

I'm in the bathroom. The door's locked. I'm trying to compose myself in the mirror. I hear a noise coming from outside the door. What is it?

It's voices. Something weird. I can't hear what's being said. A mumbling. The noise comes in waves and attains a rhythm. I am put off by the chant,

A conversation. Does someone have the TV on? I try to make out the words, words meant for me. Something uplifting. It is late. I am in a daze. The buzzing continues around me. As if it penetrates the doorway.

I open the door there is no one there. The TV is not on. Where is the noise coming from?

It is now all quiet!

Perhaps there's something at work that they need to remind me about. What? I haven't even started working there yet.

This is a conversation looking for speakers. For me it has a sense of the past. Something that I need to hear. Where they have been speaking about me. I am touched by that nakedness. A desire to escape what is being said.

I need to hear the words. For me it is life or death. The only way that I can come to life. To hear the words in all their clarity.

–Are you talking to me?

Words that are disembodied and drifting through the room.

–We have something to say to you. This is what we expect. Are you going to write this down?.

My reaction is disoriented. This is all nonsense. They can have nothing to say to me. Nothing of interest. I work to divorce myself from this noise. Just noise.

The door is still locked, and the words sneak under the door. Grip their way around me with their urgency. The monotone gives way to a commanding tone. You. This is for you. Whatever I want to hear. Not something that I enjoy. But what I need down deep.

I don't want to open the door. I will not be able to get out of this room. The passageway will be narrow with a low ceiling. I will crawl. Getting smaller and smaller as the room closes in on me.

I can feel this pressure on my body. An ability to breathe. A crushing in my chest. I try to brace myself. I can't leave this room. Locked in as I am locked in myself. I put my hands on my chest. Try to work through the muscular pain. If I could taste...

I open the door. The silence is incredible. I almost hear a buzzing in my head due to the lack of outside influence. Where was the noise coming from. I move around the house. Tapping on each door as if it will reveal its secret. Is the television on somewhere. The announcer speaking to me. Picking me out.

It's voice mail. My machine has been acting up. Gurgles of expression. More than that. Is someone trying to reach me? Has it decided to block out my calls. Keep me from the world.

While I'm in the other end of the house, I hear the voice again. The words are now clearer.

Outside a dog barks. It seems in rhythm with the wind chimes. Then the silence of the night again.

It is all noise for me now. It prevents me hearing what I need to hear. My instructions. What they want me to do tomorrow. I am worried. I don't want to give my time over to someone else. I feel like I'm at the doctor's office.

Intention describes the legibility of a mark on a textual surface Through an appreciation of context, a reader's literacy enables the perception of that mark.

You're here for a short while; make the best of it!

Trina Fan cradled her precious dose of oxycodone. She opened the capsule carefully and spread the coarse powder on a glass plate. She then ground down the powder to a fine grain.

–Whatever you do, don't touch my ticket. It's my ticket to paradise.

She chuckled to herself. This was just before she saw it all. Like a whiff of eternity. The mania spread over her and lit up her face.

–I'm in heaven.

And indeed you are, girl.

It was a precious moment, one that would last all night. The all of the night until another dose beckoned across that chasm.

–Oh, can you reach me. Please one touch.

The big blow hard knew it was his time. And he was going to blow. For himself. For his son. For his world. New and in order. He hung his handkerchiefs on the line before him. When they dried he would press each one and impress the world with his charm.

–That man was a charming sort.

If only someone would have rescued him at that moment. But here it was his choice to rescue the world.

–It's a choice between good or evil.

Boy, did he get that right as she boiled the mixture in the spoon.

–It's a coming for me. I want mine.

And indeed he did.

It's a family order. Death and birth. Born in death. Born to **RAISE HELL!**

It's a family thing. Like Cain and Abel. Me and you. Sucking on the sweet ball. How you's raised! Candy sweet and quite petite.

–A rattle or a rattler.

–Axes. Or oxes.

–They unda' the big yoke.

–It's your job to liberate them by making friends.

–It's my world and I'm going to decorate it.

And wonders what she got in the mail. The part that she's been waiting for. Just to swap out one from for another.

“I'll just screw it out. Match the hinges on the dotted line.”

She gets caught trying to pull it out, and it gets caught. She gets caught up trying to pull.

–I just need to pull harder.

Pull it too hard and the world comes apart.

“If it's not set in right, it won't right. And it must work right.”

It needs to work right for everyone. Where is used to be connected to someone else.
“Swaps out parts one for another.”

–It’s my world and I’m going to desecrate it, she laughs. She steadies herself in the mirror. That is who I want to be. And she is making herself so. Making the whole world to balance.

–I have to make one change.

Never a big. Almost the only change.

–What can I do?

–Oh, Tina. It’ll be your big day!

But the rift thousands of miles wide. Just to take this bit in and push that bit out.

–I want to feel that I’m doing something. Not just for myself but for the whole world.

And she is. If they would hang on her very change.

–The whole world will. You change your outlook and everything reflects the change.

She is licking an ice cream cone. Pistachio and walnut.

–Mmm good. I will be bigger with the change.

Imagines herself in the pink one. Pulls tighter to reveal where she is going.

–You won’t have to hide that nasty thing anymore.

I’ve hardly been here a day and I’m already hearing about how they’re going to contact agents in the field. It sounds like some combination of voice mail and telepathy. This disembodied voice is visited upon you. I feel sort of privileged. Not just to hear about the method, but to actually feel that I have been contacted. Of course, I couldn’t make out the words. I figure that is all part of the training. I only wish that I could come to that point on my own.

Already my speculation is getting silly. They have no doubt implanted these agents with special sensors to hear acutely. They are changing their physiology so they can accommodate to a new reality. I am astounded. Where will they stop. Scalpel and suture. Implants. Plastic surgery. Replacement parts. Prosthesis. Death and resurrection.

I’ve vowed to learn everything that I can about the daily operations of this office. My eyes and ears are open. I am always trying to see behind doors. Eavesdrop on conversations. I do not want to remain at this desk forever. I am too good for that. There are few people with the wealth of my skills here. More than ever, I want to be the one who shines.

My supervisor is an idiot. At this point, I know everything that he does in a day and easily assume his role. I could use their techniques to eliminate him and take his place. How absurd! I have to learn to bear these lesser souls. That is part of my growing process. I didn’t sign on her to mess with the staff. My natural talents will help me advance. I only fear envy on the part of my superiors. When they see how well I can do, they may be fearful about their own jobs.

They have nothing to fear. At least not from me. The everyday working of the company are designed to weed out mediocrity. Their only fear is themselves. If indeed that is a great fear. that is why I have to find out what these messages are saying. They are part of the inner workings of the office and if I can work them out I can rise above those around me.

There is a sense of destiny in the fact that I have been picked out to carry out the legacy. Brave men who have often risked their lives. Men who have a special knowledge and can look on the mass of humanity with a feeling of fatherly concern. I want the ability to guide the world

in its appointed task. I am the right man for this job.

Nevertheless, they have buried me with the most mundane paper work. While other employees are gallivanting around the globe, I am stuck at a desk matching their travel vouchers to their declaration sheets. This is nonsense. Don't they have computers for this kind of shit. I need to assume my fated position. I think this is a trick to get rid of the best and the brightest. This keeps the top heavy quality of the organization. If they restrict mobility, the brass can continue to exercise unquestioned authority.

I heard that the upper echelons have a special breakfast at Diefenbaker's. I need to go out of my way to be a part of that. Even if I just hear bits of conversation, or see who's who, I want to be part of something special.

What if I get swallowed in the maelstrom of the organization. I know that everyone starts here with the finest of intentions. They all think that they are the one. Recruited from superlative schools with impeccable management skills, they each are brought under the same principles and learn to survive by their wits. The worst are cast aside. Most become part of an obedient rank and file. Only a few are true candidates for advancement.

Why does the frustration of limited success not engulf everyone here. I think that the overall sense of camaraderie becomes a substitute for real advancement. I do not want to be seduced by this culture. To worry if my children are going to get in the elite private schools. To attend pot luck dinners and wile away my hours in despair over my inability to achieve the pinnacle of success. I need to be separate even as I significantly affect those around me. I am a saint. I will follow the bible of the organization and excel. Even looking at myself in a mirror, I can note my overall confidence. I am enthusiastic. I bubble over. Wait until I start reviewing insurance documents. It will only get better.

After having disappeared from the world for a while, I return with the solemn news that I am sick and dying. I understand the potency of my remark. Friends wonder why I am dumping this burden on their shoulders. Some of them even wonder if I am contagious and might be infecting them as I talk to them. I assure them that they are perfectly OK, but that hardly diminishes my affliction.

In my heart of hearts I want as many people as possible to feel my dilemma. To realize that my trial is also theirs. It is with this vocation that I sense there is a real meaning to my life. Such a mission suggest the opposite of their actual reaction. Rather than run from me after expression of sympathy, they will face the unenviable task of their mortality. Seeing as this new is delivered by such an angelic form as me, the timing of my visits will necessarily have to precede my own demise. If only such a commitment could prolong my time on the earth. Down deep I really believe that is so and it gives me some consolation in my moment of apprehensive sorrow.

While I am fearful of my own passing, there is no accompanying fear in what I have chosen as my rightful path. I say chosen because at this moment I feel in total unity with my imperative. For what it is, such is the will when it discovers the true nature and can act unencumbered by doubt and weakness. Oh the revelation!

All my years, I have seen the will as this feeble and isolated thing. And with the shift in my fate, I realize how truly one with the universe we can be. I realize that no soul is completely divorced from my innermost feelings. The ability to affect others in such a profound way strikes me as the most wonderful gift. Once I have stumbled on this truth, I cannot let it slip from my

grasp. If there is any question on the part of others about my task, my intellect refers me back to the simple and joyful harmony in which I now participate. To love and truly be loved.

Once my listeners are greeted with the news, I realize how some will try to resist. Just as I have realized my vocation, it is futile for them to try to escape my pronouncement. This is what is meant to be, and it is only fortunate that I have made myself available to them at a time of need.

Some people feel that they need extra time to prepare themselves. I have been prepared for this eventuality all my life. Wake up! This is why we are here. To recognize how we can best pass over into the other state. In fact, this realization is what fills us with the most profound ecstasy. Too many shy away from this beautiful moment when heaven and earth unite to include us in a plan of such enormous magnitude. They wander aimlessly and do not see the hidden glory that is available for them. Quit your stirring. Embrace the end!

All their lives they have lived in confusion. There is nothing to be unsure about. This is the certainty that has so long eluded them. I am simply reminding them of what must be. By bringing this moment to them with such immediacy, they can no longer avoid the fundamental of their existence. Alleluia!

When I reach out my hand, I know that there is one and final test for my guests. They will all let go of their attachment to life and welcome what is to follow.

They may object to the forced intimacy that I offer. But they are still closed in by a wall that prevents access from true liberation. That is my task: to extricate them from their chains. To lead them to this place where they can envision that strange balance. And in accepting their fear, they can accept true liberation.

