

## Danger: Considerably More Cursed Technique #24: Karaoke Party

(Technique Type: Cross-Sensory Transmutation)

{Currently playlist: Morning Coffee by Dimaa}

### Introduction:

- The following is a cursed technique.
- It will attune your tune.
- Temper your tempo.
- Here, more than ever before, control development for a while first is MANDATORY.
- You will want to die without proper control.
- There are, indeed, hundreds of ways to inwardly injure yourself that, I guarantee you, you'd never even considered.
- Nearly all of them seem related to overuse, and overpower. That is why I never shut up about those things.
- When I warn you, I'm simultaneously remembering a few traumatic injuries of my own that can never make sense to another human being.
- If you go for power first, and have somehow survived until now, don't bother learning this.
- I sometimes spontaneously remember a few minutes of standing transfixed in front of Red as something that took weeks, or up to 18 months, depending on his current influence.

- It is an attack of false memory, which can only be convincing if it's distanced from the time it happens, and either short or low-resolution. At least, at my stage, this is the case.
- He gave me nothing more than a still shot of his cruel presence.
- It feels like a year ago I was gone for nearly another year that wasn't accounted for, and it was spent standing with my feet rooted to concrete, looking up at Red.
- Like, random sudden memories of spending months standing in a bank line that didn't happen, and cease to make sense or feel very real an hour later.
- Notice that the "memory" has been spaced carefully enough that it doesn't require vivid definition.
- The further I get from the event, the more Red can embellish it, and add to its illusory length.
- When this kind of boss phase ends, I will likely control my own perception of time duration, as is the pattern of curses and cures.
- It will be FULLY earned, if it is to be had at all.
- The boss stage is immersive and often un-pause-able, and taking on a side-quest new discipline or improving sensitivity can only prove a vulnerability.
- For the chosen few, it will be worth it, but only for the chosen few.
- If you are not one of them you might even be incapable.
- Those who force it, who are meant not to, will either perish, or wind up being grouchy, stressed-out hermits for a very long time.
- Do not attempt to force it, especially if you feel the least hesitation.
- Skip ahead to the next part of this chapter, if necessary.

- Daredevils, don't use this as a...wait, where'd you go?
- Oh yeah, you didn't make it this far because you didn't listen to my precise warnings and got yourself hurt, then didn't seek medical help when needed, either no doubt.
- ...Or you've been sleeping on your uncle's sofa for the past four months. This is one way of knowing you're a daredevil by now.
- My parents are really good people. They helped me when I was flattened and incapable.
- Don't listen to what my Red Base Element figures say about my loved ones.
- They have a motive to say it, to isolate and "consume" me.

Spontaneously stupendous:

- Those rare individuals who prove to be particularly meant to learn Karaoke Party may begin to develop it spontaneously upon reading this chapter.
- If this happens, it was chosen for you, and can blossom into an amazing gift.
- Those not meant to learn Karaoke Party may become bored, distracted, confused, or bothered, as their figures considerately bump them as they read.
- Say thank you to any bumpers, and move on, at least for now, if you start getting bumped.
- This means that this cursed technique may not be worth the cost of learning it.
- (Of course, WHO bumps you DOES matter as well. Motive always matters...).



- This is one of them.
- RUSHING IS A RISK!!!

### The origins of Karaoke Party:

- Karaoke Party is something that happened to me, NOT something I read or was taught.
- (Humanly taught, I mean...Lee regularly shouts helpful advice at me while I sing, and kicks out anyone producing inexplicable lag, or even one sour note, often for the rest of the day).
- While I learned it uninstructed, I can pretty easily trace what happened in me to produce it.
- This should all prove entirely replicably teachable.
- As it produces its own auto-tune, it's impossible to delude yourself that it's working, especially if you listen back to a recording of yourself.
- No auto-tune present, no Karaoke Party is happening.
- If you aren't sure, record yourself.
- (Note: I mention some theoretical non-musical variants later in the chapter, so if you aren't happy singing, not to worry. I get to the other senses...).
- While a whole book could be devoted to the subject of Karaoke Party, these are the basic steps, both the abilities and the pitfalls...

- So you're warned, the final chapter's exercise is an extension of these capabilities.
- The next chapter will give you cross-sensory abilities that can be practised in the game, in a nutshell.
- This will greatly increase the speed at which you develop cures and curses.
- There's a decent chance it's part of what's making me ambidextrous at the moment.
- Unfortunately, as I recklessly pushed my levels to extreme limits, dog barking now feels like paper cuts, so I require earplugs to go anywhere.
- Want to know what happens if you screw with your senses for seven-and-a-half-hours a day?...
- That's right, teacher's pets. <3
- Dog barks feel like paper cuts.
- ONE HOUR A DAY is fine for most things, and I don't mean a bunch of one-hour-a-day-things in tandem.
- Two hours might hurt you if you're combining advanced exercises.
- I know it's addictive, but DON'T FUCK WITH IT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
- **YOU IN THE BACK ROW, WAKE THE HELL UP!!!! LISTEN TO THIS EFFING WARNING!!!**

# IT COULD SAVE YOUR LIFE!!!

- Fine, fine...Back to the positive for a bit...

## Selecting a sense:

- Because, realistically speaking, we each have a dominant sense.
- For appropriate alternate techniques, I would suggest other art forms involving a sense you're more tuned in to.
- Sculpt clay, paint something with your opposite hand, cook...
- Find your own non-Karaoke Party.
- Everyone has a dominant sense.
- The sense you enhance becomes enhanced all around, though.
- Don't upgrade your nose if you work in a dog kibble factory.
- The curse can be a doozy.
- Whichever skill you enhance, you'll notice your successes extend impressively beyond your prior capacities.
- Either control or desperate fatigue in the face of the inflow can lead to stabilization, but I haven't found an off switch.
- I meddled with the emotions of sound and the sounds of emotion.

- No...
- More than meddled...
- It did wonders for the depression and anxiety, so I just kept pouring on hours of it.
- Do as I say, not as I fuck up.
- To understand the EXTENT to which I meddled, just imagine me dressed as Dr. Frankenstein, cackling maniacally at a lightning storm.
- For me, a clattering spoon is an emotion, and an emotion is a physical experience.
- I can't physically cope with the sound until I master that emotion.
- If the cursed portion relates to a fully-unsolvable problem, it becomes unmanageable until full removal or some kind of acceptance is achieved.
- That's why I suspect my current hearing issue is related to keeping so much of my Inner second life to myself.
- In figure speech, "heard as in heard", and "can't be as in can't be" is some pretty basic language.
- If so-and-so won't hear my figures, so-and-so will soon produce a sound so terrible it can act as a biological restraining order.
- This is nearly as logically direct as they can be.
- However, the internet is a surprisingly difficult place to find like minded...ish people.
- I don't yet have an outlet for healing this problem, if it is, indeed, what I suspect it of being.



- To master a sense in its entirety, it seems you must master ALL emotions related to your new sense.
- Hear that, class?
- You must ALSO become a master of solving to be successful at Karaoke Party.
- You wouldn't choose a scuba diving expedition to an abandoned ship for your first day of beginner's swim class.
- The plus?
- You can produce nearly any emotion you want to produce in yourself, using only a sound, (provided you've solved or removed any clashing noises around you).
- GET GOOD AT SOLVING FIRST!!
- DON'T DO IT LATER!!
- Why the hell didn't I just master control early on myself?
- Because I am the pioneer.
- I had no clue what was happening to me when I started.
- I had no idea what control felt like, or how to achieve it.
- I even guessed incorrectly that more power WOULD give me more control, at one point.

- I couldn't have guessed that emotions were becoming sounds, and sounds were becoming emotions.
- It started to become noticeable while I was listening to music, not singing it, and stayed this way for quite a long time before I learned to give it an audible presence.
- I expected the wrong notes to come out, but they didn't.
- Lee also took the form of a "siren" around that time.
- That's a spoiler.
- It may also be some kind of strategic decoy.
- Sometimes there are too many factors to pinpoint the initial source of something.
- I was there to watch it develop, though, and know what amps it up and takes it down to a better extent.
- But it all culminated in a big confusing mess of pain and newfound abilities.
  
