

Anthology Complex

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Part 9

FOREWORD

“Eevee,” contrary to what has been established of it in the years following its controversial publication in the Grand Searle Tribune, is less a tale about perversion and more a tale about sexual recognition. It follows the testament of Sir Absalom and his final months before exile, where he explains to the readers of the newspaper his thoughts and feelings and what transpired in those months, but is left to judgement on whether he is remorseful or proud of his actions. What is clear, however, is his action of writing the testament to bring forward and make known the many forms of love and the recognition they deserve.

Sir Absalom officially entered exile in 1979, dying only nine years later in 1988 due to an undocumented virus. It was noted at his trial that he may have suffered from a brain condition which influenced his development in adolescence and continued to affect him late into his life. The symptoms of the theorized condition may be seen even in his writing style, as Sir Absalom had a propensity to arrange his words into interesting sentence structures. This uniqueness and strangeness is believed to have dictated his interests and his lovemap.

Deconstructed simply as a short story, “Eevee” will be remembered and regarded as no more than immoral entertainment. But studied as a psychological thesis into sexuality as a whole, it will be regarded as both an educative text and a literary classic. Readers will find within it their own trails to sexual satisfaction, and despite the polar differences they may have with Sir Absalom, they will learn that both their trails and his began in the same wilderness.

And so this leads into the subject of perverse sexuality in of itself, which we as a society have labeled “taboo.” The complexity of sexuality, as Sir Absalom puts it, is very confusing. It is more confusing than the morals of murder or the laws surrounding it. And yet we have structured laws for sexuality itself, something we humans know little about and what little we do know remains confusing. Sir Absalom, in one way or another, and in many ways in general, argues in his testament against man's need to confine and define sexual morality. But such is a way for great resistance, a resistance which ultimately put our author, Sir Absalom, into exile.

Raymond Johnson Sr, Ph.D.

January 5, 1989

1

OH, Vee. On that fateful night were you who? To me what did you say that I have forgotten after all these years? When light lit up the heavens were you where? And that the stray find comfort in the smiling is it why?

2

Grand Searle Tribune, let this serve as not a memoir or even an exhibition of evidence. With all the aesthetic value in my fiber it is instead a testament to my humanity and less a statement on my criminality.

When I suffered from a toothache in the isles of Paris, I pursued a dentist. When I suffered from depression in the cold of Moscow, I pursued a psychiatrist. But when I suffered from nihilism in the big towns of Grand Searle, I did not know who to pursue. There was no readied remedy provided like that of the doctors mentioned before.

But in the dead, indeed, and not in the living, I found that my solution was. Philosophers who told me about my condition did I turn to, and who were doctors of the soul. But the comfort I found in their dim studies was diminished by my final condition, which was not of the physical nor the mental nor the soulful; it was by law; criminal, and by morality; perverse.

3

I was working in public assistance, living at the time in Grand Searle at a residence not too unfamiliar from the peoples' I serviced. The home of the Gettes, who had recently applied for both unemployment and nutritions aid, I was to visit on this particular day. It was a rather unusual request by my employer as the Sun had already begun to set, but the humanities cannot wait diligently over night.

Upon the light of moons I traversed onto the Dyanran Highway, which, according to my esteemed employer, was “the simplest and quickest route to there and home.” He may have been correct if not had been there a traffic accident suffocating the road.

Aside from the traffic, of that fascinating evening the beautiful sight was not lost on me and I was grateful to have been given the time to witness it in all. There was that orange tint laced onto the horizon which was layered by a blue crystal. There was that cool wind which was not too cold yet not too warm and carried with itself the rare kind of equality, stability, balance, which you wished to one day see in other facets of the world.

There were the six lanes of traffic, and the three that were moving slow. Sitting, waiting to see what was going on up ahead and why I could not advance, I was left alone with the captivating universe. And as well with my terrible incandescent thoughts.

Every better part of four minutes found a humming motorcycle pass between the skinny lanes created by our four-wheeled vehicles, and only two minutes later would you hear that motorcycle's audible levels increase as it sped off far beyond the tragedy into a place we others could not go.

Again there was that orange tint laced onto the horizon which now was gold. There was that cool comforting wind which now blew in the opposite direction. There were those six lanes of traffic, of which now three were gridlocked. And then a man there was who came walking in my direction.

“Insane accident, the police are redirecting traffic but that could take awhile, best to turn around and find another way,” the man insisted, and his advice I took quickly.

Of course, en route to another route I found myself lost until I decided to give the Gettes a call. They knew the area much better than I did, and their prompt and organized directions which later led me to their residence were an exact indication of their quality priorities and yet also of their unfortunate circumstances.

“Sir Absalom,” Mr. Gettes said, “it's so nice to finally meet you.” I shook his hand, and after inviting me inside I saw Mrs. Gettes in their kitchen preparing what I assumed was a strategic meal for myself.

The three of us talked over and under their current living situation but address never did we not what directly lead Mr. Gettes into unemployment. It was a matter I would not discover until my next visit. Though not entirely satisfied with our conversation, I assured them that I would do what best I could in the approval process. Then I went to leave.

Mrs. Gettes, a plump woman who would be dangerously attractive to lovers of compounded flesh, showed me to the door, and I sensed that she herself sensed of my unwholesome satisfaction as she made every attempt, from here to the door, to let me know of her hardship. She then waved goodbye to me and I exited for my car.

The moment occurring my departure, I heard Mrs. Gettes whistle, then a yell, “Eevee!,” and in the darkness a small figure ran past me and into the light of the front door. I had only a glimpse of the animal, but I saw that it was a dog. And as Mrs. Gettes went to pick it up, in full its appearance was shown to me as elevation cast the utmost light onto him.

Eevee was a soul I had known before. First I knew him in the tangible nature of reality. Then in the longing of photographs. Then in the confusion of my dreams. Then, finally, he remained only as a specter in my memories.

4

Before I continue I would like to go back and tell more about my upbringing. I believe crucial some of these details are to understanding me and my claimed humanity, otherwise this remains only a tale of perversion. It remains only a tale of what wicked wishes the astray can bring into society.

When I was eight, my father and I had entered the wilderness of a Grand Searle hunting ground to hunt deer. I, on one hand, yesterday and today am a pacifist, but on the other, and only yesterday, was only a small boy and like all other small boys only wanted to impress his father.

That day no deer were shot, at least not for reasons that would irritate animal lovers. But a deer was shot. Back to the truck while walking we came across a deer surrounded by a thick circle of red snow. It seemed to have been attacked by a predator and was left to suffer, to die.

My father, hard as he was, that day taught me how to put a suffering being out of its misery. It is an event, no, an experience that has frequented me monthly. And it is without doubt a time that has shaped my mindset on the care of animals.

5

Denizens of Grand Searle, there is something inherent about two kindred spirits meeting for the first time. At age nine, I was selected by an advertising agency to be one half of the face of a promotional campaign heralding the well-being of at-risk animals. The other half of that face was a dog, of a name if I was ever told I do not remember. Despite this, very fond of the dog I grew and my primitive, young mind gradually came to believe that this dog itself was indeed at risk, not knowing it was only an acting dog whose quality of life I'm sure surpassed many humans'.

Taking these photos and hearing of the dire stories of animals in need, animals in danger, animals abused, with each day passing of the project my tiny heart sank with grief of what this particular dog was suffering through in his life. Then one day the project ended, the dog gone, and I never saw him again.

An empty feeling came over me, as if I had failed him somehow. And out of those feelings, I mean the sorrow of dog tales mixed with the thought of failure, was born the conception of a lost soul; a soul I would search for but not encounter until thirty-two years later, where I found him in the care of devils.

The image of that dog I could not get out of my mind. The day following my appointment and interview of the Gettes, I laid in bed, stood on my balcony, cooked breakfast, all the while plotting a means to see that dog one more time. It was not until I began dressing for work that I found a viable plot.

First I called my employer with a story that the Gettes were not available in yesterday's evening, but that they had contacted me to schedule a meeting this morning. And then after that was completed, I called the Gettes with a story that my employer had required another meeting, to which I insisted the meeting take place this morning. The Gettes were more than compliant and willing to work around the morning to accommodate me.

I took the identical route I took the evening before, but what a new world I felt I had entered. Because it was light outside, nothing appeared the way they appeared in fading sunlight. The route itself and whatever it held embraced a new identity, but it was not just the physical that transformed, there was an excitement within me to see Eevee once more which was obviously not present prior.

"Sir Absalom! It's great to see you again," Mrs. Gettes remarked as she opened the door. Not could I find Eevee outside so all intimations were that he was inside, but even when I stepped inside there was no indication of him.

The Gettes and I spoke, irrelevantly, again about their current living conditions. This time a bit more I learned about them, and about a set of children who were currently living elsewhere. But in all that time, only Eevee was on my mind.

"Say," I said, "where is that little rascal you had running around yesterday," I joked. "Oh you must mean Eevee," Mr. Gettes answered, "he must be around here somewhere." I said nothing more of the dog so as not to cause slanted faces, and then told the Gettes that I would probably visit them again, the next time with paperwork, which I told them was a good sign of approval. They were delighted, so delighted that they joked to have Eevee present around on my next visit. I enjoyed the gesture.

I left the Gettes residence and walking toward my car I began. As I walked, of my surroundings I made note and observed the poverty all around me. It made me think of that spirit I knew so long ago who has never left me. It made me wonder where he is now, what he was doing. But in all my great wonder, as I approached my car, I saw that I no longer had to wonder, for sitting just beside the rear right tire was Eevee, who looked at me as if he had seen me before.

In clear day seeing him, I saw that he was almost a duplicate of that dog I had known all those years ago. No, he wasn't an exact duplicate per se, but the semblance was

uncanny. For all I knew time was soon going to rewind and a photographer momentarily was going to appear and ask to have our photo. And then later than a month no more we would see that photo hanging on a highway billboard, telling each driver in twenty-five words or less of the plight of animals, specifically dogs.

Only a foot away from Eevee, he suddenly sat up and was looking directly up at me. "Is it really you?," I asked. Not reply did he, but instead went to walk around my left leg. "Oh!," I ejaculated. "I have a treat inside my car for you!" I opened my door and found in my lunchbox a piece of meat from a nutritious sandwich I had made in the morning, but as I leaned inside to retrieve the meat, I suddenly felt something on the back of my right leg. Confused, I looked behind me, and heard the shouting at the same time of Mrs. Gettes in the background.

Eevee, the seductive varmint, he had begun humping my leg! "Vee!," I heard Mrs. Gettes yelling in great anger, "Stop that!"

Rapidly and snatched him from off my leg she came as if he were a wild beast. After apologizing to me in full, "I'm so sorry! He hasn't done that in years!," she walked away speaking lowly, but just enough that I could hear what she was saying, and what she said brought a sore to my heart. The punishment she had determined of his behavior was to put him inside his cage.

Driving back to work, I must say that though I was saddened for Eevee, I was ecstatic for myself. I entered into yet another world, a fresh crisp world of rejuvenation, and Eevee's gesture proved to me, or rather made me feel I should say, that I was not as repulsive as I thought, that I could indeed attract the unlikeliest of individuals, and that someone somewhere out there might still want me as a lover.

7

I am thinking of dark angels in Los Angeles. The platitudes of faith. Prayers in the rain. A foreboding sense of tragedy that is near. I am thinking of empty beaches at dawn. Sadness in July. A forgotten birthday. Innocence that was detached early on. I am thinking of lonely Thanksgivings. Formal gestures of farewell. Pity from the temporary. A glass of wine in small town Grand Searle.

I am thinking about what life will entail after they cast me out of this country. I am thinking about this piece of writing. Of what needs to be said and of what can be omitted. I have been given one pen and one notepad, and I am thinking of whether I will run out of ink first, or paper. If I run out of ink, they have silenced me and shorted my words; if I run out of paper, they have shortened my platform to speak and I have said all I am permitted to say.

Still I am thinking of the blossoms of black roses. The scorn of dangerous skies. Somber holidays. The unwell who were marred by striations of convention. I am thinking of cold days in January. Nights without television. A bruised ego. The sudden impact of illness. I am thinking of my physique. Overweight. My hair. Balding. All these things and more I am thinking of, I had or felt only before Eevee.

8

Of ganders at summit twilight is the catalyst of creativity. The day had afforded me a string of satisfaction as I left work for home. To the approval of the Gettes' application I completed a number of actions in the workday itself.

The first thought, which led to a series of thoughts, was the corruption of my integrity. Not my moral integrity, that was lost long ago, but my professional integrity. And by the time I was on the third or fourth thought, I possessed the guile of the deranged.

I found the original Gettes' application and then found a fresh application, where after I sought to recreate the document but provided false information.

The Gettes now had five children, one of whom who was adopted. Mr. Gettes was not relieved from work, but was dismissed, and because of the manner of dismissal a lawsuit was pending in favor of the employee. Mrs. Gettes is physically handicap. A year ago she was involved in a motor accident which left her left arm mangled. Before a year ago, and starting at the age of fourteen, Mrs. Gettes spent every day of her life working to help provide for her loved ones. And importantly most, never have the Gettes missed in paying their taxes.

All of these details have been verified by yours truly, Sir Absalom, the Grand Searle Eastern District claims investigator.

I must have spent a great deal mimicking exactly the handwriting of Mr. Gettes, and I must have also copied his signature to the "g," the letter "g" being the most difficult letter in the English alphabet to forge. Denizens of Grand Searle, it did not help that his given name was George.

After I submitted the paperwork twice tweaked I gave the Gettes household a ring. I spoke to Mrs. Gettes, as Mr. Gettes was out, and I assured her of an approval as I had delivered my final assessment earlier in the day. Only a minute or two into the conversation, I heard aggressive yelling that verged on verbal abuse. It did not take me long to understand that Mr. Gettes had arrived home and found Eevee doing something he should not have been doing, and Mr. Gettes had begun to yell at him. A series of what sounded to be threats at Eevee's life prompted Mrs. Gettes to end the phone call, and it

was at that venom moment I decided I was going to abduct Eevee. He would be the price of the approval they required. And as I gandered twice at twilight from my office window, my imagination tweaked and spun twofold of all the things I was going to do with Eevee.

9

Brutally banal days and so many mundane will we live. Oh what a human would trade for one day of happiness and excitement.

With the perfect burglary in the foresight of my mind I woke up that day. It was my day off, but for Eevee, it was his day for freedom from all that imprisoned him.

I had breakfast, checked my mail on the way out, and then drove to a nearby department store to purchase a disguise. One, a hair piece, two, a pair of spectacles, and three, a bushy mustache. I also purchased dog food, a dog collar, some dog toys and a dog leash. Returned home, I placed a screwdriver in my vehicle.

That the dog is allowed to roam outside as he pleases I have observed, though come nightfall he is called inside. Neighbors walking about I have seen at various times of the day, but I believe my disguise will conceal my identity. And finally, most importantly, I have never ever heard Eevee bark.

As I drove to the Gettes's residence at dusk, I could not believe what I was about to do, but as the hour progressed I convinced myself it was "the right thing to do."

Sure to park my vehicle a block away from the extraction point I made when I arrived. I put on the hair piece, then the spectacles, then the bushy mustache. Taking the screw driver, I took off both of my license plates. Then, finally, I went back inside the car once more to recover a couple of dog biscuits.

The sixty or so yards I walked to the actual residence of the Gettes to begin my search. At times softly whistling, I also noticed not a soul of a human in sight. At least six times alternatively I must have looked and doubted, but him I finally found before the seventh. He was way above on a fourth floor balcony looking down directly at me. I raised my hand into the air, and denizens of Grand Searle you know I had that biscuit in my hand. From his current location Eevee removed himself and towards me he began to make his way.

A game of cat and mouse ensued as I was in one place, then Eevee would find that place, and then suddenly I was in another. We played this game all the way to my car and it was finally declared over when Eevee retrieved his treat while sitting in my passenger's seat. As he nibbled on the pleasures of his pleased heart, we drove away into the arms of escape.

10

When I brought you home for the first time, I saw you in evening light, where yellow was the color of your energy. When you walked up the stairs to your new home, I saw you glee in excitement, where peach was the color of your past. When you got lost in the courtyard, I found your undeniable spirit, where white was the color of your ghost. When we drove down the highway in speed, I saw you in a motion that was slow, where black was the color of your escape. When I gave you your second treat in the kitchen, I watched your mysterious personality, where blue was the color of your desire. When you urinated on my carpet the next morning, I laughed at your silliness, where pink was the color of your confusion. When we went for our first walk, we kept the same pace, where orange was the color of your grace. When I threw you your first toy bone, I understood your playfulness, where green was the color of your soul. When we stayed up so late that night, I wanted you at dawn, where purple was the color of your clouds. When you laid across my chest, I felt your beating heart, where red was the color of your passion.

11

My prior actions despite, I kept my final meeting with the Gettes the following day. When I arrived I was surprised that there were already posters plastered of a missing dog named "Eevee."

Asking Mrs. Gettes when the dog went missing, she answered "Since last night," and asking how she got the postings up so quickly, she answered "That dog goes missing all the time, but he'll be back." I nearly snickered.

The Gettes reported to me that they had been approved and thankful were they that they were dealt me as their serviceman. Me. Sir Absalom. I'll say I was more fortunate to have them than they were to have me. But that was the end of it, my relation to the Gettes was over, and I never saw nor heard from them after that day in the same manner in which they never saw nor heard from Eevee again after that night.

On one of my first nights at home with Eevee he accidentally fiddled with my record player and began a song. The accident led to a night of dancing, and it may have perhaps been the first time I had danced in ten years.

When you bring someone home, it can change your house itself. At times being in the company of Vee was like wandering around in a garden of magic where time had been suspended. Perhaps within him that I did not know there was something; a power enchanted on the wings of solaire; or a vast universe of electric magnetic dreams.

Grand Searle in the middle sixties was a city of heathens and was plagued by the confusing complexity of sexuality. Even more-so today in the late seventies, it remains as the judgment capital of the world.

And before the judgement came the churches. Then came the council. Then came the socialization. Then came the laws. But then on the final governance came Eevee, and he changed everything about what I had known and who I was.

12

Often the strange arrangement of attraction I have wondered. The sweet power of the canine is something I have likened to for well over thirty years now. I have a particular palette for the smaller breeds, I must say. But of the dog why is it that I am so fond?

There have been other such prospects for companionship and copulation and in consideration I suppose the horse; but it is a large body capable of strenuous force; the cat; but none have ever liked me; the pig; but so forth has not a fiber of cleanliness to its name; the goat; but has led me to believe it would be quite audible during intercourse, perhaps quite audible even in simple daily matters.

There may have been one or two humans I fancied, but on the whole and more not less I am not attracted to the homo sapiens. To the female of that species I am not interested at all; what cruelty I have seen them permit. Women having children with men so the men cannot leave; and why is it that every mother's son is a bright, smart, wise angel?

Perhaps of the female variety, if I must concede, I have been lured by their form, in particular the breasts. I have a few times admired their appearance and prominence on large breasted women, and this attraction may have supplied my interest in the goat who as well feature the udder. I just as well may have enjoyed them on men but in order for a man to carry large breasts he must be grotesquely fat, and grotesque fatness is not a physical trait I have ever admired.

Of the one or two that I did find attractive were both of the male order; but among men there is a vile aggressive assertity that could also be found in the biology of dictators. So that makes them more or less useless.

Alas, the supple beauty of the canine. The formless magical void of eternal restlessness. Oh I have been trapped in its trance for a triple set of twin days. A Tuesday afternoon of the beauty in their eyes, a Thursday night made my body throb. A Saturday morning of the beauty in their fur, a Sunday evening made me the sinner of Grand Searle.

I understood that I was sexually attracted to dogs by the time I was ten, but a nagging persistent has had me question when attraction truly begins to develop within us. A

subset of this question has also had me question why attraction itself exists. Many are very particular in sexual matters, and many are unlikely to cross preferential boundaries that have a foundation setting back to adolescence.

In sexual matters, often is a person's mind made up and unlikely are they to experiment. Some people will not try new foods. New religions. A new brand of a product they have found trustworthy. And simply put, if you are not attracted to the same object as someone else, you can never understand their attraction.

At some point before my age occurring ten, something must have happened to me. It could have been something as tragic in magnitude as a death, or something as slight as a pat on the back. For me, attraction must have occurred one hundred percent in the mind and whatever was the physical focal point at the time became my symbol. If I was grieving and a large breasted woman comforted me, perhaps I was focused on her breasts and her breasts became a symbol of comfort to me. If I was grieving and a male athlete comforted me, perhaps I was focused on his build and his build became a symbol of comfort to me. But no. I cannot vividly remember the ghost of attraction in these two events. What I remember, faintly, was a dog coming to comfort me in a time of great misery and distress.

13

“Lewd. Disgusting. The aprophous of immorality.” Denizens of Grand Searle who were not present at my trial, this was how the presiding judge described my acts, and though I do not feel the same way that is how I will describe this chapter.

I gave Eevee his walk around the complex just before dusk when the lights and shadows in the trees began to take on forms and shapes. Standing there as Eevee did his business, him I admired and took detail to his shadow. His shadow made me believe that in the canals of a mind, the first being a person truly falls in love with, they can go on for a lifetime searching for the ghost of that person and be none the wiser.

Immediately tired Eevee grew when we got home and on a piece of furniture went to lay where after I had something to drink I joined him. With the television on I layed there silently thinking about the rigidity of love, but when the thoughts ceased I became aware of Eevee's engorged member. The average size of a dog's penis is 5.5 inches, but Eevee was not the average dog; he was a creature of sexual animalism.

The urge of deconstruction that night was more powerful than the preservation of innocence, and shortly after I found myself caressing the base of his penis. I guided my hand mentally with every desire of the senses to reach the shaft where after with satisfaction I made my way back down to the base.

There was no indication from Eevee that what I was doing was unpleasant, and this led to the manipulation of Eevee's penis with my tongue. Each movement of my mouth on his genital seemed to bolster the giant and it wasn't until I had trouble breathing that I removed myself from him.

What had transpired inspired me to masturbate, and revealing the excitedness of my own member, Eevee seemed to be confused that I too managed the same physical traits as he. In what still puzzles me to this day, Eevee jumped onto the ground, searched for a location with some kind of criteria or criticism in his mind, and then made his body figure as if he were awaiting penetration.

A man's love for the animal was here before me, and it will be here long after I am dead. On to my knees I crawled all the way to Eevee and took hold of his body, where after I made the gentle thrust into him. The poet nonexistent within me wanted to call that moment a reunion of souls, but the honesty within me can label it no more than sodomy.

14

Eevee was not my first physical lover. In humanity I am what you would call a "virgin;" With another human being I have never had sex. In canine, however, I have been the acquaintance of several dogs.

In my teen-hood I established myself as a dog-sitter. When married men and women went on long vacations with their children they looked to me, Sir Absalom, rather I was just Absalom at the time, to look after a member of their family.

Up with the idea I came after I realized how difficult it was to be left alone in a room with a dog. Or how strange it looks when you keep asking for photographs with a particular dog and not another. House-sitting and taking care of a dog for sometimes up to a month provided me the benefits of a stupor splendor. The ecstasy acquired in those dog days accumulated in me the memories of a thousand attractions. The dogs of whom I mated with remained in the oceans of my mind like still waters until came a wave that reminded me of a past lover.

Between attraction and memory the relationship must be closely linked. Often a dog's physical features can induce memories without the memorier even knowing it. It is like a smell from your childhood that brings back pleasant memories or horrifying ghosts. But never have I met a woman with green skin, therefore memory of her and attraction felt I have not. However, let us not forget this the opportunity for a new memory and attraction for experience.

Regarding the fine judgment that is cast upon, it is never so much that there is something wrong with a lover of sex dolls as much as there is nothing right about a

married man. To open your heart into the attraction of the atypical takes a certain amount of deceptively defiant deviance. You have to be of manner and a maniac.

15

Denizens of Grand Searle, I assume by now patiently you have awaited the introduction of Sir Blackwood; the liar, the hypocrite and the cheat. The first of two encounters with Sir Blackwood came after the passage of three and a half months following the abduction of Eevee. A daily occurrence by now was intercourse with Eevee but unaware was I of the physical impressions left on his body until I inspected them on another dog. Individuals who commit a particular crime are far more qualified than the layman to diagnose that same crime.

Sick and unenthusiastic for a week, I brought Eevee to Sir Blackwood's office, who was a veterinarian, for inspection, but instead of learning of his ailment, something far more interesting happened that afternoon.

As I sat in the waiting room, Sir Blackwood's dog came out of the office and began to walk around me. Larger a dog than Eevee but as every bit attractive. When he was near enough to me, I began to pet him and massaged him all over his abdomen, and denizens of Grand Searle, after enough horsing around I discovered that he too was a victim of sexual abuse.

It was at this exact moment that Sir Blackwood exited his office to speak with me, and with such great suspiciousness in the figure of his form I understood that he too had made the same revelation about me that I had made about him only moments ago. And the moment occurring after, suspecting the figure of my own form, and then again the figure of his form, it became almost obvious that we both knew of the other's suspicions.

The knowledge of suspicions were all more than confirmed when after Sir Blackwood asked me of whom was the primary caregiver of Eevee, of which I noted was my nonexistent sister who loved canines more than humans. Shortly after I asked him the same question, of whom was the primary caregiver of his dog, of which he noted was more of a community dog but I surmised his answer was as baloney as mine.

That day after I became suspicious of everyone knowing of my "immoral sexual deviancy." When someone asked to interact with Eevee as I walked him I made sure to limit the encounter. Days at the park were limited to a maximum of five children. I took every precaution for privacy from prying human eyes, but in the end the eyes of a camera were my demise.

To make known the truth now I would like about a story, or more rather rumor, that has attached and plagued itself to my name. In the week ahead was coming up a three-day weekend, and having a spare sick day I planned to make it four and use this time to with Eevee go on holiday.

Against my better judgement I decided we should attend the Georgetown Dogs & Families Music Festival, but something happened which not I could foresee.

So Eevee and I hopped into my automobile and we made our way out of Grand Searle. Afternoon on the road was hot and dry with a horizon of wavy heat. Eevee was a dog who liked to stick his head out of the window to feel the breeze of the wind, so I gave him some sunglasses and allowed him to do so, and for a long time I thought it would make for a humorous photograph.

Indeed was the drive longer than I had expected and soon fell into sundown where we drove through a town that seemed to be in persistent evening. And if the time of day was like a season then this place was eternally fall.

That we were in Greenville I later learned after I stopped at a hotdog restaurant for nourishment. Asking for directions to a nearby motel, Eevee and I found refuge at the Rucker Inn.

What followed the moments before sunrise was one of one hundred late nights that Eevee and I shared together. The rain had begun to fall quietly just before one in the morning as we watched together a film about romance.

After sunrise we began making forth our preparations for the festivities. I had the unique idea to dress up Eevee in the vein of the fabulous Marilyn Monroe. Indeed, there were moments when Eevee became Eve, and it is, I believe, at times what he wanted internally; to shed his masculinity on separate ends.

I have known irony to be either tragic or humorous, and as Eevee and I drove toward North Boulevard and to the festival I would find out that often it is both, of for and by definition.

When we arrived we could hear the ever booming of the musical melodies as we approached the scene that smelled of countless foods. And denizens of Grand Searle, so hungry was I that I could have eaten a horse. There must have been hundreds of people bordering on one thousand and there were so many activities to portain. Many, many interesting places, but one of the more interesting locations was, and denizens of Grand Searle if you can imagine my enthusiasm as I write this and reform that memory in my mind, was a dog kissing booth.

I myself did not engage in the activities of osculation, but this is most assuredly where the rumor began.

As I watched the many mostly women and children come to kiss at the dogs in booths, my fixation on the matter gave me less attention to Eevee himself, who in my trance went missing until I heard a woman yelling at him for his invasive attempts at intercourse with another canine.

This happened once, and then it happened several times throughout the course of the afternoon as we browsed through the festival.

Within me began to develop a familiar feeling. That primal primordial feeling of unease concerning another person's sex interests. That awful affectitious feeling of distaste at the sight of another person's affections to yet another who is not you. Yes, jealousy; it is what I felt for the remainder of the day.

The security that day warned me that if Eevee did not cease his attempts, to the nearest exit would we be routed. This, coupled with the anxiety from envy, caused me to only for a moment recede into the woods to tie up Eevee for and to prevent his actions.

As that primal primordial feeling rose, I left Eevee and wandered further into the forest ruminating on the last time I had felt his penis. I must have been so aggravated that I lost track of time, for when I returned to where I had left Eevee, he was gone.

Leaving as I did the woods that afternoon I returned to the festival to find that Eevee had been "rescued" by a man and woman attending the celebration of canines and music.

When I went to retrieve him, I was spoken to with disgust, and a vicious rumor began that evening of my abandoning Eevee to pursue intercourse with a still unidentified woman whom I had met at the festival.

The rumor was described as followed: I met a woman, we decided to recede into the forest where I tied up Eevee, we left that area, engaged in sexual activity in a remote area and while Eevee lay in the baking Sun.

Hold your horses. Sex with that woman I certainly did not have. In fact I emphatically deny any involvement with any woman that day concerning any sexual matter! I want my name cleared of this investigation into my sex life. It is a tribulation so dire it has left me without recourse. I would never engage in such vile and repulsive activity! Denizens of Grand Searle, I speak only with these honest and candor words; with that woman I did not have sexual relations.

I believe word of my alleged actions circled back to Sir Blackwood and I surmise that it must have been on a surrounding day that he hired a private investigator to follow and

investigate me. You see, denizens of Grand Searle, “sodomy” is an unclean act but it is not an unclean word. The president of any power can slip it into their speech and the crowd would barely batter an eye. “Bitch,” on the other hand, is a clean adjective but not a clean word and cannot be said in the same speech. And so it has it that while prostitution and pornography and basically the general sale of the seductive female image is legal in our state and rampant in every area of it, I cannot so much as look at a dog in an obscene manner. To do so is to be cast aside by the community of dog lovers as an abomination.

And yet, personally, less have I done to harm the animal community than the average animal owner. Never have I had a taste of meat past the age of eleven as I did not enjoy it as a child. I am a vegan, and probably was this foundation set on the same grounds as the ones set for my attraction to dogs. (I have put the preceding sentence of my history as a vegan in bold underlined italics but I don't know if they will format it in that manner for publication. They hate me.)

On a snowy day in late February, Eevee and I were on the verge of intimate orgasm when suddenly with my erect penis I accidentally injured him. To the extent of the injury I was unaware, but it left Eevee with an unenthusiastic impress.

The following day, he seemed to be on the proccessation of returning to his normal self, but when made I my sexual advances at him he pawed at me to leave him alone and go away. On the third or fourth advance, Eevee became visibly annoyed and for the first time in our relationship he barked at me. It had actually been the first time I'd ever heard him bark at all.

The first two days without intercourse felt like an eternity. On the third I resorted to using my photographs of Eevee, where I dressed him up as Eve, as a stimulant for masturbatory purposes. Oh, Vee, peace I have forgotten, quiet evenings I have forgotten. I looked to you for memories of the night, but how does one make up for a decade of lost kisses.

The duration of sexless nights was so great that when Eevee was finally up for copulation again, I had long the idea to produce video recordings of our matings in case this would happen again, I would have moving visuals to remind me of my excitement. By the end, I had at least thirty home videos for consumption.

Surely there must be millions of individuals out there who have inducted photography and videography of their own sexual immorality to set them in the gamuts of immortality.

All the priests and little boys have refuge from the synagogue, but safety harms a boy's bum and it's a clog by father's log. A party of ten naked men twenty naked women and for each male two females, four lips surround the excited one in a scene with cherry details. “I love my wife, I really do, but I want to see the two of you in intimate

commission,” said one man to another one while the wife lay on the bed in receiving position. Oh what gets me going is a woman in a diaper, and how I lay the claim to be the one who will wipe her. Culty culty culty men and their mass of one hundred wives, and each day two of these women will give birth to culty lives. When a partner is not available or simply non-existent, find a toy that pleasures thee and is not quite so resistant.

Denizens of Grand Searle, it is in all of us, for we are all animals of and in the animal kingdom, where taboo feeds on the last of our desires.

18

There is a nightmare I've had every few nights in this prison since the day they've taken Eevee from me. Do you know what happens? At first I will find myself walking on the edges of a tower in the night. I must press my body back against the wall as to not fall off into a fatal fall, and at the same time, must move myself toward a window in the wall.

There is a gust of wind that night that nearly takes me over the edge exactly three times. The fourth gust however does take me over as I reach for the window, and everytime I will fall over and land onto a roof down below.

One of two things tend to happen after I have landed on the roof; I will either, a, arise and the dream ends, or, b, blackout, and then wake up inside the dream on the same roof I had landed at which point the dream becomes a nightmare.

On the occasion of “b,” after I've picked myself up I become aware that my right arm is broken and the bone has splintered into an unhealthy angle. There is a window on the roof to which I walk to, and climbing through, there is an abundance of yellow light and a very noticeable row of paintings on the wall.

There are six paintings lined up, each one the face of a woman's, but the collection was to show the evolution of the woman's eyebrow from the decades of the 1920s through the 1970s.

I was born in 1931, the decade of eyebrows I found most attractive were the 1940s. My mother would have been forty-two by then, who was my main introduction to the female variety. Denizen of Grand Searle, I promise you can trace your attraction back to a memory; the memory responsible for your carnal design.

Suddenly, in the nightmare, a door is opened and two people walk through it. The first was a woman, a rather small-breasted affair, and the second, a man of great proportions. He restrained me with a gentle curiosity, but he was nevertheless a brute.

They walked me through the household which eventually I gathered was a castle of some sort. All throughout the hallways there were paintings in the same vein as the ones

of eyebrows I had seen just earlier, but each of them detailed a different section of the female anatomy; the style of hair, the style of shaved genitals, the style of nails.

When we reached a certain floor I could hear the beginnings of a prehistoric thunderstorm, and once we reached the room they had intended, there was nothing to hear but the loud moans of women and denimic crashings of thunder.

The man sat me on a table and then forced restraints on my head, my arms, my torso and my legs. While doing this, the small-breasted woman began undressing, taking off her long skirt, then off her silky undergarments. She made her way to me and then on top of me and inserted my unexcited penis into her unexcited vagina and then began thrusting back and forth. When the man saw that I had remained unexcited, he administered a dose of something blue into my bloodstream which then made me feign excitement, and from this came an excited woman who thrust back and forth more powerfully than before and moaned and convulsed as if possessed by an unknown but immortal desire.

This was done to me every twelve hours until it was only the body of a woman who could excite me. I was raped repeatedly, as were all the other impure men; the homosexuals, the pedophiles, et cetera; every twelve hours until I was corrected.

I cannot be certain how many months of this I endured, but I was released finally when they brought a dog into the room and my penis felt no excitement. When I leave the castle, and when I turn around to look at its name, I see that it has the same name as the prison I am currently held in, and then I wake up.

I have been reformed. I am no longer sinful. The demon within me has been cast out, and my depraved dreams have died with the old Grand Searle.

19

At my trial I learned from Sir Blackwood's testimony that I was being followed by a private investigator whom he had hired shortly after my visit to his office. The investigator, whose name is Harrison O'Conly and who works for O'Con Investigations, and whose evidence was confidently shown to the court and to the jury, also testified against me and spoke in clean language of my unclean acts.

The main evidence presented were unfortunately my own creations; my videography and my photography. The thirty or some home videos I had produced and the countless photos of Eevee I had used for inspiration. Only a small percentage of the evidence were actual photographs from the investigator, and I try my best to assume on which night he must have broken into my home to steal my creations.

One of the few witnesses in my defense was a psychologist, or perhaps a psychiatrist, who spoke of Absalom's history and his lovemap. In Raymond Johnson Sr.'s testimony he

suggested there was a section of my brain that was undeveloped or underdeveloped and its development may have been hindered early in my youth. He theorized that what may have hindered its development was a benign cancer growth which caused my brain to function uniquely in comparison to that of a standard healthy brain. Bullocks. The greatest of attractions, Mr. Psychoanalyst, are the ones you cannot explain.

Though the trial did not last too long, the great amount of technicalities and presentations gave me time to think. At one point I wondered if there was a country somewhere in the world which allowed marriage between man and animal.

I was surprised to see nothing of the Gettes, perhaps by now they had moved out of the big town of Grand Searle. Or perhaps they wanted nothing to do with the ordeal.

The one single compliment told about me came at the end of the trial, during my sentencing. The presiding judge noted, and denizens of Grand Searle this came straight from the horse's mouth, "He is a creature by design, but for all of his perversion, there is something intrinsically human about him." He then commuted the sentence of death given by the jury to exile.

Then came the infamous "perp" walk. They steered me out of the court room in restraints as a charged mob unbecomingly cheered boos directly at me. A headline on a news station named me "Sir Cananabanine" of Grand Searle and no other interpretation of my identity has ever approached that.

I did see a photograph of Eevee shortly after. He has been given to a new family. I hope they will love him as much as I do. But I have loved Eevee in ways the moderate will never be able to. A forbidden love not raised on promises but raised on the mysteries of taboo.

Oh, Eevee, where was the light of your smile and the gentle persuasion of your laugh when I walked through that storm alone, ruminating in that exhaustive darkness. My sexual lust for you came from the aching heart that witnessed the cruelty done to animals. And when you mix love and hate, that love is more potent than just love alone, and regrettably, that is my lovemap.

I hope I have shocked and offended the denizens of Grand Searle. Particularly the animal lovers, more specifically the dog owners, and definitely every person who says all life is precious but will in the same breath swat a bothersome fly on their neck.

I hope I have confused and disgusted the very moral core of each resident. Why is it that a man who shoots another man in the back is less disgusting and less repulsive than a man who has sex with dogs? I ask, who would you rather have dinner with? A murder

can be pardoned but sodomy forever stains. Yet if you were forced to do one or the other you could never kill another person.

Be that as it may, I have been convicted of crime by perversion, and in such I have been thrown into isolation and will soon enter the island of the exiles. But I feel I have adequately spoken for the man who loves his dog. For the girl who loves her teddy bear. For all who love their unfathomable.

A number of people have deemed “sexually deviant” people as unhealthy, unhappy, unfit for society. But I have seen Grand Searle and I see no one who is “fit” for society. And you want to tell me something is wrong with me? No. You can bring me down, but please do not bring yourself up. I need not your pity nor your judgment. I must live with my actions for the rest of my life. A man my age, and the one great love of his life was a dog stolen by his vice.

In writing this testament I feel I have regained what little freedom one could find in capture. I feel I have learned to become my predicament. If one is thrown into the jungle, one must learn to become the jungle. If one is thrown to the dogs, one must become the dog. You want to throw me into exile? Fine. I *am* exile. And the only mortal pain I will ever feel in exile will come from thoughts of Eevee.



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A Manisso Reprint (Unabridged)

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Chapter 82

“GIRLS IN THE POOL”

2:3:9:82

A dream and nostalgia probably find refuge in the same part of the brain, or at the very least take the same nerves home. Once, and not too long ago, I had a distant dream of Lynne and a nostalgic romantic tragedy.

In the dream, I had been standing in an aisle in a grocery store, reading a label of an item I planned to purchase. Suddenly a woman walked near to me and went to grab the same type of product I had grabbed a moment earlier, and as I moved away to make room for her our eyes met as she began to thank me.

They were eyes I had not seen for at least forty years. While I do not know what played the identifier in me for her, I do know that for myself, I was able to identify her because her eyes were always something that stood out to me; a ring of brown leaves in autumn where one yellow leaf was misplaced.

She immediately recognized me and it seemed as if she had seen a ghost. She was overwhelmed and dropped what she had been holding. Personally, the way she covered her mouth and backed away made me feel as if she herself would drop entirely, but she never did. Something held her upright.

And so the conversation we had after itself seemed to be held upright, and after we confirmed ourselves we talked a bit more, and finally she told me that she had only lived a few blocks away and wondered if I would like to talk more at her home.

When I walked into her apartment, I saw that she, like myself, had lived alone. We must have both been in our seventies living quiet lives. For some reason, I never asked her about David or Sarah, two people I would have known about.

I went and sat in her living room as she excused herself for a moment to go into the kitchen as she had something going on the stove. When she returned to sit across from me at the table, an alarm suddenly went off, and it must have been kismet because a certain song began to play. It was a song we both used to sing to each other when we were much younger. We both looked at each other and in between smiles and laughs was that old song we shared together. When it finally ended, I saw from those same autumn eyes that she had begun to cry a few tears. I asked her what was wrong, and she simply sighed, then began speaking.

“The day I left. The last time I saw you. I was heartbroken because I felt like I had asked you one final time to let me in but you refused. I was a mess. I was broken. My husband had just beaten me. I had no where else to go. I came to you and asked if you would stay with me, I just needed a place to feel safe. But you said no and I couldn't handle it. So I left and went to my mother's hoping he wouldn't find me there. After a

week I came back. I looked for you but you weren't there. I had no way of finding out where you went. After a year, I realized that you were out of my life for good and I guess I accepted it and tried to move on. There was a man I was engaged to. He was a real estate agent. But I never married him and it ended badly. After that I went and lived in Australia for many years where so much happened to me. I learned so much about myself but I also learned a lot of things in general. It's where I learned about visual arts which is what I do now. You know, things like graphic design and photography. I'm sure you noticed it all when you walked in here. After that, I think I pretty much spent my life alone. I mean I was around people, but you know how it goes. One of the scariest moments of my life came when I was around fifty. The doctors told me that my cancer had returned in my other foot and that I would lose it just like I lost my other. I did not want to go through that again, and the thought of not being able to move around on my own terrified me. But I don't know what happened, and I was spared that. They didn't have to amputate and they gave me medicine. After that I came home and moved around a lot in this state. My mother got sick so I moved back here specifically to be closer to her in her final years... So, yeah. That's been my life, not much and I know I left out a lot of things, but I'm still here," she laughed.

"Well, Lynne, your life has been more interesting than mine. A couple days after you left, I left as well, which is why you didn't find me there. I never left the city but I moved around in it a lot. And actually, like you, I learned something new in my middle years. I've spent a lot of my time writing in the second half of my life, and for a long time the only reason I ever had to leave home was to eat or do research."

I saw in her face that she expected more, but I was done talking. "I see you still don't like to talk much about yourself," she joked, "but I always loved that about you, that you don't talk a lot."

She excused herself to check on the food she was cooking then promptly returned. She then began speaking again.

"I wanted to be with you so badly. To this very day, there wasn't a month that went by since that day when I didn't have at least a fleeting thought of you, if not some deep thought that consumed me for hours. I wanted to find you, and I looked so hard, but there was nothing left of you. It was like you vanished and no one knew who you were."

"I looked for you, too. I found a listing for your name, but every time I called the number there was never an answer." "Do you remember it?" "I don't, it was many years ago. But I called it at least once a month for a couple years." Lynne now seemed like she wanted to cry again, but she was able to hold back the emotion within autumn eyes. "I called it so often because I wanted to be with you too, Lynne. There have been so many late nights that I've stayed up just thinking about you. Thinking about what may have

happened to you. Wondering if you were still alive.”

Again she expected more but I had nothing more to say. After a brief pause, she said before she got up again to go to the kitchen, “Well, I am still alive. And so are you.”

When she returned, she came with two plates of food and sat only one of them on the table, which was on her side. She then walked toward mine and asked, “Will you stay with me a little while longer?” After I said yes, she sat down my plate of food.

As music played, we discussed many things, and all throughout my nostalgic mind I dreamed of the few years we had left to be together.

I picked up my phone and called Lynne's number. She took so long to answer it that I was just about to hang up and go next door, but on the final ring she finally answered. “I'm here, almost ready, I'll meet you downstairs,” she told me. I hung up and went downstairs where very soon after I saw her.

We walked in the cold to Chase Foods to buy groceries and soon I found myself in an aisle with several types of teas. I looked through some of them but Lynne suddenly came before me and reached out for a certain flavor. “We should try this one,” she said.

At some point I left her and went to grab a few things I needed, but when I went to look for her she was gone. I found her again, after a few minutes, on the other side of an aisle. She pushed the cart towards me and we began walking toward each other with confused looks on our faces, and when she got to me she said she had been looking for me all over the store.

I threw what I needed into the cart and we went through what we were going to buy, and in doing so we noticed that we were standing right in front an assortment of candles. They were flavored just like the teas and before I could say anything Lynne had already grabbed a few of them and placed them in the cart.

By the time we got back outside the Sun was setting and the night was coming early. We took the groceries out of the cart and carried them back home and into her apartment. Immediately she began preparations for cooking and immediately I went through the bags to find the items I had needed. I brought them to my apartment and then returned back to hers and spent a lot of time on the computer searching for something we could watch later. When I yelled and asked her if she would like to watch a drama concerning the rise and fall of a European empire, she agreed.

After night had completely settled and rolled in, the lights had been turned off, the candles lit, the food complete, and so we ate and drank tea while we watched the film. About thirty minutes into the movie, however, Lynne had to take a phone call which lasted quite a long time.

When she returned, she found me sitting on the couch. Instead of coming toward me she went toward her bedroom and then came back out with a blanket. I laid out to the

back of the couch and as she fell onto the couch herself she threw the blanket up into the air to land on the both of us. I placed my arm around her and soon she took it, held it, and brought it to her chest to make herself comfortable.

I do not use this word often, but at that moment we were both very cozy. The room was lit to a relaxing degree by the candles, the film spoke of wonderful things, and there was a warmth that our bodies shared underneath the soft blanket. Some of it came from how she would rub her foot with mine and then I would rub back, some of it came from how we would every once in a while squeeze the other's hand, but most of it came in just being together. If we were apart, there would be two worlds, but we were together and we had created a world of our own in a small space.

When the film was over, I felt Lynne's body slide along mine when she turned to give me a kiss. After the kiss, she simply looked into my eyes. And I saw it again. A ring of brown leaves in autumn where one yellow leaf was misplaced.

Lynne was a soul I had known before. First I knew her in the tangible nature of reality. Then in the longing of photographs. Then in the confusion of my dreams. Then, finally, she remained only as a specter in my memories.

Once she turned back around toward the television, it left me to wonder on all the immortal things there are left to discover in the world we've made together. And, indeed, I dreamed of the many years we would have to be together.

This diary belongs to Sierra Pryce.

May 23rd, 1951

I can't catch a break on Warrick street. All the white girls think I'm a half-breed and all the black girls think that I think that I'm better than them. Why am I to blame that my mother wanted dark meat? I just want to be able to make my money the same way they do. I just don't know how to when whenever I stand on a corner with the black girls, they beat the shit out of me, and when I stand on a corner with the white girls, they run me off and spread rumors about me. I can't make money if I don't look pretty and I definitely can't make money if people think I'm diseased. Whatever. I guess I'll be working fulltime at the pool. The men there are weird and pay less, but I can actually make a dime there. More than I can make on Warrick anyway. I don't mind being paid less. I guess the girls there are cheaper because they are basically the outcasts. Something is wrong with all of them. Too fat, too ugly, too diseased, missing body parts, too old, too young, too bruised, too angry, too whatever you can think of to not make an honest cut. And me? Well I guess I'm too black and too white.

This diary belongs to Audrey Li.

August 8th, 1968

I think I met my daddy today. I was walking on Pool street and a man came up to me and told me I was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in two lifetimes. He gave me his business card and told me that if I called him up I would get everything I ever wanted. The way he was dressed, his car, the quality of his business card, I mean this may be a real opportunity for me to become something. His card says he deals in beauty competition, but I'm not sure what that actually means. I'll have to call him up and ask him. But what could beauty competition mean? The obvious thing would be a bunch of girls competing against each other to see who's the prettiest, but his card says "beauty competitions" and not "pretty competitions." I've always thought I was pretty, more pretty than the average girl, but I know that I am not as smart as some of them. But I mean if he saw something in me then maybe I can get by without needing to be smart.

This diary belongs to Jackie Layke.

October 30th, 1973

I am not a has-been. I have made more money and done more for this industry than anyone before me. I'm a fucking legend. A fucking living legend. No one else has lived the life I've lived. The parties, the drugs, the sex, I am the most exciting person walking this Earth RIGHT NOW. I don't care what the critics have to say or what they think they know about what they're saying about me. As far as I know, anyone who isn't from The Pool knows nothing. And whose pictures are plastered all over London? Mine. Whose name do people call when they need to sell their products? Mine. Whose number is the first called when someone wants to be seen and noticed? Mine. And you know what? This world is boring without me!

This diary belongs to Kiana Davidson.

March 14th, 1985

I've officially been working at "The Pool" for one month today. The tips are good and I always liked dancing. I never had any problems being naked in front of people. I actually think a part of me likes the attention in some strange weird way. One of the other girls who used to work here schooled me a little bit on the history of this area and Pool street itself. Apparently there was a prostitute named Mixie who used to work Pool street in the early fifties, and her death sparked an outraged in the skin industry and called for

changes within it. I can't speak for the fifties, or the sixties or seventies, but I know that right now, in the mid-eighties, working girls are still lower than dogs.

This diary belongs to Roxana Nights.

June 2nd, 1992

I'm finally at a point in my career where I'm making decent films. Today I shot the final scene of "The Transvirgin II" at Pool Studios and I am completely satisfied with the end result. I think it will be instantly well-received and maybe one day be considered a classic. The gist of it is redemption through sex. The main female character had lost her virginity after being raped when she was young, and when you first meet her she is older and working as a maid at a motel. She meets a powerful man who stays there for one night, falls in love with him and fucks him. The poetic part about this film is that after she fucks him, she feels clean of her past. It's almost like a salvation fuck. She is literally wearing new clothes the next morning when she quits her job at the motel and walks into the city. This may sound like a fantasy for the girls, but porn is always a fantasy for the boys. Every man has a desire for the damaged damsel in distress.

This diary belongs to Valentina Flores.

September 16th, 2009

I think I've nailed down the process of camming. I'm really excited for what this could mean for me because if this works out it means I will finally be my own boss. This could literally cause a revolution in the skin industry if women are allowed the power to direct their own content and be paid appropriately for their hard work. I tried working at the pool but there is some shady stuff going on there and they pay the girls like shit. It's only a matter of time before the police find out what's going on in that building anyway. I'm glad I was able to get out. Here's to the future of floral_valentine.

This diary belongs to Ava Walsh.

April 4th

I just completed my first date as an escort. Men are so dumb and nobody knows that appearances are all deception better than women. I guess that's why they hire me to go with them to places. They have to look presentable, and a man without a woman on his arm is less presentable than one with. The money isn't bad, but it could be better. Suffice it to say that these men all have money, so maybe I can get some of them to buy me

things. They wouldn't know what hit them. Shake a little ass and the world is yours. And I don't mean that in any figurative or metaphorical way, it literally is the way men and the world work. Once you realize that, neither are really that complicated. The only thing that's complicated in this world is money. If you follow the pimps, you get whores and johns, but if you follow the money, you don't know where you'll end up.

HORROTICA ROMANTICA

2:3:9:83

THE yearly payment for my storage unit was due and suddenly I found myself paying the man. At the front office I noticed a series of boxes sitting on chairs, and I joked with the man on who he had evicted. He looked at me with a question in his mind, and then he asked, “Do you know any women petite in size?” I said yes. He went over to the boxes and searched for one in particular, then brought it over to show me what was inside. It was a collection of women's erotic clothing.

He later explained to me that the collection belonged to a pornstar from the nineties. He assured me that all the clothes were clean and offered them to me for free as I was a longtime customer and they were going to be thrown away anyway. I thought about it, then thought about Lynne, and then said that I would take them. So for a while I rode on a bus carrying a box that contained sensitive materials.

As I approached home, the gravity of what was a light box became heavier and heavier in my arms, and in front of the apartment building door I saw a kid standing. A chubby kid in glasses, and I figured he must have been the son of Charles F. Kane.

“Hey, can you give me a hand?,” I asked when I got to him. First he looked at me strangely, and second he looked at his hands even more strangely. I could have sworn that at one moment he literally tried to pull off one of his hands. In my confusion, I said “I mean can you open the door for me,” and thirdly he promptly opened the door in my aid. What a strange kid...

I got inside my apartment and placed the box down near the door, and I just couldn't think of anything else other than the fact that the kid tried to pull off one of his hands. Did he take what I said literally?

In my estimation I have learned that emotion disrupts logic. This gives weight to the idea that the brain is a “proportional” system, meaning emotion and logic cannot run at one hundred percent simultaneously, instead, for example, your brain might run sixty percent emotional and forty percent logical at any given moment. The amount of logicity is proportional to the amount of emotionality.

I've tried to think of systems which are not proportional, and I suppose the wild, where animals feed on each other and must survive. Here, it is all emotion and all logic, and the combination of the two have created something called “instinct.” This leads me to believe that when two parts of a system can work at one hundred percent simultaneously, indicating an inproportionate system, the fusion creates a dynamic concept in the same way you would receive a mixed child if two races of people had sex. That is to say,

instinct is the love child of emotion and logic.

June 11th, 1992

Today is the first shoot of “La Mansina Photographia” (this is a working title, they may change the name to “The Photographia of Francoise”). I've read the entire screenplay twice and I love it. It's really a story about vulnerability and sympathy. A woman named Francoise wakes up in what appears to be something of a haunted mansion and must find her way out. Along the way, there are “puzzles” or rather tasks she must commit to reach her goal in escaping. In the haunted mansion, however, there is a sort of male character who is mysterious and a stalker, and each time he appears she is terrified. Every time she completes one of the tasks, he appears and takes a photo of her when she is sexually vulnerable. For example, one of the tasks she must complete to open a door is to provide breast milk into a container. As she squeezes her tits, the man suddenly appears and takes a photo of her. Other tasks she completes is providing saliva for a phallic item, moaning into a recorder to open a chest, urinating into a cup to receive a special item, and one of my favorites is when she must wear a particularly seductive outfit and be scanned wearing it to open one of the final doors. Whenever she does any of these things, the stalker appears and snaps a photograph of her in a vulnerable state. Each time he appears, he seems more evil than before, until finally toward the end she is able to trick and trap him into one of his own traps. When she finally sees his face and sees how vulnerable he himself is in his trap, she pities him and begins to develop a sense of sympathy for him. She cannot free him from the trap without physically touching him, and after they touch there is a spark that evolves into romance and they have sex, which of course is the climax. In the end, even though she is free to leave the haunted mansion, she decides to stay with him. I've watched a lot of porn and I feel like the director of this film is trying to innovate the genre of porn. Of the way porn is filmed in general. Which is the same thing I want to do with my career. Just because I get naked and have sex in every one of my movies doesn't mean I am just a whore or a pornstar. I want to make films. Not movies. But still, everyday I battle with the demon of a question. Am I an artist or just a pornstar?

May 25th, 1951

Word on the street is that one of those dark saints has been riding around the pool looking for some girls to make fetish porno movies. I wish I was pretty enough to be in a

movie. But to be honest I don't even know if being mixed counts as a fetish. Plus since I'm only 19 I'm probably too young to be in one. Oh well. I haven't seen Claudia around for a couple days so I bet she got picked up to do an amputee scene or something. Lucky her. Anyway, yesterday I had one of the weirdest Hamiltons. Literally, all he wanted to do was take pictures. At first I said no, but when he upped the price that loosened me a little. He must have taken at least 60 pictures and paid a dollar for each of them. Easiest money I've ever made in my life. I wouldn't mind if he came around again actually. The weird thing is that only a few of them were full nudes, the rest I basically had my clothes on. Different poses but none that were too invasive. I think what he liked most was the shape of my body. Like I reminded him of someone he used to know a long time ago. Whenever I get inside my head and think about family or people I used to know, I always end up thinking about the gay half-brother I have somewhere out there. Anyway, yeah, not a single shot of my vagina, but there were shots of me fully naked. I wonder if he is going to make copies and start selling them. I hope not. I took those photos thinking they were for his entertainment only. The shot he took the most of were my boobs hanging on the top of my bra. He specifically wanted it from the side so you could see their fullness. He asked me to touch myself to get my nipples hard, but we moved on to the next shot before I could show him what they looked like when they were fully hard. That experience was different. After the photo shoot I was back on Pool street and ten minutes later I entered a nice car and sucked off a man who was in a wheelchair. He asked me to wear his wife's headscarf as I did it. I understand the world's full of strange men who have strange fantasies, and trust me, London's got its share.

To Lynne's apartment I went after dusk. When I got in I called for her but got no answer. I then went and looked around in the apartment and couldn't find her. After a minute or two I saw her enter through the front door and into the kitchen to wash her hands. "I was throwing out the garbage," she told me.

When she walked past me I noticed her legs and the sport leggings she was sporting. And on the table I also noticed a bag of Gotz Hotz, which I assume must be Dave's because he loves them. "Y'all gots hots?," I asked her. "Yeah, they're Dave's." "You know those things are illegal in seven states right?" "I know, and I will never try them." I looked at her and then said "I dare you to try just one." She turned around and looked at me as if I had lost my damn mind. Then with each of her expressions she loosened until she decided to take on the dare. And I watched her as she took one of the pieces of candies out of the bag and into her mouth.

At first, nothing, but it wasn't long until she was running tap water over her mouth

and drinking milk straight from the gallon. It got so bad that she began choking and coughing, sometimes both at the same time. It was an unpleasant sight to say the least. I almost felt bad, so when she began to cool down I said “Okay, my turn.”

But she looked up, waved her finger at me, and then said “Uh-uh, no-no.” She collected her breath as she used the couch for support, “I want a truth from you,” she smiled as if she had planned it all along. “Truth?,” I asked. “Yes, you started a truth or dare game and I want a truth.” I was confused. “If we were playing truth or dare, wouldn't I decide if I want to give you a truth or if I wanted to do a dare?” “That's one way to play it, but you're in my apartment and the rules are different here,” she smiled once again as if she had planned it all along. “Okay, fine, ask your question?” She tapped her chin and looked ceilingward as if she had a million questions to choose from.

