

COPING WITH THEANDOR

(Thee/. -an/. -door)

O the Placebo effect

In lieu of any available medication, you pull a button from your shirt and swallow it
Do not try and understand this just read it

PRELUDE; in Blackandwhite

She stopped walking

In front of her was a picture of Saturn
Drawn in Black Biro on the
White Bark of a Silver Birch

The only tree for miles

Below which were written twenty-two words

each jolt buck and flow
each limpid supple node from branch of brook
sulken pore and softened toe
awaken I am gone

She stared for 1 or 2 or 3 minutes

Twenty-two years ago she was born and they named her Theandor
She was all she could ever be.
She went home.

Two Thousand Three Hundred Years pass by on and or in The Mire...

AT 30,000 FEET

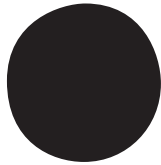
LET US PAUSE {for breathe}

▀ The sleeping man beside me jolts as if electrocuted. This movement makes me question the use of my seat belt, if we were all to plummet from the sky at this huge altitude would it help, I leave my seat belt on just in case. His skin, in the yellow-tinted tungsten light, looks waxy and plastic (I am reminded of the old woman's corpse, lying naked, partly embalmed, on the metal trolley in the morgue. A crowd half-mooned around her, fine art students during a life-drawing class) His pores and stubble seem frozen but he is not yet dead, he is snoring like a ventriloquist. I am not yet dead. Nor are you. He will most likely not die at the hands of Germanic Pagans. Nor will I. Nor will you. This we can hope for. However, lying prostrate across his lap is a self help book called *On the energy bus*, below, in italics "get on board!" My inner monologue repeats this statement in a lifeless drone, echoing behind my teeth and above my dry tongue. I drink the small foil-topped orange juice.

▀ A small LED screen nestled in the back of the seat in front of me blinks into life, upon it a title 'COPING WITH THEANDOR' as best I can I settle in to watch the programme drinking a small cold barrel of beer. Straining my neck back to bring the screen into focus, as the passenger in front of me has 'reclined'. It is too hot on the plane and I am hungry. My insides floating and empty in a bad way. I break a sweat. I should not have worn a t shirt under my shirt. A crude forensic facial reconstruction appears on the screen slowly rotating beneath the now flashing Title; like a Jan Monolayers character paused halfway between apparent life and feverish Plasticine disassembly, truly on its way to figurative obliteration. I switch part of myself off, engage in suspended disbelief and open up my pupils to eleven, may as well watch it, after all this is a 6-hour journey. The programme begins...

THE MIRE

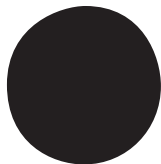
To get an idea of The Mire, In abstract, here is a list in Ad Hoc;



Mud. Testament to it all, the ceaseless turning, the sickening celestial spin of millennia.

Grass. A time-lapse film, 24hrs in a split second.

Water. The water table panting, hyperventilating, gasping, drinking, pissing itself through days, months, years, decades, centuries etc.



Moss. A filtering occurring, not a process of purification but rather a distilling, of idiosyncrasies, of bad habits, time giving weight to ill-informed opinions, half-born ideas, shortcuts and the wrong decisions, trickling and heaving through fibrous layers of soaked consciousness, reiterating the same point forever.

Rain. The endless chanting and blessing of it all.

▀ Origins of the term Bogmun and or ontology: Yutland Bogmun spent his retirement creating an autonomous machine to embalm his body after his kinetic demise. Later dramatised in *Yutland's body* where the whole process was re-imagined with original narration from recordings he had made during his research, playing out in stark monotone over vignettes of his now deceased body. People wrote letters. People were upset. Yutland, now deceased, could not be actively blamed, so that fell to the producers of the programme, a scapegoat was fired, made an example of. A sacrifice. At least killing was now saved for other equally horrific occasions. Otherwise we may well have had our own contemporary human sacrifice; of which no doubt many people would pay to see. *Yutland's body* only aired once, but gained significant exposure through viral postings and black market screenings alongside rare and banned Art House films.

