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November 29th, 2004

Faith Under Fire -- Our Empirical Denial of Faith

Let me first declare that I make this discussion in respect to no specific faith or belief. Instead I keep this to an argument of philosophy to discuss rationale behind our admittance of or our denial of faith. With that said, let us define terminology:

Main Entry: 1faith
 Pronunciation: 'fAth
 Function: noun
 Inflected Form(s): plural faiths /'fAths, sometimes 'fA[th]z/
 Etymology: Middle English feith, from Old French feid, foi, from Latin fides; akin to Latin fidere to trust -- more at BIDE
 1 a : allegiance to duty or a person : LOYALTY b (1) : fidelity to one's promises (2) : sincerity of intentions
 2 a (1) : belief and trust in and loyalty to God (2) : belief in the traditional doctrines of a religion b (1) : firm belief in something for which there is no proof (2) : complete trust
 3 : something that is believed especially with strong conviction; especially : a system of religious beliefs
 synonym see BELIEF
From Merriam-Webster Online

Let me emphasize 2) Firm Belief in something for which there is no proof. This will be important later. Now let me further analyze the semantics on faith:

Blind Faith vs. Rational Faith

I believe faith falls into two blends. The first has been called many things, immature, blind or ignorant faith. The essential characteristic is that one adheres to their ignorance and has no question of their faith or no question of reasoning for their faith. We take many things on blind faith, we do not question that we exist, we do not question that there is the natural world we sense perceive, we do not question those foundations now of physics that the natural world functions as we think it does, even though the vast majority of people have no conception or reason of knowing how these sciences work. This is not to say it is a bad thing, in fact this is the basis of our discussion, but we're not quite there yet. As I said, there are two blends of faith. I say blends, however, because these will never be distinct and we all have a taste of each. The other term I used seems a contradiction of words. Faith by definition is something with no proof so how can one reason? This is done quite often actually thus making it a common practice and I'll assert on my own personal bias that it is better. This can be conceived as our empirical analysis. Empiricism is derived from observation. There is no where in faith doctrine that you cannot see God (by whatever name) just that you cannot know (a-gnosis) God. Science derives nothing more than conclusions on observation, this is the rational world we have come to know and love. Those in the academia rely strongly on this rational faith that we can objectively conclude ideas from base observations and assumptions. Yet that is just what our empiricism implies, assumption. Whether it is Christian fundamentalism asserting the First Cause or Science requiring a First Assumption, we derive from our observations that we assume existence. We do not question that those things we observe in life, the sun rising, the birds flying or the junkie on

the street corner exist or not. Yet this is essential to any discussion on God, faith or life. Thus if we are willing to accept that you can either not question that something exists or you can. Let us question existence.

The Cogito

The logical deduction by Rene Descartes that we exist because there is something of thought, even if it is the doubt of existence as described in "Cogito Ergo Sum" literally meaning "I think, therefore I am". Granted, Descartes was a brilliant man and the Cogito nicely fashioned it is hardly an end-all proof warranting existence, and especially it does not conclude any First Observation by which we can assume all the wonders of the world we do. Let us look at why that is.

The first analysis is the syllogism of I think ergo I exist requires an implied premise of "Thinking implies existence." Thus we have

$T \rightarrow E: T :: E$ -- Thinking implies existence, I think, therefore I exist.

However, Descartes refutes this by the "self-evident" claim that existence is necessary for thought. However paradoxical it may be, this is begging the question in moving from the step of "cogito" to "sum" since the very question of what is thinking (not so much what is doing it) is based on for existence. I don't feel "self-evidence" fulfills that requirement; however, I will not get into the "brain in the vat" analogies. Another argument against it is on the semantics of T such that "what is I" and "what is thinking." Refuted as only being trivial let us come to a final conclusion already.

For the sake of argument, we assume the premise that there is thinking. Descartes has ultimately only shown us that Thinking implies Thinking and being "self-evident" existence is necessary for thinking, then "thinking exists." This does not show us that we ourselves exist or that ANYTHING else exists. Thus the question of existence is still fully in question.

Thusly, we have no objective basis for our first assumption beyond the fact we believe in existence. Some religious fundamentalists believe their God created them and the world, others believe it came from the backbone of a whale or of some other animal, or some as I do just assume there is a natural world(which we do not know all of) with unknown creation and that we ourselves also exist in it (self-awareness). These assumptions, whether it be "there is a sun" are all derived from a first assumption that requires faith, blind faith at that. Is there anything wrong with this? Certainly not. However, it does not mean your own assumptions and what you conclude from them are some how better than anyone else's.

Abstraction

"1+1=2"

Some like to contend that such absolute statements as this one exist and are irrefutable. This can be true, much like I believe it was Plato (or one of those major three) stated about "ideas" such as

love, beauty are absolute ideas, abstracted of course. These things exist without human conception, separate from our specific instances, utterances, symbols or inferences. However, even this mathematical statement takes on assumptions in part, or more so it takes on explanation. Primarily "what is addition" since we are using a standardized plus symbol as well as some "natural numbers". We also must remember we accept our basic mathematics as Euclidian space and geometry. To keep this message short and in the scope of this discussion, there are certain axioms to define space, subsets of space and the functions within such as addition and multiplication. We also assume we are using the set of N (natural numbers) and not some other, but as I said I'm not going to get into this further. Let me just state that there are assumptions on abstractions such as mathematics and much as The Cogito only goes to show the same as " $x=x$ " a statement like " $1+1=2$ " only goes to show that with all the premises accepted for that (though of course proven to be a space by the axioms and the set or subset of numbers to be predefined) then we can conclude on that method of addition that $1+1$ truly does equal 2.

Empiricism and Science

Providing that we are viewing our world on our own personal faith, whether doctrinal or not, we do have a level of rationale and science we have derived. For the sake of argument we're going to assume we all agree on the contention that the natural world is as we perceive it as described by science and that we perceive it through our sense experience, let us look at some common mistakes that some like to arrive at concluding their "objectivism". Again, must like any blind faith religious fundamentalist can say "God blah blah" and conclude their reality and First Cause. However, we like to be testable. For example, I assume I and the natural world exist. I can then make some conclusions like for one I will feel pain. I pinch myself, I feel pain. We disseminate the human body and we find more observations, remembering we first assume there is a body we exist in and we find biology of human anatomy and why we are feeling pain, and we have reproductive organs and this is how more humans are created etc, etc. On the other hand, Christian literalists read a book and say we were made from God through his breath. One is testable and one is not. We like what is testable because it falls to the realm of being observable and we believe to be real that which we can perceive with our senses which is why we derive "there is a world in front of me and I exist in it." To touch on the brain in the vat just look at the matrix, Neo thought he knew what was real; he was literally a brain (and body) in a vat where he was utilized as a battery yet lived out in a digital world what was to him and everyone else real until he was "enlightened". For all we know we are living in that dream world, Alice in Wonderland -- follow the rabbit.

However, many take empiricism too far. To quote from <http://encyclopedia.thefreedictionary.com/science>

Goals of science

Despite popular impressions of science, *it is not the goal of science to answer all questions*, only those that pertain to physical reality (measurable empirical experience). Also, *science cannot possibly address all possible questions*, so the choice of which questions to answer becomes important *science does not and can not produce absolute and unquestionable truth*. Rather,

science consistently tests the currently best hypothesis about some aspect of the physical world, and when necessary revises or replaces it in light of new observations or data.

Science does not make any statements about how nature actually "is"; science can only make conclusions about our *Observations* of nature. The developments of quantum mechanics in the early 20th century showed that observations are not independent of interactions, and the implications of wave-particle duality have challenged the traditional notion of "objectivity" in science.

Science is not a source of subjective value judgments, though it can certainly speak to matters of ethics and public policy by pointing to the likely consequences of actions. However, science can't tell us which of those consequences to desire or which is 'best'. *What one projects from the currently most reasonable scientific hypothesis onto other realms of interest is not a scientific issue, and the scientific method offers no assistance for those who wish to do so.* Scientific justification (or refutation) for many things is, nevertheless, often claimed. (emphasis mine)

Though science does allow us the ability to claim certainty on likely consequences of actions as stated (such as from Minority Report, I roll the ball off the table by someone it is likely one will try and catch it, now was it 'fated' to fall in the first place?), science does not produce conclusions on how anything IS or what is BEST "subject value judgments." It simply makes conclusions on observations of this natural world we all presuppose exists as we have come to discover it. Quite often I have been presented a time when someone claims science, much as one ignorantly claims their dogma offers the truth. Science does not offer truth, it doesn't even answer all the questions, and even in mathematics it has been proven that math cannot solve all problems. We assume we exist, we observe the world we believe is there and we empirically determine and learn from these observations. Ultimately as we have seen it all is presupposed upon faith on existence, whether that be the dependence on the existence of God or just the affirmation of our "self-evidence".

Thus returning to the original statement on faith, we can either continue to exist blind and unaware or we can move forth in what we believe with using the tools of reason, intelligence and experimentation and formulate a rational faith. Remember, however, this does not dictate that one is necessarily "better" than any other. There are many paths to the summit as has been stated in inclusive doctrine. It is, however, the separation of culture and religion and ideas and beliefs that set us apart and provides conflict as well as many other topics of discussion in the realm of religious studies. Let me touch on a few of them.

Belief in Faith

A number of conclusions result from our belief in whatever faiths we adopt, theist or not. It is on that very ground that we all accept existence on faith that we must adhere to the fact we formulate some kind of belief. I personally believe in simplicity and naturalism which includes the reductivist view and science. That is not to say it dictates my life at all and I do have "mystical" beliefs as well. However, it is through the entirety of our faith perception that we derive many of the facets of our life such as ethics, psyche and our general world view philosophy. These are things all of us create because of these topics I discussed here. Let me touch on a few of them.

The first topic, and one that is a beautiful subject to debate is that of ethics. Because of that very reason I am not going to go into discussion on the various theories or the value of meta-ethics. Instead, I just want to embrace the initial fact that we all develop our own ethical principles, mostly through our actions. Whether this be the atheist who sees the value in general reciprocity in "good deeds" or the Christian who believes in God and His law we define our ethics and inevitably ourselves. Even if we "take" our ethics from some religious doctrine we may or may not live our lives that way and thus again our ethics are defined by the actions and choices we actually make, not what we read off a script. It is one thing for us to say our principles but how many practice what they preach. We can see then that regardless of what our faith is, the fact we do believe in something, whatever we conceptualize, we also create ethical principles by the fact we live and continue to live and make choices and perform actions. Each of which reflects on how we feel we acted as whether it be ethically "good" or "bad". Again, relating this back to the fact no one can arrogantly say which is better in their belief, we can also not say which person's ethics are better than anyone else's. There are many other articles to read on this very subject so I'll leave the scope of ethics here to this.

The second topic I would like to address is the individual. Initially I would say there are two things we assume. Ourselves as an individual and a Natural world we as an individual exist in. If you only had the one you'd be a Nihilist and such a state of existence cannot be (usually those who say they are don't actually understand what they read of Nietzsche and in reality are Existentialists). Theists generally admit to another addition to this reality, a mystic or sacred reality which can only be attained by that "cosmic consciousness" and is the heaven, the enlightenment, the Brahma, the mystic experience with what is beyond ourselves and the natural world. Regardless of whether one is theist or atheist they develop a self-image. This itself is a large psychology topic I will refrain from jumping into today. Psychology does permit us a discussion into the abstract of ourselves. They explain to use what they don't want to specifically call our "mind" yet do not want to call the soul either. The psyche is the characteristic embodiment of not only our mental cognitive state but our emotion, perceptions, etc. To restrain from bringing up and discussing personality theories let me say that even with our entire empirical outlook on life we still admit there is something of ourselves we cannot explain. This is the question of the soul. When we explain to others about ourselves, or look back in our photo albums and say "that is me..." who are you talking about? That little child is you? All the cells and organic matter that makes up your body is being replaced and destroyed throughout your life, completely replacing you. The organic material of your childhood will completely have been displaced by the time you are old. Yet what is that part of you that has remained constant though meeting many deviations I'm sure in life. I'm not going to say there's something supernatural or mystical about us, it's all up to whatever one wants to believe. However, that is a question we all have to investigate when we formulate that there is some "self" that exists.

I've discussed our required inquiry of ourselves, the actions and interactions that result from all the different "selves" that exist in this world, now we also assume a world outside of us. What of it I ask you. Is there some mystical "soul" of nature? Again, any and all of that we perceive is our choice of assumption and conclusion, just remember we also have to adhere to non-contradictory to our observations if we assume we exist within a sensible being. The world, however, is something we cannot "look into" as we can introspect. We are stuck to only our observations. It is commonly accepted that we know Nature inasmuch as we have discovered of her with science.

As was stated earlier, this does not make any conjecture on what "is". There is plenty we do not know and plenty more we again assume on whatever basis, though if not rational is not a rational faith but an ignorant one, so think through what you believe in and look for consistency. Beside nature two major areas of world reality arise. One that does not necessarily require an answer and that being creation. I will not even bring up any arguments in this vast subject area but we all have some concept of where we came from (when a man loves a woman; a stork; God's soul factory) but what about the planet? The Cosmos? The Universe? The Multiverse! Again, assumptions and in this case religion and science are not necessarily exclusive. Even if we say the planet or the universe is X years old that is still one point on a (as far as we know) continuous timeline that could extend beyond the Big Bang or when God flicked a light switch. The other area is the world itself. We admit we're here, the world was created and here, so what of it I ask again? This is where we devise a world view and where we place ourselves in it. This could mean a lot and really helps to scope and mold our individualities. For example, person A sees we are nothing but a spec of space dust in a huge and heartless universe and every action we make is utterly and completely pointless so he jumps off a cliff. Person B sees the world in terms of his immediate community which consists of two streets covering a length of three blocks and he knows each and every person there and every action he has and takes place in his life in this small reality has large effects and he knocks up an underage teen who has a dad that is a cop and is going to bust him and throw him in jail which will completely change the world he knows, so he goes and jumps off a cliff that happens to be at the end of the third block.

The choices and actions we make are in a great deal influenced by what we feel we have some kind of responsibility over. We see the world as only our city we only are concerned with our city. If we see it as our country we grow a great sense of pride in "Patriotism" or Nationalism and are only concerned with what affects our country. Maybe we see us as a citizen of Earth and are concerned with everyone's problems and humanity on this planet at a whole, or maybe all life on this planet at a whole, all different world views. A major factor of people's lives is this world view and a condition of depression is a loss of this world view. We are completely thrown into disarray when we lose who we are and what we know. Thus I think it is very important to know who you are, know the world you live in, know the actions you do and ethics you follow. Know you are faithful, even if it is only to yourself. Most of all do not remain blind, enlightenment allows us to achieve rationality and prevents this loss. Perception, attitude and belief are the largest driving powers in our lives. I write this so that people can at least assess and become aware of those choices and beliefs they have. Faith has no requirement of religion. Faith is an action we all accept and belief and continuing to believe in whatever is the choice we make. In fact, it is the understanding, choice and commitment that defines religion. Maybe then we all are religious, even if it is a religion of one.

Bryan Goodrich
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Oriental Religions
Discussion Paper 1
October 2, 2003

When I first was posed this question of what relation the new literal meaning of religion had to me. I was a bit passive. The question seemed simple enough and in my mind. I had begun formulating possible responses and putting things in the context of my beliefs and my worldviews. This very mistake kept me from truly understanding the importance of religion in life and bringing out this natural virtue of religion. It was not until I let go of my occidental or moreover, my americanized fogged glasses that I begun to open myself to the source of life in ways I previously was incapable of. Understanding what it means to re-read, re-choose and re-bind myself to that source of life, that which gives our life meaning. I feel I have become a better person, more open from understanding this and letting go of all I thought I knew.

I have always had an interest in the study of humanity. I was born a Catholic with a bit of a religious family on my mother's side, though my immediate family lost interest in the ritual of that belief. I was left open to my own pursuit of understanding. I saw the world in the eyes of science. I sought to understand the logic behind thought and the proof of existence. I became what I termed a naturalist because through all the discoveries of science we are unraveling nature in terms of what we could understand. However, there is more to the world than just what we think we know. In continuing to study humanity in terms of theology and psychology, I began to see a difference between our views of the profane world to that of what is sacred.

The most significant observance in my life was that I leaned toward wanting what is sacred, or what could be deemed virtuous instead of what is desired by our culture. By this I mean that in having no religion, or should I say dogmatic doctrine of belief, I had no structure by which to give ethical meaning to my life. I would not, however, declare it intuitionist ethics. As I grew up in our Western world, with this American perspective on life, I felt I had to structure my perspectives in a categorical and logical fashion, so I thus returned to my scientific outlook. In continuing this logical perspective I put things in terms of what I knew. I looked to the laws of physics and psychology and logic to formulate a structured world that could make sense to everyone. This perspective perverted the world around me, including the sacred because it sought out to put things in terms of what I know, not what it is in and of itself.

As I had a reawakening to the perspectives of when I was, for lack of a better term, considered spiritual, I wanted to escape this perverted outlook. I needed to cleanse my eyes and this only led to confusion and conflict within me. I was trapped in this occidental thought pattern and could not let go or see beyond it, yet at the same time I sought to empty my mind of what I knew and reconnect myself to, what I have no problem considering, Tao. The problem with this "search for truth" was that I continued with my occidental narrative and put things in terms of what I thought I knew and could categorize and label. I began to break things down again and came up with the idea of things being either superficial or what I labeled deep or spiritual. I formulated ethics and what could be virtuous from these consequences, all becoming relative in terms of my life.

After enough time of trying to find truth in science, in this linear world, in my linear and categorical thought, I determined my search could only be found in the sacred and in the search for that absolute. I never really accepted the common lexical definitions of religion. I found them using terms like "supernatural" which would mean above nature, but being Naturalist, nature is the highest. It is all encompassing. I sought broader definitions, something more to describe the life and actions and the ethics of the "religious person." The definitions I could produce, no matter how relevant or useful they were, they did not seem to express what I found to be of religion. I determined that the religious person and religion itself is parallel with the virtuous person who thrives in living life, living the good life.

Growing up and in studying eastern philosophies I found that my perspectives were different from the American culture I was developing in. The capitalistic society thrives on improving the individual at the expense and destruction of competitors. Yet my beliefs could be defined "humanistic" and "naturalistic" and even "existential." I found my ethics to be exact opposite of a culture founded on greed and power. I also found my internal desire to be one looking for absolute and generality, not classification, labeling and specificity which leads to separation, biases, prejudice and the like. It was because of this that I needed to understand the sacred in context of my life, as all I could see was a duality between the life I had to live and the life I wanted to live.

Coming to grips with this idea that religion is the act, the verb, to re-read, re-choose, and re-bind myself was interesting to say the least. I thought it was a simple enough idea and following my nature I thought I had it all figured out. By referring to my occidental perspective I tried to put it in terms of my occidental perspective. That was the mistake. It was not until I empathetically understood this act in terms of Gilgamesh and his love for Enkidu could I truly appreciate it. This literal definition became the clear answer to my previous questions. I accepted nature

as my source of life and through the different expressions of belief I was able to find the lessons and expressions of this sacred world and the natural virtue of religion through the act of living "religiously." To re-read the signs, the scriptures, the world, the people, oneself, all became the obvious sign of the act religion. Seeing, interpreting and understanding what we read and re-read led us to make the "re-choice" of re-binding ourselves to our source of life. Whether people acknowledge the source of life or are ignorant is beside the point, we have already chosen a meaning. We wake up in the morning and continue living under whatever belief and perspective we want and believe in whatever ethics and values we want, but it is that choice we have made. The act of religion is to live life and continue living.

Finally removing the occidental chains that kept me from grasping this simple concept, that religion is the act to re-read, re-choose, and re-bind ourselves to the source of life, I was able to open myself to not just my own life and what I had concluded, but also to the life of others. I was able to throw away my categorical thought to view the world as the sacred world and be accepting. The greatest effect is that of emptying ourselves of what we think we know, and relying on understanding; it in turns breeds acceptance of what is out there in each individual's reality. Granted I still have these biological thought patterns of my western contemporary perspectives, but I do not view that as a restraint, but an addition to my understanding. For only accepting oneself could I finally accept the rest of the world. In essence, I have emptied myself from my previous fullness and can now, as the empty cup is capable of accepting the richness of its liquid, accept nature and all she has produced.

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Discussion Paper 2
October 2, 2003

Before beginning this class, being the occidental that I am, I had already categorized my perspectives on this and that religious institution, and I held, for some, negative attributes because of the conflicts their doctrine or practices followed. What we have today is only an outcome over thousands of years of what these religions used to be to what they have evolved into. It is the history, the basis, of these religious institutions that holds the true essence of the sacred. I feel that that basis is what I most gained from this class. The greatest effect on my perspective of religions from looking at what we have now in the AD to what we had in ancient times in the BC would have to be the similarities that the religions of old had to each other. From that, I can see them having the perversion of those similarities into the conflicting problems we have with religions today.

Having a naturalistic faith I find my own views to be very much related to these BC religions, which has also helped cause me to form that occidental perspective I stated. In studying these old religions I have come to notice two primary factors that seem to similarly echo through the ages. The first of these is what can be considered a "brotherly love" or as depicted in the myth of Gilgamesh the love of friendship. It is this key factor of love which connects us all and which takes us off the horizontal level of liking and into a sacred state. This love is present in the ancient myth, as well as, noticeable in the Tao through the unconditional nourishing love of life. It can be seen in the Hindu religion, into Judaic love of family, and even stems into present beliefs of "love thy neighbor..." I stated two components by which these religions are related, though, and that can be best illustrated through the Tao. As all things come from Tao, they are nourished through the mother, or nature, and since we all are connected by that fact, that we come from nature, we are all connected, and that connection is nourished through open, honest, and accepting love.

The second factor comes into being through the empty mind. This can be considered living by the Yin. The logical conclusion by living with the empty mind is to be the passive and accepting yin and similarly follow this Tao or way we will similarly follow the nourishing way of nature, and that is to say, we will live accepting and lovingly. Thus the basis of these two related components is, of course, nature. The second factor that can be depicted throughout the myths is this relatedness to nature. This is the closeness to the source of life that makes the world sacred and takes it off of that horizontal level. This empty mind comes from the Hindu beliefs and is seen also in the

Buddhist beliefs and can be illustrated throughout the other religions of old. By emptying our mind we take ourselves off this horizontal level. We connect to ourselves, our very nature, and thus are connected to the source of life, nature itself.

In stating the similarities of these old religions, it helps me see clearly how they are still instilled within the beliefs today, but also how they are not actually lived. The first thing I learned in this class was to let go of my old beliefs of what religion is, and that it is in fact the three-fold act of re-reading, re-choosing, and re-binding ourselves to the source of life. It then becomes evident that the organization and foundation of the religious dogma and doctrines is not religion at all but just what they made it, a human institute through which we connect to the sacred. As the key factors similar to all religions is that we connect to the source of life through the empty mind and love and also that religion is the three-fold act connecting us to the source of life, then that most evident fact, that the institution of religion does not connect us, becomes clear. The dogma is a linear, human creation that keeps us held to that horizontal profane level. Once the institutions of the different religions become organized, we separate ourselves from each other. One person is a Christian, a Jew a Muslim, or a Hindu. They are no longer a creature, or a creation of nature related to us. The very foundation of the institution of religion does the opposite of the act that is religion and instead of nourishing life we separate and destroy it, which can be seen throughout the countless years of religious conflict in our history. It is that very nature as I look at the AD that seems to lack the natural virtue of religion and in fact is its opposite. Instead, the virtue of religion is an artificial one, dependant on the different organizations for that relative area and is founded on its membership and cohesion. Religion is no longer lived, but a place to visit. Salvation is no longer dependant on our lives, but on whether we contribute to the institute. The sacred is brought down to the level of the profane, and our simple profane lives seem great.

Looking from AD I see only the problematic view of the superficial world we have become. Primarily, we have lost the old ways of BC by no longer remaining close to nature or the source of life. We look to the heavens for answers instead of relying on what we have in front of us. In our isolation and segregation from each other, we find security in our own little solitude of our own personal religious organization. We have lost the connection to what it means to be human and have lost our nature, our way and no longer walk with the source of life but with only faint images and false promises of what will gratify us from the structures of the world we have created.

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Love in a Small Package

By: Dark Wolf of Void

I Introduction

Incomplete.

II What is love?

The analysis of love can be a tricky endeavor for some, as it's content in it's very nature is one of subjectivism and emotion. To look beyond such a bias, one shall have to separate themselves from their traditional assertions of what love is, and look at the relatedness of all things involved. An objective approach that will require it's rationalizations through biology, psychology, and ideology itself is needed. For an analysis that can elicit(sp?) a contemptuous response, one must also understand that this subject of understanding a predominant nature of humanity, will not leave the human out. I will assert that once an objective approach to the topic is reached, a subjective analysis can also be understood and elaborated on, and a study of human relationships can be inquired.

To begin, let us first define what love is and is not. A basis for this understanding, lets consider the fact love is an expression of an emotion. Emotions hold their roots in the core of human anatomy. Stimuli cause an arousal of the sympathetic nervous system, which in turn causes a response in the body and in the human psyche. This can be rationalized as many things, depending on the individual's conditioning to the stimulus. In general, there are two types of emotions, I shall call simply a 'down' emotion and an 'up' emotion. This is because one type of emotion works by crippling the individual into lack of activity. Such as sadness, or to the extreme, depression. While the other side of the spectrum we find emotions expressed as anger. The body becomes energized, the fist clench and the body tightens. In either case, the emotion itself will not last forever. People generally look to alleviate the stress this emotion produces on the body, but if ignored, can lead to literally, a passing out of the body. This is so because for the body to sustain the biological emotional response, it requires energy. The longer the emotion goes on, the weaker the individual will become. A depressed person can feel tired all the time and frequently sleep. This is due to keeping such an emotion 'activated.' The psychological aspect of this is generally that one's perspectives change. Just as when a hunger is in demand of the body, the psyche of the person revolves around acquiring food. When a person's body is revolving around this emotional drive, their psyche in

turn will focus on it as well. This can lead to people remembering in hindsight, "why did I do that?" Simply put, they were in a different mindset.

To continue with this analysis we will have to make an assumption. Love is an emotion. An emotion in as much as hate is a derivative of an emotion. Some can classify it as an expression of anger. But the object of this anger and the rationalizations of course are cognitive. The hate itself is no less an emotion than the anger one can classify it as or under. Therefore, let us assume love too is an emotion. A cognitive expression of the biological reaction to a stimulus. With this understanding of emotions, let us concentrate on the one relevant to this analysis: love.

We can now define love itself as an emotion, being under the same conditions as other emotions, as being a psychological expression of the physical reactions to some stimuli. But what is the usefulness of this knowledge? What utilizations is there with this? We are only a small step in the direction of understanding the relatedness us social creatures, humans, have with each other. From this basis of what love is, we must now look to the expression of this emotion. To do this, we must consider the 'types' of love; moreover, what objects do people direct this emotion towards.

What are the objects of love one can express themselves through? The self? Does that make one selfish? And does the selfless person not love themselves, but everyone else? Can one love God? Is it really love? How about the most prevalent love of all, the love for another person? Erotic, or romantic love -- true love -- and the true definition of love, as some will have it. Is it really love or lust? Can one love a stranger or are we kept to loving only those we selectively pick? These questions and others I will attempt to explain through my analysis on love. Keeping that we know the biological origins of love, this next chapter of the analysis shall be rooted in the ideology and psychoanalysis of the types of love one can express, and the objects that are chosen.

The first assertion I shall make is that there is no real difference in love. Obviously now, love is the same thing. But then why is the love one has for a friend so different than the love one has for their wife? The answer is rooted simply in the object of their love, if it is love at all. Therefore, let us begin our exploration into the types of love with what has been referred to as "brotherly love." A love that is for all people. Maybe the truest form of love, if it is truly love. So then how do we discern one love from another? And that it is really love, or just some superficial quality or empowerment one develops with the object? I will adopt for the sake of this argument, from psychologist Erich Fromm's book "The Art of Loving," what he discovers to be the four elements common to all forms of love. Simply put, they are: care, responsibility, respect, and knowledge. Derived from the idea that love begets love, for any true sense that one has shared with another something, it must too produce it in return. For if that does not occur, the power in which one expresses that is impotent, or as I shall say, not true. With this one must also consider the fact, love must be an activity. One cannot love, just to love, just as one doesn't just hate until they are active with it. If it is impotent or powerless, than this isn't true. To relate this also to other emotions, one is not sad simply because they are sad, but because they actively are sad. If there is no activity, the body is not energized, the sadness than may be the result of some rationalization, but not an emotion as we have affirmed such things to be. As love must follow these same principles, love too must be active. This leads to the idea of productivity. A result of activity, utilized truly in it's very nature will be productive. This though, shall be discussed later.

