



# I/Tulpa: Martian Nights

By  
Ion Light

EHP: Experimental Home Publishing

Copyright, November 24<sup>th</sup>, 2020.

All Rights Reserved. Version 1.5, corrected chapter numbering. Added date above. My new logo should be brought to by ADHD brain! God bless your eyes if you follow me.

This book is available for free at 'free-ebooks.net,' as well as others books by the same author. You may find books by him under the name John Erik Ege, and books by his Tulpa, Loxy Isadora Bliss.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. (I would like to say 'duh,' but apparently, there were people who believed the Castaways of Gilligan's Island were actually stranded! No joke. There were people writing the US Navy asking them to please stop spending money on warfare and rescue those poor people before they starved. Tim Allen's movie 'Galaxy Quest' made reference to it, but I thought it was a joke till I saw a documentary on Gilligan's Island. Of course, it probably doesn't help that there is a statue in Iowa place-marking the birth place of Captain Kirk. Oh, how reality and fiction love to mix. (And yes, I watched Gilligan's Island. And if you need to know: Mary Ann, no contest.) That said, any references direct or obscure, are intended reverently. Many artifacts have touched my life, and they go with me as gifts. I pass them on to you.

Some people have noted there is element of therapy to much of my writing. You would not be mistaken.

All of my work, for me, has been a journey in healing. Welcome to my world of narrative therapy.

Travel Light

Ion Light.

Author contact info:

214-907-4070 (text preferred,) solarchariot@gmail.com (In order to differentiate between junk mail, and letters, please put Ion Light in the subject line.)

For Heidi

May you find your way.

Thinking of you.

Sometimes, Always.

## Chapter 1

“Wrapped in the cloak of night, with stars falling from my hair, I move you...” Loxy- Dreams of Firmament

The parking lot for Giant Eagle seemed surprisingly empty. Jon stretched out his arm to reveal a smart watch. His army jacket was something Abercrombie and Fitch might have produced. The watch was something Steam Punk-ish, with wide leather band and gadgetry that one wouldn't associate with a watch. It was syncing. It had full bars and orientated him quickly enough. Star City, West Virginia, United States, March 20<sup>th</sup>, 2020- 20:11. Seeing 'West Virginia' triggered a song, “almost heaven...” The store closed at 9. Jon Harister proceeded into the store, baffled by someone passing him wearing a mask. Just inside the door, and before he could select a cart- an employee addressed him.

“Sir? You can't come in without a mask,” she said. She was plump woman. Her eyes seemed exhausted. The rest of her expression was hidden, but her tone conveyed irritation.

“I am sorry, what?” Jon asked.

“What do you mean what?”

“Why do I have to wear a mask?” Jon asked.

“Where have you been? Mars?”

Jon bit on lower lip. She rolled her eyes as if she were dealing with another 'idiot.' She pulled out a mask in a protective plastic. “Three dollars.”

“Can I pay at the register?” Jon asked.

“You don't have three dollars?”

“I have a card,” Jon said.

She handed him the mask. “Don't forget. I am watching you.”

Jon accepted the mask, opened it up, and put it on. He put it on in a way that suggested he had experience wearing masks. The gatekeeper let him pass, and he was pretty sure she was disparaging him as he went way, something about crazy white people who think they're immune. “You're going to be the death of me...” He pushed into the store, finding place markers taped to the floor- arrows on the floor, and 'X' marks 2 meters apart, and signs that instructed people to keep their distance. The first aisle he wanted to hit required him to flow against the arrows, and

being particularly rule bound, he found he was unable to proceed, even though the item he wanted was in sight. He went around. He had to stop to avoid entering the space of the people in front of him.

“Crazy times, eh?” Jon asked, fishing for information while trying to seem casually informed.

They looked at him, but didn't talk to him. Their masks were cloth and hid their expressions. They pushed on. He proceeded down the aisle, finding the shelves rather sparse. He put three bottles of ketchup in cart. He was disappointed at the absence of tomato soup. He took what soup he could, refried beans, and canned stew. A little concerned he wound back around and grabbed crackers and the item he had wanted- cigar pretzels with extra Himalayan salt. He took several peanut butter cookies packs from the end of the aisle, and then came around to the frozen section. He emptied candy trays into his basket. He made his way the Pizza Rolls. He had intended to buy them all out, but he didn't expect there would only be three bags. He took them. He filled the cart with frozen pizzas, corndogs, and assortment of ice cream.

