

Basics #101: Patience, Patience, Patience:

(Technique Type: Mastery of Speed)

Note:

"Haste is of the devil."

-Old Saying

The Reason:

- Heart-gritting, rage-inducing impatience is a stress thing, and stress diminishes your energy and health, as well as the quality of your work...as WELL as how well you notice the things your figures are doing.
- Besides all this, caving to impatience isn't something a person does out of strength. Wouldn't it be nice to have some of that lost free will back? Every time you do something clumsy in a rush, you are PRACTISING screwing that task up, and will get "better" and "better" at it.
- After all, doing something repeatedly is what defines practice, and practice makes perfect, be it the task of washing a fork, or the anti-task of dropping one.
- Do you wish you were more patient with everyday tasks? Are they painful to get through? Are you willing to let it get worse before it gets better?

- If no, skip ahead. I get it. I idealized efficiency. A few years ago, I loathed the idea of slowing down. I could almost feel some of your eyes rolling as mine did back then.
- You're not ready, and that's cool. One day.
- One day patience will be the thing you most want back. That's when you'll be ready.
- For the record, I found that slowing down meant I made fewer mistakes, often leading to a surprising 5x speed bonus from going SLOWER.
- On top of this, slow actions gave me a habit of nearly perfect actions that could be sped back up once perfected to a surprising speed...while being performed with martial arts precision, without errors. In other words, first practice the perfect action, then practice doing the perfect action faster...Some assembly required. Each action is sold separately).
- If yes, you want to be patient, right the hell now, then it's going to hurt, but I can help you.

The Technique:

1. Speed control:

WARNING: DO NOT PERFORM THE FOLLOWING FOR MORE THAN ABOUT 20-60 MINUTES PER DAY FOR THE FIRST TWO MONTHS. I REPEAT...DO NOT PERFORM THE FOLLOWING FOR MORE THAN ABOUT 20-60 MINUTES PER DAY FOR THE FIRST TWO MONTHS. (This can be seen as your first patience exercise! Yay!).

- Imagine you had control over how fast you went.

- Remember, the word "imagine" helps you to create the desired effect, while avoiding the impulse to prove or disprove the desired effect, as you simultaneously attempt the desired effect.

Start with something simple:

- Choose a boring task like cleaning the bathroom or doing the dishes.
- Switch to 80% of your normal speed.
- This simple change in mindset should be easy after all the mood pushups I've insisted you do. (I hope you've remembered to buff up!).
- Allow your body to take on a natural flow while you reduce your speed, and maintain your focus on the speed change.
- Let your actions flow down your new speed like it's a railway track they can't stray from.

2. Discomfort Tolerance:

- "This is kind of fun" you might think, for about three and a half minutes.
- Now is the real test. Maintaining it. Your body will fight it. Your mind will fight it. Your emotions will fight it. You will hate me for it. This is what is supposed to happen.
- If possible, treat the worst impatience by going even slower, to 50% or 60% speed. If it doesn't hurt MORE, you aren't doing it right.
- "SEE SEE SEE!!??" the impatience will scream in agony, "NOTHING'S HAPPENING IT ISN'T WORKING LET'S JUST STOP!!!"

- Impatience pretty much has to scream itself hoarse, pace for a while, then rock back and forth in the corner sucking its thumb before the beauty can start.
- You must endure its intensity firmly, until you can prove to it that rushing isn't efficient, and going slowly prevents time-consuming errors. It will, only then, quit freaking out and like you again.
- Impatience will gradually self-defeat itself, but not until complete surrender is achieved, and by that I mean you have to feel your impatience down to the very bottom as well as learn to accept its presence.
- You must not leave the room for its tantrum. You must not distract yourself with racing thoughts, or excessive multi-tasking instead.
- You must stay on task for the duration of the exercise. Each distraction slows the training process to whatever extent it takes hold.
- To fully succeed, it's necessary to become patient with the slowness.
- This requires a form of acceptance.
- Ironically, in order to speed this process up, it's best to imagine that the slowness is a state that will never, ever, ever, ever, ever end, so you'd better get used to living it for the rest of infinity.
- Exaggerate it. Help the impatience to give up faster.
- Once this state of mind is achieved and maintained, the newly-convinced impatience will stop fighting, and empower your focus instead.
- If it still hurts, you aren't done yet.
- As for wishful thinking...
- You are looking for: "Wow. I feel so great, I can't believe how this has enriched my life. I could watch paint dry."

- You are NOT looking for: "SEE, SEE, SEE? I'm PATIENT NOW SURELY BECAUSE I'VE BEEN DOING THIS FOR FUCKING DAYS. I'M PATIENT AND I JUST HAVE TO TELL EVERYONE. I'M SO PATIENT YOU CAN GIVE ME THE NEXT EXERCISE BEFORE NEXT CHAPTER. HURRY!! I'M BORED ALREADY, BUT IT'S A PATIENT KIND OF BORED, YOU KNOW, SO IT'S OKAY. I'M PATIENT BECAUSE I SAT REALLY, REALLY STILL FOR OVER FIVE MINUTES! GO PATIENCE! GO ME! QUICK! WHAT'S THE NEXT EXERCISE!?"
- {...Overkill?...I was almost one of them...and on really bad days I still revert...6.26.16, 11.6.17}.
- In reality, it's easier climbing into cold lake water, just so you know that the intensity doesn't mean you're getting it wrong.
- The worse the impatience, the greater your resistance will become.
- I taught you pushups. Now we're going to hike up a mountain with a fifty-pound backpack. I hope you've been preparing!
- Why does this work?
- Well, what purpose do strong fingers or guitar callouses serve towards playing the instrument? Weak and delicate fingers suffer while learning a guitar.
- Someone who has barely spent time practising against impatience has almost no impatience callouses or related muscles and almost no control or endurance as a result.
- If you attempt to develop guitar muscles and callouses overnight, you will likely end up cramped and bleeding. If you attempt to develop the muscles I'm talking about overnight, you'll end up worse.
- You can't say you're the toughest person around because you're undefeated...if you've never been in a fight. If you can control an emotional effect, this means

you must also be able to not only look at it, but use it on command without flinching. Spar until you can either defeat to stasis, or absorb the uncontrolled qualities of any opponent.

