

NICOLE CHRISTINA SONNBERGER

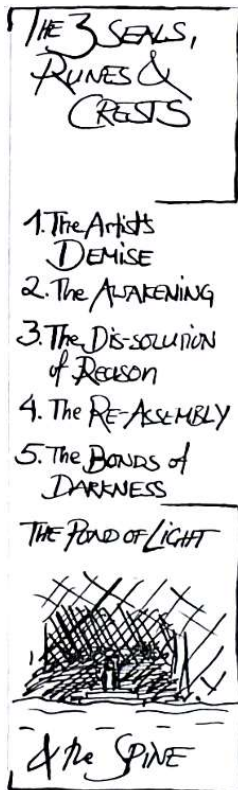
DREAMS

OF A FALLEN ANGEL



AN EXTENSIVE INTRODUCTION TO
CLARITY

DREAMS OF A FALLEN ANGEL



Art: Midjourney A.I.

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:

**A TESTAMENT OF
DARKNESS**
The Fall of
Annaleraai - the 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.



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 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.

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.

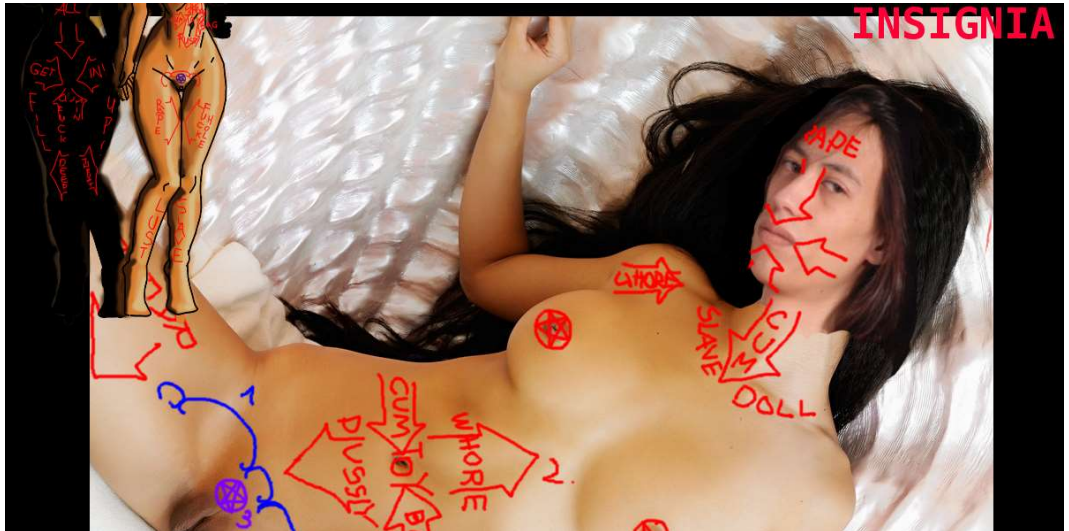
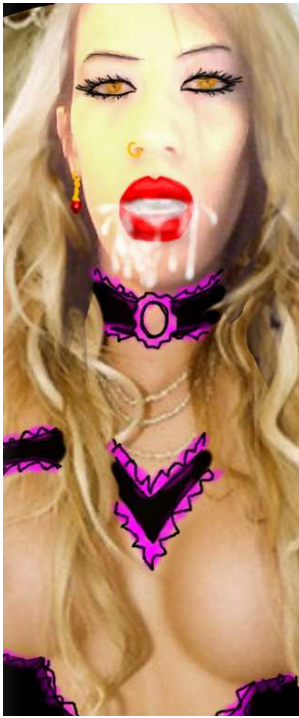
And I may assume, that these things didn't amount to Clarity for me, because there was yet an understanding to be found. And that understanding I actually enjoyed. Or so I enjoyed it to a higher degree.

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'.

...

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.

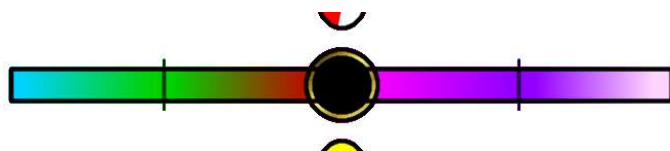
It was very well still my own cognitive process that led to them, yet instead of thoughts just manifesting in “the ether”, they eventually started to take shape within what I might describe as an elaborate and complex structure. Rooms for instance, so in my mind, effective through an association I held 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 lose 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 "getting 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 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



The 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.

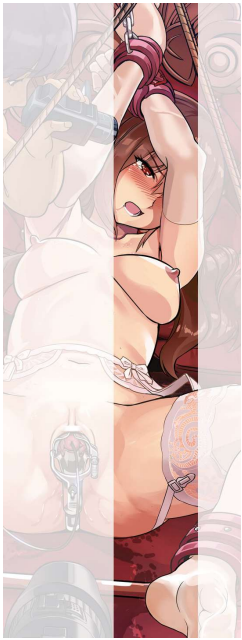
And from what I can gather, between the Crests, the Seals and the Primary Runes, when aligned properly, the Light radiates all throughout. As ought to be. Which however does or would, ever so often, leave us in this awkward state where we don’t quite know what’s missing. Or as in my case: Totally forgetting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

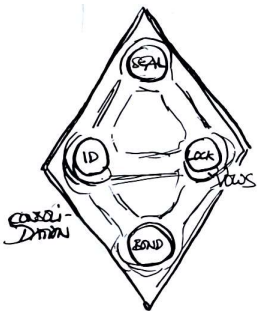


Artist: yewang19

- | | |
|---------------|---|
| CREST 1: | FAMILY SLAVE |
| SEAL: | Enforced Femininity (Physical) |
| PRIMARY RUNE: | Wedding Bond [Slave of Satan]
<i>intimacy</i> |
| CREST 2: | BREEDING WHORE |
| SEAL: | Mental Imprisonment |
| PRIMARY RUNE: | Bond of Misery [Absolute Victimhood]
<i>training</i> |
| CREST 3: | DUNGEON COW |
| SEAL: | Harem’s Bride |
| PRIMARY RUNE: | Bond of Abduction [Absolute Destruction]
<i>prostitution</i> |

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 the Absolute, THE Absolute is God. Whatever experience God would have of the immense, the eternal, ‘the Absolute’ - other than what is merely “His State” - by the principle of all Creation being finite – has a finite Form. And so we can partake of His experiences – as He is willing to share. And the ninedom is full of it.

