**Passages**

Do you remember when you were born?

I have feet! I have hands! I can move!

Everything is new and fun and exciting. But they make me sit in this chair all day.

Tear the world apart. Burn. Burn. Burn.

Love. At least I thought so. But we all move on eventually.

She was born today. Everything became brighter.

I have finished my work. What do I do now?

Looking back, it was good.

Bye.