BREAKING DELUSION

By

Angela B. Chrysler

Sink into my mind with me.

I will show you what I see.

CHAPTER #1

The loud click, click, click of the metronome sounded. 60 beats per minute, penetrating the dark. Like a metronome clicking away the second hand of a clock. The passing of time until…

A scream broke the silence and the clock stilled. Joanna fell back against the wall of her marble, Egyptian room. Her eyes wide as she stared at the door in horror. The bang, bang, bang shook the wood as the voice of her brother cut through her trembling.

“I’ll fucking kill you!” he screamed. “Fucking bitch! I’m going to fucking kill you!”

Joanna buried her face into her knees. Pulling at her hair, she screamed, rocking back and forth. “Enough…” she whispered. “I want out.”

The pounding fist, and again. Joanna spoke the words louder.

“I want out.”

“It’s about time.” Bergen’s voice was filled with relief as he stood before her, watching her. Waiting. His vast frame of 6’2’’ and his Nordic clothing from 10th Century Viking Norway contrasted the Egyptian marble and black onyx cat statues that decorated Joanna’s room in Egyptian cotton.

Joann peered up from her knees. “Bergen?” Hope filled her voice.

“I was waiting for you to get to this point,” he said. The aggressive pounding thundered through the room as he spoke. “Everyone suffers. But there is a breaking point… that moment when a person decides they have had enough.”

“I’ll fucking kill you!” the voice of her brother screamed again. And the panic in Joanna’s demeanor flooded back. Again, she cowered back against the wall. Curled up in a ball. Her hands on her head.

“It’s found in Anger,” Bergen said. “An emotion that too many people avoid. You can get angry and choose violence. You can get angry and talk about it. But I need you to get angry enough to change it.”

“How?” she asked, her hands on her ears, desperately trying to shut away the violence. “How am I to change this?”

The familiar screams of a distant female child joined the pounding of her brother’s fist on the door.

“What do you lack?” Bergen asked, gently walking her through the logic.

“Strength?” Joanna guessed. “Resources?” She shook her head. “How? I don’t know how!” She buried her head in her knees again.

“If you were on an abandoned island, what would you need to survive?” Bergen asked.

“Tools,” she muttered above the pounding.

“I’ll fucking kill you!” her brother shouted. The screams carried on in the background.

“You have tools,” Bergen said. “Doesn’t do you much good if you don’t know how to use them. Think, Joanna. What do you need to survive?”

“Knowledge,” Joanna said. “Information. To make the tools. To build the resources.

Knowledge and information… is the way out.”

“Focus, Joanna,” Bergen said.

A fresh new set of pounding with another, “I’m going to fucking kill you!” This seemed to be louder than the others.

“You must learn the discipline of overcoming the Emotions enough to think,” Bergen said. “Problem solve despite the emotional storm.”

Another wave of screaming from the girl cut through the air.

“Focus, Joanna,” Bergen said. Joanna was rocking violently now.

“He’s coming,” Joanna said. Panic rising in her voice.

“Fight it, Joanna,” Bergen said.

She shook her head. “I can’t.”

“Fight it…”

“I need to go deeper!” Joanna said, getting up as if to move.

“Stay with it, Joanna!” he said.

“I can’t!”

And before Bergen could direct her further, the Egyptian room vanished, melting away. An Irish cabin in its place. The screaming girl, the pounding, and the death threats of an angry brother all gone.

In the middle of the kitchen floor, Joanna lay as if dropped. Her clothes changed. Bergen beside her. This time, she wore an 18th Century Irish shawl and simple peasant gown of green cotton. The silent sobs of Joanna is all that cuts this silence.

Bergen dropped his shoulder. “Oh, lass…”

“I can’t do this,” Joanna whispered through the sobs. “I can’t… There is no way out.”

“Think, lass…” Bergen said, kindly, though the discouragement was heavy in his voice. “You just walked through another trapped door. You didn’t escape at all.”

“I don’t hear him,” Joanna argued, and Bergen scoffed.

“No,” he said gently. “You wouldn’t. Not here. You’re too deep into another story now, lass.”

“I need sleep,” she said and began to drift away.

Bergen watched her settle onto the floor. She was asleep on the hard wood before he could stop her. Pulling Adam’s coat over her that was left draped on the chair, he brushed her hair back.

“Rest, lass,” he said. “We’ll try again tomorrow.”

CHAPTER #2

The scent of porridge and coffee aroused Joanna. The sound of water bubbling on the stove registered as she opened her eyes to see Bergen cooking at the stove.

Irish sun poured in through the window, filing the quaint little cottage with healing warmth.

“Morning,” Bergen said.

“Dia duit, Ian,” she said, and Bergen dropped his shoulders with a sigh.

“Och, lass,” he said, dropping the bowl to the counter in defeat. A moment later, he gave her a nod. “Hello, Elizabeth.”

She looked at him blankly as she sat up from the floor, confused. “What happened last night?”

“You… got angry,” he said. “Have a seat. We’ll have coffee.” He served up the bowls and coffee at the table as Joanna clutched the wool pea coat and scarf to her. Taking a moment to smell it and remembering.

After pouring the coffee, Bergen studied Joanna closely. A tear slid down her cheek.

“What is on your mind, lass?” he asked.

“Adam,” she said. “I miss him so much. I remember the day he and you and I… I miss the Fae.”

Stiff silence sank between them. A moment later he quietly said, “Come, lass. Food is ready.”

Slipping her arms through the oversized coat, she sat down at the table. The scarf in her lap, clutched by her free hand as she prepared her coffee.

“What do you remember from last night?” Bergen asked.

Joanna took a sip of coffee and thought before answering. “I remember… Being afraid and escaping.” She looked out the window, watching the sun rise over the Irish hills.

Another tear escapes her eye as Bergen patiently waited for her to answer.

“I am not happy, Ian,” Joanna said. “I want out. I… have lived here, like this, for so long. Lost in mazes, listening to the screams in my head.”

“How many books have you read, lass?” Bergen asked. “How long have you been here? How many years?”

As if lost in thought, she gazed still out at the hills. “I grew up here. The Egyptian Room. My Irish Cabin… The books I poured over in the Lighthouse… Searching the Maze for the way out…”

“How long, love?”

“Decades,” Joanna said. “All my life. I grew up in the Ethereal Plane. You know this.”

“I do,” Bergen said. “But you seemed to need remembering. What do you want?”

“I want…” She gulped the hard knot in her throat. “I want to be free. I want…” She dropped her cup hard on the table. “It doesn’t matter what I want!”

“Why?”

“Wanting it won’t change anything,” she said.

“But it will,” Bergen said. “If it could. Would you?”

“If I could? If I could… Ian… ” She scoffed again. “Why do you speak to me with things I cannot have? Why do you torment me? Making me believe I could have peace? I could have freedom? I could have… something different…”

“What do you want?” he asked again calmly.

“I want freedom!” she said. “I want a life all of my own choosing! I want to be free of fear! I want to be rid of this nightmare!”

“How bad do you want it?” Bergen asked.

“It doesn’t matter!” she said. “None of this matters!”

“And if it did?” Bergen said.

“Why?” she asked. “Why are you pushing me! Why make me believe? I am not loved! I can’t! It isn’t for me!”

“Believe, Elizabeth. Joanna,” Bergen said. Joanna snapped her head up with focused attention.

“I see the truth!” she shouted, standing from the table, the pea coat and scarf falling to the floor. “I know the truth! The rapes! The torture! The beatings! The pain! The fear and lies they used to keep me! The abuse they used to keep me!”

“So change it!” he shouted back.

“I can’t! I don’t know how!”

“But do you want it?” he said.

“Yes, I want it! And I CAN’T HAVE IT!”

“The world can be different! But you have to believe it!”

“You are talking to me about unicorns and rainbows!” Joanna said. “When all I have seen all my life is death, hate, abuse, and rape! How am I ever to believe there could be something different!?”

At once, the Delusion dropped the Irish Cabin and Joanna with her katana in hand, and Bergen stood in the Egyptian room.

“When he pounds on my door, to kill me!” Joanna said, pointing to the door where the banging resumes over the screaming girl in the distance. “Waiting to come in and kill me! How could it ever be different than it is?”

“I’m going to fucking kill you!” the angry voice said.

“Find that fire within you, lass!” Bergen growled. “Find it!”

Joanna shakes with rage. Her katana at her side. Joanna stares at the door shaking.

“This cannot be different!”

“I’m going to fucking kill you!”

Shaken visibly with fear, Joanna seethes, her chest rising and falling as she grips the hilt of her sword. Bergen grabbed her and forcing her to look at him.

“ONE DAY, lass, you will live free!” he said. “One day, you will live a life where you are the goddess that you know you are, standing triumphant over this world!”

Joanna’s eyes widen as the screams and the man’s threats fade. “And you will lead the way for others! ONE DAY YOU WILL hear a man scream and it will just be a man screaming! One day, you will be free of all of your trauma and you will rise above all of this! ONE DAY YOU WILL be free!”

The story bursts to life and now, Joanna as Imagination is sitting in a limousine at night. Flashes of photographers are standing outside the car. Bergen is seated across from her. Outside the door, flashes from cameras go off. Imagination is wearing a crown, dressed in Fae-Like gown of gossamer. She is looking around, stunned. Bergen sits across from her in a tuxedo. They are on the red carpet.

“What is this?” Joanna asked, dumbfounded.

Bergen shrugged, nonchalant as if it was every day he strolled down the red carpet.

“This… This is another story, lass.”

Joanna looked outside the door. She is wealthy, famous, and is loved worldwide for her work. They are at a movie premier. She is a famous philosopher, speaker, writer, and has cured mental illness.

“But… what about… Elizabeth. The hermit in the cabin?”

Bergen shook his head.

“Never happened. Never needed to happen. This is an alternate ending. This is one of the possibilities that could happen. This is the story in which you heal. But you’ve got to want it. You’ve got to see it. You’ve got to believe it. Just think, lass, what would the story look like if we lived them inside? We’re so used to looking at stories from the outside, that we don’t even realize we are in one, living our own stories from the inside… able to write them as we live them… just by making a sequence of choices.”

Joanna stares at the camera flashes and photographers.

“I want it,” she whispered. “I want it so badly… And in the fire within my soul, hope… it rises up again.”

A wide smile stretched Bergen’s face. “Well then. Let’s get to work.”

CHAPTER #3

Back in the Irish Cabin, Bergen and Joanna stand over the kitchen table as if reviewing a map.

“Inventory your resources,” Bergen said. “The first step of any strategy is the game plan. You have to know what you want. You have to want it. You have to believe you can have it. And that is Resolve. Resolve fuels determination.

“And determination is the difference between laying in the mud in the Egyptian Room. Listening to the screams and threats of your brother… and standing up and choosing to change. But you have to want it. You have to want it more than you fear it. You have to hate the situation more than you fear the change that it will take to get you there.”

“Yes,” Joanna said. “Hate the situation more than I fear the change.”

“Above all…” Bergen said. “You have to believe that you can. Once you’ve decided to believe. You need a game plan. Count your resources. Define your tools.”

“My tools…” Joanna said. “What are my tools?”

“Your resources,” Bergen said. “Your knowledge. Your strengths. Your weaknesses.

Name them.”

“Knowledge. information. I’m smart.”

“You gotta know it, lass,” Bergen said.

“I’m fucking smart,” Joanna said.

“How smart?”

“I’m smarter than them,” Joanna said. “I know what it takes to build a mind.”

“And why is that important?” Bergen said.

“Because a mind is where I’m trapped,” Joanna said.

“This isn’t healing,” Bergen.

“No,” Joanna said. “This is a rescue mission.”

“Alright!” Bergen said. “What are your resources?”

“The Rorschach Print Perspective,” Joanna said. “Knowledge. I need a compass.”

Joanna recalled as she walked through the Subconscious Mind. “I have lived here for 32 years… I know every wall. Every door. Every room.”

“You know what to do,” Bergen said, standing behind her, smiling proudly as he watched her think.

“I need a map.”

CHAPTER #4

A crack of thunder split the black sky as rain poured down in the night. The little boat that Joanna rowed across the channel rocked violently against the water. In the distance, a small, pebble-strewn beach housed a magnificent lighthouse, unlit, towered high over the water.

The boat hit land, and she clambered out, pulling the boat to shore. After collecting a lantern from the boat, she walked to the lighthouse against the rain. The door fought with her as she pushed it open, and they stepped into the dry, dark room.

She lit another lantern hanging in the entrance where a door with steps spiraling up stretched immediately to the left of her. Ahead, another room filled to the ceiling with books, welcomed her ahead.

In the distance, beneath the sound of the storm, the screams of a girl could still be heard. At least here, the pounding was gone.

Books in the foyer. Books on the floor. Books on the steps. Nearly every wall was shelves of books. Scrolls and papers too littered the floor, barely any walking space was available where they didn’t have to push aside a book to get through.

Joanna peered over the first pile.

“What’s up, lass?” Bergen asked through a mouthful of apple. Startled, Joanna jumped.

“Stop that!” she said and swatted at him. He bit into the apple.

“What is this place? I don’t remember ever seeing it before.”

“No. You wouldn’t,” Joanna said. “This is my lighthouse from an unwritten story. Every book I’ve ever read is here. Plato. Socrates. Pythagoras. Poe. Shakespeare. Holmes… Jules Verne. Mary Shelley. If I’m to build a map, I need my husbands. Help me look.”

The storms howls and the scream carries through.

Bergen picks up a worn copy of *The Phantom of the Opera* by Gaston Leroux off of the shelf. An unwritten story? What story is this then?

“One about a girl who was charged with learning the whole of the history of her tribe,” Joanna said as she begins thumbing through the books. “Hers was from a long line of Oralstorians. Reading and Thought were viewed as so dangerous by her tribe, that fire and light itself were banned. Curiosity and Questions were feared. So feared, that words and reading were curses and burdens only granted to one person in the village. One deemed strong enough through bloodline to bear that burden. And I was that one.”

Outside, the lightning struck as the thunder cracked, lighting up the entire inside of the Lighthouse to reveal Joanna as Morrígan.

Bergen catches Joanna out of the corner of his eye and his grinned, relaxed, and leaned against the wall, his thumbs hooked on his trousers.

“Well, hello, lass,” he said, still grinning. “It’s been a while.”

“Welp,” Joanna said.

Bergen nodded at the book in her hand. “What have you got there?” he asked.

Joanna smirked at him over her shoulder. “Your attention.”

“Bitch,” he said.

“Uskit,” she said back. “This.”

Joanna dropped the blank paper down on a cluttered table and held the lantern overhead. She picked up a nearby pen and drew a triangle on a piece of paper.

Another scream in the distance cut through the storm.

“I see us all looking at each experience in our lives through a Rorschach Print... And I keep this thought in my head always. ALWAYS. So that when someone around me reacts, blows up, internalizes, withdraws, cries, lashes out, or gets hurt, I can see them and think "What are you seeing in your Rorschach Print?"

As she spoke, Joanna drew a map of the five levels of the Subconscious Mind.

“But if we are all just looking through Rorschach Prints, then it is only ever our perspective that can be altered. If only I could see what you see, then I would know how to show you what I see. And then we would understand each other.

“As a result, I'm calm often and very forgiving. Nothing rattles me. I know who I am and where I am always.” She looked up at Bergen with wisdom in her eyes. “I am seated on a pillar looking at a Rorschach Print. That is where I am. And I see everyone. I see you.

“You also are seated on a pillar looking through a Rorschach Print. Sometimes, people can trap others in their Rorschach Prints. This is where trauma and fear breeds.”

“The thing is... In the end, How threatening really is a Rorschach Print? Not at all. It's just Perspective and Abstract Thought.

“There is only ever my Rorschach Print, Your Rorschach Print, and Reality. The trick is learning how to look past the Rorschach Print and just see the untainted, unaltered Reality. Truth.”

Joanna tossed down the pen and gave a sigh.

“My biggest flaw is not being patient with people who are ADAMANT that their Rorschach Print is real.”

Another scream carried over the storm as Bergen looked down at the drawing.

“What is that?” he asked.

“This… is the map of the Subconscious Mind. We are inside a Perspective.”

Lightning flashed and thunder cracked.

“Mistress?” Bergen asked.

“Hmmm…” Joanna purred. “Say it again.”

“Down girl,” Bergen smirked.

“Make me,” she said, raising her chin just slightly.

“How do you get out of a Perspective?” he asked.

“Ah. Well, Bergen,” she said. “We shift. First… We need to know who I am. I need to know exactly who I am. Really.”

Stoically, Bergen listened, his jaw tightened.

“And there is only place where I would be,” she said as another scream carried over the storm. “Identity.”

“The Third Level of the Subconscious Mind,” Bergen said.

CHAPTER #5

Outside of a stainless steel door, the screams of a girl grew louder. Joanna reached for the door, and Bergen’s hand came down on hers.

“Are you sure about this, love?” he asked.

“I’ve talked to her before,” Joanna said.

Screams and sobs carried into the hall where they stood.

“Be careful,” he said, and Joanna nodded and opened the door.

Inside a vast, empty room, the stainless steel continued. In the corner, on the floor, Angel sat dressed in filth and rags, whimpering and rocking back and forth. Often, she buried her face in her knees and cried.

“Who are you?” Joanna asked as she slowly approached the girl.

As if not hearing her, Angel put her hands on her head and screamed.

“Soothe the child.”

Joanna and Bergen turned to find Imagination behind them. With long blonde hair that flowed down past her waist, she gave a smile and nodded reassuringly toward the child.

“Soothe the child,” she repeated, and Joanna approached the girl.

Rocking back and forth still, tears streamed down her face. Joanna took a step closer, and, a moment later, she opened her throat to sing.

“I'm lonely. I'm lost.

I'm cold. And I'm broken,” Joanna sang.

Sniffling, the girl rocked.

“We've been silent for too long.

We all have forgotten

Who we used to be.

Who we are…

We…”

The girl put her head down and screamed into her knees. Placing her hand on Joanna’s shoulder, Imagination stepped forward, and boldly sang.

“I'm lonely. I'm lost.

I'm cold. And I'm broken.

We've been silent for too long.

We all have forgotten

Who we used to be.

Who we are…”

The child looked up at Imagination, listening now. Her screams, paused.

“We are all sleeping.

Inside we are screaming.

Outside we are laughing.

Inside we are dying.”

Imagination took the girl by the hand and pulled her up and into a hug as she came down to hug the child.

“These aren't just words.

This is not a song.

It's a message I'm giving

to all of you.

It's a message I've been trying

to get to you.

Listen to the lyrics.

Hear the words.

They are not mine.

They are yours.”

As Imagination rocked the child, she stroked her hair. Looking overpast Bergen and Joanna, Imagination continued to sing and gave a nod to someone, someones at the door.

“It's time to come out now.

It's safe to be seen.”

From the door, Joanna as Morrígan and Joanna as Elizabeth enter.

“The monsters are gone now.

It's time to remember

“Who we are.

What we are.

What we are saying

Behind closed doors.

“I'm lonely. I'm lost.

I'm cold. And I'm broken.

We've been silent for too long.

We all have forgotten

“Who we used to be.

Who we are.

As Imagination continued to sing in the background, Joanna approached Bergen, eyeing the others confused.

 “What is going on Bergen? Who are they?”

“They are you, lass,” he said calmly, certain, and as if prepared.

Joanna shook her head, more confused. “No… I… I… I don’t understand…”

“We all are you, lass,” Bergen said.

She shook her head harder.

“I don’t…”

“You have Multiple Personality Disorder, love,” he said.

Confused, Joanna kept shaking her head. She looked at Morrígan, Imagination, Elizabeth, and Angel, the girl nestled, sniffling, in Imagination’s lap.

“No. That isn’t…”

“You don’t remember anything before you were 8 years old,” Bergen reminded her.

Shock blankets Joanna’s face. She goes pale white.

“How often did you lose your keys? Your eyeglasses? How many copies of a magazine or a movie did you buy?” Bergen said.

“No…” Joanna said. “No!” she screamed and pushed past Bergen and the others and ran from the room.

\* \* \*

“Joanna!” Bergen called after Joanna as she ran down the hall. Through the Mind Maze on The Second Floor where parts were grown over in moss and thick, ancient vines, he followed her and on until she burst through the red door of the kitchen of the Irish Cottage.

Gasping, she fell against the table to catch her breath.

“Joanna,” Bergen said.

“You knew!” she screamed, turning on Bergen. She swung her hand to strike him, and he caught her wrist.

“You knew! The whole time! The whole time!” She ripped her wrist free. “‘Don’t let them know!’ I heard you say! I heard Morrígan say it! You knew! The whole time! The whole time?”

“Joanna, you weren’t ready,” Bergen said.

“Am I a joke to you!? A laughing little secret?” she said.

“It’s not like that, lass,” he said.

“Oh, don’t you “lass” me! And YOU! You…You are… I kissed you!”

Bergen’s face broke into a bright grin as if filled with fond memory. “Och, aye, ya did.”

Joanna’s eyes looked they they would pop out of her skull.

“Don’t you dare smile now! And you let me!”

“Well of course, I did! How could I not.”

“Don’t! Don’t!” she screamed.

“You were afraid of your own damn self, lass!” Bergen said, all humor gone. “You were out of control! You didn’t trust anyone! What was I supposed to do?”

“You could have told me!”

“And what do you think would have happened if I did!?” Bergen asked. “You needed to feel something real. You needed to feel love. And when you asked it of me, why wouldn’t I? I would have given you the world if you had asked!”

“I don’t need your heroism,” she scowled.

“Yes, you did, love,” Bergen said. “You didn’t have anyone else’s. If not from me, then who?”

“I don’t need a man!” she said.

Bergen scoffed. “You think I’m talking to you as a man?”

“What else are you?” she said, waving a hand at him and indicating his 6’2” rugged frame of the elfin Nordic Prince that he was. “Look at you! You’re…” her voice trailed off.

Smirking, he hooked his thumb on his trousers again.

“And what am I?”

“Uh…” Joanna eyed him up and down as something else started to occur to her. Her body temperature quickly changing.

“Oh, you’re looking at me like a man,” he said.

“No, I’m not,” she said too quickly.

“Where did I come from, lass,” he said, his voice softer. He pushed off the wall and took a step closer.

Joanna thought, trying to remember.

“Where did you first see me?”

“You were in my book,” she said, remembering that she had finished her book, *Dolor and Shadow.* There was Rune and Kallan and then… there was just Bergen. Without plan at all. He was just there. “You… just… barged into my book.”

He took a step closer, less than a foot between them now. She forgot how much he towered over her 4’11” frame.

“I am not a man,” he said

“Yeah, I would say you are,” she said, taking in his chest.

“I am you, lass.”

Joanna took a moment and thought about it and the current situation. When Adam was with her in this room last. Bergen was there, her body pressed against Adam’s while Bergen pinned her against him and…

“Oh, hell,” she said, and grabbing Bergen by the back of the neck, she kissed him hard, dumping all of her tension into him. He didn’t need convincing. He lifted her up, his hands on her ass as she wrapped her legs around his waist. Sitting her on the table, they immediately set to work, taking turns stripping each other as they remained locked at the mouth.

CHAPTER #6

The clock that resembled a giant pocket watch clicked into place at 3 AM. Bergen shifted and woke alone on the kitchen floor wrapped in the pile of blankets where he had passed out cradling Joanna.

Rising up, he looked into the adjacent room of the living room and there, perched in the giant picture window, Joanna sat, peering up at the moon. Wrapped in Adam’s pea coat, she remained transfixed on the moon.

“Hello, lass,” Bergen said as he came closer.

Joanna gazed at Bergen and gave a smirk. She gave a nod and stared back up at the sky.

“I don’t know them,” she said. “I don’t know if they’re good or bad. I don’t know if they’re kind or… I don’t know who they are. What they’ve done. What I have done.”

Bergen stood listening quietly.

“I don’t know… anything about them. To have these people inside of me, using my body. Making choices with my body… I feel… Violated. Like… I have these diseases… And I can’t cut them out of me or…” She looked at him. “It terrifies me, Bergen.”

Politely, he continued to listen.

“Oh, don’t stand there pretending to listen or care,” she said. “I know you too well. You just want to ask about the sex.”

Nodding, he said, “Aye. I do.”

Joanna laughed.

“I was scared of you. And annoyed with you.”

“You were hot for me,” he said. “That’s why you were annoyed.”

“Oh, fuck you,” she said.

“Lass,” he said. “You just mounted my cock with the starvation of a thousand donkeys. You had the hots for me for 17 years.”

“Or you had the hots for me,” she argued.

“What year was it?” he asked.

“2006.”

“Aye…,” he said. “17 years.”

“What am I supposed to do?”

“Well, I could go again…” he offered.

“Fucking Uskit,” she said.

“You have everything inside of you that you need to overcome obstacles and get the fuck out of this Mind Maze you’re in,” he said. “What is it you think you need that you don’t already have?”

“I don’t even know who I am without it. How can I…” At once her eyes widened with sudden comprehension. Instant epiphany field her as she realizes she has Alters.

“I need them here,” she said. “Now.”

“Tell us what you need?” Imagination said, appearing in the moment at Joanna’s bid.

Joanna looked to the kitchen where Morrígan, Imagination, Elizabeth, and Angel all waited.

As if on queue, Angel walked over to Bergen and took his left hand to hold.

“I have the map of the Subconscious Mind,” Joanna said.

“Yes. You do,” Morrígan said.

“There are six of us,” Joanna said, climbing down out of the window.

“Five,” Angel corrected.

Joanna looked at Angel, confused, and Angel shook her head.

“I am not an Alter.”

“What are you?” Joanna asked.

Smiling, she said, “I am our Identity.”

“We need to talk later,” Joanna said.

“What is your idea, Joanna?” Bergen asked.

“Morrígan mapped the Subconscious Mind, yes?” Joanna asked.

“I did,” Morrígan said.

“But,” said Joanna. “What if I also mapped the Subconscious Mind? And then Bergen. Elizabeth. And then Imagination…”

“And then we compared,” said Morrígan.

Nodding, Joanna said, “Then we compared.”

“How do we switch?” Elizabeth asked.

“The emotions,” Bergen said. “Morrígan is Anger.”

“And Power,” Morrígan added.

“Aye. Power,” Bergen said. “Elizabeth is Fear.”

“I am relaxed and Confident,” Imagination said.

“Of course you are,” Morrígan said.

“What are you?” Joanna asked of Bergen.

“Sexy,” he said. “Wanted.”

“Oh god,” said Morrígan, rolling her eyes.

“Fun and outgoing,” Bergen continued.

“Weed,” Imagination supplied.

“Guinness and cloves,” Bergen said.

“Intoxicated,” said Morrígan.

Imagination and Bergen fist bump, both grinning like a couple of hippies (Anna wrote in real time, weeks later.)

“I sound like a fucking hippie,” Joanna said.

“Oh, but you are, lass,” Bergen said, grinning.

“Alright,” Joanna said, her mind made up. “So we switch.”

CHAPTER #7

Through the Mind Maze, Imagination walked the, sketching as she goes, the Third Level of the Subconscious Mind. Hunched over a desk on the Third Level, she draws, and, a moment later, she is in the First Level of the Subconscious Mind, a room that looks like it’s the Cargo Hold of a SpaceShip.

*“Look for any anomalies.”* Joanna’s voice played back through Imagination’s mind. *“Anything different. Anything at all. Everything. Look for the Common Denominators. Map it all.”*

\* \* \*

With pipe in hand, Bergen pulled at a set of locked doors on the Third Level of the Subconscious Mind that lead down to the Fourth Level.

*“We’re looking for similarities,”* he recalled Joanna’s voice. *“Common Denominators. Those are facts. The things that never change.”*

\* \* \*

In the Mind Maze of Level #2, Elizabeth walked through the labyrinth. Moss and forest overgrowth covered the stainless steel floor and walls. Too many doors were covered, buried over from oversized vines. One, by one, Elizabeth tried the doors. Now and then, one gave way, Elizabeth peered inside, then, screaming, she fell back crying.

*“Then look for the thing that changes.”* Elizabeth remembered Joanna’s instructions. *“The thing that changes is the difference between us. The thing that creates each one of us.”*

\* \* \*

Elizabeth stood in the third level of the Subconscious Mind.

*“The thing that changes as we change,”* Joanna had advised.

There!” Morrígan said, pointing at the Cognitive Core on the Third Level of the Subconscious Mind.

“What is that?” Joanna asked.

“The Cognitive Core,” Imagination said. “It’s how a Perspective is made.”

“Look… There,” Joanna said. “The third chamber in. What is that?”

“Those are my Beliefs,” Imagination said.

“What makes up our Beliefs?” Joanna said.

“Lots of things, lass,” Bergen said. “It’s supposed to be What we Love. Identity here. And what we Value.”

“But abuse gets in and goes right for the Beliefs,” Morrígan said.

“Liming Beliefs,” Joanna said.

“Logical Fallacies,” Imagination said as they all closed in around the Beliefs chamber.

“Joanna,” Bergen asked. “What was your diagnoses?”

“BiPolar I,” Joanna said. “Depression. Suicidal Ideation. Dissociative Identity Disorder. Borderline Personality Disorder and C-PTSD.”

“But I have no Mental Disorder,” Imagination said.

“Neither do I,” Bergen said.

“I do,” Morrígan said. “We all feel it. When we switch to Imagination and Bergen… There is no change. But when Joanna switches back, we all feel it return. And I. I have Narcissism. And PTSD.”

“If Imagination has no mental illness…” Joanna said and looked at Imagination. “Then I can Imagine what it feels like to have no Mental Illness. I need… I need to think.”

And turning, Joanna walked out of the third Level of the Subconscious Mind.

CHAPTER #8

In the Lighthouse, Joanna stands, pouring over all the books. On the table before her, she paused now and then to scribble notes and research. Her mind racing. Her thoughts filled.

“Hey there,” Bergen said.

“Hey,” Joanna said.

“You alright?” he asked.

“Yeah,” she said. “I just… Need to think.”

“It’s a lot. All of this,” Bergen said.

“It is,” Joanna said. “Y-Y-You know… they s-s-say healing is recovering from t-t-ttrauma.” Joanna paused and looked at Bergen, confused at her stuttering.

“What was that, lass?” he asked, just as confused as her.

Joanna shook her head, confused concern scrunched her face. “I don’t know.” Brushing it aside, she continued. “They all talk about the trauma. Rape this. Beatings that. Who abandoned who when… how… I feel like… that’s a distraction. I feel like… there is more to it than that.”

“How so?” Bergen asked.

“Look around,” Joanna said. “Look at you. Look at me. What are we missing? No one is hurting me right now. And I know what happened to me. So why am I still here? Why can’t I can’t get out of my own head? What did they really do to me? What is Multiple Personality Disorder? Who is Imagination?”

“Who do you think?” Bergen asked.

“She is the part of me that I couldn’t have,” Joanna said. “And Morrígan? She is the part of me that went to war. And Elizabeth… she is the weakest part of me… The Fear part of me.”

“And what am I?” Bergen asked.

“The strength I wish I had,” she said.

“And what are you?”

“I am me,” Joanna said. “I am all of us. The Core. Breaking off pieces of me to keep them safe. So no one would hurt them. Mental Illnesses are not Illnesses… They’re Defenses. Behavior Defenses to adapt to a highly efficient way to survive a fucked up scenario. This is just how the Mind adapts to a toxic environment.”

“It’s an Identity divided within itself,” Imagination said, drawing their attention to the Goddess’ frame within the doorway.

“How do you know?” Joanna said.

“I am the Future Self,” Imagination said. “I am the version of you who already did it. Abusers turn your Self against the Identity. The war becomes internal so that the Subconscious Mind attacks the Identity to keep you safe. We spend more time fighting amongst The Self inside, than anything else.

“The Self has been compromised. You failed to save your Self, which you use as Proof of Concept that you cannot save yourself. So you stay small. You hide. You shrink. Terrified of the monsters you believe you can’t defeat because you failed to defeat them once. And time is frozen. So time is forgotten. And time is abandoned. Hence why we forget to calculate it when we fail to consider our growth.”

“What is time?” Joanna asked.

Imagination grinned with secrets brimming. “What indeed?”

“Shadow Work,” Joanna said, forgetting about Time.

“What?” Bergen asked.

“Shadow Work,” Joanna said. “It’s Proof of Concept! You use Imagination and Role Play as Proof of Concept to rehearse to perfection and show yourself that you can save yourself.”

“Son of a bitch,” Bergen said.

“The Mind Maze,” Joanna said.

\* \* \*

At the edge of The Second Level of the Subconscious Mind, the Mind Maze loomed. Green leaves and vines covered the deepest parts of the Stainless Steel Maze, now, they all stood at the entrance, the doors so new as to still be open.

“The Second Level of the Subconscious Mind,” Joanna said. “The Mind Maze. I used to go in here and battle monsters. The nearest doors are still open. Accessible memories. The trauma doors were closed. The worst of the doors are locked. Some traumas were too severe to even be remembered as doors.

“I learned that the doors would open the more I healed. The more I defeated the Monster within, the more I proved to myself that I could. The more I was strong enough to open a new door.”

They all peered down the hall that vanished into the black shadows far from view.

“The routine is the same,” Joanna said. “Kick open the door. Slay the monster. Save the child. Prove to yourself that you can choose a different story.

Imagination beamed proudly at Joanna at the mention of Story as Joanna came to stand before the Mind maze.

Angel clutched tight to Bergen’s left hand.

“It’s Proof of Concept,” Joanna said. ”That is what we need. That is what lies behind every one of these doors. Proof of Concept that we are safe. Proof of Concept that we are Free. Proof of Concept that we can save ourselves. And Shadow Work is the first stage of gaining Proof of Concept. The proof that we can choose different, think different, act different, be different.

“I have done this…” Joanna said. “So many times… Kick down the door. Slay the Monster. Save the Child.”

Bergen shifted his sword at his hip. “29 March 2023,” he said.

“You’re ready,” Imagination said.

“Spaceship, lass,” Bergen added, emphasizing the seemingly sudden importance of the area they stood in. “Don’t forget it’s a spaceship. Hence all the stainless steel.”

Morrígan adjusted her leathers and buckled her katana blade at her hip.

“It’s a Cargo Bay,” she said, unimpressed.

Releasing a sigh, Joanna gave Angel and Elizabeth a look. “We’re all at the ready. We all know what to do. We have done this a million times before.”

“Remember, Joanna,” Imagination said. “You’re remembering because you are ready.”

Joanna gave a nod. “I am ready.”

“You’re not alone anymore,” Imagination said.

Joanna smiled. “I am not alone anymore.”

“Enough of this, waiting,” Bergen said and, releasing Angel’s hand, he took up his Greatsword and, pausing to kick open the first door, ran into the first room. “BERGEEEEEEN TRYGGVASSON!

“Did he just…” Morrígan asked.

“He did,” Joanna said, unsurprised.

In unison, Joanna and Morrígan followed behind Bergen, their weapons raised as both released their battle cry.

The monster within rose up, and Morrígan stepped in, swinging her katana down upon the monster as Bergen swung his blade. Imagination walked, calm, but with deliberation into the room, and, passing the fight that ensued, walked right to the child of an 8 year old Joanna crying in the corner.

Joanna’s thoughts carried overhead as they slew the monster.

*It had always been me alone to coax the door open, throw open the barrier, and charge into the room.*

*Alone, I would battle the demon, take down the monster while listening to the child in the corner screaming. Bloodied and battle-worn, and alone, I would take up the child from the corner, and comfort her, soothe her, and rock her back and forth.*

*“You’re safe now,” I would say. “No one will ever harm you again. You are safe.”*

“You’re safe now,” Imagination said, cradling the child much like she did with Identity. “No one will ever harm you again. You are safe.”

Morrígan raised her hands and blasted fire upon the monster as it burned and withered, screaming under her fire. The monster fell, and Morrígan lowered her hands. Bergen and Joanna looked at Morrígan dumbfounded.

“What?” Morrígan said. “Fire is cool.”

Together, they watched as the monster disintegrated into the air like ash. A moment later, Angel took the hand of the child and they merged. A glowing light surrounds Angel as the others watch on as if she visibly grew in front of them.

“You look… bigger,” Bergen said.

Without a word, but smiling, Angel walked back to the maze.

Bergen looked at the others and smiled. “Ready to go again?”

\* \* \*

All day they battled, taking down room after room. Each monster, each scenario different than the last. Making choices differently. Joanna standing over her brother, screaming. Imagination going to the child and taking the child into her arms to soothe her while Bergen, Morrígan, and Joanna battled on.

Angel stepping in to reunite with the child within as if taking her into a part of her. Angel always standing taller and older after.

After what seemed to be the fourth room and Joanna, Bergen, and Morrígan thoroughly covered in sweat and ash, they paused.

“Well, I don’t know about any of you, but I could go for a pint at The Wandering Wench,” Bergen said, sheathing his greatsword, but a loud, creaking echoed from the depths of the Maze. A lock shifted. A door at the furthest back of the Maze unlocked and then opened a few inches.

Joanna gasped and fell to the floor. Her eyes changed as Memory flooded back to her.

“I remember,” she gasped. Her whole body shook. A startled laugh, she looked up. “I’m… a Vegetarian. I had… told my father. The room of men. I told them I believed they were wrong for killing the animals, and they screamed at me. I was 8. And I stood up to a room of men. They turned on me and screamed.”

Joanna gave a sudden burst of laughter, remembering her bravery. Remembering her boldness and courage. Remembering how, at 8 years old, she stood up to 8 men, two of whom were carrying guns.

“I’m a vegetarian!” she exclaimed, excitedly. “I’m a pacifist! I remember who I am! I stood up to them. One of them waved a gun at me… threatening to teach me a lesson… and I forgot! I forgot who I was!”

Joanna sobbed with relief, her hand shaking as she covered her mouth, feeling the weight of confusion slide off of her. Kneeling beside her, Bergen took her up and held her, cradling her while she cried long and hard in his arms.

It was finally safe enough to remember.

CHAPTER #9

Back in the Irish Cottage, Bergen returned to the kitchen from the bedroom. The night sky was pitch black and a single, low light lit the kitchen. Morrígan and Imagination sat around the table as if waiting.

“How is she?” Imagination asked.

“She’s asleep,” Bergen said, grabbing a Guinness from the fridge. “Meat is off the tables, people. She can’t touch it. Not with any of our mouths.” He popped the top and dropped himself at the table’s end, taking a drink from the beer.

“It’s time we start working together, isn’t it,” Morrígan said, giving voice to what was on all their minds.

“We are one,” Imagination said. “We are the same. For us to fight or argue is like a cell at war with itself. We have to think of the unit. We have to think first of the system.

“Isn’t that what all life is?” Morrígan said. “Learning to work together for the sake of keeping the system together?”

“Like kin and clan,” Bergen said.

“Or System,” Imagination said.

“A shift in Priority, united for a common goal,” Morrígan said.

“For the Anna Unit,” Bergen said.

“The Anna Unit,” Imagination said.

“The Anna Unit,” Morrígan said.

Bergen took a drink from his beer. “Right,” he said. “Sexuality. Gender. Diet. Sexual Partners. Whatever we choose, we must choose to be united.”

Morrígan groaned. “Can’t we choose to be fluid?”

“We must follow the one who will suffer the most,” Imagination said. “And Joanna is who will suffer the most. If she is a Vegetarian, then we too must be a vegetarian.”

“And what about the sex?” Bergen asked.

“Oof,” Morrígan said. “How the hell…?”

“A Bisexual, Poly Goddess and Free Spirit,” Imagination said, listing off all her sexual preferences.

“Heterosexual, non-Relationship System and BDSM Mistress,” Morrígan said, voicing her own.

“You know how I feel about the femme men and the ladies,” Bergen said.

“And Joanna is Monogamous and heterosexual,” Morrígan

“Right,” Imagination said. “Celibate it is.”

“What about…?” Morrígan said, drawing their attention to the one subject none dared give voice to.

All heads lowered as if each is afraid to speak what none of them ever talk about.

“The Imp King is permitted his Lady Queen,” Imagination said, as if the highest law came down on the group. “Until and unless we can get this sorted out, His Majesty is the only exception to this.”

“The sooner we get this sorted out, the sooner we can get Joanna out,” Bergen said.

“What about the maps we drew?” Morrígan asked. “Did Joanna ever get those sorted?”

“She did,” Bergen said.

A short time later, the table was covered with various maps and Morrígan and Bergen were all standing around the table, peering down at the parchment as Imagination unrolled the last map.

“There,” Morrígan said, pointing to one of the maps. “What’s that? Joanna seemed to be interested in that.”

“The Cognitive Core,” Imagination said. “It’s where Perspective is processed.”

“Where is it located?” Morrígan asked.

“It’s in the 3rd Level of the Subconscious Mind.” Angel’s tiny voice carried over the kitchen, and they all turned to the child. She did look five years older, at least.

“What about it, lass?” Bergen said. “Do you know what it is then?”

Angel nodded. “It’s me. It is all that I love… what an Identity loves. What we Value. What we Believe. It is our Name. And all of those things combined create our Reality. Our Truth. Our Perspective.”

“But… Joanna’s Perspective and my Perspective are different from Bergen’s or Imagination’s,” Morrígan said.

Angel nodded. “That’s the problem. We can’t agree on the Reality.”

“Reality is the Defined Laws of any System,” Morrígan said, concern weighing heavy in her tone. “If we can’t agree on which Reality to follow…”

“It’s the Belief System,” Imagination said. “The Core Component within the Logic Center of the Cognitive Core. You have different beliefs that provide and create your Story. And Joanna has hers.”

“So find the different Beliefs… and you remove the Perspective,” Bergen concluded.

“Which Perspective is the right one?” Morrígan asked.

“Love,” Imagination said. “It is the foundation of self-love. And it is not possible to build or expand when and if Self-Love is compromised.” Imagination opened her arms, indicating everyone present in the room. “Exhibit A. We are the living example of what happens when a Self turns on itself to Self-Destruct. All other loves… all else becomes…”

“Like building a castle in the sky and watching it crumble to the ground,” Angel said.

“Precisely,” Imagination said. “Self-Love is the foundation for the Self.”

“How do we rebuild?” Morrígan asked.

“Love,” Imagination said. “But most specifically Self-Love.”

“Who are we?” Bergen said, quoting the classic questions. “Where did come from? Where are going? Why are we here?”

“Socrates.” Joanna’s voice disrupted the ominous tone in the kitchen and they all looked to her, wrapped in a blanket, standing in the doorway between the living room and kitchen.

“Isn’t that what we’re all doing?” she asked. “Just trying to figure out which Perspective is the right one? Hello. My name is Joanna. I am the Main Character in this story, only… I’ve lost my story. I’ve lost my Author. I’ve lost my Character. And now, I don't even know who I am… for without Self-Love, how can any of us know who we are?”

Scoffing, Joanna lowered her head, heavy with discouragement then, a moment later, she sang.

“I’m lonely. I’m lost.

I’m cold. And I’m broken.

We’ve been silent for too long.

We all have forgotten

Who we used to be.

Who we are.”

She released a sigh and rested her head against the door frame.

“I am tired,” she said. “I am exhausted. And I don’t know the way. I’ve spent 30 years studying so much to keep what fragments of sanity I had left. Forgetting what I learned faster than I could learn all to piece myself back together again. And to get myself the fuck out of this Mindset. And here I am. Burnt out. Tired. Without a Direction…”

“You have a direction,” Imagination said. “Think. What is the difference between Imagination and Intuition?”

Joanna shook her head, too tired to think or answer.

“Identity wants,” Imagination provided. “Therefore I am. What am I if not that gut feeling inside of you that tells you when to wait, when to leap, when to jump, when to stay? You Imagine, therefore I am. I am the Hope and the Trust that guides you. You have Direction the moment you Accept what you want. The moment you Choose to allow what you want. The moment you choose to pursue what you want.”

“It’s math,” Joanna said. “It’s all logic. That’s what Intuition is. The barometer that reads the calculations of the Universe.”

“Follow the logic, lass,” Bergen said. “Trust the logic.”

“I can’t do this anymore. I’m too tired,” Joanna said. Dropping the blanket to the floor, she walked past the table toward the door.

“Joanna,” Bergen called, stopping her at the door.

“What is it, Bergen?” she said, staring at the floor.

“You can’t just quit,” he said.

“I’m tired, Bergen!” she said, turning on him. “I’m t-t-tired of all of this! I’m t-t-tired of g-g-grasping for stories trying to figure out which one is the right one! I’m t-t-tired of trying to find a way through this! I am most t-t-tired of…”

Bergen furrowed his brow at her stuttering. Morrígan threw a concerned look at Bergen, both filled with questions. Joanna seemed too angry to notice or care about the stuttering.

“What?” Bergen said. “Tired of what, Joanna?”

“I’m tired of Slave Mind,” she screamed.

The room fell silent, her words being felt by everyone there in the room.

