

Now on to my behavior as an older teen and adult.

At age 13 I had been assigned an outpatient therapist for severe behavior problems that I had at school. This was after an incident where I told two young girls (aged about 7 and 9, by my best recollection) that some generic Tylenol that I had was drugs, making it out to be illegal drugs. I did this on the school bus, and after I told them, I gave them some of the generic Tylenol. I threw some capsules with a “go fetch” type of attitude.

They got them and gave them to their parents (as I recall, they were sisters), and their parents called the police. They were apparently worried that these generic Tylenol were actually illegal drugs. My exact words to these girls were “these are drugs that will get you high” or something very similar to that. I didn’t say they were any specific drug.

The police came to the trailer park where I lived, read me my Miranda rights, and asked me about these “drugs.” I explained that they were Tylenol, and my mother got some from the bottle I used so that the police could compare them to what the girls had given to him. The officer saw that they were generic Tylenol.

I ended up getting kicked out of school for 10 days, and I was threatened to be prosecuted for counterfeit substance and sent to a juvenile prison. They backed down from that threat and instead recommended my mother get me outpatient counseling with a psychologist named Ray Powers.

Ray Powers specialized in treating children who have severe behavior problems. He is who the school recommends for the children who might be called “unreachable,” which was usually indicated when the teachers and school counselors could not seem to provoke any change in a child, despite many efforts over a long period of time.

Ray Powers helped me a lot. My dual life came into play again with Ray, except he was able to get me to behave differently outside of his office. This is in contrast to my grandfather, who had to exert no effort at all to get me to act like a little angel at his house, but for some reason this didn’t carry over when I went back home and went to school, after a weekend of visiting him. And I guess I need to clarify further,

what my grandfather taught me would have an effect outside of his house, it was just that it didn't seem to move the needle much at school.

Ray Powers was able to move the needle at school. Part of why this was, I think, was that Ray would make contracts with me. I never had to sign them, but he would say "I want you to do this and this and this." He set up a reward system with my mother, where I would get \$3 in quarters a trip to the game arcade near where I lived. I was addicted to video games and this incentive was a good idea. I was to get the \$3 if I did my homework, didn't get in trouble, and did a handful of chores for my grandparents, which is who I lived with at the time. I had moved out of my mother and stepdad's house over his increasingly severe abuse, which was escalating in the direction of physical abuse and eventually materialized as such after I had moved out.

On my first visit with Ray, I was given a questionnaire. By my best recollection it had 50 questions. There would be 2 to 4 choices for each question, and a good number of these questions asked about bad behavior. I can't remember most of them, but some of them were very extreme and I remember being taken aback by the more extreme questions.

The 2 that I have never forgotten were a question about "do you have sex with animals" and another one that had something to do with setting things on fire, like maybe being a compulsive arsonist or something. I obviously wasn't nearly that messed up, to answer yes to those questions or answer yes to some of the less extreme questions that I can't remember. This is an indication, however, of the level of disturbance in some of Ray Powers's patients. Those questions weren't on there for me, but they were obviously not on there for just nobody either. There are kids who come through his door who circle "yes" to "do you have sex with animals" and to this other question about setting stuff on fire.

When we started, Ray seemed to have an idea of the kind of raw material that he might be dealing with. It wasn't until many years later that I put it all together. But for instance, to address my being disrespectful to the teachers at school, he told me "Clint, the reason that you are polite to people and that you treat them with respect is that it makes it easier for you to deal with them. They are easier to deal with for you."

This is an odd statement, and what this indicates is that Ray saw me as a child who wasn't interested in doing what's right for its own sake, and as a child who wasn't interested in anyone's needs other than his own. That's why he frames everything in terms of the benefits that it has for me. He doesn't say "you treat other people with respect because other people are important and other people matter" he says, "you treat people with respect because treating people with respect makes your life better," essentially.

There was another instance of this thing, where he seemed to have an idea for the kind of raw material that he was dealing with, with me. It was when my mother had asked him, outside of my presence, to have a conversation with me about the importance of waiting until you are married to have sex.

I found this out at the very end of a session that I had with Ray. In that session, Ray gave me a 1-hour lesson on how to use condoms and have safe sex. I was about 13 years old, and adults in my area would have likely found this to be very offensive. Ray didn't give a "the birds and the bees" type of lesson, but instead the lesson was all about practical application.

