

CULT I STHEOREM I ST



A COMPENDIUM OF 2K EXPERIMENTAL CONTENT

&

THEORI UNTO THE KULT

via

INSTALLMENTS

AUTHORED BY

T. F. P VALLANCE



– Ist Künstlerroman –
Ist Disciple

ACID CEREMONY

AS PART OF THE 2K EXPERIMENT

&

FIRST INSTALLMENT

OF

CULT I STHEOREM I ST

BY

T. F. P VALLANCE

CONTENTS

FEER AND THE META PUNK + OTHERS

MAINLAND/JAPAN

STAR INVERTED

GEOMETRIC FORM SIGNAL

PSYCO TRAVELLER

Fear and the Meta Punk
+ Others

Note:

The following events take place around an abandoned, yet surviving homestead situated on the edge of the desert. For the purposes of this story, I take the role of the Meta Punk - a social experimentalist with the strength and determination of the punk...

Custom Punks/Fear + Meta

El Keeno sits upright

Where is the Vampire? He's like a ghost, and when he gets tired, he turns into a skeleton

Freaky J is about with I-don't-know-how-many D's

Things disintegrate

How rude - but it will continue

I'd like to think that it's more of an outsider point of view, and though, a D makes his presence known -

"A witchmother lives nearby, I have something for her, and I hope she has something in return"

The rest of the D's toss a coin

The Nameless Dream ghost sleeps in the afternoon sun - I don't know its gender, but it stands at least a paddock tall. The Nameless Dream ghost's limbs are slender-long and it's sometimes like nothing

Something occurred to Fear, though, he could not find the words

El Keeno, now on his feet, stands adjacent to the corner of the structure that they came across -

It's an installation of our souls - a demonstration that's open to collaboration

I just want to stomp on my phone

I have once before

The usefulness of things vs. their use, or quality thereof

I doubt my house has a brain; or an awareness of itself - but maybe a self - and is this my home? Is this my house? It is my cave - I leave a notice at the door, an installation

El Keeno's brain bristles

"The heart is a living organ,
Does the soul reside within?"

Freaky J waits for a D to reply

El Keeno heels a grasshopper and helps it on its way

Fear is a Meta Punk - a Heart Throb and a Heart Sob

Deadly apparitions - I need to get the mail

"This desert, endless sprawl," he said,
"Here comes a traveller"

From the dunes in the west rolled a man in a Zorb - it must have been air conditioned, and it seemed to be made of opaque solar panels

The man did not even stop, he continued along the dirt track into the thickets of shrub and rocky outcrops. In continuing he would meet thicker bush and the vein-like finger-endings of a river

"What an oddball," said Freaky J

"The Nameless Dream ghost will dance tonight," said Fear, as it got to its feet,
"It has been a hot day - it drinks from the river"

El Keeno played a card game with 2 of the D's - it involved 3 dice and a narrative, and it seemed you were playing whether you sat at the table or not

Freaky J rolled one

A tall man appeared from inside, walked the length of the verandah and lit a cigarette

A storm was blowing in, though it would probably pass overhead before breaking

I might, be alive - someone hits a switch and music begins again - guilty of glamourised steel and pieces of plastic; both unique textures - splurge and endeavor, sitting on some kind of box - its contents unknown and probably accessible, more now - or, more later - either way - all together, incoherence and re-integration - powerful confusion, delusion and a serious obtrusion - considering all sorts and undoubtedly bruising - prophet tears fall from a prophet eye - we were pulled into a cyclone, a hurricane, only to be spat out the other side

Beautiful O

I do not wish to personify. A cold draught brushed up against me from the unheated hallway. With the door closed I was warm soon again

On the roof, outstretched arms - of course, it's been done. So many times - so many again - obtrusion, delusion and bruising - of course!