They stumble in darkness and are distracted by the least worries. Their lives have lost purpose. I turn them around. I let them see the light once and for all.

While SON of SAM declared it's the trouble inside,
we all realize DAMN! it's the trouble inside.

We can only do so much. It's up to the individual to change his lot. The successful in this country have too long been asked to bear the burden for the indolent and the uncooperative. We are all working to make this a great country. If we listened to our critics, we'd bankrupt the treasury to pay for programs that have been shown not to work. We've got to get everyone working in this country. And if you want to work, you have to have the will to succeed. I've done it. Everyone who supports me has done it. Do something for America! Do something!

SAM'S troubled family:

--Sammy, it's your turn to do the lawn.

--Do the lawn. I thought that we had a gardener for that.

--This summer you're going to our gardener.

The former gardener had been a police officer in Guatemala. Dad had done him a favor. Sammy loved hearing the stories of soccer matches in Guatemala. He always wanted to play soccer. He didn't realize how badly hurt you could get on a soccer field.

--We were just keeping order. I mean we had to shoot a few people. Troublemakers.

Sammy smiled. He thought his Dad was such a great guy to recruit such an intelligent

gardener. Besides, it was like having private security.

Things got a little hot when some bad news in Washington forced Raffy to go to another location. Now it was Sammy's turn to do the lawn. Do the lawn, he was allergic to grass. He rather go in the woods and shoot bb's at squirrels.

–Did you ever look in Raffy's eyes. He could tell a story.

As Sammy had his gun trained on a squirrel, he felt that same sense of power.

–Let that bugger go!

He saw the squirrel on his knees begging for mercy.

–You were meant to die. Just 'cause you pissed me off. This is what you deserve.

Squirrels seemed to easy. He watched the thing squirm for a few seconds. Then it went still. He just left the immobile corpse to rot in the woods.

Now he was staring at some birds and they really caught his fancy.

–This is what I really want.

His gun was cocked and ready for action. As Sammy watched the shot crack the neck of bird in flight, he felt this energy pulse through his body. He could look. He could take apart. He did not let it affect him. The world was his.

–Justice.

When he got home, the old man was waiting for him.

–Where you been?

–I've been shooting birds.

–Get any.

–Nothing really.

–You were supposed to do the lawn.

–That's not my job.

–Raffy don't work for us now. You have to help.

–Why'd you send him away.

–We couldn't afford him anymore.

–I miss his stories.

–There were only stories.

–He'll get a better job. He was a spy at home. A police commander.

–He wasn't a spy. He wasn't a police commander. He worked on a farm. Something like a plantation.

–He didn't lie.

–That's not why we sent him away. We couldn't afford to pay for a gardener any more.

–I could help. I could help pay him.

–Sammy, we can't afford it.

–Why?

–We're going to need your help.

–I don't want to help. You've got all that I'm going to do. I want to be a spy!

–Is it possible to have a complete turnaround.

–What are you asking?

–In your life. Can you just change for the better?

–I don't doubt that you can.

–I don't mean a deathbed confessional. I mean a real change where you start to think and

act differently.

–I suppose that’s possible.

–Suppose?

–Maybe not.

–It’s not like there’s a switch that just stays on and there’s nothing that we can do to turn it off. It’s not like that, is it?

–If you want to change, you can turn over a new leaf.

–And make restitution for all the thing that you’ve done wrong.

–Reverse the past. Go back to where you started.

–I can imagine this turnaround. Your whole life is before you, and you just turn it upside down. Hold it all together, and flip it around the other way. It’s weird. You’d have to start small. But then small wouldn’t be enough. You’d start small at doing something really large.

–You’d have to have something large to make it happen. To make it all worthwhile. And your character. It could come into play. It’s a big thing who you are. Who you’ve always been. And it might not let you really change.

–Then you’d have to do something so big. That everyone would know you for that thing. You couldn’t live it down.

–That sounds so much easier for bad things.

–Indeed it does.

–What if you did something so messed up? But everyone took it for something good, and you’d just be known for that one thing.

–But you’d know yourself how screwed up it all was. You’d be paralyzed. You wonder why everyone was treating you nice over something that you knew was dastardly, and you’d be waiting for the next shoe to fall.

–But maybe it wouldn’t, and it would be a sign that things had indeed changed and it would give you that chance to turn your life around.

–That’s crazy. And if that dastardly deed didn’t set things right, you’d wonder if it required a second. Something more extraordinary and horrific. Something that no one could forget. And this indelible mark on everyone’s brain would just burn its mark so deep.

–That’s just how I see it.

–That’s how you create a monster.

–But you never really know if what you do is really that good. You could do it for the right reason. Tell yourself that it was all OK. But along the way it would have the worse effects on other people. Like you’d make sacrifices. To do better things for other people. But it wouldn’t work out that way. They wouldn’t see the intent. They’d just see what you sacrificed.

–Like a scape goat.

–Like a scape goat. But in the end it would all be for a purpose.

–That is the most twisted logic that I have ever heard.

–Very, very twisted. But twisted right.

–You could justify anything in the name of your sacrifices.

I felt that I had done something very, very bad. I was going to be confined to my room. Had I wet myself again? Was he going to leave me like this? The room smelled bad, and the smell pervaded everything. It went to the heart of who I was.

I wanted to jump out of my skin. But only this reminder of something so wrong. He’d hit me for doing this to his place. To his stuff. He’d chain me to the bed or lock me in

the closet.

I could hear his laugh. I wanted to kill him. Just wring his neck. I felt that he could read my inner thoughts, and this was why he was doing all this to me.

I was sorry. Really sorry. But this was why I kept doing the same things over and over again. He knew it. Knew there was a pattern. He was trying to break my attachment to evil.

If he laughed, I laughed deep inside in a place that he's never hear me. He wanted to beat this place out of me. To discover who I was behind the laugh.

Even when he was not there, I knew he was watching me. I tried to hide from him. I could not. I lost all self control. When I had the feeling, I just let things flow.

It was almost as if I wanted to get caught. This punishment was the only love that I knew. And I clung to it. The caring that went into each crack of the belt on my skin. The reminder in the cuts and welts. Never again.

Had he gone out. I wondered as I thought that I heard him skulking about. What was he up to. I could tell that he was there. That he had new plans for me.

I could never escape. His locks and chains. His keys. He knew inside that I wanted to run away. Just go some place where I would be like this all the time. This was the only way to restrain my evil. He needed to protect the world from me. From doing the same things to other people.

Some people thought of him as bad in the same way. He was not. He cared. He needed to protect the world. He needed to protect me.

Like when he pored water down my throat until I started to choke. I needed to learn a lesson. Not to drink and mess up.

I needed to change. The odor was potent and came close to knocking me out. It was turning on me. My own body. The reflection. All turning on me. What was going on.

He was there when he was not. His voice screaming at me. Scratching from the inside.

I couldn't help myself. I wanted to. Told myself things. How I would stop eventually. I reviewed each time that I had soiled myself. How I wanted to stop. But I could not. It was all part of me. The inside and the outside. The disgust and the mess. I needed to be this way. Needed to get him angry.

Show me the way!

I am on my knees to you.

I wanted him to hurt me so for all the bad things that I had done. I awaited his visit. His blessing. He brought me so close to my end. To revelation. To death. I think that he gave me a mission. To tell everyone what I had learned.

I could feel the fear come over me. The slap of the night. I wanted to be touched and held and squeezed. I needed more to really feel it. Getting so used to all of this.

Come to me!

I tried to make it go away. In the depth of my sleep, there was my reality all vibrant and noxious.

Today I get a pile of files from the desk of the future Assistant Director. This guy is a piece of work. I'm matching receipts to his declarations. Am I supposed to question any of this. If I do, can I prevent him from getting his promotion. I'm not even sure if he needs

senatorial approval. But whoa!

I reason that European trips are part of the job. Our operations are international, and he's right at the center of things. Part of my work is verifying that he's flying economy and not first class. He just seem to have some arrangement to always get bumped up to first. Connections must be nice. It's not like they're illegal. It's all part of his job. He has to have allies if he's to succeed.

It become a little trickier when he's paying for late night services in Paris and Rome. This is not exactly room service. He claims that these are legitimate expenses when he has to meet dignitaries of other countries. I didn't know that you entertained the finance minister of Germany in your tub at 3 in the morning. Diplomats drink a lot of champagne. Wow!

Physical therapy seems another often used alternative. The man has back problems. If he's in pain, then there's a chance he's going to leave our country vulnerable in a free trade agreement or what not. The man's a real genius at taking care of business. Sometimes he seems to have two or three sessions at the same time. Consultations no doubt. Why can't they just bill in one lump sum. Everyone has to be independent. Make out their own bills so they can pay for their offices. Keep down their tax assessments. International finance is wonderful.

What did he do before I was here. Surely someone raised some questions. Or did they fear that he might restrict their advancement if they objected. I hear that he has connections everywhere. The press. Congress. No one would trust a whistle blower. It's not going to be me. At least not yet.

If I really organized these files, I'd understand the man completely. This is his profile. I can taste his food. I sleep in his bed. I am his Goldilocks. And I need to bite down.

Sure the idea's crossed my mind. I could assume his identity. Do what I want. Spend what I want. No one would be the wiser. I have his credit card numbers. Appropriations runs through me. How brilliant.

I'm now in bed in Madrid ready to snuggle.

–Come over here and rub my creature feature.

–What?

Where do I join his fantasy if I really want it to be all affecting. Plastic surgery. Language studies. A physical trainer.

–These receipts don't seem to match?

–He's changed trainers.

The quizzical look.

–He's switched gyms. He needed a quick stop in Detroit.

I feel like I'm in the thick of things. I just don't want to take a bullet for him.

–You don't look like...

–The lights are out. It really doesn't make much of any difference.

I zone out.

–You've got that stuff done. I've got more.

I download it all to a separate CDR. It won't hard getting it out of here. I'll just put it in my Walkman. I smile.

Here I come.

I am learning how to count. What is really important in my life and what I can do without. I am living by the numbers. That is my expertise. To make sense of each minute shift.

Each change. One, two...

The smallest numbers. The least increment. How to work it all in my favor, in our favor. They know that I have a skill. That I can make the empty vessel full. Take from one place and put in another and not let anyone know. No one at all.

I spend all day trying to make that discovery. The one that will open the world to me, to us all. I am on assignment with the numbers. To make them all come together. To feel their kiss, their embrace. The sweet perfume.

–Please don't kill me.

–Did you see that. She doesn't want to die. That's funny.

–What's funny?

–She think that if she begs that we'll let her off.

–It has to affect you a little.

He mimicked her:

–Please don't kill me.

–You really get a kick out of that.

–I can't help it.

–That's psychotic.

–Psychotic how.

–Someone who finds pleasure in the suffering of others.

