

# Cyberlusalional

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## Dedication

This book, based on real world events, is dedicated to all lonesome internetters or cyberians who hope to find a loved one through social networks of any kinds, having to confront the harsh reality of the virtual world.

## Peekview

Has your heart been broken by finding out that the other unknown person was having a cyber love affair with another? Even though you never met that person for real? As soon as you get warm feelings for a cyber profile, please do analyze yourself to figure out what exactly turns you on. If you are honest to yourself, you may be surprised. If you are so much in love with a cyber profile that your life gets turned upside down, then you are in a cyberlusalional state.

## Release

This is the pre-release, i.e. before final edit, available for a very limited time as a special promo version. The final version will supersede this one in Summer 2011.

## Kindle version for Amazon

Initial title: Guilty Of Cyber Love

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## I AM and I WAS

The President of the United Servers Of The Internet said once: "Yes we chat!" I don't know to what nation I belong. The flag is merely a digital blanket keeping me warm when I have my reality dream that I am parting from right now. I click the 'dislike' button at the exit once more.

My clean old bold head gently slides away from the fading images from memory in this awakening moment. On the cabinet next to my bed, the mouse is suspending on the serial cable and gently swings back and forth next to the half open drawer that is filled with a heap of compact discs on which my profiles and chat sessions are stored. Forgotten love affairs with people I never touched with my bare skin.

Again I scroll through the flashing Chat Box pop-up that shows a list of teenage female cyberians. My heart is pounding along the wonderful profiles that appear under the cursor. I am the good, the bad and the handsome. I have no readme.txt for you.

'Parity' I am, my primary nickname that hides a student in cyber-psychology. It comes from the expression 'parity check', a sort of algorithm to check correctness or completeness of data. As a cyber lover, I remain unchecked, hiding behind my profiles. It seems the only thing to do right in this virtual world of dishonesty. I long for lasting deep friendship and love. Beyond the physical, without having to type 'I have true feelings for you', we meet together in a way and time never expected, hardly hoped for, along scrolling pages, without having to know where we are or who we really are. Java XML mix became a cyber drug I am addicted to.

We may feel closer than we would be for real, finding a glimpse of life passing through the always, full-time going through our space. Stopping by the sometimes, usually by the rule of often, without the everything, until arrival merges with destiny, where the trip itself is the goal. Thoughts having feelings, somewhere in a moment of eternity that starts at every moment, never ending in a world of an undefined wide web where many spiders have gone before.

Going now across borders and nomanslands between the physical world and the cyber world, I find out that there are many kinds of real, each with its own unique value, connected by cables, exposing mocked-up intimate parts in UTF-8 encoding, ignoring that reality may be not the same as what the modem delivers. I have an encoded meta feeling about this.

Oh stars, you sprinkle your voice over the eyes that sleepy rejoice the songs of silent chords. I taste the aubergine satin of the night after the sea swallows the light. Your pixels reflect the written words on the TFT.

Keystrokes translate my thoughts into tiny stars floating in web space, masking my inner stutter and incompleteness of compassion. The Enter key is unforgivable, supported by an army of processors and wires that do not care about the meaning of feelings.

Then the dreams start to unfold virtual worlds we have never been visited. Galaxies of desires floating so far away from our home planet. We smile our life into ageless art. It is the whisper of silence that is invading the spaceship of the mind.

RAM chips forget it all, after the PC is shut down. But I will always remember to sign-on to my inner world of shared data under the silken torrent of encryption.

Sleepless nights are feeding landscapes of expression and impression. A few dozen keys and a billion flirts travel across the borders. There is no passport control of any kind. Fantasy is legal, even expected. My universe is as large as my laptop TFT, a square foot perhaps. A kind of black hole that swallows me completely each time I enter that zone of mysterious attraction.

Dream, you make dawn from dusk and scents our thoughts with mirr and musk, while unfolding truth and lie. You bring us to the spirit's garden, knowing what is easy and hard during life until we die. Forever I will search, the data being restored each time my journey ends. The consequences I do not fail on the web, where I will not hear the other cry, where I do not kiss the other's tears. I only notice the blanks that I fill in by myself and the smileys that I receive. All that matters is me and my computer. How can I be afraid?

Wandering along the servers on the web, our feelings pass fiber optics and switches, yet every byte of love can be felt through the router of my soul. Imagination does not separate the real from the virtual. I am who I imagine I am. I have not forgotten the personality that has forgotten me. But no web-surfer would care.

Embraced by the arms of space and time, again are over the hours to learn how eternity is that we will earn after being online for a little while. I am awake.

Alt-Ctrl-Del. May another journey begin.

PETMAN

I saved her picture in a crowded directory on my ever spinning disk drive. Sometimes another temporary background image tiled on the screen. But I need more. I want interaction, a live chat. I must build a case that I can use in my presentation at psychology class.

Another lonely night without the non-existing you to kiss. The tongue of my heart is dry and looking for your moist in vain. The only body that I can caress is the keyboard. The only friend is my own imagination. The only lover is the one at the other side of the network card, possibly thousands of miles away, behind the skyline of undefined flying identities and profiles in the ocean of Hyper Text Transfer Protocols, where every ship is carrying lonely bytes, never to reach the harbor of marriage.

Now I am chatting again with someone nicknamed Hopeless, who seems to have a hard time with a loved one, called Cathy.

Hopeless: "Parity! Are you still there? You're still flagged online!"

Parity: "Yeah, sorry, I had to go to the bathroom."

Parity: "How come that you are so rude to Cathy?"

Hopeless: "Through her I see the rude of the world, like I am looking through a lens, then I scold and yell, not realizing that it is she is in front me, rather than the lens itself."

Parity: "Through her you see how hard it can be to survive in this world, yet to stay nice."

Hopeless: "Yeah, and then I anger myself in the view, not realizing that she is in front of me, rather than the unjust world itself."

Parity: "I know what you mean. She is just closer to you than the rest of the world."

Hopeless: "Yes. You know, she is a little bee that buzzes gently the flowers."

Parity: "With cobwebs of others."

Hopeless: "Of dark forces toward her. And then I raise my voice, not realizing that she is in front of me."

Parity: "She is an angel who gives stars away, and then you see the ingratitude of others who are mistreating her."

Hopeless: "They are real dogs, the others. I can't stand it and then I shout thunder and lightning, not realizing that she is in front of me."

Parity: "When she is in front of you, you feel an endless hole that must be filled with love."

Hopeless: "But I feel powerless."

Parity: "You feel her hurt heart that must be loved and nurtured."

Hopeless: "But I lose patience instead."

Parity: "Does she come with questions?"

Hopeless: "She often needs help, but then I lose my temper, because I think she doesn't want to use her strength."

Parity: "Perhaps she wants to."

Hopeless: "I don't know. To love her is to undergo pain as well, and to talk with her is sometimes more than a challenge."

Parity: "Do you really love her?"

Hopeless: "When I take her in my arms, when the moon climbs the clouds, I know that she is my beloved."

Parity: "Can't you keep yourself from yelling to her?"

Hopeless: "You know, when I yell at her, I yell at myself, and get hurt the same. And when she moans of pain, I tend to harden, but inside I too shed tears."

Parity: "I guess she may not always listen to you when you speak to her."

Hopeless: "When I want her to listen, I shout and throw words, because a breeze alone is sometimes not enough to move the branches of her tree of mind."

Parity: "But be gentle to the blossoms that the branches are bearing."

Hopeless: "She is also so slow."

Parity: "Does she have to be as fast as you are?"

Hopeless: "No, but when she does not act fast, I tramp with my feet."

Parity: "Is she beautiful and sexy?"

Hopeless: "She is a world of beauty that does not need any speed."

Parity: "So you know how she is. And you get excited each time you see her."

Hopeless: "I do."

Parity: "Really, mister Hopeless?"

Hopeless: "Misses Hopeless. And she is my old cat."

Parity: "I'll be dammed."

Parity: ".logout"

Hopeless: "Are you still there?"

SYSTEM: "Parity logged off."

Once again I make a real fool of myself. And now that man, lady, it, with a cat! And all the time I thought she was a he, moaning about his wife! I am trying to save someone from misery, but I can't even find my own logic.

I somewhat fell in love with Lisa a month ago, a young American cyber-girlfriend, and wrote her a message about how much I enjoyed chatting with her and how much I loved reading her profile. It was only weeks later that I got an e-mail that almost died somewhere in a spam folder on the server.

Only once I had a chat with her and then she insisted on continuing by e-mail only, apparently for reasons of verbal volume, or she cannot handle realtime communications. So I won't expect having a phonecall with her, let alone a real life interaction. All those e-mails make up the whole story. Perhaps because of the absence of chatting, I allow myself sliding into her wide area grip. My fault of course, as I sent her some verbal bait.

I open her message from the inbox.

Dear Parity,

I am still speechless over the things you wrote about me. Parity, I just don't know how to react or respond at this point because I have never seen that type of love going my way at all. I have never felt the things you are making me feel, and you're across the Atlantic Ocean from me! How is this possible? What magic did you put over me?

It's just so wonderful to be loved like this. See, most guys here want a quick love to then get into the panties of a young girl. I don't like this type of game at all. You took the time and got to know me first. I love that. No one ever just wanted to know who I was. Always they look at my body and just want to lay me right where I stand. It's not fair. I just thought guys were sex-crazed maniacs. But, you are starting to change all that. I feel warm inside, Parity. I find myself wanting you.

It's so strange, because I don't even know you. I just feel like you do. We must have been meant for each other.

Where Lisa wants to go: I am looking to move to the West Coast of the USA. I think I want to go to California. It's just somewhere I've been to and really liked. I really should get away from my parents a bit. I love them and everything they've done for me. But, when it comes time, I will make the break for it.

I am happy you are not going to those other sites to look for women. I just can't believe you are doing all that for me. I do love you very much. Perhaps I will save up to go with you to France to ski with you. When is the best time? I am looking to see if I make it during Winter break. Classes break just before Christmas and I get a whole week after New Year's day. I know my parents won't have a problem with it. They like it when I travel. They will not like that I pick Europe. They always say how dangerous it is out there and how Europeans don't like Americans. Is that the way you feel about Americans? I hope not. Please be honest.

I have to get to class. I have to answer more of your questions later on. Wish me luck on my mid-terms. Take care, my beloved Parity. Major hugs and kisses to you, my love. A kiss to warm you for the upcoming winter months ahead. And you know where that kiss was directed, of course.

Lisa

End of mail.

I wish you were here, but I do not know whether you really miss me. We'll never meet IRL, the way I feel it. You do not exist in my real world, and therefore you are no one, from the moment the computer shuts down again. I give her some copy/past poetry, and she takes it for dinner, thinking that I am the cook.

Somehow at the back of my mind I have the feeling that this whole world is not really mine. It does not make sense to me. Even the clothes I am wearing do not feel comfortable. And when I look at the snow on the trees, it feels so strange, like I am seeing it for the first time of my life. A tourist I am, at my own home, wandering across a virtual landscape that changes every minute. Where am I? I wish to wake-up, but I can't.

## LOVERNAUT

The nightly lights in the purple sky shows the stars that keep blinking for real, in a silent wondering why we are deeply thinking. Where are our lips as soft as a feather, giving the morning dew? Where are our hips that swinging together make the evening new?

This Lisa, it would be cool to have her flying over to France. Not for skiing, though. Another kind of sliding. that would melt all the snow in the Alps. You are far from me and I am far from you, separated by satellites and connected by fiber optics. Wherever we will go, friends can see how love is true, even when parted, with our empty arms, without our smile in a bed of orchids.

As life goes by, the remaining time becomes shorter every second. Why not immediately turning desires into physical passion? Why doubt, if in your mind all looks so great? Why not go for it, like it is the last day of your life? Why am I still clicking that darn mouse? When I close the CDrom drive, I write you, hoping we won't part for millions of days, even though I know I can't kiss you. This is so hard that my soul sways. The time is filled with empty water that flows unused away. Space is chilled and and seems not bother with some frozen windows.

Between midnight and early morning the echo of a love scene awakens my eyes. Dreams of lost love that I did not have nor did I give. Between dream and reality in a realm of dating sites, chat channels, and e-mails, I try to search the unfindable, to love an unknown, to depict myself the way I am truly not, to those who they are not, for scenes that do not happen.

But for now, I am on an assignment for my psychology mid-term paper on virtual sociology. I have to play it real. An e-mail playfully flows out of my hands.

Oh wonderful Lisa,

You made me speechless and moved my inner soul, inundated with all your loving and beautiful words. Let us never break each other's heart. Let us cherish our hearts and love for always. I would be wounded for ever if you betray me.

You see, I am not the type of man who really wants to go ahead with someone. I want to do it alright, to be fully committed for life. I am not at all in for any adventure, neither am I in for any dishonesty of any kind. Please, understand me well, I am not at all offending or accusing you.

You are the very first, and hopefully also the last who entered deep in my heart. Never anyone has come so deep as you did and do. I have had enough deceptions, that I feel I never deserved. Since I was very young, I never harmed anyone, never broke a heart. I always dedicated myself to others, in work, personal effort, research, art, everything. You are vulnerable, by opening yourself so much to me. But you should know that I am as vulnerable by opening myself so much to you.

I put my heart in your hands as much as you put your heart in mine. And when it happens that we want each other, having desires and passion, it is not wrong at all. It is what comes naturally with our love. All ways to give ourselves to each other, which is something truly beautiful. It would be wrong if there would be no love, and that's why I just cannot and do not want to touch any woman with whom I do not share love.



We do not need to tell each other that we will stay faithful. Because to stay faithful is simply a part of the love. We value each other with equal intensity. And again. We are timeless, ageless, not depending on how conventions would tell us how to think about a loving couple as we are. We are both unique beings. I have certain things that you do not have. You have certain things that I do not have. Let it be. It is good this way. We complement to each other. There is no such thing as 'one is more than the other'. Without you, my love will be dead, and with it, I will be without life even offline.

Life of my love. Love of my life. I kiss you tenderly, warmly on your sweet lips, holding you close to me.

Love,

Parity

I click the unforgiving 'send' button.

Why do I need to be someone for someone? What allows anyone being anyone for anyone? The candles will not know, for their flames remain too brief near one of my patiently waiting computers that radiate no other warmth than a formatted partition.

Once more a window pops up amongst the invisible crowd of internetters, shadows of displays, and lights of dismays. The power switch is no option. Now I am another I. An open network port shows another chatter going on, with me.

Mademoiselle: "Got kicked out again."

Lovernaut: "I hate that too. The system lags all the time."

Lovernaut: "I was in France last March. I am crazy about skiing."

Lovernaut: "Have you ever been skiing in France?"

Mademoiselle: "Never been to that. I usually went to the Pyrenees, the mountains that separate Spain and France."

Mademoiselle: "I usually went there with my family."

Mademoiselle: "But since my grandfather's death we never went again."

Lovernaut: "I am sorry to hear about your grandfather. But maybe he is happy now."

Mademoiselle: "I know he is. It's been 6 years."

Mademoiselle: "Anyways so what are you doing in the next few days? Flying anywhere?"

Lovernaut: "This week I am on training in the simulator for the B777."

Mademoiselle: "Oh sounds fun."

Lovernaut: "It is fun, however, very very tough. I really hope I can make it. It is a very difficult training program, and many pilots don't make it the first time."

Mademoiselle: "Well I wish you luck. I am sure you will at least try your best. Right?"

Lovernaut: "I have a strong drive to succeed. But sometimes I am so tired during those lengthy flights, that I have a hard time keeping up the spirit."

Mademoiselle: "Well, think all the time about me."

Mademoiselle: "Smiling."

Lovernaut: "Yes I will. I will have you in my heart."

Mademoiselle: "So do you have to leave now?"

Lovernaut: "No, I have all the time for you, it is here 9:50 pm, I guess at your place it is 2:50 pm?"

Lovernaut: "One day we will fly together, okay?"

Mademoiselle: "I am still jet lagged."  
Mademoiselle: "I thought 2 days of sleep would help but it doesn't."  
Mademoiselle: "I guess more time would be best for me to get used to the USA."  
Lovernaut: "It usually takes a day or 3, maybe 4."  
Lovernaut: "I have never time to overcome jet-lag."  
Mademoiselle: "Poor little Lovernaut."  
Mademoiselle: "You'll be okay."  
Mademoiselle: "So do you live on your own?"  
Lovernaut: "Yes, I do live alone."  
Mademoiselle: "Oh."  
Lovernaut: "I'd love to try helicopter."  
Mademoiselle: "I only fly when I have to."  
Lovernaut: "What is your favorite subject?"  
Mademoiselle: "History."  
Lovernaut: "Oh my, I know only stuff about some future."  
Lovernaut: "Do you plan to come over to Europe?"  
Mademoiselle: "I believe you can only go forward if you can look back once in a while."  
Mademoiselle: "So you see, history is very important."  
Lovernaut: "Do you look ahead a lot?"  
Mademoiselle: "Yes."  
Lovernaut: "What is your future outline? Plans for later?"  
Mademoiselle: "I want a family and at least two kids."  
Lovernaut: "Do you wish a boy and a girl?"  
Mademoiselle: "But as far a career wise I do not know."  
Mademoiselle: "I want both."  
Lovernaut: "I do not have any kids, but I would like so much to have a family."  
Mademoiselle: "Me too."  
Mademoiselle: "But I want to do it the right way."  
Lovernaut: "Do you feel lonesome, at times?"  
Mademoiselle: "I have to get settled down first."  
Lovernaut: "I too want to do it right, that's why I never fell in the arms of a stewardess."  
Mademoiselle: "Ha ha ha!"  
Lovernaut: "Yeah!"  
Mademoiselle: "So tell me about your home."  
Lovernaut: "Currently I live in a small apartment in Holland, near Amsterdam, it has two rooms, a bubble bath, a large kitchen, a roof terrace and a balcony. I am planning to move to Belgium."  
Mademoiselle: "Sounds cozy."  
Mademoiselle: "I have family in Belgium."  
Lovernaut: "Oh really? How nice. I like Belgian people. I have been in Belgium a couple of times. And I cross it twice a year when I go to France to ski."  
Lovernaut: "In 3 days it will be my birthday."  
Mademoiselle: "Mine is in October."  
Lovernaut: "So you are a Libra."  
Mademoiselle: "My sign, yes."  
Lovernaut: "I make horoscopes myself and if you like, I can make yours, and send it to your e-mail box."  
Mademoiselle: "Okay."  
Lovernaut: "But then I need to ask a few indiscreet questions."  
Mademoiselle: "Okay."  
Lovernaut: "To make a good horoscope, about 10 pages interpretation for personality, past, future and relationships, I need to know the place, date, time of birth."  
Mademoiselle: "I was born in Forbach France, Oct 19, 1977, about 8: 45 am."

Lovernaut: "To where could I send it? Do you have an e-mail address?"  
Mademoiselle: "Okay."  
Lovernaut: "So, you go to a free e-mail site and then you go through a couple of easy to do menus, and within a few minutes you will have your own private e-mail address free of charge."  
Mademoiselle: "Okay."  
Mademoiselle: "I will do that later."  
Mademoiselle: "My stomach hurts."  
Lovernaut: "Drink some water."  
Mademoiselle: "I can't. I need food."  
Lovernaut: "Take something to eat and kick me out."  
Mademoiselle: "I am waiting for death blow to get back."  
Lovernaut: "What do you mean by death blow?"  
Mademoiselle: "Death Blow is my friend. He's getting some Chinese food."  
Lovernaut: "I am glad to hear that. Shall I leave you now? I don't want to bother your friend."  
Mademoiselle: "Okay."  
Mademoiselle: "He is just my neighbor."  
Mademoiselle: "He is really nice."  
Mademoiselle: "Nothing between us."  
Lovernaut: "Yeah right."  
Lovernaut: "You want something with me?"  
Mademoiselle: "Laughing."  
Lovernaut: "Laughing."  
Mademoiselle: "Well, he is more than a neighbor."  
Lovernaut: "That's what I guessed."  
Mademoiselle: "I know."  
Mademoiselle: "That's okay. I will be in touch. Bye."  
Lovernaut: "Hey, stay another while."  
Mademoiselle: "Bye."  
SYSTEM: "Mademoiselle logged off."  
Lovernaut: "WTF."  
SYSTEM: "Marvally logged off."  
SYSTEM: "Area access returned to public."  
SYSTEM: "Conversation buffer cleared."  
Lovernaut: "You stupid."  
Lovernaut: ".logoff"  
SYSTEM: "Lovernaut logged off."

Oh, I got e-mail. Possibly a reply on an autoresponder love mail that I downloaded from a website. Hey, why re-invent the wheel? Cyber love isn't real anyway, so pump it up with a bunch of RSS feeds. But still, in the end, my intentions for the long term are sincere. And then I am not just talking about my thesis. Well, what has Lisa to say?

Dear Parity,

I don't know if you just won't tell me certain things that you think may hurt my feelings or that will make me question you now. You truly seem so sincere in your understanding of my concerns and I appreciate that. I can see also through your sentences that you are really trying to persuade me to stay with you. But you chat with others too. I saw you flagged online and busy. You could not see me online because I am using another account.

All that aside I have made my decision for what it best not just for myself, but for both of us as a whole. I want you to know that I don't look for just a temporary situation. Or even something that I will think of as 'Take while it lasts'. That's not my style, Parity. That's not in my being. I look for someone who will share in my ideas and that I can share in with theirs. I look for someone that I can grow with and become more and more one with their soul. I look for someone who will love me for who I am, not for the things I have hanging off my chest or on my rear-side.

I can be very outspoken at times. Rude, if you take it the wrong way. I think of myself as someone who knows pretty much what they want. I see myself as someone who tries to be fair, honest and just in making decision that I hope to be sound. I'm not looking for a fling or anything of that nature. I want a partnership. I want warmth and kindness and affection because I know I give these things ten fold to the person that can give it to me first. You have all the qualities that I look for in a person.

I love you, Parity for the person that has taken my heart and has been ever-so-gentle with it. I love you, Parity, because of you. And that's who I want to be with.

I did not come to this decision lightly. I truly weighed the evidence, the facts, and our time so far in correspondence. The facts all speak for themselves right now. I just wanted you to know that I do decide to go on with this relationship as it has been growing so far. I want to see it grow and expand through the very fabric of time and space and for it to become its own entity. I want to reach for the stars and never let go.

Now, I want to hear something really soon from you. I will be waiting for your response. Now, I leave it to you as to whether or not you want to be with me and continue in the path we were in, or if you wish to continue down another path with someone else, where I will understand and be your friend. Either way, I have never known the joys of being loved, or even the emotion, affection, happiness, joy of love itself in the way you have brought it to me.

You have warmed my heart and touched my soul. You have taken my spirits and love to new, never before, known heights. Know that what you have given to me, in the short time we have known each other, is more than anyone has ever given to me in my life so far.

I will have to keep this as is for now. I feel like I can explain more, but I will have to leave very soon for classes. I can't reach for the stars if I don't build a solid foundation first. That's what I want for our relationship, a solid foundation. Which I do believe we have. Look at the distance we have crossed to a place that seems infinite for now. To a time and place that does not exist, except in our hearts.

Lighten your heart this day, my love. For I wish to be the light in your darkness, the warmth in your winter, the fire in your stone-field.

With all my heart, soul and love,

Lisa.

I close this e-mail window. All I gave her is opening a flower curtain of acknowledgement of her feelings. One of the basic rules of the communication cycle, usually ignored by those who exchange words.

The candle is still burning its silent dance, winking at me. A flame, never to be kissed, always to be admired for its purity greater than all the leds of the router. The screen is empty. An unsaved log-file tells the only truth, never to be read but disposed in the land of forgotten lies somewhere in a sub-directory of 'My Documents' where I save my dissertation materials. I feel disgusted with myself.

I drift away in a whirlpool of sleep, to be awakened by my own restless repositioning that pushes the pillow on the floor. Did you awake in dreamland, sleeping next to me, holding my hand? Or was it just a dream? Are you in another world where flowers walk to singing butterflies hearing trees talk? May I kiss you softly in this wavy dawn, not leaving clothes on? Or will it never happen for real? Is my body not too naughty where it finds your warm inside making you dream all kinds?

KUNGFUOL

Ever wanted something you cannot have? Then reach for it, stretching to hold on to it, yet finding it impossible to touch. I once learned that if I want something, I let it go, and then it comes back to me and I know it is truly mine. But it is unfair to hold it caged, wanting it to sing for me alone when it should be displayed to wildlife world. I want more than I can say or explain. Life throws you things you cannot comfortably deal with and sometimes you just are not meant to be able to understand, as the path of learning is paved by the years to come.

Right now I am at that point and I guess I will just have to learn to accept what I cannot have. I pray that it comes back to me, to feed my infinite template driven desires that are lit up by Lisa, the one whom I am virtually liking right now.

I click the mail WYSIWYG editor.

Dear Lisa,

It's not that I try to download love from the server of your feelings. What is age but the number of years that one has been living up to present time? Aging implies the mind becoming more experienced and the body becoming less fit. In general, though. More experienced implies a broader basis for doing the right things, but this is achieved by sincere effort through time and space only. There is no other way. It cannot be achieved overnight or by reading a book.

It is commonly believed that a divorced man in his forties is a dirty old man with all his bad characteristics. Often this may be the case. But there are exceptions. I am very conscious of my own value. In other words, for me, aging means improvement. Also, unlike the young sex-maniacs in their teens and twenties who only think of their own fast-food-luv-sex satisfaction, I am someone who takes the time, probably more than most women could take. I am not a cold sex scientist who would compute all actions and movements while monitoring the reactions of his lady. Except for applying the Kama Sutra, of course.

I am a mix of tenderness, passion, loving, fun, cozy, comrade, friend, lover, naughty boy, mature man. Just spontaneous, always loving to discover each other over and over again, like every kiss and every touch would be like the first, never to end up in a hexadecimal memory dump.

We have gone very fast through an intense exchange of thoughts, feelings, emotions and considerations that would fill-up a lifetime already by itself. I am so thankful to you, that you indeed took the time and space to think, to weigh and to understand. Lisa, you are more than special. I just cannot find the right words. You are the most wonderful woman I have ever even dared to dream of. I long for you with everything in my underpants and above.

You enlighten my heart, because you took it all so serious and you weighted every word and every thought and every feeling. Never I have met anyone before who is so loving and sincere as you are. Your heart seems too beautiful to be true.

Would I deserve such truly beautiful heart?

With all my love,

## Parity

My computer obeys the mouse button. In the old times I would have to write a paper letter by hand, using a fountainpen and red ink, send it off in a stamped envelope with a butterfly glued at the back. That was so romantic. A flower power era without computers. I feel homesick.

Showtime for another verbal party. One of my study assignments is to interact with some people on the web. Guess who I am this time.

Kungfool: "Hi! Are you waiting for someone?"

Elife: "No."

Kungfool: "May I ask, are you a lady or a gentleman?"

Elife: "U?"

Elife: "Lady."

Kungfool: "I am a gentleman."

Elife: "Yes. I noticed."

Kungfool: "Where are you from?"

Elife: "From Ankara."

Kungfool: "Oh my goodness, that is far away!"

Elife: "Yes!"

Elife: "U?"

Kungfool: "I am from Belgium."

Elife: "Ah."

Kungfool: "But I prefer the weather in Turkey."

Elife: "Hoe gaat het met jou?"

Kungfool: "How come that you are in Turkey and speak Dutch?"

Elife: "Nope."

Kungfool: "How is the weather there?"

Elife: "Nowadays rainy."

Elife: "But generally good."

Elife: "Have you ever been here?"

Kungfool: "I have never been there, but I'd like to go there once."

Elife: "U should see Turkey."

Kungfool: "Yes, I'd love to - how does a man greet a woman in Turkish?"

Elife: "Unfortunately in turkey there isn't a special greeting of a man 4 a woman."

Kungfool: "What are the Turkish words that I should say when I want to say 'Hello' to a woman?"

Elife: "U can say 'Merhaba, bayan'."

Kungfool: "Beautiful language."

Elife: "Merhaba bayim."

Kungfool: "That is to a man?"

Elife: "Merhaba means 'Hello'."

Elife: "Yes. That was 2 a man."

Kungfool: "And 'Bayim' means 'Man'."

Elife: "Bayim means 'Sir'."

Elife: "Bayan means 'Lady'."

Kungfool: "That's just what I wanted to say."

Elife: "Whats ur real name?"

Kungfool: "You are a nice bayan."

Elife: "Oh. Thank u. It is very kind of u."

Kungfool: "And how do I say 'I like you' in Turkish?"  
Elife: "Seni seviyorum."  
Elife: "Oops. I love you = seni seviyorum."  
Kungfool: "Seni seviyorum, Elife, your Dutch is better than my Turkish."  
Elife: "Laffs!!!"  
Kungfool: "Laughing."  
Kungfool: "Ik hou van jou."  
Elife: "I know it. I love you too."  
Kungfool: "You are so cute."  
Elife: "Dank u."  
Elife: "Thank you too. What's ur real name?"  
Kungfool: "My real name I cannot reveal here in public, but I will tell you later, okay?"  
Elife: "Okay."  
Kungfool: "But to say 'I love you' in Turkish is easy - 'Seni seviyorum'.  
Elife: "He he."  
Kungfool: "Do you still study there?"  
Elife: "Studying design."  
Elife: "U?"  
Kungfool: "I finished studies in information technology."  
Elife: "Cool."  
Kungfool: "What would you design?"  
Elife: "In fact studying product design, but I will have a master course on graphics."  
Kungfool: "Wow, that's real cool! I'm graphic in sex."  
Kungfool: "Do you use computer aided 3D stuff such as CAD?"  
Elife: "Yeah, we do. But not sex."  
Kungfool: "Pirate copy?"  
Elife: "Nope."  
Kungfool: "I was just curious, forgive me if I ask too many details."  
Elife: "Nope. Go on."  
Kungfool: "What do you look like?"  
Elife: "I am brunette, as you may imagine."  
Elife: "Long hair, brown eyes."  
Kungfool: "Me too, but I know that not all Turkish are brunette, I like brunette."  
Elife: "Attractive."  
Kungfool: "Me too I am attractive, athletic, brunet, 5'9"+ tall, 69 kg (154 lbs) 1.74m, brown eyes with a smile."  
Elife: "Wow!"  
Kungfool: "And I have a silken skin, and dark hair, and 2 feet and 2 arms and 1 head, he he. And I want to have IRL sex with you."  
Elife: "Hey. Really?"  
Kungfool: "LOL."  
Elife: "I don't have three legs, you're very lucky."  
Kungfool: "Ooh! Hmm I am sure you look very pretty."  
Elife: "They say so. They are right, I'm sure."  
Elife: "Tell me ur real name."  
Kungfool: "How come that you came on the chat channel? Oops, my real name is Parity. Please don't tell anyone."  
Elife: "Waiting 4 my friend 2 come. Now ur girlfriends may know your name. I can't keep secrets."  
Kungfool: "Your friend is very lucky to have such a wonderful bayan."  
Elife: "Thank u. You're also so nice."  
Kungfool: "Are you happy with him?"  
Elife: "2B honest I m very confused about my relation with him."



Kungfool: "Do you meet with him in real life?"  
Elife: "Yes, he is not from from the chat channel."  
Elife: "He is in Ankara."  
Kungfool: "Why are you confused about the relationship?"  
Kungfool: "Looking tenderly into your eyes."  
Elife: "Don't wanna talk about."  
Kungfool: "I understand, it's okay, please forgive me, but I thought maybe it would be good for you to talk about it."  
Elife: "I see."  
Kungfool: "May I stay your chat channel cyber friend?"  
Elife: "Yes, you're my friend."  
Kungfool: "But you know, if it is difficult for you to carry the burden of the relationship with him on your shoulders all alone, maybe I can give you a listening ear?"  
Elife: "Gotta go."  
Elife: "Thank you 4 ur tries."  
Kungfool: "Okay, dear Elife, bye. Till soon. Seni seviyorum."  
Elife: "My cyber friend."  
SYSTEM: "Elife logged off."  
SYSTEM: "Marvelly logged off."  
Kungfool: "Fuck."  
SYSTEM: "Area access returned to public."  
SYSTEM: "Conversation buffer cleared."

Another I wanted to give an understanding ear, but the voice did not sing. Another I wanted to give a room in the house of my heart, but the feet did not walk in. My arms wanted to embrace your smile, but held the echo of separation.

A few cups of coffee stumble over this late night. My throat is speechless and my lips are yearning for a real kiss. But as there is no lovely woman ringing at my door saying that she is going to give me a good time, I better stay on the internet.

The first few lines of keystrokes go automatically. Things like how are you, where are you from, I am so and so, my weight, length, gender, country, a bit of ice breaking copy/paste stuff. Talking about who I really am. What does it matter? They should not give a darn about the meat that's beating countless keystrokes. Why do they always ask about the body features they will never touch in the first place? Why do men ask about the size of her breasts they will never suck at in the real world? Why are chatters so concerned with the color of the eyes, even though they only gaze at ASCII characters on the TFT?

On the chat, almost everybody seems to boast on having a perfect body, a huge potency, a high education and what have you, but almost no-one appears to be happy. Neither am I. Life sucks.

And the chat goes on.

Kungfool: "Hey Queen, good to see you."  
Queen: "Do you like Kungfu, is that why you pick this name?"  
Kungfool: "I am a foolish martial arts instructor in my spare time, apart from being a businessman."  
Queen: "Sounds fit, that is nice."  
Kungfool: "It keeps the body & mind in shape and I can get rid of business frustration."

Queen: "Tell me what type of business are you in."  
Kungfool: "I sell computer software."  
Kungfool: "But nice woman are more interesting than computers."  
Queen: "I think that I will enjoy that."  
Kungfool: "Shall we take a private room?"  
Queen: "Fine with me, I guess it is not harmful."  
SYSTEM: "Kungfool enters boardroom."  
SYSTEM: "Queen enters boardroom."  
Kungfool: ".set private"  
SYSTEM: "Boardroom set private by Kungfool."  
Kungfool: "Women are more romantic."  
Queen: "I think I love the karate movies."  
Queen: "I think it's very sensual they move and all that."  
Kungfool: "And I would give you a quick kiss when you have thrown me on the ground."  
Queen: "I would love your private lessons."  
Queen: "Must be like a cat, but that is okay. I can be dangerous too, but the good dangerous kind."  
Queen: "Doesn't hurt to get a little more sensuality in ones life right?"  
Kungfool: "Sounds like a good combination, I'm sure we will have a good time in the dojo."  
Queen: "So where did you say you were from and how old are you?"  
Kungfool: "I am from Brussels, Belgium, Europe."  
Queen: "Belgium, boy, I've seen Belgium men on TV they are just so gorgeous like Van Dam."  
Kungfool: "I am the most gorgeous of all Belgians."  
Kungfool: "After a good fight it is good love making."  
Queen: "Well I guess I can do that just fine."  
Queen: "Can you teach me some of both?"  
Queen: "Good looking in computers, martial arts boy, you must be married, can't be single for."  
Kungfool: "I don't want to marry - I have been cheated too often."  
Queen: "That is sad but I understand that one too. Had a hard time to trust, so I can understand you having a hard time with women after."  
Kungfool: "I am sorry if am a bit un-romantic, but I am just afraid to get hurt again. But teaching can start this weekend!"  
Queen: "Love what is it and when can you really believe the other is so truthful?"  
Queen: "You know, we learn from our experiences and our challenges. Also coming weekend."  
Kungfool: "For the rest I am not scared of anything."  
Kungfool: "May I ask your age?"  
Queen: "Yep I'm 35."  
Kungfool: "That is a very nice age."  
Queen: "And I think you are a fine man."  
Kungfool: "Thank you - by the way, did you ever visit Europe?"  
Queen: "Nope, but would love to one day. That is one of my dreams. I hope to."  
Kungfool: "Europe has many countries, each totally different from any other."  
Kungfool: "I would love to show you Europe one day."  
Queen: "Well I don't know. Never had anyone ask me that, but god, I would really think of it, but you don't even know what I look like or who I am."  
Kungfool: "There is more beauty than just the physical."  
Queen: "The heart and the person is so nice and important, but you know I do look at the looks a bit too."  
Kungfool: "So do I, that's healthy, maybe we could exchange pictures?"  
Kungfool: "I will give you my e-mail address, okay?"  
SYSTEM: "Updating files."  
SYSTEM: "One moment please. System interrupt."

I get myself a glass of bubble wine. My heart is thirsty of love. How shall I proceed? Shall I push some more? She seems too nice for that. Chat sex does not bother about character encoding. And why do the American ladies expect European men to get up at 3 am? It is there 6 or 7 hours earlier. Mind you. I am sleepy, not even horny.

The river between reality and dreams overflows my fantasies. My eyes are gazing down the digital abyss of terabytes. The keyboard fades out of my reach. The last couple of lines are waiting for input. I don't respond. The mouse is asleep.

Queen: "Are you still there?"

Queen: "Were you kicked out?"

Queen: "I guess you have lag."

SYSTEM: "You've got mail, Kungfool."

Queen: "Hey Kungfool, I am here!"

SYSTEM: "Queen leaves boardroom."

SYSTEM: "Queen logged off."

SYSTEM: "Marvelly logged off."

SYSTEM: "Kungfool too long idle time."

SYSTEM: "Kungfool too long idle time. Last warning."

SYSTEM: "Kungfool forced logged off."

I don't feel like making a fool of myself any longer. For sure Marvelly has been evesdropping the entire conversation. That is exactly what I want her to do. I am so sure she is the alt of Lisa.

A blunt shaver pulls my stiffened cheeks next morning. Sunrise pierces a beam of light right into my unreal eyes. My head feels heavy. Oh dream, you caress my soul and shield me from unwanted daytime interaction. Why am I who I am not? Is this life all about being alone together? Are we all a country full of lonely internetters? I surely am not the only one here in town.

The Inlook Express mail agent beeps again.

Dear Parity,

I don't know what's going on. I haven't heard from you all day and that's not like you at all. I know your account on the chat channel, and you are flagged online all the time, day and night! You seem to chat with every girl on the site. I am sure you say 'I love you' to at least a large number of them. You might already end-up in bed with some dating whore.

I don't know what happened with that and I figure I never will. I have to think about a lot of things here. Your silence right now doesn't seem to be the best thing except an admission of guilty of cyber cheating on everyone.

With this, I wonder if you've done this before. I wonder if you've somehow kept in touch with others and corresponded still with them messages of love that you copy/paste into my inbox. I never thought I would be feeling this low and beaten. It's not a good feeling, that I can tell you. I wonder if Marvelly felt this before because of you. Now I can't help but wonder if you

are still in contact with others. I just wonder if she's getting messages of love like I am. Wondering if she's feeling the same wonderful feelings you made me feel, unsuspecting of the dangers she may face. I wonder if there are others. I bring Elife up because I know of only her. And I heard about Queen and others too.

Please accept my humblest apologies if I am wrong about what I am feeling. It's just a little much to find all these things at the last minute. You may have intended innocent acts and they grew to dangerous levels. I don't know. I can't try to explain it to you right because I am trying to make sense of it myself right now.

I want you to know that no one has ever made me feel for them what I felt for you. Know that I have given my heart to you fully and freely and it is yours, because you have indeed destroyed me for any other to have a proper chance with me. I want you to see what reactions some actions have.

All I can do now is just try and piece together what has happened, review the e-mails you have sent to me and see if maybe I have skipped something and that I have made a serious mistake. I ask for your forgiveness if this is such a case. I do so humbly and willingly if I have erred. My eyes fill with each keystroke of tears. Tears that I once had reading your wonderful e-mails to me because of their beauty. Parity, I don't blame you entirely. It's also my fault because I allowed you to enter in the fashion you did. I am also to blame for my own demise and the broken heart that I now own.

Maybe you want nothing more to do with me. If this is the case, then I truly wish for you to find that happiness you deserve. I have no doubts that you wish to find love and understanding. Perhaps you still deserve the best of what life has to offer. Maybe I was not the one who was to kiss your woes away in the darkness of night. So many dreams have slipped through my fingers, quicker than I dreamed them up.

I still love you so very much, Parity. I guess that's why it hurts so very much. Let me know what you're thinking. Maybe we can still be friends even if you wish nothing more. Perhaps you wish nothing more from me regardless. Either way, if you can let me know that this chapter of your life is closed, maybe I can mark it and begin fresh. I await your response to see what goes from here. I hope you can do the honorable thing.

Again, if it's all just a big misunderstanding, I do so very much apologize and ask for your merciful forgiveness.

