

DOD<sup>-SEX</sup>

works by **Friedrich N.**

## section 1

It is a room. A center where individuals go for orientation to a place.

There are people there. It is not bustling, but there are a number and the noise that group inside walls under a roof creates.

He is in his early twenties, has been with women and is comfortable with them as if absent of difference. She is nineteen and has always been alone.

She speaks loudly as he approaches the desk. He draws the outer corners of eyes to puckers and begins to smile with his mouth closed. She lowers her voice. He looks around at her body. He obvious about his inspection. He looks at her hair following it gently with his eyes and then moves his head to look at her torso and wrists and hands. She is tickled at the interest, but shy. He smiles and says that He likes her. She says thank You. He asks if He can see her later. She replies Yes that She is scheduled until 5:00.

He meets her and they walk to the picnic area. No one is there and He takes the opportunity to ask the questions He never hears when listening to the conversations around him.

What do You want? - Huh?

Do You want a boyfriend? - I want to be with someone.

Only today? Tonight? - No, I think I would want someone that was always there.

A male? - Yes.

Do You want to have sex? With me? - uh.

I know other people if I'm not attractive to You. - I've never had sex. You are attractive to me. I think I'd prefer conversation.

May I hold your hand? - Yeah [she smiles and stretches her hand out onto the table - He touches it moves his thumb about it a bit and then simply holds it.]

He looks at her more; sometimes stroking her hand or fingers with his. They smile at each other.

Why are You alone? - No one has told me that they want me.

Have You not wanted anyone? - Yes, different people at different times. I dunno.

Why haven't You told them. - I did, I guess I did a few times, but it never really worked out like that.

Hmm. [He gets up and walks around the table to sit beside her.]

What is it like to be You? - I am alone most of the time. I repress most of my happy memories with others so that I don't realize how sad I am.

Oh. - What is it like to be You?

I think I don't care. It's because I'm free. I ask everybody if I can talk to them or share time with them or if they want to fuck me. and when I see other instances of that sort of consistent interest and unwaveringness despite rejection usually I think 'they don't care' so sometimes when I think the way the world is or the way I think I'm supposed to: I think I don't care. - [She sort of smiles]

I like that You smiled. I'll talk about it more. It's like I would have asked other people if You had said 'no'. That same day; right there. It isn't that You aren't special. I am very interested in You. I want to know all about You. But I don't want to be alone and we are all homo sapiens. I imagine everybody in town thinks I'm a slut by now. I know people reject me more now. I asked one person 'why don't You want to spend time with me?' She said - 'You have asked everybody that comes here on Saturday and You sleep with' and She named another girl who sleeps with anybody. There is not enough defence among people that want to be with somebody; I think. Like all the people that just share time with anybody should never exclude anybody; You know? Like maybe They should be an official welcome wagon - like if anybody says do You want to share some time? or do You know anybody who might? they should say well so and so will hang out with anybody. I just get so lonely that people are mean. So what if You don't like somebody or don't want to be around them refer them to somebody else. - Hmm. Why don't You want to be alone?

I just don't. I like affection and I like to be nice to people. - Well I would guess that there's somebody in nearly every group that will be with anybody and probably some whole groups like that.

Yeah, and then it's like why wouldn't anybody that wants to be with them not be introduced to them? -

Hmm. I'm not certain. [She laughs.] It's true, I know where nearly everybody I work with would fit in.

Are You secretive?

No. - hmmm

So, let's start making people happy. - That's a great idea.

## section 2

He is thirty they are between 18 and 25. They whisper and giggle. He smiles.

He is lonely and has been and has told everyone. They whisper and giggle.

They will slip off and suck off entire football teams because they are thirsty.

He is lonely and they whisper and giggle. It isn't survival or evolution.

Technically, He is more fit than any number in their backseats - it isn't appearance or status.

He wears a uniform, is supplied nice housing - He is a volunteer from a middle to upper class family.

There is some power in it - He has thought of Nietzsche and cliches as tribes - the power of destroying one of our own species. To deny any individual of something they want for any extended period is a remarkable accomplishment. It is cruelty, but it is remarkable.

He has thought if he ever finds his life in order and fixes the appearances that he finds lacking in himself -unstraight teeth, a malformed fore skin , possibly hair and a prosthetic testicle maybe a penis extension He may, if he deems himself comely, slip into towns from time to time and find the ones that are singled out and love them. If there is only one good memory it is one more than none and it can crush the insanity of accepting cruel conditions.

He thinking that to live in a utopia for some time and then be reintroduced to this that this would benefit. versus being subjected to worse then You would appreciate this. Progress and betterment constantly, not appreciation are the only ways to betterment and progress.

He has been alone for 6 years and has attempted to meet people consistently. It is sad that individuals that he called friend never introduced him. His family never introduced him. He finally parted with most permanently and some mostly. He attempted sending messages out on MySpace. With few responses. He feels he must not understand social interaction because really he hasn't had what he

considers successes, despite constant reaffirming that what he considers success is out there.

He is aware that women have sexual desires also and that not all withhold or repress to control and some do not withhold or repress for any reason. He is fearful. He has tried literally everything. Noone has so much as sicked a slut on him. Not even a feign has sought him for refuge. Has the story of him not spread through alleys and water cooler conversation yet? We are not that forgetful or neglectful are we? He imagines, specualtes, and extapolates on other's conditions and is aware that these assessments are very accurate. There is no rational or open conversation about good or bad, pro or con, competency or non, healthy or not, only a massive negativity if only in the form of ignoring.

His mother's coworkers gave them a Christmas one year. In the past there were introductions. Meetings from various beginnings. Cooperations more than no's. He has thought perhaps it was age - he is no longer a cute child , but the others of his age are seemingly kind to each other. They 'come onto' to strangers, and share time with strangers, and cooperate with strangers. He has no blatant claim to fame and has observed reactions to prominent celebrities/stars and the treatment He has received does not compare. He until recently had no affiliation with any group much less fringe or questionable groups.

### section 3

It is a room. A center where individuals go for orientation to a place.

There are people there. It is not bustling, but there are a number and the noise that a group inside walls under a roof creates.

She is early thirties and her essence is growing. It is a feeling-consciousness that is pressing its way up through the layers of her flesh from her core and people are beginning to notice her filling the ether around herself.

He is maybe nineteen and has had a girlfriend before and has begun to tame that thing in his pants. She smiles at him standing in his volunteer uniform and asks about the area. He looks at her pointing his eyes at her breasts beneath the shirt hemmed tight at the waist and he lingers there at her hip and begins a coasting momentum up to the crest of the bone beneath the flesh that he is guessing at based on the one past girlfriend's and her eyes lower drawing in fully with the edge of her vision, as people with aged experienced sometimes do, his crotch. His eyes roll gently but quickly toward the valley at the center of her pelvis. She thinks She noticed as they both pulled gaze up to each others eyes his pulse there beneath the flap behind the metal seal.