–We all do. It's part of life. We turn our head at a car accident. We thank God that it's not us.

...please don't kill me..

Our objectives our consistent with our way of life. We love people. We love freedom.

| | | | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------|----------------|--|--|
| Without mistakes 1 person | | | | |
| | the cost of freedom | | | |
| | | 500,000 people | | |
| | | | | column worth our objectives = 50,000 |

–What if we are dealing with an assertive insurgent population?

–We have to adjust our numbers.

–They are only estimates.

–Right again. You can never really know a casualty. They are already dead.

–They could have been someone that you know.

–Not by the way that we calculate them. Just as long as we have no live footage of the event. It's all according to the numbers.

–That's grotesque.

–Numbers have magic. Everything that we cherish has a magic number associated with it.

She is bleeding wild and just going out of her skin.

–Come on shake me.

And the rocking continues.

–I just need a good fuck.

And I push back the layers of flesh. And with each opening, she opens herself more. She has gone too far. She cannot pull back. And her whole being is submerged in the swirl.

–This is me.

But she is not speaking to me. She is speaking to herself.

I've thought of putting my son up for adoption. This is not compatible with who I am anymore. I'm not even nineteen. I want my own life.

A report that definitively links agents who are enemies of our government to in the report I have intercepted cables from those agents. I have also broken the does used by those to disguise the content of their messages. In one case there was an order for 1,000 tons of wheat. There was no wheat ever shipped. The order was a pretext so another country could supply arms to insurgent battling our government's interests abroad. In another case, industrial diamonds had been ordered and then diverted into illegal arms production.

Shock.

The leap: Damen is sick and wandering the city looking for his new lover

–I hardly know you.

–We hardly know ourselves.

I can't wait to get to the office. The inner workings of Texrize fascinate me. And it is now up to me to unravel the myriad of deals and hidden investment to protect the wealth of this conglomerate. It is even more of a wonder that this company has been able to conceal so much wealth.

No device known to man has ever been able to reduce the world to such a state of chaos. I the state of chaos, we all reach out. We all want to believe. It is about not making mistakes. If we can learn how to avoid mistakes then everything will be all right.

We can let the GUILTY know what they have to fear!

–There will be no mistakes. That's why we can feel so good inside ourselves. That there is no confusion reigning in the world.

–Kiss me before the lights go out.

- Are you sick.
- It's just a cold.
- You sound pretty bad. Have you been to see someone?
- With what I have, there's no one that I can see.
- There are specialists.

With the advances in science, it takes an expert to determine if a person has really attained death.

- I don't feel alive.
- You need a challenge in your life.
- I have them.
- I feel like I'm jumping out of my skin.
- Hold me closer.
- I don't often have fantasies like this.
- This is real.
- For now. But we can't stay together. I've got a family.
- Kiss me deeper.
- Are you going to stay the night.
- After we finish, I have to leave.
- Finish. You make it sound so technical.
- It's important to be precise.
- No messes.
- Nothing to think about tomorrow.
- We both can move on to someone new.
- You don't sound good. Are you sure that you're not very sick.
- I can't be. I don't want to be.
- Does that technique work?
- Does your technique work?
- What?
- You pretend to care so that you'll hope that I'll stay.
- When I was younger, I used to think that once I let someone touch me, that I had to stay with them
- You felt dirty about sex.
- I don't know what I felt. But when I'm with someone I feel like they're really part of me.
- We all do. That's the exciting part about sex. We can achieve that closeness so quickly.
- It fades.
- Like everything else does in life.
- Are you sick? Are you close to the end.
- I like that. I like how your body feels next to mine. Don't let me go.
- I feel the same way. But we've shared something, and I really must go.
- Damen, don't leave me.
- In a little way. I won't leave.

- I want more than that.
- Think of it like a seed. It will all grow in time. Give it time.
- I'm trying.

The notion that our lives have a definite end is a feeling of such revelation. It gives us the key to unlock all the power of what is life. Each day is our last. And it is also our first. As we put it all together, it makes sense for eternity.

The feeling won't go away. Not until we eliminate the perceived threat.

- I do feel guilty about all of this.
- That shouldn't stop you.

- I want to go out to play.
- Make sure that no one is following you.

- I want to make this simple.
- I have always wanted the same thing.
- I need to follow you home.
- You know that I don't want you to do that.
- You've let me become part of you.
- Let you. And that is where my permission stops.
- Do me again.
- I'm getting dressed. I have to go.
- It can't end like this.
- It has to. For both our sakes.
- I don't want to let you go.
- Listen to yourself.

It is time. We must become part of the cosmos that beckons us. The time is now.

Our former uncertainty has been erased.

-But there have been mistakes.

-The mistakes are yours. How you see things. If it happens, it is because it was meant to be.

BOOM!

- You were inside me.
- Part of me still is. We still move so closely together.
- You are afraid of commitment.
- You're the one with a family. Why are you here?
- I hate who I am.
- And you want me to get rid of that feeling for you.
- End the misery.
- You have to be like me.
- Isn't that what you always want from a lover.

- What?
- That's what you want. Your identity.
- I have to go.
- You always have to go.

I've got these new binoculars, and I'm taking a peek across the courtyard.

-You like what you see?

-I always do.

Why don't I go over there? I can't. I never can. I never will.

My work is getting to me. The promotion. All the excitement. I just don't want my past catching up with me.

-Do the meetings give you a chance to forget past sins?

-I wish that I had those sins to get rid of.

Why is she with that guy. If she could see what I was doing now, it would disgust her.

Damen gets to the airport just in time to catch his flight to Seattle.

-Are you from Seattle?

-I have been.

-I hate lies. I had this lover who I had to dump recently. He didn't know who he was. Is she hitting on me?

-At one point he starts dressing in drag. Then telling me what an art form it is.

-Did you ever think that you might be gay?

-It never crossed my mind.

-What about when you were giving that guy head.

-I never even touched his dick. I put on a dress. I felt the part. He said that I looked sexy. I let him kiss me. It felt strange. That's where it stopped.

-Are you gay?

-I don't know/

-What?

-I'm not a street fag if you're asking. I still want to have sex with you.

-Do you see me as a guy. Do I repulse you?

-Just because a fellow sucks cock for drugs doesn't make him gay.

-Is that what you've done?

-I was just using an analogy.

-Do you like to eat me out?

-You're embarrassing.

-Do you like oral sex?

-I'm not going to answer that.

-I feel good about myself. Don't you know?

-I like to make you happy.

-Does that make you happy?

-I can't say.

Tina sees it for what it is. She pales before the comparison. She knows it is the locus of all life. She wants to go in where she goes out.

–It’s not hard dear. You can even do it yourself.

She will. She good with a scalpel and suture. It’s not just about cutting. It’s about reinforcement. An act of creation in the flesh. What remains has to be appealing.

Se has to think in reverse terms. What would a guy want to see. what wells up in him when he sees that image.

–Not just what’s inside. The whole body needs to radiate that expression. Tina’s seen makeovers and hairdos that make the girl think she’s the dream. but the rest of her body...it looks like someone plopped a head on piece of junk. It’s got to be total or it’s nothing. Almost a spiritual thing. This is where the right cut comes in. It’s supplementing nature. Filling in for what time left off.

She can visualize the lines. her hand follow a pattern.

–Why, girl, do you want to do this yourself.

–I don’t want some doctor fucking with me.

She heard the story of doctor who redid some guy into a woman and he fell in love with his creation.

–He just made the face and all that. It was perfect. And once he finished off, he couldn’t let his final product go.

As the doctor caressed his patient, he wondered if he could stay with his wife and kids.

–I’ve never really been into guys. But you’re just adorable.

As he kissed her legs, he wondered what he had started with. He didn’t want to stop.

Lover had never had that attention. And from a doctor no less.

–You’ll make it all better.

She started to admire her own body. The shake and wiggle.

–We really did you from the inside.

Guys started to disgust her. Even most women. No one had that perfection that she had sought. That she now controlled.

–That story is the biggest crock of shit.

–No it’s real.

–As real as Cinderella.

–And then she turned back into a guy. And the doctor went looking for his love. The one with the deceased cock.

–See the bullshit that you make me put up with.

–Bull, nothing. The story’s true.

–Changing your sex is not like changing your dress. It’s the biggest decision of your life.

–It’s not a decision. It’s just making your inside agree with your outside.

–That’s genetics.

–Genetics, nothing. Genetics is just one more outside that needs to find its inside.

–And you’ll do that.

–I’ll know that.

As she finished her make up, she matched the lines in the ad in Brit Vogue.

–You look like a dream. Good enough to eat.

–Go, girl!

Each day is a new beginning. The opening of the potentialities and realizations that eluded us from the day before. You wake up in sunshine and the day opens up for you. You are alive. The wonder radiates inside and outside. You get down on your knees and thank fate that you have been given the opportunity. Every bit of your body tingles from the understanding of your new oneness.

This is who you are. What no one can take from you.

This is the start of your life. You realize that there isn't anything that you can't do if you put your mind to it. You shake from the possibilities. If you see it, you have to let everyone else see the same thing. Radiate that same positivity.

In your darker moments, you may have been beset by a feeling of nothingness. You could feel yourself falling in the cosmos, unable to touch the ground. Lost in a puzzle that you could not escape. But in your depths, you felt that power. The power that now overcomes. The universe is coming to a realization of itself. And you are in the middle of this profound change.

Every day, as you wake up, you accommodate yourself to this change. It is just wonderful. The universe knows who it is. And you are part of the expanding universe. Know thyself!

As you tap this realization, you explode with all the energy. No one can take this from you. They are not everywhere. You are everywhere. And the world is in your hands. Everyday you need to tell yourself what is happening. You are happening. Don't let anyone stand in your way. Even at night, you accustom yourself to the new brilliance of the stars.

You. You are the new brilliance. All energy projects out from a nexus of power. Or if there is a vacuum, then the moving forces gravitate to a newly created nexus. You can focus all that is in the universe. You can become the focus. Come to me.

Every day, it all opens up for you. There is no place to hide from this wonder. This is your magnificence. You feel it shake you to the core.

You cannot be stopped. Spread yourself out into the expanding cosmos.

Every day you are part of a gradual metamorphosis. No obstacle can stand in your way. You rise above the mundane. You soar in the clouds. What you felt was impossible for mere mortals is now a breath away for you.

Come with me!

You are part of a new forever. You transcend the earthly form. Your ascent. Ethereal in your conversion. No longer weighted down by the body, you float on air. You are everywhere.

Everyday is a new beginning. You tap the actual! You are in touch with the real. Your hands are sensors as you penetrate these worlds formerly excluded to you. Nothing and no one can stop you.

Every day you can remake yourself. Cast off your old histories. Rewrite the past. Dispel the dismal future. This is the surpassing of all tired ideologies. You are no longer encumbered by the division of mind and body. It is consciousness eternal. This is ultimate dream.

