

Knight of Moods #765: Master of Mania, Anxiety, and Depression:

(Technique Type: Battle Guide)

(Alternate Title: Mastering Monster Energies: The Official Battle, Collection, and Training Guide for Common Mood Disorders).

Prerequisite:

- Mood concerns you would like tips on.
- A notepad and pen (not pencil) present.
- (If you're going to edit yourself later, you're going to remember it and reflect on that fact).

Recording policy:

- I won't have anyone "remembering things until the end" in my dojo.
- If you have an epiphany and desperately need to write something down, be ready to get it out strategically early so it isn't clattering around in your head throughout practice.
- You may find it easier to record it out loud on a device.
- There is also a fine line between ruining a perfect trance, and prolonging a distracted state.
- Know the difference.
- Don't risk losing rare states that may not easily return soon.

In gaming terms:

- There's no harm in "retreating" from a Level 1 Evil Bunny to maintain your fullest strength on the way to the boss attempt.
- However, should you come across the rarest of collectible battle creatures on the way to the boss, you shouldn't ignore it simply because you're on the way to a boss...
- Write down any thoughts that are "clattering around" and impeding effective trance states, but don't lose risk losing amazing trance states... Does that make sense?
- Whatever it is could take months to stumble across again, if you ever see it again.

Labyrinthine exercise policy:

- Patience.
- Well, technically you have it, or you probably wouldn't be here.
- I may not be kind of author who can tell you what kind of azure the lake was for ninety pages, but you can expect a similar word count from my most intense exercises.
- Sometimes it might be preferable to simply hear about moss growing.
- You will miss hearing how the Canadian foliage changes with the seasons after reading my maze.
- Unlike most books, if I decide to send this to print-print, the next owner of this book will likely wish you great joy for taking a highlighter or pen to the actual exercise portion of my book.

- The library, on the other hand, probably won't understand.
- Further note: I'm thinking only special cases of this book will go to print-print. Anything more could be considered a hate crime against trees.

Note:

- Are my exercises repetitive...?
- As in Inner: "All you do is teach us how to move our moods and senses".
- As in Martial Arts: "All you do is teach us how to move our arms and legs".
- As in Both: "No. All I do is teach you how to kick ass. If you're here to learn to do a backflip, join gymnastics".
- Again and again, I will correct your technique until it's perfect.
- That's what I'm here for.
- If you want to hear about the mournful cry of the loons in the summer, go pick up a paperback at your local train station gift shop.

Warning and disclaimer section:

- I am not a doctor, so this (when it finally starts) is just for entertainment and in no way takes the place of medical services.
- Even magical-grade coincidences can't be proven more.
- Play the game responsibly.

- Again, to cover my ass, I must continuously remind you to cover yours.
- Be reckless and it'll be on you and your very confused doctor.
- I've told you not to be reckless, I've told you HOW not to be reckless, and I've told you to go to a professional first, to again, cover my ass.
- I'm no more qualified than your average pet groomer or graphic designer to make health calls.
- It's probably safest to refer to this as entertainment.
- The techniques I've discovered are a personal source of victory and maybe not yours.

The emotional battle:

- Like many people, I once suffered from anxiety and depression.
- Like a lot fewer, this could reach quite manic levels, meaning I once smashed a 4L bottle of lemonade all over the kitchen unintentionally.
- If my most qualified doctor was right, maybe this was something like an untreated autistic meltdown.
- Whatever those attacks were, they included time-enhanced fear to the point of dis-reality.
- An argument came up while I was surging with an attack, which was what once felt about what the average human could expect from 10 sudden energy drinks on 2 hours of sleep...and I could only focus on surviving...not arguing...which was an imminent thing.
- The lemonade suffered for it, and I'm pretty sure it was the most outwardly

destructive thing I've ever done. I still find some occasionally, on top of cabinets and behind things I forgot to check.

- *Note that violence against others outside of self-defence is never acceptable.*
- *Even when others physically hurt me, even at my worst levels, I didn't initiate violence, and I barely fought back on the day I was choked unconscious.*
- *It was my head smashing against the tile, and the knee pressing down on my temple that gave me temporary vision problems on the left-hand side...*
- *That's why I gave him some feeble bruises, leading to him knee-choking me unconscious.*
- *It's funny to feel regret for not hitting someone with a frying pan, but there you have it...*
- *This led to my first temptation to perform black magic, which might come up for you, so don't be a vigilante.*
- *Whether it works for you or not, it can fuck with you.*
- *Just a terrible, terrible, incredible coincidence is all it will be.*
- *The Shadow figures are theoretically non-linear, so they theoretically know how to cover their tracks non-linearly.*
- *I resisted as much as I could, before getting consensus Inner opinion to keep me within motive boundaries, which are a big deal with many of the figures you may encounter.*
- *Ends equal means in this world.*

- Hold an Inner trial, and address the situation through legitimate channels.
- The whole world of vengeful magic is booby-trapped and full of ironic backlash.
- I know this because even innocent magic is booby-trapped and full of ironic backlash...
- ...AND the more complicated, malicious, OR unhealthy your motive, the more intense the potential backlash.
- Don't expect your Game Masters not to screw with you.
- The best treasure chest is over there, past the tigers, after the lava trap and buried ten feet under a man-eating plant.
- It's not like I wasn't tempted to go rogue, and that the whole trial didn't initially stem from the temptation being presented to me by my pain-eaters...
- Even when you become advanced, try not to wear a pain-eater for more than twenty seconds at a time with Trusted supervision and an intention to solve them...no matter how decadent or exhilarating they can feel.
- Of course it feels wonderful in a bad way.
- It's a trap.
- Here's an example...
- I once experienced the sensation of something horrible watching me as I tried to sleep.
- It was around the time the suspected poltergeist activity was peaking.

- Red forced his way to the front.
- I felt hungry.....then, I felt satisfied.....then, a lot of strange activity around my house ceased after that.
- This has all become a coincidence of interest.
- And for the "there are no coincidences" people, may I point out that the word "incidence," when combined with the prefix "co-" by simple construction, essentially boils down to a structural definition of "two related occurrences" in English.
- The term itself doesn't judge WHY these incidents are "Co-".
- It has come to mean two unrelated things, but nothing in the structure itself suggests the things are unrelated.

My morality trap:

- So it seems I've recorded some of the process as it was in progress...
- Minor changes have been made to the following, as the exercise portion is the only portion I'm allowed to meddle with content-wise, free of editing note constraints right up until the very end.

(Early 2017?) Update:

- ...Red now claims to be legitimately authorized to eat this guy's life force and keeps trying to make me eat it too, whether such a thing is possible or not...
- It's probably a morality trap...though it actually feels great when I do it by accident, the effects of poltergeist-like haunting on my house also disappeared overnight (again feeling great like a good meal) and occasionally I don't crave sleep for 32-hour time periods since the draining "lessons" started.

- {Looking for other reasons for the insomnia...}.
- {I thought for a while that it might have been a day lamp left on, but the strange sleep cycle returned on its own shortly after removing the lamp}.
- If I let my mind wander into the wrong head space, while feeling threatened in some way, Red takes hold and I feel pretty great.
- I'm trying to hold off, because it all seems like a trap to a veteran at this stuff, but it's not always a focused or conscious act.
- Oppo-bumping, I guess.
- {For a while I'd just gap out at random, and come to as I was draining the man}.
- I'm examining the uses of oppo-bumping for myself...AND trying to think of a better name for it. "Anti-bumping"? Better, but no...
- Red further claims the attack has given him ten offspring to unleash on the world should I die violently, and desperately seeks male form...
- {This sounds like a tactical lie to me}.
- The 32-hour waking periods are weird, I'll give him that.
- The rest is the sort of fear-mongering I have grown accustomed to from a fear-mongering pain-eater with a legitimate target to work on.

(Continued early 2017?):

- Expect violent life events to have effects on your Inner circle and their strange politics in non-standard ways.
- Don't believe everything they tell you, but don't test these beings too much...or get strange severe results.
- {One of your best weapons is simply learning to compromise with figures}.
- {You may have noticed that most of my useful contributions as Cat involve maintaining a teensy amount of peace between my arguing figures}.
- I'm REALLY resisting what I'm concerned may be over-accessing that man's energy.
- I don't always manage to resist Red's influence when I'm really tired.

Inner demons are persuasive:

- See?
- Remember when I warned you that they can manipulate us?
- It started as a "helpful" and addictive ability, implanted by a figure who stood to benefit, using feelings of pre-existing vengeance as leverage.
- It only seemed like a gift.
- This kind of thing is a Trojan Horse.

- It serves the dual purpose of inspiring trust while instilling addictive reliance.

The civilized pain-eater:

- Some of the more legitimate pain-eating figures like to find where others owe you, offering you a share of the accessed energy in exchange for a cut.
- As a parasitic figure, this allows them to dine out while keeping their hosts in better shape.
- This also stands to indirectly release any repressed anger from the host, which they very much enjoy the taste of as well.
- The exorcising of repressed poison proves mutually beneficial to both host and pain-eater.

Outer influences:

- Some pain-eaters are like a theoretical Inner collections agency.
- They understand that someone likely owes their host in some way or another.
- They are the Monkey's Paw Karmic Agency.
- They are the Department of Red Shoes.
- Make sure their actions are condoned, as some want to get out of hand.
- I don't know if this is working on my attacker's end or not, as he's removed most of the scarce public traces of himself since that day, as I fled to my parents' house when it happened. He's kind of paranoid, so he probably expects the rumour

to spread to some mutual friend or other who might go after him.

- I might not be capable of anything.
- With certain figures around, I might not need to be.
- I still, however, struggle with feelings of unfounded guilt over my other ex being hit by a car a few blocks away from me as I was vividly thinking about it happening to myself.
- It's just a coincidence...
- It's just a coincidence...
- It's just a coincidence...

I resisted most early temptation, but I was still in over my head:

- Gain control faster than I did, and face the boss stages at appropriate times.
- Remember, many emotions don't wait between sessions, Story Game or no Story Game.
- Back at base camp you may have wounds to tend to...
- Not everyone benefits from a 32-hour sleep cycle, for example...
- Oh, look, some more early 2017...

- I may screw with it ALSO, because here is the only place I don't need a dated set of brackets explaining myself, and I'm not impressed with the grammatical decisions I made during my 32-hour sleep cycle.
- ...Yay Mood Format - I and its "bypassing of dread"...
- (...Danna, I'm looking at you...!...).
- You may notice that my English training ALSO occasionally fails in the face of speaking Colloquial Small Town on a regular basis.
- Certain grammatical eyesores are only there because I've heard them thousands of times more than their correct counterparts, from maybe 95% of the town. It's infuriating trying to reverse them.

Azure lakes:

- To give you an idea, I live on the border between lumberjack grizzly country and the province you'd expect to find if Canada gave birth to a Texas.
- You can die of heat and freak windstorms here in the summer, but winter starts on Halloween and rapidly produces three feet of snow, so if anything kills you here, it's probably going to be people who got their winter tires on late.
- Or an "aggressive deer".
- Our town also ran rampant with deer, who became overpopulated enough to start attacking small children and dogs, prompting city-wide "aggressive deer in area" warning signs, followed by a viral video, followed by a cull, followed by a some hearty meals for the homeless, followed by a much smaller number of deer sporting visibly jiggling neck fat.

On hunters:

- In my town, part of working in a photo lab was cheerfully pretending the fresh blood on a hunter's hands wasn't there when you took their instant cameras from them.
- I approve of hunting for food, as, unlike livestock, the animal didn't essentially spend its life in a dark, cramped, torture camp wishing for death.
- I'm starting to taste the depression in chicken.
- So, I won't speak out for or against a cull so long as the meat doesn't go to waste.

On a hypothetically spiritual note...:

- Agnostically speaking, if it turns out we're all the same being's save files, we have a lot of torture to look forward to in exchange for the livestock we're currently enjoying.
- Personally, if I had four legs and a choice of how I was eaten, I'd rather live a short happy life grazing in the forest, not knowing that death is coming until it actually happens...than be livestock.
- After all, livestock can expect an eternally pleasureless life in a dark metal box, thinking about its dead children and waiting for the suffering to end, which inevitably means being killed anyways before being scraped into a hot dog vat.
- If you had to choose between being killed painlessly by a bullet to the head, as you are now...or living for much, much, longer, loveless and alone, in a tiny box that smells like feces, continuously hearing the screams of your peers dying all around you, knowing each time that you might be next...which would you choose?
- Don't bash people who hunt for food.
- Hunting for food is the most humane, so long as it's done respectfully, and with careful limitations and restrictions in place.

The fearful side of Enlightenment:

- I fear Enlightenment because of chicken farms.
- Have you ever really considered what is MEANT by the theory of "Oneness"?
- If it turns out we ARE all one, this can only mean that we will one day pool all of our memories.....and when that happens, we will each be required to overcome every torture imaginable, in addition to the pleasures of royalty.
- Theoretically, if we're all the same person's save files, every bully who ever mutilated an insect stands to mutilate everybody, each time he does it, including himself.
- I'm not directly saying that I believe this is necessarily what happens, but I'm the kind of person who packs enough life boats when I'm told I'm on an unsinkable ship.

Ironically fair:

- Of all the agnostic possibilities, this worst-case scenario actually brings with it the most peace.
- Such an agnostic state of context renders unfairness fair again.
- Anyone who hurts you stands to feel your hurt equally.
- From this perspective, anyone you hurt, you must be prepared to one day be.
- From this perspective, the suffering of every lobster you boil, insect you crush, or person you rip off, will come directly out of your later (non-linear) happiness.

Non-linear gaming concepts:

- If time as an illusion doesn't make sense to you, consider how a video game works.
- The storyline of a video game can take place over several years, but be playable in a matter of hours.
- Those years have a specific path that can only be moderately strayed from.
- However, if you hold a copy of the game in your hand, that copy simultaneously holds the beginning and the end of the game's universe.
- The game's time will only progress from an arbitrary save point in time, and only while the game is up and functioning.
- So wouldn't it be kind of awesome if the Big Bang was just what boot-up looked like?
- If we don't always know when we're dreaming, we certainly can't know when we're in an immersive simulation.
- How does the avatar in a simulation measure how simulated it is?
- Well, first, the game's creator must decide that it can.
- Then the user must choose to use this feature.

