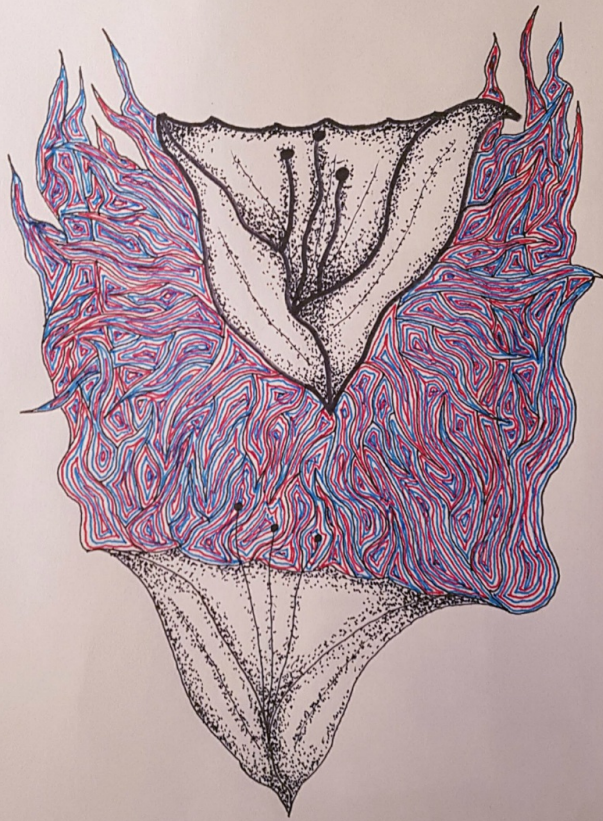


Safety Saves



Written by: Andrew Smart

1. She's running towards the explosion, cosmic rays of light shoot past her ears like wasps being shot out of a pistol. She's holding onto a small child that isn't hers. With nothing more to live for, and the end of the world less than thirty seconds away, she takes this time to get naked in the streets. She never felt more alive.

2. If we traveled back in time to that moment that this all started, we would break it all off from the start. If all parties knew what we know now, none of us would have started anything. Sitting around in circles with blindfolds on, picking up different knives and cutting people across from us. All of our blood mixing with each other's. If we only knew his blood would make us this way, turning us into creatures of the night.

3. She yells from the middle of the park for a lover that's forgotten her name. He's married with seven children and drink till he passes out watching television. She's written four poetry books and listens to 'Elvis Depressedly'. She was told by everyone in her life that she would be nothing, and yet she still wakes up smiling. She gets lonely at night and goes to their old favorite park and yells his name. She cried while doing it tonight. She misses his hands, but has no idea what he's become.

4. "Don't let go" he said to her while hanging off the forty fifth floor of a building. "Why shouldn't I?" she asked in a very snappy tone. "Because if you kill me, more will come for you." "And I'll do the same to them." She let go of the man and his body fell to the ground below, smashing like a computer sending circuit boards and wires all over the parking lot. "Another android, figures." The woman began to cry as she recalled the man screaming "I love you Princess!" before he hit the ground. She knew they had placed her fathers' brain inside the body.

5. She wants to kiss him, but doesn't yet know if he's into it or not. She feels her chest muscles twitch at the sight of him entering a room. She loves the look of her apartment but wishes to share it with someone new. Her mind is a mess, life is moving towards weird directions and she isn't sure what to do. She faints at an intersection and wakes up in a hospital thirty years later. He's there waiting with flowers. "So how about that kiss" he says.

6. Galaxy boy blasting through star systems towards a future he already knows. I want to be a part of a the secret society of time travelers. I want access to their world. I want to go forwards and backwards. The here and now is horrible, the past was amazing, and I'm sure the future is too. My VCR played

a trick on me as a child. I thought you could skip the bad parts of life, and replay the lovely ones over and over again. I'm so obsessed with movies because of this. Even to just pause would be a miracle.

7. Everything comes alive at night. Darkened by ebony shadow, the walls begin to move to my eye curvature. I walk through walls, entering room with werewolves and another filled with plants and large insects. A giant sign says exit, but I can't go backwards towards it. Small metallic balls float above my head, time slows down. The sun breaks and I'm back to a tired existence of waking life. I wish I was the size of an ant.

