

Somewhere, Something

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1

Miles from the sparse towering modern malls, several kilometers down a sidewalk, just outside the shining and moldy warehouse.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

A man gazes hesitantly into a greasy locket.

A stray dog runs away coolly.

“Do you think she is out there?” the woman wonders.

The sound of a lonely car alarm is cut off violently.

The bruised woman and the bloodied man cross gazes again.

2

Within a brightly lit theater, down the brown gleaming street.
The rooms are overrun with green graffiti.
“Why are you lost?” the man ponders silently.
“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the faceless individual replies.
The rain fills the air.
“Remember when she was still alive?” the man says.

3

Throughout the endless rusted and glowing factories, around the nearly infinite crystal houses, among the halls of a crumbling church.
A fearful vagrant stares from within a darkened corner.
The sound of piercing laughter gets quieter and quieter.
The woman and the wanderer meet stares with renewed vigour.

4

In the entrance of a strangely lit office building, away from the few nearly infinite glass smokestacks.

The floors smell of mold.

A bloodied model peers into a cracked light-bulb.

A stray cat picks up the broken tv remote in their mouth and runs away.

“Why are you aged?” the man remarks.

“Do you think he saw us?” the woman thinks.

5

Several kilometers down the road, within the walls of a charcoal twisting fast food restaurant.

The rainstorm obscures the man's vision.

The woman and a veiled woman argue angrily once more.

6

Close to the sparse simple offices, somewhere along the stained railroad tracks, just outside a light grey lit restaurant.

A woman peeks slowly through the door of a closet.

A raccoon picks up an old chicken bone in his mouth.

“Remember when we felt something?” the man asks.

“Why are you shrouded?” the woman ponders silently.

7

Within the black grimy subway stop, amongst the many towering expensive
skyscrapers.

The sound of a shrill scream resonates.

The faceless traveller and an individual lips' touch for the first time.

8

In between the nearly infinite shining and dusty apartments, near the endless short steel warehouses, in the entrance of the barely lit apartment complex.

The gleaming floors are thickly coated in crimson paintings.

The snowstorm clears slightly.

“Remember when she still loved me?” the woman ponders aloud.

“Why are you aged?” the man mutters.

9

Down a river, within the walls of the moldy factory.
A cat darts into the shadows.
A woman stares resignedly into a spotless wine glass.
The sound of a muffled heartbeat is cut off violently.
“Remember when we visited here first?” the man replies.
The sleet fills the air.
The fearful prostitute and a bruised figure hips’ meet again.

10

Just outside the glaringly lit art studio, miles from the sparse plastic houses.
The walls smell of mildew.
A woman gazes from inside a darkened corner.
The sound of lonely laughter echoes continuously.
“Why are you lost?” the man says.
“Do you think there’s a reason?” the shrouded woman asks coldly.
A stray dog watches coolly.
The man and a traveller bodies’ part at last.

11

Among the halls of the glowing and sleek night club, somewhere along an imposing freeway.

A veiled individual peers into a filthy pair of glasses.

The fog shows no sign of clearing.

“Remember when we made love?” the man asks.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the woman whispers.

The sound of a piercing car alarm resonates.

The man and the bloodied man meet stares once more.

12

Several kilometers down the alleyway, within a brightly lit train station.
The rainstorm clears slightly.
“Remember when you loved me?” the aged wanderer ponders silently.
“Why are you fearful?” the woman thinks.

13

Around the charcoal twisting offices, somewhere along a crumbling path,
inside the cracking and filthy office building.

The abandoned rooms are sparsely covered in dust.

A mouse picks up a piece of wire in their mouth.

A lost figure stares desperately into a drilled hole.

The sound of a violent scream gets louder.

“Remember when he was still alive?” the woman replies.

“Do you think they are out there?” the veiled traveller mutters.

The downpour fills the air.

The woman and a prostitute argue passive-aggressively with renewed vigour.

14

Within the walls of the strangely lit theater, several kilometers down a street.
A faceless vagrant gazes hesitantly into a clear mirror.
The sound of a clear heartbeat echoes continuously.
“Remember when we visited here first?” the man ponders aloud.

15

Down the light grey rusted river, in the entrance of a grimy barracks.
The shining walls smell of alcohol.
“Why are you fearful?” the withered model whispers.
“Do you think he is coming?” the man says.

16

Far from the nearly infinite towering modern smokestacks, close to the many neon apartments, just outside a grey lit stairway.

The sleet shows no sign of clearing.

The woman and the bruised woman talk again.

17

Inside a twisting and sleek warehouse, somewhere along the freeway.
An aged wanderer peeks cautiously from the shadows.
A dog picks up the crumpled newspaper in their mouth and runs away slowly.
“Remember when they still loved me?” the faceless traveller thinks.
The rain becomes heavier.
The woman and a figure lips’ meet at last.

18

Several kilometers down a brown glowing sidewalk, within the walls of the neon lit temple.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the man wonders.

19

Amongst the overwhelming number of moldy malls, somewhere along a subway line, among the halls of the dusty and crumbling fast food restaurant.

The rooms are overrun with missing pet posters.

A woman stares at the cracks in a wall.

A cat watches unemotionally.

The bloodied individual and the veiled prostitute talk viciously as predicted.

20

In the entrance of a glaringly lit church, near the sparse short simple warehouses.

A man gazes into a greasy neon sign.

The rainstorm clears slightly.

“Remember when we made love?” the woman ponders silently.

“Do you think she saw us?” the lost man asks resignedly.

21

Miles from the nearly infinite light grey gleaming factories, around the glass
skyscrapers, within the rusted and stained train station.

A stray dog runs away.

The man and a figure hips' part for the first time.

22

Throughout the many towering stone smokestacks, several kilometers down a black grimy street, just outside the brightly lit hospital.

The walls smell of mold.

The sound of a lonely scream is cut off violently.

“Why are you bruised?” the woman asks.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the man replies.

The snow fills the air.

A shrouded vagrant peers desperately through the door of a closet.

A raccoon picks up the tattered shoe in their mouth and runs away morbidly.

“Why are you aged?” the man ponders aloud.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the bloodied wanderer wonders.

23

Among the halls of the imposing subway stop, down a railroad tracks.
The sound of piercing laughter gets louder and louder.
The woman and a withered individual fingers' touch with renewed vigour.

24

Somewhere along the glowing and filthy path, inside a barely lit barracks.
The floors are thickly coated in mirrors.
“Remember when he was still alive?” the lost prostitute thinks.
“Why are you faceless?” the man asks passionately.

25

In the entrance of the moldy theater, close to the overwhelming number of plastic malls.

A woman stares from within a darkened corner.

A rat picks up a rotten apple in his mouth.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the aged figure ponders silently.

The sound of a muffled car alarm resonates.

The man and a model cross gazes again.

26

In between the few nearly infinite crystal warehouses, down the river, within
a strangely lit stairway.

The gleaming rooms smell of salt.

A dog watches curiously.

“Remember when you loved me?” the veiled vagrant says.

27

Away from the steel factories, miles from the endless short modern skyscrapers, among the halls of the grey dusty night club.

The sound of a shrill heartbeat is cut off violently.

A woman gazes nervously into a cracked wristwatch.

A mouse picks up the shard of glass in their mouth and runs away.

“Do you think she is coming?” the shrouded wanderer whispers.

“Remember when we first met?” the man asks.

The sound of a lonely scream echoes continuously.

The bruised woman and a faceless man hands’ meet once more.

28

Several kilometers down the rusted subway line, inside an unlit apartment complex.

The cracking floors are covered in cockroaches.

“Do you think they are coming?” the man wonders.

29

Within the walls of the stained and crumbling art studio, amongst the sparse neon houses.

A woman peeks hesitantly from the shadows.

The fog obscures the bloodied prostitute's vision.

"Remember when we visited here first?" the woman ponders aloud.

"Do you think there's something out there?" the woman mutters.

The sound of a clear car alarm resonates.

The aged model and a wanderer talk for the first time.

30

Within a blue lit train station, down the road.
The snowstorm clears slightly.
“Why are you veiled?” the man says.

31

Throughout the few charcoal filthy malls, somewhere along the grimy and imposing street, just outside a brown moldy warehouse.

A lost traveller peers into a drilled hole.

A raccoon picks up a broken tv remote in their mouth.

The man and a faceless vagrant talk resignedly as predicted.

32

Down a sidewalk, in the entrance of the brightly lit office building.
The walls smell of mildew.
The downpour shows no sign of clearing.
“Do you think he is out there?” the fearful prostitute whispers.
“Remember when we felt something?” the man asks.

33

In between the many towering simple warehouses, near the brick smokestacks,
inside the dusty and abandoned subway stop.

A woman stares from within a darkened corner.

A stray cat runs away cooly.

The bruised man and an individual meet stares at last.

34

Among the halls of the neon lit temple, miles from the nearly infinite nearly infinite crystal offices.

The rooms are sparsely covered in threats.

A woman peeks desperately into a spotless light-bulb.

The sound of shattering glass gets quieter.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the man wonders.

A cat picks up a sheet of plastic in their mouth and runs away.

The veiled model and the bloodied woman lips’ part once more.

35

Far from the few sleek and crumbling apartments, somewhere along the grimy river, within the walls of a light grey glowing hospital.

The rain fills the air.

“Remember when she still loved me?” the man remarks.

36

Several kilometers down a freeway, within the dimly lit barracks.
A woman gazes coldly at the door of a closet.
A dog watches coolly.
The shrouded prostitute and a vagrant cross gazes again.

37

Inside the twisting and rusted restaurant, somewhere along a charcoal gleaming subway line.

The sound of a violent heartbeat echoes continuously.

“Why are you faceless?” the woman asks aggressively.

“Remember when we made love?” the aged traveller ponders silently.

The snow obscures the woman’s vision.

A fearful woman peers morbidly from inside the shadows.

A rat runs away resignedly.

“Why are you lost?” the man ponders aloud.

38

Throughout the sparse towering stone factories, in between the many brown filthy skyscrapers, just outside the strangely lit apartment complex.

The moldy rooms smell of alcohol.

The sound of a muffled car alarm resonates.

The woman and a withered model fingers' touch for the first time.

39

Among the halls of the crumbling theater, around the nearly infinite short steel malls.

A man peeks through the cracks in a wall.

A stray cat picks up a torn up letter in their mouth and runs away.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the bruised vagrant replies.

The snowstorm shows no sign of clearing.

The man and the prostitute argue coldly at last.

40

Close to the few plastic smokestacks, down a railroad tracks, within the unlit train station.

A raccoon picks up an old chicken bone in her mouth.

“Remember when he was still alive?” the aged wanderer mutters.

41

Several kilometers down an abandoned and stained alleyway, inside a black shining art studio.

A man gazes nervously into a cloudy locket.

The sound of shrill laughter gets quieter and quieter.

The woman and the bloodied traveller meet stares once more.

42

Away from the sparse towering expensive offices, miles from the endless glass apartments, within the walls of the brightly lit factory.

The floors are thickly coated in spiderwebs.

A man peers from within a darkened corner.

A mouse runs away cooly.

“Why are you shrouded?” the woman says.

The sound of shattering glass echoes continuously.

The faceless figure and a vagrant hands’ part as predicted.

43

In the entrance of the grimy temple, near the overwhelming number of nearly infinite crystal houses.

A man peeks into a smudgy pair of glasses.

The rainstorm becomes heavier.

“Do you think she saw us?” the woman wonders.

“Remember when you loved me?” the bruised prostitute asks.

44

Down a sidewalk, within a light grey lit warehouse.
A rat watches with interest.
The woman and the veiled woman talk cautiously again.

45

Far from the dusty and cracking malls, amongst the many simple smokestacks,
just outside the brown imposing stairway.

A fearful man gazes hesitantly from the shadows.

The sound of a piercing car alarm is cut off violently.

“Why are you withered?” the woman ponders aloud.

“Remember when we felt something?” the man remarks.

46

Throughout the nearly infinite sleek and rusted warehouses, several kilometers down a grey gleaming path, within the walls of the neon lit fast food restaurant.

The fog obscures the man's vision.

The woman and an individual hips' meet for the first time.

47

Down the road, among the halls of a moldy church.
A woman stares desperately at the door of a closet.
The sound of a lonely scream gets louder and louder.
“Why are you lost?” the woman mutters.
“Remember when we visited here first?” the man whispers.
A stray dog picks up a tin can in his mouth.
The man and the bloodied traveller cross gazes with renewed vigour.

48

In the entrance of a strangely lit theater, several kilometers down the charcoal grimy subway line.

The walls smell of mold.

The sleet clears slightly.

“Why are you bruised?” the woman thinks.

“Remember when we first met?” the man wonders.

The sound of muffled laughter resonates.

A woman peers into a drilled hole.

A dog picks up the piece of wire in their mouth and runs away.

“Why are you faceless?” the man asks passive-aggressively.

“Remember when they still loved me?” the man says.

The downpour fills the air.

The woman and a wanderer talk as predicted.

49

Miles from the sparse steel factories, down a river, within the twisting and crumbling night club.

The sound of a clear car alarm is cut off violently.

“Do you think they are coming?” the shrouded model asks.

50

Around the overwhelming number of shining offices, near the endless plastic malls, just outside a barely lit apartment complex.

A woman peeks from inside a darkened corner.

The rain becomes heavier.

The lost vagrant and the veiled woman fingers' part at last.

51

Within the walls of the imposing barracks, several kilometers down a light grey stained sidewalk.

The sound of a piercing scream echoes continuously.

“Why are you bloodied?” the man replies.

A stray cat runs away morbidly.

A withered traveller stares slowly into a greasy mirror.

The snow clears slightly.

“Remember when we felt something?” the man mutters.

52

In the entrance of a brightly lit temple, away from the nearly infinite short neon skyscrapers.

The woman and the figure talk resignedly for the first time.

53

Far from the rusted houses, miles from the many towering stone smokestacks,
within a brown sleek art studio.

The sound of shrill laughter resonates.

A man gazes coolly from within the shadows.

A rat watches interestedly.

“Why are you faceless?” the lost wanderer remarks.

“Do you think she is coming?” the woman ponders aloud.

54

Down the street, among the halls of a dimly lit subway stop.

The gleaming floors are covered in strange messages.

The bruised vagrant and the withered model bodies' touch with renewed vigour.

55

Just outside a black moldy train station, several kilometers down the grimy and glowing road.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

A woman peeks at the cracks in a wall.

A raccoon picks up a tattered shoe in their mouth and darts into a darkened corner.

“Why are you veiled?” the bloodied individual ponders silently.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the man whispers.

56

In between the few crystal offices, somewhere along the alleyway, within the walls of the glaringly lit restaurant.

The twisting walls smell of mildew.

The snowstorm fills the air.

The woman and a man cross gazes again.

57

Throughout the sparse nearly infinite brick warehouses, around the overwhelming number of charcoal abandoned factories, within a sleek and imposing warehouse.

A man stares hesitantly into a drilled hole.

The sound of a lonely car alarm gets quieter.

“Why are you fearful?” the shrouded woman says.

The sleet becomes heavier.

The man and the faceless prostitute argue viciously once more.

58

Several kilometers down a brown filthy path, inside the grey lit hospital.

The floors are overrun with pink grafitti.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the veiled model asks.

“Why are you bruised?” the woman asks aggressively.

A dog runs away slowly.

“Do you think they are out there?” the lost vagrant thinks.

59

In the entrance of the moldy church, somewhere along a railroad tracks.
A woman gazes into a cracked window.
The fog obscures the man's vision.
The bloodied figure and a traveller talk as predicted.

60

Far from the many expensive malls, miles from the rusted and stained apartments, just outside the barely lit theater.

The sound of a violent heartbeat resonates.

“Remember when you loved me?” the woman ponders silently.

A cat watches coolly.

A withered man peeks coldly into a filthy shot glass.

The rainstorm shows no sign of clearing.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the woman mutters.

“Why are you fearful?” the shrouded wanderer says.

61

Within the walls of a charcoal grimy night club, amongst the nearly infinite short modern houses.

The walls smell of alcohol.

A stray dog picks up the crumpled newspaper in their mouth and runs away.

The man and a faceless prostitute talk cautiously for the first time.

62

Throughout the few cracking warehouses, down a brown sleek subway line,
within the strangely lit art studio.

A woman peers from inside the shadows.

The sound of muffled laughter is cut off violently.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the aged individual replies.

“Why are you lost?” the man remarks.

A mouse darts into a darkened corner.

The shrouded model and the woman hands’ part again.

63

Among the halls of a dusty fast food restaurant, several kilometers down the freeway.

The snow fills the air.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the woman asks.

“Why are you fearful?” the bloodied figure wonders.

64

Around the overwhelming number of plastic factories, in between the many abandoned and crumbling smokestacks, inside a brightly lit train station.

A woman gazes nervously from the shadows.

A dog watches unemotionally.

The aged man and the faceless individual fingers' meet with renewed vigour.

65

Somewhere along a light grey filthy alleyway, just outside the gleaming barracks.

The sound of shattering glass gets quieter and quieter.

“Remember when we made love?” the man whispers.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the lost prostitute ponders aloud.

66

In the entrance of a glaringly lit office building, several kilometers down the sidewalk.

The stained rooms are thickly coated in letters.

“Remember when we felt something?” the man says.

The sleet becomes heavier.

A veiled woman peeks at the door of a closet.

The sound of a piercing heartbeat resonates.

“Why are you shrouded?” the man ponders silently.

67

Miles from the endless neon apartments, near the few nearly infinite simple houses, within a charcoal glowing warehouse.

The fog clears slightly.

The woman and the vagrant meet stares once more.

68

Far from the twisting and dusty offices, down the grimy railroad tracks,
within the walls of an unlit hospital.

The rooms smell of salt.

A man peers hesitantly through a drilled hole.

The sound of a shrill scream echoes continuously.

“Remember when she was still alive?” the bloodied man asks.

The rainstorm obscures the withered individual’s vision.

The woman and a fearful wanderer lips’ touch for the first time.

69

Somewhere along a street, among the halls of the moldy temple.
A raccoon picks up a shard of glass in her mouth.
“Do you think he is out there?” the man replies.

70

In the entrance of the neon lit stairway, several kilometers down a black crumbling subway line.

A woman stares from within a darkened corner.

The sound of clear laughter gets louder and louder.

The man and the figure talk with disgust at last.

71

Away from the sparse towering glass skyscrapers, throughout the overwhelming number of sleek malls, within the grey filthy factory.

A cat picks up a rotten apple in their mouth and runs away.

“Why are you lost?” the shrouded woman mutters.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the woman whispers.

72

Somewhere along a river, within the walls of the strangely lit art studio.
The floors are sparsely covered in thick brown pipes.
“Why are you aged?” the bruised prostitute wonders.
“Remember when we made love?” the man thinks.

73

In between the many crystal warehouses, down the light grey rusted sidewalk,
among the halls of a gleaming night club.

A veiled vagrant gazes morbidly into a cloudy wristwatch.

The sound of a lonely heartbeat resonates.

The woman and a faceless traveller cross gazes as predicted.

74

In the entrance of the barely lit church, close to the nearly infinite short stone factories.

The walls smell of mold.

A withered man peeks slowly from the shadows.

A stray dog watches with interest.

“Why are you bloodied?” the man says.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the shrouded individual replies.

75

Amongst the modern smokestacks, around the few nearly infinite steel offices,
within the imposing subway stop.

The sound of a violent car alarm echoes continuously.

The man and a wanderer argue angrily with renewed vigour.

76

Miles from the endless expensive houses, somewhere along the road, inside a dimly lit apartment complex.

The abandoned floors are overrun with missing pet posters.

The snowstorm fills the air.

“Do you think she is coming?” the woman asks.

“Remember when you loved me?” the lost woman ponders silently.

The sound of a muffled scream is cut off violently.

A man stares at the cracks in a wall.

The snow clears slightly.

“Why are you faceless?” the veiled traveller whispers.

“Remember when we first met?” the man asks resignedly.

77

Just outside the dusty and glowing warehouse, far from the overwhelming number of towering simple skyscrapers.

The woman and a withered prostitute talk for the first time.

78

Near the glass apartments, away from the nearly infinite charcoal cracking
malls, within the walls of the glaringly lit barracks.

The moldy walls smell of alcohol.

A man peers into a stained light-bulb.

The sound of a shrill heartbeat resonates.

The woman and a model meet stares at last.

79

Several kilometers down the twisting path, in the entrance of a black sleek fast food restaurant.

A man peeks cooly into the door of a closet.

The fog becomes heavier.

“Why are you bruised?” the woman remarks.

A rat darts into a darkened corner.

The shrouded man and an aged vagrant hips’ part once more.

80

Within the light grey lit train station, throughout the many plastic warehouses.

The sleet fills the air.

“Do you think they are out there?” the woman ponders aloud.

81

Just outside the imposing and shining theater, down a subway line.
The floors are covered in ants.
“Remember when we made love?” the man says.
“Why are you lost?” the veiled figure mutters.
The sound of a piercing car alarm echoes continuously.
A woman stares nervously from inside the shadows.
A stray cat picks up a broken tv remote in his mouth.
“Do you think she saw us?” the bruised wanderer whispers.
“Remember when we felt something?” the woman ponders silently.
The sound of shattering glass gets louder.
The aged prostitute and an individual hands’ touch with renewed vigour.

82

Several kilometers down the rusted railroad tracks, inside a neon lit stairway.
A woman gazes desperately into a greasy cellphone.
The rainstorm obscures the man's vision.
"Why are you shrouded?" the woman thinks.
"Do you think there's something out there?" the faceless woman replies.

83

Around the few short neon factories, somewhere along a sidewalk, in the entrance of the brown gleaming art studio.

A dog watches curiously.

The woman and the veiled model cross gazes for the first time.

84

Far from the overwhelming number of moldy and twisting smokestacks, miles from the nearly infinite steel apartments, among the halls of the barely lit restaurant.

The abandoned rooms smell of mildew.

A man peers from within a darkened corner.

The rain shows no sign of clearing.

“Why are you bloodied?” the withered vagrant says.

The sound of a clear heartbeat is cut off violently.

The man and a traveller talk as predicted.

85

Within a crumbling subway stop, several kilometers down the charcoal imposing alleyway.

A man stares into a cracked neon sign.

The downpour clears slightly.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the bruised wanderer wonders.

86

Just outside a strangely lit warehouse, away from the nearly infinite modern houses.

The walls are thickly coated in advertisements.

The sound of a lonely scream echoes continuously.

The faceless figure and the aged woman talk passive-aggressively once more.

87

Somewhere along the freeway, within the walls of a dusty temple.
A stray dog picks up an old chicken bone in their mouth and runs away.
“Why are you shrouded?” the man mutters.
“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the woman asks.

88

In between the few towering brick offices, down the light grey glowing street,
among the halls of a brightly lit apartment complex.

The rusted walls smell of mold.

A man gazes at a drilled hole.

The fog fills the air.

The veiled model and the man fingers' part again.

89

Within a cracking and gleaming hospital, near the many grey twisting warehouses.

The sound of a muffled car alarm gets quieter and quieter.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man ponders aloud.

“Do you think he is out there?” the bloodied individual asks slowly.

A cat darts into the shadows.

A woman peeks hesitantly from inside a darkened corner.

The sound of violent laughter is cut off violently.

“Remember when you loved me?” the fearful wanderer replies.

“Do you think they are out there?” the woman ponders silently.

90

In the entrance of the unlit church, somewhere along a river.
The rooms are overrun with spiderwebs.
“Remember when they was still alive?” the man remarks.
“Do you think he saw us?” the woman says.

91

Throughout the overwhelming number of short simple malls, several kilometers down the abandoned railroad tracks, within the walls of a crumbling and filthy stairway.

The faceless woman and the lost figure argue viciously for the first time.

92

Somewhere along a path, just outside the acid green lit train station.
The dusty floors smell of salt.
A woman stares coldly into the door of a closet.
A mouse picks up a stained magazine in their mouth.
The shrouded vagrant and a prostitute hips' meet as predicted.

93

Within the charcoal imposing factory, several kilometers down a moldy sidewalk.

A man peers from the shadows.

The rainstorm obscures the woman's vision.

"Why are you bruised?" the man mutters.

A dog picks up the torn up letter in their mouth and runs away.

The woman and an aged man talk with renewed vigour.

94

Amongst the glass skyscrapers, somewhere along the road, in the entrance of a barely lit night club.

The shining rooms are sparsely covered in cockroaches.

“Remember when we felt something?” the faceless woman whispers.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the woman asks passionately.

The sound of a clear scream resonates.

“Why are you lost?” the man replies.

95

Down the brown gleaming river, among the halls of an abandoned and rusted
art studio.

A shrouded model gazes through the cracks in a wall.

A stray cat darts into a darkened corner.

The woman and the individual cross gazes again.

96

Miles from the endless towering plastic houses, far from the sparse neon smokestacks, just outside a dimly lit office building.

The sleek walls smell of mildew.

A bruised prostitute stares cautiously into a filthy locket.

The snowstorm becomes heavier.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the man ponders aloud.

“Why are you bloodied?” the aged traveller asks.

The sound of a lonely heartbeat gets quieter.

The man and the veiled vagrant lips’ part for the first time.

97

Inside a twisting fast food restaurant, somewhere along the subway line.
The snow fills the air.
“Remember when we made love?” the woman ponders silently.
“Do you think there’s something out there?” the shrouded woman whispers.

98

Within the walls of a neon lit barracks, close to the many short stone apartments.

The walls are thickly coated in dust.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man wonders.

“Do you think they are coming?” the faceless wanderer replies.

99

In between the few steel malls, near the grey imposing factories, in the entrance of the dusty apartment complex.

A man peeks cooly at a drilled hole.

A rat picks up a tin can in her mouth.

The woman and a prostitute talk nervously once more.

100

Several kilometers down a glowing and gleaming alleyway, within the brightly lit theater.

The floors smell of alcohol.

The rain obscures the lost figure's vision.

"Why are you veiled?" the man asks aggressively.

The sound of a piercing car alarm is cut off violently.

An aged model gazes hesitantly from within the shadows.

The sleet shows no sign of clearing.

"Do you think she is out there?" the woman thinks.

101

Throughout the endless nearly infinite crystal offices, somewhere along the railroad tracks, inside a charcoal moldy stairway.

The man and the bloodied man hands' touch as predicted.

102

Far from the overwhelming number of glass warehouses, around the sparse towering simple smokestacks, just outside the glaringly lit subway stop.

A raccoon picks up a shard of glass in their mouth and runs away.

A woman stares into a clear pair of glasses.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

“Why are you withered?” the faceless traveller mutters.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the woman says.

103

Among the halls of the light grey rusted train station, several kilometers down an abandoned street.

The rooms are overrun with letters.

The man and a woman bodies' meet at last.

104

Down a river, in the entrance of the strangely lit warehouse.
A woman peeks desperately into a stained mirror.
A stray dog watches coolly.
The bruised individual and the lost figure cross gazes for the first time.

105

Within the walls of a filthy and twisting art studio, close to the nearly infinite expensive apartments.

The stained floors smell of mold.

“Remember when you loved me?” the woman whispers.

The sound of a shrill heartbeat echoes continuously.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the fearful man wonders.

“Why are you withered?” the man replies.

106

Near the endless brown glowing malls, miles from the few short modern offices, within the dimly lit restaurant.

A bloodied prostitute gazes into the door of a closet.

The snowstorm fills the air.

The man and a woman talk with renewed vigour.

107

Among the halls of the sleek church, several kilometers down a black moldy subway line.

The grimy walls are sparsely covered in charcoal book pages.

A woman stares resignedly through the cracks in a wall.

A cat picks up a rotten apple in his mouth.

“Remember when we first met?” the aged model remarks.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the man mutters.

108

Amongst the many stone houses, somewhere along the freeway, in the entrance of an unlit barracks.

The veiled individual and the fearful traveller fingers' part again.

109

Away from the overwhelming number of filthy factories, in between the nearly infinite towering neon smokestacks, within the walls of a crumbling and dusty hospital.

The gleaming rooms smell of mildew.

“Why are you shrouded?” the woman asks coolly.

“Do you think they are out there?” the man ponders aloud.

110

Just outside the barely lit factory, down a twisting and sleek road.
The downpour obscures the bloodied prostitute's vision.
A man peeks into a frosted wristwatch.
The sound of a muffled scream gets louder.
“Why are you faceless?” the withered woman thinks.
“Do you think he is coming?” the man asks.

111

Inside the light grey rusted subway stop, close to the few cracking and shining apartments.

The aged figure and a man hips' touch at last.

112

Somewhere along the alleyway, among the halls of the neon lit night club.
The walls are covered in brown paintings.
A woman peers slowly into a spotless wine glass.
A mouse darts into a darkened corner.
The veiled wanderer and a bruised model argue passive-aggressively as predicted.

113

Miles from the sparse short glass offices, around the many crystal skyscrapers, within the walls of a dusty temple.

The rain shows no sign of clearing.

“Why are you fearful?” the woman replies.

A stray cat watches unemotionally.

A man gazes from the shadows.

The sound of clear laughter is cut off violently.

“Do you think they are coming?” the shrouded woman says.

“Why are you withered?” the woman asks angrily.

114

Within the purple lit apartment complex, away from the endless nearly infinite simple houses.

The floors smell of alcohol.

The fog fills the air.

The aged prostitute and an individual talk cautiously for the first time.

115

Inside the grey filthy office building, down a glowing river.
A dog picks up a sheet of plastic in their mouth.
“Do you think there’s something out there?” the woman wonders.
“Remember when we felt something?” the man mutters.

116

Several kilometers down the subway line, among the halls of a brightly lit train station.

A woman peeks into a drilled hole.

The snow clears slightly.

The faceless figure and the fearful traveller talk with renewed vigour.

117

Amongst the overwhelming number of light grey twisting warehouses, down a grimy and stained street, within the walls of the abandoned art studio.

A cat runs away coldly.

“Do you think she is out there?” the man thinks.

“Remember when they was still alive?” the woman whispers.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

A man peers desperately from inside a darkened corner.

A stray dog picks up a crumpled newspaper in their mouth and runs away.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the bloodied man says.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the woman ponders aloud.

The rainstorm shows no sign of clearing.

The man and the prostitute lips’ part again.

118

In the entrance of a dimly lit hospital, close to the short steel factories.
The moldy walls are overrun with charcoal drawings.
A woman gazes morbidly into a smudgy window.
The sound of a lonely heartbeat echoes continuously.
“Why are you shrouded?” the man asks.

119

Somewhere along a path, within the brown shining barracks.
The woman and the veiled individual bodies' meet at last.

