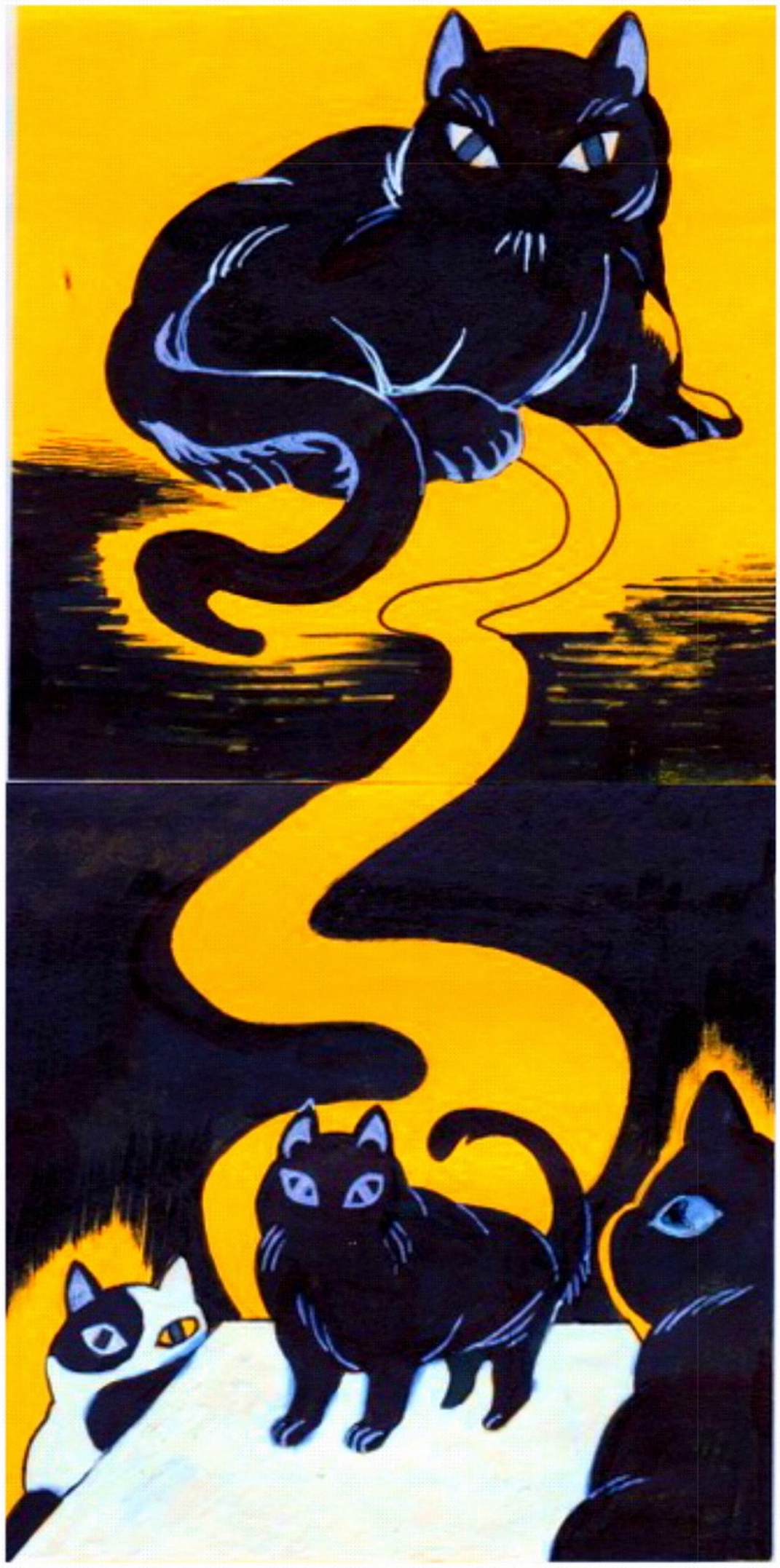

***IT* HAD A LOT OF TIME** to think about the events that took place this morning. Enough that *it* realized that everything was off, from the angle of the shadows, to the bruised quality of the sky. Everything feels marred and cauterized with anger and frustration, in that bizarre, unidentifiable way all preadolescent musings are. Being back here feels like tempting fate, as if *it* might not be allowed to leave again. In spite of this, *it* places one foot in front of the other in a continuous movement, like clockwork, feeling an eerie lot like the rocking of a little red rowboat in helplessly hungry waters. *it* redirected its attention up ahead, surveying the intersection that cleaves between the ghostly lit pathway and the main street.