- I was thrown into the deep end with the kitchen badger.
- I learned to tread water while avoiding badger rabies.
- I'm still not to the edge, but the badger and I have been taking turns using each other as a flotation device in order not to die.

- *I can't say it's all been a lovely choral delight...*
- *I DON'T RECOMMEND PROCEEDING WITHOUT CONTROL!*
- *There, I SAID it AGAIN...*
- *Talk to your doctor.*
- *There, I said THAT again...*
- *The control and improved stability I'm gradually gaining are my testament to GAINING CONTROL FIRST.*
- *This is for the best and brightest of solvers ONLY!!*
- *YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!!*

Why give it such a stupid name?

- *Like attracts like.*
- *Calling it something stupid, cute, or neutral attracts the Dannas and Mimis of the Inner World. Calling it something ultimate and epic transforms it into a vox posturing competition.*
- *IF you're the story game player to name something, keep this in mind.*
- *How do you want the technique to come out, energetically speaking?*

- Name can trigger mood, which can transform energy.
- Frankly, I wanted a chill atmosphere, not a psychedelic meteor fire disco.
- Speaking of which, dance might be a good tactile alternative.

### What IS Karaoke Party?

- To begin with, Karaoke Party is a good way to get in touch with your Inners, and to let them inhabit you.
- Yes. We're getting back into wearing, in a new way.
- You can cooperate, to become their amp and microphone.
- Karaoke Party is therefore a form of play-channelling.

### Lost and found in translation:

- As the Inners don't perceive anything quite as you do, sense-connections will form between the Inners' emotions and the harmonies coming out.
- All of your senses translate to one specific kind of sense to them.
- This can be wired BACK through the other senses. The taste of butter has a feeling-based visual equivalent somewhere, for example.
- As Inners can transform conceptual moods into stories, an Inner can ALSO produce a mood as a sound frequency.
- This then alters your overall emotion, which alters the song in a feedback loop.

### Progression:

- Eventually, harmonies will come to mind, producing uniquely potent sound-emotions.
- You can sing a refreshing tropical breeze.
- You can sing an ice cream sandwich.
- You can sing the darkness out of yourself.
- This new ability can feel potent enough to take the place of some minor food addictions.
- To sum up what we've got so far, Karaoke Party creates a link between sound and...most of your other senses via the emotions.
- This is a gradual synesthetic effect.
- I can't say whether or not it's related to my ability to see the colour pellow.

### Pluses of patience:

- Learning the technique slowly, allows symptoms to develop slowly enough to reverse them.
- Stop, and take it easy for a while, if you experience unpleasant symptoms.
- As emotion now creates sound, sound now creates emotion.
- You may gain super hearing for certain frequencies and need to learn how to divert them or incorporate them in order to avoid negative emotional repercussions.

- An increase in hearing ability may be physically diagnosed by an audiologist in some cases, like mine.
- My hearing is medically accepted to be much more sensitive than a normal person's.
- Compared to childhood, some sounds feel 1/10 of the distance away now.
- Clashing and discordant emotions may create "auto-out-of-tune" as well,
- Some sounds create intense physical pain, all but imprisoning me in my own house as I spend weeks exhaustively working on everything I can read or think of...
- I've spent New Years Eve alone for fear of spending the night being illusorily beaten up all night while attempting to have fun.
- Do not get injured. Don't think I'm just being a bitch. I really care about people not getting hurt like I did.
- I'll gladly take on those who don't listen as test subjects, but I can't promise anything, or within any reasonable time frame.

#### Personality changes:

- You may react to violins as you once reacted to a sexy naked person.
- If you're this skilled, hearing a burp may physiologically feel like you've just witnessed someone beating a small child.
- A knee-jerk PRIMAL FIRE takes over you at the sound of...sound.
- Overusing it, you'll need to be able to manage your emotions WELL to avoid acting like someone drugged your coffee, vomiting, or fleeing the room in maniacal laughter tears at what most people perceive as NOTHING...

### Sped-up manifestation:

- Physical unconscious imperative, or magic spell...I don't care which...
- You find what you ONCE sought, not what you STILL seek...
- Expect to be offered an affordable pony, some free VHS tapes, and some reunion tickets to a boy band you liked when you were fifteen, is all I'm saying.

### Solving the equation:

- The better you have faced your emotions, as described in other chapters, the greater your vocal range, and the more accurate your auto-tune will now be.
- On the plus side of the negative symptoms, hearing an issue that needs to be solved can help you to notice and get to it sooner.

### Battle Applications:

- Some issues can be even be solved using the active extension to Karaoke Party found at the start of the next chapter.
- I solve through song on a near-daily basis as it currently stands.
- I'm going to hazard a guess and say that Painting Parties or Pottery Parties might prove safer than my musical application.
- I can't personally guide you on how to develop those, yet, however.
- Overuse could theoretically involve temperature or taste sensitives as well, if you aren't just as careful.
- Please don't wind up injured WITH me.

- I promise, if you fucked up on purpose, I won't find it cute.
- On to a better look at the technique...

### Preparing for the Party: Letting the others sing through you:

- Pick a bouncer.
- Do this FIRST.
- If your job is to focus on the song, it's really nice to have another figure to moderate who enters or leaves the song.
- I know, because I get yelled at for straying from my ONE TASK on a regular basis.
- Lee named himself the controller of who sang, right off the bat.
- It works for me.
- It's best not to have to think about defence while you're honing a subtle skill.
- Just make sure your bouncer figure is more responsible than Lee is.
- He misses some strange singers.
- It helps if the figure is strong, and strict like Lee because you'll improve really fast when your controller is picky and capable.
- It's important that this figure is either strong enough to kick out anyone not conducting themselves nicely, or has a lot of friends who can show up very quickly to help.



- This sounds pretty scary, but usually just turns out to be an immature bicker session. It's nice to be prepared, though.
- I AM, unfortunately, an asshole daredevil.

Note on advanced gameplay:

- I sacrificed on safety in order to work with Lee, a figure who is more technically skilled than safe or rational.
- This isn't a beginner move.
- I have also known Lee for several years.
- This is still a risky move I don't condone here.
  
- Yes, yes, I know...
- Solve as I say, not as I do...
- But I do happen to be our only useful test subject at the moment...
  
- I got hurt a lot to earn the privilege of risk-taking as I do.
- Back to CORRECT bouncer selection.
- You need to zone out.
- This technique is more defocus than focus.

- You need to be in a minor trance.
- Now's not the time to be moderating your "incoming" figures.
- Your bouncer should alert you when something intense is trying to approach you (or the mic).
- If an unusual or boss figure approaches during Karaoke Party, Lee says "incoming", and sends me the tone [...].
- The presence stays away for about two bars before entering the song.
- He loses his shit at anyone attempting to jump in suddenly without his okay.
- When you go into a trance, your Trusted will stay alert to guard the door.
- It will keep you aware of any problems, and start to bitch when it's time to stop and eat, which you will likely feel like doing afterwards.
- This technique is surprisingly tiring.
- I let Lee sing and act as bouncer, but then he gets distracted. I get upset with him for this, because it SHOULD REALLY BE A THING OF CARE AND FINESSE.
- If your bouncer wants to sing, I recommend having a secondary bouncer to act in shifts with the first one.
- That is not an arrangement that is okay with Lee, so we've developed an unofficial situation in which Mimi just covers for him when he screws up.
- Stop if you get bumped, feel cold or tired, or feel unlike yourself in any way you don't like.
- Get back to base camp and rest up.

- Now...

### Choosing your songs:

- If you're a beginner, put on a simple and repetitive song.
- I prefer instrumentals most of the time, but any repetitive song is fine.
- They love doing this kind of thing, and may get grabby with the mic, so resist starting with more than one Inner singing at the same time.
- As cool as a blend of two figures' tones can sound when you're confident, it can also create extra strain on your focus and cause wrong notes early on.
- Work up to multi-figure singing.
- It'll just waste your batteries.