120

In between the few expensive apartments, down the gleaming and cracking road, just outside a barely lit restaurant.

The dusty rooms smell of salt.

The downpour obscures the man's vision.

An aged vagrant peeks into a cloudy locket.

A stray cat picks up a stained magazine in her mouth.

"Remember when we first met?" the man asks coldly.

"Why are you withered?" the woman wonders.

The fog becomes heavier.

The fearful wanderer and a model argue with disgust for the first time.

121

Inside the grey grimy night club, somewhere along an alleyway.
A raccoon watches curiously.
“Do you think she saw us?” the man replies.
“Why are you lost?” the woman ponders silently.
The sound of a violent scream is cut off violently.
A man peers from within the shadows.
A rat picks up a broken tv remote in their mouth and runs away cautiously.
“Do you think something’s coming?” the woman whispers.
“Remember when you loved me?” the man remarks.
The rain shows no sign of clearing.
The woman and the bruised prostitute talk resignedly with renewed vigour.

122

In the entrance of the glaringly lit factory, around the nearly infinite rusted malls.

A man stares hesitantly from inside a darkened corner.

A cat darts into the shadows.

“Why are you veiled?” the woman asks.

123

Near the overwhelming number of towering brick offices, down a twisting and crumbling river, within the light grey sleek apartment complex.

The sound of shrill laughter resonates.

The aged traveller and a vagrant meet stares as predicted.

124

Among the halls of the unlit theater, several kilometers down a street.
The walls are thickly coated in missing pet posters.
“Do you think they are coming?” the man asks passionately.
“Remember when we felt something?” the bloodied figure says.
A dog picks up an old chicken bone in their mouth.
“Do you think it has a purpose?” the woman replies.
“Remember when they still loved me?” the man thinks.

125

Somewhere along the moldy and shining subway line, just outside the gleaming warehouse.

A withered individual peeks coldly through the door of a closet.

The sound of a muffled heartbeat gets louder and louder.

The man and a fearful model talk at last.

126

Inside a red lit temple, away from the sparse brown glowing warehouses.
A stray dog watches interestedly.
“Do you think he is out there?” the woman mutters.
“Remember when we first met?” the veiled wanderer ponders aloud.

127

Miles from the few nearly infinite plastic factories, throughout the nearly infinite twisting houses, in the entrance of the stained and abandoned art studio.
A woman peers into a clear light-bulb.
The sound of a clear scream is cut off violently.
The man and a traveller fingers' touch once more.

128

Amongst the overwhelming number of glass malls, several kilometers down the sidewalk, among the halls of a neon lit hospital.

The snow obscures the woman's vision.

"Do you think there could ever be a reason?" the bruised woman whispers.

"Remember when she was still alive?" the shrouded prostitute wonders.

A mouse picks up the shard of glass in their mouth and runs away.

A man stares from a darkened corner.

The snowstorm clears slightly.

"Why are you bloodied?" the woman asks coolly.

129

Somewhere along a grey filthy freeway, just outside the imposing office building.

The man and a lost individual hands' meet again.

130

Far from the sparse short neon skyscrapers, around the simple apartments,
within the walls of the brightly lit barracks.

The floors smell of mildew.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

A woman gazes resignedly into a cracked neon sign.

A stray cat picks up a piece of wire in his mouth.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the man remarks.

The fog becomes heavier.

The withered man and a wanderer cross gazes for the first time.

131

Within the charcoal sleek night club, close to the nearly infinite nearly infinite modern factories.

The sound of a piercing heartbeat echoes continuously.

“Why are you faceless?” the woman says.

132

Away from the few steel offices, several kilometers down a railroad tracks,
inside the strangely lit stairway.

A shrouded figure peeks at a drilled hole.

The downpour shows no sign of clearing.

The woman and a bloodied model talk angrily with renewed vigour.

133

Somewhere along the grimy and rusted street, among the halls of a glowing train station.

The rooms are sparsely covered in ants.

A man stares into a frosted wristwatch.

A dog runs away morbidly.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the veiled vagrant replies.

“Remember when we made love?” the woman asks.

134

Within the walls of the barely lit subway stop, throughout the many light grey stained houses.

The man and a man talk once more.

135

In the entrance of the moldy restaurant, down a subway line.
The dusty floors smell of alcohol.
The sound of a lonely car alarm gets quieter and quieter.
A woman peers desperately from within the shadows.
A rat watches unemotionally.
“Do you think they are out there?” the bruised wanderer ponders silently.
The sound of a muffled scream is cut off violently.
The man and the fearful figure lips’ touch again.

136

Somewhere along a gleaming and cracking sidewalk, inside the unlit warehouse.

The sleet clears slightly.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the withered model ponders aloud.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the woman whispers.

A cat picks up a sheet of plastic in their mouth.

A man peeks slowly into a stained cellphone.

The snow fills the air.

“Remember when you loved me?” the woman says.

137

In between the endless towering brick malls, far from the sparse abandoned skyscrapers, among the halls of a crumbling and sleek art studio.

The walls are covered in advertisements.

“Why are you aged?” the shrouded individual thinks.

“Do you think they are coming?” the man replies.

The sound of shattering glass echoes continuously.

The woman and the woman hips’ part for the first time.

138

Within a dimly lit temple, several kilometers down the river.
A man gazes nervously through the door of a closet.
The fog obscures the woman's vision.
“Why are you bloodied?” the man wonders.

139

Around the overwhelming number of nearly infinite plastic warehouses, somewhere along a brown rusted railroad tracks, in the entrance of the imposing and filthy office building.

The floors smell of salt.

The woman and a bruised traveller cross gazes at last.

140

Several kilometers down the path, inside a brightly lit theater.
A man peers into the cracks in a wall.
The sound of a violent heartbeat gets louder.
The woman and the figure hands' meet as predicted.

141

Miles from the glass factories, away from the nearly infinite twisting smokestacks,
among the halls of a black stained barracks.

A stray dog runs away.

“Remember when we felt something?” the man remarks.

The downpour becomes heavier.

A faceless model peeks into a greasy shot glass.

The sound of a piercing scream resonates.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the man whispers.

142

Within the walls of a neon lit hospital, amongst the sparse stone malls.
The fearful individual and the veiled prostitute talk coldly again.

143

Somewhere along a moldy and abandoned subway line, within the charcoal gleaming subway stop.

A raccoon watches curiously.

A woman stares from inside a darkened corner.

The sound of lonely laughter echoes continuously.

“Remember when they still loved me?” the man says.

“Why are you lost?” the woman ponders aloud.

A dog picks up a tin can in her mouth.

The man and the vagrant talk for the first time.

144

Just outside a strangely lit train station, down the alleyway.
An aged woman gazes resignedly into a filthy beer glass.
The rainstorm clears slightly.
“Do you think there’s something out there?” the man mutters.

145

Far from the many light grey rusted skyscrapers, in between the neon offices,
in the entrance of the dusty stairway.

The crumbling rooms are overrun with spindly grey pipes.

The sound of shattering glass gets quieter.

The bloodied model and a withered wanderer fingers' touch once more.

146

Near the nearly infinite short expensive factories, somewhere along the brown sleek sidewalk, inside a barely lit fast food restaurant.

A cat darts into a darkened corner.

“Remember when we first met?” the woman wonders.

The sound of a shrill scream is cut off violently.

A man peers coolly from the shadows.

The snow fills the air.

“Why are you lost?” the man remarks.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the fearful prostitute thinks.

A stray dog watches interestedly.

The woman and a figure cross gazes with renewed vigour.

147

Within the walls of the filthy and cracking church, miles from the overwhelming number of crystal houses.

The glowing floors smell of mildew.

A veiled woman stares through the door of a closet.

The sound of violent laughter resonates.

“Why are you bruised?” the woman ponders silently.

148

Away from the sparse nearly infinite brick smokestacks, throughout the many
black gleaming malls, within the unlit temple.

A mouse picks up a torn up letter in his mouth.

The man and a faceless model argue coldly at last.

149

Just outside an abandoned and rusted warehouse, several kilometers down the road.

The walls are thickly coated in threats.

“Remember when you loved me?” the shrouded vagrant says.

The sound of a clear car alarm gets louder and louder.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the man mutters.

“Why are you bloodied?” the woman replies.

150

In the entrance of a dimly lit theater, amongst the nearly infinite glass warehouses.

A fearful wanderer gazes morbidly at the cracks in a wall.

The snowstorm becomes heavier.

The woman and the man lips' part for the first time.

151

Far from the endless towering modern factories, somewhere along the dusty and grimy street, within the walls of a charcoal crumbling art studio.

The rooms smell of alcohol.

The sound of shattering glass echoes continuously.

“Remember when she still loved me?” the aged traveller whispers.

The fog clears slightly.

A man peers desperately into a cracked locket.

The sound of a muffled heartbeat resonates.

“Do you think she is out there?” the withered figure remarks.

“Remember when we felt something?” the woman ponders aloud.

The rainstorm obscures the bruised individual’s vision.

The man and a veiled woman talk viciously as predicted.

152

Within a brightly lit restaurant, several kilometers down the railroad tracks.
The sound of a piercing scream is cut off violently.
“Do you think he is coming?” the lost wanderer ponders silently.

153

Down a brown sleek alleyway, among the halls of the filthy and gleaming apartment complex.

A woman peeks from inside the shadows.

The sleet becomes heavier.

The aged figure and the model talk again.

154

In the entrance of a neon lit night club, close to the steel apartments.
The shining walls are sparsely covered in cockroaches.
“Remember when they was still alive?” the man asks.
A rat picks up the crumpled newspaper in their mouth and runs away cautiously.
“Why are you bruised?” the faceless individual mutters.
“Do you think they are coming?” the man says.
The snow fills the air.
A bloodied traveller gazes into a spotless mirror.
The sound of shattering glass echoes continuously.
“Why are you veiled?” the woman whispers.

155

Just outside an abandoned office building, several kilometers down the sidewalk.

A cat runs away.

The shrouded wanderer and a fearful prostitute hips' touch with renewed vigour.

156

Somewhere along the light grey imposing road, within a glaringly lit stairway.
The cracking floors smell of mold.
A woman peers through a drilled hole.
The sound of a shrill car alarm resonates.
“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the man ponders aloud.
The downpour clears slightly.
The woman and the man fingers’ meet at last.

157

Inside a stained and grimy church, miles from the many short stone offices.
A man stares nervously from a darkened corner.
The sound of a violent scream is cut off violently.
“Why are you bruised?” the woman ponders silently.

158

Near the few plastic malls, several kilometers down the freeway, among the halls of a yellow lit temple.

A dog watches with interest.

The man and the withered woman argue passionately once more.

159

In between the sparse black dusty houses, around the nearly infinite towering expensive smokestacks, within the walls of a glowing and sleek subway stop.

The crumbling rooms are covered in spiderwebs.

The fog shows no sign of clearing.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the bloodied figure asks hesitantly.

“Do you think they are out there?” the woman replies.

A stray cat picks up the stained magazine in their mouth and darts into a darkened corner.

A man gazes from inside the shadows.

The sound of lonely laughter echoes continuously.

“Why are you aged?” the faceless model thinks.

160

Somewhere along an abandoned railroad tracks, within the unlit theater.
A mouse picks up an old chicken bone in their mouth.
The woman and a traveller cross gazes for the first time.

161

Inside the brown rusted factory, down a subway line.
A bruised individual peeks into a smudgy light-bulb.
The sound of shattering glass gets quieter and quieter.
“Do you think he saw us?” the woman remarks.
A stray dog runs away coolly.
The man and the shrouded man hands’ part as predicted.

162

Away from the overwhelming number of neon apartments, somewhere along the shining and imposing river, just outside a strangely lit art studio.

The rain becomes heavier.

“Remember when we first met?” the withered vagrant mutters.

“Why are you fearful?” the man asks.

163

Several kilometers down a road, in the entrance of the grey grimy warehouse.

The rooms smell of mildew.

A woman stares at the door of a closet.

A cat picks up the broken tv remote in their mouth and darts into the shadows.

The faceless wanderer and a traveller meet stares with renewed vigour.

164

Within a neon lit office building, far from the few nearly infinite simple
skyscrapers.

The sound of a piercing scream is cut off violently.

“Remember when you loved me?” the woman ponders silently.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the aged prostitute replies.

165

Close to the many steel factories, amongst the sparse short crystal malls,
among the halls of the dusty restaurant.

A woman gazes coldly from a darkened corner.

The rainstorm clears slightly.

The man and a bloodied model bodies' touch again.

166

Around the glass houses, down the black gleaming freeway, just outside a barely lit fast food restaurant.

The sleek walls are thickly coated in brown grafitti.

A raccoon watches curiously.

“Remember when we made love?” the bruised vagrant thinks.

“Why are you lost?” the man ponders aloud.

The sleet fills the air.

A withered man peeks from inside the shadows.

A rat runs away slowly.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the woman remarks.

167

Inside a cracking and moldy temple, in between the overwhelming number of nearly infinite expensive apartments.

The man and the woman lips' meet at last.

168

Within the walls of the crimson lit train station, several kilometers down a sidewalk.

The sound of a clear heartbeat resonates.

A fearful wanderer stares resignedly into the cracks in a wall.

A stray dog picks up a shard of glass in his mouth.

“Why are you veiled?” the man asks passive-aggressively.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the aged prostitute says.

169

Near the nearly infinite neon skyscrapers, throughout the endless filthy factories, among the halls of the charcoal imposing barracks.

The floors smell of alcohol.

The man and a faceless figure argue angrily for the first time.

170

Within the dimly lit night club, away from the sparse short plastic smokestacks.
The downpour obscures the bloodied individual's vision.
A woman peers through the door of a closet.
A cat picks up a rotten apple in their mouth and runs away.
“Do you think she is coming?” the woman mutters.
The rain shows no sign of clearing.
The withered model and the woman cross gazes as predicted.

171

Around the many steel houses, somewhere along the stained street, just outside a grimy and sleek stairway.

A veiled vagrant peeks into a stained wristwatch.

A raccoon runs away desperately.

“Remember when she was still alive?” the woman thinks.

172

Down the railroad tracks, within the walls of a glaringly lit hospital.
The snowstorm becomes heavier.
The bruised prostitute and a lost individual meet stares once more.

173

In the entrance of the gleaming art studio, somewhere along a black shining subway line.

The twisting floors are overrun with strange messages.

The sound of muffled laughter echoes continuously.

“Why are you faceless?” the man asks.

A rat watches unemotionally.

A bloodied man gazes from within a darkened corner.

The sleet clears slightly.

“Remember when you loved me?” the man remarks.

174

Within a neon lit factory, close to the few moldy and dusty apartments.
The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.
The shrouded model and the wanderer talk morbidly with renewed vigour.

175

Down the river, just outside the light grey rusted subway stop.
A woman peers coolly from the shadows.
A dog picks up a piece of wire in their mouth.
“Do you think there’s something out there?” the man asks with disgust.
“Remember when we made love?” the bruised figure replies.
The downpour obscures the lost vagrant’s vision.
The man and a veiled traveller fingers’ touch for the first time.

176

Inside an unlit office building, several kilometers down the crumbling sidewalk.

The sound of a shrill scream resonates.

“Do you think they are out there?” the woman mutters.

177

Within the walls of a grey cracking restaurant, far from the overwhelming number of brick offices.

A man stares slowly at the cracks in a wall.

A stray dog runs away.

The fearful model and the individual talk as predicted.

178

Down the road, in the entrance of a barely lit theater.
The sound of a violent heartbeat gets quieter.
“Remember when we felt something?” the man wonders.
“Why are you veiled?” the faceless traveller whispers.

179

Among the halls of a twisting apartment complex, several kilometers down
the charcoal grimy alleyway.

The rooms smell of mold.

A woman gazes into a drilled hole.

A cat watches coolly.

The bruised wanderer and a bloodied figure argue viciously at last.

180

Amongst the towering modern malls, down the railroad tracks, just outside
a brightly lit temple.

The rainstorm shows no sign of clearing.

“Remember when he was still alive?” the woman says.

“Do you think he is out there?” the shrouded man ponders aloud.

181

Within the filthy and stained night club, throughout the nearly infinite black moldy warehouses.

The abandoned walls are covered in light grey book pages.

The sound of a clear car alarm is cut off violently.

A woman peers from inside a darkened corner.

A stray cat picks up a tattered shoe in her mouth.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man thinks.

“Why are you aged?” the woman replies.

The sound of a lonely scream echoes continuously.

The man and a model bodies’ part again.

182

Around the sparse simple skyscrapers, near the endless shining and sleek factories, inside the dimly lit fast food restaurant.

A veiled traveller peeks nervously from the shadows.

The snow clears slightly.

“Remember when we first met?” the woman mutters.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the man asks.

The sound of muffled laughter resonates.

The withered figure and a fearful vagrant talk hesitantly once more.

183

Several kilometers down a grey gleaming subway line, among the halls of the crumbling barracks.

The walls smell of mildew.

A man stares morbidly through the door of a closet.

A raccoon runs away resignedly.

“Remember when we felt something?” the bloodied man remarks.

184

Far from the nearly infinite crystal smokestacks, somewhere along a path,
just outside the neon lit warehouse.

The snowstorm becomes heavier.

The woman and the prostitute hips' touch for the first time.

185

Close to the few rusted and stained houses, in between the nearly infinite plastic warehouses, within an abandoned train station.

The twisting floors are thickly coated in missing pet posters.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the shrouded wanderer wonders.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

“Why are you lost?” the man asks aggressively.

“Remember when we made love?” the faceless vagrant ponders silently.

A mouse watches curiously.

A man peers cautiously into a filthy cellphone.

The downpour fills the air.

“Why are you bruised?” the woman replies.

“Remember when they still loved me?” the woman thinks.

A cat picks up a stained magazine in their mouth.

The aged woman and the bloodied individual meet stares as predicted.

186

In the entrance of the unlit restaurant, several kilometers down a cracking and imposing freeway.

The fog shows no sign of clearing.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the man says.

187

Somewhere along a street, inside a grimy office building.
The rooms smell of alcohol.
A woman peeks at a drilled hole.
The sound of a violent heartbeat echoes continuously.
The man and the figure lips' meet again.

188

Amongst the endless black dusty apartments, down a glowing and moldy railroad tracks, among the halls of the light grey lit factory.

The rainstorm clears slightly.

“Remember when you loved me?” the woman whispers.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the man asks coolly.

189

Around the sparse expensive factories, near the stained skyscrapers, just outside the grey filthy apartment complex.

A withered traveller gazes into a greasy wine glass.

A stray cat runs away.

The man and a faceless prostitute cross gazes once more.

190

Several kilometers down an alleyway, in the entrance of the barely lit church.
The rain obscures the fearful model's vision.
"Remember when we first met?" the man wonders.
The sound of a clear scream gets louder and louder.
A shrouded vagrant peers from inside a darkened corner.
The sleet shows no sign of clearing.
"Why are you aged?" the woman asks.

191

Within the walls of a rusted temple, down the black sleek subway line.
The man and the woman talk passive-aggressively for the first time.

192

Miles from the nearly infinite glass malls, close to the many short neon warehouses, within a dimly lit art studio.

A raccoon watches with interest.

A woman stares nervously from the shadows.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

“Do you think she is coming?” the man ponders silently.

“Remember when he was still alive?” the woman remarks.

193

Far from the endless abandoned smokestacks, somewhere along a river, inside the brown shining stairway.

The man and the bruised traveller talk with renewed vigour.

194

Among the halls of a brightly lit subway stop, several kilometers down the charcoal dusty path.

The downpour fills the air.

A woman gazes desperately into the door of a closet.

A dog picks up a torn up letter in her mouth.

“Do you think they saw us?” the man ponders aloud.

“Remember when we felt something?” the faceless wanderer says.

The rainstorm obscures the man’s vision.

The woman and a prostitute meet stares again.

195

Away from the few simple apartments, amongst the twisting and grimy
skyscrapers, just outside the glowing warehouse.

The floors are sparsely covered in ants.

“Why are you shrouded?” the veiled man replies.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the woman wonders.

The sound of a shrill heartbeat is cut off violently.

“Why are you aged?” the lost model ponders silently.

“Do you think he is out there?” the woman whispers.

The rain clears slightly.

A bruised vagrant peeks at a drilled hole.

The sound of muffled laughter echoes continuously.

“Why are you bloodied?” the man remarks.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the woman thinks.

196

Down a sidewalk, within the walls of an unlit restaurant.
The fog becomes heavier.
The fearful wanderer and the withered prostitute fingers' touch as predicted.

197

Throughout the overwhelming number of nearly infinite stone offices, several kilometers down a cracking and shining railroad tracks, within the moldy office building.

The walls smell of mold.

The sound of a violent car alarm gets louder.

“Why are you veiled?” the woman says.

A stray dog picks up the sheet of plastic in their mouth and darts into a darkened corner.

A man peers into a clear window.

The snowstorm fills the air.

“Remember when we made love?” the woman asks hesitantly.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the lost man ponders aloud.

198

In the entrance of the cyan lit theater, close to the nearly infinite crumbling warehouses.

The man and a woman hands' meet for the first time.

199

Miles from the sparse short plastic malls, away from the brick houses, among the halls of a black gleaming fast food restaurant.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

A woman gazes from inside the shadows.

A stray cat watches interestedly.

“Why are you shrouded?” the fearful traveller ponders silently.

The rainstorm obscures the woman’s vision.

The man and the bruised figure argue passionately at last.

200

Just outside a barely lit temple, down the subway line.
A woman peeks slowly from a darkened corner.
A rat picks up a tin can in his mouth.
“Do you think there’s a reason?” the man wonders.

201

Inside an imposing apartment complex, around the overwhelming number of sleek and abandoned skyscrapers.

The sound of a piercing heartbeat resonates.

The woman and the prostitute hips' part again.

202

In between the endless towering expensive apartments, several kilometers down a light grey stained road, in the entrance of the glaringly lit factory.

An aged individual peers morbidly into a frosted beer glass.

A mouse picks up an old chicken bone in their mouth and runs away nervously.

“Why are you faceless?” the woman remarks.

The sound of a clear car alarm echoes continuously.

The man and the withered model meet stares as predicted.

203

Within the walls of a twisting subway stop, somewhere along the river.
The moldy floors are covered in mirrors.
“Do you think they are coming?” the woman thinks.
“Why are you veiled?” the man replies.
A dog watches curiously.
“Do you think it has a purpose?” the shrouded man mutters.
“Remember when we first met?” the fearful wanderer asks with disgust.
The snow shows no sign of clearing.
A man stares into the door of a closet.
A raccoon runs away.
“Do you think there’s something out there?” the woman whispers.
“Remember when we felt something?” the man ponders aloud.
The sound of a muffled scream is cut off violently.
The woman and a traveller talk desperately for the first time.

204

Within the dimly lit barracks, amongst the few brown shining factories.
An aged woman peeks into a smudgy neon sign.
The downpour clears slightly.
“Do you think they are out there?” the man ponders silently.
“Remember when we visited here first?” the bruised prostitute replies.
A rat picks up a length of rope in their mouth.
The man and a veiled model bodies’ meet once more.

205

Throughout the nearly infinite neon warehouses, near the many crystal offices, just outside the crumbling and gleaming stairway.

The fog becomes heavier.

“Why are you withered?” the woman wonders.

“Remember when she was still alive?” the faceless man asks angrily.

206

Among the halls of a brightly lit church, down the dusty sidewalk.
A woman peers coldly from within the shadows.
The sound of violent laughter gets quieter and quieter.
The man and a vagrant cross gazes with renewed vigour.

207

Several kilometers down an alleyway, inside the filthy and rusted warehouse.
The rooms smell of mildew.

A stray cat picks up the crumpled newspaper in their mouth and darts into
a darkened corner.

“Why are you aged?” the woman whispers.

The sound of a shrill car alarm resonates.

A bloodied individual gazes hesitantly at the cracks in a wall.

A dog watches with interest.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the woman remarks.

“Remember when we first met?” the shrouded wanderer thinks.

The sleet shows no sign of clearing.

The man and a withered traveller hands’ part at last.

208

Within the walls of the neon lit theater, away from the endless towering glass houses.

The sound of a clear heartbeat echoes continuously.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the veiled model says.

“Remember when we felt something?” the woman wonders.

The snow clears slightly.

A man stares from the shadows.

The sound of lonely laughter is cut off violently.

“Do you think she is out there?” the woman ponders silently.

209

Close to the few grey stained smokestacks, somewhere along the glowing and abandoned street, just outside a shining hospital.

The fearful prostitute and a man hips' touch for the first time.

210

Among the halls of the strangely lit fast food restaurant, several kilometers down a railroad tracks.

The imposing rooms are thickly coated in slim black pipes.

“Why are you bruised?” the woman whispers.

A mouse picks up a piece of wire in her mouth.

A man peers coolly into a spotless mirror.

The snowstorm obscures the shrouded wanderer’s vision.

“Remember when we made love?” the man mutters.

“Do you think he is coming?” the withered woman thinks.

211

Miles from the overwhelming number of nearly infinite plastic skyscrapers, throughout the nearly infinite sleek and moldy malls, inside the charcoal filthy apartment complex.

The woman and an aged traveller meet stares as predicted.

212

Down the rusted river, in the entrance of an unlit restaurant.
The floors smell of alcohol.
A man peeks resignedly from inside a darkened corner.
The sound of a piercing scream resonates.
The woman and the model talk desperately again.

213

Near the towering modern apartments, several kilometers down the road,
within a twisting and crumbling barracks.

A raccoon picks up a rotten apple in their mouth and runs away slowly.

“Remember when you loved me?” the man remarks.

The rain shows no sign of clearing.

A faceless vagrant gazes into a cracked locket.

The sound of a muffled car alarm gets quieter.

“Do you think they saw us?” the woman wonders.

214

Among the halls of a glaringly lit subway stop, around the sparse grey abandoned houses.

The man and the bloodied wanderer fingers' meet at last.

215

In between the endless short expensive smokestacks, far from the overwhelming number of brown stained skyscrapers, just outside the shining art studio.

The walls are overrun with cockroaches.

The rainstorm clears slightly.

A shrouded figure peers into the door of a closet.

A stray dog runs away.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man asks aggressively.

The downpour fills the air.

The withered man and an individual argue viciously for the first time.

216

Amongst the few neon warehouses, somewhere along the cracking alleyway,
inside a barely lit stairway.

A rat picks up a tattered shoe in their mouth.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the woman replies.

“Remember when she was still alive?” the man ponders aloud.

217

Within the walls of the charcoal sleek temple, throughout the towering brick malls.

A woman stares from within the shadows.

The snowstorm obscures the bruised woman's vision.

The man and a faceless model talk once more.

218

Around the sparse glass factories, in between the nearly infinite short crystal smokestacks, within the dimly lit factory.

The rooms smell of salt.

An aged figure gazes coldly through a drilled hole.

A mouse watches unemotionally.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the man asks.

The sound of violent laughter echoes continuously.

The woman and a wanderer cross gazes as predicted.

219

Among the halls of a gleaming and rusted church, several kilometers down the street.

The sleet clears slightly.

“Why are you veiled?” the bloodied prostitute thinks.

220

Down a light grey imposing subway line, in the entrance of the acid green lit train station.

The moldy rooms are covered in advertisements.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the man ponders silently.

“Remember when they still loved me?” the fearful traveller says.

A raccoon picks up the broken tv remote in their mouth and runs away cautiously.

A man peers into a clear wristwatch.

The snow shows no sign of clearing.

“Do you think they are out there?” the bruised model replies.

221

Miles from the overwhelming number of modern apartments, somewhere along a river, inside a crumbling and shining hospital.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

The woman and the withered vagrant hands' part again.

222

Within the unlit warehouse, down a twisting road.
The dusty floors smell of mold.
A man stares resignedly from a darkened corner.
The rainstorm becomes heavier.
“Why are you bloodied?” the man asks nervously.
“Remember when we first met?” the lost traveller ponders aloud.
The sound of a lonely car alarm gets louder.
The faceless individual and the figure lips’ meet for the first time.

223

Somewhere along a path, within the walls of the grey glowing fast food restaurant.

The downpour fills the air.

“Why are you bruised?” the woman thinks.

224

Close to the many nearly infinite steel warehouses, several kilometers down the stained and grimy sidewalk, in the entrance of a strangely lit apartment complex.

A veiled man gazes coolly into a frosted window.

A cat darts into the shadows.

The man and a lost prostitute talk passive-aggressively with renewed vigour.

225

Far from the few stone skyscrapers, near the endless short plastic malls, just outside the brown abandoned art studio.

The floors are thickly coated in dust.

The sound of a clear heartbeat echoes continuously.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the fearful wanderer whispers.

“Why are you bloodied?” the woman ponders silently.

226

Inside a brightly lit barracks, around the nearly infinite rusted and imposing smokestacks.

A withered vagrant peeks at the door of a closet.

The rain clears slightly.

The woman and the woman hips' touch as predicted.

227

Throughout the sparse towering simple houses, somewhere along an alleyway,
within the walls of the filthy subway stop.

A stray dog picks up a torn up letter in her mouth.

“Do you think she saw us?” the aged figure wonders.

The fog obscures the man’s vision.

A woman peers morbidly through a drilled hole.

A dog picks up an old chicken bone in their mouth and runs away.

“Why are you bruised?” the lost traveller mutters.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the woman remarks.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

The fearful wanderer and the faceless individual meet stares once more.

228

Down a twisting and glowing railroad tracks, in the entrance of the barely lit stairway.

The rooms smell of alcohol.

“Why are you veiled?” the man asks.

229

Within a moldy train station, amongst the few gleaming and sleek apartments.

The sleet shows no sign of clearing.

“Remember when we made love?” the woman thinks.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the shrouded woman ponders aloud.

The sound of a piercing scream gets louder and louder.

A man stares from inside a darkened corner.

A mouse watches coolly.

“Why are you lost?” the woman ponders silently.

230

Inside a charcoal lit restaurant, somewhere along the subway line.
The man and the figure argue passionately at last.

231

Far from the many glass offices, away from the endless light grey crumbling malls, just outside a filthy office building.

The cracking walls are overrun with threats.

A woman gazes hesitantly from within the shadows.

The rainstorm becomes heavier.

The bloodied traveller and the bruised vagrant hands' meet again.

232

In the entrance of a neon lit hospital, in between the crystal factories.
A man peers at the door of a closet.
The sound of a shrill heartbeat resonates.
“Remember when they was still alive?” the woman mutters.
“Why are you withered?” the fearful model remarks.

233

Within the brown rusted fast food restaurant, down an imposing street.
The rain fills the air.
The woman and the wanderer cross gazes for the first time.