- No more hiding in the bushes from a feeling, be it grief or impatience.
- You can hide and claim you won the fight later, but YOU'LL always know the difference.
- You might, after all, reveal yourself with ironic phrases like "I'M OVER IT, DAMN YOU!!!".
- Note: As we've mentioned, most painful emotions are capable of either callousing, or forming into new "muscles", provided you're willing to strengthen them by exploring them first.

3. Tempering With Intent:

- Once 80% (and slower) is mastered, begin to introduce intent.
- Some tasks can be done quickly without rushing, and some can't.
- Imagine you change your speed setting to "optimal", or "the ideal speed to get the best results".
- You instinctively know this speed if you've done the task before.
- Work at a slow, tutorial, pace if you're approaching a new task, or correcting one you regularly slip up on.
- Allow this new "optimal" setting to replace the frustrating consistently-80% one.
- Go back to 80% if you find your "optimal speed" to be in a state of rushing again.

- If your impatience fight's harder, go slower. Like an external animal, it will recognize when its actions are producing negative results and change its tactics.
- Be insistent on treating worsening impatience with slower actions. It will gladly comply with 80% of your normal speed when the alternative is 50%.

A note on restrictions:

- Once your session is over, do not practice again for the rest of the day.
- You don't want to alter your overall natural speed.
- You don't want to develop a distracting, jumpy base speed as you're learning.
- You want to make it changeable and usable at particular times.

Permanent implementation warnings:

- Once the other speed is mastered...meaning a precise setting can not only be quickly achieved, but easily maintained...it may be implemented on a more and more permanent basis.
- If you attempt permanent effects too early, they will require hyper-awareness to maintain, and may generate extra hyper-awareness when they fail and revert back and forth to base state.
- If you lose your base state altogether, you may develop timing problems.
- Hyper-awareness may be produced by a continuous failure to settle on a base speed, due to a lack of the muscle required to maintain a new one consistently.
- Too much focus thrown away on hyper-awareness as a result of repeated base speed fluctuations can result in a drop in energy, with worsening timing issues producing worsening hyper-awareness producing a worsening drop in energy...and so on.

- Do not lose your base speed.
- You can end up trapped in a fully unnecessary, hellishly stupid race against time for weeks.
- A risk only to those who over-practice to the point of forgetting their base speeds before the new base speed is finished.
- In short, this means that what you first expected to come out looking like gymnastic ease without proper training and groundwork will, in the end, look more like a puppy trying to stand on a frozen puddle.
- Therefore having one normal natural base speed to return to will avoid several of the headaches I've been through.
- You already have a base speed. Don't lose it until you have something decent to put in its place.

Is pace already a problem?:

- Maybe you're one of those rare people who is struggling without a base speed despite not having tampered with this exercise.
- I warn people not to overuse this technique, so they don't produce what happened to you.
- However, if you had a pre-existing problem maintaining natural rhythm, this might be just the thing to help you regain control of it.
- If you're the rare kind of person who needs this to feel better, such cases may ignore my overdose warnings, because I'm mainly trying to avoid more cases like what happened to you.
- As your situation is already unavoidable, this technique can only add control now.

- I fell into the technique overuse trap, not knowing it was one. Be very selective, and really, seriously, try and go sparingly unless you have a very good reason not to.
- Early overuse is for natural rhythm issues people only.
- The rest of you are warned. Don't overuse this technique. Consult doctors as necessary.

IN CASE OF OVERDOSE:

- For everyone else...this is the third time at least that I've told you not to overdose on this technique, so either DON'T OVERDOSE, or DON'T DO THIS EXERCISE IN THE FIRST PLACE!!!
- If you did it ANYWAYS.....!!!.....This one will be much less fun than the hangovers we've been through so far.
- If you feel perpetually tired and over-conscious as a result of overuse, cease all Inner work and self-examination for as long as it takes, (weeks to months), and if anything comes up, practice proper detachment, and experience everyday life in a purposefully "blurry", low-resolution way.
- Your focus should be non-diligently detached. You should be trying to cultivate "stumbling half-consciously to the bathroom at night"-mentality to let your natural state retake control of your over-consciousness to rebalance it.
- {Develop trust in your auto-pilot mode. It's there to help...6.27.16}.
- During your overuse recovery period, write any of the things you are feeling stressed about on a notepad so you can temporarily forget it all.
- Put anything that requires focus where you won't feel a need to focus on it...

- Relearn the art of full distraction and un-thought to get your natural action back in shape and working without you...
- ...And get rid of this book as soon as you're better, okay champ? You happen to be a hazard with it.

Chapter 9: Sudden and Uncontrollable Temp Work

“Practice fast mistakes and make more. Slow and perfect becomes fast and perfect.”

-Doom



2.21.16

{Current Playlist: Little Boat by Charlie Byrd}

- {Eerie} is a slender Cog man, nearly entirely white of hair, skin, and clothing. His eyes...are what colour...grey? His cognitive kind have much to do with Cat's logic we are told, but Jung didn't mention them, nor have any other sources. They talk monotone, like they're always bored, the way Doom does. Not all cogs are mercenaries, but this one associates with emotional beings for that reason alone...emotional decisions are profitable. Did THAT surprise you, Cat? Huh? Huh?...And that's a pository on that! Cat didn't know he was using emotions as a weakness...you really need to understand the {figures} you bring close, Cat...{3}.

Danna: Hello again,

- my beautiful audience,
- it is me! {3}
- Aren't you happy?

- No flowers until after the program please. {3}
- Underwear's fine now. {3}

- Danna smiles pleasantly at the camera for a very long time.

Danna: Today on Danna's Documentaries, we celebrate Inner World mercenaries!

- I will now tell you the touching story of Eerie, the {figure} born without feelings.
-

- {Future Cat: You did not tell his story here...?.?.16}
 - {Danna: Shhhh. You're wrecking the pizzazz...?.?.16}.
 - {Future Cat: NO YOU'RE WRECKING THE PIZZAZZ...1.29.17}.
 - {Future Danna: Just watch the pretty dragon, little human. <3...1.29.17}.
 - {Future Cat: REALLY not cool, Danna...1.29.17}.
-

Eerie: ...Cogs don't have feelings...

Danna: And tragic it is...

Eerie: Why is that tragic?

- I can't see the benefit.
- When are you going to give me my mission?
- I require payment if I am to continue having this conversation.

Danna: Here's a charge.

- {Danna sends Eerie a very small amount of energy...1.29.17}.