Removing hair from my clothing and the drama from the drag - ego is on your lips as I wait for the next train to pass by - there are no tracks, and so the train passes and moves into the desert without the ability to steer. Dust flies, flies - I brush my face and them away

Still the train passes - it is long

3 D's chase alongside and jump aboard - and then 2 more and I avert my eyes - and still the train passes and the dust on the rise

The card game is disturbed and Freaky J flips the table. One D does not take it well, throwing a fist towards Freaky J, who does not delay in stepping out of the way

And the second half of the train - with no steel tracks to obey - twists onto its side and quickly begins to slide

The homestead is now wooden and fragile-rattling beside this fast-escalating train wreck

O arrives

The train disintegrates to dust and drifts into the desert, drowned amongst the endless dunes

"I've come from the sky" said O, and with her hands she pulls the sun down to the horizon and induces sunset

The Nameless Dream ghost returns and sits cross-legged, casting a shadow over half the homestead

Fear and I start another card game which is soon taken over by a few D's

A fire is started, and a feast has begun

In the Moments before Creating a Vacuum

A conspiring cackle of glee denotes the evening's beginnings are well underway

The room behind the one that's mirror-walled is not open to guests as the windows are being fixed. Tools can be heard

Fear feels it necessary to observe and overlook, so I leave him in search of El Keeno

I find him in the palm of the Nameless Dream ghost, singing a song that doesn't make any sense to me. Freaky J stands sidelined with two or three D's rhythmic on drums - they play in harmony - a rattle-jangled rhythm built upon dust, and even my presence is caught in and amongst - two caravans arrive - the first, orange and green, the second is golden and dark

I relocate to the verandah to get a better view

The second opens doors first, and a man steps down - he wears long-flared denim with high-heeled boots, a cobra snakes across his brow and the extremities of his features glisten-sweat a luminescence

Fear is a Gentle Punk

If I am awake while you sleep,
Am I able to enter your dreams?

Is it necessary that I type? On devices – Sad Man and Pseudo Nymph make some punch – Sad Man and Tough Man cruise a bunch. They forgot their lunch, so instead rely on others' generosity –

"Why do they insist on seeing it so weirdly?" said Freaky J, "so scattered and without cause, catching curve-balls, walking through vandalized halls, down, valley-like and bored"

I stood by the fire

"This song is called devil," said El Keeno,
"The next one is called Death"

"Get real," said Freaky J

A chief with a past – we paint marks across our foreheads in the style of a picket fence – a wave rises up and the captain says you better shred it – a group of D's start a trail of fires, which the Nameless Dream ghost extinguishes with a giant foot; before they get out of control

A Disk Jockey dreams behind Disk Jockey decks while Mona Lisa's cronies take photos with photo-flash! I am a sad dandy – mood scaping – and long-legged camels walk in lines towards dunes and the horizon

It is a counterculture of culture-counters tallying fads and ticking off at their fade

Sigmund's son

"I've witnessed many a man spent too much time in the sun" said Fear; back now from construction, lightly coated in dust.

"Have some bread" I said, handing him a handful

"Have you seen O?"

The Nameless Dream ghost joined the dance-floor, moving its feet ever so slightly so as to not crush anyone – it towered above the others; moving together in time

"This is a mental re-adaption to the tension that allows us to sustain states – the friction that holds us here – the pressure that tails us," said El Keeno, as he took fire in his palms and began a twist-contortion dance, "gauge the nature and purpose of your inertia"

"I propose there is a purpose!" said Freaky J – throwing a sizeable tree stump into the fire – showering all in the vicinity with sparks, "I propose the purpose is of prophets – prophets, and philosophical pranksters, pioneers and the prejudiced" – a D takes over the DJ decks, there's another dance-floor in the kitchen

Just a Way to Split it – Love is Holy, Love's a Funny Beat

Fear does a queer dance – El Keeno sips some water, sips a beer, slips a bit, hits a funny beat and bounces right out of the room – a couch is taken outside – probably from the streets

Freaky J takes a marker and writes "going up" on the kitchen wall – he writes "smile" on the bathroom door

The streets are full of truth – they are tragic like the dust thrown up by any moving wheel, and like the dust they will again settle – the streets are full of teeth like dust

"Is philosophy just some made up party?" said Fear in my ear as I passed him in the hall

"What is this delirium?" cried Freaky J before leaping over the fire

El Keeno shaves a D's head until it is bald like an egg; a set of twins wearing ponchos danced in circles with joined arms while waving to all surrounding with their free hands – their faces animate and some called them free spirits

Am I an Animal or an Artist?