There was one checkout lane opened. The person was complaining about no toilet paper. The cashier assured him, they get supplied every day but Thursday, and it's gone before nine am. He complained, took his items, and departed. Jon eased forward, and began placing items on the counter. Gate keeper came by and told the cashier to charge him for the mask. The cashier met his eyes. She looked at him strangely. He affirmed he did acquire the PPE. Once his cart was empty, he positioned it at the end of the counter and began bagging his own items.

“Sorry, couple employees got it, and several others quit,” the cashier said. “I am filling in from another store.”

“Got it?” Jon asked.

“The virus,” the Cashier said.

“Oh,” Jon said. “This is not the Walking Dead world, is it? Lots of zombies?”

“No,” she chuckled. She paused. “I feel like I know you.”

“Umm, well, I just have one of those faces- behind a mask,” Jon said. He had never been here before. He had deliberately chosen this store due to having never been in this area before.

“Lower your mask,” she said.

“You wouldn't take the mask off old lone ranger, would you?” Jon asked.

“Nor would I spit into the wind, but I am curious,” Heather said.

“Curiosity killed the cat,” Jon said.

“Satisfaction brought it back. 8 more lives to go. Seriously, what, are you attached to your secret identity?” Heather asked.

“Like batman,” Jon said.

“Like Ben Affleck batman, or Christian Bale...” Heather asked.

“Oh. Please. George Clooney, hands down,” Jon said.

“Show me,” Heather said.

“I’d hate to get you in trouble,” Jon said. “You might fall for me.”

“I’ll risk it, George,” Heather said.

“You’re the curious one, George,” Jon said.

“Curious George? Nice,” Heather said. She pulled her mask down, revealing a pleasant smile. Jon suspected she was in her thirties, and accurately guessed 176cm. She was thin, but seemed reasonably fit. Her dirty blond hair was short and wild. Not spiked with gel, but might have been earlier in the day. “I am Heather.”

Jon lowered his mask, letting it hang around his neck. He appreciated the air not filtered by a mask.

“Jon!” she said before he could identify himself.

Jon was surprised. “We’ve met?”

“We dated. Okay, it was like one date, but, yeah... You don’t remember me?”

“I would have remember someone...”

“Eight years ago, Dallas Texas, the Ice House... The Dallas Stars were playing.”

Jon stared at her. Items piled at the end of the belt.

“I...”

“Fell off the face of the earth?” Heather asked.

“I would not have ghosted...”

“You didn’t,” Heather said. “I made a mistake.”

Jon returned to bagging things. Heather finished sorting and helped. Everything back in the basket, Jon came back to the card reader. He inserted the card. He looked at Heather to see she was still looking at him.

“I remember you being really nice,” Heather said.

“Are you flirting with him?”

Heather closed her eyes and cursed under her breath. She turned to face the man at the end of the counter. He was not wearing a mask. Jon casually looked for the gatekeeper. Not seeing her worried him.

“You’re violating your restraining order,” Heather said. “My manager will call the police.”

“You’re flirting with that old guy!” he said. “What, you prefer old dick?”

“Please, leave,” Heather said.

“Fuck you,” he said, pulling a revolver out of his jacket pocket.

Jon blinked as the gun was being discharged. The sound that would have reverberated through the store was loud in an unusual way- sustained- with bullets moving slowly, Matrix simulation style. Heather’s eyes didn’t seem to reflect the reality of her impending doom yet. Jon responded without thinking. He awkwardly reached across and grabbed Heather’s arm with one hand, his grocery cart handle in the other- and the world ‘flipped’ to a new interface.

Jon and Heather were no longer standing in a Giant Eagle. They were not quite in the center of a room, as that space was occupied by a hexagonal shaped pillar that rose from the floor to the domed ceiling. The floor space was empty. The floor was tiled with large hexagons. The cart with groceries rolled a little, pulling away from Jon’s hand, wheel catching on a tile. There was a couch. There were television monitors, showing quiet nature scenes and rain. Heather pulled free of his reach. The world returned to normal speed and her voice became intelligible.

Heather’s mouth was opened, but nothing else came out. A ghost materialized. She was barefoot and dressed in an ancient Greek Toga that fell asymmetrically above mid thighs, with the sleeves hinting at winglets. There was a gold belt that snugged an impossible small waist.