Her eyes and smile did not noticeably change while his had moved some distance. He blushes. She likes that. She asks about food, about restaurants in the area and looks at his arms as He pulls out a map. He looks at her hand to look for a ring and she looks down at the map. He points to a road and turns the map orienting it to her position. He begins to slide his finger down the road toward her. He says that there are a number of restaurants in the area and that She can probably find anything She wants to eat.

She asks when He gets off. He says in half-an-hour. She says She will come back and get him. He blushes and agrees.

He is standing outside when She returns. He blushes and says He couldn't wait. She confesses that She thinks that's good. She takes his hand and he smiles widely. She places it on her inner leg between her knee and thigh as she drives. She is wearing jersey-material shorts. She asks where He lives and as she pulls her gear shift into third pushes his hand up onto the curve of her thigh muscle. He smiles as he points to a street. She grabs his wrist and pulls his fingers further up her thigh and beneath the edge of her shorts. He almost laughs with joy as he tries to explain that his house is off of the street they have just turned onto.

He begins to gently move his fingers in an exploratory stroking motion. She looks at him and he stops. She pulls into a parking space and looks at him. "don't stop". She pulls back out onto the road and drives down the road looking for the number He has told her.

They pull into the driveway of the house that he has told her the number of. She turns and unzips his pants. She pulls out his penis and while wrapping her lips around her teeth descends onto him. She creates a slight vacuum and slowly lubricates the lengthening and swelling shaft with a warm saliva. As his erection is reaching its extension She looks up at him. With her head turned and her eyes watching him She slides her tongue up the under side of his shaft then turning her eyes down again with puckered lips she pulls the engorged tip into the suction of mouth and tickles inside the opening of his urethra.

She begins to find a rhythm that is a mix between his breath and the pulse between her lips. He lets a bit of voice out as he leans back into the seat. He lets out a flush and another flush, flush in orgasmic twitches. She lingers a moment, a stroke, a vacuum, and final parting rise. "Goddamn, You make me feel like a woman." She gets out of the car and walks around to his door. He is placing himself back into his pants. She waits and then opens the door. "Let's see the place."

He gets out and walks to door. He shuffles his right leg from time to time - and She giggles as She walks behind him. He opens the door and She walks inside. He points to the kitchen and shows her the remote control and excuses himself to the bathroom.

She cleans off the coffee table and turns it so that the length of it forms a 'T' with the couch. She goes

to the kitchen and finds a banana and a jar of cherries. She puts the cherries into a bowl and returns to the living room. She eats a cherry; she places two other cherries into her vagina and returns the bowl to the kitchen. He is standing in the living room when She returns. She takes his hand and sits him on the sofa at the end of the coffee table. She climbs onto the coffee table facing away from him belly down with her ass in the air. She reaches her left hand back and up between her legs, grabs the shorts and begins to pull them down over the crest of her ass. She pulls slower and slower counting and noting the pace waiting for him to pull.

He grabs the sides of her shorts and pulls them down at an even, but faster pace. When they reach the spot at the base of her thighs she lays down flat on the table atop her arm and raises her legs so he can slide her shorts off over her legs and shoes. She then raises back up to her knees and begins to draw her arm slowly back up. As her hand reaches the vulva of her vagina She spreads them carefully and massages out a cherry. "Holy shit" he giggles and bounces backward into the couch. She lingers for a moment at her clitoris and then reaches for the banana and begins to peel 3/4's of it. She reaches back again, dips the tip into her self and then looking back at him bites it off. He smiles and blushes a bit more.

She rolls over onto her back with her knees in the air and legs spread. She rubs Her clitoris with the downward arc of the banana and eyes the crotch of his pants. As her wetness reaches the edges She relaxes and pushes the banana into her. She moans and begins to bounce her gaze from his eyes to the banana and then back at times licking a spot above her lip where some perspiration gathers. She begins to stroke the banana into herself at the pace She used in the car and then with similar timing and a calling, whispered "here" She pulls the banana out and turns the arc up. He descends completely to the peel and sucking what of her he can returns to a suitable bite and bites it off. As he does She massages out the second cherry and grabs his neck.

For a moment He is pulled closer to her vagina and smells the earthy smell of it and the more tart scent of the cherry. She sits up and He continues to look down at the trimmed and kept hair that

conceals the upper tip where the vulva meet. She reaches down and massages his penis in his pants. She unzips the pants and exposes his penis. She moves backward away from him and to the other end of the table; reclining slightly on one arm she begins to stroke the edges of her vulva and stares at his penis.

He isn't certain what to do and sits with his face devoid of expression and begins to blush and the corners of his mouth start to turn downward. She looks up at him, to his eyes, begins to slowly turn up gently the corners of her mouth until his begin to follow and then begins to raise the tips faster and faster and then with an exaggerated motion meant to call attention She pushes her finger into herself, He looks down at her vagina and as the finger cracks the moist seal between the lips She pushes a flush of liquid from within her vaginal cavity, throws her head back with a motion exaggerated to call attention and moans the loudest noise between them.

She lifts her head and looks at his hand, begins rocking her cupped finger in and out while caressing her still nestled clitoris. Then She slowly begins to move her eyes from his hand to his penis matching the pace with her rocking hand. When his hand reaches and wraps around his penis She smiles a wide-open smile and nods her head at the pace that was set in the car and meets that pace with her own hand.

He moistens the palm of his hand with saliva as his first girlfriend showed him and lowers it around his penis. He pushes himself back into the couch and looks at her. His eyes focus for a moment on her center and He takes in the vision of Her there from head to shoes. She spreads her legs and straddles the coffee table moving forward a bit. He closes his eyes and strokes a bit faster. She stops her rocking hand and leans forward on the coffee table. He has his head back now and his eyes closed. He is stroking with a three stroke pattern at a faster rhythm than She had used in the car. He encircles the tip, strokes, rises, palm-strokes the tip, and then strokes the full shaft. She remains still and silent. He squeezes tighter and switches to a constant mid-stroke from tip to near half-way and then repeats.

He begins to move in a quicker jerking motion and breathes heavier. She pulls her bottom lip in between her teeth despite her composure. She wants this. He rises to a single tip-stroke and speeds up to a quick jerking. He grunts and pushes his pelvis up into the air. Nothing

He opens his eyes and looks at her. She has her bottom lip between her teeth and begins rolling it in and out. His penis is not rigid but is swollen. She turns on the coffee table belly down and raises her tail toward him. He stands up and goes to the bedroom. He gets a condom and puts it on as He walks down the hall. She is grinning at him as He steps up behind her. He places the tip and gently pulls one lip aside carefully with his left hand. She lifts her head directly as he inserts his penis as She lets out an "uhhh". He knows that He has done something and asks "Are You ok?" She replies "Yeah - You feel great!"