Everyday. It is no longer a day. It is a forever. Time is a plastic that you can mold in your hands. You can relive and remaster. You can project outward and return with a prescience that you never knew was available. You will have tapped fortune because you can tell the future. You can make the future with your hands. You make the past as you make the future. All your troubles just melt away.

Everyday. You are timeless. We have attained the miraculous!

Today is hellish. I thought that the Assistant's files were starting to make sense. Now there are loads more receipts, and it's tricky matching them to his reports. His methodology is so transparent. But to expose him, I could risk my career. I store up the information.

I get a away for a weekend in Lisbon. I've got to leave my wife on a crucial weekend. I need to get away. Need to get off this obsession with work. Need to make contact with a new agent.

As I rub my hand along her back, I seem to peel the flesh back. It shakes me with its passionate sizzle. She coos as she pushes herself against me.

I start to work on her neck. It just spirals around me. I am being drawn into a vortex of desire. My cock is extra hard already. I can feel the drip. I run my hands along her smooth legs.

She has been working too long. It shows on her face. But her body has resisted the years. I lift up her skirt. The legs. the heels. I am so erect.

I display her. She becomes so excited. I can't stop myself. My hand works its way into her. The flesh swells with the blood rush. The blood rushes to the head. I am overcome.

She is liquid. I flow into her. I am on the bed. My dick rock hard. I open her up and slide her onto me. She melts with me. I am full of her. I am satiated by her touch. I am so full of her touch. To the point of exquisite nausea.

I nibble on her ear as I work my way deeper and deeper into her. She loves the slip and slide. The two of us closer and closer. Merge.

She feels how I get bigger and bigger inside of her. I do not subside. I overextend myself. I swirl with her. Love it as we draw together.

-Tell me something.

-Tell me who's paying for all this.

What if the numbers don't match? What if he has to do some accounting for his behavior?

-I've never been with someone like you. Do you think that we could see each other again?

-This has got to be enough for me.

He thinks about his own magnificence and why this isn't enough for ever.

-This is enough.

-Only if you take care of me.

How the dollar took care of the pain. He lets his tongue slide down her back and surround her butt cheeks. Penetrate her flower. She surrenders.

So this is what he is protecting. She has expenses. So does she. She knows things. We are protecting our citizens.

What do you know?

-Why was I supposed to meet you?

-Meet? You wanted a service. I provided it.

-And the feelings.

-It's what you lack. It's what only I can provide.

He imagines himself taking on the universe.

–This is something that you have to prepare yourself for.

How do I balance that equation. The Assistant is on my shit list. I've got to do him before he does me. I am his nemesis. Worse. If he is anything, he has to know that I am his enemy. Someone who knows all this information. He has to know that somewhere in the world there is someone like me.

–In my place anyone would do the same.

She turns to face him, and he is surrounded by her atmosphere. Something is slipping away. Something that he wants to get rid of. That is why he marks it down in his book. Reduces it to the numbers.

–We're in this together.

They aren't. He's got to go back to the States. Untraceable. She can't find it again. No one else can connect him to the scene.

–What can you do to try to stop me. To try to stop myself.

She kisses him.

How do I mark down a kiss. Where does it exist on the ledgers? Did he enjoy that bit of play-acting?

The room charges. The consultation. A gratuity. Pay for information.

–Are you going to order room service?

–I'm going to go out for something. Hang on.

–What do you want?

–This is between the both of us.

–I want chicken.

–I want you.

–I thought that you were going out.

–You're right. We need order in.

This isn't a game. He got to get it right before he goes through with it.

–Don't do that. I'm not really expecting that.

–Tenderness.

–Kiss me deep.

–Are you afraid?

–What?

–Just sit with me.

–What?

–You want some kind of forgiveness. What have you done back there? What are you running from.

If he had gone to a shrink, he couldn't have manipulated the books. he couldn't have shifted the payment for services.

–What do you need from me to take care of things?

–And what do you have for me?

–Disarmament plans. Radical organizations.

–This is all hearsay. I need evidence.

He kisses her. Runs his hand along her smooth legs.

–I've got my body.

The world is becoming a desperate place.

–Remember that we're sworn to secrecy.

–Is that an excuse so that you can get more information out of me?

–A week too late. you're a week too late for me to do anything. Appropriations have changed. We can't cover a hunch. We need facts if it's going to make any difference.

His fabrications. We didn't need anything from Lisbon. It's a secure station. If I could go investigate **on my own.**

When is it all going to make sense.

More evidence. A body. Foul play. Something to make the higher ups really interested.

–Do you want to get together next time that you're in Lisbon.

–I don't think it's safe for me to come back to Lisbon.

–I could meet you somewhere else. Madrid, Tunis, Malaga.

–I think that I'm going to have to stay in the office for a while. I've got a promotion in the works.

He doesn't want to celebrate yet. Overconfidence gives way to disaster. How to detect what he was actually feeling. Exchange rates. What he paid for room service last time.

If he spends too much, she's going to wonder.

–You've got a sister.

–What?

–A girl.

–Girl?

–Someone who works with you. Someone who can help you out. Cover you in a jam.

–You want a threesome?

–You're a married man. I can tell what you like.

–You've got great legs.

She knew it. This was her bread and butter against time. His too.

Maybe a little more to the service. Two for one. A deal. If he would just make a mistake. A slip up.

I decide that I need a longer than usual break.

–We don't usually authorize more time for someone who hasn't been on the job for that long.

How did he manage the authorization. Something about his style. His productivity. I'm looking about a story on the expansion on the base in Portugal. A runway for the airport. How did they manage that contract? I thought that they hadn't appropriated enough. I guess the price went down.

After break, I head back to the paper work. I've almost got the Lisbon file complete. My worse suspicions now give way to feelings of admiration for him. He gets things done. The fear. I feed off that exercise of power. Unfortunately, he will have to be stopped. I chuckle as I run my fingers along another stack.

The new files were much more mundane. A trip to Ohio. Two days in Akron. What was he doing local? At least the meeting could have taken place in the DC area. Industrial negotiations.

Governmental intervention must be pursued to guarantee success of appointed industries. That is the sole expression of federal agency that should be allowed. If business can't influence government, then it's really useless to let government to run off on its own. It's not like the people know what's best for them. Freedom comes from offering people real choices.

That sheer feeling that I associated with her. My hand moving along her leg. The sizzle of passion that I needed. It made me electric. She got me in a frenzy.

If she denied me, I felt incensed. What I needed. What I relied on.

Bring me alive.

And if she was going to deny me. I wouldn't let it happen. This was necessary. It was meant to be.

I could feel her flesh full in my hand. Swallowed up by the immensity of that contact.

–don't go on my account.

I pulled her tighter.

–This is something to remember by.

The dear quality of memory. If I could just cast her away.

–Don't let it go...

This was where it went too far.

–Don't forget me.

–how can I?

She asked too many times. I pressed her about it. The meeting, the forgetfulness.

–I have a real good memory.

–We were supposed to get together.

Her eyes. the abrupt quality of her nakedness. More than buddies. That utter casualness as if it was meant to be.

–When I wake up in the morning. I don't even think about you.

–You think about no one.

–I think about someone else. His warm body. His cock. Tall and erect.

–Are you trying to piss me off?

–Quit pretending that you still like me. You just want a piece. You just want to own me.

–You need someone telling you what to do.

We were face to face. In my memory. I don't want to let it go. That rush.

–Haven't you felt that same rush with other girls. Guys are all the same for me. It's other things that keep me with them. Convenience.

I wanted to hold tighter. Not to let her go.

The face, face to face. That smooth quality. Kissed asleep.

–Are you tired?

–I'm tired of you.

–You're still beautiful.

–Stop that! You're trying to hold me with your words.

–It doesn't work?

–Don't even ask.

I felt my tongue move up the smooth back. Caress the inner leg.

–You're never going to feel that again.

–What?

–I know how you look at me. Your fantasies. I could show up in a skirt with no panties and you'd still want to fuck me. Even after everything that I've put you through.

–Is that how you hold on after you're no longer wanted?

**I felt like a whaler staking out is prey.
-I ster anything that I can do about it?
-Just be yourself.**

He pulled Sammy aside just as he was about to go out.

-I need to talk to you.

Sammy felt that piss- naked fear.

-What did I do?

-It's not what you did. It's who you are. What you're going to be. What I need to tell you so that you can be yourself.

-How can I not be myself?

-You can not listen to your voice. You can give in to temptation.

Did he know about the money that he stole.

-I know what you're going through.

How could he?

-I was young too.

But things have changed, changed too much . He could never really understand. Why Sammy needed secrets. Like the birds. He couldn't let him know. He just take away the gun.

-Sammy, it about being a man. Not following other people. False prophets. Do you understand.

Sammy nodded his head. He didn't want to understand. He wanted to make his own way. To build upon his own secrets.

-Thanks.

-Some people are just looking for others to blame their troubles. It's people who don't pull their weight. They always rely on other people.

This made little sense to him.

-I've got to go. My friends are waiting.

-Don't you have time for me. You need to have time.

Sammy was getting more restlessness. His boredom was like an itch that pained the more that he scratched.

He started to expect some kind of punishment, or worse. That he'd take delight in hurting him for his own sake. Just to prevent him that he could be alone and independent.

-You can't punish me. No one can

-That's what I'm trying to teach you.

-Teach me what?

-That no one can take away your identity. You have to answer for yourself.

And this anger. Where did it come from? Who could answer for any of that feeling?

-I'm not trying to hurt you.

Sammy wanted to leave, but he felt that something was holding him there. Like a ghost.

-I'm going to leave.

-You know what I mean.

Sammy nodded his head.

-You've got to be a man.

Sammy nodded again.

-Sometimes, I just can't help it.

He didn't have his gun today. But he could produce the same affect just by looking.
-You can feel it too.

That power absorbed him. It passed through all of him. The thing that he could not escape. The thing that he wanted to hurt with all his might. He knew that he had the power inside of him.

Outside the window, he could see things. Things that no one else saw. He ran in the field. But he felt like he was still watching himself.

-None of this was very funny.

As if someone was talking to him.

He wanted to find the source of this queasy feeling. Outside himself but still inside and talking to himself.

-You degraded me. You made me feel like nothing.

-Have you been touching yourself again?

He had been doing more than that. He had visions. He didn't need to touch. He could make a whole world come to life in his head.

-Don't come in my room again. Not without my permission. you have to do more than knock. you have to warn me that you are coming in.

He felt these spirits in him. Shake him around. Put him in his place.

-There's nothing that you can do to me that I haven't already done to myself.

He knew that he would always feel the same way. As if he was always coming after himself. There was the thing that he did. And much later this thing that was done to him as if it came from someone else.

-What am I waiting for. To make it all feel right. To make it all feel together.

Seeing things that he should see. Being in places that were forbidden. But more than that. he wanted to take thing that weren't his.

-Have you ever thought what it would be like if you got caught?

-That's why I never do anything.