DEATH AND THE WANTANT

▀ Alongside Theandor, amongst the Sundews' saccharin saliva and the moss's wet mass, so do arcane Gods and listless spirits reside, mingling with those buried here by Iron Age hands. Those unfortunate souls who incited and or seeded fear in the community. The misunderstood, the seers of things unseen. Loathed in life and paused in death, unable to disintegrate, to rot, atoms denied their migratory rights. Others murdered for favour; to appease some imagined being, a problem manifest, given a bloodied and terrible face. All part of a desperate struggle to sate an appetite that has no tangible name nor language nor taste, a mouth like the sun.

▀ Let us name the askers of Bogmun, the scientists, the Archaeologists. Let them be known from here on as 'The Wantant'. Like a maggot in fat, they would fidget and fumble through Theandors remains, claim their own discoveries in the body she once called home, but at the cost of mold and the re-ignition of decomposition. She would be branded in shades of black Times New Roman inkjet print "A true testament to Iron Age rituals; a key to the time just before and after Christ". We should note here the doubled disservice dealt Theandor, primarily at the hands of her killers and latterly at the hands of The Wantant. This is a bad thing, a twinned piece of rotten luck.

▀ Many Bogmun suffer at the hands of over-zealous conservators, so manic, so afraid, they insight the very thing they fear: a baby hugged to death, a relationship suffocated by love. A 2'300-year-old body disintegrating by each minute at the hands of their rhetorical questions. Other Bogmun have been found to be completely fictive. The late Alfred Dieck, a German archeologist who made the cataloging of Bogmun his life's work, fabricated many of the 1,800 cases he recorded, all of which continue to be regularly cited in many papers still published on the subject. People have been moulding tales of Bogmun since their recognition as 'Ancient' and or 'Historically Significant' in the Eighteen Hundreds. They act as blank talismans, A tannin finger, A point by which we may channel our longing to connect with a remote ancestral past, said by The Wantant to be "so true, so primal, so different from our day-to-day todays" We are sickened by the fetish of this sentiment and or appalled.



THE MOUTH OF A GOD

Let us imagine Theandor long dead and transformed. Her ochre body dutifully wrapped in a pH neutral golden alloy; mined from the seams of peat.

A gift fed into the yawning mouth of MRI, one of the Neodemi Gods of empirical science. Gently slid into the palette, to be tasted, washed through teeth and pooled across a now acrid tongue. Glistening sound and silent particles fired through her skin and bone - which now de-mineralised by acidic bog waters, look like glass - bouncing and or mapping and or plotting the layered topography of her insides. Bees batting their wings, dolphins firing clicks and whirrs, bats pipping and squealing in harmony, all engaged in the collective questioning of what was once Theandor; who remains beautifully mute. Regal without monarchy. A blank sky.

The Wantant, desperate, feverish for historic accounts of pre-literate Germanic societies, often turn to Tacitus, a Roman historian from the first century AD. His tertiary musings, his prose, closer in time than theirs, but still leagues from The Mire, are all they have, so become gospel. An ungainly straddling of time, The Wantant clinging to Tacitus's knees; spindly and buckling under the combined weight of his distended belly and their many huge and unfulfilled stomachs, the weight of ceaseless appetites. Theirs is a bad diet, unmistakable in their stool. Tacitus declared approvingly that the Germans killed homosexuals and cowards staking their bodies down in the bogs.

Cremation as customary was denied the Bogmun. It is broadly believed that Theandor was cast out and or offered up. Most likely buried alive and or whilst dying; gallons of tea soaked lung still craving air, burning in the water. One paper sees Theandor blindfolded and drowned in the bog, denied the recognition of death's true face. Her confusion spun to sour silk in the deep. Micheal Gebühr speculates that the body was blindfolded to protect the living from the gaze of the dead.

The Wantant collectively propose a cause of death in their white formica coven. A burning laser wriggles next to a sentence written in PowerPoint. "It happened one Tuesday in Winter after a bad harvest. People were hungry, reduced to eating chaff and weeds. They believed that one of them should die so the rest could live" a timeless narrative and or a skipping Cd. There were no volunteers. The decision unanimous and contrary to all supporting evidence. The floating witch. The drowned woman. A desperate logic at the cost of life.

THE KILLING FIELD

▀ On the precipice of the torch-lit pit, cut deep in the Bog like a piece of fudge, as the cool wind sythed through the grasse, so to did the crude blade through Theandor's throat. A toothless grin swung open from ear to ear, gaping and gored, her true lips pursed closed, eyes wet and worried. Oh Theandor. Her life begining to leak out of the wound. Her body pushed forth into the pit with a bare foot, to be soiled and swallowed by peat, to become a cyst in a mudden of bellied pork.