He smiles. He doesn't blush but color blooms out toward the surface of his skin; his face; his arms. He stands behind her and pushes in and out twice and then pushes in. He stands there and begins to breathe between clenched teeth. A sweat is forming on his brow and She can feel the temperature of his crotch is rising. His penis grows rigid and begins to rise inside her. It pushes firmly against her, She realizes what is happening and arcs her back and reaches behind herself with both arms, grabbing the right cheek of his buttocks and with her left just above the hip at the belt line and pulls him into her, pushing her tail hard against him and tightening inside around his quivering penis. He is breathing in sighs with his mouth open.

'I'm sorry, it's been a year since-'Don't apologize. Relax. Let's count to three together.'

'and then what?' 'You'll stay calm but keep that sort of humming intensity.'

'ok' He smiles. - '1, 2,, 3,,,'

'ok now each time we count I am going to massage You.'

'1, 2,, 3,,,'

'That feels great!' - 'Ok, now You answer, with whatever control You have.'

'1 [and She massages him , He twitches], 2 [and She massages him with a rolling flex, slower this

time ,, He flexes with a slower more controlled motion],, 3 [and She begins to massage him with slow rolling contractions ,, now He feels it rising, the tip of his penis tingles, and the sensations in his testicle grow]'

'Now, We keep going, ok.'

'I don't think I'll last long, but ok. This is great! I've never done anything like this.'

'You'll get good at it and then You'll love it.'

He looks down at her tail and thumbs the cleft of her asshole.

'Oh yeah. God You are gonna fuck me silly.' She giggles and looks back at him.

He is staring at the darker strip of skin that leads down between the cheeks of her anus. He is stroking with a gentle hint of a touch. Up and down and then following the curve of her left cheek. She watches him and when his thumb reaches the depth of its trail. She moans to him 'Do it.'

He looks up at her and sticks his thumb into his mouth and then gently finds his way into her anus.

She is breathing her words with the rhythm they are following.'Have You ever been in there before?'

He shakes his head admitting that He hasn't. 'I want You to. Ok?'

'Ok' and he smiles. She straightens again and pulls off her sweatshirt. He smiles and stares at the scant profile visible from the angle. She rubs her right breast and looks down at his crotch.

'Ok, cum.'

'Ok.' He pulls his thumb out and places a hand on each cheek and then begins to stroke the length of his penis into her. She smiles and returns to her palms and places the sweatshirt under her knees.

She begins to meet his rhythm and they complete a short bounce when they meet before another full stroke.

He chuckles. 'I don't think I can now.' They continue and vary their pace. The meat inside is throbbing.

'Let's try something different. Sit down.' He sits down and She turns and straddles him. She grinds and twists her body tightening inside and applying different pressures to different part of his penis. She settles down into a seated straddle and they grind gently. They look at each other and He says 'You have a great mouth- not just!'- 'Don't start that.' She snaps her hips and smiles at him. 'I know You think and I like the shape of your mouth too.'

He plays with her hair a bit and leans forward to hug her. 'The size of your penis is great! I can sit down

on your lap, but You don't really leave me empty even when I'm relaxed.' He lets his arms lower down to the small of her back and leans into the couch. 'Yeah, I don't think I'm gonna cum.' 'Well at least You aren't banging my brains out in frustration.' They chuckle. 'Hey, will You put it in my ass?'

'Yeah.' She gets up and takes her position on the coffee table. He gently pulls the cheeks of her ass apart and inserts his penis. He puts a hand on each cheek of her ass. He strokes four times and resounds 'I've never done this before.' She moans. She reaches back between her legs and alternately massages his scrotum and her own clitoris. She relaxes and lets out the sounds of the tightening climax that She is approaching. She reaches a full speaking volume, He has continued an even stroke with the bounce on the touch that She initiated earlier. 'Oh God, oh, oh. Your cock feels so great! Oh, oh, oh, oh, UHHHH! again. fuck me , fuck, oh, oh, oh , Yess!! again keep going god, Yes, please, please, stroke yes, right there, like thattttt! I, ehhhh, please, motherfucker, YES!!!!!! I need that. Ohh, oh god. Tell me if You like it. Do You like my ass? Do You? Do You?'

He smiles and laughs and says 'Yes'.

'Good, now faster, faster, come on yes, there, keep going, oh Fuck me, Are You not gonna cum? You are fucking brilliant.'

'No, I don't think I am.' She turns and smiles a huge smile. 'Then please let me suck your dick.'

He pulls out slowly and stands there. She turns around and removes the condom from his penis. She sits on the coffee table and pulls him to her with her hands on his buttocks. She slides her fingers between the legs of his pants and slides them up to his groin. She slides her lips gently up and down the length until the tip of his penis touches the back of her throat. He swells again and tightens the cheeks of his buttocks. She slips her lips off the tip and then wraps her hand gently around his penis. She begins to stroke his penis.

'It's ok if You don't cum. The point is to feel good. The exercise of it. some orgasms.' She looks up at him. 'You don't have to ejaculate.' She smiles and licks the under belly of his penis up to the tip and suckles there. She cups his scrotum and massages with her left hand now and begins to stroke the shaft of his penis with the other while continuing to suckle and tickle the tip with her tongue.

She releases the tip from her mouth and continues to stroke. 'Does it feel good?' 'Yeah, it feels great!'

'Good. You wanna sit down?'