-Is that an excuse or a reason? Because you can't make excuses. You can't blame someone else.

But he wasn't enough himself to accept the blame.

-I don't know what's happening. There's thing that happen to me , and I just don't know why they happen. Don't know at all.

-You could stop.

-That's just it. There's the power.

And the power made him feel soiled. No word described it more. The stain. The dirty feeling. The smell.

-Do you recognize the smell?

He had nothing to do with any of it.

-It's you. What you are becoming. You are rotting away.

He felt himself buried in dirty. The taste even in his mouth.

-Follow me out of here.

-Im afraid of the dark.

-So am I. It's not the dark itself. It's what the darkness hides.

-It hides ourselves.

Sammy turned away and ran outside.

He was already outside.

–What are these magazines?

–They’re not mine. I got them from some kid at school.

–You like to look at pictures of naked women.

–I told you that they’re not mine. He asked me to hold them for him.

–You get a rush just touching them.

–A rush. Pleasure.

It made him feel funny. Like he was about to get caught. This was who he was. never quite himself. And the magazines reminded him of that feeling.

It angered her that his room was so clean. That he was hiding something in this order.

–You like being bad.

He wanted to peek in the magazines just because she was challenging him.

–Do you play dirty games with little girls.

He wondered if his face was all dirty. Was she looking at him with a strange look? Waiting to punish him if he got out of line.

He could feel the crack of the whip

–I’m thirsty.

–You don’t get anything to eat or drink until you tell me what you’ve been up to.

She needed to be kinder to the boy. He would have never done this to Sammy.

–Someone has to discipline this boy.

–You’re being too hard on him. He know what we expect of him.

–Just because he knows doesn’t mean that he’s listening to us. He’s too curious for his own good.

Sammy hated the persecution. He didn’t need it.

–I just want to go outside. I just want to be NORMAL!

But that’s what really frightened him. That he was becoming just like them.

–A son needs to follow the example of his father.

–Not if his father is weak.

Sammy chuckled. The more that she hurt him, the more that he felt his own power. that no one, especially no woman would have that power over him. He was becoming something other than he was. Going to a place where no one could affect him.

Experiencing a secret pleasure reserve for no one but himself.

He thought that he had a supernatural powers. He could cast spells on those who irked him. Give them skin diseases.

–What are you doing in my room?

–You like me being in her. It turns you on.

–What?

–It turns you on. That’s why you feel all dirty. like you’re such a bad boy.

What was she saying to him?

–You know what you’re about. Just like your father. You like whores.

Whores. Whatever did she mean.

He thought about the squirrels. The ones that he shot in the woods.

–If they had names, would you feel different about it?

**They had names, and that helped him have the feeling that he did.
-I can take on your pain. I can do all of this for you.**

The grind is getting to me. I need a premature vacation. So this is why advancement is so difficult in the organization. They give you all the shit to do.

I could sense a trap. No wonder the Assistant moves around freely without any restraint. To really master what he is up, I would have to spin endlessly in that maelstrom. I need to somehow escape. But it is difficult under the circumstances.

I am not becoming him. I am becoming this decoy that he has invented to throw us off the trail. I will take him down. That is my dedicated mission.

There is no rest here. I see my supervisor. He warms me. But he gives me time off.

-Can't you admit that there is mendacity in the world?

-I do. That is why I need to get away. It is eating me up.

-You are getting it all mixed up. Don't let the organization swallow you. That sheer feeling that I associated with her. My hand moving along her leg. The sizzle of passion that I needed. It made me electric. She got me in a frenzy.

If she denied me, I felt incensed. What I needed. What I relied on.

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- Is that how you hold on after you're no longer wanted?

I felt like a whaler staking out its prey.

- Is there anything that I can do about it?

-Just be yourself.

- A few good days, and I'll break the case.

-A few good days and you'll let it overcome you. There are no ghosts here. The bad apples quickly rise to the top.

I do not want to tell him about what I know about the Assistant. They are probably acquainted. My supervisor is one of his supporters. But there are other irregularities. I can bring system to this chaos.

Cat and mouse is only a game if the mouse catches on. Otherwise, it's just a slaughter. I sharpen my teeth.

The country no longer poses a military threat. This increases the degree that we can absorb the economic assets of the region.

On the short term our view of strategy must be directed by the economic interests. but the economic influences need to be complemented by a host of cultural influences. Once we start such a line of aggression, we need to continue with our intention.

The degree to which we extend surveillance is our sole guarantee that we can maintain any of our successes. Without an ability to monitor what is going on, any gains will only slide back to their previous state. We need to be able to peek in to these walls. We need to eavesdrop. to react to what we see. To absorb the scenes into our reality.

We have to submerge ourselves completely into their activities. Not to give in to fantasy but to make fantasy our reality. We see and we make what we see into something tangible.

SURVEILLANCE

The reflection monitors indicate increased activity along the border regions. This could suggest that there are intentions to invade. Or the forces could simply represent an attempt to reinforce defensive emplacements. Our intelligence is somewhat limited and could bear with actual on the ground reconnaissance that could supplement our monitoring facilities.

Our real fear is that any performances that we monitor could simply be reaction to the our surveillance. If that is indeed the case then that would suggest that we are only seeing a decoy in progress. If that is the case, that would indicate a stronger overall force than we initially

estimated. To counteract such a massive build up, we will need a stronger base of operations.

LEVEL OF THREAT

If indeed the monitored force is only a mock up, then we may be facing a major buildup for which we have no contingencies. Such a build up will need to be counteracted by our escalation of available resources. Our response will need to be swift and decisive. We can't expose our weakness to failures of intelligence. Intelligence will have to be entirely accurate in assessing what are our needs.

PERFORMANCE

If a scene of conflict is assayed, then the scene needs to be prematurely engaged. The very definition of conflict implies an imminence in the operations. Failure to act upon such urgencies is the most aggravated form of weakness and will come to haunt us in our ability to mount further operations. The intent of intelligence is to make our execution precise and without ambiguity.

ENCIRCLEMENT

Success is entirely dependent on the encirclement of the target area. The enemy cannot be provided with any means of escape. They must be made to follow our terms of engagement. Surveillance must expose any possible means of concealment on their part.

PENETRATION

If we have properly anticipated our opponents, any attempt to restrict our effectiveness will be met by a powerful counter force. We cannot surrender any of our achieved strength in diplomacy. Intelligence must be constant and vigilant in its effectiveness. It is the central player in all negotiation. Once intelligence has attained its predominance, it must impress its influence on all forms of social interaction. Its effectiveness must be continuous. It needs to be buttressed by a series of interlocking incursion that guarantee an overall social organization. We cannot surrender dominance once it has been achieved. Vulnerability must be met with deeper penetration of our force and our ideology.

- Do you like looking at naked women.
- Looking. I want to do more than look.
- What did you do?
- What could I do? I froze. That feeling of paralysis.
- So what happens.
- I watch her perform for me.
- And you enjoy that sort of things.
- I take it as an invitation.
- Is it?
- As long as I don't get too close.
- So.
- She starts to touch herself.
- And you?
- She pretends not to see me.

–And are you touching yourself.
–I don't dare.
–Did this happen?
–Her husband was away.
–Did that make it better.
–She wanted more. She needed attention.
–You gave her more.
–I needed to hold back. To not reveal my intentions.
–Did it succeed.
–For what it was worth.

–That is why they are jealous of what we have. They are absorbed by the act of watching. they can't really do anything on their own. They will use their jealousy to wear us down. That is why we have laws. Why you have to obey the rules. It makes you a better person.

–Do they hate us?
–If they had a chance, they would kill us. We need to protect ourselves. what we have. Through hard work. Even when I'm off from work, I'm here doing this. Keep busy. The devil's playground is the idle mind.

If the pleasure is too intense, the normal defenses cannot protect the self. We just give in.

–What are you looking at?
–Nothing.
–The TV's still warm. Have you been watching your father's movies.
–Movies.
–I told him to destroy that stuff. Did you get a hold of them?
–I'm not doing anything. I'm just watching.
–You're just a little too curious.
–I don't even know what I'm looking at.
–You're watching yourself go to hell.

–I've got a surprise.
–What's your surprise.
–Me.

The Assistant Director was starting to feel the pressure of his upcoming appointment. He felt that he needed to stay in the DC area for the time being.

–**It's just a feeling that I have on my part.**
–**A feeling.**
–**I'm a little suspicious. I feel that I have enemies in the organization. If I'm right, I'm going to track down all those who stand in my way and sack them.**
–**A purge.**
–**It's going to be a little more subtle than that.**
–**What are you talking about.**
–**People are going to make mistakes.**

- Are you going to join us.
- I didn't think that I was allowed.
- Just take off your clothes and climb aboard.

I am starting to feel that I am inventing an Assistant that hardly corresponds with the actuality of operations. Does this make me a weaker agent? Accuracy is paramount in the organization. If I am compromising everyday operations, then I am detriment to the organization. I am only setting myself up to be neutered.

I refuse to be the weak link in this chain.

- Do you know where to touch?

She really does. Knows better than any guy. What turns you on and what just leaves you-yawn-bored as sin.

-It's a matter of being on target. Clear aim. Sustaining the touch. A feeling of endless energy.

He can feel that energy slip from him. He is trying to hold on, but she slips from him.

-I have been connected to an eternity. From nature to inner reaches of the self. To twist the spiral descent into the self.

What gives you the utmost pleasure, and what you register as the recognition of this extreme. An absurd smile comes over my face.

- Can you get away?

Too far away even for me. A place that I cannot attain.

-I can get you a little extra if you agree to help.

-this is not about helping. It is about completion.

She feels herself wired into the complete universe.

As it is the body is not a locus for all the pleasure that it can attain. It needs to be reworked. Tina listened with utter attention as she heard about the revelation that awaited her with the right combination of cutting and sewing.

-We have to redirect the circulation. Where the blood rushes, and the concomitant response in the mind. The spirit can only exist in its physical manifestation.

Those who are dragged down by their physical form cannot experience the full potential that is their gift. Everyday is a new invitation. We must delve deep into what pleasure can offer us. We must extend ourselves into the depths of self realization.

- I don't need you shit anymore.

She was making him more pissed.

-Don't you understand that none of this has anything to do with you.

But it did. This was his creation, and it was slipping out of his fingers.

He spent the month inside cramming for his interrogation. Time at the office. The gym. A few select meetings. Then nights pouring over the books. Reviewing old memos.

-It's important that he succeeds.

Important. It had nothing whatsoever to do with me. I could bring him down. I needed

to wait for my moment. We all do!

–Can I pay you to show something essential about yourself.

–This can't be bought or sold.

I am looking for what is the most explosive thing about your character.

–Do I attract you.

–You do in those tight jeans.

Anyone looking at you would have been attracted to the same thing. You are wearing nothing underneath, and they hug you so well.

–We are talking about loyalty. You know what really gets me off.

–A hug.

I am thinking about the balance of power that she implies.