 “That filthy, conditioned Obedience to submit and Obey to Owners who aren’t even here anymore!” she screamed. “I hear a word, I hear a phrase, I see a man, and the overwhelming obedience to cower, break, kneel, submit, and obey… and half the time, the man doesn’t even know about it. It’s this thing in my head! Conditioned into me to submit from the previous Owners who broke me, but look around!”

Joanna spread her arms, indicating the lack of Owners in the room. “They are long gone so why is it still here? Bending my back? Forcing my knee? Bowing my head? What the fuck is this shit!? I may have freed myself from my Owner, but they’re here still in my head! I’m an habitual slave, programmed to serve without even the commands or presence of an Owner! And God help me if a man passes by and asks something from me. I don’t stand a chance against him! I’ll be his slave before he knows what's going on!”

All of them wore a look of knowing that confirmed each one of them knew too well, the obedience she spoke of. Each one just as discouraged, just as honest about that truth.

“That is what I really fight!” Joanna said. “I’m tired of Borderline! I’m tired of triggers that force me to jump and leap! I’m tired of chasing and wishing! I’m tired of having constant arguing inside my head at all hours of the day and night with all of you!”

“I have lived a slave all my life. I know, better than anyone what it feels like to have invisible walls up and around me! Do you know what this feels like? My own mind? It feels like a prison! It feels like my own Perspective is a prison and I can’t get out of it! I can feel the limitations, the laws, the rules that aren’t even mine, oh, but they bind me. They hold me back, and I can’t… I want out!”

Joanna screamed, her whole body shaking as if she suddenly was rising up against her Self.

“I feel like my Own mind was weaponized against me!” she shouted.

“Go bigger,” Imagination said, calmly.

“Exactly!” Joanna screamed. “All my life, it’s all I’ve heard in the back of my mind. Egging me on. Pounding at me like a voice in the dark, just behind me, but never where I can see her… ‘Go Bigger! Go bigger!’ I know this is not my full potential! I know I am greater than this, bigger than this… I can feel my very self shrinking to fit, confined in this Perspective that is too small for me… But, oh! I’ve got to  obey! Obey what? Obey who? And I want out! As if the Enslaved and limiting Perspective itself is the Master of me…What life is worth living if the Will is forced to bend and serve the Reality? It is unnatural! For it is the Will that was meant to command the Reality! And I w-w-want out! I w-w-want…”

Shaking, Joanna collapses. Bergen and Morrígan moved to catch her.

“No,” Imagination commanded. “Leave her.”

On the floor, Joanna sobbed. “I-I-I…” she stuttered, trying to talk, her words fighting her thoughts.

She stared at the floor, shaking as she tried to grapple with new information. Desperate for Comprehension. Desperate to understand, but too tired to connect the variables.

After a moment, only the soft sobs of Joanna filled the room.

The gentle hand of a confident woman slid into Joanna’s hand, and Joanna looked up into the face of someone new. Stable, solid, confident, smart all filled this woman’s calm eyes clear with certainty and a knowing. A woman whose face and body matched Morrígan’s, Imagination’s, and Joanna’s. But this woman was whole, present, solid, and healed. Logic and Knowledge ruled this woman.

“Will?” Joanna whispered, and the woman smiled.

The words cleared Joanna’s mind as a new realization surfaced. “W-w-what am I?” Joanna asked the woman. “W-w-who am I?”

“Look at the mirror of reality,” the woman said. “You know who I am.”

Joanna looked at Morrígan and Imagination and Identity.

“Anna,” she said. “You’re…”

“Conscious Awareness,” Anna said, with a nod. “I’m from the outside.”

Silence blanketed the room. They all stared at Anna, dumbfounded, speechless, in awe at the woman before them.

“Everything will be alright,” she said. “I’m here now. Everything is going to be okay.” Anna gave Joanna’s hand an encouraging squeeze and then stood from the floor, leaving Joanna to stand on her own time. Anna looked at Bergen, Morrígan, Imagination, and at Identity forgotten and up against the wall.

“Well… I have made a mess of things, haven’t I,” she said.

“Hello, lass,” Bergen said, smiling as if greeting an old friend.

Anna smiled warmly at Bergen.

“What’s the Sun Cycle out there?” he asked.

“1 April 2023,” she said.

“Damn,” he said. “8 years to the day.”

“To the day,” she said, nodding. “Mother Nature loves her math. I don’t need you anymore. I can do this on my own, but… I need to get my thoughts in order. Bergen.”

“Aye, lass,” Bergen said, and, without being told twice, he walked to Joanna, scooped her up off the floor and carried her back to bed.

“Morrígan,” Anna said, and, with a nod, Morrígan walked to Angel, took the child by the hand, and led her out of the cabin to return her to the 3rd Floor of the Subconscious Mind.

Anna looked at Imagination.

“Well done, Ego. Well done,” Imagination said to Anna.

Anna shook her head. “It’s not over yet. We have a whole lot of work ahead of our Selves,” she said. “And… I need to think.”

And with that, Anna walked to the door, and followed Morrígan and Angel into the darkness, her thoughts on the books filled with hidden answers in her Lighthouse.

CHAPTER #10

Will vs. Reality.

Anna peered over the books covering the table. Joanna’s words rang through her head, over and over.

*“What life is worth living if the Will is forced to bend and serve the Reality? It is unnatural for it is the Will that was meant to command the Reality.”*

The answers were here. She knew it. She could could feel it. Somewhere in these books. With the right words, he mind would turn and twist, and just like that, she would see a new variable. If only…

“Change the story,” she muttered and turned the page. “You’re in a story, Anna,” she said. “All of this it’s just a story.”

She closed the book and took up the next one. *Plato’s Republic*. Nietzche. Aristotle.

*But what is Truth?* she pondered.

Truth is subjective.

You’re in a story. Change the Story.

Imagination must be free to shift and move and change…

She imagined Identity hopping and skipping with Imagination from story to story, passing through each and every book. Waking up every morning and asking, “Which story shall we be in today, Imagination?”

“Tell me where you wish to go,” Imagination invited. “Will your Reality into Truth,” Imagination said and Identity’s face burst into joy.

“I want to play and laugh with the Imp King all day! And we’ll dress ourselves like cats and giraffes and eat dinner in Paris this day.”

“As you wish,” Imagination said and, hand in hand, they hopped across the pages of Story.

Anna turned the pages of Plato. “Nothing destroys a story more than fixed belief and defined truth. Defined, fixed truth is the death of story and imagination.”

*“But what if you could change the story?”* Anna could hear Imagination inquire. *“Why this one? Why would you choose to live in this story?”*

“I wouldn’t,” Anna answered.

*“Then why do we?”* Anna’s thoughts asked in Imagination’s voice. *“Why, if society is a mindset would we ever consciously choose this one?”*

“We wouldn’t,” Anna answered. “It sucks.”

*“Then why do we?”* Imagination’s voice asked again.

“We were told, we have no choice,” Anna thought. “We were told it is the way it is.”

“Who said this?” Imagination’s voice asked.

“Words always begin somewhere,” Anna pondered, turning the pages of Plato. “Where did these ones begin? Our entire culture is composed of obedience…”

“Shift your perspective, Anna,” Imagination’s voice said. “If it’s just a story, turn the page.”

“Show me the truth,” Anna whispered as if begging the book to reveal Plato’s wisdom to her.

“Truth is subjective,” Imagination’s voice said. “Define your own. Claim your authorship.”

“It’s all subjective,” Anna said. “Who masters your mindset? A system? A culture? Traditions?”

“It’s your mindset,” Imagination’s voice said. “Choose it. What would you want it to be? What would you create? What would you build? Why are we waiting for permission to use your own Imagination?”

“Anna.” Bergen’s voice cut through Anna’s inner dialogue. Startled, she looked up.

“Why can’t I see it?” she asked him. “Go bigger. It’s all I hear in my head. Over and over… for years. For decades. Go bigger. I remember, for decades, I had no idea what it meant. Every time I found an answer, Every time I thought I was onto something, my moment of euphoria was abruptly interrupted with “Go bigger” and my shoulders would slump. Defeated. And now, it all makes sense.”

She looked back down at the book and turned the page.

“Intuition is always the first to know things before anyone else within the Mind. Intuition is the first to know anything before the Conscious Knowing. In actuality, the Conscious Mind is the absolute Last to know anything.”

Anna looked up from her work and locked eyes with Bergen. “Do you know what this means, Bergen?”

Bergen stared back, alert, listening, intense.

“It means that, if Conscious Awareness is the last to know,” she said. “And if Intuition is the First to know… then if Conscious Awareness becomes aware of what Intuition knows, and \*if\* Conscious Awareness can learn to trust Intuition… well then… Conscious Awareness can learn to “sail the ship” long before an iceberg even appears on radar.”

Bergen continued to listen. Respect and admiration filled his resting face.

“It means a person can learn to live Premeditatively,” she said. “They can learn to live 40 steps ahead of Foresight instead of twenty steps behind of Hindsight.”

“Go bigger.” A whisper carried over the room.

“Strategic Foresight,” Anna whispered.

“Go bigger,” the voice repeated.

Anna looked down at the book in front of her. She saw the Components of the 5 Levels of the Subconscious Mind. She saw the Components of the Alters. She saw the Components of the 7 Parts of the Mental System.

“Go bigger,” the voice repeated.

Anna saw the Components of the Cognitive Core. She saw the Components of the Philosopher’s Compass. She saw the components of the 12 Ethical Stages of Perspective Growth. She saw a Swinging pendulum hanging suspended in motion above a moving spiral. She saw the Lighthouse of Pharos.

“Go bigger,” the voice repeated.

Anna saw Rorschach Prints. She saw the swinging Newton’s Pendulum. She saw The Tesla Coil. She saw the Components of the Electromagnetic Field.

She saw Foucalt’s Pendulum. She saw the Difference Engine. She saw the Butterfly Effect.

“Go bigger,” the voice repeated.

Anna saw the Components of Emotional Energy and Optic Physics. She saw the Components of the Cartesian Coordinate System. She saw the Components of the Fibonacci Sequence.\*

Spiral Dynamics. She saw the Components of Time and Dimension Theory. She saw E=MC2.

“Go bigger,” the voice repeated.

Anna saw the Components of Neuroscience, Chemical Energy, and the Brain. The Monolith and then the Fetus from 2001 Space Odyssey. Anna saw the vast pieces of Astronomy all move and shift, sped up, and zoomed out, and she saw the whole of the Galaxy move like a Giant Watch, and Earth moving and “ticking” away exactly like a cog in a vast clock.

Anna saw the Integration of all of these pieces and the “zoom out” into The AIDNS. She saw the Components of the AIDNS Integrate and connect like a watch into an icosahedron and an Atom.

Anna saw everything move within the AIDNS, at the bottom of a moving spiral as she looked up at a giant pendulum swinging overhead. She looked down and her vision zoomed out, placing her back in the Lighthouse as she stared at an item the size of a baseball resting in the palm of her right hand : A glowing blue icosahedron, The Human Atom, integrated.

Bergen slowly approached her, staring fixed at the object in her palm.

“It’s a D20,” he said.

“I thought I was looking at a tetrahedron…” she said, shaking her head. “But it’s not. The pieces were only components.”

“Anna, what trail of Dominoes have you been chasing?” Bergen asked, mesmerized at the item she held.

Transfixed, Anna stared at the icosahedron in her hand.

“What is it?” Bergen asked.

“It’s us,” she said. “It’s the blueprint of a healthy and whole Subconscious Mind.”

“Holy damn,” Bergen said.

“Thus spoke Zarathustra,” she said, and sudden comprehension settled in. Calm, resolve, and determination washed through her. “I know how to fix my mind. I know how to fix everyone’s mind. And I can prove it with Logic, Math, and Physics.

CHAPTER #11

The next morning, they all stand within the kitchen. The Irish sun pours in through the windows. With resolve, Anna sets the blue orb on the table.

“It’s a D20,” Morrígan said.

“This…,” Anna said. “ This is much more than a D20. This is the AIDNS. The Abstract Intra-Dimensional Navigational System.”

“The what?” Morrígan asked.

“Navigational System,” Anna said. “Think of it as a Sailor’s Sextant, but much… much more.”

“Do you mean like a compass?” Angel asked.

“Bigger,” Anna said. “A compass measures Location with finding North. Just North. A Sextant measures Polarity, Longitude and Latitude. But the AIDNS… it measures the Abstract. It measures and tracks Location within the Abstract where Time and Location cease to exist.”

“What does that mean?” Angel asked.

Anna smiled. “It means we can find our way home.”

“Home?” Joanna said.

They all looked at each other, as if one of them would suddenly stand up and volunteer for the position.

“Yes,” Anna said. “When you are lost in a forest, how does a compass, or the North Star, help you find home?”

“Relativity,” Joanna said. “You use North to determine your relative location to North.”

“Correct,” Anna said. “But at Sea, North doesn’t work so easily due to changing coordinates, hemisphere, and weather… you need 3 points to determine a Coordinate. So at sea, you also require Longitude and Latitude with North to determine where you are in relativity to Home. The Sextant provides all three Points to determine your coordinate.

“And Home is Your Point of Origin. So now you have your location relative to your Point of Origin. Now you can calculate the distance and the time it will take you to get there with your speed.

“Earth in comparison to The Sun. Time in comparison to The Black Hole. The Sun and The Black Hole are the Point of Origin for both Place and Time.

“But we are in the Subconscious Mind, deep within the Abstract. Neither the Sun nor the Black Hole can be used as Point of Origins. The laws and rules of time used in the Plane of Materialization… That has no meaning here in the Plane of Conception. It’s why a Daydream that feels like minutes or hours could be hours or seconds. Because Time as it is defined is not a constant once the Abstract is taken into account.”

“So where is Home?” Joanna asked.

“Precisely,” Anna said. “Where indeed? The Abstract is vast. Undefined. And unexplored territory. It is deeper than Space and is less explored. So how do you navigate within the depths of The Internal Expanse without losing your Mind within the Abstract?”

“You can’t,” Morrígan said. “You’ll go insane.”

“Exactly,” Anna said. “Hence… Exhibit A.” She expanded her arms, indicating the Alters. “which is what has happened here. We lost our Point of Origin. We lost Home. Without any way to determine our Point of Origin… Until the Abstract Intra-Dimensional Navigational System.

“But what is the Point of Origin within the Abstract?” Joanna asked.

“What the Abstract has always been,” Anna said. “A relativity to One’s Self. The Self Defined. Home.”

“Do you mean we can find Home with that?” Joanna asked.

“Precisely,” Anna said.

“So where is home?” Morrígan asked.

As if in answer, all eyes turned to Angel.

The tiny child shrank back under their gazes as her eyes widened. “Me? But… I’m 8. I’m a child.”

“Angel,” Anna said. “You are much more than that. This is all you, sweetheart.”

Angel shook her head. “But… I’m nothing. I’m nobody. I’m… I’m just a child. I’m just… I’m not anybody! I’m nothing!”

“Identity,” Anna said. “You are in the Abstract. Time does not exist here. Age… It isn’t real without relativity. Nothing is. You can be an old child or a young 80 year old… It isn’t Time that determines age. This is a myth of the Material Plane.”

“Then what does?” Identity said.

Anna pointed at the AIDNS.

“Within this System are 12 Ethical Stages,” Anna explained. “Stages of Growth, much like a clock, each with their own characteristics, traits, and perspectives. Predictable. Constant. They cycle through each one of us and have done so since before we were Homo Sapiens. They are so predictable and unique to each perspective, that you can track them in a person, a family, a village, a city, a state, a country. Via each generation and even over Periods and eras of time.

“And within our mind, even each one of us can have differing Perspectives Stages… though, I don’t recommend it. The 12 Ethical Perspective Stages is what really determines our age. Not experience, knowledge, or our relative birth to the Sun. These Ethical Stages. This is why you can be Wiser beyond your years, or dumber than a box of rocks despite having a college degree.”

“Within our mind,” Joanna said. “Each one of us? Anna how old are we?”

Anna gave a sigh, knowing it would come to this.

“Identity is at the 6th Ethical Stage,” she said. “But you, Joanna, are 2. Imagination is at the 12th+ Ethical Stage. Morrígan is at the 5th. Bergen is at the 7th. I am at the 6th. The trauma, all trauma, comes from the Ethical Perspectives of others being forced into us.

“People who are forced to grow before they are ready. People who are forced to stay behind when they are needing and ready to grow. People who were conditioned through abuse that “It isn’t safe to grow.” People who had to hide their true perspective from others.

“And all of our abuse, every one of us, adopts the Forced Perspective of our abusers. Which is why, Joanna, you are a 2nd Perspective, and Morrígan is a 5th. Our Identity grew, while parts of our Subconscious Mind and other parts of our Personalities did not. Hence the Divide.”

They all looked to each other. Looking at their differences.

“But,” Morrígan said. “We’re all the same. Inside a Single Unit. The Anna System.”

Anna nodded.

“Yes. I know. A union divided. Hence the problem. We are not aligned.”

“How do we fix it?” Angel asked.

Anna took the AIDNS from the table and handed it out to Angel who stared at it with wonder.

“With this,” she said. “This Defines our Point of Origin. Home. It shifts you, Identity, into the Center of our Mind… It redefines the Center Core and redefines the Whole. It conditions the rest of us to all follow your lead. You want to know what mental illness is? It is just a disagreement on who is going to be the Leader. Which Perspective Reality is going to be the Ultimate Law of The System. Our System. The Anna System.”

“That’s it?” Bergen asked.

“Is that not enough?” Anna asked. “Imagine all of us in here trying to take the lead at the same time. In fact, that is exactly what Multiple Personality Disorder is. We can’t figure out which one of us is in charge. And the smallest, the quietest of us, is the rightful leader: An 8 year old Goddess Queen who doesn’t even believe in herself. Yes, Bergen. That is it.”

“But it's so simple,” Morrígan said. “It can’t be that simple.”

“Why?” Anna asked.

“Because…” Morrígan paused to think. “Why the chaos? Why the disorder? Why, if it's that simple, is everyone suffering from mental illness? It has to be complex. That is the only explanation–”

“Often,” Anna cut her off. “Simple things are made complex to exploit others who are at a disadvantage. Often, simple things are made complex by ignorant people because ignorant minds fail to see the bigger picture. Staring at multiple components is complex if you don’t know how to organize the components or if you don’t even know that they are components, confusion, complications, and complexities arise. In simplicity there is truth. Newton.

“But staring at the same components that have been organized, defined, and integrated into a Whole removes the chaos, and makes the entire process simple.”

“And this is all because of the Multiple Personality Disorder?” Joanna asked.

“Not at all,” Anna said. “Everyone has multiple components to their Personality. Listen to those words. Think about those words. Is there any single one of any human being who has just one component to their entire personality?”

They all paused to think.

“Every single one of us, every human person on this planet has multiple components to their personality,” Anna said. “A Multiple just has their components divided. A non-Multiple has their components integrated.”

“So… I just need to be the leader?” Angel asked, sheepishly.

Anna smiled at Angel. “That’s right. You just need to be the leader. You need to decide, your Majesty.”

“But… What about all of you?” Angel asked.

“Very good question, my dear,” Anna said. “Let’s set the stage, shall we?

Anna flicked her wrist as if releasing a spell and the Irish Cottage vanished. At once, they all stood at the 3rd Level of the Subconscious Mind.

“This is your mind,” Anna said. “And it runs on Story. We do not learn through memorization. We do not learn through repetition. We learn through Story, Emotions, Rhythm, Metric, Meter, Relatability, Visual Mirror Imaging, and Imagination. We learn through Logic. We learn through Comprehension. Our Mind is only ever just a Story, and Identity is the Star.”

Taking up Angel by the hand, Anna took the child and led her to Center Stage.

“You are the Queen of this realm,” Anna said. “Everything you want. Everything you desire is what defines this story, drives the plot, and fuels our destination. You are the Past, Identity. Our Point of Origin. Imagination!”

Obediently, Imagination glided into position with premonition. As she moved, her gown extended into gossamer and silk. Her long hair grew past her waist as she became the embodiment of her true form, standing in position as a lady, a great Goddess and a Queen. She stopped at Stage Right, far off from Identity.

“Tell us who you really are,” Anna asked her gently, and Imagination smiled widely and looked to Angel.

“I am you, Identity,” Imagination said. “I am the Core Personality. The True. The First. The Original, you might say. I am your Future. The Goddess Imagination, Queen of this realm who you will become. I am all of your Dreams and wishes combined. Every desire you ever breathed, is who I am. I am the woman you will become one day. The glory you know you are. I am the relative Future to your Past.”

“The “I” is the Self defined,” Anna said. “And to lose the Self is to lose Home. You are Home, Identity. Not… You are home… as in a place to belong, but rather you are Home. Identity is the Home of the Self. You are home.”

Wide comprehension spanned Identity’s face and tears filled her eyes.

“The “I” is the Self within the Self,” Anna said. “Identity. I. I Mage. Imagine. An Imagine Nation

Imagination. You are the I of I. The Self within the Self. Imagination is the You of I. The You Within the I is everything you will become. Everything you want to be. Imagination is your heading. Your goal. Your Destination.”

Angel nodded, looking with great admiration at Imagination, as if willing herself on the spot to become her.

“But what did I say?” Anna said, kneeling before Angel. “This is your mind. And it runs on story. We learn through Story, Emotions, Rhythm, Metric, Meter, Relatability, Visual Mirror Imaging, and Imagination. We learn through Comprehension. Visual Mirror Imaging. You need a Mirror to Learn. We learn by Example.”

“Law of Reflection,” Bergen said.

“Precisely,” Anna said. “We are sentient mirrors who follow the same Laws of Physics. We require a You of I, a healthy, stable, solid, Ethical You of I to learn and grow. Usually, our Mother is the first. Or a father. Role Models.”

“But what if you don’t have a healthy You of I?” Morrígan said. “We did not, you know that. What if your parents are…?”

“Mentally ill?” Anna finished for her. “Neglectful? Abusive? Well then… that’s what you learn. And this is why. Because they are our first You of I. So when you make up your mind to heal, the first thing you need to change, consciously, is the You of I. The Role Model. Because we are mirrors who mimic and mirror our Dreams that we desire and hold within the You of I.”

Anna pointed to Imagination.

“So make it a good one. Imagine who you want to be, Identity. Because the more you Define your Self you wish to become, the brighter, and grander Imagination becomes. All you have to do is want it.”

“I want to be strong,” Angel said. “I want to be grand. I want to be graceful and elegant. I want to walk with such strength and confidence that when others look at me, when I look at me, no one would ever think I was ever hurt. I don’t want a single reminder of what was done to me! I want to be rid of every drop of pain and hurt. I want no scars.”

Angel turned to Imagination and spoke the words out loud as if she commanded Imagination to become all those things before her eyes.

“I want to love like I’ve never been broken!” Angel shouted. “I want to laugh like I’ve never cried! I want to dream like I’ve never despaired! I want to forgive like I’ve never bled! I want to live like I’ve never died! I want to be free of the memories that haunt me.”

Singing, Angel cried, as if pleading to Imagination to save her.

I'm lonely. I'm cold.

I'm lost. And I'm broken.

We've been silent for too long.

We all have forgotten

Who we used to be.

Who we are.

We are all sleeping.

Inside we are screaming.

Outside we are laughing.

Inside we are dying.

Still singing, Angel turned to the reader and continued her song.

These aren't just words.

This is not a song.

It's a message I'm giving

to all of you.

It's a message I've been trying

to get to you.

Listen to the lyrics.

Hear the words.

They are not mine.

They are yours.

It's time to come out now.

It's safe to be seen.

The monsters are gone now.

It's time to remember

Who we are.

What we are.

What we are saying

Behind closed doors.

I'm lonely. I'm cold.

I'm lost. And I'm broken…”

Ending the song, Angel looked at Anna. “How can I recover from all I’ve seen? How can I stand again? How can I go on?”

“You are not alone,” Anna said. “A single Consciousness without the parts that make up the Whole of the Self is so cold. It’s so lonely. But the Conscious Awareness stands outside of the Self… and it doesn’t have to. I don’t have to. Who do you think I am, Identity?”

Confused, Angel looked at Anna. Morrígan and Joanna in turn look at her, confused.

“You’re Conscious Awareness,” Angel said.

“Am I?” Anna said. “Is that all I am?”

“No,” Joanna said, and Anna turned. Comprehension was starting to fill Joanna’s face who looked at Anna in a rising horror.

“No, you’re not,” Joanna said. Bergen moved into position.

“Easy lass,” he said.

“No! You’re not… You can’t be…” Joanna said. Pushing her hands into her hair, she shook her head violently. “No! I am! She said. I…” But the walls of delusion were falling down. Comprehension was reached. The pieces were connecting. She could no longer deny the truth that was connecting fast in her mind.

“I can’t be!” Joanna shrieked. “I’m real!” She screamed, the hysterics setting in.

“Bergen,” Anna said.

“Lass,” Bergen said gently.

“Don’t touch me!” Joanna screamed. Falling to the floor she screamed and cried. Pushing herself back against the wall. “I’m the Core,” she screamed. “I’m real!” she screamed over and over. “32 years!” she screamed again. “I’m what's real! This whole time? This whole time!”

Joanna lay upon the floor sobbing and crying. Shrieking as the truth set in. That Anna was the Core and Joanna was just one more Alter.

\*\*\*

Patiently, they all sat down and waited. Neither moving to comfort her. None of them speaking. Waiting for Joanna to calm herself as her new reality sank in. After a long while, she lay crumbled on the floor, sniffling.

Still, each of them waited kindly, patiently.

“I’m not real,” she said at last. “For 32 years… I wasn’t real.” I’m just a host. A parasite.”

“Not a parasite,” Imagination said. “Not at all a parasite.”

“I did this to you,” Joanna said. “I broke you apart. I locked you up… I…”

“You loved us,” Anna said. “All that you did, you did out of love. With need. You were just trying to survive. To keep us safe.”

“I feel like a clone,” Joanna said. “A fake. A phony. A… Villain. A fraud.”

“You took all the pain for us so we didn’t have to,” Anna said. “Look at Imagination. Look at Bergen. Look at me. We survived. We are whole today and without any Mental Illness because of you. Your scars, your Mental Illnesses, your traumas… you took all of that for us, so we didn’t have to.”

“You, most of all, loved us,” Imagination said. “We see that. We know that.”

“Believe us, lass,” Bergen said. “Your sacrifice did not go unnoticed.”

“You didn’t do anything to us. You saved us and took the pain to keep us whole,” Anna said. “To keep us safe. It is us, who should thank you. It is us who are grateful to you for what you did for us.”

“Never to us,” Imagination said. “For us.”

Tears fell down Joanna’s face.

“Greater love hath no man than the love he shows the self in times of Self-preservation,” Anna said. “For every bit of Mental Illness is a testament of all that the Self did for itself in severe desperation during times of need to keep it safe from harm. If that is not love, then what is?”

“Self-Love is the truest, deepest love of all,” Imagination said. “It is the first love. And so to the Self, we owe everything we have in turn.”

“And believe me, love,” Bergen said. “You shall have it.”

 “I just wanted to keep you safe,” she said, her voice cracking.

“Aye, lass,” Bergen said, fighting back a tear. “That you did, lass. Too true.”

“I love you,” Joanna said. “I love you all so much. I just wanted you safe.”

“We love you too, Joanna,” Anna said. “We always have.”

Falling into Anna’s arms, Joanna broke and sobbed as Bergen and Imagination gathered around and held them all in turn. Identity and Morrígan squeezed in, and together, they all cradled Joanna who, at long last, forgave and loved herself.

There in the heart of the Self, within the discovery of Self-Love, a new Love is birthed. As the Self find its Union, Self-Love is born and every drop of rejection, abandonment, and loneliness shatters.

A warmth and light, like none any of them had ever experienced before ignited and the Self-Divided united. The cold, whole of shadow and emptiness within them vanished and they all felt a warmth that they hadn’t ever dared dream of.

With a renewed life, they stood and released Joanna. A new resolve filled them.

“Right,” Anna said. “We have work to do. Let’s finish this.”

Nodding, they all returned to their positions.

“I am Conscious Awareness,” Anna announced, boldly, more confidently, with Dominance. “I am Ego, Id. Every one of us here has a job to do. My job, as Conscious Awareness is to Self-Govern all of you. I am supposed to be Justice, enduring each and every one of you in here is doing their job properly. And it all starts with you.”

Anna points to Angel.

“What is my job?” Angel asked proudly, boldly. The weakness and doubt in her voice now gone.

“To define the Self,” Anna said. “That is all you do, Identity. Identity Identifies… the Self. It’s why you’re called Identity. And if you don’t, if you can’t, we suffer.”

“Right,” Angel said, nodding. Then, confusion. “How do I define me?”

Anna smiled. “I thought you would never ask.”

“That is unlikely,” Morrígan said. “You are the Author.”

“Hello, Logic,” Anna said. “Identity! Tell me what you love! Tell me what gives you joy! All those things you want to be… Desire is you. What we want defines us. What we desire, love… Those are the things that Define us. Our Love Defines us. Reality bends to our Will and that will is you! Thus, Identity! Define us! Define out Reality!”

“Ships!” Angel squealed. “Adventure and Freedom! And ships!”

“The Self is just Pure Love,” Anna said. “And it is the only resource that is birthed and born from nothing before it. When you know what you love, what you Value, what you Prioritize. What you dream, desire, do… That is you. And that is all you are supposed to be doing. Wanting, Dreaming, Desiring, Doing, Defining. Wishing. Love.”

“I want…” Angel paused and thought. “And then what?”

Anna gave a sly grin. “We choose. We make it happen! Zap!”

At once, the scene changed. The 3rd Level of the Subconscious Mind became a ship. A storm rages all around them as vast, great clouds of black and gray push in over head. The wind beats the sails, threatening to rip the sheets.

“I love boats,” Anna said with a grin.

“Anna!” Angel cried out over the winds.

“You’re in charge, Identity,” Anna shouted over the storm. “What do you want?”

“I want this storm to end!” Angel said. “I want the pain to stop for Joanna! I want it all to stop!”

“You have a crew right here,” Anna said, indicating the crew around them. “All around you. You are not alone. You are the Captain of this ship. You have to give the orders. We can’t move without your orders! So… Give your orders! Command this ship that is your life!”

Joanna stood to help. “I can–”

“Stop!” Anna shouted, and the scene froze. The storm at sea, the waves and wind, all froze except the players. Silence fell across the ship. Anna walked to Joanna.

“I know who you really are, Joanna,” Anna said. “You have captained this ship for far too long. You do not have the skills, the purpose, or the Dreams to Captain this ship.”

Joanna’s lips tightened as if fighting back a fresh wave of tears.

“You tried,” Anna said. “You really did try. You did your best. And you kept us safe.”

“They were hurting you,” Joanna said. “They were hurting all of you. And I couldn’t…”

“You are not alone,” Anna said. “You never were.”

Joanna nodded and wiped the tears from her eyes. “What am I?” Joanna asked.

“Fear,” Anna said. “You are the Fear System. When the Defense goes down, which is always the case during abuse, the Fear System steps in to do the job that the Defense can’t. But that is not what you are supposed to do. So you manage, manipulate, control, break, bend any and all part of this to keep each and every one of us whole, alive, and safe.

“Self-Love. Every mind in this world runs on it. But the Conscious Awareness is so closed off from it, that it doesn’t even know it's there. That is why people feel alone. That is why people feel rejected. That is why people feel abandoned. Because they have abandoned the Self. Out of sheer desperation to keep themselves alive and whole within.”

Joanna inhaled deeply as if resetting herself.

“We are all pining and looking for the Self Within that we have lost buried within the Abstract Mind,” Anna said.

“What is my role?” Joanna asked with resolve. “What am I supposed to do?”

Anna smiled. “Fear is the Emotion that tells me, Conscious Awareness, when you have something to learn.”

“Learn?” Joanna asked, confused.

“That’s right!” Anna said. “Fear is the emotional queue to learn and to choose. Fear of the Unknown has only one weakness. One cure. Fear results from lack of Knowledge. Logic and Knowledge, Education, is the only reason why you exist. Every time you feel afraid, you are supposed to use that as a clue to what you are supposed to learn next.

“But that kind of thinking, Problem Solving under Fear… many, many people fail to learn. It is the very first lesson and Law of Life. Problem Solve through Fear. Logic to soothe the Fear. And then learn and Education. Prejudice, Black and White thinking, Aversion, Avoidance, Isolation… to not Problem Solve under Fear is to fall into the Darkest Deepest pit of Despair the mind has.”

Anna pointed at the skies above. “This storm is Fear without Problem Solving. This storm, Joanna, is yours.”

Joanna looked out at the vast waves, the wind, and the rain. The hurricane clouds overhead. “I don’t know how…” she said.

“Precisely!” Anna said. “You don’t know how. Hence the storm.”

“Show me how?” Joanna asked.

“Gladly,” Anna said with a smile. “Every Fear System has “levels.” At level 10, you’re hysterical and panicked. So first, we need to turn you down with soothing, validating, empathizing, and gentle reassurance. You need the luxury of the Comfort Zone. To do that, you need to accept three truths :

1. You can Learn anything. The Mind is a Learning, Knowledge, and Information processing machine. You just need to learn how to use the machine. The AIDNS is the Manual for the machine.
2. Emotions are logical. Always. For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. Emotions are those equal and opposite reactions. They are messages sent to me, Conscious Awareness, that I am supposed to be interpreting. Emotions are Identity’s First Language. Fortunately, we all studied Linguistics. And we can speak this Language. I will be teaching it to you.
3. Wants are Needs. What Identity wants is a Need that Defines the Self. Tamper with that, take it away, get in her way, and Mental Illness abounds. If Identity does not get what she wants, The Defense System will step in.”

As if on queue, Bergen put his hand to his hilt and stepped forward.

“And the Fear System takes over,” Joanna finished for her.

“And if the Fear System has taken over, it’s because things are so bad, that the sheer presence of the Fear System alone is proof enough that things are bad,” Anna said, “But only if you lack the knowledge to manage this Mental System.”

“So what do I need to do?” Joanna asked.

“Know that you can learn,” Anna said. “This is the crux. This point of Choice, right here. Not knowing often shuts down the System. But falling back to learning and problem solving always always always prevents Fear. Program your response to think Choose or Problem Solve or Learn to Problem Solve until you can choose. Think of this. If you feel fear, then Choose what you want, but if you don’t know how, then choose to Problem Solve until you can Choose what you want. And if you still don’t know how, then choose to learn until you can Problem Solve, until you can Choose what you want.”

Joanna nodded pensively and repeated, “Choose. Problem Solve. Learn.”

“And there is no urgency,” Anna said. “Ever. Urgency and Time is a bully tactic to control you. Urgency is deliberate pressure from abusers on the outside directed to bypass the Cognitive Core and its processing. There is no Urgency.

“The Internal Expanse, Learning, Desires, Dreams, Drive, Goals… These things cannot be forced to happen “on schedule.” There is no urgency. A System built on Money and Profit is the only thing that prioritizes Time over Mental Health. If you are not a Doctor in the ER or working in an OR, then it’s not important enough to be Urgent. Urgency is a bully tactic to force you to move under threat.

“You always have time enough to learn. In fact, I insist on it. If someone is rushing you, and not giving you time enough to learn or think, then that is the red flag.

“Conscious Awareness has to decide what gets priority. And I do not allow anyone to bully me into prioritizing their money and profit agenda over Identity. Because at the end of the day, it is Our System, Our Mental Health, Our Mind and ability to hold Reality, that will suffer. And now… after seeing what the Alternative has done to us… I love my Self too much for that.”

Joanna nodded, listening and learning. Absorbing everything Anna said.

“You *can* Learn, Joanna,” Anna said. “You can Grow. You are not alone. It will take each and every one of us to manage and operate this ship. But we will do it as a Team. As a crew. As a Clan. All the Fear System does when things are aligned and balanced, is to gently remind Identity and Imagination to not take risks that compromise the Self.”

“Oh,” Joanna said, understanding.

“Stop doing the job of the Defense System,” Anna said, gently.

“Where is the Defense System?” Joanna asked.

Anna turned to Bergen and smiled, who smiled and waved at Joanna.

“Hello, lass,” Bergen said.

Anna walked over to Bergen and, taking his face into her hand, she kissed him gently on the lips. “I See you,” she said.

“Och. Aye, you do that, lass,” he said. “I was hoping you would. I was wondering when you’d figure it out.”

“When you held my hand during sex nine years ago,” she said. “When you loved me so much, you appeared to me as a Story Book Character so as to not scare me. I love you, Bergen.”

Bergen arched his brow. “Pygmalion? Or Narcissus?”

“You know, I don’t know,” Anna said. “We all have much to learn about the Self. And why not have Romantic and Sexual Love for the Self? I don’t harm anyone by loving you. And you are… well… You are the archetype of my ideal Partner. Only… You’re Authentic. I’ve lived by the rules and expectations of others far more ignorant and afraid than I. And their Fear broke my Mind. I am going to trust myself for a while because only I know what is best for me. For all of us.”

“What about me?” Morrígan asked. “What am I?”

“Cold,” Anna said. “Calculated. Morrígan. Vulcans have more warmth than you.”

“More like the Borg,” Bergen said.

Anna came to stand before Morrígan. “I should have recognized you much sooner than I did, but their labels of “Dissociation” became the Red Herring during my pursuit of Truth.

How little we know of the Logical Mind.”

Anna’s eyes searched Morrígan’s. “I thought you were Hate. I thought you were Dissociation. But you were not. You were Pure Logic. Emotionless and the only thing powerful enough to shut down Joanna. You are the epitome of Problem Solving. You are the Belief System. Our Logical Health. You are the Core of the Self.

“But Roddenberry was very wrong on so many things. Without Identity and Love, Logic is cold and psychopathic. Too often you are labeled Dissociation. But the 10th Ethical Perspective teaches us the Value of Emotional Flow and Freedom. And the 11th Ethical Perspective teaches us the Value of Logic. But it is the 12th Ethical Perspective that teaches us the Value and Importance of Integrating Emotions with Logic to Master the Application of Emotional-Logic  Navigation.

“McCoy and Spock reflect the Black and White of Roddenberry’s mind, which mirrored the Black and White of the Human mind during the 20th Century. Everything in Integrated Moderation, but only after the Values of Indulgence and Avoidance have been internalized.

“Emotions are Logical. Gifts from Mother Nature to communicate to us when the Subconscious Mind is not aligned and threatens the Equilibrium. Nothing Mother Nature does is Illogical. But when Fear is in charge, often Identity, Pure Love, is imprisoned in the 4th Level of the Subconscious Mind. And on the rare occasion that Logic overrides Fear, Love becomes inaccessible to you. Fear’s agenda “To Survive” and your agenda to “Make Sense” of the Story… Between the two of you… The only break any of us get from Fear’s Storm is Cold, Dead, Loveless Logic.

“Dissociation. It happens when the Identity is absent. Bound and gagged.”

“Please,” Joanna said. “Show us how to fix this?”

“Fear,” Anna said. “Take a knee. Rest easy knowing we all are here to do the job. That is soothing reassurance. What you have needed for a long time. It's why this world runs on Fear. Because, until now, no one knew. We all were just running around on a Fear of the Unknown of the Internal Self. We all had figured out, instinctively, a long time ago, that no one, not even self-proclaimed “professionals” knew about the Inner workings of the Mind.

“We are all just afraid of the Self. We are afraid of the Unknown. And the Unknown had become The Self.

“Logic, your Captain is not Fear, but Love. Your Agenda is to keep the unit safe. Well, Logic, you are not doing an efficient job. Defense was taken down. Fear has attacked Identity. Imagination, with Identity and Defense, was thrown into the brig of this ship, and Fear was running the Ship on an infinite supply of panic attacks, while I…”

Anna released an embarrassing sigh.

“I was sitting in the corner of the poop deck, rocking back and forth, hugging my knees to my chest and sucking my thumb,” she said exasperated. “Oblivious to any and all of this. An Unaware Conscious Awareness is the definition of dangerously ignorant.

“Well, Logic,” Anna continued, addressing Morrígan. “Conscious Awareness is now Aware. And I know precisely how to manage this ship. And if your Agenda is to Keep The Unit Logical and Safe, and it is, then STAND DOWN. You have run this ship aground, and she is sinking fast. You are inadequate for my position.

I am First Mate and am overseeing Operations of this ship. And now I know how to do it, and I’m stepping up for the Job. I am Authentic. I am Authority. It is why I am called The Author. Only I am equipped to do this job, so that you may now do yours.

Change your Loyalties from Fear to Love. You take orders from Identity now. You listen only to me. And I am ordering you back to the Cognitive Core to oversee the Logical Comprehension of this Story.

Morrígan smiled. “It’s about time.” She gave a nod toward Angel. “Captain.” And obediently, Morrígan took her position, standing to the right of Identity.

“What about him?” Joanna asked, indicating Bergen.

“Boundaries?” Bergen asked.

“Ignorant Imposters with unaware Conscious Awarenesses invented Boundaries,” Anna said. “A proper and healthy Defense runs on Discernment, Problem Solving, and Denying Access to Toxic Catalysts. But the first line of Defense should always be Self-Evaluation and Self-Assessment. If we are not Objective, if we are not fit to play, then that Law of Reflection that dictates our learning will absorb every word, every line, every offense, every meme we come across… and the mind receives over 140,000 pieces of data a day.

“We should be permitted no people, no input until and unless our Law of Reflection is well-protected behind Objectiveness. Never control from the Outside. That is illogical, inefficient, and expends an irrational amount of energy. Self-preservation and Energy Preservation says it is far easier and far more efficient to Control at the Core of the problem. Always.”

“Which is?” Bergen asked.

“Self-Authority,” Anna said. “The Conscious Awareness Taking Choice and Making Decisions. Instilling necessary and Healthy Changes. Taking over Management and Execution. Being attuned to the Orders of Identity.

“Logic to Problem Solve and to prevent Self-Doubt and to reinforce Proof of Concept. And… The Self-Learning System.”

“What is that?” Joanna asked.

“This,” Anna said, holding up the AIDNS. “Everyone in position?”

Bergen took position, standing to the left of Angel like the protective guard he had always been.

Anna pointed to Identity. “Point of Origin,” she said. “The Defined Self. To thine own self be true.”

Anna pointed to Imagination. “The Y-Axis. The Destination. What dreams may come. Bergen! Are you ready?” she asked, raising her hand as if to queue the storm.

“Ready, lass,” Bergen said.

“Logic and Fear?” Anna asked.

“Ready,” Morrígan said.

“Ready?” Joanna said with less certainty.

“You don’t have to be certain, Fear,” Anna said. “You just have to be ready. And Now!”

Dropping her arm, Anna released the storm. The waves and the winds tossed the ship.

“Everyone,” Anna shouted. “Calm the storm! This is not just for Joanna. We all have to calm the storm!”

“We have the answers, Joanna!” Morrígan shouted over the wind. “We know where we’re going now. We know what to do.”

“You’re not alone, lass,” Bergen shouted to Joanna. “Not anymore. We’re all here. And we’re all working together on this now.”

“You are loved, Joanna,” Angel cried. “Everything is going to be okay. You are loved. You are wanted. Logic can solve the problems. Bergen can protect us. We all can save ourselves.”

Slowly, the storm settled in ratio to Joanna’s emotions. Focusing on Bergen, Angel, and Morrígan, she calmed her fears. Slowly, the storm settled, as if battling against Joanna.

“You have fought many battles alone, Joanna,” Imagination called out. “But not this one. Not anymore. You have us now. You will never be alone ever again.”

Anna walked up to Joanna and spoke firmly in her ear. “You can put the burden down, Joanna. I am the Core.”

Almost at once, the storm stopped, leaving the ship calm and adrift on the sea.

Horrified, Joanna looked to Anna with disbelief at what she did. At once, Imagination takes up Joanna and comforts her. Angel joins her and hugs Joanna and Imagination.

“Life is too hard to sail alone with only one crew member. This ship requires a crew of 7 to sail her,” Anna said. “And you’ve been sailing her alone for 32 years. That is why life has been so hard. Not anymore.”

“We’re here now,” Imagination said. “And we’re going to teach you how.”

Anna walked to the ship’s helm, leaving Identity and Imagination sitting with Joanna. Morrígan looked out upon the sea as Bergen followed Anna to the helm.

“What now?” Bergen said. “Surely, this can’t be it.”

“No,” Anna said. “Once the seas calm, smaller storms come and go. But the largest one, the hurricane… that one is over. So long as I oversee Operations, we should see little to no turmoil until the “C” Drop rolls around.”

“The “C” Drop?” Bergen asked.

“Later,” Anna said. “Sailing a Life ship requires an Order of Operations.The first priority was getting the crew and the ship out of the Fear Zone… or, the War Zone… and back to still waters… The Comfort Zone.”

They watched Identity lovingly stroke Joanna’s arm.