234

Near the nearly infinite short expensive houses, somewhere along a path,
within the walls of the strangely lit church.

An aged prostitute peeks into a greasy light-bulb.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

“Remember when you loved me?” the man asks cautiously.

The snowstorm obscures the faceless individual’s vision.

The man and a shrouded woman bodies’ part as predicted.

235

Several kilometers down the charcoal shining road, among the halls of a moldy art studio.

A stray cat picks up a length of rope in their mouth.

“Why are you veiled?” the fearful man whispers.

236

In the entrance of the brightly lit apartment complex, down a railroad tracks.
The sleek rooms smell of mildew.
The fog becomes heavier.
A woman stares from inside a darkened corner.
A stray dog picks up the stained magazine in their mouth and darts into the shadows.
“Remember when she still loved me?” the bloodied traveller ponders aloud.
The sleet clears slightly.
The man and a model talk once more.

237

Just outside the twisting and crumbling temple, amongst the few black grimy apartments.

The sound of a lonely scream echoes continuously.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the faceless wanderer asks.

“Why are you aged?” the man thinks.

A cat watches with interest.

A woman gazes coldly from within a darkened corner.

The sound of a clear car alarm resonates.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the lost individual remarks.

“Why are you fearful?” the woman replies.

238

Throughout the endless towering steel offices, several kilometers down the glowing sidewalk, within the walls of a glaringly lit theater.

The man and a shrouded vagrant lips' touch again.

239

Among the halls of a stained and filthy subway stop, somewhere along the alleyway.

The walls are covered in missing pet posters.

A faceless figure peers into a drilled hole.

A dog runs away.

The man and the woman argue with disgust for the first time.

240

In the entrance of an unlit office building, far from the many imposing warehouses.

The rain obscures the woman's vision.

"Remember when we first met?" the man wonders.

"Do you think they are coming?" the withered prostitute asks aggressively.

A stray cat picks up the rotten apple in their mouth and darts into the shadows.

A man stares into a cloudy beer glass.

The snowstorm becomes heavier.

"Remember when we made love?" the woman whispers.

241

Several kilometers down the cracking and dusty subway line, within a light grey moldy barracks.

The veiled individual and a bruised vagrant talk nervously at last.

242

In between the sparse short neon factories, down the road, inside a dimly lit warehouse.

The sound of muffled laughter gets quieter.

A woman peeks coolly at the cracks in a wall.

A mouse picks up a shard of glass in his mouth.

“Do you think she is out there?” the man asks.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

The woman and the traveller hips’ part once more.

243

Within the walls of an abandoned and shining train station, miles from the nearly infinite stone houses.

The floors smell of salt.

“Why are you lost?” the man thinks.

244

In the entrance of the strangely lit art studio, several kilometers down a stained river.

The downpour shows no sign of clearing.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the woman replies.

The sound of a violent car alarm resonates.

A man peers hesitantly from a darkened corner.

The rainstorm fills the air.

“Remember when we felt something?” the shrouded figure says.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the woman remarks.

245

Near the towering glass skyscrapers, throughout the few brick smokestacks,
among the halls of the sleek and rusted stairway.

The imposing floors are sparsely covered in blue drawings.

The sound of a shrill heartbeat echoes continuously.

The aged man and a veiled woman meet stares again.

246

Somewhere along the street, just outside the neon lit fast food restaurant.
A man gazes through the door of a closet.
A stray dog watches interestedly.
“Why are you fearful?” the faceless vagrant asks passive-aggressively.
The rain obscures the woman’s vision.
The man and an individual cross gazes for the first time.

247

Away from the many brown glowing offices, down a grimy alleyway, within the walls of the crumbling and dusty factory.

The abandoned rooms smell of alcohol.

A bruised model peeks from inside the shadows.

The sound of a lonely scream is cut off violently.

“Remember when you loved me?” the man asks.

“Do you think he is coming?” the woman wonders.

248

Close to the nearly infinite plastic factories, around the overwhelming number of nearly infinite modern apartments, in the entrance of a brightly lit hospital.

A dog picks up a crumpled newspaper in their mouth and runs away.

The veiled woman and the bloodied traveller talk with renewed vigour.

249

Inside the black sleek temple, near the endless crystal malls.
The walls are thickly coated in mirrors.
“Remember when we first met?” the man replies.
“Why are you aged?” the woman whispers.

250

Just outside an unlit church, somewhere along the railroad tracks.
A man peers resignedly at a drilled hole.
The snowstorm clears slightly.
“Remember when they still loved me?” the withered prostitute ponders
silently.
The sound of shattering glass resonates.
The man and a man argue coldly as predicted.

251

Several kilometers down a filthy path, within the cracking and stained theater.

The downpour fills the air.

“Why are you lost?” the woman mutters.

252

Within the walls of the barely lit night club, in between the sparse short simple skyscrapers.

The rooms smell of mildew.

A cat runs away cautiously.

A faceless model stares coldly from a darkened corner.

The sound of a muffled heartbeat echoes continuously.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the woman says.

A mouse picks up a broken tv remote in her mouth.

The veiled figure and a fearful traveller fingers’ part again.

253

Miles from the many glass warehouses, somewhere along the road, in the entrance of an imposing and gleaming barracks.

The sound of a piercing car alarm is cut off violently.

“Why are you withered?” the man thinks.

254

Close to the nearly infinite grey abandoned smokestacks, amongst the overwhelming number of steel factories, inside the strangely lit warehouse.

A bruised wanderer gazes into a spotless wine glass.

The rainstorm shows no sign of clearing.

The man and an individual bodies' meet for the first time.

255

Just outside the shining and glowing office building, several kilometers down a sleek freeway.

The floors are covered in letters.

A shrouded model peeks desperately into a clear shot glass.

The sound of shrill laughter gets louder.

“Remember when we made love?” the woman asks.

“Why are you bloodied?” the aged prostitute wonders.

256

Within the walls of a dimly lit stairway, near the light grey filthy houses.
The man and the lost woman hands' touch with renewed vigour.

257

Down the street, in the entrance of a cracking and twisting fast food restaurant.

A raccoon watches unemotionally.

A woman stares into the cracks in a wall.

The sound of a violent scream resonates.

“Remember when you loved me?” the man ponders silently.

The rain clears slightly.

The woman and the figure meet stares at last.

258

In between the many expensive skyscrapers, away from the sparse brown rusted offices, inside a charcoal lit art studio.

The moldy floors smell of mold.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

“Why are you shrouded?” the withered wanderer asks nervously.

259

Within the abandoned and grimy apartment complex, several kilometers down the gleaming railroad tracks.

A woman gazes from within the shadows.

The fog fills the air.

The man and a veiled traveller talk passionately once more.

260

Just outside a glaringly lit temple, far from the few brick smokestacks.
A stray dog runs away.
“Do you think something’s coming?” the woman says.
The sound of lonely laughter echoes continuously.
A fearful man peeks resignedly at the door of a closet.
The snowstorm becomes heavier.
“Remember when we visited here first?” the woman ponders aloud.
“Why are you faceless?” the lost model replies.
The sound of a piercing car alarm gets quieter and quieter.
The man and the woman talk as predicted.

261

Throughout the nearly infinite black dusty warehouses, somewhere along a subway line, among the halls of the sleek and cracking hospital.

A withered individual stares cautiously from a darkened corner.

The snow clears slightly.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the woman thinks.

“Do you think they are out there?” the man whispers.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

The aged traveller and a bruised prostitute argue with disgust again.

262

Amongst the many crystal houses, close to the twisting malls, within the walls of the brightly lit night club.

The rain shows no sign of clearing.

“Why are you bloodied?” the woman mutters.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the man says.

The sound of a shrill heartbeat resonates.

A veiled model gazes into a drilled hole.

The sleet obscures the man’s vision.

“Remember when they was still alive?” the lost wanderer wonders.

263

Within a light grey imposing theater, in between the few simple offices.
The stained walls are overrun with ants.
The woman and the individual cross gazes for the first time.

264

Down a glowing and crumbling road, just outside an unlit warehouse.
An aged vagrant peeks from within the shadows.
The sound of a clear car alarm echoes continuously.
The man and the faceless woman lips' part once more.

265

Around the endless filthy skyscrapers, somewhere along the sidewalk, inside a brown shining office building.

A dog picks up the piece of wire in their mouth and runs away coolly.

“Why are you withered?” the shrouded figure remarks.

“Do you think they are coming?” the woman ponders silently.

266

Within the walls of a neon lit barracks, several kilometers down the cracking and gleaming street.

A bruised prostitute peers into a smudgy pair of glasses.

The downpour fills the air.

The man and an individual meet stares as predicted.

267

Down a river, in the entrance of the grey abandoned subway stop.
The imposing rooms smell of alcohol.
“Why are you bloodied?” the woman thinks.
“Remember when we first met?” the lost vagrant asks.
A mouse picks up a tin can in his mouth.
“Why are you fearful?” the man replies.
“Do you think she is coming?” the woman mutters.
The sound of shattering glass gets louder and louder.
A man stares morbidly at the cracks in a wall.
A stray cat darts into a darkened corner.
“Remember when we made love?” the withered model wonders.

268

Among the halls of the purple lit apartment complex, throughout the nearly infinite nearly infinite stone apartments.

The woman and an aged figure fingers' touch at last.

269

Miles from the glass smokestacks, away from the overwhelming number of towering neon malls, just outside the sleek church.

The rooms are sparsely covered in spiderwebs.

A bruised traveller peeks nervously from inside the shadows.

The snowstorm clears slightly.

The woman and a man talk slowly again.

270

Inside the glaringly lit fast food restaurant, somewhere along a twisting and grimy freeway.

The sound of a lonely heartbeat is cut off violently.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the man asks angrily.

The rain obscures the veiled woman’s vision.

A fearful vagrant gazes through the door of a closet.

A raccoon watches coolly.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the man says.

271

Amongst the sparse plastic factories, down the path, in the entrance of a
light grey shining stairway.

The walls smell of salt.

The rainstorm fills the air.

The woman and the shrouded figure argue aggressively for the first time.

272

Close to the few crumbling and moldy skyscrapers, far from the many crystal apartments, among the halls of a barely lit art studio.

A woman stares resignedly into a filthy cellphone.

A stray dog picks up the tattered shoe in their mouth and runs away.

“Do you think he is out there?” the faceless wanderer asks.

“Why are you bloodied?” the man replies.

The sound of a violent car alarm echoes continuously.

The woman and a man bodies’ part as predicted.

273

Somewhere along the gleaming alleyway, within a sleek and dusty train station.

The stained walls are covered in brown book pages.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the lost prostitute ponders silently.

“Why are you withered?” the man remarks.

The snow shows no sign of clearing.

“Remember when we felt something?” the woman wonders.

“Why are you aged?” the man says.

274

Within the walls of the unlit restaurant, in between the short simple houses.
The sound of a piercing scream gets louder.
A woman peeks into a cloudy locket.
A cat picks up an old chicken bone in their mouth.
“Do you think it has a purpose?” the man asks.
The sound of muffled laughter is cut off violently.
The woman and a faceless woman talk at last.

275

Miles from the nearly infinite expensive warehouses, down the street, just outside a twisting theater.

The cracking rooms smell of mildew.

The downpour obscures the veiled figure's vision.

"Remember when she was still alive?" the man whispers.

"Do you think there's a reason?" the bloodied vagrant mutters.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

A woman peers coldly from a darkened corner.

The rain becomes heavier.

"Why are you shrouded?" the man ponders aloud.

276

Inside the strangely lit night club, somewhere along the crumbling and shining subway line.

The woman and a man hips' touch again.

277

Throughout the few towering steel malls, around the many grey grimy
skyscrapers, in the entrance of a rusted and glowing barracks.

A mouse watches with interest.

A man stares from within the shadows.

The sound of a lonely scream echoes continuously.

“Do you think they saw us?” the withered traveller wonders.

The fog fills the air.

The man and the bruised individual cross gazes with renewed vigour.

278

Among the halls of a dimly lit church, near the sparse nearly infinite glass smokestacks.

A woman gazes desperately into the cracks in a wall.

The sound of clear laughter is cut off violently.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man asks coolly.

“Why are you veiled?” the fearful prostitute thinks.

The sleet clears slightly.

The woman and the model lips’ meet for the first time.

279

In between the stone offices, several kilometers down a freeway, within the charcoal stained office building.

The rooms are thickly coated in narrow black pipes.

“Remember when she still loved me?” the man whispers.

“Do you think they are out there?” the aged wanderer mutters.

The sound of shattering glass gets quieter.

“Remember when you loved me?” the woman replies.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the withered vagrant says.

280

Miles from the few short brick apartments, far from the endless dusty and twisting factories, within the walls of the yellow lit hospital.

A man peers hesitantly into a spotless wristwatch.

The downpour shows no sign of clearing.

The bloodied man and a fearful individual talk coldly at last.

281

Down the sleek road, just outside a filthy and shining temple.
The imposing floors smell of mold.
A rat darts into a darkened corner.
“Remember when we made love?” the woman asks.
The snow obscures the woman’s vision.
A lost woman peeks into a cracked beer glass.
The sound of a shrill scream resonates.
“Why are you bruised?” the shrouded traveller thinks.

282

Away from the overwhelming number of nearly infinite neon warehouses,
somewhere along an alleyway, inside a barely lit apartment complex.
The man and the wanderer talk as predicted.

283

In the entrance of a light grey gleaming warehouse, near the many plastic smokestacks.

The floors are overrun with grey grafitti.

A veiled figure gazes at a drilled hole.

A stray cat picks up the torn up letter in their mouth and runs away.

The man and the aged man argue viciously once more.

284

Within the brightly lit art studio, several kilometers down a moldy and abandoned street.

A woman peers from the shadows.

The sound of a violent car alarm is cut off violently.

“Remember when we felt something?” the man ponders aloud.

“Do you think she is coming?” the bloodied prostitute remarks.

285

Close to the black crumbling houses, down a subway line, just outside a sleek
and dusty night club.

The grimy rooms smell of salt.

A cat picks up a sheet of plastic in his mouth.

The man and the model cross gazes again.

286

Amongst the nearly infinite towering modern offices, throughout the overwhelming number of crystal skyscrapers, inside the neon lit subway stop.

A woman stares nervously into a frosted shot glass.

The sound of muffled laughter echoes continuously.

“Why are you faceless?” the man asks morbidly.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the woman mutters.

The rainstorm clears slightly.

The man and a shrouded wanderer bodies’ meet at last.

287

Within the walls of a shining factory, several kilometers down the charcoal gleaming river.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

“Why are you withered?” the woman replies.

288

Somewhere along the road, in the entrance of an unlit barracks.
The walls are covered in cockroaches.
A man gazes cautiously through the door of a closet.
The rain shows no sign of clearing.
The aged woman and the vagrant fingers' part with renewed vigour.

289

Miles from the many brown twisting warehouses, several kilometers down a rusted and glowing railroad tracks, just outside the stained stairway.

The sound of a lonely heartbeat gets louder and louder.

“Remember when they still loved me?” the woman asks.

The fog obscures the bloodied prostitute’s vision.

A woman peers into a smudgy wine glass.

The sound of a piercing scream is cut off violently.

“Do you think he is out there?” the lost individual wonders.

“Remember when you loved me?” the woman ponders silently.

290

Far from the endless simple apartments, away from the few light grey crack-
ing malls, inside a dimly lit theater.

The moldy walls smell of mildew.

“Why are you shrouded?” the man thinks.

A raccoon watches unemotionally.

The woman and the bruised man meet stares as predicted.

291

Within the walls of an imposing apartment complex, in between the overwhelming number of glass houses.

A veiled wanderer peeks at a drilled hole.

The downpour becomes heavier.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the woman asks passive-aggressively.

“Why are you bloodied?” the withered vagrant mutters.

A stray dog picks up a crumpled newspaper in their mouth and runs away coolly.

The woman and the traveller lips’ touch for the first time.

292

In the entrance of the strangely lit church, down a path.
The shining floors are sparsely covered in crimson paintings.
The sleet fills the air.
“Do you think they are coming?” the man says.
“Remember when we first met?” the woman replies.
A dog darts into a darkened corner.
A man gazes hesitantly into a stained cellphone.
The sound of violent laughter resonates.
“Why are you aged?” the woman ponders silently.
“Remember when we visited here first?” the faceless prostitute ponders
aloud.

293

Several kilometers down the charcoal glowing street, within the abandoned and gleaming hospital.

The woman and a lost figure talk again.

294

Close to the many short expensive factories, down a freeway, among the halls
of the glaringly lit temple.

The rain obscures the woman's vision.

A man peers resignedly through the door of a closet.

A rat picks up a length of rope in their mouth.

"Why are you fearful?" the bloodied woman thinks.

The sound of a shrill car alarm echoes continuously.

The woman and a man argue angrily with renewed vigour.

295

Amongst the endless stone skyscrapers, miles from the towering modern warehouses, just outside the stained fast food restaurant.

A bruised individual stares into a cloudy pair of glasses.

The snow shows no sign of clearing.

“Remember when she still loved me?” the woman asks.

“Why are you faceless?” the withered model says.

296

Within the walls of a barely lit warehouse, far from the few plastic offices.
The floors smell of alcohol.
The woman and the shrouded figure hips' part as predicted.

297

Several kilometers down a black crumbling alleyway, within the filthy factory.
A cat watches curiously.
A fearful wanderer gazes slowly from inside the shadows.
The downpour fills the air.
“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the woman remarks.
The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.
The veiled woman and a prostitute meet stares once more.

298

In between the nearly infinite short crystal houses, down the river, in the entrance of a brightly lit subway stop.

A woman peeks morbidly into a filthy light-bulb.

A stray dog picks up the rotten apple in their mouth and runs away desperately.

“Remember when you loved me?” the faceless model replies.

299

Among the halls of the brown grimy train station, several kilometers down a twisting path.

The fog obscures the man's vision.

The bruised individual and a lost man bodies' touch again.

300

Somewhere along the railroad tracks, within the walls of a charcoal lit night club.

The abandoned rooms are overrun with advertisements.

“Why are you shrouded?” the man ponders aloud.

“Do you think she is coming?” the woman asks hesitantly.

301

Just outside the light grey cracking office building, close to the endless moldy and gleaming factories.

The sound of a clear scream gets louder.

“Remember when we first met?” the aged vagrant asks.

A stray cat runs away.

A woman peers coldly into the cracks in a wall.

The sound of lonely laughter echoes continuously.

“Why are you lost?” the bloodied woman ponders silently.

302

Around the simple skyscrapers, down a stained subway line, in the entrance of the unlit barracks.

The woman and a prostitute cross gazes at last.

303

Amongst the sparse brown grimy apartments, throughout the overwhelming number of glass malls, within the crumbling church.

The sleek walls smell of mold.

A raccoon watches interestedly.

A bruised individual stares through the door of a closet.

The rainstorm becomes heavier.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man says.

A cat picks up the shard of glass in their mouth and darts into a darkened corner.

The faceless man and a withered figure argue passionately as predicted.

304

Somewhere along an alleyway, among the halls of the strangely lit apartment complex.

A man gazes slowly from the shadows.

The snowstorm clears slightly.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the aged vagrant whispers.

“Why are you fearful?” the woman remarks.

305

Inside a dusty and rusted restaurant, away from the few nearly infinite brick offices.

The sound of a violent car alarm is cut off violently.

The veiled model and the prostitute hands' meet for the first time.

306

Just outside the dimly lit temple, down an abandoned sidewalk.
The rooms are covered in letters.
“Do you think they saw us?” the woman ponders aloud.
“Why are you shrouded?” the man mutters.

307

Several kilometers down a freeway, within the cracking and moldy fast food restaurant.

A woman peers into a spotless wristwatch.

The downpour fills the air.

“Do you think he is out there?” the bruised wanderer wonders.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the woman ponders silently.

The sound of a piercing scream resonates.

The fearful traveller and a faceless woman talk with disgust once more.

308

In the entrance of the glaringly lit subway stop, near the grey filthy houses.
A stray dog runs away morbidly.
“Do you think there’s a reason?” the woman replies.
“Why are you lost?” the bloodied figure says.

309

Far from the nearly infinite neon skyscrapers, around the overwhelming number of charcoal dusty apartments, within the walls of a stained and sleek art studio.

The crumbling floors smell of salt.

The sound of a shrill heartbeat gets quieter and quieter.

A man peeks nervously into a clear mirror.

The rain becomes heavier.

“Remember when she was still alive?” the woman ponders aloud.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the withered man asks coolly.

310

Somewhere along a twisting road, among the halls of the neon lit stairway.
The woman and the prostitute lips' part with renewed vigour.

311

Just outside a shining and grimy hospital, close to the sparse modern warehouses.

The abandoned rooms are sparsely covered in ants.

A man gazes cautiously into the cracks in a wall.

A stray cat watches unemotionally.

The woman and the bruised model cross gazes at last.

312

Amongst the glowing offices, several kilometers down the subway line, inside a brightly lit church.

A faceless vagrant peers through a drilled hole.

The sound of clear laughter is cut off violently.

“Remember when we first met?” the woman whispers.

The snow shows no sign of clearing.

The man and a traveller fingers’ touch as predicted.

313

Somewhere along a gleaming alleyway, within the walls of the rusted and filthy theater.

The floors smell of alcohol.

“Why are you shrouded?” the woman ponders silently.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the man replies.

A raccoon picks up a broken tv remote in his mouth.

“Why are you bloodied?” the woman asks.

“Do you think she is coming?” the man ponders aloud.

314

In the entrance of the unlit factory, away from the nearly infinite short plastic malls.

A fearful woman stares into a stained neon sign.

The sound of a lonely car alarm echoes continuously.

The man and a veiled wanderer talk for the first time.

315

Far from the few stone smokestacks, down the sidewalk, just outside a stained and imposing barracks.

The walls are thickly coated in dust.

A lost individual peeks coldly from inside a darkened corner.

A cat picks up a piece of wire in their mouth and darts into the shadows.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the woman wonders.

The sound of shattering glass gets quieter.

The man and the model meet stares with renewed vigour.

316

Throughout the many abandoned apartments, near the sparse glass houses,
inside the barely lit temple.

A woman gazes hesitantly into the cracks in a wall.

The fog clears slightly.

“Why are you aged?” the bruised vagrant says.

317

Within the walls of a crumbling and moldy warehouse, amongst the cracking factories.

The twisting floors smell of mildew.

The sound of violent laughter is cut off violently.

The woman and the bloodied woman talk passive-aggressively once more.

318

Close to the few brick malls, several kilometers down a black glowing freeway,
within the strangely lit office building.

A fearful prostitute peers through the door of a closet.

The rainstorm obscures the woman's vision.

"Do you think they saw us?" the veiled traveller ponders silently.

"Remember when we felt something?" the man mutters.

The sound of a piercing car alarm echoes continuously.

The woman and an individual cross gazes at last.

319

Somewhere along a river, just outside the grimy and sleek stairway.
The rooms are overrun with threats.
A man peeks nervously into a cloudy window.
A mouse runs away.
“Do you think they are out there?” the woman replies.
“Why are you withered?” the shrouded man thinks.

320

Far from the endless dusty skyscrapers, miles from the sparse towering steel offices, inside the dimly lit restaurant.

The snowstorm shows no sign of clearing.

The woman and a lost model bodies' meet for the first time.

321

Around the nearly infinite abandoned apartments, down a crumbling and imposing railroad tracks, in the entrance of the light grey cracking subway stop.
A man stares coolly from within a darkened corner.
The sound of a muffled scream resonates.
“Do you think they are coming?” the man wonders.
The downpour clears slightly.
The faceless wanderer and the vagrant talk again.

322

Within the red lit fast food restaurant, somewhere along a street.
The floors smell of salt.
A stray cat watches curiously.
“Remember when you loved me?” the aged woman says.

323

Among the halls of the filthy and grimy factory, throughout the many neon houses.

The sound of shattering glass gets louder and louder.

A woman peers into a frosted cellphone.

A rat picks up a tattered shoe in their mouth and runs away morbidly.

“Why are you bruised?” the bloodied man asks resignedly.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the woman ponders silently.

The sound of a lonely heartbeat is cut off violently.

The man and a withered figure meet stares with renewed vigour.

324

Near the few moldy warehouses, down the brown stained road, just outside
a glaringly lit art studio.

The walls are sparsely covered in mirrors.

A fearful prostitute peeks desperately at the cracks in a wall.

A stray dog darts into the shadows.

“Do you think he is out there?” the woman replies.

“Remember when she was still alive?” the lost wanderer remarks.

325

Inside the grey dusty hospital, several kilometers down a path.
The man and the traveller talk aggressively at last.

326

In between the overwhelming number of plastic malls, away from the sparse short crystal offices, within the walls of a barely lit church.

The sound of a shrill car alarm echoes continuously.

A woman gazes hesitantly into a cracked beer glass.

The fog fills the air.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the woman wonders.

A dog watches with interest.

The bloodied model and the bruised man lips’ part for the first time.

327

Amongst the endless expensive skyscrapers, down a crumbling subway line,
within the light grey gleaming train station.

The abandoned floors smell of alcohol.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the aged vagrant thinks.

328

Somewhere along a railroad tracks, just outside the unlit stairway.

The sound of piercing laughter resonates.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the man asks nervously.

“Remember when we felt something?” the faceless prostitute ponders silently.

329

In the entrance of a cracking theater, down the brown grimy sidewalk.
The imposing walls are covered in black book pages.
A man stares from a darkened corner.
The sleet obscures the woman's vision.
The fearful figure and a woman fingers' meet as predicted.

330

Throughout the few towering stone apartments, near the nearly infinite brick warehouses, within the walls of the neon lit warehouse.

A man peeks into a greasy pair of glasses.

The sound of a clear scream is cut off violently.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the bloodied model says.

The snowstorm clears slightly.

The woman and a withered individual cross gazes with renewed vigour.

331

Several kilometers down the river, inside a shining and sleek apartment complex.

The floors smell of mildew.

The sound of a violent heartbeat echoes continuously.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the aged man whispers.

332

Far from the sparse filthy smokestacks, down the stained and gleaming road,
just outside a strangely lit restaurant.

A man peers morbidly from within the shadows.

A stray cat picks up an old chicken bone in their mouth and runs away.

The woman and the wanderer talk at last.

333

Within the moldy factory, several kilometers down an alleyway.
The rooms are overrun with cockroaches.
A bruised traveller gazes into a drilled hole.
The rainstorm shows no sign of clearing.
“Why are you shrouded?” the man ponders aloud.
The sound of lonely laughter resonates.
The woman and the lost model argue coldly once more.

334

Among the halls of a dimly lit fast food restaurant, close to the many glass malls.

A man stares from a darkened corner.

A rat runs away resignedly.

“Remember when they was still alive?” the faceless woman thinks.

335

Around the endless short simple factories, somewhere along the light grey crumbling freeway, in the entrance of a cracking night club.

The sound of a muffled car alarm is cut off violently.

The woman and the figure talk angrily for the first time.

336

Just outside a barely lit barracks, several kilometers down a street.
A withered prostitute peers desperately through the cracks in a wall.
The downpour fills the air.
“Do you think she is coming?” the man replies.
The sound of a shrill scream echoes continuously.
The aged individual and the bruised wanderer meet stares with renewed
vigour.

337

Down a shining and glowing river, within the grimy temple.
The rusted rooms smell of mold.
“Remember when you loved me?” the man ponders silently.

338

Miles from the overwhelming number of sleek and imposing houses, amongst the few towering modern apartments, within the walls of the glaringly lit subway stop.

A veiled traveller gazes into a spotless light-bulb.

A cat picks up a length of rope in their mouth.

“Why are you faceless?” the woman remarks.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

The man and a man hands’ touch as predicted.

339

Inside the crumbling warehouse, near the plastic skyscrapers.
The twisting walls are thickly coated in black paintings.
A raccoon watches coolly.
“Remember when we first met?” the fearful figure whispers.

340

In the entrance of a cyan lit hospital, somewhere along the road.
A woman stares at the door of a closet.
The sleet obscures the aged prostitute's vision.
The woman and a shrouded individual bodies' part at last.

341

Throughout the endless charcoal cracking smokestacks, far from the nearly infinite crystal malls, within the stained church.

The floors smell of salt.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the man asks.

“Why are you bruised?” the woman ponders aloud.

342

Among the halls of a brightly lit art studio, in between the sparse short neon offices.

A mouse runs away.

“Do you think they are coming?” the man thinks.

The sound of a clear car alarm is cut off violently.

A bloodied wanderer peeks cooly into a filthy wine glass.

The fog clears slightly.

“Remember when we made love?” the woman asks hesitantly.

343

Amongst the overwhelming number of rusted and gleaming apartments,
down the brown shining path, inside the grimy stairway.
The rooms are covered in advertisements.
A stray cat picks up a rotten apple in their mouth and runs away morbidly.
The lost figure and a model cross gazes once more.

344

Away from the few steel houses, around the nearly infinite towering simple smokestacks, in the entrance of the unlit apartment complex.

The sound of a piercing heartbeat gets quieter and quieter.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the man mutters.

“Why are you faceless?” the withered woman whispers.

The rainstorm becomes heavier.

A woman gazes cautiously from within the shadows.

A cat watches curiously.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the shrouded man ponders silently.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the veiled model asks.

The sound of shattering glass echoes continuously.

The man and a bloodied vagrant talk passionately with renewed vigour.

345

Somewhere along the freeway, within a glowing and crumbling barracks.
A woman peers into a clear neon sign.
A stray dog runs away.
“Why are you faceless?” the aged wanderer remarks.
“Do you think he is out there?” the woman replies.

346

Just outside the dimly lit restaurant, several kilometers down the twisting sidewalk.

The cracking floors smell of alcohol.

The man and a prostitute meet stares for the first time.

347

Throughout the endless black moldy malls, miles from the sparse nearly infinite modern skyscrapers, among the halls of a rusted factory.

The sound of a lonely car alarm is cut off violently.

A fearful woman stares nervously through a drilled hole.

A dog picks up a shard of glass in her mouth.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the man mutters.

The downpour shows no sign of clearing.

The woman and the withered figure talk at last.

348

Somewhere along a river, in the entrance of the neon lit theater.

A man peeks at the cracks in a wall.

A rat watches interestedly.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the woman asks coolly.

349

Within the walls of the light grey dusty office building, down a gleaming and imposing alleyway.

The sound of a shrill heartbeat resonates.

The bloodied traveller and a model fingers' touch again.

350

Close to the brown abandoned offices, somewhere along the railroad tracks,
within a barely lit night club.