“If you could change one thing about me, what would it be?,” she asked delicately. Of course this was not a delicate question, and for a minute I walked through a mine-field. “Okay,” I sighed, “don't kill me for saying this, but if I could change only one thing, I would change your last name to my last name.” She squinted at me from across the room and nodded her head subtly, “Good answer.” “I know,” I laughed.

“Alright, I want a truth.” “What truth is that?” “What made you so particular about me?” “Oh! This one is easy. Your butt.” Before I could reply she stopped me and said “No no, I'm only just half joking,” she laughed, “what made me so particular about you is something that goes way back to when we first met, actually. Wait no, the second time we met. I was gardening in the front of the building and you walked out and we talked a little bit. And then sometime into the conversation you stared at me in the weirdest way and I don't even think you knew you were doing it. It was strange, but it wasn't unsettling. In some way it made me feel noticed, like I exist. So to answer your question I am particular about you for many, many reasons, but the first reason is because you have a way of staring strangely into space and when I look at you when you're doing that it makes things feel deeper in a way.”

“I see,” I said, “your turn.” “Okay, I'm going to change things up and go with a dare.” I gulped. “Every night the neighbor upstairs, specifically in the room above my bedroom, at like one a.m., I swear every night he starts rolling chairs or drawers up there. I don't know what it is but it's loud and it's something that rolls and it keeps me up at night. So I dare you to go tell him about that please?” I really didn't want to have to do that, but as I was thinking she walked up to me and kissed me on my cheek and then looked at me in the cutest way.

“Hi, I live under you. I don't mean to be a bother but every night around midnight I think you are moving things around” I intentionally began looking confused “that roll and

on the wood floor it's really loud and it wakes up my daughter.” “At what time did you say?,” he asked. “At one?,” I asked unconvincingly. “And you said it sounds like I'm rolling things around?,” he asked. “Yes?,” again I asked without conviction.

“I understand, I'll lay down some carpet so it doesn't make the rolling sound,” he assured me. I waited a moment, then asked, “What are you rolling?” He looked at me as if I was crossing a line. “...Chairs.” I gave him one last look and then thanked him for understanding.

“Mr. Kane said he would lay down some carpet so it doesn't make anymore noise.” “You know his name?,” Lynne asked. “Yeah, he introduced himself to me after the blizzard when we were all shoveling.” “Ah, maybe I'll get some sleep now. Your turn,” she kissed my cheek again, then went to the other side of the bed to take something from a drawer. As she sat on the edge of the bed and searched through the drawer, I thought of my turn.

“I want a truth. What is a fantasy of yours that you want no one else to ever ever know about?” She slowly lifted her head from out of the drawer which contained “Vadean Waterfall” and looked at me with peculiar eyes. After a while she told me she would have to think about it because she had more than one. And after that while she finally told me of one of those fantasies.

“I've always fantasized about nursing a man,” she says. “What do you mean? Like breastfeeding a man as if he were a baby?,” I asked.

A look of embarrassment clouded over Lynne's expression as she went head into the bed and buried her face into the pillow. What I believed to be the word “yes” came out muffled from the pillow. “Okay, I need at least one or two details because there are always things specific for any fantasy,” I said. A moment passed and soon she lifted her lower body onto the bed, and then finally said “I ima???? ????d ling his h???d ??? ever? ?n? e in a wh???e ??? c????ing ?? c?????ng on ?y ?!?” she pressed her face even harder into the pillow. “Huh?,” I asked. She released some of the pressure off of the pillow and began again, “I imagine cradling his head and every once in a while him choking or coughing on my milk.”

I thought about it for a short while. Imagined it full. “I have to ask, do you burp him afterwards?” With her face still in the pillow she responded, “I've actually never thought about that, but now I will,” she laughed.

I slid onto the bed until I was right next to her and put my head next to hers, and sliding my hand up and down her back, I said “Hey mommy, I'm hungry.” She finally lifted her face from off the pillow and smiled, then began laughing, “Aww baby.” She placed her hand around my neck and pulled me in closer as I fit perfectly into the shape

of her and rested my head on her chest. “I wish I could feed you, but I don't have anything baby,” she finished. “That's alright,” I said, “you're still the best.”

As we laid there she stated that she wanted a truth. I asked her what truth. “It's two parts,” she warned. “I'll allow it.” “Okay, on a scale of one to ten, how attractive is my face? And also on a scale of one to ten, how attractive is my body?,” she asked.

Another “mine” question and I thought about how to answer it as the clock read ten. I gave it a good thought and finally told her the truth. “It is not possible to answer this question objectively because I know you. I can answer it subjectively, but the only way I could answer it with objectivity is if you were a stranger.” “Elaborate.” “Alright, the answer is ten for both, but this number is not just a representation of how physically attracted I am to you, it is also a representation of the colossal vitality of my illusion of you. You are a dream that I am adding to all the time, decking it out with every colorful flower that drifts my way, and no amount of fire or freshness can challenge what I have stored up in my ghostly heart for you.”

She said nothing for a moment, but soon began, “I don't really know what that means, but you're good at this game... That's for sure,” she declared.

“I have a dare for you,” I told her. “What's that?” “I dare you to give me a lap dance.” “Now?” “Yeah.” She hesitated, then as she got off the bed she said “Go get a chair.”

When I returned with the chair I placed it in an open area in the bedroom and saw her standing a few feet away in the corner. The moment I sat down she crossed her arms and stared at me impatiently. “What?” “I need music genius.”

I flipped through a number of songs until finally she affirmed one. I raised the volume to its maximum level and she began to move. She rubbed and hipped and thighed and with every moment she made a movement toward me, sliding her hand along the wall and then along her leggings to remove them completely. When they were off she flinged them across the room to which they landed on the top of a lamp, and the sheer momentum of the leggings tilted the top of the thin lamp and it tumbled onto the tan floor. “Oops,” said Lynne, but she only kept on dancing.

When she got to me, she sat facing toward me on my lap and looked directly into me. “Hi daddy, I missed you,” she smiled, and began turning while on me so I could see her backside. For a moment, I saw how nice her bum looked in those lacy light-blue boyshorts. And before I knew it, she was facing me again. She hipped again, moving her waist in circles on my lap, and when I went to touch her breasts she suddenly slapped my hand away. She waved her finger at me, then slowly stood up in front of me. And again slowly she took my hand onto hers, turned around, and placed my hand on the bare part of her bum.

“I want a dare,” she said. And with my hand still warm on her butt, I said “Okay.” “I want you to literally kiss my ass,” she said. I laughed a little inside, then slid my hand off of her and placed it on my knee.

After she leaned forward just a bit, I began to lean forward myself. I knew in my heart and in my mind that this was going to be a moment she would brag about for two lifetimes. Something she would hold over me whenever she felt the need to. I could see the future conversations playing in my head already. One of them went like this: “Hey Lynne you're an idiot.” “Hey Spook at least I don't kiss ass.” Here's another: “Hey Lynne remember when you slipped on black ice?” “Hey Spook remember when you kissed my ass?” And yet I did it anyway. I literally kissed her ass. The future now had this moment in every variation.

As my lips came off of her I could hear her giggle. Then I could see her begin to walk toward her leggings. “Wait, I've got another dare.” She turned around and waited for me to continue.

“I dare you to go out to the second floor, the way you are dressed now, and ding dong ditch.” “I have to go out there in my panties, knock on someone's door, and then run?” “Yes.” “No fucking way am I doing that. What if someone sees me?” “That's the point of the dare.”

After some convincing, I found myself watching Lynne as she exited the apartment and made her way to the neighboring apartment in nothing but a shirt and boyshorts. She walked quite quickly, girlishly indeed, and soon I heard a knock and soon I saw her run back for our apartment door. But suddenly I closed the door on her and in her caused a rush of panic.

She began banging on the door, begging me to let her in. I timed in my mind the average time it took people to answer their doors, and she was lucky indeed that I let her back in before anyone answered that door. When she was back inside her quarter she began slapping my chest, “What's wrong with you!? This game is over, I'm not playing with you anymore.” I could only laugh. “That's fine, it was your turn anyway so I don't care.”

Of course that statement caused her to say “Wait a minute, since you started the game, it's only fair that I end it.” I agreed on one final truth or dare, and she told me that it would be a dare.

“I dare you to,” she drew it out to increase the suspense, “...I dare you to come to bed with me for the night.” I looked at her suspiciously, “That's it?” She walked up to me, circled around me, then hugged me from behind, directing me to her bedroom and then onto the bed where we laid.

For a moment I thought about her final dare. “I dare you to come to bed with me,” I think to myself. Of all the daring dreams she must have had in her head... What was so daring about that? What was so horrifying about it? It seems to be something more romantic, but I suppose falling asleep with someone under flowery covers brings the invitation of sharing dreams.

At one I was still half awake, and I assumed Lynne had fully fallen asleep until she began to mutter a few words. “Do you hear that?,” she asked me. “I don't hear anything,” I answered. “You're my hero.” “What did I do?” “No rolling.”

Chapter 84

SEVEN STICKS

2:3:9:84

August 12th, 1968

I called him up a couple days ago and we spoke more about his business. The next day he had a car come and pick me up and drop me off at his office. For someone reason he called it “The Pool.” I asked why he called it that, and he said it was more a nickname for the area his office was located in. He kept telling me about how this place looked nice now, but a decade before it was a wasteland of abandonment and a few years before that a breeding ground for prostitutes and their customers. I didn't really care, I just wanted to get started with my career. Some details I learned about was that his business was basically beauty pageants and I almost screamed. This is so dearly what I was hoping for! I left with a packet of information and he told me that he would be in contact, and that also I would be meeting the man who would pay for everything. My training, my look, my everything! It would be so awesome to maybe represent England some day in a great big event. I just hope my Asian heritage and upbringing doesn't interfere in any chance I have of becoming a true beauty queen. I wonder what my father would think about all of this. “Auddy, what did you study cosmetology for? Every couple years it's something new.” That would actually be a tame reply to me telling him of this opportunity. Knowing how traditional he is, he might even say that I am embarrassing him and the family and would definitely pester me about any men I end up working with. God, I can imagine it now. My mother too. Both telling me that white men are not to be trusted in any capacity or manner. And yet, if I trust the both of them, my life will go about as far as theirs did and be every bit as pointless. So you know what? Miss Universe, get ready, because here I come!

Spring was approaching even the abandoned areas of the district. In this forgotten neighborhood grew again the pinkish purple leaves of rebirth. And as the kids passed through, they held their breath and traversed the spooky site of what was once a graveyard where a serial killer hid his bodies.

“I can't believe Mrs. Grant gave out homework on a Friday,” said Dam Son. “We ain't in fifth grade no more,” replied Gun Ho. “Besides,” interrupted Christina, “it's not like you're going anywhere.” “Why don't you let him take you out?,” Sara entered the conversation. “Dam Son?,” Christina laughed. Dam resented the implication. “Where would you take me?,” Christina asked looking at Dam, who now took pleasure in the implication. “Anywhere you want,” he replied. “I'll think about,” Christina promised.

Many blocks into the abandoned neighborhood the children still walked. For several weeks now this was their home away from home; the stills vacant of chaos, for no one but themselves were allowed to be bothersome, and nothing but invisible ghosts followed them on the turn of every corner. Once this place had a life, but something came and has changed that.

“Aren't you guys out already?,” asked F. Kane II. “I meant like out on a date, so they can become boyfriend and girlfriend,” replied Sara. “Where can they go? It's not like either of them are allowed to drive,” said Gun Ho. Everyone paused, but in the stillness very loudly popped a firecracker lit by Dave.

This alarmed every middle school student except the pyromaniac, and when he saw the look of confusion which was mixed with fear, he laughed at their uncertain terror.

“David!,” yelled Sara. “What?,” Dave replied. “Mom told you to stop playing with firecrackers, before you blow your fingers off.” “I'm not an idiot, I know what I'm doing.” “Yeah okay.”

After the excitement the conversation of young romance continued, though was revived by someone who had not spoken yet as she was trailing behind looking at her cellular device. “Hey, do you guys think Toby likes me?,” asked Pattie. “Seventh-grade Toby?,” Christina asked. “Yeah.” “Maybe, why?,” replied Christina. “Who do you think she's always talking to on her phone?,” Sara cut in. Pattie laughed, and strangely nothing of Toby was said again.

647-1575: Hello.

768-1849: Hey Christina, remember to be home by five.

647-1575: I know.

768-1849: Okay, bye.

“Who was that?,” Pattie asked Christy. “Just a girl who used to babysit me,” Christy replied to Pattie. Dave suddenly ran past Pattie, intentionally bumping into her while yelling “You put your peepee in her poopoo!,” an inside joke that was created only a day before and which Dave could not stop repeating and which was also beginning to wear the nerves of everyone else in the group besides Gun Ho. Because of this, Gun Ho shortly after bumped into Sara and repeated the same words in the same manner, “You put your peepee in her poopoo!”

“You guys are so gross,” the three girls said almost at the same time and surely in the same manner. F Kane II thought on the process of putting a peepee in a poopoo. Shortly after, he asked the others if they had heard the same strange sound he had just heard.

And finally, they arrived to their destination, the old abandoned church that only

recently had become the groups favorite spot. In front of the church was a decaying sign that read: "All t e angels sing abo t Jesus's mighty sword, and they'll shield y u with t eir wings, and keep you c ose to the Lord."

They wrapped around the outside of the church and found the area they often relaxed in. It was a refuge away from school, parents and the daily pressures of daily life and society. Two miles away from civilization and into the collective recluse.

"Hey you guys," F Kane II began speaking as the group sat behind the church, "what does it mean if someone asks you for a hand?" The rest of the group stared at him blankly. When he saw the confused looks on their faces, he elaborated, "Your dad," he said looking at Dave, "he asked me to give him a hand the other day." "Did he need help with something?" Sara asked. "Well he was holding a box." "He was asking you to help him carry the box," Dave suggested. "Wait," Dam Son cut in, "were you standing in front of the door again?" "Yeah." "He needed you to open the door for him because both of his hands were being used," Dam finished. "Ahh," Kane relieved.

"He didn't actually want one of your hands, Kane," joked Pattie. "I know, duh," Kane replied laughing in a strange way.

"Kane, if you took everything everyone said literally, I would be convinced that you have nine lives," Dave said. F. Kane II thought about this, and replied. "How could I have nine lives?," he inquired. The rest of the group laughed, but FKII could not find the same humor the rest found.

"If people said what they actually mean, the world would be a much better and understandable place," FKII suggested as the laughter died down. "You know," Christina said immediately after, "I don't disagree. Last night my aunt's new boyfriend took us out to dinner and we ate steak or something, and the waiter was talking about medium-rare this and well-done that. The only one I even almost understood was maybe 'well-done.' Why can't people just say 'fully-cooked' or 'half-cooked'? A little bit cooked? What is that 'rare' shit?"

"Right," Gun Ho interrupted, "you know what I hate?" "What do you hate?," Dam asked with a grin on his face. "I hate when people tell you the time in a fancy way. Like 'ten minutes to five'. What the fuck is that? Just tell me it's four-forty," Gun said excitedly and angrily. "That would be twenty minutes to five," Dam corrected his brother, "you mean four-fifty idiot." "Well that proves my point, there is too much thinking involved when you tell people the time like that," Gun finished.

"Nah, you know what's the worst?," Dave joined, "You know how we had eye and hearing tests today? So when Mr. Walker was doing my test, before he started he asked me if I could see the chalkboard well, or if I thought I needed bifocals. I was like what? What are bifocals? This dude knows everyone just calls them glasses but he goes out of

his way to use some strange ass word no one has ever heard of.” “Yo! I hate that,” exclaimed Gun. “That’s ‘cause you have no vocabulary,” laughed Dam. Gun resented the implication. “And you ain’t got no lexicon,” Gun replied. Dam, as well as all the others, did nothing but remain silent on the subject.

“My mom does that, but only when she’s mad at my dad,” said Christina, “if she’s mad at him she’ll use anything to show that she is smarter than him, and it works usually. Sometimes it’s funny but usually it’s just annoying.”

As the subject of word dressing faded, Dave picked up a small rock and threw it across the street. When asked what he was doing by Sara, he revealed to her that he was trying to hit a still intact window of a building across the road. He was mostly ignored as a conversation went on behind him, but came soon was Dam who also picked up rocks and began throwing them in an attempt to hit that window first.

Eventually, FKII and Gun joined them, and the three girls stayed seated and most likely began speaking on things that girls tend to speak on.

A rock went into the air, arched downward, and more often than not failed to even make it past the road. And when the boys switched accuracy for power, the rocks made it past the road but missed the window wildly.

Gun’s attempt to balance power and accuracy, however, led to misfortune. His rock arched into the air, had impressive hang-time, and then hailed down directly onto a lonely speeding car. When they heard the booming pop, and then the screeching tires, all seven individuals of the group ran wildly in seven different directions, scattering in mayhem.

647-1575 has started a group call. [4:12:39 PM]

331-8994 has entered the group call. [4:12:45 PM]

351-8693 has entered the group call. [4:12:47 PM]

647-1575: Where y’all at?

922-0193 has entered the group call. [4:12:52 PM]

351-8693: I ran to the yellow building.

922-0193: I doubled back and ran into the church.

603-2305 has entered the group call. [4:12:59 PM]

331-8994: I’m on the roof of some random store.

446-3709 has entered the group call. [4:13:04 PM]

647-1575: I was hiding at first but now I’m on foot in an alley going home.

603-2305: Yoo, I’m hiding in the playground behind the spookhouse.

446-3709: You serious Gun?

331-8994: Ey I got eyes on the driver, he’s walking back to his car.

922-0193: He leaving?

603-2305: He leaving?
331-8994: Yup, just drove away, we good.
647-1575: See y'all tomorrow then.
351-8693: Bye you guys.
922-0193 has exited the group call. [4:14:25 PM]
331-8994: Bye everyone.
331-8994 has exited the group call. [4:14:29 PM]
647-1575 has exited the group call. [4:14:31 PM]
351-8693 has exited the group call. [4:14:31 PM]
603-2305 has exited the group call. [4:14:33 PM]
446-3709 has exited the group call. [4:14:34 PM]
655-3684 has entered the group call. [4:14:47 PM]
655-3684: Hello?
655-3684: You guys there?
655-3684 has exited the group call. [4:14:55 PM]

“I am not eating that,” said Latasha to Rebecca, “I’m trying to lose weight girl.”
 “Fine, more for us then,” Becca laughed. Felicity leaned over the table and grabbed what was left of the desert after Alondra and Becca had finished taking their sum.

On the stage now the performers were readying up their next song, which was a cover of a song made by the now disbanded Cloud Hemingway. The title of the song was “Monolith,” and Felicity was happy to see her stepmother start the song off with a drumming rhythm.

After the song, the four continued a stagnate conversation about their academic futures. Felicity was enrolled at a university while Alondra was currently taking classes at a community college. Becca had decided to relax and take a year or two off and Tasha had decided to delay school to work full-time at a grocery store.

When the gig was over, the four girls met with Jasmin backstage and thanked her for the tickets, then Felicity told her stepmother that the four of them would be walking around in the city.

San Rashida had a personality at morning. Glowing warmth came over its horizons and its graceful approach to the early hours made it a morning city. San Rashida also had a personality at afternoon. Dry heat and cloudy skies made its late-midday hours a time to reflect on life when it is most still, which made it too an afternoon city. And San Rashida also had a personality at evening. The goodbye atmosphere came with a gentle wind as many ended the duration of effort, so this made it an evening city. And finally, San Rashida had a personality at night. By far it was the most creative of its four seasons, its

four faces, four identities; it was a mixture of the people who came out in it, and this distinction alone made it a night city.

And in the city this night were four girls, each of their fates as distinct as the four phases of the city they currently occupied, but to the two given evening and night were more similar than the two given morning and day.

I gave Lynne a sewing pin just before dusk when the lights and shadows in the apartment began to take on forms and shapes. Standing there as Lynne did her business, her I admired and took detail to her shadow. Her shadow made me believe that in the canals of a mind, the first being a person truly falls in love with, they can go on for a lifetime searching for the ghost of that person and be none the wiser.

The article of clothing she was refitting was “Rare Candy,” but to what fashion I am uncertain. After a while I put my hand on her shoulder and told her that I was retiring to my apartment for the night and that I would see her in the morning or afternoon, the evening at the latest. As I went for the door, she spoke out... “I love you.” I turned around before I shut the door and replied to her in the same curious way she did... “I love you too.”

CAM00184: Two men are seen talking to each other at the backside of a church. One of them is smoking and making many gestures that seem to deal with baseball or some other type of sport played in America. Soonafter, a woman passes by them with an orange rolling grocery cart.

CAM00183: In front of the church could be read the sign which reads “God does not hold an abandoned son.” Several minutes of monitoring this camera would eventually show the conclusion of a church session.

CAM00058: A public street camera for police surveillance displays a playground located just behind a row of residential houses. Two mothers and two girls are seen playing and enjoying themselves to a great extent.

CAM00061: Very close in proximity is another public camera which is located on the opposite side of CAM00058, which when viewing could be seen a mother and her son walking out of the “Spookhouse.”

CAM00251: A yellow building can be seen in the distance. Its distance is too far and the camera's view to obtuse to accurately describe just what the building may be used for.

March 15th, 1985

The music in these clubs could be better. I'm not saying they're hard to strip to, but there are only a few songs that really get me going. And some of the lyrics to these songs are more of a turn off than a turn on. I got my stage name, “Spectra,” from my all-time

favorite strip song. And I think it's my attention to detail and my presentation that has helped me build my clientele so quickly. One thing one of the older girls here taught me is that I am my own brand and I have to believe that. Everything, from what I do to the way I perform to the name I choose is part of my identity as an entertainer. The clothes I wear to work, what I take off and as importantly what I put on, it all goes to creating my image and my image determines my success and how much money I will make that day. My most important client, who really only comes on Friday nights, will sometimes spend as much as \$200 on me if the fantasy and imagery I've created for him really gets him hot. Miss Spectra, fulfilling your desires in her lime green miniskirt. On other thoughts, The Pool really has an interesting history. I guess mostly as an area or location. I'm always hearing stories about some of the shit that happened here, like, how in the sixties, after a long period of abandonment, some guy turned this place into an office that hired beauty pageant talent. But it turned out to be something very scandalous and one of their pageants spilled the beans on the pageant industry and how abusive it was towards the women. Some of the stuff I heard about was unbelievable. What became of some of those women, I could only imagine. If I'm being honest with myself, I don't plan to strip for too long. I want to go to school. I'll see how long I do this for but I really don't want to get stuck in it like some of these older women. Make a dollar and invest it in yourself.

THE STARLET

2:3:9:85

THREE years ago, I had a dream. And that dream made me wonder and question a question we all have heard before. What came first, the chicken or the egg? I will first dabble in the concept of the question, then try to answer the question second.

Interpreting time in a linear fashion influences the way we observe and understand the world, and it also dictates the types of questions we will ask. Because we perceive things in a linear method we will inevitably see things in firsts and lasts, in succession and precession; no doubt will we create the word “then,” which will be used to divide and measure time and sequences. But this may be no good, because we are relying on the possibility that the universe is objectively the way we interpret it when in reality it may not be. This renders the question “What came first, the chicken or the egg?” useless. It may be an illogical question which will yield an illogical answer.

Another such question is “Did God create the universe?” Again, we have evolved in such a way that forces us to see the world in firsts, and also in “creations.” Imagine the answers to these two questions if time itself is not a truly applicable concept.

I believe in its early evolutionary pedigree, the chicken was at first a simple single-celled organism which went through many phases of evolution until it encountered a gross mutation, in which said gross mutation allowed it to duplicate itself using the egg we know today.

The dream itself, which I had mentioned before, dealt with my incarceration for a crime I was unaware of. This dream, finally, after many years, revealed my crime to me. The dream took place in a courtroom; a judge, full jury, lawyers, a crowd of spectators. It seemed to be a case against the state. When the head juror stood up to read the verdict, the part of me from reality was shocked, but the part of me from irreality was not. “We find the defendant guilty on the charge of rape of a nine year old persons.”

Decipher I could not which feeling came first after the verdict had been read. Was it the shock or the non-shock? If it were the shock, then that would mean I was truly perhaps horrified by the actions of my dream-self; if it was the non-shock that came first, then that would mean perhaps there is a small part of my psychology that is aware of any attraction I may have for small persons. But these two things seem to have been simultaneous and I cannot tell which came first.

At around midnight and inside my apartment I could smell my own body odor. I am not sure whether it came from my underwear or from my skin, perhaps both, but a shower was mandatory nonetheless.

As I went to get new underwear and a towel, I could hear the leaves rustling outside

and I saw for a moment the new bloom that was on the horizon. And entering the bathroom, turning off the light, turning on the shower to warm water, I bathed in the unquiet darkness.

There is nothing like thinking in the shower at night. Thinking in the shower at day is a well-enough time for thinking as well, but the thoughts that come to one's mind during a midnight shower are potent.

I turned toward the dial, stepped back, and then sat down in the shower and felt the warm water strike my body again and again and it wasn't too long before those potent thoughts then to mind came themselves.

Often it is said that 'as humans, rules separate us from the animals.' Do rules really separate us from the animals? There are a number of insects, who as a whole and on average are thought to be less intelligent than mammals, who present a number of great organizing behaviors. These include the bees, termites, and last but not least, the ants.

The ants, who more than likely need no introduction to how effective they are in carrying out simple tasks to complete complex goals, have more than proven that we indeed do not separate ourselves from the animals because of our order. Ants themselves perform these complexities by obeying a few rules.

Granted, humans have long built civilizations that are based on rule and law, government and centralization, and in favor of the humans I will say there has been as much good as there has been bad. But these thoughts are not to bring humans down, but rather acknowledge that "lesser" forms have come to the same conclusions, deductions and reasonings that we have.

We tend to boast on complex civilization and government, but as Spookieni has mentioned, we are more prone to disease as the systems become more complex. We are given and become susceptible to corruption, perversion, subversion, deviation.

Without a blueprint or a leader ants can complete tasks individualistic in nature and function as a whole unit. To me, this ability almost seems innate. Could this innate ability be something humans lost in evolution or transition? Could it have been eliminated by an old disease?

One thing that has made me wonder greatly is the hierarchy of the ants. "Ant colonies are self-organized systems: complex collective behaviors arise as the product of interactions between many individuals each following a simple set of rules, not via top-down instruction from elite individuals or the queen. No one worker has universal knowledge of the colony's needs; individual workers react only to their local environment. Because of this, ants are a popular source of inspiration for design in software engineering, robotics, industrial design, and other fields involving many simple parts working together to perform complex tasks." Wiker's Encyclopedia, page 899.

What thoughts have come out of this is this, a simple question; should leaders be stripped of certain privileges? For example, in some religions a certain status means a certain amount of devotion and that certain amount of devotion means certain rules must be followed. A priest cannot marry, a nun cannot have sex, a monk cannot possess materials. In the first world of democracy, we hold our politicians to a standard, we expect them to devote their lives to bettering the world. No one actually believes that, but bare with me for a moment.

If we took the same shot at devotion as these religious circles do, who know that humans cannot truly devote themselves to an ideal unless they are required to meet certain rules, and forced politicians into true devotion by forcing these rules onto them, would they be more committed to performing their jobs? Note that the individual running for office must already know what is required of them before they are elected or before they even decide to run; you could not teach an old dog new tricks.

As it stands, and as far as I'm aware, our politicians are not truly held to any rigid standard, which is why often they break the rules they are supposed to enforce, and sometimes even the rules they themselves created. I do not believe one can truly be passionate and devoted to an idea where they are not restrained and given to free will. The ants know this, but it seems they don't even need the rules to be set in place, it almost appears as if their devotion is innate.

I will say, however, in the favor of politicians; there's a person you want to be when you're young, and there's a person you end up being, and that's a hard reality to face.

669-8488: Make sure you and Favid install Pigeoner because this service is too expensive

351-8693: Ok I will

669-8488: Where'd David? He's not answering me back

351-8693: Him and Dam and Gun are in detention

669-8488: What did he do?

351-8693: I think they copied eachother's homework

669-8488: Tell him to text me back

351-8693: Ok I just did

351-8693: Most of our period 5 class its going I think

351-8693: Is*

603-2305: Not me

351-8693: How come?

603-2305: To expensive

351-8693: True. I think I might just stay in class too

351-8693: So I guess it will be just us two and a few others lol

603-2305: I really don't mind it turning into a study hall lol

708-9350: How come you guys stay late today?

603-2305: I told you we gave after school today

603-2305: Have

708-9350: Make sure come home right away to watch Nixia

603-2305: We will

708-9350: I just tell Gun, make sure you come home right away to watch Nixia

446-3709: We will as soon as we are done with after schhol

446-3709: Where do you want to go?

647-1575: I don't know lol

647-1575: The park?

446-3709: Which?

647-1575: You pick

446-3709: Loral?

647-1575: Okay we can do tht lol

446-3709: Lol

446-3709: We should go after we leave split from the rest

647-1575: Ok, that sounds good

647-1575: We're going to the park

331-8994: Which one?

647-1575: Loral

331-8994: Ooh that's an intimate park lmao

647-1575: What? Lol

331-8994: Not a lot of people go there, so it will probably just be you two lol

647-1575: Hmm, I guess that's good

331-8994: Are you going to kiss him?

647-1575: Only if he kisses me first. What if I invited you and you invited Toby?

331-8994: That's actually really goood idea

647-1575: Invite him, I'll tell Dam

331-8994: Kk hold on

331-8994: Do you ever still see Toby at the park?
922-0193: Yeah I saw him playing basketball the last time I went
922-0193: Why
331-8994: JW
922-0193: You wanna play ball with him?
331-8994: Yes I wanna play ball with him, duh
922-0193: He's gonna want to put his peepee in your poopoo
331-8994: Shut up

922-0193: Tomorrow I'm going to go inside the Spookhouse
655-3684: I would heavily advise against that Dave.
922-0193: Why?
655-3684: Because it's haunted! People were murdered in it!
922-0193: Come in with me. Everyone else is too chicken
655-3684: For good reason.
922-0193: I'm disappointed in you Kane
655-3684: Fine. I will enter just the first floor, browse, and then leave immediately.
922-0193: Good enough for me, knew I could count on you!

587-3239: Tomorrow I will be working all day
655-3684: Okay, I will be fine.
587-3239: Gun's father will check on you when he gets home from work
655-3684: Okay I will be expecting his visit.
587-3239: Very good

I am surprised that the water is still warm. It has been quite some time and I have no indication that the water will cool soon, so for the time being, I will remain in this shower.

I wonder what the rest of humanity is dreaming. Dreaming melancholy. Melancholy dreaming. Hmm. I see. That reminds me. On the subject of diction, language phrases can be so ambiguous sometimes. For example, take the phrase "Negro Assassin." Now are we speaking about a person who is a negro who is an assassin, or are we talking about a person who assassinates negroes? If someone were to put out in the papers, "Searching for well-established negro assassin," what kind of response would that get? Personally, I would assume the person is searching for a person who is a negro who is an assassin. And thinking on the matter further leads me to contemplate how ambiguity in the context of language and diction itself has shaped history. Imagine for a second the reader's

perception of the following headline: “NEGRO ASSASSIN MURDERS CAUCASIAN SCHOLAR.” Imagine the confusion when it is revealed that the assassin is Caucasian and not negro, instead a Caucasian man who assassinates negroes; and the scholar a negro, not a Caucasian, instead a negro man who studies the history of Caucasians, thus being labeled as such, a “Caucasian Scholar.”

This potentially confusing language pattern of “adjective/noun, noun/noun, adjective/adjective and noun/adjective” possibility is probably something that should be looked at, at least in the English language, though it is probably inevitable and I would certainly be surprised if this pattern didn't formulate in nature as well.

Thinking just broadly, I might ask whether you live in the universe or if the universe is a product and/or projection of your brain and it lives in you. Continuing to think broadly, I might ask you about the concept of worth and an item's ability to have two or more perceived worths simultaneously; a hairpin's worth may be in the millions to someone who knows its history but may be worth jackshit to someone who knows nothing about it. So many things fall unspoken upon the ears of the English reader.

When the water turned cold I declared I had had enough and left immediately. Drying myself I noticed that my cellular device had received some messages. They were as follows:

669-8488: Headed home, can I sleep with you tonight? :]

234-3938: When are you going to visit?

Just as I had finished reading the messages, a sound came through a walkie-talkie in my bedroom. It was Sara and Dave, letting me know of their current status.

Walkie #1: Spooker, do you read me?

Walkie #2: What, Dave?

Walkie #1: I'm going to sleep, I think Sara is too.

Walkie #1: Yeah I'm going to sleep, too.

Walkie #1: Give me it back!

Walkie #1: Here, God.

Walkie #1: Yeah, going to sleep. If you don't hear from me tomorrow, then the rumors are true.

Walkie #2: What rumors?

Walkie #1: That if you go inside the Spookhouse, you can never leave...

Walkie #2: Go to sleep Dave.

A moment later Lynne walked through the door, and it was visually obvious that she was tired from her shift and ready for bed.

Sitting at the table and eating something before we went to rest together, she looked at a piece of mail and said “This phone bill is too expensive.” I took it from her and saw just how expensive a family plan was.

“You know, my offer still stands,” I said. “What offer?,” she inquired. “Let me take nude photos of you, I’ll pay you ten bucks for each one.” She slapped my shoulder and laughed. Then she thought. That’s when you know you have them, when after they initially laugh, they pause and stare.

“Does my face have to be in the photos?,” she asked. “Nope,” I replied, “but recently I’ve come across a collection of exotic clothing that now must be a part of the contract,” I finished.

A large portion of the night had me show Lynne the old box of the classic pornstar’s wardrobe I had received from the storage unit owner. She looked through them and each article of clothing seemed to fit her. “Well, she was definitely my size,” Lynne laughed.

When after she had asked me “Which one do you want me to wear first?” I’m sure my eyes lit up. I went to her and then to the box and picked an outfit, then gave it to her, and she took it into the bathroom.

There was a long while I had to wait until she finally came out in the outfit, though when she came out she was hunched over and her face was hidden, all from what I would figure out later was embarrassment. As she walked over to me laughing with a deep voice, she passed me by and sat on the edge of the bed.

The thin quiet white transparent fabric covered her feet to her mid-thighs where it ended in lacy flowers. At the start of her waist reaching to her breasts was a small piece of clothing that hung tight to her body; it was mostly white with little red hearts, a small “V” opening coming down from the top, and little flowery flaps coming out from the top near her breasts. Thin but strong straps held the top to the bottom portion which covered most of her legs, and her upper thigh and buttocks were completely exposed. On her hands, too, I noticed fake red nails.

After she noticed that I hadn’t said a word, she became shy and hid herself under the blanket. I sat down on the bed as well and found the outline of her shoulders and rubbed at them, “I still need to take a picture.” She peeped out her face from under the cover and asked again if she could hide her face, to which I said yes. And finally she removed the blanket but stayed on the bed and put her hands to her face.

After I took out my cellular device and started to hold it in a fashion of taking her picture, she began moving her body and leaned onto her side and all the time covering

her face, then pressured me into quickly taking a photograph. After the camera focused, I took the picture and she heard the snap of the device and then asked me if it was over. Indeed it was. That moment created the starlytte, in which she was the sin and the muse, and to every man's daisy his dahlia; the artist nonexistent within me wanted to call that moment a bonding of souls, but the honesty within me can label it no more than perversion.

I went and got her a Hamilton. Then she loosened up and decided to stay in the outfit for just a few minutes more, though I could tell she still wasn't entirely comfortable in the attire. When she finally took it off, she dressed into "Mysterious Clouds." She was cherry grape.

She went through all about the apartment in the morning dark doing many things on her own and each time I saw her I thought of the picture she posed for and the outfit she wore while she did so. And I thought of all the other outfits in that box that she may or may not wear while I took more photos of her. And finally I thought to myself, "She is a mortal dream."

November 11th, 1973

Had a show today. But who cares, that was boring. What was exciting was the party we all went to after. Some rich designer who is half German and half Australian invited all us boys to his home and said his pool and backyard were ours. So many guys came up to me asking if I was black or spanish. By far the most common icebreaker for me. Either that or "you wanna do some metro." I like the second icebreaker waaaay better and someone actually did break the ice with me with that. I didn't get his name but I got his high. I saw him backstage at the show but didn't have time to talk to him. And ugh. I just reminded myself of Bruce. A 35 year-old man so blatantly hitting on a 17 year-old boy while we all prepped ourselves for the catwalk. Look, I know I talk loud and I act as loud as I talk, but I do have some hours at a community college and the only class I took any interest in was sociology. And you know what's so disgusting about pedophilia? Sure when we SEE it it manifests itself in our understanding as something to observe physically, basically a more mature person with an immature person, BUT what really repulses me is not the difference in age but the gross difference in intellect which almost always leads to manipulation! ANYWAY, the only thing I remember after doing those lines was the sound of booming base from the music and a bunch of water splashes from the pool. Half of the guys were fucking and the other half were currently indisposed. I don't even think I ever saw the host. If I did I hope I was nice to him. I hope I blew him or let him put it in my ass or something. I probably would have remembered that tho. The

currency of sex. You can go a long way being nice in this city.

In the middle of the night while she slept at my side watching television, I remembered a dream due to what was currently on the television. Two persons walking through snowy woods.

They had not yet encountered the musings of their serial killer, Sid, or who they would later call the “Bat-man,” but detective January Levinson and her partner, detective Jeremy Watson, would indeed encounter the musings of a singular killer. They had been called in by their precinct to investigate a homicide that occurred deep within forest woods that were covered in heavy snow.

As they walked to the scene in sub-zero temperatures, which may have been about a mile and a half out, they conversed on the topic of realistic crime shows versus unrealistic crime shows.

“But most death investigations conclude in learning that it was either a; gang-related, or b; a crime of passion, for example, a wife killing her husband in a jealous fit of rage,” Jeremy stated. “People will get tired of those, and I have to believe that there are some exceptions to the rule somewhere,” January replied. “And there are, but if your hopes are to one day chase a serial killer, forget about it,” Jeremy finished.

Continuing their walk into the frozen woods, they could both look ahead and see twilight on the horizon through all the dead cold trees.

“I’ll admit, a serial killer who secretly creates a serial killing franchise and employs other serial killers to meet a killing quota every quarter is interesting. I even like the business-like concept of the company 'growing' and them needing to buy a large freezer room for all the bodies. But the only reason I even entertain the idea is because it's so crazy it made me pause. At large, these fictional television shows and movies try to compensate so much for the boredom of actual death investigation that they end up boring me with how unrealistic they are,” continued Jeremy. “So you're telling me you would rather watch a show about a detective investigating a corner store robbery and all his paperwork than a show about a detective who is investigating a killer with a perverted mind? Is this what you are telling me?,” asked January. Jeremy paused, “How much paperwork?” “Enough to slow the pace of the show,” answered Jan. Jeremy thought and walked, “Well, honestly, I wouldn't want to watch either.” “Well there you have it,” answered Jan, “our work is too boring to be filmed, but so interesting that most popular television shows center on us.”

At sundown they found the flicking of the red and blue police lights and sequentially their crime scene. The victim of the killer appeared to be a woman in her late thirties.

As the duo approached the body, a police officer met with them and told them of the

news. “The husband confessed to the murder, we're booking him now.” Before the cop could turn away, January asked if they got the reason why she was murdered. “She laughed at his pay-increase,” he sighed.

As Jeremy and January walked back through the snow-filled woods, the old detective made a comment to the young detective, “Sometimes the concept of death investigation is as simple as the murder itself. And as boring, too,” he laughed.

What Jeremy Watson said to Jan made me ponder more on the evolution of death investigations throughout human history. How much investigations have changed, and proportionately, how much murder has changed in the same respect. For the two have been dancing with each other since the earliest humans, and it seems that the murder has always taken lead.

The train of these thoughts brought me back to the idea of asking questions, which of course is vital to any investigation, death, scientific, ethical, etc. Matter and human perception may influence the types of questions we ask, but so does time. Hundreds of years ago you would never have asked or heard the question “Where are you?” Well, not a lot anyway... But today, this is a common question. One of the most common. Simply because communication has changed over time to allow us to communicate with someone over great distances.

So is the same in the way we ask “Who are you?” With the rise of DNA, the study of psychology and the texts of philosophy, we ask that question in a new way. With interest in human history through anthropology, the question “What are you?” has been changed. Through developed awareness and constant observation of matter, we ask “When are you?” differently. “Why are you?” has been re-sculptured by the concept of religion and the numerous amount of religions that populate the human spirit. And with science in general, we have attempted to answer the question “How are you?” each and every day.

These are a few of the old questions in their most simple of forms. And the thing about the old questions is that they themselves never change, it's why they are so old and live eternally, but them who ask these questions change with every generation.

September 22nd, 2009

Everything was stolen. My computer. My web-cam. My outfits. My toys. The worst of it was I had to go back to the pool and ask/beg for my spot back, which was one of the most humiliating experiences I've ever had. Not because I had to ask/beg, but because of what I had to do to get my spot back after it had been filled. Now not only does he have power over me, I've pissed off another poolie. I don't know if I can do this again for a whole damn year and save up enough to buy my own equipment again. Everything that I

worked so hard for in the past year is just gone. I have no way of getting it back. Who would help me? Not anyone here. I wonder if Mrs. Lee saw anyone enter my apartment. FUCK. There is only one girl here who I would actually consider a friend, everyone else is just concerned with being on top of you. I'm going in tomorrow for my evening/night shift of six hours. Some of my fans will be happy to see that I am back I guess, but they will probably wonder what happened to my new place. I wonder if I told them the truth, if they would feel sorry for me and be more generous with their tips? The one thing I've always had over most of the other girls is that I've built a fanbase that is more like a community and my fans know me more personally and intimately than the others. That really is the secret to any success I've had. Being open and honest about what is going on my life. That and my face. I guess the way my body looks in the clothes these guys buy me doesn't hurt either. I so wish I could cam in my own apartment. It would have made the experience of allowing these people into my personal life more real. I swear to God if I find out who stole all of my shit, there will be hell to pay. And not the firey hell, the ice hell.

Chapter 86

ISSUE #1

2:3:9:86

I have spoken to you mostly truth, but this would not have been possible had I not been given a literary mask. Through words I have concealed my face, and this mystery of identity has allowed me to relay the most intimate of details.

In my estimation, there are at least two kinds of evil; an evil with morality, principality and ideality, which is often found in revolutionaries and terrorists alike, or people with claims of wanting to change the world, and if they are evil, they will never realize it; then there is Dice and the evil that is absent of any of these qualities or properties, an evil without reason, and always this evil is aware of itself.

And yet Dice aware of his own evil has given to me abilities for conflict. Why? I remember that he told me that there are always wars in places that have not, and never wars in places that have. Always a conflict in a third world country, but never one in a first world country. Why?

Dice is certainly no revolutionary and he has not given me such ability for revolution. If I know anything about Dice, it's that he wants me to add to the fire.

After I last saw him, I left that room changed. A fog that I cannot control surrounds me, sometimes it is only dispersed in feet, sometimes miles. Often I find domino scars on my body never knowing how they got there. I am not sure what is happening to me.

On the thesis of heroes and villains where transmutation through doctrine is concerned, I have done a sort of mental character study. How do good people become bad, and how do bad, good.

One of the oldest tales in storytelling history is of one being's soulful journey through a plain to find a new world. Countless characters in literature have embarked on this journey, but my study will be centered on Roceisious, who traveled through the plain of Oceidicious to find his new world and himself transformed at the end.

During Roceisious's journey through Oceidicious, there is a motif that details his unwillingness to further investigate how his actions will unravel in the lives of others. To put it simply and plainly, I will introduce a quote from Roceisious himself in his final soliloquy: I know in my heart that I have caused the pain of many, but alas I have avoided that certain important question, for avoiding that certain important question keeps you one step removed from any ethical or moral responsibility.

An example of that "certain important question" is when Roceisious develops a tool that may potentially be used to kill many, but when he develops the tool to sell to his traders, he does not ask them what they will use the tool for. Therefore, he believes himself to be morally and ethically free of any responsibility in the way they may or may

not use the tool that he himself developed.

In this process of thinking, one permits evil to enter the world. Roceisious is aware of this but throughout his journey continues to evade that certain important question as he opens the portals for evil to permeate. In consequence, Roceisious is ultimately observed to be a character who was neutrally good, but turned bad, because in his beginnings he is not conscious of the important question.

To provide a bit of historical context to the literature, there was a copycat villainess whom I'd met only a few days ago who told me of the selected names in that period. She mentioned how basically all names chosen ended in the suffix "ious," because the people of that time period believed in unique beginnings but a shared ending; death. They claimed that you could not see how your own life began but you could see how it would unfold and inevitably ended in death.

Roceisious may have had it fixed in his mind that he could not redeem himself and finally ask that question which would make him morally and ethically responsible for his actions, for it was very difficult to change one's fate. With the idea of "ious" and the personality trait of weakness that he subscribed too, I'm sure he truly believed he was incapable of redemption.

The villainess's name is Invee, and I am on my way to see her now. When I get into her apartment she begins to tell me about a meeting she had yesterday.

I know of Invee because of her ability to hack vulnerabilities of digital systems, and someone else must've known this too as this was the reason for their visit. Spies sat her down and asked her to hack into a government system, and when she asked why her efforts were needed, they did not answer. Instead they took her by force, coercing her by threatening her family, and finally she did what they wanted her to.

Without detection she was able to make copies of what she stole from the government, copies which I am reading over now.

POFQBSJNO+ETTJGZMK_

UGJR+HT+B+UNQ(MDWDM+POFQBSJNO+UN+AF+QTU+JM+ZDSJNO+JM+SID
+SIHSC+PVZSSFQ+NG+UGJR+XFZS[+AFFJMOHOF+HO+UGF+UGJQE+RTBQU
DS}
+VF+XHMK+RUZSS+CFOMNZHOF+NVQ+MFV+BJSZ(XHED+MFSXNSJ+HOESZ
TSSTDSVQF+DZMKFC+?6F}?
+SIHT+QQPBFRT+XHMK+NOKZ+UZLD+0[4+LPMUGT+VMUHM+JS+HT+GTM
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+B+WHSTT+XHMK+AF+EHTOFQTDE+JMUN+SID+BJSZ+XGFQF+JS+VJKM+JM
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 DZ(BSU29}?
 +HT+EDTHHMFC+SP+JMGDDS+ZU+MDBRU+3[9+QDPOMD+ZOC+HT+JMUDO
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 +DWDO+NNSD+HNOPQUZOSMX}
 +DZVRF+UGF+DNNLVMJSZ+UN+EFZS+BME+TDFJ+UBBDHOZUHPM[+UGJR+
 KFZER+TT+UN+SID+EJMBK+RUDQ+PE+CVRLEBKM!
 +SID+UBBDHOZUHPMT+FZDG+QFRJCFMU+HDUR+VJKM+JMDKVCF+B+OZO
 NNZDGJMF+XGJBI+DZO+CD+BPMUQPKMDE+CX+SID+4H+ODUVPQL[+HG+U
 GJR+NQDSZUHPM+HT+TTDBFRTEVK}
 +JS+VJKM+CD+NVQ+EJQTS+RUDQ+UNXZSCT+UNUZM+DHUHADO+PAFCJD
 OBF[

The problem, as she told me I would run into, was decrypting this information. I spent hours looking at it, studying it, using various resources until finally I solved it.

OPERATION DUSKFALL:

THIS IS A TOP-LEVEL OPERATION TO BE PUT IN ACTION IN THE THIRD QUARTER OF THIS YEAR. BEGINNING IN THE THIRD QUARTER, WE WILL START DEPLOYING OUR NEW CITY-WIDE NETWORK INFRASTRUCTURE CALLED "5G," THIS PROCESS WILL ONLY TAKE 1.5 MONTHS UNTIL IT IS FULLY DEPLOYED AND UP AND RUNNING TO PROVIDE SERVICE TO THE ENTIRE CITY. IN THE FOURTH QUARTER, A VIRUS WILL BE DISPERSED INTO THE CITY WHERE IT WILL INFECT AT LEAST THREE PEOPLE. THIS VIRUS, CALLED "CA-CRV10," IS DESIGNED TO INFECT AT LEAST 2.8 PEOPLE AND IS INTENDED TO GROW EXPONENTIALLY WITHIN 0.5 MONTHS. WHILE THE VIRUS SPREADS, WE HAVE EMPLOYED CERTAIN MEDIA OUTLETS TO CAUSE CHAOS AND CONFUSION TO FURTHER SPREAD THE VIRUS AND TO, EVEN MORE IMPORTANTLY, CAUSE THE COMMUNITY TO FEAR AND SEEK VACCINATION. THIS LEADS US TO THE FINAL STEP OF DUSKFALL; THE VACCINATIONS EACH RESIDENT GETS WILL INCLUDE A NANOMACHINE WHICH CAN BE CONTROLLED BY THE 5G NETWORK. IF THIS OPERATION IS

SUCCESSFUL, IT WILL BE OUR FIRST STEP TOWARDS TOTAL CITIZEN OBEDIENCE.

Duskfall? I remember Dice telling me of an individual named Dusk, and I wonder if this Dusk has anything to do with Operation Duskfall...

Senator Dusk: When the dusk settles, visibility lowers.

The middle school students looked on in terror as Dave and FKII walked toward the Spookhouse, of which was deemed the very portal to a horrifying hell. “You my nigga, Kane,” Dave said. Looking over at Dave, Kane spoke, “I know,” he said softly.

When the pair got to the abandoned apartment that previously was a cemetery for many bodies, they first noticed the boarded up doors, then the paneless windows. Kane helped Dave climb through into the apartment through the window, and soon after Dave gave Kane a hand in lifting him up into it as well. As Sara, Dam, Christy, Pattie and Gun looked on, it was momentarily the last they saw of their friends.

Inside the dark apartment Dave and Kane did not smell the terrible smell they anticipated, instead they smelled nothing and saw the leaving behinds of policework.

Slowly, the two advanced into the portal of hell but saw nothing that would actually lead to it. “You see,” Dave said lowly, “nothing to be afraid of.” “What do you think is up there?,” Kane inquired, and the two went up to a higher level which seemed to be as unexceptional as the lower one. And mostly, it was, but Kane spotted a table in a corner which on its surface had the carvings of a chess board on it. “Did you see that?,” Dave asked quickly. “See what?” “...Nevermind.”

When Kane and Dave reached the table, Kane blew all of the dust off of it, and when the dust settled, Kane began to speak about comicbooks and two separate games.

“Have you ever read the first issue of Dawn?,” Kane asked. “No, is it good?” “It’s okay. But in the first issue, the theme of the battle between light and dark are set. It’s usually tied to the object of dominoes. But later on there are two other types of games mentioned, Chess and Tetris.” “Why those?” “It’s mainly because the concept of the hook exists in both. In Tetris, there is a piece that fits in as a hook pattern, in Chess there is a piece that moves in a hook pattern. In the first issue, both games are played and studied by a chemist. Any guesses why?,” Kane asked. Dave paused to think, then answered momentarily, “...Change?” And Kane was surprised that Dave answered correctly, for his following words otherwise would have been “Because a chemist studies changes in matter, and the hook could geometrically symbolize change in direction and philosophically symbolize change in a person,” but alas these were not his following

words, and instead they were “Yes, you're right.” And a surprised but confused smile grew on Kane's face.

As the two ended their conversation on Chess and Tetris, Dave remarked something to Kane, “You are the strangest sixth grader I know,” and the two exited the Spookhouse.

Upon the light of day the pair noticed the changed atmosphere. When they got outside the sky was completely clouded in cloudy gray skies. It looked as if in a moment it were about to rain, but as they walked toward the backside of the church, no rain ever fell.

At the otherside of the church, Kane and Dave found the others preparing an event in the alley. Sara, whom was the closest to them, told them about how Dam Son and Gun Ho were about to race eachother to see who was faster.

“Dam said Gun was failing P.E. because he's not athletic at all,” Sara stated. Way down the alley Dam and Gun were lining up to race to Sara who would signal the winner. Back at the starting line was Christy, who would drop her hands when it was time to begin, and just adjacent to the runners was Pattie, who observed their feet to make sure no false starts polluted the competition.

“Three... Two.. One. Go!” And the feet shuffled upon the small rocks of the alley. Thirty yards from the finish line Dam Son took a slight advantage in the campaign as all the other middle-schoolers looked on.

It was a stormy day but with no rain, where in the Philippines, Chin Tu Phat had recently become a widow. Before her late husband had passed, he had promised her that a man was coming from out of the country to take care of her and her two-year old son, Dam.

Standing on an unpaved street in the province of Lanao del Sur with Dam Son, Suhm Yung Guy came along and told her that he was the man her late husband had spoke of. He packed her things into a small vehicle and started for the edge of the city, where together she and her son were to be issued a new life.

Fifteen yards from the finish line, Gun Ho had closed the small gap created by his stepbrother and the contest was once again even. In only a matter of seconds, one of them would be declared the victor.

It was again a stormy day with no rain, and in the world's own prison a friend of Suhm Yung Guy's met with him in silence. The man pleaded with Guy to take his son to America and away from the confines of Korea. Guy, who for so long had lived his life in the aid of others, did not allow this moment of begging to be an exception. He took Gun Ho and introduced him to his new brother, and then the family made plans for the Americas.

At the finish line, Sara, Dave and Kane watched on eagerly as the two were preparing to cross the finish line. Their feet still quickened they both seemed to cross the finish line

at exactly the same time. As they stopped and looked to Sara for the verdict, Sara could only show a confused look as she asked her brother and Kane for what they thought. Kane and Dave also could not decide on who crossed first. Therefore, afterwards, as Pattie and Christy walked up to them, it was confirmed as a draw.

Dam Son was not pleased, but Gun Ho was not entirely dissatisfied by the tie, for to his brother he said “Since we're even, I basically win because that means I'm as athletic as you.”

After the race, and after the stormy weather became stormier, the seven had decided to begin walking home, and when the others asked what Kane and Dave found in the home, and what it was like, they both spoke about how it wasn't scary at all. That it was mostly just empty.

I've just come back to my apartment building after visiting my parents' home, and currently I stand on the corner of an intersection on the odd-numbered parallel.

I am thinking of dark saints in Los Angeles. Or well, I had been, until I became a witness to a nearby traffic accident. A vehicle driving straight had been hit by another vehicle driving perpendicular to it, which caused the hit vehicle to hook a left for several yards in basically a ninety-degree fashion.

After the vehicle came to a halt, both drivers exited their vehicle and it appeared that no one was critically injured. I crossed to the other road to finally find my home.

Something came to me in my mind as I entered my apartment building. It was the notion that nothing in the natural world, or nothing naturally occurring, ever came in the form of ninety degrees. An example that comes to mind is a rock traveling in outer space; never would it naturally turn at ninety degrees. Though I am not sure if this is entirely correct, I suppose it makes a bit of sense.

If something were indeed to move sharply ninety degrees, such as that rock, it might be evidence of something influencing its movements. Most likely a physical force, or in the case of the vehicular accident, a car. In the same regard, or in the same terms, something that is structured at ninety degrees may be evidence that it was created and not formed naturally if it is true that there is nothing in our world that is natural and ninety degrees. The principle, or concept, of ninety degrees seems to implicate an outside influence or an outside creator. This also seems to feed the idea that nothing involving change is able to operate completely on its own.

When I finally stepped into my apartment I was reminded of that dream with encryption. Again of that dream of Roceisious, but not of Roceisious himself, instead another old character: Derecisious. He too traveled through the perils of Oceidicious, and much like the other, had a method to avoid any moral blame: For all the evil he committed, he countered it with doing a daily amount of good. For any person he killed,

he fed an entire starving family. For anything he stole, he gave compliments to the unassured.

In modern times you can find modern-day Roceisious and Derecious; for criminal lawyers do not ask certain questions and civil lawyers do certain works for free.

Who bears the weight of conceiving the atom bomb? Were some questions avoided? Was it an evil act that came with some sides of good? The contour of this moral responsibility...

Inside my apartment Lynne was playing a game on her phone. For some reason she went about the business of asking me where I lived when I was seven. I thought about the question and then finally answered "San Rashida." I learned that the day before she had visited my parents' home and found evidence of this, and then told me that she too lived in San Rashida when she was about seven. For a few minutes we talked about how we may have passed eachother on the street and never realized the pedigree.

When came the night Lynne made several hints about her large phone bill, and finally I asked her bluntly if she wanted to do more photoshoots. She was so painfully shy about asking me directly.

She gave me the option of choosing what she would wear, but seeing her shyness I told her instead it was her option, and so as I watched her go through the box of erotic clothes, I waited in anticipation what she would wear for me.

Except I couldn't see; in a very secretive fashion she turned her back toward me and hugged the clothes all the way to my bathroom to change out of Moonbeam.

August 17th, 1968

Apparently in this business, the businessman I met a while back is called a "dark saint." And apparently I will never be seeing him again, which is weird because he is really the only person I know about all of this. I guess that's not entirely true now, because I've met the man who is supposedly paying for all my endeavors. I also met his secretary, Alana, but she's not important. Ugh, secretaries. She's too dumb to realize she's supposed to be sad. I have to say though, the meeting with Mr. Morley, my "everything," was really weird. He gave off such strange vibes. I'm not saying he was a rapist or anything, but the feeling I got from him was a feeling I've never gotten from any other man, which I guess can be a good thing or a bad thing. When I walked into his room he looked me up and down and commented on how gorgeous I was. I was expecting that. What I wasn't expecting was how only a moment after he asked me to take off my top, and then my pants. As I got undressed, I joked and asked if this was the interview, and all he did was laugh. When I was just in my bra and panties, he got on his phone and seemed

to phone someone who was a physician. Only a moment later a man walked into the room and asked if I was the one. Morley said yes. Morley then looked at me and told me that the man who just entered the room was a physician and that he was going to be checking my skin for certain conditions. I just smiled and said okay. The next few minutes had him rubbing up and down my body. I became a bit uncomfortable when he started checking my bum, and then even more uncomfortable when he began to squeeze my breasts. I just assume he was checking for conditions, but what does this have to do with beauty competitions? Are they making sure I'm not a liability? I don't know, whatever. The entire time, Morley just sat at his desk looking at us. I wouldn't be surprised if he was one of those guys who liked to watch rather than touch, to be honest. After he finished he said he didn't find any concerning signs and I got dressed. I'm supposed to be back there in a week to really start my career, so we'll see how it goes! I feel so ambitious and I now see that up until a little while ago I was living a life without a drive...