Love,

Lisa

Another work day washed away. Lisa makes me tired, because she starts touching my real life like an immature teenager. Yes, I want a teen for sex but not a teen for a relationship. Those gals focus way too much on meta feelings. They think that love is what they feel, rather than what they do.

Unfortunately I have to use the word 'love' as bait for catching sex, as much as females use sex as bait to catch love. Is she really serious or just playing her particular game? Is she so naive to take those chats for real? She seems to try pulling all sorts of strings that I am not even attached to. She must be a clever student and a crazy girl.

I can hear the stars whispering again the song of satin night. Invisible conversations make place for restless keyboard strokes. The cursor flies restless over the ever virgin screen.

And now on the net.love chat channel again. This is one of my homes in the land of singles, cheaters, liars, preteens pretending over 18, couples, fakers, and guys like me. I need some more behavioral data. What better lie on the internet is truth about yourself? No-one knows who I really am, so it does not matter if I tell them my secrets. I can tell anything without paying any other price than my own virtual ego.

I continue the chat.

Kungfool: "I have almost been married - my fiancée cheated on me, and became pregnant of her lover. I do not have kids but I would like to have 1 or 2 kids."

Queen: "How do you know it wasn't yours? Did she tell you?"

Kungfool: "I was traveling."

Queen: "I was married for 12 years, then my husband picked strippers over me."

Kungfool: "I was 2 months away on business, and she was 1 month pregnant. I did not send her any download. My dick was in a password protected zip file."

Queen: "Oh that is too bad."

Kungfool: "I am so sorry to hear about your marriage, the way it had to end."

Kungfool: "Puts his arm around you."

Queen: "I have little faith in trusting the stars when they say 'that is the one'."

Queen: "I realized that not everyone loves the same type of person and that we all have someone out there for us and along the way we meet the right one."

Kungfool: "Yeah."

Queen: "But you can meet a lot of stars before you get the right one."

Queen: "Enjoy it as you go and then once you get the one you want, well it will be a great and wonderful like."

Kungfool: "I am not really searching, just looking around. To find without search, he he!"

Queen: "But in the meantime you still can enjoy life anyway hoping to find. Sure I take what's good and leave to bad aside."

Queen: "And keep on smiling."

Kungfool: "You are so nice, you have a good heart."

Queen: "I think we all do. Just some are so hurt by others they forget what is good for them."

Queen: "When I meet the right man and I get older, I want to travel."

Queen: "When I retire is what I wish upon."

Kungfool: "Do you wish for things or have dreams you hope will happen?"

Queen: "I do."

Queen: "I dream of traveling together with a loved one all around the world."

Kungfool: "I guess you have kids."

Queen: "They help me understand things and they help me see things differently a lot. I have 3 girls and 1 boy."

Queen: "Did you pick yourself off the floor yet?"

Kungfool: "Yip, my jaw! One day we may indeed meet and travel together, even with all your kids."

Queen: "How tall are you?"

Kungfool: "5'8" (1.72) 71 kg (155 lbs)."

Queen: "I'm 5'1" and 135 I can't give it to you in metric not to go on it."

Kungfool: "I convert it to the right cup size. Joking."

Queen: "So did I scare you yet with all of this?"

Kungfool: "Not at all."

Queen: "Do you speak other languages?"

Kungfool: "Je parle Francais, ich spreche Deutsch, ik spreek Nederlands, I speak English, compreno Italian, no hablo Espagnol, I like Danish blue cheese and I eat Chinese."

Queen: "Well I'm impressed. Je parle seulement Francais et Anglais and sex language heehaw!"

Kungfool: "Hmm yeah, I love to speak sex dialects."

Queen: "God, I'm with and intelligent virile man."

Kungfool: "I have been chairman of Menza."

Queen: "What is that? A restaurant for students?"

Kungfool: "It is a group of people who eat IQ tests for breakfast."

Queen: "My mom and dad were from Quebec."

Kungfool: "I'd love to kiss you in Quebec."

Queen: "You can do that?"

Queen: "Kisses you softly on the chick."

Queen: "Cheek. Sorry, I'm tired."

Queen: "I have to go to fetch my daughter."

Kungfool: "I loved the wonderful talk we had."

Queen: "Hope to meet you on Sunday."

Kungfool: "We will. Bye \*hugs\* kiss\*."

Queen: "I did too and can't wait for the next one."

Queen: "Walks over and gently kisses your lips and whispers see you soon."

SYSTEM: "Queen logged off."

SYSTEM: "Kungfool logged off."

SYSTEM: "Marvelly logged off."

So, that mysterious Marvelly was just listening in again. I know that others are monitoring my conversations, so now I did well in faking me as another talking to Queen, another me. The trick with two computers.

With some dried out words I try to make my soul drunk. She can kiss me what she wants but it's nothing more but keyboard entries.

My other part tells me that it is beautiful to have friendship between hearts only. But my purpose changes all the time. What shall I do with Lisa? She wants something greater than any cyber relationship could possibly give. If she blows up just data beyond proportions, how will she do with real life matters? Not my piece of marriage motherboard.

So, let me play the simple and good guy. Just trying out another e-mail right now.

Dear Lisa,

You are wondering about my guilt. Of what? I just don't understand what you mean. If during my absence from the chat channel other people are telling you weird things about me, well, that's their upload problem. And if I happen to have chats with other people, before you came in, well, is that a greater sin than having IRL friends, even though behind the computer screen with thousands of miles of modem signals in between? Come on, I don't touch them for real. It is all virtual, so nothing to worry about. It is less bad than talking to someone on the street IRL. It is just send & receive data.

Anyway, thank you so much for all your blossoms of loving words that you pinged me on the net. May we find the cottage on a mountain with an open fire place where we can be together in warmth with candlelight. Our bodies are thousands of miles apart, but our hearts are

melting together, the two halves becoming one whole, like the stars form one unique constellation in the vast universe.

Your words about wanting me, I have not ignored these, although I did not respond with the same clarity or way of expressing. The love for you in my soul wishes to share with you all our stars, and that includes also our feelings of wanting each other, to explore and nourish the carriers of our beings.

Our lips, let us kiss one another, closing our eyes to see in our hearts the beauty of a new land never before touched with our naked feet on its fresh born grass that is covered with diamonds of dawn of a day in our future.

Your words of questions and putting into question and doubts and concerns, they all stem from the roots of sincerity and honesty and true love in your soul. How could I ever think of leaving you because of these? I know that others would give up after the first paragraph already, but for me it was not even a struggle as I felt your true heart that needs to be loved truly and to be nurtured with what you have not been nurtured before.

With all my understanding,

Parity

I send it off and regret what I have written one second later. Behind the hunger for mails of passion that beat the shore of desire, attachments of stupidities keep dancing their song. Feelings go beyond the file extensions. Yet it's your heart that I admire. Oceans of love have been waiting so long, for something they do not know.

I close the lid of my worn-out laptop. My elbow slides the mouse off the cabinet, but the cable keeps it from hitting the floor.

WHO-MAN

Waiting for all the stars tonight, we are on a love ride and it is just like a day-dream with some romantic night fantasy. Oh darling, hold me close. We could be making love, with the sky above and a flower bed underneath. We could do what we always wanted to do. It will only take me and you to set the night to tender orgasms. We will move ourselves away from here, with your heart beating along with mine. This moment is ours to take our souls through the timeless beginning of a never ending journey.

I hesitate checking my e-mails. Lisa scares me off. I have work to do and sleep to catch. Each time an e-mail from Lisa arrives, butterflies start tickling my stomach, but my intestines cramp. I send words to Lisa, but she seems getting carried away by her sense of reality.

POP3 yelling again.

Dearest Parity,

I am sorry for all the trouble I've caused you. You've been nothing but a perfect gentleman to me. You have written true feelings of love and devotion to me and I just questioned you excessively much of your intentions and so forth. You said I could question you as much as I wanted because you said it showed I was a thinker.

I just have to tell you that I have spoken to people on the net that were there when you were with Queen. The things that were told to me about the accounts was recent information from people that I recognized and have seen on the net last year. Now it comes that I am not to believe a thing that established people on the net have seen with you and Queen and Elife and many others, who told me that they saw you with that description in your account last year and they were told that it was because you were trying to make us jealous. Whether or not it's true, I don't care. Your account was not around until you started to message to me thinking I was Queen. I certainly did not notice it. I had another name before.

You do know how I've been hurt in the past. You know everything that I have told you about love and what you give me is all true. You know that I did warn you that I was very sensitive about the whole issue. Also know, that I have never felt feelings this deeply for someone before and it scares me to death sometimes. There are times I just want to be held in your arms where I can feel reassured that you feel that same way towards me. I know that you do, but I guess I am at the point where I want to share physical love as well with you.

I don't want you to think that I am a perfect person either. Heaven knows that you know I am not. I'm not a virgin, but please don't think of me as a slut either. I know the pleasures of having sex and I have not had much experience in it. I did it only with my ex boyfriend and even that took a long time before I felt that way. I just want you to know how I feel about you.

Your love is so much more different and intense than any love I have ever felt before. Any person has never taken me like this ever. That's why I think I get a little loopy at times. I guess I need your warm touch on my skin. Your hand gently caressing me, feeling me. My hands on you, exploring you. Together, exploring our love for each other to bring it to an intense level, I just wanted you to know how much I feel you inside me. How much I want to feel you inside me in that other special way as well. Oh hell, here I go again.



Look, the bottom line is that I don't want to lose the most perfect love that I have ever known. I just can't believe sometimes that you chose me to want to be with, to share your feelings with, your deepest thoughts, your deepest love.

Sometimes it just feels unreal because I don't want to believe that such a perfect love exists and I had to find it on the net from someone that is across the Atlantic ocean. I am sorry for all the trouble I've caused you. I'm sorry for the heartache and pain that I have caused. Now, I have told you what I thought. I will not blame you if you wish to stop what we have and find someone who is better for you. I will just have to accept that I just messed up the best thing that ever happened to me.

Always loving you,

Lisa

The webmail system resumes where I left off. I love technology more than technology loves me, regardless of the amount of electricity I pay for. I start peeking around on another chat area. Chatting has become a cyber drug I am heavily addicted to. Now I am only a listener. I sit back and watch and I am not the only one.

SYSTEM: "Welcome Sentina!"

Sentina: ".who?"

SYSTEM: "Souly (user) in pavilion (13 mins)."

SYSTEM: "Marvally (user) in pavilion (8 mins)."

SYSTEM: "Parity (user) in pavilion (2 mins)."

SYSTEM: "Sentina (user) in pavilion (0 mins)."

SYSTEM: "Total 2 users."

Sentina: ".cmd msgboard"

SYSTEM: "From Souly: "Snicky, sorry about last night. My server dropped me. Please wait for me. I'll be here."

SYSTEM: "From Parity: "Glad it's all good."

SYSTEM: "From Villaugh: I will be away for two weeks. Moving to Florida."

SYSTEM: "From Snicky: Have a great weekend everyone!"

SYSTEM: "From Sentina: "Hi dear Villaugh and dear Snicky. Take care!"

SYSTEM: "End of message board."

Sentina: "How is life?"

Souly: "Looks at Sentina and smiles nicely. How are you young lady?"

Souly: "We're close."

Sentina: "I am alone, just new here."

Souly: "May I help, Sentina. May I call you Sentina?"

Sentina: "Sure, that's also my real name."

Souly: "Mine is not."

Souly: "So. Wanna do something here, like talking or so?"

Sentina: "Yeah. And you?"

Souly: "Bows. It's a pleasure for me. Please, come with me."

Sentina: "Hey, where are you?"

Souly: "Smiles. Here. Offers his hand to help you sit in the rocks and watch the sundown."

Sentina: "That's nice of you."

SYSTEM: "Giddy logged on."

Sentina: "What would you like to do?"

Giddy: "Hello."  
Giddy: "I'd love to talk about my ex."  
Souly: "Smiles. Looks like he's not a cruel killer or something. Please. You choose. I'm here and I'll do as you want."  
Souly: "Hi."  
Sentina: "I am from Heidelberg."  
Sentina: "Do you live in Germany?"  
Giddy: "No."  
Souly: "No. Just here for a few more days, maybe a week."  
Giddy: "Oops. Sorry. I thought you were for me."  
Souly: "I think I'll stay here. Germany is beautiful. I and my squadron will stay, but we have chance to go back. We'll fly to the US for more training in two months."  
Sentina: "Oh, are you a real pilot? In a jet plane?"  
SYSTEM: "Giddy logged off".  
Souly: "Laughs. Hmm. No. They're just a deadly birds of prey. We'll tame them. Did you hear about the Thunderbolts?"  
Sentina: "They are show pilots?"  
Sentina: "The blue ones?"  
Souly: "They are combat/show pilots. And no, they're white/blue/red. The blue ones are the Blue Angels of the US Marines. They're show pilots. We'll train with the TB's. I hope we will be good. You like flying?"  
SYSTEM: "Tanzguy logged on."  
Sentina: "I would like to fly, but I am scared to crash, unless it is with a real good strong pilot."  
Souly: "Oops. The Blue Angels are blue/yellow."  
Tanzguy: "Hah pilot my ass! Gotcha, you liar dumbfuck! Any real pilot knows the color scheme of his plane! They never ever miss on that one!"  
Sentina: "Oh I don't know all those colors."  
Souly: "Nods. Crash? I survived one. It's a matter of the ejection seat."  
Tanzguy: "He's bluffing hah real pilots don't chat here and don't forget their colors."  
Sentina: "I am glad you are still alive."  
Souly: "I'm too!"  
Souly: "No bluff at all."  
Sentina: "Do you have a girl friend?"  
Souly: "No, why?"  
Sentina: "Well, \*blushing\*, I don't have a boy friend."  
Souly: "Looks at the horizon and turns to you. Do you like wine?"  
Tanzguy: "I drink cola only and spit on Souly."  
Sentina: "Yes I like wine, but only in good company."  
Sentina: "Hi Tanzguy. Sorry but I'm with Souly."  
Souly: "Opens a box and takes out a bottle of red wine and two glasses. He pours some in the glasses and gives one to you. Please."  
Tanzguy: "So take a private room with your liar pilot."  
Sentina: "Takes a glass and looks into your eyes with joy."  
Sentina: "Cheers, you are so nice to me, Souly."  
Souly: "All rooms are occupied."  
Souly: "With you, this place is beautiful, just like you."  
Tanzguy: "So I play voyeur and drink your non-existent wine."  
Sentina: "Thank you. You make me feel good."  
Tanzguy: "I believe that \*burp\*."  
Souly: "Kisses your cheek. Thank you, you're too kind. Smiles."  
Sentina: "Kisses you back. You are so nice to me."  
Souly: "Smiles and blushes a bit. Do you like to swim?"

Sentina: "Oh yes, in the sea, and you?"  
Sentina: "Smiles and blushes."  
Tanzguy: "I'll join ya all naked."  
Souly: "Yes, I like to swim with you. Do you have swimming clothes?"  
Tanzguy: "Talking to me, you dumb?"  
Sentina: "I don't have them with me right now."  
Souly: "No Tanz."  
SYSTEM: "Torero logged on."  
Tanzguy: "Hi Torro."  
Torero: "Hi Tanzy."  
Souly: "Can you get them? Or may I look after some?"  
Sentina: "That is so kind of you, yes can you get me some?"  
Tanzguy: "Seems there is something to save on the log file."  
Sentina: "Oh yes, please, you may choose the one you like me to be in."  
Torero: "Put a merda."  
Souly: "Bows, thanking you, and turns away, go to the Pavilion channel. Soon, he returns with a very sexy set of swimming dress. It's really not a bikini, but it has large open areas and made from a silk like material."  
SYSTEM: "Cutless logged on."  
Sentina: "Hmm, that's so nice."  
Sentina: "Taking off her clothes."  
Cutless: "Hi all. Sorry but I see nothing. Are you having keyboard sex?"  
Sentina: "Hey don't look yet."  
Torero: "Huh. Ain't see anything. Are ya wearing ASCII bikinis? My TFT is still flat. The 'T' of 'TFT' stands for 'Thin Flat Tits', mind you?"  
Souly: "Turns away and blushes and changes his clothes to a swimming pants."  
Sentina: "Has put on the silken swimming suit."  
Cutless: "Anyone gay here? Or just wanking?"  
Tanzguy: "For gays there is another chat channel you dumb-wank."  
Souly: "Places his clothes to a large rock and set up 12 candles. Their light is shining in the twilight."  
SYSTEM: "Cutless logged off."  
Sentina: "Oh, Souly, you are so romantic. Hug me gently."  
Torero: "Yeah yeah put no candles just binary pussy. This system does not even support web-cams. Hexadecimal sex my butt!"  
Souly: "Hugs you gently. He wraps his arms softly, but strongly around you."  
Sentina: "It feels so good with you, you are so kind."  
Souly: "Whispers. Me. Hmm. Thank you. But you're kind to me. Too kind."  
Sentina: "I have been alone too long, you know?"  
Tanzguy: "Ya me too huh with my left hand and now you right click fuck with mouse!"  
Sentina: "I always met the wrong guys IRL. And the mouse has the right shape!"  
Souly: "Lifts you up in his arms and walks into the warm water. The water seems crystal clear here."  
Torero: "Me right guy mucho balls."  
Tanzguy: "I got only two."  
Sentina: "Hmm, it feels good."  
Tanzguy: "I know."  
Souly: "Smiles and puts you on your feet slowly you are so gentle with me. Thank you."  
Souly: "You mean macho."  
Sentina: "You are so gentle with me. Thank you."  
Souly: "Not meant for you Senti."  
Sentina: "Tell me, how do you look like, dear Soul?"  
Souly: "IRL? Hmm. 188 cm height/79 kg weigh. Black Hair and gray/green eyes."

Souly: "And you, my dear Sentina?"

Torero: "Whoohaah, first they almost fuck and only after they find out what they look like!"

Tanzguy: "How can Senty feel horny by the chat? I am ugly and impotent and eat blue pills b4 wanking and put a lot of creampie on your face, gaga-bitch. And Souly is a 400 lbs fat pork in a wheelchair."

Sentina: "I have pepper & salt color hair, and light gray/blue eyes, about 1.65 and about 49/50 kg, very nice figure, long hair."

Torero: "I am handsome, bodybuilder, and a big D."

Souly: "Drops his jaw. Wow. You're beautiful. I do not wanna say about my face and body, because it's your duty to judge. Maybe I send a photo."

Torero: "Ya, me you mean, you fagot. He drops his jaw to open mouth. But not for your dick."

Sentina: "Oh, I will have to arrange an e-mail address first."

Tanzguy: "I'm not gay. And how could you not have e-mail stupid bitch? Without e-mail ya can't even register on this system! Liar!"

Sentina: "I am sure you are handsome."

Tanzguy: "I am ugly, but I don't lie!"

Souly: "Blushes and pushes some water to you."

Sentina: "Taking the water and caresses your back with it."

Souly: "Smiles and turns to you. He gently touches your hair and caresses your face with his wet hand."

Sentina: "Kisses you hand and caresses your chest."

Tanzguy: "For heavens sake, can't ya take a private room? The whole goddam web wanks on you folks!"

Souly: "All occupied."

Tanzguy: "I'm sure they are not!"

SYSTEM: "Tanzguy logged off."

Souly: "Takes your hand kisses them and steps a bit closer. His eyes locked in yours."

Sentina: "Looking into your eyes with warmth and holding your hand."

Souly: "Slowly places your hands on his shoulder, while he takes you in his arms. Holds you tight and closes her eyes."

Sentina: "Holds you tight and closes her eyes."

Helmut: "Well, I've been watching this cyber fuck for a while and wonder why you close your eyes when you don't even see each other in the first place."

Sentina: "Kisses your lips, and is in love with you already."

Souly: "Kisses you longingly and it seems that you're already in his heart."

Sentina: "Do you really love me?"

Souly: "Sentina. Yes. As I look at you, I feel warmth."

Sentina: "Oh, kiss me more, all over."

Souly: "Kisses your cheek, your lips, your neck."

Sentina: "Moans of pleasure."

SYSTEM: "Helmut logged off."

SYSTEM: "Annie logged off."

Sentina: "Caresses you over your back, and goes lower."

Souly: "Caresses your back and your neck, while he kisses your body. Your neck. And he goes lower. While he standing in the water with you."

Sentina: "Feels your strength, moans of joy, lets her hands go through your hair."

Sentina: "@#+++> . . ."

SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."

Tanzguy: "Hey don't put ASCII dildo stuff here you gagaholic bitch!"

Souly: "Caresses your slender body, he runs his fingers downwards. His lips slowly follows his fingers."

Sentina: "Ohhmmm, it feels so good. Gently pushing your head lower."

SYSTEM: "Goatman logged off."

SYSTEM: "Drifter logged off."

Souly: "Lets you control and kisses your body. He moves downwards. He kisses your every inch while he arrives at your vivacious curves. Looks like, your suit is just in the bad place."

Sentina: "Whispers in your ear to take it off."

Sentina: "Caresses your bunnies."

Sentina: "Kisses your chest."

Souly: "Takes the dress upper parts down. He starts to caress your breasts in circles, come closer to the breasts. Then he gently kisses them."

Sentina: "Moans of pleasure. Ooh, Souly, it feels so good."

Sentina: "Lies on her back in the sand."

Souly: "Sentina. I love you."

SYSTEM: "Raven logged on."

Sentina: "Feels you naked chest, your naked tummy, your thighs."

Raven: "Hey there, I'm not naked!"

Souly: "Kisses your stomach and wanders downwards. His right hand still caresses your tits. Pulling down the rest of the bath-suit."

Raven: "Geeess! Have I tits? Dumbass. I'm busy right now."

Sentina: "Pulls off your swimming pants."

Souly: "Smiles as he sees your action. He looks in your eyes and kisses your lips again."

Sentina: "Feels your naked back, and tummy."

Sentina: "Her hand going downward."

Sentina: ". Aahhh."

SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Please try again."

Sentina: "Oohh System! Aahh Souly."

Souly: "Whispers in your eye. Sentina. I want you, more than anything in the world."

Sentina: "Spreads her legs."

Souly: "Starts to caress and kiss you to the madness."

Raven: "Hey guys, why don't you take a private room!?"

Sentina: "Oh, Soul, Soul, my love, come. Come in me."

Souly: "Comes in you deeply and softly. He holds you and he kisses you while he gets in."

Souly: "I love you too. My dear princess. Sentina. I want you. I need you."

Sentina: "Sighs deeply, her heart racing, squeezing your bunnies."

SYSTEM: "Villaugh logged on."

Sentina: "Ohhh, take me deeply, and kiss me on the lips."

Souly: "Starts to move slowly gently. He holds you caring and kisses you. He makes love to you and kisses you with passion. His emotions start to erupt."

Villaugh: "Souly! You cheater bastard!! I thought we were lovers!"

Raven: "See, ya get cheated all over the net."

Sentina: "Feels your hard deep inside, and moans with joy, oh, Soul."

Souly: "My dear Sentina."

Souly: "Join us Villaugh."

Sentina: "Oh, Soul, yes, harder, deeper."

Villaugh: "You took my boyfriend, I will never forgive you, bitch!"

Sentina: "Don't join. I'm cumming."

Raven: "I am puking."

SYSTEM: "Updating files."

Sentina: "I am coming."

SYSTEM: "Villaugh logged off."

SYSTEM: "One moment please."

SYSTEM: "Files updated."

SYSTEM: "Thank you for your patience."

Souly: "Pushes his harder in you as you come. He follows you within a moment."

Souly: "Runs his fingers along your hair. Oh Sentina love."

Sentina: "Do you know I am masturbating myself IRL?"  
Raven: "No shit. You must be sick."  
Sentina: "I really."  
Sentina: "And you?"  
Sentina: "Who is Villaugh?"  
Souly: "Yes. I am too."  
Sentina: "I wish it were real together IRL."  
Souly: "She is just a friend."  
Raven: "Soul fucked Villaugh yesterday night, Senty! Wanna see the log file?"  
SYSTEM: "Wishlist logged off."  
SYSTEM: "Raven logged off."  
Souly: "I wish it too. Really."  
SYSTEM: "Domme logged off."  
Sentina: "Thank you so much for the love, you really made me come."  
Souly: "Sentina. I want to meet you soon."  
Sentina: "But I have to study tonight for tomorrow."  
Sentina: "It is almost midnight here."  
Souly: "Here is 11.57 pm. May we meet again?"  
Sentina: "I hope we will meet again. It was so beautiful with you, I can't believe it."  
SYSTEM: "Nike logged on."  
Sentina: "You make me feel so good."  
Nike: "Did I miss something?"  
Souly: "Kisses you again. I felt that I didn't feel with another for a long time. May we set a date?"  
Sentina: "Hello Nike."  
Sentina: "Tomorrow night? About the same time?"  
Nike: "I'm here now."  
Sentina: "Then I must study now, I am so sorry, beloved lover."  
Souly: "She is mine, Nike."  
Souly: "Smiles a bit sadly. Bye, my beloved. My One and Only."  
Nike: "She's saying that to anyone. To me last week but stopped after my PC and cyber toy crashed."  
Sentina: "Bye beloved Soul in my heart and body."  
Souly: "You bet."  
Sentina: "Hugs you and kisses you."  
Sentina: "Bye."  
Souly: "Bye. My angel. You're with me all the times."  
Nike: "Come on, knock off, will ya?"  
Sentina: "Goodnight love."  
SYSTEM: "Torero logged off."  
Souly: "Night, love."  
Sentina: "I think of you all the time."  
Nike: "This I know."  
Sentina: "No not you."  
Souly: "Me?"  
Sentina: "No, yes, go screw yourself."  
SYSTEM: "Nike logged off."  
Souly: "And I cannot wait. Until tomorrow."  
Sentina: "Bye."  
Souly: "Bye."  
SYSTEM: "Souly logged off."  
SYSTEM: "Marvally logged off."  
SYSTEM: "Parity logged off."

I am tired of voyeurism. It does not turn me on. If lying can break solitude, would it then be wrong to consider lying? The only truth on the chat seems lying about it!

Another lover-mail template pops-up in my auto responder. A few copy/paste clicks and my soul has boarded the vessel that will always stay at the internet and never reach a human being. So now I e-mail again to a teenager whom I will never touch till the end of all server requests.

I only want to test the effect data transfer can cause on reality, including my own. And I go to great length, even at the expense of my own state of mind. Then I can finish off my dissertation at the Department of Behavioral Sciences.

My fingertips are tensioned.

Hello wonderful Lisa,

I sincerely apologize for any wrong words. And believe me, in no way it was ever my intention to bother you. I do not realize I did. I was just desperate, because I felt like having to fight against a burning wall of disbelief and mistrust.

You insulted me, in fact, by all those accusations of things I am not guilty of, and it truly hurts me deeply. Never I felt so much pain. I also felt hurt because I did not get any word about my poetry PDF that I attached in a virus free ZIP file to my e-mail for you. My poetry comes from my inner soul, you know.

It is so pointless for us to allow such negative things entering our hearts. I too, wish so much to share love with you, of all kinds of love.

You know, the big problem with internet communication is lag, the time between the moment a message has been sent and the moment an answer arrives. This causes our inability to instantaneously understand each other or to grasp the real meaning behind the words, unlike face to face communication. With all the consequences, such as misunderstandings, feeling bad whereas not intended, and so forth. That's why we should be together in real life, rather than just on the web. We should make love first and then talk. Let us first taste our physical before tasting our inner being. If at the physical level things don't work out, then things will not work out at the inner level for sure.

I put you on a pedestal. As a woman. As a very special woman. Someone who miraculously came at the same time and at the same space there where I came. Two loving special people out of billions on this planet. Imagine what a miracle that is.

Yes, I want to make love with you IRL. Is that wrong? Am I therefore a dirty old man? I shower twice a day, mind you. And my USB stick is protected whenever not inserted in the port.

Many women crossed my lawn. Only a very few I went with. And the last time that I touched a woman was years ago. I just cannot touch a woman for whom I do not have any feelings. Still, quite a few women really would like to get close to me. But you know, I don't care about them and I ignore them. I just don't feel anything. So I take the compliments and I go home, alone.

I dream of holding you close to me. To softly caress you with my hands and my lips all over your body. Loving each other. Letting our hearts melt together into one intense flame never to stop burning. I too have strong desires for you. Although I did not express them yet to you, because it is not just raw desire. It is a deep warmth that I wish to share with you. I wrote last night a special poem about our naked love. But I do not dare to send it to you. It is a love craving dream. I don't want to lose the love of my life. I don't want to lose the life of my love. I don't want to lose you, wonderful Lisa. Where and when would we ever find such love again?

Lisa of my soul, my heart, I love you more than any ADSL connection might be able to transport through the modem.

Yours,

Parity.

Well, let's see how she will react. I'll have to rewrite a couple of paragraphs in my research paper, about the transition of data entry to sexual reality. If a formula could be derived from that, it would be a piece of cake for anyone to catch a good chick.

The data transfer keeps on adding up, as the router pumps the words through the network cables. It is still far cheaper than taking the plane and a hotel to meet someone IRL. But it is not realer neither healthier. Still a lot less complicated. At least, that's what I keep on telling myself. But the cursor of reality points to a destination of illusion. Another conversation scrolls by, as I am smoking an e-cigarette with a broken atomizer.

Sentina: ".go entrance"

SYSTEM: "Sentina enters entrance."

Sentina: ".who?"

SYSTEM: "Sentina (user) in entrance (1 mins)."

SYSTEM: "Micky (user) in garden (24 mins)."

SYSTEM: "Ugly (user) in garden (18 mins)."

SYSTEM: "Parity (user) in garden (20 mins)."

SYSTEM: "Vedya (user) in den (2 mins)."

SYSTEM: "Total 5 users."

Sentina: "Hey, is that your ugly net.chick?"

Micky: "She is just a friend."

Sentina: "Wanna talk to me?"

Micky: "Would you mind joining us?"

SYSTEM: "Sentina leaves entrance."

SYSTEM: "Sentina enters garden."

Sentina: "Hi there."

Ugly: "Hi bitch."

Micky: "Hey come on."

Ugly: "Hi honeypon."

Sentina: "Nice meeting you too Ugly."

Ugly: "I became a vegetarian today. I guess it's about time. After all, for years now every social gathering I've attended has involved someone saying to me words about being a veggie."

Micky: "I fixed a bean salad especially for you."

Ugly: "Um. Thanks. I'll chew my keyboard. But why do you think I'm veggie?? Do I just look like a vegetarian? And what the hell does a vegetarian look like anyway?"



Sentina: "A veggie might look like two pears and a banana, if it's a she-male veggie."  
Micky: "Heheheh! Or two melons and a bunch of grapes!"  
Ugly: "You are really disgusting!"  
Sentina: "So why have you become a veggie?"  
Ugly: "I finally decided to do this for reasons of health and environmental responsibility. Not because of 'Those poor cute animals' and not because of any hippie-zen 'love everything and everyone'. Try not to eat it."  
SYSTEM: "Candy logged in."  
SYSTEM: "Candy enters entrance."  
Micky: "In fact, to all those meta people out there who rage about a rat's plight but ignore rampant human suffering around the globe, those 'I donate a buck and wear the ribbon' whiners, I have only one thing to say: Veal, yum."  
SYSTEM: "Candy enters garden."  
Ugly: "Please go whine to someone else."  
Candy: "Hi all."  
Micky: "Got it."  
Sentina: "Hi Candy."  
Micky: "Hi Candy."  
Ugly: "Who are U?"  
Micky: "Me?"  
Ugly: "No dumbbo, Candy of course."  
Sentina: "Giggles."  
Candy: "Had it up to here with pretenders and neophytes."  
Micky: "Wanna chat in private with me?"  
Candy: "You got the balls, think again. Mine are stainless steel 5'10. 140 lbs. Blonde and Blue/Green. 42. Out of your league!"  
Sentina: "I am a law bitch extraordinaire. And damn proud of it."  
Candy: "I crush idiots."  
Micky: "Wow."  
Candy: "Get out of my face if you want to play."  
Sentina: "Get out of the play if you want to face me."  
Ugly: "Are ya quarreling?"  
Micky: "I guess you have a lot to offer."  
Candy: "You cannot even imagine how exquisite I am, if you dare."  
Micky: "You know, when one hope dies, another is born from the ashes. But if all hope dies, can memories of it make it live again. Or must fire be put to it to create a phoenix."  
Candy: "Or could it be poured into a mold and left for millennia to harden."  
Micky: "Or does hope just blow away. Emptying the soul. Leaving you sunken eyed, without a heart."  
Candy: "Can hope be reborn? Or does it just fade?"  
SYSTEM: "Ugly leaving garden."  
SYSTEM: "Ugly logged off."  
Sentina: "Hope does not get born neither does it die, it has always been and will always be."  
Micky: "Nods."  
Candy: "Sighs."  
Candy: "Mike, how would you describe yourself?"  
Micky: "Alphabet."  
Candy: "Pardon?"  
Micky: "Yes: Affable Bold Creative Dominant Enigmatic Faithful Gallant Handsome Intriguing Judicious Keen Lascivious Magisterial Naughty Obsessive Persistent Quaint Realistic Stubborn Trustworthy Unassuming Versatile Wicked Xanthous Yummy Zealous."  
Candy: "Wow! Applause!"  
Sentina: "Smiles."

Sentina: "Adventurous Bold Curious Devious Energetic Fun Genesis Hiker Intelligent Jokiect  
Kinky Lustful Mystique Naughty Optimist Professional Quirky Raunchy Sarcastic Truthful  
Unusual Voyeuristic Witty X-citing Youthful Zestful."

Micky: "I give up. You win."

SYSTEM: "Micky leaving garden."

SYSTEM: "Micky logged off."

Candy: "What are your experiences with net.men?"

Sentina: "They usually start pretending to listen and to understand, but in their mind there is one thing: Sex."

Candy: "Most of them, yes."

Sentina: "I cannot imagine any man getting to the chat Chat Box just to play shrink or priest."

Candy: "Laughs."

Sentina: "Giggles."

Candy: "That's why I try to come up strong when meeting with a net.man."

Sentina: "That's why I am as flexible as possible."

Candy: "Flexible?"

Sentina: "More than you ever could imagine. Me flexible up, men stiff down."

Candy: "I have to go."

Candy: "Bye, meet you next time."

Sentina: ". Take good care of yourself."

Candy: "Love you too."

SYSTEM: "Candy leaves garden."

SYSTEM: "Candy logged off."

SYSTEM: "Sentina leaves entrance."

SYSTEM: "Sentina logged off."

SYSTEM: "Parity logged off."

SYSTEM: "Thank you for spending your journey at SweetFun.ChatBox."

Yet they seem like real friends. To be on each others side, in sadness and in happiness.

Unconditioned by physical appearance. On the net there is no racism, no age, and no gun.

Except for gender preference, in a way. It's just a matter of what's being typed into the chat bar. But that doesn't mean it's honest. Anyone can be both a woman and a man.

I don't know anymore what I wrote to Lisa. Just copy/pasted some poetic stuff from the search engine. What the heck. All those sent e-mails got lost. And so did I, to be restored every day again into another if-statement of my subroutines. My soul has been automated and flies without navigation. I am almost menu driven.

Mail again beeping the next hour. In net terms rather laggy. I wonder to what level cyber-chatters could cope with realtime voice communications. Most of them may stutter at best. Many chatters are eating and drinking at their computer desk, sitting naked, masturbating and watching a soap at the same time.

Lisa does not stop from SMTP-ing me.

Hi Parity,

I read your wonderful poems and finally understood them for the most part. Such feeling, such intensity, such passion. I love the way you write, it's just so moving and touching. It penetrates to the very core of my heart. It's so intense and passionate. All your words are like

poetry. You made reference that mine are, but they are not. I just happen to write rather well and even that I don't think of myself highly at all for.

Everything about you is like being in a dream. Your entire person is like what I've been dreaming of for the longest time, since I was little. It's just so hard to believe that someone loves me more than I could have ever expected to be loved. And romantic. That goes well without saying.

I have to keep this short, my love. I just wanted you to know that I love you so very dearly. I have a class that's a little early today. Keep warm and safe, my sweet Parity.

I love you.

Lisa

I close the friendly e-mail window. There was some warmth going through that the analytic filters of my heart could not stop. I monitor my own emotions as much as that of the others.

My beloved, we may go away from the forest of thoughts about our days that went past. And we can always say that we courageously fought to make the beauty last for the coming years. And I will not go from you. I am real. The flowers in our soul that are dancing in the field around our love so truly. Let us drink from our bowl in white sand where we fall in each other's embrace, with kisses covering our faces of love.

## YOUNGIES

The old system lights up next to a huge tower dragging a bouquet of wires. That PC should have been dead, but keeps on rattling till the end of times. It took coffee spills without any protest, and its static casing has turned brownish by static dust.

I e-mail Lisa again.

Oh beloved Lisa,

From the outside, at first sight, you may be a bit defensive and probing, and you may be radiating independence. You are also a disciplined hard worker and you know what you want and what you are heading for. You also may think different than you feel, causing to say things that run counter what you really mean. Sometimes with force. Sometimes with the risk to ignore the practical side of what you say. You are also quite different from the crowd and perhaps with a tendency to go against the things as they are.

From the inside, when looking through, you have a beautiful heart, a dreamy romantic soul, with your genuine love inside. Your heart is good, the way I feel it. Inside there is a treasure that you won't be giving away that easily. And that's why you protect it.

This is not at all wrong, dearest Lisa, it is right the way you are and the way you act. The real you is whom I truly love. And the real you is inside of you. And if ever you happen to use your outside, which is more often than not a necessity in this world, then you must know that it does not change the real you in your soul.

Past events contributed to some unwanted construction of defense mechanisms. And again, there is nothing wrong with it. The world we live in forces us to protect ourselves from being hurt and from being invalidated. It is all too easy to put someone down. And often too difficult to lift someone up.

Nowadays, the world is filled with people whose emotions and feelings need to be stimulated by force, such as violence, drugs, games, loud music, drinks, drugs, dance and so forth, because their feelings have been buried down under too thick a layer of protection and isolation. People are generally scared to let their feelings stay naked.

It is an art and an ability not to be underestimated, to have feelings well alive and natural. Always cherish these. And I know you do. The core of your heart. For both of us it is hard to believe to be loved so truly.

I will write you again soon. Perhaps about some experiences I had during my trips to other countries. Just to get you a feel about the kind of things I have been dealing with in life.

I put my arms around you and I kiss you tenderly, and you know where, closing my eyes, to see the light in your heart.

With love,

Parity

Back to chat. Oh Misty, a man am I, aloft here in my computer system tower, resizing a chat pop-up with the egocentric you in the picture. Misty is the kind who seldom reads what the other types, mind you. An interesting study object. I play the old man, for once.

Misty: "Closing your eyes and laying down for the night praying tomorrow will turn out alright."

Oleguy: "Oh yeah, with your legs spread out."

Misty: "Lying there alone, asleep and dreaming, my heart is awake, my body starts screaming, longing to hold him safe in my arms."

Oleguy: "And my dinky toy in your mouth."

Misty: "But getting him there takes more than your charms that dreamily keep on reaching out for his touch."

Oleguy: "I can hold it for hours, babe."

Misty: "Conscientiously realizing even that is too much, holding on to the hope that he soon will be there."

Oleguy: "Hmm, I am wanking and coming soon."

Misty: "Still trying not to show how much you care."

Oleguy: "Just keep our eyes closed and yell soundless."

Misty: "His image of dancing and spinning, when compared with reality his image is dimming, afraid of what happened there in my past."

Oleguy: "Ooh Aahhh, it comes. Comes!!"

Misty: "My heart is wanting this to last."

Oleguy: "Ohhh yeah, me too, aahhh."

Misty: "So until that fateful day he brightens my life, I cover it gray."

Oleguy: "My juice is covering you white."

Misty: "Are you with me?"

Oleguy: "Did you really read the session?"

Misty: "Oh you bastard!"

SYSTEM: "Eleya logged on."

Oleguy: "So you were just chatting without giving a damn about what the other was up to?"

Hah, here is your punishment for being an egotripper."

Eleya: "Me?"

SYSTEM: "Misty logged off."

Oleguy: "No Eleya, not you."

It is not so real after all. Just kidding that stigmatic lady a bit. I am really not in the mood to have my left hand making overtime. Mouse-spresso of course, what else?

The Lisa thing is building itself up gradually out of proportions, and I have no idea where that would all lead to. That teenager acts like a detective with a background in law and seems to focus on imaginary problems rather than simply enjoying what she receives. She looks for unreal exclusivity in something she does not understand the meaning of. Why not just take the flowers as they grow, rather than trying to paint red roses white? Not quite grateful to mother nature.