Eternity in a moment:

- You can hold a copy of a game in your hand that contains both the middle ages and the far future at the same time.
- The characters in the game are experiencing time from one end to the other.

- The player is not. The second-time player is limitedly-omniscient, and can see the "future"...
- (Unless predictability can be prevented in some way. If we could suppress memory for certain games we create today, some people would certainly attempt it).

Lifeboats and parachutes:

- While we have no evidence that we're in a program of any sort, we also have no evidence that we're not.
- Why assume random meaninglessness with blackness at the end, when there is a decent chance this is all something else.
- Likely something we haven't even thought of...
- Something that stands to make this place look simple and easy to get through...
- A potentially terrifying next phase that may take a course that has something to do with whatever it is we're doing here.
- Plan for the worst by not initiating actions you wouldn't gladly receive yourself.
- My recommendation is, don't be an asshole when you can help it, and don't dish out disproportionate revenge.
- Treat others as you want to be treated IN CASE THEY'RE YOU, ASSHOLE!!
- If I wish to be Enlightened, I must prepare to be put to sleep billions of times in millions of animal shelters.
- I should prepare to not only experience the greatest luxuries possible, but be melted by Pompeii.

- I should prepare to be every significant and insignificant thing all at once in the end, even if I turn out to be nothing.
- After all, single instances of a game are often restricted to one user, so that one user might be all of us.
- There is no harm in being prepared, especially if preparation simply entails trying to cause as little misery as possible.
- If God was everyone playing a life simulation, it's no wonder bad things happen to good people.

After all...:

- Maybe we wanted to experience everything...
- When I start playing a life simulation, I construct castles, and mansions, and glorious laboratory domes.
- When this becomes boring, I pretty much switch to a shed in the woods with a sleeping bag and a bare lightbulb...Or an orphanage in a meteor zone...Or being a sentient robot fire fighter that wishes it could love its dog...Or being the single adopted father of seven blue children.
- I've played as a burglar that later stole a television from me when I played as a little girl.
- Maybe bad things only happen to good people because we all wanted to experience EVERYTHING at once point, and it got out of hand.
- If this is the case, we'll all get to experience it all eventually.
- Maybe all things just happen to all people.

- Again, we can't know, but we can prepare!
- Seriously...did you think I'd simply hand over a power exercise like this and ask you if you'd like fries and a soda to make it a combo?
- I've edited this monstrosity several times, and I assure you, there is an exercise down there somewhere.

Further update, mid-2017:

- Upper figures have ruled on reasonable limits to what the Red Base figures are attempting to do to that man.
- It's a fair compromise.
- Now we can't get out of hand if-slash-when the "coincidences" start.

On being punished yourself:

- If you provoke the Innens too MUCH, you could get some weird curse or sentence like I did, when I "didn't defend Lee" during or after our post-traumatic grade two incident...
- I didn't treat the situation symbolically seriously.
- I treated a trauma as a dream, and the resulting emotions as an enemy.
- I didn't treat Lee as a reflection of what I was.
- He wouldn't accept this, and so I eventually grew to be his dungeon pet and

spelunking assistant...

Having failed at instinct...:

- My instincts and emotions became dangerously protectively autonomously controlling...
- All bootstrap attempts were met with swift and painful failure, coming from somewhere I couldn't identify.
- This went on until Lee and I forcibly and unnaturally ejected Red as Lee's dark half...
- ...In other words, unwittingly trying to enforce perfection on one half while all but destroying the other...
- ...Creating some kind of horrible figurative vortex of Inner misery that made all the rest seem like a beginner's level...

Secret Bosses:

- Ever play an RPG where you stumble across a secret boss that's tougher than the end boss?
- ...Because, on the Inside, unnatural coping behaviour creates them...
- The more powerful and unconscious the unnatural coping behaviour, the worse the curse...

Why I continue:

- I could stop the adventure, you might say, but I'm not ready to quit the Story

Game now.

- You know that...
- Besides, I'm pretty sure stopping would just stop the constant fluctuation of sensory symptoms and lodge me in my current set.

Hard work:

- They've all required hard work.
- None of my conditions improved from sitting back and hoping for something to change.
- None of them improved from smiling as hard as I could and waiting for health to return.
- Panic took hundreds of hours of skilled training to defeat, and life's inevitable emotional clusterfucks can still trigger about one a year.
- (...One a day to one a year ain't bad...).
- I'm far enough in that the risks can't outweigh the gains anymore.
- Besides...how can you really avoid your own cliff-hangers once you start?...

After the assault:

- After being humanly attacked, I went into oversolve.
- I learned the principles to overcoming individual fears and angers.
- I developed a calmer emotional affect, except in the face of 4000 Hz and a couple of basic primal phobias.
- Everything in good time...
- I face things slowly on an as-needed basis.
- Sound is my next most necessary battle.

Don't interact with trolls:

- Remember when I talked to you about wearing opposites?
- Well, wearing Lee had some...outward effects on me...
- I told you about wearing a mean figure to overcome martyrical doormat-ism...
- Well, a person once referred to as "cute", "shy", or "sweet", I suddenly found myself learning what troll hunting trolls felt like.
- It all started when I posted a personal ad stating a few of the things I mentioned here.
- You know...a less personal outline of my spirituality, 420-friendliness, and my basic orientation.
- I got a response calling me liar, and asking me how "fat" I was.

- Rather than feel angry, I suddenly felt tremendously excited.
- I then responded by insulting the troll's intelligence, and, following his style of deduction, arbitrarily accused him of being the kind of man who would rather be with a prostitute in a gas station parking lot.
- The conversation then escalated further, which only excited me more, much to my surprisingly mysterious new thick skin.
- My self-doubt had vanished almost too suddenly.
- I didn't know I could be so mean.
- I had a few different email addresses to use on the site, so it didn't dissuade me when he flagged down my original ad and proceeded to warn the public that my dating ad was a fraud.
- I explained to him it was kind of cute how much I meant to him, and that it was endearing how emotional he was becoming over me.
- After all, I had become an intermediate practitioner of super-nice aggression at my last customer service job.
- This was not what he was hoping to hear, apparently.
- At this point, of course, he also started flagging what I'm guessing from context was anything that sounded like a post that came from me.
- Yes, I regretted it when the guy's tactics drove me from that dating site, but I felt so free.
- It was SO NEW and AWE-INSPIRING TO ME...
- The ability to respond to mean comments with excitement rather than self-doubt.

- It feels great being Lee.
- He rarely feels unsure about anything.
- I had never been good at standing up for myself, but now my tongue was downright destructive.
- Especially with time to deliberate behind a screen.
- I had gained Lee's ability to be a complete ass.
- I now have enough technical control in place to be a little more selective when I wear him.
- I don't get drunk on his confidence.
- See why you shouldn't rush?
- It causes unnecessary problems.

Why this is somewhat a happy story:

- I had been the hide-in-the-bathroom-and-cry type before...or, you know, repress, repress, repress, lemonade.
- Now I was strong, powerful, unwavering...Just not so controlled...
- Incorporating another viewpoint isn't about being nice or mean, or positive or negative, but having the choice to be effectively either as a situation calls for it.
- Take care not to behave in ways you'll regret if you discover yourself being flooded while incorporating it, though.

- The sudden removal of certain inhibitions can create related temptations.
 - Ask "would I normally do this?", and if the answer is "no", deliberate on it for two or three days before acting on it.
-

Now a Brief Interlude, to Address Lee Addressing Cat's Love Life Too Much...

{Current Playlist: Two and Still Counting by Marble Sounds}

- {If you are anything close to related to me, or triggered by my sex talk, please squint a lot, scroll for a very long time, then start reading again when you see the word green text in green text}.
- Lee pushes the idea of using my book as a dating app, so here's a "sacrifice" to him...
- It's probably best he thinks whoever I find is his idea.
- While Lee, to an extent, holds the blueprint for seeking my ideal mate, I'd rather date someone who isn't a complete asshole.
- I want a good guy with a compatible taste.
- Realizing I sought an iron fist in a different form, I started to find my way after the beating.
- I dated a few times.
- It took dating a few more men to understand what was even wrong.
- I realized many of my "unsolvable" emotional hangups were actually sexual and repression-based.
- I was getting frustrated because I was a submissive on the inside, not a normal girlfriend.
- I had trouble NOT flirting by being difficult.

- By being headstrong and seeking escape, as a way to be trapped and contained, which of course, produces the opposite results in a vanilla boyfriend.
- By losing functionality in a gradual struggle with myself to want to be conquered and set in line by a man who ironically actually wanted me to be as free as possible.
- Me: "I should get my share of the dishes done"...
- BDSM: "Yes, but if you don't, maybe he'll become more controlling, which is the next closest thing to achieving the only kind of sex we want".
- Guy: "I'll drop passive aggressive comments while avoiding the kitchen".
- So...yeah...The subconscious decisions we make can work out terribly.
- I started living in my head more to make the dynamic interesting.
- Coercing myself, pretending the dynamic was a different one.
- I didn't realize submissive was an orientation until quite suddenly.
- I'd become the equivalent of a closeted homosexual unsuccessfully pressuring her male partner to cross-dress as a way to maintain the relationship, but, of course, more than half in the form of pure illusion.
- I suddenly saw myself for what I was, for all my raw, broken, hopeless denial.

The trap:

- Relationships made me feel trapped, because I was with men outside of my

orientation. Feeling trapped then sexually compelled me to stay in incompatible relationships.

- And so, I began refusing all but nerdy male doms, preferably into omorashi (you probably don't want to look it up), childless, and older than me, but by no more than about ten years.....leading me to difficulties in my remote little farmer town.
- It can only become more difficult, because Lee also, naturally, won't have a human who doesn't respect figures either.
- If a guy treats my figures like they're imaginary, Lee starts a crusade to break us apart.
- And Lee's actually a lot smarter than me, so whether it ever works or not, I find it pretty exhausting outmanoeuvring him all the time.
- To be blunt, I'm positive that wherever they originate, these creatures are a lot closer to Lwa than Tulpas...
- The "Tulpa" is just the avatar part.
- Just the form.
- It's impossible to CREATE something SMARTER than you...
- They know things they shouldn't, and they do things people can't.
- I didn't MAKE that.
- They tell some pretty funny jokes I don't immediately get.
- I treat them as I treat people in formal situations, increasing gradually to human familiarity, but some may prefer to treat them as demigods.

- But treat them like you made them, and you'll quickly discover yourself leaving your posh air-conditioned office for a new job disposing of radioactive fish waste, or fishing dead possums from swimming pools.
- You can be coincidentally demoted by someone who isn't your boss.
- Or you'll be informed that you can never eat chili cheese again or something.
- ...Or you could end up like me...
- It's just timing and coincidences.
- Just thousands and thousands of coincidences...
- Lee is the calculated side of paranoia, which we see as an uncalculated human impulse.
- Lee's the part that uses safety as a carrot, and disaster as a stick, but he has a very different end in mind, and knows exactly what he's doing.
- He'll argue endlessly to get rid of someone he doesn't like, or who may pose a threat to his influence or power.
- Calling my figures imaginary, or gods forbid unnecessary, can create a Lee-based tension between me and anyone.
- It's also apparently quite important that he's as happy with the man's mollis as I am with the man, whether the man realizes he has one or not.
- I'm guessing the man's ideal counterpart needs to be a matching kind of submissive.
- If I'm with a man, Lee's also with his mollis, apparently.

- Lee is not okay with me dating wrong.
- Lee will whisper and slander and increase his Stockholm hold over me until I leave the wrong man.
- This may be inevitable if that man isn't a dom, and, as such, can't provide a counter-Stockholm effect.

Lee's preferences vs Cat's preferences:

- Lee prefers I date skinny, not muscular, because he doesn't trust anyone too strong not to break me. I experience the edges of his preference, but build has never been a main concern to me.
- I often notice men when they resemble the geniuses and savants from fictions I like, which really covers a broad spectrum of appearances.
- If I'm not immediately attracted to a man, but he has a fascinatingly compatible mind, and I can imagine him as a dom, a conversation with him can make his appearance my new type.

Lee hates everyone equally:

- It should be noted that Lee...trusts NO ONE in the beginning.
- Lee liking people right off the bat is probably not even a good sign.

Lee starts liking other figures in something resembling the following order:

- Stage 1: Meeting someone new:
- Rude, dismissive, and vaguely threatening. Uses various lazy insults in place of

names. Annoyed by default, and mildly dangerous if pressed or impeded in any way.

- Stage 2: Acquaintance:

- Rude and dismissive. Begins to replace lazy insults with insulting nicknames. Moderately threatening. Suspicious and guarded. Treats every acquaintance like a suspected enemy spy he needs to outmanoeuvre.

- Stage 3: Frenemy:

- He calms down a bit once the threat is assessed. At this point, he becomes rude and dismissive with noticeably meaner THEMED nicknames, turns unexpectedly needy and demanding out of NOWHERE, while still acting moderately threatening. He switches from cold calculation to testing, prodding, and inciting. (It's like he expects you to be his toady at this point, but he doesn't consult you about it).

- Stage 4: Close friend:

- Rude and dismissive with abhorrent nicknames. It's like he's having a horrible nickname contest with himself. Needy, controlling, and unrealistically demanding. Loudly ranting on a continuous loop, and often found spewing graphically violent, severely idle, threats at those he loves most. Heroically protective while actively pretending all of his heroism is part of a nefarious selfish plot. Lee's love, by necessity, includes everything disturbing, gross, loud, and insulting, in between. When you're as close as I am, he requires courage.

- I've been watching him "make friends" with figures for years.

- Lee's insanity is quite methodical.

- So if I'm going to meet you for some reason or another, and you're worried ahead of time that Lee won't like you, he won't.

- He can't like anyone until he's run all his weird little tests I don't understand.

