

Anthology Complex

M.B. Julien

Volume 1 - Composition 2

(1:2 / 2 / II)

Part 6

Chapter 51

WHITE LIGHTS

1:2:6:51

HOW did you get here? That's what you ask yourself as you lay wide awake on a hotel's bed. You look around the room and notice how poorly organized every aspect of the hotel room is, and then that's when you realize you haven't slept in three weeks. Ms. Nosleep, sent by Mr. Nosleep to keep you company because he couldn't make the trip. It doesn't matter how far away you go, these kinds of things will always catch up with you.

You get up off the bed and stand there for a while wondering if life is simply just a joke. You can't fall asleep, so that kind of makes you mad, and when you can fall asleep, you don't like waking up. This makes you think of Newton's first law.

You walk into the bathroom and realize that this room is very well organized, unlike the other. You stand in front of the mirror, you've done this every morning that you've been here. You stare long enough until you convince yourself that the person in the mirror is actually someone else. For a moment it feels like you're actually looking at another person on the other side of that mirror, and then you realize that it's just you and you laugh. Some mornings the laugh lasts for a few seconds, others, a few minutes.

You go to the toilet and urinate, flushing the toilet while you are urinating so that you don't have to do it later. When you're done, you go to turn off the light and realize that flipping the switch up turns off the light. Some switches were weird like that, usually because there was another switch that controlled the same light somewhere nearby! A sneeze. Sometimes when you're thinking and you sneeze, you sneeze the word you are currently thinking right out of your mouth. In this case, you sneezed out "nearby."

You walk out of the bathroom and grab your coat, then you leave the room and nod at Sally as you exit the hotel. You realize you are staying at a hotel located in the downtown area of the city. Tall buildings, people, cars, noise, you could almost suffocate from it.

You look down and see snow on the ground. The year's first snow which must have came overnight which you would have seen falling had you looked out of the hotel window, but you didn't. It doesn't matter though, chances are the snow will melt in a few hours and it will be as if it never happened at all. The first snow never takes.

You walk a few yards up to one of those little news box things that house newspapers and take out a newspaper. You laugh because you're reading about a small town west of where you are now that has a high crime rate. Go to the ends of the Earth and nothing will change.

Where are you going? That's what you ask yourself as you walk away from the hotel. You know that you're not lost or confused, yet you feel like it. Sometimes you feel like you can't find that starting and finishing point, and because of that you don't know where

you are in the race. You probably don't even know if you're running in the correct direction. The one thing you do know and understand is that "joy can be shared with others while grief must be endured alone."

On your walk, someone asks you if you know the time. You don't have any devices that tell you the current time, so you say no and apologize. If you liked to joke around with strangers, you would have said "No, but it must be seven o'clock somewhere." It's funny how the composition of a sentence can completely change its meaning. "Is it seven o'clock?" "It is seven o'clock." Alter one little thing and you get a different result. The world is a funny place.

Now you're walking down some stairs that lead to a subway. You pay the fare and begin to wait like everyone else who is standing on the platform. On the other side you can hear someone playing a guitar and singing, so you start to walk in that direction. You find that it is a young black male performing for loose change.

You stand there and listen for a while, and then you hear the subway coming. You put your hands in your pocket and take out a five dollar bill and place it in the man's hat. He thanks you, you nod, and you make your way to the subway car along with everyone else.

Who are you? That's what you ask yourself as you sit down. Not too long later you notice that your thumb is red. The superficial cut had healed but is being irritated once again.

You sit down and notice a fairly attractive male sitting across from you. As the subway car begins to move you start to think about the fallacy of composition. He may be attractive physically, but that doesn't necessarily mean that all aspects of this man will be attractive themselves. He may end up having a repulsive personality or some repulsive habits. Sometimes your mind makes that poor assumption and you end up spending the rest of your life with someone you don't really love.

That is to say, that philosophy infers that someone is not simply all bad because they steal from others. There may be other parts in the machine that are good.

