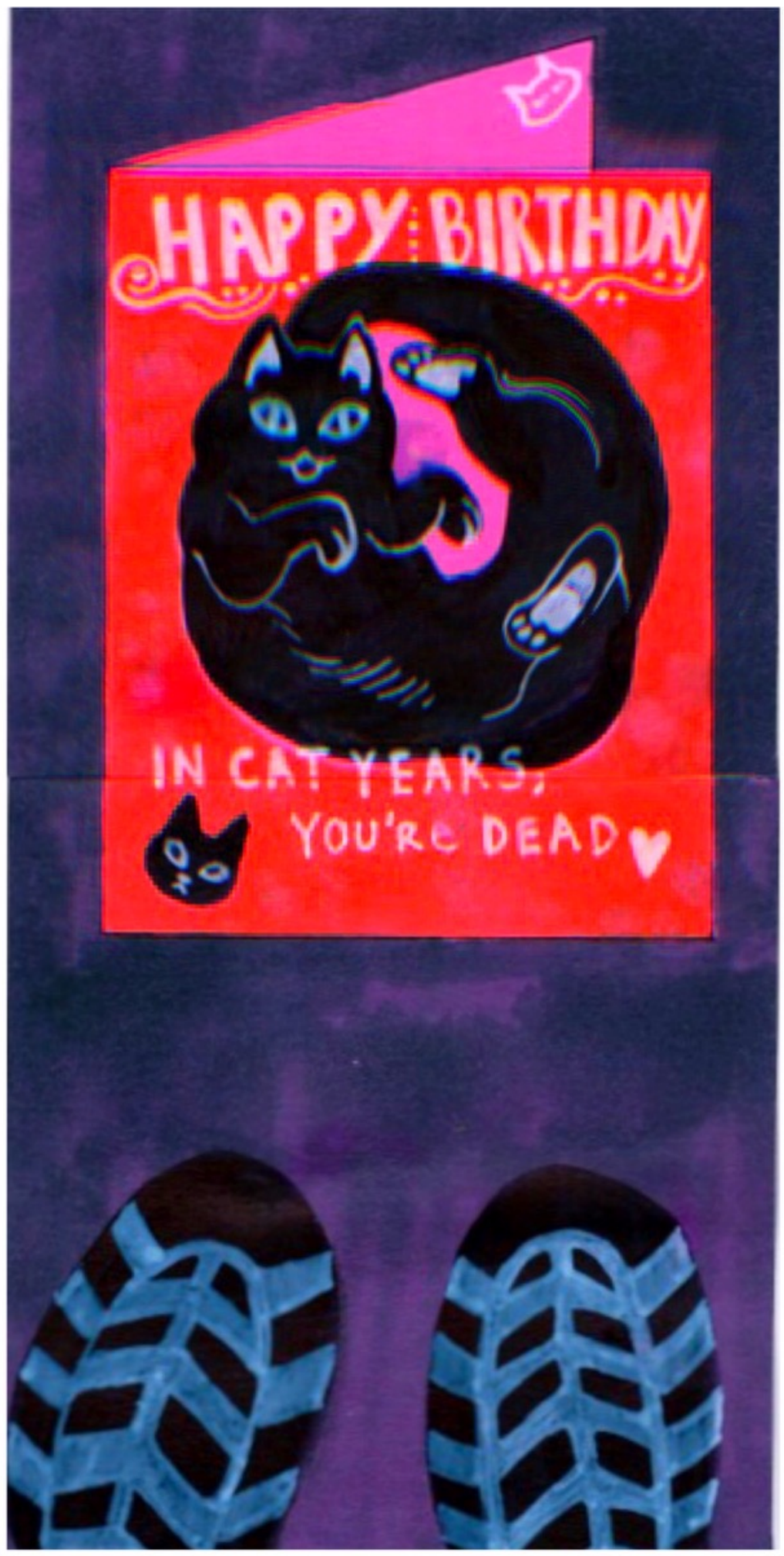

I THOUGHT of *it* today. My boots hit something distinctly not gravel, sitting innouncoulsly in the loose debris of the pavement. I crouched down, face scrunching in concentration as I tentatively dislodged it with my shoe.. It's a red greeting card, of the generic pharmacy kind. It was waterlogged and covered in dirt, but otherwise unremarkable looking. I was about to leave it as it is until I recalled seeing something familiar, a memory tethered in the past, inverted and vivid like a technicolour photograph. Uncertainty unfurls at the base of my spine as I turn it over.

Happy Birthday! In cat years you're dead! It reads. There's a hastily drawn cat at the corner to match the equally unnerving writing above. Black fur, black nose, bulging eyes.

I stare aimlessly at the words until they blur together at some points, coagulating into something bigger than themselves.