- He hates everyone for a while.
- We've ALL been through it in my game.
- When Lee gets unpredictable, I get concerned.
- Massive exceptions to his bizarre relating style can't mean anything good.
- So, no, Lee already doesn't like you yet.
- And if you somehow happened to be the right target for this ad, and I dated you, and he started to like you...well...at best, he'll likely talk about us like he's intentionally breeding poodles.
- Anything more respectful, and we can assume he's planning something.
- He's really got to stop calling me "mamma". Somehow I prefer the vegetable names...

Blueprint factor:

- One Lee is ENOUGH, but he does reflect certain things about me.
- His own form physically fluctuates through all shapes and sizes, demonstrating further that I don't have much of a preference in shape (aside from stronger than me).
- Lee has features from every ethnic background.
- I want to say his accent is vaguely east coast American, but I can't place it exactly, and it has integrated with mine a lot over time.

- I find several accents attractive.
- When he has hair, which is only about half the time, it's usually unnaturally platinum-unicorn white (though sometimes it's black, brown or green).
- He doesn't seem aware he has developed hair, so it just does whatever the hell it wants.
- Lee actually treats me better when he isn't inflated into some Mr. Universe shape.
- His buffed-up shape usually only emerges as a posturing defence against an Arrow or Danna type, which, if anything, I mainly associate with feeling uncomfortable.
- Giant muscles are fine, but they don't get any extra points.

On monogamy:

- I see monogamy as a logical thing.
- You see one person.
- If it doesn't work, you break it off and see another person.
- This is simple and respectful.
- It makes the only sense to my likely-autism-spectrum brain.
- Besides, I like to feel trapped, so flitting freely from person to person like a bumblebee is a turn-off for me.
- As are the men only looking for a brief catch-and-release.

- Womanizers turn me off.
- Cheating disgusts me.
- Lee has done some awful things that he was only forgiven for by virtue of being a metaphorical being.
- I am not built for an open relationship.
- I am built for the opposite.
- I'm guaranteed not to cheat, but must receive the same in return.
- If that isn't you, I'm not for you.
- If it doesn't work, it doesn't work, but I will behave very poorly towards cheaters.
- I'd rather be broken up with via a loud public speech, while dressed as a kitchen badger mascot, in a fancy restaurant, before taking a beef wellington and a glass of chardonnay to the face.
- I would divorce Lee if he cheated on me now, which, in here, involves an unfortunate fight to the death.
- Clearly I would lose, so I'm not sure how things would play out.
- A human cheater requires no death arena battle to divorce and is therefore much simpler to leave.
- Just...no.
- The day a cheater loses me, I will put regret in my place.

- Deep, deep regret.

Differences in confidence:

- Absence of the womanizing trait is one of many things I prefer about most socially awkward men.
- Socially anxious men approach women in a surprising and personal unpolished fashion.
- It's raw and real.
- An awkward approach likely isn't perfect, but at the very least you know it wasn't originally composed for a foxy bartender as a "suave romantic" was admiring his own abs in a mirror.
- Awkward compliments can come out in a way that is clearly unintentionally insulting...
- They only stand to prove that you approached me with effort.
- The awkward nature of the effort only increases the odds that you don't have a secret harem of side-girlfriends.

I fall for certain minds...:

- I am picky, about brains more than brawn, and passion more than worldly success.
- I blush when a mad genius comes on TV.
- A Lex Luthor or a young Rick Sanchez C-137.
- However, I do require either the taking kind of nerd, or one who's cool with it.

- I'm legally prescribed, if that freaks you out less.
- I've tried several medications and this is the only useful one so far.
- Sound sensitivity causing back pain requires a strong long-term anti-inflammatory, and let's face it, most anti-inflammatories start melting your stomach lining after the first few weeks, and ultimately end up costing a lot more in organ transplants.

My appearance:

- I've finally reached a weight I'm happy with, though I wish I could say I was more than a B cup.
- I'm around 103 pounds.
- I look a lot like my illustrations, and may include a real picture of myself somewhere. I'm not sure whether it will be in the book or not, as I may still go with some slight anonymity.
- I, too, prefer to be chosen for my warped and twisted mind over being chosen because I look a little like someone's high school crush.
- If Lee's going to try and get me cyber-stalked, let's at least choose my cyber-stalking options carefully.
- After all, I'm very much an acquired taste, and it saves time to be up front about it.

The standard myth:

- I've craved the affections of men who bemoaned their undesirability simply because they were non-standard.

- In reality, I would have chosen them over any celebrity of my choice.
- When or if they found out I liked them, they would ASSUME it was some form of settling.
- For women like me, excelling at being standard is not alluring.
- I'm not a materialist, so men who work too much simply have far too little time for me.
- Their material offerings can't come close to making up for their continuous absence.

Closet conundrum:

- I've likely passed by a few suitable matches desperately attempting to pose as standard vanilla males to avoid freaking women out.
- I've likely also passed by good matches who had decided to refrain from dating until they've secured good time-consuming jobs, or until they've bulked up...
- "Requirements" which can fail on women like me.
- Be tastefully honest.
- Find soft words for who you are and what you're into.
- It'll get you what you want rather than what you SHOULD want.
- (If you want to sleep with horses or something taboo, on the other hand, I'd recommend you max out your inner tactile until virtual reality catches up with you).

- And NEVER SEND DICK PICS, EVEN TO YOUR WIFE, until the unlikely day she ACTUALLY COMPLAINS DIRECTLY about NOT GETTING ONE.

Further notes:

- In any case, you know what I'm looking for, which is exactly what most people AREN'T looking for.
- Most people will be happy to give up, knowing they can't change my mind about the weird shit, and knowing romance with me would become boring very quickly for their less-weird tastes.
- In my mind, I see this disclosure as a mild filtration system that helps me to find the right interest accurately, while disillusioning or wasting the time of fewer would-be admirers who surely have many more compatible authors to pursue the affections of.

On age...:

- I apologize, but age matters, if this is to be a proper dating ad.
- You'll ideally have been born roughly between the years 1975 and 1985 for this to work, give or take a couple of years.
- This range reflects my hope that you'll have mental advantages, while also being at a similar phase of your path.
- After all...brilliant or not, a retired person is ready to slow down and enjoy what they've already established. A person in their thirties is feeling pressure to establish something in the first place.
- The struggles of a major age gap aren't a small hurdle for me.

Undecided on children:

- Fully undecided.
- As I experience psychedelic meditative states, time distortion, strong sensory effects, and sometimes notice poltergeist-like effects, I am not, at this point at least, maternally functional, and I would prefer not to date someone with children at this time.
- Children don't mesh with what I'm currently trying to do.
- I won't say never, but I'll definitely say NOT NOW.

Message in a bottle:

- This "dating ad" is still dicey and unlikely...
- This is fully understood.
- However, as you can imagine, finding a figure-respecting dom of the right age in a town so small that country music can be heard playing in the Chinese food restaurants... has been less of a challenge than an impossibility...
- That's likely why Lee's desperately trying to set me up using this book, which is likely a terrible idea, because most men who aren't doms at heart can't be doms, so I still stand to be approached by fans who hope they can change me back into a vanilla.

Sub sub-categories:

- Like other orientations, a submissive needs the right counterpart in order to find satisfaction.

- As this expansive orientation has nothing to do with physical anatomy, it breaks down into several more strange and specific niches...
- "Sub" is a vague category...
- It can mean bedroom-only light bondage. It can mean a hierarchical lifestyle. It can be monogamous, or harem-like. It can mean master-puppy or master-kitten. It can mean dungeon play, or nurse play. To fewer it can mean actual mutilation, or even adult mommy-baby role play, complete with man-sized crib and diapers.
- There isn't one kind of sub, and their preferences are all quite different.
- You definitely won't impress a sub man who likes role-playing as a baby, by bringing out the whips and handcuffs.
- My niche interest is low-pain villain-captive.
- I like the idea of foreplay involving an escape game challenge, chase, or full abduction.
- A battle of wills and wits.
- Forced behavioural modifications, provided I have enough early say over what I'm to be programmed to do.
- I like difficult games, so I'm attracted to losing to a man of superior skill.
- However, I can't stress enough how important it is for me to choose my mate in the first place.

Clear communication:

- I may not be into a guy because I'm simply not.

- He may be everything I usually find handsome, successful, and funny in a dom...and still not interest me whatsoever, for reasons I don't understand.
- If you're the unlikely dom who chooses to respond to my dating ad, and I'm not into you, it's very much not personal.
- Despite the nature of my interests, communication and agreement beforehand protects us BOTH.
- If someone tries to become my surprise dom, I'll simply aim for the groin and press charges like any other normal woman would.

The basic essence of BDSM:

- Most men who don't regularly think about dominating, don't understand what it means to be a good dom.
- It's a subtle and complicated bond.
- It's a complicated psychological power game.
- This power game reattributes some of the regular relationship tension into the struggle, releasing many of the usual relationship pressures, so long as both are satisfied playing the same game.
- For me, the vanilla bond is about two people maintaining as loving and civilized a compromise as possible.
- The BDSM bond, on the other hand, provides for a relationship what some people seek from competitive sports...The ability to play a primal game to relieve life's abstract tensions.
- The bond enables a controlled primal release.
- It can be a very loving and intense bond.

- It's far from just a set of kinky actions performed in bed.
- It's a bond of intense trust that, in turn, releases aggression safely.

And I'd rather be perpetually single than do without it anymore:

- I need to address Lee bringing up my love life so much to avoid the wrong interest and misunderstandings...
- I can't be turned back into a vanilla and be happy.
- I'm a new sub.
- Unbroken.
- I require restraint more than sex.
- I'm also not just someone who does as she's told.
- I'm a feral animal that wants structure despite resisting it.
- Difficult and headstrong.
- Docile only once surrender seems inevitable.
- Those not built for it will find my kind of bond a turn-off.
- It's a whole relationship, not just a bedroom thing.
- Ideal dynamic ranging from captive to pet depending on the day.

- Independent and gently flattering, or respectfully playful, in public, like a normal girlfriend.
- A respectful hierarchy based on pre-agreed rules.
- A subtle balance...
- Very few will be able to make sense of it...
- I like a man who regularly battles his own impulses to be stubborn, controlling, possessive, and a little restrictive.
- A man who manages his thirst for power as a decadence rather than a compulsion.

Why I can't be a normal girlfriend:

- I know my search is more than pickiness, because, without the power struggle, I pull away, and eventually shut a normal man out completely.
- I flirt by staying dedicated to a relationship while actively pushing away to test my containment.
- I can only cause men of normal tastes great pain.
- I prove impossible to please when not Stockholm-ed.
- I become harder to control, the more control I'm given.
- My ideal man likes containing his partner even more than sex, as I like Stockholm sensations more than sex.
- It balances out.

- Anything else can only bring misery.

Conceptual pleasures:

- The acts themselves are only a small part of what I truly seek, otherwise, I could produce the whole thing mentally.
- It's feeling the man's will itself.
- The subjective part.
- It's in a man's eyes, and in his words.
- It's being on the receiving end of all the conquering dominant sensations I can't preconceive as a submissive.
- I crave someone I can lose my senses to in full surrender.
- Whatever it is exactly, it's an overwhelmingly ecstatic binding energy, without which everything feels outside of my orientation itself.
- Past the exhilaration lies a removal of choice that many fear.
- However, for some over-workers, over-achievers, the overly-self-critical, and even the poorly-disciplined, removal of choice can feel like freedom from one's own tyranny.

Agreeing on paper:

- Limitations should ALWAYS be discussed and written out ahead of time.

- There are several very good reasons for this...
- For one, it prevents hurting or distressing the sub.
- It also prevents annoying uses of the safe word.
- It challenges the sub to tough out their agreements, and permits the dom to hold the sub to their agreements.
- It protects the dom from bad subs looking to accuse them later of non-consent.
- A pre-agreed set of limitations is a MUST-HAVE for BDSM.

BDSM Scenario 1: What NOT TO DO:

- The arguably biggest mistake is not agreeing on anything ahead of time and playing it by ear.
- This can only lead to perpetually misjudging each other's ranges, which makes all the difference in the moment.
- This WILL INEVITABLY undermine a dom's power entirely.
- Why?
- Because you still have no more than the basic pre-agreed rights of a standard vanilla partner.
- You can only do what you are told you have consent to do in the moment.
- A normal submissive usually likes consensual non-consent, and may lose interest in sex altogether when repeatedly asked for consent.

- Therefore, playing BDSM by ear means coping through sex with either a horrified or underwhelmed "sub", inevitably ending up back in a frigid vanilla stand-still.

Assumptions:

- If the sub becomes bored, or worse, the traumatized opposite of bored, the game becomes one-sided and the dynamic will quickly die.
- Also...Remember, a sub is only "lesser" because they choose to be.
- Making assumptions leads to either assault charges or boredom.
- If you ask what a sub likes in the moment, the sub will probably "like" you to run to the store for toilet paper before the place that stocks the good stuff closes.
- Remember, for certain types, BDSM is more of a competitive game than it is role-playing.
- It comes with game rules rather than a script.
- Ask your sub what the game rules should be halfway through the game, and she becomes the new default dom, meaning she will challenge her own submissive frustration by challenging you.

But again, conversely...:

- Going too far can qualify as actual kidnapping and assault...
- You see where I'm going with this pre-agreed contract business?
- If she agrees to a set of terms in, say, video format, in a place way too publicly hazardous to logically bring a hostage, yet with enough privacy not to be overheard, she can only cause you problems if you do something she hasn't bindingly agreed to, right?

- Meaning if she's way darker in taste than me, and says in her video that she likes getting black eyes, and you give her a black eye in bed, and she later hates you and threatens to use a picture of the black eye to put you in jail if you don't pay her, you can bring out that video contract to protect yourself.
- The jury can hear her tell you it's okay.
- If you consider what is said to happen in prison, we live in a day and age in which both sexes can (indirectly) rape each other equally.
- We all need to protect ourselves.
- Also, good doms are unicorns, and I want to keep the innocents safe.
- However, a dom's best form of rape whistle is either a video or witnessed contract that couldn't have been staged or tampered with.
- It should also occasionally be updated, as out-dated sub contract can't be considered binding indefinitely.