8. I want more than what I have. Lonely nights are going to drive me to someone I'm not ready for. I'm sick of kissing the air around my head. Her lips look like the comfort of morning tea, shared in sunlight, while wrapped in fourteen blankets, on a cold December morning. I wake up alone wondering and wandering for something more. I ease my mind at work knowing I'm making money for my future, but if it's going to be spent alone, what's the point.

9. I hate the heat. Hot, sticky, sweaty, heat. Sand grosses me out more than octopus pornography. Cacti remind me of pain and suffering. You love the desert, I'd travel with you there. We could talk about the future and know that we know we have it, but it's just not here yet. The last person to give me a hug that felt genuine in nature was you. I can still feel it on my spine. I'd kill for another.

10. A rush of joy passes over my body as I get a late night message from you. I'm sure you see it as a playful hello to some guy you've seen at a few shows. Like a overjoyed child on Christmas morning, I smile and laugh into my pillow at ten thirty at night. Then the wave hits me. I feel parts of my body that you would know with hands in an attempt to rip off pieces. I can't, I imagine it going horribly for both of us. I can imagine laying next to you, I fear laying next to anyone. Holocene by Bon Iver plays on an endless loop as I cry and go to sleep. I dream of you.

11. Who is worth living for and what defines a life partner Is everyone from your dreams real? Can you project dream people onto other people? Does it make you fall in love with the idea of a fake someone? Is emotion real? Can we say humans created emotion, just like the word itself? Does she feel dreams are bringing us closer? Are we both scared of flying? Am I dreaming? Are you dreaming?

12. The money outweighs the guilt. She'll live a better

life now. I've never killed someone with purple skin before. They don't belong here. Her father paid me twenty five thousand, in cash to take him out. She'll live a better life now, or at least that's what I'm going to keep telling myself so I can sleep tonight. His blood is still on my shirt. She'll live a better life, and I'll never eat purple jello again.

13. Her neck tasted like perfection. Like taking that first bite of extremely moist cake on your birthday. Her blood was delicious, iron rich but something was wrong. I came here for a reason. I don't like what I'm about to do, but I know it must be done. Her eyes roll back, her pale body falls like a toy doll in my arms. I hear her heart stop beating, as she coughs out her last breath. She'll turn in a few days, her cancer will be gone and I'll stay with her forever.

14. I want to travel with you. I'm in love with myself. I long for adventure. I'm trapped inside my own mind. Your smile brings millions of stars to a halt and disturbs space-time with its elegance. I imagine you with a backpack, floating towards a desert. Cactus needles become stars and we travel without gravity to a new planet. A desert planet, it's all for you. Dreams have already come true, but space-time already lets you know that.

15. His hands touching her face. Thumbs pressing hard into her cheeks, close to her ears. Their eyes are closed. The rain is soaking both of their faces. Lips locking together like the seal of an airlock, tongues caressing each other as if dancing of a live band. She presses her face into his, he loves the passion, but his mind goes scientific and knows nothing has actually touched on the atomic level. She stops kissing him, looks into his eyes and asks if he wants to go back to her place. He smiles and says "yes".

16. I'm losing sleep, dreaming of how I play out in your life and in the Fibonacci Sequence. Numbers and spirals is all that we are, life is a cycle. Twirl around on top of miracles and watch the world make sense. Begrudgingly all human life will connect one day, like social media, we are all one.

17. Fucked up. Passed out. Make up. Make out. Down the hatch. Up chuck. Fuck off. Fuck me. Count down. Dress up. Dress down. Go down. Come up. Feel down. Feel up. Slide in. Slide out. Slide down. Strap on. Strap in. Outside, or in.

18. Shes got glasses that fit her face perfectly. Her eyes colder than Christmas morning in Montreal 1997. Her smile melts the snows into pools of water. The water freezes to ice, she slips and falls on the ground. It cracks and she falls though

into the cryptic black ocean of emotion. She drowns and her tears and final screaming moments become oxygen and water, adding to the future suffering of others.

19. The box arrived today. It was made of dark stained wood. It was heavy and smooth. When she got home it was already waiting for me inside. He must have placed it there. The box was cold to touch and it made a small noise almost like yelling, but quiet. She opened the box and found a small community of pale humans living inside of it. They screamed for her to save them, she brought the box to the kitchen and turned on her kitchen tap, and drowned them all alive.