### Karaoke commentary:

- Decide ahead of time whether or not you want them to talk to each other during the exercise, and let your bouncer know.
- I let my special little guys argue whenever they feel like it, as a part of the exercise itself, and as a way to keep an eye on their dynamics.
- This is the exploratory, non-recording-friendly option.
- Don't do this where people can hear you if you don't want them thinking you've got a severe personality disorder.

### The power so far:

- The song's feeling blends with figure's feeling.
  - Figure expresses feeling.
  - You feel feeling.
  - Feeling converts to sound.
  - Sound goes to singing.
  - Singing auto-tunes itself.
- 
- Okay?...Sort of get the theory? Okay!
- 
- As a wearing recap, you want to begin by watching the figure moving, and feel them moving with them.
  - Transfer this sensation to your body, and let it influence how your body moves.
  - Ideally, you don't need a recap, as you're somewhat okay at wearing to attempt THIS technique in the first place...Right, teacher's pets?
  - I won't stop you from giving your speediest classmates a smack, but their lawyers might.
  - Very different figures ALSO feel very different as they sing, but tuning remains the same.

Inexplicable lag:

- *Some of my Red Figures have an inexplicable lag.*
- *Red lags, despite being superior in singing tone.*
- *Note that not all effects make immediate sense.*

### Learning to tune in...

- *So first, we need to learn some tuning.*
- *Music to figure to feeling.*
- *An increased measure of sensitivity.*
- *Put on simple and repetitive music. Maybe it's Techno, maybe it's Celtic, but there must be a melody, and it must repeat itself a lot.*

### What not to use:

- *Free-styling to just a beat doesn't give you a way to gauge your changes in ability.*
- *Also, working with a constantly-shifting masterpiece of complex variation filled with key changes and spoken verses will just make you frustrated.*
- *Save those ones for later...*

### Tuning in...:

- *Feel your song emotionally.*
- *Begin to sing or hum along, normally, with or without words.*

- Allow your first figure to enter, altering the emotion of the experience.
- Feeling confidently and positively blended with the figure as an action, create one note that is different from what you're hearing, but sounds perfectly in harmony with the song.
- There is nothing innately unusual about this part.
- You wrote one note of harmony is all.
- What is important is how the note feels.
- The feeling can later be used to find the note and chord, in every song, you see?
- Likely not fully, yet...
- Repeat your new note with the repetitive song, and let it resonate as it produces a new feeling in you.
- This is a feeling the song didn't contain before...
- Try a few times with and without it.
- That difference in feeling will eventually be your difference in note.
- Immerse in the feeling as you repeat the note you've created.
- How does that one note change the original song's feeling?
- Figures are naturally better at this, and will exponentially increase your skill level quite quickly once the sweet spot is found.
- Add a few more notes, one at a time, and use them each time the repeated section

comes around.

- Again, the main thing to notice is how they feel in your body, as this is the part we're trying to make usable.
- Immerse in the feeling, again and again.
- How does the new version feel different from the song itself?
- Where does it feel different in your body?
- How is the feeling altered by your contribution to the song?
- Eventually, emotion will produce a tone to match a song automatically.
- This is your new auto-tune.
- From rare notes will spring masterful musical scales out of nowhere.
- You'll learn to use it confidently.
- Feeling can produce note.
- Note can produce feeling, at will.
- You may off-road unpleasantly when key changes show up, but remain otherwise capable of harmonizing with even songs you're hearing for the first time.
- After all, I can, and I didn't even ask for it within recent memory.

Conversion...:

- Feelings, sights, sensations...if it creates an emotion, it can now be sung.

- This is one of many ways in which access to emotional rations can be induced on purpose.
- Production of emotion in a careful and healthy way can lead to increasing production.
- Learn to use emotion to tune even better.
- Tune to pictures.
- Tune to vivid sensations.
- Sing everything from different perspectives.
- Switching Inners switches emotional states, and may alter vocal style and range drastically.
- Your range will reflect your emotional mastery.
- A small number of figures are inexplicably tone deaf, and may cause discomfort. You might be "out of harmony" with them, or some such Shadow translation.
- You will learn to sing places in your heart and mind that you now fear to tread.
- I know because I experience.
- Bad moods can now produce incredible vocal volume and strange demonic voices.
- Proceed with the intention to heal through the emotion and the poison will be exorcised.

No bumping is permissible:



- Don't let anything bump and sing through you.
- Bad practice.
- You should never not be there, or you're extending beyond where I can instruct you safely.
- That's what your bouncer is for.
- Letting in what you can manage.
- Maintain the intention of healing any dark feelings, so your body and your song know what to do with them.
- This is both positive, and non-avoidant.

Notes on dredging up emotional material:

- Darkness should be explored and healed.
- Empathy should always be present when dealing with the darkness.
- We must not destroy others as we explore ourselves.
- The deepest depths, when sought naturally, will be accompanied by that inescapably powerful empathy I mentioned in earlier chapters.
- Overcome by it, you will try on everyone's shoes on impulse.
- You won't be able to help yourself.
- You will feel an ache from anywhere your perspective can't reach into the perspectives of others.

- Pleasure may become secondary when compared to range of perspective.
- Pleasure feels repetitive when compared to the feelings you can now construct.
- You will become virtually incapable of harming others, ironically especially at your peak of feeling violently unsociable.
- This is an Inner safeguard to dark exploration, I assume.
- Idiots who attempt to bypass the safeguard in hatred, will find that they are also being protected from self-destruction.
- Turn against the loving things inside you by harming others, and meet a likely-grisly end by self-defeat.
- At some point your empathy will become overwhelming, and no help will protect you from simulating the pain caused to others by your own earlier actions.
- If you feel that a crime has been committed against you, and retribution is necessary for healing, a compromise on fair retribution must be sorted out with very well-meaning figures ahead of time.
- Don't attempt vigilante justice, and don't lash out without thinking.

#### Aggressive stances:

- You may not survive harming others to any great extent while using my techniques.
- Your dark feelings are the bullies and monsters pursuing you.
- I can teach you self-defence, but I can't help you in a twenty-against-three situation if you've ruffled a lot of earlier earthly feathers and made few friends in your own moral base.

- The Innere have different morals, so I have a couple of concerns for people who, for example, tortured insects for fun as a child.
- Should ascension be triggered, this could empathetically disable a few people until effects progress from blind spots, to raw open wounds, to callouses.
- As you must face your own actions, a grocery store line-cutter will be learning the equivalent of how to play checkers, while a trained assassin will be learning the equivalent of a doctorate in quantum physics, while producing no extra benefits.
- Ever wonder why non-harming is such a common requirement among religious communities? This is my theory. Lethal regret.
- All I can recommend is going slowly, honestly, morally, and cautiously, and developing VERY good Inner friends.
- Redemption from previous guilt and wrongs comes from some pretty intensive suffering.
- You must experience the other end, equally in suffering in some way, to get rid of it, and symbolically get through the other person's perspective.
- Abilities open up when you succeed.
- Inability to equal suffering will be made up for in length of time suffered.
- If you succeed in transforming completely from my techniques, you will cease to harm others, except by your newly found sharp honesty (and possible extensive hermiting habits if you're in too deep).
- To survive harming others, you must be willing to feel their experience to the depths of your ability.
- Or forgo training at my dojo.
- It ultimately proves not to be worth it.

- This is the only place I can think of in which nice guys always finish first.
- (Note that this niceness must ALSO extend to yourself. Cruelty to yourself will be ironically judged, via MORE pain to yourself...).

#### Also useful:

- Some tensions and minor health issues can benefit from expression by Karaoke Party.
- Express the pain, express the healing, then alternate.

#### Prerequisites:

- Quality focal control
- Inner pushups
- Wearing skills
- Patience
- Will-Power
- Excellent solving abilities
- Above all, restraint in the face of Karaoke Party's latent addictive properties

#### In Case of Overdose:

- Stop.
- Slow down.
- Progress when ready.
- May cause dissociative symptoms in high doses.
- This technique is a pair of "Red Shoes" in untrained hands.
- Treat it with respect.