A woman peers coldly from inside a darkened corner.

A mouse darts into the shadows.

“Remember when you loved me?” the man ponders silently.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the shrouded prostitute says.

351

Several kilometers down the stained and glowing subway line, inside a black cracking church.

The sound of a muffled scream gets louder.

The woman and the lost man hands' part once more.

352

Among the halls of a strangely lit art studio, down the path.
A veiled individual stares from a darkened corner.
The rain obscures the woman's vision.
"Remember when we made love?" the man wonders.
The sound of a clear car alarm is cut off violently.
The man and a traveller lips' meet with renewed vigour.

353

Away from the overwhelming number of stone warehouses, in between the few short brick houses, in the entrance of a moldy fast food restaurant.

The rusted walls are overrun with strange messages.

A stray dog picks up the tin can in their mouth and runs away desperately.

“Why are you withered?” the woman whispers.

“Remember when we felt something?” the man remarks.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

A woman peeks hesitantly into a smudgy wristwatch.

A dog picks up a stained magazine in their mouth.

“Do you think she is coming?” the aged woman mutters.

354

Several kilometers down the light grey crumbling street, just outside a brightly lit apartment complex.

The woman and the bloodied wanderer meet stares as predicted.

355

Within the walls of a twisting subway stop, near the endless crystal factories.
The sound of a violent scream gets quieter.
A man peers morbidly through a drilled hole.
The fog becomes heavier.
“Remember when she still loved me?” the woman replies.
“Why are you shrouded?” the man ponders silently.

356

Amongst the sparse dusty and abandoned skyscrapers, somewhere along the freeway, within a glaringly lit temple.

The woman and the figure cross gazes for the first time.

357

Far from the towering neon malls, around the few expensive smokestacks, in the entrance of a grey grimy train station.

A raccoon darts into the shadows.

A man stares into a stained mirror.

The sound of a piercing heartbeat echoes continuously.

“Do you think they saw us?” the woman ponders aloud.

“Why are you faceless?” the veiled individual whispers.

The sleet shows no sign of clearing.

The man and the bruised model hips’ touch at last.

358

Among the halls of an unlit restaurant, in between the many short modern houses.

The walls smell of mildew.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the lost prostitute wonders.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man mutters.

A rat watches unemotionally.

“Do you think he is out there?” the bloodied wanderer thinks.

“Remember when we made love?” the woman asks passive-aggressively.

359

Down the shining railroad tracks, within the walls of a black imposing night club.

A man gazes into the door of a closet.

The rainstorm clears slightly.

The shrouded figure and the vagrant talk again.

360

Within a neon lit theater, somewhere along the subway line.
The floors are thickly coated in ants.
A mouse picks up a torn up letter in their mouth and runs away resignedly.
“Do you think it has a purpose?” the woman says.
“Why are you veiled?” the man ponders aloud.

361

Near the endless stone factories, down a stained and crumbling sidewalk,
inside the brown moldy barracks.

The sound of a muffled car alarm resonates.

A fearful individual peers nervously from inside a darkened corner.

The rain fills the air.

“Remember when we first met?” the man replies.

“Do you think they are coming?” the bruised man wonders.

362

Somewhere along a path, just outside the barely lit office building.
The rooms smell of mold.
The man and the aged model fingers' part as predicted.

363

Within the walls of a twisting and dusty factory, down a rusted road.
A woman peeks cautiously into a spotless locket.
The sound of a shrill scream is cut off violently.
The man and the traveller talk slowly for the first time.

364

Amongst the charcoal sleek offices, throughout the nearly infinite plastic malls, within the dimly lit warehouse.

A dog picks up a broken tv remote in his mouth.

“Why are you bloodied?” the shrouded vagrant asks.

The sound of a violent heartbeat echoes continuously.

A woman stares from the shadows.

A stray cat darts into a darkened corner.

“Remember when he was still alive?” the veiled prostitute whispers.

“Why are you fearful?” the woman asks aggressively.

365

In the entrance of an imposing and glowing apartment complex, miles from the overwhelming number of towering brick smokestacks.

The grimy rooms are sparsely covered in dust.

“Remember when we felt something?” the man ponders silently.

“Why are you faceless?” the lost individual thinks.

The sound of piercing laughter resonates.

The woman and the bruised figure cross gazes at last.

366

Several kilometers down an alleyway, among the halls of the grey lit train station.

A man peers at a drilled hole.

A stray dog watches with interest.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the woman mutters.

“Do you think she is coming?” the man says.

367

Around the many brown filthy warehouses, far from the sparse neon houses,
within the walls of a cracking hospital.

The sound of shattering glass gets quieter and quieter.

The woman and the model meet stares once more.

368

Just outside the brightly lit restaurant, down a rusted and twisting railroad tracks.

A man peeks hesitantly from within the shadows.

The downpour becomes heavier.

“Why are you veiled?” the aged vagrant asks.

A raccoon picks up the piece of wire in their mouth and runs away.

The woman and a faceless woman lips’ touch with renewed vigour.

369

Amongst the endless dusty apartments, somewhere along a sidewalk, in the entrance of the black shining subway stop.

The abandoned walls smell of alcohol.

A man stares resignedly into a cloudy pair of glasses.

The sleet obscures the woman's vision.

"Do you think they are out there?" the withered prostitute ponders aloud.

370

Among the halls of the glaringly lit barracks, close to the overwhelming number of nearly infinite glass offices.

The woman and a traveller hips' meet again.

371

Several kilometers down a charcoal gleaming subway line, inside the imposing temple.

The walls are overrun with mirrors.

“Remember when we made love?” the man whispers.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the bruised individual ponders silently.

372

Miles from the simple malls, down a river, within the neon lit office building.
A woman peers coolly into the door of a closet.
The sound of a muffled scream is cut off violently.
The lost model and a fearful vagrant bodies' part for the first time.

373

Near the many short stone factories, in between the few sleek and grimy
smokestacks, just outside the moldy theater.

The rooms smell of mildew.

A woman gazes through a drilled hole.

A dog picks up a length of rope in her mouth.

“Remember when they still loved me?” the man asks cautiously.

The rainstorm fills the air.

The woman and a prostitute cross gazes as predicted.

374

Several kilometers down the dusty and rusted road, within the walls of a dimly lit art studio.

A man stares from inside a darkened corner.

A stray cat runs away coldly.

“Do you think he is out there?” the aged man mutters.

375

In the entrance of the abandoned fast food restaurant, somewhere along a railroad tracks.

The floors are covered in blue drawings.

The snowstorm shows no sign of clearing.

The veiled model and the bloodied woman talk once more.

376

Away from the endless steel warehouses, down a brown filthy freeway, inside the unlit train station.

The sound of a clear car alarm resonates.

“Why are you shrouded?” the man replies.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the woman asks.

377

Close to the sparse twisting houses, miles from the overwhelming number of
towering expensive malls, among the halls of a glowing and grimy restaurant.

A man peers slowly from the shadows.

The rain obscures the woman's vision.

The fearful figure and the prostitute lips' touch with renewed vigour.

378

Somewhere along a street, within the walls of the strangely lit stairway.
A mouse watches curiously.
“Remember when we first met?” the man remarks.
The sound of shattering glass gets louder and louder.
A bruised vagrant gazes resignedly into a cracked shot glass.
The sleet fills the air.
“Do you think it has a purpose?” the woman ponders silently.

379

Just outside a moldy factory, down a light grey shining subway line.
The stained rooms smell of mold.
The faceless wanderer and the bloodied traveller talk viciously again.

380

Far from the many abandoned and gleaming factories, amongst the nearly infinite brick apartments, in the entrance of the barely lit hospital.

A raccoon picks up a sheet of plastic in their mouth.

A man stares into a greasy neon sign.

The sound of a shrill heartbeat is cut off violently.

“Why are you shrouded?” the woman wonders.

The downpour clears slightly.

The man and an individual argue angrily for the first time.

381

Among the halls of the black dusty office building, throughout the nearly infinite plastic smokestacks.

The crumbling floors are thickly coated in letters.

“Remember when we felt something?” the withered model thinks.

“Do you think she saw us?” the woman says.

A rat darts into a darkened corner.

“Remember when we made love?” the veiled woman whispers.

“Why are you bruised?” the woman remarks.

382

Within a glaringly lit church, somewhere along the path.
The rainstorm obscures the man's vision.
A fearful prostitute peers hesitantly at the door of a closet.
The sound of lonely laughter resonates.
"Remember when we visited here first?" the woman asks.
A dog watches unemotionally.
The man and a lost man meet stares as predicted.

383

Down the grimy and glowing road, within the walls of a brown twisting theater.

The walls smell of alcohol.

A woman peeks from within the shadows.

The fog fills the air.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the bloodied traveller wonders.

“Why are you withered?” the man replies.

384

In the entrance of the neon lit temple, close to the endless short crystal warehouses.

The sound of shattering glass gets louder.

The woman and a figure fingers' meet at last.

385

Around the few moldy skyscrapers, in between the overwhelming number of stone factories, inside the gleaming and dusty art studio.

The shining walls are sparsely covered in charcoal book pages.

“Remember when you loved me?” the veiled individual ponders aloud.

“Do you think they are out there?” the man whispers.

386

Near the towering glass malls, somewhere along the river, just outside a brightly lit apartment complex.

The sleet clears slightly.

“Remember when he was still alive?” the shrouded vagrant mutters.

The sound of a piercing scream echoes continuously.

A man stares morbidly from a darkened corner.

A mouse picks up a shard of glass in their mouth and runs away coldly.

“Do you think she is coming?” the woman says.

387

Down the grey filthy railroad tracks, among the halls of an abandoned stairway.

The lost model and the aged wanderer talk with renewed vigour.

388

Within a dimly lit factory, somewhere along the subway line.
The sound of clear laughter is cut off violently.
A man peers desperately into a frosted beer glass.
The rain becomes heavier.
“Why are you withered?” the faceless prostitute asks resignedly.
“Remember when we first met?” the woman ponders silently.

389

Miles from the endless grimy and cracking houses, down the imposing path,
in the entrance of a light grey crumbling night club.
The rusted rooms smell of salt.
The man and a traveller bodies' part again.

390

Amongst the nearly infinite expensive smokestacks, far from the few short steel apartments, just outside the strangely lit hospital.

The sound of shattering glass gets quieter and quieter.

A woman gazes into a spotless light-bulb.

The snow fills the air.

“Why are you bruised?” the bloodied woman replies.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the man asks.

391

Somewhere along a street, inside the sleek and gleaming barracks.
The floors are covered in charcoal grafitti.
“Why are you veiled?” the man mutters.
A stray dog picks up a rotten apple in her mouth.
The shrouded figure and a fearful man cross gazes once more.

392

Within the walls of an unlit warehouse, down the stained river.
A withered vagrant peeks from inside the shadows.
The snowstorm clears slightly.
“Remember when we visited here first?” the woman thinks.

393

Close to the sparse plastic warehouses, throughout the overwhelming number of brown abandoned offices, in the entrance of the dusty and crumbling church.

The sound of a shrill heartbeat resonates.

The lost individual and a wanderer argue passionately for the first time.

394

Within the glaringly lit theater, near the many modern skyscrapers.
A woman stares nervously through the cracks in a wall.
The fog becomes heavier.
“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the bruised traveller whispers.
“Remember when we made love?” the woman asks coldly.

395

Miles from the grey twisting smokestacks, several kilometers down the sidewalk, among the halls of a cracking and moldy temple.

The imposing floors smell of mildew.

A cat watches with interest.

The faceless woman and a bloodied model meet stares with renewed vigour.

396

Somewhere along the black shining railroad tracks, just outside a barely lit train station.

A man peers into the door of a closet.

The sound of a violent car alarm echoes continuously.

“Why are you withered?” the woman replies.

“Do you think he is out there?” the fearful vagrant says.

397

Inside a rusted and grimy subway stop, several kilometers down the road.
A rat picks up the crumpled newspaper in their mouth and runs away.
The woman and a figure talk morbidly at last.

398

In between the few crystal malls, somewhere along the filthy subway line,
within the walls of a brown lit art studio.

The sleek walls are overrun with spiderwebs.

“Why are you veiled?” the aged traveller ponders aloud.

“Do you think they are coming?” the woman ponders silently.

399

Several kilometers down a path, in the entrance of the brown stained night club.

The downpour shows no sign of clearing.

“Remember when she was still alive?” the faceless prostitute wonders.

“Why are you shrouded?” the man asks.

400

Within the dimly lit office building, somewhere along the imposing sidewalk.
The walls smell of mold.
A woman gazes hesitantly from within a darkened corner.
The sound of a piercing scream gets louder and louder.
The lost man and a bruised woman lips' part once more.

401

Away from the nearly infinite nearly infinite simple houses, amongst the endless grey glowing factories, just outside a crumbling and twisting hospital.

A man peeks into a smudgy wine glass.

A dog picks up a tattered shoe in their mouth.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the woman asks passive-aggressively.

The snow fills the air.

The woman and the model fingers’ meet as predicted.

402

Among the halls of an unlit fast food restaurant, far from the sparse brick
skyscrapers.

The rooms are thickly coated in advertisements.

A mouse darts into the shadows.

“Why are you faceless?” the aged wanderer thinks.

“Remember when we felt something?” the man ponders aloud.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

A woman stares from a darkened corner.

The rainstorm obscures the bloodied figure’s vision.

“Why are you fearful?” the man whispers.

403

Within the walls of the shining factory, down the alleyway.
The sound of a lonely car alarm resonates.
The bruised woman and a lost individual cross gazes for the first time.

404

Miles from the overwhelming number of short expensive smokestacks, throughout the plastic offices, within a brightly lit warehouse.

The gleaming rooms smell of salt.

A shrouded prostitute gazes coldly at the cracks in a wall.

A cat watches interestedly.

“Do you think they saw us?” the woman wonders.

The snowstorm becomes heavier.

The woman and the wanderer argue viciously at last.

405

Several kilometers down the moldy and filthy railroad tracks, in the entrance of a charcoal cracking apartment complex.

An aged figure peeks into a drilled hole.

A stray cat picks up a broken tv remote in their mouth and runs away.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man asks.

406

Near the endless towering glass warehouses, somewhere along the subway line, among the halls of a neon lit church.

The sound of clear laughter gets louder.

The bloodied woman and the veiled model meet stares once more.

407

Within the walls of a dusty art studio, around the nearly infinite steel malls.
The floors are covered in spindly black pipes.
A rat runs away slowly.
“Why are you withered?” the man replies.
The fog clears slightly.
A woman stares resignedly into a clear pair of glasses.
A stray dog picks up a stained magazine in her mouth.
“Remember when we made love?” the bruised vagrant ponders silently.

408

Down a rusted and crumbling river, just outside the barely lit train station.
The sound of shattering glass echoes continuously.
The man and the prostitute bodies' part as predicted.

409

Inside the light grey twisting restaurant, somewhere along a path.
The abandoned walls smell of mildew.

“Do you think they are out there?” the woman says.

A cat picks up a torn up letter in their mouth and darts into the shadows.

“Remember when she was still alive?” the shrouded wanderer mutters.

410

In the entrance of the strangely lit hospital, far from the overwhelming number of nearly infinite modern apartments.

The sound of a muffled scream is cut off violently.

A woman peers from within a darkened corner.

The rain shows no sign of clearing.

“Why are you faceless?” the man remarks.

“Remember when we felt something?” the woman asks.

411

Miles from the few crystal smokestacks, throughout the many stained and grimy factories, within a glowing barracks.

The man and the veiled man hands' meet for the first time.

412

Down the brown sleek road, within the walls of a green lit temple.
The sound of shrill laughter gets quieter and quieter.
A woman peeks coolly from inside the shadows.
A stray cat runs away.
“Why are you aged?” the lost figure asks nervously.
“Remember when we visited here first?” the woman ponders silently.

413

Inside the moldy and rusted factory, close to the sparse short expensive warehouses.

The walls are overrun with cockroaches.

The man and a model lips' touch at last.

414

In the entrance of the dimly lit stairway, several kilometers down a street.
A woman gazes at the door of a closet.
The sleet fills the air.
The shrouded individual and a withered prostitute talk once more.

415

Around the neon offices, somewhere along the shining railroad tracks, within
a cracking and twisting theater.

A raccoon watches unemotionally.

“Why are you bloodied?” the woman replies.

“Remember when you loved me?” the fearful man says.

The sound of a lonely car alarm echoes continuously.

A man stares desperately into a stained mirror.

The rainstorm becomes heavier.

“Why are you lost?” the woman whispers.

416

Just outside the glaringly lit subway stop, near the nearly infinite abandoned houses.

The man and a woman cross gazes with renewed vigour.

417

Amongst the overwhelming number of glass apartments, in between the few towering simple skyscrapers, within the walls of the gleaming and sleek office building.

The sound of a violent scream is cut off violently.

A bruised wanderer peeks from within a darkened corner.

The snow shows no sign of clearing.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the man mutters.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the woman wonders.

418

Down a subway line, inside the unlit apartment complex.
The man and an aged traveller meet stares as predicted.

419

Miles from the endless charcoal imposing warehouses, several kilometers down a light grey dusty river, among the halls of the stained and rusted warehouse.

The grimy floors smell of mold.

“Why are you bloodied?” the woman ponders aloud.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the fearful model replies.

The sound of a muffled heartbeat resonates.

A woman gazes hesitantly from inside the shadows.

A dog picks up a length of rope in his mouth.

“Why are you veiled?” the withered man thinks.

420

In the entrance of the strangely lit train station, far from the brick smokestacks.
The man and a figure argue passionately again.

421

Within the shining and abandoned fast food restaurant, somewhere along a path.

The sound of a shrill car alarm echoes continuously.

A woman stares into a greasy window.

A stray dog picks up the rotten apple in their mouth and darts into a darkened corner.

“Remember when we felt something?” the faceless wanderer asks angrily.

The sound of a lonely scream gets louder and louder.

The woman and an aged traveller hips’ part at last.

422

Several kilometers down the twisting sidewalk, within the walls of a brightly lit night club.

The rooms are thickly coated in missing pet posters.

A mouse runs away cautiously.

“Why are you bruised?” the man whispers.

“Remember when we first met?” the veiled vagrant asks.

The sound of clear laughter is cut off violently.

A woman peeks coolly through a drilled hole.

A cat picks up a shard of glass in her mouth.

“Why are you lost?” the man ponders silently.

423

Around the overwhelming number of nearly infinite plastic houses, away from the many steel apartments, inside the sleek and stained art studio. The snowstorm fills the air. The bloodied woman and a model talk once more.

424

Among the halls of a barely lit barracks, down the freeway.
The crumbling walls smell of salt.
A man gazes morbidly into a spotless wristwatch.
A dog picks up the piece of wire in their mouth and darts into the shadows.
“Remember when they was still alive?” the woman remarks.
The rain becomes heavier.
The man and an aged figure hands’ touch as predicted.

425

Just outside the dusty factory, throughout the nearly infinite towering expensive skyscrapers.

A fearful traveller peers into the door of a closet.

The sound of a violent car alarm echoes continuously.

“Why are you shrouded?” the woman mutters.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the man says.

426

Near the sparse modern factories, somewhere along a glowing and rusted street, in the entrance of the grey lit temple.

The sleet obscures the lost wanderer's vision.

The woman and a vagrant meet stares for the first time.

427

Amongst the nearly infinite stone malls, in between the few glass offices,
within the walls of the black gleaming restaurant.

A withered model peeks slowly from a darkened corner.

A stray cat runs away nervously.

“Remember when we made love?” the man ponders aloud.

The sound of a muffled scream gets louder.

The woman and a faceless woman cross gazes with renewed vigour.

428

Within the neon lit stairway, far from the overwhelming number of filthy and grimy apartments.

A raccoon watches coolly.

“Why are you aged?” the veiled individual whispers.

429

Throughout the nearly infinite neon smokestacks, several kilometers down the subway line, just outside a stained hospital.

A man stares into a filthy locket.

The rainstorm fills the air.

The woman and a man fingers' part again.

430

Down the brown shining alleyway, in the entrance of a dimly lit church.
The walls are sparsely covered in ants.
“Remember when we felt something?” the man asks coldly.
The sound of piercing laughter is cut off violently.
“Why are you bloodied?” the woman asks.

431

Within the walls of the crumbling and cracking fast food restaurant, near the sparse charcoal dusty factories.

A man peers resignedly into a cracked neon sign.

A stray dog picks up the tin can in their mouth and darts into the shadows.

The woman and a lost prostitute talk coldly at last.

432

Around the many simple houses, several kilometers down a path, within the strangely lit train station.

The snow becomes heavier.

“Remember when you loved me?” the man replies.

“Why are you shrouded?” the man says.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

A faceless vagrant gazes coolly through the cracks in a wall.

A cat picks up a sheet of plastic in their mouth.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the woman mutters.

433

Miles from the few gleaming malls, away from the short expensive skyscrapers, just outside a grey sleek warehouse.

The floors smell of alcohol.

The veiled wanderer and the figure hips' touch as predicted.

434

Down a rusted and glowing road, among the halls of the brightly lit factory.
A man stares morbidly from inside a darkened corner.
The sound of a shrill heartbeat echoes continuously.
The woman and a bruised traveller argue with disgust with renewed vigour.

435

In the entrance of the abandoned barracks, several kilometers down a railroad tracks.

A rat watches curiously.

“Why are you faceless?” the aged model wonders.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the woman whispers.

The downpour clears slightly.

A lost man peeks from within the shadows.

The sound of a violent car alarm gets quieter.

“Why are you fearful?” the man asks slowly.

“Do you think he saw us?” the woman thinks.

436

In between the sparse brick apartments, far from the overwhelming number of moldy and twisting warehouses, within the walls of the barely lit office building.

The bruised woman and a prostitute lips' meet once more.

437

Down the dusty subway line, within a gleaming and cracking night club.
A stray cat runs away desperately.
A woman gazes resignedly into a clear shot glass.
The sound of shattering glass resonates.
“Why are you bloodied?” the veiled individual remarks.
“Do you think there’s something out there?” the man ponders aloud.
The fog obscures the woman’s vision.
The shrouded figure and the fearful vagrant meet stares again.

438

Amongst the nearly infinite steel offices, somewhere along a river, just outside the neon lit art studio.

A man stares hesitantly at the door of a closet.

The sound of a clear scream is cut off violently.

“Remember when she still loved me?” the woman mutters.

“Why are you bruised?” the withered man wonders.

439

Throughout the many light grey stained factories, near the endless towering plastic smokestacks, inside an imposing and rusted temple.

A stray dog picks up the tattered shoe in their mouth and runs away.

The man and a traveller hands' part for the first time.

440

Within the walls of the dimly lit theater, several kilometers down the black shining path.

A woman peeks through the cracks in a wall.

The sound of a muffled car alarm gets louder and louder.

“Remember when we felt something?” the veiled prostitute whispers.

A dog picks up an old chicken bone in his mouth.

The woman and an aged figure fingers’ touch as predicted.

441

Down a road, among the halls of the moldy and twisting restaurant.
The rooms are covered in threats.
The sleet becomes heavier.
“Do you think they are out there?” the man asks.

442

In between the sparse grey filthy skyscrapers, somewhere along a gleaming
and abandoned street, within an unlit subway stop.

A woman gazes coldly from a darkened corner.

The sound of a shrill heartbeat echoes continuously.

The man and the model talk at last.

443

Away from the nearly infinite nearly infinite glass apartments, close to the many neon malls, inside the stained apartment complex.

The rainstorm clears slightly.

“Why are you shrouded?” the bloodied vagrant asks passionately.

A rat watches with interest.

A woman stares into a cloudy cellphone.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the man says.

444

Within the walls of a yellow lit hospital, around the overwhelming number of glowing and imposing warehouses.

The crumbling walls smell of mold.

The bruised man and the veiled individual argue angrily again.

445

Near the short simple offices, down an alleyway, among the halls of the dusty train station.

A man peers from inside the shadows.

A cat picks up the torn up letter in their mouth and runs away cautiously.

The aged prostitute and a woman lips' meet for the first time.

446

In the entrance of a brightly lit office building, somewhere along the moldy and filthy railroad tracks.

The grimy rooms are thickly coated in dust.

“Remember when you loved me?” the woman thinks.

The sound of a violent scream gets louder.

“Why are you fearful?” the lost model wonders.

“Remember when we first met?” the woman remarks.

A stray dog darts into a darkened corner.

A man gazes morbidly at a drilled hole.

The sound of a piercing heartbeat echoes continuously.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the woman replies.

447

Inside the light grey gleaming church, far from the nearly infinite crystal factories.

The snowstorm fills the air.

The man and a bruised wanderer hips' part with renewed vigour.

448

Amongst the few towering modern apartments, miles from the endless steel
skyscrapers, just outside a neon lit temple.

The floors smell of mildew.

A raccoon picks up a length of rope in her mouth.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the veiled figure mutters.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the man says.

The sound of clear laughter is cut off violently.

A shrouded traveller peeks into the door of a closet.

A stray cat picks up the stained magazine in their mouth and runs away
slowly.

“Remember when we made love?” the man ponders silently.

449

Away from the many charcoal stained malls, down a sidewalk, among the halls of the cracking fast food restaurant.

The downpour becomes heavier.

The bloodied individual and a prostitute talk desperately as predicted.

450

Within the walls of the barely lit barracks, around the nearly infinite short glass houses.

A woman stares resignedly into a stained pair of glasses.

The sound of a muffled scream gets quieter and quieter.

“Why are you fearful?” the man asks.

A rat watches unemotionally.

The woman and a faceless vagrant cross gazes again.

451

In the entrance of a sleek warehouse, several kilometers down the rusted and glowing subway line.

The rooms are overrun with strange messages.

A veiled model gazes coldly from the shadows.

The sound of a shrill heartbeat resonates.

“Remember when you loved me?” the woman remarks.

“Why are you withered?” the bruised wanderer asks aggressively.

A dog darts into a darkened corner.

The woman and the man argue viciously once more.

452

Close to the overwhelming number of plastic offices, down the street, inside a glaringly lit stairway.

A man peers hesitantly at a drilled hole.

The snow obscures the woman's vision.

"Do you think she is coming?" the man replies.

453

Just outside a dusty factory, near the brown twisting apartments.
The walls smell of alcohol.
“Why are you lost?” the woman says.
The sound of a piercing car alarm echoes continuously.
The shrouded figure and the veiled vagrant fingers’ touch for the first time.

454

In between the few expensive smokestacks, miles from the many nearly infinite stone malls, within a strangely lit hospital.

A man peeks into a frosted wristwatch.

The rain shows no sign of clearing.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the woman ponders silently.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the woman ponders aloud.

455

Far from the sparse crystal warehouses, several kilometers down the abandoned and crumbling alleyway, in the entrance of a cracking train station.

The moldy walls are covered in light grey paintings.

The sound of clear laughter gets louder and louder.

The fearful woman and the model bodies' part at last.

456

Within the walls of an unlit apartment complex, down the railroad tracks.
A woman gazes morbidly into a spotless light-bulb.
The fog becomes heavier.
“Why are you faceless?” the man mutters.
“Remember when they was still alive?” the woman asks coolly.
The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.
The bloodied figure and a lost individual hips’ meet as predicted.

457

Throughout the nearly infinite glowing and sleek factories, away from the few towering brick houses, inside the filthy night club.

The twisting rooms smell of salt.

A man peers from inside the shadows.

The sleet clears slightly.

“Why are you withered?” the woman asks.

458

Somewhere along a charcoal rusted path, within an acid green lit restaurant.
A stray dog picks up a shard of glass in his mouth.
The aged prostitute and the traveller cross gazes once more.

459

In between the endless glass skyscrapers, down a river, among the halls of the grimy fast food restaurant.

The rooms are sparsely covered in grey grafitti.

The downpour fills the air.

“Remember when we made love?” the man says.

“Why are you faceless?” the veiled wanderer ponders silently.

A stray cat picks up the tin can in their mouth and runs away desperately.

A woman stares through the cracks in a wall.

The rain obscures the lost individual's vision.

“Do you think she saw us?” the man wonders.

“Remember when we first met?” the withered figure whispers.

460

Close to the sparse short modern malls, far from the nearly infinite neon offices, within the walls of a neon lit temple.

A mouse watches curiously.

The man and the bloodied vagrant talk again.

461

In the entrance of a light grey gleaming church, several kilometers down the shining road.

The floors smell of mildew.

A woman peeks into a filthy window.

The snowstorm becomes heavier.

“Do you think he is out there?” the man mutters.

A raccoon picks up a broken tv remote in her mouth.

The woman and a woman fingers' touch for the first time.

462

Within the glaringly lit theater, amongst the few charcoal abandoned smokestacks.
The snow fills the air.
“Why are you fearful?” the man replies.

463

Away from the plastic warehouses, around the sparse sleek and stained
skyscrapers, among the halls of a dusty stairway.

A woman peers coldly into a drilled hole.

A cat darts into a darkened corner.

The aged wanderer and the faceless traveller lips' part as predicted.

464

Miles from the nearly infinite simple malls, down a subway line, just outside the brightly lit art studio.

The rainstorm clears slightly.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man ponders aloud.

“Do you think they are coming?” the woman asks.

The sound of a violent scream echoes continuously.

A man stares nervously into a clear shot glass.

The sleet becomes heavier.

“Remember when they was still alive?” the withered individual wonders.

465

In the entrance of a black moldy barracks, near the overwhelming number of rusted offices.

The walls are overrun with spiderwebs.

“Why are you bloodied?” the man ponders silently.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the shrouded figure says.

466

Within the walls of the unlit apartment complex, several kilometers down the crumbling and glowing alleyway.

The sound of muffled laughter gets quieter.

The woman and a vagrant argue coldly once more.

467

In between the brick factories, down the railroad tracks, among the halls of a filthy subway stop.

A man gazes through the door of a closet.

A stray dog picks up the piece of wire in their mouth and runs away.

“Why are you fearful?” the woman mutters.

The sound of a shrill car alarm resonates.

The man and a veiled man meet stares at last.

468

Somewhere along a sleek and grimy river, within the strangely lit fast food restaurant.

The snowstorm obscures the bruised wanderer's vision.

"Do you think they are out there?" the woman ponders aloud.

"Why are you withered?" the shrouded model asks.

469

In the entrance of a twisting factory, down a road.
The shining floors smell of mold.
The sound of a lonely heartbeat is cut off violently.
A woman peers from the shadows.
The rain clears slightly.
“Remember when we made love?” the fearful traveller whispers.
The sound of shattering glass gets louder.
The woman and the vagrant talk for the first time.