20. A crowd gathers around a small girl crying in the middle of the snow filled streets. She's speaking in a foreign language that no one understands. An old lady in a large poncho comes running to the center of the crowd and wraps the small child in a blanket. The crying stops. The old woman calls everyone bastards and runs off into a nearby forest with the child. Three weeks later the child is back in the street holding onto the old ladies decapitated head. The crowd doesn't know who to sacrifice next to the child.

21. Her hands were covered in mud and rain water. Small green plants began growing exponentially at her feet. The chemical compound she invented was working. Soon the plants began to change colour. All different shades and colours, spewing out of the ground. She noticed a small section of her skin was beginning to change colour as well. Her feet started throbbing with pain, and growing into large roots that shot into the ground. Her body contorted and ripped in half spewing branches and leaves in all directions. A rainbow coloured tree, covered in blood and human flesh, now exists there.

22. Sweat, blood, and skin. Heavy breathing. They were in bed together in a darkroom, illuminated only by a few red light bulbs. Their eyes blinked and closed for extended periods of time. The room slowly became a playground, the walls had their sweat coating them, and soon their flesh. Blood sprayed onto the ceiling. Their human skin fell to the floor and the now fly couple flew into the walls, forever trapped in the room.

23. Door ten. The red light was flashing. Something was on the other side. Within ten minutes the door would open and whatever was inside would be unleashed into the warehouse. Some of the worker locked themselves inside the offices, others were inside boxes hidden in the warehouse racking. The clock hit eleven at night. The door opened, the trailer was pitch black. A soft noise came from within and just before all of the warehouse

lights shut off, two flies the size of dogs flew out of the trailer.

24. As he stood on the seventh floor of an apartment building, inside of an apartment he just broke into, he wondered if anyone would care about what he was about to do. The old lady came home and was shocked to see a man sitting in her living room. She threatened to call the police, he told her to sit down and that she would live forever. He coughed up blood onto a small plate with a gold trim. He told her to drink it. He died as soon as she did. She'll live forever.

25. I dream alone. Nightmarish brain waves equalizing pressure on all sides of my mind. Escape is jumping over a large black abyss, I'll never make it. My tie is blowing in the wind and I can see my skin through my white dress shirt because of the rain pouring down on me. I take a leap of life. Neo help me. I fall, I wake up, I'm falling. I wake down. I dream. I start again. April thirteenth nineteen ninety four. That's when I got in the accident, that's when I entered my coma nightmare.

26. Calculated movements. He never does anything else. Premeditated emotions and planned escapes. Always knows where the exit is. His father didn't raise him correctly. He can't do anything without being anxious. All of his greatest achievements hidden from his father for lack of excitement. He wants to scream 'shut up', but his voice has choke hold.

27. She feels a bead of sweat pour off her nose and fall onto his chest below her. It gets lost in the movement. Twelve candles surround the room, making it even hotter, and harder to catch oxygen. Afterwards they go outside in long johns and both wearing local band t-shirts. He lights up two cigarettes and passes one to her. They talk for two hours and she leaves. He's in love with her, but she has an hourly charge. She's in love with him, but afraid he wont return the emotion. They're trapped forever to be alone.

28. Simply put, I want to kiss you. I want to hold you while we lay in bed together on rainy Friday morning. I want to have coffee with you in the morning at a small kitchen table meant only for two people. Simply put, you died too young.

29. The year is 3047. Vampires have taken over the technological evolution on Earth and Mars. In 2054 at the start of the singularity, robots and androids alike helped us get to Mars. There, the human body contracted a blood disease that is similar to vampirism. Upon arrival back on Earth it spread like black death. Now the vampires hold all the tech. All tech is vampires, attached to the biological center of all androids. I

don't want to turn.

30. It's all melting away. The colour is draining out and running onto the floor. Which way is down? I'm falling upwards, gravity is melting. Atoms in my feet are screaming for stability and ground. They melt under the pressure of heat. I want to find comfort but my house is a puddle of colours. Nothing matters in a black hole. I don't even remember my name, but I can see it on my body before me. Send help, everything is melting away.

31. His high beams blind me from behind. He thinks he's being playful and funny. He's trying to pass me on a two lane street, but I won't let him. I keep speeding up to match him, forcing him to get behind me again. The light burns my eyes. Must be th UV headlights. I hope he gets red in the face angry, so when I bite his neck later it pops like a cherry tomato.