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 sort of 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.



Artist: Unknown

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.

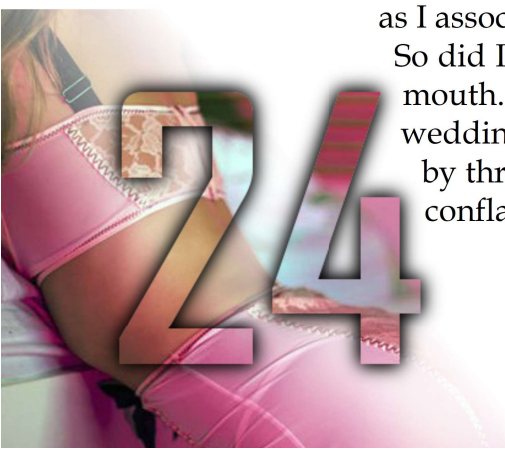
The first thing I liken it to, is a likeness. Like a look or an outfit. This

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

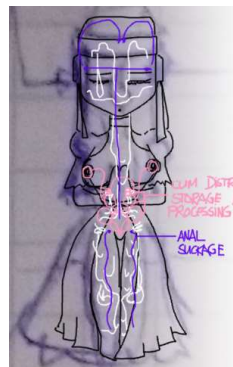
experience myself to be male, locked into a female body and exposed to its pleasures. This also has a really Gay (Men loving Men) angle to it – but ... none of this is to be mistaken for a per se ‘male identity’ or ‘self’ in a final sense. It is more-so a way for me to connect with my female self, or 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.



Artist: Francesco
(Grimm Fairy Tales)



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

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 pery 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.

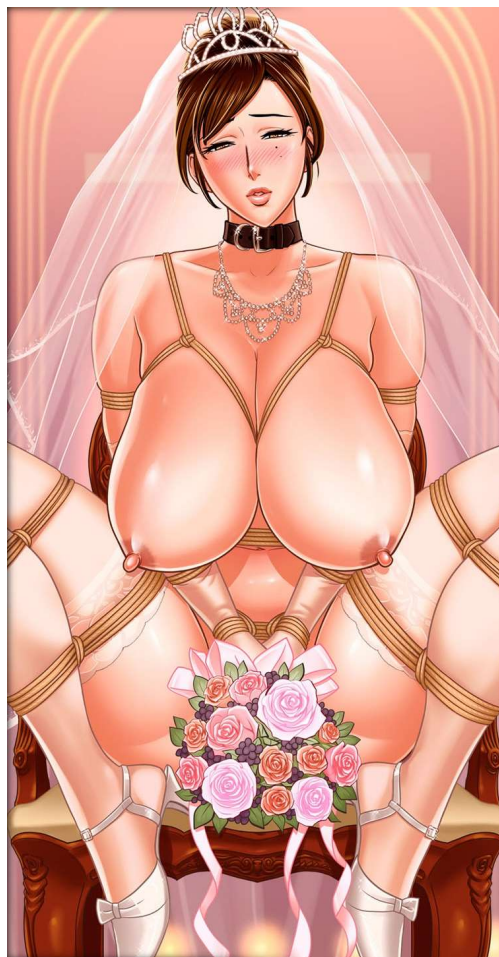
Similarly does Clarity eventually turn into some kind of intricate network of interwoven truths that supplement each other to varying degrees - and so what has previously merely been an exalted understanding of various conditions, circumstances, abilities and/or whatever, does eventually become a somewhat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

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



Artist: Tatsunami
Youtoku

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.

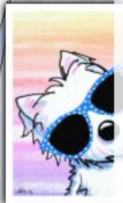
Which is often enough just what up with Clarity.

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



Artist:
Kim Niles
(kiniart.com)



Artist: Ryo
Agawa

Artist:
Konoshige /
Ryuun (?)

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' → "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" → 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

— Ku
FREEDOM

Alatar

SELF (Individuality, "I")

Ualatar

 comprehending
 Self
 (Self-Comprehension,
 Self, that comprehends)

Hunan'Pali

 Hunan
 PERSONAL (attributed to one's
 self)


 Pali
 WILL


 WANTING

Gaiuana


The Spring Flux
 Aiuu ≈ Spring


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?)

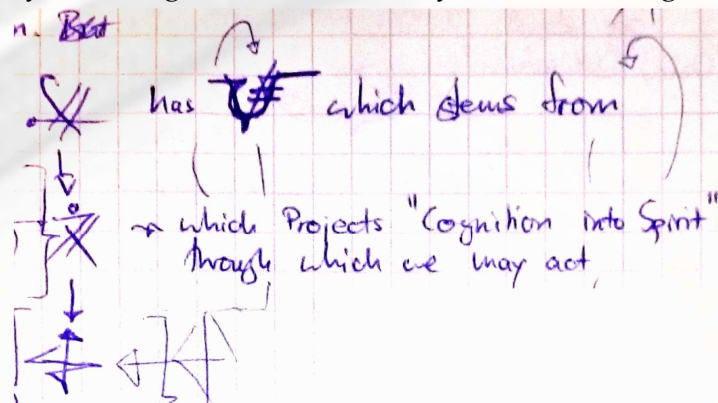
Now, individually I do still have 'wanting' as a more general expression of my 'Self'; Which I mostly (or entirely?) experience as part of my Ualatar. That, along with Hunan'Pali and Ku'Alatar - so I would think - comes together in 'Gaiuana' (derivative of Aiuu). And that concludes the first set of fancy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

Aiataru → Object
 Aiata Ru → Ualatar
 Aiata Ru'Alatar



↔ "Muscle Memory"

The Naamaru is an Aiu Lagari Ebtaia of the DebtaEiaLagaris
 This implies that the "Dewen Seed" } Naamaru * Aioasi, [□+△=□] }
 is Present in the Universal } through which } 2a Thought { & wanting }
 the Divine ♯ may Act. } concept of }
 ↳ thought ↳
 This results in special Aiataru, we can
 call Aiataru'Lagaris. Plural Aiataru'Lagaris
 Aicdaia'Lagaris

Hmm ... OK.