Danna: Energize yourself a nice coffee and take a seat. <3

- {Eerie has no expression in his voice, and speaks calmly and slowly}.

Eerie: This is less payment than Cat could afford.

- You offered me a great deal for your business taken care of.
- Why are you not getting to business?
- I am well-informed that you spend most of your time wasting time.

Danna: If this was a waste of time would I have such a magnificent {underwater} base?
<3

Eerie: What about that leak?

- {He points at a crack at the bottom of one of the windows.
- It seems to be growing as they watch it,
- and is spurling a wide puddle noisily onto the carpet}.

- {Danna watches the window leak for a while with him...1.29.17}.

Eerie: I don't mind if it is your problem alone.

- Give me my job and send me on my way.

Danna: Why, this is your job, darling. <3

- I show you clips,
- you comment on them with me! <3

Eerie: You promised me enough for a vehicle.

- Give me half right now or you're commenting on your issue yourself.

Danna: My, my.

- Brash for such a young thing, or maybe because of it. <3

Eerie: The trickster is not a benefit to my kind.

- {Danna looks unimpressed...1.29.17}.

Danna: I need new friends.

- Here.
- Energy.
- Why do the prettiest men always turn out to be virtually dead below the waist?

- {Eerie watches her tiredly...1.29.17}.

Eerie: I am almost impressed to receive payment.

- My wish is your command.

Danna: Well, as I'm sure my wish would turn out to be a letdown a-sexy,

- the wishes of our audience come first. <3
- Tell me about your best battle.
- Liv-Liv was monitoring you in secret, do you know that?
- There were some really good shots from below and behind so I kept the footage.
<3

Eerie: I am very confused.

- I am not monitored without my knowledge.

Danna: Try me. <3

- Why do you think he had the need to be energy rich?
- He had things like powerful masking spells to maintain.

Eerie: If you aren't lying we have a very big problem...

Danna: Such as?

Eerie: The nature of repression...

- {Wait...so emotion preempting logic...logically...and repression...I'm getting confused by this...1.29.17}.

Danna: Heavy...

- Well,
- here's the first clip! <3
- Hmmm...
- Which clip...
- Nice abs...
- But the audience can't see them...
- Slender body, but strong.

- {Eerie's voice becomes a touch more severe}.

Eerie: Are you objectifying me in some way?

- ...because I'm unsure of what any of it means,
- and it bores me quite severely.

Danna: Fine, fine...

- I guess I have a thing for albinos.
- You rescued someone from a dragon??

Eerie: My best-paying job that year.

Danna: Let's take a look. <3:

-
- {Future Cat: Danna. In my world, what you're doing is workplace harassment...1.29.17}.
 - {Future Danna: In my world, Mittens, it's called fantasizing out loud...1.29.17}.
 - {Future Cat: Are you TRYING to get killed, is that it?...1.29.17}.
 - {Future Danna: You think I can be killed? That's cute. <3. Do you know how reckless I have been over the past thousand years, Mittens? If I could have been killed, your Mennonite heritage would have taken care of it before I got to you...1.29.17}.
 - {Future Cat: If you say so, Danna...1.29.17}.
 - {Future Danna: Tisk, tisk, Mittens. Have I taught you nothing about reality?...1.29.17}.
 - {Future Cat: Reality, Danna?...Wait...are you suggesting adding prequel footage to me from 1998 or something? You can't prequel me, Danna. Humans can't be prequels...1.29.17}.

- {Future Danna: Humans are MOSTLY prequel, Cat. Get it through your head. <3...1.29.17}.
-

- A dimly lit red lava cave.
 - Only patches of grey or blackened rock protrude from the thick hot stream.
 - From below and behind we see—
-

Future Liverish: That's it.

- He has no idea, so someone needs to censor this.

Danna: How did you find my secret base...!!!?

- {Danna double-takes dramatically, with her hands halfway in the air...3.7.16}.

Future Liverish: There's an enormous red buoy up there with a billboard reading "drop fan-mail here".

- Danna poses dramatically with her left hand over her heart and her right hand open, staring epically into the distance.

- {Her voice trembles slightly}.

Danna: *The curse of fame...*3

Future Liverish: *The curse of making your secret BASE famous.*

- *Are you almost done slandering me for my past?*
- {The energetic charge in the room changes, and they both stop dead and look at Eerie}.

Eerie: If I must listen to you both speak for much longer,

- I'll demand a larger vehicle's worth of energy.

Future Liverish: *I'm here as your advocate, moron.*

- *She owes you a lot more energy than that.*

Eerie: *She does?*

- {The important information gives Eerie's voice an unlikely hint of emotion}.

Future Liverish: *Now Cat has to...*

- {The body has a sudden need to go to the bathroom}.
- ...FUCK YOU, DANNA, I CREATED THAT!

Danna: The sudden and immense need to go to the bathroom can be triggered by unconscious functions if you approach something they'd rather you didn't.

- You didn't create that.
- The bathroom has been the kill-switch to creativity for aeons. <3

Future Liverish: DON'T TELL THEM THAT!

- {Cat: Is that really a thing, Danna?...3.7.16}
- {Danna: Judge by hubby's reaction...Not mine. <3...3.7.16}.

Eerie: Danna owes more?

- Explain this to me.

Future Liverish: I sexually harass a few figures and I get set on fire.

- SHE does it and it's either cute or no one the fuck cares.
- The injustice ends here.

Eerie: You were set on fire for a crime she has committed towards me?

Danna: Back to the clip, you guys. <3

- This is a documentary show.
- I've been ordered not to host any more talk shows.
- If you'd like, we could continue this way and they could set you on fire again for forcing me to host a talk show. <3

Future Liverish: A nice sentiment, but they wouldn't.

- *If anyone's bursting into flames its you and your irresponsible need to be on television.*
- *Here's a tip...*
- *Don't sexually harass your co-workers on SET.*
- *A little damning if you ask me.*

Danna: *You were funner as a manipulable airhead.*

Future Liverish: *When was I that?*

Danna: *Evil you.*

- *Evil you was funner.*

Future Liverish: *The benefit of being {a vox}.*

- *ChangeABILITY.*

Danna: *You're saying this to chaos. <3*

- *You realize you might prompt a dinosaur to attack this ship...? <3*

Eerie: *An extra half a vehicle from each of you.*

Danna: *Ouch.*

Future Liverish: *I'm your FUCKING ADVOCATE!*

Danna: *On the clock! <3*

- *Run the clips!*

-
- {Current playlist: Vision of Love by Dynamo}.