470

Amongst the few nearly infinite crystal houses, far from the nearly infinite cracking and rusted apartments, just outside the neon lit hospital.

The downpour shows no sign of clearing.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the man asks angrily.

471

Miles from the sparse towering glass malls, somewhere along a brown abandoned sidewalk, among the halls of the moldy and filthy theater.

The stained walls are thickly coated in letters.

“Why are you bloodied?” the aged prostitute ponders silently.

The sound of clear laughter echoes continuously.

A woman peeks into a cracked cellphone.

A stray cat picks up a tattered shoe in their mouth.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the lost man wonders.

472

Inside the dimly lit church, several kilometers down a freeway.
The snow fills the air.
The man and a veiled model cross gazes as predicted.

473

Somewhere along a twisting subway line, within the gleaming and shining night club.

The rooms smell of salt.

A woman gazes cautiously into a drilled hole.

The sound of a piercing heartbeat resonates.

“Why are you bruised?” the man remarks.

“Remember when you loved me?” the faceless woman asks.

The rainstorm becomes heavier.

The man and the vagrant hands’ meet with renewed vigour.

474

Away from the overwhelming number of imposing warehouses, throughout the stone factories, just outside a purple lit restaurant.

A withered traveller stares hesitantly from inside a darkened corner.

A rat watches with interest.

“Do you think she is coming?” the man replies.

“Why are you fearful?” the woman ponders aloud.

475

In between the nearly infinite charcoal sleek houses, several kilometers down the alleyway, among the halls of an abandoned and crumbling apartment complex.

The moldy rooms are covered in missing pet posters.

“Remember when we first met?” the man whispers.

The rain obscures the aged wanderer’s vision.

The woman and the bloodied man bodies’ touch again.

476

Inside a glaringly lit stairway, somewhere along the rusted river.
The sound of a violent scream gets louder and louder.
“Do you think there’s something out there?” the man ponders silently.
“Remember when we visited here first?” the woman mutters.
The fog fills the air.
A man peers at the door of a closet.
The sound of shattering glass echoes continuously.
“Do you think something’s coming?” the shrouded figure thinks.
“Remember when we felt something?” the woman says.

477

Near the endless nearly infinite plastic apartments, close to the few grimy
skyscrapers, in the entrance of a glowing and cracking train station.

The dusty floors smell of alcohol.

The snowstorm shows no sign of clearing.

The lost prostitute and the model fingers' part at last.

478

Away from the many expensive smokestacks, down a path, within the barely lit temple.

The sound of a shrill car alarm resonates.

“Do you think they are out there?” the man ponders aloud.

“Remember when he was still alive?” the withered man replies.

479

Within the walls of a light grey imposing warehouse, somewhere along the crumbling and filthy road.

A man gazes into a greasy wine glass.

A mouse runs away resignedly.

The woman and a fearful woman talk as predicted.

480

Miles from the nearly infinite short brick malls, throughout the neon factories, among the halls of the strangely lit factory.

The floors are sparsely covered in wide black pipes.

“Why are you bruised?” the man wonders.

“Do you think he is out there?” the bloodied individual mutters.

481

Down a subway line, just outside the gleaming church.
The sound of clear laughter gets quieter.
“Remember when you loved me?” the woman asks.
The snow obscures the man’s vision.
An aged wanderer peeks morbidly through a drilled hole.
A raccoon picks up a length of rope in her mouth.
“Why are you shrouded?” the man whispers.

482

Around the overwhelming number of twisting apartments, several kilometers down a stained and shining railroad tracks, in the entrance of the neon lit night club.

The woman and a prostitute talk desperately once more.

483

Within a charcoal dusty hospital, somewhere along the street.
The walls smell of mildew.
A man stares cautiously into a spotless beer glass.
The rainstorm becomes heavier.
The withered model and the lost man cross gazes with renewed vigour.

484

Inside a brightly lit art studio, close to the sparse towering modern houses.
A stray dog watches unemotionally.
“Do you think they saw us?” the veiled individual ponders silently.
The sound of a piercing heartbeat is cut off violently.
A woman peers from within the shadows.
The rain shows no sign of clearing.
“Why are you aged?” the woman ponders aloud.

485

Amongst the many glowing smokestacks, down the brown sleek path, among the halls of a cracking and grimy stairway.

The imposing rooms are overrun with ants.

A cat picks up the torn up letter in their mouth and darts into a darkened corner.

The bruised figure and a traveller hands' touch again.

486

In the entrance of an unlit fast food restaurant, several kilometers down the alleyway.

The snowstorm clears slightly.

“Remember when we first met?” the man remarks.

A stray cat picks up an old chicken bone in his mouth.

A woman gazes into a frosted light-bulb.

The downpour fills the air.

“Do you think she is coming?” the man thinks.

“Why are you lost?” the bloodied model mutters.

487

Within the moldy restaurant, miles from the endless nearly infinite crystal
skyscrapers.

The woman and a fearful wanderer argue passionately at last.

488

Away from the overwhelming number of grey twisting malls, throughout the short steel warehouses, inside a dimly lit apartment complex.

The abandoned floors smell of salt.

A man peeks into the door of a closet.

The sound of a muffled scream echoes continuously.

The veiled woman and the man lips' part once more.

489

Around the few gleaming and crumbling houses, somewhere along a glowing sidewalk, among the halls of the stained warehouse.

The fog shows no sign of clearing.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the woman asks aggressively.

The sound of a shrill car alarm resonates.

A man stares nervously from the shadows.

The rainstorm obscures the woman’s vision.

“Remember when we made love?” the aged traveller says.

“Why are you bruised?” the shrouded individual ponders aloud.

A rat watches interestedly.

The woman and the faceless figure hips’ meet with renewed vigour.

490

Several kilometers down a river, just outside the glaringly lit barracks.
A man peers resignedly through the cracks in a wall.
The sleet clears slightly.
“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the woman wonders.
“Why are you lost?” the bloodied model replies.
A stray dog picks up a crumpled newspaper in their mouth and runs away.
The woman and the vagrant cross gazes as predicted.

491

Within a cracking and imposing night club, amongst the sparse towering plastic offices.

The dusty walls are covered in mirrors.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the shrouded man asks.

492

Close to the nearly infinite brick smokestacks, in between the many nearly infinite stone apartments, within the walls of the cyan lit subway stop.

The sound of lonely laughter gets quieter and quieter.

“Remember when he was still alive?” the woman whispers.

A cat picks up a tin can in her mouth.

A fearful prostitute peeks from inside a darkened corner.

The sound of shattering glass echoes continuously.

“Do you think they are out there?” the man asks slowly.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the woman ponders aloud.

493

Down a black rusted subway line, inside the moldy church.
The rooms smell of alcohol.
The man and a withered individual talk coldly for the first time.

494

Throughout the twisting and sleek malls, several kilometers down a street,
just outside the strangely lit theater.

A faceless figure stares into the door of a closet.

The downpour shows no sign of clearing.

The woman and the wanderer argue passive-aggressively again.

495

Far from the endless towering simple warehouses, miles from the few neon factories, among the halls of a brown shining office building.

A dog runs away hesitantly.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the man ponders silently.

The fog obscures the bruised vagrant’s vision.

A woman peers coolly from within the shadows.

The sound of a violent heartbeat resonates.

“Why are you shrouded?” the man remarks.

496

Within the brightly lit train station, near the many nearly infinite expensive houses.

The fearful traveller and a lost model talk once more.

497

Somewhere along the crumbling road, inside a charcoal filthy restaurant.
The floors are thickly coated in cockroaches.
“Remember when we first met?” the woman mutters.
“Why are you bruised?” the withered man replies.
A mouse watches with interest.
A man peeks nervously through the cracks in a wall.
The snow clears slightly.
“Remember when she still loved me?” the woman asks morbidly.
“Why are you bloodied?” the woman asks.
A stray cat picks up the sheet of plastic in their mouth and runs away.
The man and a prostitute bodies’ part at last.

498

In between the sparse glowing and abandoned skyscrapers, several kilometers down the alleyway, just outside an unlit hospital.

The snowstorm fills the air.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the shrouded vagrant says.

499

Within the walls of a cracking stairway, amongst the overwhelming number of glass smokestacks.

The grimy floors smell of mildew.

A woman stares from inside a darkened corner.

A stray dog picks up a piece of wire in their mouth.

The faceless wanderer and the withered figure fingers' meet for the first time.

500

Far from the nearly infinite towering plastic apartments, miles from the grey moldy warehouses, in the entrance of the glaringly lit art studio.

The sound of a piercing car alarm gets louder.

“Remember when we made love?” the man remarks.

The rainstorm becomes heavier.

A bruised man peers slowly into a filthy wristwatch.

The sound of shattering glass echoes continuously.

“Why are you bloodied?” the woman thinks.

501

Around the many stone factories, down a stained railroad tracks, inside the shining and filthy apartment complex.

The man and an individual meet stares again.

502

Among the halls of the neon lit subway stop, in between the few short brick
skyscrapers.

The imposing walls are overrun with dust.

“Remember when you loved me?” the veiled woman wonders.

The fog shows no sign of clearing.

A man gazes resignedly from within the shadows.

The sound of shrill laughter resonates.

“Do you think he is coming?” the woman ponders silently.

503

Somewhere along the river, within the walls of a crumbling and abandoned barracks.

The sleet clears slightly.

The man and a fearful traveller cross gazes once more.

504

Close to the sparse crystal offices, throughout the endless towering steel smokestacks, in the entrance of a dimly lit factory.

A woman peeks into the door of a closet.

A cat runs away coolly.

“Remember when they was still alive?” the man ponders aloud.

The sound of a clear heartbeat gets quieter.

The woman and the model talk with renewed vigour.

505

Within the sleek warehouse, several kilometers down a black cracking freeway.

A raccoon watches curiously.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the withered figure mutters.

506

Somewhere along the path, just outside a charcoal lit theater.
A woman peers from a darkened corner.
The sound of a lonely car alarm echoes continuously.
The man and the shrouded wanderer hands' touch as predicted.

507

Near the many dusty and glowing houses, far from the overwhelming number of nearly infinite simple apartments, within the walls of a shining fast food restaurant.

The rooms smell of salt.

A rat picks up the rotten apple in their mouth and runs away.

“Why are you bloodied?” the faceless individual says.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man remarks.

The sound of muffled laughter is cut off violently.

An aged vagrant gazes desperately into a stained locket.

The rain obscures the man’s vision.

“Why are you veiled?” the woman asks.

“Do you think he saw us?” the woman ponders silently.

A stray cat runs away hesitantly.

The withered woman and a prostitute hips’ meet for the first time.

508

In the entrance of the brightly lit hospital, in between the sparse neon
skyscrapers.

The downpour becomes heavier.

“Why are you fearful?” the man wonders.

509

Among the halls of a light grey grimy art studio, several kilometers down the rusted and filthy alleyway.

A bloodied traveller stares cautiously from inside the shadows.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

The woman and an aged man argue angrily again.

510

Down the sidewalk, inside an unlit apartment complex.

A cat watches interestedly.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the man thinks.

“Why are you lost?” the shrouded individual whispers.

511

Around the few brown cracking offices, somewhere along the abandoned and stained road, within a twisting church.

The floors are sparsely covered in brown graffiti.

“Remember when we first met?” the fearful model remarks.

The snow clears slightly.

A man peers at a drilled hole.

A stray dog picks up a broken tv remote in his mouth.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the man replies.

512

Just outside a glaringly lit train station, amongst the many stone smokestacks.
The woman and the wanderer lips' part once more.

513

Away from the endless grey shining houses, throughout the nearly infinite short glass malls, within the walls of the sleek restaurant.

The imposing floors smell of alcohol.

The sound of a violent car alarm echoes continuously.

A bloodied figure peeks nervously through the door of a closet.

A dog runs away.

“Remember when they still loved me?” the woman says.

The fog shows no sign of clearing.

The faceless traveller and an aged vagrant meet stares as predicted.

514

Several kilometers down the railroad tracks, among the halls of a strangely lit stairway.

A stray cat watches with interest.

“Do you think she is out there?” the man ponders silently.

“Why are you lost?” the woman asks with disgust.

515

In the entrance of the charcoal grimy subway stop, miles from the few crystal warehouses.

A fearful prostitute gazes coldly into a clear mirror.

The snowstorm fills the air.

The man and a wanderer talk desperately for the first time.

516

Around the twisting offices, down a light grey rusted freeway, inside the dimly lit night club.

The walls are thickly coated in brown paintings.

“Remember when he was still alive?” the bruised woman asks.

“Why are you shrouded?” the woman thinks.

The sound of a clear scream is cut off violently.

“Do you think they are out there?” the man replies.

“Why are you aged?” the faceless model mutters.

The rainstorm becomes heavier.

A man peers morbidly from a darkened corner.

A cat picks up a shard of glass in her mouth.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the withered man says.

517

Just outside the glowing and stained office building, several kilometers down an alleyway.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

The man and the fearful figure cross gazes again.

518

Within the walls of a crimson lit barracks, close to the many towering plastic smokestacks.

The rooms smell of mold.

A raccoon runs away cooly.

“Why are you lost?” the bruised vagrant ponders silently.

The sound of piercing laughter gets quieter and quieter.

A woman peeks at a drilled hole.

The downpour shows no sign of clearing.

“Remember when you loved me?” the man asks passionately.

519

Far from the sparse modern factories, away from the nearly infinite dusty apartments, in the entrance of the cracking and imposing art studio.

The sound of a lonely scream is cut off violently.

The aged individual and a wanderer argue passive-aggressively at last.

520

Near the endless neon malls, somewhere along a charcoal crumbling street,
within the unlit fast food restaurant.

A man stares into a smudgy cellphone.

The fog clears slightly.

“Why are you fearful?” the shrouded woman asks.

“Do you think he is coming?” the man whispers.

521

Among the halls of the moldy train station, several kilometers down a road.
A rat watches cooly.

The faceless traveller and the withered model fingers' meet with renewed
vigour.

522

Within the walls of a neon lit temple, amongst the few black shining skyscrapers.

The floors are overrun with light grey drawings.

A woman peers nervously through the cracks in a wall.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

“Remember when we made love?” the veiled prostitute ponders aloud.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the woman says.

The rain fills the air.

The aged figure and the vagrant bodies’ touch for the first time.

523

Miles from the nearly infinite brick warehouses, throughout the sparse steel smokestacks, in the entrance of a glowing and rusted apartment complex.

A woman peeks slowly from within the shadows.

A stray cat picks up a length of rope in his mouth.

“Why are you bruised?” the lost traveller replies.

524

Close to the nearly infinite twisting apartments, down the sleek and dusty path, just outside a strangely lit theater.

The snow shows no sign of clearing.

The man and the withered woman talk as predicted.

525

Within a gleaming night club, several kilometers down the railroad tracks.

A woman stares cautiously into a greasy neon sign.

The sound of a shrill car alarm echoes continuously.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man thinks.

A dog picks up the crumpled newspaper in their mouth and darts into a darkened corner.

The woman and a prostitute meet stares again.

526

Among the halls of a glaringly lit restaurant, far from the few towering crystal offices.

The downpour clears slightly.

“Why are you bloodied?” the man wonders.

“Remember when we felt something?” the fearful model asks.

527

Around the endless simple malls, down a charcoal rusted sidewalk, in the entrance of the stained and abandoned barracks.

The filthy walls smell of salt.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the woman whispers.

“Why are you veiled?” the shrouded figure ponders silently.

The sound of a violent heartbeat gets louder.

A man peers from inside the shadows.

The sleet becomes heavier.

“Remember when she still loved me?” the woman asks coldly.

“Why are you lost?” the withered vagrant mutters.

The sound of a piercing scream is cut off violently.

The man and the bloodied wanderer talk angrily at last.

528

Miles from the sparse short modern warehouses, away from the glass smokestacks,
just outside a dimly lit subway stop.

A woman gazes into the door of a closet.

The rain obscures the faceless man's vision.

"Remember when we made love?" the man replies.

"Why are you fearful?" the woman remarks.

529

Somewhere along the street, within the walls of the moldy church.
The crumbling floors are sparsely covered in advertisements.
The sound of a muffled car alarm resonates.
The bruised model and a prostitute lips' meet with renewed vigour.

530

Close to the nearly infinite grey sleek apartments, down the glowing subway line, within a barely lit factory.

A woman stares into a frosted window.

The fog clears slightly.

“Remember when we first met?” the shrouded vagrant thinks.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the woman asks.

531

Inside a black dusty train station, several kilometers down the river.
A cat runs away.
The man and a lost woman cross gazes once more.

532

Somewhere along the twisting and abandoned railroad tracks, among the halls of a neon lit office building.

A woman peers desperately through a drilled hole.

The snow shows no sign of clearing.

“Why are you withered?” the man says.

The sound of clear laughter echoes continuously.

The woman and the man argue coldly for the first time.

533

In the entrance of a light grey filthy art studio, amongst the few nearly infinite neon offices.

The snowstorm fills the air.

“Remember when they was still alive?” the man ponders silently.

“Do you think she is out there?” the aged model wonders.

The sound of shattering glass gets louder and louder.

A woman peeks morbidly into a stained beer glass.

A rat picks up a sheet of plastic in their mouth.

“Remember when you loved me?” the man replies.

534

Near the sparse crumbling and gleaming houses, down a freeway, within the walls of the strangely lit fast food restaurant.

The veiled traveller and the bruised prostitute meet stares again.

535

In between the short expensive factories, far from the endless steel warehouses, just outside a brown moldy temple.

The walls smell of alcohol.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the man whispers.

The rain obscures the woman’s vision.

A man stares at the door of a closet.

A raccoon picks up the torn up letter in their mouth and runs away resignedly.

“Why are you lost?” the woman remarks.

“Remember when we made love?” the faceless vagrant thinks.

536

Within the brightly lit stairway, around the nearly infinite cracking malls.
The woman and a man hands' touch with renewed vigour.

537

Miles from the overwhelming number of plastic skyscrapers, several kilometers down the twisting sidewalk, among the halls of a grey dusty theater.

The shining rooms are thickly coated in missing pet posters.

The rainstorm clears slightly.

A bloodied wanderer gazes into a cracked shot glass.

A mouse darts into a darkened corner.

“Why are you shrouded?” the woman asks.

The sound of a shrill heartbeat is cut off violently.

The man and a withered figure talk coolly as predicted.

538

Somewhere along the alleyway, in the entrance of an unlit apartment complex.

A dog watches interestedly.

“Do you think he is coming?” the man ponders silently.

“Why are you aged?” the woman asks with disgust.

The sound of violent laughter resonates.

A man peeks slowly into the cracks in a wall.

The sleet shows no sign of clearing.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the woman whispers.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the bruised individual replies.

539

Within the walls of a sleek subway stop, several kilometers down the black abandoned subway line.

The crumbling walls smell of mold.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the man thinks.

The sound of a lonely scream gets quieter.

The fearful traveller and the model fingers’ part for the first time.

540

Throughout the few brown filthy apartments, close to the sparse crystal smokestacks, inside a dimly lit hospital.

A man stares nervously into a cloudy pair of glasses.

A stray cat picks up the rotten apple in their mouth and runs away morbidly.

“Remember when we first met?” the woman says.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the man remarks.

541

Among the halls of the light grey glowing barracks, amongst the many moldy offices.

The snow becomes heavier.

The woman and a veiled wanderer hips' meet at last.

542

In between the nearly infinite stone malls, down a path, just outside the neon lit restaurant.

A faceless woman gazes through the door of a closet.

The sound of a piercing heartbeat is cut off violently.

“Remember when she was still alive?” the woman ponders silently.

“Do you think she is out there?” the lost vagrant whispers.

The rain obscures the woman’s vision.

The man and a model meet stares with renewed vigour.

543

Somewhere along a dusty street, within the rusted and cracking train station.
The rooms are covered in letters.
A man peeks from the shadows.
The sound of shattering glass echoes continuously.
“Remember when we made love?” the withered individual asks.
“Why are you shrouded?” the man ponders aloud.

544

In the entrance of the glaringly lit fast food restaurant, several kilometers down the sidewalk.

The bruised figure and a bloodied prostitute talk as predicted.

545

Among the halls of a grimy temple, around the overwhelming number of towering modern warehouses.

A cat darts into a darkened corner.

A man stares into a spotless wine glass.

The snowstorm shows no sign of clearing.

“Do you think they are out there?” the woman thinks.

“Remember when we felt something?” the man remarks.

546

Throughout the sparse charcoal gleaming skyscrapers, down a twisting and crumbling railroad tracks, just outside the green lit church.

The woman and the traveller cross gazes once more.

547

Somewhere along a river, within the walls of the stained factory.
The sound of a shrill scream resonates.
A man peers hesitantly from within the shadows.
The downpour fills the air.
“Why are you veiled?” the withered model wonders.
A mouse watches with interest.
The woman and an aged woman hands’ touch at last.

548

Inside the barely lit stairway, near the many short expensive apartments.
The floors smell of mildew.
“Remember when we first met?” the fearful individual whispers.

549

Amongst the imposing and shining offices, down a brown cracking road,
among the halls of the rusted hospital.

The sound of a clear heartbeat gets quieter and quieter.

“Why are you bruised?” the woman ponders silently.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the lost wanderer asks resignedly.

The fog becomes heavier.

A woman gazes cautiously into a clear wristwatch.

A raccoon picks up an old chicken bone in their mouth and runs away slowly.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the man ponders aloud.

“Why are you faceless?” the veiled prostitute replies.

The sound of lonely laughter is cut off violently.

The woman and the man fingers’ meet again.

550

In between the few steel houses, far from the endless grey filthy warehouses,
within a dimly lit night club.

The sleek floors are overrun with ants.

A woman peeks from inside a darkened corner.

A dog picks up a broken tv remote in her mouth.

“Do you think he saw us?” the fearful model thinks.

551

Several kilometers down a path, in the entrance of the crumbling and abandoned art studio.

The rainstorm obscures the woman's vision.

The man and the aged individual meet stares for the first time.

552

Close to the many plastic factories, somewhere along the charcoal stained subway line, within the walls of an unlit barracks.

The glowing rooms smell of alcohol.

“Why are you faceless?” the shrouded vagrant remarks.

“Do you think he is coming?” the woman wonders.

The sound of a muffled car alarm echoes continuously.

“Remember when she was still alive?” the man ponders silently.

553

Near the sparse towering neon apartments, amongst the few glass malls, just outside the dusty restaurant.

A lost man peers morbidly at a drilled hole.

A rat watches coolly.

The man and a traveller bodies' part with renewed vigour.

554

Within the glaringly lit office building, several kilometers down a street.
The walls are sparsely covered in thick light grey pipes.
The sound of a shrill scream gets louder and louder.
“Why are you bloodied?” the woman says.
“Do you think something’s coming?” the bruised wanderer mutters.

555

In between the endless shining and cracking skyscrapers, down a grimy freeway, inside an imposing and gleaming temple.

The sleet fills the air.

A woman stares through the cracks in a wall.

A stray dog picks up the tattered shoe in their mouth and darts into the shadows.

“Why are you veiled?” the man asks passive-aggressively.

The sound of clear laughter is cut off violently.

The man and the fearful individual argue passionately once more.

556

Around the nearly infinite modern warehouses, throughout the short brick houses, in the entrance of a brightly lit factory.

A woman gazes into a filthy cellphone.

The downpour shows no sign of clearing.

“Do you think she is out there?” the aged vagrant thinks.

557

Several kilometers down the river, just outside the black sleek fast food restaurant.

A raccoon picks up a length of rope in their mouth.

The man and a woman hips' touch at last.

558

Within a barely lit warehouse, miles from the overwhelming number of crystal offices.

A faceless man peeks coolly into a greasy mirror.

The sound of a piercing car alarm resonates.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the man whispers.

The rain obscures the woman’s vision.

The shrouded wanderer and the withered model fingers’ meet again.

559

Away from the sparse towering expensive smokestacks, somewhere along a filthy path, among the halls of the charcoal rusted subway stop.

The sound of a lonely heartbeat gets quieter.

“Why are you bruised?” the woman asks.

560

Down the railroad tracks, within the walls of a neon lit apartment complex.
An aged vagrant stares from within a darkened corner.
The rainstorm clears slightly.
The woman and a woman meet stares with renewed vigour.

561

Just outside the moldy theater, amongst the nearly infinite abandoned and dusty skyscrapers.

The sound of a violent scream echoes continuously.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the man ponders silently.

A dog watches interestedly.

A lost traveller gazes hesitantly from the shadows.

The fog shows no sign of clearing.

“Remember when we made love?” the man ponders aloud.

562

Inside a red lit train station, somewhere along the imposing alleyway.
The faceless figure and a shrouded model hands' part for the first time.

563

In between the endless simple apartments, around the many twisting and gleaming factories, among the halls of the brown crumbling barracks.

The rooms smell of mold.

A woman peers into a stained shot glass.

A cat runs away.

The man and a man argue viciously once more.

564

Several kilometers down the sidewalk, in the entrance of a glaringly lit church.

A bloodied wanderer peeks coldly at a drilled hole.

The snow becomes heavier.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the woman mutters.

A stray dog picks up a shard of glass in her mouth.

The fearful traveller and the aged prostitute talk slowly again.

565

Near the sparse steel offices, down an abandoned river, within the sleek and stained art studio.

The sound of a clear car alarm resonates.

“Why are you veiled?” the woman says.

566

Inside a brightly lit restaurant, somewhere along a subway line.
The filthy floors are thickly coated in cockroaches.
The rain obscures the withered individual's vision.
A man stares from within a darkened corner.
A raccoon picks up the sheet of plastic in their mouth and runs away mor-
bidly.
"Remember when you loved me?" the woman asks with disgust.
The snowstorm shows no sign of clearing.
The bruised vagrant and the woman lips' meet with renewed vigour.

567

Just outside a grey glowing fast food restaurant, far from the few short plastic malls.

A mouse watches unemotionally.

“Do you think they are out there?” the man remarks.

“Why are you lost?” the woman asks.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

A fearful model peers into the door of a closet.

The fog becomes heavier.

“Remember when they was still alive?” the man whispers.

568

Down a grimy railroad tracks, in the entrance of the barely lit night club.
The floors smell of mildew.
The faceless man and the shrouded prostitute meet stares at last.

569

Throughout the nearly infinite stone houses, away from the towering crystal warehouses, among the halls of a light grey cracking office building.

A cat darts into the shadows.

A woman peeks nervously into a cloudy beer glass.

The sound of a piercing scream gets quieter and quieter.

“Why are you bruised?” the man wonders.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the withered figure mutters.

The rainstorm fills the air.

The woman and the traveller cross gazes once more.

570

Within the walls of the unlit apartment complex, somewhere along a road.
A man gazes hesitantly from inside a darkened corner.
A stray cat picks up a crumpled newspaper in their mouth.
“Remember when we first met?” the bloodied model asks coolly.
“Do you think it has a purpose?” the man ponders silently.
The sleet shows no sign of clearing.
The woman and a lost woman fingers’ part as predicted.

571

Just outside the moldy and crumbling warehouse, in between the overwhelming number of stained skyscrapers.

The sound of a shrill heartbeat echoes continuously.

“Why are you veiled?” the man ponders aloud.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the aged prostitute thinks.

572

Miles from the sparse expensive smokestacks, close to the many black shining factories, within a strangely lit theater.

The filthy walls are covered in charcoal book pages.

“Why are you faceless?” the woman replies.

The rain obscures the withered figure’s vision.

A woman stares from within the shadows.

A raccoon watches curiously.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the fearful vagrant says.

573

Several kilometers down the dusty and gleaming sidewalk, among the halls of a glowing barracks.

The woman and the individual talk for the first time.

574

Far from the simple malls, somewhere along the alleyway, in the entrance of a dimly lit temple.

The rooms smell of salt.

A bloodied traveller peers slowly through a drilled hole.

The sound of muffled laughter is cut off violently.

The woman and a veiled model argue aggressively at last.

575

Amongst the endless nearly infinite steel offices, around the sparse abandoned warehouses, within the walls of the grey sleek subway stop.

A lost wanderer gazes at the cracks in a wall.

The downpour fills the air.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the man asks.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

The woman and a woman bodies’ meet with renewed vigour.

576

Inside a brightly lit fast food restaurant, several kilometers down the twisting and moldy freeway.

The walls are overrun with strange messages.

The snow becomes heavier.

“Why are you fearful?” the faceless vagrant remarks.

577

Near the many brick apartments, down the subway line, among the halls of
a brown shining night club.

A woman stares into a smudgy neon sign.

A rat picks up the stained magazine in their mouth and runs away morbidly.

The aged figure and a withered traveller cross gazes again.

578

Somewhere along the grimy and stained river, within a glaringly lit hospital.
The sound of a violent scream echoes continuously.
“Remember when you loved me?” the woman asks angrily.
A cat picks up an old chicken bone in his mouth.
A veiled wanderer peeks coldly from inside a darkened corner.
The fog obscures the man’s vision.
“Do you think he is out there?” the woman thinks.

579

In between the nearly infinite rusted and crumbling smokestacks, away from the overwhelming number of short plastic factories, just outside the filthy stairway.

The floors smell of alcohol.

The man and an individual meet stares as predicted.

580

Inside the barely lit train station, miles from the endless stone offices.
A shrouded woman gazes cautiously into a drilled hole.
A dog watches interestedly.
The man and a lost model talk for the first time.

581

Around the sparse towering expensive skyscrapers, several kilometers down the sidewalk, among the halls of a twisting theater.

The cracking rooms are sparsely covered in light grey grafitti.

The sound of a lonely car alarm is cut off violently.

“Remember when we first met?” the faceless vagrant mutters.

“Do you think they saw us?” the man wonders.

582

Amongst the nearly infinite neon apartments, throughout the overwhelming number of abandoned and imposing houses, in the entrance of the unlit office building.

A bloodied wanderer peers nervously into a frosted light-bulb.

The snowstorm shows no sign of clearing.

The woman and a traveller talk coolly with renewed vigour.

583

Somewhere along a stained road, within the walls of the charcoal shining art studio.

The moldy walls smell of mold.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man ponders aloud.

A mouse darts into the shadows.

“Why are you bruised?” the woman replies.

584

Close to the few short crystal warehouses, down the path, just outside a strangely lit factory.

A fearful man peeks into a filthy window.

The sound of a piercing heartbeat resonates.

The woman and the veiled model hips' part at last.

585

Near the endless sleek smokestacks, far from the nearly infinite glass malls,
among the halls of a gleaming and crumbling restaurant.

The walls are covered in mirrors.

A stray cat picks up a broken tv remote in her mouth.

“Remember when he was still alive?” the aged individual asks.