First, let me return to the four factors of love. Obviously care and responsibility go hand in hand. To feel responsible for something else, you must care about it. Both are vital elements of all expressions of love, and I shall classify these together as simply Compassion. The next item to address is the other two factors of love. These too go hand in hand as to respect something, you must have knowledge of it. With knowledge of something, one can respect it's uniqueness and with love, love it as it really is, keeping it true. The respect ties obviously with the compassion, but in the realm of respect and knowledge, i shall

classify these simply as Understanding. Fromm's research of course is much more in depth and knowledgeable than this simple analysis, and we can thank him for such contribution to what I am analyzing, but now i have broken love down to now not four underlying elements common to all forms of love, but a general overture that ties all forms of love. Simply put, love is the active compassion and understanding of the object of one's love.

III Expressions of love.

The next step in this analysis is to discuss the types of love. The previous tangent I went on was to give us the basic ideology behind what love is away from it's biological nature to it's human nature held within our psyche. The next perspective is to understand these types of love and gather what it means to have this relatedness, to understand the 'socialness' of humans to these objects and analyze what it means to really, or productively love them.

1. Brotherly Love

In talking about Brotherly love, I shall bring up another idea consisting of the term Tolerance. I will distinguish though between what i will consider 'compassionate tolerance' and 'prideful tolerance.' If you have not already figured it out, love will be the underlying factor of this tolerance, and this tolerance itself a valid expression, or sample of this Brotherly love. So what is Brotherly love? The expression of love as we have defined in which there is no bias, no perversions of the love, but is openly available for all of Man. There is no discrimination of who gets one's love. There is no discrimination of who the people are in context to one's love. Everyone is equal in the sense that we are all 'in the same boat' and are individuals with the same capacity of being human as everyone else. Including in that, the ability to love back; thus we can love them.

To note though, I would like to mention this does not mean expressing your love differently as loving all Man. That would contradict the fact this is Brotherly love instead of some other kind of love. Love is love, but how we express it is different. Which leads me to the next idea: Tolerance. This love can be collected effectively in the idea of Tolerance. This will distinguish this form of love from others, as when you can love productively, you can love all things, True compassion will be evident. So then what is Tolerance? I will define it as the active expression of Brotherly love, and by that I mean the active and productive expressions of one's ability to compassionately understand the uniqueness of all things and love them.

Agreeing with that definition of Tolerance, let me explain what it is not. As you can see, Tolerance, love, and it's expression as Brotherly love, or love for all people are tied together. Then the perverted or unloving expression of Tolerance will be exactly that, lacking love. This can be extremely noticeable in what I will call "Prideful Tolerance." This can also be considered a Narcissistic Tolerance or even a Selfish Tolerance as the individual is concerned not with his Brothers, but with one's self. They may tolerate you, but only because you are less than them. You are not a burden to them. Or even "I tolerate you because you are useful to me." These are all true expressions of a perverted form of Tolerance. They do not consist of the love we have discussed, but with immature expressions of it. I will conclude that it stems then from the immature character as having not founded their own ability to love productively or truly.

From that, to compassionately tolerate then is to actively have Brotherly love. To have Compassion and Understanding of all things one can love. Having that active concern of knowledge, respect, caring, and responsibility for the object related to the individual. This can be said to be the truest form of love as to have any kind of love, it shall also have this brotherly love. Without brotherly love, one is not able to love

all things and thus will not have love, but a selective love. Which by it's very nature would revolve around an individual's bias and be immature and perverted. So how does one found this basic principle of love? The basis of course will begin with the individual themselves.

2. Self-Love

Understanding Brotherly love, I have opened the door to discussing that form of love in which one can actively express their ability to love. This is what I shall call "self-love." The main idea here is to separate it from it's counterparts selfishness and selflessness. Which together are counter compliments to each other and stem from the same inability. A tangent of that would be to discuss the relatedness between these two compliments and how similar they are and tie into the counter compliments of sadomasochism, but that is of another topic to be discussed later all it's own. To begin then, I shall explain the ideas of selfishness and selflessness.

Many would try to hold self-love as the same thing as selfishness. They would conclude loving one's self is just as selfishness, a concern with only one's self. The problem with that is we have defined what love is, and selfishness by it's very nature, lacks love. To actively love something, it must produce love. For one to actively love themselves then, they will productively have made love. This would lead to brotherly love by the very nature of love. If it is perverted or immature, it will produce such an immature 'love'. But selfishness itself excludes others. It is the concern with exclusively the individual. As I've established by brotherly love, this cannot be love because love is not exclusive. But then can this not just be love without brotherly love? The problem with that is selfishness lacks love for the self. To understand this, we have to look back at the root of what love is. Love vitally requires, activity. How does one actively love themselves? By excluding others? That would be absurd. That has no love for the self but is based solely off of the very lack of brotherly love and has no love for the self. Is there to be activity of the self from the lack of activity to others? Non-activity doesn't create activity. Selfishness is the lack of love, not the fixation of love on the self.

The idea of selflessness would lead some to relate it to Brotherly love. Solely because it is the concern with others. The problem with that is selflessness too lacks activity in a key area: The self. Obviously for there to be any productive brotherly love, it stems from self-love (not selfishness) and if there is no concern with the self, especially no activity of the self, then how can one produce anything to others? Self-love then is the key component to expressing all forms of love. Selflessness lacks any love as it is produced from nothing but a rationalization of one's concern for everything but the self. The relatedness to selfishness is so evident as having no need to be mentioned further. They are counters to each other, yet fit together perfectly. Opposing forces I like to call counter compliments. They do just that compliment each other like perfectly fitted pieces. The true counter though is that to both of them: Self-love.

In the definition of Love, we can conclude that self-love is simply the active compassion and understanding of the self. The concern can be seen in the compassion to one's self. One would have to care and take responsibility for one's self. Also with understanding of one's self, one shall have to introspect, or 'self-actualize' for a better term. For if we do not really understand ourselves, then one cannot respect their uniqueness. The problem of many perversions of all activity in relations stem from this aspect, lack of self-knowledge. As has been said by many people, the self is the hardest thing to know. But with self-love one can continue to break the barriers to one's self and actively discovery who they are. In essence, as is the nature of love, one can unit to themselves. So can one conclude we are separated from ourselves? Yes. The discussion that can be produced from this would lead on a tangent that would require it's own analysis so I shall stay silent on the extent of this topic. Though I will say this, that one key factor to many problems in human relations is the fact we are separated from all things, even knowing ourselves, and we are alone in ourselves like that. Love though is a unifying factor. Not only to bonding us to others, but it begins with ourselves. So to conclude, self-love is not only the important

aspect of producing a more mature relatedness to others through having a productive capacity to love, but it is the important aspect of maturing the individual to fully potentialize themselves.

3. Erotic Love

This section of the analysis can be considered the most controversial for the sole fact alone that people consider this to be 'the love' the only real 'true love.' No matter what confusions people may have with any other ideas of love, this idea of 'true love' is as God being ineffable and real and there is no understanding it. Understanding the basis factors of love as we've agreed upon this far being that 1) love is love and only differing in the object of love, and 2) this is so because love is derived from the fact it is an emotional state of arousal, then we can conclude that this Romantic love or Erotic love is held to the same conditions all love and expressions of love have to.

Having these premises, we can see love expressed to all things, and that coming from love being expressed to ourselves. Basically the active expression of compassion and understanding with ourselves which breeds the same compassion and understanding to all things encountered; moreover, brotherly love can be expressed as the idea of social-love. But there is still yet another relatedness love is expressed to, obviously. This is one's love to another individual. This can be considered the direct love or connection and unification to other person. The misleading difference is perceived through that one's relatedness to themselves or to a group as a whole leaves them separated and isolated, but the complete unification to another person, this Erotic Love, as we shall call it breaks away those known barriers and allows for one to give themselves entirely to another. This is misleading because people believe then that other loves are 'less' in value or merit as opposed to this now "true" love. Erotic love though is not a different love, it's only the object that has change. So then it is held to the same factors that governed the other types of love.

Some of the problems that arise with this Erotic love can most prevalently be seen in the blindness many feel from it. It can be considered a scary thing, as well as, a wondrous thing. The feelings that can arise from this type of relatedness though are primarily found in this type of love and this causes people to venture into an area that is, for the most part, unknown. So lacking understanding they assume this to be "the love" above all other loves. The other misconception to be noted that of "falling" in love. The moment when two strangers become fused in union with one another and go passed the barriers that bar away one's ability to let them, the self, connect with others. This falling in love allows them through trust of another, to express as fully as possible, the self with another. This though, is a short lived experience. As I like to call it, the 'honeymoon' period of love. Once there is no more blockage, the two are as well known, or as I shall quote from Fromm "as little known."

After this honeymoon period, a new conflict will arise, and will refer back to when I said that the social-love is apart of all one's love. This is so because once the Romanticism or Intimacy has settled from the "falling" then one is faced again with another person, or even different, another self. This topic will be picked up later, but to conclude on this idea, Erotic love by it's very nature is short lived. In the end, one must deal with the individual again, and with the intimacy decaying, this can lead to the problem of Lust which can be mistaken as this love either before the erotic love or after. Once the two settle from their 'fall into love' they are left with being separated from each other again and degrading the intimacy into a physical bond of intimacy. Many relationships ending in nothing more than this lust.

The problem of lust is that people believe it to be love. With the previously noted ineffability many have towards love, it is no wonder they fear to question their lust. From that problem alone, many relationships can be noted as beginning from lust, as forming from an immature form of love, or a poor upbringing and poor capacity to love. These cause the person to escape their separateness by the only way they can then, the physical intimacy that bonds them physically or superficially to another. Note, sexual desires are not

the only activity an immature intimacy can be expressed through, but can also be seen in mutual hate, disgusts, or rages. Basically anything that can make one relate to the other will work!

This Erotic love, the intimate relatedness one has to another individual, is by far an integral part of our lives, but also one of the most deluded part of our lives. That fact alone causes it to lead many of us towards behaviors and relations that we would never rationally understand. Why is that? Because it isn't rational. Thus many consider it still to be true and concluding it's ineffability when it continues to keep one ignorant to their own self and restricted in forming a mature capacity to love. These misconceptions lead then to cause people to believe their Lust is too, a true love that can't be questioned. Following is a feeling of surrender to the overpowering sensation of opening part of one's self, which like any emotion will be degraded and one's life returning back, forcing them to deal with things from their own separateness and isolation. The romanticism one feels will eventually degrade as one's ability to love maturely lacks and cannot gratify themselves with that sensual experience but again, only through that lust. Making it then, an escape from one's aloneness to give them some pleasure in a painful world they can't take control of. Stemming from their inability to love the very person they will always be with: the Self.

4. Parental-Love

Now are we only able to relate ourselves to these three objects: ourselves, other groups, and other individuals? Of course not. We can form relations with anything that exists, including illusions. What then, is the criterion for a love of these objects? The same as it has always been. Here now, I shall explain a few other objects one can love and be loved by, which we should know, is required of a potent love.

The first alternate expression of love from the three relations I previously discussed shall be that of the parents. What then is parental love? Let us look first at what kind of parenting systems there are. Some social animals will nurture the young as a collective, and the group's identity is thus given to the collective of the young. The counter to that is individualism, and moreover what we, especially in the western world, have is that of a two parent system. In some animal societies though, the mother is not always the 'mother' as our western perspective might have it, and the father would then be the one that nurtures. This though is not relevant as for this discussion we shall adopt the idea of a two parent system as we see in our Western civilization.

To understand this parental love, let's first take a look at what is motherly love. The mother's love for her child is unconditional. Coming directly from her, the child is an extension of her, and with her capacity to love the child as she can love herself, she does love it. Accepting the social-love presented previously, the mother not only loves her child, she loves all children. Thus, the feminine nature can be seen as one that is soft and loving to the world. The father on the other hand, is represented quite differently. His love is conditional and earned. Of course the father, with his capacity to love, will love the child in it's uniqueness, but for the parental structure to pass on it's identity, there needs to be a relation that makes the child develop this identity. The striving comes from the desire for total love from the parental system; thus earning the love of the father is motivated and the child adopts the principles of their parental structure. Note that the idea of motherly and fatherly love is separate from that of what is actually practiced, but much like most ideas, they are only that, ideas. The potency of an idea is only as strong as it becomes productive; thus one must be active for an idea to be expressed, and a great whole of people can be lazy in this day, especially in love.

One invalid assumption is that the mother and father are opposing forces. Quite the contrary, for if that were so then the parental system would be one that's product is self-destructive. The two forces are complimentary and together they relate to the child such that they give it then, the parental structure's identity. The best ideology I can present of these two forces would be expressed through the idea of

Guidance and Reassurance. I cannot say that the mother is one and the father the other, as together they make up both these ideas. The mother of course though, would be more idolized as the reassurance of the relation, for as in her arms of unconditional love, there is safety. The father then would be more closely idolized as the guidance that one seeks and needs to affirm the world around them. The father takes on the roll of the structure and relation to the world. He would then become, security. As stated before though, his love is conditional and earned; thus if not earned, this can lead to insecurities. I believe Freud expressed this nature in his instinct theories, and brilliantly summed them up into small packages of ideologies themselves through complexes, mechanisms, and instincts. That though is a study of its own and only a tangent of this analysis.

Conflict arises with this ideology primarily in the area of the mother and father roles. Living in the 21st century, that would be expected, with liberal freedoms and rights, after years of feminist movements and activism. The criticisms are shallow though, and as I stated before, these roles themselves are not of what is practiced but a trait that follows from the gender roles that do exist and the relatedness of that with love expressions. Within the double parental system there is the 'care giver' and 'provider' or as I expressed in what is seen in contemporary Western perspectives, the mother and father, or for a direct expression, there is the conditional and unconditional loves. Both of which are forces that are needed as I expressed previously, to pass on the identity. The semantics of it are irrelevant though. To even look at this perspective from the collectivist view, it's taking what I expressed in individual terms and collecting them as one group entity. Within the collective of the subordinate (child/children) there is unconditional love, the social-love of the peers, and together they earn the love of the collective 'parent' that guides them.

Another criticism can be found in the idea that the father is 'ruler of the house' and other such 'macho' stereotypes. But again, what I stated previously is for one, not readily practiced, but the nature of parenting. By this I mean that people do not structure their relationships, but the relationships follow the nature. Just as man does not practice being man, they follow human nature. To address the criticism of the gender roles, I stated that the mother and father are not separate, but together make the parental system. With the Guidance and Reassurance ideology, the father is not solely guidance as his security is also a reassurance, and the mother herself has full capacity to guide the child as well with the closeness of the bond from her unconditional love. This may be discussed in the later chapter.

To conclude the expression of love from a parent, let me address the criteria again. The essential idea stems from love begets love, for any love to be potent. The first problem that arises will obviously be that in problematic relationships, there is not just the expected conflict, but an actual apathy and lack of love. This of course will arise from one's immature love. The difference from the other expressions of love is that this expression of love is not left to an individual and their immature love, but of a collective. Unless of course there is a single parent which is a special case I am not including directly for length reasons, but let me address that in the case of a single parent, the parent then becomes the entire system and must take on both forces. A single parent of more than one child though can be much like the collective structure in that the parent will be that collective parent entity as one, which may be better. Moving past this special case though, let us look at the criteria that is of all expressions of love. First, the parental structure or entity itself is expressing the love. The interrelatedness itself can be seen as a self-love of the entity and is a relatedness to be discussed later. With that said, the love that is being expressed is from the parent to the child. I broke this parental-love into it's two primary forces I considered motherly and fatherly love, or directly unconditional and conditional love. Together though, they make up the expression of one's love to child in the parental structure. Needed for these are the compassion and understanding of the child. Compassion can be predominately seen in the unconditional aspect of this parental-love. The understanding part can sometimes though, be neglected. Parents of the authoritarian type may neglect the uniqueness of the child as being it's own self and then lack the understanding of it, and in that, force their identity on the child, which will not be love. The opposite of the authoritarian parental structure is also just as detrimental for it will lack the ability of the conditional love in their pursuit of compassion and

lack of conditionality. In the prior, the conditional love is not love for it lacks understanding regardless, and in the latter, there would be no guidance of the conditional love for their overtly extreme compassion. The balanced ground can be sought through having that unconditional love for the child, while not neglecting that the child must also be active in it's pursuit of the conditional love, and through this activity, earn the identity of the parents in a productive and mature loving manner. This will lead to a more productive and mature child.

5. Love of God

There are countless objects in which one can relate to, thus expending one's active energy of love. These range from inanimate objects, to animals, to illusions. Firstly though, there is one object in which a vast majority of the world revolves their ethics and pursuits of love about. This being the Divine essence that orientates their lives. This is the idea of God. And love exists very much as it does between mother and child as it does between worshipper and God. So let us venture to understand the potency of this love.

In addressing parental love, I have introduced two ideologies that will become predominate in the discussion of God. The first ideology comes directly from the forces of parental love, that of the unconditional and conditional love, but also the ideas of authoritarianism and it's counter part. For the sake of this argument, and length of this, as it's titled, small package, I will focus again around the Western perspective, while also implementing the ideology of the more humanistic Eastern philosophies. But in terms of God, I shall adopt the monotheistic ideologies of the omni-everything God, primarily seen in the belief structures of Christianity, Mohammad, and Judeo.

For there to be an actuality of love for God, the follower must have compassion and understanding for their God. As most decent followers of faith will do, they will study to understand the doctrines and mysticism of their religions to gather that knowledge and respect for it. For if they lack in understanding, then they are not truly beginning to even love their God, their motives lie else where, which in the scope of this analysis, we shall not seek to answer. But does one have compassion for their God? I would believe so, for of the true follower, they feel the responsibility of their belief. By that I mean they protect it, for when anyone's belief's are threatened, a firm believer with a true love will care for their belief. Of course the relatedness between one and God is vastly different than that between one and another human entity, for all the personifications one can give to God, the Divine will remain an unknown presence to our objective reality, but exist in as much as the follower Loves their God and has that unity to it.

If we accept that there is a valid love between the believer and their God, then we can agree that the mature love will exist in as much as the love is not perverted by lack of any brotherly love or self-love. Accepting this then, I will present now the ideas I inferred before; those being the parental forces of love and the authoritarian ideals. Fatherly love can most ideally be seen in the Christian belief as they directly present God as "the Father." As well, the idea of conditional love is also seen in the doctrine of generally, all monotheistic beliefs as this. For one to earn the place with "the father" or be accepted, to gain that conditional love, one must live to the ideals of the God in question. Thus the doctrines of the belief system will become the identity the individual wishes to attain just as the child wishes to attain the identity of the parental structure. One may argue that God loves us regardless, but of course there is the double standard that if you do not conform to his love, his ways, then you are left out of the greatness they hide. This double standard exists in just as there is a double standard in the parental structure. It is one entity, but there is the unconditional and conditional loves. We feel safe from the motherly aspects of compassion, but need to conform for the security of the father.

6. Illusions

incomplete

IV The Nature of Love.

Incomplete.

V Reflections

Incomplete.

Aloneness

In the study of human nature, one must always wonder about what is human nature. Through sciences we discover factors that govern the way things interact and connect, and thus get a better understanding of reality. But there is one condition that is a prime factor in the very lives of all humanity that seems to remain unquestioned or unchallenged. We accept Nature and evolutionary processes to determine instinctual drives that direct our behavior. Now I believe there is an inherent condition within all humans, derived from our very evolution, that propels us into isolation and separateness from each other; which in turn, causes us to form reactive responses in the form of anxiety and fear. Therefore, to gather a better understanding of human nature in terms of human interactivity, finding this condition and what response we engage from it is of great value. I wish to show this condition and our reactive response to it and that it does exist. All within the bounds that our other evolutionary progressions remain.

To begin this analysis, we shall have to determine what this condition is and how it exists. I wish to call this condition Aloneness. A term I've read to describe the position of humanity in terms of it's isolation from the others of it's society. This is exactly the condition I wish to show. We are different from the rest of the animal kingdom in certain distinct ways. The most predominant of these being that we are the only sentient animals with knowledge of the Self; moreover, that we are alive as our own individual entity. One can argue that other animals exist and are just as alone as humanity. The difference is we have the self-awareness to know our individuality. Other animals do not know, consciously or unconsciously, of their own existence. They are a reactive instinctual process to their environment and thus nothing no aloneness can be derived from that, but we as humans, do have this aloneness. This can especially be seen in the face of our personalities and predispositions that make us who we are. This uniqueness we assert of ourselves, as a person, shows a distinction, and separation from the rest of our kind, and in turn produces a sense of isolation from others. Though, social psychology has shown the false uniqueness effect demonstrates how our personalities and predispositions do not effect our behavior to any great extent rather in only certain conditions; thus this uniqueness doesn't separate us. But these certain conditions primarily revolve around self-awareness, thus the reactive nature we behave through would be more like the ignorance of other animals and functioned through an instinctive process instead of an evolving process with thought and reason through self-awareness. The lack of self-awareness only moves some towards being reactive as animals on a certain level of ignorance, because of the lack, instead of those that are self-aware, they would then have the realization of their uniqueness from others, making them as I stated prior, separated with a feeling of isolation. Even if we assert, though, that the false uniqueness makes us not-unique, it would only be in the eyes of the social process the individual remains to themselves isolated and separate for they see others as different regardless. If we take notice of this self-awareness then, we can see it only leads us out of the primitive nature of instinctual processes to a world governed by our thought and reason, which in turn, leads to the realization of our social situation and reveal our isolation and separateness. One may assume, though, that with proper thought and reason we can assure a connectivity through our social process and that we are not then isolated and separate. But even if we assumed that, the isolation will always remain for the prior reasons stated. The reassurance we would get would be a self-gratification and cover up of the reality of the situation, that we are alone, isolated and separate, from our fellow humans, but at the same time in conflict with our sociable nature. We can conclude that there is this condition inherent in humans by the fact we are self-aware. To what degree one may have that awareness is open to discussion, but irrelevant to this analysis. It is because of this that we are able to realize we are separate. This is only one side of the story, as to further elaborate on this aloneness, we must now discuss what breeds from it.

Agreeing with the condition, we can see humans have a duality in that they are isolated by their Aloneness and still by Nature, social animals; Thus the conflicting natures cause reaction. There are two

broad reactive conditions that will best illustrate the reactive nature humans have to aloneness. These will be anxiety, plus fear and isolation. I will first address anxiety. This could be discussed further in terms of anxiety reactions, but I will keep to the general idea of anxiety reactions and not reaction formations like depression, addiction, or obsession. For the sake of this argument I will gloss anxiety over as being the "sense of apprehension and fear often marked by physiological signs, by doubt concerning the reality and nature of the threat, and by self-doubt about one's capacity to cope with it," as expressed by Webster unabridged. The vast majority of people become anxious when alone or isolated, almost like a response to sense deprivation in the extreme cases as someone in prison inside isolation chambers; in milder cases, habitual formations or nervous reactions such as smoking, nail biting, foot tapping, etc. But can not this anxiety can come from a number of things, stress from the workplace, financial troubles, etc. In this context we are discussing the anxiety formation of aloneness. When one is forced to realize their difference, isolation, or separation from the world around them. Stress from the workplace or financial troubles and the like are examples of social context stresses, which this argument does not deny that humans live in a sociable world but addresses the isolation one feels from it. Agreeing with the separation of the context, we can still address the social context in terms of the individual, in as much as, the individual still exists in his social world regardless. The stress from the workplace may cause the individual to feel isolated from others in the workplace, or financial troubles may make one feel different from everyone else who isn't having the trouble. In a mild case, the nervous reaction one feels when speaking in class makes them feel the center of attention causing them to feel separated, or to extreme cases, when one is alone with nothing to do they become bored, uneasy, or unnerved to extreme reactions as the reaction formations I mentioned before, depression, obsession, etc. Then what about people who seek to be the center of attention? In certain cases where one does seek to become the center of attention, it makes them feel part of the group and gratifies the ego, thus alleviating any stress from being separated, but by seeking to be the center they feel to be at the heart of the group, or feeling to be right inside. Anxiety is formed from our aloneness as a physical reaction to that separation, that apprehension we feel. A second reaction along with anxiety would then be the fear and insecurities individuals have in their aloneness. This can be seen in reaction formations people have opposite of the 'center of attention' one where they try not to be the center of the group but to blend in. When not having blatant conformity, people feel fear and insecurity in the situation. Thus the formation is 1) to seek out ways of alleviating aloneness and 2) not partaking in things out of fear and insecurity. Reaction formations people build stretch far and wide in spectrum, but a general overture would be the conformity people have to what will help them feel closeness to others. One may ask though, "isn't conformity a good thing in many cases?" Conformity is a good thing when it is practical, but not when it goes against one's own ethics, they would then be changing the self not for the sake of the group, but for the sake of themselves being in the group. And to not be part of the group breeds insecurity towards the group for then they will be alone and separate, and which may cause them to look for another group to conform to. It comes down to the difference between compliance/obedience and acceptance. Whether one believes in what they're doing or doing it out of necessity; that necessity being flight from aloneness. The apprehension people form though out of fear is though, just as evident as the reaction to conform to relieve the anxiety of aloneness. But if people weren't reserved in some areas they would go against the idea of "look before you leap;" which are all necessary things in social processes if one is to look out for themselves, which is a natural reaction like any other instinct of survival. One must express, though, a difference between self preservation and that of fear and insecurity. Self preservation will cause one to do things in the interest of benefiting the self while fear and insecurity will cause one to lack activity out of interest for the self. In the idea of the survival instinct as fight or flight, the fear and insecurity isn't even mentioned for it would be the lack of reaction. Note that this lack of reaction would be the reaction from aloneness. Reactive behavior is evident when observing the nature of humans, we are highly adaptable and just like forming heuristics, or emotional responses, we have reaction formations to aloneness because it does exist. One may question the whole of reactive behavior by the observation that some do not form reactive behavior to aloneness. People can exist without reaction formations. This can be seen in those who adapt to emotional responses, situational stimuli, and most importantly to Aloneness. Those that can be still with

their isolation and separateness. Many use meditation as a way of stilling their minds and cognitive dissonance, others revert to ignorance, and yet still, others just form reactions to try and break free from their aloneness.

We are alone in this world by our very evolution, but we are also sociable by that same Nature. Thus a constant confliction will always be there, but in the idea of Yin and Yang, there can be a balance of our duality. The majority though still continue to try and escape this aloneness, but that would be as trying to escape our humanity. Others will enjoy their ignorance, or others will enjoy the awareness and realizations by adapting to the condition. People fear the painful road that is living in isolation and realization, but in that fear and insecurity we are blown around like dead leaves on the wind. Accepting what may come and conforming to it to relieve the anxiety. As I stated prior though, we cannot escape aloneness, just as much as we can't escape our humanity. The Buddhist will tell you life is suffering, and if there is pain in our aloneness, they are so ever right. But one does not need to suffer in their aloneness for we can adapt to it, and enjoy it. Don't let the Aloneness make you think we cannot bond though. Unity is achievable and humans can bond with one another. One must look though to the validity, health, and maturity of the bonding. But that discussion is another topic all itself.

Search for the Path: An Inquiry into the Meaning of Life

One question that has always plagued the minds of humanity has been for seeking a purpose. What is our reason for being, why are we here, and how are we supposed to attain this has always been the endeavor of philosophers, theologians, and all great thinkers throughout history. For the sake of this argument, let us establish that it is impossible to find an objective answer to these questions, but also for the sake of argument, let us assume that we can though, find objective reasons that point us in a direction that can lead to the ideal of what we seek. That being said let us search for the path that may lead us to an understanding of what it means to be human; moreover, to find where the summit of all our lives lead to: the meaning of life.

