

Thinkercise Vol. 8: Mental Situps:

(Technique Type: Inner Sensory Strength Training)

- Really? I haven't shown you this one already?
- My bad.
- To be fair, this exercise greatly increases your Inner immersion capabilities, so it does qualify as more advanced if you plan to use it to buff up...
- Is your Inner World more...flat than you would like it to be at this point?
- As this isn't a mega technique of possible doom, it gets straight to the point, and contains a much smaller number of melodrama traps.
- I'm sorry if I made you barf at any point during the last exercise. It wasn't my intention.
- I had to guard my most dangerous technique from casual book browsers who might stumble in, and crash into its deadliness by accident.
- Indeed, if someone figures it out by accident in that mess, by gods, it HAS to be meant to be...

Prerequisite:

- This exercise may intensify your experience quite quickly, so have a safe zone and Trusted figures sorted out beforehand.
- You should be as discerning as ever about stranger danger. Check in with your Trusteds regularly when meeting someone new.
- Do this exercise as a graphics upgrade for Story Game.

- This is not intended for rare bursts, as you want to have control over your power.
- Rare bursts simply implant a powerful idea in your body, then leave the idea to roll down a hill while you walk away.

Process:

1. Locate a fabric in your physical vicinity and a differently-textured fabric in your Inner World.

2. Begin by closing your eyes and feeling the fabric in your physical hand. Do this for 5-10 seconds and stop.

3. In an identical fashion, close your eyes and begin to feel the fabric you have chosen in your Inner World as well as you can. Notice how different it feels from the physical fabric. Do this for 5-10 seconds and stop.

4. Repeat several times over the next few minutes to improve your Inner Tactile. Switch hands halfway through. Gauge your comfort level and, once again, don't exceed 20 minutes per day until you understand the effects the exercise has on you.

5. Try other senses once you have mastered touch.

- (Smell and taste also work quite well).
- Once you're really confident, speed your mental situps up, using:
- Inner-2-3-4

- Outer-2-3-4
- Results are as fast as this exercise is self-esteem-crushingly boring.

In Case of Overdose:

- Congratulations, you reckless ass of a moron. I'm actually impressed. You survived the boredom long enough to find out what happens if you overdose.
- I'm going to guess, based on the nature of the technique, it'll probably be a short nap and a bit of a body chill, though it hasn't happened to me yet...
- ...(No, I get bored just THINKING about it)...
- ...and maybe a nice dinner out, because, sheesh, if it's in your budget, you've totally earned it, and you're probably too exhausted now to cook anything nice.
- If you find out what happens if you overdose, please inform Danna at her undersea base in the past.
- I know, based on overdosing on similar exercises, to expect the "drowsy" kind of side-effect.
- Don't operate heavy machinery or drive if you've been, somehow, overusing this technique.
- Again, for the unicorn-level-legendary case of prolonged overuse, don't spend more time there than here, or that will become the norm, and not in the way you're hoping.
- You'll be expecting a VR wonderland, you'll get an emotionally foggy ker-blah.
- They're conceptual, and your consciousness has something to do with them having a shape.

- *Rather than them getting clearer, everything else will become further away. Good graphics take regular practice, not binge sessions.*
- *Take it easy, okay?*
- *The cool stuff won't happen if you crash your spaceship before it can leave the ground.*
- *Just take it easy.*
- *Relax.*
- *Your Inners will give you potent experiences, even if the rest of my techniques somehow prove incompatible with you.*
- *You won't doubt it when they're through with you.*
- *Just relax.*
- *When in doubt, just relax. <3*
- *Danna, I know you're talking through me, at least a little bit. Let me know when you do that, will you?*

- *{Danna: You let Lee drive, Mittens. Not trusting me with your vehicle is an insult. <3...9.16.16}.*
- *{Future Cat: You aren't my husband, Danna. <3...9.16.16. <3}.*

- {Danna: And you forgot to mention, "imagining your weight on the floor or ground" wherever you're at is a big help. Address that, Mittens, or you're fired! Always wanted to say that. <3...9.16.16}.
- {Future Cat: Fire me, and Lee won't let you join in with his Karaoke thing...9.16.16}.
- {Danna: Monstrous, Mittens! Be less monstrous or you're fired! Always wanted to say that to Lee...9.16.16}.
- {Future Cat: That? Really?...9.16.16}.
- {Danna: Make a bigger deal about the weight thing, Mittens. It's got gravity!...9.16.16}.
- {Future Cat: ...}.
- {Danna: Well, I tried. <3...9.16.16}.
- {Future Cat: Yes. "Imagine the ground solidly beneath your feet" ...9.16.16}.
- {Danna: Time is money, Mittens! <3. Always wanted to say that...9.16.16}.
- {Future Cat: We don't know this book will sell, Danna...9.16.16}.
- {Danna: Sure we do. Your hubby's the antenna for that...9.16.16}.
- {Future Cat:What?...9.16.16}.

- {Danna: Ask to *know*, Mittens. Ask to *know*. The *reason* we don't *tell you things* is we *wrongly assume* you're *swift enough* to puzzle them out on your *own*...9.16.16}.
 - {Future Cat: Driving is a *privilege*, Danna. <3...9.16.16}.
-

1.5.12

Baa

{Current Playlist: Un Deux Trois by SDMS}

Cat: *That was...*

- *astounding*.

- I felt the *bad panic attack feelings*,

- {edited...something about a monster?}.

- {I saw it *hurting me*}.

- I saw {it *happen in*} a classroom.

- {The Buchanan Building?}.

- Then *Doom* redirected my *focus* to *Liverish*,

- who *had* me by the *throat*,

- glowing with the same panic energy—
- —producing it.

- He was pinning me to the wall by Cat's throat.

- I pushed {"Doom-Boom"} energy through him and shorted him out before falling to the floor in a heap.

- Sokien opened the door and ran to me.

- At first I thought it was Doom,

- whose feet suddenly appeared on my other side,

- to my right.

- She lifted me easily into her arms and the fighting was over.

Doom: You suspected,

- but you are in better shape now.

Cat: *Why?*

- [...].

Doom: If we'd told you then, he could have killed you at his leisure.

- We need his energy exercised from you regularly to keep you from becoming that.
- You would not have been separated a couple of weeks ago.

Sokien: *You woulda sat and let the stupid prick have his way to your death.*

Doom: We couldn't risk that.

Cat: ...

Doom: Why are you afraid of Japanese {class}?

Cat: I want my Japanese to be perfect.