When she returned to me I was entranced. And I know in her mind she knew she had the upperhand because of the way I looked at her.

She came out like a dream; much like the attire from before, her legs were covered in a silky fabric but this one ended at the top of her thighs in a flowery end, where it was attached again by straps to a piece of lacy clothing at her waistline. Unlike the other, this fabric exposed her privates in full. Also unlike the other, there was no top but instead just a white flowery and lacy brassiere. Around her body was a large piece of cloth with sleeves that went from her shoulders to her feet that would flow if given to wind. The final piece was a blonde wig that went from her head to her shoulders.

After walking in a way that I could not see her privates, she laid down on the bed still concealed. I took out my cellular device and proceeded to take a photograph. After the picture, she turned around and for a snapshot of a second I saw her intimately, but soon she was gone to change again for the second photo.

This time she came out much quicker, and a part of me believed there was a slow confidence growing in her.

There was very little clothing to this one; simple **black** string panties which on the backside was a large black bow. There was also a **gold** necklace which went around her neck.

For this one, she knew exactly what I wanted as she posed against the wall with her backside toward me, featuring her bum. After the picture, she turned around and walked toward me, holding out her hand. I reached into my pockets and placed in her hand a Jackson. As she walked away she slid her hand across my crotch and vanished. I never

saw her again, but I assume she went back into my bathroom to change and then to her apartment for the night. I was teased, left hardened, but in my possession were photos of her. And yet three were not enough for my insatiable desire for her. Oh, L, fire I have forgotten, passionate evenings I have forgotten. I looked to you for memories of the formette, but how does one make up for a decade of lost photos.

April 12th

Men who can never see who is conning them while they're at work. They're so focused on their cunning that they don't pay attention to someone who might be conning them. A few months ago I conned two men because that's exactly how they behaved. They would have never suspected someone so unassuming as me to leave them high and dry. The other night my number was called and I was to escort a young man to a charity event. There I met a bunch of high-profile fancy people, and if I was ten years younger I would have been in awe and aspired to be like them, but ten years later I know my place in the world. After we left the party we returned to his hotel room and I found out he was from out of town. We had sex and right after he went to take a shower. For some reason he told me to stay, I guess he wanted seconds. As he showered I stared at his keys and his wallet on the table. If he weren't from out of town, I wonder if I could have made copies of his keys and then find out where he lived. When no one was home it would have been easy money for me. This would only work with someone who lived near. Maybe I'll try it next time. I need to find a place where I can buy those clay pads. I also need to find out how to find out their addresses. There must be some kind of sign-up process or registration on a website or at the office. I wish I knew a hacker. I bet these guys have some expensive things in their homes. I'm going to look for all the hidden valuables... And speaking of expensive things, I have to watch out for any wives or girlfriends they may have...

Most times any ideas I have come from my dreams. There was a dream I had when I was going up in an elevator, and the ride up was so long and so many floors I had a rifle of ideas along the way. There I was, standing, in an elevator, thinking.

And as I went up in the elevator I thought on things perceptive alike. The likes of objectivity and subjectivity. I thought to myself, "If a rock is governed by gravity and a human is governed by gravity, one can begin to draw parallels and base assumptions, though not conclusions. And one might assume that it is possible a person's life is worth, under terms of objectivity, no more than a rock." But I also thought to myself, "How can we talk about objectivity if all we know is subjectivity?" Think about this. The universe

is encrypted. It's why we still haven't come to a complete understanding of it. We have yet to decode all of its mysteries. However, we have developed some natural custom keys in understanding the message. We've developed senses. We've developed a form of consciousness. We've even developed external tools, such as many scientific instruments, to help us perceive what we cannot perceive naturally. But, despite these custom keys, we can never label them as objective keys, which means our understanding and use of these naturally custom keys remains subjective. We have yet to obtain an objective key for the encrypted message that is the universe.

That is to say, a message that is translated from a complex language to a simple language may not be translated all that well and may not retain the full meaning held in the original language.

By the end of all of these thoughts, the elevator door opened and before me there was no platform to step out onto. I was just there, looking down at the Earth, not even questioning how any of this was possible.

You know, a very difficult concept to decrypt is morality and the properties of good and evil. In fact, it is so difficult to decode, we have employed numerous institutions to help in its understanding. We have law, which helps to maintain the order of a force we understand very little. We have religion, which helps to study the very nature of this force. We have statistics, which through numbers and patterns and science, helps to deter evil and replicate good. But despite our efforts, we have shown little progress in the ongoing war of good versus evil. Perhaps this is best illustrated by the character of Roceisious, who has escaped the verdict of evil on a technicality.

Sometime in the early morning when it was still dark out, I looked out of my window to find Dave's friend, Kane, reading a comic near Lynne's garden. A nearby light seemed to give him the option of reading clearly.

And then he did something interesting. He began cutting through certain pages the shape of large letters. It was hard to see what exactly he was cutting out, but most of the letters I was indeed able to see and recognize. Of the letters I clearly saw him cut were as follows: S, A, A, R, H. And from this, I could see that he intended to spell out "SARAH."

Chapter 87

VINYL VIOLET SKY

2:3:9:87

WHEN one suddenly becomes aware that they are dreaming, often they undertake the exploitation of two things; that is experimentation, and to explore. And what are the differences between experimenting and exploring in reality as opposed to in the dream? Perhaps in reality, the imagination is limited by the respective mind, but in a dream is given the dreamer a muse of one thousand reveries.

The moment Lynne and I stepped outside into the yard I saw her hair flow with the wind the same way the brown leaves flew through the air. Along with the wind, which came not too cool nor too warm but a temperature relaxing, was a darkness in the night that was alleviated only by a violet sky.

As we walked further into the yard, just over the wooden fence my mind saw in the distance a tiny city skyline in song that was not actually there, and this was only an example of the creativity she inspired within me.

Once she had laid out onto the grass the thick blanket she was carrying, she looked at me and made a presenting gesture, saying “Come lay with me.”

After I had laid down on my side facing her, she knelt down and gently pushed me onto my back, where afterward she sat down on me, our waists and legs aligned but she still upright and facing away from me so I could see her back.

Now came a moment of passing wind where the violet sky made a contrast against her flowing hair and the leaves on bushes and trees rustled slightly in our presence. It was a sound I think we both enjoyed the same way we both enjoyed quiet nights.

I placed my hands on the top of her thighs and soon after she interlocked her fingers into mine, and slowly she dictated the movement of the both of us stretching out our bonded arms, then slowly she leaned back into my body.

After she had gently laid the back of her head onto my body, she again dictated the motion of our arms to come back inward to cause a sort of embrace; my arms wrapped around her torso as hers rested on top of them.

As the wind blew I felt her body melt into mine, her bottom rested snugly onto my pelvis and the skin of my arms were delicately nested between the skin of her torso and her arms. The feeling of bare contact I think soothed the both of us and was multiplied by the calming wind.

“You feel good,” I said softly. “You feel good,” she replied emphasizing her first word. We were within eachother and could not be without.

At that moment our bodies became a dream and we were to eachother a muse of one thousand reveries. We wanted nothing less than to experiment and explore eachother, and

what difference is there between a scientist who experiments with the universe or an artist who explores the body of their subject? In both there is such an intimacy so driven by curiosity that fuels inquisitor and muse alike.

The next movement was dictated by me; I leaned forward and sat up with my arms still wrapped around her and her bottom was now on the thick blanket. Our legs now spread, the both of us upright, I pressed my skin against hers and placed my chin on her shoulder. With my body so firmly pressed against her, I freed one arm, and with that hand I slowly rose up her torso, passed underneath her top, then felt her left breast. She met my curious hand with her own and placed it atop it and followed the form of my hand as I gently squeezed repeatedly. A few seconds later I could feel her excited nipple brush the palm of my hand.

After I removed my hand from the inside of her top, and after she fixed her top, I dictated the movement once more by leaning the both of us forward into a stretching position.

For a moment everything was still as we were both in a forward-leaned position, but the moment we leaned backward, a breeze of wind followed and a swarm of brown leaves flew our way. One got stuck in Lynne's hair and I believe she also tasted one due to her spitting sounds. As I pulled the one out of her hair, she turned around while still sitting to face me.

After a moment there was something in her face and I could tell there was something she either wanted to say or ask. I stared at her, and without any words my face told her to proceed.

"Have you ever loved anyone else?," she asked. "What do you mean?," I asked. "You know, like this..." The question was still confusing to me, but eventually I answered.

"I have liked some people, and in the moment even thought I was in love, but afterwards and thinking back on those times, I would have to find another word for how I felt then." "Another word?," she asked. "There was a feeling for them but if how I feel for you now is what love truly is, I didn't feel love for them," I answered.

She moved closer to me, pillering her hands into the ground and raising her hips then her legs, and then carefully placing them around my body in a wrapping way. She then moved her face forward into my neck and said almost into me, "I used to think I was just jaded. Like I couldn't fall in love. But I met you and I immediately realized that I wasn't just jaded, I just needed your love, and I needed you to love me the way that you do." "How do I love you?," I asked. She smiled, as if it were her heart's desire to tell me. "Out of order, intense, we started our tale in the deep end," she answered.

She removed her face from me and kissed me on the cheek, then leaned backwards onto the blanket, and with her legs still wrapped around me she lifted herself back up.

When she was fully raised she brought her face to mine and kissed me, then leaned backwards onto the ground once more. Raising again, she kissed me when her face got to mine, and she did this several more times as I held her sides.

On the final kiss, her lips left mine more slowly than the previous kisses and you could hear a wet sound as they departed.

I felt her move her curious right hand down my thigh and soon she slowly entered from the top of my shorts into my shorts themselves. It did not take much time for her to feel the entirety of my excited penis. As she rubbed back and forth I moved my face towards her to kiss her and our tongues met in a sensually curious way.

The next time the wind blew a serene touch, or the leaves rustled a quiet song, or the violet sky dispersed a white cloud, my mouth was on her right breast and we were engaged physically and psychologically. The tightness of her vagina had gripped, secured and made snugly fit the fullness of my enlarged penis. And as we both dictated our movements in a fashion so innate, in a manner so frank, in a form so candid, we both came upon a great release of passion and desire and bliss. In each other we found a piece of land to call home.

After we had dressed back into what we were in before, we laid on the blanket facing each other, and we were connected in all the old ways mystery has connected the galaxies.

“You make me feel good,” she said softly. “You make me feel good,” I replied emphasizing my third word. She smiled, slowly climbed onto me placing her body on mine, then rested the side of her face on my chest, and I placed my arms around her as she melted into me one final time.

It seems exploration can be like the experiment of conversing two different languages against each other. You may not understand what you see at first, but there is a subtle learning that occurs in the brain. And when that mystery is solved, the speakers can communicate under a body of languages.

CAM00112: A long stretch of road that covers the town from end to end shows many vehicles and many pedestrians and many storefronts. In the distance can be seen the likes of Bowbat being played.

CAM04000: Vehicles headed eastward come whipping down the road as seen from a camera attached to a trafficlight.

CAM00045: A man is shown walking out of a store named “Food PLUS” carrying two bags and one cigarette in between his fingers.

CAM00183: In front of the church could be read the sign which reads “Your riches have rotted and your garments have become moth-eaten.” Several minutes of monitoring this camera would eventually show the conclusion of a church session.

CAM00781: A handful of schoolchildren can be seen exiting West Chester

Elementary as the schoolday was finally over.

On a Friday the thirteenth past the hour of daylight, FKII peered out of the window of the Spookhouse and noticed someone walking toward the abandoned building. Of this place was there the lore of a set of twins who patrolled the forgotten neighborhood at night, and so when FKII pointed him out to the others, and after they themselves saw the figure walking closer toward them, a freight came across and caused them all to run down the stairs and out of the abandoned building forever.

Each of the seven children could be seen busting out of the first floor door as the figure continued to approach them in through the darkness, and as each child got closer to the sanctuary of the abandoned church, the figure began to slowly disappear until it was no longer visible altogether.

“Was that Rigor Mortis?!” Sara cried out. All the others were still too struck to reply. But as Gun Ho went to the window of the church to check on the current status of the possible Rigor Mortis, he assured them that he was gone and a calm came across that caused them to settle down. Once his breath was caught, Kane addressed an earlier question from Sara, “He was moving too fast to be Rigor Mortis, I think it was Algor Mortis.”

While peering out of the window, Ho noticed a small piece of writing near the window ledge, which read when looked at very closely, “tall white skinny dude.” He had no idea in what reference this was to, and didn't bother telling any of the others.

After ten minutes, the group felt that maybe it was perhaps safe to venture outside again and decided to go to their favorite spot which was the outside backend of the church. There they found their seats and the familiarity that came from home.

On the subject of home, each of the kids found themselves talking about their parents' professions. For Dam Son and Gun Ho, their father was a cab driver and a factory worker and their mother a grocery store cashier. For Dave and Sara, their mother was a waitress and they were uncertain of what employment their father had, though his last known profession was as a car mechanic. For Christy, her father was self-employed and ran a type of repair shop and her mother aided her father in the company's day to day tasks. For Pattie, her mother was a hairstylist and a make-up saleswoman and her father was deceased.

On the subject of Kane's father was most interesting. Opposite of Pattie, only his father remained alive, and Kane went on the topic of his father's past.

His father's nickname was “T.J.,” which was short for “Ti Jay,” which in his father's mother tongue meant “Little J,” which was short for “Little Jamal,” as often he was called “Little Jamal” as his father's father was Muslim and named his son, FKII's grandfather, Jamal.

As each of the six kids confusedly thought about this, FKII went on to tell them about what he had learned of his father through other family members. In his prior profession in Haiti, he was basically a book keeper for some bad people, and every once in a while when going to collect a gambling debt, he would break someone's knees.

“Damn, Kane's dad be takin' names and kickin' ass,” Dave laughed. “Dude be kicking people where the Sun don't shine,” Gun Ho added to the laughter. And for a while Kane thought about all the places where the Sun didn't shine.

Somewhere in the talks of parenthood, Dam Son noticed a camera and began throwing rocks at it in an attempt to break the camera's glass screen. In anticipated rivalry, Gun Ho also got up and began doing the same thing. Surely enough, it became a sibling competition, but Son had been given an edge as he started first, and soon he hit the camera dead-center and shattered the glass from CAM00184.

July 4th, 1992

I just finished shooting my latest film. I have to admit I am not exactly happy with it. This story should have been more about Mixie than The Pool, but I guess I should have realized that when I looked at the list of tentative titles: Pool Paradise, Poolies, Pool XXX, Pool Girl, Pool of Dreams, Pool Garden, Garden Pool, Mixie by Night. There is literally one possible title with her name in it, the rest of them are about the Pool. The official name of the movie was decided to be: Poolidise. That's fine, that's the nickname that place got when all the prostitution was moved there. “Poolidise, redeem your frequent fucker minutes here.” I learned that in 1951, a young prostitute by the nickname of “Mixie” died during the police force's attempt to move all prostitution to a certain area. This place, who all the pimps called “Poolidise,” was basically a cesspool of sex. Buying skin was essentially legal here, and it was allowed to go on because it stripped all the other streets of hookers, making the city clean again. In the movie, I played Mixie, just smart enough to make money off of mens' primitive desires but also just naive enough to feel something for some of them. The movie makes a point of not revealing what eventually happens to her and focuses on just her sexual adventures, basically exploiting the notoriety she got from being a death under a police force's method to solve the problem of the streetwalkers. I mean, if you live in London, there's a good chance you've heard of her despite her profession. This movie could have been a film and could have taken the opportunity to turn the genre of erotica into education, but instead we went the route of sometimes kinky sex. The entire movie is almost an anthology of sexual encounters; about every 15 minutes is a new story of an encounter Mixie has with a man. The only encounter that was actually artistic was when about halfway through the movie,

she meets a man with an unusual fetish; he loves the way the backs of some women's heads look under a certain hairstyle, so he has Mixie position herself on a couch looking away from him after he has done her hair and he masturbates, eventually cumming on her ass. Shooting that was somewhat artistic to me because of all the hairstyles I went through and how some of them had specific meaning to the man, and later to Mixie. Maybe one day, someone will make the right movie about her tragic story. I just know that day wasn't today.

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Date: REDACTED
Court: REDACTED

Enforcement agent: Steve Jefferson
ID: 8861

Confidential informant: Connor O'Rourke
Exchange requests: Family receives citizenship
Status: Deported (Ireland)

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Target: Boris Preobrazhensky
Last known address: 1189 Bush Ave. Second Floor, Bayton CA, 60077, USA

Prior addresses:
1. 677 Kenway St. APT 9V, REDACTED
2. 8038 Chase St. APT 3D, REDACTED
3. 9071 Michigan Rd. APT 19, REDACTED
4. 5552 Powell Rd. APT 396, REDACTED

Suspected activity: Fraud

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While on one mode of public transportation I saw the mode of another transport. I was on the main city bus stopped in front of the G.S. Metro, or GSM, which is what most people call it.

After I exited the bus I made my way to the department store of my choice. Inside, the place was crawling with furniture shoppers and there was that smell that department stores often have. I passed through the multitude of people and found the office chair I needed for the composition notebook room that I had seen on the internet.

Looking further at the office chair model, I noticed that someone, perhaps an employee of the franchise, left behind branch finance reports which featured a number of charts and graphs.

I must admit, I was nosy and gave it a quick reading. It wasn't long before I understood that this particular store was declining of viability. All the graphical representation of this made me think more on the concept of calculaic conditions.

The thesetic of the concept is proposed as follows: In order to achieve a certain condition, do precedent events have to be in order or is it possible for them to be random?

Vocabulary:

Condition; the end result through a number of events

Event; an action in the sequence

Conditions that can only be met through a chronologically ordered sequence are described as “Linear Conditions,” whereas conditions that do not require any sort of order from the list of events but will retain the same end result are described as “Nonlinear Conditions.”

An example of a linear condition is time. As far as we know, time seems to be sequential and to get to a certain point in time, the preceding events must be in a certain order, as opposed to cutting up seconds and randomizing them to get to that same

destination in time.

Illustration:

Cheryl is running, storm comes, road flooded, storm ends, traffic diverted
= Cheryl gets home 5 minutes late
Storm comes, road flooded, storm ends, Cheryl is running, traffic diverted
= Cheryl gets home 5 minutes early

An example of a nonlinear condition is weather. The requirements for a thunderstorm do not necessarily have to accrue in a certain order for that thunderstorm to come to be. As long as you have all of these requirements in a relative manner, a thunderstorm may brew.

Illustration:

Cheryl is running, storm comes, road flooded, storm ends, traffic diverted
= Cheryl gets home 5 minutes late
Storm comes, road flooded, storm ends, Cheryl is running, traffic diverted
= Cheryl gets home 5 minutes late

In one illustration, the order of the events determines the ending condition, whereas in another illustration, regardless of the order of events, the same ending condition is inevitable.

Notes:

Linear;

$$\begin{aligned}1(8-7) &= 1 \\1(7-8) &= -1 \\7(8-1) &= 49 \\7(1-8) &= -49 \\8(7-1) &= 48 \\8(1-7) &= -48\end{aligned}$$

Nonlinear;

$$\begin{aligned}1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 &= 15 \\3 + 1 + 5 + 2 + 4 &= 15 \\Etc... &= 15\end{aligned}$$

With simple arithmetic, things seem to be mostly nonlinear. It seems as if you must dabble into multi-operational numerical expressions to find a form of linearity. This may tell us a lot about our universe itself. One wonders if the universe is a linear or nonlinear condition. One also wonders if our lives are calculated by expressions such as addition and subtraction.

My finger twitched at the checkout where I finished purchasing the office chair. When I got out, I called for a taxi and I was soon on my way home using another mode of transport.

396-9189 posted a video: JHC

768-1849 replied: You guys ok?

837-1017 replied: When was this???

396-9189 replied: Just now, yes we're ok!

912-1152 replied: Always something at Lorenzo's.

768-1849 replied: Right. That's gotta be the worst fight ever there

837-1017 replied: He literally knocked his tooth out, you can see it holy shit

912-1152 replied: This is like a 8 man wrestling man lmao

912-1152 replied: Match*

768-1849 replied: Right lmao

396-9189 replied: Wish you guys came out so we could all have enjoyed this lmao

837-1017 replied: Next time for sure

On January 5, 1933, construction begins on the Paradise Port Bridge, as workers began excavating 3.25 million cubic feet of dirt for the structure's huge anchorages.

Following the Silver Rush boom that began in 1849, speculators realized the land north of San Rashida Bay would increase in value in direct proportion to its accessibility to the city. Soon, a plan was hatched to build a bridge that would span the Paradise Port, a narrow, 400-foot deep strait that serves as the mouth of the San Rashida Bay, connecting the San Rashida Peninsula with the southern end of Niram County.

Although the idea went back as far as 1869, the proposal took root in 1916. A former engineering student, Theo Babugee, working as a journalist with the San Rashida Bulletin, called for a suspension bridge with a center span of 3,000 feet, nearly twice the length of any in existence. Babugee's idea was estimated to cost an astounding \$100 million. So, San Rashida's city engineer, Drew Insum (he's also credited with coming up with the name Paradise Port Bridge), began asking bridge engineers whether they could do it for less.

Engineer and poet Bob Guniry, a 5-foot tall New York-born San Rashidian, said he could.

Eventually, Insum and Guniry concluded they could build a pure suspension bridge within a practical range of \$25-30 million with a main span at least 4,000 feet. The construction plan still faced opposition, including litigation, from many sources. By the time most of the obstacles were cleared, the Great Depression of 1929 had begun, limiting financing options, so officials convinced voters to support \$35 million in bonded indebtedness, citing the jobs that would be created for the project. However, the bonds couldn't be sold until 1932, when San Rashida based Bank of Freedom agreed to buy the entire project in order to help the local economy.

The Paradise Port Bridge officially opened on May 27, 1937, the longest bridge span in the world at the time. The first public crossing had taken place the day before, when 200,000 people walked, ran and even roller skated over the new bridge.

With its dreamy lights and famously trademarked "international green" paint job, the bridge quickly became a famous American landmark, and a symbol of San Rashida.

November 12th, 1973

He was my first. And I've tried so hard to not see him but he's like an addiction. So I met up with him again after a few months and the same thing that always happens happened between us. First he offers me a drink, then some drug, then his dick. And I took every single one of those things. He's always hid the fact that he's a homo from everyone except me. Unless there are other boys he's been with, which truthfully I would be shocked if there wasn't. I would feel so special if I was the only boypussy he's ever had and ever been interested in. His wife, kids, relatives, none of them have a clue. With good reason I guess. If anyone ever found out he'd probably lose his job, probably lose everything. Everything except me. He was the first person to ever get me to take off my clothes. He was the first person to ever see me naked. His was the first penis I had ever seen. I loved the way it curved. I loved how thick his veins were and how much they stuck out. I loved how rough it felt. I always remember how he said he loved how much darker my dick was than my overall skin tone and how the underside of it had more than one shade. I guess I can't let him go because he is forever connected to me in that way. Either that, or he is just a plain straight-up addiction. He left again this morning and tonight I have a show at The Pool. There are suppose to be a lot of agents there and tonight is supposed to be a great night for business connections which I can use because I'm running out of money. Where have all the Benjamins gone?

It is oft said that a picture is worth a thousand words, but what if each and every one of those words is a lie? And who is to say that the lie to a certain person isn't the truth?

When I walked into my parents' home, I noticed that the box of erotic clothing had been brought here and had recently been rummaged through. And then suddenly, in the corner of my eye, I saw a figure walk through the living room. It was strange, because this was the first time in perhaps decades the sliding glass doors had actually been closed; since the death of my mother I have never touched them, and nor did my father; how this home was when she died was essentially how it remained. But someone, someone who is unfamiliar with this home's history, has taken it upon themselves to close the doors for them to meet at both ends.

And soon I saw that that person was obviously Lynnette, who on the other side of the glass door was unaware of me and while bending and leaning onto the large table seemed to scribble something down.

But that was not all, as she had just gone through the box of erotic clothing and without my request put something on for the next photoshoot session.

She had on red heels with flowery white socks, red panties, and a very small top which exposed her belly button and shoulders that was striped in red and white. This also came with a teddy bear, a tied white bow in her hair, and a large red and white lollipop.

I stood there and watched her. For a while she never realized I was there and up until she did I was filled with terrible incandescent thoughts.

Turning, she saw me and was at first surprised then became terribly shy, hiding behind a chair. When I took out my wallet and then several bills, this seemed to eliminate the fear, and soon she was standing in front of the sliding glass door. I was so entwined at her attire that I never even saw her open the doors, it almost seemed as if they magically opened themselves for her.

Walking toward me, she held her teddy bear and mimicked licking her large lollipop which made us both laugh. "There's my princess," I joked with her, and soon after she posed for me to take my picture. It was an innocent little pose and one that would afford me great delights later.

I thought that was all she was going to give me for the day, so I went to open the sliding doors but for whatever reason the damn thing was jammed. It was stuck until she came over and they seemed to magically open again for her, and leaving, she closed them behind her and said she would be back out in something different, then winked at me.

I waited, but not for long, and when I heard her walking through the hallway I proceeded to equip my cellular device.

A dirty blonde wig with bangs. Around her shoulders and hanging down was a gold tie with black circles and she had on a striped dress shirt which must have belonged to a

fashionable male. Like a couple others, she had on blue stockings which was attached to a strangely designed garter belt that exposed her privates completely.

Again, like dreamwork, the doors opened for her as I watched her walk toward me and felt the growing fire in my loins.

She had ideas of her own as she went and laid on the couch, looking away from me and then spreading her legs. I took the photo and knew it was already in my hall of fame. After the photo was taken, I went over to her and placed my hand on her thigh and made my way toward her vagina, finding it through the small amount of pubic hair and rubbing it softly.

“Say 'you make mommy so hot',” I told her to say outloud. She looked at me and then looked away again, and as I massaged her pussy she started, “You make mommy so hot,” she said softly. She made a sound, and I saw that the tips of my fingers were covered in her ejaculate fluid, and then looking at me she said it again, louder, this time biting her lip after and telling me to take another photo as she bit her lip. I did, telling her this did not increase my balance. “It's a freebie,” she smiled still recovering from her orgasm.

Once she got up and told me she was going to try on one final outfit, I slapped then squeezed her bum as she walked away, and once again the door opened like magic as I watched her walk away, then watched her come back.

It was almost like a pink one piece swimsuit but had a soft silky fabric. The top was outlined in white and showed her cleavage. In her hair were pink and white plastic flowery clip-ons and her feet were in 3-inch platform heels. Her lower legs were protected by pink very thin transparent socks. On her fingers were about four rings.

The door opened magically one more time and when she got to me I took a picture of the pose she supplied. After the picture was taken, she noticed how excited I had become and came closer to me, saying “Daddy...,” and reaching inside my pants and stroking my dick, french-kissing me at the same time. As she gripped more firm and stroked less delicately I felt the intensity of her hand and saw the erected form of her nipples, and instinctively I began sucking almost the entirety of her right tit. It was after I ejaculated all over her hand that I began to taste her milk. I continued sucking on her lactating breast, and needless to say, like a rising starlet she earned every bit of the Jackson and Hamilton.

THE ENGLISH READER

2:3:9:88

FLIPPING through the channels late one night, or perhaps it was early one morning, I came across a stand-up comedian and decided on impulse to watch him.

“...and the whole concept of modern tipping has me scratching my head. It used to be that when a waiter or waitress provided excellent service, you would send a little extra money their way, but now tipping is literally automatic, regardless of service. I mean, come on, what the hell is that? It completely counteracts the idea of tipping itself, which used to compensate employees who went above and beyond in service, but now you can provide mediocre service and, well 'here's your seven extra bucks you bastard.' One day, when the tipping concept is returned to its former glory, I think my grateful words will be more akin to 'thanks for the handjob in the bathroom earlier.' Speaking of handjobs, I never understood the double-knock entrance. I understand the double-knock confirmation entrance, but I never understood how people could knock twice and just enter. I mean how many things are there you can quickly stop doing within two knocks? Realistically? If you're looking at porn, the first knock throws you into shock, and then it's really on the second knock that you may or may not find that 'X' button. So for porn, I guess it's a toss up. Sex. Ha. Masturbation? Good fucking luck. Cross-dressing? You'll need about twenty knocks to get out of that one. Cheating? Try it. In fact, with the way we're going, I think the only thing you can get out of in two knocks is an engagement. That actually reminds me of a conversation I had with an ex somehow. 'On the way to the bank there's this lingerie store. It's got mannequins dressed in all kinds of sexy lingerie. Back in January I actually tried taking a picture for you but it was too dark.' 'Oh I would have wanted to see that.' 'Yeah so today I rode by and saw that on their windows they were having a half-off sale I was going to take a picture but realized I didn't take my phone. After I showed you the picture I was going to be like 'everything's half off, like your bra and panties are gonna be when I see you.' 'Lmfao only half off?' 'Hey when they have a going out of business sale EVERYTHING WILL GO'...”

I found myself laughing uncontrollably at the stupid delivery of that final joke and really just the joke itself. It was one of those jokes that was so completely dumb you couldn't help but laugh at it. And when the laughter stopped, I saw that it was 1:42 in the morning.

I walked into the composition notebook room misremembering that the computer was in there, then was reminded that it was instead in the bedroom where I ventured to next. I did so with the form of Lynne's nude body on my mind.

Waking up the computer, I went from folder to folder, folders within folders, and

found the six photos of her I had recently taken. I opened up “the professional” and stared at her for a while. Oh, I have been trapped in her trance for a triple set of twin days. A Tuesday afternoon of the beauty in her eyes, a Thursday night made my body throb. A Saturday morning of the beauty of her skin, a Sunday evening made me the sinner of Chase.

In another subset of folders I found audio I had recorded of Lynne's voice and I set the audio file to play. Then I took the hidden, thin smooth silky-like fabric, and placed it on my swollen member and began stroking firm the yearned missings of my missing miss. The image file combined with the audio file set forth a conqfurb fantasy.

“...if I even like it. I have to commute all the way out there and work long hours. And with all these bills, I'm going to have to work two damn jobs. Since I always have a couple days off maybe I can do something else, because these bills ain't gonna pay themselves. I also need money for the kids and because I need some new clothes for myself. Not having a car was a good idea, if I did I'd be in a real mess. I was also thinking if I don't find another job, maybe I'll take some classes somewhere so I can do something else. Maybe night classes. What do you think? ...if I even like it. I have to commute all the way out there and work long hours. And with all these bills, I'm going to have to work two...”

And soon it came, soaking creamily the inside of the fabric, some of it oozing through the fabric itself onto my hand; let it be known that her siren was a timeless siren.

In the cool blue of the early morning at 5:45, Charles F. Kane entered the cab of Suhm Yung Guy, who every morning gave Kane a free ride to the train station.

Taking the Blue line to the Searle Way station, he passed by the Route 110 Memorial, which stood to remind Grand Searle of the horrific tragedy that took place in 1978; an earthquake had broken the ground underneath this section of highway, forming a massive sink-hole, where sixty-two people in twenty-one vehicles plummeted to their untimely deaths.

Finally reaching one of the offices of his place of employment, G.S. Global Publishing Co., where he worked as a janitor and groundskeeper, he completed his tasks and also received a free book that had just been published. Such was often the case, as Jennifer Cole, part of administration, felt he was a hard worker and often gave him the review copy of books that had recently been published.

Just how long had Ms. Cole been giving Mr. Kane these books? That question could easily be answered when Kane returned home and entered his bedroom, where he put the book he had just received onto a rolling bookshelf, which was only one of eleven rolling bookshelves in that room which carried the capacity of at least seventy-five books each.

CAM00251: The focus of a yellow building which appears to be a meat factory.

CAM00183: In front of the church could be read the sign which reads “Therefore we do not lose heart, but though our outer man is decaying, yet our inner man is being renewed day by day.” Several minutes of monitoring this camera would eventually show the conclusion of a church session.

CAM08991: Footage of what seems to be a remote area displays a firetruck vehicle upside-down inside a ditch.

CAM00781: An ice cream truck awaits the ending of the elementary school-day.

CAM50030: A shot of a tower-clock tells the community that it is nearly noon.

“Lift with your fucking knees, Kane,” Dam yelled. “What? That doesn't make any sense. Shouldn't I use my hands?,” Kane replied. “No, I mean, don't use your back, squat all the way down and then lift with your hands, that's why it keeps falling on your end.” “I'm still confused.”

The seven children had been wandering away in the abandoned part of town when they came to a pile of garbage they had never seen before. There, they laid down their sights on a large black refrigerator which they were determined to bring back to the endside of the church.

“Steady, steady,” Christy repeated each time the appliance almost fell. And each time it did indeed fall, the moving crew of seven decided to take a one-minute long break.

“Yo, guys, last night I was watching one of those standing-up comedies, you know the one when the person stands up while he tells jokes?,” Kane asked. “What about it?,” Dave inquired. “Well, the guy told this strange joke about a hand job, and I have no idea what that means because it's so ambiguous.” The three girls looked at each other awkwardly as they rested on the fridge, then soon looked at the other boys uncomfortably.

“Is it just some random job that you can do with your hands?,” Kane asked. The prior awkwardness which came from the girls did not stem from the knowledge of knowing what a handjob was, for in actuality they did not know what a handjob was, but actually came from knowing that the suffix “job” sometimes had sexual connotations. This suffix-knowledge was also known to Dam and Dave, but not to Gun.

“You guys don't know what a hand job is?,” Kane asked amidst the silence. “I'm not sure,” Pattie replied, “but I think it might be when a guy rubs a woman everywhere.” “Oh, that's what it is?,” Sara asked emphasizing “that's.” “Wait, so then it means a man can give a woman a hand job, too? Because the joke was about a woman doing it to a man,” Kane said. “I guess,” Pattie replied.

“What's a boob job, then?,” Gun asked. “Probably when the person focuses only on the boobs, I would suppose,” Christy said. “That makes sense.” “Are you sure it's not just employment that has to deal with breasts?,” Kane asked. “I don't know, it seems like

whatever body is focused on is in the name, so like, if it were the feet being touched, it would be called a foot job,” Dave answered, “if it were the shoulders, then a shoulder job.” “Yeah, that makes sense, if it was the dick then it would be called a dick job,” Sara said.

“That was a good bit of information to attain,” Kane said, “and you know what, there is this police officer who keeps following me around. I think she either wants to arrest me, or fuck me, and honestly, I’m fine with either.” Laughter could be heard from everyone as Kane grinned at his joke. And soon, the moving crew was moving again.

Christy was extremely tired, and in her tired confusion, she suggested taking a shortcut to the backend of the church, which everyone else, in their tired confusion as well, agreed upon. As they cut through an alley they had never been before, but surmised would be a shorter way in reaching their destination, they came upon a wall which had been vandalized. After putting down the fridge, they each walked over to the wall to read its contents.

It was mostly a list of names which surrounded the group name of “M.C.A. Mafia.” The surrounding names included; MALCOLM, MARCUS, CHRIS, CEDRIC, ANDRE, ANTHONY.

The group of seven were quickly fascinated, and then just as quickly lost interest as they remembered the task of moving. And soon, they re-embarked on their journey and finally made it to the end of the church and set the fridge upright.

“What do we do with it now?,” Kane asked. “I don’t know, put stuff in it?,” Dave replied. “What stuff?,” Sara asked. “Anything,” Gun answered.

After the task, Dave passed around Gotz Hotz which everyone accepted and ate as they went to go sit. In the relaxing cool air, Dam readjusted himself, and looking at the sky, he noted, “Kane, you need to get your literitis checked up,” and soon after all the kids laughed.

April 29th, 1985

Whorror Horror '85 is over but what a night it was! It was a good way to get the boss's mind off of his legal battles. The company had to be renamed to “Pool Girls” because using the name The Pool gave him problems legally. Whorror Horror was kind of a re-opening and it turned the stripclub into a haunted stripclub, and Tonya and I had the privilege of being sexy twin zombies. It's kinda weird how much we look alike. Since we both have dark skin it was kind of easy to scare the living daylights out of all the men (and women) as we came from the darkness. We stayed in a room with a trapdoor and made ourselves known whenever we heard people near us. All the men got to see

zombified women in nothing but a thong and gory makeup. Our necks were chained (maybe for sexy reasons) but when we got close enough to anyone all we did was brush up against them. It must be weird to be so terrified and turned on at the same time. You've got titties bouncing right in front of you but at the same time there are skeletons floating all around you. All the hard-ons I saw walking to the next room. The mouth may tell lies but the dick does not. When a man likes you, you know it. As weird as this may sound, I was thinking of my son the entire time and how much he would have loved it if it weren't for all the nude women. Maybe this Halloween I'll take him to a haunted house or a scary festival. He'll think I'm the best mom for that. The only bad moment during the night was a creep who grabbed my ass because he wanted to see what my tattoo was of. Oh please. I know it's dark hunny, but you can just ask. It's just a lipstick kiss. Other than that, it was pretty fun. I'd love to say I can't wait to do it again next year, but honestly I don't want to still be working here by then. By then I need to get my plans and goals going. I took a picture in front of the Pool St. street sign to remind myself that I need to see the world and that life is more than this. I want to look back on this picture one day and see how far I've come. Many women who sell sex see the act as cost-effective, they aren't really giving anything away except for time, and in return they get something physical such as money or goods. But what they don't realize is that they are trading abstract things, such as dignity and respect, for these monies or goods. Losing respect in your society can affect your life physically. Trust me, I know. And when my son is older, I want him to respect me.

Alondra had been strategically and meticulously cleaning the air vents inside her vehicle when she received a phone call from Sara detailing their displacement within the confines of the abandoned town.

Sara was unable to tell her where exactly they were as they were lost, but nonetheless Alondra told her to stay where they were and she would come pick them up.

As Sara gave her landmarks and clues to their location, Alondra used the information and her knowledge of the area to locate them, and soon Sara saw a slowly driving recognizable vehicle. The seven kids walked up to the car finally relieved that they were going to be leaving this place after their encounter with Algor the other night.

"I thought it was just you and David," Alondra said. The seven children looked at each other blankly. "Well, someone's going to have to sit on someone's lap," Alondra said. The seven kids looked at each other blankly once more.

After a discussion of three minutes, Christy volunteered herself to sit upon Dam's lap, and because of Sara's smaller stature, it was agreed that she would sit on Pattie's lap. Kane was already determined the passenger's seat as he was larger than his

contemporaries, and soon they were all on the fast road back to civilization.

“Why are you guys even out here at this time? Do you have any idea how dangerous it is to be in this place at night? I'm risking my neck just coming here,” Alondra stated. “We lost track of time, and since it's Friday we just decided to stay a bit longer than usual, but when we started to leave everything was weird,” Dave said. “You mean nothing was where it's supposed to be, right?” Alondra asked. “Yeah, it was weird,” Dave continued. “That's because once it's fully dark, this place becomes aware and if it knows you're here, it starts to shapeshift.” “Shapeshift?” Pattie asked. “It starts to move things around, buildings, streets, signs, it will move them around to mess with you.” The seven kids looked at each other blankly.

“I remember thinking that when I turn this corner, the church should be there, but it wasn't, it was the Spookhouse instead,” Gun said. “So you guys know about the Spookhouse but you don't know about the shapeshifting?” They all gave a confused “No” at the same time.

“Ya'll don't know about the twins?” “Wait yeah, we know a little about them. I think we saw Algor the other night because he was moving slow but not really slow,” Dam said. “You guys were here another night?” They all gave a hesitant “Yes.” “Do not ever do this again, as soon as it starts to get dark, go home immediately. Algor is extremely dangerous.” “He is?” Kane asked.

“His real name is Algoris, but most people just call him Al.” Alondra suddenly stopped the vehicle to look around. “See, it shifted and I have no idea where I am,” she said as she continued looking around. Defeated, she took a flashlight from the car and exited the car to better identify where she was. When she got back into the vehicle, she reversed, saying they need to go the other way.

“Anyway, this is not the place to be at night. And if you're here once midnight strikes, you can't leave until sunrise.” “Why?” “Because everyone is out by midnight.” “Everyone?” “Yes, the Ice Cream Man, Lady Glabella, Sourhand, the Twins, who you already know, Birdman, Necro.” “Wait, I've heard of Necro, but I thought his name was Negro,” Pattie suggested. “Well, it's both, he's the one who killed all those African-Americans. The thing is, he ate parts of them after he killed them.” “Do black people taste better than white people?” Kane interrupted and asked. The car remained silent.

“There are rumours that Lady Glabella is still alive and still lives here.” “Really?” “Yes, she is literally death, so that means she can't die, and since she is still alive, that means she can come out during the day time, so if you see her, run your ass off.” “Okay we will. Thanks for telling us all of this.” “No problem.” A moment after these final words, with her expertise, Alondra had found the exit to the abandoned town.

What the hell is this? She knows I don't like this flavor. What's that back there? Fact,

whole fruits are better than juice concentrates. Concentrate? “Concentrate on these nuts.” “Shut the fuck up.”

Like any normal people know what this means. It's probably not even an accurate fact. Fucking liars. Oh, here we go, look at this great debater spewing out facts. Fact this, fact that. You got anything for the viewers other than facts?

You see that's why these types of people are so soon forgotten. They just repeat what they hear. Every once in a while you'll get a creative view from one of their facts, but for the most part they neither inspire nor offer anything new. That's the difference between prophets and debaters. Prophets don't use facts, they use stories. What's a fact today may not be a fact tomorrow, but stories are always relevant and are forever. Debaters get fanbases, prophets get religions.

June 3rd, 1951

Netted \$172.34 today. The 34 cents came from a peck on the lips. Got a black eye now but it was worth it. Fuck the Benjamin girls on Cromwell. The girls on Pool street have the biggest games. After that photographer came back he confessed to me that the photos were for an underground publication for “readers” who were mostly into underage-teen girls. He asked me if I would shoot again but I said hell no. Even after he offered me 2 bucks per picture. I wasn't having any of that. He gave me print-outs of nine of the pictures I did and tried to tell me how this was more about art than “self-gratification” as he put it, but I'm not in the business of helping pedos get off. The next day I really needed some cash, and while talking to Peaches about Claudia's overdose, she mentioned an idea she had had in her mind for a couple months now, and I put her idea to test. I took the print-outs of me, wrote the motel address on it, and then went to Cromwell street and placed the print-outs in the Men's bathrooms of the establishments on that street. We call the girls on Cromwell Benjamin girls because they make the most out of all of us, their clientele literally pay them hundreds per hour. I guess in a way they make so much because they have the best reputations, even if they are all evil bitches. An hour after I left Cromwell, I went back and waited near the motel. Sure enough, a suspicious man came up to me and asked if I was Mixie. Of course he knew I was Mixie, and I knew exactly what he came for. It worked because I wasn't asking for hundreds per hour, my costs were reasonable. And up until a Benjamin girl found out what I was doing, the men kept coming and going. I told Peaches (we call her Peaches because she is fully bald, like not bald by choice but medically bald, if she grows her hair out she ends up with bald patches and it makes her look like a crackwhore, so she just shaves it all off, she thought about wearing a wig but her baldness has become her calling card for men

who are looking for a particular type of woman, or men who don't know that they like bald women yet, her uncle used to call her Patches but when she got here someone renamed her to Peaches) anyway, so I told her about her idea and now she wants to use it on the Grant girls. I expected to make something, but I didn't expect to make so much. Now that I think about it, I'm not so sure it was just because I was cheaper. To these men, money is not an issue. I honestly think it worked so well because when they saw the print-out of me, they saw something exotic. I can count the number of mixed girls I know on one foot. But one day I want to break out of this cycle of fucking. I want to do something else. If I really am exotic, it shouldn't be hard to find other work. I'm starting to sound like the starlet cliché. Oh well... I'm a whore and I'm a dreamer. My best work is done on my back.

CAMCO-9XSHD-TP09337: Lynne is shown walking down Chase street with multiple traveling bags in her hands. “Ah shit, this girl is ready to go camping!” Lynne, nodding, continues to walk closer until she finally reaches Olya's minivan.

DCAM-MPX12-64918: A picture is taken of Lynne and Jasmin while Jasmin points a recording camera at Olya.

CAMCO-9XSHD-TP09337: The focus is switched from Lynne to Olya as Olya exits the minivan to observe a Lynne who is ready to go camping.

CELL-ESNECIL5G-WER45L4FJ8[VOICE-MONITORING]: What do you guys want for music? [unintelligible]. Gangsta rap it is. [laughing]. Is the camera fully charged? Hold on let me check.

CAMCO-9XSHD-TP09337: A view of the passenger's leg space is shown. “You know you're recording right now, right? I am? Yes, look at the light on the left side. Whoops.”

CELL-ESNECIL5G-WER45L4FJ8[VOICE-MONITORING]: It's at ninety-eight percent right now, so we're good. I'll turn it off for now. What are we going to get to eat when we get there? Fifth Season? Sounds good to me, their burgers are supposed to be good.

CELL-ESHARKV3-0042931187: A photograph of a woman is taken as she is riding a child-sized bicycle, has a one year-old baby strapped to her back, is pushing a stroller with a baby inside it with her right arm.

CELL-ESNECIL5G-WER45L4FJ8[VOICE-MONITORING]: Jesus you guys have to see this picture I just barely was able to take of this Asian lady. Jazz, look. What the fuck? Is that a baby on her back? Yo, Olya, look at this. Hold up let me hit a red light. That is the most G thing I've ever seen in my life. [laughs?]. Send that picture to my phone please. Here. Ay Lynne did you bring your gun? [laughs]. No, but I brought my

son's toy gun. Toy gun? How will that help? It shoots these heavy plastic balls at ninety feet per second. The box says it can literally take out a person's eye. Okay, well I brought my machete so if we get chased by a bear, shoot him in the eyes while I chop away. [laughs]. What about you Olya, while me and Jasmin are shooting and swinging you got to be doing something too. Well, before you can shoot it in the eyes and before you can cut it open, someone has to disable it. Look in my bag.

CELL-ESHARKV3-0042993576: A photograph of a can of bear spray is taken.

CELL-ESNECIL5G-WER45L4FJ8[VOICE-MONITORING]: I just sent it to Felicia. She already thinks we're all crazy as hell for doing this. Aren't we though? [laughs]. Trust me, this will be a memorable part of your life.

CELL-ESNECIL5G-WER45L4FJ8: Hello? Olya? This is Jasmin, Olya's driving. Oh, hi Jasmin, can you ask her where she put the paperwork for Ivanna. Where did you put the paperwork for Ivanna? Second drawer on the right side of the desk. Did you hear that? Yes I did, thanks you guys, having fun on your trip? We just left really. Ah, well have a good time. Thanks. Bye. Bye.

CELL-ESNECIL5G-WER45L4FJ8[VOICE-MONITORING]: You guys want to play Gumshoe? Yeah, I go first. Okay, you in Olya? Yeah I'll play. Okay, I'm going to say... Glasses, unkempt hair, white shoes. Okay what's the pocket? Let's do red light stops, whoever walks by first. Okay sounds good. Can you put the music up, I like this song. Here we go we got a red light coming up. No glasses, hair is pretty tidy... Brown shoes. Sorry girl. [laughs]. Olya you can go next, I'll go last. Alright, I will say... Lipstick. Lipstick? That's bold. Yes, lipstick, purse... And beard. Oh okay, she's not putting all her eggs in one basket, smart. I play to win girl. Okay red light, but it doesn't look like anyone's crossing. Wait, wait, we may have someone. Nope, didn't turn. Okay here we go I see people waiting to cross at this red light. No purse... Definitely no beard. Is she wearing lipstick? It kind of looks like she is but I can't tell from here. I'm not letting my points walk on me like that. [unintelligible]. What are you doing? You're going to call her over here? Excuse me, we're lost, do you know what town we're in? [unintelligible]. Ah, right, thank you. I can't believe you just did that. Got my point though, she was definitely wearing nude lipstick. [laughs]. You up Lynne. Okay, I have to get something here now. I'm going to say... Red shirt, fat... And cell phone. Cell phone, huh? If I see someone crossing the street while on their cell phone I swear to God I will honk at them. Red light coming up. Well I can already tell the person is fat so that's one point. What color shirt is that? Please don't tell me it's red. Ooh it's pink, so close. Wait, what the fuck is he looking at? A phone? No fucking way, this guy is on his fucking phone. Are you serious. He's putting it away. He's putting it in his pocket. Now he's crossing, does she still get the point? Hell yeah I still get the point, fuck you mean? But

the pocket is crossing the red light. So what, he had a cell phone out. I don't know, what do you think Olya. Hmm. Fine, you can have the point this one time because that was a hard guess. You damn right I'm getting that point. Bitches. Gimme that pussy and now you're trying to take my shoes. [laughs] [laughs] [laughs] [laughs] [laughs]. Your turn Jas. Okay, I'm not messing around this time. You guys want to change the pocket? Sure. How about driver, passenger-side? That'll work. Okay, I'll say... Facial birthmark. Bald. Nose ring. If this person has a nose ring, I'll give you a dollar. Don't tempt fate Lynne. I'm serious. Okay pulling up on a car, what do you guys see. Looks like he has hair... Wait shit, he's missing an entire patch of hair in the front. That's a point right? Well you said bald, not balding. He's looking at Jas. Yoo, is that a lip ring? Yes, yes I believe it is. I'm done. I hate this game. This only ever happens to me I swear to God. [laughs]. Okay so, no birthmark, a lip ring, where are we on the balding? Well I mean, if he were filling out a form and he had to state the state of his hair, if bald was an option he would have to check that, so I guess we can give her that one. I can agree with that. Thank you, finally some justice in this bitch. Here. Why are you giving me fifty cents? It's wasn't a nose ring but a lip ring is pretty close, you get fifty cents for the big games on you. [laughs]. I'm next right? Yeah. What you got? Okay, I will say... Smoking, accessory in hair, dyed hair. And here we go pulling up to a car now... No smoking... Nothing in her hair that I can see... Black hair on a black woman sounds natural... Three and out? For real? I suck at this game. Well you got the lipstick, probably the best guess so far today. You're up. Okay, let me get... Red hair. Ooh, red hair. Elderly. Damn elderly, okay. And... Suit and tie. Where are all the traffic lights. Oh ok here we go. Let's see what you got. A blonde, and she definitely can't be anymore than thirty. But look at what she has on. Wow okay. I said that thinking it would be a man, too. Not often you see a woman wearing a tie. Business attire sure, but a tie? I swear to God you're cheating somehow. I just can't figure out how. Anyone know the count? Uh, I think I have one. You have one too, right? Lynne has like four or something. I think I have three. Final round? Okay, no-pocket final round? No-pocket proxy, let's play this game safely. [laughs] Let's do it. Eyes closed. I want a... Necklace. Bicycle. White shirt. Okay let's wait one minute. Are we near people. Yes, open them whenever. Booya. Bike and white shirt. Lucky. Does he have a necklace? Can't see from here really, you should call him over. I ain't you girl. I'm pretty sure he doesn't anyway. Your go. Okay, I'll say... White shirt bike hey hey hey ok ok kidding. [laughs]. Drink, sandals, tall. Who's my proxy? I'll be. Okay, eyes closed? Yup. Okay, we'll go exactly a minute and a half after this green light. Okay fair. Open. I already know I didn't get anyone. Who did you see? I looked behind me and this asshole is drinking water. Who dat. Who dat. Is he tall? Wearing sandals? Driving. Well, I lost, and I'm not driving if we play this game on the way back. [laughs]. Okay Lynne, your go.

CELL-ESHARKV3-0042931187: A photograph of Olya is taken as she bites into a hamburger.

CELL-ESHARKV3-0042931187: A photograph of Jasmin is taken as she drinks from a cup through a straw.

CELL-ESNECIL5G-WER45L4FJ8: A photograph of Lynne is taken as she tries to cover the camera with her hand.

CELL-ESHARKV3-0042993576: A photograph of Jasmin is taken while she makes an unusual face.

CAMCO-9XSHD-TP09337: Focus bears upon Jasmin as she drives the minivan. Focus then switches to the passenger side of the vehicle which shows Lynne changing the radio station. "As you can see, we have committed our first rotational shift for the trip. I am now in the back, relaxing." The camera shows a short segment of Olya smiling at the camera. "Jazzy is now driving, and Lynne is now radio operator. It's pitch black outside as it is approaching midnight, and we are now getting ready to listen to our scary audiobook as soon as Lynne can figure out what the fuck she's doing." Camera footage shows Lynne giving Olya a convicted straight-faced middle finger. "That's it folks, we outty five thousand."

CELL-ESNECIL5G-WER45L4FJ8[VOICE-MONITORING]: As you can see, we have committed our first rotational shift for the trip. I am now in the back, relaxing. Jassy is now driving, and Lynne is now radio operator. It's pitch black outside as it is approaching midnight, and we are now getting ready to listen to our scary audio-book as soon as Lynne can figure out what the fuck she's doing. That's it folks, we outty 5000.

CAMCO-9XSHD-TP09337: A blurry snapshot of Jasmin and Lynne is taken.

CELL-ESNECIL5G-WER45L4FJ8[VOICE-MONITORING]: In the totality of the known universe, there are things you can touch and there are things you cannot touch. We as a species have given name to what we can touch as "matter," but for what cannot be touched remains only as a dark study. This dark study has been investigated by promising minds, and a method that has been used since the dawn of modern man to study this darkness, or this untouchable realm, is the disoic method, which deduces to conclusion using information that mimics what would otherwise be unobservable. For example, we know that matter is capable of existing in a multitude of states, and a question the disoic method poses is whether or not the abstract can exist in a variety of states as well. If water can exist in seven different states, how many different states can evil exist in? It is here. It is there. It was here since the inception of time. It is here now. It will be there when time ends. It is observable in both the tangible and intangible alike. Hidden deep within the crevests of the valleys and even deeper within the anger of stoics. It takes up residence in the religious temples of monks yet has made the crime-ridden

streets of any major city its breeding ground. Anywhere you go there is no escape. It wanders the walls of your home until it makes your body its home. Once settled, it controls your fear, it controls your desire, it controls your freedom, mind, your morality. It hides in the waiting rooms of hospitals; the alters of churches; in the sanctions of asylums. [impractical data discovered: digital recording].

DCAM-MPX12-64918: A photograph of Olya sleeping in the back seat is taken.

DCAM-MPX12-64918: A photograph of the morning Sun is taken.

DCAM-MPX12-64918: A photograph of Jasmin walking into the woods is taken.

CELL-ESNECIL5G-WER45L4FJ8[VOICE-MONITORING]: She up yet, I think we're almost there. Olya. What? Wake up, we're almost there. Shit how long did I sleep? The whole night. MET? Like 14 hours I think. Where are we? Almost there.

CELL-ESHARKV3-0042993576: A photograph of Lynne's hiking shoes are taken.

CAMCO-9XSHD-TP09337: A shot of the wilderness appears onscreen. "We have arrived and I am recording the traveling from the car to the tent spot." The camera focuses on the minivan and then does a 180 to focus again on the wilderness. Moments later, the camera ventures deeper and deeper into the wilderness. "We're supposed to follow these trees with these leaves until we reach a creak." Every few seconds the focus is upon Jasmin or Olya until briefly a deer is spotted, at which point all hikers stop and observe. The camera zooms in on the deer who is oblivious to the existence of the three hikers. "So cute... Shit, it sees us. Don't move." After a second the deer runs wildly in the opposite direction. "Did you get any of that? Yeah I did." The hikers continue to trek deeper into the wilderness. After about eleven minutes of walking, they come across what seems to be a rare bird of paradise. "What the fuck is that? What? That black thing over there. What the hell?" The focus now belongs to a bird in the distance. "I heard of these things, they're called like a Vader Cop or something. Nah, they're called Vogelkops, but that can't be a Vogelkop, those only live in New Guinea. How do you know that Olya? I like birds. Then what is it? I don't know, but it's not a Vogelkop. I'm definitely taking a picture of it though."

DCAM-MPX12-64918: A photograph is taken of the unknown bird species.

CAMCO-9XSHD-TP09337: The focus of the camera remains on the bird until it suddenly flies away. The hikers continue their travels but nothing interesting is recorded along the way.

CELL-ESNECIL5G-WER45L4FJ8[VOICE-MONITORING]: I think this is the spot. There's the creak. So we set up here? I guess so, it's a nice enough spot. Should we record us building the tent? I don't see why not, how much battery does it have left? It had 67%. Maybe we just record it in intervals or something. Like only some steps of the way. Sounds good to me.

CAMCO-9XSHD-TP09337: The camera focuses on the three campers as they unbox the tent supplies and begin building the tent.

CAMCO-9XSHD-TP09337: The camera focuses on the three campers as they resume tent-building after being confused by the instructions and taking a water break.

CAMCO-9XSHD-TP09337: The camera focuses on the three campers as they argue over the setting up of the tent.

CAMCO-9XSHD-TP09337: The camera focuses on the three campers as they near completion of the tent-building exercise.

DCAM-MPX12-64918: A photograph is taken of the three campers as they stand in front of their recently built tent.

CAMCO-9XSHD-TP09337: “Hello, Jasmin with you now giving you a tour of our tent. Here we have Lynne in her area.” Lynne smiles and waves at the camera. “And here we have Olya in her area.” Olya turns around to look at the camera and it is visible she had been injured during the tent set-up as she has a small cut on her right arm. Olya waves Jasmin away. “And here we have my area.” The camera focuses on Jasmin as she makes an unusual face.