The first step in trying to find what a meaning of life is forming the grounds that would lead us to a purpose. The basis for this lies in finding an inherent condition in all of humanity. From that we shall find what relatedness this condition has to us as humans. And resolve with what we may conclude as an established direction that can be considered one path towards our meaning in life as humans. To begin, let us assume there is a condition that is inherent in all of humanity. What then is this condition? What can be formed as a basis of concluding this condition? What makes us unique from other creatures? These are questions that must be answered to guide us towards finding the truth in this condition and asserting it as our basis for continuing this analysis.

Looking to Nature as a source of creation, and why we are here, we can infer that our development as being a result of evolutionary progress and work. What then separates us from other animals? One should be able to notice this as being our ability to reason, our developed minds and personalities, and most importantly, our sense of knowing ourselves. The main reason we differ from the rest of the animal kingdom relies highly on the fact we are sentient beings. For that fact alone we can see that for being human, we are isolated in our minds as being individuals. Note, this is beyond being an individual of a society, but we are individual in that we are an entity, a being, a creature with it's own nature, traits, and personality that separates us from not only the rest of the animal kingdom, but also our fellow Man. This is a condition specific for being human, and I will assert as our basis for this analysis. That for being human, we are beings isolated in our own nature and selves, separated from all things, and in all our aloneness, forced to take on a life that urges us to be connected, for we are by Nature, social animals.

Assuming now that all humans must live under this same condition let us discuss the effects it has on human nature. As I stated, humans are social animals. This means that by Nature, we seek out to organize and bond ourselves in some kind of relationship with others of our kind for whatever purpose. The obvious problem that rises is that from our aloneness, how do we connect with others of our kind? We are separated. This is a discussion of human nature that would highly exceed the scope of this analysis, but for the sake of this argument, let me bring up two aspects that are derived from this condition. First let me bring up the idea of human sociability again. The obvious problem can be seen through the reactive behavior people have that comes from primarily the anxiety caused from this aloneness. Depression, Obsession, Addiction, these are all things that can be correlated with this condition. In fact, I will infer that this aloneness aspect can be the source of many disturbances humans form in reaction. The main idea behind this is that because we are sociable and cannot bond entirely with any other human, we will always have a sense of isolation. Also, many conflicts that are expressed through one's behavior, conscious or unconscious, can be found as notable conflicts with the individual to themselves. Which leads me to the second aspect I would like to address. This being self-awareness. From the problem, we move to a solution. One successful method for alleviating some of those reactive behaviors I mentioned prior could be dealt with efficiently through self-awareness. Understanding of one's self leads them to noticing conflicting behavior, which in turn, leads one to deal with them in a better manner. I will assert

then that from the condition, we arrive at the problem with human sociability. A healthy way of maturation from this is through self-awareness. The last thing to discuss then is the idea of maturity. Something is mature when it is fully developed. There is no such thing as a mature human as we are a continuing process. Some beliefs such as Buddhism would assert that to progress to this maturity, or enlightenment, is continued through reincarnation. Ideologies like that though are a tangent that would far exceed the scope of this essay as well, and we shall stick to the roots of this philosophy. But to fully mature, we must remove those things that limit and block our development. So then human nature, from this condition, can be considered a journey towards binding ourselves with something to lead us out of our isolation that breeds our insecurity and anxiety that prohibits us from maturing. It is impossible to fulfill that though, and one possible solution is through self-awareness. In essence, we seek to live with our aloneness and be connected to others through our ability of efficiently being separated. Forming the connection to ourselves, we are able to produce some kind of connection to others. In Humanistic terms, this method or element of connectivity may be considered Love. But the semantics are not important; the idea is. So to conclude this idea, we would agree that humans by nature have a duality between being separated and seeking connectivity. This causes problems to arise in the nature of Man that he gratifies or escapes from through reactive behavior. One can either try to, in essence, deny his humanity and return to a state of ignorance that the other animals of the world have, or go the opposite route and seek more awareness of oneself, of others, and the world around them. Thus finding a path to maturity, to fully developing, and to become Human in its entirety.

One ideology to finding answers is to look at the simplest of solutions. One then can conclude that the meaning of life is simply, to live. By natural standards this is the most prevalent behavior and instinctual drives we have: to survive. From what has been inferred so far, we have come to a conclusion through the principle of maturation that to fully develop as a human in our societal world we've constructed would require one to become aware of themselves so as to remove all societal restrains produced from the problem aroused from the original condition. So in closing, let me state that to not only survive as a human, but to really live will require as any animal strives for, to progress, develop, evolve, and mature. The conditions for which we mature have been laid before us by simply being who we are, and overcoming the obstacles that deny us this path requires from a humanistic perspective, the ability to truly love oneself as to function productively in our society and fully "potentialize" or mature ourselves. From the most basic grounds we can perceive a path that, though simple in appearance, is a difficult journey, the summit that holds the meaning in our lives can never be grasped, but by the simplest assertion, we can find the most productive methods for striving towards that goal. What ever subjective meaning one wants to place at the peak of this mountain of life will not be an answer to the fundamental questions posed, but shall only be used as incentive. Let then, everyone find their own meaning, but follow the path best traveled.

Index of Social Psych. Assignment, An article by Matteo
http://www.science-spirit.org/articles/prINTERfriendly.cfm?article_id=76

The Light of Reason: Evolutionary Psychology and Ethics

In this "Science and Spirit" article on Evolutionary Psychology and Ethics, Dr Matteo explores the connection between the study of our biological upbringing, preconditions, and their implications on our ethical understanding and principles we form. The prime objective is to try and bring an empirical, or objective correlation between our "genetic predisposition," that of our evolution, and the ethics we form in our societies. By looking to some kind of human nature basis, we may be able to find out what 'mechanisms' make us form these ethics and stick to them.

The first premise could be inferring a materialist stance, by taking an objective position that if we can understand the parts and the laws that govern, we can understand the whole of the process. Darwinian perspective is that what has risen in our behavior comes from our evolved state from natural selection. That what works to keep one's genes alive and passed along will continue to stay with the species and be the predominant behavioral influence. The primary idea here being adaptation. From the Evolutionary Psychology position, what behavior would contend as these predominant traits would be what is "in our genetic predispositions to 'kin' and 'reciprocal' altruism." By this they would look at the fact that as social animals we have kin or those that will reciprocate our altruism and 'cooperative' behavior. This is an evolutionary and survival advantage, thus fitting into the Darwinian perspective. The problem with this is that there is no automated altruistic behavior in people. There's almost a dualism between this and a selfish nature they assert. One could see from the survival instinct, that our self-preservation will conflict with our social and altruistic instincts. Matteo infers this to be the basis for our moral conflict.

The conflicts with this can be seen in the "genetic determinism" that many groups have a problem with. Primarily because it dissolves humanity into a genetic code, or robot of an instinctual problem. Matteo asserts though, that this Evolutionary basis for morality does not lead to genetic determinism at all, but instead leads to giving us better insight into our behavior and thus giving us greater control over our reality. In essence, we wouldn't be slaves to our instincts but play a role in our 'destiny.' In other words, we have instinctual processes that influence us, but we have an active conscious mind that allows us to react differently to our instincts and not be mastered by them.

Accepting that there is a biological basis for our "family cohesion and heroism" as well as for our selfish and narcissistic tendencies, we have to accept that these are not an absolute basis for morality. Aristotle posed the notion that the ethical position stands between rational control of our instinct and emotion. Having knowledge of what we've accepted, we would still need to have some basis for the principles of what is just and fair. These notions would be answered by the philosophers of our time. Much like those of the past that present the idea that morality would imply freedom of choice, which returns to the idea that Aristotle posed.

In conclusion, Matteo reflects on the idea that some would consider using this evolutionary basis would lead us to abandon any objective ground for morality. They compare that any two intelligent species would form different sets of ethics and if they were to clash, there is no neutral ground or objective standard to which one can judge. Presenting this idea though, the idea of "belief perseverance" seems to come in, as he explains people's reaction to thinking their morality would be purely subjective. Matteo argues, though, that moral objectivity isn't held to whether it exists in our "external realities." Objectivity is reserved for what is real or can be objectified and holds value then. In the end, evolutionary psychology only brings to light a motivational ground for what drives us, but the dualistic nature between our rational

control over these instinctual processes allows us to form morality in many subjective ways. Leaving any objective truths to the philosophers and theologians.

Socio-Ethics: Psychological Morality

The world, a collective of millions of organisms, all collected in some kind of fashion. From the smallest ant colonies to herds of elephants. Animals interact in one way or another. To a psychologist, understanding these interactions can be of prime importance. The animal of interest to us humans, of course, are humans. But understanding how we interact is only one step in understanding our behavior. Throughout human history, philosophers and theologians have questioned about Truth; moreover, seeking answers to what is the right or Just behavior. Is there an ethical principle, or morality of right cause that humans can inherently derive from their being? In relation to Matteo's article on Evolutionary Psychology and Ethics, he attempted to give a reflection on this very concept. I believe it's implications on the social interactions, that of the ethics these groups of animals seem to follow, is of prime importance to Social Psychology. The answers can most adamantly be sought after by looking first to our very being, that of being human. Further more, by understanding how we interact as social animals and our group relations. Psychology then can be looked to as a basis for ethical determinism.

Evolutionary Psychologist, along with the ideologies of Darwinism, have sought to look for a factor of humanity that is inherent from our evolution through natural selection that can be considered mechanisms of our behavior. As pointed out in the article, two predominate traits can be seen to be vastly important in the question of ethical behavior. The first is that of altruistic behavior, or doing good deeds. In the perspective of natural selection, doing things that were good for our kin, or those that would reciprocate these good deeds, would help in not only our survival, but in light of our kin, in the survival of the genes we hold as a whole. One idea can be that our brothers and sisters also hold a percentage of our genetic code, thus their survival of passing it on, would be like spreading a percentage of our own genetic code, which some Darwinist believe to be the key factor in our instinctual drives. Also these good behaviors toward those that would reciprocate them would lend a hand in our own survival, for "ten hands are better than two." This is only one side of the evolutionary coin, for we do not have autonomic instinctual drives that make us help others. We also have inherent selfish drives by our survival instincts of self-preservation. This would form a duality between doing good and looking out for ourselves. As Matteo puts it, "the clash between these evolved adaptive mechanisms is the biological root of the moral conflicts we experience." He admits though, that this would require much needed empirical studies to support. The ideology doesn't seem that far fetched in light of the history of our logical reasoning. Passed thinkers as Aristotle contend to ideas as our reactions are a product of mastering our instinct and emotions. Taking this evolutionary stance on human behavior leads us, then, to consider that our drives for things as we consciously adhere to them, are nothing more than our desire to pass on our genes and going about the best way to do that. The criticism to this, though, is that we are not merely products of our instinctual processes, but are rational agents. This too is true. The dynamic factors of our individuality cause these materialistic and evolutionary mechanisms to fall short in their explanation of an ethical ground. That, I would find, is short sided. The idea is still strong, and can be sought ideologically, further. By that, we would have to question our social dynamics.

One perspective of looking at our evolution is that of our individual dynamic reactions by natural selection, but we are more than individual instinctual processes. We have a vast array of social interactions, whether they be with others of our kind, inanimate objects, or other creatures that can respond, we have relations with our world. These reactions create a new dynamic of social interest that produce new reactions. The article pointed out what one man said in respects to an evolved morality, "Another intelligent species, with a different evolutionary history, would supposedly have developed another set of foundational convictions. If the two clashed, there would be no neutral, rational standard by which to judge between them." This can be seen by the fact that in small high school groups to entire

nations hold different ethical principles for their morality. In fact, ethics by and large can be seen as almost purely individualized. But again, we are social animals and look to relate. We conform and we give things up for the sake of the group, and have groupthink and our morality will adapt to these new social conditions. However, for the sake of this argument, we seek to find a commonality amongst these groups and our group behavior and interactions. One can almost seek to find a "universal" ethical principle amongst our societies. The problem is, what one society holds is not the same as another. Stealing is wrong, but in some tribal societies, stealing is everyday life and accepted. Evolutionarily speaking, these are adaptations, for if a group is to survive as a collective entity, just as an individual entity, they need to adapt. A group has functionality and internal conflicts just as an individual does. So the purely individualized ethics are under the same conditions of group ethics and vice versa. Returning to the idea of socio-evolutionary ethics of groups, one can also consider the idea of the internal workings of a group to influence individual ethics. In the idea of individual evolutionary survival by altruism of kin and those that reciprocate, within a group this may also be so. The idea is forming a balance within the group, just as an individual needs to relieve cognitive dissonance to form an efficient 'balance' of Self to function. Ethical norms then would form within groups, a collective of the whole that works well and makes the group function. This can account for the differences in ethics among groups. And by groupthink, conformity and cognitive dissonance, one could infer that the individual will adapt to those ethics. Referring back then to the two mechanisms that may relate to our individual ethics, we see these same type of conditions influencing our group mentality, and by our natural, or evolved ways of social reactions, these also influence ethics among the group which return to the ethics of the individual.

There is one last ideology that must be thought up though. What is determining what is Just and right? What role does psychology have in dealing with this? Matteo expresses with the foundation of evolutionary psychology's revealing of our genetic and instinctual predispositions, "to the extent that evolutionary psychology can bring such motivations to light, it will enhance our ability to structure our individual lives and the collective dealings of our societies on more moral grounds." Reflecting that on the latter of the questions, the first one would require rational thinking. Keeping to the idea of natural selection and evolutionary considerations which have played predominately thus far, we have to look at what is key to survival. I will assert this as adaptation. What is 'healthy' in psychology is generally what is adaptive, and maladaptive behavior leads to unsociable relations that go against human nature. Another idea is maturity and maturation. A naturalistic idea is to progress toward what one is to become and with such potency of self, can 'pass along' one's self. The more one has matured, the more adaptive, more potent, more capable it shall be to pass along itself and thus, by evolutionary standards of natural selection, be the fittest to survive. Keeping with the naturalistic evolutionary basis again, one can infer what is 'right' on that same scale is what will cause one to mature, or be healthy. Since ethics follow the individual, the adaptive ethical principle leads to adaptive individuals, which in turn create adaptive societies, and in the long run, by natural selection, these are the ethics which will continue to stay strong and survive, passing along to their progeny.

Using this idea of right behavior, how does psychology play its role? Just as Matteo expressed, bringing these things to light, we are able to rationally determine answers. Psychology being the study of our behavior and interactions and cognition, it is the prime source of this 'light' of understanding. The diversity of psychological ideologies though spread far, much as the predispositions of the scientists and thinkers that make up the field. This does not leave the study in vain though. For we must continue the objective and empirical search for answers of our Human Nature to determine, by psychology, what is the correct path and best methods of right behavior to lead us toward the more mature Being.

Online Dating

Note: This is a direct copy of a subject I discussed amongst others at a message board, so as not to be confused with any formal writings.

I guess i can call this an extension of my "love" analysis, as i've continued through in about two or three posts this year. The latest being the "never-ending love" debate. Now i want to touch down on the subject of online dating, with an overview of the psychological reasoning as to why people follow such an arising trend, as well as the type of character that seems to go towards this trend. Included in all this of course will be a philosophical ideology of human nature as I've expressed in all my psychological analyses.

Where to begin is probably the crucial point. We can almost begin anywhere. The character, the dating, but i tend to like to start at the defining of terms. Carrying onto a look into the nature of the being.

First, let me define what love is again. If you have read my previous posts, you should know the depth i can go into this (and even that wasn't a full glimpse of how i can define love). But love is an emotion, carried through as all other emotions are. Physically, we can measure a state of arousal, brought on by stimuli from our environment. We interpret these at certain emotions that correspond to a conditioned reaction. If we're sad, we may cry, if we're angry, we tighten up. Eventually the emotion will die out as the body cannot sustain any activity indefinitely, and an emotional arousal is a state of activity. The body uses energy to maintain the emotion for whatever reason we allow it to continue.

Following love, we can interpret reactions in our behavior. We can feel connected, attached, alert of the things we love. It is an emotion, much like the idea of being happy. But what we like to classify as love, is not love. Love is an emotion. How we react is our behavior. Brotherly love is the act of compassion towards others. Romantic love being the act of compassion towards an individual, which can lead to openness of one's self, to break down the barrier of our individuality, of our isolation and aloneness, to allow another to enter, and be connected to something above ourselves.

There's other expressions of love, but love is made up of four components as Fromm stated. These being: care, responsibility, respect, and knowledge. Care and responsibility go hand in hand. You can't feel responsible for something if you don't care about it. Likewise, you can't respect something if you don't understand it, and you can't understand something if you don't know it. These go for all expressions of love. Some may think that romantic love is questionable then in these circumstances, but we must clarify between love and lust. Romantic love will have these four components, but can often be mistaken by lust. Lust lacks love, but is for the gratification of one's self. They would not then care for the other person, but what they like about them and what they can get from them. But for a good explanation of this Romantic or Erotic love, let me quote from Fromm's "The Art of Loving".

Brotherly love is love among equals; motherly love is love for the helpless. Different as they are from each other, they have in common that they are by their very nature not restricted to one person. If I love my brother, I love all my brothers; if I love my child, I love all my children; no, beyond that, I love all children, all that are in need of my help. In contrast to both types of love is [i]erotic love[/i]; it is the craving for complete fusion, for union with one other person. It is by its very nature exclusive and not universal; it is also perhaps the most deceptive form of love there is.

First of all, it is often confused with the explosive experience of "falling" in love, the sudden collapse of the barriers which existed until that moment between two strangers. But, as was pointed out before, this experience of sudden intimacy is by its very nature short-lived. After the stranger has become an intimately known person there are no more barriers to be overcome, there is no more sudden closeness to be achieved. The "loved" person becomes as well known as

oneself. Or, perhaps I should better say as little known. If there were more depth in the experience of the other person, if one could experience the infiniteness of his personality, the other person would never be so familiar--and the miracle of overcoming the barriers might occur every day anew. But for most people their own person, as well as others, is soon explored and soon exhausted. For them intimacy is established primarily through sexual contact. Since they experience the separateness of the other person primarily as physical separateness, physical union means overcoming separateness.

Now, Lust i can now say would be a flawed attempt at trying to overcome that separateness without love, but just the physical union. More like an exploitation of the other person to make one feel better. Which is as i stated before.

Moving on from love now, another aspect we should understand is the relationship. A relationship doesn't mean going out and dating. A relationship is any interaction between two objects. I have a relationship with my computer, my desk, with the ground beneath my feet, etc. Just as i can have relationships between other people, other animals, or other animals amongst themselves.

So we have to look at what this 'online dating' is now. There is no physical aspect of online dating (what becomes physical is not online anymore obviously, so it must be explained as something else). Online dating is not really dating, but a relationship between two individuals over a medium called the internet. We may have pictures, or talk on the phone, but it is primarily over the internet. The way the relationship works is basically communication. The whole ideal of the other person is interpreted by ourselves, thus being a fantasy. Whether the fantasy is correct or not can only be told once the two turn the online relationship to a real relationship in the physical world. I'm not talking about the "meetings" individuals may share, but actually living together, or by each other so that there is no primarily internet medium, but focused interactions in the 'real' sense.

When this occurs, it is no longer a question of the "online dating" but of real dating and a completely different realm. Which one must wonder why we 'date' online just to have it turn real. To something we wish to be true. To make our fantasy turn true. Now one must also realize the statistics in this manner. It is highly improbable to expect things to work out how you want them to when you change the fantasy to a real relationship. An online relationship does not take into account, a [b]lot[/b] of things that are taken into account in the real world. Things online are a lot simpler. It revolves around understanding the personality of the other, or as they present it, that is all. Some exploit this by presenting what the other wants to see, but not really being that. But in the end, it all will come down to how the individual interprets the other's expression of themselves through this internet.

Now that I have expressed what this online dating is and what the object of our desire is: love. Let me talk about that for a bit. Erotic love is the union of two as one. It's when the walls that separate us dissolve and we get to feel connected, and not alone for once. Does this occur online? I believe so, but in a different context. There is no physical barriers that separate us in life (unless there's a wall between us, but that's circumstantial). The barriers that separate us is that there is no way we can be connected to another, only what we can interpret. When we "fall in love" there is nothing separating us, we are open and completely expressive of who we are to the other. So does this occur online? I believe people are more open with their personalities online then they'd like to think. Of course it is also just as easy to hide one's personality. So the internet makes these conditions more extreme. But when we let someone in on who we are, they can believe they have dissolved some barrier, and feel connected to the other. But are they? It is unsafe, unknown. As i stated before, what we have is a fantasy of the other. If we want to believe something to be true, we can make it true. At least for a time. It is much like role-playing. Which in itself is a whole other aspect of "online dating" such as "online sex" or online role-playing. It is all a fantasy to intense one's mind. The dating just gives them an object of love, as another person, someone to feel

connected to, someone to think they've united with. Which is what we try to strive for in life. But is also hard, which is why Fromm called it a miracle itself. The internet seems so easy to get it now, yet it is only a fantasy.

What kind of person is drawn to the internet? What kind of problems do these people face in reality? Why do they feel the need to experience people over an electric connection, and form their love in that way. That is what i hope to examine in these next few thoughts. The character that makes up the online dating scene, and what motivates them to do such.

The internet is as vast as the real world. People are drawn to it for many, many reasons. Games, people, information, etc, etc. Online dating itself can occur in any of these. From a chat room, to a gaming experience. I will narrow this down to the people that "chat" not so much in a chat room, but the people who seek out communication with others through the internet. These people will exist in chat rooms, games, gaming forums, hacker rooms, clubs, etc. The idea is that they're looking for someone to talk to, to connect.

Now the people who are 'chatters' are also varied and vast in description. Doctors, teachers, students, children, adults, 'playas' and geeks. So what is the underlying factor that is portrayed in all of these people that are the 'consistent chatter'? I would have to say it's a reflection of their social lives. How in tune are they with society? Do they live in society or are they outcaste in some fashion that isolates them so that the only way they feel they can connect with people that wont criticize them would be through the internet?

Let me step away on a tangent for a second and explain the importance of criticism. Now i know some will not like to narrow controlling factors to a simple word or words, but i believe criticism itself can explain a lot with our social lives. It's the basis, the core for creating anxiety, motivation, social conflict, and fear. I believe how the person takes criticism will determine a lot about their social status, or how involved they are in society, to face reality. One thing many agree on in motivational theories is that the earlier someone has developed "healthy" the better they will be for the rest of their lives. I believe this can lead to a healthy social-ego that will help better the individual or self-ego when it develops, and even if it is to degrade, the social ego would stay strong (if bred healthy from childhood).

Anyway, I will say that people who are drawn to places on the net to gratify their 'fear' or lack of social-ego, or adaptiveness to criticism plays a large part in the 'chatter' profile. I can tell you right now, you can go into a chat forum of types and look at the bios the people make and the majority will remind you of depressed gothic teens! That's generalizing i know, but not everyone portrays themselves like that, but a lot feel like that. How they express their feelings is different. The thing about a lot of depressed people is though, is they're very expressive of who they are. Criticism is harmful, but they don't fear it, it just adds to their self-criticism. (I will refrain from going on a tangent to explain depression here).

I will distinguish between the 'chronic chatter' and the everyday person who just gets online to talk to friends for an hour. The chatter i am discussing here is one that is open to this "online dating" and is almost detached from reality in hopes to gratify themselves by this fantasy world they can live in online. So we can say that this chatter is one that cannot function, or tolerate society in a healthy, proactive manner, without risk or cause of problem to the individual. The internet thus becomes an escape factor, and furthers the detachment from reality.

Let me talk about this detachment for a moment. Now, the internet can further this detachment, but it can also exist without the internet. It can largely be seen in the belief structure of the individual. (religions are a big bases for understanding characters and societies. Not to understand the religion, but the people that accept and believe in them). A character that is detached from reality because of the reasons i stated prior

will be drawn to belief structures that are gratifying. Fromm (yes i refer to him a lot, a good book on this is "Psychoanalysis and religion") explains of the type of progressions of religions. The father and the mother type for example. Christianity has changed from a mother to a father, and back again (hence Christianity is adaptive, it changes to what the people that accept it want, but I'd hardly call it a healthy religion, especially in contemporary western civilization). But to keep on the topic, "mother oriented" religions, are one looked as more primitive, but are also very drawing of these types of characters. They believe in a mother, which a mother's love is unconditional, hence it will be gratifying for the individual who cannot function productively in the social structure, thus not having the love one needs to feel secure, will turn to a belief structure that gives them that. But it is also not enough, one cannot escape reality through a belief, but it does set the basis for their motives, and delusions. Thus they will turn to escape methods as such, the internet.

Returning to the detachment factor, we see that the individual will seek out love itself on the internet. Whether it's a mass of friends that will help gratify them, or that "special one." I will talk of the first incident, then the latter. If you look online, group orientation is one of the biggest things you'll see. Whether in chat rooms governed by the "belief structure" of the group, or places like a certain game, people will be attracted to those that are like them. Keeping in the context of the character we're talking about, they will seek out other people of that character. In these groups they will find that 'brotherly love' but it's not really love, it's an enlarged egotism, a symbiotic union of many. Like this, they will form a new family in sense. One that replaces the loving family they lack and fill it with an immature loving family, there only to gratify each other, and are unwelcoming to those that can break it apart. This breeds lots of insecurity because it is not a productive group, and will, no matter what, destroy itself at some point. While together, they will gratify each other though, increase the fantasy and detach from reality further.

Now, to get to the "special one" this will lead to the online dating subject (finally!). Groups will often be formed first, and whether through the group, or by finding someone who comes by the group. The individual will be attracted to one that is as the same, and will gratify them. The group may hold this character, or the group may attract a wanderer that is of the same character, but not part of the group. One may notice this sounds almost like primitive tribes! Well, also the belief structures are primitive, unproductive, unhealthy. At our level of (slow) evolution, these primitive belief structures have decreased because they don't work for their unproductive reasons. Groups like these though seem to run high on the internet, mainly because they are escapees of reality, the real world because they can't adapt and are unhealthy, unproductively loving in themselves. Nonconforming, they seek out those that will gratify this "weakness" and with today's societal problems, these trends are ever growing.

Going back to the "special one" today's society from birth is engraved with stories of valiant knights, that one special person being the love they needed to free them, etc. We know the stories, we've seen the shows and heard the songs. Which all this is just intensifying of the fantasy. These don't really happen, but people wish they could. On the internet especially, this character will be drawn to this idea. That if they find this one object of their love, everything will be alright, and without it, everything is dead (anyone familiar with chat rooms will find this all sounding familiar!). So the character finds these old childhood fantasies as another way of fulfilling that empty love they don't have. But this type of idea at most can only be expressed as the ever short erotic or romantic love. They expect it to be ever lasting, but it isn't. Without it, again, the individual will become insecure, and breed only more problems, until at last, it is all destroyed. Unproductive love isn't love at all. The other thing is, these characters will find lust to be a suitable substitute for this love. At most they will find the 'immature love' to be the only way of forming a relationship, and without it, lust is the only answer.

To conclude, i will have to answer the general question that is expressed from all of this. Is online dating healthy? By healthy, one would assume being 'normal' or normality. What is normality? A social

standard? An individual standard? A human standard? A natural standard? If we work things down, the social standard is varied and diverse to each culture, each subculture, group, isolated to each social structure that we form. That is a poor basis obviously. So we must go to the individual. But what is the individual? He is human, different from other animals. Each one of us has our own individual natures. To answer the question of what is healthy, I believe that this human standard, for all individuals is the standard to look for. To come up with a more broad standard would be to analyze our purpose in the world, which i don't think we can find just as of yet. But looking to our own individual natures, a broad, human nature, we can form a good basis for what is healthy, which then can be applied to a social health as well.

An individual is healthy in the social sense, when he can function within a range of normality. Basically, when an individual is adaptive in his own nature that he can work within the group structure (and in our world, we change through these all the time, we have very complex social structures). Being adaptive is really a difficult trait for many to attain. It takes a good deal of maturity. Which leads to the general idea of healthy. Being without conflict. When one is fully developed, mature, one will not have complications. One will then not have conflict but be fully potentialized. When one has reached this, they have grown within their own nature to not have conflict. Socially healthy would mean they are adaptive, meaning they can function in changing environments, still being themselves. One must assume if one does not have an adaptive nature, he will die off, that's evolution.