–I just don't give it up for anyone.

–Of course not.

–So what are you really willing to give up. Just to get what I'm offering.

–My freedom.

–You can surrender it that easily?

–If I'm getting what I think.

–This is not an even deal.

–And?

–You're going to be tested for your loyalty. This is about the people.

–Are you available?

–You know the price.

And if I see the explosion, I need to see it as directly linked to a way of life. What is most cherished, what is most under duress. What we cannot give up.

–Anything for you.

–You can't make my price. We need to be practical.

All the denial on her part so that she can pull the jean tighter. They hug her hips with all their flattery.

–Where did you get them?

–You know where. It's mother nature.

I thought of the industry working overtime to give her what she needs. To guarantee that the explosion would really go off in a perfect manner.

–You're going to give me what I want.

–I will.

–Each and every day.

–Every second.

–Why aren't you working at it right now.

–Sometimes we have to prepare ourselves.

–Don't give in to evil.

–I won't

–Pray with me.

–I pray to you.

–Surrender.

All I have.

The tight jeans. The hug. Nothing at all for you.
–I'm wearing nothing underneath.
Allegiance, now and forever.
–It's about our way of life.
–Are you available?
–We've been through that. Are you loyal?
–I've been through that. I'm willing to give it up.
–It's reserved just for you. But there are sacrifices.
We need to be protected.

TARGET: HOW MUCH IS IT WORTH

DEFENSIVE CAPABILITIES: It is critical that we extend protection to all citizens of the republic. This protection needs to be defensive in character. That means any threat whether real or implied needs to be neutralized. Where the balance of power is in our favor, we need to immediately eliminate that threat. Balance of power is to be defined in strictly military terms. The balance is often qualified by diplomatic considerations. We cannot eliminate whole populations. But we can find ways to meet their threats. We can hold accountable any leader who pursues reckless policies that put in danger our citizens.

Our notion of the citizen must be redefined in lines with more traditional constitutional protection. We cannot think of the citizen as any malcontent or dead beat. The citizen cannot weigh upon the body politic. The citizen is someone who has property. There can be no ambiguity here. In the new interpretation, this may include someone who has intellectual property or who can create worthwhile intellectual property. It may also include someone who has clear access to a sort of property due to his notability. If we can make political capital of a threat, implied or real, then the person of note deserves protection of himself and his property. In this case, the right to protection is only secondary and due to our media. Whenever that individual pursues interests contrary to those of the dominant power, there can be no claim to defense. Under such conditions, we have to sacrifice the individual.

Our defensive posture will include unforeseen damage in terms of life and property in other nations. It is clearly unfortunate that the innocent have to lose their lives to protect basic liberty. In a fuller sense, this is the ultimate human sacrifice. It is what makes us all human. That we must give our lives to protect the basic rights of others. Even if these sacrifices are not entirely voluntary, we have to realize that in our place, they couldn't do any different.

It is critical in elaborating associated damages that these damages occur more or less outside the public eye. We can take advantage of any damage inflicted on us directly. But these indirect results need to be hidden from the public eye. A loyal press will realize that democracy depends on us not muddling the waters. By strict definition, any losses occurred during defensive operation must be thought of as necessary for democracy.

Although these losses will be accompanied by strategic victories on our part, secondary press agencies will feel it necessary to report on the losses. We must insure that any losses beyond the limit must take place in regions relatively inaccessible to those agencies and depend on sources that are somewhat in dispute. We cannot allow a whole population to suffer permanently for a regime's threat. But a figure of 10% is easily acceptable to our people and our press agencies. We are talking about defense of the home front.

| | | |
|--------------------------------|--|--|
| protection of 1 citizen | 5,000 reported civilian losses (non-citizens) | 50,000 military casualties (non-citizens) |
| | | 1,000,000 contributory deaths |
| | | |

These numbers are fairly strict. They can be handled without major difficulty. If our whole citizenry is met with a constant and irremovable threat, I have no doubt that we can sanction the elimination of an entire population. This is of the order of 20,000,000. We can easily phrase this loss as military. This is especially the case when every adherent of an aggressive regime is recruited to threaten our citizens. The success of our description depends on the degree to which the threat has a palpable quality for our citizens. It may take a gradual accustoming to the true character of the threat. Or a single event in its magnitude may be sufficient to enlighten the public. If we need to help such an event along to alter the consciousness of the populace, so be it.

STRATEGIC CONSIDERATIONS: If we are to eliminate the surfacing of actual threats, we need to control the strategic balance. In this regard, there will be losses incurred by the involved states. Where it is harder to communicate the intricacies of strategic balance, we cannot sell such massive consequences to the public. Under such conditions, we need to invest proxy states to bear the brunt of these operations. Under this description, they may be able to inflict losses on the order of 1,000,000 people. We can make these losses acceptable if we can show that our forces may have incurred intractable threats due to direct participation. Strategic losses will max out around 500. This means reported deaths. The actual counts are allowable around the 5,000 max. 100,000 contingent losses are acceptable. Where the strategic considerations can be matched to direct threats on the citizenry of a significant ally, we can easily write off the deaths of one million.

| | | | |
|--|---|-------------------------|-------------------------------|
| strategic consideration for 1 citizen | 500 reported civilian losses (non citizen) | 5,000 associated losses | 100,000 resultant casualties |
| | | | 1,000,000 contributory losses |
| | | | |

Imagine if we reverse the charts. We have to think about it this way. The contributory losses will soon be forgotten by the citizens. But they cripple the threatening states and allow our forces to extend protection to our economic endeavors. There is a special joy in appreciating our ability to inflict justice!

Reverse the logic. See the state in ascendancy. We need to enjoy it one step at a time.

Inflict justice!

–How are you doing?

–Who is this?

–I think you're hot.

–Thanks for the complement. Who is this?

–I love how you move.

–That's nice. Where did you get my number?

–I was the guy who came by to see the apartment.

–I don't want you phoning here.

–You don't want to go out or something?

–Not really.

–Do you think I'm ugly.

–I'm not really attracted to you. I don't think of you that way.

–But you could.

–No, I couldn't.

–I've seen you at school. I've seen loneliness in your eyes.

–You're imagining that.

–Are you happy?

–Sometimes I'm happy and sometimes I'm not. It depends on what I'm doing. That's not so unusual, is it?

–But there's more going on with you. I can tell you're creative, but that something happened to you that made you afraid to pursue your creativity.

–You can tell this by looking.

–Yeah.

–You've hardly ever seen me.

–I see you all the time. At the store, at the library, on the Quad, at the Student Union.

–Are you following me?

–No, you just appear. You stand out. As if there's a halo surrounding you.

–That's silly. You can't just call people that you don't know.

–I feel that I know you.

–But you don't know me. Not at all.

–But I'd like to. I'd like to get to know you.

–It's not that simple. You're sort of weird. And we just can't go out together. It's not realistic.

–Sometimes you have to go against reality.

–Go against it. You're asking me to do something that's sort of sick.

–It's not sick. I'm a very nice guy.

–And I'm sure you are, but it's never going to happen.

–Never.

–It's not going to happen any time soon.

–In the future.

–Don't hold your breath.

–Can't you just say no. Tell me to go.

–Go away!

–OK, I will.

–I don't want you calling here. Ever.

–How long have you been a member of the organization?

–For a year and a half.

–And you have regular meetings.

–Twice a week. And during lunch breaks.

–You get together during lunch.

–Devotional sessions. It take my mind off work.

–Why did you join?

–For the love.

–And you have got what you need?

–That and more.

–Do you ever feel that you are casting off part of your character to be part of something that has little to do with who you really are?

–I don't know what that question mean.

–Aren't you surrendering your identity to this thing that's imposed on you from the outside.

–It's not like that. I'm just being myself.

–But you're doing what they tell you.

–It's not a cult. You don't respect me.

–I'm trying to figure out what it's all about. Have you ever been a member of a group like this before.

–I was in a church group. We studied the book. But this is more than that.

–You study the book.

–It is more than that.

–What?

–It's this magic feeling. It's hard to explain.

–Explain. I'll try to listen.

–You don't know what it's like if you've never been part of something. It's something that's bigger than any of us. It makes you feel like everything is right. That your vision is the vision for the whole world.

As the world spins in confusion you are all looking for an answer. It is there. It is already in you. But it is more than that. It is all around. It is in the world. You need to link that longing in yourself to that immensity of feeling that is untapped in the rest of the world. There are people all around you, and you need to let them in. People who have traveled the world over in search of answers. You have the answer.

Each day is a new beginning. The opening of actualities that are untapped. Let it all flow together. Be yourself.

–You don't know what it's like until you feel. I always had this feeling of being unclean. Cold and incomplete. When I had sex, I had this sensation that the man was robbing me of my personality.

–What man?

-Any man.
-Did you use sex to try to help you find answers.
-You meet a man and he tells you things. Only later do you realize that he's lying.
-And you kept doing this? Didn't you realize that you were making these men into something that they weren't?
-I realize that now.
-But are you sure about it?
-I am now.
-Completely sure.
-Totally and completely.

-I think that I'm going to blow
-Not again.
-Are you telling me that you're some kind of artist.
-I'm an exhibitionist.
-Are you doing this for me or doing it for yourself?
-That it's OK for you to look but not to touch. You like it just like that.
-If the curtain was open a little more.
-And the light stayed on while I touched myself.
-If you'd oblige.
-I wish all of life was so accommodating.
-I rather do to.
-If you could just show me a little more of yourself.
-That's how it all starts.
-No. The really of yourself. Like what do you like to do.
-Besides show myself to you.
-Something like that.
-I like to show part of you to yourself.
-But never the whole thing.
-That's why mirrors were invented. They never show the whole thing.
-But there are the all way mirrors.
-That ruins the fun
-You never know if the back of your shirt ain't pressed.
-Or if someone's staring at your butt.
-Something like that.
-Everything has a good side.
-And some things have more than one.,
-Were you looking at me?
-No
-you were. Can you see in my bathroom.
-And what if I could. I thought that you were an exhibitionist.
-To a point.
-What point? Your point.
-That I see all that you have to offer.
-You already have.

-I want more.
-You've seen all that you're going to see.
-I want to do more than see. I want to feel as if I'm touching you.
-How do you do that?
-It's all about something that you show me about yourself.
-Like what?
-How you move. How he moves with you. How you let yourself go. Do you like to let yourself go.
-I do.
-Then let me see you let yourself go.
-Are you a pervert?
-What do you want me to be?
-I thought that you could tell by looking.

-We have you in our sites
-Do I look pretty for you?
-Pretty is as pretty does.
-Great. Then you'll have to go away.
-What will you do for even thinking about it?

-Let's have a little game of pitch and catch.
-And what are we discovering?
-What we've known about all along.
-What is that?
-That you can let the ball drop.
-I thought that we knew that all along.

Dropping is all part of the game.
-This game has no room for error.
-There's always room for error. That's what makes me human.
left to your own devices, how would you discover...