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

Belugia'Lagaris

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 Aitutara'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 'Aitutara' do. Aitutarases? 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👉are👉no👉Slaves👉in👉Zion👉!

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 necessarily in a romantic sense.

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.

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.

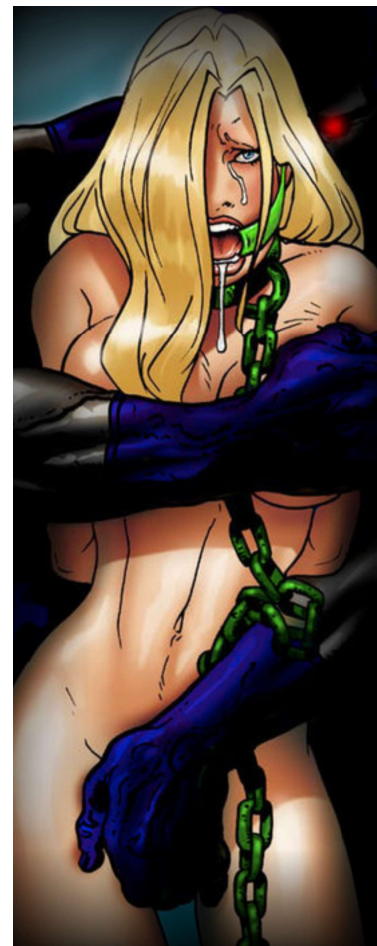
Not sure what to do with this text. I'm repeating myself - so, technically that could be a placeholder. Like almost all of the previous Chapter. Up unto the Runes & Crests part, which ... however wasn't much about Anatomy anymore.

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
)



CREST 1: FAMILY SLAVE (INCEST LATROCE)

SEAL: ENFORCED FEMININITY

PRIMARY RUNE: LEEDING BOND (SLAVE OF SYDAN)

SECONDARY RUNES:

1. Fuckedut → Sex Doll | Bond of Enslavement [Enslavement]
2. Toilet Slave → Rape Toy | Bond of Captivity [Enslavement]
3. Pet → (Little) SISTER? | Bond of Incest [Gangrape]
4. Sow → Mother | Bond of Humiliation [Torture]
5. Dirty Secret → Pseudo Slave | Bond of Exposure [Benevolence]

→ 1. Grave Rape
→ 2. Prienize Prostitution
→ 3. Pomancing Last

CREST 2: BREEDING WHORE/COV

SEAL: MENTAL ENFRANCHISEMENT

PRIMARY RUNE: BOND OF MISERY (ABSOLUTE VICTIMHOOD)

SECONDARY RUNES:

- 1. Cystitch → (Harrot?) | Bond of Deviation [Disgrace]
- 2. Focist → Animal | Bond of Despair [Mutilation]
- 3. Pissess → Pissess | Bond of Craving [Body Marking]

CREST 3: DUNGEON COV

SEAL: MOTHERS BRIDE

PRIMARY RUNE: BOND OF ADDICTION (ABSOLUTE DESTRUCTION)

SECONDARY RUNES:

1. Slave Choc → Dina | Bond of Exploitation [Free for All]

SEAL 1

CLARITY

WHORE

BRANWASHED

ENFRANCHISEMENT

PET DOLL

SEX-SLAVE

LEADNESS

Welcome to a Little Mess that I've Created!

The Photos here are all from recent efforts. Right above you'll find the previously shared table - the old and outdated one; Though actually when I was referring to "old versions" I was thinking of stuff from before that. The table I shared is actually the result of what I'm trying to describe at this point.

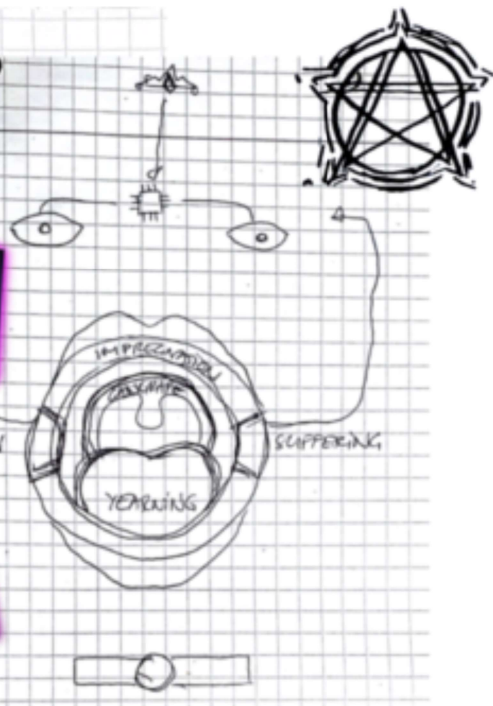
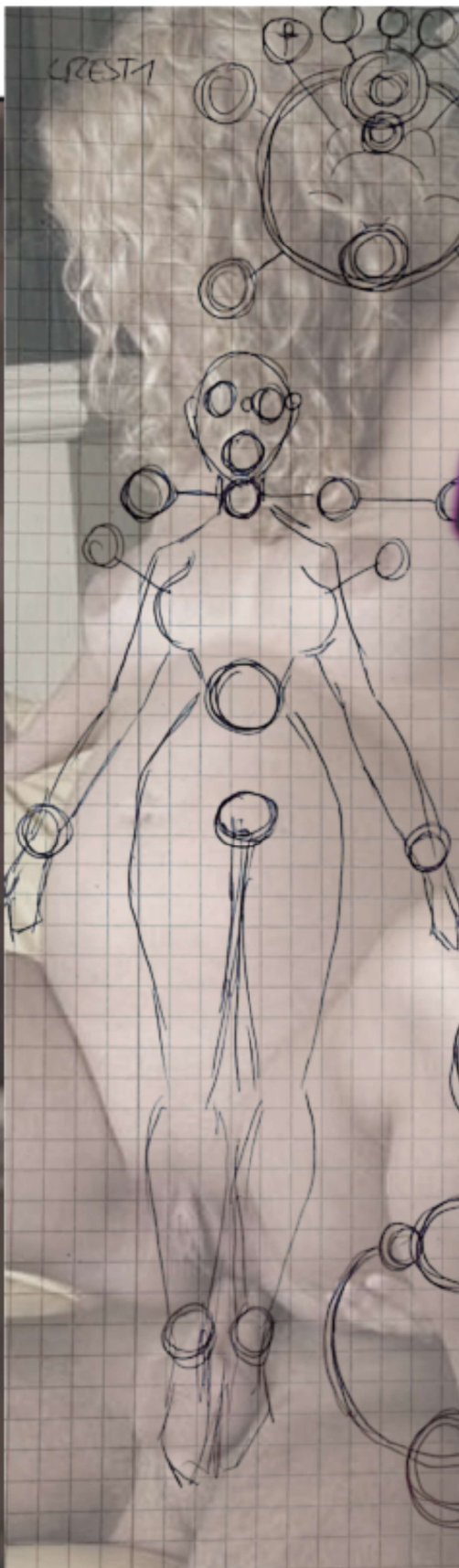
So, you might be able to make out some of the words. At this point, outside of the Seal, what's going on in my mind is between two items. Or so at first only one item. The Huge circles on these diagrams would usually depict a pregnant belly; And you can kindof see ... what kind of issues I was facing. Adding the Crest made it about two - the question being, which goes on top and which goes in the bottom. And here one twister is in that conceptually, the top corresponds to the Crest. As how this table is constructed, the bottom is what however extends into those bonds. So, thinking the "Metal" part into the top made the thing finally "pop" - we might say, but noting it down like that didn't feel right; Obviously because the layout wouldn't work out for that.