CELL-ESNECIL5G-WER45L4FJ8[VOICE-MONITORING]: Y'all getting service? Nope. Not me either. Whenever I'm in a place where there is no service I always think about this weird lady that was on the train once. Wait I'm getting something. Nope nevermind. That's ten minutes of trying and that is enough time for me, anyone want to go outside? What other option do we have? [unintelligible]. [unintelligible]. [unintelligible].

CAMCO-9XSHD-TP09337: A football is seen laying on the ground, and a second later the shot focuses on Lynne at bat holding a silver baseball bat as Olya prepares to pitch. Lynne points the bat towards the wilderness, and finally the pitch is thrown but it is a strike. Lynne throws the ball back to Olya, and the process is repeated but results in another swing and miss. The process is repeated again once more, however this time it is a base hit that sends the baseball flying into the woods. “Man, that's our only ball. Whoops.” The camera begins to walk toward Lynne and Olya as they venture into the woods to search for the baseball.

CELL-ESNECIL5G-WER45L4FJ8[VOICE-MONITORING]: [unintelligible]. [unintelligible]. [unintelligible]. [unintelligible]. [unintelligible].

CAMCO-9XSHD-TP09337: As the Sun begins to set, the camera focuses on Olya who is standing with her back to Jasmin as Jasmin points a toygun at her from approximately forty-five feet. Olya can be seen making small body movements suggestive of anxiousness. “Do it already. Wait, wait. Okay do it.” Jasmin continues to switch between aiming techniques until finally the toy gun is shot and the small ball hits

Chapter 89

MIDDLE GROUND

2:3:9:89

ONE may come to realize that for many years now, we have known only the silence of God. But once there was a time when he made himself known.

The present God, most associated with the Old Testament, was a loving God who presented himself to the peoples. He led them to do good and was proud when good was done and virtue served. The angry God was much like the present God, who too led us to good but became angry when we failed. Though we were led to do good, often we were given to commit evil, and the doing of evil displeased the angry God greatly.

And then came the silence who was the impersonal God. He did not lead us to do good nor commit evil, for he was indifferent in this matter. And he did not reward good nor punish evil, for he too was indifferent in this regard. The likes of this approach surely made him not known, as there was no presence of him whatsoever. A presence of Satan, however, is often felt in the most tragic times of human history.

My lack of belief in a personal God who protects us has never diminished my need to help others, on the contrary, it has fueled it. If there is no personal God, then all the world has is you and I.

I answered my phone to find it was Lynne, who told me she was only five minutes away and asked me if I could help her with her bags.

It was afternoon and I watched as the minivan pulled into the parking lot. Walking up, I saw Jasmin get out first, then Lynne, each of them setting luggage outside of the minivan. Soon enough, Olya exited and began helping.

My first words asked about the well-being of my metal baseball bat, and then for a short period of time we all lugged the bags into their respective apartments, and somehow I found myself trapped inside Jasmin's apartment, who truthfully had done very little to change the interior of Jack's old home.

They invited me to stay to watch some of the things they had recorded on their camping trip. "You guys aren't tired?" They had all slept a few hours earlier.

Jasmin booted up her computer and it didn't take long for them to begin the tour of footage and photograph.

Of the many interesting visuals I saw, and there were many interesting visuals that I saw, the flying squirrel was easily the most appealing. I had never known such a thing existed. Maybe I will go on a lone camping trip to see one for myself. The second most interesting visual was the execution of Olya Dimic by Jasmin Minaea.

Olya was a woman with light skin. She had long blonde hair and must have stood at least five feet and nine inches. Her eyes were gray and she had a very slender physique in

her frame. She was nearly flat chested. Her legs were long and topped by a small bottom. A feature of her face were a set of eyebrows and eyelashes that seemed to be very carefully managed.

Jasmin had very short hair. She was a brunette with dark skin, brown eyes and a height of perhaps five six. She was not flat chested at all and had a fuller frame than Olya. The feature that stood out most to me about her was her dark shining hair.

Despite the dichotomy between the two, and the dichotomy within this dichotomy, I did find one striking similarity; they both had unique face shapes. Olya had a square face type, and Jasmin a round face type.

Of the third woman, her eyes were not as light as one, but not as dark as the other. Her physique not as thin as one, but not as thick as the other. The length of her hair was not as long as one, and not as short as the other. The shade of her skin was not as light as one, but not as dark as the other. And finally, of the third woman, her face type was not as square as one, but not as round as the other.

I was beginning to realize that these two women were dear friends to Lynne, and the thought alone made me think of Claire and when she said many moons ago that Lynne has a few friends when she's doing well.

A few days later, there was a knock at my door as I sat and watched the news. It was the landlord, who very rarely ever made himself known to his tenants. Wondering what the visit may have been about, I soon learned that the landlord had sold the apartment building and was personally visiting everyone today to let them know of this. What did it matter? Sell the building and we will send our rent to a new address. But no, that was not the matter. He came to tell us that renovations were being had and that all tenants would have to move. Assistance in finding housing would be provided. Then he left and went on to the next.

October 21st, 2009

My show yesterday went as I expected. I walked in and Sorina walked out. I had my usual warm-up conversation with some of the early guys and we actually talked about shyness. Virginity to be more accurate. Some guy with the username deadBunny started it and I think we vibed because of our shared Spanish background. The world will never know of my own virginity because they see me as a slut. Guys think the prettiest girls have the most sex. I've never had sex because I think my standards are way too high. But my face and my body match my extremely high standards. So there's that. I just don't think there is anyone out there who meets my expectations. Anyone who wants to have sex with me is automatically off the list. If you want my attention and my body you need

to figure out a different route. I'd like to tell a guy I'm a virgin and see his reaction as it sinks in. His whole world of assumptions about women and sex would be crushed. But that's the way it goes. From average girls you get sex, from gorgeous girls you get look don't touch. After we got enough viewers, the show really began and people started throwing money at me. I rubbed my pussy while making moaning sounds and you could hear my wet juices. I put on some blues and did a little dancing for the boys after I put on my garter and stockings and classic top. Every once in a while I changed the camera position as I chatted to show cleavage, legs, ass, anything they requested. Oh how the boys loved my sexy ass pink heels. One strange guy asked to hear me type. I don't know what it was, but he just loved the sound of me typing, so for about a minute I just pretended to type extremely fast and hard. There was a moment when I got bored and started putting on make-up and made kissy faces and someone liked that too. When the big dildo came out I got on the couch and turned my ass toward the camera and rammed myself over and over until I "came." When I turned around I started sucking the tip and then started to slowly deepthroat it. I know they loved it when the cum dripped out of my mouth as I sucked it whole. I spent a few minutes singing along to some songs and that was fun for a while until I put the cam under my tits and started bouncing with my nipples hard as glass. I need some new ideas. I watched this movie called *Horrotica Romantica* and maybe I'll try something in the horror theme next session. When my shift was over, Stacy walked into the room and I walked out. Then I paid the fucking man and left.

It is possible, perhaps, that despite being a facilitator of growth (I say facilitator of "growth" and not of "flowers" because it seems that she is a gardener (she is practically a daughter of mother nature (it makes sense that she not only likes to create (which is a concept I have always felt was Godlike (perhaps this is why I have always seen a light about her) or at least divine) but likes to extend her own resources to help nourish other things as she is a mother herself) and a gardener is sometimes described as arguably the oldest occupation in the world) of anything), Lynne is as invested in darkness as I am.

I got up after a little bit to turn on the light and it blinded her. She looked at me with squinty eyes until she fell backward perhaps to rest. I stood there and pondered on the fact that in a few months, none of us would be living in this apartment building any longer. I wondered how she felt about it.

About a week later I woke up in the composition notebook room and stared at my dreams. I had decided by then that it was finally time to begin transferring my dreams onto the computer. I was done with writing them, and now I would begin typing them.

I cleaned a stubborn space-bar before I sat down to think, and as it all came back to

me I began to type.

© Last night, I had a dream. Satan and I were in the cockpit of an airplane flying over water. Soon we began to see a piece of land take form, and soon after this we realized it was the city of Hiroshima.

Though I could not tell why, there was a dire sense impending. And as we flew toward the city, still many miles away, we saw something begin to fall toward it from the heavens. What was of the sight later became the single most intensively violent act of humanity in its seven-million years.

When I turned my head, I saw Satan, who was currently looking on with intent eyes. It is hard to describe accurately the expression I saw on his face, but it was one I had never seen before. Not on his nor on anyone else's, before or since. It was as if he had had a harrowing revelation given to him, and he was, not in a good way, surprised; and perhaps for the first time he had not an answer for the world he created.

Now we were grounded, walking toward the devastated city on foot. It was becoming nearly night and one could see the fire of the flames reflected in the darkening red clouds.

When we were finally there, Satan went astray from me, possibly forgetting I was there with him. He went off, on his own way, and I believe this was something he needed to see on his own. He needed, in solitary, to walk through the wreckage of his own creation.

When came the morning I found him sitting on some of the debris. When he looked up to see me I sat down next to him. He stayed quiet for a long time, and this was unusual because so often he was constantly telling me about his creation.

Finally, he told me that he was not sorry, because it meant he was correct about his argument with God. I never replied, but soon he began to tell me about a time in his childhood by asking me a question.

“Do you know what the difference is between the terms 'middle' and 'center'?” I told him that 'center' was a synonym of middle, but that it was defined as being more exact. He nodded his head in a curious way, and began with his story.

When he and God were younger, the deities before them gave them a peculiar lecture and lesson on gemiscousics. They were taught that in context to a middle, there were two polar ends, but in context to a center, there were three-hundred and sixty polar ends. There were two required points of information to gauge a middle, and three-hundred and sixty required points of information to gauge a center.

“It is simple enough to calculate two points of information, but three-hundred and sixty points of information is a lot of data.” Then came the notion of complexity and the idea that as you introduce more points of information into a given system, you have to test that system and its aggregated points of information to make sure it is still

functioning properly.

And so was born the concept of what we as human beings have defined as “mathematics.”

Satan reveals to me that what we note as “mathematics” was originally conceived by Child God as a sort of multi-purpose log. In short, it logged errors and also logged how things worked when they actually did work.

“Initially, while working on the project of the universe, after either God or I had introduced new points of information, we would need to test the environment to see that it still functioned as we designed.”

The problem, Satan says, came from the downtime in testing this new universe. As it stood, one had to “enter” the new world to test any hypothesis, and if God had not developed math, it would have taken nearly 103 times as long to complete the project. With this new idea, one no longer had to load the properties of atoms and energies and laws, they were merely noted in abstract ways in his new language and the equations were executed and yielded either an error or success.

“The potential of mathematics was amazing, we could take small samples and scale them to larger proportions with a ratio. We could see how the project would work without actually seeing it, and after this we ran across much fewer errors.”

If there was an error, however, the maths became sort of like a debugger and a log of information. But there were also errors they couldn't account for. I suppose technically they were not errors by their definition, but moreso mistakes they could not foresee. In their mathematical equations and formulas, the concept of “freewill” was noted as a variable. “A powerful variable which increased entropy.”

As Satan spoke on entropy, I could see in his eyes he was actually talking about the bombing of Hiroshima. And, perhaps, of his efforts and agenda many years ago to persuade God that they should agree on a middle ground concerning the concept of freewill. And as he bowed his head a final time in thoughts of the city, he said to me, “But often we cannot find middle grounds, for we live in a world of extremes.”

After I woke up, I thought about how scary the notion of an atomic bomb is. It really makes you think about what humans are capable of.

After typing down this dream, I got up and then sat back down with a composition notebook that I selected at random, and I began to read and type an old dream.

☉ Five years ago, I had a dream. The three of us, my partner, Musashi and I, we walked into the palace and then soon into the theater hall. We were in a country on the continent of Africa that was known globally for its dense corruption. When we found a vulnerable break in the production, in the play, we introduced ourselves into the story.

Everyone in the audience and everyone on the stage wore a mask of some sort.

Everyone except we three. Even the king and his two accompanying kingsmen wore masks, and so when we seized the building and brought these three men to center-stage, no one had any idea who we were about to unveil.

The stage was cleared except for the six of us and now the audience engaged. We did not go into the details of the king's murder of innocent civilians. We did not expose the fact that he found a loophole in the country's deformed law with the help of these two kingsmen and then proceeded to kill anyone who opposed him with impunity. No, we didn't need to tell of this legal murdering, because anyone who attended this production already knew.

“We have chosen tonight of all nights,” Musashi addressed the audience, “because tonight was the showing of 'Thieves from York'. And we have chosen all of you to bear witness to the end of an evil empire. All of you must choose between good and evil, and if you choose evil, know that you will be in our sights.”

If duplication accuracy falls below one-hundred percent, this results in the phenomenon of diversity. This phenomenon is represented in everything that is unique and different, in a word, diverse, such as; the many colors, the many elemental compounds, the many species on Earth; it is simply diversity occurring as a phenomenon all throughout the universe.

With the phenomenon of diversity in play, we will see that the concept of chemistry is intrinsically formed. Everything unique has a unique specified reaction to everything else that is unique of it. And this inherently results in a world that is fueled by reactions. This is opposed to a world where the duplication accuracy does not ever fall below one-hundred percent and there is no phenomenon of diversity, and therefore there is no chemistry, or to put it in another way, no reactions.

If you add water to water, you get more water. If you add fire to fire, you get more fire. But if you add water to fire, you get smoke.

The chemistry between good and evil is an example of something that is reactive, and the combination of the two have shaped our world just as much as fire and water. When everything is the same, you have a dormant world, but when everything is unique, you get a world based on reactions, a reactive world, full of explosions and transformations and eternal battles between right and wrong.

Musashi now went to the king and removed his mask. The crowd gasped in an almost rhetorical way. And then Musashi placed the neutral theater mask which was gray on his own face.

Seeing this, we two repeated what he did, myself taking hold of the happy theater mask which was white off of the kingsman, and he taking the sad theater mask which was black off of the other kingsman. This was strange, because it was first time any of us had

adorned ourselves with any items of the rich, or any items of those we struck down. But these theater masks would become the image in which the evil dreamt of us.

Once the three of us had on the masks and our firearms drawn, Musashi waited in silence for the dramatic conclusion as we two delivered our message, speaking alternatively.

“Now you will receive us.” “We do not ask for your poor or your hungry.” “We do not want your tired and sick.” “It is your corrupt we will claim.” “It is your evil that will be sought by us.” “With every breath, we shall hunt them down.” “Each day, we will spill their blood till it rains down from the skies.” “Do not kill. Do not rape. Do not steal. These are principles which every man of every faith can embrace.” “These are not polite suggestions. These are codes of behavior, and those of you that ignore them will pay the dearest cost.” “There are varying degrees of evil. We urge you lesser forms of filth not to push the bounds and cross over into true corruption, into our domain.” “For if you do, one day you will look behind you and you will see we three. And on that day, you will reap it.” And right before the three triggers were pulled, Musashi gave the final word, “And then we shall send you to whatever God you wish.”

After the triple murders, the entire theater hall was sent into a frenzy and we three escaped novelly masked through the chaos.

I received a message on the computer from Lynne as I typed, telling me she was coming home from some social services offices. I asked if she was coming all the way from the ones near Lake Cellardoor, and she promptly proceeded to correct me on the subject of Cellardoor Lake. And with that laughter, I marked off the dream and went on to the next, which I found in another notebook and was one of the rare dreams that did not have a recorded date.

© During a church service, a senator was given a moment to speak, and I must have arrived in medias res because he had already been talking.

“...We can forgive Detective Marshall, who, out of his frustration and despair, found himself condoning something which can't possibly be condoned. We can do that much. But, gentlemen, what we can't forgive, what I can't forgive, ever, is how we, you, me, this administration, all of us, how we turned away from those streets in Vondapolis. The poor, the sick, the swollen underclass of our city trapped in the wreckage of neighborhoods which were once so prized. Communities which we've failed to defend, which we have surrendered to the horrors of abstintion. And if this disaster demands anything of us as a city, it demands that we say enough. Enough to the despair which makes crime fighters even think about surrender. Enough to the fact that these neighborhoods are not saved or are beyond the saving. Enough to this administration's indecisiveness and lethargy to the garbage which goes uncollected, the working men and women who every day are denied

a chance at economic freedom. Enough to the crime, which every day chokes more and more of the life from our city. And the thing of it is, if we don't take responsibility and step up, not just for the mistakes and the miscues, but for whether or not we're going to win this battle for our streets, if that doesn't happen, we're going to lose these neighborhoods, and ultimately this city, forever. If we don't have the courage and the conviction to fight this war the way it should be fought, the way it needs to be fought, using every weapon that we can possibly muster, if that doesn't happen, well, then we're staring at defeat. And that defeat should not and cannot and will not be forgiven.”

The crowd was thunderous, clapping loudly and shouting, and I could feel the power of his influence like static throughout the church. But to me, honestly, the speech sounded like it was stolen from something out of a television show.

When the church session was over, I followed the senator and watched him as he entered his vehicle and made his round to where ever he had planned to go.

Dice told me that the senator was a murderer. A politician by day and a killer by night. Apparently, he lived a double life and was a poetic murderer and told the truth through his murders. Every time he witnessed a killing, Dice said, the senator was wearing a suit and a black hockey mask.

What I would find out that night of trailing him was that the senator did not actually live a double life. Not in the way Dice meant it and not in the way I thought it. I learned that the senator actually had a split-personality induced by sleep.

On an overpass somewhere in the quiet country, the senator pulled over and was stationary for a long while. Curious, I got out of my vehicle and went up to his car door, where there I saw him sleeping. As I observed the senator, I assumed I had the wrong politician. That was until I was bizarrely transported into a room with black walls. I had been here before, I thought to myself, but not exactly here.

On the walls were switches and dials. Some went up and down, others left and right, some turned clockwise, others counterclockwise. A few of them had three possible options; the usual on and off that most had, and then a third neutral option. What is neutral of on and off?

Passing by each of them, I read the titles just above them each in certain colors. There was foolish, which was red, and was off. There was deceitful, which was red, and was on. There was organized, which was green, and was on. There was compatible, which was green, and was off. And there was intelligent, which was yellow, and was on.

I noticed that for some of the things that were currently on, there was a different type of dial next to it that seemed to spin counter-clockwise.

I got to a strange section where there were no switches or dials, but actually buttons. It seemed that when one button was pushed to the down position, all the other buttons

around it were switched to the up position. Each title for each button was basically the same, except it had a number after it. Profile 1. Profile 2. Profile 3. Profile 4.

Suddenly, button 2, which was in the up position, switched to the down position, and button 1 went into the up position; buttons 3 and 4 were already in that state.

When I looked around, I saw certain titles beginning to blink, and soon after, their setting changed. I saw organized begin to blink in various shades of green, and then switch from on to off. This happened with numerous other settings, with both switches and dials. The dial change which stuck out to me most was strength, which changed from a degree of 149 to 311.

As all the changes were in progress, a figure in the corner of the room was revealed to me. It was that of a man cast in a sort of white light, and when I went over to him, he saw me.

He told me that his name was Democ, and I assumed that he must have known Dice. Throughout the transformation he told me details about himself in contrast to the man shadowed in darkness. He instead was a man who represented the conclusion of full knowledge. He was a concept devised to illustrate what happens not when there is too much evil, but when there is too much good, and he detailed the spread of good as being just as dangerous as the spread of evil. With the spread of good came the notions of laws and the individual's restraint on free will. The notions of censorship and the dictatorship of ethics. The notion of forced reiterated kindness. With the spread of good came forth religions and religious wars fought to control the popularized perception of goodness. Where evil gives you a fighting chance, the good show no mercy. And I knew soon, just after he told me that he was evenly matched with Dice and was the only entity in this world who could go toe-to-toe with him, that he spoke the truth.

The transformation was complete and I was standing there again, looking into the senator's car. This time he was looking back at me, a black hockey mask on his face. Confused, yet well aware, he drove away, and I got into my own vehicle and followed.

That night, he ran over a man jogging in the night. I was struck by the action, but I could find no truth or poetry in the hit and run. Instead, I found only that Dusk was in the ranks of the insane.

Senator Dusk: From ashes to ashes and from dusk to dusk!

As Lynne placed the luggage on the bed she began telling me about how she came up with a plan for her near and possibly distant future. She was saving up now, every dollar she could, to pay for a night class that would help her get a job as a nursing aide, or perhaps a person qualified to medically take care of people in their homes.

When she said “every dollar,” I naturally thought part of every dollar was also from the erotic clothing she was placing in the luggage. I offered to pay for the totality of her class or classes, but she didn't want that. She told me she enjoyed taking the photos as they made her feel sexy. And with that, we ventured on through 2:00 A.M. and into the treehouse with the erotic articles of clothing she'd selected.

In the treehouse, she looked outward with her backside toward me. The back of her head told the tale of her gaze at the Moon.

She looked like a princess. A dark brown wig and a completely transparent pale-pink one-piece-like swimsuit that suffocated her breasts. It was soft to the potent touch, and on her hands were thick pink gloves that were accompanied by a large bracelet.

In the basement, she bent over to do laundry. The sight of her thighs as they pressed against each other was something I wanted to pass my hand through.

A large hanging gold earring. A black short-haired wig, and on each hand a small bracelet. Her bra was gold and made of silk and finished toward the bottom with flowery lace. Her panties were more like a very short golden lacy skirt that exposed the lower half of her delicate bottom.

In the office, she sat with her legs spread wide open on the office chair. Her unsuspecting reading seduced any voyeur.

She had on thin black make-up all around her eyes. Black stockings and a garter belt that exposed her vagina and her pubic hair. She also had on a black shirt with red roses on it which opened in the middle and showed her black see-through bra. Her stomach was covered by something that was attached to the garter belt, and she had lacy gloves on that showed some of her skin.

In Datura, I saw her profile view as she mimed a painter. And the expression she gave was like an erotic paining itself.

This was an outfit I think she was excited to show me. Very minimal panties which were a string around her waist and completely showed her bottom, and the backside of the panties were wider in width and tucked into her butt. Her shirt was rolled up toward her chest and was like a light blue women's dress shirt. Her hair was tied with a white bow, and her favorite part, which she probably wanted me to notice most, was a paintbrush in her hand.

In the kitchen, she stood at the stove with some cookware. And as she turned around to look at me, I took a photograph of serene frontal appeal.

This was a very simple outfit. Your average white lacy flowery brassiere and panties that were shaped like boyshorts but hung loosely on her body. On each side, there was a small opening.

When we were finished, she looked at me quietly as I looked through the photos.

Soon after, I gave her a fifty-dollar bill. She put it away, and suddenly and softly, she asked me if I wanted a bonus video for free. I didn't decline.

If I were to describe the ensuing video that was taken, I would recommend the user to search the following: “pussy spreading”, “tit play”, “ass jiggle”, “sensual moaning”.

I joked and told her that I was going to be saving the video as “Exotic Mommies 2.” She joked back and asked me what happened to Exotic Mommies 1.

I asked with a confusing look on my face, “You don't remember shooting Exotic Mommies 1? Remember? The whole thing takes place while you're asleep. You won a MissPlay Award for it, and it was regarded as one of the greatest sleeping performances of all time in the industry. People thought you were actually asleep.” She began to nod her head as if remembering her role, “Yeah, yeah, I remember now. I spent almost eight hours a night preparing for that part.”

The night ended with a conversation about selling the home. I thought it was finally time, and since we were moving anyway, the money might help us go somewhere new.

As Lynne checked up on Sara and Dave and asked them if they wanted to hang out with us at the home, I thought more on the dreams I had transcribed earlier in the day.

Why do criminals and superheroes both wear masks? Initial thoughts land on identity concealment. But despite humility being a virtue and heroic quality, it is actually because superheroes are performing vigilante justice which can sometimes be considered a criminal act and even immoral in the eyes of the law, though will not be immoral to most individual people. Superheroes are not qualified nor have they been elected and given the right to judge and act against crime on behalf of the people. It makes me wonder, have we given cops this right? I suppose anyone who pays taxes does.

A conflicting arc in some comic books is the fact that the people did not choose that superhero to fight crime on their behalf, and so the hero becomes a sort of enemy.

April 29th

That was a lot harder than I thought it'd be. A lot of trial and error. The first customer had too many keys. It's amazing how many people in London have no idea what half of their keys are used for. The second guy didn't have enough keys. Thank God it's easy to spot a car key, otherwise that would have been a waste of my time. The third guy required a key to get access to his other keys, which made me think that I am not the first woman to think of doing this. The fourth guy had three keys, one was for his car, so I chose one of the others to copy. After I copied it I put the clay pad away and texted Yadia, telling her to follow the man I was with. She followed him for about four hours until he went home and got his address. I gave Yadia the clay pad later on and she copied

the key and then tested it on the address. It didn't open it. I guess we copied his mailkey. The fifth guy was living in the 22nd century and only had these magnetic key cards. The sixth guy was the perfect candidate, but after Yadia opened his front door, an alarm went off. I loved the sixth guy. For some men, you have to build their trust and turn them into a client before they leave things lying around, but for other men, they are just careless and underestimate women. This guy only had two keys, one of them being for his car. I copied the other and Yadia tested it after she followed him home. It opened the door and there was no alarm. Yadia sat on his house for a week until she determined a pattern, and on her say so we drove to the man's home in the afternoon with a van. We opened the garage and parked the van inside and then walked into a candy store. Yadia is a lot bigger and stronger than me, so she focused on stealing the items like T.V.s, computers, paintings, appliances, cells, etc. For me, I had the task of finding the hidden valuables. Things that wouldn't be out in the open. A house this big definitely has some. I was hoping to find a safe, and while I didn't, I did find a box hidden in boxes. There was jewelry, some documents, and at least a few thousand in cash. When I showed Yadia the ice and the dough, she was so happy. Before we left, we broke the window in the yard and then drove away, undetected by any curious neighbors. I can't wait to see what the next house looks like.

Margaret worked a long shift at the meat plant. Leaving the large yellow building, she made plans in her mind to watch television and rest for the remainder of the day. She said goodbye to all of her co-workers and then left the town that was diminishing in population.

When she got home, she saw that her sister had prepared dinner. This was good because she was starving, and to take her mind off of the wait, she went inside a room and toward a baby's crib where she found her niece, Christina.

Christy hovered over Sara as Sara placed her report card inside the black fridge. Once Sara had moved, Christy went ahead and placed her math homework inside the fridge.

Dam and Gun hovered over Dave as he filled out a form online on his cell that might help him win a free video game console. "Dick Handler?," Gun asked as Dave input the name field. "Dick Handler. That's my alias." Dam chuckled.

The last to arrive at the church spot were Kane and Pattie, and though the two were not very well acquainted, they were having an intimate conversation as they approached. "My uncle passed away today two years ago." "Oh, I'm sorry about that..." "Don't worry about it, it was a one time thing. He's not going to do it again." "Wait, did you just see that?," Pattie asked Kane. "I did not see anything," Kane replied. "Hmm, thought I saw something just then," Pattie finished.

When the two arrived, the boy went to the boys and the girl to the girls. And on such the matter of boys were spoken of by the girls; Pattie had an argument with Toby about the various girls he socialized with; Christy and Dam shared their first kiss; Sara was asked by a boy she liked to go to the movies.

When the seven kids all formed together, Dave began asking if any of them had heard about the kids who found a skeleton under a building that was undergoing construction. "They were all just playing in a construction zone and one of the kids went too far below and found it," Dave said. "I wonder if there were any more skeletons there that they missed," Kane thought.

A strange look came upon Sara's face. Then strangeness came upon her words. "In L.A., Connie was telling me about a rumor she heard. She heard that the yellow building used to be a meat packing plant and that that's where the Corpser lives." "Who's the Corpser?," Christy asked. "From what I heard, he always appears in the walls, and it's always just his face." "What do you mean in the walls?" "Like, his face will just pop out of the wall and his face copies the texture of the wall itself. So like, if it's a brick wall, it will look normal, and then when you walk by it just his face will come out of the wall and it will look like a brick face. His face never really comes all the way out of the wall, but it's like his face is stuck in the wall and he's trying to force himself out of it."

"That sounds made up," Dave and Kane somehow insisted at the same time. "Then go in there and see," Sara dared. "I'll do that shit right now," Dave declared and at the same time invited Kane. And everyone waited.

As Dave began walking toward the yellow building, everyone grabbed their bookbags and belongings and followed him.

As they neared the yellow building, Kane whispered to Dave, and the two at the time were leading the pack, "Are you really going in there?" Before Dave could answer, he heard a shout from behind that came from Sara. "Are you guys really going in there?"

Kane turned around, then Dave, and Kane answered. "Well, I've made it this far, I'm not just going to turn around now... Well, I am going to literally turn around after I'm finished speaking." And Kane turned around, continuing the way.

As the group of two approached nearer the entrance of the meat facility, the group of five behind ran toward them to also enter the building.

Standing just in front of the entrance, it was time to prove bravery. The seven prepared themselves to enter a building they had never even thought of entering before, and just before they went to step a foot forward, they heard an engine coming their way. When the vehicle passed alongside a view in which they could see it for a moment, they all realized it was the engine that of a speeding ice cream truck that currently played no music. The blank faces stared at each other for a moment, and each little heart wished it

was only a coincidence.

As they ventured inside into the abandoned meat factory, their sights were set ablazed by the ancient ruin of it all. Most of it was very dim, save for any parts touched by the light of Sun.

Though this building had been privately owned, after the town was abandoned, it was sold and became property of the local government. This meant it was complicately part of a universal power grid. And that meant this building, unlike the other buildings in the abandoned town, still received power. The building was, however, damaged over the years and this has led to faulty wiring. This bit of knowledge has been given to the reader, but not to the children.

After discovery, Pattie found a level which included what looked to be a large slide. When she pointed it out to the others, there was nothing left to do other than slide down it.

Before Dam went to enter the large slide, Gun pointed out a bit of rust and told him to avoid it, saying anyone who dies here probably remains here until they are turned into a monster themselves.

One by one, each child slid down the large slide until they crashed onto the lower level. And the evening went on like this; the finding of apparatus and creative usings of it. Sometimes one of the kids found hidden rooms. One hidden room had a sign which read “2 Days without an Accident.”

Kane found a room with labels of “dark meat” and “white meat,” and wondered to himself, “If a cannibal is someone who eats other people, what is a black person who eats other black people?”

Gun Ho had the idea to play hide and seek within the large structure, but as he thought more on explaining the rules, he noticed a room they had not noticed before and was drawn to it. When he opened the door to this room, he saw that there was a door on the floor that seemed to lead as a long dark tunnel. “You think the Corpsor is down there?,” he asked everyone. And while everyone knew there was only one way to find out, not everyone was keen on going down there.

As usual, Dave volunteered Kane and the two prepared to travel down the long dark way while the other four stayed above to provide assistance should anything happen.

A few yards into the dark, Kane and Dave found nothing interesting, but after a few more meters they came upon a piece of trash on the ground. Picking it up, Dave read a receipt which came from Chase Mart and concerned the purchase of a box of toothpicks. Whispering, he told Kane about it, to which Kane asked if Pattie had ever been down here. “Doubt it,” Dave replied. And the two continued on.

In the darkness, the two reached what appeared to be some kind of gate. “Do you

think it goes to the sewers?," Dave asked. Kane was unsure. And during his unassuredness, power was restored to the entire building.

A light began to flicker above Christy, and as they all started to look upward, the sound of a piece of machinery gearing up like a high-pitched spinning blade took hold of their ears. Followed was madness as they each panicked and began to run.

"What the hell is that?," Dave asked Kane while still below. And the moment he was finished asking, a light turned on just on the other side of the gate. This grabbed their attention and they stood dazed, noticing a warning of biohazards and taped off areas, but it was the sound of a large freezer room turning on that sent them running back to their peers.

In her confusion, Pattie mistakenly ran into a room she had not yet seen, and upon entering it, a hidden television turned on with the terrifying sound of loud static and white noise.

Gun Ho, still panicking, took a wrong turn into a room that now had rotating meat hooks as they traveled from one side of the room to another.

Dam and Christy were aware of the way out, but saw in the distance that the entrance had shut and was now displaying an array of electric colors, and so they turned around and went another way.

Sara, like the others, had too become lost, and was shocked terror almost half to death when the large slide turned on and began to spin wildly near her.

And then just like that, the power was turned off. There was not a single child in that factory that did not have the Corpser on their mind.

As calmness overtook the building, the vision of their young minds was restored and they saw the exit to the area, and by ones and twos they each walked out. In their spooked out frames, they each agreed that there would be no more visiting of this ghostly town. Not at all. After-school now meant going directly home.

While the group of seven did walk the many miles home, Kane noted to Pattie of the receipt he found in the tunnel. "I didn't know it used to be called Chase Mart," said Kane. The receipt was something that both interested and confused Pattie.

Patricia was helping her uncle at Chase Mart with stocking inventory in the backroom when she grew thirsty and went out into the store for a beverage. She had heard the thunder even from inside the warehouse, and when she walked out, she heard its true power after grabbing a drink from a stand.

On her way back she bumped into Julia, a family friend, who was mopping the floor and who told her there was something she wanted to show her. She followed, and when they got to the point, Julia pointed out of the window. There, in the distance, was a tree that had been struck by lightning and split in half.

Chapter 90

TIMELESS

2:3:9:90

CAM04000: Vehicles headed eastward come to a stop as seen from a camera attached to a trafficlight.

CAM08593: A patient is shown being wheel-chaired out of the hospital.

CAM02701: A deceased person is shown being moved out of the police station in a decorated police officer's uniform.

CAM03030: No activity is shown coming from out of the cemetery.

CAM00183: In front of the church could be read the sign which reads "We shall overcome this virus." Several minutes of monitoring this camera would eventually show the conclusion of a church session.

A week had passed by, but the children could not resist the lure of lore. And the day they had returned proved to be a day they would not soon forget.

"I can't sleep," said Pattie as the group sat at the backend of the church. "Oh, I can help you with that," Kane replied, "all you have to do is go to a bed, lay down on it, and then close your eyes. You'll usually be asleep within thirty minutes." "No, I mean I can fall asleep, but everytime I fall asleep I have a nightmare of that T.V. I run into the room and the T.V. is on and is making these scary sounds and there is only static on the screen. Or is it called white noise?" "There was a T.V. there?" "Yeah, in one of those rooms. It's where I ran when everything was turning on. I only saw the screen for a moment, but I swear to God there was something in all that snow that T.V.s make when they're not working. I'm pretty sure it could have been a face or something. Like a face screaming in pain." "The Corpser?" "That's what I was thinking, but I don't know for sure."

"That was seriously an IQ 20 move by us, we should have never gone in there," Dam said. "Hey, I was asking around, and you guys remember Negro? Or Necro, whatever his name is?" "Yeah." "Filbert told me that one of the guys Negro ate was Smith Wesson. Negro tried to eat him, but vomited him back out because he tasted nasty, then Smith Wesson became this half-eaten undead gangster. He also told me Smith Wesson has a high threshold for pain, so he is basically unkillable."

"You just reminded me of what Jessie told me about the hospital. She said there is a person in there named Don the Bleeder who is just as dangerous as Algor." "Wait, why is he named 'the bleeder'? Is it because he bleeds easily or because he bleeds other people?" "Jessie said it's both. He bleeds very easily so he has to kill people and drain their blood and put it into his body. He literally hangs people up upside-down and bleeds them to death. And get this, his blood type changes every midnight." "Why?" "I don't know, but he can sense your blood type and one day he'll be a certain blood type and only chase

certain people, and then another day he'll be a different blood type and chase other people. Some lucky people will be allowed to escape because he isn't their type, but then again there are days when he has the universal blood type and he chases everybody."

"Well we already agreed that we aren't ever entering any other buildings except the Spookhouse and the church, so there's no need to worry about the bleeder unless we have to go in the hospital for some reason which we never will have to anyway," Pattie said.

"Christy, why did you change your name?," Gun asked looking at his cell phone. "She wants to be known as 'Kristie' now," Sara said with a grin. "Why?" "Don't worry about it," Kristie replied.

Gun Ho, the joker as he was, got up and began sashaying, "Ooh look at me, I'm Kristie, I spell my name with a 'K' and an 'I', ooh lala," Gun danced. Kristie picked up the nearest thing to her, which was her backpack, and threw it directly at Gun, but Gun was able to dodge the attack. And suddenly, a noise approached the group of seven.

As the noise became louder and louder, they became more and more frightened because it was a noise that moved. And what could be more frightening than a moving sound in a place that is supposed to be dead.

At this point, all the children were standing, foot positioned and ready to bolt, and finally after a long delay, the noise that moved was revealed to them; it was an old lady with an orange rolling grocery cart.

Adrenaline ran indiscriminately throughout all of their bodies when she turned and looked at them. "Lady Glabella," Kane muttered underneath his breath, and soon all the children slowly began to walk backwards.

"Oh, hello!," the old lady waved at them, rubbed her eyes, and then began to walk toward them with the grocery cart every step behind her of the way. "I've never seen you kids here before," she remarked.

Though the thought of death and evil and all things darkness were on their minds, the old lady did not seem as if a threat as she walked gently toward them. But still, their feet walked backwards, and softly, Dave replied and asked, "Do you live here?"

"I've lived here all my life. Right over there," the old lady pointed. The kids stopped and looked, and it was a building they recognized but never gave any matter of mind to. "You live here alone?," Kristie asked. "For about the last fifteen years, yes, I think. I'm sorry, my memory loses me," the old lady answered. "Did you kids recently move here?" "No, we just come here after-school," Dave replied. The gathering of information continued on like this until the old lady knew all of their names, and finally, until they too knew her name, which was Florella. She even offered to bring them snacks when she saw their refrigerator. And soon enough, a concept began to form into their imaginative minds; the problem with the myth is that as soon as the real person dies, the mythos of

the person is born and sometimes that is all that is left of that person, good or bad, and this same idea can be said of a place.

You expressed your reasoning and logic behind the idea of moving into his parents' home permanently, but that discussion turned nasty very soon. It didn't take long for him to realize that there was indeed a fair amount of rationale to your argument. A moment later he came to compromise, telling you that you could pick any place to live and he would follow you there and pay whatever expenses need to be paid using the money earned from the sale of the home.

Sometime in the next week, just after noon, you finished washing half of the walls at the home. You ate lunch and then took a 1:45 bus to keep a scheduled appointment. You found the address of a home in candidacy, which was one of many townhouses surrounded by acres of woods.

Looking around, you noticed that it was a very quiet area filled with nature, and soon the person renting the townhome invited you in.

You would be looking at the home on the left side. Inside it was spacious, having two bedrooms and one bathroom. A window in the kitchen, which was located toward the backside, had a view of the neighboring woods. You think about quiet evenings and crackling campfires at midnight.

The next appointment came after cleaning all of the carpet in the parents' home. You took a 2:30 bus to the general area and then walked into the large apartment complex which was registered under the name of "Kenway Villas."

You tell the person showing the apartments that your name is Lynne and she guides you to a building which houses four families. You follow her up the stairs and then follow her into the apartment on the right.

Much like the townhome, it included two bedrooms and one bathroom, but somehow seemed less spacious. There was a deck just outside the backdoor from which when standing on, you could see a squared man-made river which squarely snaked around the entire community in ninety degree angles. You think about how calm the water is, and how its shine comes from the true Sun.

The next two appointments came after finding and cleaning all the uncleanable places in bathrooms and kitchens and basements, but you did not keep them for reasons following.

Walking toward the address of the next appointment, you realized that as you got closer to the home, you also got closer to a train station, and when the train bulleted through the area, you realized that this would not be a suitable living arrangement. The same could be said about the next appointment, for when you got to the address, you learned that the apartment was just atop a possible loud cafe.

The next appointment came after having a discussion with the real estate agent who would be trying to sell the home. You were about to paint over the Daturian wall when he suggested not to, saying the artwork in that room could be a selling point.

You took a 4:15 bus to the address and then an elevator up to the 22nd floor of 30 total floors. There you met the woman who recently called you and was going to be showing you the apartment, and when you walked inside you were drawn to the city view of the living room window. Like the others, it included two rooms and one bathroom, and was somewhere in between in spaciousness. You looked out the living room window once more, remembering the past of your childhood and the constant moving.

282-0646: ...Do you think she knows?

499-0365: That I'm cheating on her with you?

282-0646: Yes.

499-0365: Melanie is a lot of things but she's not dumb.

282-0646: So is that a yes...

499-0365: I'm not sure, if she thought I was, she would have already confronted me.

282-0646: Or maybe she's gathering intel and evidence.

499-0365: PI?

282-0646: Who has the money for those nowadays...

499-0365: Well, anyway, where do you want to meet up next?

282-0646: The first place? At lunch?

499-0365: The motel?

282-0646: Indeed.

499-0365: That'll work.

282-0646: Since we got that out of the way, what do you want to talk about tonight?

499-0365: I've been dreaming about running away with you. Just leaving everything behind.

282-0646: Leaving Chad and running away with you is all I ever think about.

499-0365: Where do you go in your mind?

282-0646: What do you mean?

499-0365: Like where in the world?

282-0646: For me it's always Greece. I've always fantasized about escaping to Greece.

499-0365: Greece, I think we'd be very happy there together.

282-0646: Me too.

499-0365: I could write, you could paint, we would be so free.

282-0646: Listen, we've been talking about it for so long but we still haven't made

any plans. When are we really going to do this? I love you and I am ready.

499-0365: I love you, too, but you know my situation is a bit more complicated because of the kids. Just give me a few more weeks.

282-0646: I will give you all the time you need. I just want you to remember. I love you more than your wife ever will...

☉ A month ago, I had a dream. The best way to describe it was a sort of purely abstract experience. It was a three-dimensional world which consisted of a white boundless reality. Contained within this reality was an array of shapes and an array of colors.

I myself existed as a yellow sphere. In the corner was a blue box, a bit further, an almost completely flat green rectangle, and surrounding myself and all of the other shapes was a large red wall circle. I rolled myself over toward the red wall and realized there was no escape, but as I then decided to roll toward the green rectangle, a progress bar began, which had a black background, to fill with white. I continued to move toward it and rolled myself onto the nearly flat green rectangle platform, but nothing happened. At this moment, it clicked in my consciousness that this was perhaps a puzzle.

Moving now toward the blue box, the progress bar continued to fill, and once I reached the blue box and began pushing it toward the red wall, the progress bar began to reverse and unfill. I stopped immediately and reversed directions, going instead toward the green platform. The progress bar was nearly filled when finally the blue box was atop the green platform, and when the progress bar was completely filled, the red wall was lifted.

It was at this moment, though it had been there all the time, that I noticed a cinematic display in the background. It seemed to be an infinite amount of white balls falling onto red and blue cubes. Some white balls fell on the red cube, others on the blue cube. And in the corner of that display, were a number of black balls which were contained within a larger gray box. And all of a sudden, that larger gray box was opened and the black balls came spilling out, joining the white balls in hitting the blue and red cubes.

I rose up from my computer chair and entered a dark living room. I passed through it to enter a dark bathroom. And I realized it was not the bathroom which I wished to go to, and re-passed through a dark living room and into a dark kitchen where I turned the light on.

There I found the cell and a notification that someone had sent me a message some time prior.

Bobbi Dreams: Love yuo

Mr. Spookie: Love you too

I sat down at the kitchen table with headphones and began listening to music. I couldn't sleep so I figured I might spend the late night with rhythms and lyrics from different periods all over. It is fascinating how music, like a dream, can transport you to other worlds.

What a thrill... With darkness and silence through the night. Sometimes I forget I'm still awake. I think I've lost you, tell me I'm dreaming. I want that purple stuff. Fuck the constitution. Are we part of the solution or are we part of the pollution? Mama told me there'd be days like this. Maybe I'm seeing what I want to see. Living in a fish eye lens. It's like a favorite song that we love to sing everytime we hear the music. The palace of mirrors, where dark soldiers are reflected. Who are you? You look so familiar. These photographs mean nothing to the poison that they take. Sing it out to some dark cloud chasing and wasting for our own desires. I closed my eyes and I slipped away. Look at how the time goes past, but I'm all alone at last. All my pictures seem to fade to black and white. I love you, I love you, and all of your pieces. You're building a mystery. I feel love when I'm lying in the midnight hour. The devil's in your mind. It was all a dream. At night I can't sleep. In the clouds we count our dreams. Let the music play. Of memories, there are not many left. The Sun shines, and people forget.

I am reminded by the song of many moons ago when Derek stayed in this very apartment. I remember he asked me if I was a writer. So he would not ask another, I said yes. And he went on asking if I chose it, as if choosing an occupation was a strange concept to him. I thought and said, "I think it chose me."

And still, there have been moments when I wrestle with the notion of creation. I understand now, and perhaps understood long before I realized, that to rid myself of Brandon I must sell the home. The car is gone, but the home remains, and so does still that conceptual American dream.

But one who destroys a dream is often seen as an antagonist, definitely not a protagonist. But who among us has never destroyed a dream? The parallel does not lie in the common thread of success, but in failure. Success is reserved for heroes. For antiheroes there is failure and a creative way to manage that failure. Sometimes managing that failure means entertaining unpopular opinion. Despite this, many will find sympathy for the one who must traverse the path of moral obscurity, perhaps even moreso than the hero who is blameless. If the human is more likely to relate to the antihero than the hero, what does that tell you about humanity?

Kane passed through an area designated as a low-income township. On his way to the town's municipal building he passed by a library that had been under construction for

seven years. When he got inside the municipal building, he found Kaylene, to which was a woman he had been giving books to for as long as the library had been under construction. These books, totaling up to too many to count, were being saved as donations to input into the library once construction was complete. But it had been a long time of book donation, and seven years is a long time to wait to see your deed turn to fruition.

Nevertheless, Kane walked again pass the unfinished library, hoping one day it would finally be complete.

When Kane returned to his living space, he noted a sleeping FKII on the living room couch, slouched to a ninth degree. He put a blanket over his son, and then went into his study to survey a selection of new novels.

Down below were Lynne and the narrator, who were also with Sara, and who were talking about allowing Sara to go on a date with a boy. After it was decided she could go to the movies with this boy, the narrator retired to his own living space.

I wonder, if two atoms cannot overlap, is it so that two times cannot overlap? Before I could ponder I received a message on my phone. It was Lynne, and soon after it was a message on my door.

As she sat next to me she seemed somewhat docile. But also seeking attention. She wanted me to know she was there but almost in a shylike way.

With the television on I layed there silently thinking about the rigidity of love, but when the thoughts ceased I became aware of Lynne's engorged breasts. The average amount of milk a woman's breasts can hold, combined, is 4.7 ounces, but Lynne was not the average woman; she was a creature of sexual animalism.

The urge of deconstruction that night was more powerful than the preservation of innocence, and shortly after I found myself caressing the base of her left breast. I guided my hand mentally with every desire of the senses to reach the erect nipple where after with satisfaction I made my way back down to the base.

There was no indication from Lynne that what I was doing was unpleasant, and this led to the manipulation of Lynne's breast with my tongue. Each movement of my mouth on her breast seemed to bolster the milk supply and it wasn't until I had trouble breathing that I removed myself from her.

Lynne then turned herself around onto the couch, searched for a location with some kind of criteria or criticism in her mind, and then made her body figure as if she were awaiting penetration.

A man's love for the woman was here before me, and it will be here long after I am dead. On to my knees I crawled to Lynne and took hold of her body, where after I made the gentle thrust into her.

I knew that when I saw her sitting on my couch and made her breasts visible for me to see, that this is what she wanted and why she came here in the first place.

When we were finished with the first, I sat on the couch and she climbed onto me. She sitting on me and facing toward me was my favorite arrangement. The sound of her moaning and the look of her half-opened mouth; the intensified gaze of her eyes into mine; I am confident that the most distinctive feature about a woman is her eyes and the way that she will look at you.

A few minutes after we were done, that docileness was gone as was the attention seeking and shyness. She joked, asking me what a movie like what we just did would have been named. She suggested “Mommy's Cockpit 3.”

When she noticed me thinking, she quickly changed the title to “Daddy's Cockpit 3.” And soon I replied.

“Neither of them work. Daddy's Cockpit makes too many mentions of the male. And Mommy's Cockpit makes the woman sound like she may or may not have a dick.” “Then what do you suppose?”

I thought again, but then she said another, “Toss It Up.” “No number, so this is 'Toss It Up' the original?” She nodded, “The original that inspired countless sequels, prequels, sidequels and spin-offs.” I nodded. After a short while I told her that we should work on the behind-the-scenes photographs for her upcoming movie, “Mommy Adventures: The Booty Report.” “I'm game,” she laughed out loud, “you know I'm game,” she replied, and the rest of the night was a dream.

This was mostly just a bra and panties. Though the white panties which had yellow flowers were loose on her body and flapped, and her bra, where the breasts would gently push against the fabric, it was completely open to expose the nipples and all of the breasts themselves. In her hair was some kind of beaded hairband.

Very fluffy and lacy panties, and a very fluffy and lacy bra. And in her hair, a pink bow which stood out clearly. She also had on a very light brown wig that seemed soft to the touch.

She was mostly nude and had on only flappy panties that were laced and flowery in design. She didn't have on a wig, but her natural hair was all wet.

Heart-shaped gold earrings, low black heels, ultra black stockings, and a red corset that seemed intently keen on exposing her breasts. She was a secret lover.

The first thing I noticed was the black lacy fabric that seemed to choke her neck. And then I saw the misty black top that was connected to her black stockings which was connected to her black heels.

She had nothing on but large pearls hanging from her ears, hanging from her neck, and hanging from her lovely upper arms.

This one came with a curly haired brown wig and a light green outfit. The outfit itself was a green lacy bra, flappy green panties, and something of a green lacy shirt with small flowers that could be opened from the middle. Her feet bore heels that showed a lot of her skin.

She had on a black hat that was flat on the top and in the front was like a baseball cap. A very colorful bra that had strings and beads hanging from it. Very minimal string panties. And finally simple black stockings.

When the inevitable conclusion of the dream was met, I gave her eighty dollars; a Grant, a Jackson and a Hamilton, though I had to find all of that money in my closet, a closet which she was standing in front of because she was looking at herself through one of the mirrors she had brought from her home. When I put my hand on her side to get through, I noticed that she didn't flinch. So when I handed her the money, I noted this. It was awkward, because already she realized that in the past she had flinched when I sometimes touched her. Again, only a slight flinch only noticeable if you are looking for it, but there nonetheless.

She theorized that it was in fact the nude photographs that ironically made her more comfortable, but she couldn't be sure.

I later went to go lay on the bed behind her and watched her from the mirror as she changed clothes. And you know, with mirrors, that person can watch you back. And this was all we did. We used a medium to tell lies.

Inside the beauty salon, a hairstylist retold a joke she had heard from her daughter, Pattie. Latasha and all of the other women in the room laughed at the discomfoting joke. Soon after, a woman waiting asked Latasha what she was selling, which was a brand of make-up suited to fashion the woman of tomorrow.

Nearby were Becca and Felicity, who were watching the conversation through a pair of binoculars. "I still can't believe how quickly she's losing weight. And seriously, though, where did you get binoculars?" Felicity asked. Prior to this, Rebecca had explained her and Tasha's lottery ticket scam plot. Becca handed over the binoculars, "You see how she just applied a small bit of foundation onto that woman? That's the target." And soon they both moved into position.

Back in the beauty salon, after the woman confessed that she would not be able to afford what Tasha was selling, Tasha joked that she should play the lottery. "No, seriously, a few years ago I won seven-hundred dollars on a 5-dollar ticket."

The woman's friend was now finished with her session and the two were on their way. Off in the distance were again Felicity and Becca. "How did you guys decide who does what?" "Well, we noticed that most women were more comfortable buying from me, and I'm pretty sure it's because I'm white." "Oh, so this is okay because you're

exploiting racists?” “Indeed, pay attention.”

“Excuse me, miss,” Becca called the woman who had a bit of foundation applied, “I bought this lottery ticket but forgot that I only had twenty bucks and now I can't take the train back home. They won't accept refunds so I was wondering if you wanted to buy it off me.” The woman, standing with a bit of foundation on her face, thought back to the conversation with Tasha. And more, thought on the complexity of fate and probability. If she had been an avid player of the lottery, she would have been thinking on the fact that what Becca had in her hand was only a 2-dollar ticket, but the average person does not play the lottery. And so, at least this time, the scam worked, and soon Tasha and Becca split the profit of eighteen dollars between themselves. When the two offered to buy Felicity lunch, Felicity laughed at the elaborateness of their scheme.

June 26th, 1951

Something strange is happening on Pool street. Yesterday one of the chiefs of police went around the area and put all of us girls in a van. They didn't arrest us, but they drove us to one of those sinemas. Not a cinema, but a sinema, the ones that show sex movies. He and some other cops sat us all down and told us that effective immediately, all prostitution would be moved to Pool street. This means no Warrick, no Cromwell, no Georges, just fucking Pool street. How are any of us suppose to make any money? They also said no pimps, the only person we have to pay is ourselves. Supposedly there will be cops stationed there for our protection. I don't know. I think they are opening Pandora's box with this one. We'll see how tomorrow goes.

August 27th, 1968

Morley got me the first audition spot for a local pageant, but I'm not sure if I'm okay with what I did to get it. One of his investors can bribe some people, and Morley told me that statistically, the girl with the first audition spot is 70% more likely to be chosen because you will be the first person they see. Sometimes they don't even go past the third person and everyone else just ends up going home. To GET that first spot though, I had to give a handjob to the investor. I don't know what's up with these guys, but he had me wear long latex gloves and had two bowls on the side of him. One was water filled with ice and the other was recently boiled water. He asked me which hand I use to write, then told me that that hand goes into the warm water and the other hand goes into the cold water. I guess he preferred the better hand to be the warm one. I dipped my right hand into the warm water, then tugged his dick up and down until he had an orgasm. Then he

told me to switch hands until he orgasmed again, and told me to alternate between each orgasm and that he was a quick cummer with a fast reload. So then I dipped my left hand into the cold water and then tugged up and down again until he orgasmed. I think he must have cummed at least 20 times. Each time I switched hands I felt like I was done with a workout. I imagine the sensation between alternating warm and cold orgasms must feel good, but I am never doing anything like that ever again. Not compromising. I'll quit before I do anything like that again.

January 18th, 1974

I was at a New Year's party drinking and drugging and fucking and yesterday I heard from someone else who was there that some disease may have been passed around. I don't know if he called it a virus or a bacterium or whatever, but some guys have been getting sick and some of them are saying it's a sickness like they've never had before. For now, I feel fine, but I think it's time to chime off.

May 14th, 1985

Went to my first class today! The teacher is so nice! (and handsome). The other students are helpful as hell. I had to change my schedule at Pool Girls to fit in and my boss is proud of me even though this means he'll be losing me eventually. I'm not his best earner anyway, he'll survive.

August 1st, 1992

I decided to make a business decision and get breast implants. I know, it's sudden and uncharacteristic of me, but the films I'm making aren't drawing enough attention and I'm barely getting by. My chest is bigger now and so is my confidence!

November 30th, 2009

There's a lot of competition in the web cam modeling industry, and a lot of us women make a decent living off of it, kind of, but something dangerous is about to happen to that world. A new company that was once partnered with the sites we all use has created something like a programmed girl. That's what everyone is calling it. It's in beta right now, but so far all you have to do is upload a picture of a girl you like and the software generates a 3D model of her and she basically becomes your cam girl. I'm not sure how it

would work with how she speaks, but any of these women are supposed to have thousands of variable actions or something to keep them realistic and so you always see something new. I still don't understand how you can interact with them. Something to do with artificial intelligence. They actually respond to what you say, and if you ask them to do something they'll do it. So weird. I've seen a few pictures of the generated women and you can easily tell that they're programs. I hope it doesn't evolve. That will be bad for business for sure. It's hard enough to compete with all these other girls, now I'm going to have to compete with a would-be customer's co-worker or neighbor who doesn't even know she's camming!

June 11th

We took four more houses. Really only 3.5, because a family was moving out of one of them. I'm mad at myself that I didn't think of something like this sooner, I'd have so much money I wouldn't know what to do with all. The only thing is, doing this this much has made me paranoid. I always feel like someone knows what I'm doing, or Yadia is snitching on me to the police, or someone is watching. All my clients know me as “Ada” but the difference between a “v” and a “d” is a wave dredging up the deep and distant past.

Volume 2 - Composition 3
(2:3 / 6 / VI)

Part 10

Chapter 91
LOVETAP
2:3:10:91

THE narrator woke up in the morning to find there was no milk in the refrigerator. Leaving home, he walked past the vacant apartment of 2C, down the backwell stairs, and exited through the backdoor of the apartment building and entered the alley. Inside Chase Mart, he ventured toward the milk, where he saw two brothers playing in front of a display of candy. One brother gave the other a lovetap, and soon the mother told him to stop that. After grabbing a gallon of milk, the narrator made his way to the checkout.

Sara and Zachary waited just outside the theater for Zach's mother to come pick them up. They had just finished watching a newly released movie titled "Lovetap," which was genred as a romantic comedy. "That movie was funny," Sara told her date. He laughed and agreed. "I thought the end was kind of corny, but it was cute I guess." In her mind, Sara replied to Zach's comment and thought that the ending was one of the most romantic things she had ever seen, but she did not say this outloud. "Yeah, the ending was kind of cheesy," Sara laughed. When finally the mother arrived, Sara and Zach entered the vehicle and soon were dropping Sara off. Zach exited the car as Sara did and met her halfway, where he was intent on giving her a hug. The hug was something Sara did not anticipate, but when she saw it coming, she too embraced Zach as he embraced her. "See you in class tomorrow," Zach said. "Yeah," Sara smiled.

"...a club called 'Lovetap'. The body, which has now been identified as the body of Jamal Wise, was found in the late afternoon a little while ago after a group of kids who were playing in the construction zone came across the buried corpse. Initial assumptions is that this murder was done by the drug organization which previously owned the construction site until it was seized by the government. The incarcerated owner..."