To go on a little tangent, i believe a natural standard for all humans would evolve around something of a Frommian idea. That we are all separated and in our aloneness, we are not following our natural process. We are social creatures by evolution. The only true way we are really connected with others is through love (as I've defined before). Through love we can bond with others, being truly connected to the rest of our world, thus being completely 'socialized'. The idea though would be to strive for the least process of conflict. As it would be impossible in itself to never have conflict and be completely united as by evolution itself, those that cannot adapt, cannot fit will be separated. But it's like the idea of a Utopia, idealized it cannot happen, but the means to such can be ends in themselves for if we strive towards it, we come closer to making it happen. I'll stop here for then the topic of polarity and balance would have to be discussed and i've gone far enough on this tangent.

With that idea of healthiness, we must conclude now the topic of online dating. As I've discussed that the character who is drawn to such things is generally immature, at least in what connects them social, then by definition they cannot possibly be healthy. If we think of the idea from the tangent, then we can even further conclude that they are immature in their love, thus immature in their being. Lacking their humanity in a sense.

Now that was just a quick answer to the question. Let me go a little more in depth. As I've stated, people who are drawn to this online dating, the 'chronic chatter,' are more detached from society, from reality. They are isolated in their lives. Maybe less loving? Immature love only breeds immature love. So they seek out this fantasy online to gratify themselves, thus becoming further detached from reality. The separateness itself from society isolates the individual further, causing only more problems. Hence, they are more prone into this cycle of conflict and we can conclude, being less healthy. The online dating itself is a factor that will continue to further this degradation of the individual's health.

That was of course only one aspect of the question. So what is the alternative? Real life dating? Of course. As I'm just wrapping this up now and not going to go in depth on it, I'll just say that the problems of the internet exist in real life as well. Not through the same medium, but the people who already have the problems, the isolation, the separation, the immature character, will continue to be such. The escape the internet is though, causes it to further degrade. Being stuck in reality, one is forced to face reality. The less escapes we have, the less we detach ourselves from our world, and face our inferiorities. Knowing

our flaws, we can overcome our flaws, and further develop, productively, healthy. But as i said, i could contrast real life dating now, but there is no real need, for that behavior is the same behavior taken within the online dating spectrum, but without the medium of escape.

Reality bites, and it bites hard. It's the realizations that hurt us, but what does not kill us only makes us stronger, and in the sense that only the strong survive, we should all strive to fully develop productively, to fully potentialize ourselves, and be mature. In that, we are fully aware, fully alive, fully living. Ignorance can be bliss, but i hope those who have read this, find a bit more enlightenment and look at aspects of their lives differently. We cannot forever live in our differences but realize our connectivity. Love. Love thy neighbor? Love thy self? If you really love one, you love all. In loving all, you are connected to all. Compassion brings understanding, understanding others opens our connectivity. You don't have to like what you love, but we cannot let the differences destroy us. Tolerance. Tolerate the difference because of your understanding. You may not agree, but that is irrelevant. We are all different, but we are all from the same source. The ideology I would pass would be to evolve. We must mature then. We are only as strong as our weakest link and we cannot bring ourselves down. We're all connected whether you like it or not. It's not a question of conformity, it's a question of adaptivity. Where do you stand?

Social Ego

Note: This is not of any formality or certainty but a direct copy of what I discussed amongst others at a message board.

But we have two egos. The "lower" and "higher" egos. As Maslow stated, we develop an ego in response to the pride and such feelings of accomplishment we get from society. The environment we interact with. Then the higher one, which is higher because once it's developed it can't be destroyed by outside forces, which is our self ego. But the more i think about it, the more i realize it's not developed by the social ego at all. It's fully developed by the self, but can be responsive to the social ego.

With this, you have the self being 'controlled' by the self ego, or if i say ego in general, i'd refer to this one. Now, maybe i should look into more of what the definition of the ego is, but here's how i understand it to be. The part that is "conscious" as the self. "Controls" our behavior, or moreover, is the conscious part of our psych that realizes we are an individual, and is our "outward" approach, a connection between the unconscious and our personality to the world or environment.

So then we have to define what this social ego is in reflection to the ego, or self ego. I would see this is out connection of our unconscious then, to that of society. It would then "control" our interactions not between us and the environment so much, but be a connection 'port' between us and other personalities, other individuals. Of course one could say those are just part of the environment, yes, but they're more because each individual holds almost their own nature, outside of nature, while still being connected to nature. That's why humans are so interesting really.

So then we have to describe the relationship between the social and self egos. I see them as almost "protecting" the different aspects. The self ego is a reflection of our self esteem, which as i stated from the start with the "lower" and "higher" egos, one being developed in reaction to our social status, and the other we develop of our own accord, to our own accomplishments (which can be reflections of our success in society, or a 'good' social ego.) With that, our natural reactions of our unconscious of course is self preservation (to a point, we also have the desire for growth as an individual). So we look to "protect" our interest. To protect ourselves. To protect our self esteem. With that said, then our social ego would be to protect that social connection. We almost develop a "social-esteem" eh?

So if we look at the "functions" of the two egos, then we can obviously (well, obvious to me) see mechanisms in a sense, forming, or patterns of behavior. Now, i can't remember as well as when i first contemplated all this, but i'll try to make an example or two. Also to note now, i use a lot of quotation marks, mainly because i don't know if i can say those are the exact words to use for said things, so i'm just using a "loose" terminology.

Another relationship, or almost lack there of, between the two egos would be that they don't always reflect the same thing. I mean, you can have someone with low self-esteem get along fine in society. Or someone who loves himself greatly, but is anxious dealing with people. Ah, brings another thought to explain first. Firstly, we have to understand the context of what develops the social ego. Basically what causes anxiety with people? The main thing that simply envelops this process would be Criticism.

What is the key component of our social behavior? Criticism and how we take it, how we react to it, how we process it cognitively, etc. Don't get me wrong thinking this is only a pessimistic view that there's a "bright" side to what causes our attraction to things. There is, but it's not in that kind of context, mainly because i don't look at things like that. Socially, we are afraid of criticism because some of us can't handle it. Those who can have a "stronger" social ego, or maybe they have a 'stronger' self ego (explain in a

minute). Inside though, there's a personal drive, which as i said before, comes from that desire of growth. We're a part of Nature with our fixed instincts to govern our interactive abilities, but we're also separate in that we're individuals and come with our own Nature, our own "rules". This sprouts Curiosity that drives us to explore, to learn, to develop, to be spontaneous, etc.

Now, before i make that paragraph too long, let me explain what i said before now that that is out of the way. So the "lack thereof" as i was saying before in the relationship between the two egos is that you can't look at one and say this will happen, or look at the other and the first will be like this. Maslow said the self-ego was "higher" than the social ego because once it's developed it can't be destroyed. Yes and no, in the context that the lower ego is developed by our reaction to society, or the criticism that comes from it, no the self-ego won't be destroyed by that because it's not made by that. It's made by us throughout our lives. But it can be destroyed, very much so, as probably many of us have done before (because a lot of us computer nerds seem to have low self-esteem :-P). It's destroyed by us for a number of reasons. This can probably help explain some neurosis that have to do with a low self-esteem, or 'low' self ego. Just as anxiety disorders can probably be helped explained by the social ego (see how the importance of these is coming out now?)

To continue with the idea that the relationship between the two is separate, can be looked at by the fact they are pretty much separate. They're developed separately (but not necessarily), and exist in different conditions so to speak. They are of course, related in what they are. But i also see a relationship that the self ego is "higher" and that also dominates a lot of the processes the egos work for. But as i said before, there's no direct relationship that you can say if A is effected, so is B, or vice versa. But to the idea of domination by the self ego. If you think about it, the social ego only works to the point that we're interacting, but what is in control of "us" the individual so to speak? The self ego. We process things like a computer, input to processing, to output. We can almost look at the social ego as part of the input function (in some aspects that is) and the self ego has a lot to do with the processing part which is our cognitive functions. The output is behavior of course, or thought when it stays related to the self (self ego plays there too). Yes, the self ego plays a role in our output in as much as it's our cognitive relation to our unconscious. We can self motivate ourselves to do something, but we might feel anxious to doing it. Do outside things play a factor in that when it's all been contained within the self? (sticking to the fact this is self motivated and not motivated by outside forces). No, of course not. The self ego, our self-esteem will govern whether we react, or do what we want to when it comes down to motivating ourselves. Back to Criticism, it's almost like having something with ourselves, an aspect of ourselves, criticizing ourselves lol. We exist within our own environment within ourselves now don't we? ;)

So with that said, there are lots of times that things spend being "governed" by the self-ego, but things still get constituted through the social ego when it involves other people (not just the outside world). To explain that, you can think of something like ... "I don't want to do that because I could cause the cave to collapse" or something. It's almost a physical interaction or fear of cause. But that would be 'filtered' through our self-ego and we may not behave a certain way because we're going to look out for ourselves. We're not worried about being judged by others are we? No. We do though, when interacting with people, fear that. It comes down to criticism. (fear is only one aspect, so don't jump on that). One may say i don't want to do that because the people at the club might think i look stupid. Now what laws of physics are we afraid of damaging ourselves with in this sense? None, it comes down to psychology and the interaction of our psyches. Now you can say that it's all about the self ego. It is to a point that we worry within ourselves and through all that 'processing' we're looking at the self-ego effecting the idea. So where does the social ego come in?

Well, let's say someone has low self-esteem. Hence, not a 'good' self-ego. Yet, when asked to come to the club and dance, the individual thinks "Well shit, I've never danced, I'm going to look like a god damn fool!" One to one, keeping this within the individual and the self-ego. They aren't going to go are they?

They worry about hurting themselves (emotionally, psychically, etc). But the social ego plays in because what governs our interaction with society is our reaction to criticism. That is what restricts us from certain behaviors. Now take this situation and apply a strong social ego to the individual. They take criticism just fine. They can look like a god damn fool and not worry about the opinions of others. The social and personal ego then may almost interact in that the self-ego will still be participating (because the individual is always influencing their nature on Nature). The individual will feel anxious personally because they have low self-esteem, they don't want to feel stupid, feel bad about themselves, but with the strong social ego, they go to the club anyway.

Now, you may think "how can he have low self esteem and a strong social ego?" Good question, it's very possible. This was what i was talking about in the "lack there of" relationship between the two. Many people have egos like that. I've been in that flux myself many times where i had shit for self-esteem, but i was completely individualistic in that i didn't give a damn what anyone else thought. A perk to a strong social ego though, is it can help develop a stronger self ego in that a person may be able to accomplish things and feel good about themselves for it, thus raising the ego. In that, the social ego is almost a shield, a mask, a piece of armor we can use to keep us safe.

I could go on to the rest of the extremes of like high self esteem weak social ego, or high esteem, strong social ego, etc, etc. But i think you all can think about that yourselves, you all have minds! That and I'm done making this a huge post! lol But like I said, those are looking at the extremes, in the real world, things are mixed and in flux. As i also stated before, we can tear down our self-ego. So someone could be having a powerful ego (or even a god complex for a certain time, but then again, a god complex has something to do with the social ego if you think about it, invincibility as god? We can't be invincible to ourselves! hence, god complex comes down to the social ego in we think we can handle anything, of course society can tear that down real easy with a bit of realization, or forcing of it! and the individual realizes their lack of self-ego, blah blah). but someone could have a powerful ego, and tear it down themselves because they feel bad about something they did. So things flux up and down, back and forth, etc, etc.

Superficiality

Note: This is just a collection of posts I have made directly on this subject and will be compiled here in order of their creation.

Where to begin on such a diverse and dynamic topic as this? Superficiality is something that will always be ever present. Even in the most spiritual or "deep" meaningful and valued individual, there will always exist the superficial aspects of one's creation. The key idea to this thought, though, is not that superficiality should be rid of, but quite the contrary. It should be embraced for what it is, and then moved passed. In essence, to turn superficiality itself into something more. The basis for anything we know comes from sense experience. This by it's very nature is a superficial entity. The surface of what is, is what we see. What we see is what we know. But not always. I know many like to think "seeing is believing," but in reality, it's "believing is seeing." And this is just how we should be thought centered -- in reality.

To begin this an a prior investigation into an ethical consequence of superficiality, let us begin by looking at some of the consequences of said involvement. As I said, even the most meaningful person cannot escape their superficiality. From every value we place on something, it begins with a superficial entity. Take for example, someone who is getting dressed for some kind of event. They are faced with the question of what to wear. What one wears, is in itself, a superficial object. It is just something you wear to cover yourself up with. By the mere fact we are human and we do have heuristic responses to things, one may be conditioned to look at what they should wear in the manner of "what will people think?" This is a basic process of moving passed the initial superficiality. But has it moved passed superficiality? Of course not. What people think on what you wear is itself a superficial entity as well; again, what we know is sense experience.

What can be derived from such a simple example as this? The basic process of thought centers around what type of world we see. The first step is to determine whether someone is thinking in an illusionary manner or not. By this I do not mean a neurotic psychosis who's lost all touch with reality, that is just an extreme. The question is whether someone has gotten passed the basic ignorance of blinding themselves to the world around them. Have they gotten passed their self-gratifying delusions? If not, their world exists solely in one where they are the center and everything is in terms of them and how to keep them gratified. This is a narcissistic individual who has not matured into a social realization that they are not the center of the world, or passed the social realization that their wants are not the primary objector in motivating behavior.

With that said, let us move to the reality based individual. If they are at least focused on the reality of the situation, they are a step up from the blind individuals. This more mature character is open to change and is open to a higher level of adaptability, which is a key component to maturation and development, as well as a mark of said process. Now though, this reality based individual is characterized into two categories. Consequently, the superficial and, for the sake of argument, the spiritual individual. Note, the semantics are not important. Spiritual is by its very nature a non-superficial entity and thus makes for a simple term for expressing the opposition to superficiality. The question is, how does one live in the spiritual realm instead of the superficial? We can go back to the original example to explore this:

As I stated, the basic process of moving beyond the initial superficiality is thinking upon it. The process in question being a choice of clothing. The primary, quick, or heuristic consideration one first makes on this choice says a lot about their nature. Does the initial superficiality breed another superficiality? What would a non-superficial decision lead to? That will be looked upon shortly. The superficial nature of some

will lead them to live in a superficial reality. One superficiality, leading to another superficiality. Obviously their world then exists only by the surface meaning of things. The thoughts and ideas of others become superficial for, in this example, how you look is of superficial consequence to you now, and your concern leads to how they think about you, implementing that they now are a superficial thought process upon your superficial processes. A snowball chain effect that everything is now superficial. This is the superficial reality.

Going to the opposite side of the coin. What does a non-superficial reality consist of? What is beyond our sense experience? Is there an objective ground for it? Of course not. Once we are concerned with the object itself, we are concerned with the superficiality of it. What is in question is the value, the meaning within the object. There does not need to be an objective science for this for it is dynamic by it's very subjectivism itself. There is no need for objectifying this reality for it is whatever we want to make of it. Well, would it not be a self-centered reality then? Not necessarily. For one to be focused on reality in the first place, they would have to have gotten passed their narcissism already. So this new subjective reality, one that is beyond superficiality, is not self-centered but reality centered. The conditions that apply to this reality are individually based though.

To give an example, imagine two people looking at a tree. Now by playing with the individual characteristics, their perspectives will show a lot. For the sake of argument, I will stick to the reality based individuals. The superficial person may look at the tree, see a tree. See a pencil and furniture that can be made by it. Note, the value from a superficial individual remains superficial. In contrast, the spiritual individual will see a tree initially. You can't deny that your sense experience shows it to you. The spiritual person does not consider it just a tree though. They can implement whatever value they want to it, including the superficial one. Though, they can see it as subjective value to others. Say a home for animals. A home is an abstract idea, not an object, for a home is subjective -- subject to what value you place on it. Even a step beyond that, the tree is a subjective entity in itself. Not just a tree, it is a part of a greater whole. It is Nature, it is a growing process of development. Things like these are beyond the superficial of it is just a tree, or it is what I can make use of it.

To shorten this survey up, let me conclude there on spirituality. The main theme that seems to derive from this whole thought leads from the narcissistic basis of our birth, up to this spiritual basis which goes away from the "I" centering to a reality based center, but beyond that as well, to concern for all things in all their connectivity. To state an example from the previous example, the spiritual thought on the tree of it being a part of Nature, this shows a concern for the tree that it is a part of all things within nature, including us, the planet, etc. Or even the step before that, the home value of the tree takes away from the concern of the individual to the concern for anything that can make use of the tree, which would include the individual as well. Now, the superficial thought that it can be made into pencils or industrialized into what not can be said to go beyond just one's individual needs. True. The problem is, it is not a tree anymore. The value of the tree is not in what it is being used for, the spiritual value of the tree is of the tree in and of itself. The concern that goes beyond the superficial reality based center has to not only be on the connectivity of all things to the object, but of the object itself. I know that is not worded greatly, but let me try and clear this final thought up.

A superficial value lives only in the appreciation of the initial meaning of the object. Whatever meaningful value the object has dies as the object changes to another object. The tree has value as furniture. Once it becomes furniture, it is no longer a tree, it's value has changed to a new object -- the furniture. The other side of this coin is the non-superficial value. It lives with not only the superficial appreciation, that it is a tree, but also with it's internal value we (subjectively) give to it. This value that is non-superficial when appreciated does not die. The tree has value as a home, it becomes a home, it is also a tree still. It exists as not only its superficial quantity, but that of it's non-superficial value as well.

The next chapter in this survey is to explore the dynamics of superficiality and spirituality in their application to reality and prove the ethical consequence of superficiality is one that leads to self-destruction or degradation, but not only of the self, but also a consequence that effects the totality of our potency. This chain reaction becomes a devastating process that seeks only to demean all things until there is only Nihilism, which cycles people in a developing road block to continue this destructive path, and into our progeny, save the rare individuals who can step up from this Nihilism and back into a reality that exists -- existentialism.

Timed Justice

Note: These were posted in pieces at a message board; that is how they will be presented here.

His blade met the reinforced handle of his enemy's staff with a loud clang. Wolf spun around, sliding his sword edge close to his body and piercing out next to his hip, thrusting it forward towards his enemy, Triago. Triago was a head magician at the school of temperal(sp?) magic. He was shuned for his studies and cast out for performing experiements against nature. Head assassinn Wolf was sent to kill him, before Triago used his powers to alter reality as we know it.

"He who does not understand nature is doomed to be controled by it Wolf." Triago side stepped darks piercing attack, and pushed his blade point towards the ground with the bottom end of his staff. He stepped back towards the cave enterance and held his staff horizantilly to the ground, it's ends touching each side of the opening. "Time for change Wolf, are you willing at all cost, to serve your justice?" Triago began laughing under his breath as he spoke quiet words. Wolf was pulling out his 'throw blade'. It was a circular weapon. It's two blades opposite each other, the handles locking in place. Wolf pulled it out by its golden casted handles and flipped the blades into position locking the handle. Leaning into the throw, he flung it side ways towards Triago. It hissed, piercing through the air on it's attacking flight. Triago laughed at this and looked up, his eyes flashing a milky white and the weapon distorted and faded to nothing.

"Ready for the adventure of your life, come now!" Triago's words echoed around the encampment. Wolf sprinted quickly, his short sword raised above his head. He leapt up, coming down with his sword over Triago's unguarded head. A sly smile formed over Triago's face, just before the sword was about to crash upon him. A bright light shifted up from the back of the cave. Rumbling, the energy of the light echoed out and spread over the two fighters...

Wolf's eyes opened to see a bright light. He was on his back in an unknown field. He rose quickly to his feet and looked around. He noticed a figure in the distance, standing by a tree at the start of a forest. Wolf's hand went to his hip but found no weapon. "Worse time to lose everything!" Wolf yelled at himself for being careless in his actions. Now he was somewhere, undefended with nothing to fight with. Wolf looked up from his hip and saw the figure already half way between them from before, doing a steady walk. "What the.." wolf started muttering to himself when a loud roar echoed from the forest.

Wolf looked to the right and saw the head of a large creature breaking through the trees, horns ripping branches from the trees, it's massive body shreeding the earth beneath it. Wolf could make out the figure close to his flank now. He looked left and noticed he was pulling a blade from a long curved sword on his hip. Wolf had no where to go, and nothing to work with. He pulled off his shirt and got in a crouched fighting posture to the dark figure. Wolf curled his lips and let a growl escape his lips, "This just hasn't been my day..."

Fear not young wolf

The words echoed in Wolf's head for a second. The Man drew his sword up, then threw it down, its blade striking into the ground. "My name is Lazaro, Wolf." He said as he knelt down, his hand coming over his sword handle. His long dark heavy cloak draped over the ground as he knelt. "How do you know my..." Wolf was cut off by another vicious roar from the beast. Wolf stood back in awe of the incredible beast. It was as tall as the trees themselves. Its body was solid as rock, and the ground shook with every step it made. It walked on two legs, its arms were small in size to its body, but they still could hold quite a grasp. "Wolf run!" Lazaro ordered the young man. Wolf snapped out of his gaze of the incredible creature. Wolf turned back and started running to the forest. He looked over his shoulder and saw that Lazaro was still there, picking up his long sword.

"Time's have changed and all ends must come old friend." Lazaro spoke to himself and brought his sword up, blade out in front of his face. The beast lowered its head and began running towards Lazaro. Its tail, with much force, was making gusts that almost ripped the tall weeds out from the ground. The animal was breathing heavy between its steps and grunting roars. Wolf stopped half way and turned around. He's been in many battles, even fought a few animals, but a creature like this, in battle with a human was sheer madness. "Mirror light!" Lazaro spoke out. A light blinding in the light of day, spread out from his sword. Instantly there were four Lazaros two ran one way, while the other two ran the opposite. They made a diamond shape in their attack. All four at one time jumped in the air towards the beast. Its head went right, its tail, left. Before making a biting attack upon the transparent image of Lazaro, it switched sides and went to attack the Lazaro's on the left. Its tail instantly flew through the one's on the right. They disappeared. While biting through the one's on the left, they vanished in his mouth. Unknowing to the beast, Lazaro was still in the same spot, now leaping higher in the air than Wolf has ever seen. His sword touching the ground first, a light attached to it, trailed up following the blade as it swung around, falling down through the beast. The light continued and ripped down the beast's face, its chest, and down its tail. A large gash was left where the light whipped on his body. Wolf wanted to help, now seeing Lazaro was under the beast with no where to go.

Wolf tried to call out to him but the distance and breathing from the beast were drowning. The same instant the beast's mouth fell down into the ground to devour Lazaro. He was jumping back, a glow around him, to his original position. The beast's head tilted back up, earth falling from its drooling mouth. Its roar was tremendous it moved the air past Lazaro, he was almost blinded. The beast charged at him, going to butt him with its head. Right before getting hit Lazaro flew straight up. He twisted his body and whipped down into a spin. A dark ray of light ripped through the air in the cut of his sword. It fell upon the beast, slicing his neck from its body. Lazaro came back down, falling to one knee beside the great beast. Its body bled for a moment, then lit up and disappeared in a flash.

Wolf was already running back to ask what was going on, but as Lazaro regained his footing and was coming to meet Wolf, the air got distorted. The ground was moving beneath Wolf and he fell to his knees. Next Lazaro was standing in front of him. "Take this sword.." Were the only words he was able to get out. Lazaro turned into a vibration of air and was gone. The sword was now in Wolf's hand. Falling into its scabbard. Wolf tried to get to his feet while putting his new weapon to his belt, but everything went dark. Wolf was still there, somewhere. He was outside of time and space itself. He could see images flash through his mind of things he has seen, and has never seen. He could hear sounds, but there was nothing to make them. There was nothing for them to echo from. He could feel things around him. He could feel the ground beneath him, but there was nothing there. Wolf's eyes were open, he felt himself staring at something. There was nothing there. A flash came and he was back in the woods. He heard a noise and turned left. Awestruck he saw himself fighting Triago. Just before they were enveloped in the light. As the light took them, he saw it fold back into the cave. He ran in to find out what was so special about the cave. The sound of claxon rang out, his ears hurt as something screamed for him to stay away. He realized he had his sword still and pulled it out. Looking into the darkness, the bright red eyes of an unholy creature stared back...

Wolf's breath grew ragged with fear. He'd never faced unearthly creatures before, and here he was, moving through space and time, now in a cave from a time he just left, staring into glowing red eyes of some unknown figure. 'Death has no meaning in light of no time. Wolf stepped his weight onto his back foot and brought his sword, point out, next to his head. A loud screech emanated from the cave. The eyes moved but no figure could be made out. It's speed increased and it's once glowing eyes distorted as it flew through Wolf, a strong gust blew past him. Wolf only closed his eyes and took a deep breath, trying to gather himself of what just happened.

A sigh of relief escaped Wolf's lips as he put his new sword back into his scabbard and began walking into the cave. Weird sounds could be heard. Like water dropping, but it's echos vibrating off cue. The cave was dark. Wolf touched his hand to the wall to guide him towards the sounds. Just as his hand slipped from no wall, the room was already luminated. He crouched slightly and quickly took in the amazing scene. The room was circular. The water the seperated a small island in the middle put off an eerie blue, green glow across the room. Droplets fell from the tops, specially falling into little raised holes petruding from the ground. One would drop and land into the pull made there, but it was falling at different speeds from it's brothers. Upon impact, the waves could be seen moving, but also were moving in different speeds, some stopping completely. Shadows danced along the walls, an unknown light was pushing through the water. Wolf walked to the edge and peered down into the liquid. It was obviously not water. It looked almost a glassy solid. His reflection did not return as he reached down to feel the substance. He delt two fingers into it, a wave pushed away but stopped a foot from impact and held there. Wolf pulled his fingers out, clean as if never touching it. The waves pulled back as his fingers left the liquid.

Wolf took a deep breath and noticed it had gotten much colder. He could see the air in front of him, except the cloud of breath would stop, almost solidify then disappear. "Hello!" Wolf called out, wondering if anyone would hear him. The sound echoed off the small room then stopped. Then the sound came back, echoing again. A third time the echo passed, it was not of his voice. He quickly spun around, his sword withdrew and held upright in front of him. "Who goes there?" Wolf called into the darkness. "Who goes there?" Echoed back. The words spoke again, this time slowing down in tempo. Wolf looked up to the ceiling and could make out the shadows moving. They pushed along the walls and formed into one spot where a shiny stone was petruding out. Wolf took a step towards it and it put out a pulse of light. "Who goes there?" it called to him.

"I am Wolf, assassin of the Jenti house, guardian over the lands of Kilru."

"Do you value your life." The words rang in Wolf's head for a moment.

Wolf paused in his thought before answering. "Life is a beginning, set of a point, death has no meaning when no time exists."

"You carry the sword of Lazaro, you have been intrusted with duty. Take now this gift of ancient weild, brought down to you now from times unknown. Your trials have just begun. Do not fear the unknown,

death has no meaning here. You stand outside of the known realm. With this helmet, you can set your fate."

Wolf resheathed his sword and went over to the stone, picking it out of the wall. He heard a low rumbling off ground. He turned to the center of the strange lake. The island front shifted into a set of stairs. One by one, each step making it's presence. Once at the bottom, small stones emerged from the liquid. His path was set. Wolf quickly moved along, and up to the top of the island. A light was coming from no where. Between the ceiling and this center spot. Wolf paused for a moment and looked around, then held his hand out, placing the stone into the light. Instant flash, the room was light up. The once pools of droplets, turned now into raging fires. Before Wolf was a helmet. It had a cap, for over the head. It's neck pad went down into a strop for the neck. It floated there before him. Wolf looked around again. He could hear sounds. The water around him now was black. It looked of oil. Wolf took the helmet and quickly placed it on his head. The neck brace's cords came out and wrapped around his neck. Wolf tried to pull it away in shock but was defeated. He could feel something digging into his neck and he dropped to his knees in pain.

Accept.

The words rang into Wolf's head

Accept.

It made his head throb with pain.

Accept!

Wolf obeyed and was on all fours. Breathing heavy, he focused off the pain. He could feel his mind being ripped apart. He opened his eyes and saw a red light flow down before him. A shield of the helmet came down and words and numbers, unknown to him flashed on the screen. Images flashed through Wolf's head. His mind was bombarded with thoughts not of his own. The words on the screen became clear to him. He could see points registering the things in his view. He turned around to see a small group of people charge into the room. One guy tripping and dropping his touch into the pit. It was in flames instantly. The men then noticed Wolf and pointed their weapons at him. The helmet targeted those weapons and displayed to Wolf what they were. Simple muskets. Wolf didn't fear. He started walking down the side of the island towards the burning pit. The men lowered their weapons in awe of this character.

