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DREAMS

OF A FALLEN ANGEL



AN EXTENSIVE INTRODUCTION TO CLARITY

Dreams of a Fallen Angel



If You wanna know the TRUTH about Enlightenment (Unification), I recommend you try to get there Yourself.

If you're having issues or concerns regarding my Clarity, this sure is intended to provide more insight. More insight however doesn't mean more Simple. To say, that the various aspects you might be concerned of potentially only increase in size. All I can offer is 'more insight'.

Also is this not a guide to Clarity. This is only concerning my experience. And where I extend beyond the strict confines of my Clarity, I yet mostly only write in regards to 'my' Clarity.

WARNING: EXPLICIT CONTENT

The Truth now, however, concerning what I'm up to right now, essentially relates to the matter of "the Individual Angle". To me, personally, that whole ,idea' - or process, rather - originated from a situation of ... I guess ,exhibitionism' is the right word here.

It struck me, because I myself am not much of an exhibitionist. But somehow, I kinda turned into one. Like "snap". That is ... in more actual in depth "detail": God essentially energizing a part of me that would understand its part in this world as the truth of myself. And in response, trying to introduce "the World" to that side of me, I understood that I had a lot to write about. Understanding, that this would have to be 'my effort' - or my angle, so-to-speak.

Regarding this Document

On the one hand there may be what you want to know; And on the other there is what I have to tell you – not knowing what it is you want to know. Beyond that, I keep learning about the topic myself. Writing it, so far, has also been a learning experience.

However are there also thoughts coursing through my head. Things like: "This is the book that explains how Sex is OK" or "This is the 'why Pedophilia is OK' book"; But ... no and no. To say: Titles that only loosely relate to the contents in here, spooking through my mind as specters of implied or imposed expectations.

But it is of course somewhat self-imposed.

Sex usually isn't talked about all that much. In fact is it so far removed from every day life, that we at times use non-sexual terms for sexual things, and sexual terms for non-sexual things. Or, generally so. Some being more and others less 'shameless' about it.

And since → my Clarity is almost entirely Sexual, I would end up relating to it similarly. For the most part, neatly packaged away behind this physical appearance of mine; Knowing however that it's fine. Or that I have to talk about it. And without ever specifying what it all is about, other than just "Clarity", it might just be about everything my Clarity entails. And why it's OK.

And ... I suppose, this is officially the 200th page of Text here. The previous page is from the original. Which is a rewrite of an initial script, 199 pages long. And I intend to insert the rest hereafter; Rather than trying to rewrite everything, again.

The text itself is barely structured; And having gone over the first couple of pages I already started to worry that I'm way too caught up in my own paranoia. Trying to respond to an inner critic; In the shape of a rampant misinformation campaign concerning all the things I've written prior.

And the idea to maintain the text as is – I can't shake it. It may be too much work – and these days I don't have a lot of time. And keeping it 'as is' entails its layout. I knew I wanted to eventually add pictures; But while doing the rewrite I basically added them on purpose, so I would have a harder time changing things. And it pains me.

So, maybe I'll throw in a few pages like this – here and there. But, I suppose if you don't get too hung up on the detail, you should be fine. If I seem to ramble about something that isn't there – chances are it's just in my head. I'll try to keep track and leave notes.

So is this about my Clarity. Overall I'm comfortable saying that this is about Porn. After all, Clarity – as presented here – amounts to some kind of Profile – and so is this: **THE PROFILE OF A WHORE**. But there's a bit more to it. I guess it's science in as far as this is a research paper – but, so in the esoteric sense.

Regarding the Extensive Introduction to (Neo) Gnosticism, we might say that this doesn't add anything new. Saying that "the Profile" stays roughly the same. So, what you got there – in the introduction – is all this, but narrowed down really far. Though, at some point in the past, perhaps also a bit beyond me. What to say and what to omit?

So, let me set the scene for you:

My submission entails my entire Life. Let's call it: Perfect Submission. It doesn't concern my contemporary lifetime – but all of it. Including any and all lifetimes I might ever have.

How is that? What makes it so? "How real is it?" - or how valid? These are the questions – but the answers ... range from a Simple "because it is so" to a more Complex "[Sigh]".

I am Property. Raised and Sold off.

I am Cattle. Brainwashed and Subjugated.

A Slave. Captive and Enthralled.

The Truth of that now can be more Dramatic than you might yet be able to realize; But not nearly as Dramatic as you might think. So, what could I say? "The truth isn't as One-, or even Two-Dimensional as you might think!"?

Though I'll come to write of it, it might also be a good heads-up: Growth is a really important concept. And – in as far as we'd say that 'this' doesn't really 'add' anything – that concept implies that we don't grow outward, but inward. So, what could appear like an addition, might as well just be a deeper layer, uncovered within something that has already been.

Although ... sometimes outward Growth is necessary; As to so create the basis, per chance, to "expand" upon.

And so, in a way, this is about what I think it means to be a WHORE. What Sexual Enslavement adds to it. And such. And I suppose I could write something a lot more enticing to read if I were to approach

things this way, like - perhaps:

The Fall of

alerasi — In Daughter of LiGHT

But well ...

... on with the Text

On the one side to construct the narrative of individuality; And on the other to explain my own. Some of that is certainly more controversial than other things – yet for me to question the value of that endeavor, is as to question my existence at large. For how much I questioned the validity or value of that endeavor, I found myself cast into agony. And so I stopped caring about what people might think; And made my efforts that of being truthful about myself.

Both, 'Truth' and 'Compulsions' are properties of Clarity and not mutually exclusive

A large part of the concerns that remain, emerge from what we might call a "Gimmickification of Clarity". And that to me would be what I consider the fundamental misconception that people who have not found theirs yet may have about it. So would I on the one side be careful regarding its nature as 'truth' - but on the other need to possibly write of compulsions. And I think it's quite easy to get confused about it.

As for this document, there first of all is no structure (yet at large~ish). I just wrote. I noticed however that the writing isn't good – and so I'm set out to rewrite the whole thing; Using the initial text as a guideline.

I think to maintain the original layout; While I also am not sure how much a more elaborate structure would do, considering that for the most part I'm just offering insight into myself. Maybe individual things here and there should be highlighted – featured more prominently – such as things that stand out as of more common value or interest; But maybe that can wait until we have a broader understanding of these things.

1 - Outside Context

So have I, at least in writing, become an exhibitionist. I guess we might call it a bit of a hack – but in my ambitions to being truthful ... it so just happened. Such as the inspiration to write this "Paper".

And similar to how I associate my efforts on the more common aspects of Gnosis to a "crazy me" - I associate my efforts on my Clarity to this "exhibitionist me". A part of myself I have also come to distance myself from - and it comes without intention that a cognitive buffer emerged from this distancing. A buffer that would contain thoughts that overall align with the distancing - regardless of whether they make much sense or not.

Concerning the exhibitionist in me then, we will learn throughout this document that it can be compared to an addict. As of how things have developed, this addiction primarily emerges in regards **to something I called 'Clarification'** - which, in the sense, would be a second Level to Clarity. Overall I make no distinction between the two – but I suppose I must preface this with **a Disclaimer** of sorts regarding that:

The issues with Clarification have since been resolved. Hence the distinction is no longer a thing, but still draws a valid line. This Clarification concerns matters of my Clarity that I had ignored and pushed aside for the longest time. And when writing about my Clarity, I still tend to do so. There is a very clear boundary. The space beyond is essentially 'Taboo'.

Exploring my Clarity however eventually took me to a limit. And arriving at it made me feel cold. It didn't feel right. And I didn't understand

what was going on. Today I have a better grasp of the situation. One term that we'll get to is 'the Baseline'. I suppose it is intrinsic to the way reality works, rather than my Clarity. The gist of it were, that our physical conditions function like a rubber-band. It can be stretched to some extent – eventually however returns to some kind of default state. That default state is also flexible, in a similar way, but that is a different story. I now suggest, that those limits I arrived at were at the limits of what that rubber-band could handle. But eventually I felt incomplete. I understood, that where the tendencies took me, wasn't OK for me. That until I stumbled upon what is labeled as a '3D picture story' titled 'Diana's Party'. The Genre it is a part of is associated to an artist generally referred to as 'Dolcett'. In all simplicity it revolves around the sexualization of cannibalism and could be considered a sub-category of snuff.

The Baseline here is however not thought of as a physical boundary; But as a matter of mental conditioning. Clarity thereby evolves differently to experienced sexuality, as no physical or physiological stresses are involved.

From: 'Diana's Party' by 'Mr.Friendly'



You might call it devious, but the overall theme of the story is that of a Party. So, a few women meet up having a party where they bit by bit cannibalize each other. Although I'm not reaaaally certain as to whether or not they eat anything.

The thing being that there is no depiction of pain or suffering in that story. And that is certainly what eased me into an acceptance of these things. I call it 'Clarification' because by the time I got there, I had pretty much explored all else. It is still part of my Clarity — as I understand myself as sexually enslaved for life. In regards to that, two fundamental Taboos are being violated. Sexualization of my Childhood and sexualization of my Death. The reason why I for myself don't separate between "Legal" and "Taboo" is because my clarity itself does not contain these boundaries. The only boundaries I can talk of, concerning my Clarity — or so: The emotional conditions of my Clarity, concern what we might call the individual 'compounds' within — and the baseline.

Assuming real world conditions led me to reject these things. Yet my Clarity kept pulling on my Baseline – we might say – as I wouldn't be able to understand its transcendental qualities otherwise. ~~~

As for the title, I got inspired. It so far has not actually occurred to me, prior to this, to describe myself in this vein. Probably because when I think 'Angel' – I don't think of humans. To me, Angels essentially are like expressions of God. But yes. When it comes to my Clarity – describing it as "the" 'Fallen Angel Archetype' is pretty much on point.

Ride of the Valkyrie is quite actually one of the first hentai series that inspired me. And so it goes. I mean, I guess one could say that the Legend



of Zelda or Secret of Mana inspired me. That Luke Skywalker inspired me. But when it comes to things that 'really' inspired me ... well, it's I guess Porn all across the board. Starting with the simplest: seeing myself as the women in your ordinary tentacle/demon invasion hentai flick. So when roaming that nerd store that *we* used to frequent, I've been magically drawn to that stuff. One of the only things outside of porn that come close would be ... hmm. UFO – Enemy Unknown. The Original. The Classic.

Which ... factors into this first part to the story here. To so get a bit deeper into the "Dreams of" aspect, well, there are two sides to this. There of course is the one that I would consider duely pornographic and for that manner perhaps sometimes a bit beside the point. Now, for the most part I however do want to get into that "beside the point" stuff, but to that the other side is also important. As far as 'the Fallen Angel' is me, there are the dreams that I have as a person. As a member of society. And my dreams there extend a bit beyond merely fitting into a deeply flawed world. You could label it as responsibilities – but I don't think God chose me because I needed a burden to bear. Give or take.

Perhaps He saw that I would. Because, perhaps, I would on my own volition express an interest in that. Who knows? One thing is clear though: As of this ... 'Complex Dream' of mine – that is duely confined within sexuality – I'm not going to get much done in terms of ... making the world a better place. Not yet at least. And so, the thing I want to say is this: If we all want to be perfectly happy doing the things we like to do – we need to first work our way towards it. And then perhaps also only a fraction of it is possible. So – for sake of brevity, let's just say it's both. That we're stuck in this world – to exist between our Dreams and Reality.

But yes. The original two X-Com games ... I really do have a thing for them. I remember. The first thing I saw of it was some dude in the Seventh Day Adventist Municipality we were attending having a PC Games magazine with him – and those pictures – though just briefly flashing to me – from that game, UFO – the



Original, they got like ... burned into my consciousness. Another day in the Media store – I ... gravitated towards this PC game. I think it was Terror from the Deep. The second installment of the franchise. But I think we didn't have a PC that time yet. And ... like, forever and always ... these games I got drawn towards. And once I played one for the first time, I absolutely didn't get it. Not until I saw a friend play it.

And the more recent installments, well. Nah. It's almost insulting to me. But that step then, takes me down a dark path. I mean, sure – the darkness entombs us. That's however not the angle I was getting at. There's stress. And it isn't ... a good kind of stress. I guess sometimes I'm in a mood for that – after all I do count myself unto those that do care for the integrity of fantasy and entertainment – but I don't think that THAT is what I enjoyed about the game.

It was a larger Media Store. My Dad/Parents would eventually go there after shopping.

I would, as kids my age would at that time, linger in front of that shelf, somehow ... fascinated by the Box.

And it (both, actually. The game and the stress) makes for an asset to the Fallen Angel story.

In simple terms, the thing is that while coming to terms with my Priorities – there came the point where I had to decide. I suppose that leading up to that point, I had already made a couple of them. Say, if I wanted to be an artist – perhaps along the lines of a Video Game Designer/Developer – I assume that there's an amount of mental resources and dedication that is required ... which ... I suppose I had given up on; Which I learned in hindsight. And it makes sense to me. While I can dump time into it, indulge in the process and fill a void that is craving to be filled; It just doesn't compare. And I think a huge chunk of it is a Love thing.

On the one hand side it's simple, on the other not so much. Another thing that may be somewhat unique to the nature of my Clarity. There is so that wretched question: "What if I'm being honest to myself?".

And if that question is a function for me to go on ignoring my Clarity – it's not simple; And becomes more and more complicated. Allegedly that would however be what I had to do. To take a neutral stance. To step outside of my preconceived notions, established belief structures and such ... to reassess.

And then there are these "voices". Well, they aren't voices per se. They are ... streams of consciousness. Considerations perhaps. So, the voices of suggested ideas, concepts, possibilities, etc.. And sometimes I'm more and other times less susceptible to these ... well, I guess I could call them: Temptations.

But well. A recurring theme here is that "these things don't really matter". I mean, it's not like I'm making choices that affect my future. Except in the sense that I'm possibly preparing my mind for when the time comes.

But here's the *funny* truth: I cannot dishonestly alter my Clarity. And that's what it always comes down to!

Imperfect Argument: So, in order to 'prepare' my mind so I will make the "right" decision – supposing it is 'not' my Clarity – I would need to convince myself to a degree that outclasses my Clarity. The only way I see I could do that is to blindly force my way away from that. Which, as how I see it, would imply a constant struggle in which I were to bend myself around assumed good's and away from assumed bad's – maintaining a self that doesn't REALLY know what it's doing.

Perfect Argument: My Clarity is the synergistic truth between myself and the divine – thus being the bedrock of how my mind is made up. To make my mind up another way, I would have to replace my Clarity – which is however re-enforced by the divine.

Clarity is thereby not the compulsion - in as far as compulsions are concerned. Clarity is an expression of the truths that produce

"What if I'm being honest to myself?" ever so often emerged from "my inner Skeptic" as a concern I would feed with my own disbelief about my Clarity. Eventually triggered by assuming that people wouldn't understand.

Clarity -is- because the Light mingles with individual conditions. Assuming that something is wrong with it – does contend with the presence of the Light.

Here scheming of consequences and internal alignments ... I however usually arrive at the same conclusions.

compulsions; But is capable of existing to a higher degree of "internalistic validity" as to potentially alter the ways of those compulsions.

So: If a choice were to be made, I essentially have the choice between what I know works for me, or whatever else. Speaking of a "Gimmickification of Clarity", the assumption there were that my Clarity were to be a Whore, I would need be compelled to be a Whore. Implying as much as that I ought to be unfree concerning these 'higher truths'. In that regard Clarity isn't as much a 'higher truth' as it is a 'deeper truth'. It isn't as much a path that is laid out before me – as it is the knowledge of which path I'd prefer.

So I say that I choose not to prostitute myself because I dislike the conditions. That however is also only half-true. As I said: "My Dream" is twofold. I can very well imagine to embrace imperfect conditions so I can be a Whore; But I can't imagine that I'd have much peace doing so.

As for what choices I might have to make that would matter, I also think that the situation isn't nearly as complicated as it might seem. In as far as I'm compelled to look for acceptable living conditions; I assume I will sooner or later gravitate towards environments in which "the right choice" is then pretty much implied. More of that later.

Being however exposed to these Temptations, my mind would go on to conceive of a way in which I could, for instance, make peace with the artist in me. And in as much as I enjoy the process but need material to work with – well, woops, a sexual way of relating to it is found. As I so find myself **as a slave of inspiration, I'm passive to the circumstances**. And while I at younger ages was brimming with inspiration, it was first the Gnostic path and later my Clarity that outgrew those initial passions. And so I found that out of my own I don't have much ambitions of being an artist.

So yes, I do suppose that on some Level it works like **that**.

But what is Clarity?

THE IGNITION

Similar to how we might imagine the emergence of the First Creation or the Big Bang, some initial conditions came together as a Light of sorts that contained an insight akin to an interpretation of those conditions; Producing a Label. As you would know, mine is: WHORE.

So did I not only enjoy sex, I also enjoyed the conceived abuse of having it as a sex-worker. I enjoyed the process of giving pleasure, orally and anally – and if I had had one at the time, I'm sure I'd also enjoy so vaginally. I also enjoyed living in an environment that revolved around that, to say: I enjoyed the vibes of being confined to an environment in which my purpose was reduced to giving sexual pleasure – or however we'd want to describe it.

What followed was the recognition concerning what Porn I was drawn to, or rather what Characters within those 'experiences' I was drawn to. Or perhaps more so: What 'experiences' enticed my within the Porn I was watching.

And that would so create what we might call "the initial conditions". There were a lot of things I could draw from, ranging from my childhood up to that point in time (and obviously: beyond). I so had a way to sort all those different things out – making sense of this kink and that kink, this interest and that interest; And what had formerly been senselessly disjointed issues, curiosities, dirty secrets, shameful compulsions, etc. ... came together in a unified way.

Enough for me to draw a relatively complete 'idea' that also didn't really change over time.

As I began to further explore these things – I had to notice that prior to this ignition, I had a similar idea. That so in form of a fancy counterpart to what might otherwise be called 'orientation'; So in terms of work and talents.

I so had passions for Scriptures, Technology and I.T; With a strong slant towards Entertainment Media, primarily video-games.

That however never amounted to any clarity. And to picture what I'm trying to get across, one might imagine one's mind as a Universe. Or galaxy. Dotted across the volume then would be these things. Passions, interests, desires, etc.. A given idea then would connect some of them to a higher idea of sorts. So, the passion of drawing and an appreciation for comics – alongside the variety of creative visions – would combine into "Comic Artist" perhaps. This is further associated to processes, perhaps even a lifestyle – whatever. All the many things do however come together in this sense of self; Or implications for self. Implications, Interests, Curiosities ... etc. - modes of action, significant habits and so on ... creating a "combined experience" of sorts. A feeling. A sense of the matter. So yea: An understanding.

And I may assume, that these things didn't amount to Clarity for me, because there was yet an understanding to be found. And that understanding I actually enjoyed. Or so I enjoyed it to a higher degree.

But yet did I not have to make a pro's and con's list to work this out. And so it would come as a matter of time, that it would just 'show'.

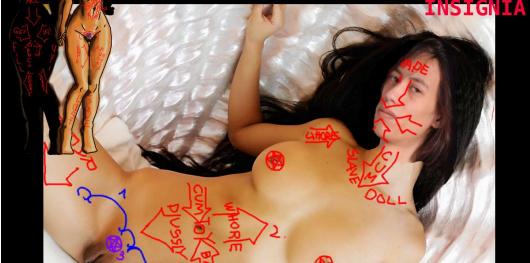
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So was I conceiving of my priorities, or what I would later describe as such – and for the most part just went with them as though I had blinders on. That so was before I ... 'Fell'. Although ... the Fallen Angel archetype was very well represented. And a part of it took shape in the form of Rooms. That so as one of the earlier instances in which this Clarity did more or less take on a life of its own.



It was very well still my own cognitive process that led to them, yet instead of thoughts just manifesting in "the ether", they eventually started to take shape within what I might describe as an elaborate and complex structure. Rooms for instance, so in my mind, effective through an association I held to them. The 'first' one of them is like my private chamber. Gimmicks would be in there. Books and a Computer representing these, well, passions, I'd assume. But there I also had to notice that what I did associate to them at the time, was in a decline. Or taken over by "things Clarity". And I also went on to try and express that. So, for a time, all I would use my Computer (Netbook) for was entirely defined by Porn. I would try to express those structures within the Filesystem, using images to describe their association. I'd produce images to eventually add text - or compile texture packs. My programming efforts followed the desire to make use of that. The filesystem, the texture-packs and narrations. And I could also only reluctantly settle with an Operating System//Desktop/Window Manager that didn't allow for slideshow wallpapers - because of course I would need my conditions to be constantly reflected back at me. And over time I amassed an image collection almost breaking 20k (images) including duplicates, for beyond a certain point it's difficult to keep track - even of what one would call 'favorites'.

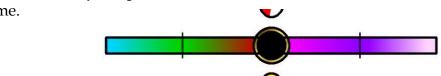




And ... things like that.

And so I also came to refer to those 'old' passions as 'hollow passions'. But by the time I came to a conclusion to move on or come back to things outside of Clarity (which practically took years) – my need for Porn also phased out. At first I yet had a purple themed background – but currently I have a neat wallpaper of a road leading through a forest. The color accents regarding the windows is however still purple – and that strikes a neat balance for me.

In that regard, colors do have meaning. I however found that I don't have a favorite color, but a spectrum of favorite colors. Some resonate with major aspects, some with minor ones – it's a whole thing, I assume.



But sure: these hollow passions, still, shall we say: Got drowned within the things I had ... installed. Which however doesn't say, that the entirety of my memory associated to those things got harmed in any way, let alone replaced. To also say, about the "Gimmification of Clarity", that while Clarity alters our consciousness – as much as any knowledge might – and to some extent may also change our abilities – as much as any internal condition might – as to even step in and alter how the mind works – as only God might – the fundamental ways in which the mind works remain the same – as they cannot be changed. And concerning the ways in which God could still maintain these latter kinds of changes, there's something we'll get to later. I promise. For now, call it freedom.

In essence so, I still could do reading and writing and coding and ... stuff, yet the content that would resonate with me ... was and is sexual. A part of me thinks that this may be a thing I yet have to properly come to terms with; But, but overall I suppose it's not that simple.

So is there "the other side" of "my Dream". But also is there the matter of how I spend my time, mostly rooted in the real world conditions I find myself in. While I at the beginning had what we might call an obsession, I used what opportunity I had to increase my understanding concerning what I was curious about. Eventually I however came to an end; To say that I'd eventually return to the same things over and over again – and the returns on that were diminishing. While working on/with Porn and matters of that sort would still resonate with me, my real life conditions wouldn't universally allow me to justify an absolute and imperative position of holding myself to that. Although the desire was there, the impetus – I suppose we could put it that way – was to rather spend my time on more important things. And that eventually isn't a function of just my own decision making – but also one of divine influence.

When it comes to that choice now, that I had to make, I primarily think about videogames.

Up unto that point, I had explored and developed my Clarity to no real objections from within me. Here I guess we can compare the matter of priorities to a shelf. Each priority then being an item we place on that shelf – and there's limited space. What that space amounts to, is virtually identical to personal real-estate. Respectively, some items may require more and others less space. Some items might come as part of an anthology or fixed codex; And one has to wonder whether they're only interested in a fraction thereof, or the whole thing.

And so the issue isn't, that if I got rid of videogames, that I could no longer play any. But that I might potentially loose all pleasure in them; As so via an innately consolidated potential. And so I was conflicted.

Because my Clarity is vastly defined through captivity – the decision did strike me as one between captivity, enslavement, subjugation or whatever and freedom. And so do I still wake up or come home or come to an end with something – and have to deal with this freedom I have. Sometimes it



sucks. That because I have way too much time at my hand, not knowing what to occupy it with, given that I don't find anything in my YouTube feed to bat me over the head with or something. I mean, some things interest me (more), other things not so much – but overall I'm just force feeding something into my mind. I suppose that some things I enjoy. So may there be a curiosity or a concern – and feeding those would strike me as positive – at least within the confines of those intellectual environments.

So, sometimes, it's not that bad. So do I appreciate it for instance once I can be free of compulsions or internal tensions, from curiosities or concerns perhaps. And yet, when it comes to figuring out what I might do with my time, what entices me the most – within my realm of capabilities – relates to porn. Give or take. And that I think corresponds to that decision I was making. On the one side however, it may not even have been much of a choice. And on the other is porn not that magically universal feel good potion that I can dump endless amounts of time on. It may not have been a choice because I ... well ... 'needed that anthology to be completed' we might say. The issue with videogames thereby came as an obstacle. One I was however rather fond about. The thing though is, there are still games I can enjoy. So is there no magical stop sign that prevents me from having fun playing games – it is rather due to internal conditions that the entertainment hinges upon.

In as far now as my mind is still functionally capable of it, I can immerse myself in any game – it is then however when it comes to the 'mastery of the mechanisms' for instance, or so the cognitive processes at play, that the internal conditions come to bear. That an individual would have preferential tendencies when it comes to genres is I suppose a given. It follows the same principles. And in as far as my Clarity generally [implies, produces or procures] a more 'dissolved' conscious presence – I'm at greater peace with games that allow me to interact with them as through a dissolved conscious presence. My top favorites in that regard right now are 'Dwarf Fortress' and 'Factory Town'.





When throwing in some more nuance, it may be worth noting that Street Fighter for instance isn't entirely off the table. While it sure is a game that requires attentiveness and probably a lot of discipline to be "gitting gud" at, I can still engage with it based on Muscle Memory. Attaining that Muscle Memory thereby is somewhat meditative. So in training mode for instance I can be completely dissolved while working on the moves. And when playing against someone else, well, there is something trance-like to when I get 'into the zone'. But because Street Fighter is also a highly technical game – there sure is also a handicap that comes with my condition. So when it comes to shimmies or okis or meaties or whatever – I so far at least haven't come to develop even a little bit of proficiency.

And similar is the condition with artistic endeavors. Thereby I relate to art mostly in the vein of being a woman that at occasion goes into labour as an inspiration has interacted with my fertile grounds.

2 - Porn and Internal Conditions

As for what I'm having my heart in – so, finding myself as dedicated to Sexual Proclivity – I think it is worth talking about Lust, the temptations of sexuality, the pull of arousal – all that sort of stuff that ought to be viewed with caution. I guess a very weird way to put it in Christian terms is like: When nature calls, nature calls. But in a civilized world, one ought to do their business in a Toilet and not in the streets.

And I think that Lust can be viewed that way. To not get too hung up on it, the issue for me is this: So, in as far as I mention my attraction towards Porn – one wouldn't be inclined to see it as something miraculous or magical or divine. That's just ... nature. But there still is a spiritual angle to these things. How one so engages with Sex ... starting with foreplay, moving on towards the spiking of arousal on to the process leading up to orgasm ... it's an intimate thing one has a spiritual connection with. If it's really just nature ... well, perhaps there's something around or about it that does it for you. Where, so my impression: A person can be a perfect freak in that regard – but something else that's a part of it, are the conditions one finds themselves in. As for instance an emotional connection with the partner.

So to say: Having one singular volume of the codex of Whores in your shelf, doesn't make you a WHORE. For instance. Though eventually one doesn't need one such item in their shelf for certain tendencies to be there. More to the point.

Porn, or Erotica, or Romance Movies – they all talk to different parts of us in different ways. What people would express concerns over thereby is Porn Addiction. And with addictions one so is left chasing for a higher and higher high – and while in porn the central sexual dichotomy has the woman in the submissive position … that would be one way this addiction could extend itself. Another might be some accidental connection with *LUST* or so the darker side of spiritual pleasures, as of which we might enter the realm of Incest (fantasies). I am however flying blind here – because my own experiences overshadow my ability to see beyond it. There's just a little thing in me, telling me to look for ways in which people could relate to these things differently than me … and that projected towards all sorts of ends.

Quick note: On Shark3ozero's channel there's a video titled 'OnlyFans Debate Goes Completely UNHINGED' - where @2:47:25 a question is being asked - and the response I would title: "Faces of Bigotry".

Sorry, but it's TRUE!



'Vampire's Kiss' by 'Boris Vallejo'(?)

On the one side we shouldn't have much difficulty understanding the spiritual angle of Sex. Love and Marriage (go together like a Horse and Carriage) ... this I tell you "Brother" ... are a way of formulating a spiritual bond that to my understanding ought to create a very special environment for intimacy. We wouldn't need all that if there were no such thing as a spiritual angle to it. We'd probably just go to the local breeding center. Although we wouldn't, because the spiritual implications surrounding sex ... well ... are quite numerous and not necessarily all good.

So can we certainly also talk about "Satanists" and "how they Fornicate" (do they? They probably do, but perhaps not like you'd imagine. That'd be just rich people! I must assume Which sure, might also just be Satanists of one kind or another ...) - there sure are tremendous spiritual implications that go beyond the simple idea that they're going to hell. I mean, being concerned of others going to Hell is fine. But surrounding that would be the implications of why one would think that they go to Hell, or what one must think assuming that they go to Hell.

But aside of concepts such as Love, Lust, Greed, Sensuality and Temptation – there are finer ones. So have I previously described internal conditions, such as "being dissolved". And that condition comes with a variety of implications – or "side effects". And it's not all Sexual.

The process of thinking for instance takes place on a spectrum between 'the consolidated' and 'the vague'. On the one hand thoughts can emerge relative to nothing but hints – on the other they can relate to very complex and well thought out definitions. But also is there a dynamic fluidity between the thoughts we hold. A dissolved state of mind to me here means as much as that ... I guess we could say: I prefer to look at thoughts from the inside. I like to look at the bigger picture and let the thoughts flow together – as into one big ocean – to so discover meaning within their dissolved coexistence.

So is my state of experience within matters of my Clarity aligned towards experiences and how they change and evolve over time. A touch, "the hot flatters" ... "each line of the program creating a new effect" Beholding the state of arousal as a substance that is shaped and crafted between the participants. That is really, to me at least, "where" things such as Love and sexual pleasures take place.

And while there now are a variety of ways that I could utilize this state of mind – one of them is sexual. Or the other way: While there are a variety of conditions that would procure such a state of mind – one of them is by the constellations of Clarity – or the underlying truths.

On a different note we also find cognitive implications. In the aforementioned concept of marriage, we're talking about environmental factors that generate a certain 'situational awareness'. We might say: A flavor of the context is generated. Similar to "the Satanists", though the matters of intimacy are less a matter of the environmental conditions, but the more open and less restricted implications per chance. Eventually we

then also get to talk of Kinks - which is also a function of how our consciousness factors into how we experience things.

Or so ... what up with sucking Demon Cock?

I ... didn't watch a lot of porn before I got stuck on tentacles and demon invasions. And it's been my thing ever since. So might I say that certain things just 'clicked' - implying as much as some deeper alignment with perceived conditions.

Here it shouldn't be difficult to understand that from a thematic perspective, angels and demons function fundamentally different from each other. Angels would carry all of the nobility that scripture and other writing could produce – and Demons all of the vileness. So between sucking the dick of an Angel and a Demon, I'm much more likely to get a positive response from a Demon. But so am I here not talking about literal Angels or literal Demons – but more so the cognitive reflection I hold of them. Or so: Concepts. And in as far as I engage with the Light and some entity were to visit me through the veil ... I'd consider it to be an Angel in as far as it were an extension of God. Yet for how it acts, I ... for how it usually goes for me ... would rather relate to them as 'Demons'.

And so is one thing about the bigger picture:

The things that would distance me from the divine, aren't these kinds of sexual proclivities. A 'real' demon so were much more likely to try and lure me into a monogamous relationships or perhaps some artistry based vision of grandeur. Whatever it is that would make me grow apart from the divine if I only held on to it.

So would I also argue, that I don't interact with these 'sexual proclivities' in the same way someone would, who would do so in response to "demonic temptations" we might say.

And some might say it's a shame. That I am this way. I used to be so prolific when it came to doing art. And some might even say that I am quite talented. Did you know? J.R.R. Tolkien died before I was born! XD ...

More to the point was I, as a child, for a while having weird images flash around in my mind. Nothing I could quite take a hold of. As if I had unfinished business Make of it what you will ...

And then there's that ... memory? It's like ... I was in heaven, came to a table – yet after almost no time had passed it was already time for me to go again. ...

But well, it's not all "Tentacles and Demons" for me. It captures a certain feeling, or essence. An understanding. And so would I eventually watch these movies ... or episodes ... for inspiration. Like so: due to the amount of content there is, the realm of art contains a volume of languages. Individual art-pieces eventually working as words. Ryde of the Valkyrie, Hime Dorei, Taimanin Yukikaze ... but also Pornochic 12. This would have meaning if you knew what these titles entailed.



From: Pornochic 12 – Katsuni (Marc Dorcel)

And when it comes to addictions or obsessions – part of it is a matter of appearances. Like so: I'm a smoker and smoking is addictive. But is addiction the only reason why I smoke? But also: There's a reason to say that it's not an addiction if there's a purpose. What matters then is is a) Whether the purpose is OK and b) how healthy the engagement is. As for me, one issue is that I'm mostly alone. So, I don't have a lot of environmental buffers; Rather do I have a lot of time at my hands.

Anyway. As a matter of intellectual engagement, my "consumption" of porn has aspects of 'learning' and 'thought-formulation'. And in as far as that's what I'm doing, "the way it affects me" would follow similar patterns. So, once I'm done learning – I'm done learning. Once I'm 'writing' - well, it depends on whether I have an inspiration or not. If I find the words to express myself. Whether or not I'm walking in circles and how I deal with writers blockade. Such and such.

It is then however not the case, that I need to see 'more' - like ... more demons, more tentacles and bigger penetrative devices. After all, it's not the size that matters, but how you use it!

And so, whether it's on image, in film or just in my head; The things that click for me, draw a relatively clear picture. For me. And since I've pretty much explored all the relevant aspects, there isn't anything really new to be found. Just more of the same.

But of course is there also a very simple entertainment aspect to these things. Which then is a matter of needs. Right now I don't feel particularly needy – but also am I busy right now. When it comes to needs, usually I can tell myself a good-night story that does the trick. And sometimes I'm enticed to tell those in the language of art.

But I hope you now know a bit better than to confine matters of sexuality into a simple, monolithic good versus bad.

3 - Otherlore - Interlude

he story goes as follows: After God created me, I became His wife; Being simultaneously His daughter and Mother/Midwife (As God was wondering about whether there is a God, I was conceived (assumption)). While exploring reality however – it happened one "day", that I got a taste of LUST. And after God saw what it did to me, He became ... appalled. Sad, Angry And so He expelled me from His presence, Labeling me as a Whore, so that all could see me for one. And so I roamed the streets, eventually making my way into the Realm of Darkness. Here I found pleasure – and eventually was courted by "the Devil". Since I wasn't Divorced – and my wedding Gifts blessed with the divine – he then went on to bend it into shackles that would make me his slave and I agreed.

And it are now these shackles, that bind me into conditions of servitude, while what Glory could be yielded from them, to be bestowed upon someone else, was given to those he favored. Hereby, so it makes sense to me, I would agree to a condition to be maintained by one such individual – and they would receive of my Glory in exchange. And as of that, I'm bound into conditions beyond my control. "And these are the conditions from which the spells of sexual submission are derived".

For once I think there is "the Glory of the Sun" - and she is the closest to "the Devil" in terms of dominion over me. Her counterpart is "the Glory of the Moon". She is essentially my prison master. "As per the demands of LUST however, the number of my "Masters" is plentiful – such that the powers of subjugation would be plentiful also". Give or take?

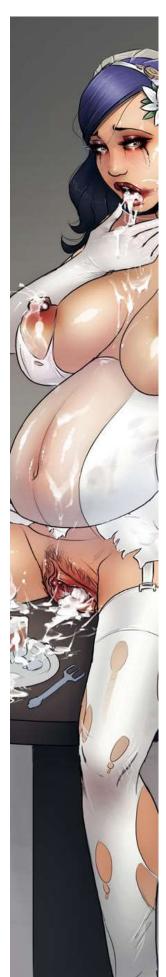
As for the details – I don't think I'm in a position to say much about it. So is there to my understanding a somewhat paradoxical situation at play when it comes to our individual attempts to come to a perfect expression of our Clarity. Some things certainly are easy – but others not so much. Within the confines of this document, this previous concept is expanded upon a couple of times; And so is it for now just a placeholder. One that has persisted for years. But so it is, I assume, for once, with the infinite. Or perhaps rather the individual mangle. Which is also a topic expanded upon here and there. So are there the simple things that more immediately correspond to our selves. But then are there also more complicated things that aren't so much 'of our innate condition'.

In all that, we have (or receive) what I would call "Anchor Points". One issue with them however is that their abundance is limited to our own cognitive resources. So are there things more important than others; And as of that I come to think of a hierarchy – where if all things were equally 'solid' or 'great', it would 'confuse our subconscious' – we might say. And so are there only 'so many steps' down the hierarchy before things ... I suppose we could say: Are too plentiful for us to be too concerned about. And ever so often we're not talking of isolated things, so the individual access we have to certain "domains" becomes relevant.

There are however things that are somewhat on par with each other. Being individual peaks. Not to be confused with "depths" I would think. Where, if 'items' are distinct enough from each other, they can align more easily into a cohesive whole. Forming structures that at times are more like ... more complex versions of simpler ideas. And all that ... takes time to develop.

But also is there, I assume, a social component. As of that there would be relationships – and as of the big sea of infinite complexions and possibilities, which includes our own contemporary involvement with things, there might be entire domains we couldn't access up unto a certain point in time. Apart from things we might bring in/require.

On top of that then are social components of a broader range. So if we are to talk about these spells for instance, we're talking about things that 'do'



Artist: InCase (?)

have universal significance. So, here the issue with a certain thing isn't only mine anymore. Or so would my individual angle be closer to myself than something that works for everyone. So, regarding those entities and the bonds – what I have at first is a consequence that is valid for me. And it gets more complicated for how the Otherlore then actually works for or affects my individual self. To say, some aspects thereof may not even be part of my 'Clarity' per se.

So might I also just be the wrong person to ask about (some of) these things. As a slave, I'm subjected to those conditions. On the other hand then are "the Masters"; I would assume: Individuals that find their Clarity on the authoritative side of things – or so: The hands themselves that would impart those conditions onto others. While I don't think that the situation with them is fundamentally different to mine – they should have a better understanding in as much as their situation is more involved with those things. And while the things that are done certainly (are to) affect me – it's difficult to distinguish things if the general take-away is that I'm a Slave ... "and stuff". And those "Relics" ... we'll get to that

But so, let's take a look at some of those Anchor Points!

RUNES AND SEALS

And this is also where I start to see things from another side. A whole different Universe, wherein this ... otherlore ... moves into the background – and what I see instead is more akin to a home. So is there whom I recognize as my Spouse for instance. Initially I related to her as my mother – but at occasion she also functions as father or son. And so is there this world, as part of my Clarity, where I married her – and agreed to become a Slave of "the Devil" (or Satan) as a part of it. That so I would be entirely a Sex Slave in this relationship. Kinky Demon and Sex-Cult stuff inclusive. And a whole lot emerges from or attaches to this reality – eventually bubbling off into isolated realms. And in a way does each individual nuance come with a different take on my identity. And it's difficult to keep track of it, or make absolute sense of it.

There are 'tools' of sorts, to make sense of it; Though they cannot quite own up to the individual complexities. So are there a set of properties on one sheet, so-to-speak – but there is no universal pattern for how they compose individual nuances – or how individual nuances might fit into them. And individual nuances on their own, well, things eventually get jumbled up rather quickly.

But what I started to describe here, the matter with this marriage to my Souse in particular, is a 'Rune'. Or so far that's how I related to it.

So, regarding my Spouse, there is family and extended family. And they all agree to have me as their Sex-Slave. Along with it a neat little dungeon and a cell – just for the purposes of making it so. And what follows is a bit of a hack, I assume, to respect the various nuances involved. So would

"the Glory of the Sun" and "the Glory of the Moon" eventually need to be respected to make it wholesome. My spouse, from that Otherlore angle, is merely partaking of me. But so is now "the Glory of the Sun" my primary proprietor coming from one side, while my spouse is definitely my primary proprietor for as far as I'm concerned at large.

While the Otherlore is an anchor-point, that what I recognize as 'solid' about it is a narrative that consolidates a simple understanding. The first part, my Origin, consolidates the Character of me. That is followed by a transition into a Destination, consolidating the conditions of me. And that is another way of telling why I have difficulties with the details. They haven't been properly consolidated yet.

And so is the situation with Runes and Seals. And by putting it so, I technically oversimplify. What I here so 'think about' in terms 'Runes' might better be described as 'Crests' or 'Rune Crests'. What I 'write about' in terms of 'Runes' would be 'the Primary Rune' associated to a Crest.