We urge to turn lights on and the hard-wood floors creak – the sun will rise soon – I find a place to sleep-out the morning cool

Upon Waking – Though Not Necessary; Something We Do – Acting in a Way that is Detrimental to Health

"You need to pack your things" said Fear, as I woke to the late-morning sun burning my sleep-deprived body

Quality

Those who write poetry alone are seemingly lost

Quantity

It is a commonly accepted idea to grow old and prosper - to prosper you must have disregard - and it is only through acting out this disregard that you can gauge its effectiveness - it is a challenge to act out this rebellion without losing perspective of its motives, as the motives require you to question and act simultaneously while also retaining a sense of harmony

Quality

Moth leaves the room, perhaps the same from the kitchen - dancing against the walls to another place, down corridors - slowly reaching destinations/places to be and then to another

The Nameless Dream

Delirium induced through depressive states - for the sake of art, to transcend - endless dreaming, without naming - anarchy is self-debilitating and a reaction to boundaries that constrict, anarchy seeks chaos; only for the sake of more
Or it can be a place that extends; an expanse - home of the Nameless Dream Ghost - or it can be a sensation, or feeling of comprehension - a place unable to be perceived whilst consisting wholly of the act of perception

Horizon/s

An image of endless sprawl of sunset colours melting and merging into a daze-state haze - one image would not suffice - a series of screens, gushed black and drip-smeared peach/tropical mist forming clouds and longing ache that fades to a pale yellow and then wishes itself to orange with red sun span - it all stretches and waves from below rise and become the surface

Continuances

Of times when I have used my mind in its entirety or as close to as I can fathom - of when things feel complete, or as close to as I can allow myself - of the moments that brought me here

Feeling real when the sadness is heavy enough to keep me on the ground - the rest is all floating and diving to the next to see the next and then to another

Moth passes between D's and Fear, resting against the wall and bumping a D only slightly and with apology

Horizon/s

Sun fades and I wake and I cannot tell if it is day or night - the sun is not up, I fall back to sleep

Continuously

I wake to Fear rummaging through boxes and bags on the other side of the room, which I see for the first time now, poorly lit, dusty - continuously, I drift to a place where I can sleep, to a place where I can see

Horizon/s

Sun lit faces turn heads towards the horizon/s, the horizon/s turn and fold, envelope themselves and extend to the next

The Nameless Dream Ghost scoops me into its palm

Fear is in its other hand and we meet eyes

Freaky J runs amongst the Nameless Dream Ghost's legs with at least five D's

El Keeno sits to the side, atop a fallen tree

The music and disintegration continue and the Nameless Dream Ghost moves itself in time, through time and of

"We used to talk about if everything was right; the way we spend our time, it's hard to believe."

- Jeremy Enigk

THE STORY OF TWO PEOPLE; RELEASED INTO THE WILD (THEY WERE FREE FOR A MOMENT)

'I am just so fucking happy.'

'How happy?'

'Like the kind that makes you dream the dreams that you never forget.'

'Me too.'

The fire burns too strongly too quickly, and a pile of coals grows; substance that you can't put a finger on, and not because of its heat. A moon comes from nowhere. It truly does, discussion earlier in the night concluded that it wouldn't show its face, but it defies all beliefs- just like she could.

They slept on a bed of warmth; an accumulation of every want and desire. This sort of thing never dies.

'Do you believe in God?'

'Does God believe in me?'

'I don't know...'

'Well, neither do I.'

The first morning had come, along with a realization so stark- no morning ahead of them would be spent somewhere of any unease. He smiled till his lips cracked, tearing slightly, showing the blue vacuum swirling inside. She kissed the smile, turning it into something vastly different; something utterly wonderful. It was the middle of summer and snow drifted from the sky, falling in neat piles- freshly raked. It would glow a menacing red briefly, then subside to what some would say is nothing, though it never really left.

Here's where I break down:

FUCK. 'What the fuck am I doing?'- The question that is constantly in my head. You're only in the preface, and already I'm losing it. How can anyone ever utter the words 'bright future'? They don't make sense...