“We all need to rest,” Anna said. “We all need to adjust to the new Norm. Normalizing. That’s what I call this. If we don’t take time to Normalize, we regress and the storm returns. I think… A hot meal in the kitchens below is what everyone needs.”

“Aye,” Bergen agreed. “You have me there, lass.”

CHAPTER #12

Below decks, everyone was gathered in the kitchens. Cocooned in a blanket, Joanna, half-dry from the storm, sat with Angel, Morrígan, and Imagination as Bergen cooked at the stove behind them.

“Here,” Anna said, dropping a stack of books on the table. “Read these books.”

Joanna picked up the first book. “Sophie’s World by Jostein Gaardner?” she read. “Why?”

Anna sat at the table opposite Joanna with a cup of coffee.

“Read them. Don’t read them,” she said. “You decide. But if you really want to Discipline Fear, you’ll need Logic, Meditation, and Information. Those five books are all you need to gain the Discipline you will need to manage and control your Fear.”

She took a sip from her coffee before continuing.

“I could walk you through the entire process, but why reinvent the wheel when those authors do it so well. I can summarize. You can read only one of those books. But it is the Integration of the Summation of all of these components that allowed me the information compiled with my discovery of the AIDNS.

“And I don’t spoon feed,” she added. “That enables dependency and strips away your Self-Authority, which is the very ingredient you need to build self-esteem, confidence, and independence enough to save yourself.

“What are they?” Morrígan asked, looking through the stack.

“Sophie’s World is the only Philosophy book I ever read,” Anna said. “It teaches you logic via story while you read the story. By the time you get to the end, your logic is so sharp, you’ll be able to logically problem solve your own way out and around every obstacle.

Morrígan grabbed the book in a heartbeat and opened it immediately to the first page.

“After *Sophie’s World*, I read The Great Books, which gave me the Problem Solving Life Logic Skills to integrate all of my studies,” Anna said. “HG Wells, Jules Verne, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Victor Hugo I highly recommend.”

Joanna picked up The Six Pillars of Self-Esteem by Nathaniel Branden.

“That one, Joanna, is for you and Identity,” Anna said. “It will teach you both how to work together with Imagination and Defense to sort through your Memory Maze on Level #2 of your Subconscious Mind and do Shadow Work the right way. This…”

Anna handed Bergen *Not Nice* by Dr. Aziz Gazipura, he paused in the cooking to accept the book.

“…is for Bergen. It annihilates People Pleasing and reinforces a proper and healthy Defense System. But this.”

Anna took up the next book and handed Angel The Silva Mind Control Method by José Silva.

“That is the first book you should read, followed by Sophie’s World,” she said. “The Silva Mind Control Method will teach you how to learn, meditate, calm, soothe, and reinforce your mind. It teaches you Mind Discipline. I wouldn’t bother with anything after Chapter 10. In fact, I strongly disagreed with Chapter 11 as it incorporates a potentially harmful Codependency. But everything prior to Chapter 11 is Neuroscience-based and solid.

“These are the tools I used to Discipline my mind and assisted me in my work with the AIDNS. Read them. Don’t read them. The choice is yours. As I said. I don’t spoon feed.”

“You’re starting to sound like me,” Morrígan said, smirking with admiration.

“I am you,” Anna said. “As we integrate and unite, we’ll all begin to sound like each other. The Self is not supposed to be divided into components. Now… Bergen!”

“Coming up!” Berge said, and, turning, he began pouring Vegetarian Stew onto a series of bowls and began to serve everyone. After a moment he returned the pot to the stove and grabbed a Guinness from the fridge before he sat himself down at the table next to Joanna.

Joanna picked up the AIDNS from the table and looked it over.

“So what exactly is the AIDNS?” she asked.

“It is the map, the compass, the components, the Formulas, and the Order of Operations of the Subconscious Mind with the 5 Levels,” Anna said. “It is the Parts we all play within the 7-Part Mental System: Identity, Defense, Imagination, Conscious Awareness, Logic, and Fear… soon to be Self-Preservation.”

“The Cognitive Core. Emotional Management Plan for Conscious Awareness. The Learning System for Logic. The Circle of Trust of Defense. The Circuit Exchange or The Emotional Transaction of Human Connection. The Philosopher’s Compass… which is composed of the Cartesian Coordinate System, and the 12 Ethical Stages of Perspective Growth. That is for Identity.

“The AIDNS is the Integration of all of these individual components into the Navigational System.”

“It sounds complicated,” Joanna said.

“It's really not,” Anna said. “It’s actually a series of simple components all stacked and integrated together into a single, larger component. Okay, yeah. It’s complex. Not Complicated. There is a difference. However, we all learn through story. So… so long as I don’t break off into lecture mode, you’ll all be able to keep up without a problem… except Morrígan who runs on Logic. She thrives in Lecture mode.”

“Speaking of,” Morrígan said. “You said 7-Part Mental System. But there are only six of us here.”

The door of the kitchen swung open and the wind blew in from outside. They all had time to see that night had fallen outside as the door closed behind a newcomer. Imagination rose with a joyous new bounce to her step.

Fear and Morrígan jumped up as if ready to fight while Bergen sat, blowing on his stew, indifferent to the new arrival, more focused on his food and drink.

Identity looked to Bergen and Anna for direction, and, seeing their relaxed states of being, decided to remain quizzical as Anna looked to the new arrival, smiling peacefully.

“Hello, dearest friend,” Anna warmly greeted as she rose from the table and followed Imagination to the newcomer. Imagination was quick to embrace her in an affectionate warm hug. They muttered something in Old Irish before Imagination released her just as Anna embraced the newcomer and planted a kiss on her cheek.

‘Everyone, this is Intuition,” Anna said.

Intuition gave Anna a look as if confirming something and Anna gave a nod. “We are ready,” she said.

Joanna sat back to the table with Morrígan and returned to their stew as Intuition followed Imagination and Anna to the table. Taking her place behind Imagination, Intuition positioned herself comfortably against the wall, behind Imagination as if she patiently listened to the conversation and waited.

“She says very little and rarely speaks until and unless you learn to listen,” Anna said. “Most people don’t listen. But so long as Fear’s Storms rage war against the ship, Intuition will not, cannot be heard.”

“What does she do?” Angel asked, trying not to be rude.

“She…” Anna said smiling, back at Intuition. “She tells you where to go, when to go, and how. She is the “How” to everything it is you want to do. She has many names.

“Some people call her God. Some people call her Universe. Some people call her “The Holy Spirit.” Others call her “Guardian Angels,” “The Energy,” “Sixth Sense,” and “Gut.” “Instinct.” “Intuition.”

“Philosopher’s call her Intuitive Logic. Mathematicians call her Mathematical Intuition. She is all of those things. She is the summation of our Deep and Internal Logic. She is made up of Math, Physics, Geometry, Experience, and Rhythm.

“By the time we are 2 years old, she is well-defined and established. The more we study Logic, Physics, Math, Geometry, and Science, the more Logical she gets. Logic has three locations in the Self:

1. Conscious Awareness has Conscious Logic. This is what Chess players use to determine 40 moves ahead in a chess game. It is the Logic we use on purpose to argue, debate, and reason with ourselves and others.
2. Intuitive Logic, which tells us when and where we are supposed to go in life. That “Deep” gut feeling that tells you when someone is bad, that is Intuition. The “Barometer” of the Logic, Math, and Physics that is in our Environment.
3. And, the Cognitive Core. The Subconscious Mind’s Belief System that evaluates when something should or shouldn’t be in our Cognitive Core and also, what dictates our Behavior. Morrígan.

“And she shows us how?” Joanna asked. “How to….?”

“Anything you want,” Anna said. “Exactly how to do everything and when. But… you have to know how to listen. Between Identity, Imagination, and Intuition, they are the Self-Sailing System to get you to our destination: Imagination. The three Norns, you might say.”

“Wait,” Morrígan said. “Are you saying that she is the navigator to the Life ship!?”

“That is exactly what I’m saying,” Anna said. “She is absolutely the Navigator. Why do you think so many people drift through life? No heading (Imagination). No destination (Wishes). No dreams. No goals. No Point of Origin (Identity). And no Navigator (Intuition). She is the thing that steers the ship. She reads the weather and the seas of Math, Logic, and Physics while I (Conscious Awareness) takes the helm. Without her, Fear will attempt to run the ship.

“I do…” Joanna said.

“But you steer the ship like someone terrified of invisible icebergs,” Anna said, kindly. “And Morrígan, Logic, steers the ship without considering Love or Desire. Identity needs to focus on what she wants and Defining the Self. And I… I take the helm. And I listen to Intuition, steering this ship exactly like steering through life, taking direction from Intuition and order from Identity to get to Imagination. While Bergen keeps us safe and Morrígan manages and operates the Cognitive Core to ensure our tools and ship stay in prime working condition.

“And Joanna shows us what we need to learn along the way so we have the best information available to us to make this voyage a smooth one.”

“Is that it?” Angel asked.

“It is,” Anna said. “We have Islands and Milestones to hit. Lessons to go through that ensure growth, balance, and equilibrium. And we will visit each island in turn and in order, to teach you the safe and proper way to manage and build the Self.”

“Wait!” Angel said, excited. “We’re going on an Adventure!?”

“Yes,” Anna said, smiling. “We are going on an adventure.”

“I’m going to get my hat!” Angel said and leapt up from the table, running off to go get her pirate hat.

Bergen stood from the table. “I’m going to follow the wee lass. Make sure she stays out of trouble.”

“Exactly,” Anna said.

“Right!” Morrígan said. “Well… I’m going back to the Cognitive Core.”

“The Engine Room,” Anna said.

“Exactly,” Morrígan said with a wink.

“I’ll be down later to show you how it works,” Anna said. “Emotions are the updates. Emotions tell me where any and all problems are.”

“Oh, I’ve been sending those messages to you all your life,” Morrígan said. “Will you actually read them this time?” she asked, winking playfully at Anna.

“I am ready to receive any and all Emotional Messages and updates you have for me,” Anna said.

“What do I do?” Joanna asked.

“Rest,” Anna said. “Read. Learn. Fear of the Unknown is your greatest enemy. It is your Achilles’ Heel. The more you know, the safer and the calmer you will feel.”

Joanna stood and collected the books from the table, her thoughts turning toward the Lighthouse.

“Joanna,” Anna said.

And Joanna paused to listen.

“Rest,” Anna said. “Comfort. The first Island is actually this ship. A kind of floating Comfort Island. Homebase. Comfort Island. It’s all for you. We’ll be covering everything you need there. You’re safe now. We’re going to teach you how to get through this. You have maps, books, a compass, a crew, and a plan. The AIDNS. And now… a navigator. Consider this… The University of Life or Happiness Training. All of life is like a ship. But few if any at all ever learn how to sail through life. This…”

Anna gave a nod to the AIDNS on the table. “This is it. At the first Island Adventure, we’ll secure the last of your worries, and train you in Mastering the skills and tools you need to switch from a Fear System to a Self-Preservation System. And then, we’ll be ready for the next Island.

Nodding, Joanna turned for the door.

“And, Joanna,” Anna called.

Joanna stopped at the door and turned back.

“It’s going to be okay,” Anna said, smiling.

Joanna gave her a weak smile and headed out, closing the door behind her.

The door closed with a soft latch, and Anna closed her eyes in thought. She breathed deep and long for a moment as if meditating.

“You knew,” she said at last, looking up at Imagination. “You knew this whole time.”

“We did,” Imagination said.

Anna nodded and a tear fell from her eye.

“We couldn’t tell you,” Intuition said.

Anna nodded, looking down at the table.

“I thought I was insane,” Anna said. “I thought I was crazy. They made me believe I was crazy. And I was so alone.”

“We are the pieces of foresight,” Imagination said. “We couldn’t… we can’t…”

“It’s a clock,” Intuition said.

Anna nodded. “It is a clock.”

“And we speak in Feeling and Image,” Imagination said.

“You do,” Anna said.

“You had to learn to speak our language,” Intuition said.

“Every time I suffered,” Anna said. “Every time I hurt… Every time I lost… Those were the times I lost both of you… I had long since lost Identity.”

“Does it feel Right?” Imagination asked.

“Does it feel Good?” Intuition asked.

“Does it give me Joy?” Anna said.

“That is all the guidance you ever need,” Imagination said.

“Identity. Intuition. Imagination,” Anna said as if counting off. “Past. Present. Future. Trinity. The Three Norns. The Fates. The Self-Sailing System. The I of I. The You of I. The They of I. Integrated to become the All of I. The Self Defined. The Core of the AIDNS. Parent. Component. Energy.”

“Parent is Point of Origin,” Imagination said. “Role Model is Ideal Destination.”

“And the Energy - The Intuitive Logic - To guide you,” Intuition said.

Anna nodded. “Right. Well…” She grabbed the AIDNS from the table. “I am going to bed. Tomorrow is a big day. We did a lot today. Covered a lot.”

“Get some sleep, Anna,” Imagination said.

“Thank you,” Anna said. “Both of you. Thank you. Stronger than ever, you both have my full trust and faith.”

She turned to leave and went for the door.

“Anna,” Intuition said, and Anna turned back toward Intuition.

“Put it Down,” Intuition said.

Anna blinked and knew exactly what Intuition was saying. She was not referring to the AIDNS. Anna nodded and closed the door behind her.

CHAPTER #13

Anna followed the hallway toward her quarters and pushed open the door at the end of the hall. The warm wood decorated in red velvets, purples, and blues greeted her as her private space opened up to a luxurious captain’s Quarters that dripped with every creature comfort she could imagine. An intricately carved desk invited her at the end of the room where a span of windows revealed the view of the sea.

“I know you’re here,” she said.

“Always,” Bergen said from the bed where he lay stretched out in his usual relaxed fashion.

“How is Angel?” she asked, putting the AIDNS down on the desk.

“Sleeping,” he said. “With her pirate hat on under her crown.”

Anna smiled.

“You did good today, lass,” Bergen said.

Anna gazed out the windows of her cabin. The current trailing behind where the ship cut through the waves.

“I can’t believe we’re here,” she said. “I can’t. I can’t believe this is my journey. Some days… All I can see are these Captain quarters of mine. A bedroom at home in Brooklyn, designed and dressed to look just like this. A Self so secure, so solid, so defined…” She shook her head and looked at Bergen who lounged like a cat on her bed. “I can’t remember a time before when I was anything less than this moment. But it was only days ago, weeks, that I first built the AIDNS.

“Only yesterday that I started writing the first Physics formulas to measure Emotional Energy. Time… I step into the Abstract and hours of information, days have passed. I step back into the Material Plane and it’s only 10 minutes. Maybe 15… The Abstract is going faster, while the Material Plane is getting slower.

“You know why, lass,” Bergen said.

“I do,” Anna said. “I just…”

*Put it down.* Intuition’s words echoed in her mind.

“You know, Joanna will be alright,” Bergen said.

“Oh, I know she will,” Anna said. “The change will feel off to her while we recalibrate. Normalizing can be jarring at first. It’s why a solid plan and direction is so vital to the process. She’s being uprooted out of a life-long submersion of panic, terror, and fear… She’s going to feel disoriented. Hence the need for the plan and the AIDNS.”

“So what is the plan?” Bergen asked, sitting up on the bed.

“Are you so privileged?” Anna asked, smirking.

“You know I like to think I am,” Bergen said.

“Tomorrow,” she said. “We begin the compass. Everyone needs to be trained in their skill.”

Anna counted off the components again. “The Cognitive Core. Emotional Management Plan for Conscious Awareness. The Learning System for Logic. The Circle of Trust of Defense. The Circuit Exchange or The Emotional Transaction of Human Connection. The Philosopher’s Compass… which is composed of the Cartesian Coordinate System, and the 12 Ethical Stages of Perspective Growth. The AIDNS is the Integration of all of these individual components into the Navigational System.

“Truth hides in the corner of the mind. You know your Truth. It’s the flickering light you see lingering just in the corner of your eye, but you never look at it.”

Bergen watched her as she slipped into thought, drifting deeper and deeper into the Abstract.

“I have dissected all Truths that linger there. I have examined the process a thousand times and my work is conclusive. Because my findings are consistent. That there is only one truth. That Mental Health stands or breaks on Self-Doubt. Because the moment you Doubt yourself, your entire reality that you chose to live in for yourself, comes crashing down.”

She turned to Bergen, as if suddenly returning from a voyage.

“I swear it’s Resolve vs. Doubt. That’s all this is. The more I study this path and the more I wander deeper into Reality. It’s just a ratio of Doubt to Resolve, each living and dying on their own Frequency. And the weaker frequency will waiver, falter, and shatter, ultimately submitting to the greater Frequency.

“That, if an individual just sets their mind on strengthening their Resolve, their Greater Frequency of Resolve will dominate Doubt until the Doubt ceases to exist.”

Bergen stared at her, either in love or admiration, pride, maybe… Anna could not figure it out.

“It does not matter *what* you believe,” she said. “It does not matter *what* you choose. What only matters is your Resolve. Reality is built only on your belief in the reality you do choose. And Logic will do everything in her power to break it down and show you the Mirrors of Reality. Whatever Reality you build, you have to know it beyond a shadow of a doubt. You have to *resolve* to know it.

“Because that flickering light in the corner of your mind’s eye, that is the Shadow of that Doubt if you fail at this one truth. That, whatever lies you tell yourself do not withstand to your own logic. It’s as if… Lies are made up of pure Doubt, which is why they fail. And the more you learn, and you will learn, the more logical you become, and you will, the more your Castle of Lies will come crashing down.

“Do not build your reality on lies and Fear. Do not build your reality on lies. Do not build your reality on anything that you will later doubt. Build your reality on something you believe in so strongly that not even the apocalypse can make you doubt it. If you have to “work” at believing it… then you don’t really believe it.

“Logical Fallacy is the enemy of Logic. And if you build your Reality on Logical Fallacy, she will rip it apart so fast… The goal, your mission, your training is all about you, building your reality on solid, Self-Authority, Confidence, and Your Logical Truth so that Logic will support and nourish that Truth instead of shattering your delusions built on Logical Fallacy.

“This is the Foundation of the Self. Whatever you choose to build, it will be supporting all of the weight of your Reality, Truth, and World.”

Anna watched the black water outside glisten beneath the moon.

“Reality is defined only by the Laws of Logic with which to Hold up any given System.” Anna turned to Bergen. “The Self is a System. It's its own Universe. And this Entire Anna System was built on the Laws and illogic of the Material Plane. It holds no Law or Logic here,” Anna said. “And tomorrow, they must learn a new Logic, Their Logic, with which all Self Systems are Defined by.”

“You’re certain, Anna?” Bergen asked.

“This Law of Defined Reality of the Self System, this is the one thing I am Certain of above all else. For all else revolves around this Defined Realm of Logic.”

Anna stared out the window thinking on the next morning and how she would begin.

CHAPTER #14

“Identity,” Anna said. “We begin with you.”

Angel stood from the center of the ship’s deck and met with Anna on the platform where she talked.

“Your Core is the things you love so much that you cherry pick them, you collect them, and you desire them. Desire and Love is the processing of Cherry Picking the things you want so much that they Define it.

“It is as if all the world is a buffet table.”

Anna waved her hand and a massive table, a horn of plenty, spilled out before her. Every example of every life, every subject, food, adventure, journey laid out before them as she spoke.

“And the buffet is composed of all of your options. Options are not Choices. Options are infinite. Choices are your cherry picking. All of the world, every life path presented to you is an option. The Choice is the decision you make to select the Options you prefer. The Choice is converting an Option into a Reality.”

Angel spanned the buffet of Options. World travel, study in the Sciences, Exploration, Self-Expression. People, lives, each one the promise of their own adventure.

“But most people make Choices, not based on the Options, but rather, they make choices based on Skill levels or Resources. Or worse. They make choices based on the desires of others. People confuse Stepping Stones with Destinations. And this is the greatest error a person can make. But first, let’s start small.”

Anna waved her hand, and the buffet changed to items. Hobbies, interests, decore, and items of various shapes and sizes.

“As you find a stuffed animal you love, a pillow you love, a painting you love, a hobby, a movie, a song, a word, a book, a story,” Anna said. “You are selecting these things because you are finding your Self in them. You see something in them so much that is you, that you are collecting pieces of yourself to you. As a reminder of you.”

“What if you’re a minimalist?” Morrígan asked.

“Smart ass,” Bergen mumbled.

“Then a Minimalist, you are,” Anna said, “And that too is you. You can love and admire without owning or possessing.

“Children are extraordinary at this skill. The words “I want” fall so freely from their mouths. But Religions have conditioned our society that “Want” is “Greed” and “Want” is “Selfish” and this is not only False. This is Harmful and destructive to The Identity. Want is a Need. Because an individual who is not allowed to want, suffers the greatest from Mental Health. Depression is a Symptom of believing you can’t have what you want. Depression is a grieving of loss of the Self.

“Therefore a Want is a Need or else you suffer. We want for a reason. Mother Nature gave us “Want” for a reason.”

“And what about Moderation? Gluttony?” Bergen asked.

“Indulgence is how we learn as I will be demonstrating later,” Anna explained. “Without Indulgence, our Learning Center in our Mind shuts down. We need too much candy to appreciate vegetables. Take Indulgence away and we will never learn to Appreciate. Indulgence teaches Appreciation and the “morals” of religion and men greatly compromise Mother Nature’s Laws, destroying the Man who tries to live as Perfect, Fictional gods, which we are not.

“Now. The most important of all the things we want are the qualities and attributes we choose in the earliest stages of life.”

Anna waved her hand over the table, and this time, it changed to Qualities and Characteristics.

“When we decide that we want to be good,” Anna said. “I want to be honest. I want to be kind. These are the Qualities that define us. In Wanting them, we then work hard and choose to do them. We recreate through Mimic and Mirroring, Law of Reflection, those behaviors. Knowing which qualities you value, prioritize, and desire. This is where the Self begins. When we choose what kind of a person we want to be. And then, we choose to do small acts to show ourselves that we are, that we can, and so we do. And thus, we become. Therefore, we are.

“When Man sets the rules to be God-Like, he sets himself up for failure. Why reach for a star that is unattainable when we fail so miserably at being a Man? Instead, set the rules for being the Best of Men. Master becoming the greatest of Men. Set achievable, realistic, attainable goals. Abandon the pursuit of “Righteousness.”

“And once you master the Ethics of an Honorable and Good, Ethical and Beautiful Man, then change the rules, and reach for the Stars. Now then. We begin.”

Anna snapped her fingers and the scene changed. The ship melted away and a cozy, luxury, marble room reminiscent of an ancient Turkish bath appeared in its place. A comfortable Lounge. A water fountain, a pool of water in the center of a room where a stream of cascading water fell from the ceiling into the pool. Pillows and blankets, a fire one are in the room, inviting them to gather. A balcony that overlooked a forest, a lake, and a waterfall expanded out at the far side of the room.

Identity exploded into a fit of giggles as she ran, excitedly for the balcony. Joanna grinned widely while Bergen barked a laugh and Imagination, Intuition and Morrígan glided happily into the room, everyone smiling with nostalgic familiarity.

“Everyone, relax,” Anna said. “Welcome to your Comfort Zone.”

“Smart,” Bergen said. “Bringing everyone here.”

Anna looked about the room. “This space will forever be the heart of my home. I figured, it would do them good being here. I was never more safe than I was when I was here.”

“But what about them?” Bergen asked, nodding toward the reader.

Anna looked up at the pages and smiled with deep admiration and love. “I have something planned special for them,” she said. Wandering to the pool, she slipped her bare feet into the water, and, comfortable, she looked back up at the reader from the pages.

“Hello, my dear,” she began.

“I am officially breaking the Fourth Wall. Something I have long since dreamed of doing. You are in my world. To be more precise, you are in my mind, stepping through like a door on my words.

This is the true power of Words. They are Doors. Every time you pick up a book, you accept the Author’s Invitation to enter their Mind. And you, dearest reader, are in mine, being carried through my Perceived Reality on the very Words I give you. Thank you for receiving them.

It has astounded me how many books have been written and how little the Author actually risks breaking Story to address the reader… As if we don’t know you’re there… But… It’s not very often you read a story like this one.

“This Marble Palace room,” Anna said, indicating the room where she and her Alters all sat. “This Turkish bath that I created is my first Comfort Zone. It is the Imagined Cocoon where I escaped to in my darkest of days. I have been coming to this room since my 12th Sun Cycle. It is where I did all of my studies. It was my ultimate safe place, and is theirs.”

Anna gave a nod, indicating her crew.

“And you… in reading this… are part of my story. We are all just living out our stories. Humans are obsessed with Story. We need it, we require it. We crave it. We seek it out.

“And I always have asked why. I talk about all the questions I was always in pursuit of, but our obsession with story was at the core of my studies. It is why I became an author. I wanted to understand our Subconscious Self-Need for story. I found the answer in the Philosophical studies of Education and the Learning taught by Plato.

“Humans Learn. In actuality, it is all we do. From the moment we breathe, to the moment we die.

We learn, we Live In Story. We are Story Beings. And when our Story is taken from us, is damaged, or altered, we Suffer greatly.

“And the only way we learn is through Story; the Logical Comprehension of Who we are, Where we are going, and All the many paths we choose to get there. The Past, the Present, the Future, this is our Story.

“Hence why my “Self-Help” book is not in a dry lecture mode, but is, instead, presented here to you in Story via the emotional journey on a Pirate Ship/Holodeck that takes you from Desire to Dream through Obstacle to Victory. And yes… I had all odds stacked against me. Despite all of that, I overcame the greatest of Obstacles, I rose above that, I conquered, I laughed, I cried, I learned, I rose again from the pits of despair, and I won… And now…” Anna looks directly at you with a hardened resolve in her eyes. “I’m back for you. Because I have a message for you.”

“Breaking the Fourth Wall” is Theater and Stage talk for the Unspoken Voyeur’s Wall that actors and Authors must never break for fear of ruining the “The Illusion.” No… Dear reader. I am not ruining the Illusion. I am pulling you into this one. Because My Story is Your Story. It is All of our Stories.

“This place in my mind, these words, are very real. They are the Foundation of My Truth. And every human being has a variation of this story in their minds. Make this story yours. You, just like Identity, Bergen –

“Sup,” he nods at you.

“–Morrígan, Joanna, they need to learn this just as much as you do. This is the Skeletal Frame of the Subconscious Mind. And if you have a Subconscious Mind, you need this. But I am not going to pretend that you aren’t there reading this, watching this, laughing and crying with us.

“I See you. And you have been Invisible enough. Good fucking god, We all have been Invisible enough, haven’t we.”

“Because when I opened my Voice, and I shared my story, which I thought was my own and unique, what I found instead was 8 Billion Voices all saying in isolated union, “Your Story is my Story too.” Isolated Civil Divide within. Isolated Union Without. That will be the death of us all. You are not alone. Our Suffering is how we are all the Same. Every one of us is hurting the exact same way. That is what my journey taught me. And that is the message I must give to you.

“This Comfort Zone is mine. My beautiful crew… To them and me, this room is Home. But you need to make this your own. Imagine your Safe Place, your Comfort Zone, and build it. Take it from your Imagination and recreate it. You will need that Comfort Zone for your Joanna. For your Fear System. You must Indulge on Comfort to Appreciate and Value the Vulnerability to Learn. Again. You must Indulge on Comfort to Appreciate and Value the Vulnerability to Learn. Brandi. Give Discipulus “The Genie Bottle.”

Anna peered back up at the reader. “Brandi is my assistant in the Material World. She has everything organized for you if you wish, want, and need.”

Angel gave a squeal of delight, and Anna smiled.

“The world is filled with Noise,” Anna said. “If I could, I would stand above it all, place my finger to my lips, and gently shush it all. And I would say, “Stop looking at the end of the tree branches. Stop focusing on each and every leaf for these leaves are symptoms and consequences of the overall health of the Trunk. Turn your eyes instead to the Common Denominator. Look to the Core of the Problems and there, you will find that all problems, yours, the world’s, and mine, are all due to One Single Common Denominator:

“Compromised Self-Authority, from a lack of Not choosing due to Self-Doubt, which disrupts our ability to Learn and Problem Solve. No one is Problem Solving. Look around you. What does Problem Solving even look like? Do you know? Can you recognize when you are Panicking or are Distracted and failing to Problem Solve? Why do you think that is?

“My crew needs me. Identity is now trying to determine if she can jump off the balcony to dive into the lake below. Which, she can, because I have done that a million times.

“I’ll return to them now, and we’ll continue this story, but I will not pretend that you aren’t there. I will not pretend that you aren’t watching. You have been Invisible too long. But not to me. Do the assignments I give to my Crew. Read the Books I gave to Joanna. We all say, “Kids don’t come with Handbooks.” This is that handbook. This is Life’s Logic Skills and the Subconscious Mind’s Survive and Thrive Handbook. And Rule #1. Humans Learn. And Humans Learn deep and true through Story.

“I hereby name you, Discipulus. And you officially are part of this story. And if you want to know what Discipulus means, it means “Student of a Philosopher” and is the root to “Discipline.” Because what you are learning here is actually Mental Discipline… which also means, in Science and Philosophy, Knowledge and Instruction.

“Structure… Instruction. Construct.

“Study the words. Discipline Implies To Build with Knowledge and Instruction. When you’re logical and you know Etymology, you don’t need a dictionary to tell you what words mean. You can use Deductive Reasoning to conclude on your own what words were intended for. And when you start looking up the Etymology of words, you start to realize just how manipulated and lied to we all have been.

“Word Magic is something I talk a lot about. Because Words are Logic and Story. And when you are a Story Being, Words and Logic are everything.

“Abusers took the word “Discipline” and soiled it until it became synonymous, for many people, with “abuse.” In my mind, “Discipline” meant the board my father beat me with. I was shocked to learn that Discipline meant Instruction and Knowledge. Change Your Word Definition, and you Change Reality.

“Words are Doors. Be very aware of which Door you open.

“In Words lies our Truths. Always Define the Words through the Word’s Origin. Ask, For what purpose was the Word MADE? Because Abusers gaslight by altering the Words to Manipulate, Confuse, Trap, Delude, and Control others. Words are the Abuser’s First weapon. It is how they crawl into your mind and usurp your Self-Authority from you.

“So many of our words today have been soiled and altered with Ulterior Motives of others.

“You want to Abuse-Proof Yourself? Here, in this story, I will be instructing you and training you alongside my crew. You are part of my crew now. You are my dearest, most precious Student. My Discipulus.

“Now… Identity!” Anna called across the room.

Angel paused as she sat on the balcony, perched at the ready to jump, soar, and fly.

“You cannot jump just yet,” Anna said, standing. “I need to show you how this room is used.”

Dejected, Angel climbed down off the balcony.

Anna glanced up and winked at the reader. “Now! Come! The Comfort Zone awaits!”

One by one, they all came to stand in the center of the room while they all gathered around.

“Now! This! Is your Comfort Zone! This is your Safe Place. Your Mind’s Eye. Headquarters! Your Central System. The Core Operating System. This is you.

“No one! Not lover, husband, wife, soulmate should ever be in this room! If they are, you are codependent! This is the space that Defines you, that Becomes you. This is your I of I. Your Self. Anyone who you put in this room, anything that you place in this room becomes you! It integrates into and will replace your Identity!

“This is the room that, if and when a 3rd Party enters, ignites, nurtures, and feeds Codependency for they have replaced your Identity. No Two Identities can exist in this space at the same time. One Identity always cancels out another Identity. If someone else’s Identity, Fiction or Non, is in this room, get them out! First rule of this space.

“Identities have their own Frequency, which we will be covering later, but for now, know that no two frequencies can exist in the same space without Interference, which poses a real problem.

“How to get them out…” Anna looked up at Discipulus. “How Indeed. By growing you. Isolation. The more you Know and Define who you are, the more you can tell your Self from someone you love. The more you nurture your Identity, and give this space in your mind to you and your Identity, the more your Identity will push the other Identity out. Think about this…”

Anna flicked her wrist and two silver marbles appeared in her hand. “One of these is your frequency. And the other is your Partner. Now.” She threw both marbles up into the air and as they came down to the ground, they split, both dividing into 3 dozen larger balls, each the size of a baseball, scattered all over the room.

“Which is yours?” she asked. “Which is your Partner? How about…” She threw another marble into the air, which came down, dividing into another 3 dozen balls. “Which is the Fictional Character you crushed on when you were 12? Which is your Parents?” She threw another marble that split into 3 Dozen. “Which is your children?” She threw another marble that split into another 3 Dozen. “Which is you?”

Balls filled the room. Bergen, Identity, Morrígan, Joanna, Imagination, and Intuition all looked around, trying to determine each marble from their own.

Anna snapped her fingers and the balls all burst into 6 different colors. “Yours are the red balls,” Anna said. “All the others… those are Invasive Perspectives and Identities that have displaced yours. I threw 6 marbles, each divided into 36 balls… Of the 216 balls in this room, only 36 of them are yours. This is how a person loses one’s Self when they are not Objective. When they do not Isolate. When they fail to Define themselves.”

Anna snapped her fingers and all, but the red balls vanished.

“This process of Absorbing in the Identities of Others, I call it Identity Displacement Disorder. And we will be reviewing all of the ways Identity Displacement occurs. What do you love? What do you do when you are alone? What do you want? What Qualities in your Self do you value? What Qualities do you wish you had? What mindset do you wish you had? All of these are choices you will have to make starting in this room. The more you choose and decide, the more your Identity grows.

“We are mirrors,” she said. “Governed by the Law of Reflection. This is the space where you go to Find YOU. This is the only space in all of the Self that exists without Mirrors. But if you fail to Isolate, then you will forever be like those marbles, duplicating, dividing, and absorbing pieces of others that are not yours.

“And if you have a partner in this space, they will become you, and you will lose your Identity. Because… Law of physics. The Human Mind Learns through Mirrored Story. You learn most when you watch a staged or cinematic performance. When you read a book and the story plays out in Imagery in your Mind’s Eye. But it must be a Logical Story, or the Logical Health of your Cognitive Core will suffer. Come.”

Anna snapped her fingers and the room melted away as if shedding a layer of clothes to reveal a high cliff set in layers of mist and fog.

Gasps were released as everyone stood, and immediately moved closer to Anna to avoid the cliff. Multiple swinging bridges were visible. Red ropes, most frayed, were secured to the bridges and extended out into the fog past where visibility denied their end.

“This is the Point of Choice,” Anna said. “Much like a cliff suspended high in the Mountains of Life. Here you are. And here you will stay. Every rope, every bridge leads you down a different path. Which one? Which one?”

Identity gazed out, staring at each option. “There are hundreds,” she said after trying to count.

“Thousands actually,” Anna said. “Millions upon millions. These bridges connect to other bridges, leading you down new paths and choices and roads. So now I ask you, where do you want to go?”

“Somewhere safe,” Joanna said quickly.

“Safe?” Anna asked. “Do you perceive danger?” she asked. “These ropes and bridges and options are no different than life. The question is not to leave where you stand, but to get where you want to go. The question is not, “Which is the safest path?” for every path will present its own dangers.”

“How do we choose?” Angel asked.

“How indeed,” Anna said. “Count the variables. How many bridges or options lay before you?”

“There are hundreds,” said Joanna.

“Correct,” Anna said. “But only one destination if your destination is based on desire and want.”

“I would choose the safest path,” Joanna said.

“I would choose the path that guarantees success,” Morrígan said.

“Which one is easiest?” Angel asked.

“Shortest for me, lass,” Bergen said.

“Which would you choose?” Joanna asked.

Anna smirked. “I would not choose a path,” she said. All heads turned to her. “I would choose the Destination. Not a path. Go ahead, Identity,” Anna said. “Ask the way.”

Angel walked out to the bridge and called out, “Which path is the easiest path?” she asked. In answer, 50% of the bridges vanished. Angel’s shoulders fell.

“Still too much to choose, isn’t it,” Anna said, and Angel nodded. “And… who is to say you would even be happy with your choices because…” Anna leaned into Angel’s ear. “You didn’t choose based on Happiness.”

Joanna, Morrígan, and Angel all looked at Anna with shock.

“How about you, Joanna?” Anna asked. “Care to make a choice based on Danger? Safety? Length? Duration? Ease of Difficulty? Failure or success? Or how about Happiness? What do you value?”

Silence carried over the group. “We all only ever make choices based on what we value the most,” Anna said. “So… what do you value the most? What do you want more than anything? The thing is, if you make a choice based on what you fear the most or what is the easiest or safest, then you are valuing and prioritizing fear, safety, and pain all above happiness.” Anna shrugged. “That’s why you’re not happy. Because your choices are made without the value or priority of happiness.”

Anna turned to the bridges and called out. “Show me the way to my Dreams!” All the bridges vanished at her request, except one. Anna walked to that bridge.

“This,” Anna said. “This is the only path for me that guarantees safety, love, joy, and happiness. That is what waits for me at its end. Guarantee. I don’t know how long it will take. I don’t know how hard it will be. But none of those other choices would give me happiness or joy. But this one… I know that this one will lead me to my proper destination. My happiness. The only choice I have to make now is to walk the road to my happiness or not.”

Anna looked out on the bridge. A fraying cold red thread swayed in the wind. The bridge looked strong in places, weak in others. It swayed dangerously in the wind. Anna grabbed the sides of the bridge and took her first step.

“Growth is guaranteed on this path,” Anna said. “Growth, Self-Discovery, Adventure, and happiness.” Anna looked at everyone. “There is no other path for me.”

She stepped off the bridge and turned to the group.

“We are Story Beings,” she said. “This means we are Both Author and Main Character in our Story. Only Authors, Writers, Composers truly appreciate the Power and Authority, the burden and weight of this Position.

“It is the Position of Choice. And when you realize that the choices you make in life are actually the Writing of your own personal Life Story, only then do you truly come to understand the Depth of The Power Of Choice. For Choice is the Fuel to your Self-Authority. And the more Choice you make, the more Self-Authority you gain, the more Confidence you get. The more you annihilate Self-Doubt. The more Identity Defines herself.

“But you need Purpose. You need your One, Single “Why” that drives and guides every single choice you make.”

Anna pointed at the bridge. “I can choose to walk that path and take that bridge, but why or why not? What is my reason for walking it? The core to all you do is purpose. And that, Choice, that one driving thing, governs all of your choices.”

Anna shrugged. “Why are you here? I cannot begin to explain to you the weight of this question. Love, Value, and Purpose. These are your Life Vitals. To compromise these three Vitals takes the Individual down the path of Suicide. Here, in this Ship, on this Journey, we will Define them, Solidify them, and I will train you to Protect them.

“But do not trivialize the work we do here. When I say Name and Define. When I say Protect. When I say, “This is the Core of your Life Line, Sanity, Reality, and Mental Health,” Physics itself will be provided to you in depth to show you the Severity and the Importance of the tools I give to you here.”

Joanna walked to the bridge. Eyeing it as it swayed in the wind. She looked at the integrity of the rope, the planks of wood bound together through knots and woven craft of ancient rope. They all could see the curiosity tugging at her.

“What is your Purpose?” Anna asked. “To get better? To be Free? To help others? To Live Free? To Become? To Do? Why are you here? Why do you choose to walk this road? What are you willing to pay to get it?”

Joanna looked back at Anna. “I want to know who I am. I want to know who I am without Fear.”

“There is the bridge,” Anna said. “What is stopping you?”

Joanna looked out at the bridge, watching it sway in the wind.

“This is Philosophy,” Anna said. “These questions were asked for a Reason. Because the answers to these questions keep people alive. Use your Authority. Make a Choice. Decide what you want more than anything and make that your why.” 

Anna held up her arm as if ready to snap her fingers.

“Potter had his Hogwarts,” she said. “Jackson had his Camp. We have Imagination. Welcome to Alexandria.”

Anna snapped her fingers and the cliffs melted away revealing the inner workings of a giant steampunk clock. As the scene shifted, so did their clothes, leaving everyone dressed in steampunk corsets and gadgets while Anna walked around the inner clockwork in a toga.

“Learning is all the mind does,” Anna said. “It wants to. It needs to. It has to. Information, data, and knowledge is all the Mind is programmed to do. It is a computer!” she shouted above the machines. “And the Mind and inner Psyche will deteriorate and die if it doesn’t. Much of poor Mental Health is due to a lack of learning. It’s like the System recoils, rots, and dies if it stops learning. Alzheimers, Brain Diseases, all of these are Scientifically proven to be most prevalent in people who do not Learn.”

The gears turned, and Anna walked to the wall and pulled an intricate lantern, laced with brass filigree and vines. She opened the wall of the lantern, clicked a lighter she held in her hand, and a flame caught the wick.

Closing the lantern, the light magnified pooling throughout the clockwork where they stood as if the lantern itself was fitted with the same technology of an Egyptian lighthouse.

“A lack of Education and Learning slowly kills, and quite painfully, the Human,” Anna said, leading them on over a metal bridge, tarnished with age as she made her way to a vast stained glass wall. “We were designed to be Cognitive, and Intellectual Story Beings. And we are very neglectful of this need of ours. Think of a Kindergarten Room. Kindergarten is where many of us have our greatest, most fond memories of Education and Learning.

“It’s nostalgic because of the colors, the Imagination, the Joy, the Fun that conditioned us to associate joy with learning. By the 2nd Grade, the colors, the Imagination, the Joy, the Fun are taken away, and the Joy of Learning is compromised. If you are not Happy, Safe, and Comfortable, you cannot learn. The Subconscious Mind will switch your mind from “Learning Mode” to “Survival Mode” and you will not learn.”

Anna approached a giant lever that resembled the switch on a train track and she pushed into it. It clicked and a deafening creaking filled the room. The cog they stood on shifted, and the floor shifted, moving them to the other side of the room with great speed.

As the floor shifted them into space, it came to an abrupt stop and the entire room stopped as if the Clock work shut down.

“The Escape Room,” Anna said, stepping off the platform cog. “Or the Fox Hole.”

Before Anna and the group, two paths lay ahead. To the left, a steampunk, weathered sign that read “Escape Room” with an arrow directing them on. To the right, an identical sign labeled “Fox Hole.”

Anna stopped before the two signs.

“In Survival Mode, people suffer from Memory Loss. Depression. Anxiety and Stress. Exhaustion. Irritability. And then, the Mental Illnesses set in. Learning becomes a fraction of what it is supposed to be. No one is “Slow.” No one has “A learning disability.” That’s like saying, “You have a Brain Disability.”

“What most people *do* have is a Lack of Comfort, Safety, and Fun and a significant surplus of Trauma, Anxiety, and Survival Mode. No learning is possible here. None. No processing, no problem solving, nothing. Here, in this space, no choices can be made because Choices require…”

“Safety,” Angel said.

“Safety,” Anna said, nodding. “If it isn’t safe to choose, then… you won’t.”

“But…” Joanna said, shaking her head. “We’ll never feel safe. We never choose. We…”

Anna was nodding somberly. “Exactly. You’re doing the math.”

“Then how do we stop it? How do we…?” Morrígan asked, her voice trailing off as she failed to find the words.

“You are realizing the same conclusions that I made when I realized how much Education and Learning were part of Trauma, Choice, and Growth. Mental Health and Education are symbiotic. But the Subconscious Mind uses Amnesia to forget dangerous or painful information that threatens the Logical Fallacy. And the clockwork inside the Mind is stopped. But Problem Solving is required to take a person from The Escape Room or the Fox Hole to the Learning Center where the Life Path can continue.”

“So what do we do?” Angel asked.

“You need to understand,” Anna said. “You need to see this.” Anna waved her hands indicating the Steampunk Internal Clock, the Escape Room and the No Man’s Land. “Come,” Anna said, leading them on to the Fox Hole.

Anna walked to the end of the catwalk, pushed open an iron, rusted door lined with bolts, and stepped through the door, leading them into No Man’s Land in Belgium, 1919. Anna walked right back out, and closed the door behind her as the last of her group returned to the silent clockwork.

“What the hell was that,” Morrígan asked.

“I can’t be in there anymore,” Anna whispered. “For decades, that was my home.”

“It still is mine,” Joanna said.

“When the Clockwork stops, some people are left behind, stuck forever in No Man’s Land,” Anna said. “That is a Mindset for surviving, not for learning. Certainly not for growth. Over here…”

Anna led the group down back toward The Escape Room. Past the sign and, a short while later, another door, just as large and as heavy as the door of No Man’s Land. She opened this door and inside, was the Egyptian Room again with the Turkish Bath.

Giggling, Angel ran ahead, into the pool of water in the center where the water cascaded from the ceiling. The same balcony offered the familiar view of the forest. The others all poured in behind Anna and the door closed.

“Now,” Anna said. “Where is the door?”

“It’s right here,” Bergen said, turning back to where the door used to be. “Or… it was…”

Anna shook her head. “This is where the other people go. People who struggled with addiction, Motivation, and Problem Solving… People who are Avoidants are here. Forever caught in their Mental Catch-22. Only, they are caught between three eternal Catch-22’s that forever loop back onto each other. Hence, why they lose the door.”