32. Jump into realms filled with dark skeleton creatures. Tell me that you're into vampire lust. Put on a helmet and fly through my astral projections of what our life could be like. Dance with me on foreign planets, we can hop right back through a wormhole. Ending the night will be beautiful, time will last forever. We can see our whole lives in one moment. As we approach the black hole, I tell you I'll love you forever. You've already seen it to be true, so you smile.

33. Fragments of past passengers still haunt his life path. Victims of release from life. Half hanging out of windows of cars at two in the morning. Hoping no one knows they puked a mile back and coated the side of the car. There's a woman driving, you've never met her. You feel safe enough so you close your eyes and pass out. Blackness. You open your eyes to a woman giving you oral. Blackness. You wake up in a coffin underground, and you can feel liquid slowly rising beside you as it touches and then fills your ears. Blackness.

34. Woke up today with a cut on my left arm. Not sure when or how it got there. Later that night I began itching furiously inside that cut. My entire vision spectrum went red, my nails grew one or two inches and I began to scratch my arm until it was hollowed out. I lay in my basement in a pool of my own blood. My parents will find me in the morning, I hope they bury me in my favorite hockey jersey.

35. As you walk the planet. I kiss the cold air. I hope your cheek becomes warm, and your lips turn to flower petals in sunlight. Your eyes close from passion and your knees begin to quake. Day dreams are dangerous, I've created thousands of parallel universes with us in them together, but I still know how any of them end.

36. She stared deep into his eyes. The pallet of blue shades in their eyes clashed like ocean waves where no one has ever swam. Her smile was as white as sea foam slamming on sand filled beaches. She was feeling good today, and wanted to say something to him, but she was stuck within a small commitment. She knew tides would never be calm if their eyes were to meet while laying naked together on a mattress.

37. Inventing new ways to write words. Who can even begin to know what a thought is? My daydreams are all filled with black and white visuals of femme fatales smoking cigarettes that smell like daffodils. She's pointing a gun at a man in an alleyway. He says he never touched her sister, but she's seen the bruises and knows he's lying. She takes three shots at the man and leaves him laying in a pool of his own blood. Smoke escaping from his wounds, as his blood mixes with small pools of oil and rain water. The last thing he sees is her silhouette in front of a street lamp, standing above him surrounded by a cloud of smoke.

38. Before she could grab her dog, he was taken from her. Anti animal police raided her building. Sending thousands of pets out into the snow world to die from freezing to death. She ran after them and managed to grab one of their guns. She used it to back her way outside. Once outside they slammed the steel door shut, she was all alone in the frozen outside world. Within minutes she blacked out. When she awoke, hundreds of animals had formed an igloo like sculpture around her body killing themselves and saving her life.

39. I had a vision at my birthday dinner. I was in my forties, in a diner somewhere that was covered in rain water. My coffee tasted like a movie, and you were allowed to smoke indoors. The waitress calls me pumpkin and it reminds me of what my mother used to call me. Annie wasn't my mother though, not even close. I waited till four in the morning when her shift was done, and she came back to my place. We made love all night long. The vision ends, I'm twenty five, sitting alone in a diner drinking coffee. Just a couple of decades I suppose.

40. She blinks and it causes hurricanes. Path of the goddess you feel it. Minute amounts of time as rain flows through troffs, spilling into grounds you sleep and walk on. You bathe in mud and grass and wait for her eyes to settle. A dust storm is coming, get ready to drown.

41. The walls aren't moving but the lights are still brighter than the suns core. Drugs I am not even on can hold my mind in a reality that my body isn't on. Jumping through hoops

of green fire. The blue of my eyes is burned to purple, and as they flutter with dying butterfly wing lashes, my eyes become white and I see nothing but black.

42. Galaxies spun in her eyes as total strangers passed her by. Everyone passing assumed she was on drugs. In her minds eye, she had achieved nirvana. Total astral mind warp, a calm place for meditation and deep thought. She stayed there for a while. She came flying back to reality when she heard the sound of skin ripping and felt her stomach become warm. It felt like honey was pouring down to her vagina. She opened her glowing green eyes to see a crack addict standing above her screaming "Give me your money, bitch!"

43. She call him on a Friday night saying her boyfriend is out of town. He's hated the guy he's about to become in the past, but he goes over to her house anyway. After a couple of bottles of wine and conversation about what they plan to do with their future, the girl asks "are we going to fuck or what?" He goes over to her, grabbing her face and kissing her hard. Devouring her body from head to toe. He leaves her alone in a candle lit room with melted wax on the blankets. He doesn't know the boyfriend was watching from the closet, he's into that sort of thing.