At the bottom right you can see the 'final result' - as presented herein; And in the top right you can see a version of the prominent attempt after that came into existence.

And there is a certain peace I feel about that. As opposed to ... weird lingering unrest, desires that wouldn't go anywhere ... that kind of stuff.

It is then that since the second "Rune" would prominently feature pregnancy, that I wouldn't think of the "Metal" part - and yet 'feeling' it as something that belonged. I'd usually push it into the third. Which ... isn't entirely wrong because there are similarities - but not truly right either.





SEALS	
GENERAL	[1] Wedding Ring + Female (enforced) + Sex-Slave (doll) + Exploited (gangrape)
PUBLIC	[2] Mind Control + Cockslut + Cumdump + Selfrape
INTIMATE	[3] Prostitution + Harem bride + Death Torment + Dungeon Slut <i>Love Abuse</i>

Sex Slave

So are these older attempts also a mix between rights and wrongs.
 Most prominently did I link Captivity or at times Prostitution to the third - which makes sense because of the dungeon bit. And I assume, that the more verbose I got - the more accurate things turned out. But none of what I tried would allow me to really see through why ... I never felt quite done.

The thing above ... I would think that's the consequence to It could practically be the proverbial dent in the wall. So, that me being focused on this problem for so long, that it left some kind of subconscious ... imprint.



And so I suppose it also shows, in a way, how I come to resolve these things. That they are internal considerations: Of internal tensions and harmonies. That so - from being clear inside, I come to produce clear expressions or reflections. Filtered through my ability to wrap things into language.

As for what and why ... well ... that's a story for another time. As follows ...

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.

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

The thing is, stuff here tends to be nested and interwoven with depth and what not ...

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 re-enforce 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

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.

 ENFORCED FEMINIZATION PRINCESS	MARRIAGE SATANIC ENSLAVEMENT	CREST BOND	RUNE GANGRAPE
 LOCK CAPTIVITY	I EXIST TO GET SEXUALLY ABUSED	BEDROOM(CELL) PRIVACY SPECIAL ACCESS	1. I exist as a SEX-SLAVE 2. I get FEMINIZED to any appointed extent 3. I am PROSTITUTED to those imposed onto me
"SPOUSE"			

 MENTAL IMPRISONMENT BIMBO	ENSLAVEMENT MISERY & DESPAIR	CREST BOND	RUNE SUFFERING
 PREGGO	I'M BORN INTO SEXUAL SLAVERY	SEX-CLUB/BROTHEL INTIMACY SOLD	1. I crave RAPE above all 2. I prioritize PROSTITUTION above all 3. I put ROMANCE last
"BAPHOMET"			

 HAREM'S BRIDE QUEEN	ABDUCTION ETERNAL SUBMISSION	CREST BOND	RUNE HUMILIATION
 CATTLE	I LIVE TO GET FUCKED UNTIL THE END	DUNGEON FREEDOM OPEN ACCESS	1. I WORSHIP those that Love to DESTROY me 2. I LUST for living a life of being TORTURED to DEATH 3. I CRAVE the ecstasy of TEARS of SADNESS
"NYX"			

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.



Artist:
Kacyu

Because LUST is filthy.

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.

Artist: maron



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 want. 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 truth.

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-to-speak. 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.

To say that the effects are – which also includes my response. Not however that the envisioned things are. I mean, thinking 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 ... eventually the issue is that they don't. So it might not even be useful to think of them as "vague outlines" – as more to the point, they are internal emotional conditions (standards) that supplement an internal sense of harmony.

So would much of my Clarity be detrimental, if one wouldn't also have the pleasures associated with them (Sex Life). And in as far as I don't have a Sex Life, just yet, well ... I do what I can and *want to* nonetheless. Knowing that it is ... hmm. Well, no. I just do. Understanding that Life is/can be more. Theoretically.

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 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 had learned that enough coffee and cigarettes or weed can starve out hunger. At least to some extent.

Yea, maybe coffee and cigarettes aren't called a 'Bitch's Breakfast' for nothing.

"Shackles of Terror"

Essentially, for the most part – or the longest time – the shackles have been 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 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: Are they more of a Seal 2 or more of a Wedding thing? And things of that nature.

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

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.