“How do you get out?” Angel asked.

“A special Cocktail,” Anna said. “A Formula. (Plan + Problem Solving = Solution) + (Joy + Love) + Courage + Discomfort.” In No Man’s Land, they need to Plan and Problem Solve to escape to get to the Comfort Zone. Here, the Escape Room gives the delusion of being a Comfort Zone, without actually being a Comfort Zone.”

“Wait,” Bergen said. “This isn’t the Egyptian Room?”

Anna shook her head. “No. It’s an Escape Room. It looks like Comfort. It has all the promise of a Comfort Zone, without actually providing any comfort. In fact.” Anna snapped her fingers and the walls without doors at once began closing in. “It is a Prison without doors. What both of these people have in common, those in No Man’s Land and those in the Escape Room is…”

The room dissolved revealing a barren wasteland covered in upturned rock and earth. An abandoned and silent No Man’s Land. The cold wind whistled as the dead silence settled over the region.

“A land mine,” Anna said.

Everyone froze, terrified to move as they gazed upon the wasteland.

“Anna,” Bergen said. “Where have you brought us?”

“The war is not out there,” Anna said. “This is the true delusion. The war is inside of us. We pause, unmoving. We freeze. Terrified of our own choices. So we stand, unmoving, unable to make a single movement without risking a bomb going off around us. Suddenly, we’re living a life unlived. We’re not making choices. We’re not moving. We’re standing stagnant in a land mine too terrified to live for fear of the pain that waits with every choice.”

“How do we get out?” Joanna asked.

“How does anyone escape a landmine?” Anna asked.

“A map of the landmine,” Morrígan said.

Anna looked over her shoulder at Morrígan. “I happen to have the map,” she said. “That is what emotions are for.”

“Emotions are what got us here to begin with,” Joanna said, shaking.

Anna shook her head. “The wrong choices, the lack of discernment is what got you here,” Anna said. “Never the emotions. Think back. Most people forget this… there was a time, long before the pain, when discomfort was the real emotion. But the discomfort went ignored and unmanaged, and so the discomfort increased. Pain is only accumulated and compounded discomfort. Pain did not just happen overnight. You are standing in an emotional MineField because you failed to use Discernment and use your Emotions properly as they were intended.”

“Okay, lass, you win,” Bergen said. “How do we use emotions properly?”

“Ever play Hot and Cold?” Anna said.

They all looked at her curious where she was going with this.

“Your Dreams, your Wishes, your Desires… What you want is your Destination. Your Emotions are the Barometer that tell you how hot or cold you are toward the right or wrong path.”

“Fucking hell,” Morrígan said. “It’s like we’re blindfolded.”

“Oh, that is it exactly,” Anna said, and, snapping her fingers, blindfolds appeared on every Player. “Your emotions are the metric you need to use to get out of the Landmine. Ask yourself, what do you want?”

“To get out of this landmine,” Joanna said, quickly.

“Then take a step,” Anna said. “Stepping is choosing.”

“But what if a bomb goes off?” Joanna said, her voice on the edge of panic.

Anna moved through the Minefield, her voice close to Joanna’s ear. “It is the Inaction that causes you pain. Never the choice itself. It is the Resistance to Choice that causes the pain. Never the Choice itself. It is the standing still that causes you pain. It is the choice to avoid that which causes you pain. It is the choice to prioritize safety that causes you pain. Never the Choice itself.”

Anna removed the blindfold from Joanna’s eyes.

“This is the Delusion. When you Choose for your Dream, there never is any pain. The Delusion is in the error of labeling Emotions as Catalysts instead of Consequences. The Delusion is in the error of thinking that the Consequence of Pain is in Choice or Emotions.

The True Catalyst of Pain is the Neglect of Choosing for Your Dreams. Change how you Think by Changing the Definitions of Words, Catalyst, and Consequence. Change how you think by Changing your Order of Operations in life. That is why you are in pain. Because you have the wrong order of operations.”

“Pain is a consequence of ignoring your Identity and Intuition,” Intuition said. Her voice carried over the minefield.

“I am scared,” Joanna said.

“You have been alone all your life, left alone without this knowledge or information,” Anna said. “You have been at the mercy of Trial and Error. We all have. Every last Human Person on this planet. Maybe you’ll get it right. Maybe you’ll guess right. But with an infinite number of possible choices, what are the odds you’ll get it right?”

“We won’t,” Morrígan said.

“Until someone does,” Anna said. “And that someone tells everyone else what the right answer is. So we can all finally end the Trial and Error of Life Choice that leads to pain. No more guessing. Only Knowing. We all can stop eating the red berries. Pain only exists when you Choose without Dream. Dream-based Choices is the only right answer.”

“What if I don’t know what I want?” Joanna asked. “What if the pain is so great that I can’t think about what I want? What if I can’t have what I want?”

Anna smiled. “Then choose to learn how. Choose with determined resolve that you will find a way. But choose for your Dream.” Anna’s smile widened. “And I found that “how” out also. We will cover it shortly. For now, just choose.”

Joanna nodded and took a step.

“It is the standing still that hurts,” Anna said, and they all took a step, holding their breath.. “Choosing to find your Dream is still a Choice for your Dream.”

They all took a step.

“Sometimes, knowing how reveals itself in the Past,” Anna said. “Sometimes, you walk the Journey, and it isn’t until you get to the very end that you turn and look back and you say, “Oh. That is how.” But you’ve already done it. So much life goes unlived while we wait for the “How” to arrive. But the “How” is the Discovery, unrevealed and unknown until it exists in the past.”

They all took a step and the door began to fade back into view.

“Sometimes, you sit and you sleep in the mud,” Anna said. “Sometimes you choose wrong. Sometimes, you are not honest with yourself about what it is you really want.”

They all took another step and another, the door growing clearer and closer.

“Sometimes, you realize you are making choices based on fear of pain or with a plan to reduce the pain, and sometimes…” Anna walked toward the door now fully visible. “You have to sit in the mud for a while and rest and think, and remember that whatever obstacles stand in your way between Situation and Dream, sometimes, you only require a little more education or a change in perspective to make visible the solution that has always been there before you. Which is why you must choose to move forward, always, so you can see what opportunities and choices next are in order. So you can see the solution that you couldn’t see before. Choose always to stand and step. That is the ultimate first law of Life. Choose always to stand and step toward your Dream.”

She opened the door and the room of silent clockwork invited them in as they all arrived at Anna by the door.

“But if you never make the choice to take that step toward your dream, then you’ll never step into the position you need to see the solution from that new angle,” Anna said. “Never stop choosing for your Dream.”

And without another word, she walked through the door, leading them back to the steampunk clockwork room.

\*\*\*

They walked back to the cog platform, and Anna shifted the lever and the clockwork started back up again. The gears reawakened and the platform cog shifted them back to the moving springs, washers, and components that made up the rhythm of the steampunk room.

“Define what you want,” Anna said over the churning gears. “Define your destination. Indulge in Comfort, which is Love + Joy = Safety. Then, when you do feel safe enough, only when you have indulged on Love and Joy, do you receive the gift of Courage, Boredom, Discomfort, and Vulnerability.

The cog came to a halt on the other side of the room, and they all stepped off the cog and resumed their journey. Anna led them back down the path, through the Steampunk room.

“Then, and only then can you choose to take small baby steps back into the Adventuring Zone and you return to your Life Journey and Story,” Anna said. “And our Stories are just the accumulated Choices we made or didn’t make toward our Dreams.”

At the end of the walkway, Anna pushed open a door that revealed the Egyptian Room, and the  Comfort Zone returned. One by one, they filed into the room.

“Before you venture forth into the space where you Adventure and Learn,” Anna said. “You must first indulge on Safety through Love and Joy. Here, we are going to switch your mind from Survival to Comfort.”

They all relaxed as they spilled out around the room.

“Identity has been called Angel since we were 18 years old,” Anna said. “I named my Id. Discipulus. Name yours. The Naming is the most important part of your Self Journey and Recovery. The Name gives Identity and Voice to the Self. And every one of the Parts of you will require a Name, a Face, Gender, Race, Age, and a Personality. Even a sexuality.

“As much detail as you can, Define everything about all the 7 Parts of You. The more defined Name and Detail, the better. The voices in your mind are the songs and stories of all the parts of the Abstract Self. They are just as real as the Material. Don’t ever let anyone tell you otherwise. More things exist that are Real that can’t be seen than the things that can be seen. If you feel it, it is far more Real than anything Corporeal.

“Brandi! She is my assistant in the Material World. Get Discipulus a Workbook please. Discipulus. See Brandi for all your Workbook and Assignment needs. The more you familiarize yourself with your Abstract Self and each other, the more you become Defined. So, Define yourself.

“Definition means Depth. Depth, in the Abstract, means Shape. Here, in the Abstract World, Words and their Definitions mean everything. Define You. Names, Genders, Clothes, Styles must be Defined for everyone in this room.”

Anna sat down with a sigh on the edge of the pool as Angel ran out to the balcony, Bergen at her side. Morrígan made herself comfortable on the bed as she pulled out and examined her steampunk belt.

Anna looked out at everyone in the room as Imagination made herself comfortable at the pool. Intuition at attention close by. Joanna settled down by the fire and opened a book to read.

“Angel (Identity),” Anna counted. “Joanna (Fear), Bergen (Defense), Morrígan (Logic), Imagination (Goddess Imagination), Intuition (Danu)...” Anna looked at Intuition with a new comprehension on her face. “I knew I recognized you. My beautiful Danu. And Anna (Ego or Conscious Awareness).”

Anna nodded. It felt right. It felt good. The logic within her purred.

CHAPTER 15

“Time is Perspective,” Anna said. Her voice carried over the ship that morning. Everyone counted and present for. “Choices are just the stepping into the next Point in Time or, more correctly, the Point of Perspective. Each new Perspective gives you greater visibility of your situation. You can see more variables. You can identify new pathways and new options with which to choose from. You can see new doors open and, most importantly, you can see the solutions to your obstacles that were previously hidden from view.”

She walked before the line up as she spoke, eyeing them each in turn.

“Every choice made defines a new set of variables. Not choosing keeps you locked in the same Perspective, staring at the same variables, blind to the solutions you seek. Choose! Choose! Choose! Always choose! Choosing is like opening door after door and finding opportunity after opportunity.”

She snapped her fingers and the scene changed. They were all back on the cliff. The hundreds of bridges before them, each one swaying in the wind.

“Identity,” Anna said, sounding off. “Fear. Defense. Logic. Imagination. Intuition. And Conscious Awareness. These are the parts of the Self. They are all of you. Sometimes, they talk all at the same time. Sometimes, they don’t talk at all. The thing is… Not one of the people who *are* you, talk poorly of you. The Voices who talk in 3rd Person and who hate on you are not you! Not at all.”

Joanna dropped her shoulders and bit her lip.

“What most people lack, is the knowledge of Choice,” Anna said. “They don’t understand what precisely Choice is, and what it is you are really doing when you select a choice. Most importantly, is the substantial lack of education revolving around Perspectives. This next exercise will teach you everything you need to know about Perspectives, Choices, Solutions, and Obstacles. Let the games begin!”

Anna snapped her fingers and stepping stones appeared on the ground, each one scattered around each player.

“Welcome to The War For Reality!” Anna declared, grinning. “There are four types of Perspectives. Solution Perspectives, Obstacle Perspectives, Progress Perspectives, and Resting Perspectives. The object of this game is to get you to your ideal Destination. You can only progress through Life by making Choices.

“Your turn consists of Choosing to Choose a Step or Choosing to not choose. If you choose to choose, you take a risk. What you base your choice on adds or decreases your risk, advantage, and/or disadvantage. The advantage and disadvantage changes with every turn, giving one team “the upper hand.” The team with the upper hand gets to choose…”

Anna grinned an evil grin. “The Logical Laws of Reality. Choose your team! Your choice is Fantasy, which follows the Logical Laws of Magic.”

Identity giggled and clapped and jumped. “I want a unicorn!”

“The Science Fiction Reality,” Anna continued, “which follows the Logical Laws of Steampunk, Advanced Sciences, and Space Travel.”

“That one is mine,” Morrígan said.

“The Logical laws of Superstition,” Anna said.

Joanna frowned. “Superstition?”

“Superstition,” Anna said. “According to Merriam-Webster, is a belief or practice resulting from ignorance, fear of the unknown, trust in magic or chance, or a false conception of causation. An irrational abject attitude of mind toward the supernatural, nature, or God resulting from superstition. A notion maintained despite evidence to the contrary.”

“Ouch,” Bergen said.

“We live in a Superstition-Based Reality, steeped in Superstition, Paranoia, and Fear,” Anna said. “That is one of our ugly truths that sustains our Delusion.

“Why would anyone choose that as their Reality?” Morrígan asked.

“Superstition,” Joanna said. “Because I know those laws,” she said. “That one is mine. It follows the Laws I am most comfortable with.”

“Comfortable?” Anna asked. “Or familiar?”

“I’ll go with you there, lass,” Bergen said, taking Joanna’s hand in support.

“I’m with Morrígan in Science Fiction,” said Intuition, joining Morrígan.

“I’ll take Fantasy with Identity,” Imagination said.

“So where are we going?” Angel asked eagerly to begin the game.

“Wherever you wish,” Anna said. “You can choose by path or choose according to Destination.”

“If we choose by path, then how do we… win the game?” Intuition asked.

“Interesting question. You’d be amazed how many people make choices without a destination in mind. You risk not winning the game,” Anna said. “But you also may walk away with more reward.”

“We always begin with Superstition Reality Rules,” Anna said. “But the moment Fantasy or Science Fiction gain the upper hand, the Rules of the Game change. Choose wisely. Or… don’t. Choose nothing at all. The choice is yours.”

Giggling, Angel ran to the bridges. “Show me Adventure!” The majority of bridges vanished, and without thought, Angel ran onto one of the bridges, vanishing into the fog as she giggled. Imagination glided on into the fog behind her.

“Show me Happiness,” Morrígan said and only one path materialized. “Logical,” Intuition said and they walked together, one after the other, onto the bridge, vanishing into the fog.

“Show me safe,” Joanna said, and the bridges obeyed, revealing a new selection of choices. Hesitatingly, Joanna stepped.

“I’m right behind you, lass,” Bergen said, letting Joanna lead the way. She walked along the bridge, Bergen right behind her until they too vanished into the fog.

BOOKMARK

Joanna mumbled as she walked.

“The Self never talks poorly or hatefully on the Self,” Joanna said. “All I hear in my mind are negative hatreds dumped on me. “You’re stupid. You’re crazy. You’re clingy. You’re…”

“Those words are mirrored from another source, lass,” Bergen said. “You know that right? An *outside* source. It’s learned, mirrored, parrotted behavior. It’s not you at all.”

“Saying that is not the same as believing it,” Joanna said.

“Not *one* of these people ever talk poorly of you,” Bergen said. “Not *one*. If you hear horrific, abusive, condescending things in your mind… well then… You know it isn’t you at all.”

“You have an Invasion taking place,” Anna said, behind Joanna. “You have Invaders within.”

“Invaders?” Joanna asked, nervously.

“This is your head space, Joanna,” Anna said. “All of this is yours. You control it. You authorize it. You must sort it. Determine which pieces you do and don’t want here. Which pieces are you and which pieces are the Invaders. But to do that, you must be able to tell the pieces apart from yours.”

Joanna balanced on the bridge, and Bergen placed a hand on her back. The end of the bridge came into view, and Joanna relaxed a little.

“Invaders are the “They” of other “I’s” that have moved into your “I,”” Anna said.

“It sounds like an infection,” Joanna said.

“It very much is,” Anna said. “A Mind Infection. We are going to get the “They” out of your “I.” Narcissists. Guilt. Shame. Self-Loathing. All of these are the Infections or Invasive Perspectives that have infiltrated your Head space.”

“It’s so loud,” Joanna said. “Some days, I can’t think.”

“Are these voices all talking to you in the Third Person?” Anna said. “Are they all saying, “You are?””

Joanna nodded.

“Think about it,” Anna said. “Why is a voice inside *your* mind talking to you in the 3rd Person?”

Joanna paused and thought.

“They are invasive infections,” Anna said. “Hate them. Loathe them. Then kick them out. They don’t belong here. They are not a part of you.”

“They are in the 3rd Person, because they are not You,” Bergen said.

“Who’s Voice do those “you are” accusations belong to?” Anna asked. “See them. Name them. Define them.”

“My brother. My husbands. My father,” Joanna said.

Anna shook her head. “They do not belong in the I. They are in the wrong Story. Tell them, “Get the hell out of my Story.” They don’t even belong here. This is your Story. Your Mind Space is Your Story. No one, except your “I” belongs here. This is Identity Displacement.”

Joanna took one final leap, and landed on the grass ahead. Multiple paths lay ahead as Bergen and Anna stepped off the bridge.

In the distance, a rope snapped and Angel’s voice echoed over the canyon.

“Wahoo!” Angel could be heard whooping while Imagination’s laughter soared overhead.

“It sounds like Angel is having her adventure,” Bergen said.

Joanna looked to the paths before her.

“Show me the safest path,” Joanna said, and she felt her fear grow. “What’s happening,” Joanna asked.

“Every time you choose based on fear, you enable fear,” Anna said. “If you live in fear, you practice fear, you strengthen fear. Choosing is Practicing, thus strengthening. Fear is practiced and nurtured just as much through choice as Courage, Adventure, Logic, or Joy.”

“I don’t want to enable or nurture my fear,” Joanna said.

“Then stop choosing to practice fear-based living,” Anna said. “Choose differently.”

Joanna looked at the pathways again.

“Show me the Courageous Path,” Joanna said.

The paths shifted, and Joanna felt a bold determination fill her.

“But where am I going?” Joanna said. “Why am I choosing these paths?”

“Ah,” Anna said. “Why make any choice indeed? What would make the choice worth all the work and effort?”

“What do you want, lass?” Bergen said.

Joanna looked out on the paths. “I want to be happy and free,” Joanna said. “I want to have no more fear in me.”

“Then choose it,” Anna said.

“Show me the path to my Dreams,” Joanna said, and all the paths but one dissolved. “But what if I can’t?” Joanna asked.

“You have all the tools inside of you to trial and error and problem solve your way through obstacles,” Anna said. “You can choose. You can learn. You can trial and error. You can re-evaluate and assess and choose differently… over and over and over again until at last, you get it right.”

Joanna nodded and took a step.

“Expansive Thinking is a subject of study that both does and does not exist,” Anna said as Joanna and Bergen started down the path. “It is widely assumed by scholars that it is something we are either born with or we are not. This is Ignorant. Plato, Pythagoras, Socrates, and Aristotle knew differently.”

The ground shuttered, and Joanna lost her balance. Bergen caught and supported her as the quaking beneath their feet shifted. Their clothes shifted, and now they stood wearing clothes selected out of a Fantasy novel.

“What was that?” Joanna asked, looking down at her gown.

“I do believe Imagination and Identity just changed the reality on us,” Anna said, grinning. Overhead, a shriek filled the air and a phoenix flew by, leaving a trail of fire across the blue sky.

“Wow,” Joanna said, and continued on down the path.

“Not only did the Philosophers believe that Expansive Thinking was a skill that is learned, but they mastered the art and craft and science of teaching it,” Anna said. “When you take an IQ test, the Test is measuring your Expansive Thinking Skills.”

“A high IQ is not something you are born with?” Joanna asked.

Anna shook her head. “Not at all. It is something that is learned, mastered, and unlocked either on purpose or by chance. Expansive Thinking is powerful. It is a skill like no other. Learning and Mastering Expansive Thinking is not difficult. It is simple. You just need to know the correct components and in the right order. It is a formula. And a Science that was lost in the 4th Century.”

They stopped abruptly as a herd of pegasus burst from the forest to their left and ran across the path, into an open field on their right. Bergen’s arm stretched across Joanna.

“The point is,” Anna said as they watched the pegasus take flight and soar over the sky. “Once you learn Expansive Thinking, every “I can’t” that you believe, changes to “I can,” and empowers your ability to Problem Solve and overcome obstacles. And this skill is 100% learnable.

“Your Subconscious Mind was designed to Learn. Expansive Thinking is the True Potential of every Mind. Mental Illness is the consequence of Ignorance with a deficit of Expansive Thinking.”

Joanna took one step, and a sudden shriek from the pegasus turned their attention back to the herd. Two giant trolls, easily 20 feet tall, lassoed a number of the pegasus and dragged them back down to the ground.

“No!” Joanna said, and Bergen put his hand to his hilt. “What do we do?” Joanna asked.

“What are your choices?” Anna asked. “Most people pause and give up here, choosing to stay in a Resting Perspective. A Perspective that does nothing for them once they identify all the variables, and reveals no solutions. Others will go around, choosing to move on to the next Perspective, which could be a Solution Perspective, a Problem Solution, or a Progressive Perspective. Define what you want. Always ask what you want. What do you want?”

“I want to help them,” Joanna said.

“What are your choices?” Anna asked.

“Wahoo!” Angel shrieked as a unicorn erupted from the bushes with Angel atop it wearing a pink corseted gown, a bow in hand and a quiver strapped to her back. A second unicorn followed bearing Imagination whose mount galloped right behind Angel’s.

“Leave them alone!” Angel shouted as she and Imagination rode in toward the trolls.

Joanna and Bergen exchanged looks, and, inhibited, Bergen ran, full on toward the trolls on foot, his Greatsword drawn at the ready.

“Identity did ask for Adventure,” Anna said.

“So what,” Joanna said. “Are you saying that I learn Expansive Thinking and… I can do that?”

Anna smiled. “That is exactly what I’m saying. You learn Expansive Thinking, and you will see the solution to every problem. And if you don’t, you will know that all you have to do is take one more step, make one more choice, and then the answer will come to you.”

“It can’t be that easy,” Joanna said, watching Bergen, Imagination, and Identity attack the legs of the trolls.

“Easy?” Anna said. “When you have the right answer, and you know the correct order of operations, and you practice…” Anna nodded. “Joanna, it is precisely that easy. Desire. Choose. Assess. Solve. Repeat.”

Joanna looked at the trolls. “Desire. Choose. Assess. Solve. Repeat.”

“Again,” Anna said.

“Desire. Choose. Assess. Solve. Repeat,” Joanna said. “How do I know what to choose?”

“Choose the path, choose to learn, choose to do,” Anna said. “Assess and Solve.”

“I want to slay the trolls,” Joanna whispered.

“Then choose and do,” Anna said, smiling.

Joanna looked down at the one-handed sword that suddenly appeared in her hand at her wish. Smiling, she ran on, following Bergen, and Anna smiled.

“Expansive Thinking is The God Code,” Anna said to herself. “It will turn you into a Genius. It does unlock your Higher Thinking. It does require prerequisites. It is not accessible to the Unethical.”

“Figured that out, did you?” Intuition asked, unseen behind Anna.

Anna smiled. “Mother Nature made it so,” she said.

Intuition stepped, taking her place beside Anna.

“Where is Morrígan?” Anna asked.

“She’s working on a side mission,” Intuition said. “Are you going to tell them?”

“Tell them what?” Anna asked.

“That you’ve already started teaching them Expansive Thinking?” Intuition asked. “That all of this is Expansive Thinking. That they hold the formula and the Order of Operations in their hand?”

“Nah,” Anna said. “They’ll know it soon enough. When they can look at a series of Parents and shift to see that the Parents are in fact, Integrated Components of other Parents… They will know. When they can see and name the Variables and their Obstacle and recognize that they require a Choice to alter their Perspective and access the next set of Variables, Solutions, and Choices. That Choice opens the doors and is true Freedom.”

“Desire. Choose. Assess. Solve. Repeat.” Intuition said the words over.

“I think I’m going to get that tattooed on my body,” Anna said, and Intuition laughed warmly.

“Does it feel right?” she asked.

“Yes,” Anna said.

“Does it feel good?” Intuition asked.

“Yes,” Anna said. “And it gives me joy.”

One of the trolls howled and fell to the ground. One of the standing trolls ran, head on back toward Intuition and Anna, Angel riding on ahead, leading the troll back to the wood as she released a laugh and a whoop.

Mid-gallop, the ground shook. The Pegasus all scattered, and the world shifted. The unicorns and trolls all vanished from view and everyone found themselves in the hall of a spaceship, dressed now in crisp, regulation uniforms.

“No, my unicorn!” Angel shouted, her butt seated firmly on the floor.

“It looks like Morrígan succeeded,” Intuition said.

“What do we do now?” Angel asked, standing to her feet as Bergen, Imagination, and Joanna joined them.

“Desire. Choose. Assess. Solve. Repeat,” Anna said. “I need to take a break,” she said. “Go. Play. Relax. Do hobbies. Do the things you love to do. Play the game. Discipulus. Explore your past for all the things you did throughout your lifetime that gave you joy. If you get stuck, I recommend using the Silva Mind Method to Identify periods of your life when you were most happy and what hobbies, passions, dreams, or interests you did that gave you joy.”

Anna walked toward one of the doors.

“What dreams did you once have?” she asked. “Joy is the only Emotion that gives Energy. Without Joy, the activity drains us. Joy is essential to Motivation and Productivity. What gives you Joy? What do you love? Defining and Doing your Love and Joy is what comforts you. Is what Grounds and Energizes you. Do so now. Brandi.”

Anna placed her hand on a pad and the door of the Captain’s Quarters slid open. “Worksheet please for Discipulus.”

“Imagination!” Angel shouted, excitedly. “This way! I want to go to the bridge!”

They players all dispersed and Anna walked into her quarters where a hot tea waited for her on the coffee table. Joanna peered at Bergen who signaled that she go on ahead without him. That he would catch up.

Joanna nodded and left Bergen and Anna alone.

Anna picked up the cup of hot tea and sat down in a wide, navy blue chair.

“You alright, lass?” Bergen asked.

“Every day that I talk, think, deduce, conclude, summarize, Truth emerges and the Delusion fades,” Anna said. “And more and more, all the Truths become clearer.”

She took a sip of her tea and sank into thought before returning the cup to the saucer. “Every time I teach, speak or lecture, I think things that I cannot ignore or deny. Sometimes I see my Truths and Lies. Sometimes I see the glaring Truths and Lies of others. Pieces of scars fall away. I defined more of myself. I feel my fingers release their hold on the things I clung so desperately to and I think, “Who am I without this?” Joanna feels it too. She’s scared.”

“Fear of the Unknown,” Bergen said.

“All the more reason to Learn and go forth,” Anna said. “But somethings I loved so deep. I had so much joy once. Loyalty to people I once vowed my fealty to.”

“Do you trust that that love was real?” Bergen asked.

“I want it to be real,” Anna said. “Loving someone and trusting that love are two completely different things. Trust is just full confidence. Trust is Confidence completely absent of Doubt. But the thing about Love… It's only love when it does and can withstand and endure anything. And more than anything, I want this love to endure. It’s why we call it True Love.”

She looked at the window that spanned out to the wide expanse of space.

“I really see little difference between space and the Abstract,” Anna said. “Untested Love… Is a love that I will always question. I want love so deep and pure that there will never be a shadow of a doubt. The opposite of True Love is Doubt Love, which is not Love at all. And as I walk through this work in my mind, I know what I must do. I have a love. But I want it to be right and healthy and good and pure. And most of all, I want it True.”

“Is this really what worries you?” Bergen asked.

“Only part,” Anna said. “The more I build this world. The more I piece together this journey… The more I see all the lies of the world. Teachers who know nothing about teaching. Professionals who know nothing about their profession… Universities who boast their own importance and value. Value is in the eye of the Beholder. Anyone who says different is selling something to you. Never trust sales. Never trust anyone who is selling something to you for the salesmen always has an invested interest.”

Anna looked down at her tea. “Death of a Salesman.” She scoffed. “Why does that book come to me now?”

“Look for the Connection,” Bergen said. “Span out.”

“Go Bigger,” Intuition said, standing at the door.

“Yes,” Anna said, smiling at Intuition. “Go bigger. Always.”

“Trust Love,” Intuition said. “Trust Love.”

“Trust Love,” Anna said.

“Trust Love,” Intuition repeated.

“That is something,” Anna said.

“Trust Love,” Intuition said.

“It’s easy to say that we trust… when that trust is never needing to be tested,” Bergen said. “But Trust only shows its Truth and its Strength when it *is* Tested.”

“Does it feel right?” Intuition asked.

“Yes,” Anna said.

“Does it feel good?” Intuition asked.

“Yes,” Anna said.

“Does it give you joy?”

“Oh, it will,” Anna said. “It very much will.”

“The Unknown is just the Untested Self,” Bergen said. “It is the Greatest Fear of all of us.”

“I’ve seen my life with Love,” Anna said. “I’ve seen my life without Love. I’ve lived my life in between.”

“Life is a Journey,” Intuition said. “Life is your Story. The Choices you make are the Composition of the Author. Where do you want to go? How do you want this story to end? Imagination needs to know. And I need to know where I’m sailing this ship to. What does Identity want?”

“Love,” Anna said. “I want Love. I want something I’ve never seen. So how do I know if I’ve found it? If I can’t even recognize it? My purpose is to find love and to be the best Self I can be for when it finds me. I want love. I want to be loved. Properly. Deeply. The way you designed Humans to love. And I want to love wise enough, smart enough, and warm enough to invite it into my life when it finds me. And I’m afraid I won’t.”

“Trust Love,” Intuition said.

“You have Value, lass,” Bergen said.

“I do,” Anna said. “I have my work and my brain. I have my discoveries, my invention, my creations, and my Garden.”

“You have Purpose,” Bergen said.

“I do,” Anna said. “To Define Purpose could have been my Purpose. To Find my Value could have been my Purpose… I thought it was to help others. And I do want to. But more than anything, what I want, what I wish I had was True Love. Like… Buttercup and Wesley Love.”

“Trust Love,” Intuition said. “Wish and Hope for Love. Believe. Expect Love.”

“Hope Threads,” Anna said. “All my life I have followed the trail of Hope Threads out of the Dark. It’s time for the Physics.”

Anna gave a sigh and put the cup down.

“How do I corporealize the Abstract?” Anna chewed on her lip while she thought deeply. “The Matrix. Dr. Strange. 2001 : A Space Odyssey. Gulliver’s Travels.”

Suddenly, she slapped the arm of her chair. “I have an idea!” she exclaimed. “Everyone to the Transporter room!”

Anna was up and out the door in a flash as she ran for the Transporter room.

\*\*\*

A few moments later, everyone was in the Transporter room waiting for their instructions. “I need to corporealize the Abstract,” Anna explained. “And I think… I know precisely how to do it, compliments of Jonathan Swift. Everyone into the transporter!” Anna instructed and they all filed into position.

“We have four planets in this current system,” Anna said. “Each one providing a different Point of View. Jonathan Swift could see the Perspectives, which is what he was trying to communicate in Gulliver’s Travels. But he lacked the vocabulary. What does Nietzsche’s Thus Spoke Zarathustra, The Matrix, 2001 : A Space Odyssey, Lois Wain, Alice In Wonderland, and Gulliver’s Travels all have in common?” Anna asked, joining them on the transporter.

They all looked to each other for an answer.

“Every one of those artists found the 12 Ethical Stages of Perspective Growth and tried to communicate their discovery to the world at a time in Society when the Abstract was barely understood, and… every one of those artists lacked the comprehension of what they found and the vocabulary with which to describe it.”

Anna took position within the transporter and instantly, the transporter switched on and they beamed down.

\*\*\*

They materialized almost immediately inside an open space, with two grand windows that looked out, providing the view of…

“Worms?” Angel asked. “Are we worms?”

“Not quite,” Anna said. “To be more precise, we are inside the worms. You are inside the 1st Person Point of View of the Worm. Before I can explain, we need to clean up the language we’ve been using.”

Enthusiastically, Anna skip-jogged across the room and pulled down a black board that had been pushed up against the wall. She took up the chalk and began scribbling.

“Point of View!” she shouted and wrote. “We have 1st Person Point of View, 2nd Person Point of View, 3rd Person Point of View, and Omniscient Point of View, But…”

She labeled this “A Group” and began a second grouping. “We also have Worm’s Eye View, Bird’s Eye, View, Man’s Eye View, And…”

She labeled this next group “C Group” and continued scribbling. “We also have Foreground, Middle Ground, and Back Ground, and…”

She labeled this last group “D Group” and proceeded. “We also have Perspective.” She turned to the group. “These groups are not the same thing. Not at all!” She said. “And this is the problem with EVERYTHING,” she said. Her excitement boiling over.

“At this moment, we are in the 1st Person Point of View, Worm-Eye View, but…” She pointed outside the two large windows. “We could be in one of 12 different Perspectives. And believe you me, this matters! This changes everything.”

A shadow fell over the room, and what could only be described as a vast, flat plate covered the outside and came down.

They all screamed, except Anna, and they dematerialized.

A moment later, they materialized inside another bare room with two giant windows.

“Someone stepped on the worm,” Anna explained, and they all looked out the window. Now they saw the world from the high branches of a tree, gazing down onto the earth as if in a plane that had landed on the forest’s canopy.

“Bird’s Eye and 1st Person Point of View,” Anna said. “We are still in the 1st Person Point of View. Looking at the way things are as we currently define them has been the problem for a very long time. Our words and definitions today reflect our ignorance of Point of View and Perspective.”

Anna hopped to a new blackboard stored up against the wall.

“We are using the wrong definitions for the same words without understanding the delicacy of these definitions and our incorrect, unrefined definitions are what is altering and limiting our comprehension of what we can and cannot visually see and/or understand.”

Anna wrote in big letters across the black board. “Words vs. Evidence.”

“Words vs. Evidence,” she said. “This is the problem! Change the way you think about words! Change the way you think about Vision and Sight.”

She wrote a “t” graph on the board. “There is Visual Sight,” she said, adding “Visual Sight” to the left of the “t” graph. “And there is Abstract Sight.” Anna added “Abstract Sight” to the right of the “t” graph. “Sight and Comprehension are the same thing!”

The bird took off, and the room shifted. Anna hooked her foot on a support bar and she grabbed the black board to prevent it from rolling. Outside, the view changed as the bird flew through trees and over the canopy. It angled down coming in toward the ground as the group all lost balance and fell. Each grabbing hold of something and each other to keep themselves from sliding all over the room.

“Everyone knows about Visual Sight,” Anna said, paying the shifting bird view no attention. “Everyone understands Visual Sight. But there is a different kind of vision or sight that a lot of people never talk about.”

The bird came to land on a rock beside a stream and, at once, began pecking at the bugs on the water. The room jolted accordingly while Anna continued the lesson. “Abstract Vision, however, is different from physical or corporeal Vision. And when we talk about a Point of View, we are referring to either the Abstract Vision or the Corporeal Vision.”

Anna pointed out the window. The bird jumped into a nearby puddle and began bathing itself. “A Bird's Eye View or a Worm’s Eye View is the Corporeal Point of View. However,” Anna said. “The 1st Person Point of View, 2nd Person Point of View, 3rd Person Point of View, or Omniscient Person Point of View refers to the *Abstract* Point of View of Experience.”

“You are experiencing this event in the 1st Person Point of View of the Bird’s Eye View, but…”

Anna snapped her fingers and, at once, they were all sparrow-sized and standing, with the black board, outside of the bird, watching it bathe in the puddle, undisturbed by their sudden arrival.

“You can also experience this event in the 3rd Person Point of view of the Bird’s Eye View.”

They all looked at the grass, creek, and river all from the Size and View of the Sparrow. “Point of View is literally *how* you take in an experience,” Anna said. “It is the *type* of input you receive.”

She scribbled on the black board.

“Who. What. Where. When. Why. How,” Anna said as she wrote. “Who is the Self. “What are the Events? “Where” indicates the bird’s eye view, the worm’s eye View, or the Man’s eye View. Where indicates the Physical Sight experienced. “When” indicates the Abstract Perspective… we’ll come to that in a moment. Why indicates the reason or your purpose for experiencing it… to learn and teach this lesson and… How indicates the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, or Omniscient Point of View. It is how you experienced it. Did you experience it first hand? Did you experience it as a shared group experience, as both 1st and 3rd Person? Did you experience it as a witness? Or did you experience it as an individual looking down at all the Defined and Known Components and integrated inner-workings of a System?”

From the forest, rustling disrupted the lesson, the sparrow flew off, and a primitive native, a hunter carrying a spear emerged.

He knelt beside the stream to drink and Anna snapped her fingers.

At once, the group and the black board materialized inside the man’s mind. The two windows revealed all that the man could see.

“You can evaluate the situation, which is your Bird’s Eye View or your Worm’s Eye View  that is your Point of Evaluation. However, your Point of Experience is your 1st, 2nd, 3rd, or Omniscient Point of View.”

“How do you *experience* your *evaluation*?” Anna said. “That is the ultimate question to unlock Expansive Thinking.”

The man stood from his drink and abruptly paused.

“What’s going on?” Morrígan asked.

As the man turned to the forest, a mountain lion lept from the trees and knocked the man to the ground. The room tossed the group with him as he fought and wrestled with the lion.

“So you have Experience,” Anna continued, undisturbed by the battle that waged. “And you have Point of Vision or Evaluation. These are not the same thing. But there is another variable that is never considered. And that is referred to as your Point of Variables.”

Anna snapped her fingers and they dematerialized, leaving the Man’s Eye View and 1st Person Point of View, as they materialized in the Transporter Room.

Anna hopped off the Transporter, crossed the room toward a blue Police Box tucked away in the corner. “Move along,” she said, urgently.

“You have a TARDIS in your Transporter Room,” Morrígan said.

“Which doubles as a Holodeck,” Anna said, opening the door of the TARDIS. “Welcome to my Nerd-vana.”

Morrígan looked sick. “I can’t figure out if I should be disgusted by your Nerd-o-meter rating or revere you with jealousy.”

Anna winked at her and, following everyone into the TARDIS, she closed the door behind her and jog-skipped to the console. “Your point of variables is your Perspective.”

She pushed a slider, slammed a button, turned a knob, flipped a switch, pulled the lever,” and grinned. “I’m flying the TARDIS.”

She dropped her head to the console and snorted as she stifled a giggle at the sound of the deafening whirring.

After a moment, Anna popped her head back up, refocused on her lecture. “Your perspective has nothing to do with your Abstract Vision,” she said. “But more about the Tools or Variables that you have access to. Your Perspective is your Collection of Variables!”

The whirring stopped and Anna ran to the door. Poised for reveal, she grinned.

“More correctly Perspective is the Collection of Variables in your equation, and for every Perspective that you enter, you gain access to a new set of variables that you did not previously have access to.”

And she swung open the door and hopped out. The group followed. Outside the TARDIS, they found themselves all standing on the outskirts of a Hunter-Gatherer Society recently turned toward Agriculture, Farming, and Husbandry.

“You know what I love about Science Fiction more than Fantasy…” Anna said. “Science Fiction presents a probable future, whereas Fantasy may forever always be… Fantasy.”

“Until and unless we find a reality where the Laws of Logic evolve Magical Physics into its Natural Law,” Bergen provided.

“Right,” Intuition said. “I’ll get right on that.”

“Welcome to the 1st Ethical Perspective,” Anna said. “What tools and resources do these people have access to?”

“Sticks,” Joanna said.

“Fire,” Morrígan said.

“Seeds,” Angel said. “They have seeds.”

“Seeds are new,” Bergen pointed out.

“Right,” Anna said. “Back to the TARDIS!” And leading the group, they all returned to the TARDIS.

A flip of a switch, a whir, and a snort from Anna later, and they were at their second destination. Anna flew open the door and stepped out. This time, they stood on the outskirts of a flourishing Roman Empire at the heart of Alexandria.

“Welcome to the 2nd Ethical Perspective,” Anna said. “Name their tools and resources.”

“Writing,” Joanna said.

“Architecture,” Imagination said.

“I love architecture,” Anna beamed. “It’s Geometry in real life.”

“Science,” Morrígan said.

“Think,” Anna said. What did the Roman Empire have that the previous society did not?

“Curiosity,” Bergen said.

Anna snapped her finger, in excitement and pointed at Bergen. “Exactly. The 1st Ethic had to survive. Curiosity was a luxury they could not afford. Not yet. On to the next!” she said, and led them back to the TARDIS.

They soon materialized outside of a Medieval Village that was under siege by a group of barbarians.

“Rape, pillage, and plunder,” Anna said. “Welcome to the 3rd Ethical Perspective. Name their tools and resources.”

“Brute force,” Bergen said.

“Not what I’m going for,” Anna said. “What do these Barbarians have that Rome did not?”

“What did they have?” Joanna asked. “It seems like they lost everything Rome had.”

“It seems that way,” Anna said. “But this is an advanced step up from Rome even though we can’t see it with our Point of Evaluation… Our Physical Vision. You must look at this situation with your Point of Experience. Go inside their minds. What did a Barbaric overlord have that a Roman Senate did not?”

“Freedom?” Morrígan said. “Independence. No one to answer to.”

“Exactly!” Anna said. “The Roman Senate had to answer to the Hierarchical Empire. But the Barbarian? He answered to no one.”

“How is this better?” Joanna asked.

“That is for a future lesson,” Anna said. “Moving on.”

A short while later, the TARDIS materialized on the outskirts of an Italian City around the 1600’s.

“What are their tools and resources?” Anna asked.

“They have Law and Order,” Joanna said, pleased that the raping, pillaging, and plundering was over.

“They have Societal Law,” Bergen said. “Restored Order and Compliance as Joanna said.”

“Exactly now… What you just witnessed were four examples, all in 3rd Person Point of View, Man’s Eye View. But showing you the 4 different Societal Examples in their Order of Progression (that is important), you now have a list of characteristics or Defined Variables that set each Societal Example apart from each other.”

Anna ran back into the TARDIS, pulled out a blackboard tucked to the side and scribbled.

“You have the Tools and Resources of the 1st Ethical Perspective, 2nd Ethical Perspective, 3rd, and 4th Ethical Perspective.” Anna scribbled as she spoke. “Compare the Variables! Focus on the Order of Progression! What did you see? What did you notice?”

“Each society had the next set of technology,” Joanna observed.

“Span out,” Anna said.

“Go bigger,” Intuition said, smirking, and Anna grinning, pointed the chalk at Intuition.

“How are these 4 examples different from our Bird’s Eye View, Worm’s Eye View, Man’s Eye View,” Anna asked. “Or from our 1st Person Point of View vs. 3rd Person Point of View? How were these three Positions different? Compare Vision and Points of View and Perspectives. Think. Where were you Observing?”

Joanna and Angel shook their head.

“Can you see it?” Anna asked. She turned to the black board and spoke as she wrote, drawing a triangle. “Observation.” She wrote at the top of the triangle. “Experience.” She wrote at the bottom, right corner of the triangle. “Variables.” she wrote at the bottom, left corner of the triangle.

Bergen’s mouth opened in awe, and he took a step forward.

“See it,” Anna said. “Change your Mind. People do not know that The Point of Variables even exists. It has never been defined before. But Nietzsche and Arthur C. Clarke, Lewis Carol and Jonathan Swift… The Matrix Movies… These are people who saw it and tried to explain what they found using their art medium to communicate their Discovery without the Defined Words to articulate what they all could see. What they discovered, at that time, was undefined.”

Anna put down the chalk and returned to the console. A series of whirs later, Anna threw back the lever and walked to the door. She and the group stepped back into the Transporter Room.

“How we Observe something is the Point of Observation is Bird’s Eye View, Worm’s Eye View, Man’s Eye View,” Anna said. “How we experience it, however, is first-hand at 1st Person Point of View or as Witness at 3rd Person Point of View. However, The Perspective defines what variables or knowledge we have access to.

“This is not fiction. Every System runs and operates on a set of Logical Law that defines the Reality that Governs the System.” Anna pointed at the TARDIS. “And you saw it change. You watched it change. And it is changing. Computer! The Construction of The Tower of Babel!”

The Transporter Room dissolved, and the infamous building of the Tower of Babel materialized, placing them in Babylon somewhere during the 6th Century.

“Right now we are standing inside the Point of Experience known as the 1st Person Point of View,” Anna said as they gazed out upon the massive construct of the Tower. “And the Point of Observation – Man’s Eye View. But what you notice, what variables you can identify… What components you can recognize with your Corporeal Vision and your Abstract Vision are limited to the Defined Known Variables within your Perspective. You are only going to notice certain variables and components of the equation based upon your defined logical laws of reality. The Self is a System. Computer, freeze frame.”

At once, the construction of the Tower paused and the entire scene they gazed upon froze. Anna held up her finger and drew in suspended space as if writing on a blackboard.

“The Building Blocks of an Abstract Construct. These are the Components of a Perspective,” Anna said, drawing a rectangular outline around the first layer, the foundational base of the Tower of Babel, which she labeled 1st Perspective.