#### Can't stop dancing:

- If you haven't heeded my basic warnings, and "can't stop dancing", you can at least learn to dance slower and slower before it's too late.
- By this I'm talking about managing your corresponding newfound way of sensing the world, rather than the ability itself.
- Control and safeguarding before you put on the effing Red Shoes is only sensible under normal circumstances...or not putting them on in the first place.

# *Chapter 19: Spoiler Alert!*

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*“When life gives you lemons, don’t let it also tell you what to use them for. If you don’t like drinking them, they can be a helpful household cleaner instead.”*

*-Doom*



10.5.16

### The Great Wedding Chase

{Current Playlist: Awoken by H8 Seed and Wooden Toaster}

- {I don't watch {My Little Horsey}, nor do I have anything against it...7.2.17}.

Lee: And how the fuck did you decide this was a good idea?

Cat: ...Yeah, Eerie.

Eerie: I go to the highest bidder.

- You know that.

Cat: ...Yes...

- But should you?

Eerie: If the devil shall be the highest bidder...

Lee: Come OUT, Twerp..

Twerp: And you thought I'd stay out of this book..

- You thought wrong..

Lee: Twerp...Stay the fuck out of our cognition.

Twerp: That is a cognition that goes to the highest bidder.

- But what exactly does it want?
- What is energy to cognition?

Eerie: Death to the uninitiated.

Cat: ...What?

- Is that from something?

Eerie: Does it matter?

Cat: Well, ego death is supposed to happen.

- Does this mean shit's going to get weird?

Eerie: Does it matter?





- {One song BEFORE the end boss theme, I believe...7.2.17}.

Cat: *We'll put something else in the title.*

Lee: *We'll make it even more unsettling.*

Cat: *Nothing's more unsettling.*

Lee: *We'll find the second most unsettling.*

Cat: *I think those purple people took it in the cut-up scene...*

Lee: *Third.*

- *No.*
- *Not this one.*

- They feel themselves ground into the...concrete slab in the middle of a desert.
- *What?*

- *Cat's energy is 20%.*

- Her energy is heating her chest.

Eerie: *Are you prepared for the end?*

Lee: He's talking to you, brain-kabob

- No, she's not.
- Without me.

- He blends into her energy.

Eerie: I can target her..

Twerp: ...It isn't a problem...

Eerie: Do you think

Twerp: that I am afraid to do her work?

Eerie: I welcome what makes me stronger.

Twerp: Atta boy. <3

Lee: How fucking old are you?

- Why the fuck can you take the form of a small girl?

Twerp: The accident brings out the worst in her, maybe?

- I don't know..

Lee: What sex are you really?

- Age are you really?
- What the fuck are you really?
- A big spider? An alien? A ghost? A centipede?
- Fuck!!!!

Cat: Lee, please don't antagonize Inner satan.

Lee: I'll do as I please.

- A good wife shuts up and lets me antagonize whatever demon I think is reasonable.

Cat: ...LEE!

Lee: *Not this time, Cat.*

- *He aims to take you out...*

Cat: *Really?*

- *This song?*
- *Awoken by BronyDanceParty?*

- {Et Al...8.16.17}.

Cat: *I don't even watch the show.*

Lee: *We fucking hate the first three episodes, but {pony bros} are unicorns, they really are. <3*

- {Lee hates the first three episodes, as he hates everything, even the things he likes. I remain optimistic...7.2.17}.
- {After all, the first seasons of most shows are a cluster of introductions and lead-ins to later, more engaging stories. I recognize this...8.16.17}.

Cat: *There has to be more to it.*

Lee: *And one day we'll amass enough tequila to find out.*

- *Until then...*

Cat: *I don't drink.*

- *That's like, not much tequila.*

Lee: *Enough to pass out.*

- *That's enough tequila to watch that show.*
- {Cat gives him an incredulous look}.
- They take impact.

Lee: *YOU CANT BREAK BASE CAMP!!...!??*

Eerie: *This is a boss level*

Twerp: *and you admitted I'm Inner satan.*

Eerie: *What do you want of us, privacy?*

Twerp: *Safety?*

Eerie: *When I promise you death?*

Lee: *Look, {Bobby Twins}, go solve a mystery or something.*

- *Better yet, go get written by {Stephen King} instead, won't you? <3*

Cat: *Lee.*

- *They promise me death.*
- *They're not selling cookies.*

Lee: *Whatever.*

- *You promising me death, too?*
- *Can we function without me?*
- *I mean, her, no problem.*
- *I'll miss her like fuck,*
- *but lifell just roll on for everything else.*

- Cat frowns.

Lee: Love you sweetie. <3

Cat: Uhhhhhhhh.

- My love is currently interrupted.
- Please call back when I don't want to murder you.

Lee: I mean it.

- What purpose are you serving now?
- Aren't you almost kaputs...capoots...capputs?
- How the fuck do you spell it?

Cat: Touching. <3

- Really

Lee: Me however.

- You might just vegetate.
- Your body I mean.
- Not you.
- You'd be dead.

Cat: .....Yuh.

- Got that.
- The only reason they aren't still shooting at us is their tremendous confusion at what we're talking about.

Lee: Got it.

- YOU TWO!
- Can you handle the great, asTOUNDING loss to this world
- of a great and powerful {vox}? <3
- Of life itself?
- Eerie.
- There may be no world left for you to live in.

Eerie: God's orders. I kill you as well.

- {Note: Glitches can be highly delusional. Test your own delusion first...3.5.17}.
- {Here we see a delusion of grandeur. Don't take a glitching figure's words at face value. Their minds can go on the fritz like they ate the wrong berries in the woods. This can occur any time they come into contact with the wrong mental or emotional content...7.2.17}.
- {Remember...The capitalized "Being" is the snowflake, and the personal "beings" are the branches of the snowflake. Both rely on each other to exist as what they are. Consider famous people like Napoleon, who can be recognizably mimicked and fictionalized centuries after death. Consider fictional figures like Tarzan. They require individuals in a collective reproducing them to exist in this form later. The representation takes on a life of its own, no longer mortal unless it dies with us, and fully capable of altering human destiny, yet no longer entirely human...12.30.17, 1.2.18}.

Lee: Well. I tried.

- Cat tumbles out of him.
- He grabs her hand and starts running.
- They start to fly.

Lee: If we're GONNA run, let's head after dickhead.

- AH! STOP!
- NO-JUMPSIES!



- *{You are entering a no-jumpsies area. Why not stock up first? For snacks, maps, blimps, frozen fish, and hats you can't wear in public, please head north to our gift shop location: Exorbitant Oasis for all your shopping needs..7.11.17}.*
- Lee narrowly dodges a fireball.

Lee: *ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME!?!??*

- He drops to the ground too fast for Cat, and she lands in a heap.
- He pulls her into his form {again}.



- He walks really, really quickly to keep from losing contact with the ground.

Lee: *I'm not sure what humans complain about, in a world with gravity that doesn't do such shitTASTIC things.*

Cat: *WHEN YOU TAKE OVER YOU BITCH ABOUT EVERYTHING!!*

Lee: *WELL IT'S BETTER THAN SPEEDWALKING AWAY FROM SATAN!!*

- He narrowly ducks another fireball.

Lee: *FUCK'S SAKE!*

- *I'm WALKING HERE!!!*
- *And apparently when you mix the most cognisant thing with the deepest thing,*
- *you get something that doesn't think it has to honour no-jumpsies.*

- There is a very dead-looking tree ahead of them.

Lee: *In that tree...is that dickhead?*

- Arrow is hugging a tree branch, almost falling up.