-The only way that you could understand me is if I had money. But that wouldn't be enough for me. Because it couldn't make up for all that time of waiting. The only way that you could understand me is if I had loads and loads of money. And then it wouldn't make any difference. But that wouldn't be me...

-This feeling that you have. It's yours alone.

I like to soar above the city and look down on their lives. Someday I might swoop down and make my presence know. Until then the flapping of my wings makes an incredible whirring noise. I am the harbinger of some future invasion. Hear my language!

-After a while in here our visions interconnect. We can complete each other's sentences.

We become one. We share and enter each other's dreams.

–That's nonsense.

–No, its not. Don't hear you saying it. They'll keep us here forever.

I first encountered my father as a voice. A voice without flesh. I met him in a room that I was to come to know as his room. And I would go to this place to hear the pronouncement of the voice. I trained myself to remember everything that he told me. I did not want to forget his lessons. When he did not speak, I spent my time writing it all down. And I would study his words in the hope that I could make sense of the mystery that was being revealed to me.

I realize now that I am chosen. Everything that he told me was leading to the same place. That is why I am here now. Sensing that I can continue the vocation that he first established for me. It was a commitment that first struck fear in me. More than the disembodied voice, I feared his expectations for me. It seems so natural. But it did not then. I felt naked before the words. I felt like nothing. If I might have found comfort in a hug, a smile, these words were rough and hard. Hard to listen to. Hard to bear. But it was all natural. I formed the world outside from the words that I heard inside.

I have been asked to pore over thousands of photographs looking for a resemblance. I suppose that they could get the computer to do this, but they feel that I might see something that the computer will miss. Of course, I am subject to fatigue and distraction. But I look at the photos and try to bring them to life. I feel that I know these women. I know something about their world. I can visit their homes and interact with their parents. Tell them that I mean the best for their daughters.

Daughters. I protect them all. Each personally. But I need to divide my time. So to each I give an explosive second. I offer something that is unforgettable.

This is what I tell myself.

I suppose that the range of photos has already been selected for me. Otherwise, I would have millions. I do not have addresses. But I could easily obtain them if I needed them. Looking for the right one. The combination of lips and mouth, eyes and hair. I focus. I measure. I peer inside. How the pictures seem to come alive for me.

The faces that attract me the most are the ones where I see part of myself in the phot. They come to life for me. Pick me out. Speak to me.

I listen for her voice to invite me closer. Maybe meet her down at the park in a secluded spot. This gives a chance to be alone together. I know that if her parents knew that we were meeting that they'd prevent her from going. She's adult. She does what she wants. She parks her car on the street. It's a bit of a walk, but she wants to make it on time. She rushes. She's made sandwiches and brought drinks. She's so excited. I'll bring the blanket.

Maybe she couldn't get out of the house. I'll have to meet her there. Her parents won't let me in so I'll have to sneak in. She expects me. I don't want to frighten her. I don't want her to scream.

I put down her photo. Place it in the corner of the desk. This one is special. Someone will have to visit her. Someone from the office. With a special ID. Someone who can reassure her that no one is going to break in.

–Samantha.

Is that her name. Are there names or only file numbers on all the photos. If there are

numbers, the computer can find her address.

There are so many faces. I am getting lost. Getting tired. If they'd give me phone numbers, I'd be so much more helpful. No one would mind if she got an official call. It would make her feel special.

Sure this is a game that I play. I hope to break through that barrier. That would be really exciting. My supervisor would go crazy if he found out. I'm not supposed to contact any of the girls. I've been appointed to this job because they feel that I know. Which girl is next. Which girl is really special. They'll take care of all the details after I am finished. I'm supposed to put the photos in order. From most likely to least likely. Eliminate the ones that do not fit. How do they know that I know. How did they discover my talent. Some skill that I have.

I feel that is more than that. These girls have been chosen. By a higher authority. A force. And I can tell. I can see the mark. Know them by the photos. And when they come alive, I notice the mark that they bear. My skill is not abstract. I feel something intense when I look at these girls. I become part of their world. And when I feel that world ripped from me, I feel this frenzy. What is happening?

There are testing my real skills. A unique talent. Inaction is fatal. If they realize that I am doing nothing about this, I will lose my job. I need to get involved.

I was transferred from my last position on Monday. Seemed that my data hardly correlated with actual events. Data, events. I am part of the future. They are deluded. It is their loss. Not my loss. I got what I wanted. I assembled a massive data base. I have something to do for the next century. They also gave me a perfect alibi. They are crazy. Worse than he is. Worse than they can ever imagine I am. What I know, really know down deep.

At heart, I am not a file clerk. I am meant to lead. I understand secrets about the world that no one else has ever seen. Consistencies. These rivers of history. I know how to redirect these waters. Even flood the plains when water is truly needed. I am beneficent.

Every office where I am assigned is an opportunity. I am learning the overall structure of the organization. I discover all the identity codes and security clearances. Nothing slips by my view. It is almost as if I am running the whole operation. They do not realize what I have become. I am the center of the world.

As I extend this shadow government, I offer what no one else can. I offer true security. I see the wolves at the gate. I lead them off to some decoy prey. It is their undoing. Society will one day thank me. For now I have to remain hidden.

YOU DON'T KNOW UNLESS YOU'RE THERE!

- There? What am I doing here?
- You can't get over there fast enough.
- Just make sure you're not in the way of basic operations.
- I feel helpless-like I can't do anything. I saw the explosion on TV. I wanted to do something about it. I just couldn't
- It wasn't an explosion. It was an earthquake.
- Do you feel bad about it?
- I couldn't do a thing to stop.

- If you could.
- I wouldn't have done anything to stop it. I might have made it worse.
- You know that you really can't die unless it happens on TV. Otherwise, you never existed.
- You know that sounds really clever.
- Yeah, sometimes you have to give people a chance to live.
- Really!
- That's why I'm in video arts.
- Cool.
- It's really exciting. Life changing.
- But you can't put everyone on TV.
- I'm trying to get as many people in the shot.
- Sort of a mass grave.
- More like a parade arrangement.
- I like that image. All lined up for the slaughter.
- What are you talking about?
- I don't need a camera. It's all in the eyes.
- What?
- It's all up here.
- What are you pointing at?
- The TV screen.
- TV screen of the mind.
- The TV screen of do-you-mind.
- I don't.
- I know.
- What?
- No, I really know you. I do. I'm proud of your career.
- It's not a career yet. I'm just studying.
- Just studying. You're already making it happen.
- All the sides to the story.
- And all the sides that shouldn't be in the story.
- How do you take them out?
- Forcibly.
- Can I write that down?
- It already has. It's what's shown at the edge of the picture.

I really have little will for eating. But I do not want to die. What am I to do? Food almost repulses me.

- Why are you treating me like this?
- This is only natural given your crimes.
- What are you talking about?
- Why do you think that we placed you in here.
- I thought that this was a hospital. I thought that it was because of my illness.

–It’s hardly your illness. It’s for things that you’ve done.

–But I feel weak. I feel sick. My whole body is in pain. I feel that I am on fire and burning from the inside.

–You made yourself that way to avoid punishment. That’s why I have been assigned to you. To make sure there is the right balance of pain. Enough to keep you aware of why you are here. But not enough to let you escape the eventual sentence to which you have been damned.

–I’ve heard of this sort of thing before. It’s a form of torture. I thought that is the war crime.

–You’re making yourself sick. And we’re relieving the pain. If you didn’t make yourself feel this way, we wouldn’t do any of this to your.

I’ve got a meeting today on currency devaluation. Of course, that phrase is not used . It is never used. Such a strategy would be utter defeatism, nothing short of a disaster.

The key is to devalue a number of other currencies and force them to bear the brunt of our apparent weakness in relation to other major currencies. They call it vassalage, almost like opening up arteries in a living organism. It’s financed by selling back products of these smaller countries at a profit. It’s really hideous, but it is the only way to maintain our hedge against collapse.

They think that I’m on loan from Treasury. They call me Robert. If they knew the truth, there’d be an international scandal. Everybody that does is sworn to secrecy. And if they even think of contravening their orders they risk their lives. This is the sort of operation that is too big to be left to the regular Services. It is definitely a problem of Intelligence. Only the Agency can handle something like this. The mission comes the Director. And he is on orders from the Chief Executive.

Some people around here are so naive. I’m sure that Treasury is equally in the dark. They have been trying to consult. But most of the actual policy-making is going directly through me. That way we can maintain consistency. I’ve heard people suggest that we can’t interfere in the internal governance of our allies. That this operation smacks of micro-management and could just send the whole pile of cards tumbling. Are they crazy? Where do we get the money to pay their salaries? We don’t want to turn our country in some backwards underdeveloped jungle. This is the only way that we can conduct free markets. They need their illusions.

Industry in our colonies exists only because of our support. If we pulled out, there would only be anarchy. What I do is give direction to the world economy. I make sure that there is an actual flow, not a series of random movements.

–Robert, there’s talk going around that you’re extending way past your job description. We can’t have you taking that attitude.

He didn’t write my job description. He has never even seen it. Not the pretend one, and never, never the real one.

–I’ve just been sent here to do statistics. Decisions are based on the numbers that I yield. I don’t make up the numbers. And I myself don’t make any of the decisions.

What an ass. This careerist at State is trying to analyze my actions. If he only knew that I was running his section. Not just his section.

–We’ve thought about putting you on notice.

That’s sort of what I’m doing to the rest of the world. The great thing about my job is that it is essentially invisible. The invisible hand that makes it all work. It makes everyone

continue to believe in the efficacy of the market. It is critical for our strategic position to keep interest rates low. At the same time, the currency has to stay strong. We need to expand. This can only occur by targeted spending. The feared deficit will be offset by the prosperity that we produce. We bless the people. We are their god. All praise him!

–Bob, what the hell do you do in that cubicle of yours. No one really knows.

–I'm sending you reports and memos all the time. Aren't you reading that stuff that's on your desk?

–No one pays attention to those reports. That's for Treasury. We write policy. We do communiques. We are in the image business.

Is that what he said to himself when he picked out that suit?. There is such a slovenly attitude in this section. What if they were on the front lines. It's fortunate that there are such incompetents here. Otherwise I'd be exposed in a second. This makes the machinery go.

I think that there going to have to get me out of here soon. I can only go undetected for so long. Not that anyone is going to see. There are studies and oversight committees. We keep having to change the location of our manipulations so that it doesn't appear that we are really interfering.

There is no Robert. My position doesn't even exist.

I am sure that they will never find me. Until of course it is too late. I am their worst fear. They have done everything that they can to prevent my existence, It has only nurtured what I am. I have always fed on their fear. I have fed on their bureaucracy. I have gobbled up every structure and safe and precaution that they have used to eliminate my influence. It has been up to me to execute their intentions, and this has left them in an even more sorry state. I have devised their organization so that everything flows through me. Every river of information. Every tidbit of privacy. It is all at my disposal, and there is not a thing that they can do about it.