I feel Lisa's concrete pressure on my soul. I wonder whether she realizes how exaggerated she inflates the slightest deviation from her parameter default values. She obviously invented the formula on how to turn a bit into a byte and how to overflow a buffer. I start disliking her e-mails. And mine.

Dear Parity,

I don't expect romantic letters every-time from you, sweetheart. I loved the last e-mail about your daily job, because it showed honesty, sincerity, openness, and a true sense of trust for you to write something like that. To open up like that about your daily life. For you to feel that comfortable with me to be able to share that with me makes me feel so special. Usually it's some boring things guys here happen to talk about, but everything you said in your e-mail was so interesting.

One thing, Americans may be loud mouthed, but most Americans think Europeans are superficial, arrogant, and self-centered. I'm not saying that is you or that it's my opinion of how Europeans are. I've never really met a European before. At least not anyone for more than a day and for me to get to know them at all. I try not to judge people, I know that sounds like bull, but I really do try.

So, I am doing very well with my classes right about now. I'm so happy about everything. I find myself able to concentrate harder since you've touched my heart and life. It just seems like everything has a purpose, a new meaning I've never seen before. The clarity of other situations is just amazing.

My parents know about you, but they don't know the extent as to which we are involved. They tell me to be careful because you may turn out to be a psycho or something. I told them not to worry and that I was a big girl. I told two of my closest friends about it. My girlfriend thinks it's so romantic and she envies that I have a European that really wants to be with me and is so romantic. She just loves it and wishes that most guys around here were like that. My other friend is a guy and told me that you're nuts. I told him to knock off. Guys around here are so insecure about things like that. He told me I was too fine and beautiful to waste my life on what he called Euro-trash. I can't believe the way people think about each other at times. I was so angry when he said that. He's had a crush on me for a while, so it's understandable on how he feels. I never showed them any of the mails or even got into details as to what they are about, but my girlfriend really loves it. She was asking me to ask you if you had any friends she could hook up with. She's so nosy and crazy when it comes to that.

I know my daily life is nowhere near as exciting as yours, but that's some of it, I guess. I just wanted you to know what goes on behind the scenes while you are wondering what goes on in my day. It's not much because I am young still and there is just schooling for now. I have to see about getting a part-time job to get some income to pay for a car, hopefully. My friends are dying for me to get one so that when you come down they want to meet you and cruise around with you. I want you all to myself.

Enough about that. I loved your e-mail, especially when you made friends with that hostile Arabic person. I thought that would be only possible if you would be an Arab yourself. How could you survive and be happy in Saudi Arabia and make friends with Arabs with those veils? I hope I never have to go there! You would see only my unhappy eyes! Are you sure you're not a diplomat? I wish I could have been there with you to see you in action. Oh Parity, I just admire you so much. I can't wait until we meet. We have to talk about that sometime on-line. I can be on Sundays about 10am till about noon. That's when my parents go to church. I will still have to talk to them when the time is right. I don't know how they will react, but they are always willing to talk things out. My parents are cool like that. I love them very much.

Well, I have to go to class now. I did so good with my Midterm exams. I guess I owe a little to the clarity you have given to me. You give me so much and enlighten my life so much. I just wish I could do something for you.

When you come down, what hotel are you staying in? Do you have a regular hotel that you stay in? Remember, I live in the city of New York. Manhattan to be exact. We can take a tour through Central Park, a horse and buggy ride. Those are so romantic. I've never been on one, but my college is not that far from it. I sometimes take a walk through the park and see people holding hands and I dream of us one day walking through the park in the same way. There are so many things to do in New York. Wait a minute. I just realized that we did not discuss whether you would be coming here or I will be going there. Just to let you know, if you wanted me to go there I will pay for everything on my part. You will not have to pay for anything for me. I could not ask you to do that, so don't think that I will accept that from you. You've given too much to me as it is already. I can't wait to talk to you about it.

Please take care, sweet Parity. A tender kiss on your lips. Lisa tenderly kisses you on your chest. That's to keep your love for me locked in.

Love,

Lisa

End of message. Begin of a heap of fantasy invading my desires. The definition of 'love' has gone. Fantasy is not dirty. It is the ability to make enjoyment out of nothing. In real life I may not be able to live with a woman.

I add new content to my thesis. I have enough evidence that calculated expressions can lead to true feelings, just using the internet.

Continuing the daily breakfast session, playing an old man's role, I try to find out some intentions that chatters have in common.

Oleguy: "Eleya, how are you?"

Eleya: "Stop looking at me ya pervert."

Oleguy: "At my age I know better. And there is no web-cam option, so all I see is the alphabet at random order."

Eleya: "Sorry, I am just being silly, what can I say. I am 19 soon to be 20."

Oleguy: "Nobody is perfect. Still studying?"

Eleya: "A sophomore in college studying to be either a theater teacher or advertising designer."

Oleguy: "What are you doing here on the dirty net?"

Eleya: "I'm a lesbian. Never touched a man. Never wanted to. I've had but one lover in 3 years. The same girl. Left me two months ago for a blonde shemale bombshell."

Oleguy: "I am sorry to hear that."

SYSTEM: "Sugarbabe logged on."

Eleya: "If I am acting bitter now you know why."

Oleguy: "I understand. I am here just for a pleasant conversation."

Sugarbabe: "I am here for sex."

Eleya says: "If I'm speaking incoherently, I'm either drunk or quoting lyrics."

Oleguy: "I guess you are interested in fictitious matters."

Eleyna: "I enjoy role-playing both in real life and here, but don't ask stupid questions, you'll get stupid answers. I won't bite or scratch or lick unless asked nicely by a few good men."

Eleyna: "What do ya want Sugar?"

Sugarbabe: "I am 21 years old and a senior in college. I am a cutie, with coco brown skin, sexy brown eyes and a beautiful smile."

Eleyna: "R U male or female?"

SYSTEM: "Shiara logged on."

Sugarbabe: "I am a friendly girl and I love to talk or type whatever. I also love writing poetry and mushy shit like that."

Eleyna: "I don't think poetry is shit."

Shiara: "Hello."

Oleguy: "I happen to be poet too."

Sugarbabe: "Oh well."

Sugarbabe: "A man walked up to me the other day."

Sugarbabe: "He was very educated and he had a lot of things to say."

Sugarbabe: "He was oh so forward thinking and so very up to date."

Sugarbabe: "And he wanted to teach me about faith."

Sugarbabe: "He said how can you believe in a thing you've never seen?"

Sugarbabe: "He said how can you believe with all the evil that we have seen?"

Sugarbabe: "He said don't you know that no one believes in simple old fashioned faith."

Sugarbabe: "He said man I've been to a church."

Sugarbabe: "He said I've been lied to, judged and hurt."

Oleguy: "That was not me who walked up to you. Nice copy/paste, Sugar."

Eleyna: "Well I better go now. See ya around."

Oleguy: "Later."

Eleyna: "Any other females here?"

Shiara: "Stay a bit longer. Panthera Tigris Sapient, F, 7'1" (about 10' to tail-tip) @ 450."

Eleyna: "That's too much mass for me and my modem. That weight crushes the electronics completely!"

Shiara: "Whohooi but here is the rest. Red base. Two black stripes, nose to black tail. Brown mane between ears, tapering off at middle of back. Two black stripes on each cheek, Red furred wings hidden when held in tight. Wear collar with rubies, pearls, & onyx stones. Zoo-ex, likes cats (esp wild ones), and many others."

Sugarbabe: "I like old men, they are mature and understand womanish desires."

Oleguy: "I am but a simple man. I'm slow talking & slow living. I love slow hunting, the mountains, slow cold beer, and some good ole Lynyrd Skynyrd. Will talk to anyone but I'm straight as an arrow. Ain't into net.sex. Anything else just ask. Y'all be good now ya hear."

Eleyna: "Laffs."

Shiara: "Sjees."

Sugarbabe: "Kidding?"

Oleguy: "Nah, just kidding, little girls."

Oleguy: "Well, in fact I run OceanBreeze.chat.ChatBox.com and created port 007 long time ago. I'm 6'0, 225 pounds, ex football player. With a broad chest, brown hair, blue eyes."

Eleyna: "Yaaawn, just another egotripper."

Oleguy: "No no. I swam in college and played football at Ohio U. I'm now a professional artist so not your normal \*jock\*. I'm a punker and renaissance man. I swim, scuba dive, read, paint, bike ride, goof off, date, and enjoy life, have a passion for history and for politics, and love sex."

Shiara: "See huh, the usual stereotype."

Oleguy: "Hey no, wait, I'm a real life Dom, OK. Well want to talk, or just say hi."

Sugarbabe: "Hi."

SYSTEM: "Tess logged on."

Eleyna: "Hi."



Shiara: "Hi."  
SYSTEM: "Shiara logged off."  
Tess: "Hi."  
SYSTEM: "Sugarbabe logged off."  
SYSTEM: "Eleya logged off."  
Oleguy: "Hi Tess, I just became abandoned by a couple of butterflies."  
Tess: "They must have had good reasons."  
Oleguy: "Do you know them?"  
Tess: "Some of them."  
Oleguy: "Are you single?"  
Tess: "I am a warm-hearted wanderer. Hanging on for my life. One that has just begun."  
Oleguy: "Are you single?"  
Tess: "If you sincerely ask, I will do my damndest. To be sure you receive, especially if you are a lady."  
Oleguy: "Are you single?"  
Tess: "Although my heart belongs to a Dreamer hehehe, there is enough of it to share."  
Oleguy: "So you are single?"  
Tess: "I am double, so reach out for my tousled hair and touch me, baby. And all I will bare!"  
Oleguy: "So which F-key is your G-point?"  
Tess: "Heheheh very funny. The non-existing F13 key, of course."  
Oleguy: "So what is your dream-boy like?"  
Tess: "He's too good to be true, he blows my mind. He's still the one who thrills me time after time. It's unbelievable, the way he moves me."  
Oleguy: "Do ya luv him?"  
Tess: "He's so easy to love, so tender to hold. He touches me like no one I've ever known. The way he moves me, he's too good to be true."  
Oleguy: "IRL?"  
SYSTEM: "Chait logged on."  
Tess: "Nope there ain't IRL on the WWW."  
Oleguy: "Laughs."  
Chait: "Hi folks."  
Tess: "Giggles."  
Oleguy: "Chuckles."  
Oleguy: "Hello Chait."  
Tess: "That way I wont get aids."  
Oleguy: "True, but after a while you might need first aid."  
Tess: "Wot 4?"  
SYSTEM: "Cherrie logged on."  
Oleguy: "You'll find out when you become older."  
Tess: "Yeah rightist but still dunno what ya mean."  
Oleguy: "I'm sorry, just kidding."  
Tess: "Sure?"  
Oleguy: "Well, a friend of mine broke up with his girlfriend on the net. He threw the screen with her pic down from the 11th floor. And thought he'd killed her."  
Chait: "Grinns."  
Cherrie: "LOL."  
Tess: "Then what happened? She did pop-up again on another screen?"  
Oleguy: "What does 'lol' mean?"  
Cherrie: "Laughing Out Loudly, you know, one of those net lingoos."  
Oleguy: "Thank you. LOL sounds so stupid just like LMAO."  
Cherrie: "What does that mean?"  
Oleguy: "Laughing My Ass Off. Sounds stupid too. When I laugh, I still keep my butt."  
SYSTEM: "Tess logged off."

Oleguy: "Sometimes I wonder what I am doing here."

Chait: "I am here because for the same reason others are here."

Oleguy: "What reasons?"

SYSTEM: "Jett logged on."

Chait: "Yes exploration of sensuous world, varieties in our action and reaction."

Oleguy: "Are you looking for someone specific?"

Chait: "I will be looking for matured one's in their late 20's."

Oleguy: "Mature in the late twenties? You better add up half a century. No-one is mature under 30."

Chait: "Life is to enjoy and in that direction positive actions are a must."

Cherrie: "Enjoy an Aussie gal, 30 n taken, 5'4" long curly hair green/blue eyes, Don't do net sex."

Oleguy: "Hmm, Aussie?"

Jett: "I like gay Aussies."

Chait: "How are Aussies?"

Cherrie: "Aussie's don't throw shrimp on the barbie. Aussie's don't say 'G'day mate' in the same breath."

Chait: "But there are typical people there too, eh?"

Cherrie: "Yeah, Pool Hagan is a bloody wanker, Fisters Beer taste like piss (just an expression) and we don't have Kangaroo's bouncing around our cities nor do we have koala's in ever freaking tree."

Oleguy: "Piss? Isn't that a vulgar expression?"

Cherrie: "Piss means a lot of things, like its pissing down (raining), pissed (drunk), piss poor (pathetic), piss off (get lost), pissed off (same everywhere), and what have ya. BTW I'm crazy as hell, Fun to talk too so ask me anything."

Oleguy: "Well, we just asked."

Cherrie: "I am extremely open minded, interested in almost anything. Especially older or younger females, or people with more or less interesting or uninteresting ideas on whats nice and what isn't."

Oleguy: "That covers at least half the world."

Jett: "I live in the barren nothingness in the middle of the US."

Chait: "Gosh. Nothing Ness like Loch Ness?"

Oleguy: "Are you dangerous?"

Jett: "Very funny, Chait. I am gay, not homo, I have green eyes, brownish hair and am about 5'4" and I love to write, read, talk, dance, listen to music and snuggle with the right male person."

Chait: "Same here."

Oleguy: "So you are not an animal."

Jett: "I don't bite unless provoked, so go ahead and say 'hi'. Besides, animals like exactly the same. Almost."

Chait: "Giggles."

Oleguy: "Frowns."

SYSTEM: "Boy logged on."

Cherrie: "Hiya Jett, may I talk to ya in private?"

Jett: "Sure, let's go to the Basement."

SYSTEM: "Cherrie enters Basement."

Boy: "Wanna talk with a small one?"

SYSTEM: "Cloud logged on."

Cloud: "Hi everybody."

Oleguy: "What small one?"

Chait: "I guess they'll have some net.sex."

SYSTEM: "Jett enters Basement."

SYSTEM: "Cherrie leaves Basement."

Cherrie: "Hi Cloudy."  
Cherrie: "Hi Boy, Jett is real gay."  
Boy: "So? I am bi."  
SYSTEM: "Jett logged off."  
Oleguy: "Poor keyboards."  
Cloud: "Hi Cherry."  
Chait: "ROFL."  
Boy: "Love sucking. Bi since I was 13. Married, she does not know. Age 44, 190 pounds, gray hair, brown eyes and love to be dominated with heavy tools."  
Oleguy: "Huh? ROFL bout wot?"  
Chait: "What has that to do with the small one, Boy?"  
Boy: "I have a very small one, 3 inches when fully erect and have been punished. Love to serve."  
Oleguy: "Anything in the past that took you that way?"  
Boy: "Was sex toy for years to older cousin."  
Cloud: "Lets have fun."  
Boy: "I will obey. Hey my 3 inches are the flaccid, not the erected, hahaha!"  
SYSTEM: "Romeo logged on."  
Romeo: "Ciao bello."  
Oleguy: "Oh."  
Oleguy: "ROFL lol laffs chuckles."  
Cherrie: "Hi Romyo."  
Chait: "You're learning, oldie-boy Cloudy too, no?"  
Chait: "Hello Romeo."  
Oleguy: "Thank you."  
Cloud: "This cloud may be old but hey. I've still got it!!"  
Romeo: "Hi."  
Oleguy : "What do you like?"  
Romeo: "I like net.sex."  
Cherrie: "Not you Romeo dumbo."  
Cloud: "Hates being given crap. Hates people who say hi how big are your tits!"  
Romeo: "Of course I do."  
Oleguy: "What do you hate in addition to this?"  
Cherrie: "Noohoo not what I mean."  
Cloud: "Loves. Jokey chat. Loves. Laughing. Hey this Cloud just loves life."  
Romeo: "Romeo missing his Juliet. I am nice Italian guy from Italy who loves women more than his life. Cara mia."  
Cloud: "You care of karma?"  
SYSTEM: "Cherrie logged off."  
Romeo: "Haha karma suckta! My first task in life is to give them pleasure just because to get pleasure from women is too easy even their voice sounds as heaven bell to his ears."  
Oleguy: "So this is why he likes to talk with them."  
Chait: "He is attracted from sex. Net-sex. Phone-sex."  
Romeo: "God bless all women on Earth! Viva modem wank!"  
Oleguy: "That's what he is doing all the time. Otherwise they would not be women. Hehe."  
SYSTEM: "Mahony logged on."  
SYSTEM: "Chait logged off."  
Mahony: "Anyone there?"  
Cloud: "Yep."  
Oleguy: "Hello Mahy."  
Romeo: "Mahony beauty cara mia ti amo."  
Mahony: "Speak Nederlands?"  
Cloud: "No comprendo."

Oleguy: "Why not speaking the language of love and sex?"  
Mahony: "Ah, too many keystrokes. But you like the taste of danger, it shines like sugar upon your lips and you like to stand in the line of fire."  
Oleguy: "Anyone who wants love, does so."  
Mahony: "There must be a thousand things you would die for, I can hardly think of two, but not everything is better spoken aloud. Not when I'm talking to you."  
Romeo: "Si si talk to me."  
Cloud: "He's going berserk."  
Mahony: "Oh the pirate gets the ship and the girl tonight, breaks a bottle to christen her for basking in the exploits of her thief."  
Romeo: "I am a very good listener. IRL I am a lady too."  
Mahony: "Maybe that's all we need, is to meet in the middle of impossibility standing at opposite poles, equal partners in a mystery."  
Cloud: "Gosh I gotta go to the loo."  
SYSTEM: "Cloud logged off."  
Romeo: "Tell me more about a heart."  
Oleguy: "Yeah right."  
Mahony: "Yes, I have another side too."  
Oleguy: Oh? The left side?"  
Romeo: "Well?"  
Mahony: "I love to play with my net.sisters here, but will play with anyone who wants to have fun, provided they don't have penises (so if you're a eunuch, that's okay). I'm 5'8" 130 pounds with 34C breasts, though I rarely wear a bra. I used to be shaved, but now just keep my parts trimmed very short and smooth."  
Romeo: "Mama mia! Cara mia!"  
Oleguy: "Chuckles. Meat does not matter when typing."  
Oleguy: "She might as well be your mega obese Juliet."  
Romeo: "Graci bene."  
SYSTEM: "Romeo logged off."  
Oleguy: "Well Mahony, I'm afraid you'll have to make do with your shaver alone."  
Mahony: "Better than your unromantic dirty fat old hands."  
Oleguy: "My hands maybe old, but my dinky toy is young thanks to the invention of Viakra."  
Mahony: "Ya, become a cyborg. I wank on 2 pills See-Ya-Lis. Did I spell it right?"  
Oleguy: "None of the pills. Rather a cyber orgiastic. Heheheh."  
Mahony: "Giggling."  
Mahony: "So who are you?"  
Oleguy: "I lost my soul when I fell to earth. My planets called me to the void of my birth. The time has come for me to kill this game. Now open wide and say my name."  
SYSTEM: "Mahony logged off."  
SYSTEM: "Oleguy logged off."

My real desire is not so much to have some hyperactive masturbation behind the screen that has no wipe-washers. Couldn't find such gadget on the internet anyway. I just want to provoke tenderness, and beauty of loving hearts, feeling the warmth, bathing in the light of appreciation. But instead, I see recurring traps of low-level desires in endless loops of profile summaries.

You and me, together, to hold our hands while walking through the forest of life. Is love only for the real young and pretty? Have I gotten worse in my heart over the decades of my existence? Have not the trees of love given their blossoms only to the soil below, unless a bird takes one beyond?

My life is not supposed to become a poetic compendium. In this electronic civilization, an effective means of cyber seduction is reality poetry. You could fight a battle of flowers, however, with a lot of emotional damage. I want to find out what science can do for the social community on the web. But for now, I am only part of that community. Nothing more than a logon id.

And now I reply to another message.

Hi sweet Lisa,

I just came back from tonight's conference that I had with an oil company regarding some new projects in the Gulf Region. It was interesting, but when the fellows went to a bar to get pleasure, I went home because I am not a drinker. I don't like bars. Before I plunge into the bath tub, I first write you a few words now. I feel as though we are already together, and when I come home from work I take you in my arms and listen to your day, while softly kissing you.

Thank you so much for your messages. Perhaps it is I who would not deserve all the attention you give to me. It feels so good that you are open for also other sides of my life. It means a lot to me. And I am so happy that you are doing very well with your studies. I too feel more strength and joy in the work and studies I do. It seems we have a stimulating effect on each other.

Yes, I feel happy in Saudi Arabia, the country I love very much. The Saudis are the most wonderful people on Earth. Sounds strange perhaps, but when I am there I feel truly free. I feel safe, and honest people with high ethics surround me there. Once you get to friends with them, they have a totally different face towards you. They go for the real thing, not for the virtualities. They are truly human with gold in their hearts.

I agree that many Europeans are somewhat arrogant and certainly self-centered. That is one of the things that make me getting a bit tired of Europe and so I frequently move to the Gulf Region. But still, there are many good people as well, in Europe, in the US, anywhere. I believe that all people are basically good. If someone behaves bad or reacts bad or prejudices badly about another, it is usually because of hearsay rather than own experience. For example, one of your friends who called me nuts and Euro-trash probably has never really known a European by himself. Frankly, when I read the word Euro-trash, I had to laugh loudly. It sounded so presidential. He thinks it is a waste of time for you to go with a nuts like me, because he does not understand much about love and quality of people other than from his neighborhood.

The last time I was in New York was about ten years ago or so. I stayed at an airport hotel of which I do not remember the name. I visited the city only one day, and then I had to travel to a tractor company in Peoria. I prefer Al-Khobar where deep in my heart I really feel at home.

When I come to New York again, it will be to meet with you, Lisa. Although it is very kind of your friends the way they want to give me their attention, I would prefer to give my full attention only to you, especially in the beginning. It is so important for us to be totally comfortable with each other IRL before we show ourselves together to others. Don't you think so? On the other hand, for you it may offer a sense of protection when your friends are around, which I understand, but we won't be able to be totally ourselves.

I also understand your parents concern, about the possibility that I, as a European stranger, might be a psycho. Also when I read the word psycho, I had to laugh understandably. Well, I can assure you that I am not that. Besides, you have my full identity, address, and profile, and I can even send you a scanned image of my passport to make sure you know my identity is real. True, my face may have some Arabic features, but I am truly European.

It is better that you do not tell yet your parents any further details about me, or about us, because I think we should first meet IRL. I am not saying that we are not yet sure about each other, but I am saying that IRL-certainty must be there as well. I'd love to go with you through Central Park. I have never been there. It would be wonderful to walk there together, and talk about all the things that we'd love to talk about. Tell me, beloved Lisa, what is the best season to walk in Central Park? Are the Winters in New York very cold? When I come to Manhattan, I will, of course, take a good hotel nearby, if possible.

I am afraid that for your girlfriend I may not have a Euro-guy right now, simply because I do not have any close friends over there. But I do know a few good Saudis who would queue up for a sexy blondie. They would queue-up in jeans of course. I am a loner, in that I spend no time with others, as I use my time to work and to study. Also, I prefer to keep my private life for myself, not because of egoism, but simply because I only want to share my private life with the one I love. I just want to spend the time as well as possible. And in particular the intimate things I only share with my loved one.

What I want in a long term relationship is that I go to work every day of the week, make good money, pay for all what you need, house, car, clothes, jewelry and what have you. When I come home late afternoon, you make sure a good meal is waiting for me in a clean house. That is all I ask in exchange. I think it is fair. Once we have kids, we go out every weekend to any nice place and have a good time. I want them to grow up happily.

Maybe we could talk things over when we are online next Sunday between 10 and 12am your time-zone. I look so much forward to chat with you again. It's been a long time now. We are only exchanging e-mails. If you'd come to Europe, I will pay the trip, because I have good income, whereas you don't. Simple as that. It is not an attempt to buy you. So, my dearest Lisa, we do not need to discuss about this.

Skiing together may not be a good idea after all, because it is a sport not without risks, especially when you have never been skiing before. I tend to race all day long down the slopes, so it would not be so romantic. Moreover, the rescue dogs are already overworked. Just kidding. Besides, for you it may be more secure if I would first come to New York where we can meet, so you will get to know me better, rather than diving into the unknown too many miles away from your home. Just that you feel comfortable.

With love,

Parity

It is not cold sex that makes me warm. It is not rough talk that excites me deeply. Such things carry no beauty, neither do they lay bare the seeds of real happiness and virtual serenity. I miss you so much, my dear unknown. Will we be ever together in the world of kissing real? I will stalk IP addresses, to reach the unreachable, and sidetrack from my studies.

I flip another page on the desk, as I keep jotting down my notes with a broken pencil. I am trying to extend the scientific language with poetry. How else could feelings be described in a dissertation about virtual behavior?

She thrusts affection in me, that solves in my frozen water. She pushes her wordings through me, that color my painting. And together we stay apart.

You make me drink warmth, that softens my skin and composes the music that separates the day from night. You raise me up to the mountains. Oh, how far my outlook sees! You pull my chains of thought between the blossoms of my feelings. You make me awaken under your caressing fingertips. You press your lips on mine and touch what I cannot touch. You refresh me with your wines and bring me to the skyline beyond the internet.

A breeze of time. A moment of wind. The storm falls asleep again.

I-LOOSION

I just cannot dive the very first minute into the lake of romance without first touching the surface of the virtual water. Who could? If it were you and me, knowing each other already, we could dive straight to the corals of love and respect.

My psychological experiments on e-mail behavior are paying off. It is great input for my presentation at college.

Inlook Express starts beeping. I get e-mail.

Oh sweet Parity,

Your picture is just so inviting. I wish I could just slip off my robe and join you in bath. I really have to see if I can send you a picture like that. Or better. I don't want you to get the impression that I do this IRL. I have never done anything like that at all. Are you sure that picture was just recently taken? You look so young. I'm not complaining, mind you.

I just look at the picture and I am keeping a copy of it on disk by itself and keeping it in a really safe place. I usually wear my robe in the house. And that's all. Nothing underneath. I don't even know why I am telling you this. I guess when you live with your parents, it's a little easier to walk around like that. I think if I was living alone, I'd be walking around with much less than the robe or just a tee shirt and nothing else. Sometimes I walk around with just a night shirt that goes to mid-thigh and I have to wear panties with that. I don't want to go completely nuts, ya know. Of course, if anyone comes over I dress up to make sure nobody sees anything or even thinks they did. I only do that when no one but my parents are around.

You look as young as my father does. He looks really young for his age as well. Some people think he's my older brother when we all go out and that my mom is my sister-in-law. Parity. I am tingling all over right now. I wish I could just join you in that bath. I'd slip off the robe, climb in behind you and bath you with a sponge. Of course, I'd make sure a certain area is all smooth by continuously cleaning it.

Oh my, I sincerely hope you don't think any less of me. Parity, you just brought my arousal to a new level. I can't believe it. I look in the mirror that's on the mantle and I am beat red. I am flushed with incredible feelings right now. I'm sorry, but I have to tell you that when I get into that room of mine, I'm gonna have to take care of myself. I don't know why I am telling you things like this, but I can't help myself. This is just too much to handle right now. I am so embarrassed for saying this to you. I hope you don't think the worst of me now. I never do anything like that, I just feel too much heat right now and I have to do it with your picture in front of me and just imagine you're touching me.

I hope my parents don't get home soon. They're out to their usual dinner. I hope you can feel what I am doing. I can just picture you kissing me all over, softly and slowly. I am so embarrassed. I understand if you don't want to ever write to me again. I'm not any kind of slut or anything. Like I told you before, I never do anything like this at all. I never knew anyone could ever get my emotions running so hot before. You're incredible, Parity, and you never even touched me physically. Please forgive me. I have to go now before my parents get home. I hope to hear soon from you, lover. Tender kisses on your wet chest and down to your rippling abdomen.



Love,

Lisa

I close the Inlook Express window and once more I plunge into the unknown, logging on to an ever changing world of ever changing identities. I realize I start to mess up with my mental and physical health, if it were not for scientific research. How long shall I continue with this sweet high resolution torture in the land of corrupted megapixels?

SYSTEM: "Welcome to NetLuvChat."

SYSTEM: "Please type .rules to read the rules of behavior on this Chat Box and make sure that you are over eighteen."

SYSTEM: "Type .y to continue or type .n to quit."

Parity: ".y"

SYSTEM: "Please wait."

SYSTEM: "Please type .help if you need help."

SYSTEM: "You are now in the entrance. Please type .map to display map."

SYSTEM: "Please wait."

Parity: ".map"

SYSTEM: "Map not available. Help yourself please."

Parity: ".help"

SYSTEM: "Help not available. Help yourself please."

Finewithme: ".go bedroom"

SYSTEM: "Finewithme enters bedroom."

Finewithme: ".who?"

SYSTEM: "Finewithme (user) in bedroom (1 mins)."

SYSTEM: "Parity (user) in hall (18 mins)."

SYSTEM: "Tiffy (user) in backroom (112 mins)."

SYSTEM: "Sucker (user) in backroom (125 mins)."

SYSTEM: "Greenpics (wizzard) in hall (209 mins)."

SYSTEM: "Marvelly (user) in tower (12 mins)."

SYSTEM: "Total 6."

Finewithme: "Hey, I like your profile."

Parity: "I guess that's an invitation."

Finewithme: "If you dare, come over here."

Parity: ".go bedroom"

SYSTEM: "Parity enters bedroom."

Parity: ".private"

SYSTEM: "Now set to private."

Finewithme: "Thanks. Now we are the two of us."

Parity: "Shouldn't I dare?"

Finewithme: "Ur profile isn't as strong as mine would be."

Parity: "I did not read yours, but I appreciate some spicy girl."

Parity: "Are you a girl or a boy?"

Finewithme: "None of the two!"

Parity: "So you are a genetically engineered transsexual?"

Finewithme: "Laffs. Just kidding."

Finewithme: "Nope, I am a woman."

Parity: "Great, I am a man."

Finewithme: "Are you handsome?"

Finewithme: "Could ya wait a few minutes?"  
Parity: "Sure, meanwhile I get myself a drink."

Yeah, sure she is surfing now on the web and downloading my homepage elements. I did well to use the photo editor to make myself look like a star. Hehe, what the heck, IRL is out of the question anyway. What the hell am I doing here on the chat channel anyway?

Parity: ".who"  
SYSTEM: "Updating list."  
SYSTEM: "Finewithme (user) in bedroom (32 mins)."  
SYSTEM: "Parity (user) in bedroom (29 mins)."  
SYSTEM: "Tiffany (user) in backroom (126 mins)."  
SYSTEM: "Sucker (user) in backroom (126 mins)."  
SYSTEM: "Greenpics (wizzard) in hall (220 mins)."  
SYSTEM: "Marvally (user) in tower (23 mins)."  
SYSTEM: "Total 6 users."

Amongst the most lonely people we are, social network users going for a date. Not realizing that conversion to reality is often not even desired. A threshold too high for those who wish to feel safe behind mocked-up profiles. They have forgotten what it is to be real. Where are the love letters on amber parchment? Where is the ink for the feather to feed calligraphed words of tenderness? Where are the rings that press initials onto red seals? What happened with that old Flower Power era?

All of a sudden I am in the 21st century. Nothing is the same as before. Parchment is a computer screen. The ink is an ASCII table. A ring has taken the shape of a logon-id. My seal has become a password. A hug under a tree has turned into a pop-up window of a chat utility. Looking into the eyes has been replaced by a smiley.

The word 'personal' has no other meaning than being on someone's friends list, perhaps sharing some comments about a photo or a superficial remark on what's new. The human being has been put asleep by its own automation. Now it seems normal to exchange chats, SMS, timelines, microblogs, pokes & pings. Reality and games are trading places. Who would still know the difference of true intention and mocked-up feelings today?

Greenpics: "You have a good time?"  
Parity: "Yes, thank you, just waiting for madame."  
Greenpics: "I know. Been watchin ya."  
Parity: "How do ya know?"  
Greenpics: "Wizzards have system admin status."  
Parity: "Ah, I see, kinda big brother or big sister."  
Greenpics: "Smart ass."  
Finewithme: "Still there I guess."  
Parity: "Yawning."  
Finewithme: "Sorry it took a while, I have only a myPad and a crappy wi-fi dongle. Had to look for the battery charger."  
Greenpics: "Talk to you later."  
Parity: "That's okay, Green."  
Finewithme: "Yeah."

Parity: "Well my dear Finewithme, tell me something about yourself?"  
Finewithme: "Life sucks."  
Parity: "Why?"  
Finewithme: "Happiness is overrated. Sex is underrated."  
Parity: "Isn't it the other way around?"  
Finewithme: "Most men can't give head for shit. Most women can't give head for shit."  
Parity: "I know, but is that all?"  
Finewithme: "Masturbation is a good thing. Telephone sex is a great past time. Anything squiggly is fun."  
Parity: "But these things don't make life suck, eh?"  
Finewithme: "Leather is a good thing. Fake fur is not. Scars are beautiful. Razors rule."  
Parity: "I guess you enjoy life to the fullest extent."  
Finewithme: "Giggles."  
Finewithme: "Mydonna should be classified as a medical anomaly."  
Parity: "I like her song with the birds on the video clip."  
Finewithme: "Human evolution is going in reverse. Radio sucks. Goths are weenies."  
Parity: "I see your point."  
Finewithme: "Jerry O'Cockl is a babe. So is Winna Stryder. Fous Brooms is a damn cool movie."  
Parity: "So you do appreciate some people at least."  
Finewithme: "Anything with quint-in Tarantino rocks. I will never see titanik. Weeze was the loudest concert I've ever seen."  
Parity: "And how about you, Finewithme?"  
Finewithme: "Damn."  
Finewithme: "I just maestro-bate."  
Parity: "Well, spelled correctly, I master-byte."  
Finewithme: "Hahaha! You're a wet-mastur!"  
Finewithme: "With webmaster tools, to correct my spelling."  
Parity: "Which tools are you using when master-byting?"  
Finewithme: "Have a guess, Master Bait. My vibrating cell phone. That's why I give anyone my number and ask to call me at my pantsPhone"  
Parity: "Well, I guess you use vibrators, chains, cola bottles, toaster, corkscrew, apart from a Noxia."  
Finewithme: "Toast is a staple food source. So is cheese and crackers."  
Finewithme: "Zippos are the shit. Black-lights rule. Perfumes smell like shit."  
Parity: "Is there anything you believe in?"  
Finewithme: "Almost forgot. I am goddess."  
Parity: "Nice meeting you, goddess."  
SYSTEM: "Tiffany leaves backroom."  
SYSTEM: "Tiffany logged off."  
Finewithme: "Do you know that up to now any other man would already leave the conversation with me?"  
Parity: "No, I wonder how come."  
Finewithme: "Men are scared of aggressive women."  
Parity: "I didn't know you are aggressive."  
Finewithme: "It is a wall, to go through before touching something else."  
SYSTEM: "Lover logged on."  
SYSTEM: "Lover enters hall."  
Parity: "You are just you the way you decide to be."  
SYSTEM: "Sucker leaves backroom."  
Parity: "I think you have a beautiful soul."  
Finewithme: "Yes."  
SYSTEM: "Lover enters backroom."

Parity: "That's why you protect it with a wall."  
Finewithme: "Yes."  
SYSTEM: "Sucker logged off."  
Parity: "Cos it is a treasure not to be shared with the many."  
Finewithme: "Yes."  
Parity: "I know."  
SYSTEM: "Backroom now set to public."  
Finewithme: "Yes."  
Parity: "Tell me what you know. By the way, I have the impression that you are not entirely with me. You only copy/paste 'Yes' into the chat box."  
Finewithme: "Yes."  
SYSTEM: "Finewithme enters hall."  
SYSTEM: "Lover enters backroom."  
SYSTEM: "Finewithme enters backroom."  
Greenpics: "You are too serious for her."  
Parity: "She is a stupid bitch at the wall of nowhere."  
Greenpics: "If you wanted net sex you should have gone for it."  
Parity: "Sigh."  
Parity: "You want some?"  
Greenpics: "Wizzards are supposed to behave correctly."  
Parity: "Why would net.sex be incorrect?"  
SYSTEM: "Finewithme enters bedroom."  
Greenpics: "Because your keyboard is not cumproof."  
Parity: "I don't cum."  
Parity: "If you talk about the devil."  
Finewithme: "Hi again here. I was just peeking around. Enter key got stuck hehe."  
Parity: "Hi, I guess Lover had a bad day."  
Finewithme: "He apologized cos he'd go for work."  
Parity: "So I am his backup."  
Finewithme: "IRL two fine male dogs are my lovers."  
Parity: "I hate dogs. They stink. What kinda guys do ya like?"  
Finewithme: "Educated, eloquent, passionate, kinky, literate, nasty, thoughtful, smart."  
Parity: "What kinda things do you do?"  
Finewithme: "My work is very technical, I play guitar and sing, like to run, bike, read and write. When I'm here I like to chat or role-play, with someone that has a mind and uses it."  
Finewithme: "I like people with imagination. People with well-crafted literate profiles. Guys that think with the big head."  
Parity: "What kinda guys do you not like?"  
Finewithme: "Guys that hit on me. People who have a problem with my sexuality and tell me. Rednecks and racists and ignorant fools. People with no profile, and those that say 'How are you?' other than close friends that care. They don't give a shit."  
Parity: "I love you 2. How are you?"  
Finewithme: "Yeah right, you let me talk 2 much."  
Parity: "Physical contact is a bit hard through the cables."  
Finewithme: "That's what I miss."  
Parity: "So you are what you are and how you are, and it seems that you are happy with yourself."  
Finewithme: "Yeah and I'm here to laugh chat learn play think dream feel be share and grow. Are you?"  
Parity: "No."  
Finewithme: "Huh."  
Parity: "Laffs."  
Parity: "I am here to make others grow and play and dream and feel and laugh."

Parity: "I don't give a fuck about having fun myself."  
Finewithme: "Why not?"  
Parity: "Fun is like a feel-burger. You eat it and gain emotional weight."  
Parity: "I prefer to lose weight, to get rid of the mass of illusions."  
Finewithme: "Geees. I can't beat you."  
Parity: "I prefer to use my mind for reaching higher knowledge and spiritual advancement."  
Parity: "All those fools that think that net.love and net.sex and net.friendship and net.pain and the like make evolution go upwards, well, they have completely lost touch with reality."  
Finewithme: "How so?"  
Parity: "Simply because all that net-stuff keeps them still in space of illusional growth."  
Finewithme: "What do you mean?"  
Parity: "Whilst cyber enjoying and fantasizing and masturbating behind a computer screen, they fool themselves, and the others. Therefore they are lying. Lies equals untruth. Untruth equals illusion. Illusion equals dumbshit."  
SYSTEM: "Finewithme logged off."  
SYSTEM: "Marvally logged off."  
Parity: "Fuck, yeah nice meeting you too and see ya never again bitch."  
Parity: ".letters?"  
SYSTEM: "1) Tiffy > Hello I saw you on the net and maybe we could meet on day."  
SYSTEM: "2) Finewithme > Hi, just to tell you that Lover is my lover."  
SYSTEM: "Total 2."  
SYSTEM: "Greenpics enters bedroom."  
Parity: ".sendmail Tiffy I will be Gorgyboy, just for you."  
Parity: ".sendmail Tiffy so that means that I'll be no longer Parity."  
Greenpics: "Well, it seems that miss heaven gave up."  
Parity: ".sendmail Finewithme hello goddess, why did you suddenly leave? "  
Greenpics: "You came up a bit too strong, in a way."  
Parity: "She was not my type anyway. See ya later Green."  
Parity: ".quit"  
SYSTEM: "Parity leaves bedroom."  
SYSTEM: "Parity logged off."  
SYSTEM: "Thank you for visiting NetLuvChat."

No comment. No more. Now, let me see how I can get to Lisa bitch. Perhaps I do have true feelings for her. If I pretend, perhaps one day it will be real. The real world will always be the ultimate play of cyber gamers who lose their joystick on the web and find another IRL. She is no longer my destiny.

So what does my thesis say on page so and so? "Always fully acknowledge by simply copying what has been communicated to you and retransmitting it with slightly different words. That is the way to open the mind of the receiver wide enough to pour in emotional stimulation of any kind." This is also referred to as 'e-cho'.