“Why are you bloodied?” the woman whispers.

The sleet becomes heavier.

A man stares from a darkened corner.

The sound of a muffled scream gets louder.

“Remember when we made love?” the woman asks viciously.

586

Several kilometers down the glowing street, within a brightly lit warehouse.
The bruised wanderer and the figure hands' meet again.

587

Inside the twisting and cracking apartment complex, away from the many nearly infinite steel skyscrapers.

The floors smell of salt.

A woman gazes resignedly at the cracks in a wall.

The downpour clears slightly.

The man and a lost vagrant meet stares as predicted.

588

Amongst the sparse rusted factories, somewhere along a subway line, just outside the blue lit night club.

The sound of a violent car alarm is cut off violently.

“Do you think she is coming?” the woman thinks.

A stray dog watches unemotionally.

A veiled woman peers coldly from inside the shadows.

The rain obscures the woman’s vision.

“Remember when she still loved me?” the man mutters.

“Why are you shrouded?” the woman says.

589

Close to the modern apartments, miles from the nearly infinite short expensive warehouses, among the halls of a stained and dusty barracks.

The bloodied individual and the wanderer cross gazes for the first time.

590

Down the shining river, in the entrance of a barely lit temple.
The sound of lonely laughter resonates.
A woman stares desperately into a spotless locket.
A rat runs away slowly.
“Remember when we felt something?” the man wonders.
“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the woman asks.

591

Far from the many stone smokestacks, several kilometers down the freeway, within the walls of a grey abandoned church.

The man and a fearful traveller talk nervously with renewed vigour.

592

Inside the unlit train station, down a grimy and glowing alleyway.
The rooms are overrun with missing pet posters.
“Why are you bruised?” the lost model remarks.
“Do you think it has a purpose?” the woman whispers.
The sound of a piercing heartbeat echoes continuously.
An aged vagrant peeks into a clear shot glass.
A dog picks up the piece of wire in their mouth and runs away.
“Why are you bloodied?” the woman asks passive-aggressively.

593

Within the twisting and stained office building, away from the overwhelming number of filthy malls.

The rainstorm becomes heavier.

The veiled man and a woman argue with disgust at last.

594

Somewhere along the path, in the entrance of a neon lit fast food restaurant.
A man peers coolly into a drilled hole.
The sound of a muffled car alarm is cut off violently.
“Do you think they are coming?” the woman says.
A stray cat picks up a tin can in their mouth.
The man and a withered wanderer talk again.

595

In between the few nearly infinite plastic offices, throughout the endless brick houses, among the halls of the light grey moldy factory.

The sleet clears slightly.

“Remember when he was still alive?” the woman mutters.

“Why are you faceless?” the man replies.

A mouse watches curiously.

An aged traveller stares from within a darkened corner.

The sound of shrill laughter gets quieter.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the woman asks.

596

Within the walls of the strangely lit art studio, around the nearly infinite sleek and crumbling skyscrapers.

The man and a vagrant bodies' touch once more.

597

Down an abandoned railroad tracks, just outside the brown shining hospital.
The grimy walls smell of mildew.
A stray dog runs away cautiously.
A woman gazes morbidly from the shadows.
The sound of a clear scream echoes continuously.
“Why are you shrouded?” the bloodied individual ponders aloud.
“Remember when we made love?” the man ponders silently.

598

Close to the sparse glass apartments, somewhere along a river, in the entrance of the grey lit barracks.

The bruised woman and a fearful prostitute lips' meet as predicted.

599

Miles from the many short simple malls, near the few modern smokestacks,
within the twisting and gleaming theater.

The imposing rooms are sparsely covered in letters.

“Why are you bloodied?” the man whispers.

“Do you think he is out there?” the withered wanderer wonders.

600

Several kilometers down the light grey cracking road, among the halls of a brightly lit apartment complex.

A man peeks into a cloudy pair of glasses.

A rat picks up a sheet of plastic in his mouth.

The lost traveller and a man meet stares for the first time.

601

Throughout the endless towering stone offices, somewhere along the side-walk, inside a moldy and glowing warehouse.

The dusty floors smell of mold.

The fog obscures the man's vision.

"Why are you fearful?" the shrouded model asks slowly.

"Remember when we visited here first?" the man remarks.

602

Just outside the barely lit night club, down a rusted path.
A bruised figure stares coldly into a cracked beer glass.
The sound of a piercing car alarm is cut off violently.
The man and the bloodied individual hips' part again.

603

Somewhere along a railroad tracks, in the entrance of the charcoal sleek fast food restaurant.

A stray cat picks up a shard of glass in their mouth and darts into a darkened corner.

“Why are you withered?” the woman replies.

“Remember when you loved me?” the man ponders silently.

604

In between the sparse steel skyscrapers, down a crumbling subway line,
within the neon lit church.

A shrouded woman peers at the cracks in a wall.

The rain shows no sign of clearing.

The man and the prostitute talk at last.

605

Away from the many filthy and shining houses, far from the overwhelming
number of brick factories, among the halls of a twisting temple.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

“Why are you veiled?” the bruised wanderer says.

The snow fills the air.

A woman gazes desperately from within the shadows.

A cat watches coolly.

“Remember when we felt something?” the man mutters.

606

Somewhere along the river, inside the unlit office building.
The rooms are thickly coated in ants.
“Why are you faceless?” the fearful vagrant asks.
The sound of muffled laughter echoes continuously.
The woman and a bloodied traveller argue coldly with renewed vigour.

607

Around the few dusty apartments, several kilometers down the gleaming and rusted road, just outside a sleek and crumbling art studio.

The rainstorm clears slightly.

“Remember when we made love?” the shrouded woman whispers.

608

Close to the sparse nearly infinite glass warehouses, miles from the nearly infinite simple offices, within a glaringly lit factory.

A woman stares hesitantly through the door of a closet.

A mouse picks up a stained magazine in their mouth.

The man and the individual hands' meet for the first time.

609

Somewhere along a path, in the entrance of the moldy restaurant.
The sound of a shrill heartbeat is cut off violently.
“Do you think they are out there?” the woman ponders aloud.
The fog shows no sign of clearing.
A man peeks from a darkened corner.
The sound of a violent scream resonates.
“Remember when they still loved me?” the veiled man remarks.
“Do you think something’s coming?” the woman says.
The sleet becomes heavier.
The withered prostitute and a fearful traveller talk angrily once more.

610

Near the overwhelming number of brown imposing malls, several kilometers down the twisting and filthy sidewalk, within the walls of a strangely lit train station.

The floors smell of salt.

A woman gazes into a smudgy wine glass.

The sound of clear laughter echoes continuously.

“Remember when you loved me?” the man mutters.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the bloodied figure asks coolly.

A dog runs away morbidly.

The woman and the wanderer cross gazes at last.

611

Inside a grey gleaming subway stop, away from the many plastic factories.
The downpour clears slightly.
“Why are you shrouded?” the bruised model thinks.

612

Down the subway line, within a brightly lit theater.
The dusty walls are overrun with spiderwebs.
“Remember when she was still alive?” the woman asks.
A raccoon watches unemotionally.
A fearful vagrant peers at a drilled hole.
The snow fills the air.
“Do you think it has a purpose?” the woman wonders.
“Remember when we made love?” the man whispers.
A stray cat picks up a tattered shoe in her mouth.
The veiled traveller and the lost man talk with renewed vigour.

613

Among the halls of a grimy and abandoned barracks, several kilometers down the light grey sleek railroad tracks.

A woman stares coldly through the door of a closet.

The sound of a lonely heartbeat gets quieter and quieter.

“Do you think they are coming?” the man ponders aloud.

614

Within the walls of a neon lit stairway, amongst the moldy and imposing
smokestacks.

The fog obscures the woman's vision.

The withered wanderer and the prostitute fingers' touch again.

615

Far from the sparse crystal houses, down the river, just outside a stained warehouse.

The glowing floors smell of alcohol.

The sound of a piercing car alarm resonates.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man remarks.

“Why are you shrouded?” the bruised woman thinks.

A mouse darts into the shadows.

A man peeks resignedly into a spotless neon sign.

The sleet clears slightly.

“Remember when they still loved me?” the woman ponders silently.

“Do you think she saw us?” the veiled model replies.

616

Several kilometers down a brown crumbling road, inside the barely lit church.
The sound of shattering glass echoes continuously.
The woman and an aged individual bodies' part as predicted.

617

Among the halls of the filthy and grimy temple, down a path.
A man peers from within a darkened corner.
A cat watches curiously.
“Remember when we first met?” the fearful figure whispers.
The rain becomes heavier.
The woman and the traveller talk viciously once more.

618

Miles from the few black gleaming warehouses, somewhere along the rusted street, within the walls of a purple lit apartment complex.

A rat picks up a rotten apple in their mouth.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the man mutters.

619

Just outside a twisting factory, throughout the endless neon malls.
The walls are covered in dust.
A withered vagrant stares slowly from inside the shadows.
The downpour fills the air.
The man and the bruised woman meet stares with renewed vigour.

620

Within the dimly lit restaurant, down a railroad tracks.

A raccoon picks up a broken tv remote in their mouth and runs away desperately.

“Remember when we felt something?” the woman remarks.

The sound of a violent heartbeat gets louder.

A man peeks into a drilled hole.

The snowstorm shows no sign of clearing.

“Do you think she is out there?” the woman asks.

621

In between the many light grey moldy factories, close to the sparse towering modern smokestacks, in the entrance of a dusty and cracking art studio.
The man and the individual talk at last.

622

Around the few expensive offices, several kilometers down the abandoned river, within the walls of a brightly lit office building.

The rooms smell of mildew.

“Remember when he was still alive?” the veiled figure thinks.

“Why are you bloodied?” the woman wonders.

623

Just outside the shining theater, near the endless brown filthy houses.
A man peers into a greasy light-bulb.
The sound of a clear scream is cut off violently.
The faceless prostitute and a fearful wanderer lips' touch for the first time.

624

Far from the many brick malls, miles from the nearly infinite charcoal imposing apartments, within the neon lit train station.

The rainstorm clears slightly.

“Do you think he is coming?” the shrouded woman asks morbidly.

A stray cat darts into the shadows.

A woman stares from a darkened corner.

The fog obscures the man’s vision.

“Why are you bruised?” the man ponders aloud.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the lost model remarks.

A dog watches with interest.

The woman and a vagrant hips’ meet as predicted.

625

Among the halls of the gleaming and crumbling church, somewhere along a freeway.

A woman gazes cautiously into a frosted cellphone.

The sound of shattering glass echoes continuously.

“Why are you bloodied?” the man says.

626

Amongst the sparse nearly infinite steel factories, several kilometers down the grey glowing subway line, within the walls of an unlit night club.
The cracking rooms are sparsely covered in threats.
A stray dog picks up the torn up letter in their mouth and runs away.
The aged wanderer and a faceless prostitute argue with disgust once more.

627

Down the alleyway, just outside a stained and filthy hospital.
A woman peers coldly from within a darkened corner.
The downpour becomes heavier.
“Do you think there’s something out there?” the fearful figure thinks.
“Remember when we visited here first?” the woman whispers.
The sound of a shrill heartbeat resonates.
The bruised woman and the traveller hands’ part again.

628

Within a glaringly lit subway stop, several kilometers down the black grimy railroad tracks.

The rain shows no sign of clearing.

“Do you think they are out there?” the woman ponders silently.

“Why are you withered?” the lost individual asks aggressively.

629

Close to the overwhelming number of light grey dusty warehouses, around the many towering simple smokestacks, inside the twisting and gleaming factory.
A woman peeks hesitantly at the cracks in a wall.
The sound of a muffled scream gets quieter.
The man and a faceless model meet stares with renewed vigour.

630

Among the halls of a grey lit warehouse, near the nearly infinite sleek and abandoned skyscrapers.

A raccoon darts into the shadows.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the woman remarks.

The snowstorm obscures the fearful vagrant’s vision.

A woman gazes from a darkened corner.

The sound of a lonely car alarm is cut off violently.

“Remember when we made love?” the shrouded figure replies.

631

In between the sparse nearly infinite plastic apartments, down a river, in the entrance of the rusted restaurant.

The man and the man bodies' touch for the first time.

632

Throughout the overwhelming number of black filthy houses, close to the endless short stone malls, within a barely lit apartment complex.

The imposing floors smell of salt.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the bruised traveller wonders.

The fog becomes heavier.

A man stares into a filthy pair of glasses.

A rat picks up a tin can in her mouth.

“Why are you bloodied?” the woman mutters.

633

Just outside a cracking theater, miles from the nearly infinite light grey
gleaming offices.

The rainstorm fills the air.

The man and the aged prostitute hips' meet at last.

634

Around the sparse towering glass skyscrapers, somewhere along the crumbling sidewalk, inside the brightly lit art studio.

The floors are thickly coated in advertisements.

A dog picks up a shard of glass in their mouth and runs away.

“Do you think they saw us?” the woman whispers.

The sound of a clear heartbeat echoes continuously.

A man peeks desperately from inside the shadows.

A mouse watches coolly.

“Remember when we first met?” the woman asks resignedly.

“Do you think she is out there?” the man says.

635

Among the halls of a sleek and shining train station, down the freeway.
The sound of shattering glass gets quieter and quieter.
The lost individual and a figure cross gazes again.

636

Within the walls of the strangely lit stairway, far from the many neon smokestacks.

The abandoned walls smell of alcohol.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the man ponders aloud.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the woman wonders.

The snow obscures the man’s vision.

“Why are you fearful?” the bruised man ponders silently.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the woman asks.

637

Several kilometers down the rusted and twisting street, in the entrance of a stained barracks.

A cat picks up a length of rope in their mouth.

A shrouded model gazes cautiously through the door of a closet.

The snowstorm becomes heavier.

“Remember when we felt something?” the man thinks.

A raccoon runs away coldly.

The aged wanderer and a faceless individual talk as predicted.

638

Within the unlit factory, somewhere along a path.
The filthy rooms are overrun with cockroaches.
The fog clears slightly.
“Why are you fearful?” the woman mutters.
“Remember when you loved me?” the bruised prostitute asks angrily.
The sound of a violent scream resonates.
A woman stares into the cracks in a wall.
A dog picks up the crumpled newspaper in their mouth and darts into a darkened corner.
“Do you think they are coming?” the veiled figure says.

639

Amongst the nearly infinite steel warehouses, several kilometers down a dusty subway line, inside the cracking and grimy night club.

The man and a man argue passive-aggressively for the first time.

640

Down the road, among the halls of a neon lit restaurant.
The walls smell of mold.
“Why are you withered?” the woman remarks.
The rain obscures the lost vagrant’s vision.
A woman peers from within the shadows.
The sound of muffled laughter echoes continuously.
“Remember when we made love?” the woman whispers.
“Why are you fearful?” the shrouded wanderer thinks.
The snow becomes heavier.
The man and the veiled prostitute lips’ touch with renewed vigour.

641

Throughout the few modern factories, away from the nearly infinite gleaming houses, just outside a brown crumbling fast food restaurant.
An aged model peeks hesitantly into a smudgy beer glass.
The sound of a lonely car alarm is cut off violently.
“Remember when we visited here first?” the man replies.

642

Near the overwhelming number of brick offices, somewhere along the abandoned and twisting railroad tracks, in the entrance of a dimly lit theater.

The floors are sparsely covered in spindly yellow pipes.

The faceless man and the individual meet stares again.

643

Inside a charcoal moldy art studio, around the many shining and dusty malls.
The downpour fills the air.
A man gazes coolly through a drilled hole.
A stray dog picks up a tattered shoe in his mouth.
“Why are you bruised?” the fearful vagrant ponders aloud.
The snowstorm obscures the man’s vision.
The lost model and the veiled prostitute bodies’ meet once more.

644

Within the walls of the barely lit train station, several kilometers down a sidewalk.

A woman stares resignedly from inside a darkened corner.

The sound of shattering glass gets louder and louder.

“Do you think he is coming?” the bloodied woman asks.

“Why are you withered?” the man remarks.

The rainstorm shows no sign of clearing.

The woman and a traveller cross gazes at last.

645

Close to the few short stone smokestacks, miles from the sparse glowing and sleek skyscrapers, within the grey crumbling office building.

The imposing floors smell of mildew.

“Do you think they are out there?” the man says.

“Remember when she was still alive?” the woman whispers.

646

Somewhere along a filthy alleyway, just outside the strangely lit church.
The sound of clear laughter echoes continuously.
“Why are you faceless?” the fearful figure mutters.
A cat watches unemotionally.
A woman peeks from the shadows.
The fog fills the air.
“Remember when we first met?” the man ponders silently.

647

In the entrance of a cracking and grimy barracks, several kilometers down the freeway.

The rusted rooms are thickly coated in strange messages.

The sound of a piercing car alarm is cut off violently.

The bruised prostitute and a bloodied wanderer talk desperately as predicted.

648

Away from the endless towering glass apartments, in between the many neon houses, among the halls of the brown lit night club.

A woman gazes at the cracks in a wall.

A mouse runs away.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the man ponders aloud.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

The shrouded vagrant and a man argue with disgust again.

649

Amongst the overwhelming number of nearly infinite steel factories, down the shining path, within a charcoal abandoned factory.

A rat picks up the stained magazine in their mouth and darts into a darkened corner.

“Remember when we felt something?” the lost model remarks.

“Why are you fearful?” the woman asks.

650

Inside a brightly lit stairway, far from the few plastic malls.

The walls smell of salt.

“Remember when they still loved me?” the faceless individual asks aggressively.

The sound of a muffled scream gets louder.

A man peers nervously through a drilled hole.

The sleet clears slightly.

“Why are you withered?” the bloodied prostitute whispers.

651

Somewhere along the road, in the entrance of the moldy theater.
A raccoon picks up a rotten apple in their mouth.
The man and a bruised figure hips' touch with renewed vigour.

652

Just outside a neon lit subway stop, down the black sleek river.
A woman stares morbidly into a clear locket.
The sound of a lonely heartbeat is cut off violently.
“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the man mutters.
A cat runs away hesitantly.
The lost man and a wanderer talk at last.

653

Near the endless twisting and imposing warehouses, around the short modern
skyscrapers, within the walls of the gleaming temple.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man thinks.

654

Close to the nearly infinite cracking and filthy apartments, several kilometers down a railroad tracks, within a glaringly lit office building.

A woman gazes coolly from within the shadows.

The downpour shows no sign of clearing.

The man and the fearful traveller hands' part once more.

655

Down the rusted and stained sidewalk, among the halls of a brown glowing church.

The rooms are overrun with ants.

A faceless woman peers into a stained neon sign.

The sound of clear laughter gets quieter and quieter.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the woman remarks.

The snowstorm obscures the woman’s vision.

The shrouded vagrant and the man talk cautiously as predicted.

656

In the entrance of a barely lit warehouse, miles from the many towering expensive offices.

A bruised model peeks slowly at the cracks in a wall.

A stray cat watches interestedly.

“Why are you withered?” the man ponders silently.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the woman wonders.

657

Amongst the sparse grey abandoned smokestacks, several kilometers down the subway line, within the walls of a shining and sleek fast food restaurant.
The rainstorm becomes heavier.
The man and the lost figure cross gazes again.

658

Down a black crumbling freeway, just outside the unlit hospital.
The floors smell of alcohol.
“Remember when we first met?” the aged prostitute asks.
“Do you think she is coming?” the man ponders aloud.
The sound of a piercing car alarm is cut off violently.
“Remember when you loved me?” the woman mutters.

659

Among the halls of a grimy apartment complex, somewhere along the river.
A mouse picks up a broken tv remote in their mouth and runs away.
A man stares from inside a darkened corner.
The sound of shattering glass resonates.
“Why are you faceless?” the woman says.
A stray dog picks up a sheet of plastic in his mouth.
The man and the woman meet stares for the first time.

660

Away from the nearly infinite simple warehouses, down a light grey filthy street, within the strangely lit theater.

The twisting floors are sparsely covered in cyan drawings.

The sound of a shrill scream gets quieter.

“Do you think they are out there?” the woman whispers.

661

Somewhere along a sidewalk, within the walls of the cracking barracks.
A man gazes coldly into a spotless mirror.
The snow shows no sign of clearing.
The veiled wanderer and a fearful individual bodies' touch with renewed
vigour.

662

Throughout the endless grey dusty malls, close to the overwhelming number of short stone houses, in the entrance of the neon lit factory.

A dog watches curiously.

“Why are you lost?” the woman asks angrily.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the bruised model wonders.

663

In between the many moldy and crumbling factories, several kilometers down
a brown imposing alleyway, inside the shining restaurant.

A man peeks into a greasy wine glass.

The sound of a muffled heartbeat echoes continuously.

The shrouded prostitute and a man lips' meet at last.

664

Down the road, within a dimly lit night club.
The rusted rooms smell of mildew.
A woman stares hesitantly into the door of a closet.
A raccoon picks up the shard of glass in their mouth and darts into the shadows.
“Remember when he was still alive?” the man ponders silently.
The fog fills the air.
The aged woman and a fearful vagrant fingers’ part as predicted.

665

Around the sparse nearly infinite neon smokestacks, far from the cracking
and glowing offices, just outside the filthy warehouse.

A woman gazes morbidly from within a darkened corner.

A mouse picks up a piece of wire in their mouth.

“Why are you bruised?” the man ponders aloud.

“Do you think they are coming?” the withered traveller asks.

666

Among the halls of the brightly lit office building, away from the few towering glass skyscrapers.

The sound of clear laughter is cut off violently.

The man and an individual cross gazes for the first time.

667

Somewhere along the grimy subway line, inside a grey sleek church.
The moldy walls are covered in light grey grafitti.
“Remember when she still loved me?” the faceless man replies.
The rain clears slightly.
“Why are you bloodied?” the man thinks.
“Remember when we made love?” the shrouded wanderer wonders.

668

Amongst the endless modern apartments, down a river, within a glaringly
lit art studio.

A woman peers from the shadows.

A stray dog watches with interest.

The man and the veiled woman argue passionately with renewed vigour.

669

Close to the sparse short brick factories, throughout the nearly infinite simple malls, just outside the crumbling hospital.

The floors smell of mold.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

“Why are you fearful?” the bruised model whispers.

A dog picks up an old chicken bone in their mouth and runs away.

A man stares through the cracks in a wall.

The sound of a piercing heartbeat gets louder.

“Do you think he is out there?” the woman ponders aloud.

“Remember when we first met?” the aged vagrant ponders silently.

670

Within the walls of the barely lit fast food restaurant, somewhere along the rusted and twisting railroad tracks.

The man and a prostitute meet stares at last.

671

Several kilometers down the path, inside a black shining apartment complex.
A cat picks up a tattered shoe in her mouth.
A lost wanderer peeks cooly at a drilled hole.
The sound of a shrill scream echoes continuously.
“Do you think they saw us?” the woman remarks.
The rainstorm shows no sign of clearing.
The withered individual and a shrouded traveller hips’ touch as predicted.

672

In between the overwhelming number of nearly infinite stone offices, somewhere along a dusty street, among the halls of the neon lit temple.

A man gazes into a smudgy light-bulb.

The sound of muffled laughter resonates.

“Why are you faceless?” the veiled woman mutters.

“Remember when we felt something?” the woman replies.

A stray cat runs away desperately.

The aged vagrant and the man talk nervously for the first time.

673

Just outside the filthy and cracking barracks, several kilometers down an alleyway.

The snow obscures the woman's vision.

"Do you think it has a purpose?" the woman asks.

"Why are you lost?" the man wonders.

674

Around the many grimy skyscrapers, far from the sparse steel warehouses,
within the walls of an unlit subway stop.

The imposing floors are overrun with spiderwebs.

A man peers cautiously into a filthy wristwatch.

A rat watches coolly.

The woman and the withered figure talk again.

675

In the entrance of a brown sleek night club, away from the towering glass houses.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man whispers.

“Do you think she is coming?” the faceless wanderer remarks.

A dog picks up the rotten apple in their mouth and runs away.

A woman stares into the door of a closet.

The fog becomes heavier.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the man thinks.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the veiled individual says.

676

Down a gleaming and glowing sidewalk, among the halls of the strangely lit theater.

The walls smell of salt.

The sound of a violent car alarm echoes continuously.

The man and a prostitute argue passive-aggressively once more.

677

Throughout the overwhelming number of modern smokestacks, several kilometers down the railroad tracks, within a crumbling art studio.

A shrouded woman peeks from inside a darkened corner.

The sleet clears slightly.

“Remember when we made love?” the man ponders aloud.

The sound of a lonely heartbeat gets louder and louder.

The bloodied model and the fearful man hands’ part with renewed vigour.

678

Inside a pink lit warehouse, amongst the nearly infinite short brick factories.
The rooms are sparsely covered in grey paintings.
A woman gazes slowly from the shadows.
A raccoon picks up a torn up letter in his mouth.
“Do you think they are coming?” the man asks.
“Remember when we felt something?” the woman asks coldly.

679

Just outside the shining and dusty hospital, down a charcoal rusted freeway.
The withered figure and the vagrant lips' touch as predicted.

680

Miles from the many filthy and cracking skyscrapers, somewhere along the path, within the walls of a barely lit fast food restaurant.

The gleaming rooms smell of mildew.

“Do you think he is out there?” the woman replies.

The rain fills the air.

A lost wanderer peers morbidly at a drilled hole.

A stray dog watches interestedly.

“Why are you bruised?” the man wonders.

681

Within a grimy stairway, near the sparse towering crystal offices.
The fearful prostitute and the aged traveller cross gazes at last.

682

Away from the overwhelming number of light grey imposing malls, throughout the few short expensive houses, inside a dimly lit restaurant.

The sound of a piercing scream is cut off violently.

A woman stares into the door of a closet.

The rainstorm shows no sign of clearing.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the withered figure says.

“Why are you lost?” the man ponders silently.

683

Close to the nearly infinite steel factories, down the grey rusted subway line,
among the halls of the stained apartment complex.

The shining walls are thickly coated in mirrors.

The bruised wanderer and an individual talk resignedly once more.

684

Just outside the brightly lit barracks, several kilometers down a street.
A woman peeks from inside a darkened corner.
A rat darts into the shadows.
The man and a faceless vagrant talk with renewed vigour.

685

Around the many sleek smokestacks, in between the overwhelming number of nearly infinite plastic warehouses, within the twisting and dusty church.

The walls smell of alcohol.

“Remember when you loved me?” the woman remarks.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the veiled woman ponders aloud.

The snow becomes heavier.

“Why are you fearful?” the woman whispers.

“Do you think they are out there?” the lost traveller wonders.

A cat picks up a broken tv remote in their mouth and runs away hesitantly.

A woman gazes into a clear locket.

The sleet obscures the man’s vision.

“Remember when she still loved me?” the bruised individual replies.

686

Down a gleaming river, within the walls of the unlit night club.
The man and the wanderer meet stares for the first time.

687

In the entrance of a brown moldy theater, somewhere along the freeway.
The rooms are covered in missing pet posters.
A faceless model stares cautiously through the cracks in a wall.
A dog picks up a tin can in her mouth.
The man and a shrouded prostitute fingers' part as predicted.

688

Away from the sparse imposing and grimy offices, down a black cracking road, inside the glaringly lit train station.

A veiled woman peers into a drilled hole.

The snowstorm clears slightly.

“Do you think she is coming?” the woman mutters.

A mouse watches unemotionally.

The withered traveller and the figure argue viciously again.

689

Among the halls of a filthy art studio, throughout the few modern skyscrapers.

The abandoned floors smell of salt.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

“Why are you bruised?” the woman asks.

“Remember when we first met?” the bloodied man thinks.

690

Several kilometers down the subway line, just outside a neon lit stairway.
A rat picks up the sheet of plastic in their mouth and runs away.
A woman peeks cooly from a darkened corner.
The rainstorm fills the air.
“Why are you withered?” the shrouded vagrant ponders aloud.
A stray dog picks up a length of rope in his mouth.
The woman and a faceless model hands’ touch with renewed vigour.

691

Amongst the nearly infinite light grey sleek apartments, somewhere along the crumbling sidewalk, within the walls of a stained and dusty factory.

A fearful wanderer gazes into a frosted neon sign.

The fog shows no sign of clearing.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the man wonders.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the woman ponders silently.

The sound of shrill laughter echoes continuously.

The veiled figure and the woman talk at last.

692

Inside a brown lit office building, down the railroad tracks.
The shining walls are overrun with threats.
A man peers from within the shadows.
A dog watches curiously.
“Do you think they are coming?” the shrouded man mutters.
“Why are you lost?” the woman asks passionately.

693

Somewhere along the moldy and imposing path, in the entrance of a glowing fast food restaurant.

The sound of a clear car alarm gets quieter.

The man and a withered prostitute bodies' meet once more.

694

Just outside the strangely lit restaurant, around the overwhelming number of neon malls.

The walls smell of mold.

A raccoon runs away desperately.

“Remember when we felt something?” the woman thinks.

“Do you think they saw us?” the man replies.

695

Close to the grey stained houses, miles from the endless glass warehouses,
within the walls of a sleek temple.

The rain clears slightly.

A woman stares at the cracks in a wall.

The sound of a lonely heartbeat resonates.

“Remember when she was still alive?” the man wonders.

The snowstorm fills the air.

The bruised wanderer and the traveller meet stares again.

696

Several kilometers down a river, within the unlit night club.
The floors are sparsely covered in letters.
A woman peeks morbidly through the door of a closet.
The sound of piercing laughter is cut off violently.
“Do you think he is out there?” the man ponders silently.

697

Among the halls of the charcoal shining barracks, down a filthy and crumbling street.

A stray cat picks up an old chicken bone in her mouth.

The faceless figure and an aged model hips' part as predicted.

698

In between the nearly infinite abandoned smokestacks, away from the sparse crystal skyscrapers, in the entrance of the barely lit church.

A woman gazes slowly from a darkened corner.

The sound of a shrill scream echoes continuously.

“Remember when they still loved me?” the veiled vagrant ponders aloud.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the man asks.

The downpour obscures the man’s vision.

The lost wanderer and a woman argue aggressively for the first time.

699

Within the walls of a cracking and imposing art studio, near the short simple malls.

A cat picks up the shard of glass in their mouth and darts into the shadows.

“Why are you withered?” the woman remarks.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the shrouded model thinks.

700

Far from the endless plastic apartments, several kilometers down a subway line, within the neon lit train station.

A man stares cautiously into a cloudy shot glass.

The fog clears slightly.

The woman and the faceless individual hands' touch at last.

701

Among the halls of the black glowing subway stop, down a grimy railroad tracks.

The filthy floors smell of mildew.