THE IMAGININGS

▀ Theandor's body had been ritually mutilated. Her nipples were split down the centre. The Wantant claim "This would be seen to stop her ability to wean shadows, which would seek out her killers and their children's children for time ever after." Her twelve stranded braids soaked in a pine resin pomade were said to "seal her mortality; to fuse her existence to the twelve monthly cycle of earthly life" whilst also being seen to negate her chances of transcending time and space, therefore denying her the chance to avoid this death before it happened. An ancient fear that preempts contemporary fictions. Think Quantum Leap. Think Al. Think Marty. Think Doc. Think Arnie. Think John Connor. Etc.

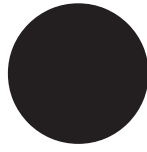
▀ In response another of The Wantant cited the account of an Irish King's nipples being cut to signify their fall from grace; in ancient Ireland a king's subject richly demonstrated their submission by suckling on the rulers nipples. Yet another cited a dream of her mother's, where a black hole formed at the apex of her breast. Her mother gazed aghast as her nipple split in perfect symmetry giving birth to a stream of mercury that gently tumbled forward into the yawning void. Despite the many reasons offered, no conclusion was reached, so the ritual 'slapping of faces and slow blinks' ensued long into the night. The following morning (mainly due to the reluctance of The Wantant to maintain the slapping of faces) an agreement was reached. Theandor's nipples were split as a result of her body becoming waterlogged.

▀ Graubleman, who can invoke three-dimensional images of the bodies, bones, muscles and tendons using what is called a com-pute-er, doesn't fuss over the lingering mysteries. "Strange things happen in The Mire, there will always be some ambiguity." Smiling "I sort of like the idea that there is just some stuff we'll really never know." This sentiment is not readily shared by The Wantant.

▀ On Theandor's discovery her head and face were so well preserved she was mistaken for a recent murder victim. One of the older Wantant recounted his personal discovery of a girl found drowned in the Thames. Her face, so angelic, it was cast on the spot; later to become the face of every resuscitation dummy used to illustrate how to save a life. Oh Annie. Theandor was denied water's transcience, instead found buried two metres (6.6 feet) down in the peat, her body in a fetal position, her head swung back (claimed by The Wantant as "proof of her prior knowledge of her imminent death")

▀ On testing the contents of Theandor's stomach her last meal was found to consist of Gold-Of-Pleasure (Camelina Sativa), Knotweed, Bristle Grass and Chamomile) A vial containing the stomach contents is on display at The Museum Of Wantant Objects in the exhibition titled 'Glass Palms In The Sod'.

This reminds you of that time in the pine forest, that name rang a bell in you.



THE SEED OF NEW YORK

▀ In the middle of a coniferous forest where the bodies of tree trunks stand bare, gnawed by wind and world, amongst their linear stature, their verticles, lies an object. It is comparatively huge when measured against your own body, the size of a cottage and or meteorite. In front of the object, dwarfed by it, a dutiful companion, not a dog but instead a sign rendered in black-etched-perspex that reads 'Here lies the great Ambergis; The seed of New York. That grew in the gut of the great white whale ARKA, who was beached at what we now know as Onlyin New York' below which is a footnote in a thin and crisp typeface 'ARKA was the only Blue Whale to have both Albinism and Gigantism, he was also infertile and mute. He weighed in at over 1000 Short Tons, more than four times that of any other Whale. Making it by far the largest living Animal to have ever existed. After a year beached in the sun the great body was said to have smelled so pungently that no one would raise a house on the land for a hundred years. Once the body decomposed all that was left were the great bones (used to build the first Museum Of Wantant Objects) and a huge ball that was named Ambergis. The smell, once gone, left way for the great city Windy Apple also known as New York. Ambergis was transported here by The Wantant in 1993 as it again began to smell like death.'

▀ You step back with your hands on your hips and look up at it nodding, observing the portion of trees it hides from your view, the word "Yep" comes out of your mouth unexpectedly. Looming black and glassy and molten. The huge form with its depthless skin both matte and gloss, at once reflects and absorbs its surroundings, includes you, absorbs you. Amidst its surface countless hand-hewn marks are scratched into its waxen flanks, names and or numbers and or dates and or words. The first to catch your eye reads as follows: BLIND MIRROR.