Hello Lisa,

I know that you are very very attractive, and many men would desire you a lot. But understand me well, beloved Lisa, I am not a man who just goes for the body. I just cannot have any desires when I do not love. That's the way it works with me. After I sent you the picture, I felt ashamed, because I was afraid that you might disapprove such thing, as it might give the impression that I am only trying to seduce you. But you know, I have never before

sent anyone such picture. I don't give myself intimately to anyone. But you. You have a very magical effect on me. I don't understand what's happening. But it feels so special what we have together. When we meet IRL, it may very well be a whole new experience. So much that we may need to get used to our IRL presence. During that time, of course, we will be a bit nervous perhaps, because the feelings and desires that we have right now may be facing realization in one or another way. It is not our principal goal to jump into bed the first minute after we leave the airport exit. If it develops that way, I will not pretend to be a piece of stone either.

I keep on insisting on early physical contact, to make it all more real. We just cannot go on with the way of the mind only. We are human beings made of flesh. So why not taking advantage of that characteristic? Why only following the road of e-love? Why fooling the real being with fantasized substitutions?

The tenderness that I have been feeling for you up to now is now being blended with hot passion and deep longing. I just can't grasp how that is possible, as we are thousands of miles apart, never touched each other, not even heard each others voice. Our souls truly melt together. But we know that it may be just another illusion.

I will understand if you would go with another one, because it is very hard to burn the fire in yourself like that. I cannot forbid you anything. I want you to know that I will not go with any other. No matter how much fire I have in me. My fire is only for you. Let us meet IRL soon. Even though just for a few days if not otherwise possible.

Now I go online again just to see if you are there. And then I go to dreamland. Oh Lisa, in my dreams I hold your naked body against my naked body, softly caressing your silken skin, kissing down your tummy.

Love you so much,

Parity

The antivirus tool kills the last trojan from the chat. The statusbar is quiet again. If windows would have curtains, the operating environment would be nicer. The screensaver shows a random landscape where I never will be at home.

My beloved has gone across the ocean, my head stops thinking, my feet remain cold and desires become undefined in their endless footsteps left in the mud of cyber frustration.

Time and space tease us with walls of inhibition, never bring it to my kiss. Forgetting about cold logic and file transfers, I find your warmly sweet between your virtual thighs, following the beauty magic from your lovely bitmap I hear how your MP3 breathing sighs. Our desire we cannot hide from the longing passion. We'll turn completely mad, the moment the processor has to give up its place to a real heart.

## FRUSTRO

To me, the most boring net.session is where a man and a woman in cyber life are separated by thousands of miles but pretending to be closest even physically. It seems one of the ultimate non-truths, also referred to as net.sex or cybersex. It is nothing but a translation from keystrokes to masturbation. And vice versa.

I wish it could eventually excite me, as it would feel real at least. Am I just an observer in the land of will-never-be? Have I not become my own study object? Obviously it is Lisa studying me. She investigates every byte on the web. Her 'love' goes a long WAN. I wonder when she will discover that I downloaded my profile pics from an Australian spa site.

Dearest Parity,

Send me another picture of yourself totally, if you are not so embarrassed by it. I would love it. I have to talk to a girlfriend of mine to see if I can send you a picture of myself naked so that you can enjoy my body in dreamland as I am sure I am going to enjoy your body in dreamland as well. I am going to enjoy it while I fantasize about it while just in my room. Oh please, send me a clearer picture. I will send you a nice picture or two of myself as soon as I can. I love you, Parity. You definitely are so very sexy. I can just think of the things I would do to you. You'd like it. Especially in the bathtub.

Oh Parity, if you could have seen it. I printed your pictures out. I brought them to the room where I could be by myself and who cares if my parents got home. I just played with myself until I climaxed three times. I just imagined you the way you were sitting at the desk. I would then come up from under the desk and take it in my mouth, stroking it up and down with my tongue. I could just taste you. I'm just wet again thinking about it. I kept playing with myself imagining it was you licking me there, while I was sucking your manhood. I would lick yours all the way. I feel like I'm going to orgasm just thinking about it and writing it. This is definitely a hot steamy chapter in our book. I can imagine myself climbing up on top while you sit there and guide your hard wild thing inside me. If you could imagine hot wet and hot I am for you, multiply that by 10. I'm so very horny for you, Parity. I can just cum over and over and over again while stroking my wetness up and down you. I can feel you sucking my breasts and gently biting down on them. Oh my, I have to get something from the pink store that fits your size and shape when I come home from school tomorrow. I have to feel you inside me. I need to feel you inside me now. There is no turning back.

This e-mail is taking a little longer because I am stroking myself just looking at the picture with one hand and typing with the other. I have half hour till my parents get home. I'm going to use that time to just cum with your pictures. I have to go now, lover.

I would love for you to come to New York to see me, but I don't know if it's the right thing to do at this point. Who is to say that you won't just come here and get what you want to then move on after. That's been my experience here. See, when I was with my ex-boyfriend 6 months ago, he was my first. We dated for about 3 months before I consented to sex. He was warm and gentle. He didn't push the issue. But the very second he got it, things changed. He was more aggressive to me, he just stopped calling after two weeks of having sex with me. I felt so used.

How do I know if you will come here, have sex and just say 'fuck it, I got what I want with her' and just stop writing. I know there are no guarantees, but I feel it's a little soon right now. Maybe I'll feel different in a couple of weeks. Besides, I have a Halloween party to go to this weekend with my parents. Everyone we know and more people we don't know are to be there. It's in Upstate New York. If I don't show up, I'm in deep shit. I hope you understand my hesitation and you don't think of me as a scared little girl. I am a woman who is to protect herself. Do you understand?

I love everything about us right now, but as far as coming over for one weekend, that's a little much to ask for right now. I also don't think you will like the way I make love. I am not experienced when it comes down to what you know. How do I know what will actually please you compared to the ideas I have?

Enough of that. I'm getting a little too excited. I understand how you would feel about me using the dildo and keeping it tight. It's very tight still since I only had it five times with my ex-boyfriend. See, these are the things I know I want to do and more that I am not explaining, but I don't think the time is right now to do it. I'm just going to use a small dildo so that it can stay tight for you, because right now my fingers don't go deep enough. I know it sounds slutty, but I can't help it. I will keep it tight for you, Parity. I want you to take me and love me all night long. I want to feel you inside me, thrusting deeper and deeper with each stroke. I sleep naked at night (of course I lock my door) just wanting you to touch me.

But, what a woman wants and what she feels comfortable revealing physically are two different things. Time is the essence here. We have it. I hope you are not disappointed with me. Maybe I will just ask you to come down before Christmas when I finally think it's time. My passions are out of control and I am afraid of being hurt. Understand? I hope so. I'm going to check the chat box for mail and then go to early lab this morning.

Love,

Lisa.

If it were not in the name of research, I would feel strangled by all those emails, as though I am to become someone's possession, like a birdie in a cage. And I haven't even flown yet. My wings want to fly me to vaster regions of reality. But for now it is a flat screen. Quite a journey for a study paper perhaps.

I think Lisa inflates the sex issue beyond any dimension. What is sex but just shoveling some intimate parts together and have some tingling sensation in the body? Why must people elevate sex to the level of religion or beyond? Sex is just pleasure with the body and the mind and that is all. Why do people associate sex with something that should bind them forever? What has sheer pleasure to do with life changing decisions? I fucking don't understand and I even refuse to do so.

She talks about love as though she knows all about the true meaning of love. Her feelings have nothing to do with true love, only with some physical desires of some sort. To me, love is not what you feel. Love is what you do. People say 'I love you', but in fact they say 'I enjoy my feeling'. You know, if a baker gives a loaf to a poor guy for free, then truly that is love. The baker does not have to feel anything inside. It is the act that counts. But a baker who feels so warm inside when seeing a poor chap, yet walking by without doing anything, I am sorry, but that is not love!



What is cyber love other than just exchanging some character strings and a couple of mega-pixels? We can have our eyes onto those, but not our skin. If a cyber friend needs a shoulder, all you could give is a smiley. But there is nothing where the head could lean upon. There is no kiss that takes away tears. There is no ear to hear your crying and laughter. Just a mouse click on an icon-list of predefined feelings. And so, cyber lovers live a template driven life together, not realizing the firewall in between them, not even knowing what person the other truly is.

Why the hell is Lisa never on the chat? She only sends emails for heaven sake. She must have another nickname on the chat I am darn sure. I check her IP addresses and they are also pointing to a certain Marvelly. I am not idiot.

The hard-drive turns around all those love bytes without the slightest sign of impatience. Whoever invented a server must have had a sick mind and an organized disc.

My study game continues. I am too much involved now to stop. Now I want to analyze more levels of reality. There is no way back. I must know the end. And I must get my degree. So I spice up my data load with an additional reality factor. It will definitely raise affinity, which is my next assignment.

I open my e-mail account.

Hello dearest Lisa,

Thank you so much for your wonderful and honest words. I totally understand what has happened to you with your first experience. I am glad that you told me. Although I am not at all glad that such nasty thing happened to you. It happened to me as well in the past. Which made me become not at all an easy man. The past years I have been keeping women away from me. But understand me well, that is not the reason why I let you drive me to the skyline.

Too often it happens that people have strong desires, and once they have what they have been desiring for, they don't give a damn anymore about the other person. You know, when I am looking around, at my colleagues for example, nearly all of them being married, they do not treat their wives like loved ones the first or second day anymore but rather like housewives, simply because there is nothing anymore to fight for, to hope for, to grow to, to change with. The word 'settled' means everything for nothing.

What I am missing in your messages is about the day to day life we would be having as a lasting couple. I wrote you some about the things that I could offer in exchange for something you could offer. I want a living relationship for life. But let's be practical, there is more than emotion under the roof. Living together implies a lot of things that come back each day. For example shopping, cooking & eating, cleaning, decorating, music, smell, TV and pC, gardening, well, the whole 100 yards. You might dismiss this as trivial or not relevant to the marriage, but I can assure you that if there are too many incompatibilities with these day to day things, then the day will never be over to trade places with a peaceful night. You know, a relationship is give and take. Love is doing something useful for each other, rather than having emotional feelings about each other or oneself. You don't tell me anything how you would love to see the days go by. Naked bodies and sex is not the platform onto which a working relationship is to be built. So I am somewhat disappointed about the topics you are highlighting.

Time is so precious to us, that we would do about everything to cherish this. So let us not be rude to our love, as it is very vulnerable, carefully built-up by our deep feelings and voluntary deeds. I must sincerely apologize, sweet Lisa, that I was a bit pushy by proposing my trip to New York so soon. We went a bit too fast, perhaps a bit too strong. Although far from unpleasant. I agree with you that we should wait and not hasten. Honestly, all I really intended with you, if we would meet in New York the next day, is just to hold you close, not even naked. I want to share all our tenderness, perhaps even crying our tears. I want us to exchange our thoughts and get comfortable by each others presence, rather than jumping in bed with you and just having sex while closing our eyes to our souls.

We, together, we are a couple like there may be only a very few on this planet. We are conscious of this. I may have a greater number of years on my past calendar, but that does not necessarily imply that I therefore would be an authority in sex. Understand me well, I am not a fanatic, neither am I a gigolo or a pervert. Not at all. I am not saying that I am impotent. There are not many men who can make love for hours at a row, so you may end up fainting. But you know, I am not a cold sex-machine. In fact, as I clearly told you before, I just cannot have sex if I do not have feelings. And this brings me now to the subject of experience again. I have had few women in bed. But you will always be my first.

You asked once 'How do you know what will actually please me compared to the ideas that you have?' This question I could ask as well to you. We will only know when we have been physically naked together for maybe many years. We will never know in advance, no matter how hard we try to imagine. It can very well be that simply one particular way will be our favorite. Anything is possible. When I press my naked longing body against your naked sensual body, it is also that I truly wish to melt together with you into higher levels.

Yours,

Parity.

I am getting tired of e-mailing. It is an endless struggle to convert virtuality into reality, and vice versa. It is so silly to just typewrite, pushing buttons, such a waste of time. Perhaps I better go to the neighbor, ring at her door, and make love with her on the stairs. That would be real.

Time minus 7, so that makes 11: 17 pm in the US. Sigh, got to go to work soon. I will definitely fall asleep during the business meeting. The light of dawn gently wipes out the blurry stars. Another day. Another world. Wake up Europe, USA is going to bed, and I have a seven hour flight to Saudi Arabia ahead.

In the plane I feel how tired I am of having to explain in great detail every inch of every feeling and action addressed to Lisa. That's what I call 'meta love'. I am reading now over my thesis, and halfway the document I fall in a deep sleep at 33,000 feet altitude.

Oh dream, in my arms I hold your smile that drifts away for a while in a breeze of tender kissing. In your arms you touch my eye that sees your love so nearby, never want you to be missing this rainbow of future years. Clouds will be not ever more, and in the soil of our shore we plant our loving seed. My skin is lonesome, and all the silk of your time during a sleep that you give me cannot keep me from the cold of virtual caressing on the electronic skyway.

PSYCHO

Dear Parity,

I picked this one to be the first photo you receive like this. It may be the last. I'm so embarrassed. I hope you don't mind my playful attitude in it. It was just that Sheila was making me laugh about the whole thing to relax me. It was taken in her house, but she cut out her dog which was by my feet licking my leg. Weird dog. I think I would have kept it in there, but she didn't feel comfortable with it. I really hope you like it. It is not poor quality as I thought it would be. I took it straight home on disc after I deleted it from her friend's computer. I stop writing now and hope you like it. Kiss to my sweet lover.

I hope you know that I have never done anything like this before. I am so nervous. Promise me that whatever happens that you won't ever show it to anyone. And what you wrote about daily life, don't worry, it will all go as smoothly as our love making.

Love and kisses,

Lisa.

So, that is all? She completely ignores the subject of living together each day. Now such a dumb pic? A dog licking her leg. And I am supposed to kiss her IRL on that same spot? No thanks! Lisa is definitely not my candidate. She is way too childish about adult matters. She tries to play the big woman, but it seems she is just a preteen on an adult chat site.

Let me logon now, for the sake of my studies. Again I will pretend to be a psych or shrink, just using that as a means to easily talk to anyone there on the chat channel. After all, I am studying for that, and they are allowed to know my virtual reality. What the heck. But as a person, it is safer to sit behind the screen without being touched.

I don't think love can hurt. Love is not constructed that way. Hate is. What can hurt is what people think about love. Love is something that one cannot have. Love is something to be channeled, to be accomplished. It has nothing to do with sexual desires. It has a much higher meaning. And it is free for all. Only few people understand the true meaning of love. But in our society, love and sex are interconnected. The porn industry underlines this, although in quite a dirty manner.

Come on, little computer, let's see what your chips can do for me today. I won't dress the mouse with a condom, though. That would be a bit too real, eh? Alright. Logging in now under another name. Why is the net so slow? Or do my thoughts move that fast?

SYSTEM: "Shrinky logged on."

Shrinky: "Hey there, I see lots of folks around on the signed-on users list, and as an IRL psychologist I am interested who you are, as I am doing research about cyber reality stuff!"

SYSTEM: "Beauty logged off."

SYSTEM: "Tiffany logged off."

SYSTEM: "Goodie logged off."

Shrinky: "Starting with Missing, who are you?"

SYSTEM: "Goliath logged off."

Missing: "Am I here? Or am I missing? Is this me? Or am I someone else? Could this be really happening? Are you my friend? Or are you just pretending? Is this You? Or is this me?"

Wonders what happened. Where did the smile go? Where did all the happiness go?"

SYSTEM: "Rambow logged off."

SYSTEM: "Arnold logged off."

Shrinky: "Hmm, all fakers left. Thank you, Missing, it is most touching. Remember not to throw happiness away from the real world into the cyber world."

Mally: "Hehe, it might be eaten up by the web."

Missing: "Yeah."

SYSTEM: "Tamara logged off."

SYSTEM: "Davy logged on."

Davy: "Hello!!"

Geillis: "Hi."

SYSTEM: "Boy logged off."

SYSTEM: "Zeala logged off."

Mally: "Hi Dave."

Shrinky: "And you, Jacky, tell me something about yourself?"

Macy: "Hi Davy."

Jacky: "I am into electronic music that fuses memories of folk and ceremonial: African diaspora, Asian classical, rituals of the Pacific, all whirling in a primordial soup of barely understood vibe. Oh yeah, I am 27 y/o ethnic mix of Asian/Caucasian green-eyed female who loves raves and one-offs. Keeps 2 1200's and beginning on vinyl. Got something to teach me? If you know what I'm ranting about, say so!"

Shrinky: "Hi Geillis?"

SYSTEM: "Jacky logged off."

SYSTEM: "Missing logged off."

Geillis: "Please don't ask me where I am from I doubt if I tell you anyway."

Shrinky: "And Mally?"

SYSTEM: "Zerath logged on."

Mally: "I was Sultan's dancing harem girl. Graduation leaves me not quite as busy as I once was still female, still 30, still masochistic, still not terribly submissive. I do enjoy discussing r experiences, fantasies can be wonderful topics, too. If you live in or around Phoenix, and would like info on the local BDSM organization. I'll hook you up. So to speak."

Shrinky: "What is BDSM?"

Mally: "Bondage Dominant Sado Masochism."

Shrinky: "So people tie each other to the wall or so and beat each other with broomsticks?"

SYSTEM: "Cheata logged on."

Mally: "Grinzzz."

Mally: "Yes, in a way, but not so rude, just to excite and trusting one another."

Shrinky: "Hmm, impressive, according to my shrink manual! And how about Macy?"

Macy: "I am in need of a vacation. If I were to send you flowers, where would I. No let me rephrase that. If I let you suck my tongue, would you be grateful?"

Shrinky: "Well, it depends whether you have a condom over your tongue. I guess."

Mally: "Hi Cheata."

What shall I do? Continue playing the shrink? Or just telling them to shut up about themselves and asking them why they do not ask me who I am? Or why I over eat and why I have no pleasure in masturbating myself and how I have been cheated and robbed by women and how long I have not even kissed a girl?

I feel like shit. The more I net.talk with people, the worse I feel, because the more I feel forced to stay lonesome in the night and alone in the day, separated from the real me and

from the one I deeply love but never met, not even in the virtual world. I seem ripped apart from my own longing sometimes. And so I wake up like a researcher who does nothing but work.

I too need arms around me. I too need a chest to lean against. I too need to feel a hand through my hair. Where are you, my reality?

SYSTEM: "Litemyfire logged on."

Cheata: "Hi Mally, hi Lite."

Wiggles: "I am a little swimmer. Sort of small red headed/green eyed girl who is very young and looks even younger. I enjoy many things, one of my fav things is to change into my little swim suit and swim! I play soccer too. Also I am very ticklish and shy RL! I don't have to worry about the ticklish part but please be gentle and don't be gross! This little one tends to get shy and blushing easy."

Shrinky: "The screen won't turn red anyway. I am sure there are loads of gentle men queuing up for you."

Davy: "I'm in the USA. Finished undergraduate stuff finally! Hugs and jelly beans for those who know me. Bi, male, switch more submissive though, mischievous, caring and playful into leather, satin, silk and latex."

Shrinky: "Hmm, and on the inside?"

Davy: "Totem animal: mongoose (think rikitikiti). Often quiet. Capable of creative and interesting conversation when provoked. Enjoy life. Time passes. Make sure you make your choices. For the record: I'm never mischievous or playful. Honest. \*snort\*."

Lyssa: "More trouble than she's worth. Okay - before you waste your time, I don't fool around with just anyone. Actually - not many people at all. Actually, very few."

Shrinky: "Well, thank you Lyssa for having yourself fooled by a cyber shrink. I guess. Slutty is the other way around."

Slutty: "I'm looking for it. Thanks for checking me out. I'm looking for good fun role-play If you have a good scene to play let me know If I like it we can have fun. I like them interesting."

Litemyfire: "I suppose this is a public meeting to figure out who is who."

Shrinky: "That's right Lighty."

Litemyfire: "Well, if it's my turn now, I am a 50 year old Dominant loving bondage, water sports, humiliation, spankings, enemas, dildos, butt plugs, private torment, nipple clamps, clothes pins."

Shrinky: "That really sounds like quite a toolkit."

Shrinky: "Isn't that a bit artificial?"

Litemyfire: "I can snuggle and cuddle with the best of them. Being older (and hopefully wiser) I know that sometimes just being held is the best medicine."

Cheata: "My description works better on a t-shirt. Anyway, I'm a 21 year old lesbian that likes to have fun. I have long brown hair and blue eyes. 36C-27-33. I'm about 5'9."

Shrinky: "And how about your inner being?"

Cheata: "I'm usually pretty shy at first. Oh, and when I'm on here I'm usually horny, just so you know."

Litemyfire: "Hey Cheata lets take a private chat room."

Shrinky: "Hello Farmer. I guess you are?"

Cheata: "Maybe later, hon."

Farmer: "I provide kinky barnyard fun. Married, Male, Middle aged, Spontaneous, Adventurous, Equally stimulating just talking or role playing. Will discuss anything, will role play only the most taboo, perverse and kinky. Only those who know how to stretch the imagination need bother me. No games, no posers, no bullshit, no rudeness tolerated. For an intense, wild, nasty, kinky and mostly perverse but satisfying adventure contact your local farmer."

Davy: "I put my hand onto the mouse. It feels sexy, like I am massaging ing the mound of my lover, caressing the mouse-wheel clit with my fingertip."

SYSTEM: "Will logged on."

Shrinky: "That sounds great. Perhaps Abbie might be interested in you."

Abbie: "I kiss the rain. I'm 21 (almost 22), bi, intelligent, beautiful, caring, sensual, strong, and so much more. If I'm online I am probably not looking for cheap thrills but rather great connections with interesting people. I also tend to enjoy the company of women more than that of men but will make exceptions. I hate writing these things so if you want to know more, feel free to ask, and I may just answer you."

Shrinky: "You are right, I am the exception."

Davy: "Boohoo."

SYSTEM: "Xon logged on."

Abbie: "Fuck you."

Davy: "Me?"

Xon: "Huh?"

SYSTEM: "Boshag logged on."

Litemyfire: "Either way let me know. I am always interested in finding out what other people like to do."

Shrinky: "Me? I have only male parts, lacking the female ones. So logically I can't fuck myself."

Abbie: "Get lost."

Boshag: "Oh thank you, just came in man."

SYSTEM: "Litemyfire logged off."

Abbie: "I wasn't talking to you ass."

Xon: "Huh?"

Shrinky: "Hey guys, keep the stuff clean huh."

SYSTEM: "Farmer logged off."

SYSTEM: "Abbie logged off."

Shrinky: "That's why I am here."

Boshag: "Hey folks, wanna know who I am, eh?"

Shrinky: "Who's next? Come on?"

Latino: "No hablo inglese."

Boshag: "Ich spreche kein Deutsch."

SYSTEM: "Cheata logged off."

Davy: "I speak blah-blah."

Latino: "Todas las cosas, por un poder inmortal, cerca o lejos, ocultamente estanunidas entre si de tal modo que, no puedes agitar una flor, sin trastornar una estrella."

Shrinky: "This sounds really heartbreaking. I hope you will find the love of your dreams. But I do need some translation."

Rondi: "He is so cute. I had once net.sex with him and I could not understand what he was trying to say or do. But a few French words helped us going."

Shrinky: "Ah, Latino, vous parlez Francais? "

Latino: "Ouais, un petit peu, de temps en temps, en faisant amour avec quelqu'une."

Davy: "Soixante-neuf."

Shrinky: "Nonante-six. I guess that Asians say aaahh 96 and Europeans say ooohh 69."

Latino: "Ehh?"

Boshag: "Uuhh."

SYSTEM: "Cashnik logged on."

Cashnik: "Hi! Anything going on here? Uuuhh?"

Davy: "I bet."

Shrinky: "Hi Cashny. Yeah, I am interviewing you right here. Welcome."

Rondi: "I am a dominant female who seeks the company of other dominants. If you are submissive, I prefer that you be switch! A thrill seeker by nature, not just in a sexual sense, I

find it to be quite challenging to collar another dominant! I am tall, exotic, educated, mischievous and calculating! I am also friendly, sometimes a smart-ass, and always up for a good chat! Anything else, just ask."

Cashnik: "I will."

Shrinky: "I will."

Boshag: "I will for sure."

Shrinky: "I won't."

Davy: "Me too. No. Yes."

Will: "I saw the red lights in Amsterdam."

Davy: "I will, I mean"

Rondi: "Traffic lights?"

Will: "Yeah, kinda traffic."

Shrinky: "Oh yes. Will will."

SYSTEM: "Rondi logged off."

SYSTEM: "Cartomb logged on."

SYSTEM Latino logged off."

Cartomb: "Hello all."

Xon: "Hi Car."

Shrinky: "Hello Carry."

Will: "6'1, 195 or so lbs, 25 on May 19, bi, and receiving my master's in human sexuality education from NYU. Will be working full-time, pending some grant money, at the Bisexuality Information and Counseling Services here in Manhattan. Love to read, write, cuddle, watch TV some, internet, blade, dance, talk, discuss politics, discuss sexuality, and lots of other stuff. Get to know me and you'll soon figure out my number one. Sexual proclivity soon enough."

Boshag: "Danger, I tickle back! Shall we flip to see who wares the restraints. Or did you just want to talk about really intimate stuff with someone just as neurotic as you."

Shrinky: "Anything that you find important."

Boshag: "Oh fine. Be like that: P. Just remember, too much is always better than not enough. Half Allen, half Stern, half Grant."

Shrinky: "Three halves makes one-point-five."

Boshag: "Oh the Grant part is wishful thinking. And next time you examine me. Warm up your hands first."

Xon: "Hey Shrinky kinky asshole, may I?"

Cashnik: "May she?"

Shrinky: "Of course, please do. Er-hm, may what?"

Xon: "Look dumbo, I am aged and wise, looking to show you the ways of eroticism in any form. Ask me, and I will share and help you to find what you desire."

Shrinky: "Yeah, good idea."

Xon: "Hey Shrinky, I am a male, got that?!"

Shrinky: "Yea, but you behave like a female."

Xon: "And you are frustrated."

Shrinky: "Like what?"

Cartomb: "Laffffs."

Cashnik: "That's cool man."

Boshag: "Hehe. We're all frustrates here."

Shrinky: "Gosh, who is Cartomb?"

SYSTEM: "Rondi logged on."

Cashnik: "Hi Rondi, good to see ya again."

Rondi: "Hi sweet."

Cartomb: "I am a 26 year old graduate student attending a SE University. One more year and I am Dr. Cartomb!! yahoo! Anyways, 6'4", 215 lbs., blonde hair, green eyes, athletic build. Glasses that makes me look kinda brainy but don't let it fool ya! Luvs sports (go heels) and talking on da net. Tell me for more."

Shrinky: "Well doctor Cartomb, for sure you seem not eligible for a PhD in spelling."

Cartomb: "Huh."

SYSTEM: "State logged on."

Shrinky: "I guess Cashnik has something less to lie about, eh?"

State: "Hello all."

Cashnik: "I'm Cashnick, a very cool guy. I'm 22, and I'm student somewhere, in the Earth, in this universe. What do I look like? Well, here are my stats for you: 5'6", 135 lb very well distributed, green eyes, black hair, white skin, short beard and short mustache."

Rondi: "Hi State."

Shrinky: "Okay, Cashnik, so what do you do?"

Cashnik: "Hello State."

Cashnik: "Some things. Water and snow sports, swim, sing, play guitar,listen music,long walks, ride my bike, go out with my friends, go to club,meet nice people, and surf by the net."

Shrinky: "Hi State."

Shrinky: "Is there anything you dislike, Cashnik?"

Cashnik: "Hypocrisy, harassment, bothersome people, liars, lag, dishonesty, neglectfulness, and people who play with other's feelings such as shrinks always do."

Shrinky: "You seem like a good person."

Cashnik: "That's up to me to decide."

Shrinky: "Oh yeah? I didn't know you are a psych."

Cashnik: "Psychs are frustrated and need all go in therapy."

Shrinky: "I will call you."

Cartomb: "Its the ability to be silly at times and enjoy the day to day experience of life.

Perhaps I am one who is still honest, monogamous, and openly affectionate."

Shrinky: "Are you looking for a partner?"

Cartomb: "I'm not exactly looking for a mail order bride. But close."

SYSTEM: "Cashnik logged off."

State: "The world is like a ride in an amusement park. The ride goes up and down and round and round and. It has thrills and chills and is very brightly colored it's very loud and fun, for a while. Some people who have been on the ride for a long time begin to question, is this real, or just a ride?"

Shrinky: "Is it real to you?"

State: "They tell the other people 'not to worry or to be afraid, and that this is just a dream."

Shrinky: "Hello Magisto, reveal something about yourself?"

Magisto: "I am here thast enuff. I like tight bondage, be sucked vacuum, strict control and also setting up RL scenarios. Of an older semester, 41, broad shoulders, deep voice, hates pushy and impolite persons. So watch it pal."

Shrinky: "In the cyber world the rules are different."

Magisto: "As though you make the rules."

SYSTEM: "Abbie logged on."

Abbie: "Geees. Still bullshittn?"

Shrinky: Just just one person doesn't necessarily make rules. Rules make the persons."

Magisto: "Look Shrinky, I've got no time to waste about law and crap."

Shrinky: "Thank you all, dear cyberians. I better go now."

Abbie: "You are a real bastard. Worse than IRL shrinks."

SYSTEM: "Mally logged off."

Zerath: "When one hope dies, another is born from the ashes, but if all hope dies, can memories of it make it live again? Or must fire be put to it to create a phoenix, or could it be poured into a mold and left for millennia to harden? Or does hope just blow away, emptying the soul, leaving you sunken eyed, without a heart?"

Shrinky: "Can hope be reborn, or does it just fade?"

Shrinky: ".quit"

SYSTEM: "Abbie logged off."



SYSTEM: "Wiggles logged off."

SYSTEM: "Davy logged off."

SYSTEM: "Shrinky logged off."

SYSTEM: "Thank you for using XChat International. Till next time."

At least this was a neat way to figure out whom I could have some fun with. Why are all those people so focused on their own being and needs? To me they seem so egoistic. None of them, including myself, says 'I want you to feel happy'. None of them says 'I am here for you'. And on top of it, many cyber people just lie, pretending they are someone whom they are not in reality. And they all seem superman or superwoman, with qualities that even angels would dream of. Their nicknames, however, reveal more reality about themselves than they are conscious of.

Is the cyber world so cold? Colder than dreams, if at least the dreams are yours. After net.chat sessions I tend to dream about those unreal contacts. Dreaming about unreal dreams. A Moebius ring of fooling my own emotions. Where is this hug, my dear loving computer? Where is this kiss, my wonderful internet provider? Where is this friendship, my patient search engine that never finds my soulmate for me, no matter what meta data I carry in my header.

I am halfway the data gathering for my thesis. Chatting for dating purposes has become a science. With sheer intellect it is easy to fool anyone on the net.

Approaching midnight, I sometimes have to fight not to have my body search you, as next day there is the pain of having called for warmth in vain. It is not just for pleasure to open a loving treasure whenever we are close together. But for ever I'll long for you and I hardly can pass through the pain in my heart and physical by staying within the mystical of having missed a passion come true.

## IDENTS

Wandering through the skyline of my compendium I meet with landscapes of all kinds. Human beings, the blossoms of creation. Souls, the fragrances of the dating flowers. In a timeless solidification of thoughts into words, our feelings flow across the messenger lines.

A strange world, so well known, yet so little understood. How can the unreal be understood unless it is real? It can hardly be grasped with the hands of my mind, let alone be touched by the fingertips of my desires.

Too often I have been longing for longing, desiring desire, loving love. Too little I have been screaming loud enough about give and take.

What must I do to make the web a better place? Do we not owe it to the social network community to go to the edge in order to know who we really are? Why are social networks used as virtual relationship hotels, where anyone can rent a chat-room and make cyber love during office hours or the time that the husband or wife is asleep? Because we can.

And now again I allow myself being pulled through the e-mail stream like a lost canoe in a wild river of downloads. Lisa has something to say. I open the mailbox.

Dearest Parity,

Something happened when I went to the Halloween party. I went with my parents and my best friend Sheila. We waited until my parents left and then started drinking. At the party was this guy I told you about that was flirting with me. He is a really good looking guy with a very athletic build. I kept away from him at the party for the most part. I was dressed as a witch. Anyway, what happened was that after I started drinking I got a little dizzy, so Sheila brought me up to a room in the place. It was one of her family member's house. So we sat there and continued to drink a bit and the conversation was about you and how I took that picture. Sheila started telling me that she thought I had a great shape and that she admired the way my body looked and all. Sheila is a very very good looking girl and has a body better than mine. So then we kept on talking about you and I told her how horny I was feeling since we spoke. I told her about the dildo and everything.

She then took one out of her bag. I was a little surprised she did that. She asked me if I wanted to show her what I meant about the teddy bear. I told her I didn't feel comfortable with it. Then she tells me that she was feeling really horny thinking about what you and I have and the picture she took of me and all. She started playing with the dildo in front of me while I was sitting back on the bed. Then she started to lay back next to me and inch up my skirt. I don't know why I didn't stop her. I just was thinking of the way I get so incredibly horny while thinking of you. I think the alcohol really got to me. She started to feel between my legs and played with it outside my panties. I was so hot, Parity. She pulled my panties down and I just couldn't stop her. She started playing with me and I just closed my eyes.

At that point I thought I heard the door open, but it took me a while to respond. I just was taken by what she was doing. I looked to the door and I just didn't see anyone, my vision was very blurred. I felt her sliding the toy inside me. It hurt a little at first, but then it was just pleasing me so much because she was licking me at the same time. I was laid back completely on the bed while this was going on. Then I felt her pulling my top down and then she was

touching my breast and pinching the nipples. All of this was just too much for me to handle. I felt the dildo back inside me, but something felt different this time. I felt her hand was also not what it felt like before that. I looked up and found that the guy at the party that was flirting with me before was inside me. That's the horrible part. I just didn't stop him. I let him keep taking me. Then that's when Sheila started sucking my nipple and obscuring my vision so I would not see what was going on. She sat over my face a bit and I started to lick her. I never knew I had that kind of tendency in me. I felt something else strange. The room was a little dark. It was a second guy pumping Sheila from behind and I was actually licking his thing. Sheila moved a little out of the way so the guy could stick his plug in my mouth.

I was totally seduced. One was taking me inside and the other was in my mouth and I just couldn't stop myself. It was the most intense pleasure I was feeling. Sheila was feeling me up and telling me it was alright. I couldn't stop it. I am so sorry. I did things that I never thought I would ever do in my life. There was a third person in the room which was Sheila's brother. We all did it. I lost track of time. I woke up this morning with an incredible headache and my body was so worn. I just looked around the bed and looked at the three guys laying with me and Sheila.

All I could think about there was you and how I betrayed you. I am so sorry. I don't deserve you at all. I am so very pissed off at Sheila right now that I don't know if I will ever speak to her again. I can't let my parents know this at all. It will just kill them and my dad will want to kill them. My dad doesn't like black people too much. Sheila and her brother are black and so is the second guy. The guy that liked me was white. Oh shit, Parity. What have I done? I just can't even think to login anymore on the chat box because I know you will definitely want to keep in touch with me and much less love me.

I know it would not have happened if I wasn't drinking so much. I know I will never get drunk like that ever again and if I do, I will not ever do anything like I did that night. I ask for your forgiveness and I understand if you never wish to speak to me again. I will not fault you whatsoever. I accept my punishment and my exile from your world. I know you will hate me now and I accept that as well. I just thought you should know. I know I will never again do what I did that night. I made myself a solemn oath on that. It's too late to take anything back. But I can promise you that I will never do it again. I wish so much that it was you and me and that no other would ever touch me, but I messed that up. I destroyed your vision of me and your love for me. I destroyed your heart in the process and betrayed your very essence and for that I will never forgive myself. That's all I have to say on the matter now. I had to write this before I slept more because I just don't want you to be hanging on a string. I hope you find someone who is truly worthy of the love you have to offer. I know deep in my heart that I am and never will be that person. What we had together, I will never forget. I will always know that I lost the best thing that ever happened to me, which is you. I love you, my sweet Parity. But, I cannot face you at this time because of my deep shame.

Love,

Lisa.

Et voila. Madame Lisa cheats on me IRL. Now that is quite rude at the personal level. And of course she will do everything to blame it on me. That's how all women are. It is always the guy who is guilty of everything, regardless of whose fault it really is. She is truly guilty of real sex. I am guilty of research, so I have to accept what my guinea pigs are doing. For me it is a game and a study. For them it is a whole emotional experience eaten by their own souls. And mine, dammit.

I don't care anymore. I just chat the hell out of my Benthium motherboard.

Parity: "Where are you from?"

Alban: "I'm 5ft9, green eyes, 29 year old male living in Southern. Like traveling, fencing, wanting to meet people from all over for chat and fun."

Domino: "I will say that I'm male and straight. Huge pet peeve. People that have private conversations in a public room and then want some privacy. Take it to a room and lock the door otherwise the type is fair game."

Parity: "Yeah, I know all about it."

Dragn: "I'm passionate about music. Especially jazz. And reading, of course. I'm totally devoted to the one who smiles when he sees me. I have a dragon tattoo! Now. Tell me about you?"

Parity: "A glimpse of life passes through the always. Full-time going along the space. Part-time awaken, part-time asleep. Stopping by the sometimes. Usually by the rule of exceptions. Without the everything. Until arrival merges with destiny. Where the trip itself is the goal. And the purpose is the means. Of thinking having thoughts. And feeling having feelings. Somewhere in a moment of eternity. That never started always ended. In a world of undefined."

Alban: "You must be a poet."

Domino: "Frowns."

Macy: "Sometimes we have our own private language; We communicate so much, and we say so little. Our hugs speak volumes, and a single word need not be exchanged. There's just that connection."

Pirata: "22 yo male. I like the girls in here always wanna have a good time. Are you ready for me?"

Parity: "I am a male and got IRL cheated by a female named Lisa."

Pirata: "No shit, fuck Lisa, man she is the same as Marvelly fucking bitch. She goddam cyber fucked with me at Halloween."

Parity: "Yah Lisa fucked and got fucked by IRL Sheila mates."

Pirata: "That's what she made up, man. It was on the fuck chat on the dildo channel."

Trysha: "Time comes and time passes and with it go people for their own special reasons. We all try to hold onto those few individuals that touch a special place inside of us, that keeps us coming back for more and more."

Parity: "But all too often we find that circumstances out of our control, and totally unexpected, occur and often times those that are around us are given no choice but to leave the net."

Alban: "Agrees."

Trysha: "And yet, as human beings, it is our nature to persevere and overcome and so most of us do. At least the strong ones."

Parity: "We move on, meet others that become special to us and have good times."

Trysha: "Does anyone think about those that are left behind, about the good times you ever had, the smiles shared, the tears shed? Do those people ever come back to mind in the wee hours of the morning while your trying to sleep and your mind happens to touch upon whatever memories you have of them?"

SYSTEM: "Alban logged off."

Parity: "Just think about them, and remember them. You never know when you'll need those reflections in a time of need."

SYSTEM: "Dragn logged off."

SYSTEM: "Domino logged off."

Trysha: "Yes, I will. Thank you Parity."

Negtiv: "A cross upon her bedroom wall/From grace she will fall. An image burning in her mind. And between her thighs. A dying God-man full of pain. When will you cum again? Before

him beg to serve or please. On your back or knees. There's no forgiveness for her sins. Prefers punishment? Would you suffer externally. Or internally? For her lust. She'll burn in hell."

SYSTEM: "Negtiv logged off."

Willow: "The willow bends and sways thru the fiercest of storms. She exhibits her resolution and strength unscathed. Ever a reminder of tranquility amidst chaos. Quiet serenity encompasses her."

Parity: "It seems that you have gone through quite some experiences."

Willow: "I have been faced with several changes in my life and have known great pleasures and great pain as we all have. I choose to be an open-minded and tolerant person hoping one day all people will come to the realization we are all the same."

Parity: "It seems you came out well."

Willow: "I love a sense of humor and friendly conversation. I am finally content with my life and wish this for all of you."

Biggles: "Hi there! I'm told I have a real impressive package, so I named myself after it. I'm a GWM, 6'2", #180, dark hair, blue eyes, smooth hard body which I keep in real good shape."

Willow: "All men here seem so super. But then why do they need the net if they are so super? After all. Supermen can have it all real."

Parity: "Grinns."

Parity: "Same for superwomen."

Trysha: "Giggles to Biggles."