"Death holds no meaning...to me." The words resonated off the walls of the room. Wolf pulled out his sword and cut the air in front of him. A flash of light, blinding the scene. Wolf was gone ...

The sun was out, it's heat could be felt beating down on Wolf's face. He woke up. Wolf looked around in puzzlement, only seeing an open field. He knew where he was. This was his own backyard. A place where he spent most of his young childhood. Unlike his last awakening, Wolf still had his weaponry. He

quickly got to his feet, his scabbard in hand. Just as he was dusting himself off, his mind clicked. He quickly looked behind him but saw no one. He thought about his helmet. It was still on him. His neck had much pain left. Just as his thought, the red screen came down again. He was scanning the area. It found everything was fine.

Welcome young Wolf

Wolf almost jumped and spun around, his hand on his hilt. To his amazement, he was looking at a familiar face. It was Lazaro. Just when Wolf was about to relax, the screen was trying to monitor him, but it couldn't read him on any time frame. Wolf pulled the sword out and held it to Lazaro's neck. "Who are you?" Wolf ordered an answer from him.

Chuckling Lazaro answered, "You know who it is, don't fear what your Trigger can't read. I am outside of space time, just as you."

"My Trigger...?" Wolf asked while putting his sword back into its resting place. "Yes, Trigger. That stone you wield upon your forehead is a Trigger stone, it in essence, triggers time events. We named the helmets that work with that energy after them, a Trigger." Lazaro continued telling Wolf about his new equipment as he walked him over to a tree.

"...and now you have a mission." Lazaro told Wolf with a stern voice. "A mission to do what?" The wind began to pick up in the area, it sent a chill down Wolf's spine. "As I said, you stand outside of space time itself. You are one of few. Those else who are of such, are going to be around no longer. Triago is seeking to become a god, he is already two steps ahead of you. Your mission is to stop him. Only you..." Lazaro was cut off, Wolf was obviously angered for not stopping Triago long ago. "Why am I going after him? What about you?" Wolf didn't like to be used as a pawn in someone else's games. "Why indeed" Lazaro trailed off as he began walking again.

"That's what I'm asking you!" Wolf ran to catch up and tried to grab him by the shoulder. In that Lazaro shifted his position and was a few feet from where he stood. He looked over his shoulder and had a sly smile on his face. "Come now boy" He beckoned Wolf to follow. "Why should I follow you? You have shown me nothing, I've just been dragged from one thing to another, and now you're telling me what to do. What do I get out of this?"

"What do you get? A life, without the rebellion, Triago will destroy the fabric of time itself. I have already lost this battle and am stuck here, in the transection of time.."

"stuck here?" Wolf cut him off. "Yes here, this is nothing more than an illusion. I brought you here when you time jumped." In that moment Lazaro looked to the sky and a whole began to part. It was as if the whole place was a dome, opening up to the heavens themselves. Wolf looked up and took a step back to keep from falling over in amazement. Quickening, the disappearance of the world they were in flooded down the walls, the floor began to separate and become nothing but space. Now there stood the two, on what appeared to be glass, a crystal. Around them, stars were shifting. Some burning in and out of existence.

"Welcome to the world of fate" Lazaro said with a laugh. Wolf looked back to him. "Yes this is where I have spent a millenia, to you, nothing more than passing seconds." Lazaro waved his hand towards the ground and images of people, the same but in different places, different outcomes, at different ages. "Here, I can watch all things of time. I see entire existence blink in and out of reality. From here, I have watched you."

"Why me?" Wolf dropped to one knee and looked as the images changed, showing scenes of destruction, fires and death.

"I choose you Wolf, because that is what fate has thrown me. Throw countless realities, you are the one to lead time into a new era. Only you now, can destroy Triago."

"What is it I must do?" Wolf let out a sigh, continuing to watch the pictures of some time unknown to him. The pictures disappeared and Lazaro was already walking down the trail. Lights whipped by quickly, from a source he could not see. Wolf sensed something was there. He could see that no light was getting through a large portion of his sight. Something was there.

Before Wolf could speak Lazaro turned around and held out an orb. "Take this Wolf. You will learn how to use it. It is what will help you travel through time. It has other uses, but they are meaningless to what you'll be doing." Wolf took the orb from Lazaro's hand and peered into it. It filled with a dark cloud and a figure was moving through it. Wolf could sense evil from it, then the smoke disappeared. He looked up at Lazaro but he was already gone. Everything was gone, he was back by his old house again.

"You must learn the skills to fight in a world of magic young Wolf. That is your first mission. Do not worry, fate will guide you to where you need to go. Head now to a past, long before your time, when magic was strong, time chaotic. This is the training you will need to wield elements of time. Fare travels, and god speed be with you.

The voice slowly faded out and Wolf looked back into the orb. His view screen fell back over his face and registered the orb. Wolf thought about a time of that which Lazaro spoke of. The image was seen in the orb. The screen told Wolf it was 10,000 years before his birth. He could see the stone on his head begin to light up. He held the orb out in front of him and space distorted. The air became wavy and weak. Naturally Wolf's hand went to his sword. It was glowing with strange lights among the handle and scabbard, but he didn't notice. He withdrew it and with a clean swipe, sliced through the air before him and a rip opened up. The light from his forehead seemed to reach out and grab the air as he walked into it and once again he was blinded.

Wolf felt as if he was flying. Air was moving past him at incredible speeds. He could hear voices. Whispers. He tried to listen but they would soon fade away. He'd hear more. They would go. He heard sounds of gun fire, explosions. He heard screams that would rip through him, making him feel the pain they were letting out. Wolf tried to open his eyes but there was nothing there. No him, no sight. He was cold. Growing colder, fast. He tried to let out a scream at the sharpening pain, then a light appeared in the distance of the void, it shot through him and the immense change in feel made him feel like he was thrown into a brick wall. He collapsed upon seeing the light of day, soon the sounds of birds singing and animals rustling faded off, just as he faded to sleep.

A foul smell fell upon Wolf. He woke up but kept his eyes closed as the sun was shining bright on him. "Wake up princess" Wolf opened his eyes quickly and looked towards the voice. A large, dirty, foul smelling guy was looming over him. Wolf soon realized he was pinned down by wooden planks.

"Who are you?" Wolf demanded.

"Me? Oh i'm Drake Biyouth, princess. My what tone you have." The man said as he gave a heavy laugh. Wolf could hear others around joining in.

"Sir, I'd appreciate it if you'd let me out, i really have an urge to KICK YOUR ASS!" Wolf's knee slammed into the wooden cover that held him down. The band just laughed at him. Then Wolf could hear something turning and the cover lifted off of him. He didn't waste any time rolling back to his feet, expecting to fight he reached for his sword. It was gone. "Oh you looking for that trinket? We sold that to some stranger, looked like he could use it more then a dead man" Drake laughed as he picked up some beer. "You'll not want to be thinking when we feed you to the beasts."

The group continued laughing as the started walking again. Wolf felt a spear edge push him in the back. "Move prisoner!" A tall man with full body armor guided Wolf with the rest of the caravan.

The walk wasn't that much longer. They made their way to a small village. It was a roudy town on the edge of a vast desert. Many people came and went here, it was a place of trade. Lane's cleared of people as this group made their way into town. Wolf could tell the people knew them. There were other slaves within the group. If not all those serving under Biyouth. The city was small, but full of life. The kids that were here, were dirty and living in filth. Bums and theives filled the ranks. Towards the center of town now was a large statue of the founder. He looked much like Drake. Biyouth of Nigron the VI. Was written on the base of the statue. Around it was a vast arena, everyone could look into. Nothing special it was just a large pit!

"This is where you and many others will die boy. This is the life blood of this city. The people pay to see death, and so i give it to them, with creatures of another world." Biyouth held his hands up in the air. This made him feel a since of godliness to bring death upon others.

"..another world?" Wolf questioned him. "Yes, long ago, during my great grandfather's time. It's said a star rock fell in the center of town. It broke the desert off and created a new species underground. To keep them from taking over the world, we feed them, and get out entertainment at the same time!" Drake started laughing again before having another drink.

Biyouth turned his back to Wolf and walked to the edge, peering down, he dropped his cup of beer down there. "They're not alive yet. We'll wake them up."

Wolf looked around and could see about fifteen other people standing at the edge. A whip master began throwing them down into the pit. The crowd began gathering tighter, all watching the spectral. "Now, my dear boy.." Drake was cut off as Wolf rammed into the back of Biyouth and fell into the hole with him. The large man made a loud crash upon impact. It was obvious he was freaked by this. He's seen these creatures many times, and would never have fought them for fun.

Weapons began raining into the pit. The crazed slaves grabbed what they could and spread out to die a death alone. Biyouth had his own personal weapons thrown down there and a special class one long sword. "Take this, the sword you carried could only be held by a master fighter. I assume you can protect yourself?" Drake handed the sword to Wolf and shook his hand. "Aye, and we'll be protecting each other if we want to make it out alive."

"Don't get your hopes up, we're just prolonging our death...they come" Drake was cut off by a loud scream. A high pitched howl echoed through the three cavern openings and a light rumble was shaking

the ground. Above, the whole town was gathered. An amazing sight, to see the town header, in the fight. Even for it's large crowd, the mob was almost silent, holding their breath to see what will happen next.

Wolf drew the sword near his head, point forward, edge out. He put his weight on his back foot and slowly crept over to the nearest opening. Drake unwanting, followed. He held a medium battle axe in one hand, with a chain flowing off the bottom with a spike at the end. In his other hand was a heavy gauntlet, with a large blade knuckle sticking out the end. He held the chain in his left hand and raised the axe in the other as the creatures emerged.

The first creature made it's appearance to Wolf. It was a dark green in shade. It's eyes pierced out of the darkness with a glowing yellow. They jumped on four legs. Each held massive claws. The hands themselves were the weight of the creature's light frame. Their head was elongated, in an oval shape. It held strange markings on it. Wolf wondered if the creatures had put them there or...

Wolf took the first step forward as the creature landed in front of him. It's jaws extending from it's incrustated head to take a bite. Wolf took a sideways stance to the beast and chopped down, clean cutting the front face of the creature clear off. Wolf stepped back with his other foot, bringing the sword up to his other side of the head. Now two others came out, one flew lightly with wings and landed a little behind the other which hugged low to the ground. It's head pointed up, it hissed at the pair.

"Wolf down!" Wolf followed Drake's order and did a backwards roll just as Drake spun on his heel and threw his axe sideways into the creature on the ground. It force knocked him clear onto his back with a large wound in it's side. The flyer dived at Biyouth now, one claw sank into his shoulder.

Just as the beast lifted it's other hand for a deathening swipe, Wolf was back to his feet, he charged forward and pierced through it's arm and head. It's grip let, and it fell dead to the ground.

The two warriors heard more coming from the tunnel. They looked around quickly and could see about five people were left. There was at least two to each man. "How many are there?" Wolf yelled under the screams of dying men, and screeching animals. "Enough to fill this arena! The Quartza tunnels extend all through this valley, to the mountains to the desert!" Drake turned around and instinctually threw his axe into the cave, just as one jumped around the corner. It clefted it's head into two.

Wolf looked up. "How is that being held?" He was looking at the statue of the founder. It floated there in the air. "Magic my boy, dark magic." Drake had a grim look on his face.

"Who's magic?" Wolf ran underneath the statue. "The Quartza's magic, it holds on top of the arena and keeps all things down here, in here. Things can come in, but they can't leave."

"So how are we supposed to get out?" The remaining slaves were now just getting killed. Four Quartza turned around and watched the two, just as four more made their way in through the tunnels.

"Well obviously we're not supposed to!" Drake turned around and held his axe up high. Three of the eight were flyers. Two began crawling low to the ground towards Drake.

"If you can't beat em...join em!" Wolf sprinted off down the nearest tunnel. Drake swung his axe, killing two with a massive blow, and ran behind Wolf. "You're crazy boy! That's why I like ya!" Wolf picked up a short sword from a dead man's hand and made his way into the dark tunnels. His only chance for survival. Close behind followed several Quartza. Many more were inside...

Wolf and Drake ran fast through the tunnels. Glowing eyes lit up as they ran past. A few claws would swing in their way but were easily cut down. The numbers grew behind them. Soon the creatures were running into themselves, fighting with each other, and it turned into a civil war within the tunnels.

"Where we going?" Drake called out, grabbing Wolf by the shoulder.

"Hell if i know, i can't see anything! Just keep away from their eyes is the best you can do." Wolf stopped and turned a sharp right. He could see another group coming down from the other end of the tunnel. The ran, and ran. Soon out of breath, they noticed the Quartza weren't after them anymore. "We lose em?" Drake panted out. "Lets ho.." Wolf was cut off as he turned and took a step. He slide down a downfall and Drake soon followed behind.

"Oh! Shi..." Biyouth slammed hard into Wolf, making him roll foward. They both got up, weapons drawn. They noticed the room was willed with a strange glow. It changed colors and looked like the light was reflecting off of something. "You're leading this" Drake pushed Wolf in the back. "You're comming with me!" Wolf turned around and yanked Biyouth in front of him. They walked around a large column of stone. They were awestruck. In front of them was a long stair way leading up to a cyrstal that was being held by what looked like a Quartza. It was bigger, almost human like in shape. The slowly crept into the opening and started walking up the stairs. Drake stopped at the bottom and kept watch. Wolf was too mystified by the scene to notice anything else.

The statue was holding a little stone. It was giving off and eerie light that grew as Wolf got closer. He felt the stone on his forehead glow. He forgot about his time gear. He reached up and felt the stone. He noticed it was shining in tune with the stone on the statue. Wolf felt for the helmet but felt nothing. He noticed the helmet was gone, but there was a small crown on his head. It branched off in three lines. The two from the side going around the top edge of his head and coming together in the back. The third went straight over the top of his head connecting with the other two, but trailed down the back of his neck. He rubbed the back of his neck, realizing he was actually quite sore from the battling.

"Hey! Drake i think i know what this is" Wolf called down to him. His words echoed through the chamber. His hand was still on his neck. He almost jumped when he felt two things poking out his neck. Just small little bumps but it was right where the part of the crown stoped. This must be the helmet. Wolf thought to himself. He realized a helmet wouldn't look to natural in this time era, automatically it formed itself to something more hidden as jewlery wear. "No wonder, i look like a princess."

Wolf turned back ignoring Drake now. He looked into the stone and reached down to pick it up. He touched it, it was as cold as ice. The chill made him step back. Wolf knelt down beside it and peered into it's depths. His stone shined brightly now onto it. He focused on the image that soon appeared. It showed space. The cosmos moving fast through time. Instantly his mind was hit with images of the Quartza. They're race of people, how they traveled space. He yelled out in pain, forced upon him was generations of life history.

"Yo Wolf! You OK?" Drake was running up to help him. As he reached out to grab him, a flash of light shined around the top area of the rise. It threw Biyouth off to the side and he slide down back to the

bottom. Soon followed by low growls and hisses from the dark corners of the pit. Drake looked up and saw four red eyes glowing back at him. In two pairs they split off and walked towards Biyouth from his sides. As their bodies emerged from the shadows their eyes turned black. They were Quartzia in shape, but walked on all four, more upright as a beast. Their exoskeleton was sharp, bathed in a red hue. The one nearest him raised its upper lip, exposing three sets of razor teeth. "Wolf I could use some help down here!" He yelled out, but Wolf was head first in the ground, his hands on his head in pain.

"OK, you red shits, let's see what you have for ol' Biyouth!" Drake made the first attack, holding onto the chain he swung the axe out in a wide vertical spin to come down on one of the new creatures. It dashed to the left quickly and he missed. The one on the right growled and let out a scream before dashing in quickly. Before Drake could move his axe down to block, the creature put a large cut in his side and went behind him. The one that was still in front of him lowered its head and rammed Drake to the ground. He dropped his axe as he fell over, holding tight onto his side he laid there unable to get up. The two creatures slowly circled him. They almost seemed talking in their clicks of growls and hisses. Deciding which one should finish him off. "Wolf!" Drake called out one last time before the two creatures lowered into a pouncing stance.

Wolf got up now. He picked up the stone. His eyes were still closed the whole time. A white glowing light flowed off the stone and over Wolf's arm. It flashed twice and vaporated into that cloud. The white fog slowly moved over his arm, up his shoulder, and shot into the crystal on his head. Another shot of pain went through Wolf this time. Only not in his mind. A diamond shape lump formed on his chest. It throbbed and beat at its own pace. Slowly it stilled in tune with his. He caught his breathing back to normal and fell to one knee. He opened his eyes to meet that of the statue's which were now glowing themselves. In his mind's eye it came to life. Speaking to him.

"Hello dear Wolf. I am the essence of the crystal. You may call me Quatzar. My people have existed since the dawn of time. These creatures you see around you are mutations of my power. You have that power now young Wolf. Use it."

The glow of the crystal stopped and Wolf woke up. He turned around and noticed Drake being knocked down. Wolf picked up his sword and jumped from the top, hitting down on the side of the rise and slide down falling next to Drake. Drake looked up at Wolf with fear in his eyes. Wolf spun on his heel and swung his sword, low point to the ground. His crystal shined a light and the two creatures jumped back towards the shadows. Wolf's gem crown glowed, with shots of light going down it. The bumps on his neck throbbed with pain and Wolf knelt down on one knee.

Cords ripped from the back of his neck and trailed up the path of the crown. They connected with the stone and formed solid over his head. The helmet formed back on his head. Now in a new form. The cords continued down over his mouth and made a face guard. The red visor fell down and was also covered by the cords. They wrapped tight around Wolf as he tried to yell out in pain but was muffled down. Wolf looked up now. Letting out a deep sigh, a low muffled hiss escaped his mask. Green cords ripped from Wolf's chest now, wrapping around his shoulder and back. An ooze rolled out from that, thickening over his chest. The helmet took a shade like that of the chest pad now. Electricity rolled down Wolf's arm and flowing as a white cloud to his hand. A gem formed on his hand and glowed out over his sword. It turned as black as the shadows now. His eyes glowed bright as he saw a group of Quartzia gushing into the holes leading to the cavern. The two Quartz dogs sprinted around to take them from the side.

"Up Biyouth, we gotta run" Wolf spoke in a voice not his own.

Drake sorely got to his feet, still hugging his side. He pulled his axe over and started running where Wolf pushed him. He looked out at the mob of creatures rushing towards them. The two made it to the back side of the mount and wolf stuck his hand out. The glow came from the gem in his hand and a white mist followed by electric energy shot into a small hole and the rock slide down out of the way. "Go!" Wolf pushed Drake down into the pit and he slide out. His yelling voice fading away. Wolf leapt back several feet and could see the two dogs through the darkness. His helmet monitoring their every move. Following behind their charge was a group of Quartza coming over the mount, climbing over the statue of their creator. Wolf raises his sword up with one hand, energy accumulating into it, then plunged it down into the soil before him. "Time for a change..." Wolf spoke quietly before his attack.

Wake up...wake up sweetie. A gentle voice spoke softly to Wolf

"Wake up...wake up boy! Wolf's mind stirred to conciousness, knowing it was Drake's rough voice calling him. Wolf groaned and tried to open his eyes, but they hurt. After a short while, Drake threw some water on Wolf's face. It made him jump awake.

"What the hell...what happened? Where are we?" Wolf looked around and then noticed the sound of water was moving around them. He found they were in a passageway, next to an underground river. Wolf couldn't remember what happened after the pain he went through of his chrono gear coming back to life; after the power of the crystal came to life. Drake yanked Wolf upright and layed his back against the near wall, handing him a cup of fresh water. Drake fiddled with a cheap bandage wrap he made for his injured side. "Well after you threw me down here boy, I found this to be a good place to tend my wounds." Drake chuckled and finished what he was doing before continuing. "I heard a devilish scream coming from above. You ripped the hell out of a mass of those Quartza, all by yourself!"

Drake could see Wolf trying hard to remember. Straining to invision the power he must have used just a short time ago. "Well then what?" Wolf wondered how he got down here. "Oh, after a bit of silence. A loud gush of wind flashed by and i heard you sliding down. You feel down here, just as you were before you went up to that statue. Except you seemed almost dead!"

Wolf got up at that and started practicing walking again. His body was sore and he stumbled around a bit. "We need to get moving out of here...Hey! Where's my weapon?" Wolf looked around but saw he now lost THAT sword as well. Drake pulled out a knife and handed it to him. "When you came down, you didn't have any weapon. Sorry buddy, it was a good sword. I only give the best to those who'll be fighting next to my side." Biyouth gave Wolf a sly smile and the two started walking down into the dark tunnels ahead.

Wolf and Drake Biyouth walked a ways down this passage. It seemed to actually be lit up only by the water reflecting some kind of light. Then the two saw an opening to the upland.

"So Drake, you going to head back home, i mean, we're out of here now." Wolf had a hint of disappointment in his voice.

"Are you crazy! This is the most fun i've had almost my whole life! and that was just in this morning! There's still plenty more adventure's you'll be bringing to me boy" Biyouth patted Wolf on the shoulder, almost knocking him forward. The two laughed for a moment, then looked up the opening. It hurt Wolf's eyes to look into such bright light now.

The two looked around to see if there was anything they could use to help climb out. Drake noticed the water ending just ahead. "Hey! Wolf check it out, there's a waterfall."

The two walked to the edge of the passage way, looking down they saw it opened up into a dark abyss. There almost seemed to be holds pressed into the side of the rock for someone to climb down. They could hear the water churning below. Coming up was a strong smell of decay. "What the hell lives down THERE?" Wolf covered his nose and stood back.

Drake was silent for a moment. "I...I think this is the lair of the Tenta Worm." Wolf raised an eyebrow towards Drake

"Tenta Worm! Damn boy don't you know anything about the bad lands. There's a giant worm that roams these deserts. It's said to be huge. It has these tentacles that come out of it's mouth and body. They work like a hydra themselves. Every warrior that's tried to fight it, has died. Almost no fighting data has been made from it, but they say it holds scars from every battle it has foughten." Drake summed up his story and stood back, now being effected by the small.

Wolf turned back towards the exit and asked. "So how do you think this is it's home?"

"Well, it's got this nice water source here. These tunnels were carved smoothly out. The history is, people use to sacrifice to the beast. These looked man made. Then the smell of death down there! It's a large enough cavern for the Worm, what else could it be?"

Wolf jumped up grabbing onto a rock in the exit wall. "Hell if i know, but i see we're gonna have to pull ourselves out." Wolf laughed down to Biyouth and made his way to the surface. A light rumbling shook the area. Wolf could sense Drake was nervous down there. "Hey! Hurry up and get out of my way." The hint in his voice proved Wolf right. Drake jumped up, and with much difficulty started pulling his weight out.

A few moments passed as Wolf got to the top and looked out into the desolate view before him. The desert stretched to the horizon on all sides. Wolf scoffed under his breath and turned back to the hole where he helped Drake the last pulls out. "So where are we?" Wolf asked, annoyance in his voice. He didn't like the situation they were now in.

"We're in hell" Biyouth started and gave a little chuckle. "This is the scorched earth desert. They say when the burning rock fell from the sky, the energy ripped the earth into pieces, drained it of all energy, then warped the life into it's image." Drake started walking towards the sun. Wolf had to squint just to keep his eyes on him.

"Where you going?" Wolf called to him, running to catch up.

"I'm heading to the only city out here. It's hidden within the sun. Walk towards it til dawn and Mirage will shine. I've visited it twice before. The people there don't like my town so much, but it's the only place we can go if we want to live." Drake explained to Wolf. He threw his axe over his shoulder and strapped the chain to his belt.

"Drake ... Ever since i met you, things go from bad to worse!" Wolf joked with the older man and they walked together through the burning heat, into the eye of the desert as the sun began to fall into the sand. ...

The sun seemed to slow as it pressed into the horizon. The two were walking for several minutes now. The intense heat already putting effect upon them. They were run out of water, and sweating more then was needed. Wolf took his cloak and wrapped it tight around his head, chest, and torso.

Drake looked back, "What the hell you doing boy? You planning on cookin' yourself?" He gave out his usual belly laugh and kept walking, whipping a little sweat from his head.

"No, this will help conserve the water, keeping it to my body. I need all i can have since that sun is about to set, I know there will be life coming out at night." Wolf gave his explanation, then looked around as he could see the light beginning to be eaten up by nightfall.

Drake gave another laugh and patted Wolf on the shoulder, almost knocking him over, but then pulled him back into the steady march they were holding. "You don't have to worry 'bout the life out here, when that sun is gone, they will come out. As for us, we'll be walking into Mirage"

More time passed and the sun was just not almost out of sight. It's glow was more blinding then before as it just went out of view. Then the two travelers gasped at the sight before them. The stars seemed to appear out of no where. The horizon had a little glow upon it. It was obviously the light of a city. It was Mirage.

"Last one there is ... bah! last one there sucks" Drake took off running towards the hidden city, not even paying attention to Wolf's calls. "We need to conserve our energy Drake!" He tried to tell him, but then stopped and started running to catch up. That didn't take long.

Wolf caught up to the larger man and noticed he dead stopped. "What's wrong, tired out already?" Wolf gave him a pat on the shoulder in Drake's style of 'bonding' but noticed he wasn't laughing.

"There's something out there." Drake almost spoke in a whisper. He slowly reached for the chain on his belt. Then he yanked off the axe from his shoulder.

"Yes, we are out here Drake Biyouth, the bastard of a bandit"

The voice came from no where, yet from all around. Drake stepped away from Wolf and gave his axe a swing around his head then caught it. "Who's there!" Drake demanded.

The voice answered back. "We are the Twilight Guard of Mirage, defenders of the hidden city. We are the law in this land"

Wolf thought to himself. We?

"So what? You plan on arresting me then?" Drake stopped moving his axe around and gave out a sigh.

The air in front of Drake rushed together in a bright green light and a dark figure walked into view. His cloak flowing back in the light breeze. It shined like the night sky itself. "You have done nothing wrong. I was just stating we know of who you are, and what you do. Don't test me. The last time you were here, we know you started that brawl that crippled our now vice president of our fare city. We are here to escort you into town. Please, follow us" In those words, several more figures appeared out of the night. Along

came a strange cart on wheels, it seemed to float on the air. Wolf didn't ask anything, just climbed on and looked about on the trip into the city.

The city walls themselves were almost invisible in the dark night. The moon was on the other horizon and didn't give that much light. Wolf could see strange lights along the top ridge of the wall. It looked like they were staring into a surreal image of the sky, the lights themselves were guiding stars for the heavens. Like this was a place for the gods to come themselves.

"Sir, may i ask what your name is?" Wolf called out to the obvious leader of the Guards.

"My name is Lusaka. Head knight of the Twilight Guard. Right hand to the president of our small city." He almost looked to be floating along as the craft was. He was dressed in a strange material that made him appear just as the wall of the city did. Wolf could tell there was a magic presence among this land.

Wolf looked over to drake and noticed he was sitting in the back with two guards on his side. Obviously he wasn't welcome in this city. The petty knights that guarded him wore less lavish clothing as Lusaka. They had a simple cloak dressed over them to cover them in the night. Small swords at their sides that were made of some shiny metallic substance. He could tell they weren't just for hand to hand fighting.

"Open says a me!" Lusaka called out to the large gate before them. Drake snickered, "God, he loves to show off his ego" he muttered it under his breath.

"Gates open!" A man from the top called out, echoing through other figures, fading away. Then a loud crack and the door began shifting open just a crack for the small caravan to move into the opening center. The craft stopped and leveled onto the ground.

"Ok you two, welcome to Mirage. Make yourselves comfortable, but not too comfortable. We have rules here, learn them, abide by them. Remember I am the law here." Lusaka waved over to two more soldiers who ran over to escort the two new comers to the city square. Wolf stopped in his follow to look back, he noticed a higher rank officer running over to Lusaka. "Sir, he's been spotted again. Shall we?" The general started talking to Lusaka.

"No, send Ramu and Sepra out, they will find me later. We shall hunt this creature down ourselves." Lusaka turned back and jumped on another craft, it looked like a small tube, shaped to fit him. It hovered lightly over the ground and gave a small Whoosh sound as he powered up and took Lusaka out through the gate, into the darkness, where he quickly faded in. Soon after a guard grabbed Wolf on the shoulder and brought him back up with Drake as they made their way into town.