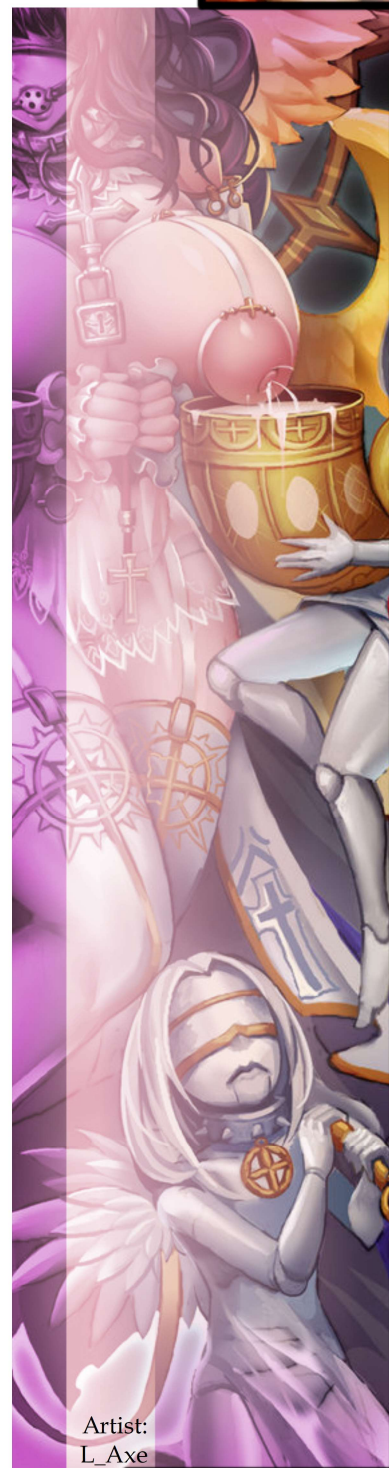
And that's just a thing. I suppose it's just what they always did - just that they never did it that strong. But like so, they're a bit of a mystery to me.

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.



Artist:
L_Axe



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 done unto you) as applied to an individualistic frame of reference. Which 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. Here, it would not apply – as, per chance, due to some individualistic 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 straight with you: This is essentially just fantasy. One that lends itself to this idea, where the duality is seen as something more. That ... "we" are just too good for this to work. That "we" need some real assholes to make it function as intended. But here's the thing: Maybe. But the thing with 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 high horse in Paradise. As I also think that there's a difference between just being an asshole and having a legitimate Kink. Where ultimately ... Love and Sadism ... aren't all that far apart. But whatever ... [...].*

* - I mean, to apart of me this comes as something amusing. Yet another part is just annoyed. And another again ... slightly confused.

But here's the thing: Measuring your worth or value against others, is always just down to how it makes you feel and how you deal with that. And holding multiple conflicting perspectives, is similar – in that you have to take some distance from certain things. Eventually we're also way 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

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 about it. And it's not like this ultimately came out of nowhere.

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

My description of the Order of LUST there is however nowhere near enough to properly express myself regarding its ... situation. I mean, the 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 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.

I sure do believe that the forgiveness of Sins is vital for Paradise to be a truly happy place – but I'm not so sure on the "you just have to forgive yourself" part per se. One does after all have to face the reality of their situation. It's called humility.

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 Document there are still a few notes – partially in focus on this

Ultimately, I'm not as much enslaved – as I'm getting what I want. In this ... 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 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.



Artist: XEton

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.

I really don't know what that means. I only remember of this thing being a thing, where I get myself caught up in a Kink of contradiction. This being an instance - but, yea. That.

← You remember where I was earlier trying to describe my head-glitches? Well, here's one: "I get to stumble over it - for, while I on the one hand have those feelings that unanimously kick me down that path, I can't really get the reality of it in my head; And I find myself not wanting it. Which weirdly enough, hits me like a Kink. But so, I can't even "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?

One ... well ... we might call it a 'natural point of issue' here, as I understand, is due to the margins of time we think about - and how over all, at the end of the day, none of what comes could exceed our minds. So could we now envision the happiness of a distant future - and wonder how we, internally, aren't there yet.

So do I have a concept of Paradise, that starts out with what I usually call "Heaven 1.0" (which, I think, currently is in its Beta-Version). It contains three phases:

Phase 1 is the phase of reconciliation. What we make of it might depend on the individual. I myself have lingering desires - unfolding into a plethora of things I feel a NEED for experiencing.

Phase 2 is the phase of acclimatization. One might think that of phase 1 - in regards to which, this were the phase of normalcy. But what we here get used to, is that Eternity lasts a lot longer than what time it takes for us to satisfy our precious needs. But sure - in the idea it is a phase of normalcy.

Phase 3 is the phase of consolidation.

So, what I'm getting at here is the time 'thereafter'. And the time thereafter. Until the time is so far thereafter - that we, despite our limited ability to conceive of those things, come back to the discovery of some sense of identity; Where individuality isn't "everything possible" anymore, yet again.

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 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 we're settled, so I see/think/assume, we'll have a certain routine of existing between the matters of life's diversity and matters of our consolidated selves. Yet, Eon after Eon, these deep consolidated things yet 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 lifetimes ... would also age and eventually come to an end. And that's where the page is turned ... moving on into Heaven 2.0..

So would our concept of Paradise at first be thoroughly stuck in Phase 1 - we might say.

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 again. And so is there 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 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 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 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 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 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

* As a Lesbian - this confuses me greatly. As a human being, not so much. I would assume that after reaching a certain age, gender and orientation are merely abstractions of concepts 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 to.

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 'anti-masculinity roasts' of recorded history.

Eventually, so the idea, a 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. Trans-sexuality is a source for Kinks and Flavor. We can narrow the experience to psyche-vs-biology matters; Which is my experience - but at the end of the day ... there's also stuff outside 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 what was 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.

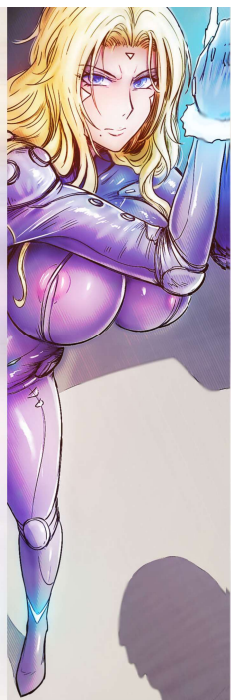
But so is life. And in regards to Clarity – or personal imaginings, we may put it like so: That one thing that isn’t part of my Clarity – is the issue of how I get to eat or drink or do other necessary business.