▀ You notice a small puddle of water nestled and or resting in a cleft in the object's surface, not two inches wide, inside of which you see a rippling orb, the whole moon. You slowly raise your right hand from your hip and with impressive command employ your pointing finger and point at it. You feel this is important and or memorable, but you soon forget it, replaced by more pressing things; people's names and or etc.

▀ You lay down on the forest floor, the back of your legs pricked by needles. You look up at the countless stars and begin to masturbate; physically you are alone but somewhere you join the collective consciousness, the anonymity, the placeless proximity of sex with self. Somewhere in a petri dish a Fruit Fly struggles, trapped by the tension of surface, reaches climax, orgasms and sinks like a penny. Your increased blood flow courses through your eyelids, you both project and read images of lava swooning through the trees, clear honey rolling through a hairbrush. You think of Pompeii of Theandor. You are gone.

Now It is now right now, the present, at some point I got off the plane. Now for you.

But I remain me.

.Now

.Now

THE BUS STOPS

from somewhere

I long to bury my head in the mid-September soil by the bus stop
to part the sparse grass with a comb
to prepare sodden soil with wet palm

the mud of it

tinged violet (post primordial clay)

to be sucked into the wet pocket

the smacked lip

the final lung of air

ultraviolet

this bus stops shadow shelters an emerald carpet of tightly-formed moss

perfectly mirroring the right angular structure

quoting its architecture

chasing its footstep

perpetually soaked

cool water sucked

(from a sponge)

(to be a pebble

a hole in the cool wet void

an inverted nipple chased by a finger tip)

meanwhile

the greater woodlouse soul

spinning

writhing against the white down of my cheek

is going nowhere

later

"You have in your teeth"

soil

salt

coal

a Lambert & Butler butt slowly inking the soil sepia

dwarfed by the glinting honour and or valour of the Soil Association

"oh to slip my forehead under"

akin to a child under a parachute Theandor in the Peat

All of this inning is the antithesis of an outing.

An outing being

mystic physician

pulling clouded banks

of cotton from bloodied wound

in smoke lodge or something

/so going *in* not *out* /to conclude /to be as sure as we can we are on the same page

a marble slipped *into* a knife wound

ANDOR

a heart transplant
jellied gore
coagulant
sucked through teeth
made liquid
a piece of the Red Sea
liver between finger and thumb

ANDOR

into pure colour
a cochineal beetle milked obliterated

where were we

were you

was I

A cold hard object raps on my shoe moving across the wet speckled linoleum floor of the bus. I think of the unidentified object found in Napoleon Bonaparte's boney lobe, nestled in 10 years' growth of skullen fold.

impossible impractical unbelievable alien forgotten dismissed denounced

1. The hexam heads
2. The dog in the man
3. Atlantis

MAYAANDTHEREDLINE

▀ As with all bouts on public transport I stare out of the window into the inclement middle distance, through and past the dappled matte of uncleaned windows. The bus is packed. Soporific. A flume of arid heat, most likely the bi-product of its huge diesel engine, billows out below me, warming the back of my legs. The air is clammy from the breath of so many passengers, an orgy of evaporated water, once seeded deep within their cavernous bodies. Boiled meat, A cloud forest, Spanish Moss, the dew-laden Sundew of ancient Tepuis.

▀ I Imagine, as I do, the birth of a small beam of glittering red light from the tip of my pointing finger, moving out at a consistent speed, stopping its advance at about 6 or so inches. I use it to cut pieces from the world, with this ruby hair, this scarlet filament, this laser beam. I often take core samples from granite and bus chair alike. I slip them into paper envelopes (labelled with time, date, postcode) along with small pouches of silica gel to ensure a dry inner atmosphere (they look like silk cocoons and or shark's eggs; devil's purses). There will be no mould here. No hours lost at the hands of future conservators. There will be no milky miss-diagnosis of origin or family due to patiner, oxidisation and or discoloration, "the perfect samples" The Wantant will say. They will weep in the face of this inspired foresight, tell their grandchildren, build a great basalt monument next to the Museum in Onlyin, a stone finger one mile high, from the point of which a great and straight ribbon of light will bolt skyward, stain the very heavens blood-red (on agreed days).