'Ok.' He sits down and leans against the back of the couch. She kneels down with the sweatshirt beneath her knees. She strokes his penis slowly. She is stroking at a slow pace. His pulse increases and his penis swells. She leans in and suckles at the tip drawing out a bit of wetness and then straightens smiling. 'I hope I can just stroke You like this all night.' 'Yeah.' 'You felt great in my ass. Do that thing that You were doing in my vagina.' 'Ok.' He pushes and his penis lengthens and the tip swells. 'Yeah, that felt great! When You would do that it was phenomenal. Maybe You can fuck me in the ass and shoot your hot juice up inside me.' 'Maybe.' 'I'd love that. You fucking me in the ass. Getting all tight around your hard cock. Like this.' She squeezes gently and slides a bit more. He leans his head back and moans. 'You're gonna cum aren't You!?' 'Yeah, just a little longer.' 'Yeah make it longer for me. Shoot it in my mouth. I wanna suck your dick.' 'Ok.' 'Are You gonna come now?' 'Longer.' 'Ok. Close your eyes.' 'Ok.' 'Are You gonna cum?' 'I'll tell You.' 'Ok. Good.' She stands some and strokes his dick from above running the tip of it along her wrist. She smiles and sits on his stiffened penis. He looks forward as she settles the first time. Her anus is tight around him and she bounces. 'Fuck me daddy. Oh God your dick is great! You in my ass is heaven. Fuck me daddy work that dick. Oh God.' He is smiling and leans forward and grabs her right breast to caress it. 'That's right. Fuck me. Next You're going to eat my pussy You big-dicked motherfucker. Oh, the way You fuck You will never be alone again. I will have somebody on your dick morning and noon and night. Now work my ass. There; grind and open it up. Shoot me a little something.' He is rotating at full-entry and sliding out and back in. 'Yes, ma'am.' 'That's right give me your hand.' She takes his hand and rubs her wettened vagina. She pushes two of his fingers into it and then rubs one against her clitoris. 'Goddamn You make me a wet little bitch. I'm gonna have to suck your dick again. Now, fuck me. Please God shoot it in me. I love this!' He is stroking full-length, straight strokes and She is bouncing on the touch. 'I hope You love my ass because I want You to fuck the shit out me.' 'Ok.' 'You can say Yes, Ma'am when you're in my ass.' 'Ok- Yes, Ma'am' 'That's right, now bring it home, give me some. I need a touch of that in my ass. Let me tap it.' She reaches back between her legs and massaging her clitoris with her own wrist begins massaging his scrotum. 'Come on, fuck, fuck, fuck-' He starts following the rhtymn 'fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck me, fuck me-' She begins quickening the pace 'fuck me, fuck me, fuck me-' She lowers her voice to a throaty whisper. 'fuck me, fuck me-' She notices his penis beginning to grow more rigid and erect

'fuck me, come on-' She begins to tighten the muscles of her buttocks slowly and his breath shallows  
'come on, come on, come on-' He begins a low volume moan. 'come on, cum in me, cum in me, cum,  
cum, cum, cum-' She has begun bumping against him with more force. 'oh shit. I'm cuming.' He  
continues to stroke and She holds still. She arcs her back and begins a wail  
'AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! Yes.' She pulls off of him and turns around. She  
pushes him backward onto the sofa and squats on top of him stroking him two times leaving a  
noticeable white cum over his penis. She dismounts, kneels again on the sweatshirt and begins  
sucking on his penis again. 'Fuck it I gotta have it.' She stands and lowers atop his penis again. She  
leans backward placing a hand on the table and gyrating her hips. 'Shit You feel great!' 'God, You fuck  
like a pro I am introducing You to all my girlfriends.' His mouth opens a bit, She places a finger over his  
lips and begins to raise and then lower. 'I'm gonna cum.' 'Good, I've been wanting it.' She gets up and  
turns around as his penis quivers. She lowers inserting his penis into her anus. 'Shoot me.' She strokes  
once and then begins clenching and releasing her buttocks. He ejaculates. 'Shit that's just what I  
needed. She stands and doubles over at her waist placing her hands on the coffee table. She looks up  
at him from between her legs frowning. 'Fuck me like You want it.' He stands up and takes his belt off  
and pulls down his pants.  
He inserts into her vagina, grinds once, and then starts to stroke.  
'I'm swelled thick.' 'Are You ok; because You feel great!' 'Yeah, I think I'm ok for another. Then I don't  
know what.' They both laugh.

**another please**

Ok - so what is healthy

[technically there is a definite]

but, we don't deal with that. We can splash on make-up or take a drug or change something

----

I want help

I was freaked out today. Somebody was saying/screaming Help

It could have been outside the building or somewhere in the building but I am in the same situation.

I don't know how to act. The fact is I don't have freedom. If I did I wouldn't be sitting in there anymore.

This job is over for me.

I learned it. I did it. I participated, did good, preserved history Yay - wrote a report that needs some touch-up - only one more month to go

Everything is stagnating - I don't have training to do the things that are beginning to present - and it seems it was probably planned that way

and if there is planning why have I not had the one thing I have I repeated throughout apparently eternity. I want a compatible companion

no because I have done random things that weren't planned and I didn't get what I wanted then

I've assessed it as best I could

Sarah [beginning a relationship with her sort of coincided with masturbating = I tried that when I returned to Little Rock and while in Nashville after my divorce]

Olivia [I worked a job = I tried that after returning to Little Rock (Kroger and again with Service Professionals)]

the single common denominator has been that I was introduced by someone and no one is introducing me

----

I hear conflicting things shit all the time. Yes, no [some of it directed toward me, some not]

It's obvious where the contrived shit is going. No, No, No We've been trying to give You what You want, It's your fault not ours. We sent You a message. We showed up when You were at lunch. We wanted to call You. We used true social network. We told You we couldn't guarantee it.

Anybody in this present state simply needs to get as much of what they want as soon as possible and then calmly assess how it got to to this state.

6 years I've been saying more and more frequently through more and more channels. I don't want to be alone. It has been heard, received, perceived. I'm lonely, I want a girlfriend (compatible companion), I don't want to be alone.

Ignoring me is hate. I am faced with a conscious choice: "What now?"

I don't want to die. [By my hand or any other.]

This life is not worthy of any life form. [I wouldn't wish it on bacteria]

I've pled. It appears there is conscious planning and sufficient evidence of significant information gathering. [Computers can and do collect information about all of our internet activity, some of our telephone activity, cameras and ai monitor our activities including demeanor, etc.]

I could commit a crime to attract attention. [there is the possibility this would not result in attention and instead would limit to a greater degree my possibilities for the future - and I don't want to commit any crimes with the intention of committing a crime or to hurt someone else]

I could withdraw from everything I am presently participating in on the grounds that none of it has supplied what I want. [this would require starting over - though I have in effect started over as practically as I can. I have moved to a different city--state--job--et]

----

Why, if anyone cared about me, would they ignore my pleas and requests?

----

it's obvious everybody is just making it easier on themselves - easier on themselves | my life right now is about helping others

-

maybe they want drama

-

maybe they are zombie-ish

of course they aren't - they brighten easily and offer kindness repeatedly to each other

-

why would they be mean (ignore) to me?

-

when I get what I want - there will be no more of this - no more moments of tension - three months is way too long to make someone wait for something and three months contact is more than sufficient time to merit helping someone

-

it isn't a government thing - it isn't a NPS thing - it isn't a TN thing - it isn't a past thing -

---

I want to scream "Who will have me?" , "Where is my harbor?" , "Where is humanity?"

Will Dianeticists prove themselves humane and rational? or will I be left alone and for bankrupt?

I want a lover. a companion. I want to taste another human. I want to feel another - to be pressed against another and laugh so that the internal echoes of our laughters can be felt against the chests of each other. I want to put my penis into the vagina of some female I want to suck the penis of some female I want to put myself into every orifice of a woman. I want to be drenched in woman. I want to lay my face in the crotch of a woman and breathe I want to know her. I want to talk about writing and about society and biology I want to be wakened to the reality of multiple realities. I want to everyday with someone I want to pound with

-

rape me, my friend

rape me again

-

if it is her I want it - take me

---

let's never let them say 'hah, hah' twice.