The subject of composition makes you think of your notebooks and the way they are written and ordered. The way your dreams tell you a story but also how you have the dreams in no particular order. The randomness of it all causes you to challenge fate and when you lose control, you'll reap the harvest you have sown, and as the fear grows, the bad blood slows and turns to stone. The composition complex.

Eventually the subway reaches the end of the line and by this time there are only a few people left in the car. You allow a woman and her child to get off before you, and after you step onto the platform, you watch them as they walk away. You think about how that child knows nothing yet about violence, sex and drugs. Murder, masturbation and addiction. And as you're thinking these things, you wonder if there is an older person

around somewhere looking at you, and if they're thinking about how you don't know about certain things, but will learn about them as you age.

On the other side of the platform is another subway car that is going in the direction you just came from, so you get on it to get back to the hotel.

Why are you doing this? That's what you ask yourself on the trip back. On this subway car there are new faces, but of course there are considering not too many people go about their day wasting it. This time, it's the female who is sitting next to you that is fairly attractive, but you know better than to assume that she is perfect.

Like you, she stares in front of her, occasionally looking out the window to see who is getting on the train. You start to wonder what she is thinking about, you pretty much do that with almost everyone. The anthropology complex.

Now you're beginning to wonder if it's what a person spends their entire day thinking about that defines them, or at least helps to define them. You start to wonder what Joe would think about if he was left in a small empty room with no light.

In your previous life you were a carpenter. You would help build things that people lived in, worked in, learned in. Your associates and friends told you that you were one of a kind, a great carpenter, and it was probably because you paid so much attention to detail. Because you lived and breathed carpentry. What you would later find out is that this did not only apply to carpentry, that you were easily passionate about anything you wanted to be passionate about. When others would call it a blessing, you called it a curse.

Before you realized it was a curse, you had many hopes and dreams and knew that you could excel in anything as long as you were to put your mind to it, but you would later learn that dreams were for children. It has been said that it is man's nature to confuse genius with insanity.

The attractive woman stands up and waits for the subway car to come to a complete stop, and then you watch her as she walks away. You assume that you'll never see her again, and your assumption is correct. A few stops later, a very unattractive couple of a male and a female board the other side of the subway car. You think about your thoughts, and then you ask yourself, "Who are you to deem them unattractive?" You've heard the phrase "beauty is in the eye of the beholder" many times before.

Eventually your stop comes and you must get off to return to your hotel room. You walk up the flight of stairs that lead back into the city and find that it has begun to snow again. You begin walking and pass by a newsstand and overhear one man talking with another man. One of the men is trying to purchase a newspaper but is about a quarter short, and the man who is selling the newspapers will not give him a break. If everyone was able to buy a newspaper from this man a quarter under the regular price, his entire profitable system would go under, so he understands that he has to be strict. It's like when

people litter; it eventually adds up.

Where have you come from? That's what you ask yourself as you watch all these cars drive by you and pass under a green light. You stand there, waiting for the light on the other side of the street to tell you that you are now allowed to walk across.

You continue to walk, and with each step you find that darkness falls. Eventually the Moon comes out, but even though it is night, you notice that the night is not completely dark. You realize that because it has snowed, there will be a little bit more light in the night than usual.

After a while you think to yourself that there are too many people in the downtown area of the city. You start to think about how all these people are part of a system and how they have to play their role. You start to think about how the chair a person sits in will shape and mold them into who they need to be.

A man who has recently been elected to be the president of the United States has strong feelings about truly changing how the country works. That's partly why the people elected him. However, two years into his term, he finds that his ideas and beliefs have changed, not because of his own free will, but because the chair he has become accustomed to sitting in has shaped and molded him into the person he needs to be to do his job.

In many ways, this city and its people are the same. In this part of the city, things are always moving and people are always working. It might be safe to say that the people here will be the same way. That these people will always be in a hurry, scrambling around because this is what life is.

In the part of the city where crime rules the land, you might find that in order to survive, you must be able to think like a criminal. A woman, instead of carrying around a purse, adapts to her environment by purchasing a small wallet. These types of things are beyond good and evil.