Security Footage Pick #3: Mind Meets Body

- A lava cave as pictured above...
- From a round, twenty-foot opening in the ceiling.
- (Courtesy of Elevatorport and Danna's Deep-Level Travel Adventures).

Future Liverish: Plugging your scam during your show is pretty low..

- Eerie drops down on a boomerang.
- He has the poise and rock-solid stance of a martial artist.
- He wears plain white clothing and wears a flat, round, white hat.
- He flies almost robotically ahead.
- The massive natural red stone pillars ahead of him occur about every fifty feet.
- They fill the cave, an unknown distance into the fog.
- The ceiling is a hundred feet tall in some places, and two hundred in others,
- and the lavalight glows off of it.

- He weaves easily around pillars.
- He stops.
- What for a second had just looked like a pillar,
- and given off no presence,
- was now a dragon with a neck the size of a pillar.
- It was winged,
- massively so,
- but submerged in the molten stream.
- {...!}
- "You are coming with me," Eerie said.

- "You really think so," laughed the dragon.
- "I will not leave until you do," said Eerie.
- "I agree that you will not leave," said the dragon.
- "Those who sent me would like me to make you conscious," said Eerie. "Even their queen".
- "Foolish thoughts," said the dragon. "That I should follow you to such a place".
- "That that is demands it," said Eerie.
- "Why would that that is demand that that isn't?"
- "Because that that isn't is what is required by that that is".
- "Nonsense," said the dragon, flatly. "I prefer unwantedness. What craves annihilation is mad."
- "It is the is that isn't that requires annihilation," Eerie said.
- "While that alters my decision, my lessons are never easy," the dragon said gravely.
- "Your answers are never answers," said Eerie.
- "All is clear when you face me," said the dragon.

- "I was pretty sure you wouldn't come quietly," said Eerie, "even for an esteemed title."
- "Especially for an esteemed title," the dragon almost spat.
- She glowed red with eyes of spiking flame, as if ruffled by the thought.
- As she cooled,
- her skin blackened and shrunk to reveal every vein and tendon grotesquely,
- and her fire eyes became sockets.
- Loose tendrils of skin hung from her increasingly bat-like wings and fluttered like crepe paper over the lava's heat.
- The effect was more horrifying than could be imagined,
- but the beautiful man without emotions hadn't even the option to feel afraid.
- "Do you know the name my clients give you, oh unknown one?" said Eerie.

- "I care not. Do you know how to become a real boy, little puppet?" said the dragon.
- Her voice was now an echoing whisper that seemed to come from somewhere else.
- "My state is not a hindrance," said Eerie.
- "When it is, you would be my client, if anything but your life itself would suit me as payment," said the dragon.
- "Would you like to know your name or not?" said Eerie.
- "If you live, you may tell me, puppet," said the dragon. "Mercenaries disgust me. Mercenaries who cannot face me disgust me more."
- "You fascinate me more than I expected," said Eerie.
- "Fascination does much of my work for me," said the spectre.
- She reared up, again ablaze,
- but now not majestic.

- Her charred flesh bubbled and curled.
- Her flames surged again, outward,
- engulfing Eerie, and half a mile of surrounding cave.
- Eerie evoked a sphere of air to deflect...
- And continued to hover in the same spot,
- from which he hadn't budged yet.
- "Reason will not last forever," the dragon gurgled like a toy speaker with low batteries.
- Again her flames persisted
- and again his air kept him cool.

- "Too much air down here is poison, don't you know?" she said calmly.
- Her horrifying head whipped down like a cobra,
- teeth crunching down ruthlessly on Eerie's shield in a massive hungry bite.
- He warped back and out of the shield about ten feet,
- as the teeth broke through and {she} began to swallow the now, strangely, glass-like shards.
- {Eerie waited, unmoving}.
- The gaping eyes stared at him for a long time,
- or so they appeared to without life in them...
- {Eerie waited, motionlessly}.

- *Again she lunged,*
 - *and this time he dodged and kept going,*
 - *as she pursued.*
-
- *As he gracefully glided around pillars,*
 - *she bore through them with her powerful form,*
 - *dropping walls and boulders of stone ceiling.*
-
- *He was frowning.*
 - *This seemed to happen when death was a possibility.*
 - *{Maybe he was not without emotion after all...}.*
-
- *She seemed likely to cause something more permanent than he was used to...*
-
- *(An avalanche would not be useful.*

- She wasn't reacting at all to the damage caused to her.
- So perhaps she could not die.
- He could lodge her under it by making the right piece fall,
- but she would not consider it a defeat).
- He weaved around a wave of lava caused by the dragon's massive seismic activity.
- His breath fluttered.
- This seemed to happen when facing death, too.
- He stopped,
- building a shield to think,
- for just a few seconds more.
- The teeth came down—
- —with a messy splash of lava he had to do everything in his power to repel.

- Again they pressed down on his air shield.
- "The frowning and fluttering mean I shouldn't,
- But I know better than to trust them over my nature," he thought.
- "Is that so," the dragon responded to his thought.
- with a smiling mental hiss of wraith decay.
- "It is so," said Eerie, releasing his shield.
- The monster's jaws cracked down on him.
- As the shock of impact jarred him like a living nightmare...
- ...

- ...

- ...

- Eerie awoke on a stone island amid the molten stream.

- A beautiful woman in a short white dress and bare feet stood before him.

- "They call me Doom," she said.

- "Why would you not let me say it?" he asked.

- He was having trouble forming a thought for some reason.

- Stress perhaps.

- He decided that the "death discomfort" he had felt on being bitten must have been an emotion like stress.

- An odd malfunction.
- "To name me may have named me for you," she said. "The Is that Is would not have you namíng me your doom".
- {Shadow nonsense, he guessed. He had heard of it}.
- "You will come address the probe?" Eerie asked again. "You know we're ill-equipped".
- "You have proven her worthy of interest. We shall see. I will come with you. I know how this ends, but you are only beginning".
- {Eerie made an educated guess that what Doom had said was Shadow Nonsense for "yes"}.

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- {Future Cat: I mean...for a prequel of a human being, it wasn't bad...1.29.17}.
 - {Future Danna: I told you, Cat. You are just a prequel of what you are now. <3...1.29.17}.