No contract = problems:

- After all, if the dom wants breast welts, and the sub want light hair pulling, the sub is going to freak out and call the cops when the dom goes in for some forced breast welts without warning.
- If the sub wants to be tied up and flogged, and the dom just wants to order a normal partner to give him oral sex while he watches football, the sub will lose interest and not want to be his sub anymore.
- Being a dom isn't something you can do FOR someone.
- Neither is being a real sub.

- The sub is looking to lose themselves in the control of a strict disciplinarian.
- If this doesn't exhilarate you, it bores you.
- If it bores you, you aren't going to do it well.

So, no contract means:

- The dom is forced to proceed with careful respectful questions to cover their own ass, which the sub usually, by nature, HATES.
- I believe "switch" is the term for a dom-sub, but this is yet another subset.
- A complete sub doesn't want sudden unanimous control over all things that are happening.
- This destroys the mood.
- I find being in control in bed less attractive than sleeping with a partner who has burrito gas.
- When I get asked what I'd like next while in bed, the answer is a buddy comedy and something with cheese on it...

Assumptions about subs:

- Though they don't seek control, very, very few subs want something fully one-sided and pleasure-less either.
- Which is why those "doms" you see...posting ads crudely and disrespectfully demanding a BDSM toy to use and abuse the orifices of as they please are only going to attract a small number of women.

- Some "doms" will even try to claim that any sub who isn't perfectly obedient isn't a "real sub".
- Those men are simply mistaking the word "submissive" for the word "prostitute", and mistaking the act of "BDSM" for the act of "removing a woman's actual rights".
- A sub is an ACTUAL PERSON WITH REAL OPINIONS, who likes a specific kind of thing in bed.
- A sub is NOT an esteem-less subservient robot looking to be plugged into someone else's fetishes.
- If they hate sleeping with you, you can't order them to stay, because they AREN'T REALLY YOUR SLAVE, and the LAW WON'T CONSIDER YOUR OWNERSHIP BINDING.
- Besides, this dom-peror outlook refuses to acknowledge the existence of subs looking for kitten-master relationships, switch situations, or interests like mine...and clearly we aren't a MYTH.

Not all brutality:

- There is a lot more to this interest than just the dark side.
- For example, I always found it endearing in the cartoons when the evil genius tied up his love interest and forced her on an awkward lair date.
- I'd blush when he'd shower her in strange forms of forced affection that barely made any sense, and threaten to use her weaknesses to keep her under his thumb when she wasn't bound.
- I was only slightly more horrified than turned on when one movie villain tied up a girl he barely knew and ordered her try on wedding dresses.
- I'm not a wedding girl, but I do like feeling trapped.

Other factors:

- I like a little pain, but not too much.
- For me, it's about who physically decides what I'm doing at the moment.
- The more control a man has over my timing, location and access to basic needs, the more exciting.
- Ropes or chains are vital, but must be done for my dom more than me.
- I can tell the difference, and it's upsetting to have bondage performed on me as a favour.
- If I'm actually in love with a man, I'll likely respond to his meddling and even minor stalking with flattered affection.

Heroic villain:

- Finding the right man is also something of a quest for me...
- I've been moderately tower-damselled.
- You may understand by now, after reading him...
- I would really like to counteract Lee's Stockholm hold in a way he simultaneously respects on some level.
- As the ONLY Stockholm hold, his has become uncomfortably powerful.
- Feeling contained by a dom is a way to escape Lee's reign over my own mind, and

feel fully, ironically, free, for a short while.

- ...Free from the tyranny within me...
- Damsel stories don't get into counteracting Stockholm with Stockholm very often, in my experience.
- I'd remember.
- Lee will almost definitely hold me prisoner until I can be conquered properly by the right man.
- This will ultimately change the course of my story.
- While I do feel drawn to Lee's hold over me, I don't want to be trapped in a jealous Inner marriage at the cost of an Outer relationship.
- If you're close with your mollis, this dilemma will make sense.
- In some ways, Lee impact feels wonderful, in others, confining in a bad way.
- I may be waiting in this tower a long time...
- Lee will prevent anyone who can't outmanoeuvre his Stockholm effects from keeping me.
- Some of these curses make me so tired.

A note on homosexuality:

- It should be noted that I have no lesbian tendencies whatsoever, though in several cases I've wished I had.

- I only crave male pheromones, and find female locker room smells very off-putting.
- During my questioning phase, I inwardly simulated being with a woman, and am quite sure I CAN'T like it.
- I'd really like to narrow down my future romantic interests before Lee can cause me a giant headache like the time he caused...well, pick a headache...
- However, it should be known that I admire the very concept of homosexuality, as it naturally reduces overpopulation and provides loving homes for children without them.
- Ideally, half of the people on Earth would be gay, so we'd all have sufficient space and resources on which to thrive, without anyone having to die to make it happen.
- A few old school religions still persecute homosexuality, but you have to remember that there were very few people on Earth when these religions were established.
- Discouraging homosexuality during the fifth century likely just meant discouraging humanity going extinct, which is now the opposite of our species' problem.
- Now being heterosexual is logistically less valuable than being homosexual.
- And so, yes, I'm very straight, but I will fully admit believing that homosexuality is the only thing that can save our species.

To my one female follower on the coast somewhere...:

- I'm sorry I quit being your friend.
- That day you were drinking with your ex and did that thing to me in public has been a source of my quite non-lesbian nature having PTSD years later.

- That wasn't somewhere you were allowed to touch, and you were way too strong for me to even hope for the possibility of defending myself.
- I've been scared of confronting you and telling you the truth...that I can't be your friend because that situation made it too weird for me.
- I know you've been trying pretty hard to get in contact with me.
- I wish it was different, but I don't want to relive that day, and whether something happened again or not, I'm reasonably afraid of another day like it, so I've just been running.
- After all, that wasn't your first time behaving in this way. Simply the worst time.
- I'm sorry I wasn't up-front about why I was running.
- I'm sorry I blamed it on my then-boyfriend being upset with you.
- His concern for me was only part of the reason I stopped talking with you.
- I was hoping to avoid hurting your feelings any more than I had to, ending our friendship by letting you think that he was mad at you, and I was still moderately fine with you.
- But I'm not, because of that one traumatic day...that's the truth of the matter...
- You touched me somewhere you shouldn't have, and you threatened to drop me on my head if I screamed.
- You've been through a lot in life, so I knew not to expect normal behaviour from you, but this event was too much for me.
- I was mad for a while, then tried to forgive you.

- But I couldn't...especially when you still failed to maintain a respectful physical distance.
- I should have just said what I felt, but it took me a while to realize that what had happened freaked me out as badly as it had.
- By then, I hoped you'd simply lose interest until you forgot me, but you didn't.
- Instead, you came to my town unannounced.
- The dom in you recognized the sub in me, but the sub in me isn't attracted to women AT ALL, so your attempts weren't well-received.
- I really hope you're doing well, and I'm sorry I'm incapable of being a part of your life.
- Please accept that I feel this way...but know that I do want you to have happiness.
- ...You were far too strong, and any man of similar strength attempting the same would have beaten senseless by on-lookers for doing what you did, in public no less.
- You were so brash, there may even be store security footage of it somewhere, but that's not the point.
- I know that even though you acted beyond strangely, you always ironically meant well.
- You are one of the most epically intense people I have ever met, and I am far too fragile for your boundariless mad-capped adventuritis,
- ...AND 100% decidedly straight...
- ...An idea that never seemed to work for you...

- If I was bisexual and not perfectly straight, it would have been much, much easier to admit to bisexuality, than to all the weird shit I just admitted to wanting from a man.
- I'm not only straight, but specifically, selectively, straight.
- Straight, additionally disclosing normal relationships.
- You were epic to hang out with.
- Reckless like no one I've ever met.
- I'll bet you remember hanging out in the waiting room at that hospital a lot better than I do. You were bleeding pretty bad after your wipeout.
- I don't entirely regret meeting you at the Winter Carnival office that day, when we volunteered as mimes and befriended each other over a common anime.
- (Yes. There are things my audience doesn't know about me).
- But I can't be friends with someone I'm afraid to be alone with.
- I couldn't place the sensation at the time, but you may like to know that you were an uncontrolled swirling storm of mystical potential, and would likely be capable of some minor miracles with the right energetic training.
- In your case, I would seek out energetic forms of Qigong training.
- Don't take chances with an energy cloud like that, and try to limit how much energy you access from your environment.

- I can tell the difference now, and I'm pretty sure you were vamping me, dude.

On unrelated material:

- Well...have I said everything I needed to for the unrelated portion of the Chapter 16 exercise?
- Let's see...
- We have our health warnings, CHECK, our possession warnings, CHECK, and a rant exposing the darkest corners of my sexuality, and...check!!
- We are making excellent time, class! <3
- But in all seriousness...
- Dom men out there...
- If you sound like you might be the right man for me...
- ...Wherever you are...say something...don't be shy...
- I'm open to some additional interests I haven't mentioned.
- I couldn't care less if you were a 40-year-old virgin, if you've got a sharp dom personality and the drive to match.

- As clingy is more restrictive than stand-offish, I prefer to remain encouragingly stand-offish and selectively affectionate myself, while preferring clingy behaviour from my mate.
 - I'm as picky and specific as I am flawed, so I'm not exactly expecting to find my mailbox clogged with valentines and underwear.
 - If you sound perfect, there is a REMARKABLY good chance you're the ONLY reader who feels this way.
 - The rest of you can expect the nightmares to stop in approximately five weeks!
-

- {Future Cat: How's that, Lee...?...2.27.17}.
 - {Future Lee: It'll suffice, to get you what I promised you...2.27.17}.
 - {Future Cat: What about Danna and the interest problem?...2.27.17}.
 - {Future Lee: You let me worry about that. Besides. She has to make it right, remember? She can't pay you in feeling worse, by contract...2.27.17}.
 - {Future Cat: I don't know that she has to anything, or that you're really on my side on this one...2.27.17}.
 - {Future Lee: If I AM... We'll talk. I want some promises from you in exchange for undoing my hold over you on purpose. Got it?...2.27.17}.
 - {Future Cat: I'm listening...2.27.17}.
-

Back to the Exercise...

(Here's some green text, for my carefully untraumatized family).

- Everyone else, you have successfully survived the worst dating ad ever created.
- The road was tough, and some of you didn't make it.
- The point right now is, I went from having zero confidence to having too much.
- I haven't even put out this book.
- For all I know yet, seven people might read it: five I know, two out of morbid curiosity, and one dislike on Facebook.
- Dogs barking and spoons clattering within twenty feet make me nauseous and can crank my chest muscles painfully tight...but I am completely cool with myself, aside from wanting to change a few aspects of my life.
- I am a loser while simultaneously being at peace with myself.
- I have a new perspective.
- I can now spill egg yolk all over the floor and my pants, and not react in anger.
- I can teach you to be calm in the face of most intensity as well.
- I'll get back to you on the other symptoms I have when I solve them.
- Should this book fail, I will likely teach meditation to anxiety sufferers until I gain

enough students to start a physical emotional dojo.

- I am in no position to have confidence in myself, yet I usually have it.
- How can you be so sure that possessing enough of what you desire will give you confidence, if I can be confident in my own worth without almost any of it?

Prerequisites:

- Mental pushups: A moderate level of skill.
- Mental pace control: A basic-to-moderate level of skill.
- (I'll go over the reps you'll be using, but these earlier skills should really be worked on before beginning this kind of isolated mood work).

Side-Effects:

- Temporary intensification of whichever condition.
- Do not attempt during an excessive state until well-trained enough to feel very confident doing so.
- It gets easier with practice.

Basic premise:

- As you know if you've been practising my techniques, energetic work can produce a

buzz, followed by a low, which I will now speak about entirely too much, to imprint the idea on your technique base.

- The buzz feels uncomfortable to the anxious or manic, and the low feels uncomfortable to the depressed.
- Either effect can be used to counter its opposite over time, but in the early stages, tampering can increase uncontrolled suffering if used DURING uncontrolled suffering.
- Learn slowly during moderately strong emotional states until it gets easier.
- The upward energy will go up, then down, as you use the up up, got that?
- Eat the "sugar", go up, run out of "sugar", go down.
- Our first METAPHOR is eating all your candy, coping with the buzz, and dealing with the crash...
- Speaking of particular brain chemicals RATHER than sugar, this may be loosely what's happening if you regularly experience BOTH states.
- In any case, that's what it felt like was happening to me, and treating it as such was how I reversed it...
- I once had virtually no control over it.
- "OH MY GOD!! HELP!! I MUST BE DYING!! OH MY GOD!! HELP!! OH MY GOD!!"
"Wow. Tired now. Why do I feel so sad...? I think I need to sleep.....Good sleep....." "OH MY GOD!! HELP!!" ...
- Using the sugar metaphor, anxiety is "consuming the energy of an ice cream cake for ten in one sitting," and depression is "having a chocolate bar a week".

- Neither sickening excess nor strict rationing is ideal.
- Remember, sugar is just a metaphor here...
- It helps us reach an understanding with our body, and likely has no direct scientific connection in any way to actual sugar.
- We are converting certain painful emotional effects into a neutral manageable resource we can later spend on positive emotional effects.
- This is some very minor transmutation.
- When your energetic skills improve, we would like to point out that it's important that you don't take that one sweet bite too many and find yourself feeling lousy.

Notes on these Techniques:

- So, now you know that energetic work can produce a buzz, followed by a low.
- You also vaguely understand that this effect can be manipulated.

Rationing:

- To alter our sugar metaphor, imagine your body gives you one free six-pack of energy drinks every week.
- There is a huge difference between drinking it all in one night before bed, and sipping one a day throughout the week in the mornings.
- One path leads to vomiting, insomnia and health concerns, the other to higher productivity.

- The resource can be wasted in one poorly-timed sitting, creating only suffering, or it can be rationed usefully.
- Not now, of course.
- This skill takes a lot of training.
- Some people learn to tamper with their energy levels unconsciously, by accident.
- What could have been a gift of untold emotional freedom becomes a deadly curse.
- Some people have the wrong supply delivered in the first place, and need to ration strategically.