Cat: *Lucky us if we can get him down.*

Lee: *Heeeere kitty, kitty. <3*

- {Future Cat: *Guys?...No one actually ever said "Stop, Look" anywhere near here...3.27.17.*}

Cat: *Arrow:*

- *Can you climb down to us?*

Arrow: *LIKE FUCK ILL TRUST YOU!*

- *YOU'RE SELLING ME TO HER!*

Lee: *...Yeah.*

- *But mini-satan's speed-walking after us back there somewhere.*
- *How the fuck did you get caught on the one thing for miles?*

Arrow: *I wanted to see where I was going.*

- *I thought it would be easier getting back up.*

- *It's hard to gauge upside-DOWN you KNOW!?*

Lee: No.

- *Making love to a rotten branch.*
- *You seem to have it covered..*
- *Why not keep going if you couldn't gauge?*

Arrow: *Is that little horror really coming?*

Lee: *IN Eerie.*

Arrow: *Please be joking.*

Cat: *Ready to go with us?*

- *{It seems that fire is glancing off the sand around them as they talk. Note that this fire contradicts no-jumpsies somehow...3.5.17}*

Arrow: *If you can get me DOWN*

- *I'll THINK about it..*

Lee: *Doesn't mean he'll do it.*

Cat: *I don't care.*

- *Bargain with him then.*
- *Time is the most valuable thing right—*

Lee: —*ARROW'S ASS IS ON FIRE!*

Arrow: *AHHHHHH!!!*

- AHHHHHH!!!
- AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

Cat: Great.

- Arrow loses his grasp on the branch and falls sobbing and begging into the blue sky.

Lee: Those are nice clouds <3

- I didn't notice them beFIRE!!!

Cat: Walk faster!

Lee: I'm trying!

- FIRE!!!

Cat: We're going to have to fall into the sky after Arrow eventually.

Lee: Fuck Arrow.

- He's gone to us now <3
- He's orbiting the planet in about twenty seconds.

Cat: That fast?

Lee: Did you check out the sheer level of no-jumpFIRE!!!

Cat: Don't tell me.

- I'm safe as long as you don't get hit.

Lee: This is fucking ridiculous.

- Eat electricity, you—

Cat: You almost stumbled.

- Charge, then shoot.

Lee: I can see all around me melon noggin.

- Fuck you. <3

Cat: You almost stumbled.

- The worst thing we could do is let that lay its hands on us.
- Speed walking is more important than offence right now.

Lee: Well maybe we SHOULD fall into the fucking sky.

Cat: We still can't warp or call backup?

Lee: Boss stage.

Cat: ...We have to fight them.

Lee: No we don't.

- We have to GET ARROW TO FUCKING DANNA, DON'T WE!?

Cat: Yes.

- We do.
- But he's in the sky.

Lee: Ready, Cat?

Cat: For?

- He jumps, bringing his feet gracefully above him.
- He falls into the sky.

Cat: WHERE DO WE STOP?

Lee: I thought it was Chapter twenty, but this is only nineteen or something, isn't it...?

- You really thought there was already a nineteen.
- Where did it go?
- Fucking check that eighteen leads here and there aren't two nineteens.
- We'll have to change all the title pages unless we want to add a nineteen-and-a-half.

Cat: SHUT UP!

- WHEN DO WE HIT SPACE!?

Lee: How fucking close do you think space is?

- I have us energetically covered.
- It's like falling into the Atlantic.
- It sucks if you don't have a boat, which to you, I essentially am right now so fucking relax...

Cat: Then why was Arrow crying?

Lee: Because he's freezing and floating in one direction with no air, no doubt...

Cat: And you...

Lee: Can produce a shield and gravitational control enough to direct us towards a normal-gravity planet.

- You're such a fucking cabbage.

Cat: You should be dead so many times over it's ridiculous.

- You pick fights with everything.

Lee: I sense Arrow over there.

- Fuck's sake, if you didn't cry so much,
- those would be much smaller eyecicles.

Cat: Wow

- I missed the pun until after you said it.
- That's terrible.

Lee: It's great.

- But don't make me bring frozen snot on board.

- Lee cracks off the icicle suddenly.
- Arrow lets off a horrendous high-pitched scream.

Lee: There's the limit.

- That noise.
- His pain wasn't worth the noise he just made.

Cat: I can't unhear any of that and I DIDNT HEAR IT!!

Arrow: Cat.

- Why do you let him?
- You can stop his heartless merciless destruction,
- but the best you do is this..

Cat: I choose my battles.

- Did you not see our landing in the no-jumpsies zone from your tree?

Arrow: No..

Cat: *I'm not protecting you better than I protect myself.*

- {Lee seems to have found a gravitationally safe planet...3.5.17}.

Lee: That one.

- Danna's got a resort there. <3
- Security'll take care of them.

Cat: ...Security.

Lee: When we start busting shit up.

- Danna will show.
- Fuck her if she doesn't show for something like that.
- Then she's poison.
- Fuck Danna if she's poison.

Cat: Some sophisticated language there, but I agree.

Lee: FUCK your HUMAN speech.

- Talk MOOD once in a while aside from "I want some coffee" or "I have to pee".
- That's why people think you're nothing more than a bunch of fucking Jack Russell terriers.
- You have no sophisticated moods unless you fart in an elevator or stick your tongue down someone's throat.
- Repulsive range of capability.

Cat: Off to the resort then..



Lee: *And Chapter Twenty possibly, unless you want a third Chapter Nineteen around here somewhere.*

Cat: *Save your hostility for when we get to the resort, okay?*

- *Send an evacuatory notice?*

Lee: *On entry, they'll scatter.*

- *Don't worry. <3*

Cat: *Be good?*

Lee: *Fuck. Fine.*

Cat: *See, Arrow?*

- *I think I get one a day.*
- *That was it.*

Arrow: *Do you SEE what he DOES to me!?*

- Arrow cries a little.

Cat: *...Uh...*

- *There, there...*

Lee: *Are you sympathizing with the enemy?*

Cat: *That's not what that means.*

Lee: *Oh, ISNT it...?*

Cat: No.

- It isn't.
- Entry.
- Tell people.

Lee: Ground control?

- This is your captain speaking. <3
- The inner version of satan is about to land. <3
- Clear the runway or prepare for boarding. <3

- They hear people screaming and running in panic as they crash-land in a very deep pool.

Lee: She went Hawaiian theme.

- Nice! <3

Cat: NOT MUCH WARNING!!

Lee: I thought they might distract mini-satan. <3

- We'll stand out, otherwise.

Cat: YOUR ENERGY WILL STAND OUT ANYWAYS!!!

Arrow: Better hope they honour base camp.

- There they are...
-



NOTES

date: 1.24.12

Is it important? Why is it important? Archetypal attack often takes the form of ideas blown out of proportion.



*This Way Up!*

⚠ WARNING

Bad Gravity

-Reason and emotion often diverge.

LISTENING

-Make sure both reason and emotion are on board...

Great Big  
Sea: When  
I'm Up

INTRODUCTION

-Keep your energy on your goal. If you have pain in the way, make your goal to have the pain heal (even if it causes side effects like bad memories or emotional behaviour). Healing the pain first turns it into a constant energy boost for other activities. If you plan on healing a great deal, control is necessary to emotionally survive the onslaught of released mental energy, and the opportunist archetypes who find it attractive. Focal control first, and regularly, or find yourself out of your league.

1.24.12

I'm Not Sure I Like This Assignment

Cat: *What was that meditation last night?*

Liverish: *Close...*

- *but it didn't work.*

Cat: *I figured,*

- *...but...*

Liverish: *It can't...*

- *what you gained from her that is...*
- *it can't be re-removed.*
- *It's stuck...*

Cat: *...Wait...*

- *YOU DICK!!*

Liverish: *You...*

- *felt pain from it,*
- *didn't you?*

Cat: *But it's...my TRUE SELF.*

- *You tried to re-submerge it!?*

- *{Alright. Which "True Self" are we talking about, here? I kept making this mistake before. Who was actually in the wrong here?...3.5.17}.*

Liverish: *For you.*

Cat: You are the only one to have...

- stupid bus...
- anything to gain from it.

Liverish: Do I?

- What's that?
- Revenge of zombie woman?

Cat: I'd stay oatmeal...