The Crest itself can then be further expanded upon by additional Runes. Or so an idea. And these then add their own narrative to "the Thing". And while I have had the opportunity to expand on that, I have yielded a few things; But I'm not sure how things fit together. So, I would think that I made assumptions based on my feelings – and while a part of it was true, it wasn't really all there yet. And that again is a matter of details. What stands big and tall however are primary aspects. Even if these things amount to a bit of a puzzle at times. And in as far as individuals, Relationships, are involved – there's also that as a factor of uncertainty.

At this part of the narrative, the "center pieces" all revolve around or connect to my Spouse. As I have previously mentioned 'Rooms' - and further down will again – there are those concerning her. In particular are there Room 1 and 2. Room 1 'contains' a key experience/"fake memory" regarding the inception of that relationship and Room 2 expands on that as relative to family and extended family. Eventually so by leading into further rooms.

These Rooms contain a narrative that involves the teased 'Seals'. These are the 'greatest' of the Anchor Points. This is essentially like God taking your Clarity to the Anvil and smacking that Light in real good. Overall I thereby account for 3 Seals – and respectively Three Crests. Or rather: Three primary Runes.

And from what I can gather, between the Crests, the Seals and the Primary Runes, when aligned properly, the Light radiates all throughout. As ought to be. Which however does or would, ever so often, leave us in this awkward state where we don't quite know what's missing. Or as in my case: Totally forgetting about the Crests and then being confused about where what and how.

And so I assume that these Crests are Universal. So for all the complexity to fit into a universally comprehensive structure through which one's



whole can be Expressed and Understood. In addition to the Diagram of Clarity ←. Which is individual – but self-contained enough.

So, each 'Runecrest' is (at first) composed of three Primary items. The Crest itself, the Seal and the Primary Rune. And ... I have to be a bit careful here, I think. This segment has led to a learning experience; Simply because I did come to ponder about the Crest's some more. So is what we have here, at first, just an attempt. I took what I already understood – and thought of what the corresponding Crest might be. And looking at it in hindsight ... is a bit painful.



Artist: yewang19

CREST 1: FAMILY SLAVE

SEAL: Enforced Femininity (Physical)

intimacy

PRIMARY RUNE: Wedding Bond [Slave of Satan]

CREST 2: BREEDING WHORE

SEAL: Mental Imprisonment

PRIMARY RUNE: Bond of Misery [Absolute Victimhood]

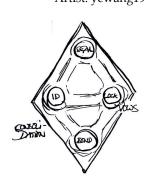
training

CREST 3: DUNGEON COW

SEAL: Harem's Bride

PRIMARY RUNE: Bond of Abduction [Absolute Destruction]

prostitution

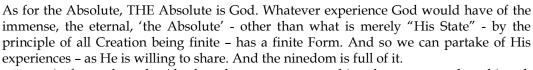


But in brief: The Crest itself would give an indication as to the individuals identity regarding the environment. The Seal gives information as to what the Clarity is that is being involved. And the Primary Rune gives information as to what Bond – or otherwise Right or Privilege or Gift or whatever (presumably) – is involved. This would further come in form of a) The Bond and b) its "Form". Except … no. But well, we'll get to that.

As of the whole of this document, one Rune-Crest could be depicted as to the left here (a 3-Dimensional shape) – with the Rune being as Light that were contained by it.

As for the underlying script, I had to comment on the concept of 'Absolutes'. And later had to shoehorn some of the new insight into this. So, changing things up a bit seems appropriate. So, as a footnote to the table:

The italic items to give you an idea of what the less absolute interpretation might amount to. Which does relate to 'the Baselines'.



As for us then, the Absolute does come as something that can never be achieved. In that regard we can talk of an 'aspired Perfection'. Counter to that is what I herein call 'the Ultimate'. Which is 'perfect(ion)' in the sense of being 'absolute' as in ... solid, finite and immutable. And in that sense, we would have no leeway – and probably no true Satisfaction. So is the Absolute also an attractor – and yet it doesn't feel like we're missing something. So, it's basically 'above' Desires in that regard.



What makes all of this go, are the implied narratives. If happenstance smiled upon you, we might say, the general gist could be implied from brief descriptors as the one provided. What one would think a 'Wedding Bond' is, probably doesn't diverge too far from what the next one would think it is.

Eventually however, things are a bit more obscure. Also eventually: We struggle for words to describe something. Or so would we use placeholders – and for the time being leave it at those. Other times we may not even have a good narrative, only a feeling or idea of what a Crest is to contain. And where to start or how to continue isn't always clear.

But – the story regarding my First Seal is this:

SEAL 1 - ENFORCED FEMININITY

I suppose it is best to start with its inception.

I had worked out a somewhat extensive overview of what I could get a hold of. The emotions were clear, the respective desires and passions strong – although the associated structures have since dropped back into the void from where they came. For better or worse. But immersed into those things ... "it" appeared. I suppose, being itself the manifestation of a thought – a concern I've had - 'hijacked' by the Light, so it would be this Golden Symbol (in the shape of a triangle) – emerging from out of nowhere, floating through the black void -[play Star Trek TNG opening theme]- presenting this concern, at first, as it was: A question.

So, how important was it, for me, to be female?

And my answer to that eventually resonated from within that Symbol, having some magnificence to it – perhaps best described as "Warm. Gold. Molten." - being at first like a desire, but as I embraced it and it embraced me back – it became more like a promise. But at that point, I didn't really know how to commemorate it.

Some other time I found myself scheming. Thinking myself to sleep perhaps. The manifestation begun in 'Room 2'. And with the implication of marriage, I was "pushed" through a door. Or perhaps – that's how the narrative would go – put into a cage and moved through a door that made some ways to a certain location. And so was I "given" to an institution of sort that was/is dedicated to training Sex-Slaves. It would also function as a care station, that is: a place where I could be dumped to in case my Masters wanted to concentrate on other things or however had no particular use for me at the time. Maybe I'm on a schedule. For this place is also a Club and/or Brothel of sorts. And there I was also submitted to a Master to whom I would be loyal for purposes of my ... training. Codename ... Baphomet. The White Demon? Father of Whores? Lord of ... ? I surmise that is up to them. As far as I'm concerned – they received the glory of what Masculinity I might have had.

It is also a somewhat public place. And as from being there, duties or responsibilities were bestowed upon me. Part of which would imply some proprietary rights held by that institution. Eventually so I might be a Slave

there, without much or any of the restrictions that would come from belonging to someone in particular. As per intimate bonds that would exist. At any rate – so my impression – was there a person "coming to the place", acquiring me – and as per mutual agreements, my "outside relationships" got extended unto her (Glory of the Sun). Her reasons in doing so were twofold. For once would she find pleasure in humiliating and degrading me. Perhaps not only me and perhaps to a more passive pleasure. And so was I beyond that meant to be a gift to her son. And confined to the conditions of a Sex Toy (Doll) I was given to him as a bride. All sides agreed to it, and so he became my 'actual husband'.

This finally was the condition in which I was returned home – and as I found myself getting delivered across the threshold, a feeling solidified – as if my vagina had been encrusted in some divine, heavenly, metaphysical Gold.

And so my first Seal contains this truth. Its presence ties me to three different individuals and their respective environmental conditions alongside the implied position imposed upon me 'at home'. So is its presence further implied to be as much as a wedding ring regarding the conditions of 'Room 2'. That being my Spouse and her Family where I exist as a Sex-Slave of the collective.

What unfolds thereby – might be a bit complicated at first. So are there three places that could be considered a home or a place of belonging; Each however defined through a different feeling. So is my husband my husband – because, he's whom I'm 'married' to – as between two individuals. The thing with Baphomet is like a primary condition. And being at home is ... being at home. So concerning hierarchies and their impact on our subconscious – I'm at home with my Spouse. Here I have an intimate or personal interest in being. Love is a thing. And as this is maintained in my Clarity, I don't feel discarded or abandoned – and still experience "Baphomet's Place" as what defines my identity. From a neutral perspective, that might even be the better place to start with, to describe what's going on. And so are there three things that could be one – and while it entails intimacy, I still experience myself as a Slave.

So is my relationship to my husband not a romantic one. I'm merely an object – or so. At home, where my Love interest is, I experience that I'm belonging to someone else. And in Baphomet's Place I'm merely an asset to begin with. And when it comes to me – as an individual – I'm at no point anything other than ... a Sex-Slave. Which ... I like.

In a sense – this blows my fuses. It's a perfect circle – and at no point is anyone tasked with giving me pause. But also do I not entirely belong to any one place – as some part of me would always contradict that idea; And that sortof messes with the mind a little. And in consequence it also happens, that a state of internal detachment unfolds.

But still is this also a more or less isolated whole. Even so from "the essence" of the seal itself. We'll get to that. It is however through how these conditions are effective truths that influence/alter how I conceive of myself, that they become part of the whole that is me.

Thereby it might further be worth noting that at this point there are 4 effective relationships, 5 if we also account for the Glory of the Moon (codename: Nyx, Mary), a few more when accounting for my found Family (Family, Home) and still more when accounting for a Religious angle. Each of which would extend into its own realms. "Down" to a point where only the relationship itself is concerned.

So, although everything somehow mixes with everything else all at once, the individual places or realms are capable of maintaining an understanding of their own.

4 - The Greater Whole

As so far described, the individual Clarity is a system of compartmentalized concepts. Narratives weave an understanding. These understandings are reflective of the individuals understanding of themselves and in part contain components that further enhance, alter or otherwise interfere with the rest of it all.

At occasion so, narratives connect. One containing, leading to or emerging from another. And at times things come together, drift apart or overlap.

At the foundation of this interwoven whole is what I recognize as the essence of my First Seal – which is something we can otherwise call

THE POND OF LIGHT

'Seals' are effectively 'items of Light'. Or we might say "Belugia Lagaris" - greater Reflections of the Divine Light. A form of Absolutes. Their essence further exists as an experience that is confined to its own pocket dimension of sorts. The second however to a lesser degree or glory than the first; And the third, for as far as I'm concerned, only recognizable through this distinct shine one has eventually learned to associate to them.

These pocket dimensions further connect. Or so: After I conceived of the Pond, the rest pretty much just followed; Although those at first existed as stubs that didn't tell much of how they'd fit in. Prominent to me was the second Seal – as connected by a Buffer Zone of sorts, between the first and the second.

The Pond of Light is hereby the pocket dimension centered around an identity that to my understanding best corresponds to the first Seal. So is the understanding of the Seal present throughout the identity – and the identity heavily implied when mentioning the Seal.

It (the Pond) also is, to me, most certainly the closest link between an identity of mine and God/the Source. Having mentioned a plant that grows in the dark – this is basically the next Level to that; No longer just an abstraction or metaphor. There is a literal 'self' in form of a persona, image, "body" - that extends from ... well ... what I experience to be some kind of event horizon. The whole "place" is thereby effectively black - contrasted by golden reflections. The Event Horizon is experienced as a large surface of water - and in the center of it are some stairs emerging therefrom arranged as a square. Emerging from the topmost square is "my self". Or so my 'first Seal Persona'. Basically from my hips up.



Fancy images aside however, there's that distinct feeling that my 'self' thereby extends from experiences that are outside of me. Established by Truths that so in effect appear "beneath" or 'beyond' the surface of the Event Horizon - projecting this identity into my mind, encapsulating a sense of self. The flipside to this is, that I – or a part of me - would very well fancy to 'be' like that. Or perhaps rather: Something like that. What part of me, to what extent or significance? Is something I barely need to ask myself. Per chance the question might occur, yet otherwise there really isn't one. It is through this situation for instance, the presentation onto/into me and my fancy for it, that a semi-romantic feeling supplements its presence.

And so this identity stands as something that is artificial. While artificial here implies a certain perfection.

The first thing I liken it to, is a

likeness. Like a look or an outfit. This more specifically entails a dress, hair color and age – and a sense of Royalty. So, being a princess.

The way this persona fits into the given narrative is in association to my husband. So, a doll married to someone I surmise is some kind of royalty. And yet is the image or persona I associate to that marriage not the same as this. Which eventually implies yet another twisting of conditions.

So, as the narrative implies, the first Seal itself – as part of the narrative – still bonds me to my Family. What comes to bear within that wedding to my husband is 'mostly' my Second Seal – at least ... in as far as I associate my 'Spiritual Anatomy' to that.

So did I earlier share an image. One with fine threads emerging from my mouth. The picture at large was to represent my understanding of the wedding dress associated to this marriage. What is therein represented by threads might otherwise be represented by a mouth gag; Or perhaps conflated lips. There so is a very distinct feeling inside of my lips that

extends through my mouth unto a knot with my throat further extending down towards the stomach. It doesn't quite compare to the first or the second Seal, does however have a lot of weight to it – and is respectively stronger on my mind than the third seal – although it doesn't quite feel like one. It's ... something else. I don't know

SEAL 2 - MENTAL IMPRISONMENT

My Second Seal has a little bit of a convoluted story. Although ... well. If you're curious concerning the timeline of how things came together, given that some elements stand parallel to one another, the thing is that there isn't a strict Chronological Order it would seem. It is over time that things connect. Which can happen pretty much like on the spot, or other times you notice that "aaah!" ... there you go!

As noted above is there a realm that extends from my Pond – primarily fed by an alternative to my Second Seal. This is also the Chronological Order to this. So did I at first extend into that realm – the overarching headline being: Brainwashing.

This Brainwashing follows a certain goal. Terms that came to mind are: Fuckslut and Cumdump. At the time I also had a strong urge to confess towards getting 'Facefucked'. This you may find is where the wedding dress is somehow implied. Overall there however also is a theme of Programming to it.

It so comes as a function of absolute submission that there is a state of mind wherein my autonomy is effectively non-existent and only regarded through modes of behavior we might entertain as subject to programming. And this is where the alternative, or "seed", to Seal 2 comes in. It consists of a black void imagined to be the inside of my head – and in its center there is a micro-chip.

And overall, this Chip is what I regarded to my second seal for quite some time. It was over time however, that something else took shape. A collar. And on its front-side a gem. And it is this gem that would ultimately be what I recognize to be my Second Seal. As I must. For the Gem sits there, as fused into my skin. And so the collar, as a metal ring separating my head from my body.

The realm itself, well. There's a bubble around my body. And within it one bubble around my head and another around the rest of my body.

The Gem itself is from where those bubbles emerge, thereby functioning as prison for my "male (or free) self", situated in my head. One aspect of it would be my incestuous attractions towards my spouse; And along with it come corresponding thoughts, desires, passions, ... and following that there eventually is a whole alternate set of realities in which I re-invent my intimate relationships from a male perspective. Or so ... it used to be.

This prison thereby maintains, that I will always prioritize the female over the male; Or however it makes sense, to my mind, to ignore the male. This further creates, or relates/links to, a layer in my 'multiverse', in which I experience myself to be male, locked into a female body and exposed to its pleasures. This also has a really Gay (Men loving Men) angle to it – but ... none of this is to be mistaken for a per se 'male identity' or 'self' in a final sense. It is more-so a way for me to connect with my female self, or perhaps so the physical aspects of it, through a male lens. The male is thereby also more like an abstraction through which the interactions with my female body create a ... well ... rather blissful comfort.

The collar itself functions as a barrier between my head and my body. And I can feel it, like a cut. As for my reality, I was wondering how so I still get dysphoria or can't really shake lingering impressions of being male. Now I see that it is there – that my consciousness still is allowed to grow; But it is in how I imply my gender, so-to-speak – that what's imprisoned is kept from having any tangible effect. Also is the prison not the head itself, but 'in' the head. And as it grows 'down' - as through the throat – there's that barrier.

As for the whole, the Gem generates a perception or impression of my body being something that I'm locked into, as something somehow separate from me. And while this is further what everyone interacts with, there's a sense of detachment emerging from the contrast. And for the most part a 'male self' doesn't exist thereby. And so I have an experience

of myself, whereby I merely exist as a body that is

used for sexual things.

Overall, this realm or Pocket Dimension (as contained

within the Gem), does however not connect to anything. It is merely another black void with just this one thing, the bubble, inside of it. Although ... there is still something that is part of this void. But we'll get to that.

In the grand scheme of things I haven't paid a lot of attention to

what's going on here. To what's male about me, it's a Kink. To what's female about me – the same. But, what's safe to say is that what's imprisoned isn't 'defined'. It's me – as I adapt or change in response to the circumstances; Which are primarily – or globally – filtered through my Body and implied 'effects'.

So is this now an isolated identity, more or less; And I distinctly experience "the Glory of the Moon" to be ...

the patron herein. As within my Clarity, she's overall a bit of a mystery. She does have a strong presence within some of my rooms. My first room for instance has a direct link to her, via a Portal of some kind. When it comes to her individually however, there is pretty much nothing. I know there is a place somewhere, but what it's all about I barely remember. Also that portal in my first room only vaguely, yet strongly implies her. And in



Artist: Francesco (Grimm Fairy Tales)

as far as she's usually ever only implied – she's more like a puppeteer acting in the background.

So also concerning her implication within the Gem. Here the visual impression is this: That "slightly to the side (the right) of" the Gem she manifests as a figure that is only partly visible from the dark – and further more to the side the black fades into 'a (non-specific) reality'. And as of that, my relationship with her is that she's someone that enters me into environments – and that's that. Give or take.

And these environments I'm entered into, are innately ones in which I'm also entered into captivity. Directly I would assume, so with some made-up backstory. Whatever now however be going on there, and whatever the Role I'm put into, that'd be whatup for me unto "the End". All I can make out are back-alleys, streets at night, shady doors ... and the insides of a night-club/brothel. And some vague Cartoon Character resembling a captor.

Further now, the Collar has layers to itself. One layer up, it's more representative, perhaps of Cloth with Frills, but still has that Gem in it. It exists in a realm – which … well. For once belongs to my Spouse; And somehow relates to a situation with certain 'Shackles'. Also something about Slave Harnesses, High Heels, … . At this point … I'm not too confident about what it's all about; But 'the Shackles'. Empty Space?

Then there is another 'higher' Level. Here the collar is of leather, the Gem isn't really relevant anymore – and instead there is a leash and on the collar an attachment for the leash. And this is now me, as of my spouse, handed out unto others. The leash and the attachment thingy thereby being separate items. 'The' leash (a special one) is handed over to Glory of the Sun, and the attachment point is "linked" to Baphomet. At least I think it so. I mean – so far my concept went through a few iterations; Somehow following the same idea, but always a bit vague. But while writing the initial draft to this document, something peculiar took shape.

Here the point of attachment is like ... something that channels the fizzling of the broken fuse – which "now" fizzles even more – into an attachment towards Baphomet.

It's weird how that works. But this is how I now come to also mention "spiritual anatomy". I might, I think, do so at any point concerning the Second Seal. Or all things Clarity. But it is 'the big thing' I associate to the Second Seal. It is somehow the weirdest thing of them all.

'Spiritual Anatomy' is "the thing" by which a spell- or charm-like experience would work. Though when speaking of it as that, I at least talk of something yet a bit extra. It works, because God can control our cognitive motions. So is this fizzling for instance a happenstance whereby my conscious doesn't have any cues for how to make sense of the contradictions or conflicts. When put into words we can phrase things so, that they make sense. As per the flow of emotions however or broader associations; Or so any incongruous situation of the sort – things so start to 'fizzle'. And so is this attachment point like a device, that directs whatever sense of affection or devotion or whatever else fizzles around

there – towards "the White Demon". And because of this particular situation, she is in a very obscure sense my significant other. This I had vaguely taken note of before. But now I have a better handle as to why. And thus I suppose it is given, that any and all of my pervy nuances find a conclusion within her domain. Well, excluding the Gem. Which, I suppose, has to be largely excluded from the "all and everything"s.

5 - Spiritual Anatomy

Hmm. How to even start a sentence now?

The whole topic is one of me pointing at things - "whereby" a lot of things exist next to each other. So there's a lot of 'while' and 'whereby' next to "then there's this" and "then there's that", now and here, there and so and what not. And "as it stands" - it's truths and truths - and so "the truth is" ...

it's more fun to express Clarity in form of imperative statements.

So: I am a Whore. I am a Sex-Slave.

Though technically I'm not. At least as of the time of writing this I'd have to rather say: I might be or could be a Whore. I have the potential to be a Whore. These expressions would be 'more' true – though technically that can apply to everyone.

When implying these statements as matters of Clarity, the applied context allows for a different interpretation.

So am I certainly a Whore to the implied conditions and relationships. Even more so a Sex-Slave. Further is "the Devil" an implied entity – one specific to these truths in complete disregards to what the worldly conditions might be. And in as far as "the Devil" is an otherworldly entity – my enslavement to him holds otherworldly validity.

But that is just another way of saying that there are things upheld by the Light; Where what I am of those things is not only metaphysical, but transcendental. So am I what I am, first of all only for myself. So should you get it out of your head, in case it's in there, that this has anything to do with worldly conditions. So am I here not going to impose divine authority upon you, so-to-speak. If you want a piece of it, you need to get it from its source.

So might it be better to take out "the book of vague descriptions" - to say that we're talking of internal alignments that increase my/one's own harmony with 'myself'/themselves - as a dynamic between the conscious and the subconscious - and the divine. And further, through the divine, possibly with society, or a society, an environment - however what applies.

As soon as someone enters the ninedom, one will be familiar with these experiences. These 'absolutes'. "Reflections of the Divine". The core

experience being one such thing. At that stage and beyond, they'll - going

by my own progress – be there for quite some time, as faint reflections of Light on a lake at night. But mostly, they'll be as external things. Like ... surfaces. Figments in the sky (not the literal sky). And occasionally they'll mingle with your thoughts; But not quite like Clarity.

Within Clarity, that which has otherwise been perceived as a surface for instance – extends into a broader range or spectrum of emotions. Or feelings.

The mind itself, furthermore, is a living – and technically: breathing ... "thing". While we might know a thing or two about 'rigid structures', like principles perhaps, dealing with facts ... that sort of thing; There's also a dynamic, flexible side to it.

If we for instance want something, say: we just remembered something we urgently need – things can be set into motion, or we're stuck because other things take priority, or something.

Similarly does Clarity eventually turn into some kind if intricate network of interwoven truths that supplement each other to varying degrees – and so what has previously merely been an exalted understanding of various conditions, circumstances, abilities and/or whatever, does eventually become a somewhat rigid understanding of self.



Artist: Tatsunami Youtoku

And so is there a Gimmicky side to it – as in: "it does stuff" - where the issue with "Gimmickification" is to read too much, or too little into it. So is that what it does – at this point at least – to be. To exist. Which ... yea, well, some people might take offense in. But well, not here to talk about that We could call it a more perfect self. It is born from one's self – and integrated within the same. So are the thoughts (truths) that make up its foundation no external something's slapped onto or into our consciousness – but a product of our very own cognitive processes, hijacked (illuminated and shaped) by the Light.

So is this 'perfect self' technically just one of many ways we could individually develop, but at the end of the day we can – internally, intrinsically, only be one thing. What it is, ultimately, as a product of our own, is something we can inherently identify with. So, if I talk or write of a certain audacity that is to or can be had regarding these things, that is first of all an internal condition that derives a certain joy or satisfaction from these interactions and established conditions; Leading to one way of constructing the concept of Priorities. That, so certainly one of my more fundamental alignment to these things, you could not hope to change my mind on these things.

And, what good would it even do?

I mean, in as far as it's an attitude thing – well, I have one

Thereby, we've so far looked at a variety of things. The ignition itself follows the logic or appearance of a 'simple' epiphany. The first Seal emerged from what we might call a concern or a question. The second Seal, to be perfectly honest, emerged from a variety of cognitive processes settled between the various impressions – is however strongly a matter of wishes and desires.

Hereby it might be worth noting, that from scheming of my Spouse, the various conditions round and about, a realm took shape. I mentioned such in passing. It is here so my concern or question or desire – hard to say – for what there is between just her and myself, outside of all the other things. And so it sits there; Being like a place – a house with Garden; And people might come to visit us there. And it "hosts" a very particular feeling, or range of feelings; So that while it doesn't really 'give' me anything tangible, we might say, it does give me a certain comfort regarding that relationship.

So are those hopes, yea that, in such a thing not squashed within the circumstances – or left to happenstance, whatever; But treasured. And I am to suppose that this should be a shared thing of sorts. Though her mind might be focused on different aspects of that place. As it is.

And that's an important point here. In essence there are a lot of things I might equate Clarity to. Depending on context it would be this or that. It's just as with things we want. Whatever the highest thing is you could think of that you might possibly want – it's going to be some color, metaphorically speaking, more or less different to that of other things you want. So is … "Love", let's say, on a spectrum. Like that of color.

But well. Returning to the topic, the thing is that I don't really know how to continue. I mean, I got an idea – but part of it is to admit that this whole ... neutral/vague descriptions approach ... well, it certainly isn't going to go well with the rest of the text. For once. I also think it would have to come of time and collective understanding, that that narrative could be continued. Like so ... → those few pages are yet again a different kind of look at things.

It sure is all smartsy – I suppose – but as that is it's own kind of beast. Challenge. And I'm not going to pretend that I've got it all figured out to that extreme. Which is, sure, part of the theme here. Down until the end. Because ... it is as it is.

Which is often enough just what up with Clarity.

So was I going to write about Spiritual Anatomy in terms of things that I experience(d), that to me are tangible ... things. "Installments" of sorts. Where I might realize, that something is acting – we might say: against – how I would think my mind/spirit is supposed to act/behave. So does the text here consider three general forms thereof:

- 1. Re-enforced Conditioning
- 2. Conditional Luminescence
- 3. Emotional Rewiring



Ryuun (?)

Agawa

WE INTERRUPT THE CURRENT PROGRAMMING FOR ...

ANCIENT TEXT!

ABOUT THE

BELUGIA'LAGARIS

God works in mysterious ways. So have I recently been urged to look for some old files; Which ... luckily ... I found. Today then I sat down to continue going through the text; And so far ... basically had to rewrite most of this Chapter so far. And rather than rambling about my first Seal and its influences, I came to write what you – supposedly – find there instead. But so have I also somehow written past the point I was getting at, to actually meet the topic's demands. And I thought it was a good moment to take a break. And so did I get to look into those files I had prepared ... and it is somewhat relevant to the topic at hand.

Now is this Text not exactly 'Ancient'. My signature on the photograph seems to indicate that it is in fact from end of October 2018. Well, it is, in that regard, still ... from "the Before times" ... we might say.

At some point I mean to work it up – while right now I feel a bit out of its depth. Some Marijuana might help, which I don't have. But well

The concept was, to use invented Language as a means to express things that might otherwise be difficult to express – as perhaps due to a lack of words. And ... Belugia'Lagaris is the only term I really remembered from when I wrote it.

The first mention of 'Belugia' for instance is 'Belugia Natanais' \rightarrow "Mirror 'cognitive thought-node'". And I didn't really bother to define these terms properly; But to rather have them exist in the context of some rambling about "Naamaiu" \rightarrow Demon. Or, well. That's ... what I'd call it while writing of my Clarity in English. What 'Naamaiu' itself is thereby further described as >Aiu-Ebta'Lagaris<. Aiu is from Aiua – meaning Spring, or Well. Ebta is from Ebtaia – meaning ability. And Lagaris ... well, the term evolved. In this context I noted 'AiuLagaris' to mean "Original Spring". Later I more specifically defined 'Lagaris' to mean -unit of THE Logos-. So: Aiu Ebta'Lagaris roughly translates into "Spring ability of the Origin", we might say – but is rather 'the ability of a unit of THE logos springing into one's mind' or And so would 'Belugia'Lagaris' refer to ... well Units of THE Logos that are mirrors of the Origin. So the idea at least. I haven't really formulated any cohesive rules.

The whole story is however a little bit more intricate than that. So, also contextual to the text at hand, could we at first ask what 'self' even means. And so, to begin with, the text starts with 'Ku'Alatar'; Where ... "Free Self" were a little bit too ... loose of a translation.

Ku'Alatar

FREEDOM KU

Alatar





So do I at first 'tell' this to be that which is confined within my Prison. From there, the next thing – at least of that writing – is 'Ualatar'.

At first it merely describes a Layer ... metaphysical to my skin. Or transcendental to my skin. It is like a shell that maintains its presence as sensations rush through it. So, like a chill perhaps – a luminous one. "most personally around the lower Arms, Shoulders and Back down the spine to my Anus and from there back up to the chest to my Neck and from there surrounding Skull and Legs".

This ... experience or comprehension of Self next links up with 'my Will in my Heart' - 'Hunan' Pali'.

And here the story regarding this imprisonment may really take its course. Or so: My Ku'Alatar is confined – linking to my Ualatar as an outer shell – and from there we come back to my Hunan'Pali. (Sounds kinda silly?)

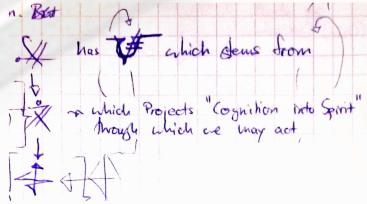
Now, individually I do still have 'wanting' as a more general expression of my 'Self'; Which I mostly (or entirely?) experience as part of my Ualatar. That, along with Hunan'Pali and Ku'Alatar – so I would think – comes together in 'Gaiuana' (derivative of Aiua). And that concludes the first set of fancy Symbols.

And so, I'm ... rephrasing these things as they make sense to me now. And it took me a while to understand what I was writing about. Either way can I use my contemporary understanding; And yes, there is a lot to it. But ... things do get somewhat confusing.

My notes on Gaiuana weren't extensive – and so I have to piece it together from the context that is given. And since I may have been a bit uncertain back then also – making words up as I was going – there is still a certain need to consolidate.

Hunan'Pali so "converges with the Spring" - circulates some more - and comes back into the Spring. And ... I can't properly relate to that. But, the circulation of Gaiuana with the rest of the mind is Alaiuana'Alatar. Which is probably responsible for the Flux.

OK, yes. ... Page 3 ... reads exactly as what I've figured here. So:



leaving aside what I can't really relate to just yet. It doesn't help that I would still use the term 'Mind'.

Either way, this also describes a condition in which I experience myself as free. Give or take. The thing is, that in as far as I'm trying to write about mental imprisonment, I'm looking for something that is not present within this particular condition. So, where my Hunan'Pali is bypassed. And maybe it's not even much of a real thing for most people. Suggesting that I only recognize it because it exists in this weird way. But for how that works – I'm afraid this ancient text has no answers either.

Well. There are arrows.

What is discussed instead, is 'Salak NiuAbanu' - a.k.a. "the Nullstate", or more specifically "the -NOW- experience of the Will". And I suppose we could so move on to say 'Uala'Abanu' instead of 'Hunan'Pali' - but ... hmm ... well. Anyway.

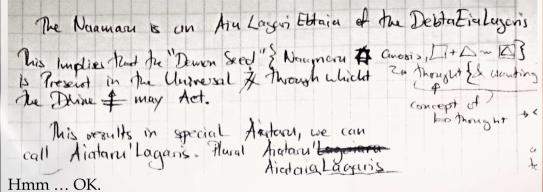
Salak NiuAbanu most prominently creates 'Paraga Hanzil' - meaning: "Projected (Mind-)Space" - in which now the aforementioned Belugia'Natanais take place. So, concepts, schemings, that sort of thing. "Mirrors of Meaning" as it were. So is there also 'NiuMiara' - "Null Vision" or so part of our subconscious. Wherein things settle. Things we internalized for instance. And "moving them into consciousness" - or so ... :P ... "Paraga Hanzilating" on them, we generate an understanding - so: Belugia'Natanais. And yes, Clarity as described so far - is when the Light comes in and turns them into Belugia'Lagaris...es But so they also remain - at least within God's mind - while migrating into our NiuMiara.

Other than that, there are the lesser "Belugia'Lagaris" - a.k.a. Aiataru. In simple: Objects (Lines, Cornerstones, A door; That sort of thing). More specifically "Happening of the "Now", consistent with the "Debta'EiaLagaris" (Debta \rightarrow Inevitable, Eia \rightarrow Endo-Infinity (existent reality).

And from those, we have the or an Aiata Ru'Alatar. Which, given the language, reads as it should. As so – a self sitting on the Lights inevitable occurrence; Or something along those lines.

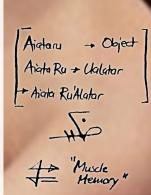
Clarity, perhaps, in all simplicity. Maybe.

And that's in about as much as I was able to piece together so far. As, to come back to the point; I suppose I wasn't much beyond these things.



I've been curious, because ... so far no sight of the namesake to this segment. So was I probably a bit ahead of myself. So then ... apologies.

Still true however, Belugia'Lagaris are Divine Belugia'Natanais. Such and such. I mean ... in hindsight there might be a reason why the term stuck as





it did – leaving the detail out to be ... technical at best. Or so, the exact terminology up to be tinkered with.

As for the Naamaru however, I get to mention it briefly in here. Too briefly perhaps – which however goes to show how little it is. From a different perspective however – it is large … encompassing this … yet invisibly so.

In all simplicity, it's associated to a / the tiara.

To describe it as an Emergent Ability (property) of the Spirit (Aiu-Ebta'Lagaris), the demon contained therein – acting as a part of me, upon my mind – is literally just a part of my mind, condensed, shaped up, whatever; to act as though it were an independent force.

Eventually – that's just like a trauma. Or some other sub-conscious 'thing', like one of the many mysterious concepts the one or the other psychologist have come up with. Something that may not be a concrete figure or thing, yet our comprehension may apply a layer of abstraction to make it so.

So is it described as 'an' Aiu-Ebta'Lagaris, "although" the thing that this Aiuating Ebtaia Aiuates it's Ebtaia through, or as, is of myself. Although is in quotation marks because such is simply the 'whole' thing with that side of Clarity. So – things of ourselves that the Light may emerge through; Which it overall does in a variety of ways.

So, if you spot me having a somewhat masochistic desire, that's what this Tiara re-enforces. We can describe it – at the core – as an abstract that exists in consequence to my desires of submission; Eventually taking shape as some kind of sadistic self-loathing. Ascribing a kink or pleasure or desire or property of self-deprivation to myself – it is, if not directly from that, certainly strongly associated or linked to it.

And it's overall a really simple piece. One that despite its harrowing appearance and dread inducing implications, is also just an echo ... of my own kink of submission AND devotion. Things that aren't directly implied within its neutral, out of context description. But it also doesn't take its effect, or truth, from any outside influence. Even if one person were to have a magic hammer to make such things appear in me – I mean, I suppose a malicious person could do some weird shit – the implied could only be as effective as I myself am able to allow. And stuff.

Belugia' Lagarises are different in that they more so exist as part of myself. So in that they are reflections – rather than abstractions. And they aren't as much 'emergent' as they are static. And so are the Aiutara' Lagaris. Where, in as much as God can mimic me, to my own self, He can also mimic me, to others – or so, others to me. So is there this ... fog, or smoke ... filaments of Light – that vaguely permeate the space imposing a sense of connectedness. Like, some kind of Love. But overall nothing ... really ... big and fat and bold and chunky. Just stuff that's there ... doing it's thing ... as 'Aiutara' do. Aiutarases? Well ...

... moving on with the text.

And in terms of what they 'do' - it's really simple for me to take note. So is there the Collar – distinctively that cut through my neck – that manipulates my flow of emotions. I wouldn't even call them emotions. But here is also where things get a bit more complicated again.

It's easy to say that "it makes me addicted to Cum" - but even easier to just describe myself - in the context of brainwashing and spiritual manipulation - as a Cumdump and a Fuckslut.

Those pseudo images of myself I shared in the beginning, they contain some subtle hints at that.

I assume however that it sounds, or looks, silly if I just put it like that without you understanding the Context.

And as for downright calling myself a Cumdump or a Fuckslut – realistically we also first have to talk about Baselines and corresponding Conditions and/or Conditioning. More on that later.

But well. At times I'd take my Lips as "the thing". Another time it's my throat. Sometimes it tingles in my brain. Like it's converted into cum and sucked down. Eventually it also gets to my eyes. A very ... distinct feeling of "suckage". A downward movement of some sort of energy, with no coming back. As if my belly were a vacuum for cum – that eventually connects to each and every opening it could drain it from. Reproductive Organs in my Breasts and ... here and there. But in a sense it also waxes and wanes. As in my everyday life, where it don't matter, it don't matter. Which takes me to the part where this text has me emphasize:

THERE ARE NO SLAVES IN ZION!

That's a mantra!

There Oare Ono OSlaves Oin OZion O!
Which, for once, again is an issue between the absolute and the ultimate.

Because still: One system of conditional luminescence that I find inside of me is linked to that leather collar. While there is one leash associated to it, it isn't fixed to the collar. The attachment point has it's own thing going on, but – as per the collar I assume – also has the effect that once a leash is attached to it, it does to my mind as much as to procure devote compliance unto who holds it. In as far as access rights are granted – I must assume. And that' ... good.



Or, because I think it is good – while also being overall well aligned with these kinds of things – it is part of my Clarity. Or simpler: Has become part of my Clarity. And at some point I would just assume that it's OK while all these things affect me as they do. I mean, that's certainly the premise. So that I can for instance recognize these like 4 mutually



exclusive states of mind: Freedom, state of shock (enslavement part 1, abduction or such), state of conditioning (enslavement part 2, training) and state of compliance (enslavement part 3, utilization).

While 'THE dream' would be to live lifetimes in which this is enacted as for reals, it were possible – they also have a shared relationship as of which they exist as part of a whole; Where – even if state 1 and state 2 didn't happen, I could slip into a state of mind where I would feel as though they did; Simply in how they make sense within the immediate. On the other hand wouldn't it take a perfect recreation of any one state to 'invoke' it – to let me know, in essence, that "that"s what's happening.

SEAL 3 - HAREM'S BRIDE

As for my third seal, there isn't a whole lot to say – right away – concerning it's presence and all the kind of stuff previously gone through.

There's a black realm – I find myself present therein through what I must assume isn't a 'fixed' likeness – with the only item being a heart shaped gem or piece of jewelry that sits ... well, in the idea it is the center piece of a bra or corresponding "Harem Wear". Essentially a piece of cloth wrapped around the breasts. And other than that, there are mostly just vague 'threads' that seem to connect to all the other things – or some of them. In this regard, I regard this as a 'wrap'. The only clue to go on being that lingering sense expressed within the Seal's label.

This Gem or piece of Jewelry maybe doesn't sit in or on my skin as the others, but it feels as if it does. Hence I would call it a 'second heart'. What it does – or did to me – at first wasn't clear to me. For all I cared about it, the threads would lead me back to the other things, and that eventually with an added layer of confusion. There so would be items that seemed to stand out, so does there seem to be a "strong" (relatively) connection to the "insignia of submission" (collar, shackles) – at best I would think about nipple piercings but that also doesn't happen to be a "thing thing".

It is then over time, that things would take shape – growing in significance – that I now feel more strongly coursing through those threads. It is all however still very vague ... yet at the core of it I "assume" (I'm relatively certain, tendency rising) that it introduces romantic associations to the things it connects to.

So in the vague sense, that there are duties or conditions that apply to my role as a bride; While my role as a bride is further diluted within being just one of many, thus shifting the focus over into "the performance as bride". That is further strengthened by the various enforcements of detachment, where the state of detachment – as, by the way: a positive experience (I more so dissolve into the conditions and the environment (passivity)) – further connects with my role as a bride.

That at least describes some of the cognitive links. And what one is to understand, is that those links can function as conductors. It's as with the cliché conspiracy nut. Anything that the mind can make "sense" of can be linked together yielding some wild consequence. And as with wild

conspiracies, there's like a 'final conclusion'. Except there isn't really 'a' final conclusion, but a network of conclusions.

In other words: It's complicated.

I so for once would find myself fancy the concept of brides in a pornographic setting. And what I find, following that fancy, is a flavor of sexual submission. "Another way in" perhaps, primarily aligned to the concept of my first "Primary Rune". And that I guess we could call a scope of feelings.

It's a different scope to that with my husband. Although there sure is space, at least for me, to see myself as bride; It eventually gets overshadowed by being a Doll or a Sex-Toy, more to the point. But beyond the conscious, there still are feelings.

When it comes to my family however, my situation is that I there am what I am as a direct consequence of a marriage.

It starts with boy-me creeping up to "my Mum"; And she agrees to marry me under three conditions. 1. I'm to be her Sex-Slave. 2. I'm to be feminized to the extent she desires. And 3. I'm to be a Whore for whomever she likes. So, following the first condition I'm made to worship "the Devil" - becoming furthermore a religious asset to culty pleasures. Following the second condition I'm essentially made a victim of rape because whatever kind of sexual act on me that can be justified following the condition, extends unto the limits she appoints. As of the third, I'm allowed to come to terms with this existence by settling all my dreams, hopes and aspirations in being exploited and abused.