He taught me how to get the right kind of condom, which was to always use latex and not another material. He taught me how to put the condom on. He taught me how to make sure the condom doesn't fall off. He told me that if the girl gets a rash, that means she's allergic to the spermicide and you need to change your spermicide. Then he gave me scripts for how to handle a situation where the girl objects to using the condom, how to explain to her that it's in her best interest and mine.

I was basically given a thorough, practical application-based lesson, such that from the second I walk out of his door to the end of my life, I know every particular of how to have safe sex and the steps that I need to take.

At the end of this lesson Ray told me, "The reason that I gave you this lesson was that your mother asked me to give you a lesson about the importance of waiting until you are married, and I've given you this lecture instead. I want you to tell your mom 'Me and Ray had that talk that you asked for.' "

Whats obviously going on here is that Ray thinks that I am of such a temperament that it is pointless to try to tell me to wait until I get married to have sex. This would be typical of the type of children who come through his door. What he does instead is use a "work with what you've got and make the best of it" approach, where instead of trying to instill some sublime moral values in me, he tries to show me how to live in ways that are in line with my temperament and that also do not cause damage to others or to society at large.

It's an attitude of "I can waste a therapy session and give him a lecture about waiting until he's married, which will have a precisely 0 chance of having any effect on him. That's one option, and I'll get confirmation that I've wasted my time 8 years from now, when he has 4 kids by 3 different women that he doesn't take care of. My other option is to not be stupid and teach him a way to go about things that will save those 3 women from getting pregnant and thus prevent all of the hardship that follows."

What happens, however, is that every early on, Ray starts to notice that I tell him the truth about everything. The nature of our relationship changed, and he saw me as one of the ones who really had a chance to make it. While under his care, my grades went up. I stopped getting in trouble at school, almost completely. I did the chores that he asked me to do for my grandparents. The frequency of our sessions decreased, because I was such a success story. Then eventually reached 0, and my behavior problems returned in 9th and 10th grade, though not at full force. I was very much a changed person, as a result of seeing Ray. Note that I didn't pass about 1/3 or 1/4 of my classes in 9th grade.

I quit high school and got kicked out on the same day, 1 day after my 16th birthday. I had gotten kicked out over an incident involving me bringing alcohol to school and an event that happened the same day, where I had issued a threat to a teacher. Note that it is possible that I didn't threaten the teacher. At the same time as she walked around the corner, I had made a threat to this kid from New York that me and my classmates had always picked on. I said something to the effect of "I'll beat the hell out of you." I think that it is possible that she heard this and thought that it was directed at her. I don't have a specific memory of threatening her, but it is possible that I did. It was so long ago.

I think that part of the reason that I am confused about this is that I told the people at the school, when I got in trouble, that I had threatened the kid from NY and not her. I do for sure recall threatening him. It is possible that this thing about only

threatening him was made up. When I was a child, I would very frequently lie to get out of trouble.

But, to continue on, between 2 and 6 months before I turned 16 and was kicked out of school, I had gotten a job at a pizza restaurant. I was known, from very early on, as a very hard worker. I wanted to be a hard worker because of the values that I had been taught by my grandfather. One of my best friends worked at this restaurant, and he helped me get a job.

I didn't know how to act around people, in this new setting. I came across as odd and different, and I was very physically unattractive, in large part due to my teeth being in terrible condition. I neglected my teeth for years growing up, and it caused permanent damage. I didn't put a big effort into how that I looked, as the years went by, working for this restaurant.

I had worn the nicest clothes in middle and high school, because I wanted to be popular. When I was 11 or 12, my dad popped out of the woodwork and showered me with money and gifts. This included a \$600 check he sent me in 1992. I used almost all of that \$600 to buy expensive clothes. I became used to wearing these expensive clothes because of dad, and after he was mostly off the scene, I milked my mother for the same kind of clothes. She would often have to put them on her credit cards.

Once I was left to my own money, I'd wear the same shoes until they were falling apart. I'd wear the same shirt for days at a time. I would often let my hair grow out excessively. I was obsessed with playing billiards and that is where most of my money went.