---

the fact is that if someone was screaming help inside the building without it being planned everybody would run - just like a fucking fire alarm  
and the fact is that normal places have fire drills and shit - and for multi-fold purposes

----

I could scream or not speak  
it would be pretty convenient if all the things I heard were agreeable  
but no including the 'mimicry' 'recordings' of me I don't always agree with  
so what I'm sane - be nice to me

it is not uncommon to hear "You need a girlfriend?" - My life isn't a game. Make Me happy. Let's make each other happy.

---

So, apparently - where are We? I'm alone. It's all happening all around me and I'm not getting what I want. I think it was Jim that announced 'Edward wants a girlfriend.' and that was Tuesday, the 27th of November. We aren't at war. Maybe somebody will ring the doorbell tonight.

---

Getting mad is the only thing I've been taught gets us what we want. Throw a fit. I realize that it is self-destructive or at least destructive, but I'm not getting what I want.

---

The only thing we have is each other because anyone of us can take anything from anybody.

## **while listening**

**(donbyron-afineline+thecardigans-firstbandonthemoon)**

We are sitting in darkened rooms. Standing in lines away from home.

We are wanting, pleading. A Karmic chant rises Please,Please,Please.

We are needing. We are weak. Willing.

I am only one - I have been wanting for six plus years now.

A companion. No one has asked me. My 'family' and 'friends' have known.

If I was strengthened by the affection on one. Nuzzled for a time.

I could approach others with a gift box of highness.

Six years would be brushed aside - You can not teach me vendetta against someone new.

learning and teaching

I don't want to be alone

Introduce me to someone before You leave and I'll help You find someone new too

please

please

please

please

there's nothing to do - I'll not slit my wrists or your tires - You'll probably never hear me scream

every possible imagined reality is simply better if I am helped

a conspiracy that individuals are cooperatively targeting me - Then liberty is defended by helping me



don't care

what am I supposed to do

what are we supposed to do when You don't get what You want? Is crying biological?

never alone (without a compatible companion) again

not alone not alone not alone not alone please please please please please please please please  
please please please please please please not alone not alone not alone not alone not alone not alone  
not alone not alone not alone not alone not alone not alone not alone please please please please  
please please please please please please please please please please please please please please please

not alone ever again not alone ever again not alone ever again

You can introduce me to someone new but please do not leave me alone - don't like me pass me on  
want to leave me - I'll help You find someone new - but please do not ever leave me alone again

each individual is important enough to devote a lifetime or more to

But if You are leaving for whatever reason - please do not leave me alone

even if We hate each other let's help each other get whatever the other supplied that is that important  
before we leave each other

There, that is a better way

He picked up the phone the next day - so the fuck what - I wanted to make sure I didn't kill/murder You  
It fucked with me alot at the time - I was like : Why would I think that or say that

What if I'm still only listening to something, to someone and thinking it is my thoughts or what I'm saying -

so the fuck what ? - the bottom line is unchanged

Nobody - I could write some pornography or more accurately graphic interaction and if it led to sex then I guess it would be pornographic

Haven't I shown that it is important to me? I've made effort right? I don't have to blow my fucking head off to show that I want a compatible companion right? That's going all the way though, right? When it's about the cruelty of denial (specifically the companionship of the opposite sex). Get it blowing your head off - like ejaculation going all the way.

so what would it be for a female? pills maybe or maybe a huge injection of something - there's nothing -

They are nearly immune and immortal in my mind if I do the free thought exercise. Like in my free thought not analytical thought a female could walk up and simply get whatever They want and They are never alone if They don't want to be. -and They don't really get horny - They don't really want men and none crave me

They aren't real (regarding companions) in my free thought. Because none have ever been real with me. One (maybe some) seemed sort of real regarding some things

but in real life I don't want to experience them being rejected or being made "real" in any way - in real life I just want a compatible companion and beyond that I want each to have and be only what that one wants.

the reality should simply be 'what do You want , how do You want it ?'

and the more I learn and experience the more cruel things seem, because We are basically predictable

and docile and exposed to the same people for extended times.

time bombs can be defused and being that they are timed it simply means do it quickly  
unless the intent is to allow or even cause it to explode

and if an individual is allowed to be subjected to such and denied what they want - they don't have any  
friends

I met a complete stranger and began helping her find a companion

I've never even had great sex (no talking or adventurous acts not even things I've asked for or  
prompted) apparently the girls I've been with didn't really care for me . and I know there is way more  
to it - I've been reading and thinking and things

introduce Him to someone else

## thoughts

Individuals may be prone to react against stress using the very methods that the stressor is communicated through.

For example: the individual whose main stressor is communicated through visual senses may act out in a visual way (the individual who finds the color of their wall distracting or irritating may paint their wall)

This seems an illustration of conquering one's environment.

Presenting possibly an explanation of the benefit of a compatible companion. Being, if nothing else, a single focal that by reacting in a specific way demonstrates that the individual has conquered the environment.

---

I like physical affection (including sexual activity)

this automatically limits the group with which I would share time with legally to 17 or 18 and up and at this time to females

---

works by **as yet unidentified**

## want

The greatest that don't even hate us.

They are desirable. Learning about them is simply a wonder. I can't reach them. They float and I say "regard me". I make motion and stir things.

There is a separation. They cannot be touched by me. They are separate.

## Want

What is want or desire. They may continue to 'be' what is wanted, but why should one particular incarnation of those qualities continue to evoke some want? According to Dianetics it could be assessed as aberrative to have a physical response (belly aches, nervousness, etc.). Free of all compulsion or physicality would I self-motivate to -ahh the distinction between want and pursue. It could be stated that to want is nothing. I see that and want that and continue my day. It is in the choice of action (pursuit) that I give the wanted value. - Though as seems revealed by current investigation, we can compare the internal workings of the brain to the complete physical workings of the body. There is an undeniable physicality to thought and thus want. It could be acknowledged then that acknowledging or embracing want is an action.

[A denial and the value of it.

No matter how many times I am presented with an idea (external presentation) I can negate it or simply dismiss it. It seems in the healthy brain the same is true of thoughts - this seems supported by Cognitive Therapies. Is a denial necessary or beneficial. If it seems necessary to negate something presented for internal or individual benefit there may be something wrong -or at least 'powerful'.]

Bringing us to the ultimate: choice and refusal.

Key points: Do we want only what we assess as attainable? Do we want only what is assessed as having the potential to 'better' us?

-what motivates or creates want probably differs from individual to individual - but with observation it can be discerned -

myself:

I avoid rejection, refusal, loss and anything negative.

technically I am not shy I am scared

I want soft, gentle, first-priority love.