Chapter 1: 'Stuck In My Peripheral'

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'Will you write me a story one day?'

'I already have.'

'Where is it then? Can I have it?'

'It is just waiting for the right moment to reveal itself, when it will truly turn your world upside-down. What good is a story if it doesn't either re-create you or destroy you?'

'Would you want either of those of me though?'

No, you're right... I guess the damage is already done. That or you'll stay perfectly the same- if that is what is meant to happen.'

'I'm quite sure it is.'

He nodded in agreeance, though his mind was far off. She lay close, and he felt alive, as though they should climb higher than gravity allowed. They did the closest thing; they headed north, right there and then, on a whim.

Mountains to the left, desert to the right, their lives behind, and everything ahead.

Paper is a wonderful thing my dear. Ever looked at it closely? Wait until it is dark, and find a torch. Lay it flat so the light barely escapes across the page, so every fluctuation of form is highlighted, every grain of its previous state shows out. That is how every piece should be seen; it deserves it, I assure you.

Everything- encompasses all; nothing is left behind. Though, something usually is, it's in our nature. Would you give anything for everything? Or everything for anything?

DECIDE NOW. WE ALL

HAVE TO

SOMEDAY.

Chapter 2: 'Everything for Anything (Presuming 'Anything' Is Determined At the Time).

"Take your shoes and paint them yellow, or merely imagine? It makes some days ever so sunny." –
Man made from laughter.

They left everything. Family, comforts, pains, and the world
that was only really concerned with 'putting a stop to this
kind of thing.'

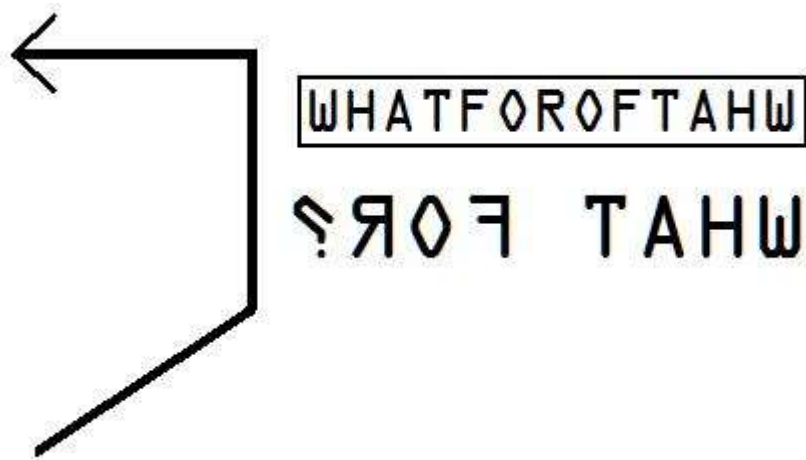
So they left it all?

All except one another.

The ability to find another world in one another was their
anything.

It was As if ten
thousaNd years were lifted
from their wearY shoulders.
T
Hey headed for
someplace dIstant.
N
ot fully knowing
how it would end. G
ood thing they didn't,
it made it worthwhile.

He played every song she loved, mixed to one. She sang as though she had written the words. She had read them often enough- they scrawled from his forearms, up to his shoulders, and across his chest; an ancient prophecy.



'Where shall we sleep tonight?'

'Why, tangled amongst one another of coarse/course.'

While he drives aimlessly- though for an aim of driving aimlessly- she realises something. She can no longer dream. She has found something that is so perfectly of a dream, that she is unable to want anymore. With this thought she sleeps, and dreams of things unable to be comprehended- it is all that is left that she may desire. And because they are so foreign, she doesn't even know if she can possibly desire them.

He pulls over onto a beach and they float.

THEY DRIFT
SLOWLY APART
UNTIL THEY
ARE IN
OPPOSITE OCEANS.
THEY CIRCLE
THE WORLD
UNTIL THEY
MEET ONCE
AGAIN.

Then they
light a fire that
burns cold.

Quite a talent she had. She ranked it 17th on her all time greatest talents. He used the list to make a paper hat, and they gave it to a man who was getting burnt by the sun that was unnecessarily harsh at times. It could often bring about some uncomfot.