Liverish: I don't want that, Cat.

Cat: Prove yourself.

- Until you do I can never be yours.
- You and your hypno{tics}.

Liverish: I didn't do it.

Cat: Check your track record and see how it looks.

Liverish: Fine...

- I'm concerned, okay?
- Afraid even.
- What happens when you can just fly away from me?
- It's too easy.

- Cat sighs.

Cat: I suppose that's where it's necessary to trust me...

Liverish: *But how can I after how I've treated you...*

- *think logically*
- *and healthy you will...vanish.*

Cat: *Aren't you my {vox}?*

- *The {vox}?*

Liverish: *I'm sure you misbehave enough and they can re-assign you.*

Cat: *Huh...*

Liverish: ...

Cat: *I'm not interested in that,*

- *but in fixing this....*
- *Read my mood.*

Liverish: *I don't care what your mood says.*

- *I can be fooled...*
- *especially if the change can be that dramatic.*
- *What if she could....*
- *Alter your feelings for me?*

Cat: *I doubt she's about that,*

- *provided they weren't first manufactured.*

Liverish: *And if some of them were?*

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

Liverish: *Easy, Cat...*

- *I'm going to remove a layer.*

Cat: Promise...?

Liverish: Yes.

- Now stand still
- .....
- Well?

Cat: Less...

- frilly...

- {Liverish gasps, and swallows}.

Liverish: That's all?

- {He scrutinizes her}.

Cat: Yes.

- Really.
- You take it easy.

Liverish: That's impossible.

- I should be hideous.

Cat: You aren't.

- You're just less flashy.

Liverish: It's true.



- No spike of horror in your energy.

Cat: No.

- I prepared
- but it's all fine.

Liverish: ...I see...

- but all of them...

- {Consciousness dips around here. Prepare for vague incomprehensible babbling...3.5.17}.

Cat: Will eventually have to go for you to prove...

- you love me, I suppose.

Liverish: I'm not up for that.

Cat: There may be a lot of power in it...

Liverish: True.

- I don't care...
- that kind of...
- subjugation...

Cat: ...Really?

- You see it that way...?

Liverish: ...

- [...].

Cat: You see it that way...

Liverish: Told you, Cat.

- Can't escape it.

Cat: Then face it.

Liverish: Fuck, Cat.

- You sure I can't fix you?

---

## After Classes

---

Cat: I can't believe you....

- did that...

Liverish: I'm sorry.

- What's with the Purple Bitch Collective's new pet...?
- Is it yours?

Cat: I'm getting the sound Keera/Kiira/Kira/Kyra

- {It appears one of our spoiler characters may be...making her appearance!...3.5.17}.

Liverish: She has a name?

- I thought half the fun of a pet was naming it. <3

Cat: She isn't a pet.

Ki: Nice to meet you.

- I'm the new rules completed. <3

Liverish: What, you full of sugar, or are you on something...?

Cat: She seems sane to me.

Liverish: I'm not sure I can stand that level of

- ...cute?
- Sugary-sweet-bye-bye-teeth?

Cat: It is nice.

- Welcome. <3

Ki: (So he's the one

- ...I was warned, but...).

Cat: Don't get close to him without me being in my right head.

Liverish: Heh...

- funny.
- Like that would stop him.

Cat: And you...

- If you want to be my creature you'll have to stop screwing with anything that moves.

- {It should be noted that at this point, his acts with other figures aren't being unfaithful, really. I'm his prisoner, not his girlfriend or wife. If it happened now, we'd almost definitely have our own divorce death match. However, back then, I was freshly-caught enough that his interests revolved around keeping me contained more than winning me over. I'm kinky, but I'm pretty damn monogamous...7.3.17}.

Liverish: Hey, I've got standards.

Cat: Yes.

- Alive.
- If you mess with her I guess we're fighting again.

Liverish: Again...

- how do I put it back, that part of you?

Cat: ...Not funny.

Liverish: Okay, Purple-bitch-mini,

- come out of there.
- You're clearly not helping.

- {It seems Cat is currently protecting the new figure within her own form...3.5.17}.

Ki: Cat...

Liverish: I don't care what your function is,

- they MADE you for nothing.

Ki: Ahhh!...

Cat: No.

- You won't have her.

Liverish: Wrong.

- I will.
- Like Natty,
- Sokien,
- Suki,
- Doom...
- who else?

Cat: No.

Liverish: Or?

Cat: You aren't really on my side, and I need us to fight to the death.

Liverish: Fuck.

- Insistent this time.

Cat: It is back.

Liverish: Fuck.

Cat: Can we do this the easy way for once?

Liverish: Let it be put on record that the only reason we did,

- or that it was even called the easy way in the first place
- is that YOU'RE A COLOSSAL *{\*spell check}* COW!

- *{\*This helpful spellcheck reminder was brought to you by Elevatorport Gum. Keep your ears from popping along with your head on your next journey, with a pack of Elevatorport Gum. Now featuring our limited-time-only, sugar-free, Salmonana and Herringnilla flavours for the holidays! <3. (Disclaimer: Product may contain sugar. "Sugar-free" is a flavour description only)...12.30.17}.*

Cat: Whatever.

- I suppose that'll do.

Liverish: Bitch.

Cat: You take it easy for once;

- I'm sure some of you knew what it was getting into.

Liverish: You're making me want to go back.

Cat: *To where we're both going to die?*

Liverish: ...FUCK!!!...

- okay...

Cat: *Can we try to let the judges' girl help?*

Liverish: *She's horrible.*

- *I hate her.*

Cat: ...

Ki: *(Wow...I really see what they mean).*

Cat: *(So they've compiled you?).*

Ki: *(Yes.*

- *They don't want to all pile inside your form.*
- *I'm a...rep...I guess).*

Cat: *Then...*

Ki: *I am rule-detection.*

- *I will fix bad ones.*
- *Pleased to meet you. <3*

Liverish: *What are you bothering with her for...?*

Cat: *She—*

Liverish: *—I can fix you.*

- *She is a nuisance.*

- *She barely exists.*
- *Why should I hear her!?*

Cat: *We need help.*

- *Especially if you're going to be tinkering with me when I'm not looking.*

Liverish: *Fuck, Cat.*

- *I'm always tinkering with you.*
- *It's hard not to at this point.*

Cat: *How?*

Liverish: *Mood and action.*

- *We're tied.*

Cat: *...Her...*

Liverish: *She's a big cotton-candy fluff and her brains will need to percolate into something useful before I'll see her as more than a pet, hmm?*

Cat: *(...).*

Ki: *(I really don't like him).*

Cat: *(Maybe, to him, you're like a Sokien he can actually bully).*

Ki: *(I hardly feel better).*

Liverish: *Can hear you...*

- *and you TALK like her, you know.*

Cat: *Sorry...*

- *[...].*

Ki: *He...*

- *prevented your development!?*

Cat: *They say.*

Liverish: *A tad...*

- *but fuck*
- *what was I supposed to do?*

---

Bus stop

---

Liverish: *If she's gonna {???) for me it's her or me.*

Cat: *She's a rule...*

Liverish: *I don't care.*

Cat: *If I can't get better,*

- *we're both dead.*

Liverish: *Do I care enough to put up with her?*

Cat: *I hope so...*

- *what would...make this work,*
- *and please don't be extreme.*

Liverish: *I need to know you aren't going to vanish from me when you have what you need.*

- *"Are they making an improved me?" I ask,*
- *but only because I fear you'll drop me.*
- *I am a toxin no doubt.*



- {He has a} wry smile.

Ki: ...

Liverish: *Oh what are you looking at?*

- *Go chase your tail, Fifi.*

Ki: ....

Liverish: *Sit, but don't stay.*

- *Don't EVER stay.*

Cat: *Shit, Liverish, you're making her cry.*

- Ki rubs {her} eyes with back of {her} hand.

Ki: *I'm not crying.*

Liverish: *When a dog does it,*

- *it's called "whimpering".*
- *Very good, Fifi.*

- Ki shakes;
- {and} starts bawling.
  