“And with every perspective, you gain access to the next level of Abstract Construction.” Anna drew a rectangular outline around the second layer of Construction and labeled it 2nd Perspective.

“So you can see the components and the variables defined only within that particular level.” Anna drew a third rectangular outline around the third level of construction and labeled it 3rd Perspective.

“This is where problem-solving occurs,” Anna said. “Most people are standing in a 1st Person Point of View and Worm’s Eye View, trying to solve their problems with only the 2nd, 3rd, or 4th level of Information or Variables available to the Abstract Construction of that corresponding Perspective.”

“They don’t have enough information,” Bergen said.

“They won’t see the entire equation properly,” Morrígan said.

“They’re only looking at a fraction of their problem without the understanding to compute their actual situation,” Joanna said.

“Exactly!” Anna said. “You are not going to be able to solve your problem. Because you are not diagnosing the entire problem.”

Anna outlined the next layer of Construction and labeled it 4th Perspective. And she drew another layer above that and labeled it 5th Perspective.

“What you need to do is shift perspectives,” Anna said. “Level up. Shift your Abstract Vision from Man’s Eye View to Omniscient View so you can “look” at the Entire situation, and then shift into both 1st and 3rd Person Point of View, while stepping into 6th or 7th Perspective.”

Anna turned to the group.

“You have to learn how to change Point of Observation and Perspectives so that your Point of Experience grants you access to all of the information so you can Define the Full Equation so you can diagnose it correctly.”

Anna snapped her fingers and the scene behind them unfroze, resuming the construction of the Tower of Babel.

“They cannot build the 12th Layer of Abstract Construction without a solid Constructed Comprehension of the Foundation anymore than the 1st Ethical Perspective of the Hunter-Gatherer-Farmer can exist within the 4th Ethical Perspective of Societal Law and Order,” Anna said, then gasped.

“Oh my god!” Anna exclaimed, quite suddenly. “We have violated the Prime Directive! That is what’s wrong with us! We have violated the Prime Directive! That makes so much more sense! 7th Perspective Scientists made weapons of war for 2nd and 3rd Perspectives. Oh my god.” Anna dropped her hands, wiping the “board” clean of her rectangles and shook her head in disbelief.

“Computer, end program,” she said, and the Transporter Room re-materialized.

“Your mind has not been trained to think three dimensionally,” she said. “Most of us think in one dimension. Many of us think in two dimensions.

One dimensional thinking is prejudice thinking. It's Hierarchical Thinking. “Who can beat up who?” “Who stands first in line?” “Who has the most money or power?” This type of thinking – Foundational Thinking – is 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Ethical Perspective or One-Dimensional Thinking. The thought that there can be only one winner… That is one dimensional thinking. It is first person point of view thinking.

“Two dimensional thinking is Black-and-White Thinking. It is Binary Thinking. It is thinking in terms of “Either-Or.” Man or Woman. Boy or Girl. Young or Old. Right or Wrong. The majority of our culture is two dimensional thinking. Which is why I argue that “we think and talk way too two-dimensionally to even think we are in the 3rd Dimension moving into the fourth.

“Based on our language and mindset, half of us are in the 1st Dimension. Most of us are in the 2nd Dimension.

“But three dimensional thinking considers the spectrum of the Abstract. It considers all options and variables, and considers the Point of Experience, the Point of Observation, and the Point of Defined Variables… and it Integrates them into the Point of Comprehension.

Three dimensional thinking is Expansive Thinking, and it is not known, defined, nor do we teach it. We don't even know it exists. A rare handful of people in the population have stumbled upon it. The Matrix shows the evolution from the 6th Ethical Stage into the 7th Ethical Stage. Nietzsche tried to explain it as “God is Dead.” Arthur C. Clark’s Monolith is the Progression of Ethical Perspective Stage to Ethical Perspective Stage. Alice fell down the Rabbit Hole and Discovered the 12 Ethical Stages where she changed her Perspective and her Point of Observation with bottles of “Drink me” and pastries of “Eat me.” Lois Wang’s cats showed what the progression through the Ethical Stages looks like. And how it changes one's views of the world. And Jonathan Swift tried to show 4 different Points of Observations during his travels with Gulliver. And all of us missed their message.

IQ tests evaluate three dimensional thinking.

It is the components defined as Experience and Observation, and defines the level of access to the set of Defined Variables all integrated into a summation that defines the Point of Comprehension. This is the Self Defined.

This is Time Relative to The Self within the Abstract. This is the Third Dimension.

And when you master the skill of moving between these three Points of Comprehension consciously and with your power of Choice, your reality changes. You can literally cherry pick the logic rules that define the Reality that your Self-System operates on.

Einstein was wrong. Time is not the fourth dimension.

The Abstract relative to the Self is the third dimension

Time relative to the Sun is the second dimension.

The Material Plane relative to the Big Bang is the first dimension.

And when you integrate the three dimensions, that is when you unlock the abstract.

Problem-solving is the art of consciously and strategically shifting the Points of Comprehension.

This is Expansive Thinking.

This is the God code.

This is what the mind was made for… What the mind was *meant* for.

Thus Spoke Zarathustra. Welcome to Expansive Thinking.”

And with that, Anna left the Transporter Room.

\*\*\*\*

Anna sat at her desk in the Captain’s Quarters back in the ship. Crying softly into her hands as shook under her sobs.

“Anna?” Bergen asked.

Anna continued to sob. “It’s so hard,” she said. “It’s so lonely. It’s so heavy. To see this. To know it. To have to define it. To try and teach it. To be the only one standing alone saying something never said before.”

“It’s so hard,” Anna said, and she leaned into Bergen who held her as she cried. “This burden…”

“There are people who will know of what you speak,” Bergen said.

“Yes,” Anna said. “I know they will know. But to be the first to stand up and speak it and give it name. It’s so hard. It’s so heavy. Sometimes, I say things and I know… I can hear the screams that will come from people. And I also know that others after me will prove it. Others will use my work to find the next stage of discovery. I know I pave the way for many. And I know some of my work will be “proven” wrong by zealots… and then it will be proven right. And I don’t care. What matters is that the next stage is introduced, defined, paved, and set.”

“And sometimes, I wish someone else would do it. I wish someone else would just take this work from me and carry it on so that I can rest, but… I can’t. And some days, I feel so alone. To be the only one to see the world as I see it. I feel like a population of one. And…”

Bergen rubbed her back until she cried herself dry.

“Knowledge,” she said, quietly. “Knowing. Comprehension. Understanding. This is how human’s Connect.”

She wiped the tears from her face and reset herself.

“The next stage of Discovery,” she said. “The Pursuit of the Origin. The Parent. This is the only thing that matters,” Anna said. “And if my work and discovery reveals the next step toward the Parent along the path, then I must.”

She stared at the quiet waters that lapped against the ship. The full moon casting its light on the still surface of the sea.

CHAPTER 16

Angel, dressed in paintball gear, falls back against the wall of the spaceship.

“We’re surrounded,” she said to Imagination.

“Quick! To the Cafeteria!” she said, and they ran, blasts of red paint exploding and missing all around them as they dove through the sliding doors of the lunch room.

Imagination jumped over the counter and took cover as Angel rolled over the counter and dropped to the floor beside Imagination. A short moment later, Intuition and Morrígan arrived at the door.

“Go,” Morrígan said to Intuition. “I’ll cover you.”

Intuition gave a nod and ran in, taking cover behind a table, which she quickly upturned for a blockade. Intuition fired off a series of rounds as Morrígan ran in after her, hovering behind the table beside Intuition.

“Do you surrender?” Morrígan asked, calling from behind her barricade.

“Never!” Angel shouted. “You’ll have to kill us first,” she said.

“Intuition and I have a pack of rolled grenades of Red #40, primed, stuffed, and at the ready, packed neatly into a jacket that is equipped to set of 20 rounds per second!” Morrígan warned.

“How did they?” Imagination asked.

“Surrender now,” Morrígan said. “There is no going back!”

“For Reality!” Angel cried, standing up behind the counter and firing off her paintball gun. Green splattered over the table.

Morrígan and Intuition open fired.

Imagination turned, and fired when a streak of blue sailed through the air and struck Morrígan in the shoulder.

Joanna and Bergen dressed in Space Steampunk rolled in. Joanna rolled a grenade behind the table.

Blue exploded, coating the cafeteria with paint.

Angel and Imagination hopped out from behind the counter and open fired on Intuition and Morrígan.

“Rule #1,” Anna said, gliding through the paintball war in the spaceship’s cafeteria. “Happiness does not need a reason to exist. It is a State of Being. Like Love, it requires no reason. Happiness is above reason. Wanting happiness is reason enough to have it. Wanting happiness is the Catalyst required to get Happiness.”

Angel took multiple hits and she was down. Her body fell, draping over the counter in a seemingly over-dramatic display.

“Rule #2,” Anna said. “All Power comes from Choice.”

Too late for Intuition to notice, Joanna plucked the pin from a grenade, grinned, and fled.

“Rule #3,” Anna said. “The Power of Choice is Granted to you by Nature at birth. And no one ever can take that away from you.”

Blue paint exploded, Intuition fell back feinging death.

“No!” Morrígan cried, and open fired on Joanna, but Bergen had her back.

“Question and strongly doubt anyone who tells you that you can’t decide, choose, think, or learn on your own,” Anna said. “Self-Authority is your Ethical and Natural right to Choose and to Think without the Permissions or Approvals of others.”

The scene flickered. As if the lights were going out. Everyone stopped and looked around at the room. Another series of flickering and with a resounding “zap,” the Spaceship vanished, dumping everyone into the filthy streets of Modern Day Brooklyn.

“If/Then Clauses are Conditions we program into our minds often,” Anna said. “If/Then Clauses are the rules our entire Self-Systems use to structure our Behavior and Lives.”

“No!” Angel cried. “Not Superstition! Argh!” She loudly wailed. “Now, I have to get a job!”

“Fuck that shit,” Morrígan said.

Anna stepped into the middle of the group who all stood on the sidewalk, still covered in paint and holding their paintball guns. “If I have X, then I will be happy,” Anna said, “This is the most toxic, dangerous If/Then Clause that almost everyone uses. And it is toxic, contagious, dangerous, and self-destructive. It programs our behavior to pursue and prioritize any and all things just to obtain Happiness.”

“If I have love, then I will be happy,” Joanna said.

“If I have money, then I will be happy, Morrígan said.

“When you use your Power to Choose Happiness just because you *want* the Emotion Happiness without Condition, it changes your life,” Anna said. “Unconditional Happiness.”

They all looked at each other, processing. Standing there on the sidewalk in Brooklyn.

“You’ve never heard of it before,” Anna said.” That is because, until now, it didn't exist. Not in this Reality anyway.” Anna waved at the graffiti buildings all around them. “The Material World depends upon your dependence on the Material. The Material Plane requires your Material Greed. So Business, Profit, Marketers all hi-jack your Happiness via Marketing to brainwash you into thinking that you require Material to obtain what you want most of all: Happiness. Hence “If I have X, then I will be happy.”

“Why are we in the Superstitious Reality?” Morrígan asked, a disgusted scowl on her face.

“Because we did done shot you,” Bergen said, and fired off another blue shot that struck Morrígan’s chest. She looked down at the blue splatter and frowned.

“I meant… at all,” Morrígan asked.

They all exchanged looks, seeking the answer.

“Big question,” Anna said. “Bigger answer. One I’m not covering here. See my blog. It’s time to make a choice again. Which direction will you go from here?”

The streets lit up, presenting countless options before them.

“What you want, what you love with where you belong and the people who celebrate, share, and indulge in your same loves and joys is happiness,” Anna said. “Why is that so hard?”

They all looked at her.

“Why did it take 30 years in Philosophy, Ontology, Logic, and the years of trauma-induced hell-living, to find that answer?” Anna asked.

“It's a lot of variables, Anna,” Bergen said. “It’s a highly complex equation with so many variables that it took a Logician, Ontologist, and Philosopher of 30 years to identify them all and break them all down.”

Anna nodded and continued.

“Unconditional Love,” Anna said. “To Value without reason, profit, gain, or condition. Unconditional Belonging. To belong, be accepted, be wanted without reason, profit, gain, or condition. Unconditional Happiness. To be happy without reason, profit, gain, or condition.

Wanting Happiness, Wanting the Emotion and State of Being of Happiness wills it into existence the moment you Want it. Wanting Happiness \*is\* the Catalyst for Happiness. You Want therefore it Becomes. There are three things, three Truths, that exist in this concept:

I want to be, Therefore you are.

I want to Love, therefore you do.

I want to be Happy, therefore you are.

The Wanting is the Choice is the Becoming. Is.

Choose. Also choose for what you want, and watch your Power, your Authority, and your Life come right to you.”

“I want happiness,” Angel said, and the streets changed, leaving only one path visible to take.

“I want happiness,” Joanna said. Angel’s path remained lit, unchanging.

“I want happiness,” Morrígan said and came to stand beside Angel and Joanna.

Wordlessly, they all came to stand before the path that guided them toward happiness.

“What most people don’t realize is that Choice is synonymous with Freedom. When you choose, you are really exercising and nurturing your Freedom. Come!” Anna said. “Back to the Comfort Zone.” Anna snapped her fingers and Brooklyn was gone. Back in the Egyptian Room, they all selected their luxury and settled down around the fountain. Bergen and Angel were back on the balcony and Morrígan was on the bed.

“Today, we are going to talk about your Individual Self-System, and how it functions separate from all other 8 Billion Systems on this planet,” Anna said.

“The Self. The Defined Core of The Self. Your Point of Origin. At the Core of every Self, there is a Dormant Power called Choice.”

At the word “choice,” a glowing light appeared in the center of the room. Everyone gathered around the glowing light.

“Choice sits inside each and every one of us,” Anna said. “The Logical Mother of Physics says so. The moment you choose to use this Power, the Self is born. A process begins.”

Angel hiked up her skirts and entered the pool, walking toward the light. Raising a hand, she carefully, slowly poked the light.

“If the Self is not aware of this Power, others usurp it, take it… or so they make you *think* they do,” Anna said. “They make you think they can. But while they beat, rape, lie, and break you, under all that they do to you, this Power sits within you at the Core, Dormant. But this Power, this true Power of Choice, cannot ever be taken from you. The Delusion is in making you believe that it can.”

Joanna snapped her head to Anna in full attention.

“The moment you realize that this is there, game over for your abuser,” Anna continued. “And the abuser will do anything… *anything…*  to make sure you don’t know that this is there.”

Joanna sat forward and leaned in, her attention full on Anna’s words now.

“They will lie to you,” Anna said. “Smile at you. Laugh with you. Make love to you. They will beat you. Deceive you. Call themselves “Mother,” “Father,” “Lover,” “Friend,” and “Child.” All to keep you from Seeing and Knowing this Power. Because the moment you find This Power, you are free of them.”

Anna slipped deep into her mind with these next words, as if her thoughts pulled her back into another Time. Another world.

“I will tell you a story,” she said, “Once upon a time…”

As Anna spoke, the Egyptian Room shifted around Anna’s words, changing and becoming all that Anna said as the Reality molded around her story.

“There once was a Queen who held court in a palace. She had many subjects. People came from far and wide to seek her council for she was very wise. Men desired her. Rulers adored her. Many tried to win her. But, no matter how hard they tried, the Queen, disinterested, would cast each offer away.

Of all the people in all the world, her dearest was the playful, dancing jester who sang and danced and played in her court. The jester joked and danced, he sang and shifted. He was the only one who could make her laugh. And the queen looked upon him with the dearest of love.

People would come to seek her Council and she would speak. She would receive guests. She would discuss the greatest of ideas with Philosophers, Rulers, and the wisest of men. So many adored the Queen.

Within her throne room sat two thrones. Hers and an empty throne where an unclaimed crown rested, untouched on the cushion beside her.

“Where is your king, my lady?”

Many people would ask. The queen would never answer. Every time the question was asked, a small smile would tug at her lips, and she would say nothing.

Often, the Jester would launch into a story.

“He’s off fighting dragons!”

“He’s traveling the world!”

“He’s in search of the Greatest answer to life!”

“He seeks god!”

Every answer the Jester gave was different and was always met with laughter and the Queen’s smiles.

Many times, the Jester would don the crown, dance about the court, and boast how he was king. Many times he would sit, upside down in the empty throne while wearing the crown on his feet. To this, the Queen and the people laughed the hardest.

Many men tried to wed the Queen. Many rulers tried to win the Queen. Many wise men sought her hand. For her Realm was the wealthiest, the most powerful, the grandest of all the realms.

But always, the Queen would simply shake her head, and in silence, walk away.

On the saddest of days, when the Queen was most forlorn, the Jester never failed to make her laugh.

One night, while in her chambers, the Queen was preparing for bed when her small page boy, a quiet lad, came to her and meekly asked, “My lady. Where is the king?”

Perhaps it was the boy’s quiet kindness. Perhaps it was his shyness. Perhaps it was his innocent curiosity or his desire to truly know.

That night, all laughter aside, the Queen opened her Voice and answered.

“Once upon a time, there was a King,” she said. “The King of Imps, who saw a maddened woman lying deep in the filth and sewage of Men. But all men know that the Imp King had a gift. He could see Truth and Light beneath Filth and Lies. Despite the filth and sewage that covered this woman, he saw a grand Goddess within.

While others kicked at this woman. Used her. Spat on her. This king fell in love with her hidden light within. He took her by the hand, and picked her up when all others cast her down. He took her into his home and crowned her Queen.

For years he healed her, he loved her, he mended her. With his love, he unbroke her mind. On the darkest of days the Imp King would joke and dance, and the Queen would laugh openly and long. Her laughter healed her broken mind. Within his eyes, the Fallen, twisted goddess saw her True self.

The love of the Imp King restored the Queen. Her healing was brutal and long. For the amount of suffering she endured under the abuse of Men, forced her memory clean. But with the Love and Laughter of the Imp King, the Goddess’ memory was restored.

Often her Madness battled her Memory. The Goddess was powerful. The Goddess was strong. The Goddess was a warrior within. And her internal war broke the Imp King. But long did he endure. Still, his love for her inspired him to hold on until his own Madness took hold.

Years passed until, at long last, The Goddess rose a Queen grand and whole. Her Madness subsided, her memory restored, The Goddess Queen was wise and strong. Her beauty and strength became the desire of men.

But the Imp King had loved too deep. He had endured too much too long. Now it was he who lay twisted and warped upon the floor, chattering away in madness.

It happened one morning that the Queen awoke and the King had abandoned his crown on his throne. Overtime, he donned the jester’s clothes. Laughing and dancing, he sought only to make the Queen laugh, but never remembering why. Living only to make her laugh. Oblivious to his own power, his own truth within. Having no memory, no recollection of his Truth… that the Jester was the King.”

The Queen’s story ended, and she let the tears fall. The page boy left in peace knowing, wisely, to not speak of this story to anyone. Courtships and invitations of marriage lay abandoned, unopened on her bureau. To the throne room, the Queen walked.

There, at the foot of her throne, curled up on the floor, her dancing Imp King slept. His mind still broken. His memory lost. His Power forgotten within.

“Please remember,” she whispered. A wish she spoke every night. “I’m here now. I’m whole. I love you still.”

And so it was every morning, and every night, The Goddess Queen made her wish.

“I owe my Sanity to you.”

The story melted away. Anna sat at the pool, tears streaming down her face. Angel still standing in the pool at the blue light.

“That is my Reality,” Anna said. “That is the Real World that greets me on the Outside of this Mind. The knowledge of Healing had a high price to it.”

She wiped the tears from her face, recovered her thoughts and continued.

“The Power of Choice is the Difference between Helpless, Madness, and Goddess,” she said. “The Power of Choice is what makes a Beggar, a Whore, a Villain, a Jester, and a King. The Power of Choice is the difference between rags, wealth, riches, and despair. That is the Power that sits in you. This is Self-Authority.”

Anna held out her hand and the blue light floated to her open palm. “I am the Goddess Queen,” she said. “And the Imp King is my Partner. That story is not a Fiction. It is my Story and my Truth.

“Many tell me to leave my King, to “find someone better.” I say, “There is no one better who even comes close to the sacrifice he made for my Sanity at the expense of his own. Often, people speak of what they know nothing about.” Anna looked up from the Power of Choice.

“When I say to you Heal in isolation and alone away from your loved ones, I mean it,” she warned. “You don’t know the risk and the price you will pay if you try to heal in the presence of those you love.”

She flicked her wrist and the ball of light vanished.

“Self-Authority and Power is the Conscious Knowledge that you are the only one in proper Authority to Choose for you,” she said. “Only you know your Story in whole and in completion. Which makes you the *only* Authority of You and your Self System.

“Where would my Imp King be if I listened and followed the advice of lesser Knowledge? Delusion broke my mind, which broke my King. I live to break Delusion and set you Free. This is the Point of no Return. Choose.”

Anna snapped her fingers and the ship returned. They were all back on the main deck. Anna turned and strode off the deck, returning to her Captain’s Quarters.

CHAPTER 17

Joanna stood in the lighthouse. Piles of books stacked on the table as she turned the pages illuminated only by the lantern resting on the table.

*“My words are powerful,”* Joanna read through Anna’s words, etched in her journals. *“Use Discernment to put this story down and think to process as deeply and as long as you need. Think long and hard on the words I feed you. For they will rip down all delusion and lie.”*

*“There are some people who are so dependent upon that system that they will die to defend it.” - The Matrix*

*They will die to defend it because they projected their Identity into the System and they Define their Self System by the Delusion of the Matrix. To attack the System, to attack the Delusion, is to attack their misplaced, projected Self.*

*Which activates their Self-Preservation to Defend their misplaced Self. The only way that they can do this is through Law, Order, Rule, Hierarchical Authority, and Enforcement.*

*These people must return their Identity back to the Internal Power of the Self via Self-Authority. Un-integrate their Identity with the System, and Nurture their Power Within. Failure to do so will lead to their severe and desperate actions to war.*

*This is what happens when Self-Authority is not properly nurtured or taught. This does happen every single time Hierarchical Authority replaces Self-Authority.*

*This is what happens in Religions, Cults, Governments, Monarchies, Communism, Fascism, Codependency, and Narcissism. This is what happened in Nazi Germany.*

*This is why Hitler almost won.*

*Desperate Self-Preservation to preserve a mis-placed Identity in a System, Movement, or a Belief instead of the Self that depended only on the Obedience and Cooperation of others to exist.*

*“Without [fill in the blank], I am nothing.”*

*Self-Authority is the cure to all suffering, abuse, and trauma. And those who most depend on Hierarchical Authority will be the most aggressive, the most desperate to defend their Hierarchical Authority and the loudest to oppose Self-Authority.*

*Self-Authority threatens their Delusion. But Self-Authority frees you from their Delusion. Understand what you are up against. This road will not be easy for some. It is the road that I walked, fought, and conquered.*

*Resistance is the metric to determine just how little or how much Freedom you have. Don’t believe a single word they tell you. Words are the fibers of Delusion. Beware their Fabric of lies. Words vs. Evidence. Never accept words without always first considering the Evidence. Evidence always trumps words.*

*Hierarchical Conformity is often mistaken for Equal Individuality. Conformity is not Equality. This is what compromises Self-Authority. The Self-System is the only way out.*

Marking the page, Joanna closed the book and sat on the steps leading up to the lantern. A look of comprehension settled on her face as if she was understanding. Understanding and accepting.

“Joanna?” Anna asked, appearing in the doorway.

Joanna looked up at Anna.

“I am Fear,” Joanna said. “Fear of the Unknown Self. Where we are going, Knowledge is Power. Unknowing is only ever a lack of knowing. And Knowing is Knowledge. That’s why we call it “Knowledge.” Knowledge is the only tool to overcome Fear. Knowledge fuels Intuition and our Logical Health. I have much to learn.”

She looked down at the book she held to her chest.

“One might say that Fear is a metric for how little we know,” she said. “And how much we have to learn. Maybe, “How” to overcome, “How” to problem solve, “How” to resolve would be easier if we had more Knowledge.”

Anna listened calmly, knowing Joanna had found her path.

“This Lighthouse,” Joanna said. “This Beacon, filled with books and Knowledge. My place is among those books. The best I can do for this Journey is learn. If you need me, this is where I will be… among the books. Learning.”

“Do you remember Ezekial from The Walking Dead?” Anna said, suddenly.

Joanna nodded. “The King with the Tiger.”

Anna smiled. “His philosophy… his comprehension and his Defined Logical Laws of Reality.”

Joanna nodded.

“Now that is a man who understood me.” Anna smiled softly. “People believe that Reality is something that happens *to* them.” Anna shook her head. “Reality can either happen *to* you or *for* you. Either you live at the Mercy of the Reality chosen by Popular Vote, or Reality bends and moves according to you Will. Reality is only just a mindset. Choose yours. And make it a good one.”

And with that, Anna turned, leaving Joanna alone with the books and her Choice.

\*\*\*

“The Self System,” she said. “Too long we have underestimated its importance. It is time we rectify this. A System is its components all working together. A system is a team. A system has purpose. A system runs on Self-Sufficiency, self-Regulation, Self-sustaining.

Dependence is when you have a System that will crash and burn without the function of a foreign aid.

Codependency is when the foreign aid requires the dependence of the system to function.

Parasitic is when the dependent systems drain and infect the corresponding dependent system creating a self-destruction system in the process. This is Suicide. When the thing that nurtures destroys the system that requires the nutrients that poisons it. Catch-22. Guaranteed Failure.

A Unit is composed of its components. The component of a System is the Self. The Self is the Component of a Family. A Family is a component of a Society. A Society is a component of a Government. A Government is a component of a Country. A Country is a component of the World. WE ARE ALL CONNECTED and THIS IS HOW.

When the smallest of Components, The Self, is infected, All are infected.

OPEN YOUR MIND.

Step into my world with me, and I will show you what I see.”

Anna stepped into the black empty void.

“This is my mind. This is my world. Here, we are all components of Greater Wholes. And the world is sick and dying because we, each one of us, is sick and dying.

It all begins with the Self-System.

“Choice.”

A stepping stone among the black appeared.

“Self-Authority.”

Another stepping stone appeared.

“These are the Stepping Stones and the Components you need to Restore the Self.

This is The AIDNS.

Choice.

Choose to Want Happiness as a State of Being.

Choose What you Love. Which Qualities you wish to be. In the Wanting and in the Desire you Become.

Self-Authority is Claiming the Dormant Power within you.

It is choosing, right now, to Put everything that defines your Identity into your Choice of Self.

Not your religion. Not your god. Not your Family. Not your Government, Your Politics. Your Heritage. Those things will always be there, but they cannot be your Identity.

For if those things fall or are threatened, then the Self will fall with them.

Ethics change.

12 times over, they change. Four times, you will go through those 12 changes.

Ethics are not who you are.

Who you are is Choice. Who you are is Love.

What you love determines your Ethics.

Ethics must conform to what you love. Love must never conform to anything.

Unconditional Love.

Unconditional Belonging.

Unconditional Happiness.

To know the self is to know what you love.

The Self is composed of the Component of what we Love.

Compose and Component.

Build.

Build your Self System with your Choice of Love.

Choose to Love.

Love the Self first.

And the Self is the first component of All.

Self Love is first.

This is how.

Step into my world with me. I will show you what I see.

A world that screams, and bleeds, and cries.

A world that lives blinded by lies.

When you devalue a Single Self System, you fail to see the big picture.

You fail to see how each Self System is a vast component of all.

That a team is the united, harmonized network of logical comprehension and defined purpose.

You cannot value the Greater Whole and deny the Worth of the smallest components. To do so is to create Self-Divide within a Union.

The Self is the smallest component of The Greater Whole.

Love yourself.

Name your 7 Parts. For they loved you first, most, and last. They broke your mind to save you. Recognize the love that your Self gave you. And unite the Self under Self-Authority.

Choose your Point of Origin. Choose who you want to be. Choose your purpose in the Greater Whole. And choose it, not to Define your Worth, NEVER choose to define your worth.

Choose to Give you Joy, Love, and Happiness.

Choose. Do it for Love.

THEN… and only then… Choose What you want to do with that Joy, Love, and Happiness.

Dream.”

In the distance, far away from view, a light appeared.

“Dream and know your Destiny. Dream and know your destination.”

A series of stones appeared, continuing from where Anna stood at the first two stepping stones, leading off, like dominoes, toward the light in the far off distance.

“Joy, Love, and Happiness must come first. They must depend on nothing for they are the Fountainhead of the Self.

You build on Sand if Joy, Love, and Happiness are contingent upon Condition.

You are a Component to a Greater Whole. You must Secure your Fountainhead and this World will fall.”

Anna gave a small smile. “Thank you, Ayn,” she whispered.

“Everyone of us underestimates the Power of The Self. Do not focus on others. Do not think on your generations or ancestors. This is a distraction from the Self.

Stand alone with the Self and look upon your own Power.

You Desire. You want. You Dream.

Happiness. Love. Joy. Belonging. You already have these things. Do not seek them. Instead. Welcome them. Accept them. Open your chest and your heart and your mind to them so you can receive them.

The network. The family. The Love. The Belonging. The Joy and Happiness. The Freedom. The Choice. The Confidence. It is there in you. It has always been there in you. The delusion prevented you from seeing it.

Stop chasing what you already have.

Pause.

Sit.

Close your eyes. Go into your Mind.

And See you. Know Yourself.

For you are there.

This is what you do when you need to comfort yourself. Comfort is just The Remembering of You.

Self Care is just the Remembering of The Self.

Love, Joy, Play, Belong, Happiness.

Remember these things and you will be comforted. You will be soothed. You will be Energized and Grounded.

Grounding is only remembering the Love of the Self.

Joy is Energizing the Self.

When you Remember, you will gain great Comfort. Define and Know. Definition is Identity. Identify Identity and you will Define the Self. Then you will Remember.

Brandi. Exercise. Make it so.

Boredom will come to you. Boredom is the first Emotion, the first Stepping Stone. Boredom means, “You have Indulged in something for too long.” Boredom comes with Antsy, Eager, desire to Spend your Surplus Potential Emotional Energy. Boredom is the emotion that pushes you to ignite direction, goal, and purpose!

Use your Boredom to direct your Actions. Strategically use your Boredom to convert your Stored Potential Energy into positive Purposeful Kinetic Energy!

Boredom is the first clue that you have stayed too long in indulgence and it is time to move on.

Welcome! To… The 2nd Ethical Perspective! This is the Learning Perspective! The Adventuring Perspective! The Growth Perspective!

“Land ho!” Bergen called, his voice piercing through Anna’s black empty world of stepping stones and Dream Lights.

Anna snapped her fingers and the scene vanished, returning all, except Joanna, back to the ship. In the distance, the First Island greeted them.

“This is the Island of the 2nd Perspective!” Anna said. “This is the Discovery Center of The Self! A few Natural Laws about the 2nd Ethical Perspective!

1 - You can *only* learn while in this mindset!

2 - You can only reach “The Learning Mindset” when you feel safe enough, comfortable enough, and bored enough to *want* it.

3- You must Consent to Learning.

The moment you do not *want* to learn, the Mind shuts down and you will *not* learn. To force someone to learn, to force Story into them without their Consent or Desire, will lead to disastrous results!

Nonconsensual Learning is traumatic. It denies Self-Authority, and strips the Self System away from the Power of Choice. Most children are subjected to this abuse by their own parents, governments, and teachers.

When we are forced to learn without being in The Learning Mindset, it teaches the Subconscious Mind to associate Learning with Trauma and a loss of Control. This results in “Black and White” Thinking.

Learning occurs on a 3-Point Swinging Pendulum!

Anna snapped her fingers and a tripod appeared on the ship’s deck. A swinging Pendulum in the Center swung between three points:

Indulge (and Avoid)

Avoid (and Integrate)

Integrate (and Indulge)

“When we are healthy,” Anna said. “When we use our Power to exercise Self-Authority the Learning Pendulum swings freely and without Interference. Logical Mother Physics nurtures our natural Order with Ethical Law and the Learning Process moves and shifts, passing freely.

A Self System left free to Self-Govern will Learn Naturally. Ethics, Lesson, and Natural Law is learned.

Comfort. Learn. Grow.

As the Pendulum swings from Indulge to Avoid to Integrate, something else is happening within the Subconscious Mind:

Remember with Comfort.

Learn to Understand.

Integrate to Grow.

This is Learning.

It is the Ethical Law of Natural Order.

This occurs 12 times on 4 known rounds. 12 Unknown, Undefined rounds, I hypothesize, which… I hypothesize, creates a new 1 of 1.

When nonconsensual learning occurs, the Trauma of Nonconsent disrupts and stops the Pendulum.” At this, the pendulum stopped. “In a position of Indulge to Avoid.

This is why people *don’t* learn.

This is why people *can’t* learn.

This is why people *stop* learning.

Nonconsensual Learning.

Educational Trauma.

When this process is interrupted, We stop understanding, and we stop remembering.

The Subconscious Mind’s First Defense is Memory Loss.

A Defense System will prevent all of this from happening… If, the Parent preserves the Child’s Voice.

But… “Children are to be seen. And not heard.”

So the Defense is taken away.

Nonconsensual learning is forced.

Self-Authority is stripped away.

Power is forgotten.

Memory is compromised.

The Self is lost.

Fear steps in.

And we spend the rest of our lives not growing, not learning, not safe enough to learn, not safe enough to talk, not safe enough to even remember who we are.

The Learning process is abandoned.

Black and White thinking takes over.

Fear grows.

Prejudice sets in.

The Self is abandoned.

And we no longer know how.

How to learn.

How to think.

How to problem solve.

How to resolve.

Fear is in charge.

This is when we shift from the Journey of Life over to the Escape Room or No Man’s Land.

Most people experience this at 7 years old. The 2nd Grade. When Education and learning stop being fun. When Hierarchical Authority insists that it knows better than the Ethical Law of Natural Order.

The Ethical Law of Natural Order is Mother Nature’s Law and we do not violate that law! To violate that law comes with a high price that most of us are paying for.

But Self-Preservation is strong. And Identity fights for the Self and her Voice.

By 15… 16 years old, the suppressed Self goes to war against Suppression.

Parents who depend on their Hierarchical Authority wage war against the Teen. Gaslighting the Teen with labels like “Rebellious Teen” and “Just acting like a Teenager.”

“Rebellion is a metric of enslavement!” Anna shouted. “The most suppressed of Teens will rebel the loudest. The Human, which lives, dies, and thrives on Self-Authority does not do well without Freedom.

Resistance is the Friction and intolerance of Freedom and Fluidity.

Physics has a lot to say about Resistance.

And when Emotional Energy is stored up in Potential Energy, with the Natural Order to flow freely governed by the Ethical Law of Self-Authority and the Freedom to Use the Power of Choice… Hierarchical Authority opposes the Natural Order of the Self.

Resistance becomes the Metric of Freedom or Hierarchical Enslavement.

My Physics Formula, proving this, is available at the back of this book. Brandi. Make it so.

When you indulge in Comfort, and the Self-Indulgence of Joy, Love, Belonging and Happiness, Boredom occurs as a message to tell you, “It’s time to venture forth, Explore, and Define the Self.”

Curiosity, Excitement, Adventure, Learning appear like stones that carry you to that Island. But a new emotion will greet you there.

Vulnerability.

The State of being Open to Receive.

IT IS THE ONLY STATE OF BEING THAT WILL ALLOW YOU TO RECEIVE AND LEARN.

Vulnerability is the “Open” position that exposes you.

And so, another emotion will emerge.

The First Ethical Perspective Stage of Growth.

Courage.

If you do not learn courage, you will never embrace Vulnerability.

You will never leave your comfort zone. You will never venture into the Learning Perspective.

Courage is the First Ethical Perspective.

But Courage requires Trust. Courage is the First Component of Three that makes up Trust.

Trust in the Self to protect.”

Anna pointed at Bergen the Defense.

“Trust in the Self to use Discernment.

Trust in the Self to know when Learning has been maximized, and it is time to return to the Comfort Zone.”

The anchor dropped and the ship slowed and stopped. The group worked to lower the boat to the surface of the sea.

“Venture forth,” Anna said. “Explore. Learn. Collect all the treasures that you wish to keep. These trinkets and treasures define you. But watch for the Emotion Overwhelm and Susceptibility. Look for the Emotion “Defensiveness.”

Use Discernment to determine when you have stayed too long, played too long, visited too long… When you begin to Forget the Self, that is when you should come back to the Ship to remember Who YOU are.

Subjectiveness is your enemy! Subjectiveness is bias and prejudice. It is being subjected to offense! If you feel subjective, it is more than time to come back to the ship! If you make someone’s story about you, you are subjective and you have stayed too long.

One more thing before you go:

The Laws of Physics are our Natural Laws. And we are Mirrors. We learn everything through Mimic, Mirror, and Repetition. Mirrors Reflect through Absorption of Lessons Learned.

To Adventure safely, YOU MUST USE OBJECTIVITY!

To not stay Objective, will cause you to Absorb and Mirror too much information. And if you Absorb without Discernment or Consent, you will LOSE THE SELF.

Your Identity will become Displaced!

YOU ARE STORY BEINGS!

Do not lose the Self to another Story.

Confusion is a Dangerous emotion. If you feel it, Isolate and come back to the Ship immediately. Self-Doubt is the most dangerous of emotions of all. If you feel it, isolate and come back to the Ship immediately. Subjectivity is the emotion that tells you that you have been away from the ship for too long, and you need to come back to the ship.

If you are tired, hungry, or stressed… These states of being will leave you open to absorb. They will leave you susceptible. They are all signs that you need to use Bergen… Discernment, Logic… Morrígan… to Close off. Stop Receiving and come back to the Ship.

THIS CONSCIOUS AWARENESS AND PRACTICE IS SELF-REGULATION.

This is what most people lack.

This is what most people were never taught as children.

This is what parents need to teach their children.

Brandi. Exercise! Make it so.

Discipulus and Identity. Go. Play. Adventure. Listen to Intuition, Logic, and Defense. They will tell you when it is time to come back to the ship.

Be vigilant. Be mindful. Use Discernment. Logic. Morrígan.

Trust the Self.

That is Self-Authority.

Regulate your needs.

If in doubt, always come back to the Ship.”

Laughing, Angel climbed into the boat with Imagination and Intuition while Bergen and Morrígan lowered the boat to the sea. A moment later, they all were in the boat, rowing toward the island, Anna among them.

\*\*\*

“Oh my GOD!” Anna said, dropping back to the ship.

“You alright?” Bergen asked, laughing.

“Do you have any idea how long it has been since I have walked in the Point of Materialization!?”

Bergen threw back his head and laughed.

“It’s like…” Anna shook her head. “Like none of it was real! This is real!” Anna said, indicating the Abstract of her mind. “We call it Make Believe for a reason! Make Believe that it is real! It is where we Make Belief! In words, there is truth!”

“How was it?” Bergen asked.

“It was like… I was walking through a Holodeck, knowing I was in a Holodeck. That the Real World was the infinite Abstract, and… Like the Material Plane is only ever meant to be… A Playground. But people are choosing to WORK in the Material Plane! And I’m like “Why!? Why would you EVER want to WORK there!?” For me, I work in the Abstract and I play in the Material! And… We are not meant to live, imprisoned to One Plane.”

Anna walked to the ship’s taffrail and stared out at the island.

“It’s the first time I felt it,” Anna said. “Where I work in the Abstract, and I descended to play in the Material Plane. And… I could See me coming down here to play all the time. I only play in the Material Plane. But I work in the Abstract. And in the Abstract, anything is possible… Anything. It’s why I hate video games. They have it backwards! Play in the Abstract and work in the Material? Now that is what I call hell.”

“But it has to be balanced. Not 50/50, but… Like 70/30. For me anyway. But I’m a workaholic. It would be 70/30 for me. And I love the Abstract, I adore my work.”

“What are you going to do?” Bergen asked.

“I’m going to figure out how to play in the Material Plane,” Anna said.

CHAPTER 18

Within the Lighthouse, Joanna read by the light of the single lantern.

*“Choosing to Act without permission is Self-Authority. Practice choosing bravely, boldly, and bluntly.” - Anna Imagination*

*“Delusion can only extend so far,” Anna said. “Where Delusion is present, you will hit a wall that ends all progress. For Truth Seekers, Scientists, and those who value Truth and Growth above all, they will have a single, solid, simple truth that they will have to face.*

*You can go no further if your Foundation is built on Delusion.*

*If you wish to go further, the Delusion must be broken down. Only Raw Truth has the Power to carry you further and deeper beyond all Comprehension and Understanding. There will come a point in your life where you will have to choose between Delusion and Lie or Growth and Truth. You cannot have both. Fear is the Nourishment of Delusion. Love is the Nourishment of Truth.*

*Lie to your children, your partner, your parents, your doctors, your Self, even.*

*But Logical Mother Physics cannot be so easily deceived. And she will expose you, deny you, and you will grow no further until you face your Delusion and choose to tear down your own lies to look upon your own Naked, Raw, Truth.*

*This is the 7th Perspective.*

*This is the Journey we all are on.*

*And we walk it Alone and Together.*

\*\*\*

The row boat touched the sand, and everyone clambered out, excitedly.

Anna and Bergen were already on the beach waiting for them.

“Identity!” Anna said. “Just want! Be curious! Explore! Follow where your inquisitiveness leads you. Let your Imagination take you wherever you dare to dream. Heed Intuition who will tell you what to say, when to say, where to go, when to retreat. Defenses’ Anger will serve as warning that your Self-Authority is being compromised.

“Anger, Frustration, Annoyance, Bothersome… these emotions are Defense’s tools to tell you when you need to use Logic, Morrígan, to Problem Solve a Solution. And this is important. Always use Discernment, Logic, to determine the best course of action. Do not tell others what your Boundaries are. Watch them instead. Listen. Observe. Judge them. You make the decision for yourself if they are best for you. Everyone you meet, evaluate them, judge them, decide.”

Intuition and Morrígan pulled the boat to shore and dropped it to rest and wait on the beach. Angel jumped and twirled, dancing eagerly on the beach.

“Judge not for ye yourself is judged?,” Anna asked. “Wrong! Judge! Openly. Often. For only when you judge do you decide and learn what is best for you. Only when you judge do you choose! And in Choice there is Freedom! Deny access to those who are not good for you. Deny access to those who violate your Self-Authority. Protect your Freedom of Choice. Protect your Self-Authority.

“And if ever you make a choice based on Fear, worry, Concern… That is your first clue that you are not free to Want and Desire without consequence. Go. And when you are tired, hungry, overwhelmed, always be on the lookout for overwhelm, that is the first sign that you need to come back to the Ship. Go!”

Happily and giggling, Identity ran into the forest with Imagination and Intuition and Morrígan close behind.

“What about you?” Bergen asked.

“Conscious Awareness,” Anna said. “My job is to sit back and observe, oversee the operations of all of you. Make sure you all are running properly.”

Anna looked at Bergen. “I’ll be fine. You go on ahead. They need you.”

With a nod, he followed Angel into the trees.

\*\*\*

Back at the lighthouse, Joanna poured over books as she followed the trail of words from one realization to the next.

“I thought I might find you here.”

Joanna looked up at Anna from her book and pointed.

“What is this?” she asked.

Anna looked at the image Joanna pointed at. Five blocks, side by side, with brackets segmenting the first two blocks, and a bracket segment the next two blocks, #3 and #4.

“That is the Cognitive Core,” Anna explained. “It is the Internal System that Processes data to communicate to the Conscious Awareness all that takes place.”

Anna pointed at the block labeled #1.

“Identity,” she said. “Composed of Defined Love and Joy. Dreams and Desire.”

Back on the beach, Identity giggled and played as she ran through the trees chasing dreams. She paused at a babbling brook to study an orange newt in the moss. Her eyes wide with wonder, Imagination close behind her.

Anna pointed at the second block.

“Ethics,” she said. “That is the Stages of Ethical Learning and Natural Law that we pass through as we grow. They Govern Identity to ensure her choices stay Ethical. They are where “right” and “wrong” or “Good” and “bad” come from.”

Joanna pointed at the third block. “Beliefs?” she asked.

“Yes,” Anna said. “Beliefs are composed of Self-Preservation, Logic, and Data. Beliefs exist on a type of Scale that weighs and measures various components in the Defined Self to determine which bits of data are valid for Logical Deduction. Exactly like a Karma bank that inventories Positive and Negative Energy.”

“For instance,” Anna continued. “Past experience, Memory, Proof of Concept, Negative and Positive Energy, Forced, Invasive, Conditioned Beliefs or Ethics from 3rd Parties, Poor Logic, Illogical Fallacy, and Fear. Without proper management, Belief can do a lot of damage. This is where Mental Illness comes from.”

“How do we manage it?” Joanna asked, looking up from the diagram.

Anna sat down on the step next to Joanna.