The sight of the city was before them. A great city. It's building reaching up as high as most towers. Extending from the back of the view was the grandous of buildings. It was the head building. Extending towards the stars, it's top was rounded, an extention piece poking higher off from that, with a small red light blinking as a red demon eye in the darkness.

Through the streets, children and merchants moved about. Small stands were set up in the desert sands here. Their glow lights hanging from the booth's tops. For being a city in night, it's life came about here in the darkness. Too hot during the day for activities. Wolf wondered how the city could withstand such temperatures out here in the depths of the desert. Out here before the eye of the sun.

"This is town square." One guard handed Wolf a curled piece of paper and pointed to a small area within a clearing of the buildings. Grass was grown there, and a large tree extended up, amazingly large, it was half the size of the average households of Mirage. "There's your map. Now stay out of trouble, you may leave in the morning. If you need transport, find it yourself. We're not responsible for people who want to leave Mirage. G'nite" The guard finished and motioned for his partner to move. The two left the travelers alone.

"Yeeeeeeehaa!" Drake let out a bellow and threw his fist to the air. "I don't need a map boy. As for me, i'm going to the pub til morning. If you need anything, come hallow. As for you, this place has lots of market if you have cash..." Drake stopped noticing Wolf's down expression. "You don't have any cash? HAHA, boy where'd you come from, we find you next to dead in the middle of no where, and now you have no money. I think we'd of been better to of killed you!" Drake patted Wolf on the back and laughed. Wolf gave a small grin and opened the map.

"Here's cash boy, go find a lady and treat her good" Drake handed him some small coins which Wolf put into his small sack at his hip. Noticing Wolf's dazed look about the city and looking at the map. "Ok...Wolf, see here's you. Head up that way and follow this path, you'll be able to notice the wonder of this city. That's the Kysla Chapal, it holds a lot of knowledge. You look like you need answers. I'm sure you'll find many more questions in here...have fun!" Drake patted Wolf on the shoulder again, and sprinted off a dark alley. Alone, dark. The wind blew a cold chill down Wolf's spine. Time to find out about magic. Wolf thought to himself and started walking towards the chapal. ...

Upon rounding of a final corner. Wolf found his way to the gate of the Chapal. He looked up in sheer awe. It was as wide as one of the city blocks, a little taller then the other buildings, and was glowing from the reflections of it's stained glass windows, and jewel lined edges. Wolf looked up and noticed the moon. Full, it's glow was bright. Even in this pure darkness, this moon was enough to make sight clear. It was a blue hue, casting that shade down upon everything else. Here, it reflected from the stone itched walls of the Chapal, causing the court yard to be bathed in a rainbow of colors, mixing and flooding together as a constant moving river. Wolf pressed on, walking through the open gate, he made his way up the path, to the large door, and knocked.

"Yees" A voice came from inside.

"Hello, I am here to learn." Wolf responded.

"Yees, this place was maaaade for that." The door creaked open and a small head of an old man poked around the corner.

"May i enter?" Wolf asked, slightly bowing his head to the man.

"Yees, you maaay" The door opened more, allowing Wolf to take a sight of the large chamber. The first level was an open church, in front of the rows of benches was a large statue, with held two people intertwined, both female, one a warrior, the other of an angelic creature, with wings branching up to levels two and three. The sword from the one person extended to touch the railing of level four..

"Why do you talk like that?" Wolf turned to the old man.

"I had a stroooke..."

Wolf walked in and headed straight to the stairs that circles up to the next level up. Entering this level there were rows and columns of shelves and books. Three people could be seen here at scattered tables. Deeply involved, their heads where in their books. Wolf went back onto the stair well and walked up to the their level. It was just the same, with no people. Upon the fourth floor he got off and walked over to the closest shelf. "Well, looks like it's a giant library, might as well start at the top" Wolf talked to himself. Looking at the shelf title. He couldn't even make out the language. He frowned at this and turned to the railing. Walking to it's edge he peered down at how high up he was. The scattered heads at the bottom could be seen praying. The bald head from the old guy reflected a little bit of light, and looking to the right, the sword of the statue could be seen in it's full glory. Walking over to it Wolf reached out and touched it's material. Feling it's craftsmanship and smoothness. He was quite impressed.

"No...My fault..."

Wolf turned and walked towards the faint voice he could hear in the distance. Another stairwell was behind one of the shelves, leading to the upper levels. Wolf could tell someone was crying. Stopping just as the edge of the bookcase he peered an eye around the corner.

Shattered blonde hair feel over a beautiful face. Tear soaked, the strains on her face dangled down. Wolf could see she was of clergy. She wore a white robe, with cryptic writings on it. A large book by her side, a walking staff to her other. She had her elbows to her knees, her face in her hands, sobbing.

"Might i wonder why such a lovely lady would be here alone?" Wolf stepped out from around the corner and the young girl almost jumped, trying to regain her composer.

"Not..nothing is wrong sir. I..I.." She stammered, picking up her things she turned to the stairs.

"Wait! I'm new to this land, i'm in need of some help. I can see you are as well." Wolf put out his hand to her. Staring at it for a moment, she paused. Wolf stepped closer.

"I..I'm sorry, i can't be of any service now..." The girl grabbed Wolf's hand for acceptance then turned. Wolf held her hand and pulled her back. Started she almost feel, catching herself, her hand upon his chest. The girl smiled at Wolf and he grinned back. She dropped her hands realizing where she was and looked down.

"Really, i must be going." She started.

"Nonsense. The night is young." Wolf still hand her hand and guided her to a table. "Now tell me, why were you crying?"

"Well...what is your name?" She stopped and looked at his face, peering into him, Wolf could tell she was concentrating on something.

"My name is Wolf, it is who i am...and you?"

Smiling she responded "I am Kelsy, daughter of he who runs this city, president Kelly."

"Now that formalities are out of the way. What's wrong?" Wolf leaned back in his chair and stared back into her eyes.

"Well, my sister...not my sister, but she's close enough. Her name is Megan. She's an orphaned child to this city, and this is where she lives with me and the rest of the clergy up stairs. She's a bit on the...dark side of things. She rejects everything we teach her here, and she refuses to behave. She was put under my responsibility as head of this place and...damn it!" Kelsy put her head back to her hands and began crying again.

Wolf leaned over the table and pulled her hands away. "Young girls will do as they please. She seems like a free spirit, she's just misguided."

"That's not the problem Wolf...she's going to kill herself." Again she started crying.

"And how is this your fault?"

"She's my responsibility! I was to train her in the healing arts, to expand her knowledge and make her a civilized girl. Now she runs off with god knows who, doing who knows what. She's not happy. Here or out there. She's cut herself before, and has almost died many times. This time though, she was serious in our fight. She ran off, thanking the God's for showing her what to do, then she said something about flying."

Wolf moved his chair closer to her and put an arm around her, she leaned back into him and put her head on his shoulder and started crying. Then laughed a little.

"What do you care?"

"I can't sit back and let a pretty girl cry" Wolf said with a smile on his face. "Now what do you think she meant about flying? The Gods?"

"The Gods, you know?"

"No! I don't know, I said, this isn't my land."

"Everyone of this world knows the Gods shaped it. They are the guardians of the aspects that built the foundation of our world. Their energies are that which we use to mystify our world. That stature there, It's the healing goddess, Saphram, battling her love with Digo, the dragon slayer."

"The dragon slayer?"

"Yes, it's a long story, I'll have to tell you some time. I've read almost every book in this place. I'm a fountain of knowledge" She giggled at that and got up. "Wait!"

"What is it?" Wolf got up with her and followed her as she walked over to a shelf.

Pulling out a book, she flipped through it quickly finding a picture of a Dragon. "Yes, this is it. Of course!" Slamming the book down on the table, she walked quickly to the stairwell, Wolf quickly behind.

"What is it?" He demanded again.

"Flying, she's going to kill herself yes, but she won't be flying to freedom. She'll be falling to her death."

"Uhm....you lost me."

"The God's power is held within their mage stone of their death. This city itself has two. Saphram's and Warano. Warano is the God of flight. A representative of the Dragon council is here right now with my father in the capital building. It also houses our flight deck. The Draconis is going to take Warano's mage stone, and unlock it's full potential to make the Draconis the ultimate machine alive...by Ghram!" Kelsy waved with her large book in her hand to the bald guy from before. He closed the door behind them.

"Ok, lost even more, but i get the idea. So we're heading to the capital building to stop Megan from jumping....where?"

"She's probably going to do something to the Draconis. It will be the final resting place for the God of flight, and she wants to 'fly' before him i guess."

Within the open court yard, the two started jogging quickly towards the overlooking capital building. Light's shown on one end, a large opening where the tail end of a strange looking device was seen. It was part of the Draconis within the docking bay, receiving the mage stone.

"We don't have much time, they'll be leaving soon."

"You can't run in that, i'll hurry ahead." Wolf was about to sprint off.

"You wont get in. It's heavily guarded, and with that ass Lusaka's guard's they'd rather shoot you then ask questions. Here take this!" She handed him over a pendant necklace that he took within his grasp, the chain falling over his wrist. "This was my father's gift to me. He loves Megan as he loves me. Go save her!"

Wolf stepped into her and gave her a quick kiss on the head, matting her hair down with his hand. "Fear not" Was all he said before sprinting down the first ally, swiftly to come upon the capital building.

A wall of red brick sand rose before Wolf as he came around a bend. Atop it were curved blades to protect the courtyard of the capital building. To the right was a large gate, adorned with vines and jewels, it was simple in design but shown the wealth of the city. Before it were two heavy armored guards. In their hands, a spear with a strange topped head. It didn't have a blade, but expanded like a cone, opening on top with a light glow escaping it's mouth.

Sprinting toward's them, he held no silence. The guard's turned and pointed their staffs at him, the light began to grow brighter.

"Who goes there?" One yelled to Wolf.

"I am Wolf, i come with urgency from..."

They didn't wait, the light rippled from the end of the staff in a billowing blast of energy. It flowed through the air in quick bursts, like a jellyfish. Wolf tucked down and rolled low between the two. Upon the end of his roll, he was between the two foot soldiers. He leapt in the air and kicked one in the face, the other in the chest, knocking them both to the ground. The gate was open for passage so he sprinted through. Hidden guards awaited trouble within the trees. Two short spears were sent in his direction, but with quickness he dodged them both. He cursed under his breath for not having a weapon, but knew he shouldn't kill any of them here for doing their job. Wolf continued his assault to the top.

From around a corner of the massive building, red eyes glowed, tracking it's prey. The intruder was his victim, it would taste blood. The whirling sound of metal moved through the shadows and paced up the side of the building.

Wolf was through the courtyard and made his way to the main door. It too was open, with two guard's ready to fight of their attacker. Wolf ran to one side and the two followed. He was about to speak to them, but they charged, their blades meeting stone as Wolf slid smoothly between them, throwing them with their momentum across the stone railing.

Running inside the scene wasn't any better. An alert had already been sent and people were scampering about. Guards were running to meet Wolf and general chaos was around. He would have to use this to his advantage.

Giving chase to the persuers, Wolf ran to the right where an elevator was open. Several commoners were stationed inside, and the guards hurried to protect them. Leaping in front, the middle doorway was clear. He took his chance and ran through the door. A small hallway led him to a kitchen that was cleaning up after a feast. Dishes lie everywhere, and lowly cleaners were scrubbing, unknowing to the excitement about them.

Wolf slowed his pace and walked through, nodding to ignorant dishwashers and cooks. He found a stairwell and sprinted up. It lead him to the side entrance to a dining room. Within, a large table extended the length of the massive room. Art adorned it's walls, and maids cleaned the table and floors back to their wooden shine. In the center window, a man sat against it's inclined wall, and looked out into the night sky. The man had a sad expression on his face and noticed not, that Wolf had walked over to him.

"Sir, can I.."

Wolf was cut off by the well dressed man. "Who are you? You are not of my guest or the guard" The man stared Wolf over from head to toe.

"Your guard? Are you..."

Cut off again, the man finished his sentence. "I am President Kelly. This is my building."

Wolf dropped to one knee before the man and lowered his head, Kelly stood up and touched his shoulders, telling him it was unnecessary.

"I am here of urgance from your daughter, i must reach the Draconis for that is where Megan plans her death."

Kelly was stunned for a moment, but knew something was wrong. He slowly turned back to the window and looked out.

"You got in here through my guard, unarmed, to rescue Lusaka's daughter. Who are you young man?" Kelly turned and looked at the young man's eyes.

"I am Wolf. Your daughter was distressed and i could do nothing but help."

"Take this then," Kelly handed the young warrior a red ribbon sash to wear over his shoulder. "This will dectate you as a royal guest, run quickly to the tower, my men will show you where to go, i must catch Kelsy and prepare a search party. I have other things to amend to at this moment. Thank you Wolf, i am much in your debt thus far." Kelly shook Wolf's hand and sent him off. Wolf jumped over the table in a clear leap, almost stumbling he regained himself and ran through the double doors that were opened for him.

Coming out in a large hallway, two guards that were searching for him before came around the corner, about to yell, they noticed his clearence. Wolf waved at them and turn and ran. At the far end of the long hallway, a small grated gate stood to a lift. It was opened for him by a single guard.

"Where are you going sir?"

"To the Draconis, immediatly."

Slowly it rose up. Too slow for Wolf's liking. He paced back and fourth behind the young guard. It made him uneasy but he held firm as he was trained. Arriving on the top level, the passageway led to another large hallway. More rugged then the other, metal hallways made up it's attire.

Wolf ran straight, it opened into a clearing. Stairs went downward and in front of his view, a large door with an amazing structure petruding outward. It was the Draconis.

Green metal plates covered what looked like dragon flesh. At the back end, two engines laid within the room. Under it a small ramp touched the metal floor. Three people were walking in. One with a long drapping cloak, green, with golden markings. Beside lead person stood two yojimbo, bodyguards. All black, they each held swords on their hips. Towering over their leader.

As they entered the belly of the beast, the ramp raised and it moved forward. Wolf was halfway down the stairs when he leapt from it's side. Hitting hard upon the ground, he rolled off and sprinted towards the Draconis. When it left the flight deck, it dipped low, but hovered for a moment. The engine's powering up.

Running like a mad man, guards were going to stop him, but none could reach Wolf in time. He pushed as hard as he could, his shoulders dipping into the sprint. His heart pounded and he pushed from the edge, his legs kicking, his arms spining, giving him the push he needed. Wolf landed on the back slope of the Draconis. Slick, he almost slide off, but his hand caught the top edge of a metal plate. He stepped up and climbed on quickly. Behind him, a figure stood still. The draconis was rising now before it's take off and it brought him close to the edge. He leapt again, time seemed to slow in this jump, his ribs his hard against the edge of the roof. Cutting deep, he held on the best he could.

"What do you want?" A young girl's voice came from the shadow before him.

"I want to get to my feet if you don't mind." Wolf retorted.

"No, i don't mind." She trailed her voice off and stared back into the moonlight.

"You're Megan are you not?"

"I simple name for a simple girl. It means nothing here."

"It means a lot to your sister."

"Damn Kelsy for interfering!" Megan turned away from the edge, leaving the hanging man to himself.

Wolf's grip started to fad, and he slipped. One hand kept him to it's edge. Wolf was able to rip the sash off and tried to use it to get the young girl's attention.

"You want me to pull you up?" Her voice was low, dark.

"It would be a bit of help. If you want to die, that's you, but i don't plan to die today. I've got things to do."

"then why are you here?"

"Oh you know, i like a good view of the moon."

Megan almost laughed at that. She turned around and from her hip came a long thin sword. Sharp edged, it's blade made sparks along the ground.

"You are foolish to think you will stop me."

"Warago is already gone. Now what do you plan to do?" Wolf grunted as his other hand regripped the roof and slowly tried to pullhimself up, but failed again.

"Maybe i can make you a sacrafice."

"I don't think you will."

"You assume too much."

"Do I?"

Megan paused for a moment and placed her sword back to her waist belt. It pulled the belt down, hanging on her curved hips up to her waist. Showing her figure off in the tight leather pants she wore. Her teared eyes looked up to the moon, throwing the braid of her hair back.

Wolf gave a cough to break her thoughts. She looked back down to him and grabbed the red ribbon. Together they were able to pull Wolf up.

"Thank you Megan." Wolf was panting to regain his breath. Looking as his hands, they were sore now, cuts made small blood appear.

"Why would you go through all this trouble?"

"It's in my nature i guess."

"Who are you?" The bewildered girl sat back in amazement, staring over the man before her.

"I am Wolf."

"Interesting name, what does it mean?"

"You've never seen a wolf?" His eyes widened in amazement.

"No, what are they?"

"Well, they're cunning animals. Four legs, furry bodies. They're very special creatures."

"they must be if i've never heard them. With all the knowledge my sister crams into my head, i should know everything." Megan gave out a laugh that shortly faded when a stepping sound came from behind, and then a whirl.

Turning around Wolf was already on his feet. Megan was slowly rising. It was a four legged robot. It's front arms wider then the back, on each hand a small blade and claw. It's head was simple and mooth with one single eye that jeweled red. It whirled out noise from its gears as it's head turned side to side, scanning the area.

"What the hell is that?" Wolf looked at Megan.

"It's a low guardian class bot. One of two Mirage owns."

"Intruder found" A small voice came from the bot as it stepped closer.

Megan stepped foward and waved her arms to it. "Guradian, there is no threat here, stand down."

"Intruder found, allies of intruder escape, enemy."

The bot stepped sideways to stand at an angel to the two along the roof edge. From behind, the spire tower that extended from the roof open up, in a small elevator was President Kelly, his daughter, and a simple guard. They said nothing in shock as the guardian bot charged the Wolf and Megan.

"Guardian! stand down" Megan yelled at the bot, grabbing Wolf the two jumped out of it's attack as it's hands came down, sticking into the roof's material.

"I can't fight this thing, i have no weapon!" Wolf got to his feet and moved away from Megan to give distance between them and the attacker.

Megan pulled out her sword and raised it to the bot, provoking it to attack her.

"Megan! are you nuts?" Wolf yelled at her and looked back to see the rest of her family running towards them.

"We're talking about me here! of course i am!" The wind picked up in Megan's words. She rolled sideways to avoid another attack and stood battle ready for the beast. Behind it Wolf could not help.

Burning rage leaped in Megan's eyes. She charged the bot as it's one hand swung at her. She calmly ducked under and rose to a full stance, her blade meeting under the guardian's neck. Cutting through wires and metal, it didn't slow it. The bot's head came down, hitting on Megan's. She let out a cry as she fell

back. Naturally, she rolled her legs over her head, and pushed off her shoulder, coming to her stance again> The bot moved in for the advantage but missed in it's attack. Megan predicted correctly as she spun on her heel and let the blade slice down the joint of the bot. Liquid spayed from the wound and it's arm went limp as it leaned down on the other.

"Megan! step away!" Kelly yelled to her, but she didn't listen.

"I'm not weak! I can handle a simple bot!" She was angry they thought her weak. They always had. She was just a little girl. She was to prove them wrong. She jumped back avoiding another attack. Bringing her sword up, she chanted lowly to herself. The winds picked up and dark arcane magic moved the air before her. The clouds shot down around her and set her blade aflame with dark fire. Everyone stood in awe to her power. The dark arts were hers to control. She ducked under another attack and set a blaze of fire up the middle of the bot. It fell onto it's back, but soon recovered.

Megan let her blade calm it's flames and let it lay across her eye level, she chanted word's to her rapier(sp?) and it turned black as shadows enveloped it. The guardian stood on two legs, it's one stood above it's head and it's blade grew longer. Megan let the blade cut through the air as the shadow magic sent off a wave of energy. It coursed through the air, rippling time and space before it. The beast couldn't move to avoid as it cut the head clear from it's body. Wolf leapt from the side and moved it's body off balance. The guardian bot fell from the high tower to the ground below, crushing nothing but a small tree.

For what seemed like hours, no one spoke. The winds just howled, throwing Megan's hair into the breeze as she looked out over the view. She felt alive for the first time. A smile drew across her face as she sheathed her sword.

Kelsy ran to her and hugged her smaller sister. "I was so worried about you damn it! Damn you Megan" Her tears fell upon her younger sister, but Megan did nothing. She hugged her back then pushed her away. President Kelly walked over to her after motioning the guard to leave. He put his hand out to shake her hand. Megan felt his hand, and he pulled her into him for a hug.

"I knew you had it in you to defeat that bot. Where did you learn such skills?" Kelly pet her hair back and looked down at her. Wolf slowly walked to his side.

"Yes, where did you learn those skills? I've seen nothing like them."

"Well..." Megan stammered, trying to find what words to say.

"Enough, let us go in. I had the servants prepare a meal for us all. We shall talk then. We have much to learn about you daughter. You have been so far from us as of late. And you young Wolf. Please, we must talk as well for all you have done, there is nothing in my heart i can do to repay you for coming to Megan's side tonight. You have made me a happy man now." Kelly motioned for them to the elevator. They headed off to it. Wolf stopped to take one last look at the moon. At this height, was almost eye level. A smile formed on his face as it had never been this amazing for him to see before.

Drake walked amongst the cities dark areas. Here, no one was running around, no laughter. It was all quiet. Through the shadows, he knew where he was going.

Turning another allyway, a small dim reflection of light spread along a low brick. Turning, he walked down a short flight of steps. At the bottom, a door. Solid with a small round eye hole. At the bottom light shined and shadows moved. Here was the real activity of the city.

Drake knocked once; Then twice. No sound. "Hey! Does anyone live here anymore!" Drake's fist slammed upon the door as the eye piece slide aside.

"Who wants to know?" A strong voice came with the green eye that peered back.

"It's Drake Biyouth." He responded.

"Drake? The Drake?" The man laughed from the other side of the door as he slide lock bars aside. "You're money is always welcome here Sir Drake."

Drake walked in, being patted on the back. The place hadn't changed from his last encounter several months previous. Inside, the center of the room dropped three floors. The railing extend on the top to keep drunkards from falling over. Table stood aside the railing to give view of the scenes below.

Drake made his way down one side, there a strange three armed man was serving drinks. Many were like him here. In this part of the world, they could hide away in a forgotten city with their mutations. They were the monsters of the world. Touched by the Gods people say. To them it was a hinderance from life. But they were powerful. Much more powerful then 'normal' humans. Either hidden from the world, or within a milita was the only way they could live a life. Drake found it sad and walked over to the bartender.

"Kalnar! 'Ol block what's happening?" Drake tapped the table as he sat. The guy turned around serving two drinks aside Drake.

"Drake, i thought i knew that voice. It's been awhile. Old friend." Behind him, the Kalnar's hand was making another drink. One of Drake's favorites.

"So how's travel been through here?" Drake dropped his money on the table and turned to take a look at the place.

"The same. Other then Lusaka now has control of this place. The fights have been moved underground, and we have to have our center of entertainment among dancers and music." His voice mocked those last words. This use to be the tough man's bar, now it was for anyone to enjoy. Kalnar handed Drake his drink, and went back to work. Drake got up and walked to the stairs, making his way past the second floor, which held two shops for special black market weaponry and armor, now closed by Lusaka's law.

Making his way to the lower deck, he sat on a benched table. Propping his feet on the table, he noticed the place lacked people. The roudy one's weren't coming, and common folk wouldn't come to this part of town for a drink. The place held scattered drunks who lay passed out on their chairs and tables.

In the center, the groud was raised half way between the bottom and second levels. A small group of three played music. One plucking a guitar, one on a small flute, and the other singing soothing words. She

spoke in a long lost used language, but the words were simple. Drake remember being taught their meanings.

Drake enjoyed this though. It wasn't his roudy type of carrousal, but he did enjoy the pleasant things. Many wouldn't think so, but here he sat. Drinking a calming numb weed drink to help him relax.

Noise startled Drake's relaxing mind. He opened his eyes to hear a man yelling as he got thrown into a table. That was the sound Drake remembered from his old days here. It stopped and mummers could be heard. Drake was almost going to go up to see what was going on, but the instigator of the action was coming down the stairs.

A beautiful woman, silver hair, fell to her shoulders. A long dark cloak draped to the steps, and her boots clanked upon the wooden surface beneath her feet. Drake was amazed by her appearance. Obviously a warrior, and a woman.

Drake almost stood to greet her but his mouth just opened. Stuttering air out. He leaned on his right arm to balance himself. The vision was incredible before him. She turned and noticed him out of the corner of her eye. Stopping she just stood there for a moment. To Drake it was eternity.

She turned and met his eyes. Staring deep into them, she walked towards Drake. He was impossible to move. Staring her down and up, close now, he was more amazed then before. He couldn't act, just stared, and breathed.

"You're Drake Biyouth aren't you?" Her voice was sleek. It had a thick accent to it, as she spoke, she walked around his side. Her hand on his shoulder.

"Ye..yeah, that's me!" Drake tried to sound strong. He stood upright and turned to face her.

The lady's hand felt down the front of Drake's chest. She grabbed the collar of his shirt and pulled him close to her. He felt her chest against him. Her tight shirt was held with scalling material. It was like the texture of a snake.

"Ever since you left her last time you visited this place, i've wanted to meet you..." Her voice trailed off as her mouth came close to his lips.

Drake could smell her breath. Sweet like flowers, with an ocean mist. Slowly her tongue swept across his lips, it was smooth and wet. Drake was shaking. He couldn't help it, never had he met such a powerful lady before him. He wanted to kiss her. Yes. That's what he'd do, kiss her. She wanted him, this he knew.

Moving in, it felt like forever. The distance between them would never close. Closer, closer he moved. His lips were before her's. Her head moved in quicker. Her body, gripped him tight, against the table, he fell at the arch of his back. Her head met his in a loud crunch as her knee met his side.

From her hip, her sword withdrew. It's blade was made up of metal plates, binded together by a cord within. They fit together to form a sabre, but they extended out at her will and wrapped around Drake's neck. She pulled him back up and threw him over the end of the bench. Kicking out his leg, he fell to her mercy.

The edge of each plate bit into Drake's neck. He couldn't move, he didn't dare get up. No weapon's where allowed within Mirage. How did she have one. Was she a guard? Why was she after him? Ever since his

last visit. The questions ached through his head. He was drunk the last time he was here. What had happened? He struggled to remember.

That was it! It hit him like a brick. Also in that thought, the woman's fist met him the same. Drake fell back and his neck became sore as the whip sword slowly pulled away from him, forming back into a sabre. She put it to her waist.

Drake remembered his last visit. When he was here, he was fighting in the arena they had. A new guard member was drinking heavily and thought he was better than everyone else. He challenged Drake from the crowd so he didn't decline. The two fought hand to hand. Very well. The smaller man was good, but Drake's strength was too much. He had almost killed the man before he finished. Then he remembered the woman's face. She was related to him in some way. She was here for vengeance.

"It...wasn't...my..fault" Drake was trying to speak, the woman's grip was tight around his neck. Her fingers were long. One hand gripped his large neck, and dug into his already wounded flesh. She was vicious. She wanted him to hurt. Then she stopped.

She dropped him to the ground. She stood over him for a second and looked around. Then she turned her weapon out of her side and spun it around. It glowed bright, brighter. She let it fly out in front of her towards the wall. Energy ripped through the wave it made. It cascaded into a round ball that turned into a slit through the air. It pulled open to reveal the street. The sabre had returned to its original form, but it still glowed a purple haze. She walked into the open to the street above and turned back.

"Wait!" Drake called out. "Who are you?"

"Me?" A wicked smile came over her face as she tossed her hair back and closed the sword back into its scabbard. The doorway slowly closed as three foot soldiers made their way down the stairs behind.

"My name is Serpa, young Biyouth" The voice came though as the portal closed. He was left there, in pain. The soldiers picked him up and dragged him off. He slowly passed out afterwards.

President Kelly led the way through the majestic halls of his tower. He was taking them to his main office. There they would be spoiled with the best of treats. He would give nothing less for his honored guest.

"So, Mr. Wolf is it?" Kelly started.

"Wolf, just Wolf sir."

"That is a strange name, i've never heard of such before. Single, direct strong name. What line of work do you do?"

"I'm an assassin..." Wolf's eyes narrowed on the ground.