The unrationable:

- The ability to notice that you're drinking up your rations is...DIFFERENT...when it occurs in your own head.
- You don't have empty cans to count, or a series of arm and hand movements standing in the way between you and your next can of rations.
- You can accidentally drink down whatever is sitting within reach using certain as-of-yet unconscious mechanisms.
- Nothing has visibly happened, but the Inside is in upheaval.
- In fact, if you're anything like I was, controlling my nervous energy was once a lot more like stepping on a garden hose than rationing.
- I would simply delay massive bursts of energy off and on, while intermittently coping through the surges...

- PREFERABLY, we'd all like to simply find the tap and adjust it, but this isn't achieved overnight.
- The valve itself is like a muscle when you do find it, and must be developed to be effective.

A few extra notes:

- While it's time to divide this into sections, treat it as a whole.
- Both techniques are required to move the energy around in the end, even if only one of these conditions has been a problem for you.
- Therefore, using just one WILL NOT HAVE AN EFFECT.
- Only preparing one technique is akin to taking only your cool or warm clothes camping.
- Assuredly, you'll need to prepare for both the warm daytime and the cold nighttime.
- You require energy as much as you require a quality place to put it.

Nervous high/mania/anxiety: (may include over-positive affect):

- If your body's going into fight-or-flight overdrive, you're likely hemorrhaging a tasty power source without knowing it.
- First, the threat is too powerful in illusory appearance.
- Not to you, but to your body.

- The threat is puffed up.
- Your instincts are convinced it can literally eat you.
- And yes, I literally mean your BODY starts LITERALLY acting like your last public speaking error can, even years later, lead to an ACTUAL gory demise.
- Explaining that you aren't in danger to your body, logically, is the same as explaining that you aren't in danger to you dog, logically.
- Maybe your tone is soothing enough to create a slight difference.
- Maybe not.
- And it's draining to rest on high alert with all of your body's fire alarms and timers going off all around your head.

Supposed threat level:

- We need to make changes to the supposed threat level before we can address the real threat level.
- It's currently self-feeding in a cycle.
- Your body is convinced something really bad is happening...that ISN'T, so we need to remedy that first.
- (You are not, for example, being murdered, and if you are, stop reading and deal with that FIRST).
- Your body needs to be informed it isn't facing imminent death, or we're not going to be able to make things better.

- Remember...!
- Your body doesn't think the way you do, or necessarily respond to the nice or soothing things you say.
- Your body knows you.
- It fully understands that you'd try and sooth it if it was dying, as well.
- It therefore has NO REASON to trust you to tell it the TRUTH about the CURRENT threat level...
- Even more so if you've been brave or strong in the past, so it's time to prove everything's okay.
- The best way to demonstrate safety to your body is to deflate its current fixations.
- Right, class pets. Solving.
- To deflate its current fixations, you must prove to your own body that, for a count of 20, you can hold your current state of emotional pain perfectly still in your focus while breathing slowly LIKE a calm person.
- Yes this is essentially basic solving. However, this time it's going to feel like you're solving big game. This is also only your first step.

Solving differences:

- Holding it still is going to be much more important than usual.

- It may "run".
- You may also run without meaning to.
- Proving to be non-lethal when faced for twenty whole seconds, the problem will lose its mortal threat status for now.
- The body will be convinced that nothing is life-threateningly wrong, quite suddenly.
- A TIGER A TIGER A TIGER!!...Oh, wait, it's just a chipmunk.
- This may take an average of about three tries per pain to remain permanent.
- The body learns what it repeats.
- Birds...tigers...breakups...you know, they're all just so much alike to the body, so it needs to practice discernment.
- If you veer away in a panic from breakup pain, your body will come to assume it's ACTUALLY dangerous.
- Three tries is not a rule, and you'll notice a huge difference between solves like, for example, "I dropped twenty dollars somewhere," and solves like, for example, "a tornado took my childhood home".
- More serious pains may gradually re-emerge over a period of a few weeks to re-test threat status.
- Body: "That feeling was safe for the first time yesterday. So you're telling me it's ALSO not dangerous RIGHT NOW? Wow. Okay...! Let me get this straight...Are you telling me that this feeling will also be safe tomorrow!? What are the odds!?"...
- Proving to produce no threat status a few times, a medium issue will likely cease to return.

- Your body has been taught out of responding to the issue as a physical threat.
- Solving isn't dwelling, and it doesn't even resemble worrying.
- It is performed in still discipline, with the sole purpose of proving to the body that nothing scary is happening.
- Still feeling is key.
- Worrying or dwelling is the opposite of solving.
- Worrying isn't a "chosen action", but a "failure to avoid".
- Unlike solving, worry comes with words and pictures.
- When solving, use no pictures or sounds.
- Encourage body sensation and mood only.
- Then, when a flash of a picture or word does come up, it will tend to be symbolic and meaningful rather than cyclically self-argumentative.
- Focus on one point at a time, about one cubic inch of the body, keeping it as STILL as possible, again, and sharply in focus.
- Breathe out more than in if you're over-breathing, SO SLOWLY that your body barely moves, if you can manage it.
- Oxygen excess feels like suffocation at a certain point...more so than not breathing for several seconds does.
- Many people don't realize this.

- Look up hyperventilation.
- Breathing in too much can be a big contributor to the physical problem itself.
- Try not to hold your breath much, but if you absolutely feel you have to, hold your out-breath instead of your in-breath.
- This helped me regulate my oxygen much better for some reason.

Patience component:

- Anxiety is often accompanied by impatience.
- After all, we want the fear to stop quickly, as it feels like death is surely closing in.
- However, impatience and rushing can only magnify the problem, and so it helps a lot to deflate it.
- Hold your impatience in focus for counts of twenty as well, to reduce its burden on the anxiety.
- Remember that slowing down in itself won't kill you.
- Alternate with trying to be impatient, which will also paradoxically deflate or use up the impatiently writhing energy.

Using excess:

- For now, even the work of all this should be helping to reduce your excess energy slightly.
- Eventually, the rest of the excess should start to become dormant and usable over

time as it stops feeling threatened by certain issues so strongly.

- When your body stops addressing an emotional threat as a physical one, it deflates, and the energy becomes usable for constructive things again.
- Performed too fast, this can lead to uncomfortable states of excess.
- Making the energy dormant doesn't help with the issue of excess.
- We need a place to put the newly released intensity.
- Solving is only the first step...
- On to the next phase...

Positive muscles:

- Once we have some control over the previously-nervous energy, we need to practice building "positive" emotional states as muscles, twenty seconds on, twenty off, to give your new stores of controlled energy a place to go.
- Honestly, this feels awful.
- "Imagine the happiest person...", then alternate with your full sadness, being sure to make stops at base state...
- As with depression-sufferers, this "happiness" should likely feel like shit, until both muscles and valve control for the excess energy are in place.
- So, yes...If imagined "happiness" feels like pain, you're ironically on the right track.
- It's cramped and weak but can be made strong and healthy.

- Imagining good feelings is simply a muscle-building exercise, and in no way guaranteed to feel good at all yet.
- Your current conception of "the happiest" may produce only pain if you're in a particularly difficult state.
- That is fine, and even expected for serious sufferers.

No pain, no gain:

- So, yeah...if your condition is serious enough that "happiness" feels like a sunburn in your chest, you AREN'T doing it wrong.
- In fact, this really needed to be done.
- Control will develop at different speeds, depending on the severity of your issues, but some progress can be expected to show within the first week or two.

Balancing oxygen:

- For those who become overwhelmed in the early stages, have you ever heard of the tactic of breathing into a paper bag?
- Well, I've stumbled across something similar on my own, but I like it better.
- If anxiety or panic gets really bad, get yourself under a blanket until the carbon dioxide in the air brings your excess oxygen consumption down.
- Excess oxygen feels like suffocation, remember.
- Less oxygen is what we find in a paper bag we've been hyperventilating into.
- We tend to over-breathe when we panic.

- If you can't stop over-breathing, it helps to over-breathe air with lower oxygen content for a couple of minutes instead.
- Being under a blanket can bring you down in a less severe way than using a paper bag, as the bag runs out of oxygen joltingly fast.
- Also, the air under a blanket can be more easily moderated and adjusted.
- Being under a blanket also feels a lot more comfortable than sitting at the kitchen table and breathing into a paper bag.
- Notice how it had a calming effect on you when you were a kid and you thought there were monsters in your closet?
- Now you know that the effect was a physical one.

Emotional Low/Depression/Fatigue (over-negative affect):

- Honestly, depression is a lot less simple than anxiety.
- Having too much anxious energy can be terrifying, but not having enough requires special work in order to build more.
- We need to get you saving energy and building muscles in the same way an anxiety sufferer would, but rationing is going to take a lot more effort.
- If you compared panic to drowning in a flood of energy, depression is running out of energy through hidden leaks.
- The body is still responding to threats, but there are so many supposed threats, it doesn't have the resources to do it with gusto anymore.
- Solving the issues that stress you out (with twenty seconds spent on each square

inch of suffering) will reduce energy-hemorrhaging to unnecessary places.

- It'll patch your vessel.
- This will momentarily take extra energy you can barely afford, so don't overdo it.
- Work on these connections while well enough.
- Solving isn't the exercise itself, but part of doing it well.
- It's the part where you patch the holes before you try to fill your vessel back up.

Recommended protocol:

- Working on it won't always be possible. In the meantime, rest like you have a cold or flu.
- Counteract as many unnecessary forms of depletion as you reasonably can.
- Work on Vitamin C and other forms of immune-boosting as though you had a cold or flu.
- A good immune system greatly sped up my self-healing work.

Solar differences:

- Have you been avoiding the sun?
- Craving the sun?
- Listen to your body.

- Serotonin and melatonin are super connected, if you want to be all scientific about it.
- Maybe you're re-balancing what your body itself does.
- Listening to my body has always worked out better than forcing it to do what I thought was best.
- As I've mentioned, look at what you're doing, look at what it gives you, look at how you can make production of this faster or easier by changing your diet or other habits.
- I went from craving a lot of light to a lot of darkness, followed by a temporary 32-hour waking-cycle (whether it's related to the Red functions or not).
- When I listened to my body, a great deal of my fatigue and psychosomatic pain vanished.
- (...Just...keep a doctor in the loop for anything weird...).

Brain chemicals vs. outlook:

- Accept the lows by accepting that even positive memories require something to power their positivity.
- Serotonin.
- For those of you who don't comprehend the concept of depression, we're not talking about having a "sad week"...
- If you have a mood disorder, you often can't feel good...at all.
- Even remembering good things CAN'T feel good if the pleasure of the memories requires chemicals like serotonin and you don't have them.

- Your body produces the chemicals that make things feel good, and if you don't HAVE any you DON'T feel good, by current chemical makeup.
- To imagine depression at its worst accurately, imagine that everything on Earth that brought you any joy whatsoever had been taken away, and you didn't know when or if you'd get it back again.

For reference:

- If you are severely depressed, you could be sad while having sex in a hot tub full of money or chocolate pudding.
- You could be sad while receiving an award for the hottest and most intelligent person on Earth.
- You could be sad while accepting a cheque for thirteen-trillion dollars.
- A severely depressed person isn't "sad".
- Their chemical balance renders them incapable of being happy...A severely depressed person is ABSOLUTELY FUCKING SAD.
- For those who STILL don't comprehend depression, the death of your cat feels like the death of your cat, talking to your friends feels like the death of your cat, imagining a happy future with your spouse feels like the death of your cat, and watching your favourite movie while eating ice cream with good friends feels like the death of your cat.
- This isn't an attitude.
- It's structural or chemical, and some people feel like this for years at a time, creating a constant state of miserable coping.
- It can progress until survival instincts give up.

- You shouldn't expect miracles of people, like believing they can suddenly manufacture serotonin from the air when they have low production.
- That's like treating a runner with a sprained ankle like a slacker for not running still.
- Feeling happy "by choice" isn't real.
- Remember how our bodies decide things?
- We don't decide that pizza tastes good and dirt tastes bad, so if our body up and tells us that pizza tastes like dirt, no amount of will-power can cause its flavour to produce pleasure.
- If our body tells us that everything looks, tastes, sounds, feels, and smells like dirt, no amount of will-power will spontaneously turn it beautiful again, unless we can learn to appreciate dirt.
- A person who is simply having a "sad week" may have her actual cat die after losing her job, and still be capable of enjoying ice cream on some level.
- A depressed person CAN'T.
- They feel like their cat died now, even though it happened a year ago, and ice cream tastes like bland nothing.
- Nothing can feel better at a lowest time, and pretending it has anything to do with will-power is derogatory.
- It's no more than hate speech.
- Particularly when the damage is structural.
- To blame such a person for not looking on the bright side, or for behaving suicidally,

is no better than becoming angry with an epileptic for convulsing.

- It's no better than fuming at a person on crutches for walking too slowly.
- A mood disorder sufferer may be unskilled, maybe, but no one feels this way through choice, or to get noticed.

Attention-seeking:

- Do you know who tends to seek the most attention?
- That's right!
- Those pesky people being torn apart by wild animals.....selfishly screaming, "Help me! Help me! Help me, me, me!" like a demanding bitch, even though no one can even do anything about it.
- Classically, attention is something we crave as a survival mechanism. We crave it when we're in danger, so we don't die, and we crave it when our needs aren't met and we feel unwell as a result.
- So yes, a depressed or anxious person might cry out for attention as a survival mechanism.
- If you want to complain about someone with a mood disorder seeking support, you should also shout "shut up, drama queen!" at the next person you encounter on fire, should you also notice that they're failing to stop, drop, and roll, like someone who actually wants to put an EFFORT into being extinguished...

Champion-grade training:

- Severely depressed or anxious people...
- Just know that I know that you're doing an incredibly good job with the "tools"

you've been given in life so far.