Biggles: "I just love to talk on a whole variety of topics, from theater and music to sports, from politics to religion. Active in gay rights groups. I have a great bf, who sometimes indulges my weakness for net-sex, but only with special guys. I'm much more likely to be interested in you if you have a real profile too."

Parity: "So what makes a profile real, eh?"

Biggles: "Eh uh."

Trysha: "Think!"

Parity: "Chuckles."

Fric: "I am 22 years old and stand 6' tall. I am currently trying to lose weight and it is proven quite successful I love making and meeting new friends. I am a very sweet guy unless you screw with me the wrong way."

Biggles: "I always screw right."

Trysha: "Never left?"

Steve: "I'm Venezuelan. I'm 6'1", weigh about 167 pounds and have dark brown hair and brown eyes."

SYSTEM: "Karen logged on."

Parity: "I guess it won't matter at all what we look like. Because who is gonna meet IRL? And as we all are not even using our real name, why then should we use our real shape and characteristics? Does the fucking name then reveal so much, huh?"

Trysha: "That makes sense."

Fric: "Agrees."

Fric: "I want only with females. I am submissive in nature so don't ask me to Domme. I enjoy real nasty play."

Trysha: "Parthy, what ya said is true, but we need to mock up some picture for the imagination."

Parity: "Sure, but why do people lie on the net if they can't be seen anyway?"

Fric: "Damn. That's a good one!"

Steve: "He's damn fuckin right."

Karen: "Hi - I'm Karen. I live in Sydney, Australia. I'm 5'6, about 130 lbs, long brunette hair, gray/green eyes, lightly tanned all over. 34C-25-35 8."

Fric: "So what? And ya cant even spell da name of ya city?"

Steve: "Yeah."

Parity: "Let her talk man."

Karen: "OK typo. Maybe not interesting for you but I'm bY-sexual (!), and I enjoy cYcling, swYmming, wYlking, when I'm with attrYctive sYnsual wYmen. Now you know Y."

Biggles: "Gotta screw left. Y not."

Karen: "Pardon?"

Fric: "Laffs."

Parity: "Smiles."

Parity: "Just a joke before you came in."

Karen: "Oh."

Trysha: "Nods."

Karen: "Just finally realized that after years of pretending to be bisexual. I have a pierced belly button and three tattoos I am very active and I come here for friends and for a good chat. Quite possibly more, but we'll have to wait and see if that happens. I find it really annoying when people say stuff like 'mmmm'. I want you. So don't do it. It's so male. Just give me a nice polite tell. And we'll take it from there."

Biggles: "Mmmm. I want you."

Fric: "LOL."

Parity: "ROFL"

Trysha: "Grinns."

Karen: "What's so funny?"

Karen: "Oh you bastard!"

SYSTEM: "Karen logged off."

Parity: "Well Biggy, you blew it."

Biggles: "I knew it."

Fric: "You screw it."

Biggles: "Knock off."

Parity: "Hey come on, keep it poetic."

Trysha: "Poetry isn't just for women."

Parity: "Agree."

Trysha: "Tell me some poetry."

Biggles: "Dunno."

Fric: "Come on Parity."

Parity: "Okay okay here is some."

Parity: "Show me the starry constellation you wish upon and I'll look for it every night. Even when you are far away from me my faith in you will shine. When you need me tell your heart to send a message out into the skyline. Find the wings to fly, cross an endless rainbow. I will be there for you. You have a heart that's always true but you sometimes you just want to give in. Hold on to love, I'm here for you whatever the future brings. Life is a road that twists and turns, everybody gets lost on the intersections, harder to trust, when trust is not. Broken dreams come healed together now. Finding each other."

Trysha: "Oh Par. I am in luv with ya."

Biggles: "Boohoo wank wank. Get a private room!"

SYSTEM: "Trysha logged off."

Fric: "Why. Don't ya like it wet? "

SYSTEM: "Biggles logged off."

SYSTEM: "Fric logged off."

Parity: "Get a life. Get a grip. Get away somewhere. Take a trip. Take a break. Take control. Come on over. Come on in. Pull up a seat. Take a load off your feet. Take a load off your mind. Make a wish and a move. You can choose when you are up or when you are down. When you need a laugh, come around. Be a winner and a star and be happy who you are. Be yourself. Make a plan and go for it, while you still can."

Parity: "Is there anyone around here?"

Parity: ".who?"

SYSTEM: "Parity in Entrance (109 mins)."

SYSTEM: "Total users logged on: 1."

I'll be damned! Left alone here in the chat room. So well. Get myself a wodka orange juice or so. There is something with juice. It sounds so erotic. Juice. It could be a verb as well. I'm thirsty inside out and my heart leaks. Bleeds. Whatever. One day, one night, one moment, my dreams could be yesterday. This way could be my day. No day, no night, no moment can hold me back from trying. One moment with a dream to be leaving across a wide ocean this way. The long tomorrow before me. From day to day the stories will be forever and nowhere.

SYSTEM: "Parity logged on."

SYSTEM: "Marvelly logged on."

SYSTEM: "Aphrodite logged on."

Aphrodite: "Hello."

SYSTEM: "Aphrodite logged off."

Parity: "Hi, Aphro."

Parity: "How are you doing?"

SYSTEM: "Aphrodite logged on."

Parity: "Hello sweetie."

Aphrodite: "Wanna net-sex? I am your queen lol."

Parity: "No thanx. Only the real is good enough for me."

Aphrodite: "You are the first saying this."

Parity: "You were the first asking this."

Aphrodite: "Smiles."

Parity: "Smiles."

Aphrodite: "Who are you? What's your name from?"

Parity: "The one who fills time."

Aphrodite: "Kewl."

Parity: "Thank you. I wonder who you are."

Aphrodite: "There's only us, there's only this. Forget regret, or life is yours to miss. No other road, no other way. No day but today. I can't control my destiny. I trust my soul, my goal is just to be. There's only now, there's only here. Give in to love, or live in fear. No other path, no other way. No day but today."

Parity: "So let's have a good time."

Aphrodite: "Once upon a time there was a poor, short, tomato-shaped woman. This woman was married to a troll that lived under a bridge. The bridge was over a stinky, smelly, nasty swamp. The troll was mean, nasty, ugly, and evil to the poor woman. One day she got fed up and booted him out of the hovel. Life was much better after that even tho she still lived in a swamp hovel. Then, one day along came a knight-in-goofy-armor. He swept the beleaguered woman up onto his spotted horse. He took her for a wonderful ride. He even enjoyed the chaos of her life in small doses. Now the poor woman still lives in a hovel with so many children she doesn't know what to do and with no bones in the cupboard for the dog. But she does have a knight-in-goofy-armor and that makes all the difference."

Parity: "I enjoy your story."

Aphrodite: "It is reality."

Parity: "That's what poetry usually better describes than regular prose."

Aphrodite: "Perhaps."

Parity: "Did you read the Message Board of the system?"

Aphrodite: "Let's do it."

Parity: ".msgboard?"

SYSTEM: "The Entrance message board. Loading..."

SYSTEM: "From Lou: "OK boys. Is it now time for me sing you a lullaby and rock you away to sleepy time? I love ya both. OK?"

SYSTEM: "From Sinken: Wombie my love. Screwing with the peasants heads isn't nice. LOL."

SYSTEM: "From Sinken: Pavlov's dogs over and over. Toss another piece."

SYSTEM: "From Sinken: excuse the previous lag. As I meant to say. Pavlov's dogs over and over. Toss them another piece of meat."

SYSTEM: "From Lou: "All this dissent and commentary because someone likes me? I'm touched. In other words - get a life please."

SYSTEM: "From Lou: "By the way Silken dear. That was Pavlov."

SYSTEM: "From Lou: "I wonder if a wiz is ever going to wipe this board? Hmmm?"

SYSTEM: "From Sneaker: this board rocks."

SYSTEM: "From Womb: Silken, long time no see. How's it going Mrs. Foundation?"

SYSTEM: "From Lou: "People have such short memories! Wow, 3 fingered Wombats, non-existent Crumbs and a Pavlov admirer. I'm amazed! Hi again Sneaker."

SYSTEM: "From Crumb: Womb. Son, if you were so bored with me, you would not have bothered to write anything. I am honored to have gotten under your skin somewhat. You are not as inhuman or invulnerable as I once thought. Now, climb back on your own pedestal and watch out for the pole since the seat is missing. Too late. Luv ya, Womb. By the way, I did enjoy that night we had together. All I wanted was to catch up with you."

SYSTEM: "From Lou: "Crumb darling, I'm yours. Please come take me away from all the abuse I suffer at the hands (paws?) of Womb. I've always had this invisible, non-existent lover but had no idea it was you. Whisper: You can tell me all your secrets. Ciao. For now."

SYSTEM: "From Silken: Crumb. You must be one of the 'Old crew'! Womb is inhuman and invulnerable and insufferable as ever, you just don't remember clearly. Hahahha. And you missed a spot, I need another lick."

SYSTEM: "From Silken: Wombie, you are still the best my love."

SYSTEM: "From Silken: Elvis lives! He is Crumb! Return to sender, no such person, no such zone."

SYSTEM: "From Omino: Sometimes I think about things. I want to know what this fascination with life is all about. What do you think about it? Why do you think we r here. I think its a school. A school of learning. Not so much knowledge as wisdom. But we waste."

SYSTEM: "From Lou: "My apologies Miss Sinken, you did indeed correct your typo. Please forgive my inattentiveness."

SYSTEM: "From Daisyj: how could someone that calls you a friend lie about who they are. How could someone who calls you friend be the opposite of the definition friend."

SYSTEM: "From Womb: Uuhh, Daisyj, welcome to the human race baby or should I say rat race."

SYSTEM: "End of messages."

Aphrodite: "The board is normally used only by a few people."

Parity: "Yeah a lot, as I see it. They want to expose their successors."

Aphrodite: "I feel pity with them."

Parity: "No need. It's their own choice to have this kind of pointless fun."

Aphrodite: "So why are you on the net?"

Parity: "In fact I am on the net to find out why I should not be on the net. I want to reach reality, but in virtuality I feel safer, as I can goof without being ashamed."

Aphrodite: "I understand. You are sensitive."

Parity: "Everyone is. Not everyone agrees."

Aphrodite: "I know."

Aphrodite: "I got to go. I am 3eeping."

Aphrodite: "Weeping."

Parity: "Just let go. It is natural."

Aphrodite: "I am sorry. Thanks for all."

Parity: "No mention. Take care."



SYSTEM: "Aphrodite logged off."

SYSTEM: "Parity logged off."

SYSTEM: "Marvally logged off."

I am alone again. Or lonesome? The night is so long without love making, without tenderness, without a warm silken snuggling skin, without her lips, without even an ear to hear me whisper. I don't know what I want. All I want is to find out what people really want on the net. And at this point I do not know if ever I will know.

So now, in the name of psycho analysis, I am going to provoke some more, using an emotional tonescale. My ego is hurt and all is lost as far as my virtual love affair is concerned. I no longer wish to stay tolerant.

My fingers are rattling across the keyboard. What the heck.

You Lisa,

While you were fucking and being screwed by three men and a woman at Halloween, at exactly the same time I was creating love poetry and music for you. I worked for more than 24 hours on it without taking rest. It was completed the moment you came 'Home'. It was destroyed after I read the terrible news. I am sorry. I was so shocked. So heart broken. But someone else told me it was just a chat session, nothing more. You have been lying about your reality.

We have never met in real life, but we were about doing so, just a few weeks more. I knew that something like this could happen. Because our relationship rapidly expanded itself to an unleashing of enormous energies of passion. Naturally, these energies cannot be kept inside forever, and must be released and relieved. And then, masturbation starts, inevitably followed by physical contact with someone (I was hoping with each other, you and me). I felt that we had to act fast, and that's why I wanted to come to New York, to give us a chance to promise to each other our bodies.

I too am responsible for your actions. Because through me, your feelings of passion were growing exponentially beyond mind body proportions. I should not have allowed such acceleration of desires and longings and I should not have been stimulating these feelings with pictures, poetry and prose.

Trust is inherent in real love. It does not need to be promised, because if there is real love, there is faithfulness. In love, when two people, you and I for example, really love each other, they share the most intimate treasure that they do not ever share with anyone else but each other. But what is then the value of the most intimate treasure, if it is accessible to just anyone? What is then the meaning of 'I love you with all my heart' if the soul cannot feel safe?

I wanted so much to come and meet you IRL, to share our deep treasure with love and passion. But I am too late. It is not that 'I possess you and you possess me', in terms of our bodies, no, that's not what I mean. But our loving bodies, that house our souls, when coming close to one another, they truly put the crown on our love. The moment my hard being is deep inside your soft, is the moment of our most passionate kiss. It is not for nothing that I avoided sex during years now, keeping it for the one with whom I share true love. But I am too late. Who is going to assure me that you haven't gotten aids from those guys?

If they are so easy going with sex, putting unsterilized dildos in your body, and unwashed penises that went in, hell knows how many times with others before, putting germs into your mouth and vagina. At that age, people are usually not very hygienic. I should have told you that before. But I am too late. I am not going to lick these poisoned areas ever. Would you eat a pie that an insect has been sitting on?

From the very beginning you have been quite severe to me, questioning me and testing me about everything. You pictured yourself as someone who is not at all easy, neither a slut, nor someone who just takes any temporary solution. You pictured yourself as a person who wants partnership, warmth, kindness, affection. It made me even wishing to express my ultimate commitment to you, as your future husband one day, to be lasting all our life. But you are the one who fails your own standards.

Although to be truthful is not an excuse to commit betrayal. I am definitely not a man of self-pity. Nevertheless, to tell you the truth, my heart is broken. My soul is shattered into pieces. My feelings are destroyed. My passion is killed. My desires are wounded. My body has pain. My face looks old. I am tired of you and your childish fantasies and once again I am petty much convinced that you are not the one I am looking for, as far as a relationship is concerned.

One thing: Never keep me accountable for your cheating. You fucked with another. I did not. You were never on the chat under the name Lisa. That's my only suspicion. And I know what your chat alt really is. I know your IP address, and as a consequence your home location. You obviously never heard of IP vectoring. Well, I am a scientist, and a bloody good one.

Sincerely,

Parity

I never had anything real with Lisa. It was all virtual anyway. It may be her reality, but for me it is just an insert to my mid-term assignment. She left me alone on the chat and she blames all the shit on me. But why do I refuse another reality at all? Why do I try to find happiness in the cyber world rather than just studying? Why does the computer screen not change into a wonderful person? Why do my fingers beat on the hardened keyboard rather than caressing a soul of love? What took me this far, to stay lonesome, together with myself?

All these questions one would ask when cyber involvement goes too deep. Again I find my comfort on the chat channel.

Gorgy: "Is there life B4 Pepsi?"

Parity: "Yeah, the life of thirst."

Gorgy: "Hello Par."

Parity: "I haven't seen you before."

Gorgy: "Hop in and out."

Parity: "Same here. Some months ago."

Gorgy: "Yeah."

Parity: "What brings you here?"

Gorgy: "There is much to understand. If you seek to know then allow my words to echo and my essence to be present and we shall speak of many things in the days to come if you wish it so true of heart."

Parity: "I am male and I guess you are female."

Gorgy: "22, female, love intellectual conversation."  
Gorgy: "Just got over chicken pox."  
Parity: "Oh gosh, I wish you betterment."  
Gorgy: "Me 2."  
Gorgy: "Is crabby now."  
Parity: "Keep your skin smoothy."  
Gorgy: "Smoothie?"  
Gorgy: "Laffs at herself."  
Parity: "You meet lots of smooth people here?"  
Gorgy: "Yup. That smoothens my worries."  
Gorgy: "Fun ones."  
Gorgy: "Keep missing them lately."  
Parity: "Smiles."  
Gorgy: "Frowns."  
Gorgy: "Miss them."  
Parity: "All my friends have disappeared in the web dimension."  
Gorgy: "Smiles."  
SYSTEM: "Lou logged on."  
Gorgy: "I can relate."  
Gorgy: "Hi Lou."  
Lou: "Hi Fil."  
Parity: "Hello."  
Lou: "Hi Parity."  
Parity: "I've been away too long."  
Gorgy: "Hey what with your name?"  
Gorgy: "?"  
Gorgy: "Likes finding out the meaning behind the names."  
Lou: "Yikes lag."  
Parity: "My profile tells a bit."  
Lou: "Imagine that."  
Parity: "I am from Europe."  
Gorgy: "Kewl!"  
Gorgy: "Really likes your profile."  
Parity: "Smiles."  
Gorgy: "What about yo Lou?"  
Gorgy: "You Lou?"  
Parity: "Likes yours as well."  
Gorgy: "Bows."  
Lou: "What about me?"  
Lou: "Parity's profile?"  
Lou: "And what do I think of it?"  
Gorgy: "The origin of your name?"  
Gorgy: "Tells a lot about the person."  
Lou: "The origin of my name? Well, I live in Louisiana."  
Lou: "And I don't like people knowing too awfully much about me."  
Gorgy: "Don't blame you."  
Lou: "So I chose to name myself after the state in which I live."  
Gorgy: "Agree."  
Gorgy: "Neat idea!"  
Parity: "Feels safe that way."  
Gorgy: "Lots of psychos on here."  
Parity: "On the other hand, aren't we here to get to know one another?"  
Lou: "Are we?"

Gorgy: "Yeah, what a bind we are in!"  
Lou: "Or are we here to present ourselves the way we pretend?"  
Lou: "Instead of the way we really are?"  
Parity: "Even though we may hide behind virtual identities?"  
Gorgy: "What to do?"  
Gorgy: "Paradox cyber shit."  
Parity: "Well, the real us in the cyber world. In a way."  
Lou: "Most people online have several identities and like it that way."  
Gorgy: "Laffs."  
Parity: "I have done that in the past, but no more."  
Gorgy: "Can release trapped multiple personalities."  
Lou: "They choose to be different aspects of themselves and playing with Lou high 5's."  
Parity: "And playing with others."  
Gorgy: "Met a psycho on line."  
Lou: "Same here. My name is Lou and people can either take it or leave it, dammit!"  
Gorgy: "Amen Lou!"  
Parity: "Laughs."  
Gorgy: "Was a real weirdo."  
Gorgy: "Scary stuff, but I like to be me."  
Parity: "In what respect?"  
Gorgy: "I got to be me! I got to be me!"  
Gorgy: "Who else can I be but who I am."  
Gorgy: "Oh, he was getting a divorce and thought I would be a great rebound person, including our imagination."  
Parity: "We are who we are, including our imagination."  
Gorgy: "Likes her own imagination. Keeps me sane."  
Lou: "The secret to that is: Don't meet people from online in the real world."  
Gorgy: "Smiles at Lou Learned that!"  
Parity: "Yeah, IRL isn't that heaven all of the time."  
Lou: "Then again. I'm the biggest online psycho I know, he-he."  
Gorgy: "Giggles."  
Parity: "Bows deeply."  
Parity: "PsychoLougical filling."  
Gorgy: "Giggles more."  
Parity: "Smokes a Marly."  
Lou: "Hey, if you don't believe me just ask anyone who knows me."  
Gorgy: "Whom would they know? You or Lou?"  
Parity: "I do believe you."  
Lou: "They'll be happy to tell you about good ole psycho Lou."  
Parity: "I'm quitting smoking. That's why I e-smoke. To quit tobacco."  
Lou: "I quit two years ago."  
Lou: "I started one year ago."  
Parity says: "I am ageless."  
Gorgy: "Meee tooo alwayzzz 18-21 in my underpants."  
Lou: "That's why I'm now a psycho granny."  
Gorgy: "Thinks quitting is really working."  
Gorgy: "Not so!"  
Lou: "The lack of nicotine drove me to distraction!"  
Parity: "Chuckles."  
Parity: "Distraction is better than diffraction."  
Gorgy: "Pfff that's not my dictionary."  
SYSTEM: "Ametrine logged on."  
Gorgy: "Hi Ame."

Ametrine: "Hi there."  
Parity: "Hi Amy."  
Ametrine: "How's it going?"  
Ametrine: "Smiles."  
Gorgy: "Gotsa fever. Otherwise okie. You?"  
Parity: "Gives an anti-fever-ice-tea-with-rum."  
Gorgy: "Yeah. Drinks from the mouse."  
Ametrine: "I'm alright."  
Gorgy: "Giggles."  
Parity: "I'm albent."  
Ametrine: "Albent?"  
Parity: "Right-bent. Left-bent. Kinda humor ya know."  
Ametrine: "Ahhh."  
Gorgy: "Laffs."  
Ametrine: "Smiles."  
Parity: "I'm sorry. Europeans are psycho too."  
Ametrine: "Cos they're sorry. Grins. Ya all of them eurotrash."  
Ametrine: "Well folks, beedy bye time."  
Ametrine: "Opps beddy."  
Ametrine: "Please do have a good night."  
Parity: "It's 3 am here."  
Ametrine: "Going on 10 here."  
Parity: "Sleep well and sweat dreams."  
Ametrine: "I hope so."  
SYSTEM: "Ametrine logged off."  
Gorgy: "Sweat dreams?"  
Gorgy: "Giggles."  
Lou: "Beddy bye time here too. I have to be at the hospital at 4am."  
Parity: "Maybe sweet dreams after all."  
Lou: "Chuckles and waves."  
Parity: "Waves."  
Lou: "Good night and have a lonely evening."  
SYSTEM: "Lou logged off."  
Parity: "Lonely or lovely?"  
Parity: "Goodnight. You will be soon in top condition."  
Parity: "Hey. You're there again."  
Parity: "Lagging."  
Gorgy: "Weird lag slow chat system. I gonna go. This Chat Box sux, even if you can read this."  
Gorgy: "Take care and really nice meeting you."  
SYSTEM: "Gorgy logged off."  
SYSTEM: "Spark logged on."  
Parity: "Hi Spark."  
Spark: "Hello Parity how goes?"  
Parity: "Haven't seen you before."  
Spark: "Chuckles. No one ever sees anyone. I have been on and off."  
Parity: "Same here. Months and months in between. Old friends disappeared in the web-light zone."  
Spark: "Nods nods."  
Parity: "But new friends appear. Or the same, but under a different name."  
Spark: "But then, seems people come and go quickly net-wise."  
Parity: "Me too, in my modem past, mocking up all sorts of virtual identities."  
Spark: "Hehhe. So who were you in your net past?"  
Parity: "It is a whole list. I am sick, to be honest."

Spark: "Chuckles Feels like past life regression some days. Many names."  
Parity: "But I decided to stay full-time Parity."  
Spark: "Used to be known as Auden or Ying."  
Parity: "Auden. How did you get that name?"  
Spark: "My fave poet is W.H. Auden."  
Parity: "You like poetry?"  
Spark: "Nods nods."  
Parity: "I write poems."  
Spark: "Where are you from?"  
Parity: "I live in Holland or France, Europe. Work in Saudi Arabia."  
Spark: "Nods nods."  
Parity: "And you?"  
Spark: "I live in Pennsylvania. Nods nods."  
Parity: "That is a nice state."  
Spark: "Thank you. Nods nods."  
Parity: "It is 4: 17 am here. I couldn't sleep."  
Spark: "It is 10: 17 pm here. Wow, that's early for you."  
Parity: "I know, but what can I do if my veins are filled with feelings of poetry?"  
Spark: "I'm bored. Nods nods."  
SYSTEM: "Spark logged off."  
Parity: "Oh well. Tired of nodding eh."  
Parity: ".quit"  
SYSTEM: "Parity logged off."

Dear Parity,

I read your e-mail. It starts very very harsh towards me. I deserve it. I just wanted you to know what went on. I will get the AIDS testing done at the proper time. I was to do that without you telling me. I can tell you that condoms were used, but I don't feel safe regardless. The rest is now in the hands of I don't know to see whether or not I catch this disease. I don't think it's a good idea at all for you to come over to visit or for myself to go there to visit and meet IRL. Obviously. There is no point when you will not feel safe with me. This I know.

I don't know if you will ever forgive me for it. You will always have it in the back of your mind that I did this horrible thing. Believe it or not, this does not make me a slut whatsoever. I was caught completely off guard and intoxicated. Passions were brought out to the point of no return with the way I felt them towards you. I just could not keep them in at that time. I only made love to one person before all this happened. Nothing like this is to be repeated ever, whether or not I am intoxicated. I cannot take back that I did. I can, however, learn not to do the same in the future; which I have. You cannot judge me and make me out to be a slut. You have no right to do so. I can allow you to be angry and shocked and hurt, but not to be offensive. I understand your pain and suffering. I am suffering as well. I was taken advantage of. This you did not hit on. Instead you plainly say that I was fucking and screwing with no understanding at any tone. If the situation was reversed, I would not have come down to offended and attacking you in that same vile and vulgar fashion.

I was honest with you because you deserved to know the truth. I am not afraid of facing the consequences when my actions are so wrong. I spoke with my parents about this whole ordeal. I am to continue speaking to them about it tonight. They told me not to go to class today and to relax and think about what I had done. My parents are very supportive of me. They want to help me with what they know is a very difficult time. If you cannot do the same, then I simply stay away until I feel I can face you. Right now, all you did was throw that little

hope I had in us straight to the ground. I see not the star you speak of for the darkness in my heart allows me no comfort to see it. I see not the love you spoke to me all this time for your anger and rage doth cover it with a thick cloak. I cannot see my heart for it lays broken in the place where dreams are born. I cannot see my way out of the hole I am cast into deep beneath the Earth for I am not worthy of seeing the light. Darkness is in me now. Wrath for my actions and for the act of betrayal that was imposed on me by my friends here is all I see now. You did not even mention the fact that my friend had plenty to do with what happened. She seduced me first before anyone else.

Would this have happened if you had not taken my soul and my passion and made it grow so out of control and burn with such desires? I think not. I take the final blame for anything that was done that fateful night. I alone carry the torch of guilt and burn in its fires. I alone face the possibility that my young life could be very well over within the next year. For I will take it if I find sickness in me. I would surely rather die than to suffer with disease or to cast it upon anyone else. I am in very delicate condition now. I need not to be attacked for my actions like a whore. I know I am not that. Deep in my heart I know who I am. I just need time to heal myself and speak with my beloved family. I wish not to contact you any further for now. I have to think deeply of what is to come of all this. I feel I am not worthy of you at all, and you will undoubtedly will remind me of it for years to come. Now I ask you to forgive me of my actions and of my thinking now, for my thinking is even less focused than yours could ever be on this whole ordeal. You can never know the pain that I feel as I betrayed you while I was being betrayed by a life long friend. I feel alone now, if it were not for my parents. If it were not for them, I would have surely taken my life this week.

You have no idea how low I am this day. How my feelings are so shattered. How my heart weighs so heavily. Feel no pity for me, I ask you not for it nor do I want it. Understanding is what I look for, you have not shown it to me til after you cast me to the pit of hell yourself. My eyes are swollen and raw from the tears that have fallen from them. My soul is destitute with the pain and suffering that it is going through now. What I want from our relationship is what it was before, I need not explain this to you. You should know. If I were anyone else, I would not have told you a thing and you would have been none the wiser. You have not opened up nearly so much as I have. I put my head on the chopping block, but you decide to hand the body as well. My heart is very torn apart, perhaps more so than yours. Your betrayal is from one person that you hardly know except for what I've told you and the time I have told it to you. Mine was from someone I've known for years and had no idea she was bi-sexual. Kill me swiftly, if you must. But, don't make me suffer anymore than I have to. Break my heart once and for all instead of dragging the agony further. Cast me to the fire, instead of holding me over it with taunt. Let me burn for my sins and be over with it. This is all I have to say for now, as my tears fall as to fill the desert you intend to take your career to. Take care of yourself, sweet Parity. I know now, deep in my heart, that I don't deserve you and can never have you.

Sincerely,

Lisa

Well, Lisa would be a great drama student. She is definitely mocking-up her remorse. I can read this between the lines. I am sure she is playing a game as well. Sooner or later this will become more evident. For me it is clear, she converted a virtual event into something real. I'm not buying into it.

Regardless, she has definitely a reality syndrome, acquired exclusively by e-mail. So here we have proof of electronic meta infection. Of course I am the one to blame.

There is no when and there is no where. Nowhere, I can say. Can we say 'nowhen'? The dawn of yesterday has become a misty cloud today. Like having lavished all drops of the dawn on my soul that has become a glittering tomorrow which will cry dark tinsel.

Thousands of minutes and miles, our kisses refusing to freeze and cries hidden behind smiles in a desiring silent breeze. Where am I when the word goodbye means till tomorrow? Looking into each other's eyes we dare cheat, after walking skies where fantasy was so kind to make love with our future. It seems we were years behind, and now we are in torture. When are you, where return comes true, melting away my frozen analyses?



## REALITIES

Contrasts of beingnesses, of backgrounds and foregrounds. It is a world of worlds within worlds. I don't know anymore what is real. It does not matter if something is called real or not. The real in the mind is as real as the real in the physical world. And in the end it is the mind that is all about, whether the interface is a wonderful body or a wonderful computer.

I will answer to questions not asked. Set out some bait for IRL sex. I don't care what the outcome will be. Lust has made way for power play. Like on any road to divorce. She has never been mine and will never be. But I was hers, in a way. Clever girl. I am really tired of her.

Perhaps I should be a bit clearer in my e-mail.

Dear Lisa,

Slow down. You did not read my words carefully enough. Yes, I did start harsh. Yes, you were the one who is guilty of IRL fuck, not me! Got that? But I also said how much I felt the way you were feeling. I also know that I did not talk about the way you have been enforced into all this. It is evident that I understand this, as you have been describing everything to the very minute detail. Lisa, how can you think that I try to break you, to destroy you, to cast you to the fire? Why don't you take the time to interpret my words the right way? All I was trying to tell you is that both you and I felt so bad about the whole thing, and that it is not only on your shoulders. I expressed myself not clear enough about the kind of friends that grabbed your body. Yes you are a horny bitch, no matter what.

Look, I am a European mature man and all I want is a partner for life. I want to talk about real things, like housekeeping, raising children, going on vacation, enjoying arts, you know, the things that all couples are supposed to share. You do not spend a single word on it. All you rant about is that sex thing. So never accuse me of anything alike!

You went into having sex with a guy and a girl. I only talked. And frankly, I have difficulties in dealing with your sexual escapes, regardless of the reality level. You accuse me of crime as soon as I chat with someone. But your own actions you want me to apologize for are way out of line.

All I was trying to tell you, Lisa, that I dearly and truly loved you, on a higher platform than yours. But you screwed it up completely. You had consensual sex. Period. I just cannot believe that our friendship can end just like that. On the other hand, I don't believe a byte about your 'love', regardless of the meaning. I don't want to know you any further.

Thanks,

Parity

I would start hating myself, lying to my real self, if it were not an experiment. Lisa is a bitch and she does not deserve my attention. I only want to get her at the physical level. For real. Just once. To prove my theory. But the contradictory parameter is the collection of practical

life matters versus the collection of emotional matters mistakenly named 'love'. This is precisely why any cyber relationship cannot hold.

It's modern time. The LEDs on the router are flickering in an irregular pattern. It looks a bit like Morse code. To me it is an SOS. The keyboard is in distress, as my lunatic fingertips hit it. The alphabet seems a bit strange to me. Somehow I feel I am using this alphabet only for business but not for private. There is something wrong with this kind of dreamlike state I am in up to my chin.

Another chat pops-up.

Demona: "When you Love someone so deeply they become your life. It's easy to succumb to overwhelmed it feels inside. Blindly I imagined I could keep you under glass. Now I understand to hold you, I must open my hands and. Watch you rise."

Parity: "Spread your wings and prepare to fly. For you have become a butterfly. Fly abandoned into the sun."

Demona: "I am not that poetic, you know. I hate that."

Parity: "But you are doing it so well."

Demona: "Nah, I'm bitchy, feisty, domineering, opinionated, vindictive, evil, wise, extremely sexual, flirty, spiteful, moody, bad as a devil can get, sweet, caring, and angelic."

Parity: "It seems you know yourself very well, my friend. Still I wonder."

Demona: "Yes, all these characteristics embodies this Goddess. So take your chances and I cannot be held accountable for my actions."

Demona: "My dreams erupt while in my bed, innocence is dripping red. In dreams I walk with you. In dreams I talk with you In dreams you're mine all of the time. Heads on fire and drunken lights, days devoured by hungry nights. Sweet tortures fly on mystery wings, pure evil is when flowers sing."

Parity: "Is that your own prose?"

Demona: "No, it's the poetry I have stolen from someone's heart."

Parity: "It is not a sin to make a copy, for as long as the original remains untouched and properly respected."

Parity: "By the way, did you ever experience a real cyber love?"

Demona: "Yeah. Once. I sat here and tried to think of something clever or witty to write to him to let him know just how much he meant to me. In all honesty, however, not only do I think he knows how I feel, my brain is too tired to think up anything great."

Parity: "I don't want to bother your tired brain, though."

Demona: "So, perhaps these simple words will not be enough to describe the greatest man I have had the privilege to know. He is the most caring person I have ever met, and the best lover I ever could have imagined. He is the finest example of a gentleman there ever was or will be, and I will give it my best shot. There is no better way to say it than that he is a dream come true."

Parity: "In the cyber world?"

Demona: "He is everything I could ever want and so much more. I only wish that I can bring him as much happiness as he has brought into my life. The most perfect 9 days of my life were spent in his loving arms and with the promise this diamond and this ring hold I look forward to having him to hold the rest of my days here on this earth."

Parity: "Ah. It was real guilt."

Demona: "I miss him and look forward to being with him again soon. My thoughts are with him and with fondness I remember the days together and look forward to that day where I will get to say 'I do.' I love him."

Parity: "So you are poetic all the same, and not so devilish as you said earlier."

Demona: "That was just to defend myself, protect myself. Sometimes I wonder. This needs to feel pain. Am I sick? This needs to give my all to another. Is it healthy? This wants to please, not thinking of myself. Wrong? Then, I think of those things once again and smile. Turning to the mirror as my lips form the word 'No.' I am who I am. Special to some. Including myself. That's all that really matters."

Parity: "In the end, in the cyber love world, it is always the self that matters."

Demona: "It hurts. Are you poetic too?"

Parity: "I am poetic too, but I don't protect myself. Well, in a way I do, when I am not the one whom I am pretending to be right now."

Demona: "So you have multiple names?"

Parity: "Almost everyone has at least one alt. I have a dozen of them."

Demona: "It is all play and fake."

Parity: "Each person has one or more different animals in his or her zoo. One day the lion roars out and the next day it is the ape doing funny and so forth."

Demona: "Jah."

Parity: "So, on a Chat Box or whatever you would call it, it is a clearer way to express each one of those animals, by using different names and profiles."

Demona: "But that's confusing."

Parity: "It is revealing as well, for as long it matters who is behind the names."

Demona: "Yes, it matters."

Parity: "Why? Would you prefer to deal with all animals at the same time?"

Demona: "Well no, that would be very confusing."

Demona: "But then it is not real like a person is."

Parity: "On a chat one can use only words and nothing else. Is the net.chat world of the same level of reality as real life?"

Demona: "I am afraid not."

Parity: "Like movies, strip stories, theater, soap series, all these acts and the net.chat is another act."

Demona: "But the feelings can be so real, so strong, that it really hurts!"

Parity: "Yes. They also do when you are watching a good movie."

Demona: "It is not the same."

Parity: "I know. That is because you are involved yourself, as part of the act."

Demona: "That's right."

Parity: "And that's why there is so much confusion about how real the cyber world is, the net.chat stuff."

Demona: "So you are not confused?"

Parity: "I have been, but I have learned to understand that there is not simply a world of semantics."

Demona: "So where would you put cyber stuff?"

Parity: "You know, there are already quite a few reality levels, such as imagination, fantasy, dreaming, stage play, pretending, movie, theater, phone sex, net sex, cyber chat, computer games, well. You name it. And it is simply not doable to say that this is realer than that."

Demona: "Gosh."

Parity: "It is real for you if it is real for you."

Demona: "Sjeees that sounds like Scientopoly."

Parity: "Yah. Lots of Dianetricks, hehe."

Demona: "Thanks so much Parity."

Parity: "My real pleasure."

Demona: "I kiss your words."

Parity: "Hopefully not the screen."

Demona: "It is full of lipstick."

Parity: "Laughs."

Demona: "Giggles."

Parity: "Remember, the reality spherical scale. It has no levels."

Demona: "I will always remember. All ways."

Demona: "Smiles."

Demona: "I go sleep now."

Parity: "Goodnight and have sweet dreams."

Demona: "You too. And stay out sweat dreams, hehe."

SYSTEM: "Demona logged off."

SYSTEM: "Parity logged off."

I too am a listener of my own words. It is inspiration that talks through my phrases, spoken by my fingertips that do not feel like mine. Feelings that I do not think about. Thoughts that I do not need to feel. Not knowing what will come next.

A lonely USB stick lies on my desk, looking to get connected and store some more logs. It is so patient. I wish I were a computer. Perhaps as much as a computer could wish to be a human being. In the end the computer and the human being may be one. May technology forbid!

Lisa does not seem to give up on me. I wonder what drives that crazy bitch. Another message in my box.

Dearest Parity.

I am not the Eternity that is on chat box because I have not been on line for quite some time. I have read your e-mail messages and I really have to say I needed to catch up on studies and homework. Remember, I had a week off from school and I had major projects due that I had to catch up on. My birthday went well. I spent it with family and a couple of friends.

You wrote once to me telling that you think of Queen and how you were wondering how Marvally was doing and that you waited for my return and everything. You were asking for the e-mail addy and all apologetic towards me. Saying that you missed me and everything. You really sounded like you missed Marvally terribly. Then you changed your tune and telling me that you were happy that is was not someone else. I don't get that but now that there is another Eternity out there, I wonder if you will do the same.

I wonder if you will tell her or him that you can't stand me and that I hurt you and betrayed you and all. I wonder now, still, if you keep in contact with Marvally and tell her that you still miss her and everything. I just am tired this week and a little off. Forgive my paranoia. For some reason I am very uneasy about all this as I remember the way we met and under the circumstances. It really does look like the way we met. I know I haven't made you very happy lately and I have been a bitch with you when we first started. I just hope you don't go telling everyone that, because if anyone ever asked anything about you (if you betrayed me) I would not say anything bad like you did about Marvally. You would probably call me a deceptor as you did her. You would probably tell another woman that I played with your heart and I took you for granted. Oh God, all these thoughts I have now when I remember how we first met.

Does Marvally know about the way you think of her? Did you tell her about her deception with Gow? Did you tell her that you were heart broken? Or did you just keep in contact with her keeping things sweet? I know I don't have a right to ask you about these things and I am not being demanding. I am just thinking. I am not hysterical or lunatic in my thinking. I am just putting pieces together on some things. I will be honest with you on one thing, though, Parity.

I will tell you that if things with you and this other Eternity work out, then I will just step aside. She may give you things that I could never. She could take your love to a new plateau as you told me you have never been so in love with anyone before. Who knows, you probably told Marvelly the same thing. I know you are not a player or adventurer. But, you never told me what happened to Marvelly and what you told her after you met me.

You told me things about how you felt about her, but I don't know if you told her or were just venting to me horrible feelings she will never know about. Will you ever tell me horrible feelings you have towards me? Will you ever tell me that our conversations were just bla-bla? Will you tell the other Eternity that I am just not in the picture anymore and that you were glad when you find out it was not me? Did you already make contact with Eternity and tell her the same things you told me about Marvelly. About me? I have all these questions and answers anyway. Enough to sue you.

Believe me, I am not ranting and raving. I am very calm at this point. Parity, whether or not you believe it, you have left many loose ends when it comes to Marvelly from my information. If you kept in contact with her long after she left the internet (for a few months) and then you miss her when she did not contact you for a month or so, then your feelings for her were obviously strong and you must have been telling her that. Just like now. I don't know if you really have any bad feelings towards me now and I suppose I will never really know about them. The other Eternity will know though, that I am sure about.

You're a very charismatic person, Parity. You have quite a romantic view and way of life. I don't know anyone that has that same outlook that has kept it for one person. Yes, I know I had done wrong already, it's a fact you need not remind me of. I burn for my sins still and nothing you say will bring anymore shame than I feel now. And I don't feel them because I have betrayed you right now. I feel them because I should have known better. That's just in case you decide to pull the past up on me with that note. Sometimes I feel when you write things that you are somehow still scorned by the events on Halloween, but you don't tell me. Above all, I really appreciate honesty. I would rather someone call me a bitch than sugar coat it and then bring it out little by little. I could deal with that more. I just have always been direct. And please remember, as you always tell me, read my words carefully. Read this e-mail again in the light that I am indeed calm. There is nothing wild about my writings, but I have not written in such a long time and with my absence I had thought about things.