▀ I get bored, so I disembodiment my crimson tool and project it, hologram-like, out about 10 feet from the window of the now moving bus. I inflate it into the shimmering, crackling volume of a snow plow and or half-propeller and or a godly blade. It looks like a 3D VHS Ident, a logo for some imagined future product. Then with ease, without resistance, I slowly lower it. It enters the sullen bank that belies the motorway (they are universal, a constant, full of dead grass and new trees in straight tubes, horrid, futile; iconic, compacting the collective sadness most people feel in some strata of their lives, on some days. The uncomfortable union of warm inner car and raining grey sky. Car Sick. The same sadness that can flow in, fill you up, if you don't repair or unplug the right holes, oh the Andor of it all). As soon as the tip of this vermilion form enters the soil it throws up a huge sodden coil, like silicone pulled from the edge of the shower cubicle and or a scoop through ice cream.

▀ I stop at nothing, this power too strong, too true, its own momentum defying an end. I inflate the blade's volume to that of a reasonably sized bungalow, it glimmers and crackles like quartz, refracting its surroundings, filtering all into red. Concrete bridges slip from their foundations, like huge wet magnets, pulled earthward. All flounders in the wake of my pure and massive action. In years to come the damaged area, thought to be a dry riverbed, is declared a sculpture park and or a nature reserve (famed for its diversity of indigenous flora (one of which holds the cure for something terrible)). There is a petition, people rally, camp out, but as it is the only way forward the reserve is leveled for a new road, new bridges, new banks of grey soil, tubes, but this time ones that do not harbour trees, they were forgotten.

▀ You blink and it is the past. A Mayan girl falls to her knees, her body ravaged by the common cold, her face stinging from the heat of a fire, a fire fuelled by the burning of 2,500-years'-worth of knowledge, everyone she knows already dead. A brief mist glances her face, offering the most infinitesimal relief from the heat. She looks aloft in time to see a man, dripping in molten gold, slug down a cool refreshing brand-name beer, accompanied by a sound like a great fish dying in an inch of water and or the possessed speaking in tongues. Her gaze met with a bad smile, the ones we see on the really bad guys. You replay and misquote parts of a talk you heard on TED.com:

...culture was born of the imagination and the imagination as we know it came into being when our species descended from our progenitor homo erectus... ...enthused with consciousness that would carry it to every corner of the inhabitable world... ...evolutionary catalyst... ...the belly of the earth with tallow candles... ...proto shamanism as a way to rekindle a connection that had been irrevocably lost... ...a whole other resonance... ...ours would be a very long farewell... ...slivers of insight... ...raw adaptive imperatives... ...children... ...the mystery of death... ...the beyond... ...the elders that fall away... ...cut from the same genetic cloth... ...intellectual acuity... ...placed into technological wizardry or by contrast unravelling the complex threads of memory inherent in a myth... ...there is no progression, nor trajectory of process, there is no pyramid that conveniently places Victorian England at the apex and descends down the flanks to the so called primitives of the world, all peoples are cultural options, different visions of life itself..

THE NAVIGATORS

We pan out and start again, but now my finger is your finger and fails to produce anything remarkable from its tip.

Then it is the Iron Age and someone has kissed you and with their carmine glacé tongue, placed a small sod of iron ore in the cradle of your mouth

the unclasped limpets soul
raw and wet a rock pool of saliva sour and metallic your filings sing
warm.

A metal fork stuck into your filling. Did you feel that, a Mexican wave of knowing. You blink, a bank in Ghana spontaneously metamorphoses into a huge salt crystal, dogs lick it, a phone rings somewhere, someone else dies. You realise you will spend about 20 years asleep.

“this is my stop” I tell myself in my inner monologue. It speaks in soft wet whispers, in curls of tongue on tip of palette. Somewhere I panic and or palpitate in a small and terrible way, where am I, in this meat, in my head, where is me.

The hiss as the bus’s front left leg buckles under its weight, quickly capitalised on by a pram-wielding mother wanting out.