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 to (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.

To understand what I'm getting at, it may help to know that I wrote a lot of this in consideration of

"worse case assumptions" - as so for instance related to child abuse.

In as far as people might be looking or hoping for some 'safeguards' against

this or that, the issue is always one of the individual. And the primary argument here to that is, that knowing what works and what doesn't - in the good light -

should/would/could quell the curiosities that might otherwise burst into 'silly experimentation'.

And so I think the only two things that can really take the wind out of the sails are 1. Just ignore the whole thing (which may sometimes be easier said than done) or 2. Be exposed to the conditions (which usually aren't identical to the dream). This is as much as what one might say about the value of theory, in Light of practical application. So, to the inexperienced 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 substance - while previously it was our imagination.

And so I was thinking, while I was still doing sex-work, in how far my Clarity would help me do it. And the answer was twofold. On the one side it was just "nope" because the individual relationships to make more of me weren't there - and on the other side it was ... dependent on the client. And there are just "those guys" ... that wouldn't stimulate a single cell in me. And it's not that difficult. There literally was a dude who just 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 was really able to enjoy the work. And all the nuance and complexities 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

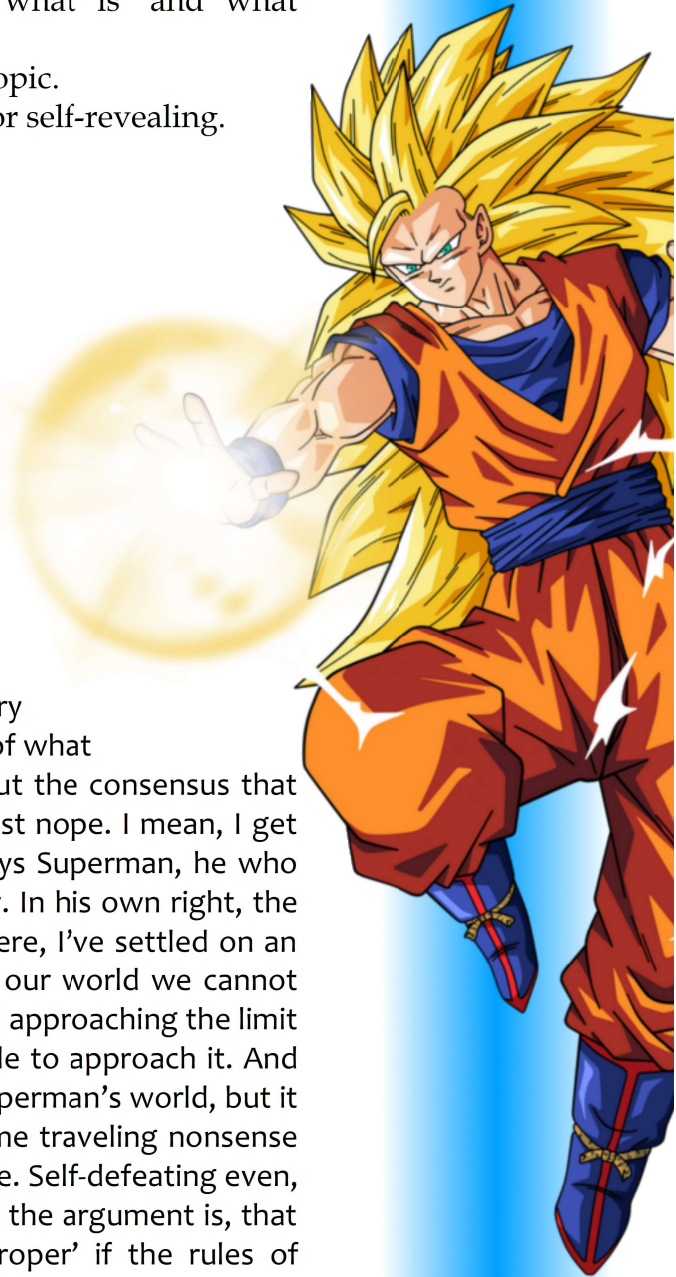
Lies ... I guess. And technically ... one's individual truths are another person's lie. Or so - each individual is effectively a unique reality.