Doom: It is not.

Cat: *Then I guess I'm in denial.*

Doom: You certainly *are*, Cat.

Cat: *I'm afraid of making friends,*

- or rather,
- trying and failing.

- {WRONG!!...mostly...4.12.16}.

- {Because the big disconnect happened...9.16.16}.

Doom: Good, Cat.

- Why is *failing* so bad?

- {Here meaning perfect Japanese in class, not the course itself...At least that's how I understood her back then...6.8.17}.

Cat: *I'll get looks.*

- *I won't have a partner and that will embarrass me.*

Doom: But I thought you fancied yourself something of a lone wolf.

Cat: *I do,*

- *but what does a wolf led into a busy city square do?*

Doom: Pretend it's a sheep?

Cat: *What if it's a poor actor?*

Doom: It cannot retreat...

Cat: What will the "sheep" say?

Doom: Baa...

Cat: What do I say?

Doom: *What does a lone wolf say if it needs others?*

Cat: ...

Doom: No, you had it...

Cat: ...*Hi?*...

Doom: *Very good.*

Cat: ...

Doom: {Another student} is a *lone wolf* too.

- Take a *lesson*.

Cat: *Does {she} run from rejection?*

Doom: She runs.

- So do you.
- Why do you run?
- Do you fear sheep?

Cat: That term seems condescending.

Doom: Then do you fear the herd?

- The pack?

Cat: Yes.

Doom: *Why?*

Cat: I may be rejected at once.

- {Strange...sounds kind of Shadow speech for Cat...*Who is that?*...4.12.16}.
- {Is it simply Doom's influence?...11.24.17}.

Doom: You won't be;

- you are an oddy.

Cat: Am I?

Doom: Until you try.

- Then you blend into the herd.

Cat: So...try?

Doom: *Sokien* has been fixed.

- Use her.
- {A-hahahaha!!!.....HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!.....Too funny!!.....I adore you, Doom!...4.12.16. [built in lie-detector says "yes"]}
- {"Need to blend into the herd? Use Sokien"...11.24.17}.

Cat: *Sokien*!?

- *But...*

Doom: Trust me.

Cat: I *always do*...

- well...
- mostly.

Doom: Good, Cat.

- Now go prepare.

Cat: Yes...

- *okay*...
-

Chapter 12:

Braking Distance and Entering

“Know the difference between your Inner demons and actual demons. Know the difference between Inner death and Death itself. Know the difference between Inner lemons and actual lemons.”

-Doom

NOTES

date: 1.6.12

-Whether you need to be heroic with, for, or against them is purely contextual.

⚠ WARNING

- Don't threaten the wrong monster.
- Don't NOT threaten the wrong monster.
- Be sure first.

INTRODUCTION

- Take it in stride. Remember that the story means something independent of literal meaning.
- For all you know, your kidneys are shouting at your diet, so withhold judgment for a while...



Thunderstorm

LISTENING

Funeral Suits:
All Those
Friendly People

1.6.12

[...]

-
- {Future Cat: Another chapter about you and your nefarious hostage practices...9.16.16}.
 - {Future Liverish: Would you just enjoy ruining one for a change?...9.16.16}.

Cat: I got Natty back!

- I got mad at Liverish on the way to school on the bus and stuck my hand into his chest.
- I grabbed her hand, but he took me by the wrist.

- {...I still remember his eyes. He was surprised at first, but his eyes sharpened to needles, his brows narrowing...9.16.16}.

- {But unlikely allies showed up...9.16.16}.

- {The} six terrible judges put their hands on my shoulders and I was able to pull Natty out and back into me.

- {Sharing a location is sharing a perspective, point of view, or point of reference. Figure-doubling is common in my Inner world for this reason...11.24.17}.
- {I'd finally rescued Natty...11.24.17}.
- She was wearing red now, as she had lost her {virginity}.
- {To be expected when a figure spends a lot of time in the chest of an incubus...2.9.17}.
- {The Six...My on-going frenemies...4.14.16}.

Natty: Thanks for wording it that way.

Cat: *Of course...*

Natty: *You're all nervous...*

- *Is he?...*

Cat: *Again by the throat!*

Liverish: Give it back. <3

- give back my toy, Cat.

Cat: *No way in hell.*

- {Future Cat: So that was the day my *emotions* “*{edited*} with*” my ability to keep my *comments* to *myself*?...9.16.16, 6.8.17}.
- {*This friendly censorship has been brought to you by Elevatorport’s Guppinator Kid’s Meals. As our *travel services* are *tremendously dangerous*, you must be THIS tall to try a Guppinator Kid’s Meal...11.23.17}.
- {Future Liverish: Your *ability* to be the *kind of friend* you once *were*. It *couldn’t be allowed*. Your *opinions* were *driven by others* without *your choice* being involved. *Fuck that*...9.16.16}.
- {Future Cat: *Do you have no regrets*?...9.16.16}.
- {Future Liverish: *I was a fucking incubus*. You blame a *fucking lion* for eating a *gazelle*?...9.16.16}.
- {Future Cat: *You are emotions* and you went around “*{**edited}*” everything. *That’s a concern*...9.16.16}.
- {**And this friendly censorship was brought to you by Elevatorport’s new Coldbuster Cod Fillets. Now injected with 20000% the usual Vitamin C...11.23.17}.
- {Future Liverish: ...*Well now I only fuck YOU, don’t I?*...9.16.16}.
- {Future Cat frowns darkly at him for a long time...9.16.16}.
- {Further-in-the-Future-Cat: *I forgot that metaphor*...2.9.17}.
- {Future Liverish: *Likely on purpose*, you *prude-headed fig*...2.9.17}.

- {Future Cat: *What did you call me?...2.9.17*}.
- {Future Liverish: *For fuck's sake. Better not let RED get my rudeness and TEMPER or we're all fucking dead...2.9.17*}.
- {Future Cat: *Is that how this works? Was that a threat, or just a statement?...2.9.17*}.
- {Future Liverish: *The ambiguity lets him get less of my rudeness. Let's proceed with it...2.9.17*}.
- {Future Cat: *Maybe I should take more of your rudeness instead...2.9.17*}.
- {Future Liverish: *Nah. You're already getting my ***antisociality...2.9.17*}.
- {Future Cat: *The dictionary doesn't like that*** one...2.9.17*}.
- {Future Liverish: *Let's see. Continued. Concretely. Congratulatory. Octagonal. Blasphemies. Reorbit. There. The dictionary also claims something can orbit, but not reorbit. Happy?...2.9.17*}.
- {Future Cat: *Not enough coffee in the day for you to be in my head, is there, Lee?...2.9.17*}.
- {Future Liverish: *Back to 2011, or would you like to work on the coffee...?...2.9.17*}.
- {Future Cat: *Going to another year for a bit sounds pretty merciful. <3...2.9.17*}.
- {Future Liverish: *Fuck you, and same here. You're a brainocado dip with a side of fries. <3...2.9.17*}.
- {Future Cat: *On THAT note...<3...2.9.17*}.