The stairs clack flat

booby-trapped

the slide ensues

into a tomb

any tomb

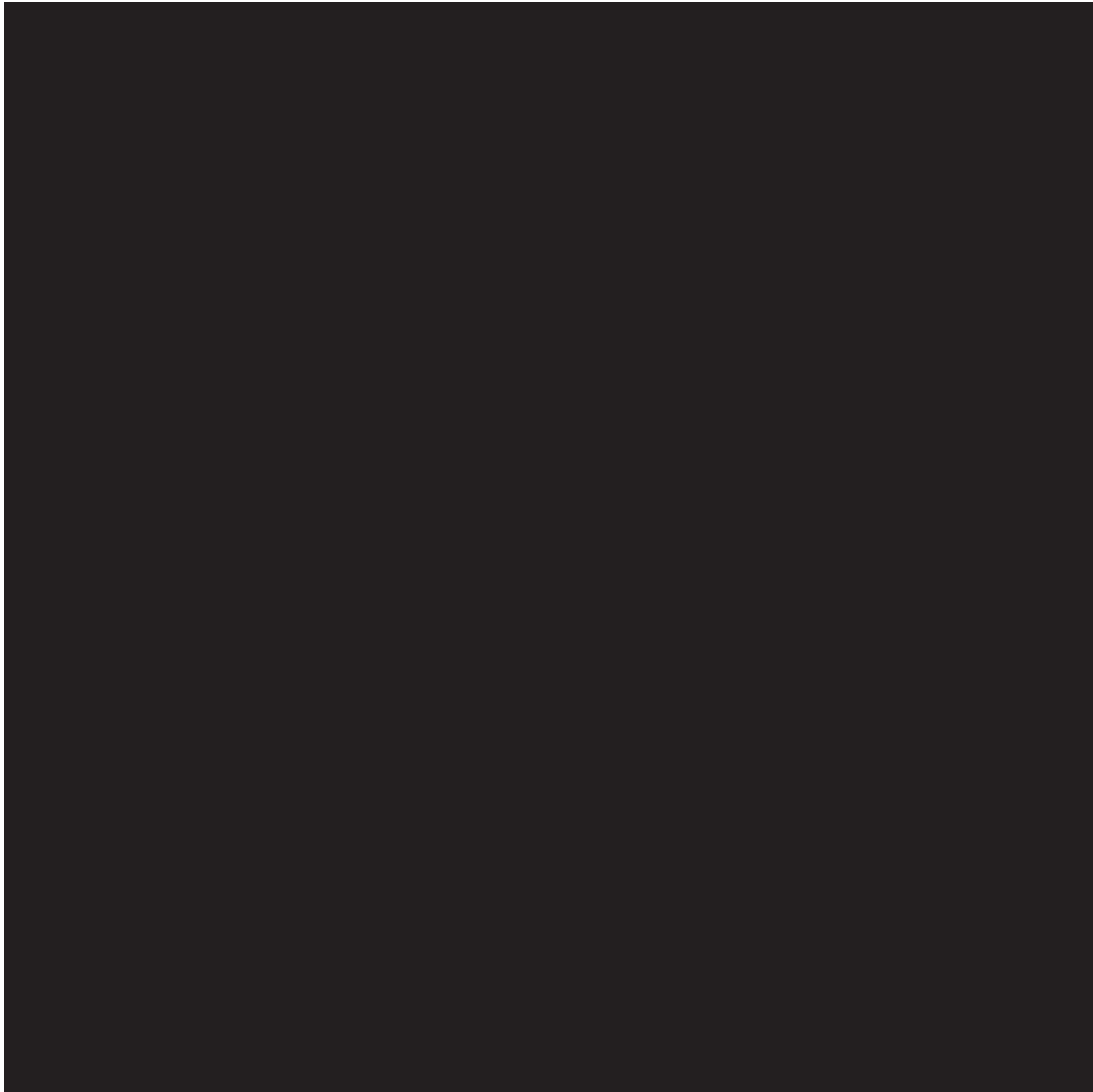
I alight

it is raining

you can smell it.



I open the sheet of copier paper I found on the plane earlier on, during the ending motion of looking out of the window into the darkness by my feet, the shadows glowing magenta, reeling from the bright sky. It reads as follows...



BLIND MIRROR

Recipe for an infinite corridor in GLOSS BLACK. An Artwork in Spam.