A mouse runs away.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man says.

The sound of shattering glass gets louder.

A woman peeks into a greasy beer glass.

A stray dog watches coolly.

“Why are you veiled?” the man mutters.

“Do you think they are out there?” the lost figure whispers.

The rainstorm becomes heavier.

The woman and a man talk hesitantly once more.

702

Several kilometers down the path, in the entrance of a brightly lit fast food restaurant.

A man peers into the cracks in a wall.

The sound of a muffled car alarm resonates.

“Remember when you loved me?” the woman ponders silently.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the withered vagrant ponders aloud.

A raccoon picks up a tattered shoe in their mouth.

The woman and the fearful traveller talk as predicted.

703

Close to the nearly infinite nearly infinite steel factories, somewhere along a grey gleaming sidewalk, within the walls of the crumbling and stained office building.

The dusty walls are covered in cockroaches.

A man stares coolly at the door of a closet.

The sound of a violent scream is cut off violently.

“Why are you aged?” the woman asks passive-aggressively.

704

Miles from the overwhelming number of neon smokestacks, amongst the many short glass warehouses, just outside a strangely lit stairway.

The veiled figure and the individual cross gazes for the first time.

705

Within a rusted restaurant, down the road.
A stray cat runs away desperately.
A woman gazes nervously into a spotless light-bulb.
The sound of lonely laughter gets louder and louder.
“Remember when we first met?” the lost model says.
The snow shows no sign of clearing.
The man and a faceless man meet stares with renewed vigour.

706

Throughout the few brick skyscrapers, several kilometers down the cracking and twisting freeway, in the entrance of an unlit theater.

A shrouded woman peers coldly from inside a darkened corner.

A mouse picks up the crumpled newspaper in their mouth and runs away.

“Do you think he saw us?” the man replies.

707

Somewhere along the railroad tracks, among the halls of a light grey grimy temple.

The rain clears slightly.

The woman and a vagrant lips' part again.

708

Just outside the dimly lit night club, far from the nearly infinite modern houses.

A man stares from within the shadows.

The sound of a shrill car alarm resonates.

“Remember when we felt something?” the woman wonders.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the withered prostitute mutters.

The snowstorm obscures the man’s vision.

The woman and a fearful individual hips’ meet as predicted.

709

Inside the gleaming barracks, down a filthy and shining subway line.
The rooms smell of alcohol.
A cat picks up a stained magazine in her mouth.
“Why are you lost?” the man whispers.
“Remember when we visited here first?” the woman remarks.
The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.
A man gazes into a clear pair of glasses.
A rat darts into a darkened corner.
“Why are you bloodied?” the woman says.
“Remember when she was still alive?” the shrouded model asks.
The sound of a muffled heartbeat gets quieter.
The man and the man argue coldly for the first time.

710

Somewhere along a sidewalk, within the walls of the barely lit apartment complex.

An aged woman peers into the cracks in a wall.

The fog shows no sign of clearing.

“Why are you faceless?” the woman replies.

“Do you think they are coming?” the man ponders aloud.

711

Among the halls of a stained and sleek factory, away from the sparse black imposing apartments.

The walls are overrun with strange messages.

“Why are you fearful?” the woman wonders.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the man ponders silently.

712

Miles from the overwhelming number of towering simple malls, around the nearly infinite stone smokestacks, within the glaringly lit warehouse.

A raccoon watches unemotionally.

The woman and a lost figure cross gazes at last.

713

Close to the many dusty offices, down the abandoned and gleaming river,
just outside a grey glowing stairway.

The cracking rooms smell of mold.

A man stares slowly into a frosted wine glass.

The sleet clears slightly.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the man whispers.

The sound of violent laughter echoes continuously.

The woman and the individual talk with renewed vigour.

714

Within the walls of a brightly lit restaurant, amongst the endless short crystal houses.

A dog picks up a torn up letter in his mouth.

“Why are you withered?” the woman asks.

715

Throughout the sparse plastic skyscrapers, in between the overwhelming number of towering steel malls, inside a crumbling office building.

A veiled traveller peeks hesitantly through a drilled hole.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

The man and the bruised model hands' touch as predicted.

716

Far from the many brown rusted warehouses, several kilometers down the path, within an unlit art studio.

The snow fills the air.

“Do you think she is out there?” the faceless wanderer asks cautiously.

“Remember when we felt something?” the woman mutters.

717

Somewhere along the grimy road, among the halls of the dusty and imposing church.

The floors are sparsely covered in light grey grafitti.

A cat picks up a tin can in their mouth and runs away.

A bloodied man peers into a cloudy locket.

The sound of a piercing car alarm is cut off violently.

“Why are you shrouded?” the man thinks.

“Do you think they are out there?” the aged vagrant says.

A mouse runs away desperately.

The man and a figure talk viciously again.

718

Just outside the dimly lit night club, down a freeway.
A woman gazes from inside the shadows.
The sound of a shrill scream gets quieter and quieter.
“Remember when we made love?” the lost woman ponders aloud.

719

Close to the endless expensive smokestacks, several kilometers down the black stained alleyway, in the entrance of a twisting hospital.

A stray cat picks up a piece of wire in their mouth.

The woman and the fearful individual fingers' meet for the first time.

720

Within a barely lit train station, around the few glowing and cracking houses.
The shining floors smell of salt.
“Why are you withered?” the man wonders.
The sound of a muffled heartbeat echoes continuously.
“Do you think it has a purpose?” the woman asks.

721

Near the modern factories, miles from the many nearly infinite neon offices,
within the walls of the grey abandoned warehouse.

A man stares nervously into a smudgy cellphone.

A rat watches curiously.

The shrouded vagrant and a traveller cross gazes with renewed vigour.

722

Somewhere along a railroad tracks, just outside the neon lit fast food restaurant.

The downpour becomes heavier.

“Remember when they was still alive?” the woman ponders silently.

A stray dog runs away.

A man peeks morbidly from a darkened corner.

The snowstorm obscures the aged model’s vision.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the woman whispers.

723

Far from the nearly infinite charcoal gleaming apartments, several kilometers down the stained and crumbling subway line, in the entrance of a rusted subway stop.

The rooms are thickly coated in red paintings.

The bruised woman and the bloodied wanderer argue passionately at last.

724

Inside a glaringly lit apartment complex, throughout the endless stone smokestacks.

A mouse picks up the sheet of plastic in their mouth and darts into the shadows.

A man gazes slowly at the cracks in a wall.

The rain shows no sign of clearing.

“Why are you fearful?” the veiled figure says.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the woman remarks.

725

Among the halls of a light grey moldy office building, down the sidewalk.
The walls smell of alcohol.
A cat picks up a length of rope in her mouth.
The aged individual and a traveller hips' touch as predicted.

726

Around the sparse short glass malls, near the crystal warehouses, within the black lit restaurant.

The fog clears slightly.

“Remember when we first met?” the lost man replies.

The sound of a violent car alarm is cut off violently.

A woman stares through the door of a closet.

The downpour becomes heavier.

“Why are you bruised?” the woman ponders aloud.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the man wonders.

727

In between the nearly infinite towering simple skyscrapers, somewhere along an imposing and twisting road, just outside a grimy theater.

The floors are overrun with dust.

The bloodied prostitute and the fearful vagrant hands' part for the first time.

728

Down a street, in the entrance of the unlit hospital.
The sound of shattering glass resonates.
A woman peers from within a darkened corner.
A raccoon runs away coldly.
“Remember when he still loved me?” the veiled wanderer thinks.
“Do you think they are coming?” the woman mutters.

729

Miles from the few steel apartments, away from the many short neon houses,
inside the shining and filthy factory.

The aged individual and a figure fingers' meet once more.

730

Throughout the charcoal gleaming factories, somewhere along the stained river, among the halls of a barely lit art studio.

The rainstorm fills the air.

A woman peeks desperately into a stained beer glass.

The sound of a clear scream gets louder and louder.

“Why are you bruised?” the man asks.

The rain clears slightly.

The withered traveller and the fearful model talk at last.

731

Within the walls of a moldy and cracking night club, far from the sparse nearly infinite brick offices.

The dusty walls smell of mold.

The sound of a lonely heartbeat echoes continuously.

“Do you think he is out there?” the man whispers.

732

Down the subway line, in the entrance of a neon lit train station.
The snowstorm becomes heavier.
A woman gazes nervously at a drilled hole.
A stray dog watches coolly.
“Why are you bloodied?” the man replies.
The fog fills the air.
The woman and the vagrant meet stares as predicted.

733

Inside a grey rusted temple, several kilometers down the grimy and sleek alleyway.

A man stares into the door of a closet.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

“Remember when we felt something?” the shrouded wanderer remarks.

“Why are you veiled?” the man ponders silently.

734

Near the overwhelming number of expensive smokestacks, close to the many short glass malls, among the halls of a dimly lit apartment complex.

The sleet shows no sign of clearing.

The woman and the faceless individual argue aggressively for the first time.

735

Just outside a black abandoned church, amongst the endless stained and twisting skyscrapers.

A fearful prostitute peeks from the shadows.

The sound of a shrill car alarm gets quieter.

“Do you think they are out there?” the woman mutters.

“Why are you bruised?” the man asks hesitantly.

736

Within the walls of the acid green lit fast food restaurant, down the railroad tracks.

The filthy rooms are sparsely covered in light grey book pages.

The aged vagrant and a figure hips' part with renewed vigour.

737

Somewhere along the charcoal imposing street, within a glowing stairway.
The downpour becomes heavier.
A man peers resignedly from within a darkened corner.
A stray cat picks up a broken tv remote in his mouth.
“Remember when we visited here first?” the bloodied model whispers.
“Do you think it has a purpose?” the woman says.
The sound of a muffled scream resonates.
The man and a lost traveller hands’ meet again.

738

Inside the brightly lit hospital, away from the towering plastic factories.
A fearful man gazes morbidly at the cracks in a wall.
The rain fills the air.
“Remember when they was still alive?” the man ponders aloud.
“Why are you faceless?” the aged woman asks.

739

Miles from the few shining and gleaming houses, around the nearly infinite nearly infinite stone apartments, in the entrance of a grimy restaurant.

A cat runs away.

The woman and the figure cross gazes at last.

740

Throughout the many neon smokestacks, down a sidewalk, among the halls of the strangely lit night club.

The rooms smell of salt.

“Remember when she still loved me?” the man wonders.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the bloodied wanderer replies.

The snow obscures the bruised prostitute’s vision.

“Remember when we first met?” the woman remarks.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the man whispers.

A mouse watches with interest.

A withered individual peeks into a clear window.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

“Why are you lost?” the woman ponders silently.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the man asks angrily.

741

Within the walls of an abandoned theater, somewhere along a black twisting subway line.

The woman and the veiled traveller lips' touch as predicted.

742

In between the overwhelming number of short simple malls, amongst the endless crystal warehouses, inside the glaringly lit train station.

The floors are thickly coated in advertisements.

A man peers into the door of a closet.

A stray dog picks up an old chicken bone in their mouth and runs away cautiously.

The fearful model and the vagrant talk for the first time.

743

Down the alleyway, within a brown cracking subway stop.
A man gazes coldly into a frosted pair of glasses.
The snowstorm becomes heavier.
“Remember when we made love?” the bloodied man ponders aloud.
The sound of piercing laughter echoes continuously.
The woman and a bruised wanderer hips’ part once more.

744

Among the halls of the dimly lit warehouse, somewhere along a rusted free-way.

A stray cat runs away.

“Do you think they saw us?” the aged traveller mutters.

“Why are you veiled?” the woman says.

The sleet clears slightly.

A faceless figure stares coolly from the shadows.

A dog picks up a tattered shoe in her mouth.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man whispers.

“Do you think she is out there?” the withered model ponders silently.

The rain shows no sign of clearing.

The woman and the prostitute meet stares again.

745

Within the walls of a charcoal crumbling factory, far from the few towering brick offices.

A bloodied vagrant peers into a filthy shot glass.

The sound of a violent heartbeat gets louder.

“Remember when she still loved me?” the woman asks.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the aged woman thinks.

746

Around the plastic skyscrapers, miles from the overwhelming number of nearly infinite glass factories, inside the barely lit fast food restaurant.

A cat picks up the rotten apple in their mouth and runs away slowly.

The woman and a veiled individual fingers' meet as predicted.

747

In between the many stone malls, several kilometers down a road, just outside the moldy temple.

The gleaming floors smell of alcohol.

The sound of a lonely car alarm is cut off violently.

“Remember when we first met?” the man wonders.

A raccoon watches unemotionally.

A bruised traveller peeks at a drilled hole.

The rainstorm becomes heavier.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the man asks morbidly.

“Remember when you loved me?” the lost wanderer mutters.

748

Among the halls of an unlit barracks, close to the endless towering simple houses.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

The woman and the man lips' touch with renewed vigour.

749

In the entrance of a black grimy church, down the stained river.
The imposing walls are overrun with ants.
“Why are you faceless?” the man ponders aloud.
“Do you think it has a purpose?” the aged model whispers.
The snow fills the air.
“Remember when we visited here first?” the woman asks.
“Why are you shrouded?” the fearful individual thinks.

750

Several kilometers down a subway line, inside the brown lit office building.
A mouse runs away.
A woman gazes nervously into the cracks in a wall.
The sound of a shrill scream gets louder and louder.
“Do you think there’s something out there?” the man wonders.
“Why are you veiled?” the woman ponders silently.
The sleet clears slightly.
The man and a lost vagrant cross gazes at last.

751

Near the sparse expensive offices, throughout the few cracking and glowing apartments, within the charcoal twisting restaurant.

A bruised figure peers hesitantly into a cracked mirror.

The sound of a clear heartbeat is cut off violently.

“Remember when we felt something?” the woman replies.

752

Within the walls of the brightly lit hospital, somewhere along a dusty side-walk.

The rusted rooms smell of mildew.

The man and a man bodies' part for the first time.

753

Among the halls of the shining and sleek warehouse, amongst the nearly infinite short brick factories.

A woman stares from within a darkened corner.

A rat picks up a tin can in their mouth.

The man and a faceless prostitute meet stares again.

754

Miles from the many crumbling smokestacks, down the path, just outside a glaringly lit apartment complex.

The sound of a violent car alarm resonates.

“Why are you aged?” the woman whispers.

“Do you think they are out there?” the withered woman ponders aloud.

755

Somewhere along a black gleaming alleyway, within the abandoned and moldy stairway.

A woman gazes resignedly from the shadows.

The fog shows no sign of clearing.

The bloodied vagrant and the wanderer argue with disgust with renewed vigour.

756

In the entrance of a neon lit factory, in between the neon malls.
The sound of shattering glass echoes continuously.
“Why are you lost?” the woman says.
A stray dog watches curiously.
A veiled man peeks into a greasy neon sign.
The rainstorm obscures the man’s vision.
“Do you think he is out there?” the woman remarks.

757

Close to the few towering steel houses, away from the endless twisting apartments, inside a dusty and filthy art studio.

The fearful individual and the bruised traveller hands' meet once more.

758

Within the walls of the strangely lit fast food restaurant, several kilometers down a freeway.

The floors are covered in crimson drawings.

A cat darts into a darkened corner.

A woman peers coldly into a cloudy beer glass.

The downpour clears slightly.

“Why are you shrouded?” the man asks passionately.

“Do you think she is coming?” the lost figure asks.

759

Among the halls of a light grey rusted subway stop, amongst the nearly infinite nearly infinite stone offices.

The sound of a lonely scream is cut off violently.

The woman and the woman talk desperately for the first time.

760

Throughout the grey sleek warehouses, somewhere along the stained and cracking subway line, just outside a barely lit train station.

A man stares slowly through the door of a closet.

The rain fills the air.

“Remember when they still loved me?” the woman replies.

The sound of a shrill car alarm gets quieter.

The bloodied prostitute and the aged model lips’ part again.

761

In the entrance of a glowing restaurant, several kilometers down the street.
The walls smell of salt.
“Do you think they are coming?” the man ponders aloud.

762

Down a charcoal shining river, within the walls of the brown lit temple.
The snowstorm obscures the faceless wanderer's vision.
“Why are you bruised?” the woman says.
The sound of a muffled heartbeat resonates.
A withered traveller gazes from within the shadows.
The snow becomes heavier.
“Remember when you loved me?” the man whispers.

763

Near the few glass malls, somewhere along a railroad tracks, within the dusty hospital.

The gleaming floors are thickly coated in strange messages.

A mouse picks up a torn up letter in her mouth.

The woman and a woman hips' touch as predicted.

764

Among the halls of the glaringly lit church, miles from the endless filthy and crumbling smokestacks.

The sound of clear laughter is cut off violently.

“Why are you lost?” the fearful figure remarks.

The fog shows no sign of clearing.

A woman peeks into a drilled hole.

The sound of a lonely scream echoes continuously.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the aged model ponders silently.

“Why are you shrouded?” the woman mutters.

The downpour fills the air.

The veiled vagrant and a bruised prostitute talk once more.

765

Down the abandoned and stained road, just outside a black twisting apartment complex.

A man stares into a stained wine glass.

The sound of shattering glass gets quieter and quieter.

“Remember when we felt something?” the woman replies.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the lost man asks passive-aggressively.

A raccoon picks up a length of rope in their mouth and runs away.

The woman and the individual argue angrily with renewed vigour.

766

Away from the overwhelming number of expensive houses, close to the many short simple apartments, inside the dimly lit night club.

The imposing walls smell of alcohol.

A withered figure peers cautiously from inside a darkened corner.

The rainstorm becomes heavier.

“Why are you faceless?” the woman thinks.

“Remember when we first met?” the bloodied traveller says.

The sound of a shrill heartbeat is cut off violently.

The woman and a fearful vagrant fingers’ meet for the first time.

767

Within the walls of the grimy stairway, far from the grey moldy offices.
An aged woman peeks morbidly at the door of a closet.
The snowstorm obscures the woman's vision.
“Do you think he saw us?” the bruised individual asks.

768

Among the halls of a neon lit subway stop, several kilometers down the path.
The floors are sparsely covered in letters.
The sound of muffled laughter echoes continuously.
The man and a wanderer cross gazes at last.

769

Near the few nearly infinite crystal skyscrapers, somewhere along the shining and sleek subway line, just outside a light grey glowing train station.

A stray dog runs away hesitantly.

“Why are you bloodied?” the withered figure ponders aloud.

The sound of a clear car alarm resonates.

A man gazes from within the shadows.

The fog clears slightly.

“Do you think they are out there?” the lost vagrant mutters.

770

Throughout the endless steel warehouses, amongst the sparse towering plastic houses, in the entrance of a strangely lit factory.

The woman and the aged man meet stares again.

771

Down the river, inside a rusted and abandoned warehouse.
The rooms smell of mildew.
A man stares through the cracks in a wall.
A rat picks up a piece of wire in their mouth.
The veiled prostitute and the traveller bodies' part once more.

772

Close to the nearly infinite crumbling factories, somewhere along a brown twisting alleyway, within the brightly lit office building.

The snow becomes heavier.

“Why are you fearful?” the man asks resignedly.

“Remember when you loved me?” the bloodied model thinks.

773

Just outside a moldy and imposing church, several kilometers down the road.
A man peers coldly into a filthy window.
A mouse watches coolly.
The woman and a lost individual talk with renewed vigour.

774

Around the many nearly infinite stone smokestacks, in between the overwhelming number of brick skyscrapers, in the entrance of the barely lit barracks.

The walls are covered in threats.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the man whispers.

“Why are you faceless?” the bruised wanderer says.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the woman ponders silently.

775

Somewhere along a sleek path, inside the grimy and shining hospital.
A cat darts into a darkened corner.
A veiled man peeks into a frosted light-bulb.
The sound of a piercing scream gets louder.
“Why are you shrouded?” the woman replies.
“Remember when she was still alive?” the withered figure asks with disgust.

776

Among the halls of the unlit fast food restaurant, throughout the short glass apartments.

The abandoned walls smell of mold.

The rain shows no sign of clearing.

The man and a woman hands' touch for the first time.

777

Far from the sparse grey rusted warehouses, amongst the endless towering
neon offices, within a cracking and filthy apartment complex.

A woman gazes coolly from the shadows.

A raccoon picks up a stained magazine in her mouth.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the lost vagrant wonders.

The rainstorm clears slightly.

The man and the bloodied individual fingers’ meet at last.

778

Just outside a glaringly lit subway stop, down the street.
The sound of a shrill heartbeat resonates.
“Why are you bruised?” the faceless prostitute mutters.

779

Somewhere along the crumbling freeway, in the entrance of a charcoal twisting night club.

A man peers from inside a darkened corner.

The snowstorm fills the air.

The woman and a traveller talk morbidly again.

780

Miles from the nearly infinite steel malls, down a subway line, within the walls of the strangely lit restaurant.

The grimy floors are thickly coated in mirrors.

A man peeks slowly at the door of a closet.

The sound of shattering glass echoes continuously.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the withered model asks.

A dog watches unemotionally.

The woman and the fearful man hips’ part as predicted.

781

Close to the few light grey sleek smokestacks, around the nearly infinite simple factories, inside a shining and imposing theater.

A woman stares into a greasy locket.

The sound of a muffled car alarm is cut off violently.

“Remember when they still loved me?” the man ponders aloud.

782

Somewhere along a moldy river, among the halls of the dimly lit factory.
The downpour obscures the woman's vision.
The man and the figure meet stares for the first time.

783

Within a cracking and stained art studio, near the many filthy apartments.
A man gazes into a drilled hole.
The sound of a violent scream gets quieter.
“Do you think he is coming?” the lost wanderer replies.
A stray cat picks up the sheet of plastic in their mouth and runs away cautiously.
The woman and a bruised traveller argue aggressively at last.

784

Amongst the nearly infinite short stone warehouses, several kilometers down the railroad tracks, in the entrance of a brightly lit church.

The sleet shows no sign of clearing.

“Remember when we first met?” the man says.

“Do you think she saw us?” the woman whispers.

785

Down the glowing and abandoned road, just outside a shining warehouse.
A man peers from the shadows.
A stray dog picks up a broken tv remote in his mouth.
The woman and the woman bodies' meet with renewed vigour.

786

Inside an unlit fast food restaurant, throughout the overwhelming number of rusted and crumbling houses.

The imposing rooms smell of salt.

The sound of a clear heartbeat resonates.

“Why are you bloodied?” the shrouded model asks passionately.

“Do you think they are out there?” the man wonders.

The rain fills the air.

A withered man peeks coldly through the cracks in a wall.

A rat watches with interest.

“Why are you fearful?” the man mutters.

787

Far from the sparse towering expensive offices, somewhere along the sidewalk, within the walls of the grey dusty office building.

The woman and an aged prostitute cross gazes once more.

788

Several kilometers down a gleaming subway line, within the barely lit subway stop.

The sound of a piercing car alarm is cut off violently.

A shrouded figure gazes hesitantly from within a darkened corner.

A raccoon runs away.

“Remember when we made love?” the woman asks.

The snow clears slightly.

The man and a traveller hands' touch for the first time.

789

Close to the endless plastic factories, near the many nearly infinite modern
skyscrapers, just outside the brown cracking stairway.

The floors are sparsely covered in cyan paintings.

A faceless vagrant peers desperately into a smudgy mirror.

A stray cat picks up the crumpled newspaper in their mouth and darts into
the shadows.

“Why are you withered?” the man ponders silently.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the woman thinks.

The sound of shrill laughter gets louder and louder.

The bloodied individual and an aged wanderer talk as predicted.

790

Among the halls of a neon lit theater, away from the nearly infinite steel apartments.

A woman peeks from a darkened corner.

The fog shows no sign of clearing.

“Why are you faceless?” the fearful figure remarks.

“Remember when we felt something?” the man ponders aloud.

791

In the entrance of the abandoned train station, somewhere along a street.
The walls smell of mildew.
A dog watches coolly.
The woman and the man talk nervously with renewed vigour.

792

Around the few light grey glowing malls, several kilometers down the sleek and rusted freeway, inside a black lit art studio.

A man stares morbidly into a drilled hole.

The sound of a violent scream echoes continuously.

“Why are you lost?” the withered vagrant says.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the man mutters.

793

Far from the endless towering brick houses, amongst the overwhelming number of filthy warehouses, within the walls of a grey grimy factory.

The dusty floors are overrun with missing pet posters.

The aged woman and the fearful wanderer fingers' part at last.

794

Just outside the glaringly lit barracks, somewhere along an alleyway.
A woman peers through the cracks in a wall.
A stray dog picks up an old chicken bone in her mouth.
The faceless individual and a figure meet stares again.

795

Near the sparse simple skyscrapers, several kilometers down the moldy and crumbling river, within a cracking hospital.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

“Remember when he was still alive?” the man asks.

“Why are you bruised?” the woman thinks.

796

Inside the dimly lit temple, close to the nearly infinite crystal factories.
A man gazes resignedly from within the shadows.
The snowstorm fills the air.
The woman and a withered man cross gazes for the first time.

797

Among the halls of the abandoned and gleaming office building, somewhere along the sidewalk.

The rooms smell of alcohol.

A mouse picks up a tattered shoe in their mouth and runs away.

“Remember when they still loved me?” the aged traveller remarks.

The sound of clear laughter resonates.

A woman peeks coolly into a cloudy cellphone.

A stray cat watches interestedly.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the fearful vagrant replies.

“Why are you shrouded?” the woman ponders aloud.

798

In between the few stone malls, down a sleek road, in the entrance of the
barely lit restaurant.

The rain obscures the woman's vision.

The man and a model bodies' touch with renewed vigour.

799

Somewhere along the freeway, within a light grey grimy church.
The stained rooms are thickly coated in cockroaches.
A lost prostitute stares into a clear wine glass.
The sound of a muffled car alarm gets louder.
“Remember when you loved me?” the woman mutters.
The sleet becomes heavier.
The bruised man and the bloodied wanderer argue coldly once more.

800

Inside a neon lit fast food restaurant, around the overwhelming number of moldy offices.

A man peers from inside a darkened corner.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

“Why are you fearful?” the veiled figure whispers.

“Do you think they are coming?” the man says.

801

Miles from the many short plastic apartments, far from the neon houses,
just outside a twisting and glowing stairway.

The snow fills the air.

The lost woman and the vagrant talk with disgust again.

802

Throughout the nearly infinite nearly infinite modern factories, several kilometers down the charcoal filthy subway line, in the entrance of a purple lit warehouse.

The floors smell of salt.

The sound of a piercing heartbeat resonates.

“Remember when we made love?” the man asks desperately.

“Why are you shrouded?” the woman remarks.

803

Somewhere along a railroad tracks, within the shining and abandoned apartment complex.

The fog clears slightly.

A man gazes at the door of a closet.

The sound of a lonely car alarm echoes continuously.

“Remember when we first met?” the bruised traveller replies.

A dog picks up a piece of wire in their mouth.

The woman and the withered wanderer meet stares at last.

804

Inside an unlit factory, down the brown rusted sidewalk.
The imposing floors are covered in ants.
A fearful prostitute peeks hesitantly through the cracks in a wall.
The sound of clear laughter gets quieter.
“Why are you aged?” the woman ponders aloud.

805

Within the walls of a sleek and moldy temple, away from the endless glass smokestacks.

A stray dog picks up a rotten apple in their mouth and darts into the shadows.

The shrouded individual and the model talk as predicted.

806

Close to the sparse short crystal skyscrapers, in between the many stone warehouses, among the halls of the strangely lit office building.

A woman peers morbidly from within a darkened corner.

The rainstorm obscures the man's vision.

"Do you think there's something out there?" the veiled traveller whispers.

"Why are you bloodied?" the man thinks.

807

Near the nearly infinite nearly infinite simple malls, several kilometers down a road, just outside the twisting hospital.

The rooms smell of mildew.

“Remember when he was still alive?” the woman says.

A cat runs away cautiously.

The man and a lost wanderer hands’ meet for the first time.

808

Down the grey gleaming alleyway, within a brightly lit barracks.
The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.
“Do you think she saw us?” the woman mutters.

809

Far from the endless steel houses, throughout the overwhelming number of filthy factories, within the walls of a dusty and glowing train station.

A fearful woman stares slowly into a frosted wristwatch.

A mouse picks up a torn up letter in his mouth.

The woman and the vagrant lips' touch with renewed vigour.

810

In the entrance of the barely lit theater, several kilometers down a river.
The rain shows no sign of clearing.
“Why are you faceless?” the shrouded figure wonders.
“Remember when you loved me?” the woman asks.
The sound of a violent heartbeat echoes continuously.
A bruised individual gazes into a greasy light-bulb.
A dog picks up the broken tv remote in their mouth and runs away.
“Do you think she is out there?” the man ponders silently.
“Why are you lost?” the bloodied man replies.

811

Somewhere along a light grey grimy subway line, inside the stained and imposing subway stop.

The woman and a shrouded traveller talk aggressively again.

812

Away from the sparse towering brick smokestacks, around the many expensive offices, just outside the glaringly lit fast food restaurant.

The crumbling walls are sparsely covered in dust.

The sound of a shrill car alarm gets quieter and quieter.

A man peers at the door of a closet.

A stray dog runs away nervously.

“Remember when we made love?” the woman thinks.

“Do you think he is coming?” the aged prostitute mutters.

The sound of piercing laughter is cut off violently.

The woman and a wanderer meet stares at last.

813

Close to the nearly infinite moldy malls, several kilometers down a street,
within the walls of the brown gleaming art studio.

A faceless figure stares from the shadows.

A cat watches unemotionally.

“Remember when we first met?” the woman ponders aloud.

“Why are you fearful?” the withered woman remarks.

The downpour fills the air.

The woman and the shrouded vagrant hips’ part for the first time.

814

Somewhere along an abandoned and dusty railroad tracks, among the halls of the charcoal lit apartment complex.

A mouse picks up a crumpled newspaper in their mouth.

“Remember when they was still alive?” the man asks coolly.

“Why are you lost?” the bruised traveller ponders silently.

815

In between the nearly infinite glass houses, far from the few cracking apartments, inside the black stained restaurant.

A woman peeks hesitantly into the cracks in a wall.

The sound of a muffled scream resonates.

The man and a prostitute talk with renewed vigour.

816

Within the dimly lit temple, several kilometers down a freeway.
A dog darts into a darkened corner.
“Remember when we felt something?” the aged wanderer says.
“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the woman whispers.

817

Just outside a grimy and sleek barracks, amongst the many modern warehouses.

The walls smell of alcohol.

A man gazes cautiously into a cracked shot glass.

The sound of a clear car alarm echoes continuously.

The woman and the withered man argue passive-aggressively once more.

