

Hello. I want to talk to you about Kelly and Mr. Runnels. They are the aspects of my mind. I don't call them that in my head; they are not distinct entities. Their names are just handles that ease explanation. Kelly is writing these words, but Mr. Runnels provides Kelly with information, and the undefinable harmonics that make a certain sentence resonate purely, and others twang sourly. They depend on and require each other; Kelly is wordless and an amnesiac without Mr. Runnels, and Mr. Runnels is voiceless and inhuman without Kelly.

Let me examine Kelly first. He is my personality, and he is how I communicate. He works quickly; generating responses, feeling the influence of emotion on his actions. He is my split-second decisions and my instinctual reactions. He moves my hand when it carelessly drifts against a hot stove. He's bright, but he has an abysmal memory, and he's not truly intelligent. There is nothing permanent about Kelly.

Mr. Runnels is my thoughts. He is my slow considerations and my cold rationality. He is slow, but he remembers everything, and analyzes all information in minutiae. Nothing escapes him, but it may be too late by the time he make the crucial, tenuous connection. His deliberate stepping from premise to resolution is what steers my most major decisions. He flees in a crisis; not the general definition of a crisis, though. If he flees, then it is a crisis. If he doesn't, it can be overcome by something more than luck. Mr. Runnels is permanent. He contains everything I have ever been.

Together, they are me. Kelly gathers the data, and Mr. Runnels analyzes it. When I am writing an essay, or solving a math problem, Kelly throws the tone and the subject, or the numbers to Mr. Runnels, and Mr. Runnels throws back ordered expression, or the settled mathematical answer to Kelly. Kelly takes these for granted; the sentences that he writes are merely the right and proper order for the situation, any other wording would sound unfit. Mathematics are nothing but a wait, and then satisfaction at the right and proper answer, as it appears.

But I am greater than the sum of my parts. Because Kelly is subject to hormones and emotions, Mr. Runnels must include the emotional effect of his decisions in his reckonings. My code of ethics is

derived both from the nothing-is-anything-more-than-it-is reasoning of Mr. Runnels, and the ineffable candy-floss of feeling and intuition that is Kelly. This leaves me able to feel emotion, but not be subject to it's whims. I can plot the destruction of billions to ensure a better world for my genetic line, the logical imperative of all reproductive entities, but I won't because of the negative effect on the emotions of my loved ones.

Kelly and Mr. Runnels are aspects of my mind, but I am greater than them. I am greater than the sum of my parts.