I help you with today?," he asked politely.

"Do you remember the box of women's clothing you gave me?," I asked him searching his face for a tell.

"Sure, yeah," he replied.

"Do you remember that one outfit in it? It came mostly in red and white. It had a teddy bear, a big lollipop, heels."

I watched him as he searched his mind for a memory, but I could see there was no tell in his expression. He remembered nothing old or new of it.

"To be honest, I only remember the girl, I didn't pay much attention to the clothes."

I reached into my coat pocket and took out the photograph of Lynne that prior was pressed against the storage unit wall. I placed it on the table, telling him she was glad to have them, and in looking at it he began squinting. A moment later, he took out his glasses so he could see the photo more clearly.

"She's beautiful," he said smiling, "I don't suppose she'd mind if I took a photo of the photo?" I laughed and told him that she would mind, and I placed the photo back in my pocket. "If she found out her picture was being passed around on the internet she'd murder me then she'd murder you."

I got back to the apartment at seven A.M. to find Lynne was awake and eating breakfast. I walked up to her and didn't bother wasting any time when I put the photo of her on the table for her to see it.

She looked at it, then looked at me, making a modest joke about how the woman in the photograph was average at best.

"You're not mad that I printed it out? You're not mad that someone could find it?" I asked her. When she detected the sternness in my voice, she looked up at me again and didn't say anything.

"Or maybe you already knew about it because you were in my storage unit," I continued. She didn't say anything and only looked back down at her food and her phone.

When I placed the audio recorder on the table she glanced at it, and after I pressed play, she could hear herself opening the unit door and closing it and then going about the unit itself.

"You went into my fucking room when I wasn't here and you stole my keys. Then you went through my shit. And you must have planned the whole thing because I never even realized my keys were gone. And what did you do? Fucking follow me? How did you even find out about it?"

She had the audacity to ignore me. The naked nerve to disregard me. And so with a rough hand I grabbed her by her upper arm and asked her again, "How did you find out about it?"

She suddenly stood up and yanked her arm away from me but I didn't let go. It was on the third yank that she finally broke free from my grasp.

"So when I gave you that stupid fucking charm you already knew about it?" Something unsettling must have come over her because she began looking at me strangely, her eyes going back and forth between each of my eyeballs.

"You're good. That excitement you had, it seemed real." There was a silence for a few seconds when she didn't respond and only stared at me, her eyes going back and forth between mine. I put my finger in her face and she knew she had genuinely made me upset. "You're lucky you're an invalid," I said without hesitation.

In all this time she still had said nothing to me, and only looked at me with oscillating eyes.

"Stop looking at my eyeballs like that," I told her. "Like what," she finally responded. "You're alternating between them, just look at me like a normal person." I could tell she started concentrating on the top of my nose because she was never really looking at me. Her silence was beginning to irritate me. "What are you a mute now?"

When I looked away from her, I caught sight of all the things she had brought into this apartment, and I walked toward the snowy cabin painting and knocked it off the wall.

Then I went toward some flowers in vases and knocked them onto the carpet. “Stop!,” she yelled at me. “Yeah, stop,” I said as I knocked them all over one by one. When I was done knocking them all over, I turned around and looked at her again.

“Clean it up. You fucking live here now, don’t you? So clean it up.”

She was looking at me in the eyes now, but said nothing to me as she walked toward her room. I watched her as she walked inside and then slammed the door behind her and then locked it.

When I heard the lock click, I closed my eyes. I was one bad thought away from kicking in her door and breaking her lock so she could feel what it was like to have no privacy. I calmed myself, but that calmness only lasted for a moment.

I walked toward her door and with unrelenting force I kicked just right of the doorknob and the door swung open wildly, pieces of wood from around the lock falling to the ground. A painting that was hung on her wall also fell to the ground.

From inside she looked at me and the door and the broken lock in amazement.

“Now you’ll know what it feels like to have no privacy,” finally the calmness in me had settled and I walked away.

A minute later, Lynne opened the door to my room without knocking.

“You broke the fucking door and now it won’t even close. That’s going to cost money to fix,” she half-yelled at me. “She can take it out of the deposit,” I replied. Lynne just stood at the door, staring at me, never saying a word like it was her new thing. I looked at her for a moment and we stared at each other until I told her to close the door. She closed the door and left.

My mind now was racing through a tree of tracks. How did she find out about the unit? I know she was curious as to where I sometimes disappeared to, but how specifically did she find out about the unit itself? She would have had to have followed me. The key has no identifying mark that it belongs to a storage unit, so it’s not like she could have taken them and looked up something about it and find out that they belonged to a storage warehouse. So that means before she took them, at one point during the day or night or whenever I went to it she must have been following me. That would also mean somehow she evaded me while on the train because she would have taken the same train, and then followed me for two miles as I walked to the warehouse itself. And while on the train, she couldn’t have been riding in the same car because I would have obviously noticed her. She must have watched me from the end of another car and got off once she saw that I was getting off. And following me for those two miles, she must have walked behind me far enough that I wouldn’t notice her. She wouldn’t have been able to enter the establishment without keys, but she wouldn’t need to because by then she would have known that it was to a private storage warehouse I was going to.

Her next action would have been to actually steal the keys so she could enter the establishment. But when did she steal them? I am always home but clearly she stole them and then put them back before I could notice, which would have been on the rare occasion I leave the apartment for a reason other than going to the storage unit. Either that, or she stole the key somehow at night when I was sleeping, went to the warehouse, and then came back a short time later to put them back. I basically sleep in her bed every night, so waking up in the middle of the night to do the deed wouldn't have been difficult, but I also don't think she would decide to do that deed after midnight in the dark city. Yet, I can't think of a recent time when she could have done it in the day. Unless... Unless if she did it on an afternoon when we both went to bed early. That must be it. She went to bed, and then she awoke some time after in the afternoon and then stole the keys and then went to the warehouse and then came back before I could wake up. That's the only way.

I thought more on what she may have actually seen in the unit until my phone made a noise. It was now late at night and I had not seen or said a word to Lynne in any form of communication, which is why when I grabbed my phone I assumed it would have been her messaging me. As I grabbed the phone, it made another sound, but I saw that the messages were being sent in the family group chat.

ShinobiSwan: Too cold outside, I'll give it to you in school tom

ShinobiSwan: Sorry, wrong chat

Chapter 89

LASHES

3:3:9:89

I know that inside each of us, there is a magnetic light. For some, it is internal and can only be felt or seen from within. For others, it is external and can only be felt or seen from without. The light I harbor is an internal light; to bear witness you must be inside my mind. And I know that her light is an external light; and to bear witness one must see it by eye.

Eminent, she will be. From the palest pale to the darkest dark, her skin like the day or evening or night. Her eyes the blue of blue oceans, or the brown of brown leaves in fall, or the green of green apples on the farm, or the gray of gray skies that come tomorrow. Her hair black with lies, blonde with evil, brown with hate, red with wickedry and gray with death. On Sunday, it goes down to her waist; on Tuesday, down to the middle of her back; on Thursday, down to her shoulders; and on Saturday, it is as short as you desire. On Monday, the length of her body is short; on Wednesday, it is medium; and on Friday, it is as tall as you desire. At noon she is young like a kitten. In the evening she is old like her tales. And at midnight, she is at midlife, possessing the energy of the youth and the wisdom of the old. Her beauty is all but imminent.

For I have seen her now... Through the window of my motel she is visible in white light with white pants. She stands on the balcony, her arms on the railing as she looks out into the dark town. What does one admire of the night while in the light? I'll tell you. Civilized humans have a desire for danger. They have a desire for danger and horror and trauma, but only under controlled conditions. It must remain fantasy or if it is to be a real event, it cannot permanently affect or impact their life. This keeps them in control of their reality, and it keeps them in control of their own induced nightmare. As this lady stands upon the world, I already know that which in her mind sits fore.

Hours one and one-half were upon the both of us as I watched her begin to walk down the stairs and walk through the parking lot of the Hacienda Motel. I left my motel room to follow her, knowing that even if I didn't, there was a good chance I would see her again on the morrow. Yet still, I was compelled and compelled by either my curiosities or my desires. I kept my distance many paces behind her so that she might not notice me, and with each pace the high yellow Moon that matched her thin yellow sweater inched closer toward the horizon. At one moment she must have heard my footsteps because she suddenly swung around to look behind herself. But there was no one there... The confusion caused her to clutch her charmed necklace. For the first time in person, albeit in the dark, I saw her full face. I have spent much time observing the faces of women, but hers was by a wide margin the most gorgeous I had ever seen. A

person's face has history in it, and if you know how to look at it, its complication is its beauty. And this history between us, whether the bond internal or external, it will be eternal and it will be ours.

One question. How does a mad man fall in love? Through dreams? Intensified obsession? Maybe. Or perhaps from far away. Yes. The observation is the inception. The obligation is also the deception. On the morrow I saw her again at night, on the same street but differing attire. I watched her as she walk across the crosswalk, wearing green shoes she passed by underneath a green traffic light in the empty town. Where was she going at midnight? In the middle of the night, who did she have to encounter besides me? I waited... And waited... I waited until I saw her walk back from that which she came. By coincidence, when the traffic light turned red so did I become aware she was wearing red shorts. The eyes have always spoken the language of desire. When two eyes meet, they speak at once, unlike the mouths and ears who take turns. This is because true desire happens simultaneously. If one set of eyes speaks first and the second set speaks second or not at all, no individual has won.

Mince her heart to mince her mind. Heartbreak has nothing to do with the heart nor does it have anything to do with breakage. Heartbreak occurs in the mind yet affects the body physically. You no longer feel hunger. When one speaks to you, you cannot hear them. When you try to sleep you cannot escape reality. These were my thoughts as I walked parallel to the woman who passed a purple neon storelight in a purple shirt. On the opposite sidewalk, we walked in stride, and I knew at that moment that in the future I would be atop her tied body, and her mouth that moved in terror would have breath like black mints.

Pray that you, unlike me, may not enter into temptation. That you may not dream of the flesh of women sliding against yours. That you may not obsess over the thought of dominating them in every realm; that of mentality and that of physicality. That you may not cause terror nor tears. On the final midnight at the Hacienda Motel, I followed her again until we both stopped at the sight of a black cat. I watched as she knelt down in a black miniskirt and a black leather jacket. She reached for the cat, then feigned having food in her hand. The cat walked up to her, smelled her fingers, and then in looking around she saw me watching her. A speeding car drove by and her attention was no longer on me as the cat ran away from the sight of the car's lights. If you cannot speak to God, hope that he does not arrange for fate to have you encounter your prey.

Rows of three divided the forest trails. She had traveled a short distance to a different motel and then the day after decided to visit a preserve. She did not the choose the right or left trail, but instead embarked on the middle one. Why was that? If I were a betting man, which I am not, I would gamble at the idea that all three trails entail unique

sightings, and the sight of water must have been her ache. I followed her from a very far depth until she stopped. I had no other course but to continue walking, and when I was perhaps thirty yards from her, she took out her cellphone and began speaking to someone. As I walked past her, I thought upon her would be the look of fear but she looked at me only with an annoyance and a disgust. Fear in a woman is a typical response. Anger and strength only drives lust. Domination is not true domination if there is no struggle and she is too weak to defend herself. In her eyes, whether it be the rage of oceans, or the death of brown leaves, of the bitter taste of green apples or the storm of gray skies, discomfort and pain is what I want her to feel. She will hate it, but I will love it. I will love it the same way she loves the bikini she is in now. I will love it the same way she loves dipping her foot into the creek. I will love it the same way she loves the blooming of a radiant red rose.

Do you want to know what she tried to do the following day? She traded the small town for the big city. She conceived the opinion that with more people and more area, it would be more difficult for me to find her. Once a man has a woman's scent, though it is possible to mask the scent with other scents, women tend to fail to understand that a scent can be gene-deep. It is a scent that you cannot change or truly mask and it is a scent that never leaves the memory of the man who has smelled it. It is as apart of you as your lies. Your evil. Your hate. Your wickedry. And me finding you is as inevitable as your death. When I did finally find her, it was in one of the city's alleys. I watched her from the opening of the alley and then began to walk toward her as a light shined upon her face. Looking at her eyes, she looked at me with primeval sight. It has always been interesting to me what an insect or an animal looks at and pays attention to whether in a conscious or unconscious state of mind. You've heard them say that a person's eyes are the windows to their soul, and it makes sense that what a person focuses on is a reflection of what is going on in their mind. It can be a reflection of what they desire, what they find stimulating, what they deem dangerous, or sometimes it is just a utility for tasks and work and nothing more. But if there is an organ that can reflect our most basic and primal natures, even more than our sex organs, it must be the eyes. And I could see in her eyes that she was daring me to come closer. Daring me to seize her. It's not that beauty can be dark, I'm almost convinced that beauty can only be dark. When I got to her, and I was only a couple of feet away from her, our eyes never left eachother. The anger, the annoyance, the disgust, it was gone and eventually was replaced with a single tear rolling down her cheek. The light above her reflected off of the tear as if it was magic, and the sight of her tear reminded me of forgotten rain and evening dew.

Wait a day as I did until I found her again, this time traveling atop the Searle Tower. I followed her and followed her and know of this she did not until she was stuck among a

group of five women. On the opposite side of her I stood among my own group of strangers and at each other did we stare. Hers was a cold stare, angry and beautiful like the city behind her. I was mesmerized by it, a deep stare that was exotic through means of the erotic. Three more women stood alongside her now, but my trance was only a fixation on her. Interpretation is an art, and all art is to be interpreted; from great art can be created either monsters or angels. And as every thing around her became clouded by mystery, she alone remained in perfect view. I don't know her personally, no, I don't, but I bet like any passionate woman her personality ranges from season to season. I bet during fights she is as heated as the summer, and after them as cold as the winter. During love she must blossom like the spring, and after sex she must fall asleep gracefully like a fading windsong. I must make my plans now, and soon forced upon her she shall feel my weight.

Whether my misses knows she is my misses only misses the point. Back at the motel where I first laid eyes upon her, my physical attraction to her was developed. Through the silent and dark towns and to the city where she cried, my emotional attraction was furied. The next time I saw her I followed her into a shopping center. Then into a women's department store. I watched her with fox eyes as she browsed through dresses until I went up one floor to watch her with eagle eyes from above. She was going through shoes and perfumes and make-up and hair products when suddenly a man in a suit came up to her. I could tell he wasn't an employee but instead a man who was attracted to her. The way he spoke to her and the way he expressed himself. A beautiful woman always has a range of targets on her where the projectile is the man's eyes. She has a target on her face, her chest, her legs, her bottom. When a man enters the same frame as the beautiful woman, he has only a target in one place, and that is on his back. Fortunately for this man, the woman was not interested and this lack of interest has saved his life from inclement weather.

Fair was she in the dark town and the dark city, but her beauty was meant for nature. I watched her as she walked alongside a deserted beach, calm and clad in a white floral one-piece swimsuit. When she disappeared into the ocean and then swam back up to the surface, she swam like a white swan across the blistering light cast from the Sun onto the waters that divided the ocean into two. The bright light brought out her bright spirit like a dark dress brings out dark eyes. The average woman, she settles for safety, but truly it is darkness she is looking for. But she cannot receive that love without also receiving madness. When the Sun began to set, she marched back onto the shore and laid to rest in a pod sat upon the beach. I walked up to the pod and found her body curled up inside it. I looked over her nearly-naked body, and in my mind I had seadreams of her bathing suit rent asunder by dissension. An hour later, she had dressed from white to black, and now

she laid upon the sand of the shore on her back and in a black floral bikini. I can feel her depth now in my greatest imaginations, and surely, oceans as deep as her must keep the deepest diaries. Rest, my little black swan, we haven't much left yet to fare.

Not a second went by when she was not on my mind. She was staying now at a motel that bordered the abandoned town of Woodmire. And I must say, I was surprised that she would walk it alone after midnight. But perhaps in the danger of walking Woodmire alone was the beauty of her all itself. The woman and the metaphor, for all intents and purposes, are inseparable; she is darkness, she is a scary story after dawn, and the way a beautiful woman can make you feel is nothing short of trepidating. If I cannot hide beauty, I will reveal horror. Possession by aggression. If she is to be mine, which she is, then there will be no other way to seize her but by force. Men approach her with unrealistic dreams and leave her with empty hands. I shall approach her with nightmares and leave with my hand on the back of her head, clasping at her hair and dragging her through the street. This is soon to be, because though I take the appearance of a man, I am not a man at all. I spent much of my life seeking validation from society. In this effort there has been no recourse. Now I will become the most vile creature to ever walk this earth. Unbound in my heart and in my soul will become this unbecoming knot.

Worn were her black suede ankle-length boot-heels, drumming against the pavement as she walked through the dark lonely town. Too worn was her black miniskirt, tightening her hips as she breathed in the haunted air. Off a sidewalk she eventually walked off and began to walk through one of the town's many fields. I followed her through the fields as she walked through tiny patches of tiny flowers. A set that were red, and then a set that were blue, and then a set that were green, and then finally a set that were yellow. When she was back on another sidewalk, I heard again the drumming of her heels as she walked past a tree with low-hanging pinkish-purple leaves. When she stopped underneath them, I stopped paces behind her to watch. Her arm went upward toward the branch and pulled it down so she could smell the fragrance of the bright leaves. They must have smelled as nice as she looked, and they must have felt as soft as she tasted. The last set of plant life she passed were weeds that must have told her future in this life and many similar ones, but somehow when I looked down at them briefly while walking past them, when I looked back up she was gone. I hurried my pace to turn the corner, but still I could not lay eyes on her. A near-by ladder on a near-by building prompted me to climb up to the roof of a building. Atop the roof I looked out for her until a few moments later I saw her walking across an intersection. When I placed my eyes in front of her, I noticed that she was headed for a large yellow building that matched her glow. I quickly got down from the building and went in the same direction until I entered into the building. The first thing I noticed was that it was an old meat factory, and the second thing I noticed was she

standing next to an appliance. I walked toward her slowly and abruptly she turned around, as abruptly saying “What the fuck are you following me for?” Shortly after, I answered her. “You remind me of a swan.” The look of annoyance and disgust had returned and she began to walk away from me. I lunged at her, grabbing her by her hair and her scalp, and then threw her to the ground. As I dragged her by her feet, she screamed and yelled and kicked and shouted wildly all in a town that could not hear her. The next five paragraphs, as silent as her screams, concern my bugging of her apartment with a multitude of cameras, and these videos are what led me to following her to the first motel. Reader, beware.

The living room camera records the subject walking into her apartment and setting down her purse on a table. She then walks into her bedroom, and leaving a minute later, she walks back out having removed all of her clothes save a pair of a white brassiere and white panties. Walking back into the living room, she sits on the couch and turns on the television and begins to watch a program.

The first of two bathroom cameras, which is hidden somewhere up high and has view of every part of the bathroom except the shower, records the subject as she has removed her panties and is urinating. Afterwards, she gets up to brush her teeth for two minutes.

The second of two bathroom cameras, which is hidden somewhere in the shower, records the subject as she removes her brassiere and steps into the shower, turning it on and waiting for the water to run warm.

The kitchen camera was now recording the subject as she walked into it with a towel wrapped around her body. She opens the refrigerator, removed a gallon, drinks from said gallon, and then puts the gallon back into the fridge, walking away from it and back into her room.

The bedroom camera records the subject as she sits in front of a makeup desk and begins to apply makeup. She put on foundation, and putting on lipstick she pursed her lips at the mirror. The final thing she did was put on eyeliner and mascara, darkening her eyelashes as she brushed around her eyes that ended in a tip on the side of her eyes and extended out almost looking like a small black feather.

Whenever I look out at Woodmire from this window, I am always reminded that art is never for us, but is instead always about us. It is always a relaying of sorts from the artist to the observer. Such could, and would, be said about the paintings of women; specifically, nude women. When a man observes one, it is never for him except in the way that it makes him feel, and the way he feels will inherently tell him something about he himself. The nearly infinite range of women; their hair, their eyes, their skin, their size, with so many combinations, for each man he will fancy some over the others. And what could that tell us about each individual man? That he may prefer oceans over

autumn's death. Or that he may prefer stormy clouds over said oceans. What could it mean if a man chooses hate but not evil? If a man prefers the day over night or the night over day? The artist knows that what a person fancies will always tell them more about the observer than the art itself.

Tonight there was a heavy thunderstorm outside. Inside, I watched Lashes as she slept from my security system. Black miniskirt... Black ankle boot-heels. She is waking now... She is confused. Now she is noticing that her wrists and ankles are handcuffed to the bedposts. She is trying to break free. She must have tried for at least five minutes until she gave up.

I opened the door to the room and shut it behind me. She looked at me with wide eyes as I approached her. "Did you sleep well?," I asked her politely. Instead of a reply, thunder struck. When I saw that she wasn't going to answer me, I passed my hands through the bed curtains and sat next to her. At this sight she panicked and struggled to break free again. When she settled down, I reached out and attempted to pet her cheek, but she backed away from me as if I were some repulsive monster. Offended, I grabbed her by her hair and pulled her toward me. "This will be much easier if you cooperate," I warned her once.

I got up and out of the bed and began walking about the room, only to continue speaking. "I created this room specifically for you. So that you may live the rest of your life in it. The bed curtains, the flowers, the white desk, the digital fireplace, the lamp that can glow with a multitude of colors you can select from. It's all for you," I told her, and then I left.

Nearly an hour later, after the storm was passing, she was more awake than I had ever seen her for she knew this was a place she could not fall asleep in. I pulled on a lever from my security system which would introduce gas into her room. She may not have wanted to fall asleep, but she also had not a choice.

I walked into the room with a luggage piece and opened it, taking out one pair of white denim short shorts, one red revealing sports bra, one green revealing sports bra, one blue revealing sports bra and one yellow revealing sports bra.

I then uncuffed her wrists and ankles and dragged her limp body off of the bed and laid her on the carpet floor. I undressed her to full nudity and then slipped the short shorts onto her. The first color I put on her was the blue sports bra. Then I stood her limp body upright and threw her arms over my shoulders so I could hug her. This is when she began to slowly become conscious and the gas was wearing off.

Seeing her eyes open halfway, I smiled and slid my hands down her back and dipped them into her shorts. "Where am I?," she could barely speak. And I spoke the rest of the way.

“...In her skies my angel flies with seven wings. Through these clouds just like birds she sings of pretty things. Like forever love and dreams above and tiny little diamond rings...” We heard thunder strike.

While she was still half-awake, I removed her blue top and put on the red one. Then I picked her up and placed her onto the bed, whereby I also laid onto it and passed my arm underneath her so I could pick her up and place her atop me to lay on top of me.

Lashes lay atop me, gassed and confused, and I repeatedly gave her tiny little small kisses. “Who are you?,” she asked. And I spoke the rest of the way.

“...At her fire my mistress burns with a passion of the impure. I'm not sure, at first I thought her blaze demure. But now I see she possessed the spirit of the sirens who lure...” We heard thunder strike.

I repeated the process of taking off her top and replacing it with the green one. Then I sat her up and moved myself so my back was against the bed. I moved her body to rest on mine, face to face as we sat on the ground.

I took my hand and pulled down the right side of her green sports bra so that her breast would hang over it.

I adjusted her right breast as she sat on me, propped it up to make it fuller, and gently began sucking on the nipple and then the entire breast. “What are you doing?,” she asked still gassed. And I spoke the rest of the way.

“...By her Sun my goddess dances with a power divine. The flames and star light burn bright upon which they shine. And her radiance I have gathered and of her I shall make a shrine...”

I took off her top again and the final color was the yellow one. I dipped my hands down the front side of her short shorts and began to rub her vagina, and in a tired voice, she asked, “Why are you doing this?” And I spoke the rest of the way.

“...Under her snowfall my diva forms a bitter cold. At first so heavenly these white sands she turns into gold. And to feel them they turn you numb until it is her you scold...” We heard thunder strike.

It had been two hours since I left the room and re-entered it. Lashes was now bound by handcuff to a radiator and was sitting at a desk in the room. I walked over to her with some drawings of her I had produced long before I first saw her at the Hacienda Motel.

I sat the first one of her down so she could see it. It was a drawing of her wearing a skin-tight short blue dress that cut at the middle of her thighs. It was a dress that she had put on one afternoon and took many photographs of herself in it in her bathroom. I sat there, watching her from the hidden camera in the wall, and she had spent so much time in there admiring herself that I was able to sketch several complete drawings.

After the first, I placed the second and then third and so on so forth. She looked down

at the sketches, and then up at me. “Did you rape me?” “No.” She took her hand and threw each drawing off the desk. “Bullshit. Let me go.” As I picked up the drawings of her, I told her that this was her home now and that if she didn't cooperate with me it would also be her final resting place.

I left briefly and then returned. I brought her food and a handpicked flower. I went to hand her the flower, but she snatched it from me, threw it in my face, and then spat in my face. I left with the flower and the food, angered at her relentless disobedience.

Then came the gas. I walked into the room and uncuffed her and then carried her into the bed, but this time I didn't cuff her. I walked out, and then walked back in with a piece of luggage and sat it at her bedside. When she awoke, I spoke to her through an intercom.

“Good morning, Lashes. Beside you there is a piece of luggage filled with various fashionable items. You will wear each bag and allow me to photograph you in them. If you do this, I will have a reward for you. Understood?”

I watched her through the camera, her getting out of the bed and opening the luggage to find bags in them, each carrying an outfit. Hesitantly, reluctantly, she obeyed for reward. She put on the first outfit.

Her dress was painted in an overall black and yellow interlacing design, divided by a leather belt at the waistline and topped by thin spaghetti-stringed shoulder straps. The dress cut just beneath her knees, and after being in it, she looked up at the camera and asked me if this is what I wanted. She went on to the next outfit.

She looked like a dream; her legs were covered in a silky fabric that ended at the top of her thighs in a flowery end, where it was attached again by straps to a piece of lacy clothing at her waistline. This fabric exposed her privates in full. There was no top but instead just a white flowery and lacy brassiere. Around her body was a large piece of cloth with sleeves that went from her shoulders to her feet that would flow if given to wind. She looked up at the camera again, and then went on to the final outfit.

This one made her look like a doll that little girls played with. Every part of it came in shades of pink. Heart-shaped sunglasses, above-knee length boots, a short skirt and a small top. The diary of pink hearts added to the character.

She looked up at the camera and asked me if I was going to let her go now. This was not even remotely her reward. I gassed her again, went into the room to give her her reward, and then waited until she woke up.

Life to me has always been either everything or nothing. If you are going to tell me the truth, then tell me the whole truth and never half of the truth. If you are going to lie to me, then lie with reckless abandon. It is no way to live between extremes, because if you cannot tell the truth fully or you cannot lie with disregard, then you will never be able to love with all of your heart nor will you be able to hate with all of it. And what I have

come to learn about myself is... If I cannot speak lies, then I will silence truths.

I sat on a chair beside the bed, and when she did wake up, she looked at me through a masquerade mask and with hatred in her eyes. She was again cuffed to the bed, her arms and her legs, and I told her to look at her right hand. Upon it, she noticed a ring that featured a black swan charm.

When she looked at me again, the hatred was gone. "If you let me go, I'll do anything you want. I'll give you anything you want." "There's nothing you can give me that I can't take."

I got up and passed through the curtains and joined her on the bed. She was dressed in only panties and a brassiere, and soon I made my way on top of her and stared at her and her masked face. It was when I moved her panties to the side that she began to struggle with me. I held her down firmly, but she was stronger than I had anticipated.

"Stop!" I smacked her across her face and yelled at her to stop moving.

I unzipped my pants and I took out my half-erect penis. When she saw it, she turned her face away from me and looked to the side. I directed my now fully erect penis into her vagina and leaned over so that my face was pressed against the side of hers.

I began thrusting, every other thrust rougher and rougher and she more and more silent. My motivation toward her soul was not power or lust, but rather for one woman to finally see, feel and understand me. This intense desire, all of my life, moved with deep oceans. It fell quietly like dead leaves in fall. Was sweet in my mouth like apples when I dreamed of it. It was always something that comforted me, the thought of being loved, when there were only stormy clouds about the sky.

Finally, I ejaculated into her. I stayed there for a few seconds as I became softer, then pulled myself out of her. I rubbed my penis to erection, and then put it inside her again and began thrusting. I thrusted rougher and longer this time, and when I took my face away from her I pulled down her bra to expose her breasts and began sucking on her left breast as I penetrated her and her body shook violently. After I ejaculated into her a second time, I was finished with her.

Six hours later, I sat in the chair I sat in before, Lashes uncuffed and malnourished when she came to.

"There is food on the desk," I said to her. She looked to the desk, then back at me. "...Now that you've had sex with me, are you going to kill me?" "...Yes. Consider it your last meal."

I watched her get out of the other end of the bed and walk to the desk where she sat down and began eating the food. Slowly, she became more and more groggy as she ate until finally she slumped over onto the desk.