{2011 again...}

Cooking

Cat: ...*What are you doing to me?*

- *I feel odd.*

Liverish: You're *ripe for the taking,* Cat.

Cat: *Yeah...*

- *Right!*
- *Like I'm going to give in to that.*

Liverish: *Oh you will.*

Cat: *Won't!*

Liverish: *I'm stronger than all seven of you bitches and your pet dog combined.*

Doom: I resent that.

Liverish: *What,* are you *omni-present* now?

Doom: Enough to know what *you've* been *hiding.*

Liverish: Good.

- Please tell me what that is.

Doom: You know. <3

Liverish: Now you're stressing me out.

Doom: You've got a lot to learn.

Liverish: Fuck off. <3

Doom: Hmf.

- And you call me "dog woman".

Liverish: Who are you calling a "woman"?

Doom: Well look at the body you're trying to take.

Liverish: Well what other body am I supposed to take?

Doom: ...{[...]}.

Liverish: Real mature.

- I am not going out there.
- You'd like it too much.

- {Doom has suggested Liverish go find another human to possess. A subtle “get lost”, I'm thinking... 4.14.16}.

Doom: I'm only saying...

Liverish: *I don't care how limited and vulnerable I'll be.*

Doom: [...].

Liverish: *I don't care how hard it is to carry groceries....*

Doom:

Liverish: *I don't want to be short...*

- *but YOU can't talk me into this.*

Doom: ...

Liverish: *That's a good point...*

Cat: What?

Doom: ...

Cat: *You're keeping a secret with him?*

Doom: ...(Important to *keep*, Cat).

Cat: (*okay*).

Watching a Show

Cat: So what is the...verdict?

Liverish: Do you know what she's trying to do?

Cat: I only have a guess.

Liverish: She's trying to put me in—

Cat: Don't say it.

- {Did we mention, Liverish usually hates Cat's boyfriends?...9.16.16}.

Liverish: THAT {insult edited out*****}—

- {*****And THIS edit has been brought to you by the asterisk. <3...11.23.17}.
-

- {Future Liverish: Not that bad. <3...9.16.16}.
 - {Future Cat: Not that necessary...9.16.16}.
-

- She attacks Liverish with her energy,
- but no attack emerges.
- {What...? Doom was encouraging Liverish to attempt a forced projection on Cat's boyfriend. Was this an attempt to redirect him from his obsession with possessing Cat, or an attempt at balancing my romantic ideals?...4.14.16}.

Liverish: *It's no use blasting me...*

Cat: ...*weird...

- why?
- Why can't I?

- {*Note lack of caps. Me this time...6.8.17}.

Liverish: *You can't tell your energy level...!?*

Cat: ...

Liverish: Pathetic.

- *You're sitting at half your usual,*
- *which is still half my strength.*

Cat: ...

Liverish: *That's RIGHT.*

- He lifts her by the shirt.

Liverish: *You've gotta stop playing hero.*

- *Especially over a name.*

Cat: *I won't stand for it.*

- *Besides, {personal sexual details}.*

Liverish: *I'm much stronger.*

Cat: *In there.*

- {"There" isn't something Cat says often anymore. I don't believe it was common then...!? Maybe just used to create a safe distance between them here...4.12.16}.

Cat: (Doom, what are you thinking?)

Doom: (Just some traits...

- I have a measure of control).

Cat: A measure?

Doom: Don't be concerned,

- I'm *not* without reasons.

Cat: I know.

- So info can't help me here.

Doom: For once, the less the better.

Liverish: Not that this doesn't excite me, but let's get on with it and quit FUCKING TALKING about it.

Cat: ...What?

- ...how?

Liverish: You do NOT need to know.

Cat: I seem to have lost involvement with my own story.

Liverish: Not your story, Cat.

- Ego all the way, aren't you?

Cat: I'm confused about that.

Liverish: Don't be.

- A year in my prison and you'll be quite sure you aren't pivotal here.

Cat: You just keep talking like that...

- Oww...and you're bringing up today...
- damn it...

- {A bad day at class?...6.8.17}.

Liverish: Disobey me,

- I hurt you.
- That's the deal, small fry.

- {First appearance of this nickname??...2.10.14}.

Cat: Quit calling me that, too.

Liverish: You prefer I switch back to calling you "stupid bitch"?

Cat: ...What do you think?

Liverish: That smart prisoners SHUT UP.

-
- {Future Cat: You remember what you used to be like? Just like a vampire novella. You were a shining thing of adorable beauty. Remember? Let me be poisoned for once, would you?...2.9.17}.

- {Future Liverish: You're the crux of the fucking problem, now aren't you? We are different and disconnected from you by virtue of you fucking being not enough like us...2.9.17}.
 - {Future Cat: What about Red?...2.9.17}.
 - {Future Liverish: It's a tapeworm that fights off bears is all. Just eat more meat. We aren't worse for it...2.9.17}.
 - {Future Cat: You see, that was cuter when I thought you had some semblance of control over Red. That's why Mimi wouldn't leave you alone for months. You were keeping it from me...2.9.17}.
 - {Future Liverish: I thought that was a "SPOILER". <3...2.9.17}.
 - {Future Cat: Are you TRYING to summon my boss and get me fired?...2.9.17}.
 - {Future Liverish: Boss stage. Boss STAGE...2.9.17}.
 - {Future Cat: Now YOU'RE doing it!...2.9.17}.
 - {Future Liverish: No WAY the next part is twelve-point font...2.9.17}.
 - {Future Cat:2.9.17}.
-

4.15.16

“The Grief”

By Red

{Current Playlist: Father King by Emancipator}.

- This is not a joke,
- Like the Story of Job,
- The candidates are stormed,
- and destroyed...

- But it is not as it seems...
- None of it.
- Hate begets hate, does it not?

- Not!

- For once, hate begets love.
- You cannot love another if you do not love yourself,
- is it?

- Not!