These thoughts get you to think of a dream you had one time, where a man tells you a story about his life. How when he was younger he wanted to change the world and make it a better place, but in his attempts, he became more and more bitter and eventually realized why the world was the way it was. This same man, in the same dream, he tells you that somewhere along the way, you might find out who you truly are.

You get back to the hotel and find that Sally has gone home for the day. You go up to your hotel room and notice that it's more organized than the way you left it. It's not so bad living in a place where others do all the cleaning for you, even if it will cost you a lot of money. Seeing your hotel room look the way it looks gets you to believe that even if a person is fairly attractive but has a repulsive personality, that it is possible for that person to change and begin to develop an attractive personality. Of course, it's also possible for

that same person to look more and more ugly each day.

When did you get here? That's what you ask yourself as you look out of your window to watch the snow fall. You've seen the seasons change so many times, but you can never tell at exactly which time it made the change.

People with low latent inhibition have a harder time ignoring useless information than others. There is a student in your class who is normally an indifferent individual. This student doesn't really have a strong opinion on anything and just wants to get through class.

Often times, your teacher has you proofread and critique the other students' essays before they are turned in for a final grade. The teacher assigns a new topic every two weeks; they are usually topics concerning social conflicts. Topics like racism and religion to name a couple.

The class isn't too populated, so many times you end up getting this student's essay to revise. Throughout the duration of the semester, you notice changes in this student's handwriting. You notice how the first essay you revised for this student had sloppy handwriting, and as the year progressed, the handwriting became slightly more and more neat. Mostly noticeable only if you are looking for it.

What may have caused this change you still do not know, but you assume a couple of ideas. The student perhaps became more differentiated and started to form opinions on certain subjects. Or, maybe some of the subjects were more sensitive to the student than others. Regardless of the answer, where you made this detection in change, many others would more than likely have ignored it. Being able to make these detections is the reason why you can see someone's suffering, no matter how slight it is. Seeing so much suffering in the world clots your blood.

You need to know why the world is the way it is, and why people are the way they are. How some people can just sit and watch as the world turns to shit. So now, after you've asked one of the hotel employees for a pen, you're writing on the back of some flyers you found.

You write down "good," "indifferent" and "bad," because you believe each person in the world, depending on their experiences in life, have a certain amount of percent in these three categories that add up to one hundred percent. That is to say, someone is fifty percent "good," twenty percent "indifferent" and thirty percent "bad," all depending on what they have gone through in life. You already know that the base of your formula is logically incorrect, but you continue any way to see where it will lead you.

Because "good" and "bad" experiences will essentially drive this formula, it's important to understand that different people react differently to a "good" or "bad" experience. If someone is used to "bad" experiences, when a "good" experience comes

along, its numerical value will be greater than that of a "bad" experience because it will have a bigger impact, the numerical value of the impact being calculated by finding the difference between "good" and "bad" experiences.

The question for this part of the formula is, if someone has one hundred "bad" experiences and twenty-five "good" experiences, will that person in question generally have a pessimistic view on life? Is it possible, because this person has so few "good" experiences and because the impact of the "good" experiences will overshadow the "bad" experiences that this person's view on life could be optimistic and beyond something that mere numbers can explain? Or, is it logical to assume that because the difference between "good" and "bad" experiences is so large, the "good" experiences will simply fall short to a dominant and greater numerical value, thus resulting in a personality that often sees a half-empty glass?

DICTUM MEUM PACTUM

1:2:6:52

WHY do people get so tired? That's what you ask yourself as you stand in front of a hotel mirror. When you can't sleep, you start to notice the smallest things. Every thing becomes magnified. You start to notice things like the bathroom door having no lock. If you weren't suffering from insomnia and you were getting regular sleep, you probably wouldn't give it a second thought.

You leave the bathroom and go to a window that overlooks the city to find that the snow is beginning to disappear. For a moment, you close your eyes, then you open them. You look downwards towards the traffic, and then you close your eyes again, but this time for a longer amount of time. You can keep your eyes closed forever, but that doesn't mean you will eventually fall asleep.