I walked to her now deceased body and looked her over as she lay slumped on the

desk. My eyes traveled from her face, down her sides, down her legs and to the side of her ankle where I saw that she had a tattoo. It was a heart with a dot on its outline. I wondered for a moment what it may have meant and why she would have gotten it. Then I left the room for a little while and returned.

When I returned, I went to the body once more and moved it onto the ground. By now it was becoming more and more stiff.

I laid the corpse on her stomach. What respect for the dead should I have if I am sub-human? What respect for the dead should I have if I am barely more than rodent? I spread her bottom open and aimed my penis toward her vagina until it was in as far as it could go. I re-positioned myself to hover over her with my elbows on the ground and I began thrusting into her. Each thrust was colder and colder, and each penetration as hardening as her body.

When I was empty and I finally got off of it, I rolled it onto its back. I looked down at her beautiful body, and then up at her beautiful face, and I had one more desire left for the night. With eyeliner and mascara, I began to apply make-up onto her.

With one hand I held each eye open so I could apply eyeliner onto her eyes with the other hand. I painted around her eyes, and like she did before on the camera, I painted the same small black feathers off the corners of her eyes. When I was done with that, I moved on to her lashes. I held each eye open and applied mascara onto her eyelashes. When I was done with one eye, I went onto the next until I was satisfied.

When her lashes were complete, I stood up and once more looked down upon her form. There is nothing in nature that hasn't been compared to a woman. On any given day and at any given time, they can be like the first day of spring or like a thunderstorm. But as I look down upon my Lashes, she is so much more to me than that. She is like those rare weather events that you may only experience once in your life, if at all. Those unusual weather occurrences that you see once and then never again at all. She is like a brightly lit firework exploding in the air and coming down full of energy and smoke and heat. She is like that time of night at that time of the year when the Earth's atmosphere is a magnifying glass to see more visibly the mysteries of space. She is both at once the inverted white sky with black stars and the black sky with green, yellow, blue and red stars. She is like the Sun who can instead of emitting white light, emit too any of these colors and more and turn an entire city into any shade of purple she desires.

But upon her rarities, there is one that was always my favorite. I have yet to name it, but I can describe it to you. When it happened, the entire world went dark. Every thing and every one was reduced to darkness. Even she was subject to that darkness, at first her appearance like the rest of us, but after a moment, unlike the rest of us, a reflection began to glow within her brilliant eyes. I could feel in my being that the fire she was burning

within me could only end in ashes. And soon that brilliant glow, it followed to her hair, and then finally, to her skin.

I know that inside each of us, there is a magnetic light. For some, it is internal and can only be felt or seen from within. For others, it is external and can only be felt or seen from without. The light I harbor is an internal light; to bear witness you must be inside my mind. And I know that her light is an external light; and to bear witness one must see it by eye.

Chapter 90

HOT MIC

3:3:9:90

WHENEVER I think of the notion of an event occurring for the last time, I am always reminded of the notion of the totality of that event. And when I think of the totality, meaning the total number of times one will experience the event, I think about the difference between the first time and last time and how when you really think about it, it makes the average lifespan seem short or small even if it is actually a long one.

If you live the length of the average lifespan, you will have had about 324 nightmares. I have written down over 15,000 dreams, and I will probably write down 15,000 more, and in those 30,000 dreams only 324 of them will have been nightmares. That is, rounding up, 1.1%.

In this average lifetime span, you will see a full moon about 301 times. You will battle about 300 colds. You will feel the seasons change about 320 times. Depending on your own mind, these numbers may detail either a feeling that life is very short or very long or very just about right, but often I think about the last nightmare.

I think about the final time the universe will teach me about fear and what it means to overcome my fears. I think about the final time the universe will show itself to me fully and in all its wonder. I think about the final the time the universe will force me to feel gratitude. And I think about the final time the universe will explain to me what true change really is.

If the universe is communicating with us during any of these events, I wonder what it says about us when we consider how many of these events we will get. What does that say about someone who only gets 50 of these events? Maybe 1 of 2 things; that you learned your lesson quickly or you were never going to learn it at all so the universe didn't waste its time on you. What does it say about someone who sees 400 of these events? Again, I'd say maybe 1 of 2 things; that you are incredibly dull or the universe was so satisfied by your performance that it gave you more. And what does that say about someone who, as most of us will, lies at the average? Maybe nothing...

I was on the rooftop laying on a pool chair and thinking of these things at one A.M. and staring at the sky. For whatever reason, the sky was white and it was littered with black stars. When it began to snow just slightly, I got up and went back into the building.

I get into the apartment and the lights are off, but there is a small amount of light coming out of Lynne's room because her door is slightly open. I walk past it and also walk past the flowers that I had knocked down before. On the table I grab my cellphone and then turn around to enter my own room.

After I lifted the lid on my computer I opened the folder which contained all of my

dreams and found one in particular that I had been meaning to re-read.

In that dream, I was a yellow sphere in a boundless white reality. I was contained inside a fairly large red transparent cube. On the ground in front of me there were nine completely flat green rectangles positioned three by three, and on the wall in front of me there were nine hearts, colored in order: red, green, blue; yellow, purple, pink; orange, brown and gray.

I began rolling myself toward one of the green platforms and when I pressed it down, I heard a buzzing sound that indicated I had not made the correct choice. I tried three more platforms until on the third one I heard a chiming sound that indicated I had made the correct choice. Making this correct choice also resulted in the red heart lighting up and a black and white progress bar filling up to 11%.

When I made another choice after that, which resulted in the buzzing sound, I looked up and saw that the red heart was no longer lit, the progress bar at 0%, and I learned that this was a memory puzzle in which I had to select all of the platforms in a correct order to light up all of the hearts.

It took some doing but when I had completed the puzzle, the red transparent cube disappeared and I saw something in the distance. I saw two hearts next to each other, one a lit pink and one a lit blue, and they were falling extremely fast until they came to an abrupt stop suspended over a long blue rectangle. After a split second of the abrupt stop, the hearts were slowly dimmed.

I heard Lynne walking through the living room and eventually I heard her open and close the door to the apartment. I already knew where she was going.

For the next hour, I spent time reading some of the other dreams that dealt with shapes and puzzles until I had the sudden impulse to insist on a persistent nagging. “Did she follow me there?” was the question I had been asking myself all night.

I left the apartment, made a left, walked up the stairs to the thirty-first floor and then began walking down the hallway. I passed some of the doors and opened the utility room she was in and I found her sitting down on the ground writing something into a notebook. Suddenly she looked up at me, and after I glanced at her, my eyes were drawn to the walls of this room. On it, there were photographs, a few from many decades of the twentieth century. On the walls there were also letters, news strips and legal documents. In the corner of the room I saw VHS tapes and a small television that had a built-in VCR. I looked at her again, and then walked toward the VHS tapes and picked one up that was labeled “HALLOWEEN 1950”. After I put it back down, I noticed she had several composition notebooks, but instead of having black and white covers, the black was replaced with another color; the first ones I noticed was one that was red and white and another that was purple and white.

The final items I noticed were some old computer towers, some laptops and some cellular devices.

I went back to the wall and looked at one of the photographs. It seemed to be a photograph that may have been taken in the nineties and was of a funeral procession. I unpinned it and looked on the back and saw that it was dated 1998 and had a note about Princess Kimberly and Prince Tobias. I placed it back where it was before and turned around to look at Lynne who was already looking up at me.

“What is all this?,” I asked her. She looked back down, scribbled something into her notebook, closed it revealing a blue and white cover, and then looked back up at me. “Someone was trying to figure out who killed Princess Kimberly.” I didn’t respond but she continued, “I figured it out last week.”

I extended my hand and gestured for her blue composition notebook. She handed it to me and I read her last inscription. “Six months earlier Slant was born.”

“...Who killed her?,” I asked. “Vivian,” she answered. “Who is that?” “She was the queen’s niece.” “How do you know she was the killer?”

She looked at me curiously as she got up, and then went to turn on the small television. She looked through the collection of VHS tapes and found one that was labeled “TWINS’ WEDDING,” and then put it inside the feeder and pressed play. Sometimes rewinding and sometimes fast-forwarding, she searched for a particular section to explain to me how she knew. When she found it, she pressed play. “This is the smoking gun,” she said as the tape played, and I watched intently.

A camera man was recording the ceremony and was currently walking around asking some of the attendees to say something to the camera so that it may be remembered forever. In the background there was a band of musicians playing a song, and eventually the camera came upon two women who were walking at first, and then sat down at the table closest to the band.

The screen suddenly went black and had strange lines on it. Lynne looked back at me, and then back at the screen. “What’s wrong with it?,” I asked. “Just remember that it went black,” she told me.

After a moment, the visual returned and the camera was panning away and going to other attendees of the ceremony.

Lynne pressed stop, turned around, and then asked me if I remembered the song that was playing in the background. I felt like this was a test. “Barely,” I admitted.

“Do you know about the ‘fourth generation’ theory?” “No.” “So there are three things you have to keep in your head; the screen going black, the song playing in the background even if you don’t remember it, and this conspiracy theory I’m about to tell you about.” “Okay.”

“The ‘fourth generation’ theory is the claim that way back in the late 1800s, Queen Heather was at fault for another woman being killed, and that woman who was killed, her great, great grandmother was so mad that she put a hex on Queen Heather and said that whoever kills the first female-born child four generations down the line of Queen Heather would receive immortality. And people believed her, too, because it was well known she practiced black magic.”

After she told me this, she began looking around for something until she realized that it wasn't in the room. “Wait, I'll be back, I left the cassette tapes in my room.”

I waited at around three A.M. until she came back two minutes later with a cassette player. “Are you ready for this?,” she asked me. I told her I was ready.

The moment she pressed play, I immediately recognized the song playing in the background as the song that was playing in the background of the wedding ceremony. I continued to listen until I heard someone begin to speak.

“You're still following us around?,” said a woman. And then almost abruptly and drunkenly, another woman replied. “I'll tell you one thing, though, somebody better tell Sophia not to have a daughter,” she said. “Why?,” the other woman asked. “Because! There's a hex on her, and whoever kills her first-born daughter will receive immortal life,” they both laughed.

“Is that Vivian speaking about the curse?,” I asked. “Yes,” she replied. And then she explained it all to me very thoroughly.

“The two women in the video were Viv and Cassy. They sat down at a table that had a recording tape-player but they didn't know it. The reason it was there was because earlier, Victoria had placed it there to record her favorite band playing at the wedding. Even though they were an obscure band, I recognized them because my mom used to listen to them all time in the house. I recognized them for the second time when I was listening to all these audio tapes from Victoria's collection of music. As soon as I heard that song, I remembered that that was the same exact song playing when the VHS tape went black. So I re-watched the VHS tape and put the voices to the people and realized it was Vivian speaking to Cassandra. In 1999, after Princess Kim and Princess Tobias were shot and killed, June wrote an e-mail to Summer briefly complaining about Vivian nagging about not being able to find the tape for their wedding.” “How did you find out about the e-mail?” “Their computer towers logged every thing they did. It logged their e-mails, what websites they visited, what files they downloaded. I think it was either royal policy or the king just wanted to be ahead of every thing. Vivian, after finally getting a hold of the tape, recorded over the part where she talks about the hex. I think she didn't just destroy the tape because that was around the time every one still had the murders fresh in their mind and there was a crazy investigation going on. Of course, she didn't

know about Victoria's audio tape. I figured out it was Victoria's recording because in a love letter from someone anonymous, she tells them about how she was able to get the band to play at the wedding. Victoria died in 1982 by suicide, and I don't think anyone ever touched her stuff. Cassy died in 1996, meaning there would be no one left to remember that she had said those words. The camera man could still be alive, but I have no idea who they were. In 1995, from the letters I read, I got a vague indication that Vivian had a health condition that may have been life-threatening, and then finally a letter she sent in 1996 revealed that she had some type of rare bone cancer. The really strange thing about all of this, though, I haven't even told you yet. I've been trying to find anything on Vivian post-2016 and there is absolutely nothing. It's like she disappeared off the face of the Earth. The last known thing about her is that for whatever reason, she left the royal family and moved to America, but there is nothing about her after that. No obituary, so I think she is actually still alive."

I added no inflection to my expression when I asked her how long it took her to put this all together. "About three months. I haven't gotten through all of it yet, though, only like sixty or seventy percent," she answered. "What else did you learn about them?"

She went on to tell me that Vivian and Jeff had a strange and secret romantic relationship, that their butler was a Nazi and died on Christmas night in 1960, that Alexander Huntington was a rapist and a murderer, that cousins Anastasia and Kevin had an incestuous relationship, and that Jeff had an inroyal child with an Iranian prostitute.

I looked at her again without inflection, "Three months. Is that how long ago it was when you broke into my storage?" She looked confused, so I continued. "Isn't that what this all is?" She didn't answer.

"Whatever," I began again, "Did you follow me there?" "No." "Then how did you find it?"

She opened her laptop and opened a program named "TracNet." When it was finally running, I saw a map that resembled San Rashida. Apparently, these were all the places I had been since she put the tracker in my shoe:

Flanagan Tower Apartments; 8512 Sunset Ave., New Paris; New Orchard Mall; Red Line; Storage Unit; Motel Hacienda; Super Burger; Wakeland Forest Preserve; Triple Motel; Searle Tower; Woodbelt Mall; Jake's Motel; Huntington Beach; Classic Burger; Cleo's Motel; Unidentified Woodmire Location; Mist Harbor Motel; 8038 Chase St., Chase; Janice's Ink Shop; Publik's Super Department Store; 991 Washington St., Paradise Island; Paradise Port Bridge; Lorel Park; Fulcrum High School; San Rashida Rose; MBJ Airport; Storage Unit

“I was working late one night, you had already gone to bed. While working and watching T.V., a commercial came on about old people and Alzheimer's. With their product, you could put a tracker in an old person's shoes and make sure you always know where they are. I didn't think about tracking you until that commercial came on one night again when we were watching a show together.” “...You put a tracker in my shoe?,” I asked again but it seemed like she was too afraid to answer it directly.

“What if I would have crushed it? Why not in my phone?” “Because you said that whenever you went to the place that you went, the point was not to take your phone with you.” I don't remember saying that but that does sound like something I would say.

“What if I would have thrown out my shoes and bought new ones?” She looked at me, “You've been wearing those same black shoes for four years.”

There was a brief pause and then I asked her what she had seen when she was in there. When she began speaking I realized that within the brief pause she had begun crying softly. And instead, she answered a question I didn't ask her. “I've never looked at your phone or your computer or anything else.” “You put something in my shoes so you could know everywhere I go, do you know how fucking crazy that sounds?” When she didn't answer and simply remained silent I became even more frustrated with her.

“Why do you fuck with me like this? What do I do to you that makes you think shit like this is okay? I don't put my hands on you and I don't touch you in ways you don't want to be touched. I don't cheat on you. And you know what... Even if I did, you would never find another person like me. You would never find another person who fucks you the way I do. Not a fucking chance. And I swear to God, Lynne... If you ever track me like that again, I'll hit you so hard you'll think you were still married.”

The moment I finished my short tirade I saw her head turn and her eyes focus on something that was behind me and in the hallway. When I turned around, I saw David standing there.

Exactly my height and eye-level, he looked at me with no expression. I wondered for a moment why he was awake at 4 A.M. on a school-night. For only a few seconds, we stared at each other with something that I am not sure you would call tension, but definitely unease. Then I began to walk away down the hallway to leave them there together. “Talk about a hot mic,” he said to me as I turned away and walked down the long corridor.

Volume 3 - Composition 3
(3:3 / 9 / XI)

Part 10

SIX MONTHS EARLIER

3:3:10:91

INSIDE a broken castle with no roof, Lynne and I watched as the Dove of Genesis flew in and landed softly. I jumped onto its back and Lynne jumped on behind me. She was no longer allowed to steer it because she had crashed it twice already and this caused a massive delay in our escaping the islands.

Flying just above the ground I steered the dove straight ahead through what seemed to be an eternal hallway. When a large shadow made a shade against us, I looked up to find the Dove of Revelations flying above us, which was a brother to the Dove of Genesis and looked very much like it except instead of being white it was black and instead of being sent to help us it was sent to capture us.

Still looking up, I could see the sky and the tree giants that surrounded the castle and their large leaves blowing off the trees and into the castle. When I looked back down, standing on the side of us, just standing there staring at us as we passed her by, was the old lady who looked at us with feverishly dark eyes.

After we had passed her, we saw that ahead of us and somewhat suspended in the air were three brightly glowing colors; red, green and yellow. The moment we were about to drive under them, I was abruptly woken up by Lynne and taken out of the dream.

She woke me because the motorcycle thief had come to retrieve his keys. I went to the door and gave them to him, and then he asked me if I still wanted to “rent” the bike for three nights. I told him that I might, but if I did it wouldn't be in this winter weather and that I would most likely do it when the weather was much warmer.

After that I turned back around and saw Lynne taping boxes together. I was already moving out of this apartment so I could take the one Elway and Lisa had owned so I could be right next door to the three.

A couple of hours later I left Lynne alone in my apartment as she cleaned it and left with David to continue painting the home in New Paris.

I must have been exactly David's age when I became aware that I resented my father. And that must have been exactly the age, too, when I swore I would never become like him; hardened, quiet, cold and no expression. Of course fate like fate does would play its ironic symphony, but as I ponder on the past today I realize that I was not raised by anyone. If I was raised by anything, I suppose it was my dreams.

Four hours later David and I stopped by a fast-food restaurant. Neither of us said anything to one another but I wasn't concerned about fate, if David takes the same path I did, maybe he will be as moral as I am.

When we got back to the building he went to his apartment with Sara's food and I

went to my apartment with Lynne's food. Strange, that right now I am thinking of Kirby and what I would have brought home for him to eat.

I open the door to find a compilation of boxes and many of the objects that cannot fit in boxes organized for a transference by one floor. "Lashes," I yelled out, and she came out of the bedroom. When I saw her, I saw that she changed, in the time that I was gone, into solid green leggings and a pure white sports bra. I was a bit suspicious because a couple years ago I told her that I loved seeing her in the green leggings, and ever since then, many times she has worn it when asking me for something.

I asked her why she changed and she told me she was starting to feel hot from all the packing, so she may as well do it in her workout attire.

A few minutes went by and we were preparing to begin moving the boxes she packed into the new apartment. I was once again going to have two bedrooms like I did many years ago since the layout of this apartment followed Lynne's.

Lynne left with a box first and I followed right behind her. Look, I know men are supposed to lead, but I kind of enjoy walking behind her.

She got to the door and opened it and I was again inside it for the second time. So empty but soon it wouldn't be so. Lynne and I dropped the boxes we were carrying and as I was turning to leave so we could get the next round, she suddenly called out to me.

"There's something I've been wanting to talk to you about," she said quickly. I turned around. "Since we are pretty decent parents and we haven't traumatized the kids," she said, "they are probably never going to want to move out, which I am totally fine with, but I feel like there will come a point when it's awkward that all of us are still in that small apartment." I thought about it and couldn't understand how that would be weird, but she sliced into my thoughts. "Would you mind if I spent most of my time here?"

"Don't ask me things like that," I told her, "if it bothers me I'll tell you. That's how we've been living for the past five years and it's worked." She didn't say anything after that but I clearly gave her permission to do whatever she wanted. When we got back to my apartment, there was a feeling weighing over me that came from her silence. I knew that what I said would actually discourage her from spending more time in my apartment, but I also knew that if I tried to backtrack it she would know I was bullshitting her and that would be worse than just leaving it where it was at. Either way, what I said wasn't the answer she wanted and I almost wished I could have gone back to where we were six minutes earlier.

As she walked toward a box I walked toward her and pushed her as I passed by. "Move," I said sternly, and her body moved roughly as she turned and her legs hit the box, then falling with her bottom sitting onto the box. As she sat on the box I went to a box myself which sat on a table and did a test lift to see how much it weighed, in the

process saying to her “You don't have the guts to take one of those rooms. You're a scared little submissive housewife and you do exactly as I say. 'Oh, I'm just going to be quiet now and give him the silent treatment to show him I'm mad and he didn't say the right thing.' One footed whore. You should have worn the pink short-shorts if you wanted to manipulate me into getting what you wanted. Now get up and help me with the rest of these boxes,” I finished.

She got up and stormed out of the apartment without a box. I took the one I was carrying and carried it to the new apartment where I dropped it down and then left the apartment to go get another. When I came back up with another box, I saw Lynne and David carrying her mattress through the hallway. I went inside, dropped the box, and then waited for them as they struggled to bring the mattress into the new apartment.

Seeing them breathe so heavily I walked backwards and opened the door to one of the two bedrooms and they continued their labor into that room until they finally stood the mattress up against the wall.

“So that apartment is basically going to be for me and Sara now?,” Dave looked at me as he asked that question. Before I could answer Lynne replied for me, “Yeah. Before we moved to this building it was always the plan that your father and I would get one apartment and you two would get your own so that we could all have our privacy, but the problem then was there were no open apartments side by side.” David looked at her, then at the mattress. “Cool, more room for my stuff,” and the two of them left the room to go bring more of her things in it.

As the hours waned on there were different arrangements. After Dave had helped her with her non-boxed items and Sara had helped me with my boxed items, Sara and Dave switched roles and Dave helped me with my non-boxed items and Sara helped Lynne with her boxed items. Even though I had more distance to cover, Lynne somehow had more things to move and this resulted in me finishing before her. David was relieved of duty and then so was Sara when the final thing Lynne brought into her new room was a standing lamp as sundown came.

Orange evening light threw itself into the apartment until it was completely night and it was replaced by the cool blue light of the city. By then Lynne and I had fixed and organized everything in the apartment; boxes unpacked, furniture positioned, the living room presentable and both of our own rooms arranged to our likings.

Finally at the end of it all I crossed paths with her in the living room where we both stopped and talked to each other for the first time since she stormed out of the old apartment.

“So how long have you been planning to try and live with me? Since we moved from Chase?” She nodded her head. “Since Lisa moved?” Nod. “Since we met???” She

laughed, "Since I was a little girl and consumed all those animated princess movies."

She left me in the middle of the living room and walked into her room, leaving me to ponder on the wonder of her sonder which of her made me fonder.

I found the remote on the coffee table and turned on the television which was tuned to a news-station which spoke of political things, but my mind wasn't at all focused on the people or ideas at hand. Instead I ruminated on the concept of silence.

We live in a world of noise. Loud people doing loud things. The funny thing is that there aren't a lot of loud and foolish people. I would argue that maybe half or maybe even most of the people on this planet capable of language and action are quiet. That to me seems like a problem. We can hear the silence of these people every day when they let the loud people be the voices, and we can choose to feel a sadness for these silent people, but ultimately, when you really listen to their silence, even the collective silence, it's deafening. It is more deafening than the loudness of a fool who has the same sentiments in their heart as the quiet person but chooses to display them in an obscene and obnoxious way.

I've always been of the notion that it is never what you say, but how you say it. But I am also of the notion that what you feel doesn't matter if you never say it.

As I watched the television screen I wondered why we even had one. Every thing these days can be watched on a computer or a cellphone. And the moment I questioned this, it turned off, along with the Sun and everything that ran on electricity. Every once in a while a field passes by over the solar system and disables all sources of energy, so it was pitch black in the apartment, and though it was already night outside, the city too was now completely dark.

Lynne, always having been somewhat afraid of the dark, walked out of her room and asked me to get up so we could go check on the kids. Just as we got to the apartment door, the doorknob slowly lit up and was a glowing orange color. When this field passes over our solar system, it also concentrates a strange energy in anything that is metallic, so while it is mostly dark, it does provide a little light for us in the things that are made of metal.

The hallway was a solid dark but the doorknobs guided us to the other apartment where when we looked inside there were objects that glowed in the darkness. Lynne found Dave's doorknob and I found Sara's and we saw that they were both already sound asleep. We traveled back to our new apartment and went to the window pane to look outside.

We looked out and in the perfect dark we saw objects that were glowing with a pulsing energy. This weather effect made the city seem as if it were asleep and dreaming of a distant, beautiful, mysterious world.

When I left the window to go sit back down on the couch Lynne followed me and sat down next to me as close as she could and eventually laid her head on my shoulder.

“I feel like David and Sarah were my parents and I'm eighteen and I just moved out of the house to run away with my boyfriend,” she laughed and I laughed with her. Some of the distant light from the metallic objects helped to cast softly diffused shadows on the walls, moving them gently as they pulsed, and among the shadows were the silhouettes of our conjoined ghostly bodies.

One of the ghosts, that was I, got up in the darkness and walked toward the television to take out a book resting vertically in the cabinet underneath it. It looked like one of the books I bought for Sara, and she must have lent it to Lynne because she thought she would enjoy it. Out of pure curiosity I opened it and began reading it. It was too dark to really see any of the words, so I went over near to the wall where below there was a bit of light pulsing from something metallic. I dropped down and laid out flat and began to read again, this time being able to see the words in dimly lit darkness.

In the corner of my eye I saw Lynne get up and walk into her room and then ten seconds later walked back out. She walked to me, with orange glows outlining the shape of her body, and then laid out a blanket for me on the carpet. But before I could pull the blanket toward me, she dropped down and she herself laid on it, and then she came under me, raising my arm, and put her back to my front so she could read the novel as well as she somewhat laid on me.

The entire time we read I could smell the freshness of oranges in her hair. And as I read the words on the pages I could hear the words in her mind. The dark city outside, illuminated lightly by orange lights, it was still dreaming and was as much of a dream as it was a time or a place.

I gestured for Lynne to take the book from my hands, and after she did, my hand slid down her side, passed inside her shorts, and then found itself massaging her bum. When I looked down, I saw from the little light given to us that she was wearing the pink short-shorts I mentioned earlier.

“Do you like me?,” she asked. I say yes. “Why then haven't you shown me that you like me then? Are you with someone?” I say no.

“You don't have the guts to take me. You lack the confidence of a real man. 'I'm just going to show her that I like being around her but I'm not going to risk anything because she might reject me.' If you had any idea what a real man was you'd take me by force and fuck me until I begged you to stop.”

I didn't say anything for exactly ten seconds until I said to her, “Lynne... It's different for girls like me.” She blurted out in intense laughter because it wasn't at all what she expected me to say and the book fell out of her hands. This polarity is eternal.

I stood up with a full erection and then grabbed and picked her up from off the ground. My arms around her body and her legs just off the ground I carried her facing forward toward her bedroom door. When we were just in front of it she used her right leg to kick the door open and I entered her bedroom for the first time since she fixed every thing in it. Like the living room and the city outside it was dark and only slightly lit by those orange pulsing lights.

On the left side of the room was a desk with a large mirror attached to it that was backed up against the wall. It must have been her make-up desk or something. I carried her over to it and dropped her right in front of it so she could rest her hands on it.

I pulled down her shorts so they were around her thighs and then pulled down my own only slightly less. I searched for her soft opening in the dark with my penis and after I found it the rhythmic back and forth of my pelvis smacking against her bum was the only sound in the silence.

As I went about her harder and harder the orange lights from the metallic objects became a deep bloody-red and the silhouette that moved like us on the wall to our right was like the silhouette in the mirror that revealed two dark earthly shadows.

There was a moment I was taking her so intensely that one of the drawers of the desk became loose and it rolled out, and quickly Lynne used her knee to put it back into place. And then that moment happened again, and again, until on the fourth again she moved, causing me to stop, removed the drawer from the desk and placed it on the ground beneath her. At this time I removed all of my clothing completely and then pulled her shorts all the way to the floor so she could kick them off. When I got back up, I took off her shirt and then her bra. She went atop the drawer with her right foot and then raised her left leg onto the desk so that our hips were more aligned and I could enter her more deeply.

The lights became an even deeper bloody-red as I penetrated her fully, the smacking sounds from before even more violent than they had already been. I brought my left hand up from her hip and slid it across her body until I found her left breast and its erect nipple and I forcefully squeezed it as I put all of myself into all of herself over and over and over again.

I could have ejaculated into her by now, but I wanted to exhaust her from the pain. I wanted her body to be sore from the repeated blows, blow by blow of a passion calculated and callous. When she saw that I was not going to stop and I was only going at her harder and harder the lights were a crimson red and she finally began begging me to stop.

The sound of her pleading voice expelled my tension and I grunted strongly, and at the same time that I stopped and fell over her I could feel her vagina and her entire body

contracting from pleasurable pain.

When we were finally composed again, she turned around her higher half, brought her arm around my neck and kissed me sensually with her tongue as she stepped off the drawer and my penis fell out of her vagina. I thought it was going to be a short kiss but she only bonded our tongues more forcefully as the seconds went by. She grabbed the back of my head and forced her own to press ever harder against mine and there was a time when I almost lost breath. When she finally stopped, she brought her head back and looked deeply into my eyes. Out in the sky there are no stars because the light of stars from other solar systems die out once they enter this solar system when its occupied by this field. But in my mind as she stared into me in the darkness I thought that that was no problem, the lights had changed from orange to red to white, and in her eyes I could see the reflected white light of eons.