- For love of God has put you here.
- The three years of grief have been long.
- But you will never again act hatefully out of fear.
- Oh you, with nothing to lose,

- Lose nothing.
 - Fear nothing.
 - If the dream is dead, so much the better.
 - Out of love, comes your hate,
-
- The loss of your love,
 - The loss of those you love,
 - Out of the loss of love,
 - Putting you ever outside them.
-
- God has taken them from you.
 - God loves you.
 - From your hate springs the “nothing to lose,”
 - And the “nothing to lose” is the greatest gift.
-
- Once you have lost,
 - From nothing to lose comes the no-fear,
 - and from the no-fear comes the no-hate,
 - and from the no-hate comes the universal love.
-
- It will all be restored, O ye of little faiths.
-
- For now, see the truth in Job, petulant idiot!
-
- Three years of grief is the greatest blessing one could hope for.
-
- You do not know enough about Job to know how long he experienced his suffering.
-
- I would learn that,
 - Soon...
 - And measure your love of God...
 - Against his...

-
- {Future Liverish: What the FUCK was that, and how did it make it past the censors? DANNA!!!! WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU!?.....Really??...2.9.17}.
 - {Future Cat:I'll have a word with her...2.9.17}.
 - {Future Liverish: We don't NEED her. Really. I don't need to encourage it to get worse...2.9.17}.
 - {Future Cat: She's around here somewhere. I've confirmed she has a segment around here somewhere...2.9.17}.
 - {Future Liverish: True. Watching herself do stuff is Danna's drug...2.9.17}.
 - {Future Cat: And causing you pain. <3...2.9.17}.
 - {Future Liverish: Right. And causing me pain. <3...2.9.17}.
 - {Future Future Cat: Wait...Wait...Was one of my Inner "demons" just encouraging me to read Bible verses? Why did we not comment on that...!?...6.8.17}.
-

Yeah...Bumpy

On the Bus

- {The page reads “Creative Writing” at the top. Apparently Cat is trying to hide the nature of her...unusual...conversation from an uncomfortably close passenger on the bus...4.12.16}.

Cat: *So a lot happened.*

- *Liverish beat me within an inch of my {Inner} ‘life’*

Liverish: *Perhaps your actual life, Cat;*

- *you were in poor mental shape.*
- *And then Doom comes out of nowhere and reminds me that in being a tomboy you were trying to be true to me...*
- *this hadn't occurred to me.*

- {Note: Writing gets messy in an uncharacteristic way around here... 4.12.16}.

- {Note 2: By “actual life,” he means that Cat experienced a suicidal episode due to an emotional attack...4.15.16}.

- {Note 3: *By claiming control of the attack, Lee is {still} trying to take credit for a response he is not, in himself, in control of...This is all {still} done in an attempt to get his way better later through fear-mongering...4.15.16}.*

- {Note 4: By “tomboy”, we mean that makeup and fashion are beyond me, I find it difficult to want to wear jewellery, most of my rare illusion of fashion sense comes from my mother and my little sister, and my friend cuts my hair, unless we haven't been hanging out for a

while, in which case it turns into several pounds of uneven Tarzan curls. I can't walk in high heels. I use baby shampoo because I assume it's one of the least chemical kinds. I'm skinny because, while I still smother quite a few foods in butter and cheese, I have come to crave only one hearty cheesy potato or fish meal a day surrounded a few mostly very healthy vegetarian snacks. (Don't attempt this yourself. I'm watching where it's trying to go, as an experiment). In my opinion, something like trying laser tag for the first time together and eating french fries in the sunset beats a fancy restaurant and a dozen roses on Valentines' Day. Some women want horse-drawn carriages? Why!? I'd rather explore a haunted factory with my date...This is the kind of thing my figures and I mean when we call me a "tomboy". If "most women" like it, I probably don't...11.25.17}.

Cat: *You altered.*

- *I felt some kind of mental goo or ooze fall from me.*
- {I remember this being a black sludge...4.14.16}.
- {Cat is talking "Shadow" right now...4.15.16}.
- {Shadow speech is almost always more meaningful than surface speech. Pay attention when this happens to you!...2.9.17, 6.8.17}.

Liverish: *And you were different*

- *very different.*
- *I'm still not sure how.*

Cat: *My Cat form broke all the way*

- *and Doom absorbed me and took me away,*
- *denying your right to me.*

Liverish: *And I fought my way inside and took you back.*

- *Now I'm waiting for you to heal.*

Cat: *I don't feel like myself.*

Liverish: ...

Cat: *And your outfit switches to all these different positions,*

- *always white over a white room.*

- {Shadow-like speech here indicates a deeper state than the usual light trance. “Bright” indicating that the information is entering conscious glaringly...4.12.16}.

- {The usual black turtle-neck doesn't change much back then. He wears all sorts of things now that he isn't camouflaging with the unknown. ...2.9.17}.

Liverish: *Contrast...*

- *proof something has changed.*

Cat: *I feel so mean though.*

Liverish: *You are somewhat meaner.*

Cat: *I don't want to be.*

Liverish: *We need it out of your system, then.*

- *I put a lot in there...*

Cat: *How do we alter it?*

Liverish: *I'm going to counter-adjust it.*

Cat: *Similar to the Judges?*

Liverish: *More complicated.*

- *First...*
- [...] -> [The colour orange, with a blue sky].

Liverish: ...*You need to be fed again.*

Cat: *Fed?*

- {Wow! "*Feel* as though you *eat* because you *do*" -Doom...Much, *much later*, but the original message goes back *pretty far* it seems...4.12.16}.
- {This has been a *theme*. Emotion *as* food. Don't retain it until *after it expires*, for *optimal performance*. Everything *already in you* has nowhere to go but *through*. No matter how bitter it tastes *now*, it won't taste *better* a week from now, if you refuse to *swallow* it. If you think about it, we *all* spend money for the purposes of *enjoying* ourselves. Few of us live on green smoothies, and few of us can *emotionally* make ourselves *diet* without losing weight we'll just put right back on...2.9.17}.

Liverish: *The images you always used to make your life worth it...*

Cat: ...*You took away*.

- {It seems *Lee's plan to seem like the "cause" of the pain* is backfiring badly...2.9.17}.

Liverish: *They were dusty and overused anyways.*

- You don't *deserve* to keep your *teenage* places as though they are the *only ones*.
- *I must return our "place eyes" to you.*

- {"Our", or "your"??...6.8.17}.

Cat: ...?

Liverish: No words for it, though I believe it is a 2-figure effort: You and me.