- {Future Cat: That makes my head hurt, Danna...1.29.17}.
 - {Future Danna: You just aren't especiallY BRIGHT, Mittens, that's all. <3...1.29.17}.
 - {Future Cat: And now we're about to discuss it in the past. This is getting convoluted, Danna...1.29.17}.
-

{Current Playlist: Little Boat by Charlie Byrd}

Future Cat: Does this mean Shadows have the power to prequel?

Danna: Humanity really doesn't understand Shadows.

- Ignorance is so adorable. <3}.

Future Liverish: Wow, Danna.

- You're actually capable of producing something worth watching.
- Maybe the universe is on backwards.

Danna: You're the only fan who has managed to breach the boundaries of my base, Lee. <3

- Almost none of them made it past the laser piranhas. <3
- Your deep denial of fandom is touching. <3 <3 <3

Future Liverish: I swam here due to lack of an accessible complaints department.

- As far as those scaly swimming rats who have enough teeth not to need lasers are concerned...
- Just because you CAN imagine it, doesn't mean you SHOULD.

- {Future Cat: They don't sound like piranhas to me...}.

- {Future Liverish: ExACTLY!!}.
- {Danna: Ahem. If you have something to discuss on air, I only ask that you discuss it with everyone. <3... 3.7.16}.

Eerie: The effectiveness seems to speak for itself.

Future Liverish: AGAIN, YOU DUNCE!!

- I AM YOUR ADVOCATE HERE!!!

Danna: Here, Lee!

- A free signed T-shirt for making it! <3

- It says "I'm with stupid" and points up.

Future Liverish: Is this supposed to be funny or something?

- You signed the entire ass with "property of Danna".

Danna: You also get a free recording of our show, and a bill for all the things Eerie was supposed to say!

- {Future Liverish speaks through gritted teeth...3.7.16}.

Future Liverish: I'll be back for your next show.

- Just call me your studio audience.

Danna: No you won't. <3

- Eerie, would you rather escort this gentleman out or continue the interview?
- Eerie sets his eyes on Future Liverish.

Future Liverish: Cute, Danna.

- This is SO cute.
- NO WALKING {SUPOKU PUZZLE} CAN SUBDUE ME!!
- Future Liverish flees off stage with Eerie in pursuit.

Danna: Dear me!

- I can't believe I forgot cameras back there! <3
- I've got one here!
- Wait up you guys!! <3
- Your legs are longer than mine!!
- Until next time, my lovely fans!! <3

NOTES

date: 12.13.11

If random adventure arises, never turn it down, but always check in with a trusted archetype and practise stranger danger.

⚠ WARNING

- You are being swept up in my old archetypal cycle.
- As it is loud, repetitive, and unpleasant, I will begin to tell you what can be skipped.

INTRODUCTION

-In this Chapter, Cat and Liverish are on a mysterious journey of Doom's choosing.

In your imaginings, ensure that there is a safe talking space outside of your current adventure. A base camp of pure interaction.

-Cat doesn't realize in this chapter that she is avoiding the adventure using talking base camp. Maybe there is something more down there...



Dry

LISTENING

**Len: Big
Meanie**

At Best a Mad Scientist

- {Prior to this chapter, Cat notes while charting that she lost half her power when the princess fell out, taking it...2.3.16}.
 - {This chapter is tedious, so important information is written **in red**}.
-

- {Future Cat: Danna. We didn't make this "Important Red Writing" thing a thing. We should edit it out...1.29.17}.
- {Future Danna: This is just like the time that one chapter got jammed on italics, Cat, and that worked out fine. <3...1.29.17}.
- {Future Cat: ON WHAT PLANET CAN YOU SAY THAT WORKED OUT!!!!...1.29.17}.
- {Future Danna: On the one I ship the "I'm with stupid" shirts out from? <3...1.29.17}.
- {Cat frowns at Danna in deep disapproval...1.29.17}.
- {Danna smiles sweetly...1.29.17}.

{12.13.11}

Liverish: Cat,

- what the fuck are you doing?

Cat: What am I doing...?

Liverish: Why are you fucking writing?

Cat: I need to record us sometimes.

Liverish: There's no need to do that, Cat.

- I know all either of us need to know right now.

- {Telling you to get out is common from a glitching figure. They'll insist you have no business being in your own mind...9.6.16}.
- {This may prove true to the extent where some {Inner figures} may heckle you for having "imaginary friends" to diminish themselves from your focus...1.29.17}.

Cat: How about where Doom's taking us?

Liverish: That's different.

- I am going to have to be the one to get you out, though.
- That's a lot of fucking pressure, Cat.

- {I vaguely remember taking this journey with Doom, but it doesn't stand out...9.6.16}.

Cat: More than usual?

- *I mean...*
- *you assumed you'd be doing it before.*

Liverish: *Actually, my skills...*

- *prove to be my enemy on this one.*
- *I believed you'd instinctively take over.*
- *I didn't know I'd have to haul you the whole way.*
- *I'm re-thinking how to accomplish a lot of things.*

Cat: Are you sure we're not supposed to be even?

Liverish: *No, Cat, not even close.*

- *What do we keep finding?*
- *I need to drag you down.*
- *I do.*

Cat: You believe that applies here.

- {We seem to be fighting on one of our less voluntary underground adventures. Doom seems to be with us for this one...1.29.17}.
- {We also seem to be devolving in conscious language. If the following conversation was a road, it would be bumpy enough to beach cars. As usual, we are presented with possible unconscious lottery gold, surrounded by miles of thick mud...11.6.17}.

Liverish: *It's big enough to apply down there,*

- *then it's big enough to apply up here...*

Cat: ...Did you last time?

Liverish: *That's the FUCKING PROBLEM, Cat...*

- *We need one more memorable than yours with Sokien.*
- *NEED it.*
- *Or we're going nowhere in a way even I don't like.*

- {He's likely referring to Sokien's view on upholding the status quo and maintaining appearances over delving into the obvious deeper issues...3.7.16}.
- {Making his rush to get to the centre of everything quite emotionally charged at this moment...As well as his unrealistic visions of body-snatching grandeur...1.29.17}.

Cat: And what will this...

Liverish: Come on...

- YOU come fucking down HERE,
- I fucking go up THERE,
- you fucking moron.