The next day the field had come and gone and the world was returned to normalcy. The Sun was shining and our apartment had electricity again.

“I want to get something for the apartment,” she said, “some nicer curtains for the windows and maybe some flowers for the living room and kitchen. Oh, and maybe one of those lamps that have a soft glow light that can be set on any color you want.” I didn't say anything and I left her to her own devices at the dining table and went into my room.

On my computer I searched for a dream that concerned the Bridge Garden Islands. It's nice to be able to search through the computer now and not have to find dreams manually through hundreds of notebooks.

When I found the dream, I had recorded a battle in the air. Lynne and I were flying on the Dove of Genesis, escaping a broken castle, and our dove was fighting the Dove of Revelations, a black dove in contrast to our white dove. During the attack, the black dove struck the white dove and caused it to turn over whereover Lynne and I fell off of it and into a long fall and fell upon the islands' waters. Conveniently, there was a jet-ski, and the two of us got on it and I drove us back toward the center island.

I wanted to continue reading, because I had found another dream where I am on the same jet-ski driving toward a clocktower but for some unknown reason to me Lynne was currently not with me, but Lynne had knocked on my door. It caught me off-guard, but I would have thought she felt she had the right to barge into my quarters.

“Yes?,” and she talked to me from outside the door. I got up and opened the door so the communication would be easier and I looked down at her. “First of all thank you for knocking, that is very polite of you. If you're going to be living here that is a good demonstration to begin with. Secondly, I don't know where you put your toothbrush. Is that all?” When I saw that that was all, I closed the door and went back to my desk.

After reading some more of the dreams I made notations on some of them and then

went into the living room where I found my mail key. I suppose now it was our mail key. This thought made me re-remember that her surname was also Julien now.

She was in the kitchen cooking something when I took the mail key and walked across the hall to her former apartment, got that apartment's mail key, then walked toward the elevator. A few other people rode down all the way to the lobby with me and we parted in the mailroom area of the building. I check both mail deposits and then return back to the elevator.

I walked into my apartment and looked for her in the kitchen but she wasn't there. I knock on her door, she isn't there. "Lashes," I called out, but she didn't answer.

When I noticed that her laptop computer was sitting opened on the dining table, I looked over the screen. I first noticed an application named TracNet and that her background was a type of tulip background, and on it I saw a document named "ideas," so I double-clicked it to open it.

"date nights, baths together, romantic candlelight diners, role playing." "...Role playing?," I thought outloud.

When I heard her opening the door I closed it and quickly looked away, pretending I was putting the mail on the table.

She walks inside, looking at me suspiciously as she walks into the kitchen, and then opens the dishwasher. She took out a plate and inspected it but I could tell that the results were less than satisfactory to her. She put the plate back into the dishwasher and closed it, and then began pressing buttons but as time went on she seemed more and more confused.

"Do you know how to use that thing?," I asked her. And it wasn't to make her look dumb because truth be told, I've never used a dishwasher and always wash my dishes by hand, so she wouldn't get any great help from me.

"...No. Never tried using a dishwasher but I figured maybe now was a good time to learn."

Before the hour was over the plates and the cups and the silverware were sparkling clean, and I had wondered if she realized what she was doing psychologically. Lynne is a little thing but she is fierce, I could see that from the first few weeks of knowing her. The way she talked about Silvio, the way she would get if she felt as if she was being disrespected. I remember one time many years ago when I had to change the subject because she was so angry with Claire.

I don't mean to sound egotistical or even a bit insecure, but I take pride in knowing that her ex-husband couldn't handle her but I can. I take pride in knowing that she doesn't take shit from anyone but she is basically submissive to me. So submissive is she that she would learn how to work a dishwasher so she would be a good housewife since this was

the first time we were truly man and wife. And I'm not going to undersell the submission and the seduction, a woman who does a thing like this knows how to make blood flow.

EVERYTHING OR NOTHING

3:3:10:92

ON the sixth and final day of painting the new house in New Paris, Lynne departed from us outside the apartment building as she went toward Publiks to buy some things for the apartment. Dave and I went in the direction of the subway in the freezing cold, and soon the sight of Dave and I working in a room with newly freshly painted white walls made me think of God and Satan.

After watching them walk about the room flipping switches on and off and rotating dials clockwise and counter-clockwise, they left through a door in the wall, walked down a very long and dark hallway, went up a seemingly eternal spiral staircase, and then entered a room that took pictures of their creation in progress every hour. I saw ninety-two snapshots of the universe on the wall, and under each photograph I saw an alphanumeric sequence that may have been about a thousand characters in total.

As I paint this wall before me and think about the dream, I think about how those sequences underneath those photographs may have detailed the current make-up of the universe.

What if our DNA, which contains all of the information necessary to create our own unique and specific genome, is a product of all the known and available information within the atomic network at the time of the genetic material's creation? One way to imagine this is to think of an Earth that is four times the size of our current Earth. If the Earth had been and always was four times the size of the Earth we know now, the animals, including humans, and plants would be different on it. So in many ways, the formation of the Earth has an affect on our evolution and so has an affect on our genome. I propose that our detailed and complex genetic information is actually a "snapshot" of the atomic network we reside in at the moments of our creation. That would be to say that if we could accurately read a lifeform's DNA, we could learn as much about the environment, or the atomic network, as we could the organism itself, that it was created in. We could learn from this organism's DNA, just by learning to interpret it correctly, that the Earth it was born on was four times the size of our current Earth. So genetic information would in essence be the total collection of factors that created that organism at that time and space in the atomic network. The DNA you carry could literally be a snapshot of everything that identifies the atomic network you were born into in those moments of your creation.

When Dave and I were done, I asked him what time it was. He checked his digital watch and told me it was almost one. I called Jose to let him know the entire house was painted, and with that we routed our way back to the subway through the freezing cold

and the two inches of snow.

As we neared the building I called Lynne and asked her if there was anything we needed in the fridge. She checked the fridge, and then I waited as she went next door to check the fridge in that one, and then David and I rerouted ourselves to Publiks to purchase the things she said we needed. Milk, salt, toilet paper, et cereal.

Back in the building and then its elevator I pressed 21 and then 22. David looked at me and then asked me why I pressed 21, and this was when I realized that I no longer lived on the twenty-first floor, so I unpressed it and we left the elevator when it reached the twenty-second floor and I took out my keys.

When I opened my door I walked inside. That's normally what you do after you open a door. Unless you open it from the inside, then you would walk outside. But since I opened it from the outside, I walked inside. After I walked inside I closed the door behind me and locked it. Because you should always lock your doors, even if you don't think someone will try to sneak in and take all of your belongings. It's just better to be safe than sorry. I think so, anyway.

At the other end of the apartment sat Lynne with her back to me. She was on her laptop and dressed in black lingerie. As I walked up to her I took a picture of her in my mind, a snapshot of all the things that created her and by knowing these things I already knew the future decoration of this apartment. I could see it like it was the past despite the fact that it could be only in the future.

The first time I saw you, it felt like a Summer night in Autumn. That was as much sense my mind could make of a feeling so solemn. The sky was covered in clouds, the Sun so low it must have touched September. But even twenty years later I know that I saw you first in July, trust me, I remember.

It was warm, evening, some of the Sun's light still scattering about the Earth. But soon it would be colder, darker, not too unlike death before rebirth. I never said anything to you, because at that time I was content to gaze. To watch you from afar and allow within my mind the sensual haze.

But even through the haze my mind's eye pierced through it to see your form. Of colors so feminine, of a body so fatal, by August I'd be caught in your storm. And so as you moved through, I watched too, wondered what you like to do. Where were you yesterday? Where will you be tomorrow? And with who?

The kick of your feet matched the stars to Virgo as you redecorated fallen leaves. A red one here, a green one there, but it was always your yellow that my mind perceives. It follows you around to this day and if it crystallized it'd be the history of your track. One that I could follow, have followed, because I am a man of manner and a maniac.

Maybe I didn't say anything that first evening but I had planned something all along.

From that first day and through seven nights I saw you seven times through a song. Each evening you walked by it grew louder and louder as my universe of you expanded. Until it collapsed upon itself like a black star, and by your mystery, I was branded.

Walking up to her was strange. It was the first time in my adult life that I actually felt like an adult. I can't say exactly that I liked the feeling, but it was a new feeling that I'm sure like many other feelings would become old. Coming back home after work to find a half-nude woman in your house who had been waiting for you; I can't say that I've ever walked into that scenario before, and in walking up to her I put my hand on her shoulder and asked her what she was doing.

She lifted her head and looked toward me, and I backed away in terror when I saw her face. Her dreadfully frightening face which at the current juncture was a facemask of something green.

"What?," she asked. "Nothing, I got what you asked for," I told her and then walked into our kitchen. While putting the yogurt into the refrigerator, I looked at her from afar. And as I passed her to go into my room, I watched her in confusion. Why would anyone do that to their face?

In my room I searched my laptop for the God and Satan white wall dream I spoke of to you earlier but for some reason I just couldn't find it. Instead I found Lynne knocking on my door, telling me that dinner was ready. I left the apartment and went next door and into the kitchen where I saw the food that Sara had prepared. I made myself a plate and then returned to my room where I ate it.

When I finished I went into the kitchen and scraped off any food off the plate and into the garbage, then poured water on it and placed it in the sink. At the same time I turned around Lynne was exiting her room and I saw that she had removed the greenness from her face. This was a relief.

In passing her I looked at her face; the color of her eyes, the texture of her hair, the shape of her face; and this was a photograph I saw that told me everything about her past but nothing about what created her. And if it is true that the interpretation reveals something about the interpreter, then my revelation is that the more I learn about her, the less I find that I know.

At sundown when the day was almost over Lynne called me into her room. I opened the door and found her standing in front of the bed. The bed itself was now surrounded on all sides by white curtains and she soon told me that this was one of her purchases from Publiks this morning.

Suddenly she went around it and then into it and onto the bed, looking at me through the white curtains. She then smiled and patted the bed. I walked to her and laid down on the bed next to her and we both looked out through the curtains and into the rest of the

room.

“You got the ring. You got my last name. You got my apartment. What's next?” “I'm working on getting us side-by-side plots in the cemetery.” I laughed and had to admit that it seemed like she anticipated some of these questions and already thought up the answers.

When she saw that I closed my eyes and got comfortable, she realized I was not leaving and was going to go to sleep, so she kicked off her foot and climbed on top of me and I put my arms around her.

“It's going to be so nice when it's warmer and we can open the window and let the breeze in to blow the curtains,” she said, “...it's going to be like a dream.”

The last word I heard from her was “dream” until I went into my own. In this dream I was again in a creation room for the higher mortals. In this room, I have never been in or seen from afar; there were hundreds of switches on the walls and this time, instead of a switch having a word on it, it had a number.

“4640.” “201” “1952.” “2025.” “2109.” I couldn't figure out what these numbers were for and I didn't want to flip any of them on until I found out. And then finally, after looking at many of them, I came to a switch that was actually flipped on. The switch had the same number year that was the same as the current year I was in, and with that I could tell that each switch represented a year in history.

I went up to that switch and I flipped it down, and when I did so I could feel all of my memory from that year erase. Still curious, I walked over to 1952 and I flipped it on, and after doing so I found myself laying on a bed and Lynne was lying on top of me. The sudden realization that this was currently happening in the real world was a sharp revelation and it was a memory that regrew in my 1952 brain and so this caused me to become lucid.

In 1952, I slid off the bed and left Lynne lying there as I went out into the apartment. The layout was different and the most jarring thing was that it only had one bedroom. The apartment was more colorful, some appliances being orange and others being green and some others being yellow. And behind me I heard someone say “Honey?”

When I turned around, it was Lynne, wearing a polka-dot dress and a pearl necklace. On a desk next to her I saw a pair of scissors. I walk up to it, grab it, and then I cut some of her hair off. As she is confused, I flip on a light switch that is beside her and I leave 1952.

Back at creation I walk through a door in the wall and down a long spiral staircase where I find a room that I can use the hair in. After inserting her hair into a device, it spits out a picture of the universe for me with a long sequence of numbers.

I return to the room with the years and I look along a row of a century of switches and

flip on the year 2623.

Again, I was lying in bed with Lynne when I slid away. In 2623 the room was totally different. The door slid open instead of being opened, and when I got into the living room I caught sight of the city outside. It was a sort of neon city, where green and blue neon lights populated the dark city and hovermobiles went to and fro across the darkened streets.

“Sweetie?,” I heard Lynne say behind me. This time she wore black leather. Doing again as I did before, I cut off a piece of her hair and pressed a switch-button that was beside her. After inserting her hair into the device, I was given another image and I compared it to 1952.

The difference was slight, in visuals and in number-sequencing, but I saw it. Her DNA was proof that in 2623 the Earth would have two Moons.

The final year that I visited was 403 B.C. I woke up laying in a grass field as Lynne laid on top of me. I slid off and looked around. There was nothing there and so I went back to her and saw that she was in the nude. I hovered over her, plucked out one of her hairs, and then realized there was no way back to creation.

I left her in the field asleep and walked until I came upon a city filled with people. On the side of one of the buildings, I found a lever. I moved the lever upward and that was my ticket back to creation, except this time I was spawned on the outside of it. Where I was, the sky was pitch black and my eyes looked into an empty horizon. It was like something out of an unfinished video game. And then before me were large black cubes. When I walked through a door to enter a black cube, I came to realize each black cube housed a room of creation.

I returned to the room which would give me a snapshot of 403 B.C., and with this picture there was proof in Lynne's DNA that the Sun was becoming smaller.

I woke up. Isn't it strange that once you become lucid in a dream, you cannot regain unconsciousness? At least for me, every time I've become lucid, I've never gone back to being unlucid. It's not unlike having a spiritual awakening in real life, where your life is then split into two and who you were is gone forever.

I stayed laid for a while, thinking about things and feeling Lynne breath in dreams until she got up off me at around one in the morning to go use the bathroom. As she moved a curtain out of the way I watched her as she walked away in her black lingerie. A toilet flush, and then I watched her make her way back into bed through the curtains.

“Did I wake you?,” she asked. No. She slid her arm across my chest and then around my neck and brought her face into my neck. A few minutes later she said “Spookie.” What?

“I'm not a manipulator. Manipulators try to do things without you noticing or

realizing. I know everytime I put on the green leggings or whatever you like, that you know exactly what I'm doing. You're not stupid. I'm seducing you, because I will get it and you will know what I'm doing.”

I didn't say anything. I didn't really know what to say to that, and so eventually I fell asleep again and when I woke up for the second time today it was three A.M. Something seemed to be beating gently on the window and I could tell it was because there were extremely strong winds outside.

Even though I couldn't see Lynne's eyes, I always know when she's awake because of the way she breathes when she is. I ran my hand through her hair once and then twice and then she looked up at me. As she was about to say something we suddenly heard a horn. I could immediately tell the horn sounded because there was dangerous weather in the city and it was to alert city residents of the dangers. The danger was most likely the violent winds, and I was sure of it when we could hear the window almost wobble.

For the next sixty minutes, the horn would sound for thirty of them and would keep us from falling back asleep. This was when, in defeat, Lynne told me that the two boxes outside were desks she had bought for us. I didn't need a new desk but my desk was also almost ten years old.

We got up since it was pointless to try and sleep and we went to go build them. I wonder if Sara or David are up, and if they are, I wonder what they're doing.

With the horn still blowing and the wind only becoming stronger as it beat against the windows, I opened the boxes and looked at parts of the desks. She unboxed hers first and I saw that it was white in color. “Are you fucking serious?,” I asked her. “I don't want a white fucking desk,” I was actually kind of upset. She laughed and didn't say anything, and when I opened mine I was relieved to see that she got me a black one. “I still don't know why you would want a white desk,” I said to her.

As we sat in the living room reading the instructions and putting together the desks I looked at her sometimes and wondered what was in her mind as it pertained to role-playing. “Do you want to become an actress?,” I asked her. She looked at me with the confusion I knew she'd have, “What?”

“Pretend like it's 1952,” I said, “how would you act?” She paused, thought for a moment, then put down her screwdriver.

“Well, sir, if it's the fifties, you're building both of these desks,” she said as she walked away. When she got in the kitchen she mimed putting on an apron and I walked over to her desk and began working on it because she was so far behind me.

“My, you look so thirsty. Are you thirsty?,” she asked me. “I could use a drink, ma'am, if it's not a bother.” She went into the fridge and bent over as low as she could until she mimed taking out a pitcher that she poured into a fake cup. Then she walked

over to me, saying in the process that she didn't believe she had ever seen the wind blow so violently and so dangerously. I took a fake sip of the fake drink. "Hope no one's caught in it," I handed her back the cup.

When I had caught her desk up to mine I went back to mine and she to hers where she turned off the character.

"How about 2623?" She thought, even longer this time. She put one of the boards in place and started screwing it in, "How much you think we can get for this scrap?," she asked me, "You think if we cross over the galaxy line they'll pay more for it?" "No, can't do that, the line has been in heavy patrol since the war started. We'll have to find a buyer here," I told her.

She froze and looked like she didn't know how to respond until she started laughing. "Okay, I don't watch too many sci-fi movies, definitely not as much as I watch movies with old settings." "403 B.C.?", I asked. When she got up again, I went over to her desk to catch her up.

After a few seconds I saw her go to sit on the ledge of the window sill and look out into the city. I heard the horn blow two times and even after that she was still silent. "What are you looking at?," I asked to start the show, and in a paranoid manner she quickly turned her head to look at me with wide shocked eyes. She quickly got up and put her back up against the wall as she mimed herself holding up a long piece of cloth.

"What?," I asked. With her back still against the wall she slid further away from me as her eyes grew in terror. I got up and started to speak again but before I could finish she ran away into her room and closed the door behind her. I didn't get it, were ancient women terrified of men?

When she came back out she was laughing again and I asked her what that was all about. "Those women were not allowed to speak to men they were not related to," she told me. You learn something new every day.

When the desks were built we pushed them into our rooms and realized that day had arrived, the winds had become dull, and the sound of that horn had stopped.

For one of the first few durations since living together we were alone as we both stayed in our own separate rooms. Hours went by and I never heard a sound from her. I never heard her door open and if I was a gambling man I would have wagered that she was asleep the whole time, but I know that she wasn't because she had work and was already well-rested.

In the evening I opened my door and walked to hers whereby I knocked. She didn't answer. "Lashes?," I said aloud. She didn't answer. I knocked again, a bit harder, and finally she shouted, "Yes?"

"Did you see my phone?," I asked. "No." "I didn't leave it in there?" She must have

been looking around, "I don't see it in here."

I checked the kitchen and when I couldn't find it, I left the apartment and went next door and searched in there. I could hear David yelling, probably playing video games with his friends, but my phone was nowhere in sight. Where the hell did I put it? It has to be in Lynne's room. After a minute more of searching I gave up and went back to my apartment.

I opened the door and walked past my room so I could ask Lynne to let me in to search her room, but as I walked past my room I saw a figure standing in it. When I looked completely it was Lynne, holding my phone in her hand and looking at my new black desk.

"What are you doing in here?," I walked into my room. She told me after looking again she found my phone in her room and was coming to give it to me when she saw my door open. She decided to come in so she could see what the desk looked like.

I walked up to her and took my phone out of her hand, then went behind her and used my body to trap her body between myself and the wall. I pushed myself further onto her and the side of her face was now up against the wall.

I told her that when I asked her what she was doing in here, I didn't mean what was she doing in here per se, but what in the sense of why she was in my room in the first place.

"I told you," she said uncomfortably, "I was coming to give you your phone." She didn't get it.

"New tax." "...New tax?" "Room tax." "...What's room tax?" As I explained to her the new room tax, I drew my face nearer and nearer to her neck. "If I find you in here, I can do whatever I want to you. There is no law here; no restraining orders, no accusations, no lawsuits, no mercy." And I softly bit into her neck, but before I could chew she threw me away and walked quickly for the door, turning around once she got to it.

She felt the side of her neck and then looked at her hand, miming the feeling of the texture of blood dripping between her fingers.

Chapter 93

METADREAM

3:3:10:93

LAST night, I had an illustrative dream. I woke up at five in the morning and pulled the curtain open on my side of the bed as I got out of it. I looked back at Lynne in the darkness and then left the room and entered the kitchen. I got a cup of orange juice and left with it to go toward my own room, but I stopped first in front of the large window, opening the flowery curtains, to look out into the dark city and observe its lights.

In one of the buildings in my view, every so often I would see a light turn on or another one turn off as residents of that building got ready for the day.

I began to think about other cities in America, and how similar many of the major cities are. And then I began to think about how the more data or information you have of a subject, the more likely you will be able to predict something of it.

I imagined one city, only a mile wide in diameter and only being the home of one-hundred residents. Then I imagined one-hundred of those cities. How similar they would all be to each other, so much so that you would barely be even able to tell them apart from one another if you only had a stat sheet to identify them.

And then I thought about fifty of those cities having their population reduced to only fifty people. You certainly would begin to notice differences in the cities with 100 people as opposed to the cities with 50 people. In the higher populations you might encounter homelessness and higher criminal activity, and these may be indicators of a city with the 100-population.

I gathered in my mind that cities with higher populations, or more data, would eventually become the same, while cities with a lower population, or less data, would be more unique to each other. One way I can illustrate this for you is to refer back to the basketball free-throw simulation. For the first few free-throw shots, since there is little data, the outcomes are more varied, but once you've taken over one-hundred shots, the simulation will begin to understand that you either suck at basketball or are actually quite good.

This makes sense to me more now because if you took a group of basketball players from a professional league, you would find that the disparity in their skill is very minute, but if you took a group of random people off the street who had less ball throwing experience, the disparity would be large and their talents largely unique.

So many kids in our world are unique when young, but once they begin to assimilate knowledge, we all in adulthood become largely the same.

I sat down at the table wondering why Lynne didn't buy curtains that were a solid color, and at the thought of her I heard her walking out of the room. As she walked past

me I held out my palm and she slapped it, our hands curled for a second and then she slid away. She got a drink in the kitchen and sat down at the table with me.

After a few sips and a few gazes toward a blooming dawn, a reflection on the table grew her reflection on blossoms.

“I've been on top all week, tonight I want to be on the bottom,” she said. I looked at her, then back at the city. “My apartment.”

She thought about what I said for a moment until she replied with “My room.” “Technically, my room,” I corrected her. “...My bed.”

I look at her again but don't answer immediately. She said nothing as well, but eventually I replied and told her that I was just messing with her.

I slightly raised up while picking up my chair and moved it closer to her. I placed my hand on the back of her neck and massaged it, “Without you, it's just an apartment.” She looked at me and then rolled her eyes as she looked away. I continue massaging her neck, “When you're not in San Rashida, it's just another city.” She looked at me again but this time didn't roll her eyes, but still looked away again.

“And when you're not with me in a dream, it's just another dream.” When she looked at me again, in a hardened way she leered at me as if she was still unimpressed, but she suddenly leaned forward and kissed me on the lips and moved back into her original position. Whenever I say something romantic to her, if she rolls her eyes I already know it worked. Her eyes roll, but her heart flutters.

I got up from off the chair and went into the kitchen to wash out the cup and before I could turn on the faucet she suddenly began speaking with energy.

“You know, ever since I put up these curtains and my bed curtains and bought a Proc III and ordered all those decorative flowers that are coming tomorrow I've felt a surge in inspiration” she laughed, “I always say 'your home is your home' and I'm really starting to feel that way again! I have today off and I'm going to write and paint and sing and then tonight we're going to grow our garden and make black dahlias under the white moonlight.”

I'd heard her use euphemisms for sex in many ways but never like that and never in reference to a garden.

She continued with the same energy, “I want you to pick me up while standing so my legs are off the ground and when I spread them you'll hold my legs up so that the back of my knees or lower thighs are resting on the front of your elbows or upper forearms and I hug you and wrap my arms around your neck.”

This was amazing. I had never in my life imagined that someone could talk so childlike and innocently about such an act of lechery.

“When you're holding me like that, when I orgasm I'll have the instinct to close my

legs but I won't be able to because of your strong arms and even if you feel me trying to close them don't stop because I want to feel the full-body orgasm in that position over and over again and feel like I have no power to stop them.”

I was looking at the back of her head in amazement but when she turned around to see me I made sure the look was gone.

“...How many flowers do we have in our garden now?” I asked. She looked up at the ceiling and then began counting using all of her fingers. “We have yellow roses and red roses and tulips and daffodils and orchids and lilies and zinnias and daisies! And we have hundreds of them.” “That's a lot of flowers.” “So many that I finally have you figured out,” she winked. “What does that mean?”

She was going to answer but left me with a nevermind. She finished what was in her cup and then got up and walked toward me to find the sink. After she washed her cup complete daylight had entered the apartment.

In the next ten minutes Lynne had brought a blank canvas and painting tools out into the living room and told Proc III to play songs of the classic rock variety for us. It found a playlist and Lynne found her inspiration for a painting through a photograph of a large cabin home in a wintry scene at night that seemed to be out in the middle of nowhere. There was snow all around the cabin and in the sky an aurora borealis. She set up the photograph right next to the canvas so she could study it as she painted.

I sat down with my laptop computer on the living room couch and was going through a series of essays on death investigations I had saved yesterday. I was reading them because recently I had had the dream about the serial killer who was nicknamed “The Anthologist.”

I remember many years ago, before I uncovered who he really was, him leaving me a message as part of his game, telling me that people bargain too much. “People put bargains on every thing, they will even put bargains on being evil. They say, 'I will be this way for this amount of time, and then once I am done I will finally be good.' We know this to be true because people also say 'I will work this hard for this long, and then I will retire and enjoy the rest of my life.' And then when they retire they find that the bargain did not keep its end of the deal... You see, I don't bargain. I know what I am and I don't make deals. All of my victims were compromisers, and if they hadn't been compromisers their lives wouldn't have been compromised.”

I could hear my phone receive a message in Lynnette's room. I got up and went towards Lynne to see how far along she was in her painting. I noticed that she hadn't actually started painting yet and was making guidelines with a pencil for the actual painting.

“What are those?” I pointed for two objects on the second floor of the cabin. “That's

going to be you, and that's going to be me," she answered. "And what's that?" I pointed for an object on the first floor of the cabin. "One of my unmentionables... Do you want to know why?" "Why?" "Because sex is literally the only way I've been able to figure you out. You don't have a whole lot of ways of expressing yourself. If not for that I'd still be waking you up in the middle of the night telling you that I just don't understand you."

"Which unmentionable is it going to be?" "Haven't gotten that far yet." "Color?" "Haven't gotten that far yet." "Well I like the symbolization and I'm glad that I can say every day I am blessed and graced with the presence of an artist. A poet, a painter, and from what I've heard, though she was Godawful at it at first, a damn fine singer."

Her cheeks turned warm from blush and she began smiling. "It's amazing that you still blush from my compliments after all these years," I told her. "For a long time they were hard to come by," she replied still flushed. "Oh yeah, you feel validated don't you, when daddy compliments you." She looked deeply into her painting and nodded her head up and down. "...Without you, they're just brushstrokes." "Would you stop!?" she laughed. "...Without your mouth, they're just words." She couldn't stop laughing. "If you weren't so beautiful, they would just be laughs," I poked her stomach as she giggled.

A wave of emotion washed over me the same color of her ocean blue brushtip. I put one arm around her and then my other arm around her and picked her up. She instinctively wrapped her legs around my body and then her arms around my neck. Only a moment after this, my phone received another message. I propped her up just a little to gain a more firm grip of her body and I walked with her clung to my body into her room and then toward her make-up desk where my phone was. Flipping a switch on the way there, I saw that I flipped the wrong one which turned on the ceiling fan. As the ceiling fan spun it made sounds as if it could disassemble at any moment so I turned it off and then turned on the light.

When I got to the make-up desk, I opened Pigeoner and saw two messages; one saying the application was being updated and another saying the application had been successfully updated. The moment I put the phone back down, we could hear Lynne's phone receive a message in the kitchen.

I carried her all the way across the apartment to the kitchen and placed her bum on the counter where she retrieved her phone to find that Pigeoner was in the process of being updated. As she put the phone in her pocket I asked her if the orgasm thing was true. "Yes, you're the only one. I would never lie about something like that," she said to me.

"I've already told you that I've never loved another woman, but if you want to know the honest truth, I've never even ever said it to another woman. Not even a girl when I was younger. Never even told another person period that I thought they were beautiful," I

said to her.

“I’m obsessed with you.” “I’m obsessed with you, too.” “...If we do it now we’re going to be asleep all day and this is like my first day off in a while.” I looked at her and after a while she used her paintbrush to paint the tip of my nose an ocean blue.

As I picked her back up and began carrying her back to her canvas, I told her that I was glad our garden was filled with pretty colorful flowers and not dead black flowers. “Why would they be filled with black dead flowers?,” she asked confused. “I thought you had me figured out, Lashes...”

