

Homicide: The Game

Presents

Painseeker

"From Power to Love"
by Anna Fantiani

A calculation for you to grow on: Power begets Admiration begets Motivation begets Inspiration begets Love. If Love is true, Love begets Power.

Like much of life, this calculation does not always hold true. However, it is the most efficient means of producing Love from Power. Many people do not achieve this direct route (as indirect as it may seem, it is the direct route). The reasons are many but fall into two categories: Faults of Others and Faults of Ourselves.

The Faults of Others are reasons which are completely beyond our control. Despite our best efforts, there is no means of achieving the direct route due to the choices of others: We are damned, oftentimes to fail completely.

The Faults of Ourselves are reasons which are totally within our control. However, we make the wrong choices. This causes delay in the transition from Power to Love, but the path is still clear if we are brave enough to make the proper choice (regardless of consequence).

I understand if you are skeptical to the simplicity of my conclusions, yet they hold true if you choose to let yourself free of your own belief structure for a moment. Why is life always more complicated then? Simple: There are over five billion people attempting to convert Power to Love AT THE SAME TIME! Procedures of higher rank or exceptional skill must be followed, and not all are allowed to achieve the transition. Some never do. Then we have to include the reactions caused by this failure to allow transition, and negative harmonics are added to the equation. This causes the confusion we simply choose to call life.

Ms. Vanderhoff understood this simple conundrum of mine. I believe she understood it better than any of my clients. She had many reasons to do so. Yet I believe the most vibrant reason was that Ms. Vanderhoff had come to understand before I had ever met her. She merely did not intellectualize what she understood.

There is another reason: Ms. Vanderhoff and I are sisters, spiritually speaking. We share entomologies.

Like Ms. Vanderhoff, I was raised in a home with a family that was not a family. Like Ms. Vanderhoff, I have a brother who is less than myself. Like Ms. Vanderhoff, my passions had been known to override my logic. And like Ms. Vanderhoff, my skills in my chosen profession have carried me beyond reasonable expectations.

Whereas Ms. Vanderhoff's skills as a poet are clearly understood by the general public, my skills are not. This is due to the variety of skills which make up the psychic discipline. Therefore I will clarify my particular skills to you.

My principal skill is as a communer (what is traditionally called a channeler). I commune with the recently deceased to assist in the transition from living to dead. My most valuable assistance is to put matters to rest between the recently deceased and those who survive them. This is the initial reason I began consulting with Ms. Vanderhoff, but after our second meeting it branched out further.

I have less reliable skills in several other psychic disciplines including clairvoyance and premonition. I have enhanced these skills with additional knowledge in the fields of Tarot, astrology, and meditation. These skills in themselves do not lead to a profitable life in themselves; however, combined they have allowed me to lead a productive life cycle and feed myself. I have helped many grieving individuals heal their emotional wounds. For those of you who do not believe in psychic abilities, I ask how you are able to deny my results?

My consultation with Ms. Vanderhoff lasted from the moment on June 8th when I notified her that her father had passed on until the night of August 17th, when she was

so tragically murdered. I submit to you that the time which I consulted with Ms. Vanderhoff was the happiest period of her life. In my future articles I will detail the nature of our consultations, and even recount the advice I imparted to Ms. Vanderhoff.

I expect that, having written the previous statement, I will become the object of skepticism from several of Ms. Vanderhoff's acquaintances. Those will no doubt be made out of fear that they will be unmasked for who they are.

I ask those individuals not to fear me.

Fear yourselves.