I do not want blind worship.

being

what motivates this [I could possibly fulfill impulses with different individuals at different times: a laugh here, a date there]

I am willing to deny myself

it is not affection without devotion or some form of commitment - not necessarily a serious exclusiveness, but a friendship or some choice to value or hold in regard an individual simply because they are that individual.

I want one single individual (female) that always puts me first and I her and we don't refuse each other.

These elements present the possibility that refusal of a chosen want could be interpreted as a serious failure (an endangerment [though most times minor] of survival). How bad do You want it?, etc.

Why do we refuse each other?

Caught-up in survival? Denial of the validity of another? Because we all have rules (guidelines) that we exist by? But then some individual will near-doubtless have compatible guidelines or no rules regarding what is wanted. Why is there not a greater facilitation of coordinating the connection of want with supply?

Classified Ads

the great secret is that no one is stopping us from giving each other what we want (other than ourselves)

personals, jobs, objects, etc.

It's all full. But if we build more there will be more babies and then in a year or two it is full again.

Is that really what it all boils down to. The fact seems if any individual were examined as an isolated case - their consumption would be a negligible impact on resources. They could be sustained with little or no labor or time on the part of another homo sapien. But when examining 6.7 billion of us . We are homeless and malnourished and alone; hundreds of thousands of us, I would guess, alone and wishing we weren't.

## want1

I must be at fear - I'm afraid of rejection because it will bring grief.

I've been at apathy for a long time, since around the night at Spirit's and I asked the girl holding the door if I could go home with her. I had a lot of joy and enthusiasm that night.

She didn't even speak to me -

---

what gets me what I want?

it's over and over because I haven't got it

I don't fucking shit fuck care how healthy I am or unaberrated I do not want to be subjected to constant rejection from people that I chose that I have assessed and decided: You are so important that I choose You. -and that's what it is everytime anybody waves to someone or says hi or sends a message

and if there is the promise of what You want at the next place or when doing the next thing, life rolls smoothly

shit fuck it isn't that I think something is wrong with me it's that regardless of how healthy or unhealthy I am I don't want to constantly be rejected

and it doesn't matter how 'confident' I am I don't want to be constantly rejected

---

and life isn't encouraging right now

and anybody that is wanting should simply have somebody walk up to them and give it to them  
not make them beg (maybe simply confirm that they do want it) don't offer them more or less simply  
confirm it and give it to them, don't make them remind others simply give it to them

---

I already know - I've been victimized

I have a compulsion to find my own failure - What did I do wrong - find something wrong with me to  
justify the treatment that I am receiving

---

damn it when do I get what I want?

and half the time the shit I find / the excuses aren't meritable they are instances where I said maybe  
we can  
or possibly or the other individual could have reminded me or something --q -]=\t0i25]t` 2-490u  
t[02h g[

there is no reason why anybody that wants to be with somebody should be alone

find somebody that wants to fist fight

find somebody that wants to have everything the other person wants and find somebody that wants to  
be around somebody that has everything they wanted

it is all shitted now

it is stupid fucking counter-productive bullshit and it amounts to -no- find out who's bullshitting and  
-no- just give everybody what they say they want as many times as they say they want it

and after I am clear whatever that turns out to be and if I ever achieve it I will continue to want a  
compatible female companion

---

only productive action ?

is that what it takes - I've tried that - I haven't typed loudly

--

other people beat on other people and they have what they want each day  
they hit their spouses or companions and they stay or they find a new one the next day

---

what am I supposed to do to get what I want?

--

once something happens in your life You don't want -- ohoh

parents

and control and threat

and criminals

and I've already shown - aha / what I've not lived a lifetime to show |that's no good though huh  
because neither have You and a world of fear and uneasiness

ok I haven't shown for a decade

it's what I've faced | I've never done such and such in this or that situation , but the fact is everything isn't documented, every channel of communication is fucked, each person has misinformation, etc.

and despite everybody knowing this, the simple fact is I'm not being given what I want  
and I don't intend to name names and even if I do that's no reason to exact some action against them

the fact is I'm a lonely, comparatively old man  
old is like unforgivable in our society and then if I'm ugly I'm almost guaranteed to be alone forever  
and then with the rumors about me that could be circulating

I could smash this laptop

I could scream

I could walk

I could send a million messages

I'm getting the impression that the shit is affixed.

Why are You really going around to all these great places and doing these great things Me. Really,  
volunteering with green house gas studies and it looks like You may be applying to Green Peace or  
Peace Corps; what motivated You to be this way?

Nobody would love me. Nobody wanted me. So I started leaving.

What?

When I would go somewhere there was never a girl who would take my hand and just hold on to me.

Huh?

I was married once.

Ok.

I stayed, not because I thought she was the greatest, but because I had fears about the world and I

want a companion and I told Her I didn't want kids, but she did and I was mean and I drank and finally she got ready to have a kid and we divorced.

So, ...

and since then not even for a whole night have I had someone physically hold on to me because they wanted me and wanted to be my companion - not even one whole night.

So, You realize tomorrow there may be one then who will; will You be?

What?

Tomorrow someone may grab onto You. Are You going to be mean to them? Are You going to leave them for your next scheduled opportunity? You've got a lot going on and You are wanting something that You want to be your whole life or the most of it. What are You going to do?

Then it will be my fault when I'm alone in the next town.

It isn't a matter of fault.

Well, but I'll be alone because I left that female in the last town.

Sort of.

I don't want to be alone and it isn't like that. They can't get away with being mean to me for six or seven years and then all of a sudden be nice and then what if I leave; they make me wait six or seven more years?

So, what You gonna shoot them all?

No, I don't want to be violent or destructive.

You do have a singular case. It is uncanny that You could put forth the effort You have and have as little result as You have. But, maybe You could meet someone where You are going before You leave for that place.

I'll try.

You've really given everyone every reason to be nice to You. I'm surprised You haven't received more cooperation and reward before now. I know some fine young ladies that will escort You tonight and if You and one of them don't hit it off they can introduce You to some other girls.

---

## want2

I want You real bad

I really want You

I don't want to wear You down, but if You want to meet me I want You to know that I want to

it isn't about meeting

it is about being with

it is about the individual that somehow, though we have only met, makes it ok to already want to be with

-it is trusting yourself -

this individual makes it ok to trust myself including when I choose to trust them

I wish I could have lifted You - :) simply that exposure to me could have made You so robust and feel so good that that wouldn't have been a consideration

but I'm still here

what is important ?

have You ever slept with anyone ?

is it that I don't want to be alone and I have chosen Her

or is She someone I would want to share time with- is there anyone I would not want to be with

Yes there are some people I prefer not to be with

Yes I think I simply want to be with Her - I have left chats with others to chat with Her

Why do I want to be with Her

physical{

intelligent (conversation, exercise memory, thought etc)

affirmation (support, defense, etc)

sex (I'm not certain if She is interested or if I would be comfortable)

affection (I'm not certain if She enjoys this as much as I do)

} presents the opportunity/motivation to try new things

and simply presents new things

---

when people do things that are or seem contrary to their chosen way of being

**want2-**

I haven't done anything I would punish myself for. I haven't done anything I think I should be punished for.