After you open your eyes, you go to the bed and you start to look at a complex formula for determining or identifying who someone is. You're looking at all these numbers and equations and definitions and ideas, and while parts of it makes sense, as a whole, it seems like it was written by someone who was enduring mania.

Impact ratios, experience evaluators, inductive reasoning. Now you're starting to wonder how many hours of the night you spent working on all these pages. You look down at a certain page that expresses the idea of "Fisheye Mathematics," and then suddenly the door to your hotel room opens.

In walks an employee of the hotel, and the two of you stare at each other for a brief moment. You know that she can tell that you are tired and bothered. "I come back later," she says as she smiles and begins to leave. You tell her that it's okay, that it won't bother you. She pauses, and then she smiles as she enters the room with her cart to restock whatever it is that needs to be restocked. "I will be quick," she assures you.

What is it with people and smiling at strangers? It must be some psychological fragment. They probably don't even realize that they're doing it.

You look back down at your work as she enters the bathroom. All of this makes sense to you, but you can't help but feel that you are bias towards it considering you are the one who wrote it.

About a minute later she comes back out and she makes her way towards the door to leave. "Have a nice day," she says to you. "Let me ask you something," you reply. She looks back, and you tell her to come look at the page you were reading. She walks over and looks down at the page you point to. "Does it make sense to you? Can you determine someone's perceptual efficiency based on the levels of their open and close mindedness?"

She looks at you as she scratches her hair with what seems to be a smile that is broken

into pieces. "I don't understand," she says. You give her an example, "Let's say a person who is 'x' race kills someone else who is 'y' race in a place where most murders are generally racially driven. Consider that the community knows who the killer is and who the victim is, most of them will probably assume that the murder was racially motivated, right?" She agrees.

You continue, "But aren't there so many more factors to consider besides just race? Can we just assume the obvious without any real thought?" She pauses, she is trying to think of something to say. "Maybe answer is sometime that simple?," she proposes. In your mind, you can't help but notice her English and you laugh a little inside, but the fact of the matter is, she's right. A writer's greatest trick is inserting a random piece of useless information into their text and have scholars study and interpret the useless information in such high regard when in reality it's nothing.

They go around claiming to know the reason why the useless information was presented at that exact time in that exact location and they have no idea that their foundation is crooked. The simple minded individual cannot understand and perceive such things like the scholar can, but that simple minded individual has no idea that he or she had it right when they felt that the useless piece of information had no real substance. Instead, they agree with the scholar to validate themselves.

You thank the employee and reach into your pocket to tip her for her time. You pull out a five dollar bill, but it drops as you go to hand it to her. You pick it up, and looking at the backside as you pick it up you notice a small figure in the Lincoln Memorial. You stare at it because this is the first time you've ever really noticed it.

Why do people want to remember everything? That's what you ask yourself as you stare at the bill. The employee attempts to gain your attention in a subtle way, and you apologize as you hand her the tip. "Thanks for your input." She smiles and then walks away. The world is an insightful place.

Time goes by and you find yourself sitting on the edge of a bed. You get up slowly and stare out of the window as you walk towards it. All of the snow is completely gone. You start to admire the dark blue setting that occurs when day changes into night.

You hear a sound in the bathroom and your psychological reflex causes you to turn your head towards the bathroom door and as you're looking at the door, in the corner of your eye, you see a flash of someone sleeping on the bed. However, when you actually look at the bed, there is no one there. Your mind playing tricks on you with sounds and visions of illusion.

You hear people talking about daydreams all the time, but you've never heard anyone talk about nightmares. After a while of being accompanied by Ms. Nosleep, you might find that your nightmares and reality will sometimes overlap. You start to have

hallucinations and sometimes they'll drive you crazy.

There was a woman who stated that the problem with trying to touch someone who you suspect to be a hallucination is that whether the person is real or not, when you touch them, your hand won't simply go through them, they will simply respond to your touch because your distorted mind will make them respond that way.