- You know.....all the "medically" disinterested listening and inaccurate cocktails of disorienting numbing agents...?
- There is a lot of absolute shit out there posing as help.
- If you're severely depressed or anxious, you're already a warrior.
- After all, if you were suddenly placed back into average medium-grade human emotions, you would be able to manage them so well that everyone around you would appear emotionally infantile and thoroughly undisciplined when compared with you.
- Even hope requires chemicals like serotonin.
- This must be understood in order to survive a deep depression.
- You can't picture a happy future without happy brain chemicals.
- What is therefore real is your current lack of chemicals, and the fact that they can fill back up later.
- It feels hopeless, because chemically you can't feel hope right now.
- You're actually feeling correctly for someone who is chemically out of hope.
- Don't try to force feelings like they keep telling you to.

- Let your reservoir replenish.
- Then, learn to use it in the most effective ways.
- If you aren't feeling positive in a normally-positive situation, realize your emotions are currently at a low, and rest some of your energy and resources back up.

In your worst states of depression, just tell yourself that your emotions have the flu:

- Any dark thoughts are irrational fever thoughts you shouldn't act on.
- Treat yourself as you would when you're physically sick.
- Don't push yourself to do things that will keep you depleted.
- That only works on "sad" people.
- Not depressed people.
- Deal with the future when you are capable of feeling better.
- Return to solving pain leaks when you feel well enough to.
- By gradually learning not to physically hemorrhage energy to a mountain of small worries, much can be regained.
- With still focus, the energy pouring to these issues very quickly becomes bored, gives up on finding a mortal threat, and stores up elsewhere as rations.

- Again, twenty seconds on the emotions of an issues, no pictures, no sound, followed by twenty seconds of the opposite emotion.
- Then comes the necessary task of learning to use the loosened energy positively.
- If you don't redirect it, it can become anxious energy.

Building the muscles:

- Even if you are extremely depressed, you should be able to remember THAT you had positive emotions, if not tiny glimpses of the emotions themselves.
- The memory of where they were stored is all you need.
- Do some uncomfortable pushups of "imagined great happiness" with "imagined great sadness", or "imagined great confidence" with "imagined low confidence", to develop the muscles with which you'll later use the energy you're saving.
- Again...this will probably feel like pinching vs. sadness, and pinching vs. low confidence, if you are a very depressed person, and this is actually a good sign you're on the right track.
- Again, you're just creating channels and valves for the loosened energy later, remember.
- If you don't work on a place to put it, it could go anxious.
- Never overuse energy, or "push too hard" on it.
- Imagine the force it takes to close a normal door in your home.
- Don't push ANY energy ANYwhere harder than THIS for now.

- Less if possible.
- This will ensure control before power, and prevent "pulled muscles".
- Once you manage to save energy, and start to feel charged up, begin to run it GENTLY into your newly constructed positive channels to maintain control.
- This can only feel better after it feels worse, particularly if these channels are newly-forged.
- Expect something similar to the cramped-car-legs effect to begin with.

Momentum:

- Mastering a gentle flow is going to be more difficult for an anxious person.
- You're going to need to develop an awareness of your "spending" habits.
- A depressed person is used to having too little of what I'm talking about.
- You will know it very well when you suddenly have too much.
- Now the task is to avoid chugging the energy down all at once.
- To slow it is to ration it.
- To slow it too much all at once can accumulate pressure.
- Remember to keep the energy's force level down to that door-closing force level I mentioned, or lower.
- This POWER RESTRICTION also includes holding a building force BACK.

Polar winds:

- A depressed person may have to solve a couple of anxious issues by necessity as depression improves.
- Practising increasing or restricting flow SLOWLY will help you with future rationing.
- Any excess that can't be stored or used, can be quickly spent on my techniques.
- If your level of force is out of control right now, scale it back SLOWLY.
- Never address energy in a fast or jerky fashion.
- Don't even slow things quickly.
- You can get hurt.
- Having emotional control will eventually enable you to not only divvy up your rations better, but to find new sources of energy to draw from.
- This can become addictive and feel really good.
- It can feel good enough that it can become hard to stop, eventually.
- People will find your addictive approach to dealing with your negative emotions genuinely confusing.

Final notes:

- Patching leaks, and learning to pace the outflow, are the hard parts in the end.

- Building the muscle is simply boring and uncomfortable.
- Valve control in lost emotional pockets can feel like a bottleneck full of heat and pressure until each is mastered.
- If pressure becomes a problem, treat the energy like flowing water and cease trying to direct it in any way.
- In other words, you kind of have a base flow.
- Practice various techniques to the point of cold or fatigue to use up the excess.
- Remember that your body's production will eventually adapt to match your healthy usage.

The order of things:

- The first thing you'll notice is a reduction in pain and fear.
- Pleasure itself returns last.
- While discomfort doesn't necessarily mean you're doing anything wrong, remember that it's important to rest and respect technique limits.
- Learn to tell constructive discomfort from destructive.

Daredevil-proof:

- I don't doubt NO daredevils will manage to overdo this.
- For one, the technique is directed at people who already respect the hazardous

powers of the mind.

- For another, it's extremely difficult to master, and the body requires rest after even a small amount of early work.
- It's hard to overdo a focal technique WHILE you nap.
- It is an exercise of endurance and resistance, so the main problem isn't likely to be short-term overuse.
- Rather, the real problem can lie in the aftereffects of improper technique when coupled with the kind of long-term addiction you see in some serious joggers. Double-check your technique every so often if you're going to start taking this marathon-seriously.

To those in crisis:

- Anyone actively suicidal should immediately seek help and not depend on my methods entirely, EVER, okay?
- I've sought help.
- There's no shame in keeping yourself safe, simply because no one ELSE can see the pain in your brain.
- Sometimes a mental condition requires the sufferer to seek safety elsewhere.

Your ally in this:

- A mood disorder is at the very least an epic energy crisis, not a "bad mood," so let anyone who suggests you aren't a warrior shove it up their ass.
- At least until they can bear losing everything that brings them joy without displaying pain.

- Never apologize for all you've suffered.
- I would gladly have a permanent stomach flu instead of depression, I'm not sure about you other sufferers...
- I'm now giving the low-esteemed among you encouragement and permission to seek help if you aren't finding the will to do it in yourself.
- I am requesting that you treat yourself with care and respect as a way to honour everyone like you.
- To give your impossibly difficult condition nurturing and space to heal.
- Remember to think of deep depression as a fever of thinking, which you need to get through while not over-thinking...as a form of bed rest.
- Don't make big choices while down.
- Making big decisions while depressed can be just as potentially destructive as drinking and driving, though their legal statuses differ.
- I recommend you treat them as equally bad choices.
- Minor improvements to your condition should be consistent as you practice my techniques, but some changes won't show up for a few days after performing an exercise.

Endurance training:

- Think of most of the things I teach you to use in terms of physical endurance.
- For example, you don't perform a running regime for three days, then quit because you aren't athletic yet and everything hurts.

- Slow improvement should be expected, as with any physical muscle.
- If you aren't developing a little muscle or endurance after a few weeks, you're either performing the technique wrong, or it isn't made for your body or mind.
- If my techniques are incompatible with you, go Yogic. Go Zen. Go Reiki. Go qigong.
- You should feel springier and at least slightly more refreshed after the first week, or re-examine and/or switch up your technique.

NOTE!!!:

- Common mistakes may include using mental pictures or words, as you NEED to keep the feelings you address perfectly still, and words and pictures have a way of redirecting subject matter.
- Starting with words and pictures is fine, but don't maintain focus on them.
- You need to assess the body threat while it's standing still.
- Maybe a picture or word gets you to the still emotion, but drop the image as soon as possible.
- Cycling through a story of what happened to cause your pain may set you backwards, and get you uncomfortably bumped!!
- A realization may come to you during your work, or perhaps a really weird word or picture.
- Write everything notable down, drop thinking about it, and fixate on the sensation again...
- Write down your important flash-thoughts as you go, because remembering them

until the end can only take away from your technique.

- As a last resort, try to contact me if things get too weird and I'll see if I can help.
- Most of my maternal protectiveness has latched itself onto the mentally ill community.

Mood conditions have many sources:

- And not all depression or anxiety are the same thing.
- Some stem from trauma.
- Some stem from chronic stress.
- Some are caused by seemingly-unrelated health problems that need addressing.
- Has your thyroid been checked, for example?
- Do you have an allergy?
- Does your water supply taste funny?
- Do you get little to no natural light?
- Do you have seven kids and no babysitter?
- Could your body simply be telling you that something around you is more than you can comfortably cope with?
- The source of a problem makes all the difference.

- I doubt, for example, that you're going to find a breathing exercise for the depressive symptoms of a kiwi allergy that works better than simply not eating kiwi...

The paranormal angle:

- For that matter, problems may be caused by entities I don't know anything about yet.
- I don't discount the possibility after the things I've experienced.
- I'm not talking about figures, but dangerous outside creatures you went against my recommendations and successfully contacted anyways.
- I certainly can't say I've encountered every kind of Inner or Outer that can produce weird symptoms.

Outer defences:

- Try a symbolic approach first, if you suspect entity tampering.
- Doctors...priests...exorcists...
- If you need to use them, use them.
- I do my best to guide, but it isn't professional guidance in any way.
- I can only tell you what I've learned on my own journey.
- I provide you with precautions as a park ranger or expert hiker might.

- I don't control the bears.

Collaboration:

- I'd like to know how many people can become adepts in my school, and improve on what I've done, and what I've learned.
- With more pioneers in my field, and more skilled Inner warriors, maybe we can really cure a few things.
- I'd still feel better if you had to dig to get an exercise out of what I've written.
- Dig and find my exercises if you want them badly enough.
- This is an 86-page exercise at the moment, but the exercise itself is probably less than ten pages if you locate it all.
- If you aren't willing to dig for it, you probably shouldn't have it in the first place.
- For this reason, I strongly discourage you posting simplified versions of my exercises around.
- You'll just maim your followers before ultimately sending them back to me for years of necessary repairs that they'll have every reason to blame YOU for.
- These bears ain't out for your picnic basket.
- Here's a map and a shovel.
- Just call digging your "miniquest".

Chapter 16: *Eenie-Meenie-Miney...No.*

“When worldly things become mentally replicable, mentally wordly things become perfectible. What then of worldly things?”

-Doom

NOTES

date: 1.17.12

-Note that some archetypes will give you life advice.



⚠️ WARNING

Stormy

-Some will need to be analyzed as *symbolic* advice.

LISTENING

-ALL will need to be studied for motive.

Glass
Animals:
Psylla

INTRODUCTION

-Don't assume right or wrong. Just consider. Consider if you're dealing with the truth, or a distraction...

-Note: It can sometimes be both...

1.17.12

You Obviously Need Me

On the Bus

- {To be clear, the man I'm about to mention is not the man who hurt me. This man, a boyfriend of many years, was too lenient, the next boyfriend was, well...too strict I guess you could say, if you want to mislabeled a domestic hate crime against panic attack sufferers. One man needed me for too much, in a way I didn't want, one needed me for too little, also in a way I didn't want...2.27.17}.

Cat: Why so much fighting between {Del} and I?

Liverish: You obviously still harbour resentments,

- and he should "respect your sacrifice dammit".
- Is what I hear.

Cat: I don't want to feel that way.

Liverish: Of course not,

- but do you know how to stop it?

- {Looking back now, this was probably meant as a rhetorical question...7.7.16}.

Cat: I can't have what I want so why not abandon it...

- The dates and stuff.

- {Due to mutually bad mental health circumstances and Cat's heavy school schedule, it has likely been weeks to months since Cat and {Del} have been able to leave the house together for something other than groceries...this wasn't the only time a {date night} drought like this happened...7.7.16}.
-

- {Future Liverish: *Am I called "Lee" yet? Let's call me "Lee" here...10.24.16}.*
 - {Future Cat: *"Future" helps though...10.24.16}.*
 - {Future Liverish: *Well fuck the whole fucking format. Let's overhaul. Actually, fuck that. The problem was NOT just...I think it had more to do with your sub orientation...Not just dates. Not just time...10.24.16}.*
 - {Future Cat: *You were a hint, but you did a pretty bad job of warming me up to the idea...10.24.16}.*
 - {Future Liverish: I was what I was with poison emotions. You got what you made. Eat it. I'm about to explain how you made the poison worse. Are you excited? <3...10.24.16}.
-

Liverish: *Fuck, Cat, then those energies go to feeding someone like me.*

- {Note: I must analyze the meaning of this closely later...7.7.16}.

- {Future Liverish: *Just did, maggot-brained note-face...10.24.16}.*
- {Future Cat: ...Wow. Are you sliding? What kind of a burn was that, and who were you burning!?...10.24.16}.
- {Lee frowns at Cat...10.24.16}.

Cat: *But you're changing...*

Liverish: Involves a cleanse of FUCKING BUS!!

- —Stuff like that...

Cat: Hey, YOU like the middle {of the bus, where it accordions}...

- [in the back now...].
- Way better.

- {Cat has moved to a seat across from the back doors}.
- {...To spite him...I embarrass me a lot in 2012...2.27.17}.
- {Liverish prefers the accordioned section in the middle}.
- {I really did NOT choose my battles back then...12.8.17}.

Cat: Way better.

Liverish: *Fine, Fuck.*

Cat: *So, I can't cleanse it...?*

- {Meaning the hope and disappointment accompanying the idea of going on dates that neither partner has the time nor health for...7.7.16}.
- {Rather than address the problem, I'm being an idiot and trying to force myself to feel that it's NOT a problem...9.29.16}.
- {Future Liverish: Which is still arguably at most the mid-range issue at this moment...10.24.16}.

Liverish: *You can feel it and move on if you don't plan on making more.*

Cat: *More...*

- but...

Liverish: ...

- {Cat is protesting because she wants to solve the feelings and not the blatant problem...Liverish seems to be trying to get around her gently, (probably because he knows she shuts down discussion when he insults {Del})...7.7.16}.

Cat: It's his wish or mine, so I suppose I have to keep feeling this way...

- {In addition to the many other problems, there is a bit of an effort problem on his part, particularly when it comes to solving this issue...7.7.16}.