The way that I dressed and didn't seem to want to impress people so much is part of a trait where I have never really cared what people think of me. This particular trait has some nuance. When I was in grade, middle, and high school I very much wanted to be popular and well liked. It is also important for me to be treated as someone who is important, although this was a desire that developed over time. Due to my being autistic, for a long time, well into adulthood, people would be disrespectful to me, and I wouldn't recognize it as such.

What other people thought of me, as a young man aged 16 to 22 or 23, didn't really matter, although over time, during those years, it increasingly became a concern. I realized too late, that what others think of you can have an effect on your life. As time went on, I would be more and more sensitive to how others treated me, as I became a target of stigmatization.

I've been writing this over a period of days, so I hope that I am not being repetitive. On this topic of not caring what people think, one very consistent, relentless, and ongoing feature of this is that I would do things that others definitely do not approve of. Some third party judging me, for acting in the way that I wanted to or that I thought was right, has never been a concern. I find the notion that some party judging me should be a concern to be offensive, as a matter of fact. I will sometimes make a deliberate point of speaking up when no one else will. I consider myself to be intellectually and morally bold.

I will add that I wanted to find a woman to date and to ultimately marry, from ages 16 through 29, or somewhere around there. I would get extremely attractive women interested in me, and then they would be told lies about me. The next time I saw them, they would go completely cold on me. They would not answer my phone calls, and they would start to treat me as a stigmatized person, as did others.

The rumors were about my history of hospitalization for mental health treatment. People were told that I was hospitalized because I was "dangerous" in some way. I was actually hospitalized for the onset of bipolar disorder type I, following a period of marijuana and hallucinogen abuse. But this reaction, where women would go cold on me, was particularly painful. When added to the stigmatization I faced in a more general sense, it was incredibly painful and made me want to die. So, in that sense, I did care what people thought of me, or more accurately, I cared about how they treated me. The willingness to defy the expectations and values of others remained, even in this context, however.

To return to my years at the restaurant, starting at ages 15 and 16, and lasting until I was 22, when the restaurant shut down, there was a progression in the way I interacted with people, the way that I was perceived, and the level of "charm" that I had.

After about 6 or 8 months of working there, which I was a dishwasher, but also did other work, I became quite good at handling customers at the register. We called this “working up front.” The restaurant had a system where orders would be placed at a cash register. The person up front would write their items down on a ticket, and then ring them up. If they bought drinks or asked for water, they would be given cups for those. They would sit down, and when the food was ready, me or the people whose job it was to work up front, would take their food out to them. Then me or those people would bus the table after the customer left.

I had poor intuition about this, at first. When I was trained to take delivery orders over the phone, I was instructed to get the person’s phone number. On my first orders taken up front, I would ask the customers for their phone numbers. The assistant manager quickly corrected me on that. We didn’t need their phone numbers because they were right there in the dining room. This is the type of silly thing that I would do. But I got better.

By 2 or 3 years into the job, I was known as the “salesman.” I seemed to have a way with the customers, and they were very happy. I would give them detailed descriptions of the food items on the menu, all of the options, and how they were prepared. I was also extremely well mannered, polite, and professional. People would pick up on the fact that I am quite intelligent too. I had a good sense of humor and a way of being funny, that I had carried over from my years of being a class clown in elementary, middle, and high school.

I came across as very impressive and competent to most customers, and they could sense the way that I valued them and wanted to do right by them. By do right, I wanted to make sure I got their orders right, make sure the ticket got to the kitchen asap, so that they could get their food fast, and make sure to get their food to their table as soon as it was ready. I was known for being reliable, although there were select times that I screwed up royally. Others that worked for this restaurant had a reputation of being unreliable. The whole place was well known as a place where employees “take breaks” and “stand around.”

We had a tip jar up front, and because we didn’t provide traditional wait service, we got far less tips than other restaurants that did. That being said, i was eventually among the top of the heap in getting tips, when I worked up front. I had this “respectable young man” persona, and people can sense when they are valued. I

wanted my customers to be happy and to get whatever they needed. There were many occasions where I would go out of my way for them.

We had attractive young girls who worked for us, aged 16 to 19, or sometimes in their twenties. Some of them would get more tips than me. There was one in particular for whom it wouldn't have surprised me if some man threw his car keys in the tip jar. She was very attractive and had a very charming and feminine personality. The men customers couldn't get enough of her, and a lot of the women customers hated her.