“Oh, we have company,” she said.

“Eos, this is Heather. Heather, Eos,” Jon said.

Heather retreated, but there was no apparent way to escape. Eos looked to Jon for an explanation.

“I’ll explain later,” Jon said. “I need to sleep.”

“I see that. You should head for the couch,” Eos said.

“No,” Jon said, going towards his room. “Heather, would you put away the groceries please. Eos, acclimate her.”

The door to his room opened by proximity sensor. He was inside his room and falling before he made it to the bed against the far wall. The door closed.

Eos looked to Heather. She smiled. "I told him he should have gone to the couch... Heather, Heather, Heather. I really like your name, Heather." She motioned with a hand, and an artifact rose from the floor. Several hexagon tiles had risen to reveal a freezer and refrigerator had been hidden in the floor. One of the sides looked like a dispenser for water. "Freezer is facing you. Refrigerator other side."

"I am not a fucking maid," Heather said.

"Oh, that's nice to know," Eos said. "He is fairly tidy for a man. He even wipes the toilet clean."

"Where am I?"

"Oh," Eos said, frowning. "You really should ask Jon."

Heather went towards the room Jon had disappeared into.

"After he wakes up," Eos said.

Heather couldn't find the seam to the door. She turned to Eos. "We're in a basement under the Giant Eagle."

"No, but... No, not even a good guess," Eos said.

"Please tell me this isn't no 'Kiss the Girl,' or some 'Split' shit situation," Heather said.

"Oh! No. No! Jon does get kind of lonely sometimes, but no, that's not his style," Eos said. "Then again, he hadn't prepared me for him bringing someone back to the lair, so..."

"Wait. He's really batman?" Heather said.

Eos laughed. "That's funny. No."

"Let me out of here," Heather said.

"Oh, I definitely can't do that," Eos said.

"Let me out!"

"I hear that you're angry, and you want to leave..." Eos said.

Heather threw a ketchup bottle from the cart- it went through Eos as if she were a ghost and hit a wall. It didn't break. She proceeded to throw more items. She flipped the cart, she tossed pillows from the couch, she tried to break the monitors, and on failing to break anything, she opened the refrigerator and began tossing stuff. Eos retreated to the wall, leaned back and simply watched it play out. She seemed amused.



## Chapter 2

Jon emerged from his room to find the main living space trashed. He paused only for a moment. He identified something he wanted. He went and picked up a bag of Pizza Rolls, navigating the mess without apparent concern or despair. He was aware of Heather, her back against the wall, leaning into the side of couch, hugging her knees. She seemed exhausted, unfocused. Eos was present against another wall, out of Heather's line of sight. The fact that she was still manifesting a light body interested Jon, but he didn't ask questions. Jon went to the designated kitchen space, and summoned the 'island' from the floor. As it rose, some groceries that were on the edge fell. A cabinet was opened to reveal dishes. He retrieved a good size bowl and placed it on top of the newly found, hexagon tile counter. He tried to open the bag by pulling on it. He gave up. He found scissors in a drawer, opened the bag, dumped the entire contents into the bowl, wiped the scissors on the shirt and put them back into the drawer, and then fed the plastic to a hungry waste compartment. The habitat, controlled by Eos, would digest it and use it for 3D printing material. He made motion over the bowl with his fingers, palm up, summoning motion, and light illuminated the bowl- heating the contents but not the bowl.

He found a plastic bottle of water, labeled 'love' in his own handwriting, and picked it up. Eos joined him as he leaned into the cabinet and studied the floor; he was not interested in the floor, but was studying Heather indirectly.

"She took that well, I guess," Jon said.

"I didn't tell her," Eos said.

Jon considered the mess. "Really?"

"You have a message from Namid. Also, there is a proximity alert, with potential infringement risk. It's your turn to respond," Eos said.

"Why are we still playing this game with Earth," Jon asked, irritated.

"I am not in charge of that," Eos said.

"Are you in charge of cleaning?" Jon asked.

"I am not your fucking maid," Eos said.

Jon met her eyes, turned around and touched the food.

"Why do you bother heating it when you're just going to wait for it to cool to room temperature?" Eos asked.

“I don’t know,” Jon said. “Personality quirk, I suppose.”

