

I suppose I am a [Seeker](#). The best place to start in explaining what I am seeking would be the beginning. Our beginning. My origins begin in the past. But not my past. In that place where the futures and the pasts tie into each other in an unbelievably serendipitous and chaotic way. What are your stories? I'd love to know. If you like stories, this is one I enjoy-

You stumbled randomly through the dark. You found something. In this something you would read memories, opinions, and experiences that did not belong to you. You were clued in on little inside jokes. You sympathized, and considered. It felt, after reading for some time, as though the character of this book had become someone known to you- a [friend](#). A would-be friend, perhaps. In another reality. Under different circumstances.

And this character's story intrigued you. The author intrigued you. You read the entire story. Or so you thought. You began to worry. You pondered where the author had gone. Why they had gone.

If they were gone.

This couldn't be the end of the story. It was, in fact, a very good story. Very good stories never end. Right?

You started searching. You found a timeline. You found [identities](#). They were merely remnants. You considered if this is not your place. If the author left with intention and in this regard you are disrespecting their wishes. Curiosity is powerful. You figured going slightly farther couldn't do harm. Could it?

You learned that you were not the only one on this path. That this path had already been made- or at least up to this point. But only ghosts remained.

Time passed, as it does, Things grew distant, as they do. You changed, and things became different. Lessons were learned and you began to feel like a new person. You are a new person.

Your former self left a breadcrumb. That breadcrumb was more significant than it seemed. Someone found that breadcrumb. In your story, this story, this moment is one of many small random events- each plausible as coincidence on their own, but when combined, demonstrate the energy that has drawn this story to be. Your story. Our story.

The one that found this crumb, who are they? Are you meant to know? You seek the author once more.

Things changed, as they do. Things were dark, as they sometimes will be.

But you are a new person.

Because you are a new person, you met someone new. But they were not new. They had been looking for you- and now that you were ready, they had found you. What's next?

Actually... who are they? What are their intentions?

No good to think that way.

They are your friend. We are all friends, here.

Now you're making connections.

Are they real? Is any of it real?

Well, you see them don't you?

What comes next? What are you meant to do?

Do what comes naturally.

I've always liked that **story**.

Feel free to reach out. If you want to, you'll be able to find me. I like to hear stories.