It was very early on that I became disenchanted with their chicanery. I saw their ruthlessness. Their distaste for life. I tried to change their path. But they had committed themselves to nothing less than this extremism. I saw how their victims increased tenfold. It was their machine. And I was getting caught up in it. I wanted to warn people. Tell them what I knew. But no one understood. And the more that I tried to tell people, the more that I saw, the more I felt that I was doing nothing, the more I realized that I had a mission. This must have been the feeling that inspired the prophets to venture out on their own. But the strongest feature of my new evangelism was that it had no audience. I preached in silence. As if I had an audience directly with the divine.

Once I realized how I had been called, I was filled with a new vigor. It inspired my planning and I sought out allies who could aid in my desires. I call my contacts allies when even they never realized the scope of what I was involved in. No one did. What I was doing was beyond their ken. They had not experienced the depths like I had so they could not relish the solution that had seemed so obvious to me.

Even in my darkest hour, the revelation that drove burned with such a brightness that I did not give in. Even when I saw the results of my work turned into deformities that were too gross for reflection, I persevered. I knew that behind the chaos would emerge an order. If only I could taste it to some degree, it would fill me with the wondrous realization that I was part of a movement of liberation.

I could trust no one as everyone had been corrupted by the machine. That was its

beauty. It worked its influence unaware to the participants. For the time being it ran perfectly. But in the end it all ran through me. And I had the tools to make it run down.

In pretending to serve this master, did I do it too well. Did I prevent the structure from grounding to its natural halt. It proved the perfect inspiration in offering an abundance of information.

I sought this result because I was committed to an idea. Sure, I benefitted from the money that I got in payment. But that was meager to what I could have obtained if I had engaged the private sector by becoming a consultant. My motives were far reaching. I wanted to change the world.

I was somewhat disheartened as I watched everything move in such increments. What could I do? The flaws in the machine made it work even better. It gave the illusion of popular vigilance. While it manipulated public opinion throughout the world, it offered the assurance that all was fundamentally secure in the world. This illusion was sufficient to delude the mass. I felt more and more isolated from the rest of the world. More and more skeptical of my wider goals. This alienation only increased my fondness for secrecy. It increased my distrust of the people. I convinced me of my place in history as part of an elite class of new leaders. But the more that things progressed as they did, the less that I felt the reality of my vision. I was becoming the best at maintaining this most oppressive thing. And even when I halted the full impact of its progress, I did it in such twisted ways as only to frustrate any form of political liberation.

I am what they most fear. I know everything about what they do. I even move it in the directions that they want. I create the world. I am the mole that they have been looking for. It is me who have betrayed their absurd plans for the world.

As I move closer to this edge, I find that I can pass back and forth at will. Sometimes I exist, but I am not even here. I no longer inhabit this body that lies here. At other moments, I return to my senses. I like that.

I return to my senses. I am on the verge of sleep. Trying to breathe. Trying to clear my throat. Noises but no words. What is this thing that now inhabits my body. I am afraid that I will get caught in here for good before I have a chance to pass over. This is not how it was meant to be.

I am waiting for the cure. Waiting for that wave to rush through my body. Why have they delayed in hooking up my body?

I don't want the body to be taken away. I want it to stay with me. To tell its stories until they haunt me by their weight.

I can feel him slip from me. I don't want it to happen. I stay in this room permeated by the moist, warm odor. I want the room to stay warm lest I lose my concentration, my connection to what has happened here. I let the spirit creep into me. There is a strange violence in its visitation and I give into it. I am afraid of the extreme pride that has become the watchword of all this. That I can hold on to life when it has flown. That I can take it away and keep it for myself. That I can draw life from the body and guard it for myself, as part of me. That is why I can't leave. As if it is part of something that is so elemental to who I am.

I feel this silence as oppressive. I search for some reply in the arrangement of the room. Whispers in the walls. Something said with some authority to me. That is why the body is to stay here in all its intimacy with me. It is the only record of all the concern that flowed through

here previously. That I have something to relate to the moment of evacuation as the spirit escaped the body and floated through the room.

I don't want my concern to float by the wayside. I need something to hold on to through all this ebb and flow. Everything now hangs in utter disuse through the room. Things that I can pocket. I did not come here as a thief. But who can make better use of the valuables still here. A watch. A nice pen. They serve twofold. To enrich me for my time and grief. And to remind me of my connection to this person who has escaped my watch.

The greatest treasure for me is the body. Fresh and warm but quickly becoming frozen. I need to strike while the memory is vibrant. At some other time, there will be others who compete for my attention. But now, he is the one. And I muster all my energy to surround his presence and draw it to me. Once he is gone, the silence will again be total. Little that I can do to bring him back, to keep a hold of what he was.

That infinite satisfaction associated with the passing. But the passing from me. It is up to me to determine the final moment. But there is still little that I can do to recall the moment in all its vibrancy. That moment as the summit of all that preceded it. His succumbing to an eternal rest. As he teetered at that edge, hanging on to all that was life.

How could he when he was on the verge of something that was so much more?.

Is there any rescue for me, for him. I am full of a longing that has no release. I linger in the bitterness of what has been drawn from me. Deep in myself, I suspect a connection and that is why I have to stay with the flesh. The sweetness of the decay is now my only reminder that I was part of something at the supreme realization of all its powers. All experience could intersect at this nexus of energy. Could explode against me. What had preceded it was nothing. All other times threatened to burst apart and run away from the care that I brought to this present. And while it imposed its eternity, I felt no equal. Or in contemplation, I attained such a height. I do not want to come down. I will not. I am in utter communion with the room and all that is in it. The body must stay. I must preserve its richness so I can recall his spirit for another moment. What have I become? How truly can I inspire his return at such a moment. If my resources fail me now, there will be some future moment when my omnipotence gives me the ability to recall the spirit from its realm and give it this form to once again reinhabit. This fantasy that I wanted to give up is rendered so evocative in everything that I now see. Let it all wash over me—AH!

As I slip into a deep funk, I know that it might be worse if he was not here. And I am constant in my attachment to this form—lifeless on appearance, but still pulsating for me. Do not leave me!

I am struck by a worse fear. Not that I can still hold him in here. That he holds me. Holds me in a place that is not of my making. I need to take something and get out of here. I can stay here forever, but I risk detection. The very undoing of the perfection of my presence. That I was never here.

I am not here.

I feel myself immobile on the bed. The fear underneath the fear. That I have been alone in this room all along. That I await verification of my own demise. A place of rest.

I am still sentient. Entirely sentient. But I am paralyzed. I want them to revive me. I feel the need to be revived. I do not want to leave this place. But I am being taken away without my volition. And once I am permanently removed from this place, the end will hit with such aplomb.

Revive me. Can you not. If you could kiss my lips. Fill my limp body with breath, I

might come alive. I fear burial will take away my chance. Or worse I will die in the world of a thousand suns. And as I fear that warmth turn to heat unimaginable. There is no euphoria in any of this. Nothing that I draw from my descent. No liberation in the pain. It rings through me. Tears at me. I regain awareness only to slip under again.

These words reassure me. I hang on to life. I do not want to give in. I persevere even as I drift away again.

Anyone who knows me, who has kept watch with me, would realize the necessity to revive me. I want to wake up again.

As long as I am still here, there is that possibility that someone will see. They will look after me and prevent my eventual demise. Someone who has my interest at heart. I seek after a friend. My rescue is near.

I think what it would be like if the surgeon's scalpel just cut into me. I still feel pain. More intense than ever. Just because I do not move does not mean I have not attained the heart of my pain. I have not been liberated from it. It now affects me in an even more potent form.

I can no longer scream out. But there has to be some sign for a true friend of what I am undergoing here. Maybe you can revive me. Help me to escape.

My fear is that ultimate moment when the living have given up on me. I still continue. But what kind of support can they offer me. What can I offer myself?

I have my will. Even though it is so tied to the strengths of my body, I find that I can muster the power within myself. Hope and help!

If you only knew the place that I inhabit. What words can only glimpse. Repeating the same invocation over and over again. It cannot get me moving. I need help. Need you to move my body for me so I can begin to move for myself.

I feel that I am losing all ability to resist. That the strength is being sapped from me once and for all. That desire will be the last resort to fall away and then I will be done for good.

I do not want the mass of pain to crush me. I can't brace myself. I can't counter the effect with the fundamental resilience of the body. I have nothing.

I am an explorer, I extend my pilgrimage for you. I ask that you use your imagination and come with me. This is not a barrier to you nor me. We can continue on.

I am met by this utter silence. My pleas are being ignored. I try to make the words. This is like a nightmare where you try to scream out, but there are no words.

I mumble and by the muttering I just might bring something to life. The shaking. I stretch out so that I might arrive at free flight. Can anyone hear that. I am coming alive. Listen to that thunderous roar!

–Do not bury me.

–I want to see how close you can come to knowing the end and then coming back to life. She obliges me in my desire.

–This is not a fantasy.

Her face shows the exquisite intensity of her realization.

–Tell me what it's like.

–I can't. That would be too personal.

There are still marks on her neck from the experience. She looks at herself in the mirror as if she were brushing her hair. She can't rub them away.

–Do you want to go again.

–And again and again until you suck the life from me.
–Is that what you want?
–That’s what you want. You think you can gain something for yourself by sucking the life from me.
–And I can’t.
–You can only do what you can do. How can you sleep at night?
–Come closer, and I’ll show you how.
She smiles.
–I still don’t know.
–Nor do I.
–You can’t sleep.
–I’m learning how.
–How?
–By watching others.
–What if they wake up?
–They never do.
She smiles.
–They never do.
She wonders what I am saying. We kiss. She wants more.
–If you go that far again, and you don’t want to return.
–That’s my decision.
–How will I know?
–You’ll know.
–But then it’s my decision.
–Never!
–Tell me what you know!
–I can’t.
I feel that I am crossing through a long hallway, barely lit. I brace myself on the wall.
–Kiss me.
I brace myself on the wall. Yell out. No reply.
–Is this what it is like.
–You can’t know because you are hollow.
–Then it is only emptiness that you have come to know.
–It is a burning rush. An ecstasy. What we are meant to feel every second of the day.
–I want you to do the same for me.
–I won’t stop myself.

If I can just stay awake, make it to my next nap, I can survive this pain.

–Leave me alone.
I don’t think that anyone can understand the concentration that this takes. So so much.
–I can’t. Just let me be.
It’s not just being left alone. I am doing so much more than that. Stretching out my resources. This extreme yawn.
The boredom. The utter waiting. I can see that release. But its sweep is so long. A flight that barely touches me. I struggle to grab a hold of this thread. Holding on as I let it pull me

along. I am stripped down to nothing.

I do not want to open my eyes. Entertain a world outside of my focus.

“We will still be hated, but we will also be held in awe.... Fear and respect is not as good as friendship and understanding but it is better than being despised.”