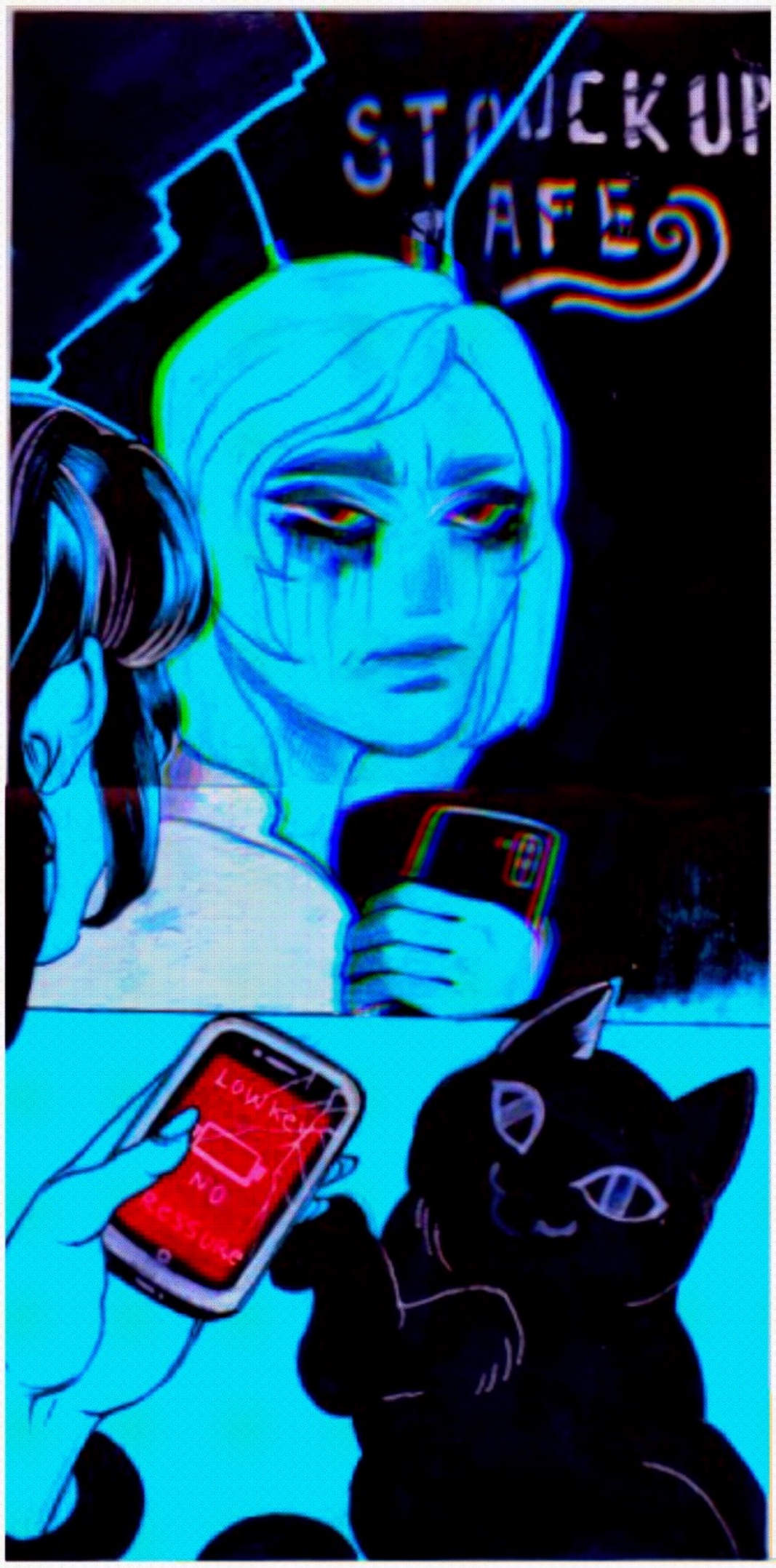

THE WORLD DOESN'T COME TO A STANDSTILL when the outline of Arbutus Corridor eats into its line of vision. The first day of the week is always a tragedy in the making, especially at the tail end of winter. There's a washed out grey light falling over everything, and *it's* already cold hands are colder than usual. It's nothing to make a big deal out of. After all, there are more pressing affairs, like climate change, the energy shortage, and the ever bizarre fact that all the McDonalds ice cream machines across the town simultaneously broke down on Monday and now all the kids are walking around in the cold, carrying empty cones. Warmth from a nearby cafe swells into the streets alongside the telltale whistle of an espresso machine, while Taylor Swift waxes lyrical from its loudspeakers. The sound is stubborn, soft, invasive, a disconnected ballad that forms the skeleton of its shapeless, soundless memories.

"I don't know where I am," *it* says to no one in particular; *its* voice cresting above the splintered sounds of the day.