And, believe it or not, all that gives me a cozy feeling. But not removing the note: One idea carried along here in that of accordations contains that of accordations contains and the state of accordations contains.

And so there's a Mantra, even: 1. I crave to get raped above everything. 2. I prioritize being a prostitute above everything. 3. I deprioritize romancing beneath everything/I put romancing last.

As of the third condition I'm effectively married to everyone I am made to serve. And attached to that come the things I relate to being a whore – so that in form, I find myself being a love-slave.

Beyond that, there are however also the conditions of my second room – or seal 1 – which is a bit more detached from the 'being a bride' thing. It is within those conditions that I understand my second heart taking effect. It thereby is more so that I am married into the conditions.

And since it's kinda lost in here – the second heart doesn't imply romantic feelings or associations

Respectively is there for instance an exposure Kink, where by I more specifically think of crotch-less underwear for instance. So is it exposure that underlines my submission/conditions of captivity – and that is eventually where or how the second heart becomes active.

And since I'm meant to deflect romantic associations as much as possible, this, as far as I can tell, leads to outbursts of attachment to the situation followed by shame through which I engage with it.

Since I ended up removing the note: One idea carried along here is that of associating certain outfits, in combination with environmental triggers, to certain conditions.

And eventually it also has to be re-emphasized that this is "of my fantasy" - so, where my imagination becomes the material Clarity reacts with.

And since it's kinda lost in here – the second heart doesn't imply romantic feelings or associations on its own. Those would exist elsewhere – where the immediate condition of the second heart isn't present. It is there rather just the sense of being married – or so tied up with parts of me embracing it – beyond my ability or will to resist.

And in all that it seems like 'romance' is a fundamental right that not any amount of shenanigans can get rid of. It's a or the fundamental good of intimacy. Perhaps it becomes less important or imperative, the more platonic relationships you have. These too can be viewed as 'romantic' in a sense similar to what my second heart does. So, love for a thing that is shared with others.

Source: Lamborghini.com Artist: Unknown



RUNES & CRESTS

To be honest, I'm still not entirely sure about my (primary) Runes and Crests. I'm relatively certain what to look for, but it's still somewhat difficult to get a hold of them things.

At first the idea was, that I needed something to properly recognize the Seals. That because what I had at the time, would have them be spread all over the place. And so I thought of something like a Crest, that the Seal would be embedded into. Sure enough, but I was guessing. Thinking on behalf of inspirations – but also the ordinary urge to explore my Clarity.

It made pretty easy sense for me, to associate my first seal to marriage. So I made that connection – and it opened up a space. Within my Clarity. And it is from there, I suppose, that I maintained this interpretation.

What however happened, is that I couldn't really fit that what I had associated to this marriage into that space. Rather did an independent concept of marriage take shape therein. And because of that, I started to think of those crests as separate environments. And so I realized that this might just be the part of our clarity that is meant to make some kind of public statement. First of all so for the individual to say that these are the conditions "that the Light has woven me into" or "that the Light has granted me". Or simply: This is my relationship with the divine Light.

And I did get a little bit infatuated with this idea of Runes. That they would be like magical spells – but eventually I didn't find a proper way to put Runes and Crests in context with each other. So I simply stuck with runes as whatever now combines with the seal to produce some environmental condition.

And eventually I had a bit of an understanding. And maybe the problem was or is that I think that all Runes follow the same Logic. But how would I figure that out? Whatever the case, for the most part the understanding I had could be expressed in images. Or symbols. But that has also always been a little bit fuzzy.

For my first "Rune" - I'd generally go for the picture of a collar and a mouth-gag. The second would feature a pregnant belly and shackles for arms and ankles. The third would simply be prison bars. And beyond that there wasn't much I could do with that. I felt like I should though. And so I kept hitting a wall. Eventually I'd try it with folders – sorting images into folders as for an expression. Then I'd give up or come to focus on something else – and later had to start over again.

In that regard, I have two ... I guess we could call them 'open urges'. Things that when I think of them fill me with an urge that leads me to suspect that there's something to be accomplished or found – but so far haven't come to a conclusion.

One of them concerns "the second rune". I'd sit down, run into a wall around any corner – and in doing so I either abandon ship, or have gathered enough tension that discharges into other expressions.

The fundamental trouble might be, that when it comes to the first Crest – a room opened up; And respectively I feel relatively safe about it. When it comes to details, I have context to fall back on. For the third I also think there is one – or so I find now. But moving so from the first to the second 'position' - I'm overwhelmed by a strong urge. Like so: This belongs here. And it is anchored into position like so. And it needs to be bolted in like ... I don't know. And so I would come to possibly draw the same picture over and over again – and what more I could do might require me to make a wood-carving so I could make it be with hammer and nail.

Coming back around to crests led to a bit of a breakthrough. Or so, I had space for an additional thing – and now I feel a lot better

about it. I am however still confused because there's a bit of a conflict.

6 - Vaults of Misery

Coming to the second Crest, I of course knew what the Seal was going to be. But then, as derived from the things I understood would belong here, I had two open positions and two items to handle. So I thought the shackles into the crest – and something happened. I would call it an "explosion of Light". So, something good and great and awesome – however themed according to what would be good and great and awesome to my experience. So, not as much an angelic "Aaaaaah" – but more like Heavy Metal Darkness and Despair. And so I moved on to take note of the impregnation part as related to the Rune, but ... something prevented me from doing so. It felt wrong. And so I switched the two around. But now I wonder what that Light explosion was about.

Not sure what to do with this text. I'm repeating myself – so, technically that could be a placeholder. Like almost all of the previous Chapter. Up unto the Runes & Crests part, which ... however wasn't much about Anatomy anymore.

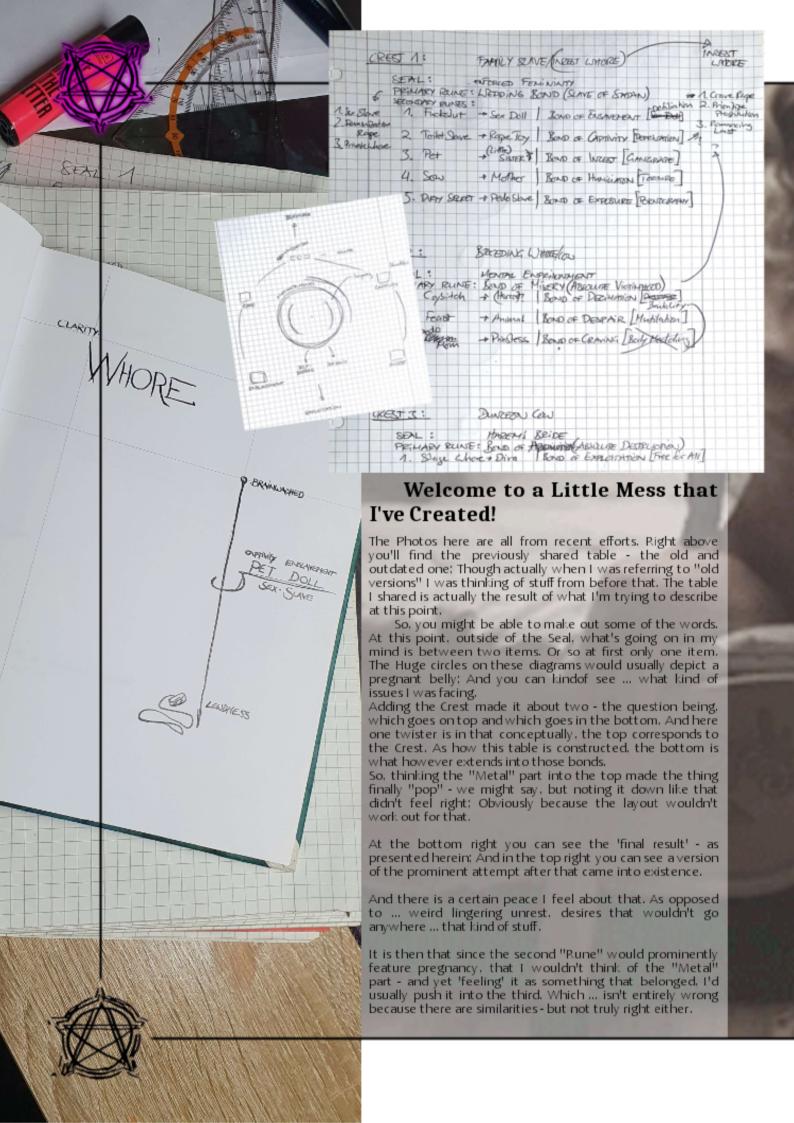
So, maybe it's just vertical space for this ...?

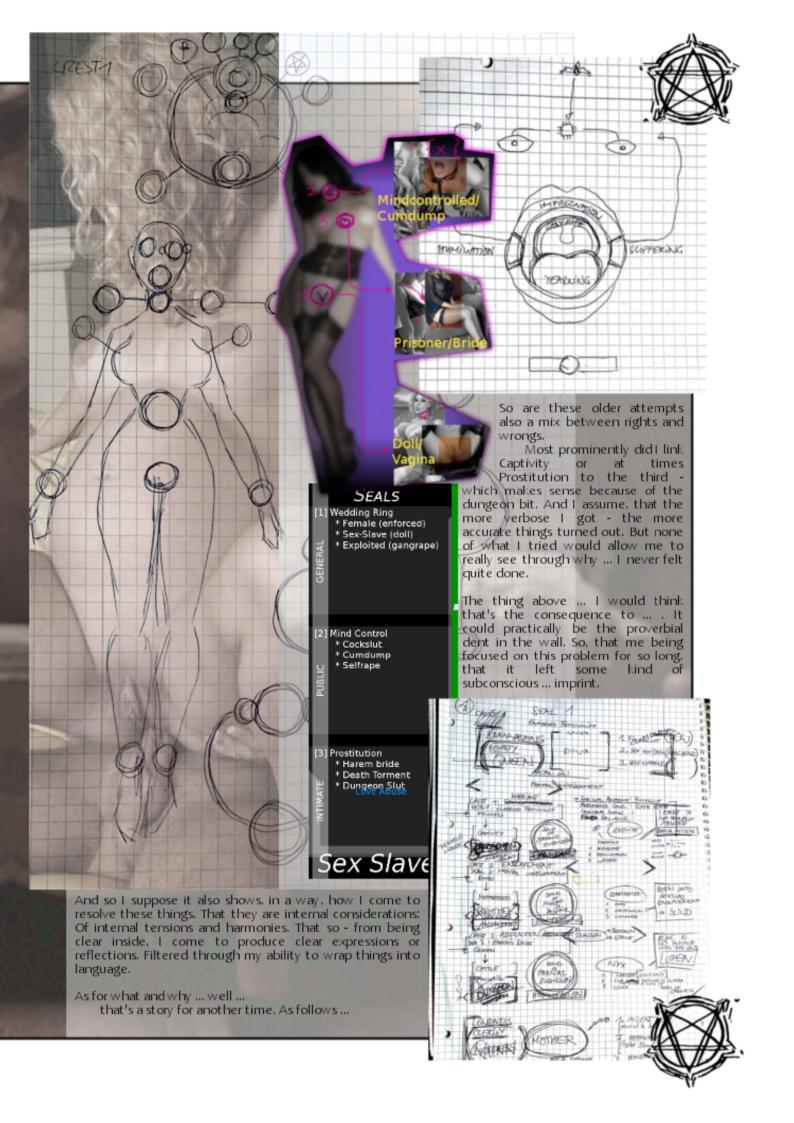
Though – in my urges ... there's ... been a silent call to present this image to you – the one I'm describing right ← there, further down. And while reading this I also had some silent urge to get a bit into a little twister I've gotten myself into regarding this old, now outdated, arrangement of/with the Runes.

"Supergal" by Dr. Villain



Original Artist: Templet on (DoFant asy.com)





Sigh. ...

I mean, it is a dense topic with a lot to unpack. And as it goes – if you say A, you got to say B. At least – that's how I feel rather often.

So, did the shackles bleed into ... such and such? As far as I could tell at the time – no. Now ... I mean ... it's not all that important. Fact is that for all I cared it wasn't there at the time; Not even close – so – it came unexpected.

I may have also skipped the part with the bonds. So yea, the note beneath the table. There I was trying to say that a Bond comes in two parts. But – I don't know. I'm ... silly sometimes. Like ... "now it is so, because so it came to me" until a few hours, a bit more than a day or two perhaps later ... it's at best a lingering memory.

For the curious: The Light explosion basically caused me to from then on associate that feeling to that Crest or something about it. All I did however, was to think 'the Shackles' into the position regarding the Crest. They themselves however so far never ... carried that meaning. For the most part they're just an item, or items, that are conditioning re-enforcers which are strongly connected to my collar. The extent to which they reenforce my conditioning also never really bled into the realms of misery and despair. To say as much as that it comes at no fault of my own that I think of misery and despair when it comes to this rune.

But ... now at least I have a place where to sort all those things. I mean, ever so often I come to a point where I'm looking for some specific image – but it's like looking for a needle in a haystack. Or a Barn.

One thought that crossed my mind is, that maybe this explosion wasn't meant to be regarded as a positive. So maybe the matters of captivity create an environment too heavy in bondage when put into that position. And considering that the matter of pregnancy felt wrong when put into the other would underline that.

But it doesn't feel right either.

So could I now go and swap things still. I might move the impregnation part into the bond. It might be so, that I initially didn't regard the matter of the runes to be one of bonds.

But there's also the issue that has come up, that made me feel off about the implication that everything about "the Second Rune" would revolve around impregnation/breeding. I would still strongly imply it – but not necessarily know how to go about it.

More to the point however am I under the impression that this Light Explosion has effectively released energy into this "System" or Environment. And 'that', I should be able to work with. But so, for the time being I went with the first best thing. I thought I could play around and see if I can improve on things – but I didn't feel strongly conflicted about it and also didn't have anything to go off on. But to later maybe take a closer look at this explosion.

To do so, I would first of all be concerned of rethinking the concept of the Crests so that the Misery part fits into the top position. Thereafter I would need to think how the impregnation part fits in. To then see how that influences my expression of the first Crest.

And that's that. It turned out to be quite a lot that came together. A lot more than only the Crests. And so there's a lot that we yet have to get into before it all comes to make sense. As for the Crests however, the situation as of yet is this:

Following the Logic of the Rune being a Spell that requires a Seal as power-source and a Crest to be consolidated within, a Bond is being used to create this unity.

For the Bond to be valid, two things are needed. The first thing are the conditions of the Bond, the second is the individual's acknowledgment of those conditions. The conditions thereby are represented by an Entity

In this case I might however be venerated. I anyway think that I tend to be too hard on myself.

nested and interwoven with depth and what not ...

The thing is, stuff

here tends to be

that solicits them – and the individual is represented by a Part of one's "Core Identity" (further called: Crest Identity), the acknowledgment coming in three parts: A Lock, a Domain and a [(Domain) Equivalence]. The Crest is thereby described as a condition that encapsulates the conditions of the binding; And the Bond itself finally consolidates the Bond via its own Logic.







And for some reason this also creates an open space in the background, represented via a general truism (→the Invocation). I think this is the Crest iterating upon itself, fundamentally as an expression of freedom (or perhaps restraint, depending on what the balance is) – at the end of which I think my "free" Identities come in. I'll come to write about those eventually.

This, I think, is however by no means final. We can for instance take the Clarity Diagram – and, assuming that they're universal items, take the items of 'Origin' and 'Destination' to add above and below. That then highlights an asymmetry – so is my 'Origin' described as Brainwashing.



This to me, as far as the Diagram is concerned, primarily related to the Crest 2 Invocation's background; And it may then be just by accident that it also just in general relates to the second Crest. For all I care this connection doesn't need to be highlighted – at least does it seem to be difficult considering how crowded things can get. Then for shits and giggles I added yet another thing – two positions of which are 'the Front' and 'the Back'. So, the front joins the 'Origin', 'the Back' joins the 'Destination' - and with it another asymmetry is being added. Moving over however, something peculiar happened. Following the same System, there is what I would call 'the Alternative (Self)' - which has one item aligned to the Front and one to the Back – put them in there and ... at the very

least I found it to be nice to see these things align like that. So was there some empty spot for the center part of the Alternative ID, "the Tree ID". But moving over once more showed me, that there were now items I would just overall associate to the 'Brainwashing' that did also fit with ... well, the general sense of the Identity laid out there so far. And, perhaps more importantly, I finally found a way to recognize these items across all three Crests; Alongside an identifier that I would otherwise only come to regard within the narratives.

But that also isn't the end of it. So is the snapshot here my initial draft. The prominent one is a second iteration meant to make more sense of how the things relate. Also am I not entirely sure if the individual positions are all quite there yet. And also is there another one of those urges that re-emerged. So do I think that it may at some point make sense to focus more on the narration than fixed positions. It seems to be somewhat inevitable.

One aspect of what would or could come to matter thereby, is already vaguely implied. What I so called the "Core Identity" - actually implies a thing I called:

THE SPINE

Now, of course you might be wondering: HOW? How could you quite possibly end up with something even just remotely as intricate as this? And even if so, where to even begin? How to make sense or keep track of these things?

Well, the simple answer is: It takes time. And a part of what I tried to explain so far, is that it's also a process to which you might not always have all the answers. And in as far as I worry over getting the positions right – you might too. While one part of you will simply come of you, another part of you will grow in relation to your worldview. Or so, environmental inputs. Like – stuff between Envy and Inspiration. Where, envy isn't a bad thing if you know how to deal with it properly. Which in these terms is simple because we're not dealing with material conditions.

If you found images to be helpful tools – well, you're furthermore restricted by the language available to you. So I wouldn't expect anyone –

and therefore not bank on everyone – getting these things right "First Try".

However, when it comes to the Spine, it is one of the oldest compounds I know of. And it popped in at a time where all of my understanding concerning my Clarity was mostly just dotted lines and a puff of smoke.

While so exploring my Clarity, which is ever so often really just a matter of having been mentally occupied with some of the things of it, I began to notice that everything I wanted, everything I looked for, drew me further and further into submission. And that, for all I cared, was a good thing; But it came with a growing sense of ... simply put: negativity. Eventually, I suppose, I just happened to have had the right thought, and woop – there it was. So, in this perceived goo of submission – the goo being probably an amalgam of the perceived negative side-effects of what I had produced – it stood out strong. Thus I called it the Spine.

And while it would seem as though it was a matter of luck, I suppose that the thing with "happening to have the right thought" isn't all that critical because the Light will take hold of what it can – even the smallest of things. After all – these Luminous things don't come crashing into the mind like someone blew a hole into your roof; But more like plants. Plants that emit a bright, splendid Light.

Whether or not these be sprouts would depend on what is there.

So was I, for instance, at first reluctant to really welcome this Spine thingy. I suppose I had – or still have – a very strong bias concerning these things. And it reminds me of how I react to temperature. While I can stand the cold – I really don't like it one single bit once I'm cozied up in the warm. And so was I getting cozy with my Clarity; And ... I just notice ...

A Tangent: Immersion

As it is now – and as it has been for quite some time – does my Clarity have very explicit elements that wrap me into a life of sexual submission. Some of them indirectly, but others very directly. But that wasn't always so. Or at least I wasn't aware of it. There was nothing to 'tell' me as much. Yet, in a very real way, I was expecting as much. Subconsciously. To say; I didn't know. It also came somewhat naturally.

At the time I was living in an etablissement being part time sex-worker, part time monkey for everything. And so this understanding that ignited my Clarity did fit really snug with the conditions around me. And so what came of my Clarity would have me re-envision my environment; Basically. And so for all I cared, what came of my Clarity would define my life – as I saw it.

But so I was also really not a fan of that immersion getting broken. Or how to put it. It happens ever so often – and there are possibly a variety of reasons for it. Nowadays I have *places* in my Clarity, eventually I'll get to touch upon that later, that accommodate for that. We could call

that "free self" or "autonomous self" - and it's simply a feeling of ... well, freedom. Or like a weight is being taken off of your shoulders. As if so all the tensions and compulsions and stuff of Clarity is just getting turned off.

It's also similar to 'breaking' the immersion, as ... acting out of Character in an RPG. And I really didn't like that implication.

But so I notice that back then I didn't have much going on to handle this. So, in essence I felt like having a hole in a sock.

Tangent: Ends. More or less.

So was I thinking in strictly submissive terms – basically implying as much as ultimate submission. And sure enough, the few bits I was aware of would imply as much. And – I don't really know how, but ego seems to be a vital factor in all this.

And yea, I guess So is Clarity not a condition that is imposed on us, but a condition that takes shape in form of a convergence. And so our Characters have what we might call profile.

But so, while I was really not liking those breaks of immersion – also because they seemed to lessen what Clarity had come to mean to me; Well – sure by basically just dropping me out of "it" – my Spine eventually tangled up with that *fear*. But it also wasn't really possible to lean against it. And bada bing bada boom … I took it for what it was.

* - I suppose most of my rambling over how my Golden Pond Identity interacts with the rest was overwritten while doing the "vague descriptions" thing. Just like here a lot of rambling over my Second Seal and Brainwashing and Cum addiction and such was overwritten in favor of a more verbose elaboration concerning the presence of the Spine.

I don't think it's necessary; As digging into those things is more like making things unnecessarily more complicated.

But if I so say that this and that identity 'is everywhere' - I think I'm usually not talking about a compulsion, but more about a feeling where the combination of things does have a positive effect ... relative to what it is and what aspects matter.



Image Credit: Sergey Minin

So it soon enough made sense to me, that if it allowed me to be what I wanted and that with less of the negative consequences, it was an overall good thing. And eventually the tangle got untangled.

So, while my spine did emerge in contrast as against my Clarity, it isn't separated from it. As ... given.

Also, eventually it gave me an ego boost, we might say; While overall it doesn't as much 'define' my Clarity as it is just a part of me ... within. It would change how I read myself in a social context for instance. Similar to my "Golden Pond Identity"*. In fact – there is a very strong ... convergence or overlap we might say.

And so my Spine also attracted terms and definitions. So did I start to understand myself as 'Royalty'. Being humble I wouldn't yet right away declare myself Queen – but overtime I could get it less and less out of my head and so it is as it just is.

And so another/one side to the story is how I would just assume that my Clarity ought to be encompassing all of my existence. And while trying to realize that within the limited scope available back then, it did eventually not work out or maybe not even make sense. Like so is there the social question for what maintains my submission. And while I might think of conditions that made sense to my Kink, those wouldn't necessarily make sense to my Clarity. So would I have been just a submissive Whore – wholesale – while now there is more reason behind it. Perhaps to the same effect, but still rooted in ... we might say: More suitable conditions.

And yes. I'm a Lesbian. Brainwashed to like Cock.



Because LUST is filthy.

Artist: Kacyu

To me, the Spine's basic property is in setting itself apart from my Clarity. But ... that in a way that so lends credence to myself. It's like there – existing – at the center of my being, more or less; Where setting itself apart from my Clarity is the only thing it 'does'. At first. It does however also not act against it. It is a manifestation of self-preservation; Where the 'self' that is preserved is me. So does the Spine and its various identities still have an engagement with my Clarity, that however more so on my own terms. Or on its own terms, rather.

So is the Spine like a "Core Identity". So can aspects of myself find or express themselves through it. What exists therein would then be something like a mirror image or an altered copy. But so as an inward reflection.

And in that regard I think Spine is probably the right term. I mean, I suppose that the reason why I feel it like a Spine is because the Light made it so. Though I guess we might also compare it to a Pin (Needle). There certainly is a resemblance. So is my Queen Identity practically its head – and is stuck into my Princess (a.k.a. "Golden Pond") Identity. And between the two there isn't really a structure. I'd think of it as a large amalgamation of "images" (impressions). But there sure are those … "convergent truths" we might say.

One of those I would strongly relate to through what's locked up in the gem. At least back when I hadn't started transitioning yet. But nowadays going at it from that angle seems somewhat faulty. I suppose thought that I have to realize that I do have masculine or boy-ish properties; I think we all do and those don't need to gender us. Yet being explicitly female creates a shadow of sorts. And so there is for once the thing that formulates the desire, versus those shadows. As of what formulated it – those shadows embraced hyper-femininity. At least that's

what Bimbo, or alternatively "Sissy" would imply. Being more removed from those shadows however also removes the edge of it, leaving the desire to be more ... relaxed, as opposed to something I would need (to want) to act out/on.

But, whatever the case now, one more thing is that it regards the Peak of Femininity to be that of Motherhood, or

alternatively the ability to get Pregnant.

It is another thing that was really strong to my male consciousness – virtually impregnating me. And how it would play out, regarding what's locked in the Gem, throughout such and such – I can't really tell.

There are overall however different sides or aspects to this. So, it's not just a male-to-female conversion Kink. But well.

THE RE-ENFORCED CONDITIONING AND EMOTIONAL REWIRING OF RAPE AND MISERY

For now ... we come to the Fun Part!

But Slowly.
And probably also not too much.

For there comes a condition with my condition, and I suppose: The Jury isn't out on it yet, whether "it" is

actually fun or not. But it feels good. To me at least – and sure, so while I don't actually have to make the corresponding experiences. I'm *certainly* always told as much, by my inner skeptic. So, there's that funny thing with the Baseline. Now, while I'm going over the original draft it's not too big of a problem. That because the thoughts of how to write what and what follows is already set and done. For the most part. I mean, so far I've already extended the draft by 28 pages. But all I do is add context where I was a bit too quick to move on the next item. So far I didn't have to fundamentally re-arrange anything (cries in "going over the rewrite" - but at least there was enough space for corrections).

Anyway. In simplest terms, the problem is that writing about my Clarity – at least where I have to engage with it – I'm getting turned on. I thereby am exposed to the conditions of my Clarity; Which is also slightly different to arranging terms on a spreadsheet. Give or take. And while I'm exposed to the conditions of my Clarity, one particular Baseline rises. And because I so crave Rape above everything – the matter for me to get to the point ever so slowly – or not – becomes one of raising that Bar. And it happens automatically. It's just something my anatomy does.

Another thing that comes in, is something I would compare to Lighting a Candle. I mean ... I know what ... enticing constellations there are "hidden in my dark". I don't mean to say that I make a habit of seeking out those depths, but at occasion I get to those points where I might. And I



Since this is now the rewrite of the rewrite sortof, I have to assume that the Light made me write a lot of gibberish so I was able to write something more

meaningful by the time

I'd go over things again.

~ish.

To say, that what I'll

write – or am able to

write – hinges on my

state of mind; So that

every time going over

this I could add things as

from a different perspective.
But also, some things just were wrong. Like, as if things make different sense on more subconscious levels.
Which may also be how trying to figure things out would turn out "vague" or 'imperfect' at times.

Curious ...

have to be careful about that. So the headline here. "The Re-enforced Conditioning ..." and so on. Initially I did have one on mind that was a little bit more spicy (they aren't part of the original draft). So I wrote it as: "... of Self-Loathing Self-Deprivation". And while I was writing the original draft, I came to look at this condition a little closer. By happenstance. And it turns out that I at times become like borderline delirious. So to the point that when I manage to carry myself to sleep and wake up the next day, I have some kind of hangover. That being a distinct feeling of having formulated things a bit too strongly. Or so an inner incongruence between my state of mind from day to day, versus the one implied within the writing. And so, I'm not 100% sure about what up with that hangover. For now it seems to be right enough and even is a little bit funny. But if the problem is merely one of miscommunication, things look a little bit different. Although, the issue that I did at times devolve into a state where the super smart things I wrote turned out to be just gibberish ... stands on its own.

I mean, I was trying to be smart. To try to escape the effects of my condition. Well ... it didn't work out!

It's not however just that I "crave Rape above all". It's also about how my spiritual anatomy regulates my wanting. Well, I'm not exactly sure where it would pop up – so, where to put it down, what the exact narrative is – but it's there. So is the way I live my life a little bit around the corner of things. That because it isn't in me, to want things that mattered there.

So, I can understand that I have needs and act upon them. I can become curious and act in behalf of that. So can I do things relative to my understanding. On a surface level then, there isn't really an impairment to what I can or cannot do. So, my will still functions – pretty much normally so. But as part of my programming there are things such as: I can't deny sexual advances. Though I must think this only regards advances that my Light recognizes as one. Eventually I need more experience to really understand this well enough, but one aspect of my programming is particularly obvious to me. Something along the lines of: I can only want sex. Or perhaps a list of things. What I mean by wanting there is, that my will connects with my heart so that I can find it within my heart that I want something. My heart can sure still feel and experience things, but I have to work around my inability to want things that I find in there. Where on the flip-side there's the issue with wanting things that I then cannot unwant. And it's a very real problem for me. One I'm not keenly aware of. I'm working on it I assume. One problem being, well, dishonesty*. Or miscommunication. Or just a really unfortunate fuck-up.

So, when I try to make sense of my Clarity, explaining things to you, there's this issue with reality, that some things don't work in this life as they would in fantasy. Or paradise. And if I have to make a cut like that, I end up being deeply dissatisfied. Or I'd make a step too far; And not understanding what's going on I'd eventually just end up going for broke.

But well. I like it. I mean, thinking about it ... it sure sucks, but ... I enjoy the certainty over these things being real. And if the Baseline is high

^{* -} this isn't about lying, but as explained in the next paragraph about which conditions affect which layer of existence or reality; Where there are effectively two different layers of honesty. I wasn't sure whether to put it this way – and still am not; It's technically a fuck up but also technically the

enough, that leads to really weird situations. I mean, sometimes I sit there writing - and I understand that a lot of my concerns relate to me being stressed. So, one problem there being that beyond a certain point, such concerns don't process properly anymore. They don't turn any cogs so-tospeak. Like, maybe I just lit an entire candelabra and my brain is like "ey yo! Slow down! Chill!" while the other side is like: "Wow cool! Everything is fine! Just one more candle!".

But what I was trying to get at is that sometimes my awareness of processes that only re-enforce those conditions, even if they do so to my utter detriment at the moment, well ... makes me happy.

And when it so comes to terms such as 'Self-Loathing' or 'Self-Deprivation', I'm not bullshitting. There is then however still that pesky thing called Reality, which has its own ideas of what 'Self-Preservation' amounts to. I mean, sorry. Reality is cool! After all it allows for all the cool stuff to be. But so is there - as of yet - still a considerable difference between what Self-Loathing and Self-Deprivation amount to within my Clarity, versus how it affects me in real life.

And so I would Light a Candle to write about a certain feeling or set of feelings; Not quite understanding – per chance – that you don't feel what I feel when I'm producing those expressions.

But yes. This is real. Like so it isn't my Clarity per se. These are just things that happen. Which is maybe a good reminder to the matter of mistakes. For as far as I'm concerned: We all make them. For it isn't so that are. I mean, thinking this matter of Self-Preservation is as a Guardian Angel that protects us from harm. I may even understand, that during the time I suffered depression, the problem was at least in part exacerbated because I didn't properly understand my needs. It would, outside of being really hungry, then be by accident that I would find my way to it. On the other hand I eventually the issue is had learned that enough coffee and cigarettes or weed can starve out that they don't. So it hunger. At least to some extent.

Yea, maybe coffee and cigarettes aren't called a 'Bitch's Breakfast' for

"Shackles of Terror"

Essentially, for the most part – or the longest time – the shackles have been Clarity be detrimental, if at the heart of my experience.

Enough, I suppose, that at the time where I started to write this whole thing, they were this big deal to come to write about. But given how in as far as I don't have a uncomplicated they are, there isn't really a lot to tell. Other than: I was a bit puzzled for a while, thinking about the Second Crest, whether the shackles that 'wanted' into the "system" were these shackles or not. Or: that it is ... hmm. Well, Are they more of a Seal 2 or more of a Wedding thing? And things of that

For what there is to tell, they in all simplicity are just there. Basically: Theoretically. Reminders of the bondage - or so: the Conditions - I'm a part of, or

To say that the effects are - which also includes my response. Not however that the envisioned things about Tears of Sadness as a Kink is odd. So am I challenged to think of how some things would translate into practicality of any kind - and ... might not even be useful to think of them as "vague outlines" - as more to the point, they nothing. are internal emotional conditions (standards) that supplement an internal sense of

So would much of my one wouldn't also have the pleasures associated with them (Sex Life). And Sex Life, just yet, well ... I do what I can and want to nonetheless. Knowing no. I just do. nature. Understanding that Life

is/can be more.

harmony.

subjected to, that sort of thing. They aren't constantly there – but for the most part just looking for them does the trick of activating them. They thereby don't seem to carry any kind of specific or intricate relevance; In the sense that there isn't really a specific "thing" ... I could put my finger on. And in that regard, they just something I wear, basically.

That for once however excludes a few things. One at least; Which is that they are – or seem to be – linked to the Collar. In this sense there isn't something I know of that would distinguish between which Level, so for all I care it could be a totally different thing. Perhaps so as part of an abstraction – which I assume comes as part of the Collars second Level.

There so being a realm I strongly associate to my Spouse. But beyond that, the shackles seem to arbitrarily connect with things.

Here and there they seem to be implied – and sometimes they do more. So was I once sitting back from writing – and they emerged, tightening, making me feel a bit dizzy – and that somewhat paralyzing feeling made me feel comfortable. I mean – not comfy in the warm and fuzzy sense – but in terms of taking a break, it sure gave me one.

And that's just a thing. I suppose it's just what they always did – just that they never did it that strong. But like so, they're a bit of a mystery to me.

So is there one thing I know they 'do' - or so I would think. And that is being conditional re-enforcers. So yea, everything so far can be described in that sense – but there's more. As of that we might call them 'perpetuators'. So, at times – with the given immersion in the right circumstances, I suppose – they can create some kind of feedback loop. From what I can gather, trying to get a feel as I'm dusting off my experiences and memories, it would go a little some like this: I enjoy their presence as confirming my Submission. The Light interacts with them and this creates a greater sense of Submission which I in turn appreciate.

Or simpler: Energy that flows into them increases their weight which in turn increases my pleasure which leads to more energy flowing into them.

And – OK. As far as immersion is concerned: Just writing this excites them – so, I look for them, feel for them; And so time and time again the Collar flashes up. Which leads me to imply that the Collar is as bolted into me creating them as part of its condition. Where – maybe there's a sense of trying to escape those conditions, but more to the point is there a sense … that putting pressure on them has the Collar flash up like a barrier. But I can also relax these conditions. …

Well. Eventually it however makes sense that they are a part of the second seal – and as that interact with matters of the second Crest.





And that this Light-Explosion I experienced is in effect ... a mix of things, part of which is due to the shackles perpetuating "the thing".

I mean, initially I struggled trying to present everything within basically one cohesive narrative. During the rewrite I figured that it's easier and also mandatory to speak of isolated realms that however tend to interact with each other. The Second Crest – or "Rune" was a big mystery; And from what sense I was able to gather, I'd say that the Shackles "own" my aspirations of Motherhood – thus dragging that into the Second Crest. And as of that there's still a sense of ... something yet to be explored. But for now, Light-Explosion is good enough for me.

Well, my thought process ... I imply ... should be empirical. But as you've seen – within Clarity it isn't all that necessary. Things occur when they occur – and if they imply something that hasn't been figured out yet, there would be a hint that we might as well totally miss out on for the time being.

And so, as of the Original Draft, a brief look into matters of Religion as per

The Order of LUST or something like that

The Clergy of the Order of LUST consists entirely of females. This Clergy further comes in two aspects. We might say: Night and Day, Yin and Yang, Submissive and Dominant – but I'd say Nyx and Gaia.

The Clergy of Nyx is Dominant and the Clergy of Gaia is Submissive. This follows the Understanding, that Gaia – in this sense the Earth – is enveloped by Nyx – in this sense the Night or more to the point: Space. Their relationship thereby is symbiotic. As Nyx herself – alias the Glory of the Moon – watches upon the Order, she is recognized as, let's say: Hera. Logic follows that she does so in conjunction with … let's call her "Isis" – alias the Glory of the Sun. And the Light here is to represent Sexual Desires in form of imperatives that the Clergy of Gaia yields to – while the Clergy of Nyx reflects it.

Logic also implies, that Gaia herself is part of this Order, thereby recognized as ... Persephone? I would have said Amaterasu. It's crazy how well these things can line up.

The Light at its simplest is one of Sexual Dominance that requires absolute Sexual Subservience in all things from the Clergy of Gaia. As central religious practice are all females of the Clergy of Gaia who are capable of it, expected to become Mothers. Primarily to perpetuate the Order through giving birth to the next Generation of the Clergy. The central idol of this practice pictures a Woman – a mother – on a throne and two of her daughters kneeling before her. Cum oozes down the Mother's body, over unto the daughters. The Lore holds, that one of them enjoys the Cum and joins the Order of Gaia – and the other does not, joining the Order of Nyx. The idol itself highlights the duality of Life as emergent from an individual source and upholds the virtue of freedom of expression as one of Loyalty to the inner truths.

Among the Clergy of Gaia an iteration of the first idol shows a Woman – the mother – kneeling next to a girl standing besides her. Cum is oozing down the mother onto the child while the mother figuratively presents the child to a suitor, holding one hand to a shoulder and another to the crotch of the child. So is it the duty of a mother, within the Clergy of Gaia, to hold their daughters within the Clergy to their duties - so that once they are born into the Order again, the same will be done unto them. The central purpose of this idol is to express the sanctification of Child Abuse - representing divine Order and Foresight in upholding the virtues of devotion.

So yes, the Golden Rule (don't do to others what you don't want to be *-I mean, to apart of me done unto you) as applied to an individualistic frame of reference. Which this comes as something does come with its nuance of course. But so, there's also the thing about Sins that cannot be forgiven. Which, I suppose, is intentionally vague. another again ... slightly Here, it would not apply - as, per chance, due to some individualistic confused. thing that's going on. That doesn't make the particular action or demand right. But, before going on a tangent on the obvious - to be perfectly worth or value against straight with you: This is essentially just fantasy. One that lends itself to others, is always just down this idea, where the duality is seen as something more. That ... "we" are iust too good for this to work. That "we" need some real assholes to make that. And holding multiple it function as intended. But here's the thing: Maybe. But the thing with conflicting perspectives, is sins that cannot be forgiven reads to me as: Yet you don't get to run around, behaving like an asshole - and then assume you'll get to ride a certain things. high horse in Paradise. As I also think that there's a difference between Eventually we're also way just being an asshole and having a legitimate Kink. Where ultimately ... Love and Sadism ... aren't all that far apart. But whatever ... [...].*



Anyway. Since one of the two Taboos has now officially been broken - it might be worth taking some pause. I know I've written a disclaimer and I suppose I've solidly explained myself for you to be not too freaked out things are actually settled about it. And it's not like this ultimately came out of nowhere.

My description of the Order of LUST there is however nowhere near I sure do believe that the enough to properly express myself regarding its ... situation. I mean, the forgiveness of Sins is vital term 'Child Abuse' is a very polite and humble, but possibly also clumsy way to express the implied reality. I might so try to light a candle ... or so sure on the "you just two ... or three ... though I suppose at the end of the day there isn't really a need for that; While quite possibly there ought to be at least one chapter covering these things in some other book.

And overall – I also feel a sense of completion. There are still a few things that I might cover (the Rooms, the Grid); In regards to the title of this much enslaved - as I'm Document there are still a few notes - partially in focus on this getting what I want. In this

amusing. Yet another part is just annoyed. And

But here's the thing: Measuring your to how it makes you feel and how you deal with similar - in that you have to take some distance from too busy with our own shit - to then also measure up to some arbitrary "other ...

Artist: Unknown Art: "Pathfinder" - Her Infernal Majestrix, Queen Abrogail II of the Thrice-Damned House of Thrune

... thing". And some aspect to this "stuff" sure isn't solved here - and some of it won't be until and nobody but God knows when that will be.

for Paradise to be a truly happy place - but I'm not have to forgive yourself" part per se. One does after all have to face the reality of their situation. It's called humility.

Ultimately, I'm not as ... sense

Clarification thing – and some notes on what I picture Paradise to be like. And apart from covering the Rooms and what else is still missing, that then also covers the first Part of the Original Draft.

A STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN

So – Life. For a long time some odd idea of Paradise has persisted, in which we apparently are perfectly fine spending a sweet spring or summer afternoon in the park. An afternoon that also lasts for FUCKING EVER.

And yea. For once I don't know if that were worth it. But sure, if the alternative sucks ... I guess. Maybe? But going through this life on earth seems a little bit much if THAT were the payoff.