She could not get rid of the fact that she had already found what life should be. It gnawed at the depths of her mind, and planted seeds of doubt.

Chapter 3: You Left The People And The People Left You Out.

They invaded a town; burst through its unguarded gates, tore strips from the non-existent soldiers. They made it their own-well enough to be able to replenish supplies.

'Hi, could I just get these things?'

A sound erupted from the cashier that was so piercing that they nearly passed out. The cashier looked at them, puzzled by their reaction to his kind words.

Another screech and they ran from the store, leaving the supplies scattered where they were dropped.

13-5-09

Chapter 4: When Nothing Is Harder Than To Face It.

“This chapter no longer exists.”

Chapter 5: Once The Silver Lining Has Worn Through.

Things are always as they seem. We just let our imaginations instill some sort of divinity upon ordinary things. It is then that we are let down, and blame all sorts of things for our own misconceptions- though rarely ourselves.

Chapter 6: Well I Don't Know, But I'm More Inclined to Think So Now.

"Joyous for a second, let a wave take you under."

That's what he spoke to her.

She replied with a glance of confusion, and then continued on the road. They had moved an immeasurable distance and had no need to measure; they had nowhere in mind.

'Where to next?'

'Here.'

They pulled into the next drive they saw- a windy track that led towards a clearing of the trees. They kept following the trail, and it eventually led to a cliff.

On foot, they traced the sheer face; one that had been untouched prior, and if they were quiet, would remain so to everyone else. A towering spire rose from an outcrop ahead. They ran to it and circled its base, like a dance of tribal worth. It crumbled to the floor, like a child's block stature, and they built it back up, higher than before.

Run up the staircase, spiraling uncontrollably/spinning out of control.

Scream from the lookout- this is, this is.

Sleep a night with a sailboat's eye catcher.

So, I guess I leave it here. You haven't left me much choice,
and I don't know what else to do. How pathetic- when I don't
know how to live, I write. This could be section 1 of many, or
it could be the whole thing. I have no fucking idea. And I'll
be fucked if I can work it out. Don't show this to anyone; I
wrote it for you.

*"Last night I ran to the sounds of Godspeed and felt my heart melt away. I don't feel
real anymore."- Author (lost?).*

Chapter 7: The Longest Night

The next day brought a burly wind that threw its weight about at will. It dug its claws into the clouds and stretched them across the sky.

They had no choice but to go on; on into the night. They had very little light to their name, and the moon didn't help out a great deal.

You think it stopped them? I don't know if it did. I was left behind; left in the dust that their vehicle sprayed as it tore off. It wasn't until many weeks later that I heard from them again. Things had changed, but not a whole lot. I guess you're wondering how I lost them, when really, I am them. I can't explain it. I just can't. One moment I was laying close to her, and the next I was watching her drive off with him, me. Maybe you could call it a separation of interests. Call it what you please.

They stood side by side when I saw them next. They were attempting to penetrate the fortress that the real world had become once again. A large selection of packed goods filled the shelf. Beastly snarls would ring through the air at odd

intervals, and the passerby brave enough to face these oddities gave them nothing but a heated stare.

you and I say a shivering, sleepy farewell
i'm numb-mouthed and lazy-minded
i lay on bench-seat, hoping I'll dream there
you are already sad, it was lovely, thanks
i find your cigarette pouch sitting where you were
i drink water and drive, need more money and drive
beat-songs full of not listening
full of garages and you hearing Bond, James Bond.
Big Hands on my shoulders
the obscure positions we choose
fitting so well in our loss
at our loss
all that will

I hired a thousand carpets to pave your way to the house on the little outcrop. Think you'll make it on time? I'd hope so... it won't be the same without you.

We could tie all of this to a string and let it float into the bemused sky, while we sit back and watch it flutter to and fro. I guess we all have to let go.

Don't you think the days are shorter, except for when we lay as one? So why not be eternal? Why not let this last? Why do we run in an ever-growing circle?

Happiness doesn't make sense, I assure you. It hurts when it's gone, and makes you think it will always be there when it exists. It is a liar. We should wash its mouth out.

I'm going to stay here. I don't want to leave.