- Cat flashes a look at Liverish.
- He shrugs, and returns a mean smile.

Cat: Easy.

- *It's okay.*
- *He's about the meanest there is,*
- *but he's [...].*

Ki: How can you...

- look at him...
- knowing he's said that.

- Cat sighs.

Cat: [...].

Ki: That's...

- How dare you do that to her!?

- Liverish shrugs.

Liverish: None of your beeswax, Fifi.

Ki: I'm not sure I like this assignment.

Cat: Hold to my protection.

- Don't be near him alone.
- Part of your assignment may alter him through me.

Liverish: No pets, Cat.

- I change my mind.

Cat: You still think your say...

Liverish: No...

- I do want to make you
- ...freer...
- more comfortable...
- but on my terms.

Cat: ...I think the Balance Priestess would disagree...

- [...?].

- {Ahh. There it is. The name of the current "False Self". It took so much mood work to be able to eventually tell the difference. The BP was helpful, yes. But not the Self...3.5.17}.

Liverish: I heard it, too.

- But they can't force me.
- FUCK YOU OUT THERE!

- *I LIVE HOW I WANT TO!*
- *[...?].*
- *Fuck responsibility to her.*
- *I don't care....*
- *so what if I caused that...*
- *...I am NOT SICK.*
- *FUCK YOU.*

Cat: ...?

Liverish: *I'll put up with her,*

- *but I don't have to be happy about it.*

---

Later On

---

Liverish: *So what are we doing?*

- *Watching?*
- *Sitting?*
- *Sitting while waiting to watch...?*
- *I hate this glitch.*

Cat: *Glitch...*

Liverish: *Yes, glitch, happy!?*

Cat: ...

Ki: *We have to erase that one.*

- {Ki is} flipping through pages.
- Liverish snatches {them} away.

Liverish: *No notes.*

- *You're at the exam, pipsqueak.*

Ki: *I NEED those!*

Liverish: *No you don't.*

- He's reading.
- His eyebrows raise.

Liverish: *These are mine, now.*

- *A real waste in a puppy's paws.*

Ki: Give them back.

- *Ki is glowing.*

Liverish: Aww shit.

- Purple bitch's energy.

- He speaks grimly.

Liverish: She's infused her with it.

Cat: You should REALLY GIVE IT BACK.

Liverish: No.

- No.
  - The puppy's gotta know who's boss.
-

1.25.12

That Seems In Order

{Current Playlist: New Town Crier by Capital Cities}

Cat: *Well she could have killed you for that...*

Liverish: *My fault for not guessing she was booby-trapped.*

Cat: *...Sokien has her strategy back.*

Liverish: *I hate that.*

- *I've given her stupidity the benefit of the doubt too long without factoring in her sickness.*

Cat: *So...*

Liverish: *I've ceased underestimating those purple bitches.*

Cat: *...Good?*

Ki: *Can't stop me now;*

- *we're a trio.*

Cat: ...

Liverish: Stop CHECKING MY FUCKING REACTION TO EVERYTHING.

Cat: No...

- but besides that she's right.

Liverish: FUCK.

- I HATE THIS.

Cat: So...what function...

Ki: Correction....

Cat: Huh...

Ki: I'll make it all right...

Liverish: Look, you little twerp.

- Just because I can't touch you without being blown up,
- it doesn't mean I don't have the right to SAY what I want.

- Ki is checking a page.

Ki: No.

- You're right.
- That seems in order...<3

Liverish: Oh you little piece of shit...



Cat: Doesn't it...

Liverish: Yes.

- I smell that basement too.

Cat: Huh...

Ki: ...Not inappropriate...

Liverish: Give me that!

Ki: You take it, you blow up.

Cat: You didn't know it would happen...

- the explosions?

Ki: They added it without telling me.

Liverish: Are you a robot,

- because that would explain a lot.

Ki: No.

- I'm technically Sokien's little sister. {technically?}

Cat: ...So Sarien...

Ki: Nope.

- All of them...
- but technically...

Cat: She led the process...

Ki: ...

Cat: And Sokien didn't want to be a mom,  
• got it.

Ki: I wasn't supposed to reveal that.

Sokien: I can explain...

Liverish: Heh.  
• Please do.  
• This should be great.

Sokien: I am Cat's age,  
• and can't afford to risk mental mimicry.

Cat: Makes sense.

Liverish: I'm sure that's all of it. <3

Cat: [...?].

Sokien: I'm PROTECTIVE for a REASON.

Cat: *That makes sense.*

Liverish: *You just don't want to admit you're old.*

- {Age is usually desirable in this realm, as a testament to experience. One more strange thing about Sokien...3.5.17}.
- {Perhaps it has something to do with her desire to fall into the myth of the hero, which rarely involves someone my age...1.2.18}.
- {Guys? How old did she claim she was? Hundreds? A thousand? I don't remember...7.3.17}.

Sokien: *You little piece of...*

Liverish: *Deal.*

- *Unless you want to take out your rage on me by popping the pet.*

Ki: *Stop calling me that!*

Sokien: *Stop calling her that!*

Cat: *Call her whatever you want,*

- *just promise you won't try anything excessive.*

Sokien: *I won't SETTLE for that.*

Cat: ...Natty.

Liverish: What?

- Is that bitch around?

Cat: You're really trying to pick a fight.

Sokien: You mean there are times he's NOT like this?

Cat: Sometimes.

Sokien: I would sorely like to kill him.

Cat: Of course.

Ki: Me too!

Cat: Don't copy big sister.

Ki: But...

- Sokien sighs.

Sokien: She's right.

- I don't want to harm your process.

Ki: But...

Sokien: ...

- Sokien is gritting her teeth.
- She looks at Liverish.
- She looks away.

Sokien: *I need you to respond to anger the way YOU do it.*

- *No contamination.*

Liverish: *Heheh...*

- *Contamination is right...*

Sokien: *Please SHUT UP you little...*

Cat: [(*Notice, Sokien*)].

Sokien: *AAARGHH!*

- *Fine, you stupid little fuck,*
- *don't expect me to defuse her if she malfunctions.*

Cat: *Ummm...*

- *That involves me.*

Sokien: *I thought we established that purple flame couldn't hurt you!*

Cat: *Umm...*

Liverish: *It can't!?*

- *Fuck.*
- *I wish I'd known that sooner.*

Sokien: *Have you fucked your own heads to complete blindness!?*

- *Fuck.*
- *Deal with her*
- *then send me the bloopers.*

- {Sokien is} gone.

Liverish: *.....Heh*

- *.....she burned you this time.*

Cat: *...You...*

- Cat sighs

Cat: *.....Natty...*

Natty: I am here.

- (I'm also protected).

Liverish: I heard that...

- I suppose I should be scared. <3

Natty: I could destroy you...

- {Note for later, Natty's curse may not yet be full blown...3.5.17}.

Liverish: And you would.

- What's stopping you?

Natty: Cat needs you.

- Thank her.

Liverish: Heh...Miss me?

- FUCKING BUS.

- Natty shudders.

- {Any blissful incubus memories can change greatly later in feeling if they involve illusion...3.5.17}.

Natty: *Cat, I need to tell you some things about this figure.*

Liverish: *Better improve your bus hand, then.*

Cat: *Is it always this bad?*

Natty: *(She's not what she appears, Cat...It's secure, don't worry.)*

- *(While the others were merely rules,*
- *they have made her a rule-implementing and breaking program.*
- *She is much more powerful than Liverish.*
- *At least, unless she malfunctions she is).*

Cat: *(Is she [...].)*

Natty: *It's about function that I use my words.*

- *Not sentience.*

Cat: *Huh...good.*

Natty: *But you don't want her to pop,*

- *even though it can't harm you.*
- *It denotes difficulty with Liverish.*
- *Prevent it.*

Cat: *But...*

Natty: *They must eventually cooperate for you and him to.*

- *I'm sorry.*

Cat: *...Much trouble ahead...*



Natty: Mediate...

- that's all I can say.