He took the bowl and his water in the direction of Heather. He took a wide berth, not coming at her directly. He sat down with his back to the wall, scooted till he was close enough he could hand the bowl to her, but not so close he was obviously infringing on her space. He sat crisscross apple sauce- facing the room. Heather was on his right. He took a sip more of water, then set his water on his left. He ate one of the pizza rolls, tentatively as if afraid the inside might still explode a temperature that would be unpleasant. Satisfied he could eat without danger, he chewed with abandoned, and ate another. About five in, he extended the bowl towards Heather, offering her some. Her eyes acknowledged the bowl, but she didn’t take it.

Jon brought it back to his lap, ate another.

He spoke first: “I like what you did with the place.”

“I want to go home,” Heather said.

“Okay,” Jon said.

“Just like that?” Heather asked.

“Yeah, why not?” Jon asked.

“You’re not going to make me clean this up?” Heather asked.

“No,” Jon said. “I think it would be helpful if you did. Not for me, but for you. Sorry, ‘not for me’ is not precisely accurate, as I benefit from the recommendation, and that could decrease the therapeutic value of the activity. We could clean together. That’s also therapeutic, but that is also a relationship fortifying activity that could result in bonding.”

“I am not bonding with you!” Heather said.

“Oh, yay,” Jon said.

She turned to him and put her back to the couch. “What?”

“You’re clearly a mess, and I don’t want to be your hero,” Jon said. “No, more specifically. I don’t want to be a hero in general. Unfortunately, the thing I did puts me in the hero box, which is really a bad box to be in for long term, stable relationships...”

“I don’t want a relationship with you...”

“Oh. Yay. I don’t want one with you, so we’re okay,” Jon said.

“I want to go home,” Heather said.

“Okay,” Jon said. “Can I finish this?”

“You’re going to eat the whole bag?” Heather asked.

“Yes,” Jon said.

“In one sitting?” Heather asked, disgust in her voice.

Jon considered the amount of food in the bowl. He sighed. “You’re expressing concern. That’s nice, thank you. You could help minimize the harm by sharing it with me.”

“I don’t want to eat. I want to go home,” Heather said. “Now.”

“Okay,” Jon said.

Jon got up and took his bowl and water back to the cabinet. He turned to find Heather standing but still by the couch. He began clearing a space on the floor. Mostly, he just scooted things with his feet to widen ‘the circle’ which was his designated travel spot. He righted the shopping cart and put it in the center. Satisfied, he occupied the center of ‘the circle’ defined by a ring of groceries and a couch cushion. There was no other indication that this space was any more special than any other collection of hexagons. He looked to Heather. She stood there, by the couch.

“What are you doing?”

“Accommodating your request,” Jon said. “You’re going to have to come closer.”

Heather stared, skeptically. She decided. She came forwards tentatively, just entering the perimeter defined by the surrounding stuff. Her eyes didn’t leave his.

“Come closer,” Jon said.

“No,” Heather said.

“You will have to come closer. And I will need to touch you,” Jon said.

“You get off to this?” Heather said. “Kidnapping women. Make them jump through hoops to get close to them?”

“If you want to go home, you have to come closer, and I have to at minimum take hold of your arm,” Jon said.

“No,” Heather said.

“What do you think happened? How do explain where you are?” Jon asked.

“You hypnotized me or drug me,” Heather said.

Jon considered her explanation. He didn’t have a solution set to give her clarity. He looked to Eos. She looked to him, curious how he would solve it. He sighed. He motioned her a little closer. She resisted.

“If this is hypnosis, the greater you resist the more control I have over your psyche,” Jon said.

Heather seemed angry, her eyebrows narrowing. “So if I come closer I am screwed, and if I resist, I am still screwed?”

“Interesting dilemma, isn’t it,” Jon said. “Please, come forwards.”

Heather came forwards. Jon extended his left arm. She was still just out of reach.

“I need to touch your arm, please,” Jon said.

Heather frowned, came forwards just enough he could touch her arm. With his other hand, he touched the cart.

“What’s with the cart?” Heather asked.

“I got to return it to the store,” Jon said.

She seemed skeptical. “Now what? You snap your fingers and I wake up back home?” Heather asked.

“No. But you do have to click your heels together three times,” Jon said.

“You’re fucking with me?!” Heather demanded.

“A little,” Jon said. “Lighten up. It helps.”

“Don’t tell me to lighten up! You kidnapped me,” Heather said.

Jon wanted to ask her if that was all she remembered. “I am sorry,” was all he could manage.