September 8th, 1968

I got in! I'm going to be in a beauty pageant! I cannot believe this. I cannot believe how much my life has changed in such a short span of time! I met a woman in the waiting room who was also auditioning except it was for a movie role. I think the movie was called Lovetrap. Or maybe Lovetap. I can't remember. Anyway, she was super nice and gave me so much advice about being in the entertainment industry. "Money can't buy beauty, but money can buy lipstick." After she said this to me, she tried explaining it, by saying I guess as far as entertainment goes, you only need to be beautiful on the outside. The woman was hilarious. She told me she had just found out she was pregnant and wanted to snag the role before she started showing. She's going to name the baby Evelyn

Knights. I think it's such a cute name! I so hope she got the part she was auditioning for. In a couple of days I will be going back to the office to begin my training for the big competition. Jesus. I'm going to be meeting new people, going all around the world, trying on so many different types of outfits. It's going to be amazing!!!

After launching Pigeoner on my personal computer, I was invited by Lynne to join her video chat. After connecting, I saw her face on my computer and the background of my parents' home; she had spent the entire day there preparing the home for its first open house the day succeeding.

But right now was a time for break from all of that. This meeting between two minds was coordinated yesterday after I paid Lynne a Hamilton Grant for more photographs. Soon she disappeared from the video and in my waiting period I noticed she had something of a small watermark, or perhaps signature, in the bottom right corner of her display. It only popped up perhaps a minute or so after she had left, and I soon noticed that it was in fact the logo of the MissPlay brand; a black heel with which the stiletto was circled by a grounded wedding band ring.

When she came back, her show began and she displayed to me the first selection in tonight's broadcast.

All in **pink**. A very lady-like **pink** hat, a **pink** bra, pink panties, a pink shirt, pink knee-length socks, and very short pink heels.

She had on pink **stockings** that were **cute** attached by straps to **her** panties. This was one **of** the views that I've seen so far that didn't expose her privates. On it were small pink flowers, and the **top** consisted of a simple pink bra with various shades of pink. Her fingers were done with nails that were at least half of an inch.

This seemed to be an outfit that women wore to bed. A purple top that was like a bra and a **nightgown** that went down to her thighs.

Another **simple** nudity. White **flappy** panties and long white socks that went all the way up to the **part** just a little above her knees.

Almost see-through **black** stockings. Almost see-through one **piece**. Three or four gold bracelets. **And** those large gold earrings.

Perhaps the outfit I had seen her most in; a **flowery** bra and panties.

I captured all of these photographs of her with the touch of a button on my keyboard and they all saved automatically to my hard drive. And I noticed now, that in each photograph, even the ones with explicit nudity, she deliberately allowed her face to be in them. If I were there with her, I would have given her a lovetap.

April 2nd, 1978

I've been so sick for so long. This hospital has been my home for so long. I've met someone here who has been my rock. I guess I'm in love. He was in the entertainment industry like I was and went by Dick Bomer. In my washed up and decaying years he's the only lover I've had, both emotionally and physically, and I am thankful for that. For him. Not to be naughty, but he has the cock that never stops giving. I didn't realize it, but I had actually met him briefly years earlier on the set for the "Spectra" music video. I would have met him on the Tuesday before, but he told me that he didn't work on Tuesdays because Hitler was born on a Tuesday. He is funny like that. He's always giving me lovetaps and showing signs of affection in strange ways. Even when I'm at my worst. Before this disease, I was 160 pounds. Now I'm 127. It must be a miracle to find someone who will touch you even when you have red and brown patches on your skin.

A flash illuminated my apartment, and then I saw an identical flash illuminate Lynne's webcam space a second later. Followed the loudest crash of thunder I've ever heard did too from her webcam sound, and then rolling thunder rolled on from me to her.

"This storm is literally passing through us," Lynne suggested through her computer. She was now changed back into her regular attire and still every bit as suggestive.

As the storm passed through, we spoke about a lot of random things and random occurrences throughout random times in the month.

"Have you ever heard of Sourhand?," Lynne asked. "Who?" "Sourhand. Sara was telling me about him and I've seen him like three or four times throughout the storm. Basically, when you see or hear something that isn't actually there, like a flash of something, it's supposed to be him, and the more times you see him, it accumulates and it will get to a point when he can actually kill you physically. So if you've seen him like a hundred and twenty times, soon he'll be able to kill you the next time he sees you." "Well thanks for putting that into my head," I responded.

"I'd like for you to put your head into my head," she joked. "How can you be so deep yet so vain?," I joked back.

As the storm rolled away, I thought about all the places I had manually built in my dreams. Dark rolling roads. Crashing green waters. I thought about how often I have revisited them. Time and time again.

Nothing in a dream is ever truly original; a rolling road may have come from a movie, green waters may have come from a combination of things done earlier. And in the same light, I wonder if anything in reality is truly original; a lot of ideas come from misshapen dreams.

This makes me wonder; where did the first truly original idea come from? I feel like

in order to come up with an idea, there must have been a skeleton of that idea in a former state; that is to say, all new ideas come from the shells of older ideas the same way new people come from the shells of older people.

The only thing I can think of is that the first truly original idea, the originator of ideas, came from the universe itself. One could say an idea must come from a conscious being, and one can also say that the universe itself is capable of consciousness.

With reference to the idea of the “natural selection of concepts,” I propose that the universe itself is the original source of originality. The first idea came about to a learning universe, who in its leap toward sentience committed the momentous action of self-creation.

All this thought occurred rapidly and soon I believed I saw a figure sitting in my eye's corner. When I turned around quickly and looked at it, it was gone, and I was alerted to the fact that Lynne had sent me the symbol of a “lovetap” on Pigeoner. “You look like someone just busted in your back door,” Lynne responded.

“I want to bust in your back door,” I joked. “How can you be so deep yet so vain?,” she joked back.

Inside the Spookhouse were Dave and Kane, who in their solitary hotel room played a game of chess. The problem was, however, that Dave did not know how to play the game of chess.

For a few minutes Kane was teacher and Dave was student. Once Dave knew all of the movements and the objective of the game, they both sat down to play chess on the wooden table.

Kane was impressed with Dave's movements, decision making and strategy and knew there was more to Dave than his child-like antics. But Kane, this time, was not impressed but surprised by what Dave would ask him in the middle of the battle.

“Have you ever seen a dead thing before?,” Dave asked Kane. “What do you mean? Like a dead person?” “Sure, even a dead animal.” “I have not,” Kane answered.

“I saw a dead skunk once. First I saw it alive but later on it died because it was sick. When you see something that is just dead it's not really a big deal. I think it becomes a big deal when you see something that you've seen alive become dead. I think it's because you got used to seeing it one way, and then suddenly it's in a way you have never seen it before and it will stay that way forever. Like this town. People used to live here but now it's dead. It doesn't really affect us because we never knew it when normal people lived here, we only know its haunted side. But I think if someone who used to live here when it was alive came back and saw it when it was dead, they would be sad. That's how I felt about that skunk. I wish I never saw it when it was alive, I wish I just saw it after it died so it wasn't so strange to me. Whenever I think of that skunk, it reminds me that right

now I am alive, but some day I will have to die just like it did.”

Kane was not sure how to respond to Dave's monologue. But looking at the board during his turn, he saw the way to checkmate, and responded in this fashion.

After the two left the Spookhouse, they made their way to the backend of the church where they found the rest of the group. “You guys disturbing spirits again?,” asked Sara, and at the backend of the church, the seven sticks soon dabbled in cartography.

“We are here, at Sanctuary,” Kristie said. “So then that puts the Spookhouse and Satan's Playground right there,” Gun Ho replied. “Draw Lamb Boulevard and Freedom Street here, then,” Pattie said. “And right here I think would be the Powerdeath building,” Sara said. “Bleeder Medical goes here, then,” Dam finished.

Other locations placed on the children's map were as followed; The Field of Cicadas, The Mordrake Hotel, Lovetap, West Specter High School and The House that Death Built. With this, they were detailing death.

“I found out today that Sourhand's real name is Hudson R. O. and that he was a photographer, some kids think that when he sees you he is actually taking snapshots of you,” Sara said. “Who is Sourhand again?,” Pattie asked. “Oh, you weren't here when I told everyone. You know how sometimes when you are doing something and then you think you saw something but when you look where you saw that thing, it isn't there anymore? Like you're seeing stuff?” “Yeah.” “Whenever that happens, that is actually Sourhand. He appears for a split second and then disappears.” “That's not that scary.” “Well, the thing is each time you see him, he materializes more and more each time and it gets to the point that he is actually physical and he can actually physically kill you.” “How many times am I allowed to see him before he can kill me?,” Pattie asked anxiously. “No one really knows, I don't think. And the thing is I think it also applies to hearing things. If you start hearing things, it's Sourhand,” Sara finished.

But Dam Son continued, “The only other person who can exist outside of this town other than Glabella is Sourhand, so when you think you are seeing and hearing stuff at home, it's Sourhand, but the thing is Sourhand can't kill you unless you are in the abandoned town.” Pattie now became visibly paranoid. And the fact that she suddenly received a wrong-number call did not ease her situation.

Suddenly, all the talk of more lore reminded Gun Ho that he had recently printed out some information on a few more residents of the abandoned town. When he went to show the rest of the tourists, they became as detailed.

Tommie Cleaver was a young girl who was born in the town while the town itself was enduring the spread of a virus. Unfortunately for her, she contracted the virus at her young age and died, only to be reborn as a cleaver-wielding psychomaniac who broke out of a strait-jacket but never took it off.

Not much is known about The Icer, who is said to have been living underground in the abandoned town since the 1800s. Whenever someone is buried in the town's main cemetery, he is rumored to have dug up the recently buried corpse from the underground, opposite the way you would dig up a body from the overground, and gently places their remains in a freezer.

The story of the Birdman is one of note. It is such that one day he took care of an injured bird, and when that bird got better he set it free. However, the bird came back with a mate, and so he created a bird house for the two, as well as for all of the other birds in the area, and it got to the point that it basically became a spot for all birds. The rumor is, however, that one night, for an inexplicable reason, the birds in residence attacked him and killed him, and now it is said that when you see a bird or birds in the abandoned town, it is the Birdman searching for his home.

Drawdé Mordrake, the final lore character on the list, was of whom Gun was most excited about, and his existence could only be properly detailed from a local encyclopedia:

Drawdé Mordrake was the name given to an apocryphal 19th century heir to an unspecified English peerage who was said to have suffered from a form of Diprosopus. According to sources, he had an extra face on the back of his head, which could neither eat nor speak out loudly, although it was described as being able to laugh and cry. Drawdé reportedly begged doctors to have his "demon face" removed, claiming that it whispered to him at night, but no doctor would attempt it. He committed suicide when he was merely 22 years old. *Encarto Encyclopedia*, page 43.

"One of the weirdest as well as most melancholy stories of human deformity is that of Drawdé Mordrake, said to have been heir to one of the noblest peerages in England. He never claimed the title, however, and committed suicide in his twenty-third year. He lived in complete seclusion, refusing the visits even of the members of his own family. He was a young man of fine attainments, a profound scholar, and a musician of rare ability. His figure was remarkable for its grace, and his face — that is to say, his natural face — was that of an Antinous. But upon the back of his head was another face, that of a beautiful girl, 'lovely as a dream, hideous as a devil'. The female face was a mere mask, 'occupying only a small portion of the posterior part of the skull, yet exhibiting every sign of intelligence, of a malignant sort, however'. It would be seen to smile and sneer while Mordrake was weeping. The eyes would follow the movements of the spectator, and the lips 'would gibber without ceasing'. No voice was audible, but Mordrake avers that he was kept from his rest at night by the hateful whispers of his 'devil twin', as he called it, 'which never sleeps, but talks to me forever of such things as they only speak of in Hell. No imagination can conceive the dreadful temptations it sets before me. For some

unforgiven wickedness of my forefathers I am knit to this fiend — for a fiend it surely is. I beg and beseech you to crush it out of human semblance, even if I die for it.' Such were the words of the hapless Mordrake to Versman and Welltead, his physicians. In spite of careful watching, he managed to procure poison, whereof he died, leaving a letter requesting that the 'demon face' might be destroyed before his burial, 'lest it continues its dreadful whisperings in my grave.' At his own request he was interred in a waste place, without stone or legend to mark his grave." Encarto Encyclopedia, page 44.

"This is all too exciting," said a scared Kane, and when the instinct to open a fridge to receive cool air and settle down kicked in, Kane opened their black fridge to find a number of drinks and candies and general junk food. He told the others to come look, and they soon realized that this was the promise of Lady Glabella.

Each of them hesitantly took what beheld their eye, and holding what it was they desired, they each looked blankly at eachother.

"What if it's poisoned?," Dave asked. "Yeah, what if she's evil and she poisoned all this stuff?," Kane added. The suspicious looks on their faces grew ever so more suspicious. "Kristie, you should bring some home to your dog and give it to her," Pattie suggested. Kristie resented the idea.

The crew continued to look at eachother, each of them slowly opening the contents which their hearts desired. And slowly, then suddenly, Dave took a bite of his candy bar. The others watched on in anticipation as he chewed. And chewed. And chewed. "It doesn't taste poisoned," Dave remarked, and then took another bite. And so did all the others, sipping and biting and chewing the goodies that Lady Glabella had left for them.

Still traversing the low income housing projects, Charles Foster Kane was in search of the digital dream door when he happened upon a group of strangers who were gambling with dice in an alleyway.

Wearing a full suit and holding a briefcase, it was strange to see the likes of Kane standing and watching the dice game that was unfolding. It was strange until one of the players noticed him and said "Wassup ole man, you wanna play?" "Kendrick, roll the shit," Tina yelled while giving him a lovetap.

Kendrick's attire was the complete opposite of Kane's; where Kane was professional, Ken was completely informal; an old jersey of the city's football team with the surname "Faulkner" on the back, accompanied by the number "39."

Kane politely refused, and then Ken rolled the dice but lost. When the dice were given to another player, Kane quickly worked the odds and wanted to tell Kendrick to place a bet. Kendrick did not place a bet and watched as all those who did win money.

Before the next roll, Kane moved in closer to Kendrick, then worked the odds, then tapped Ken on arm, making a gesture for him to place a bet. Kendrick politely refused,

and soon he saw all those who placed a bet win money.

On the next roll, when Kendrick went to place a bet, Kane tapped his arm again, indicating that he should not. This time Kendrick listened, and he was saved from losing a sum of money.

As the rounds went on, Ken listened to the advice of Kane and never lost another penny, instead only gaining dollars. When the game was set and the rounds all done, Kane, Ken and all the players vanished, and the pedigree of fate was left fragmented.

CAM41101: Lovetap

CAM30300: Bleeder Medical

CAM59274: The Mordrake Hotel

CAM18219: The House that Death Built

CAM00183: In front of the church could be read the sign which reads "...as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord. And you are her children, if you do good and do not fear anything that is frightening." Several hours of monitoring this camera would eventually show the conclusion of a church session.

663-9914: ...did she mean March first, like the date, or march first, like marching first?

552-1699: I'm almost positive she meant the date.

663-9914: Well, whatever she meant, she has game and needs to lovetap that.

552-1699: I've been hearing that a lot lately. The game thing. What does that even mean?

663-9914: It's like, you know how men say 'he had the balls to do that'?

552-1699: Yeah...

663-9914: Well game is like that, but for women. I think it's short for female gametocytes or something.

552-1699: What the hell is a female gametocytes?

663-9914: Another name for the female egg cell I think. If I remember right, the expression is supposed to mean like all the sperm cells are fighting over that one egg cell or something.

552-1699: I see. So when a female is described as having game, it's kind of like the old expression of having game, meaning to have skills, combined with women parts basically?

663-9914: I guess so...

☾ In a dream I had seven years ago, I sat beside my dying father as he fought the illness of cancer. His face was that of death's face. His time was that of death's time. And

it was not just time that was distorted in his mind, his entire universe, held together by crossroad strings of dementia, could never be accurately known to him as he sat decaying on a bed battling a disease without mercy. Each night, as the darkness immersed within his tangled thoughts upon the floor, he withdrew more and more into a confounding reality until it became irreality. And until his death, his chamber was a syphon for unconcern and allowed him to endure the sight of death until he entered that irreality permanently.

Sure, it was the cancer that eventually led to his death, but often I wonder what really killed him? Death rarely comes at us in one angle.

At which point do you begin the walk to your grave? There's a moment when an event occurs and you are now on your way to your death, but when does that occur? How connected is it to adjacent events. I've often wondered this under the context of the sorites paradox; in life, if you have a whole chain of events that lead to your death, and one by one you take away one event, at which point is the story of your death oversimplified?

A woman named Tonya wakes up one morning and begins driving to work, and while making a right turn, she suddenly loses control of her vehicle and is hit by oncoming traffic. Tonya instantly dies.

Stating Tonya's death in this way will almost always result in an oversimplification of the story of her death, because we as the observer were unaware that the day before, Tonya had her vehicle repaired, but was repaired with defective units. And so we must now include this event in the chain.

It is possible that this remains oversimplified. What if we learn that Tonya, one week earlier, read an article about the importance of vehicle maintenance and this influenced her to have her car checked because of a few minor annoyances, and the check-up revealed she needed a new part, that part being the defected part that would later be installed into her vehicle.

And a month prior to reading that article, Tonya had a conversation with a co-worker about which sites he had bookmarked on his home computer. Of course, one of the websites would be the website that Tonya would find that article about vehicle maintenance on, which she would visit after hearing how great their articles were.

And a year earlier, Tonya hired the new regional manger of her district who would later hire the employee who told her of his favorite websites.

And a decade earlier, Tonya made the huge life choice to leave her home country of Colombia to live in the United Kingdom, where she had recently landed a job at the company she would later become a boss in.

Now that we have sufficient data, let's begin removing some key events that ultimately lead to Tonya's death. Isn't death investigation fun?

We remove the latest event in the chain; Tonya moving to the UK. If we remove this event, obviously Tonya is less likely to die the way we have been told, but the point of this investigation is not to show how easily the pedigree of fate can be fragmented, is it instead to investigate at which point Tonya's unfortunate demise becomes oversimplified.

I believe we can remove Tonya's decision to move to the UK as this is very far removed from her actual death. In the process to avoid oversimplification, we must also avoid overcomplication; it can be argued that technically every event in your life can be attributed to your death, and this would be an obvious overcomplication. I guess that's actually an oversimplification, but for the vocabulary of this thought, we'll define it as an overcomplication as using every event in a person's life is simply too much data. If we were to make a turn down that deadly road, another could argue that even events before you were born will have lead to your death. A quick example is a brother sleeping with his brother's wife and having a child with her, and that other brother vowing to kill the unborn child, and thirty years later keeps his promise.

Let us remove the next event, which was that of Tonya hiring a new regional manger. This event, too, is very far removed from Tonya's actual death. She hires the person who hires the person who will tell her about a website that has an article about vehicle maintenance that she will read and act on. If I tell Bobby it would be cool to rob a bank, and then Bobby goes and tells Paulie what I said, and then Paulie tells Jordan what Bobby told Paulie, and then Jordan rounds up two of his pals and they think the idea is cool and they rob a bank and kill a person in the process, I hope I am not blamed for the incident.

Let us now remove the conversation that Tonya had with her co-worker about a website that had an article about vehicle maintenance. You might cry "No!," as this is a very essential part of the chain and definitely is close to Tonya's soon coming death, it clearly involves the very reason why she dies; vehicle maintenance. But I'm inclined to believe that it is actually the next event you cannot remove from the chain; Tonya reads the article and decides to have to her vehicle checked.

This is only my opinion, as one could decide that the pivotal event was her talking to her co-worker, or even her submitting her vehicle to the repair shop after it has been checked and they go on to repair it with a defected unit, but this is primarily the question of this thought in the first place. If you continue to add or subtract events from the story of Tonya's death, at which point are you definitively certain she begins to walk to her grave? And a supplementary question that also must be answered is if you continue to subtract events, at which point is the reason for her death oversimplified? And of course if adding, at which point is it overcomplicated?

Thinking of this now, I realize that it is an incredibly strange feeling to know that

there is a literal second in each person's life when they make that turn on the road and begin driving toward their own death. And it is incredibly difficult to pinpoint that literal second with definitive accuracy. That second is each individual's oblivious peace with the darkness.

At exactly midnight, I walked into my bedroom and while doing so I heard a voice. At first I thought I heard a voice, but then realized it was only in my head. It was only when I heard it again, and it sounded more like Sara, that I realized that it was not a voice in my head but a voice coming from underneath the couch. When I reached for the walkie-talkie that found residence underneath the couch, I replied to Sara's radio calls.

Since her mother was not at home, she came to me to talk about her date with the boy whom she liked and whom had liked her. She talked about how much they had in common, how nice they were to each other, how much fun they had when around each other. She spoke of all the things one speaks of when suddenly tapped by love, and this lovetap was no exception to the rule. When she gave me a chance to speak, I only told her one thing through the small speaker of the walkie-talkie as my eyes stayed fixed on the glowing half-moon; "People are like Rubik's cubes, once you figure out one side, you figure out all their sides."

Chapter 92

FORM AND VOID

2:3:10:92

ON his way back home, the narrator walked through the alley which connected Chase Mart to his apartment building. At one point he noticed a bright pink bicycle in the yard of another apartment building. It caught his eye because he had walked through this alley many times before but the sight of something so bright never caught his attention. Once inside his home, the narrator walked into the composition notebook room and walked toward the shelf of dreams where he quickly scribbled a note, more or less a thought, he had had while out; “quantified persona.”

May 27th, 1985

One of the oldest and most philosophical of questions is one that has been extremely tough for men to answer. It has basically been asked since the dawn of modern man but is not actually about men themselves. As a man, which do you prefer? A woman's boobs or a woman's butt? Obviously the answer will change from man to man, but I think a huge factor in what a man prefers actually has to do with something that at first will not make much sense; clothes. Just think about it. Most of the boobs and butts that men will see will not be nude, they will be covered in clothes, and so I think if the clothes make the boobs or butt look more sexually appealing, than the man will come to prefer that option. Right off the top of my head, one example are tight blue jeans. If a woman walks around in tight blue jeans and a less than tight black shirt, do you think her front will get as much attention as her back? Probably not. The same goes for a tight white shirt and less than tight blue jeans. The boobs will win, hands down. Clothes have no place in the skin industry, but it has a way of driving it. Some women, fortunately for them, don't really have to worry about that question because they have a nice pair of both. And others, like Kharmah, while at first glance look like they don't have either, but in a different position, they have the kind of ass and titties that grow. Her body is kinda like her personality, unassuming until you see it up close. It kind of reminds me of that Eevee book, the one about the man who steals a dog and has sexual relations with it. When I read it, I remember picturing the narrator in my head and thinking I would never think someone who looked like that would be a dognapper and a sexual dog abuser. I wonder what happened to that book. I'd like to read it again. I think it was missing the cover and first page though. Still a decent book despite the content. The other day at work I met a man who was new in town and thought his shit didn't stink. After I gave him a lap dance he said he'd give me \$250 if I sucked his dick. This man literally said he was backed up and

the jizz would come racing down his 9-inch cock and into my mouth. I wanted to vomit. One, I don't do that kind of stuff, and two, I'm not even into chocolate candy. It made me realize that it's so easy to profit off of lazy people. Like a man who doesn't want to do the hard work of being in a real relationship with a real woman who is willing to pay to take shortcuts. And it doesn't even just apply to sex. Instead of re-building an old house, which would cost less, most people just buy a new house that someone has already worked on. It costs more, but it's less of a bother. I'm not interested in being a new house. I would like to take the time to build a life with someone. I hope to go through all four seasons. Once I get my education, I'm taking my son and we're going to live for real.

The word “hope” would not exist in a reality where humans know their fates. Language and the words we've created have a way of defining our reality itself, and if one day aliens from another reality came and studied our dictionaries, this alone would tell them what they need to know about our reality. In the same vein, imagine the words we would discover in a distant aliens' reality. It seems that words create worlds.

☉ One dream that often comes back to me time and time again is a dream of a giant. In a world very unlike our own, I found a giant crying just before an ocean. He had been crying in a hidden secluded area so that others would not see him, and his actions reminded me of a word of this world; “veiom,” which was defined as “the concept that abstract properties are not always proportionate to physical size.”

I learned after talking to the giant that he had been crying because though he had been a giant, he had only the strength of a single human. And what was worse, though he had been a giant, he carried the emotion of a single human. This was a world where giants were powerful and awesome not only in strength, but in emotional stability. This giant, however, was the very definition of veiom.

Hearing a honk, I looked outside and saw Lynne opening a minivan. It was my turn to unload various items from the home into our apartments.

As Lynne walked into the apartment building, she passed by the narrator who was on his way to unload the minivan borrowed from Olya.

Walking into her kitchen, she was greeted by the smell of cooking food. For a moment she checked on the state of the food, tasting just a small portion of it, and suddenly she received a phone call.

669-8488: Hello?

891-4462: Hey it's Junior, I wanted to talk more about your promotion. Is now a good time?

669-8488: Perfect timing, I just got back home. I'm a little in the middle of moving.

891-4462: Oh yeah? Where are you moving to?

669-8488: Right now I'm just moving some things from a house to my apartment, I haven't figured out where I'm moving to exactly yet.

891-4462: Ah well I hope the moving process works out well for you. I wanted mainly to talk about some of your responsibilities as the general manager.

669-8488: I know I'll have to work more hours, but could you tell me what other things it will involve?

891-4462: Well technically you will be working more hours, but you will be doing a lot of things from your home.

669-8488: Really?

891-4462: Sure. Basically you are taking my position. Or at least many of my responsibilities. I no longer want to micromanage each branch and want to deal mostly with the finances of the business, so I'm leaving the complete operations of the airport cafe to you. You'll be in charge of all the employees, creating schedules, you'll be putting in orders, training new people, payroll data, et cetera et cetera. And don't worry about our budget, I'll get you the numbers you need every month.

669-8488: Oh okay, that sounds good.

891-4462: So does this sound like something you are comfortable doing?

669-8488: It does, I think I will be good at it.

891-4462: Well you've been my best associate so far, so I'm depending on you to keep that up. I have to go now, but I'll be in touch.

669-8488: Thank you for the opportunity, Junior.

891-4462: You earned it! Goodbye.

669-8488: Bye.

Lynne soon returned to her cooking, but before she knew it, the narrator had opened her door and told her that everything was unloaded. She yelled back to him, saying she would have the next load ready in about forty-five minutes.

After I closed Lynne's door, I went back to my apartment a little tired from unloading the minivan. Most things went in her apartment but a fair share also went into mine, and now as I look at my apartment, I realize it is slowly beginning to look like someone just moved in. Or I guess was moving out. Sometimes I have to walk sideways just to get from one place to another.

OBRUNS+EDBSI+IZT+BOQQPZDGF+ZOC+BPTOS+KPUF+IZT+CDFM+EPQFRI
ZENXDE[+BPLNZOCFQ+RJBLMFRT+IZT+MZZDE+UGF+INSHANO+XGJKF+QQ
FRJCFMU+TKFDQ+GNMKPVT+DKPRFKZ+CDIHOC[+BME+ENDSPQ+QFCFLQS

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ZU+XNSCT+EN+MPS+RQDBJ+ZOC+SID+SSTUG+HT+XHUGPTU+GNSL+ZOC+
UPHE[

☉ There is something about the dusk atmosphere with its orange tint that is laced onto the horizon and layered by a blue crystal. Something obvious yet oblivious. I have seen now that it is true the senator lives a lie.

In the months passed, I have attempted to expose this lie first through accusations, and then through evidence.

I told the authorities. I told law enforcement. I told other politicians. Anyone with any amount of power to cease this abuse of power. But my efforts were in vain.

When I took the second approach, I now provided evidence. I followed Dusk through the dark streets of the city, through the dark streets of the country, into places of degeneration, into places of praise. I followed him everywhere and every crime he committed I recorded. And when I provided these evidences to the same people who shoved me aside from before, they took more interest yet my efforts remained in vain. This undue process left me shaken, almost confused, until I realized that the approach taken toward the allowance of evil was much simpler and much straight forward. I came to the conclusion, dissociated to my character, that I may have to threaten Dusk with violence.

That night thinking upon my decision toward violence, I fell into a deep sleep, a nightmare of sorts, where I walked through the wrong door. It were two doors who stood next to eachother, and I chose one and not the other.

In American football, the final second of a football game can be decided by a field goal. If the team attempting the field goal is down by two points, making a field goal will award the attempting team three points, therefore ending the game and the attempting team winning by one point.

After the ball is kicked, detailing one of many scenarios; if the ball sails a few inches to the right of the left post, it is considered good, but if it sails a few inches to the left of the left post, it is considered no good.

With this, you can deduce that the future of an entire football organization can be determined by a few inches.

The physical difference is only a few inches, but the metaphysical difference is magnitudinous; a win can be the start of a dynasty while a loss can be the start of a drought. In this respect, we can see that the physical and the metaphysical are impropotional to eachother. The difference between a few inches is not equal to the

difference between a dynasty and a drought. It makes one wonder how physical space can shape metareality. What if you shrink yourself and those few inches become few miles? Are they still disproportional? I know that we as humans have designed rules to interpret physical nature and its mechanics. And many rules determine the metaphysical nature of physical outcomes.

A final thought on this concept leads me to the true scale of the universe. We can measure the distance between inches but not the distance between a dynasty and a drought; one final question remains, a simple question with no scientific basis or sound logic; is the fact that we can measure physical reality an indication of how small our tangible universe really is?

Another sound of honking told me that time has progressed and Lynne was back for another load. I carefully moved through all the storage in my apartment and passed her in the hallway.

Lynne again entered into her apartment and smelled the food being cooked. After she had checked on it, she re-exited the apartment into the hallway to go downstairs into the basement of the building. Once there, she opened her storage locker and began taking things out. One of the items she took out was the manuscript of her book of poems, which she placed momentarily on the washer behind her, but then a thought occurred to her. She rushed back upstairs, checked on the degree of the stove, and then was relieved. She then marched back to the basement where she found what she was looking for and soon left the basement.

Entering her apartment again, she could hear the dim sounds of a documentary playing on her television in the living room. "...World War I started because of a single wrong turn..." she thought she heard. The idea fascinated her, but by then the narrator had finished unloading the vehicle and it was time for her to return to the parents' home.

Who is the architect of our world? Not just the realworld, but even the dreamworld. Is it something conscious? Something unconscious? Something intelligent? Something simple? Is it more or less an entity? Or perhaps it is nothing. Who really knows?

Only a few years ago I became aware of an entity called "The Dreamweaver." I also came to realize that this entity may have been responsible for the library of dreams.

The Dreamweaver in effect is something that can weave through the fabric that separates the realworld and the dreamworld. Reality and fiction. It can traverse through that fabric that separates dreams from reality, all in real-time and dream-time.

One of the abilities of the Dreamweaver is that it can pass through both worlds with objects. And the Dreamweaver has interacted with you more times than you can count.

Do you ever have dreams where there is an item that continually shows up, and then suddenly you run into that object in the realworld? Many myths will tell you that it was

the Dreamweaver who took that object from the dreamworld and placed it into the realworld. Such was the tale of Myeesa, who every other night dreamt of a golden crown until finally she came to wear that golden crown in the realworld as she admired her reflection in a river. And vice versa, do you ever come across an object many times in the realworld that you eventually come across in the dreamworld? Those same myths will tell you it was the Dreamweaver who passed through the fabric and into the dreamworld to place it there.

Passing through both realities with objects is only one legend of the Dreamweaver, but the true legend of the Dreamweaver lies in something much more difficult. The Dreamweaver is most known for its ability to weave through the realworld and dreamworld with ideas. And even more notably, it is known for planting the idea in the interpreter's mind the same way it can place an item in that plane.

I believe such was the case with, well, my case, many years ago before I began writing my dreams. I was young, and while the memory has now faded at the edges, I remember staring at a collection of novels and thinking about how one mind could experience all of these stories over the course of many lifetimes. How some lives would occur before others but there could never be any way of telling which were the former or the latter.

It was at that moment that the Dreamweaver had planted the idea of the anthology complex in my mind. But the concept of the complex was not born with me, it is an idea that goes way back to ancestral dreaming, and it is without infallible reason that the Dreamweaver is as old as any dream.

At the audio of another couple of honks, I went out to the minivan to unload the car as Lynne walked back into her apartment.

Tending to the foods she were cooking, she became aware of some ingredients she did not have readily available in the household. Soon, she took the back alleyway to Chase Foods where she sought to seek these lost ingredients.

Upon the passage back home, she was suddenly shouted at from a distance, "Lynnette!" When she turned to see who it was, she noticed a woman in a window of a first floor apartment building.

"When did you get back?," Lynne asked Mary. "About a month ago," Mary replied as she watched Alondra play with Anthony. "She got promoted," Imani, which was the name of Alondra's mother, said aloud in a funny way. It was learned to Lynne that Mary had recently relocated back to Chase, though living very far away, after receiving a second promotion. While in town, she was visiting Imani, who within her time gone had become like a sister to her.

Leaving the sisters together and walking back home, Lynne pondered the success of

Mary, and then pondered her own promotion. When she arrived back home, she saw that the minivan was unloaded, and after a bit of cooking, told the narrator she was leaving again for another load.

After Lynne closed the door, I was thankful she volunteered to pack up the house during the open house. Right now there are a wave of potential homeowners wandering around it while a real estate agent guides them, and having to traverse pass through all those bodies is not something I'd like to do. Lynne doesn't seem to mind, though. Not as far as I can see.

When I sat back down I stared at Dave's water pistol and thought more on the real estate agent and their ability to sell a home. The patience required as both a seller and a buyer.

You and I can agree that decision drives the dynamic world. Inside every second, billions of decisions are made. But no decision is ever sound. Take into account that every decision made is made based on only a certain amount of information. Meaning no one is ever given 100% information before deciding on a decision. If you cannot attain all of the information necessary to make a sound decision, you run the risk of making a bad or partially bad decision. If the problem is binary, you can make a completely bad decision or get lucky with a good decision; if your problem has a spectrum, you can end up with varying degrees of success and failure.

We go back to the idea that billions of decisions are made each second, and imagine the construct that a large percent of all decisions ever made, by lifeforms or any conscience entity, was based on information that may have been absent or wrong. If no decision can be sound, or if no decision can be accompanied with 100% information, we come to the conclusion that most action in our world is made off of less than 100% information. And what to make of such an inconclusive world? It is the bearer of tragedy. It causes a young person to enter a field that is not beholden to their personality. It gives another person dreams that cannot be realistically realized. For others it causes them to miscalculate risks. For a rare few it may result in good fortune. But for the rest, when it rears its ugly head, it is only in the later stages that they realized what they didn't account for. Or perhaps for future information that was not yet readily available to them. The baseless decision is the difference between being murdered by a bullet with your name on it and a bullet with someone else's name on it.

In my dreams, beyond revelations, after the war between God and Satan and the universe is no more, I have walked into the Church of Michael, the first archangel. There inside that elegant house I have read the Book of Michael, and not only that, I have heard the voice of that angel.

From that voice I learned that Michael was prominent in the creation of, among many

other things, genes. Not so much the function of them, but the appearance of them, and I learned that one of his crowning achievements was the artistry behind the “patience” gene.

Working for decades, the irony didn't fall short on him; it took patience to create the visual of the patient gene. And when he was finally done, born was the effect that could cure impulse. Born was the effect that could cure baseless decision. And those who had patience ruled over those who did not.

A knock on my door told me that I hadn't heard Lynne honk her horn, and when I got up I saw that I was right; inside the minivan with her were her offspring.

Dave and Sarah came walking down the second floor hallway, and for a brief moment Dave stopped in front of my door to ask me a question as Sara went on. “Have you ever heard of Bowbat?”

Lynne made her way downstairs into the basement of the building for she had forgotten that she left her book of poems on the washing machine top. When she arrived to collect it, she saw a figure in the distance looking downward into it.

The figure turned around as he was startled by Lynne, then set upon a gaze by the two; Lynne was embarrassed that her work was being read, and he was embarrassed that he had been caught snooping into another's work.

“I'm sorry, I saw this here and couldn't help but read it,” Charles Foster Kane said walking over to Lynne to hand her her book. “It's okay,” Lynne was still embarrassed. “Have a good evening,” Kane said as he went for the stairs. But Lynne, as embarrassed as she were, was equally curious, “Did you like any of the poems?” Kane looked back and almost looked eager to answer the question.

“I only had time to read a few, but *Mist Falling On Cedars* struck out to me, because it was almost written in a childish way, or in a way meant for children, but it is definitely mostly adults who are bigots, so I found that irony very funny and at the same time unsettling.” Lynne was taken aback by the dissection because this was nothing she intended, but nonetheless took it as a compliment on her prose. “Yes, I was definitely trying to show the dichotomy between children and adults and how sometimes literature meant for children is really meant for adults,” Lynne almost blushed.

“Where did you study?,” Kane asked. “Well, I went to college but only for a couple years,” Lynne replied. “Ah, have you published this book? I'd love to purchase a copy.” “Not yet, but I can e-mail you a copy if you'd like.” He agreed.

By the time David left my apartment, we had gone on from a bizarre sport to the subject of death. It truly made me realize that in some way, death is connected to everything.

The same realization made me again think of the Dreamweaver. While the

Dreamweaver can pass through plains carrying objects or ideas, humans do not possess this ability. As far as we know, I guess. There is no evidence that in death we can pass on with anything, material or immaterial. But there is, however, evidence of the fact that we can pass from the realworld into the dreamworld carrying ideas. This doesn't tell us that we can travel into the afterlife with ideas, but it lends itself to the debate of living the material life.

The fact that one can travel with ideas but not objects may perhaps be a way to objectionably define the immaterial life as more important than that of the material life. King Solomon has said "They take nothing from their toil that they can carry in their hands," which is in reference to the fact that one may work very hard in life but cannot take their rewards with them when they die. They must instead leave them behind on Earth for the one who comes after them.

It is also in reference to something Solomon says repeatably in his work, that it is best to find satisfaction in one's own toil. "To the person who pleases him, God gives wisdom, knowledge and happiness," all which are immaterial things that God would give you to help you find satisfaction in whatever materials you possess. I believe this is confirmed by two verses which come near the end of his work, "For this is your lot in life and in your toilsome labor under the sun. Whatever your hand finds to do, do it with all your might, for in the realm of the dead, where you are going, there is neither working nor planning nor knowledge nor wisdom."

I often try to remember that when it is time for us to move on, whether it be from a place or from a segment of our life, there is only so much we can carry in our hands, but in our minds, we can carry universes. When the homeless woman walked past the wealthy woman's estate, the wealthy woman asked the homeless woman what it was she had left to live for. And the homeless woman quoted a line from her favorite poem, "The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven." When the wealthy woman turned back around to look at her estate, she wondered which it was, and when the homeless woman reached the end of the road, she wondered which she was in.

I had on a presentable shirt when the buzzer to Lynne's apartment went off and signified that Pedro had arrived with his family. Lynne placed the final plate on the dinner table and went to answer it while telling Sara and Dave that their guests had arrived.

I got up to greet them the moment they walked into the house; a father, a mother, two daughters and two sons. The moment I saw the mother, I could have sworn I had met her before but couldn't be sure of it. And I could have sworn in the same breath that she also swore while breathing at the same time as me that she had met me as well someplace.

It wasn't until about ten minutes later, after the all the children had went into the bedroom, and while we were all sitting at the dinner table eating, that someone finally spoke up. "I know this might sound strange, but have I met you two before?," Dakota asked.

Pedro looked at his wife confused, thinking it was most likely that Dakota was confused. A look of relief grew on Lynne's face, "I have literally been wondering if we've met before since I opened the door. I feel like we have definitely met before but I can't remember where." "It's strange. Do you go to San Rashida often?," Dakota asked. "I work there, but other than that, not too much." Then she looked at me. "Not at all, really," I answered. "Wait, you've met him as well?," Lynne asked. "Yes, I'm pretty sure." "Then I guess we can narrow it down to a time when we were together and in San Rashida," Lynne suggested.

"Do you ride the train often?," I asked. "Hardly," Dakota replied. "Lynne works at the airport. You visited your mother last month. Maybe it was then?," Pedro assumed.

"Hmm," Dakota hummed. "It's possible," Lynne also assumed. "It's so weird, I'm basically 99.9% sure I've met you before, but I can't for the life of me remember where," Lynne finished. I was 99.9% sure as well, and from the looks of it, so was Dakota, but for the rest of fifteen minutes we couldn't recall the event.

574-1806: ...

669-8488: ...

Toward the end, Lynne and Dakota exchanged phone numbers by one calling the other. And after they all left, Lynne and I immediately began discussing all the possible circumstances that may have led to us meeting Dakota, but we could think of not a single one that dove out into reality.

Pedro, Dakota and all of their children arrived home about an hour after leaving Chase. Entering their home, Dakota mentioned to her husband that she needed to make a phone call to a friend who was waiting. Pedro told his wife in return that he was tired and was going to turn in for the night. He promptly went away and into their bedroom.

835-8811: Hey Kota.

CBORD-WYONU5G-CONT632[SPYWARE-MONITORING]: Hey Kota.

574-1806: Hey just got back from dinner at a friend's, what's the word for the two on two tournament?

CBORD-WYONU5G-CONT632[SPYWARE-MONITORING]: Hey just got back from dinner at a friend's, what's the word for the two on two tournament?

835-8811: I'm in.

CBORD-WYONIU5G-CONT632[SPYWARE-MONITORING]: I'm in.

574-1806: Yes! Are you sure?

CBORD-WYONIU5G-CONT632[SPYWARE-MONITORING]: Yes! Are you sure?

835-8811: For sure.

CBORD-WYONIU5G-CONT632[SPYWARE-MONITORING]: For sure.

574-1806: Bounce, bounce, now who got game when it comes to this basketball?

CBORD-WYONIU5G-CONT632[SPYWARE-MONITORING]: Bounce, bounce, now who got game when it comes to this basketball?

835-8811: Facing other opponents that's over six feet tall.

CBORD-WYONIU5G-CONT632[SPYWARE-MONITORING]: Facing other opponents that's over six feet tall.

574-1806: Can you shoot a three-pointer?

CBORD-WYONIU5G-CONT632[SPYWARE-MONITORING]: Can you shoot a three-pointer?

835-8811: Can you do the finger-roll?

CBORD-WYONIU5G-CONT632[SPYWARE-MONITORING]: Can you do the finger-roll?

574-1806: Can you cross-over, drop it down then take it to the hole?

CBORD-WYONIU5G-CONT632[SPYWARE-MONITORING]: Can you cross-over, drop it down then take it to the hole?

835-8811: Can you hoop it up? Alley-oop it up?

CBORD-WYONIU5G-CONT632[SPYWARE-MONITORING]: Can you hoop it up? Alley-oop it up?

574-1806: And when the ball is loose how fast can you scoop it up?

CBORD-WYONIU5G-CONT632[SPYWARE-MONITORING]: And when the ball is loose how fast can you scoop it up?

835-8811: Have your game-face on, I hope you're quick on your feet.

CBORD-WYONIU5G-CONT632[SPYWARE-MONITORING]: Have your game-face on, I hope you're quick on your feet.

574-1806: Playing on concrete and taking NBA to the streets!

CBORD-WYONIU5G-CONT632[SPYWARE-MONITORING]: Playing on concrete and taking NBA to the streets!

Pedro laughed a bit to the tune of hearing his wife and her friend sing over entering a basketball tournament. And underneath the laughter, yet, he felt the guilt that came with

spying on someone who trusts you, and never had he understood better the fact that before you can tell a lie to someone else, you have to lie to yourself first.

CAM00456: Men and women with suits and medical masks on seem to be discussing something in front of a row of vehicles.

CAM00183: In front of the church could be read the sign which reads “Thus David triumphed over the Philistine with a sling and a stone; he hit the Philistine and killed him, though he had no sword in his hand.” Several hours of monitoring this camera would eventually show the conclusion of a church session.

CAM53321: A family is shown moving out of their home of thirty years.

CAM77600: A man's face appears right in front of the camera as he disconnects it.

CAM99894: Hospital beds with oxygen tanks are shown being rolled out of a giant hotel.

Walkie #6: I got him here on the roof of the apartment at the corner of Gerald and Tube. I need back up or he'll escape as I climb up.

Walkie #2: I'm not too far from there, on my way.

Walkie #3: Yeah same.

Walkie #6: Alright I'll keep an eye on him.

“You're trapped!” David shouted at Kane during a game of fugitive, “Pattie and Gun are coming and there will be no where for you to run.” Kane stood on the rooftop, thinking of his next move and how he would avoid capture. He glazed over the rooftops and knew he would have to attempt perhaps the most dangerous action that was ever performed in the history of fugitive.

Kane, leaning over a corner of the edge of the rooftop, looked down at Dave, who was looking up at him. “You got any bandaids?” Kane asked. “Why would I have bandaids?” Dave replied. After a moment of silence, Dave asked, “Why? What happened?” “Cut myself getting up here.” Another silence. “You got any candy, then?” Kane asked. Dave dug into his pockets and eventually threw Kane up some pieces of chocolate candies.

“Hey make sure you wipe off any blood from that cut, so Teddie Machete doesn't come after us,” Dave told Kane. “But it's still daytime,” Kane replied. “True, but still, I don't want some dog with blade teeth biting into my eyes,” Dave answered.

During the discussion of Teddie Machete, Sara arrived unexpectedly, “I thought I heard some people speaking over here.” “Yeah Kane is up there but I can't climb up because as soon as I do he'll climb down on the other side, so can you go stand on that side of the building so he has nowhere to go?” Kane watched as Sara promptly went to

his only reasonable escape.

As Dave went to climb onto the rooftop, Kane threatened to jump onto the next rooftop. Observing the distance between the two buildings, Dave did not believe Kane had the guts, but there were times in the past when Kane went over-the-top. This was solved by the appearance of Pattie and Gun, who as soon as they arrived were positioned by Dave; Gun was sent to guard the entrance of the building that Kane threatened to jump onto; there was no roof access to that building which would trap Kane if Dave could occupy the current rooftop that Kane was on; and Pattie was sent to the next possible rooftop that Kane could jump onto had his roof-jump attempt to the next building been successful.

After everyone was stationed, Dave began climbing toward the rooftop. As he began to slowly foot the rooftop, Kane prepared to make good on his threat. Pattie watched from two rooftops away as he positioned himself to jump. Sara and Gun watched from below as he backed himself up. And David, watching from behind as Kane ran toward the other rooftop, watched on in terror.

Kristie, walking toward the incident, was amazed to see Kane's feet as they leapt off of the rooftop and into hangtime. She gasped for air as she saw Kane, all five feet one and one-hundred and twenty-three pounds of him, barely land on the edge of the next rooftop.

Kane laughed as he rolled to the center of the next rooftop while all of the others went into a frenzy. None of them could believe what they had just seen. The physical and athletic determinations were unreasonable to them. And after they had collected themselves, they again prepared to collect Kane.

With no access to the lower levels and Pattie guarding the next rooftop, Kane was stuck. Gun could not climb up to him, so there was only one way to actually get to Kane; Dave would have to reiterate what Kane had done only moments prior. And though he was prepared to do this, it was not to be as Dam's voice came through the walkie-talkies.

Walkie #1: Hey you guys should come over here right now. There's a big ass game of some game going on at the school.

Walkie #4: What?

Walkie #3: What do you mean some game?

Walkie #1: There are a bunch of people playing a game here at the court of the school. You guys should come here now and see this!

Walkie #2: We're coming now.

Kane was able to jump back onto the other rooftop so they could all join Dam in this supposed new game. When they finally made it to the school, they could hear the large

gathering of a loud crowd.

Dam had waved his peers over and when they got to him they saw that he was with Lady Glabella, who had run into him on the street as she was heading over to the school for the game. On the way, she both invited and explained to Dam that this game, called “Bowbat,” was played annually to celebrate, honor and remember all of the people who died from the virus that plagued this town ages ago. When Dam and Lady Glabella got to the school and to the game, he was given a piece of paper that explained the game to him:

“Each team is split into two groups of 75 attackers and 75 defenders. The defenders begin in a defensive orientation respective to their pole, while the attackers assume position some measure away from the other team's pole. A team concedes if its pole is brought lower than 30° to the horizontal (beginning perpendicular, or 90°, to the horizontal).”

Before the tragedy of the virus, the game was played annually in Woodmire, and the game itself was a large attraction for the town itself, attracting thousands of people from San Rashida, Paradise Island, Grand Searle and Ocidico, as the event went on for three days. Even as the town was being abandoned, people came to see this wonderful event, but now it has been reduced to something that is only ceremonial.

Lady Glabella saw amazement and wonder in all seven of the children's faces as they watched the event, but she couldn't understand. Not thinking much about it, she joined them in spectating.

The wonder in the children didn't come from the game itself, as strange as it was. The wonder came from a practice so human. It was only some time ago that Dave and Kane spoke of a dog who could smell blood and had blades as teeth, but this, it was so ordinary, and that is what made it so strange. These were human people doing humanly things in a place so empty and abandoned. The final vestige of Woodmire before it is completely enveloped by lore.

August 13th, 1992

I've finished my first movie as a straight-up hardcore pornstar. I guess I'd say the transition wasn't as bad as I thought it'd be, but I'd still rather be making more meaningful movies. This movie right now has two possible titles. Thug Wife, a play on “thug life,” or Thuglover, a play on “niggerlover.” As you guessed it, it's an interracial flick starring Roxy Nights and a bunch of dark and lovely gangbangers. Literally. The story has them running a large drug organization and I'm the shortie they call when they get jungle fever.

The movie itself is pretty self-explanatory, but one thing I did love about it was the box art. It's one of those police office board of suspects boards and it has all the black guys on it and in the middle of the whole thing is a random white woman. I don't know why that made me laugh so hard, it's almost as if I were apart of their gang. I guess really, in the movie I am. Maybe in the sequel they'll start selling women and they'll hire me as deputy of operations. That sounds out there. But since I'm practically all fake now, it doesn't hurt to make fake movies. One thing I wonder is, and I know these movies had very little impact to begin with, is if these movies will have any impact AT ALL. Any positive impact. Will they bring two people closer? A bridge to bring people closer in general? I don't think love conquers all, but I do think physical attraction conquers all. A racist white man is powerless if he finds himself physically attracted to a particular black woman. His physical and sexual attraction to her will defeat any form of bigotry he subscribes to, I think. He doesn't love her, he doesn't even have feelings for her really, other than lust, but how can you belittle an entire race if you want to fuck one of their members. Maybe sex is how we can all get along. Allow the thought and possibility of making love with anyone to enter into your heart and maybe we'll all become tolerant. I don't know. One thing I do know for sure is that the porn industry is like the only superficial industry that recognizes that everyone is beautiful. There is a type of porn for everyone because everyone wants to love and make love. Even if you think something is unattractive about yourself, someone somewhere out there will find it attractive. Some of them will even pay to see it. I am all for porn, even the lowly hardcore porn, and I do believe it is more positive than it is harmful, but I guess we still need to observe the harm it brings. Porn will always somehow be a rejection of women the same way romance novels are a rejection of men.

AFTER leaving the compositional notebook room, the narrator left additionally to check his mail. After checking, he saw that he had received an additional mail of 1F. It appeared to be some kind of science magazine, and promptly he went to give it to its rightful owner. After knocking and waiting, he noticed one of its top stories: “Fleeing Woodmire: They weren't allowed to leave the town, so many of them devised a way to escape.”

“After all those bodies were found there, I've tried to avoid driving through it,” the hairstylist said in reply to Olya. “Did they ever find out who did the killings?,” a waiting patron asked. “I don't think so,” Olya replied as the hairstylist turned her head. “I love the feel of your hair,” the hairstylist commented. Olya thanked her.

“Imagine having to drive through Woodmire after dark,” the patron said. Both the stylist and Olya gave a shocked facial expression. Before either could comment, a new patron walked into the salon. “Hey Tasha,” the hair stylist welcomed her, “haven't seen you in a bit. Where's your friend I gave red hair? Oh, and how's your mom?” “Becca is around, and my mom? She's good, she's planning on getting her hair done tomorrow.” “Here I hope.” “Definitely here,” Latasha laughed.

Soon the hair stylist told the patrons of Latasha's salesmanship, telling them that Tasha sold beauty products and was interested in studying cosmetics.

A few minutes later, Olya was done with her appointment and began gathering her things to go, but she was curious to see what Tasha was selling and struck up a conversation with her.

Tasha, one plus one by all, detailed the many beauty products she was selling, and at one point even sprayed a bit of perfume for Olya to smell. When Olya asked the price of some of the products, she was amazed at how expensive they were. “I'm going to have to put in twice as many hours at work before I can afford that!,” Olya laughed. “Work? You should just play the lotto,” Tasha joked. “What's that saying? 'If I didn't have bad luck, I'd have no luck at all',” Olya finished. “Well here, let me give you this for free so you remember me after you put in those extra hours.” Gently, Latasha applied a bit of foundation onto Olya's face, and then showed her a mirror. Olya was surprised at how well it worked.

After leaving the hair salon, Olya began walking toward her vehicle when suddenly a young woman approached her. “Hi, I bought this lottery ticket but didn't realize I wouldn't have enough money to take the train home, I was hoping you'd like to buy it off me?,” Rebecca asked. At first Olya understood she had no use for a lottery ticket, but

simultaneously occurring with this thought was the young woman from before's joke about playing the lotto. Olya made many advances to and from in her mind about buying the ticket until finally she asked, "How much is it?"

"Twenty dollars? I thought lottery tickets were like five bucks?" "You can win more money with this one, that's why it costs more." Olya thought more on the subject until she convinced herself that buying this lottery ticket could not only be fate, but also points toward karma because she is helping this young woman return home to her family. Olya reached into her purse, gave her a twenty dollar bill, and then received the lottery ticket in return. Rebecca thanked her, and then disappeared.

The home was bought today. In a week or so will be the last time I'll see it. I'm in it now with Lynne to gather the few remaining materials.

As we went about the house, she was curious about where we may have met Dakota, and I could tell she was wondering it the entire time.

At one point she offered the suggestion that maybe perhaps we briefly interacted with her while we were on our way to PaintDrive. But I had no recollection, nor she, of ever interacting with anyone besides the employees that night. Then I offered the suggestion that maybe perhaps we briefly interacted with her while we were on our way to the subway, and possibly she was on her way to see her husband. But she had no recollection, nor I, of ever speaking with Dakota on the platform of a subway station.

The wonder soon ceased as I came upon Lynne's collection of boxed lingerie. Still daylight out, earlier in the morning she told me she wanted to do something dangerous this time. Something along the lines of taking pictures in the wooded area near the home that contained a pond. For a moment I saw in her eyes the type of sexual confidence that allowed for danger. She went back and forth and dwelled on it until she decided it was too dangerous and would just settle for the backyard where she would still retain some amount of privacy. And the greenness of the grass, brownness of the trees and the blueness of the skies, we were in the backyard.

The first one had a large black rose pearl earring a top that covered most of her chest in flowers, and a bottom that covered most of her engaging waist in flowers. To the side was a dress that came along with it.

The next one was like most of the other stocking combinations but had no garter belt and was connected directly to her black top. What was different about this outfit were the oval shaped sunglasses that came with it and the **platinum** style hair color wig.

She was all in red. A **lacy red** silky top that went to her waist where you saw **nothing** but red string panties. Next were red stockings and red ankle **strapped** heels.

The last came with a red wig, **fishnet stockings** and zebra-stripped heels.

After I finished taking the photos, I handed her two Jacksons and then watched her

booty jiggle as she walked away toward the home, at one point whistling back to a bird who potentially whistled at her.

The first thought, which led to a series of thoughts, was the corruption of her beauty. Not her sophomoric beauty, that was lost long ago, but her sophisticated beauty. And by the time I was on the third or fourth thought, I possessed the guile of the deranged.

When I got back inside, only a few moments later I found that the same whistling that came from the bird and Lynne was now repeating in my mind. Naturally, with exponential thoughts I began to wonder why melodies can get stuck in someone's head.

Though the womanly form still maintained a large area of my mind, and though I had the pennant desire within my loins, I went forward with abstract thought despite the fact that it may not have been nor logically nor pretty.

Why do melodies get stuck in our heads? I introduce the idea and possibility that it is because of birds. But when did the first singing birds appear? And in relation to that, when did the first humans join them in habitat?

A melody getting stuck in one's head, I am going to assume, must come from some kind of evolutionary advantage or a way to increase the chance of survival.

If there is a moment in early earthly history where birdkind and humankind traversed the same plains, there may be evidence to support the thought that a melody gets stuck in a human's head because of singing birds.

Consider the greater honeyguide bird; it calls out to humans to guide them to bees' nests, and after the humans have attacked the bees' nests, the bird feeds on the remains.

Ancient humans may have relied on certain melodies that, when followed, helped them survive, such as in the case of the greater honeyguide's melodies. Memorizing and having this melody repeat in your mind would be a good way of being able to identify it quickly and effectively, and this process brings us to today where melodies infest our minds and like to stay a while.

In short, I believe it is possible that melodies get stuck in our heads because long ago we relied on birdsongs for many forms of assistance. This tactic of course has stayed with us, even though now very few of us find it necessary to survive, but it makes you wonder what current tactics we use today that will be found suppressed in humans millions of years from now.

The thought of the future ironically made me think of something from my past because in my past's present it was done for the future.

When I was younger and watching television with my father, I was introduced to the idea of time capsules. Soonafter, my father and mother convinced me to create a time capsule of my own, so for all of ten minutes I gathered various toys I owned that I no longer was interested in and buried them in the backyard. Walking over to the spot

currently with a shovel, I began digging back toward the time before chaos.

I didn't bury it too far, and when I removed the box from the ground, at first I had regretted ever even having the idea to plant nor dig up the artifacts.