44. The badlands where small children go. The footsteps on pavement, grass, mud, water, rock, the dead leaves just past the frog corpses. The entrance was like a horror film. Tree houses of ghost filled to the left half of the forest. Houses and lights in the distance remind you safety and comfort. But you're not safe, cover your blue eyes, turn, run. Ankle breaks on a wet rock in the stream. Down the stream, the water flows red and the leg of a small child is found Monday morning.

45. The lack of coffee in my blood is pulling my face downward. My general mood today will reflect my lack of caffeine consumption this morning. How silly it is to rely on something so trivial. Coffee wont make it past the apocalypse. Water might not even make it, the life blood of the human mind. I feel the small mind insects, biting, at my neuron receptors. It's seven in the morning and I'd just like to say you're welcome to the future me, for making it through this day.

46. The wind howls her name through my window at eleven at night. The tree moves like her body, afraid and cold, rigid and stiff. Her skin was rough like tree bark, from years of abuse both self inflicted and other worldly. She used to share this apartment with me, now all that's left is her smell, clinging to fabrics that draped her body. So rigid and cold she was, on dark October nights.

47. Eliminate what's left of yourself, burn the books and tear the clothing off your body. Follow the dusty path to the end, jump. Fall into the black water and drown. Your lungs fill with stomach acid from a shark. It's pitch black. You wake up gasping for air with a mouthful of vomit. Sleep apnea nightmares will lead to homelessness.

48. He's got the money for milk, and the bedsheets made of silk. So the golden haired goddess that lays in his bed, thought he was rich, now she's just dead.

49. Skeletons dancing in the wind like flowers in a hurricane. Snapping and falling like soldiers, I can't watch you fall again, the wind picks up and takes you. I'm too afraid to follow, goodnight.

50. Her hair shines in moonlight, like black silk resting on a statues shoulders. She sits in her chair in front of a television showing nothing but static. Pure beautiful white noise. She says you can see the hidden meaning of the universe inside of it. I didn't think she was normal when I feel in love with her. I watched her crawl into the television. I'll smash every screen I see.

51. Scores and sores on flesh and blood. Bones broken under a thin layer of human organ cells, dancing around in a warm liquid within your body. Children can be birthed from ear canals. We just haven't evolved to that stage yet.

52. Moonlight dances and escapes the sky by attacking the pupils of blue eyes. My blue eyes bulge and fill with salt water. The empty vast winter turns blood red. Everyone knows I'm falling into my own mind, but everyones tongues are still.

53. Falling through your eyes, the wicked monsters from last night haunt my mind. You've been reading for hours while drinking what appears to be a bottomless cup of coffee. You don't smoke, I find that beautiful, but fear how you handle demons. I'm going to leave you alone so as not to disturb your reading, or your life.

54. Someone is standing there, just behind the alley dumpster. I can see them clearly, I wonder if I'll get mugged. The moon is full tonight and I can smell the sewer in the air. His white hair and long coat shimmer in the moonlight. He told me to meet him here. He said he'd make me his vampire bride.

55. Through the speakers a woman from Taiwan screams lyrics I'll never understand. It echos though out my office. Her sharp

words and characters screaming off her teeth. Shattering on the walls around me. She is beautiful, and I hope I never hit the pause button.

56. USS: Universal Shared Sadness. Around the globe each person is connected via a deeper wavelength. You experience happiness based off your own personal interactions with people and things around you. Your sadness emotion comes from other people. This explains why you have sad days and happy days. If you're ever having a sad day, just know someone else isn't because you've taking in the sadness for them.

57. Spit in the face of loved ones. Tear your warmth and comfort to shreds. Drink booze every single night. Fear what tomorrow will bring. Never sleep because of what you know. The end of the cycle soon to pass. You won't feel good today. You can't afford sick days. You're right where they want you.

58. A few have noticed my sadness, while we remain silent the watcher grows near. His cloak black as the night sky. Screams are heard in the distance, he found someone. I fear ill be dead soon.

59. She cries out for anyone listening. Tears fall down her face as she is caught inside of a moment in time. This small moment will forever envelope her entire existence. It's the way life is, there is no happiness for her, only sorrow. No tomorrow, she is lost.

60. She stood still watching the crows and vultures pick meat off the scarecrows in the field. She smiled and laughed at the satisfaction of knowing her rapist hung beautifully in her field, rotting like the swine he was. Clothing from all the others lay at the feet of the cross towering twelve feet above the field. His friends would be coming by soon and she had to go sharpen her knives.

