Chapter 4 – Victory Foretold

Would it be premature of me, now, to speak of Victory? Judging by how things look, now, it certainly may have been – thinking of the last time I did. And so, what has changed? Well, nothing … really, which is also exactly the point. Although, it's not entirely correct. Some things have changed; At least I feel like I have washed my hands clean – which again is something Victorious on my part.

As premature as it would be to speak of Victory, so would it be to speak of defeat. As it stands, nothing has happened and nothing is happening – leaving me to eventually defeat myself within this void. But so I can just … roll with it and do the same. For, who has stood up to challenge me? The moral victory certainly is mine!

One can see, from their cowardly actions, that they have nothing! And we've seen it happen, time and time again. Though now, in the aftermath, it were easy to act as if nothing happened – it sure speaks volumes to them for what would happen if they didn't. And so they hide, cowardly as ever; Talking shit to You to make it seem as though it were them that owned me.

It's like in the movie ‚the Matrix', where Trinity speaks to Neo saying: „You've been down that road before! You know where it's going!". And so they agree that a different course of action is advisable. To just wait until I wear myself out, or give up perhaps. And one of these days I just might. It wouldn't be so much a loss as it would be one less victory. And to be fair and honest, I've given it a lot of thought and I've given up to the point where it wouldn't be fair for me to claim it. But then God is like „Woh, hold on! Not so fast!" – and that's the real conundrum here because this Motherfucker isn't telling me enough for me to be on the up and up as to what's going on.

And You, well, those that have been checking in, are no different. You might be like: „Pffft! What Victory?". But yea. You be like „If she were the Prophet, wouldn't she have to have a sign?" – and I give Sign, so I won! Easy! Then You're like backpaddling, looking for excuses, shifting the goalpost – until eventually we come to a point where I have to say that I can't give You that; And that's where You start feeling cozy.

On occasion, after enough time has passed, some things changed and I can give You a bit more than once or twice before – and I'm like „OK, let's give it another shot!" – and yea, naturally I pull another W; Within the margins of my abilities of course. In other words: What did You think might happen? And of course it doesn't mean anything. You start feeling comfortable saying: „Haha! We were right after all" – and things keep going nowhere.

Like, how does the saying go? „Give them a finger and they take the whole hand". Well, You certainly can't accuse me of only feeding You crumbs; You can accuse me for having been too active, too busy maybe at leaving no stone unturned. And maybe for being too brash, being too cocky, having too much of an attitude. Or in short: Being too much for You. But then You'd be the ones to speak of honesty and being true to Yourself, of the intellect and the virtues and the values and stuff. So, need I be sorry for being too much of an embodiment of those things. The way I see it, I'm too much for You to handle; And the way I see it, that's pretty much a You problem!

And sure. As of late I've begun to struggle. If I'm not mistaken, well, I suppose there's something to be said about not getting too attached to mortals. Although technically we're the same, I suppose that You mortals have this weird way about it … which just gives You a very wrong impression of where You're standing and what all these emotions truly mean. I suppose it's smarter to pull the Prime Directive and, You know, not get involved with the inferior.

But alas, I have begun to struggle. And that's where y'all be jumping up and out like „Haha! You lose!", pointing fingers, speaking of how pathetic I am; And so it's up to me again to set the record straight.

Anyway, it's not like I couldn't handle it. I mean, I tried to take the L, but somehow it just wouldn't come. And how's that for showing humility? Of course there's some … we might call it

Plot Armor, for ***apparently*** God still has a Plan somehow. Something something … *my exaltation*. I mean, otherwise I just don't see what I'm still doing here. I keep telling HIM, and let You in on it, that I'm *done*. I don't know what else to do. But somehow HE doesn't seem to think that it's time just yet. But yea, that's what it'd be coming down to. Once my job is done and all of You agree that HE has to do something; You might just get what You're asking for. Sortof.

Personally I don't know what the issue is at this point. There is, realistically, only so much that I could do or hope to accomplish; And if the failure is with God not having given me enough, then … you are the ones that should be weary of deceptive appearances!

At the end of the day – sidenote – there's more than just God looking down from the beyond. More than just HIM whom You'll have to answer to. I'm sure they've seen what I've been through; And I'm sure there's at least a little bit of Love there for me.

On the other hand, God has repented before – at least so scripture says – and I'm certainly no stranger to making mistakes. It wouldn't be a big problem to just pull the plug and sort the rest out later. Yea yea – „fire and brimstone" – bla bla. WE certainly DO believe in Free Will, if You can't consider that, that's a You problem. Some certainly will have to deal with it, but, I don't think that the rest is going to have that big of a problem with it. Certainly nowhere near as big as some would make it out to be.

And sure! Life isn't Fair! We, or I certainly never disputed that!

So, what's the Problem? That YOU have to acknowledge *my Exaltation* for it to mean anything? Yea, sigh, that would be a Problem I guess. But then there's those that do and those that don't. And what does THAT leave us with? Another YOU problem of course!

See … „I'm not so bad, once You get to know me!".

By now my victory has to be so complete, I wouldn't even have to do anything anymore. It's quasi fully automated. The questions, the answers – even the bollocks and some bonus content! I certainly had enough time on my hand to squeeze in a little extra here and there.

How's it going? I single handedly boosted human evolution by millennia! OK, maybe just centuries. Who can tell? And perhaps just in my own little way, here and there; But certainly enough to feel kind of good about myself.

So, what's the play? Wait it out? Try to rush to a conclusion and get it over with before anyone can bat an eye on it? Gish-galloping? Quoting Statistics? Bible Thumping? Well, I can't say that I'm perfectly confident here. But it doesn't seem like God has to do too too much to make this work. And eventually all You have to do is hit „play". And I guess that's some high Grade Service!

In the end, so far, it wasn't really too too difficult. Or all that difficult – when looking past all the stress and burned out Nerves. But that's how You can tell that You did something! „No Pain, no Gain!" they say. It's kind of like that. If You're not walking away with at least some mark, have You really done anything?
Hmm … there was more. But well … I suppose I'm not THAT that perfect!

So … „if You'll excuse me …"

I really had to get this off my chest – eventually. One of these days … . I'm sure it's going to age like fine wine! I mean, what else would it be?

The exception to this is merely a state of mind. Just … don't confuse my responsibilities with Yours!