When we get back to the canvas I let her down and then enter my room to check the ceiling fans. They didn’t make the same sounds that hers made.

With a screwdriver in hand I went with a chair back into her room and used it to disassemble her ceiling fan. At the same time, a song that I like particularly came up. “Proc, volume up,” I said aloud.

I tightened all of the blades and then began the process of putting them back into position. Lynne, at one point, got up and entered the room to see what I was doing. “What’re you looking at?,” I asked her. “Without you, it’s just a useless screwdriver,” she answered, “and it’s good to know you didn’t save me to not keep me safe.”

This wasn’t really about her safety. I have an extreme phobia about spinning blades above me. I just imagine them unhinging and hitting me in the face when I least expect it. I’ve never been in a helicopter, but I know I will never walk under one while the blades are spinning. It’s just terrifying to me and I don’t know how other people can do it.

“I’m just making sure every thing in your room meets the standards for a princess.”

When I finished fixing her ceiling fan my phone made another sound and I went to it to check it. I exited her room and told her that I needed to go out because Jose had messaged me about needing help moving some marble counter-tops. I told her that I would be two or three hours and then left, slapping her hand with mine, curling them, and then sliding them off and saluting her. I checked the weather on my phone as I went down in the elevator and saw that it was thirty degrees.

When I got outside I started walking the direction of the mall and my mind went on a tangent of my inner and outer worlds.

There is nothing that becomes a part of this universe that chose anything about itself before its inception. Not humans, not animals, not atoms. I think it’s safe to say that you didn’t choose anything about your biology before you were born. I know some people believe that you did, but for this matter let’s pretend that that isn’t true. The question that I beg to ask is if the universe itself, assuming it started and was born, if it chose anything about itself itself. I know we just agreed that those people who believe in pre-cognitive decision are mistaken, but if they weren’t, that might mean that the universe itself may

have chosen qualities about itself before it came into existence. That may also mean that the universe, which I believe is conscious, would have a consciousness outside of itself.

That idea termed quantum entanglement, it would be one way of explaining how a human's source consciousness is actually somewhere outside the universe and not in their brain. The source consciousness and the human brain can interact with each other simultaneously over a large distance making it appear the actions and thoughts of the human are coming from the brain but are actually being directed by a source consciousness outside the realm of the universe. And the same would be true of the universe itself; everything that happens in it would be a product of the universe's source consciousness that is actually being directed outside the universe itself.

We as human beings consciously make the mistake of thinking everything that controls us, that controls our bodies, comes from within us. But you don't need me to tell you that another person's consciousness can control your own. That another person's pressure can make you do things you don't want to do. So with that, I don't think there is any reason to deny that the universe itself can be controlled by something outside of itself.

What happens after the body dies? Does the mind live on? Are the body and mind one entity or are they separate?

When someone dies, say of old age, their body will remain in this physical world. And there is that ancient idea that we are all one massive collection of atoms and are not actually separate from each other. This would mean we are all of the same physicality but also of the same connected consciousness.

So when a person dies, often their body remains unless they died in a way that was so unusual they are scattered away in pieces, in which case they would still be here technically, just in many places. But if we take the notion of dying from old age, a person remains in this physical plane even after death. They don't all of a sudden disappear like a great magic trick, so I'm inclined to believe that a person's consciousness doesn't disappear either. If we are all connected physically, when one person dies they are still here because many other humans are still here. And if we use this method of reasoning we might also suggest that when one person dies, because all is one, their consciousness remains because the whole of humanity's consciousness remains. Just as a form of their body remains, so too then must their consciousness, right?

And the body eventually withers away. With this I would think in some way the mind also eventually withers away until it is nothing but skeleton. But what is skeletal consciousness? The human skeleton is the frame that holds everything together, and so perhaps there is a mind skeleton; a frame that keeps the mind together. But what is the mind skeleton? Or the consciousness skeleton? Think about this; when you dream you

almost take on a new consciousness of that dream reality. Already you know most of the people in your dreams, you know the location and you know yourself. But what if instead of taking on a new consciousness in each new dream reality, you take your awake consciousness, the mind you fell asleep with, to the new dream reality? Can you imagine how confounding that would be? Every thing would be wrong. Or I guess it depends on how far away from your awake reality you dream from. Imagine you dream of totally new people, new places and a new identity. Nothing would make sense and you would be completely aware of how little sense it makes because it's not anything like your actual reality. And so from this, I would gather that the mind skeleton has very little to do with the inner world, but everything to do with the outer world. It is what's on the outside of your actual reality that keeps the frame of your consciousness intact. There, definitions are created and constructed. You know where your home is in relation to all other homes. You know who the people are in relation to all other people. Knowing and understanding your external world is one of the most basic requirements for your consciousness to function properly, and I would assume that is actually the consciousness skeleton.

I got to the mall and then to the jewelry store. I saw the clerk who knew I was coming and she took out the set of charms I was intent on buying.

Lynne and Sara, who are still collecting charms like crackheads, have been looking for this specific charm I'm about to buy for months. There is a Greek Mythology Collection and in the collection there are a pair of sets that go together; Petoria, the Goddess of Fantasy, which is designed as three tiny purple gemstones encased on a silver triangle, and Panama, a set they already own, who is the daughter of Petoria and the Goddette of Fantasy, which is designed as three tiny purple gemstones encased on a silver circle.

They read one of the fantasy novels that concerned them about a year ago and enjoyed it. Due to a pending lawsuit, neither of the charms were currently in production, so this made it a rare collectible and finding one online meant spending way more than a hundred dollars. I'm not sure how this seller received some in stock but when I asked about it a while back they said they would notify me if any were ever shipped.

When I left the mall I went for the subway and by the time I got on the train it had been an hour since I left home. A sound from my phone told me that Lynne had sent me a message, but when I looked at my phone I saw that it was actually a picture. In the bathroom she took a photograph of her back and her behind in a blue backless dress which showed her tush shapely in the mirror.

“Without you, it's just a dress...,” I replied.

Five stops later at Fulcrum she sent another. A picture in the same position but zoomed out enough that I could see her face, and the fact that she had applied mascara,

and also see that the topside of her dress had been lowered toward her waist so I could see the side of her breast.

“Without you, they're just lashes...,” I replied.

I got off the train and saw that she had sent another. A picture in the same position but this time the camera lowered so that I could only see her buttocks and her legs. The blue dress ended at the middle of her thighs and her legs followed until I saw one blue prosthetic foot and two dark blue heels.

“Without you, it's just a prosthetic foot...,” I replied.

“And they're just heels,” I added in quickly after.

“Deija,” I said aloud after I rolled up the unit door. When I got into my storage unit, I placed the charm set inside and hoped that between now and autumn they didn't find it online and buy it.

When I left, she sent me a final picture. A picture in the same position as the second but this time the dress was completely removed and I could see her bare buttocks. The angle at which she took it was slightly different but different enough that it made the pale-blue diamond charm she had had on more pronounced.

“Without you, it's just a diamond...,” I replied.

I got to my apartment building and took the elevator up to the twenty-second floor. I walked past Sara and David's apartment and then to mine where I found Lynne painting and back in the clothes she had on when I left.

On the kitchen counter I saw that she had prepared for me a sandwich. I went to it and began eating it, and with a mouth-full of food I said “Without you it's just a kitchen.” I saw her laughing as she made brushstrokes.

I went back into the living room hearing a song I had never heard before and observed her almost-finished painting. “I wanted to remind my man of what he was coming home to after working so hard moving heavy marble counter-tops,” she told me. “A picture of the sandwich would have been suffice,” I said. She took her brush and brushed it across my cheek.

Her painting was almost identical to the source image save a few liberties she had taken with it, like the both of us being in it and her lingerie on the first floor of the cabin. I know it was a fantasy to her, one of her strong fantasies, living just with me in a two-floor cabin house in the middle of nowhere surrounded by snow and the night under an aurorian sky. When she first started painting it, it could have been anything, but the more brushstrokes she added to it the more defined it became in form until it was almost exactly like the photograph.

In the evening I was done with reading my many essays on death investigations and Lynne had decided to take a break from painting. I walked up to the painting while she

was in her room and inspected it, and when she came back out I told her that the lights in the sky kind of looked like the colorful glowing candles she bought a few days ago.

She stared at me, first puzzled and then with an idea in her mind as she walked back into her room and then back out with the candles.

First it was the candles, and then it was the standing lamp, and then it was a blanket from off the couch, and then it was four chairs, and then it was the cushions from the couches, and it didn't take me much longer to realize that she was building a make-believe cabin.

Darkness had fallen completely by the time she had it built the way she wanted it. She lit the candles and put it on the top of the make-believe cabin, then turned off all of the lights in the living room.

She went under and into it first and I followed behind her. It was spacious enough for two fully grown adults, but then again she is tiny.

We sat there for a minute and it was kind of cool, the lights above were like dizzying spells from other worlds, but then I had one more idea. I yelled out to Proc to play the sounds of a snowstorm and she got excited at the prospect. So excited was she that she exited the cabin and returned in a lace blue babydoll nightgown. The fantasy always starts as a little girl playing with a dollhouse.

With the sound of the snowstorm and the glowing lights above us we sat in silence. And then I said aloud something I had thought all along. "Around the first time I met you, I had a nightmare about you." She became more attentive.

"I was having sex with a prostitute and afterwards when she was getting ready to leave I told her that I would pay her double what I owed her if she just stayed to keep me company." I looked for a change in her disposition but could not detect any.

"She stayed and eventually fell asleep. I was still awake and standing over her, looking over every part of her naked body. And then I found myself injecting her with a fluid that would kill her, and after her death, I reached underneath the bed and found a hatchet that I used to sever her left foot." Her disposition changed.

"I realized that I was trying to recreate you, and three or four years later after knowing you for a while I had a similar dream. The prostitute was now laying lifeless on the bed and I was fixing a prosthetic in place of her severed foot. And right after, because it was the first color I ever saw you in, I manipulated her body into a yellow dress."

There was an aroma now in the cabin, so faint but recognizable because it was her smell that I have known for years, and a pause in the story allowed us to hear the quiet snowstorm.

"I gave the prostitute two names because she had a split personality disorder. One of the names, the light name, was Daisy, and" "and the dark name was Dahlia," she

interrupted me.

I nodded, “The first dream was like a metadream. I dreamed that nightmare because earlier in real-life you fell asleep in my apartment and I carried you to your bed because you wouldn't wake up. And after laying you to rest, I stood over you and slid my hand across your prosthetic foot and watched you dream... I'll be gentle if you want me to be gentle, I'll be rough if you want me to be rough. And if you'd like to be murdered afterwards, we can arrange for that as well.”

She suddenly lunged at me under the make-believe dark aurorian sky. Bear-hugging me, she clung to my body and vigorously rubbed her face against my neck. I propped myself up and this effectively removed a part of the blanket of the cabin. With her hanging on to me and her legs wrapped around me, I stepped over a chair and over a cushion and took us into her room.

Still standing, I took her the way she wanted me to, the way she spoke of this morning where she would be incapable of closing her legs or escaping from me in any way, her tight vagina now utterly stretched and taking fully the form of my fully erect penis. And after that had run its course, I carried her to her bed where I moved aside the curtain and, in the same exact position of my upper forearms being pressed against the back of her knees, I set her down on it and then got on the bed myself, laying on top of her and her legs raised into the air as I pinned her down.

I was so firm and forceful with my arms that I made it so she could not move her legs at all as I deeply penetrated her. In her helplessness I could feel her scratching my back with new fingernails every time I went into her. And every time she tried to kick her legs, every orgasm she had, her body produced a vaginal fluid that washed and rushed past my penis and from intense pressure spurted out barely through a forced tiny opening, landing back on her body and dripping into her anus, and her repeated climaxes made her attempts at kicking weaker and weaker until altogether she appeared lifeless.

When I finally let up her legs retracted, and when I removed my penis from her there was my white pool that she once long ago told me that she liked having inside of her. I watched it then as her completely stretched vagina slowly closed and the pool was no longer visible.

This is where the illustrative dream ended, and when I woke up, I saw that I was lying in Lynne's bed in a quiet darkness.

A DARKER SHADE OF GREEN

3:3:10:94

A car horn sounded as the traffic light turned green. The car ahead of it suddenly accelerated and all of the other cars followed. On the block the traffic light belonged to in San Rashida could be found two men arguing into the night about baseball and money. Just a few paces behind them was the San Rashida Rose, a fine-dining restaurant that had just opened this night. A black car pulled up in front of it and out of it walked a woman in a maroon dress and a man in a black suit. They entered the establishment to dine finely just as it began to rain.

“I think it's starting to rain,” Lynne said as the television show we were watching was rolling its credits. Soon after the credits were accompanied with some foot tracking product for old people. I could feel her massage my neck as I laid on top of her, the side of my face on her chest, on the couch in the living room under a thin blanket.

Soon the rain fell heavier and its presence obvious. I got up from off of her chest and through the closed curtains could tell that it was completely dark out.

I sat up but she remained laid. We were silent for some time until for some reason or another she thought it would be funny to rub her cold prosthetic foot on my cheek. I removed her foot from my face and set it back down on the couch, but almost immediately after she raised it back up and began rubbing it on the side of my face again.

This time I grabbed it forcefully and threw it back down onto the couch and she laughed. I looked at her seriously intimating that what she was doing was annoying and irritating.

“Do you secretly think I'm stupid for having kids?,” she asked. “I think you're stupid regardless,” I answered sharply and quickly. She laughed again. “Why don't you have kids?” “Because I'm not a people person and the last time I checked kids are people.” “Yeah but you love our kids and while I'm not sure they are actually human they're pretty close.” I looked at her but I didn't really feel like talking to her about this anymore.

I got up and left her lying there only to step on one of her colorful glowing candles. I asked her when she was going to clean up the mess that was her make-believe cabin but she ignored me. “Young lady, don't make me have to straighten you out,” I threatened her. She got up soon after and finally started cleaning up the mess in the living room.

A lightning strike soon flashed dimly outside the curtains and thunder followed soon as well. I went into my room, but when I came back out five minutes later only half of the living room was cleaned when I saw her on her cellular phone.

“Mrs. Julien!” I shouted across the apartment, and she scampered toward the mess to finally clean the rest of it.

I went into the kitchen and took the trash bag out of the apartment and walked toward the garbage shoot. Throwing away the garbage, I looked to my left to find heavy rain slamming against the window. The city outside, dark and filled with lights, was blurry like one of Lynne's rainy city paintings.

In my final year at college there was a night much like this one with the rain and the blurry windows. In my apartment then, I sat studying for an exam when a sudden wave of apathy hit me. Pointlessness, meaninglessness, purposelessness, it all just hit me hard and that year was not far removed from the years prior when I had a fixation on death.

I wish I could sit here and tell you what changed in me, but every time I go back to that night in my mind there's nothing that I can say that was the definite catalyst. As far as I'm concerned, there are probably tiny bits of genetic information in our DNA that activates a region of the brain we don't even know exists and it connects us to something archaic. Or maybe no form of intelligent and conscious life is supposed to live so long. I don't know.

But that night there was a great shift in me, and I'm sure now was a turning point in my life that before I didn't realize was so crucial to who I am today.

When I was five or six, I was walking home with my mother and carrying grocery bags because we didn't own a car. I'm sure there were other families that also didn't own a car, but I never saw any of the kids I knew walking home with grocery bags in their hands. I felt something because of that, but it was something my six year old brain couldn't understand. Every time I go back to that time I understand that what I felt was shame. I didn't know a damn thing about poverty or wealth or classes, I just knew I didn't like the way I felt.

That feeling, even when my family got into a better financial situation, it persisted into adulthood and it was one of the reasons why I don't have a wife or children. In my teenage mind, there was no way I could take care of a girl, and in my twenty's mind, there was no way I could take care of a woman and a child. So I didn't bother with the idea seriously.

After that rainy night, the shift that occurred in me was my doing of a complete one-eighty and I learned to embrace everything that made me wrong for this world. The main example I can give you is that by the time I met you, I didn't own a car and I walked home with grocery bags in my hands often. I didn't feel shame anymore and in some way I felt pride. If my feeling of pride doesn't make sense to you, I will paint it in a way you will definitely understand.

This shift primed me for my obsession with Lynne, who could never meet society's standards for beauty. I feel no shame in being with a woman who has no status and I feel no shame that I can't give her one.

Sometimes I think about what my life would have been like if not for that night. I had an education, I was a hard worker, maybe even ambitious, and I knew I had a job waiting for me in business should I have wanted it. I wasn't that funny but I was funny enough, some woman would have taken a chance on me. She would have had my kids who we probably would have pressured to be like mom and dad. We'd be living in a house, probably more than one car. This and much more if I had decided to become what society wanted me to become, but in deciding against that, this is the life I have now.

Thunder struck as I walked back into the apartment. In the time I was gone Lynne must have told Proc to play night-jazz music because that's exactly what it was playing throughout the living room when I walked in.

She came out of her room and brushed past me with a large garbage bag and told me she was going down to do some quick laundry.

Walking further into the house I stopped and stared at her winter cabin painting. She had placed it on the wall that separated my room from hers and named it "Never Without You".

Lashes: I need to go to Publiks

Julien: I'm coming down

I found the umbrella in a closet and went down to the lobby floor where I found Lynne in the laundry room. "What do you need?," I asked. "Sara just told me we have no milk and she won't be able to make dinner without it."

We left the laundry room and went down one flight of stairs and into the garage which led us out into the rainy city. I held the umbrella over Lynne as I walked with her to the store. After she entered I waited outside knowing she wouldn't be long. When I saw her exiting it I brought the umbrella over her and we soon were on our way back home.

As we walked through the dark and rainy city she wrapped her arm around my body as we waited to cross the street. We both noticed in the distance that the establishment that was being made was finally done and was finally open and called San Rashida Rose. In talking about it, she asked me if I would like to go some time. "Sure," I joked, and I know she got the joke.

Lynne dropped the gallon of milk off at the kids' place and then came back to our apartment. About an hour later I came back out of my room and I found her spraying some of the real flowers she had placed around the apartment to the tune of the current nightly jazz songs. She ordered some flowers a time ago, some real and some fake, and they were all over the place now. On the ledge of the large window sill, in the kitchen, on

the table, near the television and along walls that had furniture. It wasn't that far from being an in-house garden.

And once she was done with those, she vanished into her room because she also had some in there.

I went over to the next door and found dinner on the stove. I took a plate and left quickly and entered back into my room so I could piece together a dream to the tune of jazz.

Again, time passes by and I fall asleep, and when I wake up, again I find I am still in 1947. The Sun must have set and risen again, and when I looked out towards the farm once more, I saw that the farm was now empty, and the goat and the horse was again fifty yards away. This is when I got up and began to walk towards them. When I got close enough, I began to notice something strange. With each step, they adopted the form of a humanoid.

First it was feet, then legs, then a body and finally arms and a head, but being a dream, this somehow all felt normal to me. When I reached them, they were in full human form and dressed in sharp suits.

“Did you notice anything strange?” one of the men asks me. “Something unidentifiable?” the other man cuts in. I tell them that I hadn't seen anything strange. “We received reports about something out here; and came to make sure it was safe for the nearby residents,” they both assure. Yeah, and when your hand is on your heart, you're nearly a good laugh, almost a joker.

They ask me to follow them into a car, and after sitting I begin to grow tired, falling asleep once again, but this time when I woke up, I was no longer in 1947.

After I found this segment, I compared it to the dream I had last night.

I wake up and I'm in a moving vehicle. The driver and the passenger are both wearing suits and sunglasses and the windows are all tinted.

“Where are we going?” I asked the gentlemen. “Top secret,” the driver replied. Then the passenger and the driver looked at each other, and then back at me, and then back at each other again. Then the passenger began to speak to me.

“We've made a big discovery,” he tells me, “we believe something extraterrestrial visited our planet and left behind thirty books. The language in all of these books is something we've never seen before” “Incorrect,” the driver interrupted, “they're like hieroglyphics,” he said looking back at me.

The passenger then looked at me, “Yes, like hieroglyphics, but the symbols turn into different colors when you touch them.” “That's why we assume it's extraterrestrial, maybe something from the BCNOFNe-45 galaxy” the driver chimed in. “We've been using artificial intelligence to decrypt the language, but the machine has only uncovered

so much.”

The passenger then began looking into his glove compartment and took out half a page of paper, and then handed it to me. “This is some of what the machine has translated,” he said.

At the top of the piece of paper I saw an equal sign, an “O,” a line graph and a polygon within a polygon. Then I read what was left in English:

With a high degree of certainty we expect the green square(s) to exist. We have theorized that the green square(s) [it is not an actual green square, rather it is a metaphor for iteration] is a representation for the amount of times the universe has looped from beginning to end. We believe in each iteration of the universe, it adds a green square to its total number of iterations started. When our universe begins, a green square is added, and when it ends and begins again, an additional green square is added. I have thought for many years on how one might observe the green square in the universe, thinking surely it must exist somewhere in this vast universe for its spectator to see how many times the universe has looped over, but instead of finding it I have come to a startling and unsatisfying conclusion. It would be a contradiction for a spectator to be able to observe this number, for in finding and observing it, the very universe itself would become changed and would not follow in the strict mode of looping perfectly over and over again. I understand now that should I have ever found it, my reaction to the iteration number I saw would alter the course of the universe, even to an infinitesimal degree. For if I saw that we were on 1, I would react differently than if I saw we were on 1,000,000,000, and I see now that this very act of observation would alter the universe. I have also come to reason that this number that cannot be observed is also the one variable in the universe that also does not alter the universe itself. It remains hidden, from spectators and the universe itself, like God in dreams cannot be seen with life's eyes.

I handed back the piece of paper to the passenger and he asked me what I thought. I told him that I would like to see more of the extraterrestrial texts, and with sarcasm he asked me where I thought we were going. I asked him more on the origins of the texts, and later on I learned that the name of the texts were called the Dahij Miyamahs when translated.

Closing my laptop lid, I heard thunder crash. It was the closest one I had heard all night and I could hear the rain fall more heavily. I leaned back in my chair, thought about the green square, and then yelled out Lynne's name through the wall. She responded and I told her to come here for a moment.

After opening the door and allowing the faint jazz to be fully heard she walked over

to me. "I gotta bounce an idea off of you," I told her. "Okay." Rolling thunder crashed and faded away as her foot curled upon the carpet floor.

"Let's say our universe operates on that loop function I told you about, and each time a new loop begins, somewhere in the universe something increases by one. But you have to hide that thing so that nothing in the universe itself can observe it otherwise it will crash the universe, where would you hide it?"

She thought about it and concluded that for starters, she would not hide it in matter or anything physical. Then she thought some more, and then told me that she would hide it in time. At first I was perplexed, but then unamused. "How would you even do that though?" "I don't know, you said I could hide it anywhere." "You know what, nevermind, you're dismissed." She laughed and began walking away, shouting to me "Don't forget, three A.M., fireplace, you promised." I looked at the computer clock and saw that it was two A.M.

After she left, it dawned on me that the green square didn't necessarily have to be hidden in matter and could actually be hidden in something abstract like time. Or maybe if it is hidden in the physical and not the abstract, it could be as simple and clever as something like position, rotation or scale. What if each time a new iteration begins, the universe itself moves one millimeter in a certain direction, or it rotates one millimeter in a certain direction, or it grows in scale in one millimeter. With this, you can keep everything within the universe operating on a loop because nothing inside it will actually change, but the parameters of position, rotation or scale may change which will not be detected by any spectators. And to keep the loop on eternal, each time any parameter changes in one millimeter, we find an equation that will calculate it so that each change goes backward just enough that it doesn't go back to an earlier measurement, but forward enough so that it will never reach end. We might have to use the iteration variable in this.

This would even be observable by a spectator because each time you look at, say, a single green sphere, and you are given the information that you are directly observing the number of iterations the universe has looped through, you wouldn't know that it moved positions or that it rotated or that it increased or decreased in size, so you would not alter the course of the universe. It is possible that anything you look at it, down to the atom, has been moved in position, rotated, or changed in scale, and you are literally looking at the number of iterations without even realizing it. Just think about it, what if the relative size of the atom in our universe tells us how many iterations it has gone through? Or even the relative rotation or relative position. Of course, just by knowing these attributes, we wouldn't know the exact iteration number.

By the time I was done writing it was five minutes until three A.M. and I left the room. There was no jazz so either the playlist ended or Lynne told it to stop. Knocking on

her door she told me to enter, and I saw her sitting at her make-up desk rearranging her charms on the charm board. "I'm out here," I closed the door. In the ten seconds that I waited for her I noticed that while I heard very heavy rain hitting the window I did not hear any thunder or see any lightning. She came out with the digital fireplace screen and gave it to me, and then we entered into the bathroom where I spent some time setting it up while she ran a bath. When it was set-up one could hear the strong crackling and popping sounds of digital wood burning.

At once I turned around and saw Lynne sitting naked on the edge of the tub as a steamy water flowed into the tub. Already she had been watching me as I set up the fireplace, but when I turned around and saw her eyes staring into mine, for a few seconds I felt a strange sensation. I felt as if something not exactly sinister but cold had been watching me all the time, and when I turned around to look at it there was nothing but emptiness in its expression.

But I have come to know that when someone looks at you with that seeming emptiness, it is because on the contrary there is something full in their mind. A mind filled with thoughts of the past, thoughts of the future. A mind filled with curiosity of the things in which they do not know and of the things they do. And when I looked at Lynne, for that split second I saw myself, I saw a reflection of the way I used to look at her. The way someone who might stalk another might look at them in silence and secrecy. A tempting fascination with their subject glints their eyes. Her body bare, touch of her hair, her eyes do dare.

In the tub she rested on top of me and for much of the time with the same silence as the sounds of the rain faded, though thunder remained, and sounds of the wood burning took priority.

The sight of her wet hair and the sound of burning wood created smoke in my mind. I put my arms around her torso as an imaginary steam took over the bathtub. I squeezed and pressed her more tightly against my body until her bottom was flat and firm against my waist and she started laughing. She leaned her head back onto my chest and used her right hand to rub the back of my neck.

"Why you so lovey dovey with me and no one else?," she asked playfully. "I don't know," I played along. "Is it because you love me and only me and no one else?," she asked still playing. "Like rain loves their clouds," I kept playing. "And that's because you can't ever ever ever live without me, ever, right?" "Like thunder can't live without lightning." "And I'm special, right?" "As special as special cherry pie. You stole my heart."

I have it in my mind that women don't actually care about having certain rights as long as they have certain core needs. I don't think Lynne actually cares about having the

right to vote or the right to own a bank account as long as her family is safe and she's in love. If that's true, I wonder how many feminists would be disappointed in her.

Our relationship is basically tar. It's toxic without being toxic. She plays games of not wanting to be the main thing, but the only thing. And I, being perfectly aware of it, fool myself into believing that there is no one else in the world like her. This is mostly fine as long as no one lights a match next to the tar, in which case it will undoubtedly go up in flames. But such is the case in every case of true love; a creature so crepid cannot have warmth without its flame.

“Did you know that there is a thirty-first floor?” I asked her. “Really?” “Yeah, there's not really anything up there, no residents, just a bunch of utility rooms I think. But it has a view I know you would like.” “After this?” “Okay.”

Our fire burned for another half-hour until Lynne got up off of me and exited the tub. I watched the water slide off of her luminescent body and right back onto me. If I was just a tad bit more obsessed with her I might have put that water in a cup to drink it later, but really that just sounds nasty. Plus my minerals would be in it too, and I'm not obsessed with myself.

We grabbed the towels and began drying our bodies dry. When we were done I cracked the towel at her bottom and the snap set her left buttcheek ablaze. She tried to retaliate but I just ran into my room and locked the door behind me.

At around four A.M. we left our apartment and walked toward the stairs. When we got to the thirty-first floor, Lynne first saw the view before anything else and looked out into the darkened city. I could already see in her eyes that this was something she was going to eventually paint, and it wouldn't just be a picture of the view, I know that she will lug her canvas and painting tools up here every night for three nights to have the authentic view.

When she was done with the view she went through all of the doors but I had already told her they were all locked and were most likely just utility rooms. The final door, at the end of the hallway, which was also the only one I didn't actually check because by then I felt it would just be locked, was actually not locked, though had a lock on it which prevented it from being fully opened. Peeking inside, we could see that it led to a staircase and we both agreed it must have gone to the roof.

Lynne played with the numbers on the lock for a few seconds to no avail until I saw her stare at the lock for an extended period of time. I started talking but she cut me off, telling me to wait in an excited manner, then told me to stay there as she left.

She came back a few minutes later with a photograph in her hand. Looking back and forth at the photo and the lock she input a collection of numbers until finally when she tried to unlock it, it unlocked.

