

# An Emotional Tourist

He has seen it all, so it seemed.

He only felt himself by travelling in other people's minds and emotions. Any form of anger, any form of a possible source for aggression, each tiny little evolution of a smile - he recognized them from the start. And he knew them all by heart.

He was a connoisseur of human mimic - the perfect body-linguist. And he longed for even further, deeper-rooting knowledge - he craved for reading minds!

He still hasn't seen it all, so he thought, the emotional tourist.

His hunger grew when/while eating, his thirst increased while licking someone else's wounds; sucking from their fates, may they be satisfying or sad - though he developed a certain taste for the latter.

The tourist almost desired to get to know the intimate details of the person he talked with. Talking actually being closer to asking than to caring or to exchanging thoughts. The closer they'd let him, the deeper he pushed. He himself wasn't happy before it was all out - out of their terrified memories... All spoken out, laying in front of him to pick whatever he needed to continue completing his dark-side-collection.

It felt like touching a soul. Like the grab into the mind of another life. Like touching god for the time of a flash to be. Than: anything he knew better than having sex, better than the holy ceremony he provided for his own relief by using his right hand, being alone in his bedroom's womb.

The emotional tourist didn't need anybody else, he couldn't help turning away when someone approached him too intimately, which way ever, physically or mentally.

He never had friends. His family has put him to the "All children educational home" at the age of four. He didn't have the chance of experiencing parental love and had trouble in being tolerated at the "Educational Home" for being a loner and through this later a weirdo. He never ever discovered sense in sharing the "hobby-interests" of his class-fellows, as he considered their miserable day-to-day spare-time-fillers like card-games, soccer on tele or disco-dancing.

They became his first objects of emotional research - one after another. He had this neutral position. Everyone talking to him could be secret and safe, knowing that he wouldn't misuse no contact for the sake of another or for simply keeping a conversation going. And that's what he found out pretty soon and added to his collecting-routine: If you talk with more than one other mind intimacy is disturbed and people tend to veil their innermost details even after hours of talking for pride's sake or whatever. The essence is: it doesn't work. He could not trespass the threshold to the ultimate insight, where motifs are born, where desires sweat, where pain hides (its scars).

So he takes the time to listen to just one whole story before entering the next... It didn't always function, people would come to an end before he could reach into a satisfying level of their mind and emotion.

And it wasn't the trust you gradually put into a person you get to know, you get to know better, that becomes a friend. Those individuals letting him read the darker pages of their book of life again rather acknowledged his neutrality, his missing need to chat with others about what's been said. Than they would actually be drawn to him for sympathetic reasons. Whatever happened, the emotional tourist buried it in the grave of his memory. Then when he was alone again and reflecting, he sorted out those aspects of the human mind that were "already known" or "common-sensical-shit" or "boring happy stuff" up to "selfindulging lies" that the other has dropped into him.

So what's left is the essence of the individual and some dark desires, some deep scars that still waste blood for not being closed, some intense paranoid fears. But what fascinates him the most are those evil lines on the otherwise pure white sheets of innocence, this one hand of humanity reaching into the heavens of holyness, while the other hand touches the fire of hell.

Releasing them dark dots all at once in each and everybody could bring instant terror into this world, it could forward the apocalypse within a day. He thought it would even surprise god and lead religions to the cross, to the chair, extinguished silently but for sure.

And the emotional tourist has seen enough to know it all, even though he didn't think so because crossing one field of mind opens the view for further three fields bordering to it...

And he now knew how to raise the attention of the loving god that neglected him, that kept excluding him from divine affection. He has travelled all emotions and reached the final step to enhance the emotional bomb. He carries the key to hell. He knows where to press - but he would not tell...