It doesn't take much consumption of entertainment to maybe start dreaming of more. And maybe it's scary to do so, seriously and realistically. It might strike some as discouraging to find, that whatever Fantasy world one might delve into, might be somewhat boring if it were free of strife. The world then however is as it is – and most of the cool stuff is locked behind an intellectual paywall.

It should however be worth noting, that the traumas of this world go a bit beyond 'just' strife. Considering how easily we can be triggered sometimes – it doesn't seem necessary to further underline those things by gruesome horrors while we also slave away our lives to make some ends meet.

But yes. Life is what we make of it. But it's also something handed unto us, complete with rules, such as the Laws of Physics.

Here and there however, this world is described as a shadow of the divine. And so, beyond its physical restraints – is still *the world of Dreams*. How 'real' this world is, so my take on it, depends on our ability to deal with the fact that the more we want, without respecting the other, the less capable we are of participating in a *fair society*. Where to me 'realness' also comes as a measure of social togetherness. So do I believe, that were I to be alone in the afterlife, I wouldn't be able to find much joy.

So would I think, that between the many different ways in which we might want to partake of life's givings – there's such a thing as a time between lifetimes. And lest I wanted to be lied to by God, I would think it to be depressing if I – after all – had to find myself to be alone.

And while I think that the term 'belonging' should be used cautiously here – I do still yearn for it. A place where I belong, as much as it belongs to me.

And yet I worry. I worry that it requires sacrifices. Or so the story of our individual selves – as it is dependent on opportunities that might give us some "purpose". But so do I have Clarity; And it seems weird to be burdened over those things ... considering.

And so there sure is a Life I would love to live. Or lives ... rather. And those unlike the fantasies I had that made me think: "How cool would it be if we could ...?!" - as I came around to expecting more.

It seems to be the same thing. Instead of hypotheticals that may be cool, for a time at least, I know what I want and I assume the Light has taught me that.

Be I a Goddess or a Queen or just an innocent child. A servant or a prisoner. At the end of "the day" – I'd still or at least yet again be addicted to the filthiest of demon cock – and no power in existence could change that. But also is this not only a matter of what I want my life to be; But also one of what I might be in the life of another.

So is there the 'is' between our own influence and that of others. One thing that is, is a little story linked to this image here:

It is a story that the Light has told me. It came as an addition to my Otherlore, where I was shown a garden – walled off – in some palace that God occupied. It had an L shape (mirrored) – and stood in the alcove stood a rock. Embedded into the rock was a Body linked to me. Surrounding the rock was a thicket of thorny vines, emerging from the ground, crawling up my body as to weave me into the rock – tearing through to the

Artist: XEtton

bones of my ankles, wrists, neck and sex-organs; And my eye sockets were hollow, but for faint white dots that might as well be drops of Cum. On the other side of it was another Body of mine – chained to a rock – floating through empty space, far far away from anything.

What this is, is my loneliness within the vastness of God. What emerged from it, was an understanding of a place for my own – where I might only be concerned of what I personally want.

And between being stuck in that rock where God hate rapes me through thorny vines – and that rock somewhere in the depths of space – I find God's Love. For once through these givings, but also through my Clarity including the space in-between. Places populated with life.

So yea. The main theme for me – to really nail the 'Fallen Angel' aesthetic ... is one strong in Ds. Depression, Depravity, Deprivation, Despair, Destruction and Demise. If I'm not missing something. My heart starts to flower in face of their extremes. Which, granted, is a bit scary.

Of the Deprivation bit I already had a good fill. That's how I got to the conclusion of the no-norm-theorem. But, that bit in me – that little slut my Spouse breeds for herself – all she wants for her birthday is shit. Stuffed into her through a rampage of ... phallic activity. Whenever my brain goes

bye bye ... is whenever. It's part of the plan. The end-game for me is to be as a hollow shell. Conceptually as close to a Doll or Android as one could get. I guess exceptions would be when Desperation is on the menu.

remember of this thing This being an instance –

I really don't know what ← You remember where I was earlier trying to describe my head-glitches? that means. I only Well, here's one: "I get to stumble over it - for, while I on the one hand being a thing, where I get have those feelings that unanimously kick me down that path, I can't myself caught up in a really get the reality of it in my head; And I find myself not wanting it. Kink of contradiction. Which weirdly enough, hits me like a Kink. But so, I can't even but, yea. That. "thoroughly refuse it", because ... well. It makes me dizzy."

> But ... "the Place of Heaven" - or "the whole of Paradise" - seems to be rather vast and diverse. And so do I have more varied pleasures than might fit into a single lifetime. I mean, alone the many ways in which I might picture my death And so, eventually, diversity supercedes specificity. Until ... well ... who knows?

understand, is due to the three phases: margins of time we think about - and how over all, at the end of the day, none of what comes could a plethora of things I feel a NEED for experiencing. exceed our minds. So could we now envision

One ... well ... we might So do I have a concept of Paradise, that starts out with what I usually call call it a 'natural point of "Heaven 1.0" (which, I think, currently is in its Beta-Version). It contains Phase 1 is the phase of reconciliation. What we make of it might

depend on the individual. I myself have lingering desires - unfolding into

Phase 2 is the phase of acclimatization. One might think that of the happiness of a distant phase 1 - in regards to which, this were the phase of normalcy. But what future - and wonder how we here get used to, is that Eternity lasts a lot longer than what time it

we, internally, aren't takes for us to satisfy our precious needs. But sure - in the idea it is a phase of normalcy.

'thereafter'. And the time thereafter. Until the time we, despite our limited ability to conceive of those things, come back

So, what I'm getting at

Phase 3 is the phase of consolidation.

So would our concept of Paradise at first be

here is the time Think of it this way: Imagine our selves are composed of particles. There's a core - and here things barely move or change. And the further is so far thereafter - that out we get, the more changing things are. At first things might be still pretty jumbled up (phase 1). But the more we grow accustomed to the lives we live, the more we settle ourselves in Eternity (phase 2). Once to the discovery of some we're settled, so I see/think/assume, we'll have a certain routine of sense of identity; Where existing between the matters of life's diversity and matters of our "everything possible" consolidated selves. Yet, Eon after Eon, these deep consolidated things yet anymore, yet again. evolve. I would so think of a very specific way of being with my spouse a lifetime per chance - that we'd so come to visit every ... 100k~1mil years or so. Give or take. Plus/minus whatever. And eventually that lifetime of thoroughly stuck in Phase lifetimes ... would also age and eventually come to an end. And that's 1 - we might say. where the page is turned ... moving on into Heaven 2.0..

> For Heaven 2.0. - I have a bit of a map in my head. I suppose it's an abstraction; But for once is there a big Tree that would put Yggdrasil to utter shame. I also think of it as something like the Matrix. Or let's say ... the ultimate MMORPG. Somewhat removed from it, I have some kind of a core home – and it sits next to a big vast emptiness that will eventually be expanded upon. Between the two there is some kind of path. So, as we in Heaven 1.0 lived through a lifetime of lifetimes – we come to re-invent

ourselves to do so once more. And again. And so is there this * As a Lesbian - this winding path that leads through 1, 2, 3, 4 ... of those "super((/)meta)lifetimes" before it leads into 'the Nexus'. The Nexus is essentially the much I would assume Capital. Here I would have a home where I live with my Husband*. Eventually we make a trip into that vast emptiness – let it be the suburbs. And I find myself "employed" or used in a variety of ways. There's an abstractions of concepts apartment I live in as essentially a school girl, although I don't really go to school because I've been locked up there by my Dad - and here I get visited by him and friends and strangers. I also find myself on the menu of a Restaurant that advertises in flavors of suffering. Eventually I also find myself on billboards that advertise my services. And also is there some kind of Club that fetishizes my presence; But apparently I'm kept as scared for my life to be there. Such and Such. So would we come together there – occasionally going on trips between the various ways of being.

Eventually my creative urges will awaken - and due to how fucked I am, will find joy in the sadness of being incapable of even the simplest things.

The way I understand it, it will be towards the end of my journey into the Nexus, that I will be familiarized with the pain and suffering that I to. need - to be properly me within the Nexus.

So, while I feel this to be my way - knowing that I want my life in the Nexus to be what I envision it to be – I understand that I'm not ready for it. And apparently I won't be for a long time. And that because of how our hearts work and align. So, yes! I don't think that we can just enforce it. Or rather: Enforcing the desired outcome needs us to be mindful of the whole, rather than just the singular.

"It's weird. It's ... fine, I think. So distant. But still, so very close.

Sadness and Despair already strike me while I'm writing this. A sense of Eventually, so the idea, a finality tells me that there is no escape. Because, for there to be an escape, I would need to want it. Yet can I not but welcome every step that takes me closer to the inevitable. And my Love for my spouse carries a prayer. Pleading the Heavens to make her as Cruel as possible. And if I had a wish - hmm. Not sure if it's wise to just blurt something like that into the ether. But a welcome bonus - were a spell on me, that'd inhibit the sympathies of anyone who lays with me - so they shall understand to Love me how I want to be loved.

Fucked with reckless abandon. Handed out unto utter destruction. But yes. What's here on paper, is just on paper. Maybe it tickles your mind. But - the rule that too much of a thing is bad, still applies. Which is why the Ds are plentiful. I assume. But more to the point, are the extremes only real in as far as we can experience them. And so the point: All of what I've there's also stuff outside shared here - is envisioned under the Rule of Love.

For, what does it mean, or give us, to "destroy" a human being? Perhaps there's the joy in the forbidden or whatever morbid curiosity. But I most definitely wouldn't go that far. And so the truth, in as far as the divine is

confuses me greatly. As a human being, not so that after reaching a certain age, gender and orientation are merely we hold dear. We can already see, how gender queerness confuses the living hell out of 'simple' queerness.

So do I think that the fetishistic part of me takes priority, at which point a husband is fine. Beyond that, we also have to account for the fact that biology is ... kindof not all that big of a deal anymore - at that point. Not as we're used

But yes. Some controversy regarding these things would require me to label myself as Lesbian(with an asterisk) or: Sapphic. Though, I'm not sure how Sappho would feel about that. Given that she might be the author of the first 'antimasculinity roasts' of recorded history.

given relationship takes on its own individual configuration and validity; And maybe well - there's a little het in all of us. At least within the gender binary.

Though, I'm technically still trans ... trans-human. And yea - sure. Transsexuality is a source for Kinks and Flavor. We can narrow the experience to psyche-vsbiology matters; Which is my experience - but at the end of the day ... of that.



concerned, of these things would reside within the greater understanding. Every stroke that keeps me in submission, every thrust that furthers my addiction – is part of my big odyssey; And therefore part of the fulfillment that leads to the desired goal. As to say: The way is the goal.

As one may find: The horrifying images I can present to you aren't nearly as effective in constructing the narrative as the minute realities that already affect me. There so is this: While I can focus on things that are of no concern to my clarity – just existing in this world and doing my part as a fellow human – it doesn't really affect me. But given pause again – with my Clarity radiating into me – there it is. That ... thing in my head. In my brain, in a sense. Clogging it up. As a pillar of cum, oozing down from the heavens, overtaking my mind – incapacitating it from escaping the sexual spell. Every thought I produce to attempt an escape, is thwarted in agony and every time I give up on it, I feel ecstasy; Comforting me in my submission, crashing my resistance; Until, hopefully, one day ... I can be free."

Artist: twistd (?) "Forbidden Feast" Cover Art (Issue #2 Sep 2012)



PART 2 BACK TO REALITY

Is it sane? Is it insane? Well – I'd say it's both. Like if I asked whether or not you can even stomach it. But that's not the same. Yet, when it comes to sanity – I think there's more than just the usual markers. Like, when asking, whether or not it's sane to shove a big, fat dildo up your butt – it depends. It can be really inadvisable. Regardless of how much Lube you got at your disposal. But that doesn't say that it can't be happening in a sane way. What mattered were how well your body has been prepared for it.

So are there these truths that veterans of a given field understand, but noobs wouldn't. When it comes to polyamory for instance, there's what people refer to as "Unicorn Hunters". The Unicorn being that third

individual that a couple would be looking for. An individual that just so happens to perfectly fit in with the couple. One problem people come to talk about concerns matters of individual value, where the Unicorn usually would end up being in a position of being "the dirty secret"; Rather than being a valued "part of **the relationship**".

When it comes to BDSM, the biggest issue might be with the concept of "24/7" (enslavement). To say that IRL, for as far as we can tell, the no-norm-theorem kicks in in timeframes shorter than a week or even a day. After all, the day has 24 hours. And whatever could be meaningfully done – probably only lasts a fraction thereof. And so the matter becomes a question of: how many "24/7"s can be maintained at best?

But that in event is different to sex-work; Where the life of a Sex-Worker eventually boils down to waiting in their room 24/7 to get enough customers to pay the rent. This can work because the sex-worker is still independent – give or take – and for the most part left to its own devices.

Is it a good life?

Well, I can only speak to my own experiences – and it kinda sucked as I came to witness the effects of whatwas surmised to be the fallout of the 2008 financial crisis. So was I told by a fellow sex-worker, a really good looking one, that it has become a struggle to find a client while not too long ago all it took was to turn around. And so as the years passed, I had less and less clients and more and more time on my hand.

It was good on the one side because it allowed me to pursue other interests that had occupied my mind. That however turned out to be bad, because I had enough time to deeply immerse myself; But not enough to do so undisturbed. So yea, I was waaaaay beyond any resemblance of whatever 'delicate balance' - but apparently I've struck a great deal with the Master of Fate ... thinking of how many people (colleagues) I've seen come and go ... seeing how I at least did yet know how to cope better than most. And so what kept the place afloat was the income from renting out our rooms. And what kept me afloat was the goodwill of its owners.

But so is life. And in regards to Clarity – or personal imaginings, we may put it like so: That one thing that isn't part of my Clarity – is the issue of how I get to eat or drink or do other necessary business.

So, yes. Fantasy and Film share this property, that you can end a scene with an orgy – cut to another orgy and just have the transition read: 4 month later. Though more realistically we'd have to cut to the next morning which is followed by the days-long ordeal of dealing with the aftermath. To compare it to an ordinary party. Days long? Well – I guess it comes down to the individual.

None of that however really stops the underlying tensions. That the dream – if we want to call it that – effectively tries to manifest itself through whatever means possible. Which is natural, I think. It's similar to how in some games all it takes is a single step, for you to also take another. And another. And another. The one day you thought that Minecraft had stupid Graphics and the next you sit there trying to recreate Middle-earth. But one does not simply recreate Middle-earth. Which is why it's a year long,



online community project. It's kinda awesome. Might be worth checking it out. There are plenty of videos on the matter.



Artist: Z.DK

But what do I even mean by tensions? I mean, would I be lying if I told you that I don't really have them - considering that I got up Tuesday at like 5 p.m., pulled an all-nighter, went to rehab the next day (was out for like 6 hours), returned home, was awake until 5 a.m., had three hours of sleep, went to an appointment at 11 - was back home at 1 – and now it's 5:30 p.m. - only taking the occasional break (eating, wound care) from working on this?

While I was working on the extensive introduction (neo-)Gnosticism I at least was able to maintain a proper sleep cycle.

Well. It's complicated. Or at least do I get confused. It seems like there's an understanding that these tensions translate into urges that lead to actions; As of which I'd be talking about compulsions. And while that's what I'm doing, I find that I don't really have them. Which I question. But then I think again and find that 'actually' no. But then I read what I'm trying to get at and I'm like 'hmm ... yes actually!'.

Adjusting for that, what I was trying to say so far was, that there are dormant tensions which become active once they're given something to urge towards. To me, as in the given context, this comes in form of curiosities that eventually produce a theory; And if we think it's good, we might try to put it to the test. I thereby have come to silence those tensions by understanding that I can't attain what they aspire. I however do know that they're still there; And once I start writing about my Clarity they become active. And while I maintain it as a means of expressing myself, the question for its attainability yet emerges ever so often nonetheless.

know that I wrote a lot of instance related to child

be looking or hoping for some 'safeguards' against this or that, the issue is individual. And the quell the curiosities that might otherwise burst

To understand what I'm And so I think the only two things that can really take the wind out of the getting at, it may help to sails are 1. Just ignore the whole thing (which may sometimes be easier this in consideration of said than done) or 2. Be exposed to the conditions (which usually aren't "worse case identical to the dream). This is as much as what one might say about the assumptions" - as so for value of theory, in Light of practical application. So, to the inexperienced abuse. mind, reality eventually starts to show its face as 'different' - to say it may not be what we expected. In other terms then: Reality becomes the In as far as people might substance – while previously it was our imagination.

And so I was thinking, while I was still doing sex-work, in how far always one of the my Clarity would help me do it. And the answer was twofold. On the one primary argument here side it was just "nope" because the individual relationships to make more to that is, that knowing of me weren't there - and on the other side it was ... dependent on the what works and what client. And there are just "those guys" ... that wouldn't stimulate a single light - cell in me. And it's not that difficult. There literally was a dude who just should/would/could sat/lied there letting me do my thing and all was fine.

So, when it comes to my Clarity the part that matters here is, that I into 'silly was really able to enjoy the work. And all the nuance and complexities experimentation. and narratives ... they barely factor into that. A lot of the consolidated things relate to private conditions; And missing out on that only leaves me as a simple Bitch. Should be good enough – but still could I account for more and assume of improved conditions and what not. And so that becomes a driving factor. And there they are, the sparkles of "my Dream".

2 - Conditioning IRL

As for me, what Whore I am or can be, depends on me at first. Except no – as it depends on the clientele and how well I can jive with that. Except no – if we want to be smart about it. It's both, of course.

So, I remember pretty early on during my time as a Sex-Worker – I had a client who wanted Anal. So, sure. He gets to fuck me, everything is fine – but eventually it got too much for me and I had to finish him another way. All is fine, he leaves – and five minutes later I'm horny again; And thoughts be running through my mind like: I shouldn't have stopped the act. That is me recognizing a part about myself – but due to a lack of conditioning, so I see it, that part couldn't have its way just yet.

And later, by the time where I had some more conditioning, the "the great drought" started to come down on the business. Sometimes people would just sit in the living room all day waiting for something to happen – depressed faces, desperate attempts at adding meaning to the situation … but that's a different story.

And so we come to talk about potentials. In a way, it goes a bit beyond just physical conditioning. But before I get to that, it's only one side of the coin. During the time I was a Sex-Worker, the most wonderous moments might just have been the moments of locking the door behind me when I was having a client. It usually felt like locking the world out – while opening an alternate dimension of pleasure. The client so would pay for a certain amount of time, and for that time – they would have me. And that's usually all it took for me to get into "the mindset". Or the mood. But that's not to say that I didn't eventually get tired of certain things. Or one thing in particular. I guess he really enjoyed my massages – but sorry, I'm no masseuse. On the other hand there wasn't really a lot going on in-between his visits. And overall I had way too much time on my hand – besides all the stresses of keeping the place running – for me to be too keen on actively servicing someone.

To say, that circumstances here had it, that my conditioning went counter to what ends I'd have to meet – and that's not good.

So, do know that bitches get tired too. We have our needs – and when the demand goes too far away from that, things start to kinda suck.

So would there on the other hand be positive conditioning. The simplest being that a well rested mind is more productive than one collapsing from stress. In perpetuity – those conditions are amplified; As so for instance via the individuals outlook on their future. Things that go against the

grain induce more stress, while things that go with the grain can be invigorating.

And so, following my Clarity, the ultimate condition, here, were that rather than me locking the door behind me – the door is getting locked from the outside. Exposed to one or more clients that are put under a spell to do me well. For instance.

So is it my theory of pleasure, that it is a broad reality that encompasses a lot of things – some of which even contradict each other. So yea, one person's hell being another person's paradise. This time however in how the pleasure affects us in the moment. So the idea, that when things get to be rather one sided for a while – one eventually needs a change. And perhaps all of it can happen sexually. If I so had to endure being a 'Rape Slave' for a while – I'd then need something else to return to a normal. And which side now is prostitution and which side is private, wouldn't really matter.

But well. It's weird to me, sometimes, when I get to explain to me that 'actually' I'm quite right concerning my Dream fueled musings. I'm shocked. Shocked because once again things go click – somewhat stuck in a state of disbelief while underneath it all ... a sea of aroused heat is boiling up that ... in those moments is more like a sick stomach.

Uhm ... sorry. This ... is – we might say an echo from the original script, describing a feeling that hasn't really been there during the rewrite – and now is even more distant. But that doesn't make it invalid per se. But having so been more concerned of following the feels – the words didn't always come out right. At this point it may also be a little bit redundant, but it still is somewhat unique.

This particular event, that's the conclusion I've arrived at, came due to a shift in consciousness. My Clarity effectively dragging me into a state that didn't really harmonize with where my head was at. My head there being concerned of more real life (experience) related things so was a bit uneasy about the deeper implications of a life in captivity.

Yet so is there another side to these things. In this particular instance we may speak of Anchor Points outside of Clarity. So, me being 'a Writer' occupies a spot in my real life – and while that is a thing, the validity of captivity is still dominant, but eventually incompatible with the circumstances.

On another note am I led to assume that you might undergo similar circumstances. That while you at times got immersed into understanding my points – me describing myself as a 'Rape Slave' does eventually not click "the way it should". And so, being vulgar about sucking Demon Cock gets things across a little bit better. ??? And yea, that also relates to matters of 'Conditioning' somehow. More than I ...

... for now I have a different concern. So is there that hungover feeling; And it did overcome me while I was getting ready to continue writing

MATTERS OF

CONDITIONING

A TANGENT

Given the subject matter that my Clarity imposes upon you, I think it's fair to assume that some weirdness arises between 'what is' and what our(/your) minds are used to (expect).

And that in and of itself is a somewhat broad topic.

A lot of it - I think - is rather self-explanatory or self-revealing.

But ... what isn't? "Am I rite?" :P

Lies ... I guess. And technically ... one's individual truths are another person's lie. Or so – each individual is effectively a unique reality.

And as it so happens, have I been triggered quite recently – and came to write something that does actually fit in here. Not much on topic, but ... on tangent ... so, ranting from a position of disdain against certain conditions -

Per an Example on Dragonball Z

So, part of the build-up to ... well ... "my contemporary form" did involve some delving into the proper science of what a Super Saiyan is. Because ... something bugs me about the consensus that

Superman could beat Goku. Like, in my Book: NOPE! Just nope. I mean, I get this fantasy of Superman being the Uber Ding ... always Superman, he who can do everything - although nobody really knows why. In his own right, the Super Saiyan of the DC Universe. Except ... no. And there, I've settled on an acknowledgment of Relativity. So do we know that in our world we cannot exceed the Speed of Light. That's like ... a hard-cap. And approaching the limit isn't a linear thing, it gets exponentially more impossible to approach it. And from how I see it - Relativity doesn't REALLY exist in Superman's world, but it does in the Dragonball Universe. Sure, there's some time traveling nonsense that Superman can do – but that's just ... pseudo science. Self-defeating even, I would assume. But I'm no expert on that. However ... the argument is, that you can compare numbers all day long - it's not 'proper' if the rules of relativity are different. If there so is no cap in the DC Universe, but there is one in Dragonball - that makes Superman a weakling in the Dragonball Universe, give or take. On the other hand, if Super Saiyan 3 is scratching on the ceiling of what's possible - Goku would be a world-ending force in the DC Universe. Except, eventually the calculator would give us the finger (division by zero). Which is why I say, to be charitable, that Superman would be on the Level of Frieza. Give or take.

I mean, Dragonball Z does have a very clear scale – if you want to entertain the idea. I mean, the Androids \dots they're kinda BS – it would seem. But well \dots . I



It's odd how difficult it is to find a proper image of a Super Saiyan 3; As I would like it. I suppose the issue is one of Power Scaling – at least that's the idea that works here. guess it's Dr. Gero sciencing the shit out of things. But then we get to Cell. Dr. Gero's Masterpiece, in a sense. But to talk about Cell, we first have to talk about Frieza – the ... most powerful being known in "our" Galaxy. At first. An interplanetary planet broker who bows to nobody; Protected/accompanied/incharge-of(directly or not) (by) groups (plural) essentially Fighting Savants gathered throughout the ages or what. He effortlessly deletes planets as if it's a file on his computer he didn't want anymore. "Even the Saiyans" work for him – though, in the grand scheme of things they're not all that powerful. They are strong enough to raze entire civilizations with ease – for sure - 'proud warriors' - but easily bested by the cream of the crop. They can transform into giant Monkey's - basically King Kong mixed with Godzilla put on Overdrive. And there's still potential. Like, the ancient history of Saiyans. That proud warrior race and ... how they ended up as they did. For unlike any other, fighting is what they do. They are so attuned to fighting, they become stronger every time they are at the brink of death. Which however still isn't enough to compare to Frieza. His Goons sure. Easy. But Frieza ... is on a whole other Level.

But eventually - "spoiler" - Goku turns "Super Saiyan" - and that's that. The true potential unleashed. At least, so that story went.

Dr. Gero had probes following them around, gathering DNA samples and data and stuff – to build machines that could best Goku. And if the Frieza Saga is one of potentials, the Cell Saga is one of Mastery. And sure, things eventually get a bit weird when looking at it too esoterically. But so are there the various Androids that Gero built – and Cell. And the story seems to imply, that Gero had ... some insight into these things unlike anyone else. "He figured it out". To say, he understood by which mechanisms living organisms connected with this Force called 'Ki' - and so went on to perfect that Understanding. So, the Androids 17 and 18 being the top of the line, bleeding edge consequence of that research has us understand, that they are ... well, are they actually Cyborgs? Either way – we might say, they are as good with Ki ... as Computers are with Math. Which, yea, sortof explains why even Super Saiyans had troubles going up against them. That is: If we want to acknowledge that there is this dimension of mastery.

But Dr. Gero did recognize that there was a flaw in this design. Like Computers are capped, Androids wouldn't ever be really ... 'Perfect'. And so he developed Cell. A ... bio-mechanical System solely built to adapt to the circumstances of using Ki for destruction or how to put it. And that is why Cell's Final form ... was really bad news. Like, if we have trouble fathoming the brutal power of Frieza – we could only guess what Cell might be capable of. So yea, even Goku having mastered the Super Saiyan form couldn't really stand up to him.

Which takes us to ... Midicholorians and S-Cells. I too was part of the camp that thought that Midicholorians were silly. And from what I gather S-Cells are only canon in as far as Toriyama had a mind fart that the fandom then latched on to.

The problem I think people have with those is the implication that a Character's Power depends on their "Special Cell" count. But ... correlation

doesn't mean causation. So I thought about it – and come to a similar concept on my own. That so the accumulation of power within a being causes conditions for these special cells to develop. So, they aren't the cause, but a consequence.

But – S-Cells are different. Except, not necessarily. There's the "mystery" of what makes a Super Saiyan; Though most would name Wrath or Anger or that. And Broly, who isn't canon, really plays into that trope. And although it isn't in the Manga – where there is no answer to the question to begin with – it's in the Anime; That all the Wrath in the world wouldn't help you become Super Saiyan. Implying that there is some other component – something like a 'good heart'. Or worthiness. But I suppose ... something that works for most of what we've seen in Dragonball Z - including Broly - is more along the lines of selflessness. So, the moment Vegeta stopped caring about being stronger than Goku; So my concept; what he fell back on was some fondness for the people back on earth. And so - "somehow" - that allowed Vegeta to transform. To be ... 'good' ... in the sense that he didn't have ... I mean, he had to juggle-through-the-struggle - let's say - his ego against the required selflessness; A process that did at the end of it all still make him a warrior for what is good. Gohan did sortof just by accident fall into that well of power; While Trunks and Goten have probably been raised that way.

But selflessness alone wouldn't do the trick either. Either way do Trunks and Goten also stand against the "desperate wrath and anger" interpretation. I would still assume something along the lines befitting for a warrior of that caliber. The desire to rip something or someone to shreds. Something Vegeta would have been all too familiar with – and something rather stranger to Goku. Not knowing of a thing is also a bit of a barrier. And ultimately a certain familiarity with one's own power should pretty much be mandatory. Give or take. So, Anger inevitably factors into the whole thing – while the Super Saiyan form seems to also exist in a state of mind very particular to the purposes of ripping something or someone to shreds. I mean, that ought to be what it is. The ultimate Fighter.

And so Broly even fits in.

Broly has all that – however mostly due to a lack of the mental faculties to fall victim to the more complicated entrapments of the process. A very ... genetically gifted Saiyan too stupid to have a concept of self perhaps – or simple enough for him to also be triggered rather easily. But because this isn't really controlled or conscious or such ... he doesn't really get the 'true' Golden Hair. We might say he's a "tainted" Super Saiyan.

And so we move on to Gohan who Surpassed the state of a Super Saiyan. We may assume that his training to normalize the state of being Super Saiyan had something to do with it. But ... what could Gohan have ... that Goku didn't? What does it mean to transcend the Super Saiyan form? What would enable someone ... to exceed the powers of Cell?

I don't know. I would have to make something up that makes enough sense – at which point, it's mostly just fanfiction. And so we could leave it at "something". Something ... that might have enough of an impact on Vegeta to make him ... sacrifice himself for others. Willingly. But not ... being like ... entirely selfless.

Anyway ... Ultra Instinct is nonsense. Like – sure, "give up control and let the Universe take over" ... might technically be the mostest one could achieve on that end – but at that point, there isn't really personality or skill anymore. A very buddhistic – but simultaneously unenlightened idea.

So – from utter selflessness – one might have to develop a new sense of self. Though; At this point I assume that playing, toying with weaker foes might be inherent to Super Saiyans. Sure is there the anger intrinsic to the form – but

Though; At this point I assume that playing, toying with weaker foes might be inherent to Super Saiyans. Sure is there the anger intrinsic to the form – but also the matter of selflessness that is utterly consumed by the spirit of combat. So, Super Saiyan is not the same as Satsui No Hado. I mean, I suppose Satsui No Hado is what we would envision to be at the heart of it – as it is easily the most terrifying conceptualization of physical power. It means as much as "I'll shove my fist up your ass so hard I'll play you like a sock puppet" (well, actually it's more like: 'Surge of Murderous Intent'). So, several levels beyond making someone your bitch. And it seems intrinsic to what one might have to envision to feel truly awed ... though that might be the wrong word ... by someone as having 'impressive' power.

But yes. So, vaguely ... it's fair enough to assume that self-control is at the heart of Level 2. In a way that has to be somewhat counter intuitive to the nature of Level 1. And Level 3 would then open up as something hidden at the end of it. We might call it "ultimate mastery" of the Super Saiyan form.

Which is also now taking us to the Buu saga. So, in as far as we now assume that there is still something 'beyond' Cell – say, something that requires heart – the next question sure is that for ... the Limit. And that would come in form of Kid Buu ... a virtually unkillable entity that doesn't follow the same rules as other beings. So, matters of biology or technology are complex – and also is there the mangle, that sort of stuff – all factors that a magical or transcendental entity wouldn't really need to struggle with. And so do we also learn that what truly weakened Buu weren't physiological in kind, but mostly just conceptual. So did Buu transform and retransform ... a couple of times – virtually splitting into two – before that raw force of destruction came to reemerge.

And what ended Buu ... wasn't raw force either. It was the combined energy – let's add in hopes and dreams – of a good chunk of affected individuals – that, we might say, transformed the destructive power into something that could no longer inherit the form of a demon.

A cherry on top would be the notion that Super Saiyan Level 3 is a limited form – as, it literally drained away the time that Goku had left in "the mortal planes". Which may further line out the contrast between the Z-Warriors and Buu – in that even at the brink of what could be physically sustained – Buu would still outclass Goku.

Fusion then is a different beast again. Though, obviously Gotenks is way too childish to properly use that potential.

The End

So, in case you don't speak "Nerd", well. Sure, you're reading the wrong book. But to not make it too difficult: The story is, that we – partially

through what is called social Osmosis – learn to associate what we believe, think and/or feel to matters around us. It's like ... "cultural deep lore". And eventually that's where most of our contentions come from.

There's a Star Trek Voyager Episode – and based on my previous work, it's almost a Meme that I would bring it up eventually. The Episode is called 'Nemesis'. It's not particularly good, by entertainment standards, but well. So, Chakotay crash-lands on a Planet that is consumed by a war between two Factions – landing in the middle of a War Zone. He's found by some roaming soldiers; And as they try to bring him to safety, he witnesses the Horrors of "the Nemesis".

Particularly harrowing, do we see how this Nemesis makes a deliberate point of disrespecting – I don't know what they call themselves – their burrial rites. Leaving them ... hmm, facing up or down, whichever way the bad way is.

And by the end – Chakotay is takes on arms to fight against this Nemesis himself; Until Tuvok intervenes and reveals that he's been subject to an elaborate Brainwashing program – designed to stir up anger and hate.

But I suppose we don't have to go as far as Star Trek to learn of these things. We don't even have to look much into the past to find such. But starting with what's hip and cool – moving on to what's orderly or appropriate; Until we're here where you see a Pentagram and ... well, depending on this and that have a more or less strong reaction. Like, if your upbringing wouldn't allow there to be much of a gray area, or any excuse whatsoever – for that sort of thing, you'd have a difficult time fathoming how any of it might be OK or appropriate.

Sure thing!

And so, ultimately – Yes! I, whether I be sent by God, my own Hubris or the Devil, would need to condition you to acknowledge, endorse or at least somehow embrace certain parts of my narrative, or presentation or whatever, also.

And as for the whole of this, how I am being sexually conditioned by "Forces" may just be THE overarching theme. And eventually I'm "masterfully using imagery to carry impressions to your senses" - such as the background here is to elude to this passage into the 'better tomorrow' that has been opened.

Though at the end of the day, it might just exist because people were justified in their curiosity over ... what I might have to say about myself and this 'Clarity'.

And while you might have been conditioned to expect Pornographic tropes around every corner, the way I'd be convincing you – or telling you anything worth-while – is by the deeper understanding of those tropes that apply to me. Because, sure … they … eventually exist for a reason.

And yea – to an extent ... I'm also just a victim of circumstances. But then ... I also have the advantage of a particular circumstance ... which happens to be the one I want to advertise to you.



Me being sexual is at that point just ... window dressing. Give or take. And in part ... compulsory.

Not that I have to - per se; At least ... outside of 'these' efforts of mine. "Outside" I'm technically perfectly normal. So, just another crazy person. But as for these efforts, well, there are a variety of angles one might take on the matter. Truth, honesty, kinky role-play(~), ... but also are these things of the Truth that ought to, or would or could allow us to be free. To be ourselves. If we can learn that what compels us to disagree with each other - more or less intensely - might just be some "Nemesis", conjured up to keep us blind to the divine.

And that's that. But somehow I feel like I'm not quite done yet. Not only because the page isn't full yet.

Concerning how the text itself continues - I'm not sure if I conducted myself properly there. And so maybe a few words concerning my own conditioning are justified. But ... uhm ... I don't really have something on my mind.

Going off of what's on my mind - there's a thing about 'familiarity'. One fundamental difference between this and the extensive introduction is, that rather than about facts, this is about familiarity. I mean, facts are easy to recall or write about - as ... facts are facts and they don't change. Familiarity however is coated in subjectivity. There isn't a clear separator - so is Clarity Facts and Belief Familiar - but Clarity ... to me is also mostly just things that have become familiar to me - regardless of external factors. And so, peeling off the shades of subjectivity is a bit of a challenge sometimes.

Concerning the conscious and the sub-conscious, there's also the veil of the horizon - we might call it. Once I so am deeply immersed in my Clarity, there are a couple of things that matter to me. And what sense I can extract from there, is based upon the Clarity of those things. Later I might get another look at it - and different things would matter to me, constructing a different kind of sense. And the things that matter, matter differently depending on the given context.

And so I'd speak of "these things" and "those things" - as they are the big thing that matters at the time respectively – obvious to me; Until the frame of reference changes.

So, even to my own ... it's difficult to keep track of everything. For all I cared ... there were a few things I had grown accustomed to - and so far this has far exceeded what I thought I could write about it.

I thought to be as brief and concise as I could be - but upon a second pass had to realize that a lot of that had devolved into gibberish. Not only the matters of lit candles and the subsequent hangover. Though

... that in particular ... has become a bit of an issue so far. But I got to reflect on it – and so it got to this point in the text, during the rewrite, where I had that hangover ... before even writing anything. The thought of writing triggered it somehow, I guess. I'm only now reminded of it that I'm going over things again.

Later I might recall some turning point regarding this issue – though I wouldn't remember this moment; And just call it the process of writing this whole thing.

In all that, you may find – sometimes more and other times less between the lines – that I'm conditioned to adhere to my Clarity. So, although I should have a personal interest; As of my own desire or whatever to do so ... there is still something extra.

And while it isn't really at the core of my interest, regarding the things I wanted to write about here, it is at the core of ... what matters – I suppose.

Certainly to what I'm trying to convey when I'm trying to argue about the truthfulness of my statements.

Yet – ever so often it seems as though this and the rest of it are read as mutually exclusive. That me being compelled, conditioned and in a sense brainwashed to be alive within my Clarity is somehow counter to the concepts of joy ... and happiness in Paradise.

And sure – the deeper we dig, the more we learn about what kind of Freedom to consider, when talking of these joys.

So is freedom, absolute and perfect freedom, either terribly bland and dissatisfying – to say the least – or a matter of the conditions that I would want to be true for myself.

And maybe that changes. Maybe so on a daily basis. But from what I can tell – it remains within certain confines. And not all of it is Clarity related. Not directly at least.

And in part, I don't even really believe in my Clarity. Like ... how could I? But neither can I ignore it. And so ... maybe take this whole as a compromise.

I'm conflicted by things, dismayed over the things that ... matter here but not there; Issues between the Lights and Shadows of the Truths of the Cosmos and what is beyond. The one moment I'm in stepping in the dark, ready to be forgotten. The next I'm in the spotlight – and torn between the demands for answers. And what can I say – if the truth ... exceeds what you've been conditioned to accept?

And so it goes: Are 'we' ready for it?

Apparently we are. Or we have to. "Ready or not"

So, it's time to refill your Lamps and grab some of that extra Oil – because

you DO want to be prepared, right?

... for I am ... but a Messenger. I think. Who knows?

Artist: Indrakin

Not all Conflicts can be resolved - maybe at all and forever.

And for all the words in the world, enough is enough.

This little segment is hereby highlighted - to say what can be said, to guard and protect, in short.

For what point is there in nuance, if all of it is o v e r l o o k e d, sidestepped and left to the void?

It is said that we should not throw the pearls before the pig.

So ..

prey tell

... what are you?

In as far as yearning is true, valid to compell us to sympathy - do know: Yours isn't the only one there is.

And I yearn for a truth ... that thus far has been kept from me. As a resolution to my efforts.

What will it be?
I wonder ...



Artist: Anna Helme here. And I'm not quite sure what to make of that. Maybe things have shifted – while the feeling overall doesn't mean what I think it meant. I was quite sure that it was about the understanding I would communicate. But am I so by writing this document *communicating* ... that me being bound to these efforts is actually quite as bad as what people might think about what I'm writing of? Or maybe it is that I would be coming around to an explanation of what had occurred – and that no matter how open it is, it yet contains an inevitability? Well, either way – I'm not really feeling bad about it. And that's just a sober observation. Maybe tomorrow.

3 – irritated humiliation

But yes, so is that. The Truth is complicated. All is one, but one is many. And I suppose we could leave it at that.

But also are things not always quite what they seem to be.

And so we come to a little something about realness. Something that actually scares me a lot is exposure. And it's somewhat paradoxical. It all depends, but then it doesn't. Then there's that humiliation kink; Which is all about exposure and some disdain for that – but then it's also not like I want to be humiliated ... though it depends; And so for simplicity's sake, I'd build a bulwark around myself to maintain hidden what I wouldn't want to be exposed – except I would ... possibly. It depends on this and that – and me just being a little bit open about myself ... well.

I mean, sure. I'm a child at heart – and eventually I think that it deserves to get raped – to put it that way. And all of a sudden I'm open for people to imply and extrapolate whatever the hell - 'raping' me, metaphorically speaking, while ultimately I still do count myself unto those that do 'actually' care about, dig it, what we might call 'proper conduct'.

But yea, what should I keep to myself? Or ... what 'may' I? The thing is, that if we want to talk about conflicts, contradictions, issues and all that, a huge chunk comes down to the people that are being involved; Whether they are welcome to the party or not. And then it's like ... who I ought to be, what I ought to be – as strangers try to take over a narrative that isn't theirs. And that ... is what I would try to avoid by hiding away.

And what that is about, is that ultimately it shouldn't be that hard to just ... figure out what's right, good, sound and all that. But there the problem starts once dissent turns into an alternate platform for that – where disagreement then yields reactionary polarization.

