

ACE OF HEARTS: ENTRY #2

FLEETING HEART

BY

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People can make the strangest decisions when under pressure or...overpressure, a feeling of a goal close to attainment. They behave hungrily, as if they have seen a succulent dish that will never be presented to them again. Only one chance to eat so there is no time to waste. It smells of that pulse called *desperation*. Especially when that goal is connected to...the polar sex.

People in this time tend to say "opposite" sex, but this makes no true sense. They are close but this alteration of the word, from "polar" to "opposite" transforms their understanding. They assume that the man is the opposite of the woman and by being opposite, they are...separate. Little do they realize that they can dance specifically because they are not opposites but...complements. Man is of woman and woman is of man, each including elements of the other yet remaining different. This...polarity they do not understand creates part of their strife on the planet. Huh. They believe they can exist without each other! And yet they are ceaselessly pulled to each other. A species confused.

So this Bronson fellow I attempted to help because I "saw" the heinous nature of this woman named Michelle. She was already involved with a man when she met Bronson and continued to dance with him, making him a toy puppet directed by her feminine strings.

Since the stomach did not work, perhaps the head and the emotion of failure would. Yes?

One year into their "relationship" and there were nothing but smiles. You would think they lived in heaven. Going to the movies each weekend, dinner nights over Bronson's house every other week and then eventually the gifts began. I can recall the moment.

"Close your eyes," Bronson said. He was incapable of retaining a poker face. He would not last one minute as my kind.

"What are you doing, Bronson? You're up to something, I know it," Michelle responded. Of course she knew. She just received a gift from her first boyfriend three days ago. He delivered the same lines. No wonder these dances men do are weak.

"Just close them," he said.

So she did with a slight smirk. And while her eyes shut, I quickly removed his gift from his coat pocket, caused it to fly into the air and land several blocks on the ground. He did not notice. Of course he wouldn't. I am a master at this. He reached for the gift but didn't feel it and looked frustrated. Seeing this from a distance, I had to laugh.

Finally, after a year of work to save this love struck fool, I succeeded. He should feel low enough to call this off. Giving her that kind of gift, an engagement ring, would surely lead to his demise.

Believing the moment to be ruined, I presumed he would pass up this chance to propose. But he had a backup. Yes, an extra gift, one he managed to possess without my knowledge. He must have obtained it while I was watching this woman with her first man. That necklace she

wore? Courtesy of the first man. And the box she just received, when she opened it she couldn't believe her eyes.

"Oh my God thank you! A necklace! This is so nice!" She put on her surprised expression. Well-rehearsed. A bit different when she showed it to the other man.

"Glad you like it. It was really hard to find you something I thought would be nice. You're so special to me, I just wanted to make this the best." He said. This guy is persistent, have to give him that.

"And it IS the best, Bron." She had a pet name for him. "I hope it never gets lost. Can you put it on for me?"

Bronson was the happiest man on earth at this point. He moved behind her quickly and flipped her long hair over her shoulder. He fastened the jewelry around her thin neck then kissed the back of her head. I've seen this gesture on many occasions; man wants to be affectionate to the woman, a sort of protective touch. He then hugged her from behind with the widest smile. He could not see her face, how she scowled.

At this point I felt almost extinguished with this mission. But times have shown me that in every civilization, there are weak ones and the resilient. These people sometimes do not have positions of influence but they do not crack under pressure. Why humanity does not acknowledge this power when they see it and elevate the possessor is beyond me. Knowing that the expensive ring he purchased was not where he placed it should have caused him to flinch and run away, like the dogs that stick their tails between their legs. Yet again he resisted my influence.

Subtle means do not affect this man so, I must reveal to him the truth directly.