I took the picture out of her hand and looked at it for an answer as to how she was able to unlock it. “Remember when David was taking pictures in the courtyard, like two years ago?” she asked me, “I was looking for a picture for my next painting and was going through his camera-roll when I decided on the statue of the king and the queen, but I also saw the picture of the plate he took and the number on it. I remember I got a little bit creeped out when I saw that the number on the plate ended in 06-66. And looking at the number format for this lock, I remembered it was exactly as the one in the picture.”

I looked at the picture of the plate more closely and saw the numbers 94-03-10-03-06-66. She then got up and removed the lock, then opened the metal door. I was quite impressed and she could tell from my looking at her that I was. “Boobs and brains,” I said smiling. “Aww, thanks,” she said at first smiling, then confusion grew on her face, “Wait, what?” “What?,” I asked, “Beauty and brains, it's what you say when a woman possesses both beauty and brains because it's usually one or the other. It's a compliment,” I reassured her. “Oh,” she laughed, and then walked through the door. That was a close one.

As I walked through myself, I could hear the rainfall get heavier on the windows we had left behind. It seemed like the storm was dying but I guess it was not.

At the top of the stairs we could see another door, and hoping that it wasn't locked, Lynne grabbed the handle and turned. Upon opening the door a gust of wind and rain blew into us, but nevertheless we wandered out onto the roof.

It was a large roof and there were barriers well before the edges of the building, of course for good reason, and many tall metal structures, but none of this obstructed our view of city at night. “This is awesome, we have to come back here tomorrow and see what it looks like at day,” Lynne suggested. I looked at her and could see that she couldn't really see as clearly as she wanted, and neither could eye, with the rain beating against our eyes.

I started to ask her a question about painting it but a sudden lightning strike and roaring thunder overtook my voice. We both decided that it probably wasn't safe up here during a thunderstorm, so we went back inside and agreed to come back tomorrow afternoon.

Soaking wet we walked down the stairs and saw that on a table before the door there was a key in the corner. “It might be for one of the doors,” she said, and in trying the key on some of the doors, it opened the third one that she tried.

It was kind of like a walk-in closet but it was so dirty it was obvious no one had been in here for years. Looking through some of it, we saw that most of it belonged to the Flanagan family, and we went through some photos of them.

Mark and Marc compete against each other on the estate's golf course. (1994)

King Matthew and Queen Heather ride in Silver State Coach to Tornado Royal. (1922)
King Brian II and Queen Leah, along with their children, complete a family photoshoot. (1969)
King Brian and Queen Brigid's coronation, held on the 25th of May, on a beautiful spring day. (1931)
Prince Kenneth addresses the media about the Mega Church scandal regarding his son. (1942)
Princess Brittany addresses the kingdom on race relations, an event that helped popularize the television medium. (1953)
King Albert and Queen Meredith ride on a horse in parade after the Island War. (1871)
Fedora Flanagan outshoots all of the other men at the gun range during a targeting exhibition. (2008)
Princess Elaine watches as construction men continue developing the estate's new apartment building. (1976)

After looking at some of the pictures, we found a box of letters, a few delivered to one Antoinette from one Elijah.

To Antoinette:

My dearest Antoinette, I am saddened to learn of your banishment. The prince confessed to me that it was more Heather's idea than his, but he could not show hesitation publicly. I understand that the princess is an unforgiving woman, but I do also believe that Matthew is at times a prevaricator. In six months, I shall be visiting your new homeland for I have received a business opportunity, and I would very much like to see you. I still remember the first night I saw you in a dress that darker shade of green, and I am hoping that one day you will allow me to take your hand in marriage.

Your friend, Elijah

A small sticker with the year 1889 had been placed on the letter in the top left-hand corner, perhaps by a researcher or historian as it clearly wasn't from 1889. Looking through a box of old photographs, I found one that was taken of four people and had the same small sticker on the back, dated to the year 1886. I handed it to Lynne, telling her that the four subjects must have been Antoinette, Elijah, Heather and Matthew.

Just from looking at it, Lynne came up with a theory. Antoinette and Matthew were in love, but Matthew was married to Heather. Heather suspected that something more was going on between Antoinette and Matthew, so she had her exiled in some way. Elijah, friend to Antoinette, was in love with Antoinette, but his love was unrequited.

I thought that it was a fair assumption, but her theory proved to be correct when we found further letters detailing the romance between Matthew and Antoinette in 1885. Very intimate letters, sent from Matthew to Antoinette or Antoinette to Matthew, displaying their obvious affection for one another.

“Told you,” Lynne said smugly. “I never said you were wrong,” I defended myself. She looked at me with a crack of a smile in her expression and I could tell she was preparing to say something witty.

“Booty and brains,” she said aloud. “What?,” I asked. “I said booty and brains. It sounds almost exactly like 'beauty and brains.' So next time you want to compliment my appearance and my intellect, because, you know, women usually only have one or the other, try that one. It just might actually get past me.”

Prince Matthew, in a secret and unknown setting, gives Antoinette an emerald ring. (1887)

THE DARK ARTS

3:3:10:95

USUALLY my thoughts are grounded with logic, but I will admit that even I sometimes dive into the unthinkable, the unsound, the unscientific. Many years ago I made assumptions on the beforelife and focused on the idea that all of us, because we have all inherited this world, have something in common. Back then the common denominator was tied to morality and the notion that any one world is filled with peoples who are all bad or all good and that it was unlikely that any one world could have a mixture of good and bad people unless there was absolutely no judgment beforehand.

Taking a less religious approach and a more radical approach I suggest the abstract atom. I assume the existence of an abstract atom and its definition is a unit of information, such as a physical atom, that we have yet the devices to detect and investigate.

And so what really is an abstract atom, then? When we think of the concept of intelligence, we may first annotate it as abstract, but intelligence is not really an abstract concept. Two brains can be physically investigated and the brain with a more complex network, that is more neural connections, may be awarded the title of being more intelligent. This is a physical investigation into which brain meets more of a certain criteria. Take this in opposition to, say, the abstract notion of naming objects, which is a construct devised by human beings. We name people, we name ideas, we name objects, and there is no way to physically investigate the difference between one name and another. This idea of naming things is purely an abstract pursuit.

Returning to the idea that we all must have something in common has led me to the idea that our "souls," for lack of a better word, are made of abstract atoms and all of these atoms possess the same number of neutrons and are in the same atomic network version. Perhaps in the death of our beforelife, the abstract atoms in our abstract soul underwent a type of version decay which transformed its version number into the version number of our current atomic network. This would be the single common thread that unites us all. Not any sense of good or evil, but compatible communication at the subatomic level.

I have just returned to the apartment building after shopping at Publiks. In passing through the courtyard I saw that the newly arrived season of spring brought Lynne out to the courtyard to garden. Stepping over one of her gardening tools, I asked her what flowers they were going to be this year. "I'm assuming you can plant anything since the whole courtyard receives sunlight," I added as I stared at her new jeans.

She pointed all around the courtyard saying "Rose gardens." I looked around and imagined the rose gardens, and it was at this moment an orange light overtook the entire

courtyard.

Lynne and I both looked up in wonder, and then saw the Sun above had turned a shade of orange and was giving off orange light. It must have been true that every thing on Jupiter was now ginger. Everything on Venus must have been now paprika. And everything on Earth, as we could see it, had an orange light cast upon it. Even the skies above had turned an interesting shade of orange.

I left Lynne to her vices and took the elevator up so I could stock Sara and David's apartment with some of what I bought. I took off my backpack and opened the fridge to do so, and in finding something Sara had specifically asked me to buy, I shouted out her name violently as I closed the refrigerator door.

"Oh," I said directly after not realizing she was standing right behind the door. I handed her the item and she vanished back into her room.

I left and went next door to my apartment and went to go use the bathroom. This didn't even seem like my bathroom anymore. It was transformed by her. Flavored soaps, candles, flowers. I took a piss. I wonder what would happen if I urinated in the flower's soil.

When I exited the bathroom I saw that orange sunlight was decorating the patterned curtains. I went to the curtains, looked at the curved line patterns, and then opened them and the orange sunlight burst through and lit the entire living room.

Everything in my sight of the city was lit in orange sunlight; the buildings, the streets and the people. By the time I was done looking at the city the Sun's light had turned a shade of red and I closed the curtains and returned to my room.

From my desk I took out a drawing I was making of Lynne from one of the blue dress blue diamond photos sent me a time ago. I'm so bad at painting, I don't know how she does it. You have to do layers and a bunch of complicated and complex stuff, but in drawing with a pen it's so much easier.

The last aspect of the illustration I had to accomplish were the lashes. When I was done with it, I saw that I had drawn intensely cold and empty eyes. The same eyes I saw almost a week ago as she sat nude on the edge of the bathtub. I looked more deeply at the eyes and my mind began to wander.

This story ends, and it begins, when you walk through that door now. A troubled start, but we can't depart, my heart only cries for you now. Reflections dark, perfections spark, your beauty bound the right way. I peeled you off, saw your skin soft, as a petal now settled home to stay. Watched with desire, you brought me higher, to those lunar dreams we'll go. Touch of your hair, your eyes do dare, to see a dark that cannot grow. I know it's true, it was always you, the light that makes a shadow new. Reflections spark, perfections dark, Lady Death know I must have you. We fly above, swim here thereof, to

these oceans we have been through. In her dark skies, I do devise, a plan for tomorrow to see to. Walk through the door, forevermore, in my arms I will forever hold you. Two lightened hearts, those darkened arts, marry the light and dark true. Reflective depth, perfections kept, your body built by the divine. A dream design, for me all mine, came with a mind hard to define. Her perfections spark, reflections mark, me with the signs of prophecy. Her beauty sings, her passion stings, and paints with the hands of a prodigy.

The Sun's light had turned from red to a shade of purple when I entered back into the living room and then the kitchen to find something to drink. At this same time, Lynne entered the apartment back from gardening with a mess of garden tools in her hands. She went into her room, didn't close the door, and quickly came back out with nothing in her hands and walked into the bathroom. I couldn't help but watch her backside in her new jeans. Then I heard the door shut, and then the shower turn on, and she was in there for ten minutes until she walked back out in a towel.

She looked at me as she walked past me, smiled, and then went back into her room, closing the door behind her.

After ten minutes, the sunlight turned blue and bathed the curtains again. And ten minutes after that, Lynne left her room with a clean and fresh green shirt and painting tools and then left the apartment. Ever since that visit to the thirty-first floor she's been going up there to paint and to read those old letters.

Curious, I walked into her room. She left the door open. The first things I noticed that I hadn't seen before were a recently built desk chair and a row of new flower paintings on a table. I quickly noticed that these flowers were like the ones drawn in her flowerbook but she had converted them into full paintings. One of a flower with a woman's eye, one of a flower with a stem that resembled a double helix except there were three helices, one of a flower made of fire and finally one of a flower with tiny rocks orbiting around it.

At the conclusion of looking at these flower paintings the Sun casted a green light into the room. I went to her window and looked out into the city to see a green film over an evening sky. I didn't look too long just incase she came back, and I went back out into the living room.

In the living room my own desk chair was still unassembled and packed inside a box. I knew I would have to get to it eventually, and so I found some tools and began unboxing it.

By the time I began assembling it, it was becoming night outside and the curtains absorbed a yellowish light. I went to them and opened the curtains and watched as the yellow light flowed into the apartment. In going back to the chair to begin assembling it, I thought on the concept of permanent contamination.

We've spoken before about how a rare event may occur if certain data is inaccessible

by the universe, but what we did not talk about is the lasting effect of such an event.

The term “Black Swan” is a Latin expression which assumed that black swans did not exist, and it wasn't until 1697 that Dutch mariners saw black swans in Australia. The term then began to be used to describe an unforeseen and consequential event; “a black swan is an unpredictable event that is beyond what is normally expected of a situation and has potentially severe consequences. Black swan events are characterized by their extreme rarity, severe impact, and the widespread insistence they were obvious in hindsight.” Wiker's, page 2190.

Let's assume in their inception that swans were indeed originally white. Then, during a large amount of inaccessibility to certain pieces of data from the universe, a removal of data so to speak, the first black swan was born. And let's also assume that directly after the birth of the first black swan, the missing data was accessible again and returned to normal.

This is one way that a rare event in the universe can remain permanent and have lasting impact on the universe itself, as that black swans now will soon populate the Earth. After enough data is removed, a unique and unlikely outcome is created and will be permanently entrenched in the environment.

There would in fact be many black swans. There would be many sudden losses of data that have a quick and permanent, often drastic, impact on the world. One such possible black swan could be the formation of life in the universe. Imagine if in the early universe, in some atomic network somewhere far away from here, the universe went haywire and over fifty percent of its data was inaccessible, and because of this the universe hypothesized the concept of DNA. And after the first organism was produced, immediately that fifty percent was restored to reinstate a “normal” universe as it had been before. It would be absolutely insane to compare a universe with life and a universe without life, as they would be so different, but that is the magic of the black swan.

While Lynne is not on the same level of the universe or life in the universe, she is sort of a black swan herself. I wonder how much data in the universe had to be loss for us to meet, if any. I was convinced I would never love anything, but she has been a severe consequence in my life. I can't say that after the fact, or in hindsight, that I would have always met someone like her, or that it was obvious that I would, but I cannot imagine my life without her the same way I cannot imagine the universe without life.

When I was finished with the chair assembly, I rolled it into my room and placed it in front of the desk and sat down. I looked around with no window to look out of. The only reason I chose that room for Lynne is because I know she likes windows as much as I do and I also know that there is very little reason for her to ever be in here because I am in there every night.

As I thought on my windowless room I heard Lynne open the door to the apartment. Immediately she walked through my door and toward me, skipping once, and when she got to me, she stuck out her hand smiling. I grabbed her yin-yang charm-adorned hand and she led me out of the room. I noticed in the window there currently was no light being absorbed, which meant there must have been complete darkness outside.

Hand in hand, she led me out of the apartment and toward the stairs, and each time we got to the top of a flight of stairs she looked back at me and smiled.

On the thirty-first floor she led me through the hallway. I looked out of the windows as we walked past and saw the night of the city.

She led me through the door which previously was locked, and then up the staircase. At the midpoint of the staircase, she looked back at me one last time, smiling again, and we soon exited through the final door and onto the roof.

We walked, just a little bit, hand in hand and side by side, and finally she pointed at the sky. In the distance I saw the work of the Sun with its dark arts; a black moon suspended in the air visible through thin clouds.

After she being caught by surprise, the narrator removed himself from Lynne as she laid on her back fixing her cotton panties that were before moved to the side. Eventually taking the underwear off, she also removed her ring, necklace and earrings, charmed by yin and yang, and then finally her prosthetic so she could lay down to rest comfortably.

In the morning her mind rose before the narrator but did not get up quite yet to begin her day. Instead, she laid there staring through the curtains into nothing, listening to extremely quiet music that had played throughout the night from Proc. On her mind was the persistent thought of old love letters, until those thoughts faded and she suddenly remembered the dream she had. The remembering of her dream was ignited by the scent of her nearby flowers in the room, which reminded her of a scene she was not in but the narrator was in. He was in a dark room with barely any light at all, surrounded by photographs he had taken of Lynne without her knowing. And on a television set behind him played a homemade video of someone recording her as she slept.

Finally she got up out of bed, passing her hand through the curtains as she left. She got dressed and went next door to check on her children, and then came back to her apartment where she brushed her teeth and in early sunlight worked from home.

At around ten A.M. the narrator had still been asleep, and at around the same time Lynne finished her work and began gathering her gardening tools and supplies.

In the courtyard she had been gardening and waving to those entering and leaving the building. No men ever approached her but sometimes other women and children would ask her of her endeavors, in which case she would explain her intent on producing several rose gardens.

Sometime into her gardening the narrator walked through the courtyard. When the two pair of eyes met, he simply waved, she simply waved back, and he went on his way.

Perhaps thirty minutes later the narrator did return, walked up to her and talked to her briefly of her endeavors, and with groceries in his hand he walked back into the building.

As an orange light casted light upon her and her to-be rose garden, Lynne worked a bit faster to get out of the beating heat. She had decided, only after realizing how dirty she had become in her shirt and her new jeans, to call it a day under purple sunlight shade.

When she entered her apartment she went directly into her room to put down her gardening tools and supplies, then left the room and walked into the bathroom.

She removed her dirty clothes and turned on the shower, rinsing every part of her sweat-dried body. When she was finished she left with only a towel, smiling at the narrator, and then re-entering her room.

Inside her room she dressed into a green shirt and then grabbed her painting supplies and painting tools and left the apartment. She walked toward the elevator which was going up and accompanied a woman she had seen earlier in the day while she was gardening.

“Someone's having a busy day,” the woman joked. Lynne laughed, telling the woman she was inspired.

She rode all the way up to the thirtieth floor, whereby she exited the elevator and walked the rest of the way to the thirty-first, wherethrough the windows she could see the green city. After unlocking the door with the combination lock, she placed the painting tools inside and then took the lock with her into the storage room that housed the letters and photographs of Flanagan history.

She read through many of the old letters and looked at many of the old photographs, piecing together days and months and years and decades, and when she was done with all of them, she would have pieced together the puzzle of a century.

Going back to her art supplies, she opened the door and carried them up the stairs to yellowish sunlight. It was becoming dark, and before she could even set up her canvas to begin painting a scene that resembled the narrator in a dark room surrounded by photographs of her herself, the moon turned black.

It was not just that the moon was black, but indeed the dark moon incited a memory within her. Excited, she walked back to her apartment with a quick pace and abruptly encountered the narrator. She grabbed his hand and she led him all the way back to the roof where he too took witness upon the black moon. And within him, too, a vision passed.

When I saw the black moon, a memory played inside my mind. In the 21st century,

Lynne was sitting behind me on a motorcycle, hugging me, as we rode through the night toward our apartment building. Around her ring finger she fancied the charm of a black swan, which matched with her black jeans, black boot heels, black jacket and black shirt.

When I looked back down at her, there was a look upon her expression that said “I told you so,” but instead her mouth asked “Do you believe in soulmates now?”

The black moon showed us the same vision, and it showed us that we both in comparison to the rest of the world loved differently, and this made us the same. We saw into the future as if it were the past.

“Yes,” I told her. Once I said this, she let go of my hand, and at the same time, the moon turned from black into a shade of orange. And with this change, the old memory was gone and a new one was incited in the both of us. We both saw, that perhaps in another era and in another life, I chased her, she wearing orange cloth, through fields in the 13th century.

“I rest my case,” Lynne interrupted the memory. I looked down at her again and she began again. “Two souls forbidden to pair, but their eyes do dare.”

When the moon changed into a shade of red, we both sat down on a concrete ledge and Lynne told me that when we got back she was going to buy two pool chairs so we can sit up here.

The vision the red moon gave us took place in the 28th century. On the colonized planets of Venus and Jupiter, she on Venus and I on Jupiter, we exchanged digital messages, her on the screen in red leather, of meeting for the first time on Mars.

In between red and the next color, she told me that she had a dream last night that made her want to start painting important dreams she had, but before I could ask her what her dream was about, the moon turned purple.

In the 17th century, Lynne laid on a lavender bed in a purple dress as I painted the imagery of her. I told her that this was partially inaccurate as I could not paint to save my life, in this century or any other century.

In the 1st century, this time Lynne and I were in a church. She had been dressed in blue and weeping alone, and when I asked her why she wept, she told me she was mourning the death of Andrew, one of Jesus's apostles.

In the 22nd century and from a green moon, she wearing a green bikini and sitting behind me, we rode a jet-ski into the horizon.

The yellow moon was by far one of the more interesting colors. It was again the 17th century, and in what seemed to be a very poor area of the town, I watched Lynne through a window as she combed her hair in a yellow dress.

I looked at Lynne and wondered for a moment, then I began speaking. “Look, I'm not a serial killer. I've never killed anyone or anything like that,” I told her, “but there are

things I see now in my adulthood that were red flags in my childhood.” Her curiosity grew and asked me to go on.

“When I was around six, I stole a doll from one of my mother's friend's daughters. At eight or nine I had an enormous crush on one of my early childhood educators, so much so that when I learned she was getting married, I fantasized about stealing her away from her fiancée and even fighting him for her. And during that same time period, I used to steal the mail so I could take possession of any and all lingerie magazines. I think about that now, and all of these things might indicate that when I grew up and if I had the balls to do it, I would kidnap, rape and murder women.”

A bit silent and puzzled and taken aback, she finally asked me, “...What did you do with the doll?...” Looking directly at her, I answered, “The same things I do to you.” “But it's so tiny...” “Just like you.” “I'm a lot bigger than any doll!,” she laughed. “If your curiosity is not adequately satisfied I can demonstrate it on you,” I got up and begin pulling down my pants. “No!,” she stopped me. “Not right now and definitely not right here,” she said. “I'm just kidding. I just undressed it and looked at it.” “...Charming,” she joked. There was silence for a bit, and I thought about the Petoria Goddess charm, until finally I told her that I may give her charms, but I am no charmer. When I was a boy, she was my fantasy. As a man, she is still my fantasy. And the revolution of the next black moon showed us a vision that took place in the year 877 B.C. There, surrounded by trees, I placed a ring around her finger that featured a black dove.

As dawn came and the skies became lighter, there were no more colors. There was just ordinary everyday white light, and the white moon sunk beneath our view without a memory to pass. But I did know that in my heart and in hers, this memory of being on a city building rooftop, it would some day pass for another iteration of us to see, and it would pass under a green moon.

“Come on, charmer,” she said as she stood up, “let's get to bed before our trip. You can steal me for the morning and do anything you want to me,” she finished.

We began walking toward the door and when we got to it, I informed her that my sexual request entailed ejaculating on her breasts, her bum and her prosthetic foot. She looked at me and then approved the request, under the condition that I indulged her in her own fantasy. She put her arm around my shoulder, and with a sudden jump I held the rest of her body and carried her the whole way back to our apartment.

Inside her room I let her down and she went to the edge of her bed, moved aside the curtain so she could sit on the edge of the bed, and then began taking off her green top. When it was off she looked up at me with doll's eyes, and calmly, she said, “Nothing is forbidden anymore.”

MOTEL HACIENDA**3:3:10:96**

AT midnight, the context for things forbidden was afforded to me. It came to me in the past, from a dream I had years ago, and took place in a complex named “Purple Forbidden City.”

An hour before the present time in the dream, I found it night and myself in a cemetery, digging up the grave of a recently deceased woman. Her body was relatively fresh and I carried her back to the forbidden city.

I carried her past the severed head of another woman I had dug up a week earlier and rested her onto the bed. On her foot I placed a black heel and left the other bare. I then got on the bed and lifted her up vertically and attached her to a piece of equipment I had designed to hold up human bodies.

As she hovered above the bed, her feet only up one foot from it, I found the remote that controlled the equipment and then laid on the bed underneath her, specifically, underneath her heeled foot.

I remoted her to slowly descend until her heel made contact with my throat. Incrementally, I controlled her to descend but I soon found I could never reach the amount of weight and pressure upon my throat to choke me.

Frustrated, I controlled her body to ascend and I got off the bed. Seeing as she was quite attractive even in death, I decided to keep her body intact as she could be useful to me in other ways. Perhaps I could be an individual who drew death.

When Lynne walked out of her room she did so in her black suede ankle-boot heels. Watching her feet as she walked toward the kitchen I thought again briefly about the forbidden city, but thought more on Lynne and her life up to now.

When she was ages 5 through 10, she was probably childish and innocent. From 11 to 20, I bet she was rebellious. From 21 through 31 she probably wanted to live life to the fullest and be adventurous. Lynne 31 to 55 would be the most complicated one. It would be a new phase but it wouldn't just be a new phase, in the same way it would be a combination of her masks from 5 to 31 but it wouldn't just be a combination of her masks. It would also be the combination of all three masks in their inversion. She would be innocent in manipulative ways, and despite having the mind and body of a woman she would dress herself up the same way she dressed up the dolls of her childhood. There would still be parts of her that rebelled, but there would be new parts that conformed. She would still desire to live life each day to the fullest, but she would also know that adventure is as much about the mind as it is the drive.

In this inversion I saw my own life up to now. The words “submission” and

“commitment” are trigger words to most men. As a man, why would I submit to a woman who is weaker than me, physically and psychologically. Why would I commit to someone I don't need.

Before Lynne, no woman had ever broken my heart. I had never had feelings for a woman. And in that there was a very real desire, at least for me, to have my heart smashed into pieces. To fall head over heels for a woman and become so obsessed with her that I couldn't do anything about it. There is a core desire, I think, in all men, to be in possession of true love, but a true love requires you, to some degree, be powerless. This inverted feeling can only come from a man who has been so dominant and so cold for so long that you want nothing but to relinquish that power to someone else. Even if that someone else is a witch this side of evil.

The witch texted her daughter that we were leaving and that we would be back in five days. I picked up the duffle bag and opened the door and she followed me into the hallway with her pink helmet in hand.

We take the elevator to the garage and find the all-black motorcycle where it should have been. I tie the bag to the rear of it and Lynne gets on, and after putting my helmet on I also got on. As I accelerated, I felt the witch wrap her arms around my body with arms that conducted black magic.

I made a left and soon we were driving down a vandalized tunnel. Lights loud in the darkness we only ever saw two other cars in the tunnel. Lynne's birthday isn't on any of the five days we rented the bike for, it's actually one day after the five, but the motorcycle thief told me if we rented the bike in this time-frame, he would give us a discount, and so her birthday gift was only five-fifty as opposed to seven-fifty.

After about twenty minutes of driving we were leaving San Rashida and it was now a city without her. Entering a more rural area I stopped at a red light and looked at the dash. “Station?” “You know what station.” And before the light turned green the radio gifted us sounds of music.

Entering an even more rural area there was even less traffic and even fewer traffic lights. The view from my helmet showed me a shy moon that hid behind racing clouds, but despite my tinted helmet and the dense clouds, you could see perfectly its glow with a multi-colored contour outline.

Lynne patted my abdomen, and then patted again telling me she needed to pee. “You didn't pee at home?,” I asked her. “I did, I need to pee again.”

I pulled us over in the dark country where there were trees. We walked past only a few so we could keep sight of the motorcycle and as she squatted down, I decided to pee as well since this is what we were doing anyway.

When she finished, she pointed up at something reflective in one of the trees. We

eventually saw that it was a CD hanging by a skinny branch that went through its ring, and she actually asked me to give her a boost so she could grab it. “What do you want a CD for? And the Sun probably burned all of its data anyway,” I said, and before I knew it I was pushing her body higher from her feet so she could grab a branch and begin her ascent.

At the end of it she dropped the CD and then descended herself so I could catch her. Picking up the compact-disc, she read aloud, “Interview (all 4 hours).” I took it from her hand and saw the words she read aloud in obviously girly cursive hand-writing.

We walked back to the bike and she put the disc in the duffle bag with the intention and seeing if the video still worked when we got back home. Neither of our laptops had disc drives, but David's did.

Relieved, we rode on toward our destination of the Hacienda Motel. It was just on the edge of Grand Searle, the part of the state we would be spending most of our time in.

Driving still through dark country, every time there was something visually appealing on either side of us, I could feel Lynne turn her head to view it. A lonely house, a body of water, a family of trees. And up above still there was the Moon that was now unshy as all of the clouds disappeared and its glow was at its brightest. Around it again was still that multi-colored outline of a circle.

Every thing that you can see with your eyes can exist in multiple forms. Whatever you are looking at, it is made up of matter and can exist as a solid, liquid or gas. This change in state makes me wonder if this phenomenon only applies to objects with mass. If something abstract exists, and you change its environment, say you decrease or increase the surrounding temperature greatly, would its state change as well? This is the case for material objects, but you wouldn't think you could change a concept like fear by changing the temperature of the room it's in. And that wouldn't be a bad assumption, it's entirely fair.

The P force, which is the force that perhaps exists as a wave, is what I believe causes perpetuation in the universe. I believe it causes everything that repeats, such as the orbiting of celestial bodies in a circular motion, and I also believe it is what drives reproduction in every thing that lives, fueling our desires to pass on our genetic inheritances. But the P force, like the force of gravity, cannot be seen with our eyes. It's nearly abstract, a wave, but I wonder if it is possible to radically change its environment so that it may re-arrange itself into a more solid state. It is possible that this change in environment has already happened and happened naturally, by the universe, because we are able to observe the orbital rotations and revolutions of celestial bodies and we are able to observe the spiracal structure of DNA, and both of these designs have the circle at its core.

In conclusion, evidence for the P force is all around us in every thing that repeats. If this is true, then other abstract concepts may be evident in the universe as well, things such as love and fear, and we need only look into things the universe has hidden well.

At around 1:30 A.M. and having been driving for about an hour and a half, we finally made it to a town. The town was as quiet as you would expect a midnight town to be; no one walking and almost no one driving. Storefronts all over with many different types of stores. Gas stations and parks.