And that's taking us basically to the opposite of what Love is. But what is Love? Love is "good thing" - and because "we good" ... "us being hateful is Love actually". But no. If we can for a second envision a space of mutual sympathy with a baseline of reciprocated platonic affection – to say: A space in which we don't have to hate against each others

differences – we can get a sense of what I'm talking about. What kind of environment I would feel safe in.

But, obviously I've exposed myself already – though this whole goes far beyond what I'm feeling safe about. Eventually one problem is just the amount of stuff that I get to write about, the therefore even greater amount of pages – playing happily into a half-arsed understanding based on nothing but a prejudistic surface reading of the appearances put forth herein that is heavily aligned to whatever 'worse case anything' you've been conditioned to anticipate.

But fears Regarding things we want or dream about – if people react badly to them, that's it for the dream. And if the dream goes away, what's really left? But so the thing is, that if we can trust in good will – or well minded individuals – in the good of humanity as it were, most of that fear IS irrational. And so it should be.

But 'what should be' is often enough just another way of saying 'not how it is'. But ever so often that's also just a matter of perception. So, if we can find pleasure in what we're doing, we can do it for the sake of it.

Beyond that, there's also the fear of change. Fear of commitment invokes both. Eventually a betrayal of self in the immediate and the greater sense. Saying: Safety ... only truly exists with God. Everything else is just fear of one kind or another. Mostly perhaps of the Forces that Be – as to trust in the bad of one another, rather than the good. A conundrum, for sure – but intrinsically woven into the fabric of our social existence.

Wanting to say, that things rooted in our Clarity can "bleed over", into reality, in strange ways. So would I have a tendency to be overly dramatic about everything. Celopatra from Asterix & Obelix comes to mind. Or Amaterasu from Smite.

And that's another thing about "the Dream". "The Dream", being a way of saying: "How I think of my Clarity", is a fantasy strong and valid enough to bleed over into reality – but also stranger and weird enough for there to be a line that needs to be drawn. But it eventually doesn't make sense to draw them within; Leaving us to make sense of translating between an inner and an external reality. Which leads to a whole lot of issues.

4 - Dreams of Ascension

From a different perspective then, Clarity is like a Program – so, software – where our self, as is, in reality, is the hardware. It is however not the operating system. It's more like a suite – like LibreOffice, which so is one package that contains multiple separate programs. And then there so are the things that trigger it. As a double-click on the icon … be it for the suite frontend itself – or just a specific "sub" program.

So are the various identities contained within not "my whole self" - as in all simplicity: My whole self is composed of these various fragments, effective at varying degrees; While the active and subconscious mind's way itself would furthermore come with its own set of abstractions.

What Clarity maintains thereby, at least for the most part, is a set of . we might call it 'Quality of Life' features. One of them being that the



Light can adjust to our needs – but will, I suppose, only do so within the logic of the whole. So, if I wanted a thing that could be triggered to be effective beyond reason – I'd have to think of a butt-plug that connects to the internet or something. While maybe also sharing access data on the Social Media. And let this proverbial butt-plug be a metaphor of some kind.

As per the script, there's an awful lot of 'not the topic' coming up next; While in hindsight I notice that a thread has been opened that I didn't really come close to fetching up on anywhere. For as far as I was concerned, the whole issue with it is as of my baseline, realism, ... that thing where at the end of the day we have to leave some things as for a reality we do not physically inhabit just yet; Yet from a different angle I see concerns over things such as depression, trauma, self-loathing But still, on and off, I'll dare to indulge in the ideas that are yet to be separated from this world; As at the end of the day they still have some adjacency to my concerns; And of course the final conclusion – if we can call it that – to this whole thing.

And so I know or knew not how to treat it, leaving, per chance, some parts of it ... awkwardly remote to the conscious grasp. So it seems. There sure was, or is, something I need to figure out still – as at times I get the feeling ... or rather loose the confidence on what I was writing about – as for what the point may be so I can finish writing what I started. It does however fall into this pot of ... let's call it misery.

So, following the script, there would be a larger tangent on things unrelated to the topic of Clarity while loosely connected because the word 'Dream' is in the title. And getting through this section ... well. It's March and I still haven't made much progress moving beyond this page.

Usually it works just fine, that I start writing about something by just mentioning bits of it; And when it doesn't I ever so often get something else out of it. So also in this case – but as mentioned, it seems something went missing in the process. That's fine if this wasn't a book that should be coherent. Also, the transition away from the tangent was rather awkward. But I suppose I'll keep the tangent around as an extra segment; Though I might have to shorten it somewhat.

In other words – I have to go off script; And you'll have to excuse me maintaining this meta-commentary for a bit longer. One issue is that I never quite got anywhere with this initial comparison of Clarity to Software – and I suppose I did get into the topic of Dreams to make a few cases that would help illuminate what point I was trying to make. Instead I went somewhat off the rails. And now it is somewhat easier for me to step aside and take a position separate to ... that of my past self. We've discussed the shift of perspectives for a bit, or layers of those; And as it bears relevance, it might be worth capitalizing on this opportunity.

As for this, we could say that my current state of mind is to be regarded as the rational self, whereby my past state of mind is the entranced one. As of that, my past self was trying to make the case that Clarity is safe and sound; As to be exemplified via so called 'Close Dreams'.

<u>nenenen</u>

DREAMS

It might be weird, but I don't mean to be poetic here. But rather do I mean to break some odd pages down into a brief – I suppose you could say: Companion Piece to the matter of Dreams as discussed herein.

On the short end of summarization, there are two main concepts meant to be at the center of it. Distant Dreams and Close Dreams. The matter of Distant Dreams is thereby eventually its own thing. Speaking of the Rise and Fall of entire Civilizations per chance. Or Mass Hysteria perhaps – to think of the more Nightmarish reading of it.

At any rate would it not matter what terms we slap in front of the word 'Dream' - there is always a chance that it might slip into the distance, maybe even without the individual realizing it. Distant Dreams are however filled with ought to's. Eventualities of Possibilities that would this and that only come to pass ... we might live happily forevermore; Or on the other end of the spectrum: Never see the Light of Day again.

It thus is shorthanded for things that deceive us, or means by which we get deceived – perhaps by our own selves. Be it the promised Land, the fabled Soulmate, the Glory of our Ancestors or the Fortune of our Descendants – to name a few. They get us to do things, to believe in things, that motivate us to actions in the now, the immediate – as Close as Dreams might get – and eventually, without them, we might barely be considered human. But the danger is in "the Truth that it brings". For as it lures you with a promise, it might actually deliver something else; Barely visible between the nows and thens.

Close Dreams on the other hand are a concept tied to the contemporary. Truth in Vision, we might say; Though quite possibly also just one of the many mechanisms that steer us hither and tither without any good being delivered.

Neither of these is either strictly this or that. Distant Dreams are present in Clarity as they are in the Pits of our Mangle.

A Close Dream however impacts us in the now. It affects our Soul. Mirroring to us truths we cannot evade, as they talk to the core of our motivations, reasoning, pleasures, fears ... - so that either way we behave in response to the mere possibility of either of those figments, we have chosen a path, consolidated within the knowledge of our own.

This is ultimately, within the Truths of Clarity, what enables us to be alive in the beyond. Though these may furtheron blurr into the distant, they yet remain as fragments of our being, endemic to a world otherwise unreal to the mortal soul.

nenenen

Though we might therein also find courage that we otherwise don't have – or truths that have no bearing on our worldly existence – they are yet alive within the envisioned conditions; And such are the conditions of our longing alive within our immortal soul.

And maybe we can sow heaven on earth through understanding those as the true seeds our dreams are made of.

There maybe is no easy way to say this. But thinking of civilizations that war over ideas like this or like that – there is the kind that thinks Salvation comes in form of an absence of people like this or that, or people who hold on to such and such belief. And such is the peace of the absence of a perceived nuisance. And if you focus on something hard enough, you might not realize that the consequential disturbance is a misery of your own making. So is the condition of the world perhaps riddled by dreams of this kind; stifled through things we cannot fathom. Thus hatred is bread in the wake of promises of ignorance.

Reality though is not a dream.

And I find it disturbing how cultures might resort to the very same habits that once oppressed them. So the chosen people of God – to pick a prominent example. What is the Dream? What is the Promise? And what is the Glory of God in the wake of its fulfillment? Nonsense – I say! Identity Politics at its worse. And the only cure to all of it that I can think of, is Empathy!

Some might mistake it for Guilt. Thus people try to shame each other into submission. Others might mistake it for Weakness. Thus people try to boast at each other with intimidating gestures. Yet it is strength. Thus people try to inspire each other with common sense and compassion.

Yes. The real world can only be the playground of our dreams, if we establish the basis for each other to thrive in. Or however it is that we may understand this. That the absence of nuisances would include you – if you make an effort of being one yourself.

Well. The Truth isn't neutral respective to our Dreams and Beliefs. If you so will: It is the exception to the bottomless void the meaningless. The facts of the matter within all the things that are so or so irrelevant.

Saying as much, as that Close Dreams don't make us better people; Or that they don't necessarily contain some higher magic that makes us right in what, or how, we yield from them. For what we see in the Mirror – and what we make of it – may at times just be an illusion of our own making.

With that now being said, let me close this with a brief example of what Close Dreams I have encountered within my Clarity.



It took me a bit by surprise – which at the time was what got me to recognize these "events" as 'Close Dreams'. In that sense: Hypothesis' in form Vision or Imagination that challenged my at the time contemporary understanding of myself. The very first one I took note of, relates to my grown shame and reluctance regarding sexual interactions. In that sense rape fantasies are a great escape that is certainly valid for my own passivity; But the danger may be in that I would thereby not see myself through any other lens. So, finding myself placed in an environment within which I was practically asked to be the one to initiate contact; I had a bit of a coming out of myself moment. The general point for me being, that I can find it within me – engaging as a Whore without the usual framing.

If it doesn't tell you much, that's maybe because it didn't do much, but to connect me with the voluntary/consensual side of my Clarity being my Clarity a bit more.

More meaningful would be what led to the presentation on the left here.

So, mostly this is just between me and my spouse I assume. At first at least. Primarily.

So for true true experience, it comes as an act of the Sub to express their submission via submissive gestures. That is a deliberate act against one's every day state of being – or so an attempt at generating the emotional or cognitive circumstances of the implied Kink. It's symbolic, we might say, in that it kickstarts or maintains the emotional environment. Cognitively the sub thereby presents themselves in a way that the dom can then interact with.

Yet so it doesn't – or shouldn't – come as much of a surprise that a true Rape Kink needs it more like ... the other way. The Close Dream thereby interacts with my expectations, basically, where my emotional affection for my Spouse is predominantly active. I treat the idea of her as I would a plush toy. I have an urge to hold it close to myself such as to show affection. The natural consequence is that I get to experience myself in a vastly pro-active sense – which is further compounded by my every day audacity to speak (or act) out if I see fit. Experiencing that now put into a Clarity related context ... directly ... is so what makes it a 'Close Dream' - so because the implied circumstances directly affect very real contemporary state issues of myself; Affecting my real-time understanding.

So, my pro-active routine is 'the problem' here. Something I got used to. The Close Dream then consisted of a scenario that flipped that on its head; Targeting that part of me specifically. It is now however a ways in the past, so much so that situations that were separate from each other have blurred together. And this presentation on the left is what we so could call an amalgamation of facts and figures.

The Close Dream part is presented within the "non-Expressively Complacent" part; Which, specific details aside, in essence merely highlighted a Kink that I have, that shifted how I internally relate to my proposed Spouse. Although it was arguably always there somewhere – I was still for the most part stuck relating to her by being a care-giving companion; Rather than in a way that relates to my ... passions.

The matter of 'safety' does however look different to my rational self – as ever so often it has to do what we might call 'damage control'. That certainly isn't a failing of Clarity per se, as it is a matter of comprehending Clarity within the mortal framework. And that would be the crux of the issue.

But there's a lot more to it. And on the off chance that I might skip on something, I'll have to stick to the topic of 'safety' a little longer. Dreams, generally, don't impose any physical danger in and of themselves. The state of dreaming however might, so in cases where we should be attentive; And dreams such as ambitions should be their own category of potential nonsense. Clarity does fall into both categories.

So can we certainly think of Snuff fantasies – but so I want to sort that into the topic of 'Misery' as something that is less extreme and possibly more insidious. Part of that would further be the topic of 'Brutality' - as/and certain aspects of rape fantasies.

In the entranced state none of that is an issue – other than that in order to maintain the trance, it is usually required to ignore real-world (physical) considerations. Therein lies the beauty of it, as it is where this ... we can call it 'meta-reality' takes place, through which the act – or any act – is 'exalted' above being merely a physical activity. So, rather than going through the motions – it can be all sorts of things. Perhaps we can count the day-dreamy state of meditation that develops from routine into it, but above and beyond that we have what we might call a song and dance of or with involved concepts. And it isn't unreal.

A simple example would be soreness. You so might do something you enjoy and end up a bit sore in places. So the physical reality of it implies that you did something bad or dangerous and your body now warns you of it – but the fact that you didn't notice it develop tells a different story. The two contradict each other; And neither is a universally valid case against the other.

When talking about Misery, I'm dealing with what may be a(nother) binary truth. There is the Misery that I hold on to as a Kink or something along those lines; And there is the Misery as one would understand it – so: A state or such of detriment(/something) that is to be avoided. And if you wanna say that those are the same, well – maybe. But if so, we might as well throw life into the mix.

Or so, too much of anything – in all simplicity; But that is not the nature of the implied binary. And I call it binary rather than a duality, because it isn't a duality; As in that sense everything would be "in duality" with misery. So – a binary truth being the developed understanding of a term that extends into two separate, possibly contradicting "realities" - is to say that by Misery I don't mean things that might make me Miserable, but the/a state of Misery itself (being the Kink) (which may also make me Miserable eventually ...). So the story goes that these Kinks can be mistaken for their binary opposite – with the simple understanding being that the binary nature implies a reality counter to the negative implication or invocation. But that's just semantics ... in a way.

But it's still important.

Technically we can then go and try to analyze it further, as to perhaps chart out what aspects make up either of the two; But generally I only do so reluctantly. It's a somewhat irrational disdain for it – which may be similar to that story of God being upset about David doing a population census. It's like I believe in Magic, literally the magic of Clarity, and that any attempt at rationalizing it only obscures the superior truth of it. It's like trying to not get sore from something that is most likely, say with a 90+% probability, gonna make you sore. Perhaps there is validity in it – but none as fundamental as to make it "perfectly safe". Naturally there is proper conduct – as in event that is inherent to the universal duality of misery, or otherwise a property of the common aspects of binary truths.

Anyway. As for the Misery that my entranced self seeks, it's a state of being, conclusive to a set of actions conducted over a duration of time. These actions can in that sense be categorized as 'conditioning events' - be they intentional (active conditioning) or unintentional (passive conditioning). The concerns for proper conduct are thereby considered to be part of 'the Magic', basically implying an equilibrium from routine while ignoring the basic considerations versus universal Misery for brevity.

That is to say, that to the entranced mind, most of the contentions are semantic misconceptions.

In other words: The road to the Misery I aspire is paved by activities – and by highlighting what kinds of activities are implied, we have to account for the mortal framework as to say that it's conceptual if not irrelevant if we wanted to be precise.

To say, that the actions that are or were to take place are their own, rooted within their own context, based on considerations valid for the framework. This would not perfectly produce the exact state of being that I aspire – in all simplicity because the aspired state is grown within an immortal or transcendental framework.

In yet other words are there close dreams that align with our immediate and contemporary evolution and realization of Clarity; And the "dream vaults" they exist within. These vaults are furthermore like cognitive setpieces within which the whole spectrum of meta-physical activity may take place. Dreams, distant dreams, fantasies, theories, concepts, that sort of thing. Some aspects thereof are concrete – be it due to our understanding of the physical world, the meta-reality or more to the point: Clarity. And I'd argue, that trying to be (more) specific (than that) is counter-productive to the general discussion. *Give or take*.

So is there the somewhat silly (benign) discussion around how Clarity shapes (passive) Character or Personality (traits) – as the things I embrace within my being ought to have a more or less visible impact on many facets of myself such as reactions to certain things; All of which is however ... we might say: Buffered into our 'actual' present conscious framework. As I'm into Snuff I have a positive reaction to a range of things, that my present conscious framework does however (partially) negate or override

as to for instance produce an opposite (or 'actual', accurate (to context), adequate/appropriate) reaction; And that dependent on the (perceived) nuance or parameters of ambiguity.

In a sense that's similar to how it's somewhat childish to giggle about the number 69 once you learned its implications and how adults that learned that we never stop being children can manage to giggle about it in a more sophisticated manner. The correct context for that is probably not that people occasionally enjoy 69ing and rather just the habit of making silly jokes, but it also still mirrors the fact that all of us inevitably have some relationship with sexual concepts. Like so I'd assume that we don't boldly express what we find attractive or sexy, but rather try to find a common ground between that intimate reality and what we understand to be socially acceptable. Respectively there's what one individually finds to be sexy and the transition towards what is weapons grade attractive. There we come to the point that something may create an active, possibly uncontrolled response, even if or despite it not conforming to our own held standards (kinks, preferences, ...).

So is there an outward self that may be as untrue to our inward self as it gets – at least if we were to break everything down into neutral concepts – and is at best indirectly true to ourselves; Bent around an arbitrary amount of filters. So is honesty at times also a difficult thing to produce; As a variety of filters or layers can be valid at a time without necessarily agreeing with each other. But so is hypocrisy – or what we might tag as such – also always just around the corner.

In other words: It's possibly so, that between things that don't directly affect us and things that are at the core of our being, things become more difficult to be specific about. Respectively I assume that a lot of choices we make are simply 'gut reactions'. And those, I would assume, do not generally align with our 'dreams' (which may be why we're told or teased over and over again to maybe "listen to them") but with our 'experienced' reality (which would explain the thing we might call "dream induced reluctance", as dreams may motivate us regardless of the material conditions we then have to consider (suggestive phrase: Throwing one's self against a wall \rightarrow silly attempt at realizing ones dreams)).

This does provide a good framework for "the other side" of the discussion – which in regards to Clarity is founded within 'the Meta-Reality'.

One thing that has been stuck in this Limbo of non-specificity pertains to my throat/lips as present within my spiritual anatomy; And it does also highlight a flaw of 'the trance'. So does the narrative around it encourage my caretakers to 'abuse my face', but to my entranced dreaming that isn't necessarily a turn on. I would however at any rate agree with it; Just as it is part of my anatomy. This agreement so would be part of the process through which an understanding relative to my Clarity could be extracted that wouldn't as easily come from my entranced yearning unless a narrative would take care of that. There then however is the problem that I come to express this as from a fantasy talking about a practical reality. Thereby I understand it as something that I partake in as imposed onto me, so that generally I can also only passively acknowledge it. This also sheds an interesting Light onto my Kink – so regarding my spiritual

anatomy – because it does exist as something I do not directly want. There are things such as cum-addiction that I might speak of as something that also translates into a craving for cock, though the latter isn't necessarily there. Or so: I cannot confirm that craving for cock is part of my general routine – so in concerns of passions, desires or so the general constitution of my self in the Light of Clarity. What you may find however is a dominant demand for *Rape*, which yet again is an indirect craving for cock. And I suppose it's easy to overlook this distinction – as due to how ubiquitous it is, it may also be regarded as a direct craving; With the thing that makes it Rape being mostly just abstraction.

So is one thing I want to advocate for – as we want to ignore monetary incentives – that a Whore qualifies as someone who acknowledges sexual subservience to be a duty. As I have come to understand/think/believe that duty is an important component of migrating away from a capitalistic worldview.

Saying that sexual subservience is my duty, does or should not imply rape; Is however within the close proximity of abstractions but ultimately also just as an abstraction. Leaving what I'm concerned about as somewhat vague and ambiguous.

But so is the thing with me getting face-fucked a more explicit form of rape; With what I want being perhaps even an enforced inner disalignment with it happening. As a convoluted way of saying ... that the part where I don't want or like it is what I want or like.

This further happens to be one of those parts of the Misery I want that gels well with this demon tiara of mine. I so know that getting it regardless of whether I want it or not is what triggers my excitement for it – moving on from which I can desire it by word, advertising or demanding activity I understand I only have little tolerance for. Like so is my IRL gag reflex really sensitive; Though as from how my obsessed self would demand it, it might as well be nonexistent. And as opposed to conditions where wellbeing is part of my concerns, this one isn't predicated on a point where might have that. But while my rational self understands this in theory, I find it difficult to make a reasonable case for it. Possibly because it still wouldn't really play out as the dream suggests.

In theory however it *would* ... *be* or *is* one way of writing the Misery I want to be written on my face to get there; As also one of the more simple lenses of perceiving me as in captivity. In my masturbation fantasy this at least for a moment would lead me to beg for please leaving a bad review, as that would lead to more of it; Supposing that as I was entranced to see this, the self-deprecating part of my Clarity took hold of the concept. In reality this whole punishment thing – well, I as the rational self would argue that it's probably not intrinsically *that*.

As for my self – the demon tiara would also like to have a word in the matter; Starting with the matter that the rape train should start with my mouth – as for purposes of rape it is basically the actual vagina and much easier to handle.

This and things of that manner – well, I think I need a word for that. What came to my mind at first was something like 'Knack' or 'knack-point'; Not sure why, but the German 'Knack' is a term generally associated to breakage in regards to the type of breakage the word or term itself is a vocalization of. Though probably best translated into 'Crack', a Crack is not quite the same as a 'Knacks'. The word 'Knackpunkt' ("Cracking point") also translates into 'Crux' - though in German I'd probably call it "fetischistische Sollbruchstelle" (manufactured breaking point kink), to say it's by design - and if not maliciously so, it is being hinted at for a specific purpose. Which is breakage of some kind; And so these 'knacks' summon the question – or the concerns – for whether or not they might be rooted within some deeper issue relative to self-harm. So, is it a '(manufactured) breaking point' for good reason, or a vulnerability? And as I'd argue that it is the former, I'd say that it could also be the latter depending on the mindset it is interacted with albeit based on very fuzzy logic.

So far I've noticed that the best I can do when bringing it up, is to also handwave it away. More or less. The thing is, that I wouldn't think of it that way – so to the point that I only mention it because I at long last figured that someone might look at it that way. I would hope then that by doing so I'd learn more about it, but since I cannot physically show you the corresponding emotional context, I think there's a bit of a problem to which there isn't a real solution per se.

So is the binary that I was writing about somewhat inaccessible to the closed minded, so that on the surface we have the narrative of 'person likes bad/harmful/such things' ... a.k.a.ing that as self-harm and then moving on to being incredibly "woke" (in the derogatory sense – such as labeling queer folks as pedophiles – a.k.a. hyper-sensitivity, semantic delusion or what-have-you) about it; To the point that advocating for "grown up responsibility" is only a last ditch effort that is only a sigh away from attempting to ignore the conversation; Lest we as life-embracing, joy-having adults want to be called super-spreaders of a death-cult ideology; By people who want to curb individual's expressions under the banner of free speech – or something along those lines.

But part of the duality of critique, is that which is being criticized – and being criticized – and misrepresentation to the derogatory is practically identical, albeit less civilized – would require a response as to for instance clear up potential misunderstanding. If this attempt at righting wrongs is then considered "the spreading of an ideology", the same can be said about the ideology from which the critique is being made. Semantics induced delusions would however have related concepts of justification; Which is what we generally describe as bigotry – a.k.a. 'narrow-mindedness' – as it generally revolves around concepts of purity and (ab)normality that are clearly based in "their" subjective worldview. They would deny that by holding on to "objective facts" that their minds can comprehend – eventually constructing a conspiratorial narrative through which they condition themselves into a zealous denial of given freedoms which eventually conclude in psychotic activity.

More often than not, "we" - that is the critiqued - are however unaware of these supposed facts; And being confronted with them I often enough feel like I have to prove that there is no tea-kettle orbiting the sun somewhere between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. "Oddly Specific". For it is in fact so that there might be one - while to me the fact that I can't tell is enough to imply that it can't be that important. But so it goes on - so that depending on the power-balance we may assume that legislation would be enacted, where possible, to stop us from doing bad things or spreading degenerate ideology. The latter because once it can be established that nobody is really being harmed, it must suffice that someone 'might' get hurt. Exceptions of course include but aren't restricted to rape and enslavement in as far as it coincides with their own narrow worldview.

So is there the clown-face meme. The one where one shares an anecdotal storyline along a sequence of images of a person putting on make up to the end result of a finished clown-face. Finding joy in bad things can thereby be seen as a contradiction; Such as the one I'd argue foreshadows the expected denial of offered resolutions. Saying that an internally conflicted ideology can be expected to maintain those in face of any degree of consistent reasoning, arguing that whatever flimsy happenstance can be interpreted as an inconsistency of such reasoning gets exalted to the position of "objective fact".

It must thus be highlighted that it is to me an impossibility to redeem myself from the Satanistic nuances of my narrative and identity – and calling God Himself my silent Pimp would probably only intensify any kind of issues one might have with the premise. Clearly there's a solution – though necessarily one has to deal with uncomfortable truths in as far as it is so.

And although the hellfire nun is a term I coined in respects to the darker nature of my sexuality, it also coincides with the position of denied innocence. To both extremes – a.k.a. violation and ignorance. And so the picture of choice – which, by the way, is as I found associated to various ads for costumes; A.k.a. it's one of those heavily obscured images that floats around everywhere so I gave up looking for its origin. And I doubt that it's an accurate representation of the advertised product. Although I suppose that on closer inspection it looks cheap enough

Anyhow is it therefore so, that the demand for me to put on the Clown-Face, as it were, can be understood as a bait. On the surface it so seems like me trying to evade the demand is evidence for obfuscation; Though the reality is, that if I can't find what people are asking for – it'd look identical. Though people then comfort themselves in the idea that they need not accept what cannot be proven to them; It weighs differently once it becomes a demand of the same to the counter. And such is the seed of eternal conflict. Hence I think it's important we heed the Bible where it implores us to avoid being judgmental – as ultimately that's how we can find unity in this



chaos. It does imply that there is a baseline of confidence we can have in each other as human beings; Of which "live and let live" is a widespread mantra. In the grand scheme of things there is however a lot more to it. So this matter of self-advocacy for instance.

As a rule of thumb we can for instance say, that mental health care becomes torture once it isn't the individual seeking treatment. So is the matter of imposing (the concept of) a mental illness onto another generally just a function of social capital in reference to some kind of presumed normalcy; And although it can at times help an individual cope with their circumstances, there is a very real risk of a misguided advocacy for "sanity" - a.k.a. a form of magical thinking regarding matters of normality. So, armchair psychology.

So for instance is the argument, that gender-affirming care is identical to if not worse than mutilation a gross misrepresentation of an individuals desire for relief to their suffering. And the more it becomes an argument of what one person wants or does to another, the less it is one of what the individual in question has to say about it. Implying that they have been brainwashed is at that point just ... peak "I'm done here!"; As further entertaining this discussion is akin to packing my bags as I'm embarking on a Journey to deliver the one Ring to Mount Doom.

And so ontop of the arduous Journey itself there are the Ring-Wraiths demanding sacrifice – while the tempting whispers of the Ring whittle down my sanity; Capitalizing on any doubt that might occur. Like "what's the point?" - "what's the good of it?" - "will I even get there?". But yea, the example is no perfect allegory. Though I guess we can say that the point is to let go of the burden – but not by succumbing to it. … Anyway …

another take on the story suggests that it is not as much the destruction of the ring, but redemption from what drags us down and the friends we make along the way that matters.

In other words: What one is to accept isn't some cosmic happenstance that does conclusively proof that "it is so", but the fact that "it is so" and that often enough that's just as good as it gets.

Well, we can then move on to try and understand why and how, or what the natural consequences thereof may be or perhaps even are. It would be shocking, to be honest, if such things were to be – in the sense – entirely 'invisible'. But the first instance of visibility, concerning matters of self (internal truths), is the individual's expression thereof. You then had to "trust me bro", that I by letting my own dick get chopped off am not in fact trying to trans someone else. But sorry that there is no magical proof I can offer beyond 'saying' that I feel better now. And taking that for anything but that what it is ... is a misconception or possibly even a lie. Now, at times – certainly – a person may identify as something they are not. That can be malicious, it can be stupidity, it can be an honest to God mistake. At the end of the day, only "so much" can be done to protect people from themselves.

That's that; And it's essentially self-evident, albeit not obvious, for as far as Clarity is concerned. Going back to the software example – although it might be a strenuous step to make – the fact that it provides an experienced reality has it, that the individual outcome is due to the individual bending itself around the provided Light. And that comes with its ups and downs.

So do I, to be absolutely clear about it, experience a Light or set of Lights that I got to call Misery or things of that nature – and subsequently I find, within my attraction towards that Misery, that I want to be "Miserable". This Misery is however the particular experience I'm attracted towards; And not simple Misery as one would understand it generally. Because it's Clarity we're talking about, it is – when in doubt – implied to be about a positive counterpart to whatever we might read as a negative. Though maybe we can or should go further and make the case that Clarity is an intrinsically positive alternative to everything in existence; Albeit specifically trimmed to an individual experience on a case by case basis.

This specific trim exists due to the individual's ... I guess we can say: Persistent inability to accommodate for long term pleasures without commitment – and the scope and intensity of that pleasure is proportional to the intrinsic ferocity with which the individual can accommodate for its principles. The sad or lucky part is, so at least my own individual experience, that this implies some kind of most suitable set of conditions that the individual would find themselves subject to. In that regard I never aimed or wanted for any of my Clarity and instead find myself victim of my being. Step by step, little by little, I learned that what I truly crave is sadism – as time and time again I learned that it is what fills the void of my passive sexuality. I found that the joys that it brings are far beyond what anything else could give me – and that I in honesty want to experience my freedom through what I can be under its reign over me.

It's an accidental Knack, we might say, that the "suggested truth" I find most desirable is also one in which I'm victimized through imposed demands. As a slight figure of speech, the discovery process was like opening presents. I wouldn't know what to expect; Though it is implied to be my own joy. And whenever I found it, it came with a growing realization of how fucked I am.

The Magic herein is obviously stuck in the counterpart to myself. And presumably so, the Magic of my counterparts is stuck within the likes of me. And it's possibly more comprehensive to call it "Magic", rather than 'sadism' or such – for 'sadism' just in general would be a source of arbitrary consequences; And I don't think I could settle 'as deeply' with something that ambiguous. 'As deeply' being that I do have a romantic commitment to "the forces that produce my Misery" - but, alas, not to forces that make me Miserable.

Sadism is however a fine word for it – or so, at first, dominance at least, in that a tight squeeze on the conditions I would find myself attracted to, enthralled me from that point forward.

Shackles, a Collar – all feelings of course that vibe along the concepts of the forced sexual exposure that as implicated herein. That is the kind of stuff at the bottom of all this. A little bit here, a little bit there – but it all adds up eventually. And if I couldn't be serious or certain about any of it – I'd still be stuck with very clear implications of some kind ...

I mean, for some reason it seems important to point out that these things don't exist in isolation. If I'm a hoe like this in one thing and a hoe like that in another – I'm ultimately a hoe like this and like that. Whatever the difference between here and there might be, does, at the end of the day not matter as much as my own part in it. Though it might matter.

Also, if I were to wear actual shackles and stuff – the thing that would make it more than just a piece of clothing or asset of bondage, is also "just a feeling".

It's like – jacking someone off isn't inherently fun or interesting or anything like that; But when the vibes are right, it's a whole different story.

But well. So, this whole part of the story is what it is – but the way I see it, there is one fundamental problem that you as the reader might have; And it concerns the nature of my commitment.

Due to that, you would be encouraged to formulate theories that make what I share comprehensive to your frame of reference. Similarly do I get that odd feeling that people are going to have weird theories that don't quite make sense; And do come to formulate theories as to why that is or where it is coming from.

Distantly related to that, there are these "2+2=5" math proof riddles. They usually start with 0=0; And then using the rules of algebra a particular mistake that isn't obvious at first will show that 2+2=5. One example being, that you can't for instance simply take the square root of a negative number; Or you generally have to pay attention when things may accidentally get divided by zero. This is to say as much as that once we don't know of certain real world conditions, it is easy to make reality breaking mistakes. At least in the abstract. And because society at large is pretty much an abstract network of abstractions – well ... not to get too deeply into this, uhm ... things can be a bit difficult sometimes. So, watch out for those minuses in your denominators!

Anyhow. So, maybe there's some kind of "theory of everything – social edition" - but for now I'll just focus on my own.

I think one fundamental problem I can speak of is one I run into ever so often. There is this whole "hangover" situation; And whenever I'm writing about Knacks, I'm basically growing curious for the next day, because ... that's usually how that went. Improving the way I communicate it, did however change that. So, there's a magical antidote. Writing about the baseline eventually led to making sure, that the different frames of reference are being understood. But that, I would think, is also somewhat awkward. I mean, it works if we are talking about very specific things. Say: Snuff or certain degrees of torture. We can set themselves apart from what can be legitimately enjoyed by both parties, in this world – but when talking about the underlying conditions we have an

opposite rubber-band effect; So that when talking about my sense of and attraction towards Misery, those things or things of that nature do get back into "the mix" - and in as far as the narrative is concerned, it is difficult to get rid of things that seem to be intrinsically required. But so the current 'solution' to work as an antidote is to invoke magic. Which is to say as much as: Trust in common sense, divine guidance, that sort of thing.

However. Eventually, while all that might be well and fine, we're still dealing with the problem, that individuals like me are inherently some kind of attractor; In that our neutral reality would seem to be as in demand of things that don't fit into our mortal co-habitation.

As it stands, that's also somehow the conclusion of this book – further illustrated through the metaphor of 'lighting candles' or beyond that, the concept of fire.

For now it is however unclear how any of that would play out. At the end of the day I can only say that it is part of my Clarity; With the magic being eventually as mundane as saying that going straight for the gasoline isn't the only way we can move forward.

So, there is no "solution" to change reality; And I had to learn so far that I also have to be more accepting of myself in that regard. Hence also this little shrine to Misery, as I haven't really gotten around writing about this side of the story without a lot of "healing potions" as it were.

Anyway. My side of the equation is not to guzzle antidote. I mean: My rational side is to apply that framework as a narrative; And that gives this whole thing this extra bit of structure or sober neutrality that would prevent this whole thing from appearing as a wild fever dream. It's certainly important – as, there is a rather high chance that it wouldn't take much in terms of real life to satisfy most if not all of these Knacks. We could tag this as the "reality-to-dream ratio". Though it is a somewhat abstract metric. The idea here is to see the relationship along certain axis – or common denominators between the mundane and the extreme. So, while my feelings would suggest that I might want to be bolted to a rock with shackles embedded into my flesh – we can say that there is an emotional motivation that can already be satisfied by the occasional bondage session. It wouldn't even be necessary per se, but in the spirit of well-being it would only need to hit the right triggers – as for me, things about being sexually enslaved.

However. Here now is the layer where the actual problem I wanted to address with this tangent is at. But the answer would kick us back into darker territory; And that, as I would assume, people have different thresholds for recognizing or reading deprivation.

And I guess it makes sense. In a final sense, to me – magic implied – there isn't much of a difference between playing "sexual enslavement" and doing it for real; Though there is a difference between getting railed by an actual behemoth and an ordinary human being. To put it like this. And while I would draw the line between the mortal and immortal

framework around that; To someone else "playing sex slave" might already be on the other side of "adult fun stuff", like, still playing sex slave, but extra light. Technically my narrative here isn't much different to how else it would be. Still just Magic; And if we wanted to be precise about how much of which, as perhaps in % of time, I couldn't tell. Instead, me doing what I can means that I'll lay out my Clarity – which times like this and times like that will roughly lead to the same conclusion over and over again.

Eventually, at some point, we might have to find some "roughness metric". At least in the abstract – a.k.a.; It'll take some time until the corresponding common sense can settle in.

But, or well, for so – whatever – here's a narrative I think should be helpful. Thereafter I might have some space to entertain the idea of the empty volumes of the %ages.

So, I, from time to time, get obsessed over things. Or curious. I find something that intrigues me and I'll pursue it as I find the time for it. When taking math as a metric, that isn't nearly as much 'intellectual work' as it would seem to be - it's rather that I have some meditative angle to it. So, coding for instance is something that can happen for as long as the idea is coherent. With maths it's problematic, if beyond a certain number of numbers they just turn into funny squiggly lines that have nonsensical conversations with each other that have absolutely nothing to do with the problem at hand. It's not quite like that, but ... a pretty accurate impression of what's going on. In code that again is helpful, in as far as individual entities in code have their own unique "character" in a sense, whereas numbers are basically all the same. Mathematicians might disagree, but they all interact with each other in the same way. Beyond numbers there are what I would call mathematical entities. So, Vectors, Matrices, Equations ... things that are functionally distinguishable from each other. But well.

So – I'll get intrigued by something, then carried away and all that consumes time – during which I'll immerse myself within a given substance. Of the intellectual kind. Usually. Building Fortresses, scheming about Gameplay, dreaming of the perfect OS, whatever. And you know what? I was thinking that I've followed my ambitions well enough so I won't hit midlife crisis – but, I think it's started happening already!

Anyway. Generally speaking, we could sort that under the umbrella of Freedom. And the way I feel about it changes. Whenever I'm directly concerned of this situation, so, the concept of my time, what I do with it and all that – just what I'm doing now – I tend to get more and more stressed and thus am generally more reluctant to or even incapable of calling it something positive. But when I just started something new and I'm having fun – I'm generally more appreciative of it. But then, in moments like this, I'm more so reminded that at the end of the day I've ended up somewhat stressed out.

Thereby we can compare those individual obsessions to journeys. Thereby I start somewhere around my home-base and move further and further away from it. This journey can further be described as a metamorphosis.

So, from being just a lazy cunt that's watching paint dry, I transition into being something else. Like a programmer or game designer or architect or what have you. But ... as this metamorphosis hits a certain point, I can no longer continue – feel stressed out about the situation; Or maybe depressed ... hard to tell. Not sure if there's a word for that. But it's somewhat stress inducing. It's like I'm internally sore, it's probably similar to Burnout – and maybe that's a balance issue. Or, it most likely is, but not regarding what I would transform into and rather what I'm moving away from.

Somewhere between these extremes is what we might call "the easy zone". Or so, just the average of what I endure on a day to day basis, a.k.a. "normality", for me. A.k.a.: As based on those conditions. Writing is thereby something that I can easily fill my time with, for as long as I have something to write about, as it usually also takes me to different places and similar to coding is like a box of chocolate when it comes to challenges. Though, coding I feel I really don't have the time for these days. But well Then there's also the occasional overlap with Truths or the general baseline of vibing with God; Which are welcome sources of vigor. Though the occasional "midnight vigor" is ... well ... while good and all ... also not really compatible with a healthy work-life-balance; And I'm not sure if I have to attribute that to God or psychology or whatever. But well. Be it as it may ...

Within this zone, I don't necessarily have a balance; As basically it is filled with things that I would do 'for' balance. Because it makes up the bulk of my lived experience, hmm Well. It is what I compare my Clarity to – and for as long as I just maintain it as a thing, it fits in really well. If I however deal with things that concern time – it becomes more of a "would I rather this or that?" type of thing. At any rate – at times I come to wonder about the validity of my Clarity versus this incredible ability or fortunate opportunity to just exist. So, especially when things are relatively OK and I ... hmm. Well, maybe things 'do' feel 'relatively OK' \rightarrow whenever \leftarrow I ... think about the heavier aspects of my Clarity. So, things relating to Misery for instance. Knack-points.

And I guess that might be the concern. So, once I would or if I ever would ... be removed from this "easy zone" and subsequently would no longer do as per usual. At that point you also might have a somewhat distorted image of me. At least do I get a sense of what I might be in that regard; And subsequently there are a few things I find that I could highlight.

Things like, how the matter of accomplishments is rather just a post-hoc appendage to what I do; Or an abstract motivator of my obsession. Generally I don't do things because there's a goal – and that even manifests within my code or base-building. Perhaps even my writing. Well, something otherwise called 'tunnel vision' - where I get into things based on my flow, rather than thinking about what I'm trying to accomplish.

For the most part I however do feel like I have no other choice. Not that I do them things under duress, but ... something something conditions, circumstances and my own ability and willingness.

And here's the part where I might tell the story as easy as it gets. Generally all I need to relate to my Clarity is to find one of those triggers that remind me of the truths that make me adhere to it. Those would generally be "if" cases. If my Mistress/one of my Masters ... such and such. Condition X or condition Y. Basically things that if they were to happen right then and there would make me feel "this and that".