We are nothing but our own everything. We exist because we want to? Or because we are too scared not to? Find a way to peek ahead.

And while Riceboy Sleeps, we lay on our backs, staring at the ceiling.

You know that dream where you take an atlas and turn to a page, and that is where you'll go next? Why not fucking do it?

Why am I never hungry?

Now I have the room to myself. The show must begin. I shall dance atop tables and bow to the uproar of crowd. They will miss me. I will miss them. Though, I will grow tired of their voices, and that will be our downfall. What is there to think about? My head is growing ever more clogged; so full of worthless shit that I find it hard to concentrate on anything at all.

Fucking static all through my eyes and ears.

I should sleep well tonight. I feel a weight coming on. I feel a wait coming on.

Leave me alone.

I get that feeling in my stomach; as if something lies inside, thrashing about. I sink under the surface, and it surrounds me.

‘Where are you?’

‘I’m sorry Viv; I’m only half way home.’

She mutters some profanity and the phone clicks.

‘Do you remember the night we met?’

‘No? Were we at the Wristwatch Inn?’

‘Are you serious? You don’t even remember?’

‘We were, weren’t we?’

‘Shit Viv, that’s rough.’

‘I’m sorry, fuck.’

‘It’s ok, don’t worry.’

‘No the next left, up Transit Hill. Yeah, here. Slow down. Fuck too late. Alright the next one.’

‘You’re brilliant. I can’t get over it sometimes.’

She smiles. She runs her hand over my chest.

This is all I can remember. How would you like me to say goodbye?

Things could have been better, I'll admit. If they were I most likely wouldn't be here. Where is here? I have no idea, none whatsoever. I gave up trying to work that out a little while ago. What I'm working on now is whether there is a way out. The folks around here don't help too much. They always mumble and avoid looking at me. Ah shit, here it comes.

This is where I die. This is where it all falls down. Where I miss the point one last time and do what I've always needed.

Thank you for sitting through for this long. I wouldn't have lasted if I were you. And as it has it, I'll be ended as it is now. For being so fucking fucked, you are perfect. I hate everything about you, and love you for it.

I just felt every part of me; every nerve tingled, every hair pricked, every sense flickered with recognition. It all came together in a neat package that would burst forth and envelop me like nothing I would ever know. Like a plane tearing through my house, crushing an entire universe. What's takin' you so long?

In months! She says,

Round and round carousel, letting men's childhoods fade from them.
Rain dripping; dripping rain, let your time see no repent.

Takk...

Foreword

I feel incredible. I truly do. As fleeting as this may be, as short lived as this moment will probably be, I am alive right here and now, and that fills me with something indescribable.

Two steps twice, three smiles thrice. The world exists for the sole purpose of existing. I will explain this to you at some point I'm sure. I'll make it crystal clear, and even then it will never be quite right. But that is ok.

This tale begins with a young girl, slightly off center, perfectly faulted. She was named Vari, a foreign word for something important. Often misunderstood, Vari had a huge imagination. So huge, in fact, that she often found it creeping into her everyday life. School was an emporium of dampened spirits trying to relinquish something that they had not yet experienced. The teachers, gargantuan oppressors, forced the spirits into various moulds, hoping to produce satisfying results. There were some exceptions though. A timid man, known for his inability to control classes, and the balding patch on his head that reflected the mid morning sun splendidly, found someone who he could teach in Vari. An otherwise incompetent man was brought to life by the mind of one girl.

Spring was in full swing. Things felt real. Vari drifted in and out of sleep, dreaming of the sun rising, as the sun rose. Insects flourish just as the garden does, and as she looks out the window with sleep still clinging to her body, she thanks something or someone for giving this to her. God doesn't play a part, but someone must. Somebody must have had the generosity to share their talent for everyone who was willing to seek it. Vari stayed completely still, so as not to break the morning's brilliance. She rested her head against the sill and let the sun warm her face. The spell was broken as she was on the verge of sleeping once more by her mother coming into view. Shuffling through the garden in her slippers, she attempted to round up the chickens in the backyard that had escaped during the night. It was a morning ritual that'd had its place since the chickens were first caged. Her mother's muffled voice could be heard muttering and yelling at them, in the hope that they would understand and enter the cage with reason.