When I read the e-mail about Eternity, I had to reflect my thoughts on it as well. They are not raw thoughts. When it comes to Marvelly, it's not a past that I seek, but the present. If you tell me you are still in contact with her or intend to stay in contact with her, I won't flip out. If you tell me that you still love her even though she is to be married to Gowy, that I cannot fight either. If you tell me that you wish to pursue her again because of my actions, then I will simply have to accept that. Same for all the other bitches. I am not looking for bad feelings that you have towards her to make our relationship concrete. Do you understand? You don't have to tell me things that are bad with someone just to make me come to you closer. If you don't have the intentions of letting past loves go, then I have to accept that as well.

I guess this message serves as a preparation for me as you will in time want to just stay friends with me and forget a love relationship. I don't want things to be bad between us like you portray with Marvelly and you. Do you understand? I don't want to be known to your next love with negatives. I will always see the beauty in our relationship (if we still have one) when I talk about it to other people. I just hope you don't decide to tell someone else that what I write to you is just bla-bla. Understand? Just think about the answers to my questions very carefully. I want you to be honest about things with Marvelly and if you are still pursuing her

or if you are still in contact with her and if you have told her to blow off like you told me you did. That way I guess I know what to expect if things don't workout between us.

You state that if our love relationship doesn't workout that you are willing for a friendship. But, if you did that with Marvelly and then downplay it to me, you will turn around and do it with me to another. See my thinking? All I know about is Marvelly at this point. She may not have known about anyone else you may have known before that. I don't know if she asked you things like this before, but I fear things will turn for the worst in a short time as you get tired of me. On a lighter note, college is well. As I told you I have been catching up on things and it looks like I will be getting a new set of wheels (meaning a car) as a Christmas gift from my parents. I told them I don't want an expensive car or one that would be stolen quickly. They liked that. Most young people my age look for sleek designs and crap cars that just cost a lot of money. I just look for transportation with a little comfort is all. I don't need power accessories and other luxury items that serve no purpose but to spoil the driver. It would be great to have the car so I can take a ride up to the house we have in the upstate area of New York. Besides, if you ever decide that you want to meet me IRL, we could take a drive in that car.

Lovers or friends. Unless you wish no further contact with me and then I will just have to drive off alone. I have thought of so many things. You're a tough act to follow, Parity. You have raised my standards when it comes to relationships. If things don't workout between us, other guys are going to have a hell of a time trying to even come close. Well, let's see where the path takes us now.

Will we be traveling together or alone? Will we be lovers and friends or just friends. Or will we be friends at all? I leave it to you. There are things that I have accepted, even if they don't come to light because I just have to think of all the options. This e-mail may disturb you. The way I see it, I think it will anger you and cause you to dislike my way of thinking or you will think I am questioning you again. I just want answers about things. I am not nit-picking. Please, above all, ask me questions. I don't care what about, I will answer truthfully, openly and sincerely. You know me, I have a tendency of being a little too honest sometimes. That's the trait that most guys don't like and why they stay away from me. Because I let them know what I am thinking. I don't do it nasty at all, but they feel threatened because I am thinking along lines they are not and I make them think instead of leaving things at the status quo. Don't hate me for it, OK? Take care of yourself, Parity. As I said, you're an incredible human being.

Love,

Lisa

This gal does not know me, and never will. She never really gets to the core of what she really wants to take from me and what she really wants to give in return. All she rants about is some emotional data administration. It is all noise about nothing but meta tags.

So she does use multiple chat identities, lying about reality. She is guilty of treating me as though we are about to get married. Lisa has a life. I wouldn't have one with her. I would only cyber chat. A falling star surprises the moon that fades away in the smile of light from far, leaving us loving for a while in awakening. Until the dream of each identity gets rebooted.

There is this mouse next to a dried out mug. Together we click hearts and minds in our own desired cyber space. How many gigabytes of data exchange is needed to break through the

virtuality barrier? I feel it as impossible. No data can turn into reality. Only by the mind. Even this is not certain, as the mind still has not been defined as virtual or real. At least on the internet. But if a thought is real, then it would not matter whether the thought expresses itself in the virtual or in the real world.

I don't know what to think. I am only having unwanted thoughts.

FATE FAITH

Fake Lisa,

I am not scorned by the Halloween event. It is past and unreal. Yesterday a colleague drove me to one of the companies where I am going to do business, and on the way we talked a bit about relationships. I showed him your picture that I always carry in my wallet. I told him that you are my cyber bitch. He was real glad for me.

Lessons have been learned, and that is good. The fact that other people may process this sort of events differently, does not mean that they are wrong. I remind you of my differences, those you already know, and those you will know. I am not a conventional thinker or feeler (if that word exists), even though I sometimes may react like others, but that is because I am a basically a human being. I experience, I react, I analyze, I understand, I straighten out, I correct, I learn, I forgive and I forget, and next time I do it better. That is more or less the cycle applicable to me.

Now, first and foremost: Marvelly is completely out of the picture. This is an absolute. I know who she is. I can spend many words on trying to prove and to convince and so forth. But let me tell you this: There are many women, who have the same name, whether in the virtual or in the real world. It does not matter in what world. It is all fantasy for as long we haven't touched each other's skin.

You and I have met through some 'unusual' circumstances. But so what? So many people meet at a railway station or in a club, and get married happily after, or they meet at the groceries or through a wrong dialed phone-number. There is no such thing as 'normal circumstances' when and where loving souls meet. For loving souls there is no standard space and time to meet. Circumstance does not matter when it comes to interaction between souls.

I asked you if you would accept friendship, because I did not hear anything from you at all, believing that you did not want or did not feel comfortable us to stay lovers & friends. I did not mean that I had no other option than friendship.

As I am not into any games with you, I can only say that in no way I will repeat any past mistakes on you, and in no way I will copy/paste mistakes by others onto you through my virtualities. I am a mature man, believe me, even though I may sometimes react like a hopeless romantic boy.

The next time you want to communicate, I would like us to talk through the phone. Voice contact improves dramatically our communication and feelings. But my gut feel says that you are a verbal coward when it comes to realtime talking. That's why you prefer staying 'cyberficial'. E-mail is the easy way, but leads to nothing. Why did you not want me to phone you is now clear to me. If you don't dare to phone, then for sure you don't dare to get into any physical contact. And that, little kid, is not interesting to me.

As you do not wish to even talk with me by voice, for me our game is basically over for good. I want a woman, not a childish spirit with a mouth full of superglue.

Greetz,

Parity



How much clearer can I be? I lean backward on the metal chair, with my feet on the table, gazing to the smoky ceiling. I hear the raindrops being downloaded onto the roof. A steady torrent of tears from invisible angels. They do not touch me in my heart. My soul stays dry.

My laptop computer sits in front of me at the kitchen table. It has become normal to eat bread and internet for breakfast. My calorie intake is measured by kilobytes. Every day I have a meal with another lady. She smiles, but I cannot caress her lips. She whispers, but I cannot feel her breath in my ear. She flirts, but I do not feel her breasts against my chest. She strips, but I read only some text. For me it is the most lonesome way of living a friendship.

I have forgotten how to hug a woman in the real world, how to invite a woman for a drink in a real bar, how to read her body language, perhaps how to make love. I do not realize anymore how different a text entry is from an action. And now I cannot even chat. I only gaze to the screen, cyber voyeuring some chat users.

Falluv: "I too will always be faithful to you."

Cindia: "Sounds strange because I am married with another one."

Falluv: "But we have such wonderful net.love together."

Cindia: "Yes. But it is not fair to you."

Falluv: "If it is fair to you, it is fair to me."

Cindia: "I analyze him but I still love him."

Falluv: "But he does not love you, at least not as a real woman."

Cindia: "Sighs. He thinks analyzing equals brained ice."

Cindia: "But it does not feel right."

Falluv: "What do you mean?"

Cindia: "It is sinful to net.love someone outside of the marriage?"

Falluv: "Is it wrong to have net.love in your life if you cannot even have real love?"

Cindia: "I don't know."

Falluv: "Is it right to be refrained from real love?"

Cindia: "No."

Falluv: "Is it wrong to enjoy love?"

Cindia: "No, but it has to be lawful."

Falluv: "So the law says that if the orange tree bears no fruit for you, it is forbidden to move on to the apple tree to treat your thirst."

Cindia: "Thinking."

Cindia: "It means that the law sucks."

Falluv: "Smiles."

Falluv: "Well, my dear, it does."

Cindia: "But why then do I still feel it is wrong what we have and what we do?"

Falluv: "You know, law, religion, and that sort of stuff, has been invented by a handful of frustrated people who, sitting in an ivory tower, have never experienced real life itself, including all emotions, feelings of love, real happiness, and so forth."

Falluv: "Those so-called law makers and philosophers and what have you, it is even unthinkable that they have healthy sex! Yet they take the arrogance to write rules and laws about it! And on top of it, they invent rules for mankind to make sure that the rest of the people will lead at least the same miserable life they did! At best, they wank in a dark corner of their dusty library!"

Cindia: "Sjees. I never thought that way. I thought they did good work for mankind."

Falluv: "Look around, look at the people, and try finding a real practical hint in the books of philosophers. Which philosopher says that people better have great sex?"

Cindia: "Haven't seen that many."

Falluv: "I'm not saying that people should live outside the law. But I do say that the law, religions and psychosophies, to coin a word, should let people live inside real happiness, not outside of it."

Cindia: "Yeah, but the law is also to protect us from crime."

Falluv: "Merely. The law is to promote errors, but does by itself very little to prevent it. If you want to prevent crime, then invent something that makes people not wanting commit crimes from within their own internal heart and soul and ethics, rather than by external regulations. The mind must be cleared up, rather than polluted with stupid rules."

Cindia: "What a world."

Falluv: "I understand why."

Cindia: "Why then?"

Falluv: "The rules, conventions, beliefs, scriptures, etc., have been engraved in the mind to such an extent that people do not know any better than it is part of them."

Falluv: "The whole fucking educational system system is made that way, to brainwash people to behave, think and feel in certain ways. And that's the only way to control people. People are not free at all."

Cindia: "I feel that you are right. But still."

Falluv: "I know. You cannot just switch thinking from one way to the other. It took me half a century from my birth onwards."

Cindia: "What do you expect from me? That I tell my husband that I love another one, just like that?"

Falluv: "The truth is something that always will have to be revealed, sooner or later."

Cindia: "Well? what should I do?"

Falluv: "Do what you real inner heart tells you to do, forgetting about rules, law, church, and all that sort of stuff. Just the real you. Think of what you really want, rather than of what others want you to want."

Cindia: "I'll think about it."

Falluv: "Feel, rather than think."

Cindia: "It is difficult."

Falluv: "Was it difficult when you were a little kid? "

Cindia: "Not at all."

Falluv: "Now, as a grown-up, with more capabilities, it should be even easier."

Cindia: "Sighs."

Falluv: "Sighs."

Falluv: "We have had net.love for over one year now, and it is so wonderful."

Cindia: "Yes, it is."

Cindia: "I made love with my husband a few days ago."

Falluv: "What?!"

Cindia: "I was so much in need of real sex."

Falluv: "So you were not faithful to me anymore?"

Cindia: "How can you say that. I am married. I was not faithful to him all the time!"

Falluv: "At the beginning of our net.love we promised to be faithful to each other."

Cindia: "Yes. But it is so weird that way."

Falluv: "You had sex with your husband, the one who doesn't give a damn about you, and we, you and I, have a net.marriage, and I love you and you love me, and now you cheat on me with your IRL husband?"

Cindia: "I don't know what to say. This is so weird. To cheat someone by making love with my own husband. That doesn't make any sense!"

Falluv: "Yes it does. All the sense of the goddam world. Don't you see it? We had real love together."

Cindia: "Only cyber love."

Falluv: "It is real. Straight from heart to heart."

Cindia: "But we never had real physical contact."  
Falluv: "Oh yeah, so when there is no meat there is no love?"  
Cindia: "I'm not saying that. Well. In a way. It should be real after all. I mean, physical as well. You know, body sex and stuff."  
Falluv: "Look, we have been internetting I don't know how many megabytes of words of love and passion and tenderness, and perhaps a gigabyte of the most intimate photos. Well that's quite real."  
Cinda: "I could have been another one. Even a man."  
Falluv: "You're not going to tell me you're a man, eh?"  
Cindia: "No. My pictures are really me."  
Falluv: "Relieved."  
Falluv: "Same here. Except the first one."  
Cindia: "Laffs."  
Cindia: "I remember that one. Naughty boy. Pretending universe champion."  
Falluv: "Chuckles."  
Falluv: "So I guess there is no way we'd meet IRL."  
Cindia: "Better not."  
Falluv: "I feel cheated, I'm sorry. For you it is the absence or presence of the penis in your pussy that defines real love."  
Cindia: "I feel cheated by my husband cos he drives me in the arms of another one."  
Falluv: "Cyber arms."  
Cindia: "It is real. Straight from soul to soul. It really feels that way. No barrier by the body."  
Falluv: "But we did not have physical sex."  
Cindia: "That's not the point. It is the heart."  
Falluv: "That's what I am telling you all the time. So you say you love me but you fuck with another. Yeah, great love!"  
Cindia: "Oh."  
Falluv: "Yes."  
Cindia: "Don't know what to say."  
Falluv: "Me neither, haha! Don't even feel like having net.sex tonight."  
Cindia: "That's okay. It'll be alright next time."  
Falluv: "I love you so much."  
Cindia: "Me too."  
Falluv: "Who? Me or yourself?"  
Cindia: "Both."  
Falluv: "Smiles."  
Cindia: "Smiles."  
Falluv: "Smiles even more."  
Cindia: ".Grinnzz."  
Falluv: "LOL :-D"  
Cindia: "Laffs."  
Cindia: "Gotta go now."  
Falluv: "Me too."  
Falluv: "Have a beautiful day."  
Cindia: "Thanks. You too."  
Cindia: "Waves."  
Cindia: "Bye."  
Falluv: "Take care."  
SYSTEM: "Cindia logged off."  
SYSTEM: "Falluv logged off."

My staring at the conversation gets interrupted by a beep from the mail agent.

Dear Parity,

Nothing has come of what happened at Halloween. I make sure I just mind my own business because I know I only have two more years there, so it's just not worth getting all involved with anything that is not going to be there in the future. And what is left from the friendships that you had with the males and females you mentioned in your earlier mails? Those friendships are totally over and I have moved away from them in my mindset. I see them around the campus and the streets every now and again. They don't say anything to me, but Sheila really looks like she's very sorry about the whole thing. But, I am not going to make friends with her at all again. I just love myself too much. As I said before, after college I plan to move to California anyway, so friendship with her remains very limited. I have my whole life ahead of me to make new friends and pick better ones.

Parity, I am going to be honest with you. I am a nervous wreck when I get on line and we talk, can you imagine how nervous I would be with you on the phone line. I would stumble over my words. It would be so embarrassing. I am completely unable to speak IRL. What would I say to the man of my dreams on the phone? I don't know if I would even have the courage to call you up, much less talk once I am on the phone with you. I know you might think it's so childish of me. But, it's how I think of it. I know myself too well. On the internet it's easier because I have time to think before I speak whereas on the phone it's real time conversation as opposed to reading and then thinking, then writing. If we met IRL it would be better for me because I interact better than on the phone.

I was so troubled about the Halloween thing that I just wanted to push everyone away, including you. I BCC:d that mail to everyone including the Court Of Virtual Justice. That was my defense mechanism. That's about the only way I can explain it.

I didn't expect anyone to contact me with the Marvelly account. You can stop referring to it as Old Marvelly and me as New Marvelly. I know what you mean when you mention Marvelly. OK, now with that out of the way, I just used the name because I knew she was gone and I waited almost a year. I didn't think you would be so happy to see her as you obviously did. When I re-read the mails you sent (while I was away this weekend) I didn't see a hint of your supposed ill feelings about Marvelly until you found out and confirmed through her that it was not her. I know this because you wrote to me saying that you got my e-mail after you told me you lost it first. So I know contact was made with Marvelly during that time and even after because you then sent an apology after the previous message stating that you were sorry because you thought I was someone else.

Your mails didn't indicate that you had stopped loving her or anything. They were kind of intimate still. I can see that when I read them. There was nothing superficial about it unless you were keeping a damned good front about it. That's what made me ask you about Marvelly and what was going on. See, when I read about you knowing about Gowry and how they were involved IRL, why didn't you just stop e-mailing her altogether? Why did you keep mailing her and just keeping the fires still lit up on the relationship? You said you were not an adventurer, but then you continued to love her and write back and forth to her, seeking her as well or you would not have found the Marvelly account only 2 days after I started using it. When you finally made contact words of sweetness were used to express how you missed her so very much and you were so happy to see her again. You were asking for a time for both of you to talk again. That's a little strange for a person who was bitter about what happened to him as the person hurt him in question.

Then, after you found it was not her, you then immediately focused on me to talk and so forth. How do I know you are not an adventurist? How do I know that you did not do this with other people before? How do I know that Marvelly was someone you started to contact in the same fashion and spoke to her as you did to me? How do I know that you truly hurt by all she did to you when your messages to her were so sweet and caring. They are just words on a screen to most people, but I can read beyond them. I know your intentions were to make contact with her again and possibly start in on another chance of a relationship with her. It was very evident when I read the mails over and over. It's like I could read into them very very well.

I am not jealous over what you had with Marvelly. I really am not. I just wanted to make sure that you weren't using me to just heal yourself from the wounds she inflicted upon your heart. Can you understand this? My views about Marvelly are based on the facts at hand from mails you wrote in the beginning and the e-mails you have written. I am not looking to hurt you or blast you about this whole issue, I just wanted you to know why there are loose ends to your story.

You sound like you've always known or suspected she was with Gowy, yet you continued the sweetness with her. Continued the mailing with happiness as if it did not bother you at all. This is most confusing when I get to that point. If someone would hurt me in that fashion, I would not be so kind and extend a hand in friendship or anything else when they return on line or get in touch via e-mail. I just have that funny feeling sometimes that if she does contact you again, it could start into something bigger and better for you than what we have now. I mean, how do I know if she contacts you tomorrow with news that she wants to go to Europe for vacation and wants to meet with you for a day or so what you won't accept the invitation? How do I know that you will come here and while here know of her address and decide to visit her for one day? Or more?

I trust you at your word that you are not in contact with another gal. You told me the e-mails where nothing more than superficial. Seemed like they were more than that when I read your opening mail to the new account of Marvelly. I don't know, if it sounds like I am attacking you and questioning you, I am sorry for that. I hope you understand my concerns. I am usually so very inquisitive about things which is why I know guys don't like to get to know me further in the past. Forgive me on the last couple of paragraphs, I am just trying to make sense of things.

I guess I am a little suspicious about the internet and how people use other people for their personal gain on it. My father has told me a lot of facts on this and has the statistics to prove his point. He just wanted me to be aware is all. I am his only daughter, so he is protective of me with tact. Who else can say that about their father? Now, as I told you before, I am going to Florida for Thanksgiving. I have family in the Fort Lauderdale area and we all decided best to spend it with them. They had asked me to move to Florida, but I have my heart set on California. When I get out of school I will be able to make it happen. My father knows this as well. I get along very well with both of my parents, but I am daddy's little girl still. I love them both so very much. I am getting ahead of myself. With what I wrote above, I am sure that's the furthest thing from your mind right now. I am looking to a bright future, and I just hope you will still want to be a part of it.

Do Europeans celebrate Thanksgiving at all? I don't know much about Europe, sorry about that. I guess I should have kept up with my international studies. I just never thought I would meet a European that is still in Europe. Call it ignorance, but I am a City girl.

I have to start packing this Sunday night because the flight is actually Monday. My dad works weekends sometimes and it's his turn to work this weekend so we can't get away for the weekend. I would have loved to have gone there for the weekend, more time and more fun in Miami. I am really excited about this trip. Well, I will stop boring you with this e-mail and hope that you understand my concerns. Please, please please don't hesitate to confront me with your points as you have in the past. We both appreciate honesty and I am not taking your words badly or anything or with bad feelings, so just speak your mind as I have spoken mine. This may be the last time I bring up Marvally because I have asked you about things concerning the future with Marvally and I feel that you will answer me honestly and sincerely about it. To put your mind at rest before the question comes up.

About the Halloween ordeal, there will never be a repeat of that. I know this because it absolutely goes against who I am. I have not forgotten about it, although I have forgiven myself about it. I don't forget things too easily, I'm afraid. If I do, then I am destined to repeat my mistakes. I told you that before. I have to learn from my mistakes. So before you ask, I answered and you should know how sincere I am about the whole thing. Take your time and read this thoroughly and ask me about things that don't add up. I am keeping a copy of this e-mail so that I can refer to it, because it is very very long. That way when you ask I can refer to what I wrote and answer you honestly and without doubt of what I said in this. I wish you all the luck and strength with your journey today and pray that you come back safely. I hope things go well with your negotiations as it will benefit your future.

Perhaps one day, when your assignment is over, you can look for a position in the USA. As I know I will not want to live in Europe. You like Americans anyway, so I just thought I'd keep you to myself. Take care sweet Parity. Don't be discouraged by all this. As long as we communicate and answer honestly, everything will be fruitful. I thank you in advance for listening and answering my question. Know that I love you very much, more than anyone before.

With all my love,

Your princess Lisa

She keeps on pushing. But it brings me to a broader understanding about relational behavior in social networks. People can be very persistent in their mocked-up realities. Growing a[art together, believing nothing, like a voyage through the mountains with brooks and rivers of thoughts and feelings leading to old horizons that never existed. What is age in the cyber world? A mere CPU second a day, nothing more.

Why do people want to know my age? To plot a life expectancy line along a plan? Too old for what? Why is the first kiss always regarded as pushing the red button to launch life changes? What have lips to do with my possessions that suddenly are to become hers? What has sex to do with my daily time table that I suddenly have to explain every action of? Why should I suddenly obey and adapt to madam's variables? Have I not my own parameters?

My desire is no longer to grow old with you and sleep under the same roof that smiles to our terminals. Or to stay young with you, and kiss over the time that flies beyond the skies. Neither to be naked with you and float on tender waves that carry optical temptation. I will never travel with you through new realms that await imagination. There is no happy life with you beyond the borders of extended RAM. No longer do I wish to be yours.

VALIDAY

Hello Lisa,

You can't stop mailing me. For me, no is no. I am not interested in you, so please stop bothering me. You act as if nothing bad has happened. You are really out of your HTML. You think you can play games with me by pretending a big girl, trying to trap me in some kind of felony. I suspect you are a mere preteen and you don't belong here in the adult web world. So back off!

To be honest, I am just a nerd who plays games with a number of people on the net to make them believe that I am the one who should go between their legs. Once I get that far, I cut the illusion and break hearts. Just as a revenge to what others did to me IRL. They all don't give a shit about love. All they need is a man who can bear and handle their shit load. They don't want a man's love. They want a man's muscles to carry their problems. They want a man's bank account that pays for their high heeled pleasures.

Every woman will deny that. Same with you. But on the internet they play the all sensitive loving soul. And that is their trap. They chat sweet cheese to attract big mouse. So, yes, I Parity, I am the PHP man who slaughters female souls with Java script and Active-X. I heat up their own CPU fire, then throw cold water over it. I use psychology as a weapon of love destruction. I am guilty of nothing but studying.

Of course I want a long term relationship with a bright future. But then I have to meet the right woman. You are not the one.

There is one thing I must be very clear on: I do not change the way I truly am. I do not change my mind either because there is nothing wrong with it. I am who I am from here and now on.

Good luck and thank you for being my study object.

Parity

I click the button to send it off. Another browser-tab invites me to join a chat.

Sabria: "Don't be afraid to be weak, don't be too proud to be strong. Just look into your heart my friend."

Invalid: "Why?"

Sabria: "That will be your return to yourself, return to innocence."

Invalid: "Should I laugh?"

Sabria: "If you want, then start to laugh. If you want, then start to cry."

Invalid: "What reason?"

Sabria: "Be yourself, don't hide, just believe in destiny."

Invalid: "I don't care what people say, just follow my own way."

Sabria: "Don't give up and lose the chance to return to innocence. That's not the beginning of the end."

Invalid: "The return to myself."

Sabria: "The return to Innocence."

Invalid: "Sometimes I get too scared to show people who I truly am, for fear they won't like what they find."

Sabria: "Well, the first to offer help, but the last to ask for it. Perhaps we can all learn from one another's strengths and weaknesses."

Invalid: "I don't like pushy people; nor do I like people who will ride roughshod over others to achieve their own gains."

Sabria: "If you can't respect people here and whatever relationships they have forged here, then don't be upset when you don't get the respect you think we owe you."

Invalid: "Don't push my buttons and I won't push yours, I would always say."

Sabria: "I would always say. Do not walk in front of me. I may not follow you."

Sabria: "Do not walk behind me. I may not lead you."

Sabria: "Just walk beside me and be my friend."

Invalid: "Friends are heavens shoulders to console us when we cry. And friends are a place where we share our sadness and happiness."

Sabria: "I want to be your dream, your wish, your fantasy, hope, love."

Invalid: "You give me a reason for living."

Sabria: "If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail."

Sabria: "If you can't be the sun, be a star."

Invalid: "I know, it isn't by size that you win or you fail. Just be the best of whatever you are."

Sabria: "With the light in our eyes, it's hard to see holding on and on, till we believe with the light in our eyes it's hard to see. I want you to walk this world with me."

Invalid: "I don't know. Scared a bit."

Invalid: "May I read the message board?"

Sabria: "Sure, I'll read with you."

Invalid: ".msgboard"

SYSTEM: "From Sentina: 'Hello I'm here!'"

SYSTEM: "From Crumb: Well, well. Look everyone, it's Sentina. Perhaps someone's alter-ego. Decided to make someone up to love themselves. How quaint. I remember these players. Now, let Armageddon begin!"

SYSTEM: "From Sneaker: Armageddon? What the hell are you talking about? Are you really as apathetic as you sound or are you just on something?"

SYSTEM: "From Sneaker: Err make that pathetic."

SYSTEM: "From Crumb: Oh look, I hooked another one. Someone that has just that little bit of a pathetic nature to have to respond. Anyone here projecting, by chance. If everyone here was so secure about who they were, then why try to knock me down. Perhaps nothing else in your life is quite as exciting as you quiver with your next keystroke? Bye Sneaks."

SYSTEM: "From Daisyj: Fortress, you mail me and disappear without me having time to write back. You call yourself a true friend, yet you lie to me for over a year. I thought you were different, but I guess not. You didn't genuinely care about me, but rather about concealing your identity. If you are man enough, why don't you come back and talk to me one and one. If you are a true friend you would. I'm sick of playing your little games."

SYSTEM: "From Parity: Fortress, no such user? Want to reply to your mail."

SYSTEM: "From Daisyj: he comes on and checks the board and then deletes his account, hes a real guy alright, because I got mail from him yesterday."

SYSTEM: "From Silken: Dear Crumb. You know whose puss she is."

SYSTEM: "From Parity: Thanks Daisyj for the update. Wonder who he is."

SYSTEM: "From Parity: Hey come on Fortress. Is that what's in your name? So who the hell are you? One of the 1001 names you use?"

SYSTEM: "End of messages."

Sabria: "Do you know anyone of them here?"

Invalid: "Would it matter, my answer?"

Sabria: "Of course it would."

Invalid: "I know a few. Rather too well."



Invalid: ".quit"

SYSTEM: "Invalid logged off."

Sabria: "Hey still there?"

CHANGE

Hi Parity,

My responses are justified. I am not attacking you, but wondering why you always seem to take my words a little differently. I know you write things very clearly. Also, stop making it look like I am just reacting like a childish lunatic about things you say or write. That's not the case at all. Don't take my age for granted that I am rambling on like some little schoolgirl. That's the way you make it sound. As if I don't have any mature level to make my points. Here is what made me wonder over and over if you are the one looking to be out of the relationship. And then you just left it with hugs.

That told me that you had backed off affections and emotions. That was your writing, not mine. I know you asked about my parents and what they said and all, I told you what happened for the most part. Now, just to let you know, my sweet Parity, I am not getting pissy on this whole thing. I just find it funny that at times it does seem we have a barrier, but it's not the language. It is the attitude in which it is either written or received.

The way I see it, it's that you are just as sensitive as I am or a little more about things being written. No one is flawless, Parity. You are making it also sound that I have many faults that you don't like or it's that one fault that happened in Halloween. If you are still holding that against me, then just spell it out. Don't take the run-around type of wording and just get to the point about it. I have forgiven myself over the Halloween issue. I put it out of my mind. Don't say that it's not what you meant by it, because the way I see it, what else could you be referring to.

You said it yourself that if people have to deal with things about the other, then the relationship is just about dead. Let me know if this is the case. The way I see it now, the problem is me in this relationship and you are at no faults whatsoever. You have always been the perfect gentleman about things and I am just a lunatic now reading more into what is actually written. Remember one thing, you wrote to me saying that I was holding back in my writings when there was nothing wrong. As is my case that we are both sensitive about things written. There are many things we have to talk about when I do log in. If you wish not to, just let me know. If you want to continue things and work them out, let me know. I think we do have a problem with attitudes towards what is written. I just don't think it's so much my fault lately.

I am sorry for feeling this way. I guess I am not the girl of your dreams as you thought I was. I just get a little frustrated from time to time about things being implied that I am not so able to understand things and being told to re-read things to only confirm what I was talking about in the first place. I hope we can talk about this like grown ups. So far, I think at times we both fall short. I apologize for the writings seeming very harsh, but I don't like being treated like a child and that's what I felt was happening in the last e-mail.

Love,

Lisa

SYSTEM: "Welcome to NetLuvChat."

SYSTEM: "Please type.rules to read the rules of behavior on this Chat Box and make sure that you are still over eighteen."  
SYSTEM: "Type .y to continue or type .n to quit."  
SYSTEM: "Please wait."  
SYSTEM: "Please type .help if you need help."  
SYSTEM: "You are now in the entrance. Please type .map to display map."  
SYSTEM: "Please wait."  
Sentina: ".go hall"  
SYSTEM: "Sentina enters hall."  
Sentina: ".who"  
SYSTEM: "Sentina (user) in hall (1 mins)."  
SYSTEM: "Souly (user) in backroom (124 mins)."  
SYSTEM: "Beauty (user) in backroom (118 mins)."  
SYSTEM: "Otella (user) in stairs (2 mins)."  
SYSTEM: "Marvelly (user) in stairs (12 mins)."  
SYSTEM: "Greenpics (wizzard) in hall (37 mins)."  
SYSTEM: "Total 6."  
Sentina: "Hey Souly, is that your new lover."  
Souly: "She's just a friend."  
Sentina: "Don't you remember what we've had."  
Souly: "May I finish off my chat and masturbation?"  
Sentina: "Yes Souly you may finish off that bitch of yours!"  
Greenpics: "No offense in public please."  
Sentina: "Souly cheats on me."  
Greenpics: "That is nasty."  
SYSTEM: "Otella leaves stairs."  
SYSTEM: "Otella enters hall."  
Otella: "Hi there."  
Greenpics: "Hi Otella."  
Sentina: "Hi Otela."  
Sentina: "Otella."  
SYSTEM: "Beauty leaves backroom."  
SYSTEM: "Beauty logged off."  
Greenpics: "I believe Souly is available."  
SYSTEM: "Sentina enters backroom."  
SYSTEM: "Souly leaves backroom."  
Sentina: "Hi."  
SYSTEM: "Souly enters hall."  
SYSTEM: "Souly enters backroom."  
Souly: "Oh sorry I wanted to go be with you."  
Sentina: "That's OK."  
Souly: "Are you angry with me?"  
Sentina: "I felt cheated."  
SYSTEM: "Backroom now set to private by Souly."  
Sentina: "Thanks."  
Souly: "Now we can talk freely."  
Souly: "Beauty is just an old girlfriend."  
Sentina: "Anyone can eavesdrop private rooms.You never told me about her."  
SYSTEM: "Otella leaves stairs."  
SYSTEM: "Otella logged off."  
Souly: "Because we were just friends and I thought there no reason to be jealous."  
Sentina: "Well, I cannot check eh?"  
Souly: "Holds your hand."

Sentina: "Blushes."  
Sentina: "Do you love me?"  
Souly: "Kisses you gently your lips."  
Sentina: "Sighh. I missed you."  
Souly: "Me too."  
Souly: "Sucks your nipples."  
Sentina: "Well I don't feel well I think I go now."  
Souly: "But why?"  
Sentina: "I am not in the mood maybe tomorrow"  
Sentina: "Tomorrow."  
Souly: "I hope so."  
Sentina: "Mail me."  
Sentina: "Okay?"  
Souly: "Okay, till later."  
Sentina: "Bye."  
Souly: "Kisses you on the ear."  
Sentina: "Smiles."  
Souly: "Smiles to you."  
Sentina: "Bye."  
Souly: "Byte."  
Souly: "Oops, bye."  
SYSTEM: "Souly leaves backroom."  
SYSTEM: "Souly logged off."  
SYSTEM: "Backroom now set to public."  
SYSTEM: "Sentina leaves backroom."  
SYSTEM: "Sentina enters hall."  
Sentina: ".who"  
SYSTEM: "Sentina (user) in hall (18 mins)."  
SYSTEM: "Greenpics (wizzard) in hall (55 mins)."  
Sentina: "Hi still around?"  
Greenpics: "Hi, yes, how was it?"  
Sentina: "It was really great with him, he is so intense and brings me up to the stars in no time. A real hot guy it feels so good \*giggle\\".  
SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."  
Greenpics: "Chuckles."  
SYSTEM: "Bmean logged on."  
Sentina: "Gigglezz."  
SYSTEM: "Bmean enters hall."  
Greenpics: "Hi Bmean."  
Sentina: "Hi Bmean."  
Bmean: "Hi Green, hi Ant."  
Bmean: "How R U?"  
Sentina: "I'm fine."  
Greenpics: "Fine, how about you?"  
Bmean: "I am full of grief, loaded with guilt."  
Sentina: "Why?"  
Greenpics: "Why?"  
Bmean: "Because I am unable to see the forest for the trees."  
Sentina: "Which trees?"  
Greenpics: "Which forest?"  
Bmean: "I am 2 much used to abuse, tired of dating, losing friends, horny as hell, bored out of my skull."  
Greenpics: "Skull or pants? Which friends?"

Sentina: "What abuse?"

Bmean: "They think I am a sandbox psychosopher or a closet poet."

Sentina: "Giggles."

Greenpics: "Oh?"

Antria: "I am sorry."

Bmean: "You know, I am an adrenaline junky, bully challenger, mountain climber, wilderness lover, pick-up driver, animal lover, little sister idol, face in the crowd, voice in the back of your head, pain free, devil's advocate, hockey playing fool, college drowned, heart broken, sandbox fill-osopher, closet poet, competition junky, speed demon, and whatever else."

Greenpics: "These are good characteristics."

Sentina: "Where do ya live?"

Bmean: "I live in Alaska and no, I don't live in an igloo and no, it is not dark all year. Think about it and be smarter than the Earth's rotation."

Greenpics: "I haven't seen you here before."

SYSTEM: "Dreamshot logged on."

Sentina: "Nope, neither have I. You must be an alt."

Bmean: "Usually I'm on the SweetFunTalker."

Sentina: "Hmm, I'll try that one as well."

SYSTEM: "Dreamshot enters hall."

Dreamshot: "Hi."

Bmean: "And a couple I don't remember the addy for, live with it."

Bmean: "Do you have net.lovers?"

Greenpics: "Hi."

Sentina: "Loads of them."

Bmean: "Hi."

Greenpics: "I can't have any, I'm a wizzard."

Bmean: "Well, 2 bad, see you in hell."

SYSTEM: "Bmean logged off."

Greenpics: "He seems to know what he wants."

Sentina: "Yeah, a shrink."

Greenpics: "Lafffs."

Dreamshot: "I said HI!"

Sentina: "Hi Dreamy dammit!"

Greepics: "I will be away from the keyboard. Later."

Sentina: "Not my problem, Greeny."

Sentina: "Sorry, I was making myself a coffee."

Dreamshot: "Who are you?"

Sentina: "I am a student in civil law."

Dreamshot: "No, I mean what do you look like? R U a man?"

Sentina: "What is your ideal looks?"

Dreamshot: "Blonde, long legs, skinny, cup D."

Sentina: "Brown, fat, short hairy legs, cup A."

Dreamshot: "That's matching the ideal scene. So U R a woman."

Sentina: "Tell me sth about yourself."

Dreamshot: "I enjoy communicating, have many interests, love my Dogs."

Dreamshot: "I am a internet engineer."

Sentina: "Wow, that's cool, so tell me your secrets."

Sentina: "Did you ever make love?"

Dreamshot: "That's not my job."

Sentina: "You think it's mine?"

Dreamshot: "Sure not, you wouldn't do a job without getting paid for."

Sentina: "Right."

Dreamshot: "You do it for free on the net."

Sentina: "Be smart and build a credit card payment mechanism in the Chat Box."  
Dreamshot: "I will look into it. See you around, got to do some disk defrag."  
Greenpics: "Hi, I am back again."  
Dreamshot: "Check ur log-file so you wont miss the chat."  
Greenpics: "I know."  
Sentina: "I gotta go now."  
Sentina: "See you soon!"  
SYSTEM: "Dreamshot leaves hall."  
SYSTEM: "Dreamshot logged off."  
Greenpics: "That's OK."  
Greenpics: "Till soon again."  
Sentina: ".quit"  
SYSTEM: "Sentina leaves hall."  
SYSTEM: "Sentina logged off. Thank you for visiting NetLuvChat."

Hi Lisa,

Why don't you stop mailing me? Just to respond to some of the points you brought up recently, which will be absolutely the last e-mail to you, there is no need to check if there is any e-mail from me ever after. I just need silence, as I explained before and will explain again in this message.

You make noise about irrelevant details. You never said one word about what you truly have to offer and what you truly wish to receive. Give and take is what a relationship is about. You don't talk about that. Children don't talk about that. You talk about love but you know nothing about love at all. All you care about is your own emotional feeling. You don't give shit about what's in for me.

I have always had good intentions with you, but I feel these are not recognized as such, which puts me in dismay. If internet contacts are by definition so suspicious to you, then why do you go on the internet anyway? Why don't you stay logged off? As you don't, you agree with all that can happen on the net! Moreover, your idea of having a relationship sounds more like having a never ending war of meta data analysis. You behave like a detective who is looking for a suspect without any case.

You know, the internet is not a good place for any romantic endeavors. I too have learned that lesson. I hope you will find the right person in real life. I apologize for all the inconvenience that I have caused. Let us keep our past experiences as something to learn from. It is not that bad. It is a way of smartly dealing with events in life. Just keeping the good memories and leaving out the bad ones. It is good, that you focus now on your studies and IRL friends and relatives. At least that has valuable substance for you. I will be focusing on my work and my projects.

Take good care for yourself. In my heart I will remember you as a good friend who knows how to lie as well as I do. I wish you all the love and happiness throughout your paths through the forest of real life.

So long,

Parity

Sometimes fear invades a heart where staying joyful is an art. Sometimes it seems too beautiful above where one reaches for the other's love. Sometimes we touch outside loving light where dark thoughts fill an empty night. Maybe the woman is a man, or the other way around. Sometimes one is scared the other will go where we'd fade away into long time ago. Sometimes dreams arise about departure where hearts are broken into torture. Maybe we'll pull rudder where we don't want to lose one another in the site navigation, even though we may end up floating as web-junkies in the sea of sub-directories.

## WHY

I try to analyze social reasoning behind the drive to chat. I chat myself, and fill my own chapters. No longer am I a regular student. I have become a guinea pig of my own experiments.

I don't know your real name, I don't know where you live, I don't know whether you are fat or skinny, I don't know your birth chart, I just don't know anything real about you. It does not matter, for as long as we do not meet for real. So for me there is little reason why I should know who you really are. You would lie anyway, because that is the freedom we all seem to be unaccounted for on the internet.

Your soul comes across the net so beautifully. Or is it the hunger of the stomach of my own heart and hopes that I feel? Is it your typewritten thirst that pulls my moistened cyber-lips to the empty bowl?

The computer can be switched on and off anytime. Reality is altered and mocked up to virtual. But still, another kind of feeling keeps coming across, without distraction by the looks and gestures. A strange reality, apparently normal in the cyber world. Feeling beyond feelings. Straight from heart to heart, without any bodily distraction in between. Oh, how strong it can be! I can hardly switch off my soul to such force that walks through solid walls of fantasy.