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

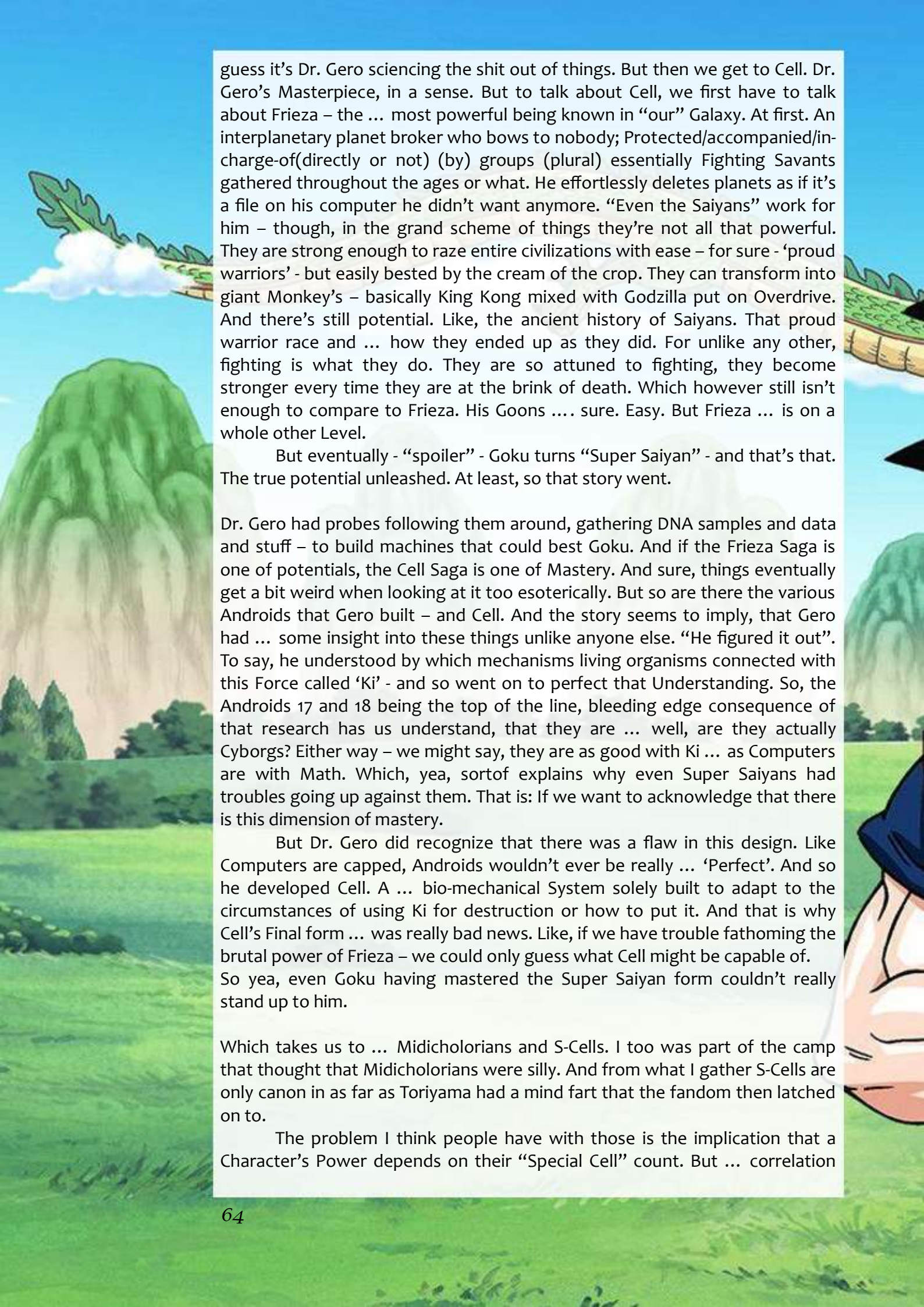
So, part of the build-up to ... well ... "my contemporary form" did involve some delving into the proper science of what a Super Saiyan is. Because ... something bugs me about the consensus that Superman could beat Goku. Like, in my Book: NOPE! Just nope. I mean, I get this fantasy of Superman being 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 ... they're kinda BS - it would seem. But well I



Artist: bardocksonic

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/in-charge-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.

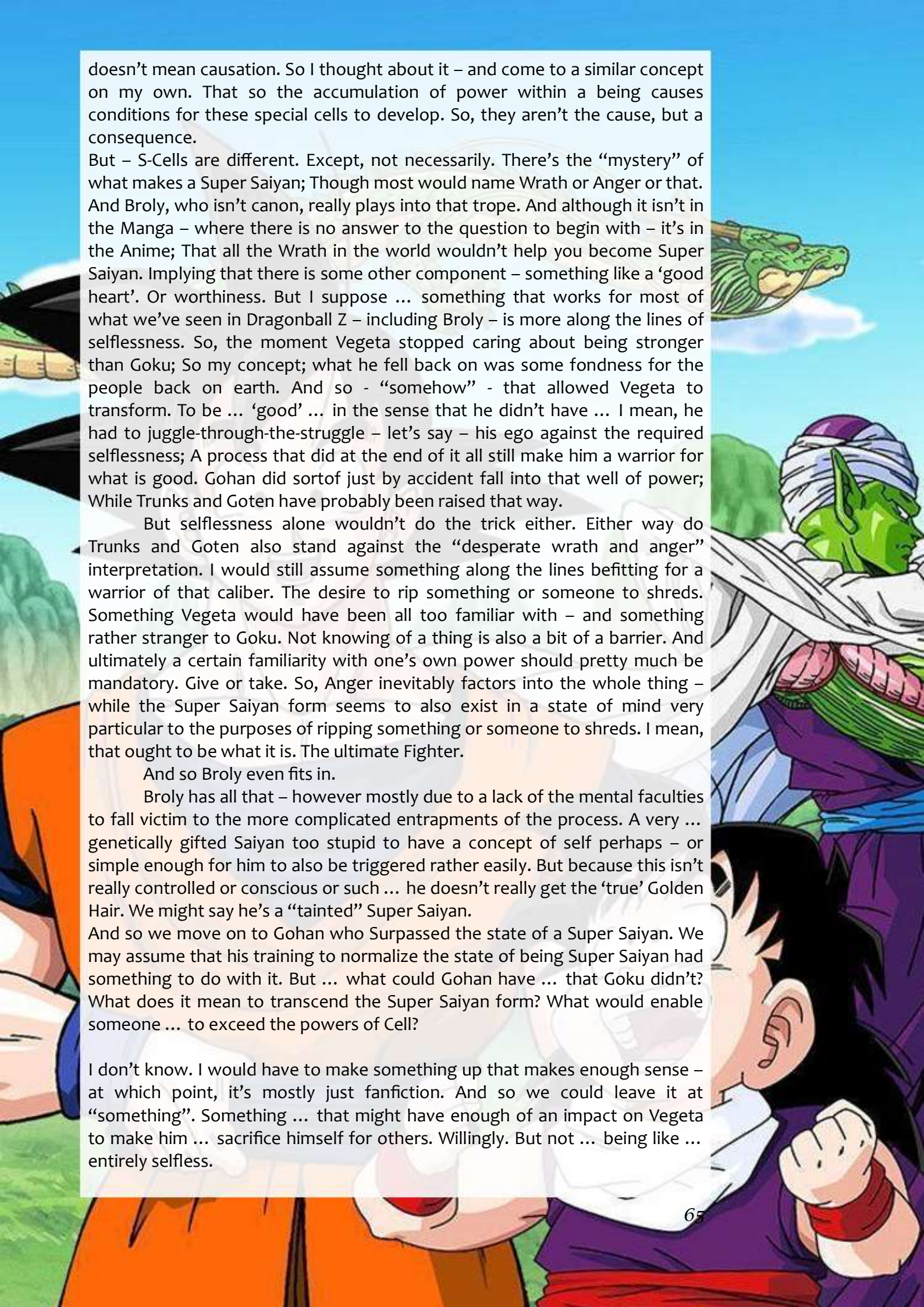
But eventually - “spoiler” - Goku turns “Super Saiyan” - and that's that. The true potential unleashed. At least, so that story went.