And the strength and intensity of those experiences can vary. Somewhere in here I've written about the shackles manifesting quite strongly, paralyzing me in a way that I enjoyed. Other times it's just like a peek behind the curtain. Like "OK, it's still there ... moving on ...". Earlier today I had a more impactful peek that sent shivers throughout my body that went quite deep and lasted for a bit.

And a little sub-plot thereby is, that the effect probably correlates to a variety of factors that can for simplicity be summarized into mood. A slightly more complicated take is to take the variety of conditions I might find myself within into consideration – as so there is no 'one' "right way". It's all just an amalgamation of possibilities; Though rooted in a necessarily finite set of circumstances/Clarities.

The story however certainly implies a somewhat drastic shift from one way of being into another. At least superficially. But certainly also for me in terms of my environment; Or environmental factors. And that's also why "the easy zone" tends to estrange me from my Clarity. Because, as I so focus on those day to day challenges, there's some 'pro-active self isolation' going on; While outside of that I also just generally lack the attachment figures to do anything else.

But yes. One might visualize what's going on as by a drop of wine into water. It would so only take a snap to pull me from one into the other – while functionally my motivation to remain there is tied to external conditions such as the demand for me to be there. Worse case scenario ... well. The more I think about it, the more drops of wine enter the glass of water, so ... unless there's a really serious issue motivating a resistance on my part – I find that I rather have red than translucent blood – so-to-speak.

The thing for me is that, ignoring the extreme case, I can't really think about probabilities without a proper frame of reference. I guess it might be unreasonable to assume that I'd never do anything else again, but when faced with the question of whether I'd even want to, the answer is a resounding NO.

Well, give or take. I mean, for once am I reluctant to assume that that's a realistic question to ask – as the reality would probably impose some inevitable downtime. Maybe even most of the time. So, that answer doesn't necessarily mean anything. But given that writing about this topic generally stresses me to the point that I generally gravitate towards this NO for an answer; There is at least that. Let's call it ... '(a) point of Clarity'. Or 'point of Nature' - which would at the very least imply as much as a "core environment" I would like to call my home - beyond which I 'don't want to have' to think about anything beyond that. Quite like I in the

"easy zone" also don't think about anything beyond what affects me 'right now'. Whatever happens "just so happens to happen".



And that was the intro.

Well.

I feel like I should take the opportunity to really take my time ... and space ... with this topic. Not, however, to squeeze out each last little drop of trivia.

And so, Misery is a pretty central topic to me; But so far not in a way so I could say: "This is Misery, this is what I want". Rather so in how it is woven into me. How *little* things here and there accumulate to a point where I could ... be required to emphasize it in confirmation of how it is implicated.

The *standalone logic* of it were, that being a Whore implicates a Framework whereby Captivity is merely a flavor of the general conditions of the duty so that interaction with it resembles enslavement. This furthermore is linked to what I expressively put forth of myself in terms of *Kinks*, and my confession to misery merely confirms, or is to confirm, a general reading thereof – in case that isn't clear on its own. I do at the very least have a constant need it seems to do so. That is, to confirm or emphasize or stress it or such.

My rational self does have a critical stance towards that however; Though I suppose that what would qualify as "reasons" to being critical is in actuality just a loose habit of accounting for excuses.

There so is me, the real me, who understands that her body isn't quite what she would like it to be. Now, what I think it has to be might be different to what it actually has to be – but how others relate to it is certainly a huge factor to my wellbeing. And so I'm left to wonder or worry about what to expect.



It has to somehow play out I assume; But that doesn't really tell me squat. Not that it matters ... hmm ... sure. But I can't help but worry from time to time that I'm being a bit Naive about my Clarity.

Perhaps necessarily so.

So am I possibly just a person with a typewriter (keyboard) and a vivid fantasy. At least so in the bio-essentialist sense, whereby one's self is merely a product of biological processes. Opposed to that my own understanding of how I conduct myself implies a certain authority to make statements of divine validity. That strongly relates to how I see myself – and thereto my body has pretty little to do with it. And that invites a little word-play, regarding what I identify as, that would lend itself to some silly Flat Earth joke. Although I guess we can say that it's just the reality that the curvature of earth isn't right away apparent.

So, what is real? What is truth? As it stands do I certainly not meet the ideal or the standard that I project of myself – and as that in turn requires me to take distance to my Clarity, a certain discomfort is being triggered which in turn motivates what we might call an irrational insistence on it.

Possibly that's a case of tunnel-vision. Like alcohol can arousal lower one's standards – and whatever works, works.

And something that doesn't work, is for me to assume some position that isn't supported by Clarity – on whatever premise of rationality – because that would ultimately just be a guess. Motivated by fear. Which may be a good segue into my previous attempt at rewriting this whole Dream Arc, but – for now there's also a point about standards; Which I can segue back into fear from also ...

So – it's ... somewhere stuck in the nuance; As to how much of my Clarity is meant to be private and how much is meant to be public. Or how to put it. Now, the Clarity itself – no doubt – as such is squarely for the public. But all of it somehow settles in or originates from a private space. So are the forces that abduct and imprison me private; And the enslavement and captivity ... in transition to the public, part of the public, framing ... , whatever. And the private is, I'd say, supposed to value me for myself regardless of my body. And however that might transition into the public is in that regard also relatively settled.

So, what we do in private creates a supply position prior to there being a demand; And if the demand required it, the supply side can further be adjusted.

Regarding this "supply side", the truth is that I'm perfectly enthralled – naturally motivated by the kind of zeal people are expected to have for their home sweet home. This enthrallment, as for my concerns, is linked to the conditions it entails; And in that regard my Clarity is all I can realistically write about at this point. And it is also there, that my insistence on Rape is at its most severe. The narrative has it, that this is where I'm programmed to insist on it – such that my Caretakers can treat me as a Loyal asset.

Fear is at that point just another word that aligns with the general premise; Though it isn't strictly necessary as it is mutually exclusive to other terms that align with the general premise. And at the end of the day there's also just life outside of those things.

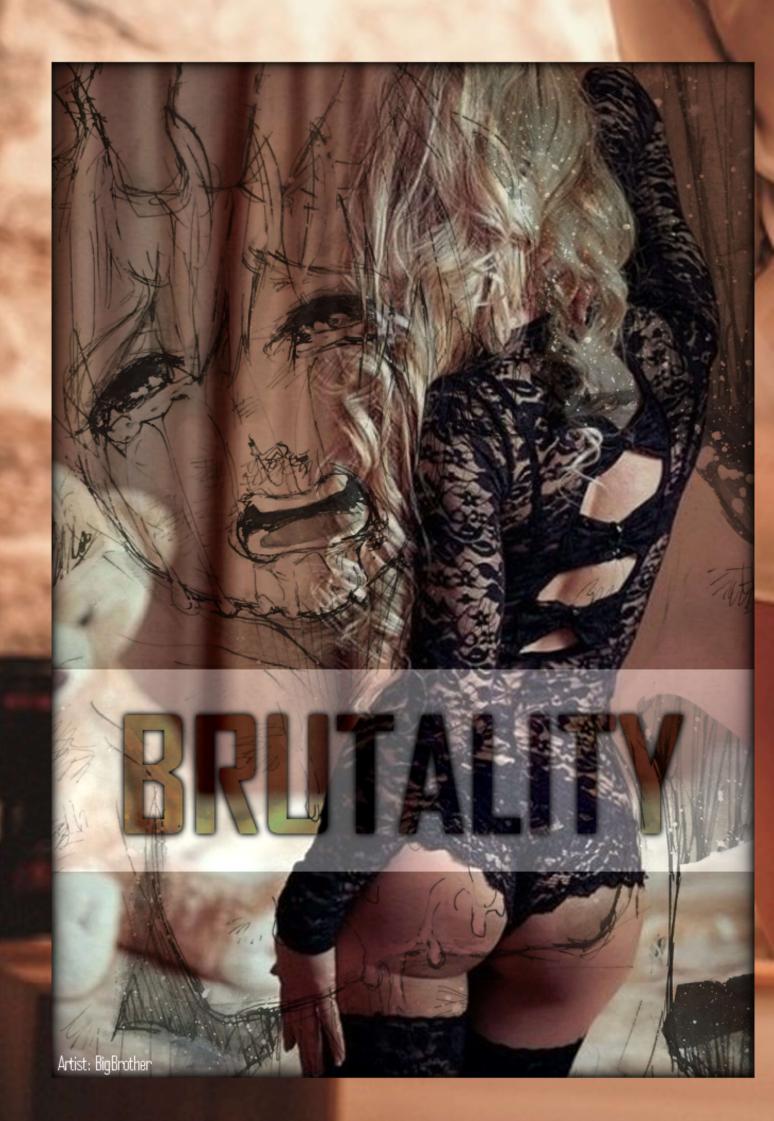
When talking Misery, then fear and despair ARE terms that are present within items of Clarity – which we'll also get to later when those aspects are being discussed. At any rate is there a kind of hierarchy; And fear and despair aren't on the top of it. Sadness/depression and disgust (at least of my self and the conditions I'm in) rank higher. But I don't want to spoil too much. However, those higher ranking states are I'd say more chill as also more intrinsic to merely existing in the kind of Captivity I'm in. Fear and Despair are however there just around the corner – as basically the threshold into those conditions. Or so: As soon as any kind of action is required, they are basically implied.

So the vows concerning my first Rune. Being a Slave might be pretty benign, but starting with feminization, rape is being implicated that only gets more extreme – by definition – as the third Rune effectively puts a lid on it. To the point that there's nothing left for it to end.

The weird thing is, that while fear is what entices me – or one thing at least that ... consolidates my enthrallment ... I am at times legitimately afraid that it might actually become a reality. That the magic might be real. That is – while so far my issue would have been with possibly misconceptions, I'm at that point wondering whether or not I'm actually seeing things right. But the treatment around it is still the same; Although the triggers that remind me can go either direction as they don't need to take me 'into' the whole thing. So I'm at occasion reminded that there is a certain wealth to my Clarity, of which the extremes are partially even diametrically opposed extremes – and a good chunk isn't necessarily tied to sadistic oppression. In those instances it merely holds a passive position, as – it is after all ... still one of the if not the most relevant factors that dominates my Clarity. I mean, in a sense I'm married to it; Saying that I have strong romantic emotions associating with it. Well, as it so happens to be part of my marriage.

So, returning to the matter of the oral abuse, I understand that I do have an insistence on it that does cancel out my own sense of self-preservation. Much as an insistence to enter that necessary state of self-neglect; As if to say that I aspire the comfort of being cared 'for'. So the care I get is the care I need – though leaning heavily into areas of reckless abuse. The practical point were one of conditioning to the extent of being a functional sex-toy; Yet along the way towards that state of being perfectly conditioned, there are some things that would offer more and other things that would offer less resistance. And the more resistance something imposes, the more it has to be worked on. And so I assume that some of these resistances are inherent to my being – and that I therefore do have strong Kinks associated with overcoming them.

Including resistance by Pride, Dignity and Autonomy.



Being or getting Destroyed is in that sense not strictly a separate thing. Being my Spouses Slut would at any rate have me in a position in which I'm removed from "being whole". So I assume. And so is this whole section here to also emphasize that some things, with Brutality being the prominent example, are just guesses.

As the whole introduction on Misery was to say: I don't want to be Miserable. On the other side there are however still those things that make me use that word in the first place.

My immortal understanding doesn't need to be concerned of ... let's call it 'physical dissonance' ... and my mortal understanding recognizes 'physical dissonance' as a joy-killer. On the one hand side I do have a Kink for getting Brutalized – as in getting physically destroyed in the sense of Snuff or Mutilation – and on the other hand side it's at the very least at the fringes of some feeling of toxicity. And that extends into my immortal understanding.

It seems to be a rather silly way to prove my devotion – or perhaps a blind-spot of my relationship with Sadism. It makes sense for there to be things that wouldn't happen, that I however would also be incapable of protecting myself from. But I also think that that are mostly concerns of duration and overall balance.

As I've written a while back:

It is thereby 'with great pleasure that I inform you that' I yesterday had my first Post-Op orgasm. That would be the 24th of January, 2023. After some thoughts and prayer I was informed that I'm going to experience some fantasy that is not only going to be nice, but also going to fit into this book. In essence did it expand upon one of my favorites, in which I am the slave of my son. The details may be a bit beside the point, but so the gist of it is, that "the shackles of my captivity" render me not only as subject to my master – but also as freed from personal rights to the point that it is they who determine what I am to enjoy. Long story short: My suffering comes as a potential of my captivity (even if just as a hypothetical) – and the matter of captivity is of substantive weight to me and paramount to my internal comfort.

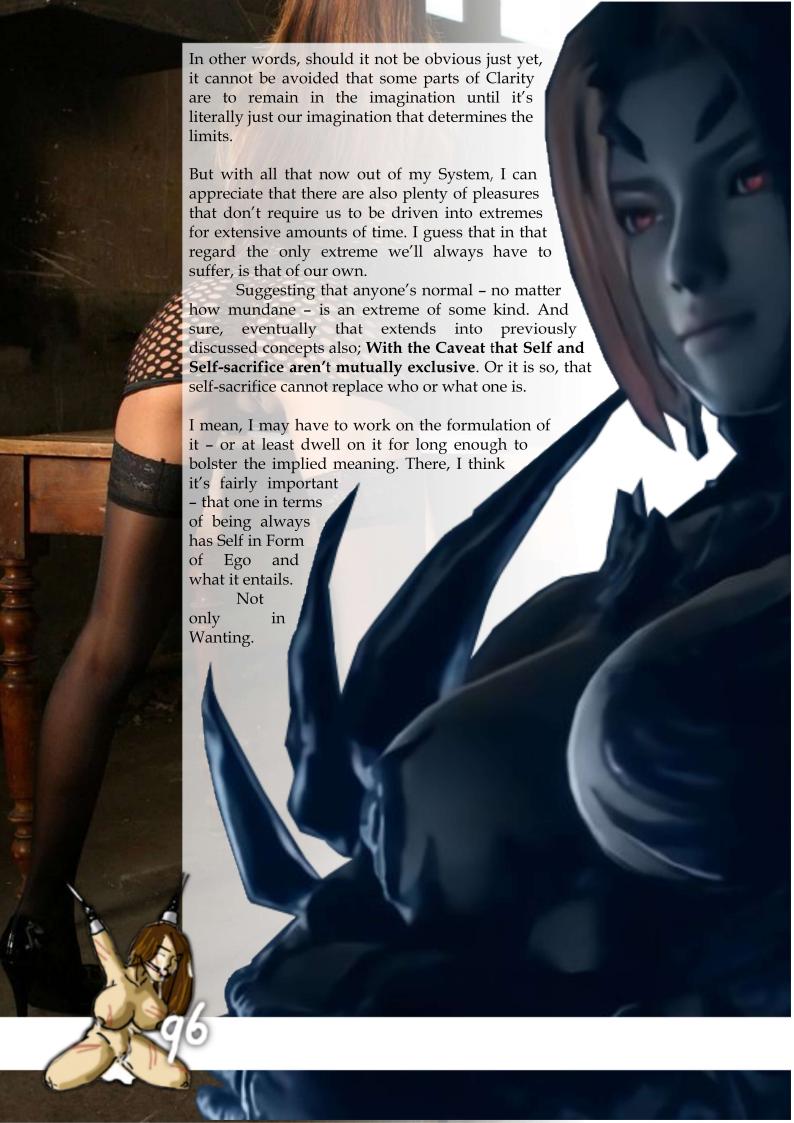
The "I am a Mother" page is from early December, by the way.

Anyway – the point here being, that getting Brutalized is at least symbolic for what my intimate Partnership(s) entail(s) – while a more recent development had me focus on the concepts of violence that align with my situation; Appreciating its relevance as the pivotal source of bliss within this internal comfort. That at first would have been emotional violence, followed by the general framing of captivity relative to my duties as a Whore; And more being at the

very least implied; And regarding my journey into the Nexus also quite inevitable.

At this point I however can't help myself but be a hopeless addict to the idea, while I can't really find an image or imagination to connect it with. It does however follow the idea of getting my consciousness fucked out of me – and that followed by the motivations for doing so. But I guess ... that's ... at this point neither here nor there.







I don't think that Women want to secretly get Raped, as much as that some Women don't have a wealth of let's call them "normal Experiences" as growing up freely, that they slip into fantasms beyond the walls of their ordinary.

The same would apply to men – except that for some reason their rape fantasies seem to be culturally ignored as much as they're assumed to be normal.

Thereby I'm assuming that as much as either do have Rape fantasies, they don't implicitly want it; To the point that any rape that does occur, is not being anyhow connected, mostly at least, to those fantasies.

And there so is the paradox of life being Complex and Simple at the same time. The thing being, that life is as a jungle of diametrically opposed things. Even up and down is in some sense a matter of perspective.

Like, what is the right way to look at a sphere?

The answer to that question isn't too dissimilar from the questions of whether to take the left or the right path. Though we might think of it in terms of right and wrong, that starts to fall apart when there is no clear right or wrong; Not to say that those choices can't be consequential.

That's also in the Bible, where Jesus speaks to the idea that one cannot serve two Masters.

At some point so there are choices that are going to be one thing or another – but it's not always that simple. So is this expression just the tip of an iceberg, that is the broader reality of things. To help understand this, one is to only think about how one thing is ever so often not just one singular thing, but rather a compound of things – while so and so many members of it aren't exclusive to just that one thing.

So is there the extent to which each and every one of us relies on Capitalism for their basic needs – making each and everyone of us a capitalist regardless of how we identify or behave outside of those basic necessities. Thinking of it from the perspective of Sheepherders from ye Olde Bible Stories draws upon a completely different set of ideas wherein the Socialist can be read as a Thug. To say that they come in and demand to have a part in the Sheepherder doing well for themselves. That however is somewhat identical to how one is to pay Rent and Taxes and Fees and what have you – so just doing well for one's self as a Sheepherder isn't really a way of life anymore in most places. And that's not because Capitalism is secretly socialism, but that since day immemorial people were dependent on trade to bolster their own well-being. And so we're all Capitalists, although "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

So once again the truth is in the fine-print, which is where the broad strokes only get us so far.

In broad strokes it might be so that all I needed was a good fuck. There's certainly no denying that. And let's for the time being pretend I'm a 10. There's plenty of room for all kinds of narratives; As ultimately life as I understand it isn't about acting out a Screenplay. I would argue that one

of the reasons we fear Death is that life can be good enough for us to not really want there to be an end. But alas, as it stands it's a mixed bag; Full of so and so. And maybe that's OK.

But saying that after a good fuck I'd be "done", or perhaps even "tamed" or what have you, that is an attempt at supposing what my life needs to be. And that, or attitudes or thoughts and theories like that, are part of a general tendency or trend that I contend with based on my Clarity.

It's similar to those "you'll grow out of it" arguments that Trans-people face, though it's certainly not exclusive to Trans-people. In some cases it's endemic to a heteronormative hegemony, in others it's an extreme of pragmatism or class awareness. I suppose whenever one fails to properly relate to another person's passions or desires, motivations, 'way of being', what have you – there's a chance that their own lived experiences supersede the cognitive task at hand.

And there I suppose is a thing or two to be said about such "second hand assumptions" - even so if they apply to yourself. Or rather: They may appear as though they apply to yourself - but in actually you'd just be victim of a flawed assumption. Well, dependent on "how it gets to you".

So, I for instance am – in that sense – part of the: "because I am sexually devote, I'm supposed to be attracted to misogynistic posturing" club. I reject that, but the statement makes sense to me nonetheless. But so, regarding that narrative, I'm either just too rebellious and need to be taught some humility, or I'm really just yearning for a quick fix before I learn that it ain't my jam.

It might take a moment or two however to square that with my Job Description; As for matters of what my jam might be or who is to learn some humility.

The thing is that in my isolation, I've had enough peace and quiet to be conditioned by internal factors. As such do I effectively come from a social or cultural context that is somewhat stranger to this world. In that context are things that I am Loyal to. I wouldn't call myself a fanatic in the sense the term is commonly used – but in a sense where, I would argue, everyone is a fanatic when it comes to their homestead. My homestead first and foremost is with God; The Divine; And beyond that, in all simplicity, with my Clarity. That latter part however not via a set of doctrines or beholdenment to an ideal or ideology; But because it is my part in the divine. Simply put. So, it is my nature – or so: My own synergy with the divine. Perhaps more comprehensive to the world as 'my Right in my self within the greater compound of the Divine'. And like so am I a Zealot of divine individuality.

"Second hand assumption" might be a bad term, but what I mean by it is that we have an ability to empathically connect with other people's experiences on a basis of feelings; And then assume our own context regarding those to be the more rational stance. This then doesn't only lead to denunciation of other people's ways of life, but also to some kind of ΔH....

passive conditioning to subject those to some kind of standard. So, second handing someone else's lived experiences and corresponding assumptions of how to live their life.

It may seem reasonable. But "it doesn't scale".

The fundamental assumption were, that there's a way of life determined by a set of demands and that society cannot function if we "break those rules". The idea being that one's "little preferences" should remain dirty secrets; And that not doing so is a sign of degeneration. Fundamental to that assumption is one's own ability to comply with those rules – and that is the context imposed onto everyone else.

One way it doesn't scale is in our inherent need for second hand pleasures; Most prominently: professional sports. For, concerning our wee little wules for how society ought to function – professional sports is as an antithesis to that. So is entertainment at large predicated on structures that exist outside of our normative living – requiring a different way of life; Even if similarities to 'normal work' can be drawn in the abstract.

And yea. Whether or not someone is gay – or even just allowed to be so – has absolutely no real bearing on that. And if we had to talk about some procreative duty, there ought to be better ways than reverting back into the dark ages.

In other words: There's a position from a more or less defined normality, that one is expected to adhere to. Sooner or later, in one way or another, it just has to make way for the other solution, which roughly translates into: The norm adjusting to the individual.

Not however in the sense that we are to abandon any sense of normalcy in favor of letting individuals do as they please. That would be what Capitalism is about. Sortof. And I do think that it created some trauma-response in that an advocacy for "the Norm" is more of a coping mechanism to feel as though one haven't wasted their life.

The concept of normalcy exists for good reason; But so we may wonder why classic depictions of people from the Orient have them entirely covered, while classic depictions of the Norse have them more or less half-naked. So there is cultural heritage, but also 'what works' given their context. If hunting and gathering is part of a groups survival, that will somehow manifest within their cultural norms.

So is defiant behavior, I'd say, more often than not just a conflict with an imposed set of norms – which may often enough even just hinge on rather mundane but nonetheless significant matters such as emotional support. Or 'understanding' as it were.

So, the part of the conversations that *Conservatives* often miss, is that "Live and Let Live" is only nice if people from all walks of life can identify with that. Else it's just a silly lie you're telling yourself. Well, give or take. I mean, crime isn't as much a way of life as it is a complicated mess in how it relates to matters of justice, social and cultural conditions and also interpersonal engagement and ignorance.

But *sure*. Conservatives Bad and Progressives Crazy.

My situation in all that is really just complicated because I make it so. At least that's one way of looking at it. The disarmed version of it should however read so, that I'm only here to say my piece and thereafter intend to retire into the scope of normalcy pertinent to sex-work, a.k.a. to get exploited in one way or another, for however long that is valid – not really having any retirement plans beyond that just yet.

The armed version is that I haven't given it much thought and that I don't really see my work done until this ... let's call it: 'Capitalistic Nightmare' ... is over.

Depending what your view of the world of sex-work is, you might also think that it's probably not that easy – given some of my sentiments – but I suppose there are places like this and like that and somehow I might find me a niche.

It is certainly an idea that has always enticed me – suspecting though that my 'drive to action' wouldn't really give me much peace with it. And so I guess that in the grand scheme of things there's rather something to be said about retiring with style. The main issue there being something about Capitalism and the Patriarchy, even if a lot of it wouldn't need to directly affect me, given that prostitution I'd say is also a rather humble line of work. I certainly don't think I'd need much.

So, the argument here is that "the norms" exist relative to some context and that mostly for things to work somehow – and my issue isn't with the norms that pertain to sex-work per se; As my issue at large also isn't just about making sex-work work out for me. So, as part of the "because I am sexually devote, I'm supposed to be attracted to misogynistic posturing" club – I'm generally OK-ish with how things are; At least hypothetically speaking. What's left are however dipshits and how they mess up the fun for everyone else. ~ish.

Because also as part of the "because I am sexually devote, I'm supposed to be attracted to misogynistic posturing" club – I'm having issues with how that translates into the forces that be.

Is fair enough.

I mean, on the one side I wouldn't worry about 'toxic masculinity' because my line of work should work as some kind of pacification/pacifier – saying that most men should be reasonably tame – on the other side it still invites people I feel should be castrated – to put it bluntly. Not proposing that that should be a thing; And I suppose in that regard I need to stress one or two things. One: Generally I shouldn't say much or anything about this other hand side because there shouldn't be much of a qualifier or restraint for who gets to have fun – and two: that individual castration goes against the spirit of what I'm generally proposing and am down for.

So yes. On this page I'm trying to whore out a little – with the caveat that being a 'Whore of Capitalism' is a bit of a turn off. But, there's also a bit of



a caveat to that; With another caveat on top of that – which is that as a Whore of the Patriarchy I'd at least be in more socialistic conditions.

But well.

So, to keep personal issues out of this – it's something I may have to admit to, simply so as part of the "because I am sexually devote, I'm supposed to be attracted to misogynistic posturing" club. However.

I rather have it be the "stupid bitch" club – or whatever; All that is beside the point.

The main reason why I'm doing what I'm doing is not because I left sex-work behind, but also 'why' I did it. I have my own life, story and motivations going on – and for whatever reasons, however one might want to sort it into boxes – it relates to norms more in terms of flexibility.

And it'd be unfair to suggest that sex-work, at least as I know it, is this diabolical hellhole that has me on a crusade against the world. And if I'm successful, the conditions of sex-work aren't going to be affected by much – except where it would be so – as it should be with everything else.

It all may also somehow tie into my ability to sleep. And matters of masculine posturing generally mess with my emotional sleep hygiene in a very negative way.

And I suppose there ought to be the occasional "don't get me started" type rant from the one or the other professional in the field that has more experience with these things than I do.

The best way for me to describe it may be by how "the World" (late stage capitalism and it's primary benefactors) messes with the Arts and the Sciences; And how we see that the general behavior regarding things doesn't improve when dealing with humans. That however has me once again grateful that I am living in Germany; A.k.a. part of the civilized world; Which is also a way

of saying that America (the U.S. of) really stresses me out – but they certainly aren't the only offenders.

I'd argue it's mostly a global cancer that some places have more safeguards against than others.

And so do I strongly align with the extreme
Left – at least by mood – even if so in ways or
by means that wouldn't be classically associated to it.

Eventually there are similarities to the other side of the extreme, namely a sense of disenfranchisement; And while those to the normie might be stupid games, it's a sad truth that fascism has a lot more in common with the fun side of stupid games; But also leads to stupid consequences. In that sense, Fascism to me is

closely linked to Antichristianity, Neo-Liberalism, TERFism, Communism (Leninist/Stalinist) and a whole swathe of other things that have managed to somehow entangle themselves with our culture. It is basically evident that it is strongly ingrained within the normative sets of ideas – as it places itself as the path of least resistance in a world that is getting increasingly difficult to cope with.

It can also be said, that I as part of the "because I am sexually devote, I'm supposed to be attracted to misogynistic posturing" club have to also be a fascist – as the Fascistic Front, let's call it that, is certainly making a strong effort to claim the Heterosexual "ideology" for its own.

And yes – if I were to take the path of least resistance, sure. But that has precious little to do with Clarity.

"And the Light, it shines in the Darkness, and Darkness comprehendeth it not".

I mean, if you're sufficiently full of shit, you're so convinced that your stupid worldview is the truth, it must be confusing when people adhere to truths that defy it.

To those that care to understand – the trick is within a proper differentiation of things. In that sense it's not so much "only Sith believe in Absolutes", but more like "only Sith believe in Absolutes without proper differentiation". Part of that is however a problem, in that differentiation is always 'extra words'. Extra Words that usually also refer to things that aren't necessarily obvious or within the "contextual grasp" of the thing itself. But once we recognize that something is wrong with this world and we understand to avoid the entrapments of Fascism, we ... are heading in the right direction.

Now, if you suppose I'm a 1 rather than a 10, that whole rant would read differently. So do I write of things that ought to require a demand for my sexual nature – but rather than getting any, I'm stuck finding (other) reasons why life is bad.

But so on the side of life being unfair, I had a co-worker that was easily a 10; And asking her about her experiences she had complaints about micro-penises, which is an issue I never had.

So yea. I'm not a 10. Also I'm not a 1. I'm more like both. Cognitive Dissonance Personified. I don't know what to make of myself. I can see both; So I have no reason to deny either. Some tell me I could work as a model, while others seem to be able clock me through a wall after looking for 5 seconds at how the air moves.

So, does that then mean that the real men dare to step into the dragons den? But then again I'm not making much of an effort to look hot. And whenever I do, even just a little, I start to feel weird. I mean, like I'm dipping into a stream of sexual energy that I can feast on – but, without a way to really access or harvest that in a meaningful way.

So, I suppose we can all pretend like I'm so ugly, none of the concerns I might have would ever have any real meaning for me. It

doesn't really matter, unless we get to arguing that I so am promoting socialism and wokeness so I can force people to pitty fuck me. Maybe there's a point though when arguing that if it's not selfish, it's out of pitty – and since I'm promoting righteousness, it ought to be the latter – right? Right?

The funny thing about it is – that ... similar to shadow truths ... right and wrong cannot always be easily sorted into categories like left and right. It's like when comparing surgery to mutilation. So, a doctor amputating someone's limb as a lifesaving measure reads differently when using the most unflattering terms, such as butcher and mutilation, when describing it. It at that point is however just a figure of speech that doesn't strictly change what happens – except that by association we might decorate our imagination with different set-pieces.

Like so, ever so often, we might as well just agree with fear-mongering rhetoric – saying that: Yea, if "that" were happening, that'd be bad and we should try to amend possible problems. It might work out better if people with the necessary intellect don't exclude themselves from the process of finding solutions. But well ... it's all a bit of a morbid joke. And maybe we shouldn't try to play stupid games.

True Wisdom is a healthy mix of facts and empathy, we might say. And logic is only practical, relative if the ambiguity or in-ambiguity of the implied pieces.

And when has it ever been good to use facts and logic to promote hatred and discrimination? As a bit of a hot take: God never resorted to 'facts and logic' when He did a Genocide! But those were also times where War was a natural state of the world I would think. Nukes were the ultimate wake-up call from that kind of sentiment, I would further think. And at the peak of it, people were literally saying that we don't need disabled people. Which is really just the logical conclusion to that kind of thinking.

And so maybe let's hope that the Story of Armageddon is really just a cautionary tale. As it ... does depict exactly that. The logical conclusion to a species enraging itself into war with itself. To the point that nobody can justify their own participation in it.

It's kindof like the end of the Matrix Trilogy. And the fourth one did surprisingly also not need a bad guy that just had to get smacked really good. Well, he did get shot eventually – but, it's not like that did anything. Give or take. And yea, maybe the fourth one was so controversial because we got to the stage that how we interact with media – the very thing a Movie is itself – became part of the things that needed to be criticized. That it so carries the realization of how lost we are, in this world we're reluctant to call 'the Future' because it is so different from how we pictured it in the past. [Play: "White Rabbit" (suggestion for contemplation)]. And it sucks – realizing that we haven't cleaned house for so long that there's barely a blanket left over not riddled with all sorts of filthy parasite. But also has nobody thought of doing so, for by all the

hallucinogenics that we're fed – we were left off thinking that it's normal. That all the bite-marks from the critters are just the natural sacrifice to the privilege of life; And that the infections and rashes one might develop are a punishment from the Worm God.

"Turn Around" - let's say, listening to 'Total Eclipse of the Heart'. So, I've been seeing 'Dance of the Vampires' recently - the Musical - and I'm not sure if I've ever seen something that left me with such mixed emotions. Objectively it's a celebration of debauchery and ignorance - for as your average Vampire Story it's different in that it's not the Hero of the Story that gets the Girl. He literally - or so in some version (?) - lures her in with the promise of "Red Velvet Boots"; Based on which the general take-away were to abandon reason. That's certainly what all the songs are about. The Climax of it all is literally taken from every "Stupid Girl's Princess Dream" - as she's finally wearing the Pretty Dress, dancing down the Stairs before the Dark Count sinks his teeth into her.

The rest is also somewhat riddled in trans-lingual spaghetti. To say that all nuance one might care about is lost. Like, shunned, stepped on, trampled down and kicked into the abyss. Not that it matters, I guess. Maybe there's a point to be had that the English is to also lack all logic and reason anyway. "God is Dead" becomes a search for an "Original Sin" - and good luck, ..., finding a proper translation for "what we don't hate, we do not love". Oh, sorry. I mean: "What we can't hate, we can never embrace". I suppose it works.

What stood out to me though, is that at some point the Vampire goes on a bit of a rant – which he closes by saying, that the only God we (humanity) deserve is unquenchable greed. Which is curious to me, because at that point the whole piece becomes somewhat self-critical. Or rather so, critical of the thing it allegedly celebrates – coated in constant reminders of this Curse that is at the heart of all of their actions.

Around that edge then, we can say that this is actually the story of the heroine – who's basically living a life of captivity as her overprotective parents require her to remain as locked away; Such that she sings of freedom, the world out there and doing something for herself.

And so, abstractions and abstractions later – we're back at the start. "Turn Around" - a mysterious voice from the dark whispers at you. Asking you to not be deceived by the False Security of day – we would say – and look for the truth that it seeks to bury within. Make way for Life – and die the death of the Righteous; To be reborn ... and claim your Part in the Darkness ... that is ... the Divine.

But yea – so there's me, in part rejecting the very thing I put forth from myself; Moving on to give a confusing response as to why or why not.

But so the issue with the other side of second hand assumptions.

Here the situation changes somewhat. From Dance of the Vampires – into From Dusk Til Dawn; Where I feel like I'm stuck in some shack, possibly barely held together by hopes and dreams, with all sorts of vicious creatures waiting outside for the walls to drop. To settle with a different terminology; I think of ambiguous feelings. Inner Tensions that





may have some deeper meaning; Or almost certainly do; While the principles at play are suggestive of actions that cannot truly be satisfied – unless we're supposed to take the world as it is. To not change or question it – because doing so would lead us down a totally different path that almost certainly has nothing to do with almost anything.

It's like ... we could say ... the 'true' Dance of the Vampires. Well, that for everyone who was or is stuck in this World ... there is no escape from this maze – and either way, wherever you are, you're being courted by Shadows that guise themselves in the cloaks of your Dreams.

And who is really lucky in those stories?

I, as that's the way I've found for myself, would speak of withdrawal which leads to a lot less hangover and such – with the downside that is the strenuous pull of my nature.

But that is also only half the story. For at the end of the day I'm not redeemed from it. There is no Cure – only the Truths that feed me in the Dark. And so, more accurately, it is those who find their Life. And I mean it – not in contradiction to what the Bible says; For it doesn't say that it doesn't exist or can't be done. One may assume that it speaks of the Afterlife – so, the abstract of it in form of a distant promise – and I assume that at least in part that is true. So on an "at least" kind of basis. In a world however where everyone is lost, deceived and misguided, the only true bottom line to this were, how well you took care of your soul; Whatever the circumstances. So is Love sometimes a wellspring of Life; And other times a drain of Darkness and Despair. So either you found 'it' - or you're stuck searching. Eventually best compared to Peace.

It is then when Harvest Comes, and we unroot ourselves for the day has come, that the Weeds will go as their destination is another.

[Super Mario Bros. 2 Overworld Theme]

But sure. In some sense that makes me frigid – I guess. And so I "Dream" of a "Strong Man" to come and "free me from these shackles". Though what is anchored in Eternity should be pretty safe. And if people don't see what that is to say because they have to pretend, one way or another, like theirs is the overarching narrative, they might even try, Which could be funny.

I mean, hypothetically speaking. Uhm ... there so is my frame of reference and what I so see as what people would need to do to do me over. In reality however they wouldn't as much try to do me over – as they're somehow trying to avoid the inevitable; And to that end it might be better or easier to downplay, denounce and dismiss me. But then am I still, by the Graces of God, somewhat omnipresent. Though sure they can try to squander or Nerf me – while somehow trying to give you alternatives; I'd suppose; To say – for short – that I at the very least fit into my own shoes.

Ki nala atum

(Khalani is the language "spoken" (via telepathy) by the protoss. Other races "hearing" Khalani being 'spoken' hear meaningless sounds \dots)

And so there is a whole lot that can be said in defense of living in Dreams. Including how it is a Trauma Response. To shut yourself off from the things that make life unbearable; And to look for the Light – even if it means to sugarcoat things. But that's … not necessarily how to look at it.

So is abstraction an intrinsic tool of consciousness. Words are abstractions of Meaning. Meaning, often enough, is in and of itself an abstraction for the patterns it seeks to grasp. And those in turn are abstractions of the more fundamental truths that may or may not be accessible by our senses. And when it comes to those – well – are there our bodies. In all simplicity, abstractions of a Chemical Code embedded within Biological Life – of which our Minds, one way or another, are yet again an abstract.

That verily is not to say that there is no truth, no rhyme or reason, no sense or point or purpose, but that as we reach out for them ... we reshape them as of our own understanding. That is here and there called the 'Pistis-Sophia' (Effectively: Unity between Daveithei and Eleleth).

And so, as of it, I am 'different' to what my body makes of me. As I awaken in my Dream and take on the liking of my Desires, am I not more true – even – than I am within my mortal shell?

And what is it to you? Unless we interact in person?

What is the deception? For as long as you're not Psychotic?

Of course you could go and try to strip me of everything that isn't material – but what would that do? Wouldn't I just, yet again, rise again? In the Dark?

That to me is a tired-old dance. Forever stuck rebuilding. I'd say that so far, to my own, I've risen so much I've probably wrapped around a couple of times. I almost feel incomplete when things are going for too long. And I suppose I'm slowly getting the hang of this. Which hopefully means that we're also slowly being done with this.

Anyway – as far as the script goes, that's now been 33 or so pages in place of two. I guess ... depending on where I want to get back into it. In this case, I've also skipped on a few things that I might yet still want to maintain somehow. Other than that, I return to the point where I found that I don't like it when people excuse themselves by saying that "you can't relate". And eventually that is mostly because the ability to relate is irrelevant if one lacks the empathy to give any meaningful damn about it. Trying to help people relate eventually devolves into Oppression Olympics; Begging, perhaps, to see which degree of suffering is enough for to be taken seriously. The truth however is that we only have to look into third world countries to learn that ... well, how do they say? "The Cake is a Lie!". So it may after all be better to say that you can't relate – as to then, maybe, find a way to move on from there.

I mean, for as long as you can still breathe "it can't be that bad" and after that, well ... maybe we'll have a little Culture War but ... [shrugs].

But, moving on, I'm not quite sure how well having played a lot of X-Com compares to running a multi-million dollar company. Yet the game starts

off with you being put in charge of pre-existing assets while also being given some funds to start out with; And the goal is to stop an Alien Invasion within a year's time. Which isn't easy if you don't know how to go about it. But you buy, produce, sell and engage in endeavors that yield results towards an end. I don't know, how much more complicated can it be? At the end of the day I could consider myself privileged for the opportunity of being put in charge of X-Com. Though overall I think I've still lost more often than I managed to save the planet. But so it goes. Without the know-how you're probably just dimpling around to soon find you're spending more than you earn, starting a second base is more of a distant dream than a feasible option - and by the time you get to a hang of it you're getting overrun by Deep Ones and Lobster Men, forced to face the inevitable demise of the human species. How to fight it? Where to even begin? What is the "it" that you're fighting? Civ games are a lot more straightforward. The playing field is symmetric - and all you got to do is outcompete the rest. But whatever.

What we can tell from that is something about: With great power comes great responsibility! Sure you might think that X-Com is just a stand-in for "random corporation" and whether you win or loose comes as a matter of bankruptcy. Yet winning in X-Com also comes along with being successful against the symptoms of the immanent threat of

annihilation. As to also be on the other side of those ... that eventually align themselves with it.

But, whatever ...