After you turn your head away from looking at the bed you begin to stare out of the window once more. You start to remember a day where a therapist told you that the anthology complex was a very common psychological state. "In other words, it is a common complex," this is what he says to you.

He explains how many people throughout the entire world often see themselves in fictional thoughts, particularly fictional thoughts that seem as if they were impossible to ever collide with their own real world. "None of us will probably ever see world peace, so instead we make a movie about it," you remember these words that he has said to you clearly.

Why do people lie to themselves? That's what you ask yourself as you grab your coat and head for the door. On your way out you nod at Sallie and soon find your hand on a door handle to the door that allows you to exit the hotel. You walk a few yards to one of those little news box things and you pull out a newspaper. Soon after, you find yourself reading an article about a newly discovered planet that may be able to sustain life.

You zip up your coat as you notice how the wind is becoming stronger. You never did like getting sick. A few minutes into your journey to nowhere, you pass by a clothing store that has both male and female mannequins standing behind the front window. You've never seen a fat mannequin. That's what you think to yourself.

The human mind can be so fragile at times. Marketing professionals know this and they take complete advantage of it. You see an extremely attractive person wearing an article of clothing and for a brief second you see yourself. You decide to purchase it. What if you were to one day see an extremely unattractive person wearing the same article of clothing? Do you still make the purchase? You might start to wonder what the mainframe of the human mind is composed of.

On the other hand, there are times when the human mind is tough. So many people out there living shit lives, and even though they know this, they choose to endure the shitfilled life. They can kill themselves at any time, but instead they choose to continue living a life they don't want to because they know there are others around that need them. In the end though, whether you have a fragile mind or a tough mind, the fact remains that you're just another brick in the wall.

As you stand there, observing the mannequins, you watch as three young females and three young males enter the store, giggling and talking as they enter. You think to

yourself about how they are all just bricks in the wall. Shortly after you continue your journey.

About six or seven minutes later you come across a war veteran who asks the people who are passing by him for their loose change. You read his sign, then you walk over to him and place a five dollar bill in his cup. He looks up at you and he thanks you, a donation worthy of God's blessing which he quickly approves right after thanking you. However, you're not done with him yet; you often find yourself giving money to the homeless and then engaging in discussion with them. This wasn't the first time and it won't be the last.

You ask the war veteran a few questions and you end up learning he had to make a choice when he was younger. When he was younger, he got into a bar fight with a few others and was jailed the same night. In order to avoid further jail time or possible prison time, which probably came under certain circumstances, they give him the option of joining the war and fighting for his country.

He avoids the little box and is sent off to war and he quickly learns about the trade. He tells you about how his own military put their soldiers at risk in order to kill more of the enemies. They were basically, at times, decoys. The enemy reacts to their ground presence, upper management decides to drop gas on the entire area, both sides lose men. He shows you how he can barely stand up because of the effect it had on him physically.

Sometime into the discussion you ask him if he's hungry and he says yes. You come back with food and you both sit and eat. There is a therapeutic silence for a while, one that actually touches your soul, rather than one that just kills time, but unfortunately it quickly fades away.

Why do people suffer? That's what you ask yourself as the silence ends and you find yourself shaking his hand and bidding him farewell. You can tell he enjoyed telling you about his life, and he tells you where he will be the next day just in case you want to drop by, but you know you will never see him again. You've found that creating friendships with the homeless is unacceptable to you personally because you cannot help them forever. You've tried before, you really did, but it only made things worse in the end.

You both head in separate directions, and as you turn a street corner you catch a glimpse of a couple arguing inside a car. You notice how they are both wearing the city's baseball team's jersey uniform. You wonder if they both recently came from a game in which the team they supported suffered a humiliating loss.

The windows are rolled up, so as you pass by you can't hear what exactly they are arguing about, but their actions make you think about Maria. There are some solutions that can eat through metal but can't eat through plastic. Certain solutions, when combined with each other, become corrosive, however, alone they are not.