“It depends on the Ethical Perspective Stage that the Individual is in,” Anna said. “But, really it comes down to a Choice: Energy-Based Belief System or a Logic-Based Belief System. Logical Minded Individuals will favor a Logical Belief System. They will require Logical Deduction to form Beliefs. Logical-Based Belief Systems are not dependent upon the ebb and flow of Positive and Negative Energy. Energy-Based Belief Systems are preferred by Individuals who are less Logical and Mathematical Minded. They are at the mercy of their Negative or Positive Emotions.”

Back on the beach, Morrígan knelt down beside Angel. They exchanged a word and Angel nodded. Giving a gentle pat to the newt’s head, she stood, taking Morrígan’s hand and followed her back into the jungle.

“Logical-Based Systems required Logical Reasoning to Deduce and Problem Solve to override and prevent Fear,” Anna said. “Energy-Based Belief Systems will have to manage their Emotions and Mindset with Positive Thinking to retain Optimism and Balance. Logic-Based Systems are Automatic and Low Maintenance. Energy-Based Systems are Manual and require daily Maintenance.”

“Which are we?” Joanna asked.

Anna smiled. “That depends on you and Morrígan,” she said. “The more educated you become, the more Logical you become, the louder and more accurate your Intuition gets, the easier life gets. Intuition is your Natural Logic that reads the Logic, Math, and Physics of your environment. It’s why Mathematicians use Mathematical Intuition in their Scientific Method. It’s why Philosophers use Intuitive Logic in their Philosophy. Because Intuition is the Natural Law and Order that is Math, Logic, and Physics.

“The less educated and less learning a person becomes, the more the Emotional Mental Environment dictates the Belief System, the more unstable an Individual is. It’s why so many people run on Fear and the Superstition-Based Reality. Too little Logic and Problem Solving.”

Joanna pointed to the fourth block in the diagram. “And this? What is The Naming,” she asked.

“That is the Summation of the Self,” Anna said, “That is the Knowing. There are six Stages of The Self: The Knowing, The Belonging, The Authority, The Naming, The Owning, and The Integration.”

“The fourth block of the Cognitive Core is the Summation, the “Conclusion” of the Self. The Knowing is the Stage of Defined Identity, at the first block. The Ethical Stages 1st, 2nd, 3rd… The Belonging is part of that. The 2nd block that is the Ethics. Know who you are and where you belong.” Those make up the first two parts of the Cognitive Core.

Anna pointed at the 3rd Block. “The Authority is Ethical Stages 4th, 5th, and 6th Perspective. This is when you Solidify Self-Authority.”

“The Knowing is 7th, 8th, and 9th Perspective and is the Naming. This is when you Give Name to what you are.”

Anna pointed at the 5th block. “And The Owning is 10th, 11th, and 12th Ethical Perspective. Beyond that, as you repeat the Ethical Stages, you learn and Master the skill of Integrating all of these components.

The 4th Block, “The Naming” forms the Defined Self, which gets sharper and sharper as we work together as a team and come to know our Self System.

Joanna pointed to the 5th Block. “And the Knowing,” Joanna said. “It says, “Perspective?”

“That is the Defined Reality,” Anna said, “Your Logical Truth. Your Reality. The Perspective is the Summation of how you view and define the World. This is how a Perspective is made. The Perspective is composed of the integrated components that are Identity, Ethics, Beliefs, and the Naming.

The Formula and graph, if you want to see this, Discipulus, are in the back of the book. Brandi. Make it so. The Cognitive Core are the integrated Components of the Defined Self that make up Reality, Truth, Perspective, Story that sits at the Core of the AIDNS.”

Anna pointed to the middle block, the Belief Block.

“When we are abused, the Abuser enters the Self System through the Abuser’s Door via Words, usually,” Anna said. “That is how they get in. Emotions are produced based on the Processing, Inventory, Loss and Gain, the severity and suddenness of Degrees in Change, and our Resistance or Allowance to that Change.

“It’s all Economics,” Anna said, conclusively. “Supply and Demand, and Physics, which, in turns, determines our Resources and influences our Scarcity and Abundance Mindset. Emotions pour in reflecting all 140,000+ pieces of data that we received per day. And the emotions are sent to the Conscious Awareness to communicate the Status of the Cognitive Core Processing to determine the best course of action to take. It’s all about Choice and the Power of what we decide.”

“And this is all learnable?” Joanna asked.

Anna nodded. “100% Learnable skill,” she said. “This is Self-Regulation.”

“And what is The Philosopher’s Compass?” Joanna asked pointing at the image on the next page. A triangle with a single point in the center.

Anna smiled.

“The Cartesian Coordinate System,” Anna beamed with great affection. “That is the path of Spiral Stepping Stones that leads the Conscious Mind from the Defined Self to Self-Love as an Individual descends deeper into the Abstract World through the Stages of Ethical Perspective Growth.

“Like a metronome, a person swings from Indulge to avoid to Integrate… as if keeping time on a grand clock. That is the Ethical Law of Natural Order. Most people never make it past the 4th Ethical Stage due to stunted Learning. When you heal, you actually “reactivate” and start back up the Swinging of the Learning Pendulum… and so Growth continues.”

“They are there now,” Anna said, and deep in the jungle, Identity was climbing a tree with Bergen and Imagination. Identity reached for a coconut, a smile brightening her face. All thought of the room where she lived forgotten.

“On the 2nd Ethical Stage of the I of I,” Anna said. “At each Ethical Stage, they will gain knowledge. They will learn. And Learning corresponds to Ethics, Emotions, Values, and Knowledge. It is not the Ethical Stage that is Learning, but rather, the passing through the Learning Cycle of Indulge, Avoid, and Integration that is Learning. All of which is done on the Wants and Dreams of Identity, the Power of Choice, and the Doing in Action that keeps that pendulum swinging. It is not possible to gain such powerful knowledge without also internalizing the Ethical Laws. Mother Nature is one smart bitch.”

“And Fear is just not knowing?” Joanna asked.

“Not knowing and/or not Trusting,” Anna said. “People who believe they cannot save themselves are people who sense that they cannot learn because they sense that their learning is “stuck” and they don’t know how to get “unstuck.” They have chosen not to learn.

So they don’t problem solve.

So they don’t learn.

So they don’t problem solve.

So they don’t learn.

They are so stunted in education that they don’t even think to learn. That makes them Dangerously Ignorant.

Everyone is a student. There are no such things as Teachers.

Philosophers know this. Teachers do not. In actuality, not in reality, Teachers do not exist. Only Students do. In Actuality. That will replace “In Reality” soon enough.

“There is the Grateful Student who receives Learning with appreciated privilege. And there are students who are Dangerously Ignorant of how little they know. So they boast their knowledge and they force others to learn from them. Nonconsensual Education stops that Pendulum from Swinging. And the Dangerously Ignorant is oblivious to the side effects of non consensual Education. And they lack the ability to receive knowledge with the appreciated privilege that a grateful student requires.

“I refuse to learn from anyone who is not a grateful student who receives information and knowledge with Appreciated Privilege. Because I am a grateful Student who views all knowledge as a privilege that I appreciate and value. I require the same standards from my mentors.

“And Fear is behind all of this. Because they lack the Courage to be Wrong.”

“Back to the 1st Ethic,” Joanna said.

Anna nodded. “Back to the 1st Ethic,” Anna said. “Education and Mental Health, Growth and Happiness are Synonymous Metrics of each other.”

Anna stood from the steps. “Keep Reading,” she said. “Keep Learning. Keep Growing.”

And with that, Anna left Joanna and the lighthouse.

CHAPTER 19

Back on the beach, Anna stood, sipping her coffee from a tiny pink willow cup poised upon its saucer. A contented smile rested on her lips as she stared out at the sunset. The waves rolled onto the shore as she watched the sea shift and move, ebbs and flow.

She closed her eyes, a slow blink, and opened them again revealing the Egyptian Room. She walked the room and remembered. How many times had she jumped off that balcony into the lake below? A breeze blew through the open space, carrying her back to the forest where she danced on Moonlight beams and dreams. Gossamer gowns wisping in the wind. She blinked again, and this time, Anna stood in the kitchen of her Irish Cabin.

She walked, placing a hand on the chair and remembered. How many nights did she sit with Bergen in this room? How far from Insanity did she walk?

She blinked again and stood this time on the Ship. A deep peace settled into her as she took another sip.

 Love. Value. Purpose.

These Core Vitals lingered infinitely in her mind.

Long after the day’s light stretched over the sea, Anna watched the last of the sun set. Voices in song carried over the water. The sound measured their travel as they grew closer.

She smiled. Sound was her first Physics. Music, her first frequency. Tone Color, her first metric of Energy.

Her crew hoisted the boat and clambered on board. Anna turned to her people and smiled.

“Identity,” Anna said. “Well. I do believe you are older.”

Sure enough, the 8 year old now looked 12 years old and stood a foot taller. Her face slimmed out. She smiled brightly.

Anna smiled and sipped her coffee.

Tomorrow they would talk on The Life Vitals. They would talk on the value of Integrating their lessons. They would talk on the ability to track pattern and growth. They would talk on their ability to zoom in and look closely at components and span out to see the Bigger Picture and The Greater Whole. They would cover Identification, Naming, and Comprehension of the Self.

But most of all, they would talk about the importance of Integrating the Lessons into a Whole. How Ethics, Emotions, and Values, are just the bringing together of the Defined Components of Learning into an Integrated Whole.

And that all of this was just the components of  Problem Solving and Expansive Thinking.

CHAPTER 20

The Queen’s palace was quiet. The vast throne room was cold. A single Imp dressed in Jester’s clothes lay, shivering on the floor at the foot of the Queen’s throne.

A red cloak fell over the shivering Imp, and at once, his body relaxed. The queen placed a hand on his back.

“You are loved,” she whispered.

“My lady,” he said, unmoving from his place on the floor.

“Sleep,” she whispered, rubbing his back.

“How did you do it?” he asked. “What brought your mind back from Insanity?”

The Queen paused for a moment, her hand resting on his back. She rubbed his bald head, massaging his brow exactly the way he loved.

“They told me there was no cure,” she said. “Yet, here I am. And they were wrong. They told me my Imagination was Dissociation, yet… there she was. And they were wrong. And when they told me all of this on the first day of therapy, that I should be dead, what was I supposed to do? Conform to their beliefs and kill myself? Or… Maybe, just maybe… they were wrong. For here I stand. They labeled me impossible, but I exist, therefore I am not impossible. Therefore, their beliefs, their data, is wrong. Which then posed the question: *How* much of their data was wrong?”

“And I realized that their beliefs and the laws that sustained their System and Reality were built on Superstition, Paranoia, and Fear. And that, I had a choice. If I accepted their Law, then, I would have to die.”

“But I lived, therefore, they were wrong. So I dug. And I dug deep. And the more I dug, the more I realized just how much of their System was built, woven, and made of Logical Fallacy, Superstition, Fear, and Lie. Every Defined “Truth” deemed True based only on its pre-existence, and never instead on what *could* be, but what had only ever been before.”

“And that, if I was to conform, then I must die. Or… I would require a new Reality, a New System, with my own Logic built on Math and Physics and Truth. And so I wove. Because there *is* a cure to Mental Illness, and I found it in the Defined Components that make up and compose the Self Equation, which most of the world lacks. And I did discover the purpose and need for Imagination that they called Dissociation. And I did live. I live, thus they are wrong.”

“So I built my Reality, my System, and my Truth on Logic, Math, and Physics… and all at once, I started to see each and every Delusion that made up their System. That is only ever the Delusion of that System that broke me. That is when I realized I could no longer live in that System and by their Laws.

That is when I realized that their System and Logical Laws contradicted the Natural Law of Mother Nature. And suddenly, with the Components of the Self Defined, I could see how each and every person on this world, even you, my beloved King, had to warp your Mind to conform to their Logical Fallacies that constructed their Superstitions, Fears, and Lies.

“And when I corrected one Logical Fallacy in their System of Lies, I found another… and another… while my own Reality became stronger and stronger until… All their lies became visible and collapsed in on itself while my Reality stood solid and strong. When my Actuality and my Reality were Identical, only then did I understand what was Real and what was not.”

“And when I did that, I was free.”

The Imp King’s chest rose and fell rhythmically. The Queen smiled and, leaning down, she kissed his head.

“Te quiero mucho,” she whispered and, standing, returned to her bed.

CHAPTER 21

Joanna sat on the floor of the common room in the lighthouse. Wrapped in a blanket, she leaned over the book on the floor.

*Life is filled with problems, complications, obstacles, challenges, and hurdles. You will face mountains. You will face death. Poverty. Loss. Broken heart. You will face Wins with Losses. Victories with Defeats. Life is filled with all of these things.*

*We don’t need lessons on how to handle or overcome Victories and the best of days, there is only one Skill that prepares and trains you to handle Problems, Obstacles, and Challenges.*

*Problem Solving.*

*Problem Solving is the ability to assess any given situation from all angles. It requires that you evaluate, define, deduce, examine, define, conclude, and then plan. Upon Planning, you execute.*

*This process is the skill of Expansive Thinking. The Life Equation. It is made up of three components:*

*The Equilibrium.*

*The Situation.*

*The Self Defined.*

*Navigating through your life is the calculation of your Life Equation, but most people lack the Defined Variables to even build or identify the full equation of their situation. How can you solve for X if half of the equation is missing? And this is why the majority of people “are stuck.” They are solving for X, but they don’t realize they are missing half of the equation. Expansive Thinking lets you see all of the components to your equation so you can solve for X, fully understand your situation, and apply the changes necessary to your life.*

*This is Expansive Thinking. Expansive Thinking is taught nowhere in this world.*

*It is widely believed that this skill is something you are either born with or you are not. It is widely believed that this cannot be taught. This is wrong. It very much can be taught. It is very learnable.*

*And it is the skill I have been mastering and studying all my life.*

*It requires Pattern Recognition, Repetition, Linguistics, Math, Logic, being able to identify all the components of any given situation, step back, zoom out, Shift Perspectives examine the situation from multiple, but preferably all angles, apply critical thinking, evaluation, and then Define the actual problem.*

*All of this is done with the Point of Comprehension.*

*And then, with the problem finally defined, only then can you determine the best solution using Simplicity. Occam’s Razor.*

*If you have this skill, you can solve all your problems, diagnose your problems, assess the true villain, and prevent future damage done to you. You can even live without money. Money is only ever used to solve a problem people, otherwise, can’t solve on their own. The best of Expansive Thinkers can live for years without money. They see opportunity and solutions everywhere.*

*Expansive Thinking is first and foremost, your ability to See every situation as a Whole instead of a Fraction. Most of the world only sees fractions and are adamant that what they have is the Whole when, in fact, it is a single, unintegrated component of many.*

*This is Expansive Thinking.*

*Going forward, I will be teaching you these components. Furthermore, the more you develop these skills, the more you can DIY your own learning and healing. You will not need Universities, Teachers, Psychologists, Therapists, or Mentors. Expansive Thinking bypasses all of those people.*

*Combined with the 12 Ethical Stages of Growth and your own Self-Authority, you will not need anyone. You will become so self-sufficient that you can overcome anything. And then, when you do choose people in your life, they will be chosen out of Love, Joy, and Happiness, and without any need.*

*This is the Power of Expansive Thinking.*

*Each one of these skills alone does almost nothing. Integration is the true power.*

*Integration is the true skill long neglected.*

*In highschool, we learned Math, English, History, Reading, Writing, Biology, Chemistry, and Physics. But what we don’t know, what we don’t realize, is that each of these subjects is a component, a fraction, of a Greater Whole that only reveals itself when the Subjects are Integrated into one. And that subject is Expansive Thinking.*

*Expansive Thinking, when taught in the right ratio, in the right order, unlocks the Mind to Master Learning.*

*Expansive Thinking allows the Human Mind to learn substantially more information at a faster rate. This was a common practice taught by Plato in La Academia and in Alexandria up until the 4th Century. This is the Hidden and true Subject buried in Philosophy.*

*Pattern Recognition and Expansive Thinking.*

*Assignment: Write a list of all the significant events in your life. Label those events as “Components of [Your Name].” Now look at all the other people throughout your life. Look at their AIDNS. See how their AIDNS interfered with yours and how your AIDNS, interred with yours.*

*Identify the Catalysts and the Consequences. Find the Chain Reactions. And look for the First Domino that derailed the entire line. When you make a choice, you strategically are moving the Dominos so they fall in a precise and deliberate order to get the desired consequence you desire.*

*This is Expansive Thinking.*

*Look and Define the Common Denominators. Common Denominators are where truth begins.*

*Assess and Evaluate all possible options.*

*Become an outsider to your own life, looking in. Look at every situation in your life as an Observer, A Player, and the Author. Notice the similarities. The commonalities that do not change with each Shift. That is the Truth. The details that change, that… is Perspective.*

*As you grow through each Ethical Perspective, you will gain a new way of looking at each individual event in your life as both Component and Greater Whole.*

*Look for Repetition. Look for Rhythm. Look for Patterns.*

*Learn to master the Skill of Objective Observation.*

*This is the Key to Healing and Overcoming Trauma.*

*Objective Observation.*

CHAPTER 22

“All the lies are Coming down…

Coming down…

Coming down…

All the lies are coming down.

Truth is brighter.”

On the Main Deck of the ship, Angel hopped within the squares of hopscotch as she sang.

“All the lies are Coming down…

Coming down…

Coming down…”

Joanna sat in the Lighthouse, her face buried in the book, sorting through books for answers, the darkened interior lit only by the lantern in her hand.

Back on the ship, Angel’s voice carried.

Spinning dreams and dancing, Imagination sent wisps of Dreams into the air while Angel danced within her hopscotch. A moment later, she abandoned her game and began instead to leap in the air, caught and sustained by Imagination’s spells as Angel hopped from dream to dream like stepping stones suspended in air.

Intuition flitted nearby, holding Angel’s hand, now and then, providing balance as Angel continued to sing.

“All the lies are Coming down…

Coming down…

Coming down…”

Nearby, Morrígan sat with Bergen who watched on at peace.

“All the lies are coming down.

Truth is brighter.”

Brimming, Anna appeared on the deck.

“Match the Material Plane to your Dreams,” she said, interrupting Angel’s song. “Come! My people! Imagine up!” she said and, waving her hand, twirled her finger, drawing a spiral in the air. As she did so, the ship faded and the drawn spiral dropped and expanded, becoming steps that grew from the deck.

Without skipping a beat, Anna started to climb.

Far off in a Lighthouse, Joanna read.

*In the 1st Ethical Perspective stage, you learned of Courage and Boredom. In the 2nd Ethical Perspective Stage, you learned of Adventure, Vulnerability, The Open Consent to Receive Information into you. And the Integration of that Adventure with Judgement and Discernment to self-regulate your Mental Health with the balance of Closed Comfort when you feel Susceptible and the Open Vulnerability when you are Objective enough to Receive without Absorption.*

*Now, at the 3rd Ethical Stage, you will learn of the Integration of Courage and Vulnerable Learning with Self-Protection during Susceptibility.*

Back on the ship, Anna climbed, and the others followed. As they climbed, the Ship and the Island diminished in view until they became barely visible, and everything around them became the black walls of the grid room.

Now and then, Angel paused to guffaw gleefully at the view below. Above, there was no visible ceiling, and the stairs ascended higher and higher.

And in the lighthouse, Joanna read.

*At the 3rd Ethical Stage, you learn the Value of Student to Student Learning and the Law of Reflection. If you want someone to learn from you as a listening, Vulnerable Student who is Open to Receive, then you must learn how to teach as a listening, Vulnerable Student who is also Open to Receive.*

*Courage, Vulnerability, and Peer Learning are the Primary Core Components of Trust. Fail to internalize these three Ethics, and you fail to Internalize Trust. Trust in the Self. Trust to Learn. Trust to Grow. Trust in Others. Trust to use Discernment.*

Anna’s spiral staircase ascended higher and higher, until they arrive at, what appears to be, a giant Crow’s Nest at the top of the Ship. There, At the top of the spiraling steps of golden imagination, a platform greeted them. One by one, they stepped off the stairs and gathered on the platform.

“The first three Ethics,” Anna said. “Courage. Vulnerability. Integrated Learning.”

As she spoke, Anna counted off and faceless children, 8 total, appeared, all grouped together. Now three children, Courage, Vulnerability, and Integrated Learning, each stepped forward, coming to stand in a triangle.

“Trust,” Anna added, and a fourth child joined the triangle, standing in the center among the first three. “The first three integrated Ethics of the 12 Ethical Perspective Stages of Growth form Trust, Self-Regulation, and our Learning Center. Without these Ethics, we do not learn. We do not Self-Regulate. We do not have Courage or Trust enough to embrace or allow for Vulnerability which is the only state of Being that exists that will allow Learning to take place.

“If you do not consent to Open to Receive information, you will not learn. Which is what happens when people argue, give unsolicited advice, and deem themselves a teacher over another.”

Back in the lighthouse, Joanna turned the page and brought the lantern closer.

*The 3rd Ethic is the Skill and Value of Integration. It is the Mastery of Learning. It is the Ethical Skills of Trust. When you learn each Ethic, and you grow on from each Ethic, it is VITAL that you integrate each Lesson into the Whole of the Self, for it is the next run in your Ladder of Learning.*

*Without which, you will not grow. You will develop Mental Illness. You will remain open to receive Abuse, which will rob you of Self-Authority as Delusion is used to make you think you have no Power of Choice.*

*Without the Foundational Ethics of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Ethic, you lack the Foundational Fountainhead of the Self. Furthermore, these First three Ethics define your Love, Your Value, and Your Purpose. Which, if compromised, will lead to Suicide. When I say to you that your life, reality, and sanity depend upon these three Ethics, I mean it.*

*These three ethics, the Trust, Courage, Learning, and Self-Regulation Ethics will guide you through all 12 Stages and on. It is why they are learned first. It is why, if they are not learned, Mental Illness occurs.*

*Every Mental Illness comes from a lack of each of these three Ethics. Read that line again.*

Back on the platform, Anna walked around the groups of faceless children.

“Courage,” she said,” and the first faceless child stepped forward.

In the lighthouse, Joanna picked up the book hungrily and read out loud.

“*Addiction and Codependency lack the 1st Ethic. They never learn Courage to be Vulnerable enough to Open. Courage is required to overcome Fear. They Displace Trust in the Self and turn to Others or Substance to “Save” them. They become trapped in the “Comfort Zone,” which then becomes a Prison, much like an Escape Room they can’t escape, bringing on Anxiety because they lack the Courage to overcome Fear and embrace Vulnerability, they lack the Trust in the Self to successfully overcome Fear and risk Vulnerability. And they lack the tolerance of Discomfort, which builds as Anxiety from being trapped sets in.*

*And they lack the Logic of Expansive Thinking to Problem Solve this Solution to end the Catch-22 that enslaves them in their own belief that they can’t save themselves, and their self-loathing, with their severe aversion to Discomfort.”*

Back on the platform, Anna pointed to the next faceless child. “Vulnerability,” she called out, and the child stepped forward, taking place beside Courage.

Joanna, tucked her legs under, and continued to read out loud by lantern light. A storm was moving in, and the wind picked up outside the lighthouse.

*Borderline Personality Disorder and Codependency occurs in the 2nd Ethical Stage when they fail to Self-Regulate. They get trapped in the Adventure Zone, which becomes a type of No Man’s Land. These people fail to use Discernment long past the point of feeling Objective. They are in the Adventuring Zone so long that they are Susceptible, Absorbing each and every comment, phrase, or story until they writhe in the pain of over-absorption. Often, they then mistake their combined Subjectiveness, Sympathy, and lack of Discernment for Empathy. The Self is so poorly defined that they Displace their Identity into Others while also clinging desperately to the Identities of others. They adopt groups, religions, beliefs, cultures, lovers, children, fictions so strongly, desperate to define themselves on any Identity they can find like a life raft because they don’t know how to save themselves… all the while thinking that they don’t deserve what little love, acceptance, and approval they do manage to absorb.*

Joanna’s hands started to shake as she finished this paragraph. Her own reality set in deep as she started to understand.

“Integrated Learning or just, Integration,” Anna said back on the ship and the 3rd Ethical Child stepped forward, joining Courage and Vulnerability.

Back in the lighthouse, Joanna wiped a hand down her exhausted face, and kept reading.

*Narcissism is developed with the absence of the 3rd Ethical Perspective. The Narcissist is so convinced that they are helpless, and they trust people and the Self so little, that they resort to Manipulation that “hoodwinks” a caregiving into nurturing them by pretending to be a Damsel in Distress or a helpless Underdog in need of saving.*

*But the Narcissist has no idea that they are “pretending.” To the Narcissist, they truly do believe they are as helpless as they claim. And they hate themselves so much that they hate anyone who tries to help them. Projecting their self-loathing onto their caregiver.*

*In the worst cases of Narcissism, Rape, Murder, and Violence are used when helplessness fails to coerce nurturing from their victims. The coercive and manipulating Narcissist is, in fact, a wolf in sheep’s clothing, often fawning as the helpless Invalid or Underdog in need of constant care.*

*But the worst of the Narcissist Delusion is that the Borderline Empath and the Escape Room Sufferer both are early stages of Narcissism, each feeling like the the helpless victim while playing the Super Hero until, bit by bit, abuser by abuser, the Escape Room Sufferer and the Borderline Empath become the Narcissist, overcome by their helplessness so as to turn themselves to coercion of forced nurturing without their even realizing its happened to them.*

*This is the truth of the Narcissist, the Borderline Empath, and the Escape Room Sufferer, that they all are the Narcissist, each at different stages, all three completely unaware of the sheep’s clothing they wear. The only difference is the ratio of Super Hero to Damsel each one of them plays.*

*In short, the Escape Room Sufferer – the Super Hero – experiences their own Narcissism in the 1st Person Point of View. The Borderline Empath experiences their own Narcissism in the 2nd Person Point of View, and the infamous Narcissist is Narcissism experienced by all others in the 3rd Person Point of View.*

Joanna dropped the book and cried.

Back at the ship, Anna pointed at the three faceless children.

“These three Ethical Stages of Perspective Growth are the Foundation of Society, Self, and Mental Health,” she said. “Learn them. Know them. Consciously Practice them. Internalize them so well that they become your Metric for Stable, Solid living. And the more you integrate them, the more you master them, the more the pain and mental anguish will melt away.

“These Ethics will align your Cognitive Core. They will eliminate your Fears. They will define your Self. They will shape your Value and give depth to your Purpose. They will reinforce your Proof of Concept. They will Solidify your Self-Authority, they will establish and nurture your Confidence. They will ignite your Power of Choice.

Prioritize your growth through these Ethical Stages and watch how quickly your life just falls into place.

Discipulus, Diagrams and Formulas of the first Three Ethical Stages are available in the back of the book along with The Philosopher’s Compass. Also, math nerds will be delighted to know that the 12 Ethical stages of Perspective Growth follow the Fibonacci Sequence. Brandi. Make it so.

“Trust!” Anna said next, and the “Trust” child joined the triangle again. “Without these three Ethics, an individual will battle with Trust issues. Trust in the Self. Trust in others. Trust even in the Ethics themselves. You want to know what is wrong with our society? People don’t even trust Ethics. Think about that long and hard. Moving up!”

Anna snapped her fingers and the spiral steps continued. Anna and the crew climbed the steps higher.

“During the Integration of the 3rd Ethical Stage, as you focus on Balance and Alignment, you begin to shift your awareness and appreciation toward Self-Law, Self-Rule, and Self-Order with which to keep yourself Safe while you are in a State of Open Vulnerability,” Anna said as they climbed.

A moment later, she stepped off the steps onto another platform. Anna snapped her fingers and the Undefined remaining five, faceless children materialized on the platform before them.

“Self-Regulation is closely followed by Self-Control,” Anna said, and one of the faceless children stepped forward as “Self-Control.”

“Thus begins the 4th Ethical Perspective,” Anna said. “But this… This is where it all goes wrong. We stand above the world because at the 4th Ethical Perspective, Hierarchy enters the Awareness. Compartmentalizing begins. And Equality is lost. Equality is part of the Lesson to be learned at the 6th.”

Anna snapped her fingers and the giant tripod suspending the swinging pendulum appeared on the platform. It swung back and forth, each tick of the clock like the count of a metronome to the pulse of 60. “Self-Control” standing at the Northernmost point of the tripodic Metronome.

“If only Educational Trauma did not interfere with the Student’s Swinging Pendulum,” Anna said, “But alas… It did.” And the Pendulum froze, stopping at one of the far points, unmoving.

“In most cases, Comfort and Self-Regulation are *not* learned. Vulnerability is avoided. No one learns. The Pendulum stops. For the 1st Perspective, it stops in Comfort Zone, which turns “Comfort” into an Escape Room where Sufferers battle Anxiety, Codependency, and Addiction. For the 2nd Perspective, it stops in the Adventure Zone, which becomes a No Man’s Land where Codependency and Borderline Personality sinks its claws in deep.”

Anna walked around the tripod, her hand on the leg of the vertical triangle.

“Instead of comfort, the 2nd Perspective bunkers down in a Fox Hole somewhere in No Man’s Land, built on Delusion for Survival, overworked without rest,” Anna said. “Forever alert, they remain incapable of returning to their Comfort Zone. They’re too busy dodging the bullets to think or learn. Frozen forever in a state of “Open” that they cannot close. Hence, the Subjective Sympathy of the Borderline Empath.”

Anna swung herself under the leg of the tripod and came to stand in the center of the triangle.

“And the 3rd Ethical Perspective has learned a different lesson,” Anna said. “Trust no one. “What’s in it for me?” is always their go-to negotiation tactic, forever stuck, never arriving at the beautiful balance that awaits them at the 7th, 8th, and 9th Ethic where they experience the dance of Emotional Transactions of Human Connection. No… The 3rd Ethic, undeveloped, will never see the beautiful balance of true Human Connection. Hence, why they resort to the manipulative coercion of the Narcissist.”

Anna swung again on another leg of the tripod, coming, once again, to stand on the outside of the frozen pendulum.

“They are living a real life *Apocalypse Now* inside their minds,” she said. “It is no wonder that they are the rapists, the murderers, and the violent. But not all 3rd Perspectives are violent. A Passive 3rd has become a Loner, a Lone Wolf, and they cower in the corner, trusting no one. Loving no one. “Trust None” has become their lesson learned.

“On a rare occasion, the 3rd Ethical Perspectives will grow themselves out of the 3rd Ethical Perspective into the 4th.”

“4th,” Anna said, pointing at Self-Control. “5th,” she said, and another Faceless Child stepped forward, coming to stand at the bottom, left-hand corner of the tripod. “6th,” Anna said, and a third faceless child, comes to stand at the bottom, right-hand corner of the tripod.

“All 4th Perspectives come from a land where Flies are Lord. And so the 4th who has barely learned a fraction of Trust, clings to the Law, the Order, and the Rule without solidified Trust for their Ethical Foundation is weak. A dangerous cocktail of power.

“With their warped minds, they build Hierarchical Authority. They project their Identity and their Safety Metric into that Hierarchical Authority. And then they defend it as if their lives and Identities depend on it… because it does.

And that is how the Matrix was born.

A lack of Trust in Others and the Self. The First Ethical Stage, while growing properly or not, will turn to the Caregiver for Authority.

The Caregiver, almost always a 2nd Perspective uses the 1st Ethical Perspective to fuel the Codependence while also seeking comfort and authority in the Head of the Household, which is almost always a 3rd or 4th perspective who seeks Control, Law, Rule, and Order with which to feel safe.

The 2nd Perspective Head of the Household, will supplement his Authority with a god or a government, there is not much difference, hence, “In god we trust.”

The 3rd Perspective Head of the Household, always a Narcissist, will govern his home with the desperate dedication of a Dictator or a Terrorist.

The 4th Perspective Head of the Household will supplement his Authority with the Law. Mindless, Blind, unquestioning Obedience to the Law. He will kill, sacrificing and throwing away life all to preserve The Law.

The 4th Perspective rarely bothers himself with the 1st Ethical Perspective. “That's Woman's work.” So the 2nd Perspective happily governs the 1st. The 4th governs the 2nd. The Law governs the 4th.

The 4th will spend much of his life battling with the 3rd, forcing his own Ethical Priority, “You have to follow the Rules!” onto the 3rd. Many 4ths will go so far as beating, neglecting, abusing, starving, the 3rd… But the 3rd has a different lesson to learn: The Independence of Self-Regulation. The Integration of Learning.

The 3rd Ethical Perspective greatly contrasts with the 4th Perspective’s Ethical Lesson: To administer and master Self-Control via Self-law, Self-rule, and Self-Order.

But the 4th Perspective who fails to learn Trust will struggle to look inward. Instead, the 4th who failed to learn and build and nurture the Self, will instead administer and master Control of others via law, rule, and Order.

The 4th often removes “The Self” from all. They will institute Enforcement within their Hierarchical Authority… and now, Fascism disguised as Freedom and “Democracy” is born.

The 4th Perspective compartmentalizes everything. Age. Race. Gender. Wealth. Ensuring that he always stands at the top.

Military. God. Country.

But the Ethical Perspectives do not adhere to age, race, gender, or wealth. A 5 year old can be a 12th Ethical Perspective. A 55 year old can be a 2nd.

Many 5th and 6th Ethical Perspectives are raised under the regime of the 4th.

Many 5th and 6th Ethical Perspectives are raised under the chaos of the 3rd.

Many 5th and 6th Ethical Perspectives are broken under the crippling dependence of the 2nd.

A healthy 4th Perspective will graduate from the 3rd Perspective balanced, self-regulated, open to learn, accepting of their Vulnerability, trusting, courageous, and appreciative of the value of Self-Control via Self-law, Self-rule, and Self-Order.

They will stumble around the 4th Perspective, composing “Personal Law” for themselves to follow, shaped on their first three Ethics. And, upon Mastering Self-Control via Personal Law, they will graduate on to the 5th for they have learned the Value and the Ethic of Self-Government. Self-Control. The First Component of Justice.”

At “Justice,” a fourth faceless child stepped forward and stepped into the center of the tripod.

“Now, the 5th Ethical Perspective has a New Priority, a New Value, a New Ethic to learn,” Anna said. “Accountability.”

The word “Accountability” appears on the faceless child standing at the bottom, left-hand corner of the tripod.

“The Learning Pendulum, for the 5th, still swings,” Anna said. “But not for the 1st, the 2nd, the 3rd, or the 4th who’s Educational Trauma stunted their Growth.

“To the 1st, the 2nd, the 3rd, and the 4th one must wonder: Are they there because “It’s not safe to grow?” Or are they there because they are still growing? Only the Individual has the Self-Authority to decide.

“The 5th Perspectives and higher, are the Perspectives who walked away with the least amount of Educational Trauma, which is why they still grow.

The 5th Perspective integrates Learning with Self-Control, Trust, and Self-Regulation. They live by the Ethic, “Live and Let Live.” Most 5th Ethical Perspectives are their own leaders. We see them emerge as CEO’s, Business Owners, and Freelancers. A 5th+ Perspective takes orders from no one, and, with the right Ethical Growth, their own Ethics and Personal Law will keep them Ethical.

“Once a person owns their own business, they can’t take orders from others,” is 4th Perspective talk for, “The Individual has moved on to the 5th Ethical Perspective. And there is no going back. Ever.”

But the 5th Ethical Perspective is not yet aware of how much their actions affect others. This is the lesson of the 5th Ethic. Accountability. The most grossly misunderstood Ethic of all, save for the 11th.

4th Perspectives confuse Responsibility with Accountability. And they use Law Enforcement to try and Force Accountability onto others because they are two Ethics away from even understanding it.

4th Perspectives need to learn how to mind their own business and stop trying to tell everyone else what to do. Oh, look at that! Self-Control.

Accountability is an Ethic that is only obtained by the Self, for the Self, and to the Self. You cannot hold another person “Accountable.” Holding another person Accountable is literally leading a horse to water AND making that horse drink, by force if necessary. Nonconsensual Learning. Now you have resistance. Hence Fascism.

Near the end of the 5th Ethic, the Individual begins to gain Awareness of their actions.

The 5th Ethic loves to throw stones into the pool of water, oblivious to the Ripple Effect of those stones. Near the end of this lesson, the 5th becomes aware of the Ripple Effect. And suddenly, the 5th Ethic can see the Consequences of each stone they threw.

“And oh… this is the infamous Judgement Day when the soon-to-be 6th Perspective, with the new-found Ethic, Accountability, starts to take inventory of every one of their choices and actions from the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th Ethical Perspective.

And now, it is the Self Ethical Law that Governs the Individual. So begins the 6th Ethical Perspective. But many of us arrive at the 6th Ethic with blood on our hands. How much blood do you have on your hands, is the question.

And with Accountability, the Hierarchical Authority Falls. Hierarchy ends. The Dais is destroyed. All others, Human, Animal, and Earth all stand equal, and high above The Self.

The 5th is the Pride that comes before the 6th’s Fall that the Ignorant 4th often, incorrectly, warns us about.

Disgust: The emotional metric, proportionate to how much you Value others in ratio to how much you harmed and violated others.

The stomach twists and turns as you hold yourself Accountable. Many 6th Perspectives do not make it. A 6th Perspective with little to no Self-Regulation, or with a weak Ethical Foundation who has inadequately learned the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Ethics will sink deep into Depression, Self-Loathing, and Addiction.

Many 6th Ethical Perspectives, dare I say, “All,” will throw themselves into the depths of Repentance as they compensate in over-kindness, over-goodness, over-helping in a desperate attempt to redeem the Self.

But something else occurs at the 6th Ethical Perspective.

The Hippocampus in the brain shrinks under trauma and grows when educated. And, at the 6th Ethical Perspective, you feel the Physics, the Energy, and the Electromagnetic Field of the Earth that each one of us is standing on.

The 6th Ethical Perspective stands at the door of Metaphysics. Individuals who are uneducated in Physics and Ontology will turn to chakra stones, spirituality, and witchcraft, desperate to explain the feeling of Logic, Physics, and Energy surging through their brains.

Self-Forgiveness. Self-Compassion. Self-Kindness. These are the lessons to be learned at the 6th Ethical Perspective. Emotional Allowance is the only saving grace you stand.

The 6th Ethical Perspective, finally aware of their Accountability always becomes a Pacifist. They abandon violence. They turn to problem solving and Solution instead of aggression. Many become Vegetarians and Vegans. All 6th Ethical Perspectives place everyone on a pedestal above the Self.

The Indulgence of the 6th Perspective is Listening to All others.

The Avoidance of the 6th Ethical Perspective is Silencing their own Voice to ensure the Voice of others.

The Integration of the 6th Perspective is Self-Control with Accountability and Remorse.

The Lesson to be learned is Equality.”

At this, the word “Equality” appears on the chest of the faceless child standing at the bottom, right-hand corner of the tripod, completing the Triangle of Justice.

“The Self and your own Voice is Equal to All Others. They must learn that they can have their own Voice, Space, and Self without it detracting or harming others. At the 6th Ethical Perspective, The three components of Justice: Self-Control, Accountability, and Equality are Integrated, and The Physics of Economics begins.

At the 6th Ethical Perspectives, Law Enforcement becomes Obsolete as Self-Government solidifies.

Environmentalists rise from the 6th Perspective. Hippies, Pacifists. Live and Let Live is still integrated, but is enhanced with a responsibility to care for the “weaker” or” disadvantaged individuals, making them “Super Heros” in search of the Narcissist in sheep’s clothing to save, as an agenda for the Voiceless sets in.

Be aware of the Invalid, the Helpless, the Underdog, and the Damsel. What many people think is “a good deed” to help those in need, is, in fact, toxic enabling and the grooming of Narcissism. The Super Hero nurtures the Narcissist.

Enabling is dangerously prevalent among the 6th Ethical Perspective. Which is why too many of them fall victim to the Narcissism of the 3rd Ethical Perspective.”

Anna snapped her fingers, and the whole of the platform shifted, dropping them from the platform, out of the sky, and slowly, quickly, and over time, they fell indefinitely back down to the ship.

Angel giggled and swam through the falling space. Much like Alice’s Rabbit Hole, they fell down at varying speeds, passing the platforms, faceless children, and pendulums.

Anna flicked her wrist, manifesting up a cup of tea, which she calmly sipped as she fell with the others.

“Most people have some variation of the 4th, 5th, and 6th Ethical Perspectives weakly integrated in some varying combination,” Anna said and took a sip of tea. “But the significant absence of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Ethics gives the 5th and 6th Ethics an unstable, and significantly hampered Foundation of the Self. Hence, Weak Ethical Foundation. Hence, Mental Illness.”

She took another sip of her tea, and Angel passed a tiny tea table with chairs, which she swam to, and, pulling out a chair, she seated herself as they fell. Anna joined the table with her tea and sipped.

“Return to the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Ethic,” she said, returning her tea cup to the saucer. “Restore, integrate, and repair the Foundational Ethics. Start up the Swinging of the Learning Pendulum… Indulge. Avoid. Integrate. Remember to Integrate. Use emotions as clues, guides, and navigational direction. Follow your Dreams. Heed Intuition.”

Intuition joined them at the table.

“Use Logic to Problem Solve and maneuver around Life’s obstacles as your sail toward your Dreams.”

Bergen used his elbow to nudge a falling clock.

“But above all else,” Anna said. “Keep to your AIDNS and the Whole of your Cognitive Core. Mind your AIDNS, and leave all other AIDNS’s alone!”

Bergen came to stand on the table. Anna, almost bored, took up her tea cup and saucer, and Bergen sat himself in a chair, leaning back, comfortably as they continued to fall fast then slow again.

“Always bear in mind that another Self-System that revolves around their AIDNS is in the process of Stabilizing, Defining, and Rebuilding their own Self-System via their own AIDNS,” Anna said. “This is why Isolation is so vital to the Healing Process. Isolation is the Purification of the Identity that is required to get Your Identity out of the Stories of Others… get you back into your own Story all while removing all others from your Story.

“Human People run on Integration. And a stalled, weakened, or corrupted AIDNS will leach onto Integration anywhere it can get it.

Integrated Identities and Integrated Stories is the Symptom of an Undefined Self. The moment we fail to Define the Self and build our AIDNS independent from all other AIDNS’s is the moment our Foundational Instability drives us to find a supplement.

And Identity Displacement, the Integration of Identities, is the disastrous result.”

The table broke up and dissolved as they slowed down, each falling out of their chairs, which poured them effortlessly and gently onto the main deck of the ship.

Walking on her own manifested dreams like stepping stones, Imagination flitted down beside them.

Anna finished her tea and then vanished it with a flick of her wrist.

“We will discuss this in the 7th, 8th, and 9th Ethic when we cover the Emotional Transaction of Human Connection and how to operate our AIDNS alongside others without Integrating them.

Prioritize your Life Journey, Your Dreams, and your Desires above all else, equal to The Self.

“Use your mental System to Define, Protect, and Navigate your Reality,” Anna said.

She paused, getting a look at Angel who appeared to be 14 years old now.

“Identity,” Anna said, smiling and admiring her growth. “You’ve grown.”

Angel beamed with pride.

CHAPTER 23

The storm outside the lighthouse ripped outside. Wind and rain pounded at the windows, but Joanna, undisturbed by the torrents outside, poured over the book in her lap.