61. I had never eaten a live animal before. Octopus seemed like a weird place to start. My father never liked me when he was alive. He was always disappointed that I couldn't kill animals with a gun. He decided that tonight my manhood would blossom. He pointed a rifle at my head and screamed "Eat!" I was surrounded by twelve Japanese men in business suits, I'll never forget how they smiled as the octopus slid down my throat.

62. Gravity stopped working about three months ago. It's not weak enough to pull us into space, but not strong enough to pull us down. Most people in major cities were thrown into the sky. The lifeless bodies of the people floating in front of clouds looks like flies on a window. My family, and by that I

mean me and my cat, are still inside our apartment. I'm too scared to go outside, but we're running out of food.

63. Her heart stopped today. I knew it was coming, we all knew it was coming. Our queen, our lord, our master. She would have turned one thousand and one next week. Now we will never know what its like to live past one thousand, for at least another six hundred years. The next person in line to be queen is Bruce.

64. Pathways cross, eyes connect. I wonder if you read poetry. I'd share mine with you, so you could know me deeper than anyone ever has. You wouldn't see my body naked but my mind instead. Nude and scared, awaiting your reply. You read about sound you'll never know. It makes you cry, I burn the poem, I never meant to hurt anyone.

65. She talked with her lover about cannibalism and the occult. She said she wanted to join a witch coven. Er lover didn't like the idea of dark magic, so she moved out of their small one bedroom apartment and back into her parents house, overlooking the beach. Years later she wondered why no one ever loved her, and if she would die alone. She didn't know that she had a hex on her soul, darkening it to a loveless core. To be destined to a life alone.

66. I recall making love, slowly to a half Asian woman. To this day her breasts are the most beautiful I've ever known. I can recall nights of passion and also nights of pain. She took me on a wild ride of emotions through the years, and now she's an after thought. Someone you barely know, yet I know her so well. Life is weird, this is a shit story.

67. Plagued by visions of black holes featuring creatures limbs crawling out of the ether. Scraping on walls ruining wallpaper thats been up in your living room since nineteen ninety six. You recall writing poems about wanting to die. You're glad that you stuck around. Lesson learned. Never get attached. Sleeping naked beside someone doesn't mean you're bound at the soul, in fact, it means nothing at all. It's shared moments and almost finished cigarettes, on cold winter nights at bus stops.

68. Skinny white girl with short black hair at shoulder length. She's in a bathtub, washing her legs. Light pink nipples on small breasts. Shes too real for candles. She has pain in her light blue eyes. Black nail polish remains in chips on her nails. She can't wait for her lover to come home with wine and that French bread from the bakery down the street. She is

content with life and she knows her body is a piece of art.

69. A candle flame blows in an open window on a crisp November night. He writes poems in the dark so his atmosphere matches his mindset. He writes to a woman named Diane. He isn't sure if she'll ever read his work or not, but he feels it's worth it anyway. A swift rush of chilled air enters the room, blowing out the candle. A figure in a black robe appears, faceless. He explains that Diane is dead, but he'll forget that in a moment.

70. I can't wait to write another poem or short story about the perfect woman. I find the stories more desirable than the real because manic panic made manic pixie dream girls real. Every indie movie lover has coloured hair. I want to find one. I want to create one. I want to write one. I don't know where I'll find her, whoever she is. I know I'll make a movie about her someday. It might be a movie made on film, or maybe in my mind, but it's going to happen.

71. They walk along a path made of grass and yellow flowers. They know it's not their property to walk on but the winter is approaching and they need to kill again so they'll have a place to stay. They spot a couple in a small house on the outskirts of the city. They've been trying to have children but she is broken inside, her organs don't work. They devour the flesh and stay warm for the winter. Their eyes glow red as they look out the window at a winter scene from a children's book.

72. He's crying as he gets a call from his father. They haven't spoken in a while. He took off traveling the world and never said goodbye to his father. He's in a small coffin hotel, it's three in the morning. His father tells him that it's okay he never said goodbye. He's scared to say a single word, so he lets his father talk. A whimper escapes his mouth, and his father screams and the line goes dead. His father has been dead for twenty five years. He's not sleeping at all tonight.