Cat: Teach me.

Liverish: You are different.

Cat: Not in principle...

Liverish: But everything else.

- {Note: The writing is still very different. Messy, possibly masculine, and much taller and thinner than usual...Besides that, identity issues to note...This may be a pivotal chapter, unbeknownst to past me...4.12.16}.

Cat: Help me...

Liverish: I will, Cat.

- Believe in me.

Cat: More...a little at a time.

Liverish: *All I can ask...*

- *I can only imagine how I would have dealt with this.*

Cat: *You wanted to use me as a sacrifice.*

Liverish: I thought you were the same.

Cat: *I no longer know what I am...*

Class

{After Class}.

- {The Dream}: This dream will come up a few times, mostly in bits and pieces. It was a “big” dream I'd had years before as a teen. Lee and I (I can tell based on the mood, even before there was a Lee and I) lay on my childhood bed after having what I imagined sex to be like. He warned me suddenly of Red in the house, the earliest incarnation, who appeared only as a current male English teacher dressed as Santa Claus, who gave off an atmosphere of death. I left my room, planning to escape out the front door, but ducked back in when I saw him. Lee told me he'd handle it, so I flew out my window into the sky. I lay in the air on my back, briefly, then plummeted hundreds of feet to the ground, falling through the earth, into an underworld. There, demons chased me and pelted me with furniture until I eventually journeyed my way out. I faced Red effectively just before he could attack another teenage girl. That was my dream. Now you won't have to piece it together from the following mess...2.9.17, 11.23.17}.

Cat: So what connection does this make to that dream?

- *—you were on my side then.*

Liverish: *I suppose that suggests that my source is your greatest fear.*

Cat: Your source...

- An English teacher I found agreeable, dressed like Santa...
 - The rational and skeptical combined,
 - because high school English is so basic and systematic about rules...
 - Something rational dressed like something fantastic,
 - mind-made, and psychically powerful only to children...Phobia?
-
- {Wow. I used to be terrible at this...!...4.15.16}.
-
- {Clearly, belief, faith, and words would all be more direct ways to go about this...2.9.17}.

Liverish: Isn't that the opposite?

Cat: Denial?

- It could kill me.

Liverish: And I give a warning.

Cat: Let's see...

- at night we are making love in my {childhood} bedroom to the green light of my CD player.
 - {It's more suggested than realistic, as I am still a virgin in real life}.
 - You sense {the teacher dressed as Santa Claus} and tell me to flee.
 - To enter the hall is impossible.
 - He's in the kitchen,
-
- {a source of death and destruction in a different dream, and the entrance to a magical realm in another}.
-
- Therefore I travel out my bedroom window and take to the sky.

Liverish: *Followed by a drop to some weird hellish place.*

- You fight table-throwing monsters and re-emerge strong enough to take out the {same} big bad
 - who is torturing a girl of a similar age to you then.
-
- {Who I remember I then defend for all I'm worth...9.16.16}.

Cat: We get along,

- green light,
 - you warn me,
 - kitchen,
 - house closed off,
 - flight,
 - monsters return,
 - power protecting similar.
 - Let's see...
 - it takes place in a good time for us.
 - {We get along...}
 - You are the only illuminating force.
 - It's intrinsic to you—you know it;
-
- {The monster}.
-
- if I leave my center,
 - I must go very high and fall very far.
 - The house isn't an option—also assoc maybe with family dynamic and beliefs—I must leave there.
 - It could mean independence and its dynamics.

- *{This could be partially a coming-of-age dream, in other words...4.15.16}.*
- The monsters are *deep inner demons*.
- Power must be linked to the experience as it stems from survival results,
- I can use this experience to help another similar person.
- This dream knows where we're supposed to go.
- *{Still speaking strangely. Is Doom around, or was there someone present that I'm not even aware of as I write this...?...4.15.16}.*

Liverish: *I agree to an extent, Cat, but how will we know this thing when we sense it?*

Cat: *It is characteristic of fear.*

- *{Note: Sounds like a Shadow statement}.*
- *{I think this confirms possession...but whose?...4.15.16}.*

Liverish: *Fear, hmm?*

- *An off-putting scent at best;*
- *we can do better...*
- *That teacher...*
- *his scent...*
- *get it.*
- *Now add...*
- *no, Cat...*

- Liverish sighs.

Liverish: *I'm not nice enough not to get impatient...*

Cat: *I'm low-level, okay?*

Liverish: *Yes.*

- *You certainly are.*
- *I'll help.*
- *CONTEXT.*

Cat: *Control of course material/none socially.*

- {Shadow for "I can complete my schoolwork, but I have trouble talking to people. These feelings are almost opposites"}

Liverish: *Good dichotomy.*

- *A good start.*
- *Next...*

Cat: *Excitement/disillusionment/NOW-unworthy feelings.*

- {Shadow for "The way something feels before something ruins it, and the ruined feelings are pretty close to opposite each other"}

Liverish: *Context.*

- *Good.*
- *Mix them.*

- *It will be like stirring ingredients.*
- *Put some MUSCLE into it.*

Cat: *I don't believe in it...*

- *I've been told people know what they're talking about in adulthood.*
- *I do actually fear that everything I know is wrong.*
- *Is he...truth?*
- *I don't get it.*
- *I don't want to fight THAT.*

- {Shadow for "I'm afraid of how I've lost faith in authority figures. I'm afraid of more disappointments. Their authentic authorities have become a myth to me like Santa Claus"}
- {Hey...!! That sounds like a 2016 thing to say.....Date your work, past me!...2.9.17}.

Liverish: *Seems to me you just need a handle on it.*

Cat: *Huh...*

Liverish: *That doesn't state what truth,*

- *come on...*

Cat: *What is accepted as truth and what is true are not always the same.*

- *Could he be indoctrination?*

Liverish: *Certainly.*

- *An important figure dressed as an {archetypal figure} of good come to kill you.*

Cat: *Maybe an image of Jung himself?*

Liverish: *Maybe eventually,*

- *but you're not looking at the larger picture...*
- *Fucking bus!!*

- {The bus was going over a series of ridges that the new bus route passed over, a few minutes from the university}.

Cat: *It may be general and cause a wave of new understanding.*

- *I thought you took me to rock bottom.*

Liverish: *Not rock.*

- *There may be times you'll question everything.*
- *Apparently one is coming.*

Cat: ...

Liverish: *I know I don't like him,*

- *but I'm not trying to separate you any more.*

- {Cat apparently thinks about her boyfriend}.