Vari fell back onto her bed and considered her options. School was a mere two hours ahead. She could pretend to be sick and stay home. Her mother would believe her, but there was always the guilt of lying, and she was quite terrified of a boy who cried wolf situation arising in the future. The river was another option. Every once in a while, Vari would leave the track to the bus stop and jump the fence that lined the road. She would walk through a couple paddocks and eventually come to the river. The river was an undisturbed sanctuary. Nobody would ever find her there, and the day would pass as swiftly or as slowly as she pleased. She had only ever seen one other person there. One day, the summer before last, she had decided that school was a bad place to be, so she skipped the bus trip and made her way to the river. After an hour or so of collecting objects of interest, she heard a whistle. It was

only faint at first. So faint that she thought it was her imagination. But it grew louder. Soon she could make out the tune and the splashing of water began to accompany it. There was a rhythm to it; the tune would rise then fall and a splash would follow. Vari hid in the reeds at the edge of the water and peered upstream. A young man was slowly drifting downstream in battered canoe. He wore a hat that fell down at the front to cover his eyes, and his bare chest was tanned. He was skinny yet guided the canoe with ease. He drew closer, unaware of his spectator. Just as he floated within a few metres of Vari, a fly lodged itself in her nose. She spluttered uncontrollably and awoke the man from his trance. He was so shocked by the coughing reeds that he managed to overturn his canoe and fall into the water. Vari was horrified. Before he could surface she pictured herself being jailed for the drowning of a man. But he rose after a few moments with a grin on his face. Leaning on the upturned canoe, he said a hello. Vari was reluctant to talk to the stranger, but felt it was only polite considering she had nearly caused him to drown. She introduced herself and he steered his canoe to the edge. He waded from the water and lay down on the bank, getting rid of the coolness of the water. 'You gave me quite a fright' he said with a smile.

'I'm so sorry!' Vari cried.

He laughed and told her not to worry. She joined him on the bank and he told her how he had been floating for five days straight. 'It is the most incredible feeling, being completely free from people and responsibilities. All I have to worry about is feeding myself and making sure this old thing doesn't sink.' He laughed again with the ecstasy of a child who just woken to a Christmas present at the end of his bed. The laugh was infectious, and Vari let a giggle slip. He talked about how he had quit his job three weeks earlier and decided to explore the country in a different way. He had three kids, one

girl Vari's age and two younger. He went silent for a while; as though he had remembered something important and his smile began to disappear.

'I miss them. They always made me smile. Make sure you keep your family close, yeah?'

Vari nodded, without fully understanding what he was saying and watched as he got back to his feet. He wasn't quite dry, but the day was hot enough to dry him quickly.

'It was very nice meeting you miss, school may be tough, but you shouldn't be out here on your own. Maybe we'll meet again,' adding with a laugh, 'on dry land next time.'

He pushed his canoe into the water and Vari listened to him whistle out of earshot.

The chickens had been penned once again, and Vari's mother could be heard shuffling towards her room. She had to make up her mind quickly. She wasn't quick enough, and the door opened as she was getting back under her blankets. Her mother laughed at her own joke before she said it, 'you're going the wrong way darling!'

Vari didn't find it humorous, but smiled anyway; her mother meant no harm.

Run fucker, run. They pursue us like rabid dogs- saliva all round their lips and a snarl on their cheeks. So we run, we run like never before. Buildings burst up from the ground around, and we slow down. It's too late for second chances, this is our last. You're all wrapped up in some wire cage that pierces your thighs, while I drag the bodies of the lost on my cries.

Nothing can be proven, because nothing exists or is accessible outside of what we are trying to prove.

Japan

As a part of the replication process I was given access to this information.

I was getting so tired of having to fill those boxes ~ there was no way I'd meet this month's quota. I'd run into a bit of a situation with my teacher, we had an assignment due that required us to submit a working replica of a system found in society; simple I know!