Cat: This'll get old, but...

---

In Class: Break

---

Liverish: Step back and let me in.

Cat: I don't know how, if I wanted to.

Liverish: I said...

- Fuck, Cat.
- Read the mood message.

Cat: ...No.

- It may be a mood program.

Liverish: It could...

- but I can help.

Cat: Sure...

Liverish: Heh.

- You'll see.

Cat: Looking forward to you trying.

Ki: You two fight a lot...

Cat: ...Yes.

Ki: Can't we...alter it?

Cat: That's the end goal of a lot of stuff.

---

On Bus

---

Cat: "The end never justifies the means" is a belief.

Liverish: I could have told you that.

Cat: ...Then please do...

Liverish: ...But really...

Cat: The energy is different...

Liverish: ...Of course it is.

- I crave you I guess you could say...

Cat: But...

- wow, the energy is intense.

Liverish: Of course.

- You're finally open to expression this way.

Cat: The "Cheese Bun" realization?

Liverish: *Of course...*

- *It had merits after all...*
- *who would have thought...?*

Cat: *Me for one.*

Liverish: *Like you're an expert.*

- {His} eyes glow red.

Cat: *That can't be a good sign...*

Liverish: *I may take you down like you're a gazelle,*

- *but I won't rip you to shreds or anything.*

Cat: *Are you sure!?*

Liverish: *Entirely...this will be different than before.*

Cat: *How...?*

Liverish: *The mode, the level, itself has changed.*

- *Just try and compare it.*

Cat: *...You're getting too...*

- *close...*

Liverish: *Wake up, Cat.*

- *Things are about to get interesting.*

Cat: ...

Liverish: *I realize the confusion.*

- *The physical representations are simply as close as one gets...*
- *There is no pre-conceived idea for this that you can interpret.*

Cat: ...*No swearing at the bus?*

- Liverish takes the back of Cat's neck.

Liverish: *Don't resist it...*

- *feel the before sensation.*

Cat: ...*But...*

Liverish: *FEEL IT.*

Cat: ...

- [...].
- *I get the power dynamic better...*
- *There is always a struggle.*

Liverish: *Hmm.*

- *Can't do it, hmm?*

Cat: *Uh...*

- *no...*

Liverish: [...].

Cat: *Gazelle again?*

Liverish: *You are an energy I can pursue and pin down...*

- {Admitting to being submissive as an orientation *really* didn't happen overnight...3.5.17}.

Cat: *...Then...*

Liverish: *I can power four city blocks of nothing but you.*

- *Give in.*

Cat: *Not malicious...*

Liverish: *Of course not...*

Cat: [...?].

Liverish: *Her?*

- *Gone.*
- *She's not allowed to be alone around ME,*
- *remember?*

Cat: *...But...*

Liverish: *There is an instinctual understanding...*

- *that figures want to give us space for this.*
- *Haven't you seen it?*

Cat: *This...I.....do....want...*

Liverish: *You do, yes.*

- *The energy is enough, is right.*
- *We can test it on walking...hmm?*

- [more hold].

- [unsure where].

- [upper torso-back].

Cat: .....

---

## At Home

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Cat: *That's...*

- *interesting...*
  
  - 2 ways to deal with life: *surrender/explode.*
  
  - 2 ways to deal with Liverish: *surrender/explode.*
-

10.8.16

The Wedding Chase Finale:

{Current Playlist: Knock Me Out by Temposhark}

Lee: DODGE!!

Arrow: FUCK ME!!!

Cat: Save the TOURISTS!!!

Lee: Fire Cat, you're setting the pool on fire.

Cat: GET OUT OF THE WATER!!!

- A meteor hits.
- Their forms are destroyed instantly.
- Lee uses great energy, rematerializing their forms.



Lee: Why I never!

Arrow: Whod you pick THAT up from!?

Lee: Say THANK you, dickweed.

- Youd be incorporeal or corporeal,
- the ghost one.

Arrow: Then just say the GHOST one, dumbass!

Lee: You can NOT call me—

- Another meteor hits.
- Lee uses great energy, rematerializing their forms.

Lee: AND FOR FUCK's sake aGAIN!!

Cat: ...Can you do the same for those tourists?

Lee: *It's in Danna's insurance package.*

- *Trust me.*
- *They don't want to come back...*

- *The tourists' energy is sucked into Red as he emerges from a second pool.*

Cat: *FUCK ME!*

*I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'D LET THAT HAPPEN LEE,*  
*YOU STRAWBERRY SMOOTHIE DELIGHT!*

Lee: You...*WHAT!?*

Cat: *Yeah.*

- *You HEARD ME!!*

Lee: *IT MAKES ME WANT TO KILL YOU AND I DON'T KNOW WHY!!!!*

---

- {Miandra: Did I get to say something in the New Year before Danna did? She is going to kill me for that...1.2.18}.
- {Lee: She's going to kill all of us for everything. Who the fuck cares anymore...? You know whatever's going to happen is going to fucking happen, so why avoid it?...1.2.18}.
- {Miandra: Are you suggesting we do the big reveal? I'm not sure I'm ready...1.2.18}.
- {Lee: No one's ready, but if you bring her here sooner, there's a lower chance of Arrow being a part of this touching reunion...1.2.18}.
- .....
- {Miandra: So your answer to Danna showing up is getting Cat stoned out of her gourd, then putting on an episode of Scoody Boo?...1.2.18}.
- {Lee: Danna may be hunting you, but you've never hunted Danna before, have you?...1.2.18}.
- {Miandra: ...Touche...? It's disturbingly logical when you give it a second...1.2.18}.
- {Danna: Hello, dear friend. <3. Would you mind telling me what you're doing showing up before your cue? <3. AHAHAHA!! That must have hurt.....1.2.18}.
- {Miandra: Lee, you're a genius. Danna...Danna, stop watching cartoons and EXPLAIN TO ME WHY I'M A SPOILER!!...1.2.18}.
- {Danna: Frankly, Mimi...AHAHAHA! What a scream! HIRE ME THAT VOICE GUY FOR ARROW!! Frankly, Mimi, I have lost my point. Blah blah, reading back...Oh yeah. You make it TOO EASY. Frankly, Mimi, you're too competent...1.2.18}.

- {Cat: OH NO, IT'S THE EATING SOUND SEGMENT...1.2.18}.
- {Everyone looks at her for a second...1.2.18}.
- {Miandra: Too COMPETENT!?!?...1.2.18}.
- {Cat: AHHH!!! THEY'RE EATING ICE CREAM!!! MUTE!!!!...1.2.18}.
- {Everyone looks at Cat for a very long time...1.2.18}.
- {Cat: Oh, good. A gremlin...1.2.18}.
- {Everyone looks at Cat for a very long time again...1.2.18}.

- {Danna: See? That's HILARIOUS. You might have done something about it by now if you'd been in Chapter One. You RUIN hilarity. ...1.2.18}.
- {Miandra: DANNA, YOU'RE OUT OF CONTROL!!!...1.2.18}.
- {Cat: AHHHH!!! DEAR GODS MERCY NO, THEY'RE EATING POPCORN!!! MUTE! MUTE! MUTE!...1.2.18}.
- {Danna: Mmmm? Pretty good, eh? Don't see that every day...1.2.18}.
- {Miandra: So I should take my exclusion as a compliment?...1.2.18}.
- {Danna: Most absolutely definitely. YOU CAN FLY A PLANE? WOW! <3...1.2.18}.
- {Miandra: QUIT IT!! Okay, okay. You want something interesting? Stop playing famous in here, in a dairy cow field, and make the hermit woman afraid of fake ice cream noises famous and happily married or something...1.2.18}.
- {Danna: Interesting...Interesting...She sure isn't a shoe-in for success...1.2.18}.
- {Cat frowns...1.2.18}.
- {Danna: Did I misjudge you, Mimi? Should you indeed be a part of the Elevatorport Team?...1.2.18}.
- {Miandra: What? NO!!...1.2.18}.

- {Danna: You're right. That was inappropriate...1.2.18}.