And so that was my behavior towards the customers. Now on to how I was to coworkers.

For one, I was a weakling, in terms of physicality. That was the case for my entire life, up until age 20 or so. At around age 20, I got a Bowflex Machine and started exercising. My physical strength and musculature improved. But until then, and even after then, because I was kind of clumsy and still weak for my size, I could be physically overpowered quite easily. This was something that had an effect on how I was treated by males in the workplace.

Most of our employees were between ages 15 and 25, during the time that I worked there. There were a few employees that were almost 30, during my tenure there. The the owner and his wife were in their 30s and 40s, while I worked there. We had one man that was in his mid 40s for a while, and others here and there that were those ages. This place was owned by man, his mother, and his wife, and he had 1 daughter. He had long term employees and then he had people who were his friends or acquaintances, who would work there on and off.

The male employees sort of didn't think much of me, at first. A lot of them never changed their attitude. Some of the older ones thought well of me. But my bad teeth and my poor coordination and being different or "weird" in general affected their perceptions of me. I also had a tad bit of "know it all" or "I'm smarter than you" arrogance. What I'm mainly referring to here is my overconfidence that the rules that applied to everyone else didn't apply to me, due to how smart that I was. For instance, I was sure that dropping out of high school wouldn't put the slightest dent in my ability to succeed. I had an attitude that I didn't need anyone. This was a product of years and years of schoolteachers and pupils being in awe of how smart I



was and telling me what a “genius” I was. It was also a product of my experience in life, where everything I put my mind to, I succeeded at.

So, when I start there at age 15 and then I quit school at age 16, the guys that were college aged that worked there didn’t think much of me. They were kind to me, most of the time, but they didn’t have much respect for me as a person. I didn’t seem too impressive, not to them.

The kids my age and I got along better, and I retained my reputation for being a genius among those who knew me from before I got this job. More and more of my peers from school would end up working at this place, as time went on.

My focus, a year or two in, turned to the girls that worked there. There were two girls in particular that I liked. One started when she was 16, the other when she was 17. This was when I was about 18. They were both very pretty. There were other girls that worked there that I considered friends. I was liked pretty well by them. They thought well of me, and we’d have a lot of good conversations, play pool, watch tv, etc. all at work. Some of these girls, who were so nice to me, at least one that I can think of, didn’t exactly feel comfortable being seen with me in public.

It’s hard to explain but I was kind of a loser in some people’s minds. I had fallen behind in life. No one, including me, knew that I was autistic, and so some of my peculiarities were held against me. A big one was that I could not drive. It had to do with my being autistic, the way I did my sensory processing, and intense anxiety that driving caused in me. This anxiety included intrusive thoughts about me uncontrollably turning the steering wheel into oncoming traffic.

Because of this difficulty, I didn’t have a drivers license for the whole time I worked at this restaurant. It was a stigmatizing thing, to be 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, and 22 years old, and have your “mommy” pick you up from work. This caused people to look down on me, as did my eventual habit of not changing clothes often enough, wearing the same shoes, etc.

In school, I was perceived to have every advantage in life, due to my extreme giftedness. Once out of school and into the working world and the broader social world, I start to come across as not so obviously gifted. My autism is what causes my

giftedness, and on the flip side of that is my being handicapped. I am impaired in many of life's tasks. This includes work and driving, and social skills.

So, at ages 17, 18, 19, etc. I am increasingly further behind in life. Not having a driver's license impaired my ability to get a secondary education or to act on my own; I seemed to be spastic or hyperactive sometimes. I wasn't consistent in acting in a becoming way around others. And then I didn't have a girlfriend and never had at that time.

But at age 18, I had a good spurt, while working at this restaurant. I had started to have a quality, around age 16 or 17, where girls really like me. This quality set in, over time. It was largely due to how genuine I was. I was all that I was cracked out to be, generally. By this I mean that girls and women interrogate and challenge and, in general, call bullshit on the men in their lives, to see if the spiel they're being sold can stand up to scrutiny.

