

Lady Psychick (formally known as both crippling rouses and Sninkygle) is an abstract glitch artist that dabbles in just about every form of media, from videography to erotic fowl play and even conjuring of spirits, is once again returning to the realm of Qenz @f after a substantial hiatus. Many moons have long past since the conception of the realm, Much like the creator, it too deserves to shed blood in the sun. I hope you enjoy the revival of a project that means so much to me, and my dear friends whom I lost along the way that made this project what it truly was meant to be

-Trevi mal!

This Story is dedicated to Laiwind. A child who gave their life so I can see mine, March 10th marks the anniversary of such a tragic transaction. May the next guide them where ever they may be!

Fire calmly cackles as its warmth scorches the room, sighs of bitterness are audibly heard in a nook filled with dust and rotted knowledge collected in books. I've really done it this time huh, mom? Yet another year goes by and I'm still stuck in this townhouse, in a city filled with hicks, while you and fucking Jeremy are out in the middle of nowhere probably living some form of a high life. Aggressive thumps echoed throughout the quiet home, I can't believe I bought into yet another one of your lies, let myself, my career get ruined because of your supposed sickness. Well, happy new years you wrench, I hope where ever you are... at least be happy, cheers! Clings of empty wine glasses rang silently as hums of an awaking computer fill the silence.

Card One: Echoes.

I didn't like that career in the end anyway so at least there's some grace with this mistake. Being a porter wasn't what it cracked up to be but, I did travel which I miss dearly, being stuck in one place is a prison in its own right. Dragging of a chair gently scrapes the floor which it resides on reluctantly, I sat in it as I pull myself closer to the computer which now is fully awake. The chair isn't the worst thing I sat on, that goes to the pile of luggage I had to carry up a malfunctioning escalator, and at this point I've grown comfortable to its failing thereof. Alright Mia, let's see what opportunities the internet brings today.

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- = Twilight Peaks is now looking for willing =
- = participants in an upcoming project that =
- = demonstrates promising results for those =
- = seeking therapy services, please call =
- = your local help kiosk for more information. =
- = Must be 18 years or older to apply =
- = participant must also provide willing consent =
- = to push their personal boundaries and discomfort. =

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Twilight Peaks? Isn't that the upcoming pharmaceutical company my aunt did an ad campaign for back in '92? Why are they investing in therapy services? No bad Mia, don't look too far into it, let's not unearth the pen and paper, the last story didn't end too well remember? Anyway I think there was an office that recently opened that isn't too far from here, gives me an excuse to get out of this house at the very least. I should probably get ready first though, gotta look partially alive. Hopefully the water is still on...

The hums of water pipes vibrates the house with weary excitement.

Cold huh? God dammit mom at least let me fix the fucking water heater if you're gonna disappear on me for months on end, don't Torture your one of two living children like this fuck, this one barely survived the last time you did one of these stunts! Guess I'll make this quick then sigh...

"Water... The liquid of emotion, calmly guides us to the next. My hands finally drench in the fountain of possibilities they've been looking for. Lest this be the last time I come here for guidance, I thank you for the first time, and the last. May this virtue bring me far and the world that comes with it be anew"

-Casper dialogue verse: one

Okay teeth cleaned, body destunk'd and-- That fucking mirror I forgot to take down yet again, I don't have time for this. A sopping towel splashes onto the glass making spider webs of water in its wake. Alright let's get going, maybe kiki will be at the pub later today, haven't seen Xry in a hot minute. Hums from a car engine fills the crisp peaceful air as the bustle of local life



passes by in a quick everlasting swirl. Thoughts began to swarm Mia, some mindless like the night before meal, others seeded the feeling of doubt.

Is this going to work? I mean ever since I moved into mom's old getaway I've been curled up in that old house for at least.. I don't even remember. Will I even be able to work like I use to? just been so long since I've done any labor I kinda forgot what it felt like, working a 9-5. What if this is a scam much like everything else on the internet? Well, at least the receptionist will have a good laugh hell, might even brighten up their day if that's the case.