At the entrance to Kelly's room, the two guards had the door already opened for them to enter. Closing quickly once they were inside. Upon a long table in the center of the room, food was laid out in ornate dishes. Each bowl held something different. One full of a strange red fruit, another with meat, and another with strange small meats wrapped with a flower cover.

Wolf had just realized it had been awhile since he'd last eaten, and lost all thought of courtesy as he sat down first and began eating.

"That's my kinda guy!" Megan sat down beside Wolf and stared at him with glazed over eyes, only taking a small piece of meat and bread to eat. Kelsy walked with her father to the other side across the two and they sat together.

"Yes, please eat up, i've already had my court meal for the day. Two in a row actually. Keeping meetings can have its rewards i say" Kelly let out a laugh and chewed a piece of meat with his drink. Kelsy just sat back and watched the two across the table as she sipped her wine.

"Now, Wolf, you said you are an assassin. Then what might i ask you are in my city for? Looking for someone?" Kelly leaned closer across the table giving him a strong look in the eyes.

"Yes and no President. I was sent to kill a man. Some..mishaps got in the way and i have been entrusted with a mission to get him when i am ready. I have come here after meeting a friend and escaping death at Nigron and the caves below. Now i seek to learn magic."

"Your friend?" Megan broke in, leaning closer to Wolf.

"Yes, leader of Nigron, Drake Biyouth."

Kelsy almost spit out her wine when she heard the name. "You are friends with that animal?"

Wolf chuckled at the response. "Yes, he captured me when i came to his land, i dragged him into the pits when i was sent to his entertainment, together we were the only ones to escape. We found our way through the desert until Lusaka and his men took us."

"Where is Lusaka father?" Kelsy turned to Kelly.

"He had an important person to catch tonight. A dark figure that has been attacking the nearby kingdom has moved into this area. Lusaka will make sure he doesn't touch his plagues here."

"I assume Serpa and Ramu went with him?" Megan questioned while her mouth full of meat. Taking a large gulp from her cup of wine.

"Yes dear. Only the best were sent to stop this madness from reaching this side of the Scorched Earth. As for Nigron, even if the dark lord wants it, i doubt would hold up to his power."

Wolf had an image flash through his mind at that moment. Of the cave, the Quartz that he found, the stone that he got from Quatzar. The power it gave him. Quick images of his body covered with an armor, his sword shining and cutting down the creatures. Killing them all. And a dark figure standing in the corner, watching him. Reading his every move. Then the burning red eyes...

"Wolf?!" Kelsy's soothing voice broke his thoughts.

"huh? Yes, what?" Wolf sputtered out, not noticing his mind ran off.

"You were sitting there, emotionless, like you weren't here."

"You look like you've seen a ghost" Kelsy chimed in with a laugh.

"President Kelly, what can you tell me of this 'dark lord' you speak of."

"Well, not much Wolf. No real information has come this way since the war began. Two kingdoms across the mountain range to the West are at war. It is the Crystal Empire. Made up of three kingdoms. The Cyrlin, and the Dymno are at war. The Ashina are a pacifist group kept to the far mountains on their side. They say the dark lord has entered their land and taken over the Dymno, but no one is sure. No word leaves their lands, but they have an army of the dead! Magic none of us have seen."

"I have seen it" Megan interrupted.

"How?" Kelsy called back, almost angry.

"It is where I learned that spell I casted tonight. In a book of black magic. From what I've heard, there must be a Necromancer in the Dymno's midst."

Kelsy was furious she would have learned such things, when she was to learn of the ways of the light.
"Where did you..."

"Is this dark lord the necromancer then?" Wolf quieted Kelsy's angry words, giving her a stern glare.

Megan got up from the table and walked to a far window to look out over the mountains. "Not from the stories that have been going around. This 'dark lord' people talk about is something more. He has been collecting things. No one knows what, but his minions are taking over anything they can."

Kelly had quietly gotten up and was looking through some papers at his desk. Picking up a scroll that was hidden within a drawer he turned around. "Ah ha!" He called out.

"What is it father?" Kelsy was already motioning to a maid to get the place cleaned up. Megan was going over to Kelly.

"What is it President?" Wolf took a long drink from his cup then put it with the rest of the dishes as the maids came in to clean.

Kelly strode over to his big chair behind his desk and sat down, unrolling the old scroll. "This I got from a runner, that died out in the desert before making it here. Lusaka was slow to give it to me, but it told of something, long ago. Yes, That bastard. This details how a stranger entered a town on the port city of Altheos. Their magic stones were stolen and the city burned to ash. For some reason I ended up with this scroll, but a long after time from when this occurred. Lusaka, that bastard! He's hiding something from me just as I thought."

Wolf noticed Megan turn away when he said that. Wolf grabbed her shoulders and pulled her into him.
"What do you know?"

"Nothing.." She whispered back, almost breaking into tears.

Kesly heard and came over. "No, tell us, what do you know? You've been sneaking out, neglecting your teachings, trying to kill yourself and doing god knows what with the drunkards of this city. What do you know?"

This infuriated Megan, she turned around and slapped Kelsy across the face, knocking her on the ground, saying nothing. Wolf quickly grabbed her arms and pulled her to the table.

Knowing Kelsy was going to fight back. "Enough you two!" Wolf pointed a finger at Megan and stepped between the two. Kelsy was back on her feet, her face red from the slap, her hair falling across her face. Wolf reached up and brushed it back behind her head. This caused Megan to jump again from the table, but Wolf turned in time to catch her fist. "No!" Wolf ordered and pushed her to the ground. Megan just sat there and cried. Kelsy was raging and stepped outside the open doors just as a runner came into the room.

"Sir! Drake Biyouth IX of Nigron has been arrested here and wishes.."

"I wish to speak to the man who gets me arrested when one of your main guards try to kill me!" Drake walked into the room, cutting the messenger off.

Wolf helped Megan up to her feet and noticed Drake, a smile formed on his face when he saw his friend. Megan noticed Drake too and studied his face for a moment, then let out a grunting yell as she unsheathed her sword and charged at the unarmed man.

"Megan no!" Kelsy called from the door way, throwing a feather out before her, she chanted quiet words and the feather glowed, flying between Drake and his attacker. Megan hit solid into the light shield that formed before her and fell back.

"I'll kill you! You bastard!" Megan was beside herself with rage, bringing her sword back up for another attack as the quick magic faded away to a feather again. Wolf grabbed her wrist and tripped Megan again, catching her fall he pinned her in his arms.

"What the hell is wrong with you Megan?"

"He! Drake deserves to die!"

"Me?! Again! Another psycho of this place! Everyone is out to kill me!" Drake turned and walked over to Kelsy, remembering her face he gave her a big grin and tried to take her hand but she turned and walked to the far end of the table.

Megan again was crying, muttering something to Wolf. "Serpa wants Drake dead for killing her lover!"

President Kelly stood up. "Yes i know all about this Megan. It is not your place to put trial upon his head for your own justice, or Serpa's. It was a tragic accident that happened that night. Drake, i apologize for the inconvenience you've had tonight. As your friend Wolf her has helped me and my daughter, i shall help you two. I will have my courtiers open our weapon's shop to you, equip yourself for the jounry across the Scorched Earth is a dangerous one. It is all i can spare, take what you need. You have open right to carry arms for the night. You shall leave at dawn. Drake, your blood here is bad. Do not return. Wolf that goes for you. It is the best i can do for you."

"I'm going too..." Megan stood back up and was dusting herself off as she put her sword back to her belt.

"No! You can't be serious" Kelsy called from the other end of the table.

"I'm very serious sister! I'm sick of living here. I've got all the training i need. No one here is my true parent. Kelly, you've been a father too me, Lusaka took me in but never paid attention to me. Kelsy, you were like my sister, and my mother. And so was Serpa. She taught me things you never could, you never would! Everyone pulling me from one side of right to another. I didn't care, i just wanted to be left alone! You guys couldn't even let me die! Tonight though, when i saved Wolf. That was the first time i truly lived all my life. I know i am strong enough to handle myself out there. Please, let me go with Wolf. There is so much more i can learn if i try, if i'm out there in the danger using my talents...please Kelly!"

The room was silent after that. Drake slowly stepped backwards out of the room, not wanting to get involved. Kelsy said nothing. Wolf just leaned against the table next to her. Then Kelly rose to his feet.

"Wolf, if you will take her, it is your choice. She wants to go with you, her life is her own, she's a big girl"

Wolf nodded and looked to Megan. "What i have to do in this world is for me alone. I can't always look after you out there. Don't slow me down."

"So i can go?" Megan's eyes grew bright.

Wolf nodded again.

"Yes! HA HA! I'm out of this place!"

Wolf formed a small smile and looked to Drake who just shrugged and started walking down the hall. Wolf then turned to Kelsy who's eyes were watering. She stared at the table's shiny surface and lost herself.

"Oh and by the way Wolf, what is this you looking after ME? If i'm not mistaken, it was I who saved YOU tonight!" Megan gave him a wink and ran off to catch up with Drake.

"And no killing Biyouth!" Wolf only heard a little giggle from the hall. Wolf turned to President Kelly and gave him a slight bow. "Thank you for the evening meal President. You have been most kind to us."

"I owe you nothing Wolf. You have been a great help."

Wolf turned to walk out the door. Before leaving Kelsy stood upright, knocking the chair she sat in over. "Wait!"

Wolf spun around, Kelling looked surprised at his daughter's actions.

"I am useless here. For all these years i have been learning and learning. Through books alone, it will not teach us the true nature of our magic. I too must see the world." She paused and looked at Wolf who only returned a smile to her. "Wolf will take care of me, and so will my sister. Don't worry father. This choice is mine to make alone. I'm going."

President Kelly only nodded and looked to Wolf who nodded in return. Kelsy ran over to her father and hugged him tight as tears flew from her eyes. "I'll miss you my daughter. Now be careful! I mean that."

Kelsy was too shaken to say anything she only ran over to Wolf and instinctively hugged him too. Almost knocking him over. Then she took off out the door and down the hall. Wolf turned back one last time to look at Kelly. Then turned and followed the others to the armory.

Together, the group met down in the armory. An unlikely group, formed by fate. Wolf, an assassin, now pushed into a sequence of events that will forever change the future. Drake Biyouth, a proud leader of his town, and drunken adventurer. Kelsy, the priestess healer and daughter to the leader of Mirage. And Megan, a mysterious magician who's powers were unknown. All formed by coincidence, what fate lays ahead for them, no one knows.

...

"Hey Wolf, what's this?" Drake had picked up a strange looking axe that had a green strip going through it's center. It seemed to glow with power.

Wolf shrugged, "I dunno, it looks like an axe." Drake recieved a mocking look from Wolf.

"It's a power axe" Kelsy chimed in as she came near the two. "The green light is it's power core. Only trained users know how to bring out the weapons true potential, you Sir Drake, are hardly worthy of it."

Drake opened his mouth to speak, but Wolf cut him off. "Now now you two, no more picking on Drake from anyone!" Megan turned from the other side of the room at hearing that, and smiled at them.

"Hmph...I'll take the axe, and that gauntlet over there." Drake pointed to a spiked knuckled hand garment and poked Wolf in the side; motioning for him to pay for it.

Megan and Kelsy were content with what they already had for protection and weaponry. Kelsy carried a strange looking staff. On the end of it was a set of wings with a jewel between them, and down the staff itself was a green and blue energy like the power axe. Megan wore her usual outfit and the sword she carried before. It was her prized possession.

Drake took his new axe and strapped it to his back and put on his gauntlet. A large grin hung on his face and he gave the two girls a big thumbs up as they just rolled their eyes at him. Wolf on the other hand was intently staring at a sword tucked away in the corner. Beside it was a long sleeveless coat.

"Whatcha got there Wolf" Drake noticed Wolf's curocity

"It's an amazing sword. It's cut is perfect." Wolf picked up the weapon, and the weapons dealer came running over. "That sword is a very expensive piece. Sir, if you wouldn't..."

"Quiet!" Drake stepped in front of the smaller man. "We're just looking at the sword. I'm sure we can pay for it."

Wolf continued to look over the sword. It's handle was made of some kind of bone. Strong and light weight. It was carved black, in the form of a wrapped serpent, and within it's mouth, a jade green stone.

"That sword cost more than all of Mirage!" The dealer's angry began to grow and he threw Drake aside.

"Then put it on credit, we're friends of the President!" Drake grinned, and was pushed aside again as Kelsy aided Wolf.

"Sir, is there nothing we can do to pay for this lovely weapon?"

"No, it's a family keepsake. Only to be given away to a special warrior. I will defend it with my life."

"Then i will take this coat..." Wolf muttered out, laying the sword back.

"That will cost..."

"Dealer, President Kelly will pay for this himself. Tell him it's from his daughter." Kelsy reached up and pulled the coat off it's hook; handing it to Wolf and helping him put it on.

The dealer noticed the fit on Wolf and retrieved a shoulder-arm guard. It was an attachment to the shoulder and back, that slide down as armor plates all the way down to the hand. "Sir, for taking our best sword i will throw in this piece of cutting armor to go with your coat. For a special price..."

The price wasn't too bad, and Wolf was able to pay it. Kelsy kept telling him how charming he looks in his new outfit. Megan usually tried to stay close to him, sometimes sliding her arm within his bare one to be escorted, and be close to him. Drake just slacked behind the group and laughed at the two women as they moved around Wolf.

The group moved out to the main hall, and was stared down by the guards around. People were not allowed to carry weapons. But Kelsy assured them, they were under order from the president to carry weapons.

The group had finished all their business, and now ventured out into the city. The four argued about where to go. Drake wanted to celebrate with a drink. Kelsy wanted to get some books before going, but Megan refused to go. Wolf made the decision to move on immediately out, and began their journey while there was still night light. The others, reluctantly, went along with it.

It had started. The group was prepared, moving through the city they recieved a variety of gazes. But the group felt strong. They didn't know what to do, where to go, but they were on an adventure!

...

Outside a shadow stirred. The rather quiet night came to life. The guards along the wall scurried and shouted to each other. Their weapons posed ready. Along the bright moonlit ground, a blanket of darkness snaked towards Mirage.

The group had entered the opening behind the main gate of Mirage. Ignorant to what was going on around them. They made their way to the gatekeeper who was shouting orders to his wall runners.

"What's going on?" Wolf asked the Gatekeeper.

"We're under attack! The black beast has come to Mirage!"

"The...what?"

"Just go find shelter!" As the Gatekeeper ordered that, the alarm rang out from the towers of Mirage. Its sound sent the people within scurrying like rats, to hide within their houses.

...

The shadow was at the gate but didn't enter, the back end of the shadow just continued to snake closer. Within the shadow of the wall, it moved unseen. The dark beast leaped high up, a large blanket of darkness blocking out the moon from the people who tried to view from below it. Within the cloak, nothing could be made out but a piercing set of eyes, and a sword that dangled from an invisible arm.

A loud thud came from the impact the beast made on the wall. Its cloak floated down around it, covering two guards who moved in to attack. The cloak curled close to its master and opened outward, throwing nothing but bone to the floor below.

The dark cloak flew hard backward, as if a strong wind was blowing against the creature. Now a body could be seen. All black, its body was composed of tendrils, tightly connected and wrapped, forming a muscular build, and body armor. In its right hand it held out a sword. Looking down, it pierced directly at Wolf. The sword was the one Lazero gave him! An electric blue light rippled down the snake arm and coursed through the blade. Shooting back down its length, the handle within the beast's grip expanded. The pieces of the handle were slightly separated, and a purple light could be seen in between the pieces. It gave off an electric charge that moved back up the beast's body with the blue light.

In a swift move, the air was cut and a blue streak of energy flew down to the ground; forcing Wolf to jump aside out of its way. Rolling back to his feet, he was able to see the beast falling to the ground, several meters away from the group. It was slightly larger than any normal man. Its cloak shortened to form slightly around the creature's body. The sword was held tight and pointed back toward the ground. A stance for a quick attack.

Wolf pulled out his sword and put his weight on his back foot. His mind raced through a number of events, but he had never faced anything like this before. The other three, his friends, stepped to his side, ready for anything.

The beast charged, almost sliding across the ground like an ice skater. The sword though, kept in its position and behind it trailed a light of energy. Before the powerful blast of a cut was to hit them. The blade was met with another. In a flash, Lusaka had come before them and met the beast.

Lusaka said nothing. He pushed the beast back with a strong force of energy that even made him slide back. Kicking dust up from his stationed foot. His sword made two cuts through the air and he charged the beast, letting out a war cry. The beast made no sound, but met Lusaka in a powerful clash.

A loud growl came from the clashing warriors, but from whom? Energy flashed as the two threw a special attack after special attack. Then Lusaka leaped high backward, flipping, and landing back on his feet. The beast just stopped and stood erect, bringing the sword back to its side. Lusaka didn't care about its unarmed status. He jumped back in the air, and almost came to a stop at the peak. With a flash of energy he shot downward at the beast. He cut nothing though. The cloak pushed in front and was cut

completely apart, but reformed as the beast flew back over the wall in a single jump. In that instant, the battle was over.

Angel Falls

Alone, a figure made his way through the city of Anchارش. It's streets empty, hollow. The small villa that made the outskirts of the empire's main city. The street lead into a dirt trail that lined to the front gate of a great castle. It's windows made of crystal. It's walls made of gold. Much greater then any of the land before it, it was a testament to all it held. The figure continued walking down that tiny road.

The man was draped in white rags, with symbols upon the shoulder marked in red. A circle with a V and line across it. The rags covered completely his body and head. No sight of his flesh can be seen. Looking up three other figures soared across in a straight line through the sky. Their wings spread wide and graceful. The sky was just as bright, it blinded the figure and he looked back downward, making his way into the open castle walls.

The insides were just as magnificent as the exterior. Marble halls with statues of ancient figures, walls opening to various scenes of life. Servants hurried around, passerby's making their ways to special rooms of prayer. Guards with their shining golden plate armor stood before the gateways to other areas.

The stray man walked alone, steadily, up to a cove within the wall, standing in the middle, three rings rolled up around him and spun quickly, his body becoming light, he shot up out of view. Within another cove just the same, now at the top of the castle, the rings floated up and his body rematerialized within the field. Unchanged he continued walking. Now within a much larger hall, the room was surrounded with guards along each window. At the end, a double door as big as the hall itself. It was lined with gold and crystals and other jewels, before it was a stay old man and a small gathering of people. Beside him was a tall man with a long staff as twice as long as him, obviously of high rank, his body and armor were adorn with symbols and crests.

Upon joining the congregation, the old man stopped for a moment in his speech to peer at the unknown figure. Then there followed a loud clash of weaponry and the castle shook upon it's foundation. The tall man turned and walked to the large door, touching it's handle his hand glowed with it and he walked straight through. The other guards turned to the windows and withdrew their weapons. After dark winds blew through them, shattering the glass. The group of people ran for their lives. Three being picked off by the swift moving figures that danced through the air and then dragged them out. The guards were unable to help.

The windows were filled afterwards with unholy creatures of darkness, their bodies decaying, and gouged with spikes and bone. They hissed and climbed into the chamber, being quickly cut down by the guard's swords. More and more, the castle was bombarded with more of these creatures. Outside, a black cloud of them stormed over the land, killing, raping, and burning the villages, the guards extended their wings and flew out to battle them off. At this the remaining figure turned to the old man. Pulling back his hood, the man stood back with a gasp of fear. The figure pulled off the crests on his shoulder and threw them to the ground, the cloak feel off and the crests turned into two other figures. One large in build, carrying a large staff, one end a fork tip, the other an axe. The other was a woman with a serpent lined body, her skin scaled and armored. In her hand a long whip fell to the ground.

"You..." The old man's voiced cracked into silence as he turned to the door. The woman whipped out and lashed her weapon around his neck, pulling him back to the ground, the other figure dropped his axe down upon his face, cleaving it clear in to. The figure in the middle laughed and spread his wings. They were long, twice as long as any of the guard's. They were draped, tipped with blood, and dripped upon the floor.

"Lets go" The middle man said, his wings folding quickly together, draping down his back. His voice was gentle and calm. Together the three stepped as one and walked to the door. His hand extended and his eyes glowed, the handle glowing as well. The door began to become lucent and wavy, the three walked through.

Appearing from the other side. The next room was large, and circular. Like a giant ball was attached to door. Within the room, sound seemed to echo, but be still. The walls were water and shined the light from the center of the room brightly. The two figures stepped away from their master and traced along the bottom rim of the room. In the center was a throne and a figure's shape could be made out. It shined, the throne made of gold reflected it. No contours of the great person could be made out. Floating aside the thrown was the tall figure from before. His staff touched the ground as he stood there.

"GO" The voice, sweet and soothing came from the light. The tall man's weapon shined and a smaller section turned sideways, becoming a large cross, the light shined off as such and filled the room. The tall warrior was gone.

The original man was still standing there in the middle. Spreading his wings, he hovered over to the throne and stood before the person. Kneeling upon one knee, placing it down on the air below it. He bowed his head to the light within the throne and his wings turned straight black, the feathers falling off, it was bone with stretched skin, looking up the man's face turned dark, once a beautiful face, now that of darkened death. The eyes turned red, then black. Pulling out from his simple clothed pants, a long curved dagger made of gold. Bringing it above his head a red trace of blood came from the man's finger and fell along the curve of the blade, then down within the light.

The figure disappeared along with the light. The blade ripping through it, a flash came back against the dagger and threw the man back a little. The other two were kneeling before their master who hovered back upon the throne. Below the throne a small drop of blood fell along the contour of it's legs. Falling from it, the blood fell, slowing within it's decent, the water ground below swirled and opened to a view of Earth, shifting to a view of a America, a city, a house, a woman. The blood continued it's slow movements and then disappeared into the image, falling upon the woman. Then all was clear. The throne began to shine again. Now a dark light. The undisturbed land was now blanketed in darkness and the lands of Osthor were turned into a desolate world of evil as the dark cloud faded, it's filling of creatures took upon the land, their wrath.

Chol'na

Chol'na broke through to the forest dead clear. Her pursuers were long behind her heels. For now, she was safe. But where was she? In the opening was a slight creek that opened to a wide pool of water. Atop it's rocky shore was a beautiful waterfall. The sun's shine hit at just right the angle to glare to her eyes, and the water's splash spread mist to cool her face. For the first time in days, she had peace.

Chol'na knelt before the crystal beauty and drank from her hands, it's soothing peace. She wondered where she was. Never has she heard of such a place in these woods. Had she ventured that far from her homelands? The thoughts and visions of home made her mind stir. She longed for her warm bed, and her mom's hot cooking. She wanted to hear her dad's voice as he told her stories of the old ways. Ways that were long lost for being too different from the ways of 'normal' men.

Chol'na began to weep as she fell into a ball on the dirt. Her hair fell loose and sank into the water. She didn't care. Her tears said all as the earth drank them up. She could only grip her chest as she longed to be safe. But it could never be again.

"Sweet girl, why do you cry tears of sadness in a place of such beauty?" A thick, strong voice echoed around the clearing. Coming from all around at once. Chol'na knew not, from who spoke such words.

"I...I miss home. I miss living a life...I miss being normal."

"Were you ever normal to begin with?" The voice replied, but didn't expect an answer.

"No. No, i guess not. I mean, I lived with everyone else as everyone does, but i was always the different one." Chol'na finally pulled herself together and was on her knees again. Leaning over the clear water, staring across it's glassy surface. Seeing her own face reflecting back. Talking back to her.

"That was because you're not like everyone else Chol'na. You know that within yourself. Why do you deny it? Why do you think those hunters are after you? Wake up Chol'na...wake up."

Chol'na stirred from where she stood and the glare moved out of her eye. She felt light headed and dazed. She was still standing, staring at the waterfall. But she knew she hadn't been standing there the whole time. She knew that. Reaching up, her hair was dry, and her clothes clean from dirt. The ground before her held no print of her body. The pool water didn't seem to move much as the strong water cascaded down the rocks behind it. The water had a weary stillness she couldn't explain. But she felt she was not alone. She thought of the voice that spoke to her. It couldn't of been her mind. But who? She reached down and drank some water and her body felt at ease again. She closed her eyes and rested her mind. The sound of the water and the birds of the forest made music very few could truly hear; music very few could truly understand. Short lived was such peace. A sound reminisced from just beyond the trees. It was a twig snapping. Her brothers taught Chol'na many tricks of hunting, and she knew that was no small animal. The sound was a strong wood, so the weight to break it was as such. But it couldn't be her hunters. How long had she been dazed?

Chol'na's mind began to race again. Where could she go? She couldn't fight. For so long, she had been told how wrong it is to fight. It's against everything her father stood for and his ancestors before him. But she would never be able to out run them now. She was too tired, and all the effort put into separating from them, was now lost.

The water began to chime louder in her ears and the sounds of the forest grew with it. She heard faint breathing from just beyond her view. Chol'na turned and gazed at the waterfall again. Taking in it's beauty. It's peace. She stepped her ankles just within the water's reach and spread her arms. Closing her eyes, the sounds were all she could see; they were all she could feel. Foot steps grew closer, and slight conversation could be made. It was those that hunted her.

"Let me go of all this world, to live in this peace unto eternity" Chol'na's voice was sweet and soothing as she spoke. She would not move. She knew the hunters would not wait to strike. She herself would not fight. Content with this place, it was the peace she longed for. For so long she waited.

"Such a precious life, to just throw away child..." Again, the voice called to her. But this time, it was in one place alone. In her mind, but she saw it right before her.

"Who's there?" Her voice was quiet now, almost afraid.

"I am Kentu"

"Why do you talk to me so?"

"Because you are the only one that will hear me."

Chol'na's eyes opened and she realized she was staring at the waterfall. Almost shocked, she stumbled back as she realized the water barely fell. And the pool below her didn't churn at all.

"What are you? You are a waterfall?"

"Ha! No, child. I am so much more than that. So much more than eyes can barely see." Kentu let out what seemed to be a yawn; it was loud as a booming voice. It made the trees shake, and the birds begin to scatter from their nests. Chol'na looked closer. She stepped out to the water. But her foot did not sink. She stepped upon the pleasant water, and it held her afloat, as a walkway to what she sought. Invited, she continued to move closer to the waterfall; walking out into the middle of the pool.

"Chol'na Deska, your witchery ends here demon." The man's voice shouted from back on the shore. Chol'na did not turn around. She just froze where she stood and smiled up at the waterfall. Now realizing what image lay before her. The hunter behind her continued to call to her. He would not kill his prey from behind.

"Jess! Kryn! Go get her!" The hunter called to the two men beside him and they wasted no time running out into the water after Chol'na, but the water did not greet them. Their feet sank wet into the cold liquid. Rippling a wave from their feet, it made the solidified water began to sink back into it's watery confines. But around Chol'na she still stood atop. Back on shore the two men returned to their master's side and all drew fourth their bow and arrows.

"Foolish children, thinking they can take back from what they were given." The voice from before came now, stronger than ever. Booming around the clearing. The men could not fire their weapons. Instead they stepped back towards the shielding woods and looked quickly from side to side. Expecting unworldly things to get them. They expected Chol'na to get them. Instead, nothing moved.

"It's just trickery! Get her!" Again the hunters stepped forward, their bow strings pulled back and aimed. But Chol'na did not yet move.

From the waterfall, the water began moving again, as normal as any waterfall. Now though, Kentu stepped forward. His long smooth neck breaking through the falling water. Spreading it's downpour out along the banks of the rocks. The water glistened down his neck, down the ridges of his head, and down the curves his armored skin gave across his face. Kentu took one step forward and his massive arm pressed into the water in front of Chol'na; all the while, his body curved slightly around her. The water continued to cascade from his body, giving form to what otherwise could not be seen. The hunters knew the beast before them when Kentu spread his massive wings that spit the water up high against the blue blanketed sky. Shining down the sun's rays in an arrangement of sparkles.

Kentu, the water dragon, leaned down his head before the hunter's sight. Letting them gaze into the eyes of which no men truly got to see. In fear they could not move, but in fear they also ran fast. Together the three hunters spread out into the woods from which they came, forgetting any reason of why they were there. When stared upon, the hunters really saw nothing in Kentu. But to Chol'na, his beautiful blue scaled body was a sight only beheld to her eyes and hers alone. She could feel his mind touch hers, as she was able to touch his from when she came to that spot. This is what her life was destined to find. She was a dragon lady.