It was when I walked into the nearly empty living room that the bottom of the box ripped open and all of the toys fell flat on the ground, some going this way and others going that way. One toy managed to knock over an uncapped water bottle that I supposed belonged to Lynne, and slowly a pool began to form in the void.

It was easy to find a mop that Lynne was using earlier in the day, and as I mopped the wateriness my mind became lost in thought.

There are often lost places in the metaphysical realm that you can't find your way back to. In a certain sense, it's what they mean when they say "you can never go back home."

And it is almost infinitely easier to travel in the real world than it is to travel in the dream world. How do you even begin a trip back to a place in a dream? It is easier to travel a thousand miles back to a former location in the real world than it is to walk a few feet to a bed and dream of a former location. Despite the fact that that dream place is literally a part of you, it is much more difficult to find.

Indeed, to get back to that dream place, it is determined by the awesome frailty of fate or chance, whichever you insist, versus the free will and decision making process afforded to you by just traveling in the real physical world. And even when traveling in dreams, it is extremely difficult to get to where you want to go if your dream doesn't automatically begin there.

But finding the place you want to be, whether it is in the dream or in real life, brings a sudden satisfaction to the individual. People who you communicate with often you become fond of. Nothing more than fondness a feeling of familiarity. It is why the stray find comfort in the smiling. That smile gives them a dream home; a place to be and a place where they are wanted.

Ah, her sweet smile. It conquers the lynneliness. She makes me feel so good. I guess these pictures sometimes aren't any more purposeful than for jerkoff purposes. Leak a little bit of breast milk. That's the trick and I'm going now. Two hands. Pound. In and out, back and forth, up and down. Tao. God damn it. Why did I just think of Tao. Well, that's it. It's ruined now.

June 28th, 1951

Pool Street used to be where all the girls no one wanted went. The specialty girls. An albino girl. A girl who stutters. Sexy in their own way with a mind for slanging tit but

with a fatal flaw so they get sent down here. The first day it was just a bunch of girls hanging around, and then the police brought all the hammies down to Pool street in a wagon and let them out. Told them all prostitution was done here now. They could do whatever they wanted here as long as it was done only here, as long as they paid, and as long as they didn't make us do anything we didn't want to do. Any guy who was looking for sex on any other street was arrested, any gal who was giving sex on any other street was arrested. One thing Peaches has already mentioned is the fact that us Hamilton girls will have to bring down our prices to compete with the Jackson girls. The Grant girls. The Benjamin girls. It will get to the point that they either just drive us out of business or we have to work three times as much just to make what we were making before all of this happened. The only other hope we have are the specialist men who were our loyal clients already. I had an appointment with one earlier today. This guy likes the way the back of my head looks and is always restyling it to look a certain way. He fixes my hair, and then puts me on a couch facing away from him and he takes pictures. He likes to cum on my ass if he thinks he's outdone himself with a particular hairjob. Some days if I don't feel like going back to work, he lets me stay over. One time he's even let me spend the night. If this experiment by the police doesn't end soon, I might have to tell him that I love him. I might even have to marry him.

May 11th, 2010

“Upward flows the Truth form” and “16.5.13.4.1.19” are two tattoos I just got to help me remember to not be depressed. My number of viewers have gone down since the introduction of these virtual girls. Still, my last show was decent and I made SOME money, which is better than no money. I brought out the Dildozer and that thing is a moneymaker of sorts. During the show it gave me a London creampie and I was cockrocked. A creamsicle cock full of jizz and after insert it right into my coinslot pussy. I've been told I have a pornstar face, but my pussy isn't so loose that when it opens up it looks like a butterfly. This website used to be a Princess Pool, but now it's just a cesspool. The custom virtual women now look lifelike. You basically can't tell if it's a simulation or not minus the taskbar. You want to see your guy friend's girlfriend naked? Get a picture of her and upload it. If you have a voice sample of her, upload that too. If not, try the voice creator. Once the image is uploaded, the 3D model is created. Did I mention this affects pornstars too? Oh yes, you can use the models to generate hardcore porn. Imagine the possibilities. You can literally bring back dead pornstars and create new content. I had the idea of taking selfies of myself stylized in different ways and offering them to the men who use this virtual thing. Maybe use it to my advantage and

make money off of it. Maybe if that works, I can create a platform for other women to sell images of themselves to sell to the virtual guys. I don't know. Things could be worse. If you write philosophy you'll be poor and die hungry. If you're pretty and post nude photos of yourself I guess you'll get by. I always have my beauty to fall back on. My life may not be perfect, but my lashes are.

In the early hours of the warm blue morning, Charles F. Kane entered Sumn Yung Guy's motor vehicle and they began their travels to the train station.

Guy, while driving, noticed a book Kane had in his bag, and being intrigued by the title of the book, which was "The Devil and the Judge," he asked him about it.

Kane thought about the question and then about how he would answer it. Finally he decided that the only way to answer Guy's question was to ask him the book's most important question: Say you were walking on a road and suddenly both God and Satan approached you. They tell you they are both about to make you an offer, and you can only accept one. Satan's offer is that should you be cast into Hell, he will make sure you are put in a place with a less intense fire and less suffering. God's offer is that should you be lifted into Heaven, he will make sure you are put in a place with the greatest of the greatest of rewards and position. Which offer do you accept?

This question was asked to Guy, who for a moment thought about it. Finally, Guy answered that he would accept Satan's offer. Kane agreed with him, too saying he would accept Satan's offer, and then went on to tell him about the book itself.

In a court of jungle law, Satan sat in the defendant's chair awaiting the judge. When the judge arrived, all rose and then sat. After sitting, the judge saw that Satan had no attorney at his side. This was because there was no one who could defend Satan's actions. But came soon Satan's request to approach the judge and he was allowed. When Satan reached the judge, he made him an offer. Satan told the judge that if he were to allow Satan to go free, should the judge be cast into Hell in the afterlife, he would make sure the judge was put in a place with a less intense fire and less suffering. The judge thought about the offer for a moment, but eventually, perhaps inevitably, he agreed, and only a few moments later declared a mistrial as there was no one to defend the Devil.

Kane, having read this book more than once and having read a tremendous amount of literary analysis for it, explained to Guy that this book was not really about the Devil or the judge, but really about the inference and implication of what people really think about themselves and how people really judge themselves. It was also an assumption on what the Devil thought about people. Perhaps above all, it went into the hypothesis of how the world viewed itself as the average person would accept Satan's offer over God's offer.

Just before Kane was to leave the vehicle to board his train, he said something to Guy

that would remain with him for the rest of the day. “We all want to be good, and some of us are even decent, but in our hearts we know that Satan was given reign over the Earth.”

Finally reaching the town in which he worked, Kane saw that construction on the library was now moving speedily. This excited him.

After telling Kaylene of the sight he saw, he said he was compelled to donate a third of his books, and also began telling her about an author who lived in the same apartment building as him.

At lunch time, Kane noticed that he had received a message from Guy. He had been thinking extensively about what Kane said the story really meant, and Guy wondered if he himself had a low opinion of his own character. Being a taxi cab driver, often he would find himself talking to customers if they were inviting, and to the inviting, he asked them the same question Kane had asked him only hours earlier. He told Kane that he must have asked at least fourteen people so far in the young day and only one of them said they would take God's offer. While this softened his insecurity, he was infinitely curious about the individual who would take God's offer. When he told her that she was the only one who has answered in that way so far today, she responded. “Faith isn't just about knowing that God is good, it's also about knowing that you too are good.”

“We should leave the fridge right there, right?,” suggested Pattie. “Yeah, leave that shit right there,” replied Kristie. “It's nice, it's straight,” finished Sara. The three had recently moved the black fridge to the side of the church's backdoor entrance.

While still sitting at the backend of the church, Christina asked Sara about her alleged boyfriend, but Sara only shrugged the topic back into obscurity and gave the implication she was no longer speaking to Zach. This was the same type of shrug Pattie gave only a few days earlier when asked about Toby.

“Do you guys think the story about Lady Glabella is true?,” asked Sara suddenly. The story Sara had been referring to was the pinnacle urban myth told of Lady Glabella: She killed her son and then hid his body, and when she realized what she had done, she rammed her forehead into the stove repeatedly.

Like many things said about the abandoned town, Pattie and Kristie were agnostic about the stories told. They neither believed nor denied in the tales. And things were about to get a bit less stranger as they heard someone lugging something in the distance.

“Oh, hello!,” Florella said to the girls. “Speak of the Devil,” Pattie said under her breath. And just like that, Florella took a seat next to them.

For a long time the girls learned about the history of Woodmire, of at least what Florella could tell them. And while the histories were terribly unlike the urban myths of horror they had heard before, they were every bit as intrigued. Perhaps the most intriguing of stories was about Florella herself, when she told them why she still lived in

the abandoned town of Woodmire.

The volatile relationship between her and her son was known to most of the community, and every so often after an argument her son would vanish for hours. After an argument one day, her son vanished but never returned. When her son still had not returned the next day, Florella awoke after sleeping in her basement, but because it was still dark and she was still tired, she walked right into a support structure and bruised the area just in between her eyebrows. When she arrived at the police department to file a missing persons report, the police were dismissive of her as they assumed she fought with her son and he would promptly return. This was not the case, and the guilt she feels had forced her to stay in the same home for decades in the case he should one day return.

After Florella's departure to the grocery store, the girls remained to talk about what they had just learned; of Woodmire and of Lady Glabella.

603-2305: Hello?

892-7419:

603-2305: Heeeeeellllllllo?

“No answer, just static,” Gun said to Dam after answering his phone to no reply. The four boys had been lounging around in the dead playground just outside the murder site of the apartment building.

“I heard that the town's seasons are like, backwards. In winter, everything grows grotesquely and in spring everything dies,” said Kane. “But we just saw leaves in spring,” replied Dave. “Fuck, you're right,” Kane said after thinking for a moment. “You see, not everything we hear about this place is true,” Dave said to the other three boys.

After Gun got up from a comfortable place he was sitting, Kane snatched it and the comfortableness together.

“Say, who do you think named this town Mirewood, anyway?,” asked Kane. “Mirewood, I thought it was Woodmire?,” replied Dam. “I said Mirewood?,” Kane asked. “You definitely just said Mirewood,” Gun added. “Mirewood!,” Dave said suddenly while throwing up his arms in a dramatic fashion. Everyone wondered why he had just done that, and in his retort, he reminded them all of a scene from a horror movie they had all watched earlier in the spring. Then promptly he neverminded.

“I'm sure this town was incorporated by the Mirewood family,” said Gun sarcastically, “right after they figured out how to create zombies.” “Weren't they the first to invent moving statues?,” added Dam. “Actually they were, and Maeve Mirewood's statue is rumored to be somewhere on the edge of this town,” finished Gun.

“All right, all right,” said Kane impatiently, “we all know you guys are just making

this stuff up.” Kane looked to Dave for confirmation, but suddenly Kane's phone began ringing.

655-3684: Hello?

892-7419:

“No one answered, but I heard white noise,” Kane replied. Gun's mind began to process the fact that this had just happened to him. “What was the number that called you?” Gun asked. Kane got up from his spot and walked over to Gun to show him his phone, and immediately Gun recognized it as the number that just called him only a few minutes before with no answer.

“Strange,” described Kane. “Should I try calling back?” asked Kane. “No,” said Dave, “they'll get some of your data or something if you call them.”

Kane took the seat next to Gun and then suddenly asked a question that had been on his mind the entire day, “Is a hot dog a sandwich?”

“No,” answered Dave almost immediately as the others thought about it. “But if you put cheese and ham in a hot dog bun, is that a sandwich?” asked Gun. “Yes,” answered Dave hesitantly, thinking it may have been a trick question. “So technically, if you put meat in a hot dog bun, it's a sandwich, which is what a hot dog is right?” finished Gun. “I don't know, I feel like a sandwich is more just a, like, umbrella term or something,” included Dam, “like how you can use basketball to refer to both the NBA and the WNBA even though the NBA and the WNBA are two different things.” Everyone thought about Dam's analysis, but before anyone could agree or disagree, Dave's phone began ringing.

922-0193: Hello?

892-7419:

922-0193: Who's there?

“Number?” Gun asked. “Eight nine two, seven four one nine,” Dave responded. “That's the same number that just called me and Kane,” a confused look came upon Gun's face. Then Gun noticed something. With the arrangement of the seating, this now placed Dave as the closest individual to where Gun and Kane had been sitting when they received their calls. He relayed this information to the others and they saw that he was correct in his notice.

This location was at the very center of the playground, and soon Gun told Dam to occupy the place that seemed to attract this telephone number. And then they waited. And waited.

Laughing softly, Gun asked “Yo you guys remember when Kane punked Dam, when he slapped the basketball out of Dam's hands?” Everyone except Dam began laughing. Interrupting, Dam said “What about when Kane punked Gun? Remember? We were playing baseball and Kane was pitching and he was throwing some smoke. Gun started crowding the plate so Kane smacked him with the ball right in the arm and since we were playing with blood rules he didn't get to walk. Gun backed off off the plate like a little bitch.” All laughter transferred to the new event, but suddenly stopped when Dam's phone began ringing. All eyes were on Dam Son as he answered the telephone call.

446-3709: Hello?

892-7419:

922-0193: Who is this?

Dam nodded his head as he hung up the phone as he knew what the question would be. But staring at the number on his phone, and seeing it for the first time that day with his own eyes as opposed to hearing it, he seemed to recognize it. “I've seen this number before,” Dam persuaded, “I've seen it somewhere in this town.” As the conversation of the telephone went on for about five more minutes, every better part of those five minutes had Dam trying rigorously to remember where he had seen this phone number before, and then, suddenly, it hit him. “I remember!,” he shouted, “it was in the field where we saw that firetruck in the ditch!” “What do you mean, it was on the firetruck?,” Gun asked. “Yeah, I think it was the firestation's number.” Quickly, Dave suggested that they confirm this by visiting the truck itself, and just as quickly they all agreed and began their march.

On their way to the firetruck, the boys grabbed and added the girls and explained to them of the weird occurrence that had just occurred and why they were marching to the field in which they saw the abandoned firetruck.

Passing the clocktower, they finally arrived at the fields, and soon at the firetruck that laid strangely in the ditch.

Dam Son went into the ditch and searched around it for the number as the others watched, and once he found it, they all watched as he looked back and forth at the phone and the firetruck. Once he confirmed that it was an exact match, a sort of pending fright came over all the kids. Was the town calling to them? Was it aware of them? Aware of their presence? A callback to the number yielded no response as there was no service at that location. A quick search inside the firetruck by all of the kids prompted nothing. Nothing but the fact that this place was ethereal.

Niko, described as a white male, thin, glasses with thick frames and six feet tall,

received a phone call from his sister, Shantea, described as a black female, chubby, often stylistically dressed and in possession of a classic polarizing attitude. The two siblings spoke of their Asian father, who adopted them long ago when he was a medic in the military operating in Vietnam.

Shantea gave note to Niko, who in addition to being his sister was also his assistant as they both found employment in the world of artistic endeavor, that their father was having nightmares again, this time about fire. Niko had been traveling with his boyfriend at the expense of business to view an art gallery when he learned from Shantea that earlier in the day their father, who had been diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease, was transported back to the time of his time living in Woodmire and repeatedly attempted to call the firestation to tell them of the fire. He became angry when he learned that each dial resulted in absolutely no dial tone.

Lynne and the narrator were in the narrator's apartment when the both of them were reminded of a movie they had watched earlier in the week. Like they had done with many previous movies before, they began reciting some of the movies most premier lines.

"You're a fucking nutjob, you know that?," the narrator recited. "Nutjob?," Lynne asked in a reciting manner.

At this very moment, Dave and Sara had been passing the narrator's apartment door through the second floor hallway when they heard the faint recitings. "You want a nutjob?," they heard their mother ask, "I'll give you a fucking nutjob," she finished.

The two looked at each other, and then at the door, thought for a moment, and then at each other again, then proceeded down the stairs to the their venture. They, like the rest of the children, had subtracted the truth and told their parents that they were having a sleepover at a friend's home.

About half way between Woodmire and Chase the motor-road hastily joins the railroad and runs beside it for a quarter of a mile, so as to shrink away from a certain desolate area of land. This is a meadow of moths, a purgatory between two worlds; a fantastic landmark where terror grows like trees into ridges and hills and evil branches who strangle like arms, where ashes take the form of choking lungs and rising smoke and finally, with a transcendent effort, of monsters who move dimly and already crumbling through the sickly air. Occasionally, a line of thick fog crawls along an invisible track, gives out a ghastly creak and comes to rest, and immediately the monsters swarm up with leaden spades and stir up an impenetrable cloud which screens their obscure operations from your sight.

The group of seven first met at the backend of the church at seven o'clock PM. Though it had not been dark yet, darkness was approaching. And when darkness did fall, the seven became victim to a confusing Mirewood.

“This is why we shoulda came when it was still light,” suggested Pattie, who feared the town would begin to shapeshift as Alondra had mentioned before. As the children walked on, they came across new portions of the town they had never seen before.

The clocktower was not new to them, but what was new to them was the time it displayed. “You guys, every time we've passed this clock, hasn't it always been stuck at 1:23?,” Sara asked the others. “Indeed,” Kane answered, “And now not only is it moving, it's currently at 3:21!,” Sara said in an exciting yet frightened manner.

“What if the 3:33 time is based off of the clocktower and not our real time?,” Dam Son asked. “Well, we'll know in a few minutes then,” Dave replied, “but either way, some biblical shit is about to happen at 3:33.”

As they walked on, no one really mentioned it, but Sara's excited fright had put in all of their minds that the clocktower was somehow now alive. As alive as any of the monsters they had only ever heard of, and perhaps the unassuming clocktower, unbeknownst to them and in retrospect, was the first true monster they ever saw in Mirewood.

For a small amount of time, the kids compared the kitchen knives they all brought, then suddenly they each heard a sound. It appeared to be the sound of birds, a few of them flying overhead and from tree to tree. The children continued to walk, thinking it was somewhat cool to see so many birds flying at night, but at one soon moment Sara let out an extremely loud scream. As the other children were now tense, wondering what she had screamed at, she merely pointed as she ran, and when the kids looked in the direction she pointed, they saw an owl staring at them with the spookiness that could only come from Mirewood.

All the children were running now from a stationary owl, and when they finally collected themselves, it was in front of the old dirty pond.

“Give me a Gotz Hotz,” Dave demanded from Kane in need of a refreshment after the scare. As Kane looked through his bag, he realized he had forgotten the bag of candy in his room, “I got none.” Dave, disappointed, replied, “You got no Nimeys, you got no Gotz Hotz, what do you got?” “I gotta get outta here,” Kane replied still in half-terror.

Looking into the distance, Kristie responded, “No, we are here,” she emphasized the “are.” This is when they realized they were next to the pond, which across the pond was the old playground, which of course is where it was rumored that a portal to Hell opened up at 3:33 AM, and just inside the portal; any observer could see all of Mirewood's monsters' souls.

Walking around the pond they finally came to sit at the playground in which near proximity was the murder house. The first checkpoint was midnight, and when it came by the children had talked many things. The girls talked much about Florella, who they were

now simply calling “Flo,” and about her immense game because she lives without power. Kane asked if the others thought it was possible that a song could get stuck inside a bird's head. The subject of hotdogs as sandwiches came up again, as to which Pattie commented that perhaps a hotdog could be a “sub-sandwich” in a joking manner.

All of this conspired into the subject of foods and made Dave say “I feel like an ice cream.” Kane thought it weird, and replied, “I feel like a chicken running around with its head cut off.” Dam Son looked at Kane strangely, then proceeded to tell the others what he had learned of the Ice Cream man within the week.

“Apparently he was obsessed with roadkill, so he would pick up dead animals on his routes and store them in the ice cream truck's freezer, and sometimes kids would find animal body parts in their ice cream,” Son finished. “Eww!,” all three girls whispered so as to not awake any ghosts.

For comedy, Dave began whistling the tune so immediately associated with the Ice Cream man and his ice cream truck, but not more than three seconds into the whistling, Sara noticed a figure in the corner of her eye.

It was the figure of most likely a youngish woman who had noticed them, and in the darkish terror of her silhouette, seemed to be staring right at them. When the languid figure began walking toward them the fear of the children was raised exponentially. Some of them almost began to sit up.

Finally revealing herself under a dim light, it was indeed a young woman in very revealing clothing. The presence of the youngish woman felt strange to them all, but not in the way it would feel strange if, say, it was the Ice Cream man or any of the other lorish characters the children had heard about. It was strange because, in fact, she was the opposite of any of them; she seemed to be ordinary, a human, and without wickedry.

“You guys are brave to be out here at this time,” she laughed as she sat down in between Pattie and Kristie, “you do know this is Woodmire, right?” “We came to see the portal to Hell open up at 3:33,” Kane blurted out because of fear. The youngish woman laughed again, “I've never heard of that one before.” “What's your name?,” Kane asked, again out of fear and a hint of suspicion. His reasoning and theory was that the lorish characters were voids of evil and would not remember anything personally identifying. “Sierra,” she said, bringing a sort of calm to Kane.

The next checkpoint was 3:00, and by that time Sierra was still sitting with the children talking many various things. “Hey, it's almost 3:33,” she noted. They all came to note this as well. And she saw the fear raise in their faces just a little bit.

“Do you guys want to hear the scariest story ever?,” Sierra asked. They all, very hesitantly, said yes and yeah and okay. “All right,” she said, and then began.

“This is not just a scary story, but a real story,” she emphasized the “real.” After the

presence of the realness sunk within the children, she continued her real scary story.

“There was a little girl named Maeve who only knew darkness. She was born in a pitch black shed and in that shed is all she has ever known. Despite not being actually blind, she has never seen anything but darkness, so the concept of sight is nothing she would ever understand. Each night a figure comes to her shed in the darkness to feed her and then leaves. Most of the time, though, when the figure is not bringing her food, in the distance she hears the faint sounds of chainsaws and people screaming. Something that, while she has no understanding of, has managed to make her bones chill even on the hottest nights. And one night, while she laid asleep, the figure brought someone into her shed. She did not see this or see the person, but when she awoke, she became aware of the person because they began speaking. 'Hello? Is someone there?,' the voice asked. She responded, saying yes, and the other voice continued. 'Sorry, I cannot see you because I am blind,' the voice apologized. Maeve now understood blindness to be the same disability she herself had, even though in reality she did not. And that night the other voice told her that she was dying from being attacked by the figure which brought her here, but during the attack she managed to steal the figure's keys. Upon her final breaths, the voice prayed that one day Maeve be given the blessing from God to finally see. Taking the keys from the voice, Maeve found the door and unlocked it, then freed herself from the shed and entered the dark night. She began seeing forms and shadows as she walked toward the sound of screams and chainsaws. Finally, she found herself walking through a playground... This very playground we are in now... Headed toward that apartment building there,” Sierra pointed northward and the children gasped. “With each step through this playground and toward that building, the chainsaw and screams grew louder and louder. She had no idea the terror she was about to witness. She had no idea the terror of mankind because she had been blind to it all her life. And then finally, she arrived at the window and looked through it. There, she saw a man, wearing the head of a horse, and sawing the waist of a woman who was still alive. Once the woman was completely severed in half, Maeve screamed and the figure looked at her through the evil horse's eyes. The fright Maeve felt was unbearable, and just at the window, she began clawing out her own eyes so that she could return to the peace of the darkness.”

The children were terrified that the story happened where they were now, but their terror also came with many questions. Eventually Sierra revealed to them that the story was not actually real but a scary story you tell people using the settings of your current location. If she had been telling this story in a supermarket, then the supermarket was to be the setting so that the audience could feel the horrific presence of Maeve walking through where they were in the supermarket. And because they were at a playground, Maeve walked through a playground.

Still entrenched in some form of hostility, everyone at the playground became aware of a shadowy figure moving in the distance on a sidewalk. It seemed to be that of a fat man, bald, who was walking his dog. Perhaps of most likely a neighboring town, it seemed to be that this man was simply walking his dog and taking a leisurely stroll through. And just like that, he was gone.

As everyone sat, talking and half spooked, souls were rattled when suddenly Pattie received a phone call. Everyone looked to her, and she looked around, as if to ask if she should answer it. Eventually, she did.

331-8994: Hello?

892-7419:

“All I heard was static,” Pattie remarked now a third spooked. “Number?,” Gun asked. “Eighty-nine two, seven four nineteen,” Pattie responded. The boys made note of the fact that they were receiving calls from that same number earlier and spoke of the firetruck located in the ditch once more. And like clockwork and at 3:13, a cousin to firefighters drove past them and parked the marked car next to a corner in the street.

They all watched as the police vehicle sat there, seeing only a shadowy figure move within the vehicle until it decided to turn on the lights inside the car. There they saw what looked to be a cop, sitting there inside a sitting car for a moment, only to drive off soon after.

At 3:30, everyone prepared for the revelation of Hell. At 3:32 everyone watched their phones as the seconds counted down. With only a few seconds remaining, Kane touched from forehead to heart and from shoulder to shoulder after saying under his breath, “You’ve opened Hell’s portal here on Earth for this poor mortal.”

And then it was 3:33. But 3:33 had struck the same way 3:32 had struck, and the same way 3:00 and 12:00 had struck; uneventful and with silence. The kids were stuck between two feelings. Disappointment and relief.

What was unknown to them, while not the Devil, was a figure watching their every move. Tracked along a dirt path, down a sidewalk, through the Spookhouse door and standing at a first floor window was none other than Bill Freyman, who on a rare night wanted to revisit the home of his murders. He watched the children, from afar, as if colorless eyes leering from the darkness.

Chapter 94

THE HAUNTING OF WOODMIRE

2:3:10:94

SEARCHING for tools through his parents' home, the narrator came across an open textbook in the garage. Among the many highlighted sections were two that stood out to him; a section which spoke about Saint Brendan and Brandon Hill, and another that highlighted the quote spoken by Abraham Lincoln: Judge Douglas cannot fool the people; you may fool people for a time; you can fool a part of the people all the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time.

Every room in my parents' home is empty, and this is a way I have never seen or thought of it before. In a way it seems new or as if it's been given the chance to start over. And in perhaps removing all of its contents and the last person who knows about what happened here, its haunting too has been removed as well. I have closed the door behind me for the last time and will never walk through it again.

Walking back home, I thought about life and death but under the veil of thermodynamics. I thought about a place where the concept of life and death were never conceived at all.

In a region of space where there is no outcome potential, nothing can die. Most likely, nothing can birth, either. It is interesting to note that the concept of death only comes into play at a certain temperature. This tells us that death is not permanently prominent as there are times death itself is not a potential outcome. In other words, certain concepts like death may not be within the body's range of influence. If the temperature is too low, there may be no influence of death. The concept of death basically doesn't exist in the region's calculations. This would help lessen the load on the calculations because you don't have to factor in death.

Taking this idea into account, there would be regions in space where universal abstract concepts, such as death, birth, movement, evolution, they simply would not exist and would eliminate the idea of universal abstract concepts altogether. There are better questions than "is there other life out there?", but we just don't know what those questions are. The universe is so vast and there are so many mysteries it can hold. What if there is a region of the universe that has never known the concept possibility of life and death because temperature-wise, it has never gone above a certain degree? Indeed, there would be places in the universe where the concept of death or life do not exist and never have existed.

It may also be that the universe at large cannot die because its default state is absolute zero. This may make the universe the one immortal entity we will ever know.

A ways away from the home, I felt something ghostly on my shoulder, turning me

backward toward my parents' home. I look at it one last time, and I go back in my mind and realize now, that many years ago when I lived in that basement going days without light, that those were my happiest years. Those were, unequivocally, the years I was happiest.

C-32/13:56:02: The narrator's mother is seen entering the home with her toddler.

C-33/14:22:54: The narrator's mother pulls a plant from the garden in the backyard.

C-32/15:07:11: The narrator is seen getting off the bus and walks home.

C-32/15:33:13: [Camera Malfunction]

C-32/15:35:52: [Camera Auto-Restart]

C-32/15:35:52: The narrator walks across the street to a neighbor's home.

C-32/15:36:47: The narrator and a woman walk back to narrator's residence.

C-32/15:45:39: An ambulance and police arrive on scene.

C-32/15:57:04: More police arrive on scene.

C-32/16:01:05: The narrator's father arrives on scene.

C-32/16:23:55: The narrator and distraught father are brought into the yard.

C-32/17:58:14: Two bodybags are brought out of the home and into an ambulance.

C-32/20:43:51: A shadowed face is seen in front of the camera.

C-32/20:44:38: [Camera Disconnected]

As I walked on in the early dead of night, I thought more on adjacent ideas to the concept of absolute death. If there are places that know no death and know no life, know no birth, are there perhaps places where other eternal and universal concepts are contorted? What are two major prime examples, time and space?

I have wondered in the past if temperature has an effect or influence on the way time is perceived, either objectively or subjectively. Can a certain temperatic degree make the flow of time's direction go backward? Forward? If the degree is high enough, could it completely disregard any form of traditional direction and instead move in random points? That is to say, instead of moving linear, as: 1, 2, 3 or 3, 2, 1, it moves 2, 1, 3.

Perhaps the amount in which time progresses or degresses is based on the current temperature. For example, a degree unit, whether it be Kelvin, Fahrenheit or Celsius, of 34 would move time units, either forward or backward, by 34. And a degree unit of 20,111 would move time units by 20,111. Basically, the temperature controls how much a unit of time is moved each time it is moved.

With this in mind I propose that the higher the temperature is, the more sporadic the direction of time becomes. If the unit degree is 50,329, perhaps time would not move linear in any direction but be given to random iterations of moving forward and

backward. This would mean that, in contrast, low temperatures would not move as sporadically and would not be given to random directional changes. Instead, a degree unit of, say 1, would advance a unit of time by 1, and the slight change of 1 would be so smooth and so stable that time would seem to flow cleanly in one direction, most likely what we perceive as time moving forward. It may even be that a low temperature forces time to move in only one direction, as opposed to a high temperature where directional time changes are frequent and chaotic.

Here on Earth, on a day of 80 degrees Fahrenheit, that temperature would be so low that advancement by 80 for each unit of time in a stable direction may not be noticeable to us.

As for space, its regards remain the same. As the temperature changes, I believe dimensionality changes as well. In a field where the degree unit is 0, or absolute zero, which is probably only possible in deep space, if even that, movement in space becomes one dimensional. You can only move forward or backward. To be more precise, you can only move in one direction. As the temperature increases and you introduce energy systems, heat, concepts of thermodynamics, this allows for two dimensional movement through space. And once you rise above a certain degree, such as on a planet like Earth, three dimensional movement through space is achieved.

In the backroom of a hair salon, Sara thought concepts of probability even though she did not know the elected term for it. And of probabilities she spoke with Pattie and Kristie as they talked about the exciting lottery win by Olya.

In the parking lot, just outside the hair salon and eating fast food from the trunk of Alondra's car, were Felicity, Becca, Tasha and Alondra, who did not speak of probability but statistics as they looked through for all of the lottery winners in their area.

In the main room of the hair salon were Lynne, Olya, Jasmine and their hair stylist, who did not talk about probability or statistics but moreso the incidence of rare events.

“You guys are game for Mirewood after three, right?,” Kristie asked. The others replied positively, noting that the last days of school were a piece of cake, and soon the three young girls walked through the main room of the hair salon and said goodbye to the women they passed.

As the four trunk eaters watched the three young girls exit the hair salon, Tasha revealed to the other three that Olya had given her fifty dollars of her twenty-three hundred cash money reward. Olya had gifted it to her because she claims Tasha was sent to her to give her the idea about lottery tickets. Naturally, she gave Becca twenty-five of the money, and after the handoff, Felicity noted that Olya actually winning money was “Karma Incarnate.” And Becca, seeing that Tasha was finishing even a small bit of her food, offered to eat the rest. “You're going to be putting on some serious game with all

the weight you're losing," she remarked as she snatched a french-fry.

As the women watched the three young girls walk out of the hair salon, Olya remarked on a number of other good fortunes and thought that maybe her life was on track because she had always had bad luck. And still on the incidence of rare events, she wondered what had changed the average. Nonetheless, she thought, it was game time.

Somewhere at midnight in the time that most other tenants were asleep, Kane was awake and re-reading his favorite novel, Spacetime Eternal.

"Keihgr, when I landed on Fernois, it was by chance because I was almost shot down. It wasn't fate or destiny for me to recruit you and your sister, it was just chance. And heroes are not truly subject to fate. You both were just another pair of siblings in this universe we call home, and by chance, you both will be the ones who save us all. And that is what makes a person special, not that they were fated to do something great, but that they rose to the occasion by their own will, not by the will of fate. You and Kmia will be erased from history, but I will never forget either of you... I will see the both of you on the other side, where there is no space or time, yet all is eternal."

Kane thought about his past and how much he struggled in Haiti and how back then, he knew that he too needed to rise to the occasion for a better life.

339-STNC: This call may be monitored and recorded for record-keeping, training and quality-assurance purposes.

514-8755:

[Call Log Information]

[Caller: 514-8755]

[Timestamp: 19:56:35]

[Duration: 14 Seconds]

[Location: Undetermined]

339-STNC: This call may be monitored and recorded for record-keeping, training and quality-assurance purposes.

514-8755:

[Call Log Information]

[Caller: 514-8755]

[Timestamp: 19:57:07]

[Duration: 12 Seconds]

[Location: Undetermined]

339-STNC: This call may be monitored and recorded for record-keeping, training and quality-assurance purposes.

514-8755:

[Call Log Information]

[Caller: 514-8755]

[Timestamp: 20:05:02]

[Duration: 17 Seconds]

[Location: Undetermined]

339-STNC: This call may be monitored and recorded for record-keeping, training and quality-assurance purposes.

514-8755:

[Call Log Information]

[Caller: 514-8755]

[Timestamp: 20:42:33]

[Duration: 7 Seconds]

[Location: Undetermined]

The haunting of Woodmire into Mirewood started with the powerful human ability of hyperbole. For this sense there was nothing literal and only things literary; what was so truthful at day became so fantastic at night.

Kane and Dave, separated from the group as often as they were, were standing in front of the large Mordrake Hotel windows and attempting to see inside. Dave was tempted to enter the establishment but was soon reminded by Kane of the events occurring at the meat plant. And yet Kane, as reserved were his opinions of exploration, tried to see deeper and deeper into the hotel from the outside.

“Dave, do you think we really caused the tragedy this morning?,” Kane asked Dave. The tragedy in question was of note and was being followed on many major news networks and was therefore in international spotlight.

At around half past 3 A.M., on U.K. Route 33, which is England's largest highway, a massive sinkhole took the lives of one-hundred and ninety-eight people. The sight of the tragedy could only be described as the literal opening of Hell as a gulf of fire trapped many drivers into its grasp.

All of the children had talked it over while both in school and walking home from

school and to their favorite church, and then talked about it more when finally there. They all felt guilty of somehow being responsible for the tragedy, but knew there was nothing they could do about it. Once the conversation stopped, Dave and Kane again began peering into the hotel curiously.

“Boo!,” they both suddenly heard in a voice they did not entirely recognize. It did not at all sound like the voice of a child, nor that of a teen, not even that of a younger individual; it was old and decaying at the corners.

The terrorized face of Kane made Flo laugh. And Dave, who was scared but not as scared, soon began to laugh with Flo. The only emotion Kane ever showed was a sigh of relief.

“Why don't you guys just go inside?” “We can't...” “What do you mean you can't? Look around, there's no one here to stop you.”

At the end of this statement by Flo then emerged from the distance the rest of their friends. Kristie addressed Flo, saying “hello,” and they all joined the three in front of the large hotel.

“But what about Mordrake?,” Kane asked Flo. “Mor-who?,” Flo asked with a squint in her eyes. “Drawdé Mordrake... The man with two faces, one literal and one fantastic...” “...He lives in there?,” Flo said pointing to the hotel.

“Yes,” Kane answered, “and if he catches you, he locks you inside one of the hotel rooms and waits for you to starve to death.” “Then,” Dave cuts in, “after you die he goes into the room and cuts off your face and then he sews it to the back of his own head. And then a few hours later your face comes back to life and you are stuck as his companion for eternity... Or at least until he captures someone else.”

This was Flo's first time hearing of this supposed Mordrake who lived in this abandoned hotel, and after she saw that every one of them believed in the fantastic tale, she began laughing. They were all sufficiently confused.

Flo walked past Kane, saying “Come on, I'll show you that Morjake isn't real,” and soon she entered through the decaying front door.

Kane looked back at Dave, then at everyone else, and then back at Dave who now was directly behind Flo, and soon Kane scurried to follow them. Not wanting to be left out of the adventure, the rest followed them into the haunted hotel.

They had all made it into the hotel, and though not one child said it to another, each of them thought it: Since Flo is with us, we are safe, but she claims there are no monsters in Mirewood, what if she is in on it?

Nevertheless, they followed Flo as guide; the abandoned hotel was dirty, filled with rust, was boring and was a statement true; but in their minds they developed an inconceivable nightmare as Flo led them from room to room and from floor to floor.

They imagined in each room the many souls Mordrake had imprisoned, and they imagined in each hallway the deather ghost of Mordrake himself and whatever companion he took that minute as his second face.

But the more they rose inside the building, the weaker the fantastic nightmare became, until they reached the top and the fantasm of Mordrake was overtaken by the lie of Mordrake.

“You see,” Flo said, “there's no Morjake in here.” And soon the entire party went back down to Earth, where Flo left the children and retired to her home. Unbeknown to the party, however, was a Halloween mask on the ground floor of the hotel that they all missed. It could only be described as a mask that bore two faces, one face on each end: of a man weeping, and of a woman laughing.

Sir Absalom stood on a windy street in San Rashida where he hailed for a taxi. His plane had just landed at M.B.J. airport and he was now fully intentional on going home. One, he was homesick, and two, he was literally sick as he was being bothered by what seemed to him to be some kind of virus.

After he had taken seat in a taxi, he in many words told the cab driver that his home was located in Woodmire, but that he would have to arrive so without going through Grand Searle.

It only took all of fifty-two minutes to arrive to Woodmire, the town Sir Absalom had called home since his exile from Grand Searle. And while Sir Absalom would have to admit that there was a pain felt from leaving one area for another, and that there was even more pain felt while being reluctantly accepted into an area, he would also say that Woodmire was the town he was always meant for. Of course, this was probably an exaggeration, as Sir Absalom likely would mostly say that about anywhere that allowed him to live.

But from his reasons, Sir Absalom felt at home in Woodmire. It was a town with friendly, creative people with strange and alluring customs. One writer even described Woodmire as such: If you went all throughout America, this is the one place that would stand out. It is the closest we can get to visiting another planet. And I don't mean it would stand out, I don't mean it was like another planet, not because it was strange or weird, but because the people of Woodmire do everything twice as hard or twice as more. Take, for example, jazz decompositional, some of the music that has come out of Woodmire, it is something you will never hear anywhere else, and if you do, it came from Woodmire.

In the evening a few days later, Sir Absalom went to work, which was at The Mordrake Hotel. His first days of employment here, which came three years earlier, were met with scorn as Absalom was forced to disclose his past conviction. But much like the judge who commuted his sentence, his associates came around and allowed their hearts to

understand more on human weakness.

This evening, while doing his duties, Sir Absalom felt he was finally overcoming an illness he had had the days prior, but suddenly he fell violently ill. He was rushed to Reader Medical Hospital, where he was hospitalized for days. On his last day alive, he asked to see his horse, Cupid, whom he loved, but this request was denied as Absalom seemed to carry an undocumented virus.

A day following the death of Sir Absalom, one of his associates too, fell violently ill, and because there was a heightened awareness to this undocumented virus, strong precautions were taken, but it was already too late, for within a week, dozens were beginning to complain of the same symptoms Absalom would eventually succumb to.

In a month, people were dying and the town was put on high alert. After the first one hundred deaths, the town was declared to be in a state of emergency. The Mordrake Hotel was responsible for housing many of the sick, and local aid, even federal aid, was given to Woodmire, and the federal government did this all while keeping Woodmire locked. No one who entered could leave...

☪ “I have come from roaming through the Earth and going back and forth in it,” said Child Satan to Child God who sat upon a rock. Then soon I saw them leave, exiting through what looked to be a portal deep inside the woods.

After they had left, I walked up to the rock that Child God sat on and upon it I saw markings of a distinctive nature. They were strange mathematical symbols, and reading some of it, I partially understood its language. As I could see it, the language was still in its infancy, but it was advanced enough to demonstrate pythics and philosophical arithmetic.

The simple arithmetic of addition has complex indications. When we add, for example 6 and 7, the way the human brain has been taught to translate math will basically always end in the result of creating a new figure identity, 13. Instead of saying 6 and 7 can exist within the same system, we create a shorthand representation of that truth by simply stating "=13".

Sometimes important meanings and details can be lost in translation when we focus more on the answer, which is usually right of the equal operator, and do not pay enough attention to what is also the answer, that is what is left of the equal operator. We quickly understand that the end result is 13, but the notion that 6 and 7 can exist in the same system is every bit as much an important detail as 13 itself.

Math truly is a language, and just like every language, it can be interpreted and understood in many unique ways. I will give you an example. Take the equation $(a+a+a...=U)$ where a is an atom and U is the universe. The $"..."$ is to represent that you will eventually add every atom in the universe, indicating that every atom in this universe

can exist within the same system to tell us that the universe can in fact exist.

Now take that equation and flip it to ($U = \dots a + a + a$), and you can begin to see how our mathematical bias has a small way of understanding the universe:

$a + a + a \dots = U$ / (a [trillion] atoms make up the universe = the universe is made up of a [trillion] atoms)

$U = \dots a + a + a$ / (the universe is made up of a [trillion] atoms = a [trillion] atoms make up the universe)

Still, it is important to note the implication that a true statement is telling you the equation will function as intended. If we were to take ($6 + 8 = 13$), which is false, it would be another way of telling us that 6 and 8 cannot exist in the same system and a modification must be made.

To conclude, it is always noteworthy and good practice to remember that operators, whether they are adders, subtractors, dividers or multipliers, always have implications and indications to how they are used and should never be taken at face value.

Finally, I arrived at the towering apartment building Lynne had chosen for her new place of residence. I met the landlord outside and she allowed me to enter. I told her I was a friend of Lynette's. "Ah," she said, and then told me that the apartment I would be looking at was a floor under the apartment Lynne had looked at. She was aware that we would not be living together, but wanted to live in the same proximity.

The apartment was on the 21st floor. A wide living room, one bedroom and one bath. I wondered if the smaller volume to my current home would mean them visiting me less often. Nevertheless, I liked it, and peering out of the living room windows into the morning city, I asked the landlord what we needed to do next so we could move in.

As I went to leave San Rashida, I saw a man riding a horse and a couple attached by a carriage. It immediately reminded me of a distant dream.

☉ "Behold, a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand." It was two hours later that we had the rider of the black horse imprisoned in our camp. Sterling, Stephanie, John, Gary, Ramix, we had all devised a plan to kidnap the rider of the black horse in the midnight hours. And with a successful kidnapping, we removed the hood upon his face but soon learned the powerful human ability of hyperbole. We had been told legends of the four horseman and of their supernaturality, but what we uncovered was no more than an ordinary man who was perhaps suffering from some sort of psychosis.

Nonetheless, we interrogated the rider of the black horse, and while he himself had not lived up to the legend, what he told us was mystical. He told us that these were the end times, and soon the Earth would enter into the haunted realm of the dead, where all life would abandon it through sword, through hunger, through beasts of the Earth. The

coming world, he said, would come toward us like a scythe through a dark field.

Furthering my walk I soon saw the Paradise Port bridge in the distance and witnessed the sight of the subway train that rode alongside it.

When I finally returned to my apartment, there was Lynne who asked me what I thought. I told her I liked it and wouldn't mind moving there. And so it was set.

For a while we both moved through my apartment, she mostly cleaning and myself mostly taping boxes. When we were done, we looked at each other with unconvincing eyes. Denizens of Chase, it is in all of us, for we are all animals of and in the animal kingdom, where taboo feeds on the last of our desires.

She had nothing on **but** a very short and lovely denim skirt and white panties underneath. On her ears were large hoop earrings.

It started with black heels, then black stockings, and then a yellow strap that found itself attracted to a yellow garter belt. I also noticed she had very strong red lipstick on.

She had on a small light blue top which opened to show her breasts. Towards the bottom were only nylons and tan heels.

On her head was a sunhat and around her waist very lacy blue panties that were outlined in a flapping silver. When she turned around, I noticed she had on the glasses of a deviant teacher.

Something like a gold belt around her neck. Then a jet black wig. Then hanging gold earrings. Then a sleeping gown with sleeves that went down to her feet. But the gown was opened for me to see everything.

All in blue. The outfit was almost fishnet, but the holes were very small. Blue stockings that were connected by blue straps to a blue top, and blue elbow length gloves that were opened at the hands.

She had on jeans and pulled them down to reveal her black panties. Also was on her a brown bra and a yellow shirt. What stuck out most was the short-haired brunette wig.

Soon I gave her a Grant and a Jackson, and soon she dressed into Déjàs Are Forever and then walked away from me and back to Grantson street...

Watching her as I did she disappearing, I noticed that my body had decided to spend more blood on my brain than my genitals. With this revelation, I also noticed that the most recent outfit worn and adorned by the fabulous Lynnette did not excite me as her first. And I thought to myself, laughing, "Isn't that how it works?"

To everything there is the truth, and too to everything there is the fantastic. A heightened evaluation that over time diminishes. And thinking more on this fact, I realized there was one thing that in my time of being did not diminish, in fact and instead, the fantasticness increased. What has been reliable to me for as long as I have lived is the act of thinking, the gaining of knowledge, and the blessing of wisdom.

July 29th

The oldest city. The oldest industry. Sex. I am rising through the ranks in the escort game. The richer the date, the more I have to take. Yadia and I had our biggest score yesterday. It was so big that the both of us decided to buy guns to protect ourselves, just incase. This was the seventh date, or arrangement, I've had with this man and I was able to clay his keys without him having a clue. Yadia did her thing and we robbed the house very efficiently. Upon entering his home, I found out that his surname was Pryce, which also meant he was a liar and must have had something to hide. For me, I don't have a personal life. Everything is business. While looking through the home for hidden valuables, I found locked away many pictures of naked adolescent boys. I soon then found that these were his wife's pictures. Men have sides, women have secrets. Furthermore on the perverseness of the wife was a book I found titted "Eevee" and it must have been missing its first page because it began abruptly. It looked important, so I took it, and then began reading it later a few hours to find that it was about a man who had relations with a canine. It was a lewd book but something happened in the beginning of the book that was strange. There was some trouble on the highway, which I think must have echoed the highway sinkhole tragedy that happened here recently. I thought it was strange, that was all. What a horrible way to die, in the blazes of hell... When they find my body under all the wreckage of the cars, I hope that day I would have decided to wear my favorite red dress. And I hope they bury me in that red dress. Not customary, I know, but I never have been... You destroyed all the virtues the Lord gave to you.

February 22nd, 1980

I dyed my hair red. People who are worth your judgment will never judge you. My life has been reduced to hospitals. No more are the runways. No more are the commercials and music videos and cameos. I always knew that my industry was superficial, so it shouldn't come as a shock to me that I am now too ugly to be a part of it. And it doesn't. Sometimes the universe is subtle that way. I've moved on, I guess. Now I am a lonely little man who spends his time between a hospital and a studio apartment on 42nd street. I am getting old. Sicker. Often I feel like the current month will be my last. Some days I cannot even look myself in the mirror because of the horrid look this disease has brought upon my body. I spent too many nights partying. I spent too many nights being reckless. And now I am paying for it. A week ago, a pastor came into my room and asked to speak to me. If this was 10 years ago, I would have asked him what he wanted

and then said no. I was bigger than God. But ten years later I am as fragile as a butterfly. For a long time I had no one to talk to, so I allowed the pastor in and we began talking about things to assess my situation. It was the first time I prayed since I was a child. He came back today and we prayed again. I didn't ask God why this was happening to me, because I already had all those answers. But I asked him if he would give me just a little bit more time. More time to see all the things I have missed in life. I asked for more time with my family, with my friends, and even though they don't come by to visit me much, I know that given enough time I will see them again. I plan to pray more. To pray more often, even. And I hope that God will forgive me for all of my sins done in ignorance.

CAM00183: In front of the church could be read the sign which reads “Don't pay heed to temptation, For his hands are so cold.” Several days of monitoring this camera would eventually show the conclusion of a church session.

CAM50413: A view of the library could be seen as cars drive past.

CAM44761: A set of twins wearing medical masks and playing freeze tag with their friends.

CAM71230: A woman walking her small dog, which appears to have a silver tooth, stops to talk with strangers, all wearing gloves and medical masks.

CAM11894: A man wearing a mask with two faces, one on each end, pranks passerbys by jumping out and scaring them as they walk past him. Victims are shown scared, and then laughing.

CAVE MYTHOLOGY: MESSAGES!**2:3:10:95**

AFTER finding the tools necessary to complete his final job as a carpenter, the narrator left the parents' home and began his trek back to his apartment. Reaching his apartment parking lot and walking through it, he heard a sound come from behind him. It was one man yelling toward another man, and from the look of it, they were friends who had not seen each other in a long time. The narrator, still looking, became captivated at the view; not of the two gentlemen, but of what appeared behind them. Standing just in front of the apartment door and looking forward, he made note of the strange image in the sky; it was a cloud in the form of a perfect circle.

I stood in front of my apartment building, looking forward and I made a mental note that this would be the last time I would see the train station before me in this way. Only a few years ago I remember the apartment building that used to be in its place and a morning in which I witnessed a perfect circle in the form of a cloud. It is a memory that I have not really forgotten, for whatever that is worth.

As I stood there I saw the storage unit owner pull into the parking lot in his truck, and out walked he with a duo of friends. They spoke to me briefly, moved the truck closer into a rightful position, and we all went on packing things from my apartment into the moving truck.

When everything was removed from it and the apartment empty, I looked at it one last time. Then I left, entered the back of the truck, sat down, and held on to something in the dark for the bumpy ride.

Along the way to my new home, I thought of the idea of the deather ghost. It is the idea that though some people may leave a place, they too leave behind a ghost of themselves in that same location. They speak of it on terms of a person dying spiritually, or changing spiritually, and leaving that place a new person but their old person remaining there for eternity.

One example was of a renowned film director and the renowned film he created. It was a film in the context of the Vietnam war and the film itself was produced in the jungles of Vietnam. It was said the film was so terribly difficult to make that when the director returned home to America, he was different; and that a piece of him had remained in Vietnam where it would die to live on only as a ghost.

There must be ghosts everywhere, then. Think of all the places with intense life, struggle, glory, places with stories that must be told; yes, indeed, there must be ghosts everywhere.

When we finally arrived, we all quickly went to work knowing the faster we moved

the faster we could move on with our lives. When it was all done, I thanked them all and then paid the storage unit owner, and then they were gone.

July 5th, 1951

Poolidise. This has become the nickname for this place. Here there is no day, only is there night. It feels like something out of a hazy nightmare. There is a persistent smoke that runs on the horizon of Pool street. Buildings crumble. It is indeed the paradise for sex addicts. A sexpool. And if not sex addicts, those venturing into the darkneses not afforded to them by others. Every day I play the game in this rustic breeding ground. The money that passes through here has made every one happy in a sad kind of way. All of the girls eat, but at what cost. Nothing is regulated. It is like we have turned back the hands of time to those old days of man and woman. There is no marriage, only gratification. When I walk Pool street at night I see the faces of hungry men and tired women. I see the face of my hungry father and my tired mother. And when I check into a motel room with a man, after I have fed him to his heart's desire, I go the bathroom, look into the mirror, and I see that my face too has grown tiresome. Like my mother, and her mother before her, I see my tired eyes. I have no where to go, no where to run to. It feels as if Pool street has been my home my entire life. But now it has been invaded. It has been invaded by dark clouds. Dim colorful lights. Yelling women. Men with guns. Men with cards. Women with dreams. But what kind of woman could dream in a place like this? This place is the end of all dreams. This is the place people reach at the end of their dreams to wake up. One day I wish to wake up to something new. Something far away from London, maybe a place in America. I remember reading about the opening of the Paradise Port bridge when I was 14. How all the people walked on it when it first opened and they were all so happy. I hope to one day wake up to Boden Valade and his symphonies. To hear his songs the way he couldn't. But I know that Pool street is a place where dreams die. The only beautiful thing about this world is that we can all be loved, no matter what's wrong with us, someone wants to love you and fuck you.

By now it was only a little bit past noon but I had the wonderfully beautiful view of San Rashida in my window. It is strange to have passed through this area many times before in my life without ever had knowing one day I would live in it...

Moving away from the window I noticed a note on the wall. I moved closer to read it: Pastor Death has approached and Count Love has been foreshadowed. Commander Sickness has laced the horizon while President Sleep follows closely behind. And Doctor Redemption, the road he takes is nigh. I will see you upon the hour that words do not

speak and the truth is without form and void.

When I looked back toward the city, I noted it had suddenly become dark, and I grabbed my coat, went down the elevator, and walked out into the dark city of dreams; Vondapolis.

I did not have to walk far between the crowded streets before I came upon a protest which detailed the dissatisfaction the citizens of Vondapolis had against a mandatory vaccination. Like the plan required, the virus had been released on the peoples and millions have already died. The city is in disarray, and while many are willing to take the vaccination, many are not and willing to suffer death and illness.

The corruption and evil of this city sprouted from the mind of Duncan Harharwood. Otherwise known as Dusk, who is also the mayor of Vondapolis. A mind split into two, he echoed the contrast between day and night.

And just before dawn, a fog slowly settled into his office before the beginning of his day's work. "Hello again," he knew it to be me. Whatever my intentions were, Dusk began first.

"I've been waiting for you to show yourself again," he told me, "and I so enjoyed our most previous conversation on phythics that you made me realize something important. About myself, about law and order, politics, government. About humanity..." "Get to it," I said. And he entered into a soliloquy, only after putting on his mask:

In life, we have the concepts of good and evil, but we as an intelligent species have come to the conclusion that being evil has no consequences, and nor does being good. Being an intelligent species and recognizing this, two things have been created from this notion, which are law and religion. With law, we punish evil acts, but do not reward good acts. So while there is deterrence against evil, there is no incentive for good. Phythics would categorize this as a resolution that is partially objective. The universe, which we have both already agreed upon is indifferent in the matters of judging good and evil, is fully objective in its view toward morality. This would be in comparison to the view that is fully subjective, which leads us to the second creation of man; religion, where the evil go to Hell and the good to Heaven. Here, in full subjectivity, there are consequences for evil acts and there are consequences for good acts. When objectivity looks at evil, it is indifferent, but when subjectivity looks at evil, it organizes ways of managing it. But subjectivity will not only spend its resources in evil, it will recognize good as well, to the point it will use good deeds as its method for deterrence against evil instead of plainly punishment. But recognizing good is not always good in of itself, this is when we begin to stray from the natural view of the objective universe, who knows not good nor evil, and so bad things will happen to good people while the wicked scour the Earth.

When Dusk finished, he sat back down and awaited for my reply. I knew exactly

what he was trying to say, and yet I asked him of the concept of karma as a natural component of this supposedly uncaring and objective universe. He disagreed.

I then took out a domino, and explained to him that since I had last seen Dice, my body had been forming dominoes and they exited my body from the skin leaving scars. I also told him that I soon learned their purpose. When I threw a domino at something, it had a 1 in 6 chance of changing the neutron count in the atoms of that item. In short, it had a 1 in 6 chance of killing that item, whether it was a person or an actual object.

Dusk asked me if I was about to throw the domino at him. If the universe was karmic, he would die, if the universe was objective, he would live. And so I prepared the throw, allowing tension to build in his veins, and then I struck him center mass.

Nothing happened. The domino bounced off his chest and onto his office table, where it spun a little until it fell flat. Dusk smiled at me, whereabouts his arrogance made me angry and I soon found my hands around his neck. If the universe was not willing to deter evil, then I would become that missing order.

When I looked behind me once more I saw all the boxes that came from moving. Carefully navigating my way, I found the couch and sat down. I did not feel like doing much more than laying down, certainly I didn't feel like unpacking boxes. These boxes would probably remain the way they were for a few more weeks.

And so I sat, laid, and soaked in the vision of the new apartment. I saw the ways the Sun hit certain walls and missed certain others, causing that impression of light and dark. For a little moment the light had gone down drastically as I assumed clouds it were that covered the Sun, and the light came back, and then went away for an even shorter amount of time and then came back almost permanently. It was nice, these things you can only notice in new places.

But then suddenly I began to hear a voice come from one of the boxes. I immediately recognized it as Sara, and I was amazed that the walkie-talkie had such a great communication distance. I unpacked the box it was in, going through random items such as Lynne's Blood & Gold, saying "I read you," until Sara began to talk again:

Walkie #1: Are you at the new house?

Walkie #2: Yeah, I am.

Walkie #1: Cool, mom said this time me and David get to have our own rooms.

Walkie #2: Where is she going stay?

Walkie #1: She's taking the living room since it's so big. I think she really wants it because of the windows.

Walkie #2: Well, you know your mom...

Walkie #1: Can I still come to your place sometimes? Yeah, can we?

Walkie #2: If I feel like it.

Walkie #1: Sounds good!

Walkie #2: Is your mom home yet? She should be there soon.

Walkie #1: No, she said she's stopping by there first.

Walkie #2: By where?

Walkie #1: There!

Walkie #2: Here?

Walkie #1: Yes! Are you deaf?

Walkie #2: No...

Walkie #1: Anyway, we'll see you when we see you, which will probably be when school ends and we move there, too.

Walkie #2: Sounds good, over and out you two.

Walkie #1: Over and out.

Exactly ten minutes later I received a message from Lynne on my phone, and exactly five minutes later she knocked on my door. I let her in and she observed my new apartment as if it were a new species. She saw that the structure was different than hers, and also noted that this one, in comparison to her two-bedroom, only had one bedroom. She eventually said she liked it, and then asked if I wanted to go see hers.