When we drove into the parking lot of the motel, we saw a few other vehicles and a group of people sitting in the back of a pick-up truck looking at us. I parked as far away from them as I could and we both got off the bike. I took off my helmet and handed it to Lynne as she took off hers, and then went around her to take the duffle bag.

To check in, we had to walk past the group of people, but in approaching them we saw that they were teenagers; a pack of four boys and two girls.

I don't know how much you can tell from just looking at a group of teenagers, but they seemed harmless. "We're not actually this cool," I said to them, and a couple of them laughed at the joke.

Lynne and I checked in at the front desk, a short large woman helped us secure a room, and in walking back out we took the stairs to the second level and found our room at the end of the walkway.

Inside the room Lynne went through the duffle bag and I kept watch outside until I saw the teenagers leave without messing with the motorcycle.

I told Lynne that I would be back and went back to the short large woman, asking her if the motel had any garages. She told me it would be extra and I paid her so I could drive the bike into one, and then I returned to Lynne, telling her that for the next motel she should check if they have garages.

At two A.M., Lynne and I left the motel room to overlook the balcony and look into the dark town. "We got white here," she said looking at the ceiling.

We saw a few colors in the town and then walked down the stairs to explore it more intimately. Walking down a sidewalk she put her hand in mine and then raised it to kiss it. At the end of the sidewalk, we saw a traffic light which gave us red and green.

Walking across the crosswalk we saw a storefront with purple neon lights, and so that gave us purple. We walked one more block, and saw a black car among many colored cars, and so that gave us black.

Walking back to the motel she swung our arms and talked about the beauty of the low and glowing yellow full moon, and so this gave us yellow.

When we got back to our room I unlocked it and walked in with her and she went to the duffle bag on the bed and emptied it.

Among the articles of clothing she had taken were the black clothes she had come here in and; a purple shirt, white pants, a thin yellow sweater, red shorts and green sneakers. I took from the bag David's camera as she put on the white pants and we soon exited the room once again.

I directed her to stand directly underneath the white light bulb above her, then directed her to move toward the railing and pretend to be looking out into the town like she was before. I moved back quite a bit so she would be smaller in the frame and so I could catch the white light above her. Once I had knelt down, I pressed record and began filming her.

Silence for two minutes as she did nothing but stare out into civilization. The white of her pants matched well with the white of the light, and when I stopped recording, I stood up and snapped a picture of her while she stayed in the same position.

We again went down the stairs and caught the Moon before it sunk beneath the horizon. She took off her black jacket and I handed her her yellow sweater to put on. Then she began walking down the sidewalk in the direction of the still yellow Moon. When she was many paces before me, I began following her, recording her in the process and making sure that the low yellow Moon was in frame against her thin yellow jacket. I shouted at her low enough that she could hear me telling her to look back at me as if she were annoyed and afraid, and on the camera screen I saw her look back at me, tense at the fact that someone may have been stalking her.

I told her to stop, and then jumped over a bush and onto some grass, and yelled at her quietly to look around as if she was looking for the person who was following her but they had disappeared, and then somewhat clutch her necklace in the process. Once she began doing this, I snapped another photograph of her.

Now we were walking to the traffic light. Just before the crosswalk, I gave her the green shoes and red shorts and she gave me the white pants and her black heels.

At a green traffic light I recorded her as she walked underneath the green light and then again as she walked back under a red one. And then I waved at her to repeat the process again as I moved closer to her and onto the street where I could get a unique angle. As she walked under a green light, I snapped a picture of her at her lowest, and as she walked under a red light, I snapped a picture of her at her highest.

At the storefront she gave me the yellow sweater and her shirt, and I gave her the purple shirt. I walked across the street and then recorded her walking past the neon purple sign, walking with her in pace so that it might look like someone was matching her every stride.

The final shot was supposed to be near the black car, but when we got to where it was parked, that parking spot was now empty. We looked around for a few more black cars,

but every time we saw one it was bunched with other black cars. We could never find one that was alone.

In conceding we began walking back to the motel room, but along the way I caught sight of a black cat. I stopped Lynne and at this very moment the black cat caught sight of us and froze in stargazing.

I told her of the situation and she right then and there took off her clothes and dressed into the darks. By the time she was done, the cat had stopped minding us and was already walking toward the street. I moved into position and she started walking toward it. With the camera now recording, I watched their every move.

I stayed stationary as she walked away from me, her and the cat walking in the same direction, but eventually the cat became aware she was following it and turned around in frozenment again.

When this happened, Lynne stopped and stared at it, then crouched down with her hand out, feigning to the cat that she had food. Slowly, the cat walked up to her and began smelling her fingers. There was a good shot of her looking back toward me, though obvious to the fact that I was watching her, and then a passing car scared the cat away. I didn't get a snapshot of the feeding but I could always take one from the video.

When she walked back to me she asked me if I got it and I told her that I did.

We decided to call it, and we began walking back again toward the motel room. We looked over the videos and the photographs and thought the project had started well for two amateurs.

Once Lynne turned off the lights, she came onto me underneath the covers and threw them over our heads. She found me with her hand and before inserting it into herself she rubbed it, teasing me of the fact that I had a strong affection for her. Her teasing did not affect me much, and after several deep thrusts inside her, my affection was beginning to pierce through into her maternal desires.

In the afternoon we left the motel and went to a fast food place to eat. The cool midnight town that was a warm afternoon town now had a different personality with all the people walking about.

I got a message from Richard Strong, who must've been in school, who sent me a humorous picture of Sarah sleeping during computer class. At the same time I showed my screen to Lynne, she got the same photo from Mr. Strong.

Finishing the food, we left the establishment and began walking toward the reason we stopped in this town. When we got to the forest preserve, there were a few trails and we chose the one in the middle. Every once in a while there were signs that educated us about the town and the preserve itself, and once it was becoming sundown, I took out the camera and waited a few paces until I started following her.

I pressed the record button and watched her as she followed the trail. There was a time when she completely stopped, took out her cellphone, and then turned around, watching me as I walked past her letting me know of her annoyance but without saying anything.

And then we came upon a creak that had a small waterfall. This was advertised by the preserve so we had already known of it, which is why when Lynne took off her first layer of clothing a two-piece bikini was underneath it. I recorded her while staying stationary as she walked toward it and she was quick about it because she didn't want anyone passing by to see her. When she got to the small waterfall itself, she leaned over toward it, kicking out one leg and passing one hand through the waters, and I snapped a picture of it and yelled to her that I was finished.

There was nothing else in the preserve we found that interesting, and there was nothing that I could shoot her with, so we turned around when it was dark and began walking toward the entrance.

Back at the motel room we still had a few hours until midnight, which was when we would be leaving and going to the next area.

Sitting on the bed, I asked her if she had ever actually been stalked. "Only by you." Then I asked her if she had ever wanted to hurt a man. She looked at me more seriously, and knowing in my heart that Lynne was ultimately harmless and would never want to hurt someone physically, I knew she lied when she played along with me. "You."

A minute later we were both fully naked save for her right foot that wore a black ankle-boot heel. I was telling her that "You like when I talk to you, right? So don't crush my neck."

She placed her hand on the wall and then slowly placed her heel on my throat. I didn't feel real pressure until about two seconds after. The fantasy, or role play, was that I had been stalking her, and then abducted her and brought her to this motel room, where she got the better of me and knocked me out.

As she slightly added pressure to my throat, I began masturbating. My eyes were closed momentarily, and when I opened them again I could see Lynne looking down at me with cold dead eyes. I stared at her as she looked into me, and afterward my focus went on her body. Her butt and her vagina and the tower of her leg gave me vivid sensations. After a minute more, she brought her other hand to her vagina and she began masturbating herself, not making any sounds but sometimes some of her discharge landing on my body.

It went on like this for a minute more but it was not working for me. I felt no closer to orgasming and really I was only getting tired in my arm and in my throat.

"It's not working. Say something," I barely said from the pressure on my throat.

“You like following women?,” she asked. I didn't know I was supposed to answer. “Do you or do you not?!” she stepped down harder. “Yes.”

“Well then, the next time I see you following me, I'm going to lead you into a women's department store. And everything I stop to look at, you're going to buy it for me. All the dresses, all the shoes, all the lingerie, all the perfumes and rings and jewelry and make-up and charms, all the creams and bikinis and hair products. Then I'm going to lead you back to my apartment where I'll leave the door open for you to walk inside and place all of the items in there. And then you're going to watch your mother play dress up and doll herself up. I'm going to undress in front of you and you will hand me what I ask for...”

She continued but I had already ejaculated shortly after she said the word doll, and when I began moving her foot dropped and trapped my neck in between the stiletto and the incline of the heel. My heavy breathing and us looking squarely at each other caused her to orgasm and she began shaking and couldn't talk anymore.

Slowly, she knelt down and rested her bum on my stomach. Once she was seated, she passed her hand through the sperm that was on my pelvic region and smeared it on her vagina, then slid her other hand down my body so she could cup my neck.

She turned her body over so she could sit on top of me, and then used her free hand to direct my penis into her. As she began moving up and down, she wiped her free hand free of sperm on her thigh and then used it to grab my neck, now having both hands around my throat. I brought my hands up to her hips and they moved with her thrusting movements, and when I closed my eyes she snapped at me, telling me to look her in her fucking eyes. I opened them and I saw her staring into me again with those dead cold witchy eyes.

She began moving her hips more violently and thrusting more violently and choking me more violently and all the time saying “Look at me. Look me in the fucking eyes you fucking pervert. Isn't this what you wanted?”

Then she removed her hands from around my throat and placed them on the top of the headboard, and she was banging so hard against my body I was sure she was going to damage my penis. She pounded against my body for another minute using the headboard as leverage, and when she felt me ejaculate inside her, her vagina tightened and suffocated me and I watched as she closed her eyes in intense satisfaction.

Only after a minute, she began thrusting again, this time with only one hand on the headboard and the other around my throat, but with the same anger and vitality. After three more orgasms, I told her that I couldn't take anymore. She got off me and I felt like I had been hit by a train. And it was probably true that she could have went another three. I laid there, exhausted and defeated and half-dead from the witch's spell. Before I fell

asleep, I managed to mutter one thing. "I'll buy you one dress tomorrow, but that's all."

We had set the alarm for one A.M. and woke up at that time. When she got up out of bed, she walked in full nudity to the duffle bag and bent over and I saw the entirety of her ass. I was becoming erect again, but this time my erection was painful because of what she had done to me hours earlier. She heard me groan in pain and then asked me what was wrong. I told her it was nothing and then closed my eyes so I wouldn't see her and my painful erection would go away.

The short large woman allowed me to drive the motorbike out of the garage and Lynne and I gave her our goodbyes in the darkness. We were leaving this town and were headed to the next for the second day of shooting.

Chapter 97

BLOOD SATIN

3:3:10:97

- SOFT WET HAIR AND BLOOD SATIN LIPS
- DEATHLY NOISES FLY FROM HER FINGERTIPS
- BREATHLY VOICES SPEAK TO ME IN THE NIGHT
- SHE'S A MIDNIGHT SPIRIT ON AN ENDLESS FLIGHT

- PRETTY DARK LASHES DO OBSCURE HER FORM
- BOTH EYES IN THE STORM KEEPS HER CRAFT WARM
- BUT I KNOW WHAT SHE IS AND FOR WHAT SHE STANDS
- ONLY IN DARKNESS COME HER BLACK MAGIC COMMANDS

For a long time, I did at night what many people do during the day. For a few months in my younger years, one of my first jobs was an overnight shift. I worked at night, ate most of my food at night, and did basically most of the things I did at night. During the day, I slept.

Being in the night so much and for so long, one develops the same features that nocturnal animals develop. One of the features is being able to detect the slightest movements in the darkness.

A few weeks ago I was in Sara's room and she was showing me a video of a prank. Someone stood camouflaged with something else and people walked by. The prankster would jump out at random people and scare the wits out of them.

What I noticed of the video was that most people got scared, but there were some people who noticed something strange about the set-up before the prankster actually jumped out, and so they were often not actually scared.

Most of the people who got scared and didn't find the set-up strange were women. Some men either simply did not get scared or saw the strangeness of the set-up beforehand and knew what was coming.

If you asked me twenty years ago, I might have told you it was because naturally, men are protectors and women are the protected, but you could also say it's because for hundreds of thousands of years, men hunted and were predators. That is to say, today I'm more inclined to believe that more men saw the threat on average because men have predatory minds.

That isn't to say that women aren't every bit as cerebral as men, but often they are the victim or the prey. They decorate themselves with dresses, shoes, perfumes, jewels, make-up and hair products to attract predators, and once they have become the prey, they rely on the predator for protection, because the one thing a woman wants in a man is a predator and a protector. In this regard, many men will fall victim to the witch's beckoned

call.

It was two A.M. when Lynne and I found ourselves driving lost in the middle of Arlington, a big city somewhere in Grand Searle. There was traffic all around us as we were downtown, and I wanted to get out of it immediately as there would also be a lot of cops.

Driving past many people of the night we tried to find our way out but soon found ourselves approaching a cop car on the other side of the traffic light. Quickly I turned the motorcycle into a darkened alley and drove through it as slowly as I could until I came to a complete stop in the darkness and saw a good place to park it.

I got off the bike and shortly after so did Lynne. I began looking at my phone so I could understand the directions better when Lynne suddenly told me she saw an open food place a few blocks the way we came from.

We left the food place with sandwiches and drinks and quickly walked back to the motorcycle, where just to the side of it we began eating.

“There's a closer motel a few miles from here, but it doesn't say if it has a garage or not,” she said to me. She gave me the address and I put it into my phone, and seeing as this would be a much easier location to get to, this became our next destination.

Finishing my food I noticed a light near a door in the dark alley. It would have been a tasteless act in the face of fate not to photograph her underneath it.

“You see that light over there,” she looked over there as I grabbed her trash, “that could definitely work.”

As I grabbed my own trash, I told her what I was looking for specifically. I told her first to put her back against the wall, and then to pose in a way that she was looking directly at me. I would be standing very far away, but it would be obvious that I was using the zoom feature.

“Your facial expression is going to be the most important piece to this. Stand just under the light so it can light up your eyes and half of your face and leave the other parts dark. I want you to look at me like I'm a predator but there is a part of you that realizes my nature and wants to turn me into a protector. So, like you're annoyed and angered with me but at the same time curious. You're daring me to approach because we both know if I do there is a chance you might take more advantage of me than I would of you.”

I carried our trash to the end of the alley and looked out of it for a trash can. There was still a lot of traffic but only a few pedestrians in what I could see of the city. After throwing the trash away, I went back to the opening of the alley and took the camera out. She was positioned just as I instructed her.

First I recorded her from the distance I was at without zoom. In this darkness, even

with the light shining upon her face, it was difficult to see her expression, so slowly I zoomed in. Once I had zoomed in enough, I could see her expression clearly and was also able to keep her entire body in the frame.

Looking at her eyes, she looked at me with primeval sight. Thinking of the biological mechanics of sight, it has always been interesting to me what an insect or an animal looks at and pays attention to whether in a conscious or unconscious state of mind. You've heard them say that a person's eyes are the windows to their soul, and it makes sense that what a person focuses on is a reflection of what is going on in their mind. It can be a reflection of what they desire, what they find stimulating, what they deem dangerous, or sometimes it is just a utility for tasks and work and nothing more. But if there is an organ that can reflect our most basic and primal natures, even more than our sex organs, it must be the eyes. And I could see in her eyes that she was daring me to come closer. Daring me to seize her. It's not that beauty can be dark, I'm almost convinced that beauty can only be dark.

As I took a few steps toward her, she continued her gaze at me. I zoomed in a bit more and now most of the frame was the sight of her face. This was the one time in my life I had ever felt like an artist. And I realized, while filming her, that a real and true artist doesn't just catch lightning in a bottle once, they catch it over and over and over again, making it seem like they are creating the lightning or are the storm themselves.

I had stopped moving toward her after a few steps and continued to record her from afar when she surprised me with improvisation. Improvisation I didn't know she was capable of. A single tear rolled down her face as she stared at me, and with luck the camera caught it beautifully. So beautifully was it caught that I kind of panicked in an excited manner and accidentally pressed a button that took a picture of her. The picture was otherworldly, dreamlike, and I was glad to see that this was a feature that kept the camera rolling.

I met her improvisation with my own improvisation, and began taking steps in her direction, the both of us looking at each other the entire time. It got to the point I was only mere feet away from her, a look upon her expression that could only be expressed once in a woman's lifetime, and as I walked past her I turned around to see her fading face who still watched me. It had turned into an expression of wanting to be saved, even if her savior was a psychopath.

I have decent chemistry with Lynne, even if at times it is radioactive and decaying, and I think one of the reasons it has improved over the years is because we both know each other so well sexually, even to the point we improvise during it.

When I stopped recording I walked up to Lynne under the light and played it back so she could see it. "What were you thinking of?" I asked her as the footage of her single

tear played back.

She didn't reply immediately but she also didn't take forever. "When I told you that I loved you but you didn't say it back," she said. I didn't reply immediately but I also didn't take forever. "I'm going to make you famous," I told her. "Every one is going to see me?," she asked. "Yes." "...Promise?" "I promise."

After looking at the photograph of her crying that I took accidentally, and after seeing that it had a red-eye effect on her pupils, I thought about her devious nature and we got back on the bike and rode toward the closer motel. When we finally got there we checked in but learned they did not have any garages, so for at least one day the motorcycle would be visible to every one.

At three A.M. we were situated in the motel room. Lynne discovered that the bed had a vibration feature but that it took three quarters. We didn't have any cash or coins and were only using our bank cards. I suggested that maybe in the afternoon when we visited the Searle Tower we could get change somewhere.

Lynne took a shower first, and when she was done I took a shower after her. When I got out I dried my body, put the towel on the rack and then opened the door to see her lying on the bed with her prosthetic foot off.

Whenever she's on the bed, naked and with her fake foot off, it is her polite way of demanding she be on her back. When I got onto the bed she put her phone away and began pulling apart her legs and fixing the multiple pillows under her head.

I hovered over her body and directed my penis into her with my right hand, and then leaned into her, placing both of my hands to hold the back of her head and her soft wet hair. I watched the expressions of her face, namely her eyes, as she took in every thrust. And she looked back at me until she couldn't anymore, her eyes closing and her chin pointing at the ceiling, in her orgasm she exposed her neck, and I drew my mouth toward the right side of her neck and came to find myself sucking on it almost in a way looking for blood.

In the morning when we were both awake, we dressed and left the motel for the Searle Tower. The Searle Tower is not that different in appearance from the Eiffel Tower. It is mainly a tourist attraction of one the tallest structures in all of Grand Searle and has no indoor to it whatsoever. The point is to climb to the top, or take the elevator to the top, so you can see all of Arlington and some of Grand Searle City.

Lynne and I walked the whole way there through the hot and crowded city and it was our mission to walk all the way to the top. Sometimes I slowed down or sped up to take a picture of her from behind or in front of her. There were a few photographs where she walked with an unsuspecting crowd, and I had to take those without raising the camera so strangers wouldn't react. There was a point when we had to wait with a group of other

people before we could rise to the next level, and in this group of people were five women who may have been visiting the city as tourists. I whispered in Lynne's ear to stand next to them, as if she were a part of their group, and then I left her to join another group on the opposing side. There, in the same manner that I photographed her without raising the camera for an obvious shot, I recorded her among the women. First I recorded them all together, then as luck would have it, a group of three women appeared on the other side of her so that she was in the middle of eight women.

After about half of a minute of recording all of them, I slowly zoomed in on Lynne. And then it was so that the lens only saw her face, rendering all of the other women invisible.

When we went up to the next level we met again and continued our ascent. I didn't say anything to her and instead I was left to think about a dream I recently had after accidentally inverting the color on the latest recording.

It was in the series of dreams where I had been wandering through a desert for more than two decades. Except in this dream, I was not wandering through a desert but instead the opposite of what you might call a desert; it was a frozen land not unlike the continent of Antarctica.

Waking up from it, I felt as if it was a glitch in the dreamworld. Every thing I knew of the desert dreams, here, was inverted. I didn't search for peace but for chaos. I didn't walk toward the Sun but away from it. And so I knew it was of the same coin but surely the other side.

I have oft wondered the nature of opposites. The same way I wondered why things are different (and lead to the concept of chemistry), I've wondered why things have opposites. The concept of opposites is not subjective and is objective, which is important to note and prove in this discourse. We know that the concept of opposites is an objective concept because of the values 1 and -1. If I go 1 unit in a certain direction, and then change nothing but the 1 to -1, I will have gone the opposite way.

The concept of opposites must work in a binary fashion. That is to say, there is one value the opposite of the relative or relevant value. This thought leads me to prime and composite numbers; a set of numbers that cannot be the same. If a number is prime, it cannot be composite, which is to say if a number is composite, it cannot be prime. In other words, they are opposites.

And this makes me think of Newton's third law, which states for each action there is an equal and opposite reaction. I think of these two things together, Newton's third law and the arrangement of prime and composite numbers, and it makes me believe that somewhere within this is the basis for the phenomenon of opposites.

Imagine, that whenever two objects come into physical contact, they react in either a

prime or composite way. We know that for each of the two objects, they will react in an opposite manner, and that manner can either be defined as prime or composite. Perhaps given some mathematical notation, the way an object reacts could be dependent on the array of numbers it highlights, and if object A highlights an array of prime numbers, then object B surely will highlight the opposite.

The scorching desert was clearly the opposite to the blistering cold that was the polar desert. And I knew in waking up and thinking, that the physical laws under the desert were unique to the physical laws under the polar desert. In some way, physicality in the two had calculations that must have had a base parameter that affected the final computation. What I mean is, if the temperature in the desert was one-hundred degrees, operations in that area would work in a prime way, and if the polar desert was negative fifty degrees, operations in that area would work in a composite way. I suspect this to be true because we know that in the lowest possible temperature, nothing moves, and in extremely high temperatures, things move extremely fast. Even within this concept there are opposite concepts in it; the idea that the universe can compute non-moving things and moving things is binary, and even the fact that there is a minimum temperature but not a maximum temperature is another opposital binary.

I eventually found the option to fix the video and returned it to the non-inverted style. At the top of the tower, Lynne and I found a place to sit on the ground and looked into Arlington.

It was still day so it wasn't a pretty dark. Lynne asked me if I had lived in this state my entire life, and after I said yes, she began talking about how she couldn't believe we had lived in this state our entire lives but neither of us had ever been to the Searle Tower.

Before the view of the grand city Lynne asked me some questions that two people who were romantically involved should have already known about each other.

"Where were you born?" "Chase, you?" "In San Rashida. Where did you grow up?" "Chase and for a couple of years Searle." "I lived half and half in Rashida and Paradise. What did you want to grow up to be when you were younger?" "A detective, you?" "Any type of artist. Painter, singer, actress." "I'll give you this one chance to ask me something actually personal," I told her, knowing I wasn't always such. She thought for a moment and came up with a question. "...What made you the way you are?"

I could tell she asked the question with genuine curiosity and with the most compassion she could afford. I wasn't at all offended by it and I know she didn't mean to offend me.

"Do you really want to know?" "...Yes." "...When I was younger. I couldn't have been more than ten. I told you my mother committed suicide, right?" "Yeah." "I was the one who found her. She also killed my little brother." "...Did she poison him?" "Yeah,

she poisoned him and then poisoned herself.”

She leaned toward me to hug me but I backed away, telling her that she knew I wasn't a fan of public affection. She backed off and looked out into the city.

She smacked her lips and at first I thought she did so either because she regretted asking or because I rejected her consolation, but it was neither. Instead, she said that in all honesty, she didn't really feel bad for me. “If there is anyone who could even remotely brush that off, it's you, even child-you, because I can't imagine there was ever anything in your life that ever really truly hurt you. Like I know that if we ever broke up, you would be mostly fine. I'd be miserable for the rest of my life but after a week you would start wondering what aliens look like if they existed.”

I admit that made me laugh a little bit. “And you? What made you the way you are?” “What do you mean the way I am?” “You know exactly what I mean. What made you capable of being able to cry on command?” She laughed, “Ohh, that's what you meant.”

She paused, and then began again. “Well, you know how I had a malignant tumor in my left foot? I have a benign tumor in my right foot as well. And to answer your question, when I was fourteen we discovered I had a benign tumor in the left side of my brain... The doctor didn't want to operate because it would have been too dangerous and it wasn't posing an immediate threat. And they couldn't predict how it might affect me, but don't you worry about that because I can tell you from first-hand experience. By the time they discovered it, I was already not feeling like myself, but I didn't know that feelings of depression may have been caused by the tumor. And I definitely didn't know that it could have changed the way I actually think. I was never suicidal. I was like the opposite. I wanted to experience everything. But there were long stretches of time when I felt empty. I think the tumor put limitations on how I can perceive things and how much I can get from things. Or maybe it removed the limitations, I don't know, I just know it affects the way I think. The worst thing about it is knowing I'm stuck with it. Every day. And not knowing if I think something or do something, if it's not just because of the tumor. Like what if I wouldn't have done that and did that instead if I didn't have cancer in my brain. And in high school, I was diagnosed with some type of hyperactivity disorder. So I don't know what my life would have been like without a damn tumor in my brain, but I am extremely sensitive, my brain doesn't ever stop, I hear voices as I'm falling asleep, I have no education or career to be proud of, and did I mention that my brain doesn't ever stop?”

I looked at her but didn't have anything to say, so she continued. “Any time you call me an artist, it's one of the few things that makes me believe that what I have inside my head isn't so bad. Oh, and there is one more thing that helps.” She threw up her hand with the ring on it and I saw the flat purple rose-head charm.

“You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen,” I said to her. She looked at me as if I

was just trying to be nice and knew I was lying. “Okay, after the universe, you're the most beautiful thing I've ever laid eyes on.” She smiled, “That, sir, I can believe fully. But don't ever lie to me like that ever again. Now listen, I have been holding in an atomic bomb of a fart ever since we got up here and if I don't drop it I'm going to explode. I'm about to blow this place up. Can you start sneezing?”

I laughed, and when I started sneezing I didn't stop until I saw her stop furrowing her brow. After someone walked by and blessed me, we both got up and immediately left knowing it was about to stink at the top of the tower.

Before we had plans to go back to the motel, we had plans to go to the mall to do the final shoot in this city. In the mall I followed her into a super-department store. I opted not to do any video recording so that any people watching us on security cameras didn't think I was actually stalking her. And I made plans to go up to her and show her the picture after every few pictures taken so that they knew we weren't strangers.

The first picture taken was near a collection of dresses that she browsed through. I made sure in the photograph to include the store section number of 22. When she was done she moved on to another section as I went up an escalator so I might get an aerial shot of her.

Down below I took three pictures of her as she browsed through section number 15 which contained shoes and perfumes, and make-up and hair products. As she was browsing through them, suddenly a man in a suit came up to her. I could tell he wasn't an employee but instead a man who was attracted to her. The way he spoke to her and the way he expressed himself.

Because of where I was on the upper level, I could never see the man's face, but I wanted to include him in the production, and so I took a picture of him as he flirted with her.

After a couple of minutes the man walked away from her and I went back down the escalator and walked toward her. Before I could say anything she slapped my arm, asking why I didn't intervene. “Well, you asked me to start taking video and pictures of you, I was just doing my job,” I said laughing, and then I showed her the picture I got of the two of them, her frontal-face in the frame but his wasn't, and she agreed it was worth it.

As we moved away from each other for the final shot, I stayed on the same level as her but was hidden behind clothes. I shot a picture of her as she was in section 4, which housed many jewels.

Walking back to her I showed her the picture and we agreed it was a good one and the shooting in this store was finished. Going back to the dresses, I browsed through the photographs as she browsed through the dresses. When I landed on the picture with the flirting man, I thought to myself, “When is she ever going to learn that she is every man's

fantasy? Helpless and feminine.” I looked up briefly at a black dress in front of me. “A damsel in this dress...”

It took her about twenty minutes to finally settle on a dress she wanted for her birthday.

When she came out of the dressing booth she did so in an eighty-five dollar purple dress. It was an off-the-shoulder dress that was cut just above the knees. Attached to the left hip of the dress was a piece of fabric, about four feet in length, that when she walked fast enough flowed in the air and made her ethereal.

We left the store and then the mall and began our walk back to the motel in the early evening. She carried her boxed dress like a little boy walking home with a new video game, every once in a while looking at it to read labels of useless information, as if she didn't know her own dress size or the fact the color of the dress was purple. Sometimes I wonder why I don't include Lynne's fashion persona under the category of materialism. She has more dresses and shoes than she needs, more than anyone needs, but for whatever reason I have never seen this as being greedy or self-indulgent even though it clearly is. If she was malicious in houses and fancy cars as well, I'm certain it is there I would draw the line and see her for what she really is, but in being an invalid who just wants to be pretty, she has the same catastrophic effect a daughter has on her father.