Jon closed his eyes. His face relaxed. He relaxed so much he almost seemed younger, due to the reduction of frown lines and glabella lines. It was a solid transformation that Heather found irresistible to watch. She imagined seeing an aura of energy. His face became suddenly serious, It reminded her of watching a person approaching orgasm, specifically a video like ‘faces of agony,’ which if one didn’t know it was an orgasm coming could construe it as anything- like the pain of a medical procedure. The grip on her arm tightened. His breathing became irregular. His mouth opened to accommodate more air. The cart changed, as if it were captured in a negative film frame, then it was gone.

Jon gasped and let go, retreating.

“What just happened?!” Heather demanded.

Had Heather been paying attention, she might have discerned he was dazed and confused, but she interpreted it through anger and disappointment. She shoved him, yelling at him. Eos

issued a warning. Heather punched him. He retreated further, his hands going to the small of his back, clearly indicating he did not want to engage in combat. She continued to flail on him, her knee coming up into his crotch. She hit him again as he went down. Eos stepped up to her, touched her, and she fell instantly asleep. Eos caught Heather as she collapsed, and carried her to the couch. She returned to Jon. He was vomiting on the floor. Eos touched him.

“No, don’t,” Jon said.

“You’re injured,” Eos said.

Jon breathed through it, sat down, and wiped his mouth on his sleeve. “Water.”

Eos handed him his water. He rinsed his mouth and spit on the floor. There was blood in his spit. He felt with his tongue and found the place where his lip was cut on a tooth. He pressed a hand against his mouth, pulled it away to confirm blood. His eye was hurting, but he could still reasonably see. The worst of it was the groin injury. He sat there a good moment before he finally asked for help to get up. Eos helped him to his feet. He staggered to his room. The door shut behind him.

### Chapter 3

Heather woke from her sleep. She sat up suddenly, disoriented. Eos came forwards, offering water. The floor was still a mess, minus the bodily fluids that Jon had added to the disarray.

“Water?” Eos asked.

“I am still here,” she asked.

“Yes. Sorry. I can make tea if you prefer,” Eos offered.

“Why are you being nice to me?” Heather asked.

“That’s a really sad question,” Eos said.

“I assaulted Jon,” Heather said. “I made a mess.”

“You did,” Eos agreed. “Do you want to talk about it?”

Heather began to cry. Eos sat on the far side of the couch from her, but facing her. One foot remained on the floor, the other leg’s knee touch the back of the couch, half of crisscross applesauce. She didn’t interrupt the crying. She didn’t offer tissue. Heather eventually used her sleeve. She pulled her legs up onto the couch and hugged them. Eos again offered the water. Heather accepted and drank it. She stared at the floor.

“Is this a dream?” Heather asked.

“Does it matter?” Eos asked. “Are the emotions and thoughts we experience within the context of a dream still valid?”

Heather didn’t respond.

“How far back does your trauma extend?” Eos asked.

Heather eyes met Eos’ eyes. She seemed mad.

“All your behaviors and emotions are indicative of a condition known as PTSD,” Eos explained. “I can make some assumptions as to the nature, duration, and prevalence of ongoing trauma based on the duration of your episode, however traveling for the first time can result in sufficient disorientation that could trigger symptom clusters shared with PTSD. You don’t have to speak on it at all. It isn’t exactly necessary for me to know details. I can still work with you if you like. I can help you heal.”

“I just want to go home,” Heather said.

“You want to feel safe,” Eos said.

“I want to go home,” Heather iterated.

“You want to go home so you can feel safe,” Eos said. “The thing is, hiding out at home may actually exasperate your anxiety which leaves you more profoundly prone to fight or flight responses. I don’t know why you’re here. I don’t know why Jon couldn’t return you. It does seem like this is an opportunity to catch your breath and figure things out. You are safe here.”

Jon emerged from his room. He kept his gaze slightly down, but observed Heather and Eos on the couch. He pushed his left thumb into the space below the pinky, as if activating a mudra. He went to the kitchen island and got his water from earlier. Heather got up and approached and he moved to the other side of the island. Heather frowned.

“I am sorry,” Heather said.

“It’s okay,” Jon said.

“No, it’s not...” Heather said.

“It’s okay, meaning, I accept you didn’t mean to harm me,” Jon said.

“I don’t even remember...”

Jon gave a gesture, as if suggesting to lower her volume, or perhaps drop it.