You look at this couple and you see corrosion. You see two people who are not meant to be together, but you have however heard of the stories of the couples who fight this corrosion and somehow make it out onto the other side. There are also those who are not meant to dwell within certain societies. Usually these people end up in little boxes we like to call prison cells.

We rid one solution of the other to make the corrosion go away, and at the end of the day, the solution of the prisoners will become isolated so that they may only meddle within themselves. A way to avoid societal corrosion. This is a common solution to crime.

These thoughts make you wonder about the early days of the prison systems. How the pioneers knew and understood the destructive nature of mankind and how they knew they would have to think of something to aid the situations that would arise.

What is the criminal's psychology? That's what you ask yourself as you take a street that will lead you back to the hotel. You start to remember the first time you descended into madness. How everyone looked like a mindless zombie to you, giving in to their most basic primal needs. How each and every one of them had no idea that they had an unidentified entity living inside of them that made them do the things they did and never becoming truly aware of this beast.

Now you're thinking about how after you ascended out of the madness, about a year later, you wanted it back. You start thinking about how even though it was one of the more darker moments of your life, it ironically shed the most light on the nouns of your life. It was the first time you ever actually felt alive, and all you wanted was to have it back again if it was even only for a day.

You enter the hotel and nod at Sally, then make your way to your room. You enter and notice it's been cleaned again. You take off your coat and lay down on the bed and close your eyes hoping that you'll eventually fall asleep, but you never do. Instead, you find yourself waving your right arm to knock a basketball out of the way. Sometimes when you have your eyes closed and you're trying to sleep you imagine things in your mind, and sometimes what you involuntarily imagine is a basketball coming straight at your head, and even though you're only imagining it, in real life, you move your arm up to protect yourself. Thoughts try to break through to reality so many times and in so many forms.

Hours go by and it's been long since you opened your eyes in defeat. You notice how you have been going from subject to subject in your mind to keep yourself entertained, and right now you're on the subject of knowledge awareness. You've found that the more you learn about something, the more there is to learn about it. Cavemen probably didn't know much about certain things, so in their minds they probably were never aware that

there was, at an exponential amount, more to know than they already knew.

In contrast, if they continued to learn things about whatever it is they were learning about, as time progressed, they would realize the amount of information on this one subject was much larger than their initial assumptions. This is probably why technology increases more rapidly as time goes on.

When you were younger, you were raped by your father. Just kidding, no you weren't. No offense to anyone who comes across these pages who was an actual victim to such a crime. Satan appears in front of you, but it's only his head and it's only an hallucination.

He doesn't say anything, he just looks at you. You stare into the eyes of Satan and then you ask him if he knows what sand tastes like. He doesn't reply and he simply continues to look at you. A big head floating in the middle of the room. You desperately need to sleep.

After Satan disappears, you remember the dream you had about him where he tells you about how religion started. How he was able to cause diversity within the project by manipulating it, by spreading false stories. One part of the project will believe one story, other parts will believe other stories, and when they find that their stories clash, there will be blood. They will fight amongst themselves, and when God sees this, he will become ashamed.

Going on from dream to dream, now you're remembering a similar dream you had of God telling you about his days as a middle-aged man, about how he had written a book of stories for the project. He has watched his project evolve for years and had been taking notes the entire time.

Eventually he began to record and document the lives of some of the lifeforms in the project. He recorded both the good and the bad things they did. In another dream, I saw that later on in his life when he and Satan are both old and dying, after not seeing each other for what may have been an entire lifetime, God gives Satan this book.

Chapter 53

INSOMNIAC MANIAC

1:2:6:53

WHAT do bacteria dream about? That's what you ask yourself as you try to depress yourself to sleep. You lay there on a relatively unfamiliar bed in a familiar life trying to fulfill the one action that may save your life.

Your eyes are closed, they have been for hours, but you're still awake. Suddenly your hotel room door opens, but you don't get up. You don't even open your eyes. You hear the person walk in, and you soon realize it's the same woman from before with the funny English. You can tell because she is kind of short and you remember the sound of her short strides. The sound of distance.