Liverish: Do you, Cat?

- Why not change something easier than a feeling?

Cat: Can I actually do that?

- What is there?
- I'm not altering him...

Liverish: ...

Cat: I DID {SO} express that it was important.

- That didn't matter.

Liverish: ...

Cat: I suppose it still doesn't...

- except that I'm feeling it again.

- {Future Liverish smiles at Future Cat...10.24.16}

- {Lee: Don't you just HATE you right now...?...10.24.16}.
- {Future Cat:Don't remind me so hard...10.24.16}.

Liverish: Alteration.

Cat: With you?

- —Won't that make him jealous?
- I suppose you are my {Vox}...

Liverish: Like you've *read,

- you won't be making him anything.
- You'll be getting what you need.

- {*"Read" he says...Is he misquoting another book?...11.30.17, 12.8.17}.

Cat: Come to think of it,

- I {inner} dated Blue a little.

Liverish: Precedent, see?

- It was normal.
- You've made it not.
- Is that healthy?

Cat: I guess not...

- but {Del's} feelings on the matter...

- {Can you guess what we're looking at, here, teacher's pets?.....That's right! This was when my martyr poison was winning...11.30.17}.

Liverish: He wants to do something about it, he will.

Cat: I don't know...

- God I feel so angry.

Liverish: Easy, Cat.

- It may just be that energetic cluster-fuck of retrospective emotional matter I dropped on you {earlier}. <3

Cat: Yay.

- How about the next phase?

Liverish: Just makes you more and more honest about what bothers you,

- are you sure you can handle more impact?

Cat: No.

- Of course not.
- Does it matter?

Liverish: Oooh...

- big words, but this is fire you're playing with.
- Honest-to-goodness solid wall of pain...

Cat: As I said...

- does it matter?
- Can it get worse?
- Can I stop it now that it's started?

- {Future Lee is smiling maliciously at Cat again...2.27.17}.
- {Future Cat: Shut up with that smug look, would you?...2.27.17}.

Liverish: *Courageous and Fucking STUPID.*

- *I can hold the rest, now.*
- *Don't let off fighting with what you've got,*
- *but don't ask for more, either.*

Cat: *What am I headed for?*

- *I keep treating {Del} coldly.*

Liverish: *The resentments you've been pretending aren't there still are,*

- *but now you aren't equipped to deal with them as well...*
- *so they...those shields...*
- *fall first.*
- *Something had to...*

Cat: *I don't want my love for {Del} to suffer...*

Liverish: *How do you think it will more?*

- *You're stopping,*
- *failing...*

- {I didn't know that I was going to end up being short on school credits, so "failing" here means two things, by synchronistic irony...7.7.16}.
- {Future Cat: No wonder I was mentally ill, for fuck's sake...STOP WITH THE SMILE, LEE!!
Your face might STAY like that eventually, you know...2.27.17}.

Cat: I could see how he feels about it..

Liverish: Do.

- One or the other.
- He has to agree to one.

Cat: [...].

Liverish: Then you get the other.

- Easy.

- Cat sighs.

Cat: ...

Liverish: Not knowing what to expect, hmm?

Cat: That's often a problem.

Liverish: Easy.

- You just need something to remain constant.
- Not everything.

Cat: Like what?

Liverish: Energy sets for certain areas.

- A Happy Place will come.
- For now even a particular “smell” you can evoke.

Cat: Something...

- good...
- but...

Liverish: A figure's is too volatile.

- Something else...

Cat: ...*not physical...

- {*Am I connecting with him to finish his sentence? Is that bond already forming?...7.7.16}.
- {Future Lee: Pretty much fucking has to be, doesn't it?...2.27.17}.

Liverish: Right...

Cat: ...*no...

- {*Another lowercase...Interesting. Am I out of focus?...7.7.16}

Liverish: You need a new wardrobe...

- no energy here doesn't spell “Mommy and Daddy's little princess” ...

Cat: "Little"{—}...

- —are you kidding me...?

- {I think he's telling me how to hold my energy to appear less naive...10.24.16}.

- {Apparently I'm emitting waves of sheltered weakness into the atmosphere...2.27.17}.

Liverish: No, is the sad part.

- I was partially responsible for this.
-

- {After an apparent Doctor's Appointment...2.27.17}.

Cat: So...what do you think of {Dr. G}?

Liverish: As of yet,

- uncertain.
- You?

Cat: I like her.

Liverish: I'm suspicious of liking anyone too fast.

Cat: How about a good vibe?

Liverish: Pffft...

- vibe...
- don't fucking call it that anymore.
- You sound like a fucking paranormal detective show.
- Ease off on that word.

Cat: I thought this was something mental scent didn't apply to.

Liverish: It doesn't.

Cat: So correct me.

- Don't let me stand here wondering.

Liverish: I suppose not...

- I shouldn't.
- You would perhaps discuss the positive nature of her intentions—
- the "smell" of intentions is fine.
- The "air" is also good.
- Be more creative,
- you're living in a fucking metaphor.

Cat: Right.

- But creativity and proper terms...?

Liverish: Get the aptness, Cat.

- Get what doesn't apply, to get what does.

Cat: That doesn't necessarily follow.

- There are many ways to do most things wrong...
- so....

Liverish: But if you superimpose what you think is right,

- and it isn't...

Cat: I can correct?

- *How much time do I put in?*

Liverish: *This isn't petty, Cat.*

- *It's vital to have things straight, here....*
- *[...].*

Cat: *It...*

Liverish: *FUCKING BUS I HATE YOU BUS!!!*

- *FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT!!*

- *{It seems they are on the new bus route again...12.8.17}.*

Cat: *Fine, fine.*

- *It actually alters the results?*

Liverish: *Right...yes...so be fucking careful!*

Cat: *How do I do this for...*

- *good things...*
- *allowable things, anyways...?*
- *Not all good things are okay.*

- *{I was really hard on myself for being a submissive on the inside. I REALLY tried to push those feelings down...2.27.17}.*

Liverish: *This is one form of getting what you want that is perfectly okay.*

- *Try it...*
- *let's see...*

- {Now I switch abruptly from those feelings to my impatience. I'm waiting for a bus and keep glancing up, expecting to miss it...Interesting place for a switch. It seems I bumped myself...2.27.17}.

Cat: *A bus is an unmissable object on a track.*

- *{I'll hold that concept}.*

Liverish: ...

Cat: *Saying so doesn't make it any faster...*

Liverish: *But it enables you to spend your time more constructively than when you sit and watch for it like you've got to jump on it while it's still moving—*

- *—yes, and that—*
- *—air brakes are {loud enough to be} a secondary fail-safe.*

Cat: *I guess...*

Liverish: *Fuck, Cat.*

Cat: *C-cold...*

- *It's so cold.*

- {It's January, which usually produces a creeping damp cold in Vancouver...7.7.16}.

- {I have since moved back to the town that is, at best, famous for a trainload of escaped circus elephants and a yearly wiener dog race. Sorry hometown. You belong in a late night cartoon, not real life. I'm still a little surprised my parents chose you. I'm first generation, but well-versed in avoiding trouble. It's all about knowing the distance you can be from a Canada Day brawl while still being in the range of projectiles. It's about knowing which bars never to enter without the local version of a Sherpa mountain guide and a shampoo bottle full of hand sanitizer. It's about driving and walking like you're on an obstacle course game show, or being crippled in an unearthly collision. It's about being either a professional cyclist, not a cyclist, or dead. It's about going on the local Craigslist looking for love, and instead going to bed having nightmares of couple-couple love, the "babygirl" twenty-somethings and their fifty-something "daddies", and the married truckers attempting to pay well-hung transsexual men for discrete one night stands. This town is about wading through four feet of snow in some places, and foot-deep potholes full of water in other places. This town is about the rampant infestation of deer who have evolved to cross the street correctly. If they tasted better with beer, we'd have made them disappear by now. I'm guessing they've also evolved to taste bad with beer. As you can tell by now, this town is about personal evolution, and simply fucking surviving, is what this town is about.....What were we talking about before we got off track, again?.....Oh, right. *The Vancouver cold...6.22.17*}.
- {Vancouver behaves like it's tropical all summer, but when winter hits, this only means that the expected Canadian snow is replaced by an all-pervasive tropical steam that rests non-intuitively just above freezing and dampens and cools whatever it touches. This can have the illusion of being the same as a dry -20 degrees. Vancouver shuts down almost completely when it ACTUALLY snows there...11.30.17}.

Liverish: *Forget it, Cat.*

- *Pretend you'll be in it for hours.*
- *One or the other, Cat...*
- *be in the end or don't predict it for hours...*
- *Those are two ways to quit rushing...*

Cat: *Good ones...*

- *but...*
- *It's so counter-intuitive...*

Liverish: *More than "ready, set, go!"?*

- *I mean, FUCK, Cat...*

Cat: Did you...?

Liverish: Yes.

- Fine.
- I installed "ready, set, go",
- but seriously, you were my enemy then.

Cat: Fine.

- You're right.

Liverish: We'll fix it...

- Easy...

Cat: Am I supposed to get my supplement of certain things from you?

Liverish: It may be...

- I am your relationship to masculinity after all.

Cat: Hard to say...

Liverish: I'll take you somewhere.

Cat: If that is what is healthy.

- {Note: That is some pretty guarded-sounding wording...7.7.16}.
- {Don't be hasty, 2016. It might be shadow...2.27.17}.
- {Does this suggest Doom is present?...10.24.16}.

- {Yes...2.27.17}.
- {You say, but there's no way of confirming it now, is there?...6.22.17}.

Liverish: ...I believe I'm healthy for you now...

- at any rate healthiER.

- Cat sighs.

Cat: ...Perhaps it could be right...

- {Important note for later: Cat's side of the conversation is getting wonked right up. What is happening to me here?...7.7.16}.
 - {Still pretty sure Doom's around...10.24.16}.
 - {Still no way of confirming that, 2016. Just butt out, would you? No one cares what you think...!!...6.22.17}.
-



1.11.14

{Current playlist: Bubblegum Bitch by Marina and the Diamonds}

Lee: It would be fucking convenient if we could fucking introduce our fucking summoner so she could fucking summon us a ride seeing as I've been literally carrying both of you.

Cat: ...Why?

Arrow: This is so humiliating...!

Lee: The desert is a big place.

- A. Because she won't find us.
- B. Who the fuck's going to see this?

Arrow: ...Are we not writing a book?

Lee: ...Ignore that.

Arrow: ...Am I not BASICALLY on television in front of all of my inner peers if she's here?

- {Arrow eyes Cat up and down with an expression of fearful revulsion...6.22.17}.

Lee: ...Look.

- The desert isn't a place to think.
- You'll feel better when we get to our next camping spot.

- {Lee is fireman-carrying both of them...10.24.16}.

Cat: I think you can put me down.

Lee: Not only do you balance out the weight pretty well—

Cat and Arrow: —HEY!!

Lee: Heh.

- In ADDITION,
- I can't trust you not to get eaten out here.

Cat: There are monsters?

Lee: Where aren't there fucking monsters where I take you...?

Cat: And you're NOT a demon...?

Lee: I'm whatever I fucking am, thank you.

Cat: You're good for me, despite the monsters.

- And terrible for my life at the same time.

Lee: We'll get your LIFE on track when we master control.

- {See, daredevils? I regretted not mastering control first. I don't just say this shit to keep up appearances or nag. It's fucking important...6.22.17}.

Arrow: Can I walk or ride in the bubble or something?

- Does this not creep YOU out?
- Seriously.

Lee: I'm rescuing a couple of invalids from destruction.

- What's creepy?
- I'm a hero. <3

Cat: Lee.

- Coercion.
- He's going to run back to marry Danna.

Lee: Let's go with your earlier idea and summon Eerie at base camp.

- We need something sane to balance out this mess that's balancing out your weight.

Arrow and Cat: HEY!!

Lee: Inner weight.

- Relax.
- What is Inner weight exactly?

Arrow: Still "Hey" for me.

Cat: Same.

Arrow: I'm the one who looks bad if I equal you.

Cat: ...No.

Lee: SAND SPIDER!!

Arrow: From the little I can see over your shoulder, it looks more like a dog...

- Arrow and Cat strain over Lee's shoulders in time to see the spider rear up.

Lee: Fucking spider!

- Shoo!
- Fuck off!

- Cat and Arrow are both moaning softly in fear and anticipation, hanging back over Lee's shoulders.

- It darts forward.
- Lee barely dodges.
- Arrow cries out tearfully.

Lee: Fast fucker, hey?

- I SAID SHOO!
- FUCK YOU!
- FUCK YOU, SPIDER!!

- Lee kicks sand towards it.

Arrow: She WON'T get eaten because of you, Lee??

Lee: That's RIGHT! <3

- HEY SPIDER!!
- FUCK YOU!!

- Lee hurls Arrow at the spider.

- Arrow screams.
- Cat screams and covers her eyes.
- Lee laughs triumphantly.
- He sucks Cat into his form, then drains some of her energy to electrocute both Arrow and the spider at length.
- There is a blinding light.
- When he finally stops, a steady stream of smoke comes from the two.

Arrow: YOU.....DICK...!!!

Lee: Saved our asses, now didn't I?

Arrow: I'll...Kill...

- Cat looks away and squeaks as the spider twitches under Arrow.
- He cries out in horror and she hears him scrambling on the sand.

Cat: Couldn't you have done that without zapping Arrow?

Lee: I could have, but it kind of balanced me out. <3

Cat: Severely cute.

- Where's camp?

- Lee seems to have scooped Arrow back up during his moment of trauma.

Lee: Well. We could fry up this bugger—

Cat: —Don't finish that sentence.

Lee: I mean Arrow. <3

Cat: ...

- Cat sighs.

Cat: Where are we going?

Lee: There's a lake, actually.

Cat: Isn't that a bad place to not get found?

Lee: Nope.

- You'll see.

- They come over the crest of a hill.

- About a mile away, they see a thunderstorm over a tremendous pool of water.

Lee: Clouds.

- Good clouds.
- We can use them to muddle the worst pursuer. <3

Arrow: ...Clouds?