We took the flight of stairs up to the 22nd floor and then entered her apartment. I noticed the differences immediately and felt it was perfect for a body of three. It would be good for Sara and Dave to have their own living spaces. They were old enough now. And Lynne, well I suppose she didn't really need a room of her own. But I also felt that if Sara and Dave spent their entire lives in their rooms, then she would win out as she had so much space.

Lynne began to check out what would be her closet and inspected it like I've never seen anything inspected before. That was when, helping her examine it, I noticed a small little compartment. When Lynne opened it, something fell out.

It was a book titled LOSS OF SERVICE and it looked quite old. She took it and opened it and began to read some of it aloud:

This is a book of poetry! But it comes with a game! Each poem is originally a song you may or may not have heard before, but has gone through many language translations so that it has lost its original meaning and has become something new. Each song was originally written in English, went through various translations transformations, and then was put back in English, where it would be something new. The game? Can you guess what the song originally was? There will always be clues... Sometimes... And know this,

even the titles of the poems were their song's original title, just translatically transformed! Even the name of this book, *Loss of Service*, was originally the phrase *Lost in Translation*! Have fun!

She flipped the page to the first poem and begins reading it, but I didn't recognize the title or the poem itself. Or rather, I should say, the song.

THE SNOW

*There are clouds above
Sirius is a wild spirit
Dog and tree
The moon is beautiful
I think,
Heaven will fall*

*Now it's time to celebrate
You shed a thousand tears for me
Accepted
Take what you want from me
I'm,
Flying with small wings*

We were both confused, and the next thing we knew we were both sitting on the floor in her living room trying to figure out the obscurity of the poem.

I noted that what I noticed during her reading was the sky and things falling out of it. Most notably, Heaven and rain. And for the sky, the clouds and moon. When she asked me where I got rain from, I said shedding a thousand tears must mean rainfall, it couldn't mean anything else. She also noted, saying before she forgot, that Sirius was the brightest star closest to Earth, and that it was known as the Dog Star because of the constellation it was a part of. And she surmised that this had something to do with the "dog and tree." Then she suddenly shouted, "Wild spirit!" Which next came the inclusion of the ideas of the Native Americans. The connection to the dog and tree from the phrase "wild spirit" came to her like a shocking answer, but neither of us had any idea what a dog or a tree would symbolize in Native American ideals. So we both took out our phones and looked things up.

She noted that Native Americans held dogs in high esteem and were honored and

were known as the first companion animal to man. For the tree I learned that they were often noted as “Standing People,” and were symbols of longevity and the idea of having strong roots.

Putting our heads together, we attempted at deconstructing Sirius, wild spirit, dog and tree. The term wild was in opposite of domesticated, which were dogs who were trained by humans to be domesticated “wolves.” And Sirius, a major star, was from the wild, and had a wild spirit, meaning it was not or could not be domesticated. I thought this was in a way saying you could conquer things on Earth, but not things in outer space. Lynne added on by saying the moon, which is in outer space, could be beautiful, but as it is a part of the Heavens, along with the clouds, it could fall. I asked her to elaborate, and boy did she elaborate. “I think humans have a penchant for romanticizing the moon, which would come from the same atmosphere as Sirius who we know to be a wild spirit. Romanticizing the moon in this context is the same as trying to domesticate it, to make beautiful something that is out in the deep dark cold and has no life upon or within it. And when you realize that outer space and the things in it, Sirius and the moon and so much more, that they cannot be domesticated, you also realize that to romanticize them when in their nature they are actually hostile and wild things, the Heavens will fall on you. And wait! I just realized something,” she yelled, “it's not rain. The title of the poem is *The Snow*.” She immediately went into speaking about how the Heaven's falling could mean when that hostility from outer space makes its way into our world. Sometimes that coldness comes along with the thousands of tears of snowfall. It can be harsh, and sometimes as a human spectator all you can do it accept it.

We both immediately began to speak of Blizzard Tracy, which was a clear example of the hostility of nature and an attack that seems to fall from the Heavens.

Just then, Lynne received a message from Dakota, Pedro's wife. Once she told me this, I tried thinking again of where I could have met her. I know that when Lynne finished with her message, she thought about it to. But suddenly we both got up from off the ground of the new and empty apartment and left it, she taking the book of poems along with her. It was hers now. I waved her goodbye in the long hall, then entered my own apartment, that was tragically filled with boxes.

Woodmire presently had the great distinction of looking dissimilar to any other town in the world. It was the home of an undocumented virus and even in day in felt like night.

The entire town now was being guarded. Hazmat suits. Doctors. Scientists. Border patrol. People could enter, but no one could leave. All one could do was hope to flee.

Inside Reader Medical Hospital was newly born Tomiko. She was born completely healthy, but despite the heightened hygiene of the hospital and its protocols, she eventually contracted the undocumented virus.

Like others who showed symptoms of the virus, she was moved to a certain section in the hospital and secluded. Here, in this section of the hospital, it was a place for eventual death, and little Tomiko was no exception to the rule.

At the backend of the church, six of seven of the children sat enclosed in a circle with their relatively new friend, Flo. All sitting on old metal lawn chairs, they discussed further with Flo the haunting nature perceived of Woodmire outside of Woodmire.

Soon, Pattie was seen walking toward them, absent from school but never absent from Woodmire. She came with sickness, as she had a cold, and this was the reasoning of her absence from school.

She sat down, asking them what they were speaking of, and Kane relayed to her that the subject was that of the Ice Cream man. Suddenly, however, the topic of conversation landed on card games, to which Flo recounted to them one of her favorite pastimes.

“I don't know how to play any card games,” admitted Pattie. Soon, each other child made the same admission and seeing this Florella was amazed. “You guys don't know how to play any card games? In my day, cards are all we had. That and sticks,” Flo laughed.

Flo then left the children and then returned with a standard deck of 52 cards playing cards.

“This game is called Lore. Well, I grew up calling it Lore, some people call it 13. Either way, its the same game no matter where you grew up. I learned it from a movie called The Legend of Eight Jack. I will admit though, I have not played it in years so I may not be completely correct on the rules. First, we shuffle the deck,” which Flo did, “then I will pass out all of the cards evenly among all players,” which too, she did.

“Whoever dealt the cards makes the first throw, which can be made anywhere on the ground below.” Flo took one of her cards and kindly threw it onto the ground. “Then, going in a clockwise motion,” Flo looked at Kane, “the next player throws down a card that matches the suit of the card thrown previously.”

Kane then went through his cards finding no card that matched Flo's suit. “What if I don't have a matching card?,” Kane asked. “Oh, then your turn is skipped,” Flo looked at Sara.

Sara looked through her cards eventually finding a matching suit, but as she went to throw it onto the ground, Flo stopped her. “One of the rules is that the card you are throwing must touch the card previously thrown while not touching any other card on the ground. If the card doesn't touch the most recent card or hovers over or touches another card that was thrown before the previous card, that person must receive a card from all the other players. Each can choose whatever card to give them as long as the suit of the card hasn't been activated. Activated suits are any suits that have been thrown. The

number on the missed card is the max number of cards that player receives from everyone else, counting counter clockwise. If the person throws a face card, they are immune to receiving cards even if they miss their throw or foul. Whether a throw is fair or not is judged by all players not throwing,” Flo finished.

Sara scratched her head, then looked confusingly at her peers who shared the same limited and dim insights. When Flo saw this confusion, she herself wondered if she was remembering the rules of the game correctly.

Then, finally, Sara threw her card with the same kind gesture that Flo did. It missed barely, landing just millimeters from Flo's card, but Sara was lucky that the number on her card was only a 2. Flo instructed Kane to give Sara any card in his hand, and afterward, Flo also handed Sara a card. “The point of the game, as you all may have guessed, is to relieve yourself of all your cards. Then you will be declared the winner!”

The children felt at instinct that this could be a fun game despite the confusing rules, and so they indulged Florella. They completed a successful first round of the clubs suit, to which Flo made her last announcement of the game. “Once all 13 cards are down for that suit, the dealer counts them to make sure. If there are less than 13, we check who missed and each person gives that person who missed any card from their deck that hasn't been activated as a penalty, and then after the penalized player may add the missing card or cards to the deck and put that suit aside. The next first thrower of the new suit is the person who put down the most recent card, even if it was the penalized player.”

And so this game went on into the evening, and the children had far more fun than they could have ever imagined inside a ghost town. The game, of course, was riddled with memory errors from Flo, but as they played and ran into things that didn't make sense, they made up their own rules to enhance the game itself.

But one thing was missing from the story of this game. It was something Flo did not know herself, for she could not have known. 13 was not just a game played by humans, but too by the lore of Mirewood. The monsters, in the night, would play this very game as they waited for humans to approach.

CAM50423: A view of a wide street. A woman passes by with an orange rolling grocery cart. It is obvious there are extremely strong winds by evidence of fluttering clothes.

CAM47551: Every ten minutes could be seen an ambulance driving down the street.

CAM00183: In front of the church could be read the sign which reads “God be with us.” Several days of monitoring this camera would eventually show the conclusion of a church session.

CAM78830: A man with a medical mask disconnects this camera device.

CAM11190: A group of co-workers are seen playing Lore on their lunch break.

Charles Foster Kane saw now that the library would be open soon. Much sooner than he thought based on the very slow progress it held before. Speaking to Kaylene, she commented on the fact of his expansive donating to the library's very first books and told him that his contribution would not go unnoticed.

Soon after, Kane found himself cleaning the bathrooms of the G.S. Global Publishing building. By this time, many had either left work or were leaving work. Finishing his duties, he then went into the main office area and began his work there. He did not know that Jennifer Cole had been working late, so he was startled when she called out to him from her office and invited him inside.

"I've been reading the book of poems your friend wrote," she told Kane, "it's quite impressive, I can say that with honesty, but I'm not sure I can get the brass to go along with publishing a poetry book, they just don't sell well enough." She saw the disappointment within Charles. "But I've been kicking around an idea in my mind about poetry books. Poetry doesn't sell because of the form it's in, no one reads books. Not like they used to. But people do listen to music."

Charles thought. "You want to turn it into an album?," Charles asked. Cole nodded. Conceding to the fact said beforehand, Charles didn't think it was the worst idea. He gestured for the book from Cole and after receiving it looked on at the prose as lyrics. For some of the songs, it seemed to work, for others, not so much, but the two seemed to agree that this was the best direction for *Déjà*.

January 1st, 1969

This industry is filled with disturbed men. "Boardwalkers," as I am told they are called but I'm not exactly sure why. They invest in you by paying for your surgeries and anything else you might need to win a pageant, and then they buy your silence by putting money into your bank account. The silence they are buying is to keep the information of their own strange and twisted desires in the dark. One of them fancied being tied up and hung up upside down while I went around their body and gave them small knife cuts. Now at first I absolutely disagreed, but what they do is threaten your career. And if threatening your career isn't enough, they do worst, they talk up your career and all the things they can do for you. Another had the strange addiction of having cloths tied at various points throughout his body to slow down blood circulation. One of them collected birds. Like dead birds. And he saved all of their beaks and what got him off was having me take different beaks and stab him with them. Tonight I was at a New Year's Day party, and my date, which of course was one of them, took me to his home after the party and had me press his face flush into a mold of clay. He said not being able to breathe

excited him. I later learned that he was the creator of the popular MissPlay magazines. I didn't know all of this would entail me doing all of these favors for these men. I just wanted to be in competitions. I'm seeing that that is becoming a lost dream. And I know that if I go back to my parents, they'll just tell me that they told me so.

In a cave I have seen the drawing of an old bearded man near sea. The image is encircled by a perfect circle, and in his hand the old man holds a bottle with a message in it, and from this distinction I know it to be the story of God and his inability to communicate with his creation.

I wonder, what happens when millions of people collectively pray on the same matter? The matter could be a natural disaster, such as a hurricane that is currently going through a city, and there is international coverage on it and many millions of people around the world are praying for minimal casualties.

Obviously the object of prayer at a time like this would be to reach the ears of God, who would be the only one capable of minimizing the casualties. But one has to wonder, is God more likely to hear or listen when there is more people trying to speak to him?

Let's look at the scientific and logical precedence, if any.

Are there examples of something being greater in magnitude and intensity that results in a higher awareness of it? Yes, there are many actually. Sound; the greater the sound, the more likely you are to hear it. Sight; the greater the size of an object, the more likely you are to see it. If there is an explosion, the greater its intensity, the more likely you are to see it, hear it, and feel it. So it would make sense for humans to reason that more people praying gives you a better chance at God becoming aware of your prayers.

However, there is one problem; all of my examples deal with the physical realm and not the abstract realm, the abstract realm being where you find something like the concept of prayer. There is no real way to measure something so abstract such as prayer. It is indeed possible for abstract concepts, such as force, to be measured, but things like force have a physical component to them.

The next question leads us to this; is there precedence for measuring abstract magnitude and intensity? I have thought about this for hours. For a long time I figured that there wasn't, until I realized that the closest thing I could imagine to being an answer was time. Time is purely abstract, yet when we think of things in our past, we are able to in a way gauge, or measure, how long ago a certain event occurred, and this gives us the sense that we can indeed measure the magnitude or intensity of a concept that is abstract. Think about what it means to be nostalgic, it is literally an instinct measuring something that should not be measurable.

Other than time, I am not really sure of any other abstract things that may be

measurable. Can you think of any?

If truly there is no measurement capable in abstract things, at least by the human mind in our current stage of evolution, then perhaps God is the only being who can measure abstract magnitude and intensity. Perhaps this is how he would hear millions of people praying at the same time. But we as humans, who are incapable of this detection, would never be able to receive any message he sends if it is dependent on an ability to measure the abstract.

In this story, God has indeed heard all of the humans, but he has no way of communicating with them. And so one day he puts a light in a bottle and floats it out to sea. When it is eventually opened by a human, the light spreads all throughout the world, giving humans the ability to perceive and measure the magnitude and intensity of abstract things. This is the true moment that humans can feel the existence of God.

For a long time I traveled with the Chimanahmin people. For much of that time they saw me as an outsider. "One who did not live like them, but like the others." And their final test of acceptance to me was a month spent in the wild. If I came back, they would no longer reject me, and they would teach me the Wildcard.

I won't go into the details of my struggle in the wild, maybe I will some day soon, but right now I will speak briefly of my last day in the wild before my return to the Chimanahmin peoples.

To reach back to them, it was required of me the willpower to traverse a great mountain. It took many days, some filled with rain, others filled with animals, a few filled with incapacitation. Surely, a part of me died in that wilderness. But when I reached the top of mountain, I was able to finally see a great way out into the Earth. Reaching that peak, I understood that this was the exact location where the bottle of light had been open and spread into the world.

I looked out and saw the beauty of nature. I had been given the ability and the right to quantify the existence of God, and it was a quality extraordinaire. And it was there, at the peak of the mountain and looking out into the Earth, it was there that I first saw the overwhelming face of God.

WELCOME TO MIREWOOD

2:3:10:96

THE narrator had entered his apartment building, and after drinking water from his apartment, he walked down into the basement of the apartment building itself. There, he utilized the tools required to measure various dimensions and properties of the basement itself, which itself a small portion of it would be redone. After making way these measurements, the narrator opened his own storage unit after unlocking the lock with combinations of 31, 17 and 16. There he stored the tools brought over from his parents' home. When he reached his own home, he made a brief call to the landlord of the apartment, relaying to him the information he had acquired.

Traversing midnight, I left my apartment with a garbage bag in my hand and made a left until I reached the end of the hall, where waiting there for me was a garbage shoot. Or is it chute? I'm not sure.

I opened it and disposed of the garbage, whereby looking back toward the direction I came I saw someone walking. I don't believe they saw me, but I saw them enter the apartment across mine.

When I was back in my apartment I could hear Lynne's voice come over the walkie-talkie. She now also had one in which she would speak to either I or her kids while on late night shifts for work. Because she had received a promotion and worked mostly from home now, those were rare, but this was one of those rare nights. I spoke with her again on the possible places we may have seen or met Dakota, and we again failed to come up with anything plausible. About thirty minutes later, she fell asleep.

And I again became aware of someone entering the apartment across from mine. I assumed it was simply the same person going out and then back in, but about an hour later, when I heard those same noises again, I checked by looking through the peephole. It was someone different. Entering the apartment at three A.M.

There were some things I needed to move around in my apartment and while doing so I accidentally knocked over a box and spilled some of its contents. I noticed that this box did not belong to me and was put in here by mistake, as it was one of David's boxes and it was one of his toys that slid out. When I went to pick it up, I must've pressed something for the damned thing began to speak, "This way, little man," it said. I put it back in its box and made note of its peculiar and deathly geometry.

For the many faces of death, one of them is the geometry of death. It's said from the moment we are conceived we are dying. This surely is true, but what is not noted is the geometry of our deaths.

We will regard point A as birth and point B as death. We will place a dot at A, which

of course will represent vitality, and has the ability to move alongside the line and at one point may reach B. The simple question is this; does the dot only move in one direction and gradually toward B until it reaches B? When one thinks of death, that is the exact geometry we imagine; that the moment we are born, our vitality travels only in one way, and that way is toward death.

But what if that is untrue? What if the dot were able to, despite its general movement toward B, move back and forth alongside the line? This could be imagined as an individual changing their diet or receiving surgery. And this is the true conviction of philosophical geometry, or, the geometry of death; observing line movements and applying them to a certain phenomena.

There are various types of line movements. We have covered two; gradual movement and non-linear movement. Another line movement type is accelerated and de-accelerated movement, where the dot begins at A, and as it makes its way toward B it gradually accelerates or de-accelerates. There are binary and pseudobinary types. Basically, for binary, there is no "traveling" alongside the line, the relevant point is point A until it instantly becomes point B. With pseudobinary, it is the same idea except you can have more than just two points. You can have a number of points between A and B that the dot will instantly travel to as it generally progresses toward the final point. The final example, and perhaps the strangest, is the seemingly eternal/immortal movement, where the dot begins at point A and at a certain speed, but each movement toward B causes the speed to be reduced and cut by half. With this line, the dot, technically, should never reach point B.

All of these movement types should be regarded under the context of death, more specifically, birth to life to death. And as strange as the final movement type may seem, the geometry of death can become more bizarre when you introduce not new line movement types but new line structures. One such structure would be a circle.

With the general two-pointed line, once you get from A to B, there is no way back to A except through traveling backwards. With a circle, however, you can get back to the beginning via the end. This already changes concepts related to death, but as fascinating as this is, we should not be paying so much attention to the structure of the line and the new dimensions it presents as much as we should be paying attention to the area within the circle, where the geometry of death becomes enchanting.

The dot, instead of only being able to travel alongside the line of the circle, now has the option of traveling within the area of the enclosed circle. The beautiful thing about this is that where the dot was restricted to simple left and right movements, it is now unrestricted and can move left, right, up, down and diagonally in a full 360-degree range. It is essentially in a free dynamic. Formerly, the dot was almost "guided" by the line,

whether it was a straight line or a circled line, but in this free dynamic, the line has no guide and it is influenced in perhaps a more complex manner.

Despite its freedom from the line, the dot however is still connected to it. The closest distance from the dot to the circled line is the point that is activated, and by activation I mean that is where the dot would have been marked as being had it still been on the line itself. This is especially interesting because it is possible for the dot to be in a position where it activates more than one point on the circled line. To take this matter directly to the extreme, imagine the dot traveling to the true center of the circle. At this moment, at the true center, every position on the circled line is the same exact distance away from the dot. This action would activate every point on the line, and the dot would essentially be at every measure of the line all at the same time.

If we pair this with the infinite allusion, which states that there are the same amount of numbers between 1 and 180 as there are 0 and 1 (through decimals), which is an infinite amount of numbers, we can also say that there are an infinite amount of degrees between 90 and 91, and when the dot is in the true center of the circle, it is connected to an infinite amount of positions on the line and has activated an infinite amount of points. This image may be better suited when imagining it through the lens of a 3D sphere as opposed to the 2D circle. In this regard, we can more accurately feel the infinity of the concept.

But what happens when more than one point is activated? The amount of activated points most generally is supposed to be only one, but with the circle it can be more than one based on the positioning of the dot within the area of the closed circled line.

For this my instinct was to propose something seen in chemistry. Hydrogen is the most abundant element in the universe (75%) and is comprised of 1 proton. The next most abundant is helium (25%), and is comprised of 2 protons. This may be an inaccurate assumption, but it may be possible that that the most abundant amount of positions for the dot within the circle may result in one point being activated. And then the second most abundant could be positions that result in 2 points being activated. We know that the true center of the circle activates every point on the circled line and is also the least abundant in positions that the dot could be to activate every point (only 1).

Where this more deeply pairs with chemistry is that the amount of activated points together may, like the accumulation of protons changes its element, change the interpretation of the points themselves. Under the regards of the geometry of death, any location on any line represents the time away from death. And if having more than one dot on that line transforms the concept of "time away from death" like the amount of protons transforms the element, what could this transformation result in? What could it mean? This is something I will have to investigate further...

March 7th, 1997

I'm not sure how to articulate the idea, but sometimes it feels like ten years is a long enough time to feel like you've spent more than one lifetime. I'm on vacation and this is the first time I've been back here since the eighties, about 10 years ago, and thinking of all the memories I made back then it doesn't feel like it was a part of the life I have now. How so much has changed... I live in America now, in a beautiful town named Woodmire, but London is a city that will always be a part of me. It's funny that I'm on holiday and the place I am in now is a run-down vacant complex. I don't mind it though, not every place you go on vacation needs to be beautiful, sometimes it's more about what that place means to you than how it looks. I don't see it anymore, but I took a picture somewhere around here, one that I still have, and I remember telling myself that one day I would look back on it after I made it out. I stand here now, though, thinking of all the people who didn't make it off Pool street. My son is almost twenty now and I'm thankful we both made it out. It was the one thing I knew I would have to do. I graduated college sometime ago and was lucky enough to find a job right after so I could leave the strip club for good. It's a shame to see this place abandoned, but now that I think about it, maybe that's what a place like this deserves. Maybe a place like the pool shouldn't exist... As a place that perhaps drowned the dreams of many people, maybe we all needed to abandon it...

September 13th, 2010

The place where I used to cam was raided and shut down due to criminal activity. Some girls were arrested but were released right away, they wanted mostly the men who were running it illegally. By the time it was raided I was kicking around a new idea in my brain to combat the onslaught of the digital porn industry. I know I won't be able to beat them, so I have decided to join them. Aid them, even. I have the business strategy all laid out and all I need is some decent people to help me create it. I will create a website where girls and women (and even boys and men!) can upload many photos of themselves for people to use for their digital translation into 3D models. No one has done this yet and the makers of the software that makes this possible don't seem to have the time or resources to do it themselves. Right now, they are letting the idea power itself and have their users just upload pictures from their hard drive, but with a catalog of women (and men!) this eliminates the need to 1) have to have the picture already and 2) needing to use your imagination. You just buy a subscription, you get access to a multitude of models, and

you will get samples of their voice and huge selection of pictures (in various styles as well, just incase let's say you want the same girl but with a different hairstyle). I'm thinking about calling the website/business: Poolies.

Just inside of a year, Latasha had worked hard at losing over fifty pounds. She was now a much slender girl who boasted an erect carriage. This did not go unnoticed by a particular man who stared at her from a distance as she walked through the park. A dozen sentences later, the man had used his silver tongue and peaked the interest of Tasha in the possibility of becoming a dancer. The man gave to her his card, which detailed himself as a manager of adult entertainers in the adult entertainment industry.

Tasha again thought at the prospect of becoming a dancer, and she thought on it for days thinking deeply of the easy money to be made.

A week later, Tasha scheduled for a more detailed meeting with the man at the strip club he represented. When she arrived, at which it was still day and the establishment was not yet open to patrons, she walked through the stage and sat in a room with other women, some her age, some much older. And as she studied her surroundings, she for a very brief moment thought of her old friend, Mr. Paxton, and then she became more increasingly aware of many other things. And she was at least agonizingly aware of the easy money in the vicinity and convinced that it was hers for a few swift movements in the right direction.

At Kane's desk did he work diligently toward the completion of his extended short story. As he typed the final lines, he could only think of the very beginning of LYBONREHC:

The total and complete evacuation of the continent of Australia after a nuclear radiation disaster had far-reaching implications on the history of the Earth. But there were things that did not evacuate Australia; the wildlife, which included not just the land animals or the air animals, but also the water animals, and the need to survive, which accompanies all living things. And for the lost animal kingdom which had been left behind, survival was the only game following the first years after the disaster.

A small while after the incident walked all along the continent a lonesome dog. Like many of the other animals that remained in the contaminated state of Australia, this dog became an outsider, a stranger, an outcast, for it had not four but six legs to do all of its walking.

In LYBONREHC, which is what Australia is called more than half of a millennium

after a nuclear disaster, all humans have long evacuated but the surviving animals have undergone an intellectual growth. For hundreds of years, right under the nose of human global domination, the mutated animals are forming their own civilization and are at the forefront of their own coming global domination. One of the more interesting things to note of LYBONREHC is that it is a fictional answer to a fictional question; where did mythical creatures such as dragons, loch ness monsters and bigfoots come from?

“I’m on a mission niggas think is impossible,” “but when I swing my sword they all choppable.” Dave and Kane, respectively, sung the lyrics of a rap song they had heard the day before while on their way to the abandoned hospital ruins.

Behind the duo walked the others who were less enthusiastic about entering the establishment. “Look, I know it’s not haunted or whatever, but if I see anything weird I’m booking it out of there,” said Sara to Pattie. Overhearing this, Gun Ho replied, “Yeah, like, I know all the stories we’ve been hearing of this place are just stories and they aren’t true, but if I see anything strange I’m dippin’.”

Kristie and Dam Son concluded the conversation right at the entrance of Reader Medical Hospital by relaying what the others had said to Dave and Kane, who also agreed that upon initiation with anything otherworldly, evacuation would be eminent. “But of course,” Dave said finally, “there won’t be anything otherworldly in there...”

And all of the friends entered the hospital ruins, a dark and unfinished hospital where many lives had been saved.

All of the friends mostly stuck with each-other as they browsed the ground floor. There were many rooms but they were mostly empty. Only a few remained with hospital beds and rarely one might see attire fit to a hospital. And so the group decided to take the stairs to a higher level, and then a higher level, and then a higher level until nearly half of an hour had passed and they had seen nothing that truly interested them.

Upon entering a floor of which they had lost count, the group anticipated this floor would be like all of the floors below. This was not to be true, and all of the floors below would, unknown to the visitors, become like Hell.

“Hey, guys... Guys... That light is on,” Gun Ho told the others of a room in the distance. At first the others didn’t believe him, that a light could possibly be on in a place like this, but as they approached they saw that Gun Ho was not playing games.

“What do you think is in there?,” Dave asked Kane. “I have no idea...” Dave continued, “Let’s all go check together,” Dave suggested. “No! We said at the first sign of strangeness we were out!” Kristie yelled. And yet, Kristie herself felt unsatisfied when she said this, knowing leaving without seeing why a strange and mysterious light was on in an abandoned hospital might bother her for many days and nights.

And too, all of the others felt this way, and it wasn’t long until Dave convinced one

other that they all became convinced.

Slowly but surely, the group walked toward the door, and Dave, once at the door, began to open it. Once the door was finally opened, all of the kids saw the most horrifying thing they had ever seen in their lives. At the center of the room was a large man who was standing before a corpse who was hanging upside down. The large man made a deft movement at the corpse's neck and suddenly was there a waterfall of blood that landed inside a bucket below.

“Don the bleeder!,” Kane yelled aloud. And this startled Don, who was collecting blood from the corpse for a transfusion, and suddenly he looked in the direction of the children. When the kids saw that he saw them, they froze, and it was only when Don began walking toward them that they themselves had the mind to begin running toward where they came. But as Sara turned 'round, as she was the first to begin running, she suddenly saw that there was a small figure in the distance with two meat cleavers who would block them from leaving.

When Kane saw this, he again yelled, “Tommie Cleaver!” At the same instance, Tommie began running at Sara and eventually leapt at her, bringing her down to the ground. Kristie, seeing this, reacted quickly and attempted to kick Tommie off of Sara. Simultaneously, Don grabbed for Dave but missed several times. Dam Son and Gun Ho, possibly the fastest two of the group of friends, were able to make it down to the lower level while Pattie, perhaps the fastest of the girls, while not being able to make it to a lower level, made it into a bathroom on the same level.

Kane, seeing that Sara and Kristie were need of help, ran toward them, grabbed Tommie and then threw her several feet away from them. The area in which Tommie landed was now so weak that to fall on it would break it and you would fall onto the level below. In the scummage as well, one of Tommie's cleavers fell from her body and Kristie made sure to pick it up in case of defense.

On the lower level were Dam and Gun, who while running to get to an even lower level, saw Tommie fall from the ceiling. This fall did not phase Tommie, however, as she was indeed otherworldly. She had died Tomiko, and then five years passed and soon she woke up from death, being aged by five years.

When Gun and Dam saw her get up as quickly as she did, they turned and began running in the other direction. Tommie wielded one of the meat cleavers and took aim at Gun. Just as she threw the cleaver, Gun made a sudden turn, the cleaver missing him by mere inches and planting itself into a wall. Upon realization of this, Gun suddenly tripped and fell and required the assistance of his step-brother to get back up in a timely manner.

Inside a bathroom was hiding Pattie, who was now crying and talking to herself. A minute went by until she was able to calm herself and summoned the courage to peak

outside when it became quiet, but in the distance she could see and hear Don the bleeder walking around. Retreating back into the bathroom, she saw an object in one of the urinals. It was a firearm. Surely a firearm that no longer worked, but she took it anyway, in the case of defense.

Dave had evaded the many attempts of Don, and he now suspected that he had the same blood-type as the current Don the bleeder. With Tommie out of the way, Dave met up with Kristie, Sara and Kane and they all made their way to the lower level. Luckily for them, at present there was no one on the lower level as Tommie had chased Gun and Dam down another level. Soon, however, did follow Don.

No longer hearing Don, Pattie again opened the door to the bathroom. When she saw that it was clear, she slowly made her way out of the bathroom, through the hospital ruins, and then proceeded to go down into the lower level where she believed she heard the voices of her friends.

As Kristie, Dave, Sara and Kane attempted to find the way into the lower level, turning a corner, they were suddenly met by Don, who stomped the floor beneath them and broke it so that they would fall through. This all occurred, but before Dave could fall with his friends onto the lower level, Don specifically grabbed him. Now was Dave in the possession of Don who required his blood.

Don carried Dave, kicking and screaming, to a room on the current level where he then proceeded to hang him upside down in an effort to drain his blood. But Pattie had become aware of this and followed them, gun in hand, to this room where just before Don went to slash Dave's throat, Pattie appeared and yelled at Don, pointing the gun at him.

Don was startled but not afraid of a mere mortal and her weapon, so he began to walk toward her to suspend the nuisance. Out of panic, Pattie pulled the trigger. No bullet came out, however there was a bizarre reaction from Don to the pulling of the trigger. He suddenly grabbed his own head and went down onto one knee, as if the gun was of another design; not that of projectiles but of frequency. In the panic, Pattie helped Dave down as Don suffered something awful, and the two ran out of the room and onto the lower level where they met some of the others.

Tommie was now without cleavers, but her hands were just as lethal. All of the friends were now reunited on this level, Pattie with a strange gun and Kristie with a cleaver. And when the group inevitably ran into Tommie, Pattie instinctively tried shooting the gun in her direction, but it did not have the same effect it had on Don, who was still suffering something awful on the level above. Tommie again ran and this time leapt at Kristie who she saw as the only threat, and was able to disarm her and retrieve one of her cleavers back. But just before Tommie could chop to pieces Kristie, Dave grabbed the firearm from Pattie as he had noticed a feature of the firearm while hanging

upside down in the level above. He took the firearm and seemed to re-calibrate it from a mechanism at the base of the gun, and then took aim at Tommie. This time, when the trigger was pulled, it affected Tommie in the same way it did Don.

“Let's get the fuck out of here!,” Dave yelled after he saw that he had temporarily disabled Tommie. And while leaving to go to the lower level, they all saw that Don was restored to his former well-being and was chasing after them.

The children ran as fast as they could through all of the levels of the hospital until they finally reached the ground floor, even at this point, still wondering if what was happening to them was real or not. For some reason, Don was not able to follow them onto the ground floor, as when the children looked back to see where he was, they saw him simply standing and watching. And just before exiting the hospital ruins, they look back one final time, now seeing that Tommie was standing beside Don, neither of them pursuing but only watching with deathly eyes. But the running did not end at this realization of safety. The children exited Reader and kept running. Even past the church did they run, until they were completely out of Woodmire for good. Now, none of the children had any intention of ever coming back to Woodmire, and this declaration was individually made by each child. And as all of the children ran past the borderline that told you you were now leaving Woodmire, they passed by a makeshift sign that was perhaps made in honor of all of the bizarre stories and characters told of Woodmire. And this sign, it simply read, “Welcome to Mirewood.”

Chapter 97

HEROES AND VILLAINS

2:3:10:97

AFTER a brief phone call, the narrator placed down the receiver and walked through the living room. The current frame of the television had caught his interest and later so did the audio that came from it. “It was like... I don't know,” one man said to another man on the screen, “it just kept cutting in half or something...” The narrator, somewhat intrigued by the dialogue, sat down to watch, and soon discovered it was a television show about heroes and villains.

I have been sitting here in a new kitchen, half past midnight, thinking for the past ten or twenty minutes about Pedro's wife. Where have I seen her before? There is no doubt in my mind that I had met her prior to that dinner, but where? But how? For what reason did we interact.

It must have been on a train... The trainsystem has to be at the center of it all. We are all the three of us bound by the trains; Lynne knows Pedro through the train, and I have used the train each time to visit Lynne at work. We must have seen or met Dakota on a train...

Then it hit me. On one night out of many afterhour visits to Lynne at the airport, there was one when we took the train home and boarded a car with one other passenger. The night was remembered so easily and stood out from the rest because of the woman's strange behavior, who constantly asked us if we were sitting in her seat, and constantly asked why she could not get reception on the train. I know now that that woman was in fact Dakota, but she was far in presence what she was that night as opposed to what she was during dinner in Lynne's apartment; I seem to recall a restless older woman, a bit dirty at the seams as if she was recently homeless, and of a mind so frenzied that bordered on mental disability. But at the dinner, that same woman was easily presentable to friends and family, a pillar of youthful beauty, youthful energy, and her head was screwed on so tight that after me, she may have been the most mentally sound and stable individual at the table.

And now that I have figured out who she was and where I had met her, I had moved on to the question of why both of these women were so far apart from one another. The thought of a distance between them made me think of my own mental pursuit to find her, and how each time I would think about where I may have met her, I felt as if I was getting closer to the answer and yet could never actually reach the answer. And this collusion of spacial distance made me think of time distance.

Time has many uses, and one of those particular uses is the ability to record when a particular event occurred. But time itself is not actually reliable because of one thing; it

can be infinitely divided into smaller segments. A simple question: Can the universe exist and not exist at the same time?

First, now that we know that time is ultimately unreliable because it can be infinitely divided into smaller segments, this becomes a bad question. Let us say someone is able to pinpoint, to the best of their ability, a nanosecond in which the universe was existing and not existing simultaneously. I could then take that tiny unit of measurement and cut it in half, and then create a diagram showing that in one half of that nanosecond, the universe existed, and in the other half, the universe did not exist.

So which statement is true? The universe existed and didn't exist at the same time? Or, the universe first existed, and then didn't exist? The reason why all of these questions are bad and why both of these statements are of no value is because they can both be true. How can you ever accurately pinpoint at exactly what time something occurred if you have the ability to continually cut in half a time segment? It may be that the very notion and construct of time itself and its divisive nature can prove that nothing ever truly happens at the time. If time didn't exist, would everything happen all at once?

This leads us to $I/M = T$. We will define a microprocess as the smallest possible process to operate within the universe. A process will be basically an action in the universe, and so a microprocess will be its most basic form. To better illustrate this, we can picture "one second" as a process and "one milisecond" as a microprocess. Now let us assume that no microprocesses could ever occur at the time. This is to say, before one process could begin on Mars, another process that is already in process on Venus would have to finish first. This rule would also apply to microprocesses; before a microprocess could begin on Mars, another microprocess that is already in process on Venus would have to finish first.

If this were the case, imagine the unfathomable amount of microprocesses that occur even within just one second throughout the universe. If each of these microprocesses had to wait their turn before they could be processed, this would clearly, or perhaps not clearly, give you an impression on just how small the smallest possible unit of time could be. Imagine, in the great vastness of the universe, every process in it having to happen sequentially, one after the other.

I = Initial time segment with 1:1 ratio or default time to complete a process

M = Microprocess

T = (New) Time to complete processes with updates of amount of processes

[$I/M = T$] would be a mathematical representation of how small, in terms of time, a microprocess can get. This in turn illustrates how small a single time segment could get.

If I tried to show you how small a time segment could get, especially how small they would have to be for our grand universe to operate under the mentioned terms, I would fail miserably. The best way is to do the math, but even then, you may underestimate the wealth of processes.

Getting up from the lone chair in the kitchen, I knew that my next interaction with Lynne would begin with the immediate revelation of my discovery of who Dakota was, and where we had seen her.

All students describing as present were arrived at West Lincoln Middle School. “We’re never going back there, right??,” Kristie asked Kane as he stood in front of his locker looking for his Mathematics 213 schoolbook. She asked as if Kane were the ringleader, and so Kane, with all of his diluted fear, answered as if he were indeed the ringleader, “...No.” And Kristie was relieved as they both walked to their second period history class.

During third period, Dave, Pattie and Gun socialized during free time in their math class. In a corner of the room, the three discussed the apparent firearm that had saved their lives. All that was truly known of the mysterious device was that it was now hidden within Dave’s room. Once conversation of that ghostly hour had made it to its end, Pattie made the slight suggestion of telling either the police or their parents that they had witnessed a grisly murder.

At fourth period, Sara and Dam were walking through a theater hall with their Language Arts class and on the way to see a play depicting Rope. As they walked, the two went back and forth describing what they believed they witnessed in the hospital ruins. Often there were inconsistencies, but to only the things that truly mattered was there consonance. They both agreed, despite the disparity, that they were all chased through the hospital by two supernatural entities.

Then came sixth period which was also a period of lunch for the seven students. There, for the first time since abandoning Mirewood, the students were all together to discuss that event.

“Tell them what you told me,” Kristie said to Kane. “What? What?,” Dave asked impatiently.

Kane looked around, and then called for the group to huddle. Once he felt comfortable, he began speaking.

“There’s this thing I remember reading about in one of my dad’s books. It’s called something like ‘shared psychosis,’” the others grew curious, “I think Kristie has the definition.”

Kristie searched her pockets to find the definition she had written down only hours earlier while her and Kane studied the phenomena. Then she read aloud what she has

written in a whisperly voice.

“Shared psychotic disorder... Folie à deux,” she said slowly and incorrectly, “is a rare disorder characterized by sharing a delusion among two or more people in a close relationship. The inducer, primary, who has a psychotic disorder with delusions influences another non-psychotic individual or more, induced, secondary, based on a delusional belief.”

“What's that mean, though?,” Dam Son asked. Kane's strange mind devised an answer that none of them could see coming. “I think... We were there so often for so long that we started to develop a relationship with the town... And I think the town itself is the primary and we as a group are the secondary... And as time went on, it influenced us into believing its delusions.”

“This is all too crazy!,” Dave shouted. “How could it be possible that we ALL share this SAME delusion!” Everyone looked around and at each other, and they all seemed to agree that David had a point. Two things were more likely; only one person would have a delusion, or they would all have delusions and they would all be unique to their own psyche, meaning during the hospital event, each of them would have seen something different.

After David made this point, Sara came up with an idea to settle this once and for all. But in order for her hypothesis to work correctly, she had to separate all of the others. With only ten minutes left in the lunch period, she worked quickly. All of the others were now gapped a seat, and one by one by one, Sara asked each student a question in private so that the others could not hear. And each conversation went more or less exactly like this:

Sara: When we heard all the rumors about Tommie, every one described her as a five-year old little white kid, right?

Student: Yeah, she's a little white girl.

Sara: Try to remember her...

Student: Wait...

And this happened with each student. A brief pause and then a revelation. They all, every single one of them, suddenly remembered that Tommie was not white at all, but distinctly Asian. Sara would ask each of the students if they at ever talked about this with any of the other students after the incident, and they all said no. With a minute left in the lunch period, Sara brought the group back together and they all discussed the fact that Tommie Cleaver was definitely Asian.

June 19th

Maman died today. It's strange the way that I feel. I don't feel sad, I don't even feel guilty, but I don't understand why I didn't even give her the chance to say goodbye to me. I knew she was sick. I even made plans to go back to France to be with her. But I ended up here, in London, and never had any desire to go back home. I didn't hate her, I didn't love her. But I should have been better than her. I should have visited her to let her see me one last time. Maybe I was too hard on her. Her life before was already hard. But any women who mix men and love is bound to have a difficult life. Sometimes I felt like for her, everything circled back to pleasing a man. But if you please a man one time, you have to be prepared to please him again. That's the one way I was different from her. From her, from my sisters, from my aunts, from all of the women in my family. Too many times they've allowed men to steal things from them. Not me. Yesterday, Yadia and I robbed a politician the same way we've robbed other men. No difference between a rich prick and a poor prick, they all cum the same way just like every woman moans in the same language. The keys we copied were to a yacht. We knew how high-profile this job would be so we made sure to wear masks and gloves. All in all we drove out of there with tens of thousands worth in jewelry. It was only when I got home that I saw one of the boxes we took had folders described as "classified" and "security clearance 9." I did not have the class or the security clearance to read any of these documents, but hell, they were now mine, so I let curiosity take control. The first document I read was concerning China, Japan and foreign affairs. Honestly, I was never one for politics, and nothing I skimmed spoke of corruption, so it wasn't long before I fell asleep to wake up to the news of my mother's death. Before she died, I'd thought of her death a lot, but I didn't know how it would affect me, if at all. It has affected me, but not in any way I could have anticipated. It's just still so strange, to know that for the first time in my life I am in a world without her. I'll miss her, but I'll never forgive her for all the men she chose over me. Never mix love with men, only business.

The students had all settled themselves into their own homes after various obligations such as after-school activities and chores. Pattie was sitting in the living room where she had just finished her homework and invited the rest of the students into a group chat on her cellular device.

The first to accept the invitation was Dave, and shortly after, Sara, after they had both spent half of an hour packing some of their belongings. Then came Kane after throwing out some garbage. After was Kristie, who had just gotten home from an after-school computer class. Then came Dam and Gun, who had just finished cleaning their father's

taxi.

“Do you guys think we should tell the police?,” Pattie asked the group. “But what would we even tell them?,” Kristie asked. “We saw someone get killed,” Pattie finished. “But if we tell them that, we also have to tell them that it was a giant who goes after certain blood types and a little cleaver-wielding girl who did the killing,” Sara supposed. “...Since you put it that way,” Pattie said, “Yeah, they would laugh at us...”

“What if we lied... Or, well, not lie, but leave out some stuff...,” Gun suggested, “Like, we tell them we saw a man killing another person, but we leave out the blood type stuff and we leave out Tommie completely.” “That makes sense,” his brother agreed.

“I also think, first, we just tell our parents... If our parents tell the police, the police will take it more seriously,” Kristie suggested. They all agreed.

After the discussion, the students had successfully concocted a version of the event with a few omissions, and it went like this:

They were all walking from school and through Woodmire one afternoon when they became curious about the Reader Medical hospital building. They went inside, only to just observe the building for a glimpse of the past. And then they heard a sound on one of the higher levels. When they went to go look, they saw a man killing another man, and right after this they ran away and never returned.

CAM59928: Militia is seen preventing people with force from leaving Woodmire.

CAM47551: Every hour could be seen a tank driving down the street.

CAM00183: In front of the church could be read the sign which reads “Psalm 34:4”. Several months of monitoring this camera would eventually show the conclusion of a church session.

CAM78930: A man with a medical mask disconnects this camera device.

CAM43192: A family is seen being smuggled out of Woodmire.

Inside Reader Medical hospital laid a man in a ward filled with those who had been contaminated with the undocumented virus. The virus had attacked the man's body and his per-existing conditions required for him a blood transfusion. But this blood transfusion would never take place and soon this man would perish. So too were the fates of other individuals; they had contracted the virus and it affected them in different ways; a man who suffered from psychosis and split-personality disorder; two twins of whom it affected their blood-flow; even a canine, whose teeth had begun to fall out, the virus had affected them all in unseen ways until they were met with the phantom of death.

But there were some of which this phantom of death could not see. They were few, but they were there. Even within the ward of doom there was one young man who was immune not from the virus, but from its fatal design. His name was William Freyman, twenty years old, quarantined from society.

All around him was nothing but pain on the wings of death. Resting in his hospital bed, he waited for 3 A.M., at which time he snuck out of his hospital room and into the hallway. He was guided by the blue light of the moon that passed through the hospital's large window panes, but he was led by dementia.

Finally arriving at his uncle's room, he went to his uncle's side. His uncle was the only parental figure he had ever known, and the mercy he would soon show his uncle came to him as a noble act. He saw his uncle suffering, short of breath, and to be soon visited by the phantom of death anyway. And so as his uncle lay there sleeping, William placed his hand on his uncle's mouth and helped him onto the other side of darkness.

There was no purpose to stay within the hospital any longer. Will's uncle was now deceased and Will's own symptoms were disappearing. These facts helped him to decide that he would flee from the hospital, and then eventually from the town.

The disarray of the town had made a reflection for the disarray of the hospital, and so Will found it easy to escape without detection. After doing so, he walked through the softly monitored streets of Woodmire, the blue glow of the moon still shining on the haunted streets. He found his home and took whatever he could carry on his person, and then went to his employment which had recently been shut down. It was the town's biggest meat factory, and he knew of an underground passage that would help him flee Woodmire.

Bill walked through the tunnel until he reached a gate. It was a gate that was never really locked, and pushing it open, he walked further through the tunnel until he found a ladder. Climbing the ladder and then exiting the tunnel, he found himself in the neighboring town which was called Mist Harbor. With only a few hundred dollars and now no one to look after him, Freyman made calculated plans for the next chapter in his life.

Reading *Loss of Service*, the poem at hand made me ponder the correlation between law and religion. Law and religion are closely related as the most important thing about either is a projected morality toward other life. Without both law and religion, it's hard to imagine what kind of world we would be living in... It's hard to imagine that a human being ultimately has an innate moral code, moral genetic code, even, and more importantly, that this code is shared collectively throughout common humanhood. The way I would better detail what I mean is with this statement: One could travel all over the world and ask individuals if they think a certain action should be punished, and for the most part, you'll get mostly the same answer, but after asking the same individuals what the severity of the punishment should be, you'll find that the answers vary wildly.

Many years ago I wrote a formula that detailed this phenomena. The basic principle behind it is that as you add items (or, in this case, "options") to it, the more equal the

dispersment becomes. That is to say, the fewer items, the less equal the dispersment.

o = options

a = options decimal

c = curver

d = drop off rate

r = reiteration

p = population

f = final result

a = 0.01*o

c = 100/a

d = c/100

f = (d/100)(p)

r = o

--on each reiteration, d is the percentage of remaining people who will have that option chosen--

```
for (int i = 0; i < r; i++) { f; p = p - f; }
```

These notes attempt to detail the phenomena that as items are added to a pool, the more equal each item becomes. It can be found in many areas of life. One thing, though, that I realized about this is that at the end of each iteration, there is a surplus. What are we supposed to do with that surplus? I proposed two things; add the entirety of the surplus to option #1 or recycle the surplus and repeat the entire operation over and over again until p is less than 1.

My thought processees were interrupted by a knocking at my door. "Open the door B." She still has been spending too much time with Dave.

She entered my apartment and saw that I still had not even come close to finishing my unpacking expedition. "I'm sleeping upstairs tonight so I can help you unpack some of this stuff," she offered. "Knock yourself out," I went to sit on my couch. She nodded her head as she went through the boxes.

An hour later and the purple light of the moon began to shine through windows; she was coming up on finishing with half of my apartment. I just watched her as she went

about the residence speaking to herself and arranging things in a neatly order. At some unorderly minute, she came across a box that actually belonged to her and must have been placed in my old apartment by mistake. It was the box of erotic clothings, and she joked that if someone else would have found it, they might think something queer of me. “Lynne, I don't care what people think of me, I only care what you think of me,” I smiled at her. Even with her back turned toward me as she looked through the box, I could feel her laughter. And slowly, she turned around holding one of the outfits to her chest.

My mind half-dreamed of her walking down a nightly San Rashida boulevard as she tried on various outfits she had never worn before. And when you mix love and fantasy, that love is more potent than just love alone, and regrettably, that is my lovemap.

Another quite simple and deliciously desireful outfit. Nothing but a lacy flowery top with string straps.

This was basically a wedding outfit, but not a dress. She had on the long veil, and the rest was see-through white stockings and a see-through white top. In her hand was of course a bouquet of white flowers. Also a pearl necklace.

She was covered all in black, I should say black flowers. But the black and the flowers were very see-through.

She had on a cow-girl's hat and a red bandanna around her neck. Golden star-shaped earrings and a cow-girl's shirt.

This was like the previous blue outfit, silky blue stockings connected to a silky blue garter-belt, but she also had on blue silky gloves. Around her neck was a choker with a jewelry type flower.

She had nothing on but a sweater and a long pearl necklace.

She had nothing on but ankle length socks and a shirt that was too small. The purple shirt basically was too short to fully cover the length of her breasts.

When she was done she walked over to me with her hand out. “Ain't shit for free,” she said. I gave her a Grant and a Jackson and then she promptly went away upstairs to her own apartment only to return a few minutes later in a black dress. The last few steps to me she accelerated and jump onto me on the couch and laid in my arms. She has no idea that sometimes I wear a black hockey mask when I masturbate to her pictures. I'm just kidding...

As she laid on me her foot touched mine and I could feel a small bit of glass inside my foot. It must have now been embedded deep within my foot.

For a while we both laid there and had the silent view of the night sky and nearby buildings. For whatever reason, I suddenly remembered of Dakota and immediately told Lynne of what I had discovered. When I spoke of the that night on the train her mind instantly clicked and she quickly confirmed that that was in fact where we had met

Dakota. We talked about how bizarre she was on the train but how normally social she was at dinner. We came up with a bunch of theories, some of them touching on double-lives and split-personalities, but really we had not an idea on her behavior and we knew that the next time we saw her it would be strange because even Dakota herself did not recognize us. Or, maybe she did... Who knows?

Ready to turn in for the night, Lynne turned her self around to lay face first on me. It didn't take long with her face directly into mine and her body so firmly pressed against mine that she felt me. And in that same longing I could hear her whisper the words "Game over." And as I gandered twice at dusk from my living room window, my imagination tweaked and spun twofold of all the things I was going to do to Lynne.

August 18th, 1993

I finally understand. It only took a year for me to finally get recognition and become wildly famous in the industry, but I get it now. You can commit yourself wholeheartedly to your passion and do something that is real to you, but it will never pay the bills or keep your belly full. And you can do something fake, something that almost means nothing to you, and you will drown in success. The way I've felt must be the way every artist feels when they sell out... Give up on their dream... I've done a film where I am a prostitute, but now I truly know what it means to be one. I don't love these movies that I make now, I don't love that they are all completely fake and void of the truth form, but what else can I do? I tried to be authentic but I don't want to live out on the streets. I don't want to beg for food. I don't have any other choice but to sacrifice what I want and to give the people what they want. I wish I was strong enough to fight the good fight, but being this famous and making this much money isn't something I can trash. All the artists who never give into the temptations of being rich and famous, all the ones who never whore themselves or their talents out to an industry, they are the true heroes. I've become a porn icon for all of my fake movies while my real films sit and rot. At the top of my list of successful movies is Bridetight, where I play an innocent and pure bride, but I gotta tell you, I don't feel pure. And you know, anyone can be talented, but only a few people can be lucky...

Rebecca and her family had finally moved out of their apartment building and relocated to Paradise Island. During a walk to a government office early one afternoon, Becca was stopped by a gentleman who was calling for her from a distance. When the man finally caught up and approached her, he detailed the facts that he was an agent for performing talents and spoke to her on the possibility of becoming an actress. "I have an eye for artists," the man claimed. The man then gave to her his card, which also detailed

himself as a manager of adult entertainers in the adult entertainment industry.

Later that afternoon while in her new room, Becca visited the web-address on the man's card and found that he was the owner of a pornographic company and had its studio in New Paris, a small city connected to the south of San Rashida. Becca had no interest in pursuing anything of the like but for whatever reason continued to browse the website and saw a large number of models in the catalog.

For a number of days, Becca thought on her encounter with the man in that early afternoon, and she thought even more on the section of the site that dealt with softcore pornography. If she ever did pursue such a career, it would be in this development which seemed to feature the female form as a solo act. Of course, Becca began to think of the easy money to be made, and as her thoughts concentrated on the venture, she found herself finally calling the man.

An appointment was made for an interview in New Paris, to which Becca arrived after taking the subway. And soon she sat in a room with other women, some her age, some much older, all of whom who either had the inescapable desire to be seen, or the temporary need for quick money. Becca was not entirely sure which one she was there for. Maybe the former, maybe the latter. Maybe both. But what she did understand of the world is that there were classes in it, and for each class of people, there was a place for them.

Chapter 98

POOL STREET MAFIA

2:3:10:98

This diary belongs to Sierra Pryce.

July 12th, 1951

I am so tired... Now that all of the prostitution has been pushed into this one location, and now that it has been “legalized,” every girl here averages about 35 men each day. I won't get into how much money that is a day, but it's a lot. It's certainly more than I've ever made before. But it's all made me so tired. Not the kind of tired you get from working a full shift and coming home just wanted to rest... It's something more than that. I'm exhausted. Sometimes I don't even get up after and just wait for the next man to lie on top of me because I just can't move. I get so tired I can't even leave Poolidise. I'll just pick myself up after I can't take anymore and find a room where I can sleep, but sometimes I can't even sleep because of all the noise around me. It's just sex 24 hours a day here. There is no escape from it. At first it seemed well to not have to deal with half the shit we girls have to deal with, and it was so nice to make so much money, but now... This place is literally Hell. I want it to go back to how it was, even if I only make a fraction of what I am making now. I miss my friends. I miss Peaches. I miss Claudia. I miss the 300 pound girl who can always make us all laugh. I miss the girl with the burns all over her body. When we used to run this street, it meant something. Any man who found himself on this side of town was a freak, and there was a certain pride we gained from that. We were exotic and our differences helped us form a bond. It helped me so much. They helped me so much. Because everywhere I turned I was chased out. I was hated. What I am is something I would never wish on anyone else. There is no good that I can see that comes from being in the middle. A hero is good, a villain is bad, but where do anti-heroes and anti-villains fit in the story? A million dollars... Can't retire, not worth it to work. The poorest rich person in London. The world's tallest dwarf. The weakest strongman at the circus. Black people may hate me, but I don't hate them. White people may hate me, but I don't hate them. I love every one. And if it were up to me, mixing black and white should be something to be celebrated. But I am a half-breed who is hated by every one. Not black enough to be black and not white enough to be white. The only place I was ever loved was on Pool street. By my sisters and the men who paid me. I love them too, but I don't feel that I can go on any longer in this hellhole. I am just too tired, and my body has nothing left to give.

This diary belongs to **Audrey Li**.

March 1st, 1970

It's not my fault. They forced me. I didn't want to do any of that stuff. No matter how many times I tell myself these things I still feel guilt. I've been feeling guilt ever since it happened. The last year every day has been misery and guilt. I got close to Marcos. Not in a romantic way but in a supportive way. He was one of them who I actually liked, and he actually liked me, but he wasn't any different from the rest of them. He was into some vile shit just like the others, but there was something about him that was real. I still believe every word he told me was the truth and I truly believe he had my best interest at heart. It's just, he liked pain like the rest of them. He called me over one midnight because he was feeling lonely and I went over as soon as I could, leaving the apartment he bought for me. We talked about upcoming contests but it wasn't long until he wanted something else. I'll be frank, Marcos liked it up the ass... He had a collection of strap-ons and dildos and some of them were things that should never go inside anyone's body. He knew I was too shy to use a strap-on, so sometimes he would have me shove his gigantic dildos into his ass. It was nerve-wracking the first time I did it, but I'll admit I got used to it. It made me happy that I was making him happy, in a weird sort of way. But that midnight was different, he was anxious and he wanted real pain. I stuck it so hard and so far into him that he made a movement I had never seen before and a sound that scared me, and for the first time he actually told me to stop. Marcos was a man who didn't rely on a safe word, but that night he told me to stop. A few minutes later, he told me didn't feel right and asked me to call Janinez right away. He ended up going to the hospital and staying overnight, and then died the following morning due to internal hemorrhaging. Him dying destroyed me, but I didn't know or expect of what came next. All of his associates told me to keep quiet. Told me to shut up. Else they would ruin my life. Ruin my family's life. Since his death I've barely left my house and I don't talk to the people in those circles at all anymore. My dream is done. And for the past year, I receive constant reminders that they are watching me and making sure I speak nothing of the things I did for the boardwalkers. That I speak nothing of anything that the women do for these men. The sexual favors they stock as payment for dreams. They bring fear into my life with threats of gang rape. Abuse. They say if I'm not careful I won't see another sunrise. They even sent a woman to my house right after it happened and she slapped me. I didn't even do anything. But I don't know. It's been a while now and I've had time to think. The powerful and wealthy people in those circles, they string you along and make you do things you don't want to do and make promises they don't intend to keep. I wonder how many girls like me never even saw a platform. Never even made it to a contest. There must be thousands. Thousands of women doing these nasty and disgusting things for men

who are just playing them. I don't think I can sit and say nothing. It's a dirty game, and I don't think I can stand for it. Some stories need to be told so that they never happen again.