**want3**

I suppose I assume that if I can communicate with another (average or above-average intelligence) individual that they will simply do what is best or at least cooperate if it is important to me and not harmful to them. I think of that as being civilized.

lol

sweat-drenched and ugly and stinky and I expect females to want me?

why not?

-

oh yeah we'll get around to it - how do we stop that mentality

it is now, today, immediate -

what is caring?

I can be like none of You affect me. and technically when well no one does basically,  
but I choose that I want kindness ,

it is all insanity - some individuals are allowed to break rules their entire lives and keep all of their freedoms

-

what do You enjoy? let me get You some of that

-

These people may only want my money.

I thought compassion was hard-wired scientists?

I thought love was the greatest Christians?

I mean really - ok

they don't have to give me what I want to get, or keep what they want

but really there is no reason to continue to ...

-boom-

if it's a job hey I'm confident to attempt and rejection is nothing

but if it is social, I can't approach or initiate

unless it is online

it isn't the task -

## want4

when an individual's action seems to contradict their way of being

---

change in their way of being

-

realization that their way of being is determined or based on something other than that suspected

-

**want5**

--- round here ---

can You scream with joy so loud I can't hear the world

can You 'fuck my brains out'

---

--- and the appeal of aloof---

wow so now I know what You want - so what's the excuse for You not getting it now

---

---

--- it's the 'gotta be there' guy ---

---

---

[it doesn't matter if You want it all the time : it may not be an addiction]

---

---

--- I pledge allegiance to the people who don't give me what I want --- [let it be in the past]

---

**want6**

Why am I alone?

???

What can I do to not be alone?

ask people to spend time with me

I can't imagine that anyone is alone this much when they don't want to be.

people who want to share time with others - I can't imagine they have any problem.

If a stranger walked into town and began asking people if they wanted to share time... I would think nearly immediately they would have someone to share time with.

But I also recognize that there are few difficulties in the world.

If I ask the female working in the gift shop tomorrow (assuming it is a female) if she would like to :

come over after work

hangout after work

stop by after your schedule is over

...

what might occur or be thought :

I'm a slut

that She is easy

that I am lonely

that She is kind and considerate

rumors could be spread

She might accept and have a horrible time

if She does accept what sort of limitations should I put in place, what should I expect or push for, what do I want

I want a female companion that I laugh with, that elicits an energetic joy, that share that joy and produces joy in my presence / someone to do things with : from the mundane of laundry and eating to special things such as planning and sharing outings.

I am not particularly seeking a sexual companion though I would enjoy sharing a number of intimate activities including massage, washing, grooming, meditation, cuddling, holding hands and other affections. I also, am not closed off to the idea of sharing sexual experiences though I would want it to result from a developing connection rather than be the intent or goal of a meeting or companionship.

I'd like to have somebody to simply stay up all night with. playing paddy cake, walking, doing push-ups, playing tic-tac-toe, anything because if nothing else I would not be alone and that is important to me.

I can strike out on inter-state bicycling treks alone, sleep in shelters and missions alone. It isn't a lack; it is a choice that I want to share.

**want-**

It is that simple: when You care about someone You give them what they want or help them get it or explain why You don't think it's best

Why am I alone?

the same thing over and over

why am i alone

no one I asked chose to be with me tonight

before this I was married and She chose to leave me

before that I was in a relationship and she chose to leave me

before that I was in a relationship and I chose to leave her

interspersed - I had dates and meetings and very little rejection

what I want eliminates the possibility of rejection

so it isn't practical to compare I don't want rejection to I want what I want

---

so this is it: Yes we can coordinate so that each individual gets basically everything they want, yes we've known what You wanted,

why am I alone ~ why don't I have what I want ~

if I was with someone, obviously I wouldn't be typing; why am I alone

actually, I simply want to find people (there is the despair - I've been looking and I've already lived so many places and worked so many places, etc. ) that will want to give me what I want. I don't understand - it is known that denying people

I've been looking - this is why people often do not attempt - at least they can say it's because I haven't done this or that

give people what they want - when they want it - or provide options (not simply saying no)

people continue to not give each other what they want or connect each other

it is organized - why am I alone. there are females in this area that probably didn't want to be alone (is it based on some sort of values or standards "I'm not that desperate" - then explain this, this and this is why I don't want You.

but the people that You think You want may be changed by what they are not getting now and what You want may not be available because somebody else didn't get what they wanted

it simply requires conscious thought and choice and nobody has chosen me tonight and I don't like it - and when I give more or open my search wider - I do it in the hope that I will get more and I haven't because my assessment is each day, each night, how am I now - meeting someone is not a long-term goal (marriage maybe) but for me I could meet someone, make plans, and meet them in less than an hour

my preference would be that once we met ; we would "progress" much slower than most others  
probably

the first date I may touch her feet or her hands, and given all my preferences sex would not be based  
on married or not it would be based on are we ready , do we want it, etc.

so many things to learn about another individual

I want to share - I want a companion

what gets me what I want? - with some it is repetition -

how can I get connected with the people

I don't know what to do.

I've asked around. No one is helping me or telling me if they are.

Be conscious and speak.

It is sad - I consider sleeping simply to pass the time.

trapped in a submarine - evident I could name names the bottom line insufficient effort was made to  
provide me what I want

and yes I would recommend that any individual with similar sentiment simply inform every individual -  
eventually You learn

some will and do immediately or quickly, some will but will need time or reminding or coaxing or some  
effort or action on to act upon them, some will not, some will act out against it

all these words get me no closer to a female companion

they may help me in my mostly ignored (by others) writing

I need (am pleading) somebody - otherwise I will basically sleep until time to leave. then everybody starts talking depression and doctors and I don't get to go - that's not very fair is it. I could simply tell them -I hate these conditions I am hibernating until time to leave.

Then I would finally get that their definition of healthy necessitates philosophical principles that I don't agree with - no being healthy does not necessarily imply that the individual should try and change the world if they don't like something about it

walk to kroger and get food, maybe take out the trash

but I do want what I want and I do wish that people would begin helping each other get what they want

I didn't get asked out when I worked at a hospital; who cares about keeping me happy now

## get

When I say 'I need something' that is not actually a [necessity], I am attempting to get it. Why do that?

Because it hasn't been given to me. It is another attempt to get it.

It seems to be used also as avoidance of want: I don't want to say that I don't want to do that so I say I need to do something else [possibly, sometimes]

Please, I want somebody, please.