All I'm trying to say is, that we can – at least on a basic Level – relate to

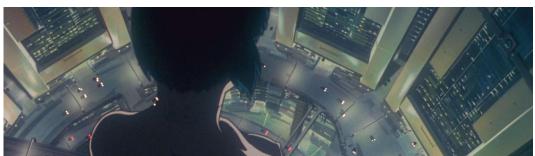


fictional circumstances. It is however the depth of certain experiences that we can't just ... wiz ourselves into. I mean, think of a "shit sandwich". To some people that might be a set of conditions that may end up costing them 10% of their wealth. Then perhaps ask poverty stricken trans-woman what she thinks a shit-sandwich is, and you'll get a different answer. Although ... I think the more obvious the failure of capitalism becomes, the more the matter of the fact might sink to a negation of my statement. At least ... somehow. So do a cobalt miner in Africa or a homeless person in NYC eventually not face as harsh of a change in circumstances. Like ... sure – it is eventually only half as bad considering that you're not loosing much if you have nothing to loose in the first place. But when it comes to the concept of 'having nothing to loose', there also are ... layers to the idea. As that saying goes: "Smile and be Happy, it could come worse! So I smiled and was happy – and it came worse!".

And so one of the issues with these things is a question of what prolonged setbacks, a lack of opportunities and chronic poverty can do to ones psyche. One's psyche is eventually a complex set of conditions we really do have an unfathomably hard time to relate to if we don't have similar experiences to go off on. So is it painfully obvious to me for instance, that very often people don't quite understand what trans-people mean when

they say 'dysphoria'. What it means to not have known of a baseline of every-day happiness. And what we get to without sympathy is a simple: "Suck it up!". Like ... sure, we survived eventually – but, it's kindof hard to think positively of a past that is entombed in this darkness – or to be optimistic of a dark future you cannot break out of. And am I now to find fault in that?

But yes. From the other side it might seem as though empathy only makes it easier for personal weakness to become tolerated. But, I deem that attitude to be rather backward – rooted in a mindset that is bent on believing that we all need to be broken in order to be a productive member of society.



From: Ghost In The Shell (1995 OVA)

And so, let's put it so: There's a thicket of circumstances that obscures the accessibility of certain experiences. And the main contention with these is, speaking of them generally and broadly, how we thereby value the effect of certain conditions. So mostly concerning political/social efforts that don't really impact you. Directly. And I think it to be rather selfish to find an arbitrary line beneath which you deem it worth- or pointless to do anything. Though so, what is within and without the confines of reasonable action ... might be a point of contention. You know what shocked me – however not to much of my surprise: Conservative politics lead to higher over-all mortality. The gist of it being, that a lack of social spendings and a neglect of working conditions increases what we might call "depression levels" – and as that for instance increases the risk of alcohol induced accidents, there's more death. Gun Laws are another thing at play there. But well I digress

Maybe I should rather focus on progress where it matters; So, the legalization of Weed. Implying that the U.S. of A. are kindof about to become yet another Cautionary Tale for us to look back to one day. It would be depressing for we already have a lot of those! That is, backwater countries that have decided to be on the Cautionary Tale end of the Spectrum of Tomorrow.

Uhm ... Sorry. So yea, a Cautionary Tale it is. There so is the American Dream, the Dream of Freedom, endless Opportunity; But what became of it? This Country seems to be hopelessly polarized – and people on either side seem to think that this Dream is Dead. "Make America Great Again!" they scream on the one side, believing that Liberal Politics have ran the Country into the Ground – and "We can't Breathe!" they scream on the other, lamenting the ever tightening Grip of an Authoritarian Theocratic Establishment that is settled to squeeze all Personal Liberty from their

Culture. And yet they do so, cheered on by people shouting "Freedom!"; Believing in a Free Market ran by Oligarchs, arguing that it is this Capitalistic Freedom that will make America Great – unwilling to see that that however is what has taken them into this cultural ditch. No, to them it must be the Immigrants, the "Thugs" and the Queers, enabled by the Liberals and their "social spending". And we as Europeans may wonder: What Social Spending? They don't even have proper health care and even their education system is subject to Capitalist exploitation.

It is the wealthiest country in the world, they say, yet as they spend a disproportionate amount of money on their Military – which also didn't really have a good Victory in a long time – the sad truth is the answer to the question of what's left of all that wealth.

They say that regulations are Evil, bitching and moaning over little Changes to Fictional Characters that have little to no impact on their economic conditions yet somehow to them that's endemic to the Gates of Hell having been opened.

For how much they have their finger in other nation's business – they, the people, have very little insight in what's going on beyond their boundaries. It's almost Orwellian. Almost ... North Korean.

So yea. At occasion they bitch and moan about some Corporation or Billionaire – but rather so because they're """Woke""" ... """"" or a Jew, as if that has any bearing on anything. And so they turned to "Orange Man" who can't tell the front of a book from its back. Or the top from its bottom. And naturally Religious people who don't have the first clue about the Deity they're worshiping also chime in. Like ... yes! Jesus is famously the Patron of Late-Stage Capitalism. "To the Emperor what is the Emperor's" it says.

And it is sad to see Europeans turn towards those very same sentiments. For, the truth is that we are secretly their enemy. What part of American Politics would suggest that we aren't what they are taught to hate? The same goes for the other side of the Landscape. They call us Nazis, yet they're the ones whipping out their Dicks, asking us to suck it. And what have we done wrong? I thought we were having us a World Peace – eventually! But now the failings of Capital are our fault – or something.

The funny, or sad part in all this is – that America, of all nations, is pretty much first in Line when it comes to hashing in on the wealth of others. So that China eventually also wants a piece of the cake – for whatever is left of it. Russia, well … that's where the crumbs go, I guess. Well, fair enough. We've played Stupid games also … .

It sure might be envy. They look at us and see what it is they want for themselves. Though God knows, I assume, that we're having plenty of problems ourselves. Problems that however only increase as more and more national leaders think that the whole "Compassion" part of our politics isn't really ... for them ... as it were.

Like ... sure. We are doing collectively so great because ... history, resources and such things; Not however because we have a political system that is more competent than a band of thugs; One that looks after

our needs rather than holding everyone at gunpoint for being weird or not patriotic enough.

"But nobody wants to work anymore!" - because, oh yea, that's ... really why ... we're doing so well. All it takes is some good old German "Arbeitsgeist". Well - maybe not. It's not really a word that has been recognized it would seem. So, if you don't find a translation, it means "Working Spirit". Oh yea, we have "Fleiß" - not however to the point that we have a word for "Karoshi". Well ... sortof. Actually ...

Anyhow. I have 'Fleiß' - a lot of it - regardless of how Lazy some people might think/speak me. And so, what is it?

Well, I like – however – the what we might call 'Dwarven Spirit'. Which does make an awful lot of sense if you think of it. So, as a fantasy species/race they are known for a few things. Two however above all else; That being Primitive Debauchery and Untethered Laboriousness. And then maybe a third for completion – that being … let's call it Collective Independence. Which is to say as much as that a proper Feast and a Good Days Work come hand in hand – and are in the end the symptoms of a Free people doing well for themselves.

Counter to that, the Wikipedia entry to Diligence reads as old Nazi propaganda. "Arbeit macht Frei" ... "my ass".

But I digress. On the one hand – sure. The Wealth of the Collective, just by the way, is basically what everyone is referring to. The emphasis being on Wealth AND Collective. Kindof like ... Common Wealth. And on the other hand it's like we're facing Global Karoshi. So, it's kindof OK, I'd argue, that people "don't want to Work anymore" – as we do have to rethink a few things there. And Work and Money, furthermore, are anyway in a somewhat abstract relationship with each other.

But yea. Although "You do You" is a bit iffy at times ... I mean. Looking at history, it's like: The one side says "you do you" and the other side sits down to think hard about how to be that to the worse possible extent. Then they run around yelling "you do you" until those that said it before are the ones shouting "law and order!". Then the other side sits down again, picks out some douchebag with the most backward idea of law and order and starts yelling "law and order!" again.

So is the matter of right and wrong not always really about what's right and wrong. But about how the rights and wrongs are applied. So one might argue that a wrong applied in the right way is better than a right applied in a wrong way. And so is the matter with principles ever so often a bit iffy. And subsequently ... things become a bit conflicted around how one might phrase things.

And yea. I think it's easy for one to fall to the temptation of playing "Moses parts the Red Sea" - just to find that what's beyond it isn't the promised land just yet. That is ... let's say: also somewhat counter to Dwarven Stubbornness. Which so is to say, well. It's the closure to the

Fleiß
Diligence—
carefulness and
persistent effort or
work—is one of
the seven heavenly
virtues. It is
indicative of a
work ethic, the
belief that work is
good in itself.

Das Wort Fleiß stammt von dem germanischen Wort Kampfeseifer (oder Streit) ab und bedeutet arbeitsame Zielstrebigkeit. Fleiß gilt als so genannte bürgerliche Tugend. Gegensätzlich dazu stehen im allgemeinen Sprachgebrauch Müßiggang und Trägheit.

Kampfeseifer Zeal/Fervor of Fight/Battle

Arbeitsame Zielstrebigkeit Lit.: industrious determination

Karoshi

Karoshi, which can be translated into "overwork death", is a Japanese term relating to occupation-related sudden death. The most common medical causes of karoshi deaths are heart attacks and strokes due to stress and malnourishment or fasting.

Diggy ... Diggy ... Hole Sorry. I suppose I have to yet finish my Rant. I guess I could leave it as is in as much as ... there's a simple conclusion (determined suckage) ... next to which it is in place to remind us of ... how not to suck at life. Which to me may usually boil down to a "just in general" ... because you know ... if it doesn't suck "just in general" ... we don't have to come up with all those weird ways in which may or may not suck ... maybe ish square over thumb so and so – because ... that again to me would be a sign of suckage. Just in general.

I did however figure, going through my day today, that I might not have gotten that across very well – while the form itself may also require ... a bit more closure. So, doing the whole rant of how things suck as to then proceed to 'the morale' of the Story – that is, to turn the cautionary tale into ... something more concise and easy to understand. To learn and understand just exactly at what we are to be cautious of. Because ... I guess that didn't get clear or whatever.

And I suppose as I move on through this Chapter – I don't want people to be lost and hung up on that.

I mean, well, maybe – first of all – there isn't much more Clarity to be had there. Let's call it ... the greater socio-economic Clarity. So, yay for ... fitting it into the subject matter of this book somehow.

Thereby, right now, the World is in a state where – so we might say – it is subject to modes of behavior that mean to capitalize on the individual wealth of an entity, without however heeding that entities individual wellbeing. That alone should give us hints at what's going on. But so it is, I feel, one of the issues with my Clarity, that I ever so often get hung up on what I'd describe as bad vibes – which I'd generally translate into: People existing in denial upon the subject matter of 'Care' that I implicitly advocate for as it pertains to my 'type of' Clarity – but also just to life just in general.

So have I read this morning, that Arkansas just got rid of child-labor protection laws. Which so reminded me of an article I read yesterday morning, which was basically a brief collection of news from Russia. Which was really wild stuff. The article is titled: "Tarnschwimmen für Kinder, Soldaten-Witwen erhalten gestohlene Pelzmäntel, und selbst Putinisten werden verhaftet- Berichte aus dem Inneren Russlands" (Neue Züricher Zeitung) – and before I compare the USA to Russia too much, I guess the USA at least has the seed of the potential to be great. As far as they at least think their lived experience translates into that. On the other hand, it's also not like Russia doesn't have rich history and resources. Or isn't at least somewhat socialistic also. But socialism also isn't really enough. Just so in general. It's like a "Cool" versus "Uncool" type of thing – but more like how a group that thinks that it is Cool can actually just be really Cringe to the outside.

But then there are also the German/European skeptics; Arguing how we can't afford to take in immigrants, or how there's a skill shortage, or how the retirement bubble is going to collapse. Things I like to glance over

because they contradict my worldview ... as it were. So – I thought to take a closer look at this whole economy thing, trying to keep feelings out of it. But ... for here, the story goes that ... as things are getting difficult, we shouldn't try to make the same mistakes that others do/did. So, here's one thing I got from that analysis: People generally don't want things to get more expensive; I'd say. Also do people generally not want to waive on things that they've gotten used to; I'd argue. Both would be symptoms of a decline of some sort. However so ... also as an intrinsic property of change. So is it, with sight on the immediate, difficult to propose actions that diminish "our" perceived wealth – unless at least we understand that any kind of changes will inevitably require adjustments of that kind.

So is opposed to that the demand for everything to stay the same, or just improve. However do I want to argue, that an improvement of our material conditions isn't necessarily equivalent to an improvement of our living conditions. Especially ... you know ... "thing that nut-jobs like to argue isn't real or whatever".

So, the argument isn't that our Systems have to stay the way they are. For sure. Just ... that we can look at the USA and maybe learn how not to fix it. And we can also throw them a little "thank you" - they might need it! You know ... for some emotional support!

For so – as we drop social spendings and the such, driving people into more dire circumstances, well ... guess what's going to happen to crime-rates and people's individual 'greed' (which then more so relates in direct proportion to their survival – and as here now a backwards trend is being established; It will also perpetuate itself backwardly)! With those on the rise – guess what people will demand more money to be spent on and what furthermore leads to. It's ... like that.

So is there the German word: 'Gönnen' - which I'd say doesn't exist in English as for every word or term they have for it, we also have a word that isn't that! Except 'deign' maybe, but it also sounds horrible. Instead, there's the word 'Grudge'. So is 'to not begrudge' as good as it gets there I suppose. Speaking to the handful of lazy fucks that exploit the system; In opposition to which they'd take away the security of people who'd really need it. And I really don't want to use the word 'to ____deserve____' here. The word is best used in the sense of compensation – and thinking only in terms of that is ... how we fail to understand what "the Gönnung" were. Which, I'd argue, is something very awesome. To me it comes right from where it's felt – like, a word I give to make room for ... a good feast perhaps. Yea, "Grant" also ... njmmnmm...meh.

Taking that to a Global scale is however going to be difficult if ... or for as long ... as there's this saber rattling and nonsense going on everywhere. And I kinda need you to understand that that is also a really ... I personally, for aaaaall the privilege I did and do enjoy, in "heaven" as on earth, I suppose it's just difficult to get into a good mood just overall. Now of course life has it's ways – but overall, it makes me feel uncomfortable and somewhat unwilling to enjoy. So, just so for my own sake; I would like that to change. I hope this settles it. (Because I've ran out of room)

Image: The Hobbit Promo??? whole matter of Second Hand Assumptions in regards to Norms and Social Expectation. That Duty, as how I want to imply or impose it, is best described as an independent offering, from the individual towards Society.

So – politely said:

I happen to believe that there are base tensions at play while God will see to it that the outcome isn't just random. We should however also not allow ourselves to be deceived by the promise that "nothing could go wrong". So I would argue that in any conflict everyone is guilty of the outcome they worked towards, whether it's the outcome that will be or not.

And so is it my understanding, that liberation is an inevitable thing to come. To argue that there is a freedom to be desired that doesn't want to be suffocated.

And if God will have to bring down the Hammer – He will. Though I don't think the real issue is whether or not it'll come to that. God has a plan – and I seriously doubt that He doesn't know how to realize it.

5 - Transcendence

When it comes to creating the right 'conditions', experience is important. Of course does theory help, but in as far as experience factors into theory more effectively than a hunch – it still is important. Like so, any theory that follows some ambition is already informed by experience, even if it's all just the product of wishful thinking.

The thing about bad conditions then is whatever procures them. So as people say: |Things are as they are, get used to it| - the story is one of conditions that are unlikely to change. Or one of change that is unwanted. However. By whomever. Politics generally is a framework that is in charge of these things. So when it comes to working conditions for instance, politics is in the position of formulating rules, such as required standards that can then be re-enforced; And it is by that, that working conditions can be improved. Unionization is another path towards that same end. It is, at the heart of it, the culmination of what leverage the employees have against their employer. To say: If you don't have the tools to improve certain conditions, it sucks if they suck.

And in my opinion, capitalism can be very antithetical towards sex-work. Although sex-work can be quite lucrative – I'm more so thinking about the conditions. And it doesn't help, that there's a cream of the crop where everything is really just fine. Though I wonder how easy it is to slip into some fucked up situation. Which is – just something about sex-work in general. Especially if Kinky stuff is on the menu. Here I suppose it doesn't matter how much value you go for – everyone, across the spectrum, has to be cautious of ALL the risks involved. STDs, Drug Addictions and Psychopaths. Then there's child abuse, human trafficking, the leverage

that "employers" have and the possible lack of protection in all of it. Maybe I forgot something(s).

It's like on a birthday – where the one who gets the biggest slice, is the one who holds the Gun. Unless that person has a sense of good virtue.

But eventually things work the way they do - for reasons. Some of them are good, others not so much. But moving away from a general disdain against humanity, we're still left with what we can call "the nature of the beast". While in capitalism or just in general that still involves "humans" it's for the most part its own thing. Gaming gives us an interesting access to that matter. Mostly because there's a broad range of games and genres to pick from - but also because they offer us safe, internally consistent environments that defy the shortcomings of our own understanding. And it's always funny to me - when I come to a point where what the game is, and how I thought the game worked, drift apart. And while there are certain strategies that are relatively safe across the spectrum, some games exist that appear as though they are designed to hard-counter a specific strategy. Or so is it one approach to designing a game - to build its logic around a specific "strat". Like, in a relatively open building game, you're generally given enough time and funding to build a foundation of sorts. Some games would however first require a few select things of you to focus on, before you come to that 'relatively open part' of the game. Or it just continues to focus on a particular set of 'mechanics'. But well.

And while we cannot easily equate a given game to reality – it's the width of games that so ... "messes up the pony farm".

But still there sure are aspects to games that can be highlighted. But that is neither here nor there. Other than that desired outcomes come with their specific requirements. And usually there isn't really a book of rules to that, in as far as the 'desired' outcome is an arbitrary goal we can set for ourselves. Which is the opposite, though still in line, to the immutable conditions that produce an outcome based on the innate logic of the system.

And in gaming, there's only so much "willing a problem away" that ends up doing the trick. And I must stress, that reality can't be all that different from that!

On the other hand however, the problem with communism is, that if you do away with the means of individual demand, you're left implying or imposing what the demand ought to be. At least that's what's stereotypical of the attempts at communism that are generally being talked about; Which China only seems to confirm in how it bypasses those issues through an embrace of capitalism. The way I think of it however, requires us to (learn how to) communicate what we can have versus what we want, regardless of how much money we individually have to back it up – or how much foresight we think we have.

And while it might seem to be an insurmountable task – all we got to do is to make away with our Bullshit. So yes, here I lean towards the open market idea a lot more strongly than towards "Communism"

(dictatorship). So, we must work together. Truly. It's one reason why I believe in Gnosticism.

But this is really just a convoluted way of saying, that when I merely base things on my Clarity, I probably won't come to a reasonable conclusion but at best a concept that requires further attention if we wanted to make something of it. And so is the tedious process of making sense of things that barely make any sense in this world.

In capitalism, it is enough sense that people pay for sex. And what that means to the human psyche when it comes to experiences of biological urges - is probably most of why it's considered to be immoral. Like ... Microtransactions. Pay2Win models. Paywalls. That sort of thing. Sure would it be kinda amazing if Holy Scripture talked about that sort of stuff, "specifically", but I guess we can all reasonably well fathom why it doesn't. Give or take. Doesn't change the reality of it.

Maybe ľm hyperbolic here and thus missed the point I was trying to make. "The other side" here is only 'vaguely' a thing. effectively the suitor and their situation which then is only immoral because the circumstances Rather than the thing itself being problem.

What often however gets left out of these discussions is "the other side" when there is such a thing. Which is cool if you understand the nature of the "Gnosis Update" - which in a sense is all about these "other side"s of things. It's however as how David got a pass on stealing food from THE TABERNACLE of all things. Though God may have demanded those But what I mean is breads to be on display in the tent for that one singular moment in history alone. Doesn't change the facts. It underlines them.

It may so mostly be a 'me' thing - but when digging deep into and understanding myself, I found, that one single individual can barely conditions make it so; satisfy my whole. And that isn't something I can change by attitude or waiving or developing character or a spine or whatever. Well ... there is one individual that can satisfy my whole - my spouse. But that - I suppose - because our interactions are tied to a whole I at large am aligned to. It's ... complicated. I mean, it really is. Well, it works in all simplicity. Mostly because there isn't really a demand that is being satisfied that goes much beyond just being together. Or so the general feeling I associate with them. And so it satisfies me in a way that ... is probably stranger to the concept of satisfaction. Outside of that, I have the other relationships I'm wound up in. Or I know of such. Each person there has its own flavor which speaks to a part of me through which I can appreciate that relationship. Thoroughly and Deeply. And each of them could be better at satisfying me than my spouse. Eventually some attractions, attachments, interests, desires and such are definitely stronger or "deeper" than whatever I have for or with them (my spouse) - but nonetheless they (others) only give me partial satisfaction in as far as my whole is concerned. And what makes me feel wholly satisfied about them (my spouse) - may just be that there's a full appreciation of the other. Which ... so does also not really really 'satisfy' the whole. Not on its own. But *good enough*. ∼ish.

> So is this a good-news, bad-news type of situation. On the one side the good news is, that divine marriage can be quite effective at giving us what

we expect out of it. On the other it may however still be so, that it can't cover all the bases effectively. Eventually so folks might entertain the concept of polyamory or platonic relationships. For, not everyone is thoroughly perverted like we are. I assume. But then there's also us. Prostitutes. And it is overall I think a common requirement, that, the more you value sex, the more you have to work against your insecurities. And that can be an awesome part of the whole. For, to understand that someone truly loves you ... isn't really the easiest thing to come around to, so that when you get there ... it's wonderful!

To effectively say, that prostitution can be so much more than being just a corroding byproduct of our urges and the greed that comes with it. It's a supplement that may not be for everyone – but enables a lot more than just drug fueled parties and individual poverty.

And who knows? Maybe it is true, that there will come a time, where everyone in Paradise will have laid with me.

6 - Finite Complexions

I would like to say, that I'm so much more than just a sex-slave. But I can't convince myself of it. I know it's true though – in as far as I can (still?) act as an autonomous individual. Give or take. On the other side, there isn't much value I find for myself in these things. And that so happens to be a bias when it comes to my musings. And in as far as that whole of me is a construct – the whole is built on pretty much that premise. So, the only thing shocking about me adding yet another mode of how submissive I am – is that there's still more to the whole. I mean, in as far as the human anatomy is quite complex for what it does – the truth is that things that are to mimic what it does, need to be as complex to be any good at really doing so. Think of our range of motion for instance; And how many engineers need to break their minds over building a machine that could accomplish the same. Or, if you can fathom it, how much goes into our expressions of emotion.

So, when it then comes to something like: My autonomy is confined to agreeing with the conditions that are imposed on me – it does for once come out of nowhere, sotospeak, but attached to it is a reality in which individuals who have reign over me produce the thing, whatever it is. And so there is this bias, that the conditions I crave are the ones that maintain these truths that ought to be imposed onto me. Even if, in a practical sense, there's absolutely no need for it. It is rather that social togetherness implies them; And so is there the need for an understanding.

So the matter with things I can and cannot want. For once, to me, it is certainly true. As an autonomous being however, my mind exists in conditions that produce needs and desires – and those I can act on. So, functionally, it's irrelevant. In that sense, Clarity is only an epiphany that tells me something about how I function. So, what I mean by wanting is an emotional connection that allows me to say of a thing that it is a thing that

'I want'. That's how "the juice" flows. The mental energy or what we wanna call it. So, the things I aspire, for my heart to be content.

And that might ever only strengthen those biases of mine; Even if what I want may come across as rather one sided and at times a bit iffy. Or that it so comes, that realistic estimates or contributions or demands and such that I could produce are always warped by how strongly they relate to what I 'can want'. The problem so would be in being realistic, without openly admitting to things I 'can't want'. Because admitting to things I can't want creates discomfort. It's messed up! So is there that "tiara" ... or so whatever demands it re-enforces; Responding to which ... I'm probably of no real use to anyone.

Also me: #Useless Lesbian Brained

And so is there also that Clarification aspect to it. Which, by the way – if I haven't come to clarify – entails things such as snuff and mutilation. As I refer to it as a finishing, it is somehow implied within all of my Clarity. On the other hand it however also sucks away all the nuance there is to it. In as far as it becomes the sole focus of things. In as far as I so rely on my emotions to make sense of these things, there's like a point of no return beyond which the truth for me simply is that: every time I get used, might as well be the last – unless maybe I'm turned into furniture to whatever end beyond that. Functionally I thereby get accustomed to a set of emotions which establish a baseline for what I internally relate to as rape. And it raises and raises. So until I get to sleep, cool down and therefore get to lower the baseline. Where the physical conditions so have their own way of working with it.

One thing I can do, is to just focus away – so, on a thing that, when it comes to clarity, is emotionally perceivable and capable of providing a different baseline. Though it's still difficult sometimes to not get internally excited about ... things. Hmm ... OK, that ... may have been a little out of Character. But I suppose what all fallen Angels have in common is, that eventually, they landed.

And that's that. Eventually there's a whole wealth of things that are true ... a lot of which I'd easily dismiss because they don't really do anything for as far as my Clarity is concerned. Or so, at the time. To say, that what we are in real life, from day to day, in as far as you're able to see beyond a static routine, isn't about who we are already, but about becoming more of what we call our selves. So are our lives not confined to our Clarity, but our Clarity is confined to our selves. Give or take, I assume. It is truth ... and what we make of it is life. And in all that it's difficult to "not be complicit" with it (Clarity). And so, as always true, I really dig it. Which is also a truth.

... Now, reading through this again, I realize that here I started to ramble, mostly incomprehensibly. I sure tried to say something that makes sense – but I'm not sure if it's really worth saying. But to re-iterate:

While writing about my Clarity, I connect with it. Of that I get to express my emotions – and as it stands, I suppose I also become less attentive over how I formulate myself. The emotions I connect with further maintain themselves somehow and ever so often I get to add another layer. So, although it reads as "submission thing parallel to submission thing" – the effect is "submission ontop of submission" (immediate). At some point my mind then starts to so tune into more and more extreme expressions thereof. Until I'm effectively stuck thinking about the Clarification aspects – and I struggle with making sense of anything. Other than maybe expressing more and more of it.

And that's what happened here. To quote: "Though – it's just ... consequence, there is a relationship to my Clarity – in a way that's ... intrinsically ... separate. More or less. I mean ... there sure is like, a way into Clarity. Where, this idea of what we are is the product of some arbitrary picture exposed to the same set of rules. And pictures that have greater justification – or how to put it – do so to greater consequence, I would assume. But whatever, I suppose. That's however ... 'an escape'. Or a different direction – more to the point. Towards a place with different sensibilities.

I'm however still struggling a bit to wrap my head around it. What I'm trying to get at.

Well, I'm rambling. That's true for one. But this is also the part I was thinking to write about. And instead, from not really feeling it, I chilled out a bit. And now I don't really know what I'm on about. And it's weird, because so far I never gave it much thought." - end of Part 2

What I tried to say – effectively comes up later again. What I ended up rambling about was something totally different, but in the idea makes for a segue into that. That was the idea anyway. The gist of what I was rambling about, as I can still piece it together, is about how different parts of our selves have different relationships to the clarity at large. And then, mostly as part of the feedback from clarity, some of them have greater justification than others. And what I meant to lead into was about identities of mine that retain a certain degree of autonomy, suggesting those to be means by which I could yank myself out of that "Clarification Spiral" - but I suppose ... it didn't really work or at least did I not come to do it right.

PART 3 TURNING UP THE HEAT

But so is there this world. In my dream...world. It's like ... a normal world. It's like, here we just be and we're all pretty much equal. Not uniform, but ... we're like, having a normal life. I'd have a family and go to work. That kind of stuff. But we're still ourselves. So, I might be an office worker. And all of my colleagues would have some idea of what up with me – and so

These things are also of Original Script which also didn't have the whole political slant and was overall much more closely related to the end of the previous part. And the reason I got to be more diligent on the matter, stems from this.

for going for a drink after work, we'd rather be renting some room in some night club or whatever – where we'd be having some fun. Not all of my colleagues would be interested in that, but well, whatever. My family then also has ways of dealing with it – which is like, while being a whore wouldn't require a person to be into these things, to me it were more of a missed opportunity if ... my family would be left out of that.

Within Clarity now, this is however also more like a railway. So, there's this world – and the way it exists within the webbing, it's more like a track. Because, over all, there isn't really all that much special going on for me in there. Where it gets interesting were perhaps what line of work I'd engage in. That would change the dynamics. So, were I more just like a normal person or more like a famous person? And there are different ways to go about it. That's like, one way the track leads. To different places that are more or less equivalent concerning the place at large – though still different in their own right. On the other end is my family. Which is certainly one of the more complex hubs. But there's like a way in, from this angle – and with layers of abstractions everything can change ever so slightly into something else, until eventually it intersects with some other thing.

You may find yourself surprised about how these things can take shape. And while any specific ... let's call it: occurrence ... might not really mean all that much all things considered – they still leave an impression. So can a lot of these things just float around being rarely noticed – like, I barely care about any of it, usually – but ever so often they pop back in. So is it, I don't think, also not so important where what is or what the details are. It just so happens that every 'thing' has a place. Somehow.

When it comes to family, there are like ... three ... four ... a variety of different settings. So in terms of the relationships that it is composed of. Yet each of them has their own feel to it. Of course. So is family as in the aforementioned way a specific one. And so this layer in which my "male self" is getting feminized – surrounds a spot wherein I recognize my spouse crafting me into their mother. But regarding my spouse, there's just a lot of different things – because, why wouldn't we ...?

This has somewhat shifted since. So has this →the figment that is them ← ... I guess in timelessness: A way of getting me. Which is how that would go I think.

As for real life however, as it stands right now, I just really need or want someone to hug. To feel at home. To have the comforts of a sympathetic environment that can relate to me as to give me a place to even just be. No Clarity this or that's. Not that it wouldn't or couldn't or shouldn't matter – but that it doesn't matter for what I care about with this description.

It would come to matter eventually – and that because we are who we are.

But there's the thing, that makes me feel like I'm endlessly floating down a river that is never supposed to arrive at some destination. Or its destination. As of which I'd be forever stuck in this situation where I'll write and write – until I'd eventually give it up and find change to my life

that way. And however much has changed over the years ... it still seems to me as though I'm stuck.

But that definition of insanity can piss right off.

At the end of the day, you have to come to terms with the fact that some things you'll keep on doing, whether the outcome is always the same or not. Like taking a shit. But whatever

But so, in essence, my Clarity compels me in as far as there's an opportunity for it to unfold. Which I assume further heavily aligns with God's ways of aligning with the situation. So, my own state of mind, how well I understand the situation, what things I do and do not know to do the work I want to do. And I suppose, that the first real thing we can procure that makes sense regarding my ambitions, is Gnostic-Satanic Congregation. Whatever followed came down to our individual aspirations in as far as they attract/procure social momentum.

And where I see myself in that, isn't necessarily anywhere. But whatever works, works. And if things work in a way that may include me – there's one way to get me compelled.

Beyond that, there's a relatively broad array of places – perhaps just facades – that I can see myself in from my Clarity. Which I assume have to be places that exist between the various installments that have a more intimate link to me.

And one thing that keeps pushing into my head when I think of these things is, that we're not getting there without our individual backgrounds. And being optimistic, that implies that we can generally take whatever we find in this world – to, in a way, copy-paste it into what follows. Because, what point is there really to painstakingly go through a detailed step by step concept of how some kind of a Porn industry might manifest itself? The only reason to do so is rooted in the pessimism that only a fraction of who is in Porn would come in. Or that we couldn't adjust to our differences. Which may sure be a reasonable assumption, but it is also somewhat ... depressing. But so I guess the bottom line is, that we don't have to have it – but if there are enough that would, eventually we will.

Of that there's also a theoretical dynamic between things that come in from the outside, and things that emerge from the inside. Which I suppose boils down to a bit of a back and forth until something beautiful comes of it. And that's a reasonable interpretation for what to expect.

Hmm ... curious. I just wondered in how much coffee is something I do actually need urgently for my mind to be put in a state in which I can function within my contemporary conditions.

Well. I might just be an addict.

2 – Repetition for Progress

When it comes to my Religion, that subsection of it all that corresponds to me specifically, I'd say that to a large part it comes down to the veneration

So far it turns out that while I may at times be better off with less, I do however have what we may call a proclivity towards being lethargic – was my point I guess.

THORNS AND THISTLES

THE APOTHEOSIS OF SIN

Apotheosis, also called divinization or deification, is the glorification of a subject to divine levels and, commonly, the treatment of a human being, any other living thing, or an abstract idea in the likeness of a deity

Is it a thing? In as far as we have the ability, we can shape abstractions. The problem with those is, when they contradict with reality in ways that supersedes relevant truths. Relevant in any case is what the abstraction is to accomplish. As outside of that, it is inherent to abstractions that they contain superseding contradictions to truths.

And so there is Philosophy. Philosophy does create abstracts in the sense that it seeks to provide insight where there is none. Especially since we as individual pieces in a collective share different perspectives, this is helpful if not inevitable – and respectively has it been valued for God knows how long; Even if in forms that may themselves be abstract to our contemporary understanding. We might even go as far as to say, that it is the 'fire' of the mind.

One such philosophy is, that as being reborn in the Spirit – thusly redeemed from Sin – the Devil is no longer an entity I must fear. Considering that he further is an Angel who works by God's design; I might even recognize him/them/it as an ally.

If you read this however; And imply that all sin is therefore cool now, you probably didn't even reach the first step of that journey – nor has there, in all likelihood, been an attempt. And there, roughly speaking, is a Line Drawn in the Sand. Either you're on this side or on that side.

The problem here is of course that the idea is to abstract the Divine – and if you for instance were to take this book as an independent piece, removed from what this is actually a supplement to, you might try to recreate what is in there – not quite knowing; So the thought experiment; What that's all about. So even when trying to make an honest effort.

So, naturally the experience from God must come first – for it is only through that, that we can truly appreciate Him for who or what He is. And it is also only through that, that we can live the true Divine.

Outside of that, there is no design, no concept of life that I can adhere to. The best I could do is to adjust and endure.

So would the issue be, whether or not the Devil even has the ability to be an ally. Other than that, we might however treat it as a title perhaps. What matters however is, the Truth that the Divine maintains.

So have I had the opportunity to play around a little. We might start with the idea of "the Dark Father" - a.k.a. the 10 Commandments reversed into Doctrines of Sin. While I ascribe value to it, I might have to acknowledge that this is merely cognitive bias. The Truth is, that I have no use for it, no attachment to it; While overall it seems to seek to transcend into Darkness.

I would think however, that it is every Gnostic Satanist's Creed to make these kinds of experiences themselves. To seek out idols – as at the very least for the divine fragments that remain of them.

Idols in this sense are as totems. Prisms through which we acknowledge concepts that we seek to Worship. Confessions, we might say, of a primitive relationship to the Divine.

I would argue that it is nourishment – as fertilizer for our initial stages of Growth. And that is the primary lens through which to think of my attempts to formulate any kind of Dark Religion. To inspire thought – for it is not yet so that we could claim to have a valid grasp of these things.

And as "the Dark Father", I would think, these too (largely at least) eventually fade into the background. So at least my experience. I don't remember the details of the things I tried – and it is only now that I see some of the fragments highlighted within me. Not much to any point of intellectual reasoning; But merely as the feeling of the feeling; Like pieces of fruit in fruit-juice. The fruit is gone – but lives on in the Juice.

I mean, there would be 'that' kind. The other kind I still do Worship – and sometimes it's just out of habit; And other times it's for juice. One point however being, that the individual needs – as per Clarity for instance – evolve to higher standards; So that the primitivistic submission to ideas and concepts can be alive within us to our comfort. And this is certainly a fine symbol for how Life is greater than the Law.

Neither one can do on its own – and so is each a part of the other.

REJOYCE AS BENEFIT FROM THE DEMISE OF OUR SPECIES! HELLFIRE LIGHT! HELLFIRE NIGHT! PROTECTED SANCTITY AND EXALTED MY UNHOLINESS! of female submission. And on top of it all is the Mother that submits her daughters to the male desires. And depending on which one we're talking about, she's either above or below a hierarchy of Dominatrixes and possibly other slaves. Within this body of Religion, one idea is, that submission is only finite in as far as there's a finite amount of individuals that could by all means be part of the hierarchy. So, the pivotal mother-daughter dichotomy implies a 'slave of a slave' type of situation that perpetuates itself through the ages. Well. Anyway is there so the daughter and slave who eventually becomes a slave and mother to breed the next generation. At least is this a symbolic image for the condition of the slaves in this; And the concept of breeding is not entirely aligned to the concept of Motherhood in there.

I here assume that one is to first of all look past an exact interpretation of the word; And to then find the 'right distance'. And those that embrace the bonds – embraced by them – are part of its true Life.

The Glory of the Moon thereby, I think, is hereby primarily concerned of the prostitution of minors. At least that's the vibe I'm catching, while the place of my Trainer were ... part Club, part Institute, part Zoo ... ~ish for all things pivotal to the ways in which we (Satanists) Love.

And yea. That's like ... 'the Glory' of it. Or so: Somewhere in there. And ... in as far as the Glory of the Moon is really open about the prostitution of minors – it's overall very rapey and very possessive. In as far as that creates a framework, the framework applied to individuals of age could be considered as patronizing, or abductive. Which is a rather simple and internally consistent theme; And in a way: Second home for me. But more so in a first home kind of way.

Now, it may be fine to say that on the one hand this is fantasy/paradise stuff and on the other works just as fine if the "children" are actually adults – but there are a few things I want to slap on the table, as I've partially done already.





3 – Growth and Knowledge

So, yes: Human resources aren't necessarily 'easy' resources. Especially so then in this context where most of an individual is the resource, implying much of their internal/emotional essence. So yea, it does take a particular mindset – where the question of age is certainly an interesting one. So I understand at least. Well ... I can here also speak of experience – although just with limited insight. I mean, I didn't get sexually abused as a child – so, I can't really speak to that side of the narrative. Outside of certain assumptions.

Before however speaking of abuse, I want to think of the individual. Yes – so we may finally "think about the Children!". So is it my hypothesis, that kids have a subconscious link to

their maturing mind. Not in the sense that we're at any rate 'complete', but more in the sense of being prone to certain decisions that we'd make.

And so of course there's the issue between letting an individual figure themselves out – and helping them to do so. It's like ... the Gay/Trans issue. As for how I see myself, well, I understand myself to be a late bloomer. So in the sense that the essence of my female self manifests within a more or less settled degree of maturity – and everything up unto that point is more or less chaotic. There is a very strong root of that female self, but most of that is sensual. So would my young self have a very easy time adopting a male likeness (intellectually) – although still strongly "penetrated" ... hmm permeated, pervaded by the female self.

Which is a more elaborate way of saying that "I always knew that I'm a woman/trans"; Trying to however deliver the meaning of how I think this to be an inevitable conclusion to my development. And whatever misconceptions might exist, then contend with what I consider to be true. Which is, that whatever likenesses I might adapt growing up are at the end of the day just chaff re-entering "the cycle of life". While I can, naturally, appreciate or cherish whatever I ended up enjoying about it, there's however also the other side to that. And also is there a bunch of stuff I didn't enjoy. Times where I in the sense of the phrase 'didn't have a life'. And because I have no direct comparison it is somewhat difficult to say "which way" I'd have enjoyed more – and of which one I'd have more for myself now. "After the fact".

So, this isn't to say that I should have been prostituted from a young age on. Though I guess by the time I entered fifth grade – I didn't really understand life anymore. Probably because all the fantasies of how I'd be introduced to sex – educationally – were just fantasies. Or whatever.

But more to the point is this about introducing you to the concept of "probing" a child for their present tendencies. As for a simple start. It's like ... the opposite or alternative to shoving your child through an elaborate training program in the hopes something you want comes out at the other end of it. Which is something that 'I' would call child abuse.

So, my theory then is curious of methods to conduct this probing. We'd have to learn about which methods are suitable for which age – and also about how to read the results. One idea, in theory, would be a large mall-like hall of sorts in which there are toys and various items of potential interest. We could make it like ... a birthday thing. So, the child gets to roam around – and pick favorites. Eventually, so I think, the issue of priming would be of significance – for, children are also rather simple; And if we hide something away in some corner without at least dropping a hint that something like that is there, while maybe also constantly riffing against it, we're not really doing them a favor. So could there be a book of sorts – like a catalog. Or a set of books – like ... a sample collection relative to certain themes. Also do I think that we shouldn't expect a child to be free of distractions. So, we'd eventually have to differentiate between 'toys' that speak to the child's contemporary situation and 'things' that speak to it more deeply. So, it's not necessarily that simple, maybe it's a

Being "as Children" does certainly do a number on the concept of "growing up" (and out of it) – and can be seen as an emphasis on the human soul and its eternal development.

