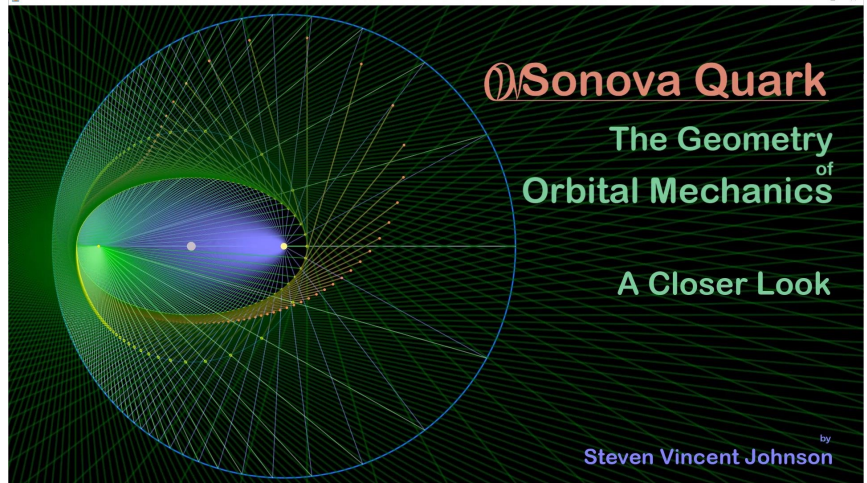


# Sonova Quark

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**Learning Linear Tricks:** Last month, at Scott & Jeanne's May TURBO collation party, I showed a 90 second clip of a test animation of my Orbital Mechanics research. I called it a "POC" presentation, meaning a Proof of Concept" animation. Jean graciously offered to "cast" my animation to their living room TV. Unfortunately, I had not yet download casting software onto my Android tablet. Guests had to huddle around my 10" tablet to watch the show.

I have since rectified my casting problem with the purchase of google Chromecast. After following the simple installation directions I attempted to cast a test animation from my upstairs PC to our living room TV. Having never done this before I expected error messages to pop up, followed by more futzing around. Nothing happened. Hesitantly, I started my animation. Meanwhile, Darlene, downstairs in the living room, noticed the TV turn on all by itself. A few seconds later she was presented with an animation.

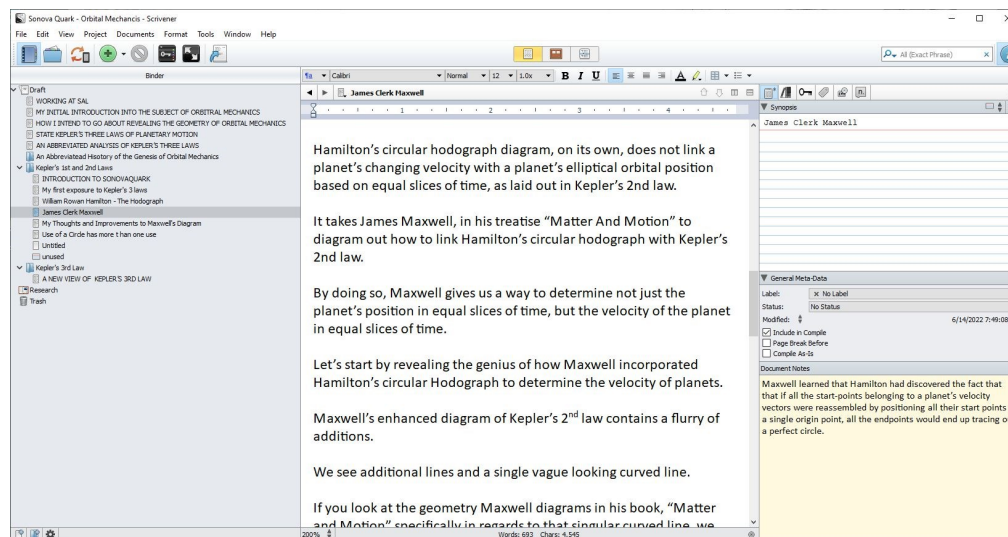


Introductory Screen Shot

What I learned from my casting test experiment was that In the future I should warn Darlene that the TV might mysteriously turn itself on.

I need to create storyboards to work out a visual sequence of events. I'm currently struggling with writing a screenplay using Scrivener, an app I know is used by other TURBO members. I've used it before, but never for screenplays. Using

app feels like I'm riding a fat-tired bike on training wheels. I must learn how to assimilate and integrate a huge collection of visual animations with scripts of clearly spoken dictation. It must be done in a logical and sequential order. I'm more of a lateral thinker than a linear thinker. It feels oddly awkward. Practice... practice... practice...



Scrivener Screenshot

**Dances With Weasels:** I haven't said much lately about my Anxiety Attacks. I have Mr. Nash to thank when it comes to the use of the word "weasels". They strike me as an apt description of my emotional state when dealing with another bout of weasels running around in my head. "Owls" come in as a close second.

It's been over two years since I first started experiencing personal bouts of terror. They were brought on by a combination of (1) exasperation over having been forced to experience day-to-day defecations from an insecure, irritable, alpha male orange baboon play-acting as POTUS, (2) unexpectedly contracting prostate cancer followed by a prostatectomy, (3) enduring a global pandemic. (4) Emotions and sensations attributed to child abuse erupting into my conscious awareness.

Items 1 through 3 are in the process of being dealt with, though perhaps not as quickly as we would like. Regarding (4) I'm happy to report that my last month's PSA blood test continues to show no evidence of a post-prostate coup in the making. Routine checkups have now been lengthened to every six months.

Continued EMDR sessions to treat PTSD, along with time and patience have been helpful. I'm still learning how to accept my anxieties, and how they make me *feel*. It has been a very difficult matter for me to face, and accept. It has little to do with logic, IQ, or intelligence. Accepting raw emotions that make you fear that your identity will eminently be replaced with mindless insanity are primarily driven by one's instinctive centers. I don't mean to infer that logic and common sense don't matter. Of course they do. The truth of the matter is that in all of my anxiety attacks, I have never gone crazy, I've never lost sight of my identity... I've never gone insane. Not once.

Ever so gradually, I'm feeling a growing awareness and *acceptance* of the fact that my suppressed anxieties belong to me. For a very long time, when faced with another anxiety attack I automatically responded instinctively. It always felt like these harsh emotions didn't originate from within my soul. They felt like they came from a menacing origin. Fearing they were of unknown origin meant I could not understand where they came from, nor did I want to, let alone face them. It rattled instinctive centers from wanting to discover their sources. When I began to gradually accept the fact that these frightening sensations really did originate from within me, that-is, the frightened "me" from my early childhood past... Oddly enough, the uncomfortable sensations and feelings started to feel more real and *tangible*. They started to feel less like unidentified specters fleetingly glimpsed out of the corner of my eye, mindless demons possessed with malevolent intent. I began to consider the possibility that I did have a choice in the matter; I could objectively face my intimate demons and not be destroyed. When another weasel stampede approaches, it's like giving myself another booster shot. I still wince at the poke. But little by little, another boost seems to increase my immunity to a nasty allergy. I don't know how many more boosts are needed. It's a work in progress. There has been progress.

Or



**They're Here!**