Minutes which feel like hours go by, the anxiety of the transaction finally has ran its course, the time for the big question finally emerges.

Hums of endless chatter ring out the spider like hallways, people checking in checking out as an endless sea of traffic. Fumbling about, nearly suffocating in the flow of body heat I managed to just barely see the counter clerk, hello picking up? She choked a forceful upbeat voice, no I'm actually here to ask in regards to a co-op I saw online. Oh! The Dreams one right? Yeah that gentlemen a few windows down will be able to help you, I can help who's next! She motioned to the left of her as she hustles another patron in. Bodies continue to fill in the halls, the path becomes perilous as patients vomits gush onto the floors. Excuse me, a rough sounding chimed through my ears, your Miss Convoy right? The one who helped me with my luggage a few years back. Yeah...That's me, why do you ask? Nervousness began to wash over me, if this is who I think it is I might be in trouble. Oh, I just wanted to say thank you again I know this a bit out of the blue hell you probably don't even remember me but, what you did back then really saved my bacon. O-oh yeah of course, say strange question but do you by chance have any info regarding to the Dreams co-op Twilight Peaks is doing? I barely was able to get that question out honestly, I'm just glad this isn't that creep I ran into around that time. You mean that gentlemen over there's project? Of course! I was getting a pamphlet for my son who seemed interested in it too, seems pretty promising for those mentally ill folk. However, I'm not so certain a headset tied to a computer will help fix them let alone guide them to the proper path. The man sighed, what do you mean bu headset? My eyes light up with curiosity however, the man paused trying to think what to say next. Well convoy, let's just say there's some things being socially isolated can't fix anyhow, you have a good one, that man

will fill ya in with all the information you need. Take care now! Without much notice the man hustles into the abyss of bustling bodies, guess I have no choice but to consult them myself now huh? I mummer through a sigh, here goes nothing. I approach the person behind the window with my pen and paper at the ready, um excuse me I was directed by the lady a few windows ahead that you're the one to talk to in regards to the upcoming co-op? Indeed I am, take it you're interested? The program is looking for a few more participants and it starts a couple weeks from now at our HQ which is located conveniently in center city off Hallow's Ave. Pay is pretty well too if you're more interested In that, 15 an hour 60 per session. Can you tell me more so what the project looks like? I heard from a gentleman that there's headsets involved and well... I don't want to be drenched in sweat every session. Oh don't worry about that each session is roughly 30 or so minutes, followed by some questionnaires. The headsets themselves have a pretty innovative design that focuses more so on comfort and breath ability than compact sleek appeal. They nervously chimed as if there was an NDA agreement in regards to the headset. That sounds nice but what exactly are they used for? Oh, AHEM, the headset is essentially the terminal to the therapy program that you'll be testing, its necessary to gather intel in regards to your brain activity so it can best prescribe treatment, unfortunately that's all I can say at the moment. O-oh okay thanks, I finished jotting down the cliff notes of what they just said, by the way my name is Mia Convoy but everyone calls me Meek. Pleasure to meet you Meek, I'm Travis Cortello, if you plan on participating in the program I'm also one of the assistance for the surveys, so I'm sure we'll cross paths again, do you have any more questions regarding the project? Travis hastily moves the conversation along while eyeing the clock, as if its nearly their break. No, that's all thanks though, do you by chance have any more of those pamphlets? I don't want to forget the information you told me. Yeah I have one right here, alright Meek have a nice afternoon now, take care! Well that was an exhausting ordeal time to check in with Kiki to see how Xry is doing, I reach out for my PDA ready to give Kiki a buzz. Oh damn it I forgot to charge the thing, time to head home I guess

-Card One; Echoes: End.

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= Miss> Psychick's drink of the night;
= Setting Sun ingredients:
= 1 part Malibu

- = 2 shots Vodka
- = 1 part Cream Soda
- = Stir together and serve over ice

- = To make a sunset simply remove
- = the Vodka and replace it with
- = cherries
- =
- = Enjoy!