Cat: ...

Liverish: Oh,

- Doom's motive.
- (You're fucking shouting by the way)...
- I see...
- you think I can't see through an animal...
- how wrong you are...
- She only wants to ensure your mind's not pudding by the time you get here...
- she's as trapped as you are...
- And things will be different when I'm in charge.

Cat: ...For instance?

Liverish: Heh.

- A good way to get me talking,
- but you think I'll simply dole out the information?

- *Picture this: If you're in a cage and I'm in charge...*
 - *what becomes of Doom, hmm?*
 - *She'd no longer fit as my shadow.*
-

- {Future Cat: A-HAHAHAHAHAHA!!!...3.17.16}.
 - {Future Liverish: What? You almost believed me, didn't you?? Why would I not try that on you?...3.17.16}.
 - {Future Cat: AhahahHAHAHAHA. Hilarious. Good point...3.17.16}.
-



“We are to you what the adults on the other side of hand puppets are to small children.”

-Lee

12.13.11 {Continued}

Cat: *You're getting ridiculous.*

- *Maybe you can't control my body.*

Liverish: *I hate to say I told-you-so...*

- *but look at yourself...*
- *I have you.*
- *And aside from having you better,*
- *all I've failed to do is keep you locked up to my satisfaction.*

- {He's talking like he's in possession, but that's a bit of a stretch...*However*...11.6.17}.
- {At this stage, Cat is quite heavily influenced by emotion and acts on it. Unfortunately, he's entirely right...3.7.16}.
- {...in that she is hostage to her emotions...3.17.16}.
- {Except that the suffering she feels is still secretly his...1.29.17}.
- {Really? He thought he'd failed to keep me locked up right?...1.29.17}.

Cat: ...Failed to?

Liverish: ...Cat...seriously,

- *you wouldn't have been such a waste of space on these projects if I'd had you.*
- *I'd have utilized your scarce talent properly.*
- *And there would have been little you could have done to resist my wishes.*

Cat: {Right...}

- *Maybe you are just a thug, yet.*
- *At best a mad scientist.*

Liverish: Thanks for your confidence, Cat,

- but as you KNOW
- I feel more contempt for you than you ever could for me...

Cat: If we worked together.

Liverish: I don't work with you...

- I use you.

Cat: I know what you do.

- Look.
- If we can use {video} games...whatever.
- Can we cool off a little...?

- {Cat appears to want to take a time-out from her emotions...3.7.16}.
- {You remember that fatigue line where I told you to stop? There is a significant chance you are watching me not only cross it, but continue onwards into the sunset...A bright migrainy sunset no doubt...11.6.17}.

Liverish: See?

- I have you.
- You don't expect me to loosen my hold on my zombie pet.
- do you, Cat?

Cat: I'm—

Liverish: —You are a pet.

- Maybe that's what I choose.

Cat: Amazing.

- I'm beginning to stop caring how you word things.

Liverish: *Here, see...?*

- *Wasn't my energy honest?*
 - *You could have united with my energy...*
 - *{Seriously!/?...Liverish attempting to make Cat regret not marrying him under duress...3.7.16}.*
 - *{Future Cat: See how adorable you were, Lee? I am NOT EXAGGERATING about how you were. You see that...?...1.29.17}.*
 - *{Future Liverish: And we've all seen how you hold up under mood poison as well, Small Fry. You flap around like an injured flamingo. It's disgraceful...1.29.17}.*
-

12.13.11 {Continued}

Cat: *You had hostages...*

Liverish: *If I hadn't,*

- *you still would have refused.*

Cat: *I would like not only to know what it means, here,*

- *I would like it not to be for a wrong reason.*

Liverish: *Clumsy speech from a simpl-ified mind...*

- *hmm, Cat?*

Cat: *...There are my conditions...*

- *It needs to be entered with equal knowledge about it,*
- *it needs to be real,*
- *and it can't be for Wrong Reason.*

Liverish: You think you can decide these things,

- hmm?

Cat: Well without those...

- I guess all you'll have is an ill-tempered pet,
- now won't you?

Liverish: Cat...

- you never see the benefit to yourself in humouring me, do you?

Cat: I will base my actions on how I feel about you on a fundamental level.

- That first.

Liverish: Cat...

- I don't doubt you want to fight me...
- more than ever at this point...
- but you must come to see the damage that comes to you because of it...

Cat: And you...

- You still look ill...

Liverish: It doesn't matter how I look if I get what I want...

- I'll be better than ever.

Cat: Unless you get sick and die without my input.

- Do you know the truth of the matter?

Liverish: I heard that last thought and yes,

- I DO guard you extra because I can't determine my...
- state without you.

Cat: Is that why you ditched all your men?

Liverish: There was a question of motives in my former*...{employee}.

- {Eerie maybe?...2.8.16}.

Cat: *Your thoughts don't say "former"...*

- {*A good chance it's Eerie. Liverish used his services off and on for years...*3.7.16}.

Liverish: *But I will only leave your companions with him...*

- *not you.*

Cat: *Before...*

Liverish: *I know better now...*

- *If I can be harmed, and there is a fully legitimate reason*
- *(power, you know)*
- *to stop me, well...*
- *I can't hand him my weakness.*

Cat: *Despite his disinterest.*

- {Cat isn't concerned, based on Eerie's asexuality...3.7.16}.
- {She's missing Liverish's point entirely, probably because she doesn't want to believe that her inner world can think so well without her...6.27.16}.
- {In other words, denial...9.6.16}.

Liverish: *You are an object of power now.*

Cat: Probe stuff?

- {Cat is often referred to as “the Probe”, as she is the part of the personality that explores the Inner World consciously. Some figures approve, and some quite strongly disapprove of the function...3.7.16}.

Liverish: Why of course, Cat.

- And I want you, and they know it.

Cat: So my freedom may come from another kidnapper?

Liverish: I'm not a “kidnapper”.

- I'm a “captor”.
- I have cells to keep you in,
- and a right to you, as my sexual opposite.
- I simply choose to approach you this way.
- You ARE mine, you know.
- Whatever your male says,
- I have the power of permanence.
- I can't be removed from you if forty people are used to remove me...
- Him...well...his physical nature proves a weakness.