I speak the truth compulsively, for the most part. There is some nuance here, and we'll get to my behavior pattern of being dishonest, at times, later. The short version is that I was sort of a pathological liar as a young child, and some of this carried over into my teen and early adult years. My grandfather had instilled a value of honesty me, and it became part of my being. I also developed, over time, an aversion to saying things that were not true. This seems to be a function of being autistic, and I'm not sure why it took until early adulthood up to my mid twenties to fully set in.

But I came across as smart and funny. I seemed to know a lot of things. I seemed to be genuinely interested in these girls, meaning I was interested in them as people. I cared what it was like to be them. I was curious about them and wanted to understand them. I was in it for more than a physical relationship. This was my demeanor, and if the girls issued a subtle challenge, they'd find that I was what I was cracked up to be.

I also have qualities that are appealing to women. One such quality is the way that I March to the beat of own drum. It can cause me to come across as liberated from the humdrum of ordinary life and from society's expectations.

Women, it seems to me, start out in life looking for “something more.” I put something more in quotes, because what something more is depends on the particular woman. The universal feature is that it is always something different than what they have known. It’s like there is some basic reaction to what has been in front of their eyes for so long, and they will find reasons to be dissatisfied. And I may be totally off here. I’d say for sure there are exceptions, maybe a lot of exceptions, but this is a sense that I have had of how women work. My nonconformity, and my ability to see and understand the world accurately, can make me seem to be on an enlightened path.

Then there is this thing with my intellectual giftedness. In some instances, this will show itself in an extreme way. Women will react to this. The usual theme is that I will explain something to them or point out something about the way the world works, and it will resonate with them. It’s like they’ve never seen this before, but my explanation is connected to their own experiences in life, and their eyes are opened. I will take on this magical quality, in their eyes.

There have been many occasions where I have had women mesmerized, because of this phenomenon, the qualities that I have described, and also other qualities that I have. I had these effects on these two girls that I liked at the restaurant, and also other girls at this same time. For most of them, it wasn’t extremely pronounced, but there was one who was, at least for a time, completely under a spell.

I did not have a halo of beauty on my side, in my endeavors in life and my pursuit of women, particularly not for most of the time that I worked at the restaurant. I had to find something to talk about, and a big topic was psychology and human relationships. I had learned a great deal about psychology through talking to Ray Powers. I am a person who is always picking up on new stuff. I also sort of took on his way of viewing life, through an osmosis type of process.

Then, from a very early age, I’d say at least by age 12 or 13, I would watch programs about psychology and relationships on TV, and I would listen to the same kinds of shows on the radio. Psychology was something that fascinated me from a very early age. It was also something that I had a facility with. I would absorb what these experts say, and I would be able to see the same realities, that I learned about on these shows, in people in the real world, including in my social life.

I would be an amateur psychologist for the young women who worked at this restaurant. As far as psychologists go, I was pretty far towards the low end of the heap, if you include professionals or advanced level college students, but these girls quite often found my advice every helpful. It was hit or miss. Sometimes what I said was nonsense, but there were also times where I was given an enthusiastic “thank you,” as if I had really lifted a burden off of them.

These two girls fizzled out, eventually, but I pursued at least one of them past that point. There was a time where I felt stupid looking back, because the one that I probably liked the best was giving me bomb siren level signals that I should ask her out. This didn’t last long, but I had an opportunity. In being her friend, I would give her relationship advice about whatever boyfriend she was seeing. It was something of value that I could do; it was something I enjoyed, and it was also an excuse for me to talk to her.

What’s funny is that I would give her the best advice that I could, based on whatever her goal was. I’d help her solve her relationship problems, as opposed to being tactical and telling her “this guy is the devil. You need to leave him.” What I would have far preferred was for her to leave her bf and go with me.

From this last paragraph, there are two takeaways that are important to anyone trying to understand me. One is that I have a very significant deficit in understanding the subtle signals that people give through their verbal and nonverbal communication. We will see later that there is a mountain of nuance on this line item. But this is particularly true in the context of pursuing a mate. I’m very dumb and a slow learner, by nature. At this age especially, and to a slightly lesser extent for many years following, I would most often understand the meaning of such signals far too late. There is another element, that I did not expect such signals from women. I was not prepared for them, and I didn’t really have a concept that they existed, not until after the fact. Then there was an emotional problem and/or an effect of my social impairment, that I would not be able to respond, in the moment, if I did understand the signal, they gave me. It was like I had a deficit and a handicap, and also some kind of emotional block.