As usual, she finishes quickly and makes her way out of the room. You start to think more about her and what she does outside of her employment; if she has a family, children, if she likes her job, what her hobbies are. What makes her get up in the morning. Things of the like.

Minutes later you find yourself sitting on the edge of a bed staring out of a window. Another dark blue setting, except this time it occurs when night changes into day. The world is a beautiful place.

You get up and go to the bathroom to urinate. After you're done you stand in front of the mirror and begin talking to Ms. Nosleep. You ask her why she won't leave. Why she won't just let you sleep even if it's only for a few minutes. She doesn't ever reply.

The next thing you know you're putting on your coat and heading for the hotel's exit door. Of course, you don't forget to nod at Sally as you leave.

You're outside and it's a little bit windy. It's not too windy, but the wind itself is a bitter cold and you hate that. You pick a direction and begin walking towards it. You notice that not too many people have started their day yet. Guess no one ever told them about the early bird.

You walk by a sandwich shop and decide to go in. You look at the selection of sandwiches and you pick one, and the employee grabs the sandwich with a tool made for grabbing food so that the customer is not wary as if you just grabbed it with your bare hands. The thing is, while you don't know where his hands have been, you also don't know where this tool has been, which almost defeats its purpose.

You pay the employee and he gives you your change, then you walk out. As you're leaving you see a sign on the sandwich shop that tells you that it's open twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. You find that to be strange.

How does an idea put on paper influence so many people? That's what you ask yourself as you shove a couple of dollar bills into your pocket. After a few yards of

walking you see and hear an ambulance speed by. The good thing about sleep is that if you were in pain, or depressed or even just angry, it all goes away once you fall asleep. It's all completely gone. That is unless those things come to you in your dreams.

They follow you every where you go and you just can't seem to shake them, so when the dream becomes a nightmare you wake up and those same damn feelings follow you back into reality. Knowing yourself, you'll find a pen and a composition notebook laying next to you on that bed so that you can write down the dream and nightmare you just had.

At that point the pen becomes your best friend and the only person who truly understands is the notebook that it writes on. Like the lure of the siren's song; never what it seems to be, yet who among us can resist?

After the ambulance passes by, across the street you see a woman sitting on a bench nearly half asleep. You wonder if she is perhaps homeless, and if so, how she got there. These questions are then overshadowed by another question; how could she possibly completely fall asleep in these weather conditions?

You know that the path you walk on ends in self-destruction and is filled with tragedy, and in many ways it mirrors a woman trying to fall asleep outside in a bitter cold wind. Your life isn't tragic because you never had a chance or because you couldn't fight and conquer something that was bigger than you, it's tragic because you had the means to become anything or anyone you wanted to be, but instead you chose to be as useless as the homeless people you frequent.

Who watches over us? That's what you ask yourself as you cross the carless street. When you get to the other side you begin to walk towards sleeping beauty, and as you walk pass her, you throw in a couple of dollar bills into a bag she is sleeping next to.

Robin Hood objected to high taxes and was declared an outlaw. He led a group of outlaws named "Merry Men," and their motto was something along the lines of "to rob the rich to pay the poor." To this day there are "Robin Hoods" and "Merry Men" and they come in many different forms. Some who do the traditional thievery, others who try to uncorrupt government systems, the few who try to better the world by technology. The one thing that all of these people have in common is the fact that they remember where they have come from because, in the words of a historical figure, a society is only as strong as its weakest blood cells, and in turn, can be defined by how the capable of this society treats its weak.

After a while of walking, more and more people come out to play and the streets become drenched in activity. You turn a corner and in the distance you see a group of people who you assume to be homeless or at least have complicated residential arrangements.

Not too long after spotting them you see a man walk up to this group and hands one

of the men from the group a bag of some sort which you assume to be drugs because of the speed of the action and the low levels of emotion.

You've found that some of the people who dwell in the house of misery often use drugs and alcohol to rid or at least numb their pains. After a while, they build a tolerance to drugs and alcohol and when they no longer work the pain becomes so bad that they have to find other means to fight back. Sometimes the new means to fighting back either results in their redemption or their demise. It's a two-way street, really, and at the end of the day you can find yourself on either side.