73. My days are made when she's near. Sitting at the cafe awaiting her arrival. She doesn't even know my name, but she sits with purpose, and intent. A life worth living is something she's about. I will leave her alone forever. She's going places. I'll still be here.

74. Suddenly a black hole opens up. His entire book collection is eaten and turned into spaghetti. He forgets the titles of most of the books in his collection. He wallows in sadness for his empty void of a space. He never read all of the books and now he never will. "Time doesn't exist and I wonder why I'm even alive." Were his last thoughts before he himself became a string of spaghetti, and wiggled into nothingness.

75. Back breaks as old age rises closer to death. It crawls it's way through pale pastel colours painted on hospital walls. Hidden within stock pictures in the hallways. Nightmarish landscapes of flower fields growing on top of corpses buried below the soil. Gravestones mark who a person was but the wires of a brain will forever hold moments in time. The human brain has film grain so our memories look old. I want to keep them forever.

76. Her forehead was dripping with sweat. She knew what she had to do as the voices over the overseer's radio blared through the streets. She could only make out "CODE C415". Which meant missing person. Steel bars banged in the distance, fire shot through smoke stacks. She was going to escape the city tonight, even if she was only playing a virtual reality simulation.

77. Can't even begin to imagine, a world without sound. But that's how things will be for you in the future. Sound is illegal, and using CRISPR, scientists have removed sound as a sense. Cherish your favorite song, the way your lover laughs, the sound of leaves rustling in autumn, because they will all soon be gone.

78. When the bodies are frozen, it's the hardest to feel emotional attachment. They don't feel real. They feel like when I was a child, playing with dolls. I would make them wear the same dresses as me, and let them have some tea. My father loved me so much when I would dress up for dinner. The worst memory I have is him cutting off my penis on my thirtieth birthday. The pain was too much but now I can be daddy's little girl for real. Together we'll take all the bodies out of the lake and play with them. We're going to mix and match the parts and make a new mommy.

79. We lay in the grassy field together for hours. Just like a movie scene we didn't know how we got there. It was just a magical scene where we could shoot cute lines at each other and laugh over coffee. She said she wished each day of her life was this great. His smile faded and clouds so black you couldn't see if it was the night sky began forming overhead. He drove her home and it began to rain on his way back his apartment. He drove his car off bridge twenty three so his depression wouldn't hold her back from having each day be like today.

80. She wants to dance at the wedding but fears not being able to. She fears falling over on the dance floor and having everyone laugh at her. There isn't a wedding with human bodies. This is a wedding simulation. She'll be alone in her living room with a big glass of brown water. She wonders why virtual reality

is so much better than real life. Then she remembers how ugly she is, and that food is something she hasn't had in weeks.

81. She's deaf. She doesn't want to complicate or annoy his life by adding things to his daily routine, he seems happy enough with life. What she doesn't know is that he's looking for love, and he already watches all of his movies with subtitles on. They will never have a conversation of any kind.

82. I remember you telling me your brother died of lung cancer when you were one year old. It seemed like nothing at the time, but I'll have you know that each drag I take off each horrible cigarette I hold, your beautiful blue eyes flash into my mind. I replay summer days in your backyard spent jumping on trampolines. I wonder if you're still alive, or if you died in Iraq. I wish we could go for a coffee and catch up.

83. She's from a world of wings and breathing clouds. She knows what it's like to move through a cloud and feel it's sticky moisture all over your body, once you make it through and are chilled by the clear air in night skies. She can't believe that he doesn't have wings. In this day and age, that's unheard of.

84. I can recall a time before the flood. Green grass blowing like an old woman's hair in a hurricane. The small annoying pugs that flew around you while you sat around a campfire roasting marshmallows. All of that is gone now, and so are my legs. Rotted away like wooden homes people used to occupy, flowing down stream like the dead animals we used to love. I'm drowning for sure tomorrow. I can't move my arms for much longer. I just want to see one more sunset.

85. There was a fire burning. Not one that you roast marshmallows on and sing songs around while you pretend for a weekend that your life isn't horrible. This fire was on I started in the forest behind my house. My friend had an older brother who had a tree fort in that forest. Key word being 'had'. I burned it down after at the age of eight years old he made me snort cocaine. I hung off the back of an ice cream truck while it sped down the street. I broke my arm falling off, I used the other arm to light the matches.

86. He's banging on the door again. Second time this week. He doesn't belong here, and I'm not letting him inside my house. He doesn't have permission to be here, and I'm not ready to be turned yet.