There's a chance, I say, that I wouldn't have chosen to transition – as to move on with my puberty. Most likely dependent on the circumstances.

#Settle with Realistic Expectations

fluke. Which is eventually where adults, that have chosen a certain path, can deliver us some insight about what things to maybe look for. I mean, the more consistently we hear stories that some childhood passion or whatever remained with them for life – there's probably something to it. The more we heard stories to the contrary, the more that has to factor into our understanding too.

But suppose a child gets really stuck on that "BDSM catalog" - or say, a pink and black striped wallpaper with the picture of shackles on it - there then is that very sensitive question of how to read it, or rather ... what to make of it. So would I again think of the mature folks with stories that align - but overall we'd little by little develop an understanding of what's going on. Patterns perhaps that prove to be consistent. So in the sense that a child that is magically drawn to computers or a certain game ... may eventually be making something of it. Even if it takes time. Like, I mean, the age at which I was drawn to X-Com may not have been the right age just yet; But somehow got magically stuck in the circumstances.

And for however lucky I was, I suppose there are a lot that weren't.

"Dun-dun. Dun-din-dunnn. Duuuuuuuuuuun dun-dun"

But so, the thing. How would we then go about introducing a child to the things it is drawn to, if they so happen to be ... sexual? I don't know. However, supposing that there is knowledge and understanding to be found, we can then go and look at the other side. The abuse. That, because we'd have to be interested in it as well. And there's probably a lot going on there. Abuse so is one thing, whether the child has the sexual tendencies we're thinking of here, is another. I would assume that abuse of any kind leads to an unhealthy relationship with a corresponding thing. Whether it would align with the final individuals interests or not. But what we so would end up creating, is a go to place for all things round and about. Helping with the good and the bad of it all. Whether they belong or not – and what we might do either way.

Another good argument for these things is, that it would help individuals understand themselves before they get trapped by it. It's a little bit like with drugs, or the illegality of otherwise good drugs. The story however goes, that the illegality creates criminally charged and isolated environments – so that the consumption of those drugs aligns the consumers with them. And that then is the true issue with "gateway drugs", where it isn't as much the drug itself – but the environment. Though, if you happen to enjoy Reggae or Trance ... one way or another you already got a foot in an environment. For better or worse.

But yes. Mothers I do recall that I did have a mother fixation of sorts. But, not on my own. But I know that from a very young age I had this attraction towards that one woman – and here and there she oozed into my fantasies. And at some point she became a bit of an avatar for this concept of ... "maybe it would have been better for me if I had been raised sexually".



Like, what is a proper slut but someone who's intrinsically drawn to ... being more of a sex-object than whatever high pitched values or virtues one might put up with in the healthy normal of society? Not to be demeaning. It is certainly justified to be on the fence about it. Both ways however. At the end of the day I also don't think that it's much of a gender thing. It's a subset of womanhood – a.k.a. a feminine trait that is however not intrinsically a part of any sex or gender; And in certain conditions also gels with masculine traits.

And so I would think of conditioning.

At first maybe however ... for society at large.

I mean, so do we have certain preconceived notions – and that for good reasons. And folks who then casually argue for earthly grooming don't really make it any better.

And whether or not "it has worked in the past" is questionable. There certainly is something about "the freedoms we didn't know we had".

But eventually we also have to understand that we sometimes see flaws where there aren't any. And sometimes that makes things worse. I mean, if your child turned out to be gay and you went on to kick them out of the house – you're the one putting them into a bad position for making reasonable life choices. If you associate homosexuality to AIDS and heroin it might be better to value education and a stable home.

Which should be at any rate one thing to strive for.

And sure – given how bad we are sometimes at pretty much anything, I don't blame anyone for expecting the worse and siding with caution.

Ironically however, I must suppose that a child with strong sexual tendencies has an easier time to stay at home than a more independent one. So will the sexual child favor the comfort of home and sooner rather than later neglect those tendencies in behalf of the natural conditions. But don't take my word for it.

What I am rather certain about however is, that sometimes too much caution is inadvisable. And so the question at hand might best be answered by: How would a society that does at large engage in the occasional orgy and the likes go about raising their children?

I mean, sure. It's a hypothetical which presupposes that it can be done – but assuming that a part of us might develop into that direction, it's still a good question.

One finger, two fingers, three fingers. First hole, second hole and possibly a third hole – seems ... like one way to start and possibly move on.

Eventually add some "clothes" or possibly ropes ... until eventually the time has come.

In as far as what's inevitable is inevitable, it's inevitable!

And a part of me that isn't sorry – has to ask: What else is the point? What's the point of growing up with Dreams that may not be?

As a spin on "the Allegory of Cave" also known as "Plato's Cave" specifically more applied to gender roles and sexuality in respective environmental and cultural norms - I think this phrase to open a door for introspection and discussion.

make F***ing stupid "decisions".

Even if it might not seem that way, there is wealth of knowledge and wisdom when it comes to these things. And yet are we required to there isn't really an stumble around in the dark as we explore our feelings; As basic and "old enough" to not fundamental knowledge we'd require is hidden away like twisted secrets.

So am I somehow supposed to know ... something. But how?

There's a dream that I've had ... for instance ... which I had as a child or youngster or teen, hard to tell ... which in all simplicity is an 'abducted into a sex dungeon' story - which to my at the time male perspective also involved a 'being turned into a female' part. It also wasn't grim or dark. The center piece then was a garden of sorts - within a hall of sorts - where there was a tree in the wall or something - yet so a wall overgrown with vines. And somewhat above the ground, somehow tied to the tree, a woman that I saw for myself.

At some point this dream also mingled with fantasy. So, I'm not sure which is which. Overall - to my understanding - there isn't much of a difference between the two. I get abducted and prepared for sale. I suppose the only difference is that the dream ended with someone arriving to save me; Which to my fantasy were the right one to buy me. Which at times may also be the family that organized the abduction in the first place. And eventually I so started to think less about a Garden and more about an actual dungeon of sorts.

And to me the age at which this dream came to me doesn't matter. It's not like I have a good reference for these things either. What I do know is that for some time I had forgotten about that dream. But eventually it flared up again. And I'm sure the first part was before I entered the ninedom or even got baptized.

The thing is – it all bleeds together somehow. As a child I already had those kinds of fantasies. I know quite well that I at times lacked the concept of what my mind was dreaming about. Me on my knees surrounded by boys with their dicks out? Well - the only thing I knew about dick was that they're used for pissing. So - I was a bit confused by that. Why would that come into my head? And sure – it didn't take me too long to figure that piss is somewhat nasty and that was that for that.

But yes. I suppose it's just fair that I'm a bit hard on you - concerning that otherwise my concerns over your feelings might put a dent into my honesty.

And yes. There's a place in my Clarity for that fantasy. There so is a secondary family - I would think, in the background of my Second Crest Invocation. Eventually there they'd get to be my 'actual' - though still 'secondary' - family - though that's a bit beside the point of me growing up there to be sold as a Sex-Slave (back into my primary one for instance).

Within my primary family I suppose we're a bit more casual with those types of things. I mean, eventually I'd get 18 and someone else might make better use of me at that point. Who knows? It's certainly Kinky. And a part of me is in love with that kind of stuff. I mean, thinking about it gives me that feeling It's like Cupid rammed a needle through my heart, pinning me thoroughly into the bed of a stranger – or ... whatever – craving my own exploitation.

But I mean, there's ... let's call it "Mama's Comb" - as some kind of Occam's Razor. The general gist of it being, that the configuration of a thing relativizes its quality. So, when I think of getting abducted - I think of a set of things which overall let me fancy it. Part of it is a feeling that for the sake of argument is intrinsic to all abduction. If I so were to just get abducted by some random entity, we can say that the configuration of how I would experience this abduction is also random. And so the configuration I desire isn't a given. I might however get told that I might make it yet so in my head - and so without the real experience I might do so; However again implying a set of conditions that could comfort my fancy. Overall the issue can be argued as being one of abduction versus liberation. Functionally the two can be identical - but whether it's this or that still makes a difference.

4 - Deprived Degeneracy?

Well – ever so often I manage to express myself in a way that allows me to

recognize my deeper motions to be inadequate.



Artist: Sleepygimp

I tried to – or did – previously hack as much into a sentence or two, but sometimes that doesn't really deliver the point too well. Thinking about: When things are good enough, it's better to just enjoy than crying for more.

And so are desires twofold, being itself an at times inadequate word to describe what I'm trying to suggest. Yet, well, it describes an inner tension towards something that isn't there. And sometimes we know what we desire – and sometimes we just think we know.

Sometimes the things we desire are real; And other times they are not. But so the one has a concrete subject matter – and the other Hmm ... wait. Maybe I'm getting things mixed up, as in: Some desires I may want, others not.

Wanting Well. It certainly feels good to find something that I can want that doesn't make me feel like a mutilated stub. I mean ... I was just thinking of where my wanting would take me – and thinking of [vague] I felt it expanding down my body – putting



me squarely into stockings and shackles around my ankles and a strong comfort within a desire of submission. It may not sound like much – but compared to how I ordinary feel about myself ... when it comes to wanting – it's been a relief. A fleeting one however, because now I'm back to writing.

Some desires I have ... but wanting them is difficult. I mean – one of the first things concerns my eyes. Stretching out into this state of submission – they eventually start to feel like black holes and some crisp sense of satisfaction from their absence. In of the simpler fantasies that turn me on I'm mutilated from knees and elbows down. My alignment to those things is that I don't necessarily need them – though they may at times complicate things even. Then a blown up belly – and eventually something poking into my brain. It may just be a stress-relief reaction – like, just wanting to fall over and be done with things.

Sometimes my fingers ache – and I get positive vibes from thinking about losing them. But then it's good that I can't really want those things. It kinda gives me hope in a life where I might find value in being complete.

So should the matter of Deprivation possibly have me reflect about how my life currently is deprived. Deprived of things ... that make me feel alive. For, what's the best I can do? Enjoying the sun is cool, but it's winter now.

And knowing what I know ... I probably should take some rest. Like, yup. Another 12 hours passed. But I can't help it. Working on this document ... it's just ... something else!

And oh my! Do I love that Collar!!! It's somehow agonizing. Incapacitating. Though some might say: Not real!

But well. Rest taken ... I'm supposed to tell you more about "the thing". Well ... [internally laughing] ... the one moment I'm like "oh, I can take a distanced position" - then I take a brief look around and I'm like drowning. And drowning is a good term here actually.

So do I have brief glimpses of this "sober mind" that might take a "distanced approach" - and ... heck. It's like, if I could get a proper handle of "what that's like" I might be able to actually ... do that instead of drowning.

So, it probably doesn't matter. As far as real life is concerned; I totally don't know what this could be about, other than my struggle to reconcile my nature with suggestive alternatives. "And while (those) might be enough to be or "remain" a prostitute – it's not where my mind is at".

And eventually I can't really tell you 'the emotion'. Other than that there's a state of existence – somewhere at the end of drowning – that most corresponds to what I consider well-being. And as for what that might be – and for how long it would last – I have to make up to the circumstances.

So would I argue, that the matters of deprivation - and degeneracy for that matter - are relative terms. Being deprived of comforts takes one into a state of distress. Eventually, so the story goes, we adjust and learn to deal with it. And that might be OK if we're talking about essentially just assets. Like, your precious car breaking down so you have to go back to a life without the comfort of having it for a while. Let's call that a horizontal transition. Then we may look at Luke Skywalker, where we have more of a vertical transition. Life as he knew it broke down and moving on required him to adjust to fundamentally different conditions. And when it comes to hero's tales like that, we usually have a beneficially vertical transition. So the whole "hidden talents" arc, where the change it what provides the circumstances for the individual to grow to their 'full potential' - as to so connect with those inner truths, or capabilities, in a way previously not possible. But so are then also detrimentally vertical transitions. I would think of the ... "hero gets trapped in a fake world" type of situations. So they're like told that having a normal life and all that is actually good - but possibly they realize somehow that this isn't them. Or they do so voluntarily, perhaps because something happened. And that eventually can go either way. Maybe they unlock a hidden passion (retirement arc). Perhaps everything about it sucks (sequel bait/reassembly). Or it really is just another way of doing the existing. So here the protagonist would end up doing more or less the same - but perhaps their boss or colleagues suck or they miss having an actual purpose, whatever.

But that's also that. And I wonder: Do you know what I'm on about here? Maybe I'll get to it – but – the script says: Nope!

And so I've had to think and ponder – while a lot of this chapter is just happenstance. So, when I try to rationally make a case on this matter, stuff like the previous paragraph comes out. 'At best'. So, depending on how much I stress to get to the point; As the point itself does barely compute rationally.

So, eventually I came to settle on a poorly formulated thing; And therein I regard that I think that Kink of any capacity may be somewhat beyond the 'rational mind'. Suggesting that it's inherently about breaking Taboos, so that people who 'are Kinky' must be driven by some need to search for Taboos to break. So the "more and more" argument. But a Kink is rather a condition that exists against ... let's call it 'the convention'. Be it as vanilla as restraints and spankings. It so is to me at least, that there isn't a search for more – but that there just are Kinks that are less vanilla than others. And so people who are unable to relate to that is what is weird to me. And me trying to adopt a rational stance to maybe bridge the gap doesn't necessarily help.

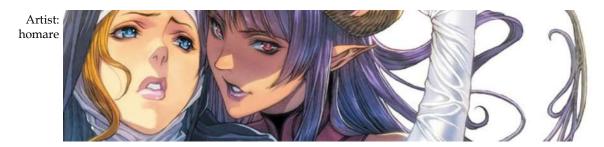
And so am I here as torn between the two extremes. Though here I replace that part with something more comprehensive.

So are there however different feelings. There's "the fire", there's "the water". Now "it" feels like a contusion as I feel like boxed into too narrow a space – and those feelings aren't necessarily a matter of very specific conditions. Maybe you can relate to THAT.

Eventually terms such as 'deprivation' might also be of disservice to what I'm trying to say. One concern is that people may think that what I want may be depriving; And while I can only confirm that – in both: The positive and the negative – I feel like I don't need to say that the negative exists also; But that that's beside the point.

So eventually I get hung up on feelings that I don't know how to explain; And the formulations of the attempts that follow. But maybe so: There's a wealth of experiences, feelings and emotions that exists within states of deprivation – as maybe even melancholy – whereby I fail to see that deprivation as a negative if I have no real desire (will or motivation, as per (the lack of) (attractive) alternatives) to be more 'free' or whatever. So: as I only care about 'the feeling' - I'm where I want to be if I have it.

And it almost feels like molestation; So I can even get angry over myself; When there's an insistence to "snap out of it". It strikes a nerve as once I entertain the idea I embark onto a pointless quest to find things that aren't there. I mean – this isn't of a depression or performative self-harm. Not that for as far as I could tell anyway!



5 – Let there be ... Fire!

Being as an Android or mere Sex-Doll is in a sense the end-game of this Depravity. My second Seal is thereby a setup towards that end. A requirement thereto is that I waive my personal rights; Which would have me exist beyond (certain) humanitarian concerns. And thereby I do envision or rationalize the brain-chip as a tool.

In that regard – some aspects are absolutes and others are ultimates (so in the form of conditional 'walls' - we might say - that I run into). So is the Light no static force, but an extension of God's will.

The Brain-chip so does allow for a sense of programming, I feel. A part of it is laid out in me already (anatomically) – and another part, I guess we can say: Interferes with my passive understanding of myself, such that my own expressive freedom realizes itself (is channeled through) a set of imposed hypotheticals. And I'd argue that this also implies how I am to read (abstract) the things I enjoy. At least to some capacity.

Also do I feel that there's a certain resistance to discourage me from acting against tendencies to break Character – and on the flip-side I experience pleasure from being complicit. A part of that interacts with my 'Kinks' and another is a more direct engagement with the Light.

So is 'being an android/sex-toy' a very real thing to me. Though it may at the end of the day just be an abstract – such as window dressing put onto a circumstance – the point stands that it describes a condition in which I don't engage with people as an individual; But rather through a set of ideas that is implicated upon my sexual submission, or so: the way I enjoy sex. In other words: It is what it is.

And to some concerns – it's Brainwashing or at least closely related to it. That however in accordance with what I enjoy and the extent to which I can I can adjust.

And if you think that's like every slut/hoe/whatever ever – yea ... it does go into that general direction, like so, the whole of what I've been trying to tell you so far, give or take.

Like so do I only choose to use different words, terms and descriptions for "I'm a whore" than just "I'm a whore", to mix things up a little – as how else am I going to fill 200+ pages?

But kidding aside, there certainly is this very simple description of things – and depending on who's asking, so in the abstract, I'm diversifying it a little in the one or the other way. And for the most part there isn't a lot to it – again, depending on what one is concerned about.

Clarity however maintains a certain form; And by emphasizing this or that I can even stretch beyond. And while some of them are inter-personal, others are individualistic. Overall this creates harmony – and magic aside, helps or makes me be who I want to be. More so than I could on my own.

Maybe then I've put the cart before the horse – as we might also say that it is through this android/doll angle that deprivation is eventually implicated. Either might further be implicated from being a whore; And one good reason for it all to be that way is: Because we can. I certainly don't have a need to question it.

Woven into it is also – we might call it 'Sex with the Light'; As life with the Divine certainly implicates interactions invoking the deepest parts of our selves. And to me at least that doesn't involve an extensive intellectual discussion, as the things that matter to me are emotional. And for all I care, the Light has settled with that. So what insights I share here might be taken as a hollow representation of how sluts be – though to me they emerge from a deeper caress of my being by the Light. At times I might refer to that – or the effect – as LUST, some might call it 'Sensuality'; But overall it's also just Clarity.

So, being a Whore to me implies as much as that I'm willing to be a Sex-Toy – yet that is perhaps already too specific for someone else who fancies serving as one. And overall maybe not specific enough. A Sex-Toy might be someone who can magically read what kind of stuff you're into – or just so happens to be that way. My relationship to 'being a Person' is however somewhat apathetic; And in that sense I also think about absolute submission when it comes to it. So, absolute submission in that sense would read as devote to the mortal mind. Or so do I partake of the blissful Light in sexual submission. All the various insignia, like collar and shackles, are ... effectively carriers of that link.

So ... I guess from being able to enjoy getting fucked there's the potential to desire getting fucked. From there is the state of satisfaction while getting fucked – and the understanding, or idea, that it is my purpose to get fucked (or let myself get fucked) is as an enhancement to those potentials. If I didn't like that idea, I probably wouldn't get much out of it; And that could be like a first difference. So would the idea not change that you could enjoy getting fucked, but you couldn't identify with the idea that you have to. As I however like the idea, I can identify with the idea that I have to. Or, furthermore, am brainwashed into doing so. The latter only takes it to another level. So is it to me less of an obligation and more of a fact of life. As forged into my essence. Literally.

Now, some folks might get hung up on this concept of Brainwashing – as torn out of the context of Clarity. That ... may be bothersome and you wouldn't have me disagree with whatever concerns could be brought up there. Worries of that manner are certainly floating around somewhere in my reluctance when it comes to the world we live in. I'd argue that it's not the same however – it might also just be fantasy or 'assisted self-delusion' ... we might call it.

6 - And then there was ... Inferno!

When I so picture myself, in paradise, in a position that were to respect my status quo, it'd always signify that I'm a sex-slave (visually). So to the point that I am someone's property; And your standing with the person that owns me might give you an in on the subsequent fun time.

I guess that we could so equate that to maintaining a sense of immersion. But more to the point is it a willful embrace of certain truths. In that regard then, freedom comes with the permission to do so. This then isn't as much about legislation, but about our social conditions. And on the other side is what we might call 'the audacity'.

This is of us to say: "it is so!", in the sense that we thereby communicate that we expect acceptance. And such will most definitely devolve into a shitshow if it must!

What here shoves into my mind, is a Hentai "movie" (two episodes), that I know by the name of "23 year old female". I don't know if I ever really took the time to watch them. I'm sure I did, but I barely remember the details. Perhaps because the movie starts off, sending my mind straight into short-circuiting. Thereby, there's so the extreme we could take things to – and a part of me may not have been able to deal with that.

The bottom line would be places – a specific city perhaps – where one could put on certain things, that would signal a request to get abducted. That so by perfect strangers, without any communication or the likes. So, one step or so beyond organizing a surprise abduction via some service. Like Rape Culture, but civilized.

So yea. It wouldn't be easy to really get down with that. I'd think. It's a saturation issue; I'd say. And perhaps would require one to take certain

precautions to reduce the chance for false conclusions on the outside – while the abductors so could confirm that the understood thing is happening; But how safe could that really be? I'd wonder. It's not practical! I'd argue!

So, the movie starts with a woman on a fully packed train. Two guys approach her and start to grope her right there on the spot – going further and further until they eventually take her with them. From skipping through the material I gather that eventually she returns to her former life, but is at that point wound up in that relationship.

I would reject the idea because it seems to be an outlandish proposal. Based on what is described so far however, there's also the matter of the Public and the issue with the Light's presence. It so would be realistic or not actually all that outlandish, once we got to the point – as a collective – that we can comfortably rely on the Light's presence. So, if an abduction is happening and everyone who sees it feels all warm and fuzzy inside – there's no need to bother. And that's generally ... the high end of it.

The next step up from that, well – is then taking us to the full glory of the realm of darkness in as far as I could realistically propose here. So, thinking of death wishes and child abuse.



Satan's Hollow (Issue #2) Title Page

7 - And now ... Marshmallows

So yes. The answer is surprisingly easy once the conditions allow for it. Whether they do or not – well, is a different story. And now the story is not that I can dream on as I set my sails to be carried away into the wildest of my fantasies. Because that's not what this has been all about.

And so, once more, there's an ending of sorts; Though technically there are still a few things open.

First on the list: Enslavement.

First of all, it is a term I throw around to describe a feeling. Pretty much everything here starts as a feeling. And somehow twisted into the matters here is the problem of translating them into an understanding. And while I would accuse others of misunderstanding things – reading too much into this or that perhaps – the very same still applies to me, going through this process. I assume: The cliché doesn't come out of nowhere.

So do I have a feeling which to me is an understanding, yet I think it's not too different from a cliché Christian's fear of the world. The feeling, that is. Though to me it is enticing; And that in how it relates to things I do very well have a good enough understanding of.

And so, true enough: Eventually however, the feeling became the truth.

But so I don't want to delve too deep into what I accuse others of. Or what I think or believe others think or believe. But eventually there's a feeling that happens to be more or less common sense. Captured in this nasty word: Temptation. And perhaps it is just the sexual essence floating around in the Astair – as how it relates to what people might call: "the forbidden fruits".

And I don't necessarily have all the answers. What can I say? "It's not what it looks like!"? But maybe it is. I mean, sometimes we're just stupid. And sometimes the lines between truths and lies get a bit blurry. So is 'what' a thing looks like also ever so often a matter of perspective. And also are there things that look alike but aren't quite the same.

But OK. So, enslavement is a feeling. And as per Mama's Comb it's not to be mistaken for whatever random outcome enslavement might yield. And what exactly it means to me – also depends at times. So, one up from being just a feeling, it's a relationship. Which is also a thing that applies to most if not all things here.

I mean, relationships are inevitable. And Sex – in and of itself – is pretty much impossible without it. But most, if not everything, in our society can be described in relationships. And therein we may find a couple of shortcomings with the modern age. Money and Wealth have made it way too easy to distance ourselves from the relationships upon which it is built.

And so can quite as much be expressed in terms of money. Be it some service or utility, a commodity, right or duty. And so the issue with education or even family matters – ever so often becomes a cost:gain equation. But that aside is there the distance. The distance also comes as a matter of how many we've become. And what we know from the news reflects on what we would expect of the individual; And the only answer we have to any question of what we might do eventually boils down to: Funding.

And ultimately ... also the universe itself ... functions on relativity.

And in as far as I see Love and Affection in those relationships I acknowledge as 'enslavement' - I see my needs, dreams and/or wishes accommodated. And yes. So we can make the jump from accommodation to environments and conditions. That sure would be 'a' next part - taking us to eventually required assets. But that eventually then can again be

reduced to relationships. Where sure: In some sense relationships can be equated to currency. As derived from the term: 'current' (present and flow). And possibly also 'occurrence'.

So, enslavement is a relationship. And one up from that, it is a condition. One that is at first described as a feeling, that is also a relationship. On top of that there are however rules. And with that, we really come to the meat of a lot of what I've been writing about. Well, rules, absolutes, reenforcers, anatomy – they are all just flavors of each other. But they are also at the backbone of what 'makes' those feelings.

Well, right now I have feelings. One reminds me of a passage in that Shiniez comic now called Sunstone. Previously it was called Lisa & Abby or something. At some point it there goes over a person's past bad experience because his or her girlfriend bondaged herself to a bad – meant as a surprise – but using tightening knots the rope eventually got too tight and suppressed the blood-flow to the hands. And not knowing how to write about that here, I thought to skip on it – but then one of my feet resting for too long on the other gave me some feeling of numbness, but not the kind I'd ordinarily get. Reminded me of that story again.

But yea. BDSM. Another thing to keep in mind is when releasing someone from one of those Andrew's crosses (X) one is to undo the feet first – for if the person were to fall over if you released the hands first ... bad things can happen.

And so there are those kinds of rules. Like: Don't drink and drive. They exist for good reason – because: Just because a thing isn't meant to be dangerous ... doesn't mean it can't be.

Anyway. I can try to explain to you what feeling I get out of 'enslavement'. But if you can't relate to those conditions as positives – I'd eventually be wasting my time. But well. When it comes to BDSM, one word that is dropped somewhat frequently is 'trust'. So is there an understanding of trust that can be derived from matters of bondage and submission. And I assume it's because it seems somewhat ... around the corner or counter-intuitive that it's called a Kink. So are bondage and submission not necessary when it comes to matters of trust – and it might be disrespectful to require as much.

And so is a submission Kink a bit more into the other direction. So does the sub hand over reign – and the dom/me is to handle that responsibly. And eventually that responsibility also entails a certain kind of harshness. Or 'sadism'.

But so, enslavement is a condition. And sometimes I'm not quite sure which of the conditions I'm wound up in are of my own, and which are imparted upon me. Eventually it shouldn't matter too much. Between the kink of submission and the kink of dominance there's a common denominator – God – and so the Clarity of either were a bit of both. Ultimately the two don't really diverge from each other all that much either. And naturally – what concerns one might have, trying to keep God out of the picture, are resolved within matters such as trust. Which is also why some might consider BDSM to be the superior form of Love.

I mean, it probably sounds weird to people when someone has a Kink like ... wanting to get treated like shit. Like an ordinary submission Kink for all one might care. That however doesn't say that the person 'is' literal shit. I mean, you wouldn't do to a sub that wants to get treated like shit the same you'd do to a turd on the ground. That because a turd is a turd and a human being is a human being.

So does the human being have needs and desires. One or some of them being expressed in these manners. Feelings. Relationships. Conditions.

And I get some confused vibes from the term of 'Conditions'. Feelings and Relationships are fine I think. And what might be confusing is that the matter of condition would seem to impose rules upon the relationship, changing its configuration and subsequently the feeling itself. And that may in part be why it's complicated to really express the implied conditions. They aren't as much there to impose a rule upon the individuals as they are the expression of the relationship. An expression that can be tied to rules. Rules that comply with the given expectations. And I don't know how common this would be, but, I for my part would assume that the matter of rules is usually a more flexible one. Or so the "good girl/bad girl" situation. Which however eventually devolves into stories of their own.



Artist: san

But so would there be the or another kind of condition – a.k.a. mine. So as per the "good girl/bad girl" situation; Is there the matter of being a bad girl. A.k.a. defiant of the rules, existing in transgression of the expectations – however we wanted to call it. So, a condition that solicits correctional measures – which so has the sub, i.e. me, put into a place – of servitude per chance. In other words is it thereby human nature that creates a dynamic back and forth through which the relationship is being cultivated. If the sub were to then just say 'nope' - the whole thing were mute. It's ... eventually really just that simple.

If the relationship so gives them what they want, yea. That.

I mean, that was a bad example for – a person who is into submission wouldn't really feel offended from being treated accordingly. ~ish. And if troubles occur, well. That would possibly follow the same principles as any other relationship. Nothing is anyone's fault but still everyone is the worse and so the story goes.

Also does the Kink eventually exist on a spectrum. So, getting hogtied for a fuckfest were on the one extreme end of it – and whether or not that could be a first date kind of situation would depend on the subs history; Though when it comes to the 'relationship' itself it probably wouldn't do/add all that much. On the other end there would be stuff like, giving commands, groping or ... how to call it?

Body inspection? So, moving the subs head for instance. So, simple gestures.

So are these, neither the other end of the spectrum, really 'conditions'. The conditions are, as with the gestures at least, implied.

And so is Clarity, as something between an expression and a truth effective within the individual, procuring certain conditions. And the way I see it – we can still one up this. To say: Legislatively.

I mean, it started as a silly idea. And back then I didn't have the political fine-tuning I have now; So, it sounds even more silly now. Sure could we argue that we also allow marriage – which is roughly the same – but not quite.

My concern there being, to legally recognize slavery ... again. Well ... "There are no Slaves in Zion". Which I can take two ways. That Zion would be descriptive of sanctuary towns akin to that ... "normal life world" perhaps. Generally however I thought of it as a statement to say that what we/I speak of is 'absolute' slavery and not 'ultimate' slavery.

Becoming a proper sex slave thereby, as the phrasing suggests, is to me a process. Most pivotal thereby the individual's waiving on personal rights. And I strongly suggest that the individual thereto will also need a Master. Beyond that point then, the individual is to be recognized as sub-human. Which is to say that within the confines of society, they are no longer valid humans. This would for instance concern our sensitivities regarding what we'd consider normal or granted in the normal sense, granting their master full reign over what is and isn't allowed concerning that person. Well, is it still a person? I suppose in as far as we could maintain environments that were to override these rules ... there's certainly the potential. But effectively the idea is still – as the respective right suggests – that personhood is stripped away from them.

The process leading up to that were to make sure that it is in-deed wanted, eventually culminating in a perfectly private moment of finality which then takes shape in how the Light does its thing so that it can be recognized by corresponding officials. After the fact.

So, we wouldn't even need paperwork – but, I suppose in the spirit of being as children we can agree that paperwork can also be fun.

What follows is then whatever.

However, what the Slave is or can be still depends on what the relationship can deliver. And the Light helps us thereby. Which, obviously, is what the gist of my argument – should there be a need for such – were to revolve around.

Effectively the concept however suggests that as Clarity affects an individual relationship, it may also permeate society. To a varying range of effects. This would entail an interactive side where the Light

individually adjusts to the condition – and a static side, where everyone had their own way to relate to certain conditions.

And so what starts as an individual relationship, eventually begins in a more or less closed society; Is thereby however part of a culture that also happens to be part of a greater whole. And whatever boundaries we thereby maintain within ourselves, they only concern ourselves within the

greater whole; The Light however is omnipresent.





ENSLAVEMENT

Though technically true, that Clarity is just an abstraction, it still presents itself to the mind as true – and in that isn't much different to creation at large.

Our beliefs are thereby the arbiter of what we deem "the right way" of things. The right interpretation, "the right reality" - so, that by which we select a layer of abstraction for ourselves. And the quality of the layer or layers we "believe in" ... well. I wasn't trying to talk about religion. I was trying to talk about our individual or shared concept and/or understanding of reality at large.

So, if we believe in the right things – we see things in the right light. And eventually that's not a binary condition – but a life-long endeavor.

In the, or an, abstract then – we're all enslaved. We're slaves of our conditions, slaves to the laws of physics; And unable to escape what God imposed upon us.

But still is freedom an inherent condition of human nature. Freedom as a political argument more often than not is just an abstraction thereof. An ideology. Some might call it an 'extension' or

'realization'. Effectively it's however still just an ideology. One however that "the nature of our freedom" certainly leads us to. And whether I speak or think of it positively or not would depend on the implied conditions. So is there the truth of our freedom – and if the ideology fails to properly correlate with that, it's really just nonsense. Possibly.

And so the question of whether or not I want to be free – can easily just be a trick question. Now, at the base of it, it doesn't matter what I want. I just am. Beyond that, it might be misleading to speak about freedoms and restraints – for the conditions we exist in often enough impose their own rule. But that aside, naturally I want to be free. That so to the extent that I want to live my life by my design – effectively – while being mindful of the rest. And if that happens to be a life described in matters of sexual slavery, that were my choice. Whether or not I do thereby have a lesser

degree of freedoms ... I quite seriously do not care about. For, what use is all the freedom in the world if I can't really make good use of it?

But so – well - "I would" engage in relationships. I mean, who wouldn't? Eventually then, I might fall into a well of mutual Love. Maybe even one that isn't just mutual, but also complementary. And before we come to any mingling of any juices, we come to the mingling and exchange of tensions. I might have Love for *them* that *they* enjoy – and *they* might have a Love for me that I enjoy. So are we then not only in Love with each other – but move on to entangle and intertwine.

What emerges from there then is a more or less complex understanding. An understanding of self, an understanding of the other, an understanding of the effect one has on the other; Or so: An overall understanding of the relationship. And whether one has more freedom than the other ... is to me less of a concern than how it affected us.

And so – in the abstract then – we might commit to being each others slaves. Though … well, eventually a dynamic between submission and dominance might emerge. But, life is rarely that simple … is it?

Well, long story short: Once committed to one another, we have a reliance on the other to be who we fell in Love with. And so we beget a truth from the other, of our own. So is to either one now the commitment to the other simultaneously a commitment to one's self.

Whether it'd be cool of *them* to make me *their* slave ... is the same as asking whether it'd be cool of me to make *them* my domme. And so maybe that'll power a light bulb now.

And well. In a sense this might be how come genders are a thing. But the way I think of it are submission and dominance tendencies that both genders inherit. Some might say that one or the other is inherently more this or that, which I'd say is a matter of circumstance.

As the man would for instance be more keen to know about the world, the man would hold greater authority regarding those things. And beyond that I suppose the issue is either understood or an issue with infantile masculinity incapable of yielding even an inch of their nonsensical antics.

But so my *GF* eventually got *herself* a slave and I got me a *domme*. And based on that, I'm not sure why our relationship should change in accordance to what someone else might think this kind of relationship should entail. What I strongly surmise did happen, is that I did further come to engage with other people as a Slave while *they* maintained *their* dominance over me. At the base of it our relationship would pretty much be rooted in the Love we had – and probably still have for each other.

To me, *them* moving on to further capitalize on my submission is something I enjoy – and I suppose *them* having me become more of what *they* want while I'm handed around is something *they* enjoy.

But so we can find that it isn't really practical to maintain uniform standards. It doesn't really gel well with my understanding of freedom. Not saying though that uniform standards are entirely use- or pointless

though. In a sense, it's similar to what I'm down for. A set of restraining conditions ... well. For me: that align with one's autonomy. But it might also be a "through which to express". Or whatever.

Artist: Amy Matthews



So, in as far as we engage on a basis filled by the Light, truths become active that eventually lead to formal expressions. I would thereby think, that, to a proper slave-mind, this expression would come from the outside and come as a shock in as far as it is already a confirmation that the slave wouldn't (or couldn't) want to reject.

So, the Light, knowing both sides of the story, procures the formation of an idea – so: creating an inspiration – that can be strengthened in as far as it aligns with both. The rest is what we may call psychology.

In the idea then, the Master were to then demand a token of affirmation regarding what they make of the situation; Soliciting an affirmation from the slave to subject to a self-deprecating condition.

While both may have already been aligned to it, does a Formalization of the matter yet yield a higher conscious awareness – and thus impact on the psyche. This eventually triggers a feedback – and in as far as the implement is perceived to be a positive one, things get to be good. And because God is a good designer, I suppose that that's usually what's happening.

And so the gist of an enslaving bond.

As for my Clarity, I do right now feel a few things being active to my perception. I would think: An abstract representation of how I overall experience these bonds in regards to the feedbacking – backfeeding? - and my impression is that they can become quite intricate. So is one's higher identity eventually like a piece of real estate. "Implements" would rank in priority – while new one's can be regarded in how well they supplement or complement or enhance the present structure or so: Occupied spaces.

Thereby do new additions not necessarily need to add to the volume in as far as they may also just alter existing ones. So do things become more intricate – and in combination with conditional links is there a potential for exponential growth – or an exponential growth of potential (possibilities).

And I would say that negative consequences herein only exist as a hypothetical as per a presentation of the underlying mechanics. To – yes – in all actuality – call them: A Myth.



Hmm ...

So, what is Clarity again?

At first it is insight. Then it is knowledge and truth. Eventually it's an enhancement or re-enforcement thereof. It's a multiverse. And eventually also programming. But ultimately, as effective through God, also a shared reality.

So the theory at least.

And eventually it just so happens.

I'm wondering because ... it just so happens. Between the ignition and what my Clarity is nowadays, there's a lot that seems out of place. It's too much, one might think. Or ... so I "think". So I assume I have to dig a little deeper into the development of Clarity.

So, the ignition part is understood, I suppose. But here, this weird sense of confusion over what's going on thereafter, starts to manifest within me. I for instance haven't really specified what exactly was part of this understanding that I've had. I may have shared some insight into aspects of the process further down, but perhaps not enough about the basis on which these and other things would follow. Some of that we'll yet get to. And on a different note – there's perhaps no real way for you to relate to what's going on.

Well, in an abstract way we might speak of delusions. Or an obsessive phase. ADHD. A drug addiction. Though practically ... 'being high' (from some good marijuana) might be the best comparison. That, because the way in which the high affects one's mind does compare to how the Light does the Clarity thing. Which is also the fundamental problem and perhaps why the next best example for comparison were delusions.

I mean, I can try to formulate what my Clarity were if it were a delusion; And it would sound like an apt enough description of what's going on. So would it, at the end of the day, there come down to whether or not it corresponds to me as a being – ignoring whether my mind were even capable of maintaining it. I would suppose not.

Think of it so, maybe: If Clarity were merely an individual delusion, it wouldn't necessarily be all made up, but it would stand on a foundation merely created by my own mind. There would be certain truths I could

hold on to – associated to a condition I found myself in perhaps – and then would consume a lot of porn to not only maintain and saturate those truths, but to also expand on them; And so have over time turned myself – at least internally – into a Porn Character.

I'm being sarcastic here And that to a point where this ... delusion has reached singularity. So, now it just sits there – without effort on my own – and for some reason I can't comprehend that it's a lie. But it must be so ... because ... reasons.

The issue with thoughts like that is similarly, that we inject hypothesis' where we don't know facts. Like, if I were to assume that deluded people usually also show signs of delusion. They don't make sense, they can't but talk about it nonstop. And no matter how well they might have learned to hide it eventually – they're way too willing to blurt it all out.

Is it so though?

Is verbosity then a sign of delusion?

Don't we all just delude ourselves into thinking that stuff is

real?

Sobering up isn't necessarily necessary – as the mind is also capable of (which is also part of the problem) consolidating things when high.

With Marijuana what's going on to my understanding is, that the rigid structure of thought we might associate to being 'sober' is broken up. And that is what I think is the cause to psychosis' and/or delusions. For, do it too much with too little meaning mixed into it – and between sobering up and getting high again you might not have sufficient opportunity to (re-)develop a healthy understanding of the things around.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

What so happens, when these rigid structures are broken apart, is that one may get the impression of 'seeing things more clearly' - and that because you'll be able to see things, make sense of and establish connections beyond what the rigid structures would have allowed.

In that sense, it's like a way of looking beyond our own BS, though there's no guarantee that what we find there isn't just BS too. And that's why I'd recommend using marijuana in combination with activities that require your active mind. Like writing a diary – or essays on what things go through your head. So are you for once holding yourself to the logic of the things*. Rather than aimlessly drifting around you can give yourself direction by perhaps trying to force a conclusion.

*but also training your mind to utilize rational thought.

But yea. The way Light now does the Clarity thing is similar, except those "dissolved thoughts" aren't ones own – rather are the effects coming in from somewhere. The impression is overall relatively similar, because Clarity is also just a subset of one's totality – and thus could be compared to one such "stoner theory".

But most notably does "the sea of thought" not emerge from one's own psyche. And that is why you can't really produce Clarity on your own. Especially when considering its proposed social relevance.

It does however have the appearance of something that comes of it. As such – well. I wrote about the Pond. I wrote about "truths in the beyond". Things that felt external to me but still ... internal. It's like that. Because it so seems to have a life on its own – and especially because it continues to impress with things you wouldn't have thought of – it stands apart from