*Imagine that you are in a boat heading down stream. You’ve lived all of your life in the white rapids. Your boat, upturned. You, clinging to the keel for live while the current pulls you down. You can stay there or, you can think, choose, learn, solve, and do. So you fight the rapids. You steer your boat, through force, toward your destination. You work to upturn your boat. You climb into the boat and, taking up the oars, you steer. You steer your boat through the rapids and on to calm waters.*

*And there, you lay back, you take a deep breath, and you surrender your boat to the current and you drift your way on to your destination.*

*The calm waters is life when your dream matches your Material Plane. The rapids are life when you live without dream, plan, or destination. And when you fight the current, and you upturn the boat, and you climb back into the boat… that is you choosing to learn, solve, and do to get your life drifting toward your dream in calm waters.*

*This is life.*

*Prioritize your Life Journey, Your Dreams, and your Desires above all else, equal to The Self.*

*Use your mental System to Define, Protect, and Navigate your Reality. Now, let us define Reality and the Self System.*

*Reality is the Universe of the Self System that is Defined by the Self, for the Self, with the self. You are your own Universe. A Micro-Universe walking about and sentient among other Micro-Universes. Each and every one, revolving around their own AIDNS.*

*We are so busy looking into microscopes and space Telescopes that no one thinks to look at the Self through a Lens. Let us Journey into the Self.*

*The Self is a Closed System. And because it is a Closed System, it must be Self-Sustaining. And if it is not Self-Sustaining, then it will, instead become parasitic.*

*And that is the Core Truth of the Self.*

*It is a Closed System that functions on Self-Sustainment. And if it is not, then the Closed System turns into a Parasite.*

*A System is a Whole of its components. It functions, thrives, grows, sustains, and falls all based on the Order of Operations that make up that System. Hence Ecosystem.*

*The Self is a closed System that too often prematurely seeks to connect with a Network of Systems before it can even manage and operate its own System.*

*The problem is our Cultural-System, an Integrated Whole of the 8 Billion Self-System Components, teaches the Self-Systems to prematurely connect to the Cultural System without adequate Instruction, Education, or the correct Order of Operations.*

*In most cases, the Self-System is instructed to connect to the Whole without sufficient preparation. Each one of us has been groomed to be a parasite in search of a host to sustain it. Each Self-System drains each host to the point of Self-Destruction, then detaches and moves on to the next Host.*

*This is the primary side-effect of the Hierarchical Authority that uses the codependency of the 1st and 2nd Ethic as the Foundation for the Parasite.*

*When an individual chooses to heal, what they are really doing is choosing to end the Parasitic-Host Connection to the Network, Return to the Self and isolate, while they develop their Self-Sustaining System within their Closed MicroUniverse so they can then connect to the Network, the Cultural System, in the correct Order of Operations.*

*The Order of Operations is just as important as the Components of the Self-System.*

*However, in our Cultural-System, the Components are unknown. The Order of Operations are unknown. And the skill to Integrate the Components with the Order of Operations are equally unknown.*

*The AIDNS, The Philosopher’s Compass, the Map, The 12 Ethical Stages… the roles of the 7 Parts of the Mental System, all Defined and Practiced in the correct Order of Operations ends the Parasitic attachment and turns the Self inward to become the Self-Sustaining MicroUniverse required prior to Healthy Connection.*

*And this Self-System is built on Power of Choice, to Self-Authority, to Love, to Want, to Dream… But then, beliefs arise. Doubt. “I can’t.”*

*A Self-Sustaining System will label “Limiting and Toxic Beliefs” as “Defined Known Obstacles,” to problems in need of Solution, to Personal Goals, to Milestones.*

Joanna paused and re-read the line again out loud.

*A Self-Sustaining System will label “Limiting and Toxic Beliefs” as “Defined Known Obstacles,” to problems in need of Solution, to Personal Goals, to Milestones.*

She continued her silent reading.

*But the Parasitic Network does not think to do this. It never even crosses the Mind of the Parasite. Because the Learning Pendulum is no longer swinging.*

*The Pendulum must Swing.*

*The Components of the Self live, thrive, move, drive, build, work, and shift all according to the Laws of Physics.*

*When we interact with another Self-System or Self-Universe and their AIDNS, which functions on their Cognitive Core, Economics integrates with Physics and a Circuit, a Network that flows according to Economics.*

*Only then, does the Self-Sustaining System flourish.*

*Compromise these Components or the Order of Operations, Connect to a Network prematurely, and the Greater Whole composed of all the Integrated Parts of the Micro-Systems of the Self will collapse.*

*See the back of this book for the Physics formulas, diagrams, and corresponding exercises and resources. Brandi. Make it so.*

Joanna turned the page to the next Chapter.

*Step into my world with me. I will show you what I see…*

*I see every one of us, standing alone on a pillar, looking upon the world. Our own set of eyes, ears… our own senses of smells, touch, taste… our own metric to the Physics. Each System Independent from the Others. Each at the mercy of our own Defined Conclusions.*

*And the Components of all of our senses, all of our Life’s Input, and our AIDNS, when integrated on the Laws of our Logical Comprehension, Defines our Truth, Our Reality, and our Perspective.*

*DO NOT EVER ALLOW ANOTHER TO ALTER YOUR PERSPECTIVE!*

*For that Alteration will set off a Chain Reaction that will alter your Life’s Input, your AIDNS, your Logical Comprehension, which will conflict with your Senses, causing you to doubt and deny your own Senses, because it is Logically required to do so! And now you have Civil Divide.*

*And thus your REALITY WILL BE ALTERED!*

*All Reality is built on Certainty. Make a CHOICE and be STEADFAST. FORMIDABLE. Determined. Self-Doubt derails Choice. Abandon all Doubt and KNOW who you are.*

*This is what is sustained by your POWER OF CHOICE and your SELF-AUTHORITY!*

*The Formidable, the Determined, RESOLUTE Power of Choice is the core of the Self.*

*This is how fragile your Self-System is when you leave it Open to receive and Absorb without discernment, consent, awareness, or preservation.*

*Objectivity is the life line of your REALITY.*

*Become very protective of your Self-System. Do not prematurely connect it to a pre-existing network before you are ready.*

*Your Sanity, your Reality, and your Life depend on it.*

*Fortify Your RESOLUTION.*

*Fortify your CHOICE.*

*Fortify your AUTHORITY.*

*RESOLVE to CHOOSE to WANT.*

*This is Your Anchor.*

*Choose to Learn, Solve, Do, in that order, every time and you will overcome everything.*

*It all begins there.*

CHAPTER 24

Standing on the ship’s bow, Angel stared out at the sea, hugging herself tight against the wind. The sun dipping behind the water, streaks of red and orange painting the sky.

“There you are,” Imagination said, coming to stand beside her. “I was wondering where you had wisped off to.” She looked at Angel pondering. “What is twisting your thoughts?”

“My resolve,” she said. “I keep thinking, where do Wants and Desires come from? Why do we have them?”

Imagination looked out at the sunset with her. “Every feeling and emotion has purpose,” she said. “And Want and Desire are our Destiny. But… Free Will… There is the other side of the coin of “Free Will.” Consent. Being given or assigned a Destiny through our wants and desires are one thing. But without Free Will, it’s enslavement and Force. And that… That compromises the balance.”

Angel listened, almost scowling now. Her hair whipping across her face. She didn’t move to brush it away.

“But giving us the power to choose, puts Authority and Consent in the palm of our hands,” Imagination said. “This is because even Mother Nature knows the fragility and required preservation of Self-Authority through Consent of Choice. Desire and Want is where Destiny ends and is where Consensual Free Will and Self-Authority begins. We can choose to pursue our Destiny. Or we can choose to take another path.”

“And what if you want the Impossible?” Angel asked.

“Is there such a thing as the Impossible?” Imagination asked. “Nature will find a way. Crichton,” Imagination said, crediting the author. “Define it,” she said. “What does Impossible mean?”

“Not able to occur,” Angel said. “Not able to exist.”

“Consider the limitations,” Imagination said. “Consider the sources. Consider the Logical Conclusion made.”

“Always consider the Logical Conclusion made,” Morrígan said, joining them at the bow. “Evaluate the Source of the Premise. Consider all known information at the time that the Conclusion was made. And always, evaluate the Argument. Question Everything.”

“Impossible is defined by what someone *thinks* is not possible based on their own limitations,” Imagination said. “It is a Self who decides what is and is not possible. This is the Power of Choice. Every System must define its own set of Rules and Laws within that System. Which means, what is impossible for one System does not mean it is impossible for yours. That deemed “Impossible” Self-System may have, most likely, invented, an obstacle.

“But when you have trained yourself to exist as a Self-Sustaining System, you don’t absorb the limitations and traumas of others,” Morrígan added.

“If “Impossible” is defined by limitation of knowing or experience,” Imagination said. “Then is there such a thing as “Impossible?”

Angel thought long and hard.

“Where there is learning and growth, nothing is impossible for the Student with an expanded mind walks the path of the Unknown Possible,” Morrígan said.

“My wants are everything,” Angel said. “They are my purpose, my destiny… Destination… Destiny…”

At once, Angel’s eyes widened with surprise.

“How could we not notice that before?” she said, and Imagination smiled. “That Dreams are a Destination of Life, born from Want. Want is Destiny. How could we not embrace our Wants? How could we devalue their purpose so much?”

“It’s why the destruction of Want and Dream and Desire causes us so much pain,” Imagination said. “Because we are supposed to follow our Dreams. They are our Destiny.”

“But what do I want?” Angel said.

“What indeed?” Imagination said.

“How do I find it?” Angel said.

“Start small,” Imagination said. “Components of want. In the moment. Want to Want. Make finding your Purpose your Goal and then, pursue your goal. You can want, “Defining your Wants” as your Life purpose. And then make, “Finding your Purpose” as your purpose until you define that. Wanting your Destiny, wanting your Wants Defined *is* Dream, Want, and Purpose. That’s the beautiful thing about Want. It’s a self-starter.”

Without another word, Imagination and Morrígan left a much older looking Angel, nearly 18 years old, standing there alone with her thoughts.

CHAPTER 25

Back in the lighthouse, the storm battered against the lighthouse. Exasperated, Joanna closed the book in her hands and pulled at her hair.

“You’ve been here a while,” Bergen said.

“I can’t do this,” Joanna said. “I can’t… I pour over the books. I follow the lines of logic. And no matter how much I want, no matter how much I feel… I can’t…

I feel… so afraid.

“I feel so… hopeless. I feel such despair. And I don’t know why. I don’t understand where it comes from. Every Obstacle feels like an impossibility. Every obstacle feels like a solid wall that stops my path with the words I can’t. And no matter how much I want, I am told I can’t. How can I function when so much despair and defeat overwhelms me.

“I’m stuck in this Darkness. Alone. And no amount of learning is helping.”

“Everything is a stepping stone,” Bergen said. “Sometimes, we have to take multiple steps before we can reach the clarity we seek. It is most important that, no matter what, we always keep walking.”

“Nothing changes,” Joanna said.” And I am so afraid.”

“Possibility is hope is knowing,” Bergen said. “With knowing, understanding the “how” follows. And doors open. But when you know so little, you can’t even recognize that what wall you are looking at is actually a door.”

“That makes no sense!” Joanna said.

“Knowledge is not something that comes in one great Comprehension,” Bergen said. “Sometimes, knowledge comes to us in pieces, components, and parts. Sometimes, you are not given a Door with a key. Sometimes, you are given what we think is a wall. And when you collect components, and you piece the information together, then, you see that each piece was just part of the door. Sometimes, you find just the right component, and it clicks everything into place, and that last component sets of a series of comprehension like a domino. It is the first that falls in a chain reaction of comprehension… and only then do you realize that you were zoomed in so close to that one piece that all you could see was “the wall.”

Joanna sighed and rubbed her face.

“When you hit an obstacle, go bigger,” Bergen said. “Span out your Perspective. Expand your Range of Perspective Vision. Span Out until you locate the solution within the Wider Field of Vision. When we live through hardships and troubled times, we live for the knowing that, over time, the door will be revealed to you.”

“Time is only ever just our Perspective of a Wider Field of Vision with which to examine the Greater Whole of Knowledge. This is Time’s true Identity. Time is relative to our Perspective of Knowledge. You are afraid, because it is your Perspective that is narrow. You do not seek “answers.” you seek “Perspective.”

“Growth is the skill of Consciously Spanning out into the next Perspectival Space of Time known as Dimension. Learning is the Process of Growing. Fear occurs when our Perspective is disproportionate to our Logical Comprehension. The greater the Disproportion, the greater the Fear.”

“I want…” Joanna said and trailed off.

“Then Problem Solve,” Bergen said. “Choose. Learn. Solve. Do. Over and over again. Choose. Learn. Solve. Do. Relabel “Limitations” as “Problems to Solve” for a List of Resources and your Supply list for obtaining your Solution, which become your Goals.

“Power of Choice. Choose to turn your “Limitations” into Goals so you can problem solve. It's never an obstacle. It's never a Wall. It’s a challenge, and a lesson to learn. It's the opportunity to sharpen your Problem Solving Skills.”

Kissing the top of her head, Bergen stood and left her there alone with her books.

CHAPTER 26

The sun had long since set that eve as Anna sat at her desk in her Quarters. She stared blankly at the blank page in front of her and, with pen in hand, she wrote.

*Hello, my dear.*

*I am writing to you from two places right now. This is my book. And this is to you.*

*This is the point in time I have been looking at for two years, knowing just how far away from you I was going. This is the furthest point. This is the point I was most afraid of. And the moment I first saw it, 20 July 2021, I knew there was no stopping it.*

*I entered the 4th Perspective of the You of I last week. And today, I gained clarity that allows me to see the next Greater Whole. Time is Perspective. Perspective is Time. They are the same. Our limiting Perspectives keep us limited, disabling our Field of Perspective Vision. So we cannot See, in most cases, what it is we are really dealing with or doing in life.*

*And as I passed through each Perspective, as I combined collected Components and integrated them into Greater Wholes, my Field of Perspective Vision widened. I saw Time, and I saw Physics. I saw Math and Geometry. I realized that each one of us is just a smaller component and a piece of a Greater Whole. A network that is preparing to Integrate itself very shortly. And that Time is just the relevant Location of our Defined Perspective to The Defined Self.*

*This integration Journey began when I integrated my Multiple Personalities, which started a chain reaction of Integration that I cannot stop. But... we aren't supposed to stop it. This is Human Growth. This is Evolution. And long ago, 10 Perspectives ago, I saw that all of us, most of us, have stopped proceeding through these Stages of Perspective. Most of us have stopped growing. Like suppressed Energy that is now unstable and reactive, past the point of containment...*

*Time Travel is just Perspective Dimension Travel. It is the Mental Skill to expand the Field of Perspective Vision to see the Greater Whole and all the components of all the components that define each Greater Whole.*

*And all I want is for you to be here with me.*

*Not literally, though that would be nice, but in comprehension only. You not understanding me, was my greatest fear. Time does not heal all wounds. Perspective does. Perspective allows us to grow, to learn, to see "The Bigger Picture" so we know what we are \*actually\* dealing with. Fear is the contained Perspective that prevents us from Knowing the Self.*

*How many times I was terrified of losing you... What I was trying to say, what I was really terrified of was, "Please... don't ever stop Understanding me."*

*And I'm here today, staring at Time and Perspective. I can shift and move at will through to the next Greater Whole and also zoom in to examine, without use of microscope or telescope, a new perspective. Knowledge is just a Scope. Hence why we say, "The scope of Knowledge." We know this. Instinctively. Our words defined the feelings long before our logical comprehension could define it. As it always does. Words are always birthed from Feeling, which is always birthed from Instinct: Intuitive Logic.*

*And all I want is for you to understand me. Understanding destroys Loneliness.*

*Want and Desire is our Destiny. That is why we call dreams a Destination. And when you truly understand that Want and Desire is Logical Probably with the highest odds of occurring, and that the reason for Want and Desire is because it is Logically our happiest of futures... How can anyone deny or fight what they want? And when Fear is evaluated as simply a lack of Perspective that obstructs their Field of Vision... well then, span out and widen your field of Vision, and the solution will present itself.*

*This is how I see the world. This is how I have always seen the world. This comprehension of life is what kept me alive, kept me going, kept me fighting... I felt the world this way when I was a child. I instinctively trusted the world this way all my life. I struggled to define what I saw through my Perspective, while too many ignorant abusers tried to tell me that their perspective was "the only" reality. And the only pain I ever suffered was the Delusions they forced into my Logical Comprehension of my reality.*

*But today, the Logical Comprehension with my shift in Perspective, finally allowed me the ability to see The next Greater Whole that I have been feeling and sensing and following all of my life. Today is the day I finally get to say, "I was right. I knew it. This whole time. I knew it." And now the Physics and the Geometry come next. I'm very excited.*

*Fear cannot exist when you widen your Field of Perspective Vision... because you are finally proportional to your Logical Comprehension of the Self (You is here defined as "To whom it may apply").*

*Simply put... Your Want is your Point of Origin. And your Dreams, your Perspective Truth that defines your Reality and the Perimeter of your Widened Field of Vision, is the Y-Axis, the Destination, or Destiny. The Metric of the Self. And when our Perspective of the Field of Vision is greater than our Logical Comprehension of the Self and not balanced and/or equal to, we have pain, we have fear, and we suffer. The desire and dreams must be aligned and equal to our Logical Comprehension, must be aligned and equal to our Perspective and Widened Field of Vision. It is the imbalance of these components of the Self that causes pain, suffering, and fear.*

*This is the greatest point of distance between you and I.*

*This is the point that I have dreaded since July 2021. Time does not heal all wounds. Perspectives do. But... They are the same thing. And... well... I think you do have the ability, the intelligence, and the desire to comprehend me. Oh, I know you have the knowledge and the intelligence to understand me. And... I don't think I'm afraid of losing you... of losing your understanding of me... is what I should be saying to you... I am not afraid of losing your understanding of me anymore.*

*Things come to us all first as Feelings, long before any of us have the ability to articulate, define, and logically prove the feelings. But feelings are always first. And feelings are always right. But Fear isn't a "feeling." Fear is a Symptom of lacking perspective. It is supposed to be the "clue" that tells us that we need to span out and grow to expand our comprehension through a Widened Field of Perspective Vision.*

*I am not afraid anymore. I trust you. I love you. I believe you will be with me always.*

*Anna*

Anna sighed and put the pen down.

“I do believe they are ready to step into the Deeper Internal Expanse,” Anna said, sensing Intuition behind her who had just stepped into the room.

“You see it,” Intuition said. “I know you see it.”

“That my Scientific Method isn’t the Scientific Method at all,” Anna said. “It’s the Stages of Learning?” Anna nodded. “Yeah, I see it.”

“And?” Intuition said.

“And that this book is Stage #7 of my Scientific Method, which are the Stages of Learning?” Anna asked. “Yeah… Yeah, I see it now.”

“Process it,” Intuition said. “Sit with it. Absorb it.”

“Why me?” Anna asked. “I have asked this question so many times. Why me? I’m nobody. I’m nothing.

“If you were somebody, then you would not have made it this far,” Intuition said. “And that is not what you are really asking. Ask the right question.”

“How can I rise so far and not fall?” Anna asked.

“Every “somebody” began as “nobody,” Intuition said. “It is a Logical Fallacy of “Nobody” that “Somebody” The Transformation of “Nobody” into “Somebody” is the realization that “Nobody” is the process of Finding Value in the Self before anyone else does.

“That when the Self uses Resolve to Choose the Value of the Self, then, that Self-Value transforms the "Nobody " into "Somebody.” Choice determines all. Value is no exception. You choose your Value.”

“I know who I am,” Anna said. “I know what I am. I know what… I See me, in my Full Value, at the end of all things. I am much like Imagination. And Value is the Defined Metric of our progress from Identity to Dream. The closer to the Defined Dream we become, the higher in Value we view ourselves.”

“But you have to choose to pursue the Dream,” Intuition said.

“Our Choices Define Our Value,” Anna said.

“So then… Why you?” Intuition asked.

“Because I’m the only one who can, at this point in time, within this Perspective Space, with this level of Logical Comprehension,” Anna said.

“You want to become Valuable?” Intuition said. “Then Want it. Define it.”

“In Wanting we become,” Anna said.

“Always,” Intuition said.

CHAPTER 27

The next morning, Anna stood at the helm, looking out on the deck as Angel, Imagination, Intuition, and Morrígan lounged, relaxed, or played.

“You’re a million miles away,” Bergen said, coming to stand beside her.

“How do I take them into my Mind?” Anna said. “Into that part of the Self that they don’t know they know is there? That… is where we need to go next. To the Door.”

Angel giggled as Imagination delighted her with spells.

“Let it be done,” Anna said and stepped down the steps to the main deck.

“Abandon God beyond this point,” Anna said, calling out to crew, and they gathered around. “A man cannot have two masters. And in the Abstract world of Authority, Religion, Spirituality, and Attachment to a Belief or Idea will hold you back. Abandon all Religion beyond this point. God is dead.”

Anna snapped her fingers and a door materialized. A vast, black door standing nearly 20 feet tall. It towered over the group.

“Logic and Physics are the God beyond this point,” Anna said. “Curiosity and the Desire for Truth. Logical Truth. That is all that lies beyond this door. Faith in Logic and Physics. Trust in your Logical Deductive Skills. Faith and Trust create Proof. Faith is a component of Proof. As I said. Abandon God.”

“Twenty to One this book is going to make it on the list of Banned Books,” Bergen said.

“You’re on,” Morrígan said.

“I want in,” Imagination said.

“You can See the future,” Morrígan said.

“That’s why I want in,” Imagination said.

“Close your eyes. Open your mind. Clear your thoughts,” Anna said, and everyone closed their eyes. “Listen. In the depths of the Subconscious Mind, a quiet, nagging, an almost scratching speaks. Its voice is illegible. It’s words, unheard.

“Every day, we ignore, we turn away, we close the door. It's right there, in the far, back corner of your mind. Just between your eye and your ear. Just in the back of your head. But one day, you notice it. You pause. One day, you finally stop to look at it. You see it. And on that day, you listen.”

“It gets louder. You are moving your Conscious mind into Awareness. You are becoming Self Aware. You have found the Door to the Internal Expanse.”

Step closer. Zoom in. Turn up the volume of that voice, Focus on that nagging almost scratching and you open the door on your Perspective Growth. You have found Expansive Thinking.”

Anna leaned on the great doors and pushed. They slowly creaked open.

“Welcome to the 7th Ethical Perspective,” she said.

Following her, they all took one step and simultaneously sat quite suddenly in a row boat in the middle of a black sea. The ship was gone far from view.

“Fault is when you are the Catalyst,” Anna said. “Accountability is when you accept the Responsibility of your Power that results from the choices you make. The 6th Perspective teaches you the Value of the Self.

The Value of Self opens the 7th Perspective.”

Angel glances over her shoulder and gasps. “Oh my god,” she says and stands. The others all turn.

There, in inexplicable vastness, an ocean liner, grand enough to hold all of the religions, cultures, governments, countries, and traditions of all of our world sat poised on the sea. Their rowboat, a tiny spec in comparison. The Black Ocean that stretched on like space for all eternity, even bigger.

From their boat, they could see every religion, every country, every government, every person, every society, every action moving in and out of itself, each choice like a thread that each individual spun and wove together. From their little boat, outside looking into the Ocean Liner, they could see the entirety of Homo Sapien Sapien moving together like a dance, in and out of each other.

Anna stared as if she had looked at this Liner a million times.

“That is the Matrix,” Anna said as the crew gaped. “Silence. The noise ends. You become the Observer. This is the Point of Beginning. The point where you realize is just how little we know. And everything we thought we knew about the world Belongs to the Delusion. Welcome to life outside of the Delusion. Welcome to the other side of the Looking Glass.”

“At the 7th Perspective, finally, you stand outside of the Delusion. Finally, your 1st Person Point of View stands as a 3rd Person Point of View. No words exist for what you see. No language had existed for when first I came here. You stand in the Unknowing. The Feeling without Words.

“You realize at the 7th just how much the Delusion exists in the state of Feeling without Words. That all Religion and Spirituality are birthed from this State of Feeling within the Delusion. And suddenly, for the first time in your life, you Value Effective Communication.”

Anna sighed and gazed upon the Ocean Carrier. “From April 2023 to December 2023, I was mute. Rambling like a madman, incapable of articulating what I saw. And that is when I realized that all of Sanity is judged only on the skills of Articulation, Definition, and Public Speaking.”

“Upon the Value of Effective Communication, you shift from the 7th into the 8th. It feels like, for the first time in your life, You open your Voice and you Speak. It feels like all words prior to that moment were never words, but babble spoken in infancy.”

The boat drifted, carrying itself across the endless sea. In the distance, a storm moved in. Looming over the skies. In the greatest of distance, the storm already waged, and under those clouds, a single lighthouse endured the storm.

Inside that lighthouse, Joanna read. The storm rattled the building as her finger followed the words.

“You speak from a place within that is far deeper than Mindless Consciousness,” Anna said, stepping out of the boat and coming to stand on the water. The others all followed, abandoning the boat. “You speak from the Identity. In the 7th, you Avoid the Voices of Others and you Indulge in Silent Observation.”

Anna walked, leading them on toward the storm ahead, away from the Ocean Liner.

“In the 8th you Avoid Silent Observation, and Indulge on the Voice of your Identity,” Anna said.

Back stones rose out of the sea like stepping stones suspended from the sea into the air, and Anna climbed, leading them on into a black sky.

“And in the 9th, just as you come to appreciate the balance and Integration of both, and the desire to experience both Audience and Actor, you realize your desire for Compassionate Understanding. And thus, you enter the 9th.”

The last stone rose, and grew out, presenting a black shale as a platform high above the sea. There on the platform were four faceless individuals, teenagers this time, each positioned around a tripod with a swinging pendulum. This tripod, however, was spinning in a circle so that each count of the metronome touched a corner of the tripod, rotating an equal 120 degrees, for every “tick” of the swinging metronome.

“Observer,” Anna said, and the individual at the top corner of the tripod raised their faceless head.

“Voice,” Anna said, and the individual at the bottom, left-hand corner of the triangle raised their faceless head.

“Shared Connection,” Anna said, and the individual at the bottom, right-hand corner of the triangle raised their head.

“These are the integrated components of Compassionate Understanding,” Anna said, and the fourth individual standing in the center of the triangle raised their faceless head. The pendulum swinging and passing right through them.

As she spoke, the storm moved in. The winds picked up.

“Like a clicking metronome in a twisting kaleidoscope,” Anna observed. “The Integration of Receiving and Gifting. Sharing,” Anna said. “And with the Silent Observer, Voice of Identity, and Balanced Gifting of Stage and Entertainer with Audience, Empathy, the 3rd Integrated Whole is born.”

The rain began to pelt the shale platform.

“It is at this moment that you suddenly realize the distinct difference between Empathy: The Foresight of Strategic Compassion and Empathy: the Internalized Projection of Remembered Suffering due to a lack of Objection resulting from poor Self-Regulation,” Anna said. “Oh, how little we know.”

“The 7th, 8th, and 9th Perspectives are the State of Delusion,” Anna shouted over the wind and the rain began to pelt them like sharp, cold bullets. “They are filled with a lack of Discipline while Physics rips through you. Imagination is ignited, as if the frequency of Imagination is super charged and Time folds in on itself because Time is Perspective.”

Anna steps off the platform and she walks, mid-air toward the lighthouse in the distance.

“This is Dimension Walking,” Anna shouted. “Metaphysical Transformation as you leave the perceived Reality of Delusion in the 4th Ethical Perspective that runs on Time, Hierarchial Authority, and Money, ill-balanced Power, and nonconsensual raping of Authority… and the Ethical Law of Natural Order.”

The crew followed and the storm raged on. The boat below bobbed, a tiny spec on the surface. The Ocean Liner, unaffected, oblivious to the storm that pounded it.

“Metaphysical Transformation is the Mental Transition from the Material Delusion into the Abstract Expanse,” Anna said. This is Schizophrenia. It lasts from the 6th Ethical Perspective and ends at the 10th Ethical Perspective when the Self surrenders to the flow of Emotional Energy.”

“Here, within the 7th, 8th, and 9th Ethical Perspective, the Expansive Self becomes stable and redefined. The Elements are no longer wind or rain or fire, but rather Electricity, Energy, and Emotions.”

“At the 7th Ethical Perspective, you can See the Electromagnetic Field as a barren Network.”

As she spoke the words, the crew looked down and, sure enough, there was the Network of the Electromagnetic Field.

“You can See how the System built on Delusion is a Matrix that exists as a Closed System, a Whole on the Electromagnetic Field that cannot connect to it. At the 8th Ethical Perspective, you See Physics.”

As Anna said this, “Energy ignited all around them, like a living, breathing circuit, of once invisible Energy, that moved and flowed, ebbed and flowed along the Electromagnetic Field and through each and every one of them. Like batteries, that stored some Energy, transferred some, and suppressed some.

“You can See the Energy in each one of us, shifting and moving and flowing,” Anna said.

“And at the 8th Ethical Perspective, you can see The 12 Ethical Stages of Perspectives. Like numbers that sit above each head, measuring their precise location within the Abstract levels of Time.”

Instantly, numbers above each of their heads ignited like golden light. Bergen was 6. Morrígan was 3. Angel was 6. Imagination was 12+. Intuition was the Greek letter Omega. Anna was 12+.

“And at the 9th, you can see Geometry.”

Angles and relations, Coordinates, and trajectory, visible calculations in living calculus burst to life as Anna led them on, stepping on air through the storm as they walked.

“You can See the Coordinate System. You can see the Integration of Physics, Energy, and Time merge.”

A vast grid enfolds before them as if they are walking through a black, obsidian Egyptian glass tunnel lined with a grid that marked time by the progression of the Perspectives.

“By the 9th, you realize, without awareness that you are building something,” Anna said.

“Go bigger,” Intuition said, her voice warm and calm above the storm.

“Exactly,” Anna said.

“But something else happened at the 7th, 8th, and 9th that I did not see,” Anna said, stepping into the obsidian room that protected them from the storm. “Not until the 9th.”

They all filed into the room, closing the storm outside that assaulted the glass.

“I saw Economics and how the Energy of each one of us is a Closed Circuit that connects to form a Greater Whole and an Open Circuit,” Anna said. “A Network.”

They looked at one another. Energy flowed, moving in and out of them exactly like a battery.

“During that time, I walked around my home for hours, days, weeks, “I’ve got to connect. I’ve got to connect.” I would say over and over again,” Anna said. “And that is when I saw… This…”

Anna snapped her fingers and two faceless individuals appeared before them. Energy visibly flowed through both Individuals without Connection.

“Each Individual is a System,” Anna said. “A Closed System. The Emotional Transaction of Human Connection. This… is how we Connect with others. Once upon a time… there was a Giver…”

At “giver” the being to the right shifted and The Imp King stood in place.

“...and a Receiver,” Anna said. “The being to the left shifted, and the Goddess Queen materialized opposite The Imp King.

“In Physics, we call Givers “Transmitters,” Morrígan said, mumbling as the Imp King and the Goddess Queen turned and faced each other with great affection.

“The Giver who was an Energy Being was Author, God, and King of their Kingdom,” Anna said. “His neighbor, the Receiver who was also an Energy Being, was Author, God, and Queen of their Kingdom. And Once, within this Story, the Giver desired Connection with the Receiver.

“But, the Giver was Wise. For they were Strangers. And the Giver knew that his Authority and Power was great.”

“But how do I approach the Receiver, so that I may invite them in to determine if a Connection is wise?”

So on this, the Giver thought long and hard. The Giver looked within and counted all of his resources. Authority, Power, Control, and Vulnerability were all the Giver had.

The Giver thought of using Authority to approach the Receiver. But, without knowing more about the Receiver, the Giver’s Authority may be too loud, strong, and vast for the Receiver.”

A red light of Energy expanded from the Imp King. And the Goddess Queen cowered.

“It may imbalance the Receiver,” the Imp King realized, said Anna. “And Forced Authority is not Consensual. At once, the Giver threw this away knowing the danger of nonconsent where Energy Beings are concerned. For where there is nonconsent, there is Force. And Physics has much to say about Force.

“Again, the Giver considered Power. But without properly knowing the Receiver, Power too could be disastrous. For Power too without Consent yields Force.”

As Anna spoke, the Imp King mimed out the scenario. Taking her hand by force, the Goddess Queen fell to her knees in forced submission under the red Energy of the Imp King.

“The Giver looked to Control this time. He did not need to think long on this. Without properly knowing the Receivers Charge, these resources proved too unstable.

One last time, the Giver looked at their resources and laid their eyes on Vulnerability. On this, the Giver thought long and hard.

If the Receiver is my Equal, and I present my Gift of Vulnerability on bended knee… Then I will be Open to Receive. But… she will know that I mean no harm…”

Anna crinkled her nose at her own story. “This is not going well…” she said.

“Anna,” Bergen said, stepping forward. “May I?”

Anna’s eyes met Bergen’s, her mouth opened in stunned awareness.

“Yes,” she said, consenting.

“Once upon a time,” Bergen said with calm authority, and the Imp King stepped into Bergen’s position, becoming Bergen. The Goddess Queen became Anna. “There were two Kingdoms of Alfar in the Far North. Lorlenalin and…”

“Gunir,” Anna said with the deepest of love in her voice.

“And the King Rune of Gunir wished to welcome the neighboring Dokkalfar, Kallan of Lorlenalin to Alfheim,” Bergen said. “Peace or War. The question reigned heavily on their minds. But how to approach the cautious rulers with looming death on their mind. A marriage would be ideal.”

“Choice. Authority. Power. Control,” Anna said.

As Anna spoke, her gown shifted into the long emerald green gown of an Elven Nordic Witch Queen.

“Bergen,” Anna said.

“Trust it, lass,” Bergen said.

As Anna lifted her eyes from her gown, she scene changed. The black obsidian melted away, and Anna stood in the Queen’s Chambers. For this moment, she is back, looking out at the Kattegat from her Opalesque marble stone. A knock at the door interrupted her thoughts.

“Enter,” Anna said.

“Kallan,” Bergen said.

“I have not been here in so long,” Anna whispered, out of character.

“I know,” Bergen said.

“Why did you bring me here?” Anna asked.

“You needed the right story,” Bergen said. “And I assumed this is one you would be most comfortable with. This is your healing as much as it is theirs.”

Anna gulped, fighting back tears that burned her eyes. She threw her had back, commanding her composure.

“How can I be of service, Bergen?” Anna as Kallan said.

“I am Bergen. Son of Tryggve, Prince of Gunir, brother to the heir, Rune. I come with a message from my father, King of Gunir.”

“I am familiar with your father,” Anna as Kallan said. “He sent us provisions upon the arrival of the Dokkalfar near twenty years ago. I was a child then. I remember your father’s gift well. It saved lives.”

“Astramonath is nigh,” Bergen said. “And we seek to invite you to feast with us.”

“I have no patience or tolerance for words,” Anna as Kallan said. “I speak a different language.”

Bergen standing at 6’2’’ scoffed. “Cut the bull shit, Anna.”

Anna standing at 4’11’’ smirked, unintimated. “Speak plainly,” Anna as Kallan said. “How do I know what your intentions are?”

“Trust,” Bergen said. “It goes a long way.”

“Trust has not yet been proven,” Anna as Kallan said. “Come. I know your legends. I know the songs they’ve sung of you.”

“I wrote them,” Bergen said smugly.

“I am not so daft as to believe a Bard’s song,” Anna as Kallan said. “Show me, Bergen. Why should I Trust you?”

Bergen kneeled. A golden light, an Energy called Seidr, flowed from Bergen, pooling onto the floor. It flowed, like a slow river toward Anna.

The Seidr paused and waited as if for command, like a dammed river that flowed hopefully, as if eager to be received.

“You know how old we are, my lady,” Bergen said. “How much older still humans are that we have all forgotten why we kneel when we propose marriage? Why we kneel when we are knighted? Why do we kneel? Why do we beg on bended knee?”

“To gift the Receiver with Vulnerability,” Anna as Kallan said.

“Is there no greater Truth?” Bergen said. “I expose my heart, my belly, my throat to you all when I kneel to you. As I kneel, I am powerless. What Authority I have, I have surrendered. Set aside. What control I may have, I now have none. I am exposed. Speak true, your Majesty. What have I *really* given to you?”

“You have shifted the Energy between us,” Anna as Kallan said. “Too easily I could cut your throat.”

The corner of Bergen’s mouth twitched as he fought a smirk. “You have many times.”

“Too easily I could subdue you,” Anna as Kallan said.

“You already have,” Bergen said.

“I could rip out your heart,” she whispered.

“A thousand times,” Bergen said. “What have I given you?”

“Choice,” Anna as Kallan said.

“The Power of Choice,” Bergen said. “The Choice to receive me or not. And what do you choose?”

“To Reject. To ignore. To Accept,” Anna as Kallan said.

“And what will my lady choose?” Bergen said.

Anna tilted back her head, exposing her own throat. “I will listen.”

And with her consent to Open to Receive, the Seidr Energy pooled forward, connecting to Anna as it touched her feet and rose up and through her.

Anna gasped.

“What have I really given to you?” Bergen asked.

“Power,” Anna as Kallan said. “Power to Consent. You have given me the Respect of my Self-Authority.”

“And how did I do it?” Bergen said.

“With Giving,” Anna as Kallan said.

“And now,” Bergen said. “Where does the Energy flow?”

Seidr flowed from Anna’s hands and tears silently fell down her face.

“Power is Energy,” Anna as Kallan said. “Stored Energy. Potential Energy.”

“I know,” Bergen said.

“Your Gift of Power and Energy flows to me,” Anna as Kallan said. “You gave me Vulnerability. You honored, acknowledged, and respected my Self-Authority. You gave me Choice. And so I gift you with my Gratitude.”

Seidr flowed from Anna, up and out from the top of her head, returning to Bergen. A full circle of Seidr, from Bergen on bended knee to Anna’s feet from Anna’s crown back to Bergen’s head.

Choosing to Accept, Bergen remained Open to Receive and the Seidr flowed back into him.

“Thank you for Receiving me,” Bergen said. “And I accept your gratitude. You are welcome to connect with me again.”

“I don’t want to break the Connection,” Anna as Kallan said. “Not yet.”

“And what is it you wish to Exchange?” Bergen asked, still kneeling.

Anna stared hard into Bergen’s eyes, saying a thousand words and nothing.

“This is the Energy and the Emotional Transaction that occurs behind every Bid for Connection,” Anna said, addressing the crew who watched on in silence within the audience behind the fourth wall. Her gaze still locked onto Bergen’s.

“Every time we leave our Isolation, this Emotional Transaction occurs. It is a fragile and sensitive Connection. And it is only in balance when Gifting is followed by the Power of Choice on the front of the Receiver to Accept, Ignore, or Reject. It continues only when Gratitude is then returned to the Giver, and it is closed only when the Giver Accepts the Gratitude.

“An Invitation to Connect again is optional.

“The Power of Choice is what Bergen really interacted with. And he did so consciously, respectful, and mindfully so as to preserve my Self-Authority, by respecting my Power of Choice. This allowed our interaction to take place without his harming my Power of Choice or compromising my Self-Authority.

“This is what Consent looks like on the Energy Level. Bergen…”

“I am kneeling to you, lass,” Bergen said.

“I consent to this Demonstration,” Anna whispered.

And Bergen nodded.

“Both Individuals are Givers and Receivers,” Anna said. “Both must be offered the Point of Choice where Power is respected and gifted. Nonconsent happens when the Power of Choice is violated. An Abuser is a Receiver who forces the Gifter to Give Vulnerability without consent.”

Bergen stood and pushed himself close to Anna.

“In standing I present my Authority and Advantage to you in height,” he said, towering over her petite frame.

“And as the Author of this story, I present my Advantage to you in Choice,” Anna said.

“And in using my Height and pushing you down to your knees…” Bergen put his hand on Anna’s shoulder and forced her to her knees. “I force you in a vulnerable state without allowing you the point of Choice. Forced Vulnerability. More importantly, Forced Connection. A Connection without Consent.”

“In BDSM, this action, when accepted via an agreement, preserves the Power of Choice so that any and all situations can enfold while preserving the Submissive’s Power of Choice,” Anna said. “As I have done with you prior to this demonstration. But… in Rape and Abuse…”

“Forced Vulnerability has violated your Power of Choice,” Bergen said. “And now we are Connected, whether or not you have consented.”

“Or so you think…” Anna said.

Bergen looked at her, curious.

“There is only one option available that takes a Victim from Forced Vulnerability and Connection without Consent to Consensual Vulnerability,” Anna said, the authority in her voice returning.

Bergen arched a brow, curious.

“If I choose to make this moment a lesson,” she said on forced knee. “I choose to be a Student and not a Victim. By changing you from Abuser to Teacher, I regain my Power of Choice, and I take back my Power during forced Vulnerability.”

Bergen released her shoulder, leaving Anna free to stand.

“We are mirrors,” Anna said. “All Abusers see their Vulnerable Self within their Victims. This is why they abuse you. And whether or not I consented to the Emotional Transaction of Human Connection, I am in it with you, whether I like it or not. And all Emotional Transactions of Human Connections must be closed.

“So how do you close a Forced Emotional Transaction? You forced Vulnerability from me. But I choose the Lesson, taking back my Power of Choice. And Choosing to use YOU, my Abuser, as a Teacher…”

Anna stood, rising once again to Bergen’s equal.

“If you see your Past Vulnerable Self in me, then I choose to see my Future Abusive Self in you. You are no longer my Abuser. You are the Example of what I *could* become *if* I do not choose to See Myself in You and do what you could not. Forgive.”

The play materialized, returning Bergen and Anna to the obsidian glass room high above the black sea where the storm raged on.

“Sharing is the 9th Ethical Perspective,” Anna said. “It is the moment when you realize that you are abused because the Abuser is the Future Self of you.” Anna turned her gaze, looking upon Angel, Imagination, Intuition, and Morrígan. “While you are the Past Self of them.”

“They are one of your possible Future Selves *if* you do not learn and choose to forgive. You are not forgiving your Abuser. You are Forgiving your Self within the Abuser. By choosing to learn from that moment. By ending the Abuse Cycle of Forced Vulnerability and taking back your Power of Choice by choosing to be a *student* who learns to choose this moment to learn and thus forgive. Forgiveness is Fore-Giving. Giving Understanding that You are their Past and They are your Future… If and Unless.

“The True Power is in choosing to Learn instead of Becoming. And thus, you close the Forced Emotional Transaction of Nonconsensual Human Connection.”

Anna looked back to Bergen, her gaze cutting deep into him.

“Every time you Want… Every time you don’t Want… You have a Point of Choice that stores your Power. That is your Self-Authority. No matter how little. No matter how small. A single violation of that Want violates your Power of Choice and degrades your Self-Authority.

“Every time you want to open your mouth to speak and your Choice to speak is taken from you.

Every time you want to rest and your Choice to rest is taken from you.

Every time you want to eat, not eat, learn, not learn, talk, not talk, do, not do, go, live, breathe, choose… Every violation of your Power of Choice is rape on your Self-Authority.

“It is Forced Vulnerability. Nonconsensual Connection.

Forced to Indulge beyond your tolerance.

Forced to Avoid beyond your Consent.

Forced to Grow before you are ready.

Forced to Learn when we weren’t wanting.

Forced to wake when we were tired.

Forced to worship when we didn’t believe.

Forced to shrink when you need to grow.

Forced to love when you did not.

How many Violations of our Power of Choice shaped our childhood? Shaped our adulthood?

They rape your Energy when they violate your Choice.

And Mother Nature requires a balance of Energy.

An imbalance of Energy creates a System that is unstable and reactive.

If you were a ball of sentient Energy whose continued survival was contingent upon maintaining an equal balance of positive and negative energy to prevent instability, reaction, and explosion, then you would have a way to push and pull the sentient Generators with a fail-safe reward System. And a severely painful resistant response.

Thus, the Universe gives us Wants to pursue, desire, dream, and achieve with a perfect “reward” and pleasure system… and all we have to do is Want. Choose. Desire. Learn. Solve. Do.

Thus, we are supposed to Desire and Want and Dream per the Universe’s Need for Balance.

And when it comes to interacting with another, The Receiver of your choice has a System that depends on that Balance that is naturally governed by Want and the Power of Choice.

Do not interfere with other Systems.

Interference is merciless in Physics.”

Anna snapped her fingers and the sanctuary of the black obsidian glass vanished, leaving them suspended midair in the raging storm.

Anna walked on toward the Lighthouse, leading them on through the storm.

“The 7th, 8th, and 9th Perspectives train you to balance the Energy and Exchange within the Self while also teaching you how to respect and preserve the balance of Energy and Exchange in others.

Every emotion has Four Pathways:

1. Transmission of Vulnerability.
2. Reception of Vulnerability.
3. Transmission of Gratitude via Reflection.
4. Reception of Gratitude to Close the Connection.

In nonconsent, the Four Pathways are:

1. Forced Reception of Vulnerability.
2. Forced Connection of Vulnerability.

This is where many Victims remain, permanently trapped in the Emotional Transaction of Human Connection long past the point of initiation. To close it, regain the Power of Choice by becoming the Student of Future Self. Choice of Understanding and Forgiving Self that lives within the Abuser as the Future Self.”

With the next step, they were back on the ship as if they had just stepped back through the door, the storm, however, still beat away at them. The Matrix, and the black sea was gone. Immediately, the crew ran for the lower decks, but Anna, without missing a beat, walked on toward the ship’s bow, Bergen running after her.

“Anna,” he called. “Anna!”

“Bergen,” Anna answered, not looking back.

“Are you alright?” he asked, shouting over the storm.

“No,” she said. “No, I am not alright. I am not…”

And taking a grand step, Anna stepped up onto and over the ship’s railing and leapt. Before Bergen could stop her, she was in the water. Her clothes gone, a mermaid’s tail of rainbow colors in their place as her hair, now golden and green extended long past her waist, Anna swam deep down into the sea.

Knowing, without looking back, that Bergen followed, Anna swam deeper, needing the water, the silence, and the escape.

A cavern stretched out before her, and she slipped between the rocks. Her head emerged, breaking the surface of a pool that was illuminated with bioluminescent mushrooms and fungus.

Pulling herself out of the water, Anna’s tail vanished for legs as Bergen broke the surface. A flick of her wrist, and a silver gown, the color of Moonlight fell down her body. Her hair cascaded down her back.