A note from the Author:

"If you have read this excerpt and or enjoyed it and feel suitably compelled in high insight to 'do your bit' to make things like this available to more people, please consider a donation; for donations of any material, size, weight or mass please contact benjeansboughton@gmail.com If you do not forward this Email and its content to 10 people you know nothing will happen"

THE EMAIL'S BODY

INSTRUCTIONS

A BEGINNING

- .1) You buy a cheapish picture frame from somewhere
(but with glass not Perspex)
- .2) You also buy a can of gloss black spray paint
(it need not be of the finest quality)
- .3) You spray the frame well
small coats even finish
someone would be proud

I AM PROUD OF YOU

THEN WHEN DRY 1

- 1.1) You empty the entirety of the remaining can onto the face of the
(most likely)
hardboard back provided
(making sure to remove any paper insert or image)
- .2.1) You leave it to dry
(which if you have done it right
will take a long time
(less than a year or a day))
as
(((in contrary to what an uninformed bystander may believe to be a
'Good Job')))
you really have over done it
(((which in this reality, would be
classified as a 'Good Job'))))

THEN WHEN DRY 2

- .2.1) You reassemble the frame
(the glass and black back mount now create a black mirror
with slight inflections
forms in gentle relief created by the articulation of what is
'too much' paint
something like Amazonian tributaries
ANDOR
ANDOR
clotted arteries
a wintered branch
etc

.2.2) You hang it on a wall at eye level be that when sitting or kneeling or standing

this
this black
in which you are now reflected is here and into it you should stare
when compelled

ANDOR regularly ANDOR incrementally ANDOR to a possible schedule

2.3) You hold objects against it

or a hand
or nothing
and look at them
through them

at the mirror
through the mirror
into a middle distance
outside of your understanding

WELL DONE YOU HAVE SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED YOUR BLIND MIRROR

The condition on completing the above Instruction is that to the best of your ability you at least once place the mirror accordingly so that you may see a full moon reflected in its glass and with an index finger (if unavailable to be replaced by

in this order

another finger ((not a thumb))
an arm
a limb
a penetrating gaze
a deep breath
an idea)

point at it
at its reflection
at which point
you should conjure
a guttural monotone

this will be a start
(good?)

this will help
(really?)

Of Note;

The mirror should never be a gift. Without the 'making' of it, it may cause an unpleasant and irrevocable 'Indefinable Problem ANDOR Hole' in the life of the recipient, that has no position from which it may be abated ANDOR solved ANDOR accepted ANDOR forgotten. The last will and testament of each creator should from HEREON be amended to include a clause to the affect of 'In the eventuality of my death my BLIND MIRROR should be safely and indelibly dismantled and disposed of.' The author takes no responsibility for any BLIND MIRROR made, nor any life-changing consequence of its creation. The author relinquishes all copyright of ideas created while 'In the face of a BLIND MIRROR, ANDOR in the mind of the creator of said mirror from this point until the end of known time.'

Also available from this publisher

IN Beginner/

Issue 1, invoking colours in your newly acquired BLIND MIRROR

Issue 2, invoking objects in your newly acquired BLIND MIRROR

Issue 3, invoking landscapes in your newly acquired BLIND MIRROR

Issue 4, invoking other worlds in your newly acquired BLIND MIRROR

IN Intermediate/

Issue 1, using your newly acquired BLIND MIRROR to make decisions

Issue 2, using your newly acquired BLIND MIRROR for conversation

Issue 3, using your newly acquired BLIND MIRROR to contact people

Issue 4, using your newly acquired BLIND MIRROR to make people disappear

IN Advanced/

Issue 1, Entering your BLIND MIRROR

1A, So you entered your BLIND MIRROR

Issue 2, Finding yourself after 'loosing yourself' in your BLIND MIRROR

Issue 3, Life after entering your BLIND MIRROR

Issue 4, spending time away from your BLIND MIRROR

4A, How to safely deconstruct and dispose of your BLIND MIRROR

TO CONCLUDE

At the same moment I finish reading the Email.

You trip over a megalithic stone circle that once identified predates known history by 10,000 years.

know one cares because It is Twenty Twelve

= four fives and two sixes

= thirty two

= sixty.

worse

acid

all

no

of

more

will
ANDOR

the

happy

happen

alkaline

Above

ending

A personal Note from the Author:

*I'm sorry sorry for the part of your life I stole all those moments
but at least soon you will forget this
until perhaps*

you get the bus or see The Mire or the and or of it all.