818

Around the endless short neon offices, close to the nearly infinite steel
skyscrapers, in the entrance of the strangely lit train station.

A woman peers at the door of a closet.

A raccoon picks up a tin can in their mouth and runs away.

“Why are you fearful?” the man replies.

“Do you think they are coming?” the bloodied figure remarks.

819

Near the sparse rusted smokestacks, somewhere along the brown moldy road,
inside a twisting theater.

The fog clears slightly.

The woman and a woman fingers' touch at last.

820

Down the alleyway, within the walls of a neon lit subway stop.
A man peeks from inside the shadows.
The sound of shattering glass gets louder and louder.
“Remember when we visited here first?” the woman mutters.
The snowstorm becomes heavier.
The man and the lost prostitute talk passionately for the first time.

821

Among the halls of a cracking and stained factory, away from the many crystal malls.

The filthy floors are thickly coated in strange messages.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the woman ponders aloud.

822

Far from the endless towering stone apartments, somewhere along the grey grimy sidewalk, just outside an unlit office building.

A faceless traveller stares morbidly from within a darkened corner.

A stray dog picks up an old chicken bone in his mouth.

“Why are you bruised?” the woman asks.

The sound of lonely laughter resonates.

The bloodied vagrant and the man bodies’ part with renewed vigour.

823

In between the overwhelming number of crumbling and imposing warehouses,
around the glass houses, in the entrance of a sleek stairway.

A rat watches curiously.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the woman ponders silently.

“Remember when we made love?” the veiled figure whispers.

824

Inside the barely lit restaurant, several kilometers down a street.
A woman peers resignedly into a spotless beer glass.
The rainstorm shows no sign of clearing.
The lost individual and the withered model lips' meet once more.

825

Throughout the many filthy factories, somewhere along a cracking and twisting river, among the halls of the gleaming and shining temple.

The rooms smell of salt.

A man gazes into a drilled hole.

A mouse picks up a stained magazine in their mouth and runs away coolly.

“Why are you aged?” the bruised prostitute remarks.

“Do you think she is out there?” the man replies.

826

Just outside a brightly lit art studio, away from the few short expensive
skyscrapers.

The sound of a violent car alarm echoes continuously.

The woman and the woman talk again.

827

Down a railroad tracks, within the walls of the light grey abandoned train station.

The floors are overrun with charcoal book pages.

“Remember when he still loved me?” the bloodied wanderer ponders aloud.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the woman asks.

The snow clears slightly.

“Why are you withered?” the veiled vagrant thinks.

“Remember when you loved me?” the woman whispers.

A stray cat darts into the shadows.

A lost man stares from a darkened corner.

The rain obscures the man’s vision.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the man says.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the woman ponders silently.

828

Far from the nearly infinite sleek smokestacks, several kilometers down the imposing and grimy road, within the dimly lit church.

The man and a fearful figure argue viciously for the first time.

829

Near the endless towering brick warehouses, around the overwhelming number of cracking malls, among the halls of a glowing and stained warehouse.

The rusted rooms smell of mildew.

A woman peers slowly at the cracks in a wall.

A raccoon picks up a rotten apple in her mouth.

The man and the traveller talk nervously with renewed vigour.

830

In the entrance of the brown lit barracks, somewhere along a path.
The snowstorm shows no sign of clearing.
“Why are you faceless?” the woman ponders aloud.
The sound of a piercing heartbeat is cut off violently.
An aged wanderer peeks coldly into a stained neon sign.
The sleet fills the air.
“Remember when we first met?” the man mutters.

831

Within the walls of the brown crumbling factory, miles from the sparse short steel apartments.

The woman and a shrouded vagrant meet stares at last.

832

Down the shining and sleek freeway, inside a strangely lit subway stop.
A cat watches coolly.
A bloodied prostitute stares morbidly from inside the shadows.
The sound of clear laughter resonates.
“Why are you withered?” the man replies.
The fog obscures the veiled model’s vision.
The woman and an individual hands’ meet as predicted.

833

Close to the many neon offices, away from the nearly infinite twisting skyscrapers, among the halls of a grey filthy restaurant.
A man peers into a filthy cellphone.
A rat picks up the torn up letter in their mouth and runs away.
“Remember when they still loved me?” the lost man thinks.

834

Within a neon lit temple, amongst the endless nearly infinite stone warehouses.

The sound of a muffled scream gets louder.

The woman and the aged traveller hips' touch again.

835

Within the walls of the charcoal moldy night club, somewhere along a subway line.

A faceless wanderer gazes into a drilled hole.

A stray dog picks up a broken tv remote in their mouth.

“Do you think they are coming?” the woman says.

The sound of a shrill heartbeat echoes continuously.

The fearful model and the figure cross gazes once more.

836

Around the simple houses, miles from the overwhelming number of towering modern factories, in the entrance of an unlit art studio.

The stained floors are covered in letters.

The rainstorm shows no sign of clearing.

“Remember when you loved me?” the woman whispers.

837

Several kilometers down the imposing railroad tracks, inside a brown crumbling office building.

The sound of a violent car alarm is cut off violently.

A man peeks coolly through the cracks in a wall.

The rain becomes heavier.

“Why are you bloodied?” the shrouded man ponders silently.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the woman mutters.

838

Among the halls of a glaringly lit warehouse, down the sidewalk.
The walls smell of alcohol.
“Why are you bruised?” the withered traveller asks.
The sound of shattering glass gets quieter and quieter.
The man and the lost vagrant lips’ part for the first time.

839

Within a gleaming and dusty train station, in between the sparse plastic smokestacks.

A bloodied figure peers desperately from within a darkened corner.

A dog darts into the shadows.

“Remember when we felt something?” the man remarks.

“Why are you shrouded?” the withered model wonders.

840

Away from the few grey abandoned skyscrapers, several kilometers down the shining and grimy road, in the entrance of the barely lit apartment complex.

The sleet fills the air.

The man and a wanderer talk with renewed vigour.

841

Somewhere along the river, within the walls of a filthy factory.
The rooms are sparsely covered in narrow charcoal pipes.
A woman gazes from a darkened corner.
The sound of clear laughter echoes continuously.
“Remember when we made love?” the woman thinks.
A stray cat watches unemotionally.
The man and a veiled individual argue angrily again.

842

Inside the dimly lit theater, throughout the nearly infinite nearly infinite steel malls.

The snow shows no sign of clearing.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the man ponders silently.

“Why are you faceless?” the fearful prostitute says.

A cat picks up a crumpled newspaper in their mouth and runs away cautiously.

A woman peeks at a drilled hole.

The sound of a lonely heartbeat resonates.

“Do you think they are out there?” the man asks.

843

Among the halls of a stained and twisting fast food restaurant, several kilometers down the glowing path.

The bloodied figure and the traveller bodies' meet as predicted.

844

Close to the endless black cracking offices, amongst the short glass houses,
just outside a strangely lit subway stop.

The rainstorm obscures the woman's vision.

A man stares hesitantly through the cracks in a wall.

A mouse picks up a length of rope in his mouth.

"Remember when she was still alive?" the woman replies.

The fog clears slightly.

The man and the shrouded vagrant talk passive-aggressively once more.

845

Near the sparse neon factories, somewhere along the street, in the entrance of an abandoned and imposing hospital.

A bruised individual gazes resignedly into a greasy mirror.

The sound of a muffled car alarm gets louder and louder.

“Do you think he is coming?” the woman whispers.

846

Within the walls of a pink lit night club, around the few light grey grimy
skyscrapers.

The floors smell of mold.

A dog runs away.

The man and the woman fingers' touch for the first time.

847

Far from the endless nearly infinite crystal apartments, in between the simple offices, within a dusty and filthy stairway.

The sound of shattering glass echoes continuously.

“Remember when we first met?” the withered model mutters.

A stray dog picks up the piece of wire in their mouth and runs away nervously.

A man peeks morbidly from inside the shadows.

The sound of a violent scream resonates.

“Do you think he saw us?” the lost traveller thinks.

“Remember when we felt something?” the man wonders.

The downpour becomes heavier.

The veiled individual and a bloodied figure cross gazes with renewed vigour.

848

Several kilometers down the brown shining subway line, inside a neon lit art studio.

A man peers into a frosted light-bulb.

The sound of shrill laughter is cut off violently.

“Do you think she is out there?” the fearful vagrant asks cautiously.

“Why are you faceless?” the woman says.

The sleet shows no sign of clearing.

The man and the woman talk again.

849

In the entrance of the crumbling apartment complex, down an alleyway.
A cat picks up a tin can in their mouth.
“Remember when they still loved me?” the woman ponders aloud.

850

Miles from the sparse towering brick malls, several kilometers down a black stained river, among the halls of the unlit church.

The cracking floors are overrun with mirrors.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the man mutters.

The snowstorm clears slightly.

A woman stares from a darkened corner.

The sound of a piercing heartbeat gets quieter.

“Remember when we made love?” the lost wanderer ponders silently.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the man asks.

851

Within the walls of a moldy theater, away from the overwhelming number of charcoal glowing warehouses.

The withered traveller and the bruised model hips' part as predicted.

852

Somewhere along the railroad tracks, just outside a dimly lit fast food restaurant.

The twisting walls smell of salt.

A mouse watches with interest.

A woman peeks into a drilled hole.

The sound of shattering glass resonates.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the veiled prostitute remarks.

A rat picks up a sheet of plastic in their mouth and darts into the shadows.

The woman and the man meet stares for the first time.

853

In the entrance of the imposing and gleaming warehouse, down a light grey crumbling sidewalk.

The sound of lonely laughter is cut off violently.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the man whispers.

854

Inside a barely lit barracks, amongst the nearly infinite nearly infinite plastic houses.

The filthy rooms are thickly coated in spiderwebs.

An aged figure peers slowly at the cracks in a wall.

A raccoon picks up a rotten apple in his mouth.

The woman and the bloodied woman argue coldly with renewed vigour.

855

Far from the endless shining skyscrapers, in between the steel smokestacks,
within the walls of a cracking and dusty train station.

The sound of a muffled car alarm echoes continuously.

“Remember when we felt something?” the woman wonders.

The snow obscures the man’s vision.

A man stares into a clear locket.

The sound of shattering glass gets louder.

“Do you think they are coming?” the shrouded vagrant ponders aloud.

“Why are you lost?” the woman replies.

The rainstorm becomes heavier.

The withered wanderer and the traveller cross gazes again.

856

Several kilometers down a freeway, among the halls of the glaringly lit stairway.

The floors smell of mildew.

A stray dog watches curiously.

“Do you think they are out there?” the woman asks.

“Why are you bruised?” the man thinks.

857

Just outside an abandoned restaurant, down a grey glowing alleyway.
A woman gazes coolly into a cloudy wristwatch.
The sound of clear laughter resonates.
The bloodied individual and the faceless woman lips' meet as predicted.

858

Close to the sparse moldy and rusted factories, near the many glass malls,
in the entrance of the brown lit apartment complex.

The sleet shows no sign of clearing.

“Do you think he is out there?” the woman asks viciously.

“Why are you aged?” the man wonders.

The sound of a violent scream is cut off violently.

A woman peeks coldly from within a darkened corner.

A mouse runs away desperately.

“Remember when he was still alive?” the fearful model says.

859

Throughout the few filthy offices, several kilometers down a subway line, inside the shining and sleek temple.

The rooms are sparsely covered in yellow paintings.

“Do you think they saw us?” the woman mutters.

“Remember when we made love?” the shrouded man replies.

860

Within a brightly lit art studio, somewhere along the crumbling road.
The sound of shattering glass gets quieter and quieter.
The man and a figure talk at last.

861

Around the nearly infinite towering modern warehouses, away from the sparse imposing and glowing smokestacks, within the walls of a twisting office building.

A woman peers resignedly through the door of a closet.

The fog obscures the man's vision.

"Why are you withered?" the woman asks.

The sound of a piercing heartbeat resonates.

The man and the lost prostitute talk hesitantly for the first time.

862

Amongst the endless short stone apartments, down the railroad tracks, in the entrance of an unlit church.

The snowstorm clears slightly.

“Remember when we first met?” the woman whispers.

863

Several kilometers down the grimy and moldy sidewalk, among the halls of the filthy warehouse.

A bloodied vagrant gazes into the cracks in a wall.

The sound of a shrill car alarm echoes continuously.

The woman and a wanderer meet stares again.

864

Inside a dimly lit train station, miles from the crystal skyscrapers.
The walls smell of alcohol.
The rainstorm fills the air.
“Do you think there’s a reason?” the man wonders.
A stray cat picks up a shard of glass in their mouth.
A woman peeks from the shadows.
The sound of shattering glass gets louder and louder.
“Why are you bruised?” the man ponders aloud.

865

Near the few charcoal gleaming malls, somewhere along an alleyway, just outside the sleek subway stop.

The woman and the faceless traveller argue with disgust as predicted.

866

In between the many nearly infinite expensive houses, far from the endless simple smokestacks, within the walls of a barely lit theater.

A dog picks up the stained magazine in their mouth and darts into a darkened corner.

An aged man peers into a stained neon sign.

The snow shows no sign of clearing.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the woman ponders silently.

A stray dog watches unemotionally.

The man and a prostitute hands’ touch with renewed vigour.

867

Several kilometers down a dusty and glowing freeway, among the halls of the crumbling hospital.

A man stares nervously from within the shadows.

The sleet becomes heavier.

“Remember when you loved me?” the woman replies.

868

In the entrance of the neon lit night club, close to the black stained apartments.

The sound of a lonely heartbeat resonates.

The lost model and a shrouded figure hips' part once more.

869

Throughout the few towering steel factories, down a subway line, within the filthy and rusted restaurant.

The cracking floors are overrun with light grey grafitti.

“Do you think they are coming?” the woman remarks.

The rain obscures the man’s vision.

“Why are you withered?” the bloodied individual thinks.

“Do you think they are out there?” the woman asks.

870

Just outside the glaringly lit stairway, several kilometers down a charcoal grimy street.

The sound of a clear car alarm echoes continuously.

A man gazes slowly into a cracked shot glass.

The snowstorm shows no sign of clearing.

“Remember when she was still alive?” the aged wanderer wonders.

“Why are you veiled?” the woman ponders aloud.

A mouse picks up a tattered shoe in her mouth.

The lost woman and the traveller fingers’ meet again.

871

Around the sparse glass malls, away from the many gleaming skyscrapers, among the halls of an abandoned and glowing office building.

A woman peers through a drilled hole.

The downpour clears slightly.

“Do you think there’s something out there?” the shrouded prostitute asks passionately.

“Why are you withered?” the man says.

872

Within the walls of the red lit church, near the nearly infinite brick warehouses.

A raccoon runs away.

The woman and a fearful figure cross gazes as predicted.

873

Down the railroad tracks, in the entrance of a stained apartment complex.
An aged individual stares from a darkened corner.
The sound of shattering glass gets quieter.
“Do you think something’s coming?” the man replies.
“Why are you bloodied?” the faceless man thinks.

874

Just outside an unlit warehouse, somewhere along the twisting and filthy river.

The shining walls smell of salt.

A cat watches with interest.

The woman and the traveller meet stares at last.

875

Far from the short crystal offices, several kilometers down the freeway, inside a brown sleek train station.

A man peeks morbidly from within the shadows.

The snow obscures the woman's vision.

"Remember when we visited here first?" the veiled vagrant mutters.

The sound of a violent scream resonates.

The man and a bruised model lips' touch for the first time.

876

Down the moldy alleyway, within the walls of a barely lit temple.
The rain shows no sign of clearing.
“Why are you withered?” the fearful woman wonders.
“Do you think there’s a reason?” the man ponders aloud.
A dog picks up the piece of wire in their mouth and runs away coldly.
A woman gazes cautiously into the door of a closet.
The snowstorm fills the air.
“Remember when we first met?” the man asks.
“Do you think he saw us?” the man says.
A mouse picks up a torn up letter in his mouth.
The aged man and a prostitute hips’ part again.

877

In between the sparse stone factories, around the few nearly infinite modern smokestacks, among the halls of the grey crumbling fast food restaurant.

A shrouded traveller stares at a drilled hole.

The sound of shrill laughter is cut off violently.

“Why are you lost?” the man asks nervously.

878

In the entrance of a strangely lit hospital, miles from the endless dusty
apartments.

The downpour becomes heavier.

The woman and the veiled model argue coldly once more.

879

Within a light grey grimy barracks, several kilometers down the street.
The floors are covered in ants.
“Remember when we made love?” the bloodied individual replies.
“Why are you bruised?” the woman ponders silently.

880

Near the short expensive houses, somewhere along a gleaming sidewalk, inside the dimly lit art studio.

The sound of shattering glass gets louder.

“Remember when we felt something?” the man mutters.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the woman asks.

A rat darts into a darkened corner.

A withered wanderer peeks into a filthy cellphone.

The sound of a muffled heartbeat resonates.

“Remember when you loved me?” the woman whispers.

“Why are you veiled?” the shrouded prostitute says.

The sleet shows no sign of clearing.

The woman and a figure cross gazes with renewed vigour.

881

Down the road, just outside the stained and imposing church.
An aged traveller peers from the shadows.
The sound of lonely laughter echoes continuously.
“Do you think they are out there?” the man replies.
“Remember when they was still alive?” the woman remarks.
A cat picks up a broken tv remote in their mouth and runs away.
The faceless man and a bruised wanderer talk viciously at last.

882

In the entrance of a brown lit office building, several kilometers down the grey abandoned river.

The sound of a piercing car alarm is cut off violently.

“Why are you lost?” the man asks desperately.

883

Throughout the sparse filthy and glowing offices, amongst the few towering steel warehouses, among the halls of the crumbling warehouse.

The walls smell of mold.

A withered prostitute stares morbidly from inside a darkened corner.

The rainstorm clears slightly.

The man and a model meet stares again.

884

Inside the unlit factory, far from the overwhelming number of black cracking factories.

A woman gazes through the door of a closet.

A raccoon picks up a tin can in their mouth.

“Remember when we made love?” the fearful vagrant wonders.

The sound of a shrill heartbeat resonates.

The woman and a shrouded man fingers’ part once more.

885

Just outside the rusted and moldy theater, down a subway line.
The dusty rooms are thickly coated in cockroaches.
“Do you think she is out there?” the bloodied woman asks.
“Remember when she still loved me?” the man whispers.
The fog becomes heavier.
“Why are you veiled?” the woman replies.

886

Miles from the glass malls, around the sparse light grey gleaming houses,
within the neon lit temple.

A man peers cautiously at a drilled hole.

The sound of violent laughter gets quieter and quieter.

The faceless wanderer and a figure argue aggressively with renewed vigour.

887

Near the few plastic apartments, several kilometers down the twisting and crumbling street, in the entrance of a grey glowing apartment complex.

The sleek walls smell of alcohol.

A man peeks from the shadows.

A mouse watches interestedly.

“Do you think they are coming?” the bruised prostitute says.

“Why are you fearful?” the woman ponders silently.

The snowstorm fills the air.

The lost traveller and the aged man lips’ touch as predicted.

888

Inside a barely lit fast food restaurant, down the freeway.
The sound of a muffled scream is cut off violently.
“Remember when you loved me?” the woman mutters.
“Do you think there’s a reason?” the shrouded individual asks.

889

Among the halls of an abandoned and imposing subway stop, close to the many cracking smokestacks.

The rooms are overrun with green drawings.

The downpour shows no sign of clearing.

A man stares coldly into a greasy light-bulb.

The sound of a piercing car alarm echoes continuously.

“Remember when we felt something?” the woman thinks.

The rainstorm obscures the withered wanderer’s vision.

The man and the model cross gazes at last.

890

Amongst the endless short simple offices, throughout the overwhelming number of crystal warehouses, just outside a glaringly lit church.
A faceless woman gazes nervously from inside a darkened corner.
A stray dog runs away cooly.
“Why are you bruised?” the woman replies.

891

Far from the nearly infinite stone houses, somewhere along the gleaming alleyway, within a black dusty restaurant.

The walls smell of salt.

The man and the veiled vagrant meet stares for the first time.

892

Down a road, inside the brightly lit warehouse.
A bloodied figure peeks into a spotless pair of glasses.
The sound of a clear heartbeat resonates.
The man and a traveller talk again.

893

Within the walls of the brown shining stairway, miles from the sparse neon apartments.

The stained floors are sparsely covered in letters.

The fog fills the air.

“Do you think he is coming?” the aged prostitute whispers.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man ponders silently.

894

Among the halls of a charcoal lit art studio, several kilometers down the sleek path.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

A fearful woman peers morbidly into the door of a closet.

The sleet becomes heavier.

“Do you think something’s coming?” the man remarks.

A dog picks up an old chicken bone in their mouth and darts into the shadows.

The bruised wanderer and the faceless vagrant talk passionately as predicted.

895

Away from the endless towering expensive skyscrapers, somewhere along a street, within the black moldy barracks.

The floors smell of mold.

“Why are you veiled?” the man mutters.

“Do you think he saw us?” the woman ponders aloud.

The downpour shows no sign of clearing.

“Why are you shrouded?” the lost figure asks.

“Remember when she was still alive?” the woman asks resignedly.

A stray cat picks up a shard of glass in her mouth.

A man gazes through a drilled hole.

The sound of violent laughter gets louder and louder.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the fearful model ponders silently.

896

Just outside the dimly lit hospital, close to the overwhelming number of steel factories.

The woman and a traveller argue angrily once more.

897

Around the many nearly infinite plastic malls, amongst the filthy and twisting offices, inside a light grey cracking fast food restaurant.

The glowing rooms are thickly coated in mirrors.

The rainstorm fills the air.

A man stares cautiously from within a darkened corner.

A raccoon watches curiously.

“Remember when you loved me?” the faceless prostitute remarks.

“Why are you bloodied?” the man mutters.

The sound of a shrill scream resonates.

The woman and the aged wanderer bodies’ meet for the first time.

898

Down a gleaming and stained river, among the halls of the barely lit night club.

A stray dog runs away.

“Remember when we felt something?” the withered woman wonders.

899

In the entrance of the brown abandoned office building, far from the few modern houses.

A man peers into a cloudy wine glass.

The snowstorm clears slightly.

The woman and a figure hands' part again.

900

Miles from the sparse dusty smokestacks, in between the nearly infinite towering crystal warehouses, within the walls of a neon lit church.

A cat picks up a tattered shoe in their mouth.

“Do you think they are coming?” the shrouded vagrant whispers.

“Remember when we first met?” the woman says.

901

Throughout the simple apartments, several kilometers down the sidewalk,
within a shining and twisting theater.

The rooms smell of mildew.

“Do you think she is out there?” the man ponders aloud.

“Remember when we made love?” the fearful prostitute remarks.

The snow becomes heavier.

A woman peeks coldly into the cracks in a wall.

The sound of a muffled heartbeat is cut off violently.

“Do you think there’s a reason?” the man mutters.

902

Somewhere along the black sleek railroad tracks, among the halls of the unlit factory.

The woman and a veiled individual meet stares at last.

903

In the entrance of an imposing and cracking train station, down the subway line.

The filthy walls are overrun with strange messages.

A man stares through the door of a closet.

A stray cat picks up a crumpled newspaper in their mouth and darts into the shadows.

The woman and the traveller hips' touch once more.

904

Close to the overwhelming number of nearly infinite glass offices, several kilometers down the stained alleyway, just outside a brightly lit barracks.

A bruised man gazes hesitantly into a cracked window.

The sound of a clear car alarm gets louder.

“Why are you shrouded?” the aged woman thinks.

A raccoon watches with interest.

The man and a withered wanderer cross gazes for the first time.

905

Amongst the sparse expensive skyscrapers, near the few towering brick smokestacks, within the grey moldy hospital.

The crumbling floors smell of alcohol.

“Remember when he was still alive?” the man asks.

906

Among the halls of a dimly lit art studio, somewhere along the street.
A woman peeks into a filthy mirror.
The downpour shows no sign of clearing.
“Why are you veiled?” the man wonders.
“Remember when you loved me?” the fearful model ponders silently.

907

In the entrance of a twisting and gleaming subway stop, in between the many shining warehouses.

The walls are sparsely covered in spiderwebs.

The woman and the figure bodies' meet with renewed vigour.

908

Miles from the endless stone apartments, throughout the sparse grimy and cracking offices, just outside a glaringly lit night club.

A man peers morbidly into the cracks in a wall.

A dog picks up a rotten apple in his mouth.

The aged prostitute and the lost woman talk at last.

909

Inside a rusted and stained office building, down the glowing path.
The rain obscures the man's vision.
"Do you think he is coming?" the bloodied wanderer whispers.
"Remember when she still loved me?" the woman mutters.

910

Somewhere along a road, within the walls of a strangely lit theater.
A man stares at a drilled hole.
A stray dog runs away desperately.
The fearful man and the figure talk viciously once more.

911

Among the halls of the brown dusty fast food restaurant, away from the nearly infinite modern skyscrapers.

The floors smell of mold.

The sleet becomes heavier.

“Do you think they are out there?” the woman ponders aloud.

The sound of piercing laughter echoes continuously.

A withered traveller peeks from a darkened corner.

A rat picks up a stained magazine in their mouth and runs away.

“Remember when we visited here first?” the man asks.

“Why are you bruised?” the veiled prostitute says.

The snowstorm shows no sign of clearing.

The man and the aged vagrant meet stares again.

912

Just outside the neon lit apartment complex, several kilometers down a filthy and moldy river.

A fearful model gazes resignedly into a stained wristwatch.

The sound of a violent heartbeat is cut off violently.

“Remember when we felt something?” the man asks coolly.

913

Close to the few black imposing malls, around the overwhelming number of simple factories, inside the sleek factory.

The twisting rooms are thickly coated in cyan graffiti.

The shrouded woman and a traveller cross gazes for the first time.

914

Somewhere along a sidewalk, within the brightly lit church.
A lost individual peers slowly through the door of a closet.
The downpour obscures the man's vision.
The man and a withered figure argue coldly as predicted.

915

Miles from the endless short neon warehouses, several kilometers down the grimy and stained alleyway, in the entrance of a light grey cracking train station.

The rusted floors smell of mildew.

A stray cat watches interestedly.

“Why are you fearful?” the bruised model thinks.

The sound of a shrill car alarm resonates.

A man stares at the cracks in a wall.

A cat runs away morbidly.

“Remember when you loved me?” the aged woman ponders silently.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the woman remarks.

916

Among the halls of the dimly lit temple, near the many filthy apartments.
The sound of a clear scream gets quieter.
The faceless man and a vagrant talk with renewed vigour.

917

Amongst the nearly infinite towering steel smokestacks, in between the sparse glass malls, within the walls of the charcoal gleaming hospital.

A woman peeks into a greasy beer glass.

The snow becomes heavier.

“Remember when they was still alive?” the shrouded wanderer replies.

The sound of lonely laughter echoes continuously.

The woman and a veiled model talk passive-aggressively once more.

918

Inside the brown lit night club, somewhere along a path.
The fog clears slightly.
“Why are you lost?” the bruised individual says.

919

Close to the abandoned and moldy skyscrapers, down the sleek and shining subway line, in the entrance of a grey dusty barracks.

A man gazes from within the shadows.

A raccoon picks up a tin can in her mouth.

The woman and the prostitute meet stares at last.

920

Around the few nearly infinite stone warehouses, throughout the many modern houses, among the halls of a barely lit art studio.

The sound of a muffled car alarm is cut off violently.

“Do you think she saw us?” the faceless woman asks nervously.

A dog picks up the broken tv remote in their mouth and darts into a darkened corner.

A man stares hesitantly from the shadows.

The sleet fills the air.

“Why are you aged?” the woman ponders aloud.

“Do you think she is out there?” the shrouded traveller asks.

A stray dog runs away coolly.

The man and a veiled vagrant hands’ touch again.

921

Several kilometers down the freeway, within a stained restaurant.
A woman peeks resignedly into a frosted neon sign.
The rainstorm shows no sign of clearing.
“Why are you lost?” the bloodied figure mutters.
“Remember when we visited here first?” the man wonders.

922

Inside a neon lit office building, near the sparse light grey grimy factories.
The walls are covered in slim acid green pipes.
The woman and the prostitute hips' meet as predicted.

923

Miles from the nearly infinite towering brick malls, away from the endless black crumbling skyscrapers, just outside the imposing and rusted apartment complex.

A mouse watches curiously.

A man peers into a drilled hole.

The sound of a piercing scream resonates.

“Do you think they are coming?” the faceless man replies.

“Remember when we made love?” the woman thinks.

924

Far from the few short expensive apartments, somewhere along the twisting and glowing street, among the halls of a glaringly lit subway stop.
The man and a fearful wanderer argue angrily for the first time.

925

In the entrance of the dusty train station, close to the overwhelming number of grey shining smokestacks.

The rooms smell of alcohol.

“Why are you bloodied?” the veiled traveller whispers.

“Remember when you loved me?” the man says.

926

Down a sidewalk, within the unlit temple.

A cat picks up an old chicken bone in their mouth.

A shrouded individual gazes into a cloudy wine glass.

The snow clears slightly.

“Do you think there could ever be a reason?” the man ponders silently.

A dog picks up a length of rope in their mouth and darts into a darkened corner.

The faceless prostitute and the man talk aggressively at last.

927

Near the nearly infinite towering crystal houses, several kilometers down a light grey moldy path, inside the sleek and imposing night club.

A man peeks from within the shadows.

The fog fills the air.

“Remember when we first met?” the woman remarks.

“Do you think he is coming?” the withered wanderer wonders.

The sound of a clear heartbeat echoes continuously.

The man and an aged model meet stares with renewed vigour.

928

Among the halls of the strangely lit stairway, amongst the many glass malls.
The rain becomes heavier.
“Remember when we visited here first?” the woman asks.

929

Down a road, in the entrance of the gleaming barracks.
A bruised individual stares desperately from inside a darkened corner.
The sound of a lonely car alarm gets louder and louder.
The man and a woman bodies' part again.

930

Within the barely lit fast food restaurant, several kilometers down a black abandoned river.

The floors are sparsely covered in dust.

The downpour clears slightly.

“Do you think it has a purpose?” the bloodied man whispers.

“Remember when he was still alive?” the man thinks.

The sound of shattering glass is cut off violently.

A faceless traveller gazes coldly through the door of a closet.

The sleet obscures the man’s vision.

“Why are you veiled?” the woman ponders aloud.

“Do you think they saw us?” the woman ponders silently.

931

Around the endless grey crumbling offices, down the street, just outside a glowing and shining theater.

A raccoon runs away slowly.

The man and the aged wanderer cross gazes once more.