Quick Write

Breathing heavy, his chest heaved. Up, down. He struggled for breath. Tired of running he lurched over. His hands on his knees. He wondered why he was there. Why he is being hunted. What is it. What moves so swiftly around him in the darkness. The shadows are his enemy. Crack, the sound rings out behind him. Again he moves. Legs tired, weak, sore. Continuing on for his life he moves. On again now he runs from this stalker. The beast he will not face. Why will it not let him go. Crack, the sound echoes in his head again. Surrounding him, the footsteps wont leave him. He runs more and more. He trips, he cries. Scrambling he moves back to his feet as he feels the wind blow over him.

"Just let me go!" The words were hollow. No answer. No echo. The woods around him absorbed them and did nothing. No one cared. Crack. Running again the man lost breath, struggling, tripping over his own feet. They weren't there anymore. No more energy he gave up to the darkness, he gave to his fear. The ice grip touched his shoulder. Gripping his flesh, it pulled him down and he turned to face it. Turned to see why he could not have his peace and there it stood...

Shim Ra

the walls leaked blood as Wolf made his way through the hellish tunnels. The bodies of many thousand long dead lined the way. Their bodies one with this dark underworld. The walls twitched and moved, trying to speak out, trying to touch the living. Wolf stayed away from the walls as much as possible, his weapon ready in front of him with both hands tightly around the wrapped cord of his staff.

Moans from the wall startled him, he raised his sickle edged staff above his head and spun to the side, bringing his blade into the living dead wall. All went quiet. The luminescent light that came from the red glow of the bleeding walls stopped. The tunnel became darker, almost impossible to see. Then a light shone before him at the end of the tunnel. A hellish scream and howl emanated and increased, a dark figure could be seen, like a wave of a shadow floating down as a mist towards Wolf.

The walls shifted around Wolf. A hand reached out and tried to grab his leg, quickly being cut down. More movement came, the walls came alive, semi solid parts coming out to attack Wolf, but their attempts were futile.

"Join them sir, your death will be painless then" The shadow echoed it's voice down the hall. Wolf stood his ground and continued to cut down, foe after foe as the glow from behind the shadow came closer, it's hiss and scream following it. The air became stale and blew past Wolf in a strong gust. The entity coming closer

"Are you the death of Shim Ra?" Wolf yelled down the decaying hall. Yelling through the strong winds now. The room becoming more violent.

"I am the one" It answered. "I have existed long before you could imagine, i have destroyed entire civilizations, and now you have found my lair as very few have. Now do you plan on having the strength to destroy me boy?" The demon queried. It's voice turning more evil as it finished it's words, turning more dark as it neared it's prey. With a screech, Wolf could see a light of life from within the shadow, he could see a shine of a talon before him. The glint in the demon's eye peered out in it's attack. Behind it the light grew blinding, the hellish screams of it's victims following. The entire hall called out in agony and pain. All coming from the creature.

Wolf crouched in acceptance of defeat before the demon. It's speed quickened before making contact, before it's claw opened and it's talons made their make on it's prey. Wolf rolled to the side, coming out with his back sickle extending through the shadow. Following the cut line was a trail of purple and green blood, spraying across the wall. The dead figures there, drinking it up and slowly etching out a solid figure, the wall formed into two soldiers of their master. Wolf thought about that. "If it can bleed...." Wolf was cut off by his legs being held fast to the wall. Looking left, the light vanished along with the demon. Turning back his attention was on the soldiers of death.

"Shim Ra" the words echoed from the figures

"Shim Ra" the words chanted from the walls

"Shim Ra" The words of their now god were spoken, and this now enraged Wolf.

"Rashim Danu" Wolf called out, "The end of death" He translated and cut behind him, lopping off the flimsy arms that held him. Ducking into a crouching turn, he came into an almost sitting position, his

weapon coming around and cutting the first figure in half at the waist. Rolling off as the other brought down a large battle axe made of bone and flesh. It just missed him as Wolf got to his feet, cutting back in, to take the head from the first figure. Now he had one left to deal with.

"Shim Ra" It continued to chant, as it spoke the words the axe began to glow, and back from where Wolf came, the light as before appeared, and he could see a figure flying down the tunnel again. Wolf turned back, brushing next to the wall, he deflected another attempt at an attack and beheaded his foe. Bringing the back end through it's gut, he stabbed it down into the ground. Then turned back and could see his enemy again. Then began sprinting quickly to the other end of the tunnel as fast as he could.

Wolf ran fast, coming towards the end of the long tunnel, the horrid screams continued behind him. He focused not on them, but only on the run. Make it to the end and then face the enemy. Coming to that dim red glow again, he hurried. Around him the glow of light crept along the walls, almost enveloping him.

"Run, Run"

It's all he could think. Then the floor gave way to an instantly open room. The red glow filled the room with light and it was apparent, this was the lair of the demon.

Instantly behind him, the light shot into the room then disappeared. Rolling off the fall, Wolf was back on his feet, weapon ready, eyes posed on the entity. Before him, the shadow swirled around the figure then shot off into nothing. Wolf stepped back in shock, letting out a silent gasp.

Wolf almost lost his footing on the blood drenched floor. Looking around, the walls were pouring with blood. A top was the room was a small perch of a throne where the demon slowly floated to. It was a hellish figure. It's back extended into two large wings the folded over around it's body with every flap. The wings were blood soaked and ended in sharpness. It's body was bone, it's arms extended into two large hands, un proportional to the rest. Off from them were three large talons. Her hair flew back, draping around in the wind it created from it's strong wings. Her mouth poked out from her face, with large fangs and teeth snapping for a bite. The demon had a sly smile on her face as she came to her stop at the top of the room where she sat and looked at her prey.

"Who are you?" Wolf demanded. Regaining his footing. He held his weapon out in front of him, ready for use. Then he slowly stepped with feet stern. He moved to the back end of the oval chamber. In the center was a large gapping hole that the blood crawled up along the ground and flooded down into. It was deep black with no means of light. The demon was perched above the hole and just sat there. Watching Wolf's movements. No words were spoken.

The Water Serpent

The eerie fog cascaded down the sloping rocks surrounding the body of water. The traveler, dressed in dark garbs, made his way to the lake's edge. The rocks slowly crumbled under his boot, slashing lightly into the water. Here it was. What he sought. To claim the liquid heart to heal his girlfriend. It was here. He had fought. The dark demon of Ki chu.

His mind pondered on the many incantations he could mutter. His words sat still. He withdrew his sword and let the edge slowly cut a wound within the water. Walking in the direction of the water's flow. He saw before him a bubbling churn. Within, a light flickered. Illuminating the icy fog that ate at the bare of his legs. Now it was time.

Rising swiftly, the light pulled up water and fog together. As one they crystallized partly. Forming a sheltered body, the lights pulsed through the light rock as veins. Into the crest that formed eyes. It glowed yellow. Piercing through the dense fog that swarmed it's body.

Turning circles, the fog formed a large mid section where the light slowly crept to. Protected by thin shards of ice, forming a massive bladed body. This ice serpent of water shot it's head back into the water, throwing water upon the river bed.

Turning towards the water, the warrior faced the small puddles of water. Quickly they formed into little creatures. Their bodies embedded with sharp spines. Too small to cause any real problems, the man cut them down in quick wide arcs as he danced through the mass.

Turning back, he noticed the beast was gone. It was one with the water. It did it's bidding. And here he must wield it's strength. Turning back towards the waterfall, he noticed a light press against the water, causing small rainbows before it into the cool icy forms that splashed up into a white cloud. The man stepped back, weight on his hind foot. His blade by his ear, his other hand, two fingers up, posed for aim. Slowly he circled as the water beast crashed out through the waterfall, the water spraying everywhere, it caused the air to chill more. It's head turned towards the young man, it's mouth opening. The light built up within it's belly, and pulsed up through it's body, a ray of light spitting onto the ground. Where the warrior stood, the ground turned to instant ice. He was in a roll, coming back to his feet, a few paces from where he stood.

Hissing the creature lowered itself back into the water, slowly the ripples of it's actions gurgled with it's body, showering it in a wall of waves. It's head pierced through such, shaking the ground as it connected, it's jaws motioned for the bite, but the swift fighter was already a step to the side, it's blade coming down in a wide arc, clearing it's side head completely off. Large packs of ice slopped onto the ground. He quickly pushed them back into the water.

The remaining tendril whipped wildly back and forth before returning to the water. Up from the splashing water, came forth the belly again. It glowed bright and the water could be seen shooting through it, fountain up in spray, it's head area was being rebuilt.

The warrior didn't wait, he leapt over the water, catching hold of a frozen spike beneath him. His blade pierced the solid protective groove within the beast, cutting through into it's heart. It's body withered. Swiftly it shot under the water, then back up. The man was already freezing from it's effects, but he held strong, his sword retaining it's attack. Then it stopped. The ice before his hand was not there. The stiffness

of impact in his sword disappeared. Before him he could see the light. Glowing it pulsed to him. Speaking to him. The chill of death around him was nothing now. He didn't feel anything

It spoke to him, it's words soothing. He could understand the pulses and they bathed him in heat. Flowing to him he took it in his hand. Unknowing it moved him. To the shore, back onto the land. His eyes were still fixed within the vision before him. It was of a woman. A serpent around her naked body, moving with her. Then she melted as it's jaws sank into her neck. Together they melded and vanished as water over the rocks. The glow died away as a frozen piece of ice slopped into his hands. Inside a small yellow crystal embedded. He had claimed his prize. Now with the other two, he could seek his true prize. The cure he needed. And he shall be free of his misery for the pain he had for his loss so long ago.

Turning back towards the frosted woods, he ventured in. Back on his mission, he hurried, his body no longer wet with the icy cold. The howl of a wolf could be heard in the distance, reminding him of the sorrow that filled his heart. He could already taste his victory. He felt nothing could stop him. The crystal he held would give him the strength to face the rest. Now it was time, he would have his love again.

*Poetry Set One***The Hunt**

You move quickly
Branches snap upon contact
You feel it's presence
It lurks
It hunts
It will never let you go
Run fast, the night befalls
You look for light
It's brightness brings peace
Where is it you find this?

Uh oh, it's still there
The eyes are upon you
It lurks
It hunts
You accept the light
It's trust brings you happiness
You feel for your safety
Dance smoothly
The light hugs you
This cell is your peace
Where have you gone?

The light has run it's fuel
It's needs have serviced
You're left there, darkness moves again
It lurks
It hunts
Raped of your need, you are nothing
You're wasted
Accept fate
The darkness has taken you now
Cry...It's all you have
The tears of hollow meanings
The darkness has shown you
Shown you what?

The darkness, in the serene sound of nothing
You make out the figure of light
The truth it held
You find meaning in what was your savior
The light has drained you

Now truth is known in that which you feared
The void brings you revelation,
Brings you that which can not be found
Welcome home...

My Dream

I see you in my dreams
Your hair flows beautifully
May i touch, if only once
A single thread, to hold it as my own
I want to hold you
I want to feel you
Let me be one with that
Which makes my life complete

I see you in my dreams
Your smile brightens any dim of room
May i touch, if only once
Those lips, which hold words so true
I want to kiss you
I want to taste you
Let me be one with that
Which makes my life complete

I see you in my dreams
A vision of peace
In a world of darkness, the fire you possess
Burns up from the ambers
To make my world a brighten lavish
May i touch, if only once
That fire, which you burn so true
Of Wolfen breath, i do test
My love for you

I see you in my dreams
Now i am through
Sensations so real
May they come true
Reality gone
My dream to you
I will kiss your so sweet lips
My lil' dragon
My love, for you...

Sonnet for she i love

When i think of you,
My heart beats to be.
Make chaotic of one come two.
For all clarity of one to see.

Dark of storms doest wind blow violently.
May ground hold strong to balance comings.
For fire brings passion of pain so sorely.
Look for peace in he of water brings

Now dawn brings dark of day.
Hold head up to see new light.
Free is she that holds no head to lay.
Come now future unknown in sight.

I give you words to sooth thee pain.
Let me in for there is all to gain.

Weakened I Die

A sword at my side
A sword in my hand
Upon the battle field
With no reason to defend

My foes doest march
I stand to counter
He strikes with all fierceness
All can just cower

They stab at me so
With blade and with stone
No where to move
I rest down, i did condone

Now i lay here at ease
Left in ravage
No reason to rise
I ask for no bandage

Come hither
She who is fare
Bring upon me death
I have no mind of scare

Rest easy I do
Now that I die
My blood drench this earth
For I ascend...high

A sad goodbye

Come light, and eat away thy foe of darkness
Breathe truth into a new world of lies
When shadows have lost their meanings
This is when i say my goodbyes.

From a void of nothing, all will spawn
To a void of nothing is where all have gone.
A world that blisters upon false promises,
Is a world not worthy of you.

I wish to be of noble pure
When i gaze for one of such
I will of found her
but now all is lost
may the stars burn bright
And eat away that darkness
For now there is no more

I say from truth
My heart does feel
My love for you will always be
May you find your peace
Away from me.

A sad goodbye II

Of Wolfen blood,
I have come
To walk among you.
Hunt for truth,
Seek out love,
Keep of just.
Bring with me,
Noble heart,
For now i am lone,
and lone is where i start.

When tears fall

The rain falls down
And carves it's path
In this stone
which harden long ago
Now it keeps on raining
More and more
What is to become
Of this stone
Which will soon erode?

The winds of chaos stir
Again, the rain falls down
and carves it's path
In this stone
Which now has soften
From time of begotten thought.

Now what happens
When this stone
Has no more tears to shed
The stone now winces
And crumbles to a new dawn
For which he is dead.

Forever...

Forever time will go
Forever is the word
Forever let it echo
For I will wait for you.

Forever may the water turn
On and on it goes
Forever it's meaning stands
That I will wait for you

Forever the wind will call your name
My mind will remember
The ripples of the water
Can never be set back.

Forever is a changing feat.
Forever is our future
For I will never give you up
For I will wait for you, forever...

Waiting River

Watching the river flow
I see it's ever changing beauty
I see it carrying things through
Them, unknowing to it's current
I see garbage thrown upon it
I see pedals of a pleasant rose
A glimpse of life
Catches my eye.
I reach to take it.
To hold it and call it my own.
Joining now, this current
That flows ever so swift.
I am wet,
but now i have caught this beauty
A creature so sweet to this water
Why was i chosen to grasp it.
So fragile i want to put it back
So sweet i want to hold it forever
It is what i want
I will protect it.
But it is a creature of this river.
So the river it shall go
Back to the garbage
Back to the pedals
Back to the ever changing life.
Which isn't my place to be.
So i sit
and i watch this flowing river
Watching over that glimpse
Protecting that creature
That which i hold so dear...

Wondering...

You said you love me
And now you leave me
Where do you find
That peace you've always wanted?
All the times
I dreamed of you in my arms
I held you
I loved you
And now you find that in another
Where do i find
That peace I've always wanted?
The knife turns deeper now
It's blade tearing into the muscle
The blood stops and i feel no more
My heart is gone
In your hands
Too much for you,
so you let it go
So here i stand
Alone, again
Watching you take from him,
all i wanted to give
Now it's over
Where have you gone?
Is it good?
Is it worth it
I hope you find that peace
That you've always wanted...

What do you feel...

Now the candle has flickered out
The last bit of light has gone
You lay there in your darkness
What do you see?

In life and death
This world of ours
Belongs to us
I am for you
As you are for me

Feel me
Do you not?
Sleep well
Do you not
Fell me holding you

In your dreams
Awake to the world
I bring to you
This is the love
I have spoken of

Feel me
Do you not?
Sleep well
Do you not
Fell me holding you

Where have you gone?
Why do you leave?
Does not what i say
Mean anything to you?
Does not my determination
Mean anything to you?
Do i mean anything to you?

Now you walk away
Don't fear me
Remember what i brought?
I will not say it
No goodbyes
I am here with you

Feel me
Do you not?
Sleep well
Do you not
Feel me holding you

Do you think of me?
As you did
When you were here
In your darkness
Sleeping so peacefully
What do you think of?
When you are away from me
With that which you choose
Walking away from me
I ask you
Remember me
and what i brought
For those dreams
I am here for you
Always
Remember

Feel me
Do you not?
Sleep well
Do you not
Feel me holding you...

External War

The warrior stood upon the plain with his sword held high.
The army at her whim, the army of shadows, was ready for death
With a war cry they charged.
The lone warrior alone, truth in his heart, wisdom on his sight.
Rip me, cut me, tear me, it is nothing
The warrior spoke as his sword cut through unseen foe
Their figures vanishing as they shortly appeared.
Closer the warrior got to the center.
Closer he entered into this mass of darkness
Within he sees the light of this drive.
Inside he sees the head of this beast.
Her figure beauty
Her hair glorious
Her words sweet as she beckoned him on.
Torn, her body was by the earth around her
Bleeding, the vines ripped at her flesh
The battle turned from one of visions
To that of surroundings
His blade
Swing true
Cut through those thorny vines
Freeing that which strikes him down so
Looking to her face he sees the many sides
The vale covering different lengths of the truth of her face
The expressions seen but not
Which face is this he sees
Open the eyes shine bright
Piercing his soul, she lashes out
Bleeding him
Closed her words are sweet
Her arms extended, distance between them.
Slightly seen her lips curl back into a wicked grin
Evil unknown
Eyes unseen
Embracing she is open
Words spoken of lies, she lashes again
Only to turn the head, to what?
The land turns dark with night
The scars open with pain
The battle engages again
The warrior puts his sword to rest
Striking deep within the plain
On bended knees, the choice is hers
For whatever face controls

He is at mercy's will
The battle ever raging
The battle ever paining
Wait for the end is his goal
Take what may
He accepts his reasons on this field
And will not leave
This is his war
This is his agony
Down
He waits.

Dark Desires

The oath
I am as the whore
I will suckle upon the desires of others.

The act
I am as he you hate
You love me for all i am, i shall use you.

The truth
I am as an angel
Fallen from above, my wings have shielded you.

and now you see truth through the doubt and pain.
I shall give up all, to clear my mind. I am an idiot.
To embrace nothing, i can take all. I shall give back
Just as what has been lost.

Fear not what you don't understand.
I am trust
I am love
Your dreams come true.
I am a nightmare Gail.
What is it you truly seek?
I shall carry it.

G'nite (Friday, July 13th 2001: 0200hrs)

Let me touch your face
and feel your lips
your soft skin
and gaze into your eyes.
Let me see what you fear and hide
Open to me inside
Feel my love
and love me back
and we shall know what it is you will truly find.
Come now let me hold you sweets
For it is late
and we need our sleep ;-)

Who I am

I am Dark Wolf of Void.
I am as much a Guardian,
As i am a creature of Nature
A watcher over all.
I was born into this world alone,
And thus shall i leave.
My sword by my side;
I live my life through truth.
May i die by it's noble words.
May i live with those true to my heart.
I am a Wolf, true and pure.
My word's speak as by the words
That the winds of nature carry.
May i walk in it's blessed glory.
May the wolf watch over you.

Baby i love you...(Saturday, September 08, 2001: 2115hrs)

I hurt inside baby
And there's nothing i can do
There's nothing you can say
To take this pain away

I just lay in my solitude
pray that maybe one day
I'll get to hold you tight
Hold you in all delight

Baby i love you...
and it hurts so much inside
I don't want to be...
to be nothing without you

Be my love
is all i ask
To much it seems though
To hope it lasts

But i love you baby
And i can't stand the pain
I love you so much
There's nothing else to say.

Crimson Blood

crimson blood
can be as sweet
as the most delicious fruit
put upon your lips

take, when all is lost
what is left but that
that which is so pure
so beautiful, your life

spilt along the blade
it can glow like it's brother
the crimson moon
a sign of what is, the end

Untitled 1

I shall give up
All of it
Desire
Passion
Caring
From the peace of the Void
tranquility shall embrace me
In light of nothing
Light of Truth will shine
The emptiness will bring me all
And in that peace
Find the purpose

Breath of Shadow

From a peace of light
I see darkness feed
To hold a taste of truth
I walk unknown
Seen but unseen
My world is one of lies
My words echo on the lips of others
I am a ghost among many
I am a mystery to the eyes
I am everything you need...

I am nothing but a Breath of Shadow

Untitled 2

Cold, darkness.
A Breath comes as nothing more then pain.
In this cell nothing lives.
In this mind, everything hurts.
Separate, alone, everything is seen.
Nothing is touched.
Half risen eyes, dawn for new light,
only to be swallowed by the cold stillness.
By this cold Lifeless.
By the nothingness that holds everything i want to see.
Why come to this place?
To fall upon an endless abyss.
To hear the screeching sounds of silence.
To feel the cutting edges
in the bed of thorns I lay here.
In such isolation,
the peaceful pain draws clarity
to see such beauty in what is otherwise the ugly world.
Where in a mass of chaos,
i can find unity with one thing
ever so beautiful in it's unique subtleness.
Pain adjoins with it's brother bliss
to bring a balance that unifies me with that chaos.
A pain worth betaking to taste something so ever sweet,
as to be forgotten by others who's taste buds become numb from ignorance.
I will take this place of mine.
This place i call home.

Untitled 3

I hear the sounds
They splash all around
Covered ears, yet all is heard
Like gun shots they are
Words spoken from afar
And the bullet sinks
Into my wounds m'thinks
Why don't I know?
Why don't I feel?
Pain carries my feet
Hurt rules my hand
Take hold of gun
Defend my land
React
Respond
Why don't I know?
Why don't I feel?
From emptiness I stay
From you I stray
Following is my way
And forever
I will not know
I will not feel
For you are the key
To answers I need
But I hear the sounds
They splash all around
And you, you are the enemy.

*Poetry Set Two***Still**

I see the Stillness
In the unchanging Void
Where nothing moves
But all things Are.
In these Shadows I do watch.
All that in the ever moving world.
The world that is not mine
I do not belong.
But I cannot leave.
It is apart of me.
So I am still.
Waiting
Hoping
To return to the Void
From these Shadows I do watch
All that in this wretched world.
The world that is ignorant
Ignorant to its own worthlessness.
Arrogant
Corrupting
It tears apart its occupants.
And I am still.
To feel something from which I came.
From the Void that holds true.
But this world is not mine.
I do not believe.
Which is why I should not be.
And I feel it in me.
Pulsing through me.
A cascading fall that cannot be stopped.
The overflowing movement of this world.
And it tears me apart, leaving me empty.
Leaving me to all I can be -- to be Still.
Then there is Darkness.

Vanish

Everything is just a blur
Unfocused and unknown.
I have become blind as those around me.
Yet on this path, my mind remains empty.
That which is, remains with clarity.
But it is all just a blur.
And I am unfocused.
I am unknown.
Ergo, I am no more.
Non-existing, my loss follows.
Non-existing, there is no tragedy.
And everything is just a blur.
No one can see me.

Torment

Secrets locked away
This chest is open now.
Things I once forgotten
Now return with force.
I don't know how to take them.
I didn't want them in the first place.
Now they tear at me as never before.
And all I want is peace.
Memories, feelings, and experiences.
They flood back as if they never left.
I return to a primal time
A time I so long dismissed.
And now my secrets are out.
I do not know how to take them.
I didn't want them in the first place
But this is what it means to be me.
So now I embrace them with sorrow
Hoping for a new beginning.
For this end has come it's time.
And I must be forgotten.
Secrets locked away.
And I go with them.

Dark Desires II

You are only an object to be used.
An object to me.
Your use is to serve, satisfy my desire.
My object of satisfaction.

You think you're in control.
Your false potency.
You take from me what you want
Wielding false power.
I give you everything you want.
To take what is mine.
You are only an object.
And you think you're in control.

I am everything you want.
I am what you desire.
I am that which feeds off of you.
And you think you're in control.

Give yourself to me.
Because it is what you want.
Give yourself to me.
When you've lost all you were.

Take what you will.
It only sustains your being.
You dependant fool.
I have devoured you.

Dark Desires are these.
That which we all take.
Gratifying our bliss
We use who we will.

We have all become objects.
It is what you wanted.
We feed upon each other.
It is what you wanted.
We depend on the feeding of others
It is what you wanted
We have doomed ourselves
It is what you wanted.

And you think you're in control.

Secrets

Only one sensation has blanketed me lately.
A sensation no one wants to live with
The life I've been dealt to have.
A life that is mine to Master.
Yet something new has come to me.
A feeling once lost, in another life.
I see it in your eyes, in your smile.
I see it in your figure and maybe I was in denial
You held my heart once, in another life.
And that familiar feeling seems warm.
That feeling is something I may want.
But it tears at me. A feeling I once had.
The feeling I had, in another life.
I would like to fly this path true.
Now, in this life I've learned.
In this life that is mine.
One that is blanketed in this sensation.
This sensation no one wants.
This life no one wants.
I am what no one wants.
But it is the one I was dealt.
It is mine to Master.
Through this pain I feel something new.
And I wish to feel it from You.

Attraction

There's something inside me.
I don't quite know what it is.
It was strong once.
Damaged once.
Hurt once before.
Vanished from this world I see.
I see it here no more.
But there's something inside me.
And It wants to be set free.
It pulses with strength from you.
It pulses with sensation from you.
I feel it flowing, for you.
I haven't felt this way in a long time.
I haven't had to take control
Of this raging river in such a time.
There's something inside me
It gravitates toward you.
Lingering within, it draws me near you.
And I taste my heart calling
To feel your lips and know it's true.
That my love can dance once more.
In this world I've once thought through.
Now I just want to be, to be with you.

Natural Beauty

In a world I thought lost,
I look out and watch.
I see ugliness and decay
Darkness in day.
And I look out, hoping.
This death fills my Being.
Destroys what I feel.
I grow bitter and spiteful
Of this world I must kill.
But something new emerges.
A Natural Beauty I thought lost.
Returning a world to me
That I once thought gone.
It rekindles the Truth,
I once knew to be mine.
My heart rages with passion
To return to this time.
I feel it within me, once more.
The primal self that was strong.
And I feel connected again.
To this world I thought wrong.
So I look out and watch
Observing this Natural Beauty.
Afraid to touch, for I may not be worthy.
And I'm left back gazing into it's eyes.
I'm lost in a new world,
One I know to be true.
My lips run dry,
My heart rages,
My hands tremble,
And for one who would drip the words
Of a poet to swoon such beauty
I am left breathless before you
Such a Natural Beauty.
I feel safe, I feel warm.
My hand reaches and touches.
You don't run, but draw close
So soft and so precious
I adore the return.
That of myself, to that which I lost
That of the love, of that which I give.
And the affection we share.
Brings me a peace; I wont despair
Together we're happy,

Together we're strong
You're a Natural Beauty
That cannot be wrong.
I would hold you close
And wish you to be mine.
But I sit here and watch
Such a Natural Beauty
I cannot define.

Untitled 4

Pain and torment haunt my mind.
I see with clarity,
The blindness I force upon myself
And realize, realize my aloneness.
I'm left to myself to ponder.
So here I wonder,
What is there to life?
Why am I alive?
Why should I not disappear
And be as I am, nothing.
Instead I live
I live here, like everyone else.
Just as common and typical.
Yet so different and far
I am a loner, kept to myself
Utterly alone, and aware of it
To know and feel the complete separation
You have from the rest of the world.
To feel weak and small,
To be nothing; an insignificance.
That is my life.
I am a lone wolf.
I do not exist.

Friend

What is a friend?
One who's words are from the heart
And always remain true.
One who speaks openly
Whether it pains or not.
What is a friend?
But someone I hold dear to my heart
And will always remain so.
Someone who's smile and laughter
Is all worth the effort to make it happen.
What is a friend?
That person who's not afraid
To let you see who they really are.
That person who's not afraid
To let you in on their darkest desires.
That person who's not afraid
Even after the longest hardships
Will greet you with open arms
And not be afraid to say

You are my friend ...

Utopian Vows

I would walk the Earth
Until my feet turned to stone
And be swallowed by the tides of time
I would sing
Until the Heavens were lulled to sleep
So that I might quietly sneak in
To catch a glimpse of you
I would search the hearts of millions
To prove to the world
That none could compare to yours
I would run
Until I lost myself forever,
And my shadow fell slowly behind
For us to be alone

I would face endless oceans of flame
And barren mountains of ice
To hear the valley's echo of your voice
I would be the indestructible martyr of mankind
And embrace the lashings of a thousand sins
To feel your hand in mine
I would conquer the world
And give it all away
To know you were happy.