- {Did this mean I almost had my realization a year or two early??...4.12.16}.

Cat: *Of course not...*

Liverish: *Sure.*

- *Let'm read me.*
- *They won't find guilt anymore*
- *I have surprisingly kind motives now.*

Cat: ...

Liverish: Yes.

- *I never thought {those sensations} possible again.*

Cat: *The drop...*

Liverish: *Will cause a different kind of pain before receding completely.*

- *You have to accept that you'll have a life.*

Cat: ...How?

Liverish: *This is my first duty as your source of well-being—FUCKING BUS!!*

Cat: *Yeah...*

- *Bumpy...*
-



3.22.16

{Currently Listening to: Song Cancelled...2.10.17}

{Currently Now Listening to: C2B3: Hip Shot From The Slab}.

-
- {Future Cat: Holy lyrics, Danna...}.
 - {Danna: Just be cool, Mittens. They didn't have a Bossa Nova version of "Ride of the Valkyries" after all...<3}.
 - {Cat: That has never been a reason for anything, Danna...}.
 - {Danna: Except this, Mittens. Except this. <3}.
 - {Cat: Besides that, she sounds more like Mimi than you}.

- {Danna: *If you don't relax, I'm tossing you from the vehicle, Mittens*}.
-

- {Future Cat: Well, *cancelling that song went in a direction I wasn't expecting it to...Have we had this song in another chapter yet, Danna?...2.9.17*}.
 - {Future Danna: *Mittens, it would be in every chapter if we had time for it after Little Boat. {3...2.9.17*}.
-

{3.22.16}

Danna: *Welcome to the pilot episode of Danna the Bounty Hunter!* {3

Future Cat: *...And by that she means we're hunting them in a biplane now.*

Danna: *No more squid for me, Cat.*

- *I'm vegan for it.*
- *Just chickenzilla and pork for me from now on.*

Future Cat: *I'm pretty sure that's not how that works...*

Danna: *We just saw two men and a green emo fall into the sky.*

- *Be realistic.* {3

Future Cat: *...So what's the plan?*

- *Why aren't we falling...?*

Danna: Of course I gave me and my assistant full-jumpsies. <3

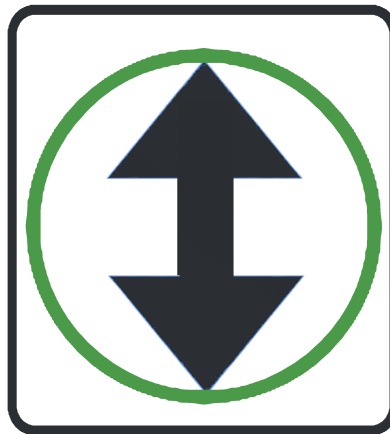
Future Cat: We can't make it official to call it that.

- He started something really bad...

Danna: You wanna fall into the sky?

- I could use a scout. <3

- {Future Cat: I just Added "full-jumpsies" to my spell-check dictionary. I believe I'm upset with you...4.17.16}.
- {Danna: A good assistant finds me a Bossa Nova version of "Ride of the Valkyries"...4.17.16}.
- {Future Cat: PLEASE don't change the subject...4.17.16}.



{Gravity-Safe Devices are a must-have for high-speed chases. Order through Elevatorport today! Look for this Gravity-Safe logo before buying your next blimp, life raft, trampoline, or spacecraft...7.11.17}.

Future Cat: Is this not a time for Elevatorport?

Danna: Are you kidding me?

- I'd never travel via Elevatorport myself. <3

Future Cat: That answered so many questions all at once.

Danna: I am pretty bad for spoilers. <3

Future Cat: At least you can admit it.

Danna: You should admit it, too.

Future Cat: That we just proved Elevatorport useless a book before it gets introduced?

- Yeah.
- I'm a spoiler too.

Danna: Did it occur to you that the real story is right now?

Future Cat: On a television {show} set where anything that leaves the ground falls up?

Danna: This is no set.

- You're topsy-turvy. <3

Future Cat: Yes, well...

- the others might kill you if you don't wait until 2016 is edited for that to be explained.
- The readers are on 2011.
- Five years ago.
- We don't want to—

Danna: But what will that year hold?

- What wacky adventures will we be on?
- Will I have managed to blow up the sun?

Future Cat: Wait...What?

Danna: Nothing... <3

Future Cat: ...Can Elevatorport be useful in any way?

Danna: I like the way you think, Mittens, when you chill out.

- We're going to create a docking platform and nothing else. <3

Future Cat: Lee's gonna kill me.

Danna: Until he sees your birthday bonus. <3

Future Cat: I'm going to agree with you that a birthday bonus is a thing, as long as it isn't a summoned monster again.

Danna: Spoiler!

- Spoiler!

- {Future Cat seems thrown off-guard...}.

Future Cat: ...You're right, Danna.

- Let's live in the moment!

Danna: Platform complete!

- They're entering the elevator...
- and taking the raft, interesting...

Future Cat: Are we going to stay in the biplane, Danna?

- It's a little distracting.

Danna: I don't believe any bounty hunter show has ever used an antique biplane from start to finish.

- *I'm a groundbreaker!*

Future Cat: *Or falling into the sky...*

Danna: *I'm two groundbreakers!*

- *Go me!* <3

Future Cat: *So what's happening? We aren't close enough to see...*

Danna: *That's because an antique biplane is tremendously un-STEALTHY...*

- *See?*
- *You just learned something!*

Future Cat: *And you're using it to pursue people.*

- *You moaded this plane.*
- *Can't you moad it quiet?*

Danna: *Not with authenticity, Mittens.*

- *Not with authenticity.*

Future Cat: *Next time I'm demanding half payment beforehand.*

Danna: *Not how it works, Cat.* <3

- *If you get RICH we're going to a WATERPARK.*

Future Cat: *What?*

Danna: *We all get cuts, okay?*

- *You need to ask what we all want, and I get the most, because my segment is what everybody stays for.* <3

Future Cat: *It does have action and adventure...*

- *and biplanes.*

Danna: *Precisely.*

- *You are simply an ACCESSORY to the show, Mittens.*

- Get USED to that...
- You need to have dinner with your parents soon.
- Do you mind if we wait and finish the male part of this segment after dinner?

Future Cat: Makes sense.

Danna: Perfect.

- Let's just camp here in the biplane until you get back.

Future Cat: No.

- No.
- Absolutely not.

Danna: Fine.