This diary belongs to Jackie Layke.

December 2nd, 2005

To Joseph White:

Where do I begin? I love you. I'll start with that. There were a lot of things I told you about my past but there were some things I didn't. Don't worry, it's nothing that will upset you. But you have been so wonderful to me that I feel like I owe it to you for you to know everything about me. I'll start with 1973. As you know, I was a supermodel. A damn good one in my prime. But I was not a nice person. I was egocentric, narcissistic, just plain old mean and nasty. I judged people by what they wore and what they could afford. And it's not like anything I've ever outgrown, to this day there is still a piece of that to me, but I'm just glad it's not the first thing that comes to mind anymore. For a few years I was still relevant in the industry, but then sometime in 1974 I started to feel sick. By '78 I knew I was dying, but it wasn't until '83 that I knew what was killing me. We know it today as HIV, or AIDS, I'm still not completely sure which one I should call it. In 1983 I moved to America with the help of a pastor. I got better treatment here and God answered my prayer. Another thing you already know is that in '92 I became a Christian. I felt like God gave me a second chance at life. A second life, even. I was sick, but his grace kept me alive. By 2000 everyone I knew in the 70s and 80s were all but dead. Killed by what was killing me. I felt strange that I had outlived them all. I know now the incredible strength of prayer. I just wish they had had someone to pray for them. With them. Of course, in 2003, I met you and you changed my life. Geez, you were so much younger than me but so much older than me at the same time. I guess that's what drew me to you. Your old soul. But you were and still are so colorful. I know that you will live an important life. A long life that will touch to the core anyone you meet. You will explore your passions and you will change the lives of those who experience your art. That's the difference between you and me. I didn't contribute anything new. Just by your character, I know that you will. And now to the tough part. I will have passed by the time you are given this letter. I will join the spirits from the 70s and 80s who are waiting for me, but I want you to know this one final thing. I will not be afraid to finally meet God.

Your friend, Jackie

This diary belongs to [Kiana Davidson](#).

August 11th, 1999

I am almost certain there isn't a place on this green Earth like Woodmire. The music is different. The food is different. The people are different. It is an eternally beautiful place that I am proud to call home. It is the place of my second life and the place of my rebirth. I go on walks in the evening, sometimes with my son if he feels like it, and there isn't a neighborhood all throughout the town that isn't filled with life. Children playing in the streets, working men coming home to their wives who have prepared supper for their family. Sometimes it kind of feels like an old place, but that only adds to its charm. But I must admit, as beautiful of a place as it is, there is something odd about it. Something strange. I think it's only something you can see or feel if you've lived here long enough, because when we first moved here, it wasn't there. It was like any other town to me, until I became used to it. That's when that feeling came about. I'm probably not doing a good job describing it, but there is one thing that I've always associated with it. One of the most beautiful images I've ever seen in my life is that of a bearded man who has been in isolation for so long that to even look at them makes your mind curious of the things they've thought and the things they've dreamed. But what makes it so beautiful is that at the same time, that notion is terrifying. Imagine the great and terrible thoughts that come from such a long period of isolation. Things that are truly beautiful always have a terrifying subtext, which is why I think the image of a woman is the most beautiful of all. The image of a woman has driven men to do both great and terrible things. We have so many pieces of art done in the name of a woman, but we have so much immorality done in the name of women. I get the same uneasy feeling when I walk the streets of Woodmire and have the privilege of witnessing her beauty. She is so beautiful, and that to me is terrifying.

This diary belongs to [Roxana Nights](#).

October 16th, 2000

I met a woman last year who brought back so many feelings to me. I had a baby in 1994. Her name was Gina. But she died in 1999 a short while after we moved to the city of San Rashida. I don't know what I could say about her that any mother wouldn't say about their child. She was special. She was an angel. She changed my life. A year before she died we went to a festival that had all sorts of activities. There was an artist there, a painter. He saw my daughter and ran up to me and told me how beautiful he thought she was. At first I was confused, but he then asked if he could paint me a painting of her for a

small fee. The idea grew on me and so my daughter posed for the painting. It didn't take long and when he was finished he gave the painting to me and I looked at it. "It's so... Realistic," I said to him. He had captured the personality of my daughter without ever having known her at all. To me, that was the definition of an artist. I couldn't help but ask him questions and he told me about the realism and naturalism movement in art that happened long ago. He told me of painters who would paint every day people in the grandness that was reserved for important people. And he told me that he painted my daughter with the same grandness. I paid for the piece of art and soon we left the festival. A week after she died, I found myself staring at the painting. Remembering that sunny day that she posed for it. The moment I looked away from the painting I had decided to quit the industry and revert all of the surgeries I had had. My daughter had left a hole in me, and so when I heard about what was happening in Woodmire, I volunteered to have my home be used as a quarantine location for residents that were fleeing. All my life, even when I was a pornstar, every thing I did was to give back to the world. I believe it was fate that had happened, because I was given a woman and her son to shelter and quarantine, and the woman was the spitting image of my Gina. It was as if she were Gina, but 30 years older. The same skin, the same eyes, the same mouth, hair, chin, every thing. I couldn't believe it and I nearly toppled over when I first picked her up to drive to my home. She later told me her name was Kiana Davidson and that she had lived in the same area I lived in in London. We were both so excited to speak of Pool street and the things we did in the skin industry. She had lived there in the decade before I did, but we felt so connected in our experiences. She told me about Woodmire and how it was so hard for her to escape and that I was her savior. She had lost her home, her job, everything. After the quarantine period, she was allowed to leave and continue her life, but I asked her if she would stay with me. She did, and a few weeks ago she moved out but promised me she would move within the same building. She lives on the same floor as me now, so it's basically the same thing. The feelings she gives me are so strong. Sometimes when we are in love we have ideas or notions about why we are in love, but sometimes there is an essence that eludes us. A true reason that evades us. But this time it is not lost on me. I know exactly why I am in love with Kiana but I am not sure if I should be ashamed of it or not. My daughter was my world, and when she died I was lost. When I look at Kiana, there are no words to describe how much she reminds me of her. It is an aching pain to want to touch someone so badly but cannot. I have dreams of holding Kiana the same way I did my daughter. I have dreams of laying beside her on our bed and gently moving my hand through her hair. I know the image of it seems strange, for me to do these things with an adult woman, but I suppose it is what it is. What brings me shame is that in this longing for her, I have desires that one might call impure. I fantasize through nights about

embracing her nude body, our skin pressed up against each other tight and unrelenting. I have never been attracted to a woman, especially not in this way, so I ask myself where did these desires come from? I mean, I know they root from Gina, but I loved Gina in a motherly way. I love Kiana, to a certain degree, in the same way, but there are so many other ways I want to love her and for her to love me; and it hardens my heart that this is a tabooed secret I can never tell her.

This diary belongs to *Valentina Flores*.

November 24th, 2012

I never dreamed of making it this far. This industry is all about women but it's the men who make the real money. That seems to be changing. I guess it always was with the rise of camming. I bought the website and turned Poolies into a reality. It was a shaky start but it was also what people wanted. At first it was just me and a techie friend I had. I can't even say he was a friend, really, but he saw the potential of my idea and even though I couldn't pay him yet, he did it anyway because it could be a big payday for him. Turns out it was and now he is paid handsomely every two weeks. One of the first things we did was build our catalog, which comprised of 80 women who sent us specialized photos of themselves. We had all types of women from all walks of life, even specialty women like amputees and bald women. That was actually his idea and it was a good one. We started marketing ourselves and it didn't take long for us to start receiving hits in the thousands. A few months into the operation we had over 250 women, each with specialized photosets. The same woman could take a photo of herself with dyed hair, different color eye contacts, different outfits. We paid them for their photos at a flat fee and they were happy with what they got. You could sign up for Poolies as a subscriber, in which you have access to all of the women for a certain fee per month, or you could buy certain photos at your own leisure. Most people subscribed, and most of the people who started out with just purchases ended up subscribing. Poolies became an instant hit, and then we were inevitably contacted by MissPlay, who offered to buy us out. When we saw their offering price, we planned to sell right away. We would stay in the company as executives and would earn a salary and also earn a cut based off of revenue from website subscriptions but also from magazine sales. One of the things MissPlay wanted to do was feature rare photos of women you could only get from the magazine so they could drive up their magazine sales and subscriptions. Once you had the magazine, all you had to do was scan the photo and she (or he) would be added to your list. The idea of how much I make a day kind of scares me. It was only a few years ago that I struggled to get by on Pool street, and now I look down on that abandoned street from the 20th floor of the

MissPlay building. I think of all the girls I used to cam with back then. I feel sorry for them, some of them still camming for pennies on the dollar. In one year, they will be obsolete.

This diary belongs to Ava Walsh.

June 29th

A few days ago I escorted an affluent man, for the third time this year, to a birthday party. But he was a man I had not yet stolen from. Back at the hotel I overheard him talking about 727 thousand in cash hidden in a warehouse somewhere on Pool street and that he had the key to get inside and retrieve the funds, but that it would take him two days to remove all of the cash from the warehouse. Of course, I clayed as many of his keys as I could before he could get back. A day later Yadia began following him around. She saw his home, his workplace, his mistress. It wasn't until the next day that Yadia followed him to Pool street in the middle of the night where he seemed to enter an abandoned warehouse. Yadia claims she saw him enter with nothing in his hands, and also exit with nothing in his hands. Either way, we made plans to visit the warehouse when we thought it safe to do so. But I got greedy. Tonight I came to the warehouse alone in search of the money. It's possible that the money has already been removed, but I have looked everywhere and there is no sign of it here. When I went to leave about an hour ago, I suddenly received a dozen messages all at once on my phone. I saw that my sister had left me a message. An angry message. She said that I killed her. She said I was the worst kind of human being. A liar and a thief. She called me all kinds of things until finally at the end she said I was a prostitute. I was shocked by it. It was something I would have never imagined her calling me. I wasn't insulted by it, I've used sex to get what I want my entire life. No, it didn't insult me. It did something worse. It made me stare and think. Looking out of the large window panes I looked out onto Pool street. It was the first time I had ever been here, but even from France I had heard all of the stories of it. This street was and still is infamous, even in its abandoned state. And looking out onto the street I became aware of a very old poster behind me which caught its reflection on the glass. I turned around and went over to it. It was a movie poster for a movie that was released in 1943. It featured the silhouette of a nude woman and was named "Piscina". I must have been near the sex cinema that some say existed back in the 40s. Often regarded as the first cinema to feature pornographic films, its existence was shrouded in mystery and no one knew if it really existed or not. If it did, this is the only street that could hold such a secret. A theater of darkness filled mostly with men and a couple of women, private, and a dream of desires. Man... People don't understand. People

don't get it. I grew up in this stuff. My grandmother was Fiona Walsh. You know who Fiona Walsh was? All my people; my mother, my aunts, my cousins. It's just what we do. You just live with this stuff until you can't breathe anymore. What's the point? I have so much money already but here am I am trying to fuck over Yadia. By the end of next month I will have had sex with 20 different men, and none of them will make me feel anything. Not pleasure or pain. It's all pointless and I don't want any of it. I don't even want the money. I want what Mixie wanted. I want it to go away. I want to start over. That's what I want. I don't care where. Anywhere. I just want to go somewhere where I can breathe like regular folk. I decided an hour ago that this is my farewell letter. There might come a time when we no longer sell guns and drugs, but we will always sell women. That fantasy is forever.

Chapter 99

3:33

2:3:10:99

IT was now midnight and the narrator was very tired. He found the remote, hidden somewhere in between the cushions of the couch, and then finally turned the television off and retired to his bedroom, where he laid asleep to dream.

In the morning of a Saturday in June, the children told to their parents of their witnessing of a murder in Woodmire. The parents, who were Charles, father to FKII, Lynne, mother to Sara and David, Sumn and Chin, father and mother to Dam and Gun, Linda, mother to Pattie, Paul and Isi, father and mother to Kristie, had believed their children and the story they told and decided to speak more on it together in person. After some time, they called the police and an officer of the law arrived.

Officer Megan Parrish had been patrolling the area when she received radio communication that a group of civilians had recently witnessed a murder. Driving to the parents, who were accompanied by their kids in the parking lot, Megan stepped out of her police unit and approached the group. The parents soon spoke of what the children spoke, saying the children had been walking through Woodmire and wanted to see what the inside of Reader Medical hospital had looked like when they witnessed one man slashing the throat of another man. They then ran and never looked back.

After writing down various bits of information and details, Megan asked if she could speak to the children. The parents allowed this.

The children told her the story again, the same way the parents did, and she was satisfied of the results. But something was eating at the heart and soul of Kane the Second. He knew that Officer Megan would have to visit Woodmire, and he knew that once she arrived, it would turn into Mirewood and her life would be in danger.

“Are you going there now?,” Kane asked the officer excitedly. “Yes, I have to check the area,” she replied. “You can't!,” Kane yelled. Everyone's attention was now on Kane and he saw this. Panicking, he couldn't help but shout out the truth. He began shouting at no one in particular about how Don the Bleeder had done the killing and how they were chased by him and Tommie Cleaver. He screamed of Algor and Rigor and a canine with metal teeth. He continued to yell about predatory birds and a meat factory that was definitely alive. He went on and on until finally he began to speak about a little old lady who still lived there and was one of the nicest people he had ever met. Megan stopped him there and all of the adults were surprised to hear all of this. Embarrassed, perhaps, that they had wasted the officer's time. Even the other children were disappointed, as now they all looked like imaginative children. But despite her now being suspicious of every thing every one had told her, Megan felt she had a duty to visit Woodmire and examine

the Reader Medical hospital building to make sure it housed no corpse.

An African-american officer had been making his rounds of the Poolidise nightmare when he became aware of a strong odor. At first, he assumed the odor was the cousin of the many other stench he had smelled throughout Pool street, but soon came to know that this one was different. When he found the door that the odor called out from, he found a lifeless body within the room.

“Brian, you there,” he said into his radio. “Yeah, what's up?” “We got a problem.” The officer told his Caucasian patrol partner of his location and when Brian finally arrived, he too saw the lifeless body of Sierra slouched over a chair.

“What do we do?,” Brian asked. “I don't know...” “If this hits the news it could be bad news for the force,” Brian said. “...I was thinking about hiding the body, but I just don't know,” Michael answered. “...Let's just call the LT,” Michael finally suggested.

The two officers traveled through the dark and smoky hellhole and to a payphone where they called their commanding officer who had been home sleeping.

“Sir, we found one of the girls in a room... She's dead... No I don't think it was a murder or a suicide, I didn't find any signs to suggest those things... She's black.” The description of her race caught the attention of Brian, and then soon Michael hung up the receiver and the two returned to the body to continue their inspection.

Looking over her body, Brian made a comment to his partner. “You think she looks black? She looks white to me.” Michael looked at her face again. The polarizing nature of Sierra's beauty was an enigma to all who saw her.

When the lieutenant arrived, he too looked into this illusion, but he saw her with political eyes. “This is the plan, gentlemen. Poolidise is over. We're going to remove every one from the area, kick the hammies out and move the girls back to where they were before. There can be no sight of this. Then we're going to report this death. It looks accidental. But honestly, I don't know what it looks like. It looks like she may have just keeled over and died. And looking at her, we shouldn't have too much pushback from the community. She's too black for any important white figure to care about, and she's too white for any black activists to fight for. We'll report this, people will protest for a week, and then forget. We good?” The officers seemed to agree.

By the afternoon, Poolidise was indeed over and prostitutes were again spread all throughout Pool street and the surrounding streets as they were a month before. Mixie's death had been reported and knowledge of the Poolidise experiment began to grow throughout the community. Following the next two days, there was enough outrage from the community that prostitution could be consolidated into a small area and overlooked as legal, and many blamed this solution to be the true reason for Mixie's death, but as the lieutenant predicted, there was not enough outrage to memorialize her death. Instead, at

the end of the week when there was barely any mention of Mixie at all, a great rain had fallen in London and had flooded every street. Soon after, the section of Pool street where Mixie had died was taped off, and soon this property would become an abandoned site of 1950s London.

At an hour past noon, Megan arrived to the town of Woodmire. She parked her unit in front of the welcome sign, which she noticed had been vandalized to say Mirewood instead of Woodmire. Looking through her map, she located the Reader Medical hospital building and soon began driving in that direction. Making a left turn, the building should have been on her right, and yet it was the post office. She thought perhaps she may have looked at the map incorrectly, and browsing it once more saw that she indeed had taken a wrong turn on a wrong street.

Reversing back onto the street behind her, she turned and continued back the way she'd came, but something was off. "This wasn't here before," she said to herself. She was referring to one of the town's churches, which she was sure she had not driven past before. Regardless, she continued driving until she made the correct turn, and yet, the building she sook was not in sight. It was simply a row of business stores long forgotten. Frustrated, she looked down at her map once more.

So engrossed was she that it took a moment for her to notice that her ears were hearing something. Something she couldn't identify, and as she looked around through all of her windows, something she could not see. With all the directional confusement her heart began to race, and finally she heard someone begin to speak to her in what her mind interpreted, in its current state, as a ghost.

"Hello there, officer!," Florella shouted as she appeared at Megan's driver door window. The shock had made Megan fly backwards further into her seat. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to frightened you," Flo apologized.

Megan exited her vehicle and couldn't believe it. The sight of the elderly lady gave a small amount of credence to the shoutings of Kane.

The two began to converse, and Megan eventually learned that she indeed did live here. Megan told Flo that this was not a place for anyone to live, to live alone much less, and that she wanted to have her moved. Of course, Flo rejected the notion. Before Flo left, Megan asked for directions to the old Reader Medical hospital building, to which Flo pointed her the way.

Finally driving up to the building she was looking for, Megan exited her unit and began walking inside. Entering the building she had startled a group of birds who excitedly flew outside. She looked at her notes and noted that she saw that the children saw the murder take place on an upper level. After finally reaching that level, she began looking around. She didn't expect to find anything, but meeting the elderly lady gave her

the belief that anything was possible.

It was perhaps within three minutes of searching, Megan heard another noise. Distant at first, but it was coming in her direction. As it neared, she understood it not to be in the building but outside, and looking out of a nearby window, she saw an ice cream truck speeding down the lonely road. It was after this moment, when she turned around to continue her search, that she discovered a pair of legs sticking out from behind a hospital bed. They were bare and the feet attached to them gave the impression that they had been scorched.

Megan slowly walked up to see what was of the rest of the body, and when she saw that the victim's neck had been slashed, she again thought of Kane, of all of the children and their parents, and she knew them to be true.

In 1962, just over a decade after the events of Poolidise, that area of Pool street was back on the block and was soon to be the operating location of a pageant model training business. This was so until in 1970, Audrey Li, who had been employed by the business, was featured in an interview and revealed all of the dark secrets of the dark men behind these pageants.

"They're a rotten bunch," she told the interviewer, "they string you along and buy you things and play with your head. They play with your integrity and your dignity and make you do vile things."

The vile things Audrey spoke of resulted in the accidental death of one such boardwalker and the entire situation has been a large burden on Li, who says the event was one of the main reasons she felt she needed to speak out.

"These are women with dreams, and it's so embarrassing to not ever even make it to the stage. But through all of this I have learned something important. If the world considers you pretty, be cautious, because if you don't learn how to express yourself in a good way, you'll learn how to express yourself in a bad way."

Since the interview, dozens of other women from similar industries have spoken out about the treatment against women in what you might call the superficial world. Their stories are up next.

"M13 this is R41, copy," Megan said into her radio. "R41 copy." "I got a body here. 788 Gerald street, Reader Medical hospital." "Okay one moment." "Yeah okay," Megan knelt down to make a closer inspection of the body, "female, dressed kinda like a hooker, but she looks young. Biracial, I think... Hey M13, I'm gonna also need to remove a resident from the neighborhood." "...From Woodmire?," M13 asked with intent curiosity. "Yes, old lady's been living here." "Okay, hold on, timestamping this finding at 3:33 PM."

Within fifteen minutes, police had arrived at the scene and begun their work. An alert

officer had heard of the finding in the time between and alerted both detectives Wilson and Rousseau of the finding, both of which found it extremely interesting and hurried to the location.

Wilson and Rousseau exited their unmarked unit and began walking toward the hospital building, which, by now, was surrounded by police.

They went through the building and up to the level which lay the deceased. Looking around, they found the deceased and walked over to her as Megan watched with intent eyes from the distance.

“Must've walked through Hell,” Rousseau commented on the victim's burned feet. After a moment of inspecting the deceased, Wilson made comments of his own, “Slashed throat and a female. Doesn't fit. Don't think our guy would have taken the risk to come back here anyway. Honestly, who would?” Rousseau seemed to agree with his partner.

Standing back up, Wilson scanned the room and then pointed at Megan who immediately pointed at herself for confirmation. In her walk toward the detectives she was immeasurably nervous and wondered if she had perhaps done something against protocol.

“Megan, you said there's an old woman living here?,” Wilson asked her. She was surprised the detective knew her name. “Yes. Yes, do you need to speak to her? I'll show you where she lives,” Megan responded.

The three traveled out of the quarters of the hospital building and began walking toward the huddled police vehicles. “Look, Megan, how far does she live anyway?,” Rousseau asked. “Not far, only a few blocks,” Megan replied. “Me and Wilson have been sitting in a disgusting unit since five this morning waiting for a suspect, you mind if we walk?” Megan did not mind, and then looked to Wilson. Wilson seemed to agree with his partner.

During the walk, Wilson made a startling observation. He had checked his watch earlier when he first arrived at 4:04 PM, but checking it again he noticed that it had stopped. He confirmed this by asking the others the time, both of which had indicated it was 4:41 PM, and yet his watch told him it was only 4:32 PM.

“You know, I was here a couple winters back,” he seemed to talk to Megan, “just after the bodies were found and before all the spooky stories of this town started to circulate the area. I nevermind the spooky stories, it's all just kid stuff, but I do remember one about time stopping in Woodmire...” “...Boo,” Rousseau joked. And by then they had arrived.

The two detectives asked Florella questions about her living at Woodmire, such as how long she had lived there and how often she went out. She gathered they truly inquired about all of the bodies that were found years ago, but she claimed she knew

nothing of the matter. And of the recent homicide, she said she did not even know occurred.

After all of this, Rousseau told Florella that, for fear of her safety, they would have to move her to another residence. Florella refused, and then asked the officers to leave, but leaving Florella in a place like Woodmire was not an option.

After much debate, Rousseau resorted to legal disinformation, claiming Woodmire was not even on the government's list of habitable sites, and reasoned with her that should she go with them today, he will allow her to return in a timely manner. Florella was visibly upset with the threat of having her removed permanently, and began telling the officers why she lived there in the first place.

Megan was sorry to hear her reasons and stepped forward. "If you go with us, we'll leave a sign for your son telling you where you are just in case he comes back while you're away." Florella thought about it, then seemed to agree, but also noted that she would only leave under the condition that Rousseau provided her with one of his cigarettes, a vice she had not indulged for decades.

Florella looked back at her home a final time, and then at the note that had been left on the door, and then finally entered the police vehicle to be driven away by Megan.

Returning to the hospital, Wilson and Rousseau began speaking with other various agents of the law. They learned that the body was recently deceased and that information from the deceased's cellular phone had been obtained. The most pertinent data to the detectives was that fact that for many of the applications on the device, the username stored seemed to be "Mixie." But in investigating this name, the detectives would soon discover there was no information related to anyone who either by birth or by nickname was assigned the moniker of Mixie.

All of the parents and children who had a role in the police's discovery of the body found at the old Reader Medical hospital building in Woodmire sat attentively as the 11 o'clock news began.

It did not take long at all for a newscaster to begin speaking of the murder. None of them could believe what they were a part of, now to forever be a part of Mirewood legacy.

"Yes!" Dave shouted when they revealed they had found a recently deceased body in the building. Lynne, Sumn, Charles, Chin, Dam and Gun were all startled by this gesture, and then reverted their eyes back to the screen. "We're not crazy," Dave elbowed FK11, whose eyes, like the rest, were fixed on the television.

The next day, each of the parents received a phone call from the police department asking if they could bring their children down to the fire station for further questioning. When Kane heard of this, he panicked to Dave, claiming he was a nervous wreck under

oath. And so they practiced in Kane's room for the future questioning.

“Raise your right hand,” Dave said, “and then repeat after me. 'I, Kane, swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God'.” Kane repeated, “I, Kane, swear to tell the truth, all the truths, and nothing... God help me...”

Death in the afternoon... Meena Onsari is one of the most interesting writers I've ever had the pleasure of reading. I am reading her book, *Priceless*, now for perhaps the third time and it is still so fresh. The novel is about a photographer who has the ability to go back in time and take photographs of historical past events. Those wealthy in her time pay her for specific photos she can capture, but every photo snapped is an arduous mission. Nonetheless, she is a sort of photographic hitman, graphic mercenary, and every chapter is about a photograph she suffers to take.

I mention the novel because a line in it made me think of a line from another book. “What'll we do with ourselves this afternoon?” cried Daisy, “and the day after that, and the next thirty years?” These are words uttered by a character named Daisy Buchanan in the novel *"The Great Gatsby"*. Reading this sentence in the course of reading the entire novel, one might pass over it and not think much of it if at all, but these words echo sentiments of a feeling that is a cornerstone in the human condition: boredom.

If some of us can't figure out what to do with a free afternoon, how are we supposed to figure out what to do with our entire lives? And this question is not targeted at the ever so deep and philosophical nature of finding one's purpose but rather it is about simply having something to do and keep busy. In addition, people who have found their deep purpose in life are not exactly free from boredom, as this harrowing feeling, or harrowing thought, is often felt or thought of once something has ended or once a person has finished something.

I refer to it as harrowing because I believe it is one of the scariest thoughts a human being can have. It is not that it is threatening or even remotely horrifying, but it is the very definition of uncertainty. Boredom when mixed with uncertainty can provide such a heavy and distressing weight because it lies dangerously close to death. But not a biological death. It is the death that comes to make new things old.

This was like the wedding outfit but instead of a veil, it was a white women's suit jacket. On her hair was a dark brown wig.

A pink corset, a blonde wig, and stockings which on their hind side were holed and connected by small pink ribbons.

This was like a farmer girl's outfit, cowboy boots, white daisy-dukes, a white and red flannel bra.

Black heels, black stockings, black panties, black bicep length gloves, black hair, and a pink ribbon tied into that hair.

This was a leopard-print swimsuit.

Black leather boots, red panties, extremely big hair and drum sticks. I'm assuming she was supposed to be a rocker.

Clearly this was the uniform of a secretary; except the only thing the secretary had on was a black and white corset, black and white heels, and a black women's suit jacket.

The attire of the sleepy; a simple completely transparent white sleeping top made of soft fabric. At the top near the breasts were a row of pink flowers.

Red heels, a red purse, and red polka dotted dress where the circles were white.

Thin stockings that almost had no color, and a sleeping gown top that was basically completely see-through.

Ballet-style shoes and thigh-high stocks. Her bra was very fluffy and lacy, and a piece of fabric came out of her hair.

Like one I've seen before, she had on heels with socks that were flappy. Her skirt was plaid, her shirt was silky, and her nails were done.

A simple outfit, it was nothing but a transparent green sleeping gown that went to her knees.

Another sun hat that was outlined in a pale purple. Around her waist was a silky pale pink fabric with flowers that had straps falling to the ground. Her backside and frontside were completely exposed.

The outfit of a flight attendant; a black hat, white gloves, brown nylons, and the jacket of a flight attendant.

And that was the final outfit left in the box. I don't think either of us were exactly sad that there were no more, and she had finally earned the Benjamin. I handed her a Grant and a Benjamin and she tucked it away and soon went back upstairs I supposed to change. I had now fifteen new photographs of her in my possession that I would look forward to phantasizing about in the darkness.

...I think of the blossoms of black roses. The scorn of dangerous skies. Somber holidays. The unwell who were marred by striations of convention. I am thinking of cold days in January. Nights without television. A bruised ego. The sudden impact of illness. I am thinking of my psychology. Fractured. My ambition. Fading. All these things and more I am thinking of, I had or felt only before Lynne.

The light from a camera flashed as it panned and zoomed the corpse of Ava Walsh, whose still body lie in an abandoned building somewhere off Pool street. Just near the corpse also were other bodies of law enforcement and two detectives who had recently arrived. Of importance recovered from the scene was a diary which stated was belonged to Ava Walsh, and this would be an identifying measure, along with dental records, as the corpse's face was eaten off by animals. The diary, being written entirely in French, was

soon to be translated into a form for English speaking readers.

After the diary had been translated in full, both detectives would read their copy intently and would find a suicide letter at the end of it.

While one detective would accept the suicide letter, the other would not, and the two would go back and forth over whether this was actually a suicide or a staged homicide.

Formulated theories on the homicide included the fact that an anonymous caller had tipped them off of the body inside the abandoned warehouse. The detective who did not believe it was a suicide postulated, after reading the diary several times, that Ava was the victim of a honeypot. He suggested that someone found out about what she had been doing, most likely a political aid, and so they set a trap for her to see if she was indeed the thief. Another suggested theory was that she was the victim of Yadia, whose greed was as great as Ava's, and perhaps it was Yadia who was the anonymous tipper.

But the other detective did not believe any of this was the case. He believed the answer was far simpler and that the scene that they investigated was not staged but simply told the truth. He believed that Ava's final page in her diary, the suicide letter, was written with such emotion and such humanity that it could not be a lie. He believed that Ava was a person who could not see themselves living a life beyond what they were. And to his partner he made a curious statement about the lives of women so associated to that of a harlot, "As long as men are buying, women will sell."

Chapter 100

FROM DUSK TILL DAWN

2:3:10:100

THE narrator had woken up with a dream fresh in his mind. After waking, he found a composition notebook to begin writing down the dream. He wrote of parked vehicles and circles and an individual who told him he could not fool himself. Soon after, the narrator thought significantly on the choices made in this life. And he thought of the choices to be made. He stayed still, found himself thinking on endless possibilities, and created himself in the place where any dream can begin.

The new library had finally opened for the first time. Among its opening guests were of course Charles F. Kane, who for a few moments in the beginning could not believe the library was finally completed. He went all over and saw all of the books he had donated and watched as all of the general public went about the library choosing what they wanted to read. In his ecstasy he lost track of time, but soon Kaylene found him and told him it was time for him to give the library's first reading, an honor awarded to him for having donated so many pieces of literature.

In the audience was his friend and boss, Jennifer Cole, who was excited to be there and excited for Kane himself. And with all of the excitement, Kane began reading a passage from one of his favorite novellas that he had carefully selected:

When you got to Rachel's door, you noticed that it was slightly open. "Miss Marshall," you said aloud. When you got no reply, you said it aloud once more and just as slight as the opened door. And in contrast to the subtleties of life were booming pops and two heated bullets that went through the door before you.

After reaching the closest wall you withdrew your weapon and could hear someone opening a window and exiting the apartment. You slowly walked inside until finally you saw Rachel tied to a chair. After you removed the tape from her mouth, she told you to call the police. She was being robbed at gunpoint and relayed the information to me that the individual who just escaped was a wanted man, and perhaps the same wanted man who was wanted in connection for all of the burglaries in this sector of the city. While calling for the police you looked out of your window and in the distance could see a woman being craftjacked. You shouted out of the window and when the burglar saw you, he began running for a darkened alley.

You chased the criminal through alleys, through buildings and through streets, all while thinking to yourself that this was not your circus or your monkeys. You caught glimpses

of him. You caught shadows. And then he would disappear. In ways, you thought, he was much like the nemesis that was a cold case. People, stories, who every other year revealed themselves to you only to vanish the same way they had before. So tired from the pursuit you sat down under blue neon lights and watched as police hovercrafts searched the city. The criminal had escaped from you and only Tohmae remained in your grasp.

As you walked back to the residence of Rachel in your mind you could only think of the criterion moment, which was a concept often taught to anyone who visited antholic services. If you went to church enough times, you would eventually hear the lesson.

The criterion moment is the idea that no matter who you are, whether you are conscious of it or not, you will have a goal in your life and if it is achieved, it will validate all prior points in your life. The concept is in the tree of philosophy and under the branch of meaning. It is a way of giving meaning to otherwise random events. One of the more interesting things you've found of the criterion moment is that it can be realized retroactively. That is to say, long after a moment you have deemed random or perhaps worthless, you can trace points back to the moment and come to realize that this otherwise random moment was actually the moment everything changed, for better or for worse. In this regard, the criterion moment can often be referred to as the "critical" moment.

You never concluded the Tohmae case, but it is a case that has stayed with you unlike any other. Your criterion moment, you thought to yourself, was the day you sealed the Tohmae case for good. Though you'd think about it from time to time, it was the day you officially moved on from it. And that moment was critical for you because in that moment you traded one failure for many successes. Tohmae, he changed the way you investigated every thing, from cases to life itself, and you have been invaluablely better for it.

When the children arrived to the fire station, they were sat down by Daniel Wilson, who asked them to tell him every thing they could remember about their time at Woodmire. This discussion paled in the comparison of color to the discussion the children and the parents would have only two weeks later after being paid and invited to the workplace of a renowned psychic who lived in Mist Harbor.

Like the reader, it was the first time any of them had ever actually been to the town of Mist Harbor, and seeing this, the psychic, one Germain Stradler, gave each of them a souvenir.

“Start at the beginning,” Stradler asked. The kids all looked at each other, and then at their parents, and then back at each other.

“Well, the five of us all live in the same building,” Sara pointed at her associated residents, “and I met Pattie and Kristie in P.E.” “What brought you to Woodmire?”

“We used to live there, Paul, Christina and I, with our relatives,” Isi said, “I used to tell Christina old stories about that place before the virus hit it.”

“At first it was just Pattie and me,” Kristie continued, “we used to just walk through it to get home but we liked how empty it was. And then we met Sara, and sometimes she would walk through it with us but rarely. A little while ago she started walking with us through it afterschool every day, and then soon the boys began walking with us. That was the first time we ever stopped and actually stayed for a bit in it, when the boys came with us.”

Germain, while listening to the children, had taken out a deck of tarot cards and placed them on the table. “What’s that?” Charles asked from the corner.

“These are special cards,” he said to the kids, “and they are linked to the spirit of Woodmire... Or shall I say, Mirewood.” The children all looked at each other. “It’s a practice that some psychics use to communicate with undead lands. We will bury these cards into part of the land’s earth and leave it there for a year, and once a year has passed we will recover them, and by that time the land will have become aware of the cards. I buried these cards in Woodmire about two and half years after all those bodies were found. I had already had interest in it long before when it was just an abandoned town, but I buried the cards in an effort to speak with the undead town to aid the police in the investigation. Needless to say, I’ve had trouble receiving any insights, but I want to try again today, with you children,” Germain spread the cards, face down, through out the table, “I will flip a card and you will tell me if you see anything in its vision.” The children seemed to agree.

Germain looked down at the cards, took a deep breath, and then began to hover his left hand above the cards, eventually flipping over one at best his random.

The first card was the image of a yin-yang symbol, though the colors were blue and green.

Germain waited a moment, looked at each child, but saw that not one had made any connection of the symbol to the town. “This is a symbol used to depict dualism. Many things in our physical and abstract worlds operate in duality. We have good and evil, hot and cold, two arms and two legs, a waking and a sleeping state.” Germain suddenly saw something in Pattie’s expression. “Tell me... What did you see Pattie?,” he gave her the card.

“...We all saw it. But we only saw one of them. One of the twins. We couldn’t see if it

was Algor or Rigor, but we saw him walking down the street at night in a weird way,” Pattie finished.

“The twins,” Germain said looking at the ceiling, and after closing his eyes in the same pose, began again, “After you reveal to me what you see, if it is true, she, Mirewood, will send me a vision to speak back to you so that you may communicate.”

Charles slightly sat up and forward from his seat and asked impatiently, “What do you see?...”

“...I see... I can see what the children have seen. A young man, walking down a dark street, slowly, awkwardly, but I am told he is not Algor or Rigor, but is in fact Pallor, one of four brothers who is the first stage of death. I see that Algor and Rigor are not yin and yang, but are one set of two twins, a yin to Pallor and Livor, who is their yang. Pallor has come to me, to speak to you through me, and he has said it was not his intention to frighten any of you, but that he was sent to communicate to you that the town of Mirewood was undergoing its first stage of death.”

Germain opened his eyes as if from a daze. “Mirewood is in its first stage of death, that is interesting,” he said to the children, “I’m not sure what the deeper meaning behind that is and frankly it doesn’t make sense, considering Mirewood has been dead for years.”

“What is Mirewood?,” Lynne asked everyone. “It’s the name of the haunted Woodmire,” Sara replied. “Ah,” Lynne finished.

“Wait!,” Chin shouted. Dam and Son hoped to not be embarrassed by their mother. “You say Woodmire, but kids say Mirewood. But...,” Chin froze as she could not figure out how to explain to the others what she wanted to say. And so she looked at Dam and began speaking to him in a foreign language, and soon after Dam translated.

“She’s right... Mirewood is the new form of Woodmire. And when people die, when you first hear about their death, it’s easy for people to tell false stories. So she says Mirewood, not Woodmire, is in it’s first stage of death, and the way we all tell stories about it is evidence of it...”

Germain nodded his head and agreed with the insight provided by Chin. And once again, he hovered over the cards and selected a new one.

This time the card displayed the illustration of a clocktower that told the time of 12:12. Germain scanned the faces of the children and saw the same expression in each, it was something they recognized immediately. “What do you all see?,” he asked them. They all almost started talking at once, and then stopped, looking at each other, and then one voice came from many. “There was a clocktower in Woodmire, but we never went in it,” Kristie said, “the weird thing about it is that most of the times when we saw it, the hands were stopped and never moved. But there was one time when we actually saw it moving, so we started to think maybe sometimes at night it works, but it stops working in

the day time.”

Germain closed his eyes, squinting at times, trying to see more clearly the vision that was being given to him. “...I see this clock, and it is frozen the way you have told me. I am entering it through the wings of a bird. I see words on the wall... They say... 'Time is of the presence'.”

Germain opened his eyes, again squinting at times, and then repeating the words he saw on the wall.

He looked over every one before him and then began speaking, “I have an idea of what the town is trying to tell us,” he said, “You told me often when seeing the clocktower, its hands stood still, and that there was only one time that you saw them moving which was at an hour you had never visited it before. And so this has led you to believe that the clock starts at night and stops in the day. In an old Afterworld story, there is a monster character in which when you see it, it is frozen in time and space, however, when you look away, it comes to life. I see this in the town, as which when you were all in it, time stopped, but when you were gone, it came to life. The writing inside the clocktower, I believe, means when you are present, time stands still. But so many people believe they will run out of time to do things, run out of time to live life fully, and for these people time moves quickly. When you look at the monsters, you are facing your fears, and you learn to live your life in such a manner that time is forever. I also think of the idea that which the town was trying to communicate to you. That it is impossible for it itself to move on after its tragedy. It cannot move on because time is stopped, but as we know, time and space are related, so I believe the subtext in this is that truly, the town can not physically move forward to pass beyond its history. Were there any things that suggested the town wanted you to repair the clocktower?”

The children all looked at each other and then followed several negatives. “That is fine,” Germain smiled, let's move on.

Germain again hovered over the cards and then selected one. This time it was an illustration of a shape that resembled an “L.” Germain looked at the children, who none whatsoever gave any hint of knowing its significance. Even Germain too was stumped as he searched within his mind of the vast knowledge of the history of Woodmire.

“...I know that L is 50 in roman numerals, but I am puzzled by what it may mean, none of you feel any strange energy from the number 50?,” he asked.

No child ever did speak, but of whom did speak was an adult, Isi, who earlier told the group she once lived in Woodmire.

“I think I know what it means,” everyone looked in Isi's direction. “Please,” Germain gestured.

“My great grandmother died when she was fifty. My grandmother died at fifty, and

my mother also died at fifty. They were all the oldest-born females in their families. My sister, who is older than me, her fiftieth birthday is today and she is terrified of the year. Do you think the town is telling me that she will die this year?"

"I don't think she has anything to worry about, because I believe the town is only interested in speaking to and through the experiences of the children who witnessed the murder," Germain tried to relieve her of the anxious feelings.

Germain saw that the children could not associate the symbol with anything they may have observed at Woodmire, and so he went on to the next card.

The next card featured what appeared to be a puzzle with arrows next to the pieces. As he showed all of the children the card, he scanned their faces for changes. Nothing came to the children at first, but then Gun suddenly made a connection. "The shifting!," he yelled. And soon all of the children seem to readily agree.

"Shifting?," Germain asked. Gun attempted to answer his query, "Past a certain time, the town becomes aware of its visitors, and it will try to confuse the visitors by moving things around in the town. Like if you passed the school, and then tried to go back exactly the way you came, the school would be gone and would be replaced with like, a department store, or something."

Germain closed his eyes to receive the incoming vision from the town. "...I see... I see Mirewood in the beautiful evening. But this evening it is conscious. I am again flying in the sight of birds, looking over the undead town as it moves things around. But I have not become lost... I have found a church."

When Germain opened his eyes he could tell that all of the children knew of the church, and even so, Dave began telling Germain of how the church was one of the sites they first became accustomed with and it was there they spent most of their time.

"I see," Germain said, and continuing, "it makes perfect sense. You may have assumed that the town was playing tricks on you, trying to confuse you and make you become lost by rearranging its parts, but on the contrary, the town is perhaps benevolent and was trying to guide you, or lead you somewhere. Churches are known to be safe havens, and even undead churches are still protected by the light of the Christ. I believe the most that the town chose you all, it lead you to the church, and would protect you from all the evils of the town."

Again, a new card was chosen, and this one was the illustration of a flame. Like the other cards, it was shown to the children, but it was a long time before Kane gave a suggestion to what it may have been trying to communicate.

"Remember, you guys, when we were sitting near the deathhouse, near the playground, when the phones kept ringing but no one would say anything?" "Oh, yeah!," Dave remembered, "and then we found that number on a firetruck in a ditch," Dave said

to the psychic. “Yeah,” Sara began speaking, “we started thinking maybe the town itself was trying to call us, because the same number on the phone was the same number on the firetruck.”

Germain closed his eyes. In the darkness he saw a great fire, and when light came, he looked up to see that a cell-phone tower was ablazed. The heat of the fire soon woke him up to find the children staring at him.

“Abandoned places, just like populated places, have similarities despite their stark contrasts,” he said to everyone in the room. “Spirits move from one abandoned location to another like humans move from one populated area to another populated area. But sometimes just as a human may become lost in an abandoned location, a spirit may become lost in a populated area. My theory is that the town was not calling you, or calling anyone, but that someone alive who used to live in Woodmire was trying to call it,” he emphasized the it.

The children thought of all the people who must have lived in Woodmire before its abandoning and how often they may have thought of the place they used to live, longing for it as if a deceased relative.

When Germain flipped over the next card, he showed to them all the illustration of a brain with a lit light bulb above it.

The children first focused on what the meaning of the brain may have been and then eventually fell onto the light bulb, and in thinking of electricity, they all seemed to agree that this card spoke of the meat plant.

“There was a meat plant there, and while we were walking around in it it suddenly turned on and like, came to life,” Kristie said to the psychic.

Germain closed his eyes and saw a yellow building. He flew into it and saw the darkness and the rust of the facility, only ever lit in areas exposed by the damaged roof. And like the children saw, darkness disappeared for a moment when light was returned to the plant, and then disappeared soon thereafter.

“I think I know the answer to this one,” Germain said, “if Mirewood is in the first stage of death, the meat factory receiving a surge of electricity is like a brain moments after death. Part of it still works and receives activity spikes. And from what I've read, the region of the brain that often still has activity is the part of the brain known for dreams and altered states of consciousness. And we can all thank dreams for the more creative and fantastic parts of our psychology, all of the enchantment and all of the horror.” The children and the parents all seemed to agree.

Germain checked his watch; this was the first time this afternoon he had done so, and told to his visitors that this would be the final card. He hovered his long arms all throughout the table as if to indicate this was the main event, and finally he flipped a card

over onto its back. The following card was indeed the main event, and everyone at once knew of its implications; it was the simple illustration of a pool of blood which had knives bathing in it.

“Don the Bleeder,” Kane said under his breath in amazement. Even Germain, the physic, was amazed. He not needed to know what the children saw, for already he had known, and in closing his eyes he found himself inside Hell.

“...I see... I see a young woman. Her soul walks through Hell. She is barefoot as she walks through the flames. And she is leading me somewhere. This is the end of her journey. She has found a portal that is the entrance to the new world. She exits, and we are in Mirewood.”

CAM28768: This camera has been disconnected.

CAM47119: This camera has been disconnected.

CAM78999: This camera has been disconnected.

CAM27192: This camera has been disconnected.

CAM00183: In front of the church could be seen a man putting up a new sign which reads “All the angels sing about Jesus's mighty sword, and they'll shield you with their wings, and keep you close to the Lord.” Several years of monitoring this camera would eventually show the conclusion of a church session.

From Wikers:

1970- *The Orchid-* A masculine flower representing luxury and strength. Greek men would eat orchid roots before conceiving a child, believing it would grant them a boy.

2000- *The Amaryllis-* Named for the Greek word meaning "to sparkle", this flower symbolizes beauty, pride and determination.

1990- *The Marigold-* Called the "herb of the sun" the marigold has many meanings, as it symbolizes the intense moods of the creative, from passion to grief.

1950- *The Daylily-* A flower that withers at night and is associated with both the sensitivity and softness of motherhood and scandalous coquetry at the same time.

1980- *The Sunflower-* Always facing sunward, this flower symbolizes dedication and ambition.

1960- *The Daffodil-* The Narcissus flower. This blossom is so named for the Greek god

that perished for the love of his own reflection. This symbolizes vanity and rebirth.

2010- *Jimsonweed*- More colloquially known as Devil's Snare, or the Liar's Trumpet, this poisonous yet beautiful plant is known for its trickery. Beneath pretty white, lovely scented blossoms are toxic burrs that induce delirium, amnesia and death. "Beware, beware the devil's snare".

It took the entire afternoon and the help of the storage unit owner and his two friends to move in Lynne, Sara and David from their old apartment to their new. The minute we were done the three were exhausted; Lynne lie asleep in her living room on a couch, Sara lie asleep on the bed in her room, and Dave lie asleep on the bed in his room. I stayed there for a few minutes and thought about what they had told me throughout the move. How they visited a psychic in relation to a murder they witnessed. It was all so bizarre and interesting at the same time, but I just couldn't wrap my head around someone they called Don the Bleeder. And then there was also Tommie Beaver. Just weird stuff..

☪ I stayed there for a little while longer and the thought of those horrors brought me to thoughts of a dream I had about seven years ago. On the roof of a federal building I found myself hanging on to the forearm of a security guard who went over the ledge. I tried and I tried to lift him up so that he may make it back onto the roof, but suddenly I heard Dusk behind me.

With a rapid movement, Dusk chopped off my hand and the man fell into oblivion. Dusk too tried to throw me over, but I countered his attack and threw him backward into a door. The ensuing minutes featured my final battle with Dusk as a fog slowly crept into the atmosphere.

When the battle was over I had retired Dusk of his motor faculties. As he lay on his back, he had only a few things left to say to me. He tried to speak through his mask but had much trouble doing so, and so I removed it for him. As the fog settled and became more dense, he said to me his final words.

"You cannot stop it... It has already begun." "What's begun?" "...The Information Age..." "What is that?" "Did you know, Dawn, when I was a boy, there was a tragedy in my town. Three boys were walking around in a cave and they became tired so they sat. One of the boys had stolen a revolver and some bullets from his father. Another boy was amazed at the sight, and dared, almost urged, the boy with the gun to do one round of Russian roulette. The remaining boy, he urged the boy with the gun to put it away less it harmed one of them. The boy with the gun took one round, placed it inside the revolver, spun the revolver, pointed the gun at his head and fired. He had survived the roulette and this alone was enough to become legend, but the same boy urged him again to do one

final round. The second pull of the trigger is what made him become legend. Later that day authorities were brought to the body of the dead boy by the other two boys, who did not say much except that it was an accident. For years the boy who urged the game of Russian roulette was in the spotlight, constantly appearing in interviews, and the sorrow and pain he displayed in these interviews were genuine, true, honest; though no one except the other boy knew, he suffered of a guilt that was beyond comprehension. This made him a hero to the eyes of the people; the boy who became a man and spoke out against guns. So much was known of this man that it was inevitable for him to become hero. Less was known of the other boy who told the dead boy to put the gun away. After the event, he disappeared into obscurity. No one really knew of him, certainly not like they knew of the other boy. They did not hear of him until a few years after the event when he was wanted for blowing up a gun store. Mind you, he did it after midnight when no one would be hurt, but none the less, he was a criminal. He was arrested and tried as an adult and was eventually sent to prison.”

“Why are you telling me this?” “Because, Dawn, information is everything in our world. To create a villain is to not tell their story, and, inversely, telling someone's story is how you create a hero. Like this, heroes can become villains and villains can become heroes. If you are constantly exposed to someone, given compounds of information about their life and everything in between, eventually you will come to sympathize with them, even if they have done evil things. Inversely, if you keep someone a mystery, hide or completely erase who they were and what they'd done, they become estranged to everyone.”

“I understand...” “Dawn, my superpower didn't come when I put on the mask, it came in my human element as a politician. My superpower was oppression; making sure the stories of my enemies were lost in history forever. But I operated on such a small scale. Operation Duskfall, it will be immense. Grand. And it cannot be stopped.”

“What is Duskfall?” Dusk laughed, then choked, then spoke. “The vaccine that everyone is taking, it will be used to download information into a person's brain that is beneficial to the government, or to delete information not desired by the government. With this, the government will be able to change or influence a person with information downloaded to their brain. They can alter a person's psychology with the data they choose.”

“...But, why?” “Because, Dawn! This world is full of people who are too ignorant to know what is good for them! And much too stubborn to appreciate the dawn of a new era! People do not like new things, they hate when things change, and prefer to have things done in the manner they always have been done. They don't know anything about the new way, and know every thing of the old way. We did tests and we could actually

see the way the brain struggled when dealing with something new or something it had very little information about. This created the villain condition. But after it learned enough about it, it slowly morphed into the hero condition. This vaccine, and widespread input of information into the populous, it will bring us to new heights as a species!”

“You're insane,” I stood up with a fist full of dominoes in the unquiet mist. “You may destroy me,” he said with a dying breath, “but you will still have to deal with Bloodclot,” he laughed. I looked at Dusk one final time, and fired several dominoes into him. On the ninth domino, there was a small explosion and he was gone forever, vaporized into another dimension. I turned around and walked toward the door of the roof, my arm missing a hand and spooling blood onto the concrete.

I learned from another dream of the world I had sent Dusk to. In the other dream, someone explained it to me, I can't remember who off the top of my head.

In chemistry and the study of atoms, the number of protons in which an atom carries determines that atom's element. For example, in a silver atom, you will find 47 protons. This gives us the dynamic that within a system, a certain number of data within that system can determine what that system is. A loosely similar concept is how the population of an area can determine the adjective used to describe that mass of people; ie a family, a town, a city or a country.

With a singular atom comes protons, neutrons, electrons; and I am sure there are things of the atom we have yet to detect. And if the amount of protons can determine the element of that atom, what if there is another amount which can determine the way an atom sends and receives atomic information?

Let us suppose that "the" atomic network is only "an" atomic network, and that there are a multitude of atomic networks in existence. Let us suppose further that within every atom there is a certain amount of netrons. A netron will be defined as this: the amount of netrons determines which network the atom operates under. This is to say that if there were two atomic networks (Network1 and Network2), an atom with one netron could only send and receive data to and from other atoms who also only carried one netron. An atom with two netrons could only send and receive data to and from other atoms who also only carried two netrons. The precedence, or comparative proof of concept for this, is the simple idea of frequency.

Something interesting born out of the idea of netrons is the manipulation of netrons themselves. To alter the amount of protons in an atom to change the element itself, atoms are smashed into each other at extremely high speeds. One wonders if the same process could be used to alter the amount of netrons in an atom. If successful, and if the amount of netrons within the atom increase or decrease, the atom should disappear as it would no longer interact with the atoms in your own atomic network.

Further interests lie in the mystery of dark matter and dark energy. Because we can detect dark energy and dark matter and are aware of its existence, this would mean its atoms operate in the same network as ours, which we will state is Network1. But, the extremely dark and mysterious nature of these energies and matters would suggest the idea that within a network, you can have various versions. We may be able to detect the existence of the dark energy and the dark matter because all of this matter is on the same network, but atomic communication between atoms on different versions of a network (ie Network1.1 and Network1.2) may be indecipherable, meaning the exchange between two atoms on differing versions of a network may be like two people who speak two different languages trying to communicate with one another.

Where two atoms on two different networks are not even aware of the other's existence, two atoms on the same network but with differing network versions can interact and communicate with each other but their end result in communication would only appear as something we might call "white noise." Or, maybe in this particular instance, it should be called "dark noise."

Another thing to note on atomic networks; in science fiction, there is a device used, or rather a room, where a person could go in, and each year that they spend inside the room, the environment outside of the room goes by by one second. So if you spend 10 years inside this room, when you exit it and return to the actual world, only 10 seconds would have gone by in that world. This room can be used to train for something you would not have enough time to train for in the real world. It is basically a time saver, in a way.

Is a room like this actually possible to create? I'm sure many theoretical scientists may say yes. Actually, I'm not sure, but that's besides the point. I wonder if such a room is possible using the concept of smashing atoms together to change the amount of neutrons within the atom. Adding a neutron to an atom will move it to the next network above, and if that network has fewer atoms in general, would time dilate and move faster there?

There are a few things to note before going further. The reasoning for there being fewer atoms as you go up the network ladder is because of something I've noted from our own universe. Hydrogen, which has a proton count of 1 and is the most abundant element in our universe (75%), and helium, which has a proton count of 2 and is the second most abundant element in our universe (25%), seem to follow a logical order. This would tell me that the number of neutrons also work in a similar order. I would believe that Network1 would have the most amount of atoms, followed by Network2, which would have the next most amount of atoms. Adding too many neutrons to an atom might knock it into a network that barely has any atoms at all, which may be an unstable network to begin with.

Another thing to note is that while creating this room, you must first knock in all the

atoms you will need to be able to knock them back out and regress them back to the lower network, i.e. going back to N1 from N4.

After knocking all of the necessary atoms into the network you desire, you would eventually knock yourself into that network which would have much fewer atoms but still be stable. There, time would go faster than on the former network, and when you return, you would find that you aged faster than others back in the former network. Inversely, if you go from a higher network to a lower network and then return to the higher network, you can slow down aging.

As you go down the atomic network ladder, the order of things become more and more stable; that is until you reach network zero. Similar to the concepts of white noise and white light, network zero is a "white universe" in which atoms within it have no neutrons and are able to communicate with all other atoms from all other networks. In effect, this would be a strange universe complete with chaos. If you yourself were knocked into it, your atoms would be able to communicate with the entirety of all atomic networks, which, atomically speaking, would not be a good thing.

This network, nicknamed NETZERO, it is also theorized that this is where God resides. At any rate, I learned that this was the network I sent Dusk to. I learned that when one of my dominoes strikes an individual and chance should intervene, it sends them to the hell of Netzero.

When my mind was returned to me I found myself in Lynne's apartment again. She was still sleeping, and probably wouldn't be up until around midnight to go to work in closely following hours. I left the apartment and went back to my own. In there I wrote a note that said "I'll be back in a month," and then I went back to Lynne's apartment and left it a place I knew she would find it. Then I took a bus that took me east to my storage unit. I took out my keys and rolled up the storage unit, entered it, and then closed it shut behind me.

I brought with me my laptop computer, which now carried 50% of my dreams, 50% of my ideas and notes, and 100% of my dirty pictures of Lynnette.

I went through it for hours, went through so much of the information I had collected for years. And going through so much of this information in such a short span of time left me in a condition of reflection.

People who are filled with dreams are special. I'm not speaking of dreams in the context of goals or purposes, but actual dreams. People who are filled with stories and characters and strange ideas. Even more special is the act of bringing those dreams into a hostile reality. It's not easy. You have to be of manner and a maniac.

What doesn't start out as a dream? Every thing you see in life started out as a dream in someone's heart and in someone's mind. The house on the corner, a long time ago, was

once someone's dream. The internet, a long time ago, was once someone's dream. Even the design of a shoe, a long time ago, was once someone's dream.

The problem with dreams is that a lot of times they look a lot like life, and you don't have the presence of mind to enjoy them until after you wake up and they're already behind you. Not so much unlike dying and given the opportunity to look back on your life. If one could learn to become lucid during dreams, become aware, perhaps one could learn to enjoy the dream as they moved through it.

My plan after graduating high school was to just leave and go live out in the woods alone for the rest of my life. Honest to God. I never did, but there were so many things I wanted to do in my life. Things for this world. Things for the people in this world. I wanted to do my share in helping feed the starving children of this world. I wanted to bring sick people the medicine they needed. I wanted to give the homeless a place to sleep. I used to bargain with God, asking him to take my health in exchange for the chance to help. I offered my health and not my life because death is easy and living with pain is not. But I've realized today, that many years ago, I accepted the notion that I was not the one who was meant to do these things. Whatever this thing is that's inside of me, it's been here for a long time. And I wonder, what have I learned in living that is so valuable that I wouldn't trade to have never lived at all.

I looked at my life, reduced to a man lost in a tiny room. My mind was getting old. But there were still things I had left to do. I went to the darkness because I was called.

David and Sara, grown tired from the event of moving from one home to another, slept thoroughly through the midnight hour. Each child now possessed their own living quarters, and in each room lay somewhere a card with a graphic on it that should tell of the receiver of their fate. David's card held an illustration of a lightning bolt, and Sara's card held an illustration of a leaf. Neither child could see what either card foreshadowed, but each child was equally curious at the prospect of their destiny. Their paths, riddled like dreams, were in the palms of their hands.