“What does that mean?” Heather asked. She seemed irritated, feeling as if she had been ‘shushed.’

“Let it go. I don’t want to talk about it,” Jon said.

“I do,” Heather said.

Eos joined them at the island. “Maybe we should start by telling her where she is.”

“I don’t think she’s ready for that,” Jon said.

“Where am I?” Heather said.

“She needs to know,” Eos said.

“Not if she’s going back,” Jon said.

“Where am I?” Heather asked.

“If she were going back, she’d be back. Why didn’t she go back?” Eos asked.

“I don’t know,” Jon said. “There was some kind of block.”

“Where am I?!” Heather said. “And please start with this is a spaceship and you beamed me up.”

Jon looked at her. “You made a Star Trek reference?”

“I know Star Trek, Jon,” Heather said.

“Really?!” Jon said, simultaneously with Eos saying: “Oh, a match made in heaven,” Eos beamed a smile.

“We’re not a match,” Jon said to Eos.

“Because she beat the crap out of you?” Eos asked.

“I didn’t mean to,” Heather said.

“I am not asking for restitution,” Jon said. “Let it go.”

“I am sorry,” Heather said.

“We’re on Mars,” Jon said.

“What?” Heather said.

“We are on Mars. Me, you, Jon,” Eos said.

“We’re not on Mars,” Heather said.

“If you don’t accept Mars, you’re not going to believe much of anything I tell you. It’s going to go against everything you think you know. We are on Mars. We got here through teleportation technology. I have access to tech. This home is on Mars. Eos is Alternative Intelligence interface. She’s the home’s personality- the same as I, Jon, am the personality chosen to represent this body,” Jon said.

“What?”

“All beings are comprised of a hierarchy of beings,” Jon said.

“Fuck, I should have known. You’re a scientologists,” Heather said.

“No, I am not. Those guys are like whacked in the head,” Jon said. “Imagine every cell in your body is a person.”

“30 trillion souls in a human body?” Heather asked.

Jon stared, doing math. Assuming souls evolve from a singular celled organism, and evolution is souls working in collaboration for more sophisticated interaction patterns...

“Pretty close,” Eos said to Jon.

“I was studying to be a nurse,” Heather said.

“Oh, that’s nice,” Eos said. “We could use a nurse. I mean, Jon could use a nurse.”

“I have you,” Jon said.

“You rarely use me,” Eos said.

“37 trillion cells is closer,” Jon said, trying to divert the trajectory.

“Close enough,” Eos said.



Jon took a breath. “You think you make decisions, but in truth, your brain makes decisions and then uploads that into your conscious frame of references, explanations for behavior already in place in the upload. Your recent episode of fight or flight is the best example of that. It’s one of the reasons why I am not sore about what happen...”

“You look sore,” Eos pointed out.

“I am hurting. I am not angry about what happened,” Jon said.

“I am so sorry...”

“Okay,” Jon said. “You didn’t do it consciously, with malevolence to harm me. You have been given a pass. Your brain hijacked you to keep you safe based on its interpretation through filters of past interaction patterns. You as the personality interface can learn to interface with the brain and flip the script and allow for different experiences, but until then, you’re riding an untrained horse that has a mind of its own. In that, the brain is modular, and different components can be considered person like- and every organ chimes into the brain as a member state- all requesting wants and needs be met. Most people are on autopilot more often than not; very few of us are actually consciously contributing to mind body interaction. As below, same above. Freud suggested the human psyche is also made up of fragments. Personality fragments, or sub-personalities. Jung went further and said they weren’t fragments, but fully intact personalities, or more specifically...”

“Archetypes,” Heather said.

“I like her,” Eos said.

“Every person you have ever met, is a personality in your mind. Jung might say they’re actually there- the collective unconscious is a thing, whereas most scientist just believe your brain has made models to predict interaction patterns,” Jon said. “I am here, fronting for a conglomerate of beings, some of whom I have direct contact with.”

“You have multiple personality disorder,” Heather said.

Jon met her eyes. “It’s called DID now.”

“A rose by any other name...”

“Fuck if she isn’t just like you,” Eos said. “The female version of Jon.”

“God help us,” Jon said. He drank his water. He made a face and swallowed. “I don’t have DID or any other DSM 5 diagnosis. Presently. I can make an argument for past major depression, OCD, PTSD, ASD...”

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