- You get out, fall up, and have a coffee break.
- I need this segment to take place in an antique biplane.

Future Cat: Let me get this straight...

- WE are not—

Danna: SAY IT! <3

- Cat frowns.

Future Cat: No jumpsies...

- the PLANE is...

Danna: Very GOOD, Mittens. <3

- Without the plane,
- even I'M falling into the sky. <3

Future Cat: Good to know.

Danna: Good for everyone, this antique biplane. <3

Future Cat: You even have the goggles.

Danna: I do!?

- Oh!
- I guess I really got in the spirit without meaning to. <3

Future Cat: You manifest hats by accident?

Danna: Like a human gets sweaty palms.

Future Cat: I don't—

Danna: —Sometimes you do. <3

- QUICK!
- PAUSE HERE!
- I DON'T WANT TO MISS THE DEATHTRAP SCENE!

Future Cat: PLEASE don't kill my husband.

- He'll kill me again.

Danna: Can I kill my ex? <3

Future Cat: Ask him.

- He's burnt any bridge between me and defending him...

Danna: Excellent.

- Fun, fun, fun! <3

Future Cat: Don't do that...

- you sound like a demented clown.

Danna: Oh dear.

- I'll watch out for that.
- That isn't the first time someone's told me that. <3

Future Cat: ...What?

Danna: I know. <3

- It's worse than that hat problem. <3

Future Cat: ...Pausing, right?

Danna: Oh dear!

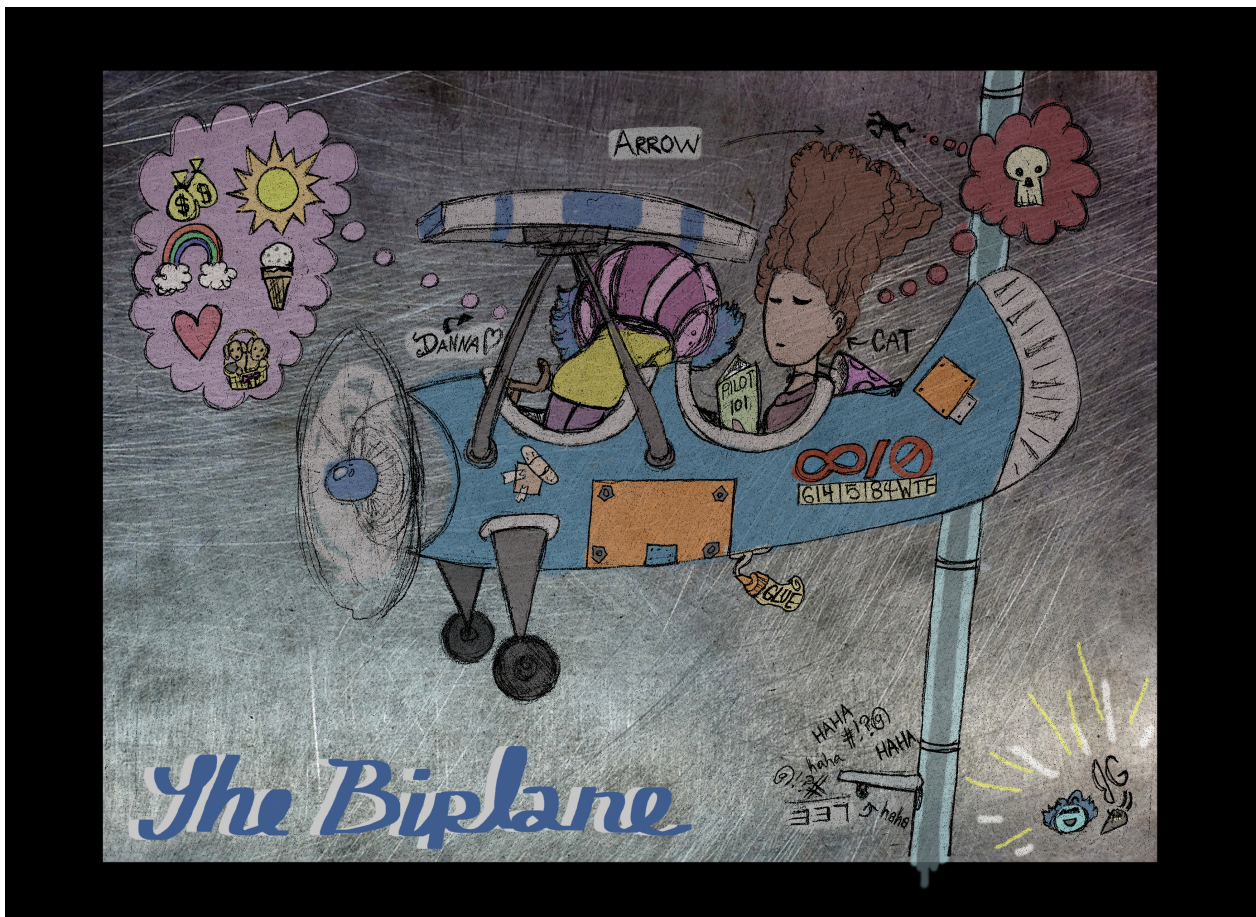
- Right!

Future Cat: But first, why did you okay Red's poem?

Danna: What do you think, Mittens?

- I've never claimed not to accept bribes. <3

Future Cat: ...Of course...



4.17.16

{...Meanwhile, in the Elevatorport Shuttle...}

{Current Playlist: Killbots (Covox Remix) by Blasterhead}

- The {voxes} are barely dodging rocks falling up, onto the Elevatorport entrance platform.
- {It seems they haven't taken the bait and "entered" as quickly as Danna expected them to...but where is the raft?...4.17.16, 11.23.17}.

Lee: I don't CARE if we're crushed,

- I'm NOT going IN there!!

Eerie: We don't have a choice.

- I for one would prefer not to fall further.

Arrow: Just push him and run, mercenary.

- Not your problem.

Eerie: I'm just thinking ahead.

- We'll need him for a diversion later.

Arrow: Ah.

Eerie: I would prefer not to use you as you might notice me missing and point it out.

Arrow: ...Ah.

Eerie: Lee never loses sight of a target.

Arrow: Just like an abused pitbull.

- Again.
- He can divert her plenty while falling.
- She's patrolling around in that stupid plane of hers.

Lee: You say that as though she had it before now.

Arrow: When we were dating, she wanted to have sex in it and nearly got us killed.

Lee: Sounds about right.

- Still not the reason I wouldn't touch her.