- {Liverish doesn't like Cat's long-term boyfriend. He regularly makes this known to Cat, and tries to avoid using her boyfriend's name as much as possible in favour of words that seem discriminatory towards humans...3.7.16}.
- {To be clear, this is not the violent ex-boyfriend, but my first adult relationship, a several-year-long relationship that led to a short engagement before ultimately unravelling...6.2.17}.
- {In his mind, the {vox} always wins against a physical partner, because the {vox} can only be removed from a woman by physical death...9.6.16}.

Cat: I need both kinds of relationship, you know...

Liverish: I know you think that,

- but I will get the final decision, Cat.

Cat: New subject, maybe...

- You don't seem stable on this one...
- What will happen with Doom?

Liverish: I don't know.

- We see when we get there, I suppose.
- I don't like it much, but...

Cat: But your part...

Liverish: All me.

- All dragging...
- But I'm not sure what there has to do with it...

- They spend a few minutes writing up a metaphor chart.

Cat: What in my mind is loosening?

Liverish: Your...

- essence is changing,
- probably so I can get you through.

Cat: Yours...

Liverish: Is grumpy {energy}.

- It feels wrong today.

Cat: Then...

Liverish: Control plays into it, yes.

- {Remember...depth and abstract speech often go hand in hand. No laser kangaroos, but the messy nature of this record suggests that I attempted to write it down during at least a medium-deep state of trance...1.29.17}.
-

You Really Don't Get It and I Don't Care

{Some useful information here, and some riddles. [No more skip](#) for this Chapter}.

-
- {Future Cat: *Danna...? Why did we create a whole skip function for a few weak lines and then abandon it completely?...9.6.16*}.
 - {Future Danna: *We're innovative, Mittens. Innovative things change all the time. <3...9.6.16*}.
 - {Cat looks at Danna tiredly, for a long time...9.6.16}.
 - {Danna grins back sweetly...9.6.16}.
-

{12.14.11}

{Current Playlist: We Can Make the World Stop by Glitch Mob}

{In a strange airship...}.

Liverish: *Think before you write, Cat.*

Cat: *You make more mistakes than I do.*

Liverish: *You can't afford to.*

- *Besides, you could say I was...*
- *under stress then.*

Cat: *The stress of taking me over?*

Liverish: *You REALLY don't get it, and I don't care.*

- {Liverish is using his concept of the silent treatment}.

Cat: *Please.*

- *I'm.....sorry.*

Liverish: *Well that was hard for you.*

- {Liverish is still attempting to be passive aggressive}.
- {The change from the loud shouting seems to be confusing Cat a bit...1.29.17}.

Cat: Please don't use now to...

- narrow my cage.
- {Note: It seems Cat is using this language to appease Liverish during his snit...6.27.16}.
- {He likes being reminded that I can't escape. It's like a security blanket. He's sure the second I leave his side I'll get eaten and die, I swear...9.6.16}.

Liverish: Heh...

- I'm not myself now, Cat...
- (I heard that...).
- We're going through something right now, Cat...
- and I'm,
- you could say,
- taking it like {a figure}.

Cat: What are you trying to express?

- {Future Cat: That he glitches out and he feels remorse?...9.6.16}.

Liverish: I don't really want you dead.

Cat: Thank you...?

Liverish: Heh...

- still don't get it...
- Whatever brain-drain.

Cat: Fine.

- I'm daft.
- Explain it to me like I'm completely ignorant of everything this-world.

Liverish: You really want that?

Cat: ...Why?

Liverish: Heh.

- Cat, I'm going to take you prisoner in a new way.

- {Note: Is this referring to the "Sacred Marriage"?...9.6.16}.

Cat: Losing and confusing your audience.

Liverish: Fuck, Cat...

- ...I...
- can't say it...
- ...odd...

Cat: Not odd...

- it must be something I'm resistant to...

- {...Glad to see that at least I wasn't resistant to believing I was resisting...So painful reading my old stuff sometimes...6.27.16}.

Liverish: Heh...I suppose.

Cat: *If you want to make a connection with me,*
• *then stop torturing me.*

Liverish: *I've considered that, Cat,*
• *but it would cost you as well.*

Cat: *I'm not sure I'm up for your costs.*

Liverish: *Prefer being caged?*

Cat: *Prefer not being a mindless puppet.*

Liverish: *That is only a matter of time.*

Cat: *Sooner if I cooperate with you.*

Liverish: *Inevitable if you never give me a chance to change...*

Cat: *What are your costs?*
• *I will say there's a 90% chance I'll reject your terms.*

Liverish: *Guest lodging in my head?*

Cat: *Let me get this straight...*

Liverish: *Right...*
• *It's not like I'm inCAPABLE of controlling my actions.*

Cat: *We're talking a Beauty and the Beast idea?*

Liverish: *More like a true damsel in distress,*
• *and less like a failed hero lying in her own waste.*

Cat: *...That's ridiculous.*

Liverish: *A room with a locked door, but it isn't mine.*

- *I thought it would be a happy medium...*
- *{An incubus promising to sleep in the other room, in a separate bed, is a desperate incubus...1.29.17}.*
- *{I can't believe I'm saying this, but for him back then, this was a generous offer...11.6.17}.*

Cat: *...I will consider what you say.*

Liverish: *I would, Cat.*

- *Despite their hovering, there are a host of things I can do to you without their interference.*
- *Do you really wish to try me?*
- *{The last part of this sentence was lowered in an ominous purr}.*

Cat: *{Wait...}*

- *...You want an answer now?*

Liverish: *...take it or leave it.*

Cat: *Leaving it.*

- *I refuse to take part in your pressure decisions.*

Liverish: *I'm not sure you know what you're saying here, Cat.*

- *This may be your one last chance at something better than...*
- *this.*

Cat: *If this is an honestly thought-out idea, and if any part of you was invested in this for good reasons, you wouldn't require me to be thrust into it suddenly and blindly.*

Liverish: *I wouldn't.*

Cat: *What are your real reasons?*

Liverish: **give up, Cat.*

- {*Note lower-case start of sentence}.
- Cat turns her head.
- {Future Cat: *Again...Lee...You were so convinced five minutes of freedom would kill me...1.29.17*}.
- {Future Liverish: *Still {am}, Small Fry. Way too easy for a complete moron like a human to get killed in these wilds...1.29.17*}.
- {Future Cat: *And you didn't think there was a more effective way to approach me about it than a surrender pact back then?...1.29.17*}.