= "I can't do this" would be a plea

= "I need somebody" would be a plea

= "crying" would be a plea

= "breaking down" would be a plea

---

this occurs with individuals in regard to various things

It would be great to supply the things that these people want and it's possible.

The repeated-

The emphasized-

just give it to them and me  
it is all organized; I know it  
it is that simple.

I don't want to go to some have sex tonight site to get affection. It is obvious those sites nearly definitely have people that You can meet the same day. People that absolutely want to meet people. People that will not string along or make You wait.

It seems that I think of sex as a strong compulsion. I have experienced others whose actions seem to imply it. The fact is though that it isn't

Those sites are links for people to have sex. That is what they are there for. -and I do have some association between sex and affection. I would feel somewhat loved while doing it, but they would leave -because they would be there to have sex and I would then have to find someone else the next day.

I want a system with immediate, consistent results. I see organization and a display of uncanny knowledge and maneuvering. What is the turn-key to have a female companion tomorrow? I've sent messages through the sites. I've been seen in public. I've attempted to blend in with locals.

---

according to that little run-in / this should still be about Her and my intelligence

Well the facts are She divorced me, that's an absolute good-bye and then I called to ensure that things were in order and done, she said they were, I asked if she had children because she said that is what she wanted - she said yes - she repeatedly told me she didn't want contact info and that I shouldn't contact her - those are more absolute good-byes /

I don't want to bother her. I don't want to call her or really anybody that doesn't want me around. I prefer not to be places that I'm not wanted.

-

I also acknowledge that that little run-in may have nothing to do with me and should not be interpreted as a communication of their sentiments toward me.

---

What is the turn-key to have a female companion tomorrow?

I don't know the answer or have the answer to this

I admit there are things I want that I don't have.

But regarding this, a female companion, it is other individuals' (each female I encounter technically) choice why I am alone.

---

They do what they do

and I do what I do

they will search for someone else and possibly have as good or better of a time than if they had spent time with me

I will search for someone else and apparently get the same results

-but it can't be said that this is my fault. It is their choice though.

-See I'm not insane or not to the point that I experience lengthy detailed periods of hallucination and it is obvious that a common behavior (more so than I was earlier conscious of) is to attempt to lull people into these periods of insanity. I don't want that, I simply want my reality to improve.

I don't think I would be repulsed by any offer(s). I don't believe in desperate -it may be because I want

to meet someone, not some particular sort of person.

I don't want to be a slut or a whore - I unfortunately have encountered evidence that in varying degrees individuals will "hold my past against me" : though it could be that they would have or wanted to deny me and only use that as an excuse or method / or that they want to be mean to me and only use that as an excuse or method

---

**qua**

I don't like it because it is postponement. a putting off of the end .

Two people work it out and say ok - I want You and ok I want You  
and then it is ok they want only each other  
but then it is waiting until one hurts the other  
one moves or plans a move and then it is working to stay together through or past that  
and then it is waiting

see with me I am moving next weekend  
then I'm moving again in January

I watch people

there would be no point in attempting to cultivate a relationship -

sharing time is best for my situation

see- it's like we had a really enjoyable talk  
and now I've just got this time when we aren't interacting so I don't have an opportunity to ruin it or an

opportunity to find things I don't like

and while there isn't a progression regarding real knowledge or intimacy - I am thinking and thinking  
and every moment there is another process

it's really horrible(?) - I have no proof after all this time that we wouldn't be really great together

prove to me You are

or

let's do this until there is proof You aren't

or

there is no are; let's do this until We don't

or

I want to know how can we keep this

Can we keep this?

do You want to attempt to

(I'm going to not want to be alone - I know this | Murfreesboro, Alaska - here it doesn't matter. I'm  
going to want someone to fix meals with and eat with and play with and probably cuddle with and  
share affection with) and knowing that could be You; I want that to be You. and I may wait the whole  
time I'm here in Cookeville if it seems possible or probable, but I'm moving to Murfreesboro and then  
maybe Alaska. I don't know if would want to be alone all that time (considering how little I know of You  
and You of me | how little is between us). I want You to be happy and I want to be happy.

there are lots of options

-You and I may be people that could share joyous lives together and there are probably others that we could share joyous lives with

(I don't know You well yet, but I'm not certain how well I should know You before I trust You because I'm not certain how vulnerable I will be with You) <- this is a bit circular and requires a protrusion after which it is probable another circular would begin of a new circumference

I'm not certain if I can make You want me - I'm not certain if I should try -

because your life is a capsule and You don't seem quick or enthusiastic to open it

I offered to visit and You said wait~ work up to having guests

\_ is kept there by a schedule that she gives herself to

\_ is kept there by a schedule that she gives herself to

\_ is kept there by a schedule that she gives herself to

I am leaving for a schedule that I give myself to

she doesn't want me right now and I am waiting and sort of pursuing (though more confirming that I want to meet her when she is ready and acknowledging that I am thinking about it)

but it is an admission that I am wanting and wanting for the future and the want incorporates her (or at least my idea of her) and that want has spread into my future  
and with confirmation that want and satisfaction of that want will be compared to the assessment of the unknown of the internship

ahh and We each give ourselves each day and each moment, at each instance

alone

lack of positivity from an external

the equation equals :

crying out "My God I don't want to leave You."

to one specific individual

the two of us together alone

the reality is :

I'd like to always have a compatible female companion

[and experience has shown that having one compatible female companion for all places and all times is the best suited solution for me - If the individual is compatible at 50 or 60 I will want them more than a twenty year-old waving themselves in my face]

can't I imagine horrible occurrences? their arms are pulled off by a machine - will they be more desirable than a twenty year old with two good arms?

## sex

The difference is the difference between an individual sharing their body with me and an individual sharing themselves.

sharing their body with me seems to imply that their body is special and that I am special

difference in sexual affection and non-sexual physical affection

the female body is beautiful - I am enamored with it

but specific instances or rather specific individuals are more complete incarnations of beauty

I would rather cuddle two nights than have sex one night (right now)

I am hesitant to view blatantly sexual nudity and mostly avoid it

I want to experience individuals (complete)

pictures of people often create a solid experience in general for me

\*maybe it's a left-out thing [I like the idea of watching people enjoying themselves. Though sex and nudity for me are private things.] It seems this may be the greatest motivation behind viewing them.

If the individual had access to the activity- ? anonymity or a comfort of separation may be factors also

why are some people deprived of attention or affection - I don't think I've ever turned down a female

want isn't some compulsion it can be a choice too - do individuals never think I could be the individual that shows that individual they are wanted.

---it is doubtless that the goal of some porn is to inspire people to share the experience of being wanted, pursued, or seduced and at this time I would say possibly one of the best goals---

I love the idea of everybody just getting all the attention and love that they want

**st.**

I can tell the serpentine

she does not lack her way

in children's tales she speaks her way

in mind's way she tickles

there is something in the air