We got change before we got back to the motel to use on the bed. When we entered the motel she went directly to the duffle bag to see if she could make the box fit in it, but even I knew she was never going to make it fit. After a few minutes, she took out her yellow sweater. It still wouldn't fit, so she took out one of her shirts. And then another article of clothing and another until the box just barely fit in the bag. She then put on every piece of clothes she took out of the bag and began walking around, seeing how uncomfortable it would be. And from then on, that was her plan, whenever we traveled she would just wear multiple layers of clothes so she could keep her pretty little purple dress in its pretty little pale-purple box.

When she was done I put the three quarters in the bed and pressed the button and something in the bed began making a sound. I sat down and she sat down beside me but it was not yet vibrating.

It took about a minute before all of a sudden it began shaking. I laid down on the bed and she laid down next to me. After laying and vibrating for half of a minute, Lynne got up and sat on top of me and began kissing me. The shaking made it tricky for us to undress each other, and by the time I had only a shirt on and she had only her bra on, the bed had begun shaking more violently and we both wondered if it was supposed to vibrate this much.

I looked down and aimed with my hand at a certain angle myself into her. Our thrusts

seemed to combat the vibration of the bed and it wasn't long that the bed became even more violent and it was beginning to move around.

After what was a few difficult attempts of penetrating her deeply the bed began to move noticeably and I fell out of her as she lost her balance and fell over onto the bed. At this point I had no balance as well, and I tried to move my body to gain some leverage when suddenly she twisted and her prosthetic foot hit me in the head.

I fell off the bed and onto the ground and the bed left with her, she popping up and down and in a wild manner.

I got up and ran to the power cord and finally unplugged the damn thing and the sudden loss of power caused it to stop but caused Lynne to fall over into the corner of the room where the bed trapped her, the entirety of her ass hanging up into the air.

To make matters worse, there was a sudden and loud pounding on our door. "What's going on in there? Did you turn on the bed?," the voice shouted. I could tell it was the same man who helped us check-in into the motel. "One moment," I shouted as I looked for my pants. "Get dressed," I said to Lynne, but instead she ran into the bathroom after she was able to set herself upright.

When I opened the door the man walked in and already I saw he was annoyed when he saw the unplugged bed and the fact that it was not where it was supposed to be.

"I told you guys. No quarters in the bed, that feature is broken. The beds were recalled years ago, it doesn't work!"

After he moved the bed back to its spot, he asked me if I was okay, and then if the misses was okay, and he left angrily, annoyed, and he probably couldn't wait until we left. I don't remember him telling us not to put quarters in the bed.

I opened the door to the bathroom and found Lynne checking her body for cuts and bruises. I asked her if she remembered the check-in guy telling us not to put quarters in the bed, and she says no. When we both saw that we were mostly fine, we went back to bed in the evening, after making red dahlias, in preparation for the nightly motorcycle ride. As we laid there with our eyes closed and her arm across my neck, she ran her thumb across my ear and told me that she loved me, and I told her that I loved her more. A short and soft giggle came from her as she moved her hand from my ear to my relative cheek to run her thumb across it.

At midnight, I awoke before Lynne from an intense dream. Tasting blood in my mouth I instinctively opened it and it felt nightmarish as blood spilled from my mouth and onto the satin pillow.

When I was composed, I flipped the pillow over and looked at Lynne's silhouette in the soft light that barely came in through the closed blinds. I wondered briefly if a tumor in your brain could affect your dreams. I wondered if it could turn you into a dreamer.

Maybe an artist who paints what she feels and what her heart tells her to. I also wondered, if only briefly, if a tumor in your brain could make you a sociopath.

OCEANS KEEP THE DEEPEST DIARIES

3:3:10:98

LAST night, I had a dream. I was alone in a tent on a military campsite, looking over the details of our next attack. It was definitely the Vietnam war because the city we were looking to attack was named “Hue.”

I had the plans ready and began thinking about my time in the war. I had been in this country for eight years, fighting in a war for a country that saw me fit to be ranked a captain.

As I got up to leave, I was ambushed by some of my ranking officers, who explained to me something urgent. When they took me to the murders site, I saw a man and a woman and six children lying by the side of the road.

“He shot all of them, because he asked for water and they didn't have any,” I was told. They needn't told me who did this because only one person in this entire war on either side would do something as inhumane as this. The same person who, if he deemed a certain group of people were lesser and if he was given the chance to eradicate them, would do it in a heartbeat. Let me ask you a question.

The dilemma is this; the people of Earth are allowed to see 1,000 years into the future, a future in which they see that a certain group of people, whether it be a group identified by race, sex, religion, etc., have taken complete control of the world and ultimately destroy it.

The question is this; would it be unethical to treat the aforementioned group differently based on this circumstance?

Any type of differential treatment based solely on the future of an individual or group of people is in essence future discrimination. Cut and dry it is immoral, and I find myself to be a largely moral individual, and yet I find myself on the side that would tolerate such future discrimination against the aforementioned group.

But future discrimination is the only circumstance, other than present criminal activity, where things such as concentration camps, denial of basic human rights, loss of freedom, loss of privacy, financial regulation, etc., I feel would even be remotely tolerable.

To conclude, this question further strengthens the idea that morality is a game of circumstance. It is something that is fluid and is something that can change from decision to decision. Only God and Satan have moralities that are set in stone.

When I began walking away from the murders site, I was filled with rage. I took out my pistol and began walking to where they had Max Harper tied up. This was going to be the last time he would brutally murder anyone in cold blood.

Each step I took built upon the rage I felt until I got to him and the steps stopped. I looked at him, and despite knowing that his fate was with the vultures, he looked me straight in the eye like a man. I raised the pistol to the side of his head and fired once, and as he dropped to the ground blood spurted out of his head. I holstered my pistol and walked away as the soldiers began dragging his body.

I laid in bed in the darkness still thinking about Lynne's benign brain tumor. It could explain so much about her. So much about her past and so much about who she is now. Suddenly the alarm went off at half-past midnight and it woke her up and my thoughts on her tumor were put on pause as she got up. I got up after her and we both began getting dressed.

When she had her funny-looking multiple layers of clothes on, we walked out of the motel room, put on our helmets, and then hopped onto the bike to ride off into the night.

No city this time. Where we were going was like old country. A very rural area where we had a plan to visit the ocean off the coast of Grand Searle.

Sometime in the night we stopped at a gas station to get gas, and as I was filling it up, I thought some thoughts to myself. "I don't really like being on motorcycles. I don't even really like being in cars, for that matter. I don't like being in or on anything that makes me go so fast that if I smack into a tree I might die. If I'm going to smack into a tree I would like to walk into it, or at the very most run into it. Not crash into it."

Riding through the dark, lonely and empty parts of Grand Searle was about the only thing I enjoyed about being on a motorcycle. No traffic lights, and while I wasn't going all that fast, I wasn't going slow.

One hour later, we were driving down a road that had a beach adjacent to it. What was more was that, along with the dark, nearly imperceptible waters, there were families of stars above that you would not have been able to see in the city. Not in Arlington or back at home in San Rashida.

I followed the beach because the global positioning system told me the motel was right next to it, and at the end of our road I saw it and began driving toward it. After we parked and got off the motorcycle, we turned a corner and were startled to see that the lights at the front desk were off. With a turn of the doorknob it was locked.

"Did you check if it was open twenty-four hours?," I asked Lynne. Before she could answer a light further in the back came on. And then the front desk lights came on. And then a man appeared at the door and let us in.

After we checked-in, I drove the bike into one of the garages and walked to the motel room, where I knocked and Lynne let me in. I wondered, since there were almost no lights on in any part of the motel, if there were any other guests currently staying here.

Lynne went into the bathroom to take a shower, and when I went in ten minutes later

to brush my teeth, I found her shaving her lower limbs.

“How is your head feeling?” I asked her. “...Fine.” “What about your foot?” “...Fine...” I looked down at her one more time, and before I left her alone in there, I told her not to get any tumors in my boobs.

As I closed the door, I could hear her softly shout something in reply. “If I do, mommy will make sure they're benign.”

When she came out a time later she caught me staring out into the ocean's dark waters. She sat on the edge of the bed and began taking off her prosthetic foot, and I interrupted her by waving a shirt into the air and saying “Yeah baby, yeah. Take it off, sexy.”

She started laughing and when it was fully off, she mimed signing it and then threw it at me. I caught it and set it down. She laid on the bed and gave me a look, then began widening her legs. I knew I should have laid on there first, now I have to be on top again.

In the morning when the Sun rose high, Lynne and I got out of bed and left the motel to walk to a nearby diner. The one we went to was so old-like, like the ones you see in the movies from the fifties or sixties.

We both had sandwiches and drinks and chips and cookies and ate to old music. “Now that I know you have a tumor in the left hemisphere of your brain, it all makes sense to me now.” “What makes sense?” “Every thing about the ways you express yourself.” “...Now that you know I have a tumor in the left hemisphere of my brain, what makes sense to you about the ways I express myself?,” she asked unamused of me drawing this out.

“I don't know if it's true, but you know how they say people who are left-brained are logical?” “Yes.” “Well, I can see in many of the ways you express yourself, despite creativity possibly being a right-brained pursuit, that you do so with some layer of critical thinking.” She waited for me to continue.

“Last night, I thought of four categories that stuck out to me most about you. Art, emotion and personality, sex, and fashion.” “That's five.” “We're grouping together emotion and personality because in this context it's like basically the same thing.” “Okay, sure, but you still don't know how to count.”

I continued. “Every time I've seen you start a new painting, you start by painting the borders. Every thing that follows is always very well organized, almost as if you spent days just thinking about it first and once it was finally painted in your mind, you painted it onto a canvas. The things in the painting always have a reason to be there, even the small details, like the direction someone is walking in, and reasoning is a very logical mechanism.”

“Sex.” Her one word reply caught me off-guard. “...You've learned that taking off

your prosthetic doesn't handicap you, it handicaps me.” She laughed and I continued. “I’ve noticed that you initiate and have the most intense orgasms when the circumstance is unique. It’s almost like you enjoy collecting sex memories and you want each one to be unique. The layer of critical thinking behind this reminds me of the brain’s use of old information. If it’s something it has already experienced, then it’s cached and when it happens again it’s not as thoroughly archived. So throughout the day your brain is probably analyzing and fantasizing how it can experience sex again but under different circumstances. I’d also like to point out the fact that it’s weird how you say ‘make flowers.’” She laughed again and I continued again. “It’s like I have the seed, and you have the ground, and each position is a different flower.”

“Okay, okay, I know it’s weird. Emotion and personality.” “It took me a good amount of time after meeting you to realize you’re not as simple as you look. And it took me years, not to understand because understanding is relatively easy, but to discover the many parts of you. One is that you are manipulative in an innocent way. To be outright manipulative and to be outright innocent can be somewhat instinctual, but to be both at the same time, that takes a certain level of deep thinking.”

I heard her shoe slap against the ground, and then I felt her foot reach my crotch, outstretched underneath the table. “Papa, can I have it?,” she eyed the cookie on my side of the table.

After she bit into the cookie, with her mouth half full she said “Fashion.” “Just like all of the others, every thing is calculated and you never look like you dressed yourself in the dark.” She laughed. “It’s rare that I ever see you wear more than three colors unless multi-color is your intention, it is usually two, and if it’s one, it is often in two shades of that color. I think that’s why you wanted to keep the box the purple dress came in. The inside of the box is purple and the outside is pale-purple. And I wouldn’t be surprised if you subconsciously chose that color because of the charm you had on. And with regards to accessories, the main reason I bought the charm sets was because they are cost-effective, another feature of being logical that in my own analytical way I knew you’d understand. I spent a grand on it because for its price point, you get so much, and if I had bought a single ring for a thousand dollars I’m pretty sure you would have made me return it, and it’s not that you’re cheap, you just spend money resourcefully and with purpose.”

“I wouldn’t have made you return it. I would have kept it, sold it for about the same price, and then replace it with a cheaper version of whatever the ring looked like. Then I would have used the extra money on a matching dress, matching earrings, matching necklace and matching shoes.”

At noon we left the diner and began our walk back to the motel. During the walk back, we walked opposite the sidewalk we walked to get to the diner, and along the walk,

we came upon a random water fountain. It was next to a field, and my guess was that sometime in the past of this remote Grand Searle area, there may have been a playground here.

Lynne, sweating from the heat and the beating high Sun, took off her shirt and asked me to hold the button for her. I watched as the fountain sprayed out water onto her body and she washed herself with both hands.

When we finally arrived at the motel, we saw the man who checked us in looking to be cleaning the garage. When he noticed us, he called us over and asked us if we were going to be visiting the beach during our stay. It was the main reason people stayed at this particular motel.

We told him that we were planning to, and in his garage he had a bunch of things that accommodated the beach. Pool chairs, a small little half-pod beach thing you could sleep in, water guns and a few other things, and he said we were welcome to use anything we liked.

We later learned that yesterday was the first time in two days that he had had human contact and that this motel had actually closed the day before. He congratulated us on being his final guests, and this motel was going to be closed for good. So I was right about there being no one else here. As nice as this guy seems, we're leaving before midnight.

A moment later Lynne and I walked back to our motel room where we gathered things for the beach. She took her swimsuit and her bikini, saying if no one else showed up within an hour, she'd change from the swimsuit into the bikini. I took the camera and my shorts, and then we went back into the garage where we looked for things we could take. Lynne made a remark of a hose and told me she was still feeling hot, and hinted at me to use it on her, suggesting I imagine she's a flower. I turned it on, but thumbed it and blasted her body all about making her laugh. I then took the water gun and filled it up and placed it on the pod. From the garage we put more things on the sleeping pod and carried it all the way out to the beach.

Once we set it down, I looked through the film-roll as Lynne looked out into the ocean. She pointed down the beach and began speaking. "I'll walk from about there to about there. And then the next scene can be me swimming in the ocean." At that thought, she looked at her raised left hand and then at me, and slowly removed her ring to place it on the pod. "The last one will be you sleeping in this pod and me hovering above you."

I watched as she walked to about there in her white floral one-piece swimsuit and recorded her as she walked to about there, taking pictures in between now that I knew of the feature. Then I moved a bit closer and recorded her as she swam in the ocean waters. In her innocent and pure swimsuit, she must have swan for at least ten minutes.

First she was my wife, second my mother and third my daughter. Like a woman she wore three faces and lost her definition the way of water. Fluid and seamless who hid behind a dreamless identity. In serenity, I was the only entity who sought her.

Wild she was before I married her and wild she was after. I could have written a bible about her and all those nights of laughter. Five fingers on one hand and on one finger a ring that I gave her. Every midnight that hand is upon my body in tense moments I savor.

Mornings have an air and Sun that rise with her essence. Orange juice at the table and eggs for breakfast mark her presence. The following hour means time spent in her day garden. Here she has spent her time well and in a way without pardon. Every afternoon when I return home she greets me with a kiss and hug. Right on her bosom I lay my head and she holds me warm and snug.

Days turn into long cool nights when she sits on my lap. All day she had been playing in the yard and now she came home for a nap. Untired by the Sun but in my arms she is tired by the constant yawns. Getting sleepy, usually in dreams she dreams of butterflies and quiet swans. Her imagination peaks my fascination to create such strong a bond. The vast worlds she tells me of create affection that make me fond. Every day when she awakes again on a new adventure I will take her and far away we will go. Ready and excited we both are with her hand in mine all of these delighted things they will show.

I waved her in when I stopped recording and I watched her as she walked toward me. I moved out of the way and she got into the pod and laid down to feign sleeping. I pressed record again and stood over her as she slept and dreamed an ocean reverie.

“Done.” She opened her eyes and looked out of the pod. “Still no one?,” she asked me. “Look at this place, do you think anyone is going to come through here. And besides, the motel guy said we were the first people he's seen in two days.”

With that, inside the pod, she changed into her black floral bikini. Looking over her swimming in the waters, this feature was going to be her genesis, and watching her now changed inside the pod, it would probably also be her revelation.

I told Lynne to go lay on the beach, and after she did, I took a picture of her from afar. Then I switched to video and recorded her as she switched from laying on her stomach to laying on her back to laying on her stomach again.

When I was done, I walked back to the pod and placed the camera inside it. I started my march towards Lynne but the whole time she never looked in my direction. When I got to her I was as silent as one could be on the sand, and when I was close enough I forced my knee onto her back and quickly untied her top. I swear I wouldn't do something like this if I wasn't sure this beach location is basically never visited and there is basically zero chance of someone seeing her nude.

After fighting I removed the top from her and got off up off of her and started running

for the beach as she chased me, yelling profanities in the process. I soon turned around and made every intention to give her back her top, but when she was near to me I grabbed her and untied her bottom, and after rough and serious fighting I took it from her and ran toward the pod.

In complete nudity she had no desire to chase me, her options were to lay flat on the beach or run into the ocean, but laying flat on the beach would still expose her backside.

After she had run into the waters, she turned around and began yelling at me, telling me to return her clothes.

I put her bikini in the pod then began walking toward her, and once I got to the waters I took off my shorts and quickly dove into the ocean.

Her anger didn't intensify but rather calmed as I swam toward her. "If you wanted to be naked with me in the ocean you could have just asked," she said. When I got to her I went past her and she grabbed my body as I sailed her to deeper waters. When I stopped, she was still hugging me from behind when she brought her right hand down and began massaging my penis. When I was erect, she began beating it slowly as this was what the underwater allowed, but I removed her hand from off of my penis, saying "I don't want to ejaculate into the ocean. It seems immoral. What if a fish swims by and thinks it's food?" She began laughing and agreed, saying that it was bad judgment on her part.

I turned around but she didn't let go, and face to face I placed my hands on her bottom and began squeezing and releasing her cheeks. She angled her face and drew it nearer to mine so she could gently kiss me, and then drew it back.

"Can I have one more birthday gift?" "No." "Please, just one," she made a face. "What is it?" "...We've never just made-out. It always leads to sex or it's only during sex. I want to french-kiss, and only that, for like ten minutes." "...We're not French, and we're not in France." She looked at me thinking of something, and I had forgotten that she knew that when she spoke with an accent, it was one of my soft spots.

"Yu knoe, beck en my 'ome coontree, dey caul me 'Duckter Seilverhstein,' because I keek-eh dey bawl to maek goal. Yu know dat gaem, I tink here it is caul'd teh 'sucker', yess?"

"...Do you mean soccer?," I looked at her eyes, and when she began speaking, I looked down at her lips. "Yess! Teh socker, yu knoe wat I tulk 'bout. Beck en my 'ome coontree, dat eis why dey caul me 'Duckter Seilverhstein,' 'cause I keek-eh dey bawl to maek dey goal!"

I looked back up at her eyes and her expression told me she knew she had me. We both angled our faces and when our tongues met, it was clear that oceans kept the deepest diaries.

With the calm rhythm of the ocean our mouths opened together and closed together,

our tongues sliding against each other with the same softness of water. When neither of our faces were angled and were both upright, our tongues ceased entanglement and only our lips touched, opened slightly and then closed layered, and with the white of the ocean waves there was a silence and then a secrecy between us, in between the small kisses she laughed softly and I laughed softly with her as we sucked on the end of our kisses. When we swapped angles, so did her legs wrap around my body, my hands holding with open palms each of her cheeks, and her right hand push the back of my head further into her. Now our tongues were in deeper and the rhythm of the ocean less rhythmic and more turbulent. The depth of our tongues like the depth of the ocean, the wetness of our mouths cleansed each other like water and our passion was like the ocean's distinct capacity for heat as the Sun shines down upon it. When we swapped angles again, our noses flicked and for a moment I sucked on her tongue and then she pushed the back of my head against her and I put mine back in her mouth with full depth. When her hand slid down to the side of my neck, my hand went to the back of her head, we swapped angles again, and I shoved the back of her head into me and her tongue was so far into my mouth I must have been slightly hurting her in a way she liked. Like the transparency of the waters we were in, we both knew exactly what we wanted, and when I felt her body shake and her hand on my neck go limp, it was clear to me like water that she had ejaculated into the ocean. Our heat slowed down and eventually she softly bit my bottom lip, taking it with her as she finally pulled her head back away from mine to look into my eyes. I leaned toward her and placed my tongue underneath her chin, then licked my way all the way back to her mouth where when she opened it and our tongues pressed flat against each other and we kissed one final time, this time me taking her bottom lip with my mouth until it loosened and went back to her. When we looked at each other again, there was a mystique the same blueness of the ocean; it was one of our more intimate moments and we both felt like strangers.

We swam back, I got out before her to put on my shorts, retrieve her bikini, and then give it back to her so she could put it on while still in the water. Then we walked to the pod and sat down in it, and it wasn't long until we were laying asleep in it in the evening of sunset.

In the time before we both fell asleep, she said small little things to me in a shy, tired way, like how beautiful the sunset looked, commented on the look of the evening ocean, how she was so in love with how she currently felt. How she liked feeling uncomfortable after kissing so intimately for so long and how it was like a new collected memory.

When I next woke up it was night on the beach and Lynne was pushing my shoulder. We put everything on the pod and carried it back to the motel where the garage was still open. I assume the owner left it open for us. After we placed it back, Lynne saw the water

gun and looked at me with still starry eyes. “Betcha can't shoot me,” she said. As soon as I grabbed the gun she started running for the parking lot but I shot her once in the leg, once in the back, and when she had no where to run and turned around, once in the heart.

In our motel room we saw that it was nine o'clock, I told her we should leave by eleven. She went into the bathroom, and I undressed and laid on the bed to make sure I would be on the bottom. When she came out, she was nude and she walked over to the duffle bag and took out a bottle of lotion. She turned around and thanked me for helping her stay cool the entire day, and then ejected twice some of the lotion onto her hand and began lathering her body.

She went around the bed, laid down opposite me, puffed her pillow, and turned her back toward me and began her task to sleep.

“What are you doing?,” I asked her. She turned her head and looked confused, “What?” I got up off the bed and looked at her still confused face.

“You think you can get yours and I'm not gonna get mine? Get your ass up,” I said impolitely. She got up immediately and when I pointed at the edge of the bed, she obeyed immediately and sat her bottom on the edge of the bed. “That's right,” I began stroking my penis to erection, “I'm going to bathe you in my cum tonight.”

As I beat my cock I looked down at her with anger in my eyes and she looked up at me with slight fright and a docility curiosity. When she looked down at it, she repositioned her legs so that she was now kneeling on the edge of the bed and placed her right arm under her breasts and held them up so they looked more full and plump. She looked back up at me, this time with decidedly more demanding eyes, and then said “I want to see it shoot out of you and cover both of my tits.” As I continued beating it, she alternated between looking me in the eyes and looking down at it, waiting in anticipation for what she coveted.

When I stopped looking at her eyes I saw that her nipples were erect. “I've been waiting all day for this,” she drew out the word “all.” “And you better not just give me a little squirt, I need enough for my entire garden. Mommy wants some new flowers,” her eyes rose to look at mine with a hint of maternity in them. “I need all of it so I can make my garden grow big and pretty, please help mommy grow into a big rose,” she continued.

I began beating it more violently and she stared at my cock with a greater desire. “Give me every last drop of your love, 'cause you love me, right, Spookie?” I continued beating and she looked up at me. “Baby?” “Yeah,” I said barely. “From the bottom of your heart and with all of your heart?” I decided this time to just nod.

She now was palming her left breast, and with great flexibility, she brought it up with her left hand and bent all the way down with her neck so that she could suck on her own erect nipple. She made small moans as she sucked on it, and when she released it I saw it

shape back into its default position and form, even more erect than when it entered her mouth.

She let go of her breast but still held it up with her right arm underneath them. With innocent little starry eyes, she began asking me questions as I stared back at her.

“I’m your only rose, right?” I nodded. “I’m your little princess forever, right?” I nodded. “I’m the only true love you’ve ever had, right?” I nodded. “And we’re going to live together forever in our small little apartment forever?” I nodded. “And we’re going to sleep in the same bed every night forever and cuddle every night forever?” I nodded for the last time.

All of my affection from making out with her for fifteen minutes and not fucking her was now washed upon her chest and looked like white graffiti dripped all over her. “Oh wow!,” she looked down at herself and then at me, smiling like a witch, “Is this how much you love me?,” she asked excitedly, “Because this is a big boy amount!”

I put my hand on the back of her head and face-planted her onto the pillow and she positioned her body so that she was laying on her stomach. When her head raised so did her lower legs, and she kicked them in the air like a teenage girl who was on the phone with her boyfriend. I began beating my cock again as I hovered over her bottom, and when that was covered in my ejaculatory fluid as well, she reached around and passed her hand through it and rubbed it in and on her vagina.

Finally, I went down one more level and ultimately ejaculated on her prosthetic foot. When I was done, she wasn’t. She turned onto her back, and all of a sudden her head was where her feet were. With her head hanging over the edge of the bed, she opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue. I held my cock and slowly drove it into her mouth, she sucked on it for a few seconds, and then I moved it out, though not fully and just a few inches. I drove it back in, this time deeper so that she could deepthroat it, and then I pulled it back out completely and let it dangle on her face and chin as she fit both of my testicles into her mouth and sucked on them. When my testicles were out of her mouth my penis was back in it, fully, and when I took it out, she asked me to fuck her mouth with it, but gently.

As I went to put it back into her, she grabbed it, spat on it, and then helped me drive it back into her mouth slowly and fully, and then I somewhat leaned over her body and palmed her ass as my cock was deep down her throat. I moved my hips, slowly and softly, and back and forth as she held onto my ribcage and I treated her mouth with gentle lechery. After a moment her right hand slid off my crotch and down to her vagina where she began rubbing herself.

When I was on the edge of ejaculation, I went as deep as I could and held it there and filled her with my semen. A quick moment after I saw her vagina contract and her hand

shake almost like it was having a seizure. I let go of her bottom and stood up and slowly drew my penis out of her mouth, and she looked at me upside down with those beautiful ocean eyes.

I dropped down to my knees and brought my cheek to hers and said “Look, I know we've only known each other for a couple weeks, but I think I'm falling in love with you.” She took her cheek from mine and looked at me curiously and cautiously, surprised and almost disappointed, and I spoke again. “I love you,” I told her. After a pause, she said “I think I love you, too.”

Lynne showered and just before eleven we both had on our helmets and were getting onto the motorcycle. We looked at the motel one more time, and before I accelerated, she said “My favorite one so far.” I told her it was mine, too, and soon we were Chase-bound as we drove on a lonely road adjacent the ocean.

Chapter 99

THE PAST IS A FOREIGN TOWN

3:3:10:99

SOMETIMES, after I've killed someone, I have to move their body from the deathsite. One of the first things I had to research in my evasion of law enforcement is how to move a corpse without making it look like I moved it. That way I can keep the deathsite a mystery and plant them somewhere completely irrelevant.

While moving a body, my racing mind couldn't help but wonder, what if the universe was created in one place, and then moved to another? How could we tell?

What I learned was that when someone is killed, or just otherwise plainly dies, their blood will begin to settle and bruise in a certain way. For example, if someone died laying on their back, the blood would settle in the soles, bottom, back, etc. The blood will fall with the help of gravity and bruise those areas. This means, had I killed someone and allowed a mortis to occur, and then I picked up the body and placed it on a recliner, sitting up, the authorities would know immediately that I had moved the body.

Using the same logic, one might be able to determine if the universe was actually created in another place, and then moved. What would equate to the settling of blood, though?

Imagine, if you will, an early formation of the universe where there are small bits of stationary matter spread throughout it. And then a creator picks up the universe and moves it to another room and the small bits of matter gain inertia and begin moving all about. With the work of physical laws and energy we get physical results; the pieces of matter begin to interact with each other and numerous effects form. And suddenly, we have stars and planets and celestial bodies. With all the inertia we have planets orbiting stars, stars forming solar systems that form galaxies around a gigantic mysterious dark matter or dark energy.

And so the present state of our universe, in this theory, would equate to the settling of blood. Movement itself would have told us that the universe was created in one place, and then brought to another.

What would be the significance of knowing the universe was not created where it currently resides? For one thing, if you're anything like me, you lose things, and that can mean to a creator the universe can become lost and perhaps never found again. There is also the possibility that it may show some kind of intent. We tend not to move things without reason; they were put there originally for a reason to begin with. So if a creator moved the universe after it was created, there was probably a reason; it was in the way of something, its location had an emergency, the new location was more suitable for its purpose, something new was moved into the area and space needed to be made. The final

significance I can think of right now is that a creator generated movement within it by moving it, and once it is set in its new location, eventually that energy may reverse-entropy back to its original state of randomly scattered stationary matter across the universe until someone moves it again.

Lynne and I finally made it out of Grand Searle through GS City and into the borough of Chase. I don't think either of us have been back here since we moved.

Driving, we eventually passed a sign that said "Welcome to Mirewood," and the both of us thought the evacuated town would be a good place to shoot video and pictures.

Just in front of what looked to be used as a public building, I parked the bike and we both got off. For this shoot, Lynne decided to finally change into her black miniskirt. She took off her black jacket but kept on a new black shirt and black suede ankle-length boot-heels.