The other takeaway is that I am given to being selfless and overly honest with people. By overly honest, I mean that I lack the political nature that most people have, and I lack what I call the slight viciousness that most people have. It’s like I’m not so open to the idea of screwing someone else over or cheating them to get

ahead. I guess the way to say it is that my inclination, when around people, is to be concerned about their well-being. I don't play political games either, where I try to strategically take people out through dishonesty.

This doesn't mean that I am not open to "winning" when there is a zero-sum game with someone else. I will leave people in the dust in some instances, if I deem it as fair. My concept of fairness is similar to that of others in most cases.

For instance, when I was 16, I bought my first professional pool cue. I had the job at the restaurant and the owner of the pool hall allowed me to finance it. Before I bought it, I had been on the phone with my friend, who had told me not to buy the blue and white Meucci, because that's the one he wanted. It happened to also be the one that I wanted. He didn't have a job, and it was unlikely that he would come up with the money to get it. It was more expensive than a lot of the other ones. I didn't like that he issued this demand, and I felt like that I should be able to buy whatever I wanted. I saw no reason to put this cue indefinitely on hold because he wanted it, particularly when he was not guaranteed to come up with the money.

I ignored what he said and bought the cue. In his eyes, at the time, I had been selfish and screwed him over. I don't see it that way and I don't think many 3rd parties would either. Then, with pursuing girls, I had the same attitude at the restaurant. A guy who worked there had told me that he was after this same girl that I liked. I didn't give a damn. In my view, what should matter are her wishes, and who she went with would be determined by who she liked. She didn't appear to particularly like this guy. It's also worth it to note that he had described his intentions as "I'm going to f\*\*\* her, without any commitment, because that's what she wants." I knew that she probably wanted more than that. I sensed that she did. I also didn't like his duplicitous way of pursuing her. I almost got this girl, and if I had have gotten her and it made him mad or made him whatever, I would have had absolutely zero concern about it. I would have seen him as being unrealistic and immature.

And that is a good illustrative example of what I'm talking about in lacking a political nature. I knew that this guy was after this girl and that he would be competition with me, but I never had any inclination to take him out with character assassinations or other political or dishonest maneuvers. This is in contrast to what he and his friends did to me. They used numerous ploys to sabotage me.

I had asked this girl to keep quiet about our plans to pursue one another romantically. I asked her this because I knew that if this other guy knew, he would be trying to sabotage me. She said she would keep quiet but ended up telling several people and it got back to him. This girl was very enamored with me and a big part of that was how she perceived me as “incredible” with my intellectual giftedness. So, they hatch a plan where they and her roommate invite me to her place, to hang out and play card games. They encouraged me to get as drunk as possible before she got home, and they kept giving me beers all night. Then they used the fact that I couldn’t understand the rules of this card game (it was one that I had never played) as evidence that I’m not very bright.

Then she had a concern that I was just after her for sex, and that I didn’t want a relationship, which she wanted. For this, she set up a test for me, which this other guy was part of and knew about. She invited me over and told me “But you can’t spend the night because I have to go somewhere in the morning.” This guy that was after her was the one who would be providing me transportation to the get together. There were going to be several of us there. I knew something was funny when he kept trying to get me to stay at his place instead of going to the get together with him, at her place. He gave me reason after reason to stay back at his place. He had video games and marijuana, and I can’t remember the rest of it. It was hard to get him to give up, but finally he did. Then we go to the grocery store to buy some stuff for the get together. It was considered thoughtful and kind to buy something, and I bought her some of this alcoholic cider beverage that she really liked. The way we do this is give our money to someone 21 or over and let him take it to the counter. We’d pick out the beer we were buying at the coolers in the grocery store, and then put it in the cart of the legal aged person who was buying. He kept trying to talk me out of buying her those beverages. He told me that he was buying a bunch of stuff, to save my money, and things like this. He was irrationally persistent in this, and he eventually gave up.