Maybe we better never meet IRL. It would break this cyber reality into pieces that may never come together again, leaving wounds in the soul of reality.

Is reality not that which is perceived by the mind? Is that mind not the same mind in the real world as in the virtual world? I shout a soundless cry: "All I type is the real me!"

As the net implies more spiritual communication, is therefore not any higher ethics expected? In the virtual world it seems not an issue, yet everyone online wants to know who you really are. Quite a contradiction.

There is no real way to know what the person is, like in the real world. While most people you meet are probably perfectly nice people who intend to do no harm to you, like in the real world, there are people on the internet who are not honest at all. But again, is that important?

Why is net.love so much searched for? Has mankind forgotten youth, in which a simple smile or a sticky note passed in the classroom was enough to agree to a relationship, by simply saying 'It is on'? There are other questions too. They will come, and so will their answers. It all depends on your reality in this virtual world.

I am looking for you, someone I do not know but only imagine, someone I will never meet but only hope for, in the common world of loners, like me and you and everybody else on the dating sites. But not even know, that in reality I am looking for the real me.

A tree, a branch with a fruit, reaching out for your root to kiss your thirst. I am smiling to your hunger and I want to be your only first. A bird, it is you, a wing with a feather, flying out to hold my hand, together drifting to our destiny, to be each other's nomansland. A cloud nearby dissolves in our sky where love songs sound too strong because we are waiting so long for our lips of life. It only seems the end of fun of wandering through meadows. Loving beams, they are our sun that melts the empty shadows of error messages. Drops of bytes. Lots of them.



TRUTHLIE

Oh Parity,

Halloween night never happened, Parity. It was all mocked-up. Okay, I admit, you win. I thought it was a way for you to cool down after we got heated. Bad way of doing it, I know now, but it was. I have lied to you about many things.

I would never allow anyone to violate my body like that. I won't explain anything else after this. Just keep yourself safe.

I don't think of you as a bad person, just misguided. That's just so the record is set straight. If you feel you have to send anymore mail about the whole thing further, feel free to. I am sure your European ego won't allow for you to accept certain ideas I have expressed. I can tell what you think of European superiority in the above comment about European smart thinking. If that's how you feel, stay in Europe. Either that or I invite you to New York City to come and live for a bit where I am sure the New Yorkers will feel free to give you a little lesson in humility.

Now, I truly won't go any further in things at this point because I just want to leave this as happy as you want them to be. Just don't bother to respond if you truly want to keep it that way. If you do respond I will just take it that you simply have to have the last word on things and you are definitely not open minded about criticism to your person.

I deleted my accounts from the Chat Box and I plan to stay away from chat boxes for a while. I know now that you do not want to bother with me anymore. I truly am sorry for what I've done. Just know that it will never happen again.

I understand if you tear down my picture, spit on it and throw it in the garbage. You're the best thing that has ever happened to me and now I have lost you. I will have to live with that for the rest of my life. I go now and cry forever, because that's how long I will be hurting over what I've done to you.

Goodbye,

Lisa

I close the mail window, relieved that I have been right in my earlier thoughts about this young female guinea pig. The behavioral analysis circle is round now, and all is becoming clear. That little girl did it all to herself, not to me. Countless similar cyberians find themselves as hopeless.

Hell with continental discrimination. Europeans are okay. Americans are okay. Saudis are okay. Bitches are okay. And why should I get lessons in humility? It won't improve anyone's life. Besides, I am working on a project, this whole thing, not on an e-mail bride order.

Nothing is real anymore. I live in an ever growing virtual society, to the extend that reality does not matter as much as virtuality. People do not even want to go IRL.

The keyboard keeps moaning. The keys are greasy and dust sticks in between the chat lines.

Monsieur: "I smell wet stones and red roses."

Fromage: "She comes out of nowhere. She shapes herself out of air and light and the barren midnight you see in her eyes."

Monsieur: "Oh."

Fromage: "Winter follows her. You feel the icy glide of air along your skin. Her long dark hair, tossed by the winds of a deadly season, tangles wildly around her."

Monsieur: "Mmmm."

Fromage: "Winds tug at her skirt and trailing sleeves, revealing winter faces: a dark eye, a clawed and bloody paw, a white wing. Her teeth are pointed like an animal's. Her ruby eyes flare like stars."

Monsieur: "Standing before you, tall and proud. A smile graces the lips while looking at you."

Fromage: "Leaning forward, she beckons you to come nearer, saying that she will not hurt you. We might even have some fun together."

Monsieur: "As the sun sets, casting dark shadows which frolics across her body, she turns away, leading me to a paradise."

Fromage: "Crying in the morning, trying to be strong, waiting for the spring to turn into the fall."

Monsieur: "Love doesn't always mean what it says at all."

Fromage: "And my destiny says that I'm destined to fall."

Monsieur: "I should have tasted the truth on your lips as you whispered loving lies into my mouth which opened without caution to let them in."

Fromage: "These were your flammable kisses mixed with the spark in my heart and ignited the explosion that left my soul to burn."

Monsieur: "Why do I have to cry myself to sleep? What have I done to feel like this?"

Fromage: "Why should I care? Sometimes it feels like I just should give up and end something. But I'm too damn scared to do anything like that."

Monsieur: "It wouldn't be better if you did. But what can I do? Many questions, but very few answers."

Fromage: "Ya know, sometimes one gets to a point in life when they just don't give a damn anymore about what people think about them."

Monsieur: "Yeah. The only thing that matters to them is that the one that loves them is there and will be forever."

Fromage: "That's also my feeling right now. I love you more than I ever dreamed I could love anyone, and that includes my present husband."

Monsieur: "We've shared some very special days and nights together, times I will never forget."

Fromage: "I wish it were in real life."

Monsieur: "I have been given a second chance to repair that which I damaged. I have been offered the veritable holy grail once more, after proving the first time that I wasn't worthy enough to hold it."

Fromage: "I too learn from my mistakes."

Monsieur: "On the anniversary of the biggest life choice I have ever made I will be married to the most wonderful woman I have ever met. Blessed by her charity of heart and soul, cherished by her boundless love, I am honored and awed."

Fromage: "You are no longer alone. I understand what people speak of, when they talk of parts of their souls missing. I have found mine."

Monsieur: "The willow bends and sways thru the fiercest of storms. She exhibits her resolution and strength unscathed."

Fromage: "A reminder of tranquility amidst chaos. And quiet serenity encompassing us."

Monsieur: "Well, the sun doesn't shine forever but as long as it's here then we might as well shine together, better now than never."

Fromage: "Perhaps."

Monsieur: "Smiles."

Fromage: "I enjoy talking to all sorts of people, mainly like minded zoos, male or female. On the chat.net I sometimes play a dragon, mainly because I am a human in real life."

Monsieur: "On here it gives me a chance to do something different, so let us explore."

Fromage: "Ya, but the problem is that I know too well who you really are."

Monsieur: "Was it that real to you?"

Fromage: "It is impossible to play a role consistently all the time."

Monsieur: "Most people do. Even in real life."

Fromage: "Maybe you're right."

Monsieur: "What about your husband? Is he not playing a certain role?"

Fromage: "You mean whether he is cheating on me?"

Monsieur: "Cheating has all kinds of forms and severity levels."

Fromage: "I don't understand. You cheat or you don't cheat."

Monsieur: "That's right, but you can cheat in various ways."

Fromage: "What are you getting at?"

Monsieur: "For example, a married couple, the man sexually ignores his wife IRL, while he is secretly having cyber sex with another woman. He, in fact, does cheat his wife."

Fromage: "I see. So masturbation in marriage is cheating?"

Monsieur: "And if that husband also forbids her to go with another man."

Fromage: "Ya wait a minute, that gives her not yet the right to cheat on him."

Monsieur: "Oh yes. And I will tell you why."

Fromage: "Well?"

Monsieur: "In fact, that husband denies his wife the need of love and joy in life, and on top of it, he inhibits her any kind of happiness."

Fromage: "Yah."

Monsieur: "She has the right to experience true love and happiness. And no one, I repeat, no one, not even her husband, has the right to shut down her true nature as a woman."

Fromage: "I agree with that. I had such a problem with my first marriage. My first husband never made love to me. He never kissed me. He never hugged me. He never smiled at me."

Monsieur: "What have you done to him?"

Fromage: "Nothing! I have done only good to him. I was so communicative to him, and I did all I could to share all my thoughts and feelings with him."

Monsieur: "But he remained silent, non-communicative."

Fromage: "Cries."

Fromage: "Exactly."

Fromage: "I am crying. He never made real love with me."

Monsieur: "Hugs you and dries your tears."

Fromage: "I feel so awful now, even though it was years ago."

Monsieur: "It is okay. Let go. Think of your present husband."

Fromage: "That's the problem! He too becomes less and less interested in me. That's why I go on the net.chat."

Fromage: "I need you so much."

Monsieur: "I'll be on the net for you."

Fromage: "What should I do? Another divorce? I just don't know."

Monsieur: "If your husband has become a total stranger to you and if he does not want to undertake any effort to salvage the marriage, well, then there is no other option. There are other men on this goddam planet."

Monsieur: "Perhaps you both could consult someone."

Fromage: "We did that already, but it does not help."

Monsieur: "Maybe it wasn't a good idea. Because a third party keeps you both from taking responsibility yourselves."

Fromage: "That's what I felt, but I could never put it in words."

Fromage: "I just don't want to go through the nightmare of a divorce."

Monsieur: "For as long as you don't do anything, nothing will change."  
Fromage: "This I know, but I don't have the courage."  
Monsieur: "First set yourself a goal."  
Fromage: "What do you mean?"  
Monsieur: "Well. What would be for you the ideal scene?"  
Fromage: "Ideal? To live in a peaceful house with a wonderful man who loves me and to feel safe and happy in life."  
Monsieur: "That sounds great. Now, make this as your goal."  
Fromage: "I do. Okay, okay."  
Monsieur: "Good. Now find out what steps, and in what sequence, you have to take to reach that goal."  
Fromage: "Yes. Err."  
Monsieur: "Then. For each step, find out what you need in order to take that step."  
Fromage: "I will think about that."  
Monsieur: "No. Think about it now. Don't postpone again."  
Fromage: "Why again?"  
Monsieur: "You thought of it before and you saw in your mind all the hassle. The steps. And you didn't like it. So you postponed."  
Fromage: "Blushes."  
Fromage: "Let's meet IRL."  
Monsieur: "Better not. I'd love to, even if it is just for having a one night stand. I am married, you know."  
Fromage: "But can you give an idea what these steps could be?"  
Monsieur: "Oh sure. Simple things they are in fact."  
Fromage: "Simple. I doubt."  
Monsieur: "Roughly 90 percent of the law on marriage and divorce talks about possessions. So make a list of all your possessions."  
Fromage: "That's easy."  
Fromage: "Yes, but all that paperwork is easy."  
Monsieur: "It is."  
Fromage: "But the hard part is how to tell my husband."  
Monsieur: "Tell him that he should consider a divorce without war. It's best for both. He will listen, because he knows he's not attracted to you anymore."  
Fromage: "I just don't have the courage."  
Monsieur: "Think of your goal. Your life is ahead of you. And totally yours only."  
Fromage: "I do. I do. But I need to talk about it with my future husband."  
Monsieur: "So you have a lover IRL?"  
SYSTEM: "Updating files."  
SYSTEM: "One moment please."  
SYSTEM: "Files updated."  
Fromage: "This you knew."  
Monsieur: "I knew it all the time, well, I guessed a bit."  
Monsieur: "Do you want to reach that goal rather soon or never?"  
Fromage: "The sooner the better."  
Monsieur: "Then go for it! Dammit!"  
Fromage: "I am afraid for his reaction."  
Monsieur: "You are afraid for the unknown."  
Fromage: "Yes, in this."  
Monsieur: "You were not afraid to tell him you want to marry him."  
Fromage: "No."  
Monsieur: "You were not afraid to tell him he should go to the hairdresser."  
Fromage: "Of course not."  
Monsieur: "Or to tell him that you want to go to the movies."

Fromage: "Nope."  
Monsieur: "Or to tell him that you are fed up with his drinking."  
Fromage: "No no."  
Monsieur: "Or telling him that he should put the TV softer when you're on the phone."  
Fromage: "Noo."  
Monsieur: "You see, there isn't that much anxiety after all."  
Fromage: "Ah, in fact I don't care."  
Monsieur: "Think of your goal, your future. The hassle is only a brief moment compared to what follows."  
Fromage: "I need support."  
Monsieur: "Look, you have my support and that of your lover."  
Fromage: "Smiles."  
Monsieur: "Sighs."  
Fromage: "I go tell him. Dammit. I'll tell about that miserable load of lead on my back."  
Monsieur: "Do it now. Now."  
Fromage: "I will. Oh yeah, I damn will."  
Fromage: "I gotta go now."  
Monsieur: "Beddie time, I guess."  
Fromage: "Tell time and couch time. We sleep apart."  
Monsieur: "Wish you sweet dreams and sweeter reality."  
Fromage: "Thanks. You 2."  
Monsieur: "See you next time."  
Fromage: "Later."  
SYSTEM: "Fromage logged off."

It is so unreal that it hurts my reality. It opens up new realms and leads me to a place where I could just be. And I am happier on that pedestal people place me on, content to sit on and watch over all that is good. I am running through fields of daisy blossoms with you and making daisy crowns for our hair, wishing upon a shooting star in the galactic heaven of joy that it would last forever.

Dreaming about naked grass that caresses our skin that left the cloth behind the deep of breathing sound. Our legs they spiral in each other and our lips they kiss eternity the longing of our hearts that beat. Melting the outer with the inner that have never touched. Our hands they fold together leaving both the others free that search and find the softness. Your breasts upon my chest taking the place where your head was leaning. Our 3D hips greet a hug of love close to one another where our high speed data transfer grows.

I take a nap and gently slide into an Arabic style fairytale. The night tries to hide under the moon, but my closed eyes can see its presence. A new light is invading me with the colors of your heart on my pillow. My heart is beating and a new flood is filling my veins with the love of your soul in my arms. The moon shines onto our faces, wiping the shadows away and shows us the scarlet blanket of together a night at the border of the internet.

Your head on my chest drifting away to your dreams and I caress your emotions kissing you sleep well in a field of flowers. Leaving the twilight of doubt and waiting we meet together in a day where silence talks. The need of phrases will fade away by the shine of our presence. Yet we break a rule by saying those three words, but for us it is the deepest spoken real. And for you it is as for me. I love you, sweet dream. Be my nightmare of the next day. I'll stay awake for someone I will hold in my arms in my true country.

## NET.WEDDING

We are strangers, starting out on a journey. Always dreaming, what we'd have to go through. Now here we are and I am suddenly standing at the beginning with you. No one told me that I was going to find you. Unexpected expectations you did to my heart. When I lose hope, you are here to remind me that this is the beginning.

Free from rules, conventions and restraints about gender, age, race, religion, physical appearance, strangers knowing each other as lovers and friends bind themselves from heart to heart, with the Chat Box in between. Sometimes, they marry in real life, to become new strangers to get to know each other in a brave new world of fantasy.

Life is a road and I want to keep going. Love is a river I want to keep flowing. I will be there when the world stops turning and I will be there when the storm is through. In the end I want to be standing at the skyline with you.

Now I am going to witness a net.marriage. If it's true for them, it's true.

Parity: "Hello all."

Valery: "Hi Parity."

SYSTEM: "Entering now Comegirl."

SYSTEM: "Entering now Catchbee."

SYSTEM: "Entering now Loansum."

Parity: "Seems there is a party?"

Ladybird: "Ooooh Comegirl!"

Valery: "Comegirl!!! ~"

SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."

Valery: "Nods nods. I like that Comegirl."

Comegirl: "Smiles and hugs Valery."

Comegirl: "Hugs Ladybird tight."

Ladybird: "Smiles. Hi Loansum!"

Comegirl: "Smiles."

Valery: "Hugz Loansum super tight."

Ladybird: "Hugs Comegirl."

Loansum: "Smiles and hugs you all;))"

SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."

Cheatbitch: " hugzz Loansum tight."

Loansum: "Thanks for coming :)"

SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."

Parity: "Hi Loansum Ladybird didn't think she'd get back, Loansum. But I made it!"

Loansum: "Heya Parity."

Loansum: "Yah. I am so glad Ladybird: "))"

SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."

Comegirl: "Huggles the bride-to-be close."

Loansum: "Hugzzz cowgilr. Heya hun."

Comegirl: "Hello!"

Nickname: "Hey Comegirl."

Loansum: "Hugs Nickname."

Nickname: "Hugs Loansum."

Comegirl: "Adjusts the lighting and lights the candles."

Loansum: "Grins."  
Valery: "Takes a seat in front row."  
Nickname: "Kicks back and waits."  
Valery: "And saves one for DD."  
Parity: "Start the cameras."  
Comegirl: "Sprinkles magic dust over the candle as the air permeates with a sweet fragrance."  
Valery: "Hey Parity, you hangin around for wedding?"  
SYSTEM: "Entering now Catchbee."  
Nickname: "Hey Catch."  
Loansum: "Thinks Comegirl is good at this .;)"  
SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."  
Valery: "Hugz Catchbee."  
Greatgirl: "Catch!!"  
Loansum: "Honey :-))"  
SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."  
Ladybird: "Smiles and hugs Catchbee."  
Parity: "Oh wow."  
Catchbee: "Wipes her brow. Runs in and hugzz Loansum so tight!"  
Loansum: "Hugs her baby so tight and gives her a nice kiss."  
Comegirl: "Smiles."  
Valery: "Loansum, no kissing, gotta wait till wedding is over."  
Loansum: "Poohs."  
Valery: "Giggles."  
SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."  
Comegirl: "Hugs Catchbee tight."  
Catchbee: "Smiles and hands Loansum a rose from the bouquet she sent her."  
Catchbee: "Smiles and hugzz ya all so tight."  
Cheatbitch: "Ooooh"  
Loansum: "Smiles proudly."  
Parity: "I am here because of this special event."  
SYSTEM: "Entering now Taratek."  
Loansum: "Whew."  
Nickname: "Hey Tarateka. Karateka?"  
Ladybird: "Sits and relaxes and smiles at the couple."  
Valery: "Thanks."  
Taratek: "Hiyas."  
Valery: "Congratulations Catchbee and Loansum."  
Valery: "Hopes DD makes it in time."  
SYSTEM: "Entering now Blurry - a new user."  
Comegirl: "Sits next to Tazzy, Val and Ladybird."  
SYSTEM: "Entering now Feedika."  
Ladybird: "Doesn't think Prncs can come tonight."  
Taratek: "Smiles."  
Feedika: "Hiya."  
Cheatbitch: "Hugzz Blurry tight."  
Valery: "No net access?"  
Loansum: "Hugzz Blondie."  
Feedika: "Heya Taz."  
Taratek: "Hiyas Feedika."  
Nickname: "Hey."  
Valery: "Heya Feedika."  
Taratek: "Hugs da Nickname."  
Taratek: "Sorry."

Taratek: "Tired and out of it."  
Taratek: "Shessh."  
Catchbee: "Hugzz val, Nickname, gg, Ladybird. ;))"  
SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."  
Taratek: "Barely made it."  
Taratek: "Hugs Catchbee."  
Nickname: "Hugs Cgas."  
Nickname: "Hugs Tarat."  
Catchbee: "Hiya Tazz good to see you."  
Cheatbitch: "Hhugzzz Cag's tight."  
Taratek : "Chuckles."  
Catchbee: "Heyya Comegirl. Hugzzzz."  
Ladybird: "Smiles and hugs Catchbee."  
Taratek: "Yeah. Made it."  
Catchbee: "Heyya Feedika."  
Taratek: "Had a call from parents saying they wanted dinner."  
Comegirl: "Hugzz Catchbee."  
Taratek: "Hah."  
Feedika: "Hi Catchbee."  
Taratek: "Wonders of drive thrus."  
Cheatbitch: "LOL."  
Parity: "Shakes Catchbee's hands and gives a flower."  
Catchbee: "Smiles. Thank you Parity."  
SYSTEM: "Entering now Diamoon polishes her charade."  
Nickname: "Hey DD."  
Taratek: "Hiyas dd."  
Loansum: "Hugzzz Dd."  
Cheatbitch: " Hola Dd."  
SYSTEM: "Leaving now Blurry - a new user."  
Valery: "Pounces onna DD and kisses her passionately."  
Diamoon: "Heya, Nickname. Huggzzz."  
SYSTEM: "Entering now Romi."  
Taratek: "Chuckles."  
Nickname: "Hugs DD."  
Cheatbitch: "Hugzzz Dd tight."  
Parity: "Smiles to Loansum and gives a flower."  
SYSTEM: "Entering now Dreamcheese."  
Taratek: "Hehe."  
Nickname: "Huggles Dreamy."  
Cheatbitch: "Hugzzz Dreamchiz."  
Diamoon: "Smoochiez Valery and hugglez Catchbee and Loansum wayyyy tight."  
Ladybird: "Hugs DD and Dc in turn."  
Loansum: "Hugs Dreamy very tight ;-)"  
SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."  
Romi: "Congrats Catchbee and Loansum."  
Dreamcheese: "Smoochies and huggles Diamoon and Nickname and hugs Ladybird and Loansum and Greatgirl."  
Catchbee: "Thank you romi. ;-)"  
SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."  
Nickname: "Smooches Dreamy."  
Taratek: "Smiles."  
SYSTEM: "Entering now Blurry - a new user."  
Loansum: "Thanks ya Romi."



SYSTEM: "Entering now Lilith Fair."  
Dreamcheese: "Heya Lilith."  
Lilith: "Hi."  
Lilith: "I made it!!! I almost missed it!"  
Catchbee: "Hiya Lilith, hugzzz."  
Comegirl: "Hugs Dreamcheese and Diamoon."  
Dreamcheese: "Smiles and hugs Comegirl way tight."  
Blurry: "Hello."  
Diamoon: "Hugglez Comegirl."  
Loansum: "Hugzz Blurry again."  
Cheatbitch: "Hugzz Blonde again too."  
Taratek: "Just goes and hugs everyone."  
Comegirl: "Beams beams."  
Taratek: "Chuckles."  
Lilith: "Smiles."  
Valery: "Hugz Taz."  
Nickname: "Alright ladies, how about a group hug."  
Blurry: "Hugz around the room."  
Taratek: "Haha."  
Nickname: "Geeze."  
Valery: "Silly Taz."  
Loansum: "Group hugger."  
Taratek: "Group huggest."  
Catchbee: "Smiles."  
Taratek: "Dog pile. Oops."  
Taratek: "Grinz."  
Comegirl: "Chuckles."  
Catchbee: "Takes Loansum's hand. Ready hun?"  
Loansum: "Is very ready."  
Comegirl: "Smiles."  
Taratek: "Smiles."  
Catchbee: "Smiles and takes Loansum's hand, giving her a rose. ;). ->{@"  
SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."  
Valery: "Pulls DD down next to her on the front row. Here Sweetie, I saved you a seat."  
SYSTEM: "Entering now Faithfool Out of Mind-Back in 5."  
Loansum: "Smiles. Thank you love."  
SYSTEM: "Entering now Dreamcheese."  
Faithfool: "Stumbles in quietly."  
Dreamcheese: "Got disconnected."  
Cheatbitch: "LOL."  
Nickname: "Rehugs all."  
SYSTEM: "Entering now Diamoon."  
Catchbee: "Hears the organ music, hmmm what song?"  
Feedika: "Sits down quietly next to Taz."  
Dreamcheese: "Snuggles next to Nickname as she waits."  
Taratek: "Smiles atta Feedika."  
Dreamcheese: "Resmoochies Diamoon and rehugs around."  
Valery: "Rehugz her darling."  
Lilith: "Smiles."  
Catchbee: "Disappears in a puff of magic!"  
Loansum: "Is pulled into the beyond!"  
Diamoon: "Grinz and takes her seat next to Valery."  
Lilith: "Paccelbel Canon."

Cheatbitch: "Disappears in a puff of magic!"

Faithfool: "Hides in corner."

Valery: "Goes to the arches."

Dreamcheese: "Joins Catchbee."

Taratek: "Joins Catchbee."

Nickname: "Joins Catchbee."

Feedika: "Joins Taratek."

SYSTEM: "Leaving now Valery."

Ladybird: "Eyes glaze over."

SYSTEM: "Entering now Valery."

Valery: "Appears from nowhere!"

Faithfool: "Hey Parity you stranger!"

Valery: "Takes her seat again quietly."

Cheatbitch: "Lites da candles."

Taratek: "Takes her seat quietly."

Parity: "Hi sweetie."

Cheatbitch: " We are gathered this evening, Monday October 5th to celebrate one of the happiest moments in the lives of Loansum and Catchbee, & their wish to make life long commitments to one another. We share in their joy & happiness. Catchbee & Loansum, you have come here to celebrate the love which you have for each other. We share in this with you by giving recognition of your decision to accept each other as partners, lovers, and soul-mates."

Loansum: "Looks at Catchbee and holds her hand."

Cheatbitch: "Whom have you chosen as witnesses?"

Catchbee: "Blurry. Jen."

Loansum: "Nickname."

Cheatbitch: "Will you the chosen witnesses do all in your power to support & strengthen them in the days ahead?"

Catchbee: "Smiles over at her daughter. Ready?"

Loansum: "Smiles big at Nickname."

Cheatbitch: "Looks at Nickname and Blonde."

Blurry: "Yes I will."

Nickname: "Smiles at Loansum."

Dreamcheese: "Smiles at Nickname too."

Nickname: "Nods. Nods."

Cheatbitch: "Loansum & Catchbee have chosen to say there own vows."

Comegirl: "Smiles."

Taratek: "Smiles."

Faithfool: "Smiles."

Ladybird: "Listens, smilin, too."

Catchbee: "Turns and takes hands in hers."

Catchbee: "Looks deeply into your eyes."

Loansum: "Takes the hands and looks in her eyes."

Catchbee: "Smiles."

Loansum: "I take you to be my completion of life. My one and only love. The one I wake to every morning and smile upon."

Dreamcheese: "Grinz at Nickname happily."

Catchbee: "Smiles ever so softly."

Loansum: "Everything I own and possess I will share with you and the most important of all those things is my heart."

Faithfool: "Gets teary eyed."

Catchbee: "Squeezes the hand."

Valery: "Hands Faithfool a tissue and smiles."

Loansum: "Who taught me what love and kindness are really about."  
Catchbee: "Smiles and keeps her eyes upon you."  
Loansum: "The woman who came into my life and made me feel that life has a purpose and everyday is a new beginning."  
Blurry: "Eyes glaze over."  
Lilith: "Eyes glaze over."  
Loansum: "Till the day there is no breath left in me I will love you as a friend, lover, soul-mate and partner. I love you for always."  
Catchbee: "Smiles."  
Cheatbitch: "Sniffles."  
Catchbee: "Smiles and whispers to the stars and moon. Thank-you."  
Diamoon: "Smilez so big."  
Taratek: "Smmiilesss."  
Catchbee: "I take you to be my partner in life."  
Dreamcheese: "Smiles at the happiness that fills the room."  
Catchbee: "I will cherish our friendship."  
Valery: "Grabs Diamoon's hand and squeezes tightly."  
Faithfool: "Bawls."  
Catchbee: "And love you today, tomorrow and forever."  
Catchbee: "I will share with you all that I have."  
Catchbee: "What may come I will always be there."  
Catchbee: "As I have given you my hand to hold."  
Catchbee: "So I give you my life to keep so help me Internet."  
SYSTEM: "Entering now Drealine."  
Catchbee: "I will share my life with you in plenty and in want."  
Loansum: "Looks at you so lovingly."  
Drealine: "Appears from nowhere!"  
Parity: "Shut the fuck up Dline!"  
Catchbee: "Thank you for coming into my life, for sharing yourself freely."  
Catchbee: "For never have I ever loved someone as much as I do love you. Someone who loves me as much as I love you, shares and gives so freely. We are equal partners. I will walk beside you. I will love you always."  
Cheatbitch: "Smiles."  
Comegirl: "Weeps and smiles."  
Cheatbitch: "Nickname, Blurry, please hand the rings to Catchbee & Loansum."  
Faithfool: "Cries."  
Loansum: "Loves you so much."  
SYSTEM: "Leaving now Romi."  
Nickname: "Hands the ring to Loansum."  
Blurry: "Hands her mom the ring."  
Taratek: "Smiles."  
Loansum: "Hugs Nickname. Thank you."  
Nickname: "Hugs Loansum. Welcome."  
Catchbee: "Smiles.and kisses Blurry on the cheek. Thank you hun."  
Diamoon: "Grinzz."  
Ladybird: "Smilezz."  
Blurry: "Smiles."  
Dreamcheese: "Smiles."  
Catchbee: "Turns and takes Loansum's left hand."  
Drealine: "And Gibbybear beamzz."  
Catchbee: "Wear this ring as a sign of all that I am and all that I have. Treasure it as a token and a pledge of our love. Wear it as protection whenever we are separated. The circle is a

symbol of the sun, earth and universe. A symbol of unity where our two lives are now joined in an unbroken circle."

Catchbee: "Smiles."

Loansum: "Smiles upon her love and takes Catchbee's left hand."

Loansum: "Wear this ring as a symbol of our completeness."

Loansum: "No one has ever made me feel complete like you do. The ring is a perfect complete circle."

Loansum: "Just like our love."

Loansum: "And it shall never be unbroken or bent."

Catchbee: "Smiles softly."

SYSTEM: "Entering now Gibbybear."

Loansum: "I cherish you and this ring is also a symbol of my commitment to love you forever."

Loansum: "Smiles."

Catchbee: "Squeezes your hands tight."

Cheatbitch: "Smiles."

Loansum: "I will too baby."

Cheatbitch: "Catchbee & Loansum, in the presence of all here."

Catchbee: "Smiles broadly."

Faithfool: "Cries harder."

Taratek: "Smiles."

Cheatbitch: "By the power of your love."

Parity: "I'm speechless."

Cheatbitch: "Because you have exchanged vows of commitment."

Cheatbitch: "We recognize you as united."

Ladybird: "Eyes glaze over."

Cheatbitch: "Ssniffss."

Catchbee: "Turns and takes in her arms and kisses her deeply."

Lilith: "Wheee!"

Valery: "Yay's!"

Drealine: "Whispers. Can the brides kiss or what?"

Ladybird: "Wooo woo!"

Ladybird: "Applauds loudly, beaming at the happy couple."

Taratek: "Woohoos!"

Lilith: "Congrats! "

Drealine: "Yeeehaaa!"

Blurry: "Congrats."

Diamoon: "Smilez and woohoos!"

Cheatbitch: "Bops Drealine."

Faithfool: "Just sits can cries."

Loansum: "Melts into that kiss. I love you."

Dreamcheese: "Applauds and woooooohooooos!"

Drealine: "Congratulations!"

Catchbee: "I love you."

Faithfool: "That was too beautiful."

Lilith: "I hate to do this, but I have to run."

Taratek: "Congrats."

Loansum: "Love you too."

Faithfool: "Cries in Ladybird' s arms."

Nickname: "Congrats Catchbee and Loansum."

Parity: "Wipes a tear away."

Feedika: "Congrats to you."

Loansum: "Thank you all ;-))))!"

SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."  
Taratek: "Grinz."  
Blurry: "Hehe. Congrats mom."  
Catchbee: "Smiles and holds in her arms."  
Valery: "Gives Faithfool the box of tissues."  
Ladybird: "Hugs Faithfool and hands her a hanky."  
Dreamcheese: "Puts an arm around Nickname."  
Diamoon: "Congratulations!"  
Catchbee: "Kisses Blurry."  
Parity: "Hugs Catchbee and Loansum."  
Ladybird: ": }woooo )))"  
SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."  
Catchbee: "Thanks Cheatbitch so much."  
Faithfool: "Blows bubbles instead of throwing rice."  
Loansum: "Hugzzz Blurry tight."  
Diamoon: "Hugglez Valery tight."  
Taratek: "Wwoohooo!"  
Nickname: "Wraps an arm round Drealine."  
Cheatbitch: "Hugzzz Catchbee and Loansum sooooo tight."  
SYSTEM: "Leaving now Lilith."  
Valery: "Makes her way to Catchbee and Loansum and hugz them both tight."  
Comegirl: "Hugs Catchbee and Loansum tight."  
Blurry: "Smiles."  
Valery: "Hugz Diamoon."  
Nickname: "Huggles Catchbee and Loansum."  
Catchbee: "Hugss Comegirl. Kisses onna cheek."  
Loansum: "Hugs and smooches you. Thank you hon."  
Taratek: "Gets up and walks over and hugs Catchbee and Loansum."  
Catchbee: "Hugzz Nickname and kisses too."  
Taratek: "Congrats you too."  
Dreamcheese: "Hugs Catchbee and Loansum. Much happiness. Always and forever."  
Drealine: "Hugs Catchbee and Loansum. Congratulations!"  
Loansum: "Thank you."  
Comegirl: "Congratulation!"  
Faithfool: "Just huggs and kiss everyone."  
Diamoon: "Hugglez the happy couple and wishes them all the happiness in forever."  
Catchbee: "Hugzz Drealine and Gibbybear."  
Catchbee: "Hugzz Nickname."  
Catchbee: "Hugzz Feedika Ladybird."  
Feedika: "Hugz Catchbee and Loansum."  
Taratek: "I wish you all the joy and happiness."  
Gibbybear: "Hugs and congratulates."  
Parity: "Gives Catchbee and Loansum a book: The Prophetos."  
Loansum: "Hugzzz you all tight. Love you all."  
Catchbee: "Hugss Taratek too."  
Catchbee: "Heyya Partyme thank you."  
Catchbee: "This love will certainly last forever, if you are all wondering."  
Taratek: "Grinzz."  
Faithfool: "Happy."  
Catchbee: "Hands out glasses."  
Valery: "Laffs. Like we don't already know that."  
Loansum: "Cheers."  
Drealine: "I was going to suggest the seraphic karma sutra."

Valery: "Karma? Kama! Laffs."  
Catchbee: "Hands \ / \ / \ / \ / \ /"  
SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."  
Ladybird: "Toasts the happy couple."  
Dreamcheese: "Fills glasses and passes them to the happy couple. And the rest of all."  
Catchbee: "Hugzz dat Cheatbitch so tightttt."  
Catchbee: "Thankie Drealine."  
Loansum: "Smiles so big."  
Cheatbitch: "Belts down a few drinks before bed."  
Taratek: "Smiles."  
Catchbee: "Says thank ya I know it late for you."  
Catchbee: "Toast."  
Loansum: "Yes thank yo so much hugs ya tight."  
Cheatbitch: "Smiles. It worth it hun."  
Cheatbitch: "Hugzzz ya both sooo tight."  
Blurry: "Writes a message on the board."  
Ladybird: " reads the message board"  
Valery: "Smiles hugely."  
Comegirl: "Awwww! ))"  
SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."  
Faithfool: "Cries more and most."  
Ladybird: "Whews. Very nice, Catchbee and Lun."  
Dreamcheese: "Grinz."  
Catchbee: "Says thankie Ladybird hugzz and a smoocher."  
Cheatbitch: "Hugzzz around da room."  
Ladybird: "Gives the box of cleanex to Faithfool. Ggiggle."  
Faithfool: "Hugs the box of kleenex."  
Comegirl: "Huggles Faithfool."  
Diamoon: "Wonderful ceremony."  
Cheatbitch: " Night ya'll. Best of luck Catchbee and Loansum."  
Catchbee: "Takes the hand. Crusgh!!"  
Faithfool: "Thanks Comegirl."  
Valery: "Hugz sleep tight."  
Faithfool: "Huggles back."  
Dreamcheese: "Huggles Greatgirl."  
Ladybird: "Night all!"  
Loansum: "Holds up the glass to my life and love. I love you sweetie."  
Catchbee: "Hugss. We love ya!"  
Catchbee: "Awwww."  
Comegirl: "Weeps and smiles."  
Faithfool: "Wow!"  
Cheatbitch: "Oooooer's."  
Comegirl: "Woooooooooooooooooooo."  
Loansum: "Hugs Drealine thanks hun."  
Loansum: "Laffs."  
Comegirl: "Really cries now."  
Valery: "Ahhhh."  
Comegirl: "This is soooo sweet."  
Cheatbitch: "Dives under the covers."  
Catchbee: "Let me always. Let me always."  
SYSTEM: "Leaving now Cheatbitch."  
Ladybird: "Giggles."  
Valery: "LOL."

Blurry: "Yeah ya did ma."  
Taratek: "Chuckles."  
Catchbee: "Oh welll."  
Dreamcheese: "Laffs."  
Catchbee: "I do tend to do that."  
Diamoon: "Grinz and hands Catchbee another toast! "  
Ladybird: "Grins and throws confetti onna beautiful couple."  
Dreamcheese: "Well, we no screw up honeymoon."  
Valery: "Gets ya outta quote mode."  
Loansum: "Woo hoo."  
Nickname: "Winks at everyone."  
Valery: "Gigglez."  
Taratek: "Chuckles."  
Catchbee: "Takes Loansum by the hand. Dance baby?"  
Loansum: "Yes. Let's dance hun."  
Blurry: "Well I better be off to bed tonight."  
Catchbee: "Kisses Blurry good night. Thanks hun for staying up."  
Valery: "Nite Blurr."  
Nickname: "Nite Blurry."  
Loansum: "Hugs jen tight. Nite hun."  
Taratek: "Nite Blurry."  
Catchbee: "Thank you for always being here for me."  
Diamoon: "Watches the Catchbee and Loansum dance."  
Blurry: "Thinks dumb testing tomorrow."  
Ladybird: "Night, Blurry."  
Catchbee: "Kisses Jen onna cheek."  
Blurry: "Hugs her mommy loves u."  
Catchbee: "Takes by the hand and places her arms around her closely."  
Comegirl: "It's lovely Gibbybear."  
Gibbybear: "It reads congratulations and best wishes."  
SYSTEM: "Leaving now Blurry - a new user."  
Ladybird: "Smiles."  
Loansum: "Snuggles into your arms."  
Catchbee: "Hugzz Gibbybear thanks hun so much."  
Ladybird: "Night, all. Congrats again."  
Taratek: "Cya Ladybird."  
Catchbee: "Places a tender kiss on your lips as I look into your eyes."  
Loansum: "Nite Ladybird. Huge hugzzzz."  
Ladybird: "Hugs 'round the room."  
Diamoon: "Nightnight, Ladybird."  
Nickname: "Nite Ladybird."  
Dreamcheese: "Hugs Ladybird way tight."  
Faithfool: "My peace and love to happy couple. Peace all."  
Valery: "Nite Ladybird."  
Loansum: "Awww baby. You have me mesmerized."  
Catchbee: "Hugzz lady night. Thanks for comin."  
Comegirl: "Hugs Ladybird."  
Gibbybear: "Going to read Drealine's screen only now."  
Parity: "Good night wonderful people. I am sorry I am tired. Other timezone."  
Valery: "Nite Parity."  
Gibbybear: "Hugs the happy wonderful couple."  
SYSTEM: "Leaving now Gibbybear."  
Catchbee: "Hugssss ya all so tightttt."

Faithfool: "Waves a cleanse. Oops cleanex."  
SYSTEM: "Leaving now Ladybird."  
SYSTEM: "Leaving now Faithfool."  
Drealine: "Night Faithfool, Ladybird, Parity."  
Diamoon: "Huggzzz Catchbee and Loansum tight. Congratulations again!"  
Parity: "Have sweet (sweat) dreams."  
SYSTEM: "Entering now Bev - a new user."  
Valery: "Hugz Catchbee and Loansum super tight. Love ya both!! Congrats!!"  
Catchbee: "Smiles."  
Drealine: "Actually wiping tears away. Twas beautiful."  
Loansum: "Smiles and hugs all her friends so tight."  
Catchbee: "Hugss Drealine. I love ya 2."  
Diamoon: "Grinz and counts down for ya IRL fuck."  
Catchbee: "Heey, behave!"  
Nickname: "Hugs the happy couple."  
Valery: "Waves."  
Dreamcheese: "Looks at Catchbee and Loansum. May your tomorrows be filled with the happiness that fills you today."  
SYSTEM: "Leaving now Valery."  
Drealine: "Love ya too, Catchb. Y'all come visit now, ya here?"  
Catchbee: "Yes. i will. Soon. ;))"  
SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."  
Catchbee: "Shit. ;)))"  
SYSTEM: "Syntax error. Entry tolerated. Please correct."  
Diamoon: "Hugggz and runz."  
SYSTEM: "Leaving now Diamoon."  
Nickname: "Waves."  
SYSTEM: "Leaving now Nickname."  
Parity: "I never met with you. But in my heart I just did."  
Catchbee: "Aww Parity thank you so much."  
Drealine: "Tosses some roses in the air for Gibbybear. She wanted to be a flower girl."  
Drealine: "Cute night!"  
SYSTEM: "Leaving now Feedika."  
SYSTEM: "Leaving now Taratek."  
Loansum: "Nite ladies."  
SYSTEM: "Leaving now Loansum."  
Parity: "Waves with tears in his eyes."  
Catchbee: "Waves."  
SYSTEM: "Leaving now Parity."  
SYSTEM: "Thank you for visiting NetLuvChapel."