At first I was going to record her walking down the dark street, this place was barely lit, but then in the distance we spotted a firetruck in a ditch in a field.

We investigated the firetruck, purely out of curiosity and not to use for footage, and while walking in the field we noticed small groups of small flowers. This one had blue flowers and the next had red. Coming up on the next set, I aimed the camera to see if it would show up in the darkness at all and it didn't, but in thinking I took out my phone and turned on the flashlight and set it beside the small family of small flowers. Each hue came up relatively well.

And so for four photos I pictured Lynne as she walked across them, one that was red, another that was blue, another that was green, and the final that was yellow.

Back in the town while walking down a sidewalk, we saw a family of trees with low-hanging pinkish-purple leaves. We started a ways back and I walked behind her, recording her from a distance as she walked by underneath it, stopped, and then pulled a branch down to admire them. My phone's flashlight did well again in lighting the scene so you could see the vibrancy of the pinkish-purple leaves.

The next set of photos were to contrast the family field flowers photos; three sets of weeds that grew next to three dead buildings. Again, I set up the phone to light the area.

I walked up to her to show her the most recent photographs and video, and as she looked through them I noticed a ladder that led to the roof of a building. Suffice it to say, the next shot was the camera way up high and recording her as she walked through the town, every once in a while a photograph being taken of her.

I showed her the video and she thought it was a cool angle. I took one final shot of her outside, still behind her but a bit closer and it was as she was looking back to see if anyone was following her. When I showed her the image I mentioned that she was so photogenic. She looked up at me then punched me and smiled, like a little girl who didn't

know how to tell a boy she liked him. Then she got into a boxing stance and punched my arm over and over again, and finally when she was done with that she threw her body at me wildly and like a maniac. Her hitting me caused me to turn and in the distance I noticed a big yellow building.

We walked over to it because we needed footage of the abduction scene. Strangely, as we approached it, we heard and saw an ice cream truck drive past.

Inside the building we saw that it used to be a meat factory, and this would be a perfect place for me to film kidnapping her. We looked around a good while until we found a pretty good place to place the camera so it could record it all in one shot.

The first recording was Lynne standing next to something in the darkness and me approaching her and staring directly at her. "What the fuck are you following me for?," she asked angrily and annoyed. And for the first time, my character said something to her. "You remind me of a swan."

I then went and put the camera in the location we chose, hit record, and went back to her in the same position I was before. As she began to walk away I lunged at her, grabbing her and causing a struggle. Eventually I threw her to the ground and began dragging her by her feet. Since this was an abandoned town, she didn't hold back and she began screaming at the top of her lungs. Kicking and shouting and screaming wildly I was hoping she didn't hurt herself on anything sharp, but before we could even finish the scene something horrific happened.

First the lights turned on. Then, for about three seconds, something began to power up. And finally, every thing in the meat factory was activated. The sound that shocked me the most was the sound of something that sounded like a chainsaw or some kind of blade for cutting through the toughest meat.

I extended my hand towards Lynne and helped her up and we ran as fast as we could away from the sounds until we made it outside back into the town. We crossed a street and then ran and hid behind a row of apartment buildings.

Out of breath, when I looked back, I saw that no one was chasing us, and looking at Lynne I saw that she could barely breathe and soon began to cough violently. The shock in my body did not diminish at all and only accelerated until I sat down to catch my breath.

When she stopped coughing she tried to speak but could barely talk from the fright. I could understand though, that she was telling me we left the camera behind.

It took me thirty minutes before I decided to go back into the meat factory. What we had recorded and photographed was too important to be lost. It was the visual process of the corruption of her beauty, something from the domain of the sky shot down to Earth, and I was determined to film the final act of her legacy. But what had turned on the light?

Was someone or something in there playing games with us? I ran inside, grabbed the now dead camera, and then ran back outside as quickly as I could to Lynne. “We're leaving,” I told her. “Fucking right we're leaving,” she replied.

We began walking back to the motorcycle. On a turn that I was sure would lead us to it, my instinct turned out to be wrong. And then on a turn that she was sure would lead us back to it, her instinct turned out to be wrong. Even in going back one turn, we became more lost than found. And then I realized what was happening.

“The town is playing with us. It's moving things around so we can't find the bike to leave,” I told her. “...What?,” she said in pure amazement. “There's no other way to explain this,” I said, “we would have found it by now, but instead we're more lost than before.”

A moment later I came up with an idea. I told her that I would go forward and search the next corner while she stayed behind so the street couldn't shift. But there was a problem. When I came back around because the next corner was not the right street, Lynne disappeared.

For the next ten minutes, I tried calling her on her phone but there was no service, so I wandered around aimlessly and hopelessly until I came upon a clocktower. I found my way inside and walked all the way to the top, where I could look over the entire town. In my browsing I was able to locate the motorcycle, but I didn't find Lynne until a minute after.

I shouted out “Lashes” as loudly as I could. When she finally heard me, she ran toward my voice until she was up in the clocktower with me. We solved the problem by her watching me while I was on the ground, because I don't think the town can shift when someone is looking down at multiple streets. Eventually I made it to the motorcycle and I drove it back to her. When she hopped on, we book it out of there and had plans never to return.

I suppose I must have unknowingly been driving a bit faster than I usually do, because ten minutes later I saw flashing red and blue lights in the mirrors.

I pulled over on the side of a road lit by orange lights. “Lynne,” I whispered to her, “get off the bike and pretend to fall so that your prosthetic breaks off.” “What? No!”

The officer exited his vehicle and began approaching us, and when he got to us he asked us where we were going. “Mist Harbor, staying at a motel,” I said. He looked at me and then asked us to take off our helmets. We did, and the entire time he seemed to keep a safe distance from the both of us.

“Do you know why I stopped you?,” “No.” “...Get off the bike.” I got up first and then off the bike, and then Lynne got off second. At first I wasn't sure if she assessed the situation and decided to fall like I told her, but she fell to the ground as soon as she put

her second foot down, and her prosthetic foot came undone and this must have terrified the officer at first.

The both of us caught by surprise, immediately after she fell, we both went to help her up, but in doing so butted heads violently. "Sir!," the officer shouted at me holding his head, but he said nothing more and only wiped the side of his head to find blood.

I too was holding my head and found blood when I wiped the hurting area myself. "Ma'am," the officer said kneeling again to help Lynne up. I went and picked up her prosthetic, and she soon lifted up her pants so I could help her put it back on while the officer held her steady.

It was at this point that I saw that Lynne did not actually fall on purpose and instead had, as fate would have it, stepped on a rock. And I suppose if it had been a real human foot it would have mimicked the process of rolling an ankle.

The cop was visibly upset still that we had butted heads, and still bleeding, and seeing me bleed, he went to his police car to retrieve a cloth. I kneeled in front of Lynne and pretended to fix her leg so that when he began walking back he would see she was still impacted by the fall.

When he got back to us, he started to ask us a question but then stopped soon after.

"Look," he said even more visibly upset and perhaps was beginning to bleed even more, "slow down, I don't even know why you're riding around with the misses when the vehicle doesn't even have proper modifications for her. It's dangerous, and driving above the speed limit with her on it is moronic. Get the modifications," he turned to Lynne before he walked away, "Have a good night."

Lynne and I put our helmets back on and got on the bike and quickly drove away, relieved and heading once again toward Mist Harbor.

It was nearing two A.M. when we drove into the neighborhood we used to live in. Twenty minutes after that, we were both surprised to see the renovations they made on the apartment building we met in. It was five floors now and even looked wider. The parking lot was larger and the front entrance was elegant. It's only been a few years but this looks like a completely different place.

And it wasn't just the building that was new, there was now a gazebo near it surrounded by flowers. Lynne was ecstatic and wanted to sit inside it, and so we got off the motorcycle and went in it, sitting on the seat. We looked at the building for a while, and once or twice we saw someone turn on or off a light.

"Remember when we went on that roadtrip with Claire?," she started, "and we saw those buildings get blown up." "What about it?" "Nothing, I was just thinking about it because this building looks so different and because we're on a roadtrip now." "Yeah, I remember it," I told her.

After a bit of silence, she became so nostalgic that she said “First time living on my own.” “This apartment?,” I asked. “Yup,” the “p” popped, “always lived with family or friends.” I found that interesting, and shortly after a moment of silence I said “First time building a bookcase.” She had no reply to it and the silence returned until she turned it into a game.

“...First time being in love...” ... “...First time being obsessed...” ... “...First time meeting a recluse...” ... “...First time meeting an artist...” ... “...First time having a gardening partner other than Sarah...” ... “...First time gardening...” ... “...First time wearing sexy clothes and getting paid for it...” ... “...First time paying someone to wear sexy clothes...” ... “...First time writing a poem and giving it to him...” ... “...First time writing a poem and giving it to her...” ... “...First time having my ass kissed...” ... “...First time kissing ass...” ... “...First time,” I cut her off, telling her that this was the first time I didn't feel like playing the game anymore. She laughed and stopped, but then started again on something else.

“I feel healthier than I did ten years ago. I think it's because my body discovered orgasms. I am almost positive that, at least for women, having multiple orgasms every day improves physical and mental health. It has to. I feel stronger and happier and I am always in the mood and always thinking about it. I've never sucked on my own titties before, and I'm pretty sure I almost messed up my neck, but watching you and waiting for it to come out, I had to suck on something. At first I was going to get up so I could kiss you and suck on your tongue but then you wouldn't have been able to shoot it onto my chest. I was so in the mood when I saw my nipple so erect, I just said to hell with it.”

When I didn't reply she continued, “What about you? Do you feel healthier?” Those who chase status and wealth and luxury will find that those things always come with a price, literally and figuratively. I have always felt guilty in making Lynne live the way that I do, even though she still has her fashion and her flowers, but I don't abuse her physically or psychologically and based on what she just told me, she is perfectly healthy.

The one sympathy I have for rich people, and it's a small one, is the fact that they understand riches can only satisfy a few basic things, such as food, education, shelter and unnatural ways of improving your health. The poor will say you have all this money, why are you crying, but what poor people don't understand is that an excess in money and an excess in spending it only highlights the futility of happiness. Other than that, I have no sympathy for rich people.

“I feel like a million bucks,” I told her. She laughed, and afterwards she looked at me with witchy eyes. “I want to share one last first with you here,” she told me.

She began raising her miniskirt so it was up at her ribcage and it revealed her baby blue boyshorts. She then took off her black shirt and this revealed her baby blue

brassiere. Putting back on her black jacket, she lowered herself toward the floor of the gazebo and then knelt in front of me, pulling me forward a little bit by the legs so I was in a better position for her.

I quickly looked at my phone to see what time it was and it was three A.M., I supposed that the likelihood of anyone seeing this was low.

After she pulled me forward enough, she looked up at me and asked me if I was still able to see if anyone was coming and I said yes. "Tell me when you're about to finish," she said.

She unzipped my pants but didn't undue them, then she reached inside and found my half-erect penis. She beat it to full affection as I looked down at her raised miniskirt and boot heels.

When she saw that I was fully erect, she moved forward with her chest out and put my penis underneath her bra and then brought it back up again as it slid in between her breasts. She kissed the tip of it, then looked back up at me and smiled, and then looked back down at it, and after spitting on it, on one go she deepthroated it once, held it there to salivate it, and then came back up to remove it from out of her mouth.

Now she began moving her body up and down so that my penis would slide back and forth between her breasts, and very soon after she used both hands to squeeze both of her breasts so they would put more pressure on me. As she went up and down, she looked back up at me but didn't say a word, but it was enough to know that there was something wicked about her.

In the darkness I could see her well, but I saw her more clearly after I took my phone and turned on the flashlight so I could angle it on her. When she saw the light she looked back up quickly, and in her eyes I saw gold reflection.

She looked back down and continued moving her body up and down and squeezed her breasts even harder upon my penis as it slid between them. Then she adjusted her bra by lowering it just slightly so that her erect nipples could be seen by both of us. At this point, I decided I was going to record this.

I began recording and told Lynne, and for a second she looked at the camera and then back down at my cock.

Another thirty seconds went by before I was on the precipice of that strong sensation. "I'm about to bust," I told her. Immediately, she attached her mouth to my penis and kept the motion of moving up and down. Five seconds later my penis slightly expanded in her mouth and when she felt me release into her, she slowed down until she stopped altogether.

Slowly she rose her face until it was out of her head, then looked at me and swallowed. She placed both of her hands on my thighs and helped herself up, lowering

her miniskirt and sitting back down next to me and putting back on her black shirt.

I looked at my phone and stopped the recording and saw that it saved.

As we went to leave the gazebo, Lynne saw me bend over to begin picking a flower out of the ground, but she stopped me before I could. “No, no, that's okay, leave it there. You can pay me back another time.” “Are you sure? Because you don't get flowers from me often.” “I'm sure. I know you'll come up with something better.”

When she was switched back into her black jeans, we got on the motorcycle and began driving over to Mist Harbor, which was the next town over. It would be the last motel we stayed at until we went back home to San Rashida.

It was nearing sunrise when we got to Mist Harbor, and it was practically daylight when we got to the motel. We checked-in as usual and found our motel room on the first level. We were both tired so we used the bathroom and then went straight to bed. We both found it odd that the bathroom floor was carpeted.

“I can't wait to get back home,” I told her. “Me too,” she replied. “Why, are you homesick?” “You know I love to travel, but I love my home more... The owner of the building should have put a gazebo in the courtyard.” I laughed and soon fell asleep.

I woke up suddenly to what sounded like a crash. When I looked to my right, Lynne wasn't there. I quickly got up out of bed and broke the blinds to find that the motorcycle was laying sideways on the ground and Lynne was lying on the ground near a support beam. I put on my shorts and quickly ran outside to her.

“What happened?,” I asked still confused and kind of shocked. Another motel guest came out of his room and looked at us, but I told him that every thing was fine and under control.

“I tried to ride it by myself but fell,” she said. I picked her up by the arm and she stood up and I found a mark near her elbow. “Look at this, you have a huge mark on your arm. Does it hurt?” “...No, not really,” she looked like she was almost about to cry.

I walked over to the motorcycle and picked it up and found that some of the paint was damaged. Lynne came over and saw the damage as well.

“Well we're just going to have to tell him it was like that when he gave it to us,” I told her.

We went back inside and I got dressed as Lynne tended to her injuries. When she came back out, I could see that she was sad about the whole thing.

“Come on,” I said, and she followed me outside.

I had her sit on the motorcycle and began to explain to her, the same way the thief explained to me, the basics of how a motorcycle works. “I've told you what every thing does and it's not any more difficult than riding a bike. You know how to ride a bike don't you?” “Yes I know how to ride a bike,” she said.

She began accelerating slowly and I helped her to stay upright until I let go of her and she was riding the motorcycle all by herself. She drove in circles around the parking lot, every few seconds looking back at me to make sure I was watching her and she consistently laughed with joy.

I've never really thought of Lynne as dumb. That's not the word for it. She's aware of some of the stupid things she does, but she does it anyway, despite the fact that she should know better. Naive isn't the word either, she can be childish but sometimes she is more of an adult than I am. I think the word is careless. But sometimes she is also carefree. I'll never forget when she first told me about the rose colors and their meanings. To be a woman like that, to be so childish, it's impossible when first meeting her to think she isn't a little slow, but it's also impossible to not admire her. To be so yourself without any care in the world what someone else might think of you.

When we went back inside she told me that that was fun and soon we were using the camera after it had fully charged while we slept. We were praying that the footage was still there and that the camera stopped recording before it ran out of battery.

To our luck, it was, and we both watched over the footage in full and knew exactly where it was going to go in our independent film.

Out of sheer curiosity, I continued to watch the footage after Lynne left to go take a shower. For a while longer the lights stayed on and the machinery continued going until suddenly it went dark and the machinery stopped. Pretty dark. Maybe the building has faulty electrical wiring. But why would it even receive power in the first place, it's an abandoned building in an abandoned town? I wonder if that happens in some of the other non-residential buildings. What the hell... Is that... Is that a person?

I got chills down my spine when I realized that what I was looking at on the camera was indeed a real live actual human being who had been in the meat factory with us. I shot up and ran to Lynne and moved the curtains. "Look!," I shouted at her. She wiped her eyes and looked at the screen and saw a dark humanoid figure moving about on the screen, and then the figure disappeared.

Lynne, with as disturbed a look one can have, asked "Do you think he turned on the lights to scare us away?" "He must have."

When Lynne got out of the shower she joined me in watching it over and over again. The dark figure, while perhaps knowing there was a recording device somewhere in the area he was looking, never actually saw or found the camera, and then seemingly just left.

"I can't believe when you ran back in there, there was someone hiding in there," Lynne said in a shocked and saddened tone. "Do you think we should call the police?," she asked. I was going to say that he wasn't committing any crime, but then again he perhaps was trespassing. But it would be a futile call as the police wouldn't bother with

that.

I watched it a few more times, then finally shut the camera off because it was only unsettling me more. In my distant stare, a random old thought came to my forebrain that dealt with unlucky fortunes. Four swans bore an oncoming tune. Three swans free a becoming moon. Two swans drew an upcoming bloom. One swan spun an incoming doom.

Chapter 100

SWAN SONG

3:3:10:100

THE proof of naturally selected concepts is in the ability to similarly mathematically notate occurrences with other occurrences that seemingly have no relationship. As such, the calculus of death can be found in many things. Take, in principle, the human, who lives and dies. And take, in principle, the idea, who is nothing like the human but also, for a period, lives, and then dies.

In a mathematical context, a human or an idea has a conceptual peak in its origin where it is its furthest away from death, and slowly it crawls towards death until it is no more. A human, such as Lynnette, and an idea, such as the wheel, would appear to have no relationship, but in scientific terms we can mathematically note their calculus of death and the image would look identical. This must tell us that despite their differences, there is something that governs them that is beyond our deliberate comprehension; the concept itself of naturally selected concepts.

A few weeks ago I had this dream. I was looking down at God and Satan's tombstones, two entities I was told of whom originated at the same origin in terms of time and space.

Like their creation of the universe and the life in it, they lived and they died, following an identical mathematical notation.

When I woke up, I went to my laptop computer to record the dream and the analysis I had of it. If we have some of the same notation as God and his universe, that is we too birth, live and die, and if there is such a thing as an afterlife and a beforelife, one might begin to suspect that God and his universe too experience an afterlife and a beforelife.

My first instinct is that God, being synonymous with creation, would get to create the next world he's going to live in, and that world would be the afterlife of this universe.

What kind of world would God create for himself? If we know anything about creators, I surmise God would create something so complex that he could never solve it. This in being he would be eternally enveloped in his creation and as well immortal. And he would play a fool for a millennia yet he would never give up.

My second instinct, which, I guess, is not really an instinct but a second thought, is that he would recreate our universe but it would be different in two ways; he would make it so that he himself cannot die and that the universe itself cannot die. He would devise his ultimate fate and he would devise the ultimate fate of the universe.

Does every thing have a quantifiable ultimate fate? For example, if you recorded the life of every thing in numbers, would each life end in the same number? Would every one, in their final moment of life, express the same equation in their first moment of

death?

If we were to take the entire population of an average unknown country, in each resident's life there would be what I would call "checkpoints." These are basically shared moments in an individual's life that is common throughout everyone else who inhabits the same area. Some common checkpoints would be; birth, puberty, hormonal irregularity or falling in love, mid-life existential crisis and death.

I would venture to say that you could take each resident, and at the moment or moments they are experiencing these checkpoints, they will share the same brain chemistry or some other biological metric. This shared equation would be so patterned that after enough study, one could look at it and know it just from the group of numbers. And so in this case, we would all share the same quantifiable ultimate fate, which would be the death equation.

We all know what death looks like; someone stops breathing, stops moving, they turn cold. We understand this in a manner of biology, and even in philosophy in the sense that when someone dies, we celebrate their life. But what to make of understanding death mathematically? To know that in areas of high temperature there are an infinite number of ways to die, and when in areas of low temperature, there are very few ways to die, so much so that death may actually not even be a possibility.

It is an amazing thought, to think that if someone was completely frozen in space in the correct way, their body could voyage for eons, even to the far-reaching edges of space, if there are any, and still be considered mathematically alive by judgment of the universe or the universe's consciousness. And to live this way, undetectable by the universe's logic of complex maths, you would escape for eternity, or as long as the universe stretches, that most deathly equation.

Referring back to the idea of naturally selected concepts, if a human body can escape death technically, despite not being related, so could too an idea that, like the body, often dies. This would be a clever way for the idea of God to exist in our universe for eternity. If he programmed the idea of himself into a place where the temperature is absolute zero, then he will exist in this plane as an immortal. And if the universe was created, or even moved to, a place where the temperature is absolute zero, it too will never die.

After watching the dark figure in the video so many times, Lynne and I eventually left the motel to walk into town. I had never been to Mist Harbor before, and I don't think she had ever been either, but it is always interesting to see a location you have lived near your entire life for the first time.

The final stop on this road trip was a tattoo parlor that specialized in tattoos designed to last for one year. You already know I have commitment issues, so this is the only type of tattoo I would ever even entertain. As for Lynne, I can't speak for her. She would

probably actually commit to a permanent tattoo.

When we walked into the parlor it was empty and we confirmed with the woman that we had called about a week ago and booked an appointment for two. She pulled up the designs on her computer and when we saw them we told her that they were for us.

I went first, Lynne looking at me as if she didn't fully trust that I would do the deed. The woman sat at my right arm, preparing the side of my shoulder, and soon she began inking the top of my arm.

A minute after she began, I asked her if she was sure that she was using the correct ink. Lynne laughed and the woman assured me it would start fading away after about a year.

Because the tattoo was only about the size of a quarter, she was done relatively quickly, and at the end of it all I had a tattoo that resembled Lynne's prosthetic foot wearing a black ankle-strap open-toes heel and had a drop of red blood dripping from the top of the prosthetic.

When it was Lynne's turn, she laid down and the woman prepared the inside of her right ankle. As the woman began, Lynne joked with her, saying "We're not actually this cool." The woman laughed and shortly after said to us, "I can guess what his tattoo means, but what does yours mean?"

Lynne looked up at me, wondering if it was okay for her to explain the meaning of her tattoo to the woman. "Go ahead," I said.

Lynne told the woman that I had obsessive-compulsive disorder, so she wanted it to be something that symbolized her eternal love for me despite my illness.

Because the tattoo was only about the size of a quarter, she was done relatively quickly, and at the end of it all, on the inside of her right ankle and just above the ankle itself, she had a tattoo of a red heart that was outlined in black, and on the black outline there was a lighter shade of a red dot on it.

We left the parlor at about three P.M. and walked back to the motel room. When we got inside, Lynne went directly for the bathroom and I knew it was to obsess over the art on her leg.

I grabbed the camera and began watching the footage of the meat factory again. I couldn't stop thinking about what type of a person would be in there at that time. Were they living there? Did they just happened to be there? I want to think perhaps it was just a homeless person squatting, but the way the figure walked, there was something sinister about him.

I wonder why he didn't come down to help Lynne when she was screaming and I was dragging her away. Maybe he had been watching all the time and knew we were filming. Or maybe he hadn't been, and the screams woke him up or brought us to his attention,

and he was content to just watch. Like my character from our little project, maybe he enjoyed the sight of things.

Thirty minutes later I stopped watching the footage and became aware of the fact that Lynne was still in the bathroom. When I opened the door to the bathroom I saw that she was fully nude and had discovered a full-length mirror that was attached to the closet door and this was the answer to why she was in here for so long.

After I opened the door, she looked up immediately from examining her new tattoo and through the mirror she looked at me with wide eyes. When she blinked, they returned to normal.

She kept her eyes on me as I entered the bathroom and for a few seconds I watched her eyes as well until I looked down at the red heart near her ankle. Whether by unconsciousness or black magic, I began undressing as I stared at her leg, and when I was fully nude with her I walked up to her, staring at her through the mirror until I was directly behind her and palmed both of her breasts. Squeezing and playing with them, I began sucking on the side of her neck as her face faced the ceiling and her hands covered my hands.

When I removed my mouth from her neck her face came down and we stared at each other through the mirror once more. Eventually she reached behind herself with one hand and inserted my penis into her vagina. Placing her hand back where it was before, I began thrusting into her while we both watched each other's eyes.

The sight of her full body in the full mirror making repeated motions against mine was a new memory. And so were the eyes that looked back at me as if I was a stranger and a lover all at once.

I moved my left hand from off of her breast and to her neck and her face turned from the mirror and toward mine. Her right hand came off of mine and she brought it up and around so that her right elbow was in the air and her right palm on the back of my head. As I continued to squeeze her right breast, I plunged my tongue into her open mouth and our mouths closed and moved upon each other.

At that moment, I thought of the deep secret ocean and I know she did, too. With each moment that passed by, I kissed her harder, squeezed her tighter, and penetrated her at a faster and faster pace until I ejaculated into her and my pace became arrhythmic and she sucked herself out of my kiss moaning and gasping for air.

Her body had become more limp than mine but I was able to keep the both of us upright and from collapsing onto the carpet floor. Soon after Lynne pointed to her right, and when I looked to my right I saw a bar. I moved us toward it and Lynne grabbed it with both hands as soon as she could, and I grabbed it with both hands right after her. She re-positioned herself so that my penis had a better entry into her, and then I began

thrusting again. I used the bar as leverage to push harder into her and I could feel her use the bar as leverage to push back into me. And almost instinctively, we both turned our heads to watch ourselves in the full-length mirror again. I watched as her mouth gaped half-open and as her eyes sometimes closed and stayed closed for a few seconds until they slowly opened back up again. The sight of her side-breasts and her fully erect side-nipples and her penetrated side-bottom going back and forth only made me go harder at her. And finally, when she opened her eyes so slowly that I knew she could barely handle anymore, again returned that arrhythmic pace after her body had siphoned the life out of mine.

This time, either of us could barely stand and both gently dropped onto the carpet floor. We laid there, panting and in love but never saying a single word to each other. We laid there tired and for so long that we both actually fell asleep on the carpeted bathroom floor.

When I woke up I took my pants and then took my phone out of them to see it was ten o'clock. Then I began checking for how long it would take to drive from this motel back to our apartment. While checking, the phone suddenly died and I had to use Lynne's phone. While using the map application on her phone, something popped up in the corner of an area that said "Charms." When I tapped it, it displayed a message that said "Charms sold here."

There was a super-department store just across the street from this motel that was open twenty-four hours and sold charms.

When I was done I put her phone back on the counter and then sat back down, watching her sleep and staring at her heart tattoo. I am mostly a virtuous man, but in a life spent living with many virtues, Lynnette is my only vice. She is my favorite nightmare. My favorite full Moon. My favorite cold. My favorite season...

One thing I've come to learn but I think I always knew intuitively is that romantic love has a high floor but a low ceiling. And friendship, platonic, unconditional love has a low floor but a high ceiling. Looking at her tattoo and then mine, even though I know that in a year they will fade, what they represent never will.

When Lynne woke up twenty minutes later, I told her what time it was and then told her that the store across the street sold charms. "You better go now before we leave," I told her.

We both got dressed and she told me that she wouldn't be longer than ten minutes, which I already knew was a lie. She put on her multiple layers of clothing and I watched her as she crossed the dark street and entered the super-department store. Then I went back into the motel room and put on my helmet and carried the duffle bag to the motorcycle. I placed the duffle bag on the end of the bike and then sat down on the curb

stop parking block thing.

After ten minutes she still was not back yet. After twenty, there still was no sight of her and by then my mind had already begun to wander. A thought landed on the therapist and his telling me that my dreams would not save me. Despite my eventual agreeing with him, I still chose my dreams anyway, and the irony is that they did save me. I just didn't have the wisdom to see how way back then.

At twenty five minutes I took out my phone and looked over the poem I wrote for Lynne before the adventure that I planned to give her tomorrow for her birthday. But if she's not back in five minutes I might just throw it away.

In our boundless purgatory
An afterlife created only for you and I
Seated on a crystal chair
There I will wait until you die
And when we are again one
Reunited beyond the earthly sky
You will know me by my dreams
For in them was the place you used to fly

I wonder what Sarah and David are doing right now. Man, I can't wait to go back home. Sleep on my own bed again finally. What is that? Got bugs crawling on my shoes now waiting for this dumb broad to buy a charm. I hope they don't even have any. Or I hope the ones they do have are the ones she already has. "Have a good night." Why does it take anyone thirty minutes to pick one goddamn charm. Maybe it's actually better if we leave a little bit later. Avoid any cops. Can't believe she actually fell, that was hilarious... Her name is Lynne, she's so feminine, last name Julien... There have to be aliens somewhere out there. How can there not be? In the great expanse of the universe, speaking space-wise and time-wise, thirteen fucking billion years, and you're gonna tell me there are no aliens? No way Jose. They gotta be out there, probably watching us right now. I wonder what they look like.