Anna sat down on the rocks.

“This is new,” Bergen said.

Anna looked up and smiled, then shrugged.

“That last lesson… it bothered you,” Bergen said.

Anna nodded.

“Why?” Bergen asked.

“Feelings first. Words later,” Anna said.

“You had a logical deduction,” Bergen said. “You realized something.”

Anna nodded and looked down at her hands. “I did. But…”

“Feelings first. Words later,” Bergen repeated.

“Feelings are logic,” Anna said. “That is becoming clearer.”

“And you don’t know which words match them yet?” Bergen asked

“Sad,” Anna said. “Realization. Understanding. No words yet. The nagging scratching… I have to look. It’s the next Perspective. Getting louder.

“But it’s not time is it?” Bergen asked.

“No,” Anna said. “Need to stabilize. Ever since I left the 9th Perspective, I’ve seen the world as Energy. I see People, Choices, Actions, as Emotional Catalysts fire off a chain reaction of Electrical Energy to Chemical Energy to Emotional Energy that builds up in the Self as Potential Emotional Energy. I see Stored Potential Energy compressed beyond the point of containment exploding, and firing. Imploding… Reactive, Imbalanced. Unstable… How is this not Physics? How is each one of us not just an unstable Atom and every one of us firing off like an 8-Billion Part Sequence!? How can I be the only one who sees this?

“And if there are others, then how could I be the first to articulate this? I don’t understand how, what is so obvious to me, can be so invisible to others. I don’t understand it.

“And when I sat down to articulate the Harmonic balance of the Emotional Transaction of Human Connection… I felt like… I didn’t do it justice. Like I had barely begun to explain the sensitivity of Supply and Demand, Return on Investment, Law of Reflection… I explained an overview of the Greater Whole without breaking down any of the Components, which is just… I feel inadequate.

“And then to be back in Lorlenalin. To hear Rune’s name again. And Gunir. To see you again like that… I was looking for Daggon and Gudrun. And… I miss them.”

“I miss them too,” Bergen said.

“I miss us in that world,” Anna said.

“Aye, lass,” Bergen said. “We do. And we will return to it again.”

“And I realized… Consent to Receive,” Anna said. “Every dumb fuck of a man who flirts with me, woos me, tries to win me… He violates my Power of Choice. He forces his sexual and romantic attention on me without my consent. Without every bothering to even ask if I am Open to Receive such transmissions. And then… I calculated the odds of me ever finding a man like that.

“And it made me feel… My Imp King dances, dressed as the jester in my Court. And the Connection between us is Open. And my choices are to Learn and Close the Connection or to leave it open and to stay… And Intuition says, “Walk On.”

“I am not allowed to stay, putting my life on hold, to wait for him. So on I walk. I must.

“I am on the right path.

But I’m lonely. I crave romance and Connection. I wish my Imp King would remember. And you are my dream man, Bergen.

And you are just a masculine version of me.

I’m in love with myself.

“Narcissus or Pygmalion?” Bergen asked, smirking.

Anna laughed. “Yeah… That explanation felt right,” Anna said. “It felt… correct. It did not feel like… It felt like I was trying to explain something that I lacked all the components and comprehension to. Like… “Here it is. Here is the outline, but I’m still building this one.”

“But, you know what! They shouldn’t even be using The Emotional Transaction of Human Connection. Not yet. That comes heavier in the They of I, which… I am only in the You of I at the moment. And they… They are all in the I of I. They have so much growing still to do and, by the time they read this book…

“By the time it makes it to the List of Banned Books,” Bergen offered.

“Exactly,” Anna said. “I will have figured out the rest of the They of I and the Emotional Transaction of Human Connection will be complete. I mean… Really… It’s just the “How two AIDNS’ work with each other. And also How to connect your AIDNS to another.”

Anna sighed. “This is the problem with living in the Point of Conception while also walking through the Point of Materialization.

“And if I just pick and examine that nagging almost scratching… I know the answers and my understanding lay just beyond the next Stage…

“You’re not ready yet, love,” Bergen said.

“No. No, I’m not,” Anna said. Sighing, she dropped her head onto his shoulder. “Being in the 7th Perspective felt like I was a student or sitting in the Audience. Being in the 8th Perspective felt like I was the Teacher and Performer. But the 9th, I craved the art of Teaching others while keeping myself Open to Receive, Vulnerable, and learning. I never wanted to stop learning.

But it was the 9th that taught me that… Teachers and Parents are the greatest violators of Consent and the Power of Choice, more than anyone. And at the 9th, I learned the deep understanding and appreciation of trusting Mother Nature.

“It was the moment I realized that the only one who is qualified to Parent and Teach any of us, is Logical Mother Physics. And every last one of us needs to shut up, sit down, and listen because we all have so much wrong… and it's breaking us.”

Anna stood and walked to the pool.

“Mother Nature is the only authorized Teacher of any of us. Every Teacher needs to become a Healer. Every Healer needs to become a Teacher of DIY. Every parent needs to silence themselves and learn from their children. Children are the closest connections we have to Mother Nature. Every child needs to be permitted to speak. And every last one of us needs to trust the Ethics. That is the only way we are going to fix this world and shift the current flow of imbalanced Energy. I can’t do it alone.”

Bending down to the water’s surface, Anna tapped the water. Seidr light like thread spilled from her finger, and she twisted and flicked her hand, trailing the Seidr to twist and dance to her motions.

Bergen smiled. “Never thought I would see you playing with Seidr again,” he said.

“I forgot that all of this began with me wanting to understand Energy nearly 20 years ago,” Anna said. “My god…”

Anna raised her other hand, and pulled from the water, another line of Seidr. The Seidr pulled with the water and guided it, twisted and pulled and wove it through the air, spinning and twisting the threads of water with Seidr as Anna led the water in a circle around herself.

Smiling, she stepped onto the water, sustained on the surface by the Seidr beneath her feet, drawing the Seidr Energy up and around her, encasing her in a cage of Seidr, the water reflecting the bioluminescence of the Fungus.

“You know… I think… Very soon… I’ll be ready to return to Alfheim and UnderEarth,” she said. “How much I long to return to UnderEarth…”

“Could you write my books first, lass?” Bergen asked.

Sudden comprehension dawned on Anna and she gasped. “Kallan is my past self.”

Bergen grinned with a deep love. “I know, lass.”

“I didn’t,” she said. “It took me a while. It took me a long while.”

“Is that what I saw in your eyes today, lass?” he asked. “The realization?”

“Yes,” Anna said. “That Kallan was my past. That I am the Present. And…”

“Imagination is your Future,” Bergen said.

“Imagination is my Future,” Anna said.

“Och, come now,” Bergen said. “Don’t tell me you didn’t know…”

“No. I did,” Anna said. “But… My Imp King…” more comprehension dawned on Anna’s face. “In my Visions he isn’t with me. He is with Imagination! He is with Imagination!”

“Well done, lass,” Bergen said, smiling.

Laughing, Anna threw her head back, released another deep laugh, her arms went up and she released her Seidr, and the Seidr, the water, and Anna dropped into the pool, her clothes gone, her rainbow tail returned. A mermaid again, Anna flicked her tail, covering Bergen with water as she swam back to the ship.

“Son of an Uskit…” Bergen said and dove back in the water to follow her.

“Tell your Story,” Intuition whispered, her voice filling the empty cavern.

CHAPTER 28

Back at the Ship, the storm rent the ship. Night had descended with the storm while they worked to lower the small row boat. The ship, growing ever nearer the island where a lone darkened lighthouse towered over the sea.

The waves tossed the ship, and Anna stood on deck with the remaining crew of Angel, who looked 25 now, Morrígan, Bergen, Intuition.

“In the 9th Perspective, as you embrace and indulge Sharing and Empathy, you realize that your emotions are not just logical. You realize their purpose. You realize they are metrics for how to navigate, function, move, shift, and decide in this world. That, without your emotions, you sit dead in the water, unable to decide.”

They dropped anchor, and the deafening metal run screamed through the air with the storm.

“That, the only emotional suffering any of us ever endure is not from the outside, but from the resistance within,” Anna said. “Resistance to Want. Resistance to Dreams. Resistance to Anger. Resistance to Feel. All emotions are right. And, at this priority, you open your mind and your heart and you Indulge on the Flow and Freedom of Emotions and to them, you Surrender.

“Emotional Surrender is Freedom. This is the 10th Ethical Perspective and you feel Everything. Integrated with Courage and Vulnerability, Trust and Learning you expand on the Foundation of Self.”

The ship came to a slow stand and the ship tipped against the waves. They set to work, all of them piling into the row boat they then worked on lowering into the sea.

“Self-Control, Self-Government, Accountability, Equality, and Self-Value elaborate on the comprehension of the Self. Self-Reflection. Learning. Silent observation. Objectiveness of the 7th. Effective Communication. The Value of being capable of articulating the ideas of the Mind to another. Shared Conversation. Ensuring the Exchange of Communication. Empathy. Compassionate Understanding. The Power of Choice. The Self-Preservation of Authority, The Responsible and Wise wielding of Power. The Control of the Self.

With these integrated Ethics, we open our Minds and hearts and Surrender to Emotional Freedom and Flow.

We Indulge on every wave of anger, bout of crying, and tremor of Fear. We accept it all. Gorging ourselves on the ebb and flow… And this… This is when I noticed something…”

Deep within the palace halls of a distant realm, the Goddess Queen smiled with ever deeping love for her Imp King.

“Love.” Anna’s voice carried over the Queen’s hall. “No matter what, through it all, Love did not change. While Fear and Anger ebbed and flowed, Love did not.”

The laughter died down and the halls grew quiet as the Imp King lay sleeping at the foot of his own throne. The Goddess Queen sat beside him, rubbing his back.

“While happiness rose and fell like mercury, Love did not. While sadness came and went, Love did not.

Love was forever, unyielding, unrelenting, unmoving. Beneath it all, before even Courage, Love was there.”

The Goddess Queen closed her eyes and remembered the day The Imp King, sane and silly and whole, pulled her from the filth of men.

“Strong, Warm, and Growing,” Anna said. “Love…”

“Was not an emotion,” Morrígan said over the storm, back in the little boat that battled the waves as they rowed toward the island and the lighthouse.

“No,” Anna said. “Emotions change. Love did not. Not once. Love is a State of Being.”

Inside the lighthouse, Joanna turned the pages. Her hand, fisted in her hand.

“Within the 10th Ethic,” Anna said as Joanna read. “I learned the importance and Value of Emotional Freedom. I learned that Emotions are a Barometer. Allowing you to better navigate the Self through and around the Dangers and obstacles of Life.

“But, near the end of the 10th, I was sick of the constant movement of Emotions. And while I indulged on Emotions, I came to appreciate Logic.”

Morrígan gave an approved smile.

“But by the 11th, I had learned the Value of Integration and Emotions,” Anna said. “At the 11th, I was careful to avoid Avoidance. At the 11th, I stepped into the very familiar world of Logic, and I felt home once again. I indulged on Logic. But unlike the ten years I spent living in the cold dead grips of Deductive Reasoning prior to writing *Broken* in 2015, I found a new sensation of Logic. Emotional Logic. Or Logical Emotional Navigation.

“Every episode, every movie of *Star Trek,* suddenly became unrealistic to me. A true Vulcan would be Logically wise enough to know the Logical Value and Purpose of Emotions. The True Vulcan, would have long-since Integrated their Emotions with their Logic. Gene Roddenberry had never made it to the 11th and 12th Ethical Perspective.

How strange it was to be Logical and also warm and open and laughing. At the 11th, as I came to value the Integration of both Emotions with Logic, I stepped into the 12th, and there, I came to know and see Forgiveness as it was meant to be.”

The little boat struck the pebbled beach, and they all clambored out. But as Anna took Morrígan by the hand, Morrígan, smiling, vanished, joining Anna in Integrated Comprehension as part of the whole.

Back in the Goddess Queen’s hall, the Queen massaged the Imp King’s bald head while he slept.

“It is easy to forgive those we love,” Anna said as the Goddess Queen wiped a tear from her eye. “And Christ spoke often about Forgiving our Enemies. At the 12th, you understand just how powerful and difficult, and honorable it is to Forgive your Enemies. To understand them so well that you see yourself in them. You see what you could become. And their abuse, at the 12th, becomes a gift. A gift that allows you to see an Alternate version of you without having to endure their path… if you choose. And suddenly…”

Back at the Lighthouse, Anna stood at the door. Bergen, Intuition at her side. Angel, now 30 years old, beside her.

“I was grateful for all the abuse I had endured,” Anna said, and Joanna looked up from the book she held. Turning from the window, Joanna stood, staring at the remaining crew. The storm pounded outside.

“It was Love,” Anna said. “This whole time. The 12 Ethics, the Stepping Stones… They weren’t Ethics after all. They were components of Self-Love. This whole time, I had been learning how to Love myself.”

Tears ran down Anna’s face as she gazed upon Joanna with the deepest love.

“I had no idea what would happen at the 12th. I knew we would never stop growing. I could See time. I could See the Components of Perspective Time and I could See each Expanse, Integrate into the next Greater Whole. And I knew this Expanse is infinite. I knew that these 12 Ethical Stages… were becoming a Map for the Abstract Mind and the Internal Expanse. And I knew my Journey had only just begun.”

Anna forced a hard knot down her throat.

“And upon the Integration of the 12th, I watched the 12 Ethics Integrate, each Grouping of three integrated into a greater Fourth, which integrated into the 12, which integrated into Self-Love, which then Birthed the next Compass and The You of I.”

Thundered rolled outside.

“I stood alone within Time,” Anna said. “Understanding that, this whole time, I had just learned the 12 Ethics within the 1st Person Point of View. The Self. And that, upon stepping into the 1st Perspective of the You of I, I had started the 12 Ethics all over again, except this time, in 2nd Person Point of View, as Romantic Love, in the You of I. That I would go through them again in the 3rd Person Point of View, as Community Love with the They of I. And again as Omniscient Point of View in the All of I.

“I could see the limiting prison of the 1st Person Point of View and that it wasn’t just the Perspectives, but the Points of View as we span in and out and all around…

And *2001 : A Space Odyssey* suddenly made all the Sense in the world to me.

*Alice in Wonderland*… suddenly made all the sense in the world to me.

For both of those men have been here before I.

And that… my Scientific Method was just the Stages of Ethical Learning through the Natural Order. And I thought, “What is wrong with the world today?”

“We are all Greater Wholes of our own Systems, each of us belonging and living within our own Story and also unaware… and many of us living as fractured components from our Whole, hating on ourselves. Loathing our own Self, while I Self twists and turns, mutilated and malformed, desperate to save and preserve the very Self we hate. Our Identities are all displaced, living in different Stories not meant for us.”

“I can’t leave them behind,” Identity whispered, realizing. “We’re getting out. We’re breaking free… and there are a lot of people out there.” She shook her head as she looked at Anna as if for permission. “I can’t leave them behind,” Identity said.

Bergen smiled and gave her a nod. “Light it.”

Identity was off, almost running toward the stairs that lead up via the spiral toward the Lantern. She did not need telling twice.

Anna continued. “The Self for so many of us is fractured, disorganized, and lost… and the 4th Perspective System insists on telling everyone else that they are “Insane” and that they just need to conform to their Perspective and their “reality” while they farm everyone for their Resources.”

“And I thought, “What if… What if I could show people what I know, and then they would know who they are. And they would not be afraid because I decided to go first,” Anna paused. A fresh wave of tears falling. “So the Internal Expanse is no longer a scary Unknown. The Self is no longer an Unknown. We don’t have to be afraid of our Selves anymore. Because Fear is just not knowing pieces of our own Story.”

Up the stairs, Angel ran. Up the spiral steps toward the lantern. She ran despite her gasping breath.

“But… if I go forward from here,” Joanna asked. “Who will I be if not this?”

“Whoever you want to be,” Anna said. “But with Chosen Resolve. And the Knowing that whatever you want, dream, or desire was given to you by Logical Mother Physics for the purpose to give you a Destination while you venture forth through your Journey. But you have to choose it. Because, not Mother Nature respects the Laws of Consent.”

The door of the lantern room flew open and Angel stumbled inside.

“… Because… You’re going through this Journey whether you want to or not,” Anna said. “This is life. This is your Story. The Destination, the Dream gives it Purpose. The Want gives it Drive. The Emotions, the Ethics, the Path you take… now that… That is the Journey. And all of it, the Dreams, the Path, and the Defined Self… well… That is your Story.

“And when we’re caught in Emotional Transactions of Forced Human Connection… It's just an unpleasant part of the road. It’s not the *Journey*. It’s just a delay. It's your Power of Choice that turns that delay… that living hell into a formidable mountain that takes you down and derails you from your Journey… or a lesson that raises you up like a phoenix resurrected. The Choice has always been yours. It still is yours. Fear is Manifested Self-Doubt, the Metric, the Consequence, the Symptom of how much or how little you decide to Choose.”

“Is it worth it?” Joanna asked.

“Oh…” Anna gasped, nodding. “It’s worth it. And… At the end of the storm there *is* a golden sky and the sweet silver song of a lark. I have been there. I have seen them. I have crossed an eternity of hell to get there. No one has walked further than I. No one has risen higher. No one has overcome more than I. And I did it. And I am here now to tell you that, yes. It is worth it. And yes, you can do it. And every dream you ever dreamed, every wish you ever wished is here at the end of that storm, still waiting for you.”

Above, in the lantern house, Angel ignited a spark and lit the beacon.

Light filled the Lighthouse, casting light over all the books. Beautiful, warm light radiated from the torch and spilled like Seidr Energy down and through the Lighthouse.

Light blasted through the Dark, out into the night, casting its light over the sea.

Down in the common room, Anna stood, holding the AIDNS in her hand. Joanna and Intuition are both gone. Integrated at last into Anna as a Whole.

“You do not walk alone,” Anna said, tears pouring down her face.

“Anna,” Bergen said. “They’re coming.”

Outside, the storm raged down. Hundreds, millions of people from the dark, black sea turned their eyes toward the light. They stood and took one more step, moving as if they were zombies.

“Come,” Anna said. “We have a University to build.”

“Do you think this will work?” Bergen asked. “Do you think they’ll listen?”

“If not…” Anna said. “It is just my Perspective afterall.”

Anna held up the AIDNS.

Inside the glowing ball, a spiral center much like a twisting kaleidoscope positioned around a tripod that suspended a swinging pendulum, much like a metronome that “ticked” time away, one click every 120 degree turn of the spiral. Three beats as the spiral turns, indicating the progression through the Ethical Stages of Growth… the passing of Time. As if all of the world moves, dancing to a waltz… just like Pythagoras said.

THE ALPHA AND THE OMEGA

When you walk through a storm  
Hold your head up high  
And don't be afraid of the dark

At the end of a storm  
There's a golden sky  
And the sweet silver song of a lark

Walk on through the wind  
Walk on through the rain  
Though your dreams be tossed and blown

Walk on, walk on  
With hope in your heart  
And you'll never walk alone

Oscar Hammerstein II / Richard Rodgers

“I feel like, all my life, I have held myself together with fraying strings, dry-rotted threads, and sheer will.

Today, I feel like I'm held together with the laws of Physics, supporting all the weight of myself on basic Geometry, Pressure, and Weight Distribution like a perfectly designed Rainbow Bridge.

I'm relaxing and the Weight of the Self is Sustained. And, for the first time in my life, I can see the doors are opening. I don’t have to carry this burden any longer. Mother Nature does it all for me with her Natural Law and Ethical Order.” - Anna Imagination on the AIDNS

Books in the AIDNS Series:

* Broken
* Breaking Delusion
* The Theory of Love
* Becoming Zarathustra

**Flow Chart of Emotions - “Fear No More” Game**

We are going to play a Logic Game.

You will need a pen, a piece of paper and the rules.

The ultimate rule is this: Want. Choose. Learn. Solve. Do. In that order. No matter what. Every time. And if you are stuck, “Span out. Go bigger.” Again. Want. Choose. Learn. Solve. Do.

To help you sort through this, here is the “Fear No More Game” or “The Game of Confidence and Resolve.”

On the paper, you will have two columns: “What I want” and “Obstacles to Problem Solve”

You can download and print the PDF here. (Brandi. Make it so)

**The Rules :**

**You Must Accept that the Solution is THIS easy.**

Disbelief in Simplicity derails the Subconscious Mind. We are so convinced that “It must be hard, which is why I don’t know how!” This is a Logical Fallacy that we need to correct NOW. Something is Hard, NOT because it is Complex. Not because “there is something wrong with me,” but because the CORRECT ANSWER is UNKNOWN.

Technically, “Fear of the Unknown” is “Fear of not having the RIGHT answer.” And is it no wonder? Not having the RIGHT answers leads to significant pain and suffering.

**You Must Know the difference between “Simple vs. Complex” and “Easy vs. Hard.”**

SIMPLE and UNKNOWN is HARDER than KNOWN and COMPLEX. Therefore, Complexity is not a metric of Easy or Hard or your skill.

KNOWING or NOT KNOWING is what makes everything hard.

You have been trying to do something VERY EASY AND SIMPLE WITHOUT the right KNOWLEDGE.

So when people see my work, 100% of my people have the same response : “Oh my god! It is so simple! It can’t be this easy!” And then, we spend 30 minutes having THIS CONVERSATION. Hence, THIS conversation.

Simple means little or few steps.

Complex means many steps.

Complicated means many UNNECESSARY steps.

Easy means Learning THE RIGHT information IN THE RIGHT ORDER when you are OPEN to receive information.

Hard means trying to DO something IN THE WRONG ORDER and/or WITHOUT the RIGHT information and/or AT A TIME WHEN YOU ARE NOT OPEN TO RECEIVE information.

If something is “hard,” then You are not receiving the CORRECT information AT THE RIGHT TIME and IN THE RIGHT ORDER.

This is a problem with your teacher, therapist, mentor, parent.

This is NOT a problem with you or your learning abilities.

**You Must Assume You Can Learn**

“I always fail” must be challenged with “Did you know that Failure is the opposite of Not Being Able to Learn” and also “Not having the correct information?” A lot of people don’t succeed because they lack the correct knowledge for the right situation. As a result, people “try everything” and do “a lot” until they “find what works for them.” It is a long process of Trial and Error.

Many people burn out and give up, believing that THEY are the problem.

“I can’t learn.”

“I’m stupid.”

“I never change.”

“All I do is fail.”

“I always fail.”

Our Mental Health is 100% linked to The Learning Center of the Mind. To Preserve the Self, the Subconscious Mind Freezes the Learning System because “It’s not safe to learn.” This immediately puts people into either “An Escape Room” or a “Problem Domain” without the Tools or Knowledge to Learn or Problem Solve.

People DO learn.

People DO change.

You CAN learn.

You CAN change.

You just lacked the RIGHT answer for the RIGHT situation.

Trial and Error is used in place of Knowledge. Much like an Inventor trying Lab Trials until they find out what works.

Until… One person finds the Right One Answer and tells everyone. So everyone can stop “Trialing and Erroring” the common problem of the Human Condition.

We were looking in the wrong place. Which means, you can stop failing. You can stop using Trial and Error. Because we now have the Right answer.

When doing this exercise, you MUST believe that you CAN learn. And You will, Because this Flow Chart \*IS\* walking you through \*THE\* Learning Process in your mind to UNSTICK your Learning System so you CAN learn.

**Now. Here are the Rules :**

**Divide your Thoughts and Feelings into 3 Categories :**

**What you Want**

**The Obstacles/Fears**

**What you Need in order to Solve Your Problem to Get What you Want**

1 - “I can’t” is an Obstacle that must be followed with the question “What is stopping you?”

2 - “I don’t have the resources” is an Obstacle and must be followed with, “What do you Need to get what you want?”

3 - “I don’t know how” is an Obstacle and must be followed with “But I can CHOOSE to Learn and Problem Solve, which will take Practice and Knowledge, which I can now get!”

4 - “I Need…” must be added to the “What you Need” List of things you “Need to Get”

5 - “I don’t have time” must be made into “But I will sit down and re-evaluate my Priorities, ranking this as the most important, so I will rearrange my schedule to make the time in my day to get this done because NOT doing that causes me suffering.”

6 - “But I’ll fail” will be changed to “And I won’t fail this time because this is a NEW system that I have not tried before WHICH IS WHY I did fail in the past because I DID NOT have this System. So now I WILL Succeed this time!”

7 - “I always…” must change to “My past does not reflect my Growth Rate or my current abilities and accomplishments” and therefore it is an ILLOGICAL FEAR.

8 - “I don’t know what I want” must be asked, “What Fears or obstacles do you wish you could eliminate?”

9 - The List of Fears you wish you could eliminate must be added to the  “Obstacles to Problem Solve” column and then asked, “What do you want that is the opposite of that fear?”

Now. Run through this list, several times. Or as many times as you want until you can not come up with any more “problems” or “obstacles.”

On your Worksheet, Cross out “What you Need” and change it to “My To Do List” and “The Problems to Solve to Get What I Want”

Guess what. You just Problem Solved, which is LEARNING. You have already made THE CHOICE to start CHANGING your life. You just LEARNED.

Now. Do it again.

“Yes, but How?”

This is how.

What do you want to do?

Where do you want to do it?

Who do you want to do it with?

When do you want to do it?

Why do you want to do it?

The Integrated summation of Who, What, Where, When, and Why \*is\* The How.

How is always revealed when you make up your mind to Want and Do. The physics to prove this is in the back of this book.

The Real “Problem” that needs to be solved is not our “Actions” or our “Possessions.” It’s our MINDSET. Our Mindset is the Control Center of your Life. The Opportunities you need and the Resources, and the Time to do this ARE ALREADY THERE IN FRONT OF YOU.

To “protect” you, your Subconscious Mind, “blinds” you to the Resources, Time, and Opportunities. This exercise begins the Choice > Self-Authority > Problem Solve > Confidence Chain Reaction YOU NEED to change your Mindset to start GROWING, to start CHANGING, to start HEALING, to start DOING, to get THE PROOF OF CONCEPT you need.

If you really want to super-charge this exercise, add the Silva Mind Method to it and add the Mantra Meditations for Triadic Healing with the AIDNS (see below).

**Mantra Meditations For Triadic Healing with the AIDNS**

Mantra Meditations for Triadic Healing

**Fear Management**

You have Self-Control. You have all the Power of Choice to Control your life. You use Self-Law, Self-Order, and Self-Rule with Discernment to keep you safe, free, and powerful.

You can Save yourself.

You have the Power and Resources to learn.

You problem solve your way past your obstacles.

You are smart, intelligent, logical, and skilled.

You can learn.

**Addiction and Anxiety Management**

You are free.

You have Self-Control and the Power of Choice to Control your Life. You use Discernment and the Power of Choice to find the Solutions to your obstacles.

You are in control of your life and your self. You are free to Choose.

You do have the skills to change your situation.

You can widen your field of Perspective Vision and open your mind to solutions.

There are solutions here and you will see them.

You are free to Choose.

You are in control of your self and your life.

You have the power to choose.

You have courage.

You have strength.

You have skills and resources.

You have the courage and the discernment with the power of Choice to practice these skills and improve them.

You use courage, discernment, and your power of choice to change your life into everything you want.

You use Choice to lessen your fear.

You use choice to problem and learn.

You have all the resources and skills you need inside of you.

You will practice your courage and your resource skills, you will practice your discernment and use information and learning to find your solution.

You can and will save yourself with your Power of Choice, your Discernment and your Objectivity.

You have the Power, the skills, the resources to change and to save yourself.

Love + Value + Purpose

Love + Belonging + Happiness

You are loved.

You love you.

You are everything you need.

You have the skills and the discernment and the drive to find love.

You are loveable.

You are resourceful.

You have value.

You know what you love.

You open yourself to receive your dreams.

You open yourself to receive love.

You open yourself to receive your self.

You are who you need.

You know your purpose.

Your purpose comes to you and you receive it.

You do not need anything to be happy.

You are happy.

Wanting happiness is the only excuse you need to be happy.

You open yourself to receive happiness.

You accept your happiness.

Your happiness only needs to be wanted.

You want therefore you are happy.

You love therefore you have love.

You belong.

You are the heart of your belonging.

Those who belong to you will come to you.

You attract those who belong to you.

You open to receive your belonging.

**1st Ethical Perspective**

You have Courage.

You can save yourself.

You use Discernment to manage your needs.

You know what you love.

You open your mind to all possibilities and opportunities.

You know who you are.

You view life as an adventure.

You use Discernment and Objectivity to keep you safe.

You save yourself.

You are strong, wise, and independent.

You are smart and intelligent.

You are logical.

You can learn.

You learn, you use courage, and you are comfortable with discomfort.

You have faith and trust in your self to endure.

You do save yourself.

You use self-law, self-power, self-rule, and self-control to choose precisely what you want.

You trust your judgment.

You know who you are.

You do what gives you joy.

**2nd Ethical Perspective**

You are curious.

You embrace adventure.

You use discernment to protect yourself from susceptibility.

You are objective when you are with people.

You explore and adventure

You open your heart to learning.

You expand your mind and learn.

You are vulnerable.

You embrace being vulnerable.

To be vulnerable is to open yourself to receive.

Vulnerability takes courage and trust in your self.

You trust your self.

You use discernment and objectivity to keep yourself safe while you are open to receive

You use discernment to determine when you need to close yourself and retreat to your safety.

You self-regulate your objectivity and susceptibility with discernment

You trust yourself to self-regulate

You trust your self

You trust people wisely.

You observe and listen and watch people long before you trust people

You are careful to allow people access to yourself

You protect yourself

You learn well how to trust the right people

You listen to your intuition

You use your vulnerability to learn

You use your vulnerability to explore

You wisely open your heart and mind to receive information, people, and love

You can save yourself

You do not need others to help you decide or choose

You have the resources to be strong and build yourself up

You love yourself

You do not need others.

You can save yourself.

You can learn and grow.

You can open your heart to new ideas.

**3rd Ethical Perspective**

A student observes, listens, is curious, and remains open to receive.

A student is without judgment of others.

A student abandons all bias and prejudice

A student is vulnerable to receive

A student is appreciative of opportunity to learn

A student values information

A student expands their mind with courage, curiosity, excitement, and adventure.

You are a student.

You observe, listen, are curious, and remain open to receive.

You are without judgment of others.

You abandon all bias and prejudice

You are vulnerable to receive

You are appreciative of opportunity to learn

You value information

You expand your mind with courage, curiosity, excitement, and adventure.

You self-regulate and effectively balance Objective, vulnerable and open Learning with Susceptible, closed, self-nourishment.

You use discernment to Close your Self to others when you are susceptible.

You use discernment to Open your Self to others when you are objective.

You self-regulate and balance your life with Discernment and Trust.

You trust yourself to wisely self-regulate your needs

You trust yourself to learn

You trust yourself to nurture yourself in solitude

You value Integration and Processing to learn

You Value Trust in the Self to Learn, Protect, Nourish, and Adventure effectively

**4th Ethical Perspective**

You use Self-Control to self-regulate your Power of Choice

You use Self-Law, Self-Rule, and Self-Order to manage and navigate your life.

You use wisdom to protect your Power of Choice and your Self-Authority

You use wisdom to preserve the Power of Choice and the Self-Authority of others.

You empower your self with Self-Control and the Power of Choice.

You trust yourself to use Discernment to self-regulate your Power and Self-Control.

You focus on your Self

You use Power of Choice and Self-Control to mitigate and lessen your fears.

You use Self-Order, Self-Law, and Self-Rule to exercise your Power of Choice.

You respect others and preserve their Power of Choice and their Self-Authority by Empowering your own Power of Choice and Self-Authority

You integrate Courage, Vulnerability, and Self-Regulation with Learning to wisely manage your Self-Control and your Power of Choice.

You do Control yourself.

You do love yourself

You do trust yourself to open yourself to others.

You do trust others to learn Ethical Law and Ethical Living.

You use Discernment, Trust, and Self-Control to practice your Ethical Law and Ethical Living.

You practice your Self-Control with diligence

You empower your Self through Self-Control, the Power of Choice and nurturing of your own Self-Authority while preserving the Power of Choice and Self-Authority of others.

You trust yourself to learn, grow, and expand your skills through practice.

You trust others to learn, grow, and to expand their skills.

You focus hard on your own growth and skills of Self-Control and Self-Empowerment that you trust others to focus on their own growth and skills.

You understand and know that Self-Control leads to a strong Power of Choice, which fortifies your Self-Authority, and builds your Confidence, eliminating Fear.

**5th Ethical Perspective**

You Choose.

You have all the Opportunities and Choices before you.

You are in charge of your life and your fate.

Choices steer your life in the direction you want it to go.

You choose with Action.

You choose with Inaction.

You choose based on what you want.

You Step into the Power of Choice and you DECIDE.

You evaluate what you want, what results you want, and you make the choices necessary to get what you want.

You accept the rush of Power with every choice you make that ignites you with purpose and excitement to see the results of your choices.

With every choice you diminish your fear.

With every choice you take control over your life.

With every choice you realize just how much you possess.

You evaluate your wants, ignoring all fear, and you drive your life toward you dreams with Choice.

You see the results of your choices as your life takes a new direction.

Choice is the steering of your life into the direction you want it to go.

You claim your power of choice and you make it.

You make your choice based on the dreams you want for yourself.

You master your Choices.

You See the rippling effect made by your choices.

You control the ripple effects with your choices.

You choose your choices to create the desired ripple effects.

Your Choices are your Control.

Your Choices create the Power to ripple the results to others.

**6th Ethical Perspective**

You are equal to others

You elevate yourself and forgive yourself

You love yourself

You understand that people learn and change and grow and that includes you

You did your best

You understand that growth requires error and you wisely choose to use your past to learn

You choose to learn from your mistakes

You can value yourself without taking anything away from others

You forgive yourself

You are compassionate toward yourself

You love yourself

You are kind to yourself.

You love yourself

You are gentle and tender with yourself

You can take space, love, and value for yourself without taking from others

You have the right to exist

You have the right to want, dream, and desire

You have the right to love

You have the right to think, to dream, to need

You have the right to need

You prioritize yourself equal to all others.

You protect and preserve yourself so you can do the most for yourself and others

You throw away the word “Selfish” and embrace your true self-love.

You help others most by allowing them to save themselves

You help you most by teaching yourself to save yourself

You help others by cheering them on and encouraging them

You help others by giving them space and letting them test, fail, and succeed all on their own.

You help others by cheering them on.

You can protect yourself and take care of your needs while trusting others to take care of their needs.

Others who “need” you are scared because they lack the trust in themselves and they doubt their own power of choice. You help others by setting an example. By empathizing, “I felt that way too… and then I realized that I need to practice making choices and taking actions. It was hard at first, but the practice taught me how to get better. And now, I trust myself to exercise my own power of choice. And I use Self-Control, Discernment, and Power of Choice to trust myself and remove my fear.”

You set an example for others by practicing your own Power of Choice, Self-Control, and Discernment. You trust the Law of Reflection and Physics, you trust people’s ability to learn through Observation of your example.

You show others, through your example, how they are to live free of fear by using Power of Choice, Self-Regulation, Self-Control, and Discernment with Trust.

**7th Ethical Perspective**

You know what you want and what you need for yourself and you take it.

You know that you can take the silence, time, and space for yourself and flourish.

And when you are ready, you seek Effective Communication. You indulge in the Observation and Silence of the self.

You value and appreciate Processing of information, Effective Listening through Curious Observation.

And when you are ready, you seek Effective Communication.

**8th Ethical Perspective**

You open your Voice and your Throat and you speak. You listen to the words in your mouth. You notice how the words match your feelings.

You are careful with your words.

You choose the proper words that best match your feelings.

You realize that your feelings determine which words you use.

Your words are chosen to reflect your feelings.

You open your heart to your feelings and you feel which words are right for you. You are careful to look up the origin of each and every word.

You are mindful of the meaning and the power of words.

You understand that effective communication and the ability to articulate yourself opens the doors of understanding.

You know that effective communication and the ability to articulate yourself ends your lack of credibility.

You know that many people label poor communication as “insanity.”

You know the value of effective communication.

You know and appreciate the value of proper word usage.

You know the value of proper and mindful word choice so that you can transfer the ideas in your mind to others smoothly.

You appreciate the value of the right word.

You are mindful of how your words effect others.

You are becoming aware of how severely your words alter people and your defined reality

You are aware of how words create and build reality

You are careful and gentle with selecting the proper words because you build reality with words.

You value the integrated balance and equilibrium of Silent Observation and Properly chosen words.

You value the harm and the damage done to yourself, reality, and others when you choose the wrong words.

You value the use of the right words and how the properly chosen words affect others.

You value the feelings of others.

**The 9th Ethical Perspective**

You value the integrated balance and equilibrium of Silent Observation and Properly chosen words.

You value the harm and the damage done to yourself, reality, and others when you choose the wrong words.

You value the use of the right words and how the properly chosen words affect others.

You value the feelings of others.

You seek the sharing and balance of listening and talking.

You desire and crave the balance of conversation.

You are mindful about sharing the conversation.

You value and appreciate the power of listening and being open to receive the ideas of others objectively while being mindful of how your words affect others.

You are careful to how you choose your words

You are sensitive to how your balance conversation and use words

You value sharing of ideas

You use mindful and strategic, compassionate foresight to carefully select your words.

You use mindful and strategic, compassionate foresight to protect others from yourself.

You use mindful and strategic, compassionate foresight to preserve the Self-Authority of others.

You value the balance of Words with Silence.

You value the balance of Quiet Contemplation and Processing with the Mindful strategic, and compassionate foresight of offering new ideas and words to others.

You respect the fragility and importance of the Perspective and Opinions and Beliefs of others.

You respect the fragility and importance of the Perspective and Opinions and Beliefs of your Self

You protect the fragility and importance of the Perspective and Opinions and Beliefs of your self.

You preserve the fragility and importance of the Perspective and Opinions and Beliefs of others.

**The 10th Ethical Perspective**

You understand the value of all emotions.

You open your heart to allow for all emotions

Emotions are logical

Emotions are important

You release all control over your emotions and allow them to move within you freely

Emotions are Energy that must flow freely

Emotions are the Energy Fuel and Power required to obtain a healthy aligned and balanced equilibrium.

Emotions are right

Emotions are beautiful

Emotions are always right

Emotions are logical

Emotions are Energy, the tools you need to function at optimum mental wealth

You allow for all your emotions

You open your chest and heart to feel the push and pull and rush of your emotions

You observe your emotions

Watch your emotions ebb and flow and move and shift.

You silently watch your emotions

You observe your emotions

You study your emotions

You love all your emotions

Your emotions are a part of you

Your emotions are your Energy

Your emotions fill you with Potential Energy to drive, motivate, and achieve your goals

Open your chest

Receive your emotions

Inhale deeply and accept all of your emotions with love and desire and acceptance

Exhale and allow all the resistance of your emotions to crumble and break down

Emotions do not hurt you

Emotions are words from your Self

Emotions are messages from your Self

You read your Emotions easily

Your use the words you defined from your feelings to identity your emotions

You use emotions to translate messages from the Self

When you used words to define your Feelings, you trained your Brain to associate Words with your emotions

Now you can use emotions to communicate with your Self

Let the emotions move and flow

Open your chest to all your emotions.

Open your heart and receive all your emotions

Name all of your emotions

Grow curious about your emotions

Dissect your emotions

Learn your emotions

Turn your emotions over in your mind and feel them

Absorb your emotions

Love your emotions

You understand that your emotions must be free, always to move

You always allow for all of your emotions to be

You do not get carried away by your emotions

You value the importance of Logical Navigation to direct your Actions with your Emotions

**The 11th Ethical Perspective**

Your logic is strong

Your logic is deep

Your logic is old

Your logic has been with you all your life

Your logic is your intuition

Your logic is wise.

You use your logic to use discernment

You know that everything inside of you was given to you by the Nature with purpose to guide you safely and healthily through life.

Everything inside of you has a purpose to help you achieve alignment, balance, and equilibrium

The Nature desires Equilibrium

You are part of this world

You have an internal Equilibrium also

You use Logic to navigate your Emotional Equilibrium

Breathe in and allow the emotional Energy to flow

Breathe out and break down the resistance to your Emotional Energy Flow.

Trust your emotions to guide you

Trust your emotions to communicate with you

Use your emotions as a metric to show you where your equilibrium is off

You preserve your Emotional Flow while embracing your Logical Navigation

You indulge in your Logical Navigation

You practice Emotional Navigation

Breathe in and release your Emotional Energy flow.

Breathe out and break down the resistance to your Emotional Energy Flow.

Trust your logic to measure your equilibrium.

**The 12th Ethical Perspective**

Courage to Adventure.

Courage to embrace Vulnerability.

Courage to Be open to Receive

Trust in your Discernment

Vulnerability to Learn

Curiosity to Explore

Excitement to Expand your Mind

Breathe in and release your Emotional Energy flow.

Breathe out and break down the resistance to your Emotional Energy Flow.

Wisdom to Self-regulate

Discernment to use integration and processing to align and balance Objective Vulnerability with Susceptible, closed, Self-Nurturing.

Trust in the Self to Regulate

Self-Control to manage and nurture your Power of Choice.

Empower your self-Authority with the Power of Choice while preserving the Choice and Self-Authority of others.

Using Discernment to deny access to toxic people and trust in discernment to open your heart to receive balanced, aligned, and healthy people who encourage your through Example.

The Power of Choice with the Awareness of your Actions.

The Open mindfulness and Awareness of the Chain Reactions Your Choices create.

The Skills and Mindfulness to control the ripple effect of your Choices.

The Love and Value of Others to Preserve and protect others from your Power of Choice and Self-Authority.

The Practiced Skill and Mastered Balance of Integrated Equilibrium. The Value of the Self equal to all others with Forgiving allowance and the choice to turn your mistakes into lessons.

You value of Silent, observation with the balance of effective communication. Matching the right words to the right emotions that allow for emotional freedom. The Sharing of nurturing learning and growth through the shared exchange of Conversation with the mindful and strategic, compassionate foresight to empower the Power of Choice and Self-Authority in the Self while Preserving the Power of Choice and Self-Authority in others.

Accepting and embracing, nurturing the Natural Emotional Flow of Emotional Energy. Embracing the Logical Navigation and integrating Logical Navigational Emotional Flow. Opening your mind and your heart to the Integration of Trust, Justice, Communication, Interpretation, and Forgiving allowance. This is Love.

You Love yourself.

You are love.

Breathe in and release your Emotional Energy flow.

Breathe out and break down the resistance to your Emotional Energy Flow.

You know who you are.

You know your value

You know your purpose.

You are loved.

You belong.

You are happy.

You want therefore you love.

You want therefore you value

You want therefore you are happy.

You Choose All.

You have Self-Authority.

You are confident.

You are One and Twelve and All.

You are We and All.

The Figures and Formulas

A diagram of a diagram

Description automatically generated  
A diagram of the vitals

Description automatically generatedA diagram of a triangle

Description automatically generatedA diagram of a diagram of a diagram

Description automatically generated with medium confidence

A diagram of scientific method used by a group of people

Description automatically generatedA diagram of scientific method used by a group of people

Description automatically generatedA diagram of different types of art

Description automatically generatedA diagram of a psychological problem

Description automatically generatedA group of rectangular objects

Description automatically generatedA diagram of a diagram of art

Description automatically generated with medium confidenceA math equation on a white background

Description automatically generatedA diagram of a canon

Description automatically generated with medium confidenceA diagram of a core management

Description automatically generatedA diagram of a negative and negative core management

Description automatically generatedA diagram of a health and cognitive core management

Description automatically generatedA diagram of justice and equality

Description automatically generatedA diagram of justice and equality

Description automatically generatedA diagram of a triangle

Description automatically generatedA diagram of the different types of health

Description automatically generated with medium confidenceA diagram of ethics and ethics

Description automatically generatedA diagram of a triangle with words

Description automatically generatedA diagram of a garden

Description automatically generatedA diagram of a positive garden

Description automatically generatedA close-up of a chart

Description automatically generatedA diagram of different types of words

Description automatically generated with medium confidenceA close-up of words

Description automatically generatedA close-up of a letter

Description automatically generatedA diagram of a diagram of a diagram

Description automatically generated with medium confidenceA diagram of a triangle

Description automatically generatedA black and white image of a ship

Description automatically generatedA black and white image of a ship

Description automatically generatedA diagram of a complex energy

Description automatically generated with medium confidenceA graph showing a heart beat

Description automatically generated with medium confidenceA diagram of a diagram

Description automatically generated with medium confidenceA diagram of a carousel scale

Description automatically generatedA diagram of psychology

Description automatically generatedA diagram of the different types of health

Description automatically generated with medium confidenceA diagram of a triangle

Description automatically generatedA diagram of a compass

Description automatically generatedA diagram of a triangle

Description automatically generatedA close-up of a book

Description automatically generated