You yourself are sure that if you should one day meet your demise, it will be because you suffered from years of anger. All that bad blood, black blood, boiled blood. All the people who make you physically sick, the people you can't stand, the people who if you were given the chance to, you'd kill. Maybe not for any righteous or moral reason, maybe simply because you need to let out some of that pressure from your skull. That rage. The problem is, even though you may be letting some of that anger out, as soon as you open that door, or that window, you'd be creating an opportunity for more of it to come in.

Now the man who was given the bag departs from his buddies and begins to walk towards you. After he passes you, you have an impulse to follow him, so you do. Mainly because, in general terms, all you touch and all you see is all your life will ever be.

It's not too long until you see him hand the bag over to a cop behind a store. The two talk for a minute or two, and then the bagman starts to walk towards the way he came from. You, on the other hand, do not decide to go back. You stand there in the distance watching the cop car, and wondering what the cop is doing inside of it. Time goes by and the cop car is still sitting there. Surely the cop wouldn't be doing illegal activities on company time inside a company vehicle.

More time goes by, and finally the cop starts the engine to his vehicle and begins to drive into a street. He puts on his sirens and makes a right turn, chances are he got a call for duty.

As you watch him drive away, someone comes up behind you and asks you what you are doing. Because you haven't gotten any sleep for almost about a month, and because you were sort of in a paranoid state because you were watching someone else, as soon as this person began to speak you received a surge of adrenaline throughout your circulatory system.

You look at this person angrily and then immediately begin to walk away. You look back a few times to make sure this person isn't following you. You walk far enough and your feet start to hurt so you decide to stop. The downtown area of the city is now packed with walking feet.

A few minutes later you see a dirty middle-aged man with a backpack stop in your

vicinity. He takes off his backpack and reaches inside and takes out a bag of crumbled bread. He starts to walk near the street and that's when you realize he is walking towards a group of pigeons. When he finally gets to them, he empties the bag near them and they begin to feast. The actions of people can be so ironic.

In a world where the rich get richer and the poor get poorer, probably because of something along the lines of a certain law of motion, it is intriguing to see that those who have nothing continue to give. You can only hope that when their well has dried up, there will be someone there to now give to them.

You reach into both pockets but can find nothing. You reach into both back pockets, still nothing. Now you're checking your coat pockets and you find a bill. You walk up to the birdman and hand him the bill. He takes the money, but he looks at you strangely. It reminds you that some people don't want to be helped, but it also makes you wonder if he is looking at you strangely because help is foreign to some. That they've gone through their entire life and no one has ever lifted a finger for them.

Why are you so physically unsubscribed? That's what you ask yourself as you begin to walk towards the hotel. There was a time when you struggled with the complex so horribly that you almost resorted to burning all of your composition notebooks. You didn't go through with it because the obsession was so strong, and sitting in that dark room all alone made you realize that none of us are as far away from sociopathy as we think.

You realized that burning all of that fiction meant destroying who you were. All the people you could have become. You realized that all these people were psychological fragments, bit and pieces, of a whole you, and to burn them all would mean giving up on your dreams. Literally and philosophically.

Even though it may seem like those who have nothing are at a disadvantage, they at least have nothing to lose, and those who have everything, well you get the idea. So you build up your hopes and dreams, where you want to go and what you want to do when you get there, but along the way, the hopes and the dreams you have that keep you going, they end up dragging you down until it gets to the point that you just want to be free of them.

What defines you? That's what you ask yourself as you turn the corner and walk down the street that will eventually lead you to your destination. Not too long later you catch a glimpse of a lady who was also looking at you. Strangers passing in the street, by chance two separate glances meet.

You simply walk past each other, maybe perhaps because it wasn't meant to be, or if you don't believe in fate, because it just didn't happen, but afterwards you start to wonder what the rest of your life would entail had either of you stopped and said "hello." Maybe

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