The problem arose when my project had reached its final phase, I was the Japanese version and should have had no trouble with putting the pieces of my model bridge together - a functional suspension-bridge turned out trickier than I'd expected... the cars lined up on either side waiting for the gate to open, allowing water traffic to pass and visa versa. The boats weren't confined to lanes and took a staggered approach, whereas cars would line up behind one another trailing beyond the model.

I shared my design with our teacher before completing a model version. He had encouraged me to stick with my idea no matter how difficult it may seem. I'd successfully demonstrated that I listened intently in class, engaging with the topics that were set; this was no issue, that was one box filled. Upon hearing that my mainland counterpart would be joining us though, I began to behave strangely.

The supervisor at the school entrance mentioned my tally to me - you're a bit short this term, why don't you speak with your co-ordinator before you leave today? I'd happily done so ~ my friend waited for me after class.

"What did he tell you?" He asked.

"He said that I wasn't filling enough boxes, that they're sending my mainland version to the school so I have to look after him."

"Oh, I have not met a mainland counterpart before."

We all gathered in the recreation room that evening. Some kids were playing games; I was too exhausted from hearing this news so I watched television. There wasn't much of interest on; advertisements for retirement packages in serene locations in between teasers of the movie that was showing this weekend. I eventually retired to my room as an attempt at study - I had a lot of work left on my model, the bridge wasn't yet lowering; vehicles waited patiently in both directions, boats bobbing gently on the water's surface had right of way while the gate was opened. I only had to let the cars through and it would be a functioning suspension replica.

The next morning, I arrived for class a little early as I was going to meet my self from the mainland. He was waiting at the entrance ~ smiling as I walked in his direction.

"Good day, I'm from the mainland!"

"Morning, we should go inside class begins soon."

Mainland

I had hardly a recollection of my home, it appeared so far away. The school was wonderful ~ bright, wide hallways with lots of room for students led to classrooms that filtered sunlight through great windows. Today we were presenting our models so all the desks had been pushed up against the walls with an island in the middle for whoever was showing their work, dioramas and contraptions spread about the room ready to be brought into the middle.

When it was time for showing the suspension bridge we both went up. I let my self do the talking, he was better with Japanese and had done most the work so I couldn't do more than offer my presence. He demonstrated how the bridge would allow cars to cross from one side to the other, once the boats were ready to pass through that section of the river the gate would open, stopping all the traffic.

I looked toward the door and saw a clerk peering through a gap at me. He had a sombre expression as though a smile was not possible; though much deeper down he wanted to express this sentiment, his scrutiny would be undermined.

Watching the model again we were nearly done, some boxes were left unchecked - I could see my friend was getting nervous. He lowered the gate allowing the cars to drive from one side to the other once more. The boats continued along the waterway...

We met for lunch near the eatery, my friend was not happy with his performance.

"I just don't understand what they want from me."

"Don't worry, I'm sure you'll do alright."

Just as we were about to leave a teacher could be seen being dragged from the hall as if he was approaching us. Another clerk pulled him away through the swinging doors, his outcry muffled as he disappeared down the hall.

The next day we left the dormitory together. I had been experiencing a continuous buzzing in my left ear while my friend seemed more estranged than the day before. When we got to the school I couldn't help feeling like I was being watched; my friend took my hand and led me away from class.

"We can't go in there!"

"What do you mean? We don't want to be late."

"They're watching, they know who you are and they will come for me. You have to follow me."

He ran along the great hallway pulling me behind him. I could hear footsteps in the distance as we reached the entrance gate.

"Going somewhere?" The supervisor asked.

We ran past the gate to a small opening in the building's exterior wall, my friend began crawling through. I didn't look back though could hear the clerks closing in on us - I followed him through a service shaft that opened onto a rooftop. He was scrambling up a large vent; I ran after him, finding my way to the top where he sat, gazing mindlessly at the view - vast valleys stretched into the distance, it was like he hadn't been outside before.

I sat beside him... a television set was attached to the surface of the vent, pointed towards me. An image surfaced from the static ~ a clerk spoke to me.

"You will remain where you are, don't move. We are coming to get you; it is not safe out there!"

I kicked the monitor from the vent and it fell some distance before crushing another clerk who was approaching.

"They are always watching us!" I screamed at my friend.

He nodded and gave me a smile.