We are strangers on a hollow adventure. Never dreaming how our dreams would come true. Now here we stand, unafraid at the web portal of the future. Let us respect the virtual world much like we'd be in real life and let us stay aware that behind each cyber name there is always a real person with a sensitive soul, no matter what he or she chats about.

Someone IRL is ringing at the door of my apartment. A man in black tells me smiling he is representing the Clerk of the Court and hands me a subpoena. I open the writ and cannot believe my eyes. I have to stand trial! WTF is going on here? Am I dreaming or what?



## COURT

JudgeNet: "What is the charge?"

ProsCut: "This net.hacker Parity, has been lying to the web community and he disclosed private information in the chat. He has been other persons, and even chatted with himself on various occasions, to fool real people who are reading the logs. And he has been eves-dropping conversations from the chat buffers that did not belong to him. He had cyber-sex with minors and e-mailed sexual content with teenagers. He is guilty of cyber lies."

JudgeNet: "How do you plead?"

Parity: "Your Honor, I plead innocent! I don't even understand the charge! All those e-mails, chats, dating and what have you, all that stuff has been edited by a hacker, one of my students, who broke into my compendium as I was preparing a thesis online. He misused my name, my real identity, my computer, my web-sites, my home, my private things! That hacker has been photo-shopping my face onto his body and sent these pictures around. I have been in the Middle East all the time! There is not even internet in the compound out there in the desert of Saudi Arabia! So how could I possibly fool around on the net? I came home in Europe only once in a while, just to pay the bills, do my studies in cyber-psychology, get some beer and smoke some grass."

JudgeNet: "Did he harm anyone?"

ProsCut: "He broke hearts and overloaded the server with sexual and quasi romantic messages. He pushed others to convert virtual contact into reality, causing false hope by his victims who were waiting at airports, railway stations and their homes. He net.married several women. He messed with the chat community. He promised moon and stars by e-mail and did not even send a picture of one pixel of reality."

JudgeNet: "Did he destroy anyone's property?"

ProsCut: "He tore dignity apart by pretending really loving his net.girlfriends whilst he loved only himself. His aliases did not reflect the real he and he shattered confidence in the sensitive souls of confused women. He overloaded the network by multiple Chat Box sessions while transmitting forbidden escape codes causing the Chat Box systems hang, thereby interrupting user conversations of people he even did not know!"

LawUR: "Objection! Foregone conclusion!"

JudgeNet: "Overruled. Please continue."

ProsCut: "Mister Parity, and heaven knows whether this is his real name..."

LawUR: "Objection! Argumentative!"

JudgeNet: "Granted. Please stay with the facts."

ProsCut: "Mister Parity, whose real name is yet to be proven to me, has had multiple identities by creating and using different homepages and dating profiles. Even with different photo pictures that were not his in order to make women believe who he was pretending to be and therefore overstimulating virtual emotions."

LawUR: "Objection! Your Honor, please!"

JudgeNet: "The prosecutor is again requested to stay with facts. Conclusions will be drawn by the Grand Your-E."

ProsCut: "Yes Your Honor."

JudgeNet: "Did defendant violate the internet law?"

ProsCut: "Well, err."

LawUR: "If I may speak, Your Honor."

JudgeNet: "The defender may speak."

LawUR: "My client, mister Parity, is a respectful man in the real community as well as in the virtual community as he contributed to business nourishment by linking ads through well designed static and animated banners. Thousands and thousands of windows popping up each day showed his optimized web page creations that loaded with high speed even on early tech machines. His clean HTML and PHP code is an example to web developers. He never misused Java scripts to open more browsers than ultimately requested by the user. He always timely logged off when people are queuing up in cyber cafes. He never hacked into dial-ups or wireless networks that he did not pay for. He avoided designing frame based pages and heavy active-x to make sure that even old browsers can make the data accessible, therefore helping the poor. He never uploaded any virus and he never scripted links to adult sites. He never misused search engines through web traffic optimizers. He always courteously auto-replied to e-mails that came to him through his homepage e-mail links, and he never exceeded the allocated disk space quota on the web servers. He never hacked into dating sites to place false personals with embedded java-scripts. Mister Parity is an example to the internet community! My client is a respected poet who tries to carry the burden of the real world on his artistic and scientific shoulders. His expressions are far beyond reproach, even though he may have published his own sincere thoughts about the cyber world."

JudgeNet: "The defender's point is well taken. Has the prosecutor anything to say?"

ProsCut: "Well, remember what throughput there may be in executing all alone with overflowing buffer, not being on communicative terms with all processes, while broadcasting his data loudly whilst not listening to others, as even the null and unreachable, they too have their requests, being burdensome to the ether, so if he would compare his priority with others, for always there will be greater and lesser processes than himself, enjoying his CPU and his idle time, but as he did not keep cognizance of his port-mapper at low level, which is a constant port in the changing mappings of the network, and as he is a child in the kernel space, no less than the daemons and device drivers, and whether or not it is apparent to you, no doubt the kernel is crashing with all its stopped jobs, missing arguments and broken pipes, because it is still a Linux shell, so he should have been backward-compatible and striving to be up and running without interfering with user interfaces. Mister Parity may have been respecting technology, but he did not respect sociology. That's all, Judge, Grand Your-E."

JudgeNet: "Will the accused rise?"

JudgeNet: "Grand Your-E, you have reached the verdict, what say you?"

Your-E: "On the charge of 'cyber lies', guilty!"

JudgeNet: "Mister Parity, after the jury's verdict and after careful evaluation of the facts, you are sentenced to reality. You shall not have any virtual contact anymore. Any communication with any person shall be face to face and real. Your web-sites, mass-mailers and web-traffic builders. including server stats, shall be removed and zipped onto a secured self encrypting storage device. Under supervision, you may have access to educational downloads through a severe proxy server. You will be deported to the real world where you will assist minors in anti-sexorism till the end of times."

JudgeNet: "Has accused anything to say?"

Parity: "I was only studying virtual conduct, which cannot be illegal. Nothing is real. Every truth in the virtual world is a lie in the real world. And so is this whole case!"

I rise and walk away from my computer. My web provider disconnects me immediately. Separated by oceans of waves of questions and answers swept by winds of thoughts, I float alone in a liquid surreality.

The virtual shadow of pop-up blockers tries to erase the light of present time. But it is doomed to fail and in darkness I shall live confined in a breeze of wi-fi signals that will never be mine.

Every second dies after the next but has lived the living access-points. I want to be your your IP address, forever lasting. Where are you, my beloved mega girl? Have you disappeared in the seas of meta-data? Let me restore the backups and have another chance to do it right. But if my network card cannot handle your giga bits, I have to abandon my screen and face the world where you and I never will be together.

## FORBIDDEN REALITY

The hot humid air gently accompanies me from the B777 to the air-conditioned departure hall at Dammam International Airport in Saudi Arabia. I will be heading to Al-Khobar where that dull office operates round a timeless clock.

For a brief moment I sit at the terminal after I arrived from a lengthy flight. I wish so much to go back to my natural home, to my computer desk with a comfortable chair. But it won't be solely for my own pleasure anymore.

Like a train, four women are entering the hall, totally covered in black summer veils with kinda ninja caps over their faces. My heart starts beating the beat I have been so hungry for. Transpiration of excitement is pearling from my forehead. Have I not been thirsty for reality a bit too much? Am I not put to the testing environment of real life right now?

They come and sit right in front of me, facing me with expressions I cannot see. Now I do not have a TFT screen that protects me against the senses. One of them shows her eyes that open and close in irregular patterns, like Morse code. Now I will have to deal with the real thing! Instinctively my finger trembles a double mouse click in the air, trying to click an icon, but it should be my face to give that signal. I stare back at her long lashed blinking eyes. An strange fire invades my clueless chest and pulls my head into another direction. Those eyes. Oh, how hard reality can be. I blush and want to run away, to my dreams, away from desire and confrontation. My communication skills are alien.

I should be happy, to be back again in Saudi Arabia, where my European soul has been for years amongst the most wonderful friends. But I am not free this time. All I want is the ease of virtuality, in the ocean of servers, where I can swim away from reality. Even though I will stay imprisoned in an undefined doctype.

A white long majestic cloth floats silently along the women. They all rise at once and obediently follow the beardy guy, with their flight tickets in his wrinkled hands. His face looks like mine. I will never forget them. The unreachable. So real, yet so far away from me. But deep inside it seems so familiar to me, in a way.

Love has abandoned me. First on the internet, now on the street where people abandon hearts in order to seek new love that no one has touched before. It is hot out there in the city, and every minute a covered oasis of desire is walking by, making a fool out of my emotional drinking from a bottle that has no opening. My soul feels buried in hot sand.

## AWAKENING

It is 4:30 in the morning. The copper mosque style alarm clock gently vibrates on the bedside cabinet next to my pillow. My eyes pop wide open suddenly. I pull my hair and beard, somehow to make sure I am not bald. For a moment I have no idea where and when I am, what I am doing here, except that the sheets are soaked with sweat. Instinctively I wipe with my hairy arm some pearls of transpiration off my face. What happened? I had a long bad dream about being a clean shaven European. Something with people on the internet. I shake my head to get rid of those weird sensations. I would never do a thing like that!

It is soon time for Fajr, pre-dawn prayer at 5:00am. The public Adhan call to prayer echoes through the streets of Al-Khobar. The dark dream fades away quickly and I feel home again completely.

I tenderly caress the silken black hair of my beautiful youngest wife Lina next to me. She is having tender dreams, as I can see on her erotic lips that are slightly moistened. We had fallen asleep together after making love in a scent of musk. I love her so much, and my other wives love her too. And therefore I love them as much.

Her shiny jilbab (womens long dress/jacket) hangs over the chair. It reminds me that I must call our servant to bring a clean burqa and niqab (to hide woman's face but the eyes) for my wife to choose from when she is going outside to the local shopping mall.

This afternoon I have to give a lecture on behavioral sciences at the Hafr Albatin College of Education at the University of Dammam. I am all prepared.

I quickly do my light gray Saudi thobe (long mens dress) and wrap the red-white silken ghutra (silken scarf) on my head. It is still dark outside. My sandals gently applaud the pavement of the gallery. In the garden, I almost stumble over a lost CD-rom labeled with the word 'profiles'. My foot pushes that strange disc under the sand. The floral sajada, my prayer rug, awaits now my devotion.

I stand straight and raise my hands and speak: "Allahu Akbar". My hands I fold over the chest and the first chapter of the Qur'an flows out of my heart in a voice I listen to as well. I recite one more verse. It goes completely automatic, however, I am fully conscious of every phrase. I raise my hands again: "Allahu Akbar" . I bow three times: "Subhana Rabbiyal Adheem" (Glory be to my Lord Almighty)".

Next I rise to standing position, reciting: "Dam'i Allahu liman hamidah, Rabbana wa lakal hamd" (The Lord hears those who call upon him, our Lord, praise be to you). My hands raising up : "Allahu Akbar". I prostrate on the ground: "Subhana Rabbiyal A'ala" (Glory to be my Lord, the Most High).

And the praying goes on for another ten minutes or so. I never keep track of the time. After reciting the second part of the Tashahhud, I do the final turns, saying: "Assalamu alaikum wa rahmatullah" (Peace be upon you and the Lord's blessings).

My heart feels warm and I quietly walk back to my beloved wife who seems in a happy dream. I did not want to awaken her for prayer, because she has given so much love these days. She softly moans when I kiss her neck. I wrap my arm around her, to hold her close all naked, as I

lie down next to her. We have been married for three years now, and it still feels like the first day.

My gold plated laptop sits quietly on the carved wooden cabinet by my bed. The mouse is suspending on the USB cable and gently swings back and forth next to the half open drawer that is filled with a heap of prayer jewelry.

Was it my wife who touched the mouse in her sleep? Strange, she lies at the other side. I glimpse at the TFT and notice an American style pop-up with a chat request, showing a female profile picture on top, addressed to Fali, me. And then it disappears with a soft beep, as the internet connection goes down. I have seen that white face before, but where, when and how?

Well, nevermind. I have no need for anything to replace this wonderful real world with my dearest wife Lina. I close the lid of the laptop and I gently caress the mouse, like I would caress a breast. An unusual sensation invades me. But that strange European American dream keeps haunting me so lively somehow. It feels so real. Silently I slide into a morning sleep. There is no dream anymore. My Arab soul is peaceful in the dark.

## TWEEZDOOM

So now you know, It was a nightmare of someone who forgot the moment of awakening. For many people, the nightmare starts as soon as they go online. Do not take the following too serious, though:

A dating profile pic is supposed to mean: 'this is me, now'. To put a pic of 20 years back would be pretty useless. Ever heard of self esteem?

A fake dating profile is a mock-up by someone who'll never be what (s)he pretends and never get what (s)he desires. Usually meant this way.

A guy having a real life relationship with one and a virtual relationship with another. He has sex with the 1st. Does he cheat on the 2nd? A guy having a real life relationship with one and a virtual with another. He has cyber sex with the 2nd. Does he cheat on the 1st? Answers : Wrong question.

A virtual relationship cannot be converted to a real life relationship. You'd have to start from scratch. Disagree? I thought so.

All net related ethical matters are referred to as nethics. Net hics is something else.

An addictive that changes physical or mental function is called a 'drug'. Internetting changes our function. It's also known as an e-drug.

An ALT is another virtual identity for the same real person. Alts are used to avoid confrontation, to cheat and to spy, and to express oneself in another way. Quite handy for having multiple personalities on the web. It is not schizophrenia, but therefore not necessarily mentally healthy either.

Anyone asking your age at first contact seems to calculate options and abilities. Age says nothing about the remaining time.

As soon as you get warm feelings for a cyber profile, first analyze yourself to figure out what exactly turns you on. You may be surprised.

ASCII is the human communication protocol through which wars have started, marriages have been broken up, and cyber dates turned into reality disasters.

Being eaten raw is the feeling you get when you've been hit to the core of your being with love and truth at the same exact moment during a net.session. This is also referred to as fooling yourself in real-time.

Bullying online is one of the most cowardice actions. You never know who is the real person behind any profile. Too often children make the mistake to create profiles to pretend being grown-ups. Yet they are emotionally unable to cope with bullying, even though they pretend otherwise during the conversations.

CHAT: Cheating Her/Him All Times. Isn't it?

Chat Box is a program on the internet that you can access via your PC that allows you to talk (keystrokes) to people from all over the world in real time using the keyboard (they see what you write almost the same moment or after you hit enter). It is like having a telephone conversation, but instead of talking you write.

Chat is a comm protocol that bypasses body language. So, over 90 percent ineffectiveness is involved. Yet people chat and fall in cyber love.

Chatters know they most likely won't meet in the physical world. Yet they spend considerable time to list their body features.

Children should stay away from adult chats and dating sites. A child is a child, in real life AND in cyber space. Period.

Cyber daters generally are life complicators. Cyber dating makes life more complicated. Daters obviously need such challenge. No, not you!

Cyber daters tend to prepare an extensive checklist of all their wants and dongs in a candidate. On 1st contact they usually can't find the list anymore.

Cyber daters think they are ahead of time in social networking, but most of them use pictures of long time ago for their profiles.

Cyber love: As soon as you love the data, the meta information, you think you love the real thing represented by this info. Different world!

Chat lovers feel unhindered by body language, because lying becomes less evident. In the real world, words only do matter a lot less.

Cyber lovers have the tendency to love the one who will never exist.

Cyberlovers living their relationship only on a square foot TFT are not living real world love life any greater than that.

Cyber sex doesn't infect you with any disease. But that doesn't mean it is spices up your health.

Cybersex sucks. But only with the appropriate peripherals. Otherwise you blow it.

Dating profile pictures usually show the face, sometimes the torso, seldom the hands. The hands are the parts that do active touching the most, so why hide them from the profiles?

Dating profiles tend to contain the best features and personality traits, even though in real life they have to deal with the shit side.

Dating profiles that show a fake gender are from minds in the real world that basically want to fuck themselves without being fucked.

Dating sites usually presume that daters search for common interests. But isn't it the differences that make a relationship interesting?

Did you really lick the screen when having webcam intimacy? And your fingertip caressed the mound-wheel, pardon, the mouse-wheel, right?



Do you operate a dating site? Here's an idea: profiles must also show pics of the hands. No-one wants to have sex with Frankenstein or Dark Vader, right?

Don't care what people say, just follow your own way. The only problem is when there is an intersection of internet connections.

Every lie on a dating profile gets rewarded with a reality factor greater than that. Unless there won't be a date for real. But then why dating?

Falling in love with a profile in the virtual world is turning your own fantasies into reality. But it isn't anything more than a megabyte of nothing.

False dating profile pictures have no meaning in the non-physical virtual world anyway and have no constructive function in the real world.

First cyber sex was done with Morse code in the 1950's using public telegraphs. Nah, just kidding! People did it by handwritten letter. Don't take it too serious!

Friends are a place we share our sadness and happiness. It is all on the hard disk that can crash at any time.

For many humans it is not an issue whether something is real or virtual, for as long as the desired mental or emotional enjoyment is there.

Give in to love, or live in fear. Back it up on your USB stick.

Handwritten love notes have been replaced by pokes and pings. Ink has been replaced by clicks. Where art thou, oh romance?

Have a bot transmit your pings and you will be hailed for your constant attention.

Having cybersex? Put a condom over your mouse to add more reality and to protect your system!

Having profile pictures representing a much younger age is like denying the years of life experience, the accumulated personal values.

Having just started a relationship, dear men, be aware that all your assets, friends and agenda have magically become hers.

Hithunters are those being online going at great length just to get traffic regardless of who the visitors are.

Honest dating profiles contain the good, the bad and the ugly. Ultimately, those profiles will hit real gold. The others stay with fantasy.

How R U is an impolite abbreviation of hello nice meeting you and how are you.

Hugs are replaced by smileys. Kisses make way for SMS. Holding hands is done by email. Tears are kissed by chat. How can someone truly type "I love you"?

I created at a social network a fake female profile with all the great features. In a week I got the maximum allowable number of friends. Go figure!

I net.love means I love the imagination of impossible reality defined as love.

If a friend or loved one would "die for you", rather try agree (s)he'd "live for you".

If all dating profiles would represent the truth and nothing but the truth, no dating site would ever be needed.

If dating profiles truly represent the candidate lovers as shown on the dating site, then how come that these super beings are still single?

If someone in cyber space tells you 'I love you' it doesn't necessarily apply to the real world.

If you can't find a lover in the real world, you won't find a lover in the virtual world either, because you use the same checklist.

If you have a cyber relationship, treat it as a cyber relationship, not as a real world relationship.

If you put a photo of your dog or cat as your dating profile pic, make sure your IRL date will meet with your dog or cat and not with you.

If you put your best photo at your dating profile, you may get more site visitors, but also more disillusioned folks you meet for real.

If you put your worst photo at your dating profile, you may get less site visitors, but folks you meet for real might be more pleased.

If you think that life is too short to waste by worrying about what other people think about you, you may consider stop polishing your profile.

In a chat, when someone types words that indicate a sexual act, rest assured that your computer won't execute the meaning physically.

In a cyber relationship you exchange expressions, through smilies, words, pokes, icons, etc. But you know what, this limited way of communicating is not real life.

In a dating profile, a young age may stimulate sexual interest or suggest vitality of some sort. But then do not expect the wisdom of anyone older.

In love with that wonderful dating profile? The only antidote is an antidate. Logoff and go meet for real. You may end up loving yourself.

In the real lovers world a smile is no longer a symbol, a hug is no longer a word, and the keyboard is useless on the couch or in bed.

Into a virtual relationship? Don't get the illusion that the web is real and safe. Psychologists see their customer base grow by the day.

INTERNET: In Net Terms Ending Reality Never Existing Truth. Clear enough?

Internet daters tend to keep a checklist of all their requirements for a candidate. At 1st real world contact : Checklist usually gone.

Internet lovers have to manage the virtual and the real world in the same time dimension. These worlds are, however, not interchangeable.

IRL means In Real Life. It confirms, however, that people think of the net.chat as not real. Yet they spend many hours there, mocking up their real dreams that never come true IRL, and trying to find out who the others really are. The only thing they discover is their own self.

Kids learn to communicate using tools like chat, SMS, email, pings, pokes, etc. Once they communicate IRL, a new learning curve starts.

Kiss the screen when it is unplugged, otherwise you get static.

Language is something you should be aware of, when you are involved with people on Talkers, is that they are indeed people. Behind the words that appear on your screen there is a soul, a heart, a person. It is easy to take any identity or role on a Chat Box, but regardless of who or what you pretend to be, the person at the other end of the line is also a person, with feelings that can be hurt and cheered up. Also, try to use simple wordings, because the other person may have a different native language and may not always be able to make the correct interpretations of any slang or colloquial expressions.

Living your virtual world life is always at the expense of your real world time.

Location is the name of the city or country your chat partner pretends to live in. The IP address cannot be reached by public transportation.

LOL means laughing out loudly. It is typed when the mind is unable to come up with a smarter action.

Lots of dating profiles exceed planet Krypton level specifications, yet none of them seemed unable to find a partner in the real world.

'Love' isn't what you feel but what you do for real. Words 'I love you' are void if nothing is being done. In cyberspace 'love' is a vacuum.

LOVE means Log Out Very Early. An advice, yes! Otherwise it becomes net.love and you will get fooled. Not by the other, but rather by yourself.

LUV means Lying Unreal Virtualities. Same as above.

Main area of attraction in dating profiles is sex & entertainment related. The most ignored area is housekeeping. What's real day to day life about?

Many web daters want to go back to the computer the moment they have their first breakfast with their new partner. They realize something.

MIRC? Make It Real Creative! Same shit as CHAT.

Modem speed does not matter when it comes to masturbation. Unless there is some sort of premature sensivity beyond the network.

Most dating site users are not there to find a real partner, but rather to discover whom they cannot be partner with.

Most porn site visitors use the substitution formula: Mentally taking the place of a role player and telling to self the movie is all real.

Most singles make their life more complicated by getting involved with cyber dating which is in fact a parallel world in a virtual universe.

Most social network members prime goal is to acquire the maximum possible number of friends, contacts, followers, ratings and what have you.

Multiple identities by a single person tend not to talk to one another very often, although it may be very interesting to see how much the identities may fall in love with one another.

Net.friends are windows folders. Once you open such folder, you have to search for what you won't find. If you find it all the same, then it was your own data-entry anyway.

Net.love is real, if it is real for you. But if it is fake for you, it is fake. Half real does not exist.

Nicknames are used by their owners to feel safe behind such names. But they forget that nicknames reveal more about their personality than their regular names.

One of the major endeavors of a profile in a social network is to get the max possible number of ratings (e.g. likes, respects, stars, etc.)

One of the mistakes cyberians make is to convert virtuality to reality, however, it is reality to be the main subject in the cyber world.

Paying for a dating site? Why not going downtown and pay a stranger a drink. Unless you don't want the real world. You do want to live life, do you?

People feel that frank connection during a chat, however, ignoring that reality may be not the same as what the modem delivers.

People into virtual dating often think they know what they want, but they don't. Otherwise they would have picked someone in the real world.

People telling lies on their profiles are paving the way of a journey without a destination other than again a next stop.

Phone.sex seems the next higher reality level of net.sex. Spelling errors become, however, less evident. Translations of smileys sound ridiculous by voice.

Physical features do not matter in cyber relationships. Yet these features are usually the main subject at the first virtual meeting.

Physical features of dating profiles change over time in the real world. Many profiles remain un-updated.

Profiles are exclusively meant to set your prejudgment. Yet none of the profile owners really wants to be prejudged. And all of them do judge others.

Profiles with a dog or cat as the main pic obviously represent a person with a similar level of development.

Real life orgasms during net.sex is nice. But who sleeps with the keyboard in bed, after the act?

Reality you find everywhere, also on the net. There are all kinds of realities where there is no such thing as 'realer'. The form may differ, like a banana from an apple, but the banana is therefore not fruitier than the apple.

ROFL means Rolling Over From Laughter. It is usually typed still being seated and during a sip of coffee by yawning lips.

Servers are the homes of net.friends. Yet nobody knows the address.

Smileys may imitate some body language and facial expressions, but are very limited in usage as far as cyber sex is concerned.

Stop cyber stalking that wonderful profile! There is no way to know if the gender is not the opposite, the pictures and the fettaures are not real.

Talkers as we know today are chat windows that can be found at numerous community and dating sites. In the old days it was TelNet [tm] and ICQ [tm] to be the most popular. Instant messaging became more common. Nowadays many websites have a Java script or Flash based chat box.

The 10 Commandments also apply to the virtual world. The 11th commandment is: "Thou shalt stay real".

The average dating profile indicates what (s)he wants to receive from the partner, rather than what (s)he offers to give to the partner.

The clue of cyber sex becomes evident when typing on a Remington typewriter and handing the sheet over to the one seated opposite who is doing the same in return.

The cyber lovers world occurs in the real world time dimension. Why burning up precious real time for a world that has no meat?

The default search on a dating site is on age, gender and perhaps some physical features. Never on personality traits.

The funny thing with dating profiles is that usually they try sell the person's desires behind it but not the services to be rendered.

The only person whom I can kiss, is my computer screen. Even when the power is off. It is a marginal action, though.

The only truth on the net.chat is a lie. Until the conversation buffer is cleared.

The partner of your dreams may not be the partner of your reality.

The usual default search setting on a dating site is: I am a man 54 y.o. looking for a woman 18 y.o. Most commonly they wouldn't want that.

The usual lie on the net.chat is who you truly are.

The usual sales on dating sites show super beings. What people are really looking for, are normal beings, just as they are. Compatibility.

The virtual world is not life itself, just a way of communication in an area of fantasy where the subject of reality should not really matter.

Thinking of loving someone on the web you have never met for real makes you end up missing that person till the end of your fantasies.

The times "love you" spoken at peoples departure outnumbers the times at peoples arrival. Conclusion...

There are 4 sex flows: 1- self to self, 2- self to another, 3- another to self, 4- another to another.

There is nothing wrong with virtual dating, for as long nothing real is expected. First real contact is usually a whole new truth factor.

Those who show photos of 25 years back as their profile pictures should learn to grow up rather than try to stay young.

To bored teenagers: To be young is not a guarantee that you will become old. Stop throwing your time down the drain. Do something useful.

To convert a virtual relationship into a physical one is only a good idea if the exchanged data has been 100% accurate and true.

To download your own uploaded data is commonly referred to as a 'reply'.

To find a lover in cyber space requires a different checklist if it is for a purely virtual relationship. Body features can be left out.

Too good to be true, for a given profile, often means too true to be good.

'Ugly' people have the most need for dating facilities. Yet the dating market is not geared up to that need.

Understanding comes about when there is communication, affinity and reality. The virtual world can only be accessed through communication. Therefore affinity and reality are impossible to turn real on the web, only in your imagination.

Upload lies and download lies in return. Get ready to be infected.

Usually the virtual sex flow 'another to another' converts to the flow 'self to self' in the real world. Also referred to as 'porn'.

Usually the real world 'self to self' sex flow is driven by thoughts of 'self to another' and/or 'another to self' sex flows. Also referred to as 'masturbation'.

Virtual dating and chat charms have no real world meat. Go to a supermarket and ask someone's advice on cooking. That's a great date opener.

Virtual relationship is the next common level of social interaction without biological interference. Virtual couples live in a physical space equal to the size of the screen. Beyond that, nothing is real.

Virtual separation is as easy as setting-up a spam filter and an off-line flag in the chat-box. The next virtual partner, however, could be just the same person under a new profile.

Want a lover? What you really want is within a 1 mile radius. Always. If you don't know what you want, you'll have to walk 1000 miles.

We sit in front of the PC all day. We feel lonely and wonder why. Remember, almost each house has a front door. Open it and see the world.

What photo to put at your dating profile? Just a regular one. Not the best, not the worst!

What is masterbyting other than masturbating but in the virtual world? It is ASCII sex. Ever tried to have cyber sex with an old Remington typewriter? It is as ridiculous.

What is a crush, but seeing in someone else what you like most about yourself?

What is wanted is often not the same as what is needed. Most virtual daters substitute their needs by their wants.

What's wrong with those wonderful dating profiles? Nothing! Now that's the problem.

What you seek is what you get. What you get is always different from what you really wanted. Even if you download your own uploaded data. As though you really knew what you wanted.

Where do you find more twizdoom? In your own experiences!

## ADVICE TO CURIOUS CHAT STARTERS

You most likely tend to have a computer as your primary companion. The world comes by on a rectangular dream scape powered by a couple of thousands of tiny pixels you are drawn into, thinking it is all harmless, a game, and you feel totally untouchable and safe. But that may be just the easy physical part. For now.

You invent one or more identities, and chat with someone who does that too. You have one or more intentions. And that other someone has those too. But the intentions may not be the same or compatible. You may be fantasizing about a peaceful beach walk, hand in hand, with flowers on your head, soft kisses and warmth in your soul. The other someone may be fantasizing about having sex with a minor, somewhere strapped in a dungeon, even though it may not be apparent in the chat. There are many ways to use words and hide meanings.

You may have fun together with your friends sitting next to you, telling what you should type next. At the other side of the modem an unknown person may have fun with software to try tracing your location. And the day after, you may be honored with a real stalker around the place where you live, or a bunch of e-mails or forum postings that drive you crazy. Or some messages on your screen.

The game of the unknown other may not be the same as yours. You may fall in love with that wonderful profile on the internet who has stolen your heart completely. Not realizing that this person seems too good to be true. You may be tempted to meet for real, even giving your real name and address. If you do so, it usually will turn out to be a grand disaster. You will not believe what I say, but ask yourself, how on Earth can you be so sure about that other person purely based on a few keystrokes in the chat room? You cannot. No one can. Reality is completely different from virtuality.

There is nothing wrong with chatting, for as long as the sole purpose between the two of you remains chatting and nothing else. It works fine with the two of you if you already know each other in real life.

Otherwise, the virtual world is not the real world. It is a world on its own. In that world the bits and bytes that move between the modems represent fantasies, usually about what you want to see in another about yourself. Go figure.

You most likely have a checklist, like 'This is my type, these are the items where should be scored, such as the height, weight, color of the eyes and hair, likes of music and food, personality characteristics, sense of humor, sincerity.' and the list goes on, right? These are all things about yourself that you would love to see reflected into another's soul, right? These things concern the real world. Yet you seek them in the virtual world, on dating sites, social networks, net communities and the like. What's the meaning of blond hair and blue eyes on the internet?

And during the chat there is no way to know to what extent the incoming words exactly match the real things. Even with a web-cam and some software the 'Live display & voice' can be manipulated. You will not know the difference.

If you are chatting and you want to make a date, behold, it is not like web shopping. In a web shop, things are properly described, accompanied by pictures, company information, reviews,



etc. In a dating-site it is supposed to be as neat, but it is not! Most profiles seem to be populated with a super being from planet Krypton. But reality is a whole different story.

More often than not, a dating profile carries a photo picture of 10 or 20 years back, with the annotation "add a few years to it and that will be me today". Yeah right.

Cyber dating has been in existence for a century at least. In the old times, people put ads in a newspaper, exchange a couple of love letters, meet for real, and get happy ever after. That form of dating had a high score of success. In those days there was no color TV, no internet, telephone was scarce, typewriters too expensive, and photos were in black and white. So the primary means of telecommunications was writing on paper, by hand, using a pen dipped into ink. One spelling error, or a smudge, means tearing the sheet of paper and starting all over again. So to write a good love letter could take a full day! So the level of effort and time spent played an important role in paper cyber dating half a century ago. Dating was a sincere undertaking, done by sincere people whose true goals were having a lasting relationship in real life.

Today, a chat message, an e-mail or a cyber scrap is made within minutes, if not less. Spell checkers clean-up your prose and you don't need to walk to the post-office to buy a stamp. Such love message has often little value, as far as the real effort and dedication behind it is concerned. More than often text is copied/pasted into love mails. It is lazy luv. It has nothing to do with love. It is mere cyber snack.

We live in a quick and dirty mode. Everything has to go fast. Everything has to go easy. And we are spoiled in that regard. But high speed does not necessarily mean that your intentions arrive safely at the destination. This is true for any kind of traffic. Also dating traffic.

We live in a world where the complete absence of computers is unthinkable. We live in a world where computers are part of our daily reality. We live in a world where data is perceived as real as the entity represented by the data. So as soon as you love the data, the meta information, then you think you love the real thing represented by this information. Data is not love. Data is not a person (I am not referring to that sci-fi movie).

For example, you chat and e-mail with an unknown person. You see some nice pictures, a profile that matches your checklist, and your heart starts pounding. But you have not met this person for real. Yet you believe you love this person, you long for this person, or worse, you want to have sex or get married with this person. But in fact, you love this person's data, created by that person or by a dating system, mixed with your own imagination! In other words, it is not real.

There are people sleeping with laptop and web-cam attached to it, to watch each other masturbating. And that's the way they love each other. They love the fact that it is not physically real anyway and therefore it is 'safe'. They live in fantasy. A lot of people pay for webcam-sex, just to find out later that all they did was DIY.

Remember, the only thing the virtual world and the real world have truly in common is your time. You spend a day in the virtual world, but that day is subtracted from the remaining real world time. And vice versa of course.

You sleep 8 hours per day. Do college 6 hours per day. Eat, wash, shop, sport, etc. total 2 hours per day. Study 2 hours per day (which is not enough), talk to your family 2 hours per day, that totals up to 20 hours per day of real world necessities. So there are 4 hours left for 'private enjoyment'.

Now, are you going to 'enjoy' some data or taking part of the real world? The choice is yours. Four hours. I can hear you say '2 hours on the web, 2 hours on the street'. That's fine. But never think that 2 hours cyber equals 2 hours real. I repeat: 2 Hours fantasy does not equal 2 hours reality. It is only the real world that truly makes you grow and develop into a person valuable to yourself and to others. Not your fantasy.

So, if half of your remaining time is spent in the virtual world, then you should accept half results in the real world, and nothing better than that. The virtual world is not life itself. It is only a means of communication. Nothing more. It is not a means of love. It is not a means of raising a family. It is not a means of truth. The internet is inundated with lies and false data. And that data is by and large sheer fantasy.

Has your heart been broken by finding out that the other unknown person was having a cyber love affair with another? Even though you never met that person for real? Yet your real time is spent on feeling bad the other 2 hours or more in addition. There is no such thing as virtual time. It is your time. From the moment you power-up your computer till its shutdown. Time is always real and subtracted from the rest of your life.

Suppose you see someone hugging and kissing a desktop computer, crying tears onto the keyboard. You most likely find that silly, right? Yet may you do exactly that. Think about it.

Cyber lovers tend to argue that chat.love goes straight from heart to heart, not hindered by physical resistances. That is totally fine, but that is the virtual world. Even though it does feel like in the real world, simply because you feel it, the essence is in the virtual world. Unless you are a true 100% telepathic spiritual being.

In a real world relationship you exchange a wealth of expressions, through the five senses. When you laugh, it gets heard. When you cry, tears fall down and can be kissed away. When you make love, well, you can guess what happens, it is truly felt. When you blush, your face turns red. When you hold hands, you hold real warm hands. You know, the real stuff.

In a cyber relationship you exchange a wealth of expressions, through smilies, words, beeps, pics, etcetera. When you laugh, you click a smiley or type an abbreviation such as ROFL, LMAO, LOL. When you cry, you click a smiley or type "\*cry\*". When you make cyber love, you type "ahh ohh". When you blush, you click another smiley or type "\*blush\*". When you hold hands, you type "\*hold hands\*". Pretty neat. But you know what, this is not real life.

So it all boils down to my basic advice:

If you have a cyber relationship, treat it as a cyber relationship, not as a real world relationship.

Keep those things as they exactly are at all times.

That's the long and the short of it.

Yes you can use chat as a means to meet for a real date. If you do so, do it as fast and as safely as possible. The longer you share feelings and thoughts in the virtual world, the further you drift away from reality. After all, only reality will tell if you meet the right person. Never forget: The virtual world gets broken down the moment the real world is entered. Always. So all you learned about each other in the virtual world you can forget about as soon as you are together in the real world, where the population of super beings and wonderful profiles is far

less in number. In the real world a smile is no longer a symbol, a hug is no longer a word, and the keyboard is useless on the couch or in bed.

You can use the internet to initiate contacts. Then meet for real without too much delay, which may sound strange, but the longer you live in virtuality, the lesser you experience reality. And if the other one does not go for meeting IRL, then disconnect instead of trying to fill the gap between the virtual and the real, unless you wish to keep it virtual indefinitely. Remember, a relationship is a whole reality by itself. So if you both agree to a virtual relationship, then keep it that way and accept all the implications.

You should know one more thing: The chat.net is a virtual street. Many profiles walk by and you never know whom you'd be meeting next. This is exactly the case with real streets. So why not just going out for a real walk? The fun is that this is real, you get some sunshine and fresh air, and it keeps you from getting RSI. I agree that on the street it may not be safe either, but what kind of life experience would you prefer: A computer screen or life itself? And don't get into the illusion that the net is safe. Everything in cyber space the mind is involved with is a potential unsafe area. Psychologists see their customer base grow by the day.

Caution: Do not trust anyone on the net.chat. No exceptions, unless you have already met that one for real and have already established absolute mutual trust many times over IRL. If you date someone for the first time, through the net.chat, make sure you meet at a place where you are fully protected, for example near friends, family, police, etc. Introduce your date to them! Yes, step up to a cop, telling you are having this first date. The police officer may react superficially, but will surely remember. Do not go to an isolated place, ever, before you and your relatives are fully confident about your date! Use your friends wisely in this regard. Make sure there is someone to aid you if you get into trouble!

If your first date partner keeps on insisting on being alone the two of you, let this be an alarm for you. Just reply by proposing to go to a public place, saying that you you feel happier that way. Do realize that at the first date you are on your own. And all the cyber crap of the world can do nothing for you. This is real.

And remember: As soon as you get warm feelings for a cyber profile, please do analyze yourself to figure out what exactly turns you on. If you are honest to yourself, you may be surprised. If you are so much in love with a cyber profile that your life gets turned upside down, go seek a therapist. I am dead serious about this!

Last but not least: Anyone living only his or her life just on a square foot TFT is not living true life any greater than that...

So help you <http://www>.

Enter.

Power down.

## REBOOT

Once upon a space, anew the day, filling itself with the shrill of the heat. And again the booming light of imprisoned freedom that freely echoes in the lonely distance of past future. Shrieks of the awakening daybreak are thumping soundless cries of tightened feelings into the air.

In silence, away from scripts of cyber love, you stray through the solid tenuity toward invisible skylines behind which there was wherefore and nowhere. The paths meander motionless where withered your feet are leaving the same but different engravings, being pained by missing an unknown you'll never meet in the desert of seclusion.

A worn out bed pierces into a far away oasis hardly to be reached. The branches of inner hope for being clustered with love, they are passing from you away, lounging.

The grass of hope is fresh and soft and welcomes bowing your naked feet. The flowers of your heart, they are listening, their stamens of tenderness yearn over you. The berries from the kisses of the love that you receive, their smooth cheeks, they touch you softly in your heart.

The wind of time makes your breathing dissolve into the rustling of the waves in between the far and the near. A brooklet of touch from an unknown being playfully throws a drop that mixes itself with a tear like a pearl in the twilight of your desires.

A soft palm of the sand in the world of real takes your knees and prays with you. A bush of softness of another soul silently puts his arms around you, comforting the pain of love.

That birdie, kissing your lips, and feeding you, breaking the rusted chains once taking your gazing with its flight along the rainbow, upwards, above the clouds, turning into a stipple, almost gets swallowed by the always, close to the loving sun of a virtual freedom.

Loving an unknown. All real life long.

THE END

ANOTHER BEGINNING

;-) click