Cat: *I think I'm done deciding.*

Liverish: *And you will regret the decision.*

Cat: *No more than I'd regret getting pigeon-holed further.*

Liverish: *There's nothing you can do to prevent that.*

Cat: *I need things to change, just not quickly and for your reasons.*

Liverish: *You are unABLE to win at this point.*

Cat: *The rest don't seem to think so.*

Liverish: *The rest are neither you nor me.*

-
- {Future Cat: *Why did you think that shit would work, Lee?...9.6.16}.*
 - {Future Liverish: *Because it fucking did, and you were a fucking closet submissive...9.6.16}.*
 - {Future Cat: *I...uh...9.6.16}.*
 - {Future Liverish: *Chicken. Egg. Blah-blah-blah. We are creatures who adapt to our surroundings. Your surroundings made me your master somehow, not me...9.6.16}.*
 - {Future Cat: *Right. Chicken, egg, blah-blah-blah. Got it...9.6.16}.*
 - {Future Liverish shoves her into a nearby pond...9.6.16}.

{Later that day...and confused}.

Cat: What?

Liverish: Nothing...

Cat: *Your energy...*

Liverish: *Easy, Cat, you aren't the only one with erratic energy right now...*

Cat: *Are we really changing?...*

Liverish: *Of course...it seems this is part of a process that can't be stopped.*

Cat: But...

- {Again...are we talking about the "Sacred Marriage"?...9.6.16}.

Liverish: *I don't know, Cat.*

- *I do know more than you about it, but not a hell of a lot more.*

Cat: *I'm not sure your take would do this justice.*

- *What's coming loose?*

Liverish: *It's not small.*

Cat: *It's gross.*

Liverish: ...Thought matter isn't gross, Cat.....

Cat: And what does that mean?

Liverish: Fuck, Cat.

- The object you see represents a stockpile of...
- an energy that has been hidden here...
- where is here?

Cat: I assumed you owned this place.

Liverish: No, it isn't my airship.

Cat: Did Doom take us down?

Liverish: ...I was getting there...

- but I don't think she owns this place.

Cat: Huh...

- {Some more time passes. In a strange place near a strange object}.
- {I remember the room, tall like a silo and futuristically-panelled. Bright and flashing in places, with a deep dark chasm around an isolated patch of floor, right in the middle...9.6.16}.

Liverish: I'm not concerned, Cat.

Cat: But...

Liverish: They clearly don't mean us harm.

- We aren't bound, are we?
- And to find ourselves near something this important.
- I wouldn't play this way with my enemies.

Cat: This {energy object} is directly affecting me...

Liverish: Me too...

- I doubt it will play a small part.
- [...].

Cat: Neither of us can or would touch it...

-
- {What was this object that had such a strong effect?...2.24.16}.
 - {Actually, "small part" seems to cover it...3.17.16}.
 - {Unless this has some kind of symbolic connection to that #\$%&%*#\$%*&#\$%*&*\$-ing thing that happened to my kundalini...9.6.16, 11.4.17}.
 - {...Or perhaps this is simply another doorway object like that tunnel we keep talking about...11.6.17}.
-

Cat: Feels...

- *good and bad.*

Liverish: As long as I lose no control, it's fine.

Cat: Are you reacting like I am?

Liverish: No...

- Differently...you could say you're reacting more...
-

{12.14.11}

Cat: So why am I reacting more?

Liverish: *It's more applicable somehow.*

- *I like how quiet and manageable it's been making you.*

Cat: *Really?*

- *I don't remember being different.*

Liverish: *Of course not.*

- *But I felt it.*
- *We aren't facing something I think I want you getting involved in, Cat.*
- *But which way to leave...*

-
- {Future Cat: *What say you, Lee? Kundalini problems starting? <3...9.6.16*}.

- {Future Liverish: *Fuck no. Just the start of the next set and the end of the last...9.6.16*}.
-

{12.14.11}

Cat: *It feels deserted.*

- {Liverish seems to be picking up on something...9.6.16}.

Liverish: *No. It feels like what IS here would like to hide its presence from us*

-
- *Fuck, Cat!*
- *I'm not letting you more than five feet from me, got it?*

- {Liverish seems genuinely rattled...3.17.16}.

Cat: *"It" slash "they" are dangerous?*

- *Hmm...*

Liverish: *From what little you know, you must admit that it's ambiguously motivated.*

Cat: *Scary...*

Liverish: *Good!*

- *You've got it...*
- *now STAY the FUCK NEAR ME.*

Cat: *If we're here...*

Liverish: *It means we can't be trusted piloting my possessed {form} here.*

- *You could find another surrogate and let me travel if I wouldn't lose my grip on you.*

- {Cat was currently occupying Liverish's form as co-pilot}.
- {I may be wrong, but I believe this doubled state fluctuated...6.27.16}.
- {Note to self: I have to test possessing Lee more when he lets me...9.6.16}.

Cat: Wow...

- But who would you trust to do that?

Liverish: No one.

- And now there's no place I can work this out quickly.

Cat: I'm not that worried.

- {Cat is denying the apparent danger as a defence...3.17.16}.

Liverish: I'm warning you, Cat.

- Stray that far from me again and I might keep you by me with rope...

Cat: Safe, considering we don't know what we're up against.

Liverish: Necessary for maintaining my power.

Cat: I am?

- I really should get away...
 - Somehow...
-

- {Future Cat: Lee, do you realize that presentation was basically your entire problem?...9.6.16}.
 - {Future Liverish: Small Fry, do you realize that an {archetypal figure} is basically entirely presentation? I'm only visible as a fucking symbol so you can pick me apart from french fry cravings and episodes of Ren and Stimpy. That's on you...9.6.16}.
-

Liverish: Cat...

- look.
 - The only figures who can save you, won't.
 - They're as good as the ones who pulled me out to me...{who separated us in the first place}.
 - I can take it out on you while they watch.
-

- {Is he speaking about the Red situation that far back!? Wow I screwed up... 2.24.16}.
 - {Liverish gets divided into two figures from time to time. Two of him are much louder than one... 9.6.16, 6.2.17}.
 - {One half of Liverish becomes...well...you'll see if we write a sequel...1.29.17}.
-

Cat: *Not helpful.*

Liverish: *I'm proving a point.*

- *I have you.*
- *It's my game,*
- *and I'll prove it with you.*