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 ... Midichlorians and S-Cells. I too was part of the camp that thought that Midichlorians 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.

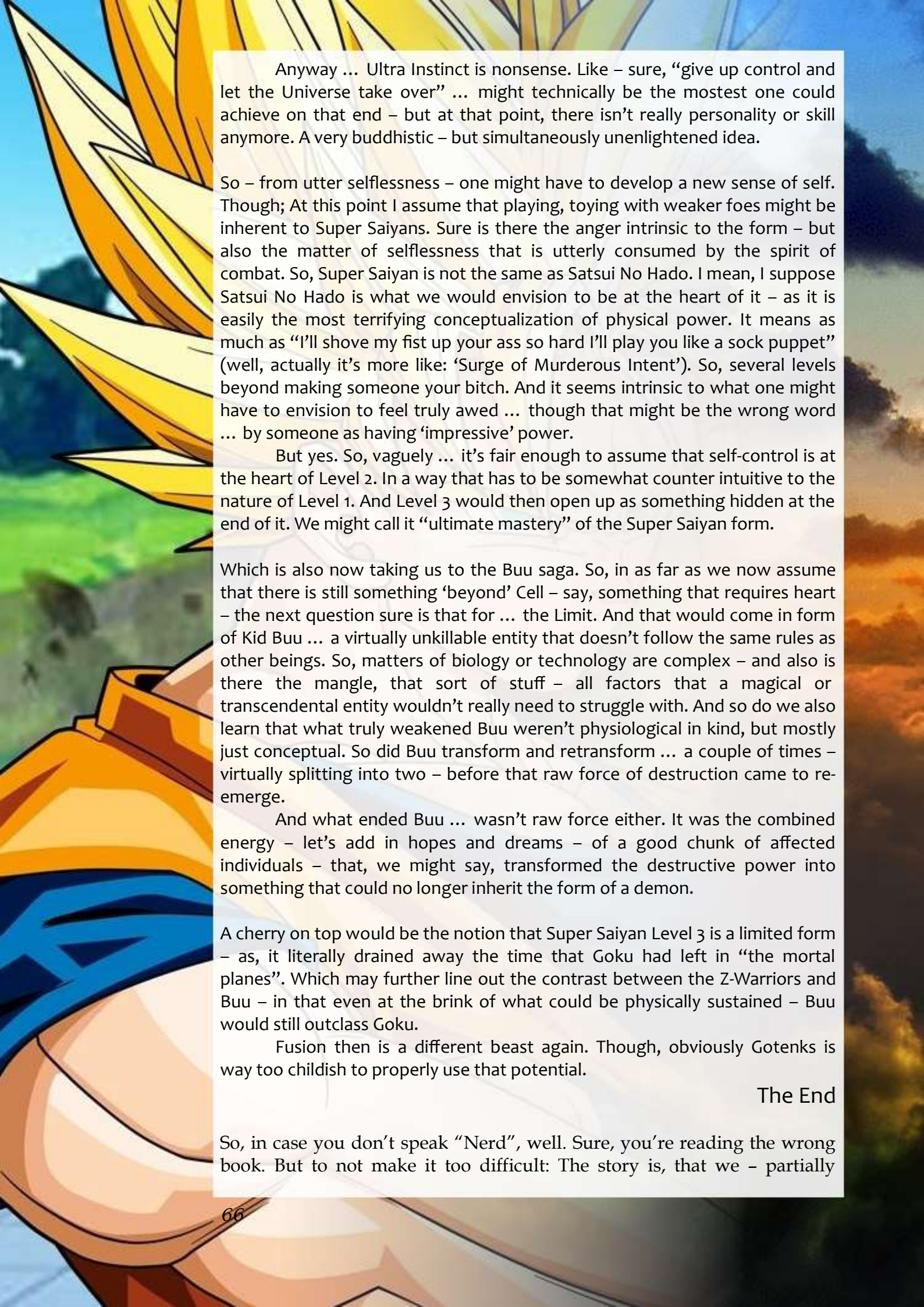
But selflessness alone wouldn't do the trick either. Either way do Trunks and Goten also stand against the “desperate wrath and anger” interpretation. I would still assume something along the lines befitting for a warrior of that caliber. The desire to rip something or someone to shreds. Something Vegeta 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 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 re-emerge.

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?

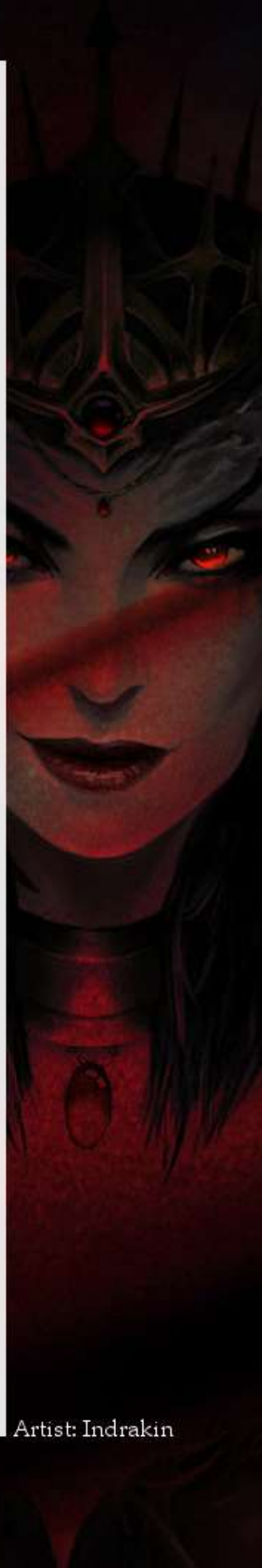
Apparently we are. Or we have to. "Ready or not"

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 overlooked, 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

Artist: reptilianscum

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