- You're confident about clouds?

Lee: Yes.

- Fuck you.

- He hovers in a bubble, still carrying Cat and Arrow, and heads towards it.

Cat: Why didn't we just take the bubble to begin with?

Lee: A journey accomplishes more than a luxurious trip.

- I thought you spoke metaphor.
- For shame. <3

Cat: Your journey?

- I mean...Not that this is particularly comfortable...

Lee: Yes. This fuckface will be indebted to me forever for saving his useless hide.

Cat: Wrong reasons everywhere.

- I thought you guys knew not to act in wrong reason.

Lee: ...Fuck you.

Cat: What...I hit a nerve?

Lee: I have a main reason, and that reason is the sheer amount of airtime this fucking couple will get if we let them complete this abomination.

Cat: That feels pretty real.

Lee: You fucking know it does.

- Lee parks the bubble in the cloud and makes it into a cube.

Lee: Now we can have a campfire. <3

- He drops Arrow roughly without warning.
- He takes Cat by the back of her jacket, like a kitten by the back of the neck, and sets her down beside him.

Arrow: You're SUCH a dick.

- Eerie enters.

Eerie: I'm well-paid not to reveal this location.

- Don't worry, Cat.

Cat: I...

Eerie: Didn't trust Lee to do his job as a shark? I'm surprised.

Lee: I'm not a shark.

- I'm a fucking lion.
- You know I'd destroy you as much as I'm paying you if I found out you betrayed me.

Eerie: Cat is the one who needs convincing.

Lee: Small fry, I'm insulted.

- Who are YOU to doubt my ability in this matter...?

Cat: You've signed other things without looking...

- She looks at him really sternly.

Lee: Fine.

- Precedent.
- But not a fucking lot of precedent, now is it?
- Stop being a cabbage salad.

Cat: Stop being so complimentary, please...<3

Lee: Arrow.

- Listen to Eerie.
- He's going to tell you why marrying Danna is a bad idea.

Eerie: I don't understand...

- That's what he's trying to do??
- Why is it not apparent...?

Lee: ...I thought I caught you up on this...

- He wants to kill her.

Eerie: I still don't understand.

- Such a thing is not possible for a mortal element.

Lee: ...Again.

Arrow: Fuck you!

- It is, SO!

Eerie: She outpowers you 800%.

Arrow: I have ingenuity.

Eerie: She is completely unpredictable.

- Unlikely to be planned around, even for a Cognitive.

Arrow: I'll have opportunity.

Eerie: So will she.

- She already knows.
- You have no element of surprise.

Arrow: She's chaotic.

- She'll have to be off sometime.

Eerie: You think she wouldn't fake her own death?

- Resurrect?
- Punish your insolence?

Arrow: I'll hire YOU...as an ASSASSIN if I have to.

Eerie: I'm not stupid.

- That won't happen.

- {Lee turns to Cat...10.24.16}.

Lee: This could take...All fucking night.

- Care to go down to the storm with me?

- {If you are even close to related to me, please don't read until you see pink text.
Thanks!...12.8.17}.

- Lee brings them down in a new bubble.

- Cat clings to him as he lowers it into the water and releases it, letting the water flow in.

- He smiles at her.
- She's inexplicably naked.
- She laughs, and clings to him harder, the rain pouring over them.
- The water pleasantly lukewarm, like the lake.

Cat: *I'd have killed you for this a few years ago...*

Lee: *Wouldn't be wifely now, now would it?* <3

Cat: *You're such an ass...* <3

- She holds him lovingly against her.
- Is...that's...

Lee: *An imaginary boner?* <3 <3

- *I'm not sure I'm comfortable with our audience watching us imaginary get it on.*
- *Care if we turn off the cameras?*

Cat: Mmm...I think I could live with that...but...

Lee: I brought this...<3

- {Rope?...2.27.17}.

Cat: Haha...!!!...

- Um...
 - Camera goes off now...<3
-

1.17.12

- {This Pink Text has been brought to you by Elevatorport Lingerie. Please wear something over your Elevatorport Lingerie the next time you travel with Elevatorport! <3...12.8.17}.

(continued...)

{Current Playlist: Siren by Tori Amos}

Later On

- {Be prepared for some altered-state speech problems. We learned a lot that day, which also means we barely seem to understand English at certain points...6.22.17}.

Liverish: ...

Cat: *That {attack} was pretty awful.*

- *My head still hurts...*

Liverish: *We need to meditate again.*

Cat: *How?*

Liverish: *I'm gonna have to make you want it.*

Cat: *Again...how?*

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

- *Fuck.*

Cat: ...*And homework*...

Liverish: *I'm on that...*

- *I hate to say "we"...*

Cat: ...*She appeared*.

Liverish: *That's why I hate saying it*.

- {Remember spelling of name}.
- {*Really?* I think the brackets we just read indicate that we will not, in fact, remember the full name of this figure...7.7.16}.
- {We'll just have to call her "Ev"...2.27.17}.
- {Ev has appeared...she speaks like a fairy godmother or positivity-infused yoga instructor}.
- {I remember, she wore flowing blue-green robes...7.7.16}.

Ev: I have *returned for your lessons*. <3

Liverish: *Fuck off, you flighty airhead*.

Ev: *I asked for no such treatment, but oh, well*.

- *You obviously need me*. <3

Liverish: Anger.

- Help us deal.
- Then get out of my fucking face.

Cat: (What's your issue with her?)

Liverish: (What isn't yours...? Look how flaky she is.)

Cat: ...A poor measure.

Liverish: I feel it too,

- {He looks directly at Ev and raises an eyebrow}.

Liverish: yeah you can hear me,

- like a toaster pastry.

- {Cat turns to Ev}.

Cat: ...Sorry.

Ev: {Vox} issues...

- I am truly sorry. <3

- {Liverish opens a portal, walks around, and shoves Ev into it}.

Cat: She's...

Liverish: Gone!

- Next?

Cat: ...Uh...

Liverish: NEXT.

- Kai appears.

Kai: Liverish...honestly...

- ...what did you do to that poor girl?

Liverish: Told her she was a fucking airhead.

- What?
- Are YOU here to help? <3

Kai: That depends on whether you're going to push me through something that comes out over a lake.

- I really wish you—

- —[looks at Cat]—

- —*could act reasonably*.

Cat: *Why'd I get a look?*

Kai: I'm *sorry*, Cat.

- I'm just *alarmed by his callousness*.

Liverish: *She can make me feel nothing*.

- *I drive her*.

Kai: *Yes...er...well keep telling yourself that*.

- *Do you by chance remember*—

Sometime Later..

Cat: *Sorry we got cut off*, Kai.

Kai: *No problem whatsoever*.

- *You still underestimate me*, Liverish.
- *But there was a time not so long ago that I drove you to the ground*.

Liverish: *Big words from something three feet tall*.

- *I remember that fight*,
- *thank you*,
- *but since then all you've done is take up space*.
- *Cat, why did you fucking bring him here!?*

Kai: She knew I could teach you two to deal with your anger.

- Kai draws a diagram showing Liverish's power and aggression suppressing and deflecting Cat's energy.

Kai: The balance is obviously skewed when the interaction goes awry.

- Cat falls into herself just enough to be overcome by Liverish's energy.
- It isn't enough to absorb by far—
- —perhaps quite a good thing when you consider what a little does.
- Oh...the energy ball?
- Think of that as the tension between you,
- and the dropping, its break between your tensions,
- just long enough for the shock to kick you back at a great enough pain or jolt.

- {Holy cow. What was all that, again...!? Something I should revisit to be sure...2.27.17, 12.1.17}.

Cat: So, between our little arrow markers?

- {I remember there was a diagram in the original book around here...2.27.17}.

Kai: Good...

- now follow my thoughts.
- [...].

Cat: We need to address Liverish's feelings??

- How!?

- {Lee: Remember? Remember how stupid you were? Hmm? I was mean, but you were STUPID...7.7.16}.
- {Cat: ...THANK YOU, I CAN SEE THAT NOW...!!!...7.7.16}.

Kai: You can take that two ways, Cat...

Cat: I must stay surface and allow his rage to progress elsewhere.

- Distance...
- but I'm quite...
- attached at the moment...

- {Granted, distancing is useful, but I don't have very realistic motives back then...2.27.17}.

Kai: Then, Cat.....

Cat: He not only has to...

- agree,
- he and I have to be able to stay apart...

Kai: It is possible,

- but by different means...

Cat: What kind?

Kai: *It's a strength thing.*

Cat: *Then HE has to AGREE AND POWER IT.*

Kai: *Can you not convince him?*

Cat: *When he's angry?*

- *Or now...?*

Kai: *Now.*

Liverish: *{Fuck, you two}.*

- *I'm RIGHT HERE.*

Cat: *...?*

Liverish: *No.*

- *I'm not sure yet what could come of such an agreement...*

Cat: *...I hope I'm not reading you right...*

Liverish: *What is in it for me, body preservation aside...?*

- *I mean, ALL my work and ALL my efforts...*
- *are not to my liking...*

Cat: *I'm sure you're going to tell me what you want...*

Liverish: *...Oh, I will...*

- *Do you MIND old man?*

Cat: *...*

Kai: ...

Cat: *Thank you, Kai.*

Kai: *Good luck, Cat.*

- *Don't promise things you can't take back.*

Cat: *...I was...*

Kai: *You were hypnotized.*

- *When he becomes too strong...*

- *{Archetypal possession based on trauma is stronger. Remember this when shamanic types insist that some terrible accident or health crisis always happens to initiates before they can be considered initiates. Trauma makes some things come easier, like channelling or leaving the surface. It isn't a requirement as some would have you believe. It can cause as many problems as unusual powers, though strange archetypal powers can give the traumatized an extra air of credibility others sometimes don't achieve...2.27.17}.}*

Cat: *It starts. Does it...?*

Kai: *Progresses to panic...*

- *{Confirmed more than panic}.*
- *{Lemonade}.*
- *{Again determined unsure in diagnosis...2.27.17}.}*
- *{I possess one or two of about four unlikely disorders, depending on who you talk to. They*

can't agree what I have...Kundalini Awakenings aren't usually diagnosed by medical science in North America. You'll be everything or nothing to the doctors if you find yourself in my shoes...6.22.17}.
}

Kai: As odd as it may sound, cease putting energy against him.

- It will work counter to your desires*.
- You've proved yourself ready for him somehow, recently.

- Kai gives her a knowing look.

Kai: If you can tell why, truly, you will get a lot of the nature of this.

- Good luck.

- {(*EDIT OUT LATER)—just what I'm getting at now (AUGUST 22)}.

- {Note: Okay, WHAT now? "Edit out"? This is what I was supposed to do...When did I write this editing note? Which August 22nd? I'm so confused...7.7.16}.

- {I started making some incredibly unusual editing choices early on...11.30.17}.

- {Or did I write this note during one of my 32-hour waking cycles or something?...12.9.17}.

Cat: He's...

Liverish: Really poor late at night,

- and yet I sense he told you something good.
- He tried to block me out but mostly I didn't care {enough to listen}.

Cat: Hmm...

- I...
- recognized I didn't stop trying.

Liverish: Now that I don't want to kill you,

- to some extent you can stop trying so hard.
- I can make that a reality.

Cat: If you help me with this,

- I'll have no choice but to rely on you every ounce.

Liverish: Not enough, Cat...

- More...parameters...

- {Cat: I should take notes...7.7.16}.

- {Lee: Shut up...7.7.16}.

- {Cat: You shut up...7.7.16}.

Cat: I can't afford a permanent deal,

- even if you're on my side, so-to-speak...

Liverish: Fine...

- a week of doing things my way.

Cat: I trust you act in my best interests now.

- For no {attacks}, I agree.

Liverish: Tricky, but fine.

- One week on THAT too.

- {Future Cat: Cute promise, Lee. Nice try...2.27.17}.

Cat: Fine.

Liverish: Put this book down and get a glass of water.

- You should be dead by now.

Water

Liverish: Good.

- Finally.
- You SUCK at maintaining that body.

- {I forgot he took so much control so early on....7.7.16}.

- {And that what he was demanding was so logical at times. Go figure...10.24.16}.
-

- {Miandra: What? Speak SLOWER...12.1.17}.
- {Lee: MIMIDANNASGOINGTOLEARNHOWTOTIMETRAVELHELPUS...!!...12.1.17}.
- {Miandra: Okay...That was slower, but still not slow enough...12.1.17}.
- {Lee: *Danna...! Danna...! TIME TRAVEL...!!!*...12.1.17}.
- {Miandra: Oh. Wow. No wonder you're freaking out. HOW DID YOU DO THAT!?...12.1.17}.
- {Lee: Doesn't matter...! You need to turn yourself in so she FORGETS about it!...12.1.17}.
- {Miandra: No way in hell, Lee! I'm holding out until the final chapter for a confrontation...12.1.17}.
- {Lee: Then I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE YOU DANNA MYSELF...12.1.17}.
- {Mimi waves and arm. Lee has been set on fire...12.1.17}.
- {Lee: Super mature, Mimi...12.1.17}.
- {Mimi vanishes...12.1.17}.
- {Danna: *Mimi? Super mature? Why are you on normal fire?*...12.1.17}.
- {Lee: She's FUCKING GONE, so GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE...!!...12.1.17}.

- {Danna: Again? You sure you don't want to stall me, due to the fact that I'm learning to time travel? <3...12.1.17}.
- {Lee: Fuck. What do you want?...12.1.17}.
- {Danna: How about a game of Trance Trance Levitation?...12.1.17}.
- {Lee: There's no such game...12.1.17}.
- {Danna: Then it's settled...We'll invent it!...12.1.17}.
- {Lee: Oh, good. Why don't we just go and pursue Mimi together? Unlike you, I can outmanoeuvre her...12.1.17}.
- {Danna: Then it's settled. To the biplane! <3...12.1.17}.
- {Lee:The biplane?.....12.1.17}.
- {.....Danna smiles at him for a long time.....12.1.17}.
- {Lee: "Trance Trance Levitation" was it?...12.1.17}.