I figured out what happened after the fact. When we got to her place, there were several people there, and she seemed happy to see me. A few minutes in, I overheard her say “I thought you said that he was just acting like that.” I can’t remember his response, but this made it obvious. When she says “acting like that” she’s referring to my genuine interest in her as a person and my not being out to get her just for sex. Shortly afterwards, she made hints to me that I should stay the night. This makes it obvious that her claim of needing everyone to go home so that she could go somewhere early in the morning wasn’t a solid claim.

Put 2 and 2 together, and what has happened is that, behind the scenes, this guy has disparaged me to her, telling her that I'm dishonest and that I don't really care about her, and things along these lines. Her perception had been otherwise, so she set up a test, a test that he was privy to. She'd tell me that I am invited to her place but can't spend the night. If I came, that would mean that I value her as a person and am not just interested in sex. If the latter were the case, I wouldn't come to her place unless I could spend the night.

This guy has then tried to engineer the outcome of the situation by enticing me to stay at his place with video games and marijuana and whatever else he said. He wanted me to stay at his place, while he went to the get together at her place, so that he could prove to her that what he said about me was true. He was obviously being dishonest in doing this because I wanted to go to her place from the get-go, and it would have been only after giving in, to his incessant attempts to persuade me, that I would have not gone to her place. To represent that it was what I wanted to do, to stay at his place instead of going to hers, would be inaccurate and deliberately dishonest. After having failed there, he didn't want me to buy the girl those beverages, as buying them for her would score more points in my favor.

In this last narrative, I've explained not having a political nature, and I've explained being overly honest to some extent. I will next explain the other takeaway, the one about me being "selfless."

What I mean by selfless, is that, in many circumstances with other people, I will not act in the way that maximizes my self-interests or in a way that advances my self-interest at all. It is part of a quality of extreme resilience, that I have. It is like I feel like I am really, really tough. I am not afraid of hard situations in life, in many contexts. I also have a sense of being extremely capable. I feel like I can accomplish anything that I want to accomplish. I feel like I can master any skill that I want to learn. I feel like I can figure out how anything works; that I can crack the puzzle, so to speak. This gives me a sense of power and a sense that my fate doesn't hinge on any one person.

I told someone about that last trait, one time. It is ultimately a product of all the traits that I listed, of having resilience, having a sense of being extremely capable, and feeling, across broad contexts, that all that I want is within my reach. The way I told it to them is illustrative of how I am. It really gets the point across in a way that people can feel.

I was talking to this person about a woman I had seen on a drug rehab reality show. She was an adult film actress, and her boyfriend was her agent. I felt incredibly bad for this woman. She seemed so vulnerable, and her life seemed so fragile.

Her mother is diagnosed with schizophrenia and had tried to kill herself, at one point, by jumping off a building. She didn't die but instead ended up having to be in a wheelchair. I think she was essentially completely paralyzed from the waist down.

This adult film actress made a lot of money in her work. She wasn't getting rich, but it was a very significant income. I'd say a \$100k a year or a little over, and this was in the 2000s. Making that income allowed her to take care of her pitiful mother. I could tell how much she cared about her, and I could sense her hurt.

This woman was 28 years old, in this show. The host of the show, who is a very well trained and experienced medical doctor and addiction specialist, wanted her to get out of the adult film industry. He thought that the surrounding lifestyle would doom her to repeated relapses and make recovery impossible.

I have this quality, in which I can see the doom that lies ahead for people. It is like I am intense, and everything is life and death to me. I also have an intense realism. I do not censor out unpleasant realities to near the degree that most do. Reality hurts. It is unpleasant. That is one of its basic qualities, judging it relative to our distorted perceptions and expectations.

For this woman what sticks out like a sore thumb is that, if you want to make the same money, that you make at age 28 being an adult film star, when you are age 50, you'd better be something other than an adult film star at age 50. That's for a woman. I felt concern for her over this. It was part of the fragility of her life, that was so palpable to me.

Her boyfriend, who was her agent, was a bit of a sleazy guy. I guess that's one way to describe him. He seemed to be capitalizing on her and to not be so concerned for her wellbeing. One way to say it is that he didn't see the fragility of her life, and it was mostly because he didn't try. Had I been able to dial him up and explain to him how



her life is exposed to breaking, he wouldn't have cared. That is the sense that I got. It would have been hard to keep him on the phone long enough to explain it.