Arrow: You'll turn into a woman to seduce old men.

Lee: Only when I was evil and starving to death...

- or trying to prove a point.

Arrow: ...I'm sure she'd love to know that old men rank higher to you.

- **BOULDER.**
- Can we go inside?

Lee: No.

- I'm not done proving my point.
- Actually, what you said about me trying to seduce old men might have.
- Danna's that gross.

Arrow: Nothing's grosser than you, Lee.

- Good thing there aren't diseases in here.
- You'd have Smallpoxulosis of all bodily fluids.

Lee: Are you even trying? BOULDER!!

Eerie: I'm in the elevator.

- Oh dear.
- Something appears to be happening...

- Eerie disappears suddenly, up the tube.

Lee: AHAHA!

- He looked like a cotton ball getting sucked into a vacuum cleaner.

Arrow: Wait...

Lee: Yeah.

- HE was the diversion.

Arrow: So now all I have to do is push you off to distract Danna and wait the rest of this out?

- I mean...
- I'm pretty sure she wants to kill you the most.

- You were the one who almost got her eaten.
- {Future Cat: Danna, you liar! You ARE immune to gravity, or you would have fallen into the sky instead of the water...2.10.17}.
- {Future Liverish: That is a GOOD fucking point...2.10.17}.

Lee: Fuck you.

- I'm taking the elevator.
- The trap has been triggered.
- If there's another one,
- she'll probably need to deal with it herself to get to me.

Arrow: That's nice.

- She's still going to deal with you first.
- I read it up there.
- Cat was too loud, I think.

Lee: No.

- Writing isn't thinking.
- It can't be too loud.

Arrow: What...really?

Lee: Yeah.

- I know.
- Elevator's back.

- The large glass tube releases steam as the large glass elevator slides into place.

Arrow: Two words.

- "Laser piranhas".
- Four more...
- "I'm going down there" ...

Lee: You're scaling the tube?

- That's like four fucking miles at least from this port back down to the beach.
- You can't just walk down there like a fucking beetle.
- It'll take...
- four vertical miles of lifting your own weight against Niagara Falls.
- You can't afford it.

Arrow: Shout that from your death trap.

- Contact Eerie if he's still alive.
- I AM going to walk down this tube like a fucking beetle.
- Best "too" you, jackass.

Lee: I SO RARELY MAKE THAT TYPO NOW.

Arrow: NOT A TYPO!

- I CAN'T HEAR YOU!!
- I'm RUNNING FOR MY LIFE!!

Lee: YOU'RE A BIG GREEN EMO BABY!!

Arrow: REMEMBER HER IN-to-OUT BARRIER ON HERSELF??

- {Lee stares off into space in horror, remembering the time they were trapped in the undersea base...4.17.16}.

Lee: Fuck...

- I'm coming with...
- WAIT UP!

Danna: Nopesies! <3

- Lee spins to look...
- Danna torpedoes Lee with tremendous force from her biplane at close range,
- before curving back...down...up...and out of range again.
- He buckles at the waist and ricochets into the tube at several hundred miles per hour,
- creating a blinding flash like lightning,
- and somehow sending purple smoke up and down the elevator shaft as far as the eye can see.
- Arrow frowns...up...down...at the biplane.
- There is a strange sound, and Eerie goes shooting back down the tube, parting the smoke for a second.
- There is another flash.
- {This seems to have affected Arrow's balance...2.10.17}.

Arrow: FUCK NO NO NO!!!

- Arrow nearly slips and falls, but manages to maintain the toe of one boot on the tube.
- Danna flies down, probably after Eerie,
- so close to the tube that her propeller grinds a few sparks from the glass.
- {Arrow immediately panics...2.10.17}.

Arrow: AW FUCK!!!

- Arrow jumps,
- does a graceful curve in the air like a street performer,
- then falls screaming into the sky again.

Danna: *Oh no!*

- *The convicts have escaped!*
 - *What is a beautiful, wonderful, bounty hunter to do?? <3*
 - *Cliffhanger! <3*
-

- {Miandra: *Lee! Let Cat talk to Danna again! It's hard to make this work when I can't gauge Danna's reactions!...11.23.17*}.
- {Future Lee: *FUCK YOU...!! This is MY mammal, and I SAID NO. END OF DISCUSSION...11.23.17*}.
- {Future Cat: *Uhh...Can I—...11.23.17*}.
- {Future Lee: *—YOU'VE proven yourself INCOMPETENT ENOUGH AGAIN. SHUT UP AND LET ME HANDLE THIS, HUMAN...11.23.17*}.
- {Miandra: *LEE, YOU CAN'T SERIOUSLY THINK KEEPING CAT AWAY FROM THE TRICKSTER IS.....KEEPING CAT AWAY FROM THE TRICKSTER...!!!?...11.23.17*}.
- {Future Lee: *I'LL SAY WHAT I WANT AND I'LL DO WHAT I WANT, AND I KNOW WHAT'S BEST, SO STAY AWAY FROM MY FUCKING CREATURE!! I WILL NOT HAVE YOU HAND HER OVER TO THE THING THAT BREAKS EVERYTHING...THANK you...!!...11.23.17*}.
- {Miandra: *You can't be serious. I thought you were RATIONAL...11.23.17*}.
- {Future Lee: *I go—my—fu—ser.....FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!!!! FUCK YOU! YOU'RE BEING IRRATIONAL! YOU! NOT ME! FUCK YOU!!...11.23.17*}.
- {Miandra: *I rest my case...11.23.17*}.
- {Future Lee: *It's back to the caverns for Cat, if you can't keep your comments under control...11.23.17*}.
- {Miandra: *Is that so? What about all the heart work she has to get done yet?...11.23.17*}.
- {Future Lee: *Threats first, heart work second...11.23.17*}.
- {Miandra: *I don't know what all the others are talking about when they call you paranoid...11.23.17*}.
- {Future Lee: *Quit being such an OBVIOUS BITCH...11.23.17*}.

- {Mimi vanishes suddenly...11.23.17}.
- {Danna: Did Mimi pass through this w— <3...11.23.17}.
- {Future Lee: —YOU KNOW SHE DID, SO DON'T START WITH ME...11.23.17}.
- {Danna: Wh— <3...11.23.17}.
- {Future Lee: —YOU KNOW SHE'S GONE, SO DON'T START WITH ME...11.23.17}.
- {Danna: My, but you communicate efficiently. <3...11.23.17}.
